

Parka Posse

When he's done with his eight years in office, Vice President Chenev might consider a career in fashion. He famously dared to be different at the Auschwitz commemoration ceremonies in 2005 by wearing an olive-green parka in a sea of formally clad statesmen. But Cheney, who has never much cared about dissenting opinions, seemed secure in the knowledge that he was right on the money. Although (to our knowledge) he is not yet consulting for any major houses, parkas turned up for fall at Lanvin, Dsquared, Dolce & Gabbana and Jil Sander. Cheney, however, is only the latest man of action to parka himself: the Inuit created the first anoraks, as they called their insulating jackets made of animal hides, while the explorers Admiral Robert E. Pearv and Roald Amundsen adopted the look as they raced to the poles to stake their claims. But it was snazzy skiers in the mid-1930s who first made the parka fashionable; their versions consisted of windproof gabardine shells thrown over Icelandic sweaters. The outdoor specialist Eddie Bauer began manufacturing the first downfilled parka, the skyliner, in 1936, and the United States military pioneered the snorkel model, which had a hood that zipped tightly around the face. By the '60s, parkas became an essential part of the Mod uniform in England, and they later acquired cult status stateside thanks to Martin Scorsese's 1976 film, "Taxi Driver." Parkas fell out of fashion in the 1980s — in Britain. the word "anorak" even became a synonym for "nerd." Things changed when Method Man, Missy Elliott, Ludacris and other rappers adopted them in extra-large and when Kenny on "South Park" began to mutter his inaudible expletives while hiding in his protective orange cocoon. But none of them, alone, could have put the parka on the front page the way Cheney did. Due credit must be given to the on-trend V.P. - and we haven't even begun to dissect his perfectly on-target hunting ensembles. ROBERT E. BRYAN

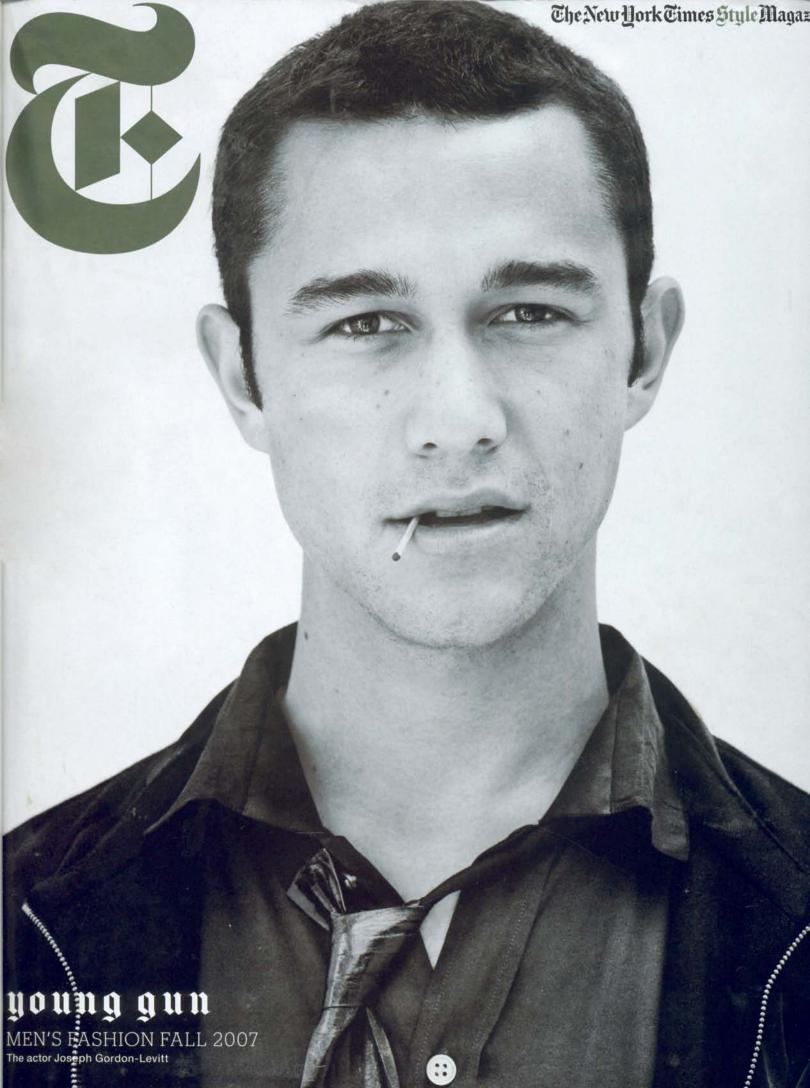




CAMP CLASSIC

The Quoddy Trail Moccasin Company, a family-owned footwear label from Maine, has both the pedigree (a great-grandfather of one of the founders sewed for L. L. Bean) and craftsmanship (one-piece vamps and full stocking liners) to make its moccasins the soft-soled favorite of the ironic-taxidermy set. Hand-stitched from rugged materials like moose and bison skins in a variety of classic Down East styles, the shoes come with

a scout's honor from Quoddy to resole boots and bluchers (for a nominal fee) no matter how many summers in Dark Harbor — or barbecues in Williamsburg — they've endured. Taavo Somer, a co-owner of Freemans Sporting Club, where the brand is exclusively sold in Manhattan, says, "Kids come from all the way uptown to grab the real deal." E. B. White couldn't have put it better. Go to www.quoddytrail.com. ALEX HAWGOOD



THE REMIX



DOUBLE VISION

High-tech sunglasses are throwing plenty of shade. Clockwise from top: Véronique Branquinho's aviators are '70s-inspired; Italia Independent's glasses are made entirely from carbon fiber; Alexander McQueen's specs blend futuristic frames with wooden temples; Marni's retro version is plastic-fantastic; Persol's classic shapes are fitted with multilayered light-deflecting lenses; and Ray-Ban is relaunching its '50s Wayfarer line (Porsche Targa not included).





Sharp Suiter TODD LYNN'S SLIM PICKINGS.

At London Fashion Week, Todd Lynn's razorthin striped suits, double-breasted satin tuxedo jackets and skinny pleated trousers stood out like Boy George in Parliament. The Canadian newcomer's presentation generated such buzz that Giorgio Armani himself, along with bands like Dirty Pretty Things, turned up in his front row. The natty clothes, available at Barneys New York, toe the line between serious tailoring and a juststayed-up-all-night-with-Kate decadence (albeit in \$1,800 pants). Though he's been outfitting rock legends like Bono and a Rolling Stone or two for years, Lynn still harbors a rock 'n' roll fantasy: to dress the Berlin-era David Bowie, when his look was effortless, eccentric and real. "No matter how much you dress yourself up," Lynn says, "there always has to be a sense of realness." NANCY MACDONELL

NOW PREENING | AT A NEW BOYS' CLUB

First came Freemans, a deceptively rustic little restaurant hidden at the end of an alley on Manhattan's Lower East Side appointed to look like a place where the founding fathers might have gathered to eat devils on horseback. Now comes the equally eclectic (and cultish) Freemans Sporting Club, located at the entrance of said alley. The co-owner, Tavo Somer, a studiedly scruffy former architect, stocked the shop with "lots of guy's-guy stuff" and set up a vintage barbershop in the back. Highlights include outdoorsy gear, spiffy barware, suits made of vintage fabric and hunting items that, at least stylistically, are guaranteed never to misfire. 8 Rivington Street; (212) 673-3209. LEE CARTER