



Modern Lifestyle. Classic Luxury.

Our Vision

You look like hell.

You don't even have to see a mirror to know—you always look like death after these transcontinental flights. Rubbing your scalp with your fingertips, you try to get the blood moving in your brain again. As the liaison between the London and San Francisco office, you've made this flight a dozen times, but that two-hour delay on the tarmac, coupled with a screaming baby, ensured this flight wasn't a restful one. You calculate in your head how many hours it will take to get to your hotel from Heathrow...Great. You have three hours until you meet the London team for drinks, and you look like you've stumbling out of an all-night college kegger. Now there's no time to take the power nap you had counted on. Your face is reflected in the dusky airplane window—dark stubble, hair matted from the night against a headrest. If it hadn't been for that incompetent new intern, you wouldn't have missed your scheduled shape-up at MR before the flight.

As you wait for the plane reach the gate, you try and form a game plan: run back to the hotel, shave, change into the blue shirt, catch a taxi to the pub. You can feel the tension pulsing behind your eyes as you anticipate the next few hours.

Suddenly you remember. A few months ago, you read in the Member Update that MR had opened a branch in London. Not sure of the location, you quickly reach for your PDA. Logging onto the MR Member Portal, you sigh with relief. Canary Wharf. Right off the Jubilee Line, barely a ten-minute walk from where you're scheduled to meet your colleagues. Wasting no time, you use your Blackberry to schedule a shape-up and a shave; within seconds you receive an e-mail confirming your appointment. It contains a short biography of the Grooming Specialist who will be servicing you at Canary Wharf. You access your library of past haircuts and select the style you want—you're thinking something a bit shorter, the one you got when you visited MR

in Manhattan. Another email pops up, and you smile as you read it: you've won a complimentary facial for being MR's 250th US member to visit the UK facility. Deciding to hold on to the gift, you save it in your online profile.

In a cab on your way to MR, you flip through the online Member Database and find a few familiar faces in the London area—a hedge fund manager, some banker friends of you met in Chicago. The other profiles pique your interest—an architect, a barister, a day trader, a restaurateur. Interesting crowd. Then you discover your vendor's profile—he's scheduled for a haircut this evening as well. It would be nice to learn a little more about him, maybe see if he knows anything about the upcoming merger.

Arriving at MR, you pull your membership card out of your wallet; sensing the RFID chip, the doors open automatically. As soon as you step inside the subtle smell of sandalwood and leather envelopes you, while the stress of your trip seems to dissipate. The valets whisk your luggage to the back room as a hostess, greeting you by name, escorts you to the bar. The bartender nods to you.

"Would you like your usual, sir?" He enquires.

As you wait for your grooming appointment, you slowly sip your drink, letting the flavors burn coolly down your throat. London rises up outside the handsome windows, a merger of old and new worlds. You feel at home in a foreign land. Relaxed, your mind is free to think of the appointment tonight, the meeting tomorrow. You casually watch the elegant trickle of patrons enter MR as the bar begins to swell with the after-work crowd.

A few moments later, someone taps you on your shoulder. It's your client.

"Cheers mate," he laughs. "I can see why you're here—you look like hell."



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Your Role

Personalized luxury and stylish retreat for the contemporary gentleman and gentlewoman: this is our vision for MR. We will be the hub which connects forward-thinking professionals with the finest services and amenities. A MR lifestyle is a considerable asset—one where ease, sophistication, and convenience all merge.

We want to continue the rapid growth of MR to ensure our members can have access to our exclusive facilities, no matter where their travels take them. In order to facilitate this goal, we need our membership base to grow. Because MR prides itself on patrons of taste, we want to encourage the right kind of membership, and we need your help. Encourage your friends—sharp, smart, stylish men and women—to join. The more you surround yourself with individuals whose company you enjoy, the more rewarding your membership experience will be. Once we have an expansive network of members, we can turn our vision into a reality. For without the help of members like you, our future will remain just that—a vision. It is that simple.

You can play a vital role in giving substance to MR's future. Imagine being a regular at Starbucks, back when it was a humble coffee shop in Pike's Peak, or a patron of the first Four Seasons Hotel as you traveled to Toronto. Before these institutions became global brands, you could have been part of their beginnings.

At this moment you are part of our beginning—we're asking your help in structuring this brave new future. MR is creating a unique, revolutionary brand that combines the service and luxury of a Victorian gentlemen's parlor with the sexy style of a night club. This letter is a call to arms to those of you who want to see a revolution in hospitality, the birth of a new kind of service industry. For those who answer, we ask you to personally commit to referring one new member each month. Invite a colleague, a friend, or an employee—we know many of you do this naturally, and we appreciate your support tremendously. But for those reticent few who have not, we encourage you to do so. Our success depends on your commitment. Claim the future you have rightfully earned.

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