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blazer and mesh
top by calvin
klein collection,
tank top by gucci.

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TASTE IT ALL

03.15

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mark mcmorris
photographed by
shane mccauley.





wear it #tightorwide

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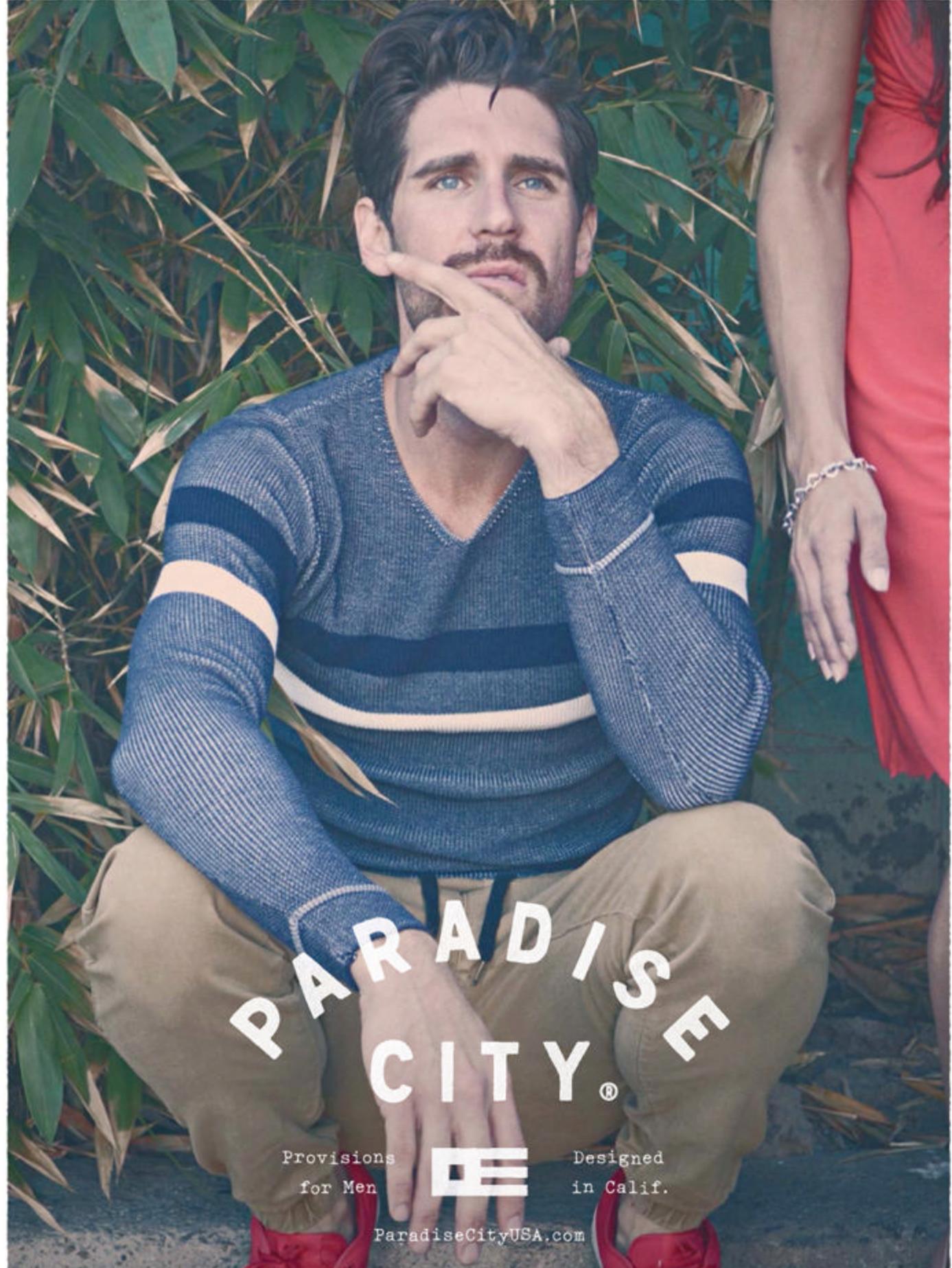
FULL SPEED AHEAD

We've known Ewan McGregor for a few years now—he first appeared on the cover of this magazine in January of 2012. Nearly two decades after *Trainspotting*, he's solidly approaching icon status, yet he's still a laid-back guy who loves telling tales about riding his vintage Moto Guzzi bike up the Pacific Coast Highway. For our story, he valiantly let us throw him into the middle of a throng of fans at New York's International Motorcycle Show and embraced the experience with mischievous glee.

We hung out with some other guys at the top of their game for this issue, too. Snowboarder Mark McMorris may only be 21, but he's quickly become one of the true superstars of the sport. And we hear from actor Jay Baruchel, who's gone from struggling actor to Apatow-gang mainstay to bona fide leading man. This month, we also took Father John Misty to get his aura photo taken, and we delve deep inside the fascinating story behind the psychoactive drug database Erowid.org. Believe us, it's a wild ride.

THE EDITORS





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dear nylon guys,
I once got really wasted and jumped into the Gansevoort Hotel rooftop pool—was I accidentally baptized by Hillsong without knowing it?! Help! My Jewish mother is going to kill me!

DAVID MOSKOWITZ
BROOKLYN, NY

dear nylon guys,
I found the abundance of facial hair in the December/January issue rather intimidating. What do you suggest for those of us who can barely grow stubble? Hormones? Hair implants? Just give up on life?

STEVEN WILLIAMS
AMHERST, MA

dear nylon guys,
Is it just me or does Christopher Mansfield (a.k.a. Fences) look like a walking piece of art? He's like his own personal Art Basel.

THOMAS HART
FAYETTEVILLE, AR

dear nylon guys,
Lil Wayne was 350 hours late to his interview! I'm definitely going to pull that one out next time I'm 20 minutes late for dinner with my girlfriend: "Babe, this is nothing—Lil Wayne was once 350 hours late."

TREVOR MARTINEZ
LAGUNA NIGUEL, CA

dear nylon guys,
I went ahead and spent almost \$100,000 buying everything in the December/January issue's doomsday prep gift guide in case of an asteroid, the zombie apocalypse, an alien attack, or the financial collapse. I've been disowned by my family, my girlfriend, and all of my friends for my apparent "irresponsible spending," but I'll be the one laughing when they're wiped out. *Ha.*

LUKE HOLT
INDIANAPOLIS, IA

dear nylon guys,
Before your feature on rosé, I was forced to enjoy my favorite drink in the dark confines of my cabin while listening to Drake albums on repeat. Now, I can shamelessly broadcast my love for this wonderful pink beverage, and for that I am forever grateful.

CARL MURRAY
FARMINGTON, PA

dear nylon guys,
I'm usually pretty open to your sartorial suggestions, but jumpsuits? Let's just say I'm a skeptic....

BLAKE JAMES
CLEVELAND, OH

dear nylon guys,
So what if Lil Wayne shot himself when he was 12 and had a couple seizures? I was abandoned in the jungle as a baby, leaving me to be raised by a pack of wolves until my parents found me years later. Now I'm in a band. I think we know who the real badass is.

MOWGLI PATEL
SACRAMENTO, CA

dear nylon guys,
Really appreciated the "Weird Beard" piece. A bit disappointed no one mentioned Tom Hanks in *Cast Away* as a beard icon, though.

KENNY DAWSON
SEATTLE, WA

dear nylon guys,
You're a little late hopping on the Hillsong bandwagon—pretty sure Stefon reported it as "New York's hottest church" on *SNL* a couple seasons back.

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MONROE, CT

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KLANDO

Illustrator, NYC
Illustrated Jay Baruchel for "Love, Actually Not" (page 104).

"I always enjoy putting pencil/pen/ink/paint/charcoal/pastel to paper and creating. It's a plus when I like what I'm contributing to, and *NYLON Guys* is awesome."

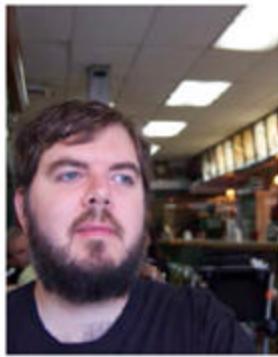
Hometown: Clifton, NJ
Twitter handle: @klando_—
Travel plans: Indiana for the Final Four and hopefully San Francisco for a getaway
Playing on repeat: J. Cole's 2014 *Forest Hills Drive*, France's unreleased demos, and all of Action Bronson
Online fixation: Epicly Later'd and Fuck, That's Delicious on Vice, and Thrasher.
Compulsively reading: Mostly artist biographies
Mode of transport: My Orange '05 Honda Element (a.k.a. The Toaster) and my skateboard
Secret skill: Plastic surgery... OK that's a lie. I can work a camera decently well, and I custom-distress clothing.
Sartorial signature: All-black clothes and white shoes (probably Vans)



COLIN STUTZ

Writer, L.A.
Interviewed Christian Serratos for "Shot in the Dark" (page 88).

Hometown: Eugene, OR
Twitter handle: @colinstutz
Latest discovery: Astroturf
Travel plans: Guanacaste, Costa Rica
Playing on repeat: D'Angelo's *Black Messiah*
Online fixation: Classic variety show clips on YouTube
Compulsively reading: *The Collective Quarterly*
Mode of transport: 2009 VW SportWagen
Secret skill: Growing fruits and vegetables
Sartorial signature: A bandana in my back pocket



MATT SCHLECHT

NYLON Guys contributing copy editor, Brooklyn

"I've read this issue from cover to cover and assure you that there are no shocking grammatical errors whatsoever on page 47."

Hometown: Fargo, ND
Twitter handle: @mattschlecht
Latest discovery: Other Half Brewing, scenically located between the BQE and the Gowanus Canal

Travel plans: A spot in the Adirondacks with a cabin, a lake, and a Finnish-style sauna
Playing on repeat: My upstairs neighbors' fire-breathing religious radio and the salsa bass stylings of the man in the apartment downstairs
Online fixation: The many soccer matches from around the world streaming at any given time of the day.

Compulsively reading: *National Audubon Society Field Guide to North American Mushrooms*

Mode of transport: The B train. Sorry I'm late.

Secret skill: Bringin' the party guac

Sartorial signature: A drool-spotted T-shirt, thanks to my three-month-old



MAX BELL

Writer, Santa Monica, CA
Interviewed Logic for "In Flight" (page 92).

"Interviewing Logic was like watching an episode of *Seinfeld* directed by Quentin Tarantino and scored by The RZA."

Hometown: Santa Monica, CA

Twitter handle: @jm_bell23
Latest discovery: The mystical and restorative powers of Topanga Canyon

Travel plans: Always tentative
Playing on repeat: Duke Pearson's "After the Rain"

Online fixation: Salivating over sneakers
Compulsively reading: *Ask the Dust* by John Fante

Mode of transport: Maui Wau! **Secret skill:** Rapping the entirety of Inspectah Deck's "Triumph" verse

Sartorial signature: Flannel

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GENIUS



DUSTIN YELLIN'S
PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY
SCULPTURES HAVE
PRIDE OF PLACE
INSIDE THE ARTIST'S
BROOKLYN STUDIO.
SEE PAGE 30.



photos: jim mccormack/courtesy of hbo.

DID HE OR DIDN'T HE

HBO'S NEW TRUE-CRIME SERIES *THE JINX* WILL TURN YOUR STOMACH AND DROP YOUR JAW. BY DAN FRAZIER

HBO sent a collective chill down our spine with the grisly drama *True Detective*, but that level of macabre will be eclipsed when the network debuts *The Jinx: The Life and Deaths of Robert Durst* this February. The six-part documentary focuses on a chain of connected crimes spread over several states and stars cross-dressing prime suspect, Bob Durst, who just so happens to be a millionaire scion from a New York real estate family. The series has been seven years in the making for director-producer Andrew Jarecki, who returns to true crime after his Oscar-nominated *Capturing the Friedmans*. "I'm always interested in these kinds of monster stories where somebody has been oversimplified," says Jarecki. "It was important for me to go deeply into who this person was and how these crimes were being alleged." Acquitted of murder, Durst cooperated with the filmmaker by supplying hidden documents, never-before-seen footage, private recordings, and exclusive interviews that broke his 30-year silence. "I didn't anticipate making this into six parts," continues Jarecki, "but it just got more and more complex. This story has nothing but question marks, and nobody has ever really been able to figure out what happened, but I think by the time the audience gets to the end of this series, they will know."

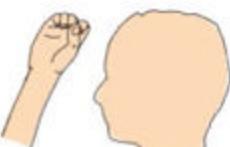


PSA:

HOW NOT TO GET
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ABROAD



DON'T EXERCISE
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PROWESS IN THE
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BECKONING GESTURE
IS ONLY CONSIDERED
SUITABLE FOR DOGS.



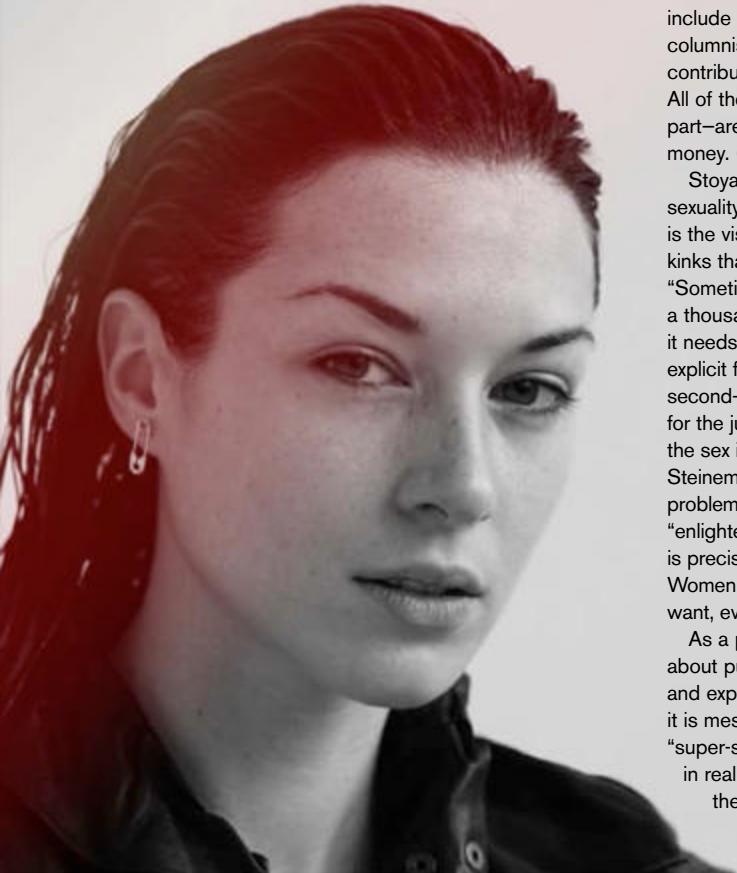
NOPE, NOT A UNICORN SIGN. THIS
PHALLUS-HOLDING HAND SYMBOL
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EXPRESSION OF "DICKHEAD" IN THE U.K.

IN ARAB COUNTRIES, THE FIVE FATHERS
SIGN BASICALLY SAYS: "YO MOMMA IS
SO PROMISCUOUS THAT WE DON'T KNOW
WHO YOUR DAD IS." (SPOILER: ABSOLUTELY
NO ONE WILL LAUGH AT THIS JOKE.)



sex ed

FOR STOYA, PORN ISN'T A LAST RESORT—IT'S A SPRINGBOARD. BY LEILA BRILLSON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEXANDER WAGNER



BOOK REVIEW:

MY DOCUMENTS

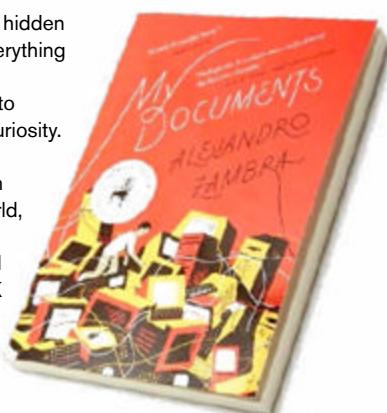
BY ALEJANDRO ZAMBRA

Bonsai was the title of Alejandro Zambra's debut novel, and for an author capable of fitting lots of insight into very small spaces—his longest novel topped off at 160 pages—the Japanese art form makes for an apt comparison.

Short does not mean less in Zambra's latest effort, the story collection *My Documents*, but there are a lot of things missing. Hard drives are erased. Students disappear without a trace. Sons grow up without their fathers. Each of these discarded pieces sheds light on the

shadowy nature of history and memory in a post-Pinochet Chile. In between these gaps lies a sharp and succinct prose that is equal parts enlightening, electrifying, and even amusing. With *My Documents*, Zambra has once again proven to be an uncanny master at

capturing the hidden secrets of everything from human relationships to adolescent curiosity. Many things may be lost in Zambra's world, but his prose hasn't missed a step. JACK DELIGTER



DUBBED THE TAPITA, THIS KETCHUP-BOTTLE-SMACKER OF A CHILEAN HAND SYMBOL IS SOMEHOW A WAY TO SAY A DUDE HAS A SMALL PENIS. DON'T ASK.



SURE, IN THE U.S. WE STEAL KIDS' NOSES ALL THE TIME WITH THIS HAND SYMBOL. IN TURKEY, HOWEVER, IT'S BELIEVED TO RESEMBLE GENITALIA AND IS USED TO RUDELY DECLINE AN OFFER OR REQUEST.



FINGERS CROSSED MAY BE A SIGN OF GOOD LUCK HERE, BUT USE IT IN VIETNAM AND YOU WON'T BE GETTING LUCKY. THOUGHT TO RESEMBLE LADY PARTS, IT'S BASICALLY THE EQUIVALENT OF THE C-WORD.

WHAT NOT TO BUY HER

THE OUVERT

"*Ouvert* in French means open, and in the context of lingerie, it's a fancy word for crotchless. In theory, these knickers are all the decadence of decorative undergarments with all the access of nudity. In practice, the opening in the gusset almost never lines up with the parts you might want to put your appendages on."

STOCKINGS WITH A GARTER BELT

"While standing, the lines of the belt, garter straps, and stocking tops frame one of the curviest parts of a body in an aesthetically gorgeous way. When horizontal, they become a nylon-and-lace, full-body Chinese finger trap. Which actually sounds pretty awesome if you or your partner(s) are into light bondage...."

EDIBLE ANYTHING

"Even if you knitted them yourself, edible panties are a bland, waxy-textured, highly efficient yeast infection delivery system. Nobody wins, aside from the manufacturer and the doctor who dishes out the Diflucan."

AT HOME ABROAD

DESIGNER EDWARD BUCHANAN'S SANSOVINO 6 IS COMING ON STRONG IN MILAN.
BY VINSON CUNNINGHAM. PHOTOGRAPHED BY KIM ÖHRLING

"I'm constantly watching," says Edward Buchanan, the owner and creative director of Sansovino 6, a small but increasingly acclaimed knitwear line based in Milan. And, indeed, as we find seats at a bar in Manhattan's Meatpacking District, his eyes flit from side to side, then trace an arc toward the ceiling and back again. Satisfied with the ambience, he offers a wide smile, as if to say, *This works.*

"I'm watching people," he says. "I'm watching things, I'm watching art."

This watchfulness, to hear him tell it, is the key to the Ohio-born designer's process: first a patient attention to detail, then recombination, and, finally, the construction, which he describes as "regurgitation." All told, this methodic creative sequence has won Buchanan a growing chorus of hosannas, both in Europe and back home in the States.

"It's this sort of mixture of sportswear and luxury, and high and low," he says. "Putting everything all together has always been my strong suit."

His roving, discerning eye shows in the work. Sansovino 6's clothing reflects the muted funky-chic found on the streets of the world's great cities and, at the same time, offers a slick joke about the trends these capitals—and their various celebrity cultures—have embraced. Each piece asks a little question—Are these trousers or sweatpants? A thin sweater or a luxurious dress shirt?—that makes the categories, and the category-makers, seem downright silly.



"We're in a period right now where there's this real dire need and obsession to live vicariously through the world of these larger-than-life figures," says Buchanan.

You get the sense that he can't help but notice. Though still a relatively young guy (today he's loose-limbed and preaching his own gospel: black and dark-gray knit all the way down), Buchanan's clearly seen it all—while retaining a kind of happy outsider status. After leaving the Midwest, he came

east, to Parsons, and post-graduation hopped on the first thing moving across the ocean to Milan, where he now lives, blocks away from his studio.

"I knew at that time that I wasn't really interested in staying in New York," he says. "It didn't take him long to notice what set him apart.

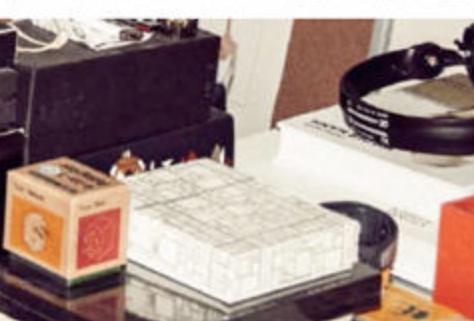
"One of the big things that I realized later on was what being a black man in the center of this world meant," he says, grinning—perhaps at his younger, more naive self.

While continuing to guide Sansovino 6 through the accolades, Buchanan has decided to raise his voice about the obvious disparities in the industry.

"I talk to art directors that are close friends, and they've never shot a person of color in a campaign," he says. "You have to question, 'What does that mean for the future?'

"I can't help but think," he continues, "when I exited

buchanan's milan



Parsons, everyone was telling me how great and how talented I was, but no one was giving me the opportunity."

Whatever it means for the industry, Buchanan won't stop watching. He's busy taking in art that'll become wearable for the kids in the street next season. "I'm from a family of artists," he says. "My mother is a pianist and my brother's a musician, so I was always exposed to

that world." (Music-wise, Buchanan's into Jill Scott, Erykah Badu, Stevie Wonder.)

"I can find inspiration in anything," he says. He looks out the window to prove his point. "The color of the dirt at the bottom of the tree, you know?"

To watch *him*—always working, it seems—you can't help but believe it, and what's more, you can't wait to see it play out in his designs.

FOOD

TRATTORIA DA ARMANDO E CHRISTIAN

A low-key restaurant that you can find me at at least three or four times a week eating tagliatelle al salmone. corso cristoforo colombo, 10

TIZZY'S BAR AND GRILL American food, casual atmosphere, amazing owner. I'm there almost every night just to hang and chat and eat the chocolate chip cookies and drink Arizona iced tea. tizzysbarandgrill.com

SHOPPING

MARTIN LUCIANO Large vintage military annex where I always find situations. martinluciano.it

MERCATO AGRICOLO DEI NAVIGLI

Last Sunday of the month on the Naviglio Grande in Milano. Vintage finds, furniture. mercato-agricolo-navigli.it

FIERA DI SINIGAGLIA A random market that I frequently visit on Saturday mornings close to my home. Great finds, odd bits and bobs. Darsena, Viale D'Annunzio (MM2 Porta Genova F.S.)

CAVALLI E NASTRI Vintage. I love the men's shop for major finds. cavallienastri.com

BOOKSHOPS

BIBLIOTECA DELLA MODA Members-only bookstore. Amazing for research and browsing. I can find it all no matter what date. Major. www.bibliotecadellamoda.it

10 CORSO COMO BOOKSHOP One stop where I can still find mags and new books after all these years. 10corsocomo.com

CULTURE

MUSEO DEL NOVECENTO Recently reopened with a beautiful Yves Klein and Lucio Fontana exhibit. A real treasure in Milano that many overlook. museodelnovecento.org



GENIUS (style)

around the clock

IT'S HIGH TIME FOR A NEW TREND IN MEN'S WATCHES, AND WHAT'S BETTER THAN THE HIGH-LOW COMBO OF GOLD ON RUBBER? PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILL STYLER



from bottom:
g-shock, \$200;
swatch, \$70; bell
& ross, \$12,900.



from top:
cartier,
\$10,600;
timex, \$295;
scuderia,
\$1,195.

HER OWN SPIN

IT'S A CROWDED FIELD IN DJ LAND, BUT **EVA SHAW** IS GUNNING FOR A TOP SPOT. BY NOAH DAVIS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SILJA MAGG

Eva Shaw's seemingly endless legs stretch out from a banquette in the Rose Bar at the Gramercy Park Hotel. Three days ago, the Dutch-Canadian model-turned-DJ released her new track "Space Jungle," a progressive electro-house jam that's climbing the charts. "It had 100,000 plays on YouTube in a few hours," the 24-year-old says through full, slightly chapped lips, her electric blue-green eyes blazing.

Just a few years ago, Shaw never would have pictured herself in this position. She started DJing for fun, something to do when she wasn't modeling for publications like *GQ* and *Purple* or shooting campaigns for Neiman Marcus and Aveda. It was a hobby, not a way to make bank. And she was shy, wearing a baseball cap during her DJ sets as a way to hide from the audience. Shaw took the moniker DJ Bambi at the suggestion of her then-boyfriend, who thought her reserved nature and bewildered, doe-eyed look mirrored that of the Disney deer.

Despite her reservations, she quickly gained a following, jumping from small venues to 10,000-person clubs. Shaw was a girl in the boys' world of club DJs, which came as a mixed blessing. "It was hard at first, but I think I got certain things because I was a female," she says. "Obviously, if I sucked they wouldn't have me back." She didn't, and weekend bookings at clubs like Marquee in New York and a residency at Las Vegas' Hakkasan followed.

Shaw dropped DJ Bambi and now plays under her own name. She also gave up her Ford modeling contract when she started to make as much money spinning as she was modeling, and although she'll do an occasional campaign now, her second career is her primary focus. She's played festivals in Switzerland and Prague, and recently toured China. ("It's totally different," she says of the scene in the Far East. "I could go on about that for an hour.")

Shaw is producing, too, finding time wherever she can between gigs and flights. She has a small studio in her Manhattan apartment but can mix on her laptop when it's necessary. "Space Jungle" came out of that effort, and she was stoked to work with Showtek on the edit that was released. Shaw plans to drop a new song at least every three months. "I want to collab with some old-school rappers. Do you remember Khia?" she asks. "Something like that would be so cool." Either way, Bambi turned out just fine on her own.



stylist: janelle
grimmond hair: jason
murillo at kate ryan
inc. makeup: tsipporah
using chanel sublimage.
stylist's assistant:
danielle hawkins.
blazer by tess
giberson, jeans
by nastygal.



shaw's five keys for putting together a dinner party playlist:

1. Don't blast your audience out too early. You want to slowly get them to a place where they want to dance. Think funky when it's still early.
2. Throw in some things people know. Everyone loves a good classic tune.
3. Know your guests. What kind of music do they like? Can you mix in elements of that into your own style?
4. If you're playing music for any length of time, you have to think of peaks and valleys. Build it up to a peak, then bring it back down. You can't just stay at one intensity or people get tired. Or bored.
5. Mix songs together that are *in* key! Nothing worse than clashing.

CLEANING UP

CHARLIE HUNNAM BREAKS CHARACTER AS THE NEW FACE OF CALVIN KLEIN'S REVEAL. BY MICKEY STANLEY. ILLUSTRATION BY SPIROS HALARIS

Charlie Hunnam sneezes, clears his throat, and apologizes: "Sorry, I've been smoking so many fucking cigarettes." He's fresh off of his seven-season run as Jax, the roguish outlaw biker on FX's monster series *Sons of Anarchy*, and Hunnam is feeling "pretty damn liberated." *Sons'* popularity paired with Jax's unassailable grit turned Hunnam into a household name, but as with Mary Poppins or the Terminator, it's hard to detach Hunnam the man from the gangster he plays on TV. Even more difficult: making sense of Hunnam's career trajectory from fresh-faced roles like Nicholas Nickleby in the eponymous 2002 Charles Dickens adaptation, or Lloyd, the hunky British stalwart in Judd Apatow's underappreciated TV show *Undeclared*.

"That's something that I was fearful of," says Hunnam of early typecasting. "I felt drawn to darker material and to characters that aren't afraid to use violence as a currency." With subsequent roles in *Green Street Hooligans* (2005), Alfonso Cuarón's *Children of Men* (2006), and, more recently, Guillermo del Toro's *Pacific Rim* (2013) under his belt, the 34-year-old actor is in no danger of languishing in pretty-boy purgatory.

These days, with badass cred aplenty, Hunnam is taking on a new role as the face of Reveal, Calvin Klein's latest men's fragrance. Instead of picking a celebrity endorser who already looks like the product smells (see Tim McGraw's McGraw, Katy Perry's Purr, or any of J. Lo's 24 fragrances and counting), Calvin Klein asked Hunnam to play a character: a suave, shark-suited, cocktail-in-hand gentleman caller. "What I've realized is that the key to the fashion world is the idea of aspirational living—the most sophisticated, most luxurious, most sexy, most exciting version of life, manifested," he says. "I found myself really being seduced by that world."

The Reveal bottle is minimalist, just brushed metal and glass—something you'd find on the shelves of the MoMA Design Store. Inside, however, it's a different story entirely. The ingredients aren't stripped down, they are

exotic: top notes of crystalized ginger, lentisque essence, and pear brandy blended with middle notes of raw salt signature, agave nectar, and kiwano, pared down with Haiti vetiver, vintage vanilla bean, and golden amber. It's not a scent for any one type of guy, it's just a solid, well-crafted fragrance that won't define you, but will make you smell great.

His time as debonair scent spokesman couldn't last forever, so this October will find Hunnam back in his "darker" milieu, reunited with del Toro for *Crimson Peak*, which is, essentially, a horror flick. "Guillermo elevates that genre," says Hunnam. "The word around the campfire from the people who've seen it is that it's his best film ever."

What's more, Hunnam has been plucked by one of his favorite directors, Guy Ritchie, to play the lead in 2016's *Knights of the Roundtable: King Arthur*, a part for which Hunnam is already carving his body and mind. "You work out like a motherfucker leading up to doing a movie," he says. "You get yourself in peak physical condition, and then the trick is to sustain that through the course of filming, when you're working 16 or 17 hours a day."

For Hunnam, a rigorous physical routine is not simply a balance of vanity and professional responsibility. "If you want to distill it down to its most primal, Neanderthal psychology," he says, "I think you're going to the gym and maintaining your fitness to be able to fight and defend yourself, and attack if necessary."

calvin klein reveal men eau de toilette
\$80 for 3.4 fl. oz., macy's.com





ink master

Just because you got a badass tattoo doesn't mean you have to be a hard-ass about it. Once the ink settles, you'll need to shield that tattoo from the sun, the cold, and from your wandering fingernails, eager to itch the freshly scored skin. Luckily, Billy Jealousy understands a commitment to body art, and they've provided a line of products that are well-packaged, with luxurious ingredients, all fit to be tried. **MS**

TATTOO LOTION

Want to know how to keep the reds red and the purples purple on your newest piece? Lotion. Billy Jealousy's Tattoo Lotion has shea butter to liven the ink's hue, and green tea leaf extract to prevent discoloration. It's never a bad idea to use lotion, tattoo or not, so don't be afraid. \$25 at billyjealousy.com

TATTOO WASH

This scrub will exfoliate dead skin and make your new tattoo shine. With cucumber fruit extract to prevent fading and rosemary leaf oil for hydration, this is a decent start to your three-part maintenance plan. Remember, you wanted this. Tattoo wash is just making sure you keep it. \$20 at billyjealousy.com

TATTOO SALVE

In the coming days, after you've shared your fresh tat with everyone but your mother, you're going to itch. It sounds absurd, but so much of your tattoo's vibrancy lives and dies within this tiny window. To save yourself the trouble of a retouch, apply salve, which will help make the work remain bright, but more importantly will help you heal the right way, extending the life of your new friend. \$16 at billyjealousy.com



IT TAKES TWO

FASHION DESIGNERS VIKTOR & ROLF HAVE JUST RE-INVENTED THEIR LEGENDARY SPICEBOMB FRAGRANCE, AND WE GET THE INSIDE SCOOP. BY DANI STAHL

DANI STAHL: TELL ME ABOUT YOUR NEW FRAGRANCE.

VIKTOR: The Spicebomb Eau Fraîche is a fresher version of the original Spicebomb. Spicebomb is very warm, so it seemed logical to do something different for summer that's lighter and a little bit sporty.

ROLF: And it's also quite appealing to many women, which is nice. Flowerbomb [the pair's women's perfume] is obviously a very big feminine statement, so I can imagine why some women are more drawn to Spicebomb.

DS: HOW DID YOU COME UP WITH THE NAME AND CONCEPT IN THE FIRST PLACE?

R: Well, it started with Flowerbomb. We were kind of jealous that we didn't have a "bomb" of our own, so we asked, "If Flowerbomb is the quintessential feminine scent, what is its masculine counterpart?" Spices came to mind and the name Spicebomb just sounded hot. The idea for the bottle's design came naturally as the logical counterpart of Flowerbomb's diamond grenade. We like the fact that it's straightforward but playful, and very luxurious. It's a bottle that you want to keep; it's very nice to look at.

DS: I WOULD IMAGINE THAT IN THE PROCESS OF DEVELOPING THE GRENADE, IT WENT THROUGH VARIOUS INCARNATIONS. WHAT WENT INTO THAT?

V: I think for both the bottle and the box it was more a matter of fine-tuning. The idea and the design came pretty easily, but then to get it exactly right always takes a lot of time.

R: Yeah, but in a way that's the great thing about working on fragrances, that there is time to do that, and there's a need to do that. With a fashion collection, there's always so much time pressure. You need to cram so much development into such a short period of time that it can be challenging.

DS: HOW DID YOU BEGIN THE PROCESS?

R: Well, we started with the name, which is very unusual, I think, but we can't do anything before we have language. It's the same with designing. So once we had "Spicebomb," then we could go into it. It had to be centered around spices, and it had to be a big fragrance. Then we started smelling spices, which we thought would be easy, but most spices smell like food, and you don't want to smell like you've come right out of a restaurant. So it was actually quite hard. But ultimately we found this beautiful pink pepper that we really loved.

V: It's sparkly, it's spicy, and it's delicious.

DS: DO THE NOTES MAKE YOU NOSTALGIC FOR A PLACE OR TIME?

R: No, for us it doesn't work like that. It really starts with



the name and the name is an idea. And then obviously once we have a concept, we'll start imagining what it's like to wear it. And if I meet someone wearing this fragrance, what do I think of him?

DS: WHO IS THE SPICEBOMB GUY?

V: It could be anyone.

R: Yeah, but at the same time we're looking for a signature that is classy but not old-fashioned, that is fresh but not too sporty. So it's trying to find a balance between all of the opposites. I mean, when I think about the way we dress today, usually it's a mix of formal, sporty, informal, everything. For fragrance, it's the same.

DS: I THINK IT WORKED! OK, SO ONE FUN QUESTION: WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE SMELL?

V: When I go to the gas station and I refill the car, I like the smell. That brings me back to my childhood.

R: I like when you walk outside at 6 p.m. and it's already dark and cold and you smell burning wood. That's nice.

viktor & rolf spicebomb eau fraîche eau de toilette, \$98 for 3 fl. oz., sephora.com





an original
Penguin
by
Munsingwear



#BEANORIGINAL | ORIGINALPENGUIN.COM

RANKER:

CRUNCH REPORT

WE TAKE ON THE TASK OF RATING AND EVALUATING YOUR FAVORITE TYPES OF CHIPS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE UNDERWOOD

1.

THE FLAVORED TORTILLA CHIP

You know you've made it when Pizza Hut works you into its crust.

2.

THE CRUNCHY CHEESE CURL

After eating this snack, you can run your fingers through a redhead's hair and pretend that they've infected you with the Ginger.

3.

THE PUFFY CHEESE CURL

The omega to the crunchy cheese curl—more air, less cheese dust.

4.

THE RUFFLED POTATO CHIP

Sometimes salty drool pools form in between this chip's crevices, which is nice.

5.

THE CLASSIC POTATO CHIP

Let's face it: We have Buffalo-ranch-flavored chips now—we don't need classic anything. But show some respect, people.

6.

THE BLUE CHIP

This chip gets way too much credit just because it's blue. Think about it: Why do people watch *The Smurfs*?

7.

THE HEALTH CHIP

The gym selfie of the snack world, eating this chip is a great way to say, "Look at my good choices!"

8.

THE PORK RIND

This snack confirms that we'll eat just about anything. Don't Google image search how they're made.

9.

THE BAKED CHIP

Is it sacrilegious to rank a chip that's essentially a glorified communion wafer?





MIXTAPE:

OTTO'S SHRUNKEN HEAD

FOR OVER A DECADE, OTTO'S HAS BEEN A TIKI MAINSTAY IN THE EAST VILLAGE OF NEW YORK CITY, SERVING UP POTENT COCKTAILS AND PLAYING THE BEST TUNES, HULA-GRUNGE OR OTHERWISE. HERE'S A LIST OF THEIR GO-TO TRACKS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SHARON RADISCH

ROCKABILLY

Jeani Mack
"Dirty Dishes"

ROCKABILLY

Wanda Jackson
"Fujiyama Mama"

SWING

Ralph Rebel
"Set 'Em Up Joe"

BIG BAND/SWING

Squirrel
Nut Zippers
"Hell"

PUNK/ROCK 'N' ROLL

Supersuckers
"The Fight Song"

GLAM/ROCK 'N' ROLL

The Sweet
"The Ballroom Blitz"

SURF

9th Wave
"Last of the V8s"

SURF

The Ventures
"James Bond Theme"

PUNK

Ramones
"Blitzkrieg Bop"

PROTOPUNK

New York Dolls
"Trash"

AMERICAN HARDCORE

Cro-Mags
"Hard Times"

ANARCHOPUNK

Dead Kennedys
"Kill the Poor"

THIRD WAVE SKA

Bonsai Kitten
"No-Go-Area"

FIRST WAVE SKA

Desmond Dekker
"007 (Shanty Town)"

'60s SOUL

Baby Washington
"Hush Heart"

NEW WAVE

Visage
"Fade to Grey"

GOTHIC/INDUSTRIAL

VNV Nation
"Chrome"

PSYCHOBILLY

Tiger Army
"Power of Moonlite"

FREESTYLE/DANCE/DISCO

Noel
"Silent Morning"

GLAM/PUNK

Toilet Boys
"Another Day in the Life"

GLASS ACT

A man with a beard and glasses stands in a large, industrial-style space. He is wearing a dark zip-up hoodie and dark pants. Behind him are several tall, rectangular glass structures, possibly artworks or architectural elements, with a greenish-blue tint. The floor is concrete, and the background shows industrial equipment and lighting.

PULL BACK THE LAYERS OF ARTIST DUSTIN YELLIN'S CAREER, AND SOMETHING MIRACULOUS EMERGES. BY ALLYSON SHIFFMAN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRAD OGBUNNA

clockwise from left: yellin in his studio, a psychogeography mid-construction, yellin's monograph (rizzoli, 2015).



When I meet Dustin Yellin at his cavernous studio in Red Hook, Brooklyn, the artist and founder of communal creative space Pioneer Works (located next door) is drinking tea from a mug that reads CORNELL GRAD. It is an ironic choice as Yellin dropped out of his Colorado high school before hitchhiking across New Zealand, Australia, and Asia, eventually settling back in Colorado to apprentice for a physicist named Adam Trombly.

"I was a high school dropout freak making bad paintings and writing corny love poems," says Yellin. "I had never met a scientist."

In time, Yellin transformed from apprentice to subject, participating in experiments in which he floated in a bath of saline solution and was pumped full of ketamine. It was during these experiments that Yellin envisioned his future. "It wasn't like I knew I'd be making the kind of sculptures I'm making, and Pioneer Works wasn't called Pioneer Works, but I could see

it all fitting together," he says. "So I was like, 'Oh, I guess I have to move to New York.'"

Yellin's bizarre origin story is recounted in the opening of his forthcoming monograph, out in March via Rizzoli. The first major survey of the artist's work, the book provides a detailed study of the Yellin's astonishing Psychogeographies (3-D figures realized by trapping bits of scraps between glass panels) and *The Triptych* (a 12-ton, three-piece magnum opus, detailing his take on humanity and consciousness).

Before working with glass, Yellin experimented with resin, using it to coat paintings and collages. He substituted less-toxic materials primarily to preserve his brain cells, but there were some other perks as well. "A by-product of switching to glass was that I could go backwards with the work—I could now edit and change my mind," he explains. "It became more like filmmaking."

The bits and pieces that make up his figures and landscapes are chosen democratically. "I'm constantly picking through garbage, old *Life* magazines, history books, and encyclopedias and mixing it all up—it's not supposed to be from one source or highlighting one thing," says Yellin. "It's supposed to be this collective landscape of reality we experience as these sentient beings that call ourselves humans."

The art itself is democratic as well—work that can be enjoyed by anyone for its sheer magnificence. "I like to make work that seven-year-olds can get turned on to," he says. This attitude permeates Pioneer Works, Yellin's monstrous communal hub for creativity, which boasts artist residencies, a radio station, and, yes, a physics lab.

In many ways, the book suits Yellin's vision as well. "I just like being able to see someone on the street and give them something."

GAME ON:

BY MATT DOLBY

THE ORDER: 1886



No game has better illustrated the pure visual brilliance of the PS4 than *The Order: 1886*. Its rendered details are stunning, almost jarring when you realize the actual gameplay visuals are as beautiful as the typical cut scenes. Set in an alternate-reality London, where an order of knights protects citizens from half-breed monsters, the story line is captivating enough to push through some of the game's questionable mechanics. Unfortunately, when games such as *The Order: 1886* set such a high bar with their graphics, the blunder of lackluster gameplay is difficult to convincingly overcome. Nonetheless, *Order* is a must-see, if not a must-play. **AVAILABLE FOR PS4 ON FEBRUARY 20.**

BATTLEFIELD HARDLINE



A certain amount of apathy has started to creep into the FPS (first-person shooter) genre. Even with steadily high sales numbers, many flagship FPS titles continue to recycle the same militarized, dystopian settings in their games, and for experienced players, this trope is wearing thin. *Hardline* switches out the familiar military motif for an inner-city police force looking to take down crooks using proper police techniques. This change is not just cosmetic—the gameplay feels much more focused and small. The earlier military, firefight-style *Battlefield* games have seemed, at times, chaotic and brutal, but *Hardline* puts the emphasis on being stealthy. Lacking military-grade armor and weapons, stealth is the only way to successfully take down your enemies without the whole scene devolving into a hectic, violent mess. **AVAILABLE MARCH 17 FOR PC, PS3/4, XBOX ONE/360.**

THE WITCHER 3: WILD HUNT



Starting an open-world RPG can be like going down a rabbit hole, and for *Wild Hunt*, that hole is radically deep. The game is massive in scale, described as "20 percent larger than *Skyrim*," and in some cases, players require a horse or sailboat to reach their destination. On top of this latest *Witcher*'s massive size, the AI has been improved and enhanced with features like character-specific move sets and abilities that can change depending on the time of day. These added elements challenge gamers to thoroughly strategize before taking on enemies, which creates a more fulfilling RPG experience. You really can't go wrong playing a game this loaded with astonishing details. **AVAILABLE FOR PC, PS4, AND XBOX ONE ON MAY 19.**

eyes in the sky

AS WE INCH CLOSER TO A FULLY ROBOTIC, JETSONS-STYLE FUTURE, THOSE TECHNOLOGICALLY DISINCLINED ARE BEING LEFT IN THE DUST. PARROT MINIDRONES IS GRACIOUSLY CLOSING THE GAP BETWEEN THE TECH-SAVVY AND THE SUNDAY TWEETERS WITH ITS ROLLING SPIDER DRONE, A HAND-SIZED INDOOR/OUTDOOR UFO—with a 300,000-PIXEL CAMERA—that can be controlled with ease on your smart phone. SO STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT.

parrot rolling spider,
\$99, parrotshopping.com.

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME

WITH PLANS TO EXTEND HIS HOTEL EMPIRE, CONTROVERSIAL MAN-ABOUT-TOWN **VIKRAM CHATWAL** IS HERE TO STAY. BY MIKE HARVEY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY NICK SETHI

grooving: lisa-raquel for ren at see management.

Today Vikram Chatwal, the multilingual, fabulously wealthy bad boy behind the Dream Hotel, wants to talk about his future, not his past. His first hotel, The Time in Midtown Manhattan, will reopen soon after a major renovation to mark its 15th anniversary. In recent years, new Dream Hotels have sprouted in India and Thailand, and Chatwal is expanding the brand into Dallas, L.A., and maybe Brooklyn. "We looked at a space in Red Hook," he says, but it didn't work out.

When he's not expanding his luxury hotel empire, Chatwal is directing more of his energies into film. As an actor, he has a growing list of credits, including *Zoolander*. As a producer, he's working with director Neil LaBute on a film Chatwal teasingly calls "a really, really, really cool story that I can't talk about." He's also had a hand in bringing *London Fields* to the screen. Based on the novel by Martin Amis and featuring Theo James, Amber Heard, and Johnny Depp,

Chatwal executive-produced and has been closely involved in the soundtrack.

The future, for Chatwal, means "nailing down what I see myself doing for the rest of my life. Even though I'm 43, I don't know what it would be that I could wake up every morning and love doing." But Chatwal has faith. Faith in God, yes, or at least "a force greater than us," but also in people. "Anyone can do anything," he says. "All it takes is persistence and belief." Though Chatwal accepts that a man like him enjoys elevated opportunities, he's quick to point out that money is not the only resource. "Experience and knowledge are the greatest resources you can have," he says. "I've seen it."

In the past, some have worried that Chatwal was squandering those resources. He's known for his large appetites: for nightlife, for beautiful women. Kate Moss, Gisele Bündchen, and Esther Cañadas are all ex-girlfriends. His wedding to Indian model Priya Sachdev ran 10 days and the marriage produced a daughter, Safira, allowing Chatwal to "appreciate a kind of love I never thought

existed." But it ended in divorce and Safira, now eight, lives most of the time with her mother in New Delhi. So Chatwal is no stranger to heartbreak...or to rehab. In 2014 he finished his third and longest stint after being arrested in Florida and charged with drug possession (the charges were later dropped). "I'm glad it happened," says Chatwal. "It put things in perspective. Everyone should get arrested at least once in their life, just to know how it feels."

Tonight, Chatwal reclines on a sofa in the lobby of his famous downtown hotel, urging everyone around him to eat, drink, enjoy. Behind him, an American flag made from Mexican beer cans shimmers with light. "The thing about the American dream," says Chatwal, "is to know its limits. I thought I'd achieved it. I was living in luxury, I built a yacht. Then I got divorced, lost my kid. Nobody prepares you for when you have success and then lose it. You have to find whatever it is in your core that empowers you."



FLYING HIGH

IT'S ALL WORK AND ALL PLAY FOR PRO SNOWBOARDER MARK MCMORRIS. BY JOEL MUZZY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SHANE MCCUALEY

In the lead-up to the 2014 Winter Olympics in Sochi, Mark McMorris went from being a pretty big deal in snowboarding to becoming an action-sports icon. Now 21, this triple-corker from the flatlands of Saskatchewan adds an Olympic bronze to his list of accomplishments—a list that already includes inventing a new trick (the backside triple-cork 1440), starring in an MTV reality series with his brother Craig, back-to-back US Open wins, and dating one of the hottest female pro surfers in the game, Coco Ho. He answered some questions over coffee at his new beach house in Encinitas, California.

YOU'VE BEEN LIVING THE DREAM SINCE YOU WERE A LITTLE KID, JUST TRAVELING THE WORLD AND SHREDDING. Yeah, I was lucky that my parents were down with snowboarding from the start. My mom started having a hard time when it got to the point where I wasn't really going to school—around grade 10. But then they came out to a World Cup—the first time I won some real money. I think I was 15 and got 12 grand in cash. After that, she was cool with whatever.

WAS YOUR OLYMPIC EXPERIENCE EVERYTHING YOU HOPED IT WOULD BE? Yes and no. It was cool landing the

run I wanted to land—broken rib or not. At the same time, you have hopes of how it could go. But the way it worked out, with me getting injured and then coming back to compete—I was lucky to get the most fucking PR, the most social media.

YOUR INSTAGRAM'S BLOWN UP. DO YOU STILL DO YOUR SOCIAL MEDIA STUFF YOURSELF? Yeah, I'm the one with the phone in my hand. I should be doing it—people are following me, not some nerd I hired to post stuff for me. And I love Instagram. I love following my friends.

It's quick and easy, and you don't have to read about problems—you just look at a photo and keep going.

BUT NOT ALL OF YOUR FOLLOWERS ARE INTERESTED IN THE TRICKS YOU'RE DOING. Ha, I know. I have a pretty good core following and then, yeah, hundreds of thousands of little girls. But I guess a fan is a fan. That sounds so bad.

THE COMMENTS GET PRETTY RAW. I don't read many comments anymore, but I've seen some crazy stuff. This one girl has commented, "Do me!" on every single photo I've posted for the last two years—that's commitment.

YOU JUST BOUGHT A HOUSE ON THE BEACH IN SAN DIEGO. THAT'S A LONG WAY FROM SASKATCHEWAN. Yeah, I spent my childhood in the snow. Now, nine months out of the year, I'm traveling to snow destinations. It's nice to come home to someplace warm and reset by doing something totally different—go in the ocean, skateboard, surf.

BUT YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS COCO HO. ISN'T IT EMBARRASSING FOR YOU TO SURF WITH HER? OR MAYBE VICE VERSA.

Oh yeah, it's so frustrating. She just paddles around you and—*whack!* Just like 18 smacks on the lip of the wave even though it looks like it's closing out! But it's been cool. Through Coco, I've been lucky to surf with really good people, so I've picked up on some little tricks.

IS IT TOUGH LINING UP YOUR SCHEDULES?

Actually, I think we're lucky to have this situation where it's not like I'm traveling and somebody's sitting at home waiting for me to get back. She has her own career and she's killing it.

BUT WINTER IS HERE AGAIN, AND THAT MEANS YOU'RE BACK ON THE ROAD.

Back to the mountains. But it never gets old. I'll be doing fewer competitions this season, too, so it should be fun. And if I do start to feel burnt out, I'll just go visit Coco in Hawaii for a few days.

mcmorris performs a cab triple cork.



photo courtesy of adam moran.



THE BIG CAT

THE F-TYPE R COUPE IS THE MOST POWERFUL PRODUCTION CAR JAGUAR HAS EVER MADE. WITH A SUPERCHARGED 5.0-LITER V8 ENGINE UNLEASHING 550 HORSES, THE R COUPE MARKS THE TERMINAL POINT IN A PERFORMANCE PEDIGREE THAT BEGAN WITH ITS SPIRITUAL PREDECESSOR, THE LEGENDARY 1960S E-TYPE.

BY NICOLAS STECHER



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JULIAN BERMAN.

037



test drive:

JAGUAR F-TYPE R COUPE

It all begins with the pressing of a bronze start button—a metallic ignition bauble that fires to life one of the finest engines in motoring. Press the dedicated Active Exhaust button, and the muffler vibrations become so loud it's almost comical. Reversing out of my driveway onto the street, I pass my neighbor gardening and set off his car alarm. This is not a funny quip; it actually happened. I could see him in my sideview mirror, craning his head around while his jaw slacked incredulously, his Honda Civic blinking motionless on the street, eking out an ineffectual, warbling complaint.

By the time I hit the open I-10 freeway and really step on the throttle, the sound erupting from the F-Type R Coupe's tailpipe is harsher and more belligerent than the Slayer blasting from the 770-watt Meridian sound system. The exhaust note is so evil, so crude, so overtly obnoxious, you might find yourself downshifting next to weaker vehicles just to make the overrun pop and crackle like the demonic brew in some witch's cauldron.

You won't notice on an L.A. highway, but get the F-Type R on tight canyon roads, and you'll quickly come to respect its ultra-precise driving dynamics even more than its unbridled power. Built on an all-aluminum chassis with aluminum-alloy body panels, the base F-Type Roadster—which debuted a year before the Coupe—was already the stiffest convertible in the world. Throw on a roof for added stability, and you have a remarkably rigid performance vehicle. Combine that stiffness with the F-Type's short wheelbase, 50/50 front-to-rear weight balance, and 8-speed transmission channeling all the power to the rear wheels, and the result is an impeccably conceived and executed sports car.

About the only shade you can throw on the F-Type R is that it is super squirrelly. Part of this is intentional, but the steering is so precise and needs so little input to react that it is not a vehicle for those who are given to occasional, wistful daydreams while motoring. With the ability to leap to 60 mph from a standstill in just 4.0 seconds, you need to keep your hands on this great cat's leash or it'll drag you into the canyons.

Despite its well-bred, high-performance pedigree, however, the Type R is still a luxury coupe. A button on the key fob hydraulically opens and closes the trunk (+\$750). Fine black leather envelopes the

cabin, seamed in red contrast stitching. Vents rise ceremoniously from the top of the dash when the HVAC unit is engaged. Glass knobs, a large touch-screen display, and all instrumentation aim directly at the driver. Even the bronze motif found on the start button is repeated on the paddle shifters and Dynamic Drive switch—a visual nod to Bell & Ross watches. Emphatically British, the F-Type R Coupe emanates cool sophistication from its Xenon headlamps to its chrome-tipped tailpipes. Unlike a lot of track-oriented sports cars, there is little sacrifice of style—even its aluminum roof can be swapped out in favor of panoramic glass (+\$1,200).

Speaking of style, this Jag's sweeping profile, menacing headlamps, and long hood all align to form one of the finest vehicles ever pulled off the pages of a designer's sketchbook. Sure, its horizontal taillights are an homage to its vintage E-Type inspiration, but there is nothing kitschy or retro in its character; the F-Type Coupe is thoroughly modern, relevant, next-gen. When industrial design historians in the 23rd century look back and examine the prolific and exemplary career of Jaguar Design Director Mr. Ian Callum, it would not be surprising if the F-Type Coupe were recorded as his magnum opus.

STATISTICS:

EFFICIENCY: 16/23/18 MPG (CITY/HIGHWAY/COMBINED)
0-60 MPH: 4.0 SECONDS
TOP SPEED: 186 MPH (LIMITED)
HORSEPOWER: 550 HP @ 6,500 RPM
TORQUE: 502 LB-FT @ 2,500 RPM
COST: \$99,900 BASE / \$109,963 AS TESTED (EST)

test drive:

DUCATI SCRAMBLER



Ducati has conquered America on the strength—and aura—of its high-performance motorcycles. The Panigale is the type of Italian machinery that makes grown men wobbly in the knees, not just from its superbike-worthy stat lines (0-60 mph in a brain-melting 2.8 seconds), but also on the elegance of its design. The Panigale looks like a 205-horsepower Anish Kapoor sculpture, handcrafted to inspire reams of poetic desire...and pools of saliva under the boots of Ducatisti everywhere.

But no company, especially not one in the limited field of motorcycles, can survive on the backs of hypermachines aimed at an elite 1 percent. Brands need bulk sales. Just like Porsche needs its Cayenne SUV, Ducati needs its approachable entry-level vehicle.

Enter the Scrambler.

Utilizing a pre-existing engine—a fuel-injected 800cc V-twin plucked from the discontinued Monster 796—the Scrambler is a true throwback bike. But not throwback in the sense of a cornucopia of branded gear distilled from a secret marketing lab hidden under the grates of some Williamsburg tattoo studio.

It is throwback in its minimalist approach.

The seat rests 31 inches high, short enough for Ariana Grande to ride it. The handlebars rise tall and wide, meaning the riding position is extremely comfortable whether rolling around town as a diurnal commuter or zooming through the Jacinto Mountains over Palm Springs. Most of its torque comes from the bottom end of its revs, meaning it provides plenty of zip from the low gears—while Brembo brakes with ABS make

sure you can stop, too. There are even knobby tires custom-designed for the Scrambler by Pirelli, so fire trails and gravel roads are never an obstacle. Make no mistake, the Scrambler isn't an off-road rock crawler, but it certainly can handle getting dirty.

Crafting an entire Scrambler sub-brand of its own, Ducati will first release the bike in base form as the Icon (\$8,495), with three slightly modified models dropping by summertime for \$9,995 each (the off-road-oriented Urban Enduro, performance Full Throttle, and vintage-styled Classic). But don't believe the hype: What makes the Scrambler a great motorcycle is not the fact that well-inked bearded men sleep in sand dunes on its indie-rock promotional video; it is a great motorcycle because it is everything you want in a modern bike...and nothing more.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY NATHANIEL WOOD.



STATISTICS:

EFFICIENCY: 17/23 MPG (CITY/HIGHWAY)
 0-60 MPH: 4.6 SECONDS
 TOP SPEED: 164 MPH
 HORSEPOWER: 400 HP @ 6,000 RPM
 TORQUE: 406 LB-FT @ 1,350 RPM
 COST: \$72,300 BASE / \$102,435 AS TESTED

test drive:

2015 PORSCHE MACAN TURBO

Crossover SUVs (CUVs) are the bane of 21st-century masculinity—the automotive equivalent of a BabyBjörn, or Five-Finger toe shoes. Disingenuous automakers can try to make you feel better by slapping on some cheap cladding or raising the suspension a couple inches to appear more brawny. But in the end, all you have is a minivan with Payless work boots strapped to it.

Someone forgot to tell that to Porsche. Their Macan Turbo is the best vehicle in the CUV game, and it's not even close. The Audi SQ5 may throw blows with the Turbo's less roided Macan S brethren, but the Turbo Macan is simply peerless.

With most CUVs, you want to put them into Sport mode the moment you step in them (if they even have that option), but the Macan Turbo's default settings are more than potent enough for daily driving. Its Sport Plus, on the

other hand, delays upshifting until such a high rpm that you feel like you're flying around a racetrack, when in fact you're cruising down Wilshire Boulevard. Just as the men from Stuttgart did when they introduced their Panamera sedan or Cayenne SUV, Porsche is making damn well sure that no one can accuse them of building anything that waters down their decades-earned reputation for power and performance. Its twin-turbocharged 3.6-liter V6 engine picks up the tab, shoving all 406 lb-ft of torque out at just 1,350 rpm.

But it's not just brawn—Porsche must build a carriage that appeals to the aesthetic demands of someone who can afford a six-digit CUV. Many luxury makers use top materials like full-grain leather, perforated leathers, rare woods, or polished carbon-fiber trim, but perfection is in the details—the execution. Porsche's three-spoke steering wheel alone is a thing of beauty, with leather attached to the top spokes, and polished sleek carbon fiber on the top and bottom. Two roller dials on the wheel allow drivers to slide through options that project on the gauge cluster's TFT screen, while paddle shifters quickly leap you through the seven gears of its PDK dual-clutch transmission.

Flowing down from the 7-inch touchscreen display onto the center stack is a field of dedicated buttons, allowing you to trigger everything from driving modes to altering the height of the shocks—no scrolling through 12 option windows to independently manipulate the dual climate zones. Even the switch that turns the fan speed and temperature is simple and more intuitive than on most other vehicles.

Despite its steeply raked rear window, which lends the Macan a highly athletic, sprung-forward profile, the rear seating area and trunk space are plentiful (53 cubic feet with second-row seats folded down). Finished off with a well-designed aluminum hood, intricately beveled, jeweled LED tail lamps, and 21-inch Turbo Design wheels, the Macan proves it's not always just what's under the skin that counts, but sometimes the skin itself. NS



test drive:

LEXUS RC F COUPE

STATISTICS:

EFFICIENCY: 16/25 MPG (CITY/HIGHWAY)
 0-60 MPH: 4.4 SECONDS
 TOP SPEED: 168 MPH (LIMITED)
 HORSEPOWER: 467 HP @ 7,100 RPM
 TORSION: 389 LB-FT @ 4,800 RPM
 COST: \$62,400 BASE / \$75,210 AS TESTED

With the arrival of the RC coupe, Lexus' transition from favorite of the Metamucil generation to a modern, lust-worthy machine is finally complete. For far too long, the Big L has aimed its vehicles at the country club set, and its superior build quality, luxurious refinement, and engineering safety have been rewarded with massive sales. But with an ambitious new "L-finesse" design and branding campaign, Lexus clearly wants to make its way onto the shopping lists of those who can differentiate between the Hemsworth brothers.

And while the base RC 350 is certainly eye-catching, its high-performance RC F sibling—built from the ground up to battle the likes of the Mercedes-Benz AMG C63 Coupe, Audi RS5, Cadillac ATS-V Coupe, and BMW M4—is the vehicle Lexus is hoping will draw young men to its showrooms. With flared fenders,

large air intakes, a domed aluminum hood, triple-beam LED headlights, 19-inch forged alloy wheels, stacked quadruple exhaust, and obese spindle grill, the RC F certainly looks the part.

At the launch, Lexus offered a Creamsicle-orange RC, which had about the same effect on the digestive system as one of those popsicles. For this story, however, we were delivered a dazzling Infrared model, sporting a sort of metallic maroon paint—the perfect hue to catch the sun's rays and refract them just so. The exterior design for the RC is quite busy, with character lines and arrowhead motifs repeating across the sheet metal; the Infrared hue allows you to appreciate the linework instead of becoming muddled by its complexity. While not as elegant as the Audi RS5 or Jaguar F-Type, the RC F is still a looker—a must in a segment that lives and dies on aesthetics.

Arguably the only aspect more important than looks in a luxury performance coupe is power. And for now, the RC F is king—its naturally aspirated V8 engine is more potent than any other car in its class. The new-generation AMG C63 will knock it down a peg once it debuts this summer, but that V8 is twin-turbocharged. The 467-horsepower 5.0-liter neatly tucked under the RC F's hood is the only unblown engine of all its competitors, lending the high-revving coupe a unique driving experience across the entire automotive landscape, both in force and wail. NS



HOOD HERO

THE ANORAK GETS A BOLD REVAMP.

NAME: JORDAN PARIS. AGE: 22. OCCUPATION: FINE-DINING SERVER. WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? ANORAK BY BAND OF OUTSIDERS, JEANS BY ZARA, BOOTS BY GIVENCHY.

TASTE



SPRING FORWARD

ALEXANDER WANG, \$550

AMI, \$505

CALVIN KLEIN
COLLECTION, \$1,050

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO
GEAR UP FOR THE NEW SEASON.

NEO PHILE

SURF-STAPLE FABRIC NEOPRENE MAKES A LEAP FROM THE BEACH TO THE STREETS.

NAME: LEWIS CARTER III. AGE: 20. OCCUPATION: DJ. WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? SWEATSHIRT BY HOOD BY AIR, PANTS BY BOOHOWMAN, SHOES BY ROBERT GELLER, HAT BY LAST RESORT.





[1] wesc, \$198 [2] t by alexander wang, \$260 [3] opening ceremony, \$325 [4] calvin klein collection, \$675 [5] alexander wang, \$595 [6] no. 21, price upon request [7] carlos campos, \$240 [8] dior homme, \$1,550 [9] anzevino getty, \$310.

HIGH TRACTION

GET A GRIP IN LUG-SOLE LOAFERS.

NAME: MICKEY STANLEY. AGE: 29. OCCUPATION: MAGAZINE EDITOR. WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?
JACKET BY BILLY REID. SHIRT BY CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR. JEANS BY CLUB MONACO,
SOCKS BY LEVI'S. SHOES BY COACH. WATCH BY OMEGA GENEVE.



MONUMENTS TO AN ELEGY'
BLE DEC 9TH

BEIGE & ONE AND ALL
LE DEC 9TH

NEW ALBUM
AVAILA



[1] versace, price upon request [2] dr. martens, \$120 [3] giuseppe zanotti design, \$665 [4] grenson, \$520 [5] adieu (available at mrporter.com), \$700 [6] band of outsiders, \$425 [7] camper, \$260 [8] ami, \$545 [9] sandro, \$340 [10] salvatore ferragamo, \$895.

FRESH PRINTS

YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BOMBER JACKETS LIKE THIS BEFORE.

NAME: ANDRE KIVIJARVI, AGE: 23, OCCUPATION: PHOTOGRAPHER. WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?

JACKET BY DSQUARED², SWEATSHIRT BY LUCIO CASTRO, JEANS BY LEVI'S, SHOES BY VANS.





SHOP THESE ITEMS
AT SHOP.NYLON.COM

[1] bleach project, \$245 [2] viktor & rolf, \$1,495 [3] versus versace, \$925 [4] tim coppens, \$899
[5] jonny cota/skingraft, \$600 [6] public school, \$1,200 [7] original penguin, \$150 [8] moschino, \$1,395
[9] dior homme, price upon request [10] gap, \$88 [11] marc by marc jacobs, \$598 [12] iceberg, \$895.

TASTE

NO SWEAT
BANDED-BOTTOM PANTS MAKE THE LOUNGEWEAR LOOK EXTRA-WEARABLE.
NAME: DARIUS, AGE: 22, OCCUPATION: STUDENT, WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? TRENCH COAT BY SANDRO,
SWEATER BY SATURDAYS SURF NYC, PANTS BY EXPRESS, SHOES BY CONVERSE.





THROWING SHADE

MAXIMUM STYLE, MINIMUM SQUINT.

NAME: REID. AGE: 19. OCCUPATION: SALES ASSOCIATE. WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? SHIRT BY BESPOKEN, SWEATPANTS BY MATIERE, SHOES BY ANDROID HOMME. SUNGLASSES BY DIOR.





[1] cutler and gross, \$500 [2] ermenegildo zegna, \$225 [3] dior homme, price upon request [4] thom browne (available at mrporter.com), \$675 [5] saint laurent by hedi slimane, \$325 [6] ray-ban, \$210 [7] mykita, \$459 [8] kris van assche by linda farrow, \$480 [9] gucci, \$345 [10] giorgio armani, \$500 [11] salvatore ferragamo, price upon request [12] dsquared², \$350.

TEE PARTY POLITICS

SHIRTS THAT ARE ANYTHING BUT CONSERVATIVE.

NAME: DANIEL OH AGE: 24. OCCUPATION: DJ. WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? T-SHIRT BY CHRISTOPHER KANE, PANTS BY RICK OWENS, SNEAKERS BY NIKE, WATCH BY G-SHOCK.

TASTE





[1] original penguin, \$49 [2] g-star raw, \$65 [3] maison martin margiela (available at mrporter.com), \$355 [4] wesc, \$48 [5] n.hoolywood, \$230 [6] topman, \$30 [7] mark mcnairy new amsterdam, \$50 [8] marc by marc jacobs, \$128 [9] lacoste, \$125 [10] givenchy (available at mrporter.com), \$775 [11] dior homme, \$380 [12] gap, \$25.

BUSINESS ON TOP

EASY BLAZERS TO GO FROM THE BOARDROOM TO THE BAR.

NAME: JACK DONOVAN, AGE: 24, OCCUPATION: MUSICIAN, WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? BLAZER BY BRUNELLO GUCINELLI, SHIRT BY BURBERRY BRIT, JEANS BY H&M, SHOES BY SANDRO.

TASTE





\$299

Each

FUNNY OR DIE

ADAM SCOTT TOOK THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD TO SUCCESS. BUT NOW IT'S ALL FLASHBULBS AND HOT TUBS.
BY BUSRA ERKARA. PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVEN TAYLOR





In an interview years ago, Adam Scott compared himself to Sonic Youth—and then immediately took it back—but he did have a point: Like the late-blooming band, the 41-year-old actor had been in the business for a long time before he entered into the collective consciousness of American pop culture with 2009's tragically short-lived Starz comedy *Party Down*. In the series, Scott portrayed Henry Pollard, a one-hit-wonder actor who moonlights as a caterer. Like his on-screen character, Scott's own career saw its fair share of small roles before he eventually landed the parts of Ben Wyatt, the goofy city planner on *Parks and Recreation*, and Derek, the over-the-top foil to Will Ferrell's man-child character in *Step Brothers*.

This winter sees the actor further cementing his comedic status. *The Overnight*, out now, co-stars another beloved deadpan humor icon, Jason Schwartzman, and February 20 marks the release of one of the season's most anticipated sequels: *Hot Tub Time Machine 2*.

But all of that feels like the furthest thing from Scott's mind on this bright December morning in Los Angeles. Clad in a collarless leather jacket and a pair of olive green pants, the actor sets off a wave of excitement upon entering a white-tiled suburban café. After dutifully conversing with most of the women present, he grins and says, "Being an actor is weird."

Born to teacher parents in Santa Cruz, California, Scott spent much of his childhood at the Del Mar theater downtown. "E.T. was the first movie I went to by myself," he recalls. "I had already seen it with every member of my family, so my mom let me ride my bike to the theater and just see it by myself. *Temple of Doom* was next."

It was around this time that he made the decision to become an actor. "It was all tied into Indiana Jones, Han Solo, and E.T.," he explains. "If going and seeing a movie is the greatest thing in the world, what could be better than going and making a movie?" But a social stigma against the drama kids at his high school kept the dream at bay until enrolling at L.A.'s prestigious American Academy of Dramatic Arts.



stylist: alvin stillwell. grooming: kim verbeck at the wall group. shirt by band of outsiders, jeans by levi's, shoes by new balance. previous page: shirt by alexander olch, jeans by levi's, shoes by new balance, sunglasses by ray-ban.

After acting school came mostly one-off parts throughout the mid-'90s and early 2000s, including a two-episode run in Alan Ball's proto-*True Blood* HBO drama, *Six Feet Under*: "I tested for the part of David Fisher with Michael C. Hall, and not getting that was one of those really tough experiences that cut deep," he reveals. A year later, he was cast for the bit role. "Michael's really smart and good—as it turns out, I wouldn't have been as good in that part as he was."

The actor's transition to comedy came by way of cult-fave *Party Down*. "That eventually led to *Parks and Rec*," he says. The Mike Schur-produced show, now in its seventh and final season, played a major part in solidifying Scott's long-delayed fame. With the show's end, he'll have more time for big-screen projects like *The Overnight* and any future *Hot Tub* misadventures. The actor also runs Gettin' Rad Productions with his writer-producer wife, Naomi, and works "very slowly" on his own scripts when he's not busy passing along a love of cinema to the couple's two children. If his overarching philosophy of life, child-rearing included, is any indication, Scott will see even more success as time goes on: "As long as you're always doing your best, the fuck-ups are fine."

Additional Reporting by
Natasha Vargas-Cooper



ON THE MONEY

BROOKLYN HIP-HOP PHENOM JOEY BADA\$\$ PUTS A FRESH SPIN ON BOOM-BAP.
BY CLOVER HOPE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDI ELLOWAY

Joey Bada\$\$ knows that youth has its perks. With gravelly snarls over warm tracks that recall the grittiness of '90s hip-hop, the 20-year-old Brooklyn-bred rapper has made a notable first impression. And yet he's not content to simply be a standout rookie. "I get a lot of respect, but I'm not about to just get a handout. I got a long time to be here," says Bada\$\$. "I have 15, 20 years ahead. I have the advantage. If I was to hop on a verse with Drake or Kendrick Lamar, my hunger would exceed anything that they would write. I would immediately harness attention from them."

This commitment to excellence shows on Bada\$\$'s lyrically dense and precocious mixtapes, 1999 and *Summer Knights*, a reminder that youth isn't always reckless. His thoughtful raps offer a freshness that rings familiar but doesn't completely lean on nostalgia, and it's led to marquee collaborations (DJ Premier, Pete Rock, Q-Tip) and even a lofty title as creative director at Ecko Clothing. With his debut album, *B4.Da.\$\$* (pronounced *Before da Money*), Bada\$\$ plans to extend his anything's-possible philosophy to his fans. "I want my listeners to feel almost invincible, like they can do anything," he says. "'Before the money' is a mind state. It's that initial feeling before you've made a single dollar off of what you love. It's that hunger to just want to do it."

Bada\$\$'s own initial hunger pangs grew out of a love for poetry. In first grade, the Bed-Stuy-bred artist started fitting poems into bars. "That's when I identified poetry with hip-hop,"

he says. "It was like, 'Oh shit, this is what I'm hearing on the radio and seeing on TV. This is the foundation of it!'"

A few years later, Bada\$\$ was a cool kid with a wide-ranging social circle at Edward R. Murrow High School. He teamed up with members of his now locally lauded rap crew, Pro Era (the group lost one of its members, Capital Steez, to suicide in 2012, and Bada\$\$'s cousin and former manager Junior B passed near the end of 2014, which led Bada\$\$ to cancel a string of European dates).

From the start, Pro Era cooked up heady, exuberant rhymes that eventually led to a deal with Cinematic Music Group. On songs like "95 Til Infinity," Bada\$\$ constructed a labyrinth of rhymes: "I swear I'm born abnormally absurd/ If I give you a piece of mind, you've been disorderly disturbed/ That's my word, flip similes and verbs."

"It felt like nobody was making the sound that I wanted to hear, so I became what I wanted to see," he says, citing Kanye West's *Graduation* as his earliest muse for its flawless art and soul. "It was everything I needed at the time." For Bada\$\$, who routinely meditates, the self-aware anthems on *B4.Da.\$\$* are a similar source of motivation. "The rap game has always had its outstanding works, and it's always had mediocrity," says Bada\$\$. "Right now, it's become imbalanced with more mediocrity. The impact I wanna leave is a legacy of influential shit. I want to awaken youth to feel amped about life."



TOGETHER FOREVER

FROM LOS ANGELES TO NEW YORK WITH THE BROTHERS DUPLESS. BY JEREMY GORDON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SHANE MCCUALEY



"Welcome to New York, it's been waiting for you!" screeches Mark Duplass as we sit down in his Midtown hotel room. I've just told him and his brother Jay, the writer/director team behind HBO's new TV series *Togetherness*, how Taylor Swift's ode to the Big Apple wouldn't stop playing as my cab inched slowly through Manhattan traffic—a hellish scenario. Mark knows plenty about Swift's music, thanks to being a father. Everything else he and Jay know about parenthood and married life is the basis of *Togetherness*, which presents a terrifically earnest but hilarious look at the difficulty of wanting the same things as one gets older. Here, we talk about the new show, their affinity for Los Angeles, and, of course, masturbating in bed.

The show opens up with Mark's character, Brett, masturbating to his wife's backside in bed. How much of the show is drawn from real life?

Mark Duplass: I haven't masturbated in the bed yet, next to anyone. I'm still smart enough to wait until they leave the house.

Jay Duplass: Oh, I've definitely masturbated in the bed with Jen [Jay's wife] in the bed.

MD: In the bed? Incredible.

JD: I've asked permission.

MD: To do this?

JD: And been granted permission to masturbate in the bed. It's hard to pinpoint specifically what is exactly real and what isn't, but almost everything has a reference to our world.

The show is set in Los Angeles, which all of the characters seem to struggle with.

Are you more or less L.A. than, say, Brett?

MD: I'm more L.A. than Brett, for sure. What's so great about Brett is he is incapable of being anything other than himself at any given moment in time. He's a truly pure human being. Jay and I, for better or for worse, have learned to shuck and jive in any situation. We will take the temperature of someone when they walk in a room and just be that way.

JD: We're adaptive.

MD: Brett is not adaptive, and that's part of his big issue.

JD: That being said, I am probably similar to Brett in my relationship.

MD: You're way better than Brett. If Brett's a 10 on the squirrel scale [Ed. note: In one episode, Brett leaves a party to record the sounds a squirrel is making—as everyone outside stares at him], you're like a six and a half. And sometimes an eight. And after two Crown and Sevens, you're like a two.

Togetherness has an unaffected quality, similar to documentaries. Are there any documentaries you're fond of?

MD: A recent one is *Mistaken for Strangers*, which bears a similarity to one of our favorites, *American Movie*. They share the DNA of intensely



on mark: sweater by vivienne westwood men, pants by dkny, shoes by topman, shoes by burberry prorsum. on jay: sweater by vivienne westwood men, pants by dkny, shoes by burberry prorsum. on stylist: skye stewart-short, grooming: nicole chew at celestine using oribe.

flawed people with huge hearts, and very, very little skill sets to achieve their big dreams, but yet you find yourself rooting for them. I think that everyone in *Togetherness*, to a certain degree, is fist-pumping for greatness in their own way and they're having a really hard time getting to it. That's what we're drawn to.

JD: My recent favorite is *Cutie and the Boxer*. It's about these artists trying to maintain their relationship, trying to be good to each other, but also trying to do something really hard with their careers and lives. That leads back to people living on the fringes of L.A. who want it so bad, even though it might not be good for them personally. Everything is such a struggle.

Mark, do you wear glasses? It's a great touch—Brett looks like such a dork with them.

MD: No, but I used to. I had Lasik done like an idiot in 2000 in New Orleans, the least technologically savvy place in the universe. We talked about Brett early on and Jay was just like, "There's still, like, 10 percent of you that is an ex-high school jock and we need to just take that out."

JD: My phrase was, "Mark is too quarterback-y and we need to beat that back." And the glasses—it was your idea.

MD: But fuckin' season two, man, I'm gonna Superman out. I'm gonna go in that booth, and come out dick swingin', guys. It's gonna be huge.

IN THE SHRED

SCREAMING FEMALES LOSE THE NOODLING AND RATCHET UP THE RIFFAGE ON *ROSE MOUNTAIN*. BY PAUL CAINE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY KIMI SELFRIDGE

The first time I saw Screaming Females was in Philadelphia, in a dilapidated warehouse called the Ox. The beers were warm and the sound lukewarm, but when singer-guitarist Marissa Paternoster walked onstage and began to shred, everyone in the crowd looked at one another, eyebrows raised. Paternoster, five-foot-two on tippy toes, wielded an axe like J Mascis fronting Van Halen, and she belted lyrics like she was commanding troops into battle. When she took a solo, which was often, heads stopped nodding; you'd get an aneurysm if you nodded that fast.

"What's the Ox?" asks bassist Michael Abbate. It's four years later, and I've found the punk band in Brooklyn, a few miles from their New Brunswick, New Jersey home base. I can't blame Abbate for drawing a blank. Since that show, the band's released a studio album, an EP, a slew of singles, a live album, a limited-run cassette, and recorded *Rose Mountain*, their latest full-length record. What's one show when you've played hundreds? Thousands?

Between DIY-space gigs up and down the Eastern seaboard, whiplash-inducing cross-country tours, and a bunch of European festivals in places like Slovakia and Belgium, the fun finally caught up with the band when Paternoster came down with a case of mono shortly after releasing 2012's widely acclaimed *Ugly*, which forced them to cancel a tour. "We had to take a break," says drummer Jarrett Dougherty. "Everyone just needed to get well."

The nearly yearlong hiatus from performing allowed the band to hole up in their practice space—Paternoster's grandmother's basement—and re-examine every element of their process. "We talked a lot about making our songs more concise, and having the focal point be the melodies," explains Paternoster. They'd record demos and then set them aside. "I think that's a thing people don't do often enough: *not* listen. Not think about it. So when you revisit, you can really notice what isn't working."

As a result, the songs on *Rose Mountain* are among the tightest the band has recorded, and more than ever, Paternoster's raging guitar solos fit within the songs, rather than swallowing them whole. "Everyone in the band is a little more inclined now to tell me to stop wanking off," jokes Paternoster. "Back in the day, I was noodling all over every single song. I wanted to be like, 'Hey, I got this, check out all these riffs!'"



from top: jarrett dougherty, marissa paternoster, and michael abbate. hair and makeup: sophie haig for dior beauty at ba-reps.

DREAM A HIGHWAY

ROAD LIFE IS A FINE LIFE FOR U.K. SINGER-SONGWRITER **JAMES BAY**. BY LIZA DARWIN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIA DEL RIO

A few months ago, James Bay went on the coolest kind of American road trip. The English musician crossed the country from Austin to Chicago to New York as part of a nationwide tour with Hozier. Despite the epicness of the whole adventure, Bay had one complaint: "I only wish I was the one driving," he says with a laugh. The 24-year-old is too young to rent a car, but he'll admit that "it was still incredible to sit back and experience the country from my window."

Driver's-seat envy aside, the past couple of years have been huge for Bay, who's gone from playing open-mic nights to scoring a deal with Republic Records. He's won a following overseas for his stripped-back, soulful, folk-inflected sound, and he's well on his way to conquering America. After releasing three EPs in the past two years—*The Dark of the Morning*, *Let It Go*, and *Hold Back the River*—Bay will drop his highly anticipated full-length album, *Chaos and the Calm*, on March 24.

"I'm just continuing a journey, really," he explains. "My first EP was acoustic, and we recorded it in about a day and a half. For my second EP, I wanted more of a full-band sound, so I brought in drums and a bass for some songs. Then for the third EP, I wanted to show off a more intimate side as a solo performer."

Growing up in the small town of Hitchin, England (about an hour north of London), Bay remembers digging through his parents' music collection and obsessing over records by Bruce Springsteen, the Eagles, and the Rolling Stones. But watching Michael Jackson perform live on television was what really got him hooked. "The music was the most important part, but the live show—I remember seeing that and just losing my mind," he says.

This could explain why even after dozens of concerts, Bay doesn't get tired of tour life. Chalk it up to the frequent mini-golf breaks on the road, or just the feeling he gets when hundreds of people are singing along with him ("Totally insane!"), but this is a guy who can't stand still. And he's not slowing down. "You know, I want to play loads of music and sell loads of tickets," he says. "I want to make No. 1 records and play to as many people at a time as possible. Those are classic goals, but it's the greatest thing ever."



PAPA DON'T PREACH

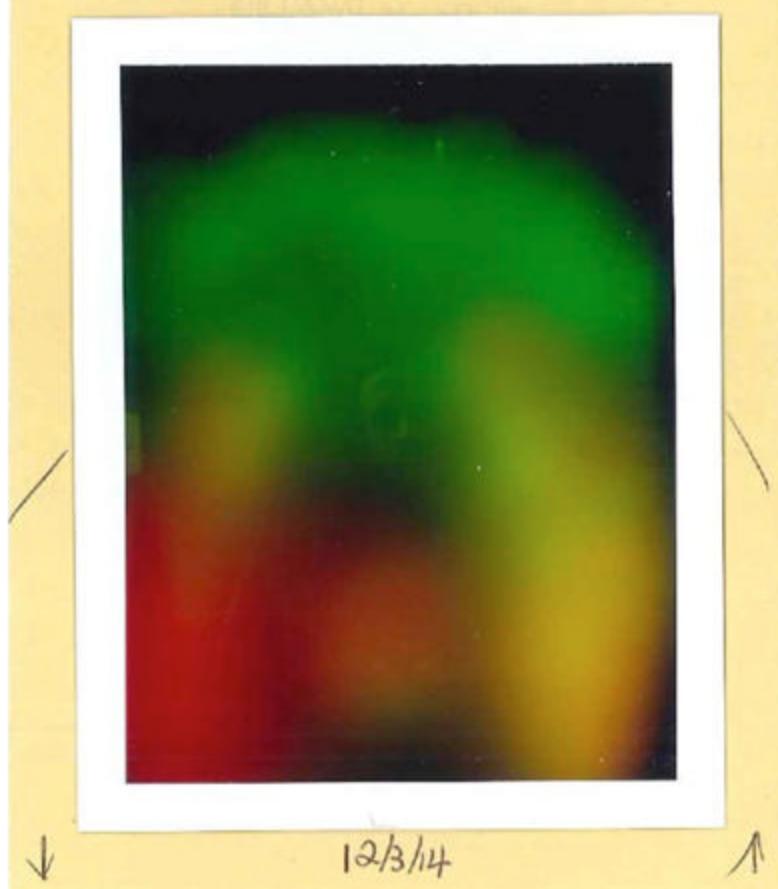
BUT FATHER JOHN MISTY CAN
WRITE A DAMN FINE SONG—AND
TAKE A “BETTER THAN AVERAGE”
AURA PHOTO. BY CELIA SHATZMAN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDI ELLOWAY

Joshua Tillman isn't afraid to admit his guilty pleasures. In the lobby of New York City's High Line Hotel on a rainy December afternoon, the former Fleet Foxes drummer, who now performs as Father John Misty, is quick to compliment the festive décor and even hum along to Mariah Carey's "All I Want for Christmas Is You." With his rock-star aesthetic—shaggy hair, long beard, oversize fur coat that would make Margot Tenenbaum green with envy—it's hard to tell if he's being ironic. And you get the feeling that happens a lot.

Minutes later, we're zipping down the West Side Highway in a cab when he admits his first musical infatuation: "I fell in love with Michael Bolton when I was in third or fourth grade. I had a friend whose mom was a huge fan. She would play his music every morning in the car, and I just thought it was the greatest sound I'd ever heard. I remember jamming out to "How Can We Be Lovers." That song really, really moved me at the time."

The blond balladeer's influence isn't exactly evident on Father John Misty's second album, *I Love You, Honeybear* (out February 10 on Sub Pop), with its melodic folk-rock pierced by intimate, acerbic lyrics. The accompanying listening instructions suggest ideal environments in which to enjoy each song, ranging from "one blazing hot August morning" to being in the company of "a bunch of dudes equipped with a God-given sixth sense to detect the faintest whiff of female loneliness." The songwriter was inspired by Yoko Ono's conceptual art as well as Zen koans. "With a lot of those riddles, there's no concrete answer—or you have to invert them in some way to resolve them," he says. "You can't answer with cleverness, and I guess that's some tendency that I have, to try to satirize. You can't really answer a koan with your ego intact."

But the plan for today is not just to talk about Tillman's music. We're en route to Chinatown to



Father John Misty's aura photographed by Magic Jewelry.

have his aura photographed and read. It's an interesting activity for someone who grew up in a strict evangelical Christian household in what he describes as "a bleary little suburb" in Maryland outside of Washington, D.C. Secular pop culture was banned—which might help explain his earlier fascination with his friend's mom's carpool playlist.

Tillman's brother shared his passion, and early in high school they started a band, whose name he refuses to reveal. "I played drums, but I was determined to be the lead singer," says the now New Orleans-based musician. "I was like, 'Well, shit, you can't really write songs on the drums.'" So he picked up the guitar. "The purpose for me from the very beginning was to write songs." After a brief stint in college in upstate New York, he moved to Seattle to pursue music and eventually became the drummer of Fleet Foxes. But that didn't suit his initial ambitions, so about three years ago he left the band and became Father John Misty.

We enter Magic Jewelry—a no-frills tchotchke shop lined with glass cabinets housing crystals for sale—and Tillman is directed to a chair in the corner, where he sits while a woman snaps his special

picture. As the instant film develops, she declares that he has a "better than average" aura. A base color of indigo blue means he is sensitive and intuitive, with a possible tendency to overthink. He's creative, with strong feelings toward his own ideas, but he's a little overexerted these days. She advises him to rest, meditate, and surround himself with positive people.

So does Tillman buy it? "A lot of what she was touching on are practices or concerns that have been at the forefront of my mind over the last year," he says. "I'm into it. I don't swear by it, but there's definitely something about a holistic view of the body that is very appealing to me." He pauses for a moment, then jokes that his floppy fur coat was probably a dead giveaway for her prediction that he's a creative talent. But this isn't the last photo he'll take today.

Back at the hotel, we arrive just in time for the start of a children's Christmas party. Tillman makes a beeline for Santa Claus. "Can I get a picture with you?" he requests. "Maybe we could do one pointing at each other, like Tom Cruise and Steven Spielberg on the red carpet." They strike a pose as I snap away.

ON THE RECORD:

NIGHT TERRORS OF 1927

BY MARK YARM.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCOTT LEÓN

Los Angeles-based synth-pop duo Night Terrors of 1927 was not a union entered into lightly. "A band is a full-time commitment—you're, like, married to them," says Blake Sennett, formerly of SoCal indie foursome Rilo Kiley. "I just didn't know that I had another band in me. I had gotten used to not checking in with anybody, just going to my karate class and doing drywall." His new bandmate, Jarrod Gorbel, former frontman of countrified Brooklynites the Honorary Title, felt exactly the same way: "If you've already been in a band for a good chunk of time, it's like, 'No, thank you!'"

The two first met in 2010, when Sennett produced Gorbel's solo album, and reconnected in early 2012 when Gorbel relocated to Los Angeles. They began writing together, and eventually found themselves mulling what would essentially be a second marriage for both. "There was a lot of doubt and sleepless nights," says Sennett. "We started talking about that: 'Wow, I couldn't sleep last night.' 'Wow, me too.' And we were like, 'What about that for a band name: Night Terrors?'" To leaven the moniker, they tagged on 1927. "It's one of the most joyous years in American history," explains Sennett. "The Roaring Twenties, opulence, and good times."

Night Terrors of 1927's full name serves as a good metaphor for their sound, captured on their full-length debut, *Everything's Coming Up Roses*: John Hughes-soundtrack-worthy pop laced with Gorbel's sad goth baritone. (A highlight of the new album is the gorgeous "When You Were Mine," featuring guests Tegan and Sara.) Both Sennett and Gorbel agree it was worth it to ease into their musical partnership. "We both wanted to make sure we worked well together, because we haven't known each other for years," says Sennett. "But he's a gentle angel baby." Aww. We asked Sennett and Gorbel to share the nine songs that made them both the gentle (and slightly gloomy) angel babies they are today.





NINE OF THE ALBUMS THAT HAVE SHAPED NIGHT TERRORS OF 1927'S LIVES AND MUSIC.



BLACK SABBATH
PARANOID

Blake Sennett: I discovered *Paranoid* when I was around 16. I'd blast it in my hand-me-down Volkswagen Vanagon. It's a pissed-off record made in a pissed-off time for British teens. Looking at pictures of the band, you could see they were outcasts, like me. I wasn't one of the punk kids with a safety pin in my eyebrow; I was nerdier than that. I just knew that Black Sabbath was aggressive, and it reflected how I felt.



GUNS N'
ROSES
APPETITE FOR
DESTRUCTION

Jarrod Gorbel: As a kid, I was fascinated with all the hair-metal, L.A. Sunset Strip bands. I borrowed this tape from one of my friend's older brothers, who had this crazy, long bouffant hair and a giant drum set that took up his entire double garage. It was life-changing, and before you knew it, every time I mowed the lawn, *Appetite for Destruction* was powering me. One of the first songs I ever learned to play on guitar was "Sweet Child O' Mine"—that opening riff is insane.



PINK FLOYD
THE DARK
SIDE OF
THE MOON

BS: When I was 14, I was a stoner and a weird actor [with later roles on *Salute Your Shorts* and *Boy Meets World*]. I'd be hanging out with Michael J. Fox in Los Angeles one week, and then come home and nobody wanted to be my friend. I thought I was awesome, but the kids at school told me that I totally sucked. But Floyd, man. Roger Waters was fucking there for me. I felt like he believed in me, and he—and only he—knew what I was going through.



U2
THE JOSHUA TREE

JG: I had Guns N' Roses and Whitesnake patches on my jacket, and then I had a U2 patch, and these kids in homeroom made fun of me so much because those two styles weren't supposed to be together. It was really humiliating. Bono's voice—there was so much pain in his voice, and then when I'd see live footage, he was just so cocky and cool. Bono was one of the first reasons I wanted to sing.



TOM WAITS
BLUE
VALENTINE

BS: A friend gave me this on cassette when I was 18. I'd never heard songs like that—it sounded like a homeless person. Some people sing a love song and there's hope in their voice that they will find that someone that will make them feel whole—and then there's Tom Waits, who, when he sings a love song, knows he never will. He's still my favorite songwriter ever.



PEARL JAM
TEN

JG: I worshipped Eddie Vedder. I watched MTV's *Unplugged* with Pearl Jam on repeat, and that was literally how I learned to sing—kind of scary, because I don't have that *huhyeahhh*. I had a band around late junior high, early high school, and we'd play Pearl Jam songs. I emulated everything about Eddie Vedder, even the spasmodic, whistling, eyeballs-into-the-back-of-his-head thing that he would do. I had it down. I was a miniature Eddie Vedder for a year of my life.



SIMON AND
GARFUNKEL
BRIDGE OVER
TROUBLED
WATER

BS: My stepfather had this whole stack of weird, dusty vinyl, and I was so mesmerized by it. When I came across *Bridge Over Troubled Water*, I had to instantly make it my own. Hearing Paul Simon sing—he's a small dude with a velvety, higher voice, and I thought, "Maybe I could do that." Well, the most hopeful version of me thought that, and the other part thought maybe I could do Weird Al and sing songs about farts.



ELLIOTT
SMITH
EITHER/OR

JG: I love all of Elliott Smith's stuff, but I love the earlier records like *Either/Or* more because they sound shittier, like they were recorded in a kitchen or on an eight-track, which they were. It seemed more real. You heard so much pain in his voice. And he always looked like he was in pain, like he just came off a bender of drinking and heroin, all white and puffy. I tried to sing in his beautiful, whispery tone, but it would never work for me.



BUILT
TO SPILL
THERE'S
NOTHING
WRONG
WITH LOVE

BS: You knew these guys weren't swinging for the fences. You knew they weren't trying to get on the radio or connect with people—they just were writing what was in their heart. They weren't great singers, and they weren't very good guitar players or drummers. They just had to do it. I felt like, "I can't play guitar like [Pearl Jam's] Mike McCready, but I can definitely play guitar like Doug Martsch." It funneled me toward an indie-rock music life.

**THE RIDE
OF HIS LIFE**
**HE'S GOT THE JOB,
THE FAMILY, AND
THE FUCKING BIG
TELEVISION,
BUT EWAN
MCGREGOR
IS STILL THE
BADDEST MAN
IN HOLLYWOOD.**

**BY MICKEY RAPKIN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIMON
EMMETT. STYLED BY J. ERRICO**



wan McGregor is straddling a crotch rocket. That's the only way to describe a garish, neon green Japanese motorcycle, right? I'd ask McGregor, but the Scottish actor and erstwhile Obi-Wan Kenobi is too busy mounting the thing, gripping the handlebars, and laughing his ass off. "Look at it. *Fuck!*" he says, handing me his phone. "Take a picture of me on it!"

We're at the Javits Center, New York City's cavernous West Side convention space, for Progressive's annual International Motorcycle Show. Though McGregor is a serious enthusiast—he's ridden on at least four continents, weathering everything from mosquito attacks to wipe-outs—he doesn't exactly look the part. He's more Carnaby Street than *Sons of Anarchy* today, dressed in skinny black jeans, chunky black frames, and a Neil Barrett sweater so perfectly frayed at the collar that it looks intentional. Yet he's eye-banging this strangely beautiful bike along with the rest of the motorcycle fanatics assembled here. McGregor directs my attention to the engine, going long on its merits despite the machine's inherent uncoolness: "It goes extraordinarily fast. It stops extraordinarily quickly.

But *fuck!* It's fucking nasty! I want one just for the laugh."

I'm reminded of an anecdote McGregor shared about an hour ago over coffee. A few years back, he was shooting a movie in London with Woody Allen. "We were standing outside chatting away, and there were crew members everywhere and cables and tracks on the pavement," says McGregor. "And suddenly there was a lull in the conversation. I looked over and there was a wee old lady standing next to what looked like a porn star—this girl with peroxided hair, massive tits, miniskirt, big plastic shoes. They had both stopped, not knowing if they should walk all over the equipment. I hear Woody saying"—and here McGregor does his best nebbish impersonation—"No, bring your daughter through. Bring your daughter through! We both had a little ogle at the girl as she went by. It clearly wasn't the old lady's daughter. Anyway, Woody turned to me and rubbed his hands together and went, 'Well, life could be worse.'"

Woody Allen, Roman Polanski, Steven Soderbergh—it's easy to forget McGregor's worked with them all. In fact, it seems the surest way to get an Oscar nomination these days is to star opposite McGregor (see: Christopher Plummer in *Beginners*, Naomi Watts in 2012's *The Impossible*, in which she played his wife, and Julia Roberts in 2013's *August: Osage County*). If acting is reacting, where was McGregor's acknowledgement? The man has made something like 40 films in the past 20 years, and yet he's in the very odd position of being both everywhere and under the radar. Which begs the question: Can you have a comeback if you never went away?

Perhaps that's why, at age 43, McGregor's doubling down, subverting his good looks, and digging deeper. Having just completed a run in Tom Stoppard's *The Real/*



jacket by boohooman, t-shirt by diesel, pants by marni, shoes by mr. completely, socks by ralph lauren, watch by iwc. previous page: blazer by calvin klein collection.



Thing on Broadway (as a playwright who cheats on his wife), McGregor has no less than five wildly disparate films coming this year, including *Son of a Gun* (out now) where he plays a tattooed Aussie criminal mentoring a young buck, and the indie *Last Days in the Desert*, in which he plays—wait for it—Jesus. Whether he's slinging guns or talking to the heavens, an unlikely thread unites these upcoming roles: fatherhood. McGregor laughs this off at first, saying: "I just got old enough to play [these parts]." But there's something deeper at work here.

More on that soon. First, we have to contend with a middle-aged woman in a stretchy shirt shouting McGregor's name. This happens a lot at today's convention. She mentions a mutual friend from the motorcycling

McGregor was a fever dream of talent from Crieff, Scotland, whose star burned so brightly it could be seen from Tatooine. Yeah, those *Star Wars* films were disappointing, but he was the best thing in them. Say what you will about Baz Luhrmann's splatter-paint musical *Moulin Rouge*, a chick flick best watched stoned, but McGregor sang the shit out of it. When I get Colin Farrell, McGregor's co-star in Woody Allen's *Cassandra's Dream*, on the phone to talk about his friend's understated talents, he says he's an "absolute joy to work with," adding with a laugh: "I don't think Ewan is as proud of his penis as

"WE WERE SO VERY FULL OF OURSELVES. I WAS ARRIVING AT THE RED CARPET AFTER THE SCREENING, AND I WAS JUST FEELING LIKE, 'HAS THERE EVER BEEN A BIGGER MOVIE STAR?'"

community, someone McGregor clearly can't place, but he nods along with encouragement anyway, smiling that easy smile of his. He asks what brought her to the convention, and she answers by turning around to show off her shirt, which reads INSTRUCTOR across the back. "Life's too short not to be on a motorcycle!" she says, before adding, "Safety is about the choices you make."

Homegirl's got a point. Sure, she was talking about defensive driving, but really she could have been talking about the movie business, and the decisions you make when you're fresh out of drama school and you're hungry and cocky and every moment feels infused with life-or-death stakes.

It's rewind for a minute to the late '90s, when audiences were introduced to Ewan McGregor, a man's man and—at the time—probably our most dangerous actor. Long before Michael Fassbender was flashing his dick onscreen and getting drunk at parties, Ewan McGregor had perfected the act. In *Trainspotting*, he was the heroin addict seen taking a condom off his flaccid penis, embodying the kind of tortured soul whose response to seeing a dead baby in a crib is to fire up a spoonful of hard candy and disappear into the floor. You forget how heartbreakingly that film is because its pulse is so quick. The character was Renton, the skinniest lost boy, and when he runs off into the sunset at the end of the film, vowing to grow up and stay clean—"I'm gonna be just like you. The job, the family, the fucking big television. The washing machine, the car, the compact disc and electric tin opener, good health, low cholesterol, dental insurance," and so on—it sounded like a death sentence.

most men who are as well hung would—or should, or could—be. I think that's the greatest demonstration of his innate humility, that he doesn't wear it like a badge of honor."

The word *epic* is so overused it's lost its meaning, but there's no other way to describe McGregor's origin story. Fresh out of drama school, he shared an apartment in Hampstead Heath with Jude Law and Jonny Lee Miller, who was dating Angelina Jolie at the time. (Read that sentence again.) "Jonny and Angelina were shooting *Hackers*," says McGregor. "Jude had done *Shopping*. I'd done *Shallow Grave*. We were all kicking off. It was happening. We were having a right laugh. It's the '90s in London. It was quite fun.... That's all you're getting."

McGregor is slightly more forthcoming about the Cannes premiere for *Trainspotting* in 1996: "I don't remember very much of the party, but it was apparently one of the great, legendary Cannes parties." (It was. DiCaprio was there. Robert Altman wandered around unrecognized. David Blaine broke an executive's watch trying to do a trick. Noel Gallagher from Oasis never left, and was found asleep on a chaise lounge by the pool the next morning.) "Underworld played. It was fucking amazing. I missed their whole set. I was somewhere else doing something else," says McGregor with a wink. "We were so very full of ourselves. I was arriving at the red carpet after the screening, and I was just feeling like, 'Has there ever been a bigger movie star?' And I walked

blazer by
calvin klein
collection.
watch by iwc.







jacket and
sweatshirt by neil
barrett, pants by
emporio armani,
shoes by carven.

up to the hundreds of thousands of photographers, and I took my arrogant stance. And then every single lens in the whole fucking area went *whoosh*. I turned around and Mick Jagger was getting out of a car. And I realized I had to get over myself."

It's a funny story, but he certainly had a right to be arrogant. He was even better two years later in the glam-rock cult classic *Velvet Goldmine*, tearing off his leather pants onstage and practically lighting himself on fire.

With the world spinning around him and Hollywood calling, it helped to hold tightly onto something real. McGregor married French production designer Eve Mavrakis in his early 20s. Unbelievably, their eldest daughter, Clara, is now a student at NYU. When we meet, McGregor's been in New York himself these past four months doing a play, but he says with a smile: "I don't see very much of her. It's not very popular to follow your daughter to college, like, 'Hey, where are we going tonight?'"

This bit of our conversation is jarring—in part because McGregor doesn't appear old enough to have a 19-year-old daughter, what with his thick, ginger hair and clear-as-Fiji Water eyes—but also because it means we've grown up, too. For a certain generation of men, McGregor represented our own virility writ massively large, a symbol of eternal youth and reckless masculinity. This is the guy who once got so drunk at an Iggy Pop show that he went backstage and did his own Iggy Pop impersonation to *Iggy Pop*. It's hard to reconcile anecdotes like that with a recent McGregor tweet: "Eating a midnight snack after 2 shows today listening to the Shipping Forecast online on BBC Radio 4. Perfect. Night all. X."

K, so some things have changed. But don't panic. Because it's time for a re-imagining on the occasion of his 44th birthday (March 31 to be exact); he's mellowed with age, but he's doing some of the best work of his life in more nuanced ventures. In *The Impossible*, he played a father of three whose world is upended by the 2004 tsunami that hit Thailand. McGregor's character mostly keeps it together as he struggles to find his wife. Until, that is, he finally gets in touch with his father-in-law and learns he hasn't heard from her either. The emotional breakdown that follows is so raw, the pain so absolutely soul-crushing, it's heart-stopping. Maybe literally. A film producer fainted during a screening at the Toronto International Film Festival. Ambulances, meanwhile, were spotted outside a showing in San Sebastián, Spain.

Of his role in that film, McGregor says: "I've been a dad for 18 years. Your work reflects your life, and the biggest element of my life is that I'm a dad. That's the most important thing of all. And yet it's been relatively unexplored." Which is to say: He's ready to pour his grown-up self into his work.

January's *Son of a Gun* required McGregor to hang out of a very real helicopter as his character escaped prison. "We had to wait for ages in the helicopter port," he recalls. "Suddenly they rushed us out, 'We're on! We're on! We're on!' I go to roll the door and the door's not there. They go, 'Yeah the door's not going to be there. OK, go!' Two minutes later, we're 10,000 feet in the air. I've got a fucking machine gun on my legs and some lap strap. I shit myself. When a helicopter banks, it really banks."

**“WE’RE 10,000 FEET IN THE AIR.
I’VE GOT A FUCKING MACHINE
GUN ON MY LEGS AND SOME
LAP STRAP. I SHIT MYSELF.
WHEN A HELICOPTER
BANKS, IT REALLY BANKS.”**

But the promise of an adrenaline rush isn't why he took on a small film by a first-time director—nor was it strictly the chance to play the villain for once. "I don't like to think of characters in black and white, good and bad," he says. "It's not really the way things work." No, McGregor took the job because of the film's human story. *Son of a Gun* lives and dies on the relationship between McGregor's career criminal and the twentysomething kid he schools. This one's a paternal love story masquerading as a crime drama. When McGregor read the script, he thought: "I haven't done this before." Likewise, he calls the upcoming *Last Days in the Desert*—in which he plays Jesus talking to God as he wanders the wilderness for 40 days and 40 nights—the "ultimate father-son story." *The Real Thing*, meanwhile, may be a play about passion and infidelity, but the most affecting scene in McGregor's recent production came in act two, when he sat down to talk about monogamy with his cynical teenaged daughter.

That innate charisma and charm that has always defined McGregor's onscreen appeal is just being channeled in a new direction. Says Natalie Portman, who co-stars with a villainous, gun-slinging McGregor in September's *Jane Got a Gun*: "I think effortless charm is a perfect quality for a villain. The people who can hurt you most usually do so by charming you and then letting you down. He has a real dark side underneath, which we saw so well, even back in *Trainspotting*. He can really do anything." Portman adds, "It seems like Ewan has figured out what's important in his life now, and what's worth fighting for."

McGregor has plenty of emotional heart to draw from. While he insists on maintaining his privacy, he can't help but talk about his four daughters as we push through the convention center.

What's the energy like at home in L.A.?

He deadpans: "Feminine."

Do your daughters ride motorcycles?

"No, my wife would absolutely kill me. That's the one thing—that and tattoos. Clara, my eldest, started talking about tattoos. I said, 'Dude, I got my tattoo when I was 30 years old. You're 17? 18? I can assure you that what

you think you want on your arm now isn't what you're going to want on your arm when you're my age. Don't do it."

It's also a good time to take stock of his career, which McGregor hopes will soon include directing. In a way, his life is coming full circle. He's playing a bumbling inspector in the *Pink Panther*-esque comedy *Mortdecai* with Johnny Depp. But there's also talk of a *Trainspotting* sequel, which picks up 20 years later, with Renton living a decidedly different path abroad. "He's now a Glaswegian running a gym in Amsterdam," says McGregor with a laugh, thrilled at the prospect. "I haven't seen a script or anything. But it seemed to be quite real. I spoke to Danny [Boyle] about it. I met him randomly in a restaurant [last year] before he went up to Scotland to sit with our writer John Hodge and Andrew Macdonald, the producer."

Star Wars is also getting a J.J. Abrams-ified reboot, though McGregor's Obi-Wan Kenobi is somewhere on the sidelines. Will he have a cameo? "They didn't ask me to do anything in it," says McGregor. Though he likened the slow pace of shooting those tech-heavy blockbusters to "watching paint dry," he insists he'd happily suit up again.

Our time at the motorcycle show is wrapping up. Yet McGregor can't stop thinking about that obnoxious, fast-as-heroin Kawasaki with 1400cc (whatever that means) that we spotted earlier. The actor has 12 or 15 bikes back in L.A., he reckons—some at his house, some in storage—but nothing like the crotch rocket on display here. McGregor usually rides vintage Moto Guzzi bikes, including one he's dubbed the "Shit Storm," which is "totally rusty and fucked up and looks like it came out of a river." It's the highest compliment, he assures. Sometimes he takes the bike up the Pacific Coast Highway. I ask what it feels like to be out on the open road. "Like a form of meditation," he says. "You're cut off. Nowadays you could have your phone in your helmet, but I wouldn't do that. It's time to daydream and think."

He takes one last spin around the green hornet, seriously contemplating a purchase. "I've always wanted one," he says. "Maybe it's an itch I need to scratch. Look at the fucking pipes! This is like a Harley engine turned on its side." He smiles and then imitates the sound of the engine: "They just screech—eeeeeeeerrrrrrrrr!" For a second, he looks like a kid again.

A color photograph of a man with dark brown hair, looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. He is wearing a tan double-breasted trench coat over a white t-shirt and a blue denim jacket. The background shows a cityscape with several buildings, including a prominent brick building on the right and a taller, multi-story building on the left.

coat by louis
vuitton, denim
shirt by levi's,
t-shirt by calvin
klein underwear.
grooming: eric polito
at art department
using dior homme.
photo assistants:
neil dawson and ed
singleton. digital
tech: paul storey.

shirt by diesel.



sport-luxe

SCORE IN SPRING'S BEST ATHLETIC-INSPIRED GEAR.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEONN WARD. STYLED BY JEANIE ANNAN-LEWIN



shoes and clothing
by marc by marc
jacobs, socks
stylist's own.



jacket by mcq
by alexander
mcqueen; jersey
by hall of fame.



shirt and shorts by dkny, t-shirt by sunspel.

jacket by diesel, shirt by dsquared², shorts by billionaire boys club, shoes by supra, socks stylist's own. opposite page: jacket by neil barrett, t-shirt by blood brother co., shorts by dsquared².







jacket by
majestic
athletic, jersey
by bedwin & the
heartbreakers,
jeans by diesel.



sweatshirt by carhartt, sweatpants by bedwin & the heartbreakers, watch by g-shock, grooming: matsushita hiroshi using bumble and bumble. models: oisin atiko at models 1, josh walton at models 1, and joseph dalziel at select.

shot in the dark





It takes guts for an actor to transition from teen drama queen to zombie-slashing mercenary, but Christian Serratos has made the move with aplomb, and a fair amount of dismemberment.

WRITTEN BY COLIN STUTZ. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRYAN SHEFFIELD



That Christian Serratos was ever terrified by knives now seems laughable. At one point, the fear—aichmophobia is the clinical term—was so extreme the 24-year-old actress would deliberately buy foods that didn't need cutting, or would slyly ask friends to slice her meals for her at restaurants. Nowadays, Serratos spends seven months out of the year stabbing zombies in the head as the Army-fatigued badass Rosita Espinosa on AMC's triumphant series *The Walking Dead*, which is in its fifth season.

"There was something about the sensation of my skin splitting. Even if somebody touched me and went like that..." she tells me in Los Angeles, tracing her index finger along my pant leg to mimic a slit in my lower thigh. "Even now, I feel the sensation of skin splitting, and it really freaks me out." We're sitting on the porch of a hillside cottage that overlooks the Silver Lake Reservoir on a clear 80-degree afternoon. The setting is anything but the zombie-torn, post-apocalyptic Georgia countryside that Serratos patrols onscreen, having joined the show late last season.

Filming down South came just as the Burbank native was "so fucking over Los Angeles." She'd been working in Hollywood since the age of seven, when she was signed to the Ford modeling agency. Some years later, Serratos parlayed modeling into an acting career, taking one-off roles on TV shows. Around this time she developed aichmophobia. A boy brought his knife on-set to woo her (a weapon of flirtation), but Serratos wound up cutting herself from the thumb to the palm, and fainted instantly. "I didn't even need stitches—but after that I

"Even now, I feel the sensation of skin splitting, and it really freaks me out."

had this weird phobia," she says. So when, two years ago, the call came through to play the hunting-knife-wielding Espinosa on *The Walking Dead*, Serratos came face to face with her greatest fear, then conquered it to lock down the role.

"You can't be very method about killing zombies."



stylist: annabelle harron. hair: bobby eliot at tmg-la using oribe. makeup: simon rihanna at one represents using chanel and dermalogica. jumpsuit by raoul. shorts by vivienne westwood. opposite page: top by shakuhachi, sunglasses by sunday somewhere. previous page: top by wren, sunglasses by sunday somewhere.

She committed herself wholly to the part, moving full-time to Atlanta, about an hour from where most of the show is filmed. Not only has working on *The Walking Dead* helped Serratos acclimate to handling serious prop weaponry (as well as the average butter knife), it has also served as the star's introduction to the over-13 film-and-TV-watching public.

Her first roles fit pretty squarely in the teen demographic, including *Zoey 101*, *7th Heaven*, *Hannah Montana*, a recurring spot on the Nickelodeon series *Ned's Declassified School Survival Guide*, and notably as Kristen Stewart's understated glasses-wearing human friend, Angela, in the *Twilight* series. Having mastered that genre, Serratos has graduated to gore and cult fandom, even shooting a brief sex scene this season. Understated no more. For Serratos, all the onscreen zombie slaying is infectious.

"That's my favorite part of the job," she says, excitedly. "Doing stunts and killing and working with guns and weapons—that's what I live for on the show. I get really excited to do emotional or gone-crazy kinds of things. Instead of going home and smashing a phone like I used to do [laughs], I just go into a scene and kill it!" Her enthusiasm has even led to a new hobby offscreen.

During her free time in Atlanta, the actress goes shooting as much as she can. She says she's shot some "pretty cool stuff," meaning machine guns, automatic weapons, and a bow and arrow. I point out the bizarre paradox that she—a longtime supporter of PETA and other animals rights organizations, not to mention the onetime owner of six mini poodles—would become so entranced by weaponry reserved mainly for hunting.

"But I would never hunt! I talk to the people who have trained me about how I think it's sad that they do hunt animals," she clarifies. "People know what my opinion is. I've been very outspoken about it. I'll say it once and if they say, 'No, I'm gonna keep hunting,' I'll say, 'OK, keep hunting. But you suck for it!'"

Of course it's best she not let that gentle, animal-loving side shine too much on camera; at least not while evading the carnivorous undead. Still, she says, staying in character can be hard sometimes.

"You can't be very method about fighting zombies. It's not a very natural thing," she says. "The problem with our job, I think, is that sometimes we'll be in a scene and it's hard to turn off outside life, so we'll be thinking about our grocery list and shit in the middle of the scene.... It is a weird concept, I suppose, when you're trying to be someone else the best you can. But it's therapeutic."



IN FLIGHT

HIP-HOP PHENOM LOGIC IS READY FOR ANYTHING—INCLUDING A 47-CITY TOUR—IN SPRING'S SPORTIEST JAMS.

BY MAX BELL. PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID SHAMA.
STYLED BY RICKY BENNICK



jacket by
drx, t-shirt
by brian
lichtenberg,
logic's own
necklaces worn
throughout.



sweatshirt and
shirt by brian
lichtenberg,
pants by kenzo.

Wiry and almost overflowing with energy, hip-hop newcomer Logic poses for photos in a spacious, white-walled loft in downtown Los Angeles' fashion district. The 25-year-old enthusiastically takes direction from the photographer, and, between shots, buys a bright orange jumpsuit from the stylist, beaming as he talks about wearing it onstage. "Obviously I'm focused on the first album—that's what we're talking about," he explains later. "But I am excited for the future, and I'm excited for future albums."

Though focused on what lies ahead, Logic knows his rap history better than most. "I don't think a lot of people appreciate where they come from or even understand the ancestry of this genre," he says, having studied icons like Nas to seminal West Coast underground groups like Freestyle Fellowship. While his music draws comparisons to '90s rap, he modernizes those golden-era aesthetics (e.g., multiple metaphors, complex rhyme schemes) in a way that feels reverent, not rehashed. With his Def Jam/Visionary music debut, *Under Pressure*, lingering on the *Billboard* charts months after its October release, and a 47-city tour of the U.S. and Europe scheduled through March, the orange astronaut suit is a tangible reminder of his seemingly gravity-immune ascent.

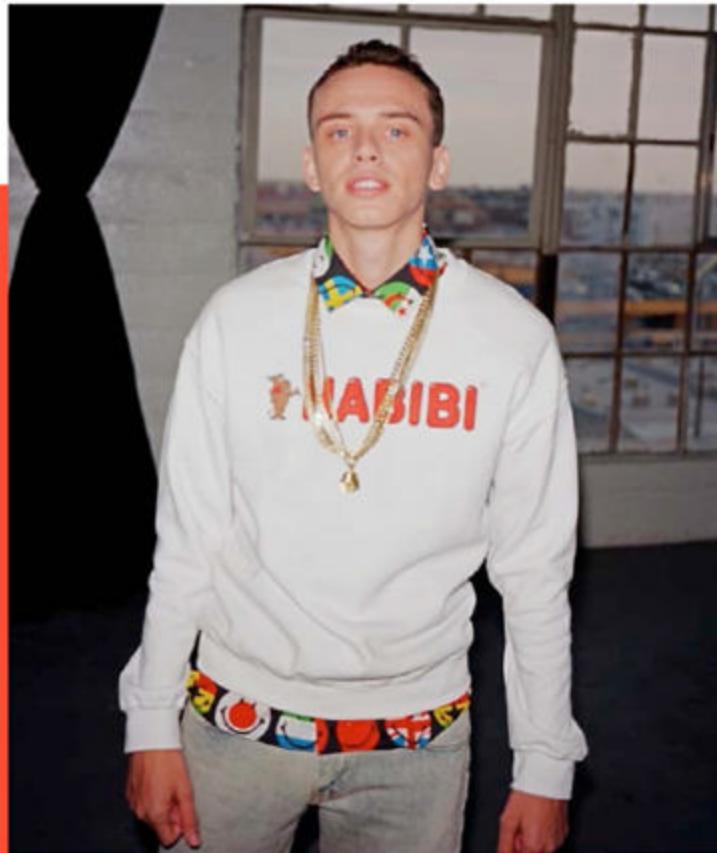
Once the photo shoot wraps, the unwaveringly amiable Maryland native asks if we can head to the fire escape. Though he abstains from drugs and alcohol, he's at the tail end of a 10-year battle with nicotine. "I finally told myself I was going to quit," he says between inhales of a cigarillo. "But every once and again I'll cheat a little bit."

Given his relentless schedule, Logic's earned the right to an occasional slide. He moved to L.A. two years ago after signing with Def Jam but rarely experiences the city. An admitted homebody, he often spends what little downtime he has inside: watching movies, playing video games, and studying algorithms to solve his Rubik's Cube as quickly as possible. "I'll be happy if I can do it in under a minute," he says.

Ever since the release of his first mixtape, 2010's *Young, Broke, and Infamous*, Logic's employed his own formula for rapid success. Through incessant touring and the release of one scrupulously crafted mixtape each year, he garnered a devoted fan base. Even before his Def Jam deal was announced, Logic earned a place on *XXL*'s coveted "Freshman Class" cover.

Under Pressure is the culmination of Logic's calculated efforts. Debuting at No. 4 on *Billboard*'s Top 200, iTunes also awarded it Best Hip-Hop/Rap album of 2014. Unfortunately, *Under Pressure* was under-shipped. According to Logic, Def Jam initially shipped only 28,000 copies. He sold 22,000 during presale and 73,000 the first week, a laudable feat for any major-label artist in 2014, and near unfathomable for an emerging one. "For me, it's not about first-week sales," he explains. "But I also was kind of the guinea pig for the label with this album because they hadn't really dealt with an artist like me before."

Logic isn't angry with Def Jam. In fact, he's quite content with his label and has faced far worse adversity. Born Sir Robert Bryson Hall II in a rough section of Gaithersburg, Maryland, to a white mother and black father, his childhood home life reads like a



sweatshirt by brian lichtenberg,
shirt by moschino, pants by levi's.



jacket by
belstaff,
t-shirt by
wacky wacko,
jeans by
prps, logic's
own shoes.

contemporary Greek tragedy: His dad was addicted to crack, his half brothers sold drugs, his mother abused drugs and alcohol, and several family members were physically and sexually abused. Before rap became therapy, Logic blocked out the drama with episodes of *Seinfeld* and Frank Sinatra's music and movies. The former accounts for his pitch-perfect Jerry Seinfeld impression. His affinity for Sinatra, passed down from his mother, is evident in his clean-cut image, his self-bestowed nickname (Young Sinatra), and the name of his crew (RattPack). When asked where he received his tenacity and unshakably positive outlook, he says, "God. It damn sure wasn't the people I was around."

After high school became an unnecessary burden, Logic sacrificed sleep and personal relationships for his music. From then until now, he's been involved in every aspect of his career: booking, promotion, merch, etc. "I would rather take things into my own hands than have somebody else not do it the way that I would want it to get done." He applied the same ethos to *Under Pressure*. Retaining "full creative control," he worked closely with longtime friend 6ix and even produced several of the songs himself. An intricately written, deftly rapped portrait of his turbulent upbringing and indefatigable rise, *Under Pressure* is his most revealing collection of songs to date.

Going forward, Logic wants what most rappers want: to make better music, to win a Grammy, to continue touring the world. Like Sinatra, he also wants to act. Still, always thinking ahead, he knows that it sometimes makes sense to hold a little back. "[On this album,] I rapped about maybe three months of a 25-year period," he says. "There's so much more of my life that I have yet to talk about."



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jumpsuit. grooming:
simone for exclusive
artists management
using bleu de chanel.



A LONG, STRANGE TRIP

FOR THE PAST TWO DECADES, ONE COUPLE HAS BEEN BRAVE ENOUGH TO SPEAK OPENLY AND RELIABLY ABOUT ILLEGAL DRUGS. FIRE AND EARTH EROWID'S CANDOR COULD SAVE YOUR LIFE, OR AT THE VERY LEAST OPEN YOUR MIND. BY MICKEY STANLEY. ILLUSTRATION BY MERIJN HOS

Two hours east of San Francisco, buried under stacks of reference books and research documents, lit by the glow of half a dozen computer screens, emailing professors and methamphetamine users alike, Fire and Earth Erowid are frantically growing their 20-year-old labor of love. Launched in 1995, the donor-supported Erowid.org contains dense, invaluable information about psychoactive drugs, but unless you're a chemist, advocate, or someone who likes to trip balls, you've probably never heard of it. Psychoactive drugs are typically the fun ones, but often the scary and illegal ones, too. This vast encyclopedia holds photographs, toxicology reports, dosage recommendations, and other vital information on substances including, but certainly not limited to: synthetic marijuana, cocaine, DMT, LSD, GHB, MDMA, 2C-B, heroin, and crack cocaine. Erowid is a name created by Fire and Earth, which roughly means "earth wisdom," and the site hosts more than 60,000 pages and articles, and gets about 90,000 unique visitors a day—a massive number considering its content. Erowid is run by its four full-time employees, dozens of volunteer contributors, and tens of thousands of Good Samaritans whose first-person testimonials add just the right amount of glee and dread to keep the catalog entertaining and honest. It's backbreaking work for Fire and Earth, but it's a project they hope will guide drug reform and help people make safer decisions about psychoactives.

The couple, now in their mid-40s, met in high school, but became romantic partners while at New College in Sarasota, Florida. "It's definitely on the liberal end of liberal arts colleges," Fire says. Earth finished school with a degree in Anthropology, though his title at Erowid is Technical Director and Chief Software Engineer. Fire graduated with a general liberal arts degree, and acts as the site's Head Archivist and "primary information architect, designer, and editor." It was in college, during the late '80s and early '90s, that the pair also began their professional partnership, first by taking note of fellow students' use of psychedelics around campus. After witnessing some very bad trips, it became clear to them that without readily available, credible information about illicit substances—or at the very least a non-judgmental platform to discuss the drugs—young people would continue to have bad, dangerous, and potentially fatal experiences. "There were many students making choices for the first time about whether to try alcohol or cannabis, LSD or MDMA," says Fire. "They ended up relying on the opinion

of older students as 'elders' who would help guide them. It seemed like a tragedy of the drug war that the experiences, mistakes, and opinions of previous generations were not available to young adults making important health decisions." After college, Fire researched and wrote about plant use in European witchcraft, while Earth worked at a technology company and grew his interest in psychoactives. Then in 1994, during the first gasp of the tech boom, the Erowids moved to the Bay Area excited to organize their ideas online. In April 1995, Erowid.org was a registered domain, and by 2000 the two had quit their day jobs to commit to the project full-time.

What began as a research archive grew into a site with applications limited only by a user's imagination. Erowid's Basics pages, which enumerate the dose, price, chemistry, effects, etc., for over 100 different substances, became—and continue to be—a great place to get accurate information before a trip. For example, on the ketamine Basics page, under the sub-head "Problems," it states: "Do not swim. Avoid bodies of water—at least two deaths have been recorded where an individual took a bath after using ketamine, and drowned."

Very soon after its launch, Erowid spawned a secondary function, or perhaps a side-effect, as a vast sharing network—one in which users trade hallucinatory trip descriptions in the Experience Vaults or solicit advice on consuming two or more substances together on communal message boards or directly with the site's experts using its aptly named email portal, sage@erowid.org. To Fire, Erowid draws all kinds of people, but suits drug geeks best. "Drug geeks span the range from dreadlocked stoners who know their bud to the highest level of technical brain-scan experts in the National Institutes of Health (NIH)," she says. In just the past two years, Erowid has received 6,500 new reports submitted to the Experience Vaults.

One man I spoke to for this article, a 29-year-old who works in the entertainment industry in New York (we'll call him Tom), remembers being sent a link to Erowid.org over AIM as a sophomore in high school in Wisconsin. He and his friends had experimented once before with DXM, the active psychoactive ingredient in many over-the-counter cough suppressants. "We found out through Erowid that Coricidin was the one brand on the market that had the least amount of other...shit. DXM was what you wanted to overdose on, and any complications came from overdosing on the other

things that were a part of the medicine," says Tom. After two years, and perhaps in some way responding to online discourse about the drug, Coricidin boxes were moved behind glass in stores. For Tom, Erowid served a dual purpose—first as a source to maximize his high, but also a way to practice harm reduction.

Today, many of the testimonials found in the Experience Vaults can be harrowing, the brain-bending stuff of nightmares, while others are hilarious, encouraging, or end in the equivocal "might do again." One example, submitted by a woman whose handle is CrystalGoddess, chronicles a very bad DMT trip:

"Space and time didn't exist. And I realized that this was the space, in-between the spaces. The code behind the matrix. The stuff that everything is made of. And that is when the chaos sent me into hysterics.... I remember seeing the horror of the familiarity [sic] of not being in reality, seeing fractals in chaos, and the feelings of utter degradation of self, the power of feeling worthless in the eyes of everything. I can understand how people can experience this and say that they saw God. It is—absolutely mindfucking."

Jonathan Taylor, a tenured professor and graduate advisor of geography at Cal State Fullerton, has been editing, fact checking, writing book reviews, and contributing content on synthetic stimulants and others for Erowid since 2008. He believes that Erowid's Experience Vaults function as weapons in the fight for harm reduction in psychoactive drug use—one that he says is "frequently missing from scholarly work on drugs and drug consumption." Taylor uses the section as the basis for one of his students' favorite assignments, Virtual Drug Trip, in which they review dozens of Experience Vaults submissions on a single psychoactive substance, and then construct their own first-person essay about how it might feel to be on that drug. Here is a sample from professor Taylor's assignment for his class, The Geography of Illegal Drugs:

Your job is to get a good idea of what the experience of using this substance may be subjectively. So you want to pay attention to what the users say are the main effects the compound had on them, physiologically and psychologically.

Here are some questions you can ask of the reports:

- Was the experience pleasant, frightening, depressing, sickening, euphoric, transcendental, emotional, spiritual, therapeutic, or otherwise notable?
- Did the user feel that the drug would be worth taking again, or was it an experience they would not want to repeat?
- Did the drug have significant side effects or unforeseen consequences?
- Did the dosage of the drug seem appropriate to the user?
- Did the user experience any lasting impacts, either negative or positive, from using this drug?
- Was the drug used alone or in combination with other drugs?

Many Americans do not embrace professor Taylor's passion for drug reform. They do not consider CrystalGoddess's experimentation a unique brand of bravery, or Tom's online research a worthwhile pursuit. What Fire described earlier as "the tragedy of the drug war" might seem like a catchall term borrowed from a bygone, *Reefer Madness* era—especially when you consider 23 states now allow the use of medical marijuana. Prohibition on the whole, however, is still a sturdy pillar of American culture and politics. According to the nonprofit Drug Policy Alliance, the U.S. spends more than \$51 billion annually fighting this war, and in 2012 the country arrested over 1.5 million people on nonviolent drug charges.

SB 1391, a law passed in Tennessee just last year, allows police to arrest a new mother in the hospital if her child is proven to be addicted to or harmed by the mother's use of an illegal narcotic. On paper, a law like SB 1391 might seem like a good thing, keeping babies away from drug-addled parents, but given the country's threadbare effort to counsel and rehabilitate low-income drug users, SB 1391 and other laws like it become more legislation that puts arrests before awareness, something that the Erowid team has been trying to change for nearly 20 years. "There are risks inherent in taking psychoactive substances. However, these risks are magnified with ignorance and conversely can be hugely reduced with accurate and unbiased information," says Taylor. "We have decades of experience telling us that abstinence-based education—"Just Say No"—doesn't work. If it worked, we would have reduced levels of psychoactive drug use."

None of the information Erowid posts is illegal. They have had very little contact with authorities, but according to Fire, the site does get "the occasional suspicious email." Ten years ago, Fire received one out of the blue asking if she would be interested in buying bulk coca seeds. "We ignored it, as we often do for such emails," she says. A couple of days later, Fire got another email asking if she knew where to buy bulk coca seeds. "We figure some of these are law enforcement checking up on us, or teens who don't understand what it is that we do," Fire tells me.

Erowid's mission statement reads: "We strive to ensure that these resources are maintained and preserved as a historical record for the future." And this is key. Online drug databases have come and gone, but Erowid has never acquiesced. "We are able to track the rise in popularity and interest in a new drug through searches conducted on Erowid and the number of hits to a chemical's pages," says Fire. As it continues to grow and stockpile material, Erowid can provide a credible, centralized source of psychoactive drug information and documentation. "We also provide some of this type of information to researchers and medical providers to help them understand the current trends and provide better services," adds Fire. Erowid is the bible for psychoactive drug specifications, but it'll also guide you through a 50 mg trip on Methoxetamine, which for some is just as helpful.



Fire and Earth
Rowid at a
friend's house in
San Francisco.
photographed by
maria del rio



SHOPPING LIST

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CHEAT SHEET



REEBOK CLASSIC

The Ventilator represented a very different approach to running shoes during the early '90s, with colors and silhouette lines that were bolder and more expressive than what was commonly seen at that time. Today, the Ventilator's versatile silhouette can be dialed up in bold graphics and colors, or executed in a cleaner, simplified fashion that makes it extremely wearable. For increased breathability, it has ventilated side panels, and for durability, a tough-as-nails outsole that provides terrific traction. reebok.com



T.U.K. VIVA CREEPERS

Launched in January, T.U.K. FOOTWEAR's new line of VIVA creepers is designed to transition the brand's classic style into a more advanced, wearable shoe without compromising the original shape and look of a traditional creeper. While the major difference will be felt in the weight, flexibility, and overall comfort, the styles will continue to feature T.U.K.'s signature bold, edgy aesthetic. tukshoes, [tukshoes.com](http://tukshoes)



VDKA 6100

Legendary actor Robert De Niro is the co-creator of VDKA 6100, distilled from fresh seasonal whey and pristine natural spring water from New Zealand. The whey is sourced from grass-fed cows' milk, which is triple distilled and filtered through a bed of carbon, producing a silky, ultra-smooth spirit. vdka6100, [vdka6100.com](http://vdka6100)

LOVE, ACTUALLY NOT

JAY BARUCHEL, STAR OF THE NEW FXX COMEDY *MAN SEEKING WOMAN*, RIFFS ON FAKE DATES, "SEmen INCIDENTS," AND OTHER WOES. BY ANNA FITZPATRICK. ILLUSTRATION BY KLANDO

Love sucks. That much is clear—otherwise it wouldn't have spawned so many downer pop songs or plotlines over the years. FXX's latest venture into such well-tread territory, *Man Seeking Woman*, takes the conceit to a whole new level, turning the most polarizing of emotions into a living, breathing nightmare. The comedy stars Jay Baruchel as Josh Greenberg, a hapless temp returning to the dating world after getting dumped by his longterm girlfriend. What follows are blind dates with actual trolls and nuclear-level anxiety over texting. The 32-year-old Canadian actor of *Undeclared* fame tackles the role with an understated acuteness, playing the straight man in a world gone mad.

HOW DID SHOOTING GO?

It's a lot of work because this show is incredibly ambitious. We do basically a crazy little movie every week. I'm so in love with what we're doing. Every day I get to show up on set and be with funny people doing funny shit. It's hilarious and weird and definitive and unlike anything else on television. I think everyone that watches will have at least one experience in their personal life that they see reflected on our show. And if not, there's a whole bunch of monsters and aliens and explosions and all sorts of crazy nonsense. It's a cartoon come to life.

WHAT'S THE MOST SURREAL THING YOU'VE FILMED FOR THE SHOW? I can't give away too much, but I'll say I've done a scene with Adolf

Hitler, and I've been covered in semen. But things are looking up.

HOW MUCH OF YOU IS IN JOSH GREENBERG? A fair bit, but he's more of a sad sack than I am, I hope. He can't win. His game, his job, everything kind of sucks for him. He's the prototypical everyman in some ways. He's a living embodiment of a huge part of me. Hopefully a lot of people will see themselves in him, too. He's meant to go out there and get his ass kicked by the world so that the audience doesn't have to.

THE SHOW IS BASICALLY ABOUT ALL THE CRAPPY PARTS OF DATING. WHAT'S THE WORST DATE YOU'VE EVER BEEN ON? I was about 18, going to a children's theater group production of a British drawing room play with a girl

I'd soon find out had a boyfriend. In fact, he was there with us. He wasn't a huge fan of mine, let's be honest. But I was privy to all sorts of great conversations about condoms and birth control between the two of them. That was a good time. That was an evening that never ended.

HOW DID THAT HAPPEN? SHE DIDN'T THINK IT WAS A DATE, AND YOU DID? That's the moral of the story. Make sure you both know you're on a date.



YOU'VE DONE EVERYTHING FROM AWARD-WINNING DRAMAS TO INDIE COMEDIES. BUT I CONFESS, AS A FELLOW CANADIAN, I'LL ALWAYS HAVE A SOFT SPOT IN MY HEART FOR POPULAR MECHANICS FOR KIDS [THE EDUCATIONAL SHOW BARUCHEL CO-HOSTED WITH ELISHA CUTHBERT IN 1997]. It was the craziest year of my life.

I was 15. Some of it was really cool, like hanging out with the guys from Universal Studios' stunt show in Orlando, Florida, or spending three nights on the USS Dwight D. Eisenhower aircraft

carrier—and then being launched off of it to fly back home was pretty cool. But it wasn't all great. Often I'd find myself in, say, Bristol, Connecticut, at the Otis Elevator Testing facility, at five o'clock in the morning, having to find a way to pretend I gave a shit about how they test elevators.

I REWATCHED A TON OF PMK WHILE PREPARING FOR THIS INTERVIEW. THAT SHOW TAUGHT ME SO MUCH. Then Elisha and I did our jobs.



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