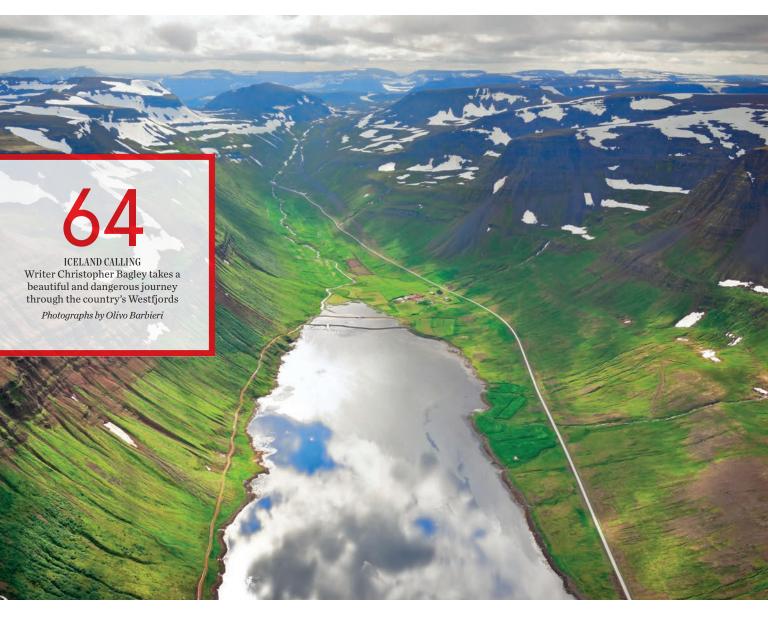


BLOOMBERG PURSUITS

DEPARTMENTS / SPRING 2015



- 10 CONTRIBUTORS
- 12 THAT '70s SHOW This season's fashion takes inspiration from the disco decade By Shibon Kennedy
- 20 WELCOME, MATES! Canberra, Australia's overlooked capital, is having a moment By Mark Ellwood
- 22 IRON MAIDEN A cast-iron skillet that will make any meal better By Rebecca Thienes

- 24 A-LIST CAST
 An expert on the top fishing rods for your next outing
 By Keenan Mayo
- 26 SHINE BRIGHT TONIGHT Luxe skin creams formulated to revitalize dull winter skin By Aja Mangum
- 27 MAD OBSESSIONS
 Tech museums, pens, hot
 dogs—what excites *Mad Men*creator Matt Weiner *By Arianne Cohen*
- 28 HOT PLATES
 Gorgeous restaurant
 ceramics you can purchase
 for your home
 By Tejal Rao

- 30 THE SIMPLE PATH
 Elegant chokers that dress
 up basic outfits
 By Erica Blumenthal
- 32 CLASSIC COCKTAILS Vintage alcohol is the latest thing in fancy drinks By Mark Ellwood
- 33 SLIP-ONS GROW UP Sophisticated black-andwhite sneakers for men By Moti Ankari and Nic Screws
- 34 TOP-DOWN APPROACH
 Three awesome
 convertibles for warmweather cruising
 By Hannah Elliott

- 36 SHE SEES THE LIGHT
 Lighting designer Bec
 Brittain makes statement
 pieces for any room
 By Monica Khemsurov
- 38 LION'S CLUB

 The one driver you need in your golf bag this year

 By Keenan Mayo
- 100 WORTH IT

 A smart double-breasted suit from a new line,
 Huntsman, that can be yours for \$2,500

 By Kurt Soller



42 LUMINOUS BEINGS
Spring's most gorgeous
clothing, featuring
eight stunning looks for
men and women
Photographs by Jork Weismann
Styled by Markus Ebner

54 FAMILY STYLE Tatiana and Katia Levha, the French sisters behind

> Paris's Le Servan, are revitalizing bistro dining By Tejal Rao Photographs by Estelle Hanania; styled by Annabelle Jouot at Call My Agent

64 INTO THE FJORDS
A daring trip to Iceland's
Westfjords, a wild and
isolated region only
20 miles south of the
Arctic Circle
By Christopher Bagley

By Christopher Bagley Photographs by Olivo Barbieri 76 CASHMERE ROCK STAR
Greg Chait, founder of
luxury sweater company
the Elder Statesman, is
changing the way we dress
By Kurt Soller
Photographs by Ryan Pfluger

CONTRIBUTORS



What's the one thing you plan on buying this spring?



Christopher Bagley Into the Fjords Page 64

"I'm getting a Stewart 9-foot-6-inch surfboard. Having finally admitted to myself that I'll never be good enough (or young enough) to ride a shortboard, I'm buying a big, classic California longboard-made in San Clemente, not far from my new home in L.A."



"I've been dreaming about the 1970s-esque disco platforms from the Saint Laurent spring runway since I first saw them. Just thinking about them makes me want to go dancing."



Shibon Kennedy That '70s Show Page 12

"I desperately need a Proenza Schouler colorblocked bag. The red and orange tote is a favorite, and I've been saving up to buy it as a splurge."



Stephen Pulvirent

Time of the Season Page 90

"This spring I'm finally picking up the Mismo M/S backpack. The canvas shell is held together with leather straps and brass hardware-it's sleek and modern but also durable. This will be the third addition to my collection of the Danish brand's bags."



Tejal Rao Family Style

Page 54 "Spring means plenty of big, fizzy, refreshing gin and tonics. I'll be stocking up on St. George's lush Terroir gin from California, Barr Hill's honeysweetened concoction from Vermont, and Sun Liquor's heavy-duty Gun Club Gin."



Kurt Soller

Cashmere Rock Star Page 76

"I'd like a pair of simple, classic Gucci horsebit loafers. I'm sick of wearing sneakers every day."

BloombergPursuits

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INTELLIGENCE

TIME WELL SPEN

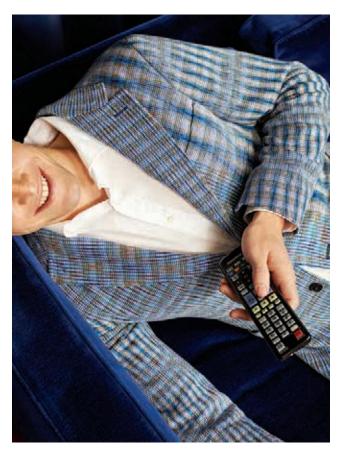
That '70s Show

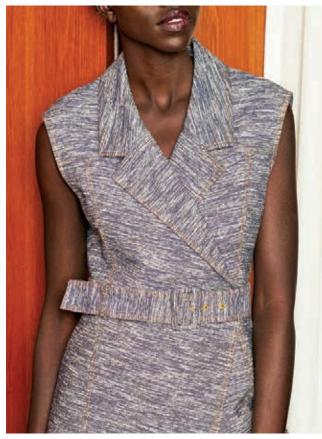
Loud prints, bell bottoms, wide lapels: Spring's best designer looks take inspiration from the disco decade

Photographs by Sacha Maric



FASHIONINTELLIGENCE





LEARN TO LOVE SPACE DYE

HIM: Missoni mixed-blue blazer, \$2,270; Todd Snyder white button-up, \$225 HER: Jason Wu denim tweed sleeveless belted dress, \$1,995







SPORT A DOUBLE-SEAMED COLLAR

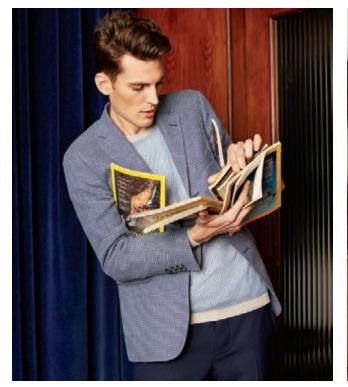
LEFT: Prada jacket, \$3,280; Dior in between visions shirt, \$870; CENTER: Prada blouse, \$890; Paul Smith Royle spectacles, \$340; RIGHT: Valentino lightweight silk, cashmere, and wool jacket, \$4,500; PS by Paul Smith sweater, \$365



COMBINE SUEDE WITH PATTERNS

Burberry bordeaux suede jacket, \$4,495; DKNY dark rose cotton button-down, \$195; Bally mixed silk-wool trousers, \$850; John Lobb warwick derby, \$1,795

FASHIONINTELLIGENCE







ADD A BIT OF BLUE

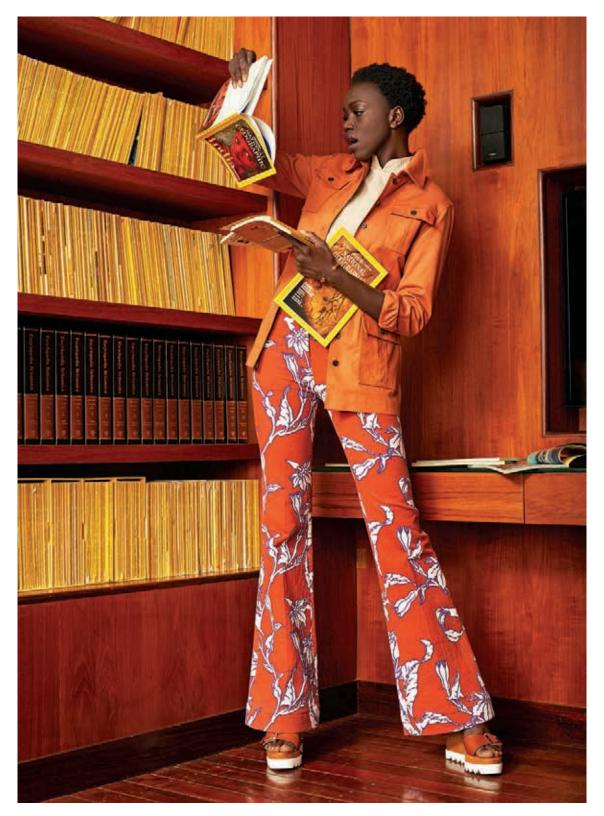
TOP: Massimo Alba BSA blazer, \$1,375; DKNY shirt, \$195;
Marni trousers; \$640
BOTTOM: Baldwin denim, \$220;
Santoni shoes, \$875



MIX IN A SPORTY STRIPE

TOP: Mulberry lurex jumper, \$760; Nomia midnight-blue pleated skirt, \$345; Maryam Nassir Zadeh Palma sandals, \$402; Paul Smith bag, \$1,495
BOTTOM: Carven dentelle-lace racer dress in ecru, \$1,690

FASHIONINTELLIGENCE



DARE TO WEAR WIDE-LEGGED PANTS

Nomia sand crop top, \$254; Maryam Nassir Zadeh camille jacket, \$736; Karen Walker bluebell flares, \$285; Chrissie Morris brown and suede leather wedges, \$925; Jennifer Fisher cuff, \$1,230



↑THE CUPPING ROOM

Indulge in Australian coffee snobbery at this cafe, owned and operated by Canberran small-batch roaster Ona Coffee. Forget americanos and espressos-try long or short blacks and swap a cappuccino for a flat white. Perch on the terrace for breakfast or lunch, and enjoy gooey banana hot cakes with salted caramel sauce or a salmon tartare drizzled in chardonnay vinegar. 1/1-13 University Ave., +61 2 6257-6412; thecuppingroom.com.au

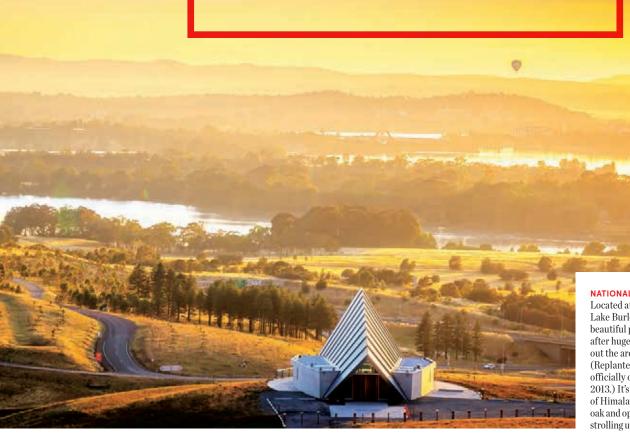
TRAVELINTELLIGENCE

Welcome, Mates!
Canberra, once
thought of as Australia's
must-miss capital,
is coming into its own

By Mark Ellwood

> Sydney, Melbourne, the Gold Coast, the Great Barrier Reef ... Canberra, Australia's eighth-largest city, doesn't generally make the mainstream tourism cut. That's about to change. Best known for its large university and somewhat sleepy night life, Canberra has been revitalized by an influx of bars, restaurants, and boutique hotels. The chic little city, which celebrated its centennial in 2013, is only a three-hour drive from Sydney and Melbourne and the perfect place to stop for a few nights. Go soon, before it's spoiled by everyone else. Here's your itinerary.





NATIONAL ARBORETUM

Located at the western end of Lake Burley Griffin, this beautiful park was created after huge bush fires wiped out the area in 2003. (Replanted in 2005, it officially opened in February 2013.) It's filled with forests of Himalayan cedar and cork oak and open every day for strolling until 8:30 p.m.







► A. BAKER Go to this standout on Sundays, when there's live music and an alfresco bar. During the rest of the week, it's a quiet place where you can enjoy a double short black. For breakfast, order baker Ruslan Salbiev's bread-try the soy linseed 10-grain sourdough. Downstairs is a small bar, and the best martinis are made with Aussie gin or vodka from Kangaroo Island near Adelaide. NewActon Pavilion Unit 2, 15 Edinburgh Ave., +61 2 6287-6150; abaker.com.au

◆ EIGHTY SIX The entire menu at this restaurant in the suburb of Braddon is scrawled on a large chalkboard wall; dishes are produce-driven, so there's a finite number of each available. As soon as one's finished, it's struck through, or eighty-sixed, hence the name. The best seats for the two evening servings are the stools by the open kitchen. There, you can watch chef-owner Gus Armstrong cook his riffs on diner staples. The free-range meat is slow-cooked in a tomato barbecue sauce, then finished under a grill so the outside is crunchy. Save room for the other best-known dish: a sundae piled high with house-made peanut brittle and popcorn ice cream. Elouera St., Mode 3 Building, Braddon, +61 2 6161-8686; eightysix.com.au



MHOTEL HOTEL Inspired by a traditional outback shack, this 68-room hotel is entirely Australian-made, from the bed linens and toiletries to the wine in the minibar. The lobby is dominated by a huge concrete hearth, with low-slung leather sofas designed for grazing from the hotel restaurant, Monster. For a late-night snack, try bao buns stuffed with pork that's been sous-vide for 38 hours, excellent with the thick-cut, house-made French fries. Doubles from about \$285; NewActon Nishi, 25 Edinburgh Ave., +61 2 6287-6287; hotel-hotel.com.au







小 LAKE BURLEY GRIFFIN

The city is centered around this pretty body of water, named after American architect Walter Burley Griffin, who, with his wife, Marion, designed Canberra in 1913. The lake is lined with wide, tree-lined boulevards.

← MOLLY Listing coordinates instead of an address is a bit twee, but persevere. This speakeasy's booth-lined basement, a former bank vault, is known for its on-site deli. Brass keys are held by regulars, who can rent a safe to store their bottles. 35° 16′ 46.45″ S − 149° 7′ 35.23″ E (Hobart Place, Civic Centre); molly.net.au

COOKINGINTELLIGENCE

The skillet is

preseasoned with organic flaxseed oil; there's no need for that first coating of oil at home

IRON MAIDEN

THE ONE PAN YOU NEED IN YOUR KITCHEN

By Rebecca Thienes

To make a perfectly tender yet crispy steak, you need a good cast-iron skillet, and this Finex 12-inch is better than anything you'll find at Williams-Sonoma. Crafted in Portland, Ore., it features a useful octagonal shape that allows cooks to pour liquid from different angles. The polished stainless steel spring handle quickly dissipates heat, so it won't burn your hand. The cooking surface, which a machining process smooths to antiqued perfection, is quick-release, easy to clean, and resistant to scratches from metal spatulas. And with its modern, unusual design, the Finex will look supercool on your stovetop.

\$195; finexusa.com

Finex founder Mike Whitehead initially raised money on Kickstarter, where he exceeded his goal of \$25,000 by 844 percent

> The inside is "as smooth as glass," Whitehead says

GEARINTELLIGENCE

AN A-LIST CAST

A FISHING ACE ON
THE BEST RODS AND
REELS TO CATCH
THE REALLY BIG ONE
By Keenan Mayo



THE EXPERT

KARL ANDERSEN

Equipment specialist at

New York's Urban Anglers

THE REEL The Daiwa Millionaire M7HTMAGST Surf Reel

The latest version of a stalwart that first made its mark in the 1980s, "the Millionaire is one of the classics," Andersen says. "It's super-rugged and maintenance-free." It casts a really long way—the spool is capable of reaching 30,000 rpm and comes with a built-in, self-protecting mechanism that applies a slow break when the reel nears its maximum speed. \$499.99; tackledirect.com

THE REEL The Quantum EXO PT

EXO is shorthand for "exoskeleton," describing the reel's unique aluminum frame, which is all about lightness. Every piece that didn't have a direct impact on structural strength was removed. "Lighter means less torque on your arm," Andersen says. "You're going to be able to cast it all day and feel the difference." \$299.99; tacklewarehouse.com



FOR BAITCASTING

EXDIPT

THE ROD The Carolina Cast Pro Series Factory Built 12-foot-8

This one was designed by Tommy Farmer, six-time American surfcasting distance champion. (His longest toss is almost 860 feet, or roughly three football fields.) Essentially a carbon-fiber catapult—designed to throw up to 6 ounces of bait—it also has a surprisingly light tip for bite-detection. Good for striped bass, redfish, and mackerel. \$309.95; carolinacastpro.com

THE ROD The Orvis Recon Freshwater Fly Rod

Orvis released the Recon series in early 2015 as a follow-up to the high-end Helios line, which returned the Vermont-based brand to fly-fishing prominence in 2008. Made from a proprietary blend of graphite and resin, this rod is incredibly light (2.63 ounces) and durable. It's perfect for long hours wading in the trout-filled streams of Montana or Maine. \$425; orvis.com

THE REEL The Tibor Signature Series Reel

The elegant Signature Series features a dark, unreflective spool that won't spook fish, as well as an innovative seal to protect its most important mechanism—the line-slowing "drag"—from the elements. "Tibor has the finest metal parts," Andersen says. "People will fish with this reel their whole lives and pass it to their children." \$770; tibor.com

THE ROD The Seeker S-Glass React Pro Bass Rod

Designed by Brad Loomis, son of Gary Loomis, the greatest fishing rod designer of all time. "Loomis is a bass fisherman and knows exactly what a bass angler wants," Andersen says. The fiberglass-and-graphite composite rod is strong enough for hauling in an enormous bass, yet supple enough for creative puppeteering. \$259.99; tacklewarehouse.com

COR FLY FISH.

0

BEAUTYINTELLIGENCE

Shine Bright Tonight

Face creams that add luminance to dull, sad skin. By Aja Mangum

SHISEIDO WHITE LUCENT
ALL DAY BRIGHTENER
This lightweight cream is great for women with mild discolorations. It contains 4MSK to combat melanin production and also works as a subtle face highlighter. \$57

2
CHANEL LE BLANC
BRIGHTENING
MOISTURE LOTION
Use this lotion day or night
to help prevent and reduce
dark spots. It's the consistency
of a serum, so is best for
combination skin. \$67.50

AMARTE AQUA LOTION
Another light formula that contains something called purified nano-sulfur, which brightens and purifies skin. It has a nice citrus scent and is good for oily complexion. \$75

LA PRAIRIE CELLULAR SWISS
ICE CRYSTAL EMULSION
The bottle looks like something
out of Superman's Fortress of
Solitude, and the fancy lotion
inside contains peptides to
revitalize and protect skin from
city environments. \$300

ESTEE LAUDER RE-NUTRIV
ULTIMATE DIAMOND
TRANSFORMATIVE
ENERGY CREME
What could be bad about
diamonds? This silky cream also
has pearls. And truffles. And
24-karat gold. It's perfect for
superdry skin. \$350

DOLCE & GABBANA
AUREALUX CREAM
Best for women who want
plumping, the Aurealux has
ingredients such as vitamin B3
and Italian olive oil to strengthen.
It smells a bit perfumy, if you're
into that kind of thing. \$129

GUERLAIN BLANC
DE PERLE REFRESHING
HYDRATING CREAM
The big draw here is the extract
of the Uwajima pearl, found
off the coast of Japan. It works
well on both sun spots and age
discoloration. \$132



CELEBRITYINTELLIGENCE



THE CARLYLE NEW YORK

"I love going there for vacation or business. It's just a very elegant place with a long history, close to the park and kind of neighborhoody. It makes me feel like I'm in the movie version of New York."



MACK WELDON SOCKS

"You cannot walk barefoot in my office—the
carpeting has never been
changed, and I think it's
from 1958. I got a bunch
of Mack Weldon socks as
a gift from Janie Bryant,
our costume designer.
I like a slightly furrier
sock, and I love a happy,
red-striped sock."

KAWECO PENS

"I keep a pen in my pocket at all times. It's an aluminum Kaweco AL Sport fountain pen. It's small and indestructible and never leaks. I don't carry a business card, so I have to have a pen."



NIKE+ FUELBAND SE

"You definitely know if you're walking enough—some days mine thinks it's sitting on a dresser. But the men's room is so far from my office that it's actually made a difference."



KONA MOUNTAIN COFFEE

"I've never told someone to get me a cup of coffee, because I'm so particular. I've had it sent to me from Kona Mountain Coffee for eight years. What I put in it is the embarrassing thing: Coffee-Mate, because it doesn't make it cold, and Sweet'N Low. I drink three 16-ounce cups a day."

Matt Weiner

The Mad Men creator talks architecture, wearable tech, and the food that might kill him

> "You can probably tell from the show that I'm a materialist," says Matt Weiner, 49, whose series, *Mad Men*, begins its final seven-episode run on AMC on April 5. Weiner, who lives in Los Angeles with his wife, Linda Brettler, and their four sons, says he's looking forward to attending to his many extracurricular passions in his newly freed up schedule. "It's a hard-wired personality thing," he says. "I like objects and appreciate the artisanship involved." Here are some of his favorites. —*Arianne Cohen*

THE OLIVETTI SHOWROOM

"My wife is an architect, and we have more photographs of stair treads than I do of my children. The Olivetti showroom in Venice is just exquisite. It's interlocking pieces of wood in this economy of space with great materials—it's modern but wooden."



"I have very pedestrian food tastes. My favorite food is hot dogs, and I have to fight not to eat them at every meal, or I'd be dead."



Fine china is passé. At some of the best restaurants around the world, chefs are collaborating with ceramicists on hand-thrown clay dinnerware.

By Tejal Rao



KEITH KREEGER

Kreeger produces striking ceramics for top chefs, including Paul Qui of Qui, in Austin, Texas, and Tim Maslow of Boston's Ribelle. "I want each piece to feel individual," he says, "and to elevate your daily rituals." \$115; keithkreeger.com



JONO PANDOLFI

Pandolfi taught pottery
for years before focusing on his
own designs. Now he counts
New York's Eleven Madison Park,
Atera, and Gramercy Tavern
as clients and heads a small
team of potters. This darkshelled coupe bowl was designed
with Eleven Madison chef
Daniel Humm.
\$160 for four; jonopandolfi.com



FELT + FAT

Nathaniel Mell and Wynn Bauer turn out extraordinary work for local Philadelphia restaurants such as Fork, Laurel, and High Street on Market. For their marble plate series, they mix their own tinted porcelain clay and cast it in handmade molds to create a smoky swirl of pastels. \$64; feltfat.squarespace.com



OWEN WALL

Wall creates a wide range of styles for some of London's most exciting restaurants, including the Ledbury and the Clove Club. He frequently works with bright, glossy glazes, but some of his most recent pieces have a more timeless, naturalistic look, such as these dishes, which resemble the surface of the moon.

\$68; owenwall.co.uk

JEWELRYINTELLIGENCE

Eddie Borgo rhodium-plated brass bicone hinged choker \$250

Wes Gordon tissue-knit tubular pullover \$490

Jennifer Alfano 18-karat gold and diamond Greek key pendant \$2,945

Wes Gordon soft wrap jacket \$1,750

Miriam Salat gold chain choker \$395

Billy Reid Cardelia polo dress \$995

Sidney Garber
18k yellow-gold
wraparound
snake necklace
with diamonds
\$10,900

Joseph Bibby blouse \$495

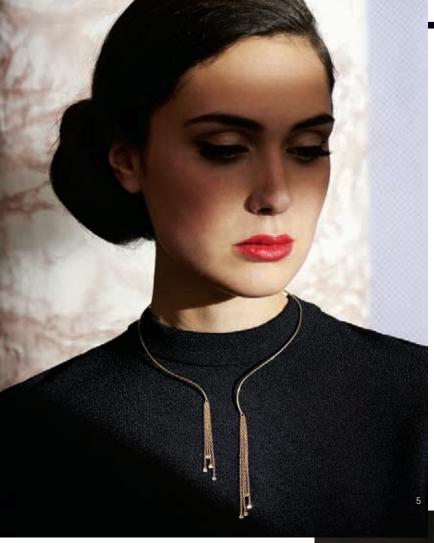
THE SIMPLE PATH

EIGHT GOLD
CHOKERS ADD
ELEGANCE TO
WARM-WEATHER
OUTFITS

Photographs by SACHA MARIC











MARKET EDITOR: ERICA BLUMENTHAL. STYLING: JULIE SIMON. HAIR AND MAKEUP: REBECCA GARCIA.

Jacquie Aiche
14k chain showers
necklace with
diamond bezels
\$4,875

Joseph top \$495

6 Yossi Harari 18k gold and diamond lace choker \$6,335

Risto blouse \$295

7 **Kismet by Milka** 14k rose-gold and black-diamond choker \$6,111

Risto blouse \$280

Tiffany Elsa Peretti claw necklace in 18k gold with green jade \$9,800

Billy Reid Joannie blouse \$275

DRINKSINTELLIGENCE

CLASSIC COCKTAILS

THE LATEST THING IN FANCY SPIRITS IS DELICIOUS VINTAGE BOOZE By Mark Ellwood

Photograph by WILLIAM MEBANE

30-plus-year-old bottles from cellars around the world and resells them to high-end bars

The flavor of this 1960s Cinzano Formula Antica is stronger and smoother than its current incarnation.

Old wine is good; old liquor is not. Or so the thinking went until Edgar Harden, a Christie's wine specialist, came across a client's unwanted cases of 1960s Gordon's Gin. Instead of trashing it, Harden went home and made a martini. "It tasted incredible," he says of his 2008 discovery. "It was softer, with the citrus coming forward." Liquor evolves in the bottle, and over time, Harden found, gin's juniper flavor fades as the citrus becomes more prominent. He also discovered that rum tends to become lighter and subtler with age. He now hunts for

> like New York's Experimental Cocktail Club, which rotates vintage drinks on its menu. You can purchase old bottles from Harden's stock-most cost a reasonable \$150-through his business, Old Spirits.

> > "Older gin loses some of

its sting," Aries says. He loves



"We get our vintage bottles









1. HERMES Sport slip-on shoes, \$770. 2. GIVENCHY Star-print skate shoes, \$750. 3. BOTTEGA VENETA Slip-on sneakers, \$820. 4. JIMMY CHOO Slip-on sneakers in crocodile-embossed leather, \$595. 5. Y-3 Laver slip-ons, \$225. 6. CHRISTOPHER KANE Slip-on pinstripe canvas sneakers, \$525. 7. PIERRE HARDY Black high-top leather slip-on sneakers, \$550. 8. ALEXANDER MCQUEEN Concealed-stud suede slip-on sneakers, \$685. 9. GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN Black nappa sneakers, \$640. 10. LANVIN Calf-hair and suede slip-on sneakers, \$750







A sampling of Brittain's best-selling work

The Vise (\$13,700), left, is a blownglass globe whose gradient hues mimic various sunsets. The Seed Sconce (\$4,000), below, includes crystalline bits that can be placed in patterns to create larger crystals.





The **Helix Floor** (\$6,200), left, is made of brass hardware and LED tubes, which wrap around a central support. For the **Echo** (\$15,650), above, Brittain turned the tube bulbs inward, bouncing their light off mirrored fins.



Brittain designed the <code>Maxhedron Pendant</code> (\$4,500), right, as a way to play with the optical properties of a two-way mirror; it glitters like a disco ball. The <code>SHY</code> (\$13,260), opposite page top, is a <code>Tinkertoy-like</code> system made from LED tube bulbs set inside connectable brass rods.

KEUP BY SILVIA CINCOTTA, SWEATER, MAIYET; PANTS, WES GORDON. ITTAIN. ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL HOEWELER.

BRIGHT STARS

FOUR MORE LIGHTING DESIGNERS WHOSE WORK WILL ELEVATE ANY ROOM



Lindsey Adelman lindseyadelman.com

Adelman, Brittain's mentor, makes fixtures that combine warm metals, blown-glass elements, and sleek machined shapes. They're equally at home uptown (New York's Park Hyatt hotel) and down (New York's James hotel).



David Weeks

davidweeksstudio.com

In 2013, Weeks opened a sprawling showroom in New York's Tribeca full of high-end lights that channel French design icons and Calder mobiles. His work can be found in places like Barneys New York and W Hotels.



Gabriel Hendifar

apparatusstudio.com

Hendifar worked as a fashion designer before opening his studio in 2012.

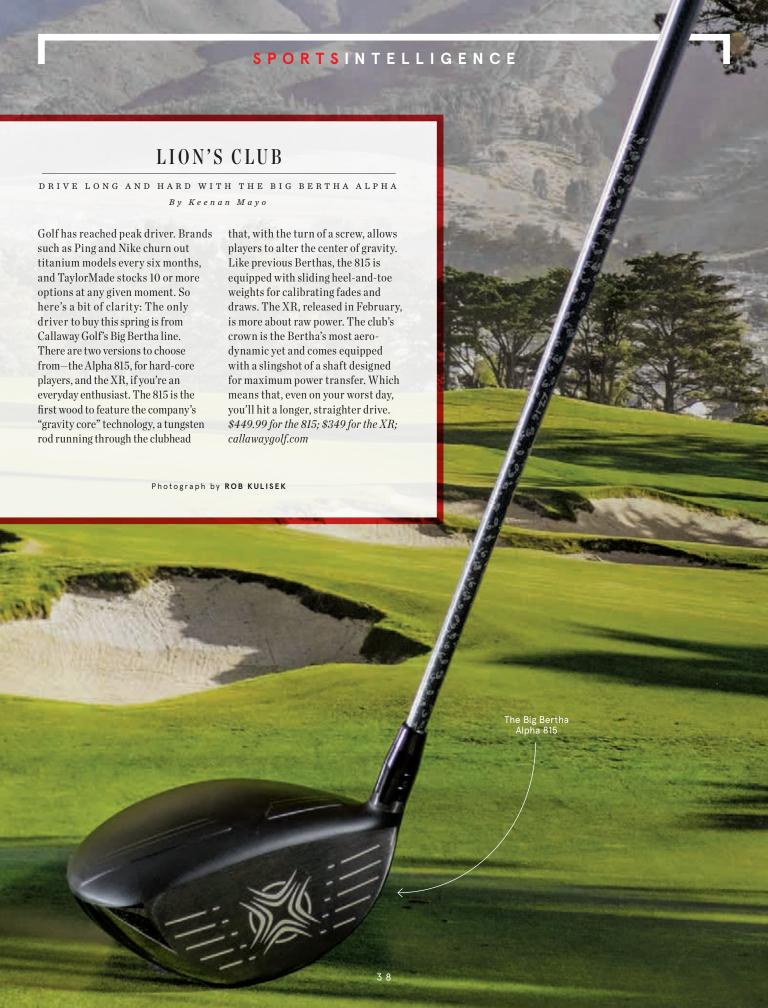
He pairs unusual materials such as leather and horsehair with metals and modern geometries for a moody yet luxurious look.



Jason Miller

rollandhill.com

With his famed antler-shaped chandelier, Miller ruled the Brooklyn design scene of the early 2000s. He now produces his work under the name Roll & Hill, and his showroom also sells pieces by New York talents such as Brittain and Fort Standard.







LUMINOUS

BEINGS

ARE WE

Eight spring looks to transport you to a beautiful galaxy far, far away

Photographs by

Jork Weismann



HER Bottega Veneta mist double-jersey sweatshirt, \$830; Burberry skinny-fit leather trousers, \$1,095

 $\begin{array}{c} {\rm HIM} \\ {\rm Damir\,Doma\,cotton\,scarf-collar\,shirt,\,\$486} \end{array}$





At an end your rule is, and not short enough it was!





Powerful you have become ...

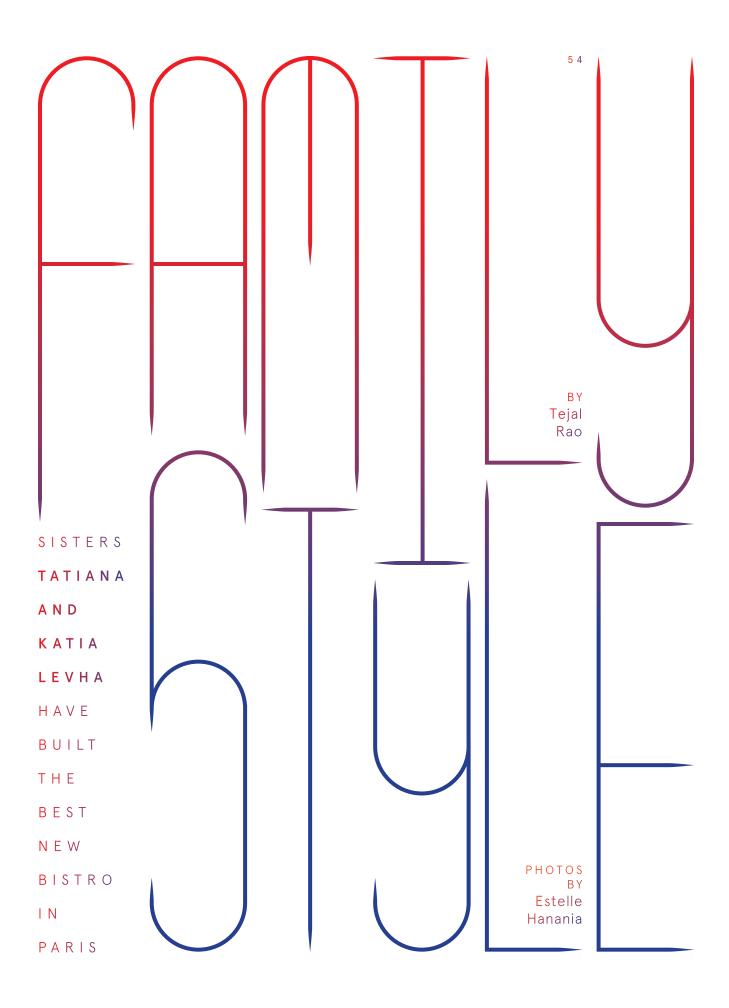


... The dark side I sense in you

When 900 years old you reach, look as good you will not









IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE SERVAN

and the couple next to me is involved in some serious negotiating. "Non," says the man. "I really think we should get the sea snails." He pulls his hair back into a perfectly crumpled man bun. "Oh, please," the woman says with a note of disgust, "we always get the sea snails. Tonight, I'm in the mood for cockles!" They kiss, then agree to order both.

Meanwhile, a famous French restaurant critic, dressed in brown corduroy and tweed, is polishing off a slice of praline tart with an extremely crisp and buttery crust and spooning up half of a poached pear. Superstar Mexican chef Enrique Olvera, most recently of New York's Cosme, leans on the bar, sharing a hot plate of sweetbreads with some fellow cooks. Camille Fourmont, who runs a stylish wine bar just down the street, walks in. "I'm hungry," she announces to a skinny French waiter.

Then, 10 times louder, toward the halfopen kitchen: "Hey, I'm superhungry! What are you cooking back there?"

Le Servan seats only 38 people at its wooden tables, and a few more at stools pulled up close to the brass bar. But as the room fills up (always, every day), it can feel like the center of the Paris food scene. When sisters Tatiana and Katia Levha opened their tiny bistro last spring in the 11th arrondissement, a few blocks from the twisting maze of tombstones in Père Lachaise cemetery, neither had run a restaurant before. But with its friendly dining room and big plates of polished,

French cockles with basil and red chili, one of several zakouskis, or small plates, to share;
Tatiana turns out three-course lunches

unpretentious food, Le Servan epitomizes the city's new wave of culinary culture unfussy and affordable, with an emphasis on high-quality ingredients.

Katia, 27, and Tatiana, 30, were born in Paris and Manila, respectively, and grew up together in France, Hong Kong, and Thailand. Their father was a headhunter who specialized in Southeast Asia, and their mother was an artist. The family visited their relatives in the Philippines once a year. The restaurant has the tousled look of a Parisian *boîte*, but its flavors, borrowing elements from Asia, are deep and complex. Those sea snails, or whelks, so

commonly served in Paris with a dollop of mayonnaise for dipping, involve a subtle shot of chili. And the fat French cockles come in a juice spiked with chili and ginger, along with a massive

heap of Thai basil—it's based on something the sisters loved to eat when they lived in Bangkok in the late 1990s.

Veal brains, poached slowly in butter and served very hot, are a crowd pleaser in Paris, and Tatiana makes a mean version with wilted, lemony sorrel leaves. Diners' relationship with chicken wings, however, is far more tenuous. "People in Paris don't chew as much on bones as in Asia or the States," Tatiana explains the next morning, while a waiter mops the floor and a delivery of heavy cream and butter arrives. She sneaked wings onto her menu all the same, cutting the knuckle off so the presentation could be somewhat cleaner and more delicate. The wings are braised for a few hours in the oven, then left to dry out before they're fried; the thin shell of crisp skin gives way to extremely tender, thoroughly seasoned meat. The liquid from the roasting process, made smoky with pork belly, then reduced and seasoned with soy sauce, black vinegar, and a smidge of hoisin, comes on the side for dipping. It's a fantastic way to start dinner, especially with a glass of the dry Vouvray from Sebastien Brunet on Katia's list. Chances are, the wings won't be on the three-course menu for long. Dishes at Le Servan change daily, sometimes even from lunch to dinner.

Before she was drawing chefs and











critics from around the world to Le Servan, Tatiana was serving family-style pots of walloping-hot Thai curry and peppery adobo to her literary college friends. "I just loved to cook for a lot of people," she says, sitting up very straight in a booth before lunch service begins, a puffy winter coat over her chef whites. Tatiana came close to graduating from the Sorbonne with a degree in English literature but ditched academia for culi-

nary school at the last moment. She worked her way into some of the city's most glamorous kitchens, showing such promise after six months as an intern at Pascal Barbot's L'Astrance that the chef called up his mentor, the great Alain Passard—a vegetable whisperer, if you believe in such things—to see if L'Arpège needed a cook. Tatiana worked with Passard for two years.

As her sister was sweating it out in the

From left: A cook crisps chicken skin; pink sugar syrup made from the praline almonds of Lyon; lemon zest to finish a tart; trays of hot choux pastry cooling on the counter

LE SERVAN MAINTAINS THE SPIRIT OF THE CLASSIC FRENCH BISTRO, BUT IT ALSO REPRESENTS THE CITY AS IT REALLY IS: A MASSIVE MIX OF NEW INFLUENCES

kitchen, Katia explored the front of the house. She went to hotel school in Switzerland and then waitressed at the bistro Le Baratin in the Belleville neighborhood of Paris. There Katia learned about the world of natural wines and the way a truly wonderful bistro becomes like an extension of the owner's living room.

As a cook, Tatiana mastered not only technique and stamina but also negotiation—dealing with the city's best

> purveyors of everything from butter to fish to vegetables. Le Servan orders from many of the same suppliers that L'Astrance and L'Arpège do,

though none are mentioned by name on the menu, or by the waiters, or even at all, because that would be terribly gauche. The purple Brussels sprouts, sweet and as vividly flavored as they are colored, picked when very small, are referred to as young cabbage. "When we call it young cabbage, more people order it," Katia says, laughing. When one sister laughs, she sometimes sets off the other. "If we call it what it is, purple Brussels sprouts?" Tatiana asks. "Non."

The cabbage on the menu today, which comes with a mid-rare strip of pleasingly tough French beef, is a different variety: *choux de pontoise*. "It's actually really good, for a cabbage," Tatiana says. She gets the big variety, the French kind with







a purple-washed heart, from one of the last purveyors in Île-de-France who thinks they're worth the hassle, then slow-cooks them whole so they stew in their own juice. After the kitchen aggressively chars the edges, the cabbage resembles a frilly dress that got singed in a fire; it tastes sweet and smoky, as if it's been roasted in a pit.

Neither of the Levhas has a driver's license. To pick up some of the esoteric vinegars and specialty Asian ingredients they need, Tatiana rides her dusty black scooter to Belleville's Chinese grocery stores or over to a Japanese purveyor on Rue Sainte-Anne near the Palais Garnier opera house. Otherwise, she says, she hardly leaves the neighborhood, because why would you?

Even if you don't hit the architectural

highlights of the 11th arrondissement—the neomedieval cathedral on Boulevard Voltaire, the extravagant troubadour facades, the deco doorways—the district is astonishingly lovely. Along its streets are storefronts with rotisserie chickens, rabbits, or suckling pigs beside shops with spinning spits of lamb shawarma. Smokers

linger over coffee behind the clear plastic walls of winterized cafes. Teenagers from out of town wander by, looking for the cemetery so they can leave the mark of their lips on the glass guarding Oscar Wilde's tomb.

At night the side streets here feel quiet and residential, but during the

Bones

day the neighborhood buzzes, packed with so many little spots run by young, energetic crews like Le Servan's. From the wine bar La Buvette to the lunch canteen Chez Aline, in a former horse butcher shop,

From left: Katia and Tatiana prepare for service; thin-skinned, French farm chickens, ready for the oven; Le Servan's crew at a simple staff meal before lunch service starts; cooks fold wonton skins over tofu and cheese; a perfect lemon meringue tart, finished with burnished meringue, lemon zest, and a crumble of caramel-coated nuts



EATING
THE
11TH
More wine bars,
bakeries, and
restaurants
to visit in the
neighborhood

La Buvette Camille Fourmant's tiny wine bar is one of the loveliest places in town to pass a few hours chatting over natural wines from littleknown French producers and a plate of excellent cheese, salad, and marinated sardines. 67 Rue Saint-Maur;

+33 9 83-56-94-11

Bistrot Paul Bert
Drop by Bertrand
Auboyneau's
classic bistro for
exceptional egg
dishes, terrines,
and steaks for
two. And
whatever you
do, make sure
you try the fries.
18 Rue Paul Bert;
+33143-72-24-01

Australian chef James Henry serves an exciting tasting menu in the dining room of this expatpacked wine bar. Sit up front for a great glass of wine and small bites like house charcuterie. 43 Rue Godefroy Cavaignac; +33 9 80-75-32-08; bonesparis.com

Chez Aline Delphine Zampetti converted this former horse butchery into a lunchtime canteen that serves the working crowd around Voltaire station excellent sandwiches. salads, and hot plates. . 85 Rue de la Roquette: +33143-71-90-75

Clamato You can't get a table at Septime, we know. Go instead to Bertrand Grébaut and Théo Pourriat's newest sister spot, a modern seafoodfocused bar with excellent small plates. No reservations. 80 Rue de Charonne: +33143-72-74-53; septime-charonne.fr

Patisserie **Cvril Lignac** Don't miss this traditional French pastry shop's gorgeous version of the kouign-amann, a specialty with roots in Breton that gleams with lavers of caramelized butter and sugar. 24 Rue Paul Bert; +33143-72-74-88; lapatisserie cvrillignac.com







to the chic expat hangout Bones, small, exciting food businesses are thriving in the 11th. The Levhas were able to get their space, a former coffee shop, because, they say, rent was comparatively low for central Paris, a likely reason for the recent boom.

Bistros are vital, bistros of all sorts, but there's something about Le Servan that feels essential to understanding Paris right now. Although it maintains the generous spirit of the classic iteration, the restaurant also offers an accurate representation of the city as it really is: a massive mix, rich with immigrant culture, where the meaning of French food is changing with new influences all the time.

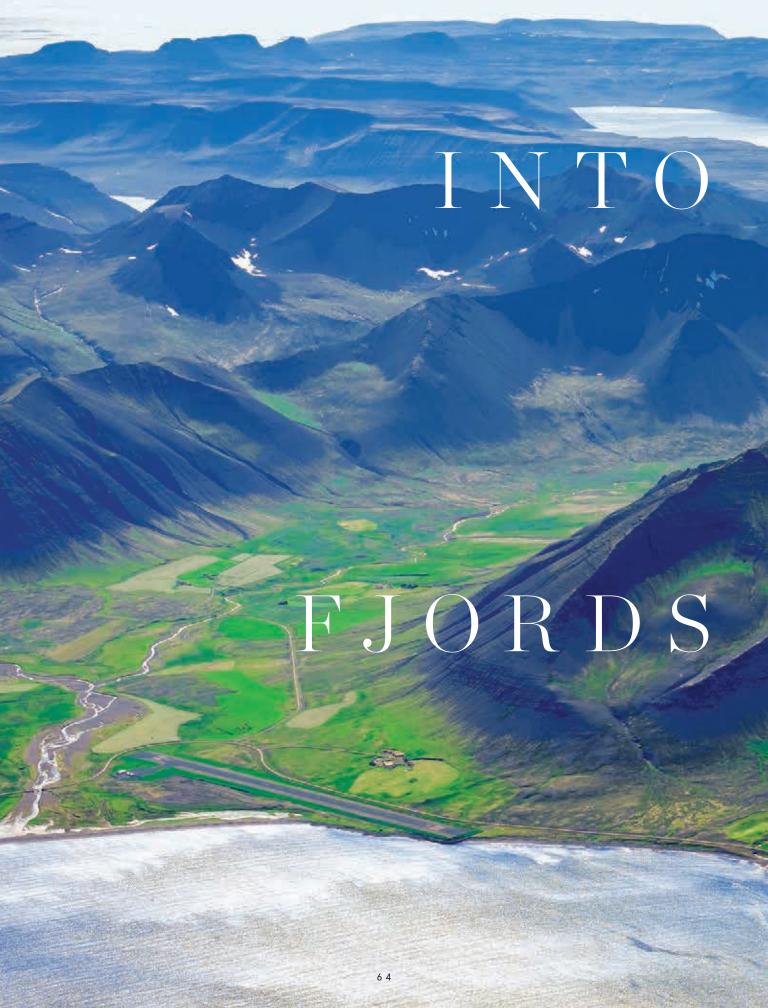
Later that Friday night, the sweet music of Le Servan is turned up all the way—the slamming drawers of cutlery, the

boom-hiss of the espresso machine, the constant ding of a brass bell as the kitchen pass fills up with dishes. A woman in a white tuxedo jacket eats her first bite of roast chicken, fluttering with smoky-sweet bonito flakes, and moans. Soon waitresses in bright-red lipstick and indigo aprons start to pass along the word: The kitchen is out of chicken.

Tatiana is working quickly and calmly, her dark hair in a tall, Dr. Seuss-ian pile at the top of her head, her cheeks flushed from the heat of the stove. She tastes what's going in and out while cooking slabs of brill so the skin is crisp and the flesh is juicy. She calls tickets out to her cooks as they push through the kitchen's last round of orders. At 11 p.m., Katia is still, very gently, turning away people who

didn't make a reservation, hoping they could get a seat late in the evening. She does this the way she does everything at Le Servan—gracefully, and with a smile that says she means it.

On their way out, diners swing by the kitchen to thank Tatiana and her cooks, telling her what they liked best, wishing her a great weekend. Standing at the door, Katia waves them off like they're old friends, even those who aren't. "Good night, good night! See you again soon!"



An Icelandic adventure filled with hot springs, arctic foxes, and a century-old feud. Also, elves and sea monsters By Christopher Bagley Photographs by Olivo Barbieri Iceland's Westfjords, a vast, undeveloped area in the country's north, is one of Europe's last truly wild places



Downtown Isafjordur, Westfjords' quaint capital

It's early June and a mild 53 degrees, but the overland trail to Galtarviti is still blocked by heavy snow. So we're on the backup route, a path along the rocky coast of a fjord just 20 miles south of the Arctic Circle. A couple of hours in, we reach a steep slope, and I start sliding, helplessly, down a massive snowbank. I jab my trekking pole, trying to stop the fall. Ahead of me, Olafur Jonasson, Galtarviti's burly owner, is also doing his best not to topple onto a pile of rocks. It hadn't occurred to me until now, but there's a downside to visiting the most remote and beautiful landscape in Europe. If we die, we won't be found for days.

I eventually slow to a skid and then to a full stop. Which is fortunate, because I'm looking forward to seeing Galtarviti, a lighthouse in the far northwest of Iceland on a peninsula called Westfjords. The journey starts with an eight-hour car and ferry ride from Reykjavik. After the road ends, you hike for another three hours or, when the weather and tides

cooperate, travel by snowmobile or boat. "Basically, there's no easy way to get to the lighthouse," says Jonasson, 47, whose face hides behind a bushy beard. When we finally reach the place, on a bluff overlooking the Denmark Strait, the view of waterfalls and lush, cliff-backed meadows pleasantly distracts me from throbbing knee and shoulder pain. As we take out the whale steaks we've carried in our backpacks and start preparing dinner on an outdoor grill, Jonasson tells the story of how he bought the entire valley 14 years ago for about the price of a month's rent on a Manhattan onebedroom. He points to a grassy mound nearby. Local lore dictates he must never mow the lawn there-a large family of elves lives below.

Westfjords, whose fierce arctic storms and rough gravel roads keep it largely inaccessible, attracts both rich adventurers and creative types. Paul Allen reportedly dropped in by helicopter from his expedition yacht, *Octopus*, to take a dip

in an open-water hot spring. Danish artist Olafur Eliasson contracted a local farmer to breed sheep whose wool is the precise shade of gray he wanted for a knitted sculpture project. And every year at the summer solstice, Jonasson turns over his 1,000-plus-acre property, including the lighthouse, to a contemporary artist as part of a residency program. Past visitors have included Elizabeth Peyton and Ragnar Kjartansson.

Jonasson says it's Westfjords' limitless supply of two increasingly rare commodities—space and quiet—that lures most people here. There are also the bragging rights that come with visiting a mythical place at the outer edge of Europe where the main travel season lasts all of six weeks, from late June to early August, and where shipwrecks and fatal avalanches are routine.

Westfjords is shaped like a mutant lobster claw, with jagged inlets sporting their own jagged inlets. Just getting from one side of the main bay, Isafjardarjup, to



Dynjandi waterfall, the most famous in the region

the other-a distance of 5 miles-takes more than three hours by car along a 143mile coastal road that hugs the foot of precipitous table mountains. The most scenic way to reach the area's capital and largest settlement, Isafjordur (pop. 2,500), is to drive north from Reykjavik past a series of lava fields to the tiny port of Stykkisholmur. From there, a car ferry continues to Westfjords, with a stopover on tiny Flatey Island, whose year-round citizenry consists of two families who've been feuding for centuries and don't speak to each other. For those who want to avoid the drive from Reykjavik, there are daily 45-minute flights on Air Iceland to the airport in Isafjordur, but where's the fun in that?

Stykkisholmur, a fishing village, is little more than a cluster of small houses sheathed in corrugated metal. Its main attraction is a 2007 installation by the American artist Roni Horn that looms over the town. The sculpture features

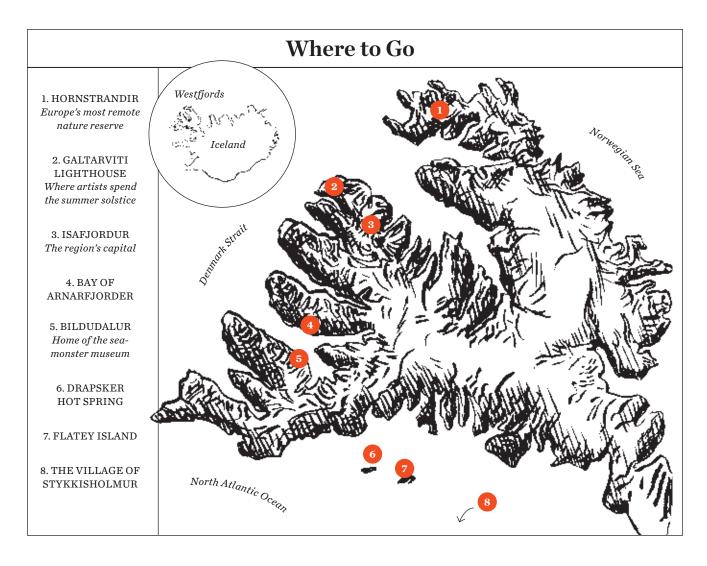
Feuding clans
of Viking
descendants,
hermit writers
who lose the
power of speech:
"You do tend
to find a lot
of people here
who are a
bit strange, to
put it mildly"

24 floor-to-ceiling glass columns filled with glacier water that offer refracted views of the vast bay below. In the port, I meet with Sigurjon Jonsson, a tall, cheerful 65-year-old who owns the local shipyard as well as the marina's largest yacht, the Valtyr. The ship, modeled after a ninth century Norwegian sailboat, has a mahogany interior, three staterooms, and a water desalination system. Jonsson says the Vikings would sail these boats from Norway to Iceland in only four days, a feat many now consider impossible. "Well, I did it in four days, so the sagas are correct," he says. The Valtyr is available for charter, but Jonsson built it mainly for his own pleasure. Its hull keeps it so stable that even during bad storms, he says, "I can drink my coffee without spilling a drop."

When Jonsson hears I'll be spending the night at the only hotel on Flatey Island, he calls a friend there to arrange a visit to a little-known hot spring called Drapsker. In the middle of the sea, it's







almost entirely underwater-except at low tide, when its 140F geothermal waters mix with the ocean's frigid currents, making the temperature just right for bathing. It's early June, so there's still plenty of daylight at 11:30 p.m. when local captain Bjorn Samuelsson picks me up at Flatey's port in his fishing boat for the quick ride to the spring. We set anchor just offshore and walk along seaweed-covered rocks toward a spot where steam rises from the ocean for an unforgettable midnight soak under the setting sun. On the way back, I ask Samuelsson about the origins of the feud between Flatey's two families, who both make their living raising eider ducks. "It's just like that," he says. "Nobody remembers why."

The next day, after another ferry ride and a twisty car journey, I get to the deserted bay of Arnarfjorder. On a beach on the fjord's south coast, art collector Petur Arason and his wife, artist Ragna "Where else can you use a yacht as a ski cabin, going from one virgin slope to another, and have an excellent meal each night, with shellfish you've picked from the ocean?"

Robertsdottir, have gutted the interior of an old farmhouse, painted everything white, and furnished it with midcentury pieces from an abandoned U.S. naval base. The American artist Donald Judd, another Westfjords enthusiast, stayed with the couple once before his death. He scouted the area for a minimalist-art center but ultimately built it in Marfa, Texas.

Arason tells the story of famed hermit Gisli A Uppsolum, who lived alone in a hut nearby and somehow survived off his near-barren land for more than 40 years. By the 1990s, when he was interviewed for a TV documentary, he'd lost the ability to speak intelligibly. When he died, he left behind a trove of lyrical writing. He remains a hero in a nation that exalts humility and stoic self-reliance. "You do tend to find a lot of people here who are a bit strange, to put it mildly," Arason says.

One of his neighbors is Hilmar Einarsson, a framer for artists such as Lawrence Weiner. Einarsson summers

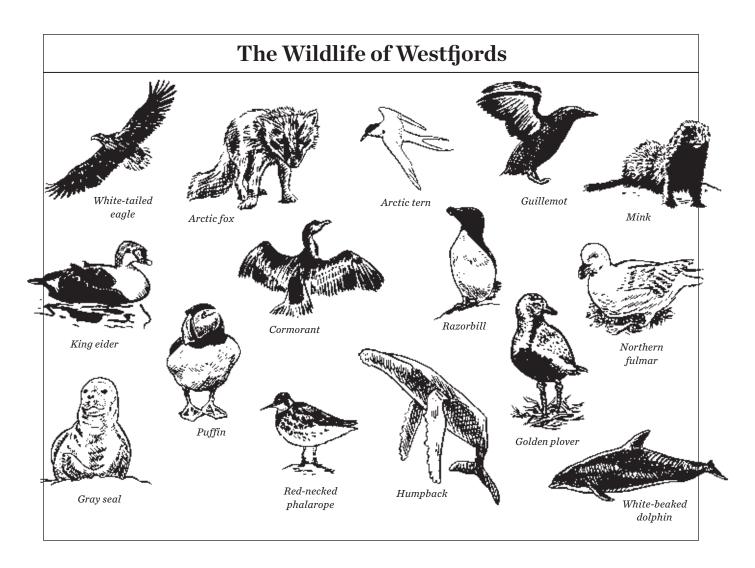


Clockwise from top: Runar Karlsson at Kviar, his farmhouse; Jonasson (right) with a friend at Galtarviti; a rare arctic fox; the village of Stykkisholmur









here with his wife, Kristin. After the couple bought their waterfront property, their neighbors told them of a legendary battle between the Vikings Hringur and Austmadur, which allegedly took place in their front yard. In 2006, Einarsson's visiting brother appeared in the couple's living room brandishing a human leg bone. Within days, a team of archaeologists flew in from Reykjavik; they eventually identified six Viking graves, one of which included a perfectly preserved skeleton alongside a Norwegian sword dating from the 10th century.

Locals believe the essence of Westfjords is concentrated in Hornstrandir, the nature reserve on the peninsula's northern tip. The region was abandoned in the 1950s after local fishing stocks declined and the few hundred families living there were forced to move. It has no roads, restaurants, hotels, or campgrounds, and its trails are entirely unmarked. A couple of hiking shelters open in summer

and are reachable only by boat or on foot.

I make the trip to Hornstrandir with Runar Karlsson, 42, the owner of leading local outfitter Borea Adventures. Karlsson, who climbs frozen waterfalls in his free time, recently leased Kviar, a two-story farmhouse on one of Hornstrandir's pristine bays, for Borea's use. As we set off by boat, it's snowing lightly; we spot a humpback whale breaching. Today the water is dark gray, but on sunny days it has that Caribbean turquoise glow. Within minutes of our arrival at Kviar, a brown arctic fox walks right up to the house and stands there, staring at us placidly. The foxes, which can survive in temperatures as low as -58F, are extremely rare in most of northern Europe.

That evening, while preparing a pasta dinner, we notice something moving around the garden. "What the hell?" Karlsson asks, rushing to the window. The intruder turns out to be the last type of creature one expects to encounter: a

human being. The solo Dutch hiker is as startled as we are—he'd assumed our house was empty and was looking for a place in the yard to pitch his tent. Over dinner, he tells us it's his eighth trip to the reserve. "There's absolutely nothing like this on mainland Europe," he says, adding that he's been trekking in Hornstrandir for more than a week, and we're the first people he's seen.

By the next morning, the skies have cleared, transforming the view into a blindingly bright mix of blue water, green meadows, and white snowbanks. Karlsson and I put on waterproof gear and take out a couple of sea kayaks. As we paddle around, he points out a spot where past avalanches have left a large crater, now a pond favored by eider ducks. The scarcity of predators makes this place a haven for thousands of migrating birds. We see flocks of arctic terns, guillemots, cormorants, golden plovers, northern fulmars, and the occasional stray puffin. A harbor seal follows



The farmhouse Kviar, built in 1921, in the Hornstrandir nature reserve

us for half an hour as we glide past more than 20 waterfalls.

Back at the house, we decide to try to locate the fox's den. Karlsson catches a mouse with a trap in the basement and sets it outside on a rock. Soon, a female fox comes to take it home in her mouth. I follow her to a nearby thicket, from which I can hear muffled, high-pitched squeaks. After a few minutes, a tiny newborn pup, still blind, waddles out from under the brush toward me, sniffing the air.

Karlsson has been gradually renovating Kviar's rustic interior and plans to add a sauna and a thermally heated hot tub in a retrofitted life raft. Every spring, Borea Adventures books backcountry ski trips on the 60-foot expedition yacht *Aurora Arktika*, which sails the fjords of Hornstrandir in search of powdery, neverbefore-skied ridges. The Icelandic writer Andri Magnason spent a week on the boat last spring. "Where else can you use a yacht as a ski cabin, going from one virgin slope to another, and have an excellent

meal each night, with shellfish you've picked from the ocean?" he says. (The trip costs about \$2,000 for five nights.)

Throughout the journey, locals constantly tell me that Westfjords is home to Iceland's highest concentration of sea monsters. A dark, eerie museum in the town of Bildudalur focuses on these creatures. When I show up, I'm the sole visitor, so I get a private tour from the curator, Ingimar Oddsson. Exhibits highlight Iceland's most common monsters, including the mythical "shore laddie," which lurks in the waters by the coastline and preys on small children. "The shore laddie doesn't actually eat kids, but it tries to get them to come into the sea to live with it, because it is lonely," Oddsson says.

Back at the lighthouse, Jonasson shrugs off the myths and reassures friends and family who get nervous when he makes the trip alone to Galtarviti, where there's no cell service or electricity, and where snowstorms can pound the

coast for days. "I tell people, 'I'll be back on Friday but don't start worrying until Sunday,'" he says.

For the residency program at Galtarviti, tradition dictates that each year's artist chooses whom to invite the following year. In 2013 the nod went to one of Iceland's art stars, Ragnar Kjartansson, who spent the week of the summer solstice at the lighthouse keeper's cottage. He painted, played the guitar, and invited a few friends to walk over the mountain for a party and exhibit on June 21, when the sun never sets.

Mostly, he slept. "It's a big deal for the brain to be relieved from electromagnetic waves and Wi-Fi and all that," Kjartansson says. "It completely reset me and had a profound effect on the work I did afterward. All day long I was falling asleep on the bed, on the sofa, on the grassy hill where the elves supposedly live. I didn't hear any elves, but when you're in a place like that, you sort of start believing in them."

GREG CHAIT, A BRO FROM ARIZONA,

MAKES BEAUTIFUL SWEATERS THAT

EVERYONE WANTS TO WEAR. HIS SIMPLE

APPROACH IS CHANGING THE WAY THE

FASHION WORLD THINKS ABOUT LUXURY

BY KURT SOLLER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RYAN PFLUGER



GREG CHATT HAS A THEORY ABOUT WHY PEOPLE LIKE CASHMERE. "WHEN SOMETHING IS THAT SOFT AND FEELS THAT AMAZING, WE JUST KNOW THAT IT'S GOOD," HE SAYS, WEARING A HEATHER-GRAY CREW NECK FROM THE ELDER STATESMAN, HIS UPSCALE LINE OF CASHMERE SWEATERS, BLANKETS, AND ACCESSORIES.

Chait, who lives in Malibu, Calif., says his 4-year-old daughter, Dorothy, often swaddles herself in Elder Statesman products lying around the house. "Even a 4-year-old can tell it's good."

He pushes his hair from his forehead and strokes his full, rabbinical beard. "I would venture to say that 99 percent of people in the world like the taste of doughnuts." He keeps going, his cashmere-as-doughnut theory morphing into a monologue. "You're a liar if you don't say that a doughnut tastes good. I mean, it's probably embedded in our DNA to be able to recognize things like that."

Chait is an inveterate pontificator. In one Los Angeles travel video for the luxury e-commerce website Mr Porter, which sells Elder Statesman sweaters, Chait declares that the city's sprawling, disparate neighborhoods allow visitors to "dip in and out of your different modalities." Within five minutes of meeting for the first time, he says, "I feel into the future, but I don't totally see into the future."

Chait, 36, started the Elder Statesman

in 2008 because he wanted an "awesome" blanket. Soon after, he offered men's sweaters, then women's, and eventually a whole line for both. (And children, too: A cashmere teddy bear costs \$500.) Chait says he dreamed up a line of 12 styles in his Venice Beach apartment, then went to Paris during Fall Fashion Week and got orders from some of the best stores in the world, including L.A.'s Maxfield and Barneys New York. He insists it really was that easy: "I had, like, a bitchin' collection there. You know what I mean?"

Now almost every item in his line is made by hand in a factory he owns behind his office in Culver City. His team often spins the varn itself, using cashmere wool imported from Afghanistan or Mongolia that costs as much as \$500 a kilogram. The cashmere is either laundered or roughed up with a brush until it feels like felt, then dyed, tie-dyed, or embroidered as part of a process that can last 18 months. Sweaters start at just under \$1,000, with his popular Baja-style hoodie selling for twice that. Blankets go for as much as \$7,000; a springtime beanie is \$275.

The Elder Statesman's headquarters, which Chait moved to in 2014, is in two giant, multilevel white cubes tucked behind a strip mall just south of the city center. Chait sits at a long, Scandinavian-style desk on the top floor. The room's only adornment is a cream-colored blanket that was made by flying top Italian cashmere to Guatemala. There, local villagers loomed it using traditional techniques in their homes. It's comfortable and durable enough to sleep on.

Chait has a way of making his enterprise seem thrown together, as if sourcing premium European cashmere and working with Latin American craftsmen requires little strenuous effort. That California ease is both a put-on—success doesn't just materialize with good looks and cool glasses-and vital to the Elder Statesman's image. Its sweaters are unbranded; you'd never be able to tell someone was wearing one, let alone that the garment cost several thousand dollars, unless you were told.

This sort of informal nonfashion has emerged as the decade's biggest clothing trend. For men, crew necks have become appropriate officewear even beyond Silicon Valley, and an Elder Statesman knit can work as an investment piece in place of a new suit. "The look is comfortable," says Rafael de Cardenas, an L.A. architect. "The sweaters look like they're for regular guys, but then people feel my arm and are, like, whoa."

Many of the pieces are unisex, and sales are split evenly between genders. For women, too, this "effortless chic" vibe is in, thanks to labels such as the Row. designed by the Olsen twins, and LVMH's Céline, which has prospered since it was reinvigorated in the past few years under designer Phoebe Philo. Both lines, making loose gray knits, long black jersey skirts, and pale silk camisoles—essentially fourfigure invisibility cloaks-are coveted by women with means.

Chait was early to spot the return of simplicity. But it was 2008, as the economy was crashing, and Chait didn't want his items to languish on sale racks. His

Chait, wearing a one-of-a-kind hand-dyed Herring crew, in front of the Elder Statesman store



sweaters require a lot of upfront material costs, so he accidentally developed a new model for a fashion business. Rather than produce a set number of styles eight months before they appeared in stores, he decided to work with his accounts to create a limited assortment for each individual boutique. The retailers wouldn't have to hold inventory, he wouldn't waste yarn, and he could finish items just weeks before they were needed on the sales floor. If a certain item was selling out at a particular location, he and his team would pull all-nighters to make more.

The unintended effect of the strategy was that it gave his products true exclusivity. As Chait says, "You're going to have a different experience with the Elder Statesman, whether you go to Barneys in New York or Hostem in London." Although he's currently focused on creating pieces that work at scale across all stores—you'll find a white surfer's hoodie worldwide—most of the sweaters are limited to 50 or so units. That would be considered a sample run at a larger competitor like Burberry or Ralph Lauren.

Other niche brands, such as Christopher Kane and the French line Exemplaire (tag line: "Bring cashmere up to date"), have begun following Chait's knitwear-as-collectible example. So Chait has started offering more customization directly to individual customers. "When I went to Paris my first season, a woman goes, 'Pay attention to private customers. Your business is perfect for that," Chait says. Now they make up more than 20 percent of his annual sales. Since you can't exactly tailor the fit of cashmere-it will eventually stretch out—appointments typically involve working with customers to choose color combinations, patterns, and barely noticeable details.

"It gives you room to be more creative, and you get to say you designed your sweater," says Tiina Laakkonen, owner of an eponymous boutique in the Hamptons that hosts trunk shows for Chait. She began carrying his line three years ago, after falling for one of his sweaters, and has since seen most of her customers obsess over the knits at her store. "It's very sweet to see the 80-year-old men who love these sweaters," she says. In the fall, Chait made a collection dipped in indigo sold only at Laakkonen's boutique; many women who buy them return on the days Chait is there to do custom orders. "Greg is supercasual, so the whole thing feels relaxed," Laakkonen says. And





for some fans it's not even about the products themselves. "Basically, ladies come and meet their idol—their cashmere rock star."

"About 80 percent of our customers are return customers," Chait says. "Some are once a year. Some are once a month. Certain times once a week. We've had very few nonrepeats."

It's not really accurate to call Chait a fashion designer. He doesn't sketch or sew or drape fabrics. He's more a buyer of products he would like to sell. The Elder Statesman's first blanket was made by a crafting collective in rural Canada. He told them he wanted something utilitarian and luxurious; the result, made of

hand-spun brown cashmere, came back at almost 10 pounds. Now Chait has seven full-time employees involved in day-to-day designing to execute his visions. "I'm more involved on the decisions that matter as opposed to the minutiae," he says.

Chait also takes on home-design projects. He was once asked to wallpaper an entire room in a St. Moritz mansion—the ceiling and walls, but not the floor—in a burgundy-gray knit. It took more than a month to make the fabric. He had to figure out how to lay it out and stitch it together while he was thousands of miles away, with only the renderings of the chalet as guidance. "The architect was

pretty frightening to work with," he says. "I don't get intimidated a lot, but I was like, Oh, s---, this lady will send this back if it's even an inch off, and I have no idea what I'm doing." It came together in the end. "It's crazy, because the people who live in the house will probably never touch it." he adds. "But it's pretty cozy."

CHAIT GREW UP in Paradise Valley, Ariz., the son of a prominent surgeon and a stay-at-home mom. While in school at the University of Arizona, he was a tour intern for Whitney Houston; the diva took a liking to him after a family friend introduced the two. In 2005, when Chait was 27, some Australian friends left him

"THE SWEATERS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE FOR

REGULAR GUYS, BUT THEN PEOPLE FEEL MY

ARM AND ARE, LIKE, WHOA"



a suitcase full of jeans and asked him to look after their sales in the U.S. The line—originally called Tsubi and later renamed Ksubi—thrived as skinny jeans became the dominant denim category. In 2007, Chait sold the U.S. rights to an investor and used his payout to start the Elder Statesman. The company's name is a reference to Chait's older brother, who was killed in 2004 by a former friend high on meth. It also nods to the idea, as Chait explains it, "of earning status by merit."

It took two years for Chait to make a profit. In 2012 he emerged—seemingly out of nowhere—to win the prestigious CFDA/Vogue Fashion Fund Prize, which awards \$300,000 and business mentoring to an up-and-coming designer. With that money, and an investment from the founder of L.A. jewelry brand Chrome Hearts, Chait was able to build his factory. "We're moving factories into a neighborhood that used to be all

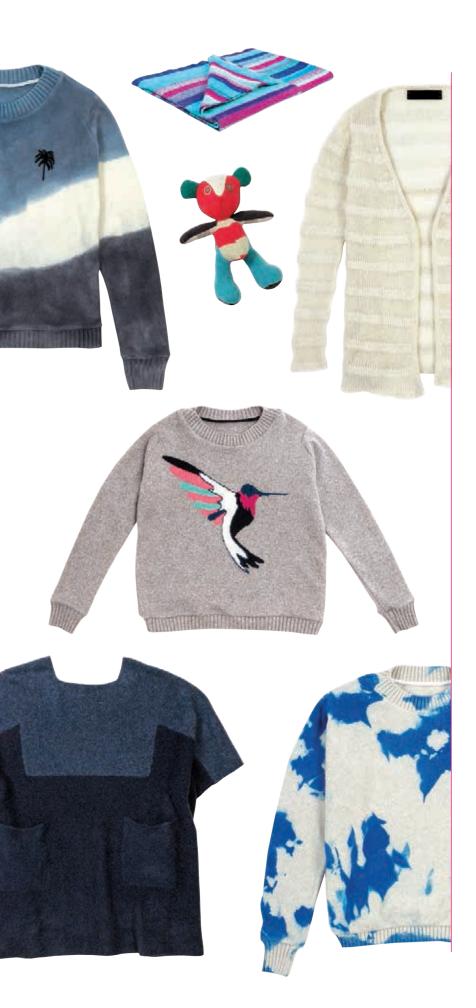




A display of magazines; Pop pillows, \$545 to \$645; Hummingbird pashmina caftan, \$2,380







factories," he says, as we wind through cactuses and empty parking lots to see his staff of 37 at work.

Owning your own production facility is a clever way to rationalize a fashion line's high costs. It makes the Elder Statesman seem even more artisanal when the majority of small brands must outsource production to China. Los Angeles is teeming with apparel factories, but Chait's feels more like an art studio. It's full of vintage machines that he sources on EBay. He uses them because they give his wares an uneven, one-of-a-kind quality. Even his sales staff has to learn how they work. And rather than pay his freelance employees, many of whom are immigrants, by the piece, he offers them a weekly wage and health insurance. "When you're working with such an expensive raw material, you have some room to pay more for labor," he says.

In November, Chait opened his first store, hidden off shop-heavy Melrose Avenue in a bungalow with neon lights and skeins of cashmere displayed like jewelry in a glass case. There are a few racks to browse, replenished as his team has time to create new stuff. He hopes it becomes the place to which new customers travel to find out how big the brand is. On opening night, "you saw the city's cool crowd-cool as in no movie stars-wearing Chait's expensive but understated cashmere sweaters like they're sweatshirts while eating tacos and beer," wrote Dirk Standen, editor of Style.com. "It's the definition of the good life circa 2015, which is another way of saying that Chait has the makings of a global lifestyle brand."

The store's walls are stark white, full of windows, with little art or other décor. The only color appears in the blankets and sweaters that line the shelves. The design scheme is the same as Chait's office, ditto his Malibu bungalow. His sunny California aesthetic pervades everything he touches. Recently, Chait's become fascinated with vintage automobiles. Last March, he bought a '64 Chevy Impala, an update of the boxy sedan

Elder Statesman merchandise from top left: dyed Palm Tree sweater, \$1,635; super-soft blanket, \$3,365; Teddy bear, \$500; Mr. Simple cardigan, \$840; Hummingbird Regular sweater, \$1,625; Guatemala dress, \$795; dyed Regular sweater, \$1,260





immortalized in the Beach Boys' single 409. He's now on the hunt for a '65 Buick Riviera. Old cars, he says, inspire the clothing he creates.

Nonfashion brands, noticing Chait's ability to get rich folks jazzed about simple cashmere sweaters, have begun asking him to consult on projects for restaurants and hotels—cashmere walls, napkins, aprons, and more—plus other

items that have nothing to do with fabric at all. Last year a tequila company hired him to help redesign its packaging. "It's how we carry ourselves. People come to people for their taste level," he says. "I like looking at industries where our way of doing things can effect change."

He's also become obsessed with private aviation projects. "It is the most luxurious thing you can possibly do in the world," he

begins. "But there are parts of it that are really underserviced." The staff should be more accommodating, the food more delicious, the seats more comfortable. "Literally, there's nothing to spend more money on, so it's pretty interesting to be involved in those worlds." Chait often thinks about the new ways people might blow tons of cash. "And—oh yeah," he adds. "Now there's space travel!"

TIMEOF

THESEASON

BY

S <mark>T E P H E N P U L V I R E N</mark> T

Photographs

AMANDA RINGSTAD

Forget that APPLE thing—what you need in the 21st century is a MECHANICAL TIMEPIECE. Watchmakers big and small are finding ways to PUSH technology forward and surprise with good design. A look at what to buy this year for every occasion, personality type, and budget

F.P.JOURNE Invenit et Fecit F.P. JOURNE CHRONOMETRE BLEU Its tantalum case has the heft of platinum but with a smoky gray color and a scratch-resistant finish. And the namesake dial, a deep, inky blue, takes on shades of navy and sapphire depending on the light. Turn the watch over to reveal the solid rose-gold movement, designed entirely in-house by F.P. Journe with an unusual asymmetrical architecture. It's modern, creative, and totally cool. \$22,020

HOW TO BE A COLLECTOR

VINTAGE ROLEX DEALERS <u>ERIC KU</u> OF 10 PASTTEN AND <u>ANDREW SHEAR</u> OF SHEARTIME

TALK MILLION-DOLLAR WATCHES, THE RETURN OF THEIR FAVORITE BRAND,

AND HOW TO MAKE SURE YOU BUY FOR THE LONG TERM. As told to Stephen Pulvirent

Over the last several years, the vintage market has changed quite a bit. People mostly used to collect sport watches like Rolex Submariners, GMT-Masters, and Daytonas. Now they're recognizing the quality of watches like Day-Dates and Datejusts, and values are appreciating with it.

It's a much more sophisticated market. Buyers now appreciate the overall look and wearability of the watch, instead of just focusing on minutiae. They want a great, comfortable, wearable product.

Going back 10 years or so, there was a consensus that Rolex always played second fiddle to Patek Philippe, but this has changed. The strongest results last year—not necessarily the highest prices, but the market overall—were with Rolex.

They're fun and approachable. They're watches you want to wear. Any of the more popular models in excellent, original condition will continue to appreciate and gain value long into the future. If you're going to make an investment in a great watch, you want something that's going to maintain, and that means going for something in great condition. You want something as close to original condition as possible, with an unpolished case and maybe with the original boxes and paperwork, too.

There's also still a lot of upside to early-model Rolexes. I'm talking 1950s and older, either the complicated watches or basic Prince models. They're rare, and it's easier for people used to collecting watches like Patek Philippe to understand why something like this is worth so much. The last few years we've seen a lot of psychological boundaries broken. Remember back in the day when \$250,000 was a lot for a Rolex? Then \$500,000 came and went, and now we've had several examples go for more than \$1 million.

The Internet has been huge in this regard, in that so many more people know all the details about a given watch.

New collectors should definitely spend time just learning and researching. I know everyone wants to jump in and start buying watches, but there's a lot of trial and error at the beginning. With the stakes so high, you want to prepare.

And it's not just about not making mistakes—it's also about finding what watches speak to you and what you really want to collect. That may take time, but it's really rewarding.



You always want to buy the best quality you can afford.

They're not making any more of these.







UP - AND - COMERS

AT THE SALON INTERNATIONAL DE LA HAUTE HORLOGERIE, THE FIRST WRISTWATCH TRADE SHOW OF THE YEAR, TOP BRANDS PULL OUT ALL THE STOPS. BELOW, THE THREE STANDOUTS OF THE MONTHS AHEAD

IWC PORTUGIESER ANNUAL CALENDAR

This is the first time IWC has ever made an annual calendar, and the execution of its Portugieser is spot on. The clean, open dial is left intact, and even with the addition of the three windows at 12 o'clock, the calendar feels intuitive and easy to read. \$24,100





AUDEMARS PIGUET ROYAL OAK CONCEPT RD#1

The latest installment in AP's concept series (a favorite of Pharrell's, if that kind of thing matters to you) is a minute repeater using the same principles that guide guitar and violin makers. Although it looks like it's from the future, the inspiration is a watch from the 1920s. AP also included a tourbillon and a chronograph for fun.

Not for sale

A. LANGE & SOHNE DATOGRAPH PERPETUAL

Lange at its best. The streamlined reworking of a model from a few years back packs a ton of complication into an elegant product. The white-gold case and gray dial are as attractive a combination as you'll find, and the movement finishing is impressive.

\$137,800



AND THE WATCHMAKER OF 2015 IS...

Don't even think about saying you're too cool for **Rolex**. Yes, it's one of the most ubiquitous brands on earth, and, no, buying a Submariner isn't going to win you any creativity points. But there's a reason Rolex is Rolex: The company makes incredible watches. Everything from the steel alloys to the colored ceramic bezels is developed and tested in-house, and no detail is unaccounted for. Every watch that comes out wearing the crown is capable of outlasting its owner. That's the kind of reliability you can't help but admire.

Watch winders can be just as over-the-top as the products they hold. A lacquered safe with three dozen laserregulated winders might excite your inner Bond villain, but there's a better, saner solution. Swiss Kubik's single watch winders are understated but superlative. They come in metal, wood, and leather finishes and can be controlled by your computer with a simple interface. Stackable, they fit in whatever safe you have, allowing you to think less about your winder and more about the watch on it. From \$795

INVEST IN FAUX VINTAGE

Modern makers are embracing the vintage craze by pulling inspiration from past triumphs. The Tudor Heritage line, for example, lovingly re-creates the brand's classics from the past 70 years. And Longines has dug into its archive to find the very best designs from the last century, such as the Conquest dress watch and a pilot's watch made for the Czech air force. The versions it now produces are only slightly updated. Across the board, the brands are faithful to the originals, and these are some of the few vintage-inspired modern watches the real collector can unabashedly love.

UNIFORM WARES RUBBER

Rubber straps don't get much love, but these are minimalist, comfortable, and a bit different from
what you'll see on everyone else's wrist. The only downside is that for now they're available only
in the 18mm size, meaning you're out of luck for that vintage Submariner.



JEAN ROUSSEAU ALLIGATOR

Alligator straps don't have to be glossy and old-school. Jean Rousseau does them up in a padded
matte version that gives the texture of skin without all that shine. Blue, gray, and orange liven
things up from the usual black and chocolate brown.



HERMES LEATHER

• The company doesn't advertise that straps can be purchased separately from the house-brand watches, but if you ask nicely at any Hermès boutique, there's usually a stash under the counter. Coming in multiple sizes and lengths, they're every bit as supple as you'd expect.



CROWN & BUCKLE NATO

• Buy these straps in bulk: As the temperature rises, you can start throwing them on all your sport watches so you don't ruin good leather straps with summer sweat. They're colorful and breathe well—when it's sweltering outside, your wrist will thank you.





THE MOST IMPRESSIVE, HELPFUL, AND WELL-STOCKED WATCH RETAILERS AROUND THE GLOBE



a. Fourtané Carmel, Calif.

Run by the friendly Bonifas family, Fourtané is a haven for Rolex lovers. It has the best of the newest watches, along with a world-class collection of vintage pieces. In addition to Rolex, Fourtané stocks high-end independent brands, including Laurent Ferrier.

e. Beyer Zurich

Beyer's employees are some of the most knowledgeable and passionate in the world, as might be expected in the heart of Switzerland. After you browse, check out the basement, housing one of the most comprehensive clock museums around, to see the Rolex Sir Edmund Hillary wore to the peak of Everest in 1953.

b. Madison Fine Time New York

You can always head to the mezzanine salon at New York's Tiffany & Co. to find new Patek Philippe, but longtime collector Michael Safdie has the best of vintage Patek just down the street. Within 10 minutes of meeting you, Safdie will show you a timepiece you didn't know existed—and suddenly have to own.

f. Momentum Dubai

The emirates are best known for bedazzled monstrosities that look as if they might break your wrist. Momentum is a welcome respite from that. The store specializes in vintage—and gives watch nerds a way to indulge their more sober tastes in a sea of glitz and gold.

c. Marcus London

Marcus Margulies's boutique on New Bond Street is a watch lover's amusement park. Carrying brands like Audemars Piguet, Richard Mille, and Greubel Forsey, the eccentric owner also uses the store to display his own vintage collection, undoubtedly one of the best in the world.

g. Hour Glass Singapore

Few retailers can match the Hour Glass when it comes to variety. There's everything from big names such as Patek Philippe to niche makers like De Bethune. The company has outposts in nine other Asian cities, including Hong Kong and Tokyo.

d. Chronopassion Paris

Chronopassion has been the champion of experimental haute horology for well over a decade, supporting brands such as Urwerk and MB&F from their beginnings. If you want something that looks like a spaceship, this boutique is the only place to visit.

h. Vintage Concept Hong Kong

Italians, of course, are the kings of the vintage Rolex market, and this Italian outpost in Hong Kong brings that selection to Asia. If you need your 6265 Daytona unpolished, with its box and papers, or have a penchant for tropical exclamation point dials, come here.

STYLIST. JULIE SIMON; MANICURIST TATYANA MOLOT/ABTP. THIS PAGE: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: COURTESY VENDORS (7); JEREMY ALLEN FOR BLOOMBERG PURSÛITS

