

MEN'S BOO

The New Adventure

**URBANE WARRIORS:
CHICAGO'S TOUGH
GUYS GET DRESSY**

**MACHU PICCHU
REDISCOVERING THE
LOST CITY IN STYLE**

**CHRIS O'DONNELL
RIDES AGAIN!**



**MAYOR DALEY TALKS
BRIDGEPORT,
BOOKS AND 'BAMA**

**WHAT'S NEXT FOR
GRANT ACHATZ?**

**WE DARE YOU:
CHICAGO'S
MOST EXTREME
TASTING MENUS**



THE OLD WORLD

Fergie's got nothing on Everest, where glamour rules in plates like this *ouverture de la soirée*, comprised of four amuse-bouche.

Everest

8 courses, \$250 with wine pairings, about 3 hours

Everest's mirrored dining room, on floor 40 with a twinkling city view, is one of few places left where people actually *dress* for dinner. Chef Joho returns the favor by dressing up fare like the pressé of foie gras with paper-thin slices of marinated watermelon and cantaloupe. Yet nothing's pretentious—risotto with bursts of yellow tomatoes even boils down to just two flavors. Joho says he doesn't want people to have to think—"just eat and enjoy"—something we appreciate even more after seven glasses of mostly French wines, with an extra-earthly Oregon Pinot Noir thrown in for good measure. 440 S. LaSalle St., 312.663.8920, everestrestaurant.com. ■