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# The BIG BLACK BOOK The Style Manual That Started It All

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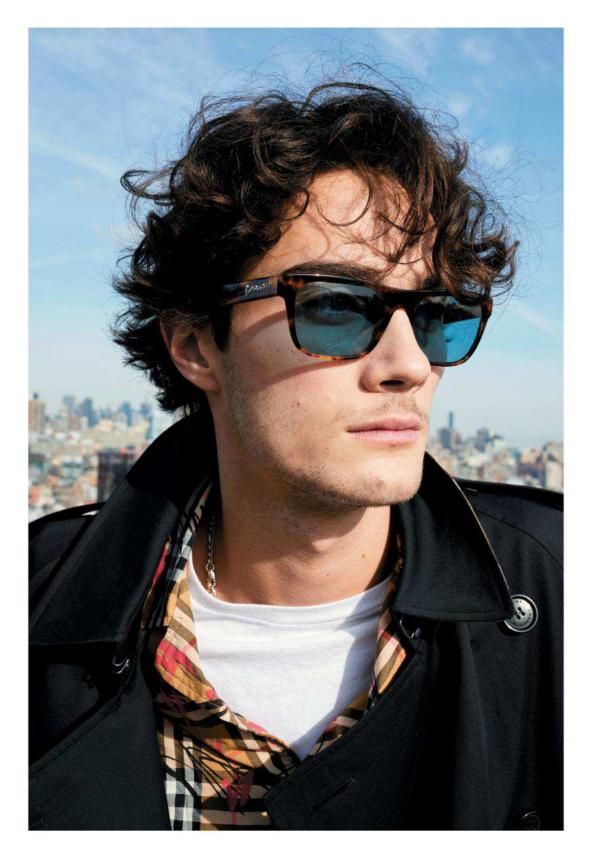


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# #DontCrackUnderPressure **TAGHEUER** SWISS AVANT-GARDE SINCE 1860

Gulf



# MONACO CALIBRE 11 GULF SPECIAL EDITION

Steve McQueen's legacy is timeless. More than an actor, more than a pilot, he became a legend. Like TAG Heuer, he defined himself beyond standards and never cracked under pressure.

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RPM, that is. Mercedes-AMG's first hypercar is poised to give other ultrarare rides a run for their money. By Kevin Sintumuang

132 J.F.Khaki John F. Kennedy will always be one of the style gods. Now, thanks to Abercrombie & Fitch, which has copied a pair of his pants, you can step into a bit of his classic style. By Nick Sullivan



Jon Hamm photographed exclusively for Esquire by Marc Hom. Styling by Matthew Marden. Jacket by Simon Miller. Shirt by Save Khaki United. Casting by Emily Poenisch. Production by Adele Thomas for Adele Thomas Productions. Grooming by Kim Verbeck for the Wall Group. Prop styling by Sam Gomolka.

"WHEN YOU LOOK AT PIERRE JEANNERET'S WOOD FURNITURE," SAYS A PARIS DEALER, "YOU SEE THE PATINA, YOU SEE THE TIME ON IT, AND THERE IS SOMETHING ROMANTIC IN THE WAY THAT IT'S NOT TOTALLY PERFECT."

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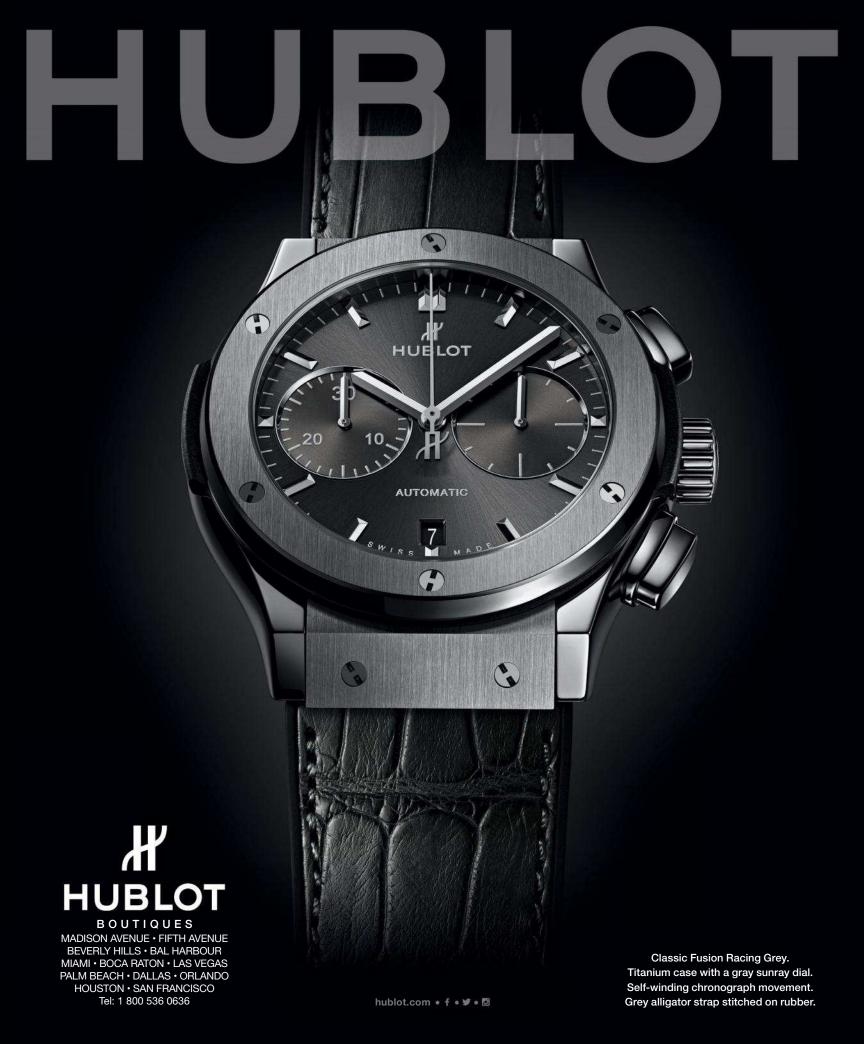
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# TALK WITH YOUR

24

As any Italian will tell you, a *gesture* is worth a thousand words. Which makes an enviable WRISTWATCH the perfect *punctuation. Capisce?*  Italian: Intesa.

English: Agreed. As in, "I see what you're saying" or "We understand each other."

Black Bay watch (\$4.975) by Tudor; tudorwatch .com. Suit (\$1,025) by the Gigi; farfetch.com. Shirt (\$260) by Massimo Alba; massimoalba.com. Pocketl; square (\$45) by Alex Mill; alex-mill.com. Bracelet (\$125) by Scarpe di Bianco; scarpedibianco.com.

Photographs by GRANT CORNE

Constant of the other

# Italian: Se l'intendono.

English: Secret liaison. The index fingers, lightly and discreetly touching, "indicate that two people have reached a secret understanding." In other words, they're lightly and discreetly touching.

Radiomir 3-Days Acciaio watch (\$9,880) by Panerai; panerai.com. Jacket (\$5,895) and trousers (\$675) by Brunello Cucinelli; brunellocucinelli.com. Sweater (\$995) by Ralph Lauren; ralphlauren.com.

# Italian: Non ho capito.

English: I don't understand. "The hand cups the ear, as if to increase chances for reception."

Ballon Bleu de Cartier watch (\$7,250) by Cartier; cartier.com. Suit (\$820) by Massimo Alba; mrporter.com.

MID:

## WATCH AND LEARN THE ESSENTIALS 27

# •

Italian: Pollici su. This gesture determined the fate of gladiators in the Roman arena.

# English: Thumbs-up.

Pretty self-explanatory.

## Cellini Moonphase watch (\$26,750) by Rolex; rolex.com. Jacket (\$399) by Suitsupply: suitsupply .com. Shirt (\$90) by Polo Ralph Lauren; ralphlauren .com. Bracelet (\$6,800) by Cartier; cartier.com.





Italian: Tutto bene.

# English: Okay. This one translates everywhere.

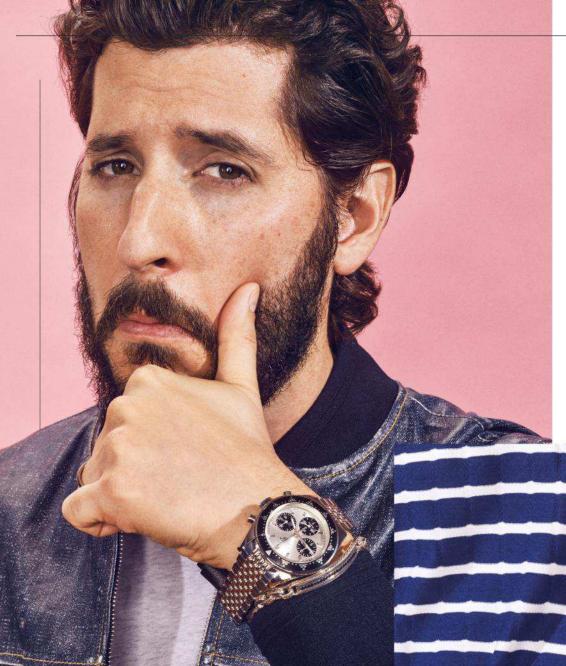
RM 11-03 Automatic Flyback Jean Todt 50th Anniversary limited-edition chronograph (\$168,500) by Richard Mille; richardmille.com. Shirt (\$175) by Rowing Blazers; rowingblazers.com.



Speak Italian: The Fine Art of the Gesture



Many of these gestures (and their helpful translations) come from this indispensable 2005 reissue about the ways Italians talk without saying a word. *Grazie mille* to the late author, graphic designer Bruno Munari, and the folks at Chronicle Books.



# **Italian:** È un dritto.

# English: Clever.

"The back of the thumb is drawn across the cheek from ear to mouth, to indicate that the person under discussion knows the ropes."

Autavia Heuer 02 Jack Heuer 85th Birthday limited-edition watch (\$5,900) by TAG Heuer; tagheuer.com. Jacket (\$3,695) by Tod's; tods.com. T-shirt (\$345) by Brunello Cucinelli; brunellocucinelli.com. Bracelet (\$795) by John Hardy; johnhardy.com.

**Italian:** Due spaghetti.

# English: Something to eat.

Twist your fingers to imitate a fork in pasta.

TimeWalker Date Automatic watch (\$2,685) by Montblanc; montblanc .com. T-shirt (\$375) by the Gigi; farfetch.com. Trousers (\$305) by Massimo Alba; massimoalba.com.

# **Italian:** Tanto tempo fa.

English: A long time ago. As if to say, "Forget it, that's ancient history."

SULLIVAN FOR ATEI

Portofino chronograph (\$6,600) by IWC; iwc.com. Shirt (\$745) by Brunello Cucinelli; brunellocucinelli.com. Bracelet (\$225) by Tod's; tods.com. WRIST MANAGEMENT

SENTIALS

1



## 1. LONGINES WEEMS: \$3,500+

Built for use in military and civilian aviation, this watch with a twisting bezel helped pilots better chart their fuel usage and distance. (Tom Hardy wore a matching, Omega-branded version in *Dunkirk*.)

## 2. JAEGER-LECOULTRE MEMOVOX: \$3,000+

Few brands offer as much impressive bang for your buck as JLC, but Memovoxes from the mid-20th century don't bang, they buzz—with an incredibly cool mechanical-alarm function.

## 3. HEUER CAMARO: \$4,500+

Named for one of the greatest muscle cars of all time, the Heuer Camaro is among the lesser-known—and most interesting—chronograph designs from the golden age of motorsport.

## 4. UNIVERSAL GENÈVE POLEROUTER: \$2,000+

More than just a study in minimalism, this was the first watch dreamed up by the legendary Gérald Genta, who went on to create the Audemars Piguet Royal Oak and the Patek Philippe Nautilus.

## 5. DOXA SUB 300T: \$2,500+

Designed for Jacques Cousteau's U.S. Divers line of scuba gear, these robust and colorful 1960s models made the grade 50 years ago (and at 1,000 feet) and still stand out today.

## 6. RODANIA MONOPUSHER CHRONOGRAPH: \$3,500+

Military-issued chronographs generally come at eye-watering prices, but off-the-beaten-path brands like Rodania provide tremendous value for their design and construction. *—James Lamdin* 

# SAVING

Not in the market for *something new*? Not to worry. You don't need a second mortgage to score a *killer* VINTAGE WATCH.

•••• When Paul Newman's Rolex Daytona broke world records last year (selling for a cool \$17.75 million), you could chalk it up to star power. He's a Hollywood legend (and a men'swear icon to boot). But even vintage watches without that pedigree can make a serious dent in your savings: Some Rolex "Red" Submariners, for example, sell for up to \$100,000.

Here's the thing about supply and demand, though: If you just look where the other guys aren't, you'll find plenty of handsome, historic timepieces without the inflated price tag. So we asked James Lamdin—founder of vintagewatch retailer Analog/Shift—to pick out six covetable tickers that start at under \$5,000. Buy 'em up now before word gets out.

For more classic timepieces like these, visit analogshift.com.







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# STEP UP & STEP UP &

Three decades ago, *Domenico* DOLCE and *Stefano* GABBANA brought Italian style back into the spotlight. With the arrival

of their new made-to-measure program, SARTORIA, they're about to get a lot more personal.

Photographs by LORENZO BRINGHELI

•••• "A man has no secrets from his tailor. You stand in front of that mirror and you might as well be naked," Domenico Dolce says. He would know: He grew up in a tailor's shop—his father's, on the outskirts of Palermo, in Sicily. "It's a very delicate process, very intimate," he goes on. "You're that vulnerable."

"Absolutely," interjects Stefano Gabbana, the other half of one of Italy's best-known fashion houses. "No other professional scrutinizes you the way your tailor does."

Dolce: "Well, maybe your dentist." Gabbana: "Okay, but going to the tailor is more fun."

Dolce: "Not to mention cheaper."

The two of them start laughing. They've got their patter down to a science. And why shouldn't they? Dolce and Gabbana have been business and creative partners for more than three decades, from the design duo's first show (the backdrop was a sheet, and the models were their friends) to their current status as a nearly \$6 billion worldwide megabrand.

Tailoring has been pivotal to that success—so much so that they're introducing a program built around it, a step above their ready-to-wear men's collection that they are calling Sartoria. The experience mimics entering an Old World Italian tailor's shop: Customers can visit select stores in cities across the world (New York, London, and Milan are a few) and dream up the clothes they want most. A fine handmade suit, certainly, but Sartoria expands the realm of custom possibility, offer-



ing robes and pajamas, coats and accessories.

"Our clients can choose every detail," Dolce says. "And everything is made using the finest materials. That's tailoring. That's Sartoria."

Once the fabric is selected, the cutting and fitting can begin. The Sartoria tailors are students of the human form, so they create garments that complement the customer's body. It's a skill that puts them in great demand. "Our tailors travel the world meeting clients for fittings, taking care of them," Dolce says. The craftsmanship is in every stitch, but the shoulder is the sartorial heart of the suit. Never padded, with a gentle, natural slope. "The shoulder makes the jacket," he says. "It all starts there."

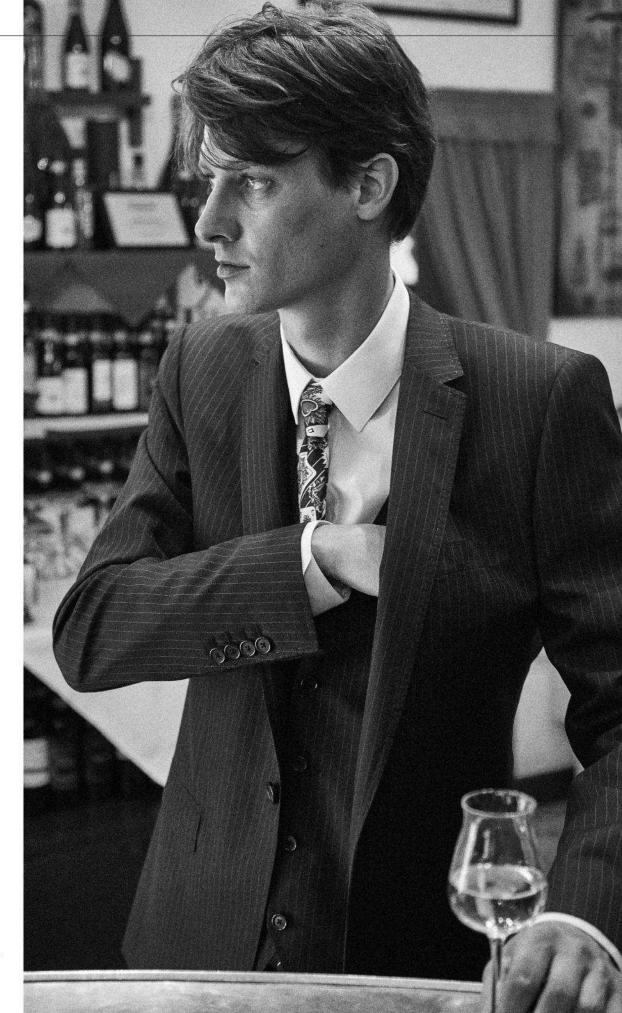
The soft shoulder is an innately Italian approach to tailoring, and Dolce and Gabbana embrace it fully (as they do Italian food, art, and music—they've presented couture shows at La Scala). "We love the English, and English style, but there's so much about Italian tailoring that we consider foundational," Gabbana says.

They established the template years ago: the dark, sleek suit; the white shirt; the narrowish tie. And even as the designers expand their repertoire with the Sartoria program, they hew closely to those codes: contemporary, but influenced by the old school. It all goes back to the Sicilian men of Dolce's childhood memories—expertly turned-out gents on a Sunday stroll.

Dolce and Gabbana figured out early on that a lot of men around the world secretly wish to look a bit more like the Italians. "Italians are accustomed to life surrounded by beauty, and that informs our personal style. We don't make uniforms. We help men find enhanced versions of themselves," Dolce says.

"It's an idea of masculinity," adds Gabbana, a northerner—he's from Milan—who fell in love with Sicily. "It's interesting, in 2018, to reflect on what it means to be a man. Masculinity means being true to yourself, to your values. We'll just dress you for the part." —*Matteo Persivale* 

For more information on the Sartoria program, stop by any Dolce & Gabbana store.



# THE PLACE TO BE SEEN

Once you're perfectly tailored and strolling the streets like a proper Milanese man, pop into Jamaica Bar. The watering hole where we shot many of these photos is a storied bohemian café that dates back to 1911. It's the Continental version of New York's legendary but now gone Cedar Tavern—the kind of warm, welcoming place where painters and poets of the 20th century would crowd around tiny tables to drink and smoke, to play cards and chess, or to just read the newspaper, sip espresso, and bullshit. (Mussolini himself used to pop by in the morning for a cappuccino. Try not to hold that against the place.) It's still open, still serving, and still located in the stylish Brera neighborhood-which, frankly, is where you want to be anyway. —Nick Marino

# PREPARE FOR TAKEOFF

CARTIER'S new *aviators* get their inspiration from a long-forgotten daredevil *pilot*, a pioneer of the AGE OF FLIGHT BY JON BOTH

••• If your exposure to aviators begins and ends with Top Gun, allow us to expand your frame of reference. The sunglasses you see on this page and the next are a more elevated aviator, courtesy of the French watch-and-jewelry wizards at Cartier (who would prefer that you call them "pilot's glasses," thank you very much). They're inspired by turn-of-thecentury Brazilian aeronaut Alberto Santos-Dumont, a sort of subtropical Wright brother who made his name driving innovation in both dirigibles and airplanes. Translate that history into style cues and you get the classic aviator lens shape (a teardrop), mechanical features like functioning screws and treated metallic finishes, and in some models, an oldschool leather envelope across the bridge (also called a sweatband) made to keep a pilot's eyes clear in flight. All that detail, delivered with the luxe-but-masculine restraint Cartier does best. Who's the maverick now?



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ESQUIRE'S BIG BLACK BOOK

# THE TEMPLE ON PLACE VENDÔME

Tucked away in *Paris*, there's a shop you can visit for a shirt—and an experience—that's truly one of a kind. *Michael Hainey* explains why we need CHARVET more than ever.

28

**CHARVET** 

... **The reasons** to love Charvet are like the bolts of fabric inside its Paris atelier—too many to number, and each of them unique and unforgettable.

CHARVET

My list of loves begins-as all things Charvet must begin-with Anne-Marie Colban, the co-owner. Spend an afternoon with her on the library-quiet third floor of Charvet, looking over those bolts of fabric, and you realize that you have not simply selected material for your shirts; you have also, in your casual conversation with her, been given the gift of a lovely little master class in What Truly Matters in Life. She's a fairy godmother of taste and sophistication and charm. But most of all, she's a keeper (and sharer) of truth and beauty.

Mademoiselle Colban is a petite, dark-eyed woman who has a gleam in her eye and a voice that is at times so soft, so finely pitched, that you will often find yourself leaning in to hear her. She's disarmingly unasTop left: Charvet's storefront on Place Vendôme. Left: Charvet's co-owners, Jean-Claude and Anne-Marie Colban. Right: Selections of handkerchiefs, pocket squares, and an impossible range of fabrics from Charvet.

# # W A T C H B E Y O N D



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TIME INSTRUMENTS



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suming. When I first encountered her, she was so demure that I assumed she was one of the sales associates. I had been sent to Charvet by a friend, and after I met Anne-Marie on the first floor—itself a Technicolor wonderland of bow ties, silk robes, monkey's-fist cuff links, silk pocket squares, and (my favorite) knit ties created in any shade one can imagine—she escorted me to a tiny elevator at the rear of the shop. We were soon transported to the fabric room.

On arriving, I had a reaction that I have since learned is quite common: I was struck speechless. All around the room—on ceilingskimming shelves and stacked on the floor in shoulder-high caseswere hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of bolts of fabric, sorted by shade. (There were more than 6,000 different kinds, with many of the patterns exclusive to Charvet.) In a way, it reminded me of another legendary Parisian store, Deyrolle, where the wonders of the natural world are archived and arrayed. It is a library of fabrics, each sorted and stacked.

On the far side of the room were two tables. At the larger one, a man with scissors as big Among Charvet's discriminating clientele: Sofia Coppola, Barack Obama, Bryan Ferry, and Christian Louboutin. Above and below: Silk cuff links, ties, and bow ties in a profusion of colors.

> as fireplace tongs cut patterns for customers; at the other, a woman gathered and kept track of the selected fabrics. As I approached the second table, I noticed a single bolt of white cloth. Tied to it, in the embroidered gray Charvet ribbon, was the pattern file for the client who chose it. Written in black ink was "S. Coppola"—Sofia is a loyal and vocal fan of Charvet, and makes these shirts part of her uniform when she is on set for one of her films.

> Next to this simple still life were a dozen or so bolts of fabric piled high, each of them a riot of checks or stripes in blue, yellow, white, or green. I looked at the accompanying pattern file and saw that it bore the name (and here I must be discreet, as the house Charvet places a premium on discretion) of a famous Brazilian musician. I asked Anne-Marie if this gentleman was having shirts made. "Not shirts," she said. "Boxer shorts." I raised an eyebrow. "Yes, it is his little joke to himself-to have all his boxer shorts be the color of the flag of Brazil."

> Charvet's seven-story limestone mansion, on the corner of Place Vendôme, can seem intimidating. Over the years, I've mentioned it to many people. Even the most hardened of the fashion set confess they have not gone in. Not because they don't long to, and not because they





AGJEANS.COM

don't know of Charvet's reputation, but because they mistakenly think it's, well, too stuffy. But as our Brazilian friend has demonstrated, with Mademoiselle Colban nothing could be further from the truth. It's a place where you can play and pursue your individuality. The hulking Ritz Paris across the way—that's the magnet for snobs and poseurs and, all too often, those desperate to be perceived as having taste. Charvet? *Au contraire*.

And once you are inside Charvet, you understand what we have lost as a culture over the past couple decades. How we have allowed our perception of what is truly valuable-craft, handmade-ness, originalityto be eclipsed by convenience and, frankly, by crap. By "fastfashion"; by "see-now-buy-now"; by a system in which any piece of clothing can be had by pressing a button, in which the same "luxury brands" on every continent sell the same "luxury goods" to the same hundreds of millions of people. Standing quietly apart, Charvet is a wonderfully stubborn reminder that the most precious object, the truly luxurious piece, is the object that has been created for only one.

Most of all, Charvet is a beautiful haven, like a Zen rock garden. It is a place that has not forgotten what we all yearn for—the + printer beeken. (DIENT pour Porcel's blen sculent With Porn many

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> To be remembered. Once you are a client, you are known. You are remembered. And you have a relationship not just with Anne-Marie but with everyone else who helped create a shirt that is unique in the world. By incorporating more than 20 different measurements and two separate fittings, they have made something for your body. For you alone.

28.5

Once you have experienced Charvet, you have the knowledge that you are part of a rare institution: a house that came before just about every other men's-wear mecca. A casual historian of men's style likely believes that the Brits invented men's wear as we know it. In fact, Charvet, which was founded in 1838 by Christofle Charvet (son of the man who looked after Napoleon's wardrobe), predates most of the stalwarts of Savile Row and all of the British shirtmakers of note. And it's not merely the French who have worn Charvet. Name a guy who has killer style and chances are he has been fitted there: Yves

a "connected" age, relationships. To know the people who make our goods. The food world has spent the past ten years getting granular about farm-to-table and the sourcing of what we eat and how it is produced. At Charvet, you can find the sartorial equivalent of farm-to-table. You experience something many of us never knew we could have: a personal connection with the men and women behind our clothes. What do we all long for? To be known.

thing we suspect we have lost in

Far left: A few of the 80-plus collar options Charvet offers. Left: Fashion editor Carine Roitfeld is another Charvet faithful. Above: A maquette made using the author's sizes. Saint Laurent, Winston Churchill, John F. Kennedy, Bernard-Henri Lévy. Riccardo Tisci, the new creative head of Burberry and the man who, while at Givenchy, gave the world T-shirts bearing snarling rottweilers as fashion, reportedly buys gifts for his friends and staff at Charvet. And then there are the men of letters, real and imagined. In Remembrance of Things Past, Marcel Proust writes about wearing it. In Evelyn Waugh's Brideshead Revisited, Lord Sebastian Flyte chooses Charvet, too.

re for farmer lor

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the Mars

It's a history so rich it's become something of a national treasure. In 1965, when General Charles de Gaulle, then the president of

en

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Left: The author's files over the years he's been a Charvet customer. Below left: Count author and legendary Esquire contributor Tom Wolfe among Charvet's admirers.

Le Libert Sell

Michael

France, learned that the owners of Charvet were considering selling to an American company, he knew the treasure had to be retained. So he reached out to Anne-Marie's cloth-merchant father, Denis, who did what any good countryman would do—he stepped in and bought the house, keeping it firmly French. Today, Anne-Marie and her brother, Jean-Claude, own and operate Charvet, maintaining the library of fabrics and preserving the shirtmakers' art.

I've been getting shirts made at Charvet for more than 20 years now. There is joy in knowing that I am, in some small way, a patron of this craft. Sustaining it. The shirts can seem expensive at first glance, but they are only slightly pricier than some of the shirts sold to you by the fashion-conglomerate glitz machines—shirts that are inevitably made, no matter what they tell you, on a machine, and for the masses.

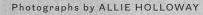
When it comes to style, you have, as Mademoiselle Colban will tell you, a choice between mass and class. Which would you rather choose?

THE

No models, no sets, no Photoshop. Just a showcase of standout PIECES that speak to the season's biggest TRENDS. You might say you could hang your hat on it.

48°52'03" N 2°19'45.84" PARIS FRANCE

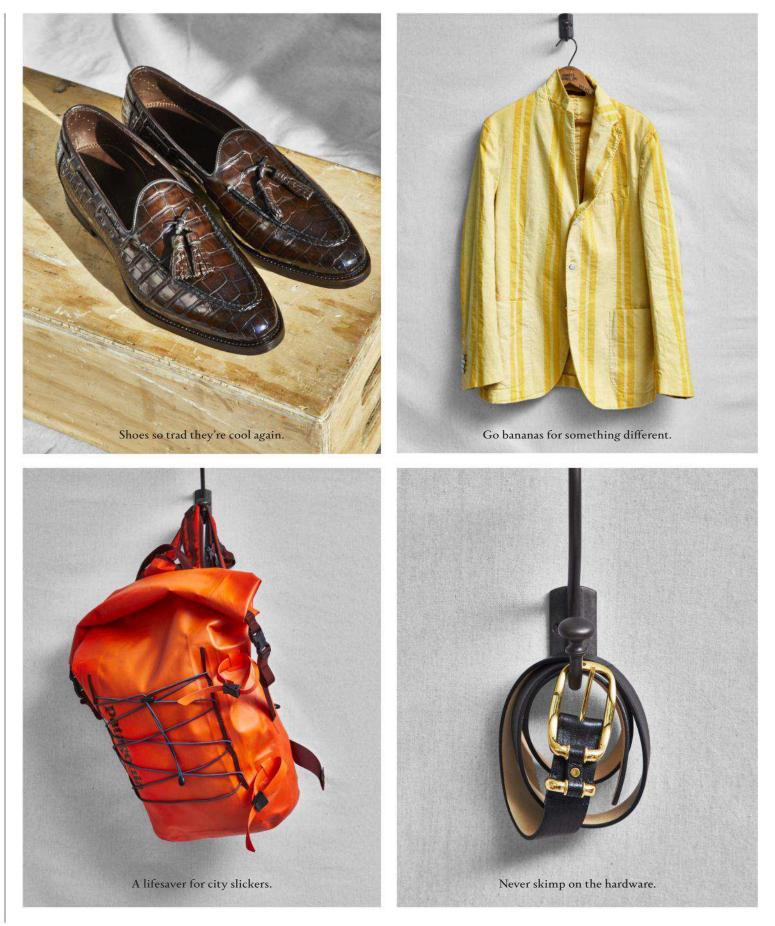
# YWHEN



One way to make millennial pink a lot less precious? Slap it on a badass biker jacket. Jacket (\$3,695) by Valentino; valentino.com.



### 48 THE ESSENTIALS HANG TIME



Loafers (\$5,500) by Santoni; santonishoes.com. Jacket (\$1,425) by the Gigi; farfetch.com. Backpack (\$149) by Patagonia; patagonia.com. Belt (\$450) by Loewe; loewe.com.



You can tell a great designer by the depth of his references. Alessandro Michele picked this one up from the 11th Duke of Devonshire. (Google it.) Sweater (\$1,250) by Gucci; gucci.com.

# NEV/ER MARRY AMOTEORD

ESQUIRE'S BIG BLACK BOOK

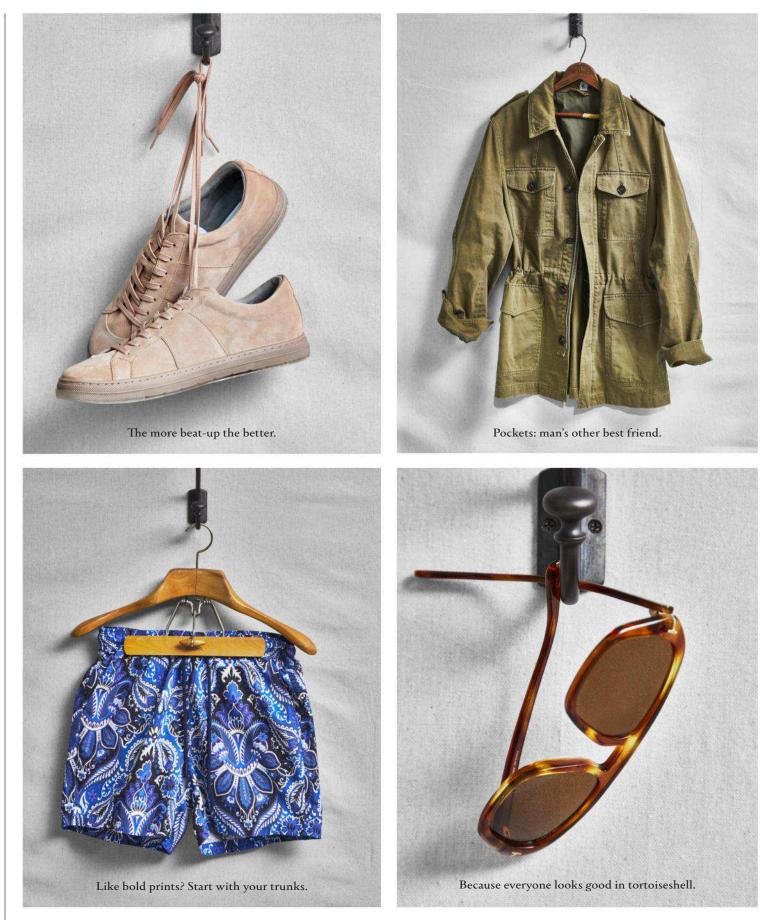
50

#### HANG TIME THE ESSENTIALS 51



Shoes (\$1,060) by Christian Louboutin; christianlouboutin.com. Shirt (\$70) by J. Crew; jcrew.com. Blazer (\$984) by MP Massimo Piombo; mpmassimopiombo.com. Bag (\$1,900) by Bottega Veneta; 800-845-6790.

#### 52 THE ESSENTIALS HANG TIME



**Sneakers** (\$145) by Kenneth Cole; kennethcole.com. **Jacket** (\$1,795) by Dunhill; dunhill.com. **Swim trunks** (\$250) by Etro; neimanmarcus.com. **Sunglasses** (\$395) by Tom Ford; tomford.com.

Side-tab trousers with a turned-up cuff? Elegant. Old-school wool cap? Everyman. Wear them together for the best of both worlds. Trousers (\$495) by Ring Jacket; ringjacket.com. Cap (\$49) by Ebbets Field Flannels; ebbets.com. 53

Hook (\$21) by RH, Restoration Hardware; restoration hardware.com.

# MAKING THE CASE

For more than a century, RIMOWA has attracted a CERTAIN CLASS of world traveler. New CEO *Alexandre Arnault* is set to *expand its horizons*. By JON ROTH





•••• **"When someone travels,** they travel with their most precious belongings. Clothing, jewelry, presents. They need to trust the suitcase they are carrying. They need to know that no matter what, it will protect what is inside, and it will never break."

That's Alexandre Arnault talking. At 25, he is the new co-CEO of Rimowa, a company you know by its products if not its name. Rimowa's suitcases—boxy, corrugated, usually a cool, brushed aluminum—are instantly identifiable on baggage carousels around the world, telegraphing a no-nonsense German approach to engineering. A lot of bags offer either convenience or good looks. Rimowa aims higher, for function *and* design.

Arnault's age makes him a better candidate for a tech start-up than a luggage empire, but he's had exactly the right training. He's the son of Bernard Arnault, who heads up all of LVMH. Born into a multinational luxury empire that counts Dom Pérignon, Berluti, and Dior as assets, the younger Arnault could come off as a son of fortune, handed a company as an inheritance. But then you realize that Alexandre Arnault knows exactly what he's talking about.

"Rimowa was perfectly positioned as a pure player within an industry in rapid expansion," he says, explaining the logic behind LVMH's \$716 million purchase. "The travel sector is due to increase from 3.8 to 7.2 billion passengers over the next 20 years."

Arnault isn't a spoiled heir or a Silicon Valley disrupter. He's a millennial, and a savvy one. He knows that this latest, spendy generation is all about experiences. And what do you need for your next experience? A bag that will hold all your stuff, look good doing it, and never break.

Arnault is hardly starting from scratch. Rimowa's been in business for more than a century. The company was founded in 1898, the brainchild of Paul Morszeck, who trafficked in ultralightweight wooden cases. Decades later, his son Richard took control. In the 1930s, a fire destroyed the family factories in Cologne. Thousands of wooden suitcases were reduced to ash, but in the ruins, Richard found a silver lining—or at least one of a similar metal. The lumber had burned away, but the factories' aluminum stock used to reinforce the suitcases and protect their corners—remained intact. He used the material to make new cases: stronger, lighter, and more resilient ones.

It was such a good idea, they renamed the company after him. (*Rimowa* is a polysyllabic crunch of Richard Morszeck Warenzeichen.)

In the 1950s, Rimowa continued to push technology, this time introducing its trademark grooved design-a corrugated ripple, engineered for greater durability and inspired by the Junkers F13 airplane. And in 1976, Rimowa went waterproof with its Tropicana line: a collection of cases resistant to heat, humidity, and cold as well as water. It was a boon for film, TV, and photography crews looking to protect their equipment in extreme conditions. The luggage became a fixture on shoots around the world, expanding Rimowa's range of influence.

Last year, LVMH saw that the company might be due for an infusion of new blood. Cue the courting, the factory visits, the purchase. Cue the installation of Alexandre the wunderkind, who'd studied at Télécom ParisTech and the École Polytechnique. He'd already worked on digital strategy and investments at his father's holding company. And he happened to speak fluent German.





He moved to the company's Cologne headquarters immediately and started making the rounds. "The biggest surprise for me was the level of attention to detail in the manufacturing operations," he says. "Seeing how obsessive the workers were about every suitcase—that made me feel confident and proud."

Chief brand officer Hector Muelas is more specific: "It's not just engineering; it's German engineering. They're incredibly proud, in every sense. Precise, technical, focused-very determined. It takes 117 minutes, it takes 205 components, and 90 separate steps to build that suitcase."

That rigorous approach should pay off now as Rimowa hits several banner years. Last October, the company celebrated the 80th anniversary of its aluminum cases by exhibiting the luggage of its most loyal (and high-profile) customers. Suitcases arrived on loan from Karl Lagerfeld, Virgil Abloh, and David Fincher.

In December, Rimowa launched a pop-up shop in Los Angeles. (Arnault was in attendance, as were Pharrell and Alessandra Ambrosio.) And as the company enters its 120th year, Arnault hints at global store openings, product redesigns, and fresh collaborations. (Already it's created a suitcase with Fendi, another LVMH property.)

feature similarly minimalist design, plus tech-friendly features like USB chargers and location sensors. Two years ago, Rimowa made its run for digital dominance with the E-Tag-an electronic-ink panel that allows customers to check and track their luggage via app.

Muelas suggests Rimowa's new competition might just help it in the long run: "They're telling customers, 'Hey, you should care about your suitcase.' The difference is whether you want to buy the design object du jour or an investment piece that's going to last a lifetime."

Arnault is banking on that longevity: both the institutional expertise of a historic company and the physical strength of its product. Rimowa's pieces take on a patina over time. "Aluminum has personality. It acquires character," Arnault says. "The stickers, the dents, the scratches: The suitcase becomes well-traveled with you."

It's not the sort of sentiment you expect to hear from someone barely out of graduate school: a commitment to tradition, reliability, and authenticity. As Arnault continues remaking Rimowa, it's clear he's got a tight grip on the values that matter most. 2



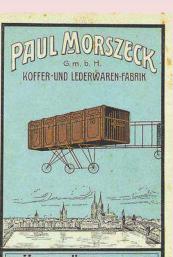
From top: Actors Christoph Waltz and Alexander Skarsgård traveling with Rimowa; an ad from the '50s; a Junkers, the aircraft that inspired Rimowa's signature grooves; a vintage ad from the early 1900s.





But success isn't as simple as

some creative cross-promotion. Rimowa is revamping as new competitors have hit the market: Luggage start-ups like Raden and Away



KÖLN-MÜNGERSDORI



# THE **BEST-**DRESSED GUYS OF 2018 (PT. 1)

Money will get you cool clothes, but it can't buy style. For that, it helps to look at the men (some A-list, some stealth) who give a MASTER CLASS every time they suit up.

Shifts in the world of tailoring can be small but mighty. Edgerton has taken a classic trim checked suit and tweaked the formula at the top (replacing a collared shirt with a turtleneck) and bottom (opting for a tapered ankle that runs right into dress boots). Fresh.

Switch Up Your Suit

**Joel Edgerton** 

Strengths **Devendra Banhart** Banhart's no slouch

in the style department, but he also knows how to tone it down. Here he keeps the jacket and trousers subdued, wearing a graphic tie that draws the eye right up to his face (and beard, and prodigious head of hair).



As Reynolds Woodcock in Phantom Thread, DDL achieved peak layering when he tossed a loose, tweedy jacket over light-blue pajamas. At the film's New York premiere, he traded in PJ's for street clothes, found an even roomier coat, and capped it off with one ballsy belt buckle.



# **Play to Your**





# Sweat in Style

## Harry Kane

Want to run around in sweats all weekend? Fine by us. Pull it off like a pro with a slim fit, graphic details, and a pair of clean white sneaks to tie it all together.

# Double Down Like a Tycoon

코로로

Lapo Elkann Indson of Gianni Aj

Grandson of Gianni Agnelli and heir to the Fiat fortune, Elkann knows exactly what works for him: a double-breasted jacket, wide lapels, and the swagger to carry it off.

# Embrace the

## **Power of Prints**

## **Kehinde Wiley**

His portrait of President Obama pushed him further into the spotlight, but Wiley has employed patterns and prints (in his work and his wardrobe) for years now. Here a punched-up windowpane pattern feels traditional but vibrant, too.

ESQUIRE'S BIG BLACK BOOK

Note the pocket square: Elkann's are almost always white—and always rakishly stuffed,

never fussed over.

#### THE ESSENTIALS HOW TO WEAR IT

60

Special tip for dads: Your son's throwing style shade? A motoraccessory!



# **Own Your** Uniform

# **Prince George**

Some say style skips a generation. Prince Charles has it. Prince William doesn't seem to care. But Prince George? Kid already pulls off a school uniform like it's bespoke. This is one to watch.

# **Make a Jacket** Required

## **Matt Jacobson**

The Facebook exec may play the surf bum on weekends (he lives in Manhattan Beach and co-owns Birdwell Beach Britches), but day to day he prefers tailored pieces that most of the Silicon Valley set would never touch.



### **Robert Rabensteiner**

A stylist, an editor, and a staple on men'swear and street-style blogs, Rabensteiner has a knack for amping up otherwise understated pieces with a welldeployed accessory.



# **Cut Out the**

# Collar

# **Cillian Murphy**

As Tommy Shelby on Netflix's Peaky Blinders, Murphy wears standout pieces from the . 1920s, but nothing is cooler (or more current) than his simple, streamlined band-collar shirt.

> A collarless shirt works on every guy. A vest with no jacket? Still an advanced move.



# Get a Trademark

### Shia LaBeouf

In almost any paparazzi shot of LaBeouf, he's in a variation of one look: a worn-in tee; snug, tapered pants; and his trusty military boots. We appreciate a guy who knows what he likes, so we put him in an elevated version of the same thing for our April issue.

### For our recent cover story, we switched out Shia's joggers and tee for cuffed trousers and rugged workwear pieces.

Keep It Clean

## Frank Ocean

At an event where everyone likes to peacock (the Met Gala), Ocean stayed under the radar in crisp black and white. A minimal look like this puts the focus on his diamond pin (and his smile). 62 THE ESSENTIALS FACE TIME

•••• We all learn early that the good guys have good chins: strong, squared, projecting alpha authority. Think of Superman. Cary Grant. JFK. All-American icons with faces whose bottom third could be chiseled from granite. It's an enviable trait. It's also a genetic roll of the dice.

That hasn't deterred men with subpar profiles from trying to correct what nature gave them. Some grow beards to hide what they don't have. Some turn to YouTube tutorials in the dark of night. ("Face Exercises to TIGHTEN CHIN & JAWLINE!" has more than 2.3 million views.) But guys who really want to fix their faces (and there are a lot of them: about 9,000 men in 2016) choose to go under the knife.

continued  $\blacktriangleright$ 

SIMON ABRANOWICZ AND REB

# PROFILE

On the growing list of surgical ENHANCEMENTS a guy can order up, *chin is in.* Here's how it's done (and how it can help).

# A RACING MACHINE ON THE WRIST



## **RICHARD MILLE BOUTIQUES**

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"The most common way to do it is with a chin implant," says Dr. Darrick Antell, a top New York City surgeon who performs the procedure weekly. He takes a horseshoe-shaped piece of silicone rubber, makes an incision beneath the chin, and slides it into place. "Nothing holds it there except scar tissue," he says. "It becomes so solid that you could be a boxer after six weeks and it's not going anywhere."

owie Long

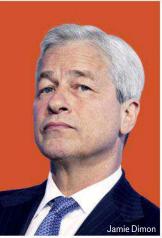
Jim Carre as the Mas

> Commitment-phobes can opt instead for subdermal fillers like Juvéderm and Restylane, injectable solutions that add volume (doctors can make incremental increases until the patient is satisfied) and fade away over time (in the chin, they last between one and two years). Whether a patient opts for a needle or a scalpel, the procedure can be augmented by a little microliposuction around the jawline: sucking out the fat that hides the bone structure and making for a cleaner, stronger profile.

> If that seems like a lot to endure for mere vanity, remember that good looks pay great dividends. One study of West Point grads showed that those with stronger jaws were more likely to attain a higher rank later

> > Clint Eastwood



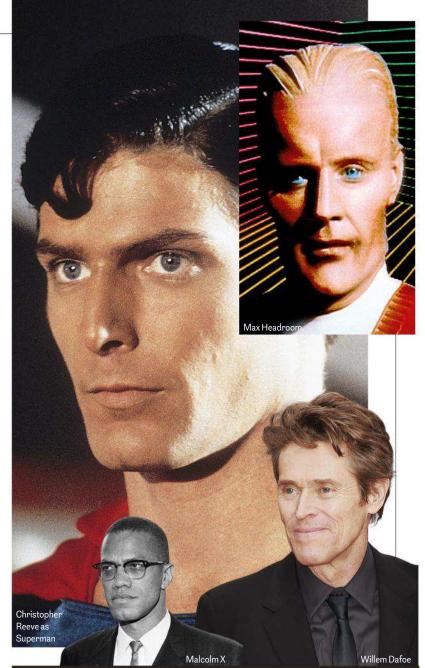


in their career. A few years back, Antell analyzed the chins of *Fortune* 500 CEOs: 90 percent of them exceeded the population average. (One of the outliers? Bill Gates. But then, Antell explains, no one hired Bill Gates. He founded his company.)

The benefits don't stop at the office. When you look at the jawline in general, men with wider, fuller mandibles are perceived as better providers, and higher in testosterone. And in an age of social-media saturation, it helps to look good from every angle.

But no study will tell you this: It isn't the chin that gets you laid or hired or upgraded to business class. It's the confidence that comes with it. "I can't tell you how many people come in with weak chins and they have trouble looking me in the eye," Antell says. "You do the surgery and a week later, they feel so much better."

If your face falls as soon as you look in the mirror, you might want to start shopping around for a surgeon. But if you're only slightly underwhelmed—can we interest you in a goatee?



# Cheat Your Way to a Stronger Jaw

Some scalpel-free tricks to better frame the bottom half of your face

A strong chin is good. A strong jaw is the whole package. And it turns out ours are only getting weaker. Australian dentist Dr. Steven Lin wrote a whole book on the topic, *The Dental Diet*, which explains how modern eating habits leave out the nutrients we need to put our best faces forward. But there's hope: Lin outlined three techniques to enhance the size and appearance of your jaw without any nips or tucks.

Breathe through your nose, not your mouth. "Nasal breathing with tongue posture and closed lips is how we should be breathing all the time," Lin says. (What is tongue posture? Keep your tongue pressed to the roof of your mouth.) Over time, it'll tighten the muscles in your neck to make your jaw pop.

Eat foods rich in vitamins D and K2. The latter has been linked to the production of testosterone—the growth hormone that helps you develop and maintain a strong jaw. Don't skimp on the calcium, either. Jaws are made of bone, after all, and men suffer from bone loss as they age.

> Chew often to make gains. The jaw bone is wrapped in the masseter, a muscle that can get stronger with exercise. "Alot of people have one side of the face that is underdeveloped," Lin says. "You can chew for 20 minutes on that side, and that can help correct it." Time to stock up on Wrigley's.

# RICHARD MILLE A RACING MACHINE ON THE WRIST

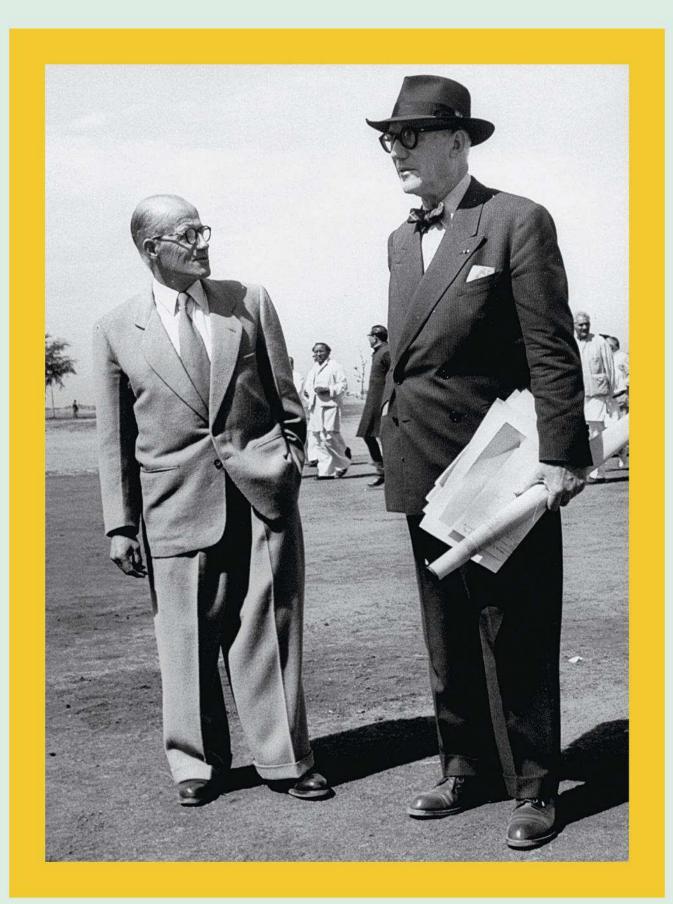


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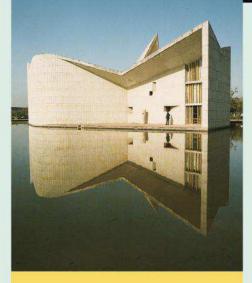




You know the chairs. You've seen them in trendspotting style magazines and on cool design sites. Maybe you've even spied them arrayed around Kourtney's dining table on Keeping Up with the Kardashians. (Hey, no judgments.) They're the midcentury armchairs with the tapered wood legs that form a distinctive inverted-V shape. There are a number of variations—some with caned seats and backs, others with upholstered cushionsbut all are marked by an unmistakable, sublimely simple presence. Still not clicking? Well, it's definitely clicking with design enthusiasts, who shell out thousands, even tens of thousands, for the iconic chairs that the Swiss-born architect Pierre Jeanneret created in the 1950s and early '60s for Chandigarh, the new, built-from-scratch capital of India's Punjab region.

Jeanneret didn't just design chairs, of course. His cousin and collaborator was Le Corbusier, the legendary architect behind the overall plan for Chandigarh, envisioned as the crown jewel of Indian prime minister Jawaharlal Nehru's postindependence initiative to build a series of progressive, forward-looking cities as symbols of the new modern nation. While Le Corbusier based himself in Paris, Jeanneret relocated to India for a decade and a half, during which he served as the man on the ground, overseeing all aspects of the massive Chandigarh project as well as designing a number of buildings himself. But arguably his most tangible legacy is the remarkable array of furnishings he masterminded for the complex.

"Chandigarh was such an extraordinarily poetic but also major, major project with intellectual, social, political components," says François Laffanour, the owner of Galerie Downtown in Paris and a leading dealer of Jeanneret's and Le Corbusier's works. "It was something completely new in terms of urbanism. And Jeanneret's furniture, which is a little bit rustic and simple, was exactly right for Le Corbusier's architecture."



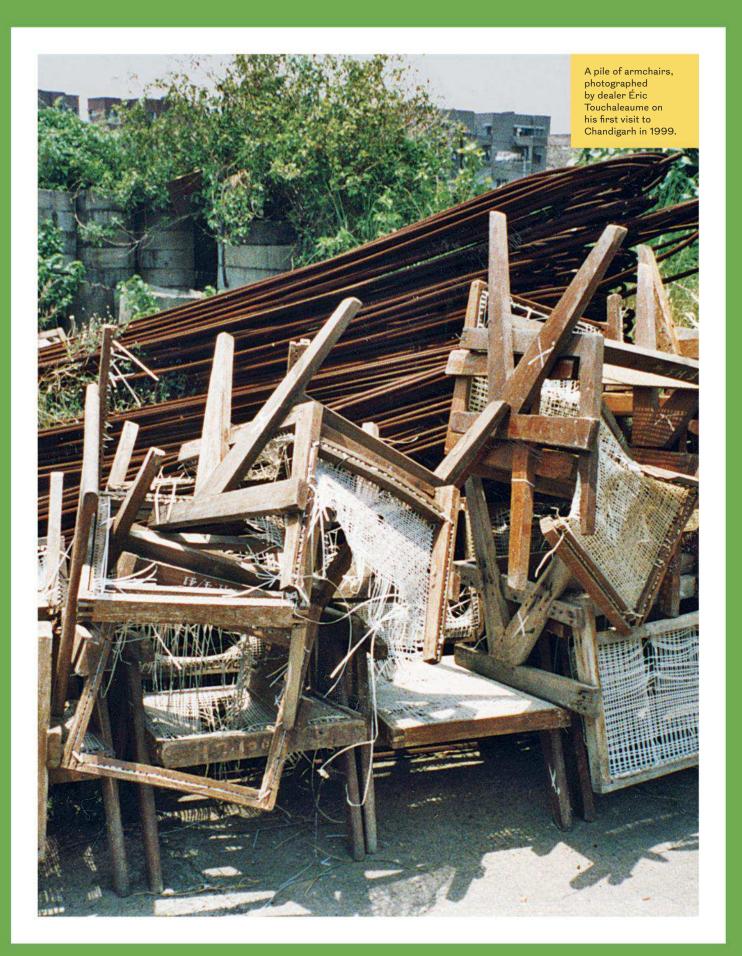
Clockwise from top left: A pair of teakand-cane Kangaroo chairs—designed for the homes of government officials—sold for \$37,500 at Bonhams in December. A committee conference table, with trademark V-shaped legs, fetched \$100,000 at Wright. A pair of Jeanneret's chairs in a Left Bank apartment. The Gandhi Bhavan auditorium at Chandigarh's Punjab University, designed by Jeanneret.



A devout pragmatist, Jeanneret emphasized functionality and practical materials, using teak and Indian rosewood for their durability and moisture resistance and incorporating traditional, inexpensive rattan caning into many pieces. Adamant about involving the local community, he enlisted Chandigarh craftsmen to produce chairs, sofas, benches, stools, tables, desks, bookshelves, cabinets, and more. In today's parlance, you might almost call it woke. "The thinking behind the furniture was totally original in the 1950s," says Laffanour, "but it seems very current with where we are today-socially conscious, ecological, made with simple materials but also strong and comfortable. It was made in the country, by Indians, with the wood of the country, and not something imported from Europe."

Everything Jeanneret created was conceived to complement the spirit and ideals of the architecture. "References to the facades of different buildings can be seen in desks and bookcases," notes Patrick Seguin, another top Paris dealer, "cleverly reinforcing the harmony and the relationship between the two." Much of the seating features legs in the signature inverted-V form that calls to mind an architect's drawing compass.

These days, a search for Pierre Jeanneret on the high-end decorative-arts site 1stdibs turns up dozens of pieces he created for Chandigarh,



Constant and



from \$5,000 office armchairs to \$25,000 desks to \$60,000 pairs of the so-called Kangaroo chairs, strikingly angled low seats designed for ergonomically stylish lounging in government officials' private residences. The furnishings have also become staples of blue-chip design auctions. Last summer at Bonhams, a periodicals rack went for \$102,500. At a Wright auction in October, a pair of upholstered lounge chairs fetched \$179,000. In December, Sotheby's sold a daybed clad in an eyecatching brown-and-white hide for \$87,500.

That's serious cash for furnishings that, 15 years ago, were often treated like little more than trash. In Chandigarh, Jeanneret's aging pieces were routinely discarded, sold to cabinetmakers as scrap for a few rupees, or even burned as firewood. Literal heaps of the now-treasured V-leg chairs could be found on the grounds of the university and on the roof of the High Court. The turnaround can be largely credited to a group of enterprising Paris dealers who began making trips to Chandigarh in the late '90s, buying up cast-off pieces, mostly from government-sanctioned sales, to restore, exhibit, and place with clients in Europe and America. "We acquired furniture that was in disrepair and not being used," says Éric Toucha-



leaume, the first of those early pioneers, who was joined by Laffanour, Seguin, and Philippe Jousse. "The pieces were often in bad condition, but fortunately teak is very strong and easy to restore."

While the efforts of those dealers have been portrayed by some as unsavory opportunism, there is no denying the crucial role they played in preserving an important, imperiled chapter in modern design. They staged some of the first exhibitions and published some of the first books on the furniture of Chandigarh. In the process, they made Jeanneret a star, drawing him out from the long shadow cast by Le Corbusier and into the 21st century. Previously, most collectors had known Jeanneret mainly for the suite of tubular steel furniture he created with Charlotte Perriand (who was

for a time his lover) and Le Corbusier in the 1920s.

But Jeanneret's inclination was always toward wood. And the furnishings he created for Chandigarh, with their marriage of pared-down architectural forms and rich organic materials, are particularly well suited to contemporary interiors. It's no wonder that architect-designers like Joseph Dirand and Vincent Van Duysen, two of today's top masters of luxurious, supremely minimalist spaces, are avid collectors of Jeanneret's work and frequently deploy it in projects for clients. "Pierre Jeanneret's chairs express a sense of craft through the materials and a sense of intuition through their form," remarks Van Duysen. "The open-weave, graphic treatment of rattan he often used and the V-shaped legs are a very recognizable, strong statement of timeless design."

Or, as Laffanour puts it, "when you look at Pierre Jeanneret's wood furniture, you can see the patina, you can see the time on it, and there is something romantic in the way that it's not totally perfect. In a minimal, very clean, very white environment, pieces by Jeanneret look like works of art, and they bring an element of human touch that breaks up the pristine perfection."

Naturally, Jeanneret's meteoric rise in the global design scene did not escape the notice of Indian officials, and thanks to local efforts to protect and preserve his Chandigarh furniture, buying opportunities in India essentially ended a decade ago. With demand high and supply limited, fakes and overly restored pieces have muddied the market. Fortunately, scholarship and standards of connoisseurship continue to improve, and the market remains strong. "Good things always sell for good prices," says Laffanour. The only question is how much higher they can climb.



and-teak magazine rack from Punjab University (\$102,500, Bonhams). The brise-soleil (sunblocking) facade of Chandigarh's Le Corbusierdesigned High Court. Jeanneret (standing) in conversation with Le Corbusier, with the plans for Chandigarh mapped on the wall. An upholstered lounge chair, also from Punjab Universitypart of a set that sold for \$179,000 at Wright in October.

# LAND OF THE STARS

## The *Bay Area* is now home to more THREE-MICHELIN-STARRED

restaurants than any other region in America. How? As *Jeff Gordinier* found out after eating 13 Michelin stars in four days: through risk, innovation, and lots of *Silicon Valley* money.



This air, you say, feels as if it hasn't touched land for a thousand miles —From "Land's End," by San Francisco poet August Kleinzahler

**The dinner guests** at the round table are letting the waiter know that they just flew in from Taiwan. As for me, I just flew in from New York. I'm sipping tart, chilled pineapple kombucha—my first course—and scanning a printed menu for what will follow. This is what the menu says: "Winter has come with its cool breeze / See this most adored gift from Neptune, an aureate bloom."

Wait, what? As attentive gastronomes know, the menu here at Atelier Crenn in San Francisco is not a standard list of dishes and the sundry ingredients that those dishes contain. Instead, what you hold in your hands to guide you through various "treasures of the earth and sea," as my bill of fare puts it, is a poem—a poem composed on the fly by the chef herself, Dominique Crenn, and meant to evoke the underlying currents of what you're eating.

It's not easy to get away with that sort of thing, not even in a global culinary world that's full of stuff like smoke liberated from glass domes and consommé that you suck out of test tubes. But if anyone's likely to convince you that food can be free verse, it's Crenn, 52, who stands at the back of the dining room with a stance and a haircut that call to mind a wily mod pickpocket in a nouvelle-vague film from the '60s. She's got two Michelin stars to prove it, and she's gunning for a third.

Recently renovated with the kind of polish that could revivify a used pair of brogues, that dining room looks like an apartment where the director of such a film might've lived. Black walnut tables and gently worn throw rugs convey a note of cozy modernism. After a while, Crenn squeezes in alongside my table and tells me that I'm about to experience a dish that can be traced back to a pumpkin soup her grandmother used to make in Brittany. I've lost track of where we are in Crenn's poem—maybe "And the shimmering pearls in the depths of the gargoyle's trove"?—but her official name for the dish is "seeds & grains." She pours liquid into a bowl full of nubby things. I taste it. Each bite rumbles with texture: Toasted pumpkin seeds, sunflower seeds, puffed buckwheat groats, and silky round trout eggs cluster like a briny, luxe granola around a gelée composed of more ingredients than my jetlagged brain can keep track of. (The chef later fills me in via Shine for Me Clockwise from far left: The hearth at Saison; broth at Saison; a mansion in the Mission; Corey Lee's pine-mushroom dish; Saison's grilled antelope; a box of knives at Atelier Crenn; chef Dominique Crenn. email. The gelée, she says, combines the fermented juice of butternut squash, buckwheat vinegar, black-truffle juice, duck fat, marigold oil, and shiro dashi.) It is delicious. It is not a conventional soup, though. A Breton *grand-mère* of the previous century might not even recognize it as food.

"I'm not conventional," Crenn tells me by way of explanation. "At all."

With that attitude, she's in the right place at the right time. For any chef in America who has a vested interest in thwarting convention and shooting the moon, San Francisco-long ago one of the fustiest of dining metropolises-has evolved into the promised land. Arguably not since the heyday of Stars, chef Jeremiah Tower's sensational '80s canteen, has the city that gave us Lawrence Ferlinghetti and the Grateful Dead been viewed as such an indisputable gastronomic epicenter. Overall, the Bay Area, including Oakland as well as Los Gatos, Napa Valley, and Sonoma County, now boasts more three-Michelinstarred restaurants than any other region in the United States. Longtime luxury magnets like Manresa (in Los Gatos), the French Laundry (in Yountville), and the Restaurant at Meadowood (in St. Helena) all secured three stars (the highest rating from the Michelin Guide), but a more recent surge within San Francisco city limits has made New York and Chicago feel like old news in comparison. Benu, Coi, Quince, and Saison have three; Atelier Crenn, Acquerello, Lazy Bear, and Californios have two. I wanted to get a clearer picture of what was going on, so I flew into San Francisco on a Tuesday afternoon. By the time I left, in the predawn darkness of a Saturday morning, I'd consumed 13 Michelin stars in four days.

What accounts for this San Francisco renaissance? Well, after scanning Dominique Crenn's poem, I had to look up the word *aureate*. It means *golden* or *gilded*. And Crenn's own phrasing, "aureate bloom," works pretty well as an accidental encapsulation of San Francisco circa 2018. The city is abloom with lucre, which is another way of saying that rich people are running the show. That could be viewed as a mixed blessing. The tech money that has flooded San Francisco for the past couple decades has decimated the free-spirited bohemianism that gave rise more than half a century ago to Beat poetry and Haight-Ashbury psychedelia. Disruptive business models and rampant gentrification have made it nearly impossible for working people and artists to stay afloat. Paradoxically, though, all that Internet wealth has enabled and ennobled the kind of hypercreative restaurants that often run the risk of going under in other parts of the country. We're talking restaurants with small dining rooms and exorbitant daily expenses, restaurants that appeal to those customers (and investors) for whom a thousand-dollar dinner for two is no more of a stretch than a night at the movies. Maxime Larquier, the general manager of Atelier Crenn, expressed it in simple terms by the side of my table: "Facebook, Google-we're in good company."

It's Wednesday afternoon and Joshua Skenes, the chef at Saison, sits in the backseat of a car telling me that he hasn't been anywhere and doesn't know anything. In spite of Saison's three Michelin stars, Skenes, at 38, likes to portray himself as something of an enlightened bumpkin—a Florida swamp rat who wandered into the white-gloved sanctum of haute cuisine without a whole lot of training to speak of. To bring this persona home, he's actually wearing hunting gear. His cap and vest give off the impression that right after lunch he's going to head out into the brush to bag some quail.

He wants me to know that he has never eaten at zeitgeisty restaurants like Noma and Osteria Francescana. He has never apprenticed in France. In fact, he has never even been to Europe. Then we get out of the car and walk into House of Xian Dumpling, a Chinese restaurant on Kearny Street. Skenes flips open the menu and starts ordering everything—beef tendon, pig's ears, wontons—in apparently fluent Chinese. A few moments later, the waiter, pleasantly surprised, looks at me and says, "He speaks perfect Mandarin."

San Francisco, at this point in its culinary history, might be one of the few places where you'd be likely to encounter a walking contradiction like Joshua Skenes. Over the course of our conversation, the chef comes across as both elusive and in-your-face, sophisticated and self-taught, gentle and blustery, theatrical and inward. He knows Mandarin because for many years, starting in childhood, he practiced baguazhang, a Chinese martial art that "has its roots in revelatory Taoist

practice," he says. No, he has never traveled to Europe, but he went to Japan once and has visited China more times than he can remember. For a time, his commitment to baguazhang (and vegetarianism) was all-encompassing.

"I basically just ate plant life and meditated in the woods," he says. "I was off the deep end for sure. I'm surprised my head didn't start spinning—I was almost Gary Busey."

Another thing that Skenes wants me to know is that he can't stand tasting menus. Candidly, he thinks the codified framework of most Michelin-starred cuisine is absurd. "I hate it, just for the record," he says. "You know why? There's this ridiculousness to it. There's this silliness—you're trapped, basically. You're required to put little silly things on a big silly plate. Hopefully you'll see tonight that we do it

Not Your Mom's Eggs Thousand-year-old quail egg, potage, and ginger at Benu. The Flow of Luxury Right: Preparing Saison's private-batch caviar with arrowhead spinach. Bottom: Grilling plums at Saison.

> different." It turns out he's not exaggerating. That night, I swing back to Saison for dinner with a friend, the food writer Phyllis Grant, and we experience the sort of meal that would be served at a hunting and fishing lodge on the outskirts of Valhalla. There's a hot purse of kelp that's untied to reveal a steaming extravagance of caviar. There's dark brown toast cradling enough orange uni to make you wonder whether you're being served tangerines instead of sea urchins. There's a tureen of lobster soup, and a perfectly seasoned T-bone of pronghorn antelope, and a persimmon so ripe that you scoop out its branch-plucked custard with a spoon. Instead of the curlicue fronds of mandolinshaved flora, the anthills of edible powder, and the roadkill smears of sauce that have become the ghastly clichés of the contemporary plate, you get relatively unadorned ingredients-meat, seafood, vegetables, fruit-at the height of their ready-to-eat-ness.

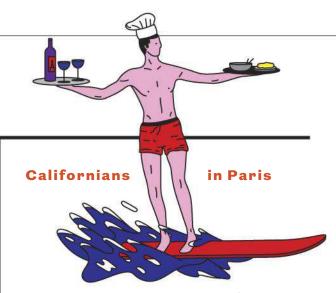
> "The only thing we care about is taste," Skenes explains. "Taste is a really simple word for something that's a pain in the ass to get. If you come here seeking fancy things, you're not gonna find them. If you want anything other than honest taste, it's not here. I want people to have an experience that's superdown-to-earth and genuine." Scoring prime ingredients at their peak is not cheap, though—"you've got to fish it, you've

Asian Twists Left: Benu's faux-shark-fin porridge. Above: Benu's steamed bun and black truffle. got to hunt it, you've got to ranch it," Skenes says. Fortunately, like many of the top Michelin-starred spots in San Francisco, Saison is backed by tech-enriched investors who want to see what the restaurant can do when it doesn't have to cut corners. "Wealth exists in New York, too, but it's a different support system," Skenes says. "If you look at San Francisco, the place was built by the Gold Rush. Who were the Gold Rushers? Risk-takers. That's in our DNA. There's an acceptance of new things."

Skenes himself has been prospecting in risky new territory. Now more of a spiritual leader at Saison than an operational chef, and fueled by Bay Area investors who are game to buoy his aspirations, he has shifted his focus to a rural patch of land on the Olympic Peninsula, west of Seattle, where he hopes to open a lodge devoted to the pure food of the land. "I'm up in the woods all the time," he says. "You go to the tide pool, you pull out a sea urchin, you crack it open, you wash it in the seawater, and you eat it. That's perfect. The front yard's a river. There are herds of elk running around. Ocean. Mountains. Forests." At Saison, Skenes once served black bear to Ruth Reichl. As Phyllis and I are leaving after dessert and a final glass of wine, the Saison crew gives her a bag containing a raw antelope steak she can cook at home for her kids.

In San Francisco, an appetite for innovation has fostered the rise of chefs with bold, unmistakable points of view. Corey Lee's tasting menu at Benu, a few steps away from the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, is arguably the best being offered anywhere in America, and what gives it depth is the personal way that Lee roots every dish in his South Korean heritage (he was born in Seoul) as well as the techniques and flavors of China and Japan. Lee's opening salvo at Benu, identified on a printed menu only as "small delicacies," might qualify as the most sublime sequence of dim sum vou'll ever find. As the menu moves forward in waves, his kitchen's attention to detail is apparent in every ramekin and cup-homemade soy sauce, hand-pressed sesame oil, fermented crab sauce, a bouillon of quail with mountain yam, a sorbet made from the five-flavored Asian berry known as omija.

Gratifyingly, Lee, who turned 40 last year, has a consistent audience for such high-level cooking, in spite of a \$295 starting price for the tasting menu—before you add in drinks, valet parking, and a service charge. "Young people with money," he says. "I don't think we can underestimate the impact that has had on the dining scene of the city. You're going to get a shot at getting people's attention." When he opened Benu in 2010 with a \$160 menu, he wasn't so sure. "Immediately overnight, we were the most expensive restaurant in San (continued on page 130)



How is haute-Cali cuisine received in the land of haute cuisine?

••• A culinary understatement: The French know food. While San Francisco may be the three-Michelin-star capital of the U. S., Paris is the most Michelin-starred city in the West and number two in the world after Tokyo. The star system began there in 1926; our idea of fine dining was conceived in its hallowed kitchens.

Paris doesn't necessarily need more Michelins. It's got plenty, merci beaucoup. Yet it's where David Kinch, the chef of Manresa, the three-Michelinstarred restaurant in Los Gatos, California, launched a series of pop-ups dubbed the Residency to honor its 15th anniversary last year. For two weeks, Manresa closed while Kinch and his staff traveled to France to collaborate with three of Relais & Châteaux's Michelin-starred restaurants and plate its own brand of farm-totable food for a country that has been eating haute cuisine since before California was even a U.S. territory. The event kicked off at Taillevent, which won its first star in 1948 and is named after a 14th-century French chef often credited as the writer of the country's first cookbook. Intimidating? Un petit peu.

"There's not a lot of chefs who will do something like this in France," says Kinch. "You know, I can go to Tokyo, do an event. Mexico, New York, Barcelona, I do an event. Everything's good, everything's fine. With France, it's different. A very famous chef, a friend of mine, in New York City thought I was crazy. He said, 'I'd be afraid to go to France.' I said, 'Well, you're probably right. That's why I brought my team with me.'" And they armed themselves with ingredients, too, smuggling in California abalone (for a gumbo made from its liver) as well as sea salt, which Kinch, an avid surfer with a deep connection to the ocean, famously dries himself. ("The customs agents laughed when they discovered it was just salt.")

The contrast between Manresa's and Taillevent's dishes on the tasting menu was akin to a playlist alternating between Coltrane and Satie. Taillevent's dishes, like a creamy, rich risotto topped with wild mushrooms and duck wrapped in a dough with a fleck of gold leaf, were classic decadence. They made Manresa's seem downright avant-garde: A duck breast had a modernist splash of orange sauce made from carrots that were fermented for more than a year, plus rows of vegetables rolled into bite-sized cigars. A twist on the classic bouillabaisse made with blue lobster and hazelnuts "en gelée" was a kind of French riff on the restaurant's famous tidal-pool dish—this was the essence of the Atlantic instead of the Santa Cruz waters.

Do I have a slight preference for the California way? Probably. I'm American. I can appreciate risks and highly Instagrammable food. But you will dream about a great risotto for years, let me tell you. And as for the French? They get the new kids on the block. "I talked to the majority of the tables," says Kinch. "And they were all like, 'You know, this is very, very different. But it's very, very good, too.' " *—Kevin Sintumuang* 

**Surf and Turf** Benu's beef tendon and sea cucumber glazed in lobster sauce with dried garlic flowers.



*"Taste* is a really simple word for something that's a pain in the ass to get." —Joshua Skenes of Saison

How Do You Like Them Pineapples? Grilling the tropical fruit at Saison.

### WE WANT THE **FUNK** Terroir-rich rhum AGRICOLE is the new secret handshake of the *spirits* world BY STEPHEN SATTERFIELD

•••• **Rum is the** original alcohol business. It is a currency that fueled the American Revolution. It's possible you've dismissed the rum category as mere caramelized captains, sad saps at the very bottom of the (bourbon) barrel. If so, perhaps it's time for something a little closer to the earth, a product that tastes like it came from nature.

This is the kind of rum that originated in the 19th century on the island of Martinique, a French-Caribbean colony. By the late 20th century, the so-called "agricultural" rhum

with the forthright moniker rhum agricole became the bestselling variety in France. Today, it feels like the U.S. is finally joining the party, and for agricole lovers, that's a good and bad thing.

In the wake of \$100 single-village mezcal and \$35 Cru Beaujolais, rhum agricole seems destined for the same outcome. Drinkers are a quickly evolving species, finding enlightenment in dignified beverages. Celebrating the provenance of food is no longer countercultural; it's archetypal. This ideology has also crept into wine and spirits, and the shift in preference calls for a beverage that has a story to share about its beginnings. A distillate made from sugarcane or molasses, it is inextricably linked to a conspicuous junction of sailors and slaves. As the Spanish, English, and French colonized the Caribbean, ron, rum, and rhum emerged, each with a distinctive style and story. The passion and attention required to bring forth these heartfelt libations demands that they be produced in modest quantities.

In the early '60s, an American artist named Ron Cooper became enraptured by a brew known as mezcal. In the '90s, after meeting with indigenous farmers in Oaxaca, Mexico, who were producing the spirit, he began importing it to the U.S. under the label Del Maguey. In doing so, he introduced an entirely different category to the country, raising its profile from unknown to oversaturated Rhum Runners From left: A vintage ad from the 1930s; the Grand Hotel and Bar in Fort-de-France, Martinique, 1946; what's in your head when you sip agricole.

The Original **Rhum Agricole** Cocktail: Ti' Punch Creole slang for "petite punch," this is a minimalist's medley of rhum, ice, cane syrup, and a lime disk. Agricole is sometimes burly, so a harmonious blend of sugar and acid is a disarming way to assess the distinctive flavor. To make it, take 1 quarter-sized lime disk with a bit of flesh and squeeze it into a glass. Stir in around 1 tsp Martinique sugarcane syrup (simple syrup will work in a pinch, but the real stuff is better) and 11/2 oz rhum agricole. Add ice if you'd like, or drink it as they do in Martinique-without ice, in the morning.





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in just a decade—from Washington, D. C., to Los Angeles, you can find bars devoted to the drink.

Paul McGee, r(h)um expert and partner at Chicago's Lost Lake tiki bar, speculates that the future of agricole may resemble what we just experienced with mezcal. "Mezcal surprised me with how fast it took off. It's kind of nuts, because it can be polarizing," he says. "But people are challenging themselves more to try different things."

In the Caribbean tropics (and places with such climates), sugarcane can grow tall, upwards of 15 feet. Long strands of green grass are tethered to thick culms reminiscent of bamboo. At harvest time, they're chopped near the base, by machine or machete. The stalks fold over onto themselves like a freshly manicured lawn, and the sugarcane stacks emit a grassy must ascribed to rhum agricole. After they're harvested, the canes are smashed until all of their juices are liberated.

Around the time Cooper was introducing himself to mezcal, Ed Hamilton was drinking rum and living the Hunter S. Thompson lifestyle on a sailboat in Martinique. Enamored of the rums of the island, Hamilton decided to write a book about them. A decade later, at the urging of a wealthy Chicagoan who wanted Ti' Punch on his yacht, he was summoned back to Martinique on a quest for a container of rhum.

There were larger suitors, but leveraging his well-forged relationships in the area, Hamilton secured two venerable rhum brands. In 2004, a container of Neisson and La Favorite left the harbor, and once again an eccentric nonconformist introduced the U.S. to a spirit as radical as its own. Clockwise from left: A vintage label; sugarcane; making agricole at St. George Spirits in California.

gar. Sugar

These are the brands you are most likely to spot in the wild. Hamilton also represents Duquesne rhum (among the most industrious of the Martinique outfits) and a smattering of bottlings bearing his own name. But you'll see a handful of U. S. distillers dabbling in agricole as well. High Wire Distilling Co., located in Charleston, produces one of the country's best agricoles (\$100, as seen on the previous page), a gorgeous bottling from sugarcane grown from a single source in low-country South Carolina.

Prevailing culinary wisdom suggests that the surest way to a delicious meal is through fastidious procurement of the ingredients. As the spirits drinker begins to adopt similar tenets and language, demand for unheard stories of terroir, of time and place, is heightened. If we are to apply what we've learned about mezcal's rise to the trajectory of rhum agricole, the best advice we can offer is this: Enjoy it while you still can.

#### BOTTOM'S UP ADVANCED AGRICOLE

•••• Start with a white agricole like Neisson Blanc or Clément Première Canne. Then give these a try.

St. George California Agricole Made from southern-California cane, this is beautifully earthy, savory stuff. (\$50)





Kea KoHana This agricole-method rum from Hawaii is briny, viscous, and herbaceous like Chartreuse. You can drink it neat and taste it forever. (\$35) Neisson Rhum Martinique "Élevé sous bois" (cask-aged rum) This is the perfect rhum for focused engagement slightly sweet but, at 100 proof, no wallflower. At the intersection of ease and complexity. (\$50)

RHUM RUM MARTINIQUE C Clove sous bois op NEISSON

Plantation Rum Guadeloupe Vintage 1998 Technically not an agricole because of quota limits, but it's made from 100 percent pressed sugarcane and sure tastes like an agricole—fresh grass and tropical fruit. (\$75)

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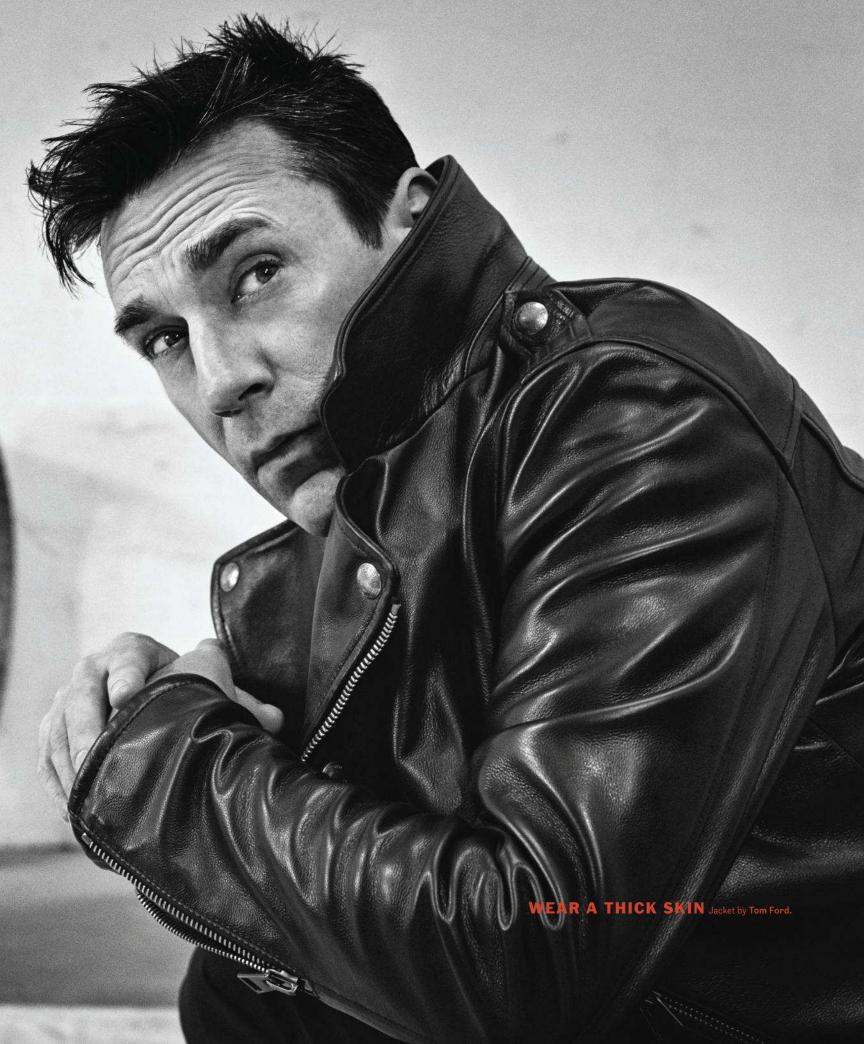
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# (INSIDE THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT)

By MAXIMILLIAN POTTER - Photographs by MARC HOM - Styling by MATTHEW MARDEN

What do you do when the thing that brought you success is what you need to leave behind? (If only people would let you.) JONHAMM'S battle to break free of perceptions—and his past

82



# JON HAMM

has arranged for us to meet for breakfast at what must be one of Vancouver's most opulent hotel restaurants. All wood-and-gold midcentury mod, it's the sort of place Don Draper, the hard-drinking, never-not-dashing Eisenhower-era adman Hamm played on *Mad Men*, would frequent—that is, if he were Canadian, lived in the 21st century, and had a soft spot for nouvelle cuisine.

Hamm arrives looking less than Draper-iffic. It's not likely that he's hungover—he had a stint in rehab for alcohol abuse three years ago—but he's battling the onset of a cold. His outfit is a triumph of comfort over style, perhaps best described as Rejected L. L. Bean Model: broken-in dad jeans, running shoes with miles on them, and a shawl-collared wool sweater the fishermen working on the freighter ships docked in Vancouver Bay would probably dig. Either Hamm is in the early stages of growing a beard or he woke up the last couple mornings, looked at his razor, and thought, *Screw it*.

Make no mistake: At his worst, Hamm, 47, is still more handsome than most of us on our best days. Dark hair, green eyes, geometrically perfect jawline, winning smile. (His very first acting credit was "Gorgeous Guy at Bar" on *Ally McBeal* in 1997.) Looks that even fellow head-turners assume earn him special treatment. Rosamund Pike, his costar in the spy thriller *Beirut* (April 13), shared a story with me: En route to Morocco to film, she and Hamm found themselves sprinting through a Madrid airport to make a connecting flight after the gate closed. Pike remembers thinking, "*If those green eyes can't get us on this plane*... I was absolutely convinced that they would open the gate for The Hamm." (They didn't.)

After *Mad Men* poured its last martini in 2015, critics asked repeatedly: Would Hamm be able to transcend the character who made him famous and enjoy a successful second act? The question was rooted less in his acting ability than in the lazy assumption that audiences would look at him and see only Draper.

The rebuttal is Hamm's work. In the three years since Mad Men ended, he's done everything but play into expectation. He's nailed the comedy thing on television, with standout roles on Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt and Wet Hot American Summer: First Day of Camp. On the film front, in 2017 he played a hologram with a heart in the cerebral drama Marjorie Prime and a lunatic bank robber in the heist flick Baby Driver. This year, in addition to *Beirut*, in which he plays a former diplomat dragged back to the Middle East and into his past, Hamm starred in Nostalgia (which came out in February), as a tender yet emotionally detached collectibles dealer who goes home to contend with his own family's heirlooms and history. He'll also join Jeremy Renner, Hannibal Buress, Rashida Jones, and more in the comedy Tag (June 15), about a group of friends

"THIS WEEK WAS A UT-CRUSHER. LIKE JUMPING ON A STATIONARY BIKE SOMEONE IS ALREADY

**PEDALING.**"

who, for 30 years, have played the eponymous childhood game. And next year, he'll portray the archangel Gabriel in *Good Omens*, Amazon Studios' adaptation of the Neil Gaiman–Terry Pratchett novel.

Overstated as it was, the typecasting issue was easier for Hamm to address than his personal burdens. For him, 2015 alone was a doozy: Not only did he wrap the seventh and final season of *Mad Men* and check into rehab, but he also split from actress/screenwriter Jennifer Westfeldt after nearly two decades and details of his involvement in a 1990 fraternity hazing gone wrong resurfaced. *Nostalgia* director Mark Pellington tells me about a quality he noticed in Hamm from their earliest conversations about the movie: "He had his own grief."

For the most part, Hamm is a gracious guy who exudes humility; it is a persona that seems to come naturally to him. At the hotel restaurant, as we wind our way back to a secluded table, he says, "I'm sorry for the last-minute change of plans"—we were supposed to go hiking but couldn't due to a scheduling change. He shows a willingness, within what he deems reasonable limits of public interest in his private life, to discuss just about anything. But when I bring up the hazing, his tone becomes tinged with anger, and he doesn't hesitate to let me know he thinks a line has been crossed. "I hope I didn't sign up for a hit piece," he says. The exasperation in his voice stems from the fact that Hamm has reached this new phase of his career through a lot of hard work, and he's wary of the past, particularly the long-ago past, pulling him down.

> **his week was** a nut-crusher," Hamm tells me. "Early wakeups. Go all day." The movie he's shooting in Vancouver, *Bad Times at the El Royale*, is a crime caper set in a hotel that straddles the Nevada–California border. He describes it

as a "weird one-off kind of noir." The production—helmed by Drew Goddard, a screenwriter (*Cloverfield, World War Z, The Martian*) and director (*The Cabin in the Woods*), and starring Chris Hemsworth and Jeff Bridges—has been filming for a while, but Hamm has a supporting role and only recently arrived on set. "Coming on a movie the last second, you have to ramp up the pace quick. It's like jumping on a stationary bike someone is already pedaling."

As we settle into our seats for breakfast, Hamm sniffles and smiles and does his best not to let fatigue interfere with his ability to be pleasant and present. Having an "attitude of gratitude," as he puts it, and living in the moment are concepts he's become more conscious of and committed to, but we'll get to that in second. We haven't even gotten coffee.

That doesn't mean he shies away from tough conversation. After ordering the first of what will be several cups of the house artisanal

roast, Hamm tells me about the place where he acted as an adolescent: John Burroughs School, the pricey private school in his hometown of St. Louis that he attended from seventh to twelfth grade. As we talk, it becomes clear he is attached to JBS because it has informed much of who he is. He went there because of his mother, Deborah; it was her dying wish.

Deborah, a secretary at a direct-mail outfit, divorced Hamm's father, Dan, when their only child was two. Hamm lived with his mother until he was ten, when she succumbed to cancer at 36. "She died so fast," he says. "Colon cancer that spread to her liver, stomach; it was unchecked, and it was invasive, and it was aggressive, and it was fatal."

Hamm moved in with his father, who ran a trucking business and had two daughters from a previous marriage. (His first wife died of a brain

GET A LEG UP Jacket by Visvim. T-shirt by Citizens of Humanity. Jeans by 34 Heritage. Boots by Wolverine 1000 Mile. Pilot's watch chronograph by IWC; iwc.com.



"I HAD A LOT OF SHIFTS IN MY LIFE. A LOT OF **REARRANGING OF REARRANGING OF REARRANGING OF NUMBER OF NUMBER OF** 





S. M.

aneurysm.) Dan didn't know how to help his son navigate the grief of his mother's death. "He wasn't really capable," Hamm says matter-of-factly. "It was that weird kind of midwestern thing of not really knowing what to say, so just say nothing. Instead of what we now know: Just say anything, just connect, just be available, instead of shutting down and going into a separate room and staring out the window. He was a man who lost two wives. He was a pretty sad guy. He had his issues." Hamm pauses while the waitress sets down his scrambled eggs and bacon; when she leaves, he adds, "I just watched him crumble." There's another moment of silence, then Hamm continues as he peppers his eggs: "Plus, we're talking 1980 in St. Louis. Not exactly a hotbed of mental health. I was given a book called What to Do When a Parent Dies. And I was like, 'All right, I read this book. I guess I'm fixed." Except, of course, he wasn't.

"EVERYONE GOES THROUGH A WEIRDNESS AS A YOUNG PERSON, WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO FIGURE THINGS OUT."

Two years after Deborah's death, once Hamm was old enough, Dan honored her wish and sent their son to JBS. Hamm was one of the few students who didn't come from a wealthy family; he was from the North Side of the Lou, the other side of the proverbial tracks. He developed a close bond with middle-class kids like himself, and their families became his families, their mothers his surrogate mothers. Among them was Maryanne Simmons, who tells me, "Jon was obviously quite smart. And when he came into our lives at the age of 12, he'd matured beyond his age because he'd seen some stuff. I didn't sense any, I don't want to say sadness, but is *moroseness* a word?" She also recalls that the young Hamm was very aware that "every day he was at Burroughs, he was there because of and for his mother" and, she makes a point of noting, "he loved his dad." When Simmons watched *Mad Men*, she saw a lot of Dan Hamm—the charisma, the unhappiness—in Don Draper.

Hamm did well at JBS. He earned good grades. He acted in school plays. He was a linebacker on the football team. Onstage and on the field, the motherless boy with the reserved dad liked being part of a team. In 1989, he went off to the University of Texas and pledged the Sigma Nu fraternity, through which he found a family of brothers and got himself into serious trouble with the law.



**ccording to reports,** when Hamm was a sophomore, he and several of his fraternity brothers hazed a pledge so severely that their actions permanently shut down the frat's UT chapter. Assault charges were filed against the

20-year-old and fellow members that were later dropped. A 1991 lawsuit claimed that Hamm lit the kid's pants on fire; physically abused him; and, along with his brothers in a part of the Sigma Nu house called the "Party Room," hooked the claw of a hammer underneath his crotch and led him around the room.

When I bring up the incident, which was reported in Texas newspapers at the time and resurfaced in 2015, first in the tabloids and then in *The Washington Post*, Hamm bristles. He tells me, "I wouldn't say it's accurate. Everything about that is sensationalized. I was accused of these things I don't... It's so hard to get into it. I don't want to give it any more breath. It was a bummer of a thing that happened. I was essentially acquitted. I wasn't convicted of anything. I was caught up in a big situation, a stupid kid in a stupid situation, and it's a fucking bummer. I moved on from it."

That same year, Dan died of complications associated with diabetes. Hamm went home to lay his father to rest and never returned to UT. "My dad was sick. He ended up dying in the middle of all of this and I had to rally my own mental health and become a better person because of it. I'm happy that I became a better person. Everyone goes through a weirdness as a young person, especially in college, when you're trying to figure things out."

Hamm moved into his half sister's basement and enrolled at the University of Missouri. He worked as a waiter and a dishwasher, and he sank into depression. But one day an opportunity presented itself: In the local paper, Hamm read about open auditions being held by an acting company passing through town. With little else in his life to look forward to, he went—and promptly landed a role in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. After one performance, a member of Mizzou's theater department approached him. "He was like, 'Who are you? Why aren't you in the theater department? I want you to be in some plays. Come audition for a scholarship.'" Hamm

did, and he earned the scholarship, or, as he puts it, "I got picked." He started thinking if he was getting picked to act so often, maybe that's what he should do with his life.

How was a Missourian with zero connections in Hollywood to go about making a career as an actor? Hamm didn't have a clue. While he was working it all out, JBS welcomed him back, this time on staff as an eighth-grade acting teacher. He did this for a year, until, with help and encouragement from a mentor at Mizzou, he decided to move to Los Angeles.

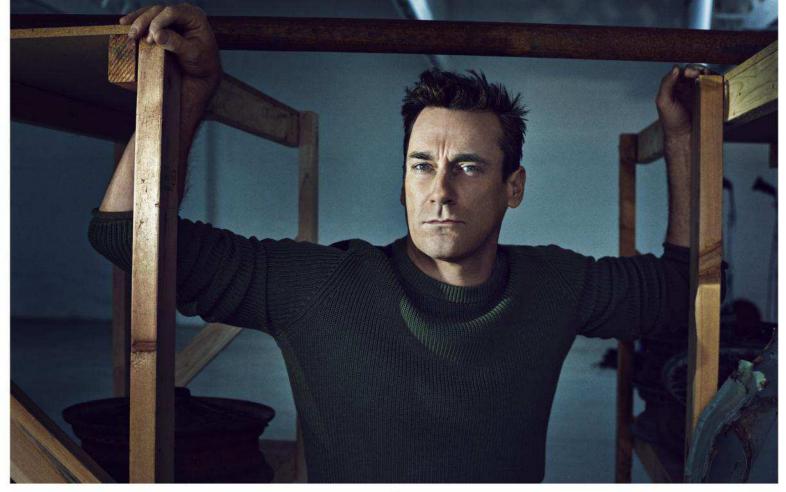
Hamm had long dreamed of making the move, ever since his mom had taken him there to visit her sister. He was nine. His aunt had a swimming pool; there was the ocean, the sunshine. They spent that week visiting amusement parks, riding the roller coasters. It was a blast. It was also the last big trip he took with his mother. Why wouldn't he want to return to L. A.?

Hamm was 25 when he headed west. "I had a 1986 Toyota Corolla," he says. "It was a piece of shit." Right before leaving Missouri, he said goodbye to the families who'd more or less taken him in as their own son. Simmons remembers hugging him, giving him a few hundred dollars, and, as he drove off, closing her eyes and holding her breath. Perhaps she knew that no matter how far he got from Missouri, he couldn't escape the hardships that had shaped him. But Hamm knew a deeper truth. He says he wasn't running—that's not his way—but was instead "turning the page." He was reinventing his future.

**The Corolla had** a bad fuse; if the heater wasn't running, the car would overheat. Hot air blasted Hamm for the duration of his journey. But he made it to his aunt's house, where he stayed for six months.

Once there, he struggled. He'd do just about anything to pay the bills, even work as a set dresser on soft-core skin flicks. Hamm tells it best: "I got that job because of a friend of mine, this girl who was like our stage manager in college. She was always the hardworking type. I was hanging out with her and another friend of ours from Mizzou, commiserating at a potluck. None of us had any money. I'd lost my catering gig. I was like, 'I need a job.' My friend said, 'You can have my job. I'm doing set dressing.' I said, 'I don't know how to do that.' She says, 'It's not that hard. They'll hire anybody.' She says, 'It's just soul-crushing for me. I can't do it.' I said, 'Soul-crushing: That sounds amazing. I'll do it.' And she's like, 'It's for these Skinemax soft-core titty movies.' I asked, 'What do you do?' She hands me this bucket with all of her tools in it and says, 'You just move shit around. Do whatever they want you to do.' I went in the following Monday and said, 'I'm the new set dresser.' Literally, no one blinked."

If you think that working behind the scenes of a soft-core film is the



least bit titillating, Hamm insists you're mistaken; it was boring and every bit as soul-crushing as advertised. Then, in 1997, Hamm got picked once again: He met Jennifer Westfeldt, who was staging a play in New York called *Kissing Jessica Stein* and thought there might be a part in it for him. Without knowing what that part was, Hamm said yes to an audition. He said he'd fly himself to New York and do the play for free. Whatever it took. That wasn't necessary: He won the role and was even paid for it. Hamm and Westfeldt began dating and eventually moved in together.

Hamm started to land bit parts, like the one on *Ally McBeal*. He was making a living as an actor, but barely. After one audition, he heard he didn't get the role because he looked too old. His agency dropped him. Approaching 30, Hamm was ready to give up. Then he learned about an audition for a new show on AMC called *Mad Men*.

Given that the main character would be opaque, with a mysterious background slowly revealed over time, creator Matthew Weiner didn't want a recognizable actor. He was looking for a talented unknown, someone without a public persona that might otherwise color Don Draper's story. But launching a series without a big name attached was a risk; the actor cast as Draper would have to have what it takes to carry the whole goddamn show. Hamm had to audition five, six, seven, maybe eight times. It reached a point where he'd read just about every line of the pilot script.

After all that, he was picked yet again. Weiner's only reservation was that Hamm had a "little bit of the leading-man disease from being on television, the sort of handsome, gravelly intensity that was not altogether authentic in certain scenes." Despite his concerns, Weiner says, "I just thought he was the guy," the one who had "the intelligence, the sensitivity." Plus, "he seemed wounded."

**Since his arrival** in Canada a few days ago, Hamm has been going nonstop on the *El Royale* set, shooting the first scene, which takes place in the lobby of the titular hotel. He says it's intricate. "Everyone is checking in, and everyone is checking everyone out. It's

off-season, the hotel is dark, no one is who they say they are." Hamm plays a traveling vacuum-cleaner salesman, but as the story unfolds, we learn that there's more to him than just the sales pitch. Kind of like Don Draper. And Will, Hamm's character in *Nostalgia*. And *Beirut*'s Mason Skiles.

When I mention that his meatiest, most moving performances involve men finally confronting the wreckage and reality of their past and—at least with Draper and Skiles—turning to booze to numb the pain, Hamm writes off the similarities as typecasting: "If you're the handsome white guy, you tend to get cast as guys who are meant to be convincing in their jobs. What I've been fortunate enough to do, whether it's playing a certified idiot on *30 Rock* or a weirdo in *Bridesmaids*, is play against that in a lot of ways." He pours himself what has to be his fourth cup of coffee and says, "The through line for Draper and Skiles, and I think it's why people use and abuse alcohol—they medicate. Self-medicate. It's really effective at its job, which is to ease pain. Whether emotional or mental or, in some cases, physical pain. That's what they're medicating, those world-weary American guys retreating into booze."

Regarding his own breaking point in 2015—rehab; his relationship with both Westfeldt and *Mad Men* over—all Hamm will say is "I had a lot of shifts in my life. A lot of rearranging of priorities. I don't think it was conscious, but it was necessary. It was tricky, and the dust is still settling in many ways." He isn't prepared to go into detail about such personal and painful moments and how they changed him, save for some platitudes—"Good, bad, indifferent: It's ephemeral. So sit in it for a minute and experience it. If it sucks, it too will be gone in a minute." The man who's made a living by hinting at the troubled inner lives beneath his characters' poised surfaces says he's a big believer in the idea that "the unexamined life isn't worth living." He just doesn't want to go full Socrates right now. Not here. Not with a journalist. Not over bacon and eggs. "I think having a private life that you only share with your nearest and dearest is important," he says as he picks up the check. "Otherwise, who are you?"



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This page: Vest, shirt, and trousers by **Tom Ford.** Shoes by **O'Keeffe.** Socks by **Pantherella.** Opposite: Sweater by **3.1 Phillip Lim.** 

Casting by Emily Poenisch. Production by Adele Thomas for Adele Thomas Productions. Grooming by Kim Verbeck for the Wall Group.

## **A Malibu State of Mind**

Surfers. Hiking. Hippies. Seafood. The chill life of this SoCal beach town a tribe of locals repping laid-back, washed-out, West Coast cool. It's time





has never been more happening, thanks to a new crop of hotels and to get some weekend sun, any day of the week. *By Candice Rainey* 



Bikini (\$282) by Marysia; marysia.com. Shirt (\$179) by Paige; paige.com.

## Malibu is less than an hour away from L.A.

up the Pacific Coast Highway, yet it's always felt somewhat impenetrable for the uninitiated, i.e., those of us who don't own gleaming houses on this prized coastline or have bitcoin-rich uncles who do. That's a bit unfair considering mood-altering beaches in Malibu make laying your towel in Santa Monica look like the definition of settling. Even away from the gorgeous, warm sand, Malibu seems like some kind of high church of fauna and renewal with its cragged, wild mountains, winding sagebrush-lined canyons, and very specific shimmering light that you think only shines on rocky cliffs in the Adriatic but in fact exists here; it has seduced filmmakers for decades. Driving farther north, Malibu unfolds its lush remoteness and you realize, Yeah, I'd probably want to keep this 21-mile stretch of coastline to myself, too.

The truth is, it's never been a particularly great place for visitors to stay, unless you have an extra mortgage payment and a week of vacation to detox at a wellness retreat like the Ranch. *Development* has always been a slightly dirty word in Malibu. And the town's looser, more Joan Didion-minded, eucalyptus-wafting, boho side doesn't immediately reveal itself, while its clichéd trappings—paparazzi, preposterously rich entertainment folk, expensive sushi—are found smack dab in the center of town.

Thankfully for us weekenders, Malibu's cool is becoming more accessible as a handful of smart, stylish boutique motels have opened in the past year. The nostalgia-rich, let's-pack-a-last-minute-bag-and-getthe-hell-outta-town weekend is finally doable. Some may think of Malibu as Los Angeles's Montauk,

Opposite, clockwise from left: On him: Sweater (\$698) by **Michael Kors**; michaelkors .com. Shorts (\$79) by **Birdwell**; birdwell.com. On her: Dress (\$378) by **Dôen**; shopdoen .com. // Kimono (\$6,350) by **Visvim**; 180thestore.com. Sweater (\$775) by **the Elder Statesman**; elder-statesman .com. Jeans (\$235) by AG; agjeans.com. // Jacket (\$120) by **Abercrombie & Fitch**; abercrombie.com.





the free-spirited New York beach town that's next to its more well-known moneyed cousin, the Hamptons. But the analogy is off, as Malibu's just better surfers tend to outnumber people in Range Rovers talking on cell phones.

"It really is a bit of an outpost," says Gregory Day, who runs the newly renovated **Malibu Beach Inn.** "Nobody is coming here in suits and ties. Malibu has an equal share of celebrities and locals—though they can be one and the same. But it is a surprisingly friendly beach town. You come here to unplug, sit on the beach, read your book, go hiking, surfing, paddleboarding. It still feels very untouched in that way."

Native, a midcentury motel where legends like Bob Dylan and Marilyn Monroe once stayed, basically spoon-feeds guests that of-another-time, low-key California we all crave once we cruise past Topanga Canyon. As soon as you check into one of the 13 rooms, you'll want to throw on a robe cut from African deadstock cotton, crack open a cold one from a vintage cooler, sit on your private patio, and admire the potted cacti and hip guests.

When it comes to beach time, the rule of thumb is this: Malibu's coast gets even more ethereal and dramatic the farther north you go, which is why you should make a day of it at **El Matador Beach**. It's only a ten-minute drive from Native and has otherworldly caves, sweeping cliffs, and chilly tide pools that even the ocean-fearing can't resist exploring. There are no taco trucks or souvenir shops hawking overpriced towels. Are there a few people taking too many Instagram pics? Yes, but you'll be hard-pressed to keep your phone in your pocket when you're hiking down the steep staircase looking out at one of the most stunning slips of earth bathed in sunlight.

Anyone who knows anything about surfing or has seen *Big Wednesday* (think Gary Busey in Hawaiian trunks) should stay at another motel with a backstory, **the Surfrider**, which sits across the PCH from an iconic beach break. "I love that Neil Young's Crazy Horse Saloon was right next door, which meant some pretty epic names stayed here at one time," says co-owner Matthew Goodwin. "We've heard Dylan, the Doors—their drummer actually popped in recently—Jimi Hendrix. The true Malibu is an eclectic mix of so many things: free spirits, billionaires, surfers, artists. There's a wildness to this part of the coast."

Goodwin, an architect who grew up in Malibu, and his Aussie wife, Emma, have remodeled the dilapidated roadside motel over the past few years, recreating it into a kind of Nancy Meyers set by way of Françoise Hardy, all teak floors, beige linens, pitched roofs, whitewashed walls, and endless sun streaming into its oversized ocean-facing windows. It's a soulful, surfer-friendly hideaway. There's wetsuit storage, an outdoor shower, custom-made surfboards for those who couldn't haul theirs onto the airplane, a guests-only roof-deck bar, and a to-go breakfast, complete with a thermos of coffee for early birds who want to get out on the water before the kitchen



Clockwise from top: Jacket (\$3,100) by Hermès; hermes.com. Trousers by Weatherproof Vintage; weatherproofvintage .com. // Jacket (\$700), vest (\$335), and trousers (\$385) by Fortela; beecroftandbull.com. // Hat (\$1,275) by Nick Fouquet; nickfouquet.com. Luminor 1950 GMT Power Reserve watch (\$9,000) by Panerai; panerai.com.

ROACH WIGH & KISS THE SAY.

Malibu feels like some kind of high church of fauna and renewal with its cragged, wild mountains and winding sagebrush-lined canyons.

Low Ridin<sup>3</sup> Left: Model Annie McGinty ducks low on her cruiser. Right: Los Angelesbased lifeguard Joshua Williams.



A Beach of One's Own Top right: Chait overlooks the ocean from Paradise Cove Pier. Above: Goodwin and his wife, Emma. Right: Fouquet at Surfrider's beachhouse lobby.

# PRAY FOR SURF

opens. If you're thinking of hopping on a board but want a local to hold your hand, Goodwin takes guests out in the motel's Land Rover (the "surf truck," as he refers to it) to find the breaks at **Zuma**, among the most famous surfing spots in the world, or a variety of waves at **County Line Beach**. "I joke that the reason we opened the Surfrider is so I could surf all day with people from all over the world," he says.

Of course, there's another Malibu beach fantasy to be realized, one that's less about time traveling back to some earlier, hippie-tinged California than about reveling in this town's affluent, let's-stareat-the-yachts piece of it. The Malibu Beach Inn, a formerly forgettable motel on tony Carbon Beach, has been undergoing a much-needed face-lift and now resembles the Danish-modern crash pad of a Neutra fanboy's dreams. Even if you're not staying here, make a reservation at Carbon Beach Club, snag a spot on the patio, order the whole branzino and a bottle of wine, and hog the table for as long as you want, because there are epic ocean views wherever you look. And yes, Nobu Malibu is still very much a thing—ask any local for dining recs and this inevitably shows up on the list. If you can't get a reservation, consider staying at the restaurant's new hotel, the Nobu Ryokan, next door. Suede walls, custommade furniture, and Japanese soaking tubs do not come cheap, but you'll also have special access to the restaurant.

Malibu isn't built for a food pilgrimage, per se, which is sort of refreshing if you're tired of planning your whole day around scoring the primo ramen in town but have to eat at 5:00 or 11:00 P.M. to get it. You come to Malibu to be outdoors all day, eat nofrills seafood, have a few cocktails, and gobble down meals made with gorgeous organic produce, much of it coming from nearby One Gun Ranch. Not to say you won't have some excellent meals here, starting with breakfast. For a pre-hike açaí bowl, you'll want to stop by SunLife Organics, a bastion of cold pressed juices and blended smoothies where neither turmeric nor split-open geodes are in short supply. Day drinking with kids? Try Paradise Cove, where you can sit in Adirondack chairs on the beach and drink Bloodies or beers while Junior builds a sand castle. Order fish and chips at Malibu institution Neptune's Net and sit at the picnic tables overlooking County Line. Fish shacks are plentiful here, and you can't find a better lunch or dinner than at Malibu Seafood or Reel Inn, both of which have outdoor seating. Taverna Tony

This page, from top: Jacket (\$950) by **Herno**; barneys .com. Sweater (\$1,275) by **the Elder Statesman**; elderstatesman.com. Trousers (\$160) by **Save Khaki United**; savekhaki.com. // On her: Sweater (\$655) by **the Elder Statesman**; elder-statesman.com. On him: T-shirt (\$98) by **Presidents**; m5shop.nyc. Jeans (\$775) by **Brunello Cucinelli**; brunellocucinelli.com. // Jacket (\$5,400) and trousers (\$690) by **Bottega Veneta**; 800-845-6790. Shirt (\$305) by **Massimo Alba**; massimoalba.com. BRV294 Garde-Cötes watch (\$4,300) by **Bell & Ross**; bellross.com. Opposite: Jacket (\$3,280) and T-shirt (\$480) by **Gucci**; gucci.com. Hat (\$1,275) by **Nick Fouquet**; nickfouquet.com.



#### **Tip Your Hat** Fouquet, who was raised in southwest France before moving to California, uses beaver-fur felt to create his hats.

13 . ja

#### The Hills Are Alive There's More Than Just Beaches...

You probably don't automatically associate Malibu with hiking, but you should. The trails here pay off big with breathtaking views.

#### Point Dume Nature Preserve

A wild headland, jutting out into the sea and overlooking the Pacific Ocean, where you'll spot seals and dolphins playing.

#### **Tuna Canyon Park**

Nestled between the Santa Monica Mountains and Pacific. Ends with an I'm-having-an-existentialmoment view of sprawling L. A.

#### Leo Carrillo State Park

Terrific beach walks and hikes of varying difficulty. Think caves, arches, tide pools, and bluffs that mimic Sieily.

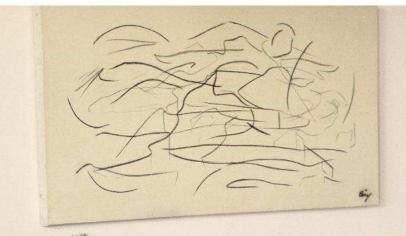
#### Stop and Smell the Cactus

This page: McGinty takes a break outside the Native motel. Opposite, top left: Goodwin strolls down Surfrider Beach. Below: Beachgoers at Paradise Cove, where many celebrities— Leonardo DiCaprio and Minnie Driver included—own multimillion-dollar vacation homes. Jacket (\$1,275) by **Moncler;** moncler.com.

> Beach-time rule of thumb: Malibu's coast gets even more ethereal and dramatic the farther north you go.

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This page, clockwise from top right: Jacket (\$3,050) by Louis Vuitton; louisvuitton.com. Luminor 1950 Submersible-Amagnetic Titanio watch (\$11,000) by Panerai; panerai.com. // Jacket (\$145) by Levi's x Outerknown; outerknown.com. // Jacket (\$2,095) and jeans (\$775) by Brunello Cucinelli; brunellocucinelli.com. T-shirt (\$98) by Presidents; m5shop.nyc.







is in a fancy strip mall, but once inside you feel like you've just landed in Crete. You'll see old-money Malibu locals drinking Cali chardonnay and eating spoton Greek food.

At some point you'll want to have a meal at Malibu Farm Restaurant, on the pier. (This is also where you'll find One Gun Ranch's version of a stylish souvenir shop, Ranch at the Pier.) The views are a bonus. You come for Helene Henderson's Cali-inflected health food that doesn't taste like health food-cauliflowercrust pizza, spaghetti-squash lasagna. This is the kind of delicious surfer fare that will make you rethink how you eat back home. And then the next day, when you've come to your senses and are ready for a big piece of meat, check out the Old Place, a steakhouse in the Santa Monica Mountains that opened in 1970. "Rustic" is an apt description, not a lazy one. Sometimes the restaurant runs out of food, since everything is fresh and sourced from nearby Oxnard and it doesn't own a freezer. You'll likely have to wait outside, because the place is, as its website states, "the size of a shoebox." But making a night of it is worth it, especially if you grab a glass of wine at nearby Cornell Winery or take a walk in the wilderness. There are hawks, deer, probably some species of cats watching you here, and it feels about as close to L.A. as the moon. That's the whole point, after all.

> "The true Malibu is an eclectic mix of so many things: free spirits, billionaires, surfers, artists." —The Surfrider co-owner Matthew Goodwin

## See Yourself in A NeW SILHOUETTE

Your workplace is changing—so should your wardrobe. Just in time, designers are showcasing **a fresh profile in men's clothing:** fitted where it flatters, but with some give so you can move. Good news for the creative class.

Photographs by JAMES MACARI Styling by NICK SULLIVAN Illustrations by RICHARD <u>HAINES</u>

#### e Make a Move

Bad stretch: jeggings. Good stretch: the 1 percent Elastene in this seersucker number. It's tailoring that lets you move, cut loose enough so you never feel shrink-wrapped.

Suit (\$3,595) by **Belvest;** belvest.com. Shirt (\$68) by **Abercrombie & Fitch;** abercrombie.com. Boots (\$298) by **the Frye Company;** thefryecompany.com. Belt (\$545) by **Brunello Cucinelli;** brunellocucinelli.com. Opposite page: Bag (\$475) by **Poglia;** poglia.co.

Pro-8a



Men's wear moves like an off-kilter pendulum: Sometimes it goes forward, sometimes back—but it never returns to quite the same place. This means that the tourniquet-tight suit that used to mark you as a man of the moment now marks you as a man out of sync. Instead, guys are seeking out a clean but relaxed fit that speaks to the way we live now: informally, adventurously, and unconcerned with just-so perfection. Ready to break down old codes in the office and out.

The new silhouette is about ease. It's roomy but doesn't revert to the circus-tent suits of the '80s and '90s. Pleats, for example, have made a comeback, but not the baggy pants that used to go with them. Rather, tiny halfinch pleats (or a drawstring waist, which has the same effect) give space at the thigh but taper down from the knee. It's a new world of comfort for men who thought their trouser legs had to be stuffed like sausage casings to look current. Elsewhere, makers have loosened the shape and structure of the blazer. Still more have flirted with athleisure. And major strides are being made to ensure your clothes feel softer and more luxurious without cutting corners on elegance.

Taken together, it's a seismic style shift, the kind of change that only comes around every 15 years, give or take. So we assembled the best examples of the new look (butterysoft bombers, a seersucker suit with stretch, drawstring pants that can hold their own in the workplace), threw them on some handsome guys, then brought in artist Richard Haines to get it all down on paper. Haines, who started out in fashion design before switching lanes to sketch street style and runway shows, has a flowing, gestural style that perfectly captures the mood of these pieces. (For more of his work, check out his Instagram: @richard\_haines.)

But we don't need to draw you a picture to make our point: Your clothes are changing, and that's a good thing. You're about to look a whole lot cooler (and more comfortable, too). *—Nick Sullivan* 

> Jacket (\$1,155), sweater (\$415), and trousers (\$315) by **Z Zegna;** zegna .com. Boots (\$365) by **Wolverine:** wolverine.com



Time was, rag socks like these worked only on the trail. But with today's high-low, boots-and-suits mentality, they'll get a lot more mileage.

His.

Above: Trousers (\$335) by **Massimo Alba;** massimoalba.com. Boots (\$365) by **Wolverine;** wolverine.com. Socks (\$23) by **L.L.Bean;** Ilbean.com. Right: Jacket (\$9,195) and sweater (\$4,500) by **Kiton;** kiton.it.



TTE



The baseball stitch on this bomber sews up a raglan sleeve: a shoulder detail designed for easyon, easy-off mobility.

> Jacket (\$13,100) by Hermès; hermes.com. T-shirt (\$95) by Joseph Abboud; josephabboud .com. Trousers (\$320) by Officine Générale; officinegenerale.com. Speedmaster Professional watch (\$6,250) by Omega; omegawatches.com.

## Take It Down a Notch

Closing the bottom button—not the middle—on a doublebreasted jacket lengthens the lapel and gives your chest some breathing room.

ALL REALL

12.12

Jacket (\$2,875), T-shirt (\$325), trousers (\$675), and pocket square (\$225) by **Brunello Cucinelli**; brunellocucinelli .com. Boots (\$850) by **Esquivel;** amarees.com.



A woven cashmere blazer has all the comfort of a cardigan with just enough structure to keep you polished.

Jacket (\$9,195), sweater (\$4,500), and trousers (\$3,340) by **Kiton**; kiton .it. T-shirt (\$120) by **Orlebar Brown**; orlebarbrown.com.

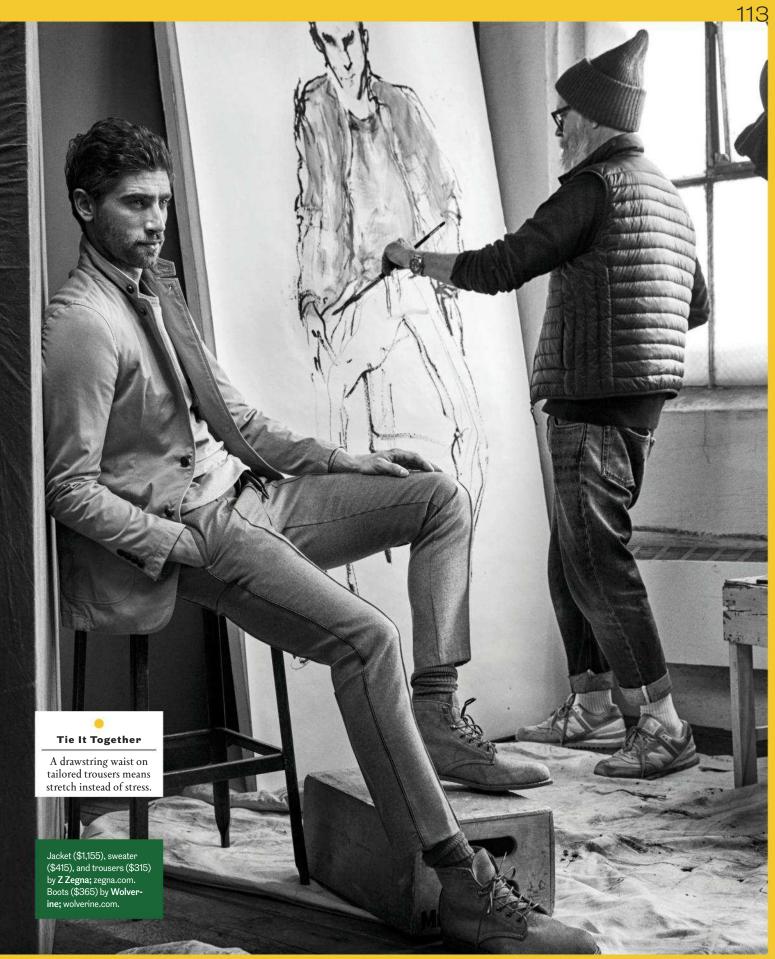
111

A silk-and-linen suit—like this one will look loose and lived-in before you make it to lunchtime.

Jacket (\$1,895) and trousers (\$595) by **Ralph Lauren;** ralphlauren.com. Shirt (\$125) by **Polo Ralph Lauren;** ralphlauren.com. Tie (\$225) by **Belvest;** belvest. com. Boots (\$950) by **Esquivel;** amarees.com.



Jacket (\$2,635) and sweater (\$735) by **Corneliani**; corneliani. com. Trousers (\$250) by **Mr. P.**; mrporter.com. Shoes (\$298) by **the Frye Company**; thefryecompany.com. Socks (\$24; pack of three) by **Gold Toe;** goldtoe.com.



ESQUIRE'S BIG BLACK BOOK

# **The Fine Art** of Being **An Original**

Thirty-nine Essential Rules to Living Life as a Man in Full



Let's get right to the point being an original and following rules? That doesn't quite add up, does it? Pharrell? Steve Jobs? Elon Musk? Friggin' Karl Ove Knausgaard? You're right: These guys achieved greatness precisely because they broke the rules.

But here's the thing: Just as all great artists need to know the rules in order to break them, no true individual becomes one on his own. He listens. He learns. Whether you call it advice, insights, mantras, rules, let's agree—there are words of wisdom that will set you apart from the drones.

And isn't that what we all seek these days, more than ever? Aren't we all nauseous from the digital dump of crap we've chosen to ingest? We thought we were tapping into a wider world of inspiration. Instead, we've been scammed and come away feeling crappy about ourselves because we're stupidly trying to achieve someone else's filtered, falsified, portraitmode picture of "perfection."

Here's what I know: You're never going to be a leader-of yourself, first and foremost-if you don't seek to stand apart. If you don't seek out your individuality. There, that's a rule.

And that's what we're talking about here. Values. Lessons. Knowledge that can be codified and, if you are so inclined, taken as commandments for better living. Rules that will remind you that in being your own man, you will inspire other men to be their best selves. -Michael Hainey

## 3.

**Trends** are the enemy of individuality.

## 4.

Never buy an entire outfit in one shopping spree. And never, ever buy it all from the same store.

## 5.

**Always wear** at least one thing that's older than you are. It gives you perspective. (See rules 20 to 27.)

## 6.

But It Helps to Have Some Advice to

**Get You Started** 

Individuality is never about the labels on your clothes. It's about how you style them.

## 7.

If someone can tell who made your clothes by looking at you, go and change. Immediately.

> **"Shoes are** the key to understanding a person."

—Massimo Piombo, designer





My father gave me this Rolex when I was 15. The bracelet was another gift. After my wife made me sell my Porsche (she thinks I drive too fast), a friend sent it as a consolation. He calls it a "watchless Rolex." —Jean Touitou, founder, A.P.C.



# ← <u>10</u> Show Up and Show Out

"Variety is, indeed, the spice of life. It governs my choices as an actor. And when it comes to fashion, I vowed a long time ago that if I had the opportunity to be on the red carpet, I would not be one of a sea of penguins, watching the girls have all the fun. If I'm invited, I might as well show up and show out." —David Oyelowo, actor

Interviews by MATT GOULET AND ADRIENNE WESTENFELD





•••• **The periods** in my career that have been stagnant usually coincided with moments when I wasn't leaning in. When I wasn't operating from my gut, when I was more operating in response to industry expectations. It's when I've decided to work purely from instinct that things have turned out well.

I've gotten good at recognizing when something I wanna do is ridiculous. I've known my closest collaborators for a long time, so there's a sounding board I can trust. I'm exploring things. Sometimes you find things that are great and sometimes you find out things are shit. The only way you can figure it out is by testing it. — Barry Jenkins, director

# **13** Have the Brains to Ask for Help

BYAXEL VERVOORDT

In 1961, I was 14 when I went to England for the first time alone on a buying trip. I had some money because I was already working and had done some business.

My plan was to buy some pieces that I could resell when I returned to Antwerp. I went to private sales in great houses in Ipswich. I visited attics full of stuff, and everything I saw was pure discovery.

How did I know what to buy?

It was then as it is now: I bought what I liked. I bought things that were beautiful and interesting if I could afford them. I followed my intuition. I bought objects that required study, a process that would eventually lead to knowledge.

It must have looked strange that a 14-year-old Flemish boy was climbing into attics to look for treasures, but I was thrilled. In my twenties, I made a name for myself by showing people how to live with things. The roots of my discoveries came from hunting around England as a teenager traveling alone.

I returned home from my very first trip with heavy suitcases.

I showed my parents the treasures that I had found. My mother invited her friends for afternoon tea so they could see everything, too.

Hall in

studio.

his design

Within days, everything was sold.



"The artists in the Bloomsbury Group are very inspiring to me. They didn't draw a line between art and design, and I've always appreciated people who apply their aesthetic to lots of different mediums." —*Luke Edward Hall, interior designer* 



This was the start of dozens of trips I took in my youth. From then on, I returned to England during school vacations and whenever I had free time.

At the end of the 1950s and early 1960s, many antiques were coming on the market from the great country houses.

I came home from trips totally weighed down. I had bags strapped to my back. Sometimes I would carry a table or a couple of chairs in my arms.

I used the profits from each sale to go back to England and hunt for new material. I saved as much as I could to improve my trade. Sometimes, if I thought something was too expensive, or if I didn't think I had the cash to spare, I called my mother.

She eliminated doubts and encouraged me.

"If you love it, buy it. That's all that matters."

As I took trips to England and built the foundation for my life, I learned about the value of money. I was careful with the profits I earned and tried to save as much as I could.

My buying trips continued over the years. But at a certain moment in my teens, I thought there was a chance I could become a horse dealer like my father. But then one day he said to me, "You're not passionate about horses like I am."

Perhaps it's Freudian, but I struggled against my father. I wanted to do everything different than he did, and maybe that's what he saw. I was discovering my passion, realizing the potential, and setting out to prove it to my family and myself.

In the end, I see clearly now that I do many things the same way that my father did. In many ways, we never understood each other. During my late teens, he wanted me to go to university and study economics. I wanted to grow my business.



"You have to study and get a job so that you can earn enough money to be a collector if that's what

> you want," my father said. He didn't realize that was what I was doing all along.

> When I was 18, I went to a party in London. There was a lot of electricity in the room. Members of the nobility were there, including the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. Their Woburn Abbey had opened to the public about ten years before, to help offset heavy taxes and restoration costs. They were selling some possessions and I had the opportunity to buy great pieces.

I needed much more money than I had. Up until then, my budget had come only from the profits from previous sales—there wasn't enough for expensive things.

For the Woburn pieces, I hesitated to ask my father for help, but I had no choice. I told him I needed money. I explained it would take me further than I'd ever been.

"I won't give you the money," he said. "I'll lend it to you."

He explained the terms.

When playing

sports, you

should always

have the right

gear, but your

clothes should

be slightly off.

I had to pay the interest on everything I borrowed from him. I had to pay him back in installments on the 15th of every month. I accepted.

From that day, for the first several years as I built my life, I never had to ask a bank for loans. My father supported me, but he was there, waiting for every cent in return.

If I was on vacation or away from the country on the 15th, I paid before I left. I was never allowed to be late. I knew that if I broke the terms, he would stop the loans.

The first picture I bought from Woburn Abbey is one I have always treasured. It's a portrait attributed to Thomas Gainsborough of one of the daughters of George III. I see this painting every day that I'm home. When I think of my father now, I realize that back then he had begun to remove the barriers in my path as I looked to the future. Bit by bit, he built a bridge. *Axel Vervoordt is an interior designer and collector. This essay is part of his new book*, Stories and Reflections, *out now from Flammarion*.



David Beckham, 1997

David Beckham, 2018

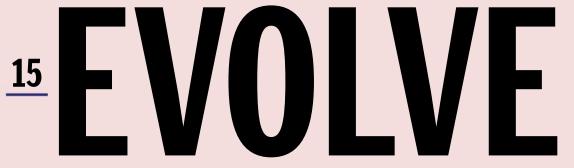


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James Brown, 1967

· · · As a teenager, I'd go to my father's garment factory and try things on. At that age, I would wander around in tartan trousers a lot because I love tartan. I thought, If you can wear a pair of plain blue trousers or a pair of tartan trousers, surely every day you'd choose the tartan because it's so much more fun. Do I wear tartan trousers today? No, I don't. I was experimenting then, and for me that was important. Looking back, I can see that a lot of that stuff didn't suit me. But having made the mistakes as a teenager-not that I would call them mistakesyou're distilling what works for you and what doesn't work. -Michael Hill, co-owner, Drake's



Do you really want to have the same haircut in middle age that you had in middle school?

# **18**Protect the Unit

•••• My family has shaped me almost entirely. I'm my mother's son, and she had a vision of what I should be capable of. She provided the means to nurture whatever it was that would become my actualized self. My grandfather was the closest thing I had to a father growing up; he was enormously inspirational. He

is in some ways a small-town, country-days man—a touchstone of masculinity and humor and selflessness. He was all man to me.

There was a deeper level of discovery that came the moment my son's head crowned at birth. My children have taught me as much as I've tried to teach them. My daughter, particularly, has taught me a new level of appreciation for what it is to be female, what it is to be a woman, and about my relationship to femininity and women. —Jeffrey Wright, actor A brigadier's canvas bag the author bought on eBay for \$50.

BRIG.W.R.COX

**20. Buying vintage military** gear is not an excuse for going about dressed up like Rambo. For me it's about liberating

great functional design from someone else's attic and blending it in with your day-to-day clothes. If you're up for some online hunting, there is treasure to be had. But it takes patience. Here's how to get started.

21. Research. Know what you're looking for. The proper search term helps narrow the field immensely. The vintage canvas bag above was once owned by Brigadier William R. Cox, DSO, of the Worcestershire Regiment. I found him on Google. He was a brigadier at the time of the queen's coronation in June 1953-and even had the distinction of leading the infantry contingent out of Westminster

Abbey after the ceremony. This is backstory. The bag you bought at Target won't have one. **22. Wait.** Don't just buy the first one you see. There'll be another one along soon. And it'll be more interesting.

**23. Read the listing.** And read it thoroughly. Check the pictures for broken zippers,

missing buttons, or a belt that's MIA. Ensure it's not a reproduction, or made for reenactments. You'd be amazed how helpful listings can be.

**24.** Go deep. Often, the best source for something is through the country where it was originally worn. Looking for a French naval raincoat? How would it be listed

in French? Try eBay.fr before eBay.com. Theoretically, every listing gets aggregated, but I swear I've hit richer veins by going local.

**25. Keep an open mind.** The best discoveries surface when you're looking for something else. Don't brush them off. If the price is right, what have you got to lose?

**26. Get used to disappointment.** It might smell, or have a weird stain. It might not fit. That'll just teach you to look more closely next time.

**27. Think like a designer.** You may want to add, or subtract. I bought two Swiss-army work shirts online. The first was too small, the second was just right, and the first provided two extra patch pockets to enhance the second. Total cost: \$47, for a jacket that would cost \$1,000 in some boutique. *—Nick Sullivan* 



## **Look Beyond Your Discipline**

"Cinematographers paint with light. Jack Cardiff was one of the great colorists, which is what drew me to him. *Black Narcissus* with Deborah Kerr was extraordinary. He would draw from Caravaggio and Vermeer—the dark light in their paintings. These people are coming from craft and tradition, and I like that. It's had a huge impact on my life as an artist." *Max Vadukul, photographer* 







# 28 Create Your Own Language

... **Clothing is a language,** a visual language. And it's one that you can learn and develop and use to express yourself as accurately as possible. What do you want to say about yourself? Your clothing should say that perfectly, so when someone looks at you, they're like, *That is the most Mark Cho clothing possible.* If you just chase what's aesthetically pleasing, I don't think you'll necessarily get to that goal. You really have to know what your clothing needs to do for you. —*Mark Cho (above), cofounder, the Armoury* 

# **30** Find Pieces That Tell a Story

... **Trends aren't** something I follow. It's more about being true to myself. I come from a tight-knit Indian family and community within the more diverse context of London. I have always straddled the line between my rich culture, my heritage, and the greater metropolis.

My jewelry represents my memories, relationships, and who I am. Jewelry has always been a part of my culture and something I have worn from a very young age. My collection has grown over the years and includes pieces that reflect my faith, travels, and aspirations as well as gifts from those closest to me. It is my armor and the manifestation of my journey through life. —Mayur Ghadialy, head men's-wear designer, Missoni

> Let your jewelry draw them in.

Clockwise from top left: Pharrell Williams, Wes Anderson, Andy Warhol, David Bowie, RuPaul, Donald Glover, Joe Strummer, Keith Richards, Walt Frazier, Tyler the Creator, Bill Cunningham, Kurt Cobain.

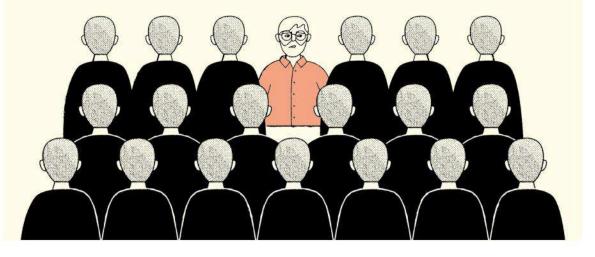
# The Originality HALL OF FAME

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Don't copy them. Be inspired by them.



## 32 Remember: Fitting In Is More Trouble Than It's Worth, Anyway

BY COLM TÓIBÍN

A few years ago, I went for a walk around the reservoir in Central Park in New York with the son of a friend of mine, a young man who knows more than I do about many matters. Having given him some suggestions about books he might read, I asked him if he had any suggestions to give to me.

"Yes. You should wear only black and white. No more colors."

"Not even navy blue?"

"Especially not navy blue!"

"Why?" I asked.

"Can I speak frankly?" he replied. "What is the alternative?"

"There is no alternative. You are too old for navy blue."

"What about socks?" "Unless you are Italian, you

must wear socks that no one notices. Are you Italian?"

"I have never been Italian in my life."

"Then black socks. But not big black woolly ones. However, there is one good brand of striped socks where the stripe is subtle. They are made by Muji. But don't overdo them." "Can I wear a gray suit rather than a black suit? Come on, give me a break!"

"As long as it's gray, as near to charcoal as you can find."

"What are the best brands?"

"For you? Theory, maybe, or Zegna. But no double-breasted. And with a white shirt."

"And a black tie as well?"

"Your neck is all wrong for any sort of ties. No ties. Do you work in business?"

"No."

"Are you running for election?"

"Me?"

"So no ties at all unless you can help it. And please try to help it. For all our sakes."

"Shoes?"

"Plain black. No shiny shoes or anything fancy."

"What should I wear on my head?"

"A black woolly cap that covers your ears. Buy it on the side of the street in New York. And you want to know the most important thing of all?"

"Yes."

"Never wear baseball caps. Never! Even if playing baseball."

"I don't know how to play baseball."

"I can imagine. But you heard me, didn't you? No baseball caps. Anyone who wears one looks like a suspect. In Ireland, I am sure, that's fine. In Ireland, everyone looks like a suspect, but it won't help you in New York." "Underpants?"

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"Brooks Brothers. Buy the most expensive ones in sets of three or six. Don't buy cheap underpants. Someone will find out. They will know by looking at you."

"Where should I buy white shirts?"

"Also Brooks Brothers. Just plain, dull Brooks Brothers."

"Is that not just for overweight businessmen?"

"It is for you. And make sure the shirts are cotton and don't be tempted to buy one with stripes. No blue. Okay? No blue! If one of the assistants asks if you need help, say yes. They always give good help."

"Should I buy suits from them?"

"Buy suits anywhere. But get the alterations done by the tailor at Bon French Cleaners at 2881 Broadway and 112th in New York. He is the best. He can make a suit that you swim in look like it was made for you."

"Can I mention your name when I go there?"

"No, just tell him what you want. And he will do it. You don't need an introduction."

"How do you know all this?"

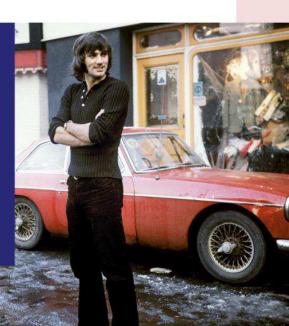
"Everyone knows all this."

"How come I don't?"

"You write too many books and spend too much time in libraries. You should get out more."

## Change the Game (and write your own rules)

Think of guys like James Dean or Steve McQueen. Then forget about them and get yourself a more interesting style icon. Like Man United legend George Best here. But not him. He's ours.





# **34** Remember Your Roots, Then Grow

... Style starts with the items that you're attracted to, the things that you research. Why are you ultimately drawn to a pair of pants, or to a shirt, to a sweater? I balance contemporary and vintage and antiques in my environment, in my life—and why is that? I have a degree in history; I went to art school. My mother did the same thing. It goes back to the roots.

As I evolve, I realize that my message is still the same, but there are different ways for me to spread that message. More subtle ways. Now I try to wear a lot less color, and I'm playing with texture and fit. I'm trying to express who I really am without having to say it in so many words. It's poetry versus essays. —Ouigi Theodore, founder, Brooklyn Circus



•••• My parents were very religious, and I was afraid of everything. My dad was very judgmental about things that he didn't understand, and it was a natural instinct for me to do the same. Eventually, I said, "Oh, I don't want to be that person who is scared of everything." So I started asking: What's making me have this reaction?

I started to realize it's just this weird intolerance that we all have. There's nothing that makes me crazier than to hear somebody my age or even younger going, "Oh! Rap music,"



or getting down on some other genre. That's all crap? Really? Have you listened to it? Have you really given it a shot? Intolerance of any

sort is something we have to fight. It's our default setting in the

brain, because we're raised in our little tribes or whatever: You stick with your group; the outsider is a threat. But that doesn't count anymore. That's why I love cities, because they're melting pots. You're around everything. All culture, all ideas. —*Paul Feig, director* 



# **37** Embrace the Opposites

I was adopted from Korea and grew up in Oklahoma. I spent a good portion of my life trying to fit in. When I realized that I could be myself, things got easier—especially with food. I'll throw everything at the wall and see what sticks. That's come through in pairing things like truffles and spicy grilled chili jam. I'd never had that combination. There's a place to ask that question: Why not? —Danny Bowien, chef



**38** You'll never be an individual while the clothes are wearing you.

David Hockney

**BORING**\*

You're the Boss of You. Get Creative.

... There's no surer path to one-of-a-kind style than wearing pieces no one else has. You don't have to go bespoke, either: You just have to get crafty. For instance, spruce up a tired old jacket by switching out the buttons. And don't settle for the usual. Find some dinged-up livery buttons (above)the kind worn on servants' uniforms on country estates in the 19th century. It's stirring, heraldic stuff: all arms shaking spears and lions eating swords. Dig them up online. They don't have to match, as long as they're about the same size and fit comfortably through the buttonholes of your jacket. No one's going to mistake you for the help when you look like a king. —*N. S.* 

\* Unless you are getting married or buried.

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\*RPM, THAT IS

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**RELEASE THE BEAST** The Mercedes-AMG Project One gets ready to take on the streets of downtown Los Angeles.

Wilhardt

STOP

The **Project One, Mercedes-AMG's** first blindingly fast, technologically out-of-this-world **hypercar,** is poised to give other ultrarare **street rockets** a run for their money ...millions of it

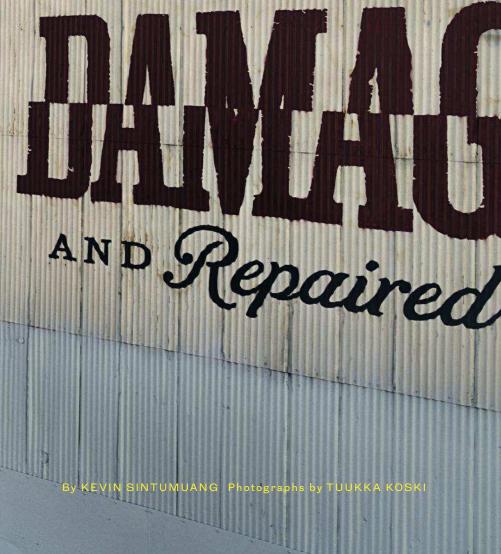
> **It's gauche to start** with numbers, but when we're referring to a \$2.75 million hypercar, we're not going to start with the color of the seat belts, are we? (But we'll get to that.)

> So let's talk numbers: The Mercedes-AMG Project One, the carmaker's first foray into the ultraluxe stratosphere of insanely fast hypercars that include the Bugatti Chiron, Aston Martin Valkyrie, and Pagani Zonda, produces a planetmoving 1,000 horsepower. It can go from 0 to 124 mph in less time than it takes to read this sentence. (Six seconds.) It's powered by a 1.6-liter V-6 (and four electric motors) that screeches up to 11,000 rpm. (Your average Civic gets up to a mere 5,500 rpm. The Ferrari Superfast, 8,500.) It is a plug-in hybrid, with an all-electric range of about 15 miles. So yes, it qualifies for the HOV lane in California.

> But you want real exclusivity? Only 275 examples of what is ostensibly a street-legal F1 car—the first prototype contained the same engine Lewis Hamilton uses—will be made. Mercedes-AMG allocated 55 for the U.S. All of them have been spoken for. (Just a few buyers are women, in case you were wondering which gender is still overcompensating for something.)

As is becoming the norm with hypercars, you couldn't just write a check to buy the Project One. You needed to apply. Mercedes received around 400 applications in the U.S. and 1,100 worldwide. The ultimate decision of who received the privilege to plunk down the cost of a very nice Manhattan pied-à-terre on a vehicle came down to AMG CEO Tobias Moers and Dietmar Exler, the president and CEO of Mercedes-Benz USA. What separated one billionaire from the next? The things taken into consideration were a lot like the criteria Ford GT buyers were subject to when applying to purchase the American company's otherworldly supercar: A large social-media following helped, as did the sense that you were going to actually drive the car and display it at events as opposed to flipping it or, worse, mothballing it within your hangar of bespoke vehicles. continued **>** 

# PROBLEMS DIAG







## What's It Like to Drive 3 Million Bucks?

We take the Bugatti Chiron, sequel to the vehicle that kicked off the current hypercar era, for a spin

You try not to get hung up on the cost. Or the fact that many who purchased the Chiron (of which only 500 will be made) bought two, as if they were shoes. It will lead you into an existential spiral. Instead, you concentrate on what's real: the new, visceral sensations that only a car with a spareno-expense development budget can deliver. Such as the sound of four turbos dumping their air pressure through wastegates like a dragon huffing angrily through its nostrils. Or the rock-solid sense of control you have, even at 130 mph. Or the unplanned "Wooo!" you belt out when you floor it and watch a bespoke gauge displaying horsepower climb. (There are 1,500 at your disposal, but unless you have miles of open space, you'll experience only a fraction of them.) In a universe where incredible speed can be had even at moderate prices, hypercars like the Chiron and Veyron still manage to feel singular. They feel, somehow, worth it. —K.S.

## The Origins of One



I MAL BETZ

## MERCEDES-BENZ

MERCEDES-BENZ 300 SL The "Gullwing" was a spaceship in its time. Its straight six could power the car up to 160 mph, making it one of the world's fastest production cars fastest production cars in the '50s and '60s.



**MERCEDES-BENZ 300 SLR** The low shoulder line of the SLR, driven by Sir Stirling Moss in the 1955 Mille Miglia, was a big inspiration for the shape of the Project One.



· W. SNOW

## MERCEDES-AMG F1 CAR

F1 CAR The plug-in hybrid drive system of Lewis Hamilton's car is essentially what will power the Project One—it's also where it got its roofline air inlet.

BLITZEN-BENZ It averaged 141 mph, an astonishing record in 1911, when trains and even planes couldn't move that fast.

#### continued **>**

But the initial barrier before even being considered for Club Project One? You must have owned at least 20 Mercedes in your lifetime.

"It was a very difficult conversation to have with the customer who owned 18 Mercedes," Heiko Schmidt, head of AMG North America, says.

Just had to buy that Lexus in '03, didn't you? (Hypercar buyers, as one can surmise, live in a rarefied world. Schmidt tells me AMG poached one of its main liaisons for Project One customers from Porsche because of her experience with the clientele who purchased that company's pioneer-

ing hybrid hypercar, the 918.) Much of the Project One can be customized, with the exception of the seat belts, because of byzantine safety regulations. (You'll still be able to choose from a set of colors, however.) Deliveries aren't until 2019; until then, the lucky 275 will be treated to custom seat fittings (the seat is built into the carbon-fiber monocoque to save weight, but the pedals will be adjustable), get a look at their engine being hand-assembled, take rides in proper F1 cars, and receive special training in how to handle a 1,000 hp land rocket. It will be the first consumer Mercedes built in Brackley and Brixworth, in England, where the cars for the company's F1 team are manufactured.

Based on numbers alone, it's easy to dismiss the Project One as just another billionaire's plaything, but it's bigger than that. For one, its appearance is more classic than the angry, angular look that seems to be the prevalent design language for many million-dollar-plus automobiles these days, as if one of Michael Bay's Transformers were trapped halfway between car and robot. Sure, it has thin, mean eyes and a menacing fin, but it still has curves. It still elicits that old-school, sensual feeling of yearning. "It's similar to Stirling Moss's SLRs in the '50s," Gorden Wagener, Mercedes's chief design officer, tells me during a walkthrough of the car, pointing out how the shoulder line is at wheel level on both vehicles. "We didn't want it to look like a hypercar."

Secondly, the technology that drives the Project One won't simply be for the 0.0001 percent. The goal, at least initially, is for the innovative hybrid tech that is able to squeeze out enormous amounts of power from a relatively small engine to make its way into other Mercedes sports cars. Albeit maybe more for the 1.0 percent at first.

It makes you root for these machines, even though most of us will never drive one. For the überwealthy, hypercars present a burgeoning investment opportunity. For everyone else, and the big companies that make them, they're an investment in keeping cars exciting to drive until the day autonomous cars drive us.



## l Won't Bite

PRODUCTION BY ARLIE CA

The bold, sharklike fin is the One's defining exterior characteristic. The interior is spare like an F1 cockpit, albeit with a few concessions for comfort, such as AC.



## Land of the Stars

(continued from page 76)



Francisco," he recalls. "That really shows you how recent this all is. This was a huge dice roll for me when I started. The first two or three years were fucking scary, man. I never could have imagined that the dining scene would evolve to this place."

A similar gamble has been woven into the business model at Californios, in the Mission, where a family trio-chef Val M. Cantu; his wife, Carolyn, the maître d'; and her sister, general manager and beverage director Charlotte Randolph-joined forces to open their intimate tasting-menu sanctuary early in 2015. Anywhere else, a young chef like Cantu (he's 33) might have been nudged toward venturing forth with something overtly crowd-pleasing and casual, but "I just decided I didn't want to cook that way," he says. "This is what I'm passionate about: fine dining." The bill of fare at Californios-mushroom tacos, a fire-blackened cross section of mandarin oranges, a porridge of beans fedora'd with caviar and leaves of gold, a churro ribboned with foie gras-represents his spin on Mexican foodways. (His ancestry is Mexican and Venezuelan.) "Our food is about California, and it channels my cultural background," he says. In that sense, it's emblematic of the San Francisco moment in cooking, a moment marked by, as Cantu puts it, "people putting themselves on the line to display what they believe in."

## "You're gonna have to give me a hand."

Erik Anderson needs assistance with the duck press. He asks me to grab the base of the metal device, an imported French behemoth that is about 120 years old, so that he can throw all his weight into turning what looks like a steampunk steering wheel. From a spout at the bottom pours a trickle of bird blood and bone marrow. "The Romans have been making sauces out of bones for thousands of years," he says here in a private room at Coi.

For lunch, Anderson is making me a Gallic classic associated with La Tour d'Argent in Paris. Duck is used there; he's opting for squab. What he squeezes out of the press is only part of what goes into the ethereal, stick-to-your-mouth sauce. Over the blue flame of a sterling-silver "spirit burner" from London, he flambés a generous pour of cognac and throws red wine and thyme and peppercorns and mandarin peels and other things into the saucepan. "The dish is more about the sauce than the actual meat," he explains.

Anderson is in a weird position. He's the new chef at Coi. Last October, the restaurant landed three Michelin stars, but by November the chef whose cooking had earned those stars, Matthew Kirkley, had departed. Coi is owned by chef Daniel Patterson, who is often still identified as the top toque in the kitchen even though Patterson would be the first to tell you that he no longer cooks there. Which means that the 45-year-old Anderson, a veteran of the Catbird Seat in Nashville and more recently a transplant from Minneapolis—"I'm like the new kid here," he says—has to carve out a reputation for himself in an elite dining destination that's mistakenly associated with two other people.

He's doing so with a lusty ode to tradition. The thrill of the San Francisco food scene right now is that chefs truly get to express themselves through tasting menus. "One of the beauties of it is when you can see somebody's personality through the meal," Anderson says. So while Dominique Crenn is exploring her connection to poetry and Corey Lee is mining his heritage, Anderson is setting out to redefine the experience at Coi as one grounded in the grand kitchens of Europe.

If you look at all of these San Francisco chefs through the lens of Saison's Joshua Skenes, what they're all seeking—and getting a chance to locate, thanks to deep pockets in the cityis a flow state. "You've got to find your flow state," Skenes says. "Every craft has one. A flow state is where you are just observing yourself. You are not reacting. You're working the best that you have ever worked but nothing can distract you from it." What that means for Skenes is a near-pathological fixation on the nuance of flavor-the absolute rightness of handmade sea salt ("Kosher salt's banned from our restaurant," he says), caviar that doesn't taste like it came from a mucky aquaculture tank ("Zero pond-scum flavor—it's got to be from spring water"), and mulberries whose succulence cannot be questioned because he owns the damn orchard. Skenes used to worship the mulberries he ate at Chez Panisse, the OG Berkeley landmark where Alice Waters and Jeremiah Tower kick-started what we now think of as California cuisine.

"Until recently, the mulberries I had there were the best mulberries I had ever put in my mouth," Skenes says. "That was until I started growing them."

## Credits

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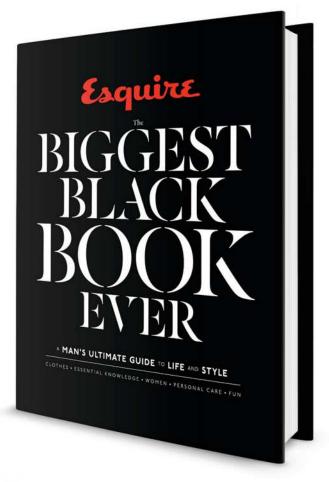
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## J.F. KHAKI

From his hopsack suits to his thin ties and Ray-Bans, *John F. Kennedy* will always be one of the style gods. Now, thanks to *Abercrombie & Fitch*, and one long-lost pair of pants, you can step into a bit of his CLASSIC COOL.

BY NICK SULLIVAN

... For the better part of three decades, Abercrombie & Fitch fed trend-hungry teens so successfully that it was easy to forget its century-long heritage as a rugged outfitter. But good news for grown men who love the classics: Creative director Aaron Levine is out to reclaim the label's roots.

Every day, more timeworn Abercrombie pieces turn up at the Columbus, Ohio, campus. There are 1920s wooden snowshoes, woolly doughboy uniforms from World War I, safari jackets from the 1940s—a history of the American century rendered in cloth. But the standout find, shown here, is a pair of weathered A&F chinos once worn by President John F. Kennedy.

Sturdy, spacious, and with a razor-sharp crease, these are typical of Kennedy's and America's—off-duty uniform, and his preferred article of clothing for tooling around in *Victura*, his beloved 25-foot-long sailboat. They appear to be military-issue, complete with khaki lining, reinforced pockets, and utilitarian buttons, and may even go back to his days commanding PT boats in the Pacific theater during World War II. That's some provenance.

And while the odds are zero that you'll be the next owner of these exact chinos, this spring Abercrombie & Fitch is launching a collection inspired by JFK, with trousers similar to the museum-worthy pair at its center. Meaning you won't just put on your pants like the icon (that is, one leg at a time)—you'll channel his style, too.





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