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# contents

**14** FOUNDER'S LETTER

**16** EDITOR'S LETTER

**18** CONTRIBUTORS

## arbiter

**28** WHO IS THE RAKE?

*Hollywood legend David Niven was the Englishman abroad who couldn't believe his luck.*

**38** FOLLOW SUIT

*Peter Fleming, the brother of Bond creator Ian Fleming, deserves to be remembered on his own terms.*

**42** FOLLOW SUIT

*Where did Patrick McGeehan find the nerve to turn down the chance to play James Bond?*

**48** RAKE-IN-PROGRESS

*Greg Austin on working with Al Pacino, living with his ex-wife, and the role he's targeting for the future.*

**52** HOUND

*The Norfolk Terrier is the living embodiment of thoughtful husbandry rather than inbreeding.*

**54** CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

*However you look at it, Barbara Bach's life has riffed heavily on the Bond girl theme.*

28

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# contents

68

## atelier

### 58 INVEST

*Featuring five winners from Blancpain, Linley, Van Cleef & Arpels, Turnbull & Asser, and Charles Heidsieck.*

### 64 UNSTITCHED

*Godefroy de Virieu explains how petit h, the upcycling arm of Hermès, balances sustainability and a sense of humour.*

### 68 CUSTOM

*Jeremy Hackett's eponymous brand has opened its first bespoke tailoring house on Savile Row.*

COLLECTION

# *Fifty Fathoms*



JB  
1735

**BLANCPAIN**  
MANUFACTURE DE HAUTE HORLOGERIE

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# *contents*

**100**

## *articles*

**76** LORD OF THE DANCE

*Only a decade after Christoph Waltz won his big break, he is now surveying Hollywood from the summit.*

**90** LIVE AND LET LIVE

*The legend of James Bond has been preserved for ever in the franchise's archives. Nick Foulkes gets up close and personal.*

**100** THE ISLES OF MAN

*Britain has a reputation for stylishness and suavity that must be respected whatever the season, whatever the weather.*

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*contents*

*122*

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**122** RAKE CREATION

*If Britain has proved anything, it is that in unfamiliar territory, it rises to the challenge and adapts accordingly.*



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THE ARTISAN OF EMOTIONS - SINCE 1860

# contents

152



# compendium

## 140 TEMPORAL

*Men of all stripes come together for a preview of Audemars Piguet's [Re]Master timepiece.*

## 144 WISDOM

*David Mason has spent the past decade resuscitating the fortunes of several British labels. How has he done it?*

## 148 DELICACIES

*Havana Club have unveiled a luxury collection that honours three generations of Cuban rum 'maestros'.*

## 152 DASHING

*Coldplay guitarist Guy Berryman reveals his passion for collecting and restoring vintage cars.*

## 160 RAKE INCARNATE

*Bond's nemesis Blofeld was inspired by a real-life villain. We also need to talk about those collars...*



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# Letter from the Founder

I have to admit I got it wrong. When the outbreak of Covid-19 was first announced, I thought, in a cavalier way, that it would be limited to Asia, that it was primarily an issue that had affected China and was being contained there, and that people were being unnecessarily alarmist and even a little chickenshit about it. With unrestrained abandon I continued to indulge in my favourite group activities, from spin class to negroni swilling, ever confident that my seething pool of rage combined with high-intensity exercise — and fuelled by an endless supply of alcohol — would be enough to combat and kill any virus that might dare cross my path. I realise now how blithely stupid I was to perceive things this way. Even a week before writing this note, I was up to my old bar-hopping ways and eating Asian tapas huddled shoulder to shoulder in Kiln in London's Soho as I (and those around me) partied while the Vesuvius of high contagion was erupting. I went from city to city — first Miami, then New York, then London — only mildly irritated that my trip to Milan, Perugia and Naples had been put on hold because some random instance of the disease had been detected in Lombardy or Milan during, of all things, fashion week. I chuckled along with people who laughed in the face of the mounting crisis and, in particular, at those who were so timid as to feel they needed to wear face masks.

What a difference a week makes. We are now enduring a global pandemic the likes of which the modern world has never seen. China and Italy have been devastated by the spread of the coronavirus, and as I write there have been more than 350,000 cases globally and more than 15,000 deaths. I've seen New York, the city that never sleeps, the greatest metropolis in the world, the beloved place of my birth, turn into a ghost town overnight. I've seen strong, decisive action taken to control the spread of the disease, in particular to ensure healthcare systems are not overwhelmed — in Singapore, for instance — and I've seen some responses that I now understand were woefully misplaced, such as the idea of 'herd immunity', in which it is accepted that the majority of a country's population will become infected. The problem with this concept is that as cases mount, a healthcare system quickly becomes overwhelmed, which eventually means hospitals have to enact triage procedures that leaves them treating those deemed most likely to survive while other sufferers — predominantly older people — are left to perish. Which is extremely fucked up. If I've had anything to do with spreading the idea of irresponsible invincibility, I need to apologise for it and say that I was wrong. What everyone has needed to do for some time has been to observe social distancing guidelines, the easiest of which is to simply stay at home and interact with as few people as possible.

That, however, does not mean that you should sit around moping and imagining an *Old Testament*-like apocalypse is around the corner. Because it isn't. We will get through this, just like we've gotten through everything else.

While we do, we should be trying to spread some positivity — see

the way Paul Feig, the film director and a friend of mine, has been live-streaming from home his black-tie cocktail sessions, which involve martini- and negroni-making as well as impromptu dance lessons (I've been waiting for him to bust out the mambo). It also doesn't mean you can't enjoy yourself, and those evangelists who are urging everyone to give up booze at a time like this can blow it out of their highfalutin asses. If people are enjoying drinking and posting their negronis with the amusing hashtag #negronisagainstcovid19, so be it. If they feel like experimenting with the various forms of bitters and vermouths — I never realised there were so many — to create the holy-motherfucking-grail of negronis, so be it. If motherfuckers want to sit around smoking Cohiba Behikes and vintage Cuban Davidoffs from every orifice in their bodies, so be it, because it is important to keep joy going in the world. I'm personally taking a hiatus from my normal Charles Bukowski-levels of boozing because I am not able to run, which otherwise helps me offset both my hangovers and my proclivity towards depression. Instead I've derived all manner of pleasure from taking out my different timepieces and marvelling at their alchemic intersection of science and magic — I mean, considering that time comes down to a spring, an escapement and a tiny oscillating wheel, it is incredible that these things work at all. The fact they do so with unfailing accuracy blows my mind, and has provided me with an amazing sense of (forgive the pun) escapement. I'm pleased to say that watches are just as mesmerising even when I'm not heavily on the sauce.

As well, I've received my latest Cifonelli bespoke suit, which features a new, ultra-soft drapery construction inspired by eighties Armani — it has provided me with a great deal of entertainment as I've sauntered around the house in it. I've even begun to re-read books that have helped shape my life, such as Steven Pressfield's *Gates of Fire*, about the 300 Spartans at Thermopylae. And in order to be able to still fit into the aforementioned bespoke suit at the end of my mandatory 14-day quarantine for Singaporeans returning from the U.K. — yes, Dolores, they track you using a chip implanted in your head — I've taken to learning all manner of *Cape Fear* bodyweight prison-cell exercises that I have to say are remarkably effective. Doing burpees until you feel like passing out or vomiting, or both, is one technique.

In the meantime, my magazines and websites — *The Rake*, which is dedicated to classic elegance, and *Revolution*, which is dedicated to watches — will continue to support our beloved brand partners. To them I would like to say that we love you — we are here to stand by you and support you! We love you, Italy; we love you, Switzerland. And for that matter we love you, Hubei, and we love you, New York City. We will get through this like the bad muthafuckas we are. Stay strong and stay safe.

—Wei Koh, Founder & Editorial Director  
@wei\_koh\_revolution

# RICHARD MILLE



CALIBER RM 67-01



## Letter from the Editor

**G**oldenEye was the first Bond movie I saw at its release. I was beneath the age threshold that the British Board of Film Classification deemed appropriate for viewing — too naïve and public-schooled to understand the pun ‘Onatopp’ — but it was riveting stuff. I was sold on the Bond idea, the suavity, the sophistication, the shooting; a gentleman assassin was right up my alley. In fact, one of the great disappointments of my life was finding out that being a spy is plenty dull and requires all the sacrifice of 007 but with less of the sex and gadgetry.

While Pierce Brosnan’s tie straightening during the Saint Petersburg tank chase in *GoldenEye* primed my love of James Bond, *Casino Royale* played a direct role in my route to *The Rake*. One scene in particular was important, in which Daniel Craig — who reprises the role in the next instalment, *No Time to Die* — stepped into frame wearing the dinner jacket that Eva Green’s Vespa Lynd had had made for him: the low buttoning on the jacket, the natural shoulder with the pronounced roping, the fly-fronted dress shirt, the exquisite shape around the waist. It was the first time I had heard a cinema audience gasp. It was my *colpo di fulmine*, and while I can’t say for sure whether Daniel Craig’s Bond has quite lived up to the sartorial hype, my dream of people gasping when I wear something tailored endures.

This issue is a love letter to the sense of enchantment that Bond casts over its audience, from the characters in the novel immortalised on screen (by men who are now some of the most recognisable in the world) to the etched-in-your-brain ostinato of Monty Norman’s theme tune. It has been made manifest with nifty editorial serendipity, such as the fact that a relative of Ian Fleming stars in our main fashion shoot (page 100) and the exclusive access to the Bond archives that Nick Foulkes was granted to take a closer look at various historic pieces in conversation with Meg Simmonds, the Archive Director of Eon, the British company that produces the Bond movies. Those archives include the *actual* golden gun, the Fabergé egg from *Octopussy*, and the last remaining gold bullion from *Goldfinger*.

Of course, for this issue our cover star represents the most notable association with the Bond universe. In 2009, six months after *The Rake* burst on to the scene with a mission to prove that men get better with age, an actor entered the cultural conscience at the tender age of 53, proving our point with Oscar-winning aplomb. Christoph Waltz’s Hans Landa was the polyglot Nazi anti-hero that the world didn’t know it needed. His casting as Ernst Stavro Blofeld in *Spectre*, and again in *No Time to Die*, was an iconic incarnation by an iconic actor who is now an iconic cover for the magazine. Christian Barker, *The Rake*’s Editor-at-Large, examines the character of Blofeld in the Rake Incarnate column (page 160).

Elsewhere, we held a dinner with Audemars Piguet to get a preview of their new [Re]Master watch. It was a night that mixed horological glory and gastronomic histrionics from both the brand and the irrepressible Luca Dusi and Mo Coppoletta at AP House, London.

I had the immense privilege of being the first to write about the new bespoke offering at J.P. Hackett, the latest inductee to the grand institution that is Savile Row. The Head Cutter, Juan Carlos Benito, is known for his finishing, so it was a perfect opportunity to have a crisp summer suit made. See how the process unfolded on page 68.

The original timing of James Bond’s return to our screens — April — couldn’t have been better. The malevolent ambiguity of the coronavirus, the dark miasma of the Middle East, the lure of revolutionary ideas for troubling times (as if that’s ever been a viable solution)... Something recurrent, familiar, exciting and transportive like James Bond is bound to bring catharsis to all of us awaiting the latest fix of our favourite hero. With the news that the release of *No Time to Die* has been delayed to November, we hope this issue of *The Rake* will provide Bond fans with some sustenance in the meantime. Remember, it will be all right in the end, and if it’s not all right, it’s not the end.

— Tom Chamberlin, Editor  
@tfchamberlin



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# Contributors

Brian Bowen Smith was born and raised in New York, and he became a professional photographer by a less than traditional route. After catching the eye of Herb Ritts while performing as a pro athlete in a print campaign, the legendary photographer became a friend and mentor, helping Brian find his personal photographic style. Brian has been working steadily ever since, shooting for countless publications

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

Tomo Brejc became interested in photography in early childhood, and has remained intimate with the medium ever since. Based in London, Tomo shoots for fashion magazines such as *Esquire*, *Big Black Book*, *GQ* U.K., *GQ* France, *GQ Style*, *Harper's Bazaar* U.K., *L'Officiel Hommes Italia*, *Mr Porter*, and *L'Uomo Vogue*, among others. He has shot actors including Christoph Waltz, Benedict Cumberbatch,

Ed Cumming is a T.V. and restaurant critic for *The Independent* and a freelance features writer. He contributes to *The Guardian*, *The Observer*, the *Telegraph*, *The Sunday Times*, and various magazines. Between 2014 and 2016 he was commissioning editor at the *Observer Magazine*, and before that he was the deputy gardening and property editor at *The Daily Telegraph*, an unusual job for a 23-year-old



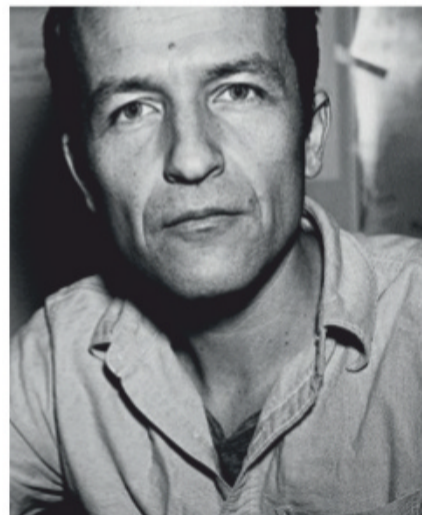
**BRIAN BOWEN SMITH**

and commercial clients, as well as publishing two books and focusing heavily on his fine art photography. When Brian's not shooting you will find him surfing, snowboarding or riding his motorcycle. He lives in Los Angeles with his wife and young son. This is the first time Brian and *The Rake* have worked together, and he spent it with us in L.A. shooting our cover star, Christoph Waltz.



**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." Find Nick's interview with our cover subject, Christoph Waltz, on page 76.



**TOMO BREJC**

Kit Harington, Tom Hiddleston, Miles Teller and Sam Claflin, and musicians such as Tinie Tempah and Labrinth. Having added *The Rake* to his C.V. with cover shoots of Stanley Tucci and Samuel L. Jackson, Tomo in this issue executes a stunning fashion shoot at London's Corinthia Hotel and on the River Thames (page 100).



**ED CUMMING**

lifelong Londoner. Recently he has written about Russian food, the easiest trek in Nepal, James Blunt, and the joys of slow cricket. He has worn a version of the same outfit every day, more or less, for the past six years. For this issue's Rake-in-Progress column, he interviewed the actor Greg Austin, who stars in *Hunters*, Amazon's new epic (page 48).



Cover photographer **brian bowen smith**  
fashion direction **grace gilfeather**

Burgundy silk and wool single-breasted suit, **Ermenegildo Zegna**; teal brushed cotton shirt and red and silver silk diamond tie, both **Emma Willis**; orange and blue silk peacock pocket-square, **New & Lingwood**.



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*The Rake* is published six times a year by The Rake Pte Ltd.  
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MCI (P) 116/01/2019 PPS 1830/03/2014(025559) ISSN: 1793-7914

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BACH'S PASSION.





# THE LOVELIEST JOKE

*In an extraordinary career that spanned 50 years and nearly 100 movies, David Niven had ample opportunity to become who he was: the Englishman abroad. Still, you got the impression that he couldn't believe his luck.*

by **stuart husband**

---

One bright, balmy Hollywood morning in the mid 1930s, David Niven presented himself at Stage 29, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for a screen test, “made up like a Piccadilly tart” and feeling ridiculous. When his turn came, he recited — “out of my panic” — an old schoolboy limerick featuring an old man of Leeds who swallowed a packet of seeds, with unfortunate foliage-bearing results for his nether regions. It wasn't exactly a *Hamlet* soliloquy, but Hollywood had a vacancy for a stiff-upper-lipped Brit — the society hostess Elsa Maxwell had urged Niven westward, saying “nobody out there knows how to speak English, except Ronald Colman” — and a few weeks later, Niven was enrolled at Central Casting as “Anglo-Saxon Type No.2008”.

It was a billing that Niven more than lived up to over three decades in Hollywood, playing, as he put it, “officers, dukes and crooks” in such films as *The Charge of the Light Brigade* (1936), *Wuthering Heights* (1939), and 1956's *Around the World in 80 Days*. His clipped vowels, pencil moustache, military bearing (he'd spent three years in the Highland Light Infantry) and slightly sardonic air made him the archetypal Englishman abroad, an outsider at the heart of the studio system, incredulous not only at his profession — “it's just playing children's games in front of the grown-ups,” he remarked in a 1972 interview — but also at counting the likes of Errol Flynn and Humphrey Bogart among his best friends. When he won the best actor Oscar for *Separate Tables* in 1958, he announced, on reaching the podium, that he was “loaded with lucky charms”, though any casual onlooker of his career would have noted the British mix of chutzpah and winging it that, with the requisite dollop of good fortune, had got him there.

Niven was born in Belgravia in 1910; his father, an army reserve lieutenant of Scottish descent, was to die five years later at Gallipoli. “I had not seen him much, except when I was brought down to be shown off before arriving dinner guests or departing fox hunting companions,” Niven later wrote in his bestselling memoir *The Moon's a Balloon*. His mother, of French descent, was “very beautiful, very musical, very sad, and lived on cloud nine”. Widowed and cash-strapped, she married the Tory

MP Sir Thomas Comyn-Platt, who rattled his cufflinks at Niven “when I made an eating error at mealtime”, thus inaugurating his lifelong habit of cock-snooking at authority figures, be they chilly stepfathers, sadistic sergeant-majors or boorish studio heads.

Young Niven bounced from school to school, a “self-appointed jester to the upper classes”. Provided with a “grubby little garret” at the heart of St. James's, he lost his virginity at 14 to a prostitute called Nessie, who had ‘rooms’ in Cork Street. (She helpfully provided him with a book of pornographic photos before taking him in hand.) He eventually washed up at Sandhurst. “It was never pleasant to be treated like mud,” he wrote, “but Sandhurst, at least, did it with style.” His subsequent three years

in the Highland Light Infantry were spent mostly in Malta. He rose to 1st lieutenant, but had little to do but burnish his handicap at the Marsa Polo Club, which he described as “mounted suburbia”. By

**“It was never pleasant to be treated like mud,” Niven wrote, “but Sandhurst, at least, did it with style.”**

now there were major diversions: a friendship with the actress Ann Todd had led to his becoming “incurably stage-struck”, and he'd also discovered girls: “I had a heart like a hotel, with every room booked.” His frustration with the army boiled over when he insulted a visiting major-general, and he resigned his commission, rather than face a court martial, in 1932.

The epithet ‘dashing’ could have been coined for Niven — he looked as if he'd been born in a dinner jacket — and he once said that, if 30 people in a room loved him while one person found him eminently resistible, he would make a beeline for the hold-out until they were comprehensively conquered. He now worked his connections, sailing off to New York and trying his hand as a wholesale liquor salesman and promoter of a rodeo-equestrian show (both hobbled by local mafias) before taking Elsa Maxwell's advice and moving to California, where he took a room in Loretta Young's mother's house. Young smuggled him into the Fox studio under a rug on the floor of her limousine, and he was instantly smitten: “It was a dream world. I just gaped and gaped and wondered if I could be a part of it.”

It took time, including an abortive (and hair-raising) audition before an imperially frosty Mae West (four decades



WHO IS  
THE RAKE

David Niven  
photographed  
in 1960.



Left to right: Niven with a child actor in 1947; with first wife Primula Susan Rollo on their wedding day; film posters for *Bachelor Mother* (1939) and *A Matter of Life and Death* (1946).



later she would relent, declaring, “Niven has charm where other men only have cologne”), but Niven took director Frank Goulding’s advice — “just be yourself” — and when the legendary Samuel Goldwyn saw Niven’s scabrous screen test, he signed him to a seven-year contract with a starting salary of \$100 a week, a small fortune in the mid thirties. Niven, typically, celebrated by joining the Hollywood Cricket Club.

He’d arrived at the height of Hollywood’s Golden Age. The studio system cranked out star vehicles for its demi-gods and goddesses, and their publicity corps struck sweetheart deals to keep the gossip columnists at bay. Niven graduated to starring roles in the likes of 1939’s *Bachelor Mother* (with Ginger Rogers) and *Raffles*, while his memoirs are filled with carousing (“I made the rounds of Chasen’s... visited two German lesbians in Encino...”), yachting excursions (“We sailed over to Catalina Island and dropped anchor in Cherry Cove... Frank Sinatra moored alongside us and sang all night”), and playdates at San Simeon, William Randolph Hearst’s fantasy castle, “where I often slept in Richelieu’s bed”. He and his *Charge of the Light Brigade* co-star, Errol Flynn, set up a “bachelor establishment” at 601 North Linden Drive in Beverly Hills, rented from Rosalind Russell, where they would smoke the plentiful supply of kif that Flynn had brought back with him from a North Africa trip. Flynn, as Niven wrote in his sophomore

**Niven would prepare to entertain the ladies by applying “just a pinch” of cocaine to the end of his penis.**

memoir, *Bring on the Empty Horses*, would prepare to entertain the ladies by applying “just a pinch” of cocaine to the end of his penis. Later, Niven would rent a Santa Monica beach house from Hearst’s mistress Marion Davies, where the roistering reached such a pitch that Carole Lombard and Cary Grant christened the place “Cirrhosis by the Sea”. (The naming may have had a pejorative ring for the slightly starchy Grant, whom Niven called

“the perfectionist... the first day he walked into my house he straightened the pictures and promised he could cure my liking for Scotch whisky by hypnotising me”).

This idyll was rudely interrupted by what Niven called “the latest intercontinental lunacy”, and he returned home the day after Britain declared war on Germany in 1939 to enlist, the only Hollywood Brit to do so. Told that, at 29, he was too old for the RAF, he ended up as lieutenant-colonel in a commando squadron known as Phantom, which participated in raids on Guernsey and Dieppe. He remained tight-lipped about his service, though it’s alleged that he urged his men into action by exhorting: “Look, you chaps only have to do this once, but I’ll have to do it all over again in Hollywood with Errol Flynn!” He encountered Churchill over dinner at Ditchley Park (Churchill harrumphed: “You did a fine thing to give up a most promising career to fight... mark you, had you not done so, it would have been despicable!”), and Ian Fleming, a fellow member



Clockwise from top left: Niven escorts Lynne Frederick, the widow of Peter Sellers, from his memorial service (1980); with wife Hjördis Tersmeden in 1954; with the cast of *Vampira* (1974); with Tersmeden in 1971; with the cast of *Ask Any Girl* (1959); having received his Oscar (1959); with Doris Day on the set of *Please Don't Eat The Daisies* (1960); with Tersmeden at Café de Paris, 1974.



Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn,  
David Niven and company at  
the premiere of *Dawn Patrol*.



ALAMY

WHO IS  
THE RAKE



Clockwise from top left: Niven trying archery, circa 1947; in 1951; as A.J. Raffles in *Raffles* (1939); with his wife Hjördis Tersmeden and daughter in their swimming pool, 1964; in 1971; film posters for *The Pink Panther* (1963); and *Casino Royale* (1967); with Roger Moore, Gregory Peck and Trevor Howard in 1979.



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WHO IS THE RAKE

Left to right: Niven with Tersmeden and their daughter at home in 1964; film posters for *Around the World in 80 Days* (1956) and *Bedtime Story* (1964).

of Booodle's, then "stuck in Naval Intelligence" (Niven would later be Fleming's first choice for James Bond, but would play him only in the misfire-spoof *Casino Royale*). He also met an "utterly gorgeous" WAAF named Primula Rollo, and they married after a wartime-whirlwind 10-day courtship. Following the Normandy campaign, Niven found himself in a liberated Paris, free-wheeling down the Champs-Élysées on a borrowed bicycle "to the admiring plaudits of the crowd", but later, crossing the Rhine at Wessel and seeing Germany's devastation, he was "unable to raise the glimmer of a gloat".

On his post-war return to Hollywood, Niven did some of his best work, as the airman caught in spiritual limbo in Powell and Pressburger's *A Matter of Life and Death* (1946) and the playboy on his uppers in 1958's *Bonjour Tristesse*. His polish was now imbued with a ruefulness informed not only by his wartime experiences but also by personal tragedy: after bearing him two sons, Primula had died aged 28 in a bizarre accident at Tyrone Power's house, when she fell down some cellar steps during a game of hide and seek. A couple of years later, however, Niven met the Swedish model Hjärdis Tersmeden when he found her occupying his chair on the set of *Bonnie Prince Charlie*. "The French have the right phrase for it," he wrote of their encounter: "*coup de foudre*." They were married in the seemingly statutory 10 days, and moved into the Pink House, an ocean-view pile next door to Douglas Fairbanks.

**After the war, crossing the Rhine and seeing Germany's devastation, he was "unable to raise the glimmer of a gloat".**

Though more box-office successes would come — chiefly *Around the World in 80 Days* and *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* (1960), where he played opposite Doris Day — Niven found his brand of breezy urbanity increasingly out of step with a Hollywood pivoting toward gritty realism (it's telling that, when working with Marlon Brando on a dud called *Bedtime Story* in the early sixties, Niven characterised his incendiary co-star as "the biggest giggler out there"). "The lovely joke was over," he wrote, as the family — by now also including two adopted girls — decamped to Europe in the early sixties, settling first in Switzerland and then moving into "an old monstrosity" on Cap Ferrat, where, inevitably, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace would stop by to "eat sardines by candlelight".

Niven would continue to do star turns in the likes of *Death on the Nile* and *The Pink Panther*, but he was most in demand on the chat show circuit, where he liked to refer to himself as "a displaced Cary Grant" and would rattle off many of the (often heavily embroidered) anecdotes he'd burnished in his memoirs, eyebrows arched and self-deprecatory twinkle intact. "Has anyone ever been more British than David Niven?" asked one of the obituarists on his death, from Lou Gehrig's disease, in 1983. As the personification of unflappability under fire — whether in the trenches or among Hollywood's fleshpots — the answer was surely a resounding no. ■



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# BLOOD BOND

*Peter Fleming was a law unto himself, according to his more regarded younger brother Ian. Indeed, Fleming the elder — a dashing adventurer, author and spy — deserves to be remembered on his own terms.*

by **james medd**

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Of the many unlikely stories surrounding Peter Fleming, the least credible is that he is now most famous for inspiring his brother Ian. It seems certain that this adventurer, spy and bestselling author, a man with the mind of a scholar, the charm of an international playboy and the looks (and wife) of a matinee idol, was one of the chief models for Ian Fleming's James Bond. But that, for all the glory it brings, is very far from the epitaph he deserves.

The first of those unlikely stories, and the one that kickstarted his wildly eccentric career, came in April 1932, when, as a 25-year-old journalist, he saw an advertisement in *The Times*. "Exploring and sporting expedition," it read, "under experienced guidance, leaving England June, to explore rivers Central Brazil, if possible ascertain fate Colonel Fawcett; abundance game, big and small; exceptional fishing; ROOM TWO MORE GUNS; highest references expected and given."

Colonel Fawcett was the explorer who had disappeared into the Amazon rainforest seven years before, muttering about having found what he called the Lost City of Z. This attempt to retrieve him was to prove no more successful, but that didn't seem to concern Peter Fleming. Having recruited an old school friend, Roger Pettiward, after a chance encounter on a London street, he found himself on what he would later describe as a "wild goose chase", one led by a very mad goose indeed. Arriving in São Paulo, they quickly realised the expedition's South American liaison, 'Major Pingle', was as unreliable and inexperienced as he was unmotivated, and the group quickly fell apart. When Pingle decided to turn

back, Fleming and Pettiward led a splinter group until their companions dropped out with severe foot infections, and they were forced to race their expedition leader home to ensure they could tell their side of the story first.

As an expedition it was a disaster, and not even a glorious one. But Fleming, with the same nonchalance with which he had undertaken the job in the first place, converted it to a triumph with an account published the following year as *Brazilian Adventure*. With irony and self-effacement, he told the story as bar-room anecdote rather than Great

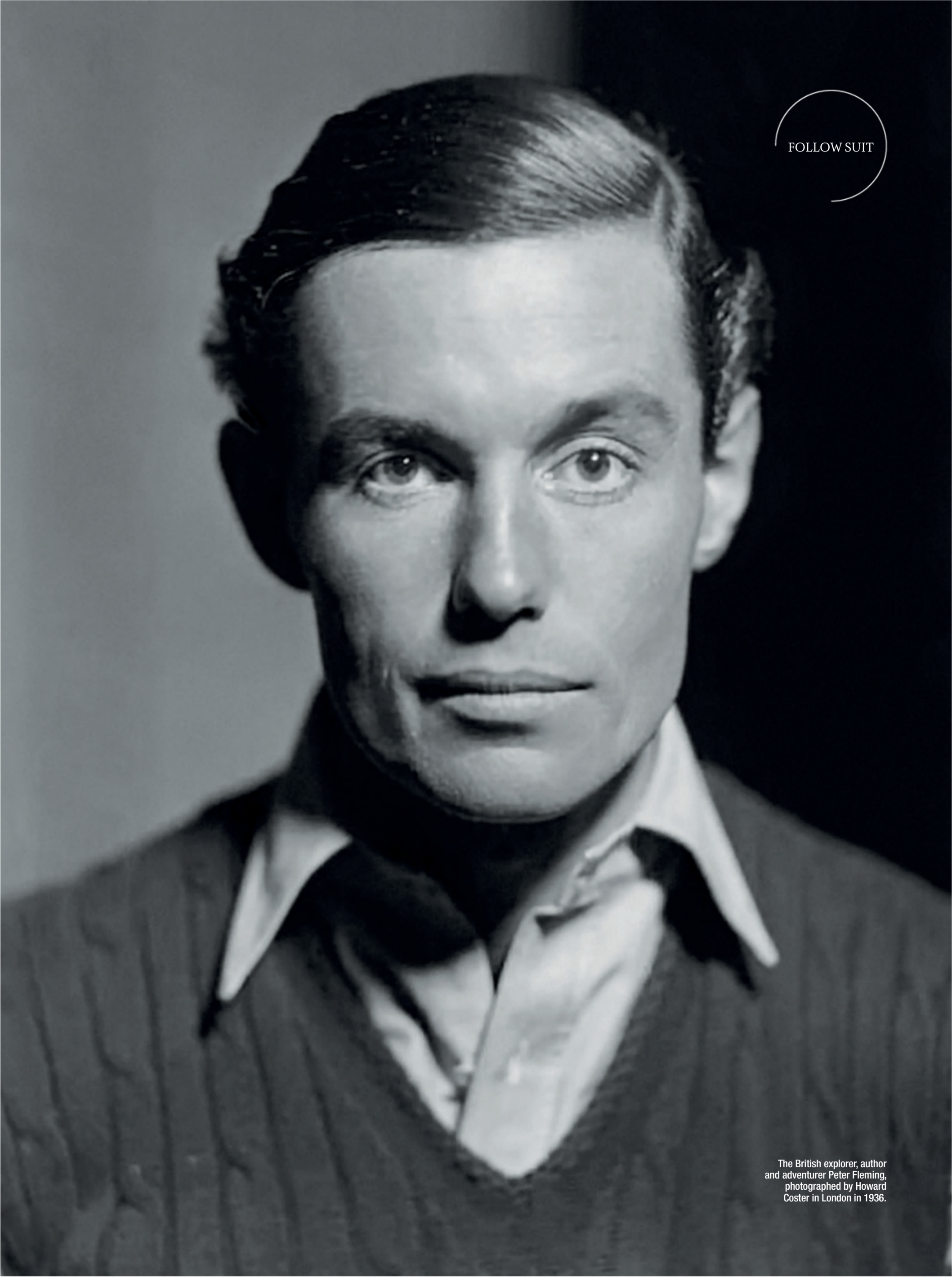
Adventure, purposely setting himself against the current heroic style of travel writing, "the alligators, the snakes, the man-eating fish, the lurking savages, those dreadful insects — all the

paraphernalia of tropical mumbo-jumbo", and admitting upfront that "nothing of importance was achieved".

Having at a stroke invented a new style, Fleming took off for more adventures and more books. He travelled across Russia by train to Beijing via such redolently named destinations as Samarkand, Tashkent and the Caspian. Then, with the Swiss adventurer Ella Maillart, he headed from Beijing to Srinagar, passing through scorched deserts and frozen mountain passes. These were recorded in *One's Company* (1934) and *News from Tartary* (1936), delivered with the same self-effacement and aristocratic insouciance as his first work. The preface to the first noted that, while Chinese civilisation had covered 4,000 years, "the author of this book is twenty-six years old. He has spent, altogether, about seven months in China. He does not speak Chinese."

***“Those dreadful insects — all the paraphernalia of tropical mumbo-jumbo... Nothing of importance was achieved.”***

FOLLOW SUIT



The British explorer, author and adventurer Peter Fleming, photographed by Howard Coster in London in 1936.



Peter Fleming with his wife, the actress Celia Johnson, and their daughter Lucy in 1955.

Fleming's writing was praised by J.B. Priestley and compared by Vita Sackville-West to "the pleasure of meeting an Elizabethan spirit allied to a modern mind", but it was very much not what had been intended for a young man that the writer Mark Amory, a family friend, later supposed was "just about the most promising in the country". Having excelled at Eton and then graduated with a first from Christ Church, Oxford, Fleming rejected the safe berth of the family merchant bank, Robert Fleming & Co., for the post of deputy literary editor at *The Spectator*, for whom he continued to write, alongside *The Times*, for most of his life. He was a natural free-thinker — a "law unto himself", in the words of his younger brother. Ian, it seems, worshipped him, though there was barely a year between them. Fleming Jr. was an excellent athlete, but he couldn't compete with the elder's brains, looks or charm.

These qualities won Peter not only the admiration of all who met him but also one of the leading actresses of his time, Celia Johnson, the Oscar-nominated star of *Brief Encounter* and *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*. They married in 1935, four years before the outbreak of war separated them for another six. Fleming's military service was characterised by the same combination of heroism and absurdity seen in his travel adventures. He was recruited in 1939 by Military Intelligence, and despatched to occupied Norway to prepare for the arrival of British commandos. Returning to Britain in April 1940, he moved to southern England, where he took charge of the Local Defence Volunteer scheme, a prototype Home Guard that he envisaged as a sabotage team, to be armed with bows and arrows, Molotov cocktails and booby traps.

He was soon in Palestine, after which he and a small unit smuggled themselves into Greece with explosives, submachine guns and a supply of gold to halt the German advance. Though they managed to destroy a goods yard with a commandeered steam engine and to blow up several buses, Fleming was

forced to leave the country by boat under fire from three German planes, his mission a failure. He had more luck with his next appointment, in India, where he was placed in charge of military deception, his task to persuade the Japanese that British forces in the area were more numerous and better organised than they really were. Highlights included a faked car crash, a backpack of faked secret documents falling from a plane, and a carrier pigeon with a vital message that just happened to die on the border of China and Burma.

When peace came, Fleming promptly retired to his estate in Oxfordshire, and took up life as squire of Nettlebed. This largely involved seeing to the upkeep of the farm and woods, but he also continued to write. Of particular note was his 1952 novel, *The Sixth Column*. Dedicated to his brother Ian,

**Peter's 1952 novel, *The Sixth Column*, was a tale of espionage that predated the first Bond novel by a year.**

it was a tale of espionage that predated the first Bond novel, *Casino Royale*, by a year — the latter accepted by Peter's publishers, Jonathan Cape, only after persuasion from the protective older

brother. It proved a one-off, however, and Peter re-dedicated himself to non-fiction with a series of well-received history books that again benefited from his brisk, easygoing style and past experiences. His 1957 account of German plans to attack Britain, *Invasion 1940*, was followed by accounts of the Boxer Rebellion and the 1904 British invasion of Tibet and a biography of Russian leader Admiral Kolchak.

This last volume was published in 1963, a year before Ian Fleming's sudden death by heart attack, and eight before his own from the same cause. The retired adventurer was on a shooting holiday in Scotland at the time, and was brought home to be buried in his village churchyard. His gravestone read: "He travelled widely in far places; wrote, and was widely read; soldiered, saw some of danger's faces; came home to Nettlebed." Written by his own hand, it is laden with his characteristic understatement but is at least close to a suitable epitaph for a life that was very much more than a footnote. ■

## MR. NO

The late Irish-American actor Patrick McGoohan turned down the chance to play James Bond not once but three times. Where did he find the nerve?

by **frédéric brun**

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“James Bond and I have nothing in common. Both men are secret agents, but that’s as far as it goes.” So said Patrick McGoohan while playing the international spy John Drake in the successful British television series *Danger Man* (*Secret Agent* in the U.S.) from 1960 to 1968. McGoohan turned down the opportunity to play Bond in *Dr. No* after three approaches. As he once said to me, he considered Bond an anti-hero who could exist only on the basis of violence and promiscuous sex, with his ability limited to choosing a wine and wearing a suit well. So McGoohan found it easy to justify his refusal. “I just didn’t care to do it, and I have no regrets,” he said.

It was quite a refreshing point of view. “I was offered the part of the Saint before Roger Moore got it,” McGoohan added. “The producers wanted me to carry a gun and have an affair with a different girl every week. But I refused doing *The Saint* for just that very reason.” He is proud to have done something different with the part of John Drake: “I am self-conscious and remote, and I don’t like violence. You will notice that Drake always fences around violence. He is not an anti-hero like Bond. Drake really is a good guy. And that is why — if you can imagine it — Drake would always beat Bond in a fight. Mind you, this is not to say anything against Sean Connery. I’m just attacking something that is the opposite to [the] many ideals Drake symbolises.”

How could he have criticised a gentleman who was sharing the same tailor as him? While most of the suits and dresses of the T.V. shows were supplied by the Fashion House Group of London, McGoohan’s personal suits in *Danger Man* came from the renowned tailor Anthony Sinclair. Some fine observers may have noticed that McGoohan’s suits had a similar cut to Bond’s suits: a button-two jacket with flap pockets, four buttons on the cuffs and a single vent, with natural shoulders, roped sleeveheads, a draped chest and a gently suppressed waist. The trousers have double forward pleats and turn-ups. In subsequent appearances, John Drake occasionally wears a matching six-button waistcoat, with five to button — pretty similar to 007’s attire in *Goldfinger*. Indeed, Patrick McGoohan knew well what he was doing, portraying a spy in his own way.

While I was researching my book on Cary Grant, McGoohan told me about the pleasure he had in imagining the little electronic gadgets Drake would use, and taking inspiration from everyday objects. Also, he carefully selected his hats. “If you want to get ahead, get a hat,” he said. He wore some headgear for one episode of *Danger Man*, and he continued to wear hats thereafter. They came from one humble store, not from a ritzier hatter. It was a symbolic down-to-earth touch — as with his dress, distinctive without being implausibly obtrusive. So hats became the most idiosyncratic part of the Drake image, with a range of modish, narrow-brimmed trilbies, most notably one pork-pie in dark straw and some trilbies in vinyl, leather or houndstooth, which complemented a similarly checked overcoat he wore with only the last button fastened.

The rest of Drake’s outfits were characterised by their practicality, with some stylish checked sports jackets (always well cut, as Drake was an important agent and not just an underpaid military man, such as Harry Palmer in his poor old tweed jacket), striped blazers, fleece reefer and suede bomber jackets. Drake is a man of the moment, with an international modern silhouette, who uses light fabrics for his travel suits, not some heavy flannels as might a conservative figure of the old empire.

McGoohan looked immaculately masculine, with an attractive yet unpredictable presence. He practised squash and weightlifting regularly, and was known outside work for his discreet and modern elegance, with some very comfortable and casual twists. Ian Sproat, who published a long portrait of the actor in 1965, identified him as one of the 10 best-dressed men of the year, writing: “Wearing a well-cut, dark-grey suit, a light-blue shirt, a black knitted tie and black laceless shoes... He was carrying a very slimly rolled umbrella.” His former stand-in and personal assistant, Jimmy Miller, once said: “It’s not the quality of the clothes that has put him into the top 10 but the way he wears them.”

McGoohan had an eye for suiting, a personal taste that emerged around 1955, when he was spotted by Orson Welles for *Moby Dick — Rehearsed*. He met the dapper Dirk Bogarde, whose elegant power suits impressed him. McGoohan

**“John Drake would always beat Bond in a fight. Mind you, this is not to say anything against Sean Connery.”**

FOLLOW SUIT

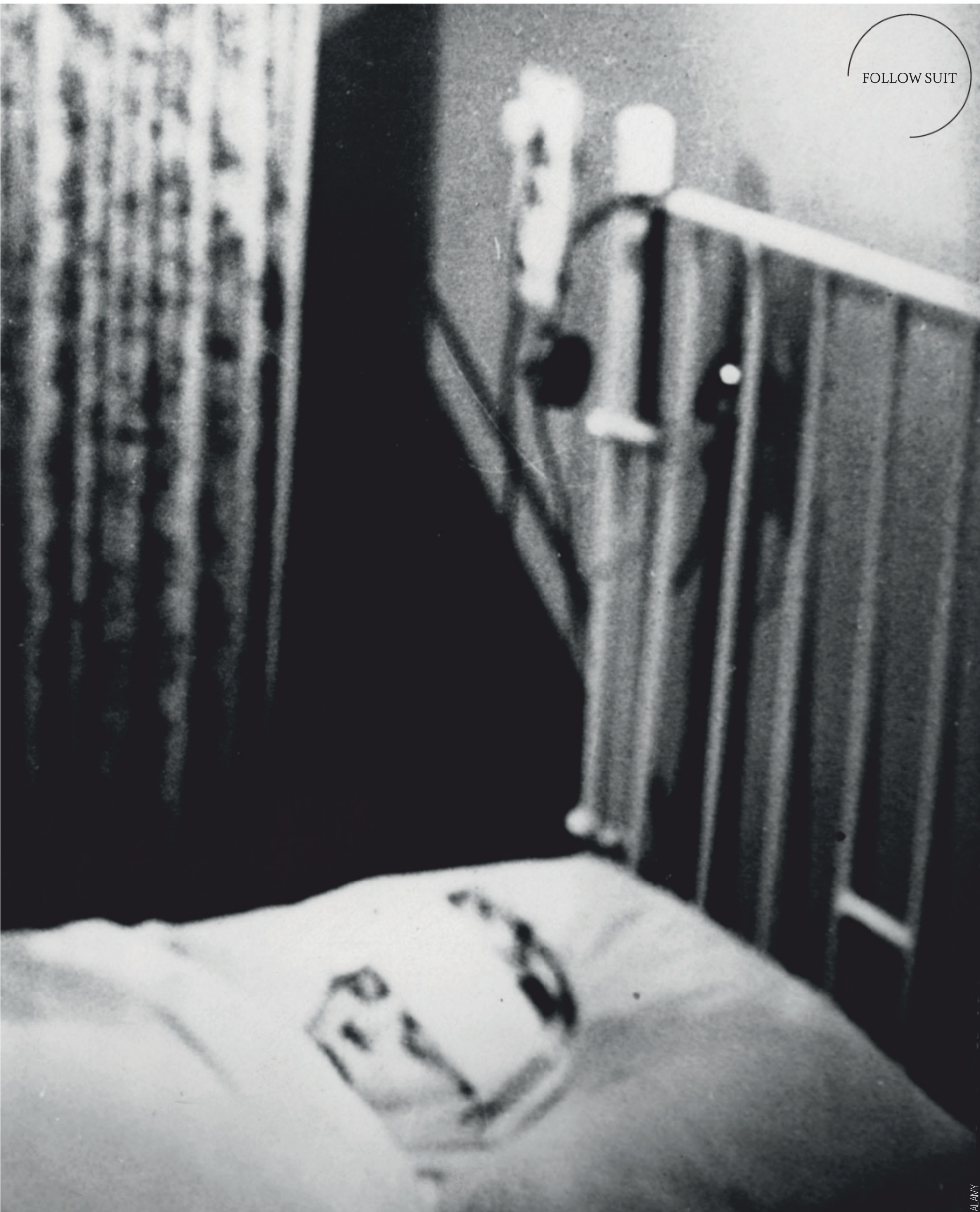


Patrick McGoochan plays the drums for a scene in *All Night Long*, 1962.



Patrick McGoochan in  
*Life for Ruth*, 1962.

FOLLOW SUIT



ALAMY



FOLLOW SUIT



Clockwise from top left: McGooohan as John Drake in *Danger Man*, 1964; with Richard Pryor in 1976; on set in 1965; on a go-kart in 1965; in *The Prisoner*, 1968; in *Brass Target*, 1978; a lobby card for *All Night Long*, 1962; in *The Prisoner*, 1967; with Ernest Borgnine in *Ice Station Zebra*, 1968.



GETTY IMAGES, SHUTTERSTOCK, ALAMY



*Danger Man* bubblegum cards featuring Patrick McGoochan as John Drake, 1965.



**60. Gone to Ground.**

Wearing an old straw Panama hat, and in entirely different clothes, John Drake is unrecognisable again. Looking a tough and rather disreputable soldier of fortune, he haunts the waterfront bars of Macao, and in one of them he spots a wellknown Russian agent deep in conversation with a Chinese whom he recognises as one of those from the nerve clinic in Hampshire!

Serial continued on Card No. 61

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remembered it well, and he always paid attention to the details of cloth and the quality of the cut and fabrics.

In appearances as in other matters, McGoochan did not want to be pigeonholed. “I will not be pushed, filed, indexed, briefed or numbered,” he said. “I am not a number. I am a person.” He also said: “You know, I fear by A.D. 2000 we’ll all have numbers, no names. Workers will be able to operate their lathes by push-button from their beds. How are we going to educate people for an abundance of leisure like that?” The question obsessed him, and a solution was already in his mind. So, by 1967–68, he imagined, wrote, directed and starred in a visionary programme, *The Prisoner*, an elaborate parable of modern man caged in an automatised society. “In *The Prisoner* I tried to create a first-class piece of entertainment, but I hoped it had truth, too, because here also I was concerned with the preservation of the individual and his liberty,” he said.

Individual elegance is part of the liberty. As he understood the importance of appearances, the ubiquitous Mr. McGoochan had, for *The Prisoner*, some precise ideas about the suits, costumes, set designs — the extravagant Control Room, or No.2’s office in the Green Dome — and accessories, such as the famous Aarnio globe chair. The hero’s personal car, a sporty

Lotus 7, is the vivid symbol of freedom, facing the black Austin Princess Hearse used by the jailers. As he is supposed to travel for some island vacations, just after resigning, the hero appears, in the opening sequence, in an elegant dark suit, worn on a dark knitted shirt. No neck-tie, as he is not formally dressed for service. So McGoochan took an accurate eye about this symbolic suit. The piece was cut by Dimi Major, who at that time was

known for his work in theatre in association with Douglas Hayward, before Hayward opened his own premises on Mount Street and became the showbusiness specialist, with famous clients such as Moore and Michael Caine.

Only in the last episode of *The Prisoner* is the hero authorised to dress ‘like himself’, which means with his dark city suit and proper shoes (some very fashionable black Chelsea boots). In the modernist nightmare of the Village — the show’s fictional setting — people dressed casually, always wearing sneakers. No identity, no suit, no neck-tie, no individuality.

“I’ve sometimes been accused of being difficult, edgy and complicated, but only because I want the end product to be as perfect as possible,” McGoochan said. “I haven’t always endeared myself to some people, perhaps.” Perfection was Patrick McGoochan’s prison. ■

**“I fear by A.D. 2000 we’ll all have numbers, no names. Workers will be able to operate their lathes by push-button from their beds.”**

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R

Navy wool jacket, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; faded denim brushed cotton shirt, **Emma Willis**; mid-grey wool pleated trousers, **Pantaloni Torino at The Rake**; grey cotton and linen knit tie, **Brunello Cucinelli**; navy ombre cashmere scarf, **Anderson & Sheppard**.

# CLASS ACT

With the Amazon Prime drama *Hunters*, Greg Austin's career has found its groove. He talks to **THE RAKE** about working with Al Pacino, living with his ex-wife (yes, we said 'ex'), and the somewhat celebrated role he'd like in the future...

by **ed cumming** photography **sean gleason** fashion direction **veronica perez**

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*You don't want to fight Greg Austin. Partly because he seems like a charming guy, with the irresistible energy of a young actor on the rise, but mostly because his parents were karate teachers and their only child got his black belt at 14. On the mean streets of early noughties Bournemouth, this martial prowess gave the teenaged Greg enough confidence to develop a passion for musical theatre. He was cast in the ITV drama *Mr Selfridge* straight out of drama school. A lead role in the *Doctor Who* spin-off *Class* followed, as well as smaller parts in staples like *Endeavour* and *Being Human*. Not bad for a 27-year-old. But 2020 is set to be a breakout year, thanks to his performance as the villainous Travis Leich in Amazon Prime's new mega-budget drama *Hunters*, which follows a gang of Nazi-hunting Jews in 1970s New York. With an American accent and a swastika tattoo, the murderous psychopath Travis is as far from Austin's previous roles as it's possible to imagine. By the time *The Rake* shoots him, he has grown his hair and beard out, and is looking decidedly more casual than his closer-cropped character, but there's no mistaking his keenness.*

## *What was your childhood like?*

Generally I had a very blessed upbringing. I think the only trauma in my childhood was my parents getting divorced, although at the time it was more of an inconvenience, having to live between two houses. I was always pretty athletic — gymnastics, free running, trampolining, karate — so came to musical theatre from that side of things. I've never actually been in a fight, so I don't know if I could apply the karate skills in real life. It's good to seem like a badass as long as you don't have to show it. My dad wanted me to continue my education, but mum was pushing me to be a performer, so I finished my A-levels and went to [the] Arts [school] in Chiswick. On the night we finished our end-of-year showcase, I had a call saying I'd been cast in *Mr Selfridge*.

## *So you were an unemployed actor for about three hours?*

Yes, which is not everyone's story. I'm very blessed. On *Mr Selfridge* I was a fish out of water, bullshitting my way through. T.V. is a completely different kind of performance, because the camera picks up every little detail. It was nice for me, because I'm quite naturalistic and had struggled to be big enough for the stage. But there's a scene in my first episode — you can see the moment on set — where suddenly hundreds of people stop and focus on you for 20 seconds. You can see in my face the fear of God, having some existential crisis behind the eyes. But you learn on the job, and I've learnt a lot since then.

## *Then on to playing a lead in the *Doctor Who* spin-off *Class*.*

Yeah. I had flown out to L.A. with my then fiancée — that's

another story — and got called back to England. It was a lot of money for me at the time to fly back, and a big gamble, but being in the *Doctor Who* universe has paid dividends. It has such an intense fanbase. Some can be interesting, but on the whole they're an incredibly loving group of people. The programme was mishandled. I don't think the BBC knew what to do with it, and it was a transitory moment, moving it on to BBC Three. The ratings reflected that. But the five or six months I had filming it was some of the best fun I've had, and a big step up.

## *Now all of a sudden you're opposite Al Pacino.*

I feel like I've been waiting for this role [in *Hunters*] my entire life. It's everything I've ever wanted. I've always played the geeky, affable Englishman, so I was giddy at getting to play a psychopath. I find evil done well on screen inspirational, to be able to access that part of your psyche. I took a lot of inspiration from Jodie Comer in *Killing Eve*. Playing an American with a bunch of Americans was intimidating, but I think I got there. *Hunters* is a balancing act of so many different tones and themes, and gets into some brutal stuff with the Holocaust. I don't know how they pulled it off, but they did. The scale of it is mind-boggling, the budget is insane. There are scenes where you can see the L train chugging past because it's actually going past. Amazon have put a lot into this, so I hope it works. Pacino is synonymous with the whole industry, and will be remembered as one of the greats, so getting to share the space and trying to bring a character to life in front of him was intimidating and inspiring, but he's someone everyone else could rally around.



***What about the show resonates?***

Anti-semitism is on the rise, which I find shocking. I grew up in a very sheltered, white part of England. Bournemouth is 90 per cent white, and either very old or very young. Coming to London was eye-opening, so going to New York, one of the most diverse places in the world [was even more so]. It's always baffled me there can be so much hate for people. People are just people.

***Back to the divorce...***

Ha! I was with my partner Abby for 11 years. We were born on the same day, then we were childhood sweethearts. We got married in 2016 and soon ended after that in 2017. We're still very amicable, and still live together in Bournemouth. I still love her to bits and we're best mates, but that's what we are.

***Hang on, you still live with your ex-wife?***

Lots of people raise their eyes at that, but it works. We wanted to buy a place when I had some money from *Mr Selfridge*, so we looked around London, but that was too expensive so we went to Bournemouth. I self-tape at home and then travel around the world to film. I love my hometown, and the industry

makes you insane, so it's good to have the same mates I had when I was at school.

***How are you spending your downtime?***

I spend too much time gaming. Other than that, I am trying to enhance myself in as many areas as I can with the free time: playing guitar, meditating, generally fulfilling the stereotype of the long-haired, bearded, guitar-playing wanker, just trying to be that guy. The gym is the other big passion — I had a gay sex scene in *Class*, so I had to get in shape for that, but since then I've fallen in love with weightlifting. Clothes matter a lot more to me now that I'm single. When I was in a relationship I never cared how I appeared, but I've started looking into my style. I'm playing around with my look!

***And what comes next?***

Hopefully another series of *Hunters*; we're waiting to hear. But in the meantime I'm going to keep on keeping on. I always wanted to be James Bond, and I'm not saying it's likely, but it's possible. I am an English actor. It's not impossible, just definitely not likely. 📺

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Opposite page, left:  
Blue jersey cotton Degas jacket, **The Gigi at The Rake**; turquoise corduroy shirt, **Emma Willis**; grey cotton T-shirt, **Hamilton and Hare**; grey linen trousers, **Brunello Cucinelli**; brown suede shoes, **George Cleverley**; grey ottaway-style cotton sock, **London Sock Company**.

Navy linen turtle linen pocket-square, **Anderson & Sheppard**, property of *The Rake*.

Opposite page, right:  
Beige cashmere single-breasted jacket, **B Corner at The Rake**; white and light blue cotton striped shirt, **Emma Willis**; brown silk printed tie and blue printed silk pocket-square, both **Rubinacci**; brown wool pleated trousers, **Lardini at The Rake**; brown scotch grain calf shoes, **George Cleverley**.

This page:  
Grey linen jacket, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; grey striped navy cotton crewneck sweater, **Cifonelli at The Rake**; white cotton trousers, **Anderson & Sheppard**; chestnut burnished calf Selby shoe, **Crockett & Jones**; blue and red dotted cotton sock, **London Sock Company**.

Navy linen turtle pocket-square, **Anderson & Sheppard**, property of *The Rake*.

TAILOR: FRANCIS PALEY  
PHOTOGRAPHY ASSISTANT: SACHA PHILLIPS  
GROOMING: EMMA DAY © WALL GROUP USING LEONOR GREY L PARIS

# ONE GOOD BREED, EVERY DAY

*The Norfolk Terrier is the living embodiment of thoughtful husbandry rather than inbreeding, says this issue's rather peeved pooch.*

HOUND

by **murphy** as told to **nick scott**

Let's address the elephant in the room — and it's a rather cross-eyed, web-footed beast with a Habsburg jaw large enough to bat a poacher into Mozambique. My county's reputation for compromising one of biology's utmost imperatives, the shuffling of DNA, precedes it. But while it's entirely conceivable that Norfolk's human subjects who worked the farms of yore may well, during the bleaker winter nights, occasionally have knocked sheepishly on their sisters' bedroom doors, my species came into being when East Anglians crossed local terrier-like dogs with Irish Terrier breeds and the small red terriers used by the county's Gypsy ratters, to name just three tributaries to our genome today. We are four-legged personifications of the virtue of mixed breeding.

Why was it necessary to breed dogs specifically for ratting? Well, Norfolk resembles a patchwork quilt of arable land with criss-crossed ditches as its stitching — a highly attractive habitat for muroid pests. It was not only Norfolk's stable yards, barns and grain stores that were the domains we once stalked: a group of Cambridge undergraduates are believed to have purchased some Norfolk Terriers from a dubious-sounding 19th-century pooch dealer who went by the name of Charles 'Doggy' Lawrence, so that we might rid that city's colleges and domiciles of a rat infestation (hence we became known as Cantab or Trumpington Terriers in that shire, after streets populated by students).

We remain excellent at the task for which we were bred (earlier this year a pack of small Norfolk Terriers worked for seven hours to remove 730 massive rodents, a record haul, from an infested pig farm across the border near Eye in Suffolk). But these days we're highly sought-after not for our eagerness to flush out troublesome disease bearers but for our comely physical appearances — notably our compact, nimble bodies, jaunty, quivering tails, rust or black-and-tan coats and, most



distinctively of all, our drop ears, which distinguish us from the prick-eared terrier named after our county's major city.

"They're like peanuts — once you've had one, you can't stop," is how Gail Simpson, the secretary of the Norfolk Terrier Club of Great Britain, describes us. "They're small and portable, so you can take them anywhere, and yet robust enough for an eight-mile walk." It's a noble duality indeed, and notables such as Sir Jackie Stewart, Lady Victoria Hervey, Princess Beatrice and Lord Stafford — who takes his Norfolk Terrier grouse shooting with him — may count themselves lucky to own a breed that typically involves a £1,000-per-animal outlay and a lengthy period on a waiting list. (Norfolks have small litters, and don't respond well to aggressive breeding programmes — again, a boon to the integrity of our genome.)

All of which makes defamatory accusations of homozygosity very, very regressive. O.K., wrong choice of word, but you get the drift. ■



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# THE BACH VARIATION

*She was compared to a mid-century sex symbol before burning brightly as another of 007's love interests. And almost as suddenly, she receded from the spotlight to pursue social activism. However you look at it, Barbara Bach's life has riffed heavily on the Bond girl theme.*

by **David Sniadt**

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The story of one Bach begins with another. Catherine Bach, the hot-pantsed eye candy in the smash American series *The Dukes of Hazzard*, found herself at a swish party in London in the 1970s. At that point she was as big a sex symbol as all of the Charlie's Angels combined (but minus Farrah) thanks to a pair of stratospheric pins, minuscule denim shorts, and a smile as broad as Venice Beach. She caught the eye of Barbara Broccoli, whose father, 'Cubby', produced the Bond films and was taking an increased role in the family business. When Barbara introduced herself, Bach thought she was pulling her leg and replied, "It's nice to meet you. I'm Cathy Carrot."

And so the search began for another actress to star opposite Roger Moore in 1977's *The Spy Who Loved Me*. She turned out to be the other Bach.

Barbara Ann Goldbach — later shortened by ditching the metal — was born in 1947 in Queens, New York, with war still raging in the countries of her ancestors: Romania, Austria and, um, Ireland. Gamine and willowy of body, and with a pert, preppy nose and heavy-lidded eyes that spoke of sweaty secrets, she was snapped up by the Eileen Ford Agency in New York in 1965. A year out of high school she appeared on the cover of *Seventeen* magazine, but things swiftly got more faaaaaaarshun when she featured on the cover of *Elle* and was later shot by Avedon for *Vogue*.

International gigs beckoned, and at the age of 19 she "met this attractive Italian on the plane and he eventually convinced me that it would be much nicer in Italy for my career". On such long-hauls are marriages made, and paying scant regard to the 11-year age gap she married Augusto Gregorini.

Ensnared in Rome and making some serious coin from modelling, she was, in her words, "casually asked on the street in Italy if I would do something for television. One of those things they say happen, and it did." Sidestepping the obvious responses of 'who says this?' and 'no, they don't', Bach went on to appear first on the small screen and then in nine Italian films.

Her worldwide fame arrived when she switched to English projects. The producer/director Tony Richardson noted that, "Barbara had the look of a tiger. Tall (1.7m) and streamlined (35-24-35), she was very sexy. She is often compared to Brigitte Bardot in looks, in image."


Please bear in mind that the statistical inclusions are Tony's, not ours, and *The Rake* is well aware that these would most likely get you slapped with both a suit and a closed fist today. Richardson, however, was clearly smitten. As were the Bond team a year later, when she beat out Catherine Deneuve and others for the role. Her turn as Anya Amasova — opposite Roger

Moore — spawned her own action figure doll, a *Playboy* cover, and increased attention from casting agents.

In that perennial wet Saturday afternoon favourite *Force 10 from Navarone*, she played the Yugoslav partisan Maritza. She was not only the sole female cast member but refused any ministrations from hair and make-up, as it would detract from the role.

The professional life of a Bond girl is as incandescent as it is short. Bach was not immune. In 1979 she was a frontrunner to become one of Charlie's Angels, but depending on whom you spoke to, she was "too European and sophisticated for the role" or "looked too much like Jaclyn Smith". Bach never got to work for the disembodied voice of Charles Townsend, and returned to Europe to make films with titles such as *Jaguar Lives!* Note the exclamation mark as well as the IMDb summary, which notes that "the world's new karate hero (Joe Lewis) is out to stop drug dealers, gangs and help save the world from an evil con (Sir Christopher Lee)".

Another film in her 'what the hell were you thinking' canon was 1981's *Caveman*, where said grotto dweller spent an hour and a half seeking revenge on a much bigger Neanderthal for the hand of a beautiful cave-lady (guess who?). The movie was forgettable, the romance it fostered was not. Starring opposite Bach was a long-haired musician she'd seen as a 15-year-old at a gig at New York's Shea Stadium. The band was The Beatles; the drummer was Ringo Starr. Predating the likes of Billy Joel and Christie Brinkley's 'how on earth did he end up with her' muso-supermodel combo, the pair have endured to this day.

In another dodge of faded Bond girl stereotypes, Bach moved into work of a more socially significant hue. In 1991 she established the Romanian Angel Appeal Foundation with fellow Beatle wives Olivia Harrison, Linda McCartney and Yoko Ono. Initially a fund for abandoned children, it now cares for young people affected by socially excluding conditions such as HIV/Aids and tuberculosis. Another A-list collab took place the same year, when Bach established SHARP (Self-Help Addiction Recovery Programme) in London in conjunction with George Harrison, Eric Clapton and Pattie Boyd. Two years on, she clocked up a master's degree in psychology from U.C.L.A., and two years after that set up the Lotus Foundation, which works across animal care, substance abuse, cancer, domestic violence and homelessness. Asked about her second career as opposed to the first, she has said it has "more meaning and, in the future, I'll probably do some counselling". Can you imagine being shown into a generically soothing safe space only to see Major Anya Amasova sitting across from you — with a box of tissues should you need them. And I think we'll leave it at that. 



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# INVEST

*Investments can be unpredictable, but not so with these five winners, which we have handpicked to provide you with sound and secure appreciation — aesthetically, spiritually and financially.*

by **nick scott** and **rachel marie walsh**

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## *Blancpain Villeret Quantième Perpétuel*

Were some bizarre, modern-day Labour of Hercules to involve setting up mankind's Facebook profile, selecting 'It's complicated' from the relationship status drop-down menu would barely do justice to our epochs-long affair with the Moon. A deity and a symbol of transience and rebirth to humanity for the vast majority of our time together, its magnetic pull on us literally and figuratively has lasted through rocky patches such as Renaissance astronomy, continued suspicion about its darker side, and even accusations of gaslighting — and yet we're still writing it poetry. (India's Chandrayaan-1 lunar craft of 2008 carried a verse from the *Rig Veda*, a collection of sacred texts. And possibly a mix tape.)

So it's no surprise the moonphase complication predates the cogs/gears/hands depiction of hours, minutes and seconds by perhaps 17 or so centuries (a 37-gear mechanism designed to follow the lunar cycle was part of the Antikythera, a second-century B.C. astronomical instrument discovered in an ancient shipwreck off Greece). These days, a mark of prestige for a moonphase watch is often its accuracy — Andreas Strehler's Sauterelle à Lune Perpétuelle piece, presented at Baselworld in 2014, would, if it were continually wound, deliver an accurate moonphase reading for the next 2.45 million years — but the real stroke of genius with the moonphase movement on this Blancpain offering is its easy adjustment mechanism. Thanks to a patented system, users can manipulate under-lug corrector levers to adjust the calendar hands as well as the moonphase.

While many mechanical watch users will relish the elegant, subtle tactility of this feature — it somehow makes the watch feel like it looks, when making adjustments — it also bolsters the watch's aesthetic credentials, as it means the dial is unencumbered by lateral correctors. And we're talking serious aesthetic credentials here. Housed in a 40mm platinum case with double-stepped bezel, a single winding crown sitting imperiously, unflanked, on its perimeter, this 88-piece limited edition's blue dial is a germane backdrop for a moonphase indication, and a visually arresting one for the whole of a signature Blancpain dial layout (one shared by the stainless steel and 18-carat red-gold versions) with information sub-dials at three, nine and 12 o'clock, all powered — along with those white-gold hour markers and rhodium-plated skeletonised hands — by the self-winding 5954 movement, which has a power reserve of 72 hours. The aesthetic is completed by a blue alligator leather strap with folding clasp.

As with relationships, a few complications should amount to a glorious whole, and as with relationships, some are well worth investing in. *NS*

[www.blancpain.com](http://www.blancpain.com)



### *Linley red leather Mayfair backgammon case*

Roger Moore's triumphant backgammon scene in *Octopussy* (1983) is a favourite with film buffs, and there is no better set than Linley's Mayfair for an at-home homage. Bond's encounter with nemesis Kamal Khan has its roots in London's West End, you see, as Moore used to play in the White Elephant Club on Curzon Street (now Aspinall's) with a Mayfair set of another sort. The actor first met *Octopussy*'s producer, Albert 'Cubby' Broccoli, there in 1962, and the pair often played the game of kings while filming in India.

This scene is dear to fans not only for its celebration of backgammon but for giving the game a rare cinematic moment of sexy (the fusty gentleman's club scene in *Trading Places* being a typical on-screen setting), as well as the Bond franchise's own cachet. Even *sans* Moore-ish polish, however, backgammon is *bona fide* sexy, with an international following that includes supermodels and Hollywood hedonists. It is invigorating for both the mind and the adrenal glands — a quick and often spontaneous way to de-stress and play the odds over and over again.

Rakish backgammon images abound, from a 30-something

Mick Jagger playing Jerry in Barbados to Hugh Hefner spending quality time with his daughter in 1972 and Leonardo DiCaprio enjoying a cigar over a table in L.A. in 2010. Slim Aarons' *Women* (1972), a glowing shot of bikini-clad blondes engaged in a poolside game in Acapulco, is must-have artwork for the games room, while a backgammon picture with Lin-Manuel Miranda, the omni-talented creator of *Hamilton*, is these days a veritable status selfie. It is high time that film played catch-up and devoted a feature to backgammon, if only to supply fans with quotes beyond the classic "spend the money quickly, Mr. Bond".

Handmade from red hand-stitched leather, Linley's Mayfair backgammon case is a charming gift for both games and Bond enthusiasts. Separate compartments hold the board, as well as each player's pieces, dice shakers and a leather doubling dice. Palladium locks secure the contents, while a leather top-handle allows for easy carriage. The sterling silver plaque may be engraved, though international men of mystery should certainly leave it blank. And remember, it's all in the wrist. *RMW*

[www.TheRake.com](http://www.TheRake.com)



INVEST



### *Van Cleef & Arpels' Midnight Pont Des Amoureux*

The jury is out on why we call Paris the City of Love. For architects, it's the grandstanding charm of its centre, as dreamed up by Georges Haussmann at the behest of Emperor Napoleon III, who tasked him with supplanting overcrowded medieval neighbourhoods with wide avenues and creating new parks and squares. For the devoted urban aesthete, it's the juxtaposition of those grand boulevards and the boîte-de-chocolat cobbled streets of Montmartre and Le Marais. For those hooked to the silver screen, it's a host of movies, many with the city's name in their title, which portray the air people breathe in Paris as being as erotogenically potent as the huître plates served under its restaurant canopies.

Whatever the most salient reason, it's now 10 years since Van Cleef & Arpels celebrated their hometown's reputation as la Ville de l'Amour by introducing the Lady Arpels Pont des Amoureux to their canon. A masterful example of *grisaille* — an enamelling technique developed in France in the 16th century and kept alive today by 20 dedicated in-house artists renowned for committing magical miniature worlds filled with fairies, flowers, butterflies and other poetically charged imagery to watch dials — its narrative begins as night falls on the rooftops of Paris.

Our two protagonists are a female-figure hour-hand and a male-figure minute-hand. Having edged towards each other across a bridge for the past 12 hours, when the watch strikes midnight or midday they rendezvous and lean forward to kiss. The *grisaille* enamel scenery of this new masculine version — which takes between 30 and 40 hours to complete, with each dial fired 10 or so times subsequently — has been tweaked so that the characters are slightly larger, the Parisian setting a little more urban, the silhouetted buildings and Van Gogh-esque night sky giving the whole scene a more nocturnal feel. The bridge, finely carved in white-gold, creates perspective by being placed in the foreground.

As with all newer models in the collection, the kissing moment can be prompted any time with a push of a button — a nifty touch, especially if one intends to show off the piece during the throes of courtship — while the self-winding mechanical movement within has a 36-hour power reserve. Its 42mm diameter case, bezel and folding buckle also come in white-gold, the bracelet in black alligator, while the sum of all these parts is a glorious tribute to the romantic credentials of a city that has been a hub of watchmaking excellence since the finest minds in horology descended upon it in the 18th century. *NS*

[www.vancleefarpels.com](http://www.vancleefarpels.com)



### *Turnbull & Asser blue Dr. No cotton shirt*

Ian Fleming had a decent excuse for his prose being sketchy when it came to the question of where James Bond acquired his attire — the last thing a secret service agent with a 12-figure price on his head would wish for is minions recruited by global criminal behemoths hiding in crannies and crevices while he was engaged in the only activity capable of derailing his habitually circumspect train of thought: checking in a mirror that the worsted and poplin fabrics draped about his person were cut perfectly for his mesomorphic contours. The author buying into this secrecy added invaluable mystique to the prose.

Hence, Fleming never identified the maker of Bond's shirts in his books, but his allusions to Sea Island cotton and Jermyn Street, and the fact that Fleming himself was a Turnbull & Asser client, means we can safely surmise that 007 was an enthusiastic patron of the Royal Warrant shirtmaker (Turnbull & Asser were the first menswear emporium ever to receive one — from Prince Charles, in 1980). They were founded in 1885, and have boasted other real-life notable customers including Sir Winston Churchill, five U.S. presidents, and Frank Sinatra, who would book out an entire floor of the Savoy for his bespoke shirt fittings.

The movies were not so coy about Bond's purveyor of shirts, as evidenced by a famous photograph of Sean Connery undergoing a fitting for one of his at the 71–72 Jermyn Street shop by Michael Fish, inventor of the kipper tie (72 shirts were ordered because Connery required six shirts for each scene). The garment you see before you — available in blue or white — was made specially for Connery for, as the name would suggest, 1962's *Dr. No*.

It is a regular-fit shirt and has a classic high, spread Regent collar, while a major talking point for seasoned sartorialists are the cocktail cuffs. Uniquely, they are turnbacks but fastened with buttons rather than cufflinks — exactly the kind of soupçon of flamboyance that will have all style scholars nodding appreciatively.

Intriguingly, the cocktail cuff was a stylistic flourish favoured by David Niven (who was Ian Fleming's first choice to play Bond) in the shirts he had made by Turnbull & Asser. Terence Young, *Dr. No*'s director, spotted them and alerted the costume team.

It's hard to imagine anyone looking better in them than Connery, though we can all give it a sporting try. After all, the movie may have been postponed until later this year, but that's no reason to put stylistic appreciation of 007 on the back burner. *NS*

[www.turnbullandasser.co.uk](http://www.turnbullandasser.co.uk)

INVEST



### *Charles Heidsieck Brut Millésime 1989*

Few men have shuffled off their mortal coil with more weapons-grade biographical raw material to their name than Charles Camille Heidsieck, whose great-uncle Florens-Louis Heidsieck, a German Protestant immigrant to France, founded Heidsieck & Co. in Champagne in 1785. Before the French invasion of Russia in 1812, Heidsieck's father advanced into Moscow on a white stallion ahead of Napoleon's army laden with cases of the family firm's sparkling wine and an order book, with a view to selling the fizz to whichever army ended up celebrating among the gun-smoke and corpses.

Having learned the arts of the cellar and founded his eponymous independent Champagne house in 1851, Charles crossed the Atlantic and introduced Champagne to east coast society — which then christened him 'Champagne Charlie' — via extravagant hunting parties and receptions before, during the American civil war, being imprisoned under suspicion of spying for the French government and the Confederacy, instigating a diplomatic stand-off between France and America.

For modern oenophiles, Heidsieck's defining moment came in 1867, when he made the audacious purchase of his now famous Crayères, a vast subterranean cathedral of chalk cellars in Reims dating from the third century. Since 1917, an annual collection of Charles Heidsieck Collection Crayères wines have been delighting

discerning palates — including one on this page, the Heidsieck Brut Millésime 1989, a champagne poised between elegance and complexity with a smooth texture and great length on the palate.

The full expression of Brut Millésime's aromas and nuances can in part be attributed to a time-honoured process involving the self-destruction of yeast cells by enzymes created from fermentation. "Extended ageing on the lees has several benefits," says Cyril Brun, Charles Heidsieck's Chef de Caves. "It helps develop texture and creaminess, key elements when it comes to the Charles Heidsieck identity. Lees contact also has an anti-oxidation effect that keeps wines fresher for longer while giving them a golden colour. It moves flavours into smokier areas, as well as adding hints of mocha, caramel and blond tobacco notes when 10 years are surpassed."

Yet there's more to this wine's elegant nose, notes and nuances than *sur lie* (on the lees) ageing. "We use a significant amount of reserve wines, around 50 per cent, that enrich the spectrum of flavours to reach [further] complexity," Brun says. "Ageing is just about amplifying every facet of the existing wines when bottled."

This being our section devoted to investment, it would be remiss not to mention that wines from 1989, generally speaking, have exceptional ageing potential. This drop is a fine example. *NS*

[www.charlesheidsieck.com](http://www.charlesheidsieck.com)



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# LOWER CASE, HIGHER PURPOSE

*Godefroy de Virieu, the Artistic Director of petit h, Hermès' luxury upcycling arm, explains how the atelier balances creativity, sustainability, tradition and a sense of humour.*

by **christian barker**

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As a little girl exploring the Hermès workshops in the 1960s, Pascale Mussard was forbidden from touching the works-in-progress on craftspeople's desks. She had free rein, however, to play with anything discarded on the atelier floor. "I would pick up these pieces of material and wonder what they could be," the great-great-great-granddaughter of founder Thierry Hermès told *The Rake* in 2013. "I think, looking back, the concept for petit h began as early as this."

Mussard spent most of her life working at the family firm, eventually launching the long-gestating sub-label in 2010. Crafting whimsical objects from leftover

materials, abandoned components and imperfect products, petit h was established by Mussard as "a laboratory and a place of innovation" that bridged Hermès' numerous métiers — "an atelier where we invite artists, designers, craftsmen together... to look at our material and make a new object".

By-products of Hermès' punctilious craftsmanship serve as grist for the mill. Despite the exacting perfectionism of the maison's artisans, occasionally an item made in the Hermès workshops will fail the strict test of quality control. A minuscule mark on a scarf, a stitch amiss, a tiny bubble in a piece of crystal, a near-invisible scratch on a panel of leather... any flaw of this sort will result in an Hermès product being deemed unworthy of leaving the atelier. Even when things go right, the production process unavoidably results in wastage — offcuts, over-runs, redundant trimmings and such. In the past, rejected objects and remnants of this sort were destroyed. With petit h, they're given a second chance at life.

***In the past, rejected objects of this sort were destroyed. With petit h, they're given a second chance at life.***

When Mussard retired in 2018, she left petit h in the capable hands of her longtime collaborator, Godefroy de Virieu. Appropriately enough, the Artistic Director references an artistic movement when describing the petit h creative process. "What we do we describe as creation in reverse. It's a little bit surrealistic," he says. "In the 1930s, the Dadaists would create poetry by cutting up words from the newspaper and mixing them up, then placing them together again as something readable. I think what we do at petit h is similar. Hermès writes the 'sentences', we take some 'words' from Hermès, and then we use them to tell another story."

A culinary analogy is equally relevant, the designer says. Like a chef foraging in the woods or picking the choicest produce from a market at dawn, de Virieu and his team never know for certain what the next batch of ingredients will contain. Devising the figurative *menu du jour*, they're at liberty to create whatever type of product they like with the materials they're given.

One hard and fast rule is that the items petit h make must be useful. "It's important to me as a designer to bring utility to objects that would otherwise be wasted. It's very important for me — and even more important for Hermès," de Virieu says. "From the beginning, Hermès has always made utility products, useful and functional products. So I really want to keep this aspect, but in a joyful way and a creative way, making products that can remind you of your childhood. Hermès has a sense of humour, we want to transmit lightness, a sense of play, and a sense of the poetic."

UNSTITCHED



RIP HOPKINS

Godefroy de Virieu, the Artistic Director of petit h.

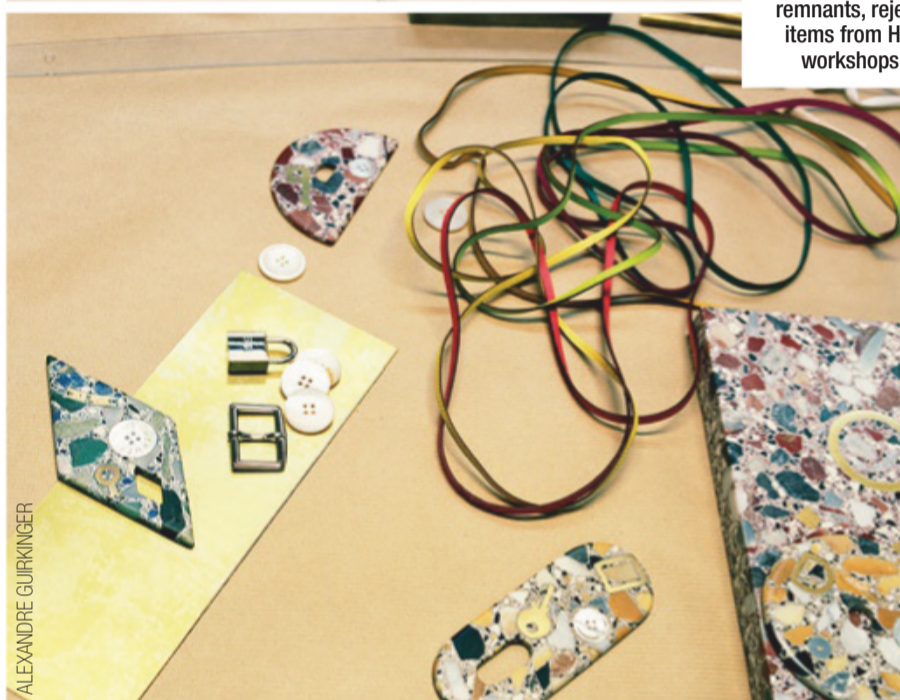


UGENIA SIERKO-ROUCHON



ALEXANDRE GUIRKINGER

The craftspeople of petit h bring utility and beauty to random remnants, rejects and surplus items from Hermès' various workshops and métiers.



ALEXANDRE GUIRKINGER



UGENIA SIERKO-ROUCHON

Another non-negotiable, de Virieu says, is that petit h goods be enduring. Making products that improve with age and can be repaired is the tradition at Hermès. “It comes from the way they thought about equestrian equipment,” he says. “A harness or saddle for horses, if something happens, you must be able to repair it. We always keep that in mind.

“I think sustainability is actually in the roots of Hermès — since the very beginning, Hermès set out to build products that could be repaired and that could be used from generation to generation. That’s such a strong thing in each object from Hermès. This is the main product specification that Hermès departments have: it needs to be able to be repaired. There is a beauty in this that I would like people to see. The real problem we have in the world today is in making so many things that are only used once and then thrown away.”

Emphasising that the maison’s waste not, want not eco-friendly approach dates back to a day when the colour green was more closely associated with envy than environmentalism,

de Virieu says: “For Hermès, upcycling is not simply some new marketing angle — it really does stem from the roots of this house, to always be creative, always respect the very precious materials that we work with and the craftsmanship, the highly skilled craftsmanship, that goes into making these objects. This is very strong in the house’s spirit.”

**“I think sustainability is in the roots of Hermès... There is a beauty in this that I would like people to see.”**

So too is a sense of humour — plainly evident in petit h’s whimsical output (think: a sculpted Afghan hound made of zips; a plush toy pig in mink and crocodile skin; a child’s swing suspended on saddle stirrups). “We aim for the product we make to ‘speak’ with the customer. We love to surprise them, to make them laugh. Bringing joy and playfulness to your life is good for you,” de Virieu says.

Eschewing doom and gloom, the maison aims to maintain that spirit of fun even when addressing the grave environmental issues the world faces today. “At a house like Hermès,” de Virieu concludes, “it is vital that we approach sustainability in a joyful and creative way.”



UGENIA SIERKO-ROUCHON



ALEXANDRE GURKINER

Materials used in petit h creations may be of an everyday nature, like the leftover fastenings used to build the 'Zipdog' sculpture, below, or intrinsically valuable, such as the mink and crocodile used in the plush pig, above right.



CUSTOM



# BRINGING IT HOME

*It was more than four decades ago that Jeremy Hackett began his career — and his love affair with classic tailoring — by working on Savile Row. Finally, his eponymous brand has opened its first bespoke house on the fabled street. As THE RAKE discovers, it has been worth the wait.*

by **tom chamberlin** photography **kim lung**

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To paraphrase our founder's description of Ralph Lauren: if Jeremy Hackett didn't exist, Japan would have to invent him. Yes, Hackett is the quintessential English gentleman, but the Japanese have taken him into their hearts in the same way the Kastom people in Vanuatu have taken in Prince Philip. The deification is certainly justified. Jeremy looks like he's been carved out of the Union flag, and has been a martinet for British elegance since he first established his eponymous brand in 1983.

Jeremy worked on Savile Row when he first moved to London, in the 1970s, which was when he became besotted with the romance of bespoke tailoring and its ability to enhance the essence and identity of the wearer, a power that he wanted to harness in his own brand.

Things have come full circle, and while it feels like this should have happened 30 years ago, Hackett has opened a bespoke store on Savile Row — J.P. Hackett. The new maison at No.14, the former address of Hardy Amies, is a multicoloured emporium, stretching up to the firmament with 18th-century portraiture and clothes on rails. It is part members' club, part sartorial stately home: cosy but grand. Each room flashes with the exuberance and irreverence that Hackett has mastered. Mind you, it could do with a cigar room at the back.

*The Rake* has worked with Hackett for many years, and in our meetings with the brand, an emphasis has been placed on what is referred to as the 'twist' — that which is different, incongruous and witty. It explains why we have seen Hackett ad campaigns involving men in rowing boats wearing suits, or the cover of Jeremy's book *Mr. Classic*, which has a picture of a man in black tie wearing flip flops. With this in mind, how can this twist be made manifest in the traditional art of bespoke? While the premises on the Row certainly fit the bill, will the tailoring? If so, how?

The answer lies with the head cutter. A cutter must take not just the physical attributes of the wearer and give life to a two-dimensional piece of cloth, but most crucially understand their psychological desires. And a head cutter must also build a team of people who can execute this. Of course, when it comes to a client's final fitting, there must be a sense of validation regarding the expense and a feeling of exhilaration at the fact that, frankly, he looks like the slickest version of himself, and that all the peccadilloes of the body have been accounted for. Hackett have chosen Juan Carlos Benito as their head cutter. Owing to his athletic build and height, as well as his abilities, he is a tremendous advert for J.P. Hackett's bespoke offer.

Don't forget, this is a new outfit among the old names. Word of mouth or celebrity patronage isn't possible immediately, so if Juan Carlos is the first glimpse of J.P. Hackett, what do we see?

Close and clean: the grey three-piece suit he was wearing when I met him was arrestingly good looking. The sides were elegant and shaped from underneath the arm all the way down to beneath the seat (that extra length emphasising his height) and close to the back. The shapeliness didn't come across as uncomfortable. Beautiful finishing: my favourite Serbian alumnus of *The Rake*, Aleks Cvetkovic, told me in advance that not only does J.C. have exquisite finishing, but he also likes to show it off. In other words,

when it came time for me to give J.P. Hackett a go, I'd need to choose something more 'scrunchy' rather than soft, so we could see J.C.'s work.

First impressions can be deceiving, so I didn't take my

time to wait and see what this new arrival has brought to the Row, a street in need of some good news. In the spirit of honouring Hackett's irreverence, as well as the previous owners, I picked a high-twist (see what I did there) wool, called Fresco III from Hardy Minnis. When you go for a fresco like this, a 9/10oz bunch, you are making something for warmer seasons, and so I opted for an oatmeal-coloured fabric, largely because it is jam-packed with texture for such a neutral hue.

The process of choosing a design had to be collaborative, because on the one hand I wanted to see what J.P. Hackett had to offer, and on the other I like things a certain way — and I wanted to see if they were up to the challenge. Cutting for my slanted right shoulder, exaggerated nape and (alas) the emerging #DadBod should be taken as read (read on anyway), but, for example, whether J.C. was able to cut the length of jacket I like — two inches off the bottom of the seat — with a classic three-button-two formation, side vents and buggy back for the jacket was what I was watching for. Either that, or what he was able to offer me that I might have been able to take on as a new design affectation I hadn't tried before.

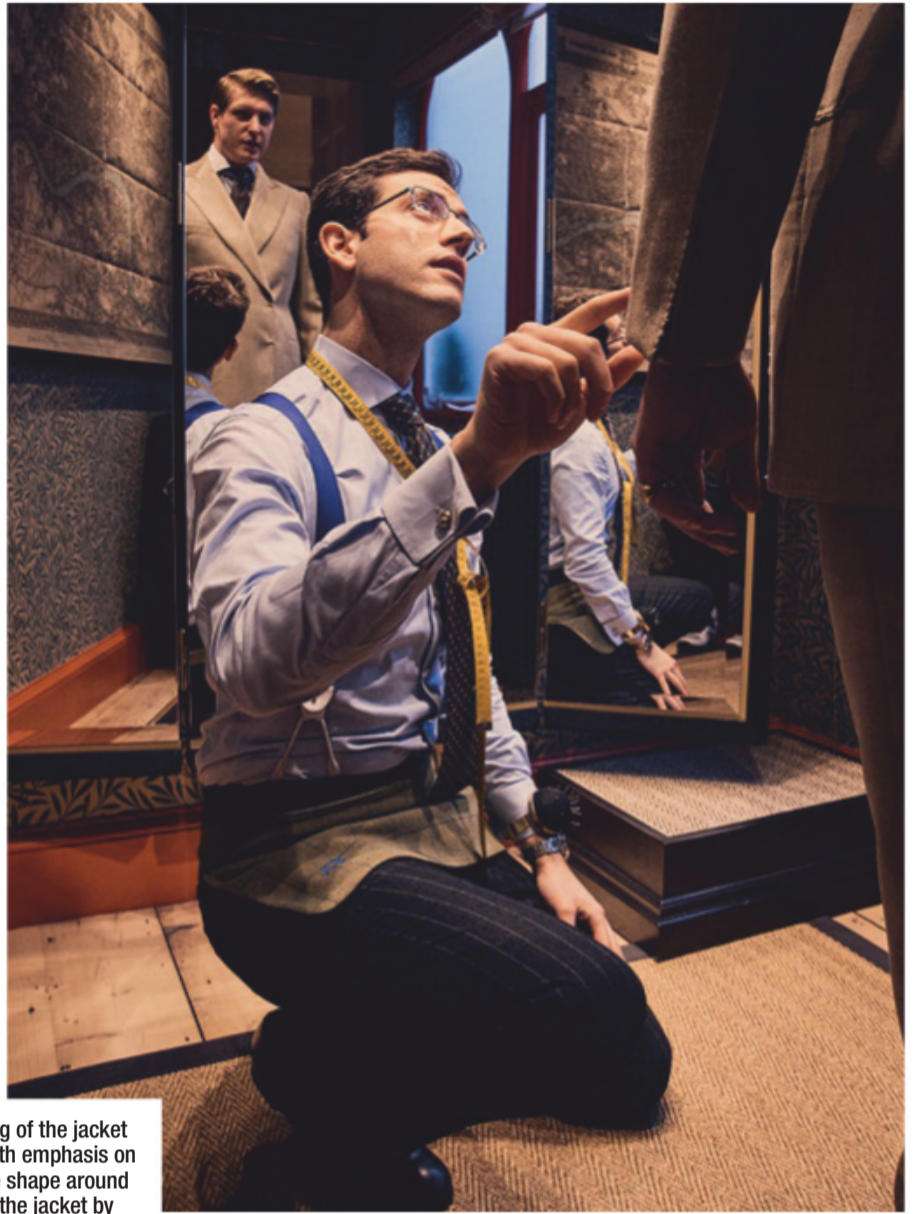
All this was dealt with as measurements were taken. The demands of yours truly were met with polite accommodation, and I opted for Carlos's two-button trouser fastener with the wider waistband, which I am perfectly happy to experiment with alongside the essential (as far as I am concerned) double pleats and turn-ups. We even went for lapped seams — quite a lot for a trouser, but it was all in the name of you, dear reader, having a greater understanding of what is on offer.



A selection of the Fresco III fabric, measurements being taken, and the initial fitting stages.







The final fitting of the jacket and trouser, with emphasis on enhancing the shape around the waist of the jacket by increasing the volume in the shoulders and chest, plus small adjustments to the trouser seat and length.





Left: the turn-ups and lap seam on the trousers.  
Right: the two-button fastening and two-inch waistband.



First fittings are always fraught. In my case there's every chance I put on the jacket and decide that the fabric washes out my fair complexion, or I identify more serious problems, like not having socks to go with it. One thing not to get worked up about is the fit, at least not at this point. In this instance, the back balance was off and needed to have the shoulder and neck unstitched from the basting and re-pinned to take into account (one assumes) my terrible posture.

A relationship with a tailor takes time, and I like these moments when working with someone for the first time, as you can feel the bond growing and the familiarity registering. It is peculiar to have someone with an intimate knowledge of my figure to whom I am not married, but it's probably better that way. J.C. has a playful manner, and when I was on the fence with details like adding three quarters of an inch to the lapel or lapped seams, he encouraged me to take the step. He will do the same for you if he thinks the modifications are worth it.


J.C. is a clinical tailor, and gratifyingly works to the metric system to baffle my imperial familiarity, especially around my waist, which is useful. It isn't an unfriendly approach, but you get the impression he's hunting for imperfections to pounce on and fix. The trousers were a little tight around the thighs and seat, but they were easily adjusted. And because I decided on making the trousers suitable to wear with braces, we brought

the rise up three quarters of an inch. The waistband is a wider-than-usual two inches and double buttoned by the right hip. It is a design of his that he has brought in, and innovative trouser making is always good news in my book.

After a few weeks of extra work, the final fitting went off without a hitch, and J.C. put into practice his finishing skills. He told me

that he doesn't necessarily create a suit to the client's shape, but rather he creates a shape around the client that is both visually arresting and flattering. It does involve some extra material around the chest to enhance that top half of the

jacket, allowing for more dramatic angles when shifting down to the waist. In my case he has succeeded, creating an almost perfect egg-timer shape that doesn't feel tight or restrictive. From the beginning I had the opinion that summer suiting needs to be sharp, especially when using crisp fabrics like fresco.

A crucial point worth mentioning, and not involving the suit directly, is this: as the fittings progressed, there were ever increasing numbers of suits under construction around the cutting table. It showed me that the bespoke offering of J.P. Hackett is no longer a secret, that people are catching on fast to the fact that, after all these years, Hackett has become perhaps Britain's most powerful and broad-reaching brand. Those who can see it want a piece of the action, and you should, too. 

***It is peculiar to have someone with an intimate knowledge of my figure to whom I am not married, but it's probably better that way.***

# *articles*

VIENNESE WALTZ; THE WOMAN WITH  
THE GOLDEN GUN; STATE OF THE UNION.





A photograph of a swimming pool with a wooden bench and a chain-link fence in the background. The pool is in the foreground, and the background features a fence, some trees, and a building.

# LORD OF THE DANCE

*If turning up early to a party is the best way to call the tunes, Christoph Waltz did not get the memo. It is only a decade since the actor, epicurean and acerbic philosopher won his big break at the age of 53, but he is now surveying Hollywood from the summit. And as **NICK SCOTT** finds, his worldview is unique.*

*photography **brian bowen smith** fashion direction **grace gilfeather***





Opening spread:  
Burgundy silk and wool  
single-breasted suit,  
**Ermenegildo Zegna**;  
teal brushed cotton shirt  
and red and silver silk  
diamond tie, both **Emma  
Willis**; orange and blue silk  
peacock pocket-square,  
**New & Lingwood**; brown  
cotton socks, **London Sock  
Company**; burgundy leather  
shoes, **George Cleverley**.

L.U.C 1937 Classic watch  
from the L.U.C collection  
featuring a white dial with  
roman numerals, COSC-  
certified chronometer set  
in stainless steel on a black  
alligator strap, **Chopard**.

This page:  
Grey and cream tick-weave  
sportcoat, grey and cream  
tick-weave dress shirt, tan  
crepe trousers, and grey and  
cream tick-weave neck-tie,  
all **Ralph Lauren Purple  
Label**; navy felt fedora, **Lock  
& Co.**; Green silk paisley  
print pocket square, **New &  
Lingwood**; burgundy leather  
shoes, **George Cleverley**.

It's common knowledge that Orson Welles, during the making of the 1950 action flick *The Black Rose*, insisted on a mink-fur lining for his character's coat, despite the fact that it would never appear on celluloid. Rumour also has it that George Clooney, during the filming of Alfonso Cuarón's out-of-this-world sci-fi thriller *Gravity*, insisted on a slice of California being created outside his trailer on the set in Surrey — landscaped garden, basketball court, hot tub, custom-made beach hut and all.

So we were naturally unfazed when a two-time Academy Award-winning actor with a well-documented appreciation of all things oenological asked for a bottle of Pauillac Château Lafite Rothschild 1er Cru 2010 ("or similar") to be on site for his photoshoot with *The Rake*. "I thought, like a smart alec, that I was making a sophisticated joke about how the so-called talent can go a little overboard with the perks," says Christoph Waltz as we embark on the interview some days later. "They'd asked me if I had any special requests — drink or food — and they gave me this fabulous bottle of wine, and I was so embarrassed. Embarrassed but flattered."

Waltz, 63, is a genuine epicurean. He'd definitely identify with a concept alluded to by the comedy personality David Mitchell in his book *Thinking About It Only Makes It Worse* — the 'valve decision', the notion that once you experience better, your newly piqued sensibilities (whether via your palate, your eardrums or your sleep quality on a plane) can't go back. "I appreciate a good drop, and once you taste the good stuff it's difficult to drink plonk — as with talking to certain people, or taking certain jobs," Waltz says. Does that go for the rolled leaf he's clutching in some of the shots here? "Very much so — but it's the same thing. I would rather not smoke than smoke some vile herb. I'd rather not drink than drink some crappy plonk. You don't want to fall into the trap of inflationary indulgence because you lose your appreciation.

"It's nice to have special occasions here and there, and I think by choosing quality you can put dots on the i's and sort of string yourself along — it makes it worthwhile." Yet Waltz, a man who seems to spend a good portion of his life fixing his pupils on a gold needle of truth in the fetid haystack of falsity that dominates modern existence, has no time for what he calls "professed expertise". "Aficionado' is a nice word," he says, "but 'connoisseur'? Really? Just get on with it and enjoy it and make it special."

The risk of slipping a clumsy segue into the conversation

notwithstanding, it's impossible here to suppress a question: what would Ernst Stavro Blofeld think of all this? For those late in the room, Waltz is the latest of seven actors to play a character who has a confounding set of guises. Blofeld is a 20-stone former amateur weightlifter with a black crew-cut atop Benito Mussolini features, a 12-stone silver-haired fox with nasal syphilis and green-tinted contact lenses, or a six-foot-three bruiser with a gold-capped tooth and droopy grey moustache, depending on whether you take Ian Fleming's descriptions in the novels *Thunderball*, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, and *You Only Live Twice* as gospel.

Take the film adaptations as your source, and Blofeld becomes, in the earlier films, nothing but a close-up of a hand stroking a cat; in the later ones, a villainous

presence personified by Donald Pleasence, Max von Sydow and Telly Savalas, among others; and, most recently of all, the five-foot-six Austrian gentleman photographed in these pages — a man whose naturally affable features can, at a twitch, convey oceans of inner malevolence at the shout of the word 'action!' Having survived the helicopter crash at the end of 2015's *Spectre*, Blofeld is back in the Bond franchise's 25th outing, *No Time to Die*, although the leading antagonist's podium has been taken by Rami Malek, playing a villain by the name of Safin.

At the time of writing, so-far-released clues about the jigsaw in which Blofeld appears to be a corner piece show him in prison attire with facial injuries, placing him in the disfigured, dastardly movie-villain canon alongside Anakin Skywalker, Scarface and The Joker as well as previous Bond baddies Alec Trevelyan (from *GoldenEye*) and Le Chiffre (*Casino Royale*), not to mention the character's former self as portrayed by Pleasence in *You Only Live Twice*.

So — to rewind a bit — what would Blofeld's reflections be on restrained indulgence in all things bacchanalian? "You should ask him," Waltz says. "I have no idea. It's actually a fun game to play, that kind of inquiry... You can play that same thing with power, or influencing others, or dictating terms, and then it really depends on the awareness and the intellect and the education and the level of existence of the person who exercises that influence... What I'm trying here is to make my own clumsy segue — into politics."

Tangent complete, the floodgates open. "We're actually governed by mediocre people, and that's why the course of

***“We’re actually governed by mediocre people, and that’s why the course of events in our society is mediocre at best.”***

events in our society is mediocre at best. It should be excellent people who influence our lives. It would make an enormous difference... To watch how this one person can drag down, dramatically — like some wild beast that drags down its prey into its hole — the lives of not everybody but immense masses of people around the world... I am referring of course to President 45, and it's shocking to watch."

Would Blofeld not admire Trump? "I would never grant him the honour of comparing him to Blofeld — a 'connoisseur' of the power game [compared with] this barbarian, primitive Cro-Magnon, bullying everyone into submission just because he has the machinery behind him. It's interesting that humanity takes this swing, from a good wine and a good cigar to the extreme opposite — the sophisticated pleasures that make life enjoyable and celebratory as opposed to the wild barbarian swinging into the kneecaps of everybody on Earth... "

Does Waltz have any explanation as to why — in a world so parsimonious with its talent-to-success ratio, one in which only maestros become concert pianists, and even sports prodigies often sacrifice their childhoods only to fail to make the cut — so many of us in the English-speaking world feel compelled to ponder 'least-harmful flaws' over 'greatest strengths' at the ballot box? "Because it goes by the same rules, only inverted," he says. "Anybody with their two cents' worth in place shies away from [politics], and it shouldn't be like that. It should be the classic Greek or Roman idea of it being the highest honour to serve society for a period of time and dedicate our lives to it; to be given periods of time to be the best we can possibly muster. But it's exactly the inverse — 'Grab it while you can and never mind the consequences'. I shudder when I think of it."

Returning from bitter reality to the more palatable realms of unrealistic realism, Waltz has in the past mentioned that his attraction to the role of Blofeld was in part related to *Spectre* (the movie) touching upon the zeitgeist-y topic of internet-enabled data harvesting in the post-Edward Snowden era. ("This movie is... speaking about relevant social issues in a way that few Bonds have done before," is how Waltz put it before *Spectre's* release.) What can he reveal about the next instalment of a franchise whose culture of secrecy and controlled 'leaks' resembles that of the actual British Secret Service? As little as one might expect. "In terms of Bond it's an interesting question that you

ask, because Bond, over the past 50 years, always tunes into the momentary zeitgeist," Waltz says. "We're now on number 25, and over the course of 50 years, that's remarkable. These [writers and makers] seem to feel the pulse because Bond has become an institution. It tunes in and it speaks to people for the past 50 years. That's more than a generation.

"Bond has become maybe not yet the collective subconscious but certainly an element in the collective conscience. Anybody can quote from Bond, a kid or an adult. People who've seen the first Bond movie when they were, let's say, 15, they're now almost 70. It's incredible. And actually, we're still talking about one and the same character, even though the *gestalt* that youngsters today talk about is entirely different because it tunes straight into the zeitgeist and it tunes straight into the moment. I find that phenomenon — one that slowly, slowly turns from a pop culture into a historical phenomenon — I find that really, really fascinating."

Is societal observation like that an important aspect, an important criterion, when choosing whether to take a role? He chuckles gently. "No. That would mean putting the bar a little high. I think if I made that a criterion I'd be reading a lot more [rather than] sitting at home practising piano and drinking the occasional good drop."

### Theatrical family

The aptonym gods have given us William Wordsworth, Usain Bolt and the former World Series poker champ Chris MoneyMaker, to name just three famous figures with bizarrely apt surnames. But they were in the mood for subtler wordplay when they bestowed overnight success upon a 53-year-old man named Waltz, a word that comes from the German verb meaning 'to turn around', hence the dance genre that emanated from the folk music of the western Tyrol region in Waltz's native Austria. He's candid, humorously so, about how frustrating those three decades in the wilderness were ("It feels like someone keeps trying to switch the light on, but the dimmer switch is broken," he once said. "And then sometimes the bulb blows altogether").

Waltz was born in Vienna in 1956 into a theatrical family. His maternal grandmother was the Viennese Burgtheater actress Maria Mayen; his step-grandfather another Burgtheater actor, Emmerich Reimers; his mother, Elisabeth Urbancic, was a costume design; and his father, Johannes Waltz, a German

***"Bond has become an institution. It speaks to people for the past 50 years. That's more than a generation."***



Cream wool safari jacket and brown and gold long-sleeved cotton polo shirt, **Cifonelli**; light grey wool flannel pleated Manny trousers, **Rubinacci at The Rake**; brown cotton socks, **London Sock Company**; tan suede loafers, **Edward Green**.

L.U.C 1937 Classic watch from the L.U.C collection featuring a white dial with roman numerals, COSC-certified chronometer set in stainless steel on a black alligator strap, **Chopard**.

This spread:  
Cream cashmere roll-neck,  
**Anderson & Sheppard**;  
tan crepe trousers, **Ralph  
Lauren Purple Label**; brown  
cotton socks, **London Sock  
Company**; brown leather  
loafers, **George Cleverley**.





stage builder. Waltz trained at the Max Reinhardt Seminar in Vienna and the Lee Strasberg Institute in New York before embarking on a life commuting from London (where he'd made home with his American first wife) to Germany for theatre work, and spent three decades treading similar boards along with occasional television and movie work.

There were turns on German children's T.V., historical miniseries, and a couple of appearances on British television: as Dr Hans-Joachim Dorfmann in the Channel 4 miniseries *The Gravy Train* in the late eighties and as a German villain named 'Weak Mustache' in the early nineties sketch programme *The All New Alexei Sayle Show*. (During the latter, he and the eponymous Liverpoolian comedian struck up a friendship that now affords players of the parlour game Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon an irresistible, Suez Canal-like link between Adrian Edmondson's Vyvyan Basterd in *The Young Ones* and Samuel L. Jackson's Jules Winnfield from *Pulp Fiction*.)

Waltz was in his early fifties when he came to the attention of Quentin Tarantino as the perfect candidate for the role of Standartenführer Hans Landa in the 2009 world war II genre-blender *Inglourious Basterds*. "I knew Landa was one of the best characters I've ever written and probably one of the best characters I will ever write," Tarantino told *The New York Times* of the trouble he'd had filling the role in question. He'd even told producers he was considering abandoning the movie hours before Waltz stepped up for the audition. "[The other auditioning actors] didn't get my poetry. I literally had to consider I might have written an unplayable part... He gave us our movie back."

This last point was by way of reciprocation: on the podium at the 2009 Cannes Film Festival, accepting his best-actor gong, Waltz had said of Tarantino, "You gave me my vocation back". And Waltz had found more than a fast-track to 'overnight' success — he'd found the perfect outlet for his knack of blending fine brushstrokes of charm and menace, mischief and malice into a single, horribly arresting portrait. (There really is no other actor who could make the task of eulogising a glass of milk when about to murder a family hiding below the floorboards on which he stands so unsettling.)

Many of Waltz's most brilliantly chilling moments in *Inglourious Basterds* involve tiny fragments of dialogue ("*Au revoir, Shoshanna!*", "*Attendez la crème*"), but asked why Tarantino's scripts and his

delivery make such a potent combination, Waltz bats the credit squarely in the direction of a filmmaker whose ability to jump realities he refers to as 'Quentin physics'. "That's easy to answer — it's because Quentin is an incredible writer," Waltz says. "It's like playing music, music that is close to me and close to the sounds in my head. That's it — it's not complicated at all. You can't do what's not written. I'm dependent — he's not, he can pick someone else." Tarantino, whose trust was again repaid with interest when he cast Waltz as the dentist-turned-bounty-hunter Dr. King Schultz in *Django Unchained* three years later, may disagree.

**“Quentin is an incredible writer. It's like playing music, music that is close to me and close to the sounds in my head.”**

But this is the strange thing when interacting with Waltz. He's quit theatre productions acrimoniously in the past, and can seem not quite prickly but unwilling to suffer fools gladly in

the occasional interview, yet he frequently disarms you with bursts of affability and, indeed, modesty. When I thank him for his insights at the close of our interview, he substitutes the word 'insights' for "onslaught of babbling". A YouTube Waltz-a-thon, taking in his various late-night American talk-show appearances, will attest further to his congeniality.


He's certainly no chest-thumping thespian when it comes to 'method', despite having been schooled in those aforementioned illustrious institutions. "Sooner or later you liberate yourself from those influences," he says. "I've been doing this for more than 40 years now. If I was still sitting on the people I studied with then I'd have a serious problem. It's like psychotherapists today" — it might be noted here that both Waltz's maternal grandfather was a noted psychologist, his first wife a psychotherapist — "they don't follow a specific school any more. They're not Freudian or Jungian or Reichian or Adlerian or whatever, because then people may as well go straight to the source. They study that, they learn it, they know it and then they move on and become their own entities, and that's the case in art, probably even more than in psychotherapy. Rembrandt's disciples could have continued the line until today, and they'd still be painting like Rembrandt's [original] disciples. Thankfully that's not the case."

Usually in a celebrity interview, actors will deflect questions driving at their deeper philosophies by talking blandly about their careers. Waltz — again, those apronym gods making their mischief — turns that axiom around. He's said before that, "Acting is being private in public", but pressing him on that, not for the



Clockwise from top left:  
Christoph Waltz in *Horrible Bosses 2* (2014); *Big Eyes* (2014);  
*Django Unchained* (2012); *The Legend of Tarzan* (2016); *No Time to Die* (2020); *Alita: Battle Angel* (2019); *Spectre* (2015);  
*Inglourious Basterds* (2009);  
and *Carnage* (2011).





***“I would never grant [Trump] the honour of comparing him to Blofeld — a ‘connoisseur’ of the power game [compared with] this barbarian, primitive Cro-Magnon, bullying everyone into submission just because he has the machinery behind him.”***

Yellow sunflower terry towelling resort polo, **Orlebar Brown**; black and ecru check Vitale Barberis Canonico pleated wool flannel Aleksandar trousers, **Kit Blake at The Rake**; black cotton socks, **London Sock Company**.

L.U.C 1937 Classic watch from the L.U.C collection featuring a white dial with roman numerals, COSC-certified chronometer set in stainless steel on a black alligator strap, **Chopard**.



Cream linen herringbone jacket, **Huntsman**; white cotton shirt, **Budd Shirtmakers**; brown wool trouser, **Lardini**; tan silk printed tie, **Rubinacci**.

L.U.C 1937 Classic watch from the L.U.C collection featuring a white dial with roman numerals, COSC-certified chronometer set in stainless steel on a black alligator strap, **Chopard**.

FASHION ASSISTANT: VERONICA PEREZ  
PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANTS: KEVIN MCHUGH, BILL KENNEDY, KEVIN PERSHIN  
DIGITAL TECH: BRANDON SMITH  
PRODUCTION: VIEWFINDER  
PRODUCTION COORDINATOR: CAROLYN BRUCH  
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: DIN MORRIS

first or last time, leads us down a tangential thoroughfare. “We live in an era where living seems to be both public and private, and I find that upside down,” he says. Does he mean social media? “[That is] something in which I do not participate! Recently the destructive force of social media has become visible, and only the really dull, today, believe it is a benign affair that amuses the participants and links people together in benevolent networks. It’s one of the most destructive instruments of power ever.” Does he feel that we’re yet to see the full malice of its influence? “Yes, but it’s too late. This ravenous, raging, rabid beast is let loose and there’s nothing and no one who can rein it in any more.”

He’s fond of a Carl Jung hypothesis that states that in taking a thousand pebbles from a beach, you could calculate the average weight but never find a single one that matches that average weight. So what — critical response, box office success, personal opinion, Academy, Bafta and Golden Globe awards for *Inglourious Basterds* — most gives the idiosyncratic being that is Christoph Waltz a feeling of validation? “It’s like talking about colour. When I say blue, and you hear me say blue, that doesn’t mean that you’re seeing, in your inner eye, the same colour that I’m talking about. There’s an old example that Russians have, about 15 different terms for blue. It’s like Inuit for ‘white’. And so success as such is like an approximation at best. It’s a very complicated web of very confusing elements. A little bit like social media...”

Here, our conversation returns to what is most on Waltz’s (today very restless) mind. “It’s nothing new that language or communication can be an approximation at best, and that’s why the hijacking of language by the barbarians for their nefarious ends is dangerous and hugely intentional. All of a sudden they take a word and turn it around through social media and press; the new meaning becomes the meaning of the word, and it’s the same with a symbol — see how the kneeling at [American] football games during the anthem is all of a sudden defined as disrespectful.

“Now I ask you, why do we kneel in front of something or someone? Always to show more respect than standing up. Kneeling is not a sign of disrespect, it is a sign of heightened respect. But within two tweets, and one rant, all of a sudden kneeling is disrespectful. If it’s that easy to redefine what we accept as our guidance to make sense of the world, then I’m afraid we’ve lost it all. In [U.S. congressman] Adam Schiff’s statement at the impeachment trial, at the end of the third day, he said, ‘If

right is not right any more, then we’re lost’. And I’m totally with him. Unconditionally. And that refers to all the other anchors that we use to find our place in the world and society.”

Waltz has done plenty to impress between his portrayals of Blofeld, Landa and Schultz — notably in Roman Polanski’s screen version of French playwright Yasmina Reza’s Tony award-winning black comedy play, *Le Dieu du Carnage*; as the hard-partying Serbian sybarite Dušan in *Downsizing*; and with his turn as Qohen Leth, an unhinged data cruncher who lives in an abandoned church in *The Zero Theorem*, a 2013 futuristic fantasy movie from the rabid

imagination of Terry Gilliam. With a lead role in the new Woody Allen film, for which principal photography is about to begin in Spain, coming up next, professionally Waltz is on the same lofty branch on which

*Inglourious Basterds* placed him more than a decade ago.

And, philosophical misgivings about the modern world aside, he’s in a very, very positive place. The bottle of wine and fine cigars at the shoot, it transpires during our time with Waltz, are far more than just well curated indulgences — they’re an antidote to much that he perceives to be wrong with the world. The same can be said of classical music: Waltz, whose stepfather was a composer and conductor, and who was attending two operas a week by the time he was a teenager, has directed a production of Verdi’s *Falstaff* for Opera Vlaanderen, performed in Antwerp then Ghent, and has just turned his creative hand to a production of Beethoven’s only opera, *Fidelio*, in Vienna.

Watchmaking, he says, is another edifying presence in his life. “Chopard are dear, dear friends,” he says. “I’m very happy to associate myself with them. I’ve visited their workshop and their other places in Geneva, and it’s nothing like you’ve ever seen before. They’re incredible. Those are specialists. Those are creative people. Those are people with expertise and craftsmanship on a level that you cannot imagine. Do they make a big deal about it? No, they just get on with it. It’s a family business. It’s not listed on the stock exchange for profit for anonymous shareholders. They invest their lives into what they’re doing. That’s why it comes out how it does.”

And with fine watchmaking serving as a microcosm for all that can save us from banality, an exceptionally nuanced actor, and a man seemingly torn between frustration at life’s peccadillos and enchantment at its marvels, parts company with *The Rake*. In the physical sense, at least. ■

**“The destructive force of social media has become visible. Only the really dull believe it is a benign affair.”**

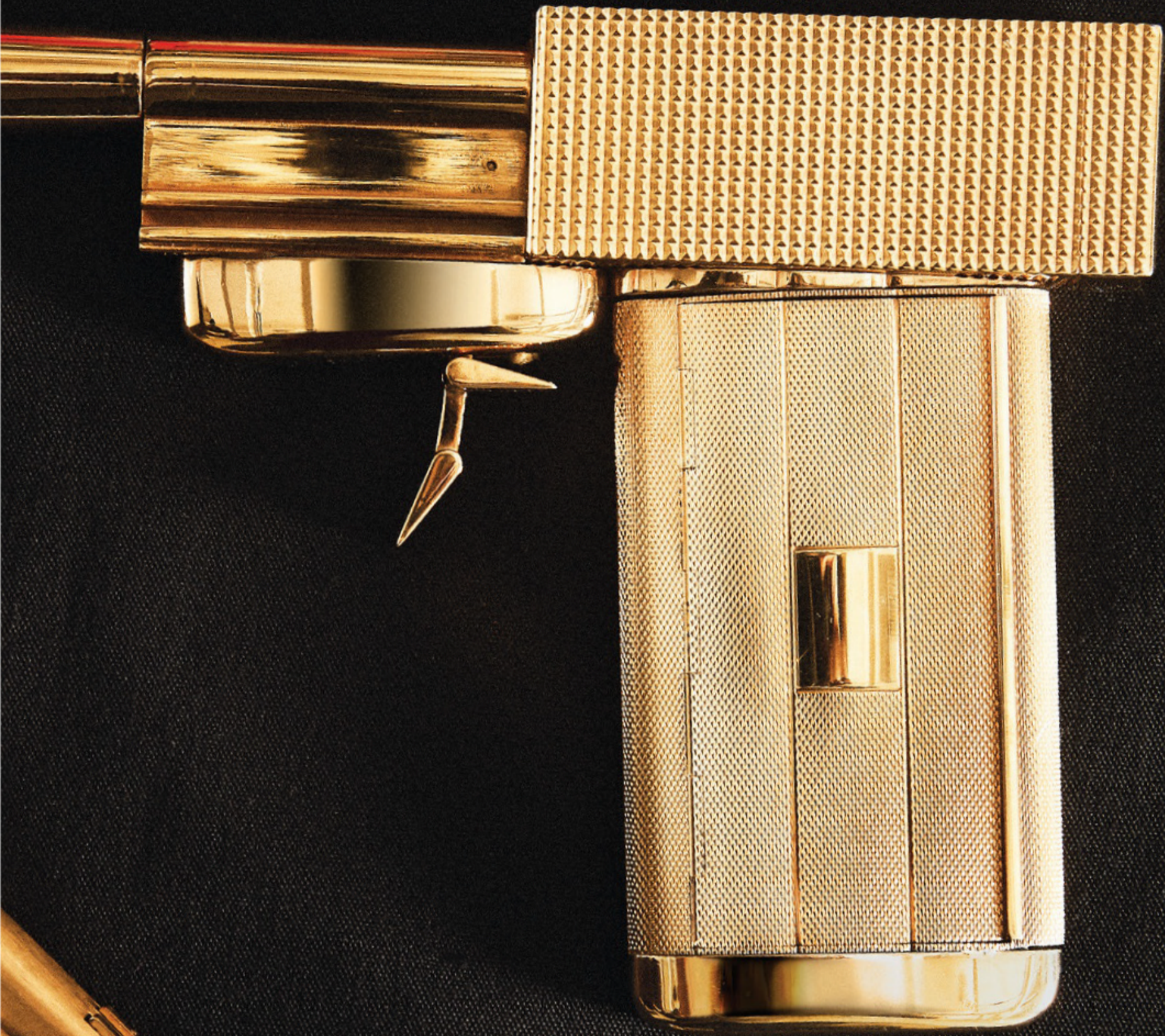
A collection of gold pens and a fountain pen nib on a dark textured background. The items include a fountain pen at the top, a ballpoint pen in the middle, and a fountain pen nib to the right. The lighting highlights the metallic sheen of the gold.

# LIVE AND LET LIVE

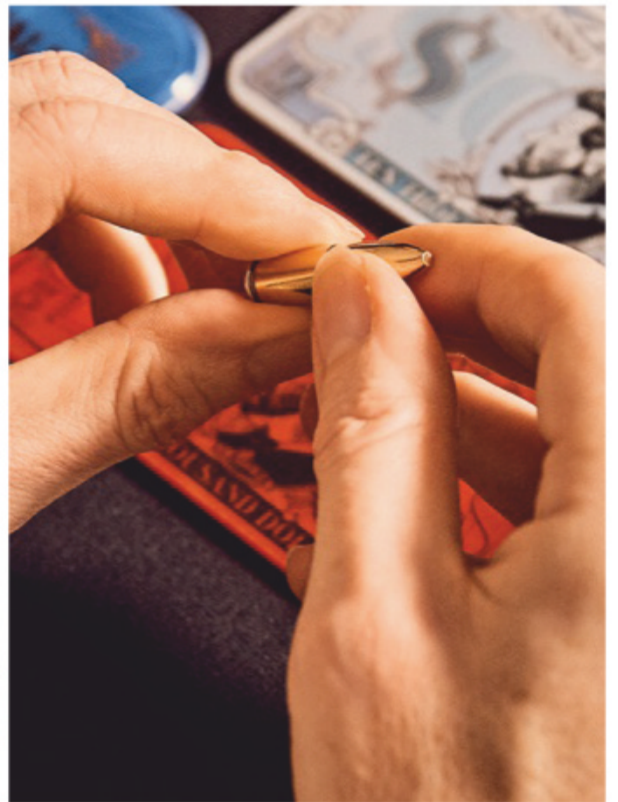
*From dinner jackets and jetpacks to casino plaques and a golden gun, the legend of James Bond has been preserved for ever in its archive. **NICK FOULKES** gets up close and personal to tell the cultural story of Ian Fleming's ageless secret agent.*

*photography **kim lang***

*special thanks to Eon Productions  
and the London Film Museum*



The golden gun.



Clockwise from top left: Christopher Lee and Roger Moore in *The Man with the Golden Gun*; Eon Productions Archive Director Meg Simmonds; golden gun ammunition; the chemin de fer scene in *Dr. No*; a gaming plaque used in the scene; and Nick Foulkes inspects the golden gun.

A highly contagious mystery virus with the sinister name Covid-19 originates in the heart of China. It spreads swiftly. Conspiracy theorists rush to the conclusion that a Chinese bioweapon has been unleashed. With frightening rapidity the virus races around the globe. The death toll mounts. Stock markets tumble. Governments panic. Public order threatens to collapse. The world teeters on the brink...

Time for Daniel Craig — muscular upper body bulging through a close-fitting Tom Ford dinner jacket, and Omega watch glimpsed on the wrist — to perform a handbrake turn in the latest offering from the beleaguered British motor manufacturer Aston Martin and leap to the rescue. Hectic action ensues at casinos, on beaches, up mountains and in sundry exotic locations around the world; by now Bond's air miles account must be so bloated it would be no surprise to learn that Greta Thunberg has put a contract out on him... A starting point for Bond No.26, working title 'No Time to Fly'. With the help of a few nifty gadgets, a squirt of Q-department hand sanitiser, some breathtaking action sequences, and a script seasoned with a judicious sprinkling of MeToo-appropriate millennial witticisms courtesy of Phoebe Waller-Bridge, the day is saved. Order returns, stock markets soar, and the 25th James Bond film does not need to be postponed...

Alas, of course, this is no James Bond plot to be solved with a few martinis, a bit of gunplay, and some *Fleabag*-style soliloquies. At the time of writing, the shadow of coronavirus is lengthening over the world, there is not a bottle of hand sanitiser, nor a face mask, to be bought, and yes, the year's most important cinematic event, the release of *No Time to Die*, has been delayed.

It is hard to think of a more enduring popular culture franchise than James Bond. Stars Trek and Wars are but infants by comparison. Avengers, X-Men, Jack Reacher... just passing trends, mere specks of lint to be brushed from the sleeve of cinematic history. Perhaps only Dracula has a longer claim on the public's affections, if that is the right word, but he is, after all, undead.

James Bond is the Peter Pan of the espionage world. A character already fully formed at the time the Iron Curtain came down, he has outlived the world that spawned him, survived Francis Fukuyama's over-hasty prediction of the end of history, and proved himself a worthy adversary of whatever the popular incarnation of a global threat may happen to be: lawless post-Soviet Russia (*GoldenEye*); the power of megalomaniac media

moguls (*Tomorrow Never Dies*), rising petrol prices (*The World Is Not Enough*), North Korea (*Die Another Day*), the funding of terrorism (*Casino Royale*), environmental fears (*Quantum of Solace*), and the perennial standby of international terrorism (*Spectre*).

And yet, while remaining up-to-date in terms of threats and social mores — Waller-Bridge is one of the most talented scriptwriters in the English language and a kind of insurance against accusations of outdated gender attitudes — James Bond has to remain recognisably James Bond, a character rooted deep in an England that ceased to exist half a century ago, a world of brittle sophistication, backgammon, bespoke suits, sexism, snobbery (especially, but not exclusively, about wine), social stratification, and pretty much anything that fits under the umbrella term 'non-woke'.

Bond's creator, the journalist turned novelist Ian Fleming, was born in Mayfair in 1908. He was shaped in the sunset glow of empire. Eton during the twenties, a brief spell at Sandhurst, the rounds of country houses and London nightclubs, sexual precocity, a private income, and family connections at court all combined to create the C.V. of a prototypical bright young thing of the interwar years. Seen from the other side of the second world war, this lifestyle would appear distant and anachronistic, but Fleming's affection for it was undimmed.

As well as being a fictional alter ego with many of his creator's tastes, 007 drank and smoked heavily (like Fleming), and Fleming envisaged Bond as resembling Hoagy Carmichael, a jazz musician and singer-songwriter popular during the 1920s and thirties. He can't have anticipated the longevity of his creation: he describes him in *Casino Royale* (published in 1953) as having purchased, in 1933, a 4.5-litre Bentley supercharged by Amherst Villiers (a year after the death of the dashing Bentley Boy Sir Henry 'Tim' Birkin, the prototypical devil-may-care sporting hero of the time who famously raced such a car at Le Mans). However, by the time Bond is missing presumed dead in the 1964 novel *You Only Live Twice*, his *Times* obituary identifies him as having been 17 in 1941, or about nine years old when he bought his first Bentley — precocious even for 007.

His adversaries, too, are often those of an earlier era. The books often find Bond still fighting the second world war. Sir Hugo Drax, the villain-in-chief of *Moonraker*, is a German nobleman and fervent Nazi who wants to destroy London with a



nuclear rocket, a WMD that is essentially an updated V-2 rocket of the sort that wreaked fear and havoc in London during the closing months of the war. Incidentally, it is in *Moonraker* that the Tranby Croft affair, or royal baccarat scandal, of 1890 — a notorious gambling controversy involving the then Prince of Wales — is invoked. In the same novel, Fleming lovingly constructs the history of London's Blades Club. Described as providing “the standard luxury of the Victorian age”, Blades is a typical all-male club in St. James's, hung with paintings by Romney and Fragonard and founded in the late 18th century. It was first mentioned in a letter by Edward Gibbon, author of *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and existed only as a figment of Fleming's highly detailed and even more highly anachronistic imagination.

This, then, is Fleming's world, and this is how Cecil Beaton photographed him: bow-tied, cigarette holder in hand, reclining in front of a table crowded with half a dozen decanters, a cocktail shaker and a selection of glasses. The photograph was taken in 1962, the year in which the Rolling Stones formed, the year Beatlemania took off with the release of *Love Me Do*, and the year that the film version of his novel *Dr. No* received its premiere.

Tellingly, Fleming wanted the screen's arch-gentleman David Niven for the role of Bond. But equally tellingly, the producer Cubby Broccoli wanted to jazz things up a bit. “Broccoli told Guy Hamilton, his original choice as director, that he was going to ‘fix’ the book, which was ‘full of nonsense,’” Fleming's biographer Andrew Lycett wrote. “He wanted to introduce a variety of fantastic elements, such as portraying the reclusive Dr. No as a monkey rather than a man. Declining the job this time, Hamilton tried to convince him that the project's charm lay in Ian's detail.” Fleming may never have mastered the psychological insight of, say, Chekhov or Conrad, but he had a unique mastery of things: branded goods, motor vehicles, antiques, toiletries, tobacco products, food, drink, and of course subtleties of men's dress. They became in his hands effective literary devices that illuminated aspects of human nature.

Hamilton was one of four directors to pass on the offer, but happily Terence Young, who was selected to direct the films, needed no convincing that the power and appeal of the Fleming *oeuvre* was in the effect of a tsunami of detail, the literary equivalent of Phil Spector's Wall of Sound (not of course that Fleming would have appreciated such a comparison). Just as Fleming drew on

himself to create Bond, so Young immersed the screen incarnation of 007 in the detail of his world, as Sean Connery would recall. “He took me on a trip to get our clothes and everything, and it was an eye opener,” Connery said. “The budget on the clothes was astronomical in relation to the film, but he was right, Terence, because there was a look about it... we had shoes handmade at Lobb's and no cufflinks, special fall-back [sic] button, and I used the Windsor knot. It was coming in the wake of the, kind of, kitchen sink drama, so you wanted to have something that was still backgammon, and chemin de fer, and good food, and beautiful girls, and marvellous cars, and rather luxurious locations.”

Now one of the most famous scenes in cinema, the sequence that introduces Bond is as meticulously constructed as one of the set pieces from the novels. As in the books, character is established through the accumulation of detail, so Bond is introduced piece by piece. The patrician surroundings of

Blades are exchanged for the cosmopolitan environment of Les Ambassadeurs, one of London's first casinos. The persona is established by a series of close-ups of details — the card shoe, the turn-back cuff of the shawl-

collared dinner jacket, the playing cards, the ivory shirt cuff (on this occasion fastened by links), the heavy plaque-like gaming tokens that, distinct from round chips, connote a high-stakes game, the manicured but masculine hands handling the cigarette case, the slim, tightly knotted bow tie, the application of flame to the end of the cigarette, the click of the lighter, the exhalation of smoke from the side of the mouth... and then, finally, the name.

Given the scene's historic importance, it is remarkable that the sole remaining artefact — and such is its cultural significance, it can truly be called an artefact — is the daffodil-yellow £50 resin gaming plaque from Les A that the passage of time has left looking slightly warped. Of course, when viewed from the perspective of life six decades ago, it is remarkable that even that survives. After all, in 1962 *Dr. No* could have been just another cinematic potboiler made on a tight schedule by a jobbing director (whose previous career high had been Cliff Richard's screen debut) with a far-fetched script adapted from a lurid paperback espionage novel and containing plenty of period attitudes regarding race and gender. It must have been hard to predict the immortality for which it was destined.

Were it not for Meg Simmonds, we would not have even this precious relic from one of cinema's most famous moments. Meg

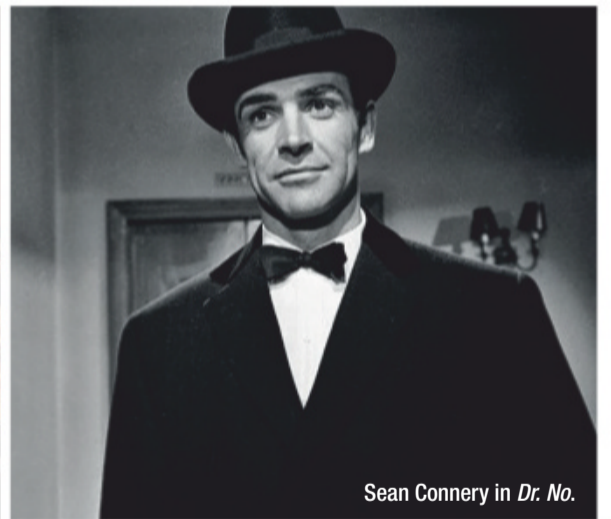
***Fleming wanted the screen's arch-gentleman David Niven to play Bond. But tellingly, the producer Cubby Broccoli wanted to jazz things up a bit.***



Three overcoats worn by Sean Connery, Roger Moore and Pierce Brosnan. They are all by different designers, but, as Nick Foulkes writes, they “demonstrate the strength of Bond’s sartorial bloodline”.



Roger Moore and Jane Seymour in *Live and Let Die*.



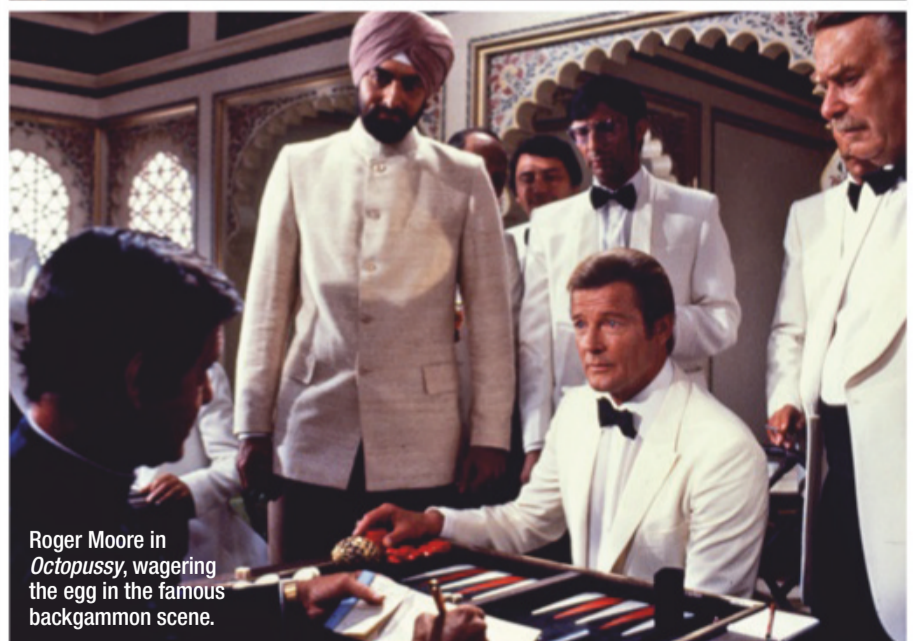
Sean Connery in *Dr. No*.



Jane Seymour signs the contract to star in *Live and Let Die* with Harry Saltzman (left) and Cubby Broccoli (right), 1972.



The Fabergé Egg, created by Asprey for *Octopussy*, with the interior carriage designs and the accompanying catalogue that was used in the auction scene.



Roger Moore in *Octopussy*, wagering the egg in the famous backgammon scene.

is the Archive Director at Eon, the producers of the Bond films, and as such is the 21st century guardian of the details great and small that, for more than half a century, have helped build 007 and his world. “This is a casino plaque from the Cercle club at Les Ambassadeurs, which is the casino in *Dr. No*,” she says with reverence while cradling this visitor from a vanished world of elegance in her gloved hand. “This is the earliest thing we have, and it was only recently acquired. That is one of the very few props from *Dr. No*, because back in the sixties they would just get rid of everything, liquidate their assets — that’s what all films did back then. So we had very few things survive from *Dr. No*, unless they were bought back at auction or if it’s something that somebody saved from getting recycled.”

Meg has a historian’s love of her subject and the imagination to see an entire world in an object, such as a scuffed leaden brick. “This is from *Goldfinger*,” she says. “This is the only known surviving gold bar from the Fort Knox set. It’s signed ‘To Gwyn’ by Sean Connery, because Gwyn’s mother, Freda Pearson, was the set decorator on *Goldfinger*. It came to the archive via an unusual route. My youngest daughter’s friend’s mother was a friend of Gwyn. Bond did not mean anything to Gwyn, she was only a child when that was happening, so she was happy to give that [gold bar] back to the archive. There weren’t that many [gold bars]. I don’t know the exact number, but I spoke to [production designer] Ken Adam about it, and he said [the filmmakers] faked most of it. He wanted a cathedral of gold, and they faked the stacks because although they had a good budget for *Goldfinger*, it would have been very expensive to make individual bars. So you would just wrap things to make them look like stacks of gold bars, but they did need a few individual ones — this bar matches the technical drawing we have in the archive. I’ve never seen another one like it.”

Meg’s satisfaction at acquiring the hard-to-find objects is largely due to the fact that the archive at Eon Productions was established only in 1995, when the franchise was rebooted with Pierce Brosnan portraying Bond in an asymmetrical, post-superpower-stand-off world. Though Bond had acquired its cultural tropes long before then. Just as Jacobean revenge tragedy has its conventions — revenge (obvs), murder, madness, torture, ghosts, more torture, and cannibalism, culminating with another round of slaughter that leaves most of the cast

dead — so Bond has the gadgets, the dinner jacket, the shaken-not-stirred intoxicant, the casino sequence, the punning one-liners, the idiosyncratic pantomime megalomaniac villain, at least one even more idiosyncratic and pantomimic-villainous hench person, the Aston Martin, the conveyor belt of beautiful women, and of course the explosive finale during which the special effects budget is blown sky-high.

It is adherence to, or at least the playful and ironic interpretation of, these tropes that ensures that whoever is playing the lead role, whatever the current global fears, whatever the prevailing social attitudes, no matter how closely or loosely it follows the *oeuvre* of Ian Fleming (and by now they have run out of even short-story titles), the work is simultaneously topical and timeless. It is precisely because we have detailed expectations and we are curious to see how they will be met and hopefully exceeded that we flock to see a Bond film. We are not looking for sudden plot twists or Ibsen-style character development; we are looking instead for a pleasing and intelligent rearrangement of those conventions into filmed entertainment that manages to suspend disbelief for a couple of hours.

From time to time we are told that Bond is returning to the character Fleming envisaged — this too has become a convention. From the punning, safari-suited, cigar-smoking, eyebrow-flexing Roger Moore, we returned, allegedly, to Fleming’s original hero as personified by Timothy Dalton. From the slick, cuff-shooting, Celtic charm of Pierce Brosnan, we have transitioned to the humourless ‘authenticity’ of Daniel Craig.

The truth is that Bond is a brand, and, like any brand that outlives its creator, some sort of corporate collective memory needs to be established against which current production can be calibrated. As the religious relics of long-dead saints create a direct link with the early years of the Christian faith and the period in which Christianity was formed, so the James Bond archive is the Thesean thread that links the Bond of today to the Bond of Connery, Terence Young, the Cold War, and Les Ambassadeurs. It is a link that Meg regards as vital to the continuation of the franchise. She says: “I like *Dr. No*, they don’t depend on the gadgetry as much, and of course even the character hadn’t been developed yet. But I do think it stands on its own. I saw it once on a big screen, when it was re-worked



in the labs and it was like a whole new experience seeing it on a big screen. I would say the sets in *Dr. No* are very innovative, and that was Ken Adam's input. He decided to work on *Dr. No* specifically because he thought it would give him an opportunity to try some new ideas and new techniques in set making. This was his chance to experiment, and it worked really well."

It was Adams's sets that eventually gave the films an identity separate from the books. Something happened during the filming of *You Only Live Twice*, when on a recce with the same guide Fleming had employed in Japan. "The guide took him to all the same places as Fleming, but they soon realised that the locations in the novel just didn't exist, physically," Simmonds says. "And that's when they started going off-piste. They had Roald Dahl helping with the script on that one. And Ken Adam came up with the idea that although they couldn't find the castle that was depicted in the book, they could find these dormant volcanoes, which they thought would be a brilliant element to use. So I think that's the first one that probably doesn't really join up with the novel so well."

*You Only Live Twice* was released in 1967, and by the early seventies that divergence had almost become a bifurcation. *Live and Let Die*, the 1954 novel, is essentially a story of smuggled pirate gold; 19 years later, topically reworked, it became an essay in cultural appropriation, a pseudo-Blaxploitation movie set in a New York where the streets are crowded with lumbering gaudy 'pimpmobiles' and the script is littered with lines such as "names is for tombstones, baby".

However, it was still a Bond film, not least because Moore's 007 was doing his best to maintain the Fleming stereotype by, for example, wearing a velvet-collared overcoat by Cyril Castle in 1972 that is, *mutatis mutandis*, in terms of minor styling details the same as the dark navy overcoat made by Anthony Sinclair for Sean Connery exactly a decade earlier, and the same as the Brioni version worn by Brosnan a quarter of a century later. Only by seeing this trio of garments hanging on the same rail is it possible to appreciate the true strength of the sartorial bloodline.

By 1974 the lens of cinematic fashion had shifted from Harlem to Hong Kong. Martial arts were everywhere, including the top of the British and American pop charts, where Carl Douglas's *Kung Fu Fighting* went to No.1. Dutifully, Bond, appropriately clad in kung fu clothes, reflected this martial arts mania accompanied by kung-fu-kicking schoolgirls. Added to this is the immortal Sheriff J.W. Pepper, a caricature buffoon of whom Dickens would have been proud, and yet what remains in the mind from *The Man*

*with the Golden Gun* is the cigarette case, pen and lighter that fit together to form Scaramanga's firearm of the film's title.

It is only stretching things a little beyond their usual elasticity to suggest that the film is saved from camp by the intricacy of this gadget, one of the most memorable in the Bond canon and one that it was a privilege to handle in the metal with Meg. Rather like the miraculous properties ascribed to relics in medieval times, to assemble and aim this prop is to feel the true power of the Bond franchise.

Another such relic is the Fabergé egg from *Octopussy* that appears in the 1963 short story *Property of a Lady*, in which Fleming's obsession with detail fills an entire story. On film it is distilled into an object made for Eon by Asprey, its cinematic power enhanced by the lengthy provenance described in a bogus auction catalogue. Just as Fleming invoked shades of Gibbon and Georgian London

to supply the verisimilitude he needed to make Blades Club real in the mind of the reader, so the makers of *Octopussy* went to great lengths to create a Tsarist Easter bauble and invent a backstory so plausible that it

compensates for the far-fetched plot that sees Moore infiltrate a circus in a clown costume — arguably Bond's sartorial nadir.

It is the meticulous care of detail that preserves Bond, protecting him from the depredations of whatever cinematic fashion is in vogue. "I think it is one of its successes and why it has survived so long," says Meg. "They always keep that core character, Fleming's core character, intact. You know that is the centre of the film, and his core stays true to Fleming's character. The producers make a conscious effort to do that."

Of the archive, which runs from gaming plaques to jetpacks, she says: "There are some hints there as to the traits that run through the films... There is a real awareness of style and detail, attention to detail of what you use, what you eat, what you drink, you know..." She pauses while she searches for the right word: "lifestyle".

As Bond transitions from being a film franchise into a cultural platform with multiple levels of merchandising and experiences that extend beyond cinema, the archive becomes even more precious: a single hymn sheet from which all voices can sing, one cultural motherlode can be mined — whether making 007-branded bathing trunks or mounting a museum show.

"Those are elements that explain the longevity of the franchise, as they're constantly being sensitive to what's going on in the world today," Simmonds says. "What's topical, but keeping that core character, a flawed, dark individual — a blunt instrument I think is how Fleming described him." Albeit a blunt instrument with an extremely sharp wardrobe. ■

### ***It was Ken Adams's sets that eventually gave the Bond films an identity separate from Fleming's books.***



Clockwise from top left: Meg and Nick discuss the remaining gold bullion bar from *Goldfinger*; a close-up of the inscription from Sean Connery to the original owner, Gwyn, whose mother worked on set; Sean Connery with co-stars Honor Blackman and Shirley Eaton on set.





# THE ISLES OF MAN

*Fiction and non-fiction have helped establish Britain's reputation for strength, suavity, stylishness and, alas, storms.  
But rotten weather wasn't going to stop us demonstrating how dressing well is critical whatever the season.*

*photography **tomo brejc** fashion direction **grace gilfeather***

***Special thanks to Corinthia Hotel, London***







Contents page:  
Haute Joaillerie diamond earrings from  
the Green Carpet Collection, **Chopard**.

Previous spread:  
Navy double-breasted wool Fitted  
Military Coat, **Connolly**; midnight blue  
Merino wool roll-neck, **John Smedley**;  
navy cotton chinos, **Brunello Cucinelli**.

This page:  
Navy chalkstripe suit, **Brooks Brothers**;  
beige and brown cotton printed tie,  
**Cifonelli**; white cotton poplin slim fit  
shirt, Tudor red paisley madder silk  
pocket-square and Blue and silver  
sunburst chain cufflinks, all at **Budd  
Shirtmakers at The Rake**. Seamaster  
Diver 300M James Bond 50th  
Anniversary Limited Edition, **Omega**.





This page:  
Navy Bengal stripe cotton shirt and tobacco silk tie, both **Emma Willis at The Rake**; navy wool fine stripe trousers, **Brunello Cucinelli**; black tortoiseshell acetate Jeremy Hackett signature glasses, **Hackett at The Rake**; belt, stylist's own. Seamaster Diver 300M James Bond 50th Anniversary Limited Edition, **Omega**.

Opposite page:  
Cream knitted Merino open collar shirt, **Frescobol Carioca**; white linen double pleated trousers, **Brunello Cucinelli**; belt, stylist's own. Seamaster Diver 300M James Bond 50th Anniversary Limited Edition, **Omega**.



Sand linen belted safari jacket,  
**Ralph Lauren**; tortoiseshell  
acetate Jeremy Hackett signature  
sunglasses, **Hackett**; Zodiac scarf  
Lana wool, **Nick Fouquet**.





This page:  
Light grey cashmere  
suit and camel cashmere  
roll-neck, both **Cifonelli**;  
burgundy cotton  
socks, **Pantherella**;  
burgundy antique calf  
leather double monk  
shoe, **Edward Green**.  
Seamaster Diver 300M  
James Bond 50th  
Anniversary Limited  
Edition, **Omega**.

Opposite page:  
White cotton and silk  
tuxedo jacket with MOP  
buttons, **Henry Poole**;  
white voile pleated  
dress shirt and black  
moire silk bow tie,  
**Budd Shirtmakers**.





Grey wool knit roll-neck,  
**Drake's**; navy cotton  
chinos, **Brunello Cucinelli**.

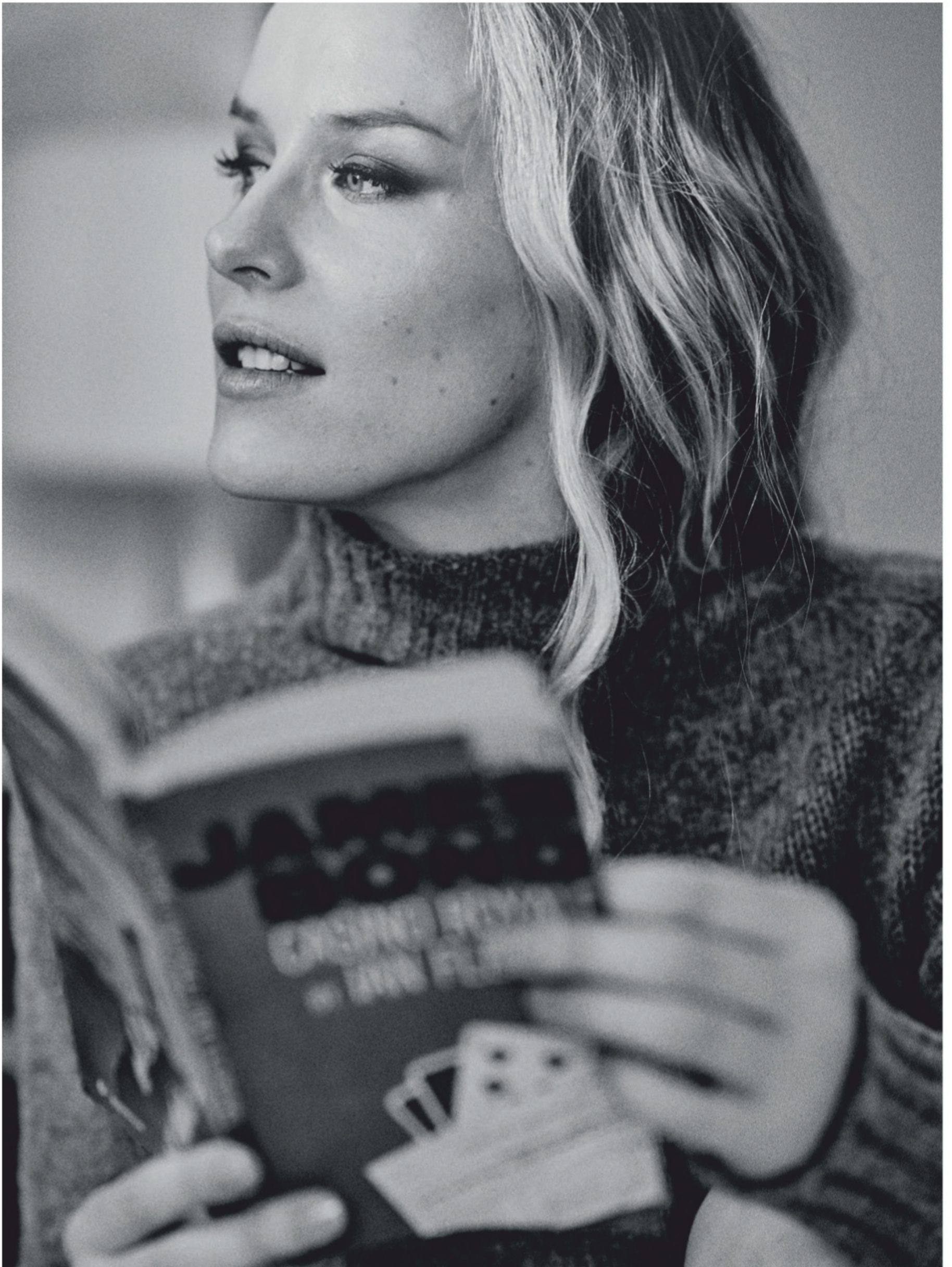




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This page:  
Light grey cashmere suit,  
**Turnbull & Asser**; white superior  
cotton shirt, **Emma Willis at  
The Rake**; oatmeal linen tie,  
**Cifonelli**; honey cotton oversized  
trenchcoat, **Mackintosh at The  
Rake**; khaki St. James's felt  
fedora, **Lock & Co. at The Rake**.

Opposite page:  
Grey wool knit roll-neck, **Drake's**.







Her: Navy wool pinstripe suit and white and blue striped cotton shirt both, **Ralph Lauren Collection**.

Him: Navy double-breasted wool Fitted Military Coat, **Connolly**; blue chambray shirt, **Hackett**; blue silk grenadine tie, **Budd Shirtmakers**.



Charcoal wool zip-side  
roll-neck, **Connolly**.





Her:  
Off-white jersey Novella evening  
dress, **Ralph Lauren Collection**.

Him:  
White cotton vest, **Sunspel**; black  
wool trousers, **Ermenegildo Zegna**.



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STYLIST FOR HUM: VERONICA PEREZ  
FASHION ASSISTANT: AMELIA HUDSON  
VIDEOGRAPHERS: MARCIUS EBANKS / RIKESH CHAUHAN  
CASTING: NICHOLAS FORBES-WATSON  
MODELS: MORGAN WATKINS @ SELECT & HUM FLEMING





# *shop the rake*

BRITISH FLAIRWAYS.

# BRIT PACK

*Only a fool confines British clothing to the colder months. In fact, if Britain has proved anything, it is that in unfamiliar territory, it rises to the challenge and adapts accordingly.*

photography **kim lang** fashion direction **veronica perez**



Section opener:  
Brown cashmere blazer, **Huntsman**;  
white superior cotton shirt, **Emma Willis at The Rake**; white cotton/silk watermelon slice pocket-square and red and green madder silk petal print tie, both at **Drake's at The Rake**;  
oatmeal linen herringbone trousers, **Anderson & Sheppard**.

This page:  
Brown linen suit, **Timothy Everest**;  
light brown cashmere button polo neck, **Anderson & Sheppard**; navy, red and yellow spot scarf, **Drake's at The Rake**; mustard cashmere pocket-square, **Anderson & Sheppard**; dark brown suede penny loafers, **George Cleverley**.

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Markets & Investing  
FINANCIAL TIMES

Beware complacency  
as corporate bond  
drama comes closer

Guy Street  
Markets insight

FINANCIAL TIMES

Land Rover faces closures  
coronavirus li

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This page and contents:  
Navy wool suit, **Huntsman**; green striped cotton pin collar shirt and dark red cotton tie with blue pattern, both **Edward Sexton at The Rake**; beige and deep red snake print silk pocket-square, **Drake's at The Rake**; ombre multicolour cashmere scarf, **Johnstons of Elgin**; Florence navy straw hat, **Lock & Co**; turquoise leather trolley case, **Globe-Trotter**.

Opposite page:  
Brown pick and pick wool suit, **Edward Sexton**; blue brushed cotton shirt, **Emma Willis at The Rake**; navy silk boat print tie, **Drake's at The Rake**; grey cotton socks, **The London Sock Co. at The Rake**; Charles dark brown leather pebble grain shoe, **George Cleverley**.



  
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Opposite page:  
Tobacco corduroy work jacket, **Anderson & Sheppard**; navy striped linen hiking jersey, **Drake's at The Rake**; green and white cashmere gingham neckerchief, **Anderson & Sheppard**; blue cotton trousers, **Hackett**.

This page:  
Navy cashmere bomber jacket and oatmeal cashmere trousers, both **Johnstons of Elgin**; brown cashmere crew neck jumper, **Emma Willis**; blue and white cashmere gingham neckerchief, **Anderson & Sheppard**.



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Natural Glen check linen suit, **Drake's at The Rake**; sky blue cotton shirt, **Budd Shirtmakers**; chocolate brown silk geometric print tie, **Edward Sexton**;

White cotton handkerchief, *stylist's own.*



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Cream, blue and yellow wool knitted shirt and nutmeg brown cotton pleated trousers, both **King & Tuckfield at The Rake**; brown and beige cotton socks, **The London Sock Company x Ilaria Urbinati**; tan leather tassel loafers, **Crockett & Jones**.



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This page:  
Navy silk dinner jacket,  
**Favourbrook**; navy voile dress shirt,  
**Budd Shirtmakers**; black velvet bow  
tie, **Turnbull & Asser at The Rake**.

Opposite page:  
Cream silk linen Herringbone Edward  
three-piece suit, **Walker Slater at  
The Rake**; pale pink cotton tab collar  
shirt, **Edward Sexton at The Rake**;  
cream with pink and orange detail  
hand-embroidered cashmere pocket-  
square, **Anderson & Sheppard**; olive  
and red hearts and diamonds pattern  
silk tie, **Drake's at The Rake**.





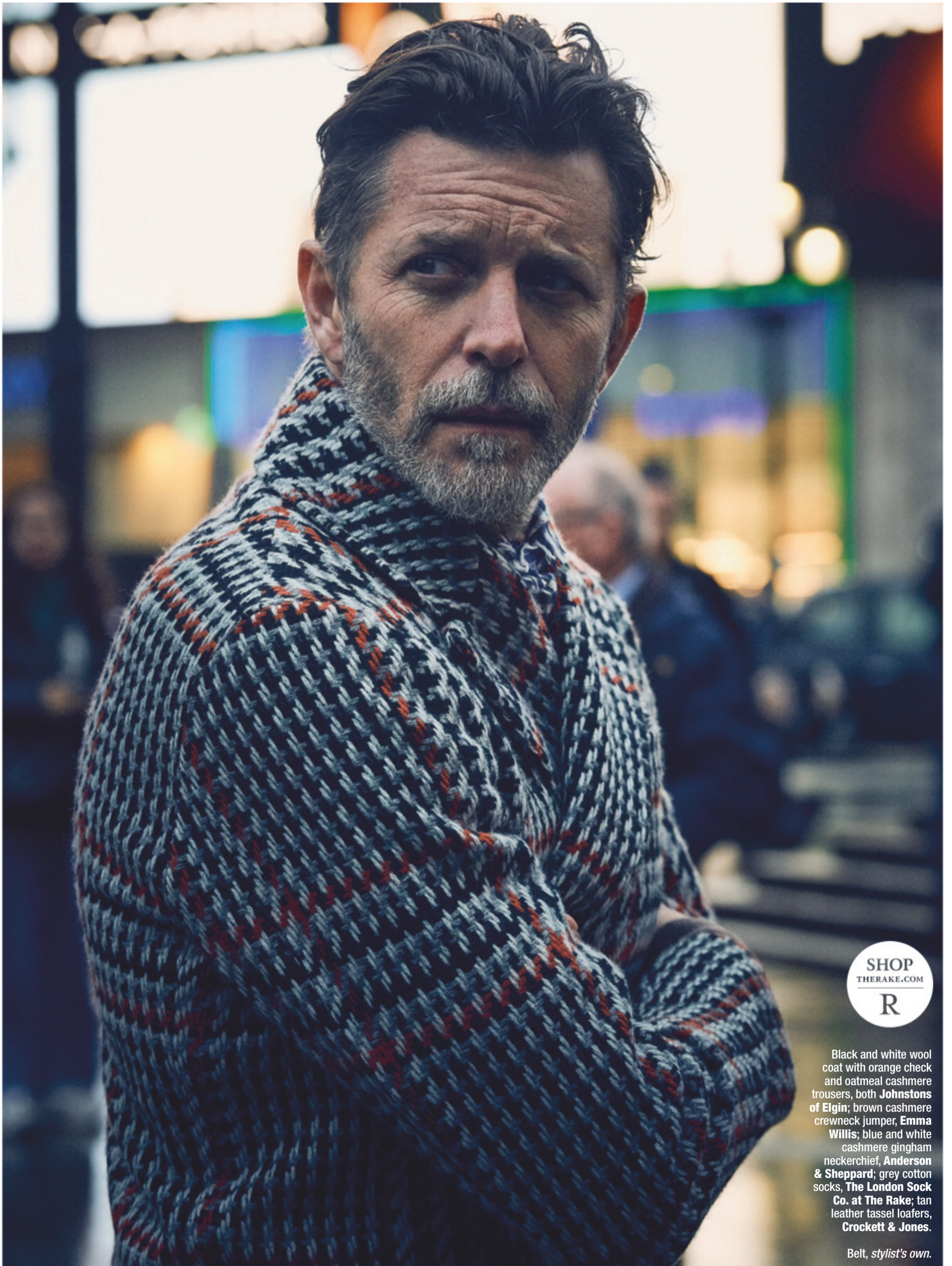
LOCKEY'S  
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Opposite page:  
New and lingwood cream  
brushed cotton three-piece  
suit, **New & Lingwood**;  
sky Bengal stripe cotton  
shirt, **Emma Willis**; orange  
cotton tie with blue and  
white eye pattern, **Edward  
Sexton**; mustard cashmere  
pocket-square, **Anderson  
& Sheppard**; dark brown  
suede penny loafers, **George  
Cleverley**.

This page:  
Navy cashmere bomber  
jacket and oatmeal cashmere  
trousers, **both Johnstons of  
Elgin**; brown cashmere crew  
neck jumper, **Emma Willis**;  
blue and white cashmere  
gingham neckerchief,  
**Anderson & Sheppard**.



SHOP  
THERAKE.COM  
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Black and white wool coat with orange check and oatmeal cashmere trousers, both **Johnstons of Elgin**; brown cashmere crewneck jumper, **Emma Willis**; blue and white cashmere gingham neckerchief, **Anderson & Sheppard**; grey cotton socks, **The London Sock Co. at The Rake**; tan leather tassel loafers, **Crockett & Jones**.

Belt, *stylist's own*.

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PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT: DERRICK KAKEMBO  
VIDEOGRAPHER: MARCUS EBANKS  
TALENT: CRAIG ROBERTS @ MODELS 1  
GROOMING: LUKA WATABE  
STYLIST ASSISTANT: AMELIA HUDSON  
SQUARE WHEELS - LOCATION VAN  
LOCATIONS WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO: DAVIDOFF, WILTON'S, LOCKET'S  
CAFE, TURNER & GEORGE BUTCHERS, TRUEFIT & HILL BARBERS.

A close-up photograph of a teal classic car, showing the rear quarter panel, a chrome bumper, and a red taillight. The car's surface is highly reflective, showing distorted reflections of the surrounding environment. The text is overlaid on the upper portion of the image.

# *compendium*

TIME FLIES WHEN YOU'RE HAVING FUN; I'M WATCHING YOU;  
RUM DEAL; BASS NOTES; GREAT EXPECTATIONS.



# AVANT-GUARDED SECRET

*At AP House, London's sanctum sanctorum of Audemars Piguet, men of all stripes, from watch collectors to army officers, came to share in an evening of Veronese hospitality hosted by the wine connoisseur Luca Dusi and tattoo artist Mo Coppoletta. The occasion? An avant-première of Audemars Piguet's [Re]Master, a limited edition timepiece inspired by the grand heritage of one of the few remaining family owned watch brands.*

photography **rikesh chauhan**



The Audemars Piguet [Re]Master.



Michael Friedman, the Audemars Piguet Head of Complications.



Michael Hickcox.





Lt. Col. Piers Ashfield DSO.



The reverse of the Audemars Piguet [Re]Master.



Daniel Compton.



Austen Chu.



Jonathan Sothcott and Tom Chamberlin.



Mo Coppoletta.



Sanjay Vadera.



Laura de'Castiglioni.



TEMPORAL



Luca Dusi.



Paul Sculfor.



Andrew Luff.



Shary Rahman.



Vanessa Jaulimsing.



William Anderson.



Jessica Gaffney.



Tom Stubbs.



WISDOM



# UNION MAN

David Mason has spent the past decade resuscitating the fortunes of several British labels that hadn't had it so good since the sixties. He tells **THE RAKE** how he's done it, and why his new project — reviving the heritage shirtmaker Mr Fish — is the most challenging yet.

by **aleks cvetkovic**

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**D**avid Mason cuts a polished figure. When I meet with him on a rainy day in February, he is wearing a crisp navy mohair blazer and perfectly pressed charcoal flannels. He serves coffee on a silver tray and reclines into a leather armchair in his showroom in London's Montagu Square.

Mason, who is a longstanding champion of little-known British brands, has built his career by bringing sleeping giants back to life. In 2012 he bought and relaunched Anthony Sinclair, the tailoring house that dressed Sean Connery for his on-screen appearances as James Bond. He followed this success by relaunching an early 20th-century gem, Motoluxe, which is known for its sumptuous alpaca motoring coats, and he has just relaunched the British heritage eyewear brand Curry & Paxton. Next on the list is the English shirtmaker Mr Fish, which dressed Michael Caine, Mick Jagger and even designed Muhammad Ali's dressing gown for the Rumble in the Jungle in 1974.

It feels fitting, then, that the showroom where we sit and chat is not part of just any London townhouse but the former home of Ringo Starr, John Lennon and Jimi Hendrix. Mason snapped up the property while looking for a new base for his brands, and this connection to sixties and seventies pop culture was too good to overlook. Arguably it is this relentless pursuit of authenticity that today marks out David's portfolio of menswear brands as unique. So what has Mason learned in almost a decade of nurturing lost British icons back to life?

**A little luck goes a long way.** For me, it all started in 2012 with the rebirth of Anthony Sinclair. I took the view that if we were ever going to relaunch the brand, it had to be that year: it was the 50th anniversary of the Bond films, the Olympics were in London and the eyes of the world were on the city. Plus, the Games were of course opened by the Queen, who jumped out of a helicopter with James Bond. It couldn't have been more perfect. Sometimes, you just have to take an opportunity and run with it. Our early success with Anthony Sinclair gave us the direction to do a British thing — if it had flopped, we probably wouldn't have gone down the path we have.

**It pays to stick to your guns.** We try to work with brands who specialise in a particular kind of garment; if you're good at something, concentrate on it — that's my philosophy on these things. We've just started to work with Begg & Co. and William Lockie on cashmere products, for example, because logic dictates

that if they've been around for several hundred years between them, they know what they're doing. William Lockie doesn't do a huge amount of different things, but I think it does make the best eight-ply cashmere shawl-collar cardigan you'll find anywhere in the world, and that's why it's on our website. We now have 27 British brands on the Mason & Sons platform, and they're all brands we think are exceptional at what they choose to do.

**Heritage matters.** I've never really stopped to think about why I'm passionate about supporting British brands, it's just something I've always tried to do. It's been a great adventure unearthing all these little-known makers and connecting with storied brands through movies and music. When I started working on Anthony Sinclair, I realised that a lot of smaller British brands have gotten lost in the noise, or lost their way over time.

**Product alone isn't enough. You need a brand.** In the late 1960s, British fashion was in a strong position. Take a

movie like *The Italian Job*, for example: Michael Caine's tailor, Doug Hayward, is mentioned in the film's opening credits, and Mr Fish's logo appears in the scene with Caine's shirtmaker, which is extraordinary when you think about it. At that point in time, British craftsmen were deemed cool enough to actually be called out in one of the most stylish films of the decade. But come the mid 1970s, Armani, Versace, Ralph Lauren all entered the scene and they just completely blew British brands out of the water. It all became about the brand identity, rather than the craft behind the clothing. I don't think that British menswear has ever really recovered from that.

**People connect with good stories.** Certainly, Armani and Ralph Lauren were brilliant at storytelling from their inception, and I think if you're a craftsman making something, often you're focused solely on the product, rather than the market that surrounds you. There are so many great brands out there whose stories remain untold today, and once you start to communicate said story to a potential customer, they get excited and passionate about it. It doesn't take much for someone to understand the true value of something, but heritage brands have never really been very good about blowing their own trumpets.

**It takes time to incubate a brand.** You can't rush it. Curry & Paxton is a good example. We've just relaunched the brand by



Clockwise from left: Anthony Sinclair fits Sean Connery; Michael Caine wears his Curry & Paxton glasses; and Terence Stamp and Monica Vitti in Mr Fish on the set of the 1966 movie *Modesty Blaise*.




reintroducing the Ivan frame that Michael Caine wears in *The Italian Job*, with set-back lugs and hexagonal shaped pins. We started with a soft launch on the Mason & Sons website, and these days the site generally works as an incubator for newly relaunched brands. We find that if we put a product on there and it sells, that acts as proof of concept for us, and helps us to form a plan.

So, with Curry & Paxton, we're now working on a dedicated website for the brand, and on expanding the collection into vintage-inspired men's and women's frames — because they originally offered products for both sexes. The key is to remain true to what a brand did in its heyday, so in Curry & Paxton's case, we'll only offer eyewear designs that are authentic to the period.

**The past eight years have been filled with ups and downs.** It's tough out there, particularly in the retail sector at the moment. Things like Kilgour closing on Savile Row is immensely sad, but I expect we'll see more of that this year. The downs are the nitty-gritty day-to-day stuff of running a clothing business in such a competitive and difficult market, but our online presence and our very light retail footprint have helped us to survive thus far and move forward. The flip-side is that it's incredibly rewarding when you do succeed in bringing a brand back to life, and customers respond to it.

**The next piece of the puzzle is the relaunch of Mr Fish...** The legendary 1960s shirtmaker. The challenge with this brand is that it's not an easy story to tell to someone who doesn't already know something of it. When we launched Anthony Sinclair, it was very easy to communicate that 'he was Sean Connery's tailor in the Bond films', but Mr Fish was a very complex brand in the late sixties. Yes, Michael Fish was Michael Caine's shirtmaker, but he also made shirt-dresses for Mick Jagger. Selling men in dresses to our audience, which is primarily made up of fans of Sean Connery, Steve McQueen and Michael Caine, isn't easy. So we've created a new brand film and lookbook with a late-sixties rock 'n' roll feel, which will hopefully help to communicate what makes this brand special.

**Listen to the people who want to build you up.** If you have a vision for something, there'll always be someone who disagrees with it, and who'll try to tear it apart. They're best ignored; work with the people who are positive and ignore the naysayers. Dozens of successful businessmen have said to me over the years, "David, take one of your brands and concentrate on it", and I can understand the logic behind this, but my question to them has always been, "which one?" All these brands deserve to thrive. So that's what I'm going to keep trying to do. 

WISDOM



Sean Connery wears an Anthony Sinclair barleycorn tweed jacket and cavalry twill trouser in *Goldfinger* (1964).



EDICIÓN LIMITADA



TRIBUTO 2019  
*El Ron de Cuba*

AN EXCEPTIONAL RUM CREATED  
BY THREE GENERATIONS OF  
MAESTROS DEL RON CUBANO  
40%Vol 70cl e

CRAFTED, AGED AND BOTTLED IN CUBA



TRIBUTO 2

EL RON DE CUBA

Havana Club  
A SERIES OF  
*Limited Editions*  
that have been Crafted in Tribute to  
the UNRIVALED EXCELLENCE  
and Remarkable Range of Styles  
within Cuban Rum  
TRIBUTO 2019  
0021 of 2500  
RON PURO CUBANO  
40%Vol 70cl e

Havana Club's Tributo 2019 exemplifies the passion, know-how and collaboration involved in the making of Cuban rum.

# HAVANA AFFAIR

*Havana Club have unveiled the latest edition of the Tributo range, a luxury collection that honours the three generations of craft 'maestros' that help make the finest Cuban rum in the world.*

DELICACIES

by **aobh o'brien-moody**

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DELICACIES

Havana Club's Maestros del Ron Cubano are custodians of an age-old tradition passed down through generations and honoured as part of Cuba's cultural patrimony.



Anyone who has visited Cuba can appreciate that it is a place unlike any other. Vibrating with a heady energy, it is a country of contradictions, at once maddening and magnificent, sophisticated and dilapidated. It defies definition.

Perfectly encapsulating Cuba's dynamic and multilayered character is rum, a spirit that runs through the country's veins and is integral to its culture and national heritage. Far more than a popular cocktail constituent, it is emotional. It connects people and acts as the nucleus of celebrations and social gatherings while also providing employment for many and fuelling the country's economy.

Leading the production of rum in Cuba is the world's number one super-premium brand, Havana Club. It was established in 1934 by the Arechabala family, who, from 1878, made the most of the country's famously fertile soil, tropical climate and rich sugar cane to produce a deliciously smooth spirit.

The label is renowned for the involvement of its famous Maestros Roneros del Ron Cubano, the 'masters' of Cuban rum and custodians of the age-old tradition of rum making. These doyens of the craft undergo rigorous training to learn how to select the best molasses, supervise their fermentation and distillation, pick the best casks to age the distillates, and blend them to obtain the finest rums.

Their expertise and fierce dedication is at the heart of every bottle of Havana Club, to the extent that the label has created a luxury collection in their honour, aptly named Tributo. The range comprises a series of annual limited editions created with premium aged rum bases from cellar reserves that reveal the depth and multifaceted nature of Cuban rum.



The most recent addition to the collection is Havana Club Tributo 2019, which called for the collaboration of three generations of maestros: Don José Navarro, Primer (first) Maestro del Ron Cubano; Asbel Morales, Maestro del Ron Cubano; and Salomé Aleman, the first and only female Maestra del Ron Cubano.

Each of the distinguished virtuosos selected a rare and extra-aged rum base, according to their own style and the decade of their appointment (the 1970s, 1990s and 2010s respectively). The bases were combined and blended again with a rum that spent more than 25 years in French oak barrels.

The result is a rich, golden liquid, perfectly balanced in aroma and flavour, with sweet notes of sugarcane juice, molasses and fruit aromas revealed on the nose and notes of mature oak and subtle flavours of vanilla and dried fruits on the palate.

Only 2,500 bottles were created, each housed in a stunning case crafted in off-white wood, with orange accents connoting the rich amber colour of the rum. The Cuban star features on the design of the bottle neck and label to signify the rum's authenticity, and each of the 2,500 bottles is numbered and personalised with the signatures of each of the three masters, the final stamp of quality.


For Havana Club's Maestro del Ron Cubano, Asbel Morales, this release is personal, as it honours the legacy of the masters who paved the way for him and exemplifies the passion, know-how and collaboration involved in the making of Cuban rum. "Once

again, the Havana Club Tributo collection praises the richness and variety of styles that form the base of the authentic Cuban rum category," he says. "Each rum in the Tributo range uniquely focuses on a different element of the production process, from our ancient rum bases to cask experimentation, and the 2019 edition continues this story by honouring the craftsmanship of three of the Maestros del Ron Cubano. It has been a privilege

to craft Havana Club Tributo 2019 with Don José Navarro and Salomé Aleman and pay homage to the masters of Cuban rum, past and present, whose commitment to quality over the past 85 years has

ensured that Havana Club has the very best rums in the world."

Nick Blacknell, the Global Marketing Director of Havana Club International, is equally enthusiastic. "We are so proud to present the latest addition in the Havana Club Tributo range, a true collector's range that tells the authentic story of Cuban rum production using some of the most precious liquids that lie in the Havana Club cellars," he says. "From our launch at the Habanos Festival to discerning bars and specialist rum suppliers, we are very confident that the range will continue to appeal to connoisseurs of prestige whiskey and rum around the world."

Ultimately, Tributo 2019 is a celebration of people, culture and craftsmanship. Do as the Cubans do, and savour this rum. It is a drink that deserves to be sipped slowly, best enjoyed in the company of cherished friends. Cheers to that. 

***Tributo 2019 is a celebration of culture and craftsmanship. Do as the Cubans do, and savour this rum.***

# A HOPEFUL TRANSMISSION

When the Coldplay guitarist Guy Berryman isn't on the road with the biggest band in the world, he can be found at his English country home indulging in one of his passions: car restoration and collecting. He invited **THE RAKE** to the Cotswolds for an exclusive tour.

by **francois pourcher** photography **rikesh chauhan**

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As the train pulls noisily into the station, *The Rake's* photographer Rikesh Chauhan and I can make out the figure of Guy Berryman in his Mercedes AMG, a vehicle altogether more futuristic and impressive. There is something charming about the sight of the bass guitarist of one of the world's most successful bands — Coldplay — waiting to collect us.

We are on the way to his house in the Cotswolds to discuss his passion for and profound knowledge of cars. Even though Guy is more famous as a musician and producer, he is a genuine connoisseur when it comes to cars, though music had to take the lead early in his life. When he met the other members of Coldplay — Chris Martin, Jonny Buckland and Will Champion — they were studying at University College London. Berryman says: "I always wished I could do music. I went to university to study mechanical engineering, but I actually went to university to be able to meet other people to create a band. You know that it could happen — but the chance was really small to make a living out of it."

Any doubt was laid to rest in 2002, when, even before their second album, *A Rush of Blood to the Head*, was released, Coldplay were invited to headline Glastonbury for the first time, a career highlight for Berryman and a moment in musical folklore. It also meant that Guy's hobby had to take a back seat. "For the first 10 years of Coldplay I was not really focused on cars," he says. "We were so busy recording and touring while I was living in London, which is not the right place to have, keep and work on cars as well as drive them. One day I decided to live here full-time [in the Cotswolds], where I can live out my passion for cars."

***The limestone house magnificently refurbished by Guy is an idyll for anyone passionate about cars, music and fashion.***

The limestone house magnificently refurbished by Guy is an idyll for anyone passionate about cars, music and fashion. It is home to *The Road Rat*, the car magazine Guy founded, as well as a collection of exceptional and rare automobile beauties. Guy collects unusual European sports cars from the 1950s, sixties and seventies, his favourite periods of design. Everything started with his father's red Triumph TR3, which he got during his twenties. "When I was a teenager I always helped my dad to fix up his car, and I fell in love with it," he says. But the premier car of Guy's collection is a red Jaguar E type 4.2L from 1967, recently delivered after a huge restoration. It had previously been disassembled by a renowned U.K. Ferrari importer called Col. Ronnie Hoare. Berryman says: "I like to find project cars and do the restoration, even doing the job myself here in my workshop, or handing it over to anybody I trust 100 per cent. I am a purist. I love the perfection in restoration, I want to know my car perfectly and what has been done exactly."

Heteroclit in his choices, he is always driven by the beauty of the design and the history and rarity of a car, like his Ferrari 275 GTB in a stunning pine-green or the black Bugatti Veyron. "I like to find things that are quite rare, something very special," he says. "I never buy cars by going online. I always found cars in strange ways, through coincidences like the 275 GTB 'barn-find' I bought in America. I brought it back to England and started restoring it to return it to its original shape." The body had been modified, from a short nose to a long nose, but she is now back to how she was meant to be.



DASHING



Clockwise from top left: Guy's Bugatti Veyron and Porsche 2L coupé 1968; Ferrari Boxer 365 GT4 BB; Citroën Maserati SM; the dashboard of his Ferrari Dino 246 GT; and his Lancia Flaminia Sport Zagato 2.8L.



DASHING



The Ferrari 275 GTB short nose in a rare pine green livery.





Guy's Porsche 356 Carrera Speedster Zagato; and his red Jaguar E-Type Series 1 4.2 litre.





A rare and special Zagato Porsche Speedster is also proudly tucked away in Berryman's garage. The original car was commissioned in 1957 by the French race and rally driver Claude Storez, who was killed in an accident in February 1959. Andrea Zagato decided to build a run of nine 356 Carrera Speedster Zs for Zagato connoisseurs to honour both Storez's memory and Porsche's 60th anniversary.

The Bugatti Veyron is the superstar of all cars, named the car of the decade (2000–09) on BBC's *Top Gear*. It can reach a top speed of 253mph.

"I love the Veyron," Guy says. "It is an iconic car and an engineering accomplishment. You can comfortably drive with 1,000 horsepower behind you."

His collection mixes different styles and spirits, from a Fiat Abarth to a Porsche 911 S short-wheel base and a rare Alpine A220 ex-Le Mans 1968–69 that is in preparation for Le Mans Classic within two years. "There are many cars I would love to have, like a Ferrari 250 SWB, which for me is the ultimate legendary classic car, or the iconic McLaren F1," he says.


Berryman takes in the beautiful scenery and delicious cuisine of a European road trip when he can. "I love driving the Alps from France to Italy — the Dolomites are amazing for driving," he says. "One of the most memorable road trips I

had was when my good friend Magne Furuholmen, from A-ha, and I collected the Zagato Porsche Speedster from Milan. We drove to Nice through Chamonix and the Alpes-Maritimes with terrible weather conditions. We could see nothing in intense fog and strong rains. We even borrowed two buckets to scoop the water out of the car. What an experience."

It seems collecting cars wasn't enough for him, so in order to celebrate his passion, he and two friends and car specialists created *The Road Rat*, which is a stylish,

collectable tome you can put on the shelf and keep for ever.

But Berryman's passion for aesthetics and design doesn't start and end with cars. He collects military clothing from the 1940s to the seventies, like U.S. Air Force and Vietnam-era jackets, and British army and navy clothing. He is attracted to making and designing things, so it is no surprise that in September he will launch a luxury clothing and accessories label called Ratino. "I like things well crafted, timeless, and not fashionable," he says. "I love things that are going to look good in the future, in the way of sustainable fashion: keep it for the rest of your life."

Life can be lived in different ways, but always it must be done passionately — a concept that Berryman embodies in everything he does. 

***"I love driving the Alps from France to Italy — the Dolomites are amazing."***

# DIRECTORY

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# STAND AND DELIVER!

James Bond's scar-faced nemesis, Blofeld, was inspired by a true-life super-villain who amassed a fortune by helping to spark international conflicts. That's all well and good, but we need to talk about those collars...

RAKE  
INCARNATE

by **christian barker**

He's a self-made man of the world, a savvy entrepreneur who has built from nothing a prosperous, multifarious global organisation. A darkly charming sophisticate, he commands unwavering loyalty from all who work for him and is respected by business partners as someone not to be crossed. With a take-no-prisoners approach, he'll do whatever's necessary to succeed.

The above passage could describe any number of individuals featured on *Forbes'* list of the world's wealthiest people. What sets Ernst Stavro Blofeld apart from many (but sadly by no means all) of them is his willingness to sacrifice countless lives in pursuit of greater power and riches. That, and the fact that, fortunately for humanity, he is a fictional character.

One of the greatest, most rakish imaginary villains of all time — alongside the likes of Tom Ripley, Professor Moriarty, Hannibal Lecter and Patrick Bateman — Blofeld was first dreamed up by Ian Fleming to serve as 007's shadowy adversary in the 1961 James Bond novel *Thunderball*. Fleming pilfered the surname from an old Etonian chum, Thomas Blofeld (the father of the renowned English cricket commentator Henry). The Greek middle name, meanwhile, alludes to the real-life super-scoundrel Fleming is believed to have based the character upon: Sir Basil Zaharoff.

Born Vasileios Zacharias, Zaharoff was a Greek arms dealer and industrialist who, at the peak of his career in the early decades of the 20th century, amassed one of the world's great fortunes by helping to spark international conflicts — some say his was the Machiavellian hand behind world war I — and selling millions of dollars in arms to both sides. Zaharoff was the amoral 'merchant of death' who popularised the first fully automatic machine gun, a legendary lover, bigamist, fabulist and at one time professional arsonist who ruthlessly fanned the flames of war for fun and profit. (His exploits are too numerous to detail here.)

As the death toll mounted, the self-styled King of Armaments' holdings grew to include a popular French daily newspaper, several banks, the oil company that would become British Petroleum, a vast, masterpiece-filled chateau outside Paris that was once the country house of King Leopold II of Belgium, and Société des Bains de Mer, operator of the storied Monte Carlo Casino. By the time he died in Monaco in 1936 — in the lap of luxury, aged 87 — Zaharoff was widely thought to be the richest man in Europe. War, what is it good for? Rather a lot of lucre, seemingly.

Like Zaharoff, Blofeld is a cold-hearted pragmatist unafraid to play both sides. In *Thunderball*, the novel, we're informed that



Blofeld's earliest criminal enterprise involved using insider information gleaned while working at the Polish ministry of posts and telegraphs to make a mint on the stock exchange. He then treacherously sold classified materials from the same source to the Nazis and fled before their invasion of his native country. In Turkey during the second world war, Blofeld established an intelligence network, spying for the Axis and Allies alike, which formed the basis of SPECTRE: Special Executive for Counter-intelligence, Terrorism, Revenge and Extortion, an apolitical criminal co-operative incorporating members of the Italian mafia, Turkish and Corsican heroin cartels, Soviet and Yugoslav agents, former Gestapo, and various other miscreants.

Whether working independently or at the behest of a third party (often hinted to be communist China), despite the presence of ideologically driven Marxists and fascists on the crew, SPECTRE's prime motivation is profit. Across the organisation's appearances in Bond films, including *From Russia with Love* (1963), *Thunderball* (1965), *You Only Live Twice* (1967), *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (1969), *Diamonds Are Forever* (1971) and *For Your Eyes Only* (1981), SPECTRE frequently attempts to pit the Cold War superpowers against one another, or to cause major economic disasters, with a view to profiting from the resultant mayhem.

He's a businessman, essentially, so it's no surprise the cinematic Blofeld starts out dressed in dark, sober suits, although these seem a remarkably impractical choice for the proud owner (and obsessive stroker) of a white Persian cat. When eventually Blofeld's horrifically scarred face is revealed, in his third Bond movie outing, *You Only Live Twice*, portrayed by Donald Pleasence, he has switched to a more practical putty-coloured Mao suit. Channelled by Telly Savalas in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, Blofeld opts for a stand-collar Nehru suit in chocolate brown. For *Diamonds Are Forever*, Charles Gray's Blofeld (pictured above) reverts to the Mao silhouette, with iterations in slate and taupe.

It can hardly have escaped your attention that the man on the cover of this magazine, Christoph Waltz, is the latest big-screen Blofeld. Reinvented for the Daniel Craig instalments in the franchise, the new Blofeld, like Waltz, is an Austrian. This makes the Styrian styling of the Timothy Everest-tailored jacket the character wears during pivotal scenes in *Spectre* (2015) a clever nod to his past sartorial choices and revised provenance. With Waltz reprising the role in *No Time to Die*, which will be released in the U.K. in November, we eagerly anticipate what nasty business — and tasty apparel — Blofeld gets into next. ■



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