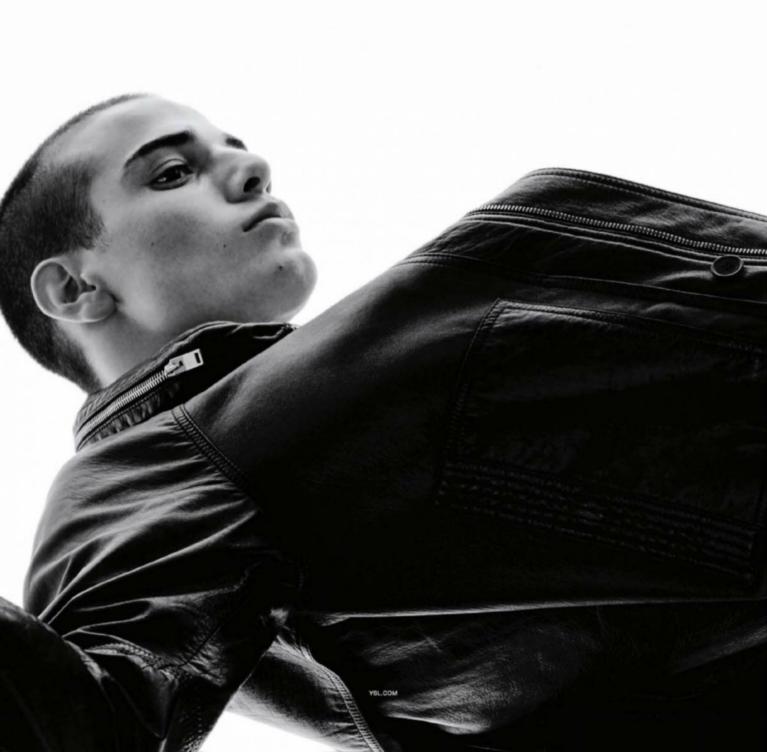




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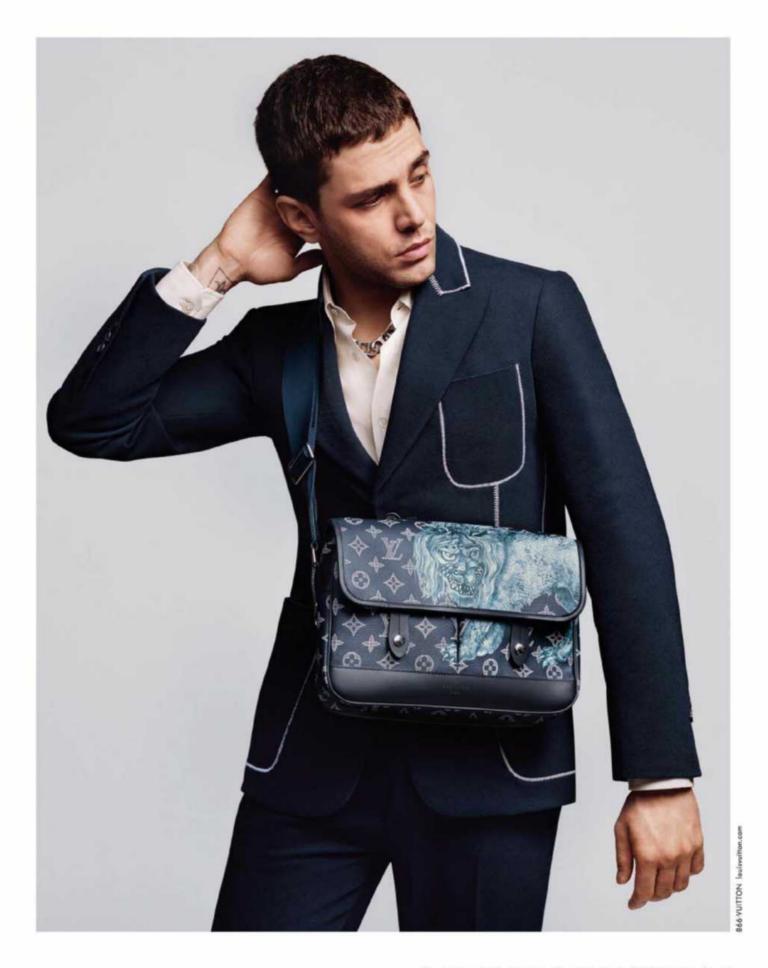


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GQ Insider Spotlight

PHILIPP TRIEBEL

FOUNDER AND CO-CEO OF IVY | NEW YORK CITY

TELL US ABOUT IVY.

While in school, intellectual growth and uninhibited fun coexist harmoniously. However, once you leave, it's difficult to find that kind of thriving environment. IVY provides a solution to this problem. We are the world's first Social University—a global community of entrepreneurs, artists, innovators, and scholars comprised of over 20,000 members and 200,000 supporters. Each week, we introduce our members to the most inspiring people, ideas, and experiences available, and facilitate connections via our digital platform. We transformed our seven chapter cities into "campuses," with "classrooms" ranging from dinner tables to museums and theaters. Our professors consist of top experts teaching a curriculum that

spans entrepreneurship, the arts, policy, social impact, wellness, science, and philosophy.

WHAT INFLUENCE HAS GQ HAD ON YOUR STYLE?

The GQ man is always classy, yet always ready for action, and GQ has helped me be versatile while maintaining a sense of professionalism. Sitting at the intersection of a fun-loving social community and an elevated global network of innovators and leaders, IVY hosts unforgettable events ranging from black-tie galas to art labs and sporting events, so fashion becomes an important part of shifting between such diverse experiences. Taking points from GQ keeps me ready to do anything that IVY throws my way!

HOW DOES GO IMPACT YOUR SOCIAL INFLUENCE?

The GQ community and brand represents a diverse array of perspectives and brilliant new ideas. GQ helps me expand my reach, and helps get my specific mission and story to the right ears.

HOW HAS YOUR EXPERIENCE BEEN AS A GQ INSIDER?

The GQ Insider events have been unforgettable, especially the ones at the Gent! I love meeting like-minded people whose unique takes on fashion and culture can teach me something new.



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Sports jacket, \$2,495, by
Giorgio Armani. Sweater,
\$90, by Armani Exchange.
Pants, \$65, by Nike. Necklace
by Miansai. Watch by Rolex.
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by Larry King at Streeters. by Larry King at Streeters.

Where to buy it?
Go to the fashion directories on GQ.com to find out. All prices quoted are approximate and subject to change.

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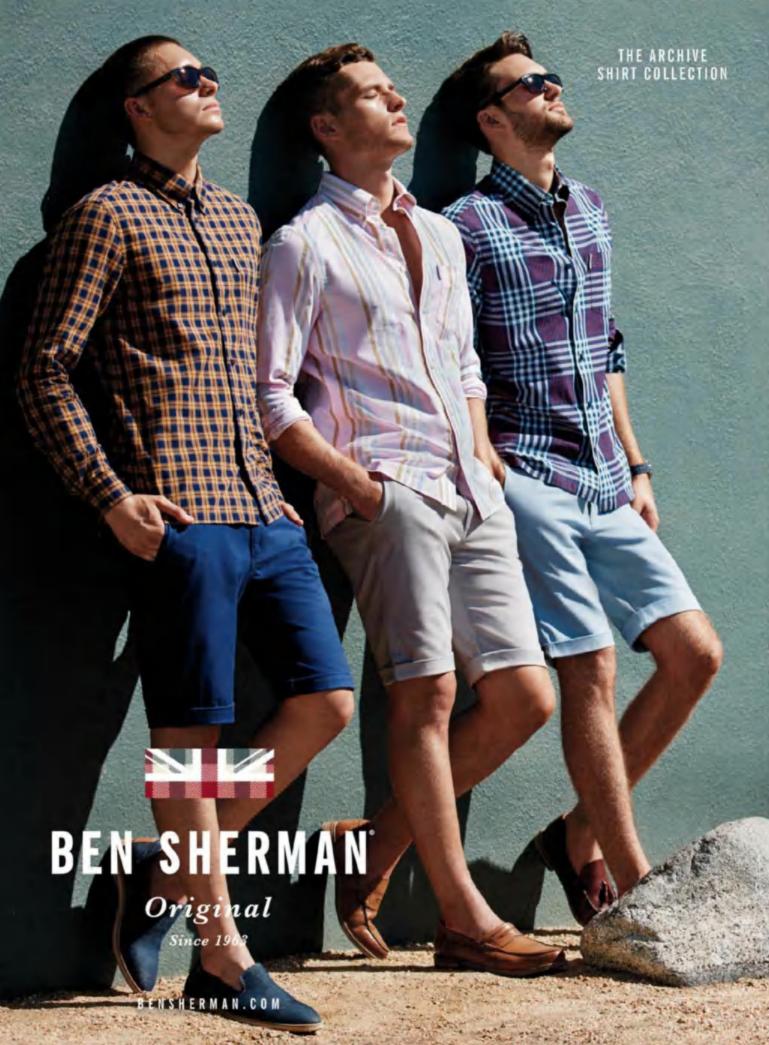
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the editors of GQ will select a series of items from our pages available through our online retail partner,
Mr Porter.com

more—and see different ways to wear what we've chosen this month—go to 60.00M/SELECTS

JUST A FEW OF OUR PICKS FROM THIS ISSUE...



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Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci sneakers P. 123



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Visvim shirt P. 111

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1. A guest shops at the fashion designer preview 2, Hennessy V.S.O.P Privilège 11, Hennessy cocktails are poured for attendees 1. Guests in attendance at The Gent

November 2016, New York City

TOASTING THE GOOD LIFE WITH HENNESSY V.S.O.P PRIVILÈGE

GQ and Hennessy V.S.O.P Privilège partnered to celebrate those who never stop and never settle in their pursuits of life and style. Through a three-part event series hosted at GQ's invite-only experiential space, The Gent, a guest list of New York's well-heeled gathered to toast Hennessy V.S.O.P Privilège at a fashion designer preview, pro football screening, and cocktail showcase. Explore the world of Hennessy at hennessy.com.

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GRAMMYS GONE WILD: GO + LIL CHAND

Thanks to three Grammy wins for co-host Chance the Rapper, the GQ afterparty at the Chateau Marmont had a "We just won homecoming" vibe. The biggest names in music showed up and turned up, juggling drinks with bowls of Handel's Homemade Ice Cream and dancing along to Migos. It was hard to say who looked happier: Chance or his fans. "It's just great to see somebody that is making art that is different from everybody else," Leon Bridges said. "It's exciting to see a cat dedicated to making good music taking home some Grammys."

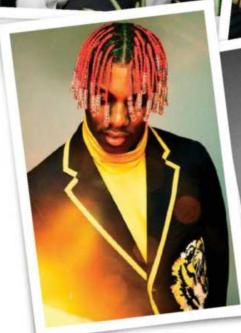
▲ Everyone lined up to meet Quincy Jones. From left: Chrissy Teigen, John Legend, Jones, and GQ editor-in-chief



On Grammy night, the "3" on Chance's signature hat was gold. Third mixtage, three Grammys: "Three just seems to be your lucky number," said singer Kehlani.

"He so deserves this. He's so talented. I love how he creates new avenues for himself beyond the traditional. When he wins, I feel like it's a win for everyone. Especially the millennial generation. He speaks for what we're all about.'

-KEKE PALMER



Clockwise from top left: Snoop Dogg lights up and holds court; Takeoff, Quavo, and Offset of Migos pose for a post-performance portrait; actress Keke Palmer; rapper Lil Yachty.

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fabulous. I commend him 100 percent. He's a





GUCCI



BANANA REPUBLIC





Three Young Designers Bring Back Custom Suits—and They're Actually Affordable

• Until recently, made-to-measure suiting was on the sartorial endangered-species list. Why would you go to the trouble and expense of getting a suit made when J.Crew, Topman, and Suitsupply can kit you out for the price of a nice dinner? Custom suits may never be quite that cheap—they're more like the price of an overseas flight—but that's still affordable enough to take seriously, especially since nothing will ever make you look better, feel better, or walk taller. And they're actually no trouble at all: You just go get measured, choose all the details of your jacket and pants (which is fun!), and then in two months receive a new suit made exactly to your specs. Including a zebra-striped lining, if that's your thing.—MARK ANTHONY GREEN





"I'm Australian, mate," Patrick Johnson says in an accent straight out of a Foster's commercial. "I can't have old wood and leather chairs in my showroom, where people are sitting around smoking cigars and drinking whiskey." Johnson's idea is to be more natural, more modern, to suck the pretension right

out of the customsuit experience. Which explains the setup of his only American showroom (pictured at left), a serene white-walled New York oasis that's flooded with sunlight and inhabited by a lazy spaniel named Layla. This is where you get fitted, flip through fabric swatches, and discuss all the tailoring parameters of the suit he's about to make you.

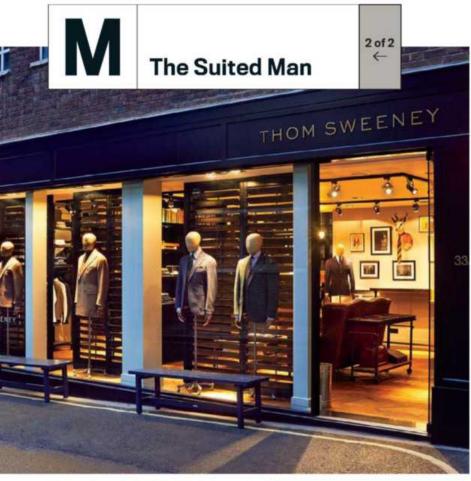
"Walking into a tailoring space is quite intimidating for a lot of men," Johnson says. "One, you're not quite sure what's going on. Two, someone's looking at your body and taking measurements while asking you all these questions. So we like to create these spaces that are really comfortable, where we can work out how to help our clients with their wardrobes."

Johnson's suits are similarly relaxed. They often don't have linings or shoulder pads, they start around a reasonable \$1,500, and they originate from fabrics so soft you'll want a custom pajama set along with the wedding suit you helped design. "Guys today are really after an experience," Johnson says, "They don't want to go into a shop and buy something straight off the rack that everyone can have. They want to be part of the creation process."-NICK MARINO





EMPORIO ARMANI









WHO THEY ARE The very Britishly named Thom Whiddett and Luke Sweeney are two chaps in their mid-30s who learned under the revered Welsh tailor Timothy Everest, then saw an opportunity. "We just felt there was a gap in the market for guys who made clothes in the traditional way but with a younger take and a younger eye," Sweeney says. Prices start around \$1,900.

ENGLISH RIGOR, ITALIAN STYLE

'Our favorite bits of Savile Row tailoring were that high armhole that gives you a nice shape to the body, especially if you have a slim sleeve," Whiddett says. "But we didn't like the fact that it felt so stiff and so rigid, almost military. So we took Italian construction with a softer shoulder and lighter canvas. That way the garment moves with you."

HOW TO BUY IT

Next time you're in London, pop into their two locations in Mayfair. Or catch them in N.Y.C., where they do regular trunk shows and fittings until they can swing a permanent local storefront.—N.M.



BROOKLYN, U.S.A. EST. 2016

After stints with Thom Browne and Club Monaco, he's now out on his own making made-to-order suits (starting at \$1,850) with a subtle—and sometimes not-so-subtle—edge.



My suits have a particular cut to them-we based our sport coat off a 1940s golfing jacket that has this really forward posture. That stance gives you a toughguy appearance. The image I'm trying to put out there is a mix of wholesome Americana and also the flip side. which is overt masculine sexuality. When you put those two things together, it's like Norman Rockwell meets Tom of Finland.

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Who Said a Collared Shirt Needs a Collar?

If you're not wearing a tie, you might as well lose the stiff corporate collar altogether. Here, five New Yorkers loosen up for spring with band-collar shirts



CONOR KELLY, 31
senior SoulCycle instructor
Shirt \$148 | Michael Bastian Gray Label | nordstrom.com



ANDREW YOUNG, 28
creative director
Shirt \$90 | Club Monaco | clubmonaco.com



BLAKE KENNEDY, 21 student Shirt \$690 | Visvim | visvim.tv



ZESHAN MALIK, 31
creative strategist
Shirt \$375 | Brunello Cucinelli
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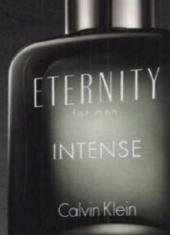
MATEUSZ LILPOP, 36 co-owner of Lalo restaurant Shirt \$295 | Eidos | martinpatrick3.com

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Calvin Klein

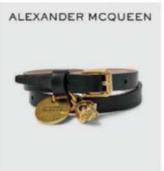
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M The Style Guy

This month, style editor Mark Anthony Green tells you what to wear to your interview and what to never-ever, ever-wear to your wedding. (Ever)



I'm interviewing at a tech start-up that has a hoodies/T-shirts/ball caps dress code. Do I dress like I would if I worked there, or does it still hold that I should always wear a suit?

I generally call bullshit on supposedly ironclad style rules: Always match your belt with your shoes. Don't mix gold with silver. No fur shorts after MLK Day. I picture the guy who wrote those rules 100 years ago as some lonely, swaggerless curmudgeon intent on replacing joy with uniformity. But dressing for a job interview is a rare instance when I agree with the grump. Wear a suit and tie. (Try Zara for one that won't make you look like an accountant.) Sure, it may be the only time your future co-workers will see you wear it. But the biggest hurdle is letting them know you're serious. Trying too hard is better than trying to fit in. Suit up.

Don't Be Afraid of the Man Ring, Man

I'm always on the hunt for unique rings—I wear eight every day— and Brooklyn-based LHN is my latest find. Each ring is one part tattoo artist, one part treasure hunter, one part hopeless romantic, with a patina that makes it look hard-won, even if your quest to acquire it only involved submitting your PayPal info.



Clockwise from top left: \$195 | \$170 | \$140 | \$450 | \$450 | \$296 all by LHN Jewelry | Ihnjewelry.com

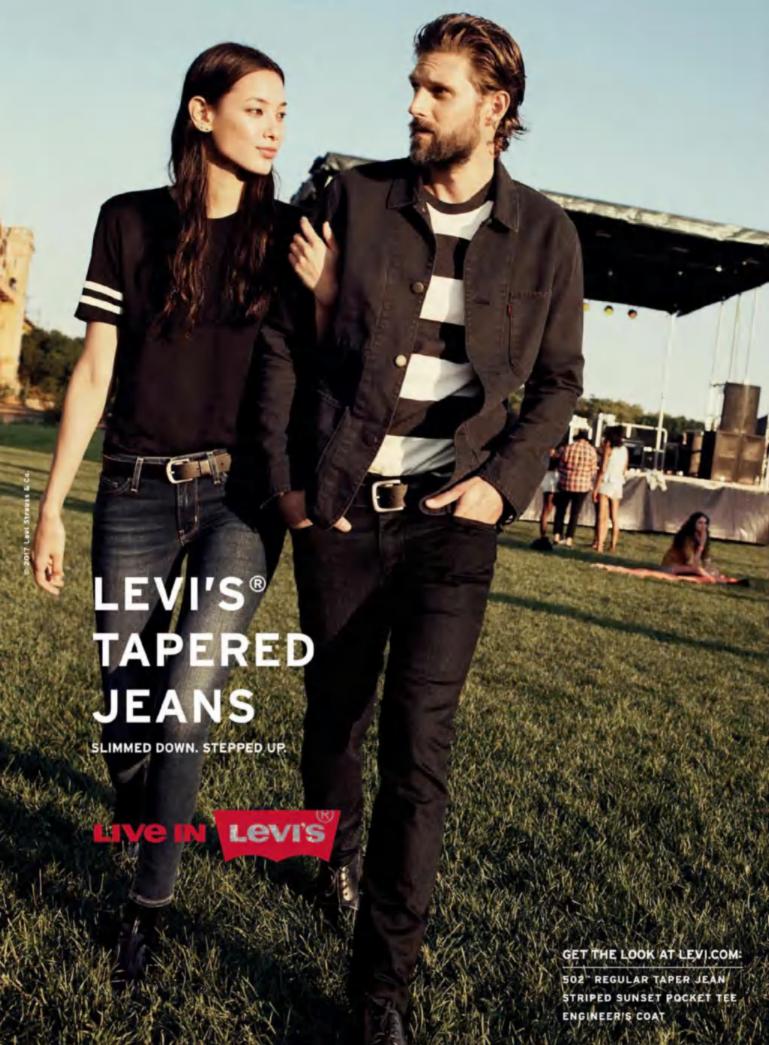
ddings this ye including my own So I'm thinking I'd mix it up on my big day. Thought on a turtien

» When the ancient Egyptians created the wedding ring, it wasn't about announcing your status. It was about the simplicity of the circle: infinity and eternity. Your weddingday outfit should be considered with that kind of timelessness in mind. So, with the Egyptians gazing down on you, do you want to wear a turtleneck to your own wedding? The answer: Hell no.

I've tried to do the "air tie," but it just looks like got my tie. What » Easy! Wrong shirt. Your collar is probably too spread and it looks like something is missing. Solution: You can get a killer pointed-collar, airtie-ready shirt at Cos for less than a hundred bucks.

make me look like an expert trav or an ad for a » It works if they're cool bags like the ones Filson makes. The best look for a traveler, though, isn't "expert" but "explorer": duffel bag from Morocco, backpack from Brazil, toiletry bag from a defunct Italian boutique. Find pieces that work together but tell different stories. The bonus is you're not gonna snatch 12 black roller bags off the carousel before you find yours.

The Style Guy is in! Send questions to styleguy@GQ.com or @GQStyleGuy.



Too Cool to Fail: Why Trump Can't Kill D.C.'s Mojo

Even a government full of government-haters won't crush the nightlife created under Obama

> When President Trump half moved to Washington, D.C., earlier this year, he inherited from his predecessor six years of job growth and a city that was, for the first time in its history, actually kind of cool. We knew what he was planning to do to Obamacare, but what would Trump mean for the city? Not a lot. (Not yet,

at least.)

Two hotel openings, this year and last. are proof of a slow and fundamental shift. (No, neither place is owned by Trump.) First, The Watergateyes, that one-threw open its doors after a three-year renovation. Then the geniuses behind The Line, the culty Koreatown hotel that helped re-center L.A.'s nightlife, set their sights on the Adams

Morgan neighborhood. The gutted church, now the hotel's second outpost, was designed to be as porous to the community as possible: A functioning radio station holds court in the corner of the lobby, surrounded by a handful of places to eat, chill, or get hammered in. On the higher floors, views stretch straight out to the Washington Monument.

And then there are the restaurants-those little neighborhood joints that annually make appearances on Best New lists (including ours). Just around the corner from The Line, Tail Up Goat is doing the city's best nouveau Mediterranean menu. (Nouveau Mediterranean? It's when a place has cannoli but the cannoli comes with Chartreuse.) Weeknights here are loud and filled with regulars-the somm works the room as if he were running into old friends. The onslaught of spicy dishes that head out into the tiny dining room at Bad Saint makes you feel as though the kitchen is staffed with Filipina grandmas who don't think you're eating enough. And then there's Pineapple and Pearls, a purveyor of super-high-end tasting menus hidden in a long, bright room behind a small, seatless café. Come in the morning

for espresso; at night,

show up (with a hardwon reservation) for a dozen courses of mind-boggling creativity, like a broth steeped tableside in a Japanese siphonstyle coffee brewer. Maybe a handful of American restaurants are as impressive.

Barmini and
Service Bar represent
different poles of
the bartenderswith-liquid-nitrogen
trend—Barmini in
a clean-lined, lab-like
space; Service Bar
in an eccentric den on
buzzy U Street. Room
11, right up the block
from Bad Saint,
updates classics with
deftness and wit (and
occasionally thyme).

It's as if the energy of the Obama years were still intact. Maybe that's because the first-ever eater-inchief still lives here, while his successor commutes back and forth from Florida.

—MARK BYRNE

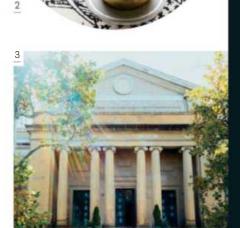
Barmini's drinks lab...

...where the Carmen Goes to Bollywood is made 3+4

Rest up at The Line, a former church.

A "palate cleanser" at Pineapple and Pearls

The National Museum of African American History and Culture—something else in D.C. that'll outlast the president















The Cheap Man's Guide to a Better Kitchen

Even the most ambitious home cooks should only shell out for a few key tools. Everything else can be thrifty, so you'll have plenty left over to spend on what matters most: the food

• FOR THE PAST 39 YEARS, I've eaten out of plastic containers. I've never kept many kitchen tools in my home and honestly never cared. Now that I'm recently married, though, I'm in the market for real kitchen equipment—while making sure it doesn't look like Martha Stewart threw up in my home. (Love ya, Martha.)

One thing I've realized is that there's absolutely no need to buy everything from a bougie cookware retailer like Williams Sonoma. Some stuff, yes. Splurge on items that will last you generations and look good, too. Otherwise, be a cheapskate.

WHAT YOU ACTUALLY NEED

• Without a doubt, invest in the right pots and pans. I've been cooking more traditional Korean stews at home lately, and I'm in love with *donabe* (clay pots), especially ones from **Blissio.** A Dutch oven, the Euro-sibling of the *donabe*, is equally awesome, and **Le Creuset** has you covered for these and stockpots. Mix and match; these pots are kitchen decor in themselves. Aluminum warps and scratches easily—bad for your decor *and* your health—so for other pots, you should treat yourself to **Mauviel** copper. These pieces look stunning, heat evenly, and are so worth the investment.

For pans, steer clear of Teflon; you'll throw those away within a year. What you want are the kind you can both use on the stovetop and put in the oven. Like **All-Clad** stainless steel, for example. Or cast iron, which is great for everything from scrambling eggs to searing steaks. Pretty much all the heavy-duty Americanmade cast-iron skillets will last forever.

And they're nothing fancy—you can pick yours up the next time you're at a hunting store.

For food prep, you'll want a strong cutting board. Too many people buy crappy plastic boards, and I'm here to tell you that utilitarian hardwood is the way to go. Wood boards not only look better but are also thought to be more sanitary. And unless you put them in the dishwasher, they shouldn't dry out and split. **Boos Blocks** makes boards you'll keep out as design pieces even when you're not using them.

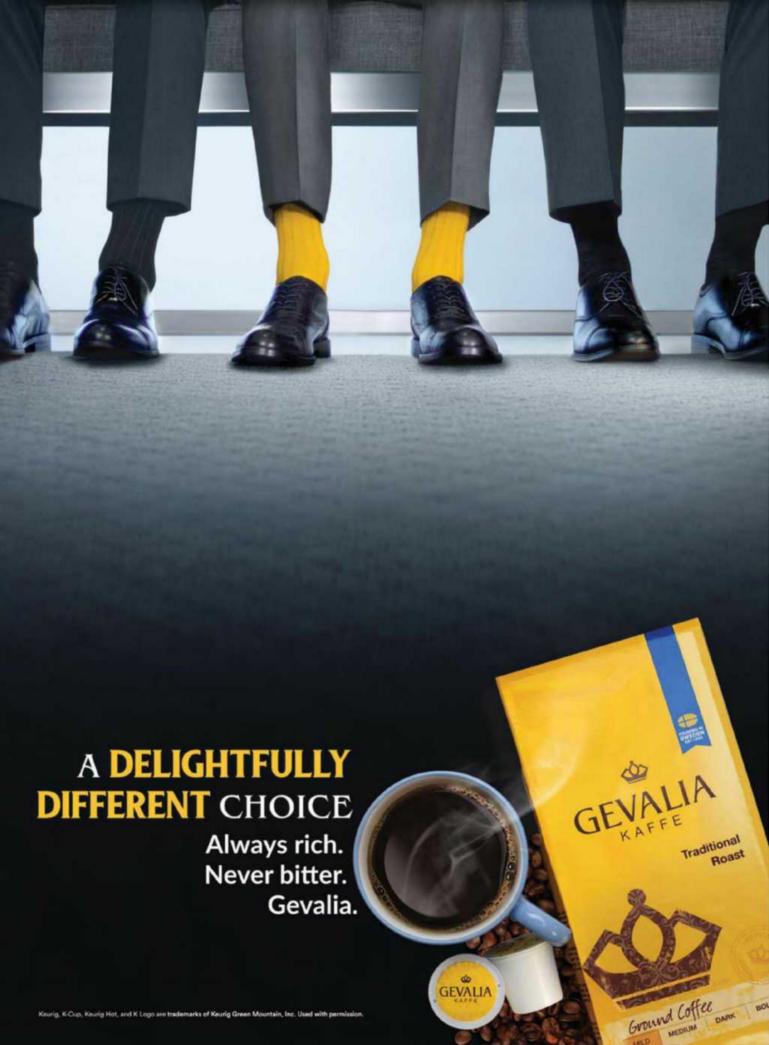
WHAT YOU CAN DO WITHOUT

• Resist the temptation to buy a full cutlery set on QVC. You only need three knives at home: a sharp, sturdy chef's knife; a paring knife from **Victorinox**; and a ten-inch serrated bread knife. They'll get you through everything.

All the other stuff? Whisks, spatulas, can openers, metal bowls? Buy these items cheap from a restaurant-supply store—every city has one—or on Amazon if you live in the sticks. Don't get me started on big fancy machines like bread makers, espresso makers, ice cream makers, and sausage grinders. If you want any of the food that originates in these machines, that's what restaurants are for.

Lastly, save all plastic take-out and delivery containers—they're the best way to store food. And please buy a real pepper mill. It annoys the shit out of me when someone has a beautiful kitchen but uses a crappy pepper mill or, even worse, the pre-ground stuff. Pepper tells you volumes about a person.







A Modest Proposal

> Hey! Everybody! Stop Shouting!



It's a contentious time to strike up a conversation in America. And yet with Uber/Airbnb/Tinder, we're interacting with strangers more than ever. Thankfully, **Billy Eichner**, a man who became famous by shouting at people he doesn't know on *Billy on the Street*, can help you understand the limits of such an approach—even if our president can't



Pretend Your Enemy Has Your Life in His Hands...

Everyone is like, "Hollywood is a bunch of liberal, out-of-touch crybabies," but a lot of the union guys on our crews are Republicans, One of them was driving me to and from a shoot, and he told me he hated Hillary Clinton and that he didn't love Trump, either. I wanted to say, "God, I understand your reservations

about Hillary, but please think about the other option here." Part of me wanted to shake him and scream. But I politely told him how I felt. We can't all go around 24 hours a day being these crazy, screaming people. It's going to give us all heart attacks.

...Especially If He Can Tank Your Rating...

I was told by an Uber driver that I have a very low rating, and I got furious. I maybe have had one argument with an annoying, obnoxious driver. I had him pull over and let me out. That's Ubering in Trump's America, my friends. Even though cabs are dirty, the drivers are kind of mean, and they drive like lunatics, you and the driver can be assholes to each other and no one is getting a grade afterward. You don't care how they are, and they don't care

how you are. It's lovely. But you know what? I've found myself trying to be actively chattier in an Uber. I'm neurotic about my Uber rating.

...And You're Constantly Finding Yourself in the Same Room as Him

You're going to see the people in your industry at parties every year for the rest of your life. It's easy to hang on to your anger at people and be like, "I don't need that guy' But you know what? You might need that guy. You and that guy have more in common than you think. That guy turning you down for something isn't a referendum on your entire life.

Less Is More, in Life as on Grindr

I can't tell you how many guys start their conversation with me on these dating apps with "Hey, bro! What's up, bro?!" I'm like, "Bro? Don't bro me. You're not a bro. I'm not a bro." Then their profile is like seven paragraphs long, where they tell you everything about their life or philosophy. People going off on politics on Grindr is one of the stupidest things I've ever seen. That's an immediate sign to run in the other direction. A profile should be ten words or less. Anything more is serial-killer territory. I understand you're trying to carve out your place in the world, but don't do it on a sex app.



Your face is the only business card you need.

Our lubricating molecules enhance razor glide for a smooth shave with less irritation.





Timberland &

THE CULTURAL SATURATION CHART

Start at the top to learn about the things you won't be able to escape this April. Read lower for the weird stuff you can't afford to miss

HOW INSPIRATIONAL ARE THESE INSPIRING CHILDREN?

This year, a group of youngsters will melt the hearts of adults who paid \$16 to watch them do that. We sort fantastic kids from ones who suck .- CALLY WEAVER



(April 7) CHILD: Mary (Mckenna Grace) WHAT MAKES HER INSPIRING: Preternaturally gifted at math DEVIL'S ADVOCATE: Big deal, I can do math. INSPIRATIONAL RATING: *** (out of five tiny outstretched hands)



(November) CHILD: Auggie (Jacob Tremblay) WHAT MAKES HIM INSPIRING: Attends school while having a facial deformity DEVIL'S ADVOCATE: It's private school, and his mom is Julia Roberts, How bad is his life, really? INSPIRATIONAL RATING: ****



The Boss Baby (March 31) CHILD: Boss Baby (voiced by Alec Baldwin) WHAT MAKES HIM INSPIRING: Runs clandestine baby corporation outside FTC jurisdiction DEVIL'S ADVOCATE: He's an animated baby, NOT a real baby INSPIRATIONAL RATING: **





irritially an

animated half cyborg with

no cultural

background.

300

director of the original Ghost in the Shell thinks in the role

LIFE CYCLE OF A CULTURAL OPINION 'GHOST IN THE SHELL

Oh, great! Scarlett Johansson is starring in an action movie that isn't set in the Marvel or DC universel



JOKE OF THE MONTH

'What are you doing here? Oh no, did Dad finally run off because of the way you treat him?"

'No, he's in the car. I cracked a window; he's fine."

From Tracey Wigfield and Tina Fey's new NBC series, Great News (April 25). about a news producer whose mother becomes an intern on her show

THE GQ SURVEY Jenny Slate Is Gifted...

...at answering GQ's monthly questionnaire. Also, she stars with Chris Evans in Gifted (the movie) as a math prodigy's teacher.

Which fictional animal do you most relate to?

Lyle the Crocodile

TOP LEFT: COURTESY OF WILSON WEBB/2017 TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM; COURTESY OF DALE ROBINETTE/LIONSGATE; : COURTESY OF DIDIER BAVEREL/FOX; COURTESY OF WILSON WEBB/FOX SEARCHLIGHT PICTURES

What is your recurring nightmare?

I see a frog at the end of the bed. I think it's funny. I get distracted. When I look back, the troy is actually a vumpive, and I have a deep understanding of the fact that I have been footed into death. Cool, right?

What is the most embarrassing thing that's ever happened to you in a bathroom?

I did all the still that you do in the bathroom but I ded it into the worm places because I was the most drunk person of all fine, on earth, in the universe, ever.

What would you serve Morgan Freeman if he came to your dinner party?

whatever everyone else is being served. All of my dinner Parker are Horgan Freeman Ready! State's self-portrait



THE UNLIKELY RECOMMENDATION: THE FIFTH SEASON OF 'PRISON BREAK'

The title says it all: Prison Break, returning to Fox on April 4 after an eight-year hiatus, is the story of a man who intentionally gets locked up so he can mastermind the escape of his brother. It was campy and fun, butspoiler alert!—once they brake out of prison, they kept winding up back in, for no reason other than "the show is called Prison Break."

The revival finds our hero incarcerated once again, this time in Yemen. This is a neat trick, since—spoiler alert!he was electrocuted to death in the finale, sacrificing himself so his wife could (what else?) break out of prison. This is the same wife whose boxed head was delivered to his brother in the previous season, before it was revealed that the decapitated head was someone else's. I don't know



CARINA TOUS

what's better: the brother never verifying that it was actually his sister-inlaw's head, or that at some point the villains decided, Let's just send them a: random dark-haired woman's severed head and hope they don't notice."

Producers promise a "believable explanation" for the (dead) lead character's return. But they're missing the point. We're here for the batshit escape high links. -JAY WILLIS

APRIL 2017 GQ.COM 59

EVERY DAY I'M

SIDE-HUSTLIN'

G Q I N T E L L I G E N C E

Everyone we know these days has a slash. Actor/singer. Singer/poet. Poet/butcher. Butcher/ haberdasher. To help you make bank with your own passion project, we asked successful moonlighters far and wide to share their insights. Here's how to kickstart a side hustle that's not only fun in its own right; it just might be an audition for a whole new career



Five Skills Every Side-Hustler Needs

Former GQ art director Chelsea Cardinal explains how she time-managed her way right outta here



Even as a kid, I made my own clothes. But I never thought it'd turn into a career. Only after I'd spent years in magazines did it occur to me to start my own fashion line, which is now a full-time thing. Here are some strategies I developed during those crazy years when I was juggling both gigs.

Kill your inner perfectionist.

When I started my line, I quickly realized that I needed to sacrifice a little quality if I was going to get anything out the door. It hurt, but it was good for me. Leaving room for improvement the next time around can be exciting.

- Don't think, just act. Stressing about how little time you have to get stuff done only wastes the little bit of time you have. So just Nike the shit out of it. And the easiest way to do that is...
- Set micro-deadlines. I decide how much time to spend on something, even if it's only 10 or 20 minutes, and then focus only on that one thing. I might even set an alarm; fabricated urgency heightens focus. If I miss my fake deadline, whatever. The point is that I finished the thing faster, and usually better, than I would have without it.
- Work whenever you can. Some people might tell you to be super regimented about your schedule. I'd tell you the opposite. Sometimes I had the inspiration or adrenaline to work all night, and when that happened I'd go for it—not worrying about how tired I'd be the next day. On the flip side, when I felt

wrecked after getting

home from work, I would

to bed at eight, and wake

I had planned to get done

up early to do whatever

the night before.

give myself a break, go

Be a temporary hermit. During crunch times (sometimes an entire month or two in the fashion schedule) I would simplify my life by clearing my social schedule. Do this. Your friends will understand. Tell them what you're working on and why they won't see much of you, and then you're free to become a work monk.

Find an Actual Expert and Partner up



ADVICE FROM

B. J. Novak actor/writer/director/author/

"Your side hustle has to be someone else's main hustle. You're competing in a world where other people can sleep, breathe, shower, and bathe in your chosen field. so find a talented pro who is eager to team up with you for whatever you bring to it. Ultimately, your side hustle depends on this person more than it does on you."

Make Sure You're Ready for a Side Gig

Take this guiz and add up your points to find out!

When you get home from work, the first thing you do is:

- ☐ Pat your kids on their heads and then go down to your basement. a.k.a. "The Creation Station." (+13)
- ☐ Snuggle up with a new episode of This Is Us. Yay! (-8)

Which of these traits do you possess?

- Extreme focus (+10)
- Functional delusion (+5)
- □ Crippling ambivalence (-5)

How do you spend downtime at work?

- ☐ "Downtime"? Not sure I follow. (+2)
- ☐ E-mailing potential investors about my almost totally viable idea. (+9)
- ☐ Browsing my fave subreddit. /r/corgipuppy. (-8)

Naps are for...

- ☐ Right now. (-10)
- ☐ The weak. (+2)
- ☐ Babies. (+4)
- ☐ Weak babies. (+16)

How much more cash do you need?

- ☐ It'd be nice to pay for my morning coffee. (+4)
- ☐ I'm all right, but I'm too old for my savings to be only four digits. (+6)
- ☐ All of it? (+8)
- ☐ Just told my boss to fuck off, so... (+100)



YOU'RE **AS READY** ...ZA



30+points QUESTLOVE (Drummer/ memoirist/chicken moaul)

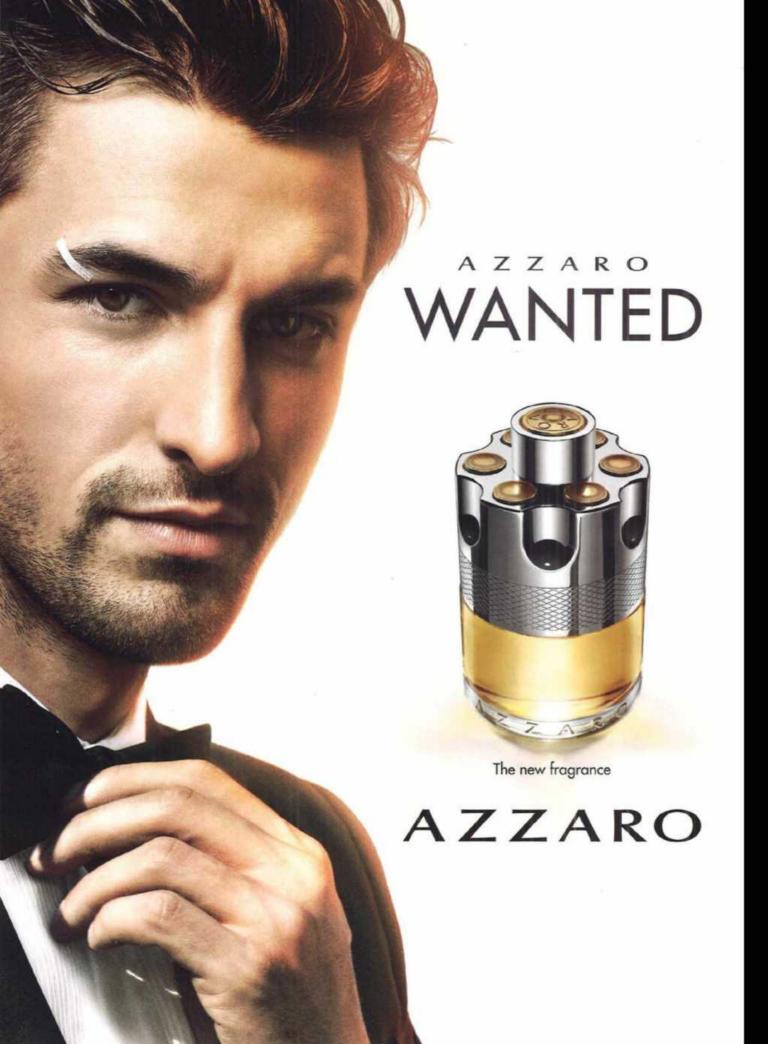


KHLOÉ KARDASHIAN (On that TV show. Has a fragrance, mavbe?)



Fewer than 0 points

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE STEPHEN BREYER (Lifetime SCOTUS gig! Awesome benefits!)



WANTED



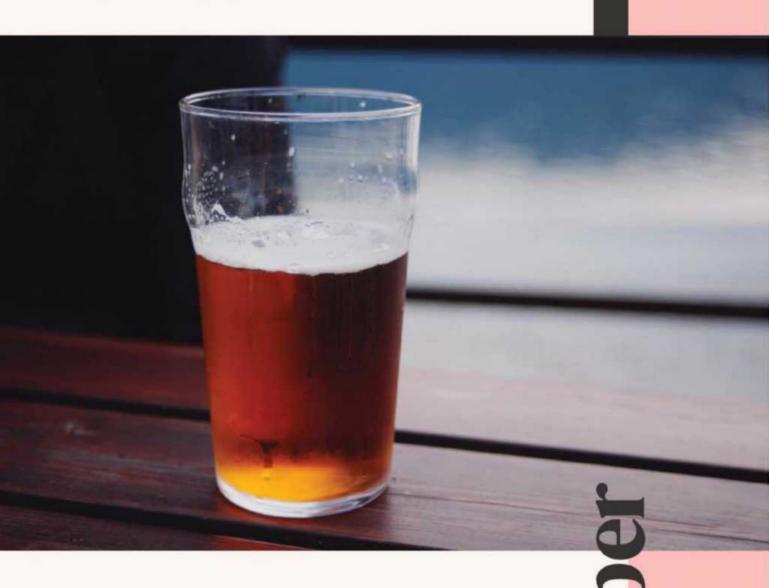
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AZZARO

falling for beer



oct.co

A new site for beer lovers, brought to you by Pitchfork's creative studio, Slow Focus.

Jump Right In to 'SHARK TANK'

The ABC show—where "self-made millionaire and billionaire tycoons" sit in leather chairs and watch "entrepreneurs" grovel for money to "disrupt" various industries—actually conveys some useful advice

Your side hustle has to fill a need for you and consumers.

People want to buy things that will improve their lives: Breathalyzers for their smartphones, a shirt clip that keeps old people from losing their glasses. Nobody needs sandals featuring inspirational quotes from DJ Khaled or a hydroelectricity generator that creates "contained" hurricanes, even though contestants have pitched both of these preposterous ideas.

You shouldn't pay to have a side hustle. It should pay you.

You drained your savings to create a kit so parents can track fake reindeer prints through the house on Christmas Eve? There's a better chance of Santa showing up and scrubbing those hoof marks out of the carpet than Mark Cuban investing in your business.

If your side hustle does not allow you to earn extra cash doing something you truly enjoy, it's not a side hustle—it's a second job.

For example: If you don't have a passion for making small talk with people it would be financially imprudent to share your political beliefs with, Uber driving should not be in your future.—ANNA PEELE





CONGRATULATIONS,

You're a Consultant*

*NO M.B.A. REQUIRED

If I tell you how I became a consultant, it's going to sound intentional—believe me, it wasn't. Several years of writing about spirits, plus having worked at a small distillery in my 20s, made me a low-key expert in the field when an ad agency asked me to tell them everything I knew about bourbon—for the hourly rate of a litigation attorney. I'd thank them here, but I signed an NDA.

Did I get lucky? Sure. But the clients that came after were pure hustle. You can do this, too. Figure out what you're good at, then figure out an application of that skill that privileges your position in the marketplace. Now find a handful of companies within the industry of your niche, especially companies that may not have the resources to hire full-time. And then cold e-mail them. Yep, cold e-mailing works.

That's the hard part. The rest is easy. Making an invoice is simple. Creating personal letterhead and cards: Ridiculously cheap. Forming an LLC: Basically unnecessary, but it sure feels good, and you can file the paperwork online in an hour.

When people ask me what I do now, I say I'm a consultant. It's become a tap I can't turn off.—MARK BYRNE

Turn a Job You Hate into an Asset



ADVICE FROM

Marisha Pessl author of the best-selling novels Special Topics in Calamity Physics and Night Film When I graduated from college, I was hired by the firm Pricewaterhouse-Coopers to be this financial consultant. I was so uncomfortable in that job, sitting under those fluorescent lights and wandering to the bathroom just to have somewhere to go.

I wanted to do something I loved and that I was good at, and I wanted to get paid for it—when you feel that way, it's a great motivating force. (If I'd liked my job, I'd have wanted to put more effort into it.) So I decided that no matter what, I would write two hours a day.

Sometimes that meant staying in while my friends were all partying on a Friday night, but often it meant nurturing my side hustle during business hours. I'd race through my work responsibilities. making sure it was all done and fine, and then spend the rest of the day on the novel, which I kept open in a separate window in case my boss walked by. And then every three weeks, I would take a sick day—they

must've thought I was on my last legs of health—and I would just write and write.

When the book came out, no one knew that I wrote the bulk of it at an auditing company. But I should've thanked them in the acknowledgments because that book became Special Topics.—AS TOLD TO NICK MARINO





ADVICE FROM

Ben Tregoing

who planned his company, The Design Team, while working full-time in London, then mov to N.Y.C. and launched it, all in the space of six months



The emotional investment didn't kick in till after landing at JFK late at night, looking for my sublet even though I had no idea where it was. and standing on the street corner outside Joe's Pizza being like, What the fuck did you just do? The

fear and panic. I'm here now; I have no choice. I really can't fuck this up. That pressure gets you through the abstract phase of starting a new business."

predominant emotional response was



EXTREMELY CLOSE, EXTREMELY COMFORTABLE, ALWAYS FLEXIBLE.







Side Hustles GONE WRONG

Learn from celebrities who veered way too far out of their lanes



Hulk Hogan

Prior to the Gawker sex-tape imbroglio, Hogan's greatest embarrassment was a Boyardee-level pasta restaurant called Pastamania. It lasted a year.

THE LESSON
Stay out of the restaurant business unless you're a masochist.



Michael Jordan

Claimed baseball was his first love. Baseball was like, "Please stop calling me."

THE LESSON
You can be
passionate about
something and still
basically suck at it.



Tim Tebow

Claimed baseball was his third love. After, you know, football and Jesus.

THE LESSON
It's really simple:
You can't have
a side hustle if
you don't have a
main hustle.



Russell Simmons

His line of prepaid debit cards experienced a system crash that left more than 100,000 unable to access their funds. The company paid \$19 million to settle a lawsuit.

THE LESSIN
Make sure
your thing works.
People might
actually use it.



Joaquin Phoenix

He supposedly quit acting to start rapping. Then revealed his rap career was just an act.

THE LESSON

Be certain the rest of the world understands WTF you're talking about.

-JEFF VRABEL



HOW TO

Hang On to Those Freelance Bucks

Recent studies suggest one in ten Americans is at least partly selfemployed, which means more of us than ever are ravaged by quarterly self-employment taxes. Oh, didn't know about those? Read on

THE PROBLEM

As both employer and employee, you're now paying the government federal income tax and a 15.3 percent "self-employment tax." That's a poorly branded term for your FICA (or Social Security and Medicare) taxes, which a full-time employer would split. Plus, unless you live in one of the nine states without income taxes, you'll have to kick in state tax, too. Plus plus, if you live somewhere fancy like New York, you may have local tax on top of that. Jesus wept, right? Freelancers are at higher risk of audit than company men, so this is not the time to muddle through TurboTax and pray for the best. You need to get this right.

THE SOLUTION

Hire a CPA who specializes in your industry. A good tax man will find you every last deduction, from work-related meals and travel to the big kahuna—the home-office deduction, which can save you hundreds if not thousands of dollars—and will show you how to claim half of what you pay in self-employment tax as a deduction next year. In order to track your side-hustle profits, you also need a separate bank account. So open a high-yield savings account and funnel everything in there. While you're at it, get a business credit card that gives you rewards on Internet, phone, and office supplies, which you can no longer just steal, because you work for yourself now.—J.W.

Finally, Make Your Side Hustle YOUR MAIN HUSTLE



ADVICE FROM

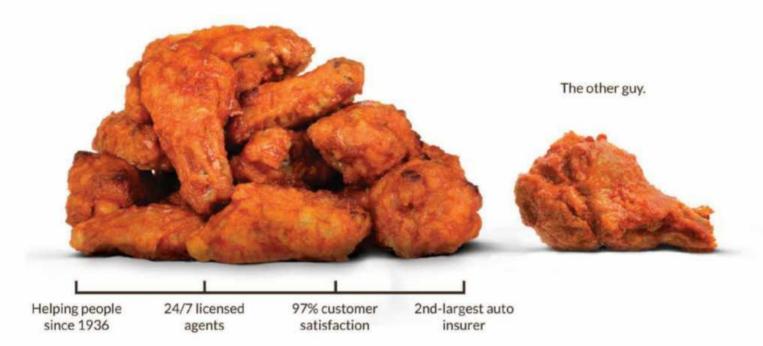
Matt Leacock

the man who developed Pandemic and other board games on the side (while working at Yahoo and AOL)

"I was starting to see the income roll in, but my wife was still worried about it: How are we gonna get health insurance? Is this really sustainable? There was a lot of doubt and skepticism. It came down to when we were doing our taxes and were like, 'Wow, 80 percent of our income is coming from this side thing. And we're only spending 20 percent of our effort on it.' That's when we made the big leap."

PHOTOGRAPHS, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: LARS NIKI/CORBIS/GETTY IMAGES; GABE GINSBERG/FILMMAGIC; ROB KIM/GETTY IMAGES; JEFREY MAYER/WIREIMAGE; FRANK TRAPPER/CORBIS/GETTY IMAGES; COURTESY OF OWEN DUFFY

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CAN YOU CHANGE YOUR LIFE BY GRINTE

GQINTELLIGENCE

SELE-HEL

CHANGING YOUR PANTS?

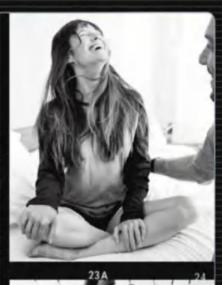


YVLIST: STEPHANIE QUADRI AT SISTERBROTHER MGMT. PROP STYLIST: MARI HIDALGO KING AT SISTERBROTHER MGMT. ROOMING: BRIANA DAI AT SISTERBROTHER MGMT. SEE ADDITIONAL CREDITS.









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• In lieu of more traditional forms of therapy, maybe all you really need to do is change your wardrobe?

LAST JANUARY, after a lifetime on the East Coast, my then fiancée, Amanda, and I moved from New York to Los Angeles and promptly fell to hapless pieces. Our reasons for moving had been sound. She'd been offered a good job out here, and she was tired of winter. We were about to get married-I'd already pledged to follow her wherever she went. Plus I liked the idea of trying something new. So I followed her to Los Angeles. We rented a house on the side of a hill above Hollywood and leased matching cars with sequential license plates. She worked on a studio lot a short drive away, and I worked from home, where I wandered around our house and marveled at the thick silence that had settled in around our lives.

One thing no one told us about Los Angeles is that it's one of the loneliest cities in the world. Everyone who lives here knows this, but we did not. Its flat constant beauty summons you outside, and then there you are: outside. You and the coyotes and the palm trees and the guys hoping to get work on *How to Get Away with Murder*. Neither of us had moved since we were embryos, basically. I kept getting stuck on elemental things, like what to wear. How do you dress when the weather requires absolutely nothing of you? New York was the place I grew up, and what I wore there was a blandly

literal expression of the person I grew into: prideful but mostly anonymous, quiet but, hopefully, tasteful. In Los Angeles, a city that prizes none of those qualities, half my wardrobe—dark blue sweaters, scuffed-up sneakers, clothes that could go from a rainy sidewalk to a neon-lit subway car to a stylish office and back, in the New York way—seemed effectively useless. The other half made me feel like I still lived in New York but was somehow trapped here, visiting. It was a sensation I began to know well: that dislocated feeling, like being on a permanent vacation from the world I knew to be real.

And then I began to know it even better. Thirteen days after we left New York, I learned that my mother had been diagnosed with breast cancer. I was back in the city on a reporting trip when my father e-mailed my sister and me and told us we should find each other and expect a phone call. We sat around the phone in my sister's Brooklyn apartment while she wrote the facts down on a blue Post-it note. Metaplastic-a form of cancer so rare, my physician father told us, there was no established treatment. Her doctors had decided to treat it like its closest analogue, another form of breast cancer I'd never heard of: triple negative. It was a Friday night. My mother was about 90 miles away, at home in Philadelphia, her voice

parabolic with fear. My sister and I went out and drank ourselves blind. The next morning, drenched in helplessness, I got on a plane back to Los Angeles.

It was Amanda who first intuited what I was doing. I was dealing with some things, she knew that, and she was trying to give me space—but had I noticed, perhaps when I looked in the mirror, that every day I was wearing something radically different from the last? As though the clothes I owned were a deck of cards and I was absentmindedly shuffling them. This would've been unremarkable given what I'd moved to Los Angeles with. But I'd been shopping. I'd been replacing the things I owned with... I guess I wasn't sure what these new things were.

It started in a clothing store in Culver City—I'd gone there with a close friend of mine, Sean, and our partners. Sean knew the co-founder, Josh Peskowitz, a little. Josh had gone into business with Levi's to make these jeans—they were 501s but cut wider, with extra panels of denim sewn into the legs, hemmed comically high, around the mid-calf. They were...clown pants. Sean wouldn't even come out of his dressing room with them on. I did and was rewarded with Amanda's disbelieving laughter. For whatever reason, I carried them to the register anyway. Maybe because they made me feel

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• The clown pants that led to a spiritual awakening.

like someone other than myself. Or because I wanted to go on the offensive against what was happening to my family, and this was the dumb reptile way I chose to fight back. All I really know for sure is that I became their owner. And then I kept going.

Boxes from far-off places began to arrive at our house weekly, daily. The things I wore were broadening, going horizontal. At GQ, we pledge allegiance to tailoring, to fit. This was something different. This was a David Byrne suit—billboard-sized, rectangular made out of cotton and denim. Some days I looked like two men standing side by side, or maybe one very overwhelmed boy. A just-landed paratrooper thrashing around in his own parachute. Hiding myself in fabric. I did laps around our living room, trying out new colors and shapes.

The silhouettes that emerged from these experiments were dopey and various. Amanda said she never knew who would come out of the bedroom at any given moment. To be honest, I didn't, either. I zigged, zagged, light to dark, pale to colorful. Dignified to, frankly, ridiculous. I bought a turtleneck that had the word cactus right on the neck, upside down, a garment that I lacked the confidence to wear 98 percent of the time—but man, those 2 percent days. I cherished a gray Tim Coppens sweatshirt covered in stiff, random blotches of colorthe kind of garment so deliberately weird people had to acknowledge it when I wore it. After Donald Trump's election, I blacked out and came to on New Year's Eve wearing a turtleneck threaded with gold. Sean said I looked like a washed-up Italian film director attempting his 23rd film. It was not meant as a compliment.

Eventually it got to the point where I wanted to talk to someone about what I was wearing. Someone expert. I was on a journey without knowing where I was going,

and I kept accidentally steering off the road. (Here I think of the pinstriped pants by Our Legacy, thin and diaphanous and accommodating, that Amanda refused to let me wear outside the home. Or inside the home.) Who could take my training wheels off, give me permission to go deeper? I needed someone to help me sort out my feelings about clothes—or the feelings that had led me to have feelings about clothes. Someone to teach me enough about style to get through this rough patch in my life in a deliberate and aesthetically pleasing way. I wasn't proud that this was what I had chosen to focus on at a tumultuous time in my life. But the idiot mind wants what it wants.

And I knew who I wanted to talk to. Assuming I could find him, anyway.

HIROKI NAKAMURA. Designer of the cult label Visvim. Famously elusive, but also famous in fashion circles for making clothes with the same emotional remainder, that lingering inchoate magic, that a museumcaliber work of art has. He resided in the zone I wanted to enter, where clothes were more than clothes. I'd admired his designs for years, while never being able to afford even a single item. The fringed moccasin sneakers he'd become known for; the denim jackets, hand-finished, heavy with aura; one-of-a-kind painted shirts; sturdy, ancientlooking pants. Hiroki's inspirations were old workwear, the turquoise and silver of the American Southwest, and the insane

levels of artisanship he'd seen growing up in Japan-indigo dyers, silk-weavers, people who had been glazing porcelain for hundreds of years. He'd once worked at a snowboarding company, Burton, which gave him a technical savvy. But in 2001, at age 29, he'd left to start Visvim. His clothes are prohibitively expensive-flannels that cost

\$975, unstructured jackets that cost twice that-and coveted by the likes of John Mayer and Kanye West. Hiroki's pieces have the feel of artifacts-of rare materials meeting rare craftsmanship but coming together in familiar forms, like jeans or parkas. They look like they were hand-sculpted after being dug out of the earth in some faraway desert. They have power.

In the few interviews I could find, he was slightly...gnomic. A man of relatively few words. But the things he designed looked reassuring. Like they'd fought off demons and won. I thought maybe he'd have some advice on doing just that.

Shortly before Memorial Day, Amanda and I flew back to New York and drove north into the Catskills to get married. My mother wore a wig to approximate the hair she'd lost, and walked me down the

aisle. By this point, she was hollowed out from chemotherapy, but her doctors were optimistic-the same drugs that were annihilating her were annihilating her cancer. She was going to live. For our wedding, she'd skipped her weekly chemo session so that she'd have the energy to dance. She danced! And for a moment, everything went calm and quiet.

In June, she had surgery—they took her ovaries, both breasts. My father told me he dreaded the moment after the stitches came out, when the reality of what she'd lost would set in for her. After the surgery, I flew to Philadelphia, and we took walks around the block-once a day, and then twice, and then practically every hour. You cannot keep my mother on a couch. By the fall, she was nearly herself again. Her hair had begun to grow back; she got her first haircut in months. She had gone through hell and came out looking like Jean Seberg in Breathless. It was the most miraculous thing. On the phone, I told her how I'd been coping, and asked if she might mind if I went further, maybe even documented whatever weird quest I was on. She admitted that she'd noticed that my clothes had gotten increasingly...whimsical. If I wanted to write about that-about her-she was okay with that.

I reached out to Hiroki. It wasn't easy—he is, by design, difficult to find. He's always on an airplane, or on a road trip without his phone, or meeting with the planet's one

HIROKI HAS AN AVERSION TO THINGS THAT ARE TOO PERFECT: "BECAUSE **EVERYTHING IS MADE BY MACHINE,** EVERYTHING IS PERFECT—IT'S BORING. IT'S UNCOMFORTABLE, ALMOST."

> armadillo-skin harvester in an undisclosed location. Finally, a few weeks after the election, I heard back. He was amenable to the idea of playing therapist, of attempting to dispense some emotional and/or sartorial advice. He asked if we might meet in January, in Paris.

> VISVIM, AT ITS BEST, re-centers reality around its own peculiar values—it drapes you in magic. Behold, for instance, the jacket Hiroki was wearing when we first met. It was...tweedy. Reddish. It looked like a cape, but also a kimono. He said the garment was inspired by both shapes, and by the Ainu, the ancient indigenous people of Japan and Russia. He grinned, held up his right arm, shook his voluminous sleeve. The sound of keys hitting wallet hitting cell phone—the sound of a pocket!—rang out.

WHEN YOU TAKE A CHANCE ON ALLERGIES THE ONLY ONE WHO WINS IS THE CAT



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He'd put the pocket in the sleeve. An actual magician's garment, full of magician's tricks.

We were in his Paris showroom on a Friday morning. It was men's Fashion Week there, and Inauguration Day back in America-every time I remembered this fact, I felt dread. We were surrounded by things he'd made. He showed me a brown shearling coat, its surface shiny with lacquer, and then a natural leather jacket in a vivid purple-red. The color, he explained, came from massaging persimmon jam into the leather. I want to say that again: He was rubbing jackets with jam.

Eventually we sat down in a side room, where he told me his story. He was born in 1971. Grew up in Kofu, Japan. His parents owned a factory. He was a teenager in Japan right as the craze for American workwear set in among the country's youth. "All of my friends were into Americana," he said. He started collecting vintage denim and shoes. "And I started having a realization: Some vintage boots I really like, and some I don't." Where was that feeling coming from in one piece and not in another? he asked himself. "What's the difference? It's the same company. Why do I like this more than this? I was always curious about that." He began making a list for each item of clothing, trying to figure out which qualities he was drawn to.

Hiroki likes to tell a story about a Tibetan robe he found in Nepal. Sort of Visvim's Rosetta stone, like my clown pants, the object that unlocks the whole story. The robe was sitting in the corner of an antiques shop.

Hiroki found himself drawn to it. He said to himself: "That's so powerful, I don't know what that is." He saw the color first: "Reddish, deep, burgundy, really rich." Then he opened it. "Inside is all indigo." He had that feeling—that rush of discovery. "I put it on.... I am super cool." He could walk down the street and feel invincible. The robe put him in the world more; there was no doubting his presence with it on. It is a feeling he's been chasing ever since. "I have to ask myself: Why am I so excited about this? That's where my design process comes from."

He is fond of the word *character*, the way an object can express individuality, experience, life force. He has an aversion to things that are too perfect: "Because everything is made by machine, everything is perfect it's boring. It's uncomfortable, almost. Even being in a new car, for me, I get carsick. Because it's sealed perfectly, there's no air movement. Just being in skyscrapers, for me, I feel like a little gecko put into a glass box or something, you know? I can't breathe anymore." He was trying, he realized, to make imperfect things you could breathe in.

He began seeking out artisans. Mud dyers, reindeer-hide shapers in Lapland, spinners of rare Sea Island cotton. He used pits in the ground full of live bacteria. Handdyed yarn. Ancient Frenchwomen who crochet. Industrial washers to shrink denim in precise 35 percent increments.

At first, Visvim was a cult thing—exotic, mysterious. I remember seeing it years ago, albeit rarely, in certain shops—a few

embroidered shirts, weathered pants with quiet force, bearing price tags too substantial to reckon with, like postcards from some improbable, faraway place.

I'd heard Eric Clapton was a collector. I wrote him to ask what he saw in Visvim. It was a whim, basically; I did not expect a reply. To my surprise, he wrote back immediately:

I see Hiroki as an anthropologist, a folklorist who finds the thread that weaves all of our different cultures together, a perfectionist who understands the importance of pure design, form following function...

I have the honour to know him as a friend. and fellow traveller, we met through another pilgrim; Hiroshi Fujiwara, a great designer himself and the founder of Goodenough and Fragment...

Over the last seventeen years I have bought almost everything Hiroki has made, sometimes several times over. I humbly regard him as the first designer in the world today...

I have probably the largest collection of Visvim artefacts in the world, matched only perhaps by John Mayer, who continually beats me to the punch...

I literally cannot wear anything else (other than custom Loro Piana)...

Eric C

WE WERE STRANGERS to each other but I quickly laid it out for Hiroki, the reason I'd come. The rootlessness, formlessness of Los Angeles. My mother on the mend, my family trying to make sense of the void we'd all just glimpsed. My new wife and I, trying to learn how to be good to each other. Our new president, hours away from the oath of office. The foreboding everyone I knew felt. The sense of powerlessness. How do we take care of ourselves when the world won't take care of us? You could already tell we were entering a year of psychic trauma, and I wanted to hear that there were things I could do to mitigate that, things I could wear to increase my resolve.

Hiroki said he understood. The way who you are seems to interact in some deeper way with what you wear, how one influences the other. He'd built an entire life around that idea. He and his wife and their daughter live in Los Angeles, too, for much of the year. They split their time between Japan and California, he said. They live not far from me, it turned out, and were relative newcomers as well, drawn to the "free feeling" of the place, as Hiroki put it.

Los Angeles was useful to his design process, he said: "I can face myself. I can focus on myself. Almost like you said—What am I? This really neutral space. Not so much heavy culture. More free space." It was an opportunity to look at yourself, like I'd been doing

Visvim's Hiroki Nakamura, whose clothes feel like treasures brought back from daring missions.



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anxiously in the mirror most mornings. To contemplate who you were, at a moment when life had turned things over to a blank page, and who you might be.

I asked him about the Tibetan robe-it was a nice story, I said, but I didn't know anyone confident enough to identify an ancient robe in a vintage shop far from home and make it their own, bring it back to their own life. How do you become a person who can do that? "I just choose," he said. "That was my choice. I just said, 'Okay: I'm going to wear this.' You just want to wear something other people will think looks great? Or something you are excited by? I choose: I want to be excited!"

He had a piece of advice about this, how to wear the robe. He said that every time he got a new pair of shoes, the first thing he did was step on them-left foot on right, right foot on left. It was counter-intuitive, obviously. Imagine spending \$800 on a new pair of Visvim shoes and then scuffing them up. But that was the entire point, he said-making them your own. "I think that's one of the joys and happiness that clothes can give us," he said. "My boots, I've been wearing probably two years?" He pointed down at his feet, to his beautifully aged Visvim shoes. They were precisely the right amount of destroyed. He said he watered his garden in them. Then showed up in Paris and wore the same pair in front of the editors and buyers of every major fashion institution on earth.

I mentioned the clown pants. How I was drawn to them-soothed by them-without necessarily feeling like I could justify it. I had no story to tell, just an internal feeling, an ache that got a little less acute when serviced. Talking to him had already clarified some things about that feeling. I explained how I didn't have much to say about how people reacted when I wore them around Los Angeles, because most of the time people didn't react. This itself was liberating. Clad in a ridiculous outfit, I offered myself up to the judgment of strangers, only to realize they weren't judging at all. It made you realize how self-directed a pursuit style was, or could be, when done correctly. It was a way of talking to yourself, of listening to your own grief and anxiety and desire, insecurity and dislocation and faith, and answering with an extra inch of width, an aggressive crop, a ridiculous color. With a pair of clown pants, even.

Hiroki grinned, hearing this-he has a great grin, wide and wolfish, totally unforced. "Exactly," he said. Permission granted. Clown pants? Why not clown pants? "Sometimes you're thinking too much," he said. "Like, 'Is it okay? This is maybe too much." But there's something about that feeling—the one that says Wow that is worth following, he said. "You build up stuff in your head. When you were little,

you just followed your heart all the time. Looking at our 11-year-old, she's following her heart. But I can see she's building up something in her head because of other things. When she was 3, she was much more free. Like, 'I want to wear this!' Now she's more like, 'I want to look like a movie character' or whatever. That's from here," he said, pointing to his head. "I think sometimes you need to intentionally listen to your heart."

He said even he got out of his body sometimes. That itchy anxiety I knew so well. Like you're looking down skeptically at yourself. "Sometimes I have to re-adjust myself," he said. "I start thinking with my head again." He has to tell himself: "No, no, no-come down, come down, come down."

He gestured one final time at his heart, where he wanted the mind to go. He said he hoped that helped.

WE SHOOK HANDS, the silver bracelets on his wrists ringing out in the showroom.

I walked back through Paris in quickening dread toward my hotel room and its television, where the broadcast of the inauguration would soon begin. From the Marais down to the Seine and across Île de la Cité to Pont Neuf, where six months ago Amanda and I had stood on the first day of our honeymoon, tears on her face. Notre Dame an elegant shadow to the east. All this that people are capable of. On television, Kellyanne Conway was wearing a Gucci coat in red, white, and blue, like a tiny, vicious doll.

That night in Los Angeles, in anticipation of the Women's March, my wife painted a sign that said: "Never Doubt That You Are Valuable and Powerful." I flew home not knowing what kind of world I'd land in.

In row 19, somewhere above the ocean, I inventoried what I owned, what I wore, what I wanted. Like Hiroki beholding some new object and making a list to divine the source of its power. Embracing the holes and the dents, as I'd been instructed to do-to understand that the imperfections in things were what belonged to me most. Trying to really love what I'd been given an opportunity to love. This is the Sid Mashburn suit I married my wife in. This is the pink short-sleeve shirt, broad and patterned, I wore to vote for Hillary Clinton. I bought this denim jacket in Portland with Sean. And this is the long-sleeve striped shirt so violently weird that during my mother's first trip out to Los Angeles after her recovery, she confessed that when she'd seen me wearing it in a photo she couldn't quite tell if it was a delusion brought on by the chemicals in her system. She'd looked at me and told herself, "I must be chemo'd out." But she saw clearly enough. We were both alive.

ZACH BARON is GQ's staff writer.

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Mark Anthony Green, our in-house diagnostician of fashion woes. prescribes the right clothes for the most aspirational you

IMPOSING, FORMIDABLE, **SERIOUS** and maybe

a tad bit emo



YOU SHOULD WEAR Rick Owens

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CONFIDENCE

and maybe even

overcompensating?

Tom Ford

LIKE I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING

but I just DGAF



YOU SHOULD WEAR Gucci

LIKE I HAVE WAY MORE **SEX**

than I actually do

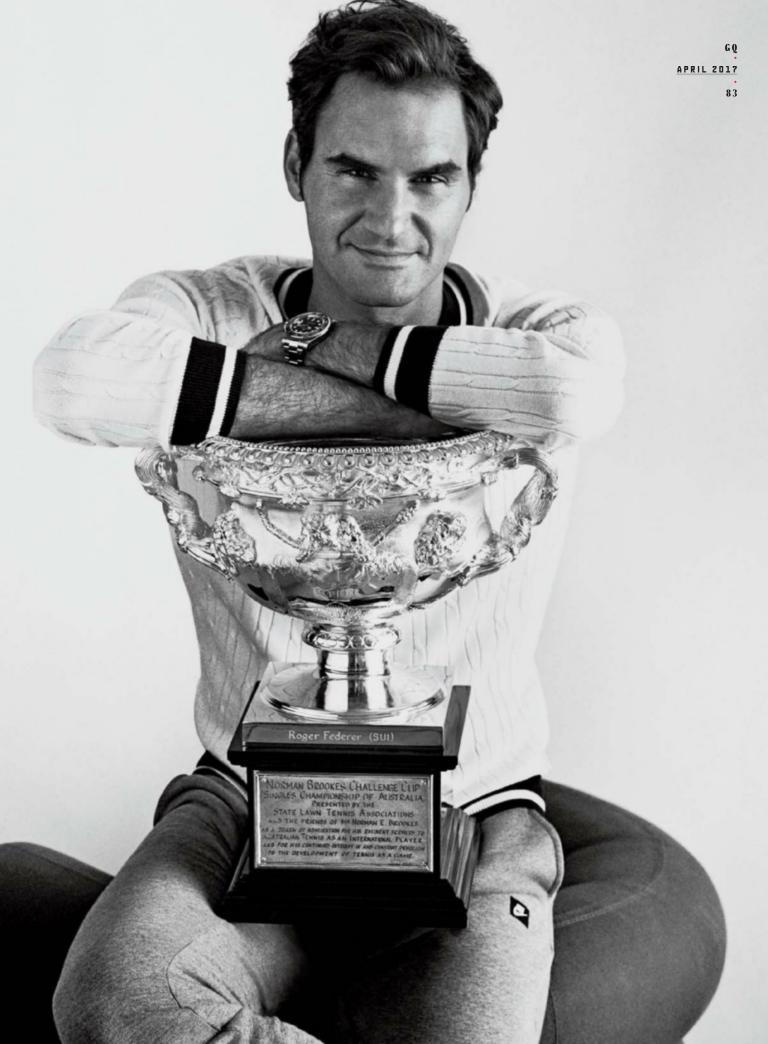


ΥПЦ SHOULD WEAR Versace



ROGER FEDERER was supposed to be finished. Or at least exiting gracefully, getting on with his transition to post-tennis things. But then, in January, after five years without a Grand Slam and a season sidelined by injury, he went ahead and won again. Not as the unflappable perfectionist but, for the first time, as a rangy underdog. In the immediate afterglow of the Australian Open, Federer brought GQ to his mountaintop home in Switzerland, where we learned about his life off the court and just how much longer he feels he can pull off the impossible







HELL, FOR ROGER FEDERER, is talking about life after tennis. For years now, the questions have crept in as Federer, 35 and troubled by injuries, seemed to be drifting off the court. Reporters demanded to know: When will you stop? What comes next? Maybe a farewell tour before you wander away into the Alps? All the sporting world seemed to want, after nearly two decades of idol worship, was a forwarding address for where to send a thank-you note.

But then, a few months ago, something happened. Something extraordinary. Defying all expectations, Federer won this year's Australian Open. His 18th major title (the most ever for a man in his sport) and his first Grand Slam in five years. Among the 18, this one was special. "Perhaps the most special," he told me. It came after he'd taken a months-long break, his first significant time away from tennis since he was a teenager, in part because of a knee injury he'd suffered during the last Australian Open (while drawing his daughters a bath, of all things), but also because he'd been feeling worn out. So to return at his age, after no competitive matches for months, and triumph over his greatest rival, Rafael Nadal, on one of the sport's grandest stages... The feeling was ecstasy.

It couldn't have come at a more pivotal moment. Early in the tournament, during an on-court interview, Federer acknowledged his underdog status—reminding fans that the only thing he'd won lately was *GQ*'s Most Stylish Man (an online competition in which readers carried him to victory over

Kanye West and Ryan Gosling). "At least I won something," he said wryly, referring to a 14-month trophy drought—and this from a guy whose life is essentially predicated on winning, shattering records with no grunts, no sweat: 302 weeks as world number one. In many eyes, the GOAT. Still, as the 17 seed in Melbourne, he'd known he didn't have a shot. To reach the quarterfinals would have been a success. But then it happened.

"Winning Australia, it solves so many problems," he said. And so, feeling generous, perhaps a little insulated by success, he extended an invitation for a visit. High up at his retreat in Switzerland, just five days after the final, to talk about tennis and not-tennis, at this beginning of yet another chapter in his career. He didn't just quiet the hecklers by winning—he changed the narrative. Millions of fans got to feel a story line shift under their feet, and Federer felt it, too. So who is he? What is he? I went to the mountains to find out, at the same time equipped with the single question he'd least want to answer, the one that keeps his fans twitching like so many addicts between hits: After all these years of pulling off the impossible, how many more could we really expect?



SOUTHEAST OF ZURICH, Valbella is one in a string of Alpine villages in the Swiss canton of Grisons. Only an hour's drive from swanky St. Moritz, Valbella is humdrum, frankly boring. Paddocks with livestock, mugs of hot *glühwein*, air filled with ski fans' clanging



cowbells. It's *Switzerland*. Roger and his wife, Mirka, built their mountain chalet as an escape from city life, the tour, the outside world. They prize the region's quiet, its "normality," as Federer put it, a quality hard to find nowadays, he said.

"I think the normality of Roger is what surprises everybody," said Darren Cahill, former pro, current coach of women's number four Simona Halep, and ESPN commentator. "For somebody who's achieved what he's achieved, I think a lot of people build up an exterior wall to block it out. But he hasn't got a wall at all."



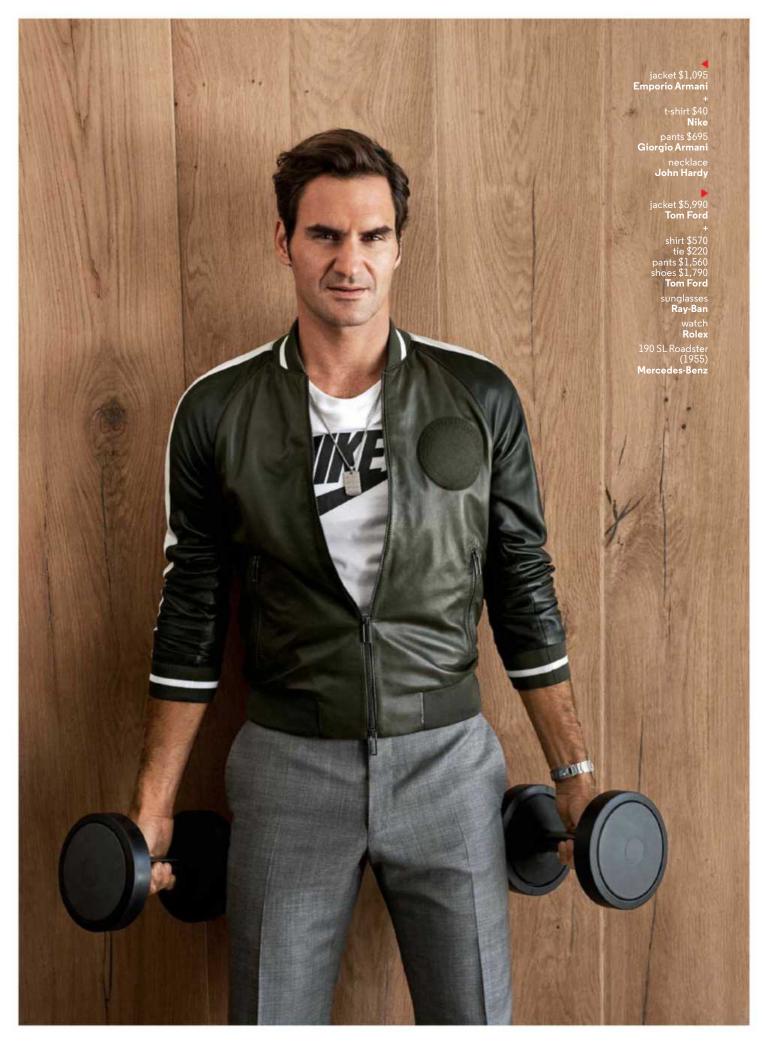


What, then, is "normal" in the Swiss Alps? What is "normal" for the greatest tennis player of all time?

To start, Federer looked relatively normal when we met, and definitely Swiss: dark turtleneck sweater, crisp wool pants, black boots. Hiking is Federer's favorite hobby (his only hobby), but snow was falling and his legs were tired from Australia, so we went out to lunch, for raclette (at his suggestion), a traditional Swiss dish for après-ski, basically a plate of melted cheese. Not what I expected. But what did I expect, really? On the court, Federer is known for almost inhuman focus. Humorless determination. A steel-cut perfectionist with a stevedore's nose, the finest forehand of all time, and the coiffure of James Bond circa Timothy Dalton. In the stiffest of all countries, why should he be any different?

But frankly, he was so easygoing from the start, so relaxed, for a second I thought he was stoned. (He wasn't stoned.) He drove us to the restaurant in his Mercedes. We chatted about our families. I wound up telling a story about the time I did heroin by accidentlook, it was in South Africa, and Federer's mother is from South Africa, and I was trying to find some common ground out of the gate, the way you do when you're riding in a gargantuan vehicle with a global celebrity you've just met—and he barked out laughing. Federer, a big laugher, who knew? Though it got to a point, by mid-meal, where I started to get suspicious-was it for show, to play the Everyman? Who likes melted cheese like the rest of us? (Maybe he was stoned?) This is a guy, I'd learn, who still makes reservations at a nearby public tennis facility rather than build his own private court. Think about that. Consider the fact that Federer has made over \$100 million in career prize money, never mind endorsements. Now imagine being the local dude who has to kick Roger Federer off a tennis court because his practice session goes a little long.

At the restaurant ("We come here all the time for the kids' birthdays or just to sit on the terrace") he was stopped twice for selfies before we even got to the front door. More than photos, people wanted to tell him what the win in Australia had meant to them personally—what they felt while they'd quaked and wept in front of the TV. Roger loved it. "I think a lot of people were hoping that I'd win," he told me quietly, when we finally sat down. "It seems that a lot of them were super happy." (text continued on page 88)





77

YOU HAVE A BETTER PERSPECTIVE WHEN YOU'RE OLDER. BUT SOMETIMES YOU WANT IT MORE BECAUSE YOU KNOW **TIME ISN'T ON YOUR SIDE."**

Then he laughed again, and his shoulders caved in, his whole body leaned forward while his face lit up with mirth. In case any of this comes as a surprise to you as well, here are a few other things that may be new.

Roger Federer: is afraid of horses. ("Isn't everyone?" he said.)

Roger Federer: only gets angry when it involves punctuality. ("I get edgy when I'm late.")

Roger Federer: likes fine art, but it can give him a headache.

Roger Federer: doesn't just like movies, he loves them. He "lives them," he said. He can't imagine falling asleep during a movie. "How do people do this?!" In fact, the night before the Nadal final in Melbourne, he and his family watched *Lion*, the story of a boy who accidentally journeys alone to Calcutta, then after 25 years returns home to find his family. It's a tearjerker—"and by the end I was a wreck!" Federer shouted, laughing. "And then I was like, 'Is it good to be emotionally so wound up? After all, *tomorrow may be a very emotional day!*"

Roger Federer: liked *La La Land*, except for the ending.

Roger Federer: prefers happy endings.

Roger Federer: never expected this level of success, he said, none of it, never. "Tennis brought me these things," he said emphatically, referring to...pretty much everything in his life. "That's why I'm so thankful to tennis. It broadened my horizon. If I hadn't been a tennis player, I'd probably be living a life in Basel, doing some sort of job. I'd have a smaller perspective."

Above all else, though, Roger Federer: loves his family, with "family" being a widely inclusive term. Mirka is his rock. She's a former professional tennis player herself, and they got together in 2000. "Here we are, 17 years later, and we did it all together," he said with wonder. His parents, he's very close to. They still get so nervous watching him play they can't sit next to each other at tournaments. (At home his mom tells the TV before every serve, "Hit an ace! Hit an ace!") Moving outward through the rings of affection, next comes his team, who might as well be family, and then the tour, "a second family," he said, meaning the other players (who've given him the tour's annual sportsmanship award 12 times), and then their teams, and finally the tournament directors, the organizers, the hired hands, the ball boys and girls.

Roger Federer: enjoys writing thank-you notes to one and all.

Halfway through lunch, a guy with an envelope nervously approached our table.

Federer seemed confused. Earlier, in the car, we'd passed a pair of horse-drawn carriages, and Federer stopped to hail one of the drivers. He knew him; they'd taken the kids for sleigh rides before. The guy at our table turned out to be the carriage driver's friend, the driver of the other carriage, and he wanted to present Federer with a gift certificate for a free carriage ride. Federer smiled, thanked him profusely, even comforted him, made the man feel more at ease. I saw this several times: that Swiss people. approaching their hero, needed to be reassured it was okay to encroach. "We respect people's privacy; we don't intrude," Federer explained. "If you see somebody else do it, then it's so much easier to tag along. But for the first guy to do it and break the ice. it's hard. They say in Switzerland it's not so easy to make friends."

People rarely know why or how they do things, their true motives. Athletes even less, in my experience, especially when it comes to explaining how their bodies achieve those complicated mechanical sequences that render, to our eyes, as so much grace. But we all know where we come from. And from the land of clocks and chocolate, where order and sweetness are equally celebrated, what better makeup for a human to rule a sport so rigid with customs, so precise in play-a game that demands at the elite levels an almost superhuman flawlessness, where a win can come down to making the right decision, hitting the right shot, just one or two more times in a five-hour match-than a man who finds his form inside constraint?

"Playing different shots, playing different angles," he said at one point, "playing *your way*...it makes you happy." Then he laughed again. Wholeheartedly. Like a man who still had so much tennis left to play.

I NEED TO CONFESS to something now, and it's not pretty: I've never been a Federer fan. I've long admired his tennis, absolutely. How he plays, how he carries himself—I've been a follower, an imitator, an aficionado. I'm the kind of guy who not only studies videos of Federer's strokes but tries to re-create them while standing in his underwear in the living room. But that's different from fandom.

Friends of mine, hitting partners, are Federer fans for real. They own his racket, his sneakers, the hat with his RF logo. When he loses, they're wrecked; when he wins, it's only slightly less painful, because it's one fewer win they get to witness. Federer fans admire not only the game but the gestalt, what he represents. Integrity. Class. Flawlessness on and off the court. Whereas my problem's always been with that same idea of perfection, the absence of blemishes. As a fan, I need some grit to grab. More for me are Andy Murray's self-defeatism, Stan Wawrinka's sourness, Nadal's nervous mannerisms. Basically, men who are capable of tragic mistakes, who demonstrate, physically and noisily, what it takes to beat back their own worst tendencies—or, just as often, fail in trying. And then there's a side of my vanity—and I'm not proud to say this here-that's occasionally thought that being a Federer fan is just too easy.

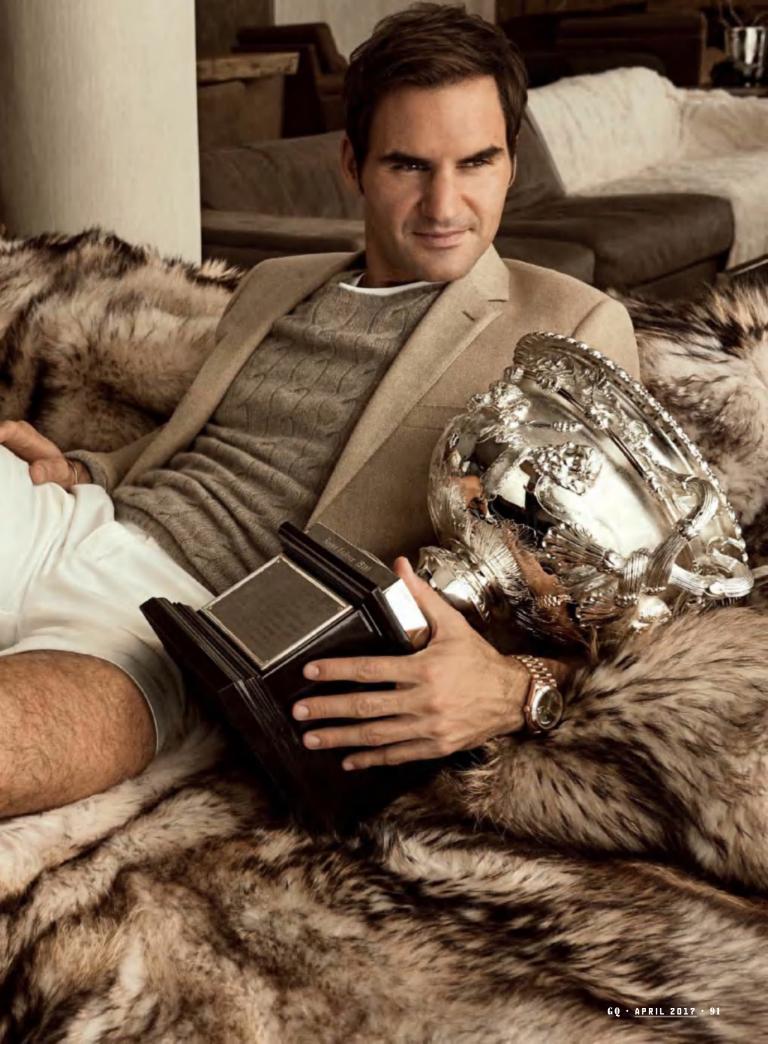
But there came a moment, in the mountains, when something inside me started to change. And not just because we're both fond of raclette. We'd wound up on the topic of his love for tennis. Commentators routinely invoke Federer's passion for the game, as if he were born with a racket in his teeth. I asked him, was it true? He surprised me: not really. The passion came late, he said, not until he cracked the top ten. "Seriously?" I said, and he laughed again. By way of explanation, he told me a story. *(text continued on page 135)*

ABOUT THESE CLOTHES

The bad news first: Your forehand is never going to be as freakishly dominating as the Swiss maestro's. But with one simple trick, your style can match his point for point. To win like Fed, you can either dress up your athletic gear (wearing a notch-lapel blazer with shorts, for example, or an overcoat over your match outfit) or dress down your formalwear (try a suede jacket instead of a blazer, or white sneaks with a tux). Either way, the move says: "I could take one thing off and go win the Australian Open, or I could put one thing on and go win the Australian Open—and then go to dinner."











In an age when you can buy anything and everything online, a great store has to be more than a place to spend money. IT'S GOTTA BE A PLACE TO SPEND TIME. Whether it's selling high-end sneakers or legal reefer, it needs an interesting space, an original point of view, and customer service worth leaving the house for. So join us as we celebrate the 25 shops that make us want to shop

WEREN'T PHYSICAL STORES SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD BY NOW? They were. The Internet should've killed them right after it finished with encyclopedias and privacy. What happened instead was pure economic Darwinism: In order to justify their existence, the good stores had to get even better. They actually doubled down on their analog-ness, which it turns out is the thing we loved about them all along. When we're spending money, we want to try on the shirt and sit in the chair and learn how much sunlight to give our new artisanal cactus. We want genuine destinations like the ones you see here. All these places had the audacity to open in the last five years, and every one makes us want to blow our paycheck.—NICK MARINO





THE FIRST STORE BY THE FIRST NAME IN FURNITURE Herman Miller

NEW YORK CITY, EST. 2016

Herman Miller has been making iconic pieces to lounge in, type on, and eat at for almost a century now—and yet for all those years and all those masterpieces, the company never opened a storefront until this Park Avenue flagship. It was worth the wait: The place is basically Furniture Disney World. Given all the name-droppy pieces in the intimate, effortless vignette staging (Eames, Noguchi, Aeron...), you'll get a free design lesson even if you never whip out your charge card. The furniture here looks more than good. It looks optimal.







DECORATE YOUR HOUSE AND YOUR BODY AT THE SAME TIME COUNTY LTD.

LOS ANGELES, EST. 2016

Furnishing your home is like building your wardrobe: You want both your furniture and your clothes to reflect your personal style. Ideally, the two present a coherent (and spillfree) message—which is why a store like County Ltd., with its equally discerning taste in home goods and menswear, is so necessary. If the world is mass and homogeneous, County is specialized and individualized. If most furniture stores are big-box, County is a jewel box.

Though much of what you'll find inside has a midcentury

feel, you'll also see functional and decorative Japanese tools and objects, which somehow pair perfectly with the store's rugged Lady White Co. shirts. Then there are all the perfect ceramic tabletop items you can't resist. (If you don't already drink tea, you'll start an oolong habit to justify the mugs.) The shop's genius lies in that exact mix of practicality and serendipity: It has everything you've been seeking but can never find, plus a few items you never knew you needed.



Where to Find Sculpture-Level Succulents

CACTUS STORE

 $LOS\ ANGELES,\ EST.\ 2014$

You can't get on an airplane with a water bottle, but you can take a cactus. I've done it. Visiting from the East Coast, I just couldn't leave without a prickly new roommate, so I picked one out and flew home with it in the overhead bin. Cactus Store will have that effect on you—it'll make you do irrational things for plants. Obsessively organized and confoundingly simple, the space is a small square room with a concrete floor. Nothing's inside but towers of cacti displayed on cinder blocks. Prices are written in pencil on the sides of the pots, and they ain't cheap (some cost as much as four figures), but most of these plants are very rare and very, very old. You won't spot many perfect, emoji-shaped specimens here. We're talking about twisted, woolly, multi-armed beasts—glorious, ancient, slightly dangerous things that grow only slightly faster than rocks and bear the wounds of time on their warped bodies.—NOAH JOHNSON





It's Like Pottery Barn for Your Dungeon

RICK OWENS

NEW YORK CITY, EST. 2016

The avant-goth icon explains how interior design and fashion co-exist in his new lair, located in a former SoHo textile factory.







"I am essentially a reductivist," Owens tells us, "but I want the simplest, most mundane elements of my reduced world to be as supernatural as possible: solid custom-carved stone toilets, custom gray sheets, concrete or travertine floors, alabaster furniture, bronze plates, and, yes, ox-bone flatware. I doubt these things will ever prove popular enough to constitute a really commercial homeware collection, but a few pieces will fill out and enhance the world I propose with my clothes in my stores. And like all the stores, this one will morph and shift over time—things will move in and out and float and spin, and then disappear in a puff of smoke and a flash of light."

"We started using ox bone for furniture—as a brutalist homage to Jean-Michel Frank's use of ivory—and the smoothness and warmth of the bone just lent itself to be held," Owens says. "We have the flatware bones sourced and carved in France and then assembled with the steel in Italy. They are boxed in French elm and camel fur from Dubai." (Where else?)



ENTER THE KINGDOM OF DENIM FRONT GENERAL STORE

Stuffed to the ceiling like the world's most fastidious attic, Front General is bursting with objects to investigate, touch, and try on: deadstock eyewear, vintage French work jackets, worn-in leathers, rare Japanese garments, and faded blue jeans. So many blue jeans. Last year store co-owner Hiro Yonekawa acquired about 5,000 pairs of Levi's from the 1960s to the '80s at a going-out-of-business sale on Long Island. "We still have plenty of them in stock," he says, "but we keep buying more and more pairs from other sources every month."







YOUR FAVORITE CELEBRITY'S FAVORITE BOOKS

One Grand

NARROWSBURG, NY, EST. 2015

So here's the concept: Owner Aaron Hicklin asks a rotating cast of cultural figures to recommend ten books, and then builds his inventory around that list. Each book comes with its curator's recommendation. Like these.

SWEET SOUL MUSIC Peter Guralnick

"I read this as a young man really trying to understand what journalism and

history meant."
—Ta-Nehisi Coates

WHITE GIRLS Hilton Als

"I like how Als deals with gender. I am constantly thinking about these themes, especially in the culinary world, where women are becoming more empowered and important to the industry."

—Marcus Samuelsson

THE SELLOUT Paul Beatty

"Funny, poignant, outrageous, and deep as hell. Beatty talks about all the hard stuff of race with great skill and humor." -James Franco

TALES OF THE CITY

Armistead Maupin 'This is a book that literally changed my life. It gave me my career when I played Mary Ann Singleton in the miniseries.

—Laura Linney

ANGELS Denis Johnson

"The first book I read by Johnson is incredibly sad and so well written. It also reminded me of when I first took a bus across the country to New York—so alone in the night surrounded by weird America." -Kim Gordon

THE ODYSSEY Homer

"And not just because there are so many great barbecue scenes." -Michael Pollan



THE PLACE TO BUY A SUIT WHEN YOU DON'T NEED TO BUY A SUIT

Brooklyn Tailors

Step onto the vinyl-tile floors of the new BT flagship and you'll quickly realize: Here is a store for men who wear suits because they like to, not because they have to. That means interesting fabrics, colors, patterns, and fits that are actually fun to wear. Maybe you've got a creativeclass job (ad agency?) and want a one-button rig to wear with sneakers, or maybe you're after a corduroy blazer for a Royal Tenenbaums party. Done and done. If they don't have it, they'll make it for you.







The Cushy Way to Buy Your Kush

UNCLE IKE'S

In addition to feelings of bliss and benevolence, another glorious side effect of legal weed is that you no longer have to buy dime bags from some sketchy high-school dropout behind the Citgo station. But as with any other kind of store, there are good pot shops and bad pot shops. And then there's Uncle Ike's, the West Coast's premier marijuana emporium, which in only three years has become a Seattle institution. From its helpful neon hey stoner! Around THE CORNER sign—perfect for the directionally challenged and/or herbally influenced—to its expert and attentive staff, the original of three locations has made what used to be an illicit transaction feel bourgeois. (You can even shop with your dog.) Ike's sells every conceivable form of hemp, including pre-rolled joints, edibles, concentrates, hash, flowers, and weekly specials of locally grown products. Best of all, prices compete with old-fashioned dope dealers. It's basically the 420 fantasyland of your dreams: a pleasant, affordable, borderline luxurious way to buy drugs without ever once worrying about the cops.



THE MOST EXCLUSIVE STORE EVER MAGASIN

LOS ANGELES, EST. 2016

The only way to stand out in image-obsessed L.A. is to wear clothes so rare that nobody else can find 'em—which is why Magasin stocks only those clothes. Here, proprietor and professional cool-hunter **Josh Peskowitz** testifies to three of his store's most coveted labels.

Eral 55

"Angelenos
don't pay enough
attention to
tailoring," Peskowitz
says. "Ermanno
Lazzarin is a secondgeneration clothier
and a vintage
junkie. And since
his jackets are
made from
deadstock fabric
from his 100-year

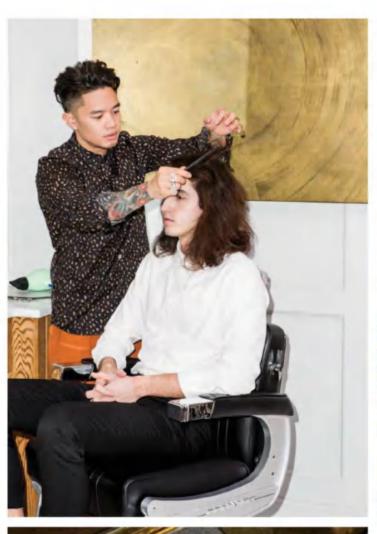
archive, each one is nearly one of a kind. We're his only stockist in the world besides his own store on Corso Como in Milan."

Camoshita

Magasin is also the only place in L.A. to buy clothes designed by Japanese menswear legend Yasuto Kamoshita, whom Peskowitz calls "one of the world's bestdressed men. I wanna be him when I grow up. His collection is both very casual and very elegant. It feels regular, but it's just slightly off."

Yuketen

Much of what shoemaker Yuki Matsuda does is for export back to his native Japan. But "he creates special makeups of shoes for us," Peskowitz says. It's eccentric for sure: Look out for a woven sneaker with a black espadrille sole.











HOW TO NAVIGATE...

TODD SNYDER

The One-Stop Menswear Shop

NEW YORK CITY, EST. 2016

Care for a shot of espresso? Well, not right now. But you're glad it was offered by the soft-spoken sales dude. Clyde, was it?

No, you just want to look at all the clothes. Start at your right: Short-sleeve chambrays. Gray sweatshirts. Black leather iackets. The charcoal blazer you imagine when you think "charcoal blazer." Then, wait, is that a tiny barbershop over there? Is that a huge display of Moscot eyewear? Is that a case of vintage watches? Can I really get a shoeshine and a salad? Wow. All these extras are oddly comforting, emblematic of a certain civilized lifestyle you could get used to.

Hey, Clyde, on second thought...



"Department stores aren't dead. Just the bad ones are."

—Marc Metrick, president of **Saks**, which has just built a Lower Manhattan store specifically for the modern male species. Its customer service includes a fashion-emergency hotline for crotch rips and lunch mishaps, plus a sprinter van that brings the store to you.

13 ONE STORE, TWO CONTINENTS Marché Noir

paris, Est. 2016

Founded by the enormously stylish Togo expat Amah Ayivi, vintage shop Marché Noir pays homage both to the high sartorial standards of Paris and to the creativity of West Africa, bringing the cultures together to elevate each other. On the racks: smocks, old varsity jackets, and elegantly tattered Parisian workwear alongside indigo scarves and white Marché Noir-branded painter's jackets that drape like kimonos. You may never have had a shopping experience like this, where the gulf between the strange and the familiar is so narrow. It makes you want to try new things; it removes nearly all the anxiety one usually feels when trying new things. Ayivi's eye is unerring. His store will simply teach you how to look more interesting.



Americana Exceptionalism

MANREADY MERCANTILE

HOUSTON, EST. 2014

From the massive American flag downstairs to the leather Chippewa boots he sells, Manready Mercantile founder Travis Weaver is obsessed with heritage-y goods that last forever and get better with time. He stocks everything a body needs, whether he's courting a southern belle or chasing a hog through the brush. We're talking hats, beef jerky, incense, canvas backpacks—hell, even knives and vintage jewelry. Stick around for one of the old-fashioneds the clerk is making and buy something you'll never need to buy again.





FURNITURE TWO WAYS Varnish + Vine

KANSAS CITY, MO, EST. 2016 Will and Shelby Perry, the couple behind K.C.'s new furniture emporium, will either help you find the antique of your dreams or help you get the damn thing made.

Antiques

Used-furniture shopping is more like buying a vintage car than buying vintage clothes—more variables, more money, way more chances of disaster. V+V cares where its stuff came from, so you don't get a lemon.

Uniques

Let's say you can't find exactly what you want at Varnish + Vine's compound. Let's say you find half

of what you want—you love the legs on a table but hate how the top has gone coaster-less since the Truman administration. In that case, they'll let you rip the piece apart and build you a whole new tabletop. ("We're seeing a lot of industrial pieces mixed with primitive finishes," Shelby says. "Walnut tables on hairpin legs.") And if even that won't do, they'll hook you up with local craftsmen to build a custom piece from scratch.



Sneakers, Streetwear, and... Ice Cream Swirls?

KITH

MIAMI, EST. 2016

Decked out in marble, stainless steel, and glass, this lavish South Beach location comes complete with ceramic Air Jordan installations and its own sweets shop. Kith founder Ronnie Fieg tells us more.

GQ: So what's on the shelves in Miami?

Ronnie Fieg: The product has to match the aesthetic of the store design and vice versa. So we have a lot of swimwear, and we carry brands we don't even offer in our New York shops yet. We also designed a full range of Kith apparel exclusive to Miami, including past collaborations with brands like Fear of God, Orlebar Brown, and Onia. It was fun because it showed how dexterous we can be. While we were releasing mesh iersevs in Miami, we were releasing down-filled outerwear in New York.

Didn't you also help resurrect some old Nike Air Force 1s? We wanted to do something special for the Miami opening, and I had a long-standing plan with Nike to bring back the AFI Linen, which is my all-time favorite sneaker. The result came out strong. It was probably my favorite moment of 2016, which is an impressive feat because we did some major things last year.

The ice cream parlor, Kith Treats, is the closest part of the store to the street. It's actually a great way to advertise to people walking by. Was that the idea? Absolutely. Hard not to want to come inside the store when it's 90 degrees outside and you see someone eating the most delicious ice cream swirl ever.



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BEST PLACE TO HAVE ASTIGMATISM VACUING

MONTREAL EST 2013

Treating corrective eyewear like fashion, the shop is fanatical about fit and devoted to specs with just the right amount of quirk. Keep an eye out (sorry) for retro-inspired frames like the ones you see here, from Montreal's own All In line.





BEST ART GALLERY
MASQUERADING
AS A MENSWEAR SHOP
Working Title

TORONTO, EST. 2013

Even beyond the all-white interior. the guys at Working Title use their store like a gallery space. They stock artsy, minimalist clothes by designy lines like Our Legacy and Très Bien. They host photography shows that have featured young talent liké Julian Berman and Andreas Laszlo Konrath. And lately they're getting into what some call "video art" and we call "movies," sponsoring indiefilm screenings at a nearby theater and selling the kind of rare DVDs that make the Criterion Collection look commercial by comparison.



MOST WELCOME ARRIVAL

SID MASHBURN

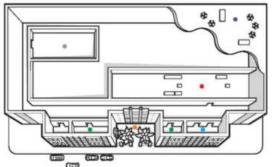
WASHINGTON, D.C., EST. 2015

Washingtonians dress the way Mitch McConnell legislates: as if the past 40 years never happened. But with playful white-collar style (so many rad blazers) and concierge-level service (ask for Tom), this micro-chain haberdashery is easing apprehensive pols into the radical concept of taste.



"Shoppers today want to invest their time in *experiences*. If it's the right concept, a store is more necessary than ever. Someone might walk in thinking he can't wear something—and then realize he can."

—Nick Wooster, men's fashion director of **Forty Five Ten**, a new 37,000-square-foot behemoth in Dallas that stocks adventurous designers like Visvim and Haider Ackermann, pushing conservative Texans out past their comfort zone





Just One Eye

LOS ANGELES, EST. 2012

This high-fashion emporium is hidden inside a humongous Art Deco building that was once the office of tortured millionaire Howard Hughes. But ol' Howie never had this much swaq.

Main Selling Floor

Where they keep menswear and accessories. All the hypebeast-iest brands (Vetements, Gucci, Off-White, Valentino) are here, and all the eye-popping art on display is for sale. Except the Damien Hirst.

Fitting Rooms

These enclaves, one for men and one for women, are also little getaways for private shopping, relaxing, and art perusing.

Rotating Pop-up Shops

Right now there's one each for women's jewelry line

Wilfredo Rosado and shoe designer Francesco Russo. But they change all the time.

Main Entryway

After decades of disuse, it's finally re-opening in all its 1920s grandeur.

Photo Studio Where the J.O.E. folks shoot their e-commerce and Instagram pics.

Rooftop

A sprawling event space for L.A.'s glitterati, it once held an orchestral concert while helicopters above performed an "aerial ballet." THE
RESTLESS
HOME TO THE
RVANT-GARDE
DOVER
Street
Market

NEW YORK CITY, EST. 2013

Designed by Comme des Garçons creator Rei Kawakubo Organizing **principle** "Beautiful Chaos" Which means The seven-story shop has a Peewee's Playhouse sense of highconcept whimsy. Twice a year it briefly closes to remake itself. emerging with an all-new design and all-new collections. When this place carries an emerging fashion designer, it's a careermaking co-sign. Like MoMA acquiring a young painter.

23
STRONGEST
ARGUMENT
FOR PERSONAL
HYGIENE
Q Brothers

CHICAGO, EST. 2014

Founded by The grooming

gurus behind Merz Apothecary, which has lathered up the Chicagoland area since 1875. Q is right next door. Sales pitch "Look superb, smell sublime. Which means Rare colognes abound, as do boar-bristle brushes, not to mention such niche products as the beeswax-v bald-head polish by Sweet Comb Chicago.



Because You Deserve a Trip to Japan

H BEAUTY & YOUTH

TOKYO, EST. 2016

If you've ever been shopping in Tokyo, you've encountered the rarefied (and yet somehow ubiquitous) fashion chain United Arrows. This stand-alone outpost pushes the extremely excellent curation to new levels of awesome by adding a vintage section, jam-packed with perfectly aged tees, military jackets, and a selection of antique watches from Rolex and Patek Philippe—plus a basement pizza shop. Because by the time you're finally done looking it all over, you'll be starving.





CPCM

TOKYO, EST. 2015

Massive by any standard (it feels especially huge in compact Japan), this is where you'll discover all the best new Japanese clothing brands, like Comoli and Auralee. Come for the menswear, stay for the ceramics, furniture, and a café called Garden House Crafts. If you're lucky, you'll visit while there's a vintage-American-ceramics yard sale, a pop-up shop re-creating the Brimfield Antique Flea Market, or another of the special events that make CPCM one of the most forward-looking boutiques on the planet.









X Fac:tor

Ahhh, the revenge career! Let us consider. And in so doing, let us consider actor Dan Stevens.

Because watching the jittery lunatic on FX's superhero thriller Legion, you'd be forgiven for thinking Stevens could not possibly be the guy from Downton Abbey. You know, the guy. That poor himbo who was always sipping sherry. The milquetoast body pillow in cricket whites upon whom vour airlfriend could project her mildest fantasies. The guy who ultimately was so over teeny-tiny crystal stemware he flipped his 1920s convertible into the great Downton beyond. (May he rest.)

To those who said he was also killing his career: Enjoy your crow-infused sherry. Because under Fargo auteur Noah Hawley, creator of the FX show that's brought Stevens back to TV, the English actor is transcendent and transformed. As David Haller, a mental patient who learns his psychotic breaks are really just superdope telekinetic powers, Stevens plays both the dreamer and the dream: The show is told primarily in smashedmirror shards from within Haller's own memory. It runs like an M. C. Escher drawing of mental trauma. Strange, spooked, manic, and noirishly comic, Stevens also debuts an excellent weirdo-American accent and joins a grand Brit tradition: Like Damian Lewis and Dominic West before him—two teddibly posh gents who lunged at gritty American roles (on Homeland and The Wire, respectively) to escape a permanent Elizabethan ruffhe's one of ours now.

For Stevens, diving into Hawley's scripts was total "mental free fall," but it was also, at last, a chance to be funny—"to bat around very, very big ideas in a playful way. Because in comics, you can be very mischievous and cheeky and still take on cosmological ideas about dimensional theory," he says. "And somebody gets a psionic blade!" Haters: En garde!—SARAH BALL

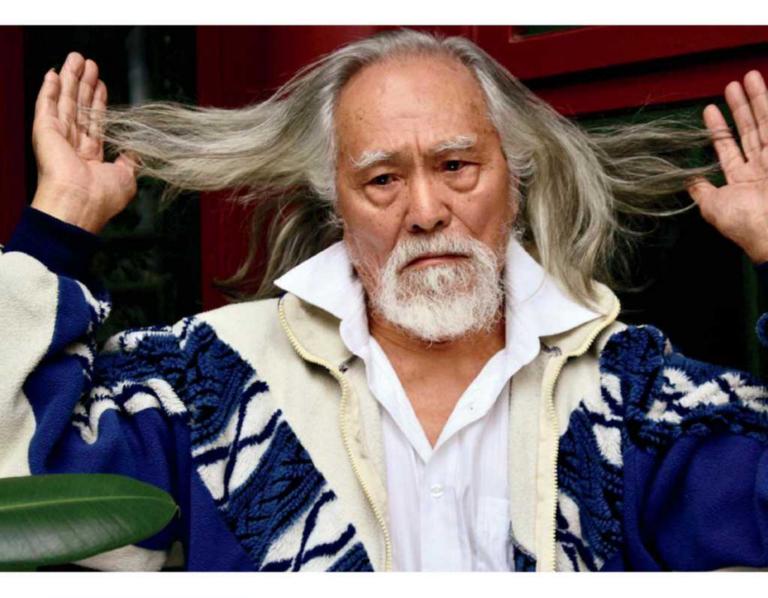




SECRETS E 8-EQR

He looks great without his shirt on. Many people have noticed. Casting directors and fashion designers in his home country and around the globe—they have seen the glory of **WANG DESHUN** and know he looks as good as men a quarter his age. But how did an obscure artist who survived the Cultural Revolution become a viral sensation and suddenly the surreal, sexy center of Fashion Week? And what, beyond those well-defined pecs, can he tell us about eternal youth and vitality? He shared his wisdom with **MICHAEL PATERNITI**







HE LEGEND OF Hottest Grandpa began one March evening two years ago, during Fashion Week in Beijing. Hottest Grandpa, who is 80 now, with an unruly Confucian Vandyke, stood backstage as minions coiffed his corona of white hair and tenderized his hairless chest with baby oil, his pecs pulsating to a techno beat of their own. He was fitted with padded cotton pants, and the designer, Hu Sheguang, shared with him that evening's plan. He-Hottest Grandpa-would perform a pantomime to begin the show, a scene in which he would battle a high wind, and then later would lead the female models out for their curtain call. No other male models, just him. And because the female models had their faces gift-wrapped, wearing little steampunk glasses and cat ears, his was the only face-and flesh-truly visible.

In that comparatively calm backstage moment before the walk, as he was being fussed over one last time, Hottest Grandpa wasn't yet Hottest Grandpa. To the 1.4 billion people of China, he wasn't even *lao xianrou*, a name soon affixed to him, which translates as, of course, Old Fresh Meat. He hadn't yet established himself as the next frontier, the new nexus where sex and old age meet to look ageless and sexy again (prompting people on YouTube to praise Grandpa's "gorgeous stomach"), nor had he given his TED-like talks about the walk. He was just Wang Deshun, he of a wife, two children, and a grandkid, who when he took his shirt off seemed as if he'd just blown in from frolicking in the Fountain of Youth with a bunch of Chippendales dancers.

How he came to be here was its own story. The designer, Hu, had been consulting with the show's DJ, a woman named QQ, when QQ's phone rang and a picture of her aged father appeared on the screen. Hu's reaction was instant: He had to have him! What Hu wanted from Wang now was a barechested finale, Hottest Grandpa stripped to the waist, all flexed and baby-oiled.

Wang mugs in old Beijing, 2015.

OPENING PAGES

Shirtless Wang walks the runway, 2015.

Wang nodded his head, sure, but what about the police? What if they charged him with obscenity?

"Let them," said Hu. "They'll have to catch both of us." But Wang was asking the question from experience, for he'd been censored by the Chinese government back in the '90s. All for his art.

Soon enough, the house lights went down, a swirling wind sounded, and the old man stepped onto the stage, lost in his hurricane pantomime. He acted out the story of a little kid trying to get home, or an old man who's a little kid trying to get home, or something like that. It went on ... and on. But it was arresting, and if anything, Wang knows how to move his body in a way that mesmerizes. His face was elastic with emotion, joy and fear and joy again. And he possessed an ancient authority, of 80 unflinching vears on earth: He didn't seem to give a shit if anyone got what he was doing. Art is art.

When it was over, the music shifted and the gift-wrapped models tottered down the runway on ridiculous dominatrix heels (also gift-wrapped), wearing shiny, crenulated sacks, heaps of fabric that looked like...

heaps of fabric. The show seemed to resemble the aftermath of a supermodel overnight, with the ensuing pillow-blanket-and-Elmer's-glue fight gone horribly wrong.

Except for what came next.

The models vanished, the music shifted from electro-trance to something appropriately loud and jarring and finale-making, a singer intoning, Sister, you need to make big, brave strides. And suddenly there he was, bursting down the runway, Hottest Grandpa leading the gift-wrapped cat-models! He walked just as the lyrics suggested: with big, brave strides. In the world of fashion, where the default runway expression is one of laconic, almost opioidal nonexpression, Hottest Grandpa appeared fierce. In a country where masculinity sometimes conveys itself as bland diffidence, he walked fast, with swinging arms, calling attention to himself. He glared at the crowd and jabbed one hand in the air to wave. His torso gleamed, toned and ripped. He was rolling thunder.

At the end of the runway, he pirouetted, his hair swirling around his head like some sort of interstellar solar cloud. If you watch the replay, you can tell he's so amped, he over-rotates just a bit, catches himself, and begins to stalk back down the stage with his own big-cat intensity that erases the misstep. The whole thing is ten seconds of Oh-my-God-really?

Afterward, as they say, Wang went viral. Everything that ad agencies would love to have us believe—that eternal youth is possible—was right there before our eyes, in action. An 80-year-old on the catwalk, looking this *fine?* What was he eating? How did he keep in shape? Could we all look forever young? So came the lustful, leering commentary. What was Hottest Grandpa's secret?

When we met recently in Milan, where Wang was in town for winter Fashion Week with the luxury house Ermenegildo Zegna, it was the first question out of my mouth. Expecting a tutorial on diet and exercise, I was surprised by his answer. He wasn't a runway model, he said, but an actor. His

body? It was a tool for his art. The walk, the abs: They were only manifestations of a deeper, ever churning, reshuffling self. With each new adventure, he found himself at the beginning of another. "I pursue nowness. That's what I do," he said. The word "pursue" struck me as so, I don't know...telling. I hunt nowness. I seek to have a sexual relationship with nowness.

Perhaps we weren't so different. After all, I pursued nowness, too: now this plate of pasta, now this tiramisu... But of course he wasn't talking about food. He was talking about a holistic, multi-pronged life philosophy that kept him young and, most of all, vital. At a time of life when most begin to give up the physical—losing muscle mass, curling toward obsolescence—Hottest Grandpa had doubled down. Impressive as his body was, though, this limelight moment hardly seemed to represent a culmination so much as another beginning. As it turned out, there were multitudes to Hottest Grandpa, deeper secrets beneath the surface if only you delved.

First, though, we hit the gym.

A "Living Sculpture" performance in 1994.

Wang gets done up like a Rodin, 1996.







On the set of Warriors of Heaven and Earth.

In a café in Milan, 2017.

As a 22-year-old factory worker, 1958.





WE STARTED EARLY, as the Milan fashionistas slept. Back in China, his fitness regimen is intense, lasting up to four hours a day, and might be classified as old-school, as it seems utterly invented by Wang himself, who's as old as oldest-school gets, like, horse-and-buggy-school, from grainy photographs of Chiang Kai-shek days. Before coming to Milan, he'd made only one demand: He needed a Designated Special Comrade Workout Space, what we call "a hotel gym," which was a problem easily solved.

When I arrived, the cramped, windowless gym was bereft of all human bodies but Wang's. He was clad in black spandex leggings, with his shirt off (again!), which startled me because in all the hotel gyms in all my years of travel, I'd never entered to find someone with their shirt off, in full pec parade, let alone an octogenarian with the cojones to let it all hang out. He'd already been at it for 45 minutes, and a sheen of sweat glistened over his torso. By any objective standard, he had a very good bodylean but shaped, perfectly apportioned-a better body than, sorry, dear shapely GQ reader, 99 percent of those 30, 40, even 50 years younger. By most objective standards, okay, he was pretty hot, easily the hottest grandpa, but still, something more than just grandpa hot. It was a hotness that perhaps I couldn't fully appreciate, or needed time to assimilate. Because there was some amount of cognitive dissonance. Except for a couple of wrinkles and puckers, he really could have been in his 20s with that body. And on top of it, that expressive face, distinguished and striking, framed in a whorl of gray hair like that of a Tarantino elder, seemed like a computer-generated meme. That is, as a whole, Wang Deshun seemed more like invented clickbait, something fictional.

When I arrived, he was involved in an exercise of wing-flapping, with weights. There was an esoterica to his workout, a self-tabulated Tai Chi. Were these old Communist drills? Was he his own Jack LaLanne? At home, in winter, he skated in a bodysuit (in summer, it was swimming); then he retired to the gym for two hours of this Kama Sutra with dumbbells. If it might have felt creepy, being alone in a gym with a shirtless 80-year-old, it wasn't. Wang only had eyes for himself in the mirror. Eventually, his DJ daughter (and manager), QQ, appeared, tall with long black hair dyed party blue, chitchatting amiably, translating for her dad as he explained the exercises.

As she spoke, her father remained undeterred, completing a series of weight-lifting

maneuvers. He waved the weights around in front of him, and then kind of segued into more wing-flapping. It was hypnotizing—he was nothing but eye-of-the-tiger.

"How many of these?" I asked, having stripped down to my T-shirt but daring to go no further.

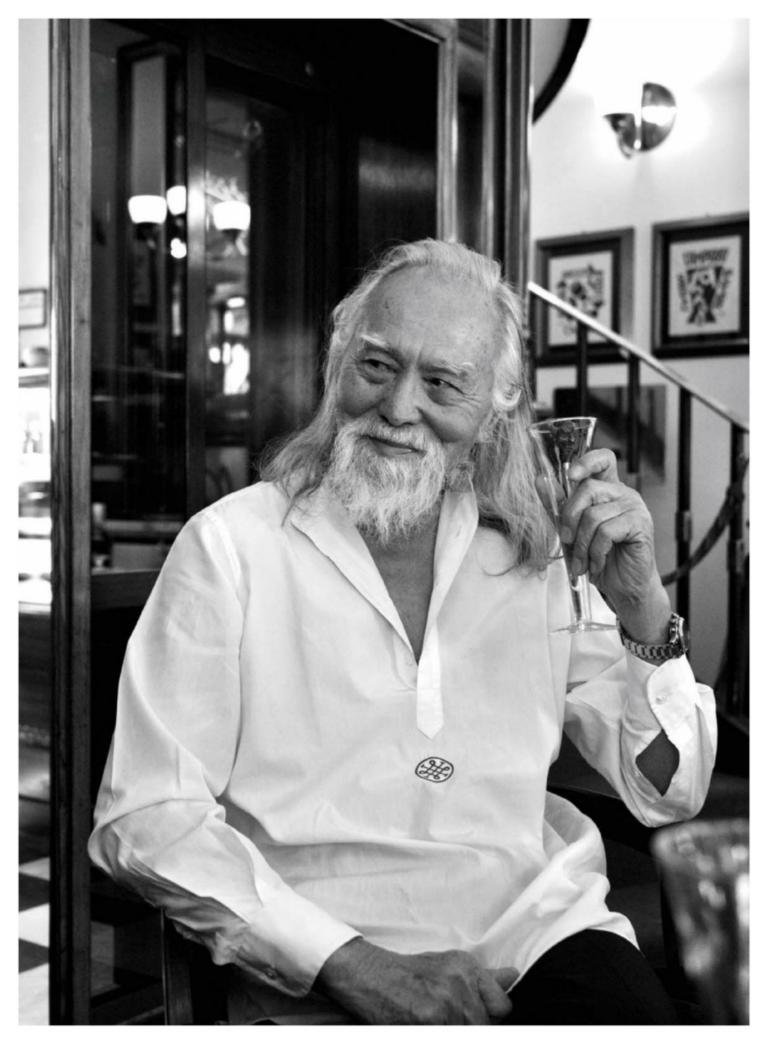
"Two hundred."

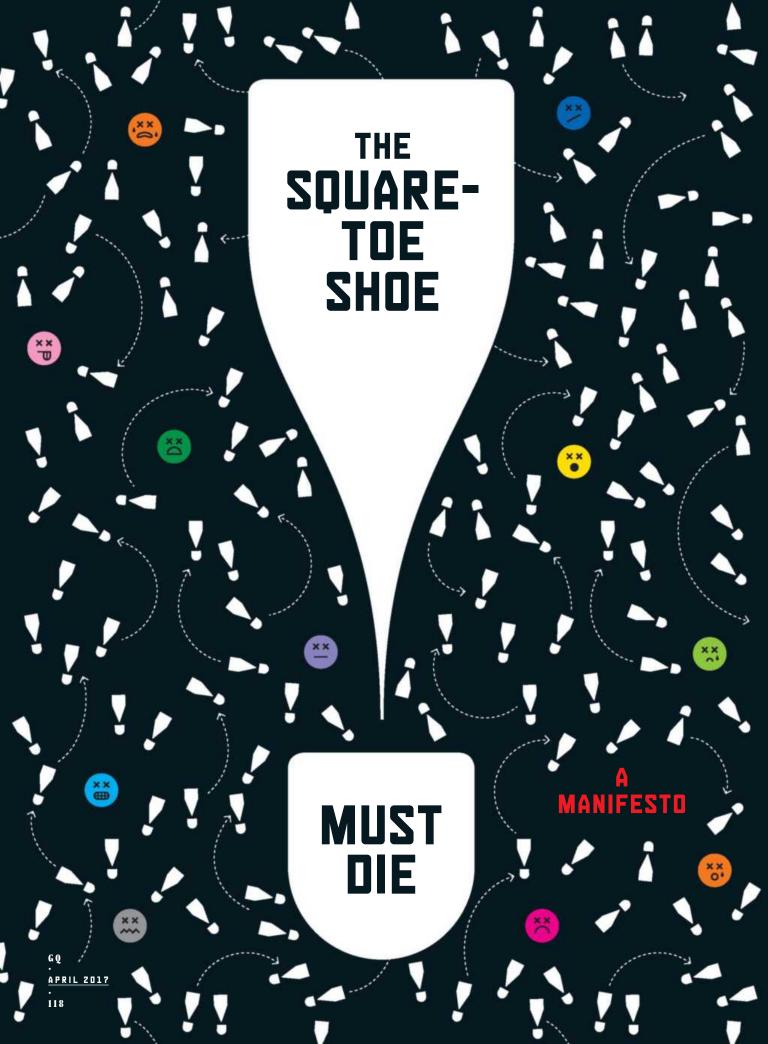
I wanted to say: Seems like 175 more than I was planning.

He started jumping up and down in place, and I followed. Three hundred, he said. Wait, what if my head is telling me 50? He kept jumping.

When it came time to stretch a little, he took his leg and hoisted it up by his ear, hooking his heel onto the bar of the weight-lifting cage. He encouraged me to do the same, though my leg only lifted 90 degrees, as high as my waist. QQ laughingly pointed out the obvious-I was as stiff as the unoiled Tin Man-though Wang showed no disappointment, no interest at all, really. When he spoke, it was to the exercises themselves, their progeny and prescription. He had his head to his knee now and was bouncing a little. Wasn't that how you popped a hammy? Not Hottest Grandpa! He did all of this with an almost grim intensity. It's what kept him young and limber, he was sure of it, and what had built his body to its current form, these hours (in Milan, it was truncated to one or two) of calisthenics each day: weights, cardio, stretching.

Afterward, in the Comrade Food Consumption Zone (the hotel breakfast buffet), he suctioned eggs, turkey, pancakes, cheese, mushrooms, pears, pastry, juice, macchiato, and green Jell-O cubes. (He really dug those Jell-O cubes, (continued on page 136)





We thought it would fade away, a casualty of sartorial progress, like spats and piano ties. We thought its fundamental absurdity of form would fully evolve it off the feet of men. To be honest, we thought it was too ugly to live. But that geometric disgrace remains, ruining otherwise fashionable looks by making men's feet seem heavy, bulky, unwilling...square. So we're killing it. For good this time. It'll take a sustained campaign involving social media, community outreach, and prayer to the fashion gods. But the SQUARE-TOE SHOE is going down. Though not without your help.



THEY ARE A FASHION,
BUT UNLIKE SOME
FASHIONS, THEY HAVE
LOGIC GOING FOR THEM.
OUR FEET ARE MORE
SOUARED OFF THAN
POINTY IN THE FRONT."

-GO. 2003

THAT'S THE CLOSEST we ever came to endorsing the square-toe: "logic." Otherwise we ignored it. We looked at it askance. We wondered when it would go away. We never fought it because we never took it seriously. And why should we? Flat. Wide. Often unnaturally shiny. Usually with double stitching along the vamp. The Pilgrims' Pride. The Joey/Ross/Chandler Special. The "going out" shoe that Pauly on *Jersey Shore* wore (and, let's face it, wears) with his "going out" shirt. How could that last?

Yet it has. On our brothers! Our cousin at his prom! That guy at the coffee shop in a nice suit! Congressmen hosting town halls and telling you you'll be fine without health insurance! They started wearing squaretoes in the '90s, and they just-well, they just never took them off. But why? How did this shoe not go the way of the opera cape? What we're starting to understand, after hosting some seriously robust panel discussions with editors and friends, among them square-toe sympathizers and recovering enthusiasts, is that the square-toe shoe is not anti-fashion. It represents a misguided but sincere attempt at being fashionable. It's a striving toward...something.

What tragic irony.

Because...and how do we say this as delicately as we can? It is fucking ugly. It makes your legs look like tree trunks. And it has the power to decimate an otherwise fashionable look. Your tailored suit is veritably shot in the head when you finish it with a pair of toasters on your feet. "The first thing I notice on a man-besides height and hair, obviously-is whether he's wearing good shoes," a lady who used to work here made sure all of us knew. "Men dress from the shoes up," every fashionable man from Giorgio Armani to LeBron James has said in this magazine over the past 60 years. Point being: Shoe shape is an important perhaps the most important-fashion choice. And getting it wrong is dangerous. Square-toe shoes can have the same effect as showing up with a Jim Carrey Dumb and Dumber bowl cut. Despite what we said in 2003, there's no logic. When's the last

time you wore a pair of non-square-toe shoes and thought, If only I had a few more inches of space in my toe box? Never. Because you don't need more space in your toe box. Your toe box is fine.

In 2013 we said, "Unless you're Daffy Duck, your shoes should be round-toed." *That's* the *GQ* position. Our shoes are all some may see. Save yourself. Save others.

We have to kill it.

You have to help us kill it.

But how?

Every man should consider his own conscience charged with this solemn duty: Don't wear them, and speak up when you see them being worn.

Talk to your loved ones. Quietly pluck square-toes from closets and make them disappear. Call those congressmen. Suggest that there is a better way, in the form of clean white sneakers. Or maybe a compromise: the subtly "squared-off" dress shoe introduced by London shoemaker George Cleverley in the mid-20th century or the angular shoes you're just now seeing from Gucci, Margiela, and Balenciaga. Make sure they see the helpful, poignant video about the problem that you'll find at GQ.com.

And don't rest until our job is accomplished. We know we won't.

Let the shape of this shoe—an abomination, a stain—be forever removed from society. (Until it comes back in style, when we'll be all over it!)

Sincerely,

GQ





WHEN WEGO LOW, GO HIGH



photographs by KAIZ FENG

\$160

Topman

\$60 Vans CREWNECK S40

Gap

JERNS 30

Forever 21 Men







Luka Sabbat, a 19-year-old cool kid who grew up in Paris and N.Y.C., is the handsome face of fashion houses like Dolce & Gabbana and the poster child—literally. he's on posters sprinkled throughout the Sohos of New York and London—for the new creative generation. Those models who want to be more than models, who want to make fashion things on multiple fronts, to wear many hats (and sharp-angled shirts...and ninja pants...). The youngest version of those side-hustlers we just told you about on page 60. The kids that Kanye wrought. Jacks-ofall-trades who draw, DJ, and design—or, in the case of Sabbat, hold gallery

walk in Yeezy shows, and

release look books for his

clothing collection (or at least that's what was on the

slate the week we spoke). "Modeling isn't bad when you're only trying to be a

model," he says, playing with

the curly, dreaded 'fro that served as his signature

before people knew his name. "But I'm trying to be LVMH." That is, a creative

fashion conglomerate the

your typical teenage dream.

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world over. You know,

-MARK ANTHONY GREEN







WELCOME BACK TO

GO E IYTZ BLBLE

by Sean o'neal

photographs by PARI DUKOVIC

GQ

APRIL 2017

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■ Seventy-one years after **DAVID LYNCH's** debut in Missoula, 40 years after the premiere of 'Eraserhead,' and 25 years after Laura Palmer said good-bye to Special Agent Dale Cooper, the most daring auteur in Hollywood goes to the one place that seemed off-limits



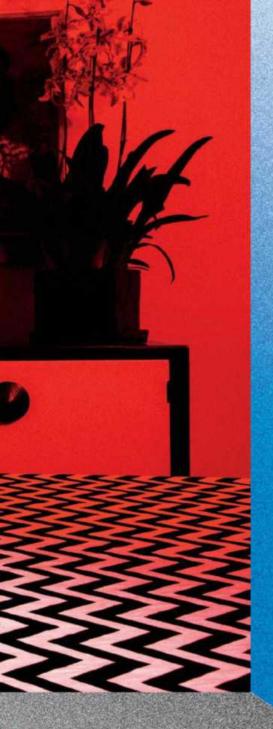


HE DARKEST, SUNNIEST DIRECTOR IN AMERICA

They all talk about him the same way.

- ► He kind of hypnotizes you.
 —sherilyn fenn, porcelain ideal of Lynchian beauty
- ► There's nothing bigger than David. We all submit.
 —JIM BELUSHI, new to the Lynch universe
- ► It just makes me smile when I get to see him.
 —SHERYL LEE, Laura Palmer





He breathes through the moment, and everything is alive in that moment.

—LAURA DERN, five-time collaborator who has "spent [her] life working with him."

I felt tremendous gratitude to be there, seeing his face.—KYLE MACLACHLAN, on-screen alter ego

He was just radiating warmth and friendliness.—MICHAEL CERA, who's in Showtime's Twin Peaks reboot with the rest of them

You just fall into that love for him.

—NAOMI WATTS, returning muse

"TODAY IS A TORMENT," David Lynch says, tugging melodramatically at the collar of his shirt like a kid who's been forced to stop digging up worms and put on stiff church clothes. The flash of a neon yellow watch hidden beneath a black suit sleeve offers the sole ray of the playful, beatific sun god who's been gushed over in brochure-worthy terms by all his friends and collaborators. Here in the penthouse of the Chateau Marmont, Lynch seems cornered, physically resisting interrogation by folding up like an insect. When Lynch is asked a question about himself, his eyes squeeze shut. He bows his head and clasps his hands, somewhere between prayer and severe pain. Not surprisingly for an auteur whose work is defined by its elliptical mystery from early lo-fi creepfest *Eraserhead* to humanity-is-the-real-freak-show allegory The Elephant Man to sapphic showbiz horror Mulholland Drive to the reason he's being tortured today, Showtime's 18-part revival of Twin Peaks—David Lynch *really* hates explaining things.

What's more, Lynch complains, he had to get all dressed up for this inquest, which meant the arduous task of emptying the stuff from the baggy khakis he wears every other day and placing that stuff into a whole new set of pockets. There's the suit, which necessitated putting on a tie, an interloper to his strict uniform of a white dress shirt buttoned to the top. Even Lynch's hair—a volcanic-ash cloud the musician Questlove describes as "the cool white-guy version of Bobby Brown's Gumby with a flip"—has begun to droop from the sheer exertion of so much self-examination.

For someone who has been practicing Transcendental Meditation since 1973 and adheres to the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's reported belief that "life is a festival of disruption" (even borrowing the phrase for the name of his recent two-day event at L.A.'s Ace Hotel), Lynch doesn't seem particularly jazzed about today's upset of the natural order. It's clear he'd rather be anywhere else, doing the things he normally does: filmmaking or building furniture, taking photographs of burned-out warehouses or painting nude women wielding electric knives. Anything that might give him the comfort of humdrum routine. And absolute control.

Of course, anyone who's seen Lynch's work knows that control is just an illusion. That the safe routines of your existence can be disturbed at any time by a mysterious stranger breaking into your home, an unexplained videotape turning up on your doorstep, a severed ear discovered in a forest clearing, GQ asking you

to do a photo shoot. This sudden meeting of the mundane and the macabre, often set in cheerful, terrifying daylight, is the classic "Lynchian" twist. It's the moment when the mask of life's banality slips to reveal the labyrinth of madness that was always just underneath, when Dennis Hopper bursts into your living room all hopped-up on amyl nitrite, screaming about shitty beer. "A kind of a honeycomb world—an underworld that exists simultaneously with the reality we see with our eyes every day," says *Twin Peaks* star Ray Wise. This is the place where David Lynch's work lives.

You would probably expect the person who shows us these things to be dark himself, a brooding cross between Rod Serling and Edgar Allan Poe, a psychological sadist who runs his sets like a B. F. Skinner experiment. But when I first meet him, he literally greets me with an unironic "Howdy!" And all of David Lynch's co-workers gush that when he is not politely enduring questions about his oeuvre, he is "warm" and "sunny and cheerful." *Mulholland Drive* star Justin Theroux explains that "he's got a very sort of sparkly persona. You want to be underneath that safety umbrella that he creates."

He is also, as musician and new *Twin Peaks* cast member Sky Ferreira puts it, "actually really funny."

Sounds like a great guy to hang with! So what does David Lynch find funny, anyway?

"Everybody loves to laugh," Lynch says, body clenched and eyes winced shut. "Larry David is great. Albert Brooks. Mel Brooks."

And then, the Lynchian twist. "I like girls that cry."

Murder in the Woods

I would have little fantasies: "'Twin Peaks' will come back and I'll live happily ever after." And [then David's] like, "It's true, Sherilyn Fenn. We're coming back. And it's gonna be great, and it's gonna be all of us."—SHERILYN FENN, Twin Peaks, Wild at Heart

I said, "If you do choose to revisit it, don't forget me." And he said, "Well, Ray, you know, you're dead. But perhaps we can work around that."

—RAY WISE, Twin Peaks

IT'S BEEN MORE THAN a quarter-century since Lynch last filled our living rooms with hilarious crying girls, back when he first partnered with *Hill Street Blues*

writer Mark Frost to ground his dreamy abstractions into something ABC could cut commercials around. Network executives suggested something like Peyton Place. Instead, the duo delivered a Dickensian delirium, a two-season network drama where the murder of beloved homecoming queen Laura Palmer unraveled a sleepy logging town's secret connections to demons and alternate dimensions. It was a treatise on the monsters lurking just beneath the placid surface of American life. And it was a show whose willingness to be downright maddening, embrace of art-house surrealism, and DMT-hallucination-of-Happu-Days aesthetic would forever change the prevailing wisdom about what people would watch on television. Since the series' 1991 cancellation, its DNA has lived on in every show from The X-Files to Lost to Mad Men to approximately 98 percent of small-town murder mysteries. And Lynch has spent those intervening decades being begged relentlessly by Twin Peaks' fans—not to mention its cast and crew-to return.

The revival of Twin Peaks marks Lynch's return to filmmaking after the longest break in his career; he hadn't released anything high-profile since 2006's Inland Empire. So why now? Well, there is the fact that, in the show's finale, Laura Palmer meaningfully tells her would-be avenger, Agent Cooper, "I'll see you again in 25 years." "I sense that David takes numbers and numerology very seriously," says Showtime president David Nevins, who shepherded the series' return. "And that kind of promise, he feels some desire to fulfill." It's a tidy explanation, except Lynch says he didn't even remember that detail until Frost pointed it out to him.

Really, there's only one reason David Lynch does something: He wants to. "He doesn't do anything he's not feeling," says Laura Dern, who will join *Twin Peaks* in one of many new mystery roles. "I've watched him write a wonderful movie and put it to the side. And maybe ten years later, he's like, 'Oh, I might be feeling that movie again now."

According to Frost, Lynch finally came around to feeling like going back into the Pacific Northwest woods over one of their semi-regular lunches at the Musso & Frank Grill in Los Angeles. Frost and Lynch had a falling-out over the 1992 film follow-up, Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me, with Frost maintaining it should be a sequel and Lynch wanting to revisit Laura's final seven days, with some crazy David Bowie stuff thrown in. (Guess who won that fight.) But Frost says he's never stopped thinking about the strange "child" they had together, even recently giving it a uniquely fucked-up family album in the form of The Secret History of "Twin Peaks." (Lynch hasn't read it. "It's his history of Twin Peaks," he insists.) The pair spent nine months talking over Skype before actually getting down to writing, drafting one long script that they then broke up into 18 parts, each lovingly and obsessively directed by Lynch.

Twin Peaks wouldn't exist without Frost, of course. But even he is clear about who is in control: "I haven't seen the finished product yet. David's still working."

A Safe and Beautiful World

You know that [the artist] is putting your color into that creation for a reason. You don't know the reason, as the dot of red paint does not know why it is [in a painting]. But David Lynch knows why it's there.

—ROBERT FORSTER, Mulholland Drive, the new Twin Peaks

My dresser on 'Twin Peaks,' someone who hasn't worked with David, was like, "Do you want to pick an earring?" I'd say, "Let's bring a tray of colors to David and let him paint."

—LAURA DERN, Blue Velvet,
Wild at Heart, Inland Empire,
the new Twin Peaks

There's one scene that I have to go and chew out a couple of big, heavy guys in the park. He was screaming, "Ya go out there and ya grab'em by the balls and ya just chew'em out! Just chew'em out like you've never seen any big grown men so scared in their lives!"—NAOMI WATTS (who, it must be said, does a damn fine David Lynch impression), Mulholland Drive, the new Twin Peaks

"I LIKE TO MAKE a feeling that's very friendly and safe so they can go out without a lot of fear," Lynch says of cheerfully sending his actors to act out nightmares. Like any good friend, he rigorously dominates every aspect of the process, including eliminating the stress of knowing what's going on. Most returning cast members say they first heard on the Internet that the show was being revived and e-mailed Lynch, who confirmed with a simple "I'll be seeing you very soon in the beautiful world of Twin Peaks." Newer additions—like Jim Belushi, Michael Cera, Robert Forster, Sky Ferreira, Naomi Watts, and even his "best friend," Dern-were hand-delivered scripts with blacked-out pages and only given their locations the day of filming. Nothing sparks the magic of filmmaking like spontaneity and a deep suspicion of the outside world.

"There isn't really a need to have everybody read the whole script," says Lynch. "So they get their scenes. And when we work together, they ask many questions,

THE POWER OF LYNCH

as explained by his collaborators (and biggest fans)



ERASERHEAD > 1977

"It's Freudian, but it's understandable symbolism. You can understand what he has in mind."—MEL BROOKS



THE ELEPHANT MAN > 1980

"I saw it when I was 10, and it made me sensitive to people as individuals and created my disdain for lynch-mob mentality."

—QUESTLOVE



DUNE > 1984

"Dune wasn't received that well at the time, but he came back to me [anyway] and hired me for Blue Velvet." —KYLE MACLACHLAN and they get answers." Or as he put it to me in a perfectly Lynchian adage: "People get what they need."

Watts calls this process "a game of guessing and torture, but in a sort of pleasant way, and then not knowing becomes part of the fun." Like any functional S&M relationship, this game depends on an unusual amount of trust. "He might say something simple, like 'Slower.' Or 'There's a wind," explains Kyle MacLachlan, sort of. MacLachlan's Agent Cooper is just one of Lynch's many alter egos he's channeled since the two first slogged through 1984's epic staring contest Dune. By now they've developed such a connection, MacLachlan says, they'll often just stand in silence after a take, getting notes from the breeze.

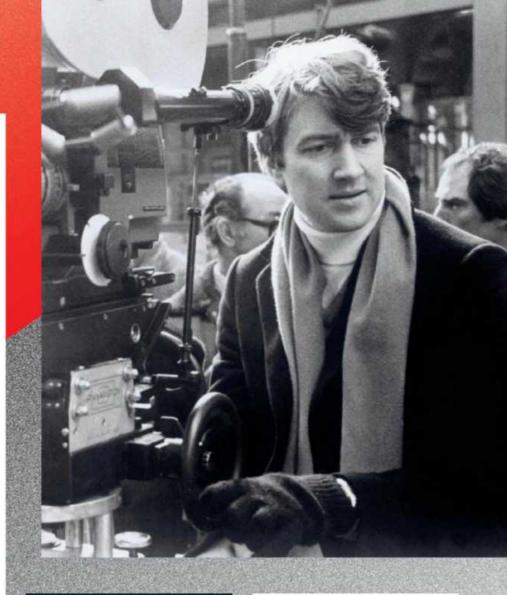
"It's whole notes and rests," Belushi says of Lynch's peculiar rhythm, recalling how the director walked him through a breakfast scene with Belushi's top-secret character. (Let's be real: He's probably some kind of cop.) "He said, 'Jim. He does this every morning. He loves his coffee. He pours his coffee. He wants to make sure that the cream is the right amount of cream in his coffee. He wants to make sure there's the right amount of milk to the cereal. He doesn't want it too soggy. He wants it crisp."

People get what they need.



[We had dinner, and] he told me a humorous story of a failed investment in Michael Jackson's soda company. I was on the fence about meditation, and he convinced me that is the way to go. Best decision I ever made in life. -QUESTLOVE, Festival of Disruption

performer



On the set of The Elephant Man, pre-signature coif.

I had done a four-day Transcendental Meditation course, and on the final day, a young woman named Pookie said, "Would you like to meditate with David Lynch sometime?" -MICHAEL CERA

I was sobbing to him about all my issues, and he gleefully said, "Sherilyn Fenn, you're a mess! You have to learn TM!"—SHERILYN FENN

LYNCH'S TRANQUIL WAY of working is a natural outgrowth of his practice of TM, which he's become one of the world's most famous proselytizers of. In 2005 he created the David Lynch (continued on next page)



BLUE VELVET > 1986

'I was completely just drawn into that world of his incredible poetry and moving through things in a really odd way." NAOMI WATTS



TWIN PEAKS > 1990-91

"I don't know that he set out to change TV. An executive once said to me, 'I think they went fishing for barracuda and caught Jaws." - SHERILYN FENN



THE STRAIGHT STORY 1999

'My [Netflix] queue is in gridlock. I haven't sent back the Straight Story disc because I'm afraid I won't be able to get another copy of it."—MICHAEL CERA



MULHOLLAND DRIVE > 2001

'Me and Naomi [Watts] went to see it at his house. We were just standing outside smoking, going, 'Oh, my God. That's an incredible film.'"—JUSTIN THEROUX



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

Foundation to share its benefits with people all around the globe, preaching meditation as the solution to war, heart disease, writer's block, not getting callbacks-all of life's myriad problems. That includes the stresses of producing one of the most anticipated TV series in recent memory. As a result, most of Lynch's ensemble tends to speak of working with him as less film shoot than New Age spa retreat-someplace they find their bliss by performing life's deepest fears and cruelties for premium cable.

That intense universal love for David Lynch is rare for auteurs—particularly male auteurs-known for their shitty relationships with actors. Erich von Stroheim reportedly ran his shoots like military campaigns, screaming about extras' wristwatches. Hitchcock allegedly sexually harassed Tippi Hedren before he sent live birds to peck at her face. David O. Russell was a dick to Amy Adams. Film history tells us that getting the perfect performance usually requires at least a little abuse.

"If it works for 'em," David Lynch says, laughing. "I'd like to think they could get the same thing without being abusive. A lot of businesses are run on fear, and I think it's really bad. People live in fear, and they carry that stress home. Their wife or husband feels that. The little kids trembling, worried that the father's worried or mother's worried. I think it's money in the bank to get a good feeling going in the world."

Naturally, after 40 years of creating those good feelings, there is a sense of a great cosmic debt to be paid. Watts implies that it cost her financially and emotionally to move her family cross-country just to be back under what Justin Theroux calls Lynch's "umbrella." The original cast of Twin Peaks say they have a standing "just tell me where to be" response to whatever Lynch might be working on. It's

"WE'RE SUPER-SPECIAL **BEINGS!** WE REALLY ARE! AND WE HAVE A GLORIOUS FUTURE—IF ONLY WE COULD REALIZE THAT AND GROW RAPIDLY TOWARD THAT. IT **WOULD BE BEAUTIFUL."**

a lasting, loving bond that Fenn calls Lynch's "sacred family." Still, Lynch rejects any sort of deeper, mystical connection: "It's nice when the right person for the role is someone you've worked with before," he says, "but just because you've worked with someone before doesn't mean that they're right for the part."

It's as if David Lynch is just a regular dad who keeps a safe, disciplined home waiting for when his kids come back to visit and play murder in the forest. But what makes him able to recognize a new member of his sacred family?

"It's a bunch of things." Lynch shrugs. And, of course, the Lynchian twist: "It's their fate."

The Untortured Artist

He's not necessarily the guy next door. -MARK FROST

We're all kind of weird. He's just not afraid to show it. He thinks it's beautiful. SHERILYN FENN

LOOK FOR ANY HINT of the darkness that pervades Lynch's work in his personal life and you only end up grasping at speculation. Lynch has repeatedly rejected the whole "tortured artist" myth as a lie, declaring that suffering actually impedes creativity. (Though he did once admit to seeking therapy, only to walk out on it after being told counseling might affect his work.) The one thing David Lynch will cop to, here and now: "I don't like to go out. I have a bit of agoraphobia."

True, Lynch has been married to four different women, which suggests he's been unhappy at least three different times. Yes, there are those fabled ritualistic compulsions-wearing the same clothes every day, eating the same meal, plus the constant smoking and refusing to allow cooking smells in his house-all of which suggest he might be, at the very least, a terrible roommate.

There's also the fact that he seems to spend as much time as humanly possible working. "He really is making art 24 hours a day," Dern says. "You're at his house, and if he's not cutting or writing or shooting, he's in the woodshop making furniture, or he's painting, or he's filming birds, or telling the weather." (In the mid-2000s, Lynch occasionally released online weather reports— "Here in L.A., beautiful blue skies. Some puffy white clouds"-that reclaimed meteorology for the Dadaists.) Between this and the TM and the rites, it sounds like Lynch does everything he can to banish the opportunity for that darkness to creep in.

Of course, the best evidence that Lynch hasn't fully beaten back the shadows lies in his work, which tends to linger in the viewer long after, imbuing their most banal interactions with a sense of portent. (See: Blue Velvet, or Lost Highway-or anything, really-and never look at your neighbors the same way again.)

One of Lynch's favorite formative anecdotes from his idyllic suburban childhood involves looking closer at the cherry trees that dotted his picket-fence world and noticing the angry red ants swarming over oozing black pitch. Surely, beneath all of Lynch's serene rhapsodizing about "safety" and "joy," there have to be some dark insects crawling in the sap?

"David is an artist who I think has struggled with a lot of things, and I think he's made a lot of art out of his struggle," Frost says, not unconvincingly.

When I put Frost's assertion to Lynch, there is a slight pause, but he doesn't squeeze his eyes shut this time; instead he stares at the

floor and, for the first time in our conversation, seems genuinely thrown.

"What did he think I struggle with?" he says thoughtfully. "That's interesting. That's beautiful."

So he has no idea what Frost is talking about? Lynch shakes his head. "I really love life and am very happy," he says. "I'm wondering what he knows that I don't know." He adds, "You know, a lot of times when people say these things, they're really talking about themselves.

So if he's not living in some secret anguish behind that Eagle Scout exterior, then where are all the rapes and murders and backwardtalking dream dwarfs coming from? From whence the Lynchian inspiration?

"They say it comes from the unified field everything-and there are billions of ideas. Billions!" Lynch says, finally relaxed now that we've moved away from talking about him and into metaphysics. "The full potential of a human being is unbounded consciousness. But if the conscious mind is fairly small, your ideas could be bubbling up, but you don't

"ELIZABETH TAYLOR SAID. 'OH. I LOVE BLUE VELVET! **COME HERE.' AND I JUST SAW** THESE VIOLET EYES AND THESE LIPS COMING UP AT ME, AND I WENT DOWN AND DOWN AND DOWN AND DOWN."

know'em until they enter the conscious mind. And that's why in the cartoons they have a lightbulb going off. Boom! You see it. You just caught it. It's beautiful! And they can be any kind of things, but if it's a cinema idea, it's beautiful. You fall in love for the way cinema could say that idea. It's a beautiful day."

Miles Deep

He always wants to tell us who we really are. We need David to tell us. Who are we, really? Part animal, part businessman, part wacko. He knows.-MEL BROOKS, producer of The Elephant Man

EVERYONE FROM ACOLYTES to fellow icons seems to think Lynch holds the key to all of life's mysteries. So toward the end of our conversation, I ask him the question that Mel Brooks says only Lynch can answer, though I'm not sure which Lynch that will be. The meticulous craftsman? The benevolent father figure? The serene mystic? The man who loves to kick back with the sound of crying girls?

Who are we, really?

Apparently, Lynch has just been waiting for me to bring it up.

"We're super-special beings!" He says, eyes fully lit up now. "We really are! And we have a glorious future—if only we could realize that and grow rapidly toward that, it would be beautiful. The key to it is the transcendentthis deepest, eternal level of life, the big treasury within every human being. When any one human being experiences that deepest level, they grow in that—all positive—and life

DAVID LYNCH CONTINUED

gets better. And they're truly unfolding their full potential. The key to peace in the world is there. We're special beings with a great future, great potential, and we're supposed to enjoy life. They say the purpose of life is the expansion of happiness—beautiful description of what it's all about. It's real simple. We're not meant to suffer. We're meant to be blissful and enjoy life and enjoy all diversity."

But suggest to Lynch—even by the virtue of the fact that *he actually just said that shit* that people tend to regard him as some kind of otherworldly swami, and he demurs.

"I'm a regular person," David Lynch says. "I do regular things."

If you only know him from his work, this is as believable as Lynch's declaring himself Morpheus, god of dreams, and offering me some phenobarbital with the promise I will begin now the Sleep of Ages.

But sit with him, incredibly nice and unfailingly polite in the classic sitcom-neighbor mode, and David Lynch seems as safe as ultra-pasteurized milk. When you're in his presence—even when you're pitilessly lashing him with question after question—he really does make you feel at peace. Just two human beings exploring this topsy-turvy unified field together.

And therein lies the secret to David Lynch's "cult." He commands such devotion because he is the rare filmmaker who exerts incredible control without being a huge dick about it. Whose collaborators trust him because he gives them a safe place to exorcise the darkness hiding in the daylight of their lives. And yeah, because he's one of the most skilled filmmakers ever—a visionary who can take something as terrifying as fatherhood and turn it into *Eraserhead*, a magical, crowd-pleasing romp in which a lady in a radiator tap-dances on sperm.

As we stand to go, Lynch notices a blackand-white photo of Elizabeth Taylor on the wall. "Hey, come over here!" he says before launching into a tale of the time he met Taylor, flanked by George Hamilton and John Huston, at Swifty Lazar's Oscar party. Lynch told her he wished he'd won the Oscar for Blue Velvet, because Oliver Stone, who did win, got to kiss her. "She said, 'Oh, I love Blue Velvet! Come here.' And I just saw these violet eyes and these lips coming up at me, and I went down and down and down," Lynch says, slowly bending over to demonstrate. Then he straightens and-in a tone one might use to describe a decent sandwich-declares of one of the most gorgeous women ever to walk the earth, "Her lips are miles deep."

It's a dreamlike moment—an out-of-time sequence in which two Hollywood icons meet in the smoke-filled ether to share a kiss while the grinning sienna specter of George Hamilton looks on. You can practically hear the sultry, morphine drip of one of Angelo Badalamenti's scores playing in the background as Lynch tells it.

And with that, he shakes my hand, says, "Nice talking to you, buddy!" and wanders off, back into the honeycomb netherworld between Tinseltown myth and regular guy in an uncomfortable suit, where David Lynch is once again in control.

SEAN O'NEAL is the co-editor of The A.V. Club. This is his first article for GQ.

ROGER FEDERER



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

In 2001, Federer beat Pete Sampras in the fourth round of Wimbledon. Federer was only 19 at the time, still unformed. But he'd just reached his first Grand Slam quarterfinal at the French Open, and fans were starting to learn his name. And here, in England, he faced the great one, the seventime defending Wimbledon champion—the player he'd be most compared to later, the man who held nearly all the records that Federer would someday claim. "Look, I was able to experience the highest level of tennis," he said. "It was my first time on Centre Court at Wimbledon. My first and only time I played Pete, I was in a match where I won 7-5 in the fifth-very similar to what we just went through with Rafa. I was 19 years old. I realized, Oh, my God. There's so much more to tennis than just practice in a cold hall somewhere in Switzerland. This is what tennis could be about. I realized, I want to be back on that court one day, I'd love to compete with these guys on a regular basis, I'd rather play on the bigger courts than on the smaller courts.... And all of a sudden it started to make sense. Why you're doing

FEDERER WAS "SUPER NERVOUS" [BEFORE THE AUSTRALIAN OPEN FINAL VERSUS NADAL]; TO THIS DAY HE STILL GETS NERVOUS BEFORE MATCHES.
"IT'S SLIGHTLY ANNOYING, ACTUALLY," HE SAID.

weights. Why you're running. Why you arrive early at a tournament. Why you try to sleep well at night. We just started to understand the importance of every single detail. Because it makes a difference."

The opponent who'd define Federer's career wasn't Sampras, of course—Federer never faced him again—but Nadal. Which is why, when the final weekend came at this year's Australian Open, fans were so nostalgic. The women's final was between the Williams sisters—who, like Federer and Nadal, are 30-plus. In fact, the last time the four of them were in a final at the same time was nine years ago, Wimbledon 2008.

The Federer-Nadal rivalry is rich with epic matches. And in the most general sense, Federer has trounced Nadal for years in nearly all important statistics save for one, the biggie, the asterisk that prevents Federer from being certified the GOAT: career head-to-head.

Against Nadal, Federer was 11-23 going into Australia, 2-9 in majors. And so the match featured the rare opponent against whom Federer had something left to prove, or correct for.

This time around it was a comeback story, on both sides: two old friends resurrecting their careers, two Europeans in headbands. Federer was "super nervous," he said, which is saying something; to this day he still gets nervous before matches. "It's slightly annoying, actually." This one would run to five sets, a nearly four-hour contest. I was glad to stay up late to watch, like many others. ESPN got record numbers in America for its 3 A.M. time slot. Almost 4.5 million viewers watched in Australia, 11 million viewers in Europe. It was an event not to be missed, like a rarely seen comet, if only—we all sensed—because it might not come again.

Federer remembered the games point by point; as with many players, his memory for matches is off-puttingly photographic. One of the keys to his success was an aggressive, flatter backhand. His one-handed backhand, among the most elegant ever seen, had long been a weakness facing Nadal's highbouncing shots; the one-hander simply has difficulty generating power at shoulder level, as compared with the two-handed hammers of guys like Andre Agassi, Kei Nishikori, Nadal. But with a slight recalibration, both in attitude and in form, Federer found new angles, new holes in Nadal's game. Then the wheels came off the bus. Nadal took set two. Set three went to Federer, set four to Nadal, back and forth while tension rose, until it was the fifth set and Federer was down again. Rafa had the momentum. It looked like he had it in the bag-but then the momentum shifted once more. The crowd screamed for Federer to win. And this wasn't surprising: Anywhere Federer plays, by force of so much winning and charisma and lack of scandal and who knows what, it's always a home crowd. As Cahill told me, "Roger is the most popular and loved athlete that I've ever seen." But it was still neck and neck until the very last points-which got decided by line calls. Unbelievable. Worldwide, everyone was freaking out.

I asked how he felt in those last moments, before the finish was decided; on-screen his expression was taut, unforthcoming. "Very humble, I guess," Federer said. "Even then I thought it could still be turned around by him, I could still lose it."

But then the last ball was called in.

At which point, as anyone who watched can tell you, his face *melted*.

So how did it compare with the others? The 2009 French Open stands out, Federer said, when he clinched the Career Grand Slam and also tied Sampras's record of 14 Slam titles. Then he beat Andy Roddick at Wimbledon a few weeks later—during the same summer that Mirka gave birth to their first children, their twin girls—and the record was his. A magical summer. But still, he said, "this one feels very different." Less about legend, more about legacy. After a silence, Federer mused, "You have a better perspective when you're older. You're more at peace." A second later, "Sometimes you want it more because you know time isn't on your side."

After lunch, Federer posed for photos with fans outside the restaurant. We got in his car,

ROGER FEDERER CONTINUED

saw some sights. At one point, as we pulled out of a ski center, a sullen teenager tried to cross the road in front of us, not in a crosswalk. (Apparently, no one crosses outside a crosswalk in Switzerland, and to merely step into one causes speeding traffic to halt.) Federer slowed down, angrily. The kid stepped back, eyeing him hatefully. "In about five minutes," I said, "that kid's going on Twitter to say he almost got run over by Roger Federer." Federer laughed. "Then I'll go on Twitter and tell everyone the kid should've used the crosswalk."

What is Roger Federer? Roger Federer: is Swiss. Very normal, laughs a lot. On some level he's a product of the '90s-he used to have bleached hair, he had posters in his bedroom of Shaq, Michael Jordan, Stefan Edberg, Boris Becker. (Also Pamela Anderson. "I remember that one," he said, chuckling. "She was on my door.") He's polite, he's fastidious. He's a family man who loves movies. In private he's goofy, earnest about his interests, and he seriously doesn't mind getting excited when he tells a story. Basically, Roger Federer is kind of a dork, in the very best sense—and, newly converted, it didn't take long for me to order a hat with an RF logo once I got home. But forgive him if he keeps his dorkiness concealed from us a little longer. After all, to do his job, Roger Federer must become "Roger Federer." The gentleman warrior. The leading man. He said at one point, "I put a poker face on." For gamesmanship as much as anything. "You don't want to give anything away to your opponent. I used to do that all the time when I was little. Throwing rackets, shouting, all that stuff. You give an edge to your opponent if you do that. Eventually, you develop your demeanor. Rafa has his tics. Stan has his look. I have my look. You become this shield.'

Before I went to Switzerland, I asked my friends, the hard-core fans, what they most wanted to know. The question they all submitted, if only to ease their pain, was: How soon should they anticipate the end? Federer had already told me he could imagine himself perhaps coaching one day, maybe; he wouldn't completely rule it out. Or stopping by a TV studio once in a while to commentate. But could he fix a date? Maybe after he notched another finals appearance, win or lose? Then a season's farewell tour, then call it quits? How would he know when it was time to walk away?

Federer laughed. He thought about it. "Let's say I have a tournament," he said. "I ask myself, how happy am I to be leaving home? Because it'd be so nice to stay. So am I happy to pack my bags, and walk out the door, and put them in the car, and get in the car, look to the house and say, Okay, let's do this-am I happy in that moment? Or do I wish I could stay longer? Every time it's been: I'm happy to go. I'm still doing the right thing in my heart. It's a test. If that moment comes and I'm like, ${}^{\prime}Hmm...{}^{\prime}$ I've heard other players say the same thing. A friend went to the airport and turned around—he couldn't go play that tournament; he needed to see his family. That's probably the end of a career." He paused. It sank in. He smiled. "We like it so much here, but nevertheless I'm still happy to keep moving.'

ROSECRANS BALDWIN wrote "Am I Too Old to Win the U.S. Open?" in the September 2014 issue of G.Q. His next novel, 'The Last Kid Left,' will be published in June.

THE 80-YEAR-OLD MODEL



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

eyebrows rising with pleasure as he swished them around in his mouth.) "He eats whatever he wants," said QQ, narrating as he masticated, as if we were watching a documentary.

According to her, after her father's walk, he'd been offered millions of dollars to shill things like longevity pills and pricey automobiles, though he didn't take any pills and didn't know how to drive, either. (He rode his bike everywhere.) Yes, he'd created a global sensation, and yet, he said, he'd felt only one thing during his ten-second walk: "on fire." Much as he liked the attention—and he did! he hadn't asked to be a sex symbol, exactly. He had a wife, who was in her 70s, and they had a life. With many chapters, nearly 50 years of them, in fact. They'd been the poorest of poor at one point, comfortable enough the next, but the struggle had been theirs together. She was a movie director and ran the home: laying out Wang's clothes in the morning, feeding him, dictating his schedule. She always told people that there was something stubbornly childlike in him. And she seemed to nurture that, infantilizing him just a bit. Meanwhile (he reminded me again and again) he was an actor, not a model; an artist, not an ever-sofine piece of grandpa meat.

What the world couldn't see was that everything in his life was whittled into making whatever artistic impression he could in the precious hours he had. He was trying to reach that place where the physical and ephemeral meet, where the body becomes exalted. The walk had been that, too. He didn't want money for it. He knew exactly who he was and where he was going. At every crossroad, he already knew the right direction. He'd committed to it decades earlier.

FASHION WEEK IN Milan is an over-adrenalized circus of luxury-label shows, parties, air kisses, commerce, buzz, Schadenfreude, bolts of creative genius, expurgations of seminal nonsense. It's youth, beauty, and celebrity, a little coke and champagne with silver plates of amuse-bouches. A religion all its own. (In fact, a huge Versace ad adorns the side of the Duomo itself, Jesus apparently still being the sexiest beast of Italian fashion.) It would be easy to get swept away in it all.

And while QQ was in constant search of a good party, habitué of the nightlife that she is, Hottest Grandpa was oblivious to all of it. He was here in Italy to attend the Zegna show and then be photographed for its spring ad campaign with a younger male Asian-American movie star. Of everything Wang had been offered, this was one of the few things he'd accepted—the trip and payment—partly because he'd never been to Milan and thought

he'd like to see it. And partly because, in his ever constant state of re-invention, here was one more re-invention. The ad campaign, QQ had decided, wouldn't hurt his career, either.

At his hotel, up in his tenth-floor suite, his bed was strewn with booklets and sheaves of paper, evidence of his latest hobby, like other acquired hobbies, those from his recent late-70s: skydiving, DJing. Now, he admitted sheepishly, he was studying English. Eight hours a day. On the off chance that he'd get an English-speaking role in a movie soon. He wanted to be ready.

Fully clothed, Wang seemed smaller somehow, still striking and distinguished but more like an old man, clearing his throat in a phlegmy old-man way. Except that he moved like a dancer, with lithe steps. Except that he seemed to have a hell of a lot more energy for the night ahead than the rest of us combined.

VISION, PREPARATION,
PRACTICE, RISK: THE
COMBINATION OF THESE HAD
KEPT WANG IN A CHURNING
STATE OF CONSTANT REINVENTION. HE'D LIVED MANY
LIVES, ALL BY PURSUING
NEWNESS, AND NOWNESS.

As we spoke, he kept drifting to a basket of goodies on top of the mini-bar, opening bags of gummy bears and mixed nuts, chocolate-covered cherries and wasabi peas, and placing them on the coffee table for sharing, none of which he touched. I had so many questions, and he proved instantly to have a playful, philosophical mind.

Was he afraid of death?

"Death is redundant," he said. "When you're dead, you don't know you're not living. I plan to use myself up: While I'm alive, I'll live for art; when I die, my body will go to medical use."

What was love, then?

"A feeling of can't-live-without," he said.
"I can't do my art without my wife." Then he enumerated the stages of the artist's life: "First, you play, you do what is fun. Like a child. Then you enter your profession. Third, you become crazy, obsessed. If you want art to happen, you may have to starve to death."

Beauty?

"Nostalgia mixed with a biological feeling." Fearlessness?

"Having lived through your lowest moment," he said. "Being determined and stupid."

At one point in Wang's life, he admits, he was headed to an early grave, this after surviving the Cultural Revolution as a factory worker, a shoe shiner, a ticket collector. But the real nadir came during the Deng Xiaoping '80s. He'd been a stage actor for more than 20 years—a disciple of Stanislavsky—taking on all the worry and emotion of his characters. In his mid-40s, he fainted onstage—and fainted again. The doctor diagnosed him with "autonomic disorder" and told him to stop acting or he'd go mad.

Wang, it turned out, was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. But as an "entertainment soldier" with an army acting troupe, he found it difficult to leave an assignment that most held for life. To do so was characterized as "going to the ocean," as if one were lighting out to a wilderness, never to return again. But now it seemed like a life-or-death decision; he felt no fear in making it. His fellow actors thought he was crazy, especially since he was so close to retirement and a pension.

He seemed even crazier to them when, shortly after leaving, he started volunteering at a school for deaf-mutes. Every day he went to the school and made stories with the students. He learned sign language, and he studied their expressions. Inspired, he began to perform in pantomime, an art form usually more comic in nature, but his were dramas about love and hate, life and death. He called them philosophical pantomimes—one, called "Life," traced the human odyssey from the womb to the grave—and soon he had invitations from all over the country to perform.

When, in his 50s, a show of Rodin sculptures came to China, Wang marveled at their beauty. This was as close as art seemed to come to everlastingness, those forms, in their supple turbulence. He noticed something about himself during that show, as well: His body was not so dissimilar from many of those male bodies. When he mentioned this to his wife, she asked: Why not pantomime as a statue, with a statue? Two statues: one real and one Wang, painted as a statue. The idea was to take movement and apply it to stillness, so that the real statue would appear living and the living statue (Wang) would sometimes appear stationary. The two, in ever changing relation to each other, would tell a story. He would call it Living Sculpture.

"It was an instant obsession of mine," said Wang, that led him to the gym, ice rink, pool, beginning his workout regimen in earnest at 57, in order to become—did this make him crazier yet?—a Rodin statue. In 1993 he performed his first Living Sculpture, in Beijing. Stripped to a fig leaf, bronzed an oxidized green, he stood onstage with a statue of a naked woman, her arms outstretched.

To see the performance on YouTube today is to witness something very odd and dangerous-not only what the authorities would come to label "perversion," leading to a decade-long censoring of Wang, but an artist truly risking everything for his vision. Even the energy in the room is unstable and tweaky. Four years after Tiananmen Square, no one seems sure what is about to happen, not even the emcee. When Wang appears from the wings, long-limbed and lissome, a momentary silence descends, and for 75 minutes he interacts with the statue, unloosing a world of emotion. Eventually, you can hear people talking over the music, uncertain again. But Wang is lost in the performance, more certain than ever. On fire.

So then, what was he after in all this? For Wang, what was art? "To use the most ordinary means to express the most complicated emotion.... To show the intricacy of feelings through simple forms." In acting, one employed dialogue and action. In pantomime, one cut out the words, holding on to the action. "I cut out acting," said Wang, "and then kept the poses onstage. I just stand there. That

is the simplest form. And once you come to the extreme, you'll be a sculpture."

Vision, preparation, practice, risk: The combination of these had kept Wang young and in this churning state of constant re-invention. His mind was the leaf blown free in a hurricane; his soul, a true outsider's. He'd gone to the ocean to make art, his body as the canvas. By the time he appeared shirtless, barreling down that runway in Beijing, he'd lived many lives, all by pursuing newness, and nowness, by his having had the courage to chase some inner voice—some mirage—prodding him forward. By having said yes, yes, yes to it. Greater than fear and trepidation, it was such a small but powerful word:

Yes!

AT THE ZEGNA show in Milan, he sat in the first row alongside Sunny Wang, the young actor and heartthrob with whom he was shooting the ad campaign the next day. All Wang had to do was look fabulous and peacock a bit in the fine Zegna suit he was wearing. Fans came and went, wanting photographs.

After their sullen-faced march among laser lights, the models lingered on small podiums in their finery, for fashion editors and photographers to approach and ogle. Wang approached as well, admiringly, shaking his head Yes, okay, thumbs up! But an odd thing happened among those pedestals of youth and beauty. The models began checking himout. Soon he was posing with Zegna's new head designer, Alessandro Sartori, and the label's top brass. Strangers, including the now smiling models, wanted more photos. He commanded your attention is what it was-a notorious body made more interesting by the lines on his face and the upright dignity of his carriage, the lightness and precision of his step, the paradox of his own aged youth. The lasers kept shooting around. In the moment, he seemed like a superhero.

Later, we attended an afterparty, thrown by this little magazine you're reading now. Hottest Grandpa, in that finely tailored suit, looking composed, regal, Confucian. When we arrived, the party was at liftoff, appropriately loud and full of fashion superstars: Tom Ford and Neil Barrett, among others. We found a table in back where we could sit. Wang drank a glass of wine, floating in his own bubble. QQ was grinning at the possibility that this night might carry into morning. I left them there for a moment, to find a friend to whom I wanted to introduce Wang.

It took a while, wading the party waters, hooked as I was by various conversations with various fascinating people. By the time I found who I was looking for, I was at the front of the place, up against a huge bay window, through which something caught my eye. Out on the streets of Milan, there was an old man, his shock of white hair pearlescent in the light. He seemed like a hologram, or some sort of angel, out there. He walked very precisely, like a dancer, beneath the sodium cones of the streetlight, toward a taxi that would return him to his room, and bed. His name was Wang Deshun. His body needed rest. He would be up before the rest of us, down in the hotel gym, perfecting his art.

michael paterniti is $a \neq 0$ correspondent.

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Page 120. All skull rings (on both hands): Luka & Monini. Both flat signet rings: Maison Margiela. On his left pinkie (top right), from top: Chrome Hearts ring, "Jess" ring (his own), and Luka & Monini ring (with small cross). Ring on his right ring finger (bottom left): Will Shott.

Page 127. Cross necklace: his own. Ring on his left middle finger; his own. Other rings; See page 120.

Pages 132-133. Bottom, from left: AF Archive/Alamy; Ronald Grant Archive/Alamy; MovieStore Collection/ Alamy; AF Archive/Alamy; MovieStore Collection/ Alamy; AF Archive/Alamy; United Archives GMBH/ Alamy. Top right: United Archives GMBH/Alamy.

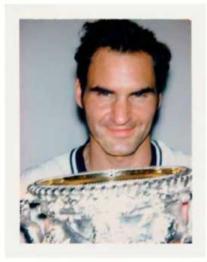
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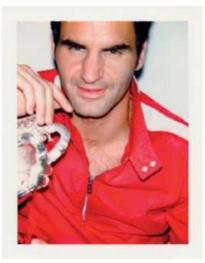
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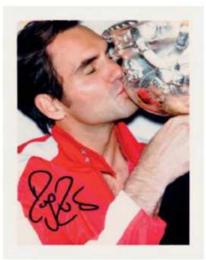
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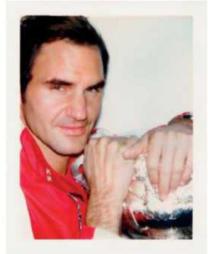
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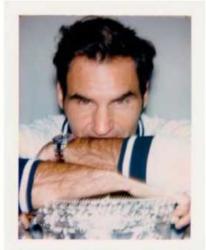
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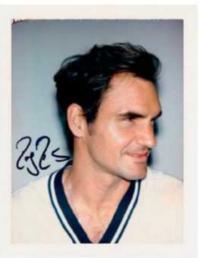


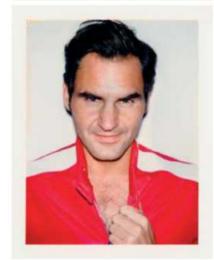


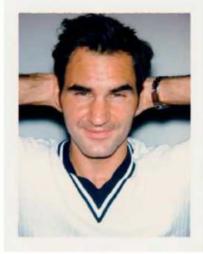


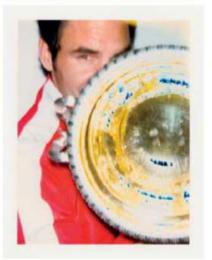












POLAROIDS BY WARHOL (Or, at Least, by His Camera)

"I've never used Polaroid as a medium other than for light tests, but there was something nice to me about shooting Roger with it," photographer Craig McDean says of the impromptu session during the cover shoot (page 82).

"To me, Roger is an athlete that makes me nostalgic for tennis in the same way Polaroid makes me nostalgic for shooting on film." When McDean pulled out his Polaroid Big Shot (the same kind of camera Andy Warhol

used), Federer was surprised to see something so old, but he was a good sport about messing around. Did McDean slip him an outtake? "No, but looking back, I should've swapped him for one of the rackets he brought along!"





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