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The Driver's issue

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THE RAKE TAILORED GARMENTS:
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MANUFACTURE DE HAUTE HORLOGERIE

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A powerful reminder that the pioneer spirit lives on.

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**3 DAYS, 19 HOURS,
14 MINUTES**

That is how long it took for **Howard Hughes** to circumnavigate the world and become the fastest man in the air in 1938. He trusted his Longines astronavigation chronometer to determine the position of his airplane at night or over the ocean.



Howard Hughes



**THE PIONEER
SPIRIT LIVES ON.**

LONGINES SPIRIT
COLLECTION

LONGINES



Letter from the Founder

Recently the stylist Francesca Burns called out Hedi Slimane, the Creative Director at Celine, over sample sizing. She was styling a photoshoot and was helping a model try on a pair of pants that had been sent. The model, as you can tell from the image Burns shared, was, as she put it, “tiny”. Yet she found buttoning the apparently child-size trousers impossible. Burns’s issue is that a model experiencing this will feel embarrassed or frustrated, which can lead to body dysmorphia, eating disorders, anxiety, and other mental health issues. (And we are talking about an already rail-thin professional model who, despite appearing on the pages of a fashion magazine, is young and at a formative and impressionable point in her life.) In the Netflix documentary *The Social Dilemma*, which chronicles how social media platforms use algorithms to blast us with dopamine-enhancing, attention-grabbing posts — to the detriment of our mental wellbeing — one theme in particular was terrifying: the huge increase in suicide in teens and pre-teen girls since the rise of social media, an increase that the documentary attributes to girls being inundated with unhealthy and unrealistic standards of beauty (ironically probably portrayed in part by the same model who was herself made to feel physically substandard for being unable to fit into a pair of pants clearly meant for a leprechaun). Is the fashion industry in general responsible for this?

I have always wondered why many luxury brands choose to advertise their clothes or goods using teenagers or, at best,

models in their early twenties who look like they haven’t eaten a sandwich in their life. Hold on, in this era of wokeness I should clarify that I am not body shaming thin people. Many of my best friends are thin. But my question is, why do brands feel that the very demographic that can afford their finery — people who are usually a bit older, have worked hard, and are therefore in a position to purchase their garments or watch or luggage or whatever — wish to see someone who looks like their angst-ridden nephew or niece peering back at them with their seemingly perplexed brand-ambassadorial status? (I shall not go into why I am puzzled that the de facto facial expression for models in these ads seems to be teetering on the brink of apoplectic rage, though if pressed I’m inclined to think it’s because they’ve not eaten the aforementioned sandwich.)

Or is it the designers themselves who are perpetuating the idea that, in the words of Wallis Simpson, “You can never be too rich or too thin”? I believe her other famous quip was, “Nothing tastes as good as thin feels”. Indeed, a quick google of Hedi Slimane reveals a pretty cool though quite angry-looking (I assume he, too, has not experienced the healing balm of the chopped-liver sandwich) and very slim man in his fifties. It makes me wonder whether as a child he was teased for his gauntness (again, remember many of my friends are thin), and now it feels as if he wants to reshape the luxury landscape in his likeness, compelling anyone with a body mass index above 18.5 to feel shame and self-hatred. What does all this have to do with menswear?

RICHARD MILLE



CALIBER RM 72-01



Well, I remember that in 2001 Slimane was the Creative Director of Dior Homme. The beautifully made suits he produced — think a luxury version of the suits worn by Paul Simonon and the other members of the Clash — were all the buzz in the fashion media. They said, ‘He redefined the male silhouette before him: there was no slim fit, no tight armhole’. The only thing was that the suits were not slim. Actually, they were incredibly tight, so much so that you might be led to believe they were the focus of a social experiment to see if you could compel people to lose weight and become emaciated just to wear them. Incredibly, people did. Most notably Karl Lagerfeld, who said, “I suddenly wanted to wear the suits designed by Hedi Slimane”. But at his normal weight he couldn’t. In fact, Lagerfeld, who was by no means overweight, had to lose a total of 42kg to slip into Slimane’s clothes. (Full disclosure: after not being able to fit into the clothes I tried on at Dior’s flagship in the Madeleine in Paris, I also went on a regime of austerity and finally managed to fit into his suits a year later. Though never comfortably, as it always felt that the seams of the cloth were precariously close to exploding.) The point is, from the early 2000s onwards, slim was irrefutably in, with many stalwart brands scrambling to add slim-cut lines to their suits and shirts.

The next notable contribution to the cult of slim was from Thom Browne, whose idea was even more extreme. If Slimane was going to make Dior suits tight, Browne would make his suits not only tight but incredibly short. Enter the shrunken suit.

Jackets when buttoned exhibited the surface tension of sausage skins about to burst; jacket hems would end at your hip bones; and, most conspicuously, trousers would be drain-tight and hover five inches above your ankles. Instead of rejecting this, classic menswear started to incorporate this ultra-tight aesthetic.

At Pitti Uomo, peacocks, as they were nicknamed, wore their jackets cropped and cinched tight, and the prevailing trouser hem became the ‘wading through the flood’ aesthetic created by Browne.

Then came Tom Ford in 2006 with his line of suiting. I should say that his suits are possibly the most beautifully designed and constructed ready-to-wear clothes in recent memory. The shape of his lapels, his shoulder, his use of an extra-long Milanese buttonhole, and the oversized flaps (all a little Tommy Nutter-esque) were stunning. But they were also very, very tight. In fact, when launched, his suits had an eight-inch drop, meaning a size 40 jacket would have a pair of size 32 trousers. This is perfect for professional models, or men who have a physique like Tom Ford’s. But for the majority of others, and in particular the demographic of men that can afford a \$7,000 ready-to-wear suit, fitting into them was an impossibility. Furthermore, the suit jackets and trousers were not sold as separates, so you couldn’t simply buy a larger pair of pants that fit you. There was the famous alleged incident in which the 6’4” and decidedly bear-like Italian billionaire Jean Pigozzi went to Ford’s store and lamented to him that he couldn’t even buy a handkerchief. Ford allegedly shot back that he didn’t want “big fat guys” like Pigozzi in his shop.



It was interesting for me to see that when Ford took his brand to China, he didn't change his core philosophy. While the younger generation of Chinese is as fit as anyone in the west, the older and affluent generation still retains the vestigial belief that a larger body mass index is a sign of prosperity.

My point to all this is that the past two decades in men's suiting have been dictated by what my friend Nick Foulkes brilliantly called "the tyranny of the tight". In particular, we have become brainwashed to think that for clothes to look beautiful they must be extremely fitted, exhibit barely a millimetre of excess fabric, and strain at their seams with each movement of the body. But that is wrong and purely a product of this past 20 years, and it has actually been perpetuated by fashion designers, not tailors. If you look back at the last century of men's style, the perfect fit has never deviated significantly. Of course, there have been periods in which clothes were more fitted, such as the twenties and the sixties. And there were periods of greater exuberance, such as the 1940s, when, following the end of the second world war and cloth rationing, men rushed to have a more opulent, roomier cut to their suits. But the thing is, at no point in the history of menswear have jackets gaped at the chest or trousers ended almost mid-calf — until recently. And it is this past 20 years, even though it has coincided with a resurgence of interest in the bespoke arts and the renewed significance of menswear in general, that will be viewed as the aberration rather than the standard.

Take a look at the men we consider the true style icons — Cary Grant, Fred Astaire, Gianni Agnelli and Ralph Lauren — and the

modern men I consider the best dressed in the world — Nick Foulkes, Mark Cho, Fabio Attanasio, Ethan Newton, Nicola and Valentino Ricci, and Luca Rubinacci — and you will see that their clothes fit just right, with a beautiful expression of volume combined with a perfectly shaped silhouette. They look great in their clothes because they are comfortable. And this is precisely why we at *The Rake* decided to launch our maiden offering of tailored garments with this philosophy at its core.

We want to bring back volume combined with the right amount of shape, because we feel comfort is style. Let me get this straight: we are not creating loose clothing. We are resetting men's tailoring to classic proportions and fit. And we want to make any man, regardless of his body shape or size, feel elegant and sharp in our clothes. To help us do this, we will work with the greatest clothmakers in the world — in our debut collection we are proud to be collaborating with Vitale Barberis Canonico. We also want to make the clothing accessibly priced, because we feel that classic elegance should be accessible to everyone. With rare exception, no one really wants to be someone else. Rather, what we are striving for is to be the best and most authentic version of ourselves. That was the reason we created *The Rake* magazine — to express this. And that is the reason we have now created The Rake Tailored Garments, to hopefully — and with your blessing — be the vehicle that enables it.

—Wei Koh, Founder & Editorial Director
@wei_koh_revolution



With my son Harry
and father-in-law
Nick in his 1950s MG.

While I like cars, I am tone deaf when it comes to engineering. I am unable to make the calculation that tells me whether certain brake horsepower is impressive, and although I'd like to understand, 'torque' is not a concept I follow. I do, however, love to drive; I do all of it in the family. Sadly this reflects in part a trauma I suffered as a child, when I was sent hurtling into the propeller of a parked boat. My leg was permanently scarred, and psychologically — well, it was a fairly traumatic and frightening thing to happen to a seven-year-old. The incident itself was bad enough, but what followed was years of reconstructive surgery to get things back into relative working order. I was so scared, the doctors couldn't treat me; I screamed and fought so much. I was out of control, and general anaesthetics were frequent, as they were the only way to keep me still. The sharp smell of operating theatres today still gives me the shivers. My wife's C-sections were all witnessed through waterlogged eyes, as if it wasn't emotional enough a time.

Why am I boring you with this story? Well, ever since that experience, I have had an issue with control, especially with moving objects. I hate being driven, but put me behind the wheel and the world becomes a more serene and cooperative place. I am a safe driver, with wicked hazard perception, and I find driving a therapeutic activity. I am not scared, I am in control, I am freed from the bondage of self. It's strange that I haven't written about my leg accident since I was about 10 years old, and it took this issue of *The Rake*, the Driver's issue, to bring the story out of me.

Of course, while the catharsis of driving is evident, the aesthetic of cars old and new grips me, too. I don't mind if a car can hit a maximum of only 80mph if it looks beautiful. My favourite film of all time is *Back to the Future*. I love the DeLorean (I cannot see how they went bust) and I'd like a hoverboard, but the real gems of the movie were the 1950s cars, the Buicks, Pontiacs and Chevrolets. They were symbols of an optimistic America, one that wasn't shy about its ambitions and wanted people to move about in something spectacular. With whitewall tyres, slimline steering wheels and boisterous bonnets, they were cars designed for a country that imagined them soaring into space. These days my car education comes from my father-in-law, who has given my son Harry the automotive bug (see above) and provided me with an insight into the classic car market.

Letter from the Editor

In this issue we look at people who appreciated what was underneath the bonnet more than I am capable of doing, and, like the most intrepid of our species' past, looked to push it to its limit while discovering something about themselves on the way. People such as Alfonso de Portago, the adrenaline-addicted Spanish marquis who woke up each day over the speed limit. While he flew planes under London's Tower Bridge, and bobsleighed in the Olympics, his greatest passion was for cars and competing in races including grands prix and the Mille Miglia.

There are two main features on driving in this issue: one on three men from three different nations (Briggs Swift Cunningham, Carlo Felice Trossi and Tim Birkin), the other about the most influential women on the circuit who had to overcome obstacles that the aforementioned men did not, and who did so with no less style.

You will be reading about him on the following page, but I'd like to take this opportunity to welcome David Bren, the founder of *The Bunker*, to *The Rake*. David joins us for this issue as Guest Editor.

On our cover this time is Britain's big brother, Eddie Redmayne. I make a note in the feature about how Eddie's geniality is disarming, which is rather depressing. Not because it was contrived, but because it is not something we see too much of in the public realm. He is someone of great intelligence and good nature, and he plays his roles with an empathy and generosity that does each story justice while drawing in the audience, who, fascinated by his journey as if he were a family member, will him to succeed — because we feel that if he does, then all is well with the world.

It has not slipped my mind that this issue is something of a milestone for me. When I was in my mid twenties, apprenticing my editorial skills at *Finch's Quarterly Review*, I fell in love with a bimonthly magazine that spoke to me in a way no other magazine on the market did. I took every article personally because they tapped into a style and attitude I worried were becoming scant in a society of fast fixes. The magazine represented a world in which tradition was treasured and the old means of doing things were antediluvian but in a really good way. *The Rake*, as conceived by Wei Koh, was young, but nonetheless it was already legendary. The feeling I got on being selected to work here must have been similar to the feeling young boys get when they are given a chance to play for Manchester United (who my friend Max assures me are a good team).

When I started working at *The Rake*, the magazine was up to issue No.36. As this one is No.72, I have been fortunate enough to have had my name attached to half of our issues, and I have fallen further in love with the project, the people behind it, and those who are generous enough to pick it up and read it. It has never been easy, but it has always been worth it.

Now that's over and done with, enjoy the issue.

— Tom Chamberlin, Editor
@tfchamberlin

A close-up, low-angle shot of a young man with dark, wavy hair, looking upwards and to the left. He is wearing a dark grey, zip-up jacket over a bright lime green, textured knit sweater. The background is a blurred, rocky, and uneven terrain, suggesting an outdoor, rugged environment. The lighting is bright and natural, casting soft shadows on his face and clothing.

CANALI

1 9 3 4



Letter from the Guest Editor

I was four years old, in a playground, when I saw my first Aston Martin drive by. Something clicked, and the memory is clear in my mind to this day. Growing up, I spent all my free time reading as much as I could about cars. The second I got my licence, I found myself at a small, almost hidden, mechanic's garage in West Los Angeles. For those of you not so familiar with L.A., there is nothing exceptional about a mechanic's shop in a city in which cars are more or less a necessity, but this one was different, and it changed my life. I would find myself there almost daily, with a group of people who had been bitten by the same bug as I had. Over the years, this group has fostered some of my closest friendships and many business endeavours. We would sit around this little foldout table, on squeaky chairs. No, the draw was not five-star cleanliness — if you came in clean you left with soot on your clothes; had it been any different it wouldn't have been worth going to. Food would be ordered in from somewhere, or bought off a nearby food truck. Was there a catch? You may be thinking there had to be; perhaps the owner gave us discounts? Well, no, in fact he often overcharged us, and we all still gave him our business time and again. Why? Because the special, intangible nature of our village of like-minded individuals was something none of us had been able to find anywhere else.

What that bodyshop gave us was a home, a sanctuary built on a shared passion. No matter your age, race, religion, culture or status, it gave us a place to belong, to feel a part of, a place where we all had one thing in common: our love of cars. We would sit there for hours talking about cars, watches, travel experiences, and business. Worlds that are unique ecosystems but have a tangible thread that connects them, allowing for stories, experiences and knowledge to be shared in a way that was made all the more authentic because of where we were sitting. I saw more deals get done around that little table — and I

mean multimillion-dollar deals done on the back of napkins — than any other table I've ever sat at. Trust was built, camaraderie was born, and lifelong friendships were forged.

So how does that get me here now, in front of you? Well, it was there one day that I looked around and realised we were there because we didn't want to be at home, or in the office, or at a place of work. I thought to myself there has to be a better place for people like us: a social club where people in our car community can gather, especially in a city like Los Angeles, the mecca of car culture. To my dismay the offerings were completely lacking, and almost void.

From then on I began my quest to create that place, curate that dream car collection, and find the people that could make it happen. As with the discussions around the table, it would have been foolish of me to feel it had to be explicitly about automobiles. Cars are what brought us together, but our unyielding passion for all things artisan and detailed was the glue that kept us there. The purist. The intricate design. Form following function. These were the defining philosophies that filled us with the drive to reach rare destinations. In creating a home for this vibrant community, we would need to be that fulcrum, that nucleus for our passions. Thus, The Bunker was born.

Working with *The Rake* is one of the first steps we have taken in bringing The Bunker to life, and I am delighted to stand alongside Wei and Tom in introducing this issue as Guest Editor. The issue is a homage to everything we are looking to achieve with The Bunker, a place of elegance, of passion, and of shared values and interests. The Driver's issue of *The Rake* covers men and women who were exemplars of this world, which we rightfully celebrate and hope that you join us in doing so.

— David Bren, Founder and C.E.O. of The Bunker
@davidlbren



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Contributors

The photographer Boo George has contributed to international editions of *Vogue*, *W*, *Love*, *Arena Homme +* and *i-D*; commercially he has been engaged by Calvin Klein, Hermès, Emporio Armani, Dior, and Ralph Lauren. He has turned his lens on myriad personalities, including Emma Watson, Helen Mirren, Michael Fassbender, Kim Kardashian and Sienna Miller. Ireland-born Boo now splits his time between



BOO GEORGE

Britain and the U.S., and joined us in London to shoot Eddie Redmayne for this issue's cover. He says: "I'd shot Eddie before, but it was years ago. For the location of this shoot we chose this rundown old hotel in Lancaster Gate — I'd often passed it on my bicycle, and I thought it would be a nice juxtaposition, the decaying walls and old wooden floorboards against Eddie's beautifully tailored suits and dress shoes. I think at one stage a courier arrived as we were all dancing to Madonna while Eddie was moonwalking! A terrific day."

A former Editor-in-Chief of *The Rake*, Scott spent several years as a staffer at U.K. *Esquire* and *GQ* Australia, and is now the Editor of the U.K. edition of *Robb Report*, as well as a regular contributor to *The Rake*, the *FT*'s *How To Spend It*, *Hole & Corner*, and *Director*, the Institute of Directors' magazine. His writing has also appeared in a range of titles including *The Observer*, *Radio Times* and *Women's Health*, as well as



NICK SCOTT

branded content titles for Hackett, Bentley, Lexus, Toyota and Richard Mille. An ardent believer in old-fashioned journalism, he frequently dreams of a mass public burning of rehashed press releases posing as editorial. His sartorial philosophy is summarised by a self-coined axiom: "Style and fashion are like love and infatuation." In this issue Nick captures the phenomenon of the gentleman driver (page 96) and appraises the style of the best-dressed couple on America's west coast (page 42).

The Luxembourg-born photographer Kim Lang had his first taste of the medium at an early age, as he travelled around the world throughout his childhood with his grandfather, who was an animal documentary filmmaker. Moving to London at the age of 20 in 2010 set Kim on his own journey into the world of art, portraiture and fashion photography. Since then he has worked for independent



KIM LANG

and commercial publications alike, crafting eclectic imagery that evokes a sense of classic and conceptual art, and with a strong graphic composition. In his free time he enjoys travelling and documenting cultures and landscapes. In this issue he reimagines the New Romanticism of the eighties in our main fashion shoot (page 110), relishes the colour potential of the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet (page 64), and helps deliver our inaugural shoot for *The Rake* Tailored Garments (page 130).

Chris Cotonou began his career working with advertising agencies, helping brands communicate their stories through copy and content. It wasn't enough to satisfy his interests, however, and he pursued a second life in freelance journalism, writing for *The Rake*, *London Evening Standard*, *Esquire Middle East*, *Town & Country*, and more. He is immensely curious, and his writing subjects have included Lebanese music divas,



CHRIS COTONOU

British military heroes, and long afternoons at Harry's Bar in Venice, when he observed each story from the (perhaps mistranslated) Platonic position of, 'All I know is I know nothing'. You can find him regularly contributing to our talented online editorial team, meeting menswear's most stylish figures, and trying to convince you that cowboy boots are a year-round essential. He makes his second appearance in the magazine in this issue, interviewing the C.E.O. and eponym of one of the great Italian houses, Stefano Canali (page 166).



cover photographer **boo george**
fashion direction **veronica perez**

Exploded Prince of Wales check double-breasted sports jacket in Fox flannel, **The Rake Tailored Garments**; ice blue superior cotton shirt, **Emma Willis at The Rake**; black and white wool check tie, *property of The Rake*.



BRUNELLO CUCINELLI

*From here on, I would like to resume the journey
towards Universal Humanism*



THE RAKE

THE RAKE PTE LTD

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THE ARTISAN OF EMOTIONS – SINCE 1860

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BUG'S LIFE

Ettore Bugatti liked to say, 'Nothing is too beautiful, nothing is too expensive'. Which probably explains why his famous creations — the racing cars that established his legend in the 20th century — were pure hedonism on wheels.

by **stuart husband**

In 1927, a most singular automobile glided out of the doors of a factory in Molsheim, in present-day Alsace. The Bugatti Royale was the ultimate in luxury conveyances, as envisioned by the celebrated Italian engineer and designer Ettore Bugatti. Reportedly inspired when Ettore was goaded by the remarks of an Englishwoman, who compared Bugattis unfavourably to Rolls-Royces, the Royale cut a suitably imposing figure. It was 21 feet long and weighed around three tons (outshining a Rolls by 20 per cent and 25 per cent respectively). Its rangy bonnet concealed a 12.7-litre straight-eight engine, originally designed for the French Air ministry, which could theoretically propel it to 180 kilometres an hour or more. It featured a swooping Art Deco running board and a radiator cap modelled on a dancing elephant sculpture by Rembrandt Bugatti, Ettore's brother. It was a car fit for kings, which was just as well, since, in a mark of the hubristic élan that was Ettore's trademark, he decreed that only bona fide crowned heads need apply for one of the planned edition of 25.

Sadly, the Royale — and, more piquantly, its basic chassis price of \$30,000 — was an indulgence too far for a regal caste that was grappling with the onset of the Great Depression, and, later, the regional flare-ups that would eventually ignite world war II. King Alfonso of Spain was deposed before he could take delivery; King Carol II of Romania fared likewise; and Ettore flatly refused to sell to King Zog of Albania, claiming that “the man's table manners are beyond belief”. The seven Royales that were eventually made ended up in the hands of French couturiers, English custard tycoons, and Swedish textile magnates; one of the six still in existence went for £5.5m at Christie's in 1987, making it, fittingly, the most expensive car ever sold at auction.

If Ettore was looking down, he doubtless allowed himself a smile of self-validation. A lover of all things equine, he liked to refer to his creations as *pur sang*, or thoroughbreds, and from the outset, whatever he was designing — he's thought to have produced more than a thousand patents in his lifetime, for aircraft design, steam locomotives, ship's hulls, bicycles, Venetian blinds, fishing reels, and surgical instruments — he approached the task with a formal rigour and an artist's imaginative flight, which found its most powerful expression in the racing cars that

established the Bugatti legend in the first half of the 20th century — a legend that continues to inspire reverence in petrolheads and aesthetes alike. What other company could unite Picasso and Jeremy Clarkson in fan-boy encomiums? The former described Bugatti's famous square-cut aluminium engine as “the most beautiful man-made object”, and the latter, test-driving the Bugatti Chiron (top speed: 420 kilometres an hour), opined that “it feels as though you're coming up through the spout of Vesuvius, propelled by lava, convection and pressure”.

While Ettore would have appreciated Clarkson's tribute, he doubtless cherished Picasso's praise. His family had deep artistic roots in the city of Milan; his grandfather Giovanni had been a

famous architect and sculptor, while his father, Carlo, was an internationally renowned furniture and jewellery designer (his creations included a fantastical ‘throne chair’ that mashed together Japanese and

Ettore flatly refused to sell to King Zog of Albania, claiming that “the man's table manners are beyond belief”.

Islamic influences; it can be seen supporting Michael Fassbender's android rear in the opening scenes of *Alien: Covenant*), and his sculptor brother Rembrandt produced Reclining Egyptian Wolves and Yawning Lionesses alongside his dancing elephants.

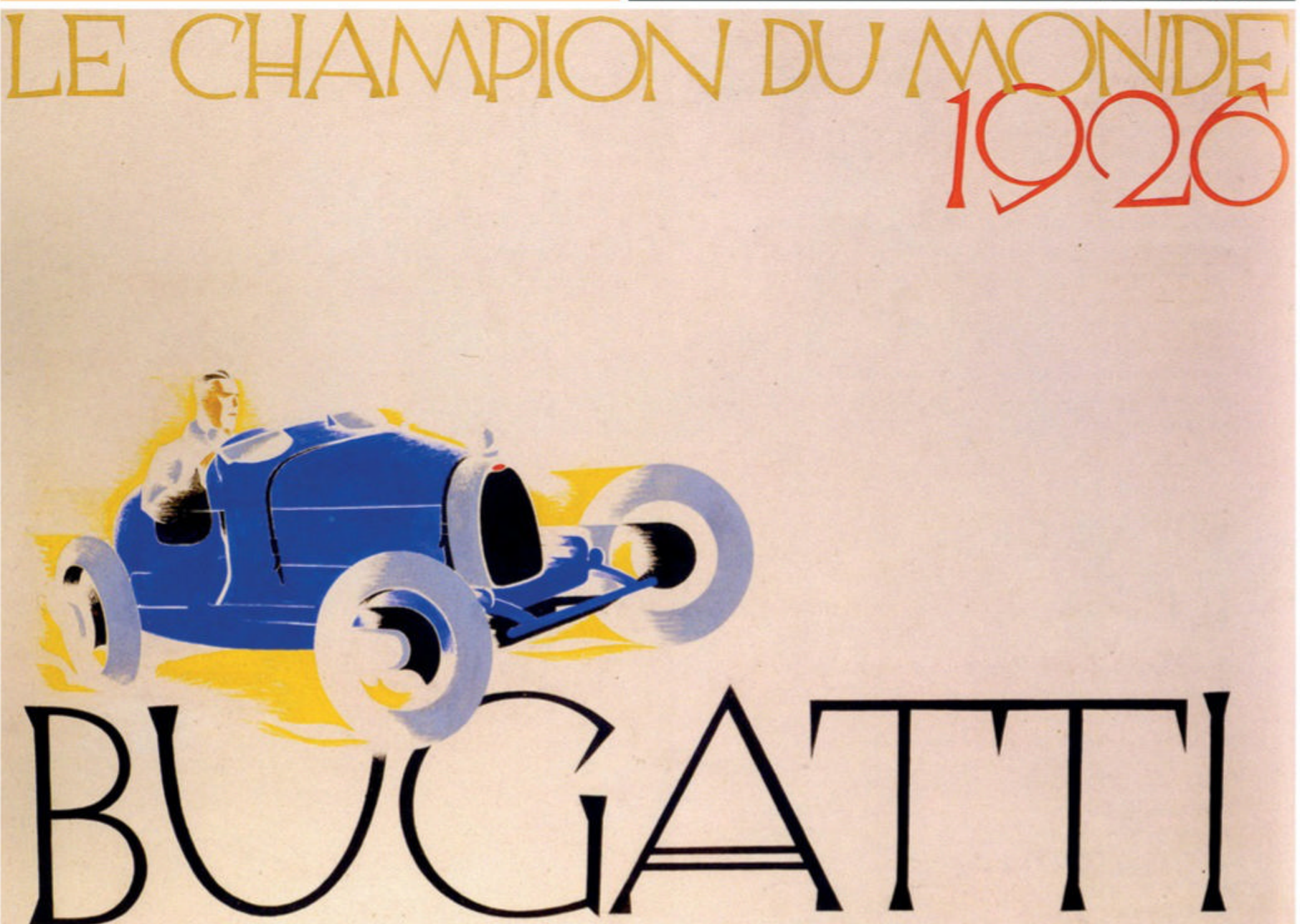
Ettore (born Ettore Arco Isidoro Bugatti in 1881) never had a formal engineering education, instead studying sculpture at the Fine Art Academy in Brea, which enabled him to give his expansive vision free rein; look at any photo of ‘Le Patron’, as he came to be known, and above the roll-your-sleeves-up outfits — he favoured tweed boilersuits — you're struck by his high, patrician forehead and his hooded eyes. “Nothing is too beautiful, nothing is too expensive,” he liked to say, and he outdid his near-contemporary Enzo Ferrari in producing vehicles that exemplified both qualities. These were, emphatically, playthings for the one per cent.

Ettore began his career apprenticing at Prinetti & Stucchi, the Milanese bicycle and tricycle manufacturers, when he was 17; he pre-empted *Pimp My Ride* by a century or so when he co-opted two De Dion engines to create the world's first motorised tricycle. He designed his very first car, the Type 1 (all Bugatti's personal designs had progressive serial numbers, making them catnip for future collectors), in 1900, which won him an award at Milan's international automobile exhibition, and he went on to work for various pioneering European car firms



WHO IS
THE RAKE

Ettore Bugatti in 1926.



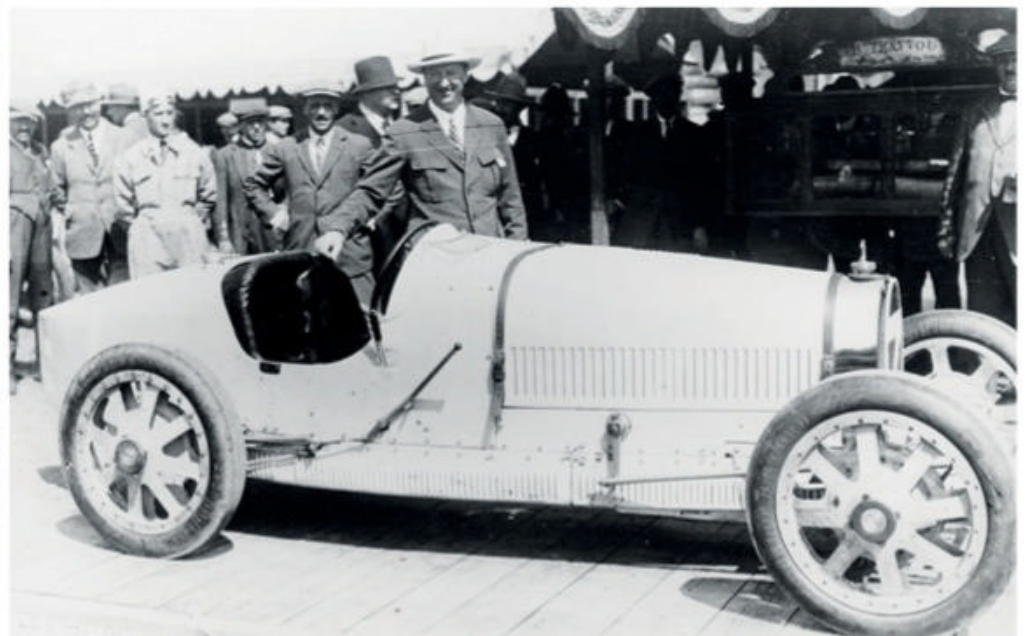
WHO IS
THE RAKE

BUGATTI

Clockwise from left: a retro Bugatti poster by Marcello Dudovich, 1922; a poster from 1939; a vintage French 1920s poster; and an advertisement in 1926.

WHO IS
THE RAKE

Clockwise from left: a 1931 Bugatti Type 41 Royale coupé, coachwork by Kellner of Paris; Ettore Bugatti at the 1925 French Grand Prix; Ettore stands next to a Bugatti Type 35; Bugatti in 1930; and at the wheel of one of his cars.



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(De Dietrich in Alsace, Gasmotorenfabrik Deutz in Cologne) while moonlighting on his pet projects — fast, lightweight racing cars — in his various basement workshops. In 1909 he terminated his contract with Deutz, collected his severance pay, and leased a disused dyeworks factory in Molsheim, which became the nerve centre of Automobiles E Bugatti.

From the start, Ettore had to contend with major geopolitical bumps in the road. The outbreak of world war I meant that he had to hide his precious creations in a cave while moving his family (he'd married in 1907, and would have two sons and two daughters) to Milan and then to Paris, where he designed 8-cylinder and 16-cylinder airplane engines to aid the war effort. Following the armistice, he moved back to

Molsheim, which had now become French territory, and started to produce racers in earnest. The Type 13 — 1.5-litre engine, 80mph top speed — finished in the top four places at


1921's Brescia Grand Prix, while 1932's Type 32 was known as the 'Tank' — indeed, with its ultra-streamlined, all-enveloping body and its wheelbase of just two metres, it resembled a weaponised version of a child's pedal car. The cars often provoked as much perplexity as wonderment, to which Ettore was wont to respond with Olympian disdain: when asked about his stubborn adherence to cable rather than hydraulic brakes, he replied: "I make my cars to go, not to stop." When another Bugatti owner complained that his car was difficult to fire up on cold mornings, he apparently replied: "Sir! If you can afford a Bugatti, you can surely afford a heated garage." He could be equally withering when it came to his ostensible competition: "Mr Bentley? He builds fast trucks."

You would look for a long time at the Type 35, Ettore's masterpiece and the most successful race car of all time, before the words 'monster rig' sprang to mind. Its compact, classical lines — the aluminium body flowed, unbroken, from the small horseshoe-shaped radiator to the pointed tail — were supplemented by a straight-8 engine and cast aluminium wheels, an automotive first. The Type 35 enjoyed more than 2,000 track victories, facilitated both by the fact that, unlike other marques, Bugatti sold its designs to the many gentlemen racers of the era (in the second half of the Roaring Twenties, the company organised an annual single-marque Bugatti Grand Prix, where

the first prize was, yes, a Bugatti) and also by the brio of Ettore's favoured drivers, who sported berets, Peaky Blinder caps, pencil moustaches, linen pinstripes, and freewheeling verve. René Dreyfus described the Type 35 as "competitive right out of the box" (and gave it some extra edge by adding a supplementary fuel tank when winning the 1930 Monaco Grand Prix, thus precluding the need for a pitstop); Albert Divo pushed the 35 to victories in the 1928 and 1929 Targa Florio, then Europe's most punishing endurance race; Louis Chiron, one of the most tenacious drivers of his day, had been a chauffeur to both Marshals Foch and Pétain during world war I; and Pierre Veyron and Jean-Pierre Wimille later joined the ranks of the 'Grand Prix

Saboteurs', former drivers who worked with the SOE to run Resistance campaigns and cells in occupied France during world war II, with Veyron receiving the Légion d'Honneur.

***He could be withering when
it came to his competition.
"Mr Bentley?" he once said.
"He builds fast trucks."***

War once again stymied Ettore's ambitions. He'd already suffered a personal tragedy in 1939, when Jean, his eldest son and presumptive heir, died aged 30 when the Type 57 he was test-driving swerved to avoid a cyclist and crashed into a tree. The following year, Ettore was forced by the Nazi occupiers to sell his company for 150m francs. Though he wrested control of the Molsheim factory back after the cessation of hostilities, he died of a lung infection in 1947, shortly after becoming a French citizen. The Bugatti name, if not its storied legacy, languished until 1998, when it was bought by Volkswagen, who rebuilt the old Molsheim facilities and launched a series of limited-edition supercars that became latter-day Concorde of the road: 2005's 1001-HP Veyron, with its ability to accelerate from 0 to 100 in under three seconds; 2016's Chiron, which got Jeremy Clarkson so worked up; and 2019's Divo, which, despite a top speed of a mere 380 kilometres an hour, sold out its 40 units on the first day of availability, at \$5.8m a pop. All three acknowledge the drivers who assisted Ettore in rendering Bugatti a byword for style and speed, and while the new models may not be earmarked exclusively for crowned heads — though we're sure a few playboy princes are in the mix somewhere — they hold true to Le Patron's *pur sang* template: well-chiselled, spirited, bold, handsome, muscular, and made to go, not to stop. 



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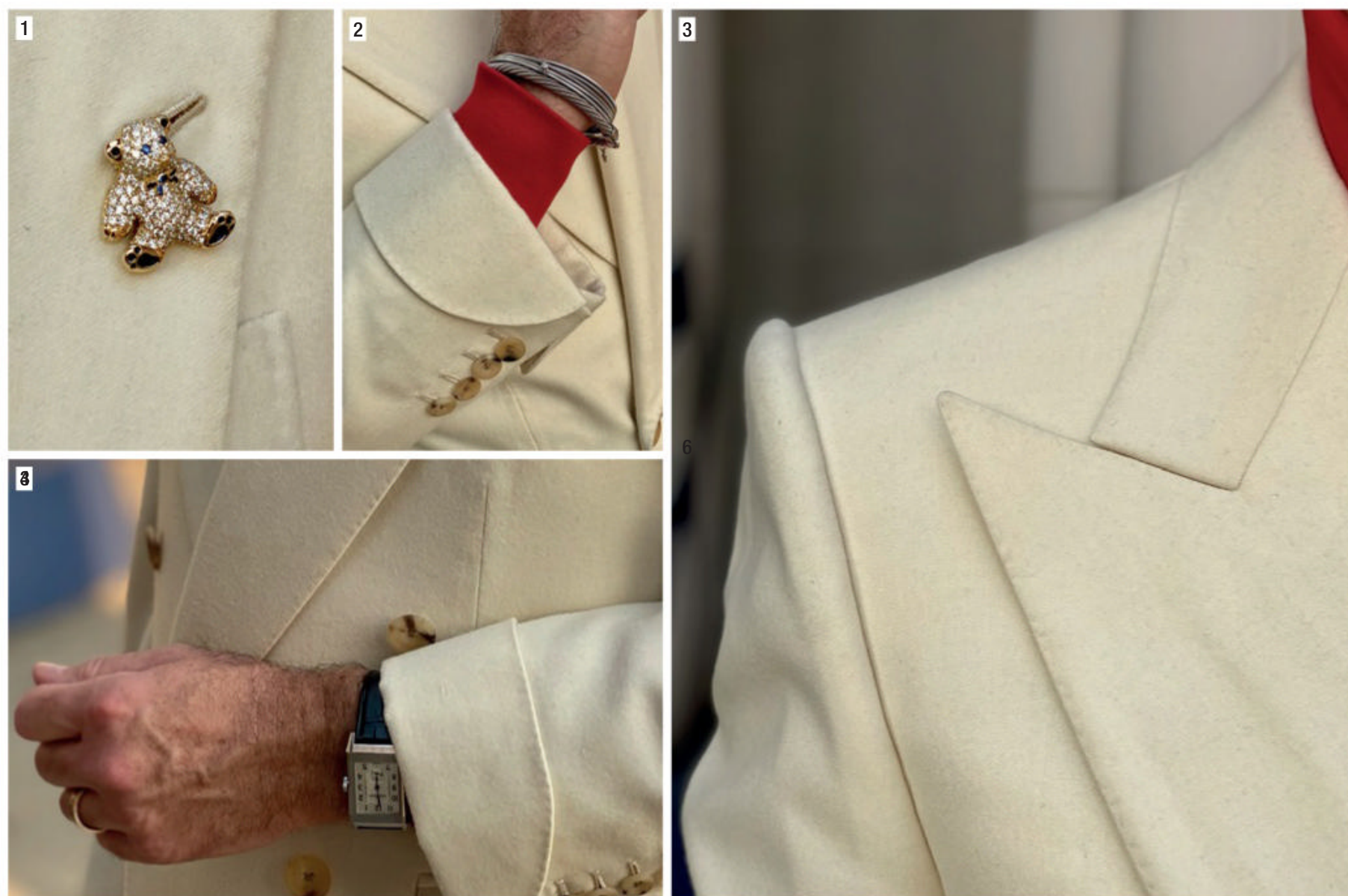
POCKET
GUIDE



EVER THE TWAIN

Instagram luminaries Andy Poupart and his wife, Michèle Free, known better by their handle @StyleAfter50, are not just eternally soigné, they dress in a way that complements each other's style smarts — especially when one examines the finer details...

by **nick scott**



1. “This is a copy of a brooch my mother wore — it was costume jewellery but it had irreplaceable sentimental value,” Poupart says. “I had three made by a jeweller friend of ours in Dallas — one for me and two more for my sisters — as a way of remembering our mother. I don’t like putting pins through my clothes, so I asked him to make a bayonet-style fastener.”

2. “The bracelets are by the German jewellery company Wellendorff. We went to one of their events a few years ago, and the C.E.O., Christoph, was wearing a prototype, which we liked, and he said, ‘You can have the first production piece we make of it’. It was a present from Michèle for my 60th birthday. Michèle has two similar bracelets from the same brand, and we wear them all the time — they commemorate milestones in our lives.” Many readers will also be admiring that stunning cocktail jacket’s cuff...

3. “The jacket — the second Edward ever made for me — is a bespoke version of a collaboration between him and *The Rake*. Most of the tailoring I have is of a soft, drape-cut style, but if I was going to start my sartorial journey all over again, I might well just go completely with Edward’s tailoring. The cut appeals to me, and being with him is a fantastic experience. The first time I met him, he had this superb sage-green linen suit on, and I just thought, I hope I have that much style and charisma when I’m the age he is.”

4. Keen-eyed readers will have noted the sublime juxtaposition that a Jaeger-LeCoultre Reverso makes with Sexton’s trademark gauntlet cuff (check out how beautifully one completes a shawl-collared dinner jacket when you get a chance).

Having grown up avidly tuning into the Oscars — “but only for the red carpet bit” — Andy Poupart, a software engineering manager, has always been left a little cold by the “trackie pants and jeans” culture prevalent in his professional realm. But it was a chat with a man whose neck was a-drape not with a tape measure but a stethoscope that prompted the sartorial overhaul that has proved life-redefining.

Poupart says: “About eight years ago I had a physical — my blood sugar was trending badly and the doctor just said, ‘You don’t want that trend to continue’. So I ended up losing a bunch of weight, and my clothes didn’t fit any more. I needed an entirely new wardrobe. I had a couple of suits made on Savile Row — once you’ve experienced a good bespoke it’s hard to go back — and then you need shirts, and you start thinking about pocket-squares and ties... You end up taking a deep dive down the rabbit hole.”

His wardrobe replenished, Poupart’s daughters challenged him to post a selfie on Instagram: as he took them up on the bet, little did the California-based Briton know that he would become

POCKET
GUIDE



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5. Michèle's six-by-four double-breasted suit from Caroline Andrew "also owes a lot to Edward Sexton's heritage", says Poupart. That gorgeously textured worsted flannel cloth, meanwhile, is from a certain fabric mill, founded in London in 1836, by the eponymous Holland & Sherry.

6. Another dazzling juxtaposition here: the turn-ups Caroline Andrew has built into the bottom of Michèle's trousers, and her boots from Stuart Weitzman, which pack all the elegant femininity of well-chosen women's eveningwear but are, Michèle says, comfortable enough to have walked around Florence in last winter.

7. If you've not encountered Maison Michel Paris before, the 1936-founded French millinery makes hats that are beautifully crafted, highly sophisticated, and, more often than not, involve a soupçon of whimsy. Which is apt, as the one here was spontaneously picked up by the couple at the brand's Burlington Arcade outlet when Andy and Michèle visited London on their way to Pitti this January.


8. Two remarkable things about the Jaeger-LeCoultre Reverso are: a). its exquisite elegance, given that it was designed in the 1930s as a hardy solution for British Army officers wanting a suitable timepiece to wear on the polo field, and b). its outstanding unisex credentials. "We have his and hers Reversos, both engraved on the back with personal messages to each other," says Poupart.

9. Arguably we have Marlene Dietrich and Katharine Hepburn to thank for the fact that, since the 1930s, elegant women have worn bow-ties; we have Brooks Brothers to thank for this one in a pink hue that sings in sweet harmony with the grey flannel of Michèle's suit, and is emblazoned with sprouting date palms associated with paisley patterns.

something of a legend among the esurient style enthusiasts who scour social media in search of ordinary folk with extraordinary sartorial smarts (see @styleafter50 for regular updates).

Poupart is pictured here in an Edward Sexton jacket (regular readers will already have clocked those lapels) and Hollywood Top whipcord trousers, also by the Godfather of British bespoke, while his wife and partner in all stylistic endeavours, events manager Michèle Free — who describes Andy as "my stylist" — wears a grey flannel suit that (along with the shirt beneath it) was made by the Mayfair-based Caroline Andrew.

"It's quite a deviation from Michèle's normal style," Poupart says. "If you look at our Instagram pages, she often wears quite daring and spectacular cocktail dresses, but she manages to carry off both styles: she can wear not conservative, necessarily, but businesslike day clothes, and then she has this amazing ability to glam it up in the evening."

So what other paraphernalia, on closer inspection, make up the sartorial sum total in the couple's ensembles? 

THE CHASE OF THE THRILL

On land, on ice or in water, whether clutching wheel or reins, the short life of Spanish aristocrat Alfonso de Portago — and his violent death — touched upon a single theme: his uncontrollable desire to rewrite distance-over-time ratios.

by **nick scott**

Being the 13th Count of Mejorada as well as the 17th Marquis of Portago, not to mention the grandson of the Governor of Madrid (aka the 9th Marquess of Portago) and the godson of King Alfonso XIII, Alfonso Antonio Vicente Eduardo Angel Blas Francisco de Borja Cabeza de Vaca y Leighton pretty much had the first part of the phrase ‘gentleman racer’ nailed from birth.

And what of the second part? Pictures of the Spanish aristocrat in a Ferrari 860 Monza — in which he tore up the track at the Windsor airfield in the Bahamas in 1956 — are but pieces in the jigsaw, for Portago also raced bobsleighs (finishing fourth in the 1956 Winter Olympics), horses (he twice took part in the Grand National at Aintree), and — between pursuing his polo, jai alai and fencing smarts — he swam at international level. It’s fair to surmise that no one has ever walked the planet who better personifies the time-honoured concept of a man-of-breeding devoting his life to cocking a snook at the laws of physics.

Born in London in 1928 with adventure in his veins (one of his forefathers was Alvar Nuñez, who once crossed the U.S. by foot), his father the president of Madrid’s Puerta de Hierro country club (and arguably Spain’s best golfer), and his mother an Irish nurse, ‘Fon’ — as he was known to his friends — demonstrated his fearless fondness for getting from A to B at lightning speed aged just 17, when, having already acquired his pilot’s licence, he lost it immediately, winning a bet by flying someone else’s plane underneath London’s Tower Bridge.

Positively Byronic in his amateness, he was known to remark that in a different age he’d have been a knight-errant, prompting friends to joke that he’d been born three or four centuries too late. Having grown up on the family estate in Biarritz, by the age of 17 he could be found squiring the female denizens of Paris’s raging nightlife scene; he married the American former model Carroll McDaniel, whom he barely knew, at 20 years of age, and had two children with her before an affair with the actress Linda Christian led to divorce proceedings: his days as an international Lothario had barely begun.

He won a bet but lost his pilot’s licence by flying someone else’s plane beneath London’s Tower Bridge.

It was when Portago moved to New York in 1953 that he really began to foster a reputation as a playboy, embarking on love affairs with women such as Dorian Leigh, the supermodel. He was no popinjay, it seems — according to one *Motor Sport* magazine account, this inveterate gambler would be seen playing several roulette tables at once, “seldom without his favourite grubby leather jacket, thick black hair habitually uncut, dark shaven, a cigarette pasted to his lower lip”. His effect on women, though, could it be bottled, would have quadrupled his wealth overnight. “De Portago,” Enzo Ferrari said, “was a kind of magnificent hippy who made quite an impression on women because he was a handsome man. What sticks in my mind is that gentlemanly image that always managed to emerge from the crude appearance he cultivated.”

It was at New York’s Auto Show, which he attended with a new friend by the name of Edmund Nelson — an Air Force veteran who was working as a lift boy at the Plaza — that Fon (or ‘the Madcap Marquis’, as another nickname went), having put on 14 kilos since those heady horse-racing days, when he saddled 32 winners from 36 rides in a single week, caught the motorsport bug, and hastily agreed to be co-driver for Italian-American Ferrari and Le Mans 24 Hours legend Luigi Chinetti in the forthcoming Carrera Panamericana in Mexico.

The pair retired with a blown engine on day two, but Portago was hooked, and instantly went out and bought himself a three-litre Ferrari 250MM, which, with Harry Schell, the first American driver to start a Formula One grand prix, he raced at the Argentine 1,000-kilometre sports-car race. The track career that followed would be considered distinguished for any driver: a couple of Nassau Trophy victories; two more at the Tour de France and the Oporto Grand Prix; a five-race Formula One stint driving for *Il Commendatore* (née Enzo Ferrari). There were low points (being thrown from his car having lost control on a patch of oil and breaking his leg at the 1955 British Grand Prix at Silverstone), but the highs came thick and fast, not least at the 1956 British Grand Prix, where he finished runner-up to team leader Juan Manuel Fangio.

FOLLOW SUIT



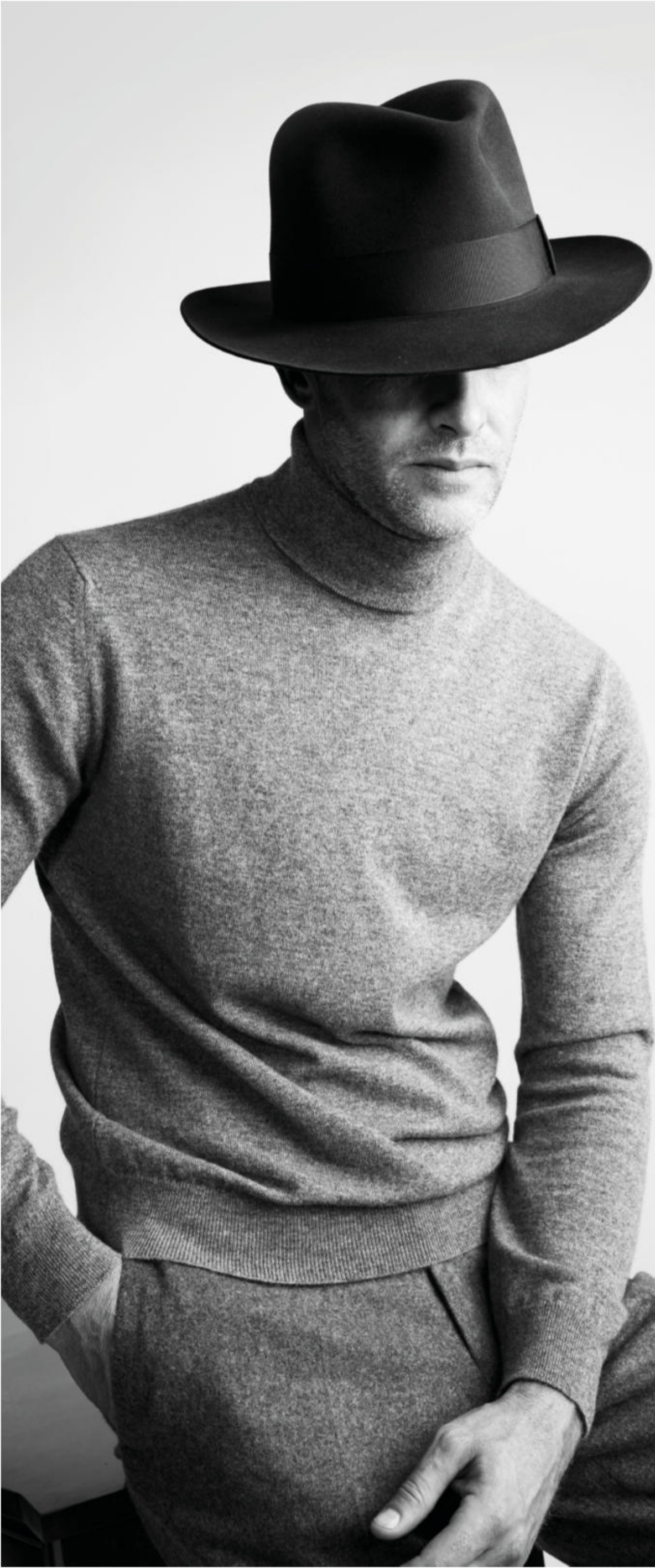
Alfonso de Portago before the start of the Mille Miglia in Italy in May 1957, during which a tyre on De Portago's Ferrari burst, causing a crash that killed him, his co-driver and several spectators.

FOLLOW SUIT



Talking with the actor Gary Cooper before the Cuban Grand Prix in Havana, 1957.

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Clockwise from left: Marquis de Portago with his wife, Carroll McDaniel, at Aintree races in Liverpool, 1950; racing a bobsleigh during the Winter Olympics, 1956; dressed up on a boat (far left) during a ball for cancer research at the Palace of Versailles; and in front of his Ferrari D50 at the French Grand Prix at Reims-Gueux, 1956.



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Racing at the Mille Miglia in 1957.

For a man who took up the sport on a whim, despite never having driven a car with a manual gearbox, his career was nothing short of remarkable, and serves as an elegy to a motorsport culture—gone-by when derring-do mattered over data. As with those stories of Fangio fixing a pierced radiator with lead made molten using a candle on some pitch-black, corkscrewing cliff trail near Lima during the 5,868-mile Gran Premio Internacional del Norte, the precious few Portago anecdotes we have to refer to chart an era when the bond between man and machine existed without back-office engineering support.

“At Buenos Aires, we had a bit of trouble with the clutch, so, before Sebring [in the U.S.], Harry thought we should take it to pieces,” Portago once narrated, according to one account. “When we put it together, there were 53 nuts and bolts left over — and you know what? The clutch didn’t break at Sebring. The back axle did.” Portago, it should be mentioned as a footnote, often needed several cars to finish a race, due to the effect his brutal driving style had on the vehicles’ moving parts.

It was fuelled by the same extreme can-do-ism that he used in 1956 — having been introduced to the sport by Edmund Nelson — to persuade his cousins to join him in representing Spain in their first (and last) bobsleigh team at

the Winter Olympics. He’d had only a couple of practice runs in Switzerland before purchasing a pair of sleds, yet he and his kin came in fourth, missing out on a podium place by an agonising 0.16 seconds (although he did clinch a bronze at the 1957 FIBT world championships in St. Moritz).

It’s an odd paradox that those who enjoy life the most also seem the most eager to shuffle off their mortal coil prematurely, and

It’s an odd paradox that those who enjoy life the most also seem the most eager to shuffle off their mortal coil prematurely.

Portago was one of several to meet their end in a horrifically violent accident at the 1957 Mille Miglia. Having stopped at a Rome checkpoint to kiss his current belle, the Mexican actress and model Christian,

he was moving at 150mph when a tyre exploded — he’d left it far too worn, in his desperation for victory — causing his Ferrari to hurtle into the crowd lining the road. Nine spectators, including children, as well as Portago and Nelson, who was acting as his co-driver, were killed. Portago was 28.

Had he lived longer, he’d surely have stretched his polymathic spectrum even further. As Gregor Grant, the editor of the British weekly *Autosport*, remarked of Portago: “Never mind the driving, the steeplechasing, the bobsledding, the athletic side of things, never mind being fluent in four languages... He could be the best bridge player in the world if he cared to try. He could certainly be a great soldier, and I suspect he could be a fine writer.”



Cifonelli

CONTEMPORARY COUTURE SINCE 1880

LEADER OF THE PACK

Its raison d'être was traditionally seen as controversial. Then it was outlawed altogether. But try letting that crush our foxhound's lust for life.

HOUND

by **hunter** as told to **nick scott**

Given there's as much animal cruelty encapsulated in what's forked into ordinary pooches' bowls twice a day as that conducted at the Hampshire or Bilsdale hunts combined, I've always considered class-based resentment to be the fiercest wind in the anti-bloodsport movement's sails. Controversial, I know, but as far as I'm concerned, if you blench at the thought of a pestilent canid being eradicated from existence in a flash of violence but willingly ingest the kind of petrol-station fare that bears the dispiritingly vague description 'meat' on the packet without questioning how it came to be there, I'd posit that some serious cognitive dissonance is underway.

Of course, some would say that I'm biased, given that the husbandry that brought me into existence furnished me with a single purpose: to flush foxes out of their hiding places, back in the glorious days when the parping of horns and thundering of hoof-on-cud mingled with impunity each Boxing Day.


It is this life purpose, instilled in us by breeders including George Washington — which led to the existence of the American foxhound — that has given us inexhaustible stamina (unfavourable comparisons to that irksome hunk of anthropomorphic anti-matter that is Scrappy-Do have plagued us for years) as well as deep-chested lung power, not to mention the straight-legged, imperious silhouette when standing to attention that prompted priest and poet Charles Kingsley to enthuse: "Next to an old Greek statue, there are few such combinations of grace and strength as in a fine foxhound... It is a joy to see such perfection alive."

Breeding has also made us as pack-oriented as we are scent-driven, and, despite being as moderate in temperament as we are sociable — and indeed "unbreakably mirthful", according to a bizarrely phrased nugget in our Wikipedia entry — we are appointed as house pets less often than other dogs, and tend instead to be kennelled, en masse, by those who value us for our primal instinct for the chase. (The cruelty of this, of course, is another bleak reality obscured from view by the ideological blinkers worn by your common-or-garden Trustafarian, placard-wielding soap-dodger, whose only concern is for the wretched fox.)

Despite domestic ownership rarely being our lot in life, our place in canine folklore is sealed for all eternity — not just thanks to a Disney flick on one side of the Atlantic and in the legion of



rural pubs named Fox & Hound not yet forced into rebranding by cancel culture on the other, but by legendary canine figures such as Old Drum. A black and tan foxhound mistaken for a stray and shot dead by a disgruntled neighbour, whose bronze effigy can be found in front of the courthouse in Warrensburg, Missouri, inspired an attorney in that very building to coin the phrase 'man's best friend'.

It's a three-word bijou that prompts one to dwell on the comparatively lowly status of our lawn-shredding, verminous distant cousins, and long for the days when sniffing them out for our red-coated masters was a cherished part of rural culture. 

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GIRL WONDER

Lynda Carter's classic seventies take on Wonder Woman is the only version worthy of the name. Though not for the reasons we might assume.

by **david smiedt**

In a celluloid market saturated with superheroes, let it be proclaimed that Gal Gadot's latest effort in the bracelets, as *Wonder Woman 1984*, is a breath of fresh air from the shores of Themyscira. An all-action, ass-kicking force of nature fighting for good, and looking — well, how many superlatives have you got time for? — good doing it.

But we respectfully submit that Gadot is eclipsed by the original inhabitant in the on-screen role, Lynda Carter — she of the sapphire eyes and the Sapphic vibe.

After dropping out of college to pursue a career in music, Carter took out the crown of Miss World USA in 1972. That counted for merely a second glance in Hollywood, though, and on the eve of a penniless return to Arizona, Carter was informed that she had won the role of the hot-pantsed, lasso-wielding, bullet-shattering T.V. adaptation of the DC Comics smash.

Wonder Woman ran a scant three seasons, from 1975 to 1979, but in that time (and years of subsequent reruns) it developed a cult following that still resonates. The same can't be said for Brigitte Nielsen's She-Hulk, Angela Bowie's Black Widow, or even the 2011 reboot of *Wonder Woman* starring the fulsome but forgotten Adrienne Palicki (a name that rolls off the tongue like months-old peanut butter.)

Carter's incarnation has endured for myriad reasons, one of which is a campy cool/kitsch that may have been unintended at the time but sure looks like it was meant to be there all along in retrospect.

Then there were the cultural circumstances in which it was taking place. Three years before the first slate clicked on *Wonder Woman* production, unmarried American women had secured legal access to birth control. A year after that, abortion was legalised across the country. Grassroots feminism had swept the nation and a battle was waging over the Equal Rights Amendment.

Carter had felt the winds of change goose-fleshing her somewhat overexposed limbs in costume and decided to play her superheroine as an object of aspiration (as opposed to aspiration) and allyship. A beacon to young women, not an object to young men. "I never meant to be a sexual object for anyone but my husband," she once said. "I never thought a picture of my body would be tacked up in men's bathrooms. I hate men looking at me and thinking what they think. And I know what they think. They write and tell me."

Her stance was solidified when one of the producers warned her that "women are going to be so jealous of you". She bridled, saying: "Not a chance. They won't be, because I am not playing her that way. I want women to want to be me, or be my best friend!"

It was an approach that paid dividends in both the short term, via ratings, and the long term, through cultural legacy. She would

later say: "There is something about the character where in your creative mind for that time in your life where you pretended to be her, or whatever the situation was, it felt like you could fly." Speaking of which, were you to disappear down a YouTube rabbit-hole in search of the Anschluss '77 episode, you will see it is Carter herself hanging from a helicopter — as if *Wonder Woman* wouldn't do her own stunts. In other words, long before the other Ms. Carter was dripping with fierceness as part of *Destiny's Child* and beyond, this one was the O-fucking-G.

So entranced were viewers by Carter that she scored a role in 1979's *Apocalypse Now* (which was subsequently cut), and three decades after *Wonder Woman* ceased she was still named by *Wizard* magazine as the third sexiest woman on television.


Despite being a seventies icon, Carter — through head, heart and chutzpah — pulled off that most challenging of Hollywood dilemmas: continued relevance.

Wonder Woman gave way to T.V. specials, new series such as the vampy, campy and joyously trashy *Partners in Crime* (with Loni Anderson), and albums. In the new millennium she starred in a West End production of *Chicago*, as matron Mama Morton, and if you listened carefully enough you'd have heard Carter's vocals in the smash-hit *Elder Scrolls* video game franchise. At 69 there are still projects on the slate, with a thriller called *The Cleaner* in post-production.

All the while, Carter has advocated for causes high profile and otherwise. In 2003, for example, she spoke out on behalf of sufferers of irritable bowel syndrome, and she has long been a supporter of women's right to choose and of LGBT rights (she has led Pride parades in Phoenix, New York and Washington). What you see is what you get, down to a frankness about overcoming an alcohol addiction that at one point threatened to destroy it all.

In 2020, Carter still makes her unmistakable voice heard, albeit on the mediums of the moment. On her @RealLyndaCarter Twitter feed, for example, she has emphasised to her 142k followers the importance of masking up during the coronavirus pandemic — another gesture in a lifetime of setting examples.

Sure, it doesn't quite hold a cyber-candle to the 8.5m followers accrued by New York's U.S. representative Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, who is viewed by many as an antidote to the current stale, male, pale and utterly venal American political landscape. Yet when a recent office picture of the Democrat on whose shoulders rest the prospect of a more enlightened and welcoming United States was published by *Vogue*, guess whose poster was right beside her?

That's right, folks. It was an A3 *Wonder Woman*, perfectly coiffed hands on her hips, lasso at the ready, her jaw set, eyes challenging, taking no shit from no man, no how. And not the Gadot version, either. 



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INVEST

by **nick scott**



The Ralph Lauren Polo watch collection

There have been a number of important milestones on the path that has led to the glorious addition to horology you see before you. Perhaps the earliest was the moment in the late 1960s when Ralph Rueben Lifshitz, born in the Bronx in 1939 to Ashkenazi Jewish immigrants from Belarus, left his job at Brooks Brothers to run a necktie company from a tiny space within the Empire State Building. Another came shortly afterwards, in 1972, when the polo player motif, mallet raised aloft in the moments before a ball is struck goalwards (as prophetic a statement of intent as has existed in the history of fashion) was introduced.

Fast-forward to 2008, and Ralph Lauren Watches and Fine Jewelry was launched, with haute Swiss-manufacture movements encased within objects typifying Lauren's equestrian sensibilities, such as the Stirrup. A decade later, a Polo Ralph Lauren watch collection depicting the Polo Bear was created, in celebration of Ralph Lauren's 50th anniversary.

Now this range, the latest from the brand named after the master of sartorial Americana, sees the polo player logo 3D applied, in multiple layers of colour, alongside printed Luminescent Arabic numbers on the lacquered dials. It is a collection that brings a fresh impetus to the label's Ivy League aesthetic. There are four models, one whose dial is in Ralph Lauren's heritage green hue; another with a navy dial; and two with black dials, one of which

has a stainless steel trim, the other packing a sportier, more modernist design featuring matte hardware.

Picking between this quartet is just the start of the decision-making you will be faced with: appealing to the modern dandy's thirst for self-expression, the collection has been devised with mixing and matching in mind. Bracelets come in stainless steel, subtly textured leather with ecru stitching, and cotton Madras inspired by authentic woven shirtings, and there's also a leather strap in three colour schemes, printed with Ralph Lauren's Polo Sport logo and inspired by the brand's memorable apparel collections from the nineties. There's also an iteration in black sandblasted stainless steel, which, paired with the black lacquered dial and matte hardware, offers futuristic masculinity in spades.

Powered by an automatic, Swiss-made calibre RL200 movement featuring 26 jewels and a power reserve of approximately 38 hours, the timepieces have stainless steel round cases measuring 42mm by 12.35mm, through the backs of which fine details, including vertical Côtes de Genève stripes and circular graining (perlage), are beheld.

As Lauren enters the second year of his ninth decade, and just shy of 50 years after he began applying it to his company's wares, that mallet-swinging emblem is still hitting the target with every strike.

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A. Lange & Söhne Zeitwerk minute repeater

Horological history is replete with ‘first and onlys’ — and we’re talking unique masterstrokes of watchmaking innovation here, rather than cases being made from metal salvaged from the Titanic, the original Hollywood sign or the Statue of Liberty (none of which we’re making up, by the way).


The Rolex Submariner was the first timepiece to be waterproof to 100 metres and to have a rotatable bezel so divers could operate it underwater; Omega’s Moonwatch famously boasted of being the only watch in the world that would tick away happily in the thermal vacuum of space, and remains the only one worn on the moon; the Richard Mille RM016 is the first and only watch with which, thanks to some wizardry involving built-in variable geometry, the user can adjust the speed of the automatic winding.

With A. Lange & Söhne’s Zeitwerk minute repeater, its point of difference — to anything else on the planet — lies in its combination of the horizontally displayed, mechanical jumping numerals (hours at nine o’clock; minutes at three o’clock) first introduced with the original Zeitwerk model in 2009 (and with the decimal minute repeater incorporated in 2015). To the delight of the house’s growing legion of superfans, a strikingly

handsome 44.2mm version in white-gold with a deep-blue dial and a blue handstitched leather strap — aesthetics that juxtapose beautifully with the rhodiumed German silver time bridge — is now available as a limited (30-piece) edition.

Available in A. Lange & Söhne boutiques worldwide, the watch emits low-pitched, double and high-pitched tones for every elapsed hour, 10-minute period and minute respectively, with the gongs striking in exact sync with the numeric time display. Making these two movements work in tandem is a task so fraught with complexity, assembly takes several months — with the 771-part, constant-force escapement inside, and the fact the entire mechanism is tuned by hand, not making matters any simpler for the manufacture’s in-house artisans.

Aurally tuned-in horophiles will be asking whether choosing white-gold over platinum will make a difference to the tone of the chimes, to which A. Lange & Söhne’s technical director, Tony Haas, says: “Platinum sounds pure and clean, but not so loud, while gold is louder but a very round sound. It’s a matter of taste, of what you prefer.”

For us, it’s a watch that chimes a sweet note, whatever your choice of metal. 

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FEATURE



Code 11.59 by **Audemars Piguet** Selfwinding
Chronograph 18-carat pink-gold case, smoked
lacquered purple dial with sunray pattern base.

CODE 11.59 BY AUDEMARS PIGUET: NEW TONES OF ELEGANCE

A year after its controversial launch, the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet is back with a revamp that will silence the doubters. And it is just in time to lend some much-needed optimism into a world gone dark.

by **wei koh** photography **kim lung** fashion direction **veronica perez**

The element that to me provided insight into the crazed attention to detail in the design and case construction of Audemars Piguet's now two-year-old Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet was, innocuously enough, a small screw. Specifically, a high-polished, screw-slotted, hexagonal-shaped threaded device used to retain the attachment for the strap. This solid bar slips through each side of the strap and is milled — in the words of Peter Speake, aka the Naked Watchmaker — to resemble “a balance staff”. It fits between the two lugs and is secured with the screws in question. Which, if you think about it, is an incredibly complex way to attach a strap. Why didn't Audemars Piguet simply create a circular-slotted screw to fit the hole in their signature open lugs instead of machining a double-stepped and intricately shaped element that goes from hexagon to circular and that is also polished with slavish devotion to perfection? Aha. Good question. Well, it seems, as with everything related to the collection, Audemars Piguet decided not to take the path of least resistance but impelled itself to navigate the road less travelled.

O.K., at this point it is impossible to discuss the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet without confronting the maelstrom of social-media and online controversy directed towards its launch in 2019. As Audemars Piguet's Chief Executive and my friend François-Henry Bennahmias explained to me in a video interview earlier this year, “To say the launch was controversial is an understatement. The truth is, we got slammed.”

So what is the reality? Is the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet an unappealing timepiece? My take is that it is a very cool and complex case that is a sincere and appealing step forwards in Audemars Piguet's design history, and is combined with a new family of well-executed in-house automatic movements, including, for the first time in the manufacture's history, an in-house automatic, column-wheel-activated vertical clutch chronograph. I feel that the initial designs of the dials jarred next to the case: you've made a hyper-complex and extroverted watch, so why then fit it with a dial that seeks Zen reductionism in a way that contradicts its *raison d'être*? Either you're a maximalist or a minimalist, and the Code 11.59 by Audemars

Piguet is more suited to being larger than life than an example of understated élan (as those initial dials would have you believe). So the end result were watches that, while visually arresting and exciting from the profile and the back, seemed somewhat uninspired or tepid when viewed from the front. And it is for that reason that I find the new dials of the 2020 collection of the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet both genuinely appealing and capably transformative for this watch family. Their high-gloss lacquer, sun-ray finish with fumé smoked effect (graduating from lighter to darker at the outer perimeter) suddenly brings

the electric rush of chromatic expressionism that perfectly complements the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet's case and movement.

But before delving into the burgundy, purple, blue, light- and dark-grey dials, which evoke the louche opalescence that takes the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet in a highly appealing direction, let's look at the rationale behind the creation of this watch. To many people, including those highest up at their manufacture, Audemars Piguet has become perhaps too heavily associated with the iconic Royal Oak designed by Gérald Genta in 1972. To be fair, it is a watch that has since charted extraordinary success for the Le Brassus house. So much so that essentially every permutation of the watch, from perpetual calendar to chronograph, and in particular the reference 15202 Royal Oak Extra-Thin created in homage to the original watch, is accompanied by both holy grail status and a massive premium on the secondary market. The Royal Oak perpetual calendar, to me the greatest sports-chic execution of this complication in history, has also been a platform that has allowed Audemars Piguet incredible success in both material innovation (with the introduction of ceramic) and technical innovation (in terms of re-engineering their movement to heretofore unseen thinness with the RD2).

Bennahmias says: “It was clear to us that we wanted to bring back the diversity of the brand we had in the eighties and nineties, when the 5548 round, extra-thin perpetual calendar was as commercially important and equally synonymous with our manufacture.” It is interesting that one of the criticisms levied

Audemars Piguet decided not to take the path of least resistance but impelled itself to navigate the road less travelled.

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FEATURE

Code 11.59 by **Audemars Piguet** Selfwinding 18-carat pink-gold case, white-gold bezel. Smoked lacquered grey dial with sunray pattern base.

Black velvet double-breasted evening jacket with silk lapels, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; white pleated shirt and black silk bow-tie, both **Emma Willis**; white silk pocket-square, **Serà Fine Silk at The Rake**.



Code 11.59 by **Audemars Piguet**
Selfwinding Chronograph 18-carat
pink-gold case, white-gold bezel.
Smoked lacquered grey dial with
sunray pattern base.

A full-page portrait of a man with long, wavy brown hair, looking down with a serious expression. He is wearing a dark blue plaid windowpane suit jacket over a navy blue shirt and a navy and green silk tie. A patterned pocket square is visible in his jacket. On his left wrist, he wears an Audemars Piguet watch with a blue dial and a dark blue leather strap. The background is a solid, deep blue.

RAKE
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FEATURE

Code 11.59 by Audemars
Piguet Selfwinding
Chronograph 18-carat pink-
gold case, white-gold bezel.
Smoked lacquered grey dial
with sunray pattern base.

Navy wool windowpane
jacket, **Gaiola at The Rake**;
navy cotton shirt, **Emma
Willis**; navy and green silk
tie, **Tie Your Tie at The
Rake**; green and purple silk
paisley pocket-square, **Serà
Fine Silk at The Rake**.

against the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet is that it was not a classic ultra-thin round watch. But understanding that the AP customer of today is often a larger than life, extroverted, sybaritic leader endowed with unbridled charisma — think Jay-Z and Bobby Axelrod (both AP devotees) — AP's decision not to create an ultra-slim, elegant, round, vintage-inspired watch makes total sense. Could they have? Well, considering they own the manufacturing rights to the legendary 2120 (based on the Jaeger-designed calibre 920) — one of the world's most beautiful and thinnest movements, which powered the Patek Nautilus, the Vacheron 222 and Royal Oak, and is today found in the Royal Oak Ultra-Thin and as the base calibre of the Royal Oak perpetual calendar — they could have. And considering AP have set a record with the world's thinnest perpetual calendar with the incredible RD2, had they wanted to walk down this path, they could have. Very easily.

Instead, they chose to create a watch that at 41mm is slightly on the large side but with a very substantial wrist presence with a stack height varying between 10.9mm, for the automatic time and date version, and 13.5mm, for the spectacular sounding Supersonnerie version. The point is, no one wants an under-the-radar AP. The point of wearing an AP is that, when you walk into a room, everyone knows it's an AP. And whether you subscribe to this mentality or not is irrelevant, because that's the appeal of an AP. Trying to tone down an Audemars Piguet would be like trying to transform Claudia Cardinale or Monica Bellucci into Audrey Hepburn. It just ain't gonna happen. And to me that's fine, because brands are at their best when they are being true expressions of themselves. Case in point is the renewed Cartier under the brilliant Cyrille Vigneron: Cartier have stopped trying to make oversized high complications and have gone back to making the world's most sublime thin, elegant-shaped watches.

The thing to understand about the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet is that the substance of the watch comes from a highly inventive and complex tripartite case, which, even at the launch of the family, was clearly the coolest part of the watch. So you get my point: the objective of the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet is not to be a wilting flower or an example of discreet elegance. A Dufour Simplicity it ain't. Think more in terms of an MB&F LM Perpetual, which is a big, heavy and round but highly appealing and totally in-your-face watch, and we're on the right track.

So let's go back to that screw. When I saw this detail, the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet made me smile. Because this intricately machined element is a dramatic wink — or as they

The Audemars Piguet customer of today is often a larger-than-life leader endowed with unbridled charisma.

say in French, a *clin d'oeil* — to the 1972 Royal Oak, the watch that reversed Audemars Piguet's fortunes at the onset of the Quartz Crisis and created a tradition of subversive and brash innovation that found full steam with the 1978 launch of the 5548 perpetual calendar, an extra-thin mechanical super-complication, which was followed up in 1984 with the cosmic marriage of the Royal Oak and the perpetual calendar, and in 1993 with the creation of the Royal Oak Offshore.

I know that was a mouthful, but the point is that the hexagonal screw that retains the strap is a nod to the same hexagonal screw found in the Royal Oak's iconic octagonal bezel. This is executed in white-gold despite the case of the watch being made in steel. But more importantly, it marked the first time a purely functional element was placed front and centre as a signature decorative device

on a watch. This is how the Royal Oak is assembled today. It consists of its signature octagonal bezel, a thin middle case with a visible gasket, and the similarly slim back case. These three parts — four if you count the gasket — are retained by the eight gold screws that travel through the whole watch from bezel to caseback, where they are secured with slotted nuts. As the hexagonal screws are fitted into a hexagonal-shaped hole in the bezel, they are unable to turn. So why did Genta put slots in them for a screwdriver? Simply to toy with our perception and as a statement of functionalism turned into aesthetic code.

When it came to constructing the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet, AP decided to return to the idea of a multi-part case. But instead of having an octagonal bezel, this time it is the middle case that is eight-sided. Indeed, at 10.9mm, the original 7.2mm Royal Oak 5402 is approximately the same thickness as just this part of the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet alone. And this is an apt comparison, because the level of finish dedicated to this one simple element is, to put it in colloquial parlance, kick-ass. The centre part of the middle case receives AP's signature fine brushing, but both the top and the bottom of the mid case are bevelled and highly polished, exactly the way the bezel of the Royal Oak is. This alternation of finishing techniques has adorned many other models before the RO. In this respect, it is more a nod to one of AP's trademark decorations that has permeated its history.

So it is clear that the team behind the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet is still very much enamoured, and understand the role, of the Royal Oak, as they've essentially placed its most iconic element at the heart of their new design. The caseback is thin, retains a flat sapphire crystal, and again receives the

combination of a brushed centre and high-polished top and bottom bevel. While the bezel is extremely thin, it also has a brushed centre and two mirror-polished bevels. But its purpose from a structural perspective is to retain the open lugs that flare out in a manner reminiscent of the flying buttresses of the cathedral at Chartres, to be anchored on the caseback. The lugs are also brushed, before receiving a high-polished bevel along their outer and inner edges. Which means that if you look at the profile of the 11.59 by Audemars Piguet, it features a total of 10 hand-polished bevels — six horizontally and two on each lug. And there are the ones you don't see. The surface of the lugs that rest against the caseback also has a polished bevel. The watch has been finished by hand to the highest detail, even when invisible to the eye.

The bezel also serves to retain the massive totemic canopy that is the sapphire crystal of the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet. The effect of the ultra-thin bezel and the crystal, which is curved on two axes, is to present enormous focus on the dial. It should be noted that the bezel is so thin as to be almost non-existent, and it gives the illusion that the sapphire fits directly to the mid case. It was the criticism of the first series of watches — that AP used this vast, ethereal, amphitheatre of a dial to display dials that were, to put it plainly, somewhat uninspiring. The dial of the perpetual calendar model made with aventurine, a man-made glass from Venice that is strewn with copper and evokes the night sky, was definitely attractive. But for the new collection, this massive stage is the perfect complement to the arresting and visually dynamic dials.

As it happens, I am a big fan of 'fumé', or smoke. No, not as it applies to genetically modified rapper weed. But as it applies to watch dials. A fumé dial is one in which the colour goes from lighter and more vibrant at the centre of the watch to darker and more intense at its outer edge. One of my favourite Audemars Piguet is the titanium Royal Oak with a platinum bezel and a blue fumé dial that was launched in 2018 and made in a limited edition of 250. However, the first Code 11.59s by Audemars Piguet to receive the fumé effect was the brilliant and Geneva Grand Prix-winning Supersonnerie and the Selfwinding Flying Tourbillon in blue. This white-gold watch features a stunning blue dial made from *grand feu* enamel that goes from Yves Klein blue to midnight blue in an appealing chromatic arc from the centre of the watch to its bezel. It was clearly not lost on AP — that is, the dynamic energy that could be created by injecting colour into this collection.

***It is perfectly at home
relaxing at the Capri Palace
or piloting your Lambretta
along the Amalfi coast.***

In many ways the new Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet is a perfect fit for readers of *The Rake* with a penchant for sartorial expressionism through colour. And from a cultural perspective, the watches come at an apt time. We've now gone through a cycle in which men were dressed perhaps too libidinally on the chromatic scale (highlighted by Lapo Elkann's Ferrari-red suits and the like), through a period of self-enforced sobriety, and into another period where we are again embracing colour — if for no other reason than it provides for optimism. Colour is making its way back into men's tailoring, but in a more elemental and pure way: think the controlled colour fields of Mark Rothko's Abstract

Expressionism as opposed to the spray-and-pray approach of Jackson Pollock's Action Painting. The beauty of the new dials of Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet is that they manage to be controlled,

nuanced and modulated while also being seductive and arresting. There are a total of five different colours. You can see how transformative they are to the visual identity, particularly with the purple and blue chronograph models, especially when combined with similar-toned textile straps that afford them a sportier and laidback attitude. Off its alligator strap and on to this, it is perfectly at home paired with shorts, relaxing around the pool at the Capri Palace, or piloting your vintage Lambretta to lunch along the Amalfi coast or in Saint-Tropez with a barefoot auburn-haired beauty clutching your waist as you weave skilfully through traffic.

The chronograph model is also executed in white-gold with a burgundy dial, which I could see myself wearing while exploring the different *climats* of the Vosne-Romanée in Burgundy, a trip I normally make each year but that has been put on hold for now because of Covid-19. Then it struck me why I liked the colourful dials of the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet: they made me feel optimistic, in that they reminded me of these annual pilgrimages I hope to make again. I could see myself wearing the rose-gold and purple-dial chronograph wrapped in my purple velvet smoking jacket, ensconced at my favourite table at Venice's Gritti Palace bar as the head barman and my friend Cristiano Luciano pours me his fabled balsamic martini. This year Audemars Piguet have also made the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet in a two-tone version with a white-gold bezel and caseback while dedicating the use of rose-gold to the octagonal mid case, the crown and pushers, and indexes on the dial. In both the time-only chronograph version, these two-tone cases work particularly well with the dark-grey fumé dial.

RAKE
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FEATURE

Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet
Selfwinding Chronograph 18-carat
pink-gold case. Smoked lacquered
blue dial with sunray pattern base.



Code 11.59 by **Audemars Piguet**
Selfwinding 18-carat white-gold
case. Smoked lacquered burgundy
dial with sunray pattern base.

Navy wool chalkstripe jacket, **New
& Lingwood**; white cotton shirt,
Emma Willis; burgundy silk tie
with yellow and blue pattern,
E. Marinella at The Rake; yellow
multicolour silk pocket-square,
Fumagalli 1891 at The Rake.

RAKE
BESPOKE
FEATURE

Code 11.59 by Audemars
Piguet Selfwinding
Chronograph 18-carat
white-gold case. Smoked
lacquered burgundy dial
with sunray pattern base.

What is also appealing about the Code 11:59 by Audemars Piguet are the movements, which all feature a beautifully executed full transverse balance bridge and a free-sprung oscillator. I love how the balance wheel is held by a triangular-shaped polished steel stud, and that this stud is in turn held in place by a double-sided thumb-spring stud holder. This entire assembly can be rotated slightly to ensure the balance wheel is interacting with the escapement at the perfect angle, and is not something I've seen on other movements. The large central openworked rotor runs on ceramic ball bearings. It winds in both directions. The point is that despite the fact these new watches are targeted towards a lifestyle audience that connects with the colour and style, there is incredible technical credibility and hand-workmanship that has gone into each timepiece.

So do I think the new Code 11.59s by Audemars Piguet are so good that they've shrugged off the vestiges of their controversial launch? Let's talk about that. With full respect to the manufacture, they made perhaps two missteps regarding the launch of the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet, neither of which had anything to do with the watches but had the net result of causing the collecting community to amplify the blandness of the dials while overlooking the innovation of the case and movement.


The first was telling everyone how great it was before it was launched through videos and adverts. Tall poppy syndrome is a cultural phenomenon in which we delight in mocking those who appear to think too highly of themselves. And while it is controversial, I feel there is a place in our industry for the humorous memes that often take shots at our leaders, as they tend to keep us in check. More pragmatically, when you set expectations high you also set yourself up for a fall, especially when you have been riding a non-stop wave of success that can cause jealousy within the industry. The second thing AP did was that they essentially gave exclusivity over the launch of the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet to a website that itself could be perceived as a victim of tall poppy syndrome. So when the watch launched and negativity began piling up, you can see how the majority of journalists who had been excluded from not only the event but covering the actual launch might have felt disinclined to rush to AP's defence.

But there's something else here. Interestingly, while studying the phenomenon the Germans call *Schadenfreude* — the delight we take in the misfortune of others — scientists decided to map

what happens in the human brain using an MRI machine. What they found was that when your football team wins, or you or your friends succeed, the part of the brain that is triggered is the same part that deals with morality and ethics. But when you take delight in a rival team losing or your enemies or rivals suffering a setback, the part of the brain that is triggered is the same part that releases dopamine and is most responsible for self-pleasure and addiction. The point is that 'hating' is addictive and about giving the hater pleasure through causing hurt. And like laboratory monkeys that are willing to forgo food and press a button hundreds of times to get one hit of cocaine, haters need

to escalate in order to get the same dopamine reward they got when they began their cycle of self-pleasure.

In other words, in the context of the world today, when we've all gone

through a pretty seismic life-changing experience, I think we can benefit from being considerate and empathetic to one another. So in conclusion, what do I think of the new 2020 Code 11.59s by Audemars Piguet? I like them a lot. I like them because they not only survived the initial and unfair onslaught they received, but with their beautiful expression of colour I see them now as symbols of optimism in a world that desperately needs hope and kindness. The case is incredible, the movements are brilliant, and the dials are now genuinely beautiful. Is there still room for improvement? As with all things mechanical and human, yes, of course. You could say the same thing about my orthodontics. Incidentally, the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet has, since its launch, won awards at the Geneva Grand Prix, while a unique tourbillon version sold for more than \$1m at the Only Watch auction to benefit research into muscular dystrophy. Would I wear one? Now that the Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet and I have been properly introduced, I absolutely would. Would I buy one, you ask? Aha. That, my friends, is a moot question, because like many of us this year, I am bereft of adequate shekels to rub together for any significant purchase. But, like you, I've managed to survive 2020, and things can only get better. In the words of the legendary Kinks, from *Better Things*, one of the songs that has got me through this year (and that has me thinking of that blue-dial Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet chronograph on a blue textile strap): *Here's wishing you the bluest skies and hoping something better comes tomorrow. Hoping all the verses rhyme and the very best of choruses, too. Follow all the doubt and sadness, I know that better things are on their way.* 



Code 11.59 by Audemars Piguet
Selfwinding Chronograph
18-carat pink-gold case, white-gold bezel. Grey lacquered dial with sunray pattern base.

MODEL: PATRICK O'DONNELL @ SELECT
PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT: CIARAN CHRISTOPHER
FASHION ASSISTANT: AMELIA HUDSON
GROOMING: BUNNY HAZEL CLARKE

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

As Cifonelli celebrate their 140th birthday, we pay tribute to one of the world's most illustrious tailoring establishments and the distinguished fourth-generation cousins whose vision is laying the groundwork for a prosperous future.

by **nick scott**

I've asked many an acquaintance, at the kind of soirée where sartorial distinction is as crucial to proceedings as oxygen, to nominate a single establishment as the world's bespoke atelier *nonpareil*. Almost invariably the four-syllable response is the same, and uttered with a level of reverence that sees the speaker's pupils snap into focus, and which induces slow, appreciative nods by all in earshot.

So why exactly is an atelier founded in Rome by Giuseppe Cifonelli in 1880, and these days entered via a staircase and a large wooden door in a Haussmannian building on Paris's Rue Marbeuf (the house's home since 1936) the Mecca, the Mount Sinai and the Mahabodhi Temple of international tailoring?

The reasons are manifold. Cifonelli's storied folklore helps. It is surely one of the only top-tier ateliers in the world in which first-time visitors are greeted by members of the family who still helm the business — cousins Lorenzo and Massimo, the fourth generation of the Cifonelli tailoring dynasty. For a house that has welcomed Paul Meurisse, Lino Ventura, Marcello Mastroianni, Cary Grant, Karl Lagerfeld and François Mitterrand (whose Cifonelli collection was recently auctioned at Drouot), that's an efficacious antidote to the soulless banality of corporate fashion.

Yet the romantic aura with which remaining a family owned, independent business furnishes Cifonelli would be but an indulgence were it not for a reassuringly intelligent, technically sublime and tirelessly innovative approach to tailoring that cherry-picks choice elements from the world's three major tailoring hotspots: Italy's supple, comfortable flair; the structuralism of Savile Row (Giuseppe's son Arturo learned his trade in London); and flashes of subtle detailing evocative of French couture.

Indeed, for the prominent menswear commentator Simon Crompton, of Permanent Style fame, the cousins' genius comes down to a single syllable: craft. "At every stage of the making of a suit, they put in the most work and produce the finest results that are physically possible," he says. "They're best known for visible details, like the Milanese buttonhole, but equally remarkable is

the work hidden inside the suit — the way they attach all the linings by hand and then fold the material over to top-stitch it by hand as well. The first stage of work is completely hidden, but once you know it's there, you'll never forget it."

Another clandestine house masterstroke is a cunning principle whereby, as Massimo has put it to *The Rake* in the past, "the chest, the front of the coat, the back, and the shoulder are anchored by the collar and back-neck of the jacket".

Thanks to tireless research by the aforementioned Arturo, the current proprietors' grandfather, a Cifonelli coat offers an exceptional function-and-form interplay whereby a clean chest, a close fit and a double-take-triggering silhouette are requisite but, in part thanks to the high armhole, without any feeling

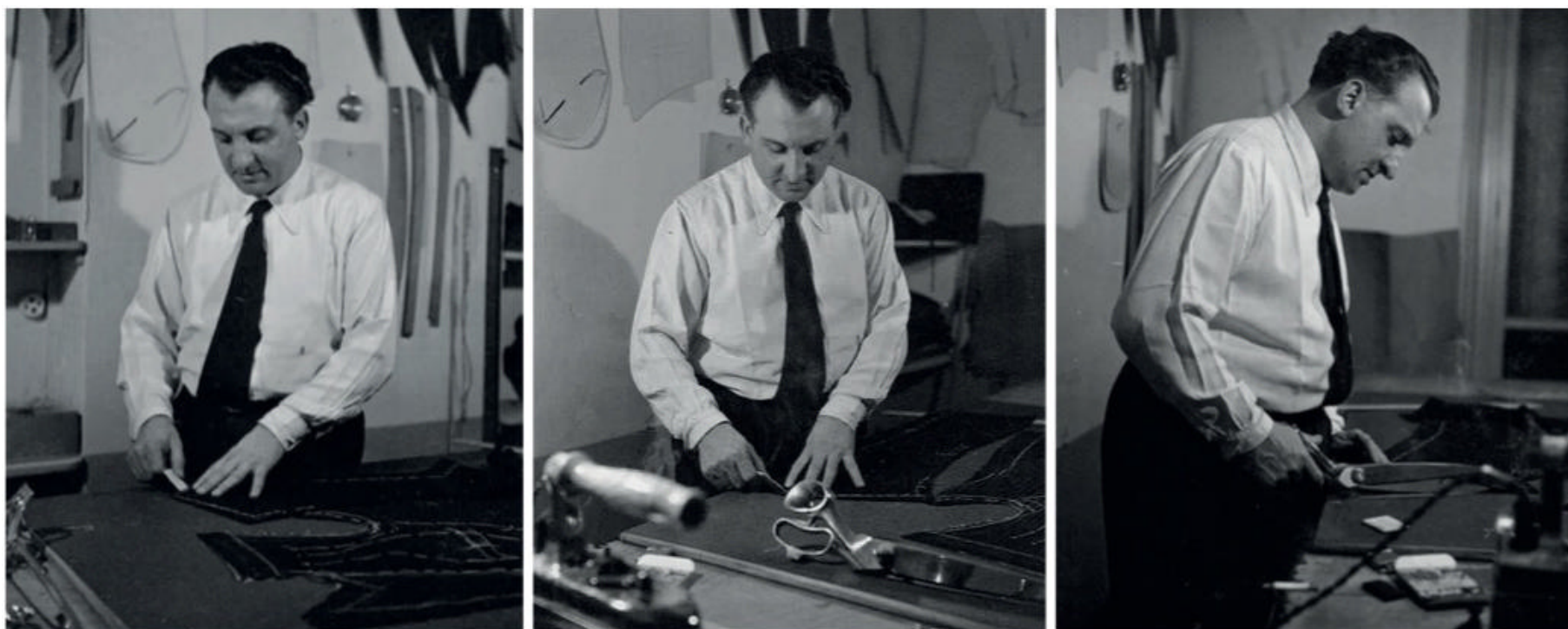
of constriction or, indeed, any compromise at all to the kind of freedom of movement normally associated with the soft-drape style pioneered by Anderson & Sheppard luminary Frederick Scholte. The house's yen for finer detail, meanwhile, is typified by the signature cigarette shoulder — a sleevehead technique involving the coaxing of hand-wadding into an elegant dome shape, and a house hallmark that famously prompted Karl Lagerfeld to assert that he could "recognise a Cifonelli shoulder from a distance of 100 metres".

As well as such technical wizardry that unfolds in the house's Parisian workshop, the superlative sartorial visions of which Lorenzo and Massimo are capable should not be overlooked, as Kit Blake founder Christopher Modoo points out. "The name Cifonelli has always been well respected in the tailoring world for their fastidious approach to quality, but it wasn't until the early days of *The Rake* magazine that I was exposed to their superb taste and innovative approach to design," he says. "Their tailoring leapt from the pages thanks to the superb cuts with occasional idiosyncratic touches, made from the most wonderful cloths. Their low-buttoning double-breasted with a dramatic peak lapel is the model every other low-buttoning double-breasted coat is compared to. I'm sure they will thrive for another 140 years, as

"They're best known for visible details, but equally remarkable is the work hidden inside the suit."

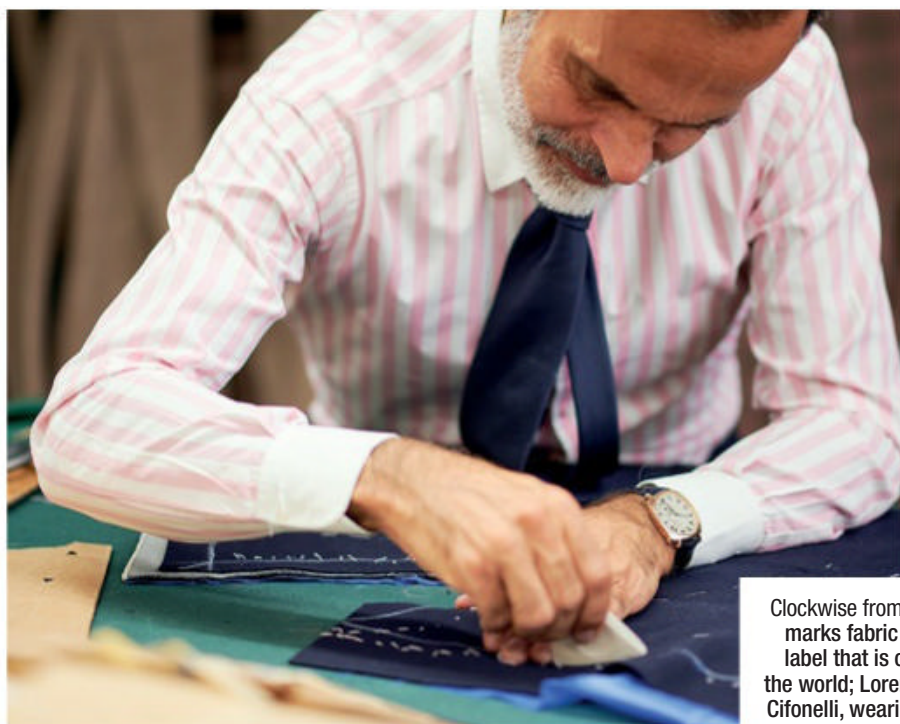
UNSTITCHED

Lorenzo and Massimo Cifonelli.



Above: Arturo Cifonelli at his workshop.
Below: Arturo on a visit to Venice.





Clockwise from top left: Lorenzo marks fabric for cutting; the label that is coveted all over the world; Lorenzo and Massimo Cifonelli, wearing garments that epitomise their fearlessness in tailoring, in front of the fabrics available to bespoke customers at their atelier on Rue Marbeuf in Paris; and Massimo begins to cut a garment.



they understand how structure can be accommodated into the contemporary wardrobe, and are the masters of the ‘New Formal.’”

As for the duo at the helm of this haute tailoring powerhouse, Massimo believes that the house’s longevity stems from measured, subtle reinvention. “The tailoring universe has really changed,” he says, “and so artisans like us have to bring about a new vision for traditional forms. We are, of course, focused on our roots, but we never stay static — the Cifonelli style is always evolving, even if we do keep our iconic shoulder and house cut. Many tailors are proud that today they make the same suits as they did 50 years ago — we don’t make today the same suits as we did yesterday.”

The Cifonelli establishment has a broad repertoire that has given us offerings as diverse as pleated hunting jackets (the Canadienne), suede-trimmed dress coats with patch pockets (the Vintage), beautiful jackets in beige linen with contrast pockets (the Lorenzo), as well as travel jackets made from Tibetan yak wool and the wealth of offerings available at *The*

Rake’s website (Teba jackets and stunning double-breasted coats in linen, elegant single-breasted offerings in bold windowpanes, and much more).

Lorenzo attributes the house’s longevity to his grandfather. “Arturo initiated a global development,” he says. “He was a modern explorer of his time, and that’s what we try to remember every day. We both knew that we would like to become tailors since the first time we saw our grandfather working in the workshop.

He was always a model of success for us.

“To think about the future we first need to understand how people live, and promote the idea of ‘contemporary couture,’” he continues. “We’re always thinking of new ways of reinventing tailoring, coming up with new prototypes with innovative cut and fabrics, such as the Qilian jacket in yak wool or the Sinclair jacket in Japanese jersey. Our style is always evolving and depends on our current world. That’s why it is a matter of pride for us to ensure the Cifonelli name continues through the decades.”

“To think about the future we need to understand how people live, and promote the idea of ‘contemporary couture’.”



articles

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR; THE HOLY
TRINITY; LADY GOOD DRIVER;
LOCAL HERO.





Midnight blue velvet and black silk shawl lapel tuxedo, **Thom Sweeney**; cream silk pleated-front dress shirt and black moiré silk bow-tie, both at **Budd Shirtmakers**; yellow-gold bow dress set, **Codis Maya at The Rake**.

Steel on leather De Ville Trésor Co-Axial Master Chronometer 40mm, **Omega**.

THE WHOLE WORLD IS WATCHING

*Oscar winner Eddie Redmayne is back with a new film — *The Trial of the Chicago 7* — whose tagline reads, ‘In 1968, democracy refused to back down’. Little wonder its release coincides with this year’s U.S. presidential election. As Redmayne tells **TOM CHAMBERLIN**, it is an urgent moment.*

*photography **boo george** fashion direction **veronica perez***

“**H**ave you met Eddie?”, I was asked several times before I met Eddie Redmayne. It would be easier to relay the meaning behind that question in person rather than on paper, but the gist of it was this: when going through the standard operating procedure of setting up a cover shoot, questions like “Does he need a car?”, “Does he have any catering needs?”, or “Can we shoot behind-the-scenes content?” all elicited the response, “Have you met Eddie?” He took the tube, by the way.

This being my 36th issue of *The Rake*, with no fewer than 30 of those covers being handled by publicists who represent the great and good of the big screen, it is difficult to elucidate just how unusual it is to get a response like that. That is not to say that any of the actors we have featured on our cover have been swallowed up by their own image or seek to make life difficult for us Earth-dwelling normies, but to witness an actor voluntarily eschewing the trappings to save others the hassle is mindblowingly refreshing. So it was safe to say I was interested in meeting Eddie, and I was not disappointed.

Redmayne has the kind of social skills I am particularly fond of: he appears to be interested, if not *actually* interested, in what the person he is talking to is saying; he is affable and kind and self-deprecating; and he doesn’t seem to take himself too seriously, which, given he is an Oscar winner, you might forgive him for doing. He undermines the theory that fame changes and ultimately blemishes character. Our interview, a week or so after our first meeting, got off to a good start. “Oh my God, you bastard,” he said, though in every way I deserved it. I had dialled in over Zoom from my holiday in France, and I wasn’t going to keep the view to myself. Once the smugness faded, and I had to remember to be professional, I got on with the questions.

Redmayne was not brought up in an artistic household. He had several brothers and sisters, whom he credits with helping him stay grounded, along with his wife, Hannah. His adventure in the creative arts began with music rather than acting. He says: “When I was very little, when I was staying at a friend’s house, there was a piano there, and though I never

learned, I could play a bit and make some tunes. My mum was a bit shocked by that, and rented a piano, and before I started learning I had the facility to be able to improvise.” In school concerts and weekend classes, he nurtured his enthusiasm for singing and acting — sometimes, in concert, he’d not be given any music but would simply riff off his own aptitude. He goes on to say that, “I got a great thrill in those moments, of being the most free, and then began to find that in acting”.

School was where things gathered steam. He was a beneficiary of terrific teaching. His tutor in drama at Eton, Simon Dormandy, was someone who, as Eddie puts it, arrived as a teacher practically straight from the rehearsal rooms of the

West End. “He treated us like professionals, and I remember feeling like he rated you, but he also wanted to push you. It was a mixture of my own passions as a kid, but he was one teacher who really gave me the tools and emboldened me by rating me. Sometimes it takes someone having faith in you.”

Redmayne credits Dormandy for his career taking off. The year 2002 was the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare’s Christmas romcom *Twelfth Night*, which called for a production by the Globe Theatre at Middle Temple Hall (the original setting of the first production). The now famous but then elusive stage virtuoso Mark Rylance, who was running the Globe at the time, was to play (as they were doing original practices) the lead role of Olivia, and needed a younger man to play Viola; he wound up casting Eddie, then a history of art student at Cambridge. Redmayne says: “They called up Simon Dormandy and he said, ‘I can’t give you any of the names of the kids at school, because they are at school, but I can give you the names of people who have left recently, and he gave my name and I went and auditioned with Mark and got cast. It was through *Twelfth Night* that I got a career.”

Eddie’s professional connection with Rylance has come full circle in time for this issue: the two began acting together with a script by the world’s greatest ever playwright, and now they lock arms again in *The Trial of the Chicago 7*, a film by the greatest living screenwriter, Aaron Sorkin. More on that later.


Our interview got off to a good start. “Oh my God, you bastard,” he said, though in every way I deserved it.



Above left and right:
Exploded Prince of Wales
check double-breasted sports
jacket in Fox flannel, and grey
wool flannel trousers, both
The Rake Tailored Garments;
ice blue superior cotton shirt,
Emma Willis at The Rake;
black and white wool check
tie, *property of The Rake*.

Bottom:
Black and white wool double-
breasted exploded Prince of
Wales sports jacket and grey
wool flannel trousers, both
The Rake Tailored Garments;
ice blue superior cotton shirt
and navy cashmere tie, **Emma
Willis at The Rake**.

Steel on leather Speedmaster
Moonwatch Professional
Chronograph 42mm, **Omega**.



Camel cashmere overcoat, **Giorgio Armani**; cream cotton shirt, **Budd Shirtmakers**; grey cashmere knitted tie, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; grey silk sweater and brown wool trousers, both **Cifonelli**; navy and white houndstooth scarf, **Anderson & Sheppard**; burgundy cotton socks, **London Sock Company**; chestnut calf leather Robert Chelsea boots, **George Cleverley**.

Steel on leather De Ville Trésor Co-Axial Master Chronometer 40mm, **Omega**.



Things moved quickly for Redmayne after *Twelfth Night*. He gave himself permission to feel like acting could be for him, though he knew what he was getting into. “My dad is a good stats man,” he says. “He was always telling me what the unemployment scenario is for actors. I am not a great dreamer; I allowed myself not to believe that it was possible but told myself I will take a year out, I have a great agent, and I can see if I need to go to drama school, whether I hate it, whether I can work in a pub for six months and not get a job.”

He’d had a taste and was touched. “It is a drug, it is an addiction, and it is the greatest profession in the world if you’re lucky enough to get to work in it,” he says. “I got a play up in Liverpool, where six people came on the

opening night, and I had the most extraordinary time. I thought, If this is the life then I am in. I was so ill-educated in film, I never thought it was a prospect.”

Low expectations aside, a vertical climb up the Hollywood ladder beckoned. In 2006 he got his first major film role, playing the son of Matt Damon and Angelina Jolie in Robert De Niro’s *The Good Shepherd*. The film was not a universal success. That said, Redmayne found himself receiving calls from lawyers and becoming acquainted with what happens when Hollywood takes note. As with his cinematic debut, *Savage Grace* had names to draw the crowds — Julianne Moore played a modern-day Jocasta to his homosexual Oedipus — but the crowds never materialised. Later, Eddie and Moore would go on to win an Oscar in the same year (2015). Eddie says: “We were there posing in the press room and we said, ‘Maybe some people will watch *Savage Grace* now’... I am not sure if they have, though.” There was a moment when he wondered if, in his early thirties, he’d blown it.

Nevertheless, a sense of where Eddie was heading was detected in the 2011 release of *My Week with Marilyn*, his first leading role (alongside Michelle Williams). In the 12 months thereafter we saw a lot of him: he played Richard II at the Donmar; he was in the television adaptation of *Birdsong*; and he

exhibited his spinto tenor pipes singing the songs of angry men as Marius in Tom Hooper’s *Les Misérables*, where the singing was done ‘live’ rather than overlaid in post-production. Outside of filmmaking, the biggest fashion brand in the world at that moment was Burberry, and Redmayne was its face, alongside a lesser-known Cara Delevingne.

Then, in 2014, *The Theory of Everything* was released, with Redmayne playing Professor Stephen Hawking through his student days, marriage, and experiences with motor neurone

disease. Initially Eddie was not considered for the role, even though the script was sent to him. He says: “I will never forget, when the DVD for *Les Mis* came out, I was asked to go to Japan for a day, and I wasn’t sure I could

do it. But I did go because I was told the producers would be grateful. When I got back, this script arrived for a film called *The Theory of Everything*. I was told they wouldn’t see me for the role, but it was the same producers — Working Title — and I said, ‘Wait a second, I just went to Japan to keep these guys happy, surely I could get a meeting on it?’ *The Theory of Everything* was a fight to get.”

It was worth it. There is no doubt that his performance was a metamorphosis that can be pulled off only by actors of singular talent. The ability to convey mischief and charm in a body slowly losing its motor skills requires an uninhibited understanding of one’s craft. Bear in mind that, in the film, the character of Hawking falls in love, unearths a scientific theory that changes how the world understands space and time, and faces marital issues while dealing with a serious illness: in other words, what we *didn’t* see on screen was the heavy responsibility Redmayne was taking on. Cynics might have suggested the role was one created for the Oscars (à la *My Left Foot*), but the fact was that Redmayne was portraying someone who was *living*, and had a family who were watching. Eddie says: “From the second it was announced that I was in it, people were saying, ‘Oh, this is one of the films that tries to get prizes, and that made me think, I’ve basically failed unless I win something. That was before I met

The ability to convey mischief and charm in a body slowly losing its motor skills requires an uninhibited understanding of one’s craft.



Camel basketweave wool blazer, **De Petrillo at The Rake**; beige herringbone cashmerello shirt, **Cifonelli**; grey herringbone wool trousers, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; wine and cream spot tie and pocket-square, both **Budd Shirtmakers**; burgundy cotton socks, **London Sock Company**; brown Ruben brogue, **George Cleverley**.

Titanium on titanium
Seamaster Diver 300m
Co-Axial Master Chronometer
42mm 007 Edition, **Omega**.



Burgundy wool jacket, **Cifonelli**; lilac cotton button-down shirt, **Budd Shirtmakers**; grey wool trousers, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; brown and blue silk patterned tie, **Serà Fine Silk at The Rake**; brown and blue silk patterned pocket-square, **Budd Shirtmakers**.

Steel on leather De Ville Trésor Co-Axial Master Chronometer 40mm, **Omega**.



Clockwise from top left: Eddie Redmayne in *Elizabeth: The Golden Age* (2007); with Julianne Moore in *Savage Grace* (2007); *My Week with Marilyn* (2011); as Lili Elbe in *The Danish Girl* (2015); as Newt Scamander in *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* (2016); as James Glaisher in *The Aeronauts* (2019); in his Oscar-winning role of Stephen Hawking in *The Theory of Everything* (2014); and in *Jupiter Ascending* (2015).

the Hawking family — and then it all shifted because it became about the responsibility of telling their story.”

Prizes did come his way. In fact, he practically swept the board — Oscar, Bafta, Golden Globe, you name it. Oscar night was a tad hazy for him, but his brother made the smart decision to film his family’s reaction, which has kept the night alive. He says: “To see your family’s tense backs as this thing unfolded, and then their excitement and joy... Award season is knacker, and when you’re high on adrenaline it is quite hard to stay present. That night is a bit of a blur, but I have this recording that is incredibly wonderful and moving and reminds me that it was real for a moment.”

While Eddie’s amiability has remained intact despite his lofty achievements and worldwide acclaim, it doesn’t mean that nothing has changed — notably as he goes into projects since his big victory. “I have found that since winning an Oscar, you will turn up on a film set and directors are a bit — not scared, but they think I know what I’m doing,” he says. “The way actors grow is by being challenged, by seeing new ideas. So when directors hand it over and say, ‘I won’t get in the way of your process’, I’m like, ‘No, fuck my process, mess with my process, please’. My capabilities, I don’t think, changed overnight, I just

got an extraordinary part and the stakes were incredibly high and I was given the time to prepare properly.”


Redmayne’s humility has not always served him to his satisfaction, and if he were given an encore there are some things he would change. Like when he found himself working with Harvey Weinstein on *My Week with Marilyn*. “On about day

two, Harvey Weinstein came up to me and made it clear that he wasn’t thrilled with me being in the film,” he says. “He had seen the rushes and said, ‘Walk with me’, and told me that I was moving my face

too much and it was distracting. For the rest of the movie I was completely stiff, it was a frightened performance.”

In customary Redmaynian style, he allows himself to find the humour and the self-deprecation in these moments. He says: “With those experiences, like with *My Week with Marilyn*, I’m not going to do that again: I’d rather be fired or be a huge embarrassment for going big or going home. The problem with that is you then do a performance like in *Jupiter Ascending*, where I won a prize [a Razzie] for going big, for the worst performance of the year.” Ah, *Jupiter Ascending* (2015), a bonkers (though not necessarily in a bad way) sci-fi romp by the Wachowski sisters — think *Brazil* in space — in which Eddie played an Emperor Ming-like space lord. (There was even a fear that Redmayne

“When directors say, ‘I won’t get in the way of your process’, I’m like, ‘No, fuck my process, mess with it’.”

A full-page photograph of a man in a tuxedo standing in a room with peeling green wallpaper and a black chair. The man is wearing a midnight blue velvet tuxedo jacket, a cream silk pleated-front dress shirt, a black moiré silk bow-tie, and black patent leather dress shoes. He is standing with his hands in his pockets, looking directly at the camera. The background wall is covered in peeling green wallpaper, revealing a lighter, textured surface underneath. A black chair is visible in the lower right corner of the frame.

Midnight blue velvet and black silk shawl lapel tuxedo, **Thom Sweeney**; cream silk pleated-front dress shirt and black moiré silk bow-tie, both at **Budd Shirtmakers**; yellow-gold bow dress set, **Codis Maya at The Rake**; navy cotton socks, **London Sock Company**; black patent Merlin dress shoe, **George Cleverley**.

Steel on leather De Ville Trésor Co-Axial Master Chronometer 40mm, **Omega**.

might suffer from the phenomenon known as ‘Norbiting’. What is Norbiting? Well, Eddie Murphy was once a frontrunner — nay, a shoo-in — for an Oscar for best supporting actor for his performance in 2006’s *Dreamgirls*. He’d won several of the awards running up to the Oscars, was the bookies’ favourite, but on the night he lost. Why? The story goes that the release of Murphy’s *Norbit* in cinemas, which was received poorly, ruined his chances. Fortunately for Redmayne in 2015, justice prevailed, and he went home with an Academy Award.)

If the Razzie hurt — though I should say that Eddie seems to have taken it in his stride and with great humour — another Oscar nomination, in 2016, for best actor for *The Danish Girl*, will

have softened the blow. Tom Hanks is the only person since Spencer Tracy in 1938–39 who has won successive best actor Academy Awards, and frankly, if Hanks is America’s dad, Eddie is Britain’s big brother. In this instance, Redmayne underwent another metamorphosis, to play Lili Elbe, a transgender woman married to Gerda, played by Alicia Vikander. The ambiguity of the film’s title (who is the Danish Girl?) is a nifty allegory for the security of trans rights across the world. Where there is a discussion about racial equality, so too is there a conversation — a contentious one — regarding trans rights. Roger Ebert said that cinema is a machine for generating empathy, and the timing of this film was significant.

There was some criticism that the role should have been given to a trans actor. In 2018 Eddie admitted that he hadn’t quite reconciled whether he would take the role of Lili if it were offered again. Now, in 2020, he is unequivocal on the matter. “I wouldn’t play that part again,” he says. “I of course understand the discussion about actors being able to play anything, and there may be a time [again] when that’s possible, but when all of the people who have not been given a level playing field have been given one.” If you read our interview with Paul Feig in issue 70, you’ll recognise the sentiment. The desire is not about shoving aside meritocracy but making sure everyone gets a shot at meritocracy.

Eddie had, for the first time in a long time, room to breathe and focus on extracurricular activities — namely fatherhood.


Following Eddie’s first outing in J.K. Rowling’s universe as Newt Scamander in *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* (and the confidence that a second film in the series would be forthcoming), Eddie had, for the first time in a long time, room to breathe and focus on extracurricular activities — namely fatherhood. The current generation of new fathers is inverting the attitudes that many of us experienced growing up with our own fathers. As well, our interview took place just after lockdown, which was a particularly challenging time for

parents with young kids, and one they are unlikely to experience again in terms of consistent time with their children. Eddie says: “I love my children so much, but having children [aged] four

and two is incredibly full-on, and it seems to me that it is paramount that the burden is shared equally. I suppose my wife and I have done that instinctively. One of the great wonders for me was, having been someone who went from job to job — out of fear that it would somehow fall apart (when I was promoting *Theory of Everything* I was making *The Danish Girl*, so I’d fly off at weekends to promote it; when I was making *Fantastic Beasts* I was promoting *The Danish Girl*) — I was actually burned out. I was not sure that I was seeping in any life experience other than this absurd, cosseted existence. So I needed to take some time off, and I felt confident I had this film, *Fantastic Beasts*, for which there would be another one, and that coincided with the arrival of Iris, so the last few years I have been able to be around, and I feel incredibly lucky for that.

“Of course, it is something we’ve experienced through lockdown. People have spoken about watching the incremental changing of the seasons — well, for me it was watching my boy, Luke, learn how to speak and watching my girl learn to read. These tiny moments that might happen at school.”

As with the shifting tides of parenthood, so too with entertainment. Much of the content we absorb, even movies, now comes through our televisions and not the cinema. Eddie’s latest offering is *The Trial of the Chicago 7*. This Netflix film, set around the Vietnam War, is about civil rights, so if you’ve got your finger



Camel basketweave wool blazer, **De Petrillo**; beige herringbone cashmerello shirt, **Cifonelli**; wine and cream spot tie and pocket-square, both **Budd Shirtmakers**.

Titanium on titanium
Seamaster Diver 300m
Co-Axial Master Chronometer
42mm 007 Edition, **Omega**.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT: JAKE MILSOLM
DIGITAL TECH: BROR IVEFELD T
FASHION ASSISTANT: AMELIA HUDSON
GROOMER: LIZ TAW
BTS PHOTOGRAPHER: RIKESH CHAUHAN
BTS VIDEOGRAPHER: MARCUS EBANKS

on the pulse you'll know that a film like this is, as Redmayne puts it, "relevant — but relevant is not quite the right word. It is urgent."

The film follows a group of anti-war activists charged with conspiracy and incitement to riot over protests at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago in 1968. Eddie plays Tom Hayden, an activist author and subsequent politician. "From an early age, democracy was important to him," Eddie says. The group's opposition to the Vietnam War is manifested in different ways. Redmayne says: "You have my character and you have Sacha [Baron Cohen's] character [Abbie Hoffman]: they are like brothers but they hate each other, they have great conflict but they aspire to the same thing."

If you're looking to galvanise public opinion and dramatise the often criminally dull courtroom setting, no one does it better than Aaron "You can't handle the truth" Sorkin. From *The West Wing* to *Studio 60 on the Sunset Strip*, *The Social Network* and *Moneyball*, Sorkin is as fabled a name to work with as Scorsese or Spielberg. That is certainly the case for Eddie, who says: "People often ask what part I'd like to play, and it has never been something I've been able to answer. I love that people see things in me that I can't see in myself. That being said, on my bucket list was Aaron Sorkin." He may, however, have wanted to get the news under different circumstances: "When I got the call I was in Morocco with my wife with terrible food poisoning and feeling pretty grotty."

It is no secret that Sorkin is exacting, with guests on *The West Wing* podcast recounting a story about being given lines with several repeated words in them — and how, if they dropped one or added one, Sorkin would notice. (Still, try playing Chopin and missing a note.) "There is a symphonic quality to the way Aaron works," Redmayne says. "His writing feels like a piece of music, there is a rhythm to it. In this particular film it is almost like you have jazz meeting with punk meeting with something classical, and you have this extraordinary variety of actors, all with different techniques and voices coming together to serve that piece of music."

So far, so good, but it wouldn't be right if he left without his

own anecdote of working with Sorkin. "I had read a lot about Aaron because I admired him so much, and I came in with the anticipation of [how exacting he is], and never have the words been more embedded into my bones, but actually what I found was someone who was much freer than that. The slightly humiliating thing... there is a moment in the film where Mark Rylance does a cross-examination of my character. As an actor, you want to know what the real-time dialogue was, you want to know what was said in the gaps. So I am cast in the film and I'm

trying to prep and I wondered, Can I ask Aaron to write this for me or do I write it myself? So I had this dilemma but thought, O.K., I will write this myself, and I end up sending this piece of writing to Aaron

"I sent writing to Aaron Sorkin and I got this one-liner back saying, 'Thanks, Eddie, I'll have a stab at this myself'."

Sorkin, going, 'Hey, Aaron, I was wondering about these bits in between, I am sure you are far too busy so I have taken a stab at it but if that offends you please write your...' Anyway, I basically sent writing to Aaron Sorkin and I got this one-liner back saying, 'Thanks, Eddie, I'll have a stab at this myself'. When I got that email I was in sweats for the rest of the day."

There's not a conclusion to be drawn here. Eddie Redmayne isn't yet 40. We can discuss his work to date, but owing to his tendency to surprise and amaze, predictions are unhelpful: expectations can be set high but he's likely to exceed them. What I suspect, though, is that because of his values and personality, it is unlikely his fame will ever overshadow the prestige and power of his work. His kindness is disarming — so disarming, in fact, it feels a shame that these days such an obvious, decent quality is noteworthy. If we are setting our expectations low on the people we meet, are we entering into the kind of self-fulfilling prophecy that turns kindness into a niche product? Or do we all just need to find our inner Eddie, break the cycle, cut the cord of animosity to our fellow man and find joy in the simple act of treating others in the way we wish to be treated? We all need to play our part, and if those to whom people look up are exhibiting it in their everyday behaviour, then we have the one thing that feels elusive as the world battles social, political and environmental strain: we have hope. ■





THE IDLE WILD

A triptych of colourful characters from decades past — the Italian count Carlo Felice Trossi, Briton Tim Birkin, and the American Briggs Swift Cunningham — shine a light on the glorious phenomenon of the gentleman racer.

by **nick scott**



Previous spread: Sir Henry 'Tim' Birkin in his Bentley Blower doing a lap of Brooklands in Surrey in 1932.

Clockwise from top: Tim Birkin, left, with his Alfa Romeo and mechanic after winning the Irish Grand Prix; Birkin setting a lap record in his car at Brooklands; Birkin in 1930; victorious at the BARC meeting at Brooklands in 1930; and talking to Woolf Barnato at a Double Twelve Hours race.



The reasons *why* range from the prosaic to the romantic — the money needed to participate; the thrill and adrenaline that victory delivers to the man who, otherwise, has it all — but the elite have always gravitated towards racing machines. It's a phenomenon that stretches back to Alfred Dunhill, who dubbed the pecunious Edwardian aristos upon whom Kenneth Grahame based Mr. Toad his "Dunhill's Motorities". And it endures today, as mingling with the motorheads at Goodwood will demonstrate, not to mention Netflix's *The Gentleman Driver* movie, which charts the exploits of contemporary high-net-worth drivers Ed Brown, Ricardo Gonzalez, Michael Guasch and Paul Dalla Lana.

Along the way we've had Count Louis Zborowski, a Kent-raised American and heir to a whopping (in the early 20th century) £11m, a man who unwittingly made a huge mark on pop-culture history by speeding past a schoolboy called Ian Fleming in a 23-litre, Maybach-engined beast named Chitty Chitty Bang Bang (the name was apposite — it was so loud it was banned from passing through Canterbury). We've had the exploits of the Scotch whisky heir Rob Walker, a man who, having learned to fly at Cambridge, was turfed out of the university air squadron for clearing the fences at the Cottenham racecourse in his Tiger Moth, and who, while competing at Le Mans in 1939 in a Delahaye previously raced by Thailand's Prince Bira, wore a blue pinstripe suit for his evening stretch before opting for Prince of Wales check for the 12-hour-long marathon the following day. And we've had Ferrari's earliest customers — men such as Count Gianni Marzotto, the owner of the fourth customer car built by the Italian marque (a 2L grand touring coupé), who followed Walker's sartorial example by winning the 1950 Mille Miglia wearing a double-breasted brown suit. ("I wanted to show that a race could be run as recreation — a nice long drive along the Italian roads in a powerful car, but just for fun," he said later of his dashing heroics.)

Despite vehicle racing being largely a solo sport, it's a pursuit soaked in camaraderie, and participants in the past have formed troupes, the prime example being the Bentley Boys, a

band of wealthy pals who honed the British marque's reputation for blistering performance throughout the 1920s. The Bentley Boys were led by Joel Woolf Barnato, the heir to a fortune from South African diamond mines who, a few years after purchasing Bentley, won a £100 bet while partying on a yacht near Cannes that he could drive his 6½-litre Bentley Speed Six to England before Le Train Bleu reached Calais.

But a Bentley Boy equally deserving of a toast in an issue of *The Rake* devoted to the gentleman driver — indeed, a man widely considered to be the most gifted of the troupe behind the wheel — is Sir Henry Ralph Stanley 'Tim' Birkin, third

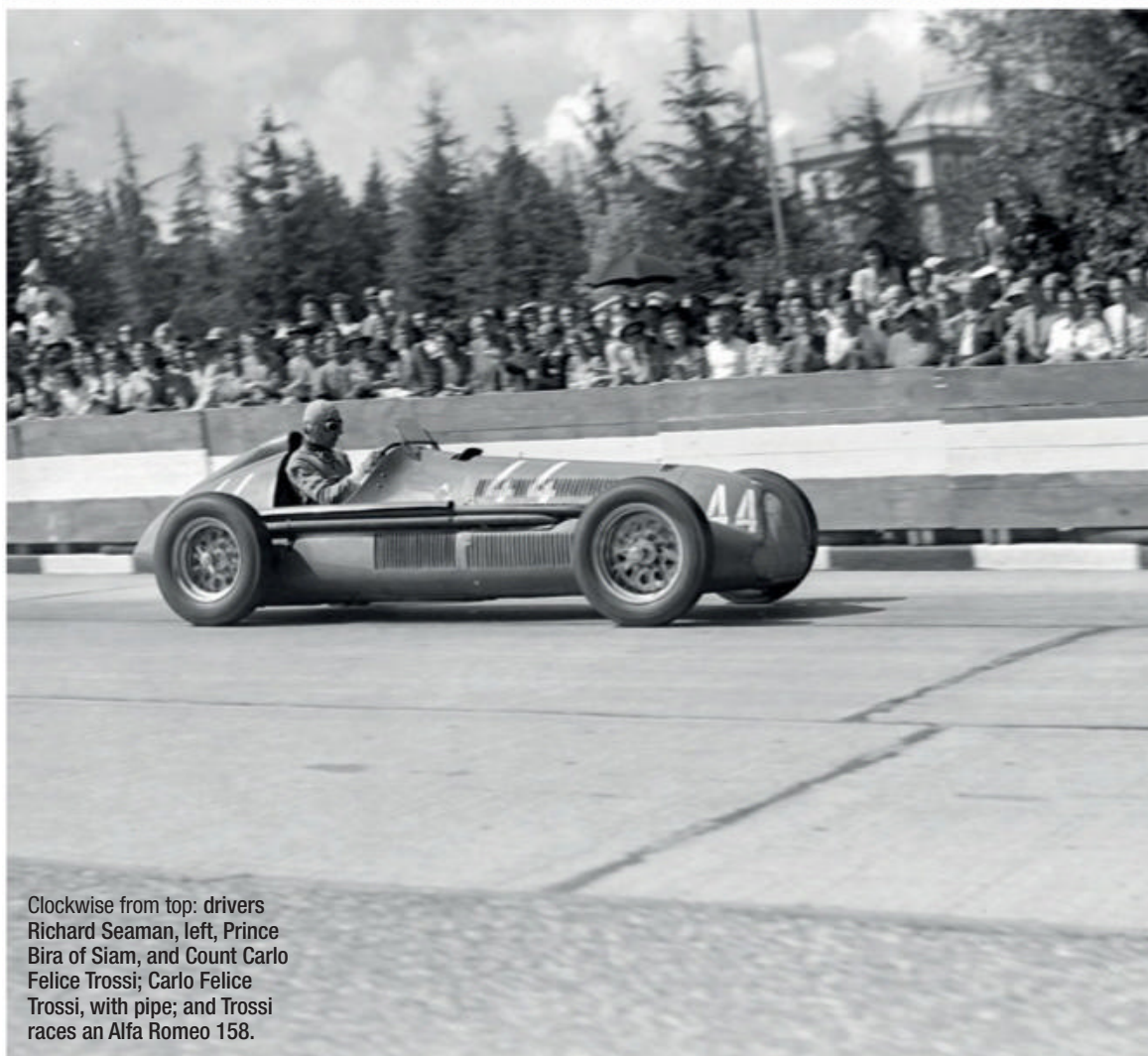
Baronet. Birkin's place in the 1920s' European racing scene needs to be viewed against the backdrop of a broader post-WWI spirit that, while correctly portrayed as one of laissez-faire hedonism,

also had a tinge of trauma to it, felt most keenly by what Ernest Hemingway, in his epigraph for *The Sun Also Rises*, described as "a lost generation" — the disoriented and emotionally scarred who'd been in the thick of the action, mingling with revellers who were incapable of empathising with their pain.

Commissioned into the British Army's Royal Flying Corps, Birkin served as a young lieutenant in Palestine, where he contracted malaria, a condition from which he never fully recovered. A young man who'd carried the nickname 'Tim' into adulthood — as in, the children's comic book character Tiger Tim, with whom he shared restless dynamism and a hankering for adventure — came back to England a diffident, unassuming man with a persistent stammer. None of which, incidentally, stopped him being a hit with the opposite sex.

Perhaps somewhat immunised to the horrors of death — even after his brother, Archie, another of the Bentley Boys, was killed during an early morning practice session for the 1927 Isle of Man TT races — Birkin was anything but shy when expressing himself in his comfort zone: clad in wind cap, goggles and polkadot scarf, and at the controls of his Bentley 'Blower', a supercharged version of the marque's 1927 4.5-litre car that he developed with his own money, his vision having been eschewed by Bentley's top brass.

Birkin commandeered a Bentley up the staircase of the Savoy Hotel during a well-lubricated dinner.



Clockwise from top: drivers Richard Seaman, left, Prince Bira of Siam, and Count Carlo Felice Trossi; Carlo Felice Trossi, with pipe; and Trossi races an Alfa Romeo 158.

“Dangers, the need for caution, and the advantages of a waiting race were all sacrificed to the love of brilliant driving at high speed,” *The Times* once wrote about him, while his great-great-nephew Sir John Birkin — who wrote the screenplay for a 1995, 50-minute drama starring Rowan Atkinson as his distinguished relative — recalls: “Sailing, shooting and cars was what he lived for, and he spent, really, all the family money on it. He wasn’t the sort of guy who won all the races — he was more concerned with maintaining lap speeds and records. On one occasion, at Le Mans in 1928, he managed a lap with an average speed of 85mph — all on three wheels because one had blown out.”

Applying his driving prowess to more mischievous means on one occasion, he managed to commandeer a Bentley up the staircase of the Savoy Hotel during a presumably well-lubricated dinner.

Birkin might have been nonplussed about crossing the finishing line first, but he still recorded two wins at Le Mans 24 Hours, finished second at the French Grand Prix at Pau, and held the record lap time at Brooklands before disaster struck. While competing at the Tripoli Grand Prix in 1933 in Australian Bentley Boy Bernard Rubin’s Maserati 8C, his arm made contact with the car’s red-hot exhaust pipe, and — partly because of the malaria, it’s thought — the wound turned septic, leading ultimately to his death aged 36. His Bentley Blower — 007’s choice of vehicle in three Bond novels — was sold for £5,149,800 to an anonymous bidder at the Goodwood Festival of Speed in 2013.

Meanwhile, in Italy, almost as if unwittingly taking the baton from Birkin, Count Carlo Felice Trossi, a young engineering buff from a banking family who enjoyed dabbling with racing boats and airplanes as well as cars, was forging a reputation for himself in the burgeoning Italian motorsport scene. Known as ‘Didi’ to his friends, this consummate gentleman racer — born in the family’s ancestral castle at Biella, no less — was several parts *sprezzatura* and several more parts *allegro* off the track, a pipe perpetually clamped between his lips, while his style on it might have been described as “blisteringly unhurried”.

Having been an early financial backer of Enzo Ferrari and one of the team’s primary drivers, Trossi became president of

Scuderia Ferrari in 1932. Yet despite success from the outset — he finished second in his first race, the 1932 Mille Miglia, representing Scuderia Ferrari; came fifth on his G.P. debut at Monaco in 1933; and enjoyed several victories in subsequent minor events — he, like Birkin, found himself dissatisfied with the motorised beasts at his disposal.

And so, living as he did in an era when cars were custom-built works of art, and having already commissioned the supercharged 7.1-litre 1930 Mercedes-Benz SSK ‘Count Trossi’ (the ‘Black Prince’, as it became known, is now part of Ralph Lauren’s collection), he designed and built his own concept vehicle in the dungeons of his castle.

An audacious 16-cylinder, two-stroke cycle torpedo with an air-cooled engine and an aircraft-like body, the Trossi-Monaco was a radical machine but, prone to overheating,

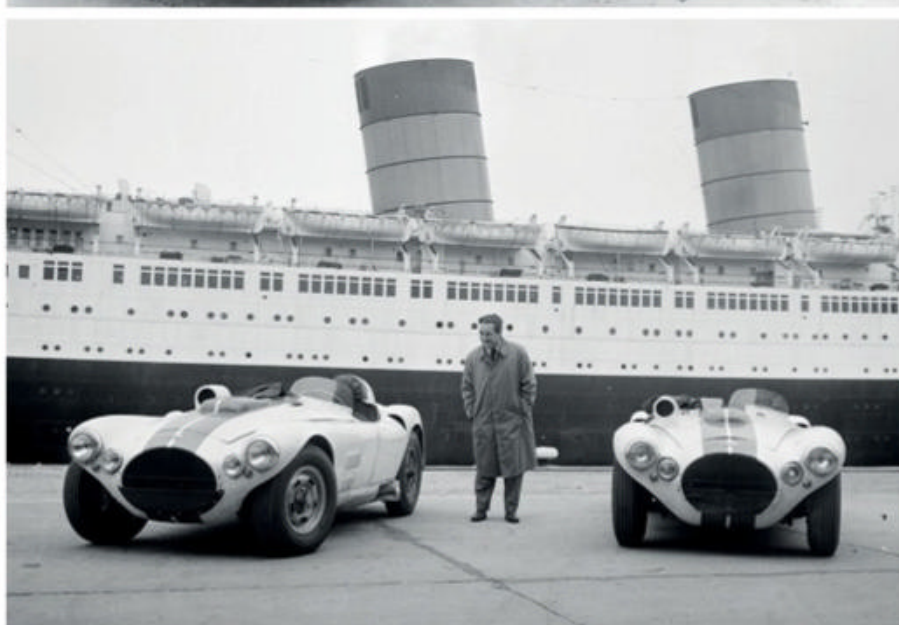
never ended up racing despite its dashboard needle reportedly teetering around the 155mph once at Monza.

Unfazed, Trossi joined Maserati in 1936 and — with his gold, 46mm-diameter Patek Philippe (sold at auction in 2008 for \$2.25m) an ever-present on his wrist — he raced in the German G.P. and the Vanderbilt Cup in America. But his greatest achievements on the track would come after serving as a fighter pilot in the Italian Air Force during world war II, with the then all-conquering Alfa Romeo team: notably, victory in the 1947 Italian Grand Prix on the streets of Milan’s Portello district and a second grand prix win at Bremgarten a year later. But by now Trossi had been diagnosed with the brain tumour that would make the 1948 Monza Grand Prix (in which he finished second) his last before he died shortly after his 41st birthday.

The tendency to seriously bolster the aesthetics and performance of existing cars wasn’t confined to Europe, as a young Briggs Swift Cunningham — a Cincinnati-born heir to a family fortune made in meatpacking and financing — would have confirmed with no little glee, when recalling a post-world war I childhood spent taking part in impromptu street races with a maternal uncle who’d replaced a Dodge touring car’s engine with that of a Hispano-Suiza aircraft. It was clearly a formative experience: by the time Cunningham appeared

Count Trossi built his own concept vehicle — the 16-cylinder Trossi-Monaco — in the dungeons of his castle.

This page: Briggs Swift Cunningham was a Cincinnati-born heir to a fortune made in meatpacking and financing.



on the cover of *Time* magazine a few decades later — having constructed his own sports car team, and grafted America's post-war racing culture on to Europe's burgeoning scene — he'd also established himself as a producer of Italian-bodied, Hemi-powered grand tourers and sports racers in Florida.

Cunningham was only 22 when he dropped out of Yale after two years (with only a more entrenched love of yacht-racing to show for his studies) to marry the daughter of a New York industrialist. During their extended honeymoon in Europe, he visited the Monaco Grand Prix, got into bobsleigh in St. Moritz, had a 6C 1500 Alfa Romeo and a Mercedes-Benz SS delivered to his Paris hotel by German racer Rudolf Caracciola, took part in a series of Riviera races in a six-metre sailboat shipped to France, and won an award for best open car with the Mercedes at Cannes' Concours d'Élégance.

Returning to their new home facing Long Island Sound and a life of golf, tennis and racing six-metre yachts around America and the Mediterranean, Cunningham qualified for his private pilot's licence just before the outbreak of world war II, and, having been rejected by the U.S. Navy due to asthma, instead took part in monitoring the Atlantic Coast with the Civil Air Patrol in his own plane.

It was the 1948 Watkins Glen Grand Prix that reignited his passion for all things automotive. His specific goal? Egged on by Sports Car Club of America founders Sam and Miles Collier, he yearned to achieve what Chrysler, Stutz, Du Pont and a Duesenberg J entered by a Romanian prince had all failed to do in the past: take American vehicles across the Atlantic and conquer the cream of European automotive manufacturing on their own turf, at Le Mans 24-Hour.

His 'Fordillac' hybrid (a Cadillac chassis with a Ford engine) having been rejected by the Automobile Club de l'Ouest, he entered two 5.4-litre Cadillac saloons in the 1950 race, one a boat-like behemoth rebuilt by an aircraft company (dubbed *Le Monstre* by incredulous French observers), the other a stock Series 61 coupé he called *Petit Pataud* (or 'Clumsy Pup'). Clumsy Pup finished 10th, with *Le Monstre* — partly because Briggs had to dig it out of a sandbank with a borrowed shovel — coming in 11th.

Cunningham had a 6C 1500 Alfa Romeo and a Mercedes-Benz delivered to his Paris hotel while on honeymoon.

In subsequent years, the extraordinary vehicles manufactured at the Cunningham team's H.Q. in Palm Beach, Florida — one of which fused a Ford-based coil-sprung wishbone front suspension with a De Dion rear end and Cadillac drum brakes — never quite made the grade at Le Mans, although in 1953 one machine, shared by Phil Walters and John Fitch, held second position for much of the race before a mechanical niggle forced it to retire. Briggs achieved his personal best result, a shared fourth place, in a C2-R alongside Bill Spear in 1952. Cunningham's dream of winning Le Mans ended in 1955, though, when his prototype C-6R endured only 18 of the 24 hours, never running higher than 13th.

His ambitions moved from land to sea: three years after that last stab at Le Mans, Cunningham skippered the 12-metre sloop *Columbia* in the 1958 cup races off Newport, Rhode Island, successfully defending the America's Cup against a British challenger. Most remarkably of all, he'd only stepped in because the original choice of skipper had been grounded by heart troubles. Victor Romagna, who sailed with him, offered an admirable explanation as to why he was trusted in the role: "Briggs was like a fine violinist with boats — he would need someone to do the tuning, as one might with a Stradivarius, but afterwards we would hand the boat back to Briggs. Then he would play the instrument absolutely perfectly."

So what exactly spurred these three men towards a passion for racing? A passion so fervent they could see nothing but limitations in the sharpest of performance vehicles of the time? Does Hunter S. Thompson's famous quote — "Faster, Faster, until the thrill of speed overcomes the fear of death" — offer a satisfactory explanation?

Alternatively, perhaps fear of death was battered out of the way by both the great wars, and a sheer will to live (a peacetime yearning to indulge in heroism and hedonism as two sides of the same coin) moved into its place in the decades around the conflicts? Perhaps a quote from Steve McQueen — "Racing is life; anything that happens before or after is just waiting" — offers the purist's explanation as to why gentlemen of means love nothing more than putting hand to wheel and pedal to metal. ■

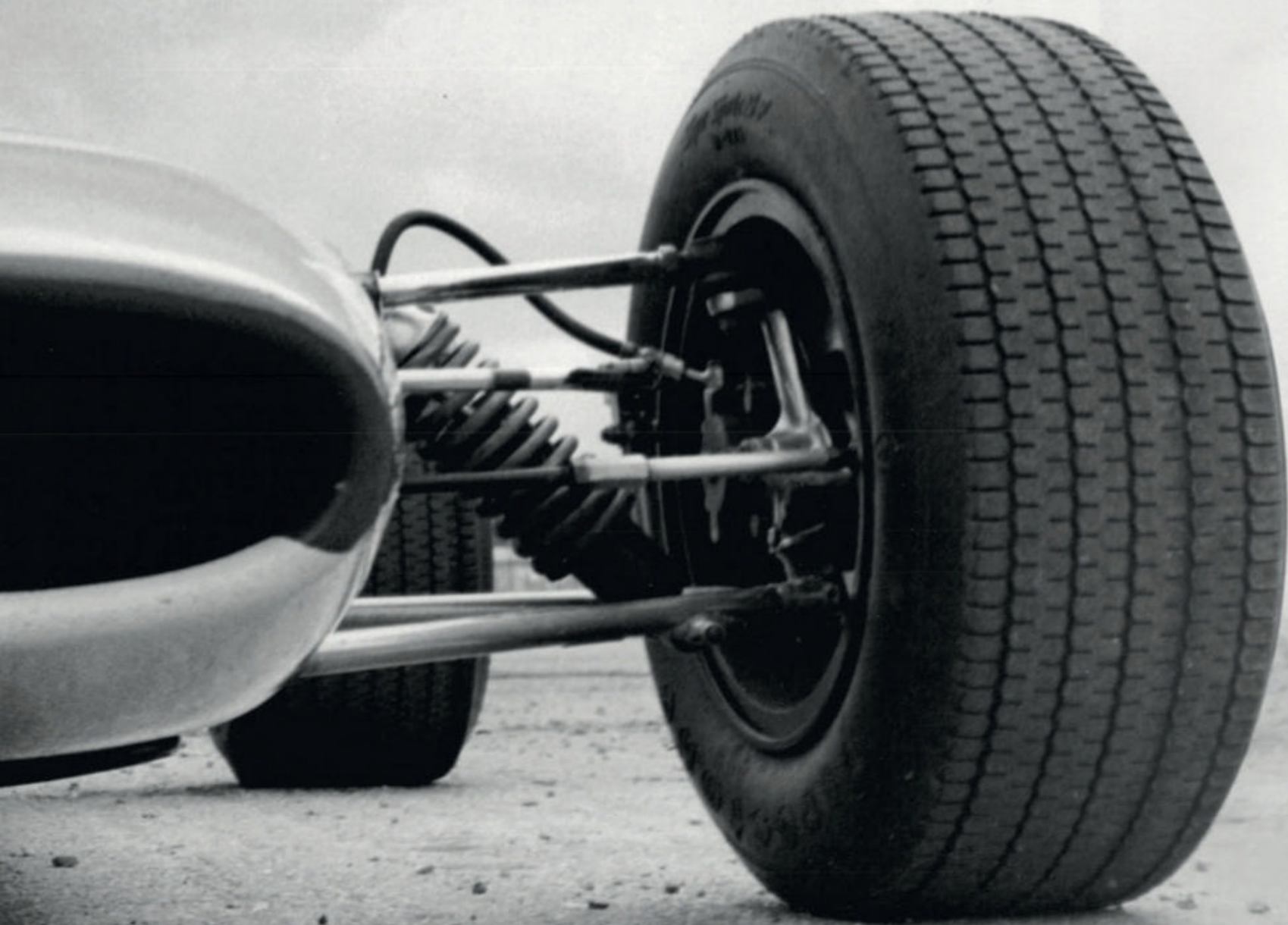


Liane Engeman, the Dutch driver who competed in Formula Three and the British saloon car championship in the 1960s.

TALKING 'BOUT A REVOLUTION

*Before there was Danica Patrick and Ashley Force Hood, there was Liane Engeman and Shirley 'Cha Cha' Muldowney. **THE RAKE** pays tribute to the women who burned off gallons of sexism and misogyny as they blazed a trail in motorsport.*

by **david smiedt**



Clockwise from left: Shirley Muldowney, 1973; Austria's Jochen Rindt pours a glass of champagne for his wife, Nina, after he had set a new lap record in practice for the British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch, 1970; Janet Guthrie leans against her race car; the all-female driving team of, left to right, Guthrie, Liane Engeman, Suzy Dietrich and Donna Mae Mims accept a trophy at the end of the 24 Hours of Daytona, 1966; Bob Morris and Guthrie in technical discussions; Muldowney in her race car, 1978.



The world of motorsport is as curious as it is contradictory. On the one (Castrol-stained) hand, it is characterised by the most advanced technologies generating a few more revs per minute in an arena whose metrics are measured in milliseconds. Commentators speak of rigs lumped with “last year’s engine”, as if this were a terminal diagnosis. On the other hand, many of its traditions seem ironically lacking the pace of modern mores. To all intents and purposes, for example, it’s a sport as white as the grid markings beside the pit lane. That it took until 2008 for a person of colour — in the once-in-a-generation magnificence of Lewis Hamilton — to win the Formula One championship is remarkable. And not in a good way. Add to this the fact it was only two years ago, and under some duress, that the powers that be in F1 decided Lycra-clad grid girls were perhaps not the best look in the 21st century.

Run a montage of favourite motorsport moments through your hippocampus and then scan for women. You’ll find them being doused in champagne, glamorously biting their nails as they watch their hooning partners, or emblazoned with advertising livery like so many pretty adornments.

Things are undoubtedly changing for the better. And while the likes of Danica Patrick, Sarah Fisher and Ashley Force Hood have challenged the turbo-fuelled orthodoxy in recent times, they are nevertheless following in the slipstream of others.

The most honourable of mentions must go to proto-racing WAG Nina Rindt. The daughter of Finnish driver Curt Lincoln, she grew up trackside with octane in her veins. She married the Austrian F1 driver Jochen Rindt in 1967, and for three years shifted focus away from the track with her California-girl ensembles of white tees and high-waisted faded denim, slouchy lime hats and a collection of timepieces so stellar that Watchonista branded her the “original watch influencer”.

Two things have cemented her place in the sport’s folklore. The first is that her chronographs were not merely for show. Come race time, most of her photos have Rindt carefully and tactically plotting lap times. The second factor is more tragic. Killed during practice for the Italian Grand Prix in 1970, Jochen became the first driver to win the F1 championship posthumously, and it was Nina who collected his trophy looking gaunt yet dignified and unbowed — the Jackie Kennedy of Monza.

On the other side of the barrier, women are less common. Which is odd. Because having a uterus makes no difference when it comes to adhering to a racing line, negotiating a chicane, or hitting the accelerator at just the right moment to slingshot past a momentarily distracted opponent.

It’s time, then, to laud some of the women who shone in the cockpit, made mph their bitch, and left dozens of emasculated boy racers choking on their petrol-scented dust.

One is Liane Engeman, a Dutch driver who preferred a clutch at her feet instead of in her hand. Born in Haarlem in 1947, her father owned a taxi company, and by the time she was 15 Engeman was already skilful behind the wheel. Apparently, free rides from *vader* weren’t part of the deal, which is how the young woman in question came to one day find herself waiting at a bus stop in her hometown. It’s at this point that things take a turn for the somewhat creepy. A rally driver by the name of Rob Slotemaker pulled over, offered her a lift, and before you could say ‘stranger danger’ the pair were off on a jaunt to the racing mecca of Zandvoort.

After upgrading her initial ride (a Mini) to a 1200cc Formula Vee, Engeman took a punt on the better developed British circuit, where in the mid sixties she joined the Alan Mann Racing roster. The competition was the British saloon car championship, the

rides were Hillman Imps, and the finishes were consistent top fives.

Considering this must have been taking place amid daily sneers, leers and a spoken and unspoken questioning of her ability, it is quite the accomplishment. So much so, she next found herself on a Formula Three grid and twice took on the 12 Hours of Sebring with fellow stereotype buster Janet Guthrie. If negotiating the track and fatigue weren’t enough, consider the sexism on display from fellow driver Paul Hawkins, who was in the lead at the eight-hour mark, until his GT40 crashed into a Porsche that had swerved to avoid the Guthrie/Engeman vehicle. “It wasn’t the Porsche’s fault. It was those fucking girls. They drove as though they were going to a fucking funeral,” said the son of a Protestant minister. “The place for a woman is the fucking kitchen. When she’s not in the fucking kitchen she should be tending the fucking cradle. When she’s not doing that she should be in bed.” Guthrie, it should be noted, was a qualified aerospace engineer and the first woman to compete in both the Indianapolis and Daytona 500s.

Name a European motoring challenge and it’s safe to say Engeman had a crack at it. She did the 24 Hour at Le Mans, piloted a Porsche 911 through the Targa Florio street circuit, finished fourth in the European Touring Championship, and generally racked up more silverware than a Villeroy & Boch showroom.

There were certainly challenges Engeman faced that her male colleagues didn’t have to give even a fraction of a second’s thought to. One of those was an unexpected pregnancy, and in 1973 she quietly hung up her helmet for a private life in Marbella.

That Engeman’s and Guthrie’s ascents coincided with that of the women’s liberation movement is hardly surprising. They were the chequered-flag embodiment of the fabled observation that, “sure, Fred Astaire was great, but don’t forget that Ginger Rogers did everything he did — backwards and in high heels”.

Equally deserving of the accolades was the drag racer Shirley Muldowney, fondly known as ‘Cha Cha’. Nothing could be

That Engeman’s and Guthrie’s ascents coincided with that of the women’s liberation movement is not surprising.



more male than a sport in which competitors are riddled with insecurities about the size of their hot-rod, and it's all about going as quickly as possible for the shortest time.

If you've ever watched a *Charlie's Angels* incarnation, you'll have noticed producers can't resist jumping at the trope that has stars in form-fitting jumpsuits and tossing their hair (in slo-mo, of course) after the removal of a helmet. Muldowney was the real deal. Not only was she the first woman to be granted a licence from the National Hot Rod Association of the United States, she went on to win the Top Fuel Championship in 1977, 1980 and 1982. No one had previously won it twice, let alone three times. And she looked damn fine doing it — the turbo-charged love child of Cher and Joan Jett who could be stopped only by employing a safety parachute behind her.

The woman who began racing on the streets of Schenectady in New York as a 15-year-old still calls a spade a fucking shovel and is all the more alluring for her rough edges. This was, after all, someone who drifted from her first husband — at least partly — because he wasn't keen on exploring nitro-racing. And when the inevitable biopic rolled around (1983's *Heart Like a Wheel*), she publicly stated she would have preferred Jamie Lee Curtis for the role. Instead it went to Bonnie Bedelia, aka Holly McClane/Gennifer from *Die Hard*. Muldowney was underwhelmed, to say the least, calling the actress a "snot" and observing "she got out of a race car like she was getting up from the dinner table".

But she'd undoubtedly earned the right to speak her mind. In 2008, when ESPN asked 19 motorsport journalists to list their 25 top drivers of all time across all formats, Muldowney pipped the likes of Nigel Mansell and Niki Lauda.

While Muldowney, Engeman and Guthrie were at the vanguard of racing in their eras, they were preceded by others who challenged not only their doubting competitors but the precepts of 'acceptable' femininity.

Say bonjour to Hellé Nice, who in the 1920s and 1930s pulled off a triple-threat talent that is yet to be replicated: model, dancer and race-car driver.

Born in 1900 in a village 75 clicks outside Paris, she moved to the big smoke as a teenager, where she first made a living as a nude model and a dancer. She was evidently good enough at both to buy her first car — a Citroën — and in the 1920s sought, most unsuccessfully, to enter races.

Denied on account of her sex, she turned to skiing to slake her thirst for speed. In 1929, however, she was caught in an avalanche — you can't make this shit up — and had to leap a chasm to avoid being crushed to death. The jump wrecked her knee, her dancing career and her alpine hobby.

All of which was motor racing's gain. That same year the

first women's grand prix was staged as part of the third Journée Féminine de l'Automobile — a weekend of women-only races — at Montlhéry, France's first purpose-built racetrack. Nice was on the starting line of the 10-lap contest in an Oméga-Six. And what better way to prepare for the challenge than indulging heavily the night before in what the BBC matter of factly described as "a long night of champagne, morphine and sex". And you thought James Hunt was a player.

Naturally, Nice won. And in such style that the newspaper *L'Intransigeant* gushed, "The driving was magnificent: nobody who saw it would feel able to argue that women drive less well than men".

The very next day, Bugatti came recruiting. She repaid their faith by winning the Actors' Championship, which was open to men and women. As were many of the races she subsequently dominated.

As the face of brands such as Esso petrol and Lucky Strike cigarettes (though hopefully not on the same shoot), Nice became a global phenomenon.


Which is what happens when you set the land-speed record for women (197.7kmh) and command the equivalent of \$100,000 for entering a race — and choose to do so helmet-less "because the crowds always like to see my hair when I am driving".

Nice raced in 37 grands prix and finished a creditable 18th in the Monte Carlo rally of 1936. Things came to a screeching, thudding, bone-splintering halt at the São Paulo Grand Prix in Brazil that same year. Tracking in third on the final lap, her car left the track, killing six spectators and putting Nice in a coma.

The sponsors that had once flocked to her now screeched in the opposite direction, and Nice sought to re-establish her rep at the Yacco endurance trials for female drivers at Montlhéry. With a team of four other women, she drove for 10 days and 10 nights, breaking 10 records that still stand.

Any hope of a comeback at the 1949 Monte Carlo rally was thwarted by rumours — from her own family among others — that she had been a Gestapo collaborator. These were subsequently proven to be false, but it was too little, too late, and Nice spent the latter years of her life so destitute she was forced to steal the milk that her neighbours left out for the local cats.

Which is a tragedy for anyone, let alone a woman who helped open up the idea of motorsport to half of the world's population.

Fast-forward to 2020, and things have improved. If not exactly routine, female drivers are no longer creatures of curiosity whose gender is the first thing commentators feel compelled to acknowledge. Better still, in 2019 the W Series was launched. It comprises six European races with 18 female drivers (plus two reserve drivers). None of which would have been possible without forerunners such as Nice, Engeman and Shirley 'Cha Cha' Muldowney. 

SOME KIND OF WONDERFUL

The optimistic eighties is a time we'd do well to remember now. It was notable for its expressions of colour and fun, and the way hope sprang eternal through people's dress. It is considered a styleless decade, but we disagree.

photography **kim lang** fashion direction **amelia hudson**
special thanks to **rng classics**









Section Opener:
White cashmere blazer, **Brunello Cucinelli**; blue cashmerello shirt, **Emma Willis at The Rake**; rust, grey and blue tropical leaves vintage silk tie and turquoise and yellow art deco print silk square both **Mess Of Blues at The Rake**; mid grey salt & pepper flannel Aleksandar trousers, **Kit Blake at The Rake**; brown cotton socks, **London Sock Company**; black leather George penny loafer, **George Cleverley**; caramel Alex sunglasses, **Curry & Paxton**.

Opening spread:
Brown suede overshirt, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; blue and multi-stripe cotton shirt, **Cordone 1956**; navy silk grenadine tie, **Emma Willis**; off-white cotton slim Aleks trousers, **Kit Blake at The Rake**; dark brown cotton socks, **London Sock Company**; dark brown suede penny loafers, **Crockett & Jones**; khaki St. James felt fedora, **Lock & Co. at The Rake**.

Opposite page:
White cashmere blazer, **Brunello Cucinelli**; blue cashmerello shirt, **Emma Willis at The Rake**; blue Dancer print silk square, **Mess of Blues at The Rake**; mid grey salt & pepper flannel Aleksandar trousers, **Kit Blake at The Rake**; caramel Alex sunglasses, **Curry & Paxton at The Rake**.

This page:
Oatmeal linen blazer, **Zegna**; navy and brown spot cotton shirt, **Cifonelli**; brown wool tie, **Lardini**; off-white cotton slim Aleks trousers, **Kit Blake at The Rake**.

Car: 1984 Ferrari 308 GTSi Quattrovalve, courtesy of RNG Classics.



Oatmeal linen overcoat and
oatmeal linen blazer, **Zegna**;
navy and brown spot cotton
shirt, **Cifonelli**; brown wool tie,
Lardini; off-white cotton slim Aleks
trousers, **Kit Blake** at **The Rake**.







Opposite page:
Blue Japanese serie-knit
Astley dressing gown, **Yuri
& Yuri at The Rake**; white
cotton T-Shirt, **Derek Rose**;
silver grey flannel wide-leg
Hollywood top trousers,
Edward Sexton at The Rake;
black leather woven belt, **Elliot
Rhodes**; white leather racquet
trainers, **CQP**; Champagne
Freddie sunglasses, **Curry &
Paxton at The Rake**.

This page:
Vintage teal Beau Irish linen
shirt, **Yuri & Yuri at The
Rake**; cream silk wool casual
trousers, **Lardini**; black leather
woven belt, **Elliot Rhodes**.





Blue pin collar cotton shirt and navy silk knot cufflinks, **Edward Sexton at The Rake**; blue, yellow and burgundy checkerboard vintage silk tie, **Mess of Blues at The Rake**; blue houndstooth 4-ply tropical wool Aleksandar trousers, **Kit Blake at The Rake**; beige cotton socks, **London Sock Company**; black leather George penny loafer, **George Cleverley**; tortoiseshell frames, **Cubitts**.





Opposite page:
Light blue cashmere crewneck
jumper and black and brown
stripe Italian soft collar shirt,
Doppiaa at The Rake; black and
gold vintage silk tie, **Mess of
Blues at The Rake**; grey flannel
pleated trousers, **The Rake
Tailored Garments**.

This page:
Grey wool cashmere suit and
blue cotton shirt, **Cifonelli**; green
lustrous camouflage vintage
silk tie, **Mess of Blues at The
Rake**; ivory and navy Quigley
jersey, **Yuri & Yuri at The Rake**;
brown cotton socks, **London
Sock Company**; black leather
Lambourne boot, **Edward Green**.



Navy and black wool cardigan,
**Camoshita United Arrows at The
Rake**; cream cashmerello shirt, **Emma
Willis**; brown silk wool casual trousers,
Lardini; beige cotton socks, **London
Sock Company**; mole suede Dover
derby, **Edward Green**; black and gold
Ronnie sunglasses, **Curry & Paxton**.
Walkman, *property of The Rake*.





This page:
Burgundy Merino wool preppy cardigan, **Larusmiani at The Rake**; light blue cotton shirt, **Cordone 1956 at The Rake**; burgundy and cream dots vintage silk tie, **Mess of Blues, at The Rake**; biscuit beige Vitale Barberis Canonico pleated wool flannel Aleksandar trousers, **Kit Blake at The Rake**.

Opposite page:
Light blue cotton shirt, **Cordone 1956 at The Rake**; gold and burgundy striped wool tie, **Lardini**; burgundy silk polka-dot Jacquard suspenders, **Serà Fine Silk at The Rake**; biscuit beige Vitale Barberis Canonico pleated wool flannel Aleksandar trousers, **Kit Blake at The Rake**.





Grey flannel wide chalkstripe suit, **Edward Sexton**; cream cashmerello shirt, **Emma Willis**; brown, orange, blue sixties geometric vintage silk tie, **Mess of Blues at The Rake**; blue, white and green silk bird print pocket-square, **Cordone 1956 at The Rake**; beige wool coat with corduroy Bal collar, **Camoshita United Arrows at The Rake**.



MODEL: ROBERTAS AUKSTULIS @ SELECT MODELS
PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT: DERRICK KAKEMBO
THE PAKE STYLIST: VERONICA PEREZ
HAIR/MUA: LUKA WATABE

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COMFORT AND JOY.





INTRODUCING THE RAKE TAILORED GARMENTS: STYLE AND COMFORT UNITED

The disparate qualities of immaculate form and ease of movement have always represented the yin and yang of bespoke tailoring. With the launch of The Rake Tailored Garments — and as the world wakes to its altered circumstances — we humbly offer a timely reconciliation. This collection is in collaboration with Vitale Barberis Canonico.

by **wei koh** photography **kim lung** special thanks to **mark's club** and **rng classics**

A new day has dawned. We are emerging from the domestic hibernation that comes with a global pandemic, and looking towards the horizon with a resolve to understand and make manifest our new priorities in how we wish to dress. *The Rake's* team has met every day during this time, and, like the Romans at the Senate, through our bedsheets have deliberated about where classic style needs to position itself. For a while we thought perhaps we'd look out and see who would come up with the solution, but we decided in the end that we might as well be that solution ourselves.

Welcome to The Rake Tailored Garments, a project that embraces our desire for comfort without any compromise on aesthetics. A collection that defines classic elegance for the new normal.

Inspired by American style icons such as Fred Astaire and Gary Cooper, who wore beautiful tailoring in an effortless and casual way, *The Rake* has capitalised on its 12 years as the voice of authority in the bespoke arts to create a new international style. Our cut is a hybrid of English, Italian and French tailoring techniques, resulting in a new liberation in ease of wear combined with sexy, evocative, timeless style.

We have spent the majority of 2020 indoors, and while it is hard to generalise about how people have dressed during that time, it is clear there has been a realignment in sartorial priorities. After the 2008 financial crash, the revival of suiting placed an emphasis on structure and tailoring as an extension of geometry. Today we value beautiful silhouettes and flattering angles, but not at the expense of comfort.

We have also been influenced by the Hollywood drape worn by actors in the 1940s and fifties, Frederick Scholte, the innovator of the British drape, and Neapolitan tailoring as we have sought innovative ways to remove the stiff, restrictive

padding and layers of horsehair found in traditional tailoring that impedes freedom of movement. However, unlike with the British drape and Neapolitan schools, we haven't simply added excessive volume to the chest, back and sleevehead, which can result in a bulky silhouette. Instead we've tastefully and strategically applied additional cloth only in specific areas, which allows us to retain a sleek form while creating unrivalled ease of wear. For example, our sleeveheads evince the beautifully rippled effect of the Neapolitan *spalla camicia*, a technique for fitting a larger upper sleeve into a smaller armhole. But these

sleeves narrow to a cleaner and more shaped cuff typical of French tailoring. Instead of using large amounts of chest drape we've added just the right amount of subtle volume. We've cut the front

of our coats a touch more generously, so you can comfortably keep them buttoned even during a long meal, and ensured they retain a beautiful shape through the side seam.

At the same time we've worked our garments such that they display a beautiful, soft, diaphanous effect that grows more appealing the more often you wear them. The result is attractive draping yet highly pliable suiting that is heroically styled and as comfortable as your weekend clothes. As opposed to the majority of overly fitted clothing, our garments actually look better the more items you put in their pockets. They are conceived for men working, living and moving through real life at a fast-paced trajectory. Finally, our garments are carefully constructed in one of the best factories in Puglia, Italy, using fabrics from the finest cloth mills, such as Fox Brothers or Vitale Barberis Canonico, so they will only grow better with age.

Moreover, there seems to be very little consideration for value in the market, and we have never felt that to be right. The customer has often been lured by the label, and apart

After the 2008 crash, suiting emphasised structure. Now we value beautiful silhouettes but not at the expense of comfort.

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Exploded Prince of Wales check double-breasted sports jacket in Fox flannel, **The Rake Tailored Garments**; cream flannel pleated trousers, **The Rake Tailored Garments with Vitale Barberis Canonico**; steel blue cotton shirt, **Caruso at The Rake**; burgundy, green and gold silk striped tie, **Tie Your Tie at The Rake**; brown wool micro floral print Canazei pocket-square, **Fumagalli 1891 at The Rake**.

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Exploded Prince of Wales check double-breasted sports jacket in Fox flannel and grey flannel pleated trousers, **The Rake Tailored Garments with Vitale Barberis Canonico**; black cotton block print short-sleeve shirt, **Kevin Seah at The Rake.**



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This page:
Navy double-breasted 4-ply blazer with gold skull-and-crossbone buttons by Benson & Clegg, and cream flannel pleated trousers, **The Rake Tailored Garments with Vitale Barberis Canonico**; navy and white Breton stripe T-shirt, **Sunspel**; light brown butterfly and orange print wool pocket-square, **Fumagalli 1891 at The Rake**.

Opposite page:
Exploded Prince of Wales check double-breasted sports jacket in Fox flannel, **The Rake Tailored Garments**; cream flannel pleated trousers, **The Rake Tailored Garments with Vitale Barberis Canonico**; steel blue cotton shirt, **Caruso at The Rake**; burgundy, green and gold Silk striped tie, **Tie Your Tie at The Rake**; brown wool micro floral print Canazei pocket-square, **Fumagalli 1891 at The Rake**.

Type 20 Limited Edition timepiece, **Undone x Revolution**.




from that the justification for a high price point is hard to pin down. Classic style, therefore, becomes inaccessible to the community of dedicated sartorialists who understand more than anyone else how clothes like these bring value on a spiritual level, not just an aesthetic one. This is all about to change, and we at *The Rake* thought we might as well be the harbingers.

We've all been in those situations in a stuffy boardroom or an overheated restaurant struggling with the restrictive feeling of a suit. With The Rake Tailored Garments, thanks to our deconstructed technique and relaxed cut, you'll feel as comfortable as if you were in your bathrobe, even while being the most glamorously dressed man in the room. As well, because of the seductive élan of our items, they are effortlessly adaptable, perfectly pairing with shirt and tie, an open-neck denim shirt, or even a rock 'n' roll T-shirt. And they will combine harmoniously with everything from bespoke brogues to urban combat boots.

Because of their seductive élan, our items are adaptable — perfectly paired with shirt and tie, denim shirt or T-shirt.

Our initial offering comprises the perfect autumn wardrobe in elemental, double-breasted classics, each invoking some of the greatest names in men's style. From Agnelli's grey double-breasted flannel suit to the glorious white jackets and trousers that Bryan Ferry wore in his heyday, our objective is to bring back the most iconic garments in history. You will also find the kind of pinstripe suits that are worn with enviable panache by Luca di Montezemolo; the naval blazers that are emblematic

of the traditional urbanity of Prince Michael of Kent; the Duke of Windsor's midnight-blue dinner suit; and the sartorial derring-do of Miles Davis with a bold Prince-of-Wales check blazer. However, it is not a collection designed with just the hyper-formal in mind: our interest in inclusivity and creating a broad church of people who wish to wear beautifully made clothes means that each look is sold as separates, so you can mix and match, and the specs and proportions have been chosen so as to appeal to both the relaxed and the formal wearer. 



This page and opposite:
Left: Navy pinstripe double-breasted jacket, **The Rake Tailored Garments with Vitale Barberis Canonico**; light blue cotton shirt, **Caruso at The Rake**; off-white cotton slim Aleks trousers, **Kit Blake at The Rake**; burgundy spotted Grenadine silk tie, **Sera Fine Silk at The Rake**; grey Budd stripe silk pocket-square, **Budd Shirtmakers**.

Type 20 Limited Edition timepiece, **Undone x Revolution**.

Right: Navy double-breasted 4-ply blazer with gold skull-and-crossbone buttons by Benson & Clegg, cream flannel pleated trousers, **The Rake Tailored Garments with Vitale Barberis Canonico**; navy and white Breton stripe T-shirt, **Sunspel**; light brown butterfly and orange print wool pocket-square, **Fumagalli 1891 at The Rake**.



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This page:
Navy pinstripe double-breasted
jacket and Luca navy pinstripe
pleated trousers, **The Rake Tailored
Garments with Vitale Barberis
Canonico**; white cotton button-down
shirt, **Angelo Inglese x The Rake
Tailored Garments**; orange and navy
silk tie, **Tie Your Tie at the Rake**;
petrol blue silk pocket-square,
Mess of Blues at The Rake.

Opposite: Navy double-breasted 4-ply
blazer with gold skull-and-crossbone
buttons by Benson & Clegg and grey
flannel pleated trousers, **The Rake
Tailored Garments with Vitale
Barberis Canonico**; steel blue cotton
shirt, **Caruso**; navy and orange silk
striped tie, **Tie Your Tie**.

Navy pinstripe double-breasted jacket, **The Rake Tailored Garments with Vitale Barberis Canonico**; light blue cotton shirt, **Caruso at The Rake**; off-white cotton slim Aleks trousers, **Kit Blake at The Rake**; burgundy spotted Grenadine silk tie, **Sera Fine Silk at The Rake**; grey Budd stripe silk pocket-square, **Budd Shirtmakers**.





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Left: Grey flannel double-breasted jacket and grey flannel pleated trousers, **The Rake Tailored Garments with Vitale Barberis Canonico**; blue cotton buttondown shirt, **Angelo Inglese x The Rake Tailored Garments**; plum silk tie, **Tie Your Tie at The Rake**; plum silk pocket-square with green edging, **Budd Shirmakers**.

Right: Grey flannel double-breasted jacket and grey flannel pleated trousers, **The Rake Tailored Garments with Vitale Barberis Canonico**; black cotton block print short-sleeve shirt, **Kevin Seah at The Rake**.

Car: Jaguar E-Type courtesy of
RNG Classics.

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Left: Grey flannel double-breasted jacket and grey flannel pleated trousers, **The Rake Tailored Garments with Vitale Barberis Canonico**; black cotton block print short-sleeve shirt, **Kevin Seah at The Rake**; brown cotton socks, **London Sock Co. at The Rake**; white leather Racquet SR trainers, **CQP**.

Right: Grey flannel double-breasted jacket and grey flannel pleated trousers, **The Rake Tailored Garments with Vitale Barberis Canonico**; blue cotton shirt, **Angelo Inglese x The Rake Tailored Garments**; plum silk tie, **Tie Your Tie at The Rake**; plum silk pocket-square with green edging, **Budd Shirtmakers**; green cotton socks, **London Sock Co. at The Rake**; black leather George loafer, **George Cleverley**.

Car: Jaguar E-Type courtesy of RNG Classics.



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Cream flannel double-breasted jacket and cream flannel pleated trousers, **The Rake Tailored Garments** with Vitale Barberis Canonico.

T-shirt, *Richard's own*.







MODEL: RICHARD AMPAW @SELECT MODEL MANAGEMENT
MODEL: RICHARD BIEDUL @SUPA MODEL MANAGEMENT
PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT: DERRICK KAKEMBO
FASHION DIRECTION: VERONICA PEREZ AND AMELIA HUDSON
GROOMING: BUNNY HAZEL CLARKE
BTS: RIKESH CHAUHAN AND MARCUS EBANKS

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Midnight blue Italian mohair double-breasted tuxedo jacket and midnight blue Italian mohair tuxedo trousers, **The Rake Tailored Garments with Vitale Barberis Canonico**; white cotton pleated-front dress shirt, **Santillo 1970**; silver bow cufflinks, **Codis Maya**; black patent Merlin dress shoes, **George Cleverley**.

compendium

THE NEW NORMAL; BEAR NECESSITIES;
FERRIER JOUET; SLIM PICKINGS; FORZA CANALI;
THE MIDAS TOUCH; TALLY-HO.





X
AUTOMATIC

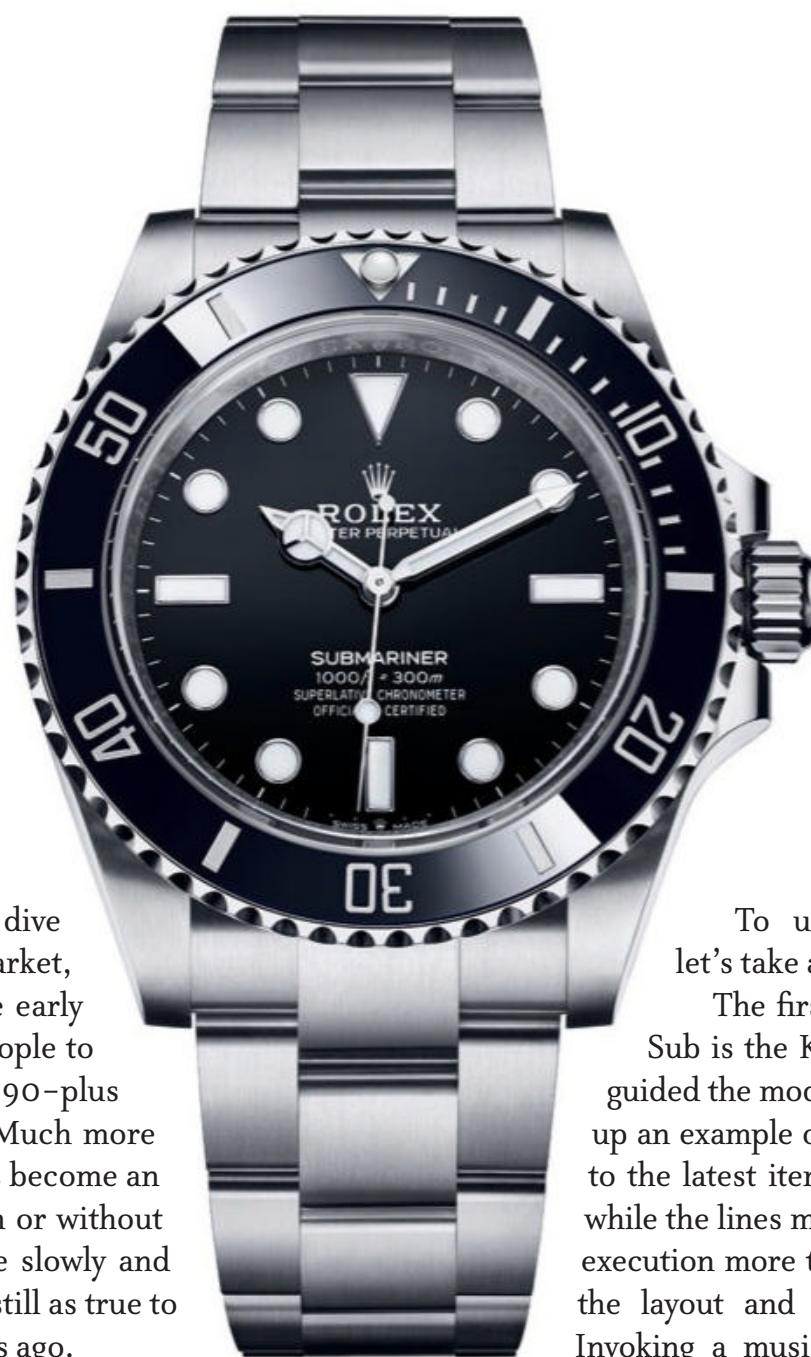
SUBMARINER
10000 ft
3000m
CHRONOMETER
CERTIFIED

TIME AND TIDE

The Rolex Submariner has been an institution in its own right since 1953. Now the classic dive watch has undergone another pitch-perfect evolution.

TEMPORAL

by **ross povey**



There are dozens of waterproof dive watches available on the market, and there have been since the early 1950s. However, if you asked 100 people to name a dive watch, I'm pretty sure that 90-plus would name the Rolex Submariner. Much more than a tool watch, the Submariner has become an icon of both horology and style. With or without a date, it is a classic that Rolex have slowly and gently revised over the years, yet it is still as true to its DNA today as it was nearly 70 years ago.

In 2020, the new era of the Submariner is here for both the Submariner and Submariner Date. True to form, these watches are an evolution rather than a revolution, but the tweaks Rolex have made — modifications to the case, movement and bracelet — are important. The Submariner has for the first time since the late 1950s had an increase in size, from 40mm to 41mm, and the proportions of the bracelet are a little different, too, with a slightly broader presence. The Submariner is fitted with calibre 3230, while the Submariner Date houses calibre 3235.

The Submariner Date comes in four guises: steel with black dial and black Cerachrom bezel; a version with black dial and green Cerachrom bezel; the Rolesor (steel and gold) version with a royal blue dial and blue Cerachrom bezel; and the white-gold version with a black dial and blue Cerachrom bezel. All the watches feature the new 41mm case and redesigned Oyster bracelet.

To understand these developments, let's take a look at the Submariner's roots.

The first and most obvious aspect of the Sub is the Kaizen-esque way that Rolex have guided the model on its journey since 1953. Hold up an example of the original Sub from 1953 next to the latest iteration of the no-date watch, and, while the lines may be a little different and the dial execution more technical on the modern example, the layout and look are essentially unchanged. Invoking a musical example for a minute, think about Slash, aka Saul Hudson, the lead guitarist of Guns N' Roses. Sure, he's played Fender guitars, and even a B.C. Rich Mockingbird, but it's the Gibson Les Paul, another timeless design, that he loves and that he'll be remembered for. Also consider the Porsche 911. Again, this car's modern production model is still true to its roots.

The year 1953 was vital for the Rolex sports line of watches, as two of the longest-running and most successful watches were unveiled at the spring Basel fair — the Explorer and the Submariner. It was also the debut year for the Turn-O-Graph reference 6202, a cool but short-lived opening of the ToG saga. By 1953, Rolex's reputation as the de facto maker of waterproof watches was well established, helped by such advertising opportunities as the Mercedes Gleitze cross-channel swim. Ever the canny entrepreneur, Hans Wilsdorf, the Rolex founder, made sure that the first British woman to



Clockwise from top left: the first Submariner, from 1953; Mercedes Gleitze wore a Rolex Oyster on her cross-channel swim; the Deepsea Special 1960; and a 1972 advert about world records achieved with the diving operations firm Comex.



swim the English Channel was wearing a Rolex Oyster. This advertising is considered key in Rolex's becoming the world's most famous watch brand. With their reputation in place, it was a natural progression to making professional watches aimed at the emerging watersports industry.

Rolex's early Subs

By the early 1950s, modern diving equipment was becoming commercially available. The systems of the early 1940s, as well as developments after the second world war, meant that more people were able to dive recreationally. Rolex was one of the leaders in providing a wristwatch that could serve as an essential piece of safety equipment, and the Submariner reference 6204 was the first dive watch to be rated to a depth of 100 metres. The watch had a highly legible dial layout, with painted hour hands that were filled with radium. This allowed the wearer to tell the time in dimly lit environments (such as under water). The rotating bezel allowed the wearer to measure elapsed time by moving the triangle, which also had a luminous filling, to where the minute hand was at the beginning of the dive, therefore showing exactly how long they had been submerged for. It sounds simple, but this was life or death information, and no diver would dive without a high-quality waterproof wristwatch.

The Submariner has always been a three-piece design, unlike the 'monoblocco' cases of the forties and early fifties. The three-piece watches consisted of steel mid-cases on to which a screw-down caseback was fitted. An acrylic crystal was

pressed over a rehaut on the front of the case and then sealed with a bezel-retaining ring (on to which the rotating bezel also clicked). The winding crown was then screwed down against the side of the case, thus making the watch hermetically sealed. This was the Oyster system, and it was very, very good. For reasons of operational ease of use, in 1955 Rolex unveiled the reference 6200, which had a much bigger winding crown that was easier to unscrew and had a much thicker case that enabled Rolex to depth-rate it to 200 metres. This watch co-existed with the 6204 and 6205 (released in 1954); the 6205 was similar to the 6204 but had Mercedes-pattern hands, whereas the 6204 had pencil hands. The 6200 was the first of what collectors now refer to as 'Big Crown' Submariners; by default the 6204/5 iterations were known as Small Crowns. These watches were fitted with the A296 and A260 movements, respectively.

These early Subs were experimental and market-testing pieces, which Rolex consolidated into two references in 1956: the Big Crown was reference 6538 and the Small Crown was reference 6536. These watches were fitted with Rolex's new 1030 calibre. Finding these watches complete with their original gilt dials and original inserts is a collector's dream. There were so many different dial variations that it would take a story in its own right to cover. In 1958, Rolex released the Big Crown 5510 and Small Crown 5508, both of which housed the latest Rolex calibre, the 1530. These watches are viewed as transitional models, mainly due to the fact that they housed the base movement that would stay in the Submariner watches for the next 30 years.



1953
The original Submariner was water-resistant to 100 metres.



1954
A rare no-name Submariner with Explorer dial, water-resistant to 200 metres.



1969
The Rolex 'Red' Submariner, reference 1680.



1984
Ref. 16800 with white-gold-rimmed hour markers and new standard glossy black dial.



2010
Ref. 116610 date model in steel, fitted with a Cerachrom bezel in ceramic.



2020
The latest model, with a subtly redesigned case and equipped with new movements.



An architectural breakdown of the Oyster case from 1926.

Late fifties to early eighties

In 1959 the Sub went through its biggest transformation. Gone was the small 6mm crown and gone also was the large 8mm crown. Instead, the new Twinlock 7mm crown was introduced on reference 5512, a non-date Submariner that had new crown guards. These crown guards flanked the winding crown and offered protection for arguably the most vulnerable part of the watch. The crown guards had four different profiles — square, 'eagle beak', pointed, and rounded, the last of which was used for decades.

The 5512 was fitted initially with a non-chronometer-rated 1530 movement before eventually moving to the 1560/70 chronometer-rated movements. The 5512 had a two-decade run before being discontinued in the second half of the seventies. The 5513 was introduced in the early 1960s and was also fitted with the 1530 movement (which pretty quickly was changed to another non-chronometer movement, the 1520). The 5512 was upgraded to chronometer status in 1963, so for a year they co-existed on an even keel. The 5513 outran the 5512 and had a staggering run of 27 years.

In 1969 Rolex introduced the reference 1680 Submariner Date, which was about the most complicated a diver's watch needs to be. As a Rolex fan I've often pondered the question as to why the date function was added. Was it because the brand wanted to cater more for the everyday guy who was wearing the watch, or was it, as per the Sea-Dweller, to enable divers who were on commercial

dives and decompressing for days on end to keep track of the days? Either way, the Submariner Date has been a companion to the no-date from 1969 until now. The 200-metre-rated 1680 featured the calibre 1575 and the introduction of a new shaped crystal with straight edges and a date magnifier known as a cyclops. The early versions of the watch had the word 'Submariner' in a red colour before switching to white text. Between 1979 and 1981, the watch was revisited and updated to include a new unidirectional bezel and sapphire glass, which meant the watch was depth-rated to 300 metres. The reference 16800 kept the matte dial with painted hour markers until 1984, when the dials became glossy with applied white-gold markers with luminous filling.

Late eighties to the present day

The term 'transitional' is often used when collectors make sense of the chronology of Rolex models. The Submariner Date perfectly illustrates this with reference 168000. Produced for a matter of months in 1988 before the introduction of reference 16610, it's virtually impossible to tell the difference between a glossy-dial 16800 and 168000, as the only difference is the steel that was used. The 168000 used the new 904L steel, which replaced the traditional 316L steel. In 1989 the 16610 Submariner Date was introduced, which was again virtually identical to the 168000, except for the movement, which was the calibre 3135, replacing the 3035 from




All the detail we love about the Rolex Submariner, but now with new and significant innovations.

the 16800. The 16610 had a 21-year run that included the 16610LV watch in 2003, which was released to celebrate 50 years of the Submariner. The LV had new 'maxi' hour plots that were noticeably bigger than a regular 16610, and the watches had a green bezel insert that led to the collector's nickname 'Kermit' (as in the frog). It's worth noting that the Kermit is now one of the hottest watches on the modern-vintage market, so it's not surprising that in 2010, with the launch of the reference 116610 Submariner Date, featuring the so-called maxi case with ceramic insert, that two versions were available: a black dial with black bezel and a green dial and green bezel. The new green watch had a new nickname: the 'Hulk'.

The no-date Sub was a late developer in terms of changes to the watch. The reference 14060 was the successor to the 5513 in 1989, and while it maintained the aesthetics and character of the 5513, it was re-packaged for the new era of sports watches. Out went the scratch-prone acrylic crystal and in came a new flat sapphire glass. Rolex kept the steel bezel ring and aluminium insert, albeit a little bigger for the sapphire glass, but the bezel featured was a unidirectional bezel with a click spring that was technically an improvement to the old washer spring system. The 14060 also heralded the arrival of the new 3000-series calibres, which utilised some of the new developments in calibre technology into which Rolex had invested so much research and development. In 2001 Rolex updated the movement in the 14060

and gave the watch the letter 'M' at the end of the reference number to represent the updated movement. The calibre 3130 was chronometer-rated and so the text 'Superlative Chronometer Officially Certified' was added to the dial, making them 'four-line' dials, not seen since the 5512 in the early 1970s.

The reference 114060 was introduced in 2012, that version of the non-date Submariner that featured a number of Rolex's latest technological innovations. The calibre 3130 was still deployed to drive the Sub, but it was housed in a new steel case with much wider proportions, especially the lugs. Known by collectors as the maxi case, this fat-lugged case was used on the GMT-Master and Submariner Date, too. The dial continued to have the four lines of text on the lower half and the hands and hour plots were filled with the latest Rolex proprietary luminous compound, Chromalight. The watch also housed a Cerachrom ceramic bezel insert, which was fade-proof and scratch resistant.

And so in 2020 we have been treated to the latest chapter in a long and illustrious saga. Will the new Submariners be popular? Yes, indeed. Will they be hard to acquire? Almost certainly. Will they be worth the wait? Without even the slightest hint of a doubt. That's the incredible thing about the Submariner: whether you are 300 metres below the North Sea, snorkelling in Nice, driving your 911 across the desert, or having a drink at The Connaught, it'll never disappoint. 

TEMPORAL



THE RAKE x RALPH LAUREN ‘NEGRONI BEAR’ POLO BEAR WATCH

A legend is coming to THE RAKE. Please raise a glass to the newest member of the team.

by **wei koh**

His countenance is known the world over. His visage has become an obsession for men and women alike. There are legions devoted to his ineffable style, his ability to move effortlessly between sublime sports chic, pitch-perfect preppy-dom, and transcendent black tie. He is the celebrity’s *cause célèbre*, with many, from Kanye West to Drake to John Mayer, smitten by him. And the mere rumour of his appearance on a skateboard literally broke the internet, with millions of fans vying for the chance to meet him. He says little, but his warm, fathomless brown eyes speak volumes of his extraordinary depth. And while he may be small in stature, he exudes a heroism and strength of character that is singular and inspirational. Amid the turmoil of 2020, for many of us he has become a symbol of hope and optimism. I speak, of course, of the Ralph Lauren Polo Bear, who at a mere 29 years of age has ascended to the status of both fashion and popular-culture icon.

While there’s humour in my introduction, there is also truth. Because for me and the team at *The Rake*, we feel the world is now more than ever in need of symbols that represent kindness, warmth and a childlike sense of joy. For us the Polo Bear has never been more relevant. Because it was created by the man I consider not only the world’s greatest designer but one of its best human beings. I shall not go into the details of Ralph Lauren’s genius and authenticity, which to me is best expressed by his self-effacing humanitarianism. If you want to read about that, you can check out the cover story of issue No.36 of *The Rake*. What I love best about Ralph Lauren is his capacity to create clothing and objects that make us smile — and none more so than the Polo Bear.

The roots of the Polo Bear go back to the late 1980s, when Lauren’s team presented him and his wonderfully effusive and elegant brother Jerry with Steiff teddy bears modelled on them and dressed in outfits made by the Ralph Lauren factories that created their menswear.

Lauren was so charmed by these bears he decided to offer them in a limited series of 200 in 1991. Even before the age of the internet, buzz about the bears spread through New York like wildfire, with every Ralph Lauren devotee making a beeline for the

Rhineland mansion flagship in Manhattan, where they sold out over a weekend. Because the bears were made by Steiff, and, like his personal bear, wore clothing (specifically, grey flannel pleated trousers, a woven leather belt, and a blue Oxford button-down), they were limited in supply. Foreseeing the popularity of this new symbol for his brand, Lauren also emblazoned his likeness on clothing including the iconic Polo Bear sweater, which depicted the Bear wearing an American flag sweater. This sweater is to this day known as the ‘Iconic Polo Bear Sweater’. From 1991 to 2001 the Polo Bear enjoyed a decade of sartorial dominance, and

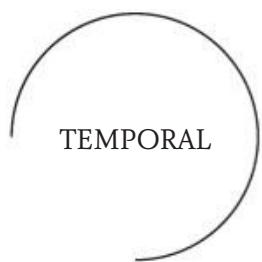
To borrow from Whitman, Polo Bear was large, he contained multitudes. Most importantly, he made you smile.

everything he graced became the object of cult collectability. The holy grail among these is the so called ‘Never-Ending Bear’ sweater, which features the Polo Bear wearing a Polo Bear sweater of the Bear

wearing the Polo Bear sweater, and so on. You get it.

The Polo Bear was depicted in everything from a western fringe jacket, a beret, striped T-shirt and espadrilles, collegiate preppy clothing under a camel Polo coat, RLX ski gear, and my favourite, a magnificent evening suit replete with monogrammed evening slippers and a martini. To be correct, I should note that the Polo Bear actually has three black-tie ensembles: a classic black, a white dinner jacket with black trousers, and a jaunty Black Watch tartan jacket that he pairs with louche red socks for extra panache. To borrow from Walt Whitman, the Polo Bear was large, he contained multitudes. Indeed, his incredible style, which became a catalogue of Ralph Lauren’s most iconic looks, demonstrated how infinitely varied yet appealing the Ralph Lauren world was. In each instance the Bear looked cool, beatific, successful and friendly. And, most importantly, regardless of your age, ethnicity, gender or socioeconomic demographic, he made you smile.

In 2001 the partnership with Steiff came to an end, and with it the use of the Polo Bear on Ralph Lauren clothing. But by that time Polo Bear clothing had taken on a life of its own, particularly in the hip-hop community and most notably with Kanye West, who almost exclusively wore the clothing throughout the launch of his seminal *College Dropout* album in 2004. (The cover even featured West depicted as a preppy bear.) By 2013 the demand for all things Polo Bear inspired his return to the Ralph Lauren



visual lexicon, where he remains more popular than ever. Indeed, the Polo Bear collaborations, with brands such as Palace skateboards, have become some of the most sought-after and desirable objects around. The Polo x Palace sweater (I had two of these, and gave one to the editor of this magazine and the other to our C.E.O.) almost caused the internet to explode upon launch, and now commands a massive premium on the secondary market if you can find one. I have personally been so charmed by the Polo Bear that I've even had a patch of him in his tuxedo sewn on to the back of my Ralph Lauren double-breasted corduroy dinner jacket, a service that Polo shops now offer.

In November 2019 the Polo Bear made his first appearance on the dials of three charming watches. The watches that marked the first Ralph Lauren Polo watches and set the stage for the Polo Player timepiece that launched this year featured our favourite ursine friend dressed in three of Lauren's most iconic ensembles: the dinner jacket with frayed jeans and cowboy boots, dubbed the Tuxedo Bear; the tweed jacket, jodhpurs and riding boots named the Bedford Bear (after the town where Lauren resides); and the American flag sweater with denim jacket and jeans, named American Flag Bear. The watches featured 42mm steel cases and off-white lacquer dials and automatic movements dubbed the Calibre RL200, which looked like reliable ETA 28 series movements to me. Made in a limited series of 100 examples each, the Polo Bear watches flew out of the showcases with a rapidity reminiscent of the initial Steiff bear launch. After all, who wouldn't want to look down at their wrist and see the world's best-dressed bear gazing knowingly back at them?


Since the launch of the Polo Bear watch I've secretly harboured a dream of a Rake Bear timepiece. After finally summoning the courage to request it, I was overjoyed to learn that Mr. Lauren

had given his personal assent. Immediately I began discussing with our team how our furry hero should be styled. We concluded that he should be resplendent in full eveningwear, as if he were going out for a night on the town. We loved the idea that he would be heading to 'Ralph's', the fictional New York jazz club that was the stage for the extraordinary fashion show where Janelle Monáe brought the house down with one of the most electrifying performances of all time. Anyone who knows *The Rake* understands

The dial features the 5 o'clock index in Negroni orange. Why the number five? Because it is always 5 o'clock somewhere.

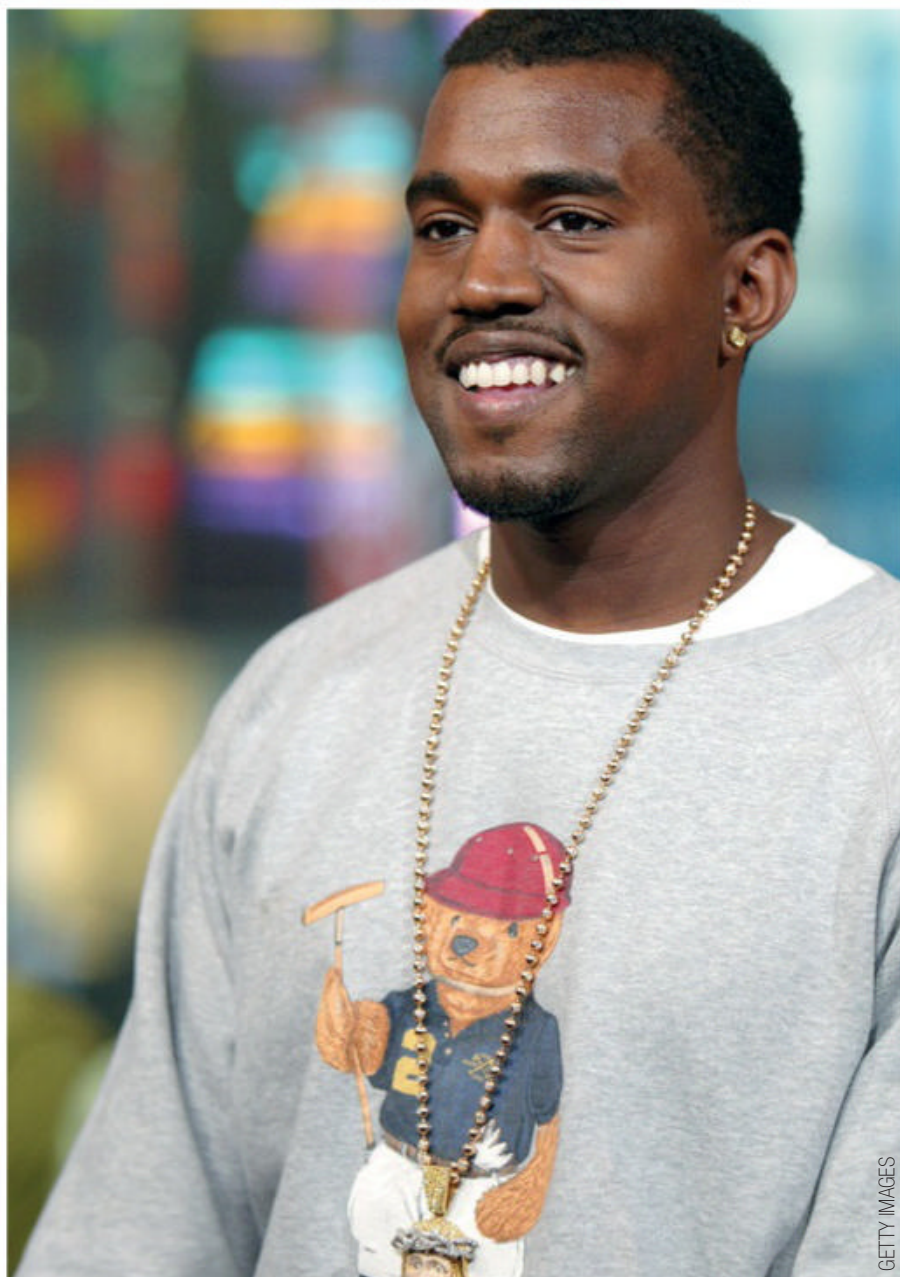
there is one cocktail that has become synonymous with the magazine, and that is the heady combination of bitter, vermouth and gin concocted in 1919 in Florence's Caffè Casoni, where Count Camillo

Negroni inspired the legendary barman Fosco Scarselli to create his namesake beverage. For the community of *The Rake* this year, the Negroni has become something of a symbol of resistance against despair, its distinct orange hue burning brightly against the darkness. And so, without hesitation, we requested that the Polo Bear be designed enjoying this libation, as he too would be standing firm and elegantly weathering the inclemencies of this unforgettable year. The dial of the watch features hands as well as the 5 o'clock index in distinct Negroni orange. Why the number five? Well, because it is always 5 o'clock somewhere.

This November, to coincide with the first anniversary of the launch of the debut Polo Bear watches, we are immeasurably delighted to unveil the Rake Bear New York watch, which we have nicknamed the Negroni Bear timepiece. It will be made in a 200-piece limited edition, with a price of £1,680. He comes with a black calf-leather strap as well as a Negroni-orange grosgrain strap. Like his brothers that have come before him, we hope *The Rake*'s Negroni Bear achieves his defining mission in life, which is to put a huge smile on the face of each and every one of his owners. 



Clockwise from top left: the Negrini-orange grosgrain strap; the display caseback, each numbered 1-200; Wei Koh in his Bear-embellished corduroy dinner suit; the Ralph Lauren x Palace Skate Bear; Pilot Bear; and Kanye West wearing a Polo Bear sweater.



GETTY IMAGES

COURTESY OF RALPH LAUREN

MUNSTER

TEMPORAL



The Laurent Ferrier
Classic Origin for The
Rake & Revolution.

LAURENT FERRIER CLASSIC ORIGIN FOR THE RAKE & REVOLUTION

Having witnessed the beauty of Aurel Bacs' sector-dial Laurent Ferrier, we worked with the Swiss watch manufacturer to create our special edition in the same spirit but with different details.

by **wei koh**



The Classic Origin Opaline, released this year.



The movement in the collaboration with The Rake & Revolution comes in a special yellow-gold finish that is micro-sandblasted, used previously in the Montre École watch.

Let's jump in the DeLorean and set the year for 2010, because in the words of the immortal Doc Brown, "We are going back to the future". Laurent Ferrier is celebrating his 10th anniversary as a watch manufacturer this year with what might seem like a counterintuitive move: launching his most accessibly priced and simplest watch. But this act of revisionist horological history has been in the works for a decade. Ferrier says with a smile, "It was important to me 10 years ago to position my brand at the highest level, with a watch that had a substantial technical value, like the Tourbillon Double Spiral. But in my heart I was always dreaming to create something that was a core expression of my purest values. A simple three-hand, manual-winding watch with a beautifully restrained movement expressing all my values — elegance, love for watchmaking history, ergonomics, and finishing of the highest level."

The resulting timepiece, the Classic Origin Opaline, is a watch that is destined to make you smile. His wonderfully smooth Galet case shape, now in grade 5 polished titanium, is complemented by a uniquely stylised yet charmingly understated dial. I have described Ferrier as a bridge between horology's

past and its present, constructed through nuanced details gleaned from vintage timepieces reaching as far back as the 19th century but reinterpreted for the modern day. Nowhere in his range is this more in evidence. Here, a unique combination of applied baton markers with printed indexes, a burgundy 13–24-hour scale (an amusing and unconventional addition), and continuous seconds sub-dial come together perfectly.

Turn the Classic Origin Opaline to the back, and the beautifully and intuitively laid-out movement will continue to charm in abundance. If the calibre LF116.01 looks familiar, that's because it forms the base movement of the calibre LF126.01 used in Laurent Ferrier's annual calendar. The differences between this and the LF automatic micro-rotor movement are significant. First, there is no natural escapement. Instead, here the movement uses a traditional Swiss anchor escapement in combination with a large free-sprung balance wheel. "The free-sprung balance was important to me because it's far more stable than a balance that is adjusted using a regulator," Ferrier says. He refers to the regulator as a device that is used to effectively lengthen or shorten the hairspring to speed up or slow down the oscillations of the



Auro Montanari (right and above) wears his Laurent Ferrier Micro-Rotor Aurel Bacs scientific edition on a vintage Gay Frères beads-of-rice bracelet.

Below: The Patek Philippe pocket-watch with scientific dial dating from 1923.



balance wheel. His preference is to regulate the oscillator using inertia screws, which slow it down when they are adjusted so that more of their mass sits towards the centre of the balance (and speed it up when their greater mass is at the perimeter). Ferrier says, “The free-sprung balance is nothing new, but it is to me the best way to create stability in timekeeping.”

The movement has all of the codes we’ve come to love in Laurent Ferrier’s watches. There are three wonderfully finished bridges and a balance cock. The top bridge, which retains the barrel, features Ferrier’s signature black-polished flat-blade ratchet spring. The second bridge retains the direct-drive seconds bridge, while the third bridge exists to retain the escapement wheel. Note the use of a shock absorber integrated into the jewel bearing of the escape-wheel pinion for greater autonomy from micro-shocks. The fluid shape of this bridge is echoed in the beautiful, almost bird-shaped, balance cock. All bridges received a micro-sandblasted treatment that contrasts nicely with their polished bezels and sharp handmade angles.

So the point is that this ‘simple’ Laurent Ferrier is also one of his most appealing offers. But if given the opportunity to run creatively rampant on the Classic Origin, what watch would be the result? For the answer to that, we need to go back to the popularisation of the sector or ‘scientific’ dial watches.

They began in the 1920s as a way of more clearly delineating time, and were used on wristwatches and pocket-watches. They featured a circular track where the hour indexes would radiate

outward. This means that the hour hand would align perfectly with this track and there could be no mistaking its placement. On the perimeter of the dial, you would have a clearly printed minute track that would align with the minute hand to provide ultimate clarity. Seconds could be placed either in a sub-dial at six o’clock or read off a central seconds hand.

Further, different sectors of the dial would always have different decoration to more fully create a sense of information compartmentalisation. Over the ensuing decades, brands including Omega and Longines — especially with their Tre Tacche waterproof watches — became synonymous for this style of scientific watches.

Anointing an icon

Laurent Ferrier has used the sector dial to great effect, in particular in his Galet Square with the Only Watch 2015 pièce unique, the two limited editions for Chicago’s Swiss FineTiming, and even in a luminous version with the Borealis. But to me the most beautiful execution of this is the watch created by Aurel Bacs, the world’s greatest vintage watch auctioneer and expert. Around the time the micro-rotor watch emerged, Bacs came up with the idea of creating a pièce unique for himself with a sector dial. Using his extensive knowledge, he created what must objectively be called the most beautiful Laurent Ferrier watch of all time. It was so stunning that when he showed it to several of his team members at Phillips, including renowned experts and collectors Alex



TEMPORAL

The Laurent Ferrier Classic Origin for The Rake & Revolution comes with a beads-of-rice-style bracelet and an extra set of luminous hands.

Ghotbi and Paul Boutros, they too wanted to order one. Finally the watch was anointed as an icon when it was ordered by none other than the incredible Auro Montanari, or John Goldberger, the historian, author and collector ne plus ultra.


While those watches featured a micro-rotor movement, when given an opportunity to create something on the Classic Origin hand-wound platform, I requested that Ferrier create something in the spirit of the Aurel Bacs but without replicating it. The resulting design by Ferrier and Amandine Perrier was something I can describe only as ravishing. It features a two-tone dial with a cream centre, surrounded by a printed sector track and Arabic markers. The dial is silver outside the central area, receives circular brushing under the indexes, and is opaline under the minute track's chemin de fer. Seconds are at six o'clock, with a full seconds track and four enlarged markers at the compass points. The hands are Ferrier's signature Assegai models that have been flame-blued, and, to me, contrasted perfectly with the cream of the dial. It should be noted that the Aurel Bacs watch features different hands selected by him, as well as a differently styled crown.

While I had the choice of titanium or steel, I selected steel. Why? Because, firstly, I found this more appropriate for a scientific-style watch, and secondly because we wanted to mount the watch on a steel 'beads of rice' bracelet made in Japan with straight end links — this is our preferred way of wearing the watch. This bracelet was directly inspired by Auro Montanari and

his wearing of his own Laurent Ferrier Micro-Rotor Aurel Bacs scientific model on a vintage steel Gay Frères beads of rice-style bracelet. A second natural-coloured calfskin strap is included, along with the Laurent Ferrier buckle.

But that's not all, because I've also sourced a second set of blued steel LumiNova-filled hands that are included with our Laurent Ferrier Classic Origin The Rake & Revolution edition. I've always loved it when vintage scientific dial watches were ordered with radium hands, and as a tribute to this, you now have a choice as to which set of hands you would like fitted to your watch. As we will be offering this watch by preorder, please specify if you would prefer the luminous hands or the normal Assegai hands, and we will include the second pair in your watch box.

Flip the watch over and there is a final surprise waiting for you. Instead of the sandblasted black rhodium finish, I've requested the finish that was used only once before, on the Montre École in steel. It is a yellow-gold or champagne finish that has been micro-sandblasted to appear almost like a frosted finish, which to me sets off the high-finish angles even better.

The Laurent Ferrier Classic Origin for The Rake & Revolution will be made in 12 numbered examples. It features a steel case, two sets of flame-blued hands (luminous and classic Assegai), a steel 'beads of rice' bracelet, and a calfskin bracelet with tang buckle. Its price is CHF28,800, which to us is an amusing nod to horological vibrational speeds — and in Asian culture means forever prosperous, which can't be a bad thing. 

TEMPORAL



Bulgari Octo Finissimo Chronograph
GMT for The Rake & Revolution.

BULGARI OCTO FINISSIMO CHRONOGRAPH GMT FOR THE RAKE & REVOLUTION

Bulgari's world record chronograph gets 'tooled up' — and becomes an instant must-have for gentleman racers everywhere. To be released October 23rd.

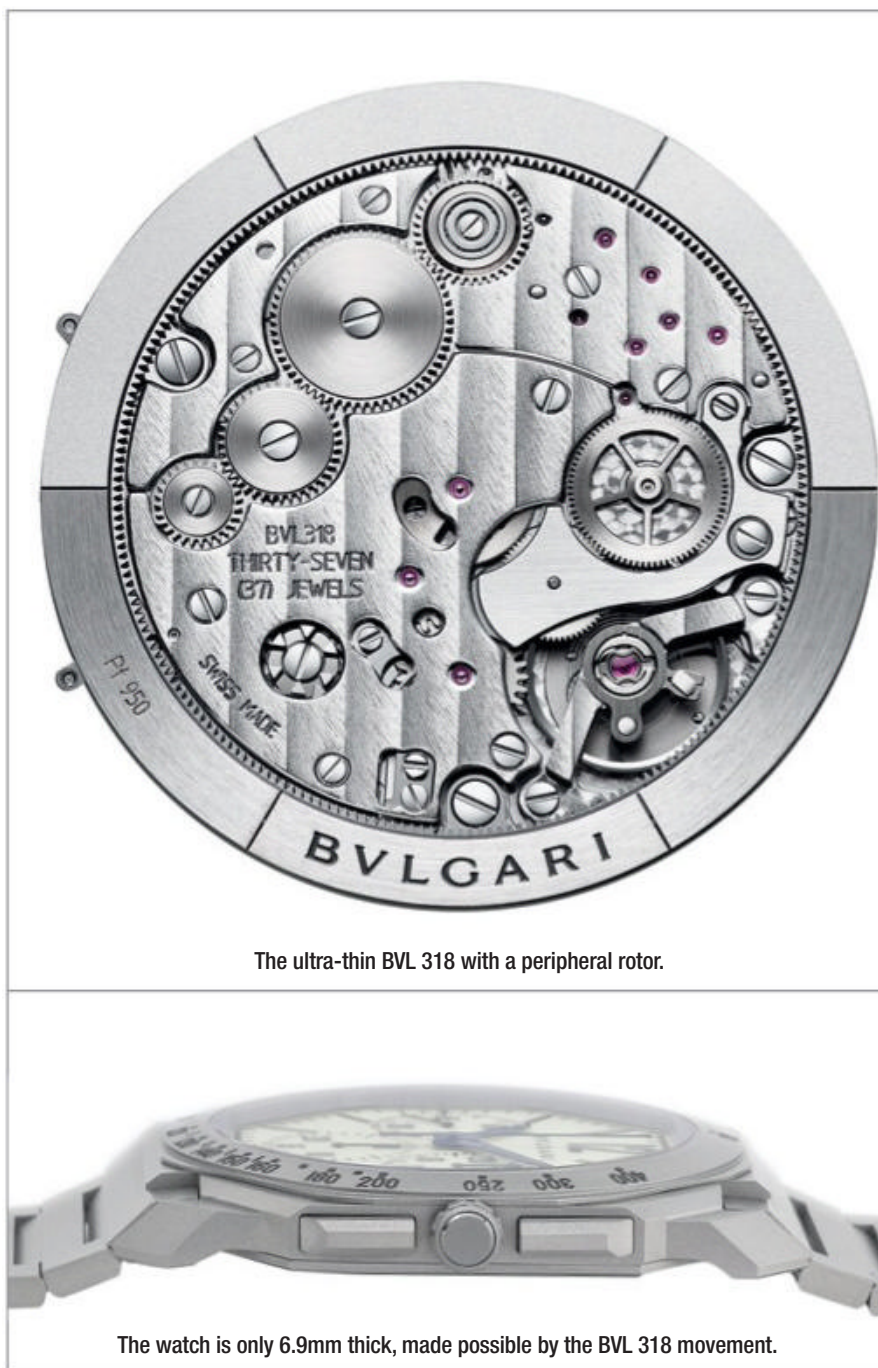
by **wei koh**

I remember the moment I set eyes on the Bulgari Octo Finissimo Chronograph. Though it was just over a year ago, it seems — considering the mind-bending changes that have happened to the world in the interim — like a lifetime ago. Before I get into the details of the special edition of this watch, which was designed by Bulgari's amazing Creative Director, Fabrizio Buonamassa, I'd like to talk about the changes to the world and, in particular, Bulgari's reaction to them. When the Covid-19 pandemic hit, Bulgari's Chief Executive, Jean-Christophe Babin, was one of the first to respond — firstly by funding a 3D microscope to help researchers at Spallanzani hospital in Rome study the virus at a cellular level, and secondly by transforming a fragrance factory outside Milan in order to produce hand sanitiser. (If the latter seems somewhat commonplace today, think back to March, when Italy faced a shortage of sanitisers and PPE amid the decimation of the first wave of the virus.) Then Babin did something truly extraordinary. He and Bulgari created a fund dedicated not just to the eradication of Covid-19 but any future outbreaks of infectious diseases that could threaten human lives. This fund has provided much-needed medical school scholarships to the next generation of researchers and has helped to fund vaccines, such as the one being developed at Oxford University. My point is that even as first-world nations return to some semblance of normality, and our human resilience sets us collectively on the path to recovery, we will all remember how everyone, in particular the world's biggest luxury brands, acted during the crisis. And it is without doubt that, thanks to Babin's leadership, Bulgari has been one of the most exemplary.

But back to last year. At what turned out to be the final Basel

fair in history, I was seated next to Babin at a restaurant beside the Rhine in the Swiss city. I was familiar with this location, as each morning I had hauled my aged body past it in some pathetic semblance of a jog. Babin placed the watch in my hands and I was blown away. As you may know, I am a fan of chronographs, and one of my favourite movements is the Frédéric Piguet 1185, which for 31 years prior to 2019 was the world's thinnest automatic time writer, at 5.5mm. But the movement in the Bulgari smashed that. At 3.3mm — in a watch that is just 6.9mm thick — the BVL 318 is even thinner than the manual-wind version of Piguet's legendary vertical clutch calibre, the 1180, which is 3.95mm thick. The fact that Bulgari added a peripheral winding automatic rotor as well as a GMT function seemed to be something of a victory dance, but done with the brand's typical Latin panache. The BVL 318 uses a laterally coupled clutch and features a column wheel. The winding mass is made of platinum and aluminium.

But it was the watch itself that charmed so relentlessly. I've often spoken about my first encounter, in 2014, with both the Octo Finissimo Small Seconds and the transcendent tourbillon version, and how these watches seduced with the dynamic tension between a strong, virile, muscular wrist presence and their elegant liveness in profile. This record-setting slimness could be achieved only through the brilliant combination of in-house dial making, case making, movement development, and later bracelet making. The dial of the titanium watch was 0.2mm thick, making it thinner than a single index on most watches. To achieve this, Bulgari had to develop a new way to case the watch. From 2014, Bulgari would set records for thinness in the tourbillon, manual wind, minute repeater, automatic and



The ultra-thin BVL 318 with a peripheral rotor.

The watch is only 6.9mm thick, made possible by the BVL 318 movement.



Fabrizio Buonamassa, Bulgari's Creative Director.

automatic tourbillon categories. But more than that, each watch they created added to the credibility and power of an all-new design icon. Then, in 2019, Bulgari unveiled their chronograph, which was hypnotically alluring in its beauty and technical street cred. The 42mm case in Bulgari's signature sandblasted titanium perfectly integrated into its faceted architecture the pusher on the left, for the GMT function, as well as the two pushers on the right, for the chronograph function. Indeed, they were so subtle in appearance that you might initially mistake the start/stop and reset buttons as crown guards on a slightly more aggressive variant of the Octo Finissimo. The counters on the dial were as follows: continuous seconds at nine o'clock, 24-hour home time at three, and 30-minute counter at six o'clock. It was the perfect stealthy gentleman's chronograph.

From stealth to standout

Almost immediately, though, I started dreaming of a more aggressive version of this watch. Broaching the subject with Buonamassa, he found the concept appealing. "I love the idea of a 'tool watch' version of the Octo Finissimo Chronograph GMT," he said. "The first thought was that we should put a tachymeter on the bezel. For someone who is an auto enthusiast, this would be a valuable and iconic function to have." Even though Bulgari

has an Octo chronograph model with a tachymeter — its Zenith El Primero-driven Velocissimo — it wasn't a question of adding this element to the Octo Finissimo. Buonamassa explained: "That watch is considerably thicker, and the bezel is totally different. Engraving and printing a tachymeter scale on the ultra-slim Octo Finissimo took a lot of experimentation." The way in which any Octo Finissimo is assembled involves posts integrated into the bezel that run through the monocoque case and are fixed on the caseback with special fasteners. During the engraving and printing process of the tachymeter, any pressure deforming the bezel would result in a case that would be compromised in its security. After considerable attempts, Buonamassa found the solution. But then we arrived at a second challenge.

Any tool watch needs to have luminous indexes and hands. But in the Octo Finissimo, this proved almost impossible. "With a dial that is only 0.2mm thick, the indexes and hands were just too thin to be coated with LumiNova," Buonamassa said. "But I thought, What if we painted the entire dial and then all the indications would stand out in negative relief?" As you can imagine, I loved this. Buonamassa immediately set to work on building a dial prototype. "We went through quite a few dials. Some were too luminous, so that even in normal light they were




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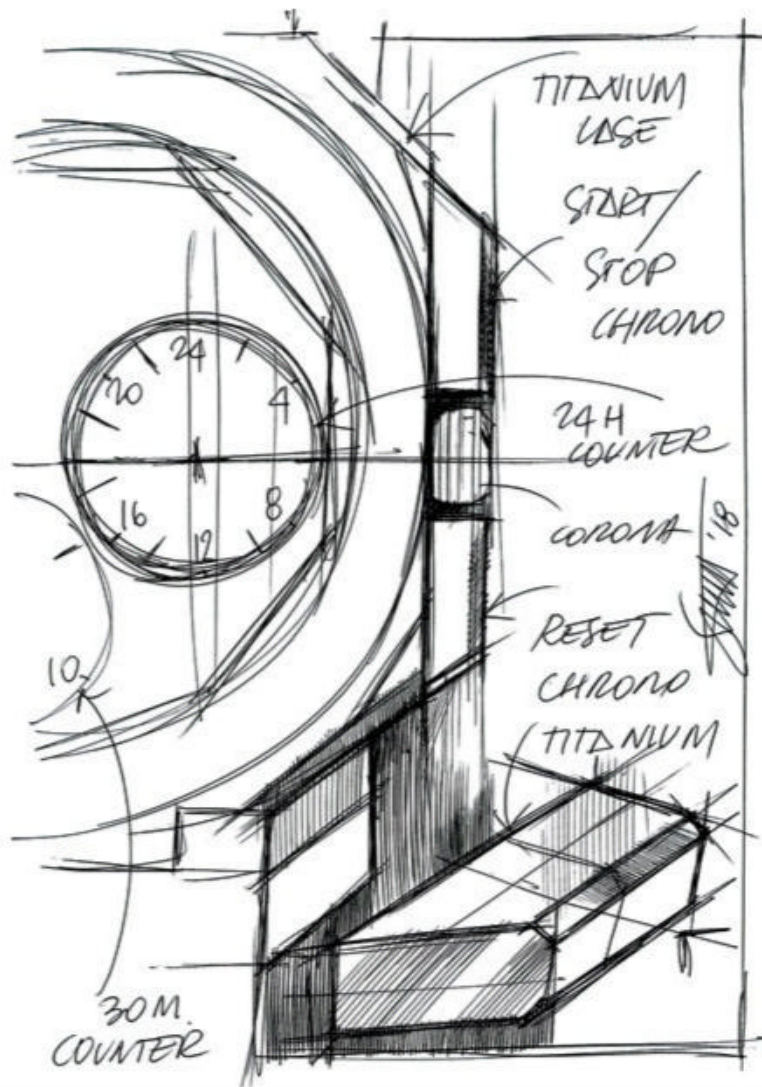


The entire dial is coated in LumiNova, so the indications stand out in negative relief.

Below: Sketches of the watch to illustrate layout and pusher functions.

glowing, and some were not luminous enough,” he said. “We wanted to find just the right balance, so it looked like a normal white dial chronograph in daylight but as soon as you moved into darkness it glowed with perfect visibility and remained luminous for a long time.” One of my favourite moments when lockdown was lifted was a video sent to me by Babin as he and Buonamassa were discussing the dials over lunch. I love a white-dial chronograph. There is something so appealingly pure about it, and the Bulgari Octo Finissimo Chronograph GMT encapsulates this.

We were initially going to make only 15 examples of this watch, to commemorate Revolution’s 15th anniversary, but the finished watch was so good that even within our team we had so many expressions of interest we had to increase the production to 25 pieces. But perhaps what I like best about this collaboration with Bulgari is that this is a watch that represents our partnership with an ethical brand. I like to think that as luxury consumers, the choices we make are our declarations about the world we want to live in and the people and brands we want to support. I hope that the owners look down on their watches and smile not just because they have a crazily cool chronograph but because they know it was made by some truly good people at Bulgari. 



WISDOM

Stefano Canali.

YES, WE CAN

Stefano Canali, president and Chief Executive of the eponymous Italian luxury house, has a reassuring message for our strange and restive times...

by **chris cotonou**

If you work hard enough, you can overcome anything. This is what Stefano Canali, the third-generation president and C.E.O. of the eponymous Italian luxury house, wants to remind readers as we wean ourselves off an excess of bathrobes, naps and two o'clock Gimlets.

Stefano is at a crossroads. Unlike the eras of his predecessors, a contemporary man's style is no longer defined by a single sartorial position, but rather a broad church of garments and fashions for any given moment. Stefano also understands that for the past to survive — especially after such an uncertain six months — he must look to the future. Why be forced to pick between tradition and innovation? Between smart and casual? As long as one is motivated and passionate (and since 1934, Canali have been both), you can adapt without sacrifice. “If you have good ideas,” he tells *The Rake*, “if you have the will to overcome difficulties and effective projects to pursue, you can only be successful.”

Stefano is now offering three segments in the brand's permanent collection, all made for the same man but suited to his ever-changing wants and needs. He and his team are also preparing the Anthology project, which Stefano hopes will articulate Canali's journey. “Even though we have been around for many decades,” he notes, “we still seem like a well-kept secret, a diamond in the rough!”

As becomes clear early on in our chat, Stefano is a gentleman who enjoys a challenge. The winds of change may be blowing, but whatever beautiful garments arrive from Camp Canali over the next few months can be ascribed to Stefano's deep desire to do right by his family business, and by its customers.

The story of Canali is one of perseverance. A man's life has its ups and downs, and so have we. The company was established as a consequence of the failure of the cotton mill my grandfather used to work at in the early thirties. He was without a job and decided to set up an artisan with his brother, a tailor. The business was successful until the second world war, but they didn't give up. They rebuilt from scratch to offer raincoats and overcoats. But these went out of fashion during our second generation, who again were forced to rebuild; [to re-imagine].

Our Anthology project hopes to share this side of Canali. This is what it came down to after reaching our 85th birthday. It's the optimistic message of our Anthology project: as long as you hang tough, you will succeed in overcoming the difficulties you face today. This will encourage us, and our industry, to deal with the times in which we are living, and help us tell our story and values in a straightforward and positive way.

Last year we decided to expand our unique offering. We decided that two capsules we'd been developing would evolve into our unique collection. Therefore, we created three segments of the Canali selection, all Made in Italy: Canali Black Edition, more technical urban warrior; Canali Exclusive, for sophisticated garments at the height of luxury; and Canali 1934, for someone seeking the icons of menswear with a softer twist.

At Canali you feel the responsibility of the previous generations. We need to respect our DNA while keeping it up-to-date. If you move away from what makes you consistent, you will alienate customers and find it harder to reach new ones. That's the difficulty. So these three segments preserve the same DNA, the same founding values, but are effectively addressing the customer in three different moments of his modern life.

Classic tailoring will never go. This is a good thing; we don't want to get rid of it, even as our offering evolves into a more casual segment. It's in our history, our renown for crafting suits, and that's a big plus to me and the customer. Tailoring itself is something that will always last, but it will have to adapt. From the details, fits, materials, it will be easier to mix and match and exchange with casualwear; like drawstring trousers and an unlined jacket.

The new London store is more than a store. We needed more visibility and modern infrastructure in a prestigious location. It has an outstanding façade, with three storeys, and is truly, truly innovative — whatever is inside has been fully rebuilt, which



Left: AW20 collection — Canali 1934 collection.
Right: AW20 — Exclusive collection.

allows us to leverage all technology available to us in a retail space. A building sometimes has many surprises within!

My father taught me to always show respect. Whether it's the customer or my employees, it's important to show respect to people — to listen to them, engage with them, and be sincerely nice to them. This was something my father taught me, and it's the most important piece of advice. Respect for people informs and shapes other values, like our passion for detail and stubborn search for quality. This, in turn, becomes a form of respect for the customer's expectations.

What's my golden rule? You must be humble enough to realise that — no matter how successful you have been — there are always better goals to set and achieve.

Innovation has always been a part of what we do. Take our cutting department. In the 1970s we were the first in our industry to introduce an automatic cutting technology that allowed us to save cost and deliver cleaner and sharper pieces of fabrics. In the past seven years we internally developed a new cutting process aimed at addressing a more complex and diversified demand. Pattern and defect recognition software and scanner, on-site automatic nesting, interruption-free

cutting process — even the most traditional piece of garment may be the output of highly sophisticated technology.”

What I've learned over the years is that people make the difference. Computers are efficient in executing tasks, but they are programmed by people. They will never have our creativity. In an era of A.I., it's important to understand that while they will help us do better things, a company is successful because of its people. Even now, these tools we have, while great, cannot substitute physical interaction.

“In an era of A.I., it's important to understand that a company is successful because of its people.”

We have many nieces, nephews, sons and daughters. This is the fourth generation of the Canali family. We make sure to instil within them an idea of what the company means, our values, while letting them follow their own paths in life. It's not an obligation, but a choice! We've set some strict rules for the fourth generation, so that if they decide to approach a career in the family business, they will be ready.

My advice to anyone interested in the industry? Come work with us. I'm not joking! We're well positioned to overcome and achieve anything (it's part of our history) and we want as many brilliant minds to join Canali, rather than start from scratch... Wait — you're going to print that, aren't you? 🖨️



Images from the AW20 collection
— Canali 1934 collection.
Bottom: the classic trenches that
make up such an important part
of Canali's history.



PAST IS PROLOGUE

Your boyhood dreams have finally come true: behold the Aston Martin DB5 Goldfinger Continuation, inspired by Bond and kitted out with spinning licence plates, smokescreen and 'machine gun'. It takes 4,500 hours to build each of the 25 limited-edition models, and a minute to fall in love with them...

by **tom chamberlin**

I have got myself into a bit of a corner. Over the years I have written several stories that have bemoaned the overuse of histrionic language in the luxury industry. People have taken liberties when using terms such as bespoke, artisanal, luxury, tailored, and of course the grandmaster of hyperbole, iconic. I think, because the industry is rather niche, each brand knows it has to create something that stands out among a crowd with a limited audience. They all strive to create something 'iconic' that pierces the objective materialism of what people are buying and plays with the subconscious to invigorate the part of the brain that feels joy, exhilaration, and even arousal. Comrade Castro managed it with Cohiba; Rolex managed it by, well, being Rolex; and Henry Poole did it by creating the dinner suit.

However much I try to avoid using the term 'iconic', there is a worthy recipient of it before me: the Aston Martin

DB5. It is a car that makes the aesthetically minded consider that perfection is possible. Imagine outshining James Bond, the most iconic character ever rendered on celluloid. Anyone who went to see *Skyfall* will remember the collective gasp when the car made its reappearance, a gasp replicated only when Daniel Craig first put on a dinner suit in *Casino Royale*.

So when I was given an invitation to try out Aston Martin's DB5 Goldfinger Continuation, a limited edition of 25 cars with all the gadgets from *Goldfinger*, I knew that were I to pass on it, the opportunity would never come again. Off I went to the Aston Martin Works factory in Milton Keynes.

I should say that by no means am I a petrolhead. I still don't really know what torque does, and the difference between litres of engine and number of valves is something I can explain about as cogently as FX trading. The reason I don't think that is useful in this scenario is that this car is not about unleashing one's inner boy racer — in fact, in comparison with the new DBX, a car twice its size, it is comparatively leisurely. It is about unlocking the boyhood dreams of would-be buyers who fall in love with the whole package and the fantasy it represents. Take, for instance, the gadgets. The spinning licence plates, the bulletproof shield, the water spray, smokescreen, battering ram, 'machine gun', even the enormous aerial: it's all here. They aren't going to get you in the good books of the DVLA, but, much like with Breitling's Cospas-Sarsat system in the Emergency watch, the fact it is there makes it unbearably seductive even if it can't be put to use (at least, for the Breitling users, let's hope not).

The fact this car has been made is, in itself, a miraculous feat. The initial run of the DB5 was small — just over 1,000. So, yes, a


It is a car that makes the aesthetically minded consider that perfection is possible.

new tranche of gadgeted DB5s is one thing, but the engineering required *not* to take the easy option and make it a 2020 DB5 (and, at the same time, produce something that is authentic to how it *would* have been in the sixties) is extraordinary. For example, consider the sound. Back in the day, the grumble that came through the bulkhead would have had engineers scratching their heads to try to suppress it. These days there are very few engineers who have been trained in using materials that allow sound to filter through, so they would have had to go against their better instincts to make sure the gurgling baritone engine was sufficiently noticeable. As well, take the driving experience. Power steering, ABS, traction control and roll and drift have become the preserve

of the classic car market, and, as with ambient noise, the skills that allowed for this type of engineering, especially the roll, are very difficult to achieve, not to mention expensive to pull

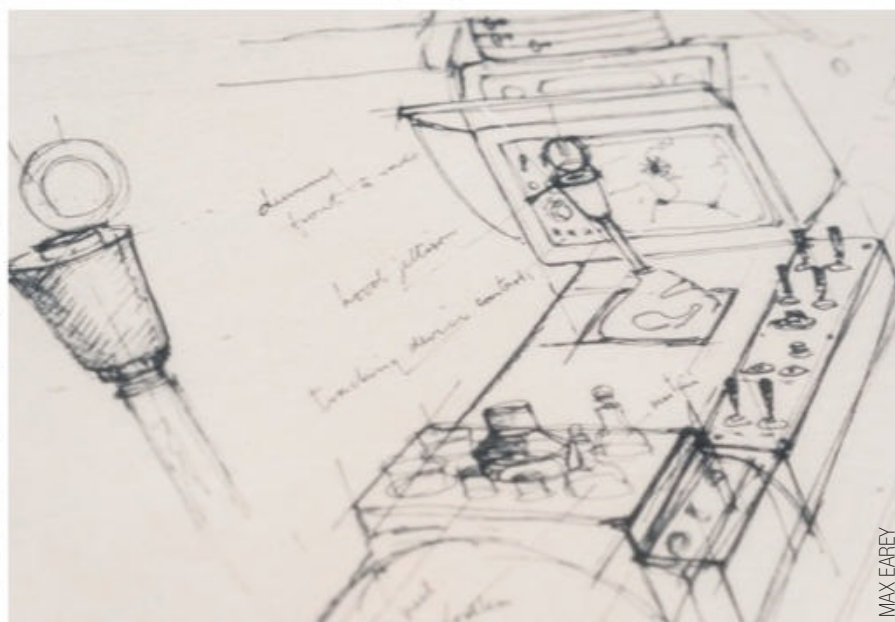
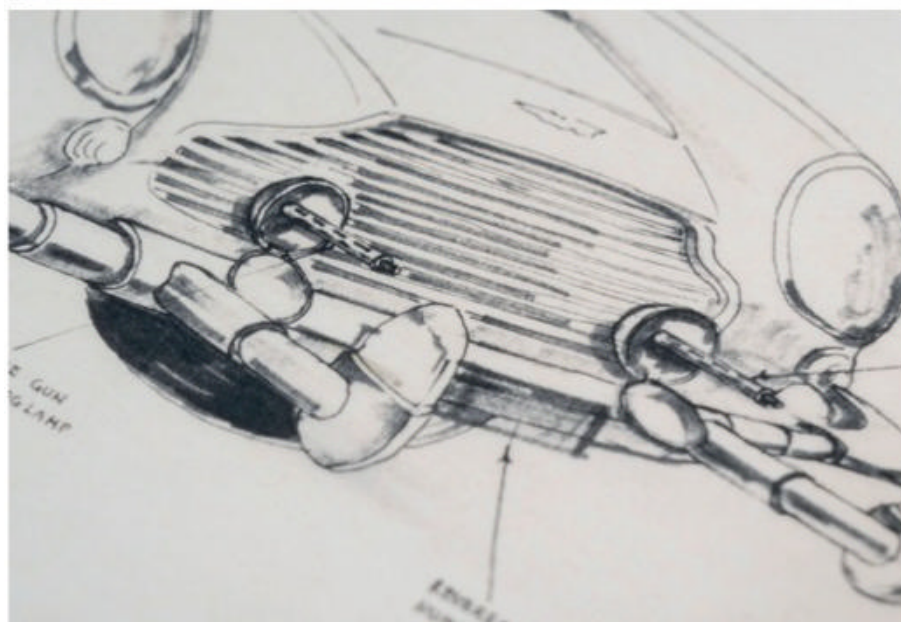
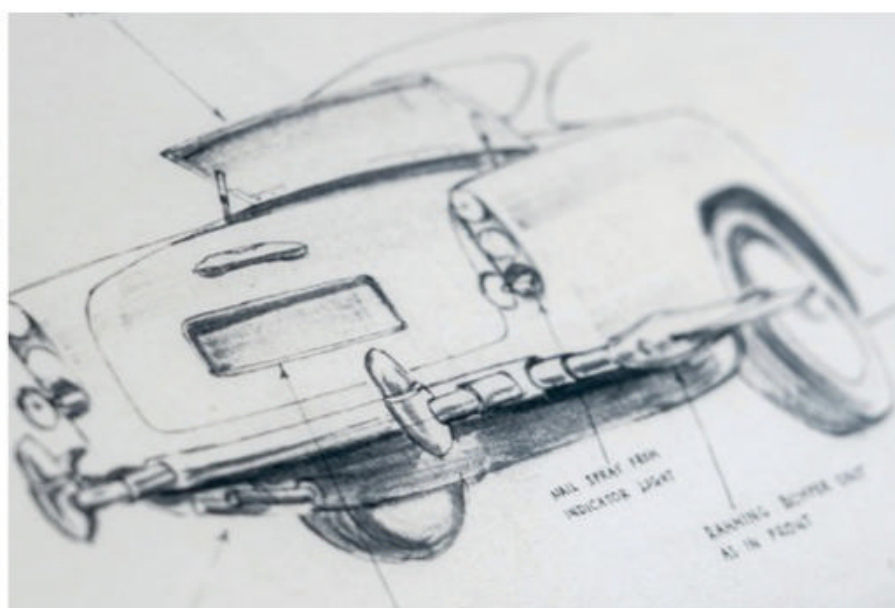
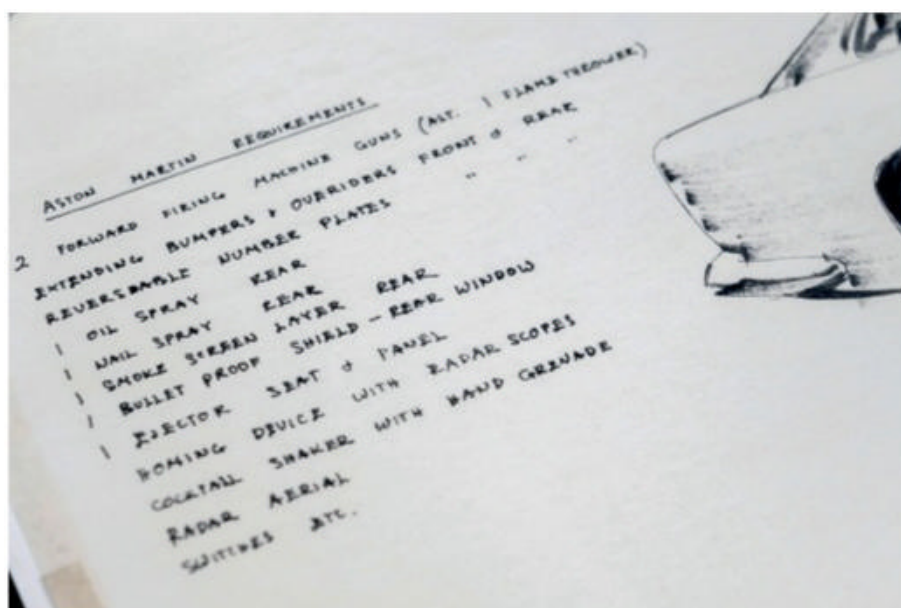
off. A lot of money could have been saved by making a modern car that merely looked like an old one, but Aston Martin's dedication to authenticity, and their reverence for the client, made sure they provided exactly the experience you'd want from the original once the ignition key is turned. In fact, to put things in a clearer context: the modern DBS takes 220 hours to build, whereas the DB5 Goldfinger Continuation comes in at a monumental 4,500 hours, with 500 of those being on the metalwork alone.

Driving this car is, like with most classic cars, intentionally analogue. It doesn't use the intuition of modern computer-managed cars, which is what the driver needs to bring to the table. The country lanes between Milton Keynes and Stoke Park in Buckinghamshire were perfect for registering the car at a leisurely trot or roaring gallop. No, it's not able to achieve the speeds of more modern cars, but the experience is not about pure speed, it's the multi-sensory experience: the smell of the engine when you pick up speed, the noise, the feel of the wooden wheel and slender gearstick, and of course the sight of one of the best-looking cars ever created. If it weren't for the price tag (£2.75m before tax), I'd have been tempted to be more gung-ho: it could definitely take it, though by the time I arrived at Stoke Park, the location of James Bond's game of golf with Goldfinger, I had definitely seen what she was made of, and it made me want more.

This is a masterstroke by Aston Martin, a brand very much looking ahead. The aforementioned DBX has given them a welcome chance to join the SUV market, and with a Formula One team on the horizon, the future is bright. With this Goldfinger Continuation, Aston Martin have shown that the past is equally luminous. And iconic? You bet. 

DASHING





Above: sketches in the design process for the Aston Martin DB5 Goldfinger Continuation.
Below: the finished product at Stoke Park.





Clockwise from top left: the central console that activates the gadgets; *The Rake's* Editor, Tom Chamberlin, having driven the car to Stoke Park, where 007 played golf against the Bond film's antagonist and eponym, Goldfinger; the cockpit with fittings that match the original; and the smokescreen in action.

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ON A WING AND A PRAYER

Biggles was the quintessential gentleman airman whose fictional escapades came to be seen as an endorsement of 20th-century imperialism. But his stories deserve to be removed from the file marked 'dated'.

RAKE
INCARNATE

by **nick scott**

The process of 'bowdlerisation' — the sanitisation/castration (depending on your viewpoint) of fictional material deemed lewd or inappropriate — is a buzzword right now, what with censorship of all kinds being high on the agenda of public debate. It's nothing new, though: in the 1950s, the first-world-war escapades of Captain James Bigglesworth, written for older adolescents, were expunged of certain adult nuances when a younger readership cottoned on to the stories' appeal.

Faced with a shattered windscreen, child-friendly Biggles would now exclaim, "My Gosh! What a mess!" References to his "drinking whisky for breakfast" after unwittingly having an affair with a German spy certainly had to go (whisky was often replaced with lemonade), as did references to smoking.

It's likely that today's bowdlerisers would make far more prolific use of their red pens, given how vividly the stories' author, Captain W. E. Johns, who went on to write more than 100 Biggles books over three-plus decades from 1932, depicted the sheer horrors of a war in which the planes were flimsy and ramshackle, the cockpits cramped, the parachutes non-existent, and the life expectancy for often teenage pilots just 18 airborne hours.

In the earlier tomes, during which our quintessential gentleman airman takes to the skies over Flanders to battle the enemy, much of the dialogue — "You dirty, unutterable, murdering swine! I'm going to kill you if it's the last thing I do on Earth" — would surely be deemed a too visceral for peacetime children's fiction editors. In another bleak chunk of narrative, traversing the blood-splattered swamps of no man's land, Biggles asserts: "I can't stand much more of this! It's giving me the creeps. I've just crawled over somebody — or something that was somebody."

Following world war I, Captain Biggles — later, Major and then Squadron Leader — is in a perpetual state of arrested development, jumping effortlessly from the cockpit of a Sopwith Camel flying over blood-soaked Flanders to that of a Spitfire contesting the Battle of Britain to that of a Hawker Hunter, even more decades later, swooping over a gold-



smuggling racket on the India-Nepal border — and all without ageing one iota.


All the while, whether battling on behalf of exploited African tribes with his brothers-in-arms Algy, Bertie and Ginger; facing up to his nemesis, the German intelligence officer Erich von Stalhein; capturing enemy observation balloons; or scuppering a Japanese plot to poison Allied pilots, Biggles is always, at the end of the day, a jolly good egg: a living embodiment of a truism throughout the 20th century that good fortune will gravitate towards those of plucky initiative, who in turn are bound to be on the right side of a just war.

Johns and his books are often written off as jingoistic, accused of harbouring now anachronistic 'Tally-ho, chaps' bravado and misty-eyed endorsements of imperialism.

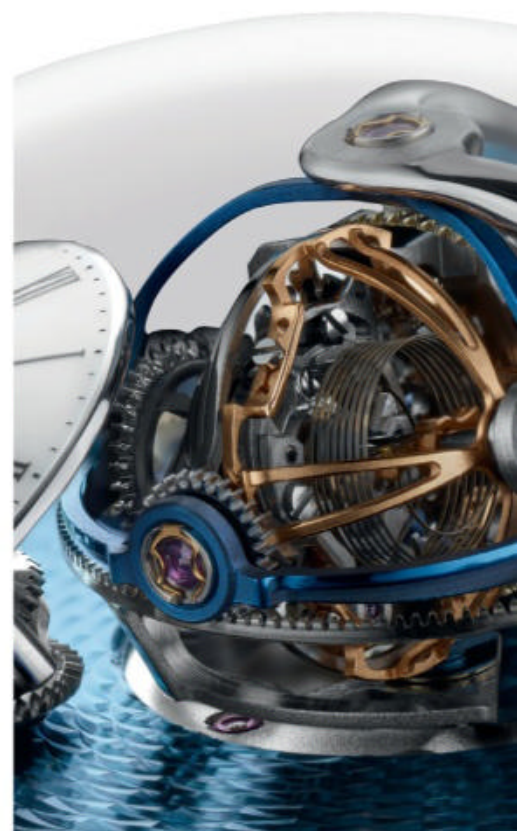
Such criticism entails a pretty brutal failure to contextualise, though, especially given that a closer look at Johns' life reveals him to be as much of a jolly good egg as his famous creation.

He was certainly a war hero. Having fought at Gallipoli and in Macedonia as a machine gunner, Johns was posted to Egypt and Greece, where, having contracted malaria, he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. Despite his first solo flight lasting just five seconds before a crash, he went on to fly bombers and was downed and captured during a raid on the German city of Mannheim and sentenced to be shot, before his fate was commuted to incarceration in a prisoner-of-war camp. His family were astounded to see him return home.

Johns was also anything but brazenly imperialistic or flippant about the horrors of war and its causes. An emphatic opponent of the appeasement of the Nazis, he described the Japanese bombing of Shanghai in 1937 as "wholesale carnage, the turning of a town into a vast slaughterhouse", and he also censured world war I generals for their role in the deaths of hundreds of thousands of "trusting lads who now lie between Calais and Kut..."

All of which goes to show: before deploring actual or fictional lives lived in a 'less enlightened' past, it always pays to examine the finer brushstrokes before tearing down the whole picture. 

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