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PEOPLE, PLACES & THINGS WORTH NOTING

WOMEN OF NOTE
NEW YORK | 3.6.17

Members of WSJ's Women of Note network gathered at Cadillac House to take part in a fireside chat with author Tiffany Dufu. The discussion focused on her new book *Drop the Ball: Achieving More by Doing Less*, a manifesto that guides women on how to cultivate the single skill they need in order to make more time for themselves. The evening was made possible with support from Belvedere, Cadillac and The Rug Company. Special thanks to Freaky Health Chocolate and Highway 2 Well.

Photos by Arialsadora.com

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THE WALL STREET JOURNAL MAGAZINE

MAY 2017

30 EDITOR'S LETTER

34 CONTRIBUTORS

38 COLUMNISTS on Gossip

130 STILL LIFE Gerhard Steidl
The distinguished book publisher shares a few of his favorite things.

WHAT'S NEWS.

41 Airbnb's Joe Gebbia launches a humanitarian division and a collection of start-up-friendly office furniture; Bright knit polos for spring

44 Cult TV classic *Twin Peaks* returns; Omega celebrates 60 years of its iconic Speedmaster watch; Footwear label Aquazzura partners with wallpaper firm de Gournay; Danish furniture collective KBH comes to the U.S.; Furla's 90th Anniversary Collection

46 Russia's V-A-C Foundation opens a new headquarters in Venice; This season's standout short-story collections

48 David Yurman's latest fine jewelry collection

50 Moët Hennessy debuts a tequila; Patterned outerwear from Herno; Hôtel Les Roches Rouges opens on the Côte d'Azur; Shaving essentials from Frédéric Malle; Master & Dynamic's David Adjaye–designed speaker

52 The Download: Mindy Kaling; Nature in miniature at New York's Fort Gansevoort Gallery; Paul Andrew's first footwear collection for Ferragamo

54 Neighborhood Watch: Charleston, South Carolina's Uptown district

ON THE COVER A house in Pinar del Río, Cuba's westernmost province, photographed by Robert Polidori.

THIS PAGE Photographed by Christian MacDonald and styled by Alex White. Viktor & Rolf Couture dress and Viktor & Rolf Couture Christian Louboutin shoes. For details see Sources, page 128.

FOLLOW @WSJMAG:

"I BRING A STILLNESS TO THE COLLABORATIONS THAT I DO, AND THIS HOUSE IS SORT OF STILLNESS CENTRAL."
—RICK RUBIN

MARKET REPORT.

57 BOARDING PASS
This season's travel essentials stand out from the pack, impressing even the most jaded frequent flier.
Photography by Joss McKinley
Prop Styling by Yolande Gagnier
Fashion Editor David Thielebeule

THE EXCHANGE.

67 TRACKED: Anya Fernald
The slow-food entrepreneur is adding a distillery to her company's agritourism resort, Belcampo Belize.
By Chris Knutsen
Photography by Pia Riverola

70 HOMECOMING
After a fire devastated his Chelsea apartment, Billy Cotton fled to Brooklyn, where he launched a design business. Now he's back in a reincarnated version of his Manhattan home.
By Sarah Medford
Photography by Stephen Kent Johnson

74 PARTY OF TWO
This month's new Amazon series *I Love Dick* marks the latest collaboration for writer-director Jill Soloway and actress Kathryn Hahn.
By Alex Bhattacharji
Photography by Andreas Laszlo Konrath

Clockwise from left: Saint Laurent backpack, photographed by Joss McKinley and prop styled by Yolande Gagnier. For details see Sources, page 128. An interior from designer Billy Cotton's apartment in Manhattan, photographed by Stephen Kent Johnson. Natural sisal rugs and furniture made from Indonesian wood in music producer Rick Rubin's Malibu home, photographed by Martien Mulder.

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"MY BOOKS ARE MADE SIMPLY: PAPER, CARDBOARD, CLOTH."

—GERHARD STEIDL

STYLE & DESIGN ISSUE.

78 FAR FROM HAVANA
In Cuba's post-Fidel era, a lost artisanal heritage is slowly being reborn—not in the island's capital city but in its more distant reaches.
By Tom Downey
Photography by Robert Polidori

90 THE SHAPE SHIFT
This season's dramatic couture collections offer everything from an explosion of ruffles to feathers of fantastical proportions.
Photography by Christian MacDonald
Styling by Alex White

100 OFF THE RECORD
Legendary music producer and first-time father Rick Rubin has spent a decade refining his Malibu oasis.
By Ian Volner
Photography by Martien Mulder

106 GUCCI'S NEW GROOVE
The Italian brand's creative director, Alessandro Michele, and CEO, Marco Bizzarri, show they aren't afraid to break the fashion world's rules.
By Christina Binkley
Photography by Quentin de Briey

110 THE KIDS STAY IN THE PICTURE
Life's a beach in Costa Rica, where sand and surf offer the perfect playground for all ages.
Photography by Cedric Buchet
Styling by Darcy Backlar

122 FINE-TUNED
A new generation of New York–based luthiers is bringing the art of violin making into the future.
By Michael Clerizo
Photography by Jeremy Liebman

Clockwise from top left: Book publisher Gerhard Steidl, photographed by Robbie Lawrence. A wall in the old city of Trinidad, Cuba, photographed by Robert Polidori. A violin carved by New York–based luthier Jason Viseltear, photographed by Jeremy Liebman.

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EDITOR'S LETTER

PITCH PERFECT

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEJANDRO CARDENAS

PLAYTIME Anubis and Bast (both in Balenciaga) step into the shoes of a master luthier, as Who sticks his nose into the proceedings.

WHERE DO YOU FIND the authentic spirit of a city, a country, an artistic medium? As our May issue reveals, culture obeys no boundaries or hierarchies; it can find expression in an unassuming food stall that captures a national cuisine better than a four-star restaurant or in the rarefied atmosphere of an atelier where designers obsess over every detail.

On a far-flung tour of contemporary Cuba, reporter Tom Downey and photographer Robert Polidori went beyond tourist-centric Havana in search of an artisanal heritage being revived in the country's distant reaches. The exploration brought them into contact with places and people often overlooked by foreign visitors—whether a tobacco farmer who rolls a limited supply of cigars entirely from his own harvest, or rural chefs who are doing more to sustain Cuba's forgotten culinary traditions than Havana's top restaurants.

Turning up the volume on spring fashion, this issue's couture story features model Jamie Bochert—shot by photographer Christian MacDonald and styled by Alex White—in some of the season's finest looks, from a Maison Margiela draped dress in a dramatic silhouette to daring pieces with feathers and ruffles, accented by a one-off Repossi ear cuff.

The word *luthier* (meaning a craftsperson who makes stringed instruments by hand) conjures an image of the 17th-century figure Antonio Stradivari toiling away by candlelight. But our portfolio of five modern practitioners shows that the art is alive and thriving in New York. In their hands, a skill stretching back hundreds of years is being preserved and even updated. As luthier Sam Zygmuntowicz says (capturing the essence of cultural creativity in any discipline), "I feel that I am involved in this dramatic transference of energy from one human to another."

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ROBERT POLIDORI & TOM DOWNEY

FAR FROM HAVANA P. 78

"The sign is meaningful for me," says photographer Robert Polidori (above) about a billboard he shot for this month's cover story. Standing along the road to La Finca Quemado de Rubí in western Cuba, it reads, in red lettering, UN MUNDO MEJOR ES POSIBLE—"A better world is possible." The quote comes from the speech Fidel Castro gave at the United Nations' first International Conference on Financing for Development, in 2002. "Fidel was optimistic," says Polidori. After the collapse of the Soviet Union in 1991, Cuba could no longer rely on Russian imports, and the country was forced to return to its roots—those in farming, for one. "It was a period of extreme adversity that pushed Cuba to rediscover its lost culinary traditions," says writer Tom Downey, who set out to learn more about the country's rich history through its cuisine. In the end, Downey found that his favorite dishes, *pan con lechón* and *pan con minuta*, both came from authentic street-side kiosks. "In any system, nothing is perfect, and nothing is all bad, either," says Polidori. "The Cubans I met were all extremely gracious. Everywhere." >

COURTESY OF ROBERT POLIDORI

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CHRISTIAN MacDONALD & ALEX WHITE

THE SHAPE SHIFT P. 90

In the fashion portfolio shot by photographer Christian MacDonald (near right) in New York City's Soho Lofts, model Jamie Bochert brings out the dramatic side of this season's couture, which features voluminous silhouettes layered with fringes, frills and feathers. "Jamie can carry a sugary ruffled pink couture gown and instantly give it a darker interpretation," says stylist Alex White (far right), who was on her first assignment for the magazine. "She is a natural mover with her dance background and has elegance and poise that make everything she wears compelling."

DARCY BACKLAR & CEDRIC BUCHET

THE KIDS STAY IN THE PICTURE P. 110

Shooting on the shores of Playa Hermosa, a beach on Costa Rica's west coast, photographer Cedric Buchet (near left) sought to capture the country's essence with his portraits of local residents, specifically father-and-son pairs cast from the surrounding area. "The range of models shows how rich the community is," says stylist Darcy Backlar (far left). "Each age brought a different facet to the shoot." Backlar took a "simple and realistic" approach to styling, with pieces like T-shirts, swim trunks and, in some cases, the models' own clothing. "I didn't want to disguise them in any way," says Backlar. "I got such funny reactions from the guys when I asked them to put on jeans or anything with long sleeves!"

CHRISTINA BINKLEY & QUENTIN DE BRIEY

GUCCI'S NEW GROOVE P. 106

Veteran *Wall Street Journal* writer Christina Binkley (near right) has followed Gucci's evolution closely. For this issue, she reports on the label's new headquarters on Milan's outskirts and on CEO Marco Bizzarri's bold approach. In addition to shooting Gucci's new digs, Quentin De Briey (far right) photographed models there in the label's fall 2017 designs. Binkley recalls how show attendees reacted two years ago after seeing Gucci designer Alessandro Michele's first, game-changing women's collection. "People were befuddled, like, 'What just hit me?'" says Binkley. "I happened to look over at Marco Bizzarri, who was grinning like the Cheshire cat. And he still is."

JEREMY LIEBMAN & MICHAEL CLERIZO

FINE-TUNED P. 122

An amateur violinist, writer Michael Clerizo (near left) asked a fellow musician where to find the best luthiers—those who make stringed instruments by hand. He was surprised when she answered New York. In his five-artisan profile, Clerizo seeks to answer the question, How is an instrument infused with the maker's own ethos, even though the form and process are over 500 years old? Photographer Jeremy Liebman (far left) felt a kinship with the luthiers, whose portraits he took. "Each one has his own combination of craftsmanship and artistry," says Liebman. "I think there's a similar balance in photography, and I tried to get the right mix of candor and refinement for each person." —*Sara Morosi*

FROM TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT: COURTESY OF CHRISTIAN MACDONALD; COURTESY OF ALEX WHITE; COURTESY OF DARCY BACKLAR; CEDRIC BUCHET; DOUG PIBURN; COURTESY OF QUENTIN DE BRIEY; COURTESY OF JEREMY LIEBMAN; COURTESY OF MICHAEL CLERIZO

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THE COLUMNISTS

WSJ. asks six luminaries to weigh in on a single topic. This month: Gossip.

JUDY SMITH

"I don't believe that gossip and the truth are mutually exclusive, but even when gossip is truthful, or semi-truthful, it can be counterproductive. As a crisis manager, I've seen families broken apart, reputations torn to tatters. We live in a 24-hour news cycle, and in my work we're always putting out fires—I'm continually surprised by the speed at which gossip moves. But sensation sells. The juicier the gossip, the more readers a story attracts. Facts are becoming obsolete. We always prepare our clients for various scenarios, for the scrutiny of the media spotlight; it's essential they remain focused and avoid paying attention to the other stuff. Professionally, I'm known for my discretion, and this line of work has made me even more sensitive to the value of privacy. I try to remain mindful of that."

Smith is founder and president of Smith & Company, a strategic advisory firm.

MICHAEL MUSTO

"I used to sit on the stoop with my family and the next-door neighbors and dish about others in the neighborhood—what they wore, who they were dating. I was a very shy child who rarely spoke, but I really felt like I'd found my home on that stoop. Gossip was a way to bond with others by the proverbial water cooler. But gossip doesn't only have to be fluff. It also sheds light on profound aspects of human behavior. A lot of times we're learning by negative example—this is how you should not lead your life. The biggest gossip story of the modern age has to be Brad dumping Jennifer for Angelina—in tone, it was almost like a Greek tragedy. You had the matinee idol, the good girl and the temptress. Because, of course, celebrities do everything in a bigger way, including messing up. But there's always the next chapter when they rise up again and we cheer them on."

Musto is a journalist.

LEIGHTON MEESTER

"I've never lived for gossip, but I get it. It's only human to want a little bit of something that's bad for you, whether it's chocolate or alcohol or a piece of juicy gossip. But, like anything, gossip in excess can become increasingly addictive. To some extent, gossip is pleasurable for the very same reasons we enjoy watching movies and TV—it's a fantasy of sorts, a close-up look at someone else's life. But it's important not to get too caught up in what's said about *you*—especially if it's coming from people you don't know, because they only see one small side, the side you choose to present. It can be really hard on women, particularly for women in the public eye. You might begin to nitpick your looks or your personality. That's why it's essential to surround yourself with a warm, nonjudgmental circle."

Meester is an actress who currently stars in Fox's Making History.

JON BROD

"Gossip is more dangerous than ever. The nature of it hasn't changed, but the distribution of gossip—the way it spreads—has been completely transformed. The ubiquity of email and messaging has changed everything. Until recently, gossip was similar to a game of telephone, passed from one person to another over coffee. Relying on spoken word to deliver gossip made it move more slowly, kept it contained to a local community. It even fostered a healthy dose of skepticism as the story changed slightly from person to person. Today, gossip—and sensitive communication more broadly—is an indelible part of our global digital footprint. It's always a few taps away from being shared by millions of people via social media. That's why we started Confide. What you communicate digitally—even good-natured gossip—should remain as secure as the spoken word."

Brod is co-founder and president of Confide, a confidential messenging app.

FAITH EVANS

"We're all guilty of engaging in gossip to a certain extent. It's in our nature to want to share something that you've seen or heard with a friend. It's the intention that matters, whether it's hurtful. Gossip is definitely a part of the entertainment business, but I was prepared for it even before I knew I wanted to become a recording artist. My mom was the type who said, 'Forget what they say,' so I've always had the attitude that what people think about me is not my business. There was a period of time after my husband's [the Notorious B.I.G.] death where there was endless gossip surrounding his passing and our relationship. So I sought out a media coach, not because I felt I was saying the wrong thing, but because I felt like I didn't owe people everything. She assured me that there was a way to take control of the conversation. I've never let gossip change my perception of myself."

Evans is a musician. Her latest album, The King & I, *is out this month.*

ROBIN DUNBAR

"The original meaning of the word *gossip* refers to something positive, the idea of hanging over the backyard fence and chatting with your neighbors about pretty much nothing—it's about building relationships with members of your community. But gossip has acquired a secondary, negative meaning as well. Malicious gossip derives from the fact that we like to make sure that our friends and neighbors are toeing the general community line. You have to remember that the kinds of societies that we, as well as our monkey and ape cousins, live in are really a form of social contract. We agree to work together to solve problems for our successful survival. But in order for that to work, we have to be prepared to give up some of our more selfish interests, so having a mechanism like gossip that allows us to police other people's behaviors becomes important."

Dunbar is a professor of evolutionary psychology at the University of Oxford.

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STUDY IN DESIGN

IN REAL LIFE

Airbnb co-founder and industrial designer Joe Gebbia is launching a humanitarian division of the company as well as a collection of office furniture perfect for start-ups.

BY SARAH MEDFORD PHOTOGRAPHY BY KYLE JOHNSON

AS THE CHIEF PRODUCT OFFICER of Airbnb, the home-sharing platform valued at $31 billion and climbing, Joe Gebbia, 35, shapes the company's visual aesthetic and gauges growth opportunities beyond the core travel-rental business. It's a few steps up from the early days, in 2008, when he and his co-founders, Brian Chesky and Nathan Blecharczyk, were building on the original idea of renting out air mattresses on living room floors. Since last summer, Gebbia, a Rhode Island School of Design graduate, has been channeling many of his efforts through Samara, a division he launched to serve as Airbnb's design innovation lab.

"Airbnb has proven that hospitality, generosity and the simple act of trust between strangers can go a long way," Gebbia says. "Samara is a space for these values to evolve into our daily lives." Nine months old and staffed with designers, architects and engineers, Samara has already eclipsed his expectations. In May, it's announcing a spinoff—a new humanitarian group that will take on, in Gebbia's words, "problems out in the world": displaced populations, rural flight, bias against strangers.

"WE HAVE TO APPLY OUR STRENGTHS TO AREAS OF THE WORLD THAT NEED THEM MOST."
—JOE GEBBIA

Such big-picture thinking floats above the day-to-day concerns—namely, accusations of skirting regulations and shaking up communities—that Airbnb, Uber and other sharing-economy companies are facing. For Gebbia, the Airbnb model has a higher purpose: "We have a resource. It's our responsibility to give back. It's about building to solve problems."

In 2012, after Hurricane Sandy hit New York City, Airbnb set up a program to connect people who were displaced with free housing. To date, the system has been activated 57 times in 17 countries. Through the humanitarian team's Supper With Us program, launching nationwide in June, hosts bring recent refugees and local families together around a dinner table. "We have to apply our strengths," Gebbia says, "to areas of the world that need them most."

Gebbia has been spending time in one of these areas: the depopulated Japanese town of Yoshino, the site of the team's first rural revitalization effort. The company has partnered with the municipality and architect Go Hasegawa to install a modern cabin of fragrant red cedar and cypress that's both a community center and a guesthouse. Since the property opened in February, it has hit an 80 percent occupancy rate. Area artisans manage the rental, serve as local guides and share in the income.

A related project, the Civita Art House, debuted last month in Civita di Bagnoregio, Italy, a near-abandoned hilltop village, where the humanitarian branch has restored a municipal building as a cultural space offering rentals, with discounts for guests who are artists. The team has tapped Milan's DWA Design Studio to design the space and curator Federica Sala to program an art installation, with the goal of driving tourism and funding both cultural and restoration projects with rental proceeds.

Lately Gebbia has also been focusing on an issue closer to home. While expansion has driven Airbnb's success, it has been a logistical puzzle: Where does everyone sit? As it happens, the former design student has been nurturing a side project to address that question. Later this month, Bernhardt Design launches Neighborhood, a 42-piece furniture collection Gebbia conceived of with offices like Airbnb's in mind. (The Samara team tested the prototypes at its San Francisco headquarters.) Easily reconfigured, Neighborhood's seats interlock to form benches or alcoves, while the tables feature charging stations and acoustical padding. "Joe's a trained designer," says Bernhardt Design president Jerry Helling. "He's also an entrepreneur who's moved offices five times in nine years."

Gebbia's design heroes include Eva Zeisel and Ray and Charles Eames, humanists who solved everyday problems with their ergonomic pitchers and body-hugging loungers. Whether it's rethinking office furniture or resettling refugees, Gebbia sees all of his projects as part of this larger ethos. "Design is an expression of one's most deeply rooted internal values," he says, "making their way out into the world."

WORKING WELL From top: The office of Airbnb division Samara and its new humanitarian arm, in San Francisco; seating from Joe Gebbia's furniture collection, Neighborhood, produced by Bernhardt Design; the model for the humanitarian group's community center/guesthouse in Yoshino, Japan.

BRIGHT COLLARS

Knit elements and cheerful patterns lend a throwback touch to spring's batch of polos in vibrant, contrasting hues.

From left: Orley, Hermès, Canali, Moncler and Fendi. For details see Sources, page 128.

F. MARTIN RAMIN, STYLING BY ANNE CARDENAS (POLOS)

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FACTS & STATS

TWIN PEAKS

Nearly 26 years after the surreal series went off the air in 1991, co-creators Mark Frost and David Lynch are bringing it back. Below, a look at the cult classic and its new season. —*Mark Yarm*

30 **EPISODES** aired during *Twin Peaks'* initial two-season run. The new Showtime version, out May 21, totals 18 episodes, all directed by Lynch.

142 **DAYS** Length of the new season's shoot, which took place in multiple cities.

217 **CAST MEMBERS** appear in the new show, 37 of whom (including Kyle MacLachlan [shown] and Lynch himself) are returning from the original cast.

1 **MAJOR ABSENCE** Lara Flynn Boyle, who played Laura Palmer's best friend, Donna Hayward, won't be returning.

51,201 **PEOPLE** Population of Twin Peaks, according to the town's welcome sign.

71 **YEARS OLD** Age at which Catherine E. Coulson, who played the show's Log Lady, died in September 2015. She's listed in the new cast, and it's rumored that she filmed a few scenes before her death.

29 **MENTIONS** of pie in the original series—a major preoccupation in *Twin Peaks* (alongside "damn fine" coffee).

TIME MACHINES

FOR THE SPEEDMASTER'S 60TH ANNIVERSARY, OMEGA IS RELEASING A SERIES OF LIMITED-EDITION VERSIONS, INCLUDING THE ULTRA-THIN RACING MASTER CHRONOMETER, ENCASED IN 18K SEDNA GOLD.

For details see Sources, page 128.

CREATIVE BRIEF

TROPICAL FANTASY

Italian shoe label Aquazzura has teamed up with French wallpaper purveyor de Gournay on an original motif that will play across embroidered slippers, sandals, mules (shown)—and potentially your own home. The chinoiserie design, featuring exotic flora and fauna on a Marie Antoinette–pink ground, also comes in a selection of 20 hand-painted wall panels. *matchesfashion.com.* —*Sarah Medford*

SIT PRETTY

This spring, Københavns Møbelsnedkeri—the Copenhagen-based furniture collective known for outfitting the restaurants Noma, Relæ and Lysverket—is opening its first U.S. showroom in NYC. The appointment-only space offers KBH's New Classics Collection (shown), including 20 of the 11-year-old company's signature designs, as well as custom works. *kbhsnedkeri.dk*

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Italian accessories brand Furla celebrates its distinctive heritage this spring with the introduction of its 90th Anniversary Collection. Available in May, the new line features the iconic Metropolis handbag in five different colors along with nine interchangeable flaps that elegantly evoke each decade of the company's rich history. *furla.com.* —*Sara Morosi*

CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM: COURTESY OF FURLA; LINE THIT KLEIN; F. MARTIN RAMIN, STYLING BY ANNE CARDENAS; CBS PHOTO ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES; MARIAM MEDVEDEVA (BACKGROUND); COURTESY OF MATCHES FASHION (SHOE)

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STATE OF REPAIR "V-A-C is investing in culture for generations of young artists to come," says the foundation's director, Teresa Iarocci Mavica. "Our minds and doors are open."

ART TALK

CROSSING BORDERS

This month, Russia's contemporary art–focused V-A-C Foundation is opening a new headquarters in a restored Venetian palazzo.

TO MARK the centenary of the Russian Revolution and the start of the 57th Venice Biennale, Russia's wealthiest man, Leonid Mikhelson, is opening the first headquarters for his art foundation in Venice's Palazzo delle Zattere. Named for Mikhelson's daughter, Victoria—The Art of Being Contemporary, or V-A-C, "goes beyond generations, provenance and borders," Mikhelson says. Unlike the city's other private museums, including François Pinault's Punta della Dogana and the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, the new V-A-C space will present the work of up-and-coming artists from Russia and around the world rather than a permanent collection.

The inaugural show, *Space Force Construction* (May 13–August 25), jointly curated with the Art Institute of Chicago, re-envisions the work of early-20th-century Russian artists through the eyes of international contemporary and emerging Russian artists. Barbara Kruger, Kirill Glushchenko and Mikhail Tolmachev have all created new works for the show.

In recent years, Russian billionaires have been channeling hundreds of millions of dollars into Venice, much of it focused on art. "When we took the palazzo over from the Venice Port Authority in 2015, it was a crude labyrinth of administrative offices," says Teresa Iarocci Mavica, V-A-C's Italian-born, Moscow-based director. "All of its beauty had been trampled. That's what can happen when politics and bureaucracy are allowed to get in the way." V-A-C's main headquarters will open in Moscow in 2019 in GES-2, a decommissioned power station being redesigned by Renzo Piano.

"Russians have a love for beauty," Mavica says. "Communism interrupted beauty, so they look for it constantly now. With V-A-C, I want to dispel stereotypes that Russia is just a bling-obsessed society. That's an outsider's view." *v-a-c.ru.*
—Paula de la Cruz

QUICK FIX

This season's standout short-story collections are masterful exercises in brevity, proving that sometimes less really is more.
—Thomas Gebremedhin

Deb Olin Unferth's incisive short fiction—some from *Harper's*—is brought together as a stand-alone compilation for the first time.

With this latest selection, Tessa Hadley delivers new observations on the seemingly ordinary moments that can turn a life upside down.

Novelist Joshua Ferris returns with his first, highly anticipated story collection. Each entry showcases his customary wit and understanding.

The surrealist painter Leonora Carrington also wrote short stories, which are gathered here to celebrate the centennial of her birth.

Blending magical realism and science fiction, first-time author Lesley Nneka Arimah's stories introduce a remarkable literary talent.

DELFINO SISTO LEGNANI AND MARCO CAPPELLETTI (PORTRAIT); F. MARTIN RAMIN, STYLING BY ANNE CARDENAS (BOOKS)

TAILORING LEGENDS SINCE 1945

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JEWELRY BOX

JOINT VENTURE

The four pieces of Continuance White Gold, David Yurman's latest collection, feature white-gold wires that twist and loop in dynamic lines, accentuated by pavé- and burnish-set diamonds. The necklace, shown here with its corresponding bracelet, has an adjustable clasp with chains that tighten like the lacing on a corset. A ring and a pair of climber earrings complete the set. For details see Sources, page 128. —*Sara Morosi*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIAXI & ZHE

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LIBATIONS

FIRST SIP

Moët Hennessy, the wines and spirits division of LVMH, has expanded its portfolio to include a tequila. Volcán De Mi Tierra comes in two styles: Cristalino, a clear añejo and extra añejo blend, and the lighter, fruitier Blanco. Made in partnership with Mexico's Gallardo family, the tequila is produced at the Volcán distillery in Jalisco, from agave plants that grow in rich volcanic soil. "Tequila is our history," says master distiller Ana María Romero Mena. "It represents our land." —*Christopher Ross*

IN PRINT

Claudio Marenzi, CEO of Italian label Herno, first saw designer Pierre-Louis Mascia's illustrations on a scarf he bought in Tokyo. "I was taken with his eclectic, colorful style," Marenzi says. For spring he invited Mascia to collaborate on 16 pieces that add a bright new dimension to the line. For details see Sources, page 128. —*Isaiah Freeman-Schub*

ON BEAUTY

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SOUND CHOICE

For its first foray into speakers, headphone maker Master & Dynamic turned to acclaimed architect David Adjaye, who developed a swooping design meant to be visually compelling from all angles. The graceful lines are formed from an unlikely material: a proprietary concrete composite with strong acoustical properties.

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BEACH BUNGALOW

ON FRANCE'S MEDITERRANEAN COAST, A MIDCENTURY HOTEL HAS BEEN REMADE AS A MODERN RESORT.

THE HIGH-GLAM Côte d'Azur welcomes a low-key new retreat this month: Hôtel Les Roches Rouges, in a rehabbed 1960s building right on the ocean, about an hour's drive south of Nice. The 50-room property is the fifth from the boutique group Les Hôtels d'en Haut, which also has four ski lodges in the French Alps. For the company's first beach resort, hotelier Valéry Grégo recruited Charlotte de Tonnac and Hugo Sauzay, the young architects of Paris firm Festen, who stripped back the four-story structure to its concrete form—taking cues from Eileen Gray's modernist villa E.1027 up the coast. Rooms and suites are light-filled and spare, with crisp white bedding, contemporary artworks and retro lamps. "It's a five-star hotel, but it's simple," de Tonnac says. "The aim is for you to be barefoot and comfortable." To that end, there's a casual restaurant that spills out onto the waterfront and a dinner-only rooftop affair, as well as three bars, two Slim Aarons–worthy pools, an open-air cinema screening French films and a *pétanque* court. But Grégo believes the real draw is the secluded setting: "You see the water, you see nature, and you forget about everything else," he says. *leshotelsdenhaut.com.* —*Alice Cavanagh*

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: F. MARTIN RAMIN, STYLING BY ANNE CARDENAS; LES HOTELS D'EN HAUT; COURTESY OF FRÉDÉRIC MALLE; F. MARTIN RAMIN, STYLING BY ANNE CARDENAS; KENDALL MILLS

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THE DOWNLOAD

MINDY KALING

The writer and actress, who stars in *The Mindy Project* on Hulu, reveals what's on her phone.

Number of contacts in your phone
813.

Strangest autocorrect mishap
People have tweeted and texted me forever that "Mindy Kaling" autocorrects to "Money making." No complaints from me!

Most-used app
Instagram.

Most-liked photo in your Instagram feed
From the Women's March in Los Angeles.

Favorite podcast
Do I look like I listen to podcasts?

Person you FaceTime most often
I've only used FaceTime about two times, with my godson. But I have a missed FaceTime call from Kesha, which is cool.

Favorite fitness app
SoulCycle.

Favorite emojis

Siri user?
I don't think she likes me. She purposefully misunderstands what I'm saying but covers it up with that placid voice of hers.

Craziest place you ever left your phone
I've left my phone literally every place I've breathed. The craziest was a potted plant in Mindy Lahiri's office on the set of *The Mindy Project.*

Game you wish you could delete
I would never delete a game. It might be healthier to delete a shopping app or two, though.

Favorite shopping app
Shopbop or Net-a-Porter.

Most-recent Uber trip
ArcLight Cinemas in Hollywood ($8.73).

Outgoing voicemail message
Just the generic woman-robot recording. I prefer it that way because my voice sounds like a teenage girl's.

App you wish someone would invent
A roaming manicure-pedicure service that can meet you anytime, day or night. My nails grow like weeds.

Cities listed in your weather and world clock apps
Cupertino, California; New York. (I haven't changed the settings. I think it would be like changing a kid's name when you adopt her.)

ON DISPLAY

SMALL WONDERS

Ponderosa pines and Engelmann spruces will be growing at New York gallery Fort Gansevoort when *Mirai* opens this month, showing a Pacific Northwest take on the art of bonsai. The 24 trees, cultivated by Oregon-based Ryan Neil from 250- to 1,000-year-old specimens and priced at up to $500,000 each, will be shown alongside art by John McCracken, Roni Horn and Sol LeWitt. "We're trying to push the boundaries of what's physically possible," Neil says. *fortgansevoort.com*

MARCHING ORDERS

Designer Paul Andrew's first footwear collection for Salvatore Ferragamo brings high-voltage style to the storied Italian brand. Case in point: this lace-up navy alligator-and-leather bootie, which balances on a column heel inspired by a 1930s design. ***ferragamo.com***

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ALESSANDRA OLANOW (PHONE ILLUSTRATION); COURTESY OF BONSAI MIRAI AND FORT GANSEVOORT, NEW YORK; F. MARTIN RAMIN, STYLING BY ANNE CARDENAS

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SOUTH CAROLINA SPIRIT
Left: A view from The Dewberry. Above: A dish from Pink Bellies, one of Workshop's food stations.

CHARMED LIFE
Clockwise from left: A 2014 La Lune chenin blanc from Monarch Wines; a guest room at The Dewberry; Pancito & Lefty's dining room.

LOCAL HEROES
Clockwise from above: A performance at Redux; Havens's showroom; Rodney Scott's BBQ; Goat. Sheep. Cow. North.

NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH

UPTOWN

A formerly sleepy district is now central to Charleston's food and art scene.

Pancito & Lefty
Chef-owner Robert Berry's new contemporary Mexican restaurant blurs the line between kitchen and bar and has a menu rich in rare mezcals. *pancitoandlefty.com*

The Dewberry
Just south of Uptown, this 155-room hotel is an homage to midcentury modern, with an intimate lobby bar and rooms overlooking Marion Square. *thedewberrycharleston.com*

Rodney Scott's BBQ
Expect a line for chicken, spareribs and pulled pork slow-smoked overnight then drenched in Carolina whole-hog ambassador Rodney Scott's signature vinegar sauce. *rodneyscottsbbq.com*

Workshop
The newest venture from Charleston restaurateur Michael Shemtov is a gourmet food court with a revolving group of chef-owner food stations. *workshopcharleston.com*

Monarch Wine Merchants
The new sommelier-grade bottle shop and tasting room is the passion project of Justin Coleman—who formerly worked at Balthazar and The Mark in New York. *monarchwinemerchants.com*

Redux Contemporary Art Center
In May, a converted warehouse that once housed a roller skating rink will debut as a nonprofit art studio and gallery space shared by more than 40 emergent artists and open to the public. *reduxstudios.org*

Havens
At Havens Blanton's new storefront, sip wine or tea while shopping for clothing and accessories from edgy indie designers not found elsewhere in the city. *havens1.com*

Goat. Sheep. Cow. North.
Patty Floersheimer and Trudi Wagner won a following with their connoisseur's cheese shop in the historic district. Now they've opened an Uptown location. *goatsheepcow.com.* —*Stinson Carter*

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PETER FRANK EDWARDS; ANDREW CEBULKA (2); COURTESY OF RODNEY SCOTT'S BBQ; OLIVIA RAE JAMES; JESS SPENCE; ANDREW CEBULKA; F. MARTIN RAMIN, STYLING BY ANNE CARDENAS; MATTHEW WILLIAMS

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PROP STYLING BY YOLANDE GAGNIER
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SECURITY CLEARANCE
Make checking in a brighter experience. From top: Fendi bag, Ralph Lauren Collection tote and Hermès duffel.

GOOD OVERHEAD Limited space doesn't mean constrained style. From top: Chanel rolling suitcase and handbag and Valentino Garavani weekender.

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RAY OF LIGHT
Sturdy shapes hark back to the golden era of travel. From top: Céline handbag, Louis Vuitton rolling suitcase and Goyard and Bottega Veneta trunks.

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IN THE BAG
These luxe pieces are ready for any adventure. From top: Tod's weekender, Rimowa rolling suitcase and Balenciaga bag. For details see Sources, page 128.

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'Ribbon Chapel' by Hiroshi Nakamura & NAP
Onomichi, Japan
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IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT Anya Fernald, CEO and co-founder of Belcampo Inc., at the entrance to the company's Belizean property, a luxury resort and organic farm in Punta Gorda.

TRACKED

ANYA FERNALD

The slow-food entrepreneur is adding a distillery to her company's agritourism resort, Belcampo Belize.

BY CHRIS KNUTSEN PHOTOGRAPHY BY PIA RIVEROLA

IN TWO OR THREE days, if the rains lift, the sugarcane harvest at Belcampo Belize will be fed into a sorter at a rate of three to four tons an hour—the first step along its path to becoming one of this tropical nation's only exported spirits. The distillery workers appear a little restless as they tinker with the innards of a massive cane crusher, but Anya Fernald is at ease. "This is my strong suit," she says. "Flow management around big production. And high-quality production."

Fernald, 42, is new to the distillation game but no stranger to large-scale agriculture. As CEO of the high-end, sustainable meat company Belcampo, which she co-founded in 2012 in Northern California, she oversees 20,000 acres near the base of Mount Shasta, part of a vertically integrated operation supplying seven Belcampo stores in the Bay Area and Los Angeles with pasture-raised, hormone-free livestock, all of it humanely slaughtered (for stress-free, better-tasting meat). A former employee of Slow Food International, Fernald is evangelical about her artisanal methods, a belief that's starting to pay off. After what she refers to as a few "rough years"—due partly to the California drought—Belcampo saw revenues jump 17 percent in 2016 and will open two more retail locations this year.

The company's Belizean outpost, near the coastal town of Punta Gorda, features 1,000 acres of cultivated land (which, like the California farm, is certified organic) and a luxury resort. Fernald's plans for the property extend far beyond making what she calls a "high-integrity spirit." This fall, she's launching a program that will allow visitors to blend and infuse rum with farm-grown spices. "We're practicing a style of agriculture that's very complicated and intuitive," Fernald says. "It doesn't make rational economic sense. So to get people to understand *why* we do it and see the difference? That's where our agritourism fits in." The lodge also offers hands-on tours of the farm's coffee and cacao production, both of which are transitioning from outside suppliers to Belcampo's own harvest.

As soon as the distillate has been dialed to Fernald's satisfaction, the team will start producing its first rum and corn whiskey (and, in the future, gin). Though she's never distributed spirits in the competitive U.S. market, she is confident: "Because when you get that product to shine through the distillate, it's fresh white moonshine that tastes the way a tortilla smells." >

8:05 a.m.

Breakfast in the main lodge. Fernald gets a demonstration of the resort's coffee service.

9:38 a.m.

She samples the farm's organic produce—spinach, little gem lettuce, callaloo and purslane (pictured).

11:30 a.m.

A tasting of a new production of vanilla-infused rum with master distiller Ed Tiedge.

3:15 p.m.

Fernald's workout: running 365 steps from the river up to the lodge three times, interspersed with sets of push-ups, squats and flys.

1:00 p.m.

Lunch at the main lodge with her children, Viola, 4, and Theo, 1 (above). A dish (left) from chef Renée Everett.

5:20 p.m.

Unwinding with Theo at the infinity pool at the resort's ridge suites.

40,000 plants

The size of the Belize farm's cacao crop. Each plant typically takes eight years to fully mature and yields 14 chocolate bars at every harvest.

3

The number of varieties of banana (Bluggoe, "ice cream" and goldfinger) in the "cocktail garden."

$1,400

The cost of Belcampo's three-day "meat camp" at the farm in Northern California. Participants can learn basic butchery, sausage making and open-fire cooking.

16

The number of times Fernald has served as a judge on *Iron Chef America*, including the finale of *Iron Chef Gauntlet*, a new season that began airing in April.

$49.99 per pound

The price of Belcampo's most expensive cut of beef: grass-fed, dry-aged boneless New York strip steak.

$15,000

Belcampo's revenue from a single head of its cattle, significantly higher than the industry average. "We sell a lot of bone stock to restaurants," says Fernald.

1,000 pages per week

The required reading in Fernald's honors program at Wesleyan. She wrote her thesis on the bread-making practices of miners during the California Gold Rush.

75%

The amount of the resort's food that is currently supplied by its own farm. The goal is to raise that to 90%. ●

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MONTANA

DESIGNER DWELLING

HOMECOMING

After a fire devastated his Chelsea apartment, Billy Cotton fled to Brooklyn, where he launched a design business. Now he's settled back into a reincarnated version of his Manhattan home.

BY SARAH MEDFORD
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN KENT JOHNSON

MIX IT UP In the living room, a Billy Cotton Pick Up Stick chandelier hangs over a table the designer made himself. The antique chairs are an assortment of American, English and Dutch designs. The artwork is by Cotton's friend Paul Lee.

BILLY COTTON'S first apartment, in Manhattan's Chelsea neighborhood, was a collage of all the things he loved: a wooden bakery cart; a Joe Colombo lamp in egg-yolk-yellow plastic from his grandparents' house in Boston; and a closetful of outfits for clubbing ("Commes des Garçons mashed up with remnants of my preppy past," he says with a faint smile). It was 1999, and the Vermont native, 18, had bought the one-bedroom sight unseen before moving to the city to attend Hunter College. He buried its imperfections under a pile of gimcracks. "It was like Miss Havisham's place—you couldn't walk around," he says. "It was my creative outlet."

Then one day it was all gone. In 2002, a fallen candle started a fire that ripped through the railroad flat from end to end, sparing nothing, not even the floorboards. "I was studying Russian history and writing all these papers, and then my life burned," says Cotton, now 35. "This was before the cloud. I lost everything." He moved into the Chelsea Hotel—he still has the key to room 420—and asked them to take out all the furniture except the mattress. He wasn't sure how he felt about possessions anymore.

The experience was an odd catalyst, to say the least, for a career in design. Almost two decades later, Cotton produces stylish furniture, objects and lighting as well as layered interiors for clients including art-world eminences like Cindy Sherman and Michele Maccarone. Everything he makes, from a sticklike floor lamp to a tapestried master bedroom suite, seems imbued with a purpose. "I love things—I *love* things," Cotton says. "It's what I do in my job, it's what I make. But through that whole experience, I lost my need for them."

As he faced up to the physical consequences of his loss, Cotton found himself rethinking his lapsed education, too; he decided to try something he'd been "obsessed with" his whole life without quite putting a name on it. While rebuilding, and eventually subletting, his Chelsea place, he transferred to Pratt Institute, entered its industrial design program and moved to Brooklyn, where he later launched a studio in a former denture lab downtown.

Cotton eventually settled back into his Manhattan apartment in 2009, but he waited six years to do a head-to-toe renovation of the space. The footprint has remained the same as the original, but in every other way it's new, down to the doorknobs. Not that you can tell. "I'm trying to bring back authenticity without being a slave to it," he says, easing his compact frame into a black leather campaign chair in his living room. "I finally figured out how I wanted to live here."

He started by doing the equivalent of turning on a light: He painted the floors, walls and ceilings of the narrow one-bedroom a Belgravian ivory (Farrow & Ball's New White) that makes the whole place glow like a stick of butter. Recalling his days at the Chelsea Hotel, he reintroduced furniture sparingly. The pieces he lives with now deliver not just on a functional and aesthetic level, but on an emotional one: a gangly oak farm table he made himself; a sexy '70s banquette from his parents' first house, in Brookline, Massachusetts; a valet he bought when he was broke that adds a >

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dash of European whimsy to his pared-down, Shaker-inspired bedroom. "It's Jansen, one of my most prized things," he explains. "I hold on to it amidst the simplicity. Maybe that's my immigrant lineage—this idea that you have one piece of finery you've squirreled away from the old country." (Cotton's parents are both second-generation Americans; his mother is Irish Catholic, his father a Russian Jew.)

During his six years in Brooklyn—his studio and showroom are still there—Cotton built a business, taking on his first interiors project in 2007. Soon spaces became a daily focus. When a Hamptons cottage he'd fixed up for a friend caught the eye of artist Cindy Sherman, he found himself with a new client willing to take chances alongside her fledgling designer. "Cindy's project was from the gut—it was everything I loved and had been thinking about my whole life," Cotton explains of the enchanting, off-kilter house they made together in East Hampton. "It was a New England farmhouse; I was a boy from New England—it was my instinct. After that, I had to ask myself, What's the formal language of this next project going to be?"

The furniture and lighting Cotton turns out are distilled explorations of design's varied and noble past: stoneware mugs with abstracted chinoiserie handles; Donald Judd–meets–Don Draper cubic dining chairs. His interiors are similarly all over the map. For photographer Mirabelle Marden, he mixed striped Moroccan textiles with a reflective coffee table and technicolor carpets; for married scientists on the Upper East Side, he created a book-lined bedroom in the spirit of Pierre Chareau's Maison de Verre.

"BILLY'S SPACES ARE ELEGANT AND HAVE A COMFORTABLE FEELING."
—PAUL LEE

"Billy's spaces are elegant and have a comfortable feeling," says artist Paul Lee, a longtime friend whose paintings hang in Cotton's living room. "It's like they didn't happen overnight; they evolved. That's how you make a home, by spending time in a space. He achieves that feeling." Gallery owner Michele Maccarone calls the loft he designed for her on Manhattan's Bowery "a regurgitation of my personality. Every element, in its refined chaos—it was almost like Billy was inside my brain."

Nothing is chaotic about Cotton's new home. When he comes in late at night, he can stand at the stove and make some eggs in a triangular kitchen that keeps everything within easy reach, graced by a backsplash of Paonazzo marble as serene as a Chinese landscape painting. "I do feel there's a glamour to marble that has a place in urban life," Cotton observes. "And not having tile lines makes the kitchen feel bigger.

"I love the history of the decorative arts," he adds. "And the 19 million ways you can make a curtain. And I want to talk about it. But there is always a dialogue between that and how you're going to go to sleep at night." •

NIGHT MOVES
Above: A built-in bedside table and task lamp in the bedroom.

THE NEW BLACK
Left: Cotton with a leather campaign chair and a Paul Lee painting. Below: Cotton designed the kitchen cabinetry.

BOOK SMART
Left: A detail of Cotton's library. Below: Subway tile and a recessed cabinet in the bathroom.

SENSE OF PROPORTION
Below: The banquette in the living room was sourced from Cotton's parents' Boston home.

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PARTNERSHIP

PARTY OF TWO

The new Amazon series *I Love Dick* marks the latest collaboration for writer-director Jill Soloway and actress Kathryn Hahn. Here, a glimpse of the duo in action.

BY ALEX BHATTACHARJI
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ANDREAS LASZLO KONRATH

DOUBLE TAKE "On a basic level, *I Love Dick* is like a darkly hilarious, sexy love triangle. I've certainly never seen anything like it myself," says Hahn (at right), who stars in Soloway's new Amazon series.

JILL SOLOWAY, 51, and Kathryn Hahn, 43, both hail from the Midwest, live near each other in Los Angeles and each have two children. Yet they make a point of not hanging out socially. "We save it for the set," says Soloway, who has directed Hahn in a feature and two television series. Hahn agrees: "There's something unconsciously separate and holy about it."

That's understandable, considering the creative symbiosis they've forged, first in the independent film *Afternoon Delight*, then most notably on *Transparent,* the groundbreaking, award-winning series Soloway created for Amazon (she also writes and directs episodes), which features Hahn as rabbi Raquel Fein. Now they've paired for another Amazon series: *I Love Dick* (available May 12), an adaptation of the experimental 1997 novel by Chris Kraus. As a fictionalized Kraus, Hahn is unquestionably the star. "She deserves her own goddamn show," Soloway says. Hahn cringes, putting her hands over her face: "Oh, Lord. I'm uncomfortable. Sweating profusely."

Sipping on Irish breakfast tea and reclining in the living room of Soloway's home in the Silver Lake hills, the director and actress riff off each other and finish each other's sentences on a variety of topics, starting with the genesis of their working relationship.

Jill Soloway: I was watching the show *Hung*, and I thought, Who is this person who does not seem like anybody I've ever seen on TV before? She just felt so real.

Kathryn Hahn: I think I played a very pregnant woman.

JS: Who was naked and having sex, so I think I understood her potential.

KH: She saw there was something untapped. [*laughs*]

JS: The following Sunday, I saw her at the Silver Lake Farmers' Market, and did I approach or did I just look at you from afar?

KH: Just looked at me—

JS: —from afar. I was going to say something, but I was scared. I don't know why. When I was casting *Afternoon Delight*, her name kept coming up. People kept saying: "This is Kathryn Hahn," from the very beginning.

KH: Then I read Jill's script for *Afternoon Delight* and wanted it so badly. I had never been asked in my on-camera career to be a lead in anything. It felt like I literally wasn't complete as a creative bird until she gave me that chance.

WHAT BEGAN with Soloway watching Hahn get it on with a male prostitute in HBO's *Hung* led to career watersheds for both with 2013's *Afternoon Delight*, Soloway's film about a bourgeois mother (played by Hahn) who takes in a wayward stripper (Juno Temple) and makes her the nanny to her child. Before meeting Soloway, Hahn had spent years being "the best friend or quirky sidekick," as she puts it, in fare like *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days* and *Anchorman: The Legend of Ron Burgundy*. Working with Soloway gave her the chance to shine as the lead. A starring turn in the Showtime series *Happyish* and significant roles in films, including *Captain Fantastic* and *Bad Moms* (and its sequel, which is scheduled to be released later this year), soon followed. For Soloway, a respected writer (*Six Feet Under*) and showrunner (*United States of Tara*, *How to Make It in America*), their collaboration helped make her directorial debut a success—earning her the best director award at Sundance—and reshaped her understanding of her role as a filmmaker.

JS: Three days in, I had this aha! moment. It occurred to me what directing was. Kathryn and Juno were doing a scene; they did it again and again. And then I saw or felt something that was going on. I realized that I could be improvising and that I was also a character and that what I wanted would change after each take. It was like, Oh, I get it—the first take is just the beginning. It's like, Here we go into the unknown together.

KH: Instead of that hot, flushed feeling that there's something wrong if we haven't gotten its vibe right out of the gate, we were actually just cracking the door open.

JS: The script and the production became a permission structure for us to play, love, delight, crack each other up. I just felt it in my body: I was like, This is the funnest thing I've ever done, and it takes actors like her.

KH: Yeah, well, it's that feeling of autonomy. I don't know why a director would want their actor to feel anything else but brave, confident, rooted, worthy and supposed to be there. That scene just started this crazy ride of possibility. Jill let what we discovered shift the story.

SOLOWAY EMPLOYED some of the same methods shooting *I Love Dick* in Marfa, Texas. The novel blurs memoir and fiction through a series of letters from Chris Kraus to Dick (played by Kevin Bacon) and has been hailed as a feminist classic. The show, which explores liberation—personal, artistic, sexual—through obsession, is nothing if not audacious. If the double-entendre title doesn't clue viewers in, the pilot's gratuitously long shot of Bacon naked before he steps into a water cistern will. But its true boldness lies in the complexity of relationships among Chris, Dick and Chris's husband, Sylvère, played by Griffin Dunne.

JS: I realized I had never seen a show about a couple where they become obsessed with a man together and really go there. The fact that there's a real connection between a heterosexual woman and a heterosexual man about another man felt to me like the invention of something and a way of naming the "female gaze."

KH: We had been casually chatting about a next step, and there were a couple books that she had thrown out. This title, of course, was the most intriguing. I devoured it, and I was so turned on by just how loud, bombastic, sexy, vulnerable, beautiful and brave all of it was—and complicated—and I just really kind of dove into the abyss.

> "THIS IS THE FUNNEST THING I'VE EVER DONE, AND IT TAKES ACTORS LIKE HER."
> —JILL SOLOWAY

JS: I was like, It's going to happen, but let's give Raquel her due, because we hadn't shot season three of *Transparent* yet. And so Raquel went through a mikvah [a purification bath]. Last time we saw her, she went down through some water, cut some bangs and came out of that cistern in Marfa.

KH: Right next to Kevin Bacon!

JS: Exactly. I actually do think the shows are really connected thematically. I feel like *Transparent* and *I Love Dick* both have a lot in them about sex, shame, Judaism, the Holocaust—all that comedy.

KH: That hunger for sensation is an unstoppable force. On a basic level, *I Love Dick* is like a darkly hilarious, sexy love triangle. I've certainly never seen anything like it myself. There's something that is loud and fearless about it that just feels right right now.

JS: Yeah, it does. Women want a messy heroine, you know? I think a lot of women and people are just feeling like, I'm not pretending to be good anymore. I want to be a monster, too.

KH: Yes, yes. Totally. It's a crazy, sexy show.

JS: It's turning women on when they see it, which I'm thrilled about. It's not just that Kevin Bacon is objectified, which I think is fantastic, but what Chris Kraus does is create a heroic, forward-moving story out of abjection. She openly says, "I don't care if you like me. In fact, he kind of hates me. The more he ignores me, the better. This feeling of my desire and my unmet desire—there is my muse. There is my story. There is my creative voice." That's something I'd never seen anybody do before.

KH: It's, "I don't care if you want me. It's enough that I want you." Chris is a very different character for me. One of the things I respect most about Jill is that she takes risks on the hiring of people that she wants around her. It's not based on a résumé or experience. She trusts her gut in a way that is about humans. That said, I think a lot of people [in her position] would have just assumed they'd seen enough of me. Like, "I've exhausted this particular performer."

JS: I exhausted her with *I Love Dick*—but more like tired her out.

KH: No, like, "I cannot see that woman's boobs one more second." •

Condensed and edited from Alex Bhattacharji's interview with Kathryn Hahn and Jill Soloway.

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A FINE HARVEST

Tobacco leaves hang out to dry at La Finca Quemado de Rubí, a farm in San Juan y Martínez, Cuba, about 115 miles west of Havana.

FAR FROM HAVANA

In Cuba's post-Fidel era, a lost artisanal heritage is slowly being reborn—not in its capital city but in the island's more distant reaches.

BY TOM DOWNEY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT POLIDORI

ASK AN AMERICAN tourist planning a trip to Havana what he or she hopes to eat while there and most will mention an American creation: the so-called Cuban sandwich. Authentic Cuban cuisine is almost impossible to find in Havana's higher-end restaurants. The most acclaimed, such as La Guarida and El Cocinero, are starkly beautiful, offering stunning views, attentive service—and generic gourmet fare, with only passing references to Cuba's culinary heritage. The other element missing at these places is a Cuban clientele. Prices are, by local standards, steep, with menus geared to foreign tourists. One can't fault the restaurateurs or chefs, whose fellow citizens have almost nothing to spend on meals out. The result is that Cubans who eat at these restaurants tend to be visiting from America or accompanying foreigners as tour guides.

The streets of Havana are where locals dine out when they have the means. Stalls carved in the back of family homes sell snacks for the equivalent of 5, 10 or 20 cents: toasted sandwiches made on electric presses filled with ham, cheese or, at the lowest price, only mayonnaise; or personal pizzas topped with a thin veneer of red sauce and a few lonely strips of half-melted cheese. Though such spots are often packed with customers, the appeal is price, not quality. So dining in Havana presents a conundrum: The best restaurants aren't Cuban, and the real Cuban restaurants are not terribly good.

BUENA VISTA
The Viñales Valley, about two and a half hours west of Havana by car, is home to many of the country's tobacco farms as well as dramatic *mogotes*, steep-sided rock formations.

MOOR THE MERRIER
Left: The Palacio de Valle, in Cienfuegos, designed more than a century ago by Italian architect Alfredo Colli, features a mix of Moorish, Baroque and Spanish influences, among others. Below: A street scene in Trinidad, a city built primarily by 19th-century Spanish colonialists who had made their fortunes from nearby sugar plantations.

ARCH ANGELS
Top: A waiting area in a Trinidad bus station. Right: Inside the Palacio de Valle. Once slated to become a casino in the 1950s (the revolution put an end to that), the Cienfuegos structure now houses a restaurant. The artisans who worked on the interiors carved messages into the structure in Arabic and Spanish.

I'd first learned about Cuban cuisine as a teenager from one of my best friends, Jose Marquez, who had been exiled from his Caribbean home a few years before I met him. Meals served at his family's New York City apartment held a deep nostalgia for them. Food was a cultural lifeline to the places and people they'd left behind, evoking not just memories and feelings, but an entire country and way of life that they assumed they would never experience again.

On the way to the airport after my first two-week visit to Havana, shortly after Fidel Castro's death last November—a trip spent scouring the city for classic Cuban cooking but not finding anything worthy of the designation—I asked my driver (who turned out to be both a lawyer and the son of one of post-revolutionary Cuba's most celebrated chefs, Gilberto Smith) where I could find authentic local food. At first he steered me toward the usual government-run ventures. After I explained the problems I'd encountered, he listened intently, then drove me to a roadside stand a few miles from the airport.

Cubans crowded the counter, slathering a spicy chili vinegar laced with onion slices and pepper chunks onto thin slices of *lechón*, roast pork, slightly blackened on the edges and piled atop a soft roll. Two large roasting pigs on the right side of the stand emitted an enticing aroma of meat and wood smoke. I'd eaten depressing specimens of this dish, *pan con lechón*, in tourist joints in Old Havana, but this was something else. The meat was tender, nicely charred and enhanced by the acidity of hot sauce. This, my last meal before leaving Cuba, taken alongside taxi and truck drivers, was the only one that truly satisfied.

The pan con lechón at this stand, La Lechonera, was served in three sizes. The cheapest cost the equivalent of $1, the most expensive $1.60—five times the cost at most street-food stands. The quality of this meal—and its price tag—highlights the tricky economics of Cuban food. At a very low price it's impossible to produce decent cuisine, as is clear from the overabundant *pan con mayonesa*. A different problem persists at the high end: Wealthy foreigners care less than locals whether their meals are good value (or whether they accurately reflect Cuban culinary traditions). As A.J. Liebling posited in his Paris masterwork, *Between Meals*, a bourgeoisie with a big appetite is the backbone of any great (or even passable) national cuisine. Post-revolutionary Cuba was never lacking in appetite, but the bourgeoisie had been eliminated, or transplanted abroad, for half a century.

As bourgeois Cuban culture is starting to be reborn—the result of a radical increase in the number of Cubans who can get their hands on dollars or their local equivalent, convertible pesos—it's given rise to places like this pan con lechón stand. Cuba has a two-tiered monetary system. The government sector, which still employs the majority of Cubans, pays paltry sums in Cuban pesos. Citizens who work for international or private companies, or who sell their goods or services directly to tourists (thus receiving tips from foreigners), can earn convertible pesos, worth 25 times the local currency. This means that a doctor or lawyer can earn less in a month than a successful waiter or taxi driver earns in a day. The menu at this stand reflected a newly emerging Cuban clientele: neither wealthy foreigners nor the poorest Cubans.

La Lechonera is on the very edge of Havana, the most globalized city in the country, with an economy that depends on foreign visitors. To find anything that resembled the first bites of Cuban food I'd tasted nearly 30 years ago would mean traveling across Cuba in search of more restaurants like this one.

"OUR MISSION IS TO PRESERVE CLASSIC, AUTHENTIC CUBAN FOOD. BUT IT'S HARD WHEN EVERYONE WANTS ITALIAN, FRENCH AND INTERNATIONAL CUISINE."

—PEDRO EUGENIO TEJADA TORRES

ON MY RETURN, a few weeks later, I go to Ajiaco Café, a small restaurant in a fishing village outside Havana called Cojimar, made famous as one of the settings in Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*. I visit with Michel Perez-Oliva Perez, a Cuban ex-assistant chef turned guide, fixer and photographer who also turns out to be a serious foodie. As we eat small *croquetas* of salted fish, a reinvented kind of *bacalao* using local fish, not cod, he tells me that this restaurant has two identities.

"At lunchtime they draw tour groups of foreigners, and that's why, in addition to all the hard-to-find Cuban regional specialties, they offer pizza, pasta and international food," he says. "But at night this place is for Cubans. The prices aren't so cheap that anyone can afford it, but for anyone making convertible pesos it's not so expensive."

After a few more dishes—including *tamale en cazuela*, a stew of corn, pork and vegetables seasoned with fresh lime and homemade chili—we finish with 12-year-old Santiago rum and cigars from Perez-Oliva Perez's humidor. One of the restaurant owners, Pedro Eugenio Tejada Torres, joins us. "Our mission is to present and preserve classic, authentic Cuban food," he says. "But it's hard when everyone with money wants Italian, French and international cuisine. Maybe someday we'll be able to open in Havana. Right now it's good to be here because the rent is lower, so we can cater to a Cuban clientele."

One of the challenges facing Cuban restaurants and food suppliers is that, for decades, the government saw rapid industrialization as the only way forward. Anything small, artisanal or entrepreneurial was extinguished to make way for the revolution. So I am intrigued when Perez-Oliva Perez mentions Hector Luis Prieto, who he says produces some of the finest cigars in the world on his own land about 115 miles west of Havana.

A few days later, I visit the tobacco-growing region around San Juan y Martínez in the western province of Pinar del Río. January is the tail end of the season; the fields are a thick mass of lush green plants, and the roads are abuzz with workers harvesting tobacco. The fields are punctuated by white cloth tents (leaves used for the wrapper, the most delicate part of the cigar, are kept in the shade to ensure tenderness) and large wooden barns, called *secaderos*, where tobacco is dried.

Hector Luis Prieto has organized a pig roast for a visiting contingent of diplomats and cigar mavens. One of his guests, a French photographer and explorer named Jean-François Druz, says that we are standing on "some of the best tobacco land in the world. And unlike more famous cigars, which are made from tobacco blended from different *fincas*, Hector's are made from leaves grown, dried and rolled right here."

Prieto must sell 90 percent of his harvest to the state (at whatever price it dictates); the government apportions his tobacco to other brands, which then sell it under their own label with no reference to Prieto. The 10 percent he keeps he rolls into his own cigars. He can't brand them, and he can't sell them outside his finca, but he's become so renowned in the cigar world that aficionados like Druz fly to Cuba to seek him out. The word *puro* refers to a cigar whose entire contents come from a single country. Prieto has taken this a step further, using only leaves grown on his finca—the equivalent of terroir in winemaking, applied to tobacco. "I smoke these more than any other cigars," Druz says. "I know where they come from. I see them being made. I visit the land, and I know the man who farms it."

PATCH AS PATCH CAN
A kaleidoscopic range of storefronts and private homes in Cuba—seen here in several locations around Trinidad and Havana.

CHASING PAPER
A section of Trinidad's municipal archives. While the computer age is slowly dawning as internet coverage expands to rural areas, much of the country remains resolutely analog.

Food, of course, has a parallel concept of place. But one thing you learn while browsing menus outside of Havana is that Cuba's dominant cuisine (*comida criolla*, a style of cooking created by Spaniards who arrived centuries ago) yields nearly identical dishes across the country. Even so, I am hopeful that provincial cooking styles will vary from place to place.

While describing a rural chef who specializes in a mostly forgotten type of local cuisine, Perez-Oliva Perez keeps repeating a Spanish word that I've never heard: *cimarrón*. He explains that cimarróns were slaves who fled to hills and jungles after escaping.

The next day we turn off the national highway, cross a river and enter a tiny village. Omaira Scott Alfaro, a middle-aged woman in a white dress, greets us, beaming, as we enter her enclave, a compound of small, clean wooden shacks surrounded by gardens. She brings us a homemade concoction of aguardiente, ginger, honey and hot pepper that we drink out of bamboo vessels. "This whole section of the country is filled with people descended from cimarróns," she says. "Our ancestors lived in these hills. They cooked and ate what they could find and cultivate here: root vegetables, wild herbs and greens, ginger and hot peppers."

Out back behind her home, past an altar to both Christian saints and their African syncretic equivalents, Scott Alfaro cooks over charcoal as she prepares a spread of cimarrón food: chicken with okra, a vegetable known here by its Congolese name, *quimbombó*; callaloo (cassava greens) with salted fish; goat ribs stewed in a spicy tomato sauce; and bread made from sweet potatoes. The dishes, served in dried coconut husks, are bright with flavors, ingredients

PRIETO CAN'T BRAND HIS CIGARS, AND HE CAN'T SELL THEM OUTSIDE HIS FINCA. BUT HE'S BECOME SO RENOWNED THAT AFICIONADOS FLY TO CUBA TO SEEK HIM OUT.

and spices unknown in comida criolla. Scott Alfaro is radiant when she sees how much we enjoy her cooking. "I spent years walking around this area, visiting villages you can only reach by foot or on horseback," she says. "Collecting recipes that are being lost. Finding vegetables people don't grow much anymore. This food is our culture. I want to keep it alive."

Regional places that once had a distinct identity and slowly became more like everywhere else represent a kind of cultural death. The city of Trinidad, a vibrant Unesco World Heritage site a few hours southeast of Havana, has become so overwhelmed by visitors and beholden to their dollars that very few local influences remain. After a night spent bouncing around tourist traps, I head to the nearby waterfront village of Casilda the morning after. While the old city of Trinidad is polished and seductive, Casilda is newer but run down, with apartment blocks that seem transplanted whole from Minsk. But in the middle of the main boulevard, a red cinderblock structure boasts a stand-up counter that wraps around two sides of a kitchen/bar open to the sea breeze. The place is packed at 8:30 a.m. It's all locals.

Though the menu lists several sandwiches, everyone is ordering *pan con minuta*, at five Cuban pesos (20 cents). I edge up to the counter and order one. Minutes later it appears: a butterflied, battered, deep-fried fish dwarfing the tiny roll it sits on. Following the example of the fisherman next to me, I add homemade hot sauce. It's a perfect seaside breakfast: a dark fish called *viajaiba*, crispy on the outside and moist and packed with flavor on the inside.

Farther east, I visit Bayamo, a dusty inland town with a frontier feel, where many people still commute by horse-drawn carriage.

SIGN OF THE TIMES
Left: A billboard on the road to La Finca Quemado de Rubí, Hector Luis Prieto's tobacco farm, boasts one of Castro's favorite expressions, "A better world is possible." Below: A restaurant attached to the Prieto farm. The roof echoes the style of tobacco-drying sheds.

FINCA TO TABLE
Top: A traditional tobacco-drying shed in the Viñales Valley. Right: An ox-drawn cart at a farm just outside Havana that supplies the restaurant Mediterráneo. Small-scale farms delivering goods directly to restaurants is still a fledgling concept in Cuba.

FIELD OF VISION
A tobacco shed in Pinar del Río. The tall green plants behind are nearly ready to be harvested and dried.

The city streets are alive with vendors. In front of the train and bus stations, El Colorado, a tiny street stall open from 2:30 a.m. to noon, dishes up *bocaditos de cerdo*. One of the proprietors, Oscar Vázquez Zamora, picks meat from a whole roasted pig, dices it with a well-worn knife, then layers morsels of the slow-roasted pork onto a baguette. "We cook only two pigs a day," Vázquez Zamora says. "We roast them over wood with no seasoning. After I carve up the pig, I sprinkle some salt onto each sandwich. It doesn't need anything more if it's cooked right. We close when we've sold all the meat from those two pigs."

At 20 cents, his sandwich is far superior to the pan con lechón near the Havana airport—and offers a rebuke to the notion that Communism and industrialism have entirely ruined the island's culinary heritage. Just as Italy saw the emergence of *cucina povera* (poor people's cuisine), yielding iconic dishes like pasta e fagioli, more remote areas of Cuba are finding ways to uphold culinary traditions in straitened circumstances.

The first private restaurants, called *paladares*, were allowed to operate in post-revolutionary Cuba in 1993, following the collapse of the Soviet Union and the withdrawal of the massive aid package it had provided. At the time, paladares were limited to 12 seats inside the owner's home. That all changed in 2011, when, as part of larger economic reforms, Raúl Castro allowed private eateries to expand to up to 50 seats and operate outside the owner's residence, a boon not just to restaurateurs but also to farmers and other food suppliers.

The term *paladar*, originally adopted from the name of a chain of restaurants in a popular Brazilian soap opera that aired in Cuba in the early '90s, has persisted, although today it simply means any privately owned restaurant. Authentic Cuban food, I reasoned, would likely be found in more traditional paladares, not in Havana's glorified, touristy versions.

JUST AS ITALY SAW THE EMERGENCE OF *CUCINA POVERA*, CUBA IS UPHOLDING CULINARY TRADITIONS IN STRAITENED CIRCUMSTANCES.

While on the road to Santiago, the cultural and commercial center of the eastern part of the island, I hear about an old-style paladar operating outside the city limits. Around dinnertime, we drive to Castillo del Morro, a colonial-era castle, and then follow directions to a private house (with no sign and no name) perched on a steep hillside with a view of the waterfront.

Sitting at the kitchen table, we watch Donia Fuentes López, a smiling 29-year-old, as she tends to a fish scored with diagonal cuts, setting it down in a pan of sizzling garlic and then spooning hot oil on its surface. She adds chunks of octopus to a second pan, in which oil mingles with sofrito, a base of onion, garlic, cumin, oregano and bay leaf.

"I'm not the owner," she says. "She moved to Miami. But before that, she taught me how to cook and left me to run her paladar." She serves us the fish and octopus accompanied by a soup of black beans and fluffy white rice. Though beans and rice is a well-known Cuban dish, it's increasingly difficult to find it in this simple form at restaurants, which tend to cook them together as *arroz congrí* or *moros y cristianos*.

It's appropriate that I find this home-cooked fare near Santiago; the city retains a Cuban identity that Havana often lacks. Although Santiago's main plaza has its share of foreign visitors (and *jineteros*, hustlers, trying to con them), the tourists here seem incidental, whereas in Havana, increasingly, they are becoming essential to the city's way of life.

My final stop is the island's first Spanish settlement, Baracoa, on Cuba's far northeast coast, a roughly three-hour drive from Santiago. The treacherous mountain road to Baracoa, called La Farola, was built in 1965. Before then the town was reachable only by boat, meaning its culture and cuisine developed in relative isolation.

In town, I make the rounds in search of unusual Baracoan dishes. Every restaurant has similar offerings: fish and seafood with coconut milk. I take a seat at the most promising-looking place, which soon fills up with two large German tour groups. My meal is different from the usual comida criolla fare but uninspiring. The cuisine seems aimed not at Baracoans but at visitors like me.

Back in the U.S., I'd seen a cookbook chronicling Baracoa's culinary heritage, so I went in search of its author, Inalvis Guilbeaux Rodríguez. In her traditional street-level house, she serves me a cold bottle of a local herbal soda. I ask her about the origin of Baracoa's unusual cuisine and where I can sample it.

Most authorities on Baracoan food cite the formative influence of the Taíno, one of the historic indigenous peoples of the Caribbean, as well as the French colonists who moved here from Haiti after that country won its independence.

When I ask Guilbeaux Rodríguez how her recipes have endured for centuries, she tells me that most of the dishes in her cookbook had actually been lost, even in Baracoa, by the 1980s. Back then, the locals had started to cook the same type of cuisine found everywhere in Cuba, relying on foods imported from the Soviet bloc rather than on local products. In the 1990s, with the collapse of the Soviet Union, those imports suddenly dried up, and Cuba entered what locals call the "special period," a time of great poverty and near famine. In those desperate times, Cubans had to figure out how to survive on what they could grow, fish, catch or raise themselves.

This, Guilbeaux Rodríguez tells me, prompted the resurgence of Baracoan cuisine. Though the lost recipes were almost never prepared anymore, an older generation of Baracoans (along with others from the surrounding rural areas) were able to bring back a cuisine they had left behind. These people, I realized, had carried out a uniquely Cuban riff on cucina povera.

The next day I meet Alejandro Hartmann Matos, Baracoa's official historian. After some polite preamble, I mention that I am desperate to find real Baracoan cuisine. He directs me to a chef friend of his originally from the area who worked for over a decade in the best Havana restaurants and has just returned to start his own place serving Baracoan specialties. That restaurant isn't open yet, but the chef, Ineldis Trutie Ortiz, agrees to cook us dinner at a friend's restaurant on the town's main pedestrian street.

Trutie Ortiz's training at gourmet places in Havana melds with his deep knowledge of local Baracoan products and recipes to create something spectacular: a traditional dish called *bacán perdido*, made from ripe plantains formed into small dumplings and stewed in a rich green coconut-milk sauce. This is followed by a seared pork filet in a savory cacao sauce (using cacao from the area, the only region of Cuba where it has been successfully cultivated). Trutie Ortiz's food is tasty and surprising, worth a journey across the island to sample.

Since he was a child, Trutie Ortiz knew he wanted to cook. His mother taught him local recipes; his father farmed cacao, coffee, coconuts and vegetables. "I come from a village that's only a few kilometers outside this city," he says. "But it takes two and a half hours walking up the mountain to reach it."

After leaving home, Trutie Ortiz spent 14 years working at the sorts of restaurants that had inspired me to flee Havana and make this trip. "I cooked at all those Havana restaurants," he says. "But I am a *campesino* [country person] also. This is where Cuban cuisine is kept alive." ●

Play with new ideas on dressing with this season's dramatic couture collections, which offer everything from an explosion of ruffles to feathers of fantastical proportions.

The Shape Shift

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRISTIAN MACDONALD
STYLING BY ALEX WHITE

THINK BIG
There is more than meets the eye in this draped dress. Maison Margiela Artisanal Designed by John Galliano dress, hat and boots.

CENTER STAGE
Step out of the shadows with evening trousers or a theatrical gown. Valentino Haute Couture vest, shirt and pants. Opposite: Maison Margiela Artisanal Designed by John Galliano dress.

SHINING STAR
Metallic elements reflect elegance. Armani Privé shawl, top and skirt. Opposite: Atelier Versace dress and Repossi earring.

HIDE-AND-SEEK
Classic shapes get pushed to new limits. Dior Haute Couture jacket, pants, mask, rings and shoes. Opposite: Chanel Haute Couture dress, belt and shoe.

DOLL FACE
Pump up the volume for maximum impact. Viktor & Rolf Couture bodysuit and pants. Opposite: Gaultier Paris jumpsuit, New York Vintage hat and Viktor & Rolf Couture Christian Louboutin shoes. Model, Jamie Bochert at The Lions; hair, Didier Malige; makeup, Sally Branka; prop styling, Nicholas Des Jardins. For details see Sources, page 128.

LONG VIEW
Rick Rubin in the master bedroom of his Malibu home, with natural sisal rugs, seating carved from Indonesian hardwood and Wilson Audio speakers.

Off the Record

Legendary music producer and first-time father Rick Rubin has spent a decade perfecting his secluded Malibu, California, oasis.

BY IAN VOLNER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARTIEN MULDER

A **COUPLE OF YEARS** back, New York–based architects Enrico Bonetti and Dominic Kozerski were touring a West Coast client around a recently completed project, a school in Manhattan's Chelsea neighborhood. As they walked the hallways, their guest remarked on the building's white epoxy floor; wanting to get a better feel for it, he removed his shoes and began padding around barefoot. When some staff members came upon the shoeless visitor—monklike, his face encircled by a vast nimbus of gray hair—standing placidly amid the corridor crush, they immediately recognized him, Bonetti recalls: "Hey, it's Rick Rubin!"

At 54, Rubin is arguably the country's best-known music producer. He's responsible for that infectious keyboard loop on the Beastie Boys' "Girls" from 1987 and the warbling guitar in Tom Petty's 1994 hit "You Don't Know How It Feels." A protean force who has made and remade dozens of major recording artists' careers over the past 34 years, he is also a striking physical presence. Rubin's signature look has routinely attracted the label of "guru," though in person his puckish smile and sparkling blue eyes make him seem more like a beachy elf than a stoner sage. He favors baggy shorts, loose-fitting T-shirts and no shoes.

This last condition is a prerequisite for any visitor setting foot in Rubin's house, high atop a sun-blessed bluff near Malibu's Point Dume, about an hour north of Los Angeles. Reworked for him over the past decade by Bonetti/Kozerski Architecture, the house—originally an unremarkable neo-Tudor from the 1970s—is an extension of Rubin's creative process. "There's no distraction," the producer says, "nothing to do but focus on work, enjoy nature and be at peace." In Malibu, Rubin's life, like his music, is about getting down to basics.

It's been a long road here. As the founder (in his NYU dorm room) of the storied Def Jam label, the Long Island–born Rubin helped usher hip-hop into the mainstream, in the '80s, making waves as much for the raw sound of the rappers he brought aboard—old-schoolers like Slick Rick and LL Cool J—as for the brash promotionalism he deployed to expose his artists, and himself, to a broader public. In the 1985 film *Krush Groove*, a fictionalized account of Def Jam's rise, Rubin plays himself alongside an actor portraying his then–business partner Russell Simmons. Pulling the strings from behind a giant mixing board, Rubin gave the world its first real glimpse of the hip-hop producer.

In 1988, Rubin and Simmons parted ways, and the former launched the Def American Recordings label, then moved out west. His flair for public relations went with him—five years into his new enterprise, Rubin staged an elaborate mock burial, presided over by the Reverend Al Sharpton, for the word *def*, claiming it had lost its street cred. Since then the rebranded American Recordings has been a showcase for Rubin's eclectic taste, a hit factory for everyone from Johnny Cash (including his final album, *American VI: Ain't No Grave*, recorded in 2002–03) to Jay Z (most notably 2004's global musical pandemic "99 Problems"). Thus far, the producer has had 18 Grammy nominations and eight wins. Though Rubin is almost universally revered, certain artists, including Crosby, Stills & Nash, have griped that his attitude

SOUND EFFECTS
Below, from left: Bob Dylan's former tour bus has been repurposed as a recording space; it sits on the grounds of the Shangri-La studio, which Rubin now owns.

ON TRACK The mixing board at Shangri-La, which Rubin has reworked in a minimalist style similar to that of his nearby home.

"I FOUND THIS PLACE THINKING IT WOULD BE GOOD FOR SPENDING WEEKENDS. I CAME FOR THE FIRST ONE AND NEVER LEFT."
—RICK RUBIN

MAN'S CASTLE Above: Architects Enrico Bonetti and Dominic Kozerski inserted modern, boxy spaces into the house's neo-Tudor framework. Right: Vintage exercise rings hang from the interior of a cedar-paneled turret. Opposite: The sauna and ice bath in a first-floor corridor.

RAP PARTY
Clockwise from far left: Rubin with Eminem recording "Berzerk" in 2013; with the Beastie Boys in New York in the 1980s; with Al Teller and LL Cool J in 1986; with his partner, Mourielle Hurtado Herrera, in 2012.

GREATEST HITS
Clockwise from above: Rubin recording with Tom Petty and Johnny Cash in 1996; on the cover of the *Village Voice* in 1986; at a party with Jay Z in 2001; with the Red Hot Chili Peppers' Anthony Kiedis in 1993.

can be off-putting, while some critics have called him out for sacrificing sonic depth to volume.

There was also Rubin's improbable co-chairmanship of Sony's Columbia division in the late aughts: The interlude was productive creatively, but it was an odd match given Rubin's decidedly uncorporate ethos. Even before it ended, in 2012, the producer had signaled his intent to retreat from the industry moil. In the '90s, Rubin began making regular trips to Malibu, staying in a house he would end up renting for over a decade. "I just loved being here," he says, and when his rental fell through in 2005, he acquired a nearby one-acre property, on which sat the Disneyesque suburban-style house. "I found this place thinking it would be good for spending weekends," Rubin recalls. "I came for the first one and never left."

He's since created a balance of work and life that keeps the two close enough for organic synthesis but not so close that they infringe on each other. "My house in town [in the Hollywood Hills] had a studio in it, and after that I decided it was too much," Rubin says. "It's fine if you're single and your entire life is focused on the studio. But there's something really healthy, creatively, about having separation." On the home front, the environment of domestic chill is more important than ever, given that Rubin and his partner of seven years, model/actress–turned-farmer Mourielle Hurtado Herrera, have just had their first child, a boy, born in February. "Everyone I've talked to about [having a baby] has been very supportive," Rubin notes. "Some say, 'Oh, your life is over.' But the majority think it's the best thing that's ever happened."

PERCHED ON A vast couch in the shady upper-floor library, Rubin describes a design process that unfolded in a way similar to making a record. As in the studio, "everyone pitches in their thoughts," Rubin says. "Whatever's the best idea, the best solution to the problem, wins." Rubin discovered Bonetti/Kozerski quite by accident, having seen in a magazine a series of wooden chairs the architects created for Donna Karan; he subsequently learned that they had worked with his friend, the hotelier André Balazs (not to mention Ian Schrager and other high-profile clients). "There's a richness to what they produce," Balazs says. "They have a good eye, and they have a very eclectic, European outlook." Balazs saw that Bonetti/Kozerski's sense of low-key refinement would complement Rubin's. The producer agrees: "Some minimal things you don't want to touch," he says, "but Enrico and Dominic's minimalism always feels organic and warm and welcoming."

Hardly a week has gone by in nearly 10 years that the New York architects have not received a text message (or several) from Rubin, describing a new idea for a finish, a detail, a floor plan; the duo would counter with their own thoughts, which evolved over time as they understood more and more of Rubin's habits. "We suggested basalt stones for the driveway," Kozerski mentions, by way of example. "Then, as Rick thought about the idea, he started to notice them in other places on his travels and send us pictures." The producer had never worked with architects before, and although the creative give-and-take was familiar territory, this time it was Rubin who was in the sound booth, with the designers at the controls. "There were certain elements of shock involved," Rubin says. Originally, the house featured two kitchens; the architects suggested removing the larger, more central one and renovating the smaller one off to the side. Rubin couldn't see the reason for the change at first, but the new arrangement has since become one of his and Herrera's favorite features. "It's close," says Herrera, "but it's silent. No sound, no smells."

The finished house is an unlikely mix of old and new, a series of contemporary spaces slipped delicately into the framework of the old Tudor. "One of the most important things we did to the outside was stealth it out," says Kozerski, referring to the coat of ash-gray paint they added—though the half-timbered exterior, lattice windows and chimney pots are still plainly visible. The real reinvention starts on the inside. On the first floor, the living and dining space has been entirely opened up, save for a brick fireplace sheltering Rubin's listening room. A corridor to a deck is outfitted with a barrel-shaped sauna and an ice bath. On the level above, the architects have inserted a white square box, jutting out westward, that houses the master bedroom, which has floor-to-ceiling windows facing the ocean. Adjoining passageways lead to several terraces. It's all composed in an understated medley of wood, concrete and white surfaces; a version of the epoxy floor that Rubin spotted in Manhattan found its way to Malibu, and it gives the house a spacey sort of beauty.

Cloistered and otherworldly as the house may feel, its owner is a five-minute drive from the hub of his work life: the legendary Shangri-La recording studio, made famous in *The Last Waltz*, Martin Scorsese's 1978 film about the Band. "It's a magic place," says the hip-hop artist Towkio, sitting surrounded by dials and switches in the Shangri-La control room. He's just played a new track for Rubin, who nodded along, head down, eyes closed.

Rubin started holding recording sessions at Shangri-La long before he acquired the compound, attracted to the quality of audio that could be captured in its studio suite. As a bonus, it has a secondary recording space: Bob Dylan's former tour bus, marooned in the backyard and repurposed with acoustical padding. With its dreamy, spacious setting (artists don't want to leave, Rubin says), Shangri-La is perfectly tailored to Rubin's intensive, collaborative approach. "He always asks the important questions—about what's essential, about what's making something work," says the Beastie Boys' Mike D., whose house is just a few minutes away. An artistic fellow traveler since Rubin's

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: KEVIN MAZUR; BEN T BUCHANAN; ERIC RUDOLPH; STEWART COOK/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK; BEI/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK; © KEVIN ESTRADA/ICONICPIX; COURTESY OF THE *VILLAGE VOICE*; KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE

NYU days, Mike D. describes the conditions back then, in the producer's cinderblock dorm room, as "the opposite" of things now. "He had a P.A. crammed in there with a roommate's bed, his turntables, a drum machine and boxes of records," the musician recalls. "That's the trajectory right there." When Shangri-La came up for sale six years ago, with the threat of demolition looming over it, Rubin snapped it up. "I thought, If this studio goes away, it makes my life much more difficult," he says.

When it came time to refurbish it, the new owner already had a perfect template—the house that he and his architects had been reinventing for years. Rubin has applied an ad hoc version of Bonetti/Kozerski's soft-touch minimalism over at Shangri-La, pulling out many of the rugs that once covered the floor and putting up pale wooden walls around the recording room. Traveling from Rubin's home to Shangri-La, one has the odd sensation of arriving precisely in the place one just left, with the stretch of the Pacific Coast Highway between the two seeming like a long, serene corridor inside a big, serene house.

I **PLAY MUSIC** all day," Rubin says. There are speakers in nearly every room of his home (including the sauna space), but the first-floor alcove is where the producer does his most focused listening, reviewing fresh tracks piped in uncompressed from Shangri-La. With his architects present, Rubin plays a song by a new collaborator, the rapper Mikey Mike. Rubin has added a chorus of singing children, which seems, for a new father, a deeply personal gesture.

Listening to songs is as close to work as anything Rubin does here, the rest of the home reflecting a commitment to self-care that, along with Herrera, has helped Rubin become a great deal healthier than he was back in the days of the Beastie Boys and "Fight for Your Right to Party." In Malibu, Mike D. notes, his old friend has "made a point to focus on things that illuminate his life as much as possible." After a long day in the studio, favored collaborators are sometimes invited back to the house to sweat it out in the spa (Frank Ocean is a repeat guest). A practitioner of Transcendental Meditation since the age of 14, Rubin uses the various terraces for his morning spiritual exercises. "I bring a stillness to the collaborations that I do," says Rubin, "and this house is sort of stillness central."

Of course, there's a lot of care and effort behind all this simplicity. When Rubin arrives at the sloping Shangri-La site, his car (a large Tesla minivan) is turned around by one of his assistants so that he can easily drive back down the hill; back at the house, another assistant spot-cleans the area around the table where Rubin and Herrera will sit to dinner. Bonetti and Kozerski have been at work childproofing the mostly banisterless and doorless interiors. But having finally found the right formula for his style of life, Rubin doesn't plan on many further tweaks.

"Kanye keeps changing his house," he says, referring to one of his recent collaborators. "At some point, if you have more ideas, then maybe they're for a different house. Each house doesn't have to be everything. It's like an album." Malibu, Rubin says, needs no filler tracks, no A&R-man hype: "It absolutely casts the spell every time I wake up." ●

NEXT STEPS
The staircase leading to the second floor of Rubin's house.

FLOWER POWER Models wearing pieces from the fall 2017 Gucci collection, at the brand's headquarters in Milan.

GUCCI'S NEW GROOVE

The Italian brand's creative director, Alessandro Michele, and CEO, Marco Bizzarri, are not afraid to break the fashion world's rules.

BY CHRISTINA BINKLEY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY QUENTIN DE BRIEY

ALESSANDRO MICHELE'S office in Gucci's new Milan headquarters seems like a playroom tricked out by doting parents for a child whose toys haven't yet arrived. Dreamy custom wallpaper shows a blue-green forest scene based on one of the designer's spring/summer 2016 prints for the fashion label. The desk, chairs and rugs are an eclectic assortment of threadbare European antiques, which Michele collects. But there is none of the designer's flotsam: papers, books, sketches. All of that is in Rome, where Michele lives and works most of the year. Here he leaves his iPhone on the nearly barren desk.

The headquarters, dubbed the Gucci Hub, is so new that Milan taxi drivers in February argued its Via Mecenate address didn't exist. Opened last fall, it incorporates several red-brick former airplane factory buildings near the city's Linate airport, centralizing corporate, finance and marketing functions that were previously housed in rented office spaces in central Milan. CEO Marco Bizzarri's stark office, atop the Hub's sleek new office building, is a glass-walled corner aerie overlooking the city. Michele's office is on the ground, looking out on a small forest where a river of fragrant white hyacinths has been planted for him.

The 44-year-old Michele (pronounced *mee-KAY-lay*)—is obsessed with gardens, particularly their moist undergrowth. Images of bugs frequently adorn his designs. "I love to give voice to things that are not very visible," he says. That could be a metaphor for his own tale: Michele was discovered two years ago after working at Gucci for more than a decade in various design positions.

As Gucci's creative director since January 2015, he has overhauled the once brassy, jet-set brand, instilling a poetic weirdness that recalls the mind-bending experience of watching a Wes Anderson movie. Not coincidentally, Michele is a fan of the film director, and of Hollywood in general. "In L.A., I feel God more than I do in a church,"

RARE BIRD
"It started as a collection, and now it's like a religion," says Gucci creative director Alessandro Michele, above in his office in Milan. His oddball, retro-chic designs, such as fur-lined slippers based on classic Gucci loafers and handbags encrusted with heavy hardware, have garnered a cult following. "It's him. Gucci is Alessandro," says CEO Marco Bizzarri.

says Michele, who has a habit of equating pop culture with spiritual or classical worlds. In the same interview, he exclaims about his new friend the rapper A$AP Rocky, "He is like Mozart."

With a newly minted star designer in place, Gucci is investing aggressively in its own future, as manifested in the sprawling complex of the Hub. There are photo studios and showrooms with tables covered in fantasy flora and fauna, drawn from the sartorial motifs that Michele has introduced to the house. Antique-style furniture can be found in a bordello-red showroom, several event spaces and even the coffee bar. Across from a well-appointed employee cafeteria, there is a theater constructed in a former airplane hangar especially for Gucci's seasonal fashion shows.

Michele erected a plexiglass tube within the theater in February and sent 119 female and male models racing through it to present the label's first official co-ed collection, which was a maximalist she-he assortment of effeminate menswear and vintage-inspired womenswear. One male model wore a yellow sweater woven with a bat pattern, a polka-dot bow tie, tailored gray shorts, knit leggings, knee socks and brogue boots—an outfit a toddler might assemble from his father's closet.

Though Michele had previously deployed male models in his womenswear shows, and vice versa, he threw down a gauntlet with this fall 2017 collection. The label canceled its January and June men's shows permanently and will henceforth show its men's and women's collections together during the February and September womenswear shows. It's an act of power within the fashion world: requiring menswear editors and retailers to make a special trip to Milan or forgo seeing Gucci.

The decision reflects Michele's growing confidence. For his first two years on the job, "I had to follow the rules of the fashion world," he says. Having now earned critical accolades and double-digit sales increases, he is no longer looking elsewhere for leadership. "I have to be the captain of this ship."

Michele's zeitgeisty concepts have powered the re-created Gucci juggernaut, along with some extremely savvy—and logo-ridden—merchandising. Since the designer sent his first pair of kangaroo-fur-lined Princetown loafers down the runway in early 2015, every fashionable closet seems to hold a pair of men's or women's Gucci slippers, an embroidered-silk bomber jacket or perhaps a bag adorned with a bumblebee. "It started as a collection," says Michele, "and now it's like a religion."

Michele wasn't the first to line shoes with fur or to create ugly-chic fashions. But he has brought back maximalism and quirky styling as a force, lighting a torch for masses of consumers. After a period of shrinking revenues, Gucci's financial success has rebounded. While much of the $261 billion global market for personal luxury goods contracted in 2016 by about 1 percent, according to a recent Bain & Co. study, Gucci's revenues rose by more than 12 percent to $4.68 billion. The brand has been stealing market share and now represents a considerable threat to rivals. Its financial performance was previously a sore point at parent company Kering, where it is the largest in a portfolio that includes Saint Laurent, Bottega Veneta and Balenciaga. After the February show, François-Henri Pinault, Kering's chief executive, was all grins. But asked if he's satisfied with the brand's performance, Pinault replied, "Not yet. The best is yet to come. We're just starting."

Bizzarri, 54, Gucci's lanky 6-foot-7-inch chief executive, concedes he isn't yet out of the woods, despite a remarkable turnaround. "We are still recovering," he says. Two years ago, he says, Gucci was producing revenues of about $2,100 per square foot, compared with his estimate of $3,200–$5,300 per square foot for other luxury brands. Gucci has improved its revenues by about 15 percent, he says, but the label is still lagging the competition. He says, "We are just filling a gap."

To better meet the accelerated demand for its shoes and accessories, Gucci is building a second production facility near Florence. The company is in the process of hiring 200 artisans and workers. Gucci is also introducing new products of the sort that he calls "traffic builders": jewelry, silk scarves, fragrances and sunglasses. These lower-priced goods are more appealing to younger consumers who aren't yet buying a $3,000 handbag or a $29,000 rainbow dress. "Today, 50 percent of our business is driven by millennials," says Bizzarri. "Two years ago it was zero."

Bizzarri's and Michele's tenures have been welcomed by retailers

GOOD COMPANY
Above: The new Gucci headquarters, on the site of a former airplane factory, includes a specially built fashion-show space. Right: Gucci is now known for an eclectic mix of styles, as shown in the fall 2017 collection. Below: A new office building looms over white hyacinths planted at Michele's request.

that had backed away from the label. Last year, edgy boutique Dover Street Market did a collaboration with Gucci and placed Gucci accessories in its high-concept turret at the top of its multilevel New York store—a metaphor for fashion's new hierarchy.

"We knew they were missing so many opportunities," says Karen Katz, chief executive of Neiman Marcus, which carries the Gucci label at its Neiman Marcus and Bergdorf Goodman stores. Take footwear. "We believed for years that the Gucci shoe business had tremendous potential, because we saw their competitors," Katz says. Bizzarri and his merchandising team have expanded Gucci's offerings by manufacturing Michele's florid concepts in every type of shoe imaginable: boots, sneakers, loafers, evening sandals, over-the-top heels. There's a mid-height-heel loafer in conservative black leather, and another one in metallic pink and gold. The classic horsebit loafer has reappeared as a towering gold platform embellished with faux pearls.

"It's like candy—you want it all," says Katz. Bizzarri has applied this concept across product lines to handbags and other accessories, and even to men's suits. It's possible to purchase a Wall Street–appropriate black mohair suit, entirely in keeping with the label's original ethos. Or let your freak flag fly in a red silk-shantung tuxedo with black piping that crosses borders from East to West, and hip-hop to golden oldies.

This fashion-business earthquake stems from the sort of designer-CEO partnership that has fueled many successful labels, including Yves Saint Laurent, where the designer was backed by his CEO Pierre Bergé, and Gucci, when, during its '90s heyday, designer Tom Ford and CEO Domenico De Sole rescued the brand from an '80s flirtation with overlicensing. Bizzarri sees his role as supporting Michele. "It's him. Gucci is Alessandro," Bizzarri says.

IF BIZZARRI HADN'T happened to be in Rome one day in late 2014, and if he and Michele hadn't needed to meet secretly, they might never have formed their team. At the time, former creative director Frida Giannini was preparing for her January menswear show. Bizzarri, who had recently been named to replace Patrizio di Marco as CEO, was quietly taking the pulse of the company and planning to make some major changes, bringing in a new designer and a new look for the brand's 500 or so black-and-gold stores. He needed to know which employees were necessary to the brand and figured this Michele fellow, who was Giannini's longtime deputy, knew where the skeletons were.

For his part, Michele says he intended to quit Gucci to open an art gallery. "I was planning to change completely. I was not happy." When Bizzarri asked to meet in secret, Michele invited him to his Rome apartment, a lushly decorated space crowded with his collections—antiques, piles of worn rugs, vintage fabric samples. He wore a pair of fur-lined slides he had made for himself.

Bizzarri walked in and exclaimed, "You live here?" recalls Michele. "When he got in my house, he probably understood that I was not in the right place for a long time." Bizzarri retains the feeling of wonder he felt then. "When I saw him, he could have been on the runway," he says. Two weeks later, the men embarked on a two-year plan for Gucci that included Michele's own torridly maximal concepts for apparel, store décor and advertising, which he communicated with pages he tore from magazines. The document now lives in Bizzarri's desk at the Hub—a record of the seismic shift that occurred when Giannini was replaced by Michele.

Bizzarri didn't initially see the potential in all of it. He figured those furry Princetown slides were a runway contrivance that would quickly disappear. "I didn't really believe in those," says Bizzarri, a skinny-suit devotee who owns a pair but scoffs at the idea of wearing them. Today, there is a production line in the factory devoted solely to producing the best-selling shoes.

Gucci's willingness to upend fashion norms extends to befriending a counterfeiter of sorts. The Brooklyn street artist Trevor Andrew, who had been crudely copying the Gucci *GG* logo on skateboards and television sets under his alter ego, GucciGhost, began collaborating with Michele after photographer Ari Marcopoulos introduced them. "I had been doing the project for like three years before Alessandro" recognized it, Andrew says. "I was like, Shit, man, if someone would understand what I'm doing." A full line of GucciGhost clothes and accessories launched last year, and Andrew says his partnership with Gucci has become "pretty much" a full-time gig.

Michele thrives on the contributions of celebrities as well, particularly those with youthful populist followings, such as the actor Jared Leto, a Gucci ambassador whose chameleon-in-costume look has made him a proxy for Michele. Another ambassador is singer Florence Welch, whom Michele invited along with A$AP Rocky to perform for an LP that served as the February show invitation. A$AP read a love letter from Jane Austen's *Persuasion*. ("I felt like I was auditioning for *Romeo and Juliet*," said the rapper.) Despite such glittery new friendships, Michele hasn't lost his sense of awe. During a recent shoot, a photographer admired Michele's many rings, noting that he wanted to be a jewelry designer. "Me too!" Michele exclaimed, and then paused, recalling that, in fact, he has been designing piles of rings, bracelets and necklaces for Gucci. "I mean, I am," he said. "But I'd like to have just a jewelry line."

"I'm a little bit scared about changing on the outside," Michele confides later. "I love this job, but I hate that I have to be a face." He dreams of that other life he was envisioning before Bizzarri visited his apartment. It involves a small farm, perhaps with miniature horses and goats, where he and his boyfriend, a professor of urban planning, could spend half their time.

Meanwhile, he's trying to forget all the deadlines that control him these days. "The obsession that you have to manage everything—it's really bad," he says. "I hate to plan my life." •

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CEDRIC BUCHET
STYLING BY DARCY BACKLAR

THE KIDS STAY IN THE PICTURE

Life's a beach in Costa Rica, where sand and surf offer the perfect playground for all ages and the vibe is officially laid-back.

HANG TIME
Jump at the chance to swap three-piece suits for a simpler kind. From left: Etro and Hilfiger Edition swim trunks.

CHILD'S PLAY
From the shore to the streets of Mal País, pick relaxed pieces that work with bare feet. Prada jacket (worn around waist) and pants, Chan Luu bracelet (top), M. Cohen bracelet (bottom) and his own tank, necklaces and ring; boy's own swim trunks. Opposite: Giorgio Armani shirt, Saturdays NYC swim trunks and his own necklace; boy's own tank and shorts.

HONDA

BOARD GAMES
Ride out the days on Playa Hermosa in easy style. Lacoste tank, Vilebrequin shorts and his own watch and hat; boys' own swim trunks. Opposite: Michael Kors swim trunks (at right), M. Cohen bracelet and his own watch; boy's own swim trunks (at left).

NIGHT'S TALE
Things stay chill after dark. Michael Kors T-shirt and his own swim trunks and sandals. On her: A.P.C. shirt and her own tank and shorts.

BRIGHT SPARKS
Locals build a bonfire on Playa Hermosa after a big day. Below, from left: Louis Vuitton sweater and shorts and his own watch; Hermès sweater and shorts and his own sandals. Right: Saturdays NYC sweater and Levi's jeans and his own necklace; boy's own tank top and shorts.

AFTER SUNSET
Dressing for dinner takes on new meaning. J.Crew sweater (on girl in front); her own shirt (on girl behind). Left: Saturdays NYC sweater, Michael Kors swim trunks, A.P.C. necklace, M. Cohen bracelet and his own watch; boy's own T-shirt and swim trunks. Below left: Their own clothing.

OBEY

ENDLESS SUMMER
Catch some rays in good company. Right, from top: Lanvin shirt, Carhartt jeans and his own hat; boy's own shirt, pants and hat; Coach 1941 shirt, Lacoste tank, Saturdays NYC swim trunks and Luis Morais necklace. Below: Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci shorts and his own T-shirt and watch. Opposite: Polo Ralph Lauren shirt and swim trunks, Luis Morais necklace and his own hat (on boy).

WATER WORLD
Finish strong by making a bigger splash. Boys' own swim trunks. Opposite: His own swim trunks. Models scouted on location in Costa Rica. For details see Sources, page 128.

Fine-Tuned

For centuries, violin making has evoked the Italian masters—Amati, Guarneri, Stradivari—who built some of the world's most iconic instruments. Today, a new generation of New York–based luthiers is bringing the art form into the future.

BY MICHAEL CLERIZO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEREMY LIEBMAN

NEW DIMENSION Luthier James McKean carves the back of a cello in his workshop in Yorktown Heights, New York. Opposite: A cello under ultraviolet lights, which help cure the varnish over the course of a month.

DURING THE SUMMER of 1973, James McKean, then a Russian studies major at the University of Virginia, attended a month-long language-immersion course in Bloomington, Indiana, and played violin between classes to relax. A broken string sent McKean to the local violin repair shop, where he fell in love with the workshop's scents and sounds. Soon after, he left Virginia and enrolled in the newly founded Violin Making School of America (VMSA), the first school of its kind in the country, located in Salt Lake City.

After graduation, McKean landed a job in the West 57th Street workshop of Frenchman René A. Morel, then New York's preeminent restorer. "I lasted less than six months, but it turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to me," says McKean, who immediately started working across the street for an Armenian restorer named Vahakn Nigogosian. "He was one of the great restorers and one of the best people, with a basic self-taught knowledge of acoustics. I would watch him analyze an instrument to figure out how it made its sound."

McKean started his own shop in 1980, bouncing around the city and its suburbs until 2012, when he settled in Yorktown Heights. Now the 63-year-old makes about six cellos (his specialty) and two violins a year for clients including the New York Philharmonic's Carter Brey and Eileen Moon. "It's an interesting question as to how you can make an instrument that has character when the ground rules have been so well established for 500 years," says McKean. "By combining the different design aspects of the outline, the arching, the f-hole, you can come up with something that is original."

James McKean

YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, NEW YORK

Sam Zygmuntowicz

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

SOUND CONTROL An acoustic testing rig—which analyzes what an instrument will sound like under certain conditions—in Zygmuntowicz's Brooklyn workshop. Above: Zygmuntowicz checks the thickness of a violin top.

SAM ZYGMUNTOWICZ, 60, made his first instrument when he was just 13 years old. He'd thought of becoming a sculptor, but violins held the promise of producing more than a static form. "Now I feel that I am involved in this dramatic transference of energy from one human to another," he says.

After graduating from the VMSA in 1980, the Philadelphia native moved to New York City for a stint in Morel's renowned restoration shop. "By working with René, you had access to the great instruments of the past," says Zygmuntowicz, who stepped out on his own after five years there. He had several studios in Brooklyn before moving his workshop and family to a Park Slope townhouse in 2007, where he makes about eight instruments a year, starting at $85,000.

For Zygmuntowicz, violin making is a collaborative process. He spends hours with musicians, listening to and watching them play, trying to see the instrument from the client's point of view. After this "discovery period," he chooses the instrument model, based on either a traditional shape by one of the Italian masters or one of his own contemporary designs. Along the way, he adjusts the form, altering the arch of the instrument and carving the wood to a thickness that suits a player's style and repertoire. "It is hard to come up with something that does not refer to the past," says Zygmuntowicz, who has created instruments for musicians including violin soloist Leila Josefowicz and cellist David Finckel, the co-artistic director of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. "But I know my materials, and I know when I can afford to do something daring."

NO STRINGS ATTACHED
Several cello bridges made from maple. Below: Rabut in his Manhattan workshop with a viola modeled after a piece by the celebrated Brescian violin maker Gasparo da Salò.

Guy Rabut

NEW YORK CITY

I LIKE TO THINK I AM in one of those professions where age makes you better," says 64-year-old violin maker Guy Rabut, who has honed his craft for almost 40 years. "My generation of makers started in the post-hippie, post-Vietnam time to get in touch with your creative side—that was a lot of the motivation."

In 1978, after graduating from VMSA, Rabut transitioned to Morel's restoration workshop in Manhattan until 1984, when he started making his own instruments in an Upper West Side studio, where he still enjoys "the cultural hum of the city."

Throughout his career, Rabut has worked on a range of instruments and with various musicians, some who specialize in chamber music, others well versed in classical concertos. In recent years, he has concentrated more on the viola, creating pieces for the New York Philharmonic's Cynthia Phelps and Judith Nelson, the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra's Robert Brophy and solo violinist Elmar Oliveira.

Rabut believes that interaction with players is crucial for producing quality instruments. "You need to know what type of music someone plays, where they play, are they soloists or part of an orchestra. It's about the fit," he says. "As a maker, there is nothing more satisfying than hearing your instrument come to life in the hands of a player. People often ask, 'Aren't you sad to see your instruments go?' One of the saddest things is to see an instrument sitting on a table waiting to be played."

WOODWORK Gouges that are used to carve the scroll of a cello. Below: Wiebe with an unfinished cello in his studio in Woodstock, New York.

David Wiebe

WOODSTOCK, NEW YORK

AS A TEENAGER in the 1960s in Beatrice, Nebraska, David Wiebe, who had played piano, violin, cello and bass, decided to become a violin maker but faced a dilemma: There were no violin-making schools in America at the time. Wiebe studied German for a year and landed at Staatliche Berufsfachschule für Musikinstrumentenbau, the esteemed instrument-making school in Mittenwald, Germany. "In addition to my interest in music, I enjoyed a little bit of art, drawing, woodworking and design," says Wiebe, 66. "All those things came together in my interest in learning how to make new instruments."

In 1973, Wiebe returned to Nebraska, began making violins and quickly realized he needed a New York presence. "New York had the most vital and exciting musical community and still does," he says. For a few years in the 1980s, Wiebe was part of an informal club with five artists from around the country who shared a Manhattan apartment as a workspace. Wiebe continued to visit the city and, in 2002, relocated to Woodstock, New York, to live with renowned bow maker Susan Lipkins, whom he married in 2012.

After almost 45 years of making instruments, Wiebe has completed an estimated 55 violins, 87 violas, 90 cellos and eight basses and built a client list that includes violinist Eric Grossman, the curator of the Juilliard stringed instrument collection, and New York Philharmonic cellist Eric Bartlett.

"Violin making is a fervent discipline that people pursue in different ways, but for most of us the desire is never just to duplicate the past," says Wiebe. "I have so much enjoyment in and appreciation for the beauty of the wood and of the curves of the instruments I make that I feel there are still new pieces of wood to find and curves to be carved."

LISTEN UP Viseltear tests the sound quality of a violin top made of spruce. Right: Bows in his East Village studio.

Jason Viseltear

NEW YORK CITY

IN 1992, CONNECTICUT native Jason Viseltear graduated from New York University with a degree in sociology. Four years later, at 26, Viseltear returned to Manhattan with a master's in liberal arts from St. John's College in Santa Fe. He intended to continue his studies concentrating on the work of modern German philosophers, but "I felt like I wanted to make something for a while," he says.

A friend had opened a shop for making, repairing and restoring violins in the East Village, and Viseltear offered to help. The gig developed into an apprenticeship, a happenstance Viseltear sees as characteristic of New York's violin scene. "There isn't a formal apprenticeship program here," he says. "You just knock on someone's door and make yourself useful in their shop."

He describes his discovery of the instrument as lucky: "The violin contained a lot of subjects that I was used to pursuing. There's the woodworking part but also acoustics, painting, architecture. I thought I could lose myself in the violin as a subject, and that turned out to be the case."

By 2004, he had his own East Village workshop, where the 46-year-old continues to create Baroque-style and modern violins, violas and cellos. His clients include Ezra Seltzer, the principal cellist of the early music ensemble the Sebastians, and Kate Read, the principal violist of the Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra, and several of his instruments are included in the collections at Harvard and Yale. Viseltear produces from 10 to 12 instruments a year and says that New York is an ideal location for inspiration: "There is music, art, fashion, people and so many different points of view right outside of my window." •

IN THE NEXT
WSJ. MAGAZINE

SUMMER ESCAPES

ON SALE
JUNE 3, 2017

STUDENT DRIVER
Like father like son. Simon Miller T-shirt, M. Cohen bracelet and his own ring; boy's own shorts. For details see "The Kids Stay in the Picture," below.

TABLE OF CONTENTS
PAGE 23
Viktor & Rolf Couture dress and Viktor & Rolf Couture Christian Louboutin shoes, prices upon request, viktor-rolf.com

PAGE 24
Saint Laurent backpack, $1,190, Saint Laurent, 57th Street, New York

WHAT'S NEWS
PAGE 42
Orley, $345, orley.us, Hermès, $1,800, Hermès stores nationwide, Canali, $540, 625 Madison Avenue, New York, Moncler, $270, Moncler New York, 90 Prince Street, Fendi, $600, fendi.com

PAGE 44
Omega watch, $24,600, omegawatches.com

PAGE 48
David Yurman necklace, $35,000, and bracelet, $25,000, David Yurman, 712 Madison Avenue, New York

PAGE 50
Pierre-Louis Mascia & Herno Adirondack jacket, $1,620, Henry Lehr, East Hampton, New York

PAGE 52
Salvatore Ferragamo boot, price upon request, Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide

BOARDING PASS
PAGE 57
Fendi bag, $5,950, fendi.com, Ralph Lauren Collection tote, $4,150, select Ralph Lauren stores, Hermès duffel, $1,800, Hermès stores nationwide

PAGE 58
Chanel rolling suitcase, $6,250, and handbag, $3,600, select Chanel boutiques nationwide, Valentino Garavani weekender, $3,645, Valentino boutiques

PAGE 60
Céline handbag, $4,200, Céline Madison Avenue, New York, Louis Vuitton rolling suitcase, $4,300, select Louis Vuitton stores, Goyard trunk, $12,870, Goyard boutiques nationwide, Bottega Veneta trunk, $27,500, 800-845-6790

PAGE 62
Gucci duffel, $3,980, select Gucci stores nationwide

PAGE 64
Tod's weekender, $2,165, tods.com, Rimowa rolling suitcase, $850, rimowa.com, Balenciaga bag, $1,895, Balenciaga New York, 148 Mercer Street

THE SHAPE SHIFT
PAGE 91
Maison Margiela Artisanal Designed by John Galliano dress, hat and boots, prices upon request, Maison Margiela boutiques nationwide, 212-989-7612

PAGE 92
Valentino Haute Couture vest, shirt and pants, prices upon request, 212-355-5811

PAGE 93
Maison Margiela Artisanal Designed by John Galliano dress, price upon request, Maison Margiela boutiques nationwide, 212-989-7612

PAGE 94
Atelier Versace dress, price upon request, 212-317-0224, Repossi earring, price upon request, Barneys New York

PAGE 95
Armani Privé shawl, top and skirt, prices upon request, Giorgio Armani Madison Avenue, 212-988-9191

PAGE 96
Dior Haute Couture jacket, pants, mask, rings and shoes, prices upon request, 1-800-929-DIOR

PAGE 97
Chanel Haute Couture dress, belt and shoe, prices upon request, 800-550-0005

PAGE 98
Gaultier Paris jumpsuit, price upon request, +33-1-72758346, New York Vintage hat, price upon request, newyorkvintage.com, Viktor & Rolf Couture Christian Louboutin shoes, price upon request, viktor-rolf.com

PAGE 99
Viktor & Rolf Couture bodysuit and pants, prices upon request, viktor-rolf.com

THE KIDS STAY IN THE PICTURE
PAGE 110–111
Etro swim trunks, $230, Etro boutiques nationwide, Hilfiger Edition swim trunks, $150, Tommy Hilfiger, 212-223-1824

PAGE 112
Prada jacket, $1,700, and pants, $550, select Prada boutiques nationwide, M. Cohen bracelet, $220, madlords.com, Chan Luu bracelet, $152, madlords.com

PAGE 113
Giorgio Armani shirt, $1,045, Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide, Saturdays NYC swim trunks, $85, saturdaysnyc.com

PAGE 114
Michael Kors swim trunks, $98, michaelkors.com, M. Cohen bracelet, $342, madlords.com

PAGE 115
Lacoste tank, $135, lacoste.com, Vilebrequin shorts, $230, Vilebrequin stores

PAGE 116
Louis Vuitton sweater, $804, and shorts, $431, select Louis Vuitton stores; Hermès sweater, $2,225, and shorts, $730, Hermès stores nationwide; Saturdays NYC sweater, $125, saturdaysnyc.com, Levi's jeans, $80, levi.com; Michael Kors T-shirt, $70, michaelkors.com; A.P.C. shirt, $180, A.P.C. Mercer Street, New York

PAGE 117
J.Crew sweater, $75, jcrew.com; Saturdays NYC sweater, $110, saturdaysnyc.com, Michael Kors swim trunks, $98, michaelkors.com, A.P.C. necklace, $110, shop.nordstrom.com, M. Cohen bracelet, $342, madlords.com

PAGE 118
Polo Ralph Lauren shirt, $125, and swim trunks, $85, ralphlauren.com, Luis Morais necklace, $1,450, luismorais.com

PAGE 119
Lanvin shirt, $550, Lanvin New York, 807 Madison Avenue, Carhartt jeans, $128, carhartt-wip.com; Coach 1941 shirt, $195, select Coach Men stores, Lacoste tank, $165, lacoste.com, Saturdays NYC swim trunks, $85, saturdaysnyc.com, Luis Morais necklace, $1,450, luismorais.com; Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci shorts, $990, Givenchy, Miami

THIS PAGE
Simon Miller T-shirt, $150, simonmillerusa.com, M. Cohen bracelet, $693, madlords.com

CEDRIC BUCHET, STYLING BY DARCY BACKLAR

ONE IN FIVE AMERICAN CHILDREN GO HUNGRY

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STILL LIFE

GERHARD STEIDL

The distinguished book publisher shares a few of his favorite things.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBBIE LAWRENCE

"WHEN I GO TO other cities, I only stay a day—in Germany we have a saying: 'The horse wants to sleep in its own stable.' But I always travel with my Marimekko shoulder bags. The blue bag contains items like my iPhones and business cards. I keep a change of clothes in the black one. Mey, a manufacturer in south Germany, produces the underwear on the bottom left. It's made from mercerized cotton and feels almost like cashmere. The watches are made by Nomos. I always travel with two, and one is set to home time. The creasing tool above is made from cow bone. Over time, it gets thinner from use until it is as sharp as a knife. That's a Graf von Faber-Castell pencil to the right. The weight is placed away from the tip, which is good for writing. It's really the perfect pencil. Paper Mate produces the black pens. They're extremely cheap, but the ink flows out easily—the words run right out of your brain and directly into the marker. Below are Robert Frank's *The Americans* and Karl Lagerfeld and Carine Roitfeld's *The Little Black Jacket*. In my life, I've worked on approximately 4,000 books. Looking back, there are some that I would not do again because they're outdated in a certain way, but then there are some that are timeless. *The Americans* is one of those books. We've sold over 150,000 copies of *The Little Black Jacket*. My books are made simply: paper, cardboard, cloth. It's a very basic formula. I write personal letters on the typewriter, an IBM Selectric. I used one for typesetting my first book in 1972. Of course, it's no longer produced, but I keep it up to date with spare parts I purchased at an auction. The German light artist Ingo Maurer designed the candle. What's shining here is a video of a candle, projected from a little monitor. Finally, that's my wine glass. It's made by Riedel, an Austrian company, and intended for oaked Chardonnay. I always hated the idea that for every wine there's a glass. I just want some nice wine before bed! With this glass you're able to experience the smell and taste of the wine at once due to its wide opening. But I still don't drink white wine out of it, just red." *—As told to Thomas Gebremedhin*

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