A Hot SEX GUIDE to...the NOVEL!?!

Esquire

MAN AT HIS BEST
MARCH '17

The Mysterious Death Rocking the Marine Corps

CHEFS ON THE LEFT SKEWER D.C.'S BEST NEW RESTAURANT

Do You Have the Guts to Read About America's First Penis Transplant?

King of the Night

James CORDEN Eats the COMPETITION

Plus:

25 OTHER MAVERICKS Upending Hollywood

BIGGER! BADDER! BOLDER!

Yeah, we're talking about the SIZE and look of the NEW ESQUIRE—and our spring STYLE BLOWOUT

866·VUITTON louisvuitton.com

LOUIS VUITTON


DOLCE & GABBANA
#DGCAPRI

ARMANI.COM

GIORGIO ARMANI

GUCCI

gucci.com

ROLEX

THE CELLINI

A celebration of tradition in watchmaking, combining
eternal elegance with a contemporary touch.
It doesn't just tell time. It tells history.

CELLINI TIME

PRADA

PRADA.COM

ROBERT DE NIRO and MCCAUL LOMBARDI, LA, 10:30am

THE FULL CONVERSATION AT ZEGNA.COM #ZEGNACONVERSATIONS

1.855.44.ZEGNA

Salvatore Ferragamo

CANALI

1934

Sterling Ruby: FLAG (4791), 2014 © Sterling Ruby
Bleached and dyed canvas and elastic (443.23 cm x 871.22 cm)
Calvin Klein: Classic Cotton Briefs (Calvin Klein Underwear Est. 1981)
Photographed at Rubell Family Collection, Miami

CALVIN KLEIN

WHAT MOVES YOU?

BANANA REPUBLIC


NAUTICA
SHOP NAUTICA.COM


CONNECT
LIKE YOU'RE
AT THE WATER


#DontCrackUnderPressure
TAG HEUER
TAGHeuer
SWISS AVANT-GARDE SINCE 1860
TAG HEUER CARRERA CALIBRE HEUER 01
Four world championships and two league MVP awards. Forty-six game winning drives. The longest winning streak in NFL history. Tom Brady is a champion, and champions never crack under pressure.
JARED®
The Galleria Of Jewelry
Find your nearest store at jared.com
or shop online at jared.com/tagheuer

this Way In:

THE INSPIRATION BOARD
WHERE WE'RE COMING FROM

In this issue, we continue our long-standing tradition of celebrating Hollywood mavericks—those courageous, unorthodox, and truly independent-minded spirits of the industry such as Dennis Hopper, whose well-earned maverick status spanned his career, from *Rebel Without a Cause* to *Easy Rider* to *Blue Velvet*. "I don't want to read about experiences," Hopper told Esquire (below) in 1970 while filming his cult classic *The Last Movie*. "I want to have them; you know, go out in the street, man, get it on." *For more great moments from our archives, go to classic.esquire.com.*


Dennis Hopper Saves the Movie

by Tom Burke

High in the Andes, the old easy rider makes The Last, which means his latest movie, the one just before

WANT TO SEE WHAT ELSE WE'RE DIGGING?
CHECK OUT OUR SPECIAL PORTFOLIO
ON PAGE 89

CONTENTS

DEPARTMENTS

36 **Editor's Letter**

39 **The Big Bite**
This spring, enjoy **luxury travel** at budget prices; feast your eyes on stylish **statement lighting;** meet the woman stealing the show on Noah Hawley's trippy new **superhero series;** and ask yourself, can you stomach **sushi with a side of politics** at Trump's D. C. hotel restaurant?

65 **The Code**
Prada gives gear **a digital edge;** Nick Sullivan advises **"care less, look better"; the Wallabee** steps back into the spotlight; **Hermès's men's-wear artistic director** tells all; automatic **watches for the people.**

82 **Unconventional Wisdom**
By Dwight Garner
How the occasional well-targeted, slightly excessive gratuity can change your life.

89 **The Mavericks of Hollywood 2017**
Twenty-five men conjuring a brave new era in entertainment.

134 **What I've Learned**
Wit and wisdom from Britain's greatest living painter.

160 **My Favorite Thing**
Judd Apatow on his multipurpose personal gym.

Top: BR126 Officer Brown watch ($4,500) by **Bell & Ross.**

800-457-TODS

1:00 PM Call Milan. Wish Giulia a happy birthday (a bit late)

Tods.com

BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH GASOLINE

BMW'S '70S-INSPIRED SCREAMER COMES PACKED WITH POWER

Fact: Motorcycles hit peak styling in the '70s only to devolve into hyperaggressive plastic bodywork. BMW changed all that with its new R nineT Racer. Taking its design from BMW's Nixon-era R90S superbike, the retro-inspired sled pairs an air-and-oil-cooled 110-hp flat-twin-boxer engine with modern tech such as standard ABS. The resulting ride can rip through back roads on weekends but would get a nod of approval from all your favorite antiheroes. *—Jon Snyder*

Starting at $15,095; **bmwmotorcycles.com**

CONTENTS

FEATURES

100 **In the Driver's Seat**
By A. O. Scott
Two years after taking over *The Late Late Show,* James Corden is the new King of the Night.

108 **An Uncensored Guide to Quality Smut**
The writers who flirt, seduce, and—in spite of the sniggering—try to turn their readers on.

114 **Stand Out in Camo**
Narcos' Pedro Pascal is hard to miss in this season's sharp new takes on camouflage.

122 **This Is the Story of America's First Penis Transplant**
By Josh Dean
When Tom Manning lost his penis to cancer in 2012, a team of doctors was working on a new procedure. All they needed was a volunteer.

136 **The Passion of Daniel**
By Jeff Gordinier
Eleven Madison Park is the best restaurant in America. So how did Daniel Humm do it?

142 **Hard Corps**
By Alex French
The Marine Corps says Raheel Siddiqui committed suicide, but some think more sinister forces led to his death.

148 **Your Airport Security Upgrade**
The belts, bags, shoes, and shades you'll want to travel with this spring.

ON THE COVER

JAMES CORDEN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CEDRIC BUCHET FOR ESQUIRE

Left: Sweatshirt by Dolce & Gabbana. Right: Jacket by Boss; shirt by Burberry. Produced by Tommy Romersa for Joy Asbury Productions. Styling by Matthew Marden. Grooming by Jason Schneidman for Solo Artists. Set design by Bryan Porter for the Owl and the Elephant.

VERSACE

Suit ($3,275) and shirt ($675) by **Brunello Cucinelli;** sneakers ($70) by **Vans.**

THE NEXT BIG MOVE

THIS SPRING, FULLER-CUT SUITS ARE BACK. CHECK OUT "HANG LOOSE," STARTING

ON PAGE 128

Does this dude even have a job?

photograph: **Doug Inglish**


ETRO
NEW YORK: 720 MADISON AVENUE – 89 GREENE STREET
BAL HARBOUR SHOPS – BEVERLY HILLS AT TWO RODEO – HIGHLAND PARK VILLAGE DALLAS
BUCKHEAD ATLANTA – RIVER OAKS DISTRICT HOUSTON - SHOP ETRO.COM

Esquire

1 **JAY FIELDEN**
Editor in Chief

2 **MICHAEL HAINEY**
Executive Director of Editorial
3 **ALEX WIEDERIN**
Creative Director
4 **HELENE F. RUBINSTEIN**
Editorial Director
5 **ANTON IOUKHNOVETS**
Design Director
6 **NICK SULLIVAN**
Fashion Director
7 **MATTHEW MARDEN**
Style Director
8 **JOHN KENNEY**
Managing Editor
9 **KEVIN SINTUMUANG**
Culture and Lifestyle Director
10 **ROBERT P. BAIRD**
Articles Editor
MAXIMILLIAN POTTER
Editor at Large
11 **ASH CARTER**
Senior Editor
12 **ERIC SULLIVAN**
Senior Editor
13 **ADRIENNE WESTENFELD**
Assistant to the Editor in Chief
14 **JULIA BLACK**
Assistant Editor
15 **TYLER CONFOY**
Editorial Assistant
16 **NATASHA ZARINSKY**
Editorial Assistant

JEFF GORDINIER
Food and Drinks Editor

ART
17 **GERALDSON CHUA**
Deputy Art Director
18 **TITO JONES**
Senior Designer
19 **IVANA CRUZ**
Design Assistant
REBECCA IOVAN
Digital Imaging Specialist

PHOTO
20 **STACEY PITTMAN**
Photo Editor
21 **LARISA KLINE**
Assistant Photo Editor

FASHION
22 **MICHAEL STEFANOV**
Market Editor
23 **ALFONSO FERNÁNDEZ NAVAS**
Fashion Assistant

COPY
24 **ALISA COHEN BARNEY**
Senior Copy Editor
CHRISTINE A. LEDDY
Associate Copy Editor

RESEARCH
25 **ROBERT SCHEFFLER**
Research Editor
26 **KEVIN McDONNELL**
Associate Research Editor

27 **ESKY**
Our Man

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: ALEX BELTH, LEA CARPENTER, ANDREW CHAIKIVSKY, LUKE DITTRICH, DWIGHT GARNER, A.J. JACOBS, STEPHEN MARCHE, COLUM McCANN, BENJAMIN PERCY, BEN RATLIFF, SAM SMITH, VICKY WARD, DAVID HIRSHEY AND MICHAEL SOLOMON *(Dubious Achievements Desk)* **WRITERS AT LARGE:** CAL FUSSMAN, CHARLES P. PIERCE, JOHN H. RICHARDSON, MIKE SAGER **DIGITAL:** MICHAEL MRAZ *Director of Content, Hearst Men's Group* JOHN HENDRICKSON *Deputy Editor* MEGAN GREENWELL *Executive Features Editor* JONATHAN EVANS *Senior Style Editor* RENATA SELLITTI *Senior Editor, Sponsored Content* BEN BOSKOVICH *Social Media Editor* TYLER COATES *Culture Editor* MATT MILLER *Associate Culture Editor* JACK HOLMES, SARAH RENSE *Assistant Editors* ELENA HILTON *Editorial Assistant, Social Media* KEVIN PERALTA *Designer* SAMMY NICKALLS, PETER WADE *Nights and Weekends Editors* DAVE HOLMES *Editor at Large* LUKE O'NEIL *Writer at Large* • **ESQUIRE INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS:** *Bulgaria, China, Colombia, Czech Republic, Greece, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Kazakhstan, Korea, Latin America, Malaysia, Middle East, Netherlands, Philippines, Poland, Romania, Russia, Serbia, Singapore, Spain, Taiwan, Thailand, Turkey, United Kingdom, Vietnam* KIM ST. CLAIR BODDEN *SVP/International Editorial Director* • *Published at 300 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, NY 10019-3797. Editorial offices: 212-649-4020. Advertising offices: 212-649-4050* ℗ ® *www.esquire.com. For subscription or customer-service questions, please visit service.esquire.com or write to Esquire, P.O. Box 6000, Harlan, IA 51593. Printed in the U.S.A.*

photograph: **Philip Friedman**


AG
AGJEANS.COM

THE STEP UP
YOUR NEW MONK SHOE

Until now, monk-strap shoes were a known quantity. They came with one or two straps (sometimes three, though that feels like overcompensating—like a guy who wears a belt and suspenders) and were a smart alternative to the average lace-up: something for the man who's already stocked up on the basics. Then we saw this, something we call the switch-strap monk. It's a brushed-leather cap-toe with minimal broguing, but the focus is on those straps, which overlap (whoa!) and interlock in an oddly soothing, geometric way, like two pieces of a puzzle. It's a rare shoe that gives a guy a sense of completion, but here it is.

Leather Briol monk-strap shoes, $725. Presented by **Bally.**

Esquire

JACK ESSIG
Senior Vice-President, Publishing Director
& Chief Revenue Officer

JILL MEENAGHAN *Associate Publisher/ Group Marketing Director*
LAUREN JOHNSON *Integrated Advertising Director*
SAMANTHA IRWIN *General Manager, Hearst Men's Group*
DEIRDRE DALY-MARKOWSKI *Executive Director, Digital, Hearst Men's Group*
CARYN KESLER *Executive Director of Luxury Goods*
JOHN WATTIKER *Executive Director of Fashion*
MARK FIKANY *Integrated Automotive Director, Detroit*
JUSTIN HARRIS *Midwest Director*
ANTHONY P. IMPERATO *Integrated Account Director, Southwest*
SANDY ADAMSKI *Southwest Fashion Director*
BRIAN KANTOR *Account Director & New England*
JOE PENNACCHIO *Eastern Automotive Sales Director*
SARA SCHIANO *Integrated Account Director/ Pharmaceutical*
BRYCE A. VREDEVOOGD *Midwest Account Manager, Detroit*
MIA S. KLEIN *Digital Sales Manager & Spirits Manager*
JOHN V. CIPOLLA *Sales Associate*
BRETT FICKLER *Account Manager*
NINA FROST *Digital Sales Manager*

PACIFIC NORTHWEST: ANDREA WIENER, Athena Media Partners, *415-828-0908*
TEXAS, ARKANSAS, AND NEW MEXICO: BARBARA CRITTENDEN, Wisdom Media, *214-526-3800*
ITALY: ALESSANDRO CARACCIOLO, *(011) 39-02-6619-3142*

MARY JANE BOSCIA, *Executive Assistant to the Group Publishing Director & Business Coordinator* **JAKE FRIED, FRANCESCA LAWRENCE, CAITLIN MORTON, GABRIELLE SLATER, TONI STARRS, YVONNE VILLAREAL,** *Integration Associates*

MARKETING SOLUTIONS
JASON GRAHAM *Executive Director, Integrated Marketing*
JANA NESBITT GALE *Executive Creative Director, Group Marketing—HMG*
WILLIAM UPTON *Director, Integrated Marketing*
YASIR SALEM *Director, Group Marketing*
DREW AMER *Associate Director, Integrated Marketing*
AMANDA KAYE *Senior Manager, Integrated Marketing*
SARA BLAD *Coordinator, Integrated Marketing*
KELLEY GUDAHL *Senior Director, Integrated Marketing*
SHARI ANN ARENA *Associate Manager, Integrated Marketing*
MICHAEL B. SARPY *Art Director, Group Marketing*
ELENA MARTORANO *Art Director, Group Marketing*
A'NGELIQUE TYREE *Digital Marketing Manager*
CHRISTOPHER RODRIGUEZ *Digital Marketing Manager*
PETER DAVIS *Research Manager*
WILLIAM CARTER *Consumer Marketing Director*

ADMINISTRATION AND PRODUCTION
TERRY GIELLA *Advertising Services Manager*
CHUCK LODATO *Production/Operations Director*
ANDREW M. JOYCE *Operations Account Manager*
DEIDRA ROBINSON *Premedia Account Manager*

DIRECT RESPONSE ADVERTISING
CHRISTINE HALL *Director*
CHELSEA PALLADINO *Account Manager*

PUBLISHED BY HEARST COMMUNICATIONS, INC.
STEVEN R. SWARTZ *President & Chief Executive Officer*
WILLIAM R. HEARST III *Chairman*
FRANK A. BENNACK, JR. *Executive Vice Chairman*
CATHERINE A. BOSTRON *Secretary*
CARLTON CHARLES *Treasurer*

HEARST MAGAZINES DIVISION
DAVID CAREY *President*
MICHAEL CLINTON *President, Marketing & Publishing Director*
TROY YOUNG *President, Digital Media*
JOANNA COLES *Chief Content Officer*
DEBI CHIRICHELLA *Senior Vice President, Chief Financial Officer*
GILBERT C. MAURER, MARK F. MILLER *Publishing Consultants*

photograph: **Philip Friedman**


BALLY
IS
SUPER
BALLY.COM

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

UPSIDE DOWN, ON THE CEILING

Few days go by that I don't steal a few minutes away at my desk—along with millions of other people around the globe—to watch the latest installment of **Carpool Karaoke.** My wife got me hooked more than a year ago, when I walked into the house one night like a man who needed a swig of something strong to stay standing. "This is even better," she said. "You've got to see it!" She quickly pulled out her iPhone to cue a video of Rod Stewart and James Corden tooling around L.A. in a Range Rover with suitably flash white leather interior.

Stewart, wearing a louchely knotted kerchief around his neck, appeared to be as yet unaware that this was worth his time. Then Corden flipped on the radio and "The First Cut Is the Deepest" began to blare. The next three seconds captured the pick-me-up, endorphin-rush effect a great pop song has on listening ears, as the music took control and the seventy-year-old gamely sang along with his thirty-six-year-old voice, transported from the monotony of the road to that air-stage many of us have played in front of a totally packed stadium.

In between tracks, Corden helped Stewart locate a few debauched memories.

"What's the most rock 'n' roll experience of your life?" Corden asked.

"Oh, I don't know, mate," Stewart said with a sly smile. "There's been so many . . . just drinkin' and shaggin', and a-drinkin' and a-shaggin', basically."

From then on, I was hooked. I confess to watching even the one with Lady Gaga. Madonna, too.

If this surprises you, it shouldn't. As **A. O. Scott's** absorbing profile of Corden points out, there's good reason this unlikely bloke without any former talk-show training has turned a post-midnight time slot traditionally watched by potheads and college kids into a viral-video lab that is upsetting the current hierarchy of the late-night lineup. Corden's charm is broadly infectious. He attracts not only both husband and wife but, as my two singing daughters have reminded me ever since they saw him play the Baker in *Into the Woods,* well, that coveted demographic who live free at home.

That might be exaggerating a little on my part, since Eliza and Clara are, respectively, eleven and eight. Nonetheless, I'm convinced Corden's Broadway-worthy voice and zaftig charisma are chief among the reasons the two of them know by heart and often reenact at the dinner table the famous 360-word scene between his character, whose father stole a handful of legumes from a witch played by Meryl Streep, and the offended party, an accomplished gardener who, unlike my children, loves her vegetables. "Greens, greens, nothing but greens," she sings, "parsley, peppers, cabbages, and celery. Asparagus and watercress and fiddleferns and lettuce!" and so on until, a good two minutes later, she lands on a final string of horticultural couplets:

So there's no more fuss
And there's no more scenes
And my garden thrives
You should see my nectarines!
But I'm telling you the same
I tell kings and queens:
Don't ever never ever
Mess around with my greens!
Especially the beans.

When it therefore came time to decide who should be the frontman of this issue—one that unveils a full redesign of the magazine, including a larger trim size and a new logo, inspired by Esquire's classic era but recut to give it a feel for the now—not just any personality would do. We wanted someone who has an upstart sensibility like our own, and who, through sheer originality and fearlessness, has become a face of the future.

Though more timely than ever, these traits have long distinguished Esquire. As far back as 1973, **Tom Wolfe,** a longtime contributor, remarked admirably on "the sheet's" perverse streak, which keeps "their readers and their critics off-balance," adding that if "such-and-such is the right thing to do . . . so . . . let's do something upside down on the ceiling!"

The fertilizer mix we've put together for your brain this month includes topics like the art of bribery (timed to a Trump administration); the most polarizing restaurateur in the country, whom leftist gastronome Anthony Bourdain holds in "utter contempt"; camo style; Judd Apatow's workout secret; the first—get ready to wince—successful penis-transplant surgery in America; and, timed to the release of the most unanticipated movie among men in decades (*Fifty Shades Darker*), an uncensored guide to the sexiest prose ever written about—to borrow a phrase from Sir Rod—shaggin'.

Jay FIELDEN

FROM THE VAULT

The previous King of the Night, David Letterman, September 1991.

illustration: Danilo Agutoli

photograph: **Alexei Hay**


NORDSTROM.COM 1.888.282.6060
NORDSTROM
SHOT BY PETRA COLLINS

The only way to get to all your reading destinations.

For the world's best writing and photography, it's magazines.
And for unlimited access to all the best magazines, it's Texture.

Start your **free trial** at texture.com or

Download on the App Store

GET IT ON Google Play

amazon Available at amazon

TRAVEL

THE SWEET SPOT TRIP

Vacationing in between seasons can mean luxe for a lot less

By Sara Clemence

I used to take pride in being a crafty budget traveler—booking a seat on the overnight train instead of a hotel room, that kind of thing. But grown-up me really likes clean pillows. Now the ultimate victory is paying three-star prices for a five-star trip—like my recent stay at Sheen Falls Lodge in Ireland, a stately old place where I could do things my younger self thought only guys with G6's did, like hawking. Really. Like getting a bird to hunt for you. Crazy. Your time off should be better than real life, right? For a taste of the rarefied, I paid about $180 a night.

How? I went during what's called shoulder season—those weeks between high and low when the weather's still fine and there are fewer tourists but it's not so empty that it feels like the badlands of *Westworld*. On top of that, the dollar hit a 14-year high at the end of 2016, making many international destinations cheaper for Americans. So if you're thrifty but have a jet-setter's heart, it's time to listen to it. Here are five places to explore that will make you feel like you've hacked the system.

photograph: **Henrik Purienne**

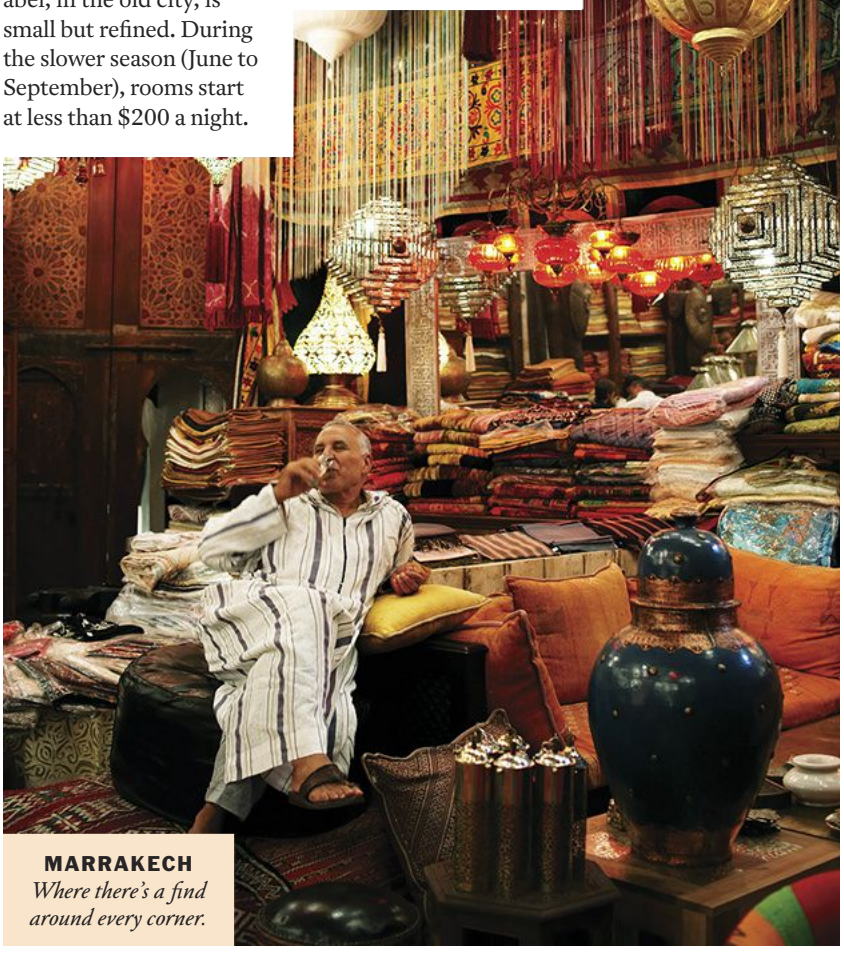
1. Marrakech

Shop the Kasbah

In the ’60s, Marrakech’s mystique drew the likes of Yves Saint Laurent and the Rolling Stones. Today, it’s easy to live like bohemian aristocracy, bedding down in a posh riad or wandering the souks.

The Big Steal: “Everyone is amazed at the Old World skill sets that still exist in the Moroccan artist community,” says Michael Diamond, a Morocco expert at Heritage Tours Private Travel who sends guests to buy intricate custom-made lamps for less than half of what they’d cost back home.

The Stay: Riad de Tarabel, in the old city, is small but refined. During the slower season (June to September), rooms start at less than $200 a night.



MARRAKECH
Where there’s a find around every corner.

2. Budapest

Empire Diaries

With its skyline of spires, Budapest has the majestic air of a Bond-film location. Indulge your cultured side with seats at the Hungarian State Opera (for as little as $2) and a meal at a Michelin-starred restaurant (at Tanti, a three-course dinner is $40).

The Big Steal: László Vass has been handmaking highly coveted classic shoes since the ’70s. A bespoke pair in calf leather will set you back about $700—a lot, but still half the price of ready-made John Lobbs.

The Stay: The Four Seasons Hotel Gresham Palace actually was a palace. In April, rooms start at around $300.

Esky *Wisdom*

The regret of not buying something you had your eye on when in a foreign country is equal to the time you’ll waste back home scouring Alibaba for it.

BUDAPEST
Contemplate last night’s opera at the Szechenyi Baths (above). A dish at Tanti (below).

3. Bangkok

Serenity in Chaos

Amid the canals, temples, and markets, the city has an upscale side—just check out all the luxury hotels. But you don’t have to pay dearly for meals. Bangkok is a top street-food city, so you can feast on curry, noodles, and more for a few dollars a pop.

The Big Steal: Head to a five-star hotel for a massage. Even at the Mandarin Oriental’s spa, among the best in the world, a two-hour Thai massage costs just $125.

The Stay: The apartmentlike quarters in the just-opened 137 Pillars Suites & Residences Bangkok are contemporary but homey. In April, a studio is available for less than $170 a night; a two-bedroom suite runs around $300.

A Bangkok tuk tuk is entertainment and transport in one.

4. Los Cabos

The Shore Thing

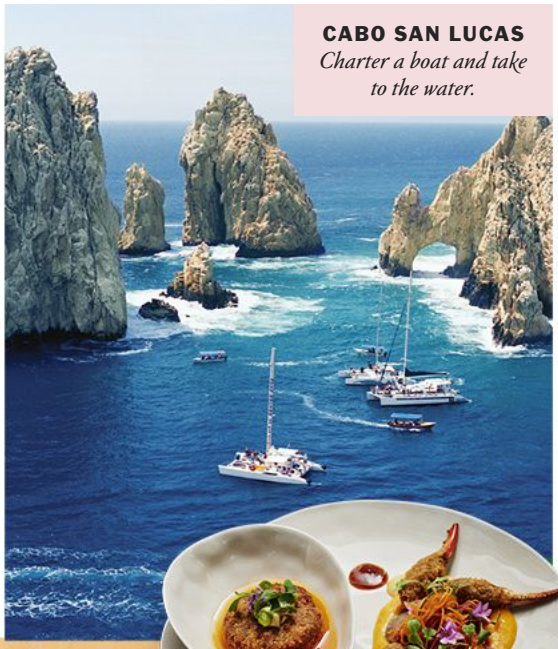
The tip of the Baja Peninsula has gorgeous desert-meets-sea scenery, plus a split personality. Cabo San Lucas is the touristy party town; San José del Cabo is a mellow cobblestoned village. Between

Continued ▸

Continued ▸ them lies miles and miles of ritzy beach resorts.

The Big Steal: Cabo's waters are so packed with tuna, marlin, and other fun-to-catch fish that it's considered one of the great sport-fishing destinations. You can score a full-day four-guest charter for around $500.

The Stay: Hotel El Ganzo is like a cross between Ace Hotel and the Record Plant. It has a beach club in one of the area's few swimmable stretches and rooms that start at just $240 a night this spring.



CABO SAN LUCAS
Charter a boat and take to the water.

CARTAGENA
A crab cake and claws at Carmen (above). Local color in the streets (left).

5. Cartagena

Colonial Chic

Forget everything you've seen on *Narcos.* This sophisticated Colombian port city still feels like a find despite the influx of jet-setters. During the day, roam streets lined with candy-colored mansions that have door knockers as big as kettlebells. At night, hit a live-music joint.

The Big Steal: Eat and drink in elegant yet modern spots. The seven-course tasting menu at the seafood-focused Carmen, one of the finest restaurants in the city, rings in at $65. The mojitos at El Coro Lounge Bar are legendary (and inexpensive).

The Stay: In May, the high-ceilinged white-on-white rooms at the petite Casablanca start at around $200 a night.

ENEMY MINE

TRUMP'S RIGHT HAND VS. TRUMP'S ALT-RIGHT HAND

VS.

REINCE PRIEBUS	STEPHEN K. BANNON
Official title: Chief of staff	**Official title:** Chief strategist and senior counselor
Unofficial title: "Mr. Switzerland" (per Trump)	**Unofficial title:** "The Leni Riefenstahl of the Tea Party" (per Andrew Breitbart)
Résumé: Chair of Wisconsin Republican party, RNC chair	**Résumé:** Naval officer, investment banker, Breitbart executive, Trump campaign CEO
Personal life: Married to high school sweetheart	**Personal life:** Divorced three times, contentiously
Style icon: Alex P. Keaton	**Style icon:** Nick Nolte
Mission: Broaden the GOP base	**Mission:** "Bitch-slap the Republican party"
Motto: "I haven't started pouring Baileys in my cereal yet."	**Motto:** "Honey Badger don't give a shit."

The Lexus of boats: We're not joking. This impossibly luxurious seacraft is the recently unveiled **Lexus Sport Yacht,** which is powered by two of the same V-8 engines found in the marque's RC F coupe. The exterior is made from carbon-fiber-reinforced plastic, just like its sports-car brethren. It's a one-off concept (meaning it's not for sale), but parent company Toyota does manufacture boats, so seeing your next Bond villain in one isn't a complete maritime fantasy. *lexus.com*

DESIGN

THROWING SHADE

This year's coolest statement lamp brings your space to life—whether it's on or off

• • • So you've been wanting to give your digs a more unbuttoned vibe, and you've already added bits of rough-hewn wood, played up patinated metals, used earthy textiles. But something feels off. What gives?

Our guess is the problem isn't your decor—it's your lighting. Here's a universal truth of design: No matter how beautiful the objects in your space may be, only light and shadow can pull it all together.

Which is why Flos's Serena, available stateside this month, is so transformative. Sure, this energy-efficient table lamp is sculpturesque. (Designer Patricia Urquiola intended to evoke a pistil—so, yeah, the female sexual organ of flora.) But its true crib-enhancing power lies in how it spreads and focuses light. The reflector has two positions: upright for a broad mellow wash or angled downward for a focused yet graceful beam that you can dim. Reflectors come in black, aluminum, or copper (as shown). Which one to get? Don't sweat it. Like the soft, unifying light the lamp brings to a space, your choice of color is largely immaterial.

$595; flos.com

photograph: **Philip Friedman**

Esquire

MENS JEWELRY

THE ULTIMATE MEN'S JEWELRY COLLECTION

Designed in collaboration with the experts at Esquire, The Esquire Men's Jewelry Collection encompasses a broad range of materials and styles. Featuring the right blend of classic and contemporary, new and traditional, the expected and the exploratory, this collection delivers the extra 10% with substance and style.

Left to Right: Patterned Ring in Sterling Silver $400, Woven Leather Bracelet $175, Patterned Cuff in Sterling Silver $650, Twist Link Bracelet in Black Leather and Stainless Steel $250.

AVAILABLE EXCLUSIVELY AT MACY'S AND MACYS.COM

DECIDING YOU WANT A SILVERADO IS EASY. NOW COMES THE HARD PART.

MOST DEPENDABLE, LONGEST-LASTING FULL-SIZE PICKUPS ON THE ROAD.[1]

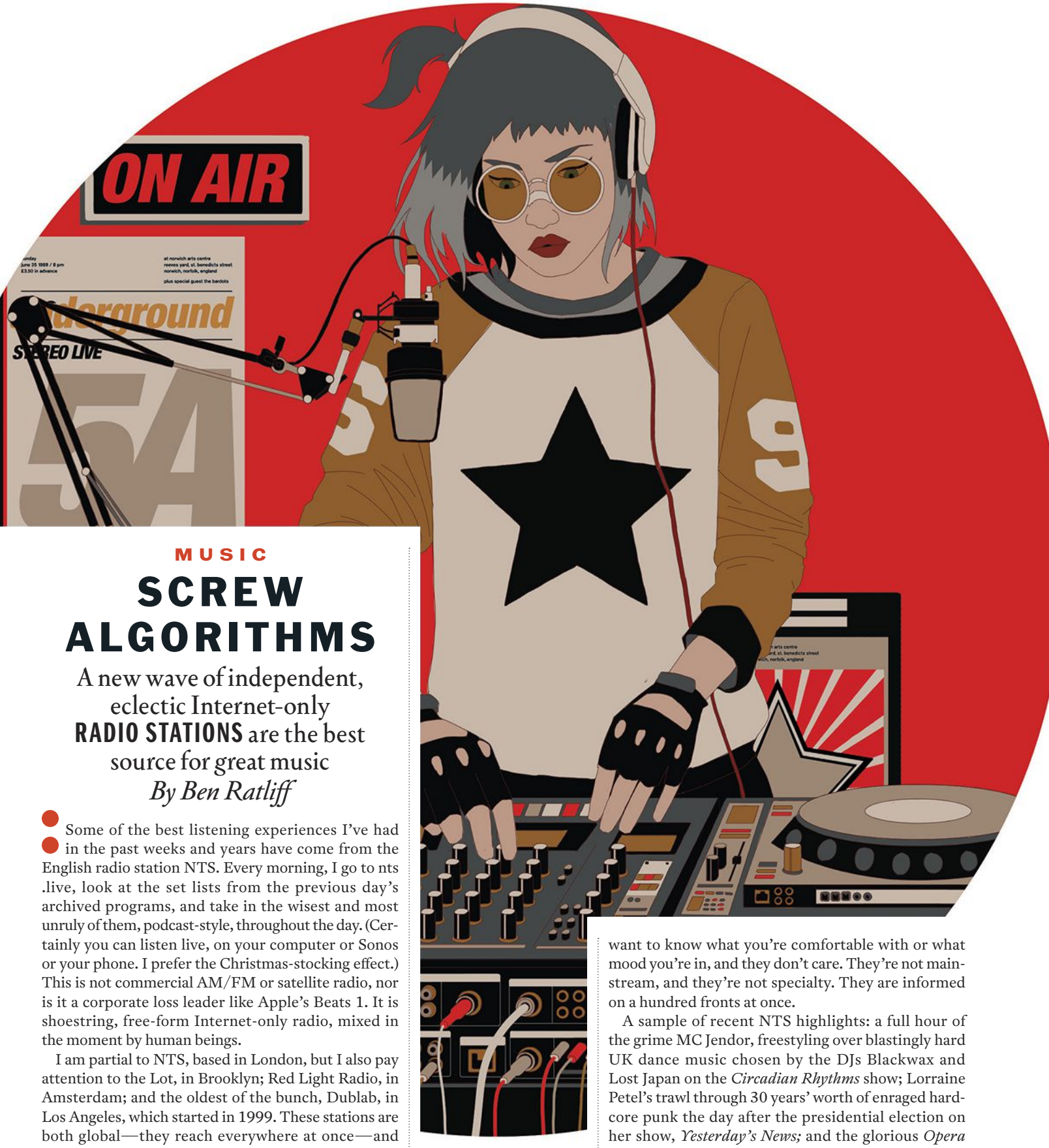
"Highest Ranked Large Light Duty and Heavy Duty Pickups in Initial Quality."[2]

SILVERADO SPECIAL EDITIONS

1 Dependability based on longevity: 1987–July 2016 full-size pickup registrations. 2 The Chevrolet Silverado LD and Silverado HD received the lowest number of problems per 100 vehicles among large light duty and heavy duty pickups in the J.D. Power 2016 Initial Quality Study, based on 80,157 total responses, evaluating 245 models, and measures the opinions of new 2016 vehicle owners after 90 days of ownership, surveyed in February–May 2016. Your experiences may vary. Visit jdpower.com.

FIND NEW ROADS™

CHEVROLET



MUSIC

SCREW ALGORITHMS

A new wave of independent, eclectic Internet-only **RADIO STATIONS** are the best source for great music

By Ben Ratliff

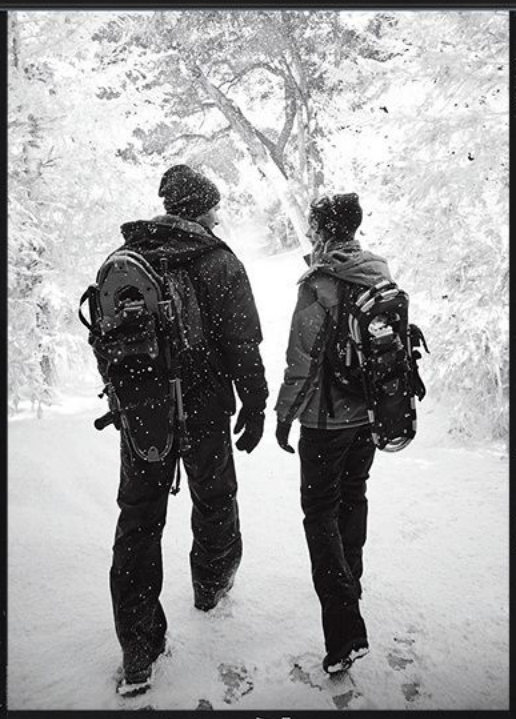
Some of the best listening experiences I've had in the past weeks and years have come from the English radio station NTS. Every morning, I go to nts.live, look at the set lists from the previous day's archived programs, and take in the wisest and most unruly of them, podcast-style, throughout the day. (Certainly you can listen live, on your computer or Sonos or your phone. I prefer the Christmas-stocking effect.) This is not commercial AM/FM or satellite radio, nor is it a corporate loss leader like Apple's Beats 1. It is shoestring, free-form Internet-only radio, mixed in the moment by human beings.

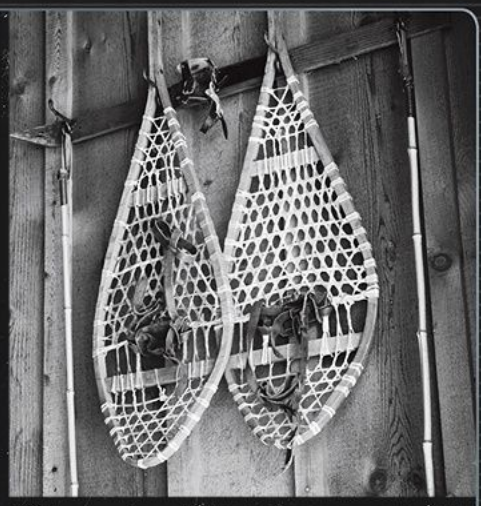
I am partial to NTS, based in London, but I also pay attention to the Lot, in Brooklyn; Red Light Radio, in Amsterdam; and the oldest of the bunch, Dublab, in Los Angeles, which started in 1999. These stations are both global—they reach everywhere at once—and local. Collectively, they are the most effective counterforce I know to the onslaught of streaming-service algorithms and managed listener passivity. They don't want to know what you're comfortable with or what mood you're in, and they don't care. They're not mainstream, and they're not specialty. They are informed on a hundred fronts at once.

A sample of recent NTS highlights: a full hour of the grime MC Jendor, freestyling over blastingly hard UK dance music chosen by the DJs Blackwax and Lost Japan on the *Circadian Rhythms* show; Lorraine Petel's trawl through 30 years' worth of enraged hardcore punk the day after the presidential election on her show, *Yesterday's News;* and the glorious *Opera Show,* programmed monthly by the musician and scholar Hannah Catherine Jones, whose November 29 broadcast connected music by the

Continued ▸

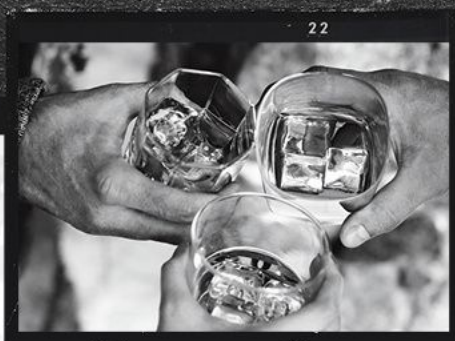
illustration: **Mau Lencinas**





ESCAPE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT. BLACK IS HOW YOU DRINK IT.

JIM BEAM BLACK® — WORLD'S HIGHEST RATED BOURBON.



drink smart®

Jim Beam Black® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 43% Alc./Vol. ©2017 James B. Bea Distilling Co., Clermont, KY
All trademarks are the property of their respective owners.
Awarded International Wine & Spirits Competition's 2017 Bourbon Trophy.

MAKE HISTORY®

INTERNATIONAL WINE & SPIRIT COMPETITION IWSC TROPHY 2016 QUALITY AWARD
WORLD'S HIGHEST RATED BOURBON

WELCOME TO OUR WORLD

EXOSPACE
B55 CONNECTED

Breitling reinvents the connected watch firmly geared towards performance. Every inch an instrument of the future, the Exospace B55 multifunction electronic chronograph pushes the boundaries of comfort, ergonomics and efficiency. The titanium case of this compendium of innovations houses an exclusive SuperQuartz™ caliber chronometer-certified by the COSC and featuring a range of original functions tailor-made for pilots and men of action. Welcome to the world of precision, feats and high-tech sophistication. Welcome to the vanguard of instruments for professionals.

BREITLING BOUTIQUE

NEW YORK • MIAMI • LAS VEGAS • ORLANDO

BREITLING
1884

INSTRUMENTS FOR PROFESSIONALS™

Continued ▸ recently departed Pauline Oliveros with that of Verdi, Strauss, Lauryn Hill, Billie Holiday, Philip Glass, and Shostakovich. My kind of woman.

NTS, now five years old, is based out of an open-front studio in Hackney, set among a Somali social club and a barbershop. It can be understood as an outgrowth of London's pirate-radio tradition and the accessible version of free-form radio practiced by BBC 6—though with satellite studios in Manchester, Shanghai, and Los Angeles, it's perhaps no longer strictly a London thing, or even an English thing.

NTS's unpaid DJs aren't radio people per se and don't hew to any house style; some barely talk on the mic at all. They may be musicians or producers or club DJs or just highly discerning weirdos. Funded by merchandise, public events, and some government grant money, which helps cover the cost of online licensing, NTS has a monthly listenership that's risen to half a million, though it doesn't seem outwardly concerned with market growth.

The Lot, run by François Vaxelaire, a Belgian transplant to Brooklyn, has the most distinctive physical presence. Inspired by NTS—as well as Red Light—Vaxelaire rented an empty triangular lot in Greenpoint in 2015 and installed a shipping container just big enough for a coffee kiosk and a radio studio; a school bus parked next to it features café-style seating and three speakers for listening to the broadcast. (Like NTS's, the Lot's musical range is wide, if a bit more dance-oriented.) When I stopped by one night in December, the omnivorous musician Sinkane was nearing the end of his monthly show, playing a Bobbi Humphrey flute-funk record and saying hello to a stream of friends.

The Lot is cool but seeks to be normal: not a rootless imprimatur of avant-gardism in the cybersphere but a locus for neighborhood parents and priests from the church across the street. "I wanted the place to be public, and more than that, for people to feel unimpressed by the project," Vaxelaire says. He's applied for nonprofit status, isn't looking for advertising, and wouldn't tell me his numbers. It's organic or nothing, and he's ready to wait for the audience to come to him. I suspect it will.

Five of the Best

Internet radio shows to stream now

1. **Bradley Zero Presents: Rhythm Section** (new and old grooves) *nts.live*
2. **Radio Fenriz** (extreme metal) *nts.live*
3. **Strange Sounds from Beyond** (ambient, disco, film soundtracks) *redlightradio.net*
4. **The Banana Question** (electric funk, '70s biker metal) *dublab.com*
5. **Look Both Ways** (soulful dance tracks) *thelotradio.com*

Miley Cyrus worked with the Flaming Lips' Wayne Coyne on "Oczy Mlody."

MUSIC

KEEPING IT WEIRD

WAYNE COYNE ON THE FLAMING LIPS' LATEST ALBUM, MILEY CYRUS, AND HIS ODD READING HABITS

Being a Flaming Lips fan can be exasperating. For every transcendent live show, pioneering pop song ("She Don't Use Jelly," "Do You Realize?"), and instant-classic album (*The Soft Bulletin, Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots*), you have to indulge the odd detour (*With a Little Help from My Fwends,* anyone?). Fortunately, the band's newest album, *Oczy Mlody,* falls into the instant-classic category. But this being the Flaming Lips, they took the, um, scenic route to get there.

In 2015, they collaborated with Miley Cyrus on *Miley Cyrus & Her Dead Petz*. Which, predictably, didn't go over too well with longtime fans. But frontman Wayne Coyne says working with Cyrus, who also appears on *Oczy Mlody,* gave the Lips just the creative jolt they needed. "Anybody that wants to put Miley down, they're just not trying," Coyne says. "They're not listening."

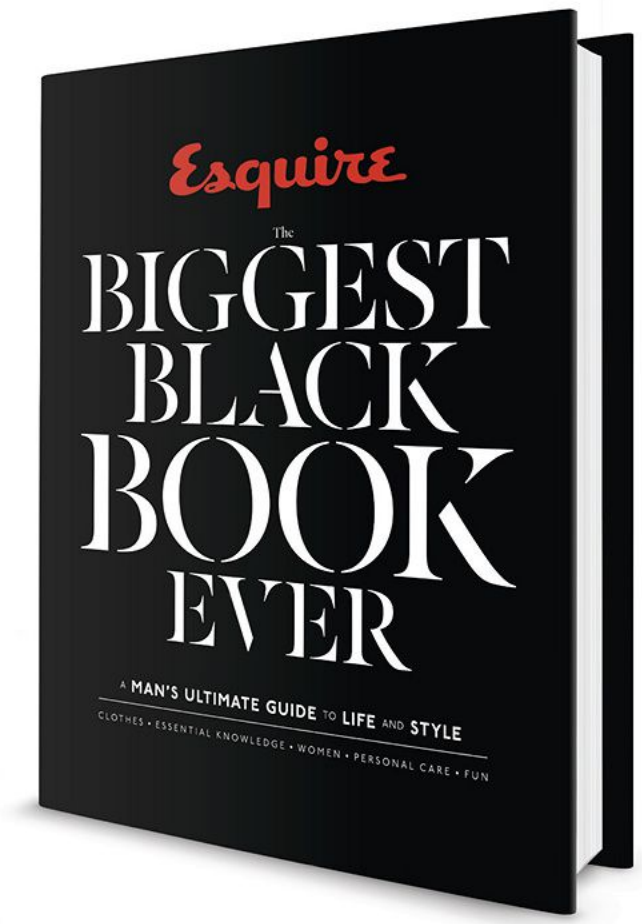
He found the title for the album while reading a Polish translation of Erskine Caldwell's 1962 novel, *Close to Home,* during breaks in the recording sessions. Coyne, by the way, does not speak Polish. But, he says, the rhythm and cadence of the unknown words opened his mind and pushed his songwriting in a new direction. "We stumbled onto something and thought, *This is a really cool vibe,*" Coyne says. "And that vibe spurred us, right from the very first track." —*Jeff Slate*

Clock it in: The smooth-sounding, bedside-friendly **Como Audio Solo** has six Internet-radio presets so that you can avoid pulling out your phone to stream music in bed—you know that'll just lead to Facebook-induced insomnia. *$299; comoaudio.com*

HANDLE YOURSELF WITH CONFIDENCE AND STYLE

ANYWHERE. ANYTIME. WITH ANYONE.

Got a sudden stain on your perfect white dress shirt—just before an important meeting? Need to order a drink for your date? Concerned about how to manscape, buy the perfect gift, leave a dull party gracefully, or navigate the intricacies of any kind of social event? *Esquire's The Biggest Black Book Ever* shows you how to do everything right, in every area of your life.



AVAILABLE WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD

$24.95 ($27.95 CAN) IN HARDCOVER

HEARST BOOKS

BOOKS

THE CLAMPDOWN

Read up on **THE WORST ELECTION EVER**, the fate of Lincoln's son, and why it's best to avoid Fancy Bears

1. South and West

By Joan Didion

You'll learn more about America's future from Didion's 40-year-old field notes from two reporting trips—one to the trial of Patty Hearst, the other through the Deep South—than you will from tomorrow's newspaper.

Alfred A. Knopf, $21

2. Lincoln in the Bardo

By George Saunders

Abraham Lincoln's son is stuck in Buddhist purgatory—*Andersonville* this isn't. Saunders's wildly imaginative and deeply moving first novel is worth the wait.

Random House, $28

3. The One Inside

By Sam Shepard

Shepard's poetic story of a man trying to shake his demons on a cross-country drive will haunt you. Not the book to inspire your next road trip.

Alfred A. Knopf, $26

4. The Art of Invisibility

By Kevin Mitnick

Who better than Mitnick—internationally wanted hacker turned *Fortune* 500 security consultant—to teach you how to keep your data safe from spear phishing, computer worms, and Fancy Bears?

Little, Brown, $28

5. A Generation of Sociopaths: How the Baby Boomers Betrayed America

By Bruce Cannon Gibney

Venture capitalist Gibney lays into the "Me" generation for cashing out their children's future and leaving the planet looking like a rock star's hotel room while also building a case for cutting the boomers' benefits and forgiving student debt. Grim but timely—or is that redundant?

Hachette, $27

6. How the Hell Did This Happen?

By P. J. O'Rourke

O'Rourke can make a highway bill funny; imagine what he can do with the 2016 election. Read his campaign dispatches and laugh your way to acceptance.

Atlantic Monthly Press, $25

—Adrienne Westenfeld

photograph: **Philip Friedman**

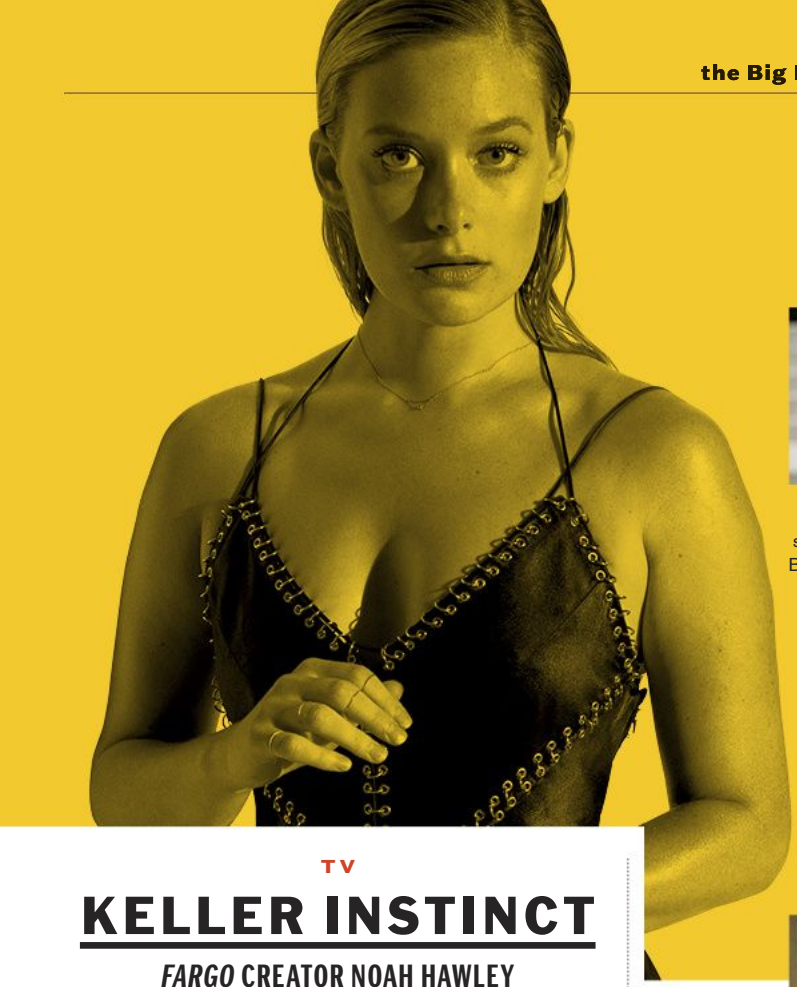
HOW WILL YOU DESCRIBE YOUR FIRST BITE?

BECOME A FIRST-TIME TASTER.

Bite into all this sausage, egg and cheese sandwiched between a buttery croissant, then tell us: How would you describe the taste?

JIMMYDEAN.COM

Jimmy Dean *Shine On*™



TV

KELLER INSTINCT

FARGO CREATOR NOAH HAWLEY REUNITES WITH RACHEL KELLER FOR SPRING'S MOST TALKED-ABOUT NEW SERIES

It's not until the second episode of *Legion,* FX's trippy new superhero series, that you can expect to get your feet—or at least a few toes—on the ground. And that's no accident: It's all part of creator Noah Hawley's plan to have your experience mirror that of his bewildered protagonist as he discovers that what he thought was schizophrenia might actually be a superpower. It's a leap of faith made much easier by the presence of Rachel Keller's Syd Barrett, a young woman with a set of supernatural intimacy issues (let's just say she's got a magic touch) and an inconvenient attraction to the title character. Hawley first cast the Minnesota native on *Fargo* when she was just a year out of college, appreciating how "grounded and real" she is while still having "a glamour to her." Since then, he's come to rely on her as a creative collaborator. The story is loosely based on a character from the *X-Men* universe, but Syd herself—beyond the Pink Floyd reference—is made from scratch. That's given Keller an enormous amount of leeway in defining Syd, from her Brigitte Bardot–inspired look to her Bollywood dance moves. (We told you the show was trippy.) Because of her powers, Keller says, Syd "still doesn't have a safe space to express herself." She sees her chronically suppressed character as a metaphor for untapped female potential. "All the women in my life have moments when they feel completely trapped," she says. "I don't know that [the world has] seen women in the way that we really are yet." Fortunately, Rachel Keller is here to show us. —*Julia Black*

3 STEPS TO STARDOM

Before she became the superhumanly guarded Syd Barrett on *Legion* (2017)...

...Keller played seductive crime-family scion Simone Gerhardt on FX's *Fargo* (2015)...

...and a possessed Sister Mathias on The CW's *Supernatural* (2015).

Day-Glo-tripper: Triboro Design's Wrong Color Subway Map—available in RGB and CMY (seen here)—may be slightly more geographically accurate than the famously distorted official one. But mainly it's way cooler. *$180; triborodesign.com/shop*

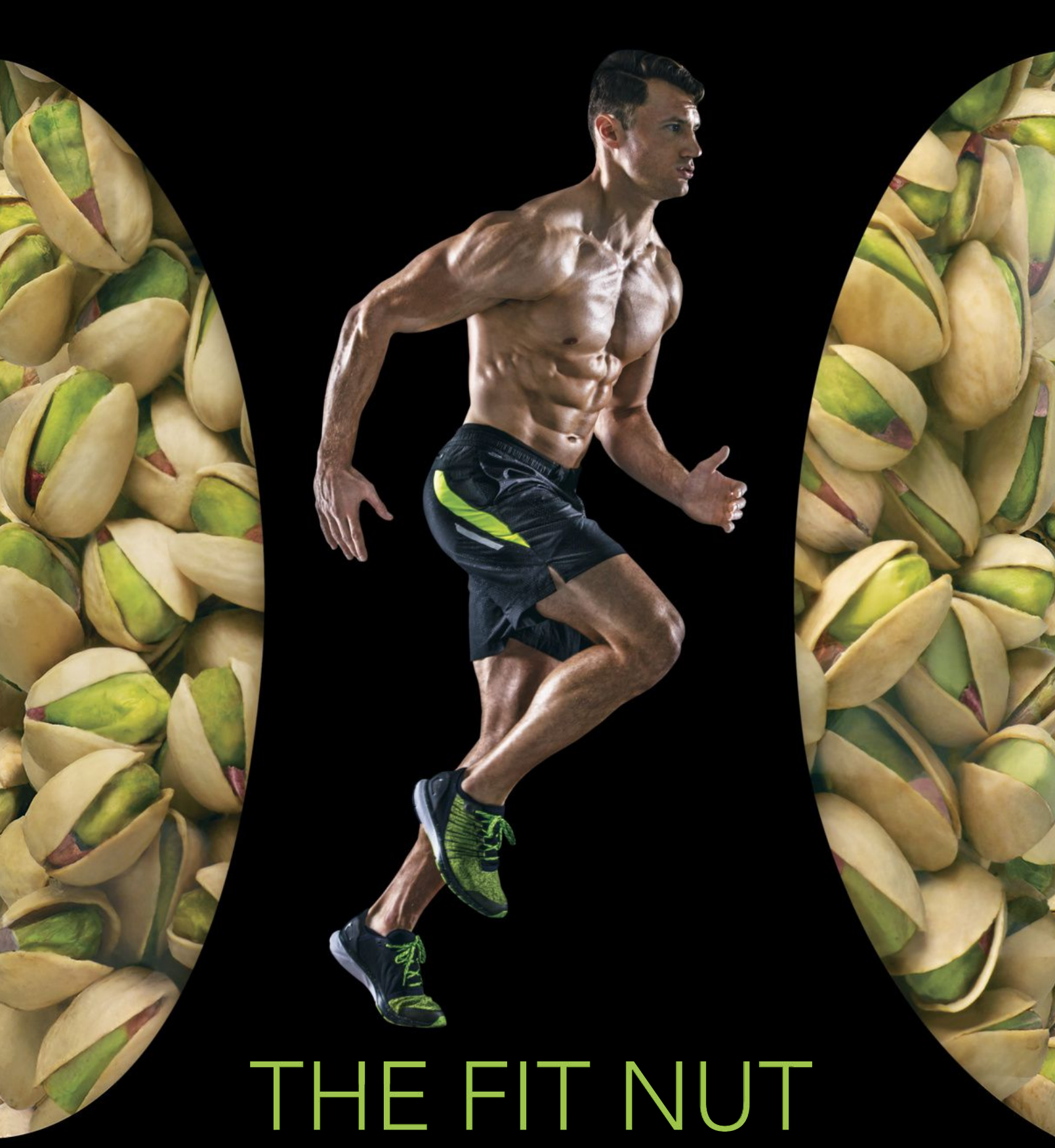
TV & FILM

More Fascinating Than Fiction

Two new documentary offerings break the mold

In PBS's five-part Nature miniseries ***Spy in the Wild,*** camera-equipped robot creatures are sent into various habitats to interact with their living-and-breathing kin. The result is a level of up-close-and-personal access that even *Planet Earth* can't promise—and endlessly entertaining third-party footage of animals sniffing and engaging with their Jim Hensonesque doppelgängers. Stoner nature enthusiasts, set your DVRs!

Too often, documentaries that take on the darkest topics are demoralizing at best and exploitative at worst. Without skirting the issue, the Jessica Chastain–narrated ***I Am Jane Doe*** (now playing in select cities) upends the familiar narrative surrounding child sex trafficking to become a gripping legal thriller. The film follows a scrappy coalition of families, politicians, and small-time lawyers as they take the multimillion-dollar corporation behind the Craigslist of prostitution to the Supreme Court in a case that questions where First Amendment rights end and human rights begin. —*J. B.*



THE FIT NUT

Fuel your fitness with The Wonderful Nut. Wonderful Pistachios are one of the highest-protein, highest-fiber nuts around. So push your health to new heights with this tasty little powerhouse of heart-healthy goodness.

The Skinny Nut • The Fit Nut • The Mindful Nut • The Colorful Nut • The Happy Nut

Wonderful®
PISTACHIOS
The Wonderful Nut

Scientific evidence suggests but does not prove that eating 1.5 ounces per day of most nuts, such as pistachios, as part of a diet low in saturated fat and cholesterol may reduce the risk of heart disease. See nutrition information for fat content.

FOOD

IS THIS GUY THE MOST HATED RESTAURATEUR IN AMERICA?

The sushi joint in **TRUMP'S** D. C. hotel comes with a side of politics

By Jeff Gordinier

photograph: **Jeffrey Westbrook**

Nakazawa is the most controversial new restaurant that will open in the United States of America in 2017.

Had it arrived two years ago, with the same sushi, in the same place—the grand Old Post Office building on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D. C.—you can be sure that tantalizing pictures of chef Daisuke Nakazawa's hay-smoked skipjack and still-alive-and-wriggling tiger shrimp would have graced the Instagram feeds of every food-media mandarin in the country. After all, the restaurant's New York City forerunner, Sushi Nakazawa, received a rare four stars from *The New York Times* in 2013. This is nigiri at its most exciting and exquisite.

Instead, Nakazawa and the streetwise 36-year-old entrepreneur behind it, Alessandro Borgognone, might just get the silent treatment from more than a few gastro-influencers. Sushi lover and gonzo food sage Anthony Bourdain has already declared that he plans to boycott the place; he has a low opinion of Borgognone. "I will never eat in his restaurant," Bourdain told the blog Eater at the end of 2016. "I have utter contempt for him, utter and complete contempt."

There is a reason for this vitriol: Borgognone and his team have leased the space for Nakazawa from none other than Donald J. Trump. Trump's company took over the post office in 2013 and announced plans to convert it into a luxury hotel (pictured below right). It was originally supposed to house restaurants by chefs José Andrés and Geoffrey Zakarian, but they backed out after Trump gave his presidential campaign a back-alley injection of toxic juice by categorizing Mexicans as "rapists." Lawsuits started flying back and forth. Into this hostile breach swept Borgognone, who, on the face of it, did only what businessmen have done since the dawn of time: He saw an opportunity and he grabbed it. (That said, Nakazawa will appear in a different part of the building from where the other restaurants would have been. "We didn't want sloppy seconds," Borgognone told me.) In doing so, he has guaranteed that he'll be taking a whole lot of shit for a long time.

I met with Borgognone right after Christmas, interested to hear how he was faring. The curious case of *Mr. Nakazawa Goes to Washington* struck me as a prime example of how political allegiances can affect (and infect) the optics in this wildly divisive age of Trump. The guy must have known that his saying yes after Andrés and Zakarian said no would generate a fair amount of blowback, but he still seemed surprised that the move couldn't be accepted as a fundamental entrepreneurial transaction. "You can't fault a businessperson," he said. "Our decision was based on that. If people don't walk in and we're dead, then it was a bad business decision. I'm man enough to live with that. We didn't have a political agenda. We didn't want to kiss Trump's ass. We fell in love with the building."

He dismissed Bourdain as a "glorified line cook on CNN" who, in spite of his travels around the world, "has basically learned nothing." The two have never met, but, naturally, they share a New York mode of conversational combativeness. "Having contempt for someone you don't know is pretty childish to me," he went on. "I wouldn't say it hurts because he doesn't know me."

Esky *Wisdom*

Acceptable: a manhattan in a rocks glass. (No ice.)
Iffy: a martini in a rocks glass.
Nope: an appletini—in any glass.

A RAW NERVE
The food at Alessandro Borgognone's Nakazawa may be sublime, but can you stomach the Trump affiliation?

Borgognone offered a variety of points in his defense. He said that revenue had not slipped even slightly at his two best-known properties in New York, Sushi Nakazawa and his upscale revival of Chumley's, the literary-progressive landmark in the West Village. He described himself as a registered Democrat who's "socially liberal, fiscally conservative" and a believer in climate change—although it became clear over the course of two hours that he is no hater of Trump ("I don't think he's as stupid as everybody says"). He noted that his business partner is an immigrant from Japan and his own parents are immigrants from Italy. He winningly let it slip that Sushi Nakazawa had once failed to provide a seat for Ted Cruz, even after receiving four beseeching calls from the then–presidential candidate's team.

"We didn't turn him down because he was Ted Cruz," Borgognone continued. "We turned him down because we had no space." See? It's just business.

But as those who have absorbed the timeless lessons of *The Godfather* know, business is never just business. Even the simplest transaction—getting a drink at your favorite bar, filling your tank at your preferred gas station—signifies a world of relationships and values. (During our conversation, Borgognone flashed a literary reference that seemed to undermine his own line of defense: "Machiavelli once said you can't be neutral. You can't be in the middle. When it comes down to it, you have to pick a side.") In defending the entrepreneurial prerogative, he sounds like no one so much as his landlord, the 45th president of the United States—a man who, we should point out, doesn't seem to have the stomach for raw fish. The old political duality boiled down to the tedious intricacies of right versus left. The blunt new national ethos? Get it while you can. What used to be known as a Faustian bargain is starting to look like the art of the deal.

The Best Secret Sandwich in Our Nation's Capital

Please don't Instagram this funky deep-fried goodness on a bun

• • • They're not going to tell you about it, so we will. Go to the Dabney in Washington, D. C., befriend the server, order a drink. Get some oysters, the quail, the pork-belly biscuit. Let them know you mean business. Once that has been established, ask—quietly, politely—about the fried pheasant sandwich. It does not appear on the menu, because if it did, people might order too many, too often, and that could send the kitchen into a tailspin and blind customers to Virginia-bred chef Jeremiah Langhorne's full range—you should eat as much of his cooking as you can. But save room for this sandwich, which will be surreptitiously slipped in front of you, crispy nubs of game bird (like the McNuggets of the gods) glistening with sweet sorghum syrup and stuffed into a featherweight bun. Don't say a word. You'll want to keep it to yourself. —*J. G.*

ART

A Revolutionary Artist Joins the Bauhaus Pantheon

Los Angeles celebrates László Moholy-Nagy

Long before a thousand gallery poseurs rendered the term meaningless, László Moholy-Nagy was an interdisciplinary artist. "Designing," he once wrote, "is not a profession but an attitude." But he created so much work across so many different mediums that his reputation can sometimes seem muddled, as though he's some kind of Bauhaus B-lister compared with peers like Kandinsky and Klee.

"Future Present," Moholy-Nagy's first major American retrospective in 50 years, shatters this misconception. The show, which opens on February 12 at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, assembles almost 300 works across the pathbreaking artist's career. Its highpoint is "Room of the Present"—a dazzling walk-in installation designed in 1930 but never built in Moholy-Nagy's lifetime.

—Steven Heyman

Knives out: How do you make something as iconic as the Swiss Army knife better? By giving it an ergonomic curve. Now you can open the blade without using your fingernail. Made by Swiss company **Malvaux,** the knife features a handle milled from aluminum, so it has a substantial heft that you won't find with the classic's plastic shell. Alas, it doesn't have a toothpick, but whoever used the toothpick? *$245; malvaux.ch*

THEATER

ET TU, MURRAY?

FORECAST FOR THE NEW *GROUNDHOG DAY* MUSICAL: FUNNY WITH A CHANCE OF JAZZ HANDS

Stephen Sondheim once considered adapting the 1993 Bill Murray movie *Groundhog Day* into a musical. Ultimately, he decided it could not be improved—an opinion that Danny Rubin, who adapted his own screenplay for the London production now headed to Broadway, chose to ignore.

A modest hit when it first came out, *Groundhog Day* has, like the titular rodent, burrowed deeply into American culture. It turned up on AFI's list of the greatest film comedies (number 34, after Chaplin's *Modern Times*) and among Bergman and Buñuel in a MoMA film series on faith. Forget whether it could be improved—just trying to re-create the magic of the original would be risky. "My mantra the whole way through was *Don't fuck this up,*" Rubin says. Which is why he decided to spend two years working with composer Tim Minchin and director Matthew Warchus before bringing in a producer.

"I wasn't proprietary," Rubin says of their collaboration. "I took the best ideas from everybody. And there are a couple of lines that made it in the end that, I don't know for a fact who wrote them, Bill or Harold, but they felt Bill-like." (Murray's line "I wish we could all live in the mountains, at high altitude" was an inside joke about Rubin, who had just moved to Santa Fe.)

In its five-star review, the London *Telegraph* said the show was "an instant classic—and could be better than the movie." Good thing nobody listened to Sondheim.

—Ash Carter

Esky *Wisdom*

Did you know?
Danny Rubin started his career as a screenwriter by making a list of movie ideas. Number 10 became *Groundhog Day.* Number 8 was titled *We Love Our Idiots.* The plot? "An idiot is elected president."

illustration: **Kelsey Dake**

I spy, with my little eye, something beginning with "S."

Who knows what you'll see in the backup camera[1] of your new 2017 Corolla, but that's kind of the point, isn't it? That's why it comes standard, along with **Toyota Safety Sense™ P**.[2] Because, even though you might see almost anything, one thing we think you should definitely see is safety. **How many things can you spy that start with the letter "S"?**

The New 2017

COROLLA

Toyota Safety Sense™ Standard

Prototype shown with options. Production model may vary. 1. The backup camera does not provide a comprehensive view of the rear area of the vehicle. You should also look around outside your vehicle and use your mirrors to confirm rearward clearance. Environmental conditions may limit effectiveness and view may become obscured. See *Owner's Manual* for details. 2. Drivers should always be responsible for their own safe driving. Please always pay attention to your surroundings and drive safely. Depending on the conditions of roads, vehicles, weather, etc., the system(s) may not work as intended. See *Owner's Manual* for details.

TECH

BINGE BIGGER

Turn your living room into a **CINEMA** with a **PROJECTOR,** and leave your puny screens to Snapchat *By Kevin Sintumuang*

Is there anything as meta as watching *Black Mirror* on your phone? For the uninitiated, it's a Netflix show about a not-so-distant dystopian future in which technology, as wondrous as it is (the title refers to life's ever-present screens, like the one in your pocket), can subject us to subpar human experiences. Our problem is trivial compared with what the characters on *Black Mirror* grapple with—can artificial intelligence provide love?—but it still sucks: Binge-watching anything on a screen small enough to fit into your backpack eats away at our humanity, dammit.

Continued ▸

photograph: **Rowena Waack**

WOODFORD RESERVE®

DOUBLE OAKED

QUALITY. SOPHISTICATION. STYLE.

CRAFTED CAREFULLY. DRINK RESPONSIBLY.

Continued ▸ There are more TV shows and movies to absorb than ever, yet we've never been more time-strapped as a society, so we end up watching things on our phones during the commute, on our computers at the office, on our iPads before bed. We're always in the thick of some kind of video, but we're never fully engrossed. Fine for Snapchats or Facebook videos, but anything longer than 22 minutes deserves more attention—and real estate.

The antidote to small-screen-itis? Go big by getting a projector for your home.

You may be thinking, *My 65-inch TV is plenty huge.* I'm here to tell you: Not really. Many of us have our faces buried in large high-resolution screens at work; coming home to a marginally bigger one isn't a game changer. Truth: I gave away my traditional TV more than seven years ago, got a projector that creates a 120-inch image (many go bigger), and never looked back. You know that feeling you have in a movie theater where it's just you, the darkness, and the Death Star blowing up (when will they patch up that tunnel)? That's what it's like at home now, except the popcorn doesn't cost $12. The world around you melts away and you're transported for an hour or two—assuming you're not live-tweeting. You just can't get that from a 65-incher.

The latest projectors don't need much distance to cast a big screen. The short-throw LG PF1000U, in fact, can create a 100-inch image when positioned only 15 inches away from your wall. Place it on a credenza and you're done. Others can be ceiling-mounted or simply set on a shelf on the opposite side of the room. Many are equipped with wireless HDMI—or you can buy a separate wireless transmitter—so your clunky cable box or Apple TV can be tucked away elsewhere. Although they work best in darker rooms, a number of new models do just fine in brighter environments. You can buy screens that descend from the ceiling, or special paint for your wall, but if the wall is white, you're all set.

That's the real advantage of projectors: When they're off, they're gone. There isn't a black void staring you down, saying: *Give me life, human.* When they're not in use, you get your living room back to, I dunno, read a book or a magazine. Because if there's one safe space in our screen-filled dystopian present, shouldn't it be the couch?

TV

MY FIRST RIDE: T-PAIN

IN WHICH THE RAPPER LEARNS ABOUT FUEL PUMPS THE HARD WAY

I was turning 16. I had just gotten my learner's permit, so I was driving my dad's Suburban around, but he wouldn't let me go out in it at night. So I bought our next-door neighbor's first-generation Ford Taurus for $300.

It was shit gray. I added tons of stuff to it: a new stereo system; strobe lights, which were not meant to be in a car; and TVs, because that was the new thing to do. It was pretty experimental.

The fuel pump started acting up once. A lot of people were telling me I needed somebody to repair it. I was like, "Well, it sounds pretty simple to fix." I went under the car to remove it and went into the house to get the new one. When I came back, the car was on fire. I don't know how it happened. I mean, it was a hot day, so that didn't help. I put the fire out.

That's what actually got me into cars, seeing how everything worked. From then on, I started paying a lot more attention to what I was doing. I learned that there were three bolts right next to the battery, and if you touched two of the bolts together, you could crank it up from the outside. I used to lose my keys a lot, so I would just start it from under the hood.

—As told to Tyler Confoy

T-Pain is a host of the Esquire Network's Joyride, *streaming now on tv.esquire.com.*

Esky *Wisdom*

Q: Are there any tricks to convince my wife to watch what I want to watch on Netflix tonight?
A: No. Learn to love *Gilmore Girls.*

BEAM ME UP: 3 PROJECTORS TO GO BIG ON

The compact BenQ W1070 delivers full high-def images for an awesome price. *$649; benq.com*

Short on space? Get the LG PF1000U. It needs just 15 inches to create a 100-inch image. *$1,400; lg.com*

The intense colors and rich blacks on the Epson 5040UB are downright cinemalike. *$2,999; epson.com*

Hello. *antioxidants.* Goodbye free radicals.

The power of pomegranates and the polyphenol antioxidants that fight free radicals.

SUPER FRUIT WITH SUPER POWER. We've all heard about antioxidants and how important they are to include in our diet through whole, natural foods. Here we take a deeper look at what makes antioxidants in pomegranates so unique.

Pomegranates, and of course POM Wonderful 100% Pomegranate Juice, contain antioxidants called polyphenols. Polyphenols are a type of antioxidant known to combat unstable molecules that can cause damage to your cells and DNA over time. These harmful molecules are called free radicals. And they're POM's nemesis.

Though the human body does a good job of handling normal levels of unstable molecules, things like smoking, stress and other environmental pollutants can contribute to the generation of even more free radicals. Which means, unless you live in a bubble, everyone can benefit from the antioxidant power of POM Wonderful 100% Pomegranate Juice.

POM & POLYPHENOLS: THE INSIDE SCOOP. Every pomegranate has a variety of polyphenol antioxidants. The deep red arils have anthocyanins, while the rind and white pith surrounding the arils have ellagitannins. POM Juice is the perfect way to get the fighting power of both. To maximize the polyphenol level, POM Wonderful 100% Pomegranate Juice is made by pressing the entire pomegranate, so that each 16oz bottle contains the juice from 4 whole-pressed pomegranates. That means there's antioxidant goodness in every bottle.

An in vitro study at UCLA found that pomegranate juice has, on average, more antioxidant capacity than red wine, grape juice, or green tea. In fact, each serving of POM has 4x the antioxidants, on average, of green tea.

Contains 4x the antioxidants, on average, of green tea.

DRINK TO YOUR HEALTH. It's easy to drink in the amazing health benefits of pomegranates every day. Enjoy POM Wonderful 100% Pomegranate Juice with breakfast or simply add it to your favorite smoothie. Or mix POM with seltzer for an afternoon pick-me-up or for an evening mock-tail. So drink up! Your body and mind will thank you.

POM Wonderful 100% Pomegranate Juice, the Antioxidant Superpower, can be found in the produce section of your supermarket. It's also available through Amazon.

NEW **VINTAGE** AÉRONAVALE **COLLECTION**

The VINTAGE AÉRONAVALE chronograph is a time measuring instrument that marries functionality and elegance. The blue and gold colours, evoking the uniform worn by naval officers, make the VINTAGE AÉRONAVALE an exceptional timepiece · Bell & Ross Inc. +1.888.307.7887 · e-Boutique: www.bellross.com

Bell & Ross

the Code:

Because style is always personal

Rain jacket ($2,550), jacket ($1,700), shirt ($500), trousers ($550), shoes (price available upon request), and socks ($210) by **Prada.**

HIGH TREK

Prada's NEW LOOK gives streetwear a DIGITAL EDGE

In the past, rain jackets always suggested camping in a downpour or standing knee-deep in mud at Glastonbury. Suddenly, though, thanks in part to a cameo in *The Hunger Games* and *The Lobster,* foul-weather gear has become the outerwear of choice for urban badasses. Just ask Miuccia Prada, who put her own spin on it this season—cyberpunk meets Outward Bound—complete with a pixelated radar print that mimics Google Earth. Yes, it looks cool, but it is also (shocker!) practical: water-resistant, lightweight, easy to pack, and dramatically capacious. Consider it your go-to utility cloak for the 21st century. **—Jon Roth**

photograph: **Clément Pascal**

CARE LESS, LOOK BETTER

True style is about LOOKING ROUGH around the edges

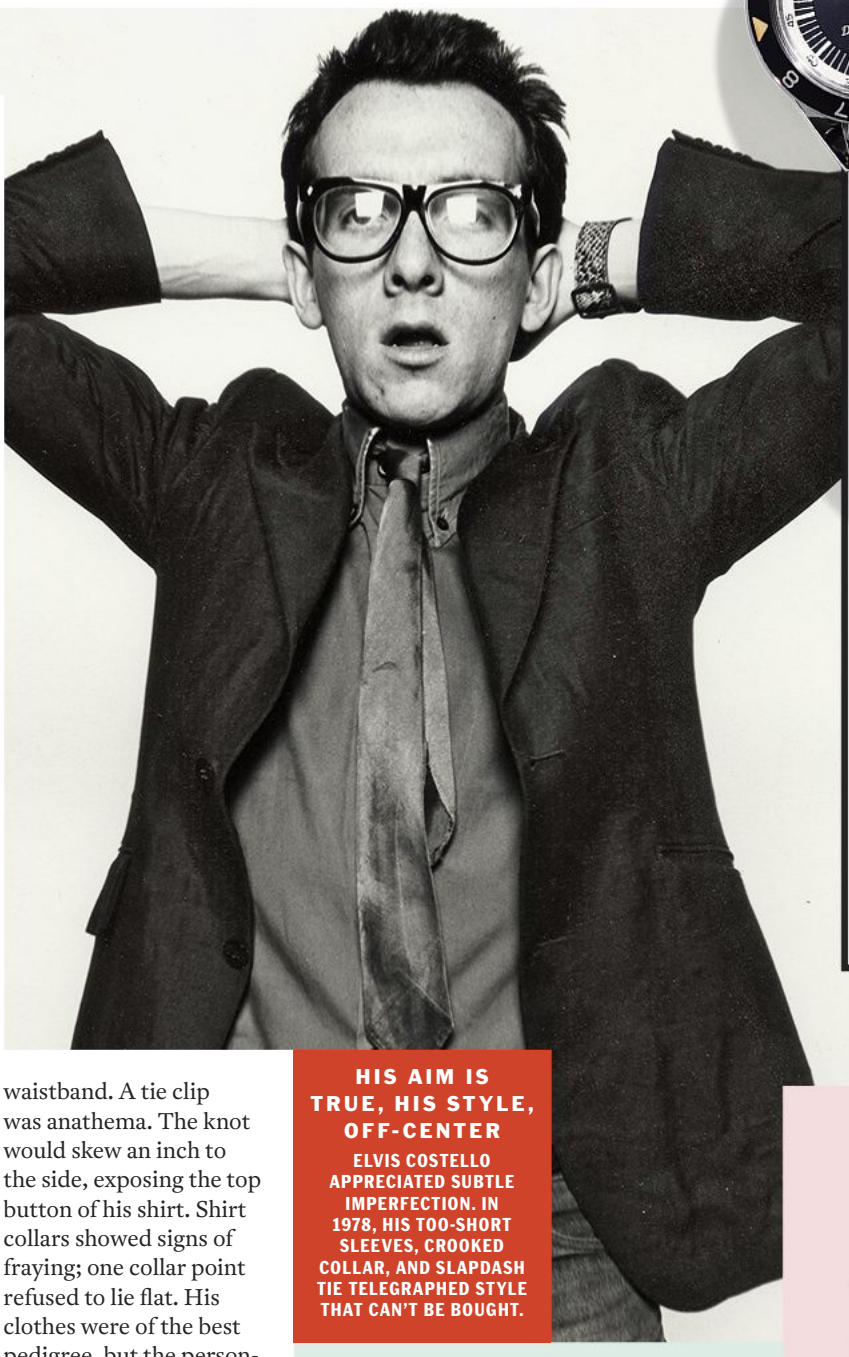
At Esquire we often use reference photos from the past as guideposts in our attempt to define dressing well. In these candid moments, movie stars and rock gods are shot casually in their own clothes. No stylist cajoled a subject into wearing the latest label or poked a shirt collar into place. What you see is unalloyed personal style.

Not so these days, when there's an overwhelming temptation to preen ourselves to perfection. The explosion of street-style photography has only exacerbated that urge, causing an epidemic of men trying to selfie their way to sartorial nirvana, one precisely cuffed pant leg and puffed pocket square at a time.

A former colleague of mine was always a stickler for a navy Savile Row suit, light-blue shirt, and plain navy tie—the picture of reserved minimalism. Sharp. But he also made sure things didn't look too perfect. The ends of his tie hung loose and separate, and they never, ever hit his waistband. A tie clip was anathema. The knot would skew an inch to the side, exposing the top button of his shirt. Shirt collars showed signs of fraying; one collar point refused to lie flat. His clothes were of the best pedigree, but the personality was all his own.

It takes a while to discover that dressing well does not demand perfection. Instead, get the ingredients right and learn to let things go (even if you do so on purpose). Looking great while looking like you don't give a monkey's about it is the ideal to which we should all aspire.

—Nick Sullivan



HIS AIM IS TRUE, HIS STYLE, OFF-CENTER

ELVIS COSTELLO APPRECIATED SUBTLE IMPERFECTION. IN 1978, HIS TOO-SHORT SLEEVES, CROOKED COLLAR, AND SLAPDASH TIE TELEGRAPHED STYLE THAT CAN'T BE BOUGHT.

MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE

LEFT: YOUR COLLAR MAY COME WITH BUTTONS—IT'S OKAY TO IGNORE THEM. ABOVE: WEAR AND TEAR ADDS CHARACTER, SO GO AHEAD AND BEAT UP THAT SPORT COAT.

THE ULTIMATE TIMESHARE

• • • The list of watches I covet far outstrips my budget. Fortunately, Eleven James lets you borrow what you can't buy outright. For a minimum monthly outlay of $149, subscribers can wear the Rolex or Audemars Piguet of their dreams (or in my dreams: the Jaeger-LeCoultre Memovox Tribute to Deep Sea). Later, ship it back, check it off your list, and wait for the next gem to arrive at your door. *elevenjames.com*

portrait illustration: Joe McKendry

illustrations: **Uli Knörzer**


INTENSITY MULTIPLIED
TEAM NINJA WARRIOR
TUESDAYS MAR 7 8|7c
To find Esquire Network, go to EsquireTV.com/channelfinder
ONLY ON Esquire NETWORK
©2017 Esquire Network

SHOULDER ON

UPGRADE to a bag that's BEST IN CLASS

• • • Briefcases are great for lugging your business papers, but they have one drawback: It's hard to be hands-free, catching up on email. Which is why we love a good backpack. Spare, graphic, and a little bit Gothic, Riccardo Tisci's latest bag for Givenchy is the perfect solution—and the best way to wear a backpack without looking like you're late for a midterm. —J. R.

Backpack ($1,460), **Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci;** chairs ($433 each) by **David Adjaye for Knoll.**

photograph: **Ben Goldstein**

LIFE *is* SHORT

YOU SHOULD BE PLAYING THE WORLD'S FINEST GOLF EQUIPMENT!

PLAYED ON
LPGA TOUR® BY:

Lydia Ko
Cristie Kerr
Christina Kim
Brittany Lang
Alison Lee
Ryann O'Toole
Sadena Parks
Gerina Piller
Beatriz Recari

PLAYED ON
PGA TOUR® BY:

James Hahn
Billy Horschel
Charles Howell III
Zach Johnson
Chris Kirk
Ryan Moore
Charl Schwartzel

PXG clubs look sexier, launch higher, go farther, feel softer,
are unbelievably forgiving and have a sweet spot the size of Texas.

Nobody makes golf clubs the way we do. Period.™

PXG

PARSONS XTREME GOLF

1.844.490.4748 | PXG.COM/ESQ

SMOOTH MOVE

MICHAEL BASTIAN debuts a new line

A NEW STANDARD

FROM THIS CHAMBRAY SHIRT'S SPREAD COLLAR TO THE SLIMMED-DOWN CARGOES, BASTIAN HAS A KNACK FOR IMPROVING ON THE CLOTHES YOU ALREADY LOVE.

Jacket ($595), shirt ($99), trousers ($168), loafers ($235), and pocket square ($60) by **Michael Bastian Gray Label;** belt by **Michael Bastian.** On her: Sweater and shorts by **Michael Bastian.**

Michael Bastian's namesake collection landed like a bomb ten years ago. Here were the clothes we'd always wanted: rakishness and all-American classicism combined for a Holden Caulfield–meets–Don Draper effect. You could wear them right away without leaving your comfort zone.

That is, if you had the means. A luxury label like Michael Bastian came with a luxury price tag, which shut out a lot of prospective customers. So Bastian cracked the door a little wider, collaborating with more affordable brands such as Uniqlo and Gant. Guys ate it up and Bastian noticed. "It's so much fun to make stuff you actually see people wearing on the street," he says. "That was new for me." It's about to get a lot more familiar. His new collection, Gray Label, offers the Bastian look at a gentler price point (between $79 and $899). The chambray shirts, unlined blazers, and slim trousers should become office staples, but there are casual pieces—graphic polos, clean-cut cargo pants—that will take you right into the weekend. Make them the backbone of your wardrobe and it'll be that much easier to splurge on a big-ticket item down the road. You'll be the only one who knows the difference. **—J. R.**

photograph: **David Urbanke**

YOU'RE MEETING HER DAD.

AND ALL HIS WAR MEDALS.

GET YOUR EDGE®

He's going to remember your face, one way or another.

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

UNCOMMON TREAD

The WALLABEE steps back into THE SPOTLIGHT

They Can Kick It
From left: Reggae singer Christopher Ellis, Apple design guru Jonathan Ive, and the Thin White Duke himself put their own spin on the shoe.

• • • Few shoes have more counterculture cred than the Wallabee. David Bowie wore them during his Thin White Duke phase. JFK Jr. kept them in heavy rotation for years. Ditto much of Jamaica, where dancehall pioneers like Dennis Alcapone made the Wallabee a fetish item for rude boys across the country. Basically, they are the official shoe of the cool kid, having been embraced by everyone from Wu-Tang Clan to Wes Anderson, and this season they're back, whether the classic model from Clarks—the suede upper, stitched toe box, and crepe sole have barely changed since 1967—or Vuitton's reimagined version, a zebra-patterned creeper hybrid. No matter your style, you'll be in good company. —J. R.

Shoes ($1,150) by **Louis Vuitton.**

photograph: **Ben Goldstein**

76th Annual

FATHER OF THE YEAR AWARDS

ALL-STAR DAD CONTEST
CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS!

Do you know a dad who is a real all-star to his children, family, and community? Does he demonstrate important attributes such as dedication, love, encouragement, and goodwill? If so, nominate him today!

Tell us, in 250 words or less, why the father you're nominating should receive this honor and earn a chance to win a trip for four to NYC, to see your All–Star Dad honored—along with a group of distinguished fathers at the 76th Father of the Year Awards, on Thursday, June 15, 2017.

GO TO ALLSTARDAD.ORG
TODAY AND SUBMIT YOUR ESSAY

Esquire

THE TIP SHEET

From deadstock DENIM to a Milanese HOTEL makeover, here's what has us TALKING

• • • A Print with Art-History Cred: The artwork from **Dior's** summer show is by **Toru Kamei**, a Japanese artist who riffs on the "vanitas" style. This type of painting originated in the seventeenth century, when Dutch artists created still lifes with wilted flowers or skulls as a reminder that life is short. Kris Van Assche's lines are sharp, and his design is strict; contrasting those qualities with lush, almost spiritual artwork is truly smart. Plus, it all looks cool. **—Matthew Marden**

• • • A Magic Japanese Pen: Around the Esquire offices, we've all come to appreciate the **Pentel Sign Pen Brush Tip.** And that's not just because it is the only pen that our editor in chief, Jay Fielden, uses to edit copy. No, it's really about the flow it gives any handwriting, instantly elevating it from chicken scratch to something that looks more like Japanese *shodo. amazon.com*

• • • A Cure for the Common Moth: The number of prized garments in my cellar that I've lost to the dreaded moth would make a grown man weep. Fortunately, and just in time for spring storage, a friend at Brunello Cucinelli told me about **Nuncas**, an Italian brand of moth repellent that doesn't smell like moth repellent. Available in spray form or sheets of cellulose, this product alone is worth a trip to Italy. *nuncas.it* **—N. S.**

• • • A Smaller Carbon Footprint: I've been looking at eco-friendly lines for years, and this is the first one I actually want to wear. **Double Eleven** makes jeans, shirts, tees, and jackets from deadstock textiles (cloth that's been fabricated but never used) to reduce waste. And everything is sourced, cut, sewn, and finished within a 15-mile radius of Los Angeles. It's like farm-to-table but for fashion. *doubleeleven.co* **—M. M.**

• • • A Hotel Upgrade: One of the benefits of Milan's Expo was that it forced the city to up its hotel game. For a place that sells style, the rooms were always strangely . . . out of style. Among the best improvements is the **Gallia.** For too long it languished, outdated, in the shadow of the train station, but after a dramatic multiyear overhaul, it has joined the city's top tier. *excelsiorhotelgallia.com* **—Michael Hainey**

FRATELLI**ROSSETTI**

UN CERTO MONDO CAMMINA ROSSETTI.

FRATELLIROSSETTI.COM

WHAT SHE KNOWS ABOUT YOU

As artistic director of HERMÈS men's wear, VÉRONIQUE NICHANIAN understands there's an important difference between trends and TASTE

It's time we paid attention to the woman behind the curtain. You'll find her in Paris, in a fitting room on the fourth floor above the famed Hermès store on Rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré and Rue Boissy d'Anglas. There stands a petite brunette who's been driving men's fashion for the past three decades as chief designer for men's wear at Hermès.

Véronique Nichanian designs suits, jackets, shirts—anything she thinks will help a man express himself better. To her, a man's wardrobe should be an extension of his personality.

FREE AND EASY

"I LIKE THINGS THAT SEEM SIMPLE BUT AT THE SAME TIME THEY'RE VERY SOPHISTICATED," NICHANIAN SAYS. "THE SOPHISTICATION IS MY JOB. IT'S A WAY TO MAKE THINGS LOOK EFFORTLESS."

Shirt ($1,250), trousers ($570), loafers ($1,125), and bag ($11,900) by **Hermès.**

photographs: **Clément Pascal**

Hermès's DNA comes from its origin as a harness and saddle workshop. It's a low-key house with nothing to prove and nobody to impress. Within this environment, Nichanian has thrived. She doesn't believe in *la mode.* "I make clothes," she says. "It's different."

Here, she pulls back the curtain a little further.

It's gloomy out there—is it tough to create when the world's on fire? It's tough. Here we are making clothes and people are outside killing each other. When I first started at Hermès, around the beginning of the Persian Gulf War, I had a conversation with Jean-Louis Dumas, the head of Hermès, and he told me, "Only beauty can save the world. That's what's going to pull people back up."

How do you do that? This season I wanted to change the discussion, to talk about light, positive things. That's why I went with really bright colors. Something that wakes you up like the sun.

What do you aim for with your designs? I want my clothes to talk to the person wearing them. That's my signature. For example, a lot of my clothes have this glovelike leather inside the pocket. It's a secret detail. Nobody knows there's expensive leather inside the pocket except for you. It's my way of talking softly to men.

Do you try to anticipate trends? No. I'm more interested in cultivating a style than trying to capture a look in the future. I like when men mix stuff from two years ago with stuff from five years ago.

Do you analyze men's clothes on the street? That's my day job. It doesn't carry over. I prefer bad taste and fashion failures because I find them supercharming. It's like a crooked nose or a knocked-out tooth. It's the expression of oneself.

How do the French dress compared with Americans? The French have a free spirit. I always think of Serge Gainsbourg—that nonchalant chic. I find that less with the Americans, but then the Americans invented sportswear, which is a superintelligent way of living. Comfort is essential in men's wear. As a woman, I can wear a tight-fitting dress and it's okay, it's sexy, and I'll live. With a man, it's not the same. If you don't feel like yourself, that's a real problem. A man is seductive when he's feeling good about himself. And Americans are very good at that.

Do you worry some men are intimidated by the brand? Maybe they have an old vision of Hermès, or the stores intimidate them, but that's the great thing about the Internet—you can visit these clothes without feeling intimidated. I think Americans like stuff with a sense of humor, and that's exactly what I like doing. To have fun around the clothes.

Have you ever thought of working somewhere else? I could have gone elsewhere, but this is like a long, beautiful relationship. Hermès gives me the luxury of time. Here we say, "Time makes things." And nowadays especially, it's important to have time to try things, to express oneself, to innovate.

—John von Sothen

MASTER CLASS

GET A HUE

• • • Nichanian's latest collection features sun-soaked, saturated tones, but this isn't her first trip around the color wheel. Bold shades are a cornerstone of the Hermès look.

AGAINST THE GRAIN

NICHANIAN'S DESIGNS SEEM IMMUNE TO THE PENDULUM SWINGS OF FASHION, AND SHE KNOWS IT. "I'M NOT INTO *LA MODE,*" SHE SAYS. "I MAKE CLOTHES. IT'S DIFFERENT."

Top: Belt ($910) by **Hermès.** Above: Suit ($3,635), shirt ($770), loafers ($1,125), and scarf ($185) by **Hermès.**

AUTOMATICS FOR THE PEOPLE

Four WATCHES that punch ABOVE their price

• • • It's the easiest thing in the world to make a crazy-expensive watch. But labor and material costs make it nearly impossible to find one—particularly a high-quality automatic, the kind that winds itself just by the movement of your wrist—from a reputable Swiss brand for less than $3,000. You can't exactly call that cheap, but a great investment? We think so.

Fortunately, many Swiss companies see "entry-level" watches like these as a vital commitment to the common customer. You may have to sacrifice a complication or two (every doohickey and function adds dollars to the end price), so start simple, with just hours, minutes, and seconds. You can always work your way up to a tourbillon when you have a spare 100K lying about. —N. S.

Clockwise from top left: Clifton 10052 watch ($2,850) by **Baume & Mercier;** Black Bay watch ($2,525) by **Tudor;** El Hierro Limited Edition watch ($2,100) by **Oris;** Freelancer 2754 Pilot watch ($1,695) by **Raymond Weil;** notebook ($230) by **Smythson.**

photograph: **Ben Goldstein**

Esquire
GROOMING

INTRODUCING THE ULTIMATE GROOMING COLLECTION DESIGNED SPECIFICALLY FOR MEN.

Grooming, like so many things, is not a matter of following orders—it's about finding what's right—and men need options. Introducing a complete line of products to clean, nourish, strengthen, and style hair regardless if it's short, long, wavy, or broomstick straight. Formulated with proven ingredients to stimulate hair growth and exfoliate the scalp—all without harsh chemicals and parabens—the **Esquire Men's Grooming Collection** features expertly formulated products and useful tools for every hair type and style. Wash, style, repeat.

Shop the complete line at **fine salons** and **ULTA.COM**

JOSEPH DIRAND

Interior designer and architect, 43, France

Known for a LUXE-BUT-MINIMALIST APPROACH, Dirand has designed flagship stores for RICK OWENS and BALMAIN, as well as restaurants and hotels. His latest, MIAMI'S SURF CLUB, opens this month.

Le Corbusier's modernist **Villa Savoye.**

How he found his style: I went through some weird stages I don't want to tell you about, but now I just wear things that are sober, comfortable, and fitted. I am always in colors like navy, gray, and black. At one point, I was wearing some Balmain, and then some Rick Owens, but you cannot identify with one brand. It has to be anonymous.

Style icon: James Dean had something extremely easy about his attitude. Just jeans and a navy sweater and his hair all over. It's great style by having no style.

Keep it simple: Every time a man overdresses, you know he has a problem somewhere. Someone who's relaxed, who likes who he is and what he does, doesn't have to express himself so much.

First big purchase: I've always loved architecture, so as soon as I had money, I bought architectural furniture. At 17, I started buying chairs by Jean Prouvé and Pierre Jeanneret. They were cheap at the time and they're crazy expensive today, and I never sold anything. I love them like characters.

Go all in: Bad taste is more ignorance than eccentricity. Anything is possible if you make a strong decision. What's most important is dressing for yourself.

Elements of style: My inspiration is all over. If I talk about the architects, Le Corbusier comes first. He was a visionary. Then there is this Belgian artist, Thierry De Cordier. He paints in a classic, dark way that reminds me of Turner. And I'm very attracted to arte povera, especially the work of Jannis Kounellis.

A wooden **Standard Chair** by Jean Prouvé, circa 1940.

Monsieur Bleu, a Dirand-designed restaurant in Paris's Palais de Tokyo.

I travel all year just to get inspired. You need to see things differently or you won't feel the same excitement.

On luxury: We cannot be satisfied with the fast-paced industrial approach. It's important to give things the time they need to be done well. This is luxury to me as a designer: collaborating with clients and craftsmen to create the absolute best we can.

Know your type: Fit is the most important thing. You have to follow the shape of your body. I'm skinny, so only a few brands really fit me. My shirts are Thom Browne, my jeans are Acne. All my jackets are from Band of Outsiders. If you put me in the clothes of another person, I would look like a clown. **—J. R.**

photograph: Paul Wetherell/Trunk Archive

GEICO

The other guy.

Helping people since 1936 | 24/7 licensed agents | 97% customer satisfaction | 2nd-largest auto insurer

The choice is yours, and it's simple.

Why enjoy just a slice of an apple when you can have the whole thing?

The same goes for car insurance. Why go with a company that offers just a low price when GEICO could save you hundreds and give you so much more? You could enjoy satisfying professional service, 24/7, from a company that's made it their business to help people since 1936. This winning combination has helped GEICO to become the 2nd-largest private passenger auto insurer in the nation.

Make the smart choice. Get your free quote from GEICO today.

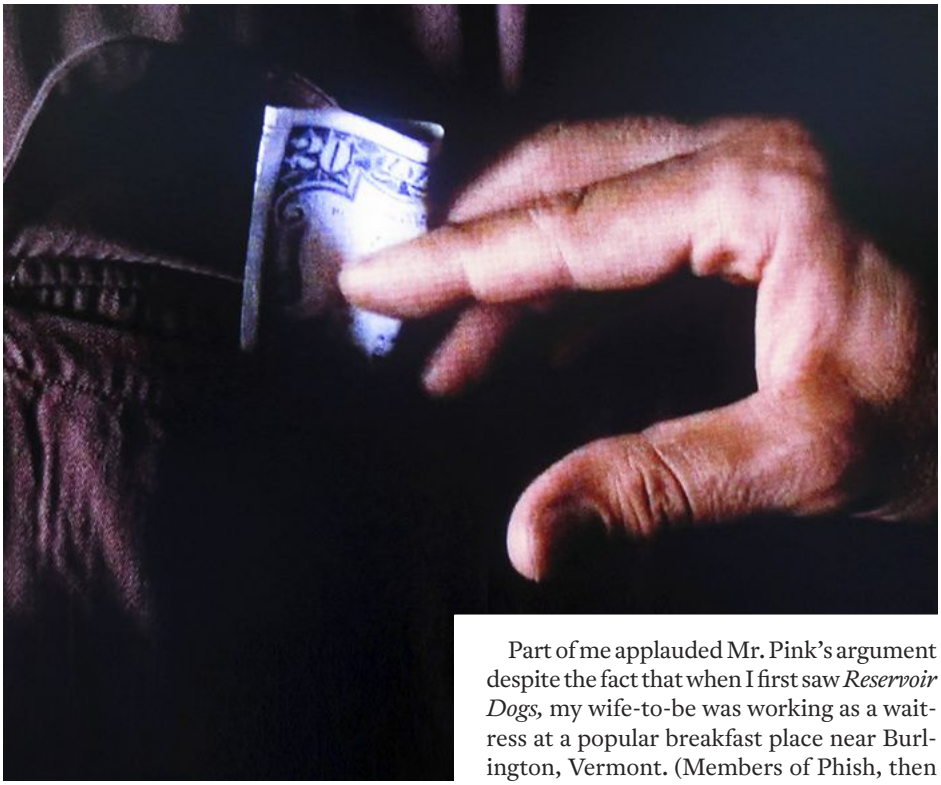
GEICO®

geico.com | 1-800-947-AUTO | Local Office

The TIPPING Point

DON'T CALL IT A BRIBE: HOW THE OCCASIONAL WELL-TARGETED, SLIGHTLY EXCESSIVE GRATUITY CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE

No one likes tipping. It's a social tax that afflicts us when eating out and makes us feel, at hotels, like a villain for not having five-dollar bills on tap to hand anyone who so much as nods in our direction. The liveliest contemporary case against tipping appears in *Reservoir Dogs,* the Quentin Tarantino movie. Before a jewel heist, eight men are finishing breakfast at a Los Angeles diner. One of them, Mr. Pink (Steve Buscemi), won't throw in a buck for the waitress. "I don't tip," he says. Collective outrage ensues. Waitresses are just doing their jobs, he says. If they don't like their pay, they can work somewhere else. Mr. White (Harvey Keitel) tells Mr. Pink he has no idea what he's talking about. Waitressing is hard. Mr. Pink scornfully replies—and no one does scorn like Buscemi—"So is working at McDonald's, but you don't feel the need to tip them, do ya? Why not? They're serving you food. But no, society says don't tip these guys over here, but tip these guys over here. That's bullshit." The scene ends shortly after Mr. Orange (Tim Roth) declares, "He's convinced me. Gimme my dollar back."



PASSING THE BUCKS
Trademark close-ups from "GoodFellas" (1990), a movie that featured some guys who knew how to spread it around.

Part of me applauded Mr. Pink's argument despite the fact that when I first saw *Reservoir Dogs,* my wife-to-be was working as a waitress at a popular breakfast place near Burlington, Vermont. (Members of Phish, then just a local band, could usually be found lingering there over eggs Benedict and home fries.) Even then it was obvious that tipping is racist; nonwhite employees, generally kept in the back, benefit little if at all. It's sexist, too. Women learn that an undone shirt button and undue deference bring bigger tips and sometimes harassment, in the form of a paw on the bottom or worse. It's good news that some restaurants, notably several of Danny Meyer's in New York City, have begun to abolish tipping and pay their servers a living wage. Danny Meyer is a mensch. I hope Steve Buscemi is a regular at his plush canteens.

Money will always be an enzyme, however, that converts indifference into attention—especially when we're eating out and traveling, and sometimes when something simply needs to get done properly and right now. This is the time when small and well-timed acts of, well, let's call it generosity rather than bribery, need to be part of one's social grammar. I am not talking about paying off public officials or committing a criminal act of any sort. I'm talking about the twenty, the fifty, or occasionally the hundred dollar bill, slipped to a maître d' or a hotel manager,

Esquire
GROOMING

INTRODUCING THE ULTIMATE GROOMING COLLECTION DESIGNED SPECIFICALLY FOR MEN.

Tools—yes, tools—make the difference. And the three most important tools in a man's grooming arsenal are professional clippers, a versatile trimmer, and a dryer. The first two are straight forward—known, and reliable—they will tackle your trimming, cutting, and everyday maintenance needs with ease. The Brush Dryer is the first of it's kind, and requires explanation. Using infrared technology it dries hair as it combs, adds volume, and leaves hair where you ultimately want it to fall. This allows you to achieve a better look, while using less styling product.

Find ***The Classic Professional Clipper, The Five Piece Trimmer, The Brush Dryer*** and all your other grooming needs at **fine salons** and **ULTA.COM**

that can change your night and, once in a while, even your life. Sometimes you need to spread a bit of what Bingo Little, in P. G. Wodehouse's novels, called "the stuff."

Let me give you two examples from my life. When my wife and I were dating, the only vacation we could afford, in order to escape the claustrophobic Vermont winter, was a cheapo package deal to Cancún. When we arrived at our enormous beachfront hotel, the scene was an omnibus rat fuck. Dozens of unhappy people stood in line for rooms, and the staff was harried. We quickly realized that if we were assigned a room overlooking the parking lot in back, our week would be a slow calamity of the soul. So we sweetly explained to the desk clerk that we had not seen the ocean in a very long time, slipped her a twenty along with our credit card, and asked what she could do. Within ten minutes, we were installed in a third-floor room in which, when you opened the tall glass doors, all you saw was water, as bright as one of David Hockney's swimming pools. We got engaged three months later. This was perhaps the best-spent twenty dollars of my time on this planet.

Fast-forward twenty years. Our vacations have improved. We're traveling on the *Queen Mary 2* from New York City to England. On the first afternoon, we check the location of our dinner table, because you have the same one each night. It was a bleak eight-top in the overlit center of the dining room, far from the intimate tables by the ship's windows and their dramatic views. It might as well have been in an Olive Garden. So a few hours before dinner, my wife slipped down and had a conversation with the maître d'. She told him this was almost certainly the last time we'd ever be able to make this crossing on the *QM2,* handed him an envelope with sixty dollars inside, and asked him if another table, closer to a side of the ship, might be available. One was. For six nights, we ate and drank as the wintertime Atlantic Ocean raged eighteen inches from our eyes. We suddenly felt we were in an Evelyn Waugh novel, by way of Melville.

Most of my friends have stories like these. I've begun to collect them, because they're instructive. It's surprising how a tiny amount of grease can unstick a mighty wheel or, as a literary critic once put it about one opus or another, how a small key can unlock an imposing door. One friend, who goes to a lot of concerts and basketball games, often finds himself stranded in the nosebleed seats (the Brits call these "the gods"), bewildered that multitudes of better seats below him are empty. Here's what he does: He walks down to a lower section and has a brief conversation with the stadium employee who is tending the flock in that bit of real estate. He shows the employee his terrible ticket and includes a folded twenty-dollar bill. He explains that his eyes are not what they used to be and asks if the man can help him out. Nine times out of ten, the man is happy to do so.

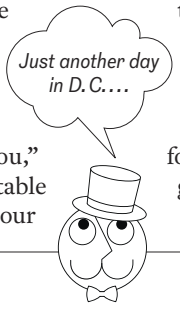
When you talk to the experts about this kind of thing, the first lesson you learn is style counts. You can't barge into a highly regarded and popular restaurant as if you own the place, slap down a fifty, and behave as though you've just purchased the maître d'. At best, you will get a Steve Buscemi–level sneer in return. There's a slow dance that must be done, a tango. The best thing to do, if it's a special night and you're looking to impress your girlfriend or your boss, is to visit the restaurant ahead of time, ideally the day before, says Julian Niccolini, the colorful co-owner of the Four Seasons in Manhattan. "You come in, you have a chat with the manager during the daytime, you tell him how important this night is for you," he says. "You tell him what a good table will mean for you. You win him to your side. You hand him a thank-you card with your business card inside and one hundred dollars or so. You ask him what he can do."

The writer Jason Tesauro, who has published several books about manners, agrees with Niccolini. "The one hundred dollars you are going to spend to get that table is a lot cheaper than the therapy you'll require because you let your girlfriend or your boss down." If you do need a table at the very last minute, Tesauro says, pull the maître d' aside and have a conversation. "People want to say yes to you, so you need to find a way to the easiest yes," he says. Tell him you will take a stroll and come back in an hour. Tell him you are willing to take a table near the door. Hand him your business card, perhaps with a pat of financial butter, and say, "Here's my number." Often enough, Tesauro says, you will get the call. If you don't, you can console yourself with the knowledge that Thoreau would have been on your side. "Do not be too moral," he wrote. "You may cheat yourself out of much life so. Aim above morality. Be not simply good, be good for something."

Several well-known restaurateurs—including Amanda Cohen, the owner of the Manhattan vegetarian restaurant Dirt Candy, and René Redzepi, the chef/owner of Noma, the culinary mecca in Copenhagen—told me that cash will get you nowhere in their restaurants. "One time, the owner of a gold mine sent me a piece of gold, and the message was 'If I get a table, there's more of this,'" Redzepi says. "Alas, no tables were available. As for the gold, we put it in the staff-meal stew." They may be right. Your modest efforts may get you nowhere. But you are going to kick yourself if, a few times a year, you don't at least try.

How to Grease a Palm

● It's all about attitude and need. You have to have the attitude. You must discern the need. If you are the least bit hesitant or apologetic for offering the money, you are doomed. No one likes to take money if he feels as though the person is stretching himself to give it away. Remember, the more public the favor, the more private the pass. Whip out the bill, move swiftly. Fold it in quarters for discretion. Use the right palm. Smile knowingly. Wave it flat, like a flag, when you're after more favors, more fealty. In this case, use the fingertips. Either way, it's really just a sort of greeting. Treat it like a how-do-you-do and nothing more. *—From Esquire, March 2003*



HUGOBOSS.COM

BOSS
HUGO BOSS

BOSS
HUGO BOSS

Can't wait to see it. We've been saying that more than ever about TV shows and movies. Why? There's a new **generation** of creatives **emboldened to reinvent,** take wild risks, and pursue wholly original visions. Here are the **twenty-five men** conjuring a brave new era in entertainment in which the viewing is mandatory.

THE MAVERICKS OF HOLLYWOOD

2017

BARRY Jenkins

WRITER-DIRECTOR

Finding beauty where no one thought TO LOOK

Photo: Aaron Feaver

In 2008, a small, well-received indie film titled *Medicine for Melancholy* premiered at SXSW, prompting festivalgoers to wonder what its young director would do next. What he did next, as Barry Jenkins tells it, was five years of nothing. Of course, by "nothing" he means cofounding a successful commercial-production company, but never mind that. "No matter how much you try to convince yourself," he says, "that kind of work is purely about making money. It wasn't a fulfillment of my dream."

So in 2013, he finally said, "I'm going to go to Brussels and write this black, gay coming-of-age art-house drama. I'm going to just do exactly what I want to do, and I'll fucking figure it out after." Three years later, Jenkins debuted *Moonlight,* a sub-$5 million film shot over twenty-five days that features a protagonist at three different stages of his life. Drenched in rich, tropical colors and achingly honest about life in crack-ridden Miami, the film rendered audiences speechless. It was transcendent yet rooted in an urgent, deeply personal tale of being black and vulnerable in America.

If Jenkins does take home a certain gold statuette for *Moonlight,* he will be the first black director to do so in history. His eyes flash a warning when you mention this fact, not so much because he's afraid you'll jinx it but because awards are beside the point. "Whether we win or lose, it's not going to fundamentally change the film," he says. But whether he wins or loses, the film is going to keep changing people.
—Julia Black

Jacket by **Burberry;** shirt by **Beautiful Fül.**

The Duffer BROTHERS

WRITER-DIRECTORS

Television's auteurs of nostalgia

Photo: Christian Anwander

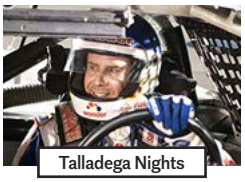
It's not easy to categorize Netflix's *Stranger Things*. Sci-fi horror is accurate but inadequate, because even if that isn't your thing, you'll love the show anyway—it's an Easter-egg-filled mystery made for the Internet age (think *Lost*) mixed with meticulously nostalgic art direction that could only come from Tarantino-level pop-culture nerds. Those would be the Duffer brothers, aka thirty-three-year-old twins Matt (left) and Ross (right), who, as is clear from the Stephen King–novel typeface and Vangelis-style synths in the opening credits, came of age watching eighties-era horror and vintage Spielberg. "When you're that young, they make a particular impact on you," says Matt about the films the brothers grew up on. "It's almost like a drug. It's a high that's really intense and then you chase it all through adulthood. Sometimes you get it—just a really, really good movie. But it becomes harder and harder." They've cracked the code, however—try *not* to binge-watch it. And based on the reactions to the announcement of season two alone, it looks like we'll still be hooked. —*Kevin Sintumuang*

On Matt: Coat and sweater by **Boss;** scarf by **Ermenegildo Zegna.** On Ross: Sweater, T-shirt, and trousers by **Michael Kors.**

Roy Price Head of Amazon Studios

- **Game-changing projects:** *Paterson,* Jim Jarmusch's meditative tale of a bus driver/poet; *Transparent,* Jill Soloway's groundbreaking story of the antics of a transgender woman and her family; *The Man in the High Castle,* a series based on Philip K. Dick's dystopian novel; and *Manchester by the Sea,* Kenneth Lonergan's heart-wrenching drama about a small-town New England family's trauma. **Industry giants with new Amazon projects coming soon:** Woody Allen, Matthew Weiner, David O. Russell, Jill Soloway. **International expansion and original shows:** Japan (a series with comedian Hitoshi Matsumoto), India, Germany, the UK (inspired by the discovery of *Fleabag* and *Catastrophe*). **Key to success:** "Putting together a great studio is like putting together a great dinner party—you just want to find a bunch of geniuses who are at the top of their game." —NATASHA ZARINSKY

Anchorman



Talladega Nights

The Big Short

ADAM McKAY

PRODUCER, WRITER, AND DIRECTOR

Shooting the unfilmable and making it hilarious

Being an instigator is nothing new to Adam McKay. He's been pointedly opinionated since his early-nineties improv days as a founding member of Chicago's Upright Citizens Brigade. Sure, you probably know the Funny or Die cofounder best for his absurdist comedies with Will Ferrell like *Anchorman*; their 2009 Broadway show, *You're Welcome America: A Final Night with George W. Bush,* was closer to their goofball movies than scathing social satire. But McKay's adventurous 2015 adaptation of Michael Lewis's seemingly unfilmable book *The Big Short* proved to be a perfect vessel for his improvisational talent: a whip-smart, fourth-wall-breaking tour de force that certainly let you know where he stood. His next movie, tackling Dick Cheney, is one of the most anticipated releases of the year, and he's set to direct Jennifer Lawrence in *Bad Blood,* about the controversial blood-test company Theranos. We can't wait to see who he pisses off next. Check his Twitter feed; it won't be long now. —*Alex Belth*

ADAM DRIVER

ACTOR

Giving hope to WEIRD ones everywhere

When Adam Driver first came to the door in the pilot of *Girls,* he was blustering, with a terrible haircut, a pitchy voice, and a set of limbs that didn't quite seem to fit with the rest of his body. In that moment, he became the mascot for millennial weirdness, but the actor—who complains about his generation's expectations of "instant gratification"—is actually more of an old soul. His own sense of discipline traces back to stints in the Marines and at Juilliard, and it recently helped him shed fifty pounds from his six-foot-three frame to portray a seventeenth-century Jesuit priest in Martin Scorsese's religious epic *Silence.* He can play the unassuming (a poetry-writing bus driver in *Paterson*) and the larger-than-life (the moody *Star Wars* Dark Sider Kylo Ren). And this year we'll get to see the actor's silly side in Steven Soderbergh's *Logan Lucky,* after Driver's hysterical 2016 *SNL* appearance. Hollywood has a tradition of atypical leading men—Dustin Hoffman, for instance—and Driver's transformation is nearly complete. —*J. B.*

A24

STUDIO

Got a bold idea for a movie? BRING IT to these guys.

Room. The Lobster. *The Witch.* All ambitious visions. All successes. All A24 films. So just what is the formula that's given this indie distributor turned production company founded by Daniel Katz, David Fenkel, and John Hodges such a formidable batting average? For one, it likes its filmmakers young and hungry. Many have made no more than one or two feature films, sometimes just a handful of music videos. The company has also capitalized on an era in which every actor

Spring Breakers

Moonlight

American Honey

seems to be cashing in their superhero-franchise checks for their passion projects, landing A-list headliners for a near pittance. This year, A24 will produce Chance the Rapper's first film; a thriller starring Michael Fassbender; a seventies shoot-'em-up flick with Brie Larson; and many more. In order to keep the focus on the films, the company's founders maintain an opaque wizard-behind-the-curtain presence. And as much as we'd love to know more secrets to their success, we're okay with just letting the magic happen. —*J. B.*

Suit by **Dries Van Noten;** shirt by **COS.**

Damien CHAZELLE

WRITER-DIRECTOR

What do you call it when you've made only two studio films—and both get nominated for Best Picture? Living the dream.

Photo: Aaron Feaver

"I've always been interested in that basic binary of dreams versus reality: *How do you hold on to the dream when reality's telling you not to?"* That's what Damien Chazelle tells us about his musical *La La Land,* but it's as good a line as any to define the director's burgeoning career thus far. To have 2014's *Whiplash* ready in time for Sundance, Chazelle helped teach Miles Teller, who starred as a jazz prodigy, how to play the drums in a matter of days before a manic nineteen-day shoot. (The film went on to become a Best Picture nominee.) *La La Land* was initially met with resistance from studios—a throwback to the Technicolor musicals of the fifties and sixties?—which insisted on total compromise, from the opening number to the melancholy ending. But Chazelle dug in his heels and kept developing his project for four years, until Summit Entertainment came around to his vision (and sweetened the deal with a $30 million budget). *La La Land* is deeply imbued with Chazelle's passion for jazz. The actors resemble improvisers in an ensemble, their energies bouncing off one another's, and scene after scene is propelled by the brisk rhythm of a hi-hat. *La La Land* is a love letter to art, Los Angeles, and love itself, yet anyone who interprets it as a shot of pure optimism is underestimating its auteur. Like *Whiplash,* it reveals something dark about the tension between love and practicality, art and ambition. "In a way, it was a vehicle for me to talk about my own experiences of trying to make stuff in L. A. and feeling isolated—and all those things sort of wound up on the page." —*J. B.*

Damien Chazelle and Riz Ahmed photographed on location at Palihouse Santa Monica.

JÓHANN JÓHANNSSON

COMPOSER

Creating the soundtrack of the future (literally)

He is, of course, Icelandic. That the composer of some of Hollywood's most otherworldly music comes from one of the most otherworldly places makes total sense. Jóhann Jóhannsson, an avant-garde composer nominated for Oscars for his work on *Sicario* and *The Theory of Everything,* has established himself as a creator of singularly unconventional soundtracks. Case in point: For *Arrival,* he made use of human voices singing wordless vocal patterns, repeating vowel sounds in staccato figures. The result is an utter departure from what you're used to hearing in the theater. This year, Jóhannsson has been enlisted to take on the daunting task of scoring *Blade Runner 2049*. "I am a huge fan of the original," he says. "One feels humbled—but I'm also someone who relishes challenge." Expectations—and scrutiny—are high. You might say out of this world. —*John Kenney*

Mr. Robot

The Revenant

True Detective

STEVE GOLIN

CEO AND PRODUCER

The low-profile rainmaker

Spotlight. *The Revenant. The End of the Tour.* Steve Golin and his team at Anonymous Content were, astoundingly, behind all of them. It's that rare production company that's also a management agency for actors, directors, and writers, and within that hub lies what Golin calls the "secret sauce." "The whole business for us is about being storytellers," he says, and being in the middle of all of that talent gives them a shot at the best material, like an eight-hour version of Joseph Heller's novel *Catch-22,* plus more than fifty other projects. How does he do it all? By mentoring young producers, and by keeping things in perspective when there's creative friction. "When I was younger, I put up with a lot more because I felt like I needed the success; you need that thing. Then you get a little bit older and you realize, 'You know what? It's all good, one way or the other.'" —*N. Z.*

Mike FARAH

CEO AND PRODUCER

HE MAKES THE INTERNET A FUNNIER PLACE, one wacky video at a time

Photo: Marcelo Krasilcic

The epiphany upon arriving in Hollywood was practically immediate: "Artists need someone to organize things. I can do that." In an age when more and more of Hollywood's creative decisions are being made by suits in boardrooms, Mike Farah focuses on enabling talent rather than reining it in. And it's paid off. With his help, the comedy website Funny or Die has won a global audience of more than 70 million through a strategy of high output, lean operating costs, and viral publicity. Actors who miss the DIY attitude of low-budget productions (and who don't mind a self-deprecating PR boost, either) have their agents chase unpaid cameos in Funny or Die originals like the "anti–talk show talk show" *Between Two Ferns*. Even President Obama sent Farah a personal thank-you note after his appearance on the show boosted traffic on HealthCare.gov. But Farah's own unconventional climb—from food services to self-produced YouTube videos to the executive suite—has left him with a soft spot for the underdog. "[*Ferns* host] Zach Galifianakis and an unknown UCB performer receive the same treatment," he insists. I remind Farah of a statement he once made: "Once money gets involved with Funny or Die, it's gonna go downhill." He laughs and says that despite the influx of investments and partnerships since his new role, the site is committed to staying true to its roots. "[Money] just allows us to double down on the things that we do well." —*J. B.*

Jacket by **Boss.**

John Landgraf CEO of FX

- **Big proclamation:** In 2015, he said, "There is simply too much TV." **Which might explain why:** He runs FX as a "bespoke brand," making fewer than twenty shows a year. **Including:** *The Americans, Atlanta, The People v. O.J. Simpson*, and *Fargo*. **An approach that paid off when:** FX won eighteen Emmys in 2016, a record for a basic-cable network. **Key quote:** "TV's weakness is that we tend to give people what we think they want." —TYLER CONFOY

Taylor SHERIDAN

ACTOR, WRITER, AND DIRECTOR

He doesn't need your writing class

Photo: Marcelo Krasilcic

Taylor Sheridan took two things from his years as a journeyman TV actor. Number one: a paycheck. Sort of. "Acting on a cable show doesn't pay very much, contrary to popular belief," Sheridan says. And number two: a deep familiarity with conventional, by-the-numbers storytelling, which proved surprisingly handy when he decided to start over as a screenwriter. "I saved every script I'd ever worked on as an actor," he says. "I reread 'em. Reread 'em all. And I said, 'If I just don't do *that,* this'll probably turn out okay." (*Sons of Anarchy* excepted.) Sheridan sat down and wrote a clear-eyed story of drug-war realpolitik that did not shy away from implicating its audience in the monstrous violence onscreen. He titled it *Sicario.*

Next he wrote a neo-Western called *Hell or High Water.* Neither project had clear-cut heroes, or villains, or anything resembling a moral. ("At some point in the eighties, everyone decided they needed fucking *closure*.") They revealed themselves slowly and followed no formula. Somehow, though, both got made within a year of each other. In both cases, they shot the first draft. And both became sleeper hits.

Sheridan's latest is *Wind River,* which he also directed. The third installment of his "thematic trilogy" exploring unsettled history on the American frontier, it concerns a rape on an Indian reservation.

"I spoke to a screenwriting class recently," Sheridan says, "and afterward the professor said, 'I just want to thank you for contradicting everything I've been teaching them all year.'" He must be doing something right. —*Ash Carter*

Suit and shirt by **Boss.**

The Unusuals

Fargo

Legion

NOAH HAWLEY

WRITER AND SHOWRUNNER

Building universes in books and screen

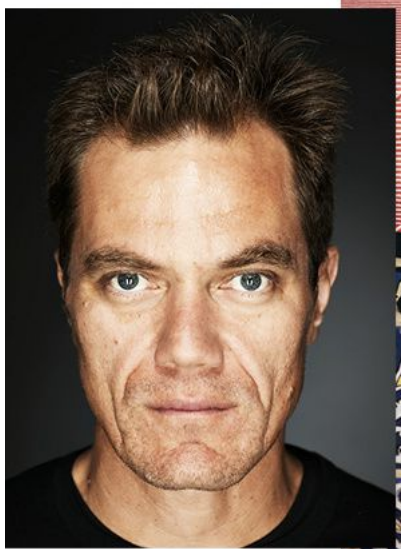
Want to learn every kind of storytelling? Emulating Noah Hawley is a good place to start. The best-selling author (he's working on the screenplay for his fifth novel, *Before the Fall*) is also a prestigious television showrunner (*Fargo,* entering its third season) and soon-to-be film director (he's set to helm the sci-fi thriller *Man Alive*). "I have this sense that I should never stop, because the minute you do only one thing, that thing owns you," notes Hawley. As a result, his creative instincts seamlessly bridge the worlds of books and the screen, and he delivers unexpected and unpredictable experiences, particularly on his latest series, Marvel's *Legion,* a thinking man's superhero show with shades of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *A Clockwork Orange.* Up next, Hawley will bring to life an adaptation of Kurt Vonnegut's *Cat's Cradle,* along with a miniseries based on Don DeLillo's *Zero K.* "What else can I get away with?" has become a kind of motto for Hawley. So far, it seems like the answer is "Pretty much anything." —*N. Z.*

MICHAEL SHANNON

ACTOR

His stare alone deserves FIVE OSCARS

Michael Shannon has been one of the hardest-working actors for more than a decade, but last year was busy even by his harried standards: ten movies, including *Loving* and *Nocturnal Animals.* He has a remarkable, haunted face that can look both ghoulish and beautiful. Shannon can do more with a deadpan expression than any American actor since Buster Keaton. There is an uneasy tension lurking just beneath the surface, yet he manages surprising range—a romantic side as the lead in *Frank & Lola,* a light comedic touch as the King in *Elvis & Nixon.* This year, he'll costar in



Guillermo del Toro's Cold War thriller *The Shape of Water* and play George Westinghouse opposite Benedict Cumberbatch's Thomas Edison in *The Current War.* Shannon never appears to need the audience's approval, yet we can't take our eyes off him. —*A. B.*

Riz AHMED

ACTOR

Always outspoken, from script to mic

Photo: Aaron Feaver

Riz Ahmed's first big break also happened to be his first blacklisting. In 2006, his satirical song "Post 9/11 Blues," released under his rap moniker Riz MC (sample lyric: "Post 9/11 I been getting paid / Playing terrorists on telly, getting songs made"), was swiftly banned from the radio by the British government. It took him a decade to elbow his way into Hollywood, going from vaguely familiar face to leading man in the course of one dizzying year with 2016's *Jason Bourne, The Night Of,* and *Rogue One: A Star Wars Story.* But at no point did Ahmed hold back on getting out his message about being brown in the Western world. In 2014, he wrote and directed the short film *Daytimer,* which draws from his own experience "code-switching between a traditional Pakistani household, a predominantly white upper-middle-class private school where I was on scholarship, and cutting class to go hang out on the streets." "But I'm not here on some kind of tribalism trip," he adds. "That's what got us into this mess." He loves looking out into the crowd at one of his concerts and seeing "girls in hijabs moshing out with white hipster dudes and gay Latinos." Being typecast can be frustrating, but great things can come out of every challenge. "When there isn't a paved sidewalk for you to walk on, it's hitting the bushes with a machete in your hand and trying to slash out a path." And the path of most resistance turns out to be a hell of a lot more interesting. —*J. B.*

Jacket, T-shirt, jeans, and shoes by **Boss.**

Bill Hader

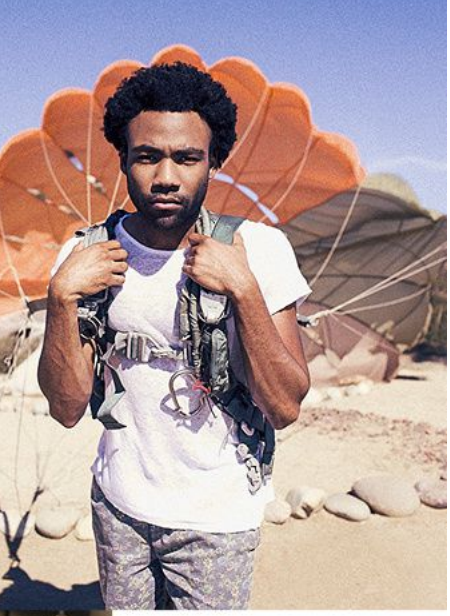
ACTOR AND WRITER

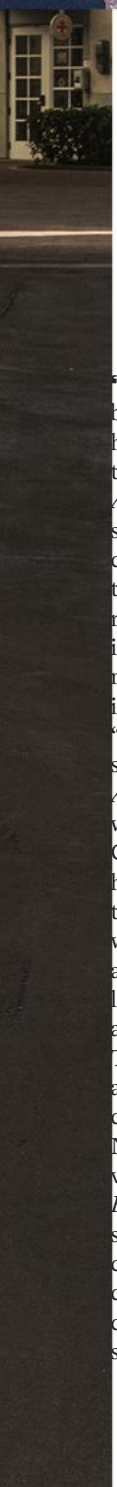
Hollywood's **funniest** polymath

Photo: Marcelo Krasilcic

For many, Bill Hader was the only reason to watch *SNL* from 2005 to 2013. He had that Phil Hartman–like ability to salvage a show with trademark characters including Stefon and elderly reporter Herb Welch. But it was his performance opposite Amy Schumer in *Trainwreck* that showed his depth as an unlikely leading man. Hader's easy midwestern charm—reminiscent of Jimmy Stewart—made the movie work; he's an understated Everyman, not too handsome, not too goofy. He can be sidesplittingly funny doing shtick on *Conan* and *Kimmel,* thoughtful and unpretentious talking about Kurosawa for the Criterion Collection. He does drama (*The Skeleton Twins*) and writes (*South Park, Documentary Now!*), but what he's really always wanted to do is direct. "I've been movie-obsessed my whole life," says Hader. All of which makes *Barry,* an HBO series he cocreated with Alec Berg (*Curb Your Enthusiasm*), all the more intriguing. Hader, who directed the first three episodes, stars as a Marine turned hitman who follows a target to an L.A. acting class run by Henry Winkler and ultimately signs up. The only thing Hader doesn't love about directing is having to watch himself act. Then again, it took five seasons at *SNL* for him to feel like he wasn't auditioning every weekend. That's when Lorne Michaels told him, "You know you don't have to worry. Have fun." —*A.B.*

Coat by **Hugo;** sweater and jeans by **Boss.**





DONALD Glover

ACTOR, WRITER, AND PRODUCER

Our new Renaissance man

"I'm trying to make people feel black," Donald Glover has said of his critically acclaimed and subtly philosophical TV comedy *Atlanta*. The FX series, which stars Glover as an Ivy League dropout and young father attempting to manage his cousin's rap career, has an all-black writing crew featuring mostly Atlanta natives. "I studied a lot of black iconography," Glover has said. "The show is me trying to make something iconic." It's working. *Atlanta* broke viewing records with its premiere and won two Golden Globes. Raised as a Jehovah's Witness in Stone Mountain, Georgia, Glover got his start when he was hired by Tina Fey as a *30 Rock* writer while still in college, and he later spent four and a half seasons playing jock-nerd Troy Barnes on *Community*. He's also released three albums under the alias Childish Gambino. Next he'll play an as-yet-unrevealed character in *Spider-Man: Homecoming* and Lando Calrissian in a new *Star Wars* film while continuing to produce *Atlanta*. "I don't want to give people the slow drip of the same thing." It's safe to say he's not. —*T. C.*

Christopher Miller & PHIL LORD

WRITER-DIRECTORS

Making franchises way better than they need to be

When their MTV series *Clone High* was canceled (following a hunger strike in India over the show's horny teen-Gandhi character), Phil Lord and Christopher Miller found themselves looking for work at a moment when the film industry had become a franchise delivery system. Or, as they saw it, a land of opportunity.

Turning unpromising material—a children's book (*Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs*) and plastic Danish toys (*The Lego Movie*)—into funny movies full of soul became a Lord and Miller specialty. Low expectations equaled freedom.

But their next project, directing a *Star Wars* spin-off starring Alden Ehrenreich as Han Solo, comes with more responsibility. "We're trying to approach it in the same way," Miller says. "We're pretending it isn't something people will murder us over if we do poorly." "Hopefully," Lord says, "there won't be a hunger strike anywhere." —*A. C.*

21 Jump Street

Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs

The Lego Movie

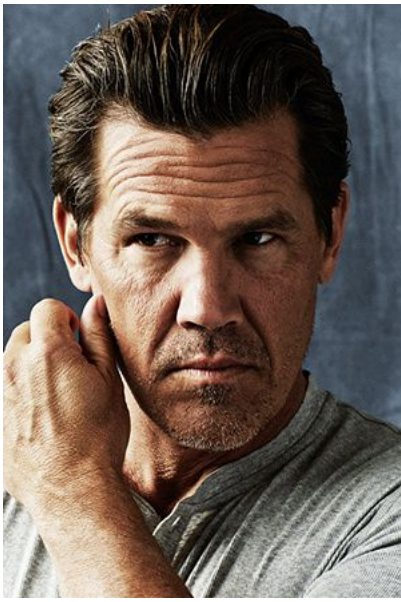
JOSH Brolin

ACTOR

He's more than this generation's John Wayne

Sometime after *The Goonies* and before *No Country for Old Men,* Josh Brolin took up stock trading from home. He secured himself a big enough nest egg to guarantee that he'd never again have to take a role he didn't want. Though maybe it was that kind of gritty self-determination that attracted directors to him.

He is movie-star attractive, born into showbiz (yes, James Brolin is his father) yet somehow an all-American throwback to a time when actors were grittier. He's a man men want to be, even—if not especially—when he's the villain. He can play the broadest roles (see: *W.*) with the most surprising nuance and turn the most insignificant line into an epic comedic riff (see: the "MOTO PANUKEIKU!" scene in *Inherent Vice*). This year, he'll be in *Suburbicon,* directed by George Clooney; the sequel to *Sicario;* and *Granite Mountain,* about the 2013 Prescott, Arizona, fires. See them all. If there's one thing you can guarantee from a Brolin role, it's that he'll inhabit the character so deeply that it'll be worth the price of admission. —*J. B.*



Ryan Murphy TV writer and producer

- **Known for:** Focusing on characters who "feel less than" and turning projects in niche genres (horror, musical) into mainstream hits. **To name a few examples:** *Nip/Tuck, Glee, American Horror Story.* **Offscreen chops:** He started the Half foundation, aimed at mentoring people of color and women. **Which he explains simply:** "Half the population is women, so half of the storytellers should be women." **Next up:** The first season of *Feud,* centering on the tumultuous relationship between Joan Crawford and Bette Davis. **About which he admits:** "I thought it was going to be the hardest sell of my career." **But:** "Luckily, people don't really say no to me anymore if I show up and say, 'I'm going to die if I don't make this show.' " —T. C.

Jeans by **Topman;** shirt, his own (clearly).

Max LANDIS

WRITER

The fanboy provocateur giving Hollywood movies a nerd's edge

Photo: Aaron Feaver

Max Landis writes movies almost as fast as you can watch them. Since the surprise 2012 hit *Chronicle,* his found-footage superhero origin story, Landis has added four more features to his résumé, one of which (*Me Him Her*) he directed. Last year, Netflix won a bidding war for his supernatural police procedural *Bright* and doubled down with a $90 million budget—hello, Will Smith—making it the streaming service's most ambitious project yet. Landis is also writing and directing *An American Werewolf in London,* a remake of the 1981 original directed by his father, John Landis. "It's easy to criticize things," Landis says. "I know that because I criticize things all the time on Twitter because I'm a jerk." He gleefully dives into online fanboy brawls. Some people find his antic deconstructions of pop culture hilariously on target (e.g., Landis's seventeen-minute whiskey-fueled YouTube opus, "The Death and Return of Superman"), while others, not so much. But few armchair critics are brave enough to expose themselves to criticism by actually making things, and even fewer Hollywood insiders are crazy enough to broadcast their uncensored opinions without a care for their long-term career prospects. Landis is both. —*A. C.*

BOSS
HUGO BOSS

HUGOBOSS.COM

eyewear

In the Driver's Seat

BY **A.O. SCOTT**

When he took over **The Late Late Show** in 2015, **James Corden** was a largely unknown bloke—a UK import with a part-dad, part-lad vibe. Two years later, he's become the new **King of the Night,** creating comedy sketches that ricochet around the globe. Along the way, he discovered one **simple truth:** We love to watch famous people sing **karaoke in a car.**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY **CEDRIC BUCHET**

Suit, shirt, and loafers by **Gucci.**

James Corden was barreling toward an editing room to check out a rough cut of the latest **Carpool Karaoke** (the one with Bruno Mars, resplendent in brightly colored silk) when something caught his eye.

Two things, really: a bowl of candy and a twenty-five-foot tape measure haphazardly deposited on a credenza in an office full of members of the *Late Late Show* staff. The candy was Whoppers, small chocolate-covered malted-milk spheroids nestled three to a sleeve for easy snacking; the tape was a coiled ribbon of yellow metal encased in a chunk of aluminum, the kind that clips onto your belt and retracts with a satisfying *whoosh*.

"Hang on a minute," Corden said, to everyone in the office and no one in particular. "This could be a bit, don't you think?" It was an hour before lunch on a two-episode taping day in early December. Chris Pratt, Olivia Munn, Tracee Ellis Ross, and Stephen Fry were expected in a few hours. The writers were in the writers' room polishing monologue jokes until their poke bowls arrived. Corden, fashion-forward and show-business casual in black jeans, a black cowl-necked cardigan, and black slip-on Gucci sneakers stamped with tiny gold bees and flowers, grabbed the props and explained what he had in mind to the people in the room with the least investment in looking busy. He popped open the Whoppers and indicated through brisk dumb-show gestures that his first volunteer—a guy in a faded T-shirt and glasses with a receding frizz of light-brown hair—should open wide and place the blunt hook at the end of the tape against his bottom lip. Corden extended the length to seventy-seven inches, raised it to a 30 degree angle from the man's mouth, and placed the candy atop the resulting ramp.

Collective breath was held. It was a moment fraught with potential. A Rube Goldberg variation. A test of the laws of physics.

Which, at least at first, did not cooperate. The candy rolled halfway down the chute, hit a wobble, dropped onto the floor, and bounced under a desk. Corden, his determination undimmed, adjusted the incline, tension, and torque. The second attempt was successful. Four out of six Whoppers ultimately made it onto the tongues of two employees. Corden was visibly delighted, though it must be said that visible delight seems to be his default setting. "A triumph!" he declared—the same word that he used to describe the pop diva Adele's post-beehive, post-baby hairdo on her edition of Carpool Karaoke, the most-watched YouTube video of 2016. "We'll put it on the show. That's one for the Emmy reel."

I was not born yesterday. I am prepared to believe that the Whopper spectacle was arranged for the benefit of a visiting journalistic fly on the studio wall. How else to account for the suspiciously serendipitous proximity of confection and tool? Why not Jolly Ranchers and a pair of pliers? Maybe the real gag was pranking the profile writer.

But I'm also prepared to believe that this kind of thing might be a regular occurrence around the *Late Late Show* studio, which occupies a suite of spacious rooms and a cavernous soundstage on the rooftop level of the sprawling CBS complex in Hollywood. A short time earlier, we had been drinking coffee in Corden's office, a cozy room decorated with pictures of his wife, Julia Carey, and their children; a signed Banksy; and a drawing—possibly Corden's favorite piece of art—of a rabbit recoiling in horror while reading *Watership Down*. Corden had talked about his plans for the coming year of his show. "I'm always keen to try new things visually, with openings and sketches. I'd like to film the show somewhere else for a week." He popped up from his chair and padded over to the desk. "This is what I was writing just this morning," he said, smoothing out a handwritten note-to-self. "Visually better. More ambitious. And also sillier. Those three things."

The most-watched YouTube video of 2016: Adele's Carpool Karaoke.

They are overlapping categories, of course, and in a way they amount to more of the same. Less than two years after Corden took it over, *The Late Late Show* has established itself, against low expectations and amid stiff competition, as the most visually inventive, arguably the most ambitious, and surely the silliest specimen of the after-hours talk-show genre.

In the context of what may be the most tradition-bound television format in existence, Corden and Ben Winston, his longtime friend and one of the show's executive producers, insisted on novelty from the start, proposing innovations that were initially met with skepticism, even alarm, among publicists and celebrity handlers. Guests on *The Late Late Show* don't enter from the wings but through the banked rows of audience seats. They aren't interviewed one at a time but together, and their conversations range far beyond the usual plugging of new projects. "It always had to be a show where the guests are doing things," Winston told me, and some of those things include eating disgusting foods, sharing childcare tips, and reenacting highlights from their own careers. Sometimes the interviews happen in people's houses; or, most famously, in a moving car, with singing. The bandleader and sidekick Reggie Watts makes up tunes on the spot and ad-libs lyrics about whatever has just happened onstage.

The host, for his part, doesn't sit behind a desk when he talks to his guests; he conducts his interviews from a swivel chair, which is positioned to the left of the couch, reversing the customary American setup. "Even just having the seats the other way around," Corden recalled. "I mean, the intake of breath"—he acted out a sharp, disapproving inhalation—"'It just isn't done!' I was like, 'Are you fucking kidding me?'"

Some late-night hosts are notorious introverts, grouchy misanthropes fueled by insecurity and self-loathing. Corden, at thirty-eight the youngest of the current crop of post-prime-time network-television yakkers, is the

Some late-night hosts are grouchy misanthropes fueled by insecurity and self-loathing. Corden is the other kind.

Jacket, shirt, and bow tie by **Ralph Lauren;** sunglasses by **Ray-Ban.**

Robe by **New & Lingwood;** sweater and loafers by **Burberry;** sunglasses by **Tom Ford.**

other kind. A compact teddy bear of a man with a shock of blond hair and a less-than-daily commitment to shaving, he conducts himself with an impish ebullience somewhere between goofy kid brother and awesomely fun dad. (He and Julia, who were introduced by a mutual friend and married in 2012, are the parents of a six-year-old son and a two-year-old daughter.) When he discussed his ideas for the show with CBS, Corden promised "all-out fun, and light, and positivity." And that is what he has tried to deliver.

Which is not to say that Corden is one of those comedians who are always and frantically on, deflecting seriousness with endless clowning. Talking to him one-on-one is more like conversing with a writer or an actor—both of which he was long before he started hosting a talk show. An inclination toward humility—a tendency, British as well as actorish, toward self-deprecation—sometimes seems to do battle with an impulse to reject false modesty. He can seem a bit dazzled by his recent success, and also not the least bit surprised by it. Onstage and on camera, he is a master of the emotional quick-change, shifting within a single sketch from mock chagrin to dumbstruck awe to pure mirth. In person he is no less animated but much more earnest, taking an analytical view of his work and falling back on a verbal tic that is also a real question: "Do you know what I mean?"

The one that started it all: Mariah Carey in the hot seat, March 2015.

When I met him—first over dinner at an aggressively on-trend Brentwood steakhouse and then for a long day of meetings, rehearsals, and tapings at CBS—Corden was showing a bit of fatigue. He had just returned from Miami, where he had hosted some Art Basel events and looked for art to add to his small but serious collection. After the taping wrapped, he was due to introduce Steven Spielberg at a Hollywood soiree. Then he would fly to London for a "YouTube thing" and back to Los Angeles to tape the last shows of the year. His debut as host of the Grammys loomed on the horizon, and shortly after that he would begin his third season of a most unlikely gig. "I'm so scared of waking up and six months has gone by and we've just done shows," he said, rather than seeking out wilder, crazier gambits. What would be the fun of that?

●●● **The afternoon of my** visit, a bit called Were You Paying Attention? was being assembled, for which members of the audience would be quizzed midway through the hour about what had happened earlier on the show. Corden's explanation of it, delivered to a captive audience of me and Rob Crabbe, his other executive producer, was almost as funny as the thing itself. "James is as enthusiastic as he seems," Crabbe was telling me when, as if on cue—or, for all I know, precisely on cue—Corden knocked at the door.

"The questions will be written during the first ten minutes of the show," he said. "And then during the bit later on, they'll be asked something like, 'What was Stephen Fry holding in his hand in the dressing room?' If they get it right, they'll be given a gift card or something. If they get it wrong, they get kicked out of the audience."

Perhaps unintentionally, this illuminated an unacknowledged anxiety about television, and after-midnight shows in particular: Who is paying attention, and what kind of attention is being paid?

In effect, Corden has two jobs. Four nights a week he hosts *The Late Late Show,* the hour-long broadcast he inherited from Craig Ferguson, which airs on CBS affiliates at 12:37 A.M. and attracts (according to the latest ratings figures) around 1.4 million viewers per episode. In traditional programming terms, his network competition at that hour is NBC's *Late Night with Seth Meyers* and ABC's *Nightline.* But really, Corden said, "our competition is people choosing to be asleep." And so he and his staff must manufacture sketches that don't depend on the news cycle or the publicity requirements of visiting celebrities; that can be shared on social media; and that can, if the stars align correctly, find a semi-permanent spot in the general public's overstuffed entertainment memory bank.

"I've been doing this a long time," said Leslie Moonves, who has been running CBS since 1998. We were in his office, perched high above midtown Manhattan. "The evolution of late night has been really fascinating. One guy, Johnny Carson, was dominant for all those years, and the others—the Dick Cavetts, the Joey Bishops, Chevy Chase, Joan Rivers—didn't even make a minor dent. Then, suddenly, because NBC gave *The Tonight Show* to Jay Leno and CBS got Letterman, it became a much broader business. ABC found Jimmy Kimmel. And then came the cable networks—the Comedy Central folks, Conan going to TBS—and you go from one to two to seven or eight of these guys."

British invasion: Corden and his wife, Julia, moved to L. A. in 2015.

Corden and his counterparts continue to battle for slices of that ever-shrinking ratings pie. The numbers, in Moonves's old-school parlance. That's the job, and the tradition. There is still money to be made selling ad minutes against the real-time attention of non-cord-cutting viewers. There is also still a certain stubborn cachet attached to the spectacle of a host—nearly always, even now, a white man in a suit—telling jokes, bantering with the bandleader, and schmoozing with actors and singers plugging their latest projects. But the more valuable (if less easily monetized) currency of visibility—of what Crabbe, Moonves, and Corden all call *relevance*—now circulates elsewhere, in the 24/7 digital bazaar where skits, monologues, and snippets of deskside interviews circulate endlessly and compete to go viral.

The hosts and their staffs hustle to come up with repeatable, detachable digital candy—ideally involving famous people doing unlikely or mildly embarrassing things—that will hook web surfers and turn them into fans. Kimmel has Mean Tweets. Fallon has Classroom Instruments. Corden, late to the scene and behind them in the ratings, is outflanking both on the web. "Within our first week or so," Ben Winston told me, "we had created some major viral moments, with fourteen or fifteen million hits." These included a six-minute recap of Tom Hanks's film career and the epochal Mariah Carey Carpool Karaoke. "We're working on the 279th episode. If we just did a chat show, we'd be devastatingly disappointed."

"You look at the numbers," Moonves said, "and they're fine, they're fine." (They were, in the week of our conversation, a few hundred thousand below Seth Meyers's and around half a million below where Craig Ferguson's had been ten years before.) "But you look at what he's doing online and it's phenomenal. And that has become, in the late-night world, more important than anything."

One measure of this change—and also, in a way, of its incompleteness—is that Corden's digital triumph has fueled persistent rumors about an imminent shake-up in CBS's lineup, with him taking the 11:30 slot from the floundering Colbert. Late night is one of the last old-media battlegrounds in a disrupted landscape, and the habit of sniffing out intrigue dies hard.

"It just seems sort of silly to me. I really love him," Corden said, referring to Colbert. "So I always find it slightly embarrassing. I really don't think there's any substantial evidence at all. I really don't think it exists."

Moonves noted that Colbert has started to find his voice

and build up his ratings in the wake of the 2016 election. "Look, I'm very fortunate. I got two very successful guys, and they're very successful in different ways."

I asked Moonves how much the time slots mattered. In 1993 and again in 2009, when the great late-night wars were fought, the 11:30 slot mattered more than anything to Letterman, Leno, and Conan. "The Internet has changed all that," Moonves said. "By and large, the guy who's better known gets the 11:30 slot, but for James's success it doesn't matter. It's almost an old way of thinking."

For Corden, there is no "almost" about it. "The only time I get really like, 'What are you talking about?'" he said over dinner at the Brentwood steakhouse, warming up to a fine mini-rant, "is when anyone will talk about time slots. Which is like telling the time with a sundial. Just the very notion of a television schedule for a show like this is absurd to me. I got really cross when we did that Carpool with Adele and someone wrote, 'How did a 12:30 talk-show host get Adele?' And I'm like, 'What world are you living in?' That clip has been viewed 129 million times. Those are Super Bowl numbers."

"I'm so scared of waking up and six months has gone by and we've just done shows," Corden said, rather than seeking out wilder, crazier gambits.

● ● ● **Backstage, *The Late Late Show*** is full of the usual rituals of comedic craft. The morning of my visit was dominated by a meeting in Corden's office in which the segment producers talked through gags and sketches and another in which the writers stared intently and silently at printouts of monologue jokes inspired by news stories, weird ads, and other familiar fodder.

The mood was relaxed and genial, with time for a few more bits of journalist-pranking. During one of the writers' meetings, I took a bathroom break and returned to find that everyone had changed seats, with the tallest, bulkiest guy in the room sitting at Corden's desk. "He didn't even notice," Corden stage-whispered after I sat down, glancing mock-discreetly in my direction. "Maybe he just thought I'd taken off my Spanx."

We didn't know Michelle Obama could be any more perfect. She is.

Rob Crabbe said that in the run-up to the show they had considered forgoing the traditional monologue. "James does so many things well," Crabbe told me. "But ironically, some of the things he'd never done before are walk out, hit a mark and tell jokes, and interview people. And those are kind of the major components of being a late-night television host." The monologue stayed in, but it can feel a bit stiff and self-conscious; Corden has a tendency to lean into the jokes with his right shoulder, his left hand jammed in his pocket—of, more likely than not, a made-to-measure suit from one of the luxury brands he worships—as if playing a role that doesn't quite feel natural.

Even unruly man-child Justin Bieber strapped in for a sing-along.

That may be because unlike most of his peers, who grew up idolizing Carson and Letterman and cut their teeth in sketch and stand-up comedy, Corden did not pass through the usual apprenticeship of fandom. "I feel very fortunate that I grew up without those tropes, or those influences," he said at the steakhouse as we tucked into a feast of halibut and broccolini, washed down with mineral water. (Though he's in no risk of going L.A. skinny, Corden seems to have adapted to the local dietary norms of carb avoidance.) "The people who influenced me were Chris Evans, Jonathan Ross, Graham Norton, and Wogan and Parkinson. Names that will mean almost nothing"—he looked around at the sea of tanned and toned nibblers—"to most of the people in this restaurant. In the same way that if you went into a pub in Bradford and talked about Carson, no one would have a clue about who you were talking about."

Corden studied acting as a teenager at a school in High Wycombe, a town halfway between London and Oxford, and soon found parts on stage, in films, and on television. He appeared in Alan Bennett's *The History Boys* in the West End, and on Broadway, and in the film adaptation. American audiences tuning into his early broadcasts might have recognized him as the Baker from *Into the Woods.* But he was frustrated with the narrow range of opportunities his early success seemed to offer. "When *The History Boys* became the hottest play in London," he recalled, "there were eight boys of a similar age, and they were all getting these massive film scripts. And I would get the one page of a script for a guy who drops off a television to Hugh Grant, or who works at a newsstand and sells a paper to Julianne Moore. And I was like, 'None of this is based on ability or charisma. It's only about how I look, and about the assumption that people who look like that don't fall in love in as nice a way as others. People who look like that are not as interesting.'"

In part to counter this assumption, Corden and the Welsh actress Ruth Jones created the slice-of-life sitcom *Gavin and Stacey,* on which they played the title characters' best mates. A winning mixture of sweetness, absurdity, and kitchen-sink realism, the show ran on BBC for three seasons and was followed by *The Wrong Mans,* a sillier, more thrillerish comedy. Both shows were hits and made Corden something of a sensation in Britain. He and Winston, who had met on the set of a Channel 4 drama in 2000 and had remained close friends, worked together on awards shows and television sketches, including a 2011 bit with George Michael that was the prototype for Carpool Karaoke.

In 2012, Corden was a sensation in the West End and on Broadway with *One Man, Two Guvnors,* a madcap, madly British farce (loosely adapted from an eighteenth-century Italian play) that was a perfect showcase for his skills at vocal mimicry and knockabout slapstick. One night Les Moonves had a ticket. "I was captivated," Moonves told me. "I'd never heard his name before, but I said, 'We gotta do something with this guy.'"

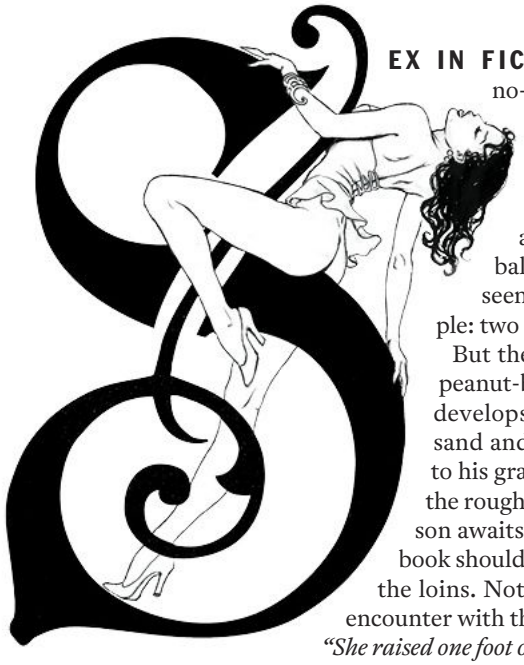
Accounts diverge as to what happened next, when Winston and Corden were in Los Angeles pitching a sitcom in 2014. Moonves recalled that Corden was so eager to do a chat show that he joked about doing it for no money. Corden remembered being a little more skeptical. "I said I felt like Colbert was a brilliant appointment, and that it opened a door for something (continued on page 154)

Sweatshirt by **Dolce & Gabbana.**


LA GÉOMÉTRIE DU FLIRT

AN UNCENSORED GUIDE TO QUALITY SMUT

"Fifty Shades Darker" ain't exactly a guy movie. It's barely even a movie. If you want to get turned on, read these books.



SEX IN FICTION, like sex on a beach, ought to be a no-brainer. On the one hand, there's, well, sex, a source of mystifying pleasure and profundity that for most people rarely elicits any articulation other than a contented grunt, groan, or gasp. On the other hand, there's the novel, an artistic enterprise devoted to making verbal sense of mute experience. In theory, the setup seems the perfect illustration of the Reese's principle: two great tastes that taste great together.

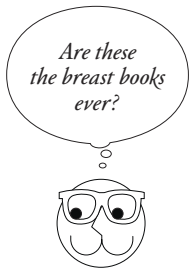
But theory is not practice, and life, friends, is not a peanut-butter cup. We all recognize that the boy who develops certain notions about the compatibility of sand and skin from the swimsuit issues stacked next to his grandfather's BarcaLounger must soon discover the rough reality of forty-grit lovemaking. A similar lesson awaits the young litterateur who insists that a good book should move not only the head and the heart but also the loins. Not for long will he be able to avoid an abrasive encounter with this sort of thing:

"She raised one foot onto the sink and held the doorknob to her mouth, warming and wetting it with her breathing. She parted the lips of her pussy and pressed there, gentle at first, then less so, starting to spin the knob. She felt the first wave of something good go through her, and her legs weakened.... Then she re-wet the knob with her tongue and found its place between her lips again, pressing tiny circles against her clit, then just tapping it there, liking how the warm metal began to stick to her skin, to pull at it a little each time."

That hackneyed little hymn to domestic ingenuity comes from Jonathan Safran Foer's *Here I Am,* published this past fall. If the judges of the Bad Sex in Fiction Award are to be trusted, it was not the most flagrant example of writing in flagrante to appear in 2016. (The Italian novelist Erri De Luca scooped up that honor, for a new translation of *The Day Before Happiness*: *"She opened her legs, pulled up her dress and, holding my hips over her, pushed my prick against her opening. I was her plaything, which she moved around. Our sexes were ready, poised in expectation, barely touching each other: ballet dancers hovering* en pointe.")

Once upon a time, of course, even bad fictional sex had a rough-and-ready social purpose. Not a few leather-bound classics stood prepared, if we may borrow a metaphor, to offer a doorknob to the lonely, the frustrated, and those in the throes of desperate inexperience. But today, what chance does *Delta of Venus* or *Lady Chatterley's Lover* stand against the HD pornorama we keep pouched within inches of our groin, the palm-sized box of wonders that would make a shah blush with modesty?

➳



By the **Dirty Men** *and* **Women** *of* **Esquire**

Illustrations by **Milo Manara**

There are so many perils awaiting sex in serious fiction these days that you could almost forgive a writer for playing it safe and sticking to the merely suggestive. Almost, that is, until you remember that prudence, no less than prudery, is the enemy of art. (Consider this your obligatory reminder that *Ulysses,* the preeminent anglophone novel of the twentieth century, takes place on a date that commemorates the first handjob James Joyce ever received from his future wife.)

All credit, then, goes to the following twelve writers, who press forward in spite of the sniggering. And a special shout-out to those whose devotion to literature has not rendered them too stingy to flirt with their readers, to seduce them—in the end, even, to try to turn them on.

SABBATH'S THEATER
By Philip ROTH

• • • Obviously *Portnoy's Complaint* is the easy choice here. But Roth connoisseurs know that *Sabbath's Theater* is where the real action is. The novel opens not long before Mickey Sabbath, a sixty-year-old puppeteer, loses his Yugoslav lover, Drenka Balich, to a pulmonary embolism. The book is Roth's great song of rage: rage at life, rage at death, rage at the mores that get Sabbath fired from his college teaching job after he has phone sex with an undergrad. (A footnoted transcript of the call goes on for twenty-one pages.) Self-aware enough to diagnose itself as "the discredited male polemic's last gasp," *Sabbath's Theater* is also furious enough to keep up the fight.

"Even dead, Drenka gave him a hard-on; alive or *dead, Drenka made him twenty again. Even with temperatures below zero, he would grow hard whenever, from her coffin, she enticed him like this. He had learned to stand with his back to the north so that the icy wind did not blow directly on his dick but still he had to remove one of his gloves to jerk off successfully, and sometimes the gloveless hand would get so cold that he would have to put that glove back on and switch to the other hand. He came on her grave many nights."*

BAD BEHAVIOR
By Mary GAITSKILL

• • • Make Degradation Sexy Again—or *Bad Behavior,* as the cover has it—proves that Gaitskill is still our foremost literary authority on whips, bondage, and sadomasochism. Her landmark collection resists facile sermons and cartoonish kink. Her men are brutal and unredeemable, her women hell-bent on absolution through annihilation. If that setup leaves you craving a walk on the (very) wild side, we hope the dungeon masters and dominatrixes you encounter aren't half as cruel as Gaitskill's.

"I shouldn't be doing this, he thought. She is actually a nice person. For a moment he had an impulse to embrace her. He had a stronger impulse to beat her."

WHAT BELONGS TO YOU
By Garth GREENWELL

• • • In *What Belongs to You,* the narrator reminisces about an early sexual encounter: As a youth, he was forced to watch a boy he loved fool around with a girlfriend. The narrator, hurt but aroused, recalls the "combination of exclusion and desire I felt in his room, beneath the pain of exclusion the satisfaction of desire." Sometimes, he says, "I think it's the only thing I've sought." Now teaching in Bulgaria, the young American finds the exclusion and desire he was looking for in Mitko, an endearing hustler he pays for sex. Their relationship ultimately reveals "how helpless desire is outside its little theater of heat."

"There wasn't a lock on the door, we could have been interrupted, and maybe the risk heightened my pleasure as Mitko pressed his whole length against me, placing his feet beside mine and leaning his torso into my spine, his breath hot on my neck. This was reality, I felt with a strange relief, this was where I belonged."

A SPORT AND A PASTIME
By James SALTER

• • • When George Plimpton and his circle of rich young American expatriates founded *The Paris Review,* in 1953, Salter was still a fighter pilot in the Air Force. But his third novel, published fourteen years later, reads like the ultimate erotic fantasia of Plimpton's louche postwar set. The book's hero, a Yale dropout in possession of nothing but a convertible that he may not even own, seduces a young woman in a small town in central France. After a slow start, the narrative follows their affair in terms explicit enough to still count as startling.

"He is determined to perform the most gentle act, but he doesn't know exactly where to enter. He tries to find it. 'Plus haut,' *she whispers. His arms are trembling. Suddenly he feels her flesh give way and then, deliciously, the muscle close about him. He tries not to press against anything, to go in straight. She is breathing quickly, and as he withdraws on the first stroke he can feel her jerking with pleasure. It's the short movements she likes. She thrusts herself against him. Moans escape her. Dean comes—it's like a hemorrhage—and afterwards she clasps him tightly."*

WHAT CHANCE DOES *Delta of Venus* OR *Lady Chatterley's Lover* STAND AGAINST THE HD PORNORAMA WE KEEP POUCHED WITHIN INCHES OF OUR GROIN?

WRITTEN ON THE BODY

By Jeanette WINTERSON

• • • Keats longed for a brighter word than *bright; Written on the Body* calls for a more luscious word than *lush.* This revelatory crossbreed of prose poem, erotic ode, and philosophical text unspools like silk and offers surprises at every turn. What begins as the story of an affair—the gender-ambiguous narrator falls for a dying married woman—hurtles into an arousing dreamscape of exaltation and loss.

"She arches her body like a cat on a stretch. She nuzzles her cunt into my face like a filly at the gate. She smells of the sea. She smells of rockpools when I was a child. She keeps a starfish in there. I crouch down to taste the salt, to run my fingers around the rim. She opens and shuts like a sea anemone. She's refilled each day with fresh tides of longing."

THE RACHEL PAPERS

By Martin AMIS

• • • "Here come the sexy bits." By design, Amis's debut novel is a comedy about late adolescence, not a humid sump of literary erotica. But when Charles Highway finally wins the good graces of Rachel, whom he's been lusting after for a hundred-plus pages, he's kind enough to warn us about what is soon, ahem, to come. "How nice to be able to say: 'We made love, and slept.' Only it wasn't like that; it didn't happen that way." What we get instead is "an insane, grueling, blow-by-blow obstacle course" narrated by the hyperarticulate Highway in pore-revealing prose that culminates, no joke, in a T. S. Eliot–assisted climax.

"Move my hand over her bronze tights, tracing her hip-bone, cir-

cling beneath the overhang of her buttock, shimmer flat-palmed down the back of her legs, U-turning over the knee, meander up her thighs, now dipping between them for a breathless moment, now skirting cheekily round the side. It hovers for a full quarter of a minute, then lands, soft but firm, on her cunt."

"LUST"
By Susan MINOT

• • • Minot's 1984 short story chronicles the coming of age of a boarding-school coed. Boys and girls in thrall to heady new hormones make out in empty swimming pools, in cars, on couches, and at parties. As Minot's searing vignettes roll through and across the decades—the rockabilly jives of the fifties, the camping trysts of the seventies, the strobe-lit fraternity bacchanals of the eighties—they form a tableau that can feel timeless. But in an era of murky sexual politics, this gutting deconstruction of what is politely called "young love," in which each affair hurts more than the last, has never felt more contemporary.

"In bed, I didn't dare look at him. I lay back with my eyes closed, luxuriating because he knew all sorts of expert angles, his hands never fumbling, going over my whole body, pressing the hair up and off the back of my head, giving an extra hip shove, as if to say There."

G.
By John BERGER

• • • This extraordinary novel, a retelling of the Don Juan story, follows a rake's progress through Europe on the eve of the First World War. Written by the British art critic, essayist, and novelist Berger, who recently died at ninety, it's shot through with rich visual language, ominous invocations of the social and political forces about to tear the world apart, and erudite meditations on the nature of love, sex, and desire. Oh, and a few crude drawings of penises.

"He has convinced her that the penis twitching in the air above her face is the size and color and warmth that it is entirely because of what he has recognized in her. When he enters her, when this throbbing, cyclamen-headed, silken, apoplectic fifth limb of his reaches as near to her center as her pelvis will allow, he, in it, will be returning, she believes, to the origins of his desire. The taste of his foreskin and of a single tear of transparent first sperm which has broken over the cyclamen head making its surface even softer to the touch than before, is the taste of herself made flesh in another. This can never stop, she whispers, slowly and calmly."

THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING
By Milan KUNDERA

• • • Set against the backdrop of the Prague Spring, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* examines the relationships of four flawed, capricious lovers. Sex, adultery, and intimacy appear in terms both romantic and realistic. In one instance, you're awaiting an impending orgasm during a character's ill-advised tryst with a stranger. In another, you're contemplating the mechanisms of sewage systems as she takes refuge in the nearest bathroom. The pain and beauty she and the other characters encounter offer a master class in sensual metaphysics, one that stimulates more than just the physical senses.

"The reason she refused to get down on all fours was that in that position their bodies did not touch at all and he could observe her from a distance of several feet. She hated that distance. She wanted to merge with him. That is why, looking him straight in the eye, she insisted she had not had an orgasm even though the rug was fairly dripping with it."

COUPLES
By John UPDIKE

• • • David Foster Wallace once quoted a friend who'd described Updike as a "penis with a thesaurus." And fair enough. But when you're searching for a story of sexual indulgence, is a thesaurus really so unwelcome? Cue *Couples,* Updike's tale of confession, lust, and melodrama within a circle of scandalously adventurous friends in small-town Massachusetts. Written soon after the advent of birth control, it offers an enthralling celebration of the sexual revolution.

"She crouched and whimpered above him, her nipples teasing his lips. She went down on him purring; she was a minx. This was new, this quality of prostitution, of her frankly servicing him, and taking her own pleasure as a subdivision of his. Her slick firm body was shameless yet did not reveal, as her more virginal intercourse once had done, the inner petals drenched in helpless nectar."

ENDLESS LOVE
By Scott SPENCER

• • • Spencer's hypnotic novel—not to be confused with the two sappy screen adaptations by directors who clearly stopped reading after the title—insists that the sort of love that knows no bounds is the most dangerous of all. Two doomed young lovers share sex so intense it borders on the surreal, culminating in a marathon fueled by grief, mania, and menstrual blood.

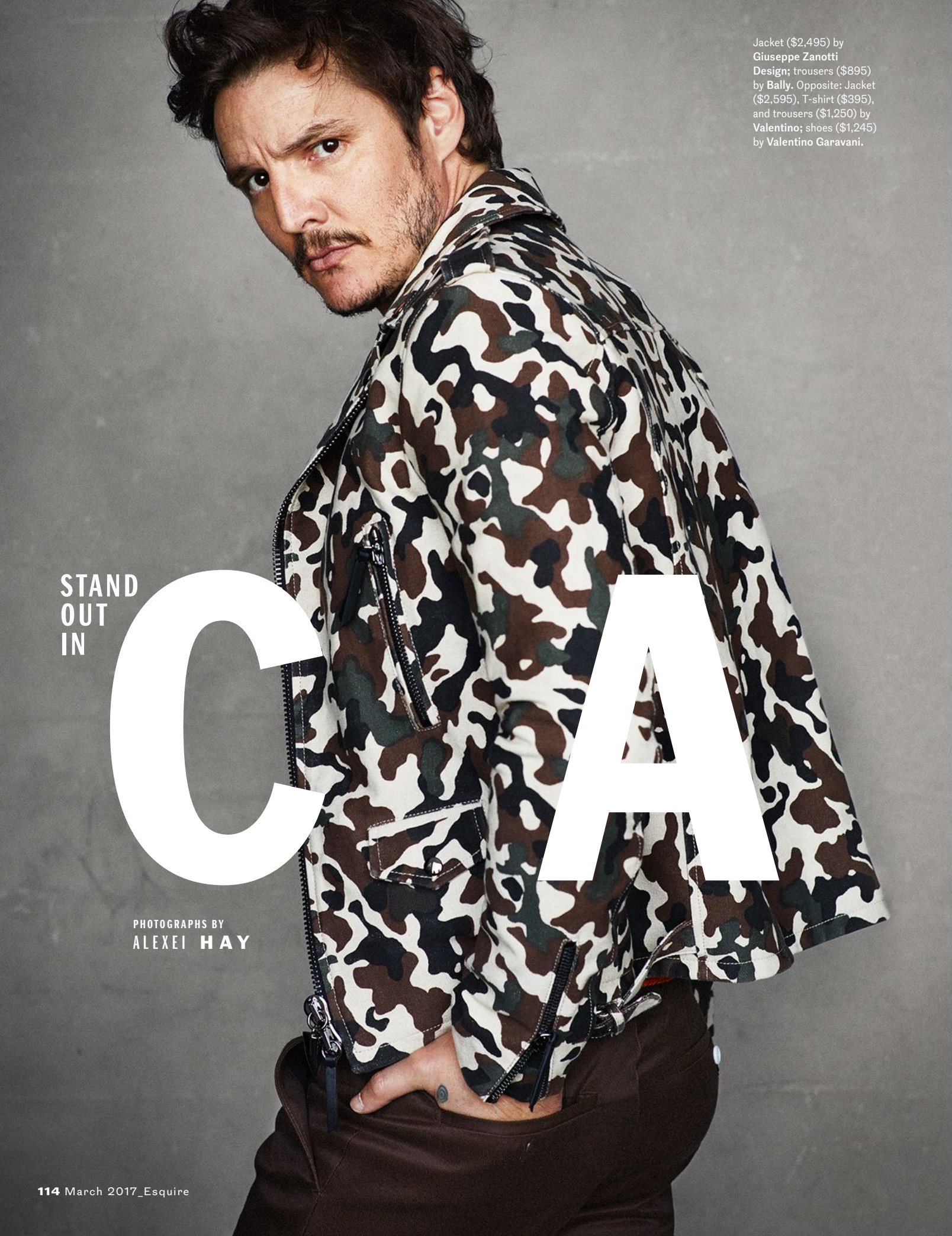
"Her muscles were rigid and she held her breath. Ribcage turned into two parallel rollercoaster tracks. Rump puckered. You're not supposed to hold your breath when you have an orgasm. Jade learned that in a book and taught it to me. 'You're living, not dying,' she said, then."

HOUSE OF HOLES
By Nicholson BAKER

• • • The House of Holes is a lot like Westworld: a landscape staged by an enigmatic genius and designed to fulfill your nethermost desires, where few rules apply and the customer is always right. In the House of Holes, you can have sex with anything you'd like (other humans; unripened bananas; sentient, standalone arms; screwdrivers; a tree; a "pornmonster" with one hundred penises). Every man is hung like a Clydesdale, every woman has oxbow curves, and everyone—*everyone*—is primed to shag. At first you might think that Baker—celebrated author and seemingly well-adjusted family man—has been the victim of identity theft at the hands of a thirteen-year-old horndog. Then you realize only a mind like his could come up with so many synonyms for human genitalia. *House of Holes* isn't arousing, but who says sex always has to be sexy? Sometimes it can just be fun.

"Jerk after jerk of Jason's artisanal come filled her rejoicing twathole. 'Now quick, hop on this cockbranch.' She grabbed it and held it—it was still warm from its accelerated growing. And then she heard the summer wind begin—a warm wind that made a different kind of rustling in the leaves because the leaves were drier now—and the light that snuck in between the boughs and boles was splaying and scattering, half of it reflected off the water, hailed direct from the setting sun. 'Fuck me deep, tall, strong penis tree,' she said."

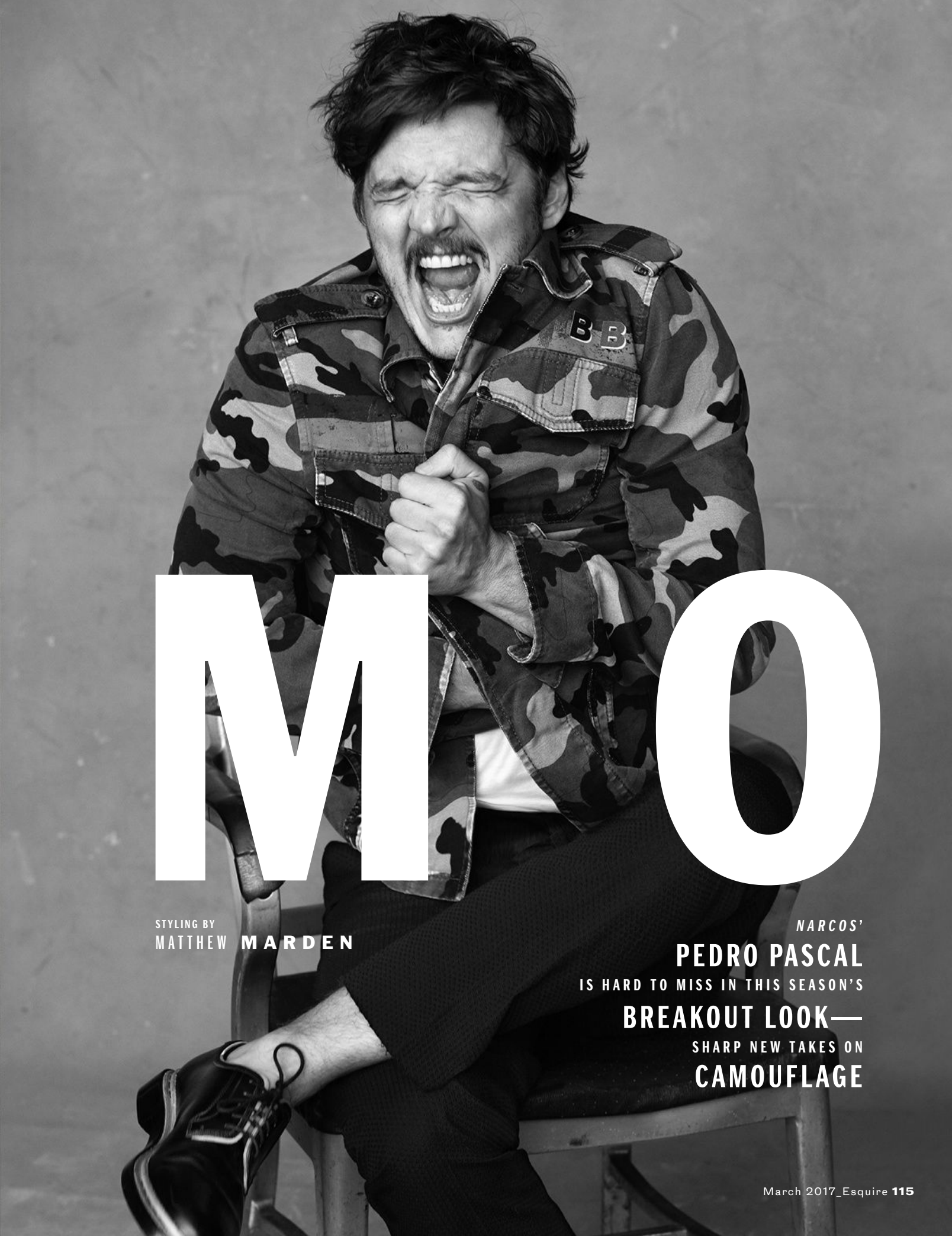
YOU COULD ALMOST FORGIVE A WRITER FOR STICKING TO THE MERELY SUGGESTIVE— UNTIL YOU REMEMBER THAT PRUDENCE, NO LESS THAN PRUDERY, IS THE ENEMY OF ART.



Jacket ($2,495) by **Giuseppe Zanotti Design;** trousers ($895) by **Bally.** Opposite: Jacket ($2,595), T-shirt ($395), and trousers ($1,250) by **Valentino;** shoes ($1,245) by **Valentino Garavani.**

STAND OUT IN CA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ALEXEI **HAY**



MO

STYLING BY
MATTHEW **MARDEN**

NARCOS'
PEDRO PASCAL
IS HARD TO MISS IN THIS SEASON'S
BREAKOUT LOOK—
SHARP NEW TAKES ON
CAMOUFLAGE

Shirt ($60) by **Banana Republic;** trousers ($1,060) by **Dries Van Noten;** sneakers ($415) by **AMI Alexandre Mattiussi;** 123 Golden Heritage watch ($3,500) by **Bell & Ross.**

Jacket (part of suit, $2,395) by **Dolce & Gabbana;** sweater ($79) by **L. L. Bean.**

HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT

Pedro Pascal is going through an identity crisis. "On the street, I get either 'Are you the Red Viper?' or 'Are you Javier Peña?' " he says. He is neither, but those two characters give a nice summary of the forty-one-year-old actor's recent trajectory: first as Oberyn Martell, the bisexual heartthrob on HBO's *Game of Thrones,* and now as the real-life DEA agent hunting Pablo Escobar on Netflix's *Narcos.*

"If anyone knows my name, they probably Googled me first," Pascal says.

When he arrives at the coffee shop in Chelsea's High Line Hotel, Pascal is a little harried. He's wearing a sweater from our photo shoot the week prior, and he suspects he left his phone at home. The Chilean-born, American-raised actor is in New York last minute between Chile and London, enduring a few travel-heavy weeks before his return to Bogotá. There he'll shoot the third season of *Narcos* just as the series pivots: With Escobar dead (spoiler!), Pascal's character confronts a new adversary, the Cali Cartel. "I have no idea what I'm allowed to say about the next season," Pascal admits. "But then, you can look it up. All the major events, you can find them online."

That's the thing about a true-life series: There may be colorful deviations, but the tentpole events must be accurate. Pascal, who met with the real Javier Peña before filming and even went through some actor-friendly training at Quantico, argues that if anything, the show casts the violent, drug-fueled story in a softer light. "People watch this and say, 'I can't fucking believe it,' and I actually believe it was worse," he says. "I think Escobar was probably scarier and more violent than what's depicted."

His latest project likely won't be held to the same historical scrutiny. In *The Great Wall,* out this month, he helps defend the titular barrier from an army of monsters back in A. D. 1100. The Chinese-American project was directed by

Left: Jacket ($1,585), shirt ($480), and trousers ($1,190) by **DSquared2;** shoes ($940) by **Santoni.**

Below: Shirt ($750) by **Bottega Veneta;** trousers ($140) by **Calvin Klein.**

Zhang Yimou, whom Pascal has idolized since the eighties ("he's like the Steven Spielberg of China"), and also stars Matt Damon, Willem Dafoe, and Chinese actors Andy Lau and Jing Tian. The film weathered early accusations of whitewashing, but Pascal asks that audiences not judge a book by its cover (or in this case, its trailer). "Miss this and you'd be denying yourself exposure to Chinese masters of the form," he says. "I think it's important that people see it and experience what isn't familiar to them in the Western world."

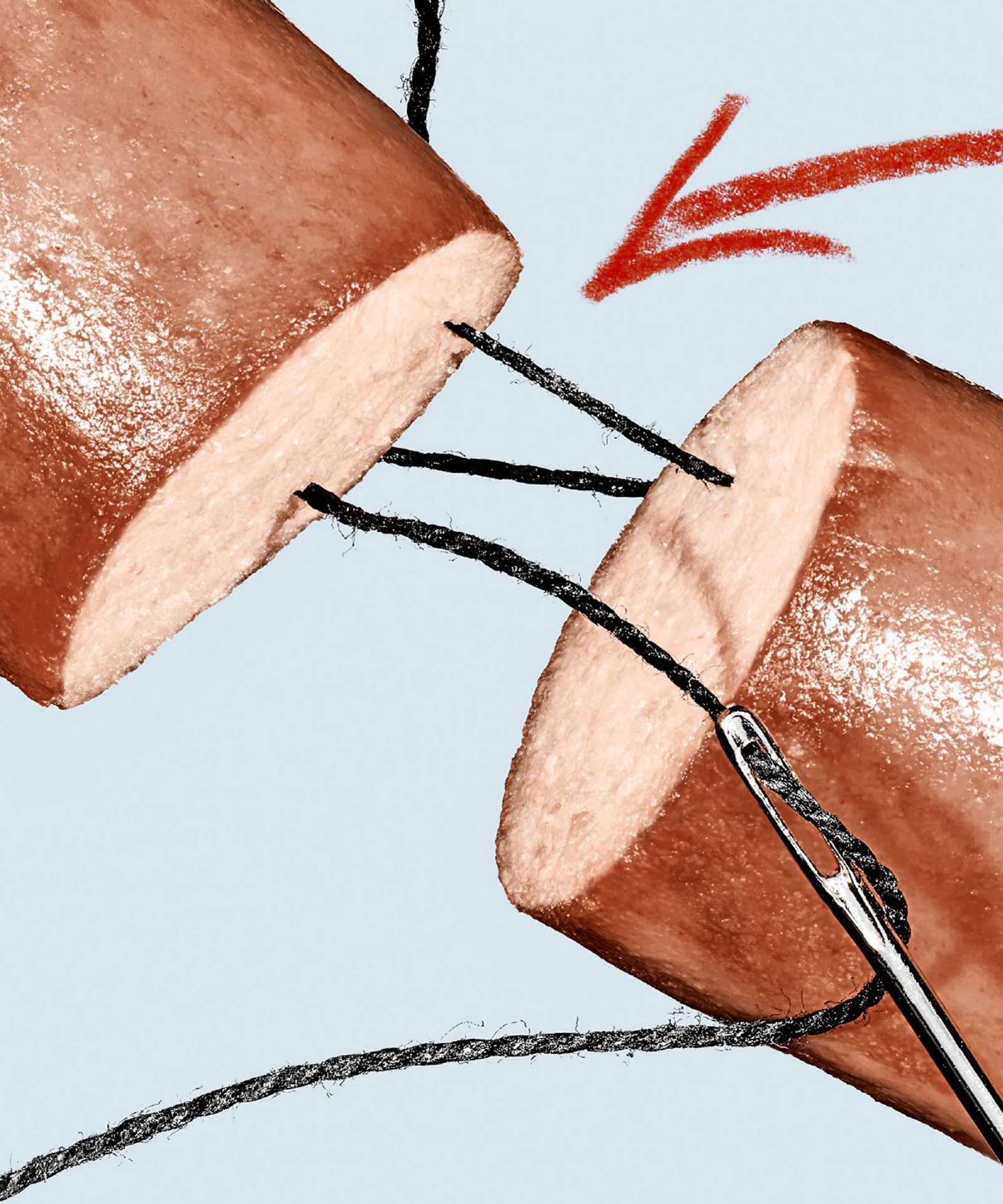
Just then a woman interrupts us. "Excuse me," she begins, iPhone in hand. "I think you left your phone over on the counter." It is Pascal's, and he thanks her profusely. Which raises the question: Does he want to finally be recognized by his own name?

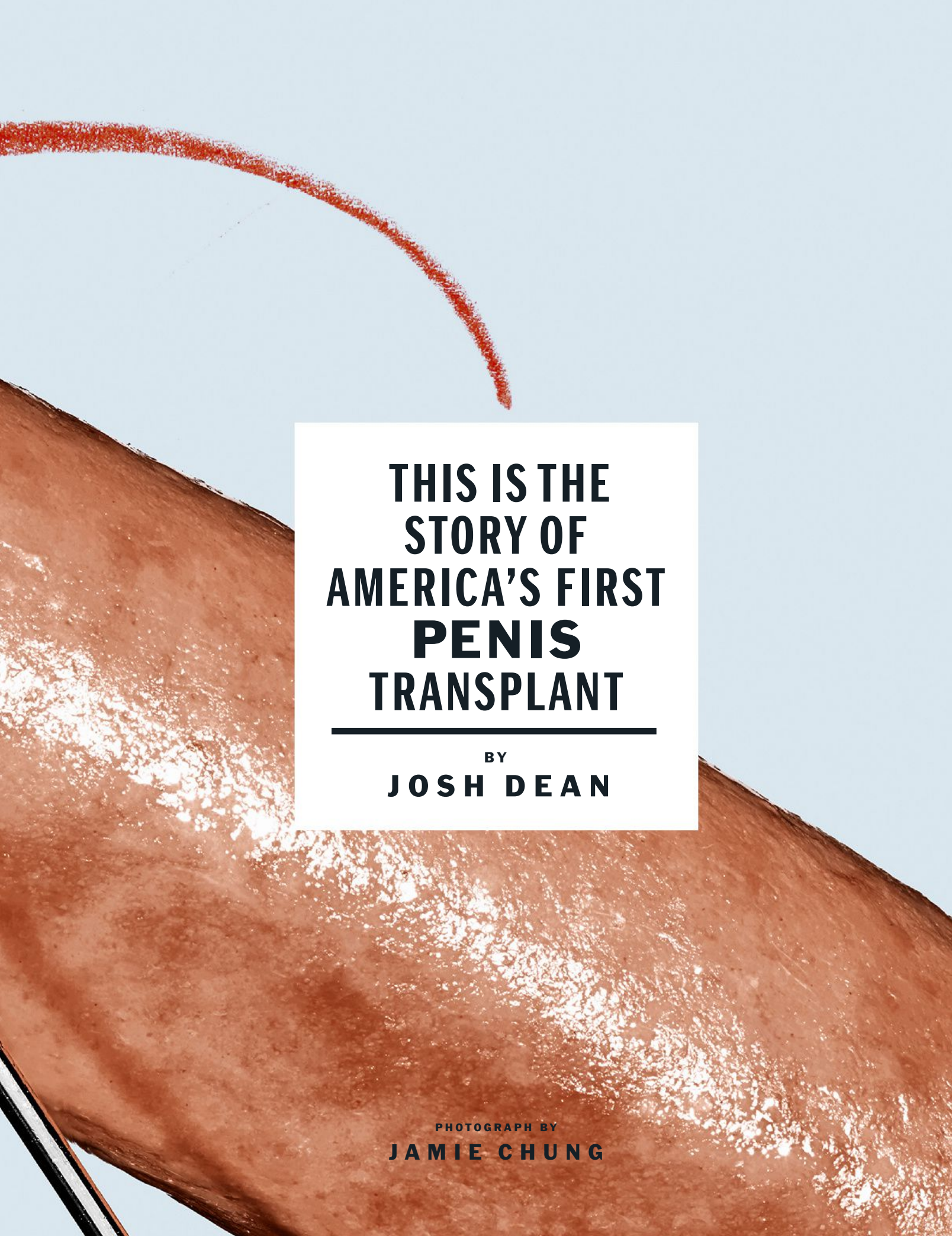
"Whatever's next, that's what I want to hear," he says. "'Are you the guy from *Great Wall*?' As long as people see it, I don't care if they know my name." —*Jon Roth*

Jacket ($1,105) by **Moncler;** shirt ($600), trousers ($1,100), and shoes ($1,100) by **Dior Homme.**

Suit ($2,445) by **Canali;** sweatshirt ($1,495) and sunglasses ($405), **Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci.**

For store information see page 159. Set design by Jim Gratson for Atelier Management. Grooming by Kumi Craig for Starworks Artists.





THIS IS THE STORY OF AMERICA'S FIRST **PENIS** TRANSPLANT

BY

JOSH DEAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY

JAMIE CHUNG

IN 2012, TOM MANNING LOST HIS PENIS TO CANCER. LITTLE DID HE KNOW THAT DOCTORS AT MASS GENERAL AND JOHNS HOPKINS, LOOKING TO GIVE HOPE TO **BATTLEFIELD VETERANS** WHO HAD SUFFERED HELLISH WOUNDS, WERE WORKING ON A NEW PROCEDURE. ALL THE SURGEONS NEEDED WAS A VOLUNTEER. THAT'S WHEN **MANNING'S** PHONE RANG.

Whenever Tom Manning began to feel bad, he thought of the young woman in her twenties with terminal brain cancer he met at the rehab facility in Boston where he spent nearly a month recovering after his penis amputation. Her resolve was a reminder of how things could be so much worse, a slap in the face. Sometimes, that memory wasn't enough—he'd need a little more help. So when Manning would feel the slightest itch of self-pity, he'd look in the mirror and slap himself across the cheek, hard enough to feel the sting. *Stupid jerk,* he'd think. *Don't do that again.*

Still, it was nearly impossible not to sometimes ruminate on how he ended up at that point. On a cold morning in January 2012, the sixty-year-old bank courier was easing a hand truck loaded with heavy boxes down a slushy ramp behind his company's office in downtown Boston. His legs slipped out from under him and Manning went down hard. The cart, loaded with a hundred pounds of paperwork, toppled onto him, forcing a portion of his colon through his lower intestinal wall and steamrolling his genitals.

The impact felt like an explosion, but shock muffled the initial pain. A water deliveryman who had heard the crash and Manning's howl rushed over to help him back on his feet. He thanked the guy, told him he was fine, and trudged up to the employee restroom to assess the damage, grabbing clean clothes from his locker on the way.

Once he was behind a locked door, Manning carefully peeled off his military-style cargo pants, long johns, and underwear, each layer soaked through with Boston slush. The impact had caused the button fly of his pants to rake across his genitals, and as the shock wore off, his entire groin began to throb in time with his heartbeat. There was blood, but Manning couldn't tell where it was coming from because his penis had swollen to more than twice its usual size. Everything looked wrong.

Manning, usually an unstoppable chatterbox, was the sort to suffer in silence, so he downplayed the severity of the fall to his coworkers. The company had recently laid off several employees, and the one guy who knew Manning's routes was tied up at another site. Manning didn't want to leave his boss in the lurch and get fired in the process. Besides, he figured the problem would correct itself. After half an hour of damage assessment, he threw on a dry change of clothes and went back to work.

Manning loved the job. His main account for ten years running was one of the largest asset-management corporations in the world, the type of place that counted *Fortune* 500 companies among its clientele. He was responsible for transporting some of its most sensitive documents—the guts, as they were called—around Boston. His career prior to that had been a mishmash of jobs that brought him little satisfaction: overseeing the cleaning crew at Fenway Park, digging graves in Jewish cemeteries with a friend, and running a small trucking company. He had brokered wholesale fish deals for a time until regulators came sniffing around and shut down the operation. He always managed to get by, a skill his mother, Florence—who'd worked full-time while raising Tom and his three siblings alone in the rough neighborhood of Dorchester—had taught him by example.

For the next two months, Manning self-treated his wound with hydrogen peroxide to disinfect and aspirin to dull the pain. But his penis remained crushed, his colon was still located in the wrong ZIP code, and the unrelenting agony of his pulverized testicles made it hard to sleep more than a few hours at a time. He still worked—he hadn't taken a vacation in four and a half years—but he hobbled around and sometimes had to ask coworkers to help him move the heaviest loads.

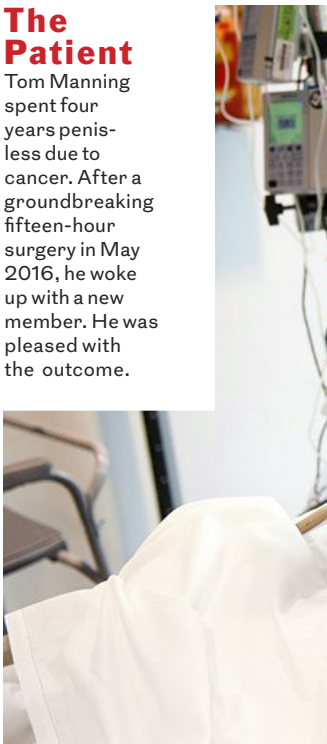
Finally, in March—eight weeks after his genitals were pancaked—Manning finally sought help at Massachusetts General Hospital, Harvard University's renowned teaching affiliate in downtown Boston. *This is where the Saudis come to be treated,* Manning thought. *There's no better place to get help.*

Over the course of twelve hours, waves of doctors came through to ogle, poke, and image Manning's crotch. The verdict was that he needed surgery. Doctors would return his colon to its rightful place and reconstruct a portion of his genitals. Though the procedure sounded deeply uncomfortable, having a prognosis after weeks of worry gave him hope of a return to normalcy.

Before his surgery, Manning returned to meet Adam Feldman, one of the hospital's best urologists. After a careful examination, Feldman sat back, lines of concern creasing his forehead. "I think you have a tumor on your penis," he said.

A biopsy confirmed Feldman's suspicion. Manning had penile cancer, a rare and aggressive disease that affects about two thousand men in the United States each year. Cancerous cells had already invaded a substantial amount of his penile tissue and could soon spread to his lymph nodes and beyond, at which point Manning would be as good as dead; he'd last six months if he was lucky. Radiation couldn't slow the spread, Feldman told him. The best path forward was to cut off his penis.

Manning was blindsided. Would he look like a Ken doll? Would he be the only man in Boston who had to pee sitting down? Would he ever have an orgasm again? *Maybe it*



The Patient Tom Manning spent four years penisless due to cancer. After a groundbreaking fifteen-hour surgery in May 2016, he woke up with a new member. He was pleased with the outcome.

would be best to let the cancer run its course, he thought. *After all, every guy's got an expiration date.*

Manning went home to the two-bedroom on Beacon Hill where he'd lived for the last thirty-two years, to think alone. He was used to figuring through problems on his own. He didn't want to worry Florence, his brother, Charles, or his two sisters, Edna and Debra, all of whom had kids and jobs and worries of their own. Nor did he want to tell his buddies because they'd probably just crack jokes. He wasn't dating anyone at the time, and besides, he'd never been one for commitment, favoring the type of girls his mom called "trashy women"—models, strippers, a Rockette. It didn't take him long to decide that he didn't want to die. He told his doctors he was ready to give up his penis to save his life.

So in the spring of 2012, he walked into Mass General for what he thought would be the last time as a whole man. Over the course of several hours, as Manning lay unconscious, Feldman removed all but a tiny stub of his penis, less than an inch in length, and created an opening through which a catheter would allow him to pee.

When he came to, groggy and hopped up on pain meds, Manning's mind started whirring. Doctors could reattach hands; they could transplant faces. He recalled a news report about scientists who'd grown a human ear on a mouse's back. Why not try to grow a penis in the same way and sew it on? Later that day, when Feldman visited him in recovery, Manning said, with the thick Boston accent of an extra on *Cheers,* "Hey, doc, if you guys ever do a penis transplant, I'm your guy."

The Surgeons

DICKEN KO, M.D.

Urological and multiorgan-transplant surgeon who directed Mass General's kidney-transplant program; researches tolerance models and economics of transplantation.

CURTIS CETRULO, M.D.

Plastic and reconstructive surgeon; performed Mass General's first hand-transplant procedure; conducts research on eliminating need for immunosuppressants post-transplant.

At that time, surgically removing an intact member from a donor and attaching it to a recipient had never been performed in the United States. Until last year, it had been attempted only twice worldwide: once in 2006 in China, and again in 2014 in South Africa. The first case is poorly documented; the most common version of the story is that the surgery went well and the organ seemed to take, but the wife of the forty-four-year-old recipient panicked at the idea that he now had someone else's penis. They apparently demanded that it be removed. The South African case was both better chronicled and a lasting success. Surgeons at Tygerberg Hospital in Cape Town transplanted a donor's organ onto a twenty-one-year-old who'd lost his penis three years earlier after a botched circumcision resulted in gangrene.

Manning had read about both cases after his amputation, but he had no idea that the very hospital where he had lost his manhood was laying the groundwork for surgeons to attempt America's first-ever penis transplant.

The project's origin dates to late 2012, after a presentation on hand transplants by Curtis L. Cetrulo, a plastic- and reconstructive-surgery specialist at Mass General. In the post-lecture scrum, he and his friend and colleague Dicken Ko, a celebrated urological surgeon, struck up a conversation with an attendee, a former Mass General surgical fellow who'd served as a U. S. Navy surgeon. The man detailed the epidemic of lower-body blast injuries in Iraq and Afghanistan. Improvements in field-trauma surgery, as well as Kevlar body armor, were allowing soldiers to survive injuries that would have easily killed them in the past. In effect, this meant that more patients than ever were arriving at military hospitals with injuries to the face and the extremities and—because of the prevalence of improvised explosive devices, which blast upward—devastating genital-urinary wounds. Injuries to the groin, the former fellow pointed out, are particularly insidious because they have no fix and are often suffered in silence.

Cetrulo and Ko had already been discussing the possibility of penis transplants for months. They long understood the impact such a procedure could have for men who'd lost their penis, a population who are at risk for suicide, Cetrulo says. "They're despondent patients who really see themselves as having no hope." The conversation with the former fellow served as Cetrulo and Ko's catalyst. They both had the same thought: *There has to be a better way.*

The best medicine could offer a man who'd lost his penis—whether he was a blast-damaged infantryman or a cancer patient—was a crude reconstruction, Cetrulo says. "You take a piece of tissue"—from the thigh or forearm—"and roll it into a tube of skin to make it look like a phallus." The resulting "penis" resembles tubed deli meat and is prone to infection. Though many recipients do experience the return of erotic sensation, they cannot achieve an erection without a prosthetic implant. Patients often have difficulty urinating while standing. They're rarely able to have intercourse.

Cetrulo and Ko were not the only ones in the country to reach this conclusion. In 2015, a team at Johns Hopkins announced that they planned to attempt a penis transplant for one of the nearly fourteen hundred soldiers who'd experienced some form of devastating groin injury, virtually all of them in Iraq or Afghanistan. Which of the two institutions—Hopkins or Mass General—would perform the transplant first was simply a matter of who could first clear their hospital's approval process and match a patient with a donor.

The technology for such a procedure was already in place, thanks to advances in face- and hand-transplant surgery. These procedures are known as "vascularized composite allografts," or VCAs. While a kidney or liver is basically plug-and-play, made up almost entirely of a single tissue type and installed with only a few attachments, a VCA comprises different kinds of tissue—skin, muscle, nerve—and

illustrations: **Kyle Hilton**

requires the hookup of blood vessels. A penis transplant is a VCA.

When it comes to vital organs, the known risks of transplants are outweighed by the benefits; a patient will die without, say, a functioning heart. But a missing hand, a mangled face, or an amputated penis won't end a person's life. So doctors need to consider that the patient will endure an arduous surgery with a not-insignificant risk of failure that, if successful, will require a lifelong course of kidney-damaging immunosuppressants. What's more, transplanted organs are also not as durable as the originals. They wear out.

Despite these concerns, Cetrulo and Ko believed that a penis transplant was a risk worth taking. They worked for more than three years to develop their protocol, consult with peers, and navigate through the ethical reservations. They helped raise funds for research—which included practice sessions on cadavers at the New England Organ Bank—and taught counselors how to speak with donor families who might have difficulty understanding why a hospital would want their loved one's penis.

Finally, in December 2015, they got the green light—and the funding for two transplants—from higher-ups at Mass General. Before they could begin the search for their first patient, Adam Feldman told them about Tom Manning.

At this point, Manning had been living for nearly four years without his penis. Those early days were a blur. He endured five surgeries in quick succession: to repair his colon and diaphragm, to amputate his penis, to repair a blockage that caused him to go two days without urinating, and to deal with a hematoma that caused his testicles to blow up to the size of softballs. At times, he joked to his friends, it felt as if he had wandered into some twisted Groucho Marx routine—first a guy gets his Tic Tac lopped off; then his Milk Duds inflate like balloons.

The fifth procedure—to see if the cancer had spread—was particularly nasty. Feldman peeled apart skin and muscle on Manning's upper legs and groin to biopsy his lymph nodes. The surgery was invasive and bloody and required Manning to stay at a rehab facility for weeks afterward. The pain didn't bother him so much as the waiting: The results took nearly two weeks to process. He lay in his bed for days, wondering if he'd given up his penis only to die of cancer.

When Manning saw Feldman's number pop up on his phone, he answered the call as quickly as his fingers would allow him. "You're clean," Feldman said. Manning sat silent for almost a full minute before mustering the coherence to say thank you.

Now he was free to focus on his new reality. All that remained of Manning's outward reproductive machinery were testicles and a stub. He had to sit down to pee. There were no orgasms, by himself or with someone else. Manning accepted his fate. What choice did he have? And yet one thought kept pinging around his brain: *Someone, somewhere, is going to try a penis transplant in the United States.*

Manning bought a medical textbook and in his free time learned all he could about the internal structure of the phallus. Staring at renderings of the honeycomblike tissue punctuated by vessels and nerves, he thought up his own crude way to connect a transplant using tiny stents—*even smaller than the straws you get in cocktail drinks,* he thought—to ensure healthy blood flow.

Until he could once again move around comfortably, Manning was out of work. He gave up his apartment and moved in with his mother, who was now retired, forty-five minutes south of the city.

The amputation site healed quickly, but the pain from the accident wouldn't abate. Manning's testicles throbbed as if every day he'd been kicked in the groin anew. The only thing that helped was nerve medication that he took three times daily, but a dose didn't last long enough to allow for a full night's sleep. Doctors were happy to give him stronger meds for the pain, but Manning had been sober his entire life—he'd never so much as smoked a cigarette. He took the oxycodone in his medicine cabinet only on the worst days. All the while he yammered on to anyone who'd listen that he hoped to someday get a transplant.

When Feldman's number popped up on his phone again in February 2016, Manning was sure something was wrong. The cancer must've returned; he'd have only a few months to live. He took a deep breath and answered. "Are you still interested in that transplant?" Feldman asked. This time, Manning had no trouble with words: "Let's do it," he said. "Let's get it done."

First came a lengthy screening process to make sure that Manning's body and mind were able to handle a VCA. The surgeons and psychologists were cautious; there wasn't any long-term data or substantial body of literature they could pull from to understand all the risks Manning might endure. They knew from Feldman that Manning had a tendency to keep his symptoms and complications to himself. In the case of a novel procedure such as this, that alone could be the difference between success (new and improved penis!) and failure (no penis at all). Not all previous VCA surgeries had gone to plan: The New Zealand man who received the first hand transplant, in 1998, had it removed three years later because he had become "mentally detached" from it; a Virginia man who had had the most substantial face transplant to date in 2012 was, two years later, injecting whiskey into his stomach via a feeding tube until he fell unconscious.

Once Manning's mental stability was confirmed, Cetrulo and Ko laid out the risks in unvarnished terms: The surgery might fail. It

The Team

Part of the murderer's row of surgical staff who conducted the grueling procedure to attach Manning's new penis.

Welcoming the New Member

A (simplified) chronology of Manning's fifteen-hour surgery

T-Minus One Day
Doctors learn that a match for Tom Manning will be taken off life support in Maine the next day.

Day of Surgery

6:00 P.M.
A team from Mass General goes north to retrieve penis from cadaver, which is then filled with preservative and placed on ice.

could turn out to be much more complicated than anticipated. And even in the best-case scenario, Manning would be on antirejection drugs for the rest of his life. The most likely worst-case scenario was that the surgery wouldn't work and he'd go back to who he was before: a man sans penis. Manning wasn't dissuaded. He thought, *You've got one shot, and you're going to take it. At least you'll be able to look in the mirror and say, "I did everything I could."*

The surgeons established three recovery goals at the outset: appearance, ability to pass urine, and sexual functionality. They couldn't promise that any of them would be successful. Manning could tell that Cetrulo and Ko were concerned about how he'd react if the surgery failed. He assured them that if that was the outcome, he wouldn't hold a grudge. This wasn't something he wanted to do; it was something he had to.

"LADIES, I COULD BE THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN AMERICA RIGHT NOW," SAYS MANNING. "A SIXTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD MAN WITH A YOUNG MAN'S PENIS!"

Florence had worried for four years that all her son's talk about transplants was only setting him up for disappointment. When she heard the news, she was excited but also realistic: "Stay positive, Tommy," she told him. "But don't get your hopes up." Manning set about scheduling the hospital visits for an array of medical tests, which meant taking time off work, which also meant that he needed to tell his bosses what was going on. Mostly, they were surprised that he'd been living and working for the last four years without a penis.

Transplant medicine is a waiting game. It can take months or years for an organ to surface; the timing depends on the death of someone who matches the patient's needs, which is no small matter. An acceptable organ needs to meet several requirements, including skin tone, blood type, and a laundry list of disease screenings. Plus, this was the first time anyone had ever gone looking for one. It was, in the words of the New England Organ Bank's CEO, "an unusual ask."

In May 2016, the families of two potential donors were approached, marking the first time any U.S. organ bank had asked relatives to contribute their loved one's penis. To everyone's surprise, both said yes. One donor's organ wasn't viable, but the other—belonging to a young man on life support in Maine—was a perfect match.

Transplants typically happen with little notice—a donor with viable organs dies and doctors need to act immediately. Ko was at a urology conference on the West Coast when he received the news; he rushed to the airport to catch the next flight home but didn't get back until the tail end of Manning's procedure. Cetrulo had traveled to Maine with a team of surgeons from Mass General to procure the penis, along with the heart, lungs, liver, pancreas, intestines, and kidneys. The young man's organs would go on to save six lives and improve the quality of one more—Tom Manning's. The donor's parents asked that no information about their son be provided, but released a brief statement at the time saying that the donation had been "helpful through a difficult time."

Back at Mass General, a team prepped Manning and wheeled him into the operating room. Thirteen surgeons took part in the fifteen-hour procedure, a different specialist stepping in to painstakingly attach each of five blood vessels and two major nerves that run through the phallus. A catheter was strung through the urethra, and the wound was sewn up.

He woke up in the ICU midday on Mother's Day to find his arms tied down so that he wouldn't reflexively reach for the surgical site. The wound wasn't yet dressed—it needed exposure to air to help dry it out—and all that separated Manning's new penis from the threat of bacterial infection were a few layers of gauze. For several days, he was scared to look down. When he finally did, it appeared to him as though his groin had been mangled in a car wreck. The new area was so badly swollen and discolored that it was unrecognizable as male genitals. Doctors kept telling him it looked great, but they were obviously working with a very different definition of the word. He didn't look again for a full week; by that time, the swelling had subsided and the surgical site was healing. Still weird, but better. The member, he was pleased to see, was just about the same size as what he'd had before.

Surgeons were optimistic from the start: Blood flow appeared to be normal, and there were no early signs of rejection. The next recovery goal was urination. Ko removed the catheter three weeks after the surgery, and Manning was able to pee freely, though sitting down and into a bottle. A couple of weeks later came the real test, something that Manning hadn't done in four years: pissing while standing up. To accomplish this, he'd have to control when the stream began, how quickly it came out, and in what direction it headed. Ko put a plastic target over the toilet in his office bathroom, told Manning to hit it, and stepped out.

As Manning lowered his pants and prepared to fire, he thought, *I came out here to hit the bull's-eye, and I'm gonna hit the freaking bull's-eye.* The urine started flowing, and Manning blasted the target, unleashing a stream with the vigor of a guy who'd been holding it in for hours. "All right!" he shouted, loud (continued on page 157)

9:00 P.M.
Manning prepped for surgery.

12:00 A.M.
Procedure begins. Manning's groin is dissected to remove scar tissue from his previous surgeries, which exposes healthy tissue suitable for connecting to the new penis.

1:00 A.M.
Donor organ arrives at Mass General; urologists warm it back up. Manning receives antirejection medications intravenously.

3:00 A.M.
Reconstruction of the eight-millimeter-wide urethra begins. Surgeons start with what they call a scaffold—a sturdy piece of firmament to build around—and work out from there.

4:00 A.M.
Microsurgeons connect five blood vessels; each one is just two to four millimeters across and is extremely delicate.

5:00 A.M.
The two nerves are reattached by neuronal microsurgery specialists.

7:00 A.M.
All vessels and nerves are sewn up; there are no signs of bleeding. The final step is to restart the blood supply to the organ and assess if it is vascularized—in other words, capable of cycling blood. Without this, the transplant will fail.

10:00 A.M.
Blood flow is normal. Incisions are sewn up. There have been no significant complications.

11:00 A.M.
Manning is brought out of the operating room and into the intensive-care unit for recovery.

This page: Jacket ($2,250), shirt, and trousers ($790) by **Bottega Veneta;** sneakers ($60) by **Vans;** sunglasses ($200) by **Ray-Ban.** Opposite: Jacket ($1,895), shirt ($1,045), and trousers ($925) by **Giorgio Armani;** sunglasses ($150) by **Polo Ralph Lauren.**

HANG

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DOUG INGLISH


LOOSE
THIS SPRING, FULLER-CUT SUITS ARE BACK...
SO GET ON YOUR BAD SKATEBOARD AND RIDE
STYLING BY NICK SULLIVAN

Feel It Out

The right texture is key to a dressing-down like this. The fabrics on these pages run the gamut (mohair, cotton, linen), but they're all fine, flowing, and superlight. And look for unlined options—they add more breathing room, and they'll keep you cooler, too.

Jacket ($4,995), shirt ($695), and trousers ($895) by **Ralph Lauren;** sneakers ($60) by **Vans;** sunglasses ($150) by **Polo Ralph Lauren.**

Find Your Fit

This isn't about going up a size; it's about changing proportions. Your suit should still hang close to your shoulders and waist, but leave some extra room in the body of the jacket, the sleeves, and the thighs. (You'll be exponentially more comfortable.)

Suit ($3,440), shirt ($300), and tie ($190) by **Salvatore Ferragamo;** sunglasses ($200) by **Ray-Ban.**

DAILY GRIND

Pro skater Dan Lutheran's career is up in the air

"My style is pretty free range," Dan Lutheran says, referring to his clothes, not his style of boarding. "I like to mix up all the stuff I see other people wearing. Experiment a little, you know?"

If there were a skateboarding Spicoli, it would be this guy. He's got the sun-bleached hair, the lazy smile, the hazy SoCal vocab. (He is *stoked,* he catches *vibes,* his tastes are *free range.*) He's disarmingly chilled-out for an extreme athlete, too. That may be a symptom of the California bud (he has been known to partake)—but either way we're pretty sure he won't be shilling for an energy drink anytime soon.

He's made for Long Beach, where he lives now, but the twenty-seven-year-old grew up in Albuquerque, where

Suit ($3,695) by **Ermenegildo Zegna;** sneakers ($60) by **Vans.**

he picked up skating from his older brothers. "I just wanted to copy them because they're cool," he says. He did that, then surpassed them and, oh, found himself a career along the way.

How do you make it as a professional skateboarder today? Like everybody else, you build your brand. In Lutheran's case, that involves a carousel of design gigs, skate films, and photo shoots that keep him visible, keep his sponsors happy, and keep him comfortable enough to get on his skateboard every day. Not that he's complaining.

He's excited about the designs he's created with Vans and Stance socks. (One pair features a sloth doing yoga and a hang-loose hand sign.) Projects like Vans' *Propeller,* a feature-length skate film highlighting the brand's deep bench of athletes, got him out of the country for the first time and put him in the company of greats like original Z-Boy Tony Alva and *Thrasher*'s "Skater of the Century," Steve Caballero.

And photo shoots like these—where he trades in chinos and white tees for Ferragamo and Armani—they just make his free-range style that much freer. *—Jon Roth*

Free Your Mind

We know you've been told the suit is your office uniform, but that doesn't apply to *these* suits. They look better in a casual setting—wherever a jacket isn't required. That's the new thinking behind tailoring today: looser physically, but mentally, too.

Suit ($2,200) by **Etro;** sneakers ($50) by **Vans.**

For store information see page 159. Produced by Joe Daley for A+ Productions. Grooming by Diane Da Silva for Atelier Management. Skateboard courtesy of Toy Machine. Grip tape courtesy of Shake Junt.

DAVID HOCKNEY

WHAT I'VE LEARNED

The painter who bucked every trend of his time gets a blockbuster show in the country of fog and rain he abandoned for L.A.

PAINTER

79

INTERVIEWED BY

SANJIV BHATTACHARYA

LOS ANGELES

IN LIVING COLOR
The artist in 1988, photographed in his studio by David Montgomery.

I've smoked for sixty-two years, so why stop now? Picasso smoked, died at ninety-one. Matisse smoked, died at eighty-four. Monet smoked, died at eighty-six. What are they going on about?

In L.A., no one asks you where you've been, where you've come from. There's all kinds of people here; everybody's from somewhere else. It suits me.

I'm just a worker, always have been. I'm happiest when I'm working. So I work every day—weekends make no difference. As an artist, I'm driven. Always have been, really. I can still stand up for seven hours a day, painting. Artists don't retire. They go on.

I have the vanity of an artist in that I want my work to be seen, but I don't like to be seen myself. I'm quite shy, really. I would prefer you didn't use a photograph of me but stuck a painting in there instead.

I've always had enough money to do what I want to do, for the last fifty-five years, even when I didn't have much. And that's all I'm interested in. What's money for if not that?

Nobody knew I turned down the knighthood until *The Sunday Times* printed it. And I thought that was terrible because I didn't tell anybody, I just quietly did it. I didn't want to be "Sir David," frankly. But I accepted the Queen's Order of Merit because, well, there's only twenty-four people who get it, so I thought I might as well. But it doesn't mean much to me.

The past is edited, so it always looks better than the present, which is a jumble. But most of today's art is going to disappear. We only keep the cream, and that's as it should be. Otherwise we'd be up to our necks in rubbish.

Cocaine was a lot of fun. This was in the eighties, when everybody in New York was on it. But I never took that much. I was never a party boy, really; I was a worker. I didn't like Studio 54 because I couldn't stand the sound.

The price of art is so ridiculous now, I just assume it's drug money. Because that money's not sitting in cardboard boxes in Colombia; it's being invested.

I'm not really a depressive. When I had some episodes, I thought it was because of deafness, really. Mind you, there was one time twenty years ago when I just slept for three days. And the doctors told me I was prone to pancreatitis, so I had to give up alcohol and caffeine. I said, "Well, as long as I can smoke." And I've never experienced that since. So now I realize it was always after a drink.

New York is boring now. The rents are too high for bohemia. Young people must be able to move there. That's what happened in Paris. If the young can't go to a place, then in the end, it's going to die.

You need critics because you need publicity. That's all they're doing, really. Serious criticism isn't done in newspapers. But then I remember Goethe's comment when critics started at the end of the eighteenth century. He said, "Would Shakespeare be able to develop now?" Because there wasn't any criticism in Shakespeare's day. He just did another play and another. If he'd been analyzing all the plays, what would that have done?

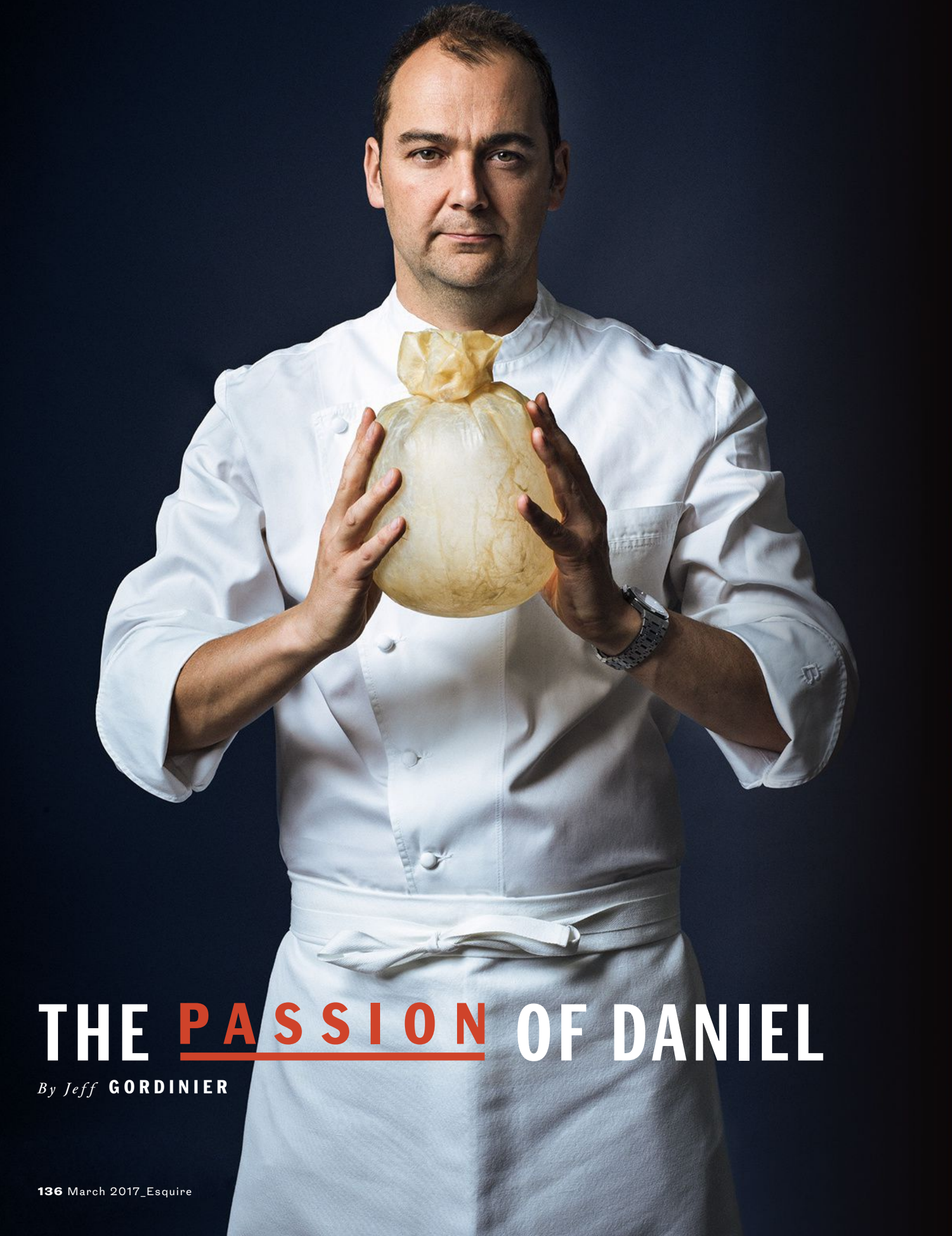
Wars are for the upper classes. Why would a peasant fight a war? The First World War was started in 1914 because every government in Europe was aristocratic. Now, with all these iPhones, the individual has more power. Would you have had the slaughter of World War I if everyone had an iPhone? I doubt it. They'd be sending their messages: "Don't come to the Somme!"

Artists are not that good as parents. I've known a few. They think about their work too much. So I have missed out on some things, I would say that. But you manage in life, don't you? I remember once at Glyndebourne, *The New York Times* had an article about the social scene, the picnics and things, and they asked the press secretary, "What do you do if it rains?" And she said, "We manage." That's a very good answer. That's what I've done.

I experienced one of those virtual-reality headsets. And I don't think it will catch on. It's isolating. It'll be good for pornography but not much else, because with pornography you're alone. It needs volume, tits and ass—you need to feel the volume. But where is the shared experience going to come from?

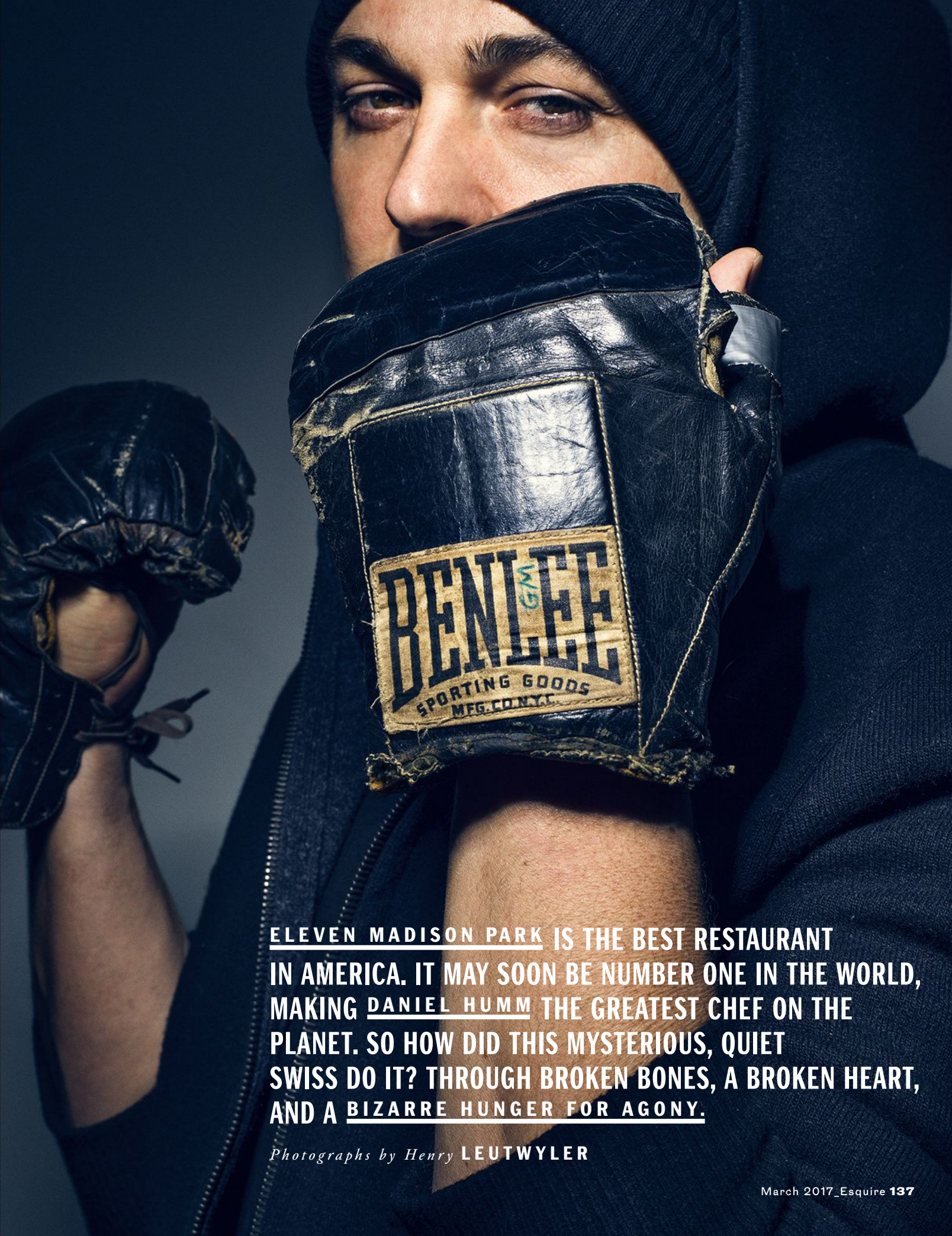
If longevity is your aim in life, it's life-denying, I think. There used to be a joke—though nobody's laughing today—where a man goes to the doctor and the doctor says, "I want you to give up smoking, drinking, rich food, and sex." The man asks, "Will I live long?" "No, but it will seem that way."

David Hockney is at the Tate Britain from February 9 through May 29; tate.org.uk.



THE PASSION OF DANIEL

By Jeff **GORDINIER**



ELEVEN MADISON PARK IS THE BEST RESTAURANT IN AMERICA. IT MAY SOON BE NUMBER ONE IN THE WORLD, MAKING DANIEL HUMM THE GREATEST CHEF ON THE PLANET. SO HOW DID THIS MYSTERIOUS, QUIET SWISS DO IT? THROUGH BROKEN BONES, A BROKEN HEART, AND A BIZARRE HUNGER FOR AGONY.

Photographs by Henry **LEUTWYLER**

IT HAD BEEN SNOWING ALL NIGHT.

The road down the mountain snaked through an icing of whiteness. Daniel Humm, the young chef whose cooking had brought a Michelin star to this patch of the Swiss Alps, had crawled into bed around three in the morning. Now he was up again, two or three hours later, his bones aching and his eyes bloodshot.

Humm had to make it from his kitchen at Gasthaus zum Gupf in Rehetobel, Switzerland, to the market in Zurich, about ninety minutes away. He needed to buy the best lettuces and herbs from the countryside, the best lemons and oranges trucked in from Italy. His dishes relied on these ingredients, and his dishes were so good, so revelatory, that wealthy customers had started flying to the restaurant via helicopter to eat them.

He made this trip to the farmers' market three times a week. He'd grown up doing the same thing with his mother, arriving at the market at dawn so that she could score the freshest treasures from the Swiss landscape. Being a great chef depends on cooking well, sure, but a lot of it comes down to shopping well. Having been raised to revere ingredients, Humm couldn't imagine sleeping in and settling for less. So he put on his boots, stepped into the cold, and got behind the steering wheel of a Mercedes SUV that belonged to his boss at the restaurant.

Knockout Chef

Overleaf: Humm holds his celery-root dish, which is braised in an inflated pig's bladder. Boxing is one of the sports in his weekly rotation.

Even in his exhaustion, Humm recognized the moment that he lost control of the Mercedes. "I realized I was going way too fast into this curve," he remembers. He also realized, as the vehicle slid downward through the ice and snow, that he was heading straight for a steep alpine drop. He was about to go over a cliff. He spotted a single tree that looked like a cinnamon stick rising from a bowl of cream. "I was steering toward that tree, trying to hit it," he says.

The tree in the snow stopped his slide toward doom. It also wrecked the SUV. "The car was totally fucked," Humm says. At that moment, though, the state of his employer's Mercedes was not his primary concern. "All I thought about was *How am I gonna get to the market?* The restaurant would not function if I didn't have the ingredients." After extracting himself from the shattered hull of the Mercedes, Humm hiked back up the slope to Gasthaus zum Gupf, borrowed another car from a friend, and hauled ass to Zurich to make it to the market in time.

"Only on the way back did things start to settle in," he says. "I realized that I could have died."

"DUDE, IT'S BEEN HARD."

Humm says this seconds after he tells me the story about the sliding Mercedes. It's a Monday evening at I Sodi, a restaurant in New York's West Village where he retreats when he wants what a lot of chefs want on a night off—a bottle or two of good red wine and a few comforting bowls of cheese-dusted pasta, still hot from the boil and just the right amount of chewy. "This is my favorite place in New York," he says. "I come here whenever I can. It's really honest, you know?"

Hard is not necessarily a word that people associate with Daniel Humm. At forty, he is the head chef and one of the owners of Eleven Madison Park, a restaurant in Manhattan that is celebrated around the world for a casual clockwork opulence. Symbolically, Eleven Madison Park also serves as a sort of Buckingham Palace: the heart and focal point of an aggressively expanding empire. Humm and his business partner, Will Guidara—the two men work so closely that they're always talked about in tandem, like the Glimmer Twins of gastronomy—oversee a renowned restaurant, the NoMad, in the eponymous Manhattan hotel, and a warren of bars and nooks in the same space. They're planning to open a branch of the NoMad in Los Angeles in the coming year, as well as a new fine-dining sanctuary in a luxury tower at 425 Park Avenue. They also intend to roll out a group of fast-casual spots under the rubric Made Nice. To observers who murmur enviously about the duo's seemingly effortless march to power, it can all be a bit much to bear—the money, the air-kissy acclaim, the unsinkable Disney smiles. Theirs is the kind of success that makes mortals smirk.

"I told him, 'I can't hang out with you anymore, because it makes me feel bad about myself,'" says Christopher Kostow, the chef at the three-Michelin-starred Restaurant at Meadowood in Napa Valley. Humm hired Kostow back when both worked at Campton Place in San Francisco, although in age they're only a few months apart. "From the very outset, he knew what he wanted to be," Kostow says. "More than anyone I've met in this industry, he had an unmitigated confidence in his ability to be successful."

At Eleven Madison Park, Humm and Guidara are proponents of a vein of white-tablecloth grandeur that supposedly went out of style a long time ago. When people talk about the food there, they talk about a delirium of pleasure, a rush of extravagance that's usually associated with the Old World. "He's not only cooking for himself," says Bo Bech, an influential chef from Copenhagen who has befriended Humm over the past few years. "He's actually cooking for people. He wants them to be happy. He's not trying to fuck your mouth with things you've never heard of." Danny Meyer, the man who originally convinced Humm to move to New York City and conjure up dishes that could match the high-ceilinged majesty of the dining room, praises Humm for dodging "a self-satisfying intellectualism that obscures any kind of pleasure." Meyer goes on: "He can actually satisfy my mind and my hedonistic needs at the same time. Very few people can be a virtuoso as well as a pop artist."

Eat at Eleven Madison Park and a bartender will wheel a cocktail cart alongside your table to make you a manhattan as deftly balanced as Philippe Petit on a tightrope; a snowy globe of celery root will come hot and tender out of an inflated pig's bladder before being bathed in a truffled sauce; a sommelier will open a bottle of wine by firing up a pair of tongs with what looks like a Bunsen burner and then squeezing the hot tongs right below the cork to melt the glass; for dessert, a torrent of blue flame will pour down the white slopes of your Baked Alaska.

These acts are performed with an unflappable happiness that can, at times, seem beyond human. To describe the protocol at Eleven Madison Park as "service with a smile" is to force it into the company of the flair-wearing fast-casual behemoths. But "Make It Nice" is more than just a hashtagged corporate slogan for Guidara and Humm—it's a religion. They take niceness to extremes. A friend of mine once dined at Eleven Madison Park and offhandedly mumbled something about *Game of Thrones* and mead. Before his meal was over, a cup of mead had been brought to

illustrations: **Stuart Patience**

his table. The job of the staff member known as the Dreamweaver is to acquire stray threads of conversation from waitstaff and to act on that information (quickly, before you depart with the customary jar of Humm's handmade granola for the morning after) to make a fantasy come to life. You've always wondered what it would be like if you could return to your apartment on the bare back of a snorting snow-white stallion? Be careful what you wish for.

All of this, paired with Humm's relentlessly delicious neoclassical cooking, has elevated Eleven Madison Park into the ranks of the world's most revered restaurants. Announced every spring, the World's 50 Best Restaurants (like the Oscars and the Grammys) exerts enormous influence, even though there is no shortage of grumbling about the list having bogus origins and dubious value. (When Noma, René Redzepi's pioneering restaurant in Copenhagen, surprised a lot of people by being named the best restaurant in the world in 2010, the impact on global cuisine, and on Redzepi himself, could be compared to that moment in 1992 when Nirvana's *Nevermind* knocked Michael Jackson's *Dangerous* off the top of the *Billboard* album charts—both conveyed a sense that everything had changed overnight.) Eleven Madison Park has risen high and fast on the World's 50 Best Restaurants list in recent years; last year it landed at number three, two spots beneath chef Massimo Bottura's idiosyncratic Osteria Francescana in Modena, Italy. Many chefs and restaurateurs say that it's only a matter of time before Eleven Madison Park hits number one, and it has been clear for at least half a decade now that Humm and Guidara would very much like that to happen.

When it does, Humm will get to savor—at least for a while—the weirdness of being called the greatest chef alive. (If you give the list credence, he is already the greatest chef in America.) But compared with magnetic, charismatic raconteurs such as Redzepi and Bottura and David Chang and Eric Ripert and Ferran Adrià, he has always come across as something of a mystery. He doesn't disagree with that assessment.

"Maybe I feel like in all this time, no one really knows who I am," he says. He's not exactly taciturn, but his manner of speaking is measured, careful, slow, stereotypically Swiss. When people in the food world talk about him, they usually talk about the caviar-and-cream luxury of his cooking (his roast chicken at the NoMad, stuffed and speckled with truffles and foie gras, is one of the great New York City indulgences of our time) and the epic ambition of his bromance with Guidara. Wylie Dufresne, the boldly imaginative chef behind the defunct wd-50 (who has collaborated with the pair by bringing back some of his most famous dishes for customers at the NoMad Bar), points out that in the eyes of many observers, Humm and Guidara are practically inseparable. "It's not like they're stuck with each other," he says. "But the rise of each of them has been linked to the other. That relationship has helped to define a lot of decisions he's made. It's not totally clear where one starts and the other ends."

What fills in the blanks can sound a lot like the stuff of a charmed life: Talented kid rises up the ranks back home in Switzerland; moves to San Francisco and gets four stars at Campton Place ("the brightest star to land in Northern California since Thomas Keller opened the French Laundry," wrote Michael Bauer in the *San Francisco Chronicle*); gets noticed by the likes of Danny Meyer and Daniel Boulud; moves to New York and gets four stars all over again ("Eleven Madison Park, which opened in 1998, now ranks among the most alluring and impressive restaurants in New York," wrote Frank Bruni in *The New York Times*); and then just basically rides a ski lift all the way to Valhalla. Make it nice, indeed.

That's the image of Daniel Humm, but it's only part of the story. The real story is "Dude, it's been hard." Slash through that blank white canvas and you'll find a world of hurt.

As we finish our meal at I Sodi, Humm tells me that he's got a passion for food, a passion for cooking, and I barely pay attention to this, at first, because it seems like a generic thing to say. Then he puts down a glass of wine and explains that when he uses the word *passion,* he's referring to a German word: *leidenschaft*. Break down the word and it means something more along the lines of "enjoy suffering."

"That would be my translation," he says. "Passion is not something pleasant. Are you willing to suffer for this? That's when you have passion. Otherwise, it's a hobby. Passion is not a hobby."

Zen and Chaos

Humm in the kitchen at Eleven Madison Park. Its head chef since 2006, he also became a co-owner in 2011.

BY THE TIME of his near-death experience on that hillside in the Swiss Alps, when he was twenty-five, Daniel Humm had already endured a decade or so of serious *leidenschaft*. He dropped out of school when he was fourteen and moved out of his family's house soon after. He never got along with his father. "Emotionally, he just wasn't there," he says. "I never did what he told me. The more he was against it, the more I went the other way. I moved away from home when I was fifteen. I've never asked for one more thing."

Books such as Anthony Bourdain's *Kitchen Confidential,* Bill Buford's *Heat,* Eric Ripert's *32 Yolks,* and Gabrielle Hamilton's *Blood,*

Bones & Butter have taught us all about the burns and humiliations that go hand in hand with the romance surrounding the restaurant stove. Many of Humm's scaldings have been of the emotional variety.

As a teenager, Humm fell in love with an older woman; she became pregnant when he was seventeen. "Looking back, I was a child myself, barely eighteen, when my daughter Justine was born," he writes in an early draft of *Eleven Madison Park: The Next Chapter,* a cookbook/memoir that he plans to publish in October. "Her mother, Elaine, was the love of my life. Those early years were a blur—I was working so much, exhausted on my few days off, salvaging what little energy I had to spend time with my baby."

He still has vivid memories of a four-day vacation to Brittany in his early twenties during which the trio chilled out in a beach-town rental and feasted on French seafood. He has even sharper memories of the moment when Elaine told him that the relationship was ending; she was leaving him for another man. If Humm had been too young to start a family, he was too young to lose one. He wouldn't see his daughter again for years. (She is twenty-one now—tall and stunning—and the two have become close. He also has two younger daughters from a subsequent relationship, although he is now single.) "I was destroyed," he says. "Without that experience, I wouldn't be where I am today. It made me selfish. I knew that the only thing that couldn't be taken from me was my career, so I nearly lost myself in it. It was like my therapy. In a way, she gave me a gift. To get to this point, you need to dig deep. Really deep. You need to be willing to give everything. You even need to be selfish at times."

"ARE YOU WILLING TO SUFFER FOR THIS? THAT'S WHEN YOU HAVE PASSION. OTHERWISE, IT'S A HOBBY."

He has a rotating schedule. Some mornings he goes for a run; other days he trains with heavy gloves and punching bags among the fighters at Mendez Boxing, on East Twenty-sixth Street. In his youth, he trained for years to be a competitive bicyclist in Switzerland, and he regularly returns to that time's rhythms for a bike ride up and down the hills along the western bank of the Hudson River. (He's often joined by Aldo Sohm, the Austrian-born wine master at Le Bernardin.) Twice a week he makes time for yoga. His personal instructor, Lisa Rotell, is elfin in stature, especially when standing next to the leaning tower of Humm's six-foot-four frame, but her muscles suggest that she could probably hoist him on her shoulders.

In some ways, an Iyengar yoga session serves as a useful expression of the pain-and-pleasure dynamic that constitutes Humm's own OS. With Rotell's guidance, we go through a series of stretches, a few of which involve dangling from ropes that are fixed to the wall. At each point that we hover on the edge of agony, she pushes us a few centimeters farther. Each instance of pain seems to produce a concomitant sensation of euphoria—both of us leave the room feeling high.

But if you get an endorphin rush in proportion to the pain produced by each pose, Humm's has to be more intense than mine. The guy has an intimate bond with pain. "I'm very comfortable with pain," he says. "My cycling career has taught me that. It's all about pain. It's about endurance. Whoever can push themselves harder is going to go farther."

He recently pushed himself to do handstands—no mean feat for a man of his height—and when we get to the end of the Wednesday session, I find myself conked out next to him on the floor as he twists himself, with Rotell's help, into a move that seems more suited to a contortionist than a top chef who needs to let off some steam. This is the moment in a yoga practice when most of us revert to *shavasana,* or the corpse pose, which might also be described as "lying on the mat and chilling out and maybe even falling asleep to that Jeff Buckley version of 'Hallelujah.'" Humm, instead, opts for *halasana,* or the plow pose, in which he lies flat on his back but lifts his legs up and then over his face so that his toes are somewhere in the vicinity of the crown of his head and his legs hover parallel to the floor.

He does this with an extra wrinkle—incorporating a folding chair. His torso lies beneath the bottom of the chair but his legs squeeze through the place in the chair where the small of your back would normally go. When he has bent his sizable body into this position, Rotell places weighted

Edible Art

Butter-poached lobster with rutabaga and pear. The plating may be modern, but Humm's techniques are classically European.

I LOOK TO my left and I see Daniel Humm tangled up like a pretzel.

It's a Wednesday morning in New York, and the chef and I have met at the Iyengar Yoga Institute on West Twenty-second Street. Humm exercises at the start of every day. It has been that way since he was a kid. "I need it," he says. "Otherwise, I feel completely lost in my day. If I would ever let this go, everything would fall apart. Even if I sleep three hours, I want to do this."

bags on the backs of his thighs. Then he just sits there for a while. All of this helps "rejuvenate the body and mind like you're taking a nap, which is why he likes it so much," Rotell later tells me. What looks painful is in fact a source of pleasure.

BY THE TIME he was twenty-one, Humm had become such a skillful bike racer that he got a chance to compete in the Swiss Championship. The competition took place during the warmer months in Lenzerheide, a mountainous resort town. Humm was determined to kill it, and he launched into the race at a much faster speed than he normally would have gone in practice. Looking back, he remembers a very steep downhill stretch, followed by a sharp left. The track was gravelly. The momentum overwhelmed him. He wheeled too far out and got caught in the fence that marked the race course. His bike went airborne, and his body catapulted upward. He doesn't remember the rest. Unconscious, he had to be airlifted to a hospital. He had broken ribs, punctured lungs, a broken arm. He spent six months in bed.

Around the time of the accident, Humm's passion for cooking was surging, and when he looks back, he sees the crash—like his crushing breakup with Elaine—as something of a twisted gift. Had neither happened, he may never have pushed himself as hard as he did in the kitchen. Lying in the hospital bed, he realized that he was squandering his time and *leidenschaft* on bike racing. "I was good, but I was never going to be Lance Armstrong," he says. "I decided to put all my energy into cooking. I made cooking my sport."

IF ANYTHING IS ultimately bound to nudge Daniel Humm into that top spot on the World's 50 Best Restaurants list, it's his sheer athleticism. Plenty of chefs work hard. He's willing to work harder. From the outside, Humm's accomplishments at Eleven Madison Park may seem to have been written in the stars, but the reality is that his early years in the kitchen were nightmarishly touch and go. The chef arrived in New York in 2006, lured by Meyer, who would later sell Eleven Madison Park to Guidara and Humm. At the time, the restaurant had two stars from *The New York Times,* which Frank Bruni would soon increase to three, but three stars wouldn't be enough to help many high-end chefs survive the Great Recession. By 2008, the New York restaurant scene reflected a disaster movie, with massive investments evaporating in sulfurous puffs of smoke everywhere.

"Dude, we had nights when we did ten covers," Humm recalls. "We thought, *Maybe this is not the time when the world wants a restaurant like this.* We lost money. We weren't sure we were gonna make it, honestly. And then Frank Bruni came in. We were like, 'He didn't come here to give us another three stars.' He came four or five times. He put us through the wringer." They cut costs. They waited. They sweated it out. They listened to the clinking of silverware in a half-empty dining room. Bruni bestowed four stars on Eleven Madison Park in August 2009. "We've never had an empty seat since that day," Humm says. "Unbelievable. It was a very emotional moment for us."

By then, though, there had been casualties. Humm may have a high threshold for pain, but not everyone shared his willingness to suffer for perfection. His wrath could scorch skulls. He had earned his stripes in European kitchens where chefs made the drill sergeant in *Full Metal Jacket* look like a softy. "Public humiliation, abuse—this is how we kept order," he says. "This is how we led." Governed by an "uncontrollable passion," Humm in those days reacted to even the tiniest instances of tardiness and carelessness with a pent-up alpine avalanche of rage. "One night, a young cook did something wrong," he writes in his forthcoming book. "I do not even remember what it was; but I do remember impulsively flinging a quart container of avocado roulade into his face. Will happened to be in the kitchen and see this. After months of allowing me to behave as a terror in the kitchen, he had had enough. He dragged me into our office like a child and proceeded to absolutely demolish me. I was actually scared. He told me that sort of behavior no longer existed in the restaurant or everything was over."

At Eleven Madison Park this past November, I was standing next to Humm, listening to him talk about the evolution of a lobster dish, when we heard, a few yards away, the sleighbellish jingle and crash of a wineglass falling to the floor. A silence came next. You could almost feel jaws and shoulder muscles clenching up all over the kitchen. Humm's mouth kept moving. He tried to continue the conversation, but then he trailed off. Storm clouds passed over mountain peaks in his eyes. Without shifting his gaze, he called out to Dmitri Magi, Eleven Madison Park's chef de cuisine.

"Dmitri," he said. "Yesterday something fell. It's gotta stop."

Magi acknowledged this. Humm lowered his eyes. "My old me would have gone over there and yelled at everyone," he said.

No Pain, No Gain

Humm at the Iyengar Yoga Institute in Manhattan. "I need it," he says of exercise every morning. "Otherwise, I feel completely lost in my day."

LATELY, AT FORTY, Humm has begun to feel as though he has finally found himself as a chef. It's as if he is just starting out. He used to get inspiration from cookbooks,

(continued on page 154)

HARD CORPS

Raheel Siddiqui was a young Muslim who dreamed of becoming a Marine. At twenty, he started basic training at Parris Island, where barking drill sergeants transform callow recruits into elite killing machines. Less than two weeks after he arrived, Siddiqui suffered a mysterious and fatal fall. The Marine Corps says he committed suicide, but some think more sinister forces led to his death. Alex French investigates.

Photo illustration by *Justin Metz*

THE MOTTO OF THE MARINE Recruit Training Depot at Parris Island is "We make Marines." Nineteen thousand recruits pass through the place each year, including every male would-be Devil Dog from east of the Mississippi and every female recruit from anywhere. The base is a monsoon of perpetual motion. Recruits with buzz cuts and earnest tan lines are up at 0400, standing at attention in front of their racks while drill instructors in short shorts and snug T-shirts crank the *Lion King* soundtrack on the duty hut's computer. The recruits bellow *Good morning, sir* and *Aye, sir* and hustle to the head before a predawn march to the mess hall. After swallowing down their morning chow, they're off to PT, the first ordeal in a day that won't end for another sixteen hours.

The depot at Parris Island occupies a peninsula on the South Carolina coast, not far from Port Royal and Beaufort. Its eight thousand acres of flat, shadeless terrain are punctuated by frizzy palmettos and oaks dripping with Spanish moss, which appear to be melting in the heat of the great American South. The depot's streets are named for sites of historic leatherneck sacrifice and triumph: Yorktown Street and Cuba Street and Boulevard de France. Soissons, Corregidor, Guadalcanal, Okinawa, Inchon, Bataan. Everywhere you can hear the thunder of bootheels striking the pavement, the husky tones of the DIs' cadences, the crackling of rifle fire on a distant range.

Basic training lasts twelve weeks. Not counting Sundays and processing, that's seventy days to establish esprit de corps and learn basic combat skills. Seventy days to get the moral compass back to north. Seventy days without television or junk food or girls sliding by on Instagram. Seventy days during which the only music is John Philip Sousa's greatest hits as performed by the Parris Island Marine Band and that damn *Lion King* soundtrack. For seventy days, recruits live life from chow to chow. In no time, their personal mantra becomes *Semper Gumby:* always flexible.

When Raheel Siddiqui stepped aboard the depot at Parris Island, in March of last year, he thought he knew what to expect. Siddiqui was a twenty-year-old Muslim from Taylor, Michigan, a city of sixty-two thousand a short drive from downtown Detroit. He'd first visited his local Marine Corps recruiting office in March 2015, during his freshman year in college, and enlisted in the Marines' delayed-entry program that July. After quitting school, he spent the next six months in a program of rigorous physical training and watched hours of basic-training clips on YouTube.

The routine for receiving fresh recruits at Parris Island never changes, so it's not hard to imagine Siddiqui's first moments aboard the depot. Around ten o'clock at night, the bus that brought him from the Savannah airport pulls through the security gate and halts before a broad brick administration building. A howling DI rushes onto the bus and instructs him and the other tenderfoots that they're no longer to use words such as *I, me,* and *my.* Instead, they will refer to themselves as "this recruit," a reminder that they henceforth exist only as part of a team. At the DI's urging, Siddiqui grabs his shit and hustles off the bus to a set of yellow footprints painted on the pavement. The DI tells the recruits that tens of thousands of Marines have started their military service standing on those same yellow footprints. The recruits learn three crucial articles from the Uniform Code of Military Justice. One says they must be where they are supposed to at the proper time. Another says that disrespect will not be tolerated. A third instructs the recruits to do what they are told without questions. After this lesson, Siddiqui and his busmates are rushed through a set of steel hatches that bear the inscription "Through these portals pass prospects for America's finest fighting force."

In the coming hours, Siddiqui will have his head shaved, he will undergo medical and dental exams, he will choose his life insurance, and he will surrender his personal belongings. Before any of that, however, he calls home. When his mother answers, he reads from a script: "This is Recruit Siddiqui. I have arrived safely at Parris Island. Please do not send any food or bulky items to me in the mail. I will contact you in seven to nine days by letter with my new address. Thank you for your support. Goodbye for now."

The words Siddiqui recited to his mother were the last she ever heard him speak. Less than two weeks after that phone call, he suffered a fatal fall from the third story of his barracks. The Marines ruled the death a suicide, but Siddiqui's parents insist their son would never have taken his own life. And while the exact details of what happened in the days, hours, and minutes leading up to Siddiqui's fall remain obscure—hidden behind redacted government reports and the military's unofficial code of silence—the investigations that followed his death have revealed evidence of a hazing scandal unlike anything Parris Island has endured since the 1950s.

RAHEEL SIDDIQUI'S decision to enlist in the Marines shocked everybody he knew. At the time he signed up, he was living with his parents and younger sister in Kensington Courts, a low-income project in Taylor. His father had been a T-shirt exporter in Karachi, Pakistan, before immigrating to the United States in 1990. Now he made three hundred dollars a week hand-assembling glove-box components for an auto-parts company. Taylortucky, as Siddiqui's hometown is known, is a white working-class community whose main thoroughfare is an inglorious six-lane lined with old discount-furniture outlets, fast-food joints, and shuttered used-car dealerships.

Siddiqui was a playful teenager with a wispy mustache, a high-wattage smile, and a taste for brightly colored dress shirts. A stabilizing force within his family, he had a job at Home Depot and no time for girls or mischief. After graduating as the valedictorian of his high school class in 2014, he took a full scholarship at the University of Michigan's Dearborn campus, just fifteen minutes from home.

Siddiqui studied mechanical engineering and robotics and thought he might like to join the FBI someday. Midway through his freshman year, he went to his local Marine Corps recruiting office and was sold a vision that promised a more direct route to the future he dreamed of than the one on offer at UM-Dearborn. In July 2015, he committed to four years in the Marines, went full-time at Home Depot, and dropped out of college.

During the 2016 presidential campaign, the public fight between Donald Trump and the parents of Humayun Khan, an Army captain killed during the Iraq War, brought national attention to the distinguished service of Muslims in the U.S. military. But Siddiqui's enlistment, more than a year earlier, had nothing to do with politics. He saw the corps as a way to build a résumé that might interest the FBI and, especially, as a means of pulling his family out of poverty and into the middle class.

Siddiqui's mother, Ghazala, told me that his decision worried her from the start. She still saw Raheel as her plump-cheeked little boy. With his easy demeanor, he was more of a diplomat than a warrior. He didn't play sports. He'd never been in a fight. He'd never even been away from home before. Ghazala feared that he wouldn't be able to keep halal. But her son calmed her. *Don't worry, mama, I'll find something else to eat.*

Siddiqui knew he had all the intangibles of a good Marine. He was obedient, loyal, smart, a natural leader. Seventy-one percent of prospective recruits ages seventeen to twenty-one fail to meet Marine Corps standards, but he'd scored well on his aptitude tests and his muscle tone was deemed sufficient. Still, he weighed all of 146 pounds. To prepare for boot camp, he spent whatever time he wasn't at Home Depot working out. He joined a gym, did pull-ups in

Marine drill instructors have one of the most demanding jobs on this green earth. Upon their shoulders rests the success or failure of each platoon in the U.S. Marine Corps. Everything about the DIs—their cuffed sleeves and wide belt, their boots, their campaign cover tilted to a severe angle—is meant to communicate a wrathful-God sort of authority. But with this power comes the occasionally irresistible temptation to abuse.

his doorway, and assembled an elliptical trainer in his basement. He bought vitamins, took swimming lessons, and built a set of Marine Corps pugil sticks to exact specifications. He drove a handful of other recruits to the workouts at the recruiting office. In time, he filled out. A few days before his departure, he reassured his mother again. *Don't worry, I've been training six months and basic training is just a little harder. I'm a strong boy. I can do it.*

The week before leaving for Parris Island, Siddiqui rushed around town saying his goodbyes and making final preparations. His friends at Home Depot threw him a farewell party, presenting him with a monogrammed wallet and an orange Home Depot work apron they'd all signed. Siddiqui's sister would turn seventeen while he was away, so he bought her a necklace and hid it at the end of a scavenger hunt.

On the afternoon of March 6, 2016, Siddiqui and his family went out for a celebratory lunch at a Middle Eastern restaurant in Dearborn. They enjoyed plate after plate of salad, fried fish, and lamb. From the restaurant, they drove to nearby Sterling Heights, where recruits from the Detroit area sleep before heading to Parris Island.

Siddiqui advised his parents to make hotel reservations a full month and a half in advance of his graduation ceremony. He was already thinking about the ten-day leave he'd get after basic training wrapped. He'd have time to come back to Taylor, time to pay surprise visits to all his old friends in his new uniform.

The next day, exactly a year after he'd first visited the Marine recruiting office, Siddiqui became one of just four hundred Muslims to train at Parris Island since 2012. (Muslims make up less than a fifth of 1 percent of America's 294,000 active- and reserve-duty Marines and about 1 percent of the U.S. population.) Shiraz Khan, the attorney the Siddiquis hired after their son's death, told me that the young recruit was naive to think that his religion wouldn't matter. "He was too trusting," Khan said. "He thought he could walk into boot camp and even with the political climate, they'd look at him not as a Muslim but as another recruit."

DURING HIS FIRST five days as a new recruit, Siddiqui completed the "receiving" portion of basic training. There was paperwork and blood tests and a lot of waiting in line. On the morning of March 12, he and fifty-eight other recruits were "picked up" by his new senior drill instructor. Siddiqui was assigned to training platoon 3042 and billeted on the third floor of the barracks that housed Company K of the Third Recruit Training Battalion, the so-called Thumping Third.

As Siddiqui was about to learn, drill instructors are the heart of Parris Island. Each Marine platoon has at least three DIs: a senior drill instructor and two or more numbered "hats." The more experienced hat is called the Knowledge. He teaches the ins and outs of being a Marine. The junior hat is the Heavy; he brings the pain. DIs are enlisted Marines, not officers, and most are around twenty-nine years old, with eight or nine years in the service behind them. Each is brought to Parris Island after exhibiting exemplary leadership and then schooled in the craft of molding soft boys into warfighters.

Marine DIs have one of the most demanding jobs on this green earth. Before their first contact with recruits, they receive eleven weeks of academic and administrative instruction and pledge to demonstrate "the highest standards of personal conduct, morality, and professional skill." Once on the job, they *go go go* sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. They run everywhere—sometimes nearly thirty miles a day—and holler so much that their vocal cords swell to the thickness of a twelve-strand rope. Downtime is scant, maybe a few minutes set aside each day to huddle in the family minivan with their wives and little ones. Upon their shoulders rests the success or failure of each platoon in the U.S. Marine Corps.

Everything about the DIs—their cuffed sleeves and wide belt, their boots, their campaign cover tilted to a severe angle—is meant to communicate a wrathful-God sort of authority. But with this power comes the occasionally irresistible temptation to abuse. In 1956, a drunk and frustrated Parris Island DI led seventy-four recruits into the gray waters of Ribbon Creek as a disciplinary training exercise. Six of his men drowned. A court-martial led to an involuntary-manslaughter conviction as well as a set of servicewide training reforms. In 1976, another DI threatened to kill a recruit and shot him in the hand with an M16. In 2007, a DI was convicted of assault after he used a tentpole to beat a nineteen-year-old recruit who couldn't remember the combination to his footlocker.

In an effort to curb such abuses, the Marine Corps Recruit Training Order explicitly states that "all personnel are prohibited from touching recruits, either personally or by use of a material object." Contact with recruits is allowed only for a few specified reasons, including corrective action—tweaking the angle of an elbow during a drill, for instance. Punching, kicking, swearing, and administering excessive "incentive training" (push-ups, crunches, and the like) are all forbidden. Despite these regulations, however, nearly four hundred hazing incidents were reported to the Marines between January 2012 and June 2015. A third of these allegations were substantiated by later investigations.

Until June 2015, when she was relieved of duty, Lieutenant Colonel Kate Germano served as the commander of the Fourth Recruit

Training Battalion, Parris Island's all-female training outfit. She told me that "physical abuse was tacitly approved" at Parris Island: "There's an undercurrent that it's okay." Germano also said that DIs have nearly complete control over the recruits' lives during the twelve weeks of boot camp. For the most part, she said, officers assigned to Parris Island have been reduced to little more than safety monitors. The DIs "created a culture that says, 'Officers have no place in making Marines. This is our world, and we run it the way we see fit.'" Germano told me that an unofficial rule at Parris Island keeps officers out of the squad bays, "where all that crazy stuff happens when it comes to hazing."

"How does this kid go from graduating at the top of his class, being beloved by his friends and the people he worked with at Home Depot, and being thrilled about becoming a Marine, to being a suicidal jumper with no other inside or outside factors?" says Kate Germano, a former training battalion commander. "How is that possible? They don't break like that. They just don't."

THE MARINE CORPS has been stingy with the details of what happened to Raheel Siddiqui after he was billeted to the 3042's squad bay. But to understand what he was exposed to when he was picked up by his SDI, it's worth considering the experience of Thomas Weaver, a twenty-year-old who trained with a platoon in the Thumping Third a few months earlier. Weaver left the Marines in December 2015 with an other-than-honorable discharge. He is currently appealing that status and, on the advice of his lawyer, declined to comment for this story. But he gave interviews to *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal* this past September, before he began his appeal, and his father, Troy, spoke with me at length on several occasions.

Weaver grew up in Interlachen, a rural Florida town four hours south of Parris Island. He'd been a soccer and track star in high school and joined the Marines' delayed-entry program after graduating. Things took a dark turn when Weaver was called into his recruiter's office the day before he left for Parris Island. The recruiter was frank: *Got some bad news. You're going to the Third Recruit Battalion. Worst one you could have got. It's tough. They have a reputation. But it's going to make you a better Marine.*

Weaver said that he'd been at Parris Island for only a few days when he saw a DI slam a recruit to the ground, grab him by the throat, and cuss him out. When the incident was over, the DI allegedly stood and addressed the rest of the group: "Was I hurting that recruit or making a corrective action?"

"Making a corrective action, sir," the group responded.

"We were all too scared to say anything else," Weaver later told the *Times*.

Every DI in his platoon, he said, cited corrective action as an excuse for using excessive force. Often they didn't even attempt to justify their abuse. One day Weaver accidentally bumped into a DI from another platoon. The DI responded by bashing Weaver's head into the barracks doorway until other recruits pulled him off. When news of the assault reached Weaver's SDI the next day, he reasoned that the absence of red marks on Weaver's head meant that nothing had happened to him.

The SDI then smashed his own head against the cinder-block wall. He turned to his trainees. "See?" he said. "Those are red marks."

Weaver has alleged that he and his mates were abused with impunity. One recruit was brought into the woods and beaten bloody. On another occasion, the DIs ordered the trainees to form a human wall to hide a whooping. A later report into abuse in the Third Battalion cites allegations that members of Weaver's platoon were forced to crawl through thorn bushes with their blouses off, choked to the point of unconsciousness, and kneed in the face. One recruit reported having his rank insignia pinned into the skin of his chest at his promotion ceremony. Weaver never formally reported any of these incidents. He knew better than that. Snitches get stitches.

The most grievous offense Weaver observed involved a drill instructor who would later serve in Siddiqui's platoon, whom I'll call Daniel, and a Muslim recruit from Brooklyn, whom I'll call Ahmed. (The Marines have not released Daniel's real name, and Ahmed declined to comment for this article.) Weaver said that the Third Battalion DIs had been messing with Ahmed since day one. Twice he'd been sent to medical after punishing rounds of incentive training.

Then, one day in July 2015, a DI told his platoon that Ahmed was "probably a Muslim terrorist who is going to kill us all one day." That night, according to a later investigation, Daniel and another Third Battalion DI entered Ahmed's squad bay. Stinking of cinnamon whiskey, they pulled the recruit from his bed and brought him back to the shower room. Daniel and the other DI ordered Ahmed to march around with the water on and then to do push-ups, high-knees, and crunches. Once Ahmed was drenched, the DIs brought him to the laundry room and commanded all six feet and 157 pounds of him to get into one of the industrial dryers.

"Were you part of 9/11? The Marine Corps pays me to weed out spies," one of the DIs told him. According to statements that Ahmed gave after the incident, a DI shut the dryer door and turned it on for roughly thirty seconds.

The DI opened the door. "Who are you working for?"

"Nobody, sir!"

The DIs turned the dryer on for another thirty seconds. They opened the door. One of them asked, "What's your religion?"

"Islam, sir!"

The DIs turned the dryer on even longer. When they opened the door again, Weaver said later, he could hear Ahmed crying.

"You still Muslim?"

"Yes, sir!" Ahmed cried.

When the abuse finally ended, Ahmed had burns on his shoulders and back. A DI from his platoon told him, "It's fucked up what happened to you tonight, but you're going to say nothing."

"Nothing," Ahmed repeated.

The next night, Ahmed's toes were crushed with a guidon. A belt looped around his neck was used to walk him around the squad bay like a dog on a leash. A DI threatened to violate Ahmed with the guidon and to mount him in front of the other recruits to show how he felt about Muslims.

Weaver finished at the top of his basic-training class but hardly made it through the month of combat training that followed. He had trouble sleeping, spent time at the chaplain's office, and was so visibly disturbed that a staff noncommissioned officer allowed him to call home. At specialty school, after his depression deepened and he began thinking about buying sleeping pills, he found his way to the mental-health unit. In September, he was hospitalized and put on suicide watch.

Weaver told his father about the abuse he'd seen and experienced, and one sleepless night, while considering his son's troubles, Troy realized: "This was freaking Parris Island. It's come back to get him." The next morning, Troy told me, he phoned Thomas's commanding officer and explained that his son had spent three months listening to lectures about core USMC values such as honesty and integrity while his DIs encouraged him to lie about being battered and humiliated. After the call, Weaver was summoned to the CO's office to supply a statement. Ahmed and a third Marine from their unit also gave statements.

Those complaints prompted an investigation, which resulted, according to a Marine Corps communiqué that circulated internally this past September, in "sufficient evidence to corroborate allegations of unauthorized incentive training and hazing because of religion and ethnicity, as well as assault." The investigation also found evidence that the DIs were drinking on duty. Daniel was suspended for a few months, but ultimately he and the other accused DIs were allowed to keep their jobs, free and clear.

THE TROUBLE IN the Thumping Third went all the way to the top. The commander of the battalion was Lieutenant Colonel Joshua Kissoon, a twenty-six-year veteran who started in the corps as an enlisted man. The Parris Island brass had long been aware of the Third's troubles, and when Kissoon took over, in 2014, he considered stopping recruit abuse a priority. Soon after assuming command, he began relieving DIs of their jobs. He also ridiculed, belittled, and threatened his subordinates, often reminding company commanders that they could easily be fired. (He declined to comment for this article.)

Then, in the summer of 2015, Kate Germano was relieved of her command. She had overseen an improvement in the performance of the recruits in the Fourth Battalion, which saw none of the physical-abuse allegations that affected the Third. Nevertheless, an investigation concluded that she had "created a hostile, repressive, and unprofessional command climate." Germano told me that she believes she was done in by DIs who resented her insistence that officers have a presence in the squad bays. Whatever the case, Kissoon appears to have taken the lesson to heart. He became much more lenient with his DIs and acknowledged to more than one person that he did not want to suffer Germano's fate.

After the alleged hazing of Ahmed and other incidents came to light, officers under Kissoon's command offered several explanations for inadequately supervising DI behavior in their battalion. They claimed that the steady presence of an officer would undermine the DIs; that the officers avoided squad-bay decks because their appearance forced recruits to stand at attention, thereby interrupting training; and that there was no way of knowing "what was really going on because the DIs are with recruits 24/7."

↓ ***Raheel Siddiqui was*** *one of just four hundred Muslims to train at Parris Island since 2012.*

ACCORDING TO A HEAVILY redacted investigation report, Raheel Siddiqui had been at Parris Island for six days—and with his platoon for barely twenty-four hours—when he first threatened to jump from the squad-bay window. Such threats were not especially surprising in the early stages of boot camp, since it was well known that claiming to have suicidal thoughts was just about the only way for a recruit to quit basic training.

A DI tried to motivate Siddiqui: "How would your family feel if you returned home without becoming a Marine?"

When the pressure didn't work, the DI reported Siddiqui's suicide threat up the chain of command. Siddiqui told the DIs he'd had suicidal thoughts in the past, which he'd never mentioned to his recruiter. The admission was grounds for administrative separation from the Marines, but not even the possibility of being booted from the service for fraudulent enlistment changed Siddiqui's mind.

"The future doesn't matter," he told the DIs. "This recruit is going to kill himself."

Siddiqui was ordered to remove his belt and shoelaces, and emergency medical services and military police soon arrived in the squad bay. Then and there, according to the report, Siddiqui told the MPs that he'd been screamed at and hit by his DIs and couldn't take it any longer. His DIs dismissed these complaints, describing their actions as normal drill corrections. Since Siddiqui hadn't actually tried to hurt himself, he was not taken to a hospital. Instead, he was "cross-decked": confined to a bed in the squad bay of an adjacent platoon and monitored by a "shadow watch"—another recruit—who was under orders to alert a DI if Siddiqui tried anything.

Before long, Siddiqui made a more specific threat to kill himself. He was brought in for an interview with one of the higher-ups on base. The interviewer knew about Siddiqui's claims that he'd been hit, but he never bothered to ask for details.

Kate Germano told me this was the usual practice at Parris Island. "All of these people fall under the regimental commanders, and all of the regimental commanders for a long time have had a rule that you don't ask hard questions." Officers tend to be hands-off, she said, because DIs "think making Marines is their territory. Period."

After his interview, Siddiqui was brought to Recruit Liaison Services, an office that evaluates struggling recruits and helps them return to training. Among other responsibilities, liaisons make sure recruits understand that the consequences of threatening suicide are irreversible. To foster an atmosphere of openness, the office has two waiting areas: one for recruits, the other for the DIs who bring them in. While Siddiqui provided his statement, however, his escort lingered in the recruit room. Siddiqui told the liaison, "This recruit thought threatening to kill himself was the only way to quit. This recruit is 110 percent motivated to return to training." His threats, according to the investigation, were treated as little more than the "magic words that would send him home." (continued on page 156)

YOUR AIRPORT

THE BELTS, BAGS, SHOES, AND SHADES YOU'LL BE PERFECTLY PROUD TO PUT ON DISPLAY IN THE TSA LINE—OR ANYWHERE ELSE—THIS SPRING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PAUL ZAK

Weave In
A braided belt is both rugged and elegant, and you'll never need to add another notch.

Blue belt ($720) and black belt ($930) by **Bottega Veneta.**

Worth the Tassel
Loafers are the ideal way to breeze through security—but tassels and kilted details make them a smart choice wherever you're headed.

Loafers ($725) by **Tod's.**


SECURITY
UPGRADE


GUCCI
GUCCI

Handle It
Classic bags with punk-rock accents make for the perfect carry-ons.

Bags ($1,980 each) by **Gucci.**

Private Eyes
The matte finish on these double-bridge frames modernizes a traditional shape.

Sunglasses ($250 and $270) by **Giorgio Armani.**


LOUIS
VUITTON
PARIS
LOUIS
VUITTON
PARIS

Holding Pattern
Vuitton's America's Cup print comes in bold (the duffel), standard (the passport cover), and supersubtle (the belt).

Bag ($2,085), passport cover ($390), and belt (price upon request) by **Louis Vuitton.**

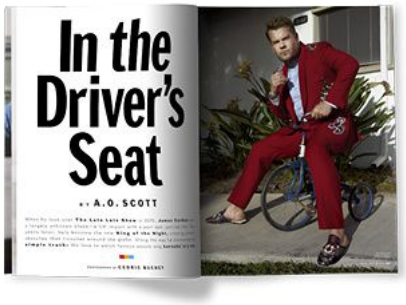
For store information see page 159.

Let Loose
Sandals can be a dicey proposition, but this sporty pair is a great excuse to forgo real shoes. Socks optional.

Sandals (price upon request) by **Prada.**

IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

(continued from page 106)



different at 12:30. Otherwise it would be like having a hospital drama from eight to nine and another from nine to ten. With the same diseases." Winston—who'd ultimately move to Los Angeles without much hesitation to work on the show—was in Brazil with One Direction when Corden called late one night to wonder if he'd talked himself into a job. Winston didn't think much of it. "James often comes back from meetings with offers for things he's never going to do," he said.

Besides, Corden's career seemed to be pointing in every direction other than late night: He was a proven sitcom star with two hit Broadway shows and a Tony Award under his belt and plans for a revival of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. He also had a growing family and didn't like spending his children's birthdays on faraway movie sets. "The more I thought about it," he said, "the more I realized, 'Here's someone offering me a chance to be at home every night with my family and try something that I might do quite well.'" So the family—Julia was pregnant at the time—prepared to make the move from London to Los Angeles.

WHEN THE INEVITABLE question is asked—how did a pudgy British actor, virtually unknown in America when CBS hired him, become a dominant figure on the pop-cultural landscape, host of the Grammys and the Tonys, within a twelve-month span?—it's tempting just to say "Carpool Karaoke" and call it a day. The segment has helped *The Late Late Show*'s YouTube channel surpass nine million subscribers; it is becoming its own stand-alone show on Apple Music (Corden won't be hosting the series, but he'll make an appearance in one episode); it has caused people who, in Rob Crabbe's words, "haven't been in the passenger seat of a regular car in forty years" to fasten their seat belts and loosen up their vocal cords.

There's no question that the segment has been—to quote a song he will surely get around to covering someday—the wind beneath Corden's wings. It plays to his strengths, after all. He looks cool-dad sporty in his trademark buttoned-up polo shirts. He has a terrific voice, full of timbre and expression even in the falsetto range, which often surprises his duet partners. (Just look at Adele's face when she hears his harmony on "Hello.") They, like his viewers, find the way he combines a fan's unabashed delight with serious professional chops to be irresistible. Even within the confines of the driver's seat, he exhibits an improbable physical grace and a disciplined actor's ability to convey nuances of feeling. The thing is antic, ambitious, and sometimes genuinely moving. Corden has staged an impromptu wrestling match with Anthony Kiedis, indulged Madonna's passenger-seat twerking, and chopped it up to "Get Ur Freak On" with Michelle Obama and Missy Elliott. His eyes filled with real tears as Stevie Wonder crooned, "I just called to say James loves you" over the phone to Julia.

Each of those moments has attracted tens of millions of viewers. Even if those eyeballs don't convert into traditional ratings-based advertising dollars, they have helped turn Corden into something that Carson, Leno, and Letterman, in spite of their long careers as ratings magnets and profit engines, never quite managed to become: a global brand. The job of those storied hosts was to go to bed with as many Americans as possible each weeknight, which called for a certain kind of generically American appeal, and also a certain detachment. Most of their successors are trying to run that old game in new ways. Corden is different: a family man, a fan, and a pal; a working-class Brit transmitting his blend of whimsy and sincerity to every corner of the world at every hour of the day.

"He can play a role," Ben Winston said of his old buddy, "act in a sketch, sing a song, perform in any way you can imagine. He's comfortable with who he is—this warm soul with talents that he's very willing to show off. People like him. They feel like he's their friend. He *is* their friend, and that more than anything else is why the show works."

The Late Late Show is now carried in more than 150 markets. In Los Angeles, its host is a local celebrity—sought after at dinner parties, doted on by the staff at the Brentwood steakhouse, recognized on the street. After dinner, we made our way to the valet line, past a small knot of youngish Wednesday-night revelers. "Is that Mr. James Corden?" one of them asked me as the man in question made his way to a nearby ATM.

This fan, a large fellow with a neat goatee, summoned the nerve to ask Corden for a selfie. Corden asked where he was from. "Kuwait," the man said. "We watch you all the time there." Corden was delighted to hear it. The manager, who was keeping a discreetly protective eye on his celebrity patron, was surprised. "You watch him in Kuwait?" he asked, and the two of them continued the conversation in Arabic. The only words I could understand were "Michelle Obama" and "Carpool Karaoke." What more did I need to know?

THE PASSION OF DANIEL

(continued from page 141)

but he has stopped flipping through them. He spends his free time in art galleries and museums.

He has become obsessed with minimalism. He keeps going back to the calming, meditative grids of Agnes Martin; he also returns compulsively to Lucio Fontana, who created his signature works by preparing blank canvases and slashing through each one with a knife.

Much of the menu at Eleven Madison Park reflects a similar aesthetic in spite of its opulence. Unlike many of his culinary contemporaries, restlessly fermenting and foraging in a quest for new flavors and ingredients, Humm fixates on the same ones—white ones, pale ones: apples, fennel, lobster, parsnips. He wants to go painstakingly deeper into each ingredient. He wants to come back to it season after season and make it taste even more like itself. In his mind, he keeps going back to that market in Zurich, hunting for the most perfect head of lettuce, the most exquisite fig.

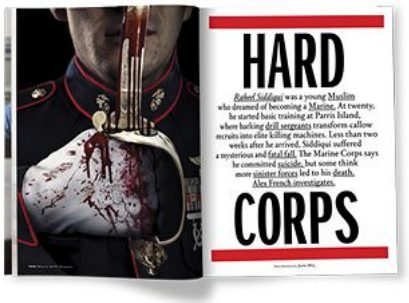
He chronicles every torturous step in a dish's evolution. There is even an archivist at Eleven Madison Park who takes photographs of each dish as it morphs from week to week; those pictures are organized with monastic devotion in a series of R&D binders. Curious about that pear dessert? You can open one of the binders and watch how the dessert changed, just like watching an embryo in a sonogram. Maybe it goes back to his Swiss roots, or that snowy mountainside that once almost sent him hurtling to his death, but Humm's obsession lately has been whiteness. His most distinctive dishes at Eleven Madison Park have become, like certain passages of *Moby-Dick,* veritable studies in whiteness.

"The celery root is the most important dish for me," he says. For years he had tried to figure out how to present dishes in a minimalist way, but he couldn't quite pull it off. Then it clicked: the bland, pallid bulb of celery, transformed through classic French technique into a luxurious orb. On the plate it looks like nothing much—coming across almost like a golf ball that has splashed into a muddy puddle—but it tastes like everything.

"I'm not afraid of making everything all one color," Humm says. "I like extremes. I live in extremes. I always have."

HARD CORPS

(continued from page 147)



Later, when Siddiqui visited the mental-health unit, an attendant reported no evidence of any "disqualifying mental-health condition." Siddiqui was sent back to the 3042. Daniel told the other DIs to go easy on the recruit for the time being.

THE REDACTIONS IN the command investigation make it difficult to know precisely what happened to Siddiqui over the next couple days, though it is clear that some recruits in the platoon were choked, beaten, and manhandled during training. It's also clear, thanks to a report in *The Island Packet,* a local newspaper, that at some point Daniel called Siddiqui a terrorist.

On March 18, five days after Siddiqui's initial complaint, Siddiqui woke his bunkmate after lights out. "I'm really hurting, man," he said. "My body—I'm in pain."

His bunkmate tried to settle him down. "We're all hurting, Siddiqui. Go to sleep."

The next morning, just as the 3042 was scheduled to leave the squad bay, one of the DIs gave Siddiqui a hard time for not sounding off. Siddiqui pointed to his throat and handed the DI a note: "This recruit has to go to medical. This recruit's throat has been swollen for a few days and is getting worse. This recruit cannot speak."

The DI promised postprandial medical attention. After breakfast, Siddiqui was called to the DI hut to fill out a form to get treatment. But Daniel became angry when the recruit failed to greet him properly. Siddiqui was ordered to run from one end of the squad bay to the other, roughly 144 feet, again and again. While running, he grabbed for his neck and began crying. He fell to the deck. Some of the other recruits thought he was faking.

Daniel screwed down on Siddiqui, screaming, "I don't care what's wrong with you, Siddiqui! You're going to say something back to me!"

When Siddiqui didn't respond, Daniel slapped him in the face "between one and three times"—so hard that the sound echoed across the bay. Siddiqui stood, clutching his face, and allegedly ran through the squad-bay doors. Once outside, according to the report, he approached the stairwell, "placing his hands on the railing and attempting to propel his legs over." His feet got caught in the railing, and he tumbled down the other side, falling 38.5 feet. He landed on a short flight of concrete access stairs.

Siddiqui was alive when the paramedics arrived five minutes later. They ruled out an airlift to a Savannah hospital on account of the weather and decided on an airlift to Charleston, which would take about a half hour. The paramedics transported Siddiqui to the Parris Island parade deck to meet the helicopter. Then they changed their minds, instead sending Siddiqui to Beaufort Memorial in an ambulance.

Siddiqui arrived at the hospital more than an hour after he went over the railing. His injuries were grave. The doctors determined that he needed to be transferred to the Medical University of South Carolina in Charleston after all. Siddiqui was admitted to the Medical University at 8:42 A.M., three hours after his fall. The doctors gave him blood transfusions and performed emergency surgeries, but they could not save him. Raheel Siddiqui was pronounced dead at 10:06 A.M.

A FEW DAYS after a Marine casualty report called Raheel Siddiqui's death a suicide, the young man's corpse was returned to his parents in Michigan. His mother spent that night in the funeral home with her boy. She didn't believe the corps' story and hadn't since two uniformed Marines arrived on her doorstep to deliver the news. Her son had always been devout, and for Muslims there's no more grievous sin than taking your own life.

Around Taylor, folks went to pieces—teachers and staff at his old high school; employees at Home Depot; residents of Kensington Courts. After prayers one Friday in late March, members of the American Muslim Society mosque in Dearborn performed the Salat ul-Janaza, the traditional funeral prayer. They asked Allah to forgive Siddiqui's shortcomings and to grant him a place in the highest reaches of paradise. His casket was planted in the ground later that day, in the AMS section of Woodmere Cemetery in southwest Detroit. The crowd included Siddiqui's friends from Home Depot, as well as Debbie Dingell, the congresswoman who represents the Siddiquis' district. Many people from the mosque were conspicuously absent.

Some of these old friends called the Siddiquis at home: "On the news they say Raheel was a suicide. Was he weak? Mentally ill?"

Others were more direct: "We can't be seen with you anymore."

Certain that Raheel didn't take his own life, the Siddiquis hired Shiraz Khan. This past fall, in the drab mustard conference room of his office in Southfield, Michigan, Khan laid out the case against the Marine Corps for me. For one thing, he said, we know that Siddiqui had dared to accuse his DIs of physical abuse—a dangerous allegation in a place where retribution is common. For another thing, the official story requires us to hear in Siddiqui's suicide threats, which he later recanted, a sincere intention to end his life, even though those same threats were originally treated by the Marines as nothing more serious than the weasel words of a recruit who wanted out. Perhaps most important, the suicide determination obscures the Marine Corps' own judgment that "several factors contributed to Siddiqui's death, including maltreatment by his drill instructor team, leadership failures at multiple levels of command, and administrative and process failures that, if avoided, could have reduced the risk of his death."

Khan also suggested that the condition of Siddiqui's body told a far more insidious story than the one presented in the Marine Corps' report. An autopsy found that Siddiqui died of blunt-force trauma sustained during his fall. But it found other injuries as well. There were ligature marks around Siddiqui's neck that looked like a pattern of rope ridges. He had bondage marks on his wrists and ankles. His toes were crushed. And there was evidence of petechial hemorrhaging and bronchial mucosa—common signs of an airway obstructed by manual strangulation, smothering, or hanging.

For these and other reasons, Khan disputes the Marines' characterization of the young man's mental state at the moment he went over the railing. To say that Siddiqui committed suicide, Khan said, precludes the more likely possibility that the young recruit toppled over the railing while fleeing for his life.

And what about witnesses? Fifty-eight other recruits were in the squad bay that morning. Several invoked their right to silence when the investigators asked them for a statement. Others claimed they hadn't watched what happened because observing a fellow recruit receive incentive training could get you in trouble. But as Khan reminded me, the scene between Siddiqui and Daniel played out in the squad bay's center aisle, right in the middle of everything. The report mentions someone who heard Siddiqui hit the ground, but the unredacted portions of the investigation don't mention any eyewitnesses who saw his feet become tangled when he went over the railing.

Khan told me that the Marines have refused to allow the Siddiqui family to see the full, unredacted command investigation. Nor has the family been given 223 of the command investigation's 243 enclosures, including photos and witness statements. (A spokesman for the Marine Training and Education Command, which conducted the investigation into Siddiqui's death, declined to comment for this story.) For Khan, and for the Siddiquis, every part of this story stinks of negligence or foul play. "It all points to one conclusion," Khan said. "The best cover-ups are the ones carried out right in front of your face. This boy didn't jump. He was killed."

Kate Germano doesn't buy the official account of Siddiqui's death, either: "There was physical proof that recruits were being discharged and broken because of the training mechanism in the Third Battalion." She scoffs at the idea that Siddiqui became suicidal just eleven days after arriving at Parris Island. "How does this kid go from graduating at the top of his class, being beloved by his friends and the people he worked with at Home Depot, and being thrilled about becoming a Marine, to being a suicidal jumper with no other inside or outside factors? How is that possible? They don't break like that. They just don't."

SHORTLY AFTER Siddiqui's death, the Marines started firing people. First up was Lieutenant Colonel Kissoon, who was relieved of his command of the Third Recruit Training Battalion on March 31. (The Marines have said that the decision was made a few days before Siddiqui's death, and had been prompted by earlier incidents.) Two months later, Kissoon's immediate superior, Colonel Paul Cucinotta, was also relieved of duty, along with Sergeant Major Nicholas Deabreu, Cucinotta's right-hand man.

In May, the hazing allegations made by Thomas Weaver and Ahmed and the investigations into Siddiqui's death were joined by a third: After receiving an anonymous letter alleging further abuse at Parris Island, President Obama called for an investigation of the Third Battalion. The findings of that investigation were terrifying. Recruits had been beaten by DIs and encouraged to fight one another. They were deprived of meals and forced to exercise until they went unconscious and then denied medical attention. They were also taken to "the dungeon," an unoccupied squad bay, and forced to do illegal incentive training while a lookout kept watch for roving officers. When the DIs involved were replaced and order was restored, the investigation found, recruit performance improved dramatically.

In the wake of the abuse allegations and the investigations that followed Siddiqui's death, fifteen DIs were stripped of their duties and reassigned to different jobs on the base. By September, that number had grown to twenty. At the time of this writing, the Marine Corps had identified four DIs who will face court-martials for abusing recruits at Parris Island. Daniel has not been charged, and the Marines did not make him available for comment.

The internal communiqué sent to Marine public-affairs officers in September suggested several additional ways in which the corps is reforming its training procedures. The communiqué says that Parris Island leadership must engage in regular discussions and ensure that "any allegations are being treated seriously and objectively." Series commanders are now required to conduct private interviews with each recruit during training, and alleged violations of the Recruit Training Order must be reported by the first officer in the recruit's chain of command. Brigadier General Austin Renforth, who took command of Parris Island after Siddiqui's death, has instituted a policy that any hazing violation—hitting or even swearing at a recruit—will get a DI at least temporarily suspended.

Recent news out of Parris Island suggests that the reforms can't come fast enough. In early November, Zachary Boland, an eighteen-year-old recruit with the Second Recruit Training Battalion, died after being found unresponsive in his bed. Just a week earlier, a nineteen-year-old recruit named Kristian Gashaj went over a second-story railing and is currently in a coma.

Gashaj is from Sterling Heights, Michigan, not far from Debbie Dingell's congressional district. The congresswoman told me that she's been pressing the Marine Corps for more answers about the tragedies at Parris Island. "I can't bring Raheel back," she told me. "I've watched his family being torn apart. What I can do for them is try to get the finding of suicide changed. I understand that we need to make Marines, but targeting people because of their religion is not okay. When people hear about the kid being burned in the clothes dryer, that raises consciousness. I am going to fight hate crimes in the military."

In Michigan, Shiraz Khan told me that the Marines' reforms are entirely insufficient. "Are we supposed to just say, 'Oh, all good. They're going to make changes?' No. This young man is dead. His family is left with nothing.... He was going to take care of them. They've been boycotted by the community. We want the government to show these people that it loves them as much as they love the government, not to cast them aside."

Meanwhile, the Siddiquis await justice. Raheel's sister will graduate from high school this spring and attend UM-Dearborn in the fall to study nursing. She's now the family's last and best hope. Nevertheless, her brother's memory looms large. One of the neighbors who has not abandoned the Siddiquis screwed a sign into the cream-colored vinyl siding of their house. It reads, IF LOVE COULD HAVE SAVED YOU, YOU WOULD HAVE LIVED FOREVER.

Siddiqui's room remains exactly as it was last March. Prayer rugs on the top shelf in the closet. Certificates of achievement, graduation photos, diplomas, his valedictory medal. An embroidered passage from the Koran. A handmade tapestry depicting the Kaaba in Mecca. His mother hasn't touched anything, except for the clock on the wall above his bed. She removed the batteries and fixed the hands at 3:30 P.M.—when her son left their house for the last time.

PENIS TRANSPLANT

(continued from page 127)

enough that Dr. Ko and his colleagues outside the door burst into laughter.

The recovery goal that remained to be met—and still does—is sexual functionality. Whether or not Manning ever has another erection will be determined by a number of complex physiological factors. An erection occurs when blood rushes into the minuscule vessels of the penis. Manning's flow remains good, his surgeons say. What maintains the erection, though, is a series of muscle and tissue interactions that constrict the blood so it doesn't drain away. Years without erections can leave these tissues inflexible, making it difficult to achieve and maintain a hard-on. This is common in men who've had prostate surgery, and it's a major concern in Manning's case.

Manning began taking Cialis shortly after the surgery to encourage his blood flow, and one of his immunosuppressants promotes nerve regeneration in the hope of regaining sensation. "We call it penile rehabilitation," Feldman says. The results so far are encouraging: Manning occasionally feels sparks in his penis, a tingling akin to a foot falling asleep. A few times, he's felt what seems to be his penis swelling, though it hasn't done so. "The sensation is there," Manning says, "but it's nothing like it was before."

If the Cialis doesn't lead to reliable erections, there are other measures available—pumps, for instance, or implants. "They have all kinds of things that they can give me," Manning says. When he was in the recovery ward postsurgery, the nurses would often joke with him, asking if he had any idea how many women would want to sleep with the recipient of America's first-ever penis transplant. He hopes to one day return with a warning: "Ladies, I could be the most dangerous man in America right now—a sixty-five-year-old man with a young man's penis!"

MANNING IS HONEST AND UNGUARDED, but he's not inclined toward deep self-reflection. When asked to explain why he didn't feel like a whole person without his penis, he tends to deflect—"Imagine how you'd feel," he'll say and leave it at that. Often, he'll compare the feeling to another situation by pointing out, for example, that women who have

mastectomies often receive reconstructions not because they need them but because they don't feel complete once their breasts are gone.

He takes forty pills a day to help protect his new penis from his body, and his body from infection. Because of the side effects and his lack of physical activity, he's put on some weight. Pain from his once-crushed testicles still wakes him in the middle of the night. He has difficulty going down staircases. He feels foggy. He forgets things. He used to read *The Boston Globe* front to back every day, but now he's lucky if he can focus enough to get through the front section. He's desperate to work again but knows that's impossible for now.

Manning's biggest complaint, though, is the shakes, a result of the immunosuppressants that will eventually be scaled back but never eliminated. He's developed some tricks to control them, such as keeping his hands clasped together or gripping the arms of a chair. But when he puts a hand out and attempts to hold it flat, it vibrates badly. "The meds beat me up really bad," he says. He picks up a pen and slowly writes his name. The result looks like the readout from a Geiger counter.

Shortly after last Thanksgiving, I sat with him at the kitchen table in Florence's home in Halifax, a short drive inland from Plymouth Rock. Florence and her son share a doublewide trailer in a tidy mobile park shaded by fir trees. He spends much of his days in a recliner, trying to read the paper and watching cable news. At least once a week he heads to Mass General for blood tests, and to visit with his ever-growing menagerie of physicians—Cetrulo, Ko, Feldman, and Cori Tanrikut, a reproductive specialist whom Manning refers to as "my penis doctor."

Florence is eighty-three but looks ten years younger. She does her best to minimize stress and anxiety in her older son's life. Because Manning is under strict orders not to strain himself, she plays the role of housekeeper, cook, chauffeur, and nurse. She wants to know everything about his recovery, no matter how uncomfortable the specifics. At first Manning had trouble talking to her so frankly about his penis and its problems, but it no longer bothers either of them. "You lose your vanity real quick," Manning says.

The only time they argue, Florence says, is about food, because Manning is on a strict diet to limit his potassium and doesn't always want to follow it. But he tries. He starts five mornings each week with a bowl of cornflakes, and has scrambled eggs on the other two. He can have fish, chicken, and vegetables, but only in small servings, and very little fruit. Occasionally, Manning's allowed a small bowl of ice cream, his favorite food. Most often, dessert is sugar-free Jell-O, "like I'm still at the hospital," he says.

He was anxiously waiting to hear when his next surgery would be scheduled this time, not for his groin but for his heart. Back when Manning went in for the battery of pretransplant tests in May 2016, he failed one: a heart stress test that revealed a calcified aortic valve. He was allowed to proceed with the transplant so long as he promised to address the cardiac problem shortly thereafter; doctors warned he could have a heart attack at any moment. Before this story is published, surgeons will cut into his chest to replace the damaged valve with a new one, probably from a pig or a calf. Open-heart surgery is a brutal procedure for any patient, but it's even more risky for Manning. He'll have to stop taking some of his antirejection meds, and it's likely that he'll need at least short-term dialysis during recovery.

For Manning, it's just another hiccup. Once the surgery is completed, he expects to be back to full strength. He'll drop the added pounds, resume a more active life, and, he hopes, go back to ferrying bank guts around Boston.

Manning knows he is one of the unluckiest men in America, and also one of the luckiest. "If I didn't have the accident, they wouldn't have found the cancer," he says. "I go for a transplant and they realize I have a heart problem, which I never would have found, either." His life was saved—twice—by happenstance. "There's no doubt in my mind I would've died, but I didn't," he laughs. "Must've disappointed a few people."

MEN WHO DEVELOP penile cancer often need to undergo amputation. Factor in the wounded soldiers and those who've suffered freak accidents with heavy machinery, and the number of males walking America's streets with no penis is higher than one might expect. "You just don't hear about it because that's the last thing a man wants to tell the world," says Ko.

But Manning felt differently. He did his first interviews from his hospital room five days after the surgery. ("We were floored," says Ko. "We did not count on Tom.") Four months later, he took the train to New York City to tape *The Dr. Oz Show* and hasn't stopped talking since. His new name, he likes to joke, is Thomas J. Penis.

"I wasn't shooting for number one," he says. "I was shooting to be normal." He's wary—perhaps overly so—of being turned into the butt of someone's twisted joke, but he accepts that it's a by-product of being honest. "When I talk to people about this little journey I'm on, they say, 'Oh, wow, man, congratulations,'" he says. "But behind the scenes a lot of them think, *What a fucking freak.*" The problem, he believes, is that most men can't envision what it's like to lose a penis, let alone need a new one. "But you ask every guy, of every ethnicity, 'What makes you a man?' I bet the penis would be the first thing."

These days, Manning is finding sturdy ground as a penis-transplant spokesman. He was recently invited to present at a gathering of retired CEOs, at a restaurant on Boston's affluent South Shore. His surgeons have told him that as soon as he's "100 percent" functional, they hope to visit Walter Reed hospital, outside Washington, D.C., to meet with the injured veterans who might one day benefit from a similar procedure. They may even lobby Congress to allocate funds for the servicemen. While Manning plans to be honest with the vets about the downsides—difficult surgery, painful recovery, the pills, the side effects, the boredom—he wants these men to know that the potential benefits are enormous. Maybe a young man will once again feel comfortable being naked in front of others. Maybe he'll pee standing up. And maybe—if all goes well—he'll have sex, and even father children without medical assistance.

The South African surgeon who conducted the first successful transplant told reporters at a press conference: "If you don't have a penis, you are essentially dead. If you give a penis back, you can bring them back to life." Manning never felt dead, but he imagines things might have been different if this had happened when he was younger. He's lucky he's so old: He's had many decades to sow oats, and he won't need to take immunosuppressants for as long as a thirty-year-old would. A younger man will endure more hardships because of the meds and will face potentially greater psychological challenges. Still, Manning hopes that men who are on the brink of giving up will find inspiration in his story.

He tries not to think about sex, because it's not an option for the time being. That doesn't mean Manning has resigned himself to a life without orgasms; he looks forward to dating again. He's already been propositioned once, but he politely rebuffed the woman's offer, telling her, "Right now you'd just be disappointed." If and when he has intercourse, he says he'll first call Ko and Cetrulo, then he'll run to the nearest window and, like Young Frankenstein, yell, "It's alive!" Sometimes he wonders if a woman he sleeps with will, in a way, be having sex with two men—him and the donor.

He thinks often about that man, whose name he'll never know. He can't help it, especially when he sees pubic hair growing in jet-black, several shades darker than what he's had his whole life.

Tom Manning will never know for sure if his new penis is a keeper. Rejection could come at any time. But so could death. And at least he tried. He reminds himself all the time: *You're never going to be who you once were. You're never going to forget what happened. But you didn't give up, kid. You got knocked down. You came back swinging.*

CREDITS

The Code, p. 65: Prada **rain jacket, jacket, shirt, trousers, shoes,** and **socks,** prada.com. **P. 68:** Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci **backpack,** 212-650-0180. David Adjaye for Knoll **chairs,** knoll.com. **P. 70:** Michael Bastian Gray Label **jacket** and **shirt,** nordstrom.com. Michael Bastian Gray Label **trousers,** bloomingdales.com. Michael Bastian Gray Label **loafers** and **pocket square,** amazon.com. Michael Bastian **belt, sweater,** and **shorts,** michaelbastian-nyc.com. **P. 72:** Louis Vuitton **shoes,** louisvuitton.com. **P. 76:** Hermès **shirt, trousers, loafers,** and **bag,** hermes.com. **P. 77:** Hermès **belt, suit, shirt, loafers,** and **scarf,** hermes.com. **P. 78: Watches:** Baume & Mercier, baume-et-mercier.com. Tudor, tudorwatch.com. Oris, tourneau.com. Raymond Weil, raymond-weil.com. Smythson **notebook,** smythson.com.

Stand Out in Camo, p. 114: Giuseppe Zanotti Design **jacket,** giuseppezanottidesign.com. Bally **trousers,** 212-751-9082. **P. 115:** Valentino **jacket, T-shirt, trousers,** and Valentino Garavani **shoes,** valentino.com. **P. 116:** Banana Republic **shirt,** bananarepublic.com. Dries Van Noten **trousers,** saks.com. AMI Alexandre Mattiussi **sneakers,** amiparis.fr. Bell & Ross **watch,** 212-751-9824. **P. 117:** Dolce & Gabbana **jacket,** dolcegabbana.it. L. L. Bean **sweater,** llbean.com. **Pp. 118–119:** DSquared2 **jacket, shirt,** and **trousers,** dsquared2.com. Santoni **shoes,** santonishoes.com. **P. 119:** Bottega Veneta **shirt,** 800-845-6790. Calvin Klein **trousers,** calvinklein.com. **P. 120:** Moncler **jacket,** moncler.com. Dior Homme **shirt, trousers,** and **shoes,** diorhomme.com. **P. 121:** Canali **suit,** canali.com. Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci **sweatshirt,** 212-650-0180. Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci **sunglasses,** saks.com.

Hang Loose, p. 128: Bottega Veneta **jacket, shirt,** and **trousers,** 800-845-6790. Vans **sneakers,** vans.com. Ray-Ban **sunglasses,** ray-ban.com. **P. 129:** Giorgio Armani **jacket, shirt,** and **trousers,** armani.com. Polo Ralph Lauren **sunglasses,** ralphlauren.com. **P. 130:** Ralph Lauren **jacket, shirt,** and **trousers,** ralphlauren.com. Vans **sneakers,** vans.com. Polo Ralph Lauren **sunglasses,** ralphlauren.com. **P. 131:** Salvatore Ferragamo **suit, shirt,** and **tie,** 866-337-7242. Ray-Ban **sunglasses,** ray-ban.com. **P. 132:** Ermenegildo Zegna **suit,** zegna.com. Vans **sneakers,** vans.com. **P. 133:** Etro **suit,** etro.com. Vans **sneakers,** vans.com.

Your Airport Security Upgrade, p. 148: Bottega Veneta **belts,** 800-845-6790. **P. 149:** Tod's **loafers,** tods.com. **P. 150:** Gucci **bags,** gucci.com. **P. 151:** Giorgio Armani **sunglasses,** sunglasshut.com. **P. 152:** Louis Vuitton **bag, passport cover,** and **belt,** louisvuitton.com. **P. 153:** Prada **sandals,** prada.com.

Photographs & Illustrations

Table of Contents, p. 25: Hopper: Alan Pappé; hand: Philip Friedman/Studio D; **pp. 25, 30:** Hand illustration: clipart.com. **Masthead, p. 32:** Studio D. **The Big Bite, p. 40:** Market: Cathrine Wessel/Trunk Archive; baths: Telmo Estêvão; dish: László Balkanyi; tuk tuk: Ponphan Ruengchai/Alamy; **p. 41:** Barnes: Grant Legan; Cabo: Bauer Syndication/Trunk Archive; dish: Tato Gomez; Priebus: Saul Loeb; Bannon: Associated Press; flag: Ulrich Baumgarten; Riefenstahl: Keystone-France; Fox: NBC/Everett Collection; Nolte: Ignat/Bauer-Griffin; honey badger: Doug Cheeseman; **p. 42:** Philip Friedman/Studio D; **p. 50:** Cyrus: Frazer Harrison; Coyne: David Black; radio: Philip Friedman/Studio D; **p. 52:** Studio D; **p. 54:** Keller: Stas May; *Fargo*: Chris Large/FX; *Supernatural*: Liane Hentscher/The CW/Everett Collection; *I Am Jane Doe*: Richard Schultz; map: Philip Friedman/Studio D; **p. 56:** Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D; **p. 57:** Trump: Don Emmert; hotel: Daniel Rosenbaum/Redux; Bourdain: Gustavo Caballero; **p. 58:** László Moholy-Nagy, title unknown, 1920/21: Los Angeles County Museum of Art, gift of Kate Steinitz (M.69.51.1), © 2016 Hattula Moholy-Nagy/Artists Rights Society, New York/VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn, photo © Museum Associates/LACMA; László Moholy-Nagy, photograph (self-portrait with hand), 1925/29: Galerie Berinson, Berlin, © 2016 Hattula Moholy-Nagy/Artists Rights Society, New York/VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn; **p. 62:** Projectors: Philip Friedman/Studio D. **The Code, p. 65:** Grooming by William Murphy using Dior Homme for Atelier Management; **p. 66:** Costello: Chris Gabrin; watch: Philip Friedman/Studio D; **p. 68:** Ben Goldstein/Studio D; **p. 70:** Grooming by Holly Gowers for Atelier Management; **p. 72:** Shoes: Ben Goldstein/Studio D; Ellis: Mark Read; Ive: Dorothy Hong; Bowie: Andrew Kent/bowiebehindthecurtain.com; **p. 74:** Pen: Philip Friedman/Studio D; moth: De Agostini Picture Library; **p. 76:** Nichanian: Emanuele Fontanesi; **p. 77:** Models: Getty; belt: Philip Friedman/Studio D; **p. 78:** Ben Goldstein/Studio D; **p. 80:** Chair: 1stdibs.com; Monsieur Bleu: Adrien Dirand; Villa Savoye: Giovanni Del Brenna/Redux. **The Mavericks of Hollywood 2017, pp. 90, 92, 93–96, 98:** Styling: Jenkins, Chazelle, Ahmed, and Landis: Krissie Torgerson; Farah, Sheridan, and Hader: Nick Sullivan; styling assistance: Jenkins, Chazelle, and Ahmed: Alfred Rodriguez; Farah, Sheridan, Hader, and Landis: Mark-Paul Barro; set design: Jenkins, Farah, Hader, and Landis: Nicholas Faiella for Art Department; grooming: Jenkins: Simone Frajnd using Lancôme for Exclusive Artists; Chazelle: Sonia Lee using La Mer for Exclusive Artists; Farah: Erin Blinn; Sheridan: Lauren Kaye Cohen for Tracey Mattingly; Ahmed: Jhizet Panosian for Forward Artists; Hader: Catherine Furniss for Tack Artist Group; Landis: Candice Birns for Crosby Carter Management; **p. 91:** Duffer brothers: Christian Anwander; Price: Rodin Eckenroth; *Anchorman*: Moviestore Collection Ltd./Alamy; *Talladega Nights*: Zuma Press, Inc./Alamy; *The Big Short*: Photos 12/Alamy; Driver: Terry Richardson/Art Partner; **p. 93:** Jóhannsson: Jonas Lindstroem; *Mr. Robot*: Christopher Saunders/USA Network/Everett Collection; *The Revenant*: 20th Century Fox Film Corporation/Everett Collection; Landgraf: Matt Winkelmeyer; **p. 94:** *The Unusuals*: ABC-TV/REX/Shutterstock; Shannon: Daniel Bergeron; **p. 97:** Glover: Marcus Hyde; *21 Jump Street*: Entertainment Pictures/Alamy Stock Photo; *Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs*: Sony Pictures/Everett Collection; *The Lego Movie*: Collection Christophel/Alamy; Brolin: Joe Pugliese/August; Murphy: Alberto E. Rodriguez. **In the Driver's Seat, p. 102:** Craig Sugden/CBS Broadcasting; **p. 105:** Corden with wife: Jeffrey Mayer. **An Uncensored Guide to Quality Smut, p. 108:** Emily Labouerie; **p. 111:** Gregory Derkenne; **p. 113:** Alessandro Casagrande. **America's First Penis Transplant, pp. 122–123:** Prop styling by Alex Brannian for Bernstein & Andriulli; **pp. 124–125:** Massachusetts General Hospital; **p. 126:** Massachusetts General Hospital; **p. 127:** Cooler: Illeximage; illustration: Artwork © 2013 Tim Phelps, Department of Art as Applied to Medicine, Johns Hopkins University; Manning: Massachusetts General Hospital. **What I've Learned, p. 135:** David Montgomery.

Esquire (ISSN 0194-9535) is published monthly (except combined issues in December/January and June/July), 10 times a year, by **Hearst Communications, Inc.,** 300 West 57th St., NY, NY 10019 USA. Steven R. Swartz, President and Chief Executive Officer; William R. Hearst III, Chairman; Frank A. Bennack, Jr., Executive Vice-Chairman; Catherine A. Bostron, Secretary. **Hearst Magazines Division:** David Carey,President; John A. Rohan, Jr., Senior Vice-President, Finance. Periodicals postage paid at N. Y., N. Y., and additional entry post offices. Canada Post International Publications mail product (Canadian distribution) sales agreement no. 40012499. Editorial and Advertising Offices: 300 West 57th St., NY, NY 10019-3797. Send returns (Canada) to Bleuchip International, P. O. Box 25542, London, Ontario N6C 6B2. **Subscription prices:** United States and possessions, $7.97 a year; Canada and all other countries, $19.97 a year. **Subscription services:** Esquire will, upon receipt of a complete subscription order, undertake fulfillment of that order so as to provide the first copy for delivery by the Postal Service or alternate carrier within four to six weeks. From time to time, we make our subscriber list available to companies that sell goods and services by mail that we believe would interest our readers. If you would rather not receive such mailings via postal mail, please send your current mailing label or an exact copy to Mail Preference Service, P. O. Box 6000, Harlan, IA 51593. You can also visit preferences.hearstmags.com to manage your preferences and opt out of receiving marketing offers by e-mail. For customer service, changes of address, and subscription orders, log on to service.mag.com or write to Customer Service Department, Esquire, P. O. Box 6000, Harlan, IA 51593. Esquire is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art. None will be returned unless accompanied by return postage and envelope. Canada BN NBR 10231 0943 RT. **Postmaster:** Please send address changes to Esquire, P. O. Box 6000, Harlan, IA 51593. **Printed in the USA.**

Judd APATOW

Director

I had heard that Clint Eastwood lifted weights and that was the secret to his energy and youthful demeanor. But then he talked to the chair at the RNC and I thought, *If lifting weights leads to that, I'm not doing it.* I used this gym three times, and then it became a storage room. Starts out as weights; turns into a clothesline. So my favorite thing is not working out.

Still, the equipment could be used one day, so just keeping it there means anything's possible. All hoarding is hope. You think, *I can't die because I have to watch that stack of DVDs!* Makes you feel immortal, having too much stuff.

Judd Apatow, who produced the new HBO series "Crashing," at his office in Los Angeles.

photograph: **Nathaniel Wood**

BOTTEGAVENETA.COM

BOTTEGA VENETA