

Warren Beatty

➔ If Warren Beatty wore scuba flippers instead of shoes, we might consider copying. If he wore garbage bags instead of oxfords, we might wake up and throw them on, too, because, you know, Warren did it. But inevitably we'd balk because, well, we're not Warren Beatty: We don't have that once-in-a-generation leading-man confidence, that hyperevolved swagger, that "Me? Yeah, I know—I'm great looking" smile. In a sense, it's never really mattered what Warren Beatty wore. Warren Beatty, shirt unbuttoned to his navel, silk scarf knotted around his neck, looked...manly. Beatty tuxedo-clad? Downright debonair. And from *Splendor in the Grass* onward, he's always looked completely nonchalant, which isn't to say he didn't think about his sartorial choices. Of Beatty, Eva Marie Saint once said, "Some guys come at you like a Mack truck. But Warren's slow, smooth, and in complete control." It's hard to imagine him being anything but.

A WHITE SHIRT AND BLACK TIE ARE CANT-MISS COMPLEMENTS TO A KHAKI SUIT.

Think of it as the Reservoir Dogs look, but for summer.

