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TODS.com

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Clockwise from left: Faye Toogood and her team outside of their new offices in London, photographed by Felix Odell. An interior from Emmanuel Perrotin's apartment in Paris, photographed by Frederik Vercruyse. Irving Penn, Mexico, 1942, © The Irving Penn Foundation, photograph by Nonny Gardner Penn.



BOTTEGA VENETA



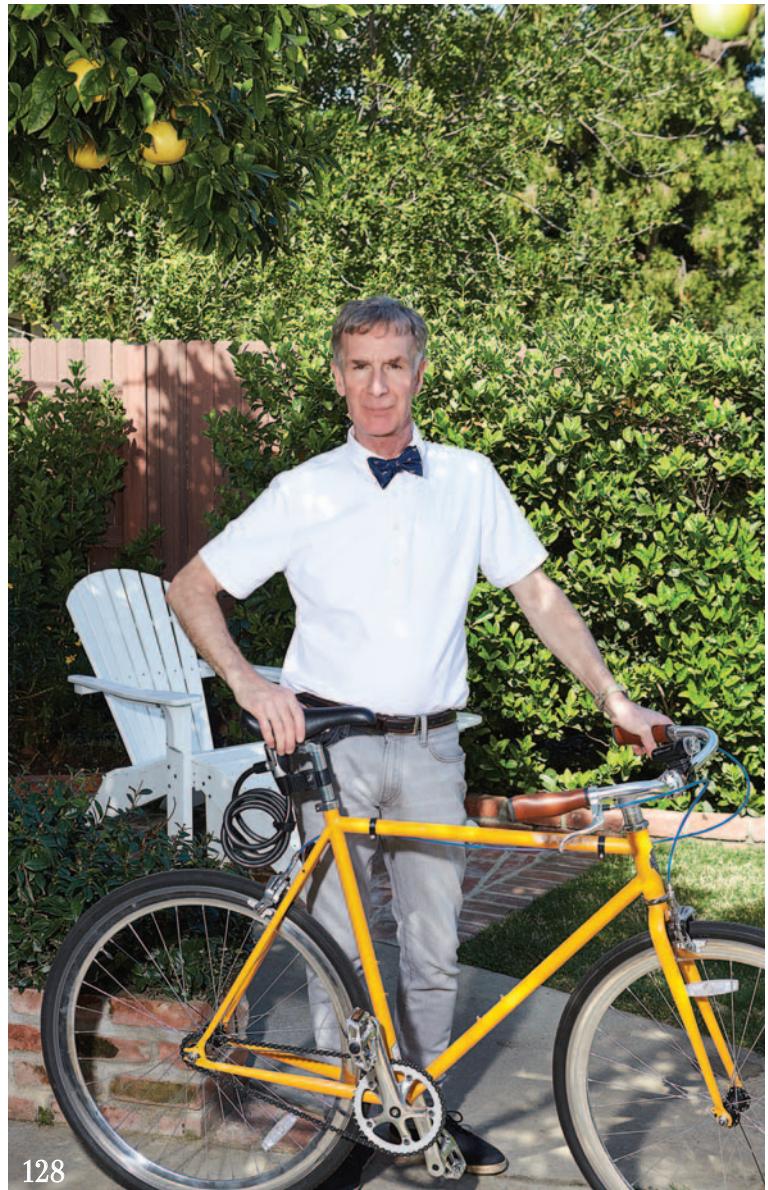
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MASTER CLASS

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEJANDRO CARDENAS



ROMANCING THE STONE At Italy's Studio Marco Giannoni, Bast (in Dior) carves a Carrara marble model of Anubis, who wears Dior Homme.

MANY OF THE ARTISTS featured in our 2017 Style & Design issue straddle the past and the present, tapping the power of tradition to create work that is unmistakably modern, whether in the dusty ranchlands of Marfa, Texas, or at New York City's most august arts school.

In 1977, feeling a bit weary of Manhattan's claustrophobic gallery scene, Donald Judd moved to Marfa, where, while continuing his artistic practices, he also designed furniture that reflected his emphatic minimalism and the practicalities of desert life. Starting next month, the Judd Foundation is offering two of his most iconic designs for sale, renewing interest in the artist's furniture just as MoMA prepares a forthcoming retrospective of his work.

Meanwhile, in Italy, sculptor Kevin Francis Gray is making radical designs using centuries-old (and increasingly rare) techniques for carving marble. The Tuscan town of Pietrasanta is known as Little Athens for all the artists who have come there to work with its longstanding community of marble studios, sourcing from the rich quarries nearby. Gray sought out Marco Giannoni—a fourth-generation artisan and one of the last to carve marble almost entirely by hand. Working with Giannoni and his staff, Gray has applied old-world craftsmanship to a series of provocative sculptures featured in his new show at Pace Gallery in New York.

This issue also includes a portfolio of 11 young artists currently in training at New York City's

prestigious Juilliard School, vividly captured by photographer Zoë Ghertner. This year, the 50th class of drama students enrolls at the conservatory; next year, its current, longtime president will depart. At this moment of change, a rising generation of musicians, dancers and thespians is eager to take up the torch, alive to the limitless potential of art. As one 22-year-old drama student relates: "Onstage I could do anything."

Kristina O'Neill
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ANH DUONG
Artist

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BACK TO THE LAND Clockwise from above: Archival image of Donald Judd and his children, Rainer and Flavin, in Marfa, Texas; writer Tony Perrottet; photographer Martien Mulder.

THE INTERIOR LIFE OF DONALD JUDD P. 80

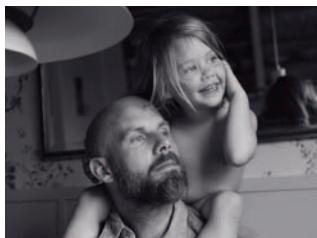
"It's one of the emptiest corners of the continental United States," says writer Tony Perrottet about Marfa, Texas, where he traveled for this month's cover story. There he met Flavin and Rainer Judd, children of the late artist Donald Judd, in the raw landscape their father had made his home and workplace until his unexpected death in 1994 at age 65. "I found the idea that they were still engaging with their father through his personal spaces very moving," says Perrottet. Photographer Martien Mulder, who recently released her first book, *The City Beautiful*, on the Le Corbusier-designed Indian city of Chandigarh, felt the assignment allowed her to further explore "architectural, spatial and design" influences that have become integral to her work. In conversations with Rainer, whose input affected Mulder's approach to the story's images, she learned that Rainer had wanted a garden as a child. "But Donald was very particular. He didn't necessarily want a garden in the complex," says Mulder. "So he gave her a row of plum trees that she could see out of her bedroom window." In Marfa, Mulder was able to see the trees through Rainer's eyes as well as through her lens. "It really made the house come alive." —Sara Morosi



MARGHERITA MORO

Stylist

GOOD JEANS P. 55



FELIX ODELL

Photographer

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ALICE CAVANAGH

Writer

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BEN WELLER

Photographer

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THE COLUMNISTS

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



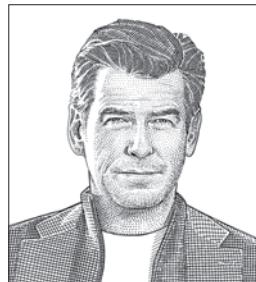
DAG
KITTLAUS

"Hollywood has documented our fascination with artificial intelligence, and our ability to communicate with AI, for decades—think of HAL 9000 or the movie *Her*. But we're still in the early stages—we don't yet know with enough specificity how the brain processes language to rebuild it in that way. In *Her*, Scarlett Johansson plays an AI operating system that's able to learn popular culture through language innately. At one point, Joaquin Phoenix's character says to her, 'No way,' and she's like, 'Way.' Something like that is currently beyond a computer's ability to understand and learn, because it doesn't really have a meaning. The vastness of context and meaning is a bridge that we haven't been able to overcome. But I think it's inevitable, and it will radically simplify the way we interact with everything."



DANI
SHAPIRO

"Words are our primary means of communication, but they are limited in terms of eliciting an emotional response. When we listen to a glorious symphony, it pierces us—there's something in it that inexplicably and wordlessly moves us. Part of the job of the writer is to attempt to use words in a way that creates that same wordless feeling of having one's world rocked. I don't tend to write about politics, but in recent months I've found myself worrying about the state of the world. Writers are their own instruments, so when that instrument changes, as it's changing in this moment, it feels urgently important to understand how to tune it. I teach creative writing to people trying to know themselves better, to open themselves up to the contents of their own inner lives using language—and that, I've lately been feeling, is a political act."



PIERCE
BROSnan

"I've been an immigrant all my life, so I'm quite versed in the language of assimilation. In 1964, when I was 11, I moved from Ireland to London. To be Irish during that period meant you were an outsider. My pronunciation of words was humiliatingly self-evident on the first day of school when I pronounced the *th* in *thirty* differently. I suppose that was my first performance, the burying of a dialect so that I could be part of the community. Later, when I came to the United States, I played with a mid-Atlantic twang because the South London accent I'd developed was not becoming to the image I had in my head. I felt like a fraud, but language was also a vehicle for self-exploration. I have different voices now—Irish, English and American—and I use them to great advantage to be a part of the milieu. They all have different vibrations and different meanings to my life."



JUDITH
LEIBER

"I was born in Budapest. In addition to Hungarian, we spoke German at home. My sister and I also learned English as young girls because in order to go to Western Europe you had to learn the languages—English, French, Italian, Spanish. I eventually went to school in London and spoke English well enough to register to study chemistry. But I never got to because shortly after I returned to Hungary, in 1939, the war broke out and I was confined to a Jewish ghetto throughout the Nazi occupation. I left after World War II, ultimately coming to the United States, eager to learn the American way. As I began designing and selling handbags, my fluency in English was incredibly valuable, especially when working with retailers. Even then, I understood that the use of superlatives was crucial to making products as attractive as possible. Although, of course, the beauty of objects is a language of its own."



THOM
MAYNE

"In any specialized territory, you have a somewhat private language used in-house. In architecture, for instance, there are terms we use like *building envelope*—that's literally the skin of a building. The language evolves as the work evolves, once we attempt to articulate it. It's necessary to find descriptions that are useful among specialists, because we're dealing with it at a much more specific, idiosyncratic level. It's not even about efficiency—it's trying to find words that deal with the conceptual nature of our discipline. There used to be many more architecture critics, especially at newspapers. They proved immensely important because they translated your voice into one that connected with an audience. Architects miss those critics because they explained to the outside world how a building is used, how it connects socially or culturally or politically, in terms other than our own."



RONI
HORN

"Almost from the beginning, text has found a place in my work. I don't think I ever strongly distinguished language from the visual. Thus titles are important to me both as a reader and an author. Sometimes a title comes along with the work, as part of the invention. *Wonderwater (Alice Offshore)*, which was published as a four-volume set in 2004, uses titles as its starting point and structure. I invited four artists to annotate a selection of my titles. A recent group of drawings is *Remembered Words*. The primary act of the work was literally remembering words. These were then written into the watercolor drawing. And then there are titles with no work associated with them yet. They lie in wait until I understand what they mean. Like *If On a Winter's Night, Then Once Upon a Time*. I'm almost ready to use that one. It's got something to do with fairy tales. Language and visuals occupy the same creative space in my work."

Kittlaus is the CEO and co-founder of Viv, an artificial intelligence platform, as well as the co-founder of Siri.

Shapiro is a writer. Her new memoir, *Hourglass: Time, Memory, Marriage*, is out this month.

Brosnan is an actor who stars in AMC's *The Son*, which premieres this month.

Leiber is a handbag designer. New York's Museum of Arts and Design celebrates her work in a retrospective opening this month.

Mayne is an architect.

Horn is an artist.

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The bar at Millie's Lounge, a 24-hour brasserie at The Ned, opening this month. "We want this to be a showstopper for everybody," says Nick Jones.

HOT PROPERTY

GRAND HOTEL

Nick Jones, founder of Soho House, has teamed up with the Sydell Group's Andrew Zobler on The Ned, a colossal new project in the City of London.

BY MARK ELLWOOD PHOTOGRAPHY BY TUNG WALSH

NICK JONES IS KEEN to stress the difference between his latest, sprawling project in London and Soho House, the globe-spanning, exclusive club he founded there in 1995. This time, he's aiming to appeal to more than just an elite few. "The Ned is for everyone," Jones repeats several times as he leads a tour of its dusty first floor amid the clatter of construction. Jones, 53, rarely walks, preferring a skipping jog as he climbs stairs and pinballs from room to room. "I'm so impatient. I hate waiting for an elevator," he says, pointing to the eight-strong bank of lifts newly installed at the building's core. "If the planners hadn't let us do that, I'd have said, 'OK, we're not the guys for this site.'"

The Surrey-born entrepreneur has built an impressive hospitality empire over the past two decades: His group now operates 18 Soho House sites worldwide, from Toronto to Istanbul, as well as 40 restaurants, most in the U.K. The Ned, opening this month, marks the first time he's partnered with an outsider on a hotel—American Andrew Zobler, CEO of the Sydell Group, best known for boutique hotels like New York's NoMad and The Line in L.A.'s Koreatown. In contrast to the boisterous Jones, Zobler is soft-spoken and relaxed. "We kid each other," he says. "Well, Nick kids me. I'm always on the receiving end." Zobler, 55, likens their five-year collaboration on the \$270 million project to filming a blockbuster. "Nick was making the movie and I acted as an editor, challenging him and asking questions."

If The Ned were a film, it might be a mash-up of Merchant Ivory and Marvel—classy and historic yet heroic in scale. The complex, which combines a hotel and a members' club with restaurants and amenities like a barbershop and spa, is housed in a City of London landmark: an 11-story building finished in 1924 as the headquarters of the Midland Bank. The neoclassical edifice is a masterpiece of Sir Edwin "Ned" Lutyens, at the time the favored architect of the British Empire. "His buildings are grand but unpretentious and have a feeling that people should be in them," says Jones.

With 60,000 square feet of public space, The Ned will need to be as welcoming as possible to survive. More than 250 rooms and suites, designed to evoke early-20th-century transatlantic liners, range from a handful of tiny spaces dubbed "Crash Pads" (\$220 a night but discounted for guests under 30) to an 1,880-square-foot suite carved from the wood-paneled, onetime chairman's office, at \$4,300 per night. In the lobby, Jones points gleefully to a small door off the main entrance, leading into a vintage private elevator. "The chairman wouldn't come in and say hello to all the tellers; he'd just go straight up to his office," he says. "Whoever takes the chairman's suite will have their own elevator."

Jones is standing with Zobler on a raised stage in the center of the lobby; a former lightwell into the vault below has been covered to form a wooden dais on which The Ned's in-house musicians, including its own choir, will perform. Jones does a quick shoe-shuffle as he looks out across what had been Midland's Grand Banking Hall. The huge room is being converted into a luxury food court, with a design that incorporates the

"THINK OF IT AS AN URBAN RESORT. THIS SENDS OUT A BEACON."

—ANDREW ZOBLER

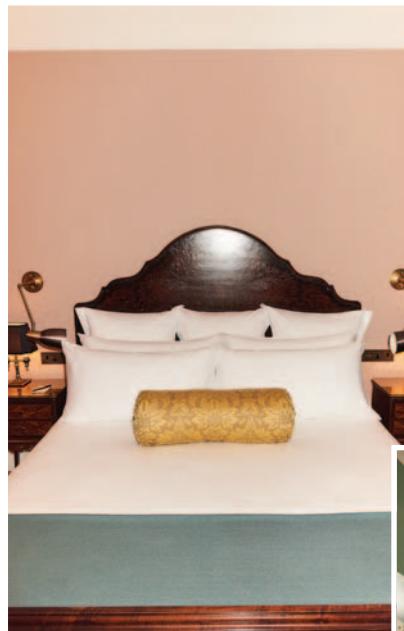
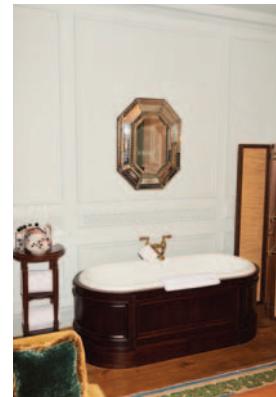
walnut-paneled counters and African verdite columns from Lutyens's original interior, a legacy of the building's stringent preservation rules.

The lobby will contain eight restaurants, including an outpost of the Soho House-owned Cecconi's and a Manhattan-style deli, Zobler's. "It started as a joke," Zobler says at the mention of his name. "London doesn't really produce Jewish deli the way we do in New York." It's become a passion project for the hotelier, who was born in Manhattan and raised on Long Island. "If you use the water here to make bagels, they don't taste the same, though we've been trying and trying," he says. "We think we're just going to freeze them and bring them over from New York."

Three subterranean floors, originally housing the bank's vaults, will now be home to the private club, to which hotel guests will also be admitted. The initial membership roster of 1,500—Jones expects that number to grow over the next three years—will be entitled to a 20 percent discount on hotel rooms as well as the use of a gym, a spa and the loungelike headquarters of Ned's Club, which sits behind a 20-ton door resembling the entrance to a Bond villain's bullion stash (in fact, the makers of 1964's *Goldfinger* used it as inspiration for Auric's lair). Another privilege is access to Upstairs, a social space on the building's roof boasting three bars and a casual cafe. Its centerpiece is a new pool with a commanding view of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Launching a venture in the City of London is a change for Jones, a man who built his reputation on prioritizing the creative class over bow-tied bankers (Soho House was founded expressly as a mingling spot for artists and writers). The Ned is also several times larger than any project he's undertaken—a potential risk for a clientele accustomed to more intimate properties. But Jones believes the hipster revival of nearby Shoreditch has shifted London's social center of gravity and will help draw a new crowd to a location several miles from London's West End.

Zobler agrees. "Think of it as an urban resort. If you had a quirky little hotel, it would be more challenging, but this sends out a beacon." Jones nods vigorously. "We want this to be a showstopper for everybody," he says before sprinting up the grand stairs.



ANTIQUE CHIC
From top: Zobler (left) and Jones; a walnut-paneled tub; tea at Millie's; a guest-room chandelier; a classic walnut bed; Ned's Club Relax; dinner at Millie's. The retro décor is meant to evoke prewar ocean liners.



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MARRIAGE MATERIAL
Above: Yves Spinelli and Dwyer Kilcollin, the founders of Los Angeles-based jewelry label Spinelli Kilcollin. Right: The Freyja (top) and Artemis styles from the brand's bridal collection.



PARTNERSHIP PERFECT MATCH

The newlyweds behind jewelry line Spinelli Kilcollin have turned their talents to engagement rings and wedding bands.

LAST JUNE Yves Spinelli, 42, and Dwyer Kilcollin, 33, co-founders of the Los Angeles-based jewelry label Spinelli Kilcollin, surprised each other with custom rings at their intimate Silver Lake wedding. For Kilcollin, Spinelli had created three bands, each with a different color of diamonds: white, orange and olive green. And Kilcollin, who knew that Spinelli had always wanted a platinum ring, used the metal to construct a 5-millimeter band joined by three accent bands in 24-karat gold.

In fact, the couple had been to nearly a dozen weddings that year and had designed the rings for many of them. “After creating pieces for our friends and then each other, we saw bridal as a seamless extension of our brand,” says Kilcollin, a fine-art sculptor who also serves as the line’s creative director.

Spinelli Kilcollin launched in 2010 with its signature Galaxy

ring—three linked bands that can be worn across two or three fingers or stacked on one. The unique architectural style soon became a favorite, and the Spinelli Kilcollin line, which is handmade in downtown L.A., now sells at stores such as Barneys and Dover Street Market. The 15-piece bridal collection, launching this month, offers several new variations on the Galaxy, some featuring white, cognac and champagne diamonds. There’s also a versatile pair of earrings comprising white gold-and-diamond discs and removable pearl studs. “Similar to our designs, our wedding wasn’t traditional,” Spinelli says. “There’s definitely a movement for alternative bridal.”

Although they offer set styles, Spinelli and Kilcollin hope to continue their practice of working directly with customers to develop authentic designs. “If someone is looking for an engagement ring, we can attach a wedding band later,” says Spinelli. “Our clients aren’t trend driven, but they are very forward thinking.” *spinellikilcollin.com. —Laura Stoloff*



GREAT OUTDOORS

Freed from crunchy associations and neon motifs, luxe, trek-worthy sandals are ready for trailblazing, both urban and alpine.

For details see Sources, page 126.



AN IMPERIAL REBIRTH

The Peninsula Beijing is proud to unveil its landmark renovation, combining timeless artistry and craftsmanship with the largest guest rooms for a contemporary expression of Chinese luxury in the heart of the Capital.

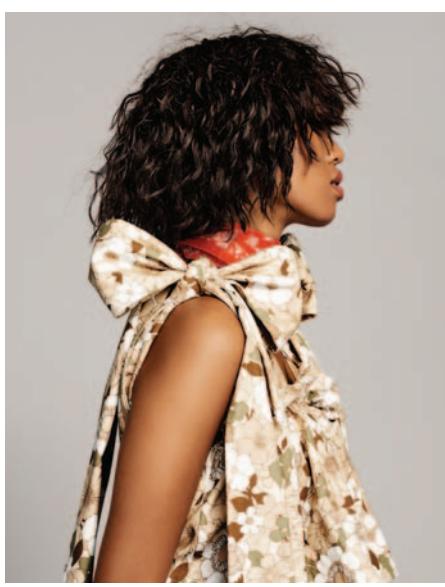
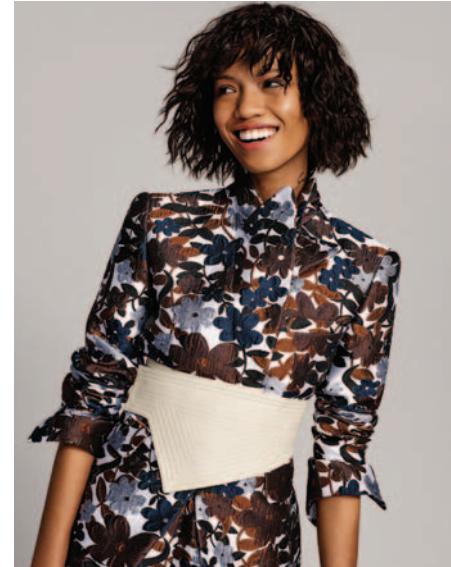
THE PENINSULA
HOTELS



TREND REPORT

BLOOMING BRILLIANT

Mixing and matching bold floral patterns is a bright way to welcome spring.



BUDDING GENIUS
 Top, from left: Dries Van Noten jacket and shorts, Brock Collection top, Loewe flower (worn as necklace) and Mercedes Castillo shoes; Lanvin dress, Marni pocket belt, Hermès scarf and Jennifer Fisher ring. Center, from left: Salvatore Ferragamo dress, Loewe belt and flowers (worn as armband) and Charlotte Chesnais earring; Michael Kors Collection jacket and shorts and Electric Feathers belt; Rag & Bone dress (worn underneath), Diane von Furstenberg skirt, Mercedes Castillo shoes, Jennifer Fisher necklace and Charlotte Chesnais ring. Bottom, from left: Chloé top and Rag & Bone bandanna; Isabel Marant blouse and sleeveless top, Carolina Herrera skirt and Rag & Bone bandanna. Model, Adesuwa Aighewi at Silent Models NY; hair, Adam Markarian; makeup, Allie Smith. For details see Sources, page 126.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SACHA MARIC
 FASHION EDITOR ALEXANDER FISHER



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NEW DIMENSIONS

LONDON-BASED DESIGN PARTNERSHIP CAMPBELL-REY CREATES ITS FIRST FURNITURE COLLECTION

DUNCAN CAMPBELL and Charlotte Rey, the business partners behind the London creative consultancy and design partnership Campbell-Rey, met as 19-year-old interns in Paris in 2006. They were working for the Swedish clothing brand Acne Studios' cult biannual publication *Acne Paper* (now discontinued). Since founding their firm in 2014, the pair have become accustomed to meeting high expectations, collaborating with the likes of Bentley and Bulgari. So it's no great surprise that they've gone all in with their first self-initiated design project: a collection of three eye-catching tables (in cocktail, side and coffee styles) with octagonal, two-tone marble tops and spindly, hammered-brass legs. "We wanted to let the materials sing for themselves," says Rey, 31, who is originally from Malmö, in southern Sweden. "The design is simple—beautiful, we hope, but also very usable," adds Campbell, 30, who grew up in Edinburgh, Scotland. The series debuts this month during Milan's Salone del Mobile furniture fair, where the young tastemakers will take over a space in the showroom of Italian PR-heavyweight Martina Gamboni, who is known for spotting the next big thing on the design scene.

campbell-rey.com. —Natalia Rachlin

OBJECT OF DESIRE
POMELLATO'S RITRATTO COLLECTION TAKES ITS NAME FROM THE PORTRAIT-CUT STYLE OF STONE OFTEN SEEN IN ANTIQUE INDIAN JEWELRY. THE RINGS, SHOWN IN AMETHYST AND SMOKY QUARTZ, ARE DESIGNED TO SIT PLAYFULLY ASKEW.

pomellato.com



BUY THE BOOK TRUE CLASSICS

There are some heroes whose devil-may-care attitude never gets old—each year, their legend only grows: Mick Jagger, Jack Nicholson and Lauren Hutton (above), to name a few. This spring, Italian fashion house Tod's releases *Timeless Icons*, a new book exploring the enduring appeal of such stars and how they inspire the brand. "They all seem so different, but there is the same effortless style," says Tod's founder and CEO, Diego Della Valle. "Yet despite seeming casual, there is great attention to detail."

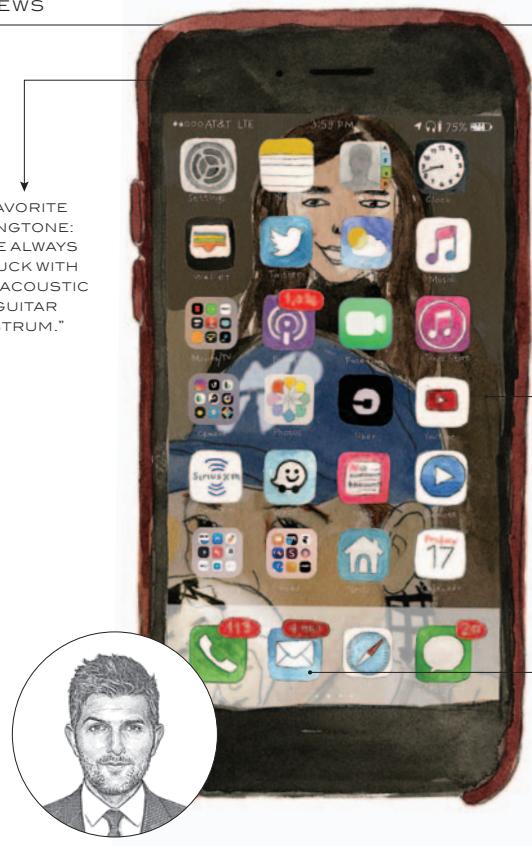
FRESH FACED
Icelandic scientist Björn Örvar spent five years genetically modifying barley to create the replica of human epidermal growth factor, or EGF, that forms the basis of Bioeffect, a potent line of antiaging products newly available in the U.S. "Human skin recognizes this EGF," says Örvar. The company's latest offering, EGF Eye Mask Treatment (\$95), comes out in May. bioeffect.com. —Jane Larkworthy





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THE DOWNLOAD

ADAM SCOTT

The actor, who most recently appeared in HBO's *Big Little Lies* and stars in the upcoming film *Fun Mom Dinner*, reveals what's on his phone.

Number of contacts
978.

Biggest time-wasting app
Twitter. I read more than I actually tweet.

First app checked in the morning
Email. At night, it's Netflix—I usually fall asleep watching on my iPad.

Are there times when you try to stay off your phone entirely?
When I'm with my kids, though I'm not always successful. We don't want our kids' primary memories of their parents to be two distracted zombies staring into a light in their hand.

Most-essential app while traveling
Waze. If you've rented a car, this is a must. I last used it on Kauai.

Most-listened-to track on iTunes
Beck's "Wow"—that's me and my son's jam.

Outgoing voicemail message
"Hey, it's Adam. Leave a message. Thanks." Pretty insane, right?

Favorite podcast
Right now, it's *Pod Save America* or *The Daily* from the New York Times.

At what battery percentage do you feel compelled to charge your phone?
I start to fret around 12 percent, but I live in L.A., so there's time to charge in the car.

Apps most likely to be viewed in a checkout line
Safari, Twitter—but sometimes I miss staring off into space.

Most-watched entertainment app and favorite show
The CBS app and Netflix. Current favorites are *The Good Fight* and *Bloodline*.

Sources in your newsstand
Buzzfeed, the *New York Times*, *Vanity Fair*, *Vice*, the *Guardian*, the *New Yorker*, *New York*, the *Washington Post*, *Slate*.

Cities listed in your weather and world clock apps
L.A., Ojai, San Francisco and Lake Arrowhead, California; Park City, Utah; Lake Havasu City, Arizona; Grand Junction, Colorado; Miami; Atlanta; Washington, D.C.; New York City; Toronto; Dublin; London; Wellington, New Zealand.

How long did your most-recent phone call last?
Seventeen seconds, with my lawyer. Just long enough to say, "Sue everybody."

TOOTH FAIRY

This spring, brush up on the latest toothpastes, with active ingredients like coconut oil and charcoal and fresh flavors from licorice to lime.



From left: Curaprox White Is Black, Lebon Une Piscine à Antibes, Terra & Co. Brilliant Black, Tulip Mint, The Dirt MCT Oil Royal Rose Cacao Mint, Marvis Rambas. For details see Sources, page 126.



TABLE TALK

This month J.J. Martin, founder of the Milan-based La DoubleJ online vintage shop, introduces her first home-goods line. The plates and linens feature prints from the silk house Mantero, with which Martin has also collaborated on clothing. "You could match your tablecloth to your dress," she says. ladoublej.com. —Christine Whitney



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JEWELRY BOX

STRANDS OF TIME

A fashionable friend from Coco Chanel's youth is celebrated in pearls, spinels and diamonds.

Coco avant Chanel, the latest of Chanel's biannual couture jewelry collections, celebrates the women who inspired the young fashion designer before she became a legend. The Parure Marthe set, which also includes a ring and a bracelet, is named for Marthe Davelli, a glamorous operatic soprano who looked so much like her friend Coco that she often served as an impromptu model. The earrings and necklace, both made of cultured Japanese pearls, feature the quintessential Chanel ribbon motif, set in white gold with gray spinels and brilliant-cut diamonds. For details see Sources, page 126.

—Sara Morosi

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JIAXI & ZHE



Matthew Hilton
Designer of the Cross Extension Table



CLOSET CASE
RIDING HIGH

When Ben Gorham, founder of Swedish-French fragrance brand Byredo, was asked by his friends Erik Torstensson and Jens Grede to collaborate on a menswear collection for their label Frame, he took inspiration from an unlikely source: bull riding. "There's a poetry in the violence," Gorham explains. Incorporating washed denim, bandanna prints and rodeo imagery, the 22-piece line is available April 27. frame-store.com. —Joseph Akel

MAIN FRAME

With her poignant portraits of fictional black figures, Lynette Yiadom-Boakye, the London-based painter of Ghanaian heritage, has become an art-world sensation—yet has somehow maintained a low public profile. That may soon change with her solo show in May at New York's New Museum, where she'll unveil a suite of new work (including *Medicine at Playtime*, right). newmuseum.org. —Michael Slenske



SLUMBER PARTY

Loro Piana Interiors, the home division of the Italian luxury brand, celebrates its first decade with the launch of a debut sheet collection. The linen bedding comes in three patterns—plain, hemstitched and, as shown here, with a cording-trim border. loropiana.com. —Sarah Medford



TIME MACHINES

RALPH LAUREN'S FIRST MINUTE REPEATER, SEEN HERE IN 18-KARAT WHITE GOLD WITH A BLACK ALLIGATOR STRAP, HAS A DISCREET SLIDING PIECE THAT ACTIVATES THREE DISTINCT CHIMES FOR THE HOURS, QUARTER-HOURS AND MINUTES.

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DEEP HORIZON
A bench from Fernando Mastrangelo's new Escape series.



LAYER ON LAYER

DESIGNER FERNANDO MASTRANGELO DEBUTS NEW FURNITURE MADE WITH SAND, SILICA, CEMENT AND GLASS.

FERNANDO Mastrangelo's furniture is all about materials, which makes sense, given his background as a sculptor and artist. Launching this month at Rossana Orlandi gallery in Milan and Maison Gerard in New York, his latest series, Escape, is an extension of his salt-sand paintings—abstractions of photographs he's taken of horizons around the world. In the furniture, the foreground is represented by silica and the water and mountains by hand-dyed sand. For the sky, Mastrangelo turned to powdered glass, a substance he'd never worked with before. "I'm addicted to it," he says, comparing it to oil paint. "It has so much luminosity."

In May, Mastrangelo will introduce two additional series, Ghost and Thaw, at New York's Collective Design Fair, the venue where he showed his first major collection, Drift, last year. Ghost, three pieces cast from white cement, evolved from his commission for the Thakoon store in New York, while Thaw, four pieces done in white powdered glass, is a meditation on glaciers. "I'm trying to represent something conceptual in furniture," he says. "That's maybe more radical than doing so in art." fernandomastrangelo.com. —Julie Coe

DESIGN PORTRAIT.



Michel Club, seat system designed by Antonio Citterio. www.bbitalia.com

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Q&A

WITH WSJ.

Based across the globe, artists Makoto Azuma, Rebecca Louise Law and Ruby Barber share a common medium: flowers. Here, the distinguished floral designers discuss current projects, recent discoveries and dream collaborations. —*Gisela Williams*



MAKOTO AZUMA TOKYO

At the age of 21, Makoto Azuma, now 40, moved to Tokyo with dreams of becoming a rock star. Instead, after working at the Ota flower market, he quickly turned to floral design. In 2002, together with friend and photographer Shunsuke Shiinoki, he opened Jardins des Fleurs, a haute couture flower shop, and started creating bouquets and displays that he calls “botanical sculpture.” They caught the eye of the art world, and in 2009 he launched his experimental lab Azuma Makoto Kaju Kenkyusho. He has exhibited “ike” (short for *ikebana*, the Japanese art of floral arrangement) in a range of environments, from glaciers to the desert. In 2014, with help from JP Aerospace and a helium balloon, Azuma launched two works into the stratosphere. Last year he collaborated with fashion designer Dries Van Noten, freezing blooms in large blocks of ice as the backdrop for a show. Up next: Azuma is preparing to launch an “ike” into the ocean via submarine. azumamakoto.com



1. What's one of your recent discoveries?
I'm making Block Flowers, which use real plants covered in acrylic resin.

2. Which design books inspire you?
Those by Robert Rauschenberg, Roman Signer, Taro Okamoto.

3. Who was the first artist who really captured your attention?
I was into '70s U.K. punk like the Sex Pistols, the Damned, etc.

4. Who is your favorite fashion designer?
I feel empathy for Dries Van Noten. He loves nature and has an incredible garden.

5. What's your current TV obsession?
I only watch sports programs. I'm especially into the National High School Baseball Championship of Japan.

6. Who inspires you?
Yukio Nakagawa, a Japanese avant-garde ikebana artist, and Naomi Uemura [shown], a Japanese worldwide adventurer.

7. Preferred hotel?
Heritance Kandalama, in Sri Lanka.

8. Favorite type of food?
Japanese food like soba or udon noodles.



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1. What is your favorite personal project?
I currently have an exhibition in Denmark. The central installation, *Pride*, is made from a collection of preserved flowers saved from previous projects [example at right] from the last six years. It's incredible to see a piece that combines so many artworks.



2. What is your favorite scent?

Jo Malone London's Red Roses.



3. Favorite restaurant?
Brawn on Columbia Road in London. I love its simplicity, and the wine is amazing.



4. Who were the first artists who really captured your attention?
Anya Gallaccio, Mark Rothko, Wassily Kandinsky [shown], Olafur Eliasson.



5. Which book inspires you?
My favorite book is Émile Zola's *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*.



6. If you weren't an artist or designer, what career would you choose?
A flower hunter at Kew Gardens.



7. What's your current TV obsession?
I'm watching *Peaky Blinders*.



8. Preferred hotel?
The Grand Hyatt, in Melbourne.



9. Is there a particular flower you especially like to work with?
I prefer to work with species that preserve well, such as rose [shown], statice, helichrysum, acroclinium and rhodanthe.



10. What's one of your recent discoveries?
The Words With Friends iPhone app. I'm addicted to it.



11. When you send flowers to someone, what is your ideal bouquet?
Simple. Usually a lot of one flower. David Austin Roses sells cut stems to make stunning bouquets.



REBECCA LOUISE LAW

LONDON

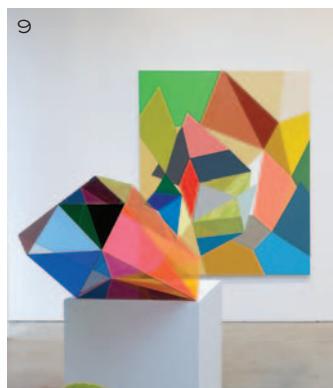
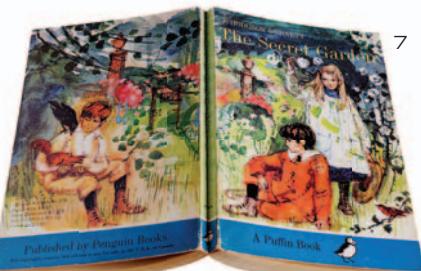
Rebecca Louise Law, 36, spent much of her childhood playing in gardens in the English countryside near Cambridge. While studying art in the early aughts at Newcastle University, she painted color-field canvases inspired by Mark Rothko and other abstract expressionists but wasn't satisfied. "I wanted my work to replicate the feeling I had running through a field of flowers or lying in freshly cut grass on a summer's day," says Law, who began creating installations with dried flowers. Her first project, *Dahlias* (2003), included sculptures of preserved dahlias entwined with copper wire. Now she has an eponymous gallery in East London and has had exhibitions around the world, including a canopy of 150,000 dried blooms in Melbourne's Eastland mall. In October, she will create an installation at the Shirley Sherwood Gallery in London's Kew Gardens. "My whole collection of preserved flowers will be entwined to create a space where the viewer can be completely enveloped in nature," she says. rebeccalouiselaw.com



PAUL SOFA— VINCENT VAN DUYSEN
D.153.1 ARMCHAIR— GIO PONTI
PANNA COTTA SMALL TABLE— RON GILAD

JAN SMALL TABLES— VINCENT VAN DUYSEN
DOMINO NEXT POUF— NICOLA GALLIZIA
RANDOM CARPET— PATRICIA URQUIOLA

Molteni&C



RUBY BARBER

BERLIN

As a child in Sydney, Australia, Ruby Barber loved Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Secret Garden*. In 2013, a year after she moved to Berlin, she launched Mary Lennox, a flower business named after the book's main character. A recent major project was to create the botanical identity of The Store in Berlin's Mitte district, a sprawling concept shop that she filled with leafy tropical trees, hanging plants and potted cactuses. She is especially interested in intercropping, the practice of growing two or more species in the same space. "That's how I like to work as well, collaborating with those who surround us to create something even better," says the 28-year-old, who has worked with artists including photographer Amira Fritz and fashion designer Riccardo Tisci. Her dream is to eventually curate a botanical festival or museum. "There are so many artists and scientists and anthropologists and chefs working with flowers and plants," she says. "I'd like to bring them all together under one roof and see what grows." marylennox.de

1. What book inspires you?

I always revisit Robert Mapplethorpe's *Flora*. It's such a pure expression of the beauty of nature and reminds me to keep it classic.

2. What is your favorite personal project?

We worked with Amira Fritz on a series of analog photographs of small bouquets, and the collaboration has led to an ongoing exchange of ideas and projects.

3. What are your three travel essentials?

Lucas' Papaw Ointment, a swimsuit, RBC Jewellery earrings.

4. What artwork do you admire?

I love Jamie North's botanical sculptures.

5. Preferred hotel?

My most memorable stay was at the Ion Luxury Adventure Hotel in Iceland.

6. What historic artist has influenced you?

Dieter Rams once said: "Good design is as little design as possible."

7. Is there a particular story that inspired you to work in flowers?

Mary Lennox's namesake is the heroine from *The Secret Garden*. I dressed up as Mary as a child, and by chance my first studio was on the corner of Mary and Lennox streets. Mary is now almost a part of my personality.

8. What is your favorite restaurant or dish?

I can never go past Bill Granger's ricotta hotcakes with honeycomb butter at Granger & Co. in London.

9. If you could collaborate with anyone from another discipline, who would it be?

I would love to work with artist Gemma Smith on her Boulders sculptures using flowers.

10. Is there a particular flower you especially like to work with?

Violets are among my most treasured flowers.

CLOCKWISE FROM FAR LEFT: AMIRA FRITZ; MAPPLETHORPE FLORA: THE COMPLETE FLOWERS, PHAIDON, OPEN AT PAGES 70-1, SHOWING CATTLEYA ORCHID, 1982 (LEFT) AND ORCHID, 1982 (RIGHT) © ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE FOUNDATION; AMIRA FRITZ; COURTESY OF LUCAS' PAPAW REMEDIES; COURTESY OF ION LUXURY ADVENTURE HOTEL; CEW/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO; FROM TOP: GEMMA SMITH, BOULDER #2, 2008, ACRYLIC ON POLYESTER 182.5 X 182 CM; GEMMA SMITH, BOULDER #2, 2008, ACRYLIC 94 X 64 X 80 CM; (VARIABLE), COURTESY OF SARAH COTTIER GALLERY; WILDLIFE GMBH/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO; KRISTIN PERERS; MARTYN GODDARD/CORBIS VIA GETTY IMAGES; JAMIE NORTH, WOMPOO, 2013, FIBRE REINFORCED CONCRETE (PORTLAND CEMENT, COAL ASH, STEEL SLAG, IRON OXIDE); AUSTRALIAN NATIVE PLANTS SPECIES, 182 X 30 X 30 CM., COURTESY OF SARAH COTTIER GALLERY

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Kealakekua Bay

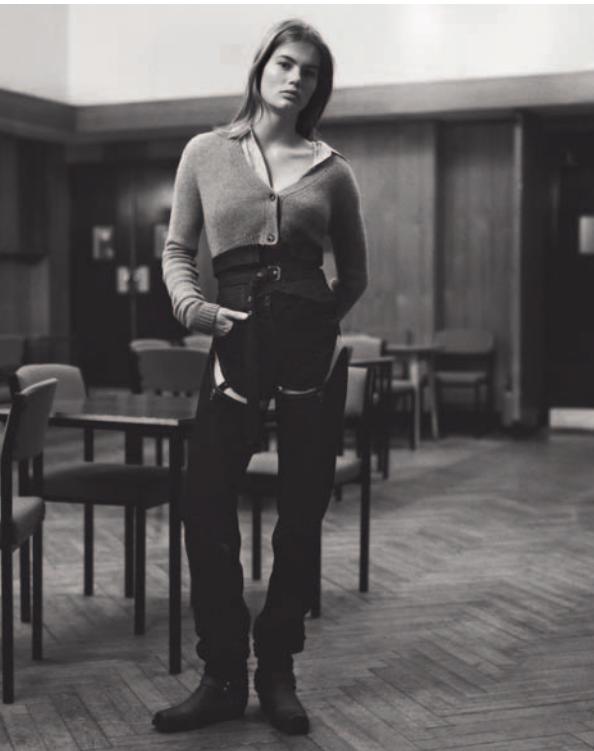


TWO OF A KIND
Checks and plaids mix well. On him: Polo Ralph Lauren jacket, pants and shirt and Ralph Lauren belt. On her: Prada vest, shirt, turtleneck and shorts.

GOOD JEANS

Double down on his-and-hers denim that reinvents trusty blues with modern shapes and a vintage spirit.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BEN WELLER
STYLING BY MARGHERITA MORO

**HANG TIME**

Take a fresh look at shapes like wide legs and cinched waists. Left: Acne Studios sweater, AG shirt, Isabel Marant belt, Y/Project bodysuit (worn underneath) and jeans and vintage boots. Below, on him: Linder jeans and Raf Simons shirt. On her: Philosophy di Lorenzo Serafini jacket, corset and shorts.



N

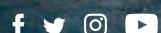
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YOUNG ONES

Cut and reworked denim are no wallflowers. Above, on her: Michael Kors Collection sweater, Faith Connexion shirt, J Brand skirt, See by Chloé shoes, vintage bolo tie and stylist's own socks. On him: Marc Jacobs jacket, Raf Simons vest, vintage T-shirt, McQ Alexander McQueen shorts, Maison Margiela shoes and stylist's own socks. Left: Vetements x Levi's jacket, jeans and belt, Brunello Cucinelli shirt, Dsquared2 gloves and vintage hat and chaps.

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LIGHT WASH
Ground a flowing top with a frayed pair. Isabel Marant top and Dolce & Gabbana jeans.

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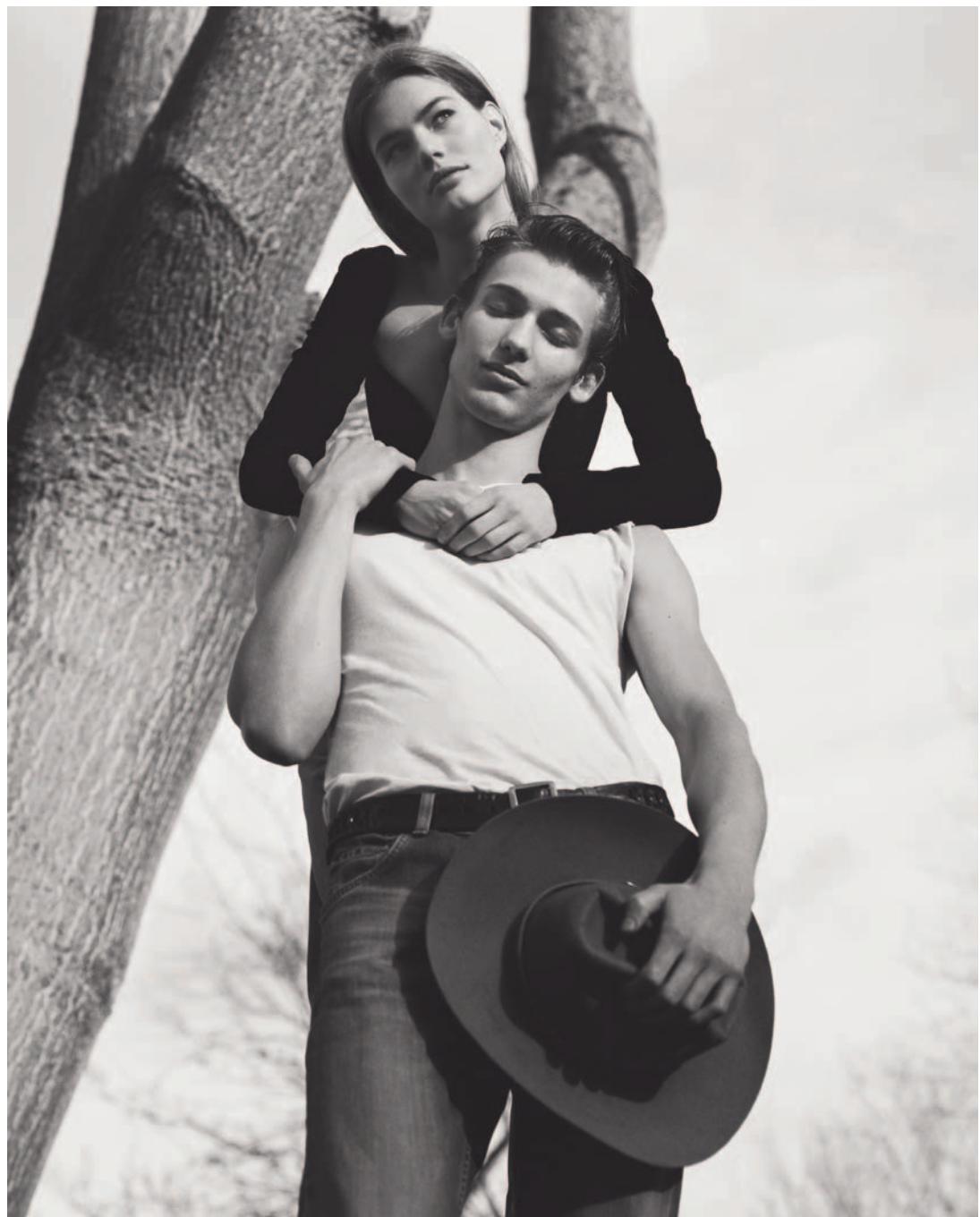
ELEVATE THE EVERYDAY.

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HAT TRICK

Dark hues are a strong statement. Left: 7 for All Mankind jacket, Juun.J jeans, vintage boots and stylist's own collar. Below, on her: Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello top and jeans. On him: Rag & Bone jeans, John Varvatos belt, vintage hat and model's own tank.





BIG LOVE
Slouchy styles make for a good match. On her: Vintage overalls and Ann Demeulemeester tank. On him: Valentino jacket and jeans, John Varvatos T-shirt and John Varvatos Star USA belt. Models, Martha Bold at Next Model Management and Christopher Einia at Models 1; hair, Chi Wong; makeup, Niamh Quinn. For details see Sources, page 126.



MILY BAUGHMAN SWIVEL TILT
CLUB CHAIRS IN ZEBRA



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PAIR OF WINNERS
Jeff Schwartz, founder
of Excel Sports
Management, talks
with client Paul Pierce
of the Los Angeles
Clippers before a game
at Madison Square
Garden in New York.

TRACKED

JEFF SCHWARTZ

As founder of one of the most influential sports management firms, this agent is the gatekeeper to some of the NBA's biggest names.

BY ANDREW BEATON PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRISTOPHER LEAMAN

JEFF SCHWARTZ DOESN'T recognize himself in Hollywood's classic portrayal of sports agents—the ones who scream into their phones or race between endless parties. Still, he understands why others would: Schwartz, 53, represents the biggest arsenal of National Basketball Association superstars in the world. And his New York-based firm, Excel Sports Management, which also works with athletes in baseball, football and golf, boasts a roster of recognizable talents including Tiger Woods and Derek Jeter. But Schwartz's unfussy Midtown office, which features minimal memorabilia from his impressive career, illustrates his more restrained approach, giving hardly any clue to the influence he wields in the industry. He acknowledges, though, that there's no way to avoid the frenetic nature of his profession. "If you want a set schedule, don't get into sports," he says. "If you want to do well, you have to live this job."

Raised in Cheshire, Connecticut, Schwartz was educated at Temple University's Beasley School of Law and began his career as a clerk for a federal judge, which he followed with a role as a litigation associate at a law firm. In 1992, he took a job at IMG, the dominant sports talent management company at the time, where he soon represented tennis legends such as Pete Sampras and Martina Hingis. In 1999, he left IMG to oversee the sports division at another agency, Artist Management Group; three years later he founded Excel to house a growing clientele of basketball players. Excel expanded in 2011, when agents Casey Close and Mark Steinberg—who both started within three weeks of Schwartz at IMG—came in as partners; Alan Zucker joined in 2014. Over the years, Excel has earned a reputation as one of the most lucrative agencies in the business. This year alone, its basketball players will earn more than \$350 million in salaries. "We could be even bigger," Schwartz says, but adding more agents who may not fit the culture "doesn't always work." Looking forward, Schwartz hopes to diversify Excel's marketing services, an area in which the firm already represents one non-sports superstar: Taylor Swift.

The demanding nature of his business takes Schwartz on the road four months out of every year. It can weigh on him, especially since it means time apart from his wife, Natalie, and their three young daughters. But he's quick to point out certain career highlights, like the time he went to congratulate his longtime client Paul Pierce, then a small forward for the Boston Celtics, after the team won the 2008 NBA title. Schwartz found Pierce in the Boston Garden training room sharing celebratory beers with two other greats—his teammates Kevin Garnett and Ray Allen. Still, the moments Schwartz cherishes most are the exceedingly routine. His favorite: taking his 7-year-old daughter to school in the morning. "It's the best part of my day," he says. >



12:10 p.m.

His office doesn't hold many clues to his profession, but this notebook is one of them.



8:04 a.m.

Schwartz takes his oldest daughter, Sloane, to school before heading into work.



11:13 a.m.

A meeting with Michele Roberts, executive director of the National Basketball Players Association, in her Midtown office.



2:32 p.m.

Schwartz FaceTimes with client Kemba Walker, a guard for the Charlotte Hornets.



4:27 p.m.

With officers at Excel, he discusses the agenda for a partner meeting and costs for an office renovation.



8:03 p.m.

Waiting for a subway back to the office before he drives home.



3 Olympics

The number of Games he's attended during his career, including London in 2012 (his client Kevin Love was on the U.S. basketball team).

41 countries

The number he's visited, often for work.

25 years

The amount of time that Schwartz and his first two partners at Excel have known each other; they first met at IMG.

50 NBA games

The number Schwartz estimates he attends each year.

3 daughters

His oldest is 7, and his twins are 4.

6 basketball players

The number of 2016 first-round draft picks represented by Excel, the most of any agency.

45 league championships

The number won by Excel clients across all sports.

5 clients

Schwartz's roster of players when he founded Excel in 2002.

1 mile

The distance from his office to Madison Square Garden. •



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STUDY IN DESIGN

THE HOUSE OF TOOGOOD

Faye Toogood's eclectic new studio illustrates her refusal to be defined by a singular kind of output or as a single kind of artist.

BY NATALIA RACHLIN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FELIX ODELL

IN AN OLD PHOTO of Faye Toogood from 2012, she is gazing rather sternly into the camera, sporting platinum-blond hair and a leopard-print minidress. She had just collaborated with Opening Ceremony, creating furniture and interiors for the fashion brand's London pop-up. Some five years later, Toogood is sitting in a chair of her own design, on the second floor of her new atelier, a Victorian townhouse in London's Shoreditch neighborhood, wearing shades of beige: tan, flat-soled boots, sturdy cream trousers and a cream felt coat. Her hair is now its natural brown, and her expressions are softer. "I've created many identities," says Toogood, who turned 40 this January. "There have been multiple haircuts, multiple wardrobes and multiple versions of me. I tend to step into whatever world it is that I am making at the time, and I very much inhabit that construct."

Toogood's latest microcosm—a boxy three-story building of modest proportions, with a dusty-black facade and a floor plan that narrows the higher you go—is of the literal variety. The House of Toogood, as she has dubbed her studio, sits on a corner of Redchurch Street, a hypergentrified six-block stretch of East London. Toogood and her "merry band of misfits" (a 13-person team of recovering architects, liberated industrial designers and art school rescues) spent last fall transforming their new headquarters—which will, as of this spring, occasionally open to the public as a gallery, shop, showroom or workshop—from a state of disrepair into a *Gesamtkunstwerk*. Characterful vintage finds (an old wooden pew scored on eBay, a kitchen sink reclaimed from a Dutch canal barge) intermingle with the studio's own creations, including the elegant Spade chair with its



tool-like handle and chubby stoneware pots made for Tokyo's E&Y showroom. This irreverent mix provides a tactile summary of the burgeoning aesthetic empire that Toogood has forged over the course of the past decade; as much as her tangible products, Toogood's eye and imagination have become her sought-after signatures.

The inner sanctum of the house is on the second floor: a small office that hosts the studio's daily operations and an adjacent parlor where Toogood spends the majority of her workday, in the company of Roly-Poly. Plump and tranquil, this six-piece collection of fiberglass furniture includes the low, charcoal-colored chair upon which Toogood is resting. With a seat that looks like an ice cream scoop and four elephantine

legs that one half-expects to move at any moment, it doesn't so much furnish as inhabit the space.

Around the perimeter of this intimate drawing room, slim shelves are piled with archive boxes that contain memorabilia from every project Toogood has worked on, from fantastical installations for clients like Hermès, Kenzo and Commes des Garçons to interiors for a crisp Ibizan villa and a moody flat in Mayfair. She has also done ceramics, textiles and door handles, and then there's the growing portfolio of furniture collections. These assemblages, as Toogood calls them, emphasizing the objects' relationship to one another and the space in which they are presented, have seen her experiment with form and material. From one series to the next, the delicate has given >

PERSONAL SPACE
Faye Toogood in her new studio. "I've always felt a bit like an outsider in every category I work in," she says.

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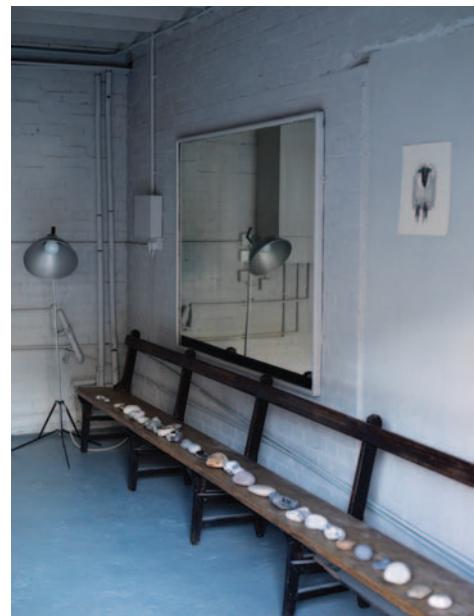
"THIS HOUSE IS REALLY PROOF
TO MYSELF THAT WHAT WE'RE
WEARING, WHAT WE'RE SITTING
ON AND THE SPACE WE'RE
LIVING IN, THAT'S ALL PART OF
THE SAME LANGUAGE."

—FAYE TOOGOOD





INNER WORKINGS
Clockwise from right: The second-floor parlor, used as an informal office and meeting space to receive clients; in the studio's kitchenette, a collection of crockery; a staircase to the second floor. Opposite: A Roly-Poly chair in the foyer.



BLUE NOTES
From top: A vintage wooden pew has been reincarnated as a display bench in the entryway; some of Toogood's signature coat designs on permanent display.

way to the monumental, and English sycamore has been traded for metal security mesh.

Though there are threads that run through Toogood's work (a sculptural quality, an appreciation for traditional crafts, a strong sense of narrative), she is known for the scope of her wide-ranging practice rather than for a particular medium. To designate her a designer feels like a shortcut, not least because she wasn't formally trained as one. Marc Benda, of New York's Friedman Benda gallery, which hosted Toogood's first American solo show in February, compares her dexterity to "watching a child draw with both hands." "In the way that she weaves all these disciplines together, I don't see anyone doing anything similar," says Benda. "There's a childlike quality in her approach that I find extremely refreshing."

In fact, according to Toogood, it was her somewhat isolated childhood in picturesque Rutland County, in the English countryside—where she spent the majority of her time outdoors—that ignited her imagination. And while many of her contemporaries, including Max Lamb, Martino Gamper and Bethan Laura Wood, passed through the Royal College of Art, Toogood ended up studying art history at the University of Bristol, after an imposing college counselor dissuaded her from pursuing a fine arts degree in sculpture. "I've always felt a bit like an outsider in every category I work in. I haven't come through any of the normal routes," Toogood says. Her visual

education continued during the eight years she spent at the venerable British shelter magazine *World of Interiors*, where Toogood began as a stylist and later became decoration editor. "It wasn't about trend or fashion, it was about aesthetics and the way people live," she recalls. "That really stuck with me."

When she left the publication in 2008, there was no grand plan, just a "need to create three-dimensional objects and spaces, more permanent things," she says. With a portfolio composed exclusively of *WOI* spreads and a relentless work ethic, Toogood set up shop at her kitchen table in North London.

Nearly 10 years later, that table is now the centerpiece of the new studio's sizable front room on the ground floor. Lining the pale gray walls are clothing rails heavy with pieces from the spring/summer 2017 collection of Toogood's workwear-inspired fashion label—aptly named Toogood—co-founded with her younger sister, Erica, a pattern cutter, in 2013. The line's voluminous but simple, genderless designs, crafted in luxurious materials, have found a receptive audience, with stockists including Dover Street Market in London, Tokyo and New York and L'Eclaireur in Paris. This year, the sisters are short-listed for the British Fashion Council/Vogue Designer Fashion Fund, a prestigious prize that supports promising young brands.

If Toogood's foray into fashion sounds like a departure from a career built on interiors and their contents, a collarless white blouse and a starched

pinafore skirt hung against a bare wall affirm that it is anything but. These garments are as concrete as a good chair, as inhabitable as the House of Toogood itself. "This house is really proof to myself, as much as to anyone else, that what we're wearing, what we're sitting on and the space we're living in, that's all part of the same language," Toogood says.

This month, Toogood's studio is launching several projects during Milan's annual Salone del Mobile furniture fair. Among them are a handcrafted rug collection for CC-Tapis, a fiberglass and aluminum lighting range for Matter and a series of wall coverings for Calico Wallpaper. But Toogood herself often feels conflicted about the fair—she even contemplated staying in London this year. "When I go around Milan, I come away feeling like there's no need for me to make more work. There's already so much out there, and so much of it is brilliant," she says. "I'm a great admirer of others, but I have to lock myself away in order to be able to feel OK about creating."

Within the confines of her headquarters, Toogood is clearly at ease. Members of her team often shuffle around in socks, further underscoring the comfort—of body, mind and eye—that feels abundant here. The studio has become something beyond a place of work or the showcase of an artistic universe: a home. "My world right now is very much about getting back to the elemental, who we are, what we are and why we're here," says Toogood. "I'm just trying to grasp that and create a small space for that to exist." •

FOOD NETWORK

THE COMEBACK

Despite his ups and downs in the industry, Rustic Canyon chef Jeremy Fox, who first made headlines at Ubuntu, is at the top of his game with his debut cookbook, a new restaurant and another on the way.

BY HOWIE KAHN PHOTOGRAPHY BY JUSTIN CHUNG



JEREMY FOX, the chef of Rustic Canyon in Santa Monica, California, took seven years to complete his first cookbook, *On Vegetables*, out this month. Sitting in the restaurant's dining room, Fox explains that he signed the contract with his publisher, Phaidon, in 2010, just after leaving Napa's Ubuntu, where he made his name. Two years earlier, the *New York Times* had called Ubuntu, with its vegetarian tasting menu and adjacent yoga studio, one of the best new restaurants in America; *Food & Wine* named Fox one of its best new chefs.

Despite the acclaim, the restaurant was neither economically nor personally sustainable for Fox. He had to fill nearly 100 seats nightly in a rural area with avant-garde offerings like vadouvan butter-basted cauliflower and peas with white chocolate in a pea shell stock. "We were hemorrhaging money," Fox says. "And *ubuntu* means 'humanity toward others' in Zulu—or 'I am because you are.' It's not that I don't believe those things, because I do, but it all amounted to a confusing message for me. I'm not a vegetarian. I don't practice yoga. I felt like I had to play a character there. It made me totally crazy."

While working 100-hour weeks at Ubuntu, Fox, now 40, began taking medication to cope with the pressure. "I was trying to show everybody I was the best chef in the world," he says, shaking his head. Fox says he took sedatives to sleep, stimulants for focus and antidepressants to lift his mood. When he left Ubuntu in 2010, he sought positions at restaurants where the atmosphere seemed more manageable. Daniel Patterson brought Fox on to launch Plum, a progressive bistro in Oakland, but Fox left before it opened. Soon after, Tyler Florence hired Fox as the creative director of his Napa rotisserie-chicken restaurant, Rotisserie & Wine. "I was trying to go cold turkey and quit all the pills," Fox says. "I had no ideas, no motivation. I was just worthless." His work in the kitchen suffered. His book couldn't get off the ground.

Depressed, broke and recently divorced from Ubuntu pastry chef Deanie Hickox, in 2011, Fox considered moving back to Atlanta, where he had spent his teenage years. Fox's parents divorced when he was 1, and he'd lived in Georgia with his mom for most of high school. Fox explains that she traveled a lot for work, selling cemetery plots across the South. Often left alone at mealtime, Fox developed an affinity for the kitchen and began cooking for himself. "I started playing with marinades," he recalls, peeking out from beneath the brim of his >



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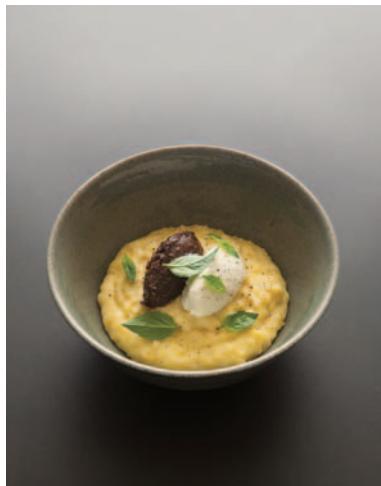
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OHIO AGAINST THE WORLD baseball cap (Fox was born in Cleveland). “I learned that I liked the process,” he continues, “but I had no idea what I was doing. I’d see a commercial for the TGI Fridays Jack Daniel’s menu, and then I’d try and marinate a piece of salmon in whiskey for six hours.”

Culinary school at Johnson & Wales University in Charleston, South Carolina, followed, and Fox says he would have graduated if not for being physically assaulted on the morning of his final exams. “I missed my final in advanced baking and pastry because I was carjacked,” says Fox. At that point, he decided his education was complete and took a job cooking at Mumbo Jumbo in Atlanta before moving to San Francisco in 2001, Aspen in 2002 and then back to Northern California in 2003 to work for David Kinch at Manresa, in Los Gatos.

After nearly a decade of living in Northern California and dedicating much of that time to elevating vegetable cookery, Fox decided against moving back to Atlanta. He decamped to Los Angeles in September 2011 instead. Josh Loeb, co-owner of Rustic Canyon with his wife, Zoe Nathan, recalls meeting Fox just before his move. “Jeremy seemed

reclusive at the time,” Loeb says. “But a year later, we ran into him at the farmers’ market, and he was a lot more confident and happy.”

Fox had started psychotherapy and stopped taking medication for good. In late 2012, he learned there was a vacancy at Rustic Canyon. “We weren’t looking for a name chef,” Loeb says. “We wanted to commit to thoughtful but unpretentious and soulful

food.” Fox told Loeb and Nathan he’d been looking to go in that direction too, and he took over the Rustic Canyon kitchen in 2013.

“We’ve always wanted Rustic to be the best neighborhood restaurant in America,” says Loeb. It’s an aim Fox has embraced. “I like places like Zuni Café or Chez Panisse,” he says, “where you can look at the food and not be able to tell what year it is.”

In his tenure at Rustic Canyon, Fox has created a timeless menu. “Even the simplest-seeming dishes have layers of creativity and technique that most people would never think of,” says Loeb.

On Vegetables is a 320-page illustration of that idea. Strawberries are used for a sofrito that takes six hours to cook, requires a meticulous process for washing and drying the fruit and is even better if

SPINNING PLATES
Clockwise from far left:
Dishes from Fox’s new book, including daikon
braised in orange juice;
strawberry pavlova,
yogurt and black pepper;
carrot juice cavatelli;
lima bean and sorrel cacio
e pepe; corn polenta and
strawberry sofrito; and
beets and berries.

left to sit overnight before serving. Fox also makes lima beans elegant, simmering them for 40 minutes along with garlic and rosemary folded into a cheesecloth sachet.

During a recent dinner at Rustic Canyon, Fox topped a bowl of golden polenta with two quenelles, one of strawberry sofrito and the other of freshly made ricotta. Later in the meal, Fox’s lima beans came dressed like cacio e pepe, but the dish went a few steps further, making use of the bean broth and employing both garlic confit purée and a cured egg yolk.

Reflecting on these recipes and Fox’s overall talent, Phaidon publisher Emilia Terragni says, “I knew the book would be special. And Jeremy went through a lot, so I wanted to support him even when our accountants were saying, ‘The book isn’t going to happen; we should get the advance back.’”

Fox says once he finally had the bandwidth to write the book in 2014 and 2015 (he and his second wife, Rachael, were expecting their first child at the time, a daughter named Birdie), the process went quickly, and he actually finished earlier than expected. “My editor told me I was the only person besides Jimmy Carter to ever turn in a manuscript early,” Fox says.

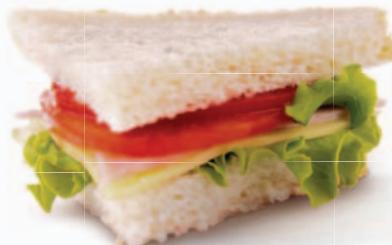
In addition to completing *On Vegetables*, Fox was made partner at Rustic Canyon last year. Now he, Loeb and Nathan have two new restaurants in the works. Tallula’s, which focuses on Mexican cuisine, will open in Santa Monica in May with Mario Alberto as executive chef. “It’ll be the same principles as Rustic Canyon, food and technique with integrity,” says Fox, spreading out a family-style serving of smoky, earthy lamb barbacoa with shaved vegetables and charred tomatoes, a preview of Tallula’s menu.

“We’re also in the process of building my dream restaurant,” says Fox, citing that until now, he’s always come into established kitchens and has never built one from the ground up to his exact specifications. Loeb says that project, currently unnamed, will open in late 2018 or early 2019. Fox smiles at the possibilities. “Being happy is a foreign concept to me,” he says. “I never expected it, but here it is: I made a book that I love, I love the food that we do. It’s all real. No smoke and mirrors.” •

“WE’RE IN THE PROCESS OF BUILDING MY DREAM RESTAURANT.”
—JEREMY FOX



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APRIL 2017

WSJ.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL MAGAZINE



OUTSIDE THE BOX

A bathhouse and storage room at Casa Perez, one of three ranches Donald Judd bought in southwestern Texas, creating a secluded retreat on 40,000 acres of land, now part of the Judd Foundation. The table and benches are his design.

The Interior Life of DONALD JUDD

The famously rigorous artist designed his own private universe—down to the stools—in Marfa, Texas. *WSJ.* takes an exclusive tour of the Judd Foundation's long-secluded spaces as it prepares to release ready-made furniture for the first time next month.

BY TONY PERROTET
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARTIEN MULDER



EVER SO HUMBLE
A pine studio table designed
by Judd under an untitled
1984 wall piece by the artist
in his Art Studio at the Judd
Foundation in Marfa, Texas.

1. Ranch Office
Houses Judd's wall relief pieces and ranch maps (purchased in 1991).

2. Architecture Office
The former beauty salon was used for Judd's design projects (1990).

3. Architecture Studio
This onetime bank holds Judd's furniture designs and furniture and painting collection (1989).

4. Cobb House
Judd exhibited his early paintings in this former home (1989).

5. Art Studio
The 6,000-square-foot grocery store became Judd's atelier (1990).

6. Print Building
Houses the foundation's offices and archives (1991; photograph at right).

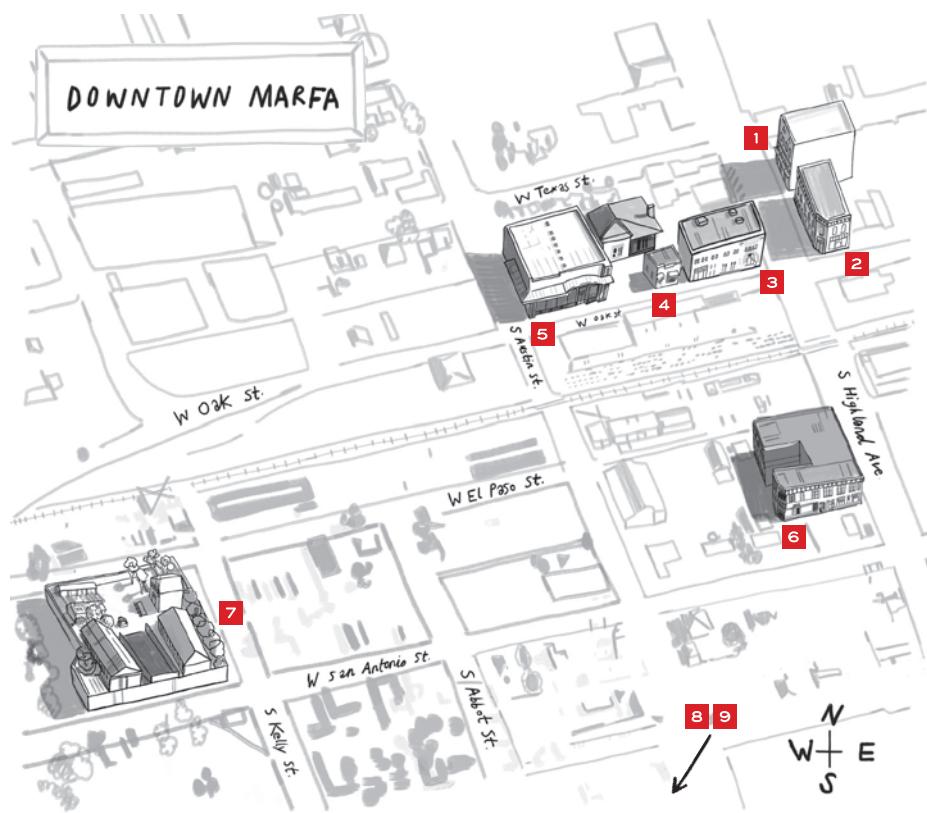
7. The Block
Judd's first Marfa compound includes two airplane hangars and his residence (1973–1974).

8. Chinati Foundation
One mile south. An independent art institution founded in 1986.

9. Casa Morales, Casa Perez & Las Casas
Judd's three ranches are 45–80 miles southwest of town; he is buried at Las Casas (1976, 1982, 1989).

SPEEDING IN A PICKUP truck along an unpaved road in the Chihuahuan Desert, Flavin Judd, son of the late artist Donald Judd, lets out a hoot of delight as the horizon ahead is filled by the raw expanse of the Chinati Mountains. "This is why Don came to Texas," he says. "Marfa"—the lonely cattle town that Judd transformed into an art pilgrimage site—"was really just a grocery store and a school for him." Glimpsed through the cracked windshield are cattle grazing in fields dotted with cactus and buzzards soaring overhead. For the entire 90-minute drive, there's not another car to be seen. Wearing a weather-beaten Stetson, denim jacket and cowboy boots, Flavin, 49, has inherited his father's passion for this radical emptiness. The view is so poetic that he almost slows down. "This is the most dangerous stretch of road," he notes at one point, as the speedometer hovers at 90 mph. "It's where the deer hang out." Laughing, he presses his foot to the pedal and breaks 100.

Behind a cattle gate stands Casa Perez, one of Donald Judd's three ranches on the 40,000 acres of land that he collectively called Ayala de Chinati. Framed by the bluffs of the Pinto Canyon, the plain adobe structure was built in the early 1900s. Beneath the windmill sits a circular water tank with a wooden deck, where Flavin and his



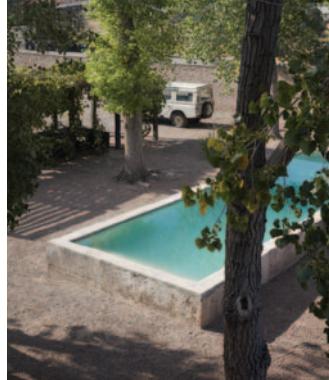
younger sister, Rainer, used to swim as kids. "Just watch out for rattlesnakes," he says before pulling out an old key to unlock the metal grilles over the doors and windows.

Inside the two-bedroom ranch house, there is a sense of casual domesticity, as if Judd might have just stepped out on an errand—which in a sense is true, since he left Marfa on a trip to Germany in late 1993 with no idea that he was terminally ill with cancer and would never return. Next to the back door is a small bookshelf with tomes that reveal his myriad interests. (*A History of Ottoman Architecture, Gaudí, Birds of Texas, Stars and Planets*.) As with all the buildings Judd acquired, he left the basic structure untouched but transformed the interior into a bright, open space. In this rustic isolation, it's startling to see one of Judd's signature box sculptures on the crisp white wall. During his 40-year career, he created over 3,000 artworks, most of them untitled, a catalog headache for curators. One renowned piece consists of 100 enormous milled-aluminum blocks displayed in two former artillery sheds at Marfa's Chinati Foundation; his passion for the box was such that a popular bumper sticker souvenir reads I ■ JUDD. No less striking is Judd's own furniture. In the ranch house's homey kitchen, where black frying pans hang over a rustic stove, stands a wooden counter he designed with the same clean, strong lines and rigorous craftsmanship as his sculpture. There is also a wooden daybed crafted in a raw style that has since been dubbed "Texas rough." The sparse layout—the furniture is deliberately pulled away from the walls—makes the pieces seem like site-specific works. "Judd's furniture was born of necessity, but each piece is a dissertation on proportion worthy of a Renaissance master," says Michael Govan, CEO and director of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, which acquired, in conjunction with the Huntington Library, Art Collections and Botanical Garden, a desk and chairs Judd made for Flavin. "You could not ask for something more simple—the wood is still the same width as when it came from the lumberyard—but it is transformed by his compositional intelligence. It's not as abstract as his art, since you actually sit on his chairs, but there is the same beauty."

"I would put Judd's furniture together with his sculpture, his writings, his houses," says curator Ann Temkin, who is overseeing a major Judd retrospective at New York's Museum of Modern Art when new construction there is complete. "The idea that a whole room would contain one simple steel box and Judd would consider it full has had a huge influence on the architecture and design world over the last 25 years."

Despite the furniture's influence, since Judd's death in 1994, its availability for purchase has remained a well-kept secret in the art world. Over the years, almost every high-end design company on the planet has made offers to reproduce it, but the not-for-profit Judd Foundation—which was established upon the artist's death to safeguard his property and artistic legacy and is overseen by Flavin and Rainer, 46—has always declined. Instead, it continued to produce his designs strictly on a made-to-order basis, resulting in the ultimate bespoke furniture: The metal pieces take 12 weeks to make in Judd's foundry in Switzerland; the wooden versions, created mostly in California by one of Judd's favorite craftsmen, Jeff Jamieson, take a minimum of 18 weeks. Each of Judd's designs can be done in 21 colors of anodized aluminum or copper and a variety of woods—for a total of 345 combinations for metal or over 900 combinations for wood—which are listed in two fat binders kept in his former loft home in New York, 101 Spring Street, now a combination Judd Foundation office, museum and shrine. The popular daybed costs \$12,600, while a wooden desk with chairs is \$14,500. (The pieces produced when Judd was still alive, known to aficionados as "pre-'94" or "lifetime furniture," are valued much higher, with some pieces fetching prices in the hundreds of thousands; one stainless-steel coffee table from the early '70s sold at Sotheby's in 2011 for \$506,500.)

Starting next month, for the first time, the Judd Foundation is making available pieces that will be ready to purchase directly



IN MARFA,
“PRESERVATION OF
THE SPACES HAS
PRIORITY OVER
PUBLIC ACCESS.”

—RAINER JUDD



LIGHT WORK Top right: Flavin and Rainer Judd in the Architecture Studio. Clockwise from center, scenes from The Block: A Judd-designed swimming pool; an untitled 1963 Judd piece; a pair of Bonnie Lynch sculptures; Judd's residence; a Navajo blanket.

"DON TOOK THE WAY THINGS
LOOKED SERIOUSLY. THERE IS A
REASON FOR EVERYTHING,
AND IT'S ALL INTERCONNECTED."

-FLAVIN JUDD



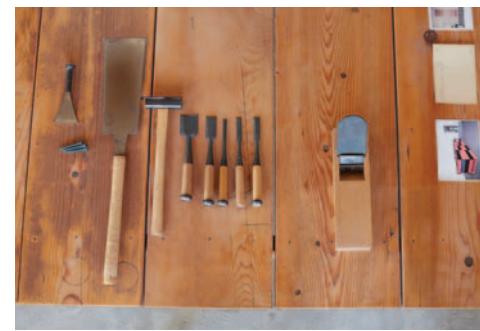
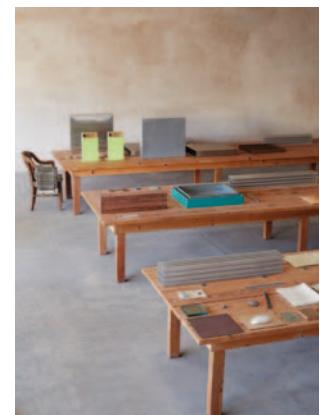
from inventory, meaning that impatient Judd fans can acquire them without a lengthy wait time. For the first release, the foundation selected the Corner Chair and the Library Stool as iconic pieces that Judd used in Marfa. More will be added each year. Anodized aluminum was chosen for the \$6,900 Corner Chair, while the wood for the \$1,900 Library Stool is pine, an homage to the first pieces Judd made in Marfa from the materials that were on hand. Also in May, an exhibition of Judd's "pre-'94" furniture will be on view at the foundation's New York headquarters at 101 Spring Street.

The renewed attention to Judd's furniture provides more than just a curious footnote to the life of one of the 20th century's most significant American artists. It also gives insight into his complex character and his grandiose vision in Marfa. "There was no separation between Judd's art and life," says Jenny Moore, director of the Chinati Foundation. According to his children, the desire to live with his own designs grew from his rejection of the strip-mall culture that he felt was being imposed on American society by corporations, along with a deluge of disposable, dispiritingly ugly objects. "Don took the way things looked seriously," says Flavin. "There is a reason for everything, and it's all interconnected."

JUDD BOUGHT 101 Spring Street in 1968 for a modest \$68,000. Each floor of 101, as the 19th-century factory is familiarly known, has enormous windows and soaring ceilings, creating an exhilarating sense of space, within which every piece of furniture and art is meticulously placed. There is the same elegant *morsa*, or prosciutto holder, as in Marfa, the same Dean & Deluca olive oil bottles. It was here that Judd created his first piece of furniture in 1970, a double bed built a few inches off the floor, despite the inconvenience for his then-wife, choreographer Julie Finch, who was pregnant at the time. "It was hell," Finch says, laughing as she recalls having to roll over and make the bed before she got up, since she couldn't reach it while standing. She never asked Judd why he had made it so low and large. "It was very elegant in the room. Why would he consult me? He was designing a bed!" Furniture was already a serious business: A fight over a brown corduroy sofa Finch bought from Bloomingdale's was one of the most tumultuous in a volatile marriage, the kids remember. (The couch is still in their mother's possession, they add. "It's actually really nice," Rainer says.)

In 1977, Judd made the move to Marfa. By then, he was renowned for his ever-more-monolithic abstract sculptures—he was only 39 when he had a major show at the Whitney—but had become disillusioned with the New York art scene, which he described as "harsh and glib." In SoHo, gentrification had begun, galleries were sprouting, tourists were arriving in droves, and Judd, a shy man, found his celebrity a burden. Finch recalls people stopping him in the street to make comments. "There was a lot of envy of his fame," she says. "Other artists were resentful. So he just stopped walking around SoHo." On a creative level, Judd had rejected the gallery system, in which his work was shown only for a short time in less-than-ideal spaces and sometimes even damaged during installation. He had a vision of finding a remote site where his work could rest permanently.

The choice of West Texas has become part of the Judd legend. He first considered Baja California, and then turned to the high grasslands of Presidio County, the emptiest corner of Texas, which he had first seen in 1946 as a young G.I. on his way to Korea. (When the bus stopped in Van Horn, he famously sent a telegram to his mother: DEAR MOM VAN HORN TEXAS. 1260 POPULATION. NICE TOWN BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY MOUNTAINS LOVE=DON.) Twenty-five years later, in 1971, he came across Marfa by chance. "There was no plan," Flavin says. (In one essay, Judd says that he might have chosen Australia had he visited it earlier.) When a military base, which had been set up in the early 1900s, and an Army airfield closed after World War II, Marfa lost perhaps half its population. Land and buildings were cheap, and Judd had funds.



In the following years, he bought eight properties within the town itself, including an abandoned bank, supermarket and beauty salon as well as the three ranches in brush country. Soon they were converted into his art studio, architecture office, galleries and library, employing over 50 people. None of these personal spaces were intended to be seen by the public. ("He was building it for himself," Flavin says; his father was creating "different buildings for different parts of his brain. Think of Marfa as one big house with the structures as different rooms.") The heart of this self-contained world was known as The Block, where Flavin and Rainer lived until high school. According to those who visited in the '80s, there was a sense of entering a different dimension presided over by Judd. Locals still like to reminisce about the artist's difficult ways, his drinking, his fits of fury, as well as his crackling intelligence and charm.

Not everyone was welcoming. West Texas was still trapped in the conservative '50s, and many of the old rancher and Border Patrol residents looked askance at Judd's ponytail and free-spirited family. ("We were the hippie, Commie f—s," recalls Flavin.) Still, Judd moved to Marfa full time in 1977, coinciding with an acrimonious divorce with Finch that included Judd picking up the kids after school one afternoon in New York and whisking them to Texas, from where he conducted a custody battle that he ultimately won.

RAINER AND FLAVIN are today so close that they sometimes seem like telepathic twins, finishing each other's sentences or giving the punch lines to each other's jokes. They grew up discussing philosophy around the dinner table in The Block and still enjoy bouncing abstract ideas back and forth, probing them with restless curiosity. They also have a playful sense of humor. For much of the time talking about their father (whom they have always called "Don" rather than "Dad"), they sit on a couch in a friend's house playing with her son's Legos, joking that they feel like they are in a therapy session. (Flavin, who is named for Judd's close friend Dan Flavin, is married with three children and based in Los Angeles, while Rainer lives in New York.)

SQUARED AWAY
Judd's Art Studio, clockwise from left: A 1981 floor piece by Judd with his aluminum 1989 sculpture and a 1985 wall piece; three of his pine studio tables; tools at the ready. Opposite: Judd's chairs and table in the Gate House, which adjoins the Cobb House.

They explain that Judd's decision to make furniture in Texas was a direct response to a practical need. "The furniture you could buy in Marfa was so, so, so, so bad that he couldn't look at it," says Rainer. Judd also reacted against his parents' overstuffed suburban décor in Excelsior Springs, Missouri, and yearned for the simplicity of his grandparents' rural lifestyle. "They were farmers, so they just had the stuff they needed, damn it, and they weren't going to pretend to be anything they weren't," Flavin says. One of Judd's favorite dictums was, "A good chair is a good chair."

When they moved to Marfa, Judd decided to make beds for the kids, among only a few pieces he built with his own hands. "He was not a natural carpenter," says Rainer. "He was not what you would call a handy dude. But that allowed him to excel in collaboration. He was really good at getting people to trust themselves and use whatever craftsmanship they had, to take a risk." Soon he hired two local brothers to execute his designs. Desks, daybeds, chairs, bookshelves and tables followed as he needed them.

Judd had already spent years studying "scale and proportion and harmony and even our needs in regard to light and space, the psychological effects of how much ceiling you have over you," says Rainer. "He had a Ph.D. in all these subjects by the time he started making furniture." Its popularity in art circles followed naturally as the first intrepid visitors to Marfa saw and admired the pieces. In 1984, Judd expanded into metal furniture, although he always distinguished between his art and the utilitarian pieces. These were not released in editions but were instead individually numbered and stamped, and unlike his immaculate artworks, they were made to be used and touched, gaining a patina of age.

It's hard now to remember just how radical Judd's furniture designs were at the time, inspiring several exhibitions during the '80s and early '90s in New York and Europe. Not everyone in the art world was adulatory; there was a sense that Judd was outside his field. "There was a whiny article," Flavin recalls. "It was like: 'We had to suffer through Dan Flavin's drawings, and now we have to suffer through Donald Judd's furniture.' It was considered, 'Why are you guys doing this? You shouldn't be doing this—you're artists!'"

But Judd approached the furniture with utmost seriousness. Govan recalls visiting him in Marfa in the early '90s and seeing the latest drawings scattered across his desk. As with his art, the fabrication process itself was a key element. "Judd used materials straight from the factory—industrially produced materials—and added the quality of the handmade to them," Govan says. (One of his most radical, and influential, innovations in the '60s was to argue that an artist's work could be physically made by others, as in the workshops of Raphael.) He created elegant furniture from humble plywood. "The clarity of thinking about modern design icons was amazing," says Govan. "He studied all the great modernist furniture makers, and he was definitely competing with them. Besting them at times."

NEITHER OF THE Judd children expected to be running a foundation in their father's honor. His death at the age of 65 came as a complete shock. The first news of his illness came over the phone from Germany in 1993. "Don said, 'I'm going to get a biopsy,'" says Flavin. "I said, 'What the hell is that?'" Judd's growing sense that something was wrong—the doctor in Marfa had told him he had a stomach bug and not to worry—turned out to be correct: He was suffering from advanced lymphoma. Three months later, he died in New York. Judd never saw Marfa again.

Taking over Judd's Texan empire "definitely was not on my agenda," says Rainer, who was 23 at the time. She and Flavin, then 26, were surprised to learn that they had been named as executors in Judd's will back when they were both under 10. "I knew we were supposed to have conversations about what he wanted when he died, but it was very abstract—'some day in the future....' I didn't

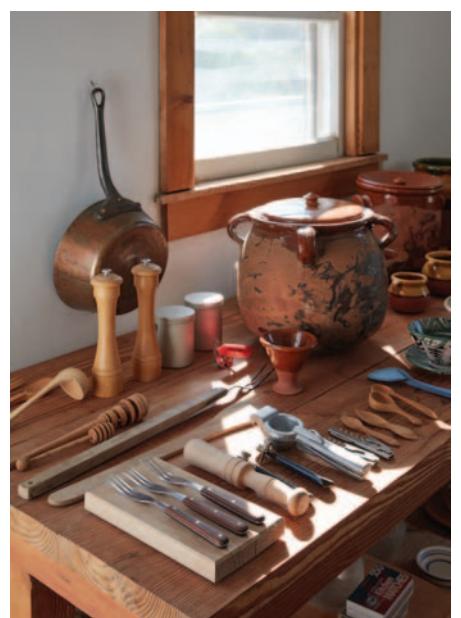
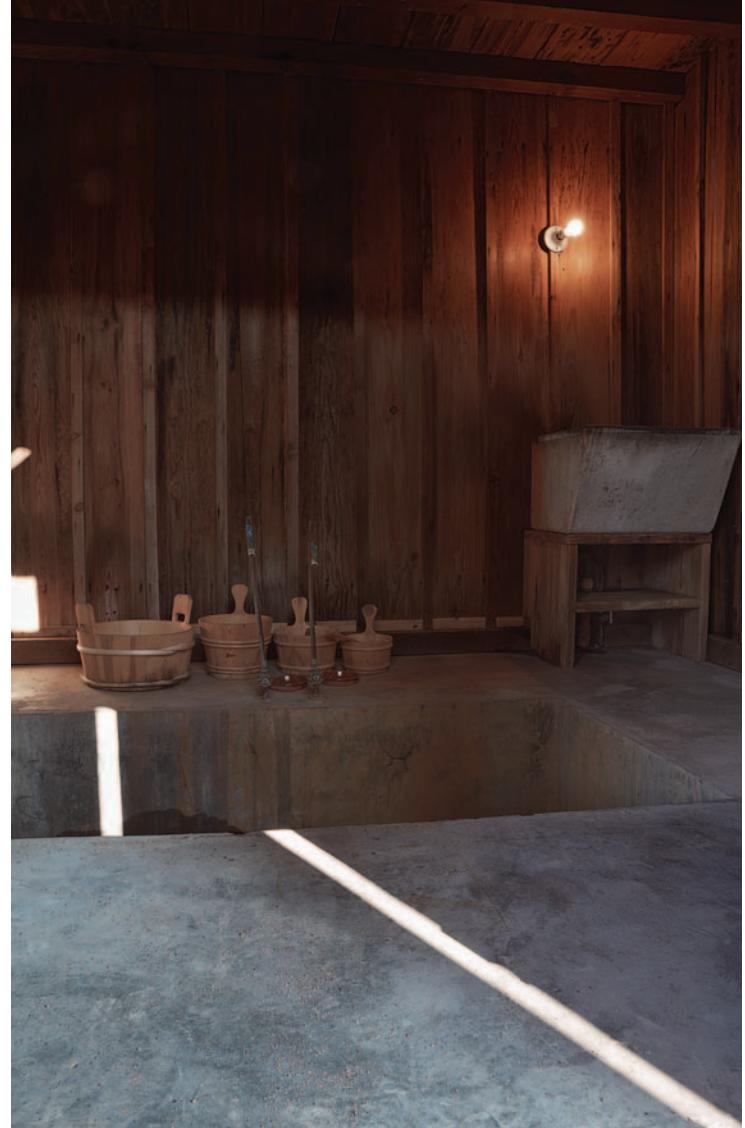
BARE NECESSITIES
A pair of red-back chairs by Gerrit Rietveld share space in Judd's Architecture Studio with his own cherrywood frame table.





LAND ART

Clockwise from above:
A combination seat and table at Judd's Casa Perez ranch; the plunge bath at Casa Perez;
untitled red works from the '90s in the Ranch Office, along with a
Judd pine table; the
kitchen at Casa Perez;
Rainer Judd looks out
at the Texan landscape
near Casa Perez; Judd's
Perez daybed in pine.



even know the word *executor*,” Judd himself had not considered his own mortality. “He thought Marfa shouldn’t be destroyed,” she says. “But he certainly didn’t set it up for the public in the future after he died. He didn’t want to think about that.” Suddenly, Rainer and Flavin were sorting out Judd’s sprawling estate, which was in financial disarray, and sorting through Judd’s drawings, letters, notes and papers. If handled badly, there was a good chance that Judd’s entire pharaonic project in Marfa might have to be abandoned. “I didn’t know what it entailed, didn’t know how to get from A to Z,” says Flavin. “But I found out it wasn’t going to be easy.”

Each decision on restoring Judd’s interiors, for example, meant intellectually re-engaging with their father. This can have its emotional limits, as Flavin found recently when editing his father’s critical essays, which were often scrawled in near-illegible pencil script. “Going through the writing was like sitting with him and reliving all these conversations,” he says. “Which was beautiful. It was bizarre. It was like visiting him for three weeks. But the problem is that you get to the end of the notes and that’s it.”

The Marfa properties managed by the Judd Foundation cover 90,000 square feet—an area larger than the exhibition spaces in the new Whitney Museum in New York. Some can be visited by the public by appointment, while others remain off-limits. Seeing them all is like a tour of Judd’s psyche, with the furniture left just as he used it. In the Architecture Studio, the former bank, his sandals and a flashlight still sit by the daybed he used for naps, and his last drawing folders lie on the desks under colored chunks of mineral used as paperweights. In a cupboard are a Greek helmet and a Luristan dagger he picked up on his travels; a favorite Rembrandt etching is framed in an alcove. Judd turned the nearby Cobb House, a humble adobe-style residence from the 1920s, into a private gallery for his youthful paintings from the ’50s, which he called “sophomoric abstractions,” and the Whyte Building, once a storage room for the local five-and-dime, into a space for his paintings from the ’60s. (Soon his canvases began to take on a third dimension, extending from the wall, before he abandoned painting and moved on to sculpture.) The former Safeway supermarket became his cavernous art studio, littered with Judd’s unfinished works and color codes. (One favored color is listed as Harley-Davidson Hi-Fi Blue.)

The Block complex remains the emotional core of Judd’s world. Protected by an adobe wall, its six buildings and gravel courtyard once resounded with the noise of children playing in the pool, wandering farm animals and a pet German shepherd. Now silent, it houses his private galleries with his favorite artworks, a Dan Flavin fluorescent sculpture and a massive library that includes the Icelandic sagas in the original tongue, even though Judd could not read a word. Among the personal touches are a row of plum trees planted at Rainer’s request—Judd disliked trees—and a set of Scottish bagpipes he was learning to play.

An important piece of Judd’s legacy is the Chinati Foundation, a museum with 34 structures scattered over 340 acres, most of it the old Army base on the edge of town, Fort D.A. Russell. One of its hangars contains the famed 100 metal boxes, each one slightly different and gleaming in the crystalline Texan sun. In fields outside, a series of 15 concrete boxes frames the bare horizon. Many visitors still find the works to be coolly impersonal. “Judd rejected the Romantic idea that an artist’s psyche is somehow revealed or transmitted through what he or she did,” says Temkin of MoMA. “Judd didn’t care about expression or emotion. It was hard for a lot of people to handle. It still is, all these decades later.” Although dubbed the “high priest of minimalism,” Judd never liked the label, which he felt bunched together a wide variety of very different artists and denied their warmth and the craftsmanship involved in their work. “The term made their art sound reductive,” says Temkin, “when they saw it as complex and full.” Despite accusations of megalomania, Judd considered Marfa a place for permanent exhibitions of works by like-minded friends, including Robert Irwin and John

Chamberlain. “A number of American artists at the time were going into the desert, but they were creating situations for their own work specifically,” says Moore, the Chinati director. “Judd extended the invitation to other artists, on a scale not possible anywhere else. Marfa set a standard.”

It’s hardly surprising that Rainer and Flavin are nostalgic for the Marfa of their youth, when only 10 visitors might drift in annually and every October their father would host a big party for locals and art world friends called Open House weekend. “There would be 50 people staying in our house. There was no disjointedness. There was one bonfire and one place to eat—it was all one,” says Rainer. Marfa still has the feel of a dusty cattle town: The railway line runs through the center, so conversation is often stopped by the roar of passing freight trains. Getting there is almost as much of an expedition as it was in the ’70s, involving flights to El Paso and a meandering three-hour drive along the Rio Grande. Yet the utter isolation that Judd relished began to change around 2000, according to Rainer and Flavin, as visitors from Houston, L.A. and New York put the town on the international art map. The “new” Marfa exists alongside the old in what can seem a parallel universe. There are galleries, coffee shops and swank restaurants. Meanwhile, the sleek Hotel Saint George looks as though it was teleported in from Santa Monica, California, although even hardened locals confess their relief that its bar was the first place in town to serve food seven days a week.

Visitors to the Chinati Foundation have increased from around 15,000 three years ago to nearly 40,000 in 2016, and as a public institution it is evolving to meet the changes. But the Judd Foundation’s aim is to keep its fragile spaces intact rather than to increase numbers. One model for the foundation was Baxter State Park in Maine, which was purchased by the state’s former governor Percival P. Baxter beginning in the 1930s and given to the state on condition that access be limited. “In the deed, he said that the plants and animals would always be more important than the people visiting the park,” Rainer says. “That influenced our strategic plan: Preservation of the spaces has priority over public access.”

Rainer and Flavin hope that the furniture offering this year will expand the understanding of the artist and his legacy. It’s also a testament to their stubborn patience. After his untimely death, some at the foundation argued that the furniture was a distraction. There was pressure, Rainer says, “to pare things away, to simplify things, because we had so much to do.” But she and Flavin decided to maintain low-key production, which kept the relationships open with the fabricators. “If people could find us, they could order it,” Flavin says. For over two decades, the furniture line remained in the distant background. The ’90s were devoted to securing finances, with an auction in 2006 creating an endowment for the foundation. Next came restoration of 101 Spring Street, which reopened to the public by appointment in 2013. Last year, Judd’s collected writings were published in a 1,048-page tome. Only now is the furniture finally getting its turn.

“It’s not a frilly, fluffy thing, the furniture,” says Rainer. “Its intellectual rigor is not advertised and not evident. You don’t question the joinery or its engineering. It seems so easy. Of course! Everybody thinks they could do it. Then they should—they should try to go make that chair.” But the desire to engage with their father’s artistic spirit doesn’t extend to his unmade designs, the children say. There are no plans to use his sketches to conjure pieces that were on Judd’s drawing board when he died.

“If Don was really passionate about something, he would get it made,” says Rainer. “He has this beautiful quote: ‘Things that exist, exist, and everything is on their side.’” •

“JUDD DIDN’T CARE ABOUT EXPRESSION OR EMOTION. IT WAS HARD FOR A LOT OF PEOPLE TO HANDLE. IT STILL IS.”

—ANN TEMKIN

An Education

Since its founding in 1905, the Juilliard School has earned a reputation for being one of the world's premier arts academies, attracting gifted artists—including notable alumni Viola Davis, Pina Bausch and Yo-Yo Ma—to study at its campus in New York City.

This year, the conservatory welcomes its 50th class of drama students, and in 2018 it bids farewell to its longest-serving president, Joseph W. Polisi, signaling a momentous transition for the school as it continues its commitment to shaping the future of arts scholarship. Here, a selection of Juilliard's students, across all disciplines, in their element.

BY THOMAS GEBREMEDHIN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ZOË GHERTNER
STYLING BY BRIAN MOLLOY



BARRY GANS
19, DANCE

"Staying true to one's artistic vision is both difficult and necessary."
Lacoste tank, Prada pants,
Uniqlo socks and Chacott by Freed
of London shoes.

“YOU CAN’T BUILD A SKILL WITHOUT DISCIPLINE.
TALENT WILL ONLY GET YOU SO FAR.” —AVERY AMEREAU



AVERY AMEREAU
26, MUSIC (VOCAL ARTS)
Ralph Lauren shirt, Ami pants and Burberry belt.



KATHERINE RENEE TURNER
26, DRAMA

"I'm thirsty for stories that illuminate the blind spots in human existence—it's thrilling and daunting. Colliding with those characters expands the artist and audience." Burberry shirt and pants, Uniqlo socks and her own earrings, sneakers and belt.



JONATHAN SLADE

30, MUSIC
(HISTORICAL PERFORMANCE)

"We in the arts aspire to move people, to provide solace, hope or joy at difficult moments." Ralph Lauren sweater, Margaret Howell shirt and his own pants, glasses and belt.



ENDEA OWENS
25, MUSIC (JAZZ)

"Early on, I hated the bass. But eventually this hatred turned into love as I learned about the instrument and fell for its deep sound. It's changed the entire course of my life and given me a ticket to a better future."

Alexander McQueen sweater, J.W. Anderson earrings and her own pants.



JEFFERY MILLER

21, MUSIC (JAZZ)

"Music was always around me in New Orleans. In fifth grade, my music teacher asked me whether I'd be interested in playing trombone. Before I knew it, I had a trombone in my hand, and from then on it's been a perfect fit."
Michael Kors hoodie and track pants, Uniqlo socks, Gosha Rubchinskiy x Fila sneakers and his own watch.



TAYLOR MASSA

21, DANCE

"There's a lot of sacrifice that goes into dance, like missing birthday parties for rehearsal or spending Friday nights rolling out and icing your tired body, but, my God, it is so worth it." Lemaire tunic, Alexander Wang long-sleeve bodysuit, Céline skirt, Wolford leggings and her own earrings.

“MUSICIANS ARE NOT OFTEN THOUGHT OF AS ATHLETES,
BUT WE USE OUR BODIES IN AN EXTREMELY RIGOROUS WAY.”

-ALICE IVY-PEMBERTON



ALICE IVY-PEMBERTON

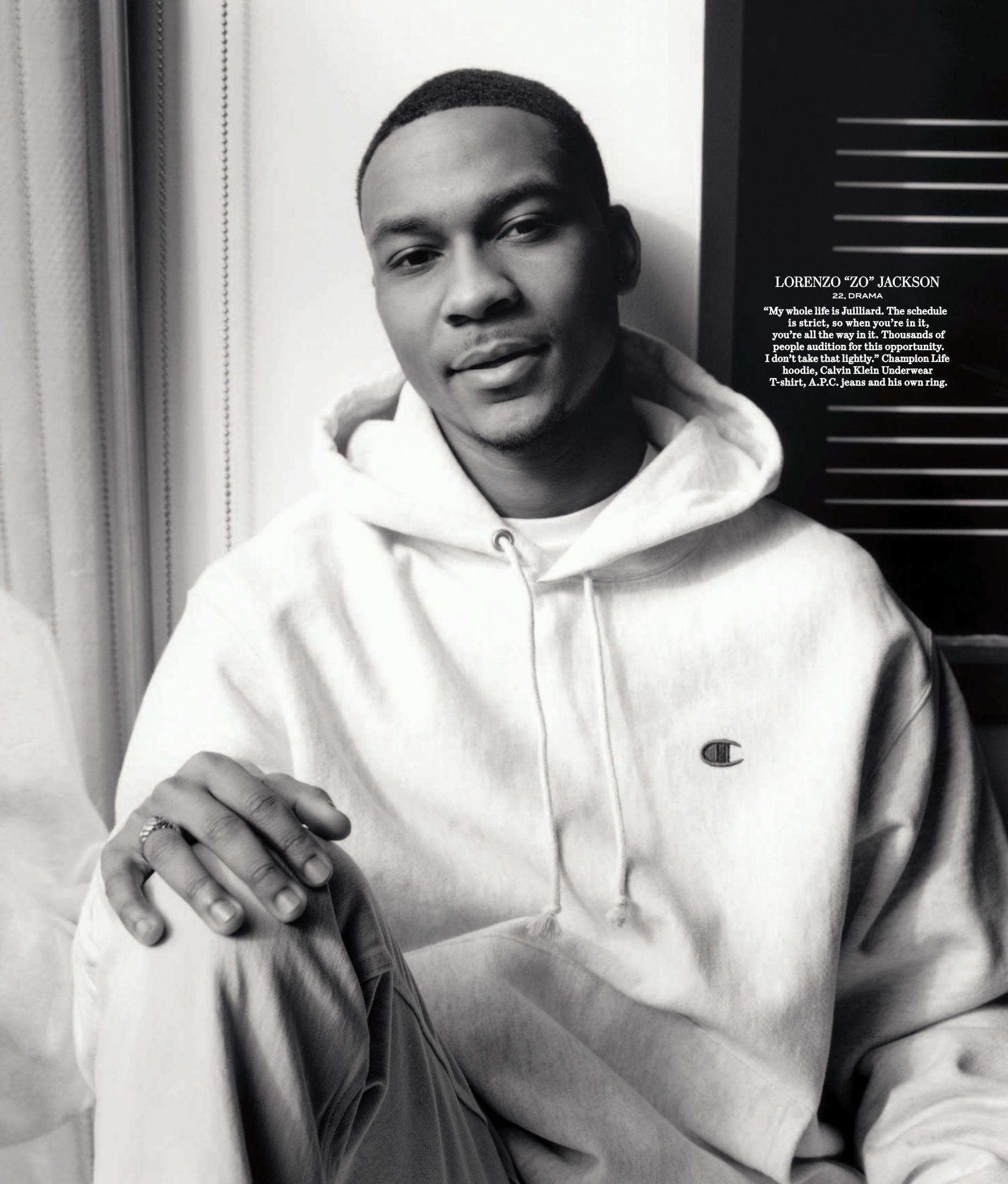
19, MUSIC (VIOLIN)

Gucci dress and vest and her own watch.



JOSHUA
GUILLEMOT-RODGERON
21, DANCE

“I started dancing when I was 4 years old. I saw a tango on TV, and I made my mum take me to learn.”
J.W. Anderson jacket, Emporio Armani top and leggings and Uniqlo socks.



LORENZO "ZO" JACKSON
22, DRAMA

"My whole life is Juilliard. The schedule is strict, so when you're in it, you're all the way in it. Thousands of people audition for this opportunity. I don't take that lightly." Champion Life hoodie, Calvin Klein Underwear T-shirt, A.P.C. jeans and his own ring.



HANNAH ROSE CATON

22, DRAMA

"Shakespeare opened my eyes to the limitless possibilities of the dramatic form. Onstage I could do anything—win a battle, fall in love, survive a storm." Céline dress, Ann Demeulemeester shirt and Chacott by Freed of London shoes. Throughout: Hair, Rita Marmor; makeup, Fara Homidi.
For details see Sources, page 126.





BEAR MARKET
Right: Emmanuel Perrotin in his Paris home with O.T., a painting by Thilo Heinzmann, whom he represents. Left: Work by Perrotin's artists fills the living room, where a foam and feather sculpture by Paola Pivi hangs over a taxidermied pig by Wim Delvoye, a painting by Bernard Frize, a Maurizio Cattelan photograph of the Hollywood sign and two works by Elmgreen & Dragset, including a sculpture of a maid titled *Irina*. For all art credits throughout, see page 126.



ART HOUSE

For years, dealer Emmanuel Perrotin has been a mover and shaker who lives as energetically as he sells art. Now he's settling into a Paris apartment and a new five-story gallery in New York City.

BY JOSHUA LEVINE PHOTOGRAPHY BY FREDERIK VERCUYSSSE

FORMOST OF THE 25 or so years that Emmanuel Perrotin was building his Paris art gallery into a global operation, he never really had a proper place to call home. When he started out in 1989, he bunked down in a tiny back room off his gallery on the rue de Turbigo. Sixteen years later, when he moved the gallery to the rue de Turenne, he slept in a kind of "ship's cabin" of a place over what is now the gallery's bookstore. If he wasn't there, you could probably find him crashing in hotels on the international art fair circuit—from Art Basel in Miami to Art Basel in Switzerland.

That all changed three years ago when Perrotin, 48, moved into a grand duplex in an imposing *hôtel particulier* in Paris's third arrondissement. It's still only a few doors down from the gallery. And yes, all he has to do is stroll out of his tall French doors and across a narrow strip of garden to reach the Salle de Bal, a ballroom in the adjoining Hôtel d'Ecquevilly that Perrotin converted to a gallery annex in

2014. On a recent winter evening, as on so many others, waiters were setting up for a bash, rolling large gas heaters onto the terrace; Perrotin is renowned for his swinging parties, where pop-star pals like the duo behind Daft Punk might be cajoled into playing a little something.

The apartment itself seems almost like another gallery annex. It is very elegant, to be sure, but it's difficult for the Vladimir Kagan sofa or the Paul Frankl dining room set to command attention when a giant blue bear by Paola Pivi looms overhead and a tattooed, taxidermied pig by Wim Delvoye squats nearby.

Works by most of Perrotin's heavy hitters—Takashi Murakami and Maurizio Cattelan first and foremost—are scattered everywhere. In fact, there's almost nothing here that isn't by one of Perrotin's artists, as if the apartment were fixed up to show how the work might look in an actual residence.

Perrotin goes back a very long way with many of the artists he works with. Their chumminess is a big part of

his success, not to mention his formula for fending off poachers, who have only gotten bolder as his artists have grown in esteem. Where many people have family photos on display, Perrotin has a cabinet of joke memorabilia from his artists. A gold-plated tile with greenish splotches was used to test the effects of pigeon and seagull poop on the enormous gold sculptures Murakami was installing in the gardens of Versailles during his 2010 exhibit. There's a tiny replica of the red rhino Xavier Veilhan exhibited in 1999 at Paris's Centre Pompidou.

So it means something when Perrotin shows me a silver frame that he's just filled with photos of his girlfriend, Lorena Vergani, who is soon to give birth to their first child. "I bought the frame a long time ago but I just never got around to filling it," says Perrotin. "I had the feeling that it might jinx things before I really settled down, and now *voilà!* Here I am finally set up in life." There's a Christmas tree—a real one, not an artist's commentary on Christmas—and wooden train tracks have been laid out on the floor to await the arrival of his 4-year-old daughter, who lives in Berlin with Perrotin's ex, museum director Patricia Kamp.

The people who work with him are happy about all this. "Emmanuel is very generous, but intense," says Peggy LeBoeuf, his right hand for over 20 years. "For us, it's good that he's with someone. It makes him much calmer."

It's not just domestic tranquillity that's making Perrotin less jumpy these days. His gallery weathered some very heavy seas in the past, but he believes he's finally managed to take on enough ballast to keep it from capsizing in any squall. In 2012, Perrotin opened a gallery in Hong Kong. In 2013, he opened one in the former Bank of New York Building on Madison Avenue in New York. Last year he bought a new bookshop and office space in Seoul, South Korea. This month, Perrotin inaugurates a new gallery at 130 Orchard Street on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Not long after, he'll open a big gallery in Tokyo's Roppongi neighborhood.

"You've either got to be very big or very small. The toughest thing is when you're a midsize gallery with about 25 employees," he says. (He now has 80 employees worldwide.) "I had a hell of a time getting over that hump—those were the worst years. But 2016 was very good, and I've gotten to the point where I can finally pause to reflect."

If Madison Avenue was Perrotin's New York toe-dip, Orchard Street is his big plunge. The old Beckenstein Fabrics factory gives him 25,000 square feet of space on five floors—roughly 10 times the size of his Madison Avenue gallery, which he's letting go. He can now present ambitious shows by established artists and newcomers; the opening exhibition features Iván Argote, a young Colombian installation artist and film director.

"Madison Avenue was OK, but really, in the end—*voilà!*" says Perrotin. "I didn't even have my own office. Now I'll have my own apartment in the gallery, so I can spend much more time in New York."

The way Perrotin sizes things up, the gallery business, or at least his gallery business, makes this peripatetic existence unavoidable. The frenzied parties, the grinding perpetual motion, New York, Japan, all of it. But behind the fun lies a terrible dread. It's

like that old Dr. Hook song: "When you're in love with a beautiful woman, you know it's hard... / Everybody wants to take your baby home."

Perrotin says as much himself. "For me, one of the factors that explains my drive to go so fast was always this fear of losing my artists."

"The competitiveness is real," says art adviser Sandy Heller. "If you've got an artist who sells for a lot of money, somebody's going to want a piece of that, and artists are self-aggrandizing. Emmanuel isn't doing all these things because he wants to. Those circuses aren't just fluff. They're part of the program. It's riskless for the artist when he jumps ship to a bigger gallery, but in Emmanuel's case, you haven't seen much of that."

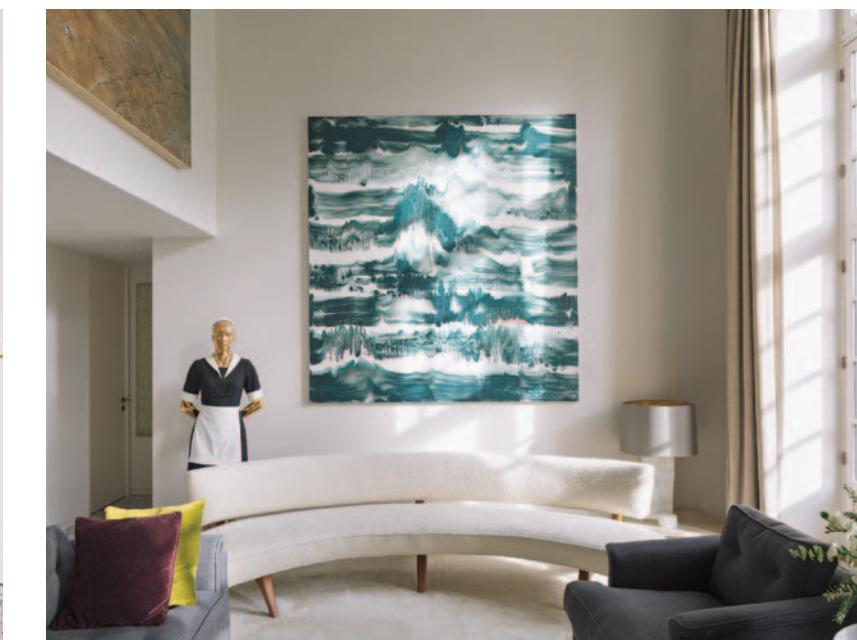
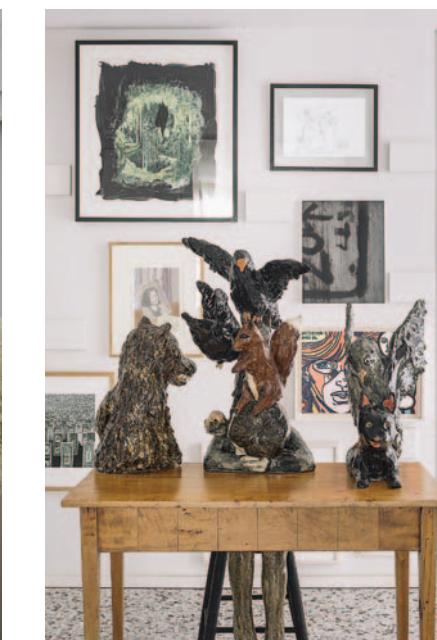
Perrotin stumbled across Murakami, Cattelan and Damien Hirst in the early '90s, before any of them had attracted much notice. Perrotin had grown up a middle-class Paris kid with mediocre grades and little direction. An apprenticeship in a small gallery at age 16 changed that fast, and by age 23, he was selling Hirst's early Medicine Cabinets pieces out of his living room for \$2,000, a fee that covered the price of fabrication, transportation and payment to the artist, but didn't leave much for Perrotin.

He first met Murakami at a Yokohama, Japan, art fair in 1994. They took to each other immediately, but since neither spoke English, they communicated mostly by sending drawings back and forth. Two years later at New York's Gramercy International Art Fair (the precursor to today's Armory Show), Perrotin offered three T-shirts printed with Murakami's big-busted Hiropon figure. They sold out, and Perrotin proposed a solo show in Paris.

He prickles at the accusation that he just got lucky. "Everybody thinks that all I had to do was choose good artists, but it took 10 years with Takashi Murakami and Maurizio Cattelan before we had any success." A Hiropon statue by Murakami recently sold for \$15 million, but the first one Perrotin sold was priced at \$12,000. "I could only sell it for \$10,000," recalls Perrotin. "It cost \$8,000 to make, so Takashi got \$1,000 and I got \$1,000, which I used to pay the transport from Japan to Paris."

It's not just about footing the bill for paints and brushes. In 2000, Cattelan introduced Perrotin to a young Italian artist he knew named Paola Pivi, who was just out of art school. Pivi outlined a project she had conceived while working at the CERN physics lab in Switzerland. It would require 80 motors, 96 photoelectric switches and 1,440 tiny needles suspended on almost invisible thread. As a viewer approaches, the needles sway in harmony, like a school of fish. It took a company that made prototypes for NASA to build it.

INSTALLMENT PLAN
Clockwise from right: Memorabilia on a bookshelf; a 1996 canvas by Maurizio Cattelan with pieces by Lothar Hempel and Germaine Richier; a 2014 sculpture by Jean-Michel Othoniel in the garden; a curved Vladimir Kagan couch in the living room; a Klara Kristalova salon-style assemblage of works; Philip Arctander chairs under Othoniel drawings; Wim Delvoye's *Gothic Tower* and a piece by Pae White in the entrance hall.



"Emmanuel said, 'Are you crazy?'" recalls Pivi. "We did it. It cost as much as an apartment. He spent a fortune." Pivi has required various art supplies since then, among them: llamas, alligators, a 35-foot twin-engine airplane and 10,000 liters of whipped cream. "He just goes along with it," says Pivi. "With Emmanuel, it's like children playing together. I have had meetings with other galleries, which I always tell Emmanuel about, but it never works out. No fun."

In 2009, Perrotin's whole enterprise almost came apart. The financial crisis had hit the contemporary art world hard. "I had \$6 million in canceled orders, and I had already spent the money," he recalls. "I had enormous personal problems—I was leaving my wife at the time, staying in hotels for nine months—and now I'm fighting to save the gallery. Everybody's telling me we're heading into a crisis, to start laying people off, to

circle the wagons. I said if we do that, we're going to be swept away and our biggest artists will leave."

Instead, Perrotin tacked hard in the other direction. His best defense has always been a good party. For this one, he rented a big boat called *Das Schiff*, moored on the Rhine. Pharrell Williams came. Perrotin had met Williams in Miami the year before and put him together with Murakami for the first of many collaborations. On the boat, Perrotin presented their sculpture, *Simple Things*, which renders such household commodities as a ketchup bottle, a bag of Doritos, a shoe and a cupcake in diamonds, rubies and other gemstones. (It sold for approximately \$2 million.) "It was not in the spirit of the times," Perrotin admits. Williams got up onstage and rapped a long improvised ode to Perrotin and Murakami before an audience that included Larry Gagosian and Jay Jopling, two of Perrotin's biggest competitors. (Damien Hirst, the one that got away, defected to

Jopling's White Cube gallery and is also represented by Gagosian.)

"Perrotin got to me when I was in a lost place," says Williams. "He put his arms around me. He's like an amazing big brother, and he's been very generous getting other artists to jibe with me. He's that guy. He knows I'd go anywhere for him."

Perrotin has come a long way since the gallery's darker days. With the opening of his Orchard Street and Japan galleries, he has hoisted himself to the top tier of a business that increasingly demands global heft. "He's definitely a key player in the contemporary art world," says Heller. But that only raises the stakes for staying there. "If you can't give your artists a show at MoMA, you've got to have a MoMA show for them in your gallery."

Perrotin is helping to shape the forces driving the global art business as much as he is shaped by them. Art galleries are stealing a page from the big French

luxury conglomerates Kering and LVMH, he says. There will be consolidation: Bigger galleries will team up with smaller "research" galleries, which are better positioned to unearth new talent. "It would be absolutely grotesque of me not to acknowledge that I'm closer to the Larry Gagosian business model," Perrotin says. "He changed the whole business, and I'm an enormous admirer of what he's built. I also admire someone like [the influential New York gallerist] Paula Cooper. She showed how you can be irreplaceable without having 80 employees. For me, though, coming into the business when I did, that was no longer possible."

The thing is, Perrotin can't stop because he just can't stop. It pains him, he says, but that's the way it is. "Every six months, this feeling of existential anguish comes back deep inside of me, and I say no. There's no time to enjoy yourself. That's the big problem right now." •

Photographic Memories

Master photographer Irving Penn was far more comfortable behind the camera than in front of it. A new retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum of Art reveals his personal passions.

IN THE SUMMER of 1950, in Paris, the most unlikely party in town was happening in a walk-up on the rue de Vaugirard. After lumbering up six flights of stairs, you'd reach a former photography school, without water and electricity, but no matter. There stood the world's great models, artists and intellectuals alongside mailmen, pastry chefs and vegetable sellers. The host was photographer Irving Penn, then in Paris to document the full spectrum of the "human comedy," as one of his mentors, art director Alexander Liberman, put it.

Penn was an intense and quiet man with a voracious appetite for character. Yet unlike other photographers of his day, such as Cecil Beaton and Richard Avedon, Penn did not consort with the elite figures he immortalized on film. Rather, he luxuriated in the democratic spectacle taking place in his Paris studio. His official mission that summer was

to photograph for *Vogue* the fall fashion collections by Dior, Balenciaga and other designers; but he was also working on a project of his own: a Small Trades (or *Petits Métiers*) series in which he documented "a steady stream of workmen, street vendors, and fringe Parisians [who] waited their turn to pose between pictures of couture and portrait sittings of the distinguished," he later remembered.

Later that year, while continuing the Small Trades series in London, he photographed a fishmonger and then ducked out of the studio to marry Lisa Fonssagrives, the Swedish model and frequent Penn subject, at the St. Marylebone Register Office. It was a joyous but hasty affair: Penn had to get back to the studio to photograph T. S. Eliot. This was quintessential Penn, who had access to every echelon of society and swathed inhabitants of each in ethereal light during his photo sessions. He needed all of these societal ingredients, he said, to create a "balanced meal."

BY LESLEY M. M. BLUME



AFTER-DINNER GAMES, NEW YORK, 1947 © CONDÉ NAST

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: FROZEN FOODS, NEW YORK, 1977. © THE IRVING PENN FOUNDATION. PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING PENN; THREE ASARO MUD MEN, NEW GUINEA, 1970. © THE IRVING PENN FOUNDATION; BAULE CLAY MANTEL COAT, LUSA FOSSAGRAVES-PENN, PARIS 1950. © CONDÉ NAST. PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING PENN; NUDE NO. 57, NEW YORK, 1949-50. © THE IRVING PENN FOUNDATION. PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING PENN



This month, New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art will open its third Penn show in 40 years, *Irving Penn: Centennial*, to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of Penn's birth (he died in 2009). The Met considers Penn to be "one of the most celebrated American artists of the 20th century," says director Thomas Campbell.

During his lifetime, Penn dedicated himself to elevating his medium to the level of other fine arts. "Penn wanted photography to be considered in light of the entire history of art," says Maria Morris Hambourg, co-curator of the exhibit. His seven-decade career roughly parallels photography's 20th-century rise in scholarly esteem: Despite becoming a midcentury household name for his editorial and commercial work, Penn had to wait for many years to be accepted by the art world. In the mid-'70s, as Penn showcased controversial personal projects such as his Cigarettes series at galleries and museums, perceptions about him and his craft began to change; perhaps, after all, photography was a discipline on a par with painting, printmaking and sculpture. (The Met itself didn't create an official photography department until 1992, even though it had been collecting photographic works—including Penn's—for decades by then.) Penn's platinum-palladium prints came to be considered *objets d'art* in and of themselves (he revived and perfected the art of 19th-century printmaking) and helped make his case.

At least one of his photographs has fetched north of \$500,000 at auction, which puts him in a "very small club of photographers," says Darius Himes, international head of photographs at Christie's, which will auction another Penn photograph on April 6. Among the only other photographers from the period in this category: Alfred Stieglitz, Ansel Adams and Richard Avedon. "He has been a perennial favorite," says Himes.

Restless and ambitious from the earliest days of his career, Penn often ran ahead of the sensibilities of his time—even beyond the tastes of his mentors, art directors Alexey Brodovitch of *Harper's Bazaar* and Alexander Liberman of *Vogue*, Russian émigrés who championed avant-garde everything in the midcentury magazine world. Born in New Jersey in 1917 to a watchmaker father and a nurse mother, Penn initially wanted to be a painter but fretted that his talents were second-rate. After studying design with Brodovitch, who was first Penn's professor at art school and then his boss at *Bazaar*, Penn

joined *Vogue*'s staff as Liberman's assistant in 1943. Painting was still on his mind; he tried, in vain, to convince the magazine's photographers to adopt his surrealism- and cubism-inspired vision for photo spreads. Liberman suggested Penn take up photography himself, and Penn eagerly complied. He'd bought a Rolleiflex after art school and pressed it into service. "He referred to it as the workhorse," says his son, Tom Penn, 64, an artist, designer and head of the Irving Penn Foundation. He would use Rolleiflexes until the end of his career.

Liberman championed Penn's efforts and gave him enviable assignments and placement from his earliest days. Penn's first *Vogue* cover—of a glove, hatbox and handbag—ran on October 1, 1943, and took cues from both cubist and Dutch old master traditions. (He would throughout his career shoot over 150 *Vogue* covers.) "He understood composition and how to move the eye around the picture from corner

"The modern photographer...brings equal interest and devotion to the problem of photographing a queen, a chair, a fashion model, a soldier, a horse," he once said. "He finds something of himself in everything and something of everything in himself."

IF THERE IS ONE thread that ties together Penn's works, it is the intense attention he devoted to each of his subjects. He needed to exercise a painstaking control over his process. A fashion editor once joked that if Penn was going to shoot a lemon, she would need to scout 500 lemons to identify a perfect specimen; he would then take 500 pictures of that perfect lemon to get the perfect finished result.

His studio also needed to be just so; even when he traveled to the far corners of the earth, he and his team lugged along a tent designed to let in natural northern light for his shoots. On the fields of New

Guinea, Morocco or Spain, they were able to create an orderly, Penn-like environment within hours. In the 1960s, when Penn shot a myriad of commercial advertising campaigns, he briefly ventured beyond print work into television but detested the realm, calling it too "goddamn chaotic" for his taste. (His younger brother, Arthur Penn, on the other hand, became a renowned filmmaker, directing *Bonnie and Clyde*, among other major films.)

"The realism of the real world is something almost unbearable to me," he once confessed.

He approached his work with seriousness and more than a little bit of rebellion. Like Richard Avedon, with whom he indulged in a friendly rivalry, Penn railed against the perception that he was a frivolous fashion-world photographer. *Vogue* was his bread and butter—he was a longtime contracted

contributor—but he also journeyed to distant locales to document other cultures, far from the pettiness and extravagance of the fashion world.

Similarly, Penn often declined to strike up friendships with his clients or wealthy collectors; Leonard Lauder—a dedicated Penn collector and president of Estée Lauder when Penn worked on major Clinique campaigns for his company—recalls that Penn once turned down a personal lunch invitation. "There was a Chinese wall there," says Lauder. "I was much friendlier with Dick Avedon, who was more approachable." Was Lauder offended by Penn's stand-offishness? "Not at all," he says. "I understood what was in Penn's soul."

Decay, deterioration, detritus: These subjects engrossed Penn, despite the fact that his magazine and many of his clients celebrated beauty and pledged shortcuts to eternal youth. He shot often-unsettling series devoted to such themes. Met curators say his Cigarettes series, begun in 1972 and showcased at MoMA in 1975, was Penn's commentary on America's wasteful culture. The images made Penn's point



to corner," says Met photo department curator-in-charge Jeff Rosenheim. Penn approached fashion subjects with the eye of an artist: Both the couture and his models looked especially sculptural in his shots. Other editions of *Vogue* also showcased Penn's personal work in their pages, including portraits of Parisian streetworkers shared in *Vogue Paris*'s issue celebrating the city's 2,000th anniversary in 1951.

The breadth of Penn's oeuvre is amply reflected in the Met's new show, which will be composed mostly of 150 images promised to the museum by the Penn Foundation and rounded out with photographs from the Met's permanent collection. There is much seeming disparity: Images of Peruvian newspaper boys will hang near pictures of London chimney sweeps, New Guinea tribesmen in full regalia and Moroccan women whose faces are occluded by opaque veils. Beyond that: images of medicine cabinets full of cosmetics; powdery, rotund nudes; flowers, smashed and wilting, scrutinized in almost excruciating detail. Yet if there is a possible disconnect for the casual observer, there was none for Penn.

FROZEN IN TIME This page: Penn was a dedicated painter in private, never exhibiting his work; *Still Life of Nine Pieces*, New York, 2005. Opposite, clockwise from top left: *Frozen Foods*, New York, 1977; *Three Asaro Mud Men*, New Guinea, 1970; *Balenciaga Mantle Coat (Lisa Fonssagrives-Penn)*, Paris, 1950; *Nude No. 57*, New York, 1949–50.

but repelled critics and collectors. (Says Lauder: "I could see the artistic value to them, but I didn't buy them. I still don't buy them." His preference: the Small Trades images, some of which decorate his Manhattan apartment.)

Penn's assault on beauty norms came in many forms. In a 1949–1950 personal project, he swapped out what he called "self-starved" models for lusher bodies, whom he shot in the studio provided to him by *Vogue*. Many of his contemporaries found them unappealing; even Liberman ran only one at the time, selecting one of the thinnest, most conventionally lovely subjects. Sometimes he undercut the need for self-preservation in the pages of *Vogue* itself; provocative to the last, he depicted a pile of rotting bananas for a beauty story in August 2009, his final image for the magazine. And yet the magazine's editors could not get enough of him and his idiosyncratic, often ironic worldview.

"He was always looking to take something further and not do the obvious," says *Vogue* executive fashion editor and longtime Penn friend and collaborator Phyllis Posnick. "He set the bar so high; we all tried hard to please him. And he changed our perception of what we thought was beautiful."

PENN'S FIFTH AVENUE studio was always busy, with staff working together "like a hive of bees," recalls his assistant and studio manager of 13 years, Vasilios Zatse. In his later years, Penn arrived each day at 9 a.m. and changed into his uniform: jeans, a blue Issey Miyake shirt (he had dozens, according to Posnick) and canvas-topped sneakers. Once dressed, he was ready for work.

For a backdrop, Penn often used an ancient theater curtain that he and his team had scrounged up for his 1950 Paris sittings. In the late '40s, he had rejected the then-popular parlor settings and instead created an odd set that looked like the corner of a room—cramped, semi-industrial, slightly dirty—into which he wedged an assortment of luminaries, including painter Georgia O'Keeffe, composer Igor Stravinsky, designer Elsa Schiaparelli and boxer Joe Louis. At other times, Penn compelled his subjects, including Alfred Hitchcock and W. H. Auden, to perch upon a mass of old carpet in his studio.

Penn's reputation for penetrating portrait sessions was well-known (a joke went around New York that sitting for Penn was akin to going to the city's most fashionable analyst), so some subjects were astonished by his briskness. Other photographers "take hours and have armies of people involved," says writer Gay Talese, who sat for Penn in 1971 as part of a group portrait. "But with Penn, we did it and got out. He seemed to have arranged all of us before we showed up, down to the angles and poses."

Zatse confirms that there was much preparation.

"Penn would want to be in complete control of a sitter and expect [him or her] to be silent and take direction," he says. Occasionally someone would mischievously needle Penn, trying to jar him out of his famous composure. When fellow photographer Helmut Newton posed for Penn, he peppered him with intentionally meddlesome questions about his camera and equipment (they were "sparring with each other gently," recalls Zatse). Elton John once regaled Penn with a deafening song. "We usually only spoke in whispers," says Zatse, laughing. "Penn was so taken aback; he signaled to him with a gesture of his hand: That's enough, that's enough."

Tom Penn says that he was fascinated by the rapport between his father and his subjects, even those in remote parts of the world. "There was never a sense of any nervousness," Tom says. "In some cases the sitter didn't even know what a camera was, but...

with Fonssagrives's daughter, Mia.

Tom describes their home life as warm and intensely creative. "My parents were just adorable and loving of each other and of me and my sister," he recalls. "There was no fighting, no battles, just a very calm existence." That said, his father never took shots of the clan in their New York City apartment or on their Long Island farm, where Penn kept a darkroom in the barn. "He took one photograph of me when I was graduating eighth grade," Tom says. "He never picked up a camera on a trip; if you handed him one, he would hand it back. There was a complete wall."

He adds that his father's archive contains few Penn self-portraits. When he did photograph himself, the images were decidedly abstract and blurred; once he shot his image as it appeared in a shattered mirror. Similarly, Penn did not display his work in their homes. Tom recalls one still life in the farmhouse, but it had been hung by his mother.

Although it has long been part of the popular Penn narrative that he gave up painting for good when he took up photography, Tom says that painting actually remained an important part of his father's life. Most nights after a long day in the studio, Penn came home for dinner and then retreated to paint with watercolor and ink. "He had enormous passion, but it was somewhat private," says Tom. "He was pleased with the work and said that it came from the same brain." But even these works weren't allowed to linger in the apartment: "He was very meticulous in getting it out the door when it was finished." The bulk of the paintings—there are hundreds, says Tom—are stored in the Penn Foundation's archives and have yet to be exhibited.

Despite his prolific output, Penn never tired of creating; there was always more to do. "He yearned for longer days," says Zatse. "Sleep? Apparently he got it in there somewhere. I would imagine that Penn had a difficult time shutting off his brain."

Penn wore a wristwatch to bed that sometimes went off several times throughout the night; he would get up, go outside to the barn darkroom and transfer whatever print he was working on into the next chemical bath. Sometimes Fonssagrives would come with him, and there, in the middle of the night, they would gaze together at the latest works in progress.

"I will say this about Penn: His art was like an addiction," Zatse says. "The constant search, the pushing boundaries, whether in materials or subject matter, the not letting go of a thought or an idea and carrying it through to the end. He craved it, thrived on it and needed it." •

knew something very important was happening. There was a reverential fascination with what was going on, a silent respect."

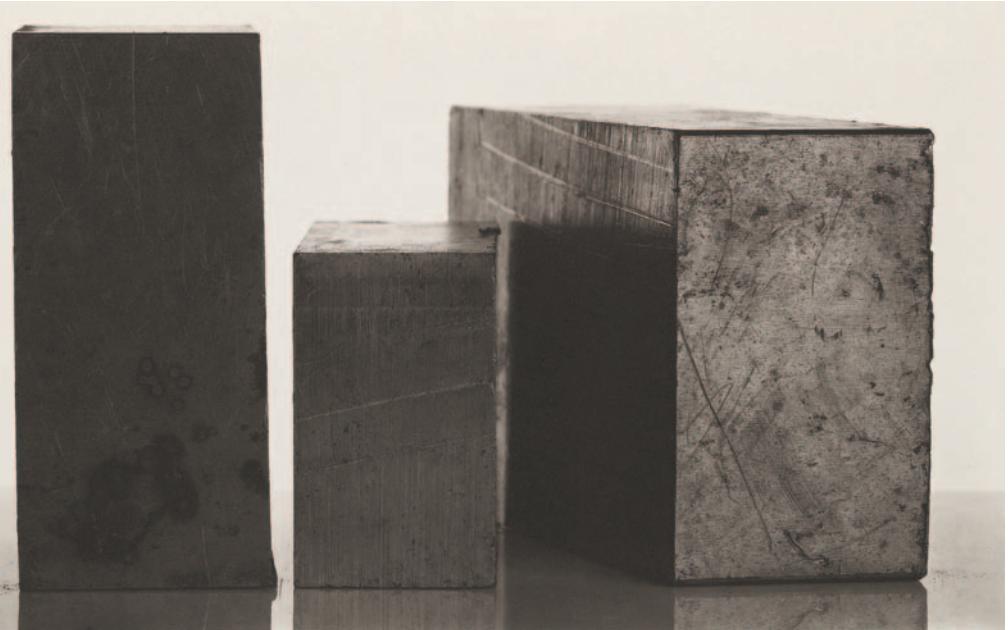
Hambourg even described the soft-spoken Penn as Gandhi-like. "I can't tell you what it was like to be in conversation with this man," she says. "It was as though he was listening to you through his eyes." Was this just part of Penn's character or a learned skill—or both? "In a sense, that must be something that was innate," she muses, "and honed over a 65-year career. It was both personality—and a talent."

FOR SOMEONE determined to capture the souls of others on film, Penn was apparently reluctant to photograph himself. Lisa Fonssagrives, to whom he was married for over 40 years (and who became a sculptor in her own right), documented his life instead, shooting many poignant, behind-the-scenes images of her husband inside his traveling studio. She was also in charge of photographing their family, which included Tom along

THROUGH LINE This page: A circa 1979 drawing by Penn, *Untitled*, New York. Opposite page, clockwise from top left: *Pâtissiers*, Paris, 1950, part of the Small Trades series; *Single Oriental Poppy*, New York, 1968; *Truman Capote*, New York, 1948; *Three Steel Blocks*, New York, 1980.



"THE MODERN PHOTOGRAPHER FINDS
SOMETHING OF HIMSELF IN EVERYTHING
AND SOMETHING OF EVERYTHING
IN HIMSELF." -IRVING PENN



LOST HORIZONS

Find romance at style's new frontier with relaxed layers of pale pieces that play off the desert's golden light.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREGORY HARRIS
STYLING BY VÉRONIQUE DIDRY

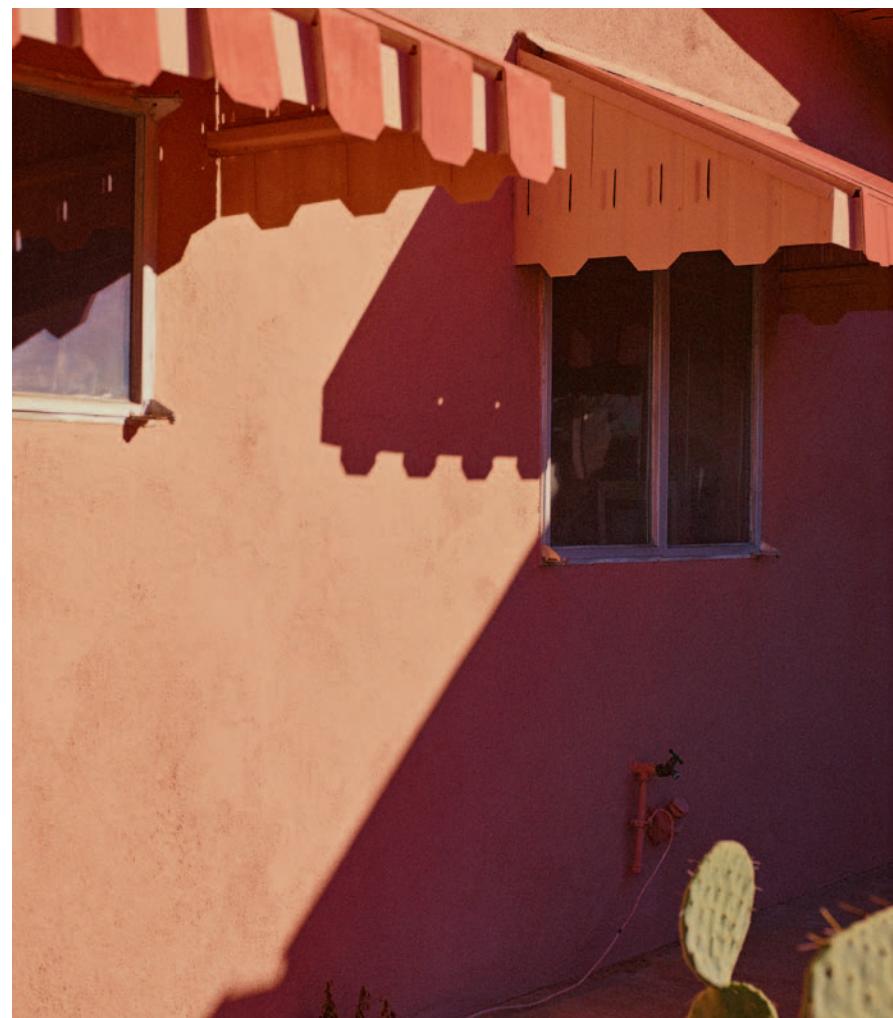


KEEP COOL
Frills and ruffles bring femininity to summer suspenders. Michael Kors Collection top and pants and vintage suspenders.



SHADOW LAND

Like desert flowers, some delicate dresses thrive in rugged conditions. Bottega Veneta trench, Oscar de la Renta dress, Lili T. rings, vintage hat and model's own necklaces. Opposite: Joseph dress (worn as jacket), Valentino dress, Blugirl hat and vintage boots.





SOLITARY CREATURE
Sit back and savor the simple
things in life. Polo Ralph
Lauren sweater, Jacquemus
pants and Lili T. rings.





DUSK FALLS

Anything goes on the open range. Nehera jacket, Stella McCartney sweater, Ralph Lauren Collection sweater (worn underneath), Hanro of Switzerland briefs and Lili T. rings. Opposite: Dolce & Gabbana sleeveless jacket and pants, Burberry shirtdress and Aquilano.Rimondi shirt (worn underneath).





SUNSET STRIP

Wrap up to catch the last rays. Giorgio Armani jacket and pants, Aquilano.Rimondi shirt, Nehera sweater, stylist's own belt and pin, vintage boots and Lotuff bag. Opposite: Burberry sweater (worn on shoulders), Veronique Branquinho shirtdress, Ralph Lauren Collection sweater and pants, Ann Demeulemeester belt and Lili T. rings. Model, Edita Vilkeviciute at DNA Model Management; hair, Teddy Charles; makeup, Maki Ryoke; manicure, Carla Kay; set design, Heath Mattioli. For details see Sources, page 126.

OFF THE OLD BLOCK

In a quarry-rich region of Tuscany, Marco Giannoni runs one of the last marble studios in Italy to employ time-honored methods of hand carving. But the work he and his team are helping sculptor Kevin Francis Gray realize is anything but traditional.

BY ALICE CAVANAGH
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES MOLLISON

GROUP EFFORT
From left: Massimo Consigli, Christian Ghelarducci, Nicola Ghelarducci, Piero Quadrelli, Simone d'Angiolo, sculptor Kevin Francis Gray and studio owner Marco Giannoni.



THE ITALIAN TOWN of Pietrasanta, wedged between the foothills of the Apuan Alps and the wide sandy beaches that front the Ligurian Sea, has all the features of an archetypal Tuscan village. There's the imposing marble duomo, the cheerful cafe terraces spilling out onto the piazza and the narrow streets of Renaissance-era houses in sun-bleached tones of terra cotta and turmeric.

On weekends, Pietrasanta's population swells with visitors perusing market stalls that peddle everything from small kitchen utensils to mammoth wheels of local pecorino cheese. It's only once the

crowds have cleared that the cityscape reveals its singularity. At every turn there are works by renowned sculptors like Kan Yasuda, Franco Adami and Igor Mitoraj—many of whom have been Pietrasanta residents at some point and have offered the pieces as gifts to their adopted hometown. The main square is frequently the site of exhibitions, the most recent being a showing of Salvador Dalí's towering bronze figures.

Known as Little Athens, Pietrasanta has become something of an urban sculpture park because of its proximity to 80 or so quarries that contain what is considered to be the world's finest marble. Carrara marble has been mined in this region since Roman



SLAB HAPPY
Piero Quadrelli roughs out the basic form of one of Gray's sculptures.

times, and the local community of family-run marble-working studios continues to this day. Many of the large-scale workshops scattered through Pietrasanta's industrial area have collaborated with contemporary artists since the mid-20th century, when modernist sculptors including Joan Miró, Isamu Noguchi and Henry Moore traveled there to produce their work.

London-based artist Kevin Francis Gray, 45, first came to Pietrasanta in 2006. As a nascent sculptor he worked with bronze and resin, but when he was ready to graduate to marble he sought out the Giannoni family studio. Now run by Marco Giannoni, a fourth-generation artisan, the workshop is one of the last in the area to reject the machine-made in favor of traditional by-hand techniques, the same used in Giannoni's great-grandfather's day. Aside from an air compressor that powers the hand-held chisel, the only "machine" in the studio is a manual tool called a pointing machine, employed since the mid-18th century to transfer a plaster model's measurements to the roughly hewn marble.

As a small operation, the Giannoni studio works with only a select few artists, such as Italian sculptor Giuseppe Penone, and has declined commissions from many others. Gray says that the Giannonis—Marco and his now-retired father, Sergio—were initially reluctant to take him on. "When I approached the studio, they were resistant. I just kept coming, knocking on the door," he says while huddling up to the studio's oil heater on a cold January day. "But Marco is not interested in me and my profile. He doesn't care about that. He just cares about the work."

Giannoni, a lively man in his 50s, recalls being seduced by a resin casting of Gray's sculpture *Ghost Girl* (2007). "Just seeing her in resin gave me a shock and immediately moved me. She was such a strong work: timely and provocative and evocative," Giannoni recalls of Gray's statue, a young woman shrouded in Swarovski crystal beads that seemed to fall like tears. The finished marble piece married the arresting beauty of a typical neoclassical sculpture, realized in the studio's traditional manner, with a contemporary, thought-provoking subject: The girl's wrists, hidden behind her back, were slashed. "Kevin already had such interesting ideas, even back then," Giannoni says.

Over the past decade, Giannoni and Gray have produced 21 sculptures together. Gray generally spends 10 days out of every month here working side by side with the artisans, and recently they have been focused on preparing seven new pieces for Gray's upcoming show running through April 22 at Pace Gallery in New York. The 1,100-square-foot workspace, which, with its soaring tin roof, has the appearance of a lofty shed, is filled with Gray's busts and reclining nudes, cast from three different kinds of marble: Carrara, black Marquina and Statuario, a luminous white stone with striking ash-colored veins. Plaster casts of the studio's previous work, classic religious commissions, line the walls and shelves.

Gray's new works signal a bold change in direction for both artist and artisans. These sculptures have none of the realism or polish of Gray's earlier



CHISELED FEATURES
Giannoni and Gray work side by side in the studio's courtyard.

oeuvre, which attracted collectors like former Saint Laurent designer Hedi Slimane, Garage Museum of Contemporary Art founder Dasha Zhukova and Sir Elton John. Instead, their striking features are oversize, abstract and a little awry—"as if the stone has been grabbed in their hands," says Gray, who created the original forms by scooping their features out of clay.

"It was very important for me to change, artistically," he says. "This is about doing something I like and having the confidence to do that." The new technique renders his models unrecognizable: Though the three reclining nudes were modeled on three different women, they're indistinguishable.

"I think it's beautiful," says Giannoni, gesturing to a powerful female figure who appears to be twisting up and out of the base, her features a blur. "They're all extremely contemporary pieces made with the most classical of methods. We're creating these works in the same way we would a Bernini, a Canova or a Michelangelo, and that's what is so interesting, that tension between the old and new."

Marc Glimcher, president of Pace Gallery, agrees. "Great art is made in all manner of ways, in the lab if you will, but there is something special about the mark of the hand, and an artist like Kevin restores

"MARCO IS NOT INTERESTED IN ME AND MY PROFILE. HE JUST CARES ABOUT THE WORK."

—KEVIN FRANCIS GRAY

techniques to the marble," he says. "It's important to have the older, experienced men with the younger men, to pass down the knowledge and experience." It's unclear whether Giannoni's only child, Igor, who at age 9 is already training with the junior team of the ACF Fiorentina soccer club in Florence, will sign on to the family business. "It's possible," Giannoni says with a laugh. "I'm sure that if his interest in football ever wanes, he will turn towards art. He has my blood in him."

In the middle of the production process, in the hands of Gray, Giannoni or Giannoni's right-hand man, Simone d'Angiolo, the artwork realizes its truest form. D'Angiolo, a man in his early 40s with floppy hair, stops in on his day off and makes a round of bitter espressos from the dusty coffee machine in the corner. There's a jovial sense of camaraderie among the men, who lunch together every day. "Simone is a different kind of artisan because he works on the sculpture as an artist," Gray says. "He's not copying the plaster. He's deciding on his own and making changes and improvements, making it better."

In all, it takes anywhere from five months to a year to get from marble slab to finished artwork, and Giannoni wouldn't have it any other way. "If you want to make quick money and a lot of work, the way to do that is easy: Working with machinery and robots can increase the speed of production enormously, despite not delivering the same final quality," he says. "Kevin's works—slow and painstaking in the manual labor behind them—are like putting away diamonds in a bank safe."

In Pietrasanta today, Giannoni estimates, there remain just two or three studios still rooted in traditional practices. "There is a change in mentality, and it is faster, but I like the old system," he says with a shrug. "I'll never change." •



STONE FACED
One of Gray's new works in progress.

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STILL LIFE

BILL NYE

The Science Guy shares a few of his favorite things.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY YOSHIHIRO MAKINO

I WON MY FIRST EMMY in 1987 for a local show I did called *Almost Live!* I did science demonstrations. We were so popular in the Pacific Northwest that we would air just before *Saturday Night Live*. Later, *Bill Nye the Science Guy* went on to win 19 Emmys, but that was the one that started it all. *Principles of Heat Transfer* is my textbook from college. In my day, it was common to take your textbooks to your engineering jobs. I was designing avionics and used that book all day for years—it got so beaten up that I had to drill holes to put in those rings to hold it together. Those are bicycle shoes in front; they're made from kangaroo leather. When I was 15, my brother lent me money to buy them.

I was working at a bike shop at the time, so I'd ride from Washington, D.C., where I lived, to Arlington, Virginia, about 10 miles each way. The award to the right was given to me by Cornell University, my alma mater, in honor of erecting the Solar Noon Clock atop Rhodes Hall. At solar noon, when the sun is highest in the sky, the clock lights up using sunlight beamed down through a duct. It's a tribute to my parents, veterans of World War II—my dad was a prisoner of war and became fascinated by sundials once the Japanese confiscated everyone's watches. The bat to the right is a fungo bat, which a lot of baseball coaches use because they're thinner than traditional bats. The

attachment at the end is something I co-created called a Fango, which you use to pick up balls off the ground. Come on, it's brilliant! I built the radio to the right in seventh grade from a kit. It still works. I can turn it on and listen to a Dodgers game. I used the model rocket on *Science Guy*. If you hold it up to your nose you can still smell the gunpowder. I wore the safety glasses to the right on *Science Guy*, and I'll wear them on my new Netflix show, *Bill Nye Saves the World*, which is out this month. The bow tie is from the 1930s and belonged to my grandfather. I save it for special occasions. I own a lot of beautiful ties, but it's the finest.”
—As told to Thomas Gebremedhin

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