

You
Don't
Know

...but you *do*
know his illustrious
Hollywood pedigree.
He's actor
Jack Huston, here,
on the following
pages, looking Beat
at 60 Thompson
hotel, SoHo.

BY PETER PAVIA PHOTOS BY SHAWN MORTENSEN STYLING BY ELIZABETH SULCER



DESOLATION ANGEL
Jack Huston, 60 Thompson
Terrace, New York City, 2008.

SHIRT AND JACKET BY FREEMANS
SPORTING CLUB PANTS BY ETRO.



Unto the fourth generation, actor Jack Huston was to the manor born. The son of a mother who “could not be more English,” according to her boy, and an American father, the writer and actor Tony Huston, he boasts the deepest pedigree in American cinema. Jack is the nephew of Anjelica and actor Danny, the grandson of John, the great-grandson of Walter Huston himself.

He is a likable, long-limbed young man of 25, with smooth facial features, a background in the theater, and, as the gods of potential stardom would see fit, he has three movies due for release this year: *Shrooms*, a horror-thriller; *Outlander*, a sci-fi adventure starring Jim Caviezel, and, with Mena Suvari (his co-star in 2006’s *Factory Girl*) *The Garden of Eden*, based on an abandoned last novel by Ernest Hemingway.

It would appear that young Jack is more than ready for his close-up. Although acting is obviously in his blood, the Hollywood dream machine delivers itself to no one—not even a Huston—without extracting a price. “None of my family made it until they were older,” he says one recent afternoon, during a fashion shoot in New York’s SoHo district. “They all took time to settle in. Danny had a rough time. Anjelica had a brutal time.”

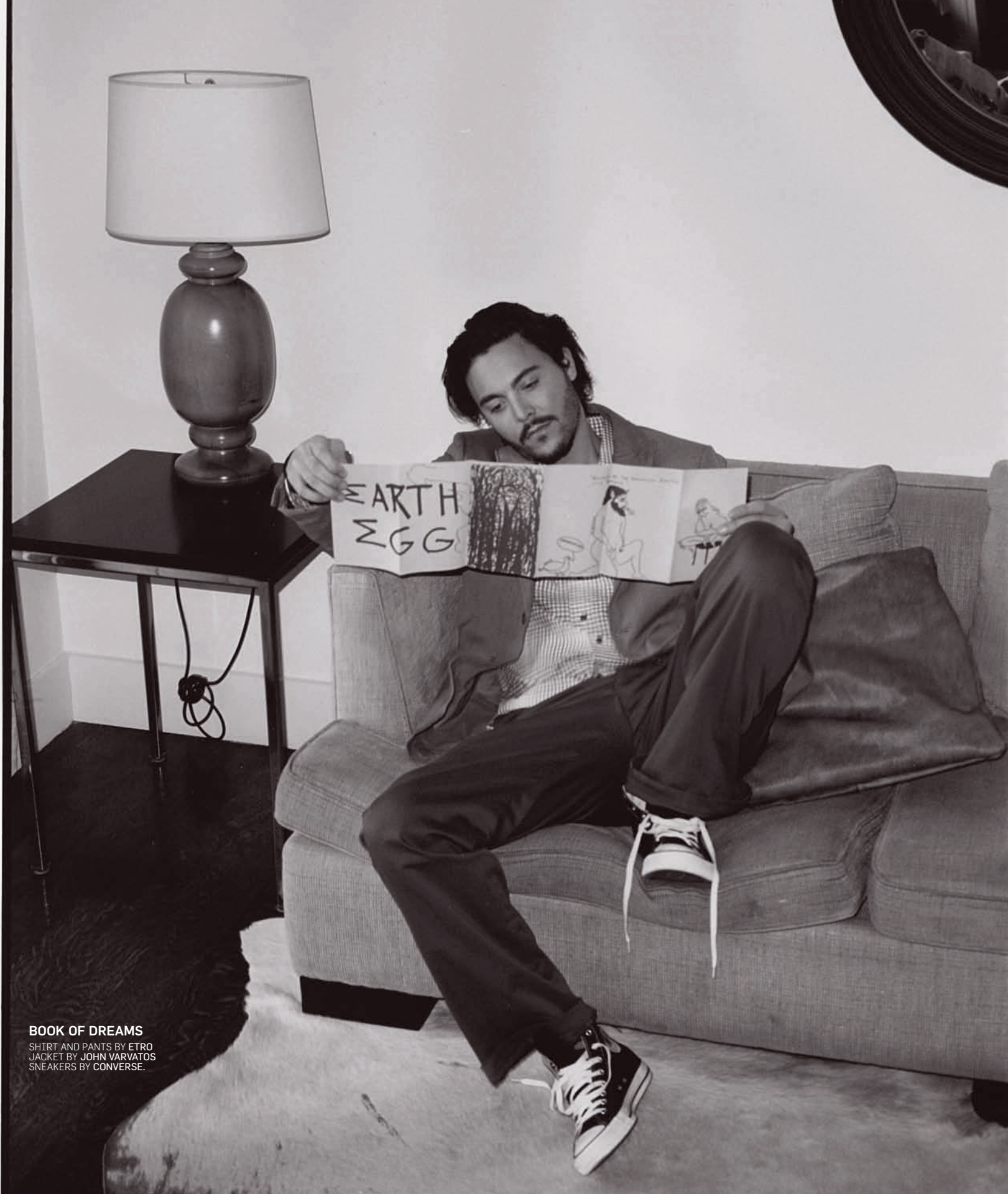
Huston won’t deny that his connections have helped him in some cases, if only to satisfy certain curiosities. “I might have been given an interview or a meeting,” he says, sipping a Heineken. “that maybe, if I didn’t have the name, I wouldn’t have got.” But the sword cuts both

ways. “Sometimes people are more skeptical.” He mimes a skeptic. “You’re the nephew of, or the son of, or something like that. What makes you think I should give a damn about you?”

In gratifying contrast to most actors of his generation, Huston doesn’t think film history began with *Pulp Fiction*. (That would be in his blood, too.) And maybe it’s no coincidence that alongside his grandfather’s classics *The Man Who Would Be King* (which Tony worked on) and *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (starring great-grandpa Walter), he loves 1972’s *Fat City*.

Based on the taut Leonard Gardner novel, the film is tremendously faithful to the tone and texture of the book. Set in the hard-knocks grime of Stockton, California, an eternity away from the Hollywood Hills, *Fat City* tells the story of hard-bitten boxers, and stars Stacy Keach and a young Jeff Bridges. The characters are obliged to ignore more scar tissue than Jack Huston could ever possess. And for them, life in the ring (as much as out of it) is not based on winning or losing. It’s about survival. One has to survive in order to thrive. These are lessons the Huston family has learned well, and they have not been lost on this aspiring actor with a lot to live up to.

In *Fat City*, and in the movie business, the breaks come and they go. “In the end,” says Huston—the lower register of his voice rumbling the way his grandfather’s did as the corrupt and menacing “Noah Cross” in *Chinatown*—“like in life, it all evens out.”



BOOK OF DREAMS

SHIRT AND PANTS BY ETRO
JACKET BY JOHN VARVATOS
SNEAKERS BY CONVERSE.



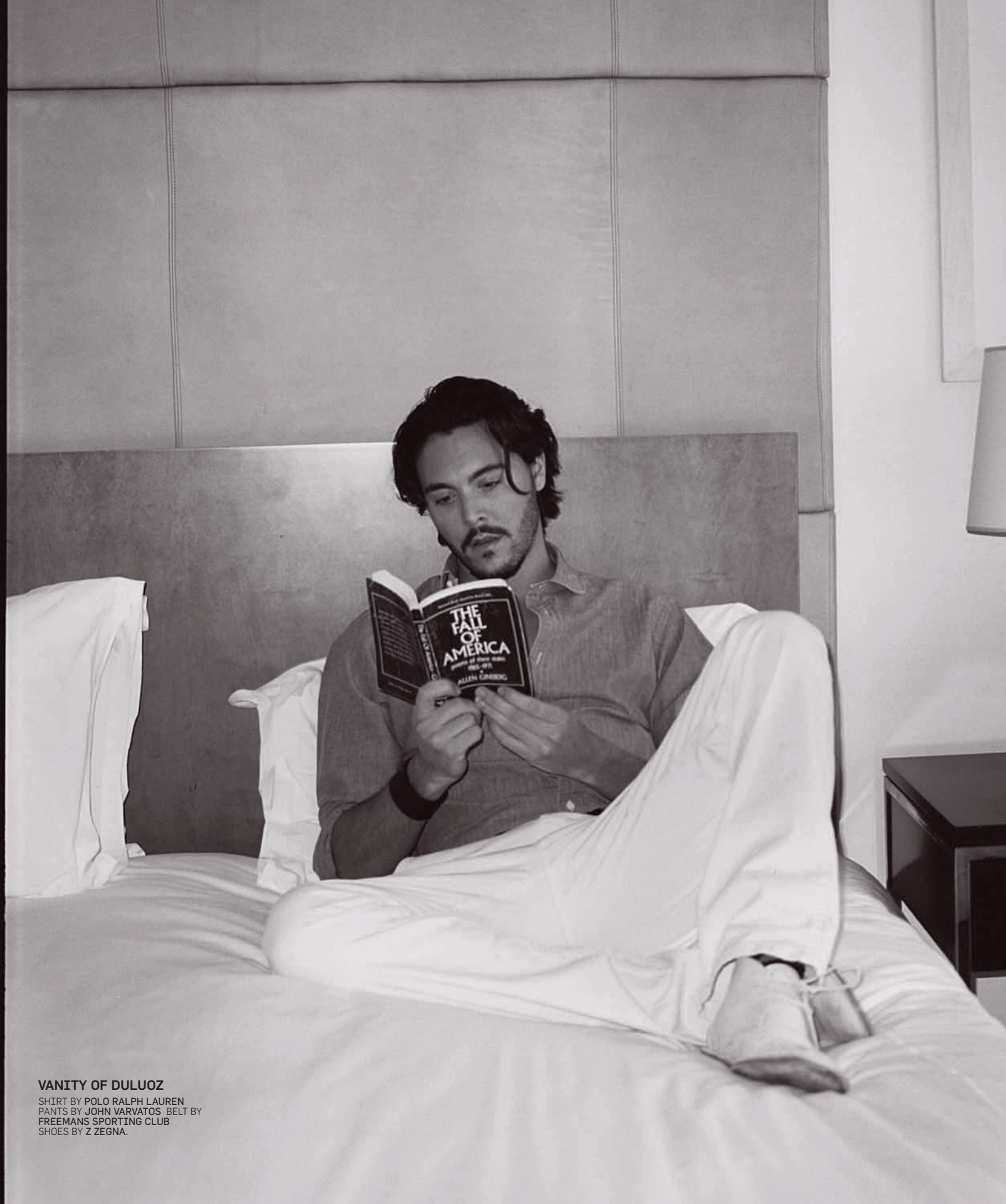
PULL MY DAISY
SHIRT BY ROGUES GALLERY
PANTS BY BROOKS BROTHERS.



THE TOWN AND THE CITY
SHIRTS AND JEANS BY FREEMANS
SPORTING CLUB COAT BY JOHN VARVATOS
SNEAKERS BY CONVERSE.



THE SUBTERRANEAN
SHIRT BY Z ZEGNA
SUIT AND SHOES BY GUCCI.



VANITY OF DULUOZ

SHIRT BY POLO RALPH LAUREN
PANTS BY JOHN VARVATOS BELT BY
FREEMANS SPORTING CLUB
SHOES BY Z ZEGNA.