

VOGUE

SEP

**MARISSA
MAYER**
MOGUL,
MOTHER,
LIGHTNING
ROD

**SEVEN
MINUTES TO
A BETTER
BODY?**

GIRL ON FIRE
**JENNIFER
LAWRENCE**

**GIFTED,
UNGUARDED, AND
GORGEOUS**

PHAN-TASTIC!
BEAUTY BLOGGER
MICHELLE PHAN'S
700 MILLION VIEWS

PLUS
**THE WEDDING
OF THE YEAR**

902 PAGES OF
**FABULOUS FALL
FASHION**

\$5.99US \$6.99FOR

09>



0 753384 2





The Anxiety of Influence

DAVID CHANG HAS A RESTAURANT EMPIRE, A FOOD LAB, AN EPICUREAN QUARTERLY, AND AN ARMY OF ADMIRERS AND IMITATORS. STILL, THERE'S ONE CRITIC HE HAS YET TO SATISFY—HIMSELF. BY JOHN POWERS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTON CORBIJN.

I don't like eating in restaurants," says David Chang, who has eight of them in three countries. "I'm always criticizing and only see the mistakes."

We're sitting in Daishō, one of three new restaurants that his company, Momofuku ("Lucky Peach"), opened last year in what's locally known as the Ice Cube, a square glass building on University Avenue in downtown Toronto. Below us is the first foreign outpost of his famous Noodle Bar; behind a wall to our right is the sleek, 22-seat Shōtō, where I would later eat the best meal I'd ever had in this city I've visited more than 20 times.

This is Chang's first dinner at Daishō, and the staff is clearly anxious: The sommelier's hands shake slightly as he uncorks a bottle of champagne with a knife blade, a process known as sabering. You can understand his nerves. After all, the Korean-American chef isn't merely a demanding boss who's in town checking up on things. He's an international food superstar who hangs out with everyone from chef René Redzepi to *The Wire*'s David Simon to the president of the World Bank, Jim Yong Kim.

Indeed, since exploding on the scene in 2004 as an East Village enfant terrible who parlayed ramen and pork buns into countless culinary accolades—he just won Outstanding Chef at this year's James Beard Awards—Chang has become America's most relevant chef, the king of what we might call the Umami Era, in which street food shares the table with haute cuisine and deliciousness matters more than decor. With an expanding empire and a huge fan base among the young, his ideas have never had more reach or impact. He'll sell out a dull-sounding New School panel on dining and architecture, and set the food world buzzing at the mere rumor that his crown jewel, Ko, is looking for a new location.

I CHANG

"I constantly think I'm a fraud, that this success is not warranted or justified," says the chef, photographed at Ssām Bar in Manhattan. Sitings Editor: Phyllis Posnick.

"It's so surreal," Chang says, giving Daishō's chile-cucumber salad a quick, peremptory taste. "I constantly think I'm a fraud, that this success is not warranted or justified."

Such is Chang's mind-set at this pivotal point in his career. He's got hot restaurants in New York, Sydney, and Toronto. He's already written the best-selling *Momofuku* cookbook (with his pal Peter Meehan), and his innovative quarterly *Lucky Peach* has reinvented the epicurean magazine for today's DIY foodies. He's fronted a brainy PBS food show, *The Mind of a Chef*, and turned up playing himself (a tad uncomfortably, I'm afraid) on HBO's *Treme*. Put simply, he's made it. But what does it all add up to? And what's his next move? These are questions Chang never stops worrying about.

In person, he is a presence to be reckoned with, and one suspects he always wanted to be. (Starting at age nine, he forced himself to drink a gallon of milk a day so he'd grow up bigger than his two older brothers.) Sporting a checked shirt and gray jeans, he's a great bull of a man—he used to pump iron for hours each day just to burn off energy—who even in repose seems to hum. His wide, round face has an emotional transparency worthy of a great Method actor. He inhabits his feelings fully and comes out with things no other chef would say. "I can't stand going into my own restaurants now," he tells me at one point. "They're so fucking loud."

Early in his career, he was the one cranking up the volume. Chang often came off like the Incredible Hulk: You won't like me when I'm angry. His rages in the kitchen were legendary, so much so that Chang would nearly black out and have to take to his bed. To this day, when he's annoyed, his jaw muscles tense all the way to the top of his skull. Yet, at 36, he insists he has mellowed—or at least is trying to. In any case, he's extraordinarily good company, with a sweet smile, a terrific sense of humor, and a capacity for delight that hasn't lost its innocence. He all but flushed with pleasure recalling how a star of his youth told him she was a fan of *Lucky Peach*. "Can you believe it? Tracy fucking Chapman!"

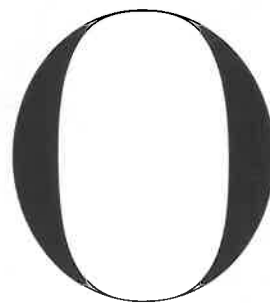
Still, to spend time with him is to know that Chang is haunted by self-doubt and the specter of misery. As we eat Daishō's hamburger—tastier, I think, than the vaunted U-mami Burger—he talks with startling honesty about the things that torment him. Being ravaged with guilt the second he stops working. Having romantic trouble with his girlfriend, Gloria Lee, a 28-year-old Korean-Australian who worries (not unreasonably) that his fame may crush her. Adjusting to no longer being a young-punk chef but a successful businessman who has been offered a car commercial (he said no) and feels responsible for 500 employees. Could he be turning into another Emeril Lagasse or Wolfgang Puck, whose money-minded showmanship he used to dis?

These are not trivial concerns, and Chang treats them with the seriousness you'd expect from a guy who majored in religion at Connecticut's Trinity College. After a few days of such ruminations, he jokingly begins to call me his "therapist," and I see him less as the Hulk than as a latter-day Hamlet, a self-lacerating soul who stewes endlessly over everything.

Including the food at his restaurants. After our meal at Daishō, we head back to our rooms at the Shangri-La Hotel next door. But as we reach the entrance, Chang stops, jaw muscles rippling. He says he needs to go back up to the kitchen.

"That potato dish *sucked*—it wasn't *anything*. What was that cheese doing?" He shakes my hand good night. "I won't be able to sleep if I don't get this fixed."

I believe him. When we meet the next morning, the first thing he brings up is that unsatisfactory dish, which he took off the menu. And two weeks later, over dinner at the Spice Table in L.A., he gives me a smile: "I haven't forgotten those potatoes."



One Saturday night, we meet for a drink at Hearth, the East Village restaurant of his mentor Marco Canora, who he says is "like a brother." They share a bear hug, and as is the way among chefs, we soon start receiving plate after plate of delectable dishes—fava-bean salad, poached snails with morels and black garlic. Because Chang once worked under Canora, it seems a good opportunity to talk about his rise to fame, which, as with so many successful people, takes on the retrospective aura of an origin myth.

Born in 1977, Chang grew up in Northern Virginia in what he calls a "sprawling suburb of weird shopping." He was the youngest of four children of Korean immigrants, his father a restaurateur who later owned a golf shop. Although cliché would have it that Asian parents drive their sons to become doctors or lawyers, young David was an indifferent student, and his father dreamed that he would be a golf pro. As a teen, Chang did show promise. There was, he says, just one problem: "I was a head case." This notoriously tricky game unleashed his tendency toward self-wounding perfectionism. It's not for nothing that one of Chang's heroes is John McEnroe, pictures of whom hang on the walls of his restaurant Ssäm Bar.

Chang had always been interested in food, especially noodles, but something clicked his first time in a professional kitchen. "I was like, 'Wait a second—not only do I like to do this, I want to come back and do *more*.'" Through his early 20s, he worked at places like Craft and Café Boulud, studied at the French Culinary Institute, and did grunt work at restaurants in Japan. He developed a profound, if not worshipful, reverence for refined classical cuisine.

But he also compared himself to every superb young chef he met and didn't think he was talented enough to get ahead in the world of fine dining. With a chutzpah that in retrospect looks like inspiration, this brash 27-year-old decided to do a sophisticated riff on seemingly low cuisine. Raising start-up costs with help from his father, he opened Noodle Bar in the East Village, a stripped-down 650-square-foot joint paneled with plywood and cork. (When you see a restaurant with plywood walls nowadays, and there are many, it's almost certainly a child of Noodle Bar.)

Of course, as Chang always insists, what really matters is the food. This Korean-American kid staked his career on high-powered versions of dishes from two other Asian cultures, serving a lushly porky Japanese ramen and the best Chinese pork buns anybody had ever tasted. The gamble paid off. Noodle Bar became a sensation, loved by critics and customers alike, and the self-dramatizing Chang wowed the media with his uncensored authenticity.

"He was a *great* interview," recalls Meehan, who first wrote about him in 2005 for *The New York Times*. "And he kept being a great interview in a way that people in food weren't. He split an infinitive with 'fuck,' and he cooked food you *wanted* to eat."

Mixing traditions and bored by cultural labels—which has paired him perfectly with the Obama years—Chang wouldn't let himself be pigeonholed as a Korean, or even Asian, chef. To this day, he insists that the Momofuku restaurants serve “American food” and that what counts is whether it's excitingly delicious.

“I want the diners to smack their heads and think, Fuck, why didn't I think of that? It's like when you go to MoMA and think, I could've done that.” He smiles. “But you *didn't*.”

Noodle Bar raised expectations so high that the question was how Chang would follow up. Hoping to create something capable of mass-market appeal, he decided to build a restaurant around his version of the ssäm, essentially a Korean burrito, which you assemble yourself with meat, lettuce, and sauces. (The rotisserie-duck ssäm, incidentally, may be the tastiest single dish at any Momofuku restaurant.) But when Ssäm Bar opened in 2006, people just didn't want to eat them. Attempting to salvage the restaurant, he began filling the menu with more daring and ambitious dishes, developing the flavor combinations from Noodle Bar. These new dishes—often original, sometimes bizarre, but always delicious—began winning him coveted awards. In an irony he thoroughly appreciates, his attempt to go mass wound up pushing him toward haute cuisine.

Two years later he opened Ko, a twelve-seat restaurant with dishes as audacious as anything being served in Manhattan (including desserts by a brilliant pastry chef, Christina Tosi). It was a smash, winning Chang more awards (plus two Michelin stars) and driving crazy avid diners who were dying to get in but couldn't outsmart its tricky online booking system. During my meal there, the chef told me about a Parisian family who'd flown over nine times to eat Ko's signature shaved foie gras with lychee and its soft-cooked egg with onion soubise, caviar, and potato chips.

In four years, Chang had gone from a noodle cook to an international name brand whose dazzling ascent made him the role model for countless other impatient young chefs who hoped, like him, to open their own places without long years of apprenticeship in someone else's kitchen. His fame allowed him to begin steadily growing his empire outside the East Village—opening *Má Pêche* in midtown Manhattan in 2010, *Seiobo* in Sydney one year later, and the Toronto trio the year after that. (For some reason, this pretension-hating chef is drawn to restaurant names that couldn't be more hoity-toity—they come complete with diacritical marks.) At the same time, he and pastry chef Tosi began expanding Momofuku's chain of hugely successful stand-alone Milk Bar dessert shops, which have inspired a cult around her insanely rich Crack Pie and Proustian soft-serve ice cream that tastes like cereal milk.

“His genius isn't so much in the cooking as in understanding the Zeitgeist in the way that nobody else did,” explains Ruth Reichl, who, as then-editor of *Gourmet*, was one of Chang's early champions. “At that point, most restaurateurs were thinking it was the reader of *The New York Times* they had to woo. But they aren't the people who are spending money today. It's the 20- to 30-year-olds who spend all their disposable income on food and are extremely knowledgeable about it. As his work got more sophisticated, he trusted his audience to follow him. He's one of them.”

In truth, Chang's ascent was almost too good to be true. And Tosi says she teased him about it. “I remember telling

him that he'd obviously sold his soul, and someday the Devil would come to collect.” On mornings when some Momofuku crisis is brewing, she will still send him a text that says simply, “Is today the day?”

A couple of weeks after we first meet in Toronto, I drive to the Hotel Bel-Air in L.A. for one of those famous-chef dinners that are part of the promotional whirl. Chang has flown in to work in the kitchen alongside his friend Roy Choi, inventor of the city's fabled Kogi taco trucks, and the old master himself, Wolfgang Puck. My wife and I sit with Chang's business partner, Andrew Salmon, who is all affable circumspection, and teddy-bearish Chris Ying, the low-key editor of *Lucky Peach*, who previously worked for Dave Eg-



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

A bowl of pork belly, pork shoulder, and poached-egg ramen from Noodle Bar—the stripped-down East Village restaurant that launched Chang's career.

gers at *McSweeney's*. Both profess slight embarrassment at being caught wearing jacket and tie.

Although I've dined at seven of Chang's restaurants, it's the only time I've eaten food that bears his actual touch. When I mention this, Chang gives a resigned nod. Although he's constantly “curating” the food at his restaurant—he compares himself to a magazine editor in chief—he spends most of his time nowadays maintaining and promoting the Momofuku brand. The company is working on a line of even more casual restaurants, creating a new enterprise called the Lucky Peach Media Group (Chang and Meehan are talking about doing another cookbook), and Momofuku is launching several products out of its food lab: Pine-nut miso! Lentil tamari!

“He's become a businessman,” says Meehan. “That's the thing I've seen change. He's always had that aspiration, and he's just gotten better or embraced it more.”

Of course, being Chang, he also *doesn't* embrace it. Meehan tells me that Chang is (continued on page 898)

(continued from page 897) filters in, but mostly there are cries of “We love you, Wendy” and “Wendy for governor!”

By 11:00 A.M. she’s made it to Beni-to’s, the Mexican-food dive that is her favorite brunch spot in town. She gives the owner an arm squeeze as he guides the entire political team to a long table set in the back. She takes her seat beside Will Wynn, whose hand is never far from her shoulder. He launched the Keep Austin Weird initiative in 2002, and he looks precisely the type: salt-and-pepper hair, athletic, with a mischievous grin on his boyish face. The couple makes plans for the rest of the day. “I’ve got to get to the garden center,” Davis says between bites of migas. “My garden is looking sad.” She knows the history of everyone on her team, down to the teenage volunteer who competitively barrel-races, and talks them up with enthusiasm. A young pair of patrons politely asks for a photograph, and Davis obliges. On her way back to her seat, a man in a cowboy hat stops her for a hug. “That’s Representative Lon Burnam,” Davis whispers to me, seizing a small moment to reinforce her centrist bona fides. “If you want to see the far left of Texas, that’s it.”

A few hours later, Davis is planning an evening at the drive-in movie theater with her daughters to catch *Despicable Me 2*. On any other night, Davis says, “I’m happy in Lululemon, with a glass of red wine, watching HGTV,” but the girls are in town, so it’s a special occasion. She loves to put on something nice, dresses by Chloé and Victoria Beckham, and Miu Miu heels or Louboutins. Her daughters have fostered her transformation in recent years to a more fashion-conscious look—and they encourage her political ambitions, too. “We’ll support her in whatever she does,” Dru tells me.

Wendy Davis is smart. She can see the chess game five moves out. She understands that the media enthusiasm—the Internet meme of her as Daenerys Targaryen from *Game of Thrones* with a dragon on her shoulder (“I really don’t get that. What is a meme?” she wonders); the appearances on Sunday talk shows; the blog examining her Barbie-doll looks—will pass. And she’s also realistic: To be a Democrat in Texas anywhere but in the urban centers is to be an outlier. Last year, Obama took only 26 of the state’s 254 counties. But that doesn’t mean she isn’t raring for a fight. “I’m a very competitive person,”

she says as the sun sets behind her and she packs up for the movie. “You won’t change things unless you are prepared to fight, even if you don’t win.” She pauses. “But I do hate losing.” □

KILLING IT

(continued from page 835)

splash with her heartbreaking portrayal of a young victim of sexual violence in the Congo in Lynn Nottage’s 2009 Pulitzer Prize winner *Ruined* and earned back-to-back Tony nominations for her radiant performances in *Stick Fly* and last season’s revival of *The Trip to Bountiful*. As she prepares to take on her first leading role, Rashad seems poised to become a star—but she’s trying not to think about that. “There’s a sense of grandeur about *Romeo and Juliet* and this vibe of, like, Juliet is the role,” Rashad tells me in her dressing room at the Stephen Sondheim Theatre, where she’s finishing up her run in *Bountiful*. “The biggest challenge is letting all of that go and just working on it as if it were any old role in any old play at any old theater in any old town.”

Rashad can exude a girlish exuberance, her arms in constant expressive motion, but when she slows down to talk about what intrigues her about the character, one can sense the focus and preternatural maturity that is a hallmark of her gift as an actress. “There’s a kind of cliché that over the years has been attached to Juliet,” she says. “That she’s very delicate, very fragile—and in a way she is. But she’s also strong, and she makes bold choices, and she’s got wit and she’s got brains. I’m excited to explore a Juliet where you’re able to see how vulnerable she is because of her strength.”

For Bloom, it’s not a stretch to connect the dots between the character he’s about to play and himself as a youth. “I was independent from my family,” he says. “I loved a lot, had my heart broken, broke a few hearts, fought my way in and out of a few situations, took a lot of risks—I really indulged in life. I often think it’s amazing I’m still alive.” He was also knocked out by Rashad when the two auditioned. “She lights up the stage, that girl,” he says. “She’s magical. I mean, she’s going to kill it.”

Leveaux had a sense that Bloom and Rashad possessed the requisite chemistry when he watched them read through the play’s famous balcony scene. “From the first words out of her mouth, she

made Orlando laugh despite himself,” he says. In the end, that buoyancy is what lifts *Romeo and Juliet* above an overheated love story with a bummer ending. “The play asks us to feel exhilarated by the lightness of being that these two young people managed to express in their world,” he says. “And it carries us out of the tragedy with a feeling that what they’ve done, despite their deaths, is scrawled a big *yes* over the word *no* that was written in stone.” □

VIENNA CALLING

(continued from page 842)

ponytail. A certain male guest had fallen for her in her dirndl the night before and begged Caro to change his *placement* so that he could be nearer to her. Best man Arthur Mornington made an amusing speech in which he informed guests that when Fritz, as he refers to his childhood friend, had first met Caro that night in Boujis, he had told her he was Austrian, thinking this might increase his appeal. She had immediately started speaking to him in German, which he didn’t understand because he doesn’t speak a word of it, despite his roots. In desperation “he showed Caro the name tape in his shirt to prove he had an Austrian name,” recalled Arthur, to much laughter. The dance floor soon filled. Knowing we had a very early flight to catch the next morning, my husband and I reluctantly left the party at midnight.

As we checked out of our hotel room at 5:00 A.M. to head to the airport, we ran into a tuxedoed Italian princeling in the elevator. He was just returning from the party. “Hello. Goodnight,” he said, dazed. Other guests were emerging from cars and into the lobby, gossiping about their long night and heading for bed. As Caro had predicted, it had been a *nuit blanche*—with a little bit of *bleue*. □

THE ANXIETY OF INFLUENCE

(continued from page 847)

currently torn between being admired as “an awesome chef, an innovator,” and searching for a way to cash in. If getting rich were all that mattered, he and Salmon could have already sold off Momofuku to a corporation that offered what Chang calls, not without a hint of regret, “hundreds of zeroes, thousands of stores, [the chance to be] a millionaire maybe a hundred times over.”

To sell or not to sell, that is the question. His fellow star chefs all urge him to make a killing while the going’s good, she

but Chang feels that this would be betraying everyone working at Momofuku who *wouldn't* get rich: "I could see myself becoming a miserable fuck, like going on a drug binge and blowing my head off. I'd be one of the those rich guys who feels so guilty and hates the money."

Besides, he's still enthralled by what we might call his Utopian Dream of Momofuku. In Chang's never-quite-articulated vision, Momofuku is a collective enterprise devoted to inventive flavors and respect for employees—offering everything from health insurance to the freedom to invent new dishes. Where other chefs use their reputations to sell lines of tableware, Chang puts money into *Lucky Peach*, whose blend of recipes, chef talk, and cultural speculation embodies his democratizing ideas about food. If Salmon operates this grand enterprise, it's Chang's tempestuous enthusiasms that fuel it.

"The great thing about Dave," says Ying, "is that he pushes people to do their best work. Always." He laughs. "Of course, he can be a real Tiger Dad."

Counting himself as one of Chang's "sons" is Danny Bowien, the bespectacled, bleached-blond chef behind the hot (and prize-laden) Mission Chinese Food. Not only was his scrappy San Francisco restaurant inspired by Chang, Bowien later opened a New York branch not far from his hero's East Village spots.

"He had every reason not to like us," says the resolutely untormented Bowien, "but the night [before] we opened our restaurant, we had a 'friends and family.' I was, like, scared, and he came at the last minute. And he was, 'What do you want to know? Whatever you want to ask me—I'm yours.' And that was amazing. My wife was with me, and he said, 'You're married to a beautiful wife, you're doing it right. Don't let it make you unhappy. It'll kill you.'"

Chang now accepts that his earlier, fury-powered approach to work was profoundly self-destructive. He was killing himself for what, exactly? Although he'd achieved success so surreal he compares it to an acid trip, he wasn't able to enjoy himself. "It's just existential stuff, dude," he says. "I'm constantly dissatisfied." He decided to start looking for what he calls "a certain happiness in my unhappiness."

For starters, that meant he had to stop living like a college kid. Although

he still favors T-shirts and Levi's, he sold his dark apartment in Chelsea and bought a new one in Tribeca, bursting with light. "It's weird waking up to the sun," he says. "I've never had that."

Looking at peers like Meehan—who has a wife and a young daughter—he realized it might be time to think about settling down. He allowed himself to begin a long-term relationship with Gloria Lee, whom he met while setting up Seiobo in Sydney, where she worked as a PR executive for Gucci. His parents adore her. As I began researching this article, Lee was officially his fiancée, and we had arranged that I'd interview the two of them together when she got back from straightening out visa issues in Australia. By the time that day came, things had gotten rocky enough between them that they were still seeing each other but were no longer engaged. Neither will talk about what's going on in their relationship, but when he calls to say the interview is off, Chang solemnly assures me, "I'm going to do everything I can to make it work."

Until then, he finds refuge from his boundless stress in the old, reliable places. He's an absolute sports nut who peppers his talk with references to everyone from Kobe Bryant to Roger Federer, whom he admires for embodying the effortless ease he's never had. Chang feels that he's trapped being like Rafael Nadal, who can never stop showing the strain of how hard he's working.

His other release valve is shooting the breeze with less-anxious friends. One Friday night, we go to dinner at the Spotted Pig and are led upstairs to the private third floor, which has been turned into a kind of clubhouse for celebs. It was here that Beyoncé threw a birthday party for Rihanna, dancing the night away while Jay-Z watched TV in the corner. Chang is a regular.

His tense features soften the moment he sees his buddies: the restaurant's co-owner Ken Friedman; Aziz Ansari, gently witty in person, who will dash off to do a comedy show, then come back; and musician James Murphy, from the disbanded group LCD Soundsystem, who is enough of an epicure to suffer from gout. The latter two met Chang at an Arcade Fire after-party and instantly hit it off talking noodles. Ansari took a cell-phone photo of them together and jokingly tweeted, "David Chang, @lcdsoundsystem, and myself want to go to Tokyo and eat food. Can some

magazine/Travel Channel pay for this?" *GQ* did. ("It was a no-brainer," the assigning editor told me.)

Soon the table is filled with drinks, appetizers, and manly talk about Dwight Howard's future and LeBron's traveling barber. Eventually the topic turns to the elegance of chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten, whose pleasure in life Chang admires. "I don't envy other chefs," he says, "but his chef's jacket has got this beautiful monogram, white-on-white, just so subtle. He's amazing. He drives everywhere, and he told me that in 25 years, he's only gotten three parking tickets. He always finds a space."

Just then the door opens, and who should walk in but . . . Charlie Rose, in jeans and an orange sweater. I'd been told that he and Chang were friends, but nobody had expected him to turn up. Earlier, the table had been awed at the revelation that Rose is such an eminence grise that his *cell* number begins with 212.

As Rose and Chang avidly talk tennis—why Nadal's body almost has to break down in battling the likes of Federer and Novak Djokovic—I think back to something Chang told me that night at Daishō. He said that the food he likes best these days is basic, like a good slice of fluke with a bit of soy sauce. "Of course," he confesses, "I'm going to make my own soy sauce." Not one to believe in shortcuts, he describes this approach as "making simple hard." It strikes me that this is the story of his life, which puts me in a tough spot. As a diner, I'm all for the complicated simplicity of his food. But as his therapist, I would urge him to let simple be simple.

On this night it is. As midnight approaches, Rose is crying, "Where's my food?" when waiters appear carrying plates of char-grilled burgers and skirt steak and a slice of halibut for—you guessed it—Chang. This table of meat-eaters howls at the irony that the fish has been put in front of the man who built his Momofuku empire on pork belly.

As we eat away, Rose turns to me and says, "Here's the big question: Is David Chang Einstein or Edison?"

I have my own answer, but I turn to the man himself: "So, Dave, which genius are you?"

"Are you kidding me?" he says. "I'm just a chef."

He flashes that sweet smile, and for one moment anyway, David Chang looks absolutely, undeniably happy. □