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the lobby of his new hotel, Public Chicago. Dressed in his uniform of poloshirt and jeans, Schrager bounces around the airy, bright lobby of the 1926 landmark building. getting ready for the first guests to check in and check out his latest concept.
"The operation of a hotel has a million moving parts," he says. "That's hard for a perfectionist." The 285-room Public, formerly the Ambassador East, is Schrager's first project as an independent hotelier since the market crash in 2008. And, Schrager adds, it's probably his most personal. Instead of hiring a famous designer like Philippe »
The entrance to Public Chicago, formerly the Ambassador East, in the city's Gold Coast neighborhood.

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flat-screen TV, an oversize clock, and a series of Jean-Baptiste Mondino photos of cows, a wink at Chicago's famous meat market. Wi-Fi is free. Room service comes in a brown paper bag instead of on a silver tray. You can take it to go or eat it in the room.
"I love it," Schrager says. "When I started in the business you were paying a $\$ 7$ delivery charge and room service took 25 minutes. This arrives in six minutes, and I keep pushing the prices down. I call it bankruptcy prices." He plans to take them-and Public-to several more cities, including New York and London. *

But perhaps the biggest coup of all-and one that will no doubt please his neighbors-is the food. And Schrager the perfectionist obsessed for a long time to get it just right. For both room service and the restaurant, he wanted the food to be simple, delicious, healthy, and not expensive, so he called in one of his favorite chefs, JeanGeorges Vongerichten, and asked him to bring ABC Kitchen to Chicago. To arrive at a menu that features small "market table" appetizers and such Jean-Georges favorites as roasted beets with house-made yogurt, crab toast with lemon aioli, and Wiener inspired by Viennese cafés and serves coffee from La Colombe, is not quite right. Schrager and Andrei zero in on a plastic cup of yogurt sitting on top of the coffee bar. Schrager is outraged by the $\$ 9$ price tag. He also hates the way a wire egg rack is placed on top of the glass case where the muffins and bagels-baked fresh every morning-are displayed.

In his quest to keep extra guest charges and an overpopulation of bellhops to a minimum, Schrager has worked hard to lower prices everywhere. There are no fluffy terry-cloth robes (available only on request), no irritating mini-bars stuffed with gross chocolates (just Popchips, peanuts, Bombay Sapphire gin, and a wool knit cap, which, in Chicago, is probably the smartest idea yet). "You won't find $\$ 5$ Hershey's bars in the mini-bar," says Schrager, who admits that he is obsessed with retailers like Trader Joe's. "All sorts of people shop there-rich, poor. I like that they have a very specific point of view and not a lot of choice. It's reasonably priced but no less sophisticated."

And so every room in the Public is impeccably designed, but this time instead of three-legged chairs there are comfy linen-covered armchairs that are replicas of one Schrager found at a flea market in Paris. Walls are bare but for a huge
schnitzel, Schrager insisted on keeping the prices as low as possible: only one dish costs more than $\$ 30$. The signature JeanGeorges dessert-an unbelievably delicious salted-caramel ice cream sundae topped with candied peanuts, caramel popcorn, chocolate sauce, and whipped cream-is just $\$ 7$. Perhaps as a gift to Jean-Georges, Andrei and Schrager reimagined the Pump Room with the requisite group table and signature booths, all topped off with a giant room-size constellation of softly lit resin globes.

Back in the lobby on opening day, Schrager does a discreet double-take when he spies four burly guys with backpacks checking in. From the look on his face, it is clear Schrager still has to acclimate to the sight of the "public"-regular people, not hipsters-in one of his hotels. With their Patagonia fleeces and North Face backpacks, these guys would never have made it past the proverbial velvet rope. But they definitely shop at places like Trader Joe's. $\downarrow$

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