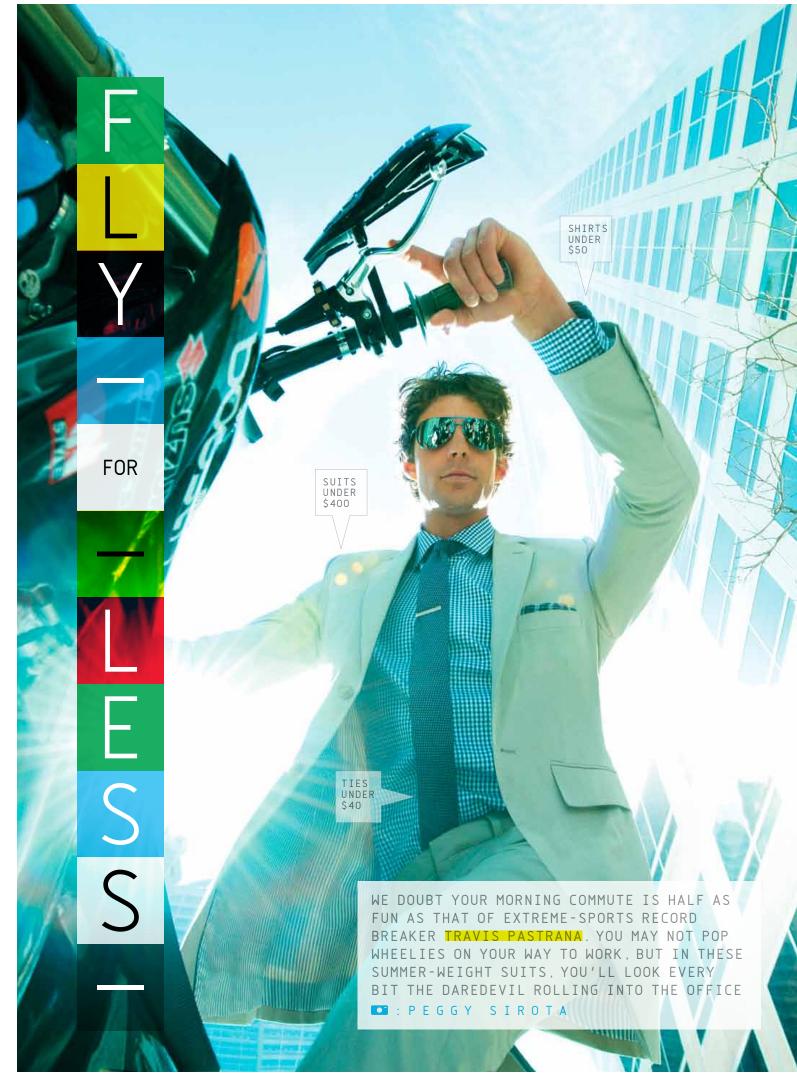
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AMERICA, MEET JACKASS KNIEVEL

THE OTHER WHITE SUIT

It's hard to pull off a bright white suit without looking like Colonel Sanders. Especially in the city. Go for a softer, less blinding white that's got a touch of gray.

Suit \$100 H&M

shirt \$50
ck Calvin Klein
tie \$40
Lands' End Canvas

• Looking for Travis Pastrana?
Keep an eye out for ambulances.
Here are three clustered outside
a gigantic empty hangar that
looks like the top of an oversize
golf ball half buried along the
waterfront of Long Beach,
California. It might be the only
structure in California vast enough
to contain the peculiar ambitions of
America's most fearless daredevil,
an action-sports iconoclast who is
both world-class athlete and
modern-day Evel Knievel.

I'm not allowed to tell you exactly what he's doing in theresome of Pastrana's tricks are closely guarded secrets until the moment they're unveiled—but I can report that it involved some bizarre practice. While set builders, engineers, and film production people work busily in the background, Pastrana steps into a harness fitted with two bungee cords, which are attached to a five-story metal scaffold. The ungainly edifice was trucked in and constructed inside the hangar so that our star can work on his "air awareness," but it looks more like he is auditioning for Cirque du Soleil.

If you're unfamiliar with his oeuvre, Pastrana is the most innovative and influential personality in action sports. A fivetime U.S. amateur motocross champion and pioneer of freestyle motocross, he was the first person ever to perform a double backflip of a motorcycle. He is also a fourtime Rally America car-racing champion, winner of eleven X Games gold medals, aspiring NASCAR driver, and holder of many obscure records involving wheels—another of which could be set today, if Pastrana succeeds.

His most culturally relevant accomplishment, however, is probably *Nitro Circus*, the popular series of self-produced videos that is best described as *Jackass* starring people with actual talents (most of them his friends from BMX, motocross, and skateboarding). Those videos begat an MTV series of the same name that in turn begat a sold-out world tour that will soon reach its apotheosis with a 3-D feature film: "I want people to say, 'Wow, that's a movie that's actually benefited by being in 3-D.' "

Pastrana unclips his harness and limps over to take a break alongside his tiny spitfire of a girlfriend, Lyn-z Adams Hawkins, a professional skater who has several X Games medals of her own. Pastrana's only 27, but his legs seem a couple of decades older. Few athletes have endured, let alone competed with, so many breaks, tears, and blows to the head. He has had at least two dozen surgeries and nearly died at age 14 when he crashed during a motorcycle jump and separated his spine from his pelvis; doctors believe he may be the first person to fully recover from such an injury. "If I was smart, I would just go live in a beach house somewhere," he says with a big goofy smile. "The problem is, when I take a week off, I still do the same shit that I do for a living."

If there's one thing that could save Pastrana from himself, it is, ironically, NASCAR. "Fans love him," says racing veteran Michael Waltrip, who recruited Pastrana as a driver. "He appeals to a demographic that NASCAR struggles to captivate." To Waltrip's surprise, Pastrana jumped at the chance to drive in circles. For one thing, it's a challenge. "Everyone thinks me going to NASCAR and being competitive is impossible," Pastrana explains, adding that stock-car racing actually lowers his day-to-day risks. "NASCAR is still dangerous, but comparatively it's pretty safe.

The signal is given for Pastrana to suit up for practice, and the crew gathers for a safety review. "Are there any lighting issues, Travis?" says a bearded man who seems to be in charge.

"I'll have my eyes closed," he replies, and chuckles. "So, nope."

Hawkins appears to be unconcerned. She has only one request. "Don't break your hot dog," she says.

Notably absent are Pastrana's parents, who have grown tired of seeing their son bounce off unforgiving surfaces. "My mom can't really watch anymore," Pastrana says. "But she's always been good at allowing me to make choices." His dad, too, has long been aware of his son's nature. When Travis was 5, he announced he could fly with the assistance of a bedsheet. "My dad was like, Okay, jump off the roof. Let's see you fly." Mr. Pastrana pulled up a lawn chair as Travis jumped and...sprained both ankles. Point taken—sort of

Gesturing at an enormous ramp behind him, Pastrana reapplies his well-worn body armor and grins. "Now the lessons are a lot bigger."—JOSH DEAN

