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THE LATEST MODEL

TRAVIS FIMMEL, BEWARE: THE NEXT STAR OF MEN'S MODELING IS OUT THERE (PROBABLY IN BROOKLYN, NURSING A HANGOVER). WE JOIN THE HUNT ON PAGE 164

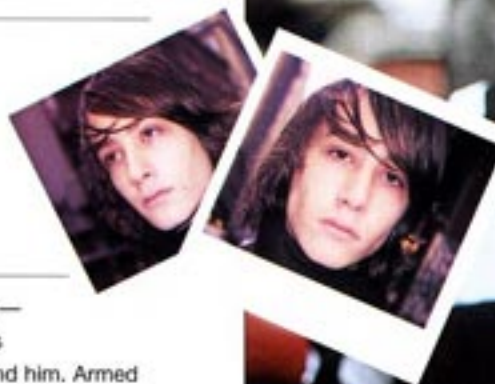


Say chic: Daniel Peddle and his trusty Polaroid confront yet another would-be model on the streets of Manhattan

BOY SCOUT

THAT GUY ON THE SUBWAY WHO LOOKS LIKE HE NEEDS A SHOWER? HE MIGHT JUST BE THE NEW FACE OF MEN'S MODELING

He's out there, somewhere, and Daniel Peddle — the professional model scout whose discoveries include Marc Jacobs fit model Shelly — is going to find him. Armed with a Polaroid camera and a stack of business cards, Peddle stalks the streets of New York City in search of the next big thing in men's modeling, and while most of the guys in Peddle's files will never see the business end of another camera, a few might become icons. We follow Daniel for a week as he works Manhattan. **WHITNEY PASTOREK**



DAY 1: Peddle, who also works as a casting director, swings by a guerilla-style indie film shoot to check on his actors. Doug, 20, used to have a green mohawk and spent his days "squatting and drinking." As of this afternoon, he is rated #50 on models.com. Tracy is a 15-year-old girl Peddle discovered working a cotton candy stand at Coney Island. Watching her suck petulantly on a lollipop, this is not hard to believe. As Peddle says, "She's not a girl who could model, but she looks cool."

DAY 2: We are out in search of "punk, preppy kids," for a Richard Burbridge shoot, and this takes us, of course, to Williamsburg, Brooklyn, home of the \$80 vintage t-shirt and the calculatedly tousled hair. We emerge from the L train, and Peddle is off, bounding up the stairs after a malnourished-looking hipster toting a skateboard. "Can you take your hat off?" asks Peddle, Polaroid at the ready. "Yeah, my hair's a mess, though, dude," the kid replies. His transformation from unwashed skater to preening model is spectacular.

DAY 3: As Peddle cases Union Square, we start talking about why ordinary people make better models. "The kids who have been told their whole lives, 'Oh, you should be a model' — by the time they turn 14, they're so self-conscious about their looks it's not fun to photograph them." That's interesting, we respond, because — but our thought is cut short when Peddle sprints off again. We later discover "Moose," a squatter who has some concerns that even if Peddle took his picture, he couldn't get hired for shoots, since he has no phone. "I'm unreachable," says Moose. "Do you have e-mail?" asks Peddle. "Oh. Yeah," Moose says.

DAY 4: We drop by Elite so Peddle can display the books of a few of his discoveries. Oskar, a fierce-looking blond, was working as a dominatrix when Peddle shot her. Another, Alanna, whose eyes are big and brown and weary, is working a 14-year-old Lolita vibe. She's a native New Yorker; stopped by Peddle, "she did everything she's not supposed to do: gave me her phone numbers, let me take her Polaroid...." We wonder how many fathers have thought about beating Peddle up.

DAY 5: Peddle and his assistant, Drew, are still casting the Burbridge shoot. Their multitasking skills are unbelievable, remarkably managing to both shuffle guys in and out of the room and make a dozen phone calls trying to get one of their female clients the \$12,000 she's owed. It turns out that what we've been looking for all week is exactly what's hot right now: "This kind of like Strokes, Billyburg-type guy," says Peddle. "Borderline thuggy." So the garage rock revolution has hit fashion. Watching the parade of shaggy derelicts, it's clear these guys already knew that. "They all look exactly alike!" we whisper. "It's even worse with girls," Peddle whispers back.