



SEPTEMBER 2000

# Biggest Fashion & Style Issue Ever!

# 450

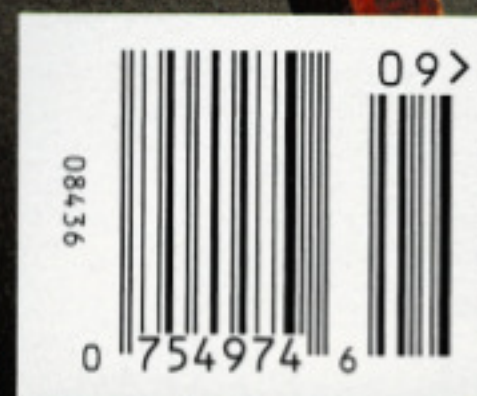
Bedazzling pages of  
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## plus

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John Brodie on the Easy Grace of Brendan Fraser

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ON THE COVER: Brendan Fraser is ready for fall in a wool-and-cashmere flannel three-button suit, \$895; cotton French-cuff shirt, \$98; silk tie, \$85; pocket square: all, Polo by Ralph Lauren. Watch by IWC. Cuff links by Paul Stuart. Production by Emily Roth. Hair by Judy Crown. Grooming by Heidi Seeholzer. Styling by Vincent Boucher. Photographed exclusively for GQ by Sam Jones. To find GQ on the Net, visit our home page at [www.swoon.com](http://www.swoon.com).



# Contributors



■ As GQ's creative director, **JIM MOORE** is the man behind our fashion pages and responsible for creating our signature style. A twenty-year veteran of the magazine, he has a photographic memory for clothes. He proved this to us during this season's shows in Europe, when he pointed out that many of the collections seemed to be inspired by pages from past issues of GQ. "There was something very retro in the air," he says. "It was fun because a lot of the designers had adapted the GQ look." When he returned to New York, Jim went into the archives and created "GQ Déjà Vu." (page 406)

■ "During the men's fashion shows in Milan last January, we started thinking about creating a special issue that celebrated this very GQ season," says senior editor **BRANDON HOLLEY**. "Then we started to think about design in a bigger sense. We wanted to explore the style and design not just of a man's wardrobe but also of his world. What we discovered in researching this issue was that almost everything—from cars to Coke bottles—has been designed by men. I think it goes back to that boyhood obsession with tinkering and building." The result is an issue that incorporates fashion, industrial design, architecture and art.

■ "I may be identified with many of the so-called Young British Artists' stimulant-fueled antics," confesses GQ writer-at-large **WILL SELF**. "But I've always maintained a chilly distance from the muggy waters of contemporary aesthetics." Nevertheless, Self was kind enough to serve as our docent—though a slightly jaded one—when we asked him to check out London's much ballyhooed new art gallery, Tate Modern (page 340). Self's new novel, *How the Dead Live*, will be published by Grove Atlantic in the fall.



■ Renowned chef **JEAN-GEORGES VONGERICHTEN** says simply served food is beautiful. But that doesn't mean its presentation is simple; it takes many hours away from the stove with a thick sketch pad. "When I'm working on a new recipe, I do little drawings to see how I'm going to serve it," says Vongerichten. "More than a science, plating is an art." For this issue, he agreed to divulge his top tips for turning ordinary chefs into plating masters (page 170). Vongerichten is the chef and owner of Vong in New York, London and Hong Kong and New York's JoJo and Jean Georges—one of the few Manhattan restaurants to earn four stars from *The New York Times*.

■ As lead singer of the influential '80s art-pop band the B-52's, **FRED SCHNEIDER** launched his share of trends. This month he examines the origin of his lifelong passion for outer-space toys (page 186). "It's an eclectic thing," Schneider told GQ as he was preparing for his tour with the Go-Go's and Psychedelic Furs. "When I was a kid, I really liked Rodan, the giant pterodactyl that destroyed Tokyo, and Ghidrah, the three-headed monster that also destroyed Tokyo. I guess from there my interest was piqued."



■ For this month's style issue, GQ staff writer **DEVIN FRIEDMAN** contributes two tales of the Motor City—a conversation with Kid Rock (page 326) and a profile of a lesser known but more flamboyant local hero named Fast Freddy (page 286). Friedman surmises the Kid Rock life as general coolness. "I found myself unaccountably trying to make Kid Rock think I was cool," Friedman says. "Which failed until I mentioned that I'd been arrested the night before for driving with a suspended license. He was like, 'You got arrested? Sweet!'" But it was Fast Freddy who was willing to take on the author's fashion sense. "He looked at me and said, 'Man, did you sleep in those pants?' Personally, I just don't wear pants without a crease." I have to admit he was right.

■ Renowned cartoonist and pleated-pants aficionado **MARK ALAN STAMATY** confesses he still may not be able to identify the subtle differences among various black suits, but while spending ten days on assignment for GQ in Milan observing the designer shows (page 414), he discovered the fashion world is alarmingly similar to two other odd, exclusive worlds he knows all too well: art and politics. "In all three, there are people who do their work just for effect, and then there are others who are genuine," he says. "There are people who are in touch and others out there simply for their egos."



■ **GLENN O'BRIEN**, a.k.a. GQ's Style Guy, weighed in on the sartorial issues of campaign 2000 for our February issue. This month he takes a critical eye to football's best-, and worst-, dressed coaches (page 299). "I'm well aware of the aesthetic," says our resident bon vivant. "I'm a die-hard Jets fan, so I've been suffering since Namath, and, fashionwise, hardly anyone's worse than Bill Parcells." In addition to his monthly column, the author of *Soapbox* and *The Style Guy* will publish his first collection of poetry with Grey Bull Press next summer.

■ Los Angeles-based photographer **SAM JONES** found Brendan Fraser the perfect cover subject to shoot in the classic Hollywood style (page 400). "Brendan's comic screen persona is deceiving. He was much more serious and introspective than I thought he was going to be," says Jones. "With the intensity of Marlon Brando and very gentlemanly behavior, he seemed an actor from a Hollywood gone by."











# Bedazzling... and Befuddling

It's clear that Brendan Fraser is a star—his movies are multimillion-dollar box-office smashes (*The Mummy*, *Encino Man* and *School Ties*), and they're critical successes (*Gods and Monsters*). Indeed, like the great leading men, he can play everything from comedy to drama. So why can't Hollywood figure out what to make of him? John Brodie talks with the misunderstood star



Somewhere in an anonymous Los Angeles warehouse, scientists in starched white lab coats are working hard to develop a movie star for the new millennium. Security is tight at the Leading Man Project, but a few details have leaked out. This new being will possess above-average looks and above-average acting chops. Children and dogs will be helplessly in thrall to him. And if all goes well, he will have a fail-safe mechanism that prevents him from wrecking his car, disappearing for several weeks and then checking into Cedars-Sinai Medical Center complaining of a "mysterious liver ailment."

Yet this new creation is not some replicant like Lara Croft, cobbled together with chips and bytes. This tomb raider walks among us; he is flesh and bone, and I met him on a smog-free morning last spring in Los Angeles. He is called the Fraser 2000 but answers to Brendan. And as he strode onto the veranda of the Getty Center, the sun warmed the museum's travertine marble walls until they looked as if they had been quarried from the same pit that gave the Florentines the hunk known as Michelangelo's *David*.

The Getty—with its synthesis of chiseled old-world stone and sleek twenty-first-century design—seemed like a telling backdrop for an encounter with the hunk best known as George of the Jungle. After all, Brendan Fraser is what the men in the lab coats would call a hybrid, like an SUV with a race-car engine. For the Fraser 2000 boasts the rugged good looks and versatility of an old studio-system star—the sort who might be told to swashbuckle on Monday and pratfall on Tuesday. But as I soon learn, the 31-year-old leading man also has a bit of artiste under his hooded brow. And it is this Inner Spacey that is forever amping him up to make art films and risky choices like playing Brick in an upcoming London stage production of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

As with any prototype, however, the shock of the new can be off-putting. Around Hollywood the mere mention of the Fraser brand name all too often prompts an arched eyebrow, a dismissive remark usually involving the word *Velveeta* and a nagging belief that he is a synthetic movie star—i.e., the beneficiary of (rather than the catalyst for) the box-office success of such by-the-numbers entertainments as *The Mummy*. It is precisely this misconception that most disturbs him. While we fortify ourselves with iced coffee before hitting the museum's galleries, I ask him point-blank whether his career could be summarized with

the motto I Never Met a Loincloth I Didn't Like.

For a moment, Fraser fixes me with a stare that says, *Listen, Jimbo, I ain't no himbo*, then says tersely, "People assume that I'm naive because of the roles I gravitate toward. I'm not a moron. *Gods and Monsters* showed the crowd who think I'm capable of only serving up hamburger that there's more subtle cuisine available."

Perhaps. But this setting that the six-three, 189-pound actor suggested for our meeting strikes me as a cloying bit of spin control, as in: The Big Guy shows me his intellectual side. So, as we wander through an exhibition of Carleton Watkins's expeditionary photographs of the Old West, my cynicism gets the best of me and I pose a question guaranteed to trip him up. "Brendan, what's the difference between an albumen and a gelatin print?"

Silly reporter, tricks are for kids! Fraser effortlessly explains the difference between the two chemical processes and the way each alters the look of a photograph. He does not stop there, how-



**"Maybe that alienation from the world allows him to identify with outcasts," says director Harold Ramis.**

ever. An avid photographer with a darkroom in his house and more than twenty cameras in his arsenal, he gives me a tutorial on the composition of the images before us.

It dawns on me that if I had spent a little less time staring down girls' sundresses in art-history class (and instead worked as a janitor to underwrite my undergraduate theater career as my museum buddy did), I too might be pulling down \$12 million a picture and living in the hills with a blond wife whose name, Afton, evokes the Scottish river that Robbie Burns sang about. But after talking to Fraser's colleagues, I learn that it was more than drive that got him in the door and through a fallow period in the mid-'90s, when big studio flops like *Mrs. Winterbourne* and forgettable art films like *The Passion of Darkly Noon* left his career totally cold.

How cold? When he sent Sir Ian McKellen a mash note begging for a part in the Fascismo update of *Richard III*, his future *Gods and Monsters* costar brushed him off. McKellen has, of course, changed his tune and recently told me, "I now class [Fraser] with those other admirable young actors in Hollywood who want to develop their talent rather than earn fame and a lot of money—Johnny Depp, Sean Penn, Robert Downey Jr. and Ed Norton."

As we exit the gallery, Fraser is waylaid by a throng of kids who feel he is their own personal action toy. He



good-naturedly deals with the attention, particularly from the nervous, starstruck ones who forget their own names when he speaks to them. As I watch him sign his autograph on their museum guides, I conduct my own thought experiment—I try to picture Depp, Penn, Downey or Norton smiling and signing their way out of this Rugby scrum of well-wishers who have pinned us down in the gift shop. All that comes to mind, however, is that photo of Penn decking a paparazzo. *Ka-pow!*

The difference between the dirty boys and the Fraser 2000 is significant. Fraser has proved refreshingly immune to De Niro Disease, a form of career rot that addles the minds of many young actors, leading them to believe they should take only roles in which they look cool, tortured or psychotic. Ever since the ascendance of De Niro and his antihero contemporaries, there has been a tendency among Hollywood insiders and moviegoers alike to devalue actors of the Joel McCrea-David Niven-Cary Grant school—those who in their performances say, Yes, I'm a movie star and I'm having fun. Indeed, we fixate on the tortured, overgrown adolescents who mope through their roles and who are always reminding us, If you can't see my suffering, then where is the art, *man?*

Fraser, however, soldiers on, and in doing so he is laughing all the way to the bank—reaping the benefits of arriving on the scene during a drought in the comic-leading-man department. “Brendan is tall, dark, handsome and funny,” says Elizabeth Hurley, Fraser’s costar in his latest outing, *Bedazzled*. “Apart from Hugh Grant and George Clooney, I can’t think of anyone else who fits that mold.”

Perhaps the key to Fraser’s success in this genre is that he is not afraid to take risks and look foolish—be it dressed as a lesbian rival to Xena, the Warrior Princess, in a *Saturday Night Live* sketch or as the live-action incarnation of Jay Ward’s cartoon characters. This knack for playing naïfs, goofballs and outsiders is undoubtedly a result of his growing up as the youngest of four sons of a Canadian foreign-service officer and spending an itinerant childhood in Indianapolis, Detroit, Cincinnati, Canada, England, Holland and Washington State—all before the age of 17. Even now he makes the first impression of the overly earnest transfer student with the tragic French blue jeans who joined your grade-school class midyear: You like him, but there is something slightly different about his energy.

“He moved around a bit, and I always think smart people tend to be alienated from the world, which is a good posture for comedy,” says Harold Ramis, who directed *Bedazzled*. In this redo of Dudley Moore and Peter Cook’s Faustian comedy, Fraser plays a technical-support geek who so desperately wants to be popular that he sells his soul to the Devil (Hurley) in exchange for seven wishes (the first of which he squanders on a Big Mac and fries). Ramis (whose comedy bona fides include coauthoring that Holy Trinity of Regular Guy Cinema—namely, *Animal House*, *Stripes* and *Caddyshack*) is quick to add, “Maybe that

alienation allows him to identify with people who feel like outcasts or losers. For a guy who is that physically powerful and attractive to play nerds the way he does, he must understand it on a deep psychological level.”

Which is really just another way of saying that Fraser’s ability to play the shy boy is tied in some deep way to who he really is.

**H**ad you been fortunate enough to catch Fraser’s eighth-grade performance as Captain Corcoran in *H.M.S. Pinafore*, you would have witnessed the moment he first thought of becoming a professional actor. This debut at the Sacred Heart parochial school in the Seattle suburb of Redmond, Washington, was less than auspicious. When he and I meet again a few weeks later in New York, he tells me the story: “I threw a cape in the air and it landed on my head, and I heard the audience doubling over with laughter. In the darkness of the cape, that fight-or-flee instinct kicked in. And I asked myself, ‘Do I get on the bike and go home? Or do I continue?’”

The more Fraser performed, the more he felt something he had never known growing up: a sense of belonging to a community. Looking back at a life on the move, Fraser recalls a childhood that is a cavalcade of images. From his Ottawa years, he conjures the mental snapshot of skating on the Rideau Canal. From his time in the Dutch town of Wassenaar, he recalls a visit to the Anne Frank house in Amsterdam. The slide carousel finally slows down when we get to the high school years—it was then that he was accepted at Upper Canada College, Toronto’s prestigious boarding school. Although he was happy to have some stability, it was here that Fraser encountered the major dilemma of his early life.

Studying alongside the children of Canada’s elite was, he says, a time of “high highs and low lows” because “there was a lot of belittlement, but it was empowering [being away from home] because I could do what I wanted.” Belittlement came not only in the usual forms, such as hazing, but also in the way that the theater club and acting were dismissed as frivolities. Still, he loved his time amid the leafy quadrangles. On the eve of his final year at UCC, however, his father left the government and took a job as an executive with Holland American Lines. As a result, Fraser lost his tuition subsidy and had to drop out. “It was a hit in the nose. I was looking forward to spending the last year there before I entered real life. I was depressed,” he says, thinking back to his old dorm room with the Echo and the Bunnymen poster. “But I sucked it up and made the decision that I was postponing, which was to go train as an actor.”

A few days before Labor Day weekend, the 17-year-old Fraser auditioned his way into Cornish College of the Arts, a small school in Seattle. At Cornish, movie acting was considered decadent, and Fraser began training for a life in the theater. He starred in a student production of





■ **HOLLYWOOD HYBRID** From left: Fraser may be best known for his box-office comedies, but he earned critical approval playing Clayton Boone, the young man who befriends *Frankenstein* director James Whale (Ian McKellen) in the Oscar-nominated *Gods and Monsters*. This fall he goes back to his comic roots in *Bedazzled* (opposite Elizabeth Hurley), playing a technical-support geek who sells his soul to the Devil—which is a long way from his 1992 film, *Encino Man*, in which he costarred with Pauly Shore.

Christopher Durang's *The Marriage of Bette and Boo* and threw himself into work—at the expense of socializing. “He’s never been a joiner. He’s always been someone who was a bit of an outsider” is how Hal Ryder, a professor at Cornish, describes his prize pupil when I reach him on the phone. “Brendan sometimes feels like he’s separate. He connects on a one-to-one level. At his wedding, where he had lots of good friends, he found the time to sit with me twice for ten to twenty minutes and just talk. I think there is something about those [outsider] roles that is true to him.”

After graduation Fraser interned at a local theater company for a year until he was cast in *Dogfight*, director Nancy Savoca's 1991 look back at a bunch of Vietnam-bound marines who have a contest to see who can bag the ugliest girl on the eve of shipping out. (His first on-screen line is a gem: “How would ya like to eat my shit?”) Although Fraser worked only for a day during the Seattle shoot, the experience of meeting the movie's star, River Phoenix, altered his life. “I anticipated River having a lot of hostility,” he says. “I think I wanted him to be standoffish and cold. But he was really gentle and sweet. And that absolutely floored me. I was laboring under this attitude that actors in L.A. were sellouts, which was so hypocritical because I would have gone down there if I had gotten a movie. I remember riding home that night and thinking, I’m going to L.A. This is what I’m doing. I’m not staying in Seattle, doing another internship. I’ll get onstage later, in New York.” So, thanks to Phoenix, Fraser threw his mountain bike in his car and headed south.

This meeting of Phoenix and Fraser still seems an incongruous pairing; the former destined to overdose on cocaine and heroin, the latter destined to overdose on playing cartoon characters. Of the seedier precincts that Phoenix frequented, Fraser says, “That world was never one of mine.” He says he was crushed when he heard of Phoenix's death in 1993 and was “saddened that an actor of real promise, who was just finding his wings,” was gone.

He can still recall the way River's mother eulogized her son. “His mum seemed peaceful talking about a river being a continuum. And I don't want to overstep my bounds, but to my mind it's true because his brother, Joaquin, has picked up the grail.” Fraser pauses, then tells me that he was saddened by River's death because he was “like a compass point” to him. By the time he died, Fraser notes, it was not wholly inconceivable that the two could have been paired in a film. “The campus was getting small,” Fraser says.

Indeed, Fraser was coming off a strong debut year in movieland thanks to the disparate salvos of being Pauly Shore's straight dude in *Encino Man* and then having the lead in *School Ties*, a period drama about anti-Semitism at a New England boarding school. As with Francis Ford Coppola's *Rumble Fish*, the film's cast—which included Matt Damon, Ben Affleck and Chris O'Donnell—was something of a Rosetta stone for the next generation of leading men. And Fraser got the last and most important role cast. He played David Greene, a Jewish scholarship student whose coach advises him to conceal his religious beliefs—a decision that his rival for the starting QB slot (Damon) uses against him.

Fraser had to go through several auditions and a full screen test on the Paramount lot before he got the role. But even then, it seemed a done deal. “Most actors arrive at an audition in a needy frame of mind, and this dissipates their energy. But it's different when someone who is anointed comes in. Brendan projected confidence and a belief that he could handle the role,” says casting director Jane Jenkins, who remembers feeling the hair on her neck stand up in a way it hadn't since she auditioned Bruce Willis for the first time nearly a decade before.

If today's *Jeopardy!* category were the Early Works of Bruce Willis (“Alex, what is *Blind Date?*”), I am certain victory would be mine in the little game of one-upmanship that Fraser and I have been waging. And as we walk up Fifth Avenue to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in late spring, the contest has shifted to Hollywood's pseudointellectual version of rock-paper-scissors: discussing theater. “I caught *Copenhagen* last night,” I say, confident that I have a winner with the mere mention of Michael Frayn's brainiac drama about the clandestine



World War II meeting between physicists Niels Bohr and Werner Heisenberg. "Have you?"

"Not yet. But you've got to see *True West*," replies Fraser, effortlessly trumping me by mentioning the only show I desperately wanted to catch but could not buy my way into.

Before bursting into tears of frustration, I decide to go for broke and interrupt him as he's praising Philip Seymour Hoffman's performance. "Yeah, whatever. Have you seen *Gladiator* yet?" This is my ace in the hole. The movie opened just two days before, and I know he's been booked the past couple of nights.

"No, I'm going tonight...with my wife." The man can get his wife to go to a gladiator movie? Hold on. Game over. I forfeit.

But I should know better, for as I've learned, this Afton is his secret weapon. She has given Fraser the Wanderer a place to drop the bags he has been carrying since childhood. She has given him a sense of permanence, a sense of home. They met back in the summer of 1994, when his *Inner Spacey* had nearly driven his career into a ditch. His most bizarre decision from that time was the one to star in *Airheads* (an Adam Sandler comedy about a garage band that takes over a radio station) rather than play the Charles Van Doren role that went to Ralph Fiennes in *Quiz Show*.

"I had done *School Ties*, just finished *With Honors*, about a guy who learns that a Harvard education doesn't come from a book, and I had done a boarding-school TV pilot. So I wanted to get out of the New England thing and didn't want to keep playing men in college and school," says Fraser as we make our way into the cavernous entry hall of the museum. When pressed, he makes it clear that the role was not offered to him on a platter. He would have had to meet with the director, and he says, "I was really intimidated by Robert Redford because I had read for *A River Runs Through It* and didn't get the part. What better antidote than to do this broad comedy?"

Sure, hanging with Sandler and fellow *SNL* cast member Chris Farley while the duo engaged in late-night gross-out contests at diners was probably more fun than playing father-son scenes with Paul Scofield, who had won the Best Actor Oscar for *A Man for All Seasons* before Fraser was born. It was perhaps, in hindsight, not the best decision.

But one good thing happened that year—Fraser met his future wife at Winona Ryder's Fourth of July party. Several years later, Fraser tried a surprise proposal using a 1940s-era Polaroid. The plan was this: While the couple walked across the Pont des Arts in Paris, he would set up the vintage camera for a timer-shot portrait of the two of them. As they posed, Fraser would surreptitiously open his coat to reveal a sign that read WILL YOU MARRY ME? He hoped to give Afton the ring as she stared at the developing photo. However, due to interruptions, bad exposures and nerves, Fraser had to ditch the camera and get down on one knee. As he tells me the story, I ask whether the camera is some kind of shield for him, a buffer against the

world or intimacy. Fraser dismisses the thought. "I'm trying to capture something you can possess forever," he says.

When he and Afton were first dating, his career prospects seemed far from assured. He failed to get the Dermot Mulroney role in *My Best Friend's Wedding*. Even getting the part of Clayton Boone in *Gods and Monsters* was a tough sell. Robert Downey Jr. had been the first choice to play the gardener with whom the horror director James Whale becomes romantically obsessed. "Brendan's stock was fairly low at this point," remembers the film's writer-director, Bill Condon. "The part called for someone who could do what Boris Karloff did in the *Frankenstein* movies, which is suggest this incredible capacity for violence and also have a kind of poetry in his soul, too."

Fraser's cold streak ended on the morning of July 22, 1997, when *Gods and Monsters* was shooting at an old mansion in the Los Angeles suburb of Eagle Rock. Fraser's agent called with word that *George of the Jungle* had opened on the East Coast to robust numbers. The studio's tracking indicated that it was shaping up to be a \$100 million smash. Fraser closed his cell phone and fell to the ground. He laughed uncontrollably as he rolled in the grass, caught up in the boyish excitement of a gamble that had paid off.

The commercial validation of *George* would soon be followed by the artistic approbation of *Gods and Monsters*. As the lights came up after an early screening, Shakespearean actor and *X-Men* star McKellen remarked of Fraser, "I have a lot to learn from that boy." By *learn*, McKellen later told me, he meant "I was impressed by how little acting Brendan seemed to do in front of the camera, a constant reminder to me to rein in my innate theatricality." After the movie's release, Condon continued to collect accolades for his star. "I met Shirley MacLaine at a party, and she talked about how working with Brendan in *Mrs. Winterbourne* reminded her of Jack Lemmon when they were doing *The Apartment*," says Condon. "And I thought, That's an interesting comparison because Brendan's still seen as mostly a comic actor, and Lemmon didn't do the deeper stuff until later."

Only time will tell if Fraser has a *Days of Wine and Roses* (or a *Glengarry Glen Ross*) in his future. And as we stare at the black-and-white photographs from Walker Evans and James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* in the Met's gallery, I wonder about whether the Fraser 2000 isn't himself a throwback to an earlier time—a modern model whose styling is retro. He cites Buster Keaton as an influence, and his wife, the film buff in the marriage, describes his on-screen persona as being that of "an old soul."

Ramis, too, found himself casting his memory back to vintage Hollywood when he tried to place Fraser among today's current stars. "Mike Myers to me is not totally convincing when he plays sincere. And when Jim Carrey gets serious, I feel a bit of what

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# BRENDAN FRASER

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I feel when Robin Williams gets serious—that it's almost too serious," says Ramis. "Our movie gets very silly, yet Brendan is able to pull it right back and have you care about him. Part of it is his integrity. The way Henry Fonda or Jimmy Stewart just radiates goodness. And Brendan actually has that. It is not something that he is affecting or putting on. It shines through in everything he does, and that's where Hollywood heroes are born."

Today this Hollywood hero is watching my back as we round out the afternoon in the Egyptian wing of the Metropolitan Museum, a fitting send-off before Fraser reprises his Indiana Jones-manqué role in *The Mummy Returns*. Aside from enjoying art, Fraser frequents museums because they are some of the best places left for him "to hide in plain sight because everyone's looking at what's on the wall," he says. Even though he has on the standard movie-star camo of baseball cap and black T-shirt, several visitors stop dead in their

tracks when they notice who their sarcophagus-examining friend is. One man puts a protective arm around his wife and leads her out of the crypt, as if Fraser's mere presence might awaken Nefertiti and a pillar of fire would devour the hot-dog men on Fifth Avenue.

"You never miss your anonymity until it's gone," he says by way of acknowledging the scurrying his visiting causes. But he believes that success does not necessarily mean an invasion of the privacy snatchers. The world may know everything about the romantic exploits of Leonardo, but Fraser would prefer to live a life of relative isolation, like Harrison Ford. "Everything you need to know about an actor you can learn from his performances. I don't want to be evasive, but it's important to keep something for oneself," he says of the way he finds himself increasingly taking measures to safeguard his privacy as his ever growing legion of fans confuse the happy-go-lucky guy on-screen with the soft-

spoken photo buff who haunts museums. Perhaps the enigma-on-demand function is the great innovation that has been holding up the men in the white lab coats at the Leading Man Project. And when they get their calculations right, maybe then the Fraser 2000 will be able to enjoy his success (and his privacy), as long as he does not mind stopping to chat with every ankle biter who wants him to beat his chest and swing from the nearest vine. ■

John Brodie is a GQ senior writer.

## WHERE TO BUY IT

Which stores have which items? Check this list to locate the store nearest you carrying the fashions shown editorially in this issue. Manufacturers have selected some stores listed. For information on how to buy items not listed here, see *How to Buy It*. (Some prices may be higher west of the Mississippi.) Merchandise is subject to prior sale.

Cover. Suit, shirt, tie and pocket square: Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, select stores. Cufflinks: Paul Stuart. Watch: IWC.

Page 374. Left, suit: Hugo Boss, at Hugo Boss Shop, Los Angeles and N.Y.C. Shirt: Dolce & Gabbana, at Dolce & Gabbana, Bal Harbour, Fla., Houston and N.Y.C. Shoes: Cole Haan, at Cole Haan, nationwide. Right, suit: Jil Sander, at Barneys New York, N.Y.C. Shoes: Jil Sander, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, N.Y.C.; Jil Sander, Chicago, Costa Mesa, Calif., and San Francisco; Linda Dresner, N.Y.C.

Page 376. Jacket: A|X Armani Exchange, at A|X Armani Exchange, nationwide. Turtleneck: Malo, at Malo, nationwide. Trousers: Kiton, at Louis, Boston, Boston; Neiman Marcus, Los Angeles; Saks Fifth Avenue, Chicago and N.Y.C.

Page 377. Blazer and trousers: Ralph Lauren Purple Label, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, select stores. Shirt: cK, at Bloomingdale's, select stores; Burdines, select stores; Macy's, select stores. Shoes: Salvatore Ferragamo, at Salvatore Ferragamo, nationwide.

Page 378. Turtleneck: Tommy Hilfiger Collection, at Tommy Hilfiger, Beverly Hills. Jeans: Tommy Jeans, at Macy's, N.Y.C.

Page 379. Sweater: Nova USA, at Nova USA, N.Y.C. T-shirt: cK, at Bloomingdale's, select stores; Burdines, select stores; Macy's, select stores. Sneakers: Nike, at NikeTown, nationwide.

Page 380. Suit: Prada at Barneys New York, at Barneys New York, N.Y.C. Shirt: Paul Smith London, at Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Bloomingdale's, select stores; Paul Smith, N.Y.C. Shoes: Louis Vuitton, at Louis Vuitton, select stores.

Page 381. Shoes: Louis Vuitton, at Louis Vuitton,

select stores.

Page 389. Suit: Banana Republic, at Banana Republic, nationwide. Vest: Nautica Competition, at Burdines, select stores; Lord & Taylor, select stores; Macy's, select stores. Shirt and raincoat: Gap, at Gap, nationwide. Tie: Marc Jacobs, at Marc Jacobs Men's, N.Y.C. (opening in September). Accessories: see *How to Buy It*.

Page 391. Sweater: Brooks Brothers, at Brooks Brothers, all stores and through its catalog. T-shirt: Nautica Jeans Company, at Burdines, select stores; Lord & Taylor, select stores; Macy's, select stores. Pants: Tommy Hilfiger, at Burdines, Miami; Famous Barr, St. Louis; The Bon Marche, Seattle. Sneakers: Nike, at NikeTown, nationwide. Accessories: see *How to Buy It*.

Page 392. Jacket: Allegri, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, N.Y.C.; Mario's, Portland, Oreg.; Scott Hill, Los Angeles. Suit: Donna Karan Collection, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, N.Y.C.; Neiman Marcus, select stores; Saks Fifth Avenue, nationwide. Shirt: Nautica, at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Lord & Taylor, select stores; Macy's, select stores. Shoes: Brass Boot, at Dayton's, all stores; Hudson's, all stores; Marshall Field's, all stores. Accessories: see *How to Buy It*.

Page 393. Jacket: Marc Jacobs, at Marc Jacobs Men's, N.Y.C. (opening in September). Turtleneck: Nautica, at Bloomingdale's, select stores; Lord & Taylor, nationwide; Marshall Field's, Chicago. Jeans: Nautica Jeans Company, at Burdines, select stores; Macy's, select stores; Marshall Field's, select stores. Sneakers: Puma, at Puma, Santa Monica, Calif. Accessories: see *How to Buy It*.

Page 394. Suit, shirt and tie: Oxxford Clothes, at Oxxford Clothes, N.Y.C. Shoes: John Lobb, at John Lobb, N.Y.C. Accessories: see *How to Buy It*.

Page 395. Jacket: Ermenegildo Zegna, at Ermenegildo Zegna, nationwide; Neiman Marcus, select stores; Saks Fifth Avenue, nationwide. Turtleneck: Henry Cotton's, at Bloomingdale's, select stores; Henry Cotton's, Costa

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