

The Surprising New Science of Running

June/July 2010 | Volume 19 | Number 5

Men's Journal

Do Summer Right!

- **How to THROW a BACKYARD PARTY**

- **HIDDEN SPOTS of YELLOWSTONE**

- **THE GREAT COAST to COAST ROAD TRIP**
(SEATTLE to MIAMI)

The Mystery of David Duval

THE FALL OF A GOLF SUPERSTAR

The Last Perfect Beach Town

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Why the World Cup Sucks

by **MATT TAIBBI**

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Lance's Revenge

Angry, Tuned Up & Ready to Kick Ass

SUMMER GEAR

TOOLS FOR GRILLING
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LANCE'S REVENGE

Armstrong's return to the Tour last year was marred by intra-squad friction and petty bickering. Now, at the helm of a handpicked team (and approaching 40), he's gunning for closure.

by **STEPHEN RODRICK**

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WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO DAVID DUVAL?

The strange story of how Tiger Woods's best rival fell from the leaderboard to barely making the cut... and ended up the happiest failure in golf.

by **CHIP BROWN**

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VENANCE LAFRANCE IS NOT DEAD

In the aftermath of the earthquake that pummeled Haiti, our writer went to look for his friend, a 21-year-old Port-au-Prince street hustler. In the process he found what the young man's — and the country's — future might hold.

by **MISCHA BERLINSKI**

ON THE COVER

Lance Armstrong, photographed exclusively for *Men's Journal* by **CARLOS SERRAO** on April 11, 2010, in Austin, Texas. Styling by **BONNIE MARKEL**.

Grooming by **LUCY SANTAMASSINO**. Prop styling by **IAN KASNOFF**.

Floating high above Canoa Quebrada on the Brazilian coast. *p. 58*

Before you on a laptop, you might



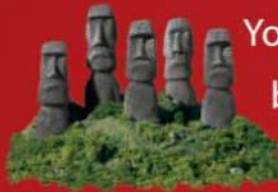
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¹ 2009 Laptop Report from SquareTrade, the leading Direct-to-Consumer Warranty Company. www.squaretrade.com/html/pdf/SquareTrade_laptop_reliability_1109.pdf. Pg 3.

² Leading manufacturer is defined by most updated market share available from IDC WW Quarterly PC Tracker, Historical as of February 16, 2010.

³ 2009 Laptop Report from SquareTrade. Pg 3, 6.

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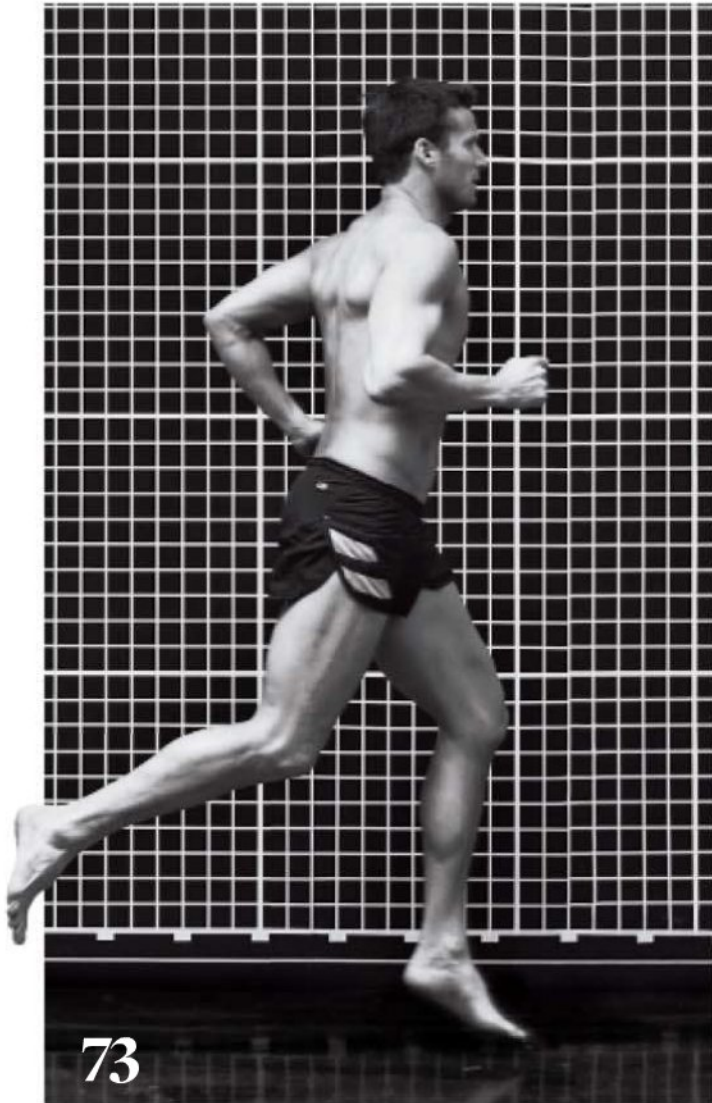
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Gerard Butler, neck-deep in a hot tub in Malibu

photograph by JIM WRIGHT

THANK YOU FOR PUTTING GERARD BUTLER ON THE cover of your April issue and for the great interview by Erik Hedegaard ["Gerry the Sinner/Gerry the Saint"]. Being a woman, I am not your target reader, but I couldn't resist buying your magazine, if only for the cool photos. I was pleasantly surprised by the funny and sincere interview with a celebrity not so comfortable with his fame. Butler comes across as a real and vulnerable man, and that makes him all the more attractive. —*Colleen Huston, Palo Alto, CA*

FIRST IT WAS ALEC BALDWIN on the cover, whining that he hasn't done something truly meaningful. Next it's Mel Gibson, whom I liked a lot more when he was a ne'er-do-well womanizer instead of an anti-Semite. This month it's Gerard Butler, who is famous...why? You should rename your magazine *Miscreants' Journal*.

—ALEX BROOKS
Dallas

DEBATING PLACES

I JUST FINISHED MJ'S "BEST Places to Live 2010" [April], and although I completely

agree that Denver is fantastic, Barack Obama's acceptance speech at the 2008 DNC has nothing to do with it being a "sophisticated city." If you must head in that direction, thank mayor John Hickenlooper for the vibe of LoDo. Regardless of your politics, Denver rocks!

—SCOTT SNAPP
Denver

I UNDERSTAND THAT TOWNS get rotated in and out of your list (my North End in Boise was mentioned last year). But Reno?! Yes, it has some awesome outdoor escapes, but away from

town. Did you take into account higher-than-average crime rates, declining property values, increasing unemployment, and a rising tax rate? We joke that Reno is what Boise would be if Boise threw city planning out the window. Sorry — love the magazine, but this is a big miss.

—JUSTIN BROSSAU
Boise, ID

RULES OF THE GAME

"HOW I'D SAVE BASEBALL" [by Matt Taibbi, April] is a nice piece, especially rule number eight: Save the Whales. Growing up with the Detroit Tigers, I

always wondered how portly gents got to the upper echelon, until I saw guys like Prince Fielder's dad Cecil step up to the plate. And now that I live in Wisconsin, I sure as hell would watch more Brewers games if mascots Bernie and Bonnie Brewer were around (number five: Free Bernie Brewer). At least we've still got Uecker!

—CHAD
from mensjournal.com

MATT, THANKS FOR OWNING up [to saying the Yankees wouldn't win last year's World Series]. You're still a douche.

—ANONYMOUS
from mensjournal.com

APOLOGETIC SUV

AS A HUGE FAN OF THE OLD Toyota Land Cruiser, I must say the more recent Land Cruiser and 4Runner are two of the most underpowered, incapable SUVs on the market ["The Unapologetic SUV," by Ezra Dyer, April]. They're much more suited to deliver the family to the mall than to drive in even the most modest

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off-road or foul-weather situations. A driveway with a slight incline challenges both the engine and drivetrain of these Very Apologetic SUVs. Baja dunes, rocky trails — not likely.

—DAVID WRIGHTSON
Shreveport, LA

I LOVE YOU, MAN

BRILLIANT WRITING BY both Ezra Dyer and Matt Taibbi. I will cancel my subscription the day you let either of them get away. I'm not going to climb a mountain, snorkel a reef, or bike a century, but I am immensely enjoying every damn issue, those two writers particularly. The awesome diversity of topics is what keeps *Men's Journal* my only non-topic specific magazine.

—JESSE BOWERS
San Diego

NEVER PLAY WITH KNIVES

IN "THE WISH LIST" [APRIL] you give accolades to the Stealth Army Knife, noting: "Finally, a

knife you can get through airport security." You have got to be kidding me! I have been a flight attendant for 22 years, so please give me one good reason why a person has to have a knife on-board an airplane. I would like to thank you for giving nutjobs great ideas.

—KARIN SANDERS
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

WHAT ANDY DID FOR US

I, A GROWN MAN SURROUNDED BY people in the Salt Lake City airport, bawled like a baby after reading Matthew Teague's brilliantly written story about war hero Andy Kubik ["What the War Did to Andy," April]. I feel a true sense of honor and respect for men like Andy who put it all on the line in the name of war. May we, as Americans, live our lives worthy of the risk that our beloved military members take upon themselves.

—GREG HUNT
Peoria, AZ



Andy Kubik outside the VA hospital in Battle Creek, Michigan

AMERICA NEEDS MORE men like Andy. What we did for him (really, nothing) makes me ashamed as a fellow American. We let him slip through the cracks when he really needed us to help and stand by him. We all need to reach out a little to these brave men and women.

—TOM RUDZINSKI
Wallingford, CT

I AM SURE ANDY IS A NICE guy, but he has to get over what I call the "Mommy, look at what

I did" syndrome. Somewhere inside he wants to be recognized as the new Audie Murphy, and he is acting out in order to get that recognition. Andy, get over it. There are thousands — no, millions — of people who perform acts of courage every day of their lives just to function in society and stay alive. Go live in the slums of Mumbai or Rio, where life is a daily struggle to survive, and get a dose of reality.

—JACK
from mensjournal.com

INSIDE STORY

Tour de Lance

With this issue, Armstrong has now been on our cover eight times — far more than anyone else. Over the seven-year stretch, his attitude has decidedly softened toward the race that made him famous. But don't get us wrong: He still wants to win (page 88).



1

OCTOBER 2003

After Tour win number five:
"I had almost begun to take victory in the Tour de France for granted, a...dangerous mind-set for an event that's three weeks long with tons of variables. So I won't do that again. I'm getting older, the others are getting younger, and it's not easy."



2

AUGUST 2004

Preparing for the 2004 Tour:
"[This Tour is] just as important as all the other ones. I have no real personal pressure to try to win because it's never been done before, or for any reason like that. It's just important because, on a basic level, it's all that matters."



3

FEBRUARY 2005

After Tour win number six:
"My main motivation for eating well was not because I had cancer. It was because I didn't want to be fat and get dropped on the climbs. I was more serious about my diet than ever before. I weighed the cereal, pasta, bread — everything."



4

AUGUST 2005

Preparing for the 2005 Tour:
"Prior to a contest I don't see a problem with [sex]. But I can tell you that during the Tour de France there is not a lot of sex going on."



5

JULY 2006

On the eve of his first post-retirement Tour:
"When I finished the Tour, I looked at myself in the mirror and said, 'That's it.' I was in the best shape of my life. I said, 'Hey buddy, that's it. It's over. Take a good look, 'cause it's never coming back.... [Y]ou'll start to lose it.' And I knew it."



6

OCTOBER 2008

A month before announcing his return:
"I'm glad I'm not cycling anymore. It was fun while it lasted, and I liked it, but I'm so focused on other things now that I never think about it."



7

JULY 2009

Preparing for the 2009 Tour:
"When you're lying in a ditch in the middle of nowhere in Spain and your kids are running around Austin, it's like, 'Tell me again what I'm doing?' But that's subsided. I'm back.... If I wasn't having fun I wouldn't be doing it."

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I KNOW ANDY, AND I'M proud of him and grateful for all the sacrifices he made for his country. My own son-in-law was deployed to Iraq three times and suffers from PTSD. I don't think the average person can begin to understand the hell our soldiers have been through.

—MARGIE C. ROGGENBUCK
Harbor Beach, MI

THIS ARTICLE BROUGHT tears to my eyes. I'm an Air Force Vietnam vet, but my experiences were nothing like Andy's. It's a terrible shame that his incredible service record has been tainted by such troubled times. For the past year I've been volunteering at a VA Medical Center; I've met with many vets with significant obstacles to overcome, but none as compelling as Andy's.

—TOM NORTON
Amherst, MA

THIS LETTER CANNOT begin to express our gratitude to MJ for giving Matt Teague the opportunity to tell our son Andrew Kubik's story. Matt's sensitive and poignant report of Andrew's six and a half years of experiencing the most difficult battle of his life has touched us deeply. Matt was the right person to write it, not only for Andy but for the thousands who needed a voice to speak for them. We can only hope that the overwhelming response to the article and to us will bring to the forefront the needs of our military and veterans.

—THOMAS AND KATHLEEN
DEGRAZIA
Rockport, TX

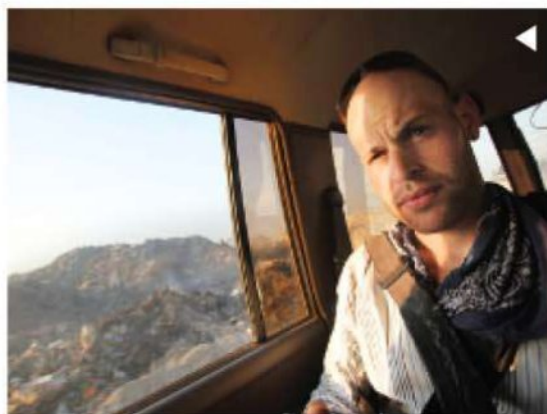
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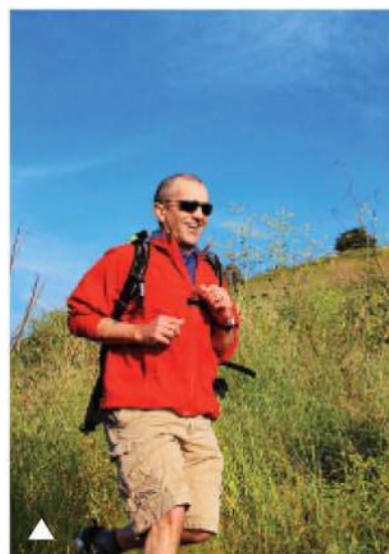
"VENANCE LAFRANCE IS NOT DEAD," page 120

Fresh out of college in 2002, Lowy went on assignment to Iraq. "Photography has a beautiful way of articulating realities people don't want to see," says the 30-year-old New Yorker. "I felt that was something I could do." He spent the next seven years covering wars, tsunamis, and genocides. He was a natural fit to shoot post-quake Port-au-Prince. "It was the worst human devastation I've seen," he says.

Andrew McCarthy

"THE LAST REAL BEACH TOWN," page 58

Acting got McCarthy into traveling, and traveling got him into writing. "I went to places to act that I never would have known about," says McCarthy, 47, best recognized as a member of John Hughes's Brat Pack but now a renowned travel writer. He's currently directing his first feature film in New Orleans.



Robert Earle Howells

"SECRET YELLOWSTONE," page 30

"I was born to do this," says Howells about writing an insider's guide to Yellowstone. His first trip to the park came at age 12. "It's like one giant volcano that's leaking up through the Earth," he says. "Add amazing mountains and wildlife, and it's hard to beat." The L.A.-based writer, 56, has written about our national parks for 33 years.

Chip Brown

"WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO DAVID DUVAL?" page 112

National Magazine Award winner Brown has seemingly written about everything: a Zen master, opera, the Gap. But as a contributing editor to *Men's Journal*, the New Yorker keeps returning to one topic. "This is my third golf story for MJ," says Brown, 57, whose second book, *Good Morning Midnight*, about a mountaineer who committed suicide by freezing to death, is based on an article that first appeared in MJ.





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WISH YOU WERE HERE

Half Moon Bar, *Rogue River, Oregon*

IT'S ODD THAT THE MOST ANTICIPATED PART of a four-day plunge down the Rogue could be dinner-time, but when that dinner is filet mignon served riverside, it makes perfect sense. "It's still a rafting trip, and you're camping," says Justin Bailie, who snapped this shot under a full moon after a day of running water that ranged from lazy to Class III-plus rapids. "It's a misconception, though, if you think you're roughing it." The Wilderness Gourmet Trip is a fully outfitted mix of hiking, swimming, and rafting — but with a special focus on the food. A chef and a wine expert are part of the crew, and each night they coordinate a meal more suited to an evening on the town than a campsite. There's also a built-in incentive to keep paddling and trekking: "The food gets better every night," says Bailie (\$1,306 per person; oars.com). —DACUS THOMPSON

photograph by JUSTIN BAILIE

NOTEBOOK

JUNE/JULY 2010







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The Deadly Race A new exhibition at New York City's Natural History Museum retells the 1911-'12 race to the South Pole (amnh.org).



Norwegian Roald Amundsen (pictured) beat Britain's Robert Falcon Scott to the South Pole in 1911.

WHAT'S NEW

SUMMER 2010



TEST YOUR METTLE

Sign up for Tough Mudder's next round of brutal endurance races this fall in New Jersey, Texas, and California (*from \$70; toughmudder.com*).

THE NEW KING OF COWBOY

Trevor Brazile, 33

You're going for a record eighth World Champion All-Around Cowboy title.

Do you still get nervous? Some people call it nervous; others call it adrenaline. I think that's the difference between winners and losers, you know? How often do you train? If it's daylight, we're practicing. You compete in three events. Why not focus on one? A lot of guys want to be a team roper or a bull rider or something. I just wanted to be known as a cowboy. I love it all.

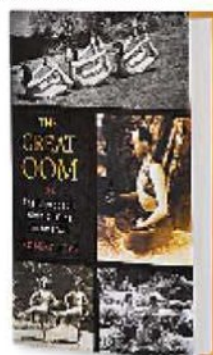


BEACH-HOUSE GUEST GIFT

The Original Maine Lobster Kit is an elegant hand-made pine box packed with either four or eight claw crackers and seafood picks — all you need, really, aside from some twisting and peeling. The kit is a project of Maine's nonprofit the Nezinscot Guild, which works to provide employment to people with developmental disabilities and brain injuries (*from \$22; thenezinscotguild.com*).



Secret History Robert Love's *The Great Oom* reveals the first popularizer of yoga in America to be an over-sexed, semipro baseball team-owner who kept circus elephants as pets.



ZERO G FOR THE PEOPLE

Unless you're Richard Branson, astronaut-like weightlessness has probably been out of your reach. Until now. ZERO-G is making stops in seven U.S. cities this summer to take customers up to 34,000 feet in a 727 and then into controlled dives for eight minutes of fuselage floating (*\$4,950; gozerog.com*).



BURN NOTICE

Zippo's Emergency Fire Starter kit uses self-contained, wax-coated tinder sticks and caveman-era flint-on-steel technology to take the guesswork (and the anxiety) out of fire-building (*\$20; zippo.com*).



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RECORD BOOK

Wild Rides

SUMMER THRILLS THAT GO HIGHER AND FASTER THAN EVER BEFORE



WHERE: Six Flags Great Escape, Jackson, New Jersey

Taking riders 456 feet in the air and hurling them back down at speeds up to 128 mph, the Kingda Ka is the world's highest and fastest thrill ride. To better appreciate those numbers, consider that the track is closed in even the gentlest of rains. Turns out that droplets of water hitting bare skin at such speeds kind of hurt (*day passes from \$35; sixflags.com*).

FASTEST ELECTRIC GO-KART: THE MB2

50 MILES PER HOUR

MB2's electric karts have three times the torque of their gas-guzzling counterparts.



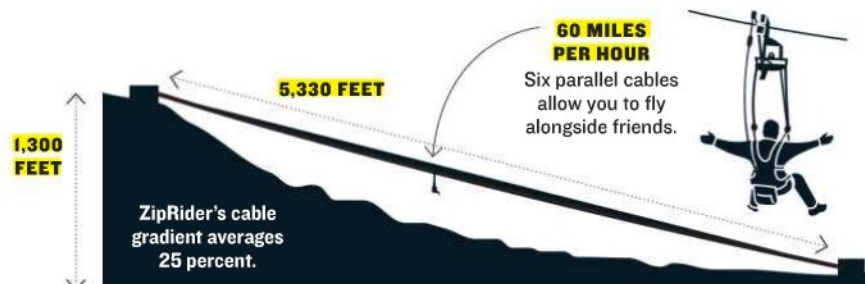
ZERO EMISSIONS

Battery power makes for quiet and smog-free indoor racing.

WHERE: Thousand Oaks, California

Thrill seekers who prefer their rides leavened with the smell of burnt rubber should schedule a few laps at the indoor go-kart courses run by MB2 Raceway in Southern California. The 50-mph speeds of their Italian-made vehicles are as fast as you'll get in an electric kart (gas models raced on the pro circuit can go twice as fast, but cost thousands and can require certification). Would-be Michael Schumachers enjoy twisty quarter-mile track layouts that change every three to six months (*from \$23; mb2raceway.com*).

LONGEST ZIP LINE: THE ZIPRIDER



WHERE: Hoonah, Alaska

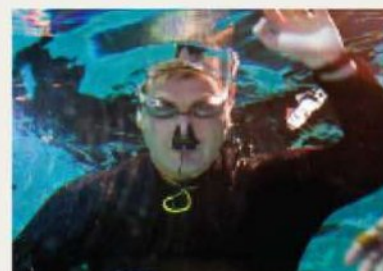
Laying claim to the longest (5,330 feet) and highest (1,300 feet) zip line in North America is the ZipRider at Icy Strait Point, a sprawling, wild expanse on Chichagof Island in Alaska. (The Zip2000, in Sun City, South Africa, is the world's longest at 6,561 feet but has a shallower drop.) After a 40-minute drive to the top of Hoonah Mountain, courageous riders descend for 90 cheek-flapping, treetop-skimming seconds at speeds averaging more than 60 mph. (*from \$99; icystraitpoint.com*). —WOOK KIM

Going the Distance, Alone

WHO PADDED FARTHEST, HELD THEIR BREATH LONGEST, AND MARATHONED THE MOST THIS MONTH



In February, **HELEN SKELTON** finished a 2,010-mile paddle down the Amazon, slicing past alligators while battling seasickness and heat exhaustion. Prior to the six weeks of 60-mile days, the 26-year-old British TV host had only once set foot in a kayak. Now she holds the Guinness world record for the longest solo kayak journey.



On February 14th, Swiss free-diver **PETER COLAT**, 38, broke the world record for holding one's breath underwater, clocking 19 minutes and 21 seconds in a water tank and surpassing Italian Nicola Putignano's record by 19 seconds. To keep focused, Colat says he thinks of things that make him happy, such as the beach, family vacations, and, oddly, diving.

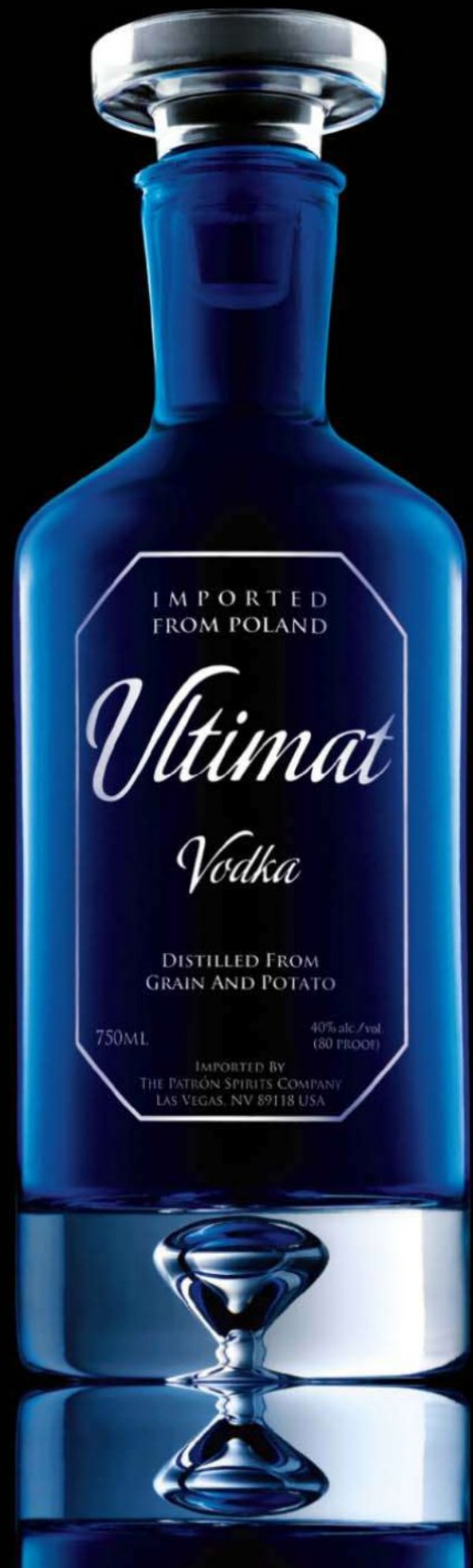


Semi-retired mining engineer **MARTIN PARNELL**, 54, keeps himself plenty busy: Sunday through Thursday, he runs a marathon a day. Three months and 49 marathons in, he's on his way to a record-breaking total of 250 in a year, despite injury and hydration-pack-freezing temps on his regular route in Alberta's Cochrane Foothills.

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Trout fishing off the Specimen Ridge Trail

Secret Yellowstone

DESPITE RECORD NUMBERS IN AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS PARK, SOLITUDE IS STILL AN OPTION.

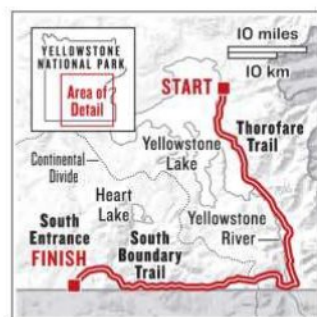
by ROBERT EARLE HOWELLS

MORE THAN 3 MILLION VISITORS descended upon Yellowstone last year, but before the head count scares you off, remember: The world's first national park is massive, spanning 2.2 million acres, with 2 million of them wilderness. Venture more than a couple of miles from any road and chances are you won't be bothered by people. (Two rare exceptions: the Lone Star Geyser and Mount Washburn.) Given such bounty, though, it can be hard to choose

one lightly traveled trail over another — so we've done the legwork. The rest is straightforward. Get free overnight backcountry permits or make reservations for \$20 at ranger stations and visitor centers (nps.gov/yel). If you prefer guides, book Yellowstone Wilderness Outfitters's six-day, 80-mile horsepacking trip through the Thorofare (see below; \$2,400 per person; yellowstone.ws), or a day or more almost anywhere in the park with the Yellowstone Association (from \$495; yellowstoneassociation.org).

THE SIX-DAY Thorofare

THIS GRASSY VALLEY IN THE southeastern corner of Yellowstone is so remote that it takes an 18-mile warm-up just to behold its portal. (It's about as far from a road as you can get in the contiguous U.S.) The long southward approach skirts the eastern shore of Yellowstone Lake, after which the trail veers east toward the two-mile-wide valley, framed by the Absaroka



Range and Two Ocean Plateau. The few who venture this far usually mount up, but hearty

foot soldiers can make the journey too; the Yellowstone Lake section is blessedly gentle, and the 80-mile distance can be trimmed to 68 miles. After the trail leaves the valley, it picks up the South Boundary Trail, proceeding across the Continental Divide and into the Snake River Canyon and a series of thermal pools before ending at the park's south entrance. Keep an eye out: This area teems with moose, elk, bison, and red fox.



DAY HIKE

Specimen Ridge Trail

THE TRAIL UP SPECIMEN Ridge rises 1,600 feet in 3.5 miles without relief — so you've got to be committed. Once you pass through grassy sage meadows and clear a Douglas fir forest, you emerge into vast open country, a secluded grandstand overlooking Yellowstone's northeast quadrant. To the north is Lamar Valley — wolf country — and to the south, Mount Washburn (10,243 feet) rises over central Yellowstone. But the foreground is spectacular too: Fossilized stumps of oaks, redwoods, birches, maples, and conifers make up one of the world's largest petrified forests. Beyond that the trail continues and the views magnify. The summit of Amethyst Mountain is mile 11 of the hike (9,614 feet), and if you can hitch a ride back, you can proceed a few more miles to the Lamar River Trailhead. Or just turn around anywhere, anytime: The view is just as good going down.



GET CLOSER

To zoom in on the wildlife, bring some quality binocs. BRUNTON'S EPOCH COMPACT 10X25s are small enough to fit in your pocket, but so powerful you'll be able to see the spit in a grizzly's mouth from 1,000 yards (\$915; available for \$458 at opticsplanet.net).



"IT'S O.K.

DROPPING ME IN THE MUD WASN'T NEARLY AS BAD AS
MUD-WRESTLING THE REFEREE AFTER MAKING THAT BAD CALL.*"



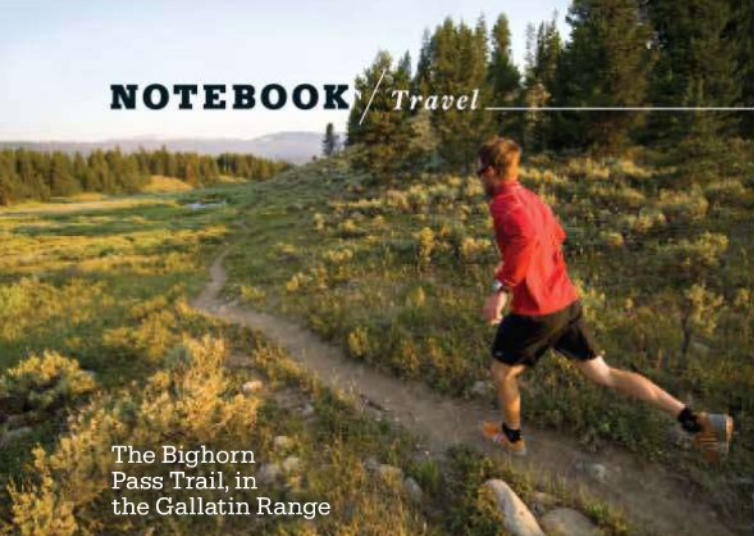
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The Bighorn Pass Trail, in the Gallatin Range

DAY HIKE

Avalanche Peak Trail

PRESS A YELLOWSTONE wilderness ranger to name a favorite day hike (we did) and you might just hear about **Avalanche Peak** (10,566 feet) in the **Absaroka Range**. It's another merciless granny-gear hike that guarantees little or no company for the two-and-a-half-mile, 2,100-foot strut to the top, and much of it is above the tree line, which ensures magnificent views. **Yellowstone Lake** is outlined



below like a satellite photo, and to the southwest stand the shaggy heads of the **Grand Tetons**. From the summit, it's 360 degrees of jaw-dropping mountainscape. Bear and elk are possibilities, subalpine wildflowers a certainty.



THE THREE-DAY The Gallatins

THE HIGH COUNTRY OF northwest Yellowstone, where the Gallatin Range arcs across the Montana state line, is known for its healthy grizzly bear population. For backpackers that means common-sense camping practices and limited off-trail travel. It also indicates the kind of country wilderness lovers covet: high, wild, and very handsome. Forge a loop or multiple loops starting from the **Glen Creek Trailhead** just south of **Mammoth Hot Springs** and proceed up **Glen Creek**, then west on the **Fawn Pass Trail** up and over the **Gallatins**. At **Fan**



HIKE BETTER

Get over the notion that poles are for geezers. They're performance tools that help you climb faster and cross rivers without face planting (they also cushion the impact on your joints). Our pick: **BLACK DIAMOND'S TRAIL COMPACT** poles, which are superstable and collapse to 23 inches (\$90; blackdiamondequipment.com).

Creek the trail heads northeast through broad meadows toward **Sportsman Lake**; continue southeast on **Sportsman Lake Trail** back toward the trailhead. The 40-mile trip can be done in three long days, but try to build in one more to climb **Electric Peak** (10,969 feet), which has what many regard as the park's most glorious view.

Buffalo Bolognese! Great Chefs Invade the National Parks

SOME OF AMERICA'S TOP COOKS HAVE SET UP SHOP IN AND AROUND OUR BIGGEST AND BEST PARKS. FINALLY: CUISINE WORTHY OF THE SCENERY. *by SARAH ROSE*

PARK(S)	RESTAURANT	FOODIE CRED	WHAT TO ORDER	
BRYCE CANYON, ZION, AND CANYONLANDS NATIONAL PARKS, UTAH	Boulder, Utah's Hell's Backbone Grill , within driving distance of each park, has a Buddhist vibe: Most of its produce comes from a six-acre no-harm farm where even parasites can't be killed.	Chefs Blake Spalding and Jen Castle honed their skills on rafting expeditions. Now based on land, the two have pioneered the slow-food movement in and around Utah.	Try the uberfresh spicy cowgal chipotle meatloaf with lemony mashed potatoes. The grass-fed beef comes from just down the road. And don't leave without ordering the chocolate-chile cream pot (hellsbackbonegrill.com).	
BADLANDS NATIONAL PARK AND BLACK HILLS NATIONAL FOREST, SOUTH DAKOTA	The Corn Exchange in Rapid City, just outside the Black Hills: No-nonsense meat-and-potatoes cooking meets organic haute bistro cuisine under tin ceilings — with a stellar wine list.	Trained at the French Culinary Institute, chef M.J. Adams walked away from the New York restaurant scene and took her fancy culinary pedigree west.	For the buffalo bolognese, regional buffalo is ground and simmered with porcini and organic tomato sauce. This is what the Godfather would eat if he were from South Dakota (cornexchange.com).	
YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CALIFORNIA	Ahwahnee Dining Room offers a huge menu, though it's the 34-foot beamed ceiling with sugar-pine trestles and the candelabra chandeliers you'll tell your friends about first.	The menu from chef Percy Whatley , a finalist in the Bocuse d'Or U.S.A. (the culinary equivalent of the Olympics), highlights local farmers.	The grilled bone-in rib eye from Brandt Beef is tender and juicy, or try the watermelon, avocado, and cucumber salad — some of the produce is pulled from within the valley (yosemitepark.com).	

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MIKE TITTEL; COURTESY BLACK DIAMOND; COURTESY ENO SCHAMM; UTAH OFFICE OF TOURISM; COURTESY CORN EXCHANGE; COURTESY ONE PARKS & RESORTS; N.Y. JOURNAL OF TRAVEL; MAPS BY ALAN KROHN



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WHEN MY TEAMMATES
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Canada for Adrenaline Junkies

by SARAH ROSE

When you head north — and not just across the border, but well beyond the 49th parallel — the terrain becomes otherworldly: ancient glaciers, epic rock faces, iceberg-strewn seas filled with

Arctic creatures. And because the deep north is buried under snowfall and ice most of the year, the summer months are your only shot at this unspoiled wilderness. Here's how to seize it.

1. Dive with Whales

LANCASTER SOUND

IN SUMMER THE ARCTIC sea is dotted with sun-sculpted icebergs and populated with monsters: beluga whales and narwhals, walrus, seals, Greenland sharks, and polar bears. The best way to

see the beasts is to don a dry-suit and dive right in: Whales, congregating at the floe edge, will swim beside you, eye to gigantic eye. When they're not around, there's still plenty to see: The never-ending sunlight colors the pillowy overhead ice a shocking shade of blue, and the water is alive with small, weird critters such

as nudibranchs and electric jellyfish. Don't miss kayaking among the icebergs at 2 AM: The sun casts long shadows, and the glowing ice makes for a surreal experience.

GETTING THERE: Commercial flights from three Canadian cities will take you to Iqaluit on Baffin Island, Nunavut. From there, fly to one of the small Inuit hamlets, such as Arctic Bay or Pond Inlet, where dive trips depart on snowmobiles (*from \$8,000 for 10 days; arctickingdom.com*).

the continent: remote, pristine, and stocked with thousands of leviathans. Located in the foothills of the Torngat Mountains, the river has only 20 miles of fishable territory, and the Flowers River Lodge has sole access. Keep an eye out while you're casting — the shoreline is crowded with moose, caribou, and black bear, and at night timber wolves serenade you to sleep. Few rivers have better catch rates of giant fish — hooking a 30-pound salmon isn't uncommon — though lodge policy is strictly catch and release, not keep and mount.

GETTING THERE: Flights to Goose Bay, Labrador, leave daily from St. John's or Halifax. From Goose Bay the owner of the Flowers River Lodge will fly you to the river (he's a commercial pilot). Return flights are included (*\$6,000 per week; flowersriver.com*).

2. Hook a 30-Pound Salmon

FLOWERS RIVER

FROM MID-JULY TO SEPTEMBER, when the Atlantic salmon and Arctic char run, the Flowers River in northern Labrador is the greatest fly-fishing spot in the country, perhaps

In Lancaster Sound, let sleeping giants lie.



COURTESY ARCTIC KINGDOM MARINE EXPEDITIONS

3. Scale an Epic Wall

CIRQUE OF THE UNCLIMBABLES

THE LOTUS FLOWER TOWER — a climber's platonic ideal of the perfect buttress — is the centerpiece of this monstrous big-wall climbing mecca. The 2,200-foot face is scarred by two parallel cracks that run unbroken for 1,000 feet to the pinnacle. And while the Lotus takes the prize for sheer visual drama, the rest of the Cirque is loaded with intimidating spires, such as the 8,563-foot Mount Proboscis, a rock so brutal its simplest face has a climbing rating of 5.10. The weather in the Cirque is noto-

riously unstable, though there's plenty of sport climbing in the valley floor while you wait for a window.

GETTING THERE: Fly into Whitehorse in the Yukon, then take a floatplane to the Glacier Lake trailhead. Gravity Adventures runs a July trip to the Lotus Flower Tower (*from \$3,900 for 13 days; gravityadventures.ca*).

4. Hike a Prehistoric Ice Field

AKSHAYUK PASS

LINKING BAFFIN ISLAND'S east and west coasts, the harsh and stunning 70-mile Akshayuk Pass gets fewer than 500

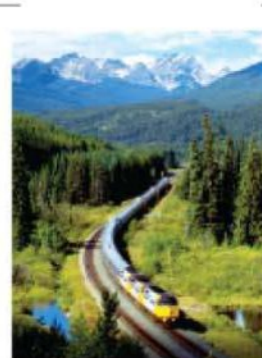
visitors a year — you'll see more arctic hare, lemmings, and gyrfalcons than hikers as you cross the 40,000-year-old Penny Ice Cap. Even in summer the pass is a cruel mix of scree, ice hummocks, fast meltwater rivers, and mud. The payoff, aside from the barren beauty of a glacier-scoured valley: taking in Mount Thor, a horn-shape wall with a 105-degree overhang and the world's longest vertical drop (4,100 feet).

GETTING THERE: From Ottawa or Montreal, fly to Iqaluit, Nunavut, then take a puddle-jumper to Pangnirtung, a town about 15 miles south of the park. From there, boat across an iceberg-filled fjord to the trailhead. Black Feather offers 10- to 14-day backpacking trips (*from \$3,100; blackfeather.com*).

5. Raft Amid Glaciers

UPPER ALSEK RIVER

WHEN PROFESSIONAL river guides take a rafting holiday, they head to the Yukon for the Alsek. Class III-plus rapids thrash past lakes flush with calving icebergs 10 stories high, glaciers 1,000 feet thick, and unsullied wilderness. Crossing by four national parks before emptying into the Gulf of Alaska, the



Basic Training

Canada's rail system is massive — it stretches from Halifax to Vancouver and even splinters up to Hudson Bay — and all of it is accessible with the Canrail, a 12-day pass that lets you ride anywhere for 12 calendar days over a 30-day period (\$940). Perks like sleeping cars will run you from \$234 extra per night (*vianrail.ca*).



Walking a fine line in the Unclimbables

ivers beat through the planet's largest biopreserve, which teems with moose, grizzlies, dall sheep, wolves, and eagles. The Tweedsmuir Glacier, surging more than a half-mile per year, is poised to dam the Alsek entirely, so go while you can.

GETTING THERE: There are daily flights to Whitehorse from Vancouver. Once there, Canadian River Expeditions takes care of the rest (\$5,475 for 10 days; *nahanni.com*).

PERFECT WEEKEND

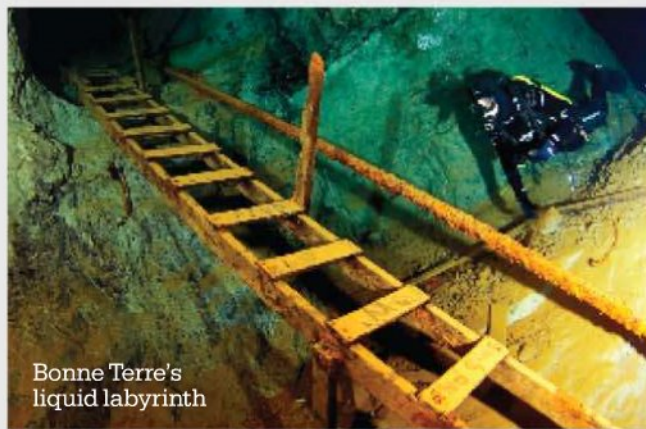
Scuba Diving Middle America

IN AN ABANDONED MINE, AN UNDERWATER GHOST TOWN

Six hundred miles from the nearest ocean, eastern Missouri isn't an obvious choice for scuba diving. But the rural hamlet of Bonne Terre offers world-class diving just the same — in a former lead mine 60 miles due south of St. Louis. From the 1860s until 1961, the **BONNE TERRE MINE** became the largest lead mine in the world, yielding millions of tons of lead ore. After it shuttered, a billion gallons of groundwater flooded the 80-square-mile labyrinth, creating the world's largest man-made underground lake and turning the former mine into the ultimate underwater playground — a cross between cavern and wreck diving,

with eerie tunnels crusty with antiquated equipment hidden in the shadows.

More than 50 charted trails are in the mine, threading narrow tunnels littered with old magazines, rock drills, and half-filled ore carts that still sit where the miners dropped them 50 years ago, like the last vestiges of a working man's Atlantis. The most popular paths are overhung with stadium lighting, which illuminates the water's 150 feet of visibility. Wetsuits are highly recommended — the water stays a brisk 60 degrees year-round. To avoid getting lost in this industrial-size ant farm, certified divers must go in the water

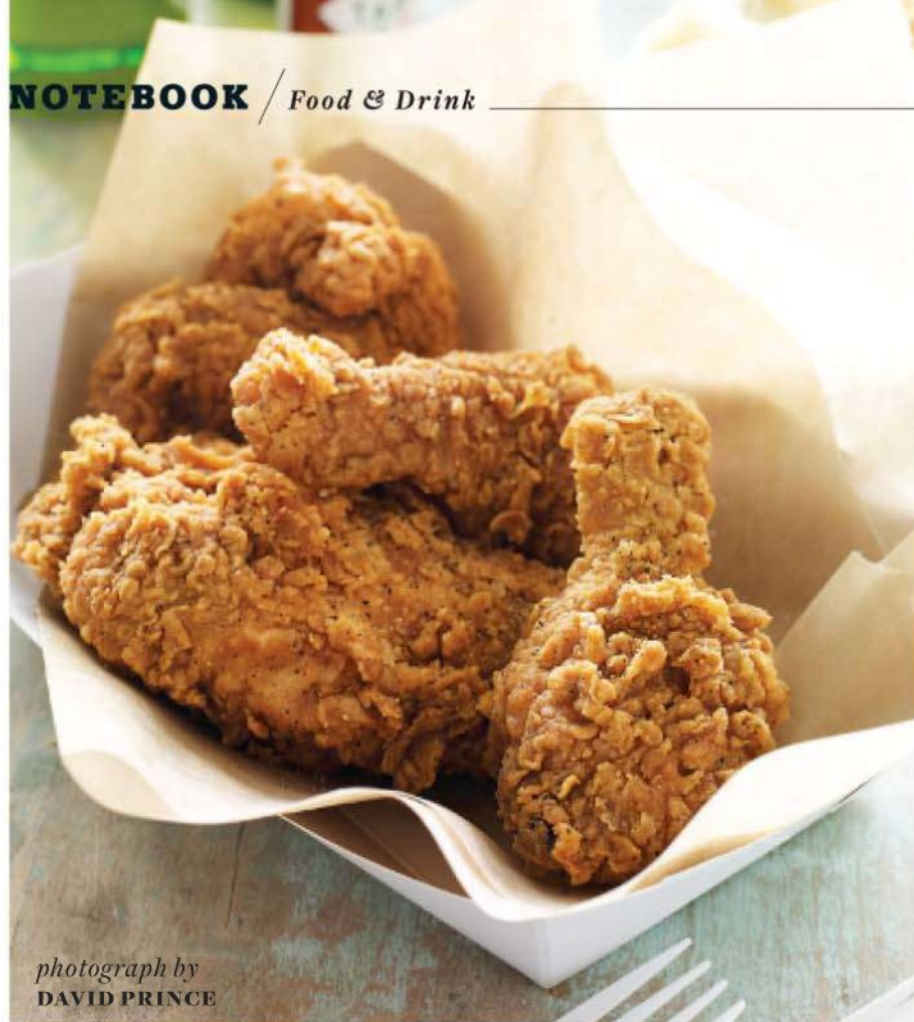


Bonne Terre's liquid labyrinth

with guides from the on-site dive center, which is open on weekends and provides gear and scuba classes, as well as accommoda-

tions in a historic railroad depot restored as a bed-and-breakfast (*packages from \$210; 2dive.com*).

—TRAVIS MARSHALL



photograph by
DAVID PRINCE

Deep-Fried Heaven

EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE SUMMERTIME FOOD — CHICKEN — AS MADE
BY THE BEST CHEF IN THE SOUTH

IT'S GOT TO BE NATURAL SELECTION, some evolutionary quirk. There's no other way to explain the hardwired human craving for a crunchy, well-salted exterior on a hot piece of animal protein. Nothing embodies this like good old fried chicken, and yet almost nobody makes the stuff at home anymore.

Too many of us still suffer under the mid-century misconception that any kind of fat is bad for you, when the important question is really what *kind* of fat you're eating. Fried chicken can easily be made in plant fats such as peanut or canola oil, both of which are reasonably healthy and relatively low in saturated fats. Just buy expeller-pressed oils, which haven't been extracted with chemicals (most supermarkets carry these; look for something from Hain), and make sure not to overheat or reuse them too many times. Overheating oil causes it to break down and burn more easily, which produces trans fats, among other unhealthy by-products.

There's also a widespread fear that you can't properly deep-fry without a dedicated appliance, like a Waring Pro Deep Fryer. All

you really need to make spectacular fried chicken right in your own kitchen is a big, deep pot (cast iron is best), a \$10 deep-fry thermometer, a gallon jug of peanut oil, and a few tips from James Beard award winner John Currence, the chef-owner of City Grocery in Oxford, Mississippi, and one of the all-time great deep-fry obsessives.

The keys to Currence's approach lie in the pre-fry marinating of the chicken — a 12-hour soak in a mixture of buttermilk and hot sauce — and temperature control. Beyond that, it's just a matter of following instructions, and buying twice the poultry you think you need: It's that good. —DANIEL DUANE



The Perfect Complement Because fats are best balanced by acids, fried chicken practically begs for a good pickle. The People's Pickle — a crunchy, garlic-infused mouthful of sweet and sour made by Rick's Picks — is our go-to slice (\$8; rickspicksnyc.com).



RECIPE

JOHN CURRENCE'S Buttermilk & Hot Sauce Fried Chicken

INGREDIENTS

2 tsp each of salt, black pepper, garlic powder, onion powder • 1 tsp paprika • 1/2 tsp cayenne pepper • 8 medium-size chicken thighs, rinsed and patted dry • 4 cups buttermilk • 1 cup Crystal hot sauce • 8 cups peanut oil • 4 cups all-purpose flour • 1 tbsp each of salt, black pepper, dry dill

STEP ONE

Combine spices and sprinkle liberally over chicken thighs. Place chicken in the fridge for 1 hour. Then whisk buttermilk and hot sauce together in another bowl. Pour mix over chicken and refrigerate overnight (or at least 3 hours).

STEP TWO

Fill your big pot with peanut oil (remember, the oil expands slightly as it heats, and the chicken will displace a lot of the oil when it begins to fry). Heat oil to 375°. Combine the flour with the salt/pepper/dill mix and set aside. Remove chicken from fridge and drain four of the 8 pieces on a cooling rack. Dredge the thighs in the flour, then knock off as much of it as possible. Gently place the thighs in the oil. The chicken will cause the temperature to drop, so adjust the burner to keep it close to 350°. Turn the chicken every 2 minutes and brown evenly. After 8 minutes the meat should have begun to shrink from the bone. Remove 1 piece, place on a paper towel-covered plate, and stick it with a fork to the bone; the juices should run clear. If they don't, cook for 2 or 3 more minutes. Remove and drain on paper towels. Repeat.

**NOT
AVAILABLE
IN RED
PLASTIC
CUP**



**SEE
THE
LIGHT.**



Enjoy Heineken Light Responsibly. ©2010 Heineken USA Inc., White Plains, NY

Cool Drinks for Hot Days

THREE REFRESHING WAYS TO SURVIVE THE SUMMER

Prosecco

THE PARTY STARTER

Prosecco has gone from regional obscurity to widespread fame overnight, largely because this pale-white Italian sparkler offers such a terrific combination of quality and price (our go-to, Zonin, runs about \$12). But there's another reason to love it besides its affordability: It takes so naturally to cocktails. Pair it with peach juice for a bellini — or with pomegranate or melon juice. If you're in a refined mood, try it with a dash of sparkling water, a shot of St-Germain elderflower liqueur, and a twist of lemon.

—DANIEL DUANE



Rare Brews

NEW STANDBYS

Two of our favorite craft beers are made only once a year.

FIRESTONE WALKER SOLACE

Hybrids of odd styles are popping up across the country, but this California beer is a brew marriage that actually works.

The cross of wheat-enhanced Belgian saison and German hefeweizen intensifies flavor and spice in a lighter beer (firestonewalker.com).

DOGFISH HEAD FESTINA PECHE

Sour beers are all the rage in craft brewing, but too many taste like pickle juice. Not so with brewer Sam Calagione's summer-only offering, which is based on an acidic German style and made with peaches. It pops with the tart zing of good lemonade, with an added kick (dogfish.com).

—CHRISTIAN DEBENEDETTI

There's always been an underground of California winemakers experimenting with oddball grapes, determined to make the finest wine their vineyards can produce with little or no consideration for commercial success. That trend has

Forgotten Whites

DINNER (OR LUNCH) COMPANIONS

brought us California reds like grenache and cabernet franc, and now it's turning up some winning alternative whites. So

the next time you're reaching for something cold to wash down the oysters, try one of these unusual varietals, which are bound to become household names soon. Their current obscurity, though, means more value for the dollar. —D.D.

VIIGNIER

Full-bodied, soft, and plush in the mouth, viognier (pronounced vee-OH-nyay) occasionally gets described as the red-wine lover's white. With lots of honeysuckle and spice notes, it has the versatility to work as a stand-alone cocktail or a dinner-table staple.



2007 ARGER-MARTUCCI VINEYARDS VIIGNIER

The nose is all sweet, soothing honeysuckle; the palate runs clean with stone fruit and a soft finish (\$22; arger-martucci.com).

CHENIN BLANC

As the filler grape for oceans of bad bulk wine, chenin blanc has a shady reputation. But vintners are finally treating it to the kind of artisanal techniques that bring out its distinctive honey-apricot notes — perfect for pairing with slightly sweet barbecue sauce or coleslaw.



2008 DRY CREEK VINEYARD DRY CHENIN BLANC

The smell of wet straw and the taste of light tropical fruit are fused into a strong, balanced whole (\$12; drycreekvineyard.com).

DOMESTIC RIESLING

Oenophiles consider riesling a miracle grape with exquisite aromatics, but good U.S. versions used to be rare. No longer: Serious California rieslings are starting to abound. It's got a racy-clean acidity excellent for washing down foods with a touch of heat.



2008 DASHE CELLARS DRY RIESLING

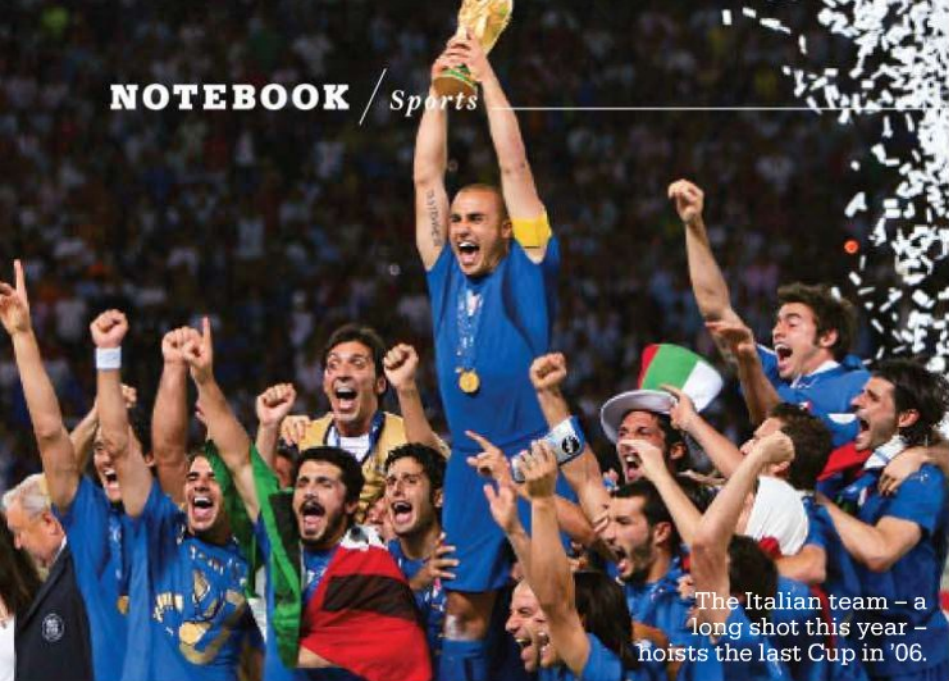
Smells like summer rain perfumed with orange blossom and spice; tastes of apricot (\$20; dashecellars.com).



LIFE IS NOT IN RECESSION

SNUS

**WARNING: This product can cause
gum disease and tooth loss.**



The Italian team — a long shot this year — hoists the last Cup in '06.

World Cup Cheat Sheet

JUST GETTING UP TO SPEED — OR PUTTING SOME SERIOUS MONEY DOWN? HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW.

by JOHN MCLAUGHLIN

What to Watch For

STANDOUT DUELS

We're used to focusing on one star player, but some specific duels will determine the outcome here: Holland's on-fire **WESLEY SNEIJDER** against Cameroon's **ALEXANDRE SONG**, Ivory Coast's **DIDIER DROGBA** versus Brazilian keeper **JULIO CESAR**, and France's elusive **FRANCK RIBERY** against Mexico's **CARLOS SALCIDO**.

SCAM ARTISTS

Soccer players are sophisticated cons when it comes to penalty-seeking, time-killing theatrical dives. Watch for players who trail a leg as a tackler slides in. And unless they've been shot (or play for Holland and are named **ARJEN ROBBEN**), nobody throws their arms up and their head back as they fall.

BLIND REFS

Players will sniff out a bad ref early, and it can lead to mayhem. Swedish ref **MARTIN HANSSON**, who somehow missed the double handball by France's **THIERRY HENRY** that knocked Ireland out of contention late in Cup qualifying rounds, has been slated to call the Cup. Woe be to the teams that draw him.

THE FAVORITES — AND A WILD CARD

BRAZIL

More than any mere collection of great players, it's good managers that win the World Cup. Brazil (at 5-1 odds) is helmed by Dunga, a classic drill sergeant who dispensed with the playboys that doomed his country's last Cup run and has given the team a spine — and a defense — to complement their flair.

SPAIN

Vicente del Bosque, the coach of Spain (priced at 4-1), is so low-key that he was fired by top Spanish club Real Madrid for lacking celebrity sparkle despite his huge success. He's assembled world-class players in every position, and his team's intricate passing game is a joy to behold.

ARGENTINA

The real wild card is Argentina (priced, a little optimistically, at 8-1), which is managed, for reasons only his mother can understand, by Diego Maradona. Only outrageous luck got them through qualifying; in South Africa, though, Argentina could go all the way. They could also be on the first plane home.

Must-See Matchups

THREE EARLY INTERNATIONAL GAMES — PLUS A DREAM PAIRING

JUNE 12



ENGLAND



USA

The U.S. has never been more threatening. Fresh from beating Spain, and having already scared the bejesus out of Brazil in last year's Confederations Cup, the team's core of Europe-based players, led by Clint Dempsey and Landon Donovan (who performed so well in a brief spell at England's Everton that they didn't want to give him back), could upset. David Beckham's torn Achilles will keep him out, but England is on the rise and, if Wayne Rooney can stay fit, could go far.

JUNE 12



ARGENTINA



NIGERIA

The tournament's two most dysfunctional — and dynamic — teams: Nigeria's ragtag collection of fading stars, now under new coach Lars Lagerback, against Argentina's assortment of jittery but talented strangers. Both teams are ready for the psychiatrist's couch: not a game for the faint of heart.

JUNE 20



BRAZIL



IVORY COAST

A potentially titanic clash: On paper, Ivory Coast is Africa's best team, but they have yet to show it on the field. And while Brazil may be a wonderful combination of skill and steel, they're also in the toughest qualifying bracket, the so-called Group of Death, with Cristiano Ronaldo's Portugal. They can't afford to lose this.

JUNE 29



SPAIN



BRAZIL

Spain should cruise through a weak qualifying-round bracket, but all that will change suddenly if Brazil blunders and qualifies only in second place in their preliminary-round group. In that case, the dream final will occur in the first knockout round: Casillas, Sergio Ramos, Xavi, Iniesta, and Torres of Spain facing off against Brazil's Lucio, Gilberto Silva, Felipe Melo, Kaka, and Luis Fabiano. A nightmare for them, magic for us.



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European Tour Golfer of the Year 2008
PGA TOUR Player of the Year 2008

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Padraig Harrington

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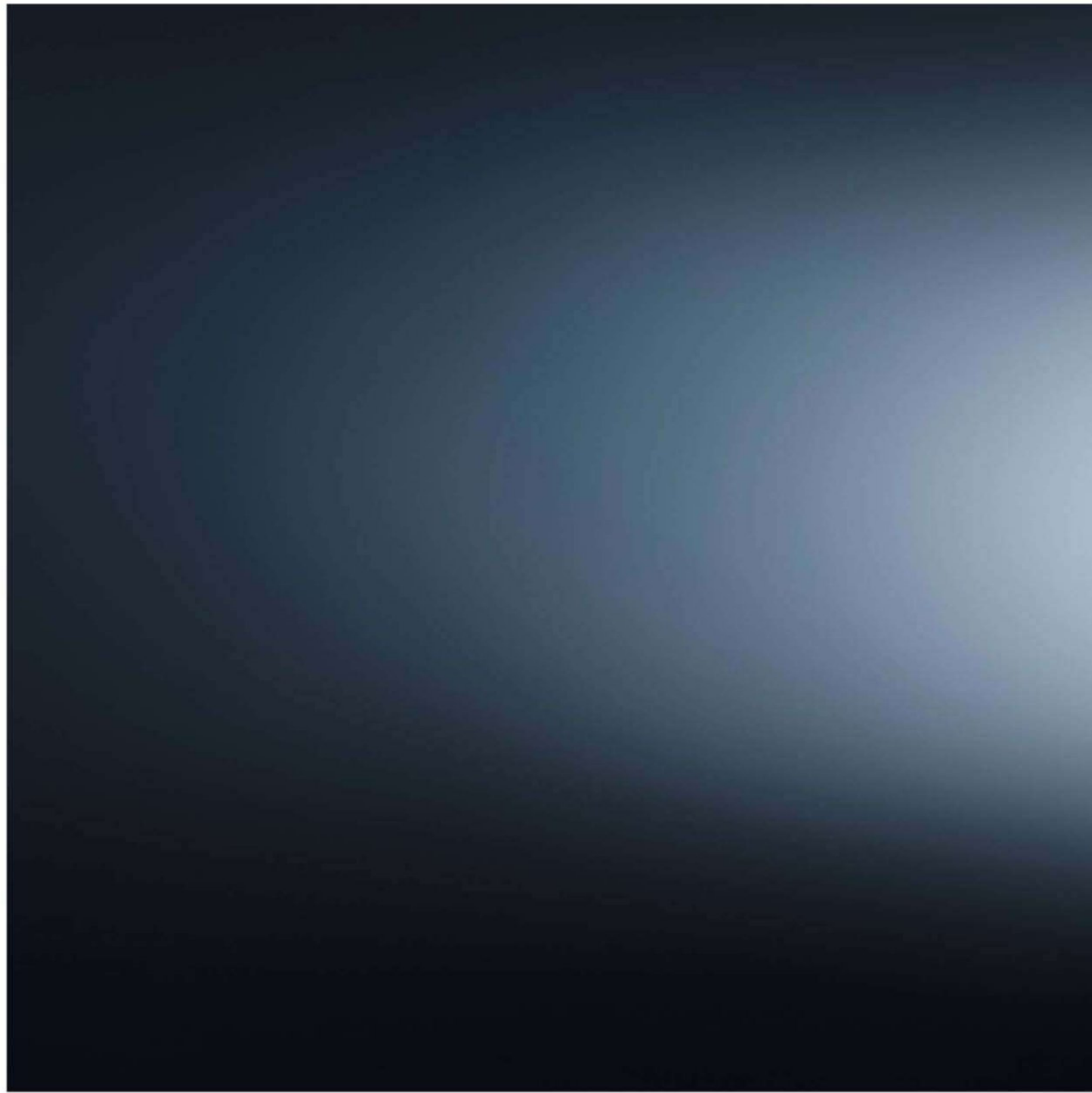
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Fueled by light,
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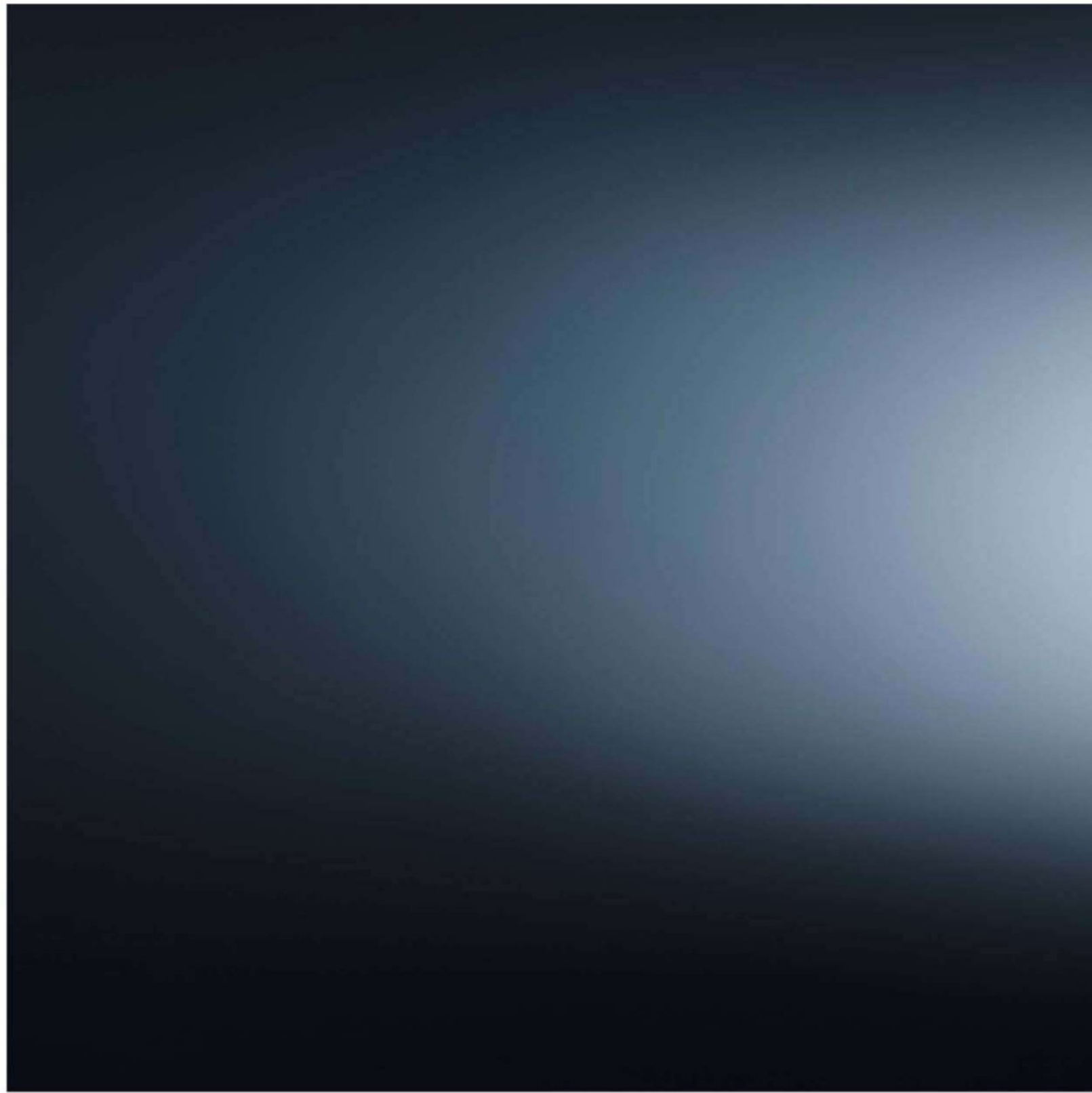


**Getting the little things right
is a big thing.**



You probably just thought you were looking at the VW badge on the back of the car. After all, that's all you'll ever see. But we saw an opportunity to hide the optional rearview camera out of sight, except for when you're using it. Which was the whole point of showing it to

you in the first place. Let's be honest, we know that sometimes the things you take for granted are actually the features you use the most. Like the 12-way power front seats that adjust to fit you. Or the available panoramic tilt sunroof that makes the great outdoors the



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The 2010 Volkswagen CC.



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ultimate addition to your ride. Or the optional Bi-Xenon™ headlights that turn 15 degrees around corners, effectively seeing into the future. You get the picture. And with the CC, it's a very pretty picture. So pretty that you might overlook a few of the details. But don't worry, we didn't.



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Game-Changing Players

TWELVE STARS WHO WILL DECIDE THE TOURNAMENT



THE GOALKEEPERS

Although this is his first Cup, France's **HUGO LLORIS**, 23, is a future standard-bearer, having run up long scoreless streaks behind a sometimes shaky Lyon defense.



Italy's **GIANLUIGI BUFFON**, the world's most complete goalkeeper, absolutely dominates his area. Unfortunately for his aging team, though, he's their only great asset.



THE PLAYMAKERS

Midfielder **WESLEY SNEIJDER** of Holland has the vision to spot a teammate making a run, can beat a man or two himself, and has a knockout-punch shot.



Spain's brilliant little conductor, midfielder **XAVI**, can avoid the tackle, sniff out space, and deliver surgical-strike passes. He's the brutally efficient linchpin of his team.



THE PLAYBREAKERS

Watching a great stopper shut down his man is a thing of beauty, and Brazilian defender **LUCIO** is at his peak: big enough not to be bullied and so fast he's rarely outpaced.



Ghana's **MICHAEL ESSIEN** is a rocklike defensive midfielder, with the awareness to shut down the opposition and the stamina to get forward and score.



THE EXECUTIONERS

Spain's bottle-blond striker **FERNANDO TORRES** is big, quick, good both on the ground and in the air, and a far more ruthless finisher than his looks suggest.

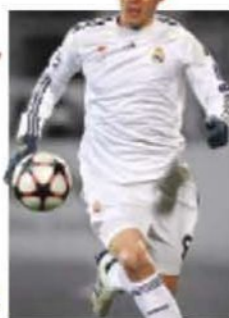


No single player is as eagerly awaited in South Africa as England's **WAYNE ROONEY**, a snorting bull of a power forward who's been terrorizing defenses all season.



THE MAGICIANS

Of the bumper crop of attackers in South Africa, Argentina's **LIONEL MESSI** is indisputably the best, with a hundred ways to get past his man and lethal once he does.



KAKA, Brazil's attacking midfielder, can embarrass even skilled defenses. Deceptively fast and elusive, he makes creating and scoring goals look elegant, almost easy.



Portugal's star, winger **CRISTIANO RONALDO**, equals Messi's marquee draw and may be a better dribbler and header. He's also all but unstoppable on a good day.



The job of a fullback used to be to stop his winger — period — but they're now expected to run, dribble, and shoot. Brazil's **DANI ALVES** plays offense and defense seamlessly.

ROGUES' GALLERY

There are some players whom nobody wants to run into when the referee is looking in the other direction. (And if the ref's paying attention to any of these guys? He's likely already reaching for his red card.)



Dutch enforcer **MARK VAN BOMMEL** may be a midfield powerhouse, but he's also a throwback to the enforcers of old: Forearm smashes and body checks are in his bag, along with a penchant for ball-grabbing.



DIDIER DROGBA of Ivory Coast may be the most powerful striker on the planet, but he has a sometimes comical tendency to plunge dramatically down to Earth at the slightest contact. He's a serial (and oddly successful) cheat.



Argentina's **JAVIER MASCHERANO**, one of the world's best defensive midfielders, nonetheless seems to spend most of every game whining to the referee. It would be hard to find a player more likely to blow his top and get himself sent off.

TOP: FROM LEFT: CHARLES PLATIAU/REUTERS; BENJAMIN ARMANQUE/AP PHOTO; SCOTT HEPPELL/AP PHOTO; PAUL WHITE/AP PHOTO. MIDDLE: FROM LEFT: ANTONIO GALANNI/AP PHOTO; TIM HALEY/AP PHOTO; JON SUPER/AP PHOTO. BOTTOM: FROM LEFT: MANU FERNANDEZ/AP PHOTO; LIONEL CIRONNEAU/AP PHOTO; CLAUDE PARIIS/AP PHOTO; MANU FERNANDEZ/AP PHOTO; SIDIBEAL; FROM TOP: THOMAS KENZLE/AP PHOTO; TOM HEVZ/AP PHOTO; SCOTT HEPPELL/AP PHOTO; SOCCER BALL: ISTOCKPHOTO.COM



**"I was reluctant to talk to my doctor
about my unresolved depression symptoms.
I'm glad I finally did."**

Actor portrayal.

Many people being treated for depression still have depression symptoms.

**If you've been taking an antidepressant for at least
6 weeks and still have some depression symptoms,
one option your doctor may consider is adding ABILIFY.**

**ABILIFY is a prescription medicine used to treat depression
in adults as add-on treatment to an antidepressant when an
antidepressant alone is not enough.**



**Some people have had symptom improvement as early
as 1 to 2 weeks after adding ABILIFY.[†]**

Important Risk Information about ABILIFY

- Antidepressants can increase suicidal thoughts and behaviors in children, teens, and young adults. Serious mental illnesses are themselves associated with an increase in the risk of suicide. When taking ABILIFY, call your doctor right away if you have new or worsening depression symptoms, unusual changes in behavior, or thoughts of suicide. Patients and their caregivers should be especially observant within the first few months of treatment or after a change in dose. Approved only for adults 18 and over with depression
- Elderly dementia patients taking ABILIFY have an increased risk of death or stroke. ABILIFY is not approved for these patients

* Lexapro® (escitalopram oxalate), Zoloft® (sertraline HCl), Prozac® (fluoxetine hydrochloride), Effexor XR® (venlafaxine HCl), and Paxil CR® (paroxetine HCl) are trademarks of their respective companies.

[†] Based on 6-week clinical studies comparing ABILIFY + antidepressant versus antidepressant alone.

- Call your doctor if you have high fever, stiff muscles, confusion, and increased heart rate or blood pressure—these may be signs of a rare but life-threatening condition called **neuroleptic malignant syndrome**
- Call your doctor if you develop abnormal or uncontrollable facial movements, as these could be signs of **tardive dyskinesia**, which may become permanent
- If you have **diabetes**, or have risk factors or symptoms of diabetes, your blood sugar should be monitored regularly. High blood sugar has been reported with ABILIFY and medicines like it. In some cases, extreme high blood sugar can lead to coma or death
- **Other risks** may include dizziness upon standing, decreases in white blood cells, which can be serious, seizures, impairment in judgment or motor skills, and trouble swallowing. Until you know how ABILIFY affects you, you should not drive or operate machinery

The **common side effects** in adults in clinical trials (≥10%) include nausea, vomiting, constipation, headache, dizziness, an inner sense of restlessness or need to move (akathisia), anxiety, and insomnia. Tell your doctor about all the medicines you're taking, since there are some risks for drug interactions. You should avoid alcohol while taking ABILIFY.

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch, or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

**Please read the additional Important Information
about ABILIFY on the adjacent page.**

Take the next step—ask your doctor about ABILIFY.



www.ABILIFYtreatment.com

If you or someone you know needs help paying for medicine, call 1-888-4PPA-NOW (1-888-477-2669). Or go to www.pparc.org



Bristol-Myers Squibb Otsuka Otsuka America Pharmaceutical, Inc.

570US10AB06401 April 2010 0310A-0262 Printed in USA



IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT ABILIFY

This summary of the Package Insert contains risk and safety information for patients about ABILIFY. This summary does not include all information about ABILIFY and is not meant to take the place of discussions with your healthcare professional about your treatment. Please read this important information carefully before you start taking ABILIFY and discuss any questions about ABILIFY with your healthcare professional.

Name

ABILIFY® (a-BIL-i-fi) (aripiprazole) (air-rī-PIP-ra-zoll)

What is ABILIFY (aripiprazole)?

ABILIFY is a prescription medicine used as an add-on treatment to an antidepressant for adults with Major Depressive Disorder who had an inadequate response to antidepressant therapy.

What is depression?

Depression is a common but serious medical condition. Symptoms may include sadness, loss of interest in activities you once enjoyed, loss of energy, difficulty concentrating or making decisions, feelings of worthlessness or excessive guilt, insomnia or excessive sleep, a change in appetite causing weight loss or gain, or thoughts of death or suicide. These could be depression symptoms if they interfere with daily life at home, at work, or with friends and last most of the day, nearly every day for at least 2 weeks.

What is the most important information that I should know about antidepressant medicines, depression, and other serious mental illnesses?

- Antidepressant medicines may increase suicidal thoughts or actions in some children, teenagers, and young adults
- Depression and serious mental illnesses are the most important causes of suicidal thoughts and actions

For more information, see the Prescribing Information and the Medication Guide called *Antidepressant Medicines, Depression and Other Serious Mental Illnesses, and Suicidal Thoughts or Actions*.

Who should NOT take ABILIFY?

People who are allergic to ABILIFY or to any substance that is in it. Allergic reactions have ranged from rash, hives and itching to difficulty breathing and swelling of the face, lips, or tongue. Please talk with your healthcare professional.

What is the most important information that I should know about ABILIFY?

Elderly patients, diagnosed with psychosis as a result of dementia (for example, an inability to perform daily activities as a result of increased memory loss), and who are treated with antipsychotic medicines including ABILIFY, are at an increased risk of death when compared to patients who are treated with a placebo (sugar pill). ABILIFY is not approved for the treatment of patients with dementia-related psychosis.

Antidepressants may increase suicidal thoughts or behaviors in some children, teenagers, and young adults, especially within the first few months of treatment or when the dose is changed. Depression and other serious mental illnesses are themselves associated with an increase in the risk of suicide. Patients on antidepressants and their families or caregivers should watch for new or worsening depression symptoms, unusual changes in behavior, or thoughts of suicide. Such symptoms should be reported to the patient's healthcare professional right away, especially if they are severe or occur suddenly. ABILIFY is not approved for use in pediatric patients with depression.

Serious side effects can occur with any antipsychotic medicine, including ABILIFY. Tell your healthcare professional right away if you have any conditions or side effects, including the following:

Stroke or ministroke in elderly patients with dementia:

An increased risk of stroke and

ministroke has been reported in clinical studies of elderly patients with dementia (for example, increased memory loss and inability to perform daily activities). ABILIFY (aripiprazole) is not approved for treating patients with dementia.

Neuroleptic malignant syndrome (NMS): Very high fever, rigid muscles, shaking, confusion, sweating, or increased heart rate and blood pressure **may be signs of NMS, a rare but serious side effect that could be fatal.**

Tardive dyskinesia (TD): Abnormal or uncontrollable movements of face, tongue, or other parts of body may be signs of a serious condition known as TD, which may be permanent.

High blood sugar and diabetes: Patients with diabetes and those having risk factors for diabetes (for example, obesity, family history of diabetes), as well as those with symptoms such as unexpected increases in thirst, urination, or hunger should have their blood sugar levels checked before and during treatment. Increases in blood sugar levels (hyperglycemia), in some cases serious and associated with coma or death, have been reported in patients taking ABILIFY, and medicines like it.

Orthostatic hypotension: Lightheadedness or faintness caused by a sudden change in heart rate and blood pressure when rising too quickly from a sitting or lying position (orthostatic hypotension) has been reported with ABILIFY.

Leukopenia, Neutropenia, and Agranulocytosis: Decreases in white blood cells (infection fighting cells) have been reported in some patients taking antipsychotic agents, including ABILIFY. Patients with a history of a significant decrease in white blood cell (WBC) count or who have experienced a low WBC due to drug therapy should have their blood tested and monitored during the first few months of therapy.

Suicidal thoughts: If you have suicidal thoughts, you should tell your healthcare professional right away.

Dysphagia: Medicines like ABILIFY have been associated with swallowing problems (dysphagia). If you had or have swallowing problems, you should tell your healthcare professional.

What should I talk to my healthcare provider about?

Patients and their families or caregivers should watch for new or worsening depression symptoms, unusual changes in behavior and thoughts of suicide, as well as for anxiety, agitation, panic attacks, difficulty sleeping, irritability, hostility, aggressiveness, impulsivity, restlessness, or extreme hyperactivity. Call your healthcare provider right away if you have thoughts of suicide or if any of these symptoms are severe or occur suddenly. Be especially observant within the first few months of antidepressant treatment or whenever there is a change in dose.

Tell your healthcare provider about any medical conditions you may have and all medicines that you are taking or plan to take, including prescription and over-the-counter medicines, vitamins, or herbal products.

Be sure to tell your healthcare provider:

- If you have suicidal thoughts
- If you have or have had a low white blood cell count (WBC)
- If you or anyone in your family have or had seizures
- If you or anyone in your family have or had high blood sugar or diabetes
- If you are pregnant, plan to become pregnant, or are breast-feeding

What should I avoid when taking ABILIFY?

- Avoid overheating and dehydration
- Avoid driving or operating hazardous machinery until you know how ABILIFY affects you
- Avoid drinking alcohol
- Avoid breast-feeding an infant

What are the possible side effects of ABILIFY (aripiprazole)?

Common side effects in adults include: nausea, vomiting, constipation, headache, dizziness, an inner sense of restlessness or need to move (akathisia), anxiety and insomnia. It is important to contact your healthcare professional if you experience prolonged, abnormal muscle spasm or contraction which may be signs of a condition called dystonia.

This is not a complete list of side effects. For full patient information, visit www.abilify.com. Talk to your healthcare professional if you have questions or develop any side effects.

What percentage of people stopped taking ABILIFY due to side effects?

In clinical trials, the percentage of adults who discontinued taking ABILIFY due to side effects was 6% and 2% for patients treated with sugar pill.

Can I safely take ABILIFY while I'm taking other medications?

ABILIFY can be taken with most drugs; however, taking ABILIFY with some medicines may require your healthcare professional to adjust the dosage of ABILIFY.

Some medicines* include:

- ketoconazole (NIZORAL®)
- quinidine (QUINIDEX®)
- fluoxetine (PROZAC®)
- paroxetine (PAXIL®)
- carbamazepine (TEGRETOL®)

It is important to tell your healthcare professional about all the medicines you're taking, just to be sure.

How should I take ABILIFY?

- Take ABILIFY exactly as directed by your healthcare professional
- ABILIFY is usually taken once a day and can be taken with or without food
- If you miss a dose, take it as soon as you remember. However, if it is time for your next dose, skip the missed dose and take only your regularly scheduled dose
- Talk to your healthcare professional before stopping ABILIFY or changing your dose

General advice about ABILIFY:

- ABILIFY should be kept out of the reach of children and pets
- Store ABILIFY Tablets and the Oral Solution at room temperature
- For patients who must limit their sugar intake, be aware that ABILIFY Oral Solution contains sugar
- For patients who cannot metabolize phenylalanine (those with phenylketonuria or PKU), ABILIFY DISCMLT® contains phenylalanine
- If you have additional questions, talk to your healthcare professional

Find out more about ABILIFY:

Additional information can be found at www.abilify.com

* NIZORAL is a registered trademark of Janssen Pharmaceutica; QUINIDEX is a registered trademark of Wyeth Pharmaceuticals; PROZAC is a registered trademark of Eli Lilly and Company; PAXIL is a registered trademark of GlaxoSmithKline; TEGRETOL is a registered trademark of Novartis Pharmaceuticals.

Based on Full Prescribing Information as of 11/09 1239550A7.

Bristol-Myers Squibb Otsuka Otsuka America Pharmaceutical, Inc.

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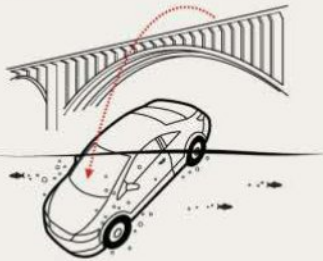
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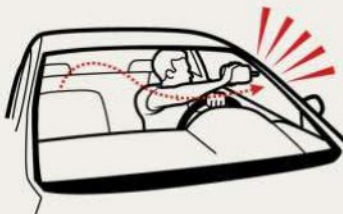
Bear Grylls Goes to Town

Having battled nearly everything in nature on *Man vs. Wild*, Grylls has shot a new series, *Worst Case Scenario* (10 PM Wednesdays on Discovery), on urban problems. One scenario: You've driven your car into some deep water and are sinking fast. Here's how to handle it.



STEP ONE

"You've got about a minute. Ideally, you wait until the water reaches your chest, take one last breath, and then open the door. But all the electrics had gone down and the door was locked shut."



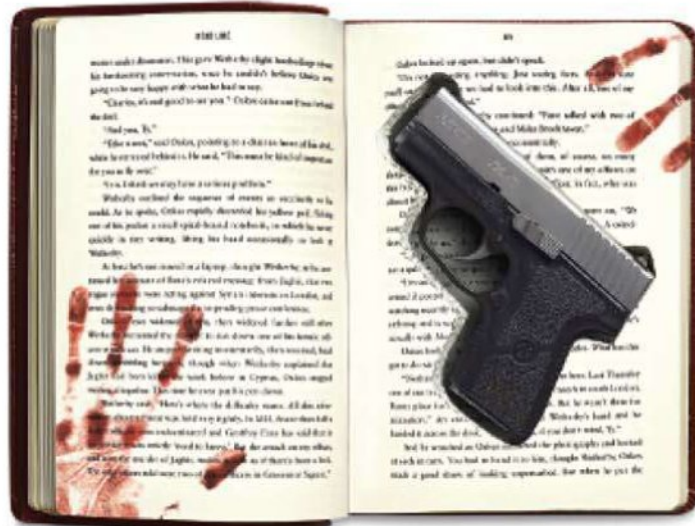
STEP TWO

"Some people carry little hammers in the glovebox to smash through the window, but I didn't have one of those. I tried using the rearview mirror, but that didn't work. So I went for the headrest and used the prongs to break the glass."



STEP THREE

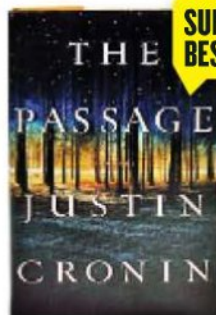
"If you want to break through the window — or roll it down — right away, just make sure you're buckled in so you don't get flung around. Once the pressure's equalized, though, pop your belt and swim out through the door or window."



The New Thrillers

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS: PAGE-TURNERS WITHOUT BOGUS PLOT LINES AND CLICHÉD CHARACTERS

TRUE MASTERS OF SUSPENSE TRANSFORM THE HACK GENRE INTO SOMETHING much more than the runty stepchild of so-called "real literature." The best of them jolt us into thinking about the world in new ways, even if the insights they offer are frightening. Three emerging authors do this by marrying breakneck plots to heady issues: the ethics of science and medicine, the politics of war, old codes of loyalty. Even better, they give readers what so many "serious" novels don't: the desire to turn the page. These new releases have enough punch to keep you up at night. —BRET ANTHONY JOHNSTON



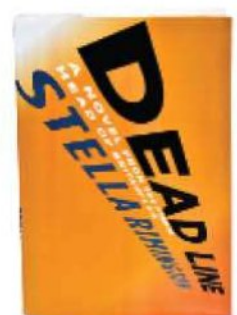
THE PASSAGE
by Justin Cronin

This inventively imagined novel is the first in a trilogy by Cronin, a graduate of both Harvard and the prestigious Iowa Writers' Workshop. Set in the not-too-distant future — in the wake of Katrina, New Orleans is just an oil refinery cordoned off by the Feds — the book chronicles the government's program to turn death-row inmates into weapons. The novel is addictive, terrifying, and deeply satisfying. Not only is this one of the year's best thrillers; it's one of the best of the past decade — maybe one of the best ever.



THE BREACH
by Patrick Lee

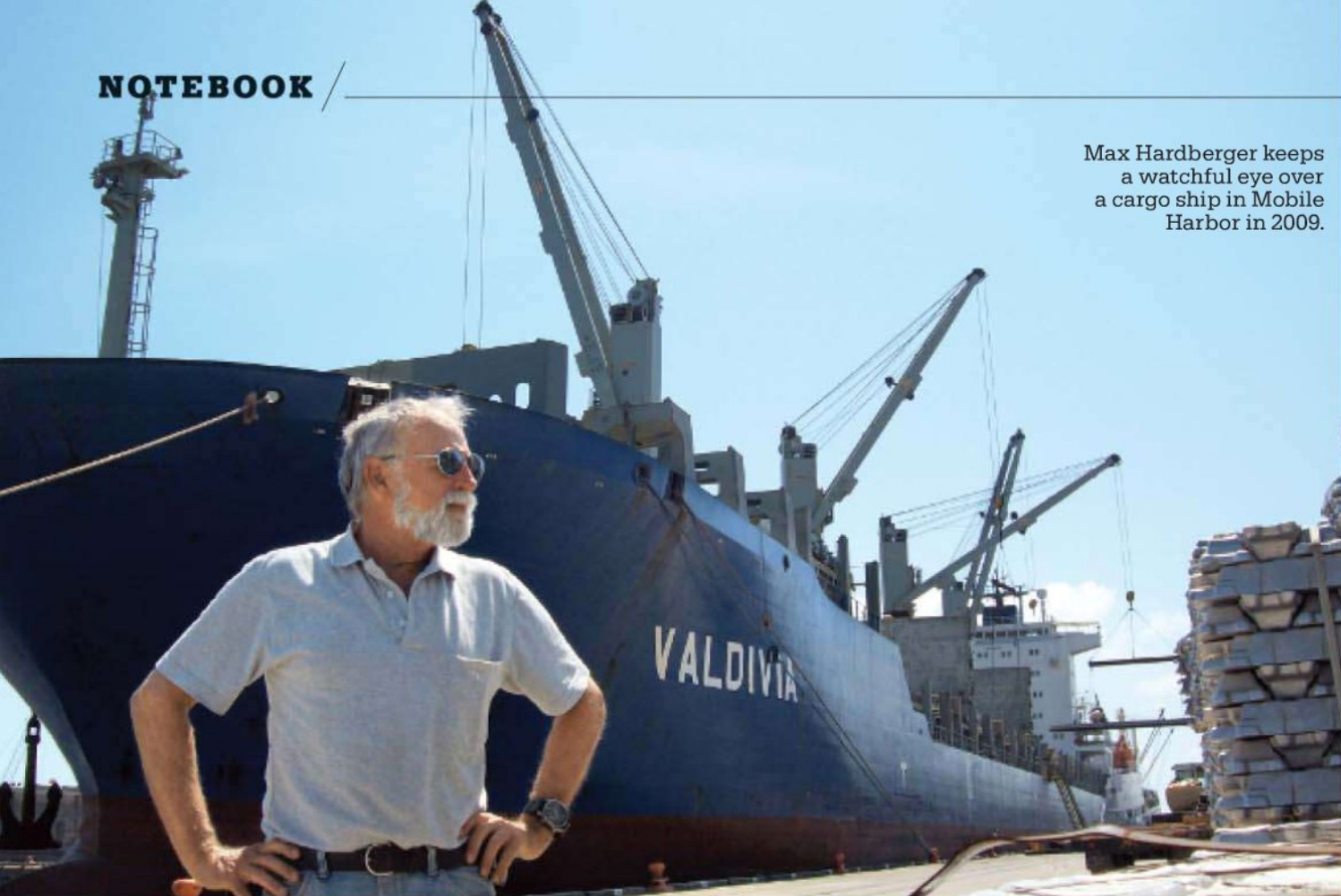
Travis Chase, an ex-con and ex-cop, is hiking in Alaska when he finds a downed passenger jet full of murder victims, including the first lady of the U.S. From there Chase is drawn into an odyssey to locate "The Breach," the product of a classified government experiment that, if it falls into the wrong hands — spoiler alert: thankfully, it has — could have world-ending consequences. Chase uses his regrets and resourcefulness like weapons, and Lee's writing, stark and swift, only gets better as the story gathers speed.



DEAD LINE
by Stella Rimington

Rimington is the former director general of Britain's MI5; *Dead Line*, her fourth novel, follows MI5 officer Liz Carlyle as she tries to stop a terror attack on a Middle East peace conference in Scotland. Syria is implicated in the chatter leading up to the attack, but Carlyle suspects the real threat hits much closer to home. The plot is as psychologically taut as it is suspenseful, with the added bonus of the author's wealth of real-life experience. There's just one difference: "I didn't always say the things I allow Liz Carlyle to say."

Max Hardberger keeps a watchful eye over a cargo ship in Mobile Harbor in 2009.



MY LIFE AS A...

High-Seas Repo Man

NEED TO SNEAK A 10,000-TON SHIP OUT OF A THIRD-WORLD PORT WITHOUT A SECURITY CLEARANCE? WE'VE GOT YOUR MAN.

as told to EMILY MATCHAR

MAX HARDBERGER HAS worked variously as a pilot, a high school teacher, a maritime lawyer, and a marine surveyor. But it's his 20 years recovering and repossessing ships and aircraft — the last eight of them as head of his New Orleans-based company, *Vessel Extractions* — that we were curious about. Here's his story in his words:

THOSE SOMALI PIRATES, they're crude. Sophisticated pirates, the ones I usually deal with, don't go onboard with guns — they just wait until the ship goes into port, bribe a local judge to seize it for a bogus debt, then have it sold to one of their buddies at a fraudulent judicial auction. This happens all the time in Central and South America and the Caribbean. It's a great scam.

I do what I call "extractions" of these seized ships. I'll come into town surreptitiously, get a hotel some dis-

tance from the port, and surveil the ship. Sometimes I go onboard pretending to be a buyer or a port official to determine whether the engines can be started or whether we'll need a tugboat. Then I've got to figure out how to sneak the ship out of port without a clearance — the piece of paper stating that

the ship is leaving legally and with the port's permission. Sometimes it's easy. Sometimes it's pretty dicey.

My fee is based on three things: the value of the vessel, the amount of time necessary to get it out, and the situation we face onboard. An "opposed extraction" — when there's a guard or an opposition crew onboard — could cost the ship owner \$100,000 or more.

There are no rules in this business. You've got to be forceful, aggressive, and quite often devious. You have to be able to lie with a straight face. I never carry weapons on extractions, and I'll turn down a case if it will require violence against the crew or the guards. Somali pirates are a different story, but for repo jobs, I use only trickery.

My scariest extraction was of a ship called the *Maya Express* during the 2004 revolution in Haiti. The ship's owner had died and the boat had been left without management in Rio Haina, the Dominican Republic. Then this American guy stole the ship and took it to Miragoâne, Haiti, where he bribed a judge from a nearby village to seize it and sell it to him at auction. Legally, once a ship has gone through a judicial sale, the past doesn't matter. In Haiti you can seize a million-dollar ship by going to a mud-hut court that doesn't even keep records; a lot of the justices can't even write.

I was sent to Miragoâne by the

Hardberger's next target: Somali pirates



ship's mortgage company. It's a very small port, very poor, and it's one of the best places to hide a ship because the local authorities are totally corrupt.

The Maya Express — 10,000 tons, 650 feet long, and about 10 stories high — was tied up to the dock with two anchors out and two Dominicans onboard as guards. I had my Haitian friend Roger — he's an interesting fellow, makes a living arranging cock-fights — take me out to the ship, where I told the guards I was there to inspect it on behalf of a buyer. I could tell just from looking at the engine room that we'd need a tugboat. If we could just get it into international waters — 12 miles out — without getting stopped by the authorities, we'd be free. Then I made a deal with the captain of a Russian ship in the harbor: For \$400 he'd let me recon the operation from his wheelhouse.

So the tug came in, with a crew. The crew started cutting the anchor chains with a torch, and, man, it lit up the entire bay. Haitians were running down from the hills to see what was going on, but I'd hired a couple of off-duty policemen from Port-au-Prince to let them on the dock but not let them back off. That's how we were able to keep people from telling the town police what was going on.

I thought it was going to take half an hour to cut the chains, but it took two hours. Ronald, my Haitian fixer, was telling me by radio that the Haitians on the dock were yelling and carrying on and that he didn't know if the off-duty cops could keep them at bay much longer. They had automatic weapons, but I'd told them not to hurt anybody. The fear was that (a) the cops would let the people go get the police, or (b) the cops would get overexcited and shoot someone. Then the tug radioed to say, "Okay, we're pulling her out." Suddenly I saw the ship turn and realized she was going to go up on the rocky coast. I said, "Oh, my God, she's gonna go aground!"

I knew that the moment she went aground the jig would be up, so I decided I was going to jump in the water and swim to shore. I'd try to make my way to the mountains and hide out until dawn, then catch a *tap-tap* [a Haitian taxi] to Port-au-Prince in the morning. It's pretty dicey for a white man to walk through Haiti in the middle of the night — and this was during the Rebellion, so the roads were full of bandits — but I was going to do it. I figured there was a 20, 30 percent chance of me getting out; it was a full moon, and my white face would have shown up pretty well. My heart was pounding like crazy. I was thinking about what it was going to be like for my poor children without a father. I had already started to throw my leg over the rail when I looked up and saw the Maya Express turning broadside, away from the rocks. I just put my head down and said, "Thank God."

We took the ship to the Bahamas, because

it's one of those jurisdictions that respects the mortgagee's rights. The ship went to auction, and the American had to buy it legitimately. He changed its name. She's at the bottom of the ocean now. She was illegally carrying a cargo off the coast of Colombia in 2006 and sank. Two men died.

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED SHIPS. GROWING UP, I was crazy about adventure books, especially C.S. Forester's Horatio Hornblower series. I tried to run away to sea when I was 16, but the Seamen's Union wouldn't have me because I didn't have my parents' permission.

During and after college, I worked as a deckhand on a boat carrying supplies to the offshore oil rigs in the Gulf. While I was doing that, I used my sea time to earn a captain's

sneak the ship out of port without a clearance. We paid off the guard to take a vacation. We paid off the pilot who controls ships in the port. He was going to make a radio announcement that night on a station all ships could hear — in code, so no one else could understand it — to let us know the coast was clear: "Nepo, Nepo, the girls are waiting for you in the Cafe Americano." I crawled under the port gate and sneaked onto the ship.

We cut the dock lines and were drifting in the channel. But the engine wouldn't start, and we were going to hit the rocks. Thoughts of Venezuelan prisons were going through my head, but at the very last minute, last gasp, the engine started. We steamed straight for international waters. As soon as we got there, we opened the whiskey.



Hardberger (far left) and some of his crew aboard the Erika, during his first trip to Miragoâne, Haiti

license, and when the oil fields dried up, I eventually went to Miami to be a ship captain. I put my little rowboat in the back of my truck and drove from Louisiana, 16 straight hours. When I got there I started rowing up and down the Miami River, and whenever I came to a ship I went aboard and asked them if they needed a deckhand. I served on various Haitian-owned ships, then got hired as captain on a tired old freighter with a mutinous crew and a big crack in the side.

I did my first real extraction in 1991. I was in Miami working as a port captain — that's the guy who travels around and meets the ships in their ports to arrange for loading and unloading — when one of my company's ships, the *Patric M.*, was seized, and the ship's captain put in jail. So the company's financial officer gave me \$140,000 in cash and sent me down to Puerto Cabello, Venezuela.

The judge there had been bribed and was going to hand the ship over to another company with no legal process, so we decided to

MY COMPANY HAS A NEW DIVISION called Shiprotek. I'm taking a team of ex-military guys to ride onboard ships going up the coast of Somalia and kill pirates. Well, I shouldn't say that — our aim is to scare them off, but our *job* is to protect the ship, whatever it takes. We'll have one sniper with a Bushmaster .50-caliber rifle, and the rest of us will have AK-47s. There's a chance that if we're unable to repel the pirates, they'll kill us.

I don't do this for the adrenaline rush. If that's all I wanted, I'd go do motocross or something. I do this because I hate to see pirates get ships. At the same time, I've come close to dying so many times I can't remember them all. Landed in a tree while skydiving. Almost got dragged out of a car by a Haitian mob. One time my roommate's girlfriend tried to stab me. I had an engine fire while flying a single-engine plane over the jungle in Mexico. I managed to land at the Chetumal airport and leaped out of the plane screaming, "Not yet, my God, not yet!" ■

CHARLIE PALMER'S PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE NEW AMERICAN KITCHEN

photograph by
GABRIELA HASBUN



MY FAVORITE THINGS

Charlie Palmer

THE AWARD-WINNING CHEF ON HIS TRACTOR, HIS KITCHEN TOOLS, AND HIS LOVE OF STINKY CHEESES

by DAVID RAMSEY

SINCE OPENING HIS FIRST RESTAURANT WHEN HE WAS 28, PALMER — a James Beard award winner with Michelin-starred restaurants in New York and Vegas — has been spreading the gospel of progressive American cuisine. “I was brought up in French kitchens, but I’m an American guy,” he says.

TOY

▲ From the time I was a kid in upstate New York, I drove tractors. That changed when I moved to New York City, but once I moved out to Sonoma in ’04 I bought a **John Deere 110 TLB**. I mow with it, work on the house — I built my road with it.

COFFEE

When I’m in New York, I seek out Oren’s.

WINE

► I’m a huge lover of Burgundy — some would say fanatical. My all-time favorite is **Etienne Sauzet**. You have to go to Burgundy to understand the

complexity of the process, and I’ve spent a lot of time there. You might have five different people each making their own wine from a one-acre vineyard, and you’re not allowed to irrigate, so it’s amazing that some people can produce excellence year after year.



KIDDIE FOOD

▲ A lot of kids eat iceberg lettuce with ranch dressing; my four boys like a **salad frisée** with a chicory-bacon vinaigrette and poached egg.

VEHICLE

▼ I’m a Chevy-truck guy, something I got



from my dad. I just got a new **Silverado**. It’s all geared out, so I have everything I need for business, plus a big cab for my sons.

TEAM

I’ve been a New York Giants fan all my life. I took one of my sons to a game when he was six. He was asleep by the third quarter.

INVENTION

▲ In 2006, I produced the first-ever water-proof cookbook, **Practical Guide to the New American Kitchen**. I had wanted to do this for years, because taking a book into the kitchen is like taking it into battle. You don’t want to worry about splattering all over your cookbook.

KNIFE

▲ I have a **12-inch chef’s knife** with a big rosewood handle and a bronze clasp, made by Bob Kramer, a bladesmith from Olympia, Washington. He makes about 300 a year, and the waiting list is forever. It feels like an extension of me.

SPORT

▼ Basically, I like to hit people, which is why I **wrestled** all four years in high school. I played defensive tackle, too.



SALAD, KNIFE, TRUCK: GABRIELA HASBUN; BOOK: WINE MICHAEL PINOCCIO; WRESTLING: COURTESY CHARLIE PALMER



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NOTEBOOK / My Favorite Things



COLLECTION

▲ I have a collection of 12 or 13 beautiful shotguns. I like the precision of a well-functioning piece of equipment. For Christmas 23 years ago, restaurateur Buzzy O'Keeffe gave me a **Browning**, which is still my favorite.

LUGGAGE

None. I fly from California to New York weekly, and security always looks at me a little funny. I fly with my iPhone, my wallet, and an apple.

CHEESE

▼ With the **Cowgirl Creamery** in Sonoma,



I think we can finally say that American cheeses are as good as — or better than — the great cheeses of the world. Their best is Red Hawk; it's a very soft cheese from organic cow milk. It stinks so good.

PET PEEVE

Stupid food. I once saw white anchovy and sea scallop with bitter cocoa and lemon-lime on a menu.

SKI DESTINATION

I'm not a great skier, but Deer Valley is one of my favorite places in the world — such great terrain, and one of the only places left with no snowboarders. My favorite hill is Empire.

WATCH

► I have a **Tag Heuer 2000 Classic Series** I've worn for years that Tiger Woods gave me.



LAST MEAL

A very simple roast squab with whole caramelized garlic. Ounce for ounce, squab has more flavor than anything else you could put in your mouth.

WORK IN PROGRESS

After drinking massive amounts of pinot noir, me and a photographer friend, Bill Milne, talked about self-publishing a book with the working title *The Blood and the Beauty*. We want to combine beautiful pictures of food with the goriness of what happens in the slaughterhouse. It won't be for the fainthearted.

PLACE TO SHOP

Sonoma. There aren't many places in the world with great artisanal cheesemakers; incredible produce brought to your door; fresh lamb, pigeon, and suckling pig, with a 25-minute drive to the coast for wild salmon.

KITCHEN TOOL

▼ Instead of regular kitchen tongs, I use **surgical tongs**. Food companies make them just for chefs now, but I started using them years ago. They're a lot more precise and allow you to do intricate plating.



BUSINESS STRATEGY

▲ You work hard, and there is no discussion. That was the example set by **my father**, who was paramount in creating my work ethic. He was a plumber, electrician, jack-of-all-trades. He was the guy you called in the middle of the night if a barn was on fire.

WRITER

M.F.K. Fisher. She looked at food in a different way — at the history and where it comes from.

GETAWAY

▼ For my 50th birthday, we went **scuba diving in Fiji**. It's amazing how free you feel 60 feet underwater, fish and rays swimming around you. When you're underwater, all your problems are secondary.



GUN, TONOS: WATCH: GABRIELA HASBUN; CHEESE: MICHAEL PINOCOCO; FATHER: DIVING: COURTESY CHARLIE PALMER



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Chop Shop Heaven

AUSTRALIA'S DEUS RETURNS MOTORCYCLE CULTURE TO ITS ROOTS.



Jennings

IN 2005 AUSTRALIAN Dare Jennings, having sold his surfware business (he'd founded industry giant Mambo), started a new operation to combat what he saw as a soullessness in modern motorcycle design: What had begun as a rip-roaring, rebellious good time had morphed into an industry filled with formless, overly engineered "product." Jennings's new company, Deus Ex Machina, takes retro bikes or modern bikes with retro styling (such as the Kawasaki W650, the Yamaha SR400, or the Harley Sportster), breaks them down to their essence, and rebuilds them to custom specs — a chromed-out tank here, drag handlebars there, monochrome black parts down there — to create singular cafe racers, street bikes, and dirt bikes. Five years later Jennings has diversified and accessorized: Deus (the company's full name means "God from the machine") also sells leathers, luggage, surfboards, and fixed-gear bicycles. At his various locations in Australia, New Zealand, and Bali, he has opened bike galleries, a cafe, and an exhibition space. (There's a fully fledged American outpost within Secret Service stores in both L.A. and Palm Beach.) The focus, however, remains elemental: two wheels, an engine, and an attitude (*deus.com.au*). —COREY SEYMOUR



In Deus's Camperdown shop in Sydney, a newly detailed Custom W650 awaits throttling.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: COURTESY DEUS EX MACHINA (2); ANTHONY GEENMERT



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The Last Real Beach Town

A DOZEN YEARS AFTER FINDING A MODERN IDYLL, THE ACTOR AND WRITER HEADS BACK HOPING TO FIND HIS PARADISE UNPAVED.

by ANDREW MCCARTHY



Dune-buggy driving outside of Canoa Quebrada

I'M TAKING REFUGE IN A three-sided hut made of palm fronds. It's small, maybe six by 10 feet, built by fishermen as shelter from the sun and wind — only it isn't providing much protection anymore: Two of its sides have been blown away, and the roof is sagging badly. I'm soaking wet, squinting at the ocean a few yards away. My feet are buried deep in the sand, and the sun is blistering overhead. The wind is ripping; there's nothing around for miles. It's where I've wanted to be for almost 12 years.

The dilapidated hut is a remote outpost of an already remote spot. Canoa Quebrada — Broken Canoe — is hidden on the northeast coast of Brazil, high on a series of ever-shifting sand dunes that give way to red cliffs, which in turn drop down to a white-sand beach that strings along uninterrupted for miles in both directions. The closest city of any note is Fortaleza — which will never be confused with Paris — 100 miles north.

Canoa existed as an undisturbed fishing settlement for centuries until the hippie crowd discovered it in the 1970s. The locals simply shrugged at the interlopers, and over time, word leaked out of an idyll by the sea with a friendly mix of people and a distinct microculture. When I arrived in the mid-'90s to film a movie best forgotten, the place's lonely, inviting quality got under my skin.

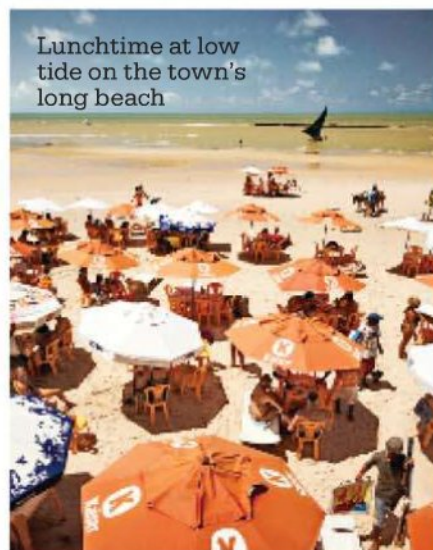
Back then the fishermen still woke before dawn to cast their nets from the sides of *jangadas*, the roads were made of sand, and electricity had just recently been introduced — and then only sporadically. The night sky blazed with stars. It was a paradise — a raw one, to be sure, but a paradise nonetheless.

At least that's how it has lived in my memory. But memory is a funny thing. I was single when I was here before, with the not-unpleasant feeling of being untethered in the world. Perhaps that's one of the reasons I

took to the place so strongly. Like many supposed paradises, Canoa seems to attract people who have no ties — or at least people who'd like to think of themselves that way. But rather than let the place live on as a kind of festering fantasy, I wanted to see if Canoa's particular kind of paradise still existed — or whether it, or I, had changed enough in the meantime to put it out of reach.

AFTER A TWO-AND-A-HALF-HOUR drive south from Fortaleza, a quick walk down the main drag — a stretch of a few blocks that the locals call Broadway — reveals that things around town have changed: Internet cafes, a tattoo parlor, and T-shirt shops are now sprinkled in alongside the Reggae Bar and Bar Caverna, both familiar touchstones. Then as Broadway fades out, the dunes take over. Five wind turbines now loom over the rise, their blades turning relentlessly. Though the town may have tripled in size (more than 3,000 people now call Canoa home, many of them drawn in by its growing reputation as a kiteboarding mecca), the land remains the dominant force. I loop around, out toward the cliffs. There's a primitive quality to the terrain, a feeling of ancient rawness. It's always reminded me a bit of *Planet of the Apes*.

A small, trim man, waist-deep in the surf, is working his way down the coast, casting



Lunchtime at low tide on the town's long beach



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and hauling a fishing net. Within minutes he's landed a half-dozen fish, subduing them with a decisive bite behind their heads and a quick snap before stuffing them into the bulging pocket of his shorts.

An Urubu vulture circles overhead, probably disappointed. But there's also a man dangling from a paraglider up in the cloudless sky. Pulling down on a cable with his right hand, he arcs into a sweeping turn and soars back down over the beach. As he gets closer, this tall man with the crazy smile is starting to look familiar, and when he lands I'm there to greet him.

Gerome "Jeronimo" Saunier came to Brazil from his native Switzerland 25 years ago, and he's been flying the skies above Canoa's beaches ever since. He remembers me before I can even open my mouth and soon has me in the harness right beside him. He laughs when I protest — he's always laughing — and with a flick of his wrist the parachute catches wind and we shoot into the air, glide silently out over the sea, and then sweep back over the cliffs and high above the town before banking hard and catching a tailwind to tear back out over the water, where kiteboarders skim across the breaking waves. We swing inland, swooping low and then pulling up to hover high in the sky. For someone with a fear of heights and a near-paralyzing flying phobia, the sense of liberation I'm experiencing is a revelation.

On my way back to town, I pass a make-shift cemetery — once far from town, now merely on its outskirts — then pause to let traffic, such as it is, pass: a donkey pulling a cart, two dune buggies, three cats, and an off-road motorcycle. I'm headed to the back alleys beyond Broadway. There's an anonymous quality as well as an unapologetic



Ultralighting and soccer at Canoa's main beach; 2 AM at Bar Luz Azul in the heart of town (top right)

MAYBE IT'S THE HEAT, OR MAYBE IT'S JUST BRAZIL, BUT THE OFFHANDED POSSIBILITY OF SEX PERMEATES THE TOWN.

intimacy back there, and each evening I find myself wandering deeper into the unlit lanes, lingering longer. There's little privacy; the huts and cinder-block houses are built close, with doors and shutters open to encourage any breeze. In lieu of couches, hammocks swing inside every home. Satellite dishes are attached to even the simplest structure, and TVs are always on, tuned to soccer matches or *telenovelas*. Children run free in the sand under cashew and chestnut trees, and old women sit on front porches and crochet on wooden racks next to houses blaring Brazilian techno-pop. Dogs wander, donkeys loiter, and cats hug the corners.

A teenage boy stands on his roof pluck-

ing guava; an old man with leathered skin mending a fishing net looks up and through me. Everywhere, laundry hangs low. And then I pass an impossibly beautiful young woman sitting on the stoop outside her home. Her black hair is long and straight, her skin and eyes dark. She's nursing an infant in one arm and feeding a toddler with her free hand. She can't be more than 18. She looks up as I pass and offers me the most inviting smile I've received since...well, since the last time I was in Canoa. She pats the stoop beside her, beckoning me, and my step hitches for just an instant at the invitation — but I merely return her smile and walk on.

But let's just come out and say it: The women here are beautiful. There's an offhanded understanding of the possibility of sex that permeates the town. Maybe it's the heat and the fact that everyone wears so few

AWWW COME ON...YOU KNOW YOU DO IT

PEEKING IN THE MIRROR,
PULLING UP YOUR NOSE AND
DOING A LITTLE "MANSCAPING." NOT TO
WORRY. WE'LL BE THERE FOR YOU ON
YOUR KEYS, OR TUCKED IN YOUR POCKET,
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High tide at Canoa's restaurant row; throttling over dunes (left)

clothes; maybe it's because nature so clearly dominates the rhythms of life here. Maybe it's just Brazil. But it's palpable. Early each evening, once the sun has just retreated for the day, people flood Broadway for a daily parade up and down the attenuated strip. Groups form and disperse and form again.

Old folks congregate. Young women sashay over the cobblestones holding hands; men lean on walls and ogle them openly.

IT'S EASY TO PASS A LOT OF TIME IN Canoa without racking up too many accomplishments. Paragliding — or a dune buggy

ride along the edge of the surf — can qualify as work. Days can drift by unnoticed, nights unaccounted for. One day I follow a man named Bruno — just Bruno — deep into the dunes on an ATV. It's adolescent fun tearing over the sand, getting air racing over the top of cresting dunes, but it's also

MAP: JOYCE PENDOLA



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the best way to experience the landscape.

As daylight dies Bruno leads me high atop a dune. A zip line — *skibunda*, they call it — is strung out over a 100-foot drop-off landing in a natural spring below. The first stars begin to appear in the sky; night falls quickly here near the equator. I hop into the harness, sail through the air, splash down into the cool water, and then tear back across the sand in the dark.

Near the edge of town, where there are no street lamps, I pass a tiny cinder-block hut. A red cloth hangs in the doorway; the window beside it has no glass or shutters. Inside, a young man wearing only shorts lies in a yellow hammock strung diagonally across the room. A bare bulb hangs from a wire. He's looking at a photo of a naked woman in a magazine. There's nothing else in the hut but him, the hammock, the light, and the magazine, but there's something about the utter lack of complication, the solitary stillness, that I crave. It's a familiar yearning. Maybe it's just a reaction to all of the responsibility and love I've got waiting for me back at home. Maybe — but I've learned not to need to reconcile it all.

Early the next morning, down on the beach, the sun is just slipping into play. A few straggling fishermen are readying their jangadas. The boats are little more than

wooden rafts with sails. I watch a lone man place a log under the front of his small craft. He lifts the stern, pushes, and the boat rolls forward over the log until the bow dumps into the sand. He does the same with a second log, then repeats the process until he's reached the water. He pushes off, drops his tiller, splashes his sail with water, and meets the horizon line within minutes. Nearby, the *barracas* — beach huts that serve as restaurants — aren't yet open; remains of last night's beach bonfire still smolder.

By the time the sun has worked itself into its midday frenzy, the tide has pulled back, leaving the beach wide and glistening. I've made my way far down the beach, miles from town. Ahead I see a dot above the high-tide line. As I continue to walk, it grows into the remnants of that small fishing hut. It's been utterly neglected in the casual Brazilian way, but it's clearly still used — all sunburned palms and salvaged wood. I douse myself in the sea and take a seat on the log bench. I dig my toes in the butter-soft sand. I gaze out.

Is Canoa Quebrada more “discovered” than the last time I was here? Of course. But the place seems to be wearing its success like a loose garment; it still retains that lonely, friendly quality, and part of its appeal to me will always be the allure of the untethered

drifting we all tell ourselves we can no longer afford. But there's something more. Nothing against room service at the Four Seasons, but the truth is that the less pampered and insulated from the natural rhythms of my life I keep myself, the better off I am. Maybe it's the remoteness of Canoa, or the knowledge that no one in the world knows how to find me, but I'm more at home in myself on these sandy lanes than I am in most of my daily life. You can come up against yourself as often as you dare out here with the wind and the sea and all the time you want. But sitting on this log, in this blown-out fishing hut, under the noon-day sun, I promise myself I'll return in another dozen years and take stock again. And next time, I may stay. ■

GETTING THERE

The nearest airport to Canoa is in Fortaleza, the capital of the Brazilian state of Ceará. (Delta flies to Fortaleza's Pinto Martins airport twice weekly from Atlanta.) Canoa is a 100-mile drive down the coast.

STAYING THERE

For an affordable splurge: the **Pousada California** (californiacanoa.com); on a budget: the **Casa Da Pérla** (casadaperla@hotmail.com). For general information on the area: canoabrasil.com/en.

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Forget casting: The remote-controlled **RC Fishing Boat** drops your baited line exactly where you tell it to, up to 325 yards away. Just steer it back to your dinghy and wait for a bite. [\$143; chinavasion.com]

▶ PRIORITY CARRIER

The **Belstaff New York** postman bag, made of Italian buffalo hide, is a faithful replica of New York City mail-carrier totes from the 1930s. Expect its buttery leather to wear well with both age and abuse. [\$795; jcrew.com]



▲ BOOM BOX

Built inside a 1950s-style Army ammo case, the fortified-steel **Thodio A-BOX** pumps tunes through Kevlar speakers. [\$475; thodio.com]

THE WISH LIST

WHAT WE'RE COVETING THIS MONTH

▶ BOW-WOW HOUSE

The discerning pooch will enjoy the luxurious accommodations of the handcrafted, Bauhaus-style **Cubix Dog Mansion**. [\$2,650; bestfriendshome.com]



▲ SITTING PRETTY

A factory fire destroyed Hans Brattrud's mid-century Scandia Series decades ago, but a Norwegian company, Fjordfiesta, has resurrected his **Scandia Senior Easy Chair**. [\$2,850; merchant4.com]



▶ CRANIUM COUTURE

In-mold construction helps make the **Paul Smith Giro Super Fit Helmet** light; Paul Smith's design makes it a thing of beauty. [\$75; paulsmith.co.uk]





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Why the World Cup Sucks

Hating soccer used to be our thing, a distinctly American trait. But every four years, more and more of us get suckered into treating it like a real sport. Here's why I'm holding out.

THE AMERICAN EMPIRE HAS HAD A BAD RUN in the past few decades. We're deep in debt to former colonial vassals in China and the Middle East, our kids are fat video-game addicts who think reality shows are culture, and we've been listening to the same classic rock for 30 years now.

We're in decline, that can't be denied, but until recently we still had one thing going for us: We didn't watch the World Cup. Now we're losing even that last bit of rugged individualism. More so-called Americans watched the last Cup final than watched that year's World Series and NBA finals. And it is extremely likely that this summer's World Cup in South Africa will again push past all but American football on the sports-ratings pantheon.

This is the culmination of a lengthy campaign by foreign occupying forces. The soccer people have been unloading their pods off freighters in port cities all across America for decades now, and it would be foolish to deny they've made progress here, particularly among our women. Moms want their kids to play soccer because in soccer, no child ever suffers gruesome individual failures like the last-inning, bases-loaded strikeout, and moreover nobody ever gets concussed, or has his femur snapped in half on the 50-yard line, or takes a puck to the teeth, or gets any kind of boo-boo at all, mental or physical. No, injuries just aren't part of the game in soccer — although *pretending* to get hurt is, with even the greatest European players writhing around on the ground like gunshot victims every time someone so much as breathes on them.

A pronounced distaste for a game that is universally worshipped almost everywhere else on the planet used to be perhaps the single most obvious distinguishing characteristic of the American citizen. The same way Spanish Catholics used to smoke out *marranos* (forcibly converted Jews who continued to practice their religion in secret) by serving pork snacks with Communion, you could smoke out an American by sticking him in front of a World Cup match and watching as he struggled to stay awake through the first half. It wasn't his fault. The rest of the world saw thrilling sport played at unfathomable skill levels; what he registered was a bunch of poncey Jordache models with 1980s hairdos running in circles for three hours, stopping only to whine and clutch their shins.

There are still many of us out there, but we'll probably die off by the next generation. The world will not weep; we understand that. But for posterity's sake, while the rest of you watch the Greatest Sporting Event in the World unfold in South Africa this summer, here's what our dinosaur eyes will be seeing:

1 MEN WEARING CAPES

Look, I played Dungeons & Dragons in junior high. I even played it in high school, past the internationally recognized nerd-threshold age of 16. So I'm not down on nerds; I *was* a nerd. But even within the subset of nerds, there were nerds, and one of the surest signs of the nerd-within-nerds was that he wore a cape. There was always some kid who had one to go with his medieval tunic and his little leather pouch he kept for his "gold." In college I witnessed a later version of this phenomenon: I knew a guy who on Friday nights dressed in the white turtleneck/double-breasted captain's blazer of the guy in the Old Spice commercials. He thought he was a real ladies' man; he would drop to his knees and gallantly kiss the hands of the quiet, studious girls who weren't used to the attention. *He* wore a cape. And do you know who else wears capes? Soccer fans, especially soccer fans at the World Cup. They drape their national flags over their shoulders like Renaissance fashion accessories and walk around in them all day long, like extras milling around on the set of a Kenneth Branagh movie. With some of the more colorful flags (I'm thinking of South American nations like Bolivia), the cape-wearing soccer fan celebrating victory might easily remind you of a tranny karaoke singer — you know, the one belting out Donna Summer's "Last Dance" from atop a float of giant bananas in the Mardi Gras parade. Just as there is no socially beneficial purpose of a concealed weapon, there is no



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excuse, ever, for a man in a cape. And yes, soccer people, we know about the Oakland Raiders fans, and we're working on that.

2 SINGING

We don't really do original, team-specific songs in America. Gary Glitter's "Rock and Roll Part 2" and "We Will Rock You" are the two stadium-anthem staples, while the Neil Diamond song "Sweet Caroline" has a bizarre joint-custody arrangement with both the Red Sox and the Mets. But as for songs we make up specifically for a sports team, it pretty much ends with "Fly Eagles Fly," and as disturbingly Euro and soccer-like as that anthem is, we Americans encourage Philly fans to sing it often, because it keeps them from stabbing happier fans in frustration. Mostly, though, we don't sing songs during our sports contests because we're too busy watching the fucking game. But in soccer, since 99 percent of the time neither team is within five minutes of scoring, there's plenty of time in the stands for singing. And, Christ, the songs they sing! I defy any Englishman to defend "Sven Sven Sven," and what the fuck is the deal with "Vindaloo"? England, that's your *fight* song? I bet the Germans and the Italians quake in their Euro-boots when they see 50,000 Englishmen chanting, "Can I introduce you please/to a lump of cheddar cheese?" Presented without commentary is the fact that one of the theme songs to the 2006 World Cup was an orchestral version of the Village People's "Go West."

3 PLAYERS TEARING THEIR CLOTHES OFF AFTER THEY SCORE

The old *Spy* magazine once did a list of the 50 most annoying things about rock music, and one of the notations involved guitarists who raise their eyebrows in shock during their solos, like they're surprised at what an awesome note they just hit. Soccer managed to bring that exact same facial expression to sports, only it added a wrinkle — now when a player scores a goal, he drapes that stunned/surprised expression over his face, slaps his palms on his cheeks in amazement, and then bolts in some random direction tearing his shirt off, as if to say, "Do you believe what an awesome goal I just scored? I'm so amazed I can't even stay *dressed*!" And this lovely soccer tradition is evolving, too, in a predictable direction. France's Yoann Gourcuff kicked things off by stripping to a black Speedo (accentuated by his jersey, which he tied around his waist like an *engageante*) after a game in December 2008; Mirko Vucinic of AS Roma subsequently stripped to his tighty-whities and pranced around the stadium after a goal against rival Cagliari. I can see getting so stoked after a goal that you tear your jersey off in a rush of blind excitement. But taking one's pants off is a lengthy, mechanical process. *Wait a minute while I bend over to take these off. Okay, left leg out, right leg out, okay, they're off.... Now I'm crazily excited again! Now I'm prancing!* There is absolutely no doubt that the completely buck-naked, bouncing-balls dance is in soccer's future.

4 DIVING

Diving — the practice of mugging for penalties by rolling around on the ground and wailing like a three-year-old girl after being grazed on the shin — is considered clever sportsmanship in soccer, and many key Cup matches have been decided by the practice. Italy beat Australia 1-0 in the last Cup thanks to a penalty shot brought on by defender Fabio Grosso's wounded-Stanislavsky act. Now, first of all, imagine the ragged poverty of a sport where the only score in the whole game comes from a grown man crying. Second, in America we consider whining like a bitch even during *real* injuries a crime

against God, which is why, when I become sports ayatollah, my first act will be a fatwa against Vlade Divac for bringing this bit of soccer-ness to the pure Islam of our NBA. I have a simple solution to this problem: Soccer referees should all be issued cattle prods and motorcycle chains, and if any player writhes on the ground beyond 30 seconds, he should be gang-beaten within an inch of his life, *A Clockwork Orange*-style, while the crowd roars. If there's a player who's really injured, well, that's just collateral damage. But when was the last time someone really got hurt in soccer? Oh, that's right — it was when Alexi Lalas decided to spend a quarter of a billion dollars on this guy:



THE NEW MASCOT LOOKS LIKE AN ANIMATED IMPORT FROM A CREEPY NETHERWORLD.

5 DAVID BECKHAM, MARTYR

Look, we like the British. Their sketch-comedy shows are fantastic, and they give us a great place to park our battleships. We look at England and see a once mighty commercial empire that has been reduced to a role as the world's leading exporter of nature-show hosts, and we sympathize. And when British supercelebrities come to America to lose their accents and make gazillions of dollars delivering sterling Shakespeare-worthy performances in the shitty action movies we dump on the rest of the world, we usually encourage it. We know they have to come to Hollywood to make the real scratch — hell, they're still burning peat bricks for heat in London, the poor bastards. But we draw the line at David

Beckham and that preening goofball wife of his. We have no use for this guy; we want our \$250 million back. He can't even play anymore, even before he ruptured his Achilles (did he even fit in a game in Los Angeles, between all those fucking Armani shoots?) — and yet his "sideline presence" is all we're going to hear about for as long as England is alive in the tournament, which mercifully won't be for very long.

6 ZAKUMI THE ANTHROPOMORPHIZED LEOPARD

In America we treat the mascot question with tremendous gravity and have the world's greatest scientists working round the clock to maintain a very high standard of mascot funniness. The World Cup, meanwhile, consistently produces the worst and most unfunny mascots in all of sports. In fact it can be argued that the all-time nadir of mascot history was reached at the 1974 Cup in Germany, when the mascot was two pubescent German boys in midriff-baring shirts with their arms around each other. That achievement was perhaps bested only by the design for the next Germany-based games, held in 2006: an unfriendly, stupid-looking lion named Goleo who, perhaps predictably, wore no pants. And it wasn't an erotic kind of no-pants effect, but more disturbing and scary, like rounding a city street corner at night and seeing a bearded old homeless man staggering toward you in nothing but a T-shirt and socks. This mascot design was so upsetting to German soccer fans (the lion, among other things, is the symbol of rival Britain) that Nici, the Bavarian toy company that paid 28 million euros for the rights to Goleo, soon after had to file bankruptcy. The mascot for the 2010 South Africa games is an ambigendered, anthropomorphized leopard named Zakumi done in anime style with flowing green hair and green hot pants. Zakumi looks like a Japanese import from the same horrifying cute-creepy netherworld that brought us notorious adult-scaring creatures like the Ewoks and the dwarflike Nelwyns from *Willow*. Between Zakumi and all the men in capes, South Africans will run away screaming into the night. Haven't these people ever seen the Phanatic? ■

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A Drop-Top for All Seasons

Convertibles make sense now that it's summer and the weather's warm, but not so much three months from now — unless you're driving the new cold-beating Mercedes-Benz E-Class Cabriolet.

CONVERTIBLES, LIKE SELF-CHECKOUT LINES, are better in theory than in practice. You buy a convertible because you envision yourself carving up a gorgeous two-lane road, top down, the sun on your face and a jaunty tune on the radio. The reality? The self-checkout line always gets hung up on someone trying to scan a snowblower, and you'll put the top down on a convertible 20 times a year, if that. Next time you're on the highway, count how many drop-top drivers have the roof stowed, and I'll tell you how many naive tourists are suffering from low-grade hypothermia in a rented Sebring convertible.

The new Mercedes E-Class Cabriolet is designed to address the major weak point of driving topless — namely, wind. Mercedes engineers knew that drafts on more sensitive parts of the body such as the face and neck are more uncomfortable than drafts on, say, the tops of your arms. So they attached 16 temperature sensors to a female dummy they called Tanya (no lie), sat her in the driver's seat of an E-Class Cabriolet prototype, and started testing in a wind tunnel. Tanya's input helped Mercedes fine-tune some new features so that drivers can put the top down more often, and in colder temps.

To test their claims, I set myself an ambitious goal: Cover 500 miles, top down, in early April in New England. Just to raise the degree of difficulty, I head toward the coldest place I can: Cape Cod. Jutting out into the still-frigid Atlantic, the Cape might not even hit 50 today. I stow the car's cloth roof and head southeast from suburban Boston. Putting the top down feels like a social transgression. I imagine that my fellow motorists, inside their warm metal cocoons, are pointing and laughing.

I first turn on the AirScarf, which vents warm air from just below the headrests of the front seats. It's subtle, like sunlight on my neck. Once I hit the highway, I power up Mercedes's second cold-defeating technology, AirCap. Push a button and a spoiler rises from the windshield's frame, while the rear headrests and the wind deflector elevate a few inches. This creates a high-pressure zone that forces cold air to flow over the cabin. It's not as dramatic an effect as simply raising the windows, but as I activate and deactivate the system, I feel the difference — with AirCap up, heat seems to stay in the car. And, of course, I've also got the heated seats maxed out. Mercedes went to great lengths to keep its dummy warm.



ONE HOT CAR
The E350 Cabriolet's plastic and aluminum AirCap rises 2.4 inches from the windshield's frame, pushing cold air over the cabin and reducing wind noise.



Since I'm not preoccupied with fighting hypothermia, I can actually enjoy driving. I have the 3.5-liter V-6 E350 model (base price \$57,725), and it is syrupy-smooth, its 268-horsepower engine assertive but not overwhelmingly fast. (For more giddyup you want the 382-horsepower E550.) The E-Class will hustle down an on-ramp without unseemly tremors from the steering wheel — a common convertible problem — and the exhaust emits a restrained growl at full tilt. But what's the rush? This is a car for relaxation that borders on sloth. Little mechan-

ical arms motor out from the seat to hand you the seat belt, while Attention Assist sounds an alarm if it thinks you've nodded off.

As I near the tip of Cape Cod, the gauge-mounted thermometer dips to 42 degrees. I start to get uncomfortable — too hot, in fact. The E350's heater is apparently plumbed into the Earth's core, because the heat from the vents near the steering wheel burns my hands. But with the windows up, the rest of the car is wind-free and pleasant, even as I hit 80 mph. If Tanya were sitting next to me, she'd be wearing a halter top and scoping the sidewalk for some hot Old Navy mannequins.

There are no leaves on the trees nor people on the beach, yet I'm driving with the top down, Peter Tosh cranked, cheating up on summer by two months. By the time I park the E350 Cabriolet back in my driveway, I've covered 528 miles, and I can't tell you what the car is like with its roof up. But I can tell you that Mercedes's engineers need to break out another test dummy and build a convertible that keeps me from getting sunburned. ■



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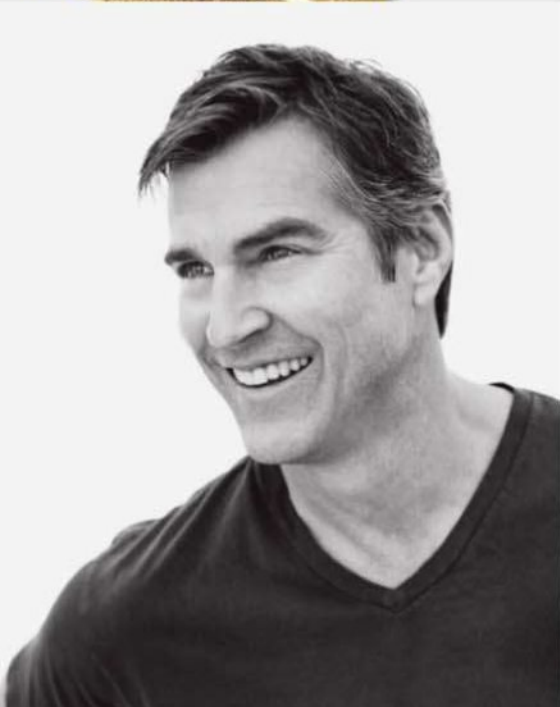


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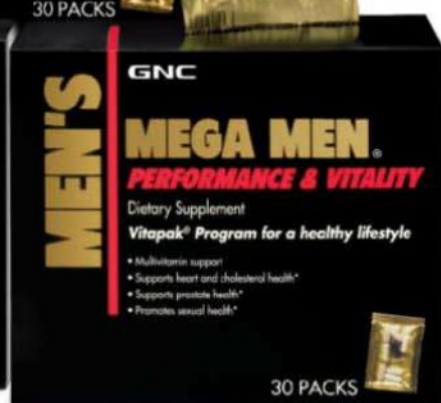


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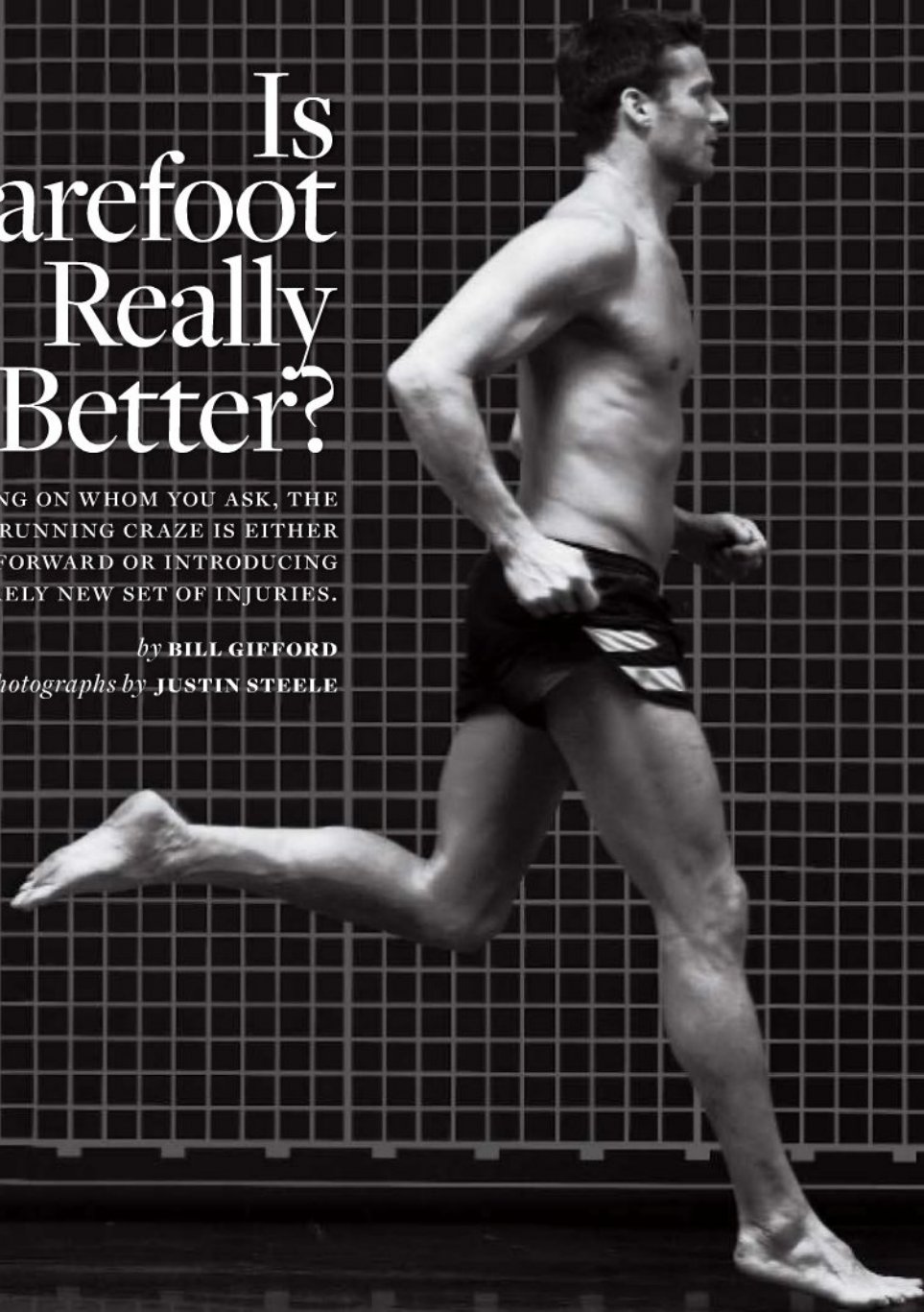
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Is Barefoot Really Better?

DEPENDING ON WHOM YOU ASK, THE SHOELESS RUNNING CRAZE IS EITHER A HUGE STEP FORWARD OR INTRODUCING AN ENTIRELY NEW SET OF INJURIES.

by **BILL GIFFORD**
photographs by **JUSTIN STEELE**



MY FRIEND CHRISTOPHER McDougall has really nice feet. "Here, feel them," he said recently, proffering a meaty sole. This was a big jump for us, friendship-wise, but he was right: His feet were smooth, supple, and surprisingly clean, given the fact that he runs 40 to 50 miles per week, predominantly on pavement — and barefoot.

We'd been meaning to go for a run together for a year now, but he'd been a little busy. Last May, he published the surprise bestseller *Born to Run*, which popularized the barefoot-running craze and made him the most controversial figure in running; every time we were supposed to go, he'd get called to New York for *The Daily Show* or something to explain why, as he wrote in his book, "running shoes may be the most destructive force ever to hit the human foot."

That sentence attacked the way we run and touched off heated debate on internet message boards and in shoe stores. The discussion spilled over into the streets, where impassioned barefooters began sacrificing their soles for what they believed was a healthier run. Major manufacturers such as New Balance and Nike moved swiftly to capitalize on the trend with "minimalist" shoes meant to address concerns like broken glass and rusty nails while offering runners a near-barefoot footfall — none more profitably than Vibram, which repositioned a water sock called the FiveFingers and saw its sales skyrocket.

Inevitably a backlash followed as entrenched shoe companies, alarmed

podiatrists, and the running "establishment" cautioned that the legions of barefoot converts risked lacerations, stress fractures, and worse. "If a lot of runners — or all the runners out there in America — [went barefoot] tomorrow," *Runner's World* editor David Willey warned NPR listeners, "the vast majority of them would get hurt very quickly and would have to stop running for a very long time."

All the debate lacked was scientific evidence: No studies have conclusively shown that running in shoes is somehow

he — and more than half of all runners — sustains so many injuries from simply jogging. Despite all the high-tech innovations, like gel-filled insoles, air cushions, and midfoot plates, built into today's near orthopedic shoes, research suggests that 40 to 80 percent of runners will get injured in any given year. So he was excited when he stumbled upon some loose research about the potential benefits of running barefoot, with one particular study citing the way the Tarahumara, an indigenous Mexican tribe, run (in leather sandals) without getting hurt.

THE DEBATE IS NOT ABOUT BARE-FOOT VERSUS SHOE RUNNING; IT'S ABOUT TECHNIQUE.

better than barefooting, or vice versa. But fascinating new research suggests that McDougall may be on to something — just not quite what he thought.

"The wrong debate has been promulgated by journalists," says Daniel Lieberman, a professor in human evolutionary biology at Harvard whose January study in *Nature* sheds a different light on the potential benefits of barefooting. "It's not about barefoot versus shoe running — that's a lifestyle debate. It's really a debate about stride technique."

MCDUGALL HAD BEEN PREACHING the barefoot gospel to me for months. His own "conversion" took place over the past couple of years, after he investigated why

McDougall made a good case, but I remained skeptical. I had a hard time believing that my 6-foot-4, 200-pound friend — whose running style resembled that of a drunken grizzly bear — truly ran well on pavement without shoes. This I had to see.

When I showed up, McDougall insisted I lose my shoes too. I immediately realized that running barefoot on pavement actually feels kind of nice. More surprisingly I began to run differently: Instead of pounding on my heels, the way I would in my cushy running shoes, the pavement forced me to land gently on the center of my foot and even slightly forward, so that my foot and lower leg could absorb the shock from the road.

Achieving Your Optimal Stride

HOW TO INCORPORATE BAREFOOT RUNNING INTO YOUR TRAINING — WITHOUT INJURY

1. UNDERSTAND YOUR GOAL

See the photos at right.

2. LOSE YOUR SHOES

Try taking off your shoes at home. Once you're comfortable going shoeless, do exercises like squats, barefoot.

3. TAKE BABY STEPS

Start with short drills: 20-second barefoot intervals on grass (or in minimalist shoes), working up to eight intervals, twice a week. Or consider the Pose Method: Concentrate on landing on the balls of your feet, never on your heels or toes.

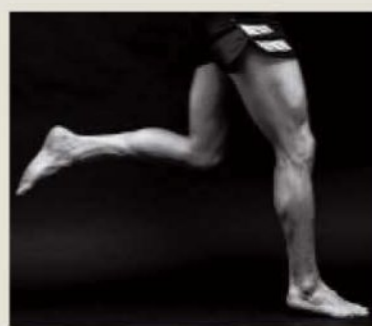
4. KEEP IT LIGHT

Once you're comfortable with barefoot technique, run a quarter mile, then gradually longer. Carry your shoes, putting them on at the first sign of discomfort.



THE WRONG WAY TO RUN

Since most running shoes have well-padded heels, it's easy to take long strides and land on your heels. But that hard impact sends a shock wave ripping through your body, which can cause long-term injuries.



THE RIGHT WAY TO RUN

Think of it this way: When you jump off of something, you don't land flat on your feet or on your heels; that would hurt. Likewise, when you run you need to land on the front of your foot to better absorb impact.



Joe Montana

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NIKE FREE RUN+: The original mass-marketed minimalist shoe, the Free is the transition shoe of choice for runners looking for a barefoot feel. But we found it still sports a fairly well-developed heel that allows for some heel strike; it's like a conventional running shoe with less support (\$85; nikerunning.nike.com).



VIBRAM BIKILA: The Bikila is Vibram's most run-specific version of the FiveFingers. Its articulated rubber tread, slight heel-cup, arch support, and protective toe-bumpers cause hardcore barefooters to cry foul, but we say it's just the right amount of protection to go almost barefoot (\$100; vibramfivefingers.com).

NEWTON GRAVITAS: Put out in 2007, the Newton is basically a running shoe minus the overbuilt heel. "You'll almost feel like you're rocking backward," R&D chief Ian Adamson told us before a run. He was right: the Gravitas allowed us to most easily achieve a proper forefoot running stride (\$175; newtonrunning.com).

Even more amazing was Chris's stride. In the past, he'd pound out the miles while emitting grunting or wheezing sounds that he'd compared to "Elvis's last shit." Now he lightly padded along, taking short strides, his feet hitting the ground almost silently, then flicking up behind him.

It felt so exhilarating to run barefoot that we cranked out three and a half hilly miles. But then the next day I woke up feeling like someone had driven six-inch nails through each of my calf muscles.

A couple of days later, my calves still throbbing, I walked into the lab of Irene Davis, a biomechanics professor at the University of Delaware. "Three miles is too much!" she scolded. "You should start with no more than a quarter mile."

I'd made a common barefooting mistake: too much too soon. But I hadn't come for a lesson. I wanted to understand why barefoot-style running might actually help me suffer fewer injuries.

Davis explained how muscles and ligaments come into play when we run — nearly all of them are essentially immobilized in modern running shoes. "I think we've trained our feet to be lazy," she said.

"To me, [running] shoes have changed the way we run," Davis said. "If you can

change your stride to a more forefoot-oriented pattern, then you will reduce your risk of injury."

Davis had me run on a treadmill that measured my impact on the ground over each stride. "This is what causes injury," Davis said, circling a spike on a graph illustrating my foot strike with shoes on. "It represents the sharp impact of your heels hitting the ground. It's like a shock wave traveling up your body."

That shock wave was linked to knee and leg injuries, as well as plantar fasciitis, which is what inspired McDougall to give up his running shoes in the first place. The heel strike also causes pronation, the torquing of the foot that many of us buy special running shoes to try to correct. Corrective shoes, says Harvard's Lieberman, "solve the problem that they create." (Davis and Lieberman recently coauthored a study showing that barefoot runners experience a gentler impact.)

And yet, as my calves testified, going without shoes comes with its own pain.

"You're in shoes all of the time, and all of a sudden you're gonna run barefoot?" says champion ultrarunner Scott Jurek. "You need to graduate into it. A training period has to occur."

Jurek uses barefoot running as a part-

time training tool. Once or twice a week, he'll add some barefoot running to his usual track workouts, jogging a mile in the infield or a couple of miles on a beach. "I look at it as strengthening as well as technique training," he says. "I'm not trying to run hard when I'm doing it. It's more of a warm-up kind of effort level."

Still, it's tempting to want to do more. That's what Leon Kelly did. A 33-year-old Manhattan lawyer and fitness buff who became curious about barefoot running last April, Kelly started slowly at first (or so he thought), jogging 20 minutes on grass three times a week. After a month he included pavement in his runs. Even then, he kept to a modest 20 miles per week. But by early July he had to stop running altogether due to knee pain. "It felt so right; I think I ran too hard too soon," he says. "In hindsight I didn't allow my body sufficient time to adapt."

"Anytime you make a change like that, you're just changing the kinds of injuries you're going to get," says Joseph Hamill, a biomechanics professor at the University of Massachusetts. "People are looking for a silver bullet, but there's no panacea."

"If you're doing fine, and you're not getting injured, I'm not going to tell you to change how you run," adds Davis. "Most of the people who've switched to barefoot have done so because they got injured."

"THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS WE have very poor data on what causes people to get injured," says Lieberman. "It's research that should have been done a long time ago." That research is soon under way: Brooks Sports Inc. recently announced two major studies on running motion and injuries, one to be conducted by Hamill. At least one large study from the American College of Sports Medicine has shown that runners who use shorter strides and land more gently — as barefooters tend to do — are less prone to stress fractures. And other research suggests that heavily cushioned running shoes tempt runners to pound harder.

So what does this all mean for everyday runners? As McDougall can attest, barefooting certainly can improve your stride. But most experts agree that people should ease into it over a period of months or even years to allow the muscles and ligaments time to adapt.

One fact remains undisputed even by most barefooters: Shoes help you run fast. "Barefoot technique gets you to think, gets you to become aware of what your body is doing in space," says Jurek. "That's the first element of getting better at any sport. But if you want to win a race, you're gonna wear shoes." ■



A handful of **putting your heart into it.** Taking steps to stay fit?

Get stronger from the inside out with heart-smart California Almonds. Just a handful has 6 grams of protein power and can help you maintain healthy cholesterol levels. Learn more about the power of a handful at **AlmondBoard.com**



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Good news about almonds and heart health Scientific evidence suggests, but does not prove, that eating 1.5 ounces per day of most nuts, such as almonds, as part of a diet low in saturated fat and cholesterol may reduce the risk of heart disease. One serving of almonds (28g) has 13g of unsaturated fat and only 1g of saturated fat.

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almonds**
AlmondBoard.com

THE EVERYDAY ATHLETE

Dr. Tom Hackett

Orthopedic Surgeon/Swimmer

"I DON'T DO ANYTHING CASUALLY," SAYS DR. TOM HACKETT, A SHOULDER and knee specialist at the Steadman clinic in Vail, Colorado, and the lead doctor for the U.S. Snowboarding Team. "I focus so hard in surgery that it carries over into sports." For the former mountain guide, those sports include biking, snowboarding, surfing, and his latest passion, open-water swimming, with his ultimate goal being a swim across the 25-mile English Channel in 2011. Hackett's biggest challenge, though, is finding enough time to get outside. "During the week, I work eight- to 16-hour days," he says. "My swims often happen late at night. But it's absolutely necessary: The only way I can survive a job this intense is by playing twice as hard as I work." —STEPHANIE PEARSON

STATS

Age: 43
Height/weight: 6-foot-11, 190 pounds
Home base: Vail, Colorado
Profession: Orthopedic surgeon focusing on shoulder, elbow, and knee disorders in pro athletes
Status: Single
Sports: Open-water swimming, surfing, ski mountaineering, snowboarding, biking



photograph by
JAMIE KRIPKE



VICE

Jameson. I love a glass of whiskey once in a while to take the edge off.

RITUALS

I relax in the morning with five to 10 minutes on a balance board from Indo, looking out over Vail (from \$110; indoboard.com). It helps with focus and fine-tunes my reflexes a little, which contributes to hand-eye coordination and steady hands — two things I absolutely must have in order to operate.



DIET

Lately I've been turned on to Vita Coco coconut water by some pro athletes and have been hydrating with half water, half Vita Coco (vitacoco.com). It has lots of potassium, which is critical for normal muscle and nerve function, and it helps offset some acids that build up in muscles after working out.

RECOVERY

I'm a big fan of no-resistance spinning done on a stationary bike for about 10 minutes after a workout. It really flushes out the lactic acid. For electrolytes, I'll drink a carton of coconut water. On top of that, your muscles need glycogen, so I'll sometimes eat a few handfuls of nuts with some chocolate milk. I don't really like milk, but it has a good balance of carbs, protein, and fat.

WEEKLY REGIMEN

MONDAY:

In the morning I jump rope, hit the speed bag and heavy bag, and do squats on my Indo Board for about 20 minutes. At night I swim anywhere from 3,000 to 7,000 meters, doing intervals of 20x200, 5x500, and 20x100.

TUESDAY:

I work out for 30 minutes in the morning on the Total Gym, the thing Chuck Norris endorses. Then at night I climb almost 1,000 feet on my hardtail Rocky Mountain mountain bike. The pace is typically just below the puking stage.



WEDNESDAY:

I swim two to three miles in about an hour.

THURSDAY:

I repeat Monday's workout.

FRIDAY:

I mountain bike, climbing 8,500 to 11,000 feet. The mileage is less important than the altitude.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY:

I'm pretty flexible on the weekends. Oftentimes I hop a plane and follow the waves, and once a month I'll do a pier to pier swim in Los Angeles, which covers about two miles of water.

ESSENTIAL EQUIPMENT

Finis SwiMP3 (\$150; finisinc.com). I swim two to five miles in the outdoor pool at the Vail Racquet Club at 9,000 feet of altitude in the summer



and winter, which can be monotonous. The key: I crank trance and house music. Repetitive beats help me get lost in the endurance groove.



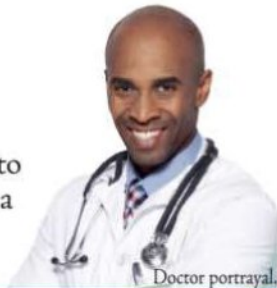
Pain Management: Occasionally I'll ice a sore joint, and I eat a lot of ginger because it's a natural anti-inflammatory.

**“ I was originally too embarrassed
to have ‘the talk’ with my doctor, but now
I wish I’d done it sooner. ”**



Your Doctor Talks to Men About ED Every Day

Your doctor will tell you that erectile dysfunction (ED) isn't something to keep to yourself, or to be embarrassed about. It's a common medical condition he can treat.



Doctor portrayal.

Running the Numbers

Did you know half of all guys over 40 have some form of ED? Here are some numbers to keep in mind from a recent survey of men with ED:



71% of men were anxious about talking to their doctor about ED.



89% of men felt relieved after talking to their doctor.

Don't Keep Your Questions Bottled Up

The hardest part about having 'the talk' is getting those first few words out.

Here are some ideas to help you break the ice when your doctor asks how everything's going:

The Direct Approach:

"I have trouble sometimes in bed. Could it be ED?"

The Indirect Approach:

"Is it true age affects sexual performance?"

The Silent Approach:

Just hand this ad to your doctor, he'll take it from there.

Important Safety Information

We know that no medicine is for everyone. Don't take VIAGRA if you take nitrates, often prescribed for chest pain, as this may cause a sudden unsafe drop in blood pressure.

Talk with your doctor first. Make sure your heart is healthy enough to have sex. If you have chest pain, nausea, or other discomforts during sex, seek medical help right away.

In the rare event of an erection lasting more than four hours, seek immediate medical help to avoid long-term injury.

In rare instances, men who take PDE5 inhibitors (oral erectile dysfunction medicines, including VIAGRA) reported a sudden decrease or loss of vision, or sudden decrease or loss of hearing. It is not possible to determine whether these events are related directly to these medicines or to other factors. If you experience any of these symptoms, stop taking PDE5 inhibitors, including VIAGRA, and call a doctor right away.

The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, facial flushing, and upset stomach. Less common are bluish or blurred vision, or being sensitive to light. These may occur for a brief time.

VIAGRA does not protect against sexually transmitted diseases including HIV.

Please see Important Facts for VIAGRA on the following page or visit viagra.com for full prescribing information.

For free information, including questions to ask your doctor, call 1-888-4VIAGRA (1-888-484-2472).

VIAGRA®
(sildenafil citrate) tablets



Tell Me More

To learn more about VIAGRA for the treatment of ED, and ED in general, visit viagra.com today. You'll find an online sexual health quiz, videos of guys with ED who've had the VIAGRA Talk and other helpful information.

Over 20 million men have already had their VIAGRA Talk. Isn't it time you had yours?

**You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA.
Visit www.FDA.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088.**

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IMPORTANT FACTS

VIAGRA[®]
(sildenafil citrate) tablets

(vi-AG-rah)

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION ABOUT VIAGRA

Never take VIAGRA if you take any medicines with nitrates. This includes nitroglycerin. Your blood pressure could drop quickly. It could fall to an unsafe or life-threatening level.

ABOUT ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION (ED)

Erectile dysfunction means a man cannot get or keep an erection. Health problems, injury, or side effects of drugs may cause ED. The cause may not be known.

ABOUT VIAGRA

VIAGRA is used to treat ED in men. When you want to have sex, VIAGRA can help you get and keep an erection when you are sexually excited. You cannot get an erection just by taking the pill. Only your doctor can prescribe VIAGRA.

VIAGRA does not cure ED.

VIAGRA does not protect you or your partner from STDs (sexually transmitted diseases) or HIV. You will need to use a condom.

VIAGRA is not a hormone or an aphrodisiac.

WHO IS VIAGRA FOR?

Who should take VIAGRA?

Men who have ED and whose heart is healthy enough for sex.

Who should NOT take VIAGRA?

- If you ever take medicines with nitrates:
 - Medicines that treat chest pain (angina), such as nitroglycerin or isosorbide mononitrate or dinitrate
- If you use some street drugs, such as "poppers" (amyl nitrate or nitrite)
- If you are allergic to anything in the VIAGRA tablet

BEFORE YOU START VIAGRA

Tell your doctor if you have or ever had:

- Heart attack, abnormal heartbeats, or stroke
- Heart problems, such as heart failure, chest pain, or aortic valve narrowing
- Low or high blood pressure
- Severe vision loss
- An eye condition called retinitis pigmentosa
- Kidney or liver problems
- Blood problems, such as sickle cell anemia or leukemia
- A deformed penis, Peyronie's disease, or an erection that lasted more than 4 hours
- Stomach ulcers or any kind of bleeding problems

Tell your doctor about all your medicines. Include over-the-counter medicines, vitamins, and herbal products. Tell your doctor if you take or use:

- Medicines called alpha-blockers to treat high blood pressure or prostate problems. Your blood pressure could suddenly get too low. You could get dizzy or faint. Your doctor may start you on a lower dose of VIAGRA.
- Medicines called protease inhibitors for HIV. Your doctor may prescribe a 25 mg dose. Your doctor may limit VIAGRA to 25 mg in a 48-hour period.
- Other methods to cause erections. These include pills, injections, implants, or pumps.
- A medicine called REVATIO. VIAGRA should not be used with REVATIO as REVATIO contains sildenafil, the same medicine found in VIAGRA.

POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS OF VIAGRA

Side effects are mostly mild to moderate. They usually go away after a few hours. Some of these are more likely to happen with higher doses.

The most common side effects are:

- Headache
- Feeling flushed
- Upset stomach

Less common side effects are:

- Trouble telling blue and green apart or seeing a blue tinge on things
- Eyes being more sensitive to light
- Blurred vision

Rarely, a small number of men taking VIAGRA have reported these serious events:

- Having an erection that lasts more than 4 hours. If the erection is not treated right away, long-term loss of potency could occur.
- Sudden decrease or loss of sight in one or both eyes. We do not know if these events are caused by VIAGRA and medicines like it or caused by other factors. They may be caused by conditions like high blood pressure or diabetes. If you have sudden vision changes, stop using VIAGRA and all medicines like it. Call your doctor right away.
- Sudden decrease or loss of hearing. We do not know if these events are caused by VIAGRA and medicines like it or caused by other factors. If you have sudden hearing changes, stop using VIAGRA and all medicines like it. Call your doctor right away.
- Heart attack, stroke, irregular heartbeats, and death. We do not know whether these events are caused by VIAGRA or caused by other factors. Most of these happened in men who already had heart problems.

If you have any of these problems, stop VIAGRA. Call your doctor right away.

HOW TO TAKE VIAGRA

Do:

- Take VIAGRA only the way your doctor tells you. VIAGRA comes in 25 mg, 50 mg, and 100 mg tablets. Your doctor will tell you how much to take.
- If you are over 65 or have serious liver or kidney problems, your doctor may start you at the lowest dose (25 mg).
- Take VIAGRA about 1 hour before you want to have sex. VIAGRA starts to work in about 30 minutes when you are sexually excited. VIAGRA lasts up to 4 hours.

Don't:

- Do not take VIAGRA more than once a day.
- Do not take more VIAGRA than your doctor tells you. If you think you need more VIAGRA, talk with your doctor.
- Do not start or stop any other medicines before checking with your doctor.

NEED MORE INFORMATION?

- This is only a summary of important information. Ask your doctor or pharmacist for complete product information OR
- Go to www.viagra.com or call (888) 4-VIAGRA (484-2472).

Uninsured? Need help paying for Pfizer medicine? Pfizer has programs that can help. Call 1-866-706-2400 or visit www.PfizerHelpfulAnswers.com.



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THE ASSIST / STEVE NASH

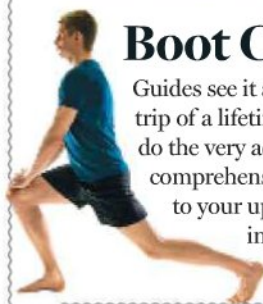
Natural Advantage

In the hustle to keep my edge, popping a few pills has helped a ton.

WHEN I HIT MY 30S, EVERYTHING started getting harder: building strength and endurance, recovering from workouts, warding off sickness. Of course none of the 20-something phenoms I run up and down the court with care about any of that, so I'm always looking for a legal advantage. I've learned that eating the healthiest diet, training a little more, and trying to get a lot more sleep than other players goes a long way, but adding a couple of key natural supplements to my diet about a year ago has had the most surprising effect.

Now, at 36, I count on a probiotic pill to keep my digestive system on track, glucosamine to keep my joints healthy, and a multivitamin for overall wellness. What's essential to all of these supplements is that they come from whole-food sources. I took a synthetic vitamin — the cheaper ones can derive their nutrients from coal tar (yes, coal tar!) — for a long time, but then I started hearing that the body doesn't absorb them well. When I looked into the alternative, vitamins made from fruits and vegetables, the switch seemed like a no-brainer. These vitamins are quite a bit more expensive, but a number of studies back their effectiveness, and more important, I feel better on them.

But here's the thing: There's a lot of legitimate skepticism out there surrounding supplements, and some can even be unhealthy. For example, ephedra, derived from a Chinese herb, was designed to give people a boost of energy but increased heart rates to dangerous levels. My advice? Don't consume any supplement without first doing your homework. Make sure the ones you choose are made from whole foods and that the company tests the foods that go into them for safety. If you have any doubts at all, check with your doctor. And if you don't see results after two months, stop wasting money on the supplement. I'm banking on these things keeping me in the game into my 40s; hopefully they'll keep you performing at your highest level for a long time, too.



Boot Camp for Your Big Trip

Guides see it all the time: Some poor sap signs up for the adventure trip of a lifetime but arrives flabby and weak, physically ill-equipped to do the very activity he's been looking forward to. Enter Fit for Trips, a comprehensive new Web-based fitness program that can be tailored to your upcoming adventure, based on what activities you'll be doing and the amount of time left before you go (\$169 to \$339; fitfortrips.com). —CHRISTOPHER PERCY COLLIER

Rubber Match

WE FIELD-TESTED FOUR INNOVATIVE NEW CONDOMS TO SEE WHICH ONES MAKE PROTECTION FUN.



DUREX AVANTI BARE
\$13/12-pack,
trydurex.com



KIMONO MICROTHIN
\$12/12-pack,
kimono-condoms.com



LIFESTYLES X2
\$13/12-pack,
lifestyles.com



TROJAN ECSTASY
(Her Pleasure);
\$12/10-pack, trojancondoms.com

THE CLAIM	Polyisoprene material provides uncommonly slim, soft-as-skin alternative for the latex intolerant.	At just 49 microns, it's the thinnest latex condom in the U.S. Easy to put on.	Lubed with L-arginine, a tingly amino acid that opens blood vessels to heighten pleasure.	Baggy fit with lube on the inside and out lends a more natural feel. Ribbed for female stimulation.
HE SAYS	I loved the sensation this condom provided — nearly the thinnest of the group, but with better lubricant.	Pretty tight but it was clearly thinner than the others. Feels like you're wearing nothing at all.	I felt like I'd dipped myself in menthol, followed by a less-than-pleasurable numbness.	Didn't feel that different from the old Trojan: a thick barrier. The upshot? No fear it will break.
SHE SAYS	Felt the thinnest, had the perfect amount of lube, and the fruity smell beats the old balloon scent.	Much more natural feel than most condoms, for sure — particularly the Ultra Lubricated version.	Felt like a tube of toothpaste was squirted into me. I'd be happy if I never used this condom again.	Baggy, thick, and it felt like the only thing moving was the condom. Ecstasy? I don't think so.
THE VERDICT	The "am I still wearing a condom?" sensation sent this right to the top of the nightstand.	Left us both wondering: If it's safe, why aren't all condoms made this thin?	Use this one only if you like the idea of employing Bengay as a lubricant.	New shape, new box, same old reliable Trojan condom. —STEVE MAZZUCCHI

NEWS & NOTES

Mind & Body



Ask Dr. Bob

ADVICE FROM OUR IN-HOUSE DOC

A NEW COLON-CANCER TEST

Q With a new blood test to detect colon cancer coming out soon, can I look forward to never having another colonoscopy?

A Once it becomes commercially available — which should be sometime in the next year — the blood test, called ColoMarker, will be able to detect a protein in about 90 percent of people who already have colon cancer, but it should really be used only in between colonoscopies. Blood test or no blood test, beginning at age 50 (40 if you have a family history of colon cancer), everyone should get a colonoscopy every 10 years. And leave your excuses at home: The anesthesia is mild, there's no pain during or after the procedure for 99 percent of patients, and you can usually be back at work in a few hours. The most unpleasant part of the experience is probably the preparation, which consists of drinking a bottle of laxative and spending a few hours on the toilet. But it's certainly worthwhile, considering the upshot: Doctors can snip out precancerous polyps and detect cancer before it spreads to other parts of your body.

THE SHOULDER FIX

Q I dislocated my shoulder and tried to snap it back into place like Mel Gibson in *Lethal Weapon 2*, but it didn't work. What's the trick?

A As a doctor, I should know what to do in this situation, but like you, I learned the hard way what *not* to do by trying to jostle my shoulder back into place. While I was filming an episode of *Dr. Danger* in Yemen, I decided to do a little bouldering. After I'd gotten about 30 feet up the rock, it started crumbling and I fell, dislocating my left shoulder upon impact. No amount of maneuvering got it back into place. I'd wasted so much time trying to do it myself that once I gave up and went to a doctor to have it professionally relocated, the muscles had seized up, I was in excruciating pain, and they had to give me a sedative to relax the joint

enough to slip the ball back into the socket. Lesson learned: Do not try to relocate your own shoulder or let an untrained person attempt it (on top of it not usually working, you could cause nerve damage). Instead, get to the closest doctor — fast.

PREVENTING SUMMER COLDS

Q I get a cold every summer. Am I an anomaly? What can I do to prevent it?

A You're not alone: Summer colds account for one-third of the billion colds Americans get each year. One key culprit: air conditioning, which dries out mucus membranes in your nose, allowing viruses to enter your body more easily. The best way to prevent that from happening is by using a saline spray at least six times a day. (Ocean makes a good one that costs about \$4 at drugstores.) If you do end up sick, treat it the same way you would any other cold: rest and fluids.

THE STATIN DEBATE

Q Should I continue taking statins to lower my cholesterol? I keep hearing that they may not actually work — and they aren't cheap.

A The latest statin research done by AstraZeneca (maker of the statin Crestor) is receiving a lot of backlash because it shows that people who took a statin, as opposed to a sugar pill, had only a 0.2 percent better chance of not suffering a heart attack. But what's not mentioned is that the study was done on relatively healthy people, so naturally the incidence of heart attack was low. Many studies show that statins do work, though, to lower cholesterol and shrink and stabilize plaques in the arteries that can rupture and cause a heart attack. Does any of this mean you should shell out \$3.50 per pill? Not necessarily. I recommend getting another cholesterol test and an hsCRP (high-sensitivity C-reactive protein) test, which measures inflammation in your body, an indicator that you may have arterial-plaque buildup. If your doctor determines that either of these numbers is too high, you should probably keep taking your statin. Or you can simply change your habits: Eating a low-fat diet, exercising, and taking a fish-oil supplement can lower cholesterol and inflammation without drugs.

THE NEW SUPERFOOD

Q I heard that a grain called chia is the latest to be labeled a superfood. What makes it so great?

A Americans have known about chia for a long time now — surely you or someone you know has owned a Chia Pet — but only recently have nutritionists found out just how healthy the white form of the grain, called salba, can be to eat. According to Dr. Vladimir Vuksan, professor of nutrition and medicine at the University of Toronto, 100 grams of salba will yield 70 percent of your daily requirement of calcium and 50 percent of your iron requirement. It also contains 10 times more magnesium than milk, 25 percent more fiber than flaxseed, twice the potassium of bananas, 30 percent more antioxidants than strawberries, and 50 percent more vegetable protein than soybeans. I eat it on a salad every day to control my weight; just 100 grams of chia is so filling that it quashes my hunger for hours. I was able to lose seven pounds in just a month by incorporating the grain into my diet — dropping me below 200 pounds for the first time since my 20s.

E-mail your questions for Dr. Bob Arnot to dr.bob@mensjournal.com.



THE **SHACK**SM AND LANCE POWER THE MOBILE UNIVERSE.

**PROUD PARTNER OF LANCE ARMSTRONG,
LIVESTRONG[®] AND TEAM RADIOSHACK.**

Lance relies on The Shack to keep him up to date with the latest mobile devices. Whether he's e-mailing family and friends, tweeting about LIVESTRONG or managing his hectic schedule, Lance embodies the power of mobile technology. Visit your local RadioShack to explore our universe of mobile products or go to RadioShack.com/Lance.

 **RadioShack[®]**

LIVESTRONG is a registered trademark of the Lance Armstrong Foundation.

Summer Essentials

SEVEN GROOMING AND SKIN-CARE PRODUCTS THAT STAND UP UNDER THE HEAT

by ELLEN TIEN

SUNSCREEN

NYDG Physician's UV Defense SPF 30
Micronized titanium dioxide, the active ingredient in this sunscreen, "provides protection against both UVA and UVB rays without irritating the skin, even when you sweat," says Dr. David Biro, a dermatologist in New York (\$15; nydg.us).

SOAP

Korres ShowerGel
In the summer, when you're sweating more (and therefore showering more), it's important to use a soap that's less abrasive to your skin than most over-the-counter brands. This product washes away dirt using two mild cleansers: grapefruit and cinnamon (\$15; korresusa.com).

BUG REPELLENT

Avon Skin-So-Soft Bug Guard Plus
The active ingredient, picaridin, repels bugs without the toxicity of most brands. "It's odorless, long-lasting, and easier on the skin than DEET [the most potent active ingredient in bug repellents]," Biro says (\$16; avon.com).

FACECLOTH

Malin + Goetz Pill Towels
After a long bike ride, just a few squirts from your water bottle expand this lozenge-size, hydraulically compressed towel (easily stored in your bike bag) into an 11-by-9-inch washcloth, perfect for a quick wipe-down (pack of eight, \$10; malinandgoetz.com).



FIRST AID

Jack Black Mr. Fix It
Applying a few drops of a product that uses a natural antimicrobial like silver, as this one does, to a wound "can inhibit the growth of bacteria that run riot in locker rooms," says Dr. David Colbert, a dermatologist in New York. "It also helps cuts heal faster" (\$20; sephora.com).

SHAVE CREAM

Proraso
During the hot months, use a shave cream like the one from Proraso, which is formulated with menthol and eucalyptus, two natural substances that help cool your face as you scrape your skin (\$11; bigelowchemists.com).

DEODORANT

Malin + Goetz Eucalyptus
While an antiperspirant will keep you drier, a eucalyptus-based deodorant, like this one, will cool your skin and help ward off the overactive summer bacteria that can make you stink (\$18; malinandgoetz.com).

DOPP KIT

F1 Flight Dopp Kit
Fairly indestructible polyvinyl chloride helps keep your summer essentials intact (\$36; flight001.com).

photograph by TRAVIS RATHBONE

HELP ELIMINATE ODOR: DON'T JUST COVER IT UP

10x

MORE ODOR PROTECTION COVERAGE
WHEN USED TOGETHER*



INTRODUCING **Gillette's** LINE OF ODOR SHIELD PRODUCTS.

Odor Shield Anti-Perspirant and Body Wash help eliminate body odor instead of just covering it up. **Odor Shield technology** targets and neutralizes body odor at the source. And when used together, you get **10x more odor protection coverage***. So you can perform under pressure.



TARGETS
SHIELD ZEROES IN
ON ODOR



NEUTRALIZES
ODOR COUNTERACTED
AT THE SOURCE



PROTECTS
HELPS ELIMINATE
BODY ODOR

*Total body coverage vs. just using anti-perspirant alone.

Gillette
The Best a Man Can Get™



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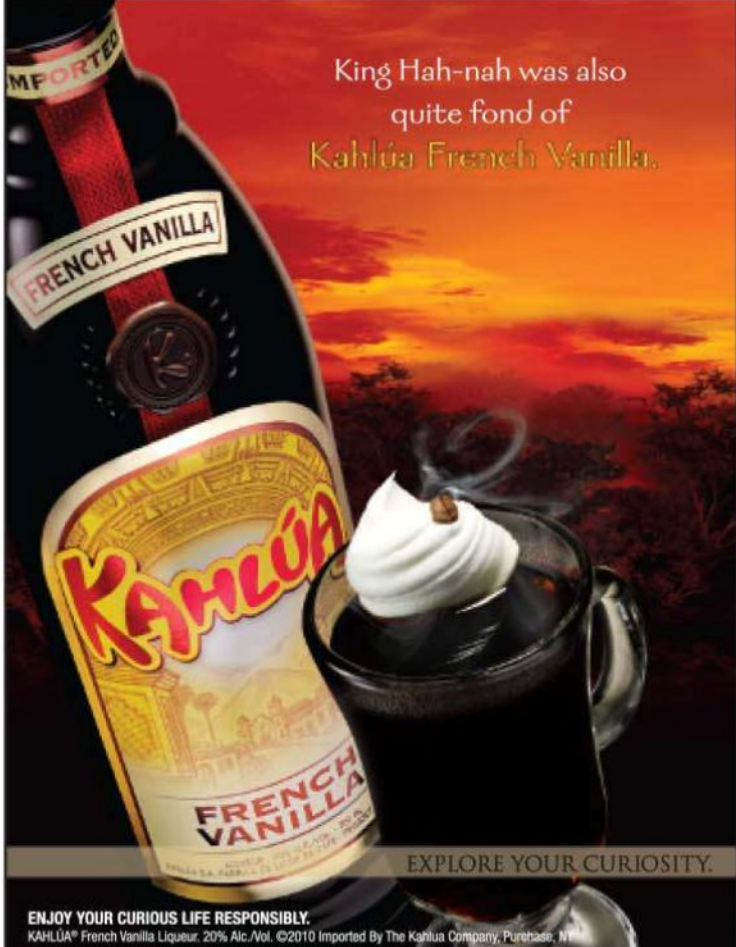
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King Hah-nah was also quite fond of Kahlúa French Vanilla.

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LANCE'S REVENGE

THIS TIME IT'S NOT ABOUT THE YELLOW JERSEY.
IT'S ABOUT PROVING SOMETHING TO HIMSELF — AND TO A CERTAIN
FORMER TEAMMATE. THIS TIME IT'S PERSONAL.

by STEPHEN RODRICK photograph by CARLOS SERRAO

LANCE ARMSTRONG HAS A 17TH-CENTURY, 15-FOOT SPANISH FRESCO OF THE CRUCIFIXION HANGING ON THE WALL OF HIS AUSTIN MANSION. THIS DOESN'T MEAN — AND SOME OF YOU ARMSTRONG ACOLYTES MIGHT WANT TO SIT DOWN FOR THIS — THAT LANCE IS JESUS. GOD WOULDN'T POUT AND STAMP HIS FEET WHEN IT WAS REVEALED IN 2008 HE WAS USING MORE WATER THAN ANY OTHER AUSTIN RESIDENT. GOD WOULD JUST MAKE MORE WATER. GOD WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN DUBBED

Osama by the Italian media for dealing with them only through poorly shot home video. God would have reminded them of Mussolini. And God wouldn't admit that he rode scared last year and contemplated quitting the whole shit show when he was sitting in a smelly Spanish ditch with a broken collarbone. God would have pedaled at the front of the peloton.

But I am also happy to report — except to those of you suffering from Lance Derangement Syndrome — that Lance Armstrong is not Satan in bike shorts either. Sure, he engaged in some black-ops psychological warfare last year with his teammate Alberto Contador that may or may not have included a slap fight, a podium freeze-out, and the hijacking of a courtesy car, but the dude did climb out of that ditch in Spain, finish third four months later, at age 37, in the race rightfully nicknamed the Tour de Lance, and, oh yeah, raise \$50 million for LiveStrong, his cancer foundation.

Besides, there's another reason we know that Lance Armstrong is neither Lord nor Prince of Darkness. At this precise moment, he is bleeding. He sits on a leather couch in his study and stares curiously at a reddish blob forming on his shaved left calf. "That happened the other day," says Armstrong in a slow uphill climb of a drawl. "I crashed." He pokes at the blood. "It looks like it's pulled open a little bit."

He'll be 39 in September but doesn't look a day over 50. Armstrong is beyond gaunt, his skin stretched so thin that it looks like his vital organs are going to make a break for the chunky guy fixing the front gate at any moment. We originally decide we'll sit outside and talk, but the fat cell-free Armstrong shivers in the 68-degree Texas morning and we head back inside.

In the death march that is cycling, this means Lance is back.

"When I first retired, I got fat, ate a lot, and drank beer," Armstrong says. He pulls out his laptop and shows me a 2006 picture of a man who looks fat only to a world-class cyclist or a manorexic. "Then I started running marathons and working out, and my upper body got way too big for racing." He scrolls to a 2008 picture taken with some buddies on his Texas ranch. The dude looks buff and about 1,000 percent healthier than the current Lance. "Then when I decided to ride again, it was too late; I couldn't lose the muscle quick enough. Now I won't even do 20 push-ups or swim 800 yards — it's too risky. That was a big problem last year."

Oh, yes, last year. His third-place finish was alternately seen as a triumph, a testament to mortality, or a delicious comeuppance, depending on your Lanceview. Armstrong has a novel take. "Last year was interesting," he says. He pauses, glancing up at the crucifix in a WWJD moment. He does the opposite. "It was interesting in the sense that it was just a hobby. You get out there training hard, making all the sacrifices, traveling, racing, suffering, crashing, for nothing, other than you want to do it and it's good for your foundation."

Wait a sec, I say — you finished third. That seems like more than a hobby. Armstrong bulls ahead.

"I think for a guy out doing it as a hobby, to get third was pretty good," he repeats.

That kind of talk ain't gonna make any new friends. Armstrong professes not to care: He's got his own team now, as he readies the comeback after the comeback. "People have decided about me," he says. It's the one-year anniversary of his collarbone crash and he is trying to access his "Que Sera, Sera" side, not an easy task for a man known to block journalists he doesn't like from following his Twit-

Lance vs. Alberto: The History of a Feud

ARMSTRONG AND CONTADOR HAVE BEEN TRADING



March 23, 2009

Riding as Astana teammates for the first time, they compete in a Spanish stage race. Armstrong breaks his collarbone. "I didn't see the crash," Contador says, "because it happened behind me." Oh, snap!

July 4, 2009
Astana enters the Tour de France playing down the rivalry, with the stated plan of supporting whoever is riding best. But Contador and Armstrong have their own cadres within the team. Contador finishes the first stage in second place; Armstrong, 10th.

July 6, 2009
Stage 3: Winds cause the field to split. Armstrong is criticized for leaving Contador behind in the second pack. "When you see what the wind is doing," Armstrong responds, "it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out you have to go to the front."

July 10, 2009
Stage 7: With Armstrong now in second and Contador third in the standings, Alberto attacks on the day's final climb. "It wasn't really in the plan, but I didn't expect him to go by the plan," Armstrong says. Contador leapfrogs Lance into second.



July 11, 2009

Stage 8: Armstrong confronts Contador: "Look, are you going to follow team orders?" Contador replies: "You don't have any respect for orders." Armstrong later says, "It got ugly. It was nearly fisticuffs."

PREVIOUS SPREAD: STYLING BY BONNIE MARCEL, GROOMING BY LUCY SANTAMASSIMO, PROP STYLING BY IAN KASOFF, ILLUSTRATIONS BY GILLI BLAND

ter updates. "They're either with me or they're not, and that's a comforting thing."

There's no halo or horns, just a dude definitely not pedaling gently into that good night.

LANCE ARMSTRONG IS FUNNY. NO, SERIOUSLY. IT'S the day before the hobby remark, and he's on his bike in an ultradepressing office in suburban Austin. He's shooting spots for new sponsor RadioShack that are being directed by Christopher Guest of *Spinal Tap* and *Best in Show* fame. The premise is Armstrong dictating memos to a hapless assistant named Alphonse. The office walls gently mock Armstrong with Successories-style posters of him with slogans like COURAGEOUS. Behind his left shoulder, a cobra and a mongoose are locked in a death struggle. "That's like Alberto and Lance," says an ad exec watching the proceedings. "I guess we'll find out in July who is who."

The commercial is supposed to begin with Armstrong bellowing, "Alphonse, why do people talk like this when they're using their cell phones?" Guest tinkers a bit. "Say 'Alphonse' with a little more anger."

Armstrong adds some decibels.

Guest says, "Now say it a little slower, with attitude."

Armstrong slowly drawls, "Al, Phon, Za."

The bone-tired crew cracks up. Lance cracks a sly smile and begins humming the Mexican Hat Dance between takes. During a break, I tell Armstrong that the suits rate him a nine out of 10 on the celebrity acting scale.

"Really?" says Armstrong as he autographs a never-shrinking pile of posters. There's no smile, just an arched eyebrow. "Who's a 10? Did they say?"

It's a little surprising that Guest hasn't made one of his mockumentaries about the Tour de France. It's all there: skulduggery, buffoonery, pomposity. And that's before the riding starts.

You know the basics, which is a damn good testament to Lance's dominance of cycling — a sport huge in Europe, but one that, without Armstrong, draws American ratings south of George Lopez. The bio is familiar. A brash, fatherless boy from Plano blasts onto the scene in the early '90s. He's got a giant heart — both metaphorically and literally — and seemingly a tiny brain. He launches mountain-stage attacks that are bravely idiotic in a young Steve Prefontaine way, as they lack planning and timing and basically consist of Armstrong going to the front and holding on until he bonks, spectacularly dropping to the back of the pack. His front-running is comic-tragic in cycling, where you ride as a team and strategy is more convoluted and conspiracy-laden than the Trilateral Commission.

Armstrong wins a couple of Tour de France stages but withdraws from the three-week, 2,000-plus-mile grind in three of his first four attempts. Then in 1996 he gets testicular cancer. It spreads to his lungs and brain. His chance of surviving is less than 50-50. Some sponsors melt away. Most think he'll never ride again. But he does. Somehow, better than before. Maybe it's the gut check of the cancer; maybe it's hiring Belgian Johan Bruyneel as his coach, a man who is an amalgamation of Dr. Phil and Bill Parcells.

Lance becomes a master tactician.

In 1999, he wins the Tour. There's a best-selling, actually readable memoir. And then he wins again. And again. Repeat until you hit seven. This does not please the French. Or the Germans. Or the Brits. Or anyone outside of the contiguous United States. He wins races by minutes, not seconds. Comparing Armstrong's times to



RIVALS Watching then-teammate Alberto Contador accept the Tour trophy last year

BARBS FOR MORE THAN A YEAR, SETTING UP ANOTHER SHOWDOWN THIS JULY. WELCOME TO CYCLING'S BEST SOAP OPERA.

6

July 23, 2009

Stage 18: Before the day's ride, Contador, who now wears the leader jersey, has to be driven from the hotel to the stage's start in his brother's car because Armstrong reportedly has sent Astana team cars to the airport to pick up his guests.



July 25, 2009

Stage 20: Bottleneck! Ivan Gutierrez, a Spaniard on another team, notices Contador has no water left and reaches out to offer him a drink. Armstrong takes the bottle instead.

8



July 26, 2009

Contador wins the Tour. Armstrong skips the Astana team victory party and dines instead with his new RadioShack sponsors. He says he "had a few extra glasses of wine than I would have normally done."

9

July 27, 2009

At a press conference, Contador says, "My relationship with Lance Armstrong is zero.... I have never had great admiration for him and never will." Armstrong responds via Twitter: "If I were him I'd drop this drivelt and start thanking his team."

10

November 23, 2009

The roster of Armstrong's new RadioShack team is announced. Every Astana rider from the 2009 Tour is on it — except Contador. —IAN LANDAU

pre-Armstrong times is like the distance between Roger Maris's 61 and Barry Bonds's 73.

And that's the problem. The entire European community thinks he's doping. In cycling, this is like being accused of smoking pot at a Phish concert. But here's the thing: Armstrong never tests positive, despite being pricked a couple of hundred times. The Euros start combing through his trash, questioning ex-friends and ex-employees and producing complicated mathematical formulas suggesting it is scientifically impossible for Armstrong to ride as fast as he does. They come close in 2005 — finding some urine samples of his from 1999 that might have tested positive for blood doping — but the second half of the samples were spoiled, leaving the matter still unclear.

"By the last two years, we weren't having any fun," says Bruyneel. "It was, get off the bus, race, deal with accusations, then do it again. It became a really hard job. Imagine trying to do your day job, whatever it is, right in Times Square, and that's what every day was like."

In his spare time, Armstrong starts LiveStrong, a foundation that immediately becomes a player in the fight-cancer world. After winning his seventh yellow jersey, he retires at the age of 34. "I won't miss the Tour," says Armstrong, who then heads out on tour with Sheryl Crow, his post-wife girlfriend. Armstrong splits from Crow in 2006, a move that frankly bothers more Americans than the alleged doping.

At that point, it's good to be Lance Armstrong. There's talk of a run for governor. He pals around with Bono and becomes the rarest celebrity spokesman: one who actually knows what he's talking about. It's not all do-gooding. Armstrong hits a player phase; Kate Hudson and Ashley Olsen make romantic cameos.

Then the strangest but inevitable thing happens. He gets back on the bike.

HERE'S A HISTORICAL TRUISM: MOST GREAT men are dicks. Picasso, Napoleon, Tiger Woods. To build an empire — or win seven Tour de Frances in a row — you must have a Lone Star-size ego and a dash of megalomania. Armstrong's heartfelt cancer work immediately draws him out of the worst category with the despots and degenerates, but his self-image is quite robust.

I ask Armstrong why he came back, and he initially says the right thing about fighting cancer, and that's certainly true. The \$50 million that LiveStrong raised last year was a whopping 26 percent increase from the year before, in the teeth of an unforgiving recession. But pretty soon, Armstrong is talking about saving cycling.

"It's the third-biggest sporting event in the world, and it attracts worldwide attention and worldwide sponsorship and millions of spectators a day. It's massive," he says. "But in so many other ways, it is completely ghetto. Everybody looks at the other person and thinks that they're either trying to fuck them over or they're getting fucked."

That's true. But that includes Armstrong. Outside of America, his September 2008 comeback announcement went over about as well as a George Bush European vacation. British columnist Paul Kimmage declared Armstrong "the cancer in this sport," adding: "For two

years this sport has been in remission. And now the cancer's back." Boy, that seemed like an unfortunate metaphor! This being cycling, that wasn't the end of it. Armstrong appeared at a Tour of California press conference in February 2009 where Kimmage, referring to suspended riders Floyd Landis and David Millar, asked him, "What is it about these dopers that you seem to admire so much?" Their

exchange is priceless. ("You are not worth the chair you are sitting on," Lance says at one point.) Thousands of YouTube watchers agree.

Still, Armstrong says he returned to be a uniter, not a divider: "There was an aspect that said I need to go back and settle this thing down because cycling was out of control and it needed some stability; it needed a leader."

He shrugs his bony shoulders. "I'm not sure I'm that leader, but a lot of other guys in the group, guys that I didn't need to kiss my ass, said, 'I'm glad you're here because you've given us some direction. If there's one guy who's going to have our back, and if it's shitty hotels or dangerous road conditions or getting screwed around by different doping agencies, or whatever it might be, Armstrong's going to get our back.'"



KINDER, GENTLER LANCE? Son Max, now a year old, has mellowed Armstrong some.

THIS MIGHT HAVE BEEN true in a macro sense, but it certainly wasn't exactly true within Lance's own team.

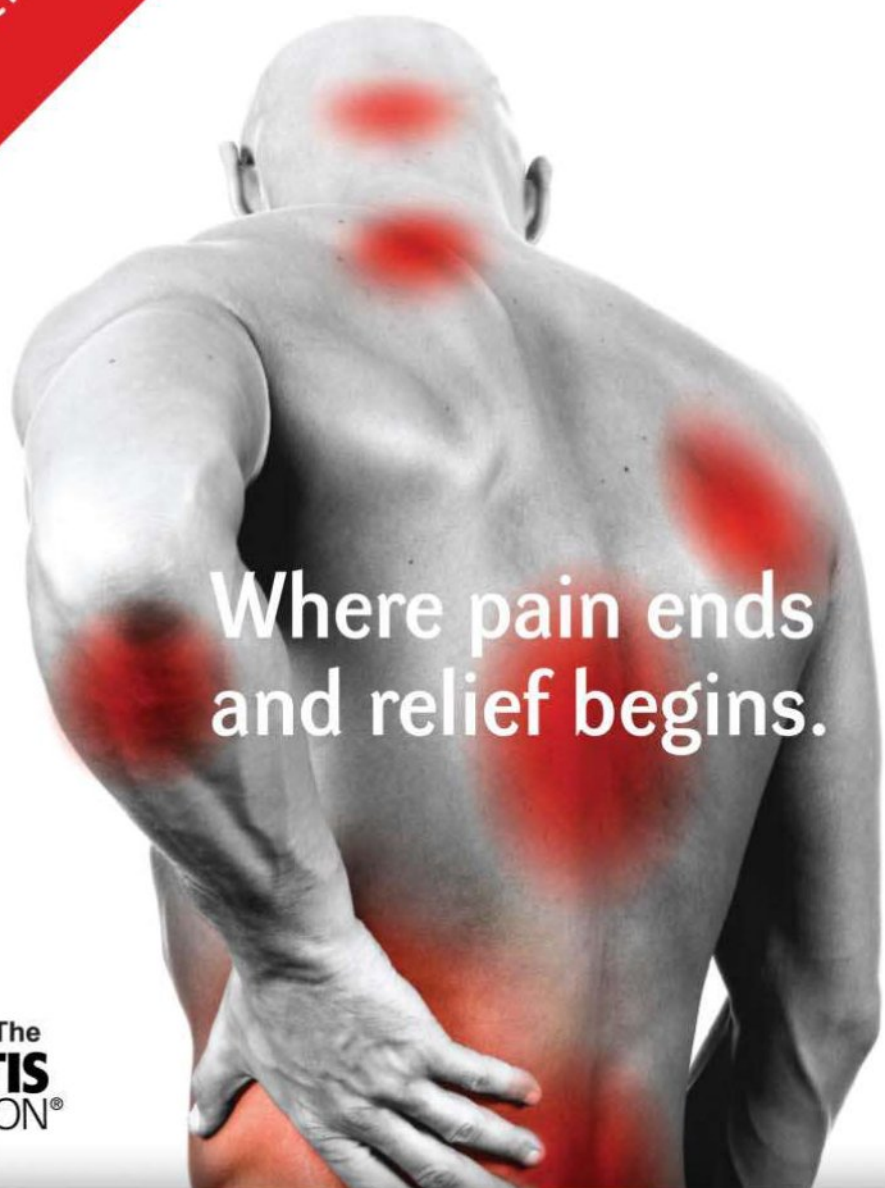
Armstrong insisted on reuniting with his old friend Bruyneel. This was laudable, but problematic, namely because (a) Bruyneel was working for team Astana, an underfunded squad mysteriously

financed by the government of Kazakhstan, so the Borat jokes came fast and furious, and (b) Astana was led by the lyrically named Spaniard Alberto Contador, the 2007 Tour de France winner. This wasn't the equivalent of Obama and Clinton running together; this was like Obama and Palin teaming up. Tour teams are made up of nine riders, but there can be only one boss; the other eight are known as domestiques, a charmingly demeaning name that perfectly captures their responsibilities: fetch water, block the wind, even give up their bike, all in the service of the team leader. "In retrospect, it was like putting a world conqueror on the team with a young man who wanted to be a world conqueror," says Bruyneel.

The situation deteriorated into a he-said, he-said conundrum conducted in English, Spanish, and Spanglish. Before stage 8, according to Bill Strickland's excellent new book *Tour de Lance*, Contador and Armstrong had to be separated from punching each other during an argument about who wasn't following Bruyneel's team instructions. "It was nearly fisticuffs," Strickland quotes Armstrong as saying. Armstrong backpedals some in talking with me, denying that the incident came close to blows, but he doesn't mask his contempt for Contador.

"I've won the Tour seven times," he says. "I've done a lot of things in cycling. But at the end of the day, I listen to Johan; I listen to the director of the team. I don't make up, *Oh, my radio didn't work* or *I didn't understand, I don't speak English*. I don't give excuses. I listen to the director, regardless of how many times I won the Tour. That was my only point to Alberto: 'Look, we're all in this together. You've got to follow team orders.' Then he said, 'Well, you're not following team orders.' I was like, Excuse me?"

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"I THINK FOR A GUY DOING IT AS A HOBBY," LANCE SAYS OF LAST YEAR'S TOUR DE FRANCE, "GETTING THIRD WAS PRETTY GOOD."

By the end of the Tour, Armstrong admitted Contador was the better rider, but he got in a last fuck-you. Two days before Contador clinched his second title, Armstrong and Bruyneel announced they were forming a new team the following year with RadioShack. They wound up taking everyone along from the Astana team, except Contador. On the Paris podium, Armstrong and Contador shook hands for a half-second and then didn't make eye contact. "He is a great rider and has completed a great race," Contador said later of his rival, "but it is another thing on a personal level, where I have never had great admiration for him and never will."

IF THIS WERE THE OLD LANCE, YOU COULD SAY, That's the ball game. Contador has pissed the Texan off and now it's time for Armstrong to hunt him down like Bambi's mom. In the golden era, Lance rode on anger. "Back in the day, we paid attention to everything," he admits. "We read everything. We saved everything. We remembered everything." Sometimes Armstrong would invent feuds to stoke his fury. But the new Lance isn't quite as angry.

"I've got a great life with my kids," he says. On cue, his girlfriend, Anna Hansen, wanders in holding their one-year-old son Max, who looks remarkably happy for a toddler who just got his booster shots. "He was great," says Hansen, a tall blonde whom Armstrong met while she was working for a Colorado nonprofit that organized outings for cancer victims. Lance cuddles Max, who is wearing a T-shirt from Mellow Johnny's, his dad's Austin bike shop. "This kid is great," he says. Later, Armstrong expresses good-natured disappointment at older son Luke's failure in the Cub Scout Pinewood Derby. Dad takes all the blame. Last year, Team Armstrong did well with the aid of some graphite on the axles of the tiny race cars. "They kept the cars last year to put them on display at the school," says Armstrong, sounding like a Tour de France conspiracist. "They may have taken them apart so when they sent the rules this year, they actually had a rule in there: no graphite."

All this domestic contentment is great for Armstrong as a philanthropist and a father, but maybe not so good for him as a cyclist. "When I first came back, I was absolutely petrified in the peloton," he admits with a sigh. "We'd come to fast downhill with corners and fighting for position, and I had completely lost my mojo. It became a point that people talked about. It's like, 'This guy can't ride a bike anymore.'"

Armstrong's timidity led to the worst crash of his career, last March during the first stage of the Vuelta a Castilla y León in Spain. "We came from a big road down to a small road, hard ride, and I was near the front, and then it just started going downhill fast with some turns, and I just kept getting pushed back and back and back, and next thing I know, I said, Fuck, I'm in the back of the group. And that's when the crash happened — just some slappers crash in front of me, and then I go flying. That never should've happened, but it happened because I was scared."

Armstrong goes silent for a second as he lets the words sink in. "That day, I not only said, 'Why am I doing this?' but I said, 'I ain't doing this anymore.' I was sitting there looking around, and there's a helicopter a hundred feet above me. There's an ambulance pulling up. The race is long gone. It's this nasty ditch. I'm looking around going, 'What? Get me out of here.'"

Armstrong returned to Austin after the crash and went for a slow ride with his business manager, Bart Knaggs, a sandy-haired buddy who has known Lance since they were both 20. "Man, I don't have it," Armstrong told his friend. "I don't have the comfort. I don't have the certainty. I'm just not in rhythm."

Bruyneel and Knaggs let him brood for a few days. Then Bruyneel reached him on the phone.

"What the fuck are you doing?" asked Bruyneel.

"I don't have it; I don't know," said Armstrong.

Bruyneel ignored him and kept making plans for France until Armstrong realized he didn't want to go out sitting on his ass, broken in a Spanish ditch. He went back to work, climbing hills in New Mexico and Colorado. He got his mojo back at the Tour de Gila, setting himself up for France and his third-place finish, an even more remarkable accomplishment considering where he'd started. With the notable exception of his sniping with Contador, the media and fellow riders talked of a friendlier Lance. Even the French came around.

"Before, anytime we would be close enough to a Frenchman, they would say, Listen, do you want to be popular? Lose," says Armstrong with a sad laugh. "And then we would immediately say, No, we'll take unpopular. That relationship has turned around totally."

WHEN THE ANTI-ARMSTRONG CAMP MOCKS Lance Legend, they compare Armstrong 2.0 to Michael Jordan's last, winded comeback with the Wizards. That's exactly the wrong MJ analogy. Think back to Jordan's first comeback from baseball in 1995. There were magic moments — dropping 55 on the Knicks at Madison Square Garden — but he was embarrassed in the playoffs by a young Shaq. He'd lost a step, everyone whispered. But the next year, with a full off-season of training, Jordan came back and was the baddest man on the court, taking MVP and the first of three more championships. This year, Armstrong insists, he is completely focused on racing. He gives an example.

"Before, if my seat moved a millimeter, I knew it. My seat height was so low last year, and people would tell me, 'Hey, your seat is too low.' And I said, What are you talking about? And then this year I decided to really focus on the seat height, and I got it to a place where it was back in '04 and '05. And then I went and compared where it is today to where it was all of last year. Two and a half centimeters too low! That's like saying, 'I've got a six-inch lift in one of my shoes.' That stuff didn't register with me in 2009."

This being Lance, he can't quite steer clear of anti-doping controversy. He's now working with physiologist Allen Lim, considered one of the nice guys of cycling and a proponent of clean racing but still a controversial figure since he was Floyd Landis's training guru. Landis won the Tour de France in 2006 but was then disqualified for having elevated testosterone levels. (Lim says he knew nothing of Landis's alleged doping.)

Lim is a proponent of speed through lower body temperature. He's had Armstrong swallowing pill-size thermometers that test his core temperature and experimenting with pre-race ice vests and other newfangled techniques to keep Lance cool. "We created a new sports drink just for Lance," says Lim. "Regular sports drinks can leave you with gastrointestinal problems if you're drinking a lot of them. There's no artificial colorings or flavors in ours. If it tastes like blueberry, it's because we're using freeze-dried blueberries. We're also using a different kind of salt than table salt." When I ask him what kind of salt, Lim laughs. "I can't tell you that."

The more Armstrong drinks, the cooler he'll be, and the faster he'll ride — at least that's the theory. "The (continued on page 146)



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2

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TIP 1

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TIP 2

"Buy fireworks from a pyrotechnic retailer, not the nearest gas station — or the internet. You want strobes, fountains, Roman candles, and cakes. Some of my favorites are the Brothers 500-gram cakes and World Class's Excalibur reloadable shells." Other good brands: Cannon Brand, Vulcan, Shogun, and Pyro King.

TIP 3

"Use glue to secure each explosive to a solid piece of one-inch plywood so rockets don't topple and hit your audience."

TIP 4

"Start simple and save your biggest effects for the end, but keep your audience guessing. Use repetition to establish an expectation of what's coming next, and then switch it up — large comets, small break, large comets, small break, then change it with a whole bunch of comets."

TIP 5

Make sure your homeowner's insurance is up-to-date.

Cruise Around Town

With its relaxed geometry, single-speed drivetrain, and sweeping handlebars, the **SCHWINN MARK V** cuts the perfect image of a classic '50s beach cruiser. But its lightweight aluminum frame and cup holder are why we're ditching our vintage French roadie (\$370; schwinnbike.com).



Toss a Ringer Every Time



1

THE GRIP

"Don't hold the shoe in the middle, which causes it to flip end over end," explains 15-time world champ Alan Francis. "What you want is a clockwise rotation. Holding the shoe with the U opening facing toward you, grip it on its side with your fingertips."



2

THE THROW

"Your throw should involve your entire body. Face the stake with your shoulders square, your knees slightly bent, and your focus on the center of the stake. Take a slow backswing followed by a smooth but aggressive upswing and a step forward with the foot opposite your throwing hand."



3

THE RELEASE

"Aim for either the 1-1/4, 1-3/4, or 3/4 turn; master one that yields an open shoe when it reaches the stake. Its flight arc should be six to eight feet at its highest, and you should follow through until the shoe has landed."

THROW A RIGHTEOUS BACKYARD BASH



Play Like a Viking



Inspired by the Swedish pastime Kubb, Sarah and Martin Wilde class it up with **V:KING**, a set of regional Vermont hardwood blocks meant to be thrown around a 15x25 battlefield, the way many believe the Vikings did more than 1,000 years ago. The object, as in real warfare, is to knock over your opponent's pieces — but not the center king — with well-placed volleys (\$99; playvking.com).

FROM TOP: MICHAEL DWORNIK, MICHAEL LIMBREGG, MODELS, CLOCKWISE FROM CENTER: MODEL WEARS A SHIRT BY CONVERSE BY JOHN VARVATOS, MODEL WEARS A SHIRT BY NAUTICA, MODEL WEARS A T-SHIRT BY DKNY

Spike a Melon



1

CUT THE HOLE

Pick a watermelon, preferably more round than oblong so the booze disperses evenly inside it. Cut a circular plug through the rind about the size of a half-dollar. If you can't coax out the plug with your knife, use a corkscrew.



2

MAKE ROOM FOR THE BOOZE

With the handle of a wooden spoon, slightly loosen up the pulp inside by poking into the melon for a minute or two. This also allows for more uniform alcohol saturation.



3

DON'T OVERDO IT

Using a funnel, add vodka — figure on about one pint (half a liter) for your average melon. Don't get all fancy with rum or liqueur. The point is to keep the melon tasting like melon — it's already the perfect summer fruit.



Make an Unforgettable Summer Mixtape

ROCK RIVER COMMUNICATIONS CEO JEFF DANIEL SELECTS MUSIC FOR SUCH HIGH-PROFILE BRANDS AS GAP AND ADIDAS. HERE, HE PUTS TOGETHER A PLAYLIST FOR YOUR NEXT BACKYARD PARTY.*

SIDE A

1. *Head Full of Doubt/ Road Full of Promise*

THE AVETT BROS
Ease into things with a mellow vibe like this mix of bluegrass, rock, and punk from North Carolina's indie darlings.

2. *In the Sun*

SHE & HIM
Zoëy Deschanel and M. Ward's country-tinged tune picks up the tempo a bit.

3. *Take Me to the River*

TALKING HEADS
This '78 classic is instantly recognizable, which makes everyone nice and comfortable early on.

4. *This Too Shall Pass*

OK GO
The treadmill rockers bring energy all the time; it's your party's first uptempo groove.

5. *Go It Alone*

BECK
This infectious tune creeps up in the background and subconsciously makes everyone within earshot bob their head.

6. *Giving Up the Gun*

VAMPIRE WEEKEND
The indie Afrobeat band's most driving track will let your guests know the party has officially started.

SIDE B

7. *Sweet Disposition*

THE TEMPER TRAP
This new band from Melbourne hints at a very familiar sound from the '80s. One listen, it's in your head forever.

8. *I Cut Like A Buffalo*

THE DEAD WEATHER
Grit rock from Jack White's supergroup, with members of the Kills and Queens of the Stone Age, brings raw energy.

9. *Swim*

SURFER BLOOD
More grit rock from West Palm Beach's Surfer Blood, whose fuzzed-out guitar anthem shakes like the summer sun.

10. *Stylo*

GORILLAZ
Arty British indie trip rock never sounded so urban, and it serves as a sort of musical rest as it brings back the mellow groove.

11. *Tighten Up*
THE BLACK KEYS
The duo's recent single is unusually melodic and helps wind things down.

12. *Mongrel Heart*
BROKEN BELLS
Never leave 'em hanging with something unfamiliar. The tune is brand-new, but it's as if the Beach Boys, the Fixx, and the Cure are mingling at your party.

*Hear an extended 20-song version at mensjournal.com/summermixtape.

Chill Beer in 9 Minutes

1. Drop beers into a bucket and cover with ice. 2. Add as much salt as you can afford — several cups, if possible. (Salt lowers ice's melting point, which quickly creates a chilly brine.) 3. Add a couple of cups of water, give it a stir, and wait.



Party Like Kenny Chesney

SOUTHERN WISDOM FROM THE COUNTRY MUSIC STAR

1

"If you're working hard at it, you're not doing it right."

2

"When it comes to food, it's real simple: We grill lobster caught the same day, with corn on the cob."

3

"We pretty much drink one thing: Cruzan Coconut and Red Bull Sugarfree — tastes like the tropics and lets you keep going."

4

"And, you know, it's not about dressing up. The fewer clothes, the better."



Blast Your Tunes Outside

Ditch the boombox: A well-balanced two-speaker system like the **SAMSON EXPEDITION XP3081** will create a soundstage in your yard. During teardown they lock together, leaving you with a single 40-pound package that's about the same size as your cooler (\$499; samsontech.com).





Build a Fish-Taco Bar

ON A SWELTERING AFTERNOON, THE VIBE YOU REALLY WANT TO CHANNEL AT YOUR NEXT BARBECUE IS THAT WHOLE SOUTH-OF-THE-BORDER BAJA THING. BONUS: EVERYONE GETS TO CUSTOMIZE.

Nobody knows Cal-Mex like James Beard award-winning chef Rick Bayless. His cooking show, *Mexico — One Plate at a Time*, is about to shoot its eighth season entirely in Baja, the spiritual home of the fish taco. “If you’re like me, you like to hang out by the grill,”

says Bayless, whose latest cookbook is called *Fiesta at Rick’s*. “And what I love about fish tacos is that it’s a meal that evolves — you’re cooking it and slicing it and serving it to your friends, and it becomes an ongoing feast where you’ve got fresh food all the time.”

GREEN SALSA

For 2 cups, you need 6 unpeeled garlic cloves, 1 lb of tomatillos (little green tomatoes), and 1/2 oz of small hot dried chiles, like red chipotles.

1. Toast seeded and stemmed chiles in an ungreased skillet over a medium flame for 1 minute. **2.** Transfer to a bowl; cover with hot water for 30 minutes. **3.** In the same skillet, roast garlic for 15 minutes. Remove skin. **4.** Remove husks from tomatillos, set on a baking sheet, and roast under a broiler until soft and blackened. Let cool, then put in a blender or food processor. **5.** Drain and add chiles and roasted garlic. Add a touch of water, season with salt, and puree.

LIMES

“Absolutely essential. I like to squeeze on some lime juice right when the fish comes off the grill and then sprinkle on a pinch of coarse sea salt.”

CORN TORTILLAS

“If you want to blow people away, go to a Mexican grocery store and buy fresh corn tortillas. Figure on 4 tacos per guest. Heat the tortillas by brushing them with a little olive oil and throwing them on the grill in stacks of 2, so each gets a little char but doesn’t dry out.”

DICED ONIONS

“Dice about 1 white onion for every 3 guests. Rinse chopped pieces under cold water to remove the more noxious onion compounds. Mix in 1 tbsp of roughly chopped cilantro per onion. Set in a bowl as a last-minute topping.”

FOR MORE MEXICAN REFRESHMENTS, TURN TO PAGE 102.



Grill Fish to Perfection

1

CHOOSE THE RIGHT FISH

Swordfish, Bayless says, is meaty and easy to work with. “Anything in the sea bass family is also good, as well as grouper, tilefish, pink snapper, or striped bass.” The idea is to stick with firm, flaky white fish for good texture and a nice, mild flavor. And don’t even think about freshwater fish, Bayless warns. “It would feel like mush in the tortilla.”

2

ADD FLAVOR

“Throw some cloves of garlic and a couple of green chile peppers on a hot, dry skillet, turning every once in a while until the garlic is blotchy, black, and soft. Then peel the garlic, remove seeds from the chiles, and throw the rest into a blender with some olive oil and salt. Blend that up and brush it over the fillets. Be sure to dilute it with enough oil so the fish won’t stick.”

3

GRILL IT

“Take a whole fillet and lay it on the hottest part of the grill, skin side up so the skin can hold it together and contribute flavor (you can always remove the skin later). Cook the fish about two-thirds of the way through. Then, what really looks beautiful is if you flip the fillet over onto a piece of banana leaf and continue cooking on the cooler side of the grill.”

4

LEAVE IT ALONE

“Everybody always worries that stuff is sticking to the grill, so they try to move it, and that makes it fall apart. But everything sticks for the first minute, so don’t mess with it! When the fish is done, set the fillets on a platter, still on the banana leaves, and let your guests flake the meat apart themselves and add it to their tacos.”



Spice Things Up

Most hot sauces these days rely on cute labels and outrageous levels of heat to sell bottles, but since its humble family beginnings in 1968, **EL YUCATECO RED HABANERO HOT SAUCE** is as subtle as something with a Scoville rating of nearly 6,000 can be — hot enough for a sweet sting, but not so fiery you end up looking like you just got maced (\$4; elyucateco.com).



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Make Gourmet Guacamole

Rick Bayless advocates a distinct approach for taco-bar guacamole: Make a big bowl of basic guac that blends 6 avocados, 1/2 cup cilantro, 4 minced serrano peppers, 4 tbsp lime juice, and salt to taste. Surround that bowl with optional add-ons, like crumbled bacon, fresh Mexican cheese, tomato, red onion, chopped mango, even toasted pumpkin seeds.



Master Mexican Sangria

Fill a glass with ice, then halfway with limeade (Odwalla makes perfect sangria limeade in half-gallon jugs). Add red wine gently enough that it floats on top. Drop in a couple of orange slices and serve without stirring for that cool two-tone effect of pale green below, red above.

Learn to Mix Authentic Agua Fresca

California burrito joints call it *agua fresca*, or "fresh water," and the upshot is pitch-perfect hydration for whenever straight fruit juice would be too sticky-sweet and beer might knock you out. For the all-time classic version: 1. Puree an entire cantaloupe, without seeds and rind. 2. Strain the juice to remove the pulp. 3. Add half a cup of water. 4. Stir in a dash of sugar so it won't taste thin. 5. Enjoy in a tall glass of ice.

Look Sharp All Season

NAUTICA CREATIVE DIRECTOR CHRIS COX OFFERS ADVICE ON HOW TO LOOK YOUR BEST FOR SUMMER 2010.



	 Swimsuits	 Hats	 Sunglasses	 Suits	 Shorts	 Footwear
Rule of Thumb	Go for high-performance fabrics, like four-way stretch, that move with you.	Wear what works for you, whether it's a broken-in ball cap or a fop-pish straw boater.	Round face? Angular sunglasses. Angular face? Round sunglasses.	Seersucker always works, and light cotton can be dressed up or down.	Right at the kneecaps — too short: Italian gigolo; too long: Alabama juggalo.	Can't go wrong with distressed leather flip-flops, leather sandals, or boat shoes.
Faux Pas	Any lower than your kneecaps will make you look like a gigantic toddler.	Okay, maybe rethink the straw boater.	Don't wear your high-tech athletic frames with anything fancier than a golf shirt.	White linen sport coat? Fine. But unless you're at Diddy's party, don't go all-white.	Never tuck your shirt into cargo shorts.	Stay away from sandals with a dizzying array of straps.
Hot for 2010	Eighties neon is back.	Old-timey driving caps or trilbies with a bit of color.	Dark lenses with aviators in new metal finishes (read: not just gold and silver).	Jackets a half-inch shorter than you're used to, with a soft, natural shoulder.	Neutrals like dusty blues and olives.	Soft moccasin constructions — think driving shoe meets boat shoe.

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SOLAR POWERED

A solar panel combined with a large-capacity rechargeable battery enables these impressive solar timepieces to run smoothly under any light with no battery replacement.

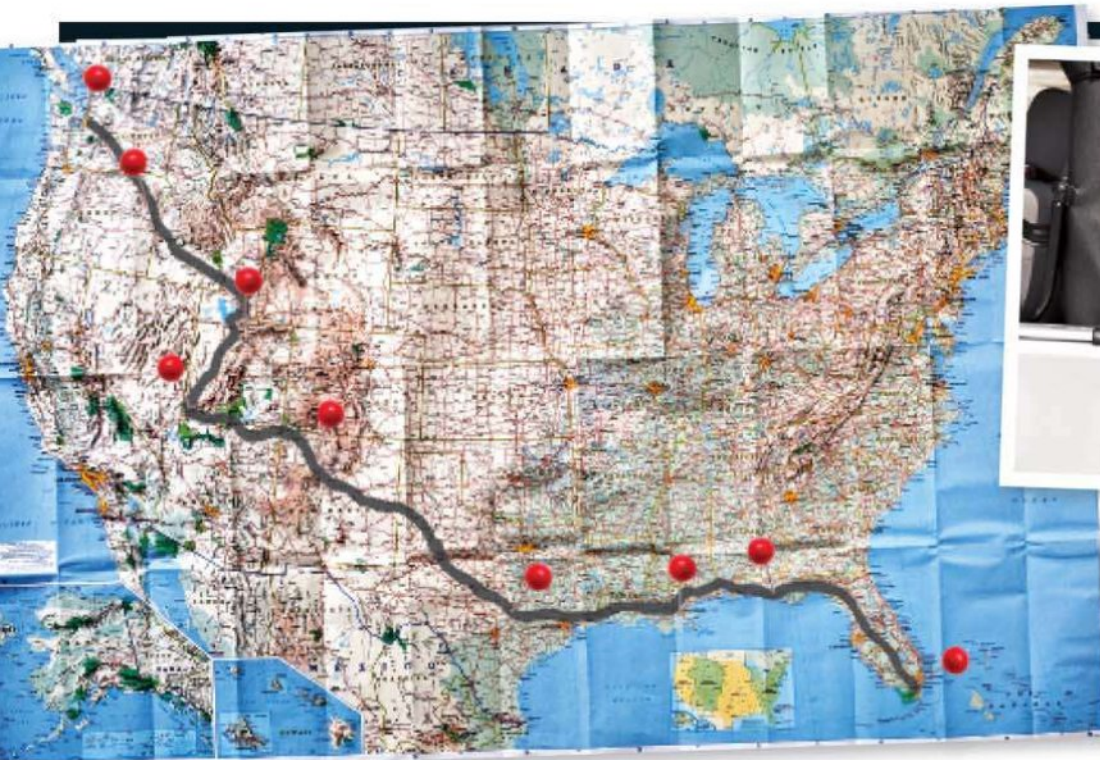
SELF-ADJUSTING

ATOMIC TIMEKEEPING

Multi-Band Technology receives time calibration signals automatically from several transmitters around the world. This technology adjusts for Leap Year and Daylight Saving Time.

CASIO

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See America in Nine Days

LIKE A CLUB SANDWICH, AMERICA IS BEST CUT ON A DIAGONAL. THIS 4,000-MILE ROAD TRIP HITS EVERYTHING FROM NATIONAL PARKS TO SALSA CLUBS.

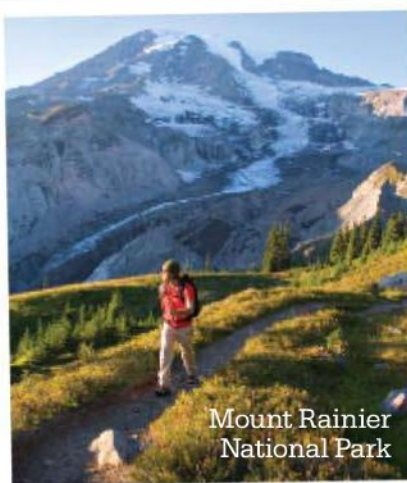
DAY 1
SEATTLE TO BAKER CITY, OREGON, 410 miles
Snap a photo under Seattle's **Space Needle** (400 Broad Street) before hitting **Mount Rainier National Park**, 60 miles out, for close-up views of glaciers on 1.2-mile **Nisqually Vista Trail**. The drive through **Rattlesnake Hills** provides butte-kicking afternoon scenery.

DAY 2
TO SALT LAKE CITY, 470 miles
Out of Baker City, arrange to slay catfish and smallmouth bass on the **Brownlee Reservoir** (*Brownlee Charters*, 541-893-6863) or survive a whitewater jet-boat romp through the deepest river gorge in North America, **Hells Canyon** (*Hells Canyon Adventures*, 541-785-3352). Stumped by the 50 bars and restaurants in four blocks of downtown Boise? Start at the **Falcon Tavern** (705 W. Bannock Street) for a late lunch of hand-pressed Kobe beef burger.

DAY 3
TO ST. GEORGE, UTAH, 300 miles
Don't waste any more daylight in SLC. Divide your time between biking past snow-capped peaks on the **Wasatch Crest Trail** (*Revolution Mountain Sports*, 801-233-1400) and stretching your legs at the end of the day among the soaring sandstone walls in **Zion National Park**, about five hours south of SLC, off I-15.

DAY 4
TO FARMINGTON, NEW MEXICO, VIA MONUMENT VALLEY, 430 miles
Three hours out, visit Mars-like **Bryce Canyon National Park** and the Queens Garden Trail. Hit **Monument Valley** at sunset for Navajo tacos and a Native American-guided horseback ride (*Sacred Monument Tours*, 435-727-3218) through huge red-rock altars.

DAY 5
TO AUSTIN, 880 miles
Every cross-country trip has a hell day. Embrace yours by stopping only in Lubbock for the **Buddy Holly Center** (1801 Crickets Avenue) and barbecue at **Bigham's Smokehouse** (4302 19th Street), then push on to Austin for last call at **Barfly's** (5420 Airport Boulevard).



Mount Rainier National Park

DAY 6
STAY IN AUSTIN
Take a **Guadalupe River** float (*River Sports Tubes*, 830-964-2450) before a night on **6th Street**, the most famous bar crawl in Texas. Finish at **Broken Spoke** honky-tonk (3201 S. Lamar Boulevard) for live shit-kicker brilliance. Warning: The 40,000-strong **Republic of Texas Biker Rally** rumbles into town June 10-13.

DAY 7
TO NEW ORLEANS, 510 miles
Cajun food fight: The "Special" three-meat, three-cheese po'boy at **Darrell's** (119 W. College Street) in Lake Charles versus the shrimp po'boy at **Olde Tyme Grocery** (218 W. St. Mary Boulevard) in Lafayette, an hour farther east. Follow that with an all-night New Orleans party. But skip Bourbon Street — instead, hang with the locals on Frenchmen Street, for jazz at **d.b.a.**, and follow that with a late-night snack at **Coop's Place** around the corner.

DAY 8
TO DESTIN, FLORIDA, 250 miles
Crush your hangover on white-sand Emerald Coast beaches like **James Lee Park** on Florida's Scenic Highway 98. Then crush pro-style drives on the beach-to-bay course at **Baytowne Golf Club** (9300 Emerald Coast Parkway).

DAY 9
TO MIAMI, 640 miles
After the obligatory Cuban sandwiches and art deco hotels, hit the real Miami: **LIV** (4441 Collins Avenue) for gaudy lights and a sweaty dance floor; **Mynt Lounge** (1921 Collins Avenue) for celebs; and **Mango's Tropical Cafe** (900 Ocean Drive) for watching women in cheetah-print pants and little else grind out hip-notic salsa on tabletops.

CONTRIBUTORS:

NICHOLAS AYALA, WAYNE CURTIS, DANIEL DUANE, KY HENDERSON, STAN HORACZEK, MARTIN MULKEEN, CHUCK THOMPSON



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SUMMER COOL TIP #1

WEAR A MAN'S HOODIE

When that sea breeze turns into a nighttime chill, you'll be tempted to break out your comfy, paint-splattered hooded sweatshirt. Don't. Instead, grab a woven cotton hoodie like this one — it provides all the warmth and comfort of your old standby, but with enough style to wear out for drinks on the boardwalk.



Evan wears
a hooded
sweater by
TOMMY
HILFINGER,
\$75



Board-
shorts by
J.CREW,
\$60

On her:
Bathing-suit
top, \$49,
and bottom,
\$39, both by
PATAGONIA

Style

SUMMER COOL

photographs by MICHAEL DWORNIK

fashion by PATTI O'BRIEN

Evan Longoria may spend most of the season decked out in a Tampa Bay Rays uniform, but here the All-Star third baseman shows off how to dress for a warm-weather getaway: hassle-free in lightweight linens and cottons.



A full-page photograph of a man and a woman embracing outdoors. The woman, with long reddish-brown hair, is wearing a light grey sweater and has her arms around the man's shoulders. She is laughing joyfully. The man, with short dark hair and a light beard, is wearing a light blue button-down shirt and is smiling broadly at the camera. The background is bright and slightly out of focus, showing some greenery.

SUMMER COOL TIP #2

LOOSEN UP THE BUTTON-DOWN

Nothing says “welcome to my beach house” like a lightweight button-down with the cuffs haphazardly shoved up to the elbows and one too many buttons undone. Pack thin cotton shirts and linen numbers for easy-breathing, casual cool. And embrace wrinkles — there’s no ironing on vacation.



Evan wears
a shirt by
BANANA
REPUBLIC,
\$60



Boardshorts
by NUMBER:
LAB, \$110

On her: Dress
by RALPH
LAUREN BLUE
LABEL, \$77;
bikini top by
LACOSTE, \$55



*Opposite
page:* Evan
wears a
shirt by
GAP, \$45

On her:
Sweater by
INHABIT,
\$310

SUMMER COOL TIP #3

DITCH THE HIBISCUS

It's time to upgrade the tired flower print on your boardshorts. Subtle patterns or color-block styles like on this Number:Lab pair show an air of restraint. But if you're looking to stand out at the beach, design a custom pair of boardshorts at Shortomatic.com by uploading any image you want.





EVAN LONGORIA'S ON-FIELD successes are common knowledge: AL Rookie of the Year in 2008, two-time All-Star, and a sophomore stat line (100 runs, 33 homers, 113 RBI) that erased the word *potential* from the phrase "potential superstar Evan Longoria." What you don't know about the 24-year-old SoCal native's off-field life is, well, everything. Longoria is not a talker, much like your father is not a talker. Thankfully, even a man as reserved as he can't resist the friendly inquiries of a beautiful woman — in this case, JENNIFER MCDONOUGH, the lovely model from our beach shoot.



JEN: I noticed that you kept on your wristbands and your cross for the shoot.



EVAN: I went to Catholic school for 12 years, so I've always worn a cross. It's from my grandma. My mom worked, so after school we'd go to my grandma's house. She had a lot of faith. She would give me her old crosses that she didn't wear anymore. That's why I always have a cross around my neck. The white bracelet, I made. It says DON'T EVER GIVE IN, DON'T EVER GIVE UP, AND DON'T EVER BE CONTENT. It was something I said to myself one day, and I thought it would be a good idea to put it on one of these rubber bracelets. If I don't feel like working hard, I can look down at my wrist.

JEN: And what about the other wristband?

EVAN: It says CANCER SUCKS. It's from a girlfriend who was diagnosed with cervical cancer. She just finished treatment, so I wear that in support of her.

JEN: I know your family is in Anaheim. Are there other places you love playing?

EVAN: Chicago and New York are my favorites. I love to eat, and that's part of why

I love New York. It could be two in the morning and you can find authentic Thai food.

JEN: How about traveling for fun?

EVAN: I went to Rio, Brazil, with a buddy this off-season. It's a beautiful country.

JEN: Did you mind not knowing the language?

EVAN: I wish I did know it. We had a tough time doing little things, like ordering food or negotiating a price. Thankfully we ran into a local girl who showed us around, translating. It opened my eyes. We've got a lot of Latin players on the team, and Asians — Japanese, Koreans — all kinds of ethnicities in pro baseball now. It's tough for these guys to come here, to not know what's going on around them. That's how I felt in Rio.

JEN: So what would you be doing if you weren't gifted with baseball skills?

EVAN: I was on my way to a degree in criminal justice. I don't think I would've been a police officer, but who knows? Maybe I'd work in forensics. I was a typical 21-, 22-year-old kid who didn't have much direction. Thankfully baseball worked out because I have no clue what else I would have done.

SUMMER COOL TIP #4

KNOW THE POLO RULES

Like all men's clothing, the venerable piqué cotton polo has forsaken bagginess for a more trim, tailored look — but you still need to find the one that fits you properly. The best polo has trim arms that end where your biceps begin, and fits close to the chest but slightly loose in the body. Too tight, and you'll resemble a *Jersey Shore* extra.





Evan wears
a shirt by
LACOSTE, \$80



Shorts by
CANTERBURY
OF NEW
ZEALAND, \$78



Hat by
GAP, \$30



Watch by
CASIO, \$200

On her:
Bikini top by
LACOSTE, \$55;
shorts
by J.CREW,
\$80

Fashion assistant:
ANYA WOLFE.
Hair and makeup
by KRISTAN
SERAFINO for
L'Oréal Profession-
nel. Prop styling by
ANNIE GOLDMAN
at Ford Artists.
Production by
CINDI BLAIR
PRODUCTIONS.
Photographed on
location in Boca
Grande, Florida.
For more informa-
tion, see Where to
Buy, page 146.

THE GALLERY

Duval in his Denver home with his wife, Susie, and four of their five kids



WHAT
THE HELL
HAPPENED TO
**DAVID
DUVAL?**

AND WHY IS HE SO HAPPY?

In the glory days, it was Duval versus Tiger. Then his life fell apart, and it was just Duval versus himself. This is the story of how a man can lose everything and be better off for it.



by **CHIP BROWN**

photograph by **GREGG SEGAL**

SLOWLY AND ALL AT ONCE

There aren't many people in his galleries anymore, and fewer still along the ropes who know what his game was like when he was splitting fairways, the cocky master of laser-guided irons and magic on the greens. That was a lifetime ago, he often says, as if the wisened mortal man of 38 with five kids had nothing to do with that numbed prodigy of a dozen years ago whose obsession with controlling the flight of a golf ball — for all the joy it offered and the fortune it brought — also seemed freighted with what was painfully beyond his power to control outside the ropes.

"David, David! Mr. Duval! Over here! Please!"

Autograph hounds were brandishing visors and balls and pictures of him in his

prime as he moved toward the first tee, where four nervous amateurs awaited the start of their Pro-Am round at the Honda Classic. It was the first week of March; a cold wind was rattling the palms on the Champion course at PGA National in Palm Beach Gardens, Florida. Duval, in a blue shell and black trousers, stopped at the rope line and scribbled his name on some old magazine covers bearing images of the person he used to be.

"Good luck, David!" a man shouted as the Pro-Am party set off.

If the thin crowd that tagged along didn't know his game, they did know the outline of his story: his rapid emergence on the PGA Tour, a fixture in the mix on Sundays, the player who might have won the Masters four years in a row but for the sort of breaks that make you appreciate golf's cruelty. When Duval had a good round going, he wasn't afraid to try for a great one. In one incandescent period from the end of 1997 to early 1999, he won 11 of 34 tournaments, including a come-from-behind victory at the 1999 Bob Hope Chrysler Classic, where he eagled the last hole for a total score of 59 and one of the most sublime rounds ever carded in the history of the game.

DAVID DUVAL IS ON FIRE read the cover of the April 12, 1999, *Sports Illustrated*, showing the new star in his wraparound sunglasses, blowing the smoke off a sizzling midiron. By then the world rankings had made official what had been obvious for months: It was no longer Tiger Woods who was the number one player in the world. It was Duval, the four-time All-American from Georgia Tech with the hidden eyes and the fluid, homegrown swing that left him peering out over his right shoulder, his back in a twist, hands hoisted up around the side of his head as if he were trying to open a locket at the nape of his neck.

As much as Duval relished being the best, he wasn't born for the showmanship of being number one. He didn't smile easily like Tiger, didn't play to crowds with uppercuts and primal screams. His three fist pumps and a hand smack after the immortal 59 were the most extravagant display of emotion most fans had ever seen from him.

He was as composed in adversity as in triumph. His signature Oakley shades, worn to correct astigmatism and protect his sensitive

eyes, seemed symbolic of a desire to keep the world at bay, a reluctance to be seen. His shyness and social anxiety came across as callow self-absorption or a lack of empathy. He was suspicious of people who wanted his opinion just because he had a one beside his name. Unlike Woods, who in interviews had perfected the art of talking without saying anything, Duval spoke his mind, sometimes with a brutal lack of tact. He was candid and cerebral one moment, prickly and aloof the next.

He was the sort of golfer it was easier to admire than to love. He didn't want your heart. Few fans mourned when his approach shot found the bunker on the Road Hole at St. Andrews in 2000 and he foundered in sand, taking four shots to get out and effectively ceding the Open Championship to Woods, the people's choice. Duval won only once that year, and only once on the Tour the next year, capturing the 2001 Open Championship at Royal Lytham & St. Annes. That November in 2001, on his 30th birthday, he won the Dunlop Phoenix championship on the Japan tour.

And that was it.

Slowly and all at once, the way people lose fortunes or love, he lost his game.



BLOOD BROTHERS David, left, with Brent, who died of aplastic anemia at age 12

II

BOGEY! NO!

David Duval's shaved Maltese sprang through the front doorway like a hyper-protective caddy.

"Bogey! No! Down!" said Duval.

Bogey? Not something more auspicious, like Eagle or Ace?

"Got and named while I was away," he said dryly, with a hint of a smile. Sleeping out back by the swing set and the vegetable garden and a practice green of synthetic turf was Oakley, a portly golden retriever named after the company whose sunglasses Duval still wears, even though his endorsement deal expired four years ago.

It was a busy midweek morning at the Duval family's sprawling stone-and-glass house in Cherry Hills Village, an affluent community south of downtown Denver. Duval's stepkids, Deano, Nick, and Shalene, and his nearly five-year-old son, Brady, were out of the house, but his wife, Susie, was arranging flowers in the kitchen. Their two-year-old daughter, Sienna, was helping the nanny whip up a batch of cookies.

"I don't understand why I'm considered such a tortured soul," Duval said as we sat down in his book-lined study. He was friendly, but not unguarded. Along one wall were five golf bags and a cluster of trophies displayed so unostentatiously that it was a good hour before I realized golf's hallowed Claret Jug was among them.

However puzzling to Duval himself, the tortured-soul motif is a staple of stories about him for a number of reasons, notably the childhood trauma that golf helped him forget. But the motif also reflects preconceptions people have about how a man ought to feel after falling from the pinnacle of his profession.

It's hard to think of an elite athlete in any sport who has tumbled as far as David Duval. For most of the past decade, he has been wandering in the wilderness, beating the bushes of the PGA Tour for the form he once had, or not playing at all. He has been plagued by a series of injuries to his back, his neck, his wrist. The early phase of his golf-course troubles coincided with romantic straits when a long-

time engagement fell apart. For several months he took an antidepressant. At the Ford Championship in 2003, he was diagnosed with positional vertigo.

All the while, fans and writers posed the same question over and over again: "What's wrong with David Duval?" At one low point, he said to Gio Valiante, a sports psychologist whom Duval once hired for advice and coaching, "I just wish I could be anonymous again."

His woes began, he said, when a sprained fifth lumbar vertebra threw his back out in early 2000. His swing got out of whack as he tried to compensate for the injury. The great fairway splitter would stand on the tee not knowing whether his ball was going left or right. He consulted swing gurus, who suggested he change his stance or modify what's known in golf as his "strong" grip. He watched old videotapes of himself made by his coach at Georgia Tech. Sometimes his back was so tight he could do nothing but lie down on the floor. His Tour peers, who used to fear his game, looked at him with pity. When the gauntlet of the golf course was too frustrating, he escaped on his snowboard in Sun Valley, where he has a second home.

Valiante recalled a moment that seemed like the nadir of Duval's decade. It was a Saturday in May during the 2003 Memorial tournament in Dublin, Ohio. Duval played well enough Thursday and Friday to make the cut, and he was in the middle of a good round when cold rain halted play. Tournament officials did not call the players back to the clubhouse, and Duval stood out on the course for 46 minutes while his back tightened up. When play resumed at noon, he double-bogeyed and shot himself out of contention with a six-over-par 78. To Valiante the sight of him standing out in the rain said it all: David couldn't catch a break. It was as if the universe were bent on making him miserable.

By 2004 Duval had fallen to 434 in the world rankings. Of the 20 tournaments he entered in 2005, he made the cut in one, earning all of \$7,630. He was winless in 2006; winless in 2007, playing on a medical exemption; and winless in 2008 and 2009, playing on the last of his lifetime earnings exemptions. This year, lacking a Tour card, he has been relying on the kindness of sponsors to get into fields.

"It gave me a lot of anger initially," he told me, speaking of his injuries and his struggles with the game. "I felt like I got cheated. I could always feel a golf shot in my hands — it's an innate thing — and I could feel it going away. It's easy for me, looking back, to recognize what was happening, but I didn't see it at the time."

Maybe even more significant than physical issues or love trouble was a kind of spiritual disenchantment. The game that Duval had played with a therapeutic ferocity since he was 12 years old began to lose its meaning. Where he had expected elation and fulfillment after winning his first major at the Open Championship in 2001, he instead found an empty, isolated feeling and the sense that his victory was almost fraudulent.

"When you work so hard," he recalled, "and have had so many near misses and then win, and you didn't play that well, it's like, 'Are you kidding? Are you really gonna do this to me?' It's not like I played bad, but of the tournaments I won, that's the one I played the worst in."

At his crowning moment, it dawned on him that golf was *just a game*. And, of course, only someone for whom golf was more than a game could be disillusioned to discover otherwise.

III

ADDING IT ALL UP

It's hard to reflect on the seminal tragedy of David Duval's boyhood and not think that however much golf was the road to joy in his young life, it was also the road out from grief and unwarranted guilt; that when he was hammering out a hard, nothing-can-hurt-me identity in the sanctuary of the practice range, he was also burying an old one, his mastery of a golf ball compensating for the sadness and confusion of a family fractured by the sudden death of a child.

Duval grew up in the Old Ortega neighborhood of Jacksonville, Florida, the middle kid — three years younger than his brother, Brent, and five years older than his sister, Deirdre. His mother, Diane Poole Duval, worked as a secretary. His father, Bob Duval, once a talented junior golfer (and later a winner on the Champions Tour), supported the family as the head pro at nearby Timuquana Country Club.

Brent and David went to Catholic mass together on Sundays, and then they would head out on skateboards or bikes and be gone all day. They fished, they flew kites; they hunted frogs and snakes and turtles. Both boys loved sports, especially baseball. With their father's tutelage and encouragement, they took up golf with cut-down clubs. Brent showed a talent for the game, playing in father-son tournaments.

But in the fall of 1980, 12-year-old Brent began to look pale and to complain of fatigue. His parents thought he had a stubborn flu. During the Christmas break, he was diagnosed with aplastic anemia, a lethal disease in which bone marrow stops making the stem cells that generate infection-fighting blood cells. His only hope was a bone-marrow transplant from a compatible donor — likely David.

Bob, Diane, and the boys drove 18 hours to the Rainbow Babies and Children's Hospital in Cleveland, Ohio. The first two biopsies of David's marrow, which would ascertain its compatibility, were performed without anesthetic. David bore up bravely until the augur bit the bone, and then he screamed and writhed as his father and a nurse held him down. When the needle was drawn, the doctor turned to the other hip. David was given general anesthesia for the four subsequent punctures. He flew home with his maternal grandfather while Brent underwent radiation in preparation for the marrow transplant.

For a few weeks, it looked like the family had gotten a miracle. Brent's color and energy came back. The doctors said he was progressing well enough for his parents to make plans to take him home. Then fever. Vomiting. Further tests: Brent's body was rejecting David's tissue. There was nothing the doctors could do; nothing for Bob and Diane to do but wait by their son's side for the end to come. They brought David back to Cleveland to say goodbye. At the sight of the bald, wasted boy lying in a welter of tubes, David cried, "That's not



TEEING OFF While at Georgia Tech in 1993, Duval was college player of the year.

The Rise and Fall (and Rise Again?) of David Duval



Brent! That's not my brother!" and fled from the room.

On May 17, 1981 — less than five months after the disease was discovered — Brent died.

His Little League teammates carried his coffin at the funeral in Jacksonville. David endured stoically until a few weeks later, when, blaming himself for the failed marrow transplant, he burst into sobs and cried out, "I killed him! I killed him!" Diane kept a large picture of Brent in the front hall, spoke about him in the present tense, and tried to preserve his room as it had been the day he left. She fell away from the Catholic church and into alcoholism. Bob Duval also looked for solace in a bottle, and about a year later, in a decision that confounded his surviving son, left the home. He returned after about a year, then left for good and eventually remarried. When Diane died in July 2007, at 60 years old, she was buried beside the child she never stopped mourning.

Two years after Brent's death, when David was 11, he threw himself into golf, reporting to the range at his father's club every day after school. He could stand for hours in a bunker practicing trap shots. His father gave him tips about his shoulder turn and takeaway, passing along wisdom from David's club-pro grandfather, Henry "Hap" Duval. "Play what's in front of you, David. Your score is just a succession of numbers. Don't add them up until the end. Don't dwell on the past." Advice that kept the boy's focus trained on the present and taught him an emotional discipline that was likely to have been as useful to David the bereaved brother as it was to David the gifted junior golfer.

With his sights set on the PGA Tour, Duval honed his game: untold hours on the range, hitting under trees, over trees, between trees; untold hours shaping irons, rehearsing chips; untold hours in the pro shop, practicing with putters. In 1989, in his senior year at the Episcopal High School of Jacksonville, he came in second in the state championship. Later that summer he would win the U.S. Junior Amateur Championship.

Is it any wonder he embraced a sport that, for all its lore and record-keeping, in competition has no use for the past — whose practitioners aim to dwell in a perpetual present, ideally so absorbed they don't know the score until they add the numbers up at the end?

Adding it all up — that was the tricky part for Duval. Over the years he's been asked often about the impact of his brother's death and his parents' divorce. He is not a man to delve into his own history,

and he's bemused that family, friends, coaches, and journalists suppose they understand something about him that he does not.

"I'm sure psychologists would love to study me," Duval said to me with a knowing laugh. "I don't analyze myself. My childhood is just what I dealt with. Not everybody loses a sibling, but a lot do. Not everybody goes through a divorce, but half do. My experiences are not that dissimilar from a lot of other people's. I don't consciously feel like I have emotional scars."

"Do you think the past shaped you?" I asked.

"Who knows? What's the purpose of revisiting it? I'm sure it shaped me, but I'm not sure how."

IV

MEDDLING

Over the years the man who fell as low as 1,054 in the world rankings endeared himself to golf fans in a way he never had when he was number one. When Duval began to play better, showing flashes of his old form with an occasional brilliant round, he tantalized the golf world with the idea of a Hollywood ending — never more so than last year. The 2009 U.S. Open will be remembered not for the steely play of eventual champion Lucas Glover, but for the resurrection of David Duval, who arrived at golf's toughest test ranked 882 in the world and nearly won.

In some ways that performance can be traced back to an epiphany eight years ago at the 2002 Phoenix Open. Duval was 31, mired in his slump and not feeling good about himself. He was unhappily engaged to a woman he'd been dating since 1993. "I didn't think I had much to offer," he said. And then into his head swam a radical idea: *I'm allowed to be happy*. He broke off the relationship. After a late-night conversation in his room with sports psychologist Bob Rotella, whom he'd known since he was a teenager, Duval withdrew from the tournament and went home to Jacksonville.

A year and a half later, in August of 2003, Duval was competing in the International, a now defunct tournament 15 miles south of Denver. His monastic habit was to play his round at the club, eat at the club, and retire to his room at the club with a book. Gio Valiante suggested they drive into the city for dinner.

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They ended up at a popular south Denver watering hole called the Cherry Creek Grill. Duval wasn't looking for a girlfriend at the time, but he was struck by a woman standing with two friends at the bar. He was too timid to approach her, but Valiante, as one might expect of the author of a book called *Fearless Golf*, was not. Introductions were made. Duval managed a few minutes of conversation with Susie Persichitte, an interior designer with three kids from a previous marriage.

"You scooted!" he says to her now when she comes into the study to ask if we want anything to drink.

She rolls her eyes. "I wasn't there half an hour, and you said, 'Can you have dinner?'"

Seven months later they were married.

Family life has so enthralled Duval that he doesn't like leaving to play golf. But family life has also given him a new incentive to work on his game: He wants to show his wife and kids the player that he used to be.

Susie Duval made us panini. Later, Duval's young son, Brady, led me on a tour of his room and the kids' play area, pointing out his stuffed horse, Pete, and stuffed tiger, Petey, and his sister Sienna's stuffed horse, whose name he said was Jealous. Standing in Brady's room, it was hard not to think of Duval's own boyhood. He had told me he wanted to write an autobiography. But wouldn't an autobiographer have to delve into his past? Wouldn't he have to wonder whether the trauma of the brother who died had something to do with how long it took the brother who survived to realize he was *allowed to be happy*? And surely Duval's resolve to be a great father reflected the dissolution of his childhood home, just as the extraordinary life he'd created as a top athlete was bound up in the ordinary life he'd had before it all fell apart.

There was a simple cross in the kids' playroom and plain silver crosses scattered on shelves around the house. When we had resettled in the dining room, I asked Duval about his religious convictions. He said it was a subject that he preferred remain private, but he did believe that some transcendent force, as he put it in an odd and telling phrase, had "meddled" with the universe and enabled his and Susie's paths to cross that August night.

"It's easy to love your wife and kids, but I cherish Susie; I cherish my kids. If it wasn't for Susie and these kids, I would have stopped playing golf a few years ago. It's Susie and the kids who taught me that what I am is not what I do; it's Susie and the kids who showed me that I don't have to be golf. But golf is still so ingrained in my psyche, it takes a conscious effort for me to separate 'David' from 'golf.'"

"At this point what does golf give you?"

"Tremendous joy," he said, without a moment's hesitation.

Having a family of his own had opened his eyes to the anguish of his parents. "I thought I had a handle on what it was like to lose a child," he said. "I had no idea." But being better able to gauge the depth of his father's heartbreak had also made it harder for him to understand how his father could have left, and it was his mother's example that spoke to him most deeply now.

"She did everything for us," he said. "Her life was about sacrifice. I'm not sure I could have told you what I learned from her before she died, but now I think what I learned is compassion. And love of one's family. Love of one's spouse."

He looked up with strangely boyish, undefended eyes.

"I'm a nice person," he said out of the blue. "It just took me a long time to let people know it."

I wondered if he had been provoked by the memory of old criticism, or the way he acted when he was number one, carrying himself with what he regretted now as an air of entitlement. Meeting his wife and witnessing the birth of his children implied that Fortune was not entirely punitive. There was providence out there as well as deprivation, a benevolence running counter to the general drift of his bad bounces and unlucky breaks, of homes unraveling, brothers dying. Perhaps Duval had seen the limits of his golfer's self-sufficiency and was rethinking the brash young egotist he'd been a lifetime ago, back when he embraced Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead*, with its disdain for people who subordinate themselves to the needs of others and its contempt for the altruism that, as a parent, he had come to honor as among the greatest of his mother's virtues.

Why had it taken him so long to let people know the man behind the mask?

"Maturity," he said. "Growing up. Realizing that one thing doesn't come at the expense of another."

V

CONFIDENCE MAN

On Friday, March 5, during Round 2 of the Honda Classic, David Duval's father, Bob, was standing halfway down the fairway of the 217-yard, par-3 fifth, squinting at the tee where his son was about to hit. David had started his round on the back nine of the Champion course at PGA National and was already four over par. Unaware that Duval relatives were nearby, a local wisecracker named Stefan Clark shouted to the small clutch of spectators: "A dollar says Duval misses the green!"

"I'll take some of that!" said Bob Duval.

The little gallery peered back at the tee as Duval swung an iron. His ball flew high and straight and dropped softly on the

table, 25 feet above the pin.

Clark grimaced and peeled a dollar off a wad of bills.

"That's okay," said Bob Duval, refusing the money. "Just tell 'em you got beat by his dad."

"I would have asked for odds if I had known I was betting against his father."

Bob Duval laughed.

"Is he coming back?" Clark asked.

"He's starting to play better," said Bob.

And indeed, during Thursday's round, Duval, in black pants and an off-white windbreaker, started out like it was 1999. Despite the cold wind, the 7:26 AM tee time, and his having stayed up until 3 AM the night before talking with his father and his father-in-law, Joe Cipri, he was one under after five holes. But at the par-4 sixth, he pulled his drive left into a lake and bogeyed. Two holes later, a 3-wood left and a missed nine-footer for par. At the ninth hole, a double bogey. On the par-4 10th, his drive went right; he was stymied behind a tree. Trying to punch out, he did something you almost never see on the PGA Tour: He whiffed. A triple bogey. That was that. The next day he posted a 76 to go with Thursday's five-over-par 75 and missed the cut by a mile.

(continued on page 143)



RAISING THE TROPHY Duval carrying his son Brady after the 2009 U.S. Open

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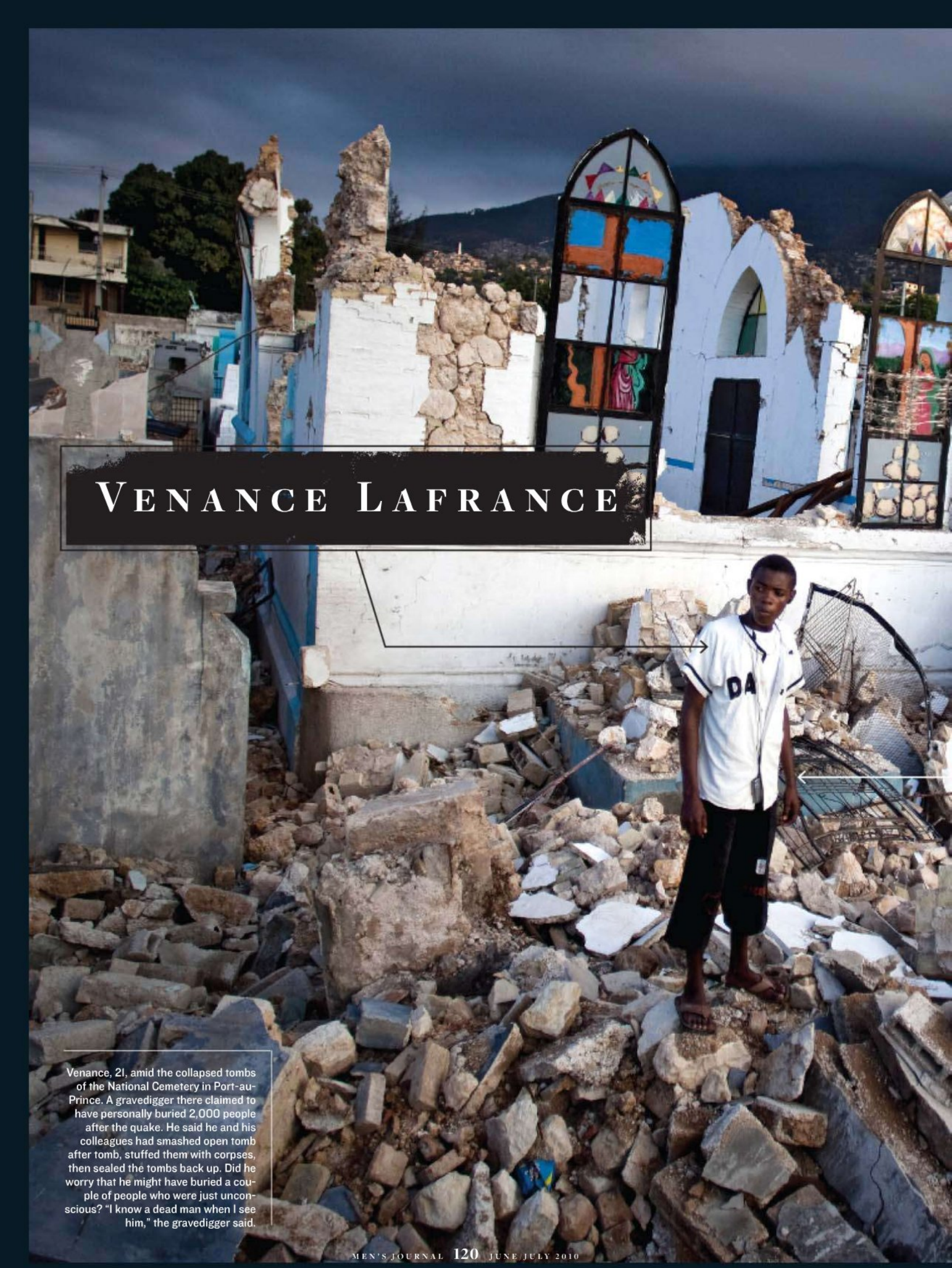
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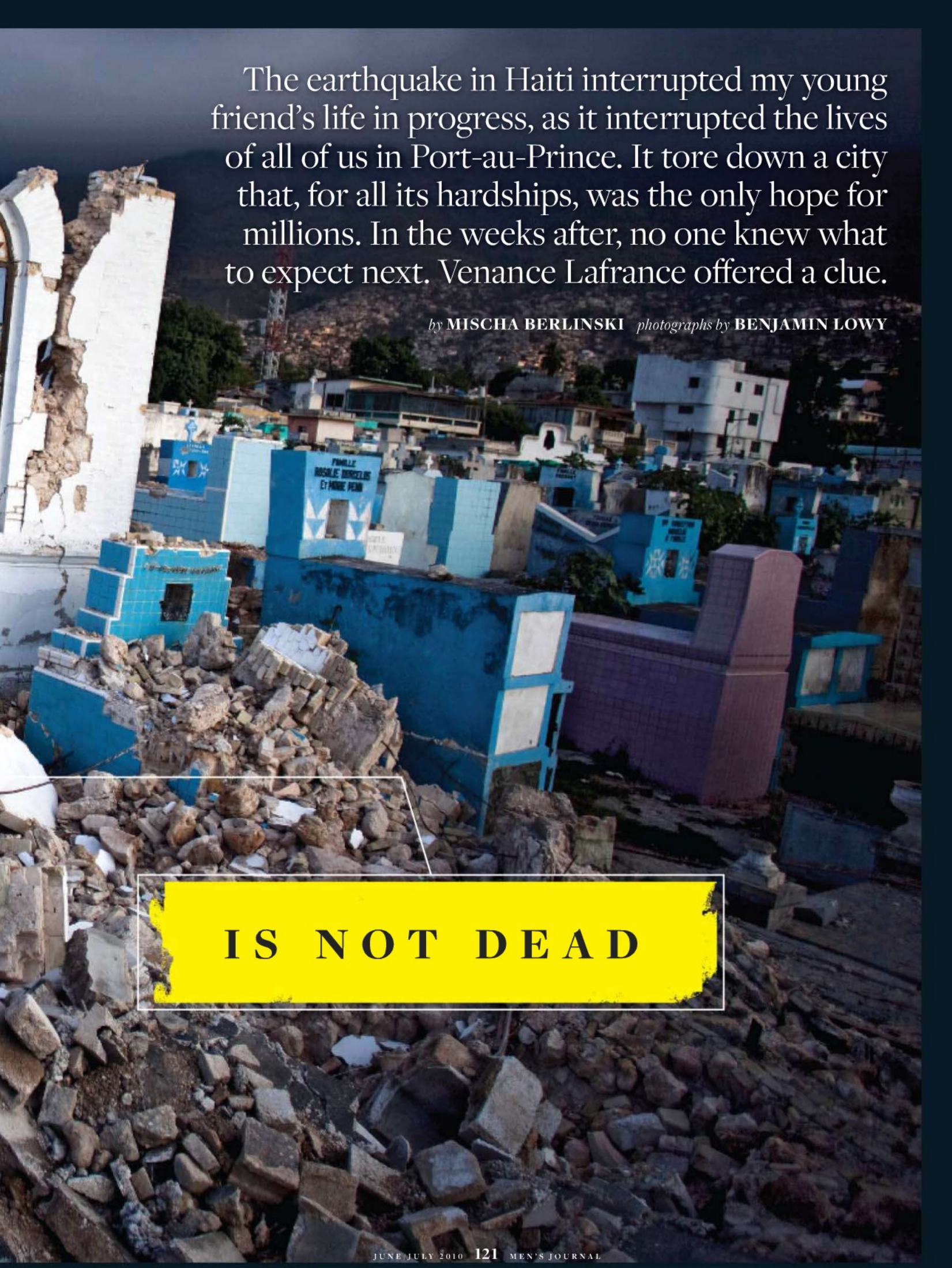
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VENANCE LAFRANCE

Venance, 21, amid the collapsed tombs of the National Cemetery in Port-au-Prince. A gravedigger there claimed to have personally buried 2,000 people after the quake. He said he and his colleagues had smashed open tomb after tomb, stuffed them with corpses, then sealed the tombs back up. Did he worry that he might have buried a couple of people who were just unconscious? "I know a dead man when I see him," the gravedigger said.



The earthquake in Haiti interrupted my young friend's life in progress, as it interrupted the lives of all of us in Port-au-Prince. It tore down a city that, for all its hardships, was the only hope for millions. In the weeks after, no one knew what to expect next. Venance Lafrance offered a clue.

by MISCHA BERLINSKI photographs by BENJAMIN LOWY

IS NOT DEAD



COUPLE OF WEEKS AFTER
THE EARTHQUAKE, THE
WEREWOLVES CAME
DOWN FROM THE HILLS.

"It's serious!" one man said.

He was talking about the *lougrou*, a distant cousin of the werewolf. In Haitian lore the *lougrou* was a kind of sorcerer who had learned to transform himself into an animal — a cat, a goat, or even a cow. Thus disguised, the *lougrou* went out into the night to feast on the blood of small children. Two or three days after such a visitation, children would sicken and die. Now, with so many people in Port-au-Prince sleeping in the open air, the *lougrou* were believed to present an exceptional danger.

He told me that not here but farther up on the mountain the werewolves had already killed a number of small children. This was the way the *lougrou* story always went — not here, but not far away, the *lougrou* were prowling. Another man told me that a *brigade vigilance* was formed to keep an eye out. Our baby's nanny later said that the police in her neighborhood had instituted a policy of zero tolerance for looters and *lougrou*: Both were killed on sight.

We were in the hills of Carrefour Feuilles, a neighborhood above Port-au-Prince. Before the quake small cinder-block houses had been stacked steeply one upon the next, climbing the bowls of the mountain, the inhabitants maneuvering through tiny alleyways. When the quake came, one house took down the next, leaving the entire hillside a smear of concrete and rubble and fallen satellite dishes.

"But why do *lougrou* want to suck children's blood?" I asked.

The question provoked discussion. One man proposed it was a vice, like a taste for whiskey or smoking. Another man just shrugged. But a third man said, "*Le lougrou — c'est le mal absolu.*" The *lougrou* is absolute evil. I suppose, thinking it over now, that it was easier to stay awake at night watching for werewolves than it was to stay on guard for lethal aftershocks.

STARTING OVER The author (left) is mobbed by a group of young boys at a refugee camp on the Route de l'Aéroport. Venance is in the crowd, wearing a white United Nations shirt.



THE EARTHQUAKE WAS STILL RECENT ENOUGH that every passing truck gave me the shivers. Very early one morning, my phone rang, but when I answered it, the caller abruptly hung up. This pattern irritatingly repeated itself perhaps five or six times. This was Venance Lafrance's way of saying he was not dead.

I had met Venance three years earlier, shortly after my wife and I moved to Haiti. She had found a job in the justice section of the United Nations peacekeeping mission here, working with judges, prosecutors, and lawyers to reform the Haitian legal system. I had just published my first novel, and I figured that I could avoid writing a second one as easily in Haiti as anywhere else; in this I would eventually be proven completely correct. Cristina was initially assigned to the town of Jérémie, only about 125 miles from Port-au-Prince but remote, like



an island off the coast of Haiti, 15 hours of bad road between us and the capital. There were more coffin makers in Jérémie than restaurants, more donkeys than cars, and the paved roads petered out at the edge of town. We rented an old gingerbread house flanked by a quartet of sturdy mango trees. In the mornings merchants came down from the hills past our front gate with baskets of fruit balanced on their heads, and at night in bed under the mosquito net when the moon was silver and big, we heard voodoo drums and strange, spooky singing. I don't know if I've ever liked a place more in my life.

Everywhere I went in Jérémie, people asked me for money. Out front of the internet café, a woman who was almost obese looked up from her breakfast and told me she was hungry. At the market, on the beach, in the streets, people would throw up their palms and say, "*Blan, ba'm cinq gourdes*" — White, give me five gourdes. I've been in

SCENES FROM AN APOCALYPSE In downtown Port-au-Prince, the streets were covered with scraps of paper, and fires sparked easily. Here, an employee of a warehouse selling plastic goods tries to fight a creeping fire with a bucket of water. In the end, though, the flames spread and the warehouse was gutted.

other places as poor as Jérémie — the slums of Calcutta, the highlands of northern Thailand — but I've never seen more persistent and aggressive begging. There is a Creole proverb: *Degagé pa peché* — getting by isn't a sin. Asking someone who had money for money was just another way of getting by.

Venance Lafrance asked me for money just a few days after I got to Jérémie. I was walking to the beach — think goats, chickens, cows,

VENANCE HEARD A NOISE LIKE 10,000 TRUCKS ROARING UP A STEEP HILL. HE WATCHED THE STREET SWING LIKE A RUBBER HOSE.

pigs, and wild turkeys; mud huts; a strip of white dirt road snaking along high cliffs diving down to a postcard sea — when a young man with a bag of sweet potatoes on his head accosted me and told me in broken French after some conversational preliminaries that he wanted to be an artist. He was 17 at the time but looked about 12. He looked a little like a space alien, with very big eyes, a wide, tall forehead, and high, prominent cheekbones tapering down to a narrow, angular chin. He was wearing a T-shirt that read *LIFE IS SHORT. EAT DESSERT FIRST.* He was very skinny. I don't remember how he began the conversation, but the upshot was this: He was a student; he had no money; his mother had no money; his little brothers were hungry; and he wanted to be an artist. He had a terrific smile — chiefly what the good Lord gave him in exchange for all his troubles was this smile like an exploding sun. He asked me for money to feed his little brothers and I gave him the change in my pocket — about a buck-fifty. I wouldn't have been sad if I never saw him again.

A few days later, Venance presented himself at the front gate of our house. Jérémie is a small place, and Venance, going from neighborhood to neighborhood and door to door, had found me. This was a degree of persistence and hard work that Venance would never again display in my presence. He had a look on his face as he waited for me of patient, fragile hopefulness. I invited him in, where he drank a glass of orange juice. Much later I learned that he was so excited to see me that he hadn't slept the night before. That's exactly the look he had on his face as he sipped his orange juice, like he couldn't quite believe that he, Venance Lafrance of Carrefour Prince, Haiti, was sitting there on my terrace drinking orange juice. Like it was all too good to be believed.

In the weeks and months thereafter, no pretty lady has ever been courted by such an animated and constant suitor as I was courted by Venance Lafrance. He came by the house all the time. He was unshakable. My wife and I tried many schemes to convince Venance to leave us alone. I told him that he was allowed to visit only every third day. Every third day without fail he showed up at our door. We asked him to visit only between five and six in the evening, with the result that we had a standing appointment with Venance Lafrance at 5:01 PM. We told him not to visit us at all. *Ha!* He was resistant to hints, oblivious to suggestions. What did he want? Not *just* to ask for money, but also to say hello, or to eat a meal, or to hang around, or to ask a question. After I had known him a week, he told me that he loved me like a brother; after I'd known him a month, that he loved me like a father. What he wanted more than anything, I think, was to sit with us out on the terrace in the evening and *belong*.

In the end Venance wore me down. I came to like him. It was hard to be mean to somebody so young who wanted so badly to

be liked. He was the kind of kid you could horse around with. He was always up for kicking around a soccer ball, or taking a trip to the beach. You could send him up the mango tree and he'd come down with a half-dozen fresh, juicy pieces of fruit. He had an easy laugh. You could read a book around him and he'd amuse himself, or you could tease him about girls and

he'd laugh. After a couple of months in Jérémie, it got to be an accepted fact of life that two or three or five days a week, Venance Lafrance would show up at our house and hang around until we told him that he had to leave.

Brilliant smile aside, Venance wasn't very handsome. He had terrible body odor, and his hair was reddish at the roots, a sign of protein deficiency. He asked me for money to buy deodorant and shoe polish, which he rubbed on his head. Though he said he wanted to be an artist, I never saw him actually make art. He was functionally illiterate. He was one of the laziest people I've ever met — and I say this as someone who is quite lazy himself. He had been admitted to a free school of ironwork, which he often didn't bother to attend. We would later hire Venance and his younger brother to sweep our yard on Saturday mornings. His brother would arrive on time and work diligently. Venance would show up late, work halfheartedly, and leave early.

Venance Lafrance had only one real asset in life — but it was considerable. Despite every disadvantage that he suffered, despite every self-inflicted wound, Venance was nevertheless making his way in the world with radiant, unwavering optimism. One day he bought a hen whom he named Catalina. This was to be the start of a chicken-breeding empire. Then his family got hungry and ate Catalina. Venance was undismayed. He asked me for money to buy another starter chicken. If you gave Venance 50 gourdes, he'd give half to the kids on the street to buy candy — Venance saw himself as somebody who could afford to be generous. When he told us he wanted to be an artist, I think he chose the word almost at random from a list of grand words that to Venance were synonymous with hope. He would tell me later that he wanted to be a preacher, a doctor, an engineer. Step by step he went forward toward an opaque future that he was sure — absolutely, unquestionably sure — would one day be glorious.

In the meanwhile, he got by.

TRAGEDY UPON TRAGEDY A month after the quake, a water truck under contract with UNICEF lost its brakes and slammed into a small tarp shelter, killing this grief-stricken woman's six-year-old nephew, who was napping inside. It was the second such death in as many days: Earlier a water truck backed over a young man who had slipped under its tires.



WALKING AROUND Port-au-Prince after the quake and talking to people, I learned all sorts of ways to describe in Creole just how a building fell down. A house that had held was said to have *kembé*, or hung tight, thank God. This was the case with my own house, in which not even the wineglasses had broken. A house with a crack or two or a hundred was *fissuré*, generally considered to be alarming depending only on the depth of the crack or its location. Sometimes a crack could be so wide as to admit sunlight and rain. Still more severe was a house that was *fracturé*, or fractured. This was the case with our immediate neighbor's house, whose walls split open to reveal the steel skeleton buried in the reinforced



concrete. Some houses split in two — half the house coming down completely, the other half perfectly intact, leaving little windows into the occupants' lost worlds: a table still set for meals, books on bookshelves, a toilet. Even more dramatic than the fractured house was the house that was *penché*, or tilted. We saw such oddities all over town — houses that had suffered little or no apparent damage but were now tilting at extreme angles to the horizontal. The gravest category of destroyed home was said to have been *krazé*, or wiped out. If you wanted to add emphasis, you'd say that the house had been *krazé net* — the word *net* in this case meaning 100 percent, down to the ground, nothing left whatsoever but a pile of cement and twisted rebar.

THE LAFRANCE FAMILY HAD NOT ALWAYS BEEN poor. Venance's mother had once been a successful merchant. When Venance was 12, his little brother Frandi got into a fight with a neighborhood bully. The other child was the son of a prominent Jérémie sorceress. Madame Lafrance and this other lady got to words. The other lady said, "Evelyne, you're too rich! You won't have money again!" Various magical curses were thus effected, and after that Venance's mother no longer had the strength to go to the market. That's how the Lafrance family fell on such hard times.

A couple of months after we met Venance, his mother came to visit us. Madame Lafrance was a slender, pretty woman in an ankle-length skirt who never smiled — she looked a little like she was suffering at all times from a very bad stomachache. She wanted, she told us, to start a little business buying vegetables wholesale off the boat from Port-au-Prince, then reselling them in the market, and she asked if we would be willing to invest in her enterprise.

Was she, I asked, still afraid of the effects of the magic curse? "Oh no!" she said. That was all finished.

We gave her the money, but things didn't work out as well as we had hoped: Madame Lafrance invested half her funds in the lottery and the remainder in a large stock of garlic. Madame Lafrance did

NO HONOR AMONG THIEVES A looter broke into this semicolapsed warehouse and took a handful of plastic chairs. Immediately other looters set on him, and then a third group of looters took chairs from those looters. The police came running around the corner firing warning shots. All the looters fled to the other side of the warehouse and began again.

not win the lottery. The garlic failed to move in the market and then rotted. When we asked her what happened, she explained that her enemies had — *once again!* — used black magic to curse her and her market stall.

We kept trying to help the Lafrances. There is only one upside to living on 50 cents per day: It shouldn't be that hard to reach \$1.50 per day. That's the difference between the bitterest poverty and what Haiti's former President Jean-Bertrand Aristide called "dignified poverty." We were willing to try most anything short of giving them a large wad of cash. What follows is a nonexhaustive list of various schemes we employed to help them:

Venance wanted to sell coconut water on the beach, at the big party the local population held every August to celebrate Jérémie's patron saint. I fronted Venance the capital to acquire the coconuts, but he forgot to bring his machete. When he went back home to get his machete, people stole all his coconuts.

... And then there was the time Madame Lafrance wanted to sell clothes on the street at Christmas. This scheme, too, was a failure, as Madame Lafrance bought ugly clothes. Also, we later learned, she gave away half of the clothes to her relatives.

... And then there was the time my wife and I came back from New York with a suitcase stuffed with merchandise that we'd found in a dollar store in Chinatown — a dozen toothbrushes for a dollar; children's toys; little clocks; cheap cosmetics; and so on. Madame Lafrance and Venance got to squabbling about just whom this merchandise was intended for. Both insisted that the other would waste the profits:



TENT CITIES Makeshift housing arose within hours of the quake, as people swiftly established new communities in fields throughout the city. They all started with a few twigs, branches, and blankets. Soon tents covered the entire field. Then they covered every open space in the city.

Venance told us that his mother would spend the money on the lottery and magic; Madame Lafrance predicted that Venance would buy himself new clothes. Venance eventually dropped out of school to sell the merchandise himself. All the stock was sold at a loss, and Venance never went back to school, although he did acquire a nice wardrobe.

This last failure was what convinced us to leave the Lafrances to their own destiny. Our small experiment in social engineering had done more harm than good, and the Lafrances were as poor when we were done as when we started.

PORT-AU-PRINCE AFTER THE QUAKE ABOUNDED in conspiracy theories. Many people were convinced that the United States military had caused the quake, using advanced high-technology weapons. Apparently such weapons had once been featured on the Discovery Channel. The earthquake was said to be either the result of an experiment gone awry, or the prelude to an invasion. *Why would you want to invade Haiti?* I asked. *Who wants this place?* It seemed I was naive: People told me that Haiti possessed vast mineral wealth and untapped oil reserves. All this jibed nicely with a central facet of the Haitian worldview — namely, that the great nations of the world all yearned to dominate plucky little Haiti.

A cartoon in the standard fifth-grade textbook, *Histoire de Mon Pays*, illustrates the thesis nicely. Haiti is shown not as a small island in the Caribbean, but as a huge and swollen territory sprawling from the reaches of the North Pole to the equator. Four figures, ostentatiously white and with rapacious grins, stretch from the four corners

of the globe to lay huge hairy hands on Haitian soil. They are labeled France, the United States, England, and Germany.

If all the world were conspiring against Haiti, then your neighbor was probably conspiring against you. Truckloads of 55-pound sacks of rice were being given away every day throughout Port-au-Prince after the quake, a program organized by the World Food Program, working with a consortium of international NGOs. These NGOs were staffed by foreigners and relied on the cooperation of Haitian staff to decide who should receive assistance and who shouldn't. It was a commonplace of tent-city life that the Haitian staff had rigged the game: They were giving out rice only to their own families, or they were demanding kickbacks for the ration cards. People took me aside to level accusations at their neighbors, who were said to have counterfeited their card; or sold their rice on the black market at exorbitant prices; or feigned extreme poverty to receive aid, but were secretly wealthy.

The mood of suspicion was contagious: After a little while, I got suspicious too. People everywhere asked me for help. In the claustrophobic camp on the Route de l'Aéroport, one woman insisted that she had never received rice because she had been a partisan of the deposed President Aristide. Sitting inside her house in plain view were two full bags of rice. When I pointed them out, the little crowd around us began to laugh appreciatively. Nobody thought this lady had done anything wrong. Neither did I. Getting by isn't a sin.

ABOUT A YEAR AFTER I MET VENANCE, HE MOVED to Port-au-Prince. He was 18 years old, and he went without so much as a gourd in his pocket.

In Venance's way of thinking, the world was like a series of concentric circles, the absolute center of which was Carrefour Prince, the village where he was born and where his grandmother still lived. You might not eat as much in Carrefour Prince as you'd like, but you'd always have something: There was (almost) always



breadfruit from the breadfruit tree. But you were absolutely trapped. Life today was like life yesterday and like life tomorrow. The next circle outward was Jérémie. This was the life journey his mother had made: to leave the countryside. Venance had explored every narrow alley of the town and gotten nowhere. He had discovered only the world of his mother — small, provincial, mistrustful, and suspicious. This was a world in which the best you could aspire to was just scraping by, in which either your enemies were plotting against you, or you were plotting against your enemies; a world dominated by the fear of magic. But Port-au-Prince — that was the outer circle of this particular human being's universe. It was the place to go in Haiti if you were young and excited about life.

Port-au-Prince was the only place in all of Haiti commensurate with Venance Lafrance's ambitions — to live decently, to eat copiously, to dress sharply — all without having to work very hard.

Shortly after Venance left Jérémie, my wife and I moved to Port-au-Prince also.

Venance was no longer a daily fixture in our life, but he made a point of staying in contact with us. He'd call every week or two, and from time to time we saw each other. A call from Venance Lafrance is a unique act of telephonic communication, because Venance, having no money to make a telephone call, will call — and hang up — until you call him back. There is no relenting and no choice. He might continue to call — and hang up — for an hour. Then he will take a break, perhaps to play dominoes or take a nap. He will then begin to call — and hang up — all over again, until finally you call him back. Venance is, above all, patient.

My Port-au-Prince was behind high walls and tinted windows: I shopped in a supermarket surrounded by a 20-foot wall topped with barbed wire, and a squad of shotgun-toting toughies patrolled the parking lot. Venance's Port-au-Prince ran parallel to mine and was there always, but without Venance was invisible to me. Venance could hardly walk a block downtown without slapping hands with another

A COUNTRY IN MOURNING A month after the earthquake, the Haitian government declared three days of national mourning, and a huge event was organized in front of the collapsed National Palace. Despite living in refugee camps, thousands turned out in immaculately pressed white shirts and dresses. People were desperate for the diversion — the prayers, the music, the speeches.

acquaintance. He knew how everyone on the street earned their living, every scam, dodge, and swindle. Venance could tell me the latest jokes (I never found them very funny) or the latest Creole slang. He told me gossip from Cité Soleil, the slum where he lived: Apparently the president of Haiti, René Preval, had spent an evening there not long before, drinking rum on the stoop. Every time I left Venance, I gave him a few bucks, and I considered the money well spent.

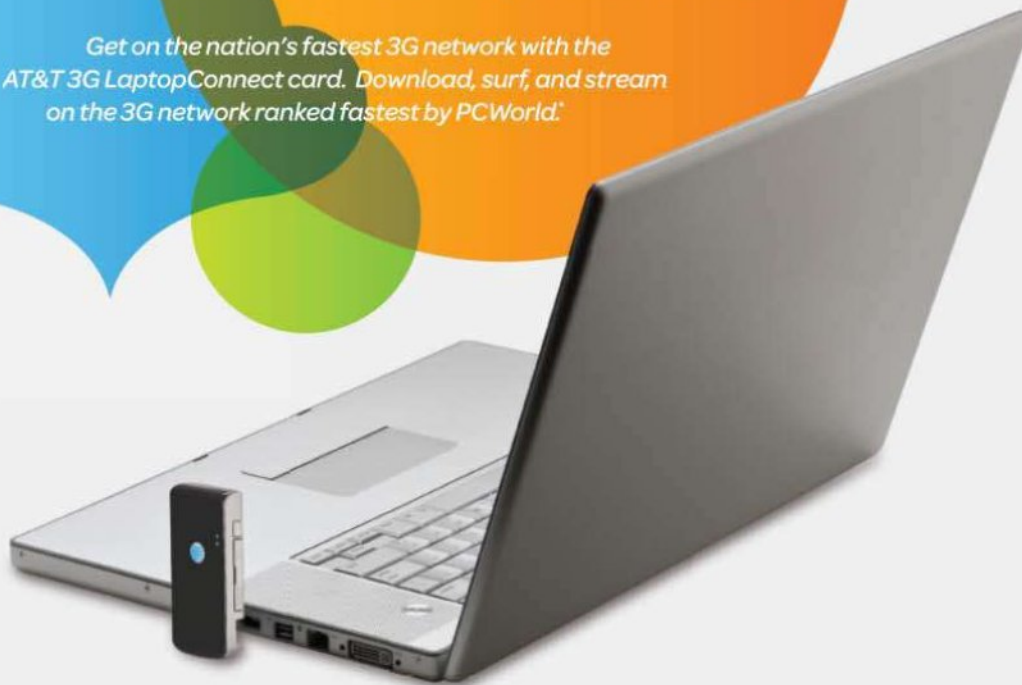
Venance was getting by in Port-au-Prince. He had scraped together the money to buy a portable telephone, and he wandered the city selling phone calls — anyone who wanted to make a call could use Venance's phone. Half of the young men in Port-au-Prince have the same job, but Venance was unusually good at it: Venance was social and knew everyone, and people liked to use Venance's phone. In the course of a long day strolling the city, he might make a hundred gourdes — about \$2.50. This is why Venance had come to the big city. His job took him all over town: He could walk over to the sprawling neighborhood of Carrefour on the south side, with its narrow twisting lanes heaped high with garbage — he had family there — or he could park himself on the Champ de Mars out front of the National Palace. He could just sit on the corner with his buddies playing dominoes.

Venance's hold on the city, though, was tenuous at best. He was robbed at gunpoint and lost his phone and income. Then the cousin he was staying with evicted him from his shack and Venance was forced to mooch off a succession of different, more distant relations, who tolerated him for a short time, then got tired of feeding his perennially hungry mouth. At one point he thought he found a

(continued on page 144)

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GEAR

► **Polaris Ranger RZR 4 Robby Gordon Side-by-Side**

The dirt-ripping love child of an ATV and a go-kart, the first four-person Ranger RZR boasts a 55-horsepower engine, racing suspension, and all-wheel drive. You'll have more fun in the mud than a Woodstock attendee. [\$15,000; polarisindustries.com]



DETAIL
Knobby 26-inch Maxxis Bighorn tires treat mud and dirt like a dog treats a ham bone.

Time for Some Fun

Specifically, fun that involves awesome toys: a handmade bamboo skateboard, an electric motorcycle, or your own personal Predator drone. *by* **STAN HORACZEK**

ALSO COVERED THIS MONTH

SUMMER TOYS
pg. 130

GRILL TOOLS
pg. 132

CAMERA BAGS
pg. 134

BIKE SEATS
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LIGHT HIKERS
pg. 140

BEACH CHAIRS
pg. 142

▲ Velocity Zip Line Kit

A few hours' worth of elbow grease and you'll be zip lining across your backyard like a Bud-fueled Batman. This kit has the basics — a trolley with sealed bearings for speeds up to 40 mph, a carabiner, and a 20-inch knurled steel handle. Outdoorfunstore.com also sells mounting hardware, complete with cable. [\$149; outdoorfunstore.com]

SUMMER SKILLS PICK THE RIGHT SPOT FOR A ZIP LINE



Look for two trees with no obstacles between, unless you're zip lining for comedic effect. They should be at least 15 inches in diameter, otherwise your zip line could sway like a Pentecostal choir. Fifty feet of distance is the minimum — longer is better — and you'll need the last 10 feet as a landing pad. (Hint: rubberized mulch.) You can tuck-and-roll, right?



▲ Ronix Ibex Wakeboard

Surfers may pity the coast-free folks of the flyover states, but that's because they've never sliced across a lake on a wakeboard. The Ibex is the Ferrari of decks, co-designed by the sport's figurehead, Parks Bonifay. His involvement led to an inch-wider tip and tail, plus a sharper rail, for faster cuts across the water. [\$420; ronixwake.com]

▼ Zero DS Electric Motorcycle

Remember how envious you were when your neighbor's dad bought him a mini-bike? The electric Zero is the big-boy version. A four-hour charge delivers up to 60 miles of juice. With a top speed of 67 mph and on- or off-road capability, it's perfect as a summer runabout — and for making the neighbors jealous. [\$10,000; zeromotorcycles.com]

DETAIL
The dual-pivoting Gullwing Sidewinder trucks allow for fluid downhill carving.



DETAIL
The Zero weighs in at only 297 pounds, partly due to the lightweight aluminum frame.

▼ SuperGreen Skateboard

E-mail Hunter Smith with the exact size and specs of your dream downhill board, cruiser, or longboard, and two weeks later you'll hold a rolling piece of art hewn from bamboo. It turns out that the eco-friendly panda food is more durable and provides better feel than the average deck, so you'll ride better, too.

[from \$399; supergreenboards.com]



DETAIL

The wood used in the FB Collection paddles is scrap from Brazilian furniture makers.

► FB Collection Lopes Mendes Beach Bat Set

Frescobol is a Brazilian sport resembling tennis, only it's played without a net and on a beach. Modern pros use fiberglass paddles, but these hand-varnished versions — made from five pieces of Brazilian wood such as ipé and cedro — resemble the originals from the late '40s. [\$170; fbcollection.com]



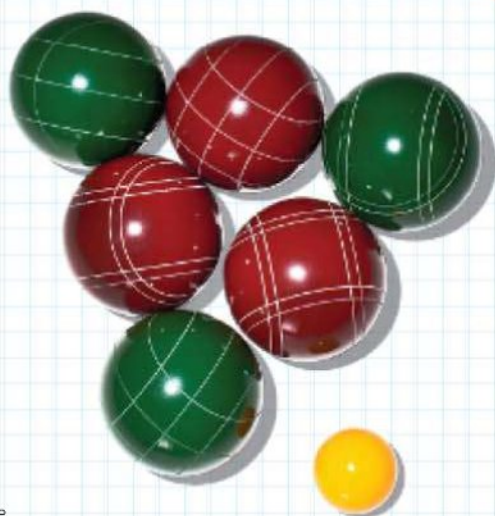
▲ Pentax Optio W90

Whether you're at the beach or at Bonnaroo, you'll want a camera that can handle getting knocked around. The 12.1-megapixel W90 delivers all the point-and-shoot essentials — 5x optical zoom, 720p high-def video — plus, its burly rubberized case makes it sand-proof, shock-resistant, and waterproof to 20 feet. [\$330; pentaximaging.com]



▼ Projet MQ-9 Reaper 98-inch RC UAV Predator Drone

The allure of piloting a radio-controlled Predator with an eight-foot wingspan is obvious, and further heightened if you opt for the voyeuristic chin-mounted videocam (\$50). One piece of advice: Don't fly the Projet drone anywhere near a military base. [\$140; nitroplanes.com]

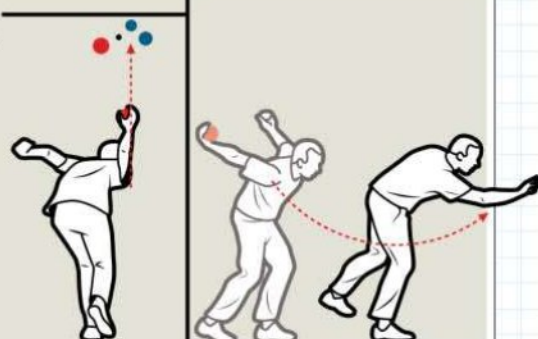


▲ St. Pierre Tournament Bocce Ball Set

Nothing against horseshoes, but bocce may be the perfect backyard game: no pits to dig or stakes to set, and it always leaves one hand open for a brew. These perfectly shaped 107mm thermoplastic orbs meet the official specs of the U.S. Bocce Federation — which means you won't have any excuses for botching a toss. [\$130; stpierreusa.com]

SUMMER SKILLS BASH A BOCCÉ BALL

Rookies mistakenly line up the center of their body with their target — instead, line up your throwing arm with your opponent's ball. Begin your approach five paces back from the line. Two steps out, start your underhand toss. Keep your elbow tucked in and locked, and follow through by stepping past where you throw. Leave your hand aloft à la Reggie Miller if you know you've hit pay dirt.



The Griller's Tool Bag

Champion pitmaster Chris Lilly explains that you don't need the most expensive BBQ gear — just the right equipment for the job. *by STEVE MAZZUCCHI*

Texas Irons Big Game Bar-Leather Grilling Glove Set

"I prefer a glove over a mitt because it gives me more versatility," says Lilly. "You want one that covers your forearms." The 13-inch-long Texas Irons glove ensures you sear meat, not your arm hair. [\$20; csmstores.com]

Lodge Camp Dutch Oven Charcoal Chimney Starter

Whether in competition or in his backyard, Lilly uses a chimney to light charcoal: "You don't need lighter fluid, and it's quick." The galvanized Lodge won't rust, and its wooden handle won't get hot. [\$28; lodgemfg.com]

Tel-Tru MT39 Meat Cooking Thermometer

You can eyeball a hot dog but not a brisket. "This tells you the exact temperature of the meat, so pork chops are cooked through but still juicy," says Lilly, who likes the durability and precision of the Tel-Tru MT39. [\$29; teltru.com]

Cajun Injector Deluxe

Marinating penetrates only a half-inch into meat, so it's useless for large cuts. "An injector quickly flavors meat to the bone," says Lilly, who favors the Injector Deluxe because it has holes along its needle for even distribution. [\$10; cajuninjector.com]

Weber Style Grill Pan

Trust your fries, veggies, and shrimp to the pan. "It lets you stir-fry things that would fall through a grate," says Lilly. "Just make sure it fits when you close the lid." He likes the steel Weber for its raised edges and big handles. [\$23; store.weber.com]

Cuisipro 12-inch Stainless-Steel Locking Tongs

"Cueing bigger game calls for tongs, since a fork lets the juices escape. "Get a pair that springs open and that you can squeeze easily," says Lilly. "That way you can grill without setting down your beer." [\$13; target.com]

Coleman Stainless-Steel Multi-Function Spatula & Pampered Chef BBQ Flexible Turner

"Spatulas are great for fish and burgers because tongs tear them up," explains Lilly. You want two: the stiff serrated Coleman (top left) for beef, and the bendy Pampered Chef (left) for delicate fillets. [\$6; coleman.com and \$18.50; pamperedchef.com]

photograph by TRAVIS RATHBONE



ABOUT OUR EXPERT

Chris Lilly has captured eight titles in the World Championship Barbecue Cooking Contest as pitmaster for the Big Bob Gibson Bar-B-Q team, based in Decatur, Alabama. The renowned chef and author of *Big Bob Gibson's BBQ Book: Recipes and Secrets from a Legendary Barbecue Joint* wants people to grill more often. "So many people just grill in the summer, but nowadays, the outdoor grill is a centerpiece year-round."

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Packs for Pics

Six adventure-ready camera bags, tested by extreme-weather photographer Jim Reed, who spends his days in some of the scariest conditions imaginable. *by* STAN HORACZEK



▲ Kata 3NI-22

Adjustable straps allow it to be worn as a sling or a backpack, and the Kata also has a slot for a netbook. "It's sturdy, but with so many zippers and latches I couldn't get in quickly," says Reed. He liked the yellow interior that makes gear easy to see, and the thick nylon top handle. "When you're jumping out of a truck, you need a tough handle." [\$120; kata-bags.com]

8



◀ Clik Elite ProBody Sport

With a pocket for a hydration bladder, the Clik is built for backcountry shooters. "It has the most comfortable waist strap," Reed says. "That's key when you're running across a field or hiking." The side-entry camera compartment holds a pro DSLR and an extra lens, leaving the upper section for clothes and food. "I like the placement of the zippers and the compartments," notes Reed. "It's elegant, and the second simplest bag to use, behind the LowePro." [\$175; clikelite.com]

9

DETAIL

Zippers are fully lined and taped to ensure your gear can't be doused by rain or spilled beers.

▶ Tenba Messenger: Large Photo/Laptop Bag

This attaché-like messenger fits a prosumer DSLR and up to three lenses, plus it has a padded slot for a 17-inch laptop. The Tenba also boasts an excessive 24 pockets. "I really liked the hefty strap," says Reed, "but the best part is that you can easily slip out all of the camera dividers and use it like a regular travel bag." Another cool feature: A zipper across the top flap lets you access your gear without exposing it to the elements. [\$115; tenba.com]

7



DETAIL

The Tenba stands on its own, its thick rubberized bottom panel keeping out ground moisture.



◀ ABOUT OUR EXPERT

Growing up in Springfield, Illinois, Jim Reed spent his early years watching tornadoes and blizzards. In 1992 he turned his fascination with storms into a career in extreme weather photography. Since then Reed, 48, has published three books, including his latest, *Storm Chaser: A Photographer's Journey*. In the process he has become an expert in keeping his camera safe from the elements.

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Athlete: Pete Takeda
Location: Boulder, CO
Photographer: Ace Kvale

Exum Mountain Guide: Andy Tyson
Location: Oman, Arabian Peninsula
Photographer: Gabe Rogel



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THE LIGHTNING BUG FLASHLIGHT



Being caught totally off guard doesn't mean you have to be left in the dark. That frozen cappuccino may have set you back 5 bucks, but if you didn't make it to Gander Mountain before your trip, it'll be well worth the cost.

WHAT YOU'LL NEED:

- 1 frozen cappuccino cup with clear dome lid
- Potato chip bag with metallic interior
- Clear tape

INSTRUCTIONS:

- 1) Expose reflective interior of potato chip bag.
- 2) Create peripheral reflection cone (Fig.1).
- 3) Using cup and lid, collect 10 to 15 lightning bugs.
- 4) Cover straw hole with clear tape.



Fig.1



Brought to you by



Camera Bags

► **Crumpler 7 Million Dollar Home**

With space for a pro DSLR and five lenses or accessories, the Crumpler is bigger than the Tenba. It compensates for its girth by employing the Australian company's trademark quirky-smart design. "There aren't a ton of pockets to lose things in, but the mesh pocket on the back of the flap is useful," Reed says. His main complaint? A lack of external padding. "There isn't a lot separating your glass from the outside world." [\$142; crumplerbags.com]

7

DETAIL

Like the Kata's, the Crumpler's bright interior makes it easy to find what you're after.

**DETAIL**

The Naneu includes a handcuff-like key chain to keep your keys secure.

▲ **Naneu Military Ops Echo-X**

At 3.65 pounds, the Naneu is the heaviest bag here. At least the sling strap has ample padding and the back is well ventilated. The main compartment fits a pro body and three lenses, with 11 more pockets. "It's the only one with a cell phone pocket on the strap, which is handy," Reed says. "But it's not the most attractive bag." [\$143; naneubags.com]

6

► **LowePro Versapack 200 AW**

"I was ready to start using this bag as soon as I picked it up," says Reed, who loved the simple two-chamber design. The upper section holds essentials; the lower has a side access door and movable dividers for storing a DSLR and an extra lens. Reed liked its weatherproof build — "rain just rolls off in beads" — and the hideaway tripod holder, which "gets in the way the least" of those tested. [\$130; lowepro.com]

8



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Saddle Up

We spent a month testing six new bike seats, each designed so that your next ride ends in triumph, not Tylenol. *by* JOSH FULMER



◀ Allay Racing Sport 2.1

The Allay's killer app — an inflatable bladder under your perineum made to relieve pressure — seemed to be more gimmick than godsend. Even after one rider feverishly prodded the under-nose pump, “the seat felt mushy, especially when I shifted my body weight,” he said.

[\$115; allaysaddles.com]

■■■■■ 3

▶ Selle Italia Max Flite Gel Flow Team Edition

With a layer of subcutaneous silicone and a center cutout for reducing perineal pain, the Selle Italia delivers a soft ride that will appeal to joyriders but not racers. “It felt bulky and wide,” said one tester, while another disliked the gel’s give under hard pedaling.

[\$170; selleitalia.com]

■■■■■ 6



◀ Bontrager inForm RL

The Bontrager, available in different widths with size-specific curves, divided testers. “I like how the dual-density foam offers varied levels of support,” said one rider. “I found my new saddle.” But another tester knocked the inForm for looking cheap. Verdict: It’s a smart buy for racers on a budget. [\$100; bontrager.com]

■■■■■ 7

▶ Specialized Alias

The size-specific Alias (different shapes for different-size saddles) features a center cutout and padding that’s ample but not sloppy, making it a great seat for riders who want a balance of comfort and performance. “The Alias’s subtle curves fit my pelvis well,” said one rider who is averse to doughnut-shaped saddles. [\$110; specialized.com]

■■■■■ 8



◀ Fizik Arione CX

Fizik’s lightweight saddles are always popular in the peloton, and the 205-gram Arione CX shows why. Testers found it surprisingly comfortable in multiple positions despite barely-there padding. “I completely forgot about it, which might be the best compliment I can pay a saddle,” said one tester. A winner for competitive weekend racers. [\$159; fizik.it]

■■■■■ 9

▶ Brooks Swift Chrome

Beautiful, ain’t she? Out of the box, the handmade Swift rides like you’d expect from a stiff chunk of cowhide riveted to steel — “like straddling a brick,” said one tester. But after about six months of riding, Brooks’s saddles mold perfectly to one’s nether regions — and they will last well past then with proper care. [\$165; brookssaddles.com]

■■■■■ 7



BIRKENSTOCK

Made in Germany • Tradition since 1774



Naturally comfortable.
The Arizona sandal in antique coconut.
birkenstockusa.com

Lightweight Champions

As new materials shave pounds but not performance from hiking shoes, you can ditch the bulky, blistering leather boots for something more comfortable. *by* DAN NELSON

BEST FOR

FAST OFF-TRAIL ADVENTURES



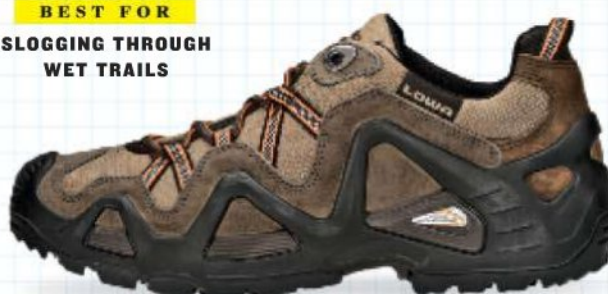
▲ Montrail Sabino Trail Mid GTX

With a snug fit, ample heel cushioning, and lots of forefoot flex, the Montrail sits somewhere between a trail runner and a hiking boot. Its EVA midsole, reinforced with a heat-molded plastic shank, protected the tender

soles of our feet as we rock-hopped across untracked sections of Utah's Capital Reef desert. Deep lugs in the semisoft rubber outsole clawed over boulders, roots, and other uneven surfaces. [\$140; montrail.com]

BEST FOR

SLOGGING THROUGH WET TRAILS



▲ Lowa Zephyr GTX

When you're going on a rainy-day hike, you need a boot that keeps out water and provides extra stability for slippery trails — one like the Lowa Zephyr GTX. Its suede upper hugs your foot like a long-lost friend, with

polyurethane struts extending from the midsole to offer extra lateral support. A Gore-Tex liner keeps your dogs dry, and there's a high-top version of the Zephyr GTX for even more coverage. [\$169; lowaboos.com]

BEST FOR

DAY HIKE IN ANY CONDITIONS



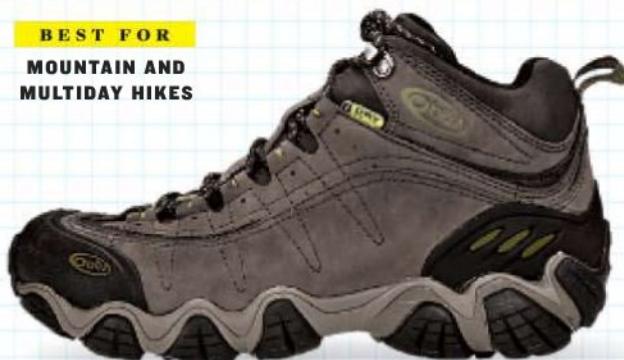
▲ Kayland Legend Rev

You don't need a boot for a day hike. As we hustled through Utah's sun-scorched Escalante Monument, the Kayland's minimal weight (1.1 pounds per shoe), combined with a

hybrid Cocona/eVent liner that wicks away sweat, kept our feet happy. Plus, the shoe's low-key styling won't look odd when you escape the backcountry for the bar. [\$130; kayland.com]

BEST FOR

MOUNTAIN AND MULTIDAY HIKE



▲ Oboz Yellowstone II

If you'll be logging lots of miles with a week's worth of gear, the robust Oboz is a godsend. Its high cuff adds that little bit of extra support necessary for hefty packs. A roomy toe box gives your

forefoot breathing room so that it can flex and swell without getting cramped, while a snug heel cup prevents blisters by keeping your foot locked firmly in place. [\$145; obozfootwear.com]

Anatomy of the Perfect Hiking Sock

A quality pair of socks can be the difference between a great hike and miles spent worried about your blistered feet, stewing in sweat. Our favorite pair? Dahlgren's Dri-Stride Hiking Socks (\$13; dahlgrenfootwear.com). Here's why:

FABRIC: Dahlgren developed a special blend of alpaca and merino wool for its socks, each bringing different benefits. Alpaca, which feels like cashmere, is highly breathable and non-abrasive, which means fewer blisters. Merino is both antimicrobial and better than synthetics at absorbing sweat.



CONSTRUCTION: The rings alternate between Dahlgren's wool blend, which sucks up sweat, and recycled polyester, which allows the moisture to evaporate.

PADDING: Alpaca wool doesn't lose its loft — it stays thick and soft, making it perfect as cushioning under the heel and forefoot.

LIFE'S AN ADVENTURE. CLEAN UP NICE.

Every Man Jack makes hair, body, skin, and shave stuff just for guys. No harsh chemicals. No unbelievable promises. Just affordable, high-quality products that get the job done. Because whether you're climbing a mountain or the corporate ladder, everyone wants to be their best.



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Shoreline Seats

We tested several portable chairs to find three that won't let you down.

by JON WILDE



◀ GCI Outdoor Unifold Recliner

It's homely, sure, but the Unifold Recliner hits the beach-chair sweet spot. Three recline positions, a bottle pouch, a carrying case with a strap, and a comfy seat with mesh inserts cover the basics. But what won us over was the slots in the armrests, perfect for holding a wineglass or fishing rod. [\$60; gcioutdoor.com]

9

▶ Cape Cod Beach Chair Surfside Recliner

Classic styling, five recline positions, and wide armrests help make up for the shallow cup holders and the somewhat stiff canvas seat. Get the lighter 8.5-pound acacia frame, not the 14-pound yellow balau version. [\$140; capecodbeachchair.com]

7



◀ REI Comfort LTG

If portability is a priority, then REI's six-pound offering is your winner. No recline positions or armrests — just a shoulder strap for carrying and a narrow yet supportive seat with a smartly designed sliding lumbar pad and a mesh pocket in back. With the ground so close, you won't miss the cup holders. [\$35; rei.com]

8



*This season,
launch your boat
with a Missile.*



Have a blast this summer—and for years to come—with a Sevylor® Missile™ Towable, made with tough PVC and a durable nylon cover. Only Sevylor® has an AirTight® system so it's sure to blow the others right out of the water. Find out more at Sevylor.com.

"It's a hard course," Duval told me later. "I played okay; I just hit a couple bad spots. Even the second day, I thought, 'I hit the ball pretty good — how did I shoot six over par?'"

Duval's best result so far this year was his second-place finish at the AT&T National Pro-Am at Pebble Beach in February. Was the struggle to win now, at 38, different from campaigning for his first victory, when he broke onto the PGA Tour in 1995, at age 23?

"In the end, they're fundamentally the same," he said. "But you're talking about an entirely different player and person, and comparing them is a fool's errand. The feeling now is different. I can feel people pulling for me. It's flattering. I'm constantly asked, 'Why do you think they're pulling for you?' I think it goes back to being a stand-up guy, an honest person who has gone through great struggles and is still working and practicing, not quitting. I've had some awful days where it takes a lot of mental will to go play golf. I shot a 62 at Pebble Beach once. Six, seven years later, I shot an 85. What did I do after that? I teed it up the next day."

His performances at the U.S. Open last year and at the AT&T in February show real progress, but Duval is still missing a high percentage of cuts and won't be playing with the hallmark consistency of his heyday until he routinely finds the fairway. Sometimes his father sees tension in his hands, and in minor tournaments Duval seems to lose focus; in majors it's easier to focus, he said, because "you're playing for history." But he missed the cut in April at the Masters, too.

He looked forward to the U.S. Open this June, the championship he coveted most. He expected to win again soon on the PGA Tour, he said. "I'm preparing to do it. Some of the stuff I was doing at the Honda was preparation work for the U.S. Open. Tinkering with clubs, tinkering with wedges. Mentally I'm thinking about my name on the leaderboard."

He had learned from his years in the wilderness that nothing was more important to a golfer than confidence. Confidence was what enabled him to dominate the best players in the world. What he now knew was that confidence had to be protected and nurtured. He'd been rebuilding his confidence; it still wasn't where it needed to be, he said, but it was almost there, like his game. Maybe it *was* his game. As if to demonstrate how far along the reconstruction project was, he said, "I think I am one of the 10 or 20 best golfers in the world."

The unsentimental numbers of the money list and the world rankings would beg to differ. Maybe he was just psyching himself up, worried that what made him great was gone. If so, more power to him. Maybe he was just whistling to get past his graveyards. God help him with that. The more he spoke of confidence, the more elusive it seemed, and I had to look the word up before it slipped its moorings completely. *Confidence*: the belief in one's self and one's abilities. The enchanted stuff of an ancient game, and so absurdly easy to come by when you're young and don't know who you are. ☐

Patient Information
LEVITRA® (Luh-VEE-Trah)
(vardenafil HCl) Tablets

08918646IPM, R.7

12/08

Read the Patient Information about LEVITRA before you start taking it and again each time you get a refill. There may be new information. You may also find it helpful to share this information with your partner. This leaflet does not take the place of talking with your doctor. You and your doctor should talk about LEVITRA when you start taking it and at regular checkups. If you do not understand the information, or have questions, talk with your doctor or pharmacist.

WHAT IMPORTANT INFORMATION SHOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT LEVITRA?
LEVITRA can cause your blood pressure to drop suddenly to an unsafe level if it is taken with certain other medicines. With a sudden drop in blood pressure, you could get dizzy, faint, or have a heart attack or stroke.

Do not take LEVITRA if you:
• take any medicines called "nitrates."
• use recreational drugs called "poppers" like amyl nitrate and butyl nitrate. (See "Who Should Not Take LEVITRA?")
Tell all your healthcare providers that you take LEVITRA. If you need emergency medical care for a heart problem, it will be important for your healthcare provider to know when you last took LEVITRA.

WHAT IS LEVITRA?
LEVITRA is a prescription medicine taken by mouth for the treatment of erectile dysfunction (ED) in men.
ED is a condition where the penis does not harden and expand when a man is sexually excited, or when he cannot keep an erection. A man who has trouble getting or keeping an erection should see his doctor for help if the condition bothers him. LEVITRA may help a man with ED get and keep an erection when he is sexually excited.

LEVITRA does not:
• cure ED
• increase a man's sexual desire
• protect a man or his partner from sexually transmitted diseases, including HIV. Speak to your doctor about ways to guard against sexually transmitted diseases.
• serve as a male form of birth control
LEVITRA is only for men with ED. LEVITRA is not for women or children. LEVITRA must be used only under a doctor's care.

HOW DOES LEVITRA WORK?
When a man is sexually stimulated, his body's normal physical response is to increase blood flow to his penis. This results in an erection. LEVITRA helps increase blood flow to the penis and may help men with ED get and keep an erection satisfactory for sexual activity. Once a man has completed sexual activity, blood flow to his penis decreases, and his erection goes away.

WHO CAN TAKE LEVITRA?
Talk to your doctor to decide if LEVITRA is right for you.
LEVITRA has been shown to be effective in men over the age of 18 years who have erectile dysfunction, including men with diabetes or who have undergone prostatectomy.

WHO SHOULD NOT TAKE LEVITRA?
Do not take LEVITRA if you:
• take any medicines called "nitrates" (See "What important information should you know about LEVITRA?"). Nitrates are commonly used to treat angina. Angina is a symptom of heart disease and can cause pain in your chest, jaw, or down your arm.

Medicines called nitrates include nitroglycerin that is found in tablets, sprays, ointments, pastes, or patches. Nitrates can also be found in other medicines such as isosorbide dinitrate or isosorbide mononitrate. Some recreational drugs called "poppers" also contain nitrates, such as amyl nitrate and butyl nitrate. Do not use LEVITRA if you are using these drugs. Ask your doctor or pharmacist if you are not sure if any of your medicines are nitrates.

• you have been told by your healthcare provider to not have sexual activity because of health problems. Sexual activity can put an extra strain on your heart, especially if your heart is already weak from a heart attack or heart disease.

• are allergic to LEVITRA or any of its ingredients. The active ingredient in LEVITRA is called vardenafil. See the end of this leaflet for a complete list of ingredients.

WHAT SHOULD YOU DISCUSS WITH YOUR DOCTOR BEFORE TAKING LEVITRA?
Before taking LEVITRA, tell your doctor about all your medical problems, including if you:

- have heart problems such as angina, heart failure, irregular heartbeats, or have had a heart attack. Ask your doctor if it is safe for you to have sexual activity.
- have low blood pressure or have high blood pressure that is not controlled
- have had a stroke
- have had a seizure
- or any family members have a rare heart condition known as prolongation of the QT interval (long QT syndrome)
- have liver problems
- have kidney problems and require dialysis
- have retinitis pigmentosa, a rare genetic (runs in families) eye disease
- have ever had severe vision loss, or if you have an eye condition called non-arteritic anterior ischemic optic neuropathy (NAION)
- have stomach ulcers
- have a bleeding problem
- have a deformed penis shape or Peyronie's disease
- have had an erection that lasted more than 4 hours
- have blood cell problems such as sickle cell anemia, multiple myeloma, or leukemia

CAN OTHER MEDICATIONS AFFECT LEVITRA?
Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take including prescription and non-prescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. LEVITRA and other medicines may affect each other. Always check with your doctor before starting or stopping any medicines. Especially tell your doctor if you take any of the following:

- medicines called nitrates (See "What important information should you know about LEVITRA?")
- medicines called alpha-blockers. These include Hytrin® (terazosin HCl), Flomax® (tamsulosin HCl), Cardura® (doxazosin mesylate), Minipress® (prazosin HCl) or Uroxatral® (alfuzosin HCl). Alpha-blockers are sometimes prescribed for prostate problems or high blood pressure. In some patients the use of PDE5 inhibitor drugs, including LEVITRA, with alpha-blockers can lower blood pressure significantly leading to fainting. You should contact the prescribing physician if alpha-blockers or other drugs that lower blood pressure are prescribed by another healthcare provider.
- medicines that treat abnormal heartbeat. These include quinidine, procainamide, amiodarone and sotalol.
- ritonavir (Norvir®) or indinavir sulfate (Crixivan®) saquinavir (Fortavase® or Invirase®) or atazanavir (Reyataz®)

- ketoconazole or itraconazole (such as Nizoral® or Sporanox®)
- erythromycin or clarithromycin
- other medicines or treatments for ED

HOW SHOULD YOU TAKE LEVITRA?
Take LEVITRA exactly as your doctor prescribes. LEVITRA comes in different doses (2.5 mg, 5 mg, 10 mg, and 20 mg). For most men, the recommended starting dose is 10 mg. Take LEVITRA no more than once a day. Doses should be taken at least 24 hours apart. Some men can only take a low dose of LEVITRA because of medical conditions or medicines they take. Your doctor will prescribe the dose that is right for you.

- If you are older than 65 or have liver problems, your doctor may start you on a lower dose of LEVITRA.
- If you have prostate problems or high blood pressure, for which you take medicines called alpha-blockers, your doctor may start you on a lower dose of LEVITRA.
- If you are taking certain other medicines your doctor may prescribe a lower starting dose and limit you to one dose of LEVITRA in a 72-hour (3 days) period.

Take 1 LEVITRA tablet about 1 hour (60 minutes) before sexual activity. Some form of sexual stimulation is needed for an erection to happen with LEVITRA. LEVITRA may be taken with or without meals.

Do not change your dose of LEVITRA without talking to your doctor. Your doctor may lower your dose or raise your dose, depending on how your body reacts to LEVITRA.

If you take too much LEVITRA, call your doctor or emergency room right away.

WHAT ARE THE POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS OF LEVITRA?

The most common side effects with LEVITRA are headache, flushing, stuffy or runny nose, indigestion, upset stomach, or dizziness. These side effects usually go away after a few hours. Call your doctor if you get a side effect that bothers you or one that will not go away.

LEVITRA may uncommonly cause:

- an erection that won't go away (priapism). If you get an erection that lasts more than 4 hours, get medical help right away. Priapism must be treated as soon as possible or lasting damage can happen to your penis including the inability to have erections.
- color vision changes, such as seeing a blue tinge to objects or having difficulty telling the difference between the colors blue and green.

In rare instances, men taking PDE5 inhibitors (oral erectile dysfunction medicines, including LEVITRA) reported a sudden decrease or loss of vision in one or both eyes. It is not possible to determine whether these events are related directly to these medicines, to other factors such as high blood pressure or diabetes, or to a combination of these. If you experience sudden decrease or loss of vision, stop taking PDE5 inhibitors, including LEVITRA, and call a doctor right away.

Sudden loss or decrease in hearing, sometimes with ringing in the ears and dizziness, has been rarely reported in people taking PDE5 inhibitors, including LEVITRA. It is not possible to determine whether these events are related directly to the PDE5 inhibitors, to other diseases or medications, to other factors, or to a combination of factors. If you experience these symptoms, stop taking LEVITRA and contact a doctor right away.

These are not all the side effects of LEVITRA. For more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

HOW SHOULD LEVITRA BE STORED?

- Store LEVITRA at room temperature between 59° and 86° F (15° to 30° C).
- Keep LEVITRA and all medicines out of the reach of children.

GENERAL INFORMATION ABOUT LEVITRA.

Medicines are sometimes prescribed for conditions other than those described in patient information leaflets. Do not use LEVITRA for a condition for which it was not prescribed. Do not give LEVITRA to other people, even if they have the same symptoms that you have. It may harm them.

This leaflet summarizes the most important information about LEVITRA. If you would like more information, talk with your healthcare provider. You can ask your doctor or pharmacist for information about LEVITRA that is written for health professionals.

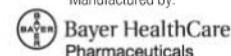
For more information you can also visit www.LEVITRA.com, or call 1-866-LEVITRA.

WHAT ARE THE INGREDIENTS OF LEVITRA?

Active ingredient: vardenafil hydrochloride
Inactive ingredients: microcrystalline cellulose, croscopolone, colloidal silicon dioxide, magnesium stearate, hypromellose, polyethylene glycol, titanium dioxide, yellow ferric oxide, and red ferric oxide.

Norvir (ritonavir) is a trademark of Abbott Laboratories
Crixivan (indinavir sulfate) is a trademark of Merck & Co., Inc.
Invirase or Fortavase (saquinavir mesylate) is a trademark of Roche Laboratories Inc.
Reyataz (atazanavir sulfate) is a trademark of Bristol-Myers Squibb Company
Nizoral (ketoconazole) is a trademark of Johnson & Johnson
Sporanox (itraconazole) is a trademark of Johnson & Johnson
Hytrin (terazosin HCl) is a trademark of Abbott Laboratories
Flomax (tamsulosin HCl) is a trademark of Yamanouchi Pharmaceutical Co., Ltd.
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12/08

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job as a houseboy: A childhood acquaintance had become a police officer and needed somebody to watch over his car and dogs. This fell through when the police officer was transferred to the northern city of Cap-Haïtien. The last of Venance's relatives was sick of him. Venance had just about exhausted his options in Port-au-Prince when he met Cousin Maxo.

Venance met Maxo Pierre on the Champ de Mars. Maxo made a living selling barbecued chicken there in the evening. It turned out that Maxo came from Chambellan, not far at all from Jérémie. Both Venance and Maxo were proud sons of the Grand'Anse province, so there was a bond between them. Thereafter, on seeing Maxo, Venance always asked after Maxo's bad foot, a kindness Maxo noted. Sometimes Venance passed all day with Maxo down on the Champ de Mars telling stories. This was about the time when Venance was out of a job and home and he opened his heart to the bearded older man. Maxo said, "Venance, barbecue business is good business. Tomorrow if you want you can become a big barbecue entrepreneur. Keep it up. Venance, stay with me for a long time. That way you can get ahead."

Chicken was a good business for Venance, not only on account of the fact that it suited his temperament and he was a good chicken cook, but also because he was observant and a fast runner. You needed to run fast if you were going to make it in the chicken game — the police would impound the barbecue of anyone caught grilling out on the Champ de Mars. That's why Venance was so useful to Cousin Maxo: Maxo had the bad foot, but when the police came down, Venance could grab that 'cue and fly. Together they made a good team, Venance and Cousin Maxo — Cousin Maxo teaching the young man the secrets of the Champ de Mars BBQ game, showing him the special Maxo chicken sauce; Venance protecting the BBQ from the police; the two of them sociable fellows, flirting with the ladies and grilling up the birds and laughing and joking until the early hours of the morning.

Not only did Maxo bring Venance into his business, but he invited this lanky kid off the street into his home, giving him a place to sleep right on the floor with his own kids. That's when Venance started calling Maxo "Cousin Maxo," as a sign of respect and affection. Venance appreciated the fact that Cousin Maxo treated him like a man, but treated him like family, too, showing him kindness, never telling him what to do, just letting him be.

In Maxo, Venance found something he'd been looking for all his life. His father had been a sorcerer named Destiné Paul. Destiné Paul quarreled with an unsatisfied client. The client swore he would take his revenge on Destiné Paul. Which he did — Venance's father died, a victim himself of magic, when Venance was just five months in the womb.

Each morning Maxo would give Venance a little money for coffee and bread. Venance saved a bit of that every day and soon was able

to invest in a chicken breast or two, which he put on the grill. The profit was his own, and he turned it around into more chickens. What he was looking forward to and working toward was the day he could buy himself a whole case of chicken. Break up the birds, boil 'em. Rent refrigerator space. Get himself a barbecue of his own. Buy cabbage and bananas and manioc. Go out on the Champ de Mars at night, pay to plug a lightbulb into the generator, and call himself a chicken man, too.

Venance had been out every day with Cousin Maxo for about six months, selling chicken and earning, when Venance got it into his head that he wanted to spend the hot month of August back home in Jérémie. He had a little cash in his hand and he wanted to flaunt it, show the girls back home the success he was making of himself in Port-au-Prince. Cousin Maxo told Venance that this was a poor idea, that if he had a good thing going, he should stick with it. But Venance ignored Cousin Maxo and went home.

THE NATIONAL PALACE HAD BEEN A SOURCE of considerable pride. I was standing in front of its vast, very white edifice when a young man approached and asked me if it was true that the National Palace, before its collapse, had been the most beautiful building in the world, as he had learned in school.

"It was *very* beautiful," I said, looking for a diplomatic answer.

The conversation attracted, as often happens in Haiti, a crowd of kibitzers, all wanting to throw in their own two cents. Two Haitians can converse, but three is an argument. Some maintained that the Presidential Palace was the most beautiful building in the world; others that it was the most beautiful presidential palace in the world. The argument was not about aesthetics but about the precise recollection of a fact that had been memorized in a schoolbook. The conversation got quite heated, and in the end one man had to be taken away before he slugged somebody.

In a city of remarkable piles of rubble, the presidential-palace rubble was particularly spectacular. In its collapse it looked as if it had been constructed originally with Legos, then smashed by the hand of a very large child. It was somewhere between *fracturé* and *krazé* — it all depended on whether one looked to the wings, which were almost intact, or to the center. Certain portions of the rubble expanse could even be described as *penché*.

A large tent city had cropped up directly in front of the gates of the palace, and then metastasized to the palace's flanks. Each of Port-au-Prince's tent cities had its own character, as any small town will, and here the mood was surlier and more aggressive than in other refugee camps. I asked somebody why the mood in this particular camp was so rough, and was told that it was due to the presence of the many escapees from the National Penitentiary, which was just a few blocks from here — although I found this explanation unlikely. Surely if anyone had cause to rejoice these days, it was the escapees.

JUST THREE DAYS BEFORE THE WORLD came to an end, Venance Lafrance slunk back into Port-au-Prince like a beaten dog. His return to Jérémie had been disastrous. His mother had gotten sick. His brother had gotten sick. And then he'd gotten sick too. He had almost died. All the capital he had accrued in the chicken game sweating over a hot barbecue, he had lost. He'd gone home to Jérémie to show off what a big man he'd become. But now, just to get back to Port-au-Prince, Venance had visited a local politician and agreed to sell her his vote in the upcoming parliamentary elections in exchange for a place on the big Trois Rivières, the weekly ferry to the capital.

The next morning, Venance made his way on foot (not even a *gourde* to take a bus) up to Cousin Maxo's little concrete house in Bel Air.

"Venance, I didn't know you were coming!" Cousin Maxo said, *happy to see him*.

Cousin Maxo wasn't just happy to see Venance on account of Venance being Venance, but also because Cousin Maxo *needed* Venance Lafrance. Madame Cousin Maxo gave Venance some bread and coffee, and then Cousin Maxo told Venance the bad thing that had happened in his absence. It was just a couple days back. Madame Maxo had been out grilling on the Champ de Mars when the police had come round. She wasn't fast enough. The police had seized the family barbecue and all the chicken on the grill, too. She had gotten away with just a bowl of raw bird.

Cousin Maxo sent Venance out to buy some water for the house. Venance came back with five five-gallon buckets. After he had bathed, Venance lay down on the floor of the house and went to sleep for the rest of the morning.

Venance was finally home. Venance was finally needed.

THE RUE DALENCOURT WINDS DOWN THEN up the steep valley between the Avenue John Brown and Canapé Vert. Before the quake, this had been a shady street of small houses and apartment complexes. The largest of these apartment complexes, a homicidal five-story monster, had come down. A few surviving relatives — a young woman, her brother, some friends — had hired a group of young men to do the dangerous work of pawing through the rubble. I sat outside and watched the diggers for a few minutes. Not far from us on the ground was a charred spinal cord and skull. The smell of decomposing flesh was quite strong in the air. Later, the diggers came up with the body of the young woman's sister — a large woman, to judge by the six men needed to carry her. Haiti is a country where women take pride in their voluptuous displays of grief — there exists an entire profession of paid mourners, whose copious tears and loud wailings are taken as a tribute to the qualities of the departed. I had been at a funeral not long before the quake where distant lady friends of the deceased had attempted to throw themselves bodily into the coffin. Now this young woman walked over, identified her sister, and walked back with a cool smile on her face.

This was like another country than the one I thought I knew.

ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 12, IN THE LATE afternoon, Venance Lafrance was playing dominoes out front of his friend Alfred's house. The board was balanced on the players' knees. They'd been slapping the bones for hours — days even. There was a big crowd around the board waiting to get in on the game. The board started shaking. The tiles started sliding. One of the fellows said, "Who's shaking the board?" Another fellow said, "Not me." Then the bricks started falling — *ka-choo, ka-choo, ka-choo!* Venance heard a noise like 10,000 trucks roaring up a steep hill. The street itself started making waves. Some of the fellows who'd been waiting to play dominoes started running — but Venance didn't run; he just stood his ground, watching the houses shaking and the street swinging up and down like a rubber hose, rolling up, down, left and right. The dominoes that had been on the board were on the ground, clattering like they were dancing. Right in front of Venance a two-story brick house leaned over on its side in a big cloud of dust, like it was tired and needed a break — *penché*.

When the ground stopped shaking, Venance's first thought was Cousin Maxo. He ran home through the streets. He passed collapsed house after collapsed house; the entire population of Port-au-Prince was in the streets.

Cousin Maxo's two-story house lay on a little alley. The cinder-block walls had given way and buckled outward. The first floor had come down, exploding massively as it made contact with the concrete foundations. Then the roof had come down also, staying largely intact. The house that had been two stories, or about 20 feet tall, was now just concrete slab on a waist-high pile of rubble. *Krazé* net.

Madame Maxo was outside. She was showing up at the house just as Venance was getting there. She was saying, "Where's Maxo?" Then she was saying it all over again: "Where's Maxo?" And again, "Where's Maxo?" Venance knew where Cousin Maxo was. When Venance had left to play dominoes earlier that afternoon, Maxo had gone upstairs to take a nap.

"Maxo's inside," he said.

"Are you sure?" Madame Maxo said. "Is it true?"

Venance thought a second. But he knew Maxo had been sleeping. He was sure of it.

"Yes," he said.

"Then he's dead," she said.

Venance Lafrance stood with Madame Maxo out front of the rubble that buried the body of Cousin Maxo. She began to cry. Now the neighbors were drifting out front of the collapsed house. Madame Maxo collapsed into their arms. All that evening and night, Madame Maxo lay on the sidewalk on a cardboard box out front of her collapsed house with her head in Venance Lafrance's lap. She didn't know yet — nobody knew — that the city was destroyed; she thought it was just her house that had collapsed. Venance ran his hand through Madame Maxo's hair to calm her. The radio announced that there would be another quake in the night,

and the radio was correct: There were aftershocks all through the night. In the distance there was the sound of sirens.

Venance stayed with Madame Maxo for two days in front of the ruined house. For two days he didn't sleep. Neighbors cooked and passed around food — only Madame Maxo didn't eat. Venance had never been responsible for anyone before. Now he washed the children and made sure they ate, and kept far from the rubble, and stayed far away from the burning bodies. When Madame Maxo cried, he consoled her, as best he could. Madame Maxo had a little money in her pocket when the quake hit — that's what kept the family going. Venance himself didn't cry for Cousin Maxo. The tears wouldn't come. He felt light in his head — like he had been transported to some strange new world.

BEHIND THE EGLISE SACRÉ-COEUR — KRAZÉ — there was a little garden, with benches and a small statue of the Madonna. Both a school and a rectory had collapsed here, and many priests had died, their bodies decomposing not far from where we stood. A middle-aged man with a trim beard and spectacles approached me and asked in French if I had noticed the amazing particularity of the Madonna.

"No," I said. The Madonna had neither fallen nor was it weeping.

He looked at me a long time, as if I couldn't possibly be as dense as I seemed.

"She's turned to the east," he finally said.

"To the east?"

"To the east."

The Madonna, on further examination, had shifted slightly, several degrees off the horizontal.

The man went on to claim that *all* of the Madonnas of Port-au-Prince had shifted to the east. He had gone around and examined them, he said. I asked him what was the significance of this unusual fact.

"This could not be an accident," he said.

VENANCE LAFRANCE, WEARING SANDALS, stepped on something soft and squishy — a lady's arm, just lying out on the Champ de Mars. Venance Lafrance, whose fast feet had made him a natural in the chicken game, sprinted off. Bodies. Bodies starting to smell, bodies rotting in the sun. Fat dead people. Skinny kids. Big strong corpses, corpses built from lifetimes of lifting, toting, and hauling. Bodies of families. Bodies of naked old ladies. Bodies of naked old men. All the bodies puffy and gray. A guy saying, "You got to see this," then a big crowd watching a couple of dead kids having sex in a hotel room on the Grand Rue. More bodies. Some covered. Some not covered. Bodies in flames — the smell of meat cooking. Still more bodies. A tractor loading up bodies, scooping the bodies into a dump truck. Venance figured, based on the numbers of bodies he saw in the streets, that most all of Port-au-Prince was dead. That's what Venance saw on the way from Cousin Maxo's house in Bel Air to my house. When he got to my house, it was closed, locked, and empty. Then Venance kept walking, all across town, to his niece's house

in Carrefour. On the way he saw two young men, handcuffed, splayed out on the ground, sticky blood running riverlike from their heads. Shot by the police. The folks watching them called them *voleurs* — thieves. When Venance got out to his niece's house, it was gone, collapsed, like all the others.

On the radio they had announced that the government of Haiti had arranged free transport to the provinces by all available means. Venance left Madame Maxo and her children on the street beside the rubble of the house they had occupied: He was just another mouth to feed. Cousin Maxo's body still lay trapped under the crushed cement — a few days later he would be pried out and burnt on the street. Venance left Port-au-Prince with nothing but the clothes that were on his back when the quake struck.

The return to Jérémie was not easy. Others had the same idea as Venance, and the Wharf Jérémie was packed. The wharf was not large, and great nervous crowds jostled for position. There was no place to stand or sit. Venance heard snippets of conversation: "Let me go! Let me pass! I didn't die on Tuesday, I'm not going to die in Port-au-Prince!" People carried what possessions remained to them in huge bundles on their heads and in suitcases. Venance spent almost three days trapped on the wharf. The pier itself had collapsed, and access to the Trois Rivières was only by private canoe or dugout: Those who could pay found a place onboard. Venance had no money; the big boat left; and he waited. He didn't eat. Water was his priority. He found some.

By the time the ferry returned, barges had been stacked to create a makeshift dock. He found a place on the boat — nobody knows just how many were onboard, but every available inch of the boat was packed: the aisle, the stairs, the decks. The mood was tense. A large aftershock hit, and from the boat you could see the city rise and fall. The passengers began to stampede back to solid ground. Venance shouted, "You're on the boat, you're on the sea! Why are you running? If you run on the ground, you could die!" But nobody listened. When the ground calmed down, they came back on the boat.

Then, finally, the boat set sail, and Venance Lafrance watched Port-au-Prince recede into the distance.

VENANCE'S STORY HAS AN EPILOGUE, OF sorts.

When Venance called me very early in the morning, it meant that he was alive — and that he wanted money.

He told me that he had big plans: He wanted to start his own business barbecuing chicken in Jérémie, and he was looking for an investor. I gave him a hundred dollars. Later, I learned that he spent it on a couple of pairs of jeans and some shoes. When I remonstrated with him, he explained that nobody wants to buy chicken from a chicken man who looks like a bum.

Where there's life, there's hope; and where there's hope, there's life.

Long live Venance Lafrance. 



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LANCE *continued from page 94*

hydration part I have always been bad about," says Armstrong. "I'm one of these guys that you get two hours into the ride, and you realize you haven't touched your bottle. That's always been my story. And that's a bad thing. It's taken somebody standing over me saying, 'Drink.' It sounds very simple, but drink, drink."

Still, Armstrong knows that all the seat adjustments and ice cubes can't guarantee he'll catch the decade-younger Contador. Armstrong has always been a great time-trial cyclist, so much so that he spent little time training for that aspect in the off-season. This year, it's a new focus, all with the hope of shaving off a few precious seconds.

"Contador can attack where nobody can follow," says Armstrong. "Regardless of how young you are, how much you train. His ac-

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"IT'S THE THIRD-BIGGEST SPORTING
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celerations are unmatched. Unmatchable. But they don't necessarily sustain either, so you've got to be a little more patient there. I need to just continue at a tempo that's my tempo but is a fast tempo."

Bruyneel is cautiously optimistic. "Endurance is something that older athletes like Lance have no problem with. We'll use that." But then come the mind games. "Alberto is a great rider, but we know him. We know him like we've never known an opponent before. We know what he likes and doesn't like to do on the bike. That will help us. Will that be enough? We'll see."

ANYONE WHO SAYS THAT THEY KNOW WHAT will happen on the cobblestoned streets and mountain passes of France in July is a simpleton or a partisan. Armstrong could win; Armstrong could finish far back in the pack. Either way, it's a different battle that rages on inside Armstrong's head. He's trying to balance the hard-charging myopic rider of his youth with the multitasking father of four he has become. (In late April he announced, via Twitter, that a fifth was on the way.)

The night before I leave Austin, Armstrong invites me to a party for the LiveStrong staff. The loft offices have a utopian feel with an open-office plan inspired by New York City mayor Mike Bloomberg's digs. Tonight, there's a performance by Lance's musician friend Charlie Mars in the foundation's lunchroom, a space the size of a nightclub.

The foundation is populated with shiny, pretty, good people who reflect the new Lance, but the artwork suggests the old, angry Lance. When you enter the place, there's a giant Shepard Fairey canvas of a teenage guerrilla fighter.

It is from Armstrong's extensive collection, but seems an odd choice for a cancer foundation — so odd that it was moved to a slightly less prominent spot after some staffers complained that it was too disturbing to see every morning. Amid the desks, there's another non-feel-good piece by Morgan Herrin of a slain woman with arrows in her body lying across a globe.

Armstrong stands to the side of the stage and sways Max's stroller to the beat of Mars's music. "I love the Herrin piece because I know how much pain and work goes into each one of them," says Armstrong. "I can relate. I've got another Herrin at home of a woman's face covered by an octopus." The man previously known for weighing his food helps himself to some catered barbecue and a beer. "I am so damn hungry," he says apologetically. Lance points at two towheaded girls. "Those are my daughters, Isabelle and Grace," he says with a wry smile. "They're currently not speaking

to me right now. Their teenage years are going to be great."

He says hello to longtime friend Mark McKinnon, a Texas-based political consultant. There was that talk, pre-comeback, of a run for office — "Lance's approval ratings are the highest of anyone in Texas," says McKinnon — but now Armstrong says, "I think of it less and less." With his kids, friends, and charity surrounding him, there's a glow to Armstrong not present when he talks about the bike. I ask him why he would give all this up to ride the hellish ascents of France one more time with guys a decade younger. "I think the two lives are complementary," says Armstrong, who has said that 2011 will be his last racing year. "At least for a little while. I think I love the pain and suffering of riding, and I know it won't be much longer."

Mars finishes the set, and Lance heads for the door, Max on his chest. The girls have a sleepover tonight, and Alberto Contador, ice vests, and mountain stages seem far away. But midway through the slumber party there will be a buzz at his door. It's the cycling police coming for a random blood and urine test. It will come up negative. Some will believe. Some will not. And so it goes. 

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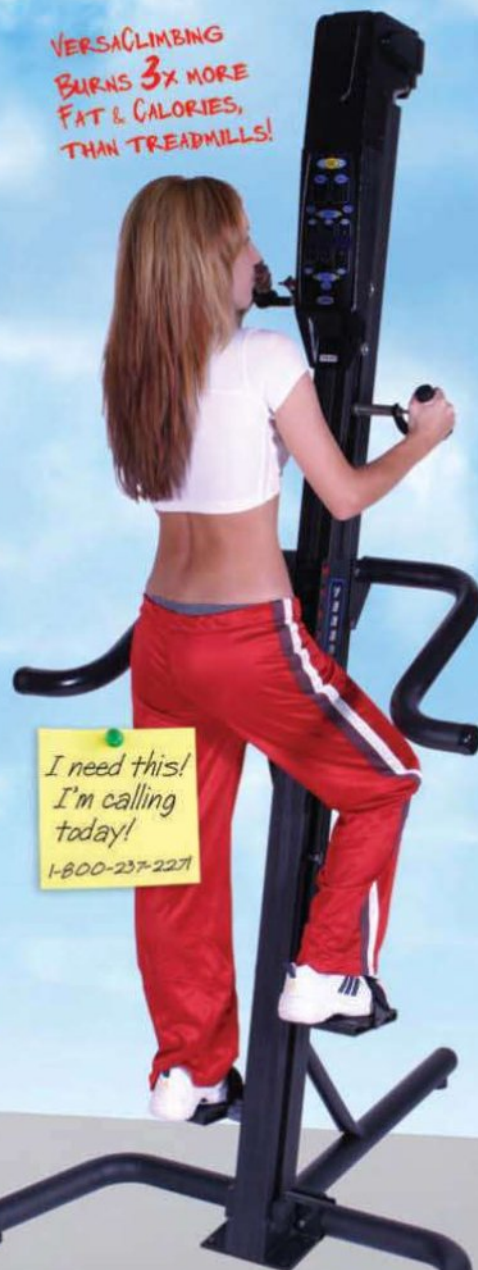
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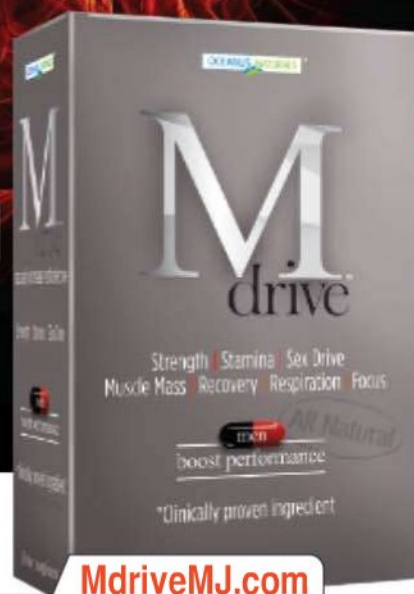
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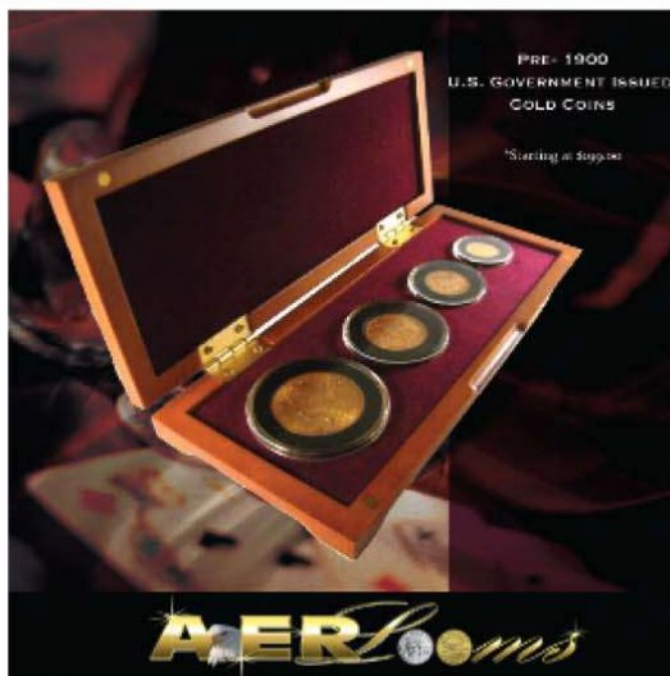
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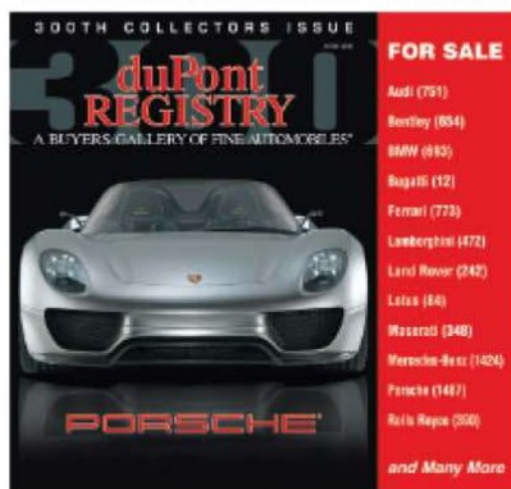
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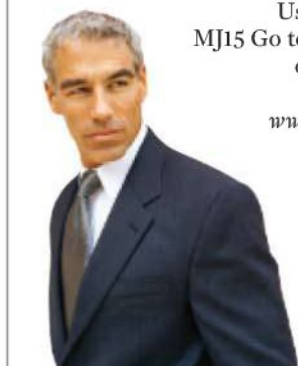
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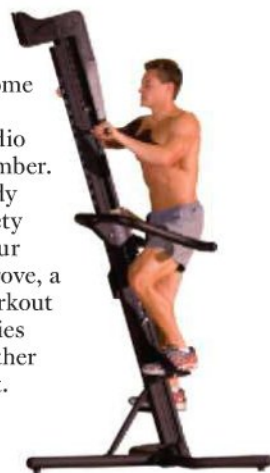
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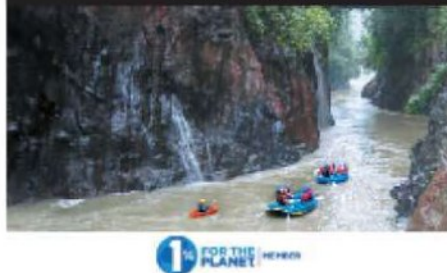
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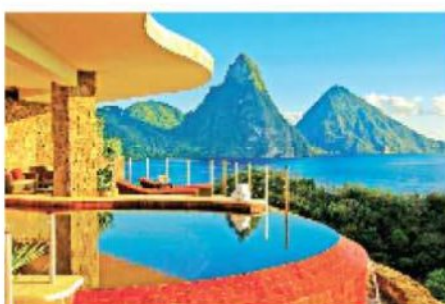
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Don Rickles

What's the best advice you've ever received?

When I got out of high school, I wanted to be an actor but was getting a lot of rejections. I was getting rejected by *life*. My mother, God rest her soul, told me not to quit. So I worked in striptease joints, no kind of act, doing bad impressions. I never could tell a joke, per se, and can't to this day really. I just started talking to the audience, and when the drunks would yell, "Hey, when do the broads come on?" I got good at saying, "Relax. Clear your skin up first." They called me "the insult guy," but it's never mean-spirited. I'm just exaggerating everything about us and about life.

What skill should every man possess?

You've got to be able to sell yourself.

What adventure most changed your life?

I did duty on a PT boat in the Philippines during World War II. We saw some trouble, but to go into it would be a big line of baloney because other guys saw a lot more. When you're 18, you're just so busy being scared and having fun — a crazy mixture — that you never thought of dying. I was the ship clown. Whenever the crew would get down, I made fun of the officers. But I came home a more mature guy.

What should every man know about women?

They cost money. That's a joke, really. I've been married for 45 years, so that'll tell you something. I didn't get married until I was 38. In those days, being gay was unheard of, but it was like, "Oh, my God, is he *that* kind of guy?"

What's the best way to impress a woman?

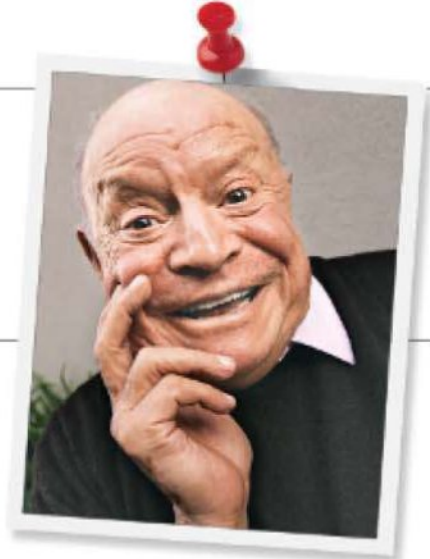
By not trying too hard. Let me put it this way: My wife knows I'm funny, and she knows when something I say doesn't appeal to her. I can get an audience screaming in Las Vegas and say, "Barbara, that was a great show," and she'll say, "Would you please hurry up? We have dinner reservations at 9:30."

What should every man know about money?

To enjoy it, but... My father was an insurance man and a small-time gambler. He was a good man, but he had an eye for the racehorses, and I saw how it used to bother my mother. I've never gambled a dime. Never, in all those years in Vegas.

Do you have a scar that tells a story?

When you see bullets hitting the ground in a movie, those are called caps. I did a pic-



Rickles, 84, reprises his role as Mr. Potato Head in June's Toy Story 3. Enjoy, you hockey pucks.

ture 40 years ago with Carroll O'Connor and Telly Savalas, God rest their souls, and Clint Eastwood, called *Kelly's Heroes*, which we filmed in Yugoslavia for six months. This German special-effects guy said, "Don, don't you worry. Nothing can happen." So I was lying on the ground in a combat scene, and all of a sudden one of the caps popped right into my thigh and blood was gushing out. I made such a show out of it that they all fell down laughing. Then I had to go to Los Angeles to get operated on.

What article of clothing should every man own?

You have to wear a tie, even if it's a pain in the ass.

What advice would you give to the younger you?

Be different from the next guy. Compared to what comics say today, I'm a monk, but in those days it was unheard of to make fun of people like I did. Of course they exaggerated how outrageous I really was. People would say, "We just saw Don Rickles and he told a guy, 'Go fuck yourself through your mother's ass.'" In my entire career, I've never used any of those words. Finally I got tired of hearing it and would just say, "Absolutely, I remember that."

How should a man handle getting older?

Yeah, tell me about it. By keeping busy — busy as you can. I've signed a new three-year contract to headline in Vegas and Atlantic City. As long as they laugh at me and as long as I have my humor, why not? When it doesn't get the adrenaline going, I'll know it's time to quit.

—INTERVIEWED BY STEVEN RUSSELL

What's the best cure for a hangover?



I

I don't drink much anymore, but when I traveled with Frank Sinatra, God rest his soul, I used to drink like I could do it. He made it a test. In Vegas the Rat Pack, which I was a little part of, drank all night and slept most of the day. Then about 5 o'clock we'd meet in the hotel steam room, lock the door, and steam our brains out. God knows what our blood pressure was like, but we came out feeling like a million bucks and went off to do our shows again.



II



III

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