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Das Auto.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MIKO LIM

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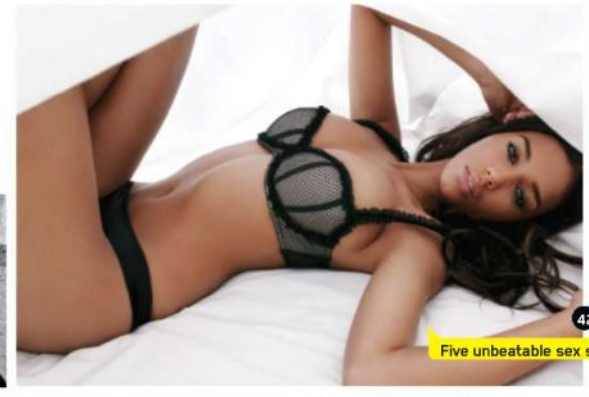

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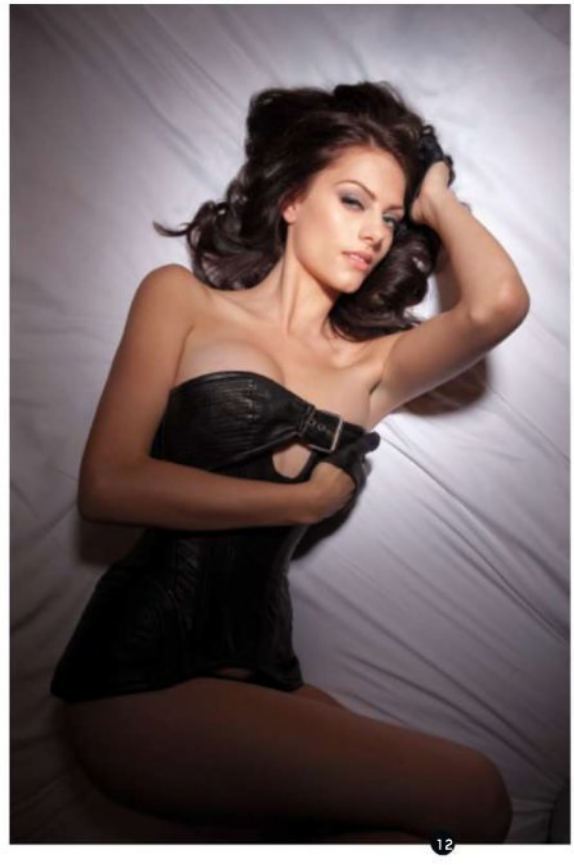
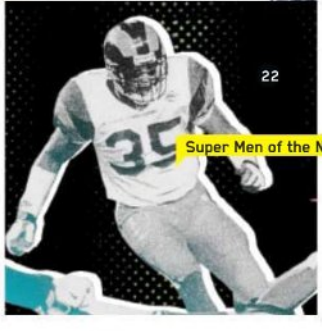
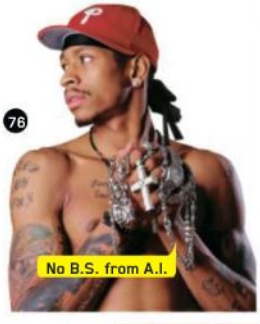




Super Men of the NFL



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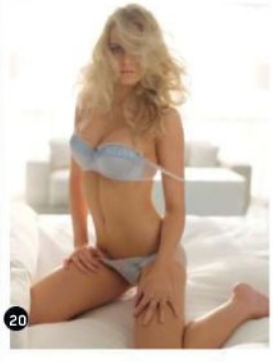

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WE LOVE THE AUGHTS!

WELCOME TO 2010, AND OUR 20 REASONS WHY THIS HAS BEEN THE AWESOMEST DECADE IN THE HISTORY OF DECADES.

20 Bob Dylan recorded a Christmas album.
19 We know what Ashton Kutcher is doing at all times, in 140 character intervals.
18 Sylvester Stallone made a *Rocky* movie *and* a *Rambo* movie in his 60s.
17 We discovered the best place to petition your Republican senator: airport men's rooms.
16 Two girls met one cup.
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14 Energy drinks became socially acceptable cocaine.
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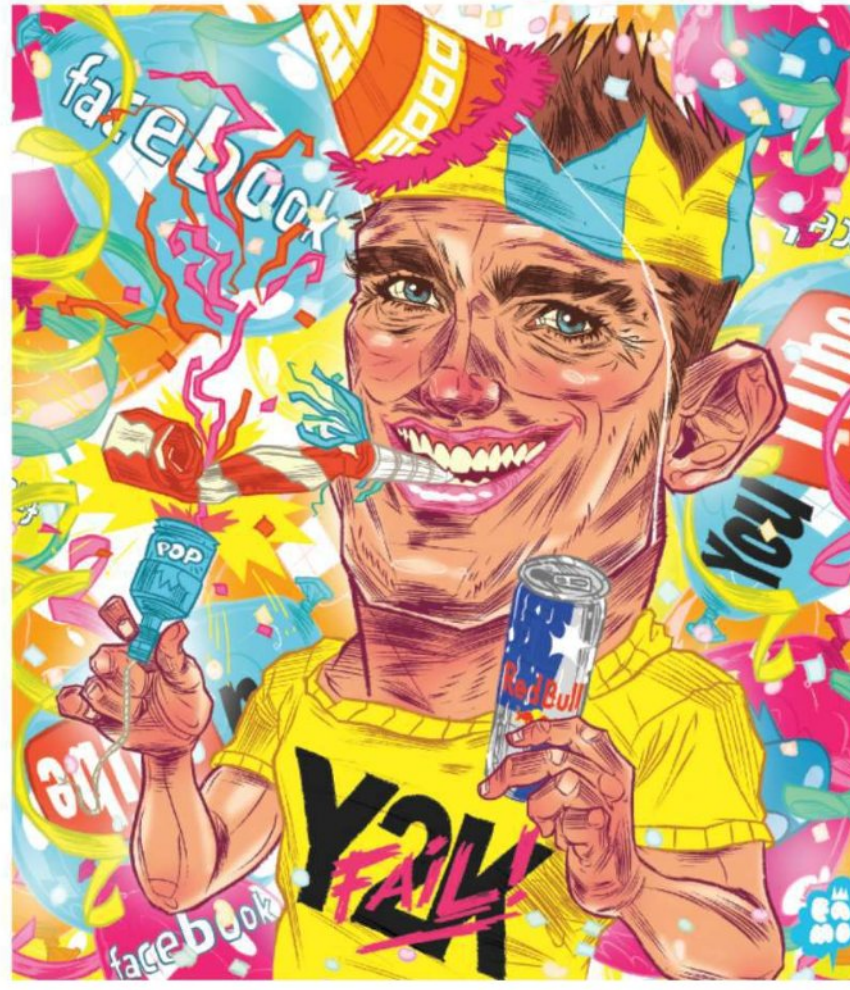
12 Post-9/11 post-irony. Ironically.
11 Y2K fail!
10 Superhero movies stopped sucking.
9 Gary Busey outlived Patrick Swayze.
8 Reality TV rendered the word *celebrity* meaningless.
7 YouTube forced the world to watch everyone's shitty home movies.
6 Metrosexuality.
5 Facebook streamlined ignoring people.
4 War = hilarious country songs.
3 Wikipedia made everything true.
2 No cure for cancer, but we have wristbands!
1 It can't get any worse...right?

For more mind-altering genius in list form, get yourself to Maxim.com.



ELSEWHERE ON MAXIM.COM

College Bowl Preview
The BCS has made its computerized selections for the championship game. But who will make the Chili's Sizzling Fajita Bowl this year?

Win This!
Grab your sticks and sharpen your knife-boots! The weird and wonderful sport of "hockey" is here, and so is our NHL jersey giveaway!*

Sexy Santas
In honor of the most givingest time of the year, we're sharing our gallery of sexy Santa's helpers. Talk about a stocking stuffer! Hey-oo!

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THINGS NOT ON MAXIM.COM

Political cartoons! Jellyfish! The Holy Grail! The droids you may or may not be looking for! Love!

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jokes

SEE IF YOUR FUNNY BONE IS BIGGER THAN OURS...
Send your funnies to jokes@maxim.com.

An American, a Japanese man, and a Canadian are hanging out when suddenly there's a beeping sound. The American says, **"That's my pager. I have a microchip under the skin of my arm."** A few minutes later, the Japanese fellow lifts his palm to his ear and says, **"It's my mobile phone. I have a microchip in my hand."** The Canadian decides he has to do something just as impressive. He goes to the bathroom and returns with a piece of toilet paper hanging from his butt. He says, **"Well, look at that! I'm getting a fax."**

Final Will and DNA Test

An 85-year-old man on his deathbed looks up at his 81-year-old wife. They have been married for more than 50 years and have four sons. Three of the sons have red hair and light skin. The fourth son, the youngest, has black hair and dark eyes.

The old man asks his wife, "Tell me, before I die, is our youngest son my child?"

His wife says, "I swear to you on all that is holy: He is your son."

The man smiles, closes his eyes, and dies.

The wife turns to the nurse next to her and says, "Thank God he didn't ask me about the first three."

Cock Tease

A man asks his friend, "How many legs are there altogether on three roosters?"

"Uh, six!" the friend replies.

"How many beaks are there on four roosters?"

"Er, four!"

"Well, smart guy, how many wings are there on 12 roosters?"

"Ah, jeez...24!"

"OK, so how many teeth are in a cat's mouth?"

"C'mon, guy—I have no idea."

"Well, damn, you sure seem to know a lot more about cock than pussy!"

Lust in Translation

For his birthday a boy asks for a bicycle.

His father says, "Son, we'd give you one, but the mortgage on this house is $280,000. There's no way we can afford it."

The next day the father sees the boy heading out the front door carrying a suitcase. So he asks, "Son, where are you going?"

The boy says, "I was walking past your room last night and heard you telling Mommy you were pulling out. Then I heard her tell you to wait because she was coming, too. And I'll be damned if I'm staying here by myself with a $280,000 mortgage and no bike!"

THE HA-HA LIST
BY MICHAEL BRUMM

A Flasher's New Year's Resolutions

Spend more time flashing my friends and family.

Expose myself to the less fortunate.

Meet new people and dangle my junk in front of them.

Join gym to fit into smaller trench coat.

Learn to say, "Look at my sack!" in the Romance languages.

Try exposing taint for a change.

Be more fashionable by matching socks with pubic hair.

Stop and smell the roses. Then flash them.

Make Us Laugh, Funnyman

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

JOKESTER: DOUG BENSON

HOMETOWN: San Diego

PREFERRED METHOD OF DEATH: In my sleep

PREFERRED METHOD OF KILLING: In their sleep

DOES ANYONE KNOW WHERE THE SAP BUTTON IS ON THEIR TV? WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THAT? DO THEY EVEN EXIST? No. I don't know. And maybe.

WOMEN MOSTLY FEAR MY: Tiny penis. It's not what you have; it's what you don't do with it.

Check out Doug's twit wit at twitter.com/DougBenson.

BEAT THIS CAPTION

Flabalzanche!!!

TO ENTER

1. Enter your caption at Maxim.com/contests.*
2. We'll send the lucky winner this digital body scale worth $150!
3. Check Maxim.com to see if you've won!

NOVEMBER'S WINNER

"Short relief really hurt the team this year."
Hobert Glasse

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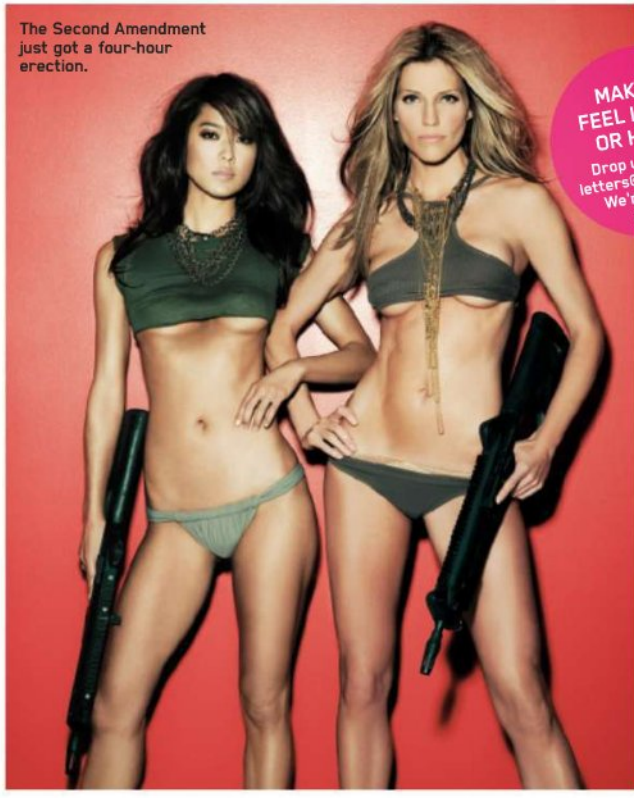
letters



The Second Amendment just got a four-hour erection.

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

OPENING THE MALE BOX

YOU HAD ISSUES WITH OUR CHOKE ARTISTS LIST AND HOTTIE HISTORIANS BUT NOT WITH TRICIA AND GRACE!

The Urge to Merge

I don't normally have an urge to write to *Maxim*, and I've been a subscriber since day one. But November's cover girls, Tricia Helfer and Grace Park, are mind-blowingly hot. I'm 45 and in need of some magazine worship of something other than coeds. You pulled that off spectacularly! Nice work, dummies.

Brian Gleason Troutman, NC

It's OK to give in to your urges once in a while, Brian, which is why we are typing this with two squirrels crammed in our shorts. Hey, don't judge!

Bowled Over

Your November article "The 10 Biggest Busts, Choke Artists & Goats in Sports History" mentioned that Texas beat Oklahoma and both finished with one loss but Oklahoma was sent to the college football title game. Yet you completely ignored that Texas Tech beat No. 1 Texas 39-33 and finished the season with one loss to Oklahoma yet didn't even get considered for the championship!

Brant Wischnewsky Lubbock, TX

We understood, like, two things in that letter, Brant. All we could make out was "you completely ignored" and "Brant Wischnewsky."

Vote or Cry

I wanted to vote for Lais out of the Top 10 in your Hometown Hotties competition [Incoming, November], but when I read she wanted to end apartheid (which was over in the 1990s), I thought I'd vote for Brandi. Then, since you folks didn't seem to know apartheid ended in the '90s, either, I thought I'd just send you a history lesson instead.

Maria Hunt Fort Lee, VA

Back in 1987, Lais came down with an incurable illness and was cryogenically frozen. When scientists discovered the cure (which turned out to be Robitussin's kids formula), they thawed her out—just in time for the Hotties contest! So she's unaware that apartheid ended, or that Liberace died. Our hearts ache to think how she'll react to the latter news.

Maximum Matchmaker

When I started dating my boyfriend, he had never read *Maxim*. I love your magazine, so one year I got him a subscription for his birthday. Now we're married. Thanks, *Maxim*! Way to close the deal!

Hannah via e-mail

If you had signed him up for Details, *he probably would have married your brother. Or someone with an absolutely ravishing suede fedora. Good job, us!*

EYE ON YOU

Occasionally, when we're bored, my wife and I will pick a subject and beat it to death. The other day we decided to make a list of every character we could think of who had a monocle. Here it is:

- Mr. Peanut
- Colonel Klink
- Colonel Mustard
- Charlie McCarthy
- Guy from *The New Yorker*
- Karl Marx
- The Penguin
- Blofeld (James Bond Bad Guy)

Hari Boukis via e-mail

We believe the New Yorker *dude's technical name is Baron Taint McTeasinballs, Esq.*

A LOVELY LADY! WHAT HAPPENS WHEN FLORENCE HENDERSON—MRS. BRADY HERSELF!—PAYS MAXIM A VISIT?

A VERY BRADY OFFICE VISIT

While promoting her Web site, flohclub.com (which helps older folks cease to be terrified of computers), Florence wonders aloud, "If I'm not on this list, heads will roll!"

USED TO STUPID CHILDREN

Florence humors senior editor Patrick Carone as he tells "Marcia, Marcia, Marcia!" jokes. "Gee, I never heard that one before, jackass," we're pretty sure she said under her breath.

ULTIMATE MILF

Florence serves up some filth that not even a Swiffer-armed Alice could handle.

MRS. BRADY GETS RANDY WITH MR. LEVY

"Greg would always threaten to call Child Services when I did this to him," she sighed, just before we had security haul her grabby ass away.

PHOTOGRAPHS: STEVE SHAW (GRACE AND TRICIA); BRIAN BERKOWITZ (FLORENCE)

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Vannina Vesperini bra and panties. Opposite: **Mother of London by Mildred Von** corset, **Aubade** panties, **LaCrasia** gloves.

STYLING, CONSTANZE LYNDSAY HAN; HAIR, GEORGE PAPANIKOLAS FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS/JOICO; MAKEUP, JEFFREY PAUL FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS/DIOR

First Stripper Gig
In *Bitch Slap* I play a stripper named Trixie. So I got these hot Lucite eight-inch stripper heels, and I began practicing routines in my living room. I'd ask my boyfriend, "Is this move hot?" And he'd say, "Um, yeah!" And he'd try to take me upstairs. So I had to tell him, "Honey, no. I need to practice." That was his only complaint—that my strip practicing was taking too long.

First Julia Voth eBay Item
This guy in L.A. asks for my autograph every time I see him. Then I find out he's eBaying 'em for $50. I'm flattered, but no one's going to pay $50 for anyone's autograph, let alone mine. Shit, I'd undercut his price. "Do I hear $10?"

First "Big in Japan" Moment
I am big in Japan...heightwise! But, yeah, I started modeling there in my teens and into my 20s. I did Calvin Klein, Uniqlo, and lots of magazine covers. It's such a beautiful country, and they have beer vending machines right on the street. Love that!

First Girl-on-Girl Action
I make out with both of my female costars in *Bitch Slap*, but the one that stands out is with Erin Cummings. We did our first take, and it was flat. We were like, "That just won't do." So before the second take, Erin asked if she could pull my hair and grab my ass, and I was like, "Yeah, yeah!" So we just devoured each other. I'm quite proud of that scene. I'd rather kiss a hot girl than an ugly guy any day. •

Bitch Slap is in theaters January 8.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER KILKUS

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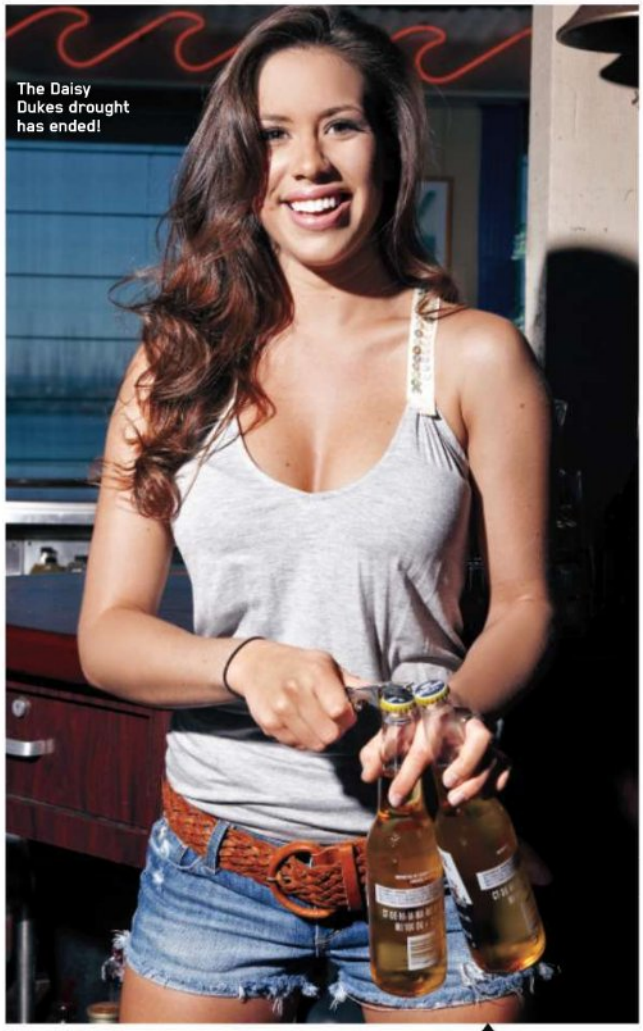

The Daisy Dukes drought has ended!

WOMEN BEHIND BARS

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

HOW DO I NAIL THAT FIRST CONVERSATION WITH A GIRL AT THE BAR?
"First, stop treating it like a job interview. Don't feign interest while dropping hints of your 'strong points.' She'll just think you're overcompensating. Next (you know this already, right?), show genuine interest in her world. And last, when listening to her interests, actually admit if you don't know something. Most guys never do. But it makes you instantly mature, confident, and the perfect amount of vulnerable. Yum! Your next step: Buy her a drink, let her continue to school you, and see where things go."

YOUR BARTENDER

NAME Lolita Sterritte, 23

BAR Longboard's, Santa Barbara

BEST LATE-NIGHT EATS Sliders and sweet potato fries at Lettuce B. Frank.

THE BLACK VELVET

THIS NEW YEAR'S, DON'T FLUSH THE LEFTOVER BUBBLY.

5 oz. chilled Guinness
1.5 oz. chilled leftover champagne

Pour Guinness into flute, then add the not-so-bubbly. Sip, recall resolution about not drinking, sip again.

BROMANCING THE BONE

A BRIEF LOOK AT MEN WHO REALLY, REALLY ENJOY EACH OTHER'S COMPANY.

	COOLNESS FACTOR	BROMANTIC HEAT	CHANCE THEY HAVE KISSED
HOLMES & WATSON	**HIGH** One's a coke- and opium-loving crime solver; the other a mustachioed bear in tweed. Your grandparents' 60-year marriage was founded on less.	**HALF-MAST** We blame their Victorian-era reserve. Back then overly hearty handshakes counted as sodomy.	**VERY GOOD** Fire up enough speedballs and you, too, would be leaving your deerstalker hat dangling from a buddy's bedpost.
AXELROD & OBAMA	**HIGH** But without Obama, balding Wilford Brimley look-alike Axelrod would be as cool as a pair of purple jean shorts.	**ONE-WAY** Axelrod's ringtone for BO calls is "Signed, Sealed, Delivered I'm Yours." Obama's for Axelrod? "My Lovin' (You're Never Gonna Get It)."	**HIGHLY UNLIKELY** But if you have pics that prove otherwise, there's a pundit or two at Fox News who'd love to talk to you.
CLEMONS & SPRINGSTEEN	**STRATOSPHERIC** Of everyone in this chart, no one tops this legendary rock'n'roll pairing on the list of "couples we'd like to invite on a double man-date."	**RAGING** Nothing comes between a working-class guitar slinger and his 6'3" sax-tooting side-mammoth.	**PRETTY HIGH** Seventy thousand sweaty, screaming fans writhing in ecstasy to "Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out"? It's enough to make a man lose his inhibitions.
CHEWBACCA & HAN SOLO	**EXTREMELY HIGH** That's if we're talking about the actual characters and not you and your buddy in masks watching *Clone Wars* in your parents' "rumpus room."	**LOW SIMMER** These days the two buddies bicker like rabid Ewoks. Take a step back, Han and Chewie. Remember what makes you two click.	**NOT LIKELY** Though there was that time Han Solo was frozen in carbonite. If Chewbacca were ever to fantasize about trying something, that'd be his chance.
ZACK & SLATER	**MEDIUM-COOL** Or maybe we're just bitter from having to see Mario Lopez's Hispanic He-Man physique every time we turn on the TV.	**RAGING** Just ask any of the scribes still posting hardcore Zack-and-Slater fan-fiction on the Internet. (Not that we've read any of it. Well, *written* much of it.)	**OH, IT HAPPENED!** At least that's what Dustin "Screech" Diamond agreed to tell us on the record for five bucks and a wad of skeeball tickets.–*Scott Jacobson*

PHOTOGRAPH (LOLITA): DAN MONICK; HAIR AND MAKEUP: NICOLE SCHNEIDER

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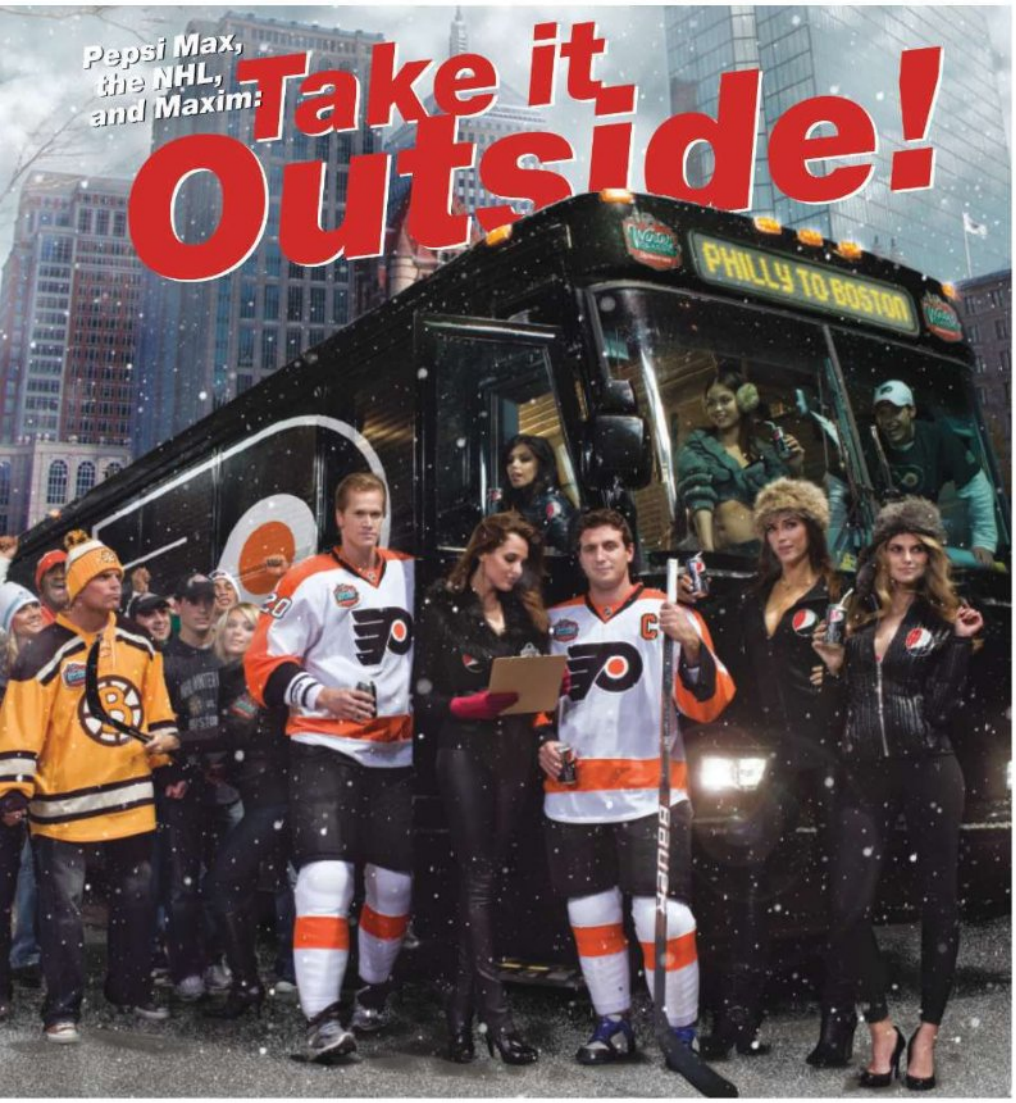
Take it Outside!



Sub-zero temperatures, bone-chilling winds, and 40,000 rabid fans howling at your every move: For the Philadelphia Flyers' CHRIS PRONGER and MIKE RICHARDS, it's a beautiful way to ring in the New Year. On January 1st, the Philadelphia Flyers® will go toe-to-toe with the Boston Bruins® in the 2010 Bridgestone NHL Winter Classic® at Fenway Park. We checked in with Chris and Mike to find out how they're getting fired up.

Last time we checked, winter gets pretty damn cold in Boston. How do you deal with the weather? Chris: I'm definitely going to need a little extra caffeine to get a boost. I'll chug a Pepsi Max and get things rollin' that way. Mike: Wear a tuque, do all the things you can do to stay warm.

Sounds like the old days out on the pond. Did you ever think you'd play outside in the middle of winter again? Mike: I certainly didn't expect to play an NHL game outside, but I'm excited for it. Chris: It is exciting. Plus, you've got all the history of Fenway Park. I want to see who's out there sitting on the outfield wall.

The Flyers-Bruins rivalry is pretty intense, so the people out there may not be as eager to see you. Do you expect more hitting than in most games? Mike: If it's too cold we won't be hitting too much. Chris: There might be more fights in the crowd than on the ice. *[Laughs]* We're physical teams. You could probably add up the hits in the other two NHL Winter Classic games, and we'll beat that total.

Why do players and fans get so excited about this game? Chris: The last two winners both went to the Stanley Cup Final. We want the bragging rights, but we want to go to the Stanley Cup Final more.

Have you gotten any advice from guys who played in this game before? Chris: Yeah, and they told me two big things: Dress warm and drink something with a kick. So Pepsi Max is going to be an integral part of my preparation.

Is a January 1st hockey game going to put a damper on your New Year's Eve festivities? Chris: I am not a big New Year's guy. It's an overrated holiday. Mike: I think it's kind of overrated, but I still go out.

So when you wake up on New Year's Day, do you think you'll be a little nervous? Chris: I might get nervous about the elements. It could hail. Mike: Hail?! Chris: It's winter in Boston. You never know what you're going to get.

"And the winner is..." Chris: If it's a nice day with good ice, I see a 4-3 game. If the weather's tough, I'll say 2-1. We'll win, of course. Mike: I'll go with 4-2 if the weather's nice, 2-1 if it's not.

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pepsi max

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CIRCUS MAXIMUS

SHAT ON THAT!

WILLIAM SHATNER, ONE-TIME CAPTAIN KIRK AND CURRENT HOST OF *RAW NERVE*, SEES IF THESE KOOKY COLOGNES PASS THE SNIFF TEST.

STAR TREK TIBERIUS COLOGNE $30
This cologne beams up your nostrils with notes of citron, pepper, and cedar. It promises to transport you to "new worlds of sensual discovery," which, for a Trekker, means kissing with tongue.
SHAT SAYS: "It's strong but not horrible! It smells vaguely like Captain Kirk after a hard day's work. Will it attract females? Pheromones disguise themselves in various ways, and this may not be one of them."

SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS COLOGNE FOR MEN $25
With hints of nutmeg, green leaves, jasmine, pear, and cardamom, the talking loofah wrings out a fresh, clean scent. Or so it claims.
SHAT SAYS: "I thought it had a harsh overtone of fried eggs and olive oil. The scent lingered for about 48 hours, so when it's on, it's *really* on. And the bottle has a weird top on it, so it'd be a conversation piece between you and the lady you're trying to impress."

SPIDER-MAN COLOGNE FOR MEN BY MARVEL $30
The Spider-Man cologne takes the form of woody tones mixed with orange blossom and vanilla. Smell like a superhero without having to save any icky senior citizens or loser orphans.
SHAT SAYS: "If you work out a lot and don't wash your clothes for about two weeks, this scent might cover that scent. Because it's really powerful."—*Laura Leu*

Shatner's Raw Nerve airs Sundays at 10 P.M. on the Biography Channel.

THE DECIDER

Which Calendar Should You Buy This Year?

START HERE

WHICH PHOTO TRIGGERS THE STRONGEST **SEXUAL RESPONSE?**

TRUE OR FALSE You've often thought, Celine Dion is great and all, but if only she had a penis!

TRUE OR FALSE You've been charged with sex offenses by U.S. Fish and Wildlife Services.

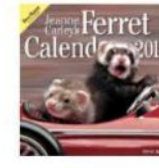
T F F T

OFFICIAL MICHAEL BUBLÉ Says, "I buy all my music from displays at Walmart, and I want to share it with *you*!"

WOMEN IN WADERS These models have a better chance of catching a 200-pound sailfish than you have of catching *them*.

TRUE OR FALSE 2010 is the year you plan to take your lifelong love of weasels to "the next level."

T F



FERRET HOTTIES Well, there are worse ways to spend time than staring at pics of "hot" weasels. Maybe?

There is no calendar that suits your needs. Kill yourself.

THING WE TOTALLY HEART

ELECTRONIC ROCK GUITAR SHIRT

What is it? It's a T-shirt with a totally playable electric guitar and built-in mini-amp, stupid. But with no strings attached. The fret board is a touch-sensitive plastic neck stuck to the shirt, and you "strum" it with a magnetized pick. It plays all major chords, and the amp cheekily goes to 11. "Hey, Number 7 crosstown bus, are you ready to rock?" *$30, thinkgeek.com*

GUITAR SHIRT ILLUSTRATION, JASON LEE

ILLUSTRATION BY EAMO

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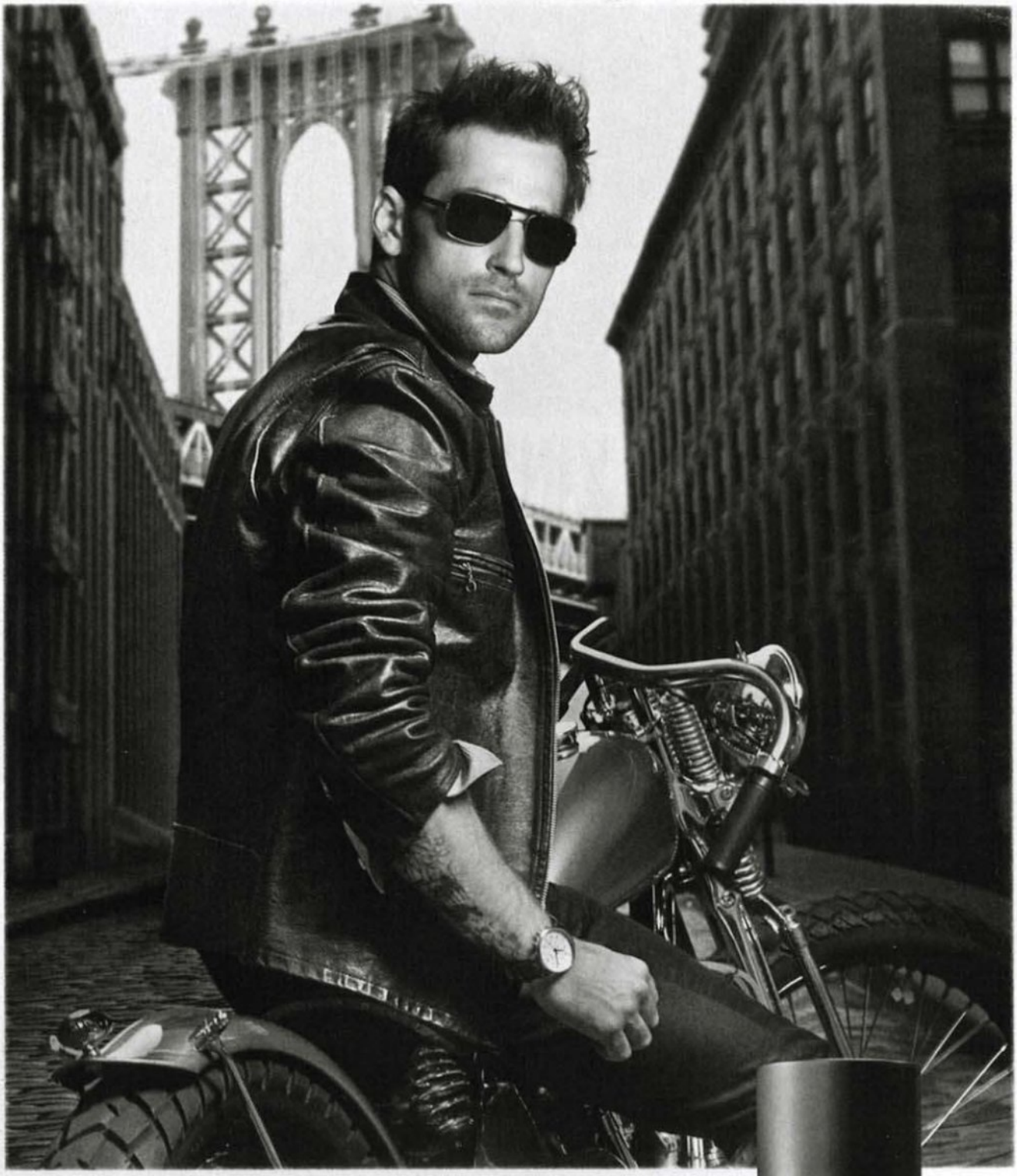

BE REMEMBERED.

—Kenneth Cole

INTRODUCING THE TIMELESS
MEN'S FRAGRANCE BY KENNETH COLE.

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BE REMEMBERED.

-Kenneth Cole

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BRANCA & BIA FERES

MEET THE SYNCHRONIZED-SWIMMING TWINS WHO PUT THE "O" IN OLYMPICS!

MAXIM BRAZIL

Being twins, do you gals ever switch to mess with guys?
BIA (left): We never did it on purpose, but it can be confusing at times. Once my boyfriend got a strike in bowling and grabbed my sister. Poor thing, he was totally embarrassed.

Which sis is the bigger flirt?
BRANCA: I can't say I flirt, but I do like dating. I'm on my single longest stretch—one guy for a year. A man has to do a lot to earn my love!

What do guys do that annoys you?
BIA: I hate Facebook. Why is he talking about himself so much?
BRANCA: I hate when guys aren't creative or decisive about dates: "I dunno, where do you want to go?" I'm the indecisive one—guys need to have a plan!

You both have TV hosting gigs. How much longer will you do synchronized swimming?
BRANCA: I think forever. We want to compete in the 2012 Olympics.
BIA: Even if we don't win, it is something we'll always love to do.

We'll be in the stands cheering you on!

Maxim gets the full Brazilian.

JORGE BISPO

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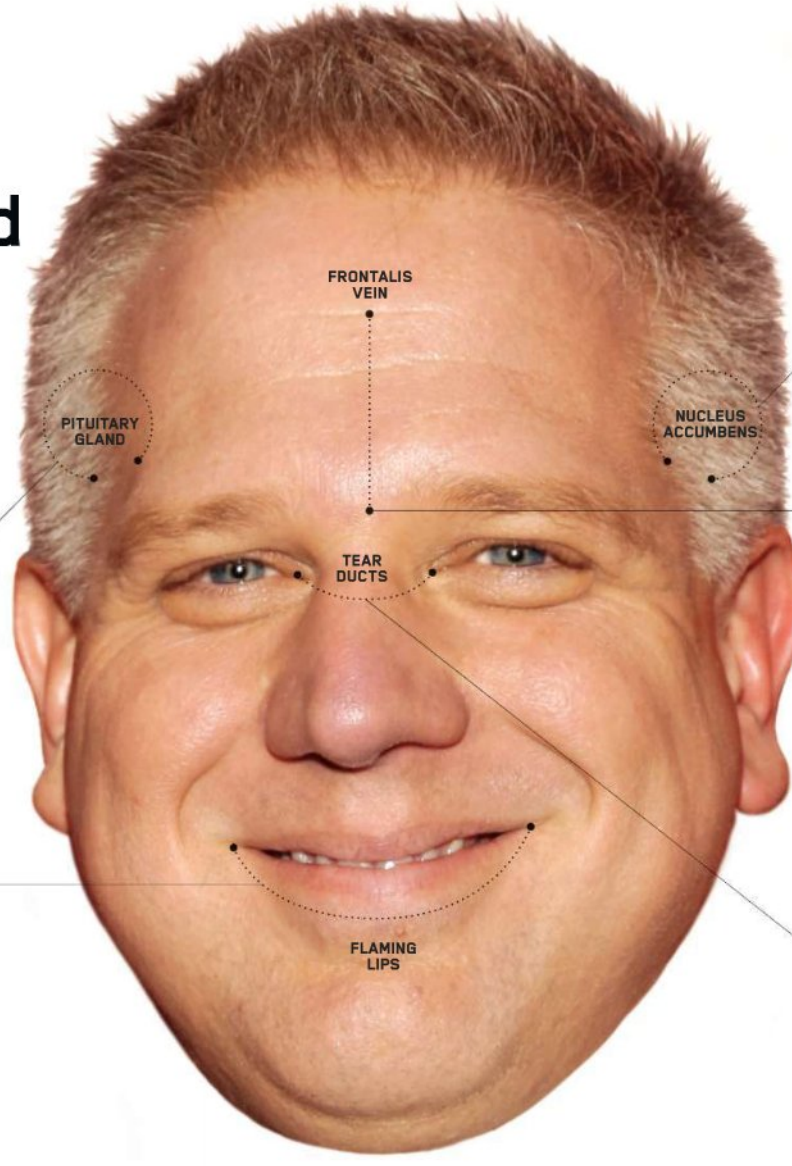
Jerk Dissected

WHY DO JERKS ACT LIKE SUCH, WELL...JERKS? HERE'S WHAT SCIENCE HAS TO SAY.



Why do jerk-asses like to form angry mobs? It's called herd behavior. The nucleus accumbens is thought to be where your brain figures out the immediate social benefits of following along blindly, so basically you can blame this for National Tea Parties and Hacky Sacking.

This gland regulates the amount of testosterone in your body. An overactive pituitary tells the nuts to produce too much T-juice. The result is a jerk with the libido of a rutting wildebeest who hits on your girl even after she's repeatedly said no and the police are pulling up outside.

This vein bulges due to the increased blood pressure jerks suffer when they get overcompetitive (say, when losing a supposedly friendly game of beer pong). Their low self-esteem causes them to constantly overcompensate, till an inevitable heart attack kicks in.

The more wrong J-holes are, the more they'll insist they're right. This is called the Kruger-Dunning effect, a psychological theory that claims the super-incompetent are so bad at what they're doing, they don't even realize it and assume they're amazing (see also: *American Idol*).

Many jerks suffer from paranoid personality disorder, which causes them to believe the world is against them. This makes them constantly angry, suspicious, and prone to crying out of sheer frustration with the media (of which the jerk may actually be a member).
–Nick Leftley

UNNECESSARY PLAYLISTS

"No Sex" Jams

"We Don't Have to Take Our Clothes Off"
Jermaine Stewart

"Let's Wait Awhile"
Janet Jackson

"I Didn't Mean to Turn You On"
Robert Palmer

"The Waiting"
Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers

"Tired of Sex"
Weezer

Hey, iTunes, think you're the only one who can assemble some ostensibly related songs, call it a playlist, and charge $9.99? Two can play at that game. Go to ***Maxim.com*** *for the YouTube playlist, and it's frickin free, unlike Steve Jobs' new liver.*

CAREER CORNER: THE FIVE LEAST MANLY JOBS IN THE FBI

WANT A COOL-SOUNDING GIG BUT ARE A TOTAL WUSS? APPLY NOW!

	Linguist a.k.a. Agent Nohablaespañol	**Accountant** a.k.a. Agent Tightwad	**Art Appraiser** a.k.a. Agent Fabulous	**IT** a.k.a. Agent Shut-in
SPECIAL SKILLS	Being really, really good at ordering a chicken *bhuna* with extra mango chutney in 18 languages.	Knowing exactly how many polyester suits the bureau can buy before going bankrupt.	Being able to spot the single genuine item in the erotic art collections of Mexican drug lords.	The ability to fix an agent's laptop after he's spilled coffee and/or blood on it.
WHAT IT ACTUALLY ENTAILS	Translating, then transcribing endless wiretaps that will be read once, then filed away forever in the vast "nonpertinent" archive.	Day after day of headache-inducing war-on-terror numbercrunching. Also, selling old wiretap devices on eBay.	Spending your life in that warehouse from *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, without all the cool haunted shit.	Joylessly trying to retrieve information from broken hard drives and pleading with teenagers to stop hacking your Web site.
WHO'S MOST LIKELY TO APPLY	Your old high school French teacher.	The balding guy in accounts payable with pictures of guns hanging in his cubicle.	That guy in your office whom everybody suspects is gay.	The dude who cannot believe you have to phone him to ask what a Type 48XT7 error is.
MANLINESS RATING	**4/10** At least you can call someone a son of a motherless goat in obscure Arabic dialects.	**3/10** Become the one your friends always hand the bill to figure out the tip.	**2/10** Knowledge of antiques is not, and never will be, a way to jump-start a three-way.	**1/10** Less special agent, more special elasticized waistband. *–N.L.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMESON SIMPSON

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Hometown Hotties '09

WINNER!

ALL HAIL QUEEN HOTTIE!

Behold your 2009 Hometown Hotties competition victor, Kristin Gustafson!

More than 5,000 lovely ladies entered, and a record two million votes were cast. But it was the 22-year-old native of Turlock, California (pop. 70,158) who won hearts and minds with her '09 campaign. Beating the comely competition, Kristin proves that, yes, slobber-worthy women do exist in the tiniest of burgs. And we hope that never changes.

You're the quintessential small-town girl.
Yes, and I've been here in Turlock all my life. I went to the same high school my dad went to! We're not a very big town, but we're nicknamed the City of God for some reason. Your guess is as good as mine why.

Isn't that the name of the most dangerous neighborhood in Rio de Janeiro?
Well, we *are* pretty gangster here. Actually, it's all farmers and old people.

Growing up, as you walked down the ...dirt, were said farmers and old people falling off their tractors and wheelchairs scoping you out?
No, but sometimes people yell from their cars and that kind of thing. I don't want to wsay it happens every day, but it happens. Thankfully, Turlock's big enough where at least it's never your cousin hitting on you.

Be honest: When there aren't any men around, do girls just break out in spontaneous pillow fights?
For the most part, that's completely true. In fact, I like to keep a spare pillow with me at all times. At any given moment a fight can break out.

See Kristin and the rest of the Hotties on *Maxim's Hometown Hotties* on E!, Friday, December 25, 8:00 P.M.

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

Jezebel bra and panty

STYLING, YOUNG-AH KIM; HAIR, MICHAEL KANYON FOR ORGANIX/CELESTINEAGENCY.COM; MAKEUP, HIROMI FOR MAC COSMETICS

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE SHAW

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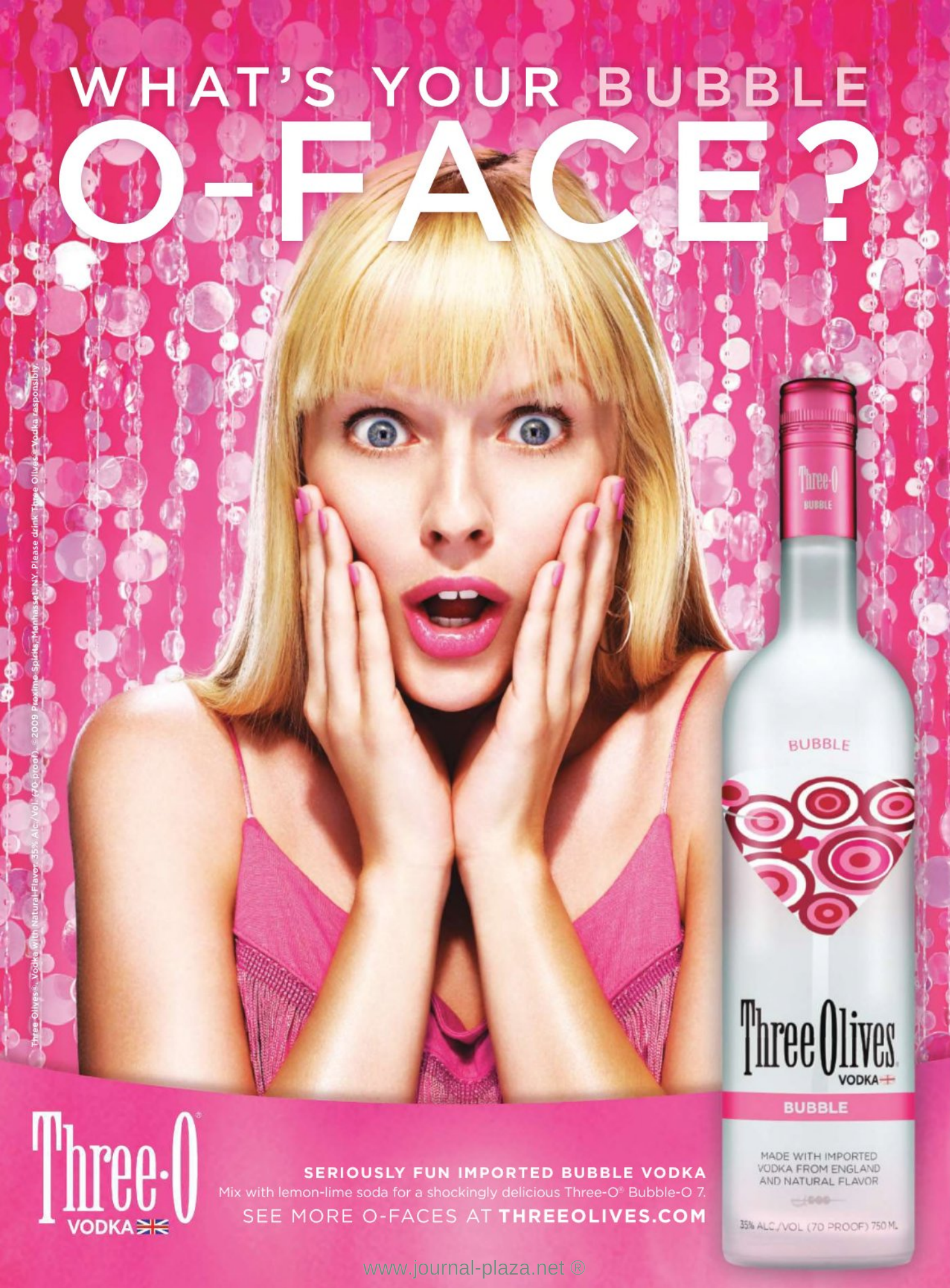

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The NFL's Super Men

GRIDIRON STARS SOUND OFF ON THE SUPER BOWL'S 10 GREATEST MOMENTS.

THE *MAXIM* BRAIN TRUST

JARED ALLEN
Minnesota Vikings Pro Bowl Defensive End

BRANDON JACOBS
New York Giants Pro Bowl Running Back

WARREN SAPP
Retired Pro Bowl Defensive Tackle

TERRELL SUGGS
Baltimore Ravens Pro Bowl Linebacker

LAMARR WOODLEY
Pittsburgh Steelers Pro Bowl Linebacker

HINES WARD
Pittsburgh Steelers Pro Bowl Wide Receiver

1 SUPER BOWL XLII, 2008
GIANTS 17, PATRIOTS 14
Eli Manning to David Tyree

Trailing the undefeated Pats in the fourth quarter, New York was poised for a creaming not seen since the explosion of the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man. Then something odd happened: Eli grew up. "At first I thought he was sacked," says Suggs. "Then I thought he was picked: game over." Somehow Manning managed to evade 38 tackles (est.) and heave a pass over the middle, where backup receiver David Tyree leaped up and pinned the ball between his helmet and hand—all while being mugged by All Pro safety Rodney Harrison. Big Blue would go on to score the game-winning TD. "After that," says Jacobs, "I thought, There's nothing they're going to do to stop us from winning."

2 SUPER BOWL XXIII, 1989
49ERS 20, BENGALS 16
Joe Montana to John Taylor

"This was just Joe being Joe," says Suggs. "Only it happened to be in the Super Bowl." The Bengals were up 16-13 with just over three minutes to go. Montana, starting near his own end zone, had to lead the Niners 92 yards for the victory. "He walks into the huddle and tells his whole offensive line, 'Hey, man, isn't that John Candy sitting in the corner?'" recalls Sapp. "That shows you what Joe Cool can do." With 32 seconds left, Montana lofted a pass to the back of the end zone for John Taylor. The rest is history.

3 SUPER BOWL XXXIV, 2000
RAMS 23, TITANS 16
Mike Jones tackles Kevin Dyson

Never before in sports history had victory been so close yet *just too far*. On the last play of the game, Titans QB Steve McNair fired a pass slightly short of the end zone to wide receiver Kevin Dyson. Rams linebacker Mike Jones reached out to snag Dyson's ankle as the receiver's outstretched arm missed the goal line by just a few feet. "That was a display of willpower that's going to stick with Dyson for the rest of his life," says Woodley. "Just think: 'I was one yard away from winning the Super Bowl.'"

4 SUPER BOWL XLIII, 2009
STEELERS 27, CARDINALS 23
James Harrison returns an interception 100 yards for a touchdown

"This was the ultimate game-changing play," says Allen. With Arizona's high-octane offense on the verge of scoring, the Steelers linebacker intercepted a Kurt Warner pass and rumbled 100 yards for a TD as the first half expired—the longest in Super Bowl history. "That's a dream for any defensive player," says Suggs. "The Arizona offense went as far as they could go, and then Harrison went back the length of the field to score. He's the only person ever to do that." ▶▶

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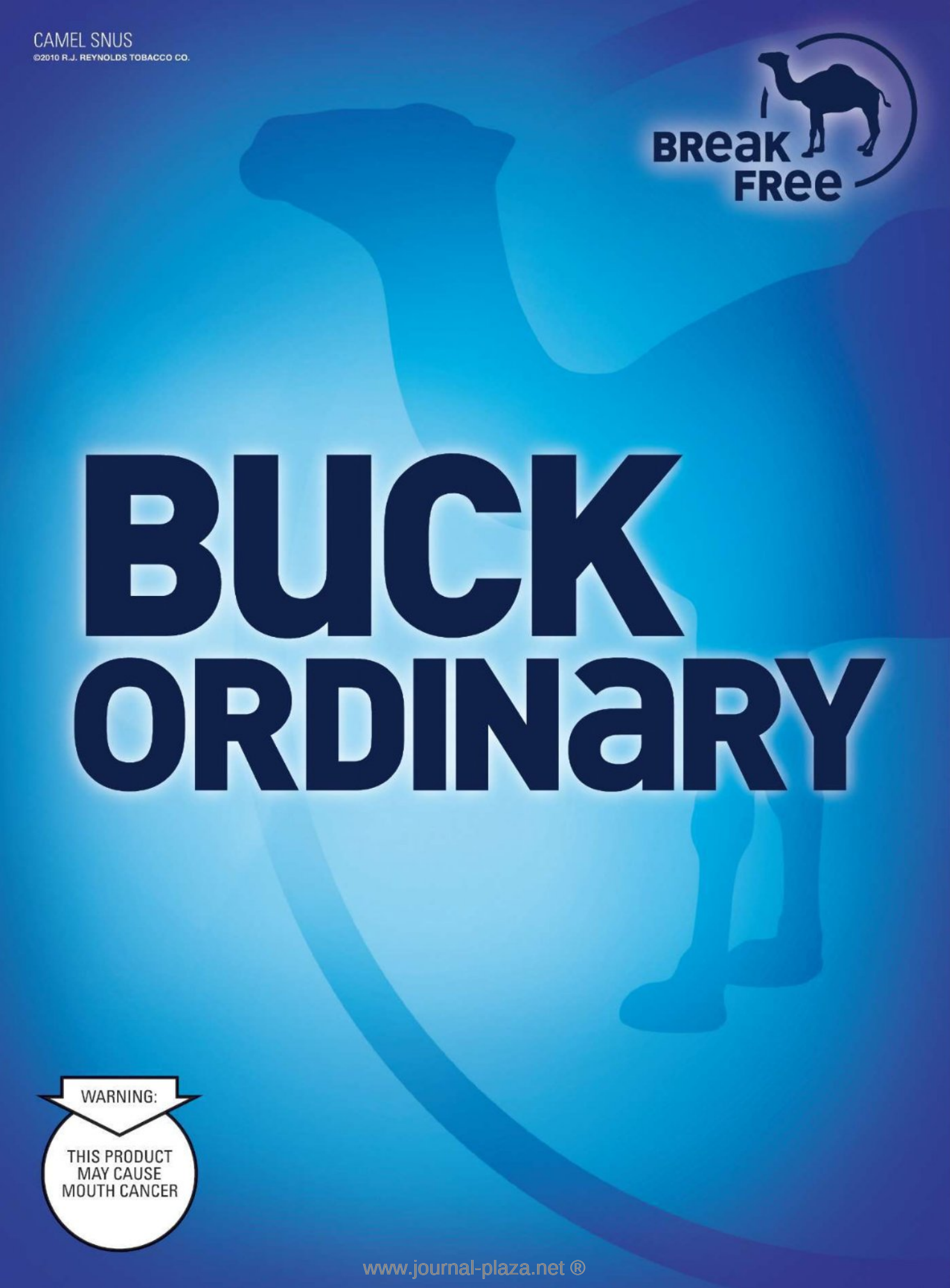
ILLUSTRATION BY JIMMY TURRELL



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5 SUPER BOWL XXXII, 1998
BRONCOS 31, PACKERS 24
John Elway dives for a first down

Facing a do-or-die fourth down in the red zone against the Packers, a not-so-young Elway scrambled out of the pocket, leaped for the first down, and was spun helicopter style by a vicious hit. First and goal, Broncos. And Elway would finally get his ring. "With a guy that age, you don't expect him to sacrifice his body," says Woodley. "But he kept the drive alive."

6 SUPER BOWL XVII, 1983
REDSKINS 27, DOLPHINS 17
John Riggins' 43-yard TD run

Staring at a critical fourth and one on Miami's 43, Riggins breaks a tackle and rumbles down the field for the go-ahead touchdown. "John Riggins was just a beast," says Allen. "It doesn't surprise me that his nickname was 'the Diesel.'" Riggins ended up Super Bowl MVP and the holder of the Super Bowl record for most rushing yards.

7 SUPER BOWLS XXXVI, 2002 AND XXXVIII, 2004; PATRIOTS 20, RAMS 17; PATRIOTS 32, PANTHERS 29
Adam Vinatieri's game-winning field goals

"Sometimes it comes down to the kicker," notes Woodley, "and you'd better have the right one." In the past decade, no team had a better one than the Pats, who won a pair of titles on kicks of 48 and 41 yards from #4. "Playing in the Super Bowl is something special," says Jacobs of the kicker's job. "So you have to gather up all those nerves and put them aside."

8 SUPER BOWL XXV, 1991
GIANTS 20, BILLS 19
Scott Norwood kicks potential game-winning field goal "wide right"

Where Vinatieri came through, poor Scott Norwood did not. "Vinatieri got the badass image; Norwood got the hate mail," says Allen. With time expiring and the title on the line, Norwood just missed going down as a hero. Instead: Giants win. "In the Super Bowl, you usually don't remember the team that lost," notes Ward. Unfortunately for Norwood, that wasn't the case.

9 SUPER BOWL X, 1976
STEELERS 21, COWBOYS 17
Lynn Swann's acrobatic 53-yard catch

"You need a different mentality at the Super Bowl," notes Ward, "Everyone there has been dreaming of it his whole life." So it was for Swann. Down 7-0 early,the inevitable MVP made the most spectacular Super Bowl snag pre-Tyree. Leaping over the middle, he tipped the ball, fell, rolled, and caught it on the ground. With one hand. "That was amazing," says Allen. "Plays like that are why people want to become football players."

10 SUPER BOWL XLI, 2007
COLTS 29, BEARS 17
Devin Hester returns the opening kickoff for a touchdown

Going into the title game, Hester was the NFL's most feared return man, taking six kicks into the end zone during the regular season. Teams wisely stopped booting him the ball—until the opening play of the Super Bowl, which he returned 92 yards for a TD. "I was like, 'Ahhh!'" recalls Sapp. "That was special." The Colts avoided Hester the rest of the game. But it wasn't over. "It was a great play," notes Suggs. "But remember, the Colts won!"

WIN! A weekend in Miami, plus tickets to Maxim's legendary big game blowout!*

YOUR MOST SUPER WEEKEND EVER

MAXIM PROVIDES AN INSIDER'S GUIDE TO GETTING THE MOST OUT OF SUPER BOWL WEEKEND—WITH HELP FROM MIAMI'S OWN **WARREN SAPP.**

STAY HERE:
THE RALEIGH
No place says Miami in all its sun-dazed splendor like this 1940 Art Deco landmark. You can have your new-fangled boutique hotels. We'll take the Raleigh's old-school awesomeness and the coolest pool in town. Sure, you could walk over to the ocean for a dip in the real thing, but then you'd miss the topless Euro babes tanning next to you. (1775 Collins Ave.)

EAT HERE:
PRIME ONE TWELVE
If you've got beef on the brain and money to burn, wrangle a reservation at Miami's reigning meat mecca. "If you want the finest steaks in South Florida, you go here, my man," says Sapp. This sleek steakhouse's 22-ounce rib eye and 48-ounce porterhouse are so amazing your tears of joy will somehow taste just like béarnaise sauce. (112 Ocean Dr.) If you're more in that marinara mood, Sapp recommends getting your ass to Café Martorano's, "the best Italian restaurant ever." For VIP treatment, "see Steve at the bar." (3343 E. Oakland Park Blvd.)

DRINK HERE:
MAC'S CLUB DEUCE BAR
After this epically dingy joint appeared in *Miami Vice*, Crockett's blazer never smelled the same. Come for the 11-hour happy hour, stay because you're too drunk to leave. (222 14th St.) If you're still thirsty, "Go to Wet Willie's, for stiff daiquiris" says Sapp. "And get your drink on." (760 Ocean Dr.)

DANCE HERE:
WALL
Rival nightlife lords behind Opium, Privé, Mansion, SET, and Mynt joined forces to open this sexy lounge. It's as if the Super Friends had used their powers to launch a late-night models 'n' bottles lair. (2201 Collins Ave.)

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With nude strippers and "full friction" lap dances, Tootsie's is guaranteed to tease your libido like it's the slow kid at school. (150 NW 183rd St.) For extra titillation, Sapp says to head to Solid Gold. "The stories out of this place are wonderful," he says. "Have a good time, my friend." (2355 NE 163rd St.)

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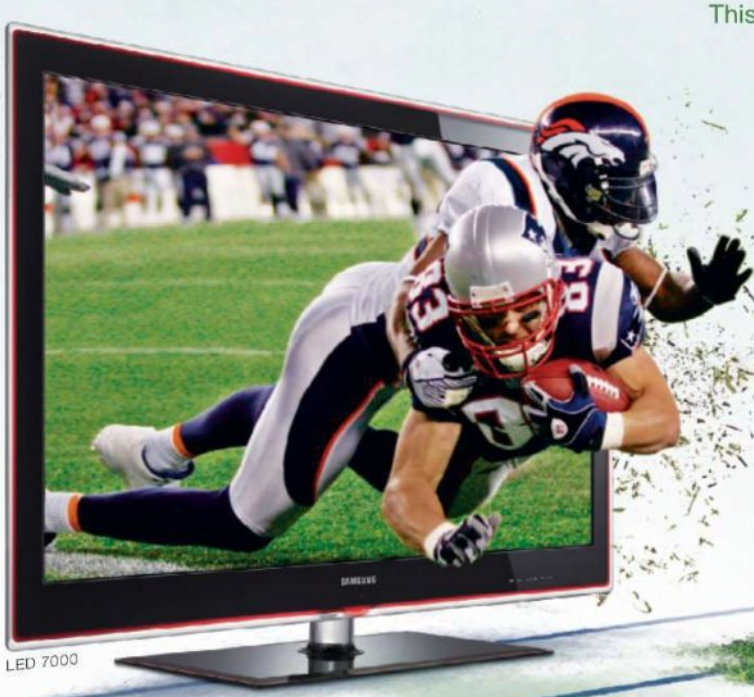

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GOT A DUMB QUESTION? Send your brain-busters to ask@maxim.com.

Ask Maxim

This month we're shocked about Tasers and tendons and damaging our bodies with bass and booze!

How does the Taser shotgun shell work?

PAUL SKRANE, DETROIT, MI

SHELL OF A TIME! THE ONLY DRAWBACKS TO TASERS WERE YOU HAD TO BE REASONABLY CLOSE TO THE BAD GUY AND THEY WERE ONE-HIT WONDERS. WITH THE XREP SHOTGUN SHELL, YOU SIMPLY LOAD ONE INTO A STANDARD 12-GAUGE, AIM, AND THEN NAIL SOMEONE UP TO 100 FEET AWAY. RELOAD AND REPEAT AS NECESSARY.

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IT'S ELECTRIC! ELECTRODES IN THE NOSE OF THE SHELL LATCH IN THE TARGET, ALL SET TO CONVEY THE VOLTS. (INCIDENTALLY, TRYING TO RIP ONE LOOSE IMMEDIATELY AFTER CONTACT TRIGGERS THE SHOCK—SO IF YOU'RE HIT, JUST LEAN BACK AND ENJOY THE RIDE.)

POP AND LOCK IT! THE IMPACT CAUSES THE MAIN CHASSIS TO BREAK AWAY FROM THE NOSE, NOW HOOKED TO THE PERP, LEAVING IT DANGLING BY A KEVLAR-REINFORCED FIBER. SIX ELECTRODES DEPLOY FROM THE CHASSIS.

TAGGED AND BAGGED! TASERS SEND A LOW VOLTAGE (500 VOLTS) AND A LOW AMPERAGE THROUGH THE ELECTRODES, ENSURING THE CHARGE GOES FROM SHELL TO BODY WITHOUT DOING LASTING DAMAGE—BEYOND THE FACT THAT THE GUY'S BEEN HIT BY A DEVICE THAT DISRUPTS BRAIN FUNCTION. IDEALLY, THE XREP TAKES A FILTHY FAIR-TRADE HIPPIE OUT FOR 20 SECONDS, GIVING POLICE PLENTY OF TIME TO READY THEIR "FREEDOM" STICKS AND "JUSTICE" SPRAY.

WHAT IS THE MOST PAINFUL COMMON SPORTS INJURY?

Garry Pierce, Hoboken, NJ

When it comes to injuries that regularly befall athletes, the dreaded Achilles rupture takes top honors. "Think of this tendon as a thick, taut rope," says Mike Maloney, M.D., director of sports medicine at the University of Rochester Medical Center. "When it ruptures, it literally explodes into two halves, with the resulting ends looking like shredded cheese or the head of a mop. It's so painful, patients classically say they felt like they were shot in the leg." Still, we'd gladly take that over a bashed-in nut.

WHAT WAS THE LOUDEST CONCERT OF ALL TIME?

Frank Delonder, Boulder, CO

Indigo Girls, 1993, Madison Square Gard—whoops, we thought you said *shrill*est. With several bands upping the earsplitting stakes since the mid-1970s, the question of "loudest concert ever" is a controversial one. Before the category was dropped, a number of volume-centric bands were listed in the *Guinness Book of World Records* for Loudest Musical Performance, including Deep Purple, the Who, and Manowar—who stole the title in 1984 and topped themselves in 1994 with a 129.5-decibel German blastfest. Then punk band Gallows raised the ante to 132.5 in a studio in 2007. Kiss reportedly hit 136 decibels last summer in Ottowa before police forced them to turn it down. Pigs!

WHY ARE SOME PEOPLE ABLE TO OPEN THE HATCH AND POUND BEER, WHILE OTHERS CAN'T?

Rod Halpering, Panama City, FL

Why is it only a modest percentage of us (generally the ones with tribal tattoos) are able to sincerely drain one? "There are no magic tricks to chugging," asserts Virginia-based internal medicine specialist James T. Reed, M.D. "It's just a matter of relaxing the larynx and letting the fluids flow." The speed record for beer consumption in the 1991 *Guinness Book of World Records* (drinking records were removed after '91) was set by Pennsylvania's Steve Petrosino in 1977 with 33 ounces in 1.3 seconds. It must have been a proud 14 years for that guy, if he managed to survive them.

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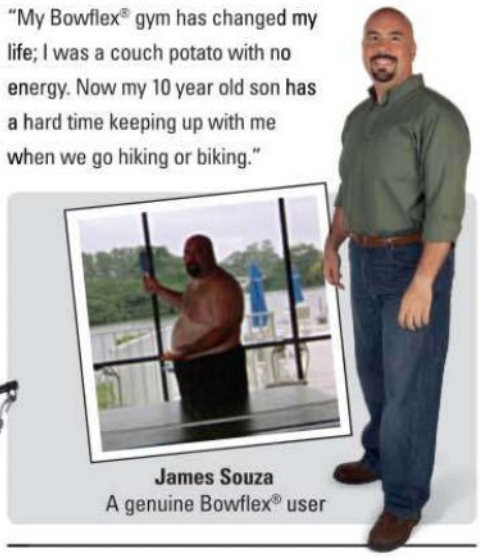

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RATED

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BACK FROM HELL

THE HUGHES BROTHERS ARE BACK TO USHER IN THE FALL OF MANKIND WITH *THE BOOK OF ELI*.

It's not unusual for directors to take a break between movies, but nine years is practically retirement. "It was all the women in *Maxim*," jokes Albert Hughes, the heftier, more technically inclined half of the Hughes Brothers directing team. "They're so distracting!" Allen, the one who "deals with the actors," is more philosophical as to why they've been off the map since 2001's *From Hell*. "It was a conscious effort not to make just anything." That's an understandable sentiment from a team whose other films are certifiable guy classics *Menace II Society* and *Dead Presidents*.

The movie that reinspired them is *The Book of Eli*, a postapocalyptic action flick starring Denzel Washington as a lone wanderer who just might be able to save the world. "People will say, 'It's *Mad Max* meets *The Passion of the Christ*,'" says Albert, "but really it's about a man on a mission." Standing in Denzel's path to salvation is Gary Oldman, returning to the kind of evil role he used to knock out regularly. "This will remind folks what he does really well," says Allen. Rounding out the cast is Mila Kunis as, we're guessing, the hottest girl left on Earth.

After nine years the Hugheses were ready for almost anything. But what about tampon tornadoes? "We were in Albuquerque in a landfill full of tampon dispensers," explains Allen. Albert adds, "And this biblical dust storm starts blowing everything around. Tampons were everywhere." Bloody hell! –*Eric Alt* •

The Book of Eli comes out January 15.

ILLUSTRATION BY JULIEN PACAUD

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INSIDE THE STUDIO

THE STRAIGHT DOPE ON THIS MONTH'S HOTTEST ALBUMS.

KE$HA *ANIMAL*

Flo Rida's sidekick ("Right Round") and Diddy's favorite white girl comes clean.

Where the magic happened: "I started in Nashville, then the magic flew its sweet ass to L.A."

Three things I can't record without: "Glitter, a beard, and a microphone."

This album is a cross between: "Beastie Boys and a tranny with a hangover."

The haters will say: "Whatever they want to say. They can also suck a fat one."

VAMPIRE WEEKEND *CONTRA*

Rostam Batmanglij of the global-pop-plundering indie princes spills his info.

Where the magic happened: "Treefort Studios in Brooklyn. It's a big storage space in the middle of nowhere."

Studio fuel: "Singer Ezra Koenig got me into Bumble-Bars. It's sesame seeds and syrup. They're organic."

Casualties during production: "Maybe, like, a speaker? 'Cause we wanted to listen to the record loud."

The haters will say: "This record has so many aspects that it's kind of unhatable. Anybody who wants to try to hate, bring it on."

THREE 6 MAFIA *LAWS OF POWER*

DJ Paul of the sizzurp-sipping, ho-defiling Oscar winners breaks it down.

Where the magic happened: "On the couch in the studio's smoke-out room."

Three things we can't record without: "Sizzurp, Chinese food, and six sexy girls to approve all the songs."

The money spent recording this album could buy: "A medium extra-value meal with an orange soda."

Their favorite game is "pin the head on the nobility."

MEASURING SPOON

Indie rock's perennial underdogs opine on getting big—and loosening up—on their latest, *Transference*.

For more than a decade, Spoon have been indie rock's bards of big ambition. Songs like 2002's "Small Stakes" called out guitar-toting slackers who would settle for a handful of fans and free-drink tickets, while their breakthrough hit—horntastic anthem "The Underdog" from 2007's *Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga*—warned that sometimes the little guy wins big. "I never want to coast," says frontman Britt Daniel. "We put ourselves through the wringer every time we put out a record." It's starting to pay off. After being famously dropped by their label after their second album, Spoon have watched their past two records double the sales of the one before—a rare success story in what is very much not a growth industry. Now the little band that specializes in taut, soul-inflected pop about fitted shirts and Japanese cigarette cases is headlining festivals and performing on *SNL*. "I don't really know of a band with the same sort of trajectory," Daniel says. "I never would have figured we'd sell a 10th of the records we do now."

Spoon have succeeded by churning out meticulously crafted songs that fit together like a well-tailored suit. But for their seventh full-length album, *Transference*, they found themselves embracing spontaneity. Most tracks are the original demo recordings with just a touch-up; a couple weren't improved at all. "One song, 'Trouble Comes Running,' we recorded on cassette the first time we rehearsed it," Daniel says. "We tried to beat it, but we could never get it as good. We were like, 'Well, maybe that's what this record is.'" Fourteen years into their career, Spoon finally have that freedom. "We don't have a gimmick," Daniel says. "I don't set my guitar on fire. I'm never gonna date Courtney Love. But I do think we make records that are a lot better than most of the records out there." Every once in a while, it turns out, that's enough.—*Josh Eells*

***Transference* is available in stores and online January 26.**

DOWNLOAD NOW!

"POPULAR DEMAND (POPEYES)"
Clipse feat. Cam'ron and Pharrell
Slow-rolling funk from three of the game's wickedest word wizards... and Pharrell.

"IRM"
Charlotte Gainsbourg
A song about creepy brain scans, sung by a sultry French babe, with Beck producing? OK!

"HEARTBREAK WARFARE"
John Mayer
Dating Jessica Simpson, Jennifer Aniston, and the *Friday Night Lights* chick: harder than it looks, apparently.

"MIXING UP THE MEDICINE"
Juelz Santana feat. YelaWolf
Dylan made it a hot line; Harlem's dopest makes it a hot song.

"NEW FANG"
Them Crooked Vultures
Dave Grohl + Led Zeppelin's John Paul Jones + the guy from Queens of the Stone Age = rwrrwrrrwgh.

"AMBLING ALP"
Yeasayer
From dreamy Brooklyn art-rock weirdos...dreamy Brooklyn art-rock weirdness!

"ALLIGATOR"
Tegan and Sara
A laid-back groover about cheating and death.

"HOW LOW CAN YOU GO"
Ludacris and Shawnna
Because you need to hear a chipmunk squeak the phrase "face down, ass up."

"CROWN ON THE GROUND"
Sleigh Bells
N.Y.C. buzz duo make like a girl group backed by an explosion at an alarm clock factory.

MUST BUY NOW

Family Guy's retelling of *The Empire Strikes Back*, **Something, Something, Something Darkside**, is on DVD. See Peter "Han Solo" Griffin square off against enemy Giant "Boba Fett" Chicken. *$23*

GET IN THE GAME

Wouldn't it be sweet if *GTA* took place in German-occupied Paris? Yes! In **The Saboteur** you play Sean Devlin, an Irishman in a sandboxed Paris during the Nazi conquest of Europe. *$60*

MUST BUY NOW

The auto-loving Brits are back with the DVD of **Top Gear: Seasons 11 & 12**. Watch as the crew lives your fantasies, taking muscle cars on an American road trip and test-driving sick new rides. *$30–$40*

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MICHELLE RODRIGUEZ

The ultimate tough chick is back in James Cameron's eye-popping *Avatar*.

After knocking out filmgoers in the indie flick *Girlfight* nine years ago, Michelle Rodriguez solidified her Hollywood cred with roles in dude-driven hits like *The Fast and the Furious* and *Resident Evil*, not to mention a part in the Xbox smash *Halo 2*. Throw in a couple of seasons of *Lost* and she is every fanboy's dream. Here's why we love her.

She made it.
"Dude, *Avatar* was killer. Working for James Cameron was a dream come true. It's like, now I can cross that off my list, you know? The message of the movie is like all the mythmaking stuff you've seen from George Lucas. *Avatar* is on that level. I don't know if I'll ever be able to top it."

She survived wild days.
"I went through a rowdy period in my early 20s. Once I was at this club and I just wanted to go home, but the valet was not getting my car. Then this chick cuts in front of me and starts driving away. I went nuts and jumped on her windshield, screaming. Then I see the terrified girl behind the wheel... It was Nicole Richie!"

She fights for her roles.
"A lot of times scripts are written by guys who have never really been out in the world—you wonder if they've ever been with a woman. So I always try to give the roles an extra edge. I prefer to play the girl who is kicking ass *and* is sexy."
–Savas Abadsidis

Avatar is in theaters now.

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ONE BAD MOTHER

SUPERMAN MEETS *SUPER FLY* IN THE BIG-PIMPIN' COMIC *AFRODISIAC*.

Who's the badass brother guarding the ghetto and putting the "graphic" back in the graphic novel? You're damn right—it's the Afrodisiac, the two-fisted, foul-mouthed, big-haired, superpowered pimp at the center of a new comic collection from partners Brian Maruca and Jim Rugg. "He's the ultimate blax-ploitation superhero," says artist and co-writer Rugg. "He's street-smart, street-tough, and surrounded by beautiful women." *Afrodisiac* is a knowing homage to both old movies, such as *Shaft* and *Dolemite*, and the African-American comic-book heroes of the '70s, such as Black Lightning and Luke Cage. Rugg pain-stakingly re-created the look of vintage comics—from deliberately screwing up the colors to "sampling" patterns from old back issues—all to make the book look like an artifact from the grindhouse era. "I want people not to be certain about what they've found. Is it reprints of some wild super-pimp comic from the '70s? Is it a parody?" Fake comic covers, ads, and snippets of the Afrodisiac's adventures with his adversary Richard Nixon (!) complete the package. Even more than his street smarts, fighting skills, and spring-loaded 'fro, it's the Afrodisiac's irresistibility to women that makes him the 'hood's greatest hero. Unless he lands on a planet of all dudes," says cowriter Maruca, "he's always going to have a safety net." Awww, yeah!
–Sean T. Collins

THREE REASONS TO WATCH

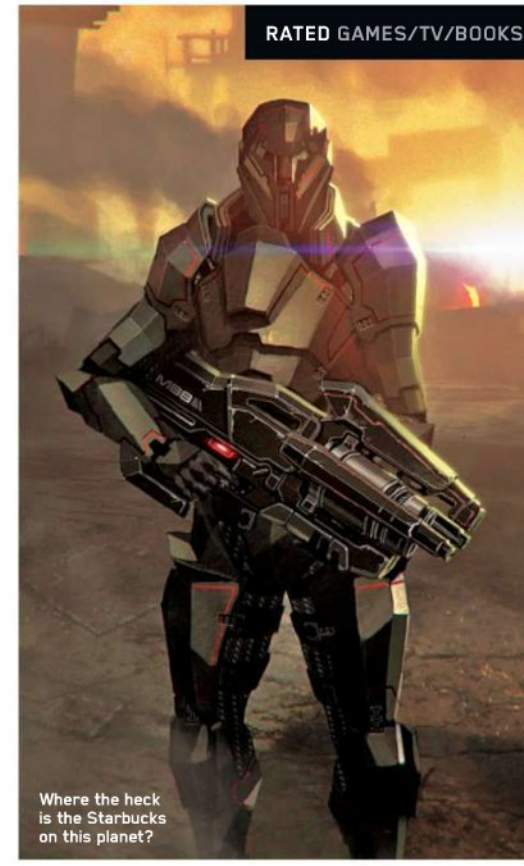
HUMAN TARGET BRINGS BUTT-KICKING BACK TO PRIME TIME.

Itching to spend an hour of your TV time watching some comic-book-style intrigue, sex, and death? Enter Fox TV's *Human Target*, based on the retro-cool Vertigo monthly of the same name. Mark Valley, who stars as a security agent for hire who protects his clients by becoming part of their lives, tells us why to tune in.

It's cineplex huge.
"Our stunt men and coordinators have all worked on films, and we're essentially making a movie in eight days. The amount of planning that goes into one of my character's operations actually makes my own military training feel outdated."

A new hot woman every week!
"We have different talented and beautiful actresses coming in each week to play the protagonist or antagonist—and a lot of them have actually been on *Maxim* covers! In fact, the only time I got injured on set was when I was elbowed in the face by Moon Bloodgood."

The show's got it all.
"*Human Target* has beautiful women, motorcycles, guns, trains, planes, automobiles...and some real characters, too."
–Stephanie Radvan



Where the heck is the Starbucks on this planet?

NEXT EFFECT

THE SECOND OFFERING IN THE *MASS EFFECT* TRILOGY WILL MAKE YOU FEAR FOR YOUR LIFE.

In 2007 BioWare, the developer known for nerd-gasmic role-playing franchises *Neverwinter* and *Baldur's Gate*, dropped the first in a three-part sci-fi space opera: *Mass Effect*. Playing as Sam Shepard—lover, fighter, serious problem to all manner of space monsters—you saved the galaxy. Standard "intergalactic rocket man goes badass" fare, right? There's one difference. Your decisions, from tiniest to most massive, effected (get it?) everything you do in subsequent titles. "There are so many possibilities, it's astronomical," says *Mass Effect 2* executive producer Casey Hudson.

In *Mass Effect 2*, new insectlike enemies the Collectors emerge as galactic threat numero uno. Early on you learn a possible suicide mission is on the horizon. And you may die—not a "Dang, I only got two lives left! Pass me a Bagel Bite" death. "If you die at the end of the game," Hudson warns, "it's final. You can't continue with that character in *Mass Effect 3*." Bummer. On the bright side: There could be boning! "We always have romance in our games," he adds. Clean your wormholes, fellas.—*Jesse Brukman*

READ THIS BOOK

Sam Sheridan interviews the world's most dangerous MMA bruisers to find out what makes a champion. The book is titled **The Fighter's Mind**, and you should prepare for increased testosterone levels. *$25*

GET IN THE GAME

No wussy Beatles on the latest edition of *GH*. Nope, **Guitar Hero: Van Halen** features 25 of the rock gods' head-banging hits. Plus, you can now face opponents head-to-head online. *$60*

MUST BUY NOW

Nothing says "Happy Chanukah" like a WWII revenge fantasy. The two-disc Blu-ray and special-edition DVD of **Inglourious Basterds** has tons of bonus material, including a gag reel. *$35*

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RATED FILM/TV

WHAT UP, HOLMES?

England's brainiest clue hound is putting aside his double-brimmed hat and rolling up his sleeves for a diabolical mystery that's far from elementary.

Solving the case of the pregnant nanny

Action. Adventure. Excitement. Not the words you'd usually associate with Sherlock Holmes. "I literally fell asleep watching one of the old Basil Rathbone movies," admits Susan (wife of Robert) Downey, who, alongside Lionel Wigram (*Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince*) and Joel Silver (where do we even start?), is producing *Sherlock Holmes*, the latest take on Arthur Conan Doyle's pipe-smoking master detective. Charged with breathing new life into the stodgy old dick (heh, heh) is Guy Ritchie, a choice that is nothing short of predestination, according to Wigram: "When I first began defining this movie, I described it as 'the Guy Ritchie version of Sherlock Holmes.' I wanted something that was going to have that sense of fun and adventure you have when you read the books. They were the blockbusters of their time." A return to the source material is wise, but is the trio tempting fate by casting American Robert Downey Jr. as the iconic Englishman and Jude Law as the doddering Dr. Watson? "The question of who was going to play Watson was complicated," explains Silver. "Everyone saw him as this overweight, stuffy guy—but he was a military man." As for the near revolt that ensued when non-Brits played that other fictional Londoner, James Bond, Wigram sees no reason to worry. "As a Brit," he chuckles, "I can say there was no resistance to Robert playing Holmes. He proved himself with *Chaplin*." Cheerio, muthafuckas.–*Eric Alt*

HOW TO:

SMOKE A PIPE

STEPHEN SMITH, TOBACCONIST AT THE FAMED L.J. PERETTI COMPANY SHOP IN BOSTON, PACKS A BIG BOWL OF KNOWLEDGE ON SHERLOCK HOLMES' (SECOND) FAVORITE VICE.

1. Choose your weapon. No matter the shape, go for a smooth or sandblasted finish. Avoid carved pipes. It's often a way to mask a bad piece of wood.

2. Burn this. 1. Vanilla or cherry Cavendish. 2. American Burley, which is nutty and sweet. 3. English, which burns and smells pungent (for pros only).

3. Pull a Clinton. This isn't Humboldt County crop, bro, so don't inhale. The goal is to taste the tobacco. Got it? Now back to snooping, mystery boy!

ILLUSTRATIONS: JAMESON SIMPSON

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THE CHECKUP

SIFTING THROUGH THE CINEMATIC HEAP.

	GANGS WITH FANGS	LOVE TRIANGLES	HUMANS, THE OTHER WHITE MEAT	FOR BABIES AND/OR GRANDMAS	RODENTS	COUGARS	OUR TAKE
ALVIN AND THE CHIPMUNKS: THE SQUEAKQUEL Anna Faris and Justin Long lend their voices to the movie with the greatest title in cinematic history.	⊗	⊗	⊗	⊗	⊗		Listening to the high-pitched buggers may make us cringe, but go ahead and buy a ticket for your bratty kid cousin.
DAYBREAKERS Following the undying vampire trend (ha!), Willem Dafoe and Ethan Hawke must save humanity from the blood-thirsty beasts.	⊗		⊗	○	⊗	○	This might be the stake in the heart for the Drac Pack.
IT'S COMPLICATED Meryl Streep and Alec Baldwin are middle-aged divorced folks having an atypical affair in this romantic comedy. Zany!	○	⊗	○	⊗		⊗	If you're looking for a one-night stand with a bitter divorcée, get to the theater early and order an extra-large popcorn.
THE IMAGINARIUM OF DOCTOR PARNASSUS Christopher Plummer is the titular doctor, who leads a theater troupe and makes a deal with the devil.	○	⊗	○		○	○	Not only is this Heath Ledger's last film, but all-stars Johnny Depp, Colin Farrell, and Jude Law jump in to take his place. And director Terry Gilliam is always good for a crazy ride.

READ THIS BOOK

Wanna find out how NASCAR became so popular? In **He Crashed Me So I Crashed Him Back**, Mark Bechtel chronicles the feuds and frenzied finishes that brought the sport national attention. *$26*

CHECK THIS TOUR

Storied improv theater the Second City celebrates its 50th Anniversary by crossing the country performing shows like **Barack Stars**, a bipartisan piece that targets everyone in Washington.

MUST BUY NOW

Who knew an action flick starring aliens and a guy with a funny accent could make you think? Neill Blomkamp's **District 9** comes to DVD, proving that social commentary can be entertaining. *$29*

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STUFF

FILL YOUR INNER EMPTINESS WITH MATERIAL GOODS

KINGS OF THE HILL

SURE, THE HOTTEST **SNOWBOARDS** OF 2010 RIDE SMOOTH, BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, THEY LOOK DAMN GOOD PROPPED UP OUTSIDE THE LODGE.

1 APO SELEKTA $449 A carbon-fiber beam gives this bizarro French board plenty of extra pop in the terrain park, and its gutsy supergraphic will kill in the lift line. *apo-snow.com* **2 CAPITA QUIVER KILLERS** $379 With a radial side cut that makes turning easier, this horny beast is hungry to slay even the trickiest parts of the mountain. *capitasnowboarding.com* **3 SALOMON GRIP** $450 Trippy neo-geo pattern aside, the coolest thing about the Grip is a cranked-up tip that helps you cruise over deep powder. *salomon.com* **4 ROME ARTIFACT 1985** $390 Its barfing-monster paint job throws off a 1980s skate-rat vibe, but the flat base, poppy tips, and abuse-proof bronze edges point to the future of terrain park dominance. *romesnowboards.com* **5 ROSSIGNOL RETOX** $380 A super-blunt tip assists in throwing sick

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK FERRARI

park tricks. *rossignol.com* 6 **FORUM MANUAL** $340 Perform tricks on rails, trees, and passed-out drifters with the help of beveled edges that prevent face-flattening snags. *forumsnowboards.com* 7 **BURTON X8** $650 Bowed in the middle, flat under the feet, and rounded up at the ends, the X8 helps you thrash every side of the hill. *burton.com* 8 **BATALEON GOLIATH** $470 This beast lets you paint the whole mountain thanks to Triple Base Tech, which makes turning, spinning, and shredding much easier than it should be. *bataleon.com* 9 **ROSSIGNOL ANGUS** $400 Slight camber between the feet transitions to an upturned tip and tail for grip in crud, float in powder, and play in the park. *rossignol.com* 10 **ELAN PRODIGYR** $400 Get this Trapper Keeper–lookin' rail rocker quick; Elan is producing only 100 sticks per length. *elansnowboards.com*–*Steve Mazzucchi*

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ILLUSTRATION BY PETER OUMANSKI

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Choose Your Weapon

SNOW SLIDING IS THE MOST FUN—AND LEAST PAINFUL—WHEN YOUR GEAR MATCHES THE TERRAIN. CHECK OUT THE BEST BOARDS AND SKIS AND STRAP ON, BRAH!

BY STEVE MAZZUCCHI

WINTER SPORTS SPECIAL!

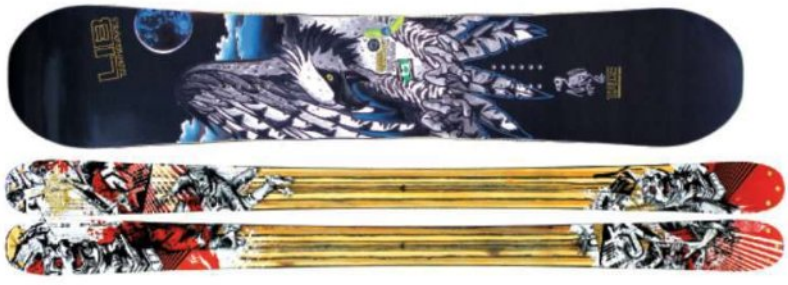
1 Backcountry

SNOWBOARD: RIDE SLACKCOUNTRY
Itching to sneak off the grid? The ultralight Slackcountry features carbon stringers to boost control and pop, and its powder-specific side cut and camber will have you cruising through waist-deep flakes like a guy who knows what he's doing (base shown). **$700, ridesnowboards.com**

SKI: VÖLKL KURO
Don't let the old-school styling fool you. With a fat five-inch-wide waist, vibration-damping carbon base, and a bit of reverse camber to boost maneuverability, these burly beasts blow through the white stuff à la Robert Downey Jr. before he got all clean. **$1,065, volkl.com**

RIDE CHEAP: SUGARBUSH, VT
Hop on the East's only snow cat and hit the trails even before the lifts open. **$75, sugarbush.com**

2 All-Mountain

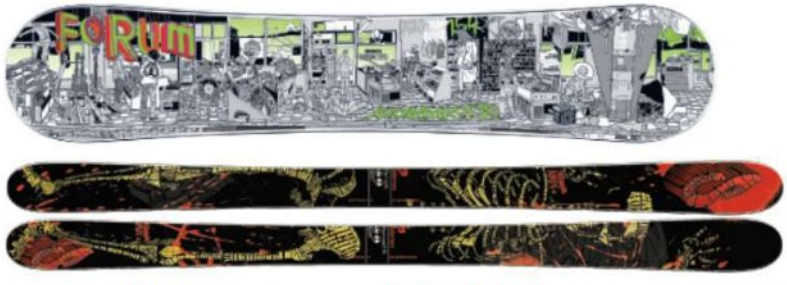


SNOWBOARD: LIB TECH TRAVIS RICE C2 POWER BANANA
X Games gold medalist Mr. Rice has proved that he can ride anything. His new stick's wavy edges and mix of reverse and regular cambers allow you to float over powder, yet carve through crud.
$539, lib-tech.com

SKI: K2 KUNG FUJAS
Sporting both a mini-rocker to the tip and tail to handle powder, plus a two-way taper and raised tail to ease switch carving, the Kung Fujas is a snow chameleon, making itself at home in any surroundings. If you own one pair of skis, make it these.
$700, k2skis.com

RIDE CHEAP: TAHOE, NV
Crash—and ski—in nearby Reno's Silver Legacy or Eldorado casino. **from $69/night, mtrose.com**

3 Park and Pipe



SNOWBOARD: FORUM YOUNGBLOOD CHILLYDOG
The Youngblood's tip and tail rise high above the snow. That translates to smoother spins and slides on boxes and rails, more stomped landings, and fewer edge-catching, dignity-erasing face-plants.
$400, forumsnowboards.com

SKI: SALOMON DUMONT
The best thing about slope style star Simon Dumont's signature skis? Toughness. A wide body, wood core, and polyethylene fibers between the center edges mean you can bounce through the park, land hard, even drop down stairs, and keep rolling.
$775, salomon.com

RIDE CHEAP: BRIGHTON, UTAH
With progressive parks and night skiing, you can shred from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. **$58, brightonresort.com**

HOW TO

PRETEND YOU'RE A PRO BOARDER AT THE APRÈS SKI SPOT

LOUIE VITO SLIDES US SOME STEALTHY TIPS TO SCOOP UP THE SNOW BUNNIES THIS SEASON.

1. Lay some lift-work. Sidle up to her in the lift line and score a seat next to her on the way up the mountain. "Get her to start talking about herself," Vito says. "Play it cool and tell her she and her friends should meet you at the bar later."

2. Brand-manage. "If you're rocking different brands on your board, hat, gloves, etc., then she'll never believe your ragtag ass has a sponsorship," says Vito. "Streamline yourself."

3. Build a dream team. "Get one of your boys to act like he's the team manager and have him buy drinks. But don't try to pull that stuff when real pros are in the house. They'll not only clown on you; they'll steal your girl, too."

HOW TO

BUILD A SECRET SUPERPIPE

SHAUN WHITE IS TRAINING FOR THE OLYMPICS IN A PRIVATE SUPERPIPE. CRAFT YOURS NOW!

1. Find a sunny, high-up spot on a mountain with no public access: Shaun's is in Silverton, Colorado.

2. Hire a helicopter (or just pilot your own). Hover over the mountain and fire 30 dynamite charges into the snowpack in order to create an artificial avalanche of epic proportions.

3. Use a few of your bulldozers to carve the loose snow into a 550-foot pipe with 20-foot sidewalls. Grab your board and drop in. See you on the podium!

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WINTER SPORTS SPECIAL!

GUITAR HERO

The first thing Olympian Shaun White packs before traveling? It's not his snowboard.

When did you start playing?
I won a guitar years ago, and then I forgot about it until my brother and a friend both started playing. I'm hypercompetitive, so I just wanted to be good enough so they'd quit. I practiced like crazy. But there was this sad day when I realized you can't win at guitar. Now I have a little group I mess around with.

How did you put together the band? Are there other athletes involved?
No. Have you seen that movie *I Love You, Man*? It's kind of like that. I roll into a place like, "Hey, wanna go on a band date?" to random musicians. I'm so over playing alone.

You've had the opportunity to meet or play with Slash and ZZ Top, among others...
When people found out I knew how to play, they were like, "You should jam with Slash—I can hook you up with him!" And the last thing I wanted to do was that. I mean, it's like...Oh, you play basket-ball? Cool! We should get Kobe in here!

But you did meet Slash, right?
Yeah. I ran into him while reading his book, which is awkward. Like, I was actually reading his book, and I saw him. Do you know how weird that is? But we talked, and it's funny: I wanted to be the guitarist, and he wanted to be a pro X Games rider.

Is being onstage much different than performing on the mountain?
It's the same rush, but with more consistency. It's the only thing I've ever been able to draw the same feeling from as boarding.

So you haul your setup everywhere?
I travel with an old Les Paul Studio guitar with a sunburst. And I bring amps. Yep, I'm an ass! The airline is like, "What's in here?" It's terrible. I'll even bring loop and wah-wah pedals overseas.

Wow, you really are obsessed.
Yeah, but guitar is the only thing that makes me sit still. —*Jesse Will*

GROOMING, ERIN LEE SMITH FOR ALTERNA/CELESTINE

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF MINTON

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WILD THINGS

THESE HOT HATCHBACKS HAUL LOADS OF GEAR AND HANDLE LIKE A ROLLER COASTER. PLEASE KEEP YOUR HANDS INSIDE AT ALL TIMES.

BY KY HENDERSON

1/ MITSUBISHI LANCER SPORTBACK RALLIART

$27,590 / **0–60:** 5.5 seconds

With its street-racer face fused to the business end of a hatchback, the Sportback's not the prettiest of this bunch, but we dig its 52.7 cubic feet of storage—you can haul metric assloads of lumber while enjoying the Evo-lite handling. Its 2.0-liter, 237 hp turbocharged four-cylinder engine offsets the added weight and provides plenty of power for all but the most competitive of stoplight pink-slip races.

Best use of hatch: Stretching out for some "camping" with eight gal pals.

RATING: ●●●◐○

2/ MAZDASPEED3

$23,945 / **0–60:** 6.4 seconds

The Speed3's monster hood scoop isn't just cake decoration; it force-feeds air directly into its intercooler, which is, in turn, shellacked to a turbocharged 2.3-liter, 263 hp four-banger that pumps out 280 lb.-ft. of torque. For 2010 the wild beast's torque steer has been reduced, not eliminated, and its stiffer chassis and suspension are still great for the twisties, still bad for Grandma's lumbago. Screw her! This is a driver's car.

Best use of hatch: Allowing your sexy sidekick to toss smoke bombs at cops during chases through neo-Tokyo.

RATING: ●●●●○

3/ VOLKSWAGEN GTI

$23,230 / **0–60:** 6.8 seconds

The original hot hatch just keeps getting better: Its 2.0-liter, 200 hp turbocharged four-cylinder power plant still pounds out 207 lb.-ft. of torque over a huge swath of the tachometer. The six-speed is great, but opt for the phenomenal DSG (dual-clutch automatic gearbox). Hammer the paddles to your heart's content, or put the DSG in its balls-out Sport mode and watch with glee as the masochistic tranny lives at the red line. Fun, fun, fun.

Best use of hatch: Tearing through the twisties (with the Bauhaus coffee table you just bought) back to your Berghütte.

RATING: ●●●●◐

SPEED GEEKERY

THREE ROAD-READY CELL PHONE APPS.

DYNOLICIOUS
Clock 0–60 times and G-forces with this program that utilizes the iPhone's accelerometer. **$13**

TRAPSTER
Run this on almost any GPS-enabled smart phone and get early radar warning. **FREE**

SCANNER 911
Use your iPhone to listen in on the local fuzz as they try to collar you and your Corolla. **$1**

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sex

BY LAURA LEU

Best. Tent-pitching. Ever.

2010: A Sex Odyssey

KICK OFF THE NEW YEAR WITH TALES OF WHITE-HOT ENCOUNTERS THAT'LL INSPIRE YOU TO STEP UP YOUR BEDROOM GAME.

Right, it's January. The time of year when everyone takes a long, hard look in the mirror and pretends they're going to better themselves over the next 365 days. What mistakes do you want to be sure not to repeat? (Jury-rigging company loudspeaker to broadcast sound of boss urinating.) What feats of awesomeness do you want to be sure to replicate? (Slipping turpentine into girlfriend's cat's food undetected!) Nowhere is this evaluation more important than in your sex life—after all, a well-received performance typically leads to an encore.

Of course, sex isn't governed by the world of metrics that made you such a champ at fantasy football and bond investing. Just *what* produced her toe-curling, back-clawing, sound-barrier-busting response? Your top-notch tongue alphabet? The 30-minute sensual massage? A lack of info could derail your next attempt. That's why I asked all the most sexually satisfied girls I know to break down their hottest, most earth-shattering encounters—where they were, how it went down, and what their guys did to drive them completely crazy (in a good way). Some common themes emerged: Location matters. Timing is everything. And even tragedy can't trump horniness. So pay attention and you'll have a no-fail plan for sexual success in 2010.

NO-SEX SEX

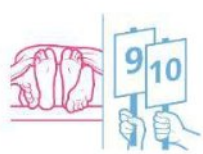
For guys, when something blocks getting laid, it's a catastrophe. For women it can be a total turn-on. Whether it was distance, relatives in the next room, or pesky corporate regulations, many women reported that their best sex ever took place after they'd been prevented from jumping a guy's bones for a period of time. For Heidi,* 24, the delayed satisfaction came after her beau went on a monthlong business trip right after their first date. "We talked on the phone almost every day, sometimes for hours," she says. "It was a month's worth of foreplay. By the time he took me out again, there was so much sexual

STYLING, ANGIE SMITH; HAIR, PETRA SELLGE; MAKEUP, ADAM D'CRUZ.
*SOME NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED.

THE YEAR IN SEX

WANT TO BE HER BEST EVER? WE'VE INVENTED 12 MONTHS' WORTH OF MIND-BLOWING MOVES TO TEST OUT.

JANUARY
Watching the Ball Drop: When you enhance sex with strategically placed mirrors.



FEBRUARY
Winter Sexathlon: Have sex in every room of your home. Invite international friends to judge.

MARCH
The Drunken Leprechaun: Thanks to a crippling hangover, tell your girlfriend she can get on top in the mornin'.

APRIL
The Paul Revere: At the moment of climax, repeatedly let your girlfriend know who's coming.

MAY
The Public Option: Unzip your pants wherever you go. Check girlfriend's face for excitement/horror.

JUNE
The S.P. Effed: Give your snoozing, sunbathing gal a fantastic tan line by draping your penis across her leg.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALISA CONNAN

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tension that my body literally shook when he simply touched my arm." The relationship was consummated later that night in what Heidi describes as a "sexual frenzy" that took them through every square foot of her apartment. "We had no first-time sex awkwardness. And it went on for days—an incredible weekend of continuous fornication."

YOUR TURN: No-sex sex is all about creating—and maintaining—sexual tension. Sexologist Logan Levkoff, Ph.D., recommends a game she calls Anything But: "The rule is, for one week you can kiss, grope, do *anything but* actual sex. Eventually, you won't be able to keep your hands off each other." It'll be like junior high school all over again! Minus the random boners.

HATE SEX

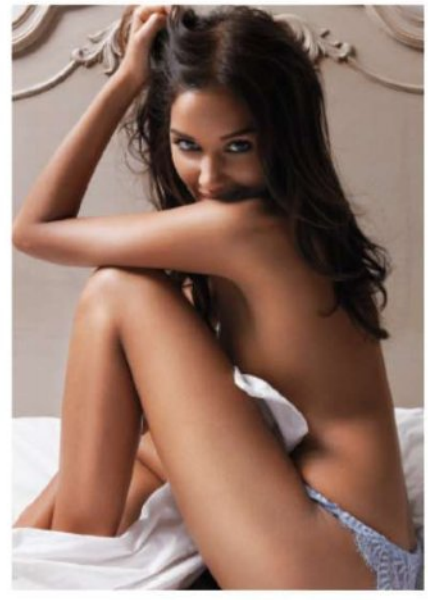
Everyone's heard of make-up sex—when a couple has a knockdown fight and restores the peace through ferocious boning. But some people don't bother to wait until the fight is over. Once, in the midst of a heated argument, things got way hotter between 28-year-old Coryn and her boyfriend. While she was laying into him with a profanity-filled verbal assault, he grabbed her arm, yanked her toward him, and jammed his tongue down her throat. "I was caught off-guard but reciprocated without even thinking," Coryn explains. That blood-boiling kiss led to groping, which led him to literally tearing her tank top in two until she was naked on top of him on the kitchen floor. "It was filthy, angry, and without a stitch of real foreplay, yet it was the most amazing sex of my life." Anger is, after all, a form of passion, and the body and brain seem to have similar responses to both: increased heart rate, heightened adrenaline, and unpleasant facial expressions.

YOUR TURN: Starting an argument in the name of sex is not recommended. But you can channel similar instincts with a bit of healthy competition. Challenge your girlfriend to Wii bowling. Or if that doesn't do the trick, try taunting her with details you uncovered by hacking her Gmail.

PUMPED-UP SEX

Behold an awesome but little-known side effect of your girlfriend's daily workouts, besides her taut abs: extreme horniness. "I love to attack my boyfriend with wake-up sex when I get home from the gym in the morning," says Siobhan, 27. "I feel so energized and sexy after pushing my body."

"Exercise revs up the body for sex by increasing blood flow to the genitals," explains sex educator Jamye Waxman. "It also produces endorphins, and in response, heightens sexual arousal." Meg, 25, felt self-conscious the first time her boyfriend made



a move while she was still sweaty from a spin class. "I was worried that I was stinky, but he kept nibbling my neck, my stomach, my legs," she says. "When he went to kiss me, I felt my sweat on his face and tasted salt on his lips. It was so animalistic. We started ripping each other's clothes off and 20 minutes later fell to the floor drenched and panting."

YOUR TURN: Do not—we repeat, do not—tell your girlfriend she needs to hit the gym. (You might as well call her "big boned.") If she exercises regularly, offer to join. You'll boost her endorphins *and* get to ogle her ass while she's in Downward Dog.

NO-HOLDS-BARRED SEX

Hiding in every demure woman, it seems, is a filthy freak waiting to get out. Many girls said their most memorable encounters were the ones where they shocked themselves by descending into total debauchery. Julia, 33, described a recent threesome—her first ever. "It was like a scene from a porno," she says. "Nasty talk, sex toys, fucking on every piece of furniture in the room...When it was over, I half-expected credits to roll. I still use the mental imagery from that night when I masturbate." Tracie, 22, didn't get so X-rated, but she added a hint of danger to her sex life when she skipped a staff meeting to go at it in the office stairwell. "He leaned back on the steps and I rode him, hard, on top. It was hot and fast, and I felt like I was sticking it to my bitchy boss. All in all, best sex yet."

YOUR TURN: Good news: You can have crazy, debaucherous sex without renting a sheep. Try taking your girl to a pay-by-the-hour motel for some dirty hooker sex (where she plays the hooker, numb nuts). Or buy her a lap dance at a strip club; then go home and encourage her to talk through an imaginary threesome with the busty lady.

SO-WRONG-IT'S-RIGHT SEX

The time and place for maximum horn-dogging is probably not your grandmother's funeral. But there are rare moments when unbridled passion can be ignited by something completely unsexual—which is exactly what happened to 23-year-old Emma. "After my Nana's funeral, my boyfriend was consoling me with hugs as I sobbed. Then he kissed me, and it turned into a furious make-out," she says. "He carried me to the bedroom, and we went at it. I'd never had an orgasm through penetrative sex until then. It was so amazing that it almost made me feel guilty."

Post-funeral sex is actually pretty normal—it can act as a diversion from dealing with grief or as a sort of celebration that you're still alive and kicking. As Levkoff explains: "Life is short, so you want to reaffirm yours by having passionate sex." Amen!

YOUR TURN: Death, obviously, is relatively unpredictable, as is any one person's response to it. But there are plenty of situations where you can initiate wildly inappropriate sex—in church, at the grocery store, at a local playground...You may earn a smack, but then you two can just naturally transition to hate sex. Problem solved! •

JULY
The Uncle Sam: Ask each woman you have sex with to leave half her weekly earnings on your nightstand.

AUGUST
Heat Stroke: Give each other hand jobs in a communal sauna.

SEPTEMBER
Back to School: In the bedroom tonight, you're the student, she's the teacher. Pay attention—there *will* be a test.

OCTOBER
The Mr. October: Scoring with three different women in one night. Also known as Mission Impossible.

NOVEMBER
Stuffing the Ballot Box: Exactly what it sounds like.

DECEMBER
Yule Log Surprise: Cover your member in chocolate ganache, dust with powdered sugar. Present on a decorative platter.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMESON SIMPSON

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sports

BY ANDREW VONTZ

KEEP UP OR DIE TRYING

TRAILING TRAVIS PASTRANA, THE WORLD'S CRAZIEST ATHLETE, IS NO EASY TASK.

Six hours into a 75-mile bicycle ride on roads traversing the Continental Divide in the Colorado Rockies, an unlikely late September snowstorm dumps harder with every crank as I ascend toward the icy, 9,500-foot Gore Pass. With each slip of a tire, I think, *I could die today.*

Just behind me action sports superstar Travis Pastrana pedals along with buddies Greg Powell and Kenny Bartram. Pastrana is helmetless and gloveless and wears a huge smile on his face despite the conditions. "This is awesome!" he screams, without a shred of irony, his bike wheels leaving wet trails in the snow.

For Pastrana, who hasn't done any serious cycling in years, completing the Continental Divide mountain bike trail—all 3,100 miles of it—is a vacation. And though Pastrana is an X Games legend, and appears with Greg and Kenny on MTV's *Nitro Circus* (think *Jackass* + engines + wheels), there's no one on the road but us—no agenda, no publicists, no cameras. Just a challenge.

Welcome to Travis Pastrana's world. You better strap on your helmet.

"Most people are built with this survival gene that makes them more worried about getting hurt than executing something," says Rob Dyrdek, pro skateboarder cum MTV star who has featured Pastrana and the *Nitro Circus* crew on his show, *Fantasy Factory*. "Travis has a birth defect that involves having no fear. He'll try anything."

Need proof? Hop on YouTube: Watch Pastrana sky-dive, *Point Break* style, with-

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out a parachute. Watch Pastrana barrel-roll his car eight times in a Colorado rally. Watch Pastrana backflip a kid's tricycle off a 100-foot mega-ramp. Watch Pastrana jump off his dirt bike into the Grand Canyon.

"He's got that mind-set—'Hey, let's just try this'—but there's no governor on it," says fellow X Gamer and Olympic gold medalist Shaun White. "There's no restrictive thing in his head. He's gone to another plane."

At 26, there isn't much the guy hasn't tried. Raised in suburban Maryland, Pastrana's motocross talent was evident early; by sixth grade he'd missed so many days at races that his parents homeschooled him until he got his diploma, at 15. A year later he became the national motocross champion before moving on to pioneer the sport of freestyle motocross. In 2006 he became the first rider to land a double backflip, for a sixth X Games gold; along the way he raced a monster truck, became America's top rally car racer, and picked up a BASE jumping addiction.

The Grand Canyon stunt brought Pastrana his closest brush with death. After jumping off the edge of the canyon on his motorcycle, doing a backflip, then leaping from his bike, he pulled his chute's rip cord too late and came within inches of being flattened. His parents, Robert and Debby, were there to watch. "Before the stunt I told him, 'You don't have to do this,'" Robert recalls. "But he said, 'Are you kidding, Dad? I've waited all my life for this.' It's like a train wreck—you want to stop watching, but you can't."

Pastrana takes no pleasure in his parents' discomfort, but going far beyond the norm is what he was born to do. "I don't want to die," says Pastrana. "I just want to do something every day so I know I'm alive."

NASCAR Sprint Cup driver Brian Vickers points out that there's a method to Pastrana's madness. "Before he does a stunt, there's a lot of analyzing and practice that nobody sees. I'd say he's more brave than crazy. He minimizes the risk by thinking everything through. He knows his limits."

In August, after checking out of the X Games due to a brutal spill on a never-before-attempted motocross trick—a sideways backflip with two complete rotations—Pastrana found himself staring at his first prolonged stretch of free time since becoming a professional athlete in his mid-teens. It took just a couple of days of boredom for him to decide to pedal the entire Continental Divide trail, from Canada to Mexico, a five-week off-road slog that takes even expert riders months to plan for.

Giant Bicycles quickly stepped in with rigs for Pastrana and two friends, and three days after Pastrana decided to do it, the triumvirate dashed across the Canadian border and began their journey, planning to ride 70 to 100 miles a day and camp at night out on the trail.

Above: His toughest stunt—finding a shirt. Right: Biking through the Rockies on the Continental Divide trail.

Naturally, Pastrana's commitments and sponsors found ways to interrupt the trip. I planned to ride for just a day with Pastrana and crew two weeks into the trip, in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, where Pastrana was required to spend the weekend racing his car in a rally. I would later find out that Pastrana had already made an emergency detour to Salt Lake City, where MTV needed footage of him landing the stunt he'd wiped out on at the X Games, a wreck that left him "pissing blood for five days." He nailed it.

On the first day of the Steamboat rally, a point-to-point race against the clock on asphalt and dirt roads, Pastrana made a mistake that knocked him out of contention. But it really didn't matter. By that point in the series, he'd already locked up his fourth consecutive Rally America championship.

When I meet up with Pastrana and his posse at a Steamboat watering hole later that night, buckets of PBR sit on the table. Pastrana greets me with a warm smile and a strong handshake. "Little change of plans. I'm not doing the race tomorrow anymore. Have a beer, and let me get you a Nitro Bomb," he says, passing me a bottle from the bucket, followed shortly after by a tumbler—not a shot glass—filled with equal parts Red Bull, Guinness, and Captain Morgan. I throw it back and wince.

While Pastrana and the rest of the table hoot at my minor-league drinking skills, Holly Montag, Heidi's sister, materializes from out of nowhere, rolls up to the table, buys a round of whiskey shots, and slides onto the bench next to Pastrana. "We met at my dad's golf tournament," Montag says. Pastrana chats with her briefly before getting up to circulate in the crowd, where women stumble over each other to introduce themselves. As I quickly learn, whatever you do with Travis Pastrana, whether it's talking to ladies, drinking, or riding bikes, he has an innate ability to do it at least 10 times better than you.

The next morning, freezing temperatures and a snowy forecast greet us as Pastrana and the crew pound a can of beer for breakfast and ponder whether or not to ride. "When you're with Travis, don't worry what the plan is. It'll change in five minutes," says Bartram. We saddle up the mountain bikes and ride. Our second beer would come 10 hours, one snowstorm, and 75 miles later, at the day's finish line at a motel hot tub in Kremmling, Colorado. Somehow we survive.

Pastrana's next gig will be his most high-profile stunt ever: On New Year's Eve, in front of millions watching on ESPN, he'll attempt to break the world record for the longest distance ever jumped in a rally car by launching off a pier in Long Beach, California and onto a floating barge anchored in the Pacific Ocean. He hopes to clear 200 feet. "Long-distance jumping takes a lot of skill. It's not very fun when you mess up. Literally, you're dead," says Pastrana. So why do it? "It's about finding your limits, checking in to see what you're made of."

One person who won't be watching on New Year's Eve: Dad. "Would you watch your kid play Russian roulette?" he says.

"What he enjoys is not just doing crazy, ridiculous stuff but also pushing other people to do it. He's going to go down in history," says Dyrdek. "Travis is a modern-day Evel Knievel." •

ALL THE BREAKS

PASTRANA HAS BROKEN MORE THAN 50 BONES. HERE'S AN INCOMPLETE LOG OF HIS FREQUENT RUNS TO THE E.R.

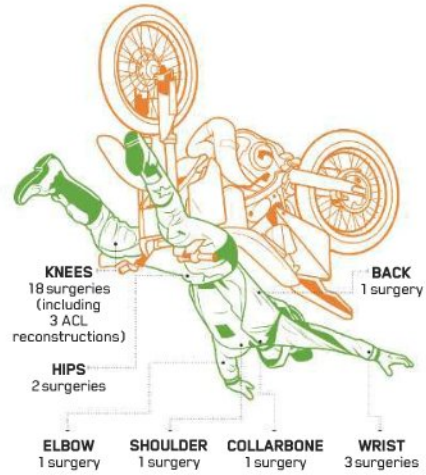

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMESON SIMPSON

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Olivia Munn loves games, gadgets, and comic books—and looks like this. Time to hang it up, God: The cohost of G4's *Attack of the Show!* just might be the perfect woman.

By Maria Fontoura
Photographs by Miko Lim

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Cosabella panties. (opposite) **C.Z. Falconer** bikini, **Jennifer Meyer** bangles (previous pages) **Cosabella** bra and panties; **Cosabella** panties, vintage denim shirt

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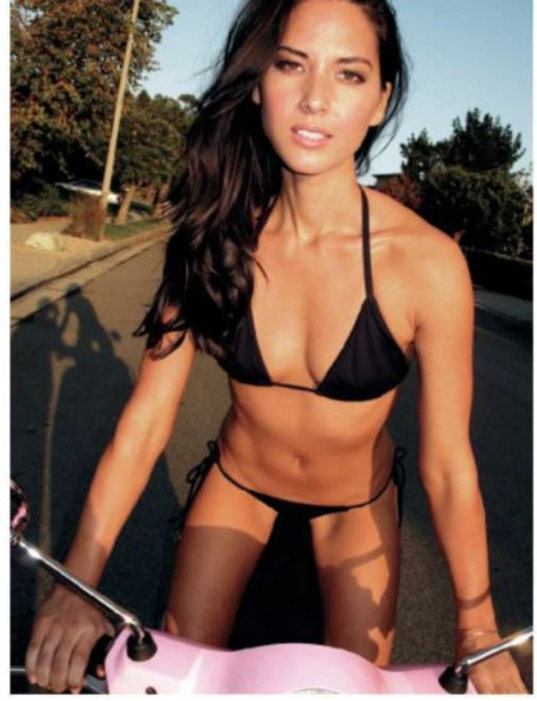


IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF OLIVIA MUNN,

you need to watch more TV or attend more comic book conventions. For four years this fanboy trapped in the body of a homecoming queen has been the smoking-hot hosting half of the G4 network's daily gear and gaming roundup, *Attack of the Show!* But tech geeks aren't the only ones who've fallen for her—Hollywood has also noticed Olivia's on-screen magnetism and willingness to do almost anything for a laugh (did you see her deep-throat a hot dog?). This month you can catch her in *The Slammin' Salmon* from cult comedy troupe Broken Lizard. And later this spring she'll be appearing in *Date Night* opposite Steve Carell, and *Iron Man 2*, a guaranteed blockbuster that's every red-blooded male's Holy Grail: superhero adventures *and* Olivia! Reserve your tickets now.

When did you first realize you were...well, kind of a nerd.
I think it was eighth grade. I was in a military family, so by the time I was 13 I'd lived in six different places. I remember looking around that year and realizing that the one group that always takes you in is the geeks.

Did you have a geek idol growing up?
Punky Brewster. At the time I found her I was living in Utah—Mormon central, all these blond-haired, blue-eyed, all-American people. Then there was me, a complete tomboy with natty hair and polyester pants. I saw this girl on TV who looked and talked just like me and played with boys and didn't care about getting dirty.

Were you always into gadgets?
I'm Chinese, so to perpetuate the stereotype, yes. I know how to take apart a PC and put a fan in and add more memory and put it back together. My brothers and I used to fight over our Game Boy, because there were five kids and only one machine. I learned to turn the volume down because if my brother was next in line he would listen for me to die.

You also lived in Tokyo as a kid. Was it all flashing lights and robots?
Japan is everything you think it is. The culture makes everything so accessible and quick. Like, your phone works as a credit card. And that's how I am—I want everything *now, now, now!*

How does your family feel about your unconventional career?
My mom's family are all radiologists and engineers. I got a call from all my uncles trying to convince me that show business was a bad idea. Every single one of them used Tom Cruise as an example: "Only Tom Cruise can do it, not you! You not Tom Cruise!"

What was your first gig?
I was a sideline reporter for women's college basketball. No slamming on women's basketball, but it's not that exciting. I'd be like, "Um, we'll be back after halftime. It's 15-13."

We've seen footage of you getting mobbed at Comic-Con. Do you have some scary fans?
Geek today is not what people think. To me it's just someone who's passionate about something—cars, sports, technology. The people who follow me are frat guys, hot guys, dorky guys...I look at them as friends.

Your "friends" must send you lots of gifts—including pie, which you advertise as your favorite thing.
Oh, yeah! Last year I collected close to a thousand dollars' worth of pie. And I got a massive, adult-size white teddy bear that takes up an entire corner of my dressing room. I was convinced for the longest time that the guy who sent it was actually inside of it.

You actually turned your love of pie into a show segment, where you jumped into a chocolate cream pie in a French maid outfit [see below]. Is there anything you *won't* do?
After we realized that had been a success, some exec said, "This could be your thing!" And I was like, "When I go to Japan I could jump into a massive bowl of ramen!" At the last minute I said, "Wait, I'm going to be the girl who jumps into food? No."

Any other stunts we can expect?
I decided I need to make a one-hit wonder. I thought up a song that goes: "Sweet. Ass. In your face. Sweet. Ass. In your face." And the video will be all these girls in booty shorts, bent over at the waist, asses going back and forth. I want to see guys with chest hair pouring out of their shirts dancing to my song. That's going to be my gift to the world.

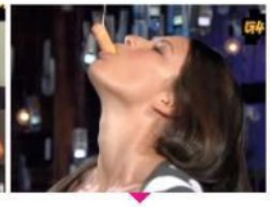
You're in *The Slammin' Salmon*, and soon we'll see you in *Iron Man 2*. Has the jump to film been intimidating?
I was a big fan of *Super Troopers*, so working with the Broken Lizard guys was so much fun. For *Iron Man* I had to improv with Robert Downey Jr., which is like going up against LeBron in basketball. At one point he stopped and said, "Can we give a round of applause to Olivia, because she's rocking it right now." I was so happy I went through a McDonald's drive-through on my way home and ordered two cheeseburgers and some fries.

We have to ask: Are you dating anyone—or is there hope for us?
I just broke up with my boyfriend, so I'm officially single. But one thing I find unbelievably annoying is all these guys in my life who want to save me. They're like, "Do you feel alone?" Everyone's turned into Oprah!

OLIVIA HALL OF FAME

OUR FAVORITE MOMENTS FROM *ATTACK OF THE SHOW!*

In "Wonder Woman's Guide to Office Safety": "I love wearing Wonder Woman. She makes me feel very powerful."



"Eating" a hot dog: "That was one moment where I thought, Well, *that's* gonna be everywhere."

As "The Lesbionic Woman": "My first girl-on-girl kiss. It was with my spray-tan lady, who always sees me naked."

Jumping into a giant pie in a French maid outfit: "All my idea. As soon as I got in, I thought, Oh, my gosh, I'm really in a pie."

Doing the "Truffle Shuffle" from *The Goonies*: "I decided if it makes at least 10 people laugh, I'll give it a go."

STYLING, GENA TUSO/ CLOUTIER AGENCY; HAIR, STEVEN LAKE FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS/REDKEN; MAKEUP, JULIE CUOMO AND MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY MAC; VESPA® COURTESY OF PIAGGIO GROUP AMERICAS, INC

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HOT, WEIRD & WILD

2009'S MOST UNFORGETTABLE MOMENTS (WE TRIED)

TAKE A LOVING LOOK BACK AT THE HEAVEN AND HELL THAT WAS THE PAST 12 MONTHS, RANKED IN ORDER FROM, "WELL, *THAT* WAS SOMETHING," TO "HOLY BALLS, THAT WAS NUTS!"

MAXIM TAKES OVER YOUR TV!
See all these crazy, sexy folks in living color on **Maxim's Hottest Moments of 2009**, airing December 16 at 10 P.M. on E!

01 SHAPELIEST SHAPE-SHIFTER

SHE PACKED THE MULTIPLEXES WITH *TRANSFORMERS 2* AND SCARED THE PANTS OFF US IN *JENNIFER'S BODY*. MEGAN, MARRY US?

02 BIGGEST FANG BANG

From *True Blood* to *The Vampire Diaries* to *The Twilight Saga: New Moon*, vampires are everywhere! To any real vampires reading this right now, we have one request should you choose to fly in our bedroom window: Easy with the teeth, baby.

03 LAMEST SEX TAPE

The Noxzema Girl, "McSteamy," and a fallen beauty queen in a hot tub not having sex. Bring on the flaccidity!

04 SEXIEST SECOND COMING

Her hair grew back, she got on the treadmill, and she dusted off her vocal cords. Britney Spears hit us one more time with her sold-out Circus tour, and damn if it didn't hurt so good.

05 MOST OVER-ACTIVE UTERUS

Nadya Suleman delivered a litter of eight children, making "Octomom" a household word and causing testicles around the world to reconsider producing sperm.

06 LOONIEST CLOONEY FAN

During a junket for *The Men Who Stare at Goats*, an amorous Italian named Mauro Casciari stripped and declared, "I am gay, George," and asked, "May I kiss you?" George laughed it off. Prude.

07 SEXIEST SINGLES

JESSICA SIMPSON, CAMERON DIAZ, JULIANNE HOUGH, AND BAR REFAELI BECAME SINGLE. PASS THE ALTOIDS!

08 MOST WARDROBE MALFUNCTIONS

From see-through shirts to bloodstained skirts, the pants-allergic Lady Gaga changes outfits more often than Octomom changes diapers.

09 BIGGEST JACKASS

Sunglass Hut addict Kanye West is a self-obsessed jackass. If you needed to watch him ruin Taylor Swift's MTV VMA speech to realize this, you are probably kind of a jackass, too. Although it was totally worth it to watch him cry while apologizing on Jay Leno the following night. And to hear the president confirm his jackassedness.

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY QUICKHONEY

10 BIGGEST TENNIS FOUL

At the U.S. Open, Serena Williams was charged the match-losing point after telling a line judge, "If I could, I would take this fucking ball and shove it down your fucking throat." McEnroe wiped a proud tear from his eye.

11 BEST BONG SHOW

Gold-medal hog Michael Phelps was snapped puffing kind bud. A 23-year-old smoking pot?! We were shocked!

12 MOST HELPFUL POCKET FRIEND

iPhone apps (now numbering over 100,000) make us happier and lazier than ever before.

13 HORNIEST HOST

No matter how you feel about his off-screen romps, you have to give Dave props for at least doing it with an assistant any reasonable person would actually want to have sex with. Bill Clinton, Steve Phillips...You guys can learn a lot from this man.

14 DEADLIEST DUO

If you don't know anything about the couple who produced eight kids and a TV show, then we are very jealous of you. Continue to live in ignorant bliss, young man.

15 BEST LIVING UP TO ONE'S NAME

Charges against Chargers LB Shawne Merriman for choking Tila Tequila were dropped. He claimed he was preventing her from driving drunk. How about preventing her next show?

16 LEAST CURABLE MANIA

Beatlemania! Buy all their albums one more time! And their video game, too. Yoko needs the cash!

17 MOST PECULIAR POLE DANCE

WHEN CHOREOGRAPHING MILEY'S PERFORMANCE OF "PARTY IN THE U.S.A." FOR THE TEEN CHOICE AWARDS, SOMEONE THOUGHT IT'D BE A GOOD IDEA TO HAVE A 16-YEAR-OLD WORKING A STRIPPER POLE. CREEPTASTIC!

18 WHITEST GHOST

Don't cry for the dearly departed Michael Jackson—if Renaissance artists have depicted heaven correctly, right now he's surrounded by naked, winged, trumpet-blowing boys, and smiling.

19 HOTTEST TOPIC

Miss USA competitor Carrie Prejean was asked by Perez Hilton about same-sex marriage. The result? For months the national conversation was led by a beauty contestant and a fat man with pink hair.

20 MAN-HUNGRIEST MADGE

First she ditched Guy Ritchie and "befriended" A-Rod. Now she's with model Jesus Luz. Holy Kabbalah, this woman's vagina is tireless!

THE YEAR IN DOUCHE

It was a banner year in the Summer's Eve aisle of life.

JOE FRANCIS VS. BRODY JENNER

Got in a slap fight at a bar. Sterilize both of these gentlemen at once.

JON GOSSELIN

Hen-pecked loser stole his kids' money, then blew it all on Ed Hardy tee shirts.

CHRIS BROWN

Beat up sexiest singer on Earth. If Biggie or Tupac were still alive, he wouldn't be.

TUCKER MAX

Proud bag of D released unwatchable and unwatched movie.

JOE WILSON

Shouted "You lie!" as president addressed Congress on health care. We'd have been horrified, had we not been watching a *Dukes of Hazzard* rerun at the time.

BALLOON BOY

Yep, we called a six-year-old a douche. Does that make us douches?

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ICON

BY GAVIN EDWARDS

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAINER HOSCH

James Cameron

The grizzled and geeky mastermind behind *The Terminator*, *Aliens*, and *Titanic* gets in your face—literally—with the revolutionary 3-D epic *Avatar*.

Did you always know that director was the movie job you wanted?
I must have. But 30 years ago, when I started working as a model builder and a special-effects guy, I stepped off the director track. I was just thinking, Wow, this is cool, I'm working on a movie. Then I watched a few low-budget directors in action, and I realized they were idiots. I had a light-bulb moment: I could do at least as well as these clowns.

So it was on-the-job training for you?
My film school was the drive-ins of Orange County. I have no pretensions about cinema, but I have high personal standards for what goes into a movie—what I see on the screen has to be better than the other guy's shit.

You used to work as a truck driver. Were you good at it?
I wouldn't say I was the safest truck driver in history. But I had fun.

When you started to get Hollywood money, what was the first extravagant thing you spent it on?
A Corvette. I had three black Corvettes sequentially. I still have one, a highly modified ZR1 I worked on for about a year. It puts out about 650 horsepower, and it's got a roll cage and a fire control system. I used to customize cars; I was a real gearhead and an Orange County street racer. Now I drive a Toyota hybrid.

So what would you say is the secret to winning a street race?
Balls. And picking your competition carefully.

As a director, you have a reputation for being a screamer.
No, the correct term is "asshole." I don't actually scream. Screaming implies that you've lost control. I yell with highly directed precision. Ninety-nine percent of the time, it's tactical. Once in a while, I do lose it. I probably did create an environment of fear in some of my earlier films, and I don't think that's good. People will feel tested, they'll rise to the challenge, but they're not going to flourish.

How did *Titanic* change your life?
It gave me permission to fuck off. I had money and I didn't think the directing thing was in jeopardy, so I got involved in a lot of science and deep-sea exploration for about seven years.

When you were designing Neytiri (the blue-skinned extraterrestrial heroine of *Avatar* played by Zoë Saldana), how much effort did you put into making her look hot?
We were designing an alien society, but we focused on Neytiri first. We tried gills, we tried multiple eyes, everything you could imagine for an alien chick. But we figured the story wouldn't work if you didn't want to do her. Cats and dogs are part of the emotional matrix of our lives, so we can transition cat tails or dog ears into a humanoid character, and it works OK. The consensus is that girls with tails don't exist, but they're hot. I think fans had no problem with the idea that you can lust after something that doesn't exist. Because all those girls in the magazines? You're not going to meet them either.

You waited to make *Avatar* until 3-D filmmaking caught up with the story you wanted to tell. Had you ever waited on technology to make a movie before?
I've had a couple of experiences, specifically with *The Abyss* and *Terminator 2*, where we looked at what was technologically possible in the near future and incorporated that into a film. We put *Avatar* on hold for a few years, but I knew that all the trends were heading in the direction that would make it possible, so it was just a matter of time.

As long as you didn't die.
Exactly. Generally speaking, that should be everybody's goal on a day-to-day basis: Don't die. And you know what the key to that is? Keep on breathing.

What's the closest you have ever come to dying?
Diving. I've had equipment failures and come pretty close to drowning. But I also drive on the Pacific Coast Highway every day, so we all skirt death in myriad small ways. You can find a way to make anything dangerous.

"I DON'T ACTUALLY SCREAM ON SET. I YELL WITH HIGHLY DIRECTED PRECISION."

Is that what drives you to spend so much time exploring the bottom of the ocean?
No, not at all. I'm not actually interested in danger—but I am interested in being in places that are seldom explored. If it was just a matter of wanting to flout death, I'd be jumping out of airplanes and rappelling down cliff faces.

What's the geekiest thing about you?
I basically wear the same clothes every day—I just change the T-shirt. In the morning I don't have to think about it; I can be thinking about the movie. And I get really excited about technical stuff. When I meet a famous actor or filmmaker, I'm respectful but not excited. If I meet an astronaut or somebody who actually works on rocket engines, I just want to buy them a cup of coffee and talk to them for hours about manifold pressure on multi-engine rockets.

You lived next to Britney Spears for two years. Was she a good neighbor?
I never met her. My neighborhood loathed that she was there because we had all the paparazzi hanging around and climbing over the fence. It never really bothered me. I thought it was kind of interesting. I went over a bunch of times and knocked on the door and left notes. I was on good terms with her household staff and her security people.

Months before its release, *Avatar* was provoking extremely strong Internet reactions.
I think people have recalibrated their expectations to the movie we actually made. Every fan out there was making a movie in his head, and his ultimate movie would be different from the ultimate movie of the fan next to him. Well, this is *my* ultimate movie, guys, so sit down, shut the fuck up, and watch it.

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Zara jacket, **American Apparel** boy shorts, vintage cuff.(opposite) **Cynthia Vincent** boots, **Cosabella** boy shorts, vintage jacket.

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The LITTLE Sister

THE HILLS STAR **STEPHANIE PRATT** IS READY TO STEP OUT OF BIG BROTHER SPENCER'S SHADOW—AND WE HAVE THE PHOTOS TO PROVE IT.

BY MIKE OLSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS FORTUNA

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"MAXIM IS THE ONE MAGAZINE THAT, IF YOU'RE IN IT, YOU CAN DIE HAPPY."

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When your brother Spencer throws temper tantrums on *I'm a Celebrity...Get Me Out of Here!* and your sister-in-law Heidi horrifies the crowd at the Miss Universe pageant with a "musical" number, it's pretty easy to seem sane by comparison. But the truth is, Stephanie Pratt is surprisingly down-to-earth and un-OMG even when she's not being compared to Speidi and their tabloid-baiting antics or mediating one of the countless catfights on *The Hills*. Now, with a gig as a fashion correspondent for E! and plans to launch her own handbag and lingerie lines, little sis is ready to strike out on her own.

Is this a big moment for you?
When I bought Heidi's *Maxim*, I was like, "She made it." *Maxim* has always been the one magazine to me that, if you're in it, you can die happy. If you think about who's been in *Maxim*, it's everybody I've ever had a poster of on my wall. Growing up all my idols were women. I didn't have the Backstreet Boys on my walls; it was always women. My parents probably thought I was a lesbian!

Was it fun to do this shoot and not be the little sister for once?
Even in high school it was, "Oh, you're Spencer's little sister." When we got on TV it was, "We hate Spencer's little sister because she's related to Spencer!" I've never had my own name, so this is exciting.

A lot of people think *The Hills* is fake. Can you confirm that all the juicy melodrama is legit?
None of us have studied acting. We can't cry on the spot. My brother really didn't talk to me for eight months because I went to Lauren Conrad's birthday party! I think all of us have had the feeling that it would be easier to be on a scripted show.

Are you comfortable having your life be such an open book?
I love every door it's opened, but it is hard. You need a thick skin.

What do you think of the beating Spencer and Heidi take in the media? Even Al Roker got a jab in!
I don't watch their interviews or talk to them, really. I find out things from the paparazzi. The photographers are like, "Your brother said 9/11 was an inside job! Your brother said Barack Obama is bringing the apocalypse!" And I'm like, "Oh, so *that's* what they're saying these days.'"

Has TV helped your love life?
Ugh. The guys in L.A. are so awful. I feel like I know half of them, and the other half I don't want to know. They're all wearing Ed Hardy shirts and trucker hats that say FEMALE BODY INSPECTOR. But I'm not looking for someone. I do not want to find my Mr. Right at 23. •

Wolford bra, **Betsey Johnson** panties, **Miu Miu** shoes. (opposite) Vintage blouse. (previous page) **Cosabella** bra and panties, stylist's own bracelet.

STYLING, GENA TUSO/ CLOUTIER AGENCY; HAIR, MITCH STONE FOR MITCH STONE FOR MEN. MAKEUP, HIRAMINGO; LOCATION, THE LONDON WEST HOLLYWOOD

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The **DRINKING MAN'S GUIDE** to the Hangover

WE'VE ALL HAD ONE. AND, MOST IMPORTANTLY, WE'RE ALL GOING TO HAVE ONE AGAIN (NOT SO MUCH YOU, MORMONS). SO HERE WE DISPEL THE FAIRY TALES, PROVIDE THE REAL CURES, AND HOOK YOU UP WITH **THE GREATEST GUIDE TO THE WORST 24-HOURS OF YOUR LIFE.** DRINK IT IN!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER ARKLE / PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEVI BROWN

STAGE ONE: KILL ME

WHAT'S GOING DOWN WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE THROWING UP.

BRAIN

Does it feel like a pig made love to your skull? Thank cytokines, inflammatory chemicals that booze causes to be produced in excess by your immune system. Cytokines, according to Dr. David Sack, an expert in comprehensive neuroscience, cause "pain, thinking and memory problems, even anxiety." Yup, a typical Sunday morning (minus the dead clown in our bed).

MOUTH

Thirst and dry mouth can be blamed directly on the drinks. Alcohol acts as a diuretic and sucks the fluid from the male body faster than your sister in a Denny's parking lot.

SKIN

Flushing, sweating, and dilated blood vessels are all side effects of a night out. You'll look "dull, lusterless, dry, and generally older," in the morning says Howard Sobel, M.D., director of the N.Y. Institute of Aesthetic Dermatology & Laser Surgery. Abuse the hooch and chronic blood vessel dilation will redden your face and nose for good—and not in a cute, Rudolphy way.

HEART

Your racing heartbeat is a result of the buildup of acetaldehyde, a toxin produced during the digestion of alcohol. The cumulative effects of a sustained drinking problem enlarges the wrong love muscle and could lead to congestive heart failure.

LIVER

This tasty organ produces the enzymes responsible for breaking down ethanol. In the long term, too much of the stuff and scarring (cirrhosis) becomes a problem. And sorry, Eskimos, people of Asiatic descent are genetically poorer at digesting alcohol. Yet still genetically gifted at producing the world's best tentacle porn.

148 BILLION DOLLARS LOST ANNUALLY IN THE U.S. TO HANGOVER-RELATED JOB ABSENTEEISM.

RECOVERY RECIPE

THE MAXIM McBEER-WICH!

COURTESY OF **ADAM RICHMAN**, HOST OF TRAVEL CHANNEL'S *MAN V. FOOD*.

INGREDIENTS

- Eggs
- Bottle of cream stout
- Butter
- Pancetta, chopped
- 2–3 cloves garlic, minced
- Green onion, chopped
- Sun-dried tomatoes
- Fresh herbs
- Mozzarella
- Salt and pepper

1. Combine eggs and beer in a bowl (mixture should be ⅔ egg, ⅓ beer); stir in salt and pepper.
2. Heat large pan and add butter; when surface starts to ripple, add pancetta.
3. Cook down until the meat gets juicy, then add garlic, onion, tomato, and herbs and stir.
4. When onion and garlic begin to brown, stir in egg mixture and lower heat.
5. Add cheese and continue to mix and scramble the eggs.
6. When desired texture is achieved, remove mixture from pan and put in bowl.

Using that mixture, you can:

a. Serve on toast, a biscuit, an English muffin, or a toaster waffle, or make an open- or closed-face sandwich.

b. Roll it up in a wrap and melt extra cheese on top like an enchilada.

c. Make a quesadilla! In a lightly oiled skillet, place a tortilla down, add cheese and egg mixture, cover with second tortilla, and flip. Remove when tortillas are browned and crispy.

HANGOVER HALL OF FAME

STRANGE DAZE

THE AFTERMATH OF **ARTIE LANGE'S** WORST BENDER.

"Hangovers are an honor. People like train wrecks. I'm the only guy who got fat on coke, so I can say this with authority: People relate to screw-ups, and they admire you if you're honest. My worst hangover was the day after blacking out on *The Howard Stern Show* at the Vegas Hard Rock Casino in 2004. When I black out, it's the happiest time of my life. It was Vegas without blowing money gambling and drinking—just like being a born-again Christian. Spending a day eating cake was the cure—that and whiskey."

FOOD STYLING, BRETT KURZWEIL

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STAGE TWO: HELP ME

THESE POPULAR POST-DRINKING "CURES" ARE ANYTHING BUT.

RECOVERY RECIPE

THE DREAM SHAKE

CHEF **GUY FIERI**'S BRAIN-HELPING BEVERAGE.

INGREDIENTS

- 2–3 cups ice
- 3 cups vanilla ice cream
- 2 Tbs. orange juice concentrate
- ¼ cup champagne
- ¼ cup vodka
- Can of whipped cream

1. Combine ice, ice cream, juice concentrate, champagne, and vodka in a blender.
2. Blend three to four minutes or until smooth.
3. Pour, top with whipped cream, schedule a diabetes test.

THE BLOODY MARIA

FROM N.Y.C.'S **APPLEWOOD** RESTAURANT

INGREDIENTS

- 4 quarts tomato juice
- 6 oz. Worcestershire
- 4 oz. lime juice
- 3 oz. Tabasco
- ½ jar horseradish
- 15–20 cloves garlic
- 8–10 basil leaves
- 1 tsp. black pepper
- 1 quart jalapeño tequila

1. Blend all but the tequila.

2. Fill four pint glasses with ice, tequila, and mixture.

3. Shake, pour, and garnish with celery and lime.

HAIR OF THE DOG

"Drinking more alcohol might postpone a hangover for the short run," says Susan Kraus, a dietitian at the Hackensack University Medical Center, "but you've set yourself further back for the inevitable." But be a man—ignore sound medical advice and enjoy one of the cocktails to the left!

EXERCISE

"Sweating it out" might be the most popular, and least helpful, solution. The critical workout is in your liver, not your quads. Sorry, brah—neither anaerobic (pounding the weights) nor aerobic (jazzer-yoga-lates) exercise boosts liver function. In fact, dehydrating yourself further will only worsen your condition.

COFFEE

Once the cappuccino comes out, it's a good sign the party is done, but it's not a cure. Coffee is another diuretic and will only sap more precious water from your already drained body.

SEX

"Hornovers" are definitely the coolest and only bonus to your morning hell. Nobody is quite sure why we wake up randier than Roman Polanski at a Chuck E. Cheese, but some postulate that booze, as a capillary-widening vasodilator, gets the blood flowing to the main vein fast. Yet while sex with yourself (or another person, even!) is a relief of one kind, it won't ease a splitting skull.

BE AN ALCOHOLIC

"The tolerance that alcoholics develop is due to increased enzyme production," explains Carolyn Dean, M.D., medical director of the Nutritional Magnesium Association. While great in the short term, that doesn't make you boozeproof. Studies show you may be able to handle alcohol-related hangover symptoms, but you're more likely to suffer from alcohol *withdrawal* problems—like hallucinations. We know—sounds awesome!

Hangover Helpers

FIVE WACKY REMEDIES FROM THE WIDE WORLD OF INEBRIATION.

HAITI

According to Haitian tradition, just stick 13 black pins in the cork of the offending bottle for an instant cure. Voodoo—good for cursing enemies, banishing a hangover, and making zombies, in that order.

ECUADOR

A classy concoction called *chuchaqui*, it's just a simple oregano tea. The name comes from the ancient Quechua language, so it probably has mystical healing powers passed down through the ages. Or causes herniating diarrhea.

ITALY

The booted country recommends bull wang and espresso. Really. Those crazy Italians, always with the "We like-a to eat-a dried bull dick and drink-a the espresso. Oh!"

JAPAN

According to the Japanese, *umeboshi* (dried sour plums) are thought to juice the liver and settle stomach rumblings. We're not "doctors," but this sounds legit. Like how apples cure cancer. It's true!

MONGOLIA

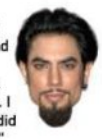
When you're a desert people, you go with what's around you. In this case, pickled sheep eyeballs in tomato juice. You know what? We'd rather just have the headache.

FOOD STYLING, BRETT KURZWEIL

WHISKEY SOUR: Celebrity helpful hints and drinking disasters.

SNOOP DOGG
"I don't drink much, but, you know, a sack of that chronic, dog."

DAVE NAVARRO
"I heard beer and V8 juice mixed together works, but I don't know. I just got up and did different drugs."



JANEANE GAROFALO
"I'm sober now, but back in the day, a gyro and a soda were the best."

RICHARD KIND
"Forcing yourself to throw up and a shower. Getting to the shower can be a problem."

ELIZA DUSHKU
"I remember back in the day when I had a hangover I'd go work out and sweat it out on the treadmill."

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STAGE 3: RESURRECTED

GIRD YOUR LOINS (AND THE REST OF YOUR BODY) FOR ANOTHER BOOZE BATTLE!

EAT

"Anything high in protein is a good alcohol buffer," says James Schaefer, Ph.D., and a lead researcher in hangover studies. A meal high in delicious amino acids should keep the pyloric valve closed longer. (That's the valve that controls when your stomach contents dump into your small intestine, where most alcohol is absorbed, dummy.) Avoid fatty or sugary meals before a bender, as they're less efficient. *Sigh*, so long, Krispy Kreme tuna melts.

DRINK

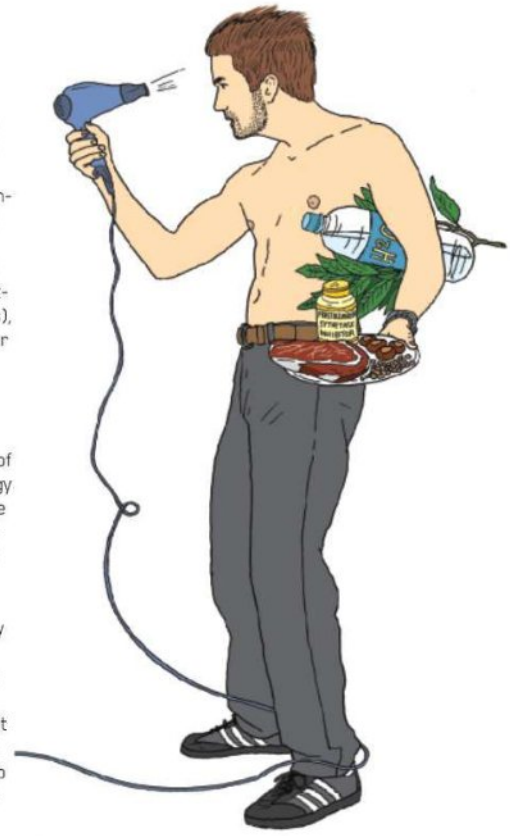
Water is an obvious friend, but once the drinking has commenced it's difficult to follow the "eight ounces of water per drink" rule. Also, that rule is for boring people. You are cool and awesome, therefore instead of asking for Evian and risking the scorn of the bartender, just skip all carbonated drinks (they irritate the pyloric valve) and take your cocktails mixed with water or fruit juices.

POP

Acetaminophen (Tylenol, NyQuil) can exacerbate liver problems in heavy drinkers. Use an over-the-counter antacid, which will ease the cauldron of pain brewing in your gut and contains enough aspirin to act as what Dr. Sack calls a "prostaglandin synthetase inhibitor" (something to battle body damaging cytokines), but not enough to harm your delicate stomach lining.

GO EAST

According to a study conducted by the Department of Food Science and Technology at the College of Agriculture and Biotechnology at Chungnam National University in Deajeon, South Korea (whew!), certain natural compounds could help delay the absorption of alcohol in the small intestine. If you can get your hands on leaves of laurus nobilis, fruit of kochia scoparia, or seed of aesculus you'll be good to go! And are also probably a woodland druid.



RECOVERY RECIPE

THE HEALING POTION

SWALLOW THIS TONIGHT FOR A LESS BRUTAL TOMORROW.

The Açai-Parinha courtesy of the Continental Midtown in Philadelphia combines the definitely not-bad-for-you-ness of fruit with the theoretically might-be-good-for-you antioxidant power of açai. But it's still booze, so don't pound seven of them.

INGREDIENTS

- 1¼ oz. Veev Açai Spirit
- 1 oz. fresh lime juice
- 1 key lime, halved
- 1 oz. simple syrup

DIRECTIONS

1. Squeeze the key limes into a snifter and add ice.
2. Top with the spirit, lime juice, and syrup.
3. Pour into a shaker and back in the glass to blend.
4. Serve with a sippy straw to slow your rate of consumption and attract Chris Hansen.

What's Your Poison?

STUDY THIS GUIDE TO WHICH SUDS WILL LEAVE YOU LAUGHING AND WHICH WILL LEAVE YOU CRYING.

VODKA

Congeners, impurities produced by the fermentation process, are partly behind hangovers. Vodka is about as pure as a Jonas Brothers Bible circle.

GIN

A good rule to drink by: The clearer the drink, the better your morning. Another good rule? Bulge in the pants, don't ask her to dance.

WHITE WINE

Choose white over the red stuff if you've got big plans in the morning. Yes, masturbating with your other hand definitely counts.

BEER

Congeners also give every kind of alcohol the flavors we're accustomed to. So PBR's distinct hipster pee taste is actually making you sick.

RED WINE

While proven good for your heart in moderation, red wine in heavy doses will stain your mouth purple tonight and your sheets puke-green tomorrow.

RUM

Though it comes in both clear and dark varieties, the sneaky Caribbean mixer is packed with impurities. You just can't trust a drink with an umbrella.

BRANDY

Pimp juice, besides delicious when drunk from a goblet bejeweled with diamonds, has six times the impurities of vodka. *Shi-i-i-t!*

WHISKEY

Some types of whiskey have eight times more congeners than vodka. But 10 times the manliness. Yum, tastes like undiagnosed depression!

TRICIA HELFER
"The worst? Years ago I had sambuca after drinking wine. I fell asleep in the bathroom."

JUSTIN BARTHA
"I was in London on a pub crawl. I threw up in some neighbor's bushes. That's all I recall."

CHRIS MELONI
"My worst was after a bachelor party. There was a dominatrix there. That's all I'll say."

KALEY CUOCO
"More alcohol. If you're hung over, keep drinking!"

JACKIE EARLE HALEY
"I've always been a fan of the hair of the dog."

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BREAKIN

HOLLY

THE INSIDE STORY OF HOW A GANG OF RICH HOLLYWOOD CLUB KIDS ROBBED FOR OVER A YEAR, UNTIL THE COPS CAME CLOSING IN AND THE FORMER FRIENDS BEGAN

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NG INTO

Surveillance footage of the August 23 burglary at Lindsay Lohan's house

WOOD

THE LIKES OF LINDSAY LOHAN, PARIS HILTON, RACHEL BILSON, AND AUDRINA PATRIDGE TURNING ON ONE ANOTHER. IN THE END THERE WAS ONLY ONE MAN LEFT STANDING. WELCOME TO THE LAST DAYS OF JONNIE DANGEROUS.

BY MARK EBNER PHOTOGRAPHS BY R.J. SHAUGHNESSY

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"YOU DON'T KNOW IT'S THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE UNTIL IT'S JUST A MEMORY." Jonnie Dangerous

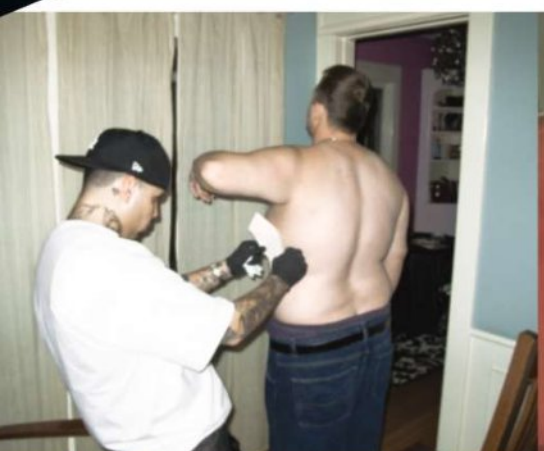
THE BURGLARS WERE AMATEURS. That much was clear from the security video. Prowling around the perimeter of Lindsay Lohan's Hollywood Hills home on August 23, the two girls periodically covered their heads with hoods and scarves. The guy didn't even bother, apparently figuring that a baseball cap was enough to obscure his identity. Still, they were able to pry open a window and break into Lohan's home, where they rifled through her belongings, taking clothes, some jewelry, and a blue-faced Rolex watch the starlet's on-again, off-again girlfriend Sam Ronson had bought her.

Time was, the Manson family haunted these hills, striking fear into the hearts of the rich and photogenic. Forty years later, Hollywood was once again being simultaneously terrorized and captivated. But the culprits this time were just a knuckleheaded crew of errant teenagers enraptured by the glitz and glamour of Hollywood's cult of celebrity. They would pick out the jewelry and designer clothes from the pages of fashion magazines, target the celebrities who had what they wanted, and then track their locations and movements using online sites like TMZ and celebrityaddressaerial.com (a kind of map to the stars' homes using helicopter photography). From there it was easy: Hop a fence, open a window, and rummage through enough closets until they found what they were looking for. Call it the Home Invasion Shopping Network.

In one short year of operation, from October 2008 to their arrest in October 2009, the crew's hit list of brand-name marks—Paris Hilton, Lohan, *The Hills*' Audrina Patridge, *The O.C.*'s Rachel Bilson, Orlando Bloom, Brian Austin Green, and Ashley Tisdale of *High School Musical*—netted them a reported $3 million in cash and swag. The same magazines and Web sites they fetishized ate it up. TMZ dubbed them the Burglar Bunch. The *Los Angeles Times* went with the Bling Ring. Media blog Gawker made their pitch for the Beverly Hills Bandits. Whatever you called them, it was apparently a story tailor-made for Hollywood, especially when the culprits—young, wealthy, and attractive—were finally collared.

On August 26, three days after the Lohan burglary, Los Angeles police released the surveillance video, noting the striking resemblance to the crew that was caught on security camera robbing Audrina Patridge's home in February. By mid-September the baseball-capped crook had been ID'd as Nicholas Prugo. Stories quickly spread about the then 18-year-old club kid. The previous February he'd been arrested for cocaine possession. In August he was busted

ON JONNIE DANGEROUS' FINAL NIGHT BEFORE SURRENDERING TO THE HOLLYWOOD POLICE, THE ALLEGED FENCE FOR THE HOLLYWOOD BURGLARS GOT HIGH, GOT DRUNK, AND GOT ONE LAST TATTOO.



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THE SUSPECTS

ABOVE, FROM LEFT: RACHEL LEE, COURTNEY AMES, DIANA TAMAYO, ALEXIS NEIERS, NICK PRUGO, AND JONNIE DANGEROUS. BELOW, FROM LEFT: LINDSAY LOHAN, PARIS HILTON, ORLANDO BLOOM, POLICE WITH PHOTO OF THE STOLEN GOODS, ASHLEY TISDALE, AUDRINA PATRIDGE, AND RACHEL BILSON.

THE VICTIMS

for a DUI. Unfounded speculation swirled that it was an inside job, and an anonymous source even told TMZ that Prugo and Lohan were buddies and that he'd regularly visited her on the set of her straight-to-cable effort *Labor Pains*. Rumors spread that he was her former drug dealer out to collect an unpaid debt. (Not so, said the police.)

It wasn't long before the authorities had rounded up Prugo's alleged coconspirators. Within a month Diana Tamayo and Courtney Ames, both 19, along with 18-year-olds Alexis Neiers and Rachel Lee, had been arrested on suspicion of up to 10 separate burglaries. Most had known each other at Indian Hills Continuation High School for troubled teens, located about 40 minutes from Beverly Hills. Roy Lopez Jr., 27, a bouncer at Sagebrush Cantina bar and restaurant, where Ames was a waitress, was also arrested and accused by police of fencing stolen goods. Prugo was quickly labeled the ringleader, and just as quickly diverted the blame to Lee, a stiletto-heeled Korean-American looker who was arrested in Las Vegas on October 22. Police found three computers, three photos of Paris Hilton, a jar of marijuana, a Korean passport, and more than $20,000 in $100 bills.

According to Det. Brett Goodkin, the LAPD officer in charge of the case, the group meticulously pieced together the stars' travel itineraries from gossip sites, paparazzi photos, and the ubiquitous TMZ, and planned their attack and escape routes using Google maps and other common Web tools. "We know for a fact that they hit Paris Hilton several times, and the total amount was a little more than $2 million," Goodkin tells me. "And that $2 million heist is attributable to Prugo and Lee. It absolutely was that crew." Attorney Blair Berk, who is representing some of the celebrities targeted, claims that Web sites like TMZ actually create the problem by encouraging the invasive practices of the paparazzi and rewarding such behavior by giving any willing miscreant his own moment in the sun.

"It's really frightening," says Patridge, the gang's second victim, after Hilton. "Being on a reality show, I became a bit desensitized to all the paparazzi and the public knowing so much about me. But now people know where I live and go to dinner. On the other hand, I realize this is an industry and people are profiting from it. There's really not much incentive for these gossip sites to change."

The privileged crew seemed to live their lives as if they were on a reality show themselves. The tabloids called it celebrity worship, but that would require reverence or awe. Ames told the *New York Post* that inside Paris Hilton's home Prugo put on Hilton's shoes and began to dance, saying, "Don't I look good?" They didn't bother with ski masks or surgical gloves; getting caught was the whole point. And really—why isn't this a reality show? Those video images from Lindsay Lohan's surveillance camera look like nothing so much as a teaser reel for MTV.

By late October a third man had been identified as part of the gang. Jonathan Ajar, 28, a.k.a Jonnie Dangerous.

From police reports it was clear that Ajar was cut from a different cloth than the rest of the crew. Among the items reportedly recovered by police in a raid on his apartment in a strip mall-infested stretch of the San Fernando Valley were "a diamond-encrusted Cartier Tiger watch, numerous gold and diamond bracelets, and cut diamonds in a bag weighing more than 42 carats," as well as "illicit drugs and a stash of weapons," including body armor and a Sig Sauer handgun that belonged to actor Brian Austin Green. Ajar was identified as Ames' boyfriend, a club promoter at the hip Hollywood hot spot Les Deux Café and a convicted drug dealer who police warned was "armed and dangerous."

ELIZABETH GONET, JONNIE'S MOTHER, is a fiftysomething cashier at one of Washington State's ubiquitous Fred Meyer grocery stores. A devoted Christian, she's been working for some time on getting her son to accept the Lord. He's a smart kid, she tells me, but she's worried. If she hears from him, she'll let me know. Almost immediately, a blocked call pops up on my phone. It's Jonnie Dangerous.

We talk for a while—mainly about TMZ and its founder, Harvey Levin, who he thinks is promoting the idea that Jonnie is armed and dangerous, which he's afraid is going to get him killed. "I ain't Billy the Kid," he says.

Jonnie tells me he's about four and a half hours from L.A., in the Vegas area, and if I can come and meet him, he'll sit down with me and tell me his story. Afterward we'll drive back together and he'll turn himself in to the authorities.

The next day around noon, Jonnie shows up at the Suncoast Hotel and Casino on Vegas' way-off-the-Strip west side in a tinted BMW 525i of dubious provenance. Tall but doughy, he has a stone-cold glare and a cultivated menace that are undercut by a faint resemblance to a young Rodney Dangerfield. "I could stretch this out for 15 years, but I'm turning myself in," he says. "I don't really want to hide out the rest of my life. Your stomach drops when you see a cop. You think you're going to get pulled over, beaten."

As he runs through his biography, it's clear that Jonnie's life is about as far as possible from the glitzy upbringings of his fellow suspects. Jonnie came up in the projects near Reseda, drug-dealing ▶▶

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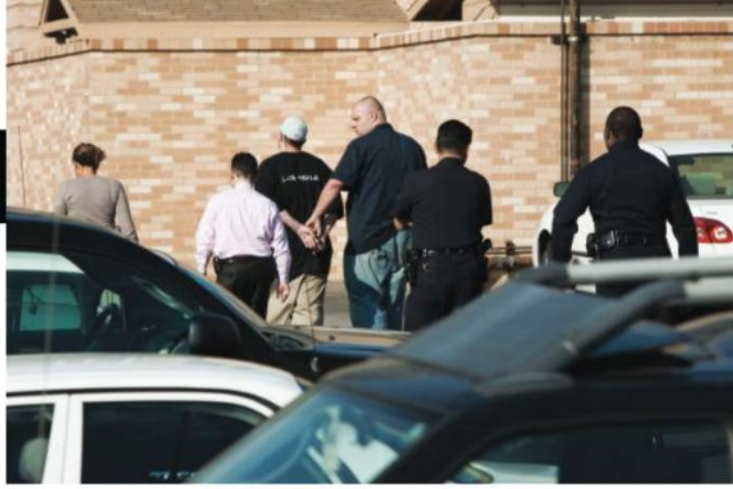

JONNIE DANGEROUS SURRENDERS AT THE HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT.

and gangbanging. "My family is crazy," he says. He calls his father "a truck driver and career criminal who was burnt out on drugs." After his parents split, when he was two, Jonnie and his brother and sister grew up as welfare kids, living in shelters or his grandfather's garage. Later he lived in cars or on the street, until a cocaine trafficking conviction in Wyoming led to a two-year stint in federal prison at 22. He's always had the nickname Jonnie Dangerous, which he says he got from never backing down from a fight.

"My dad was doing time in a state prison at the same time I was doing federal," recalls Jonnie. "He told me, 'Congratulations. You've made it to the big time.'"

After prison, and a brief stint clerking at a law firm, he fell into promoting events at Les Deux—a career that saw him rub shoulders with the likes of will.i.am, Suge Knight, and Biohazard's Evan Seinfeld. "I was moving a pound of chronic a week, breaking it up into eighths for sale. I'd pay $1,600 for an ounce of cocaine and sell it for $100 a gram," he says. "I drove a Lincoln Navigator for a while. I had a good time. Who else can say they had Playmates at their birthday party?"

At Les Deux, Jonnie thrived, promoting parties, dealing drugs, and living out his Hollywood player fantasies. A hot spot catering to bold-faced names such as Lohan, Hilton, and the cast of *The Hills*, Les Deux is one of a number of Los Angeles destinations where celeb worshipers can hobnob with the celebrities themselves, and where the lines between glamour and crime get fuzzy. According to Detective Goodkin, it's no wonder the club became a magnet for a group of bored teenagers. "We've had historic problems with them since the Hollywood renaissance," he says of the club and the ease with which the underage can indulge there. "There are a tremendous number of nightclubs around. The celebrities now party in Hollywood, and these kids want to be part of it."

JONNIE SAYS HE FIRST MET Courtney Ames at a Hollywood restaurant cum nightclub called the Green Door. She and her friends—high school students at the time—all had fake IDs, and one night at Les Deux he talked a group of them into getting bodypainted in honor of his birthday. Through them he met Nick Prugo, Rachel Lee, Diana Tamayo, and the rest of the gang. They were not unlike a lot of too-privileged-for-their-own-good teenagers, spending more time club-hopping and partying than studying.

"They all come from a rich little neighborhood in upper Calabasas, living in million-dollar homes," says Jonnie. "Courtney has an Audi A6. Nick had a Honda because he's not as well to do as the others. Diana drives a Navigator. Rachel drives a brand new Audi."

Wealthy, bored, and prone to bad behavior—both Lee and Prugo had been expelled from Calabasas High School—most of the group ended up as students at the Indian Hills school. With only 72 students in total, it's the type of institution where troubled kids land when they've failed out or been kicked out of everyplace else. Given the environs, the group understandably looked outside Calabasas for adventure. A privileged enclave and bedroom community over the hills from Malibu, its main claim to fame is as the home to both the world's largest Rolex and the Menendez brothers.

Living on the margins of the glamorous world of Hollywood they obsessed over, it's little surprise that many of the crew have tenuous connections to the entertainment industry: Neiers' father, Mikel, is a cinematographer, her sister Tess Taylor is a *Playboy* model, and the whole family starred in a recent pilot for E! that centered on Neiers as a struggling actress and aspiring model. Courtney Ames' stepfather is former welterweight Randy Shields, who once beat Sugar Ray Leonard as an amateur in a split decision and is now working personal security and "writing a screenplay." Prugo's father, Frank, is a former NBC functionary, now a senior executive at IM Global, an international film distributor responsible for such releases as *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell* and *Paranormal Activity*. Nick himself once starred in the dramatic re-creations for a "documentary" that aired on the Discovery Channel called *Little Lost Souls: Children Possessed?*

The Prugo family's reaction to their son's recent troubles is telling. "Mr. Prugo is having a banner year with *Paranormal Activity* making tens of millions of dollars," says family lawyer Sean Erenstoft when asked how Mr. Prugo was handling the situation. "He's devastated over having the spotlight stolen from him." According to Erenstoft, Nick has long struggled with self-esteem as well as drugs and alcohol, and he easily fell under the influence of the *Mean Girls* types at his school. "Rachel Lee was the ringleader," Erenstoft insists. "She had a way about her." He claims that Lee, whose parents recently split, started out stealing from unlocked cars before moving on to celebrity targets and coaxing her friends along for the ride.

"I don't believe they were close to Lindsay Lohan or Paris Hilton," Jonnie says of the group's reported connection to their targets. "They did all this research, but I didn't pay much attention. I didn't want to be involved. But they were spending all their money from the crimes on bottle service at the clubs. It wasn't just my club; it was every hot club in the city. And they drink horribly. Courtney, I tried to tell her, 'You can't act like that.' Nick would blow chunks all over the place."

WE PLAN TO LEAVE VEGAS early the next day, and a little after noon Jonnie shows up in the sun-baked parking lot of my hotel. I flash him to stop and ask if he's got any contraband or stolen property on him. He pulls a new Sony VAIO laptop from his trunk and hands it over to me.

"This is Audrina Patridge's," he says. "She can have it back." He says the battery is missing because Prugo was convinced it could be traced if he left it in. Before we leave town, Jonnie wants to stop at Best Buy and replace the battery pack. I convince him that at this point it's probably best to get it off his hands, and I run it in to the concierge, telling him a lawyer I know will be by to pick it up later to turn it over to the police and get it back to Patridge. Soon we're on the Pearblossom Highway en route to Los Angeles.

We stop at a gated home 30 minutes north of Hollywood with a speedboat and Jet Skis littering the yard, where we meet some of Jonnie's homeboys, including a surfer Jonnie describes as one of the top marijuana farmers in Southern California, and Jordan, a half Trinidadian ex-con he's known since childhood and whom he considers a brother. This is part reunion of survivors from the old 'hood, part going-away party, and part wake: Friends keep rolling joints, making toasts, and pouring out generous drafts into the yard for the soon-to-be dearly departed. By the next day Jonnie has turned all his possessions (including the Beamer) into cash, and he passes the attorney $2,500, saving only $500 for the tattoos he and Jordan have planned as his going-away present.

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That night Jonnie shows up at my place with Jordan and two girls in tow, one of them, Courtney Ames, cradling a Chihuahua puppy in a white blanket. She's wearing the rosary necklace TMZ suggested came from Lindsay Lohan. Ames insists she bought it retail.

It's been a rough time for Ames. She tells me she was sentenced to 26 days jail time and drug and alcohol treatment for a recent DUI. Of the burglary charges, she's casually dismissive. "Oh, I'm pleading not guilty to that." She was arrested just a week ago as she was leaving home for a psychology class at a local community college. "Courtney doesn't deserve any of this," says Jonnie. "Seriously, her involvement is less than mine." According to Neiers, who also denies involvement—but whose reality show is now on the rocks—Ames' only real connection to the burglaries was that she worked at the Sagebrush Cantina with Roy Lopez Jr. Another friend claims that Ames and Prugo had been best friends, but she distanced herself after the burglaries, and a hurt Prugo ratted her out in retaliation.

Isaiah Negrete, the tattoo artist, arrives, lays out his kit, and begins to draw Jonnie and Jordan's choice of design—vintage Colt pistols on the sides of their torsos, for easy access in the big house. Before they start, I overhear Jonnie and Courtney discussing something intently, and his mood seems colored by it the rest of the evening. Later he confides to me that she is pregnant with his child. As the evening winds down, I find the young lovers a cheap hotel on the edge of Hollywood where they can spend one last night together.

THE NEXT DAY just before their noon checkout time, I pick up Jonnie and Courtney at their hotel. Jonnie is understandably glum. Unlike the rest of the crew, he has a record, and the material recovered at his apartment by the authorities goes far beyond stolen property. "There was a P226 Sig that there is no clip for, a Remington semiautomatic shotgun that was not loaded, and the Brian Austin Green pistol, a .380," he says. "I ended up buying Green's pistol because the stupidest fucking thing to do would be to let them run around with that. These kids are fucking idiots, man."

He says there were also approximately 50 Xanax and five ounces of psychedelic mushrooms, bagged up as party favors, and that he bought one of the watches that came from Orlando Bloom's house, which he will gladly return. Jonnie expects to be charged with nine felony counts. But he steadfastly denies that police recovered a bag full of stolen uncut diamonds from his house or that he was in possession of stolen jewelry he planned to fence.

"I can barely pay my rent. I live in a one-bedroom apartment in the ghetto. They're trying to make me the link to the criminal underworld. I wasn't trying to make a career out of this. I'm not into robbing people anyway. It's not my nature," he says. "Still, I'll do a couple of years. It doesn't look like anyone else is going to do any time." When I ask what he'd like to do with the rest of his life once he gets out, he says, "I would love to be an instrument of God, and love, and of service." Then, out of nowhere, he says, "Fuck you, Harvey Levin."

As we head to the lawyer's office and Jonnie's ultimate date with destiny, he speed-dials seemingly everyone he's ever met. "I'll see ya when I see ya, dog," he says over and over again. We rendezvous at a Pavilions Supermarket on Ventura, and Jonnie kisses Courtney one last time and climbs into his lawyer's late model Audi coupe. Nearing the precinct, I see a phalanx of news cameras waiting. Instead of marching in the front door, the lawyer turns on a side alley and into an adjacent parking area, where he parks in a spot reserved for the mayor. Almost as soon as Jonnie lights a cigarette, a chain-link gate swings open and a hulking Mr. Clean type meets us on the other side.

This is Detective Goodkin, who raises his meaty hands in the air, signaling Jonnie to do the same. Goodkin tells him to turn around slowly and place his hands on the car, then they cuff him and walk him into the station. The whole thing takes maybe 30 seconds.

Goodkin later tells me he'd been shadowing Jonnie the entire time I was with him—that Jonnie spent two hours in a gun store in Henderson, Nevada, and that they would have taken him down in a second if they hadn't learned Jonnie planned on turning himself in. He confirms that Jonnie was right in claiming he didn't have a cache of jewelry or uncut diamonds in his apartment, just some jewelry remnants. But he believes the drugs they found were packaged to sell and that Jonnie's only telling half the story.

"These weren't mastermind criminals, but they did develop a sophisticated skill set," says Goodkin. "They were really good at stealing shit, but they had no way to monetize it. They needed a fence, and that fence was Jonnie. When Courtney began sleeping with Jonnie, he became it. Jonnie represented to these kids the one guy they could go to." Goodkin also disputes Jonnie's claims that while he may have bought the stolen goods, he wasn't the connection to the Hollywood underworld. "Bloom, Patridge, and Brian Austin Green—he had their property, from three different heists. We know for a fact that he has a jeweler contact. Remember that when he's talking to you he's being duplicitous."

"Still, he did the right thing, turning himself in," he adds. "You know, I like Jonnie. He clearly has a code. The error he made with these kids was that even if he said, 'If you tell anyone, I'll fucking kill you,' when confronted with the real trouble they are in, these kids can't *not* talk.' And it's a silly assumption that it was only Nick Prugo."

He reports that Rachel Lee, in particular, has been orchestrating a virtual online campaign to deflect attention. "She did a media attack on the Internet. She claims she turned herself in to the police—not true. She planted an Internet story saying, 'I'm a production assistant on movies, and I worked on a straight-to-cable Lohan film, and I saw Nick Prugo in her trailer.' She created the impression that it was an inside job. It wasn't. None of the victims knew any of them."

At this point everyone involved is doing all they can to divert blame and cast it on their former friends. "All these kids are talking," say Goodkin. "That's why Nick Prugo is in protective custody right now. We've talked to everybody, and they're all snitching each other out. All of them are little rats." •

(NOT SO) SMOOTH CRIMINALS

1961: A massive burglary ring was exposed when a 300-pound safe tumbled out of a getaway car owned by one Art Winstanley. Thing is, Winstanley was a Denver policeman...and so were the other members of the ring. In total 50 of Denver's finest were arrested in the bust. Needless to say, they weren't the most popular inmates in prison.

1972: The mother of all bungled burglaries: Watergate! When five crooked spies and Cuban nationals were busted robbing the office of the Democratic National Committee, it was the first crack in the soon-to-topple Nixon presidency (and launched a never-ending series of scandals, like Blagogate, Nipplegate, Kanyegate, and the notorious Fajitagate).

1990: In late December the Chicago suburbs were terrorized by a pair of burglars known only as the Wet Bandits, notorious for leaving all the faucets running in the houses they rob. The Bandits were ultimately foiled by precocious eight-year-old Kevin McCallister, who was left home alone when his family headed to France for Christmas.

2009: Police received a call that two men with painted faces had tried to break into a man's home in Carroll, Iowa. When they pulled over a car matching the caller's description, they were stunned by the men's disguises. There were no ski masks or stockings pulled over their heads; instead they (crappily) colored their faces with permanent black marker.

2009: In November three members of the vaunted University of Tennessee Volunteers football team were arrested for attempting a carjacking with a pair of pellet guns. They might have gotten away had they not been trying to pull off the heist just off campus. Or if they weren't wearing University of Tennesee football gear at the time. Who said jocks are stupid?

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RACHELLE LEAH, THE FORMER OCTAGON GIRL AND CURRENT HOSTESS OF

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THE UFC'S WARRIOR PRINCESS

SPIKE TV'S *UFC ALL ACCESS*, WILL HAVE YOU BEGGING FOR MERCY.

BY GERASIMOS MANOLATOS PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAYT JONES

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"KNOCKOUTS AREN'T SEXY IN THE OCTAGON. BUT CHOKING OUT—THAT'S A LITTLE KINKY."

Burberry trench coat, **Agent Provocateur** panties and garter belt, **StockinGirl** stockings, **Report Signature** shoes. (opposite page) **Aubade for nancymeyer.com** lingerie set. (opening spread) **Damaris for nancymeyer.com** lingerie set, **Agent Provocateur** stockings, **Christian Louboutin** shoes.

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Whether you know her from her early days as an Octagon ring girl or her recent exposés of fighter lifestyles as hostess of Spike TV's *UFC All Access*, RACHELLE LEAH has got the perfect one-two combo of mat smarts and knockout looks. With an upcoming feature film, *The Bleeding*, and MMA continually raking in larger audiences around the world, the *UFC*'s 25-year-old will have your eyeballs in a rear naked choke for a long, long time.

What's the sexiest mixed martial arts maneuver?
It definitely wouldn't be a knockout. Maybe choking out? That's not necessarily sexy...maybe a little kinky.

If you could be any UFC fighter, who would it be?
I'm going to pick two. I'm a huge Anderson Silva fan because of his elegance in the cage. I also have to go with B.J. Penn. He's like Gumby—very flexible.

***The Bleeding* isn't about an MMA beatdown, right?**
It's a vampire action thriller with a pretty awesome cast—Armand Assante, Michael Madsen, Vinnie Jones, DMX, Kat Von D. I'll probably go nuts on Twitter when it comes out.

Speaking of, a little Twitter birdie told us you're quite a gaming aficionado.
Yes, I'm a huge *Call of Duty* fan. I like to snipe—it's as close to getting in a gun range as I can.

We take it you know your way around a rifle?
When I was 16, I was an explorer for the police department, so I got to go to the range. I have a 9 mm I love letting loose with. I did an episode of *UFC All Access* with Forrest Griffin where we went shooting in the desert.

Did you take 10 paces and then start blasting?
We shot watermelons, not each other!

How do you stay in such great shape?
Well, I'm not going to lie...I'm at an IHOP right now. I'm all about the Swedish pancakes with butter.

We have the same workout plan. •

STYLING, COSTANZE LYNDSAY HAN; HAIR, DAVID GARDER USING REDKEN/SOLO ARTISTS; MAKEUP, CAROLA GONZALES/THE WALL GROUP

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FOR 14 YEARS, **ALLEN IVERSON** HAS **SHOCKED, AWED,** AND **CONFOUNDED** NBA FANS. AS HE FACES THE TWILIGHT OF HIS CAREER, **WHAT WILL THE ANSWER'S LEGACY BE?**

BY BEN DETRICK

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA OFFERS FEW TEMPTATIONS. BY DUSK downtown is a quiet collection of shuttered buildings and lifeless streets. An enterprising delinquent could investigate the car wash that doubles as a "private club" or indulge in the local literary scene at Alabama Adult Books, but Birmingham is a fairly sleepy place. This could be one reason the Memphis Grizzlies chose the midsize Southern city as the location for their 2009 training camp: There's not much mischief for the team's newest player—and easily its most infamous—to get into. But Allen Iverson isn't looking for trouble.

It's the evening after his first practice with his new team, and Iverson has retreated to his room at the Hyatt. Draped in an oversize team T-shirt and gym shorts, the 34-year-old icon perches his narrow six-foot frame (closer to 5'11" up close) on his bed beside a half-eaten container of takeout food and an empty bag of Doritos. His trademark cornrows—cut last season in a possible bout of existential confusion—have grown back. Despite the day's activity, basketball is not on his mind. "I swear I would never want to meet Michael Jackson," Iverson tells a handful of friends sprawled on the carpet. They've flipped to a CNN special about the deceased singer, who also happens to be Iverson's favorite artist of all time. "Fuck around and faint or something, the way I feel about him," Iverson chuckles in his gravelly voice. "Soon as you see Mike, next thing you know, you wake up and you're in the fucking hospital." It's a moment of comic vulnerability from a man known for Napoleonic bravado, but perhaps it shouldn't come as a surprise that he sees something special in an eccentric talent who inspired both love and loathing. Maybe Iverson recognizes that some people deserve to be appreciated while they're still with us.

At this point it's difficult to know whether to speak of Allen Iverson in present or past tense. Despite owning the fifth-highest scoring average in NBA history and having reshaped the sport of basketball in his own tattooed, baggy-denim-clad image, he has almost become an anachronism. The 50-point games with adrenal moments where he cupped his hand around his ear and reveled in the roar of the crowd, the acrobatic drives where he levitated to the hoop by sheer force of will, they are glories of the past. Even Iverson grudgingly acknowledges that he has lost a step. The question now may not be whether he remains an unstoppable force capable of turning defenders into leaden sculptures, but whether one of the most important athletes of our lifetime still matters at all.

To the trained sports fan, he does. In his recent *Book of Basketball*, ESPN columnist Bill Simmons describes Iverson as "one of the all-time athletic superfreaks," who for most of his 20s was "the Association's single most menacing player." Beyond Iverson's on-court dominance, however, Simmons notes what may be the bigger story, Iverson's cultural impact, calling him "one of the

PHOTOGRAPH: BOO GEORGE

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE DAVIS

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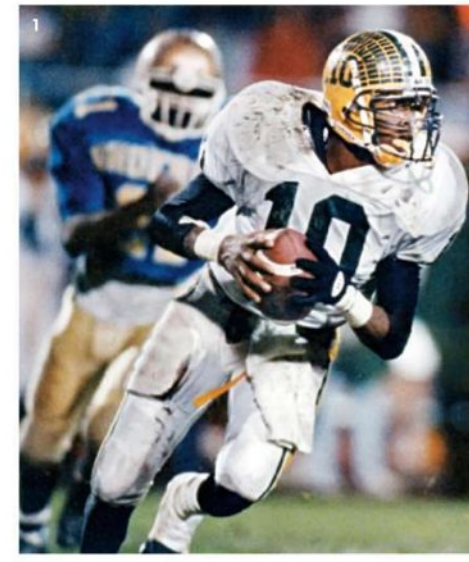
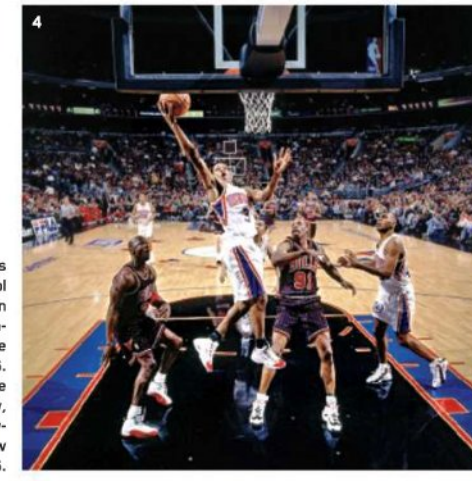
most influential African-American athletes ever, a trendsetter who shoved the NBA into the hip-hop era and resonated with blacks in a way that even Jordan couldn't duplicate." To those too young to have seen him in his prime, too old ever to have understood him, or too threatened by his appearance and his checkered past to see beyond them, Iverson is nothing more than an afterthought, one of a handful of players who held things down between the age of MJ and the rise of King James. What they don't realize is that without Iverson, there might be no LeBron. Without Iverson, a generation of fans might have walked away from the game they loved. He brought the style and swagger of the streets to the NBA, along with a sense that the miraculous could happen—the little man could be the victor.

Following a brilliant, decade-long tenure with the Philadelphia 76ers and a pair of respectable years on the Denver Nuggets, things went shockingly awry for Iverson when he was traded to the Detroit Pistons early last season. While the Nuggets surged to the Western Conference finals, the Pistons, a perennial powerhouse, spiraled into mediocrity and dysfunction. After posting career lows in several categories, Iverson was removed from the starting lineup for the first time ever. Citing a back injury that many in the media believed was imaginary, he spent the end of the season on injured reserve. Criticism came from all corners, and it cut deep. Iverson's legacy, leadership, and heart were questioned. "He's holding this team hostage because he cannot accept the responsibility of coming off the bench," said former All-Star Reggie Miller during a TNT broadcast. Even after four scoring titles, 10 All-Star Game appearances, and a league MVP award, every slight that had ever been cast his way was, to many, finally given credence. He was egotistical. Undisciplined. A loser. "I felt like I was going to be used as a scapegoat," Iverson says. "It opened up an opportunity for people to throw all the bricks at me. Look at my whole résumé, my scoring and all that. You predicate my whole career on last year?" Unfortunately for him, some of the people who reached that conclusion were also the men who cut checks.

The summer of 2009 was Iverson's first opportunity to test the market as a free agent, but by the end of August he was one of the few remaining players without a team. "He's used to being a marquee player," says the GM of an Eastern Conference franchise who passed on Iverson's services. "If you have a younger team, he may win you a few more games, but he's not going to do a lot to develop other players." On September 10, Iverson settled for a one-year, $3.5 million deal with the lowly Memphis Grizzlies, a salary that constituted a serious pay cut from his previous $22 million-per-year contract. Two months later—after Iverson had seen limited time in just three games and retreated to his home in Atlanta for "personal reasons"—the team terminated his contract. After a career of glory, controversy, and seismic cultural impact, is this how things end for the Answer—in basketball purgatory?





1) Iverson as a high school gridiron star in Virginia. 2) Signing with the Sixers in1996. 3) Holding the MVP trophy, 2001. 4) Showing Jordan how it's done, 1996.

Players like Jordan and Kobe

dominated due to superb athleticism, technique, and guile, but only a handful of superstars in the modern era have been so physically unique that stopping them with one defender was impossible. LeBron has a guard's agility and a power forward's frame. Shaq is a glacier in human form. And A.I. is a bullet.

In his prime Iverson's speed turned ordinary outlet passes into one-man breaks where he slashed downcourt like a wolf cutting through a pack of bewildered, plodding cattle. He could change direction so violently with his crossover dribble that Latrell Sprewell, while with the Golden State Warriors, inspected his teammates' sneakers and warned of ankle injuries before a game against Iverson's Philadelphia 76ers. But Iverson never made filling up the scoring column appear effortless: His points came from knifing into the lane, contorting midflight, and floating teardrop shots over the outstretched arms of hulking opponents. That he would score by the bushel was inevitable, but individual buckets were tortured acts of heroism. He took calamitous tumbles to the hardwood and earned a reputation for playing through strains, pulls, and broken bones. "He's by far the best I've ever played with," says five-time NBA All-Star Chris Webber, a Sixers teammate of Iverson's. "He's built to kill, he's built to shoot, he's built to destroy you. That's Allen. He's coming at you all the time. He has a boxer's mentality."

References to other sports are common when Iverson's abilities are discussed—partly because his stature seems an unlikely fit for a game of giants, but also because he is the purest of athletes. As a junior at Virginia's Bethel High School in 1992, he passed for 14 touchdowns, rushed for 15, and racked up five more on special teams

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while leading the team to a state championship. He intercepted seven passes in one game at safety, an ironman accomplishment that elicited comparisons to Deion Sanders. He likely could have excelled in any number of sports, but it's apparent his natural gifts were well-suited for hoops. "God put this man on Earth to play basketball," says former Sixers president Pat Croce. "I couldn't force him to do things in the off-season. He played street ball, he'd eat his fried chicken. Then he'd come to the first day of camp and run a five-minute mile. He's six feet, 165 pounds soaking wet, long arms, big hands, spindly legs. He's a freak of nature."

Due to his unorthodox collection of attributes, simply plugging Iverson into a lineup can be the basketball equivalent of using a flamethrower to fix a flat tire. He's the size of an elf but possesses the mind-set of a volume scorer, not an egalitarian distributor. Despite racking up more assists than almost any other shooting guard, Iverson has frequently been cast as a selfish player. Never was this accusation more justified according to the media than during the 2002 playoffs, when, after being slammed for not attending practice, an indignant Iverson went on a three-minute rant, using the word "practice" 25 times. An excerpt: "I'm supposed to be the franchise player, and we're in here talking about practice. Not a game, *practice*. What are we talking about? *Practice*?"

"Allen never made the people around him better, because it's always about Allen," former Sixers GM Billy King—the man who traded Iverson to the Nuggets in 2006—told *The Charlotte Observer* last summer. Iverson is unimpressed by the critique. "When we worked together, he never told me any of this," Iverson says. "I think that's cowardice. Don't wait till you're jobless and not in a good situation no more to bring up this stuff. I didn't agree with a million decisions he made, but I always supported him. The guys they put in the uniform to play with me, those the guys I believed in, those the guys I trusted, and those the guys I thought could get it done along with me." What Iverson doesn't mention in his own defense is that his avoidance of practice had little to do with a lack of respect for teammates and everything to do with the litany of injuries he suffered in each game thanks to his life-or-death style of play. To Iverson, conserving every ounce of energy to go up against opponents was how he could best help his team.

It was Larry Brown, a coach renowned for his keen basketball mind, who best solved the enigma of how to utilize the Answer. During his six-year stint in Philadelphia, Brown stocked his roster with physical, if inelegant, role players. "We tried to get defenders and rebounders and unselfish guys with him because I wanted him to shoot the ball," says Brown, now the coach of the Charlotte Bobcats. "Everybody would say you need a post presence, this and that. Well, Allen created double-teams wherever he was on the court. If he missed, we became the best rebounding team in the league." In 2001 the Sixers advanced to the NBA Finals before falling to the Los Angeles Lakers. Following the season, Iverson won MVP and Brown Coach of the Year. It was as close as Iverson has ever been to a title.

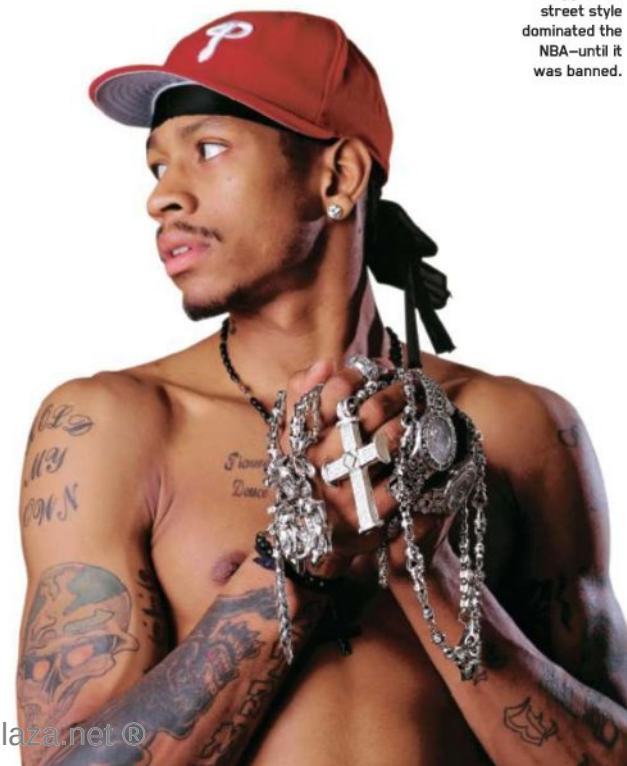
The Answer was born in Hampton,

Virginia on June 7, 1975 to 15-year-old Ann Iverson—nicknamed Juicy—a scrappy tomboy who was playing basketball and getting into fistfights when she was five months pregnant. His biological father was a phantom, and the Iverson household suffered the strains of abject poverty: cut utilities, a ruptured sewage line, eviction. He witnessed his first murder at age eight; his best friend was stabbed to death at 16. If Iverson hadn't hit the Powerball in the great genetic lottery, there are innumerable ways his story comes to a swifter, grimmer end. "You've got to remember where he came from," says Croce. "He's had no parental guidance. None. He's the leader of the family and his neighborhood." Even after being named the top high school basketball player in the country and one of the top 10 football players by *Parade*, Iverson came close to being swallowed back into the mire.

In the winter of 1993, an 18-year-old Iverson was charged with "maiming by mob" when a fight broke out at Hampton's Circle Lanes bowling alley between his friends, all black, and another group, all white. Racial epithets, punches, and chairs were thrown. Iverson maintained his innocence, but after a trial plagued by conflicting witnesses, he was sentenced to five years in prison. Due to his celebrity, the severity of the punishment, and the fact that no white men were charged, the case drew national attention. After four months in a minimum-security work camp, Iverson was granted clemency by Governor Douglas Wilder. The conviction was overturned, and Iverson enrolled at Georgetown University to play for John Thompson, a legendary disciplinarian who became A.I.'s first real father figure. There he flourished, winning two NCAA Big East Defensive Player of the Year awards in two seasons before departing for the NBA. Though he seemed to have moved on from the incident, friends say it still haunts him. "Allen was wrongfully accused, wrongfully tried, wrongfully convicted, and wrongfully sentenced for something he did not do," says Gary Moore, Iverson's business manager and former youth league football coach. "It was a very, very mean and cynical decision made by adults on a young kid whose life was so promising. He will never let that go."

Iverson has returned several times to the role of a celebrated athlete at odds with the legal system. There was an arrest for gun and marijuana possession in 1997. There were accusations in 2002 that he threatened two men with a handgun. (These and the marijuana charges were eventually dropped.) And a court ruled he was liable for negligence after his bodyguards beat up a guy in a nightclub in 2005. "I had to grow up so fast," Iverson says. "Been poor all my life, and overnight a millionaire—got a bunch of 'yes men' around me, a bunch of leeches, people telling me my shit don't stink when I know it do. I basically jeopardized my life. I think of some of the places I used to go, some of the things I used to do, and it's scary. Somebody get killed there last weekend, and I'm there this weekend."

Scrapes with the law, the troublemaking friends, the club-hopping in the wrong part of town—they are indelible parts of Iverson's



Iverson's thugged-out street style dominated the NBA—until it was banned.

PHOTOGRAPH, KEVIN KNIGHT/CORBIS OUTLINE

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image. Unlike other athletes from rough backgrounds who soften up their edges, Iverson's popularity was based on hood authenticity. In many ways he was treated not like an athlete, but like a rapper. He did a Reebok ad alongside Jadakiss, received in-song shout-outs from Jay-Z, Rakim, and Big Pun, and even toyed with the idea of a rap career until receiving media blowback for spitting violent, anti-gay lyrics on a track in 2001. ("Come at me with those faggot tendencies/You'll be sleeping where the maggots be.") "Maybe he did lose a lot of money over the years by having cornrows and tats and talking the way he talked and acting the way he acted, but I don't think he really cared," says Todd Krinsky, vice president of sports and entertainment marketing at Reebok.

To put Iverson's outlaw image into perspective, consider who came before him. Whatever Michael Jordan's personal flaws, his public persona had a gleaming halo from basketball dominance and marketing ingenuity. He endorsed sneakers, batteries, fast food, soft drinks, underwear, and any other product with a suitable advertising budget. But Iverson was never willing to cheese for the camera. "A lot of times in corporate America you have to look a certain way that's appealing to the mainstream to be able to get endorsements," he says. "That's not something I was concerned with. The hardest thing for me to be in life would be somebody I'm not." But from James Dean to Tupac Shakur, rebels have proved magnetic. Thanks to a cultish fan base, Iverson's Reebok sneaker line has been the longest running behind Air Jordans, and his jersey has been one of the 10 most popular since the NBA started tracking sales in 2002.

The relationship between the NBA and black culture has always been awkward. The league mines the inner city for talent, style, and a customer base for $100 kicks, but remains wary of alienating white fans by being too black. This dilemma has brought on a number of regulations intended to assuage white people's fear of young black males. Rules against taunting and trash-talking were instituted, along with draconian punishments for fighting that would make NHL players scoff. Then there's the dress code. Instituted in 2005, the decree requires players to wear "business casual" clothing when engaging in league business. The list of banned items—jerseys, baseball caps, do-rags, gaudy jewelry—reads like an inventory of Iverson's closet. "I pretty much believe I am the reason for the dress code," he says, adding that the conservative fashion guidelines stifle players' individuality. "You have guys with different personalities and different images and different games. You want some nice guys, some in-between guys, and some bad guys."

For the grousing purists who populate talk radio and pen sports columns, Iverson singularly possessed—and normalized—almost every negative trait associated with the modern athlete: the wardrobe, the legal problems, the rapping, the selfishness, the squabbles with coaches, the posse of nefarious childhood friends, the showy style of play. "It's pretty much impossible to overstate how much Iverson means to the race-culture dynamic that, to some, brought down the NBA," says Nathaniel Friedman, coauthor of *The Macrophenomenal Pro Basketball Almanac*. "If Allen Iverson had been a mere All-Star with a 'street' game and 'hip-hop flava,' he'd be a cult figure. But A.I. was the most arresting player since MJ, maybe even while the two overlapped. He legitimated everything he stood for or was imagined to stand for." Years later the Jordan and Iverson models have merged. A player like LeBron James can hail from impoverished upbringings, cover himself with tattoos, consort with rappers—all while being considered a wholesome family entertainer.

Iverson will likely never be content as a secondary player on a bad team, as his brief time in Memphis indicates. That marriage was one of mutual resignation—he needed a different team, they needed someone to sell tickets—and, as such, ended in a messy divorce. But whether he agrees to come off the bench for a better team (at press time rumors circulated of a move to Cleveland or even New York) or decides to retire on a low note, the Answer's impact on the game extends beyond what he accomplishes in his 14th season. "I practiced and tried to mimic everything he tried to do," says Mike Conley, a third-year guard on the Grizzlies who during preseason was competing with Iverson for a starting spot. "Being the size he was, and to be able to do what he was doing gave a lot of people like me hope." And there it is in a nutshell: Only when players stop putting ink in their arms, when they stop twisting their hair, when they stop crossover dribbling, when they stop playing basketball with proud fury, when they stop fighting to break out of the world's most treacherous neighborhoods—only then will Allen Iverson cease to matter. •

WHAT'S TAT?

ATHLETES WHOSE INK MISSES THE MARK.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM MALUCCI

super soakers

When you take three of the sexiest models in the world to the hottest city in America to be photographed in sinfully skimpy bikinis, good things will happen. *¡Bienvenido a Miami!*

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pamela

South Beach Riot
"I think the people, the beaches, and the city itself are what make Miami such a center for hotness. Oh, and the fact that there are a lot of Latinos living here helps, too."

Bikini Etiquette
"Well, bikini tops should be off *only* when at the gay beach. Everywhere else, tops on."

Thank You, Water
"I've been lucky enough never to have my bikini come off in rough waters, but I have worn some white swimsuits that have become practically transparent when I come out of the water. I hate that!"

Hope swimwear (opposite page) **V Del Sol** bikini (previous page) **True Religion** bikini, **Erika Peña** bracelets

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melissa

Dressed for Success
"Everyone dresses really skimpy here in Miami. It's so hot, people walk down the street in bikinis. Here people say, 'The less clothing, the better.' It's OK for girls to go topless around here. I would do it."

Brat Attack
"I'm an army brat, so I've lived everywhere: Colorado, Alabama, Virginia, Maryland, California, New York... The worst was El Paso, Texas, near the Mexican border. It was not very fun. Not like Miami."

Cool Customer
"It's warm here, but it's a good kind of warm. Because we can jump in the ocean, hang out by the pool, jump on a boat or Jet Ski, or just start drinking!"

Red Carter bikini (opposite page) **Cia Marítima** bikini bottom, **In2 Design** gold necklace with pearls (next spread) **Red Carter** bikini.

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karen

Drop the Top
"I'm not really into name brands like Prada or whatever. I just like a suit that makes me feel sexy and comfortable. The fit is the most important thing. And, of course, I love being topless!"

Speedo Policy
"No way! Those little suits are not sexy at all. They're a real turnoff. Even if the guy is in great shape, I think they make him look kind of lame."

Keep It Real
"I don't pay attention to bad lines. A good one I once got was, 'God bless your mom and dad.' Compliments are always nice."

Sex on the Beach?
"It can be sexy and dirty. Especially if you're doing it on a beach with soft sand, like in Hawaii."

Crystal Jin bikini, **Dex & Stella** bracelets (opposite page) **Crystal Jin** swimsuit

HAIR, JEAN MARC CHOFFEL/LOVE YOUR HAIR LLC; MAKEUP, EMILY MOSES USING MAC COSMETICS/CREATIVE MANAGEMENT INC.

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WOMEN

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THE MAXIM CHEAT SHEET TO MORE SEX, MORE MONEY, AND LE$S STRESS IN 2010

FITNESS

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IT'S WORKING

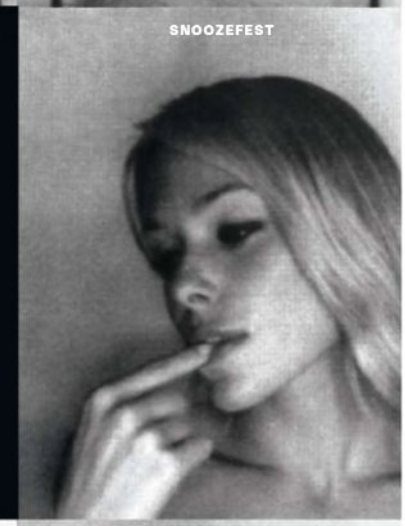
YOU'RE TANKING

WATCH IT, BUB

YOU WISH

DECODE HER SIGNALS

Not sure if she's picking up what you're putting down? The answer is written all over her mug, says facial expression expert Erika L. Rosenberg, Ph.D., one of the world's preeminent practitioners of the **Facial Action Coding System** (FACS). Here's how to identify her subtle tells like a pro—and by pro we mean creepy dude!


SNOOZEFEST

BULLSHIT

BONER TIME

MAYDAY!

YOU REEK

YOU BRICKED

SIT AND SPIN

(GENUINE SMILE)
IT'S WORKING
Cheeks lift, forming crow's-feet and compressing eyelids.

(FAKE SMILE)
YOU'RE TANKING
"Smile" appears only on the lower half of face, not in cheeks. Eyes remain fixed.

(THREATENED)
WATCH IT, BUB
Brows rise and pull together. Slowly reaches for her pepper spray.

(DISGUST)
YOU WISH
Nose wrinkles, upper lip rises. Never mention your "box o' porn."

(BORED)
SNOOZEFEST
Eyes roll, she looks up or off to the side; yawns, sleeps.

(SKEPTICISM)
BULLSHIT
One brow arches, Mr. Ambassador.

(FLIRTATIOUS)
BONER TIME
Genuine smile, head tilt, eye contact, her hand down your pants.

(ANNOYANCE)
MAYDAY!
Lips tighten, brow lowers, lower eyelids tense up. Duck!

(WAS THAT YOU?)
YOU REEK
Averts eyes, pinches nose.

(DISAPPOINTMENT)
YOU BRICKED
Eyebrows lift in the center and pull together. Way to go, loser.

(MIDI DIGITAS)
SIT AND SPIN
Displays bird.

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BORING BUT IMPORTANT
SLEEP BETTER

CRAP OUT
Research shows seven is the magic number. Clock in more than eight hours or less than six and a half hours of zzz's and you generally don't live as long.

USE THE RHYTHM METHOD
Wake up and can't get back to sleep? You may have a circadian rhythm disorder (your internal clock is wrong). Fix it by going to sleep and waking up at exactly the same times.

RUN LIKE THE WIND
Exercise helps sleep quality, says the National Sleep Foundation, but not if you work out too close to when you hit the rack. Exercising close to bedtime ups your internal body temp, inhibiting sleep.

PLUG IT UP
Your dog kicks you out of REM sleep with every paw step, robbing the brain of downtime. Drown him out with foam earplugs. They're not noise canceling, so you'll still hear fire alarms and screaming ax murderers.

DON'T BE A SNORE
Obstructive sleep apnea—where you stop breathing, then jerk awake—wrecks your ticker and ups risk of stroke. Is this you? Then get to a sleep center, fast.
SLEEPCENTERS.ORG.

PHOTOGRAPH, ALISA CONNAN; STYLING, ANGIE SMITH; HAIR, PETRA SELLGE; MAKEUP, ADAM DE CRUZ USING MAC PRO

women

LAND YOUR DREAM GIRL

HOW TO WIN THE HEARTS OF SIX WOMEN YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS DATING.

1] KATE MOSS

2] JESSICA ALBA

3] CHLOË SEVIGNY

4] TINSLEY MORTIMER

5] JESSICA SZOHR

6] LAUREN BUSH

1] The Model
HER DOMAIN: St. Barts, nightclubs, rehab.
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS: Tall, lithe, growling stomach. Aloof to the point of catatonic, unless beating assistant with strappy sandal.
THE APPROACH: Be unimpressed and draw her out of her hit-on-to-death shell. Ask her about her passions outside of fashion, says Helen Fisher, Ph.D., a biological anthropologist at Rutgers. Is she a foodie, a film buff? If that doesn't work, try helping her score some coke.

2] The Gym Goddess
HER DOMAIN: Cardio machines, yoga classes.
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS: Tight clothing, ponytail, sheen of sweat.
THE APPROACH: "If a woman wanted to be left alone, she'd run in the park," says Fisher. "A single woman at a gym is probably more open to approach than you think." Start with visibility. If she takes classes, join. When you see a chance to approach, don't invite her to the "gun show." Get a number and hit the showers. Yours, not hers.

3] The Hipster
HER DOMAIN: Gallery openings, art films, ironic dive bars.
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS: Acid for saliva and the ability to give cogent reasons for disliking everything.
THE APPROACH: This one is all about showing interest in her interests. So go to a few events she'll frequent. When it comes time to deconstruct the exhibit, use words like "kinetic" and "vomitous." But also mention your Sunday football session. She's surrounded by touchy-feely dorks, and if she's a true rebel, she'll seek testosterone.

4] The Rich Girl
HER DOMAIN: Country clubs, charity auctions, Ivy League alumni dinners.
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS: No discernible source of income and really nice sheets.
THE APPROACH: Cash will not impress unless you're worth more than Daddy. Play up the traits that put you out of her league: Play guitar? Know how to live in a Dumpster? Make yourself a sociological experiment for her.

5] The Barista
HER DOMAIN: Your local coffeehouse, where she's pissing away her psychology degree while going for her master's at night.
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS: Smiles politely at your jokes. Has one wisp of unruly hair that hangs down in her eyes.
HOW TO APPROACH: Straight on, but be sure to avoid, "Wanna get a cup of coffee sometime?" or "Room for cream?" Offer dinner at a nice nearby joint, and then get the hell out of line, asshole—people are waiting.

6] The Cousin
HER DOMAIN: Family gatherings, not necessarily in Southern states.
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS: Looks a little like you, but with nicer breasts.
HOW TO APPROACH: First, make sure your great aunt and/or grandparents are sound asleep. Next, after you two share a bottle of el cheapo tequila and a screening of *The Goonies*—the movie you used to watch together as kids—place a gentle hand on her thigh and whisper in her ear, "Ever had a relative...with benefits?"

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KEYS TO THE SHREDDOM

PLOT YOUR TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE GYM.

If you've missed... a month

Picking up right where you left off leads to crippling soreness (or injury) and another week of eating gorditas in bed.
Your workout: For three weeks, do three 30-second-rest sets of 10–12 reps of dumbbell chest presses, squats, body weight lunges, lat pull-downs, and Swiss ball sit-ups. Finish with a 15-minute run at a moderately fast pace.

If you've missed... a year

You're out of shape, chubs, which means sucking it up and going girlyman.
Your workout: For a month, remind your body what it's like to sweat on purpose. Take an unloaded bench-press bar and do three sets of 12–15 reps each of squats, bench press, and bent-over rows, then a set of dumbbell curls. Do this thrice weekly.

If you've been MIA... a decade

So that happened.
Your workout: First, see your doctor to make sure your ticker can take it. Then, for at least a month, walk or slow-jog a mile or two on the treadmill three to five times a week, gradually picking up the pace until you're comfortable enough to run. Come February, cycle in light weights two or three days a week.

INJURY-PROOF YOUR NEW WORKOUT: PAIN DOESN'T NEED TO BE SUCH A PAIN IN THE ASS.

RUNNERS: SHIN SPLINTS

Try this toe-shin flex move: Stand with feet shoulder width apart, then bring one foot back behind you and place the tip of your shoe's toe firmly on the ground. Now extend the knee forward and feel those shins stretch. Hold for 30 seconds. Repeat on other leg. Now run, Forrest, run!

LIFTERS: SHOULDER PINCH

You're most prone to the pinch the first few times back in the weight room. Why? Cold muscles + too much weight + poor posture = pain. So run a few minutes on the treadmill to warm up, and focus only on form the first week, i.e., go down a few pounds, Hulkster.

NUDE DUDES: BROKEN FACE

Just 'cause Big Bad Ben spotted you on the incline bench doesn't mean he's down with naked towel snapping in the showers. Flick at your own risk, Capt. Sass.

BUST A RUT

IF YOU'RE BORED WITH YOUR WORKOUT, YOU'RE ON THE EXPRESS TRAIN TO TUBBY TOWN, SAYS DAVID BARTON OF DAVID BARTON GYMS. "DON'T DITCH YOUR ROUTINE—JUST ADD THESE CROSS-TRAIN CHALLENGES AND YOU'LL STAY LEAN AND GET STRONGER." NOW GET TO SWEATIN'!

YOU'RE BORED WITH	THEN TRY	BENEFITS
BICYCLING	YOGA	Haters: If NFL, NHL, and MLB trainers think yoga is the shit, you should, too. It strengthens the deep core, hip flexor, and back muscles, making you less injury-prone, whether in the saddle or stepping down the sidelines.
THE ELLIPTICAL	WEIGHT TRAINING	It's hard to pull yourself away from the bouncing, sweat-glistened gals, but you need muscles, Mandy. Start with bench press, squats, shoulder press, and seated rows: three sets of each, 12 reps.
YOUR WEEKLY BASKETBALL GAME	SPIN CLASS	Yes, there's blaring techno and goofs yelling "wooo" during the climbs, but it'll up your endurance so you'll stop laying bricks on late-game fast breaks. Tip: Get teach to adjust your bike for you. It'll prevent ass rash.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JASON LEE

BURN AFTER READING

Didn't make it to the gym? Not a problem, fatso. Here are nine awesomer ways to torch 500 calories.

1 Sleep for eight hours.

2 Have sex for 90 minutes. (You wish, zippy.)

3 Snowshoe for 45 minutes. (Note: Requires snow.)

4 Have sex (with yourself) for 120 minutes. Or what you call Tuesday night, roughrider.

5 Sit through a four-hour family reunion. Fighting nonstop will double the calorie-burn rate!

6 A 2½-hour round of mini-golf.

7 Spend 3½ hours shaving off all your body hair because the dog told you it has alien germs in it.

8 Skin squirrels for an hour.

9 Eat donuts for an hour. Yep. It takes 500 calories to scarf 20,000. Sort of like that whole celery thing.

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BOOST YOUR BOTTOM LINE

money

FIVE SUREFIRE WAYS TO GET BACK IN THE BLACK IN 2010. (HEY, 2009, YOU CAN SUCK IT!)

1] Safeguard Your Stash

Hey, sport, how much did you leak in ATM fees last year? Don't know? Then the banks, investment firms, and credit card companies have you right where they want you. Do you think the institutions that powered up the credit-default-swap death train have your best interests at heart? No, they want your money. They want to charge you for giving them your money, and they don't want you to question it (See: minimum balance fees, $5 ATM fees, management fees, funds withdrawal fees, account transfer fees, etc.). Your best defense: you. "To minimize the hemorrhaging in 2010, first put your money in banks and funds that don't nickel-and-dime you," says Farnoosh Torabi, author of *You're So Money: Live Rich, Even When You're Not.* "Second, actually read—and question—your statements. Beware of these terms: fees, surcharges, anything 'other,' 'one-time,' and 'goodwill.'"

2] Bulletproof Your Bankroll

Even if thinking about stocks makes you drop five pounds of brown, it'll be hard to meet any realistic financial goals without them. Torabi advises looking at sectors which will benefit from government stimulus in the next three to five years, such as green, infrastructure, education. She also points to a recent U.S. Department of Labor report on who will be hiring the most in the next five to seven years: IT, engineering, health care, and bioscience. "Firms that are hiring clearly have cash in the bank," she says. "That's a promising criterion for any company."

3] Take a Permanent Vacation

There has never been a better time to buy a vacation home—especially if your little slice of Shangri-la is the first home you buy. Since 2007 the median price for a vacation home has dipped a whopping 23 percent to $150,000, according to National Association of Realtors data. The reason? The folks who bought these weekend spots are sweating over keeping their primary homes, so they're unloading second homes in a hurry, flooding the market, making the sector a veritable bargain bin. Time to get your vulture on, playa. The market will rebound eventually, so if you wait you risk pissing away massive savings. Bonus: Interest rates are low, and if it's your first home, you may qualify for an $8,000 tax credit.

4] Don't Fear the 401(k)

Fidelity Investments, which shepherds more than 17,500 corporate 401(k) plans, reported last year that more than half of twentysomethings didn't participate in their company's 401(k) plan. Hey, knuckleheads, you can't blame this one on your parents, your girlfriend, or the Yankees payroll. Enroll! If you already have, up your savings rate a percentage point and reallocate, says Torabi. Here's how: Subtract your age from 100. Put that percentage in stocks, with a 60-40 breakdown between domestic and global equities. The rest goes in a bond index fund. Your elderly self will thank you in 40 years.

5] Quit Your Job

A recession could be the best time to start your own business. Labor's plentiful, and office space and technology are cheap, says Mike Elsman, owner of Fusion Staffing Partners, a finance and accounting recruiting firm. Risky? Not as much as you think, he says. "Even if you tank and have to go back into the job market, a lot of employers will value a couple of years' experience in a failed entrepreneurship more highly than they'd value two more years in your current job." Need inspiration? Hewlett-Packard, Disney, and United Technologies all started around the Great Depression.

THE NEW MONEY GURUS

Thumb these three quiet financial geniuses before Buffett, Cramer, or some Money Honey.

JEREMY GRANTHAM
GMO QUARTERLY LETTER
A founder of investment firm GMO, Grantham has been called one of the world's greatest investors. His quarterly missives are must-reads. gmo.com

JOHN C. BOGLE
ENOUGH.
How much do you really need? Find out here. Bogle founded low-fee Vanguard. One of the good guys.

NASSIM NICHOLAS TALEB
THE BLACK SWAN
He shows how seemingly impossible economic events can and will come to pass.

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YOUR COMFORT FOOD UPGRADE

WE ASKED OUR FAVORITE CHEFS TO WHIP UP NEW TAKES ON TWO CLASSICS. HEY, 9,000-CALORIE MEALS ARE GOING TO HAPPEN— HERE'S HOW TO MAKE THEM WORTH IT.

TRUFFLED MAC & CHEESE WITH GRUYÈRE AND BACON

BY *TOP CHEF*'S RYAN SCOTT (SEASON 4).

Ingredients

Unsalted butter
8 oz. macaroni
1 cup cream
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups cold milk
3 slices sourdough bread, torn into small pieces
8 oz. grated provolone and Gruyère
6 strips bacon, cooked and crumbled
2 shallots, chopped
1 tsp. minced garlic
3 Tbs. flour
Kosher salt
Dash of Tabasco
1 tsp. truffle oil

Preheat oven to 375°F. Butter a casserole dish. Cook macaroni; drain. Put pasta in casserole dish with 1/4 cup cream. Beat the eggs with 1/4 cup milk in a separate bowl, then add bread and half the cheese mix; set aside.

After cooking bacon in a large skillet, drain most of grease, but not all. Add shallots, garlic; cook until just slightly brown. Stir in the flour and 1 tsp. salt; cook two minutes. Slowly add remaining milk and cream to skillet. Bring to a boil, whisking until thick. Remove from heat and whisk until cool. Whisk in remaining cheese. Add sauce and Tabasco to macaroni; stir to combine.

Add bacon to egg-bread mixture. Spread evenly over pasta and drizzle truffle oil over the top of the macaroni mixture. Bake 35 minutes or until golden brown.

PORK CHEEK CHILI

FROM *IRON CHEF AMERICA* WINNER MICHAEL SYMON, AUTHOR OF *LIVE TO COOK*

Ingredients

4 tsp. coriander seeds, toasted and ground
1 Tbs. sweet smoked paprika
1 tsp. ground cumin
5 lbs. pork cheeks or shoulder, cleaned, trimmed, and cubed
Kosher salt and freshly ground pepper
4 Tbs. extra-virgin olive oil
1 lb. slab bacon, cut into 1/2-inch dice
1 onion, finely chopped
3 garlic cloves, minced
2 jalapeño chilies, seeded and finely chopped
2 red bell peppers, cored, seeded, and finely diced
1 12 oz. bottle amber ale or porter
2 cups chicken stock
1 28 oz. can San Marzano tomatoes, with their juice
2 canned chipotles in adobo, seeded and minced
1 lb. dried black-eyed peas (1 2/3 cups), picked over and rinsed
1 cinnamon stick

In a large bowl, combine coriander, paprika, and cumin and toss with pork cheeks. Season with salt and pepper. In a Dutch oven, heat oil over medium-high heat, brown the pork. Transfer to a plate. Add bacon and cook over medium heat until lightly crisp. Add onion, garlic, jalapeños, and peppers. Stir, cook five minutes. Return pork to pot along with any accumulated juices. Add ale, chicken stock, tomatoes, chipotles, black-eyed peas, and cinnamon stick and bring to a boil. Cover, cook over very low heat until the meat and beans are tender, about 2 1/2 hours. Spoon off the fat, discard the cinnamon stick. Serve.

PHOTOGRAPH, LEVI BROWN; FOOD STYLING, BRETT KURZWEIL

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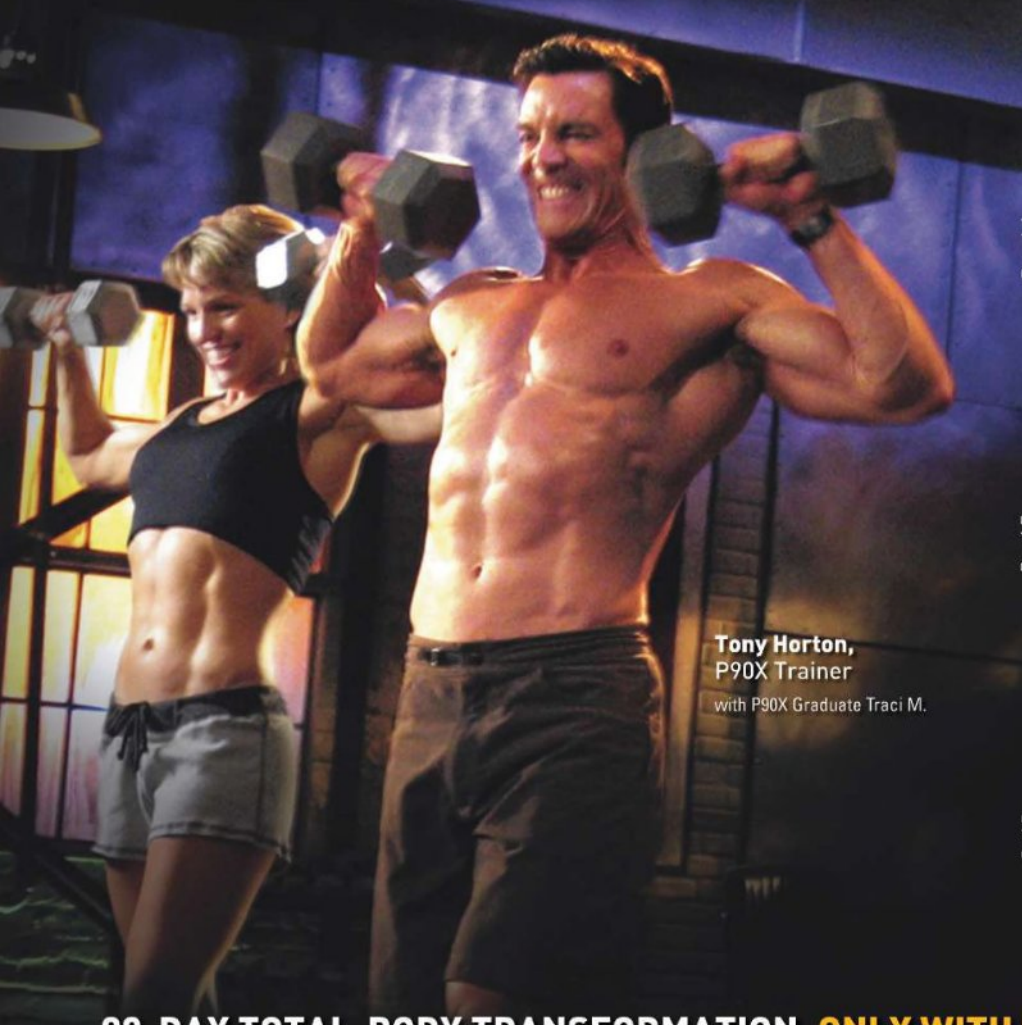

Tony Horton,
P90X Trainer
with P90X Graduate Traci M.

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JESSE WILL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR **The Thin Man**

BEFORE

AFTER

Style

THE MAXIM MAKEOVER

FOUR SLOVENLY STAFFERS GET A SARTORIAL SCHOOLING FROM CELEBRITY STYLIST **YOUNG AH-KIM** AND THE GROOMING GURUS AT **THE ART OF SHAVING**. **THE RESULT:** THEY ALL GOT LAID! STEAL THEIR EASY FASHION FIXES AND YOU WILL TOO, FINALLY.

BY MIKE DAWSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM CORBETT

"THIS BROWN T-SHIRT TOTALLY SHOWS OFF MY GUNS."

HE FOUND THESE GRAY SKUNGAREES STUFFED UNDER HIS CAR SEAT.

SHAGGY HAIR IS OK. JUST KEEP IT TRIMMED. "FEATHERED" (RIGHT) IS NEVER AN OPTION.

BREAK FROM THE CORPORATE CROWD BY BOTTOMING OUT YOUR SUIT WITH BEATLE BOOTS.

THE STYLIST'S TAKE: **"Jesse's hints of hipster and his lean body just begged for a mod, slim-fit suit."** Everyone needs clothes that fit. Skinny guys will post up more twiggy if their gear hangs off 'em. Slimmer lines (narrow tie, tapered pants) will actually accentuate your height and not your skinniness.

THE EDITOR'S TAKE: **"The more cleaned up and gentlemanly you dress directly corresponds to how atrociously you can act and still get away with it."**

Shipley & Halmos blazer, $550, pants, $325, and shirt, $170, barneys.com; **John Varvatos** boots, $475, at John Varvatos stores nationwide.

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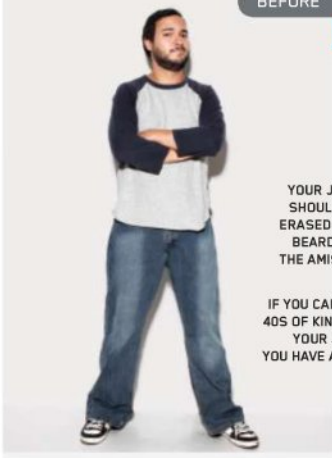
BEFORE

AFTER

The Frat Rat

PATRICK CARONE, SENIOR EDITOR



YOUR JAWLINE SHOULDN'T BE ERASED BY YOUR BEARD. LOSE THE AMISH LOOK.

IF YOU CAN CONCEAL 40S OF KING COBRA IN YOUR JEANS, YOU HAVE A PROBLEM.

IF YOU'RE ALL FOREHEAD, MINIMIZE IT BY ADDING HEIGHT TO YOUR HAIR.

A RACER JACKET WILL INSTANTLY STREAMLINE YOUR STYLE.

THE STYLIST'S TAKE: "Pat hasn't updated his style since his dorm days, so we ditched the bagginess and grew up his look." Stop buying "loose" or "relaxed" fit. They're dad jeans (a.k.a. babe repellent). Your denim doesn't need to constrict blood flow, just tighten up your steez, gangsta.

THE EDITOR'S TAKE: "I knew it was time to finally lose the bulky duds of my college years. Young hooked me up with jeans that fit and a leather jacket that made me feel like the world's studliest *West Side Story* extra."

PAT'S SWEET POSE HERE IS MARKED BY A HIGH-PITCHED, NASALLY, "I'M BAD TO THE BONE!"

Moschino leather jacket, $1,695, Moschino boutique, N.Y.C.; **Levi's** crew-neck shirt, $45, levis.com; **True Religion** jeans, $196, truereligionbrandjeans.com; **The Frye Company** boots, $208, thefryecompany.com.

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BILLY SORRENTINO, ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

The Dirty Rocker

BEFORE

AFTER

"YOU KNOW THIS JACKET IS THE SHIT. YOU CAN TOUCH IT. BUT STAY OFF MY BELT BUCKLE, BRO."

ANYTHING THAT REMINDS YOU OF A DIVE BAR'S BATHROOM FLOOR (LIKE THESE SHOES) MUST BE RECONSIDERED.

DARKER DENIM IS A SIMPLE WAY OF DRESSING UP FOR JEANS JUNKIES.

A LITTLE MORE POLISHED? SURE. BUT HE STILL CARRIES A RAZOR IN THESE NEW OXFORDS.

THE STYLIST'S TAKE: **"Billy has style, but he was ripe for a dose of sophistication, but one that wouldn't mute his rock'n'roll attitude."** Classic shapes in darker tones—downtown preppy—let Billy clean up without losing his edge.

THE EDITOR'S TAKE: **"I've been wearing the same look for years. Bova calls it 'I'm in a band [called Brothers], you're not, and, yes, you can stare at the bulge.' It needed to be adultified. The upgrade produced more groping groupies."**

Spurr jacket, $1,975, bloomingdales.com; **Shipley & Halmos** shirt, $170, barneys.com; **Freeman's Sporting Club** tie, $68, freemanssportingclub.com; **Calvin Klein Jeans Body** jeans, $80, calvinkleinjeans.com; **Calvin Klein Collection** oxfords, $450, Calvin Klein Collection store, N.Y.C.

FASHION EDITOR, WILLIAM BUCKLEY; STYLING, YOUNG-AH KIM; GROOMING, SYLVESTER CASTELLANO/BA-REPS.COM USING JOHN MASTERS ORGANICS; HAIRCUTS AND SHAVES, CARL C/WOK, NATIONAL MASTER BARBER, THE ART OF SHAVING

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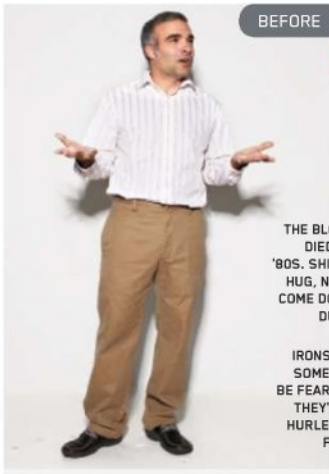
The Rad Dad DAN BOVA, EXECUTIVE EDITOR

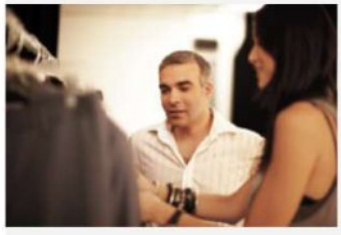
BEFORE



AFTER

THE BLOUSY LOOK DIED IN THE '80S. SHIRTS SHOULD HUG, NOT DRAPE. COME DOWN A SIZE, DUCKY.

IRONS ARE NOT SOMETHING TO BE FEARED, UNLESS THEY'RE BEING HURLED AT YOUR FACE.



THE STYLIST'S TAKE: "Dan has a good foundation, but he needed to be crisped up and have his silhouette elongated." Gents (especially the vertically challenged), you need to fork over $10 to a tailor to make sure any off-the-rack pants don't bunch up at the bottom (see "before" Dan).

THE EDITOR'S TAKE: "I felt like I stepped out of a Guy Ritchie movie, which made me want to pull off a heist and then divorce Madonna. This outfit also made me want to fight. Maybe it was the snugness in the front pantal region."

GRAYING? GO WITH A CROPPED CUT AND YOU'LL LOOK YOUNGER AND DISTINGUISHED.

A MACINTOSH COAT WILL LENGTHEN YOUR LOOK. JUST BE SURE THE HEM DOESN'T FALL BELOW THE KNEE OR YOU'LL LOOK LIKE MINI-YOU.

THESE PATENT-LEATHER JOBS REFLECT UP INTO YOUR SOUL.

Paul Smith PS wool coat, $860, paulsmithusa.com; **Zachary Prell** shirt, $150, nordstrom.com; **Craig Robinson** pants, $242, forwardforward.com; **Bally** Galvin oxfords, $495, bally.com; **Ermenegildo Zegna** briefcase, $2,395, select Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques nationwide.

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Subscriber Insert: Instant Upgrade
Kate Moss, Dave M. Benett/Getty Images; Jessica Alba, Demis Maryannakis/StarMax; Chloe Sevigny, Scott Kirkland-Globe Photos; Tinsley Mortimer, Dziekan/Corbis; Jessica Szohr, Janette Pellegrini/Wirelmage; Lauren Bush, Brian Killian/Wirelmage

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Subscriber Insert: Miami Super Soakers
1. Bikini, True Religion, available at everythingbutwater.com, bracelets, Erika Pena, available at erikapena.com **2.** Bikini, V Del Sol, available at vdelsol.com **3.** Bikini, Hope swimwear, available at 866-765-2244 **4.** Bikini , Red Carter, available at everythingbutwater.com **5.** Bikini bottom, Cia Maritima, available at ciamaritimaus.com; necklace with pearls, In2 Design, available at In2designing.com **6–7.** Bikini, Red Carter, available at everythingbutwater.com **8.** Bikini, Crystal Jin, available at atropicalaffair.com; bracelets, Dex & Stella, available at dexandstella.com **9.** Swimsuit, Crystal Jin, available at atropicalaffair.com

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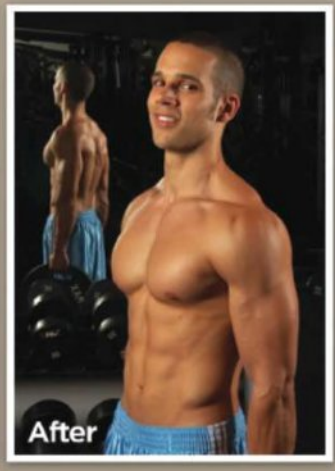

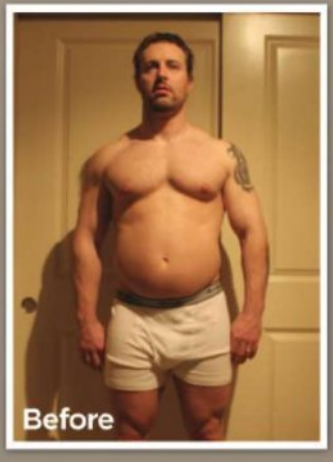

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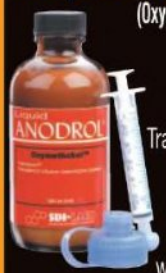

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What's the wildest thing you ever did?
I can't remember. That was a long time ago.

If you could come back and spy on someone who's still alive, who would it be and why?
Probably Elvis. He's still around, right?

Name one thing you're glad you'll never have to do again on Earth.
Brush my teeth. If somebody had told me they were just going to rot away eventually anyway, I could have saved so much time.

What is your proudest accomplishment?
Finishing Charles Grodin's autobiography.

What is your biggest regret?
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When were you happiest?
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