

NYLON

not for girls.

SEPTEMBER 2013

guys

METAL HEALTH
LARS ULRICH:
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NYJAH HUSTON
SKATE SAVIOR

BREAKING BAD'S

AARON
PAUL
IS REALLY COOKIN'

347
FALL ESSENTIALS
FROM BAGS TO
BOARDS AND
SUITS TO SWEATS

DIANNA
AGRON
KNOCKS
US OUT



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(cult of)

G-STAR

The fashion world has never suffered from a lack of good jeans, but in 1989, perfection-seeking Dutch designer Jos van Tilburg decided to shake up the industry with his new brand, G-Star. In 1996, he launched the RAW range, one of the first forays into untreated denim. Today, G-Star does more than denim—the brand offers ready-to-wear for guys and girls, not to mention shoes, accessories, and collectibles—but jeans remain the brand's lifeblood. No wonder like-minded pioneers like Land Rover, Vitra, Cannondale Bikes, and now Leica have collaborated on projects. KIRA COLE



all clothing by
g-star, stylist's
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prentki. stylist's
assistant: nami
takagi. model:
colin brite at
new york models.

TIMELINE



1989

Jos van Tilburg launches a new brand called Gap Star in Amsterdam, which soon evolves into G-Star. His line captivates the Dutch and Belgian markets with its military-inspired style and clean design.



1996

G-Star RAW is born, and the iconic G-Star Elwood style is launched. Inspired by biker pants, it features a curved leg that flawlessly contours to the body.



2004

After expanding its Amsterdam headquarters and opening showrooms throughout Europe, G-Star opens its first stores in the United States.



2007

G-Star RAW Footwear makes its debut in Barcelona, and New York Fashion Week welcomes G-Star to the bill, inspiring the high-end concept line, New York RAW Special Edition.



2010

Liv Tyler is named the brand's first celebrity face; she appears in the Spring/Summer and Autumn/Winter 2010 campaigns, photographed by Anton Corbijn, one of the brand's longtime collaborators.



2012

In February, G-Star opens its largest flagship store in the world in Hong Kong. In December, an even larger location hits Shanghai.



2013

Leica and G-Star announce the RAW Leica at Pitti Uomo. This special edition of Leica's D-Lux 6 digital camera features a clean, elegant design and casing; it retails for \$1,500 and will be sold at g-star.com.



SLEEP NO MORE

TY SEGALL UNLEASHES A (SORT OF) QUIET STORM OF TECHNICOLOR AND HISS ON HIS SEVENTH SOLO ALBUM. BY DREW TEWKSURY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAY HANNA

JAPAN MAY HAVE the cherry blossom, but Los Angeles has the jacaranda tree, an arboreal Pollock splattering color from its branches. Here, in the Glassell Park neighborhood, its flowers leave a lavender blanket on the asphalt. Just a few blocks away, on Avenue 43, Los Angeles' oldest gang, the Avenues, once had an outpost, but today a craft beer bar serves artisanal sauerkraut. Back among the jacarandas, the strums of an acoustic guitar waft from the window of a gunmetal gray house with white trim. They belong to Ty Segall, the explosive, prolific, multitasking-yet-mellow guitarist who turns garage rock into an art form. Last year, the 26-year-old performed on three records, and this month his seventh solo album, *Sleeper*, a sea change of a release, comes out on Drag City.

Segall left San Francisco for L.A. just three months ago, but the transition has not been seamless. "Our gas just got turned off," he says, kind of groggy at 7 p.m. He wants a coffee but can't heat water, so we head outside. A brown, late-'70s Volvo has just pulled up into the driveway. "Hey man, where you going?" his buddy implores, a lady friend waiting passenger side in high-waisted jeans, floppy hat, and shades at dusk. "Coffee," Segall replies. He's wearing a Canadian tuxedo—blue Levi's, Wrangler jacket—his blond hair flopping on his collar as we walk to the café.

It's closed. But Segall doesn't sweat it, sauntering back to the house. In the living room are two acoustic guitars lying flat near a futon. Next to the tiny television sits a combination TV/VCR and a *Source Family* DVD, the recent documentary about a '70s love cult and psychedelic rock band. Segall heads to his studio and sits on an amp in front of a unicorn wall hanging, surrounded by a menagerie of gear and snaking cords. From this perch, he tells his story. He's from Laguna Beach, Orange County's taciturn yet white-washed ocean-side town. He grew up happy, and music was all that mattered to him. "There were no venues, so we had to do it ourselves, play shows in backyards and in each other's houses," he says. "There's no history there. They tear down a grungy old surf shack and put in an Outback Steakhouse."

History has always been on Segall's mind and in his music, from T. Rex riffs to fuzzed-out grunge outbursts. Segall likes it loud—and analog. "It's all recorded in here," he says, gesturing to his studio-hovel and a behemoth sound machine. And from this musky space has come Segall's most intimate and alluring album, full of acoustic guitars and porch-stompin' melodies, violins woven into warm tape hiss. On *Sleeper*'s "She Don't Care," his falsetto howl grips the listener; his fingers dig deeply into the strings, where gritty dissonance melts into traditional pop structures. It's clear that behind Segall's affable, lighthearted demeanor is pain. "I came to L.A. to be closer to my sister," he says. His father passed away recently, and his family had begun to fracture. *Sleeper* is where it all comes out—just a voice, a guitar, and emotions stripped bare. He loves his work. And he loves his girlfriend, the subject of the album's rapturous title track, a symphonic homage to watching her sleep by his side, he explains. The woman in question, who just got off work, is now standing in the door frame of their bedroom. He grabs her by the waist, and suddenly it's the end scene of a movie, those seconds before the credits roll, as the jacaranda glows outside, backlit by the setting sun.

LISTEN UP:



CHAIN OF FLOWERS
CARDIFF, WALES

MEMBERS: Sami Hunt, Joshua Smith, Ross Jones, Rich Clarke, Daniel Anderson

While Chain of Flowers deny taking inspiration from The Cure, it's impossible not to compare the two. Aside from sharing their name with a song by the goth-pop gods, they exist on the same fuzzed-out, guitar-heavy melancholic plane—minus the makeup and Robert Smith hair. Truth is, the quintet was raised on hardcore punk, as evidenced by their DIY ethos—so far, the CoF discography consists of "Sleep" (limited to 70 cassettes and 300 seven-inch vinyl records) and "Chained/Spit" (limited to just 100 cassette tapes), both of which were self-released. They've been together just a little over a year, but with their SoundCloud plays steadily creeping toward the 15,000 mark, and a new release in the works, things are starting to look just like heaven for the Welsh rockers. KIRA COLE

PLAY THIS:
"Spit"

photographed by tyrone.cc.



SAN FERMIN
BROOKLYN

MEMBERS: Ellis Ludwig-Leone, Jess Wolfe, Holly Laessig, Allen Tate

Founded just last December by the classically trained composer Ellis Ludwig-Leone, 23, San Fermin seamlessly combine sweeping, orchestral strings with despondent-cool lyrics. The band's self-titled debut album was written by Ludwig-Leone, mid-breakup, during a six-week trip to the Canadian Rocky Mountains. Upon his return, he enlisted Lucius' Holly Laessig and Jess Wolfe as well as vocalist Allen Tate to provide vocals for the songs' Hemingway-inspired narratives. "Sonsick," the first single off the album (out September 17), is perfect for those moments when you could very well be starring in your own romantic dramedy. GRETA GARMEL

PLAY THIS:
"Sonsick"