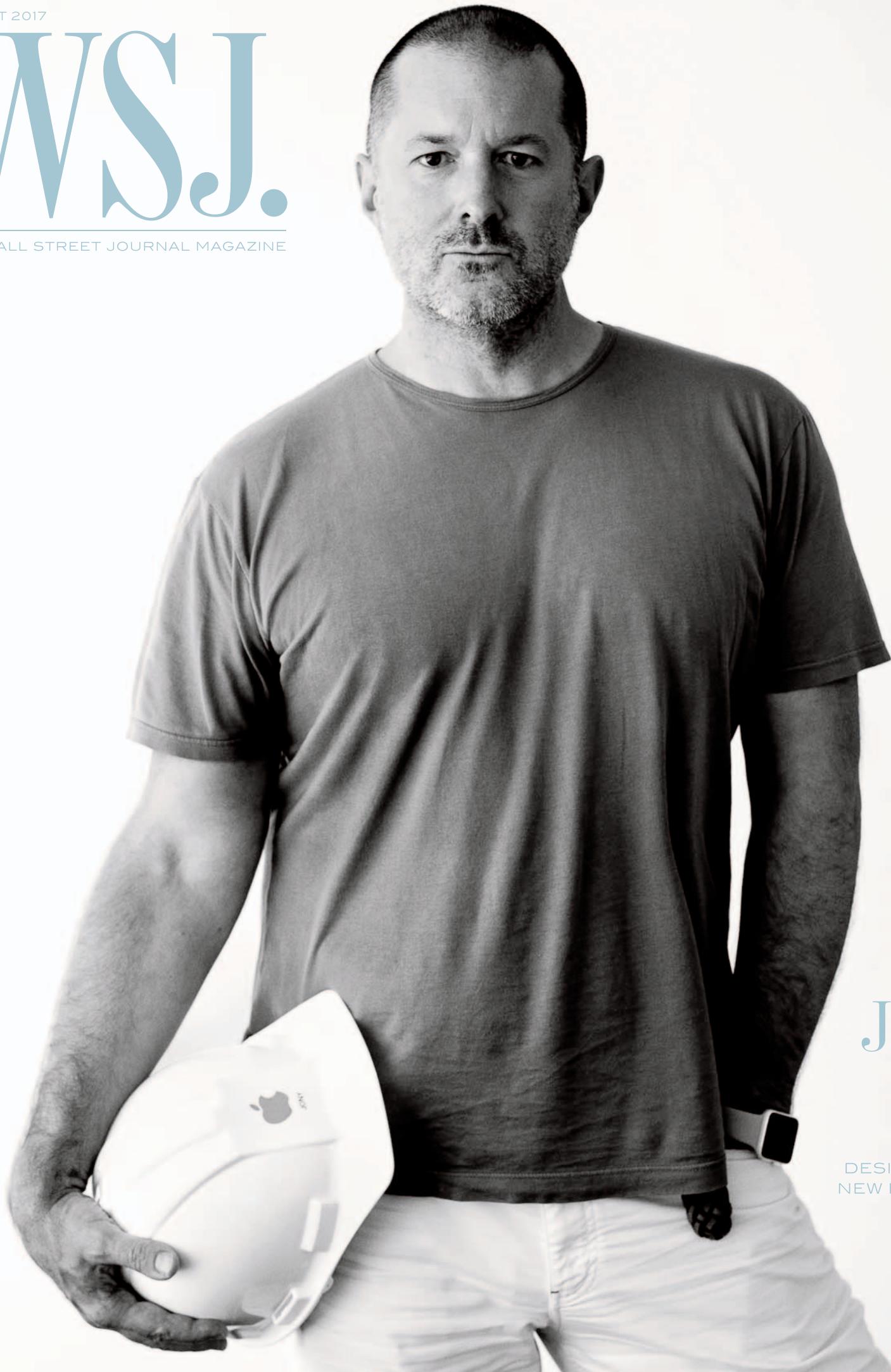


AUGUST 2017

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Clockwise from left: Rapper Vince Staples, photographed by Andreas Laszlo Konrath. Ralph Lauren jacket and turtleneck. For details see Sources, page 94. Design detail from chefs Lee Hanson and Riad Nasr's forthcoming Tribeca brasserie Frenchette, photographed by Gentl and Hyers. The Southern California desert, photographed by Lachlan Bailey.

EDITOR'S LETTER

# FULL CIRCLE

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEJANDRO CARDENAS



## RING THEORY

Anubis and Bast (both wearing Valentino) take in a view of the Santa Cruz Mountains from Apple's new circular headquarters in Cupertino, California.

CREATIVITY RARELY occurs in a vacuum. As designers, artists and cultural leaders of all stripes forge a path forward, they often pick up where a predecessor has left off. How individuals manage the weight of such influences can define them—a theme that resonates in several of the features in our August issue.

The construction of Apple Park—the enormous ring-shaped headquarters in Cupertino, California, that Apple employees started moving into this spring—represents the last time Apple's chief designer, Jony Ive, will implement the vision of founder Steve Jobs. Working alongside architect Norman Foster, Ive fashioned a structure that

satisfies Jobs's obsessive attention to detail, while also achieving one of his main goals: allowing more of the tech giant's employees to work face-to-face. "For all the beauty of technology," says Apple CEO Tim Cook, "nothing yet replaces human interaction."

Angela Missoni, creative director of her namesake brand for two decades, values few spaces as highly as her family's vacation home in Sardinia. The seaside compound—overflowing with sentimental mementos, bohemian touches and, quite often, children and relatives—is Missoni's escape from the fashion world's frenetic pace. While in her youth Missoni resisted taking on a large role in the family business, fashion eventually became her calling, an

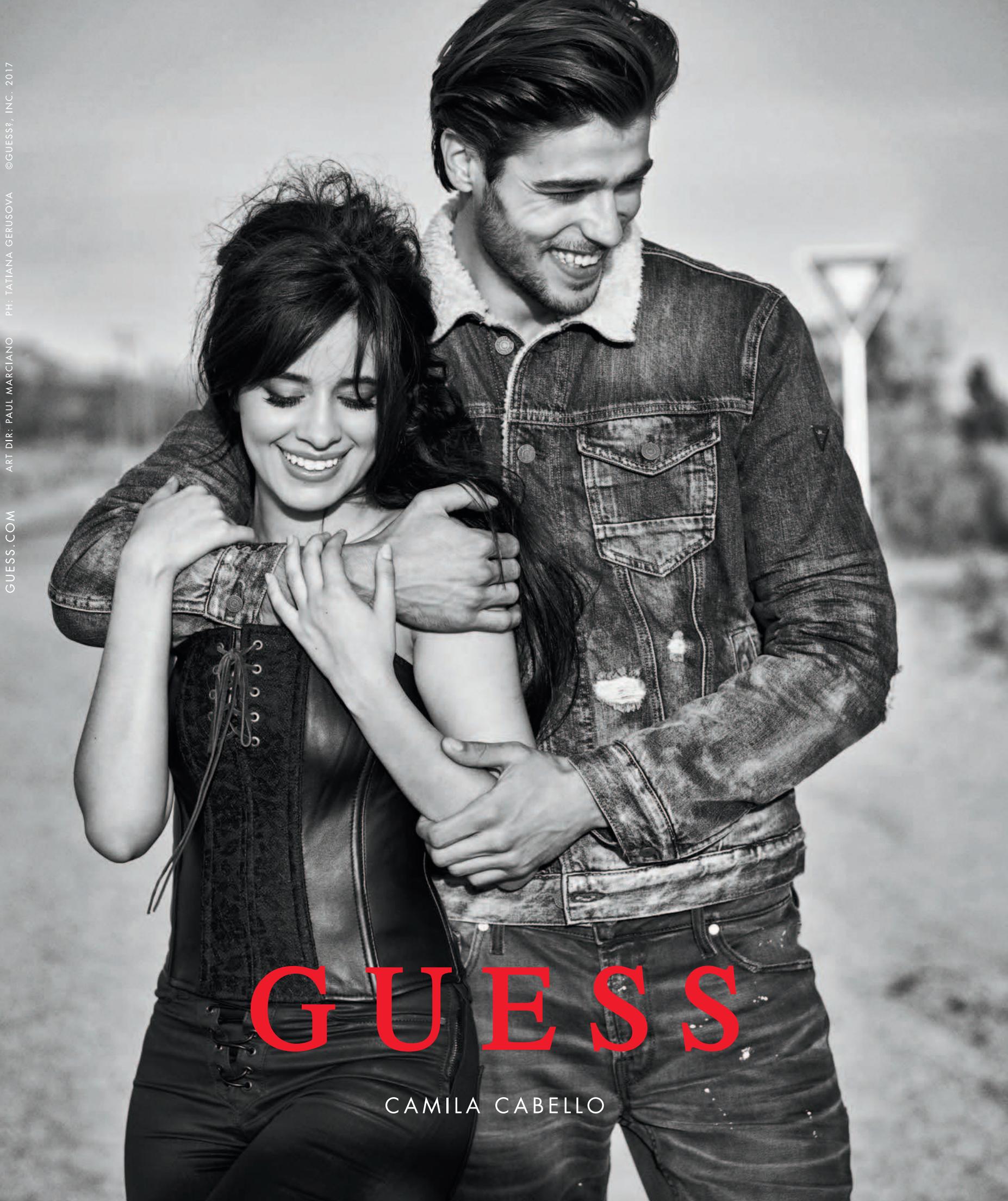
intergenerational inheritance that, like the Sardinian property, has proved immensely fortifying.

And this summer, as Vince Staples releases his sophomore album, *Big Fish Theory*, all eyes will be on the young rap star, who has confounded attempts by fans and critics to single him out as the voice of his generation or as a prophet of social discontent. "I'm here to make the art, not the news," says Staples, an understandable if wishful sentiment given how eloquently his music distills the mood of the moment.

KONeill

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AUGUST 2017

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**PROGRESS BAR**  
Construction advances  
at the new Apple Park  
in Silicon Valley.

## THE CIRCLE IS NOW COMPLETE P. 56

It's unlikely that Jonathan Ive, Apple's chief designer, would ever admit the iPhone was a hit. "It's striking how understated he is," says writer Christina Passariello, who profiled Ive for this month's cover story. "He's very forthcoming about the thought that goes into his work, but he'd never say he's a design icon." Passariello, who had interviewed Ive twice before for *The Wall Street Journal*, focused her discussion this time on his role in developing Apple's new headquarters in Cupertino, California. *WSJ. Magazine* creative director Magnus Berger was on location for the shoot with photographer Mikael Jansson. "We wanted to capture the personality of a man who has changed the way the world communicates and consumes information. That's not a small feat," says Berger, who listened as Ive described the space in great architectural detail—from perforated wood panels to door handles. "The takeaway, simply, is that he loves what he does." —*Sara Morosi*



**GERALDINE SAGLIO**  
Stylist

KICK THE DUST UP P. 72



**VINCE BEISER**  
Writer

RHYME AND REASON P. 68



**JESSICA BACKHAUS**  
Photographer

PIECES OF THE PAST P. 64



**JOSH OLINS**  
Photographer

TRUE COLORS P. 46

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# THE COLUMNISTS

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



CHERYL  
STRAYED

"Some people have a negative reaction to the word *advice*. They imagine somebody shaking their finger and telling them what to do. That kind of advice is never helpful. Good advice is simply about sharing your perspective. When I started writing an advice column, I approached it with a sense of curiosity and a light heart, and I quickly realized that it was incredibly meaningful work. I was using stories to illuminate those deeper human truths that can so often be guiding lights for us. The big questions were always about love, sex and family. Will I ever be loved? How do I heal when bad things happen? The letters I got could be devastating. But there's something about being able to help others that's empowering. You shift from despair to hope. We are made stronger for our suffering, especially when we turn that into generosity, into helping others."



PATRICK  
WHITESELL

"In our business, the ability to give good advice consistently has a direct impact on our capacity for success. Our clients have their own unique careers and objectives. But even though they're on different journeys, they all want a career that provides them with creative fulfillment and happiness. Our job is to get them there. Sometimes they may not agree with our advice or want to hear it—but it's still our responsibility to share that with them. Technology has disrupted the entertainment business since radio, but access to information—especially via social media—is so overwhelming now. The megaphone is bigger, the opinions louder than ever. It creates this confusing environment. A trusted source of advice is critical amid all the noise."



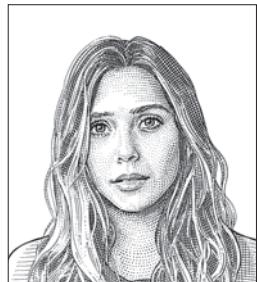
AMY  
CAPPELLAZZO

"There's a moment of incredible clarity when you hear the right advice. A light goes on in your head. I consider a few things when advising clients about collecting art, including their station in life and their ultimate goals for the collection—whether they plan to give to the local museum, for instance. I always try to save them from making any catastrophic mistakes. If anything, I'm probably too honest and direct at certain moments. Sometimes I'll say, 'Look, you're rich. You can have anything that you want, but this isn't something you should need that badly. Take a walk around the block.' Part of advice is protecting people from what they want. I feel good when the right object has found the right home. It's a little bit like arranging love when you've made that match."



JOHN  
RIDLEY

"I had the opportunity to work with Francis Ford Coppola very early in my career. He told me a story about the film *Patton* [which he co-wrote] that stuck with me. There's a scene where Patton stands in front of a flag addressing troops that you never see—it's a scene that has become iconic in terms of cinema and culture. But Coppola had to fight the studio to keep it in because they just didn't understand it. He told me that the things you have to fight hardest for are the things you'll be remembered for because they're so different. I always thought that was an amazing piece of advice. But that was coming from Francis Ford Coppola! I'll readily admit that as a younger person I wasn't always good at accepting advice. Advice is the easiest thing to dispense and the hardest thing to absorb. Hopefully, with a bit of maturity, you can accept those things that might make a difference in your career and life."



ELIZABETH  
OLSEN

"The most important thing to keep in mind when giving advice is an understanding of how the other person prefers to communicate. Some people like directness, while others might need you to change the tone of your voice, which might mean talking more softly or sweetly. If you approach someone in the wrong way, they're going to have a closed-off response, so it's necessary to remain sensitive to their needs. I think I'm pretty good at giving and receiving advice—although I bet I'm pretty bad at it as well!—but sometimes you have to take what's said with a grain of salt, because a piece of advice can be based on whatever mood a person is in that day, and it's always limited to an individual's own experience. Sometimes your gut reaction is an important one. It can be the best way to go."



BÉLA  
FLECK

"How do you know when you should give advice and when to button your lip? You might give advice when you see someone in trouble, stranded out at sea, and it's clear they just need a little push. But then there are times when you feel like you shouldn't really interfere, that he or she needs to go through whatever it is to get to the other side, that it's part of the process. I definitely remember a musician I know saying, 'The older I get, the more comfortable I am giving people advice.' It does happen! I'm touring with my hero Chick Corea this summer, and I'm always happy to get his perspective on things. We can have really good talks about band leading, and he's coming at it from the position of a guy who has had 20 great bands. All those things I've learned from different musicians add up."

*Strayed* is the author of four books, including *Tiny Beautiful Things*, and the co-host of the advice podcast Dear Sugar Radio.

Whitesell is a talent agent and co-CEO of WME/IMG.

Cappellazzo is a chairman at Sotheby's and an art adviser.

Ridley is a writer and director. His documentary, *Let It Fall*, will be rereleased later this year.

Olsen is an actress. She stars in *Ingrid Goes West* and *Wind River*. Both films are out this month.

Fleck is a banjo player. His next album will be released in October. He is currently on tour.



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JOHN BOILER, *Founder and CEO, 72andSunny*

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A photograph of a man and a young girl at the bottom of a modern staircase. The man is crouching down, smiling, and helping the girl put on a purple backpack. The girl is wearing a denim jacket over a white shirt and blue jeans. The background shows a white wall and a wooden door on the right, and a metal railing on the left.

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**KITCHEN CONFIDENTIAL**  
Chefs Lee Hanson (left) and  
Riad Nasr look through design  
plans for their new restaurant,  
*Frenchette*, which will open in  
New York this fall.

FOOD NETWORK

## TWO'S COMPANY

After 30 years on the New York food scene, including an acclaimed run with restaurateur Keith McNally, chefs Lee Hanson and Riad Nasr are striking out on their own this fall.

BY GABE ULLA PHOTOGRAPHY BY GENTL AND HYERS

**W**E HAVE TO HIT this one out of the park," says chef Lee Hanson of Frenchette, the Tribeca brasserie he will open in September with his longtime kitchen collaborator and friend Riad Nasr. The chefs have reason to feel pressure. Hanson, 50, and Nasr, 53, have been largely absent from New York kitchens for the past four years—and this restaurant will be the first they have ever owned outright.

The chefs' track record suggests a familiarity with rising to the occasion: For over 15 years, they ran the kitchens at New York restaurateur Keith McNally's hot spots Balthazar, Schiller's Liquor Bar, Pastis and Minetta Tavern. Then in 2013, Hanson and Nasr parted ways with McNally to pursue the plan they had hatched decades ago, as young cooks at chef Daniel Boulud's fine-dining flagship, Daniel, in the early '90s.

Hanson and Nasr worked at Daniel just after its debut. It was a frantic and demanding environment that "terrified a lot of cooks," Hanson says, "but we'd always give each other knowing looks." In their scant free time, the chefs, who both consider New York home, would watch hockey and drink at dive bars.

In 1996, they left Daniel in close succession and began looking for a space downtown. "Then," Nasr says, "we realized we had no money, no charisma, no nothing." Later that year, a friend mentioned to Nasr that McNally—already known for The Odeon and several other hits—needed a chef for a space on the corner of Spring and Crosby; she asked if she could give the restaurateur his number. "I didn't think much of it, but he called me and invited me in for a tasting," Nasr says. It was only after McNally offered him the job that Nasr revealed the catch: "I told him, 'That's great, but I've got a partner, and you should meet him.'"

The rest of the Balthazar story, as the chefs tell it, is one of two workhorses thrust into an environment

where every night waiters would run to alert the kitchen about diners like Anna Wintour and Bianca Jagger. "We divorced ourselves from ego and created the best version of that restaurant we possibly could," says Nasr. "We didn't have time to ogle." They told themselves they'd stick with McNally for a few years to build up their credibility. "But the guy just kept opening up restaurants!" Hanson says. Their run with the restaurateur culminated, in 2009, with Minetta Tavern, the first McNally project where Hanson and Nasr were also part owners.

Hanson and Nasr want to bring some modernity to the brasserie tradition while honoring its hallmarks (big menu, bustling environment, all-day hours). "It should be similar in spirit to the neo-bistros that have taken over Paris," says Nasr. He and Hanson want license to cook off-the-cuff in ways they couldn't before. "We have to be more open to what's going on," Hanson says with regard to both seasonality and current tastes. There's an aging room in the basement, and a custom kitchen island that features a rotisserie and Japanese-charcoal grill. The chefs are

considering dishes like spit-roasted lobster with curry butter and fries; suckling pig cooked over hay; several lighter preparations, like a citrus salad with chicories, coriander and pistachios; and, befitting their history, a burger.

Frenchette isn't meant to look like a textbook brasserie. The Brooklyn-based Springs Collective is designing the 100-seat space, which will consist of a boisterous bar up front and a romantic dining room in the back, with architectural plaster details offset with dark wood, pops of color and warm lighting throughout. The bustle of the kitchen will be visible through a doorless 8-foot-tall, 4-foot-wide entrance.

The chefs have been intimately involved with the design process, which they say has been about gradu-

ally discovering elements—both modern and classic. And though they're not following the McNally playbook, they don't want to reject it outright: "You take a piece of a puzzle at every place you work and then put it into your own," Hanson says.

Hanson and Nasr have preferred keeping their heads down, but as marquee players for the first time, they will face a new level of exposure. "Is that us?" Nasr asks. "We'll find out." Right now, he says they're certain of one plan: "We have to be there all the time. It's just what we do."



**IN THE MAKING** Design details from the Springs Collective for the new brasserie Frenchette. "It should be similar in spirit to the neo-bistros that have taken over Paris," says Nasr of the restaurant's menu.



The Greenwich Village steakhouse earned a three-star rave from the *New York Times* and cemented the chefs' reputations as bone marrow and burger savants. They describe the split four years later as amicable. "It got to the point where we were like, What about that thing we wanted to do?" Hanson says. McNally, for his part, offers: "Riad and Lee are fantastic chefs and some of the nicest people I've ever worked with."

With Frenchette, which takes its name from a 1978 song by the New York Dolls' David Johansen,

## TRACK RECORD

As Hanson and Nasr prepare to open their own restaurant this fall, a look back at their previous kitchen collaborations.



### DANIEL

"It wasn't an easy task to be at Daniel at that time," recalls Daniel Boulud of the restaurant's early years. "Lee was a quiet force, but Riad punched the bag a little louder."



### BALTHAZAR

Their first collaboration with Keith McNally is best known for its seafood platters and steak frites; they recall serving a record 1,400 guests on a Saturday in the fall of 2003.



### PASTIS

According to the chefs, one night Keith Richards asked a bathroom attendant if he ever took breaks. When he said no, Richards replaced him for half an hour.



### SCHILLER'S LIQUOR BAR

The chefs say Richard Price would observe the restaurant's workings as he wrote his novel *Lush Life*, in which a character is based on the general manager.



### MINETTA TAVERN

By all accounts, the French-inflected steakhouse allowed the chefs to cook some of their most ambitious food at that point—including their renowned rib-eye.

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THE BEAUTY OF  
**BASTIDE**

With the opening of the French brand's first flagship boutique, owners Frédéric Fekkai and Shirin von Wulffen celebrate its Provençal roots.



**FRENCH CONNECTION**  
Clockwise from left:  
Bastide's new flagship  
store in Aix-en-  
Provence; Frédéric  
Fekkai and Shirin von  
Wulffen; the Miel de  
Lavande Artisanal Hand  
Wash. Photography  
by François Coquerel.

**T**HE IDEA behind Bastide is this Provençal way of life," says French hairstylist and entrepreneur Frédéric Fekkai of his new beauty and lifestyle company, Bastide, gesturing to the streets of Aix-en-Provence, the home base of the brand and its first store. "If I look around, people are just healthier here and more relaxed." Fekkai, 58, a native of Aix, and his wife, Shirin von Wulffen, 43, have flown in

from their adopted city of New York to open Bastide's flagship boutique, an airy 450-square-foot space with an arched glass storefront, limewashed walls and hand-carved stone shelves that house the brand's products. Designed by the French architect Amelia Tavella, the store evokes the interiors of the region's *bastides* (farmhouses) and sits on a

meandering cobblestone street 65 feet away from the 18th-century Place d'Albertas, where Fekkai lived as a teenager. "My old flatmate still lives there," he says, pointing to the second floor of one of the faded baroque buildings.

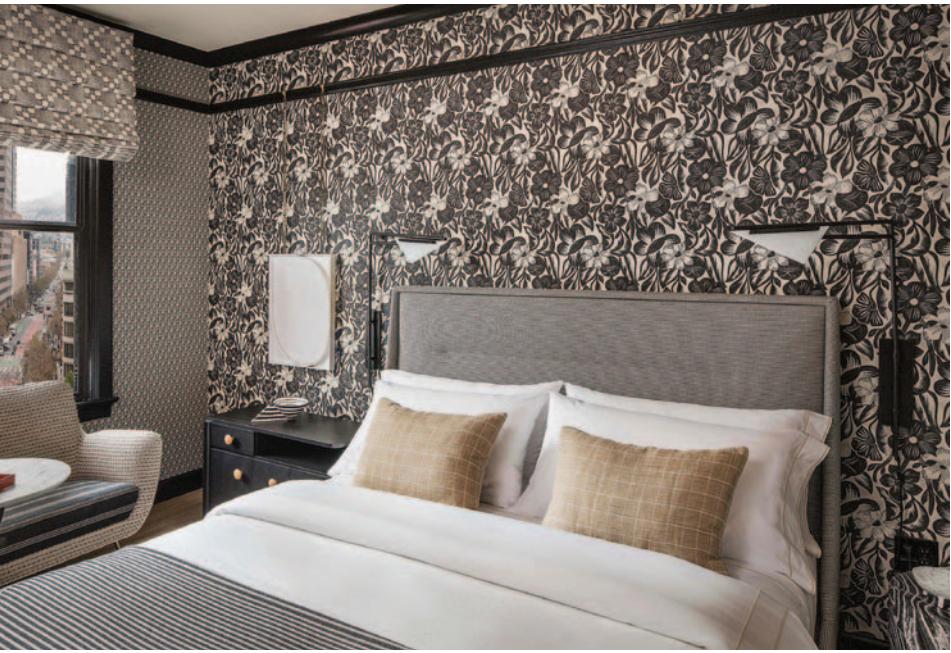
Lured back to Provence each year for the summer holidays, Fekkai and von Wulffen decided to acquire the 26-year-old local lifestyle brand Côté Bastide two years ago, aiming to embrace its Provençal origins and to simplify its offerings. They arrived at a tightly edited, toxin-free collection of bath and body products such as soaps, perfumes, lotions and candles, available in pastoral scents like lavender and honey. As a rule, everything is made in Provence by artisanal soapmakers, candlemakers and glassblowers. In the U.S., Bastide is available only online for now, though distribution will expand by the end of the year. The couple is also currently developing a Bastide skin-care line. But what of hair care? "When the hair comes, it will be a whole other thing," says Fekkai. [bastide.com](http://bastide.com). —Alice Cavanagh



## CATCHING FIRE

From crimson to cherry, red boots are bringing the heat this fall.

From top: Versace; Roger Vivier; Tod's; Stuart Weitzman; Fendi; and Longchamp. For details see Sources, page 94.



## WORTH THE TRIP PROPER HELLO

"San Francisco is constantly changing, and yet it's really rooted in tradition," says interior designer Kelly Wearstler. To wit, her latest project, San Francisco Proper Hotel, the first high-end design-

conscious property to open in the city in four years, is set in a Beaux-Arts building in the Mid-Market district. The debut hotel from new brand Proper, it features 131 rooms done in Wearstler's updated old-world style and three restaurants overseen by Eleven Madison Park alum Jason Franey. [properhotel.com](http://properhotel.com). —Emily Holt

## FRESH TAKE

This month, French candlemaker Cire Trudon introduces its debut perfume collection, available at Barneys New York. The five genderless scents offer a range of notes, from iris to cedar. "With our background in fragrance development, the turn to perfumes was natural," says Maison Trudon Parfums creative director Julien Pruvost. [trudon.com](http://trudon.com). —Sara Morosi



## SCREEN TIME

In the documentary *Step*, her inaugural feature-length film, director Amanda Lipitz follows high school seniors at the Baltimore Leadership School for Young Women as they aim to graduate, get into college and win a step competition. An inspiring tale set in a city on edge, the movie (out this month) shows the girls learning the power of discipline and persistence through dance. —Andrea Cuttler



## CLOSET CASE

FOR HIS FIRST COLLABORATION WITH DENIM BRAND RE/DONE, DESIGNER OLIVIER THEYSKENS REWORKED VINTAGE LEVI'S IN SHADES OF BLACK, ADDING HIS SIGNATURE HOOK-AND-EYE DETAIL AT THE ANKLE.

[bergdorfgoodman.com](http://bergdorfgoodman.com).  
—Laura Neilson



## MEAL PLAN

PHIL WINSER, A FOUNDER OF NEW YORK'S FAT RADISH, DEBUTS A LINE OF HEALTHY DISHES SOLD IN TO-GO JARS.

**W**HEN British restaurateur Phil Winser moved from London to New York in 2007, he lacked the capital to open his own place. So he co-founded a catering company, Silkstone, which eventually drew clients like Rodarte and Alexander Wang and served as the precursor to the Lower East Side restaurant he co-owns, the Fat Radish. But it all started with Winser delivering fresh stews, salads and sandwiches in the West Village by bicycle. It was his initiation into fast food.

Now, a decade later, while still operating both ventures, Winser, 32, is back to his roots. With Felipe Hallot, a former Burger King executive, he founded Tyme, a healthy fast-food concept that kicked off with a pop-up at Frieze New York this past spring.

Tyme's dishes are prepared like savory parfaits: They come in clear jars stacked with vegetables, legumes, grains and other fresh ingredients. "Just like at the Fat Radish, we want to continue to make people feel more connected to their food," says Winser. "It's all about transparency."

[tymefood.com](http://tymefood.com). —Howie Kahn



## TREND REPORT

# OPPOSITES ATTRACT

Balance the eye-catching eccentricity of fall's runway jewelry with a wardrobe of pared-back staples.



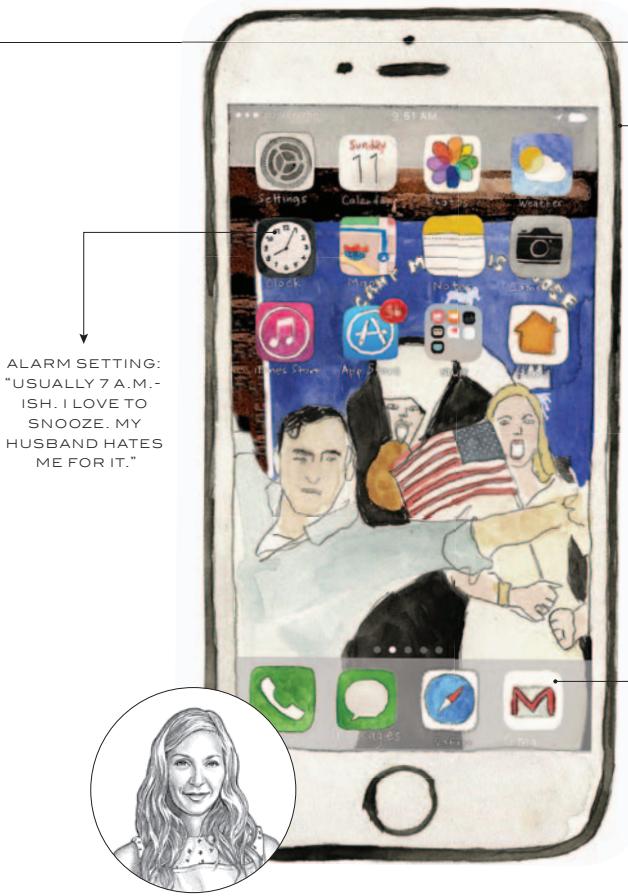
**ROCKS ON**  
Top, from left: Marni earrings, Lemaire top (worn underneath) and Akris dress; Bottega Veneta necklace, Stella McCartney top and Linder pants. Middle, from left: Gucci rings and R13 jacket; Dior necklace and Carolina Herrera top.



**BOLD TYPE**  
Left: Versace earrings and Vejas top. Right: Prada bracelet and Salvatore Ferragamo top. Model, Mathilde Brandi at Silent Models NY; hair, Takayoshi Tsukisawa; makeup, Allie Smith. For details see Sources, page 94.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANNA TVEITE  
FASHION EDITOR ALEXANDER FISHER





#### THE DOWNLOAD

## CHRISTINA TOSI

The owner and founding chef of cult bakery Milk Bar reveals what's on her phone.

#### Craziest place you've ever left or lost your phone

Dry storage. It's almost always by a 50-pound bag of flour or sugar.

#### When do you feel compelled to charge your phone?

I carry a Mophie. Low battery is not a stressor in my life—a perfectly layered cake is!

#### Most-watched entertainment app and favorite show

Amazon. *Mozart in the Jungle*.

#### Homescreen

My husband [Eleven Madison Park co-owner Will Guidara] and me and his best friend, dressed as a moose, at our wedding.

I swear we're grown-ups, but we got married at an old summer camp and took it to another level.

#### Siri user?

Heck, no. She and I are not friends.

#### Biggest time-wasting app

Etsy. I just *love* browsing. It's like strolling the aisle of a thrift store (my favorite thing to do as a teenager in Virginia).

#### Most-used social media app

Instagram. Favorite feeds include @dogsbeingbasic, @ihavethishtingwithfloors, @cool.trucks and @milkbarstore!

**Most recent Uber trip**  
Newseum to Union Market (I was in D.C. giving two back-to-back talks). \$7.70.

**Person you FaceTime most often**  
My sister. She has two girls, Iris (Iree), 4, and Charlotte (Charlie), 6. We don't chat long—maybe five minutes tops—but somehow the world makes sense after seeing them.

**Favorite ringtone**  
I don't even know what my ringtone is—I always leave it off—but Mr. T is my navigator when I drive. "Make a right, sucker."

**Favorite food or restaurant app**  
Resy for going out. Ando for staying in.

**Who did you last call?**  
One of our store managers to say bye on my way out of Las Vegas (we have a shop at the Cosmopolitan).

#### Favorite emoji



**Favorite podcast**  
*Here's the Thing* with Alec Baldwin.

**App I wish someone would invent**  
One that tells me what I'm hungry for—for all the decisions I make in a day, I hate having to figure this one out.

## BUCKLED UP

Metal clasps and belt-like leather straps give both fashion and furnishings a trim new look.



#### A REAL CINCH

From top: Hermès tray; BassamFellows Sling Club chair; Roger Vivier bag; a look from Bottega Veneta's fall/winter 2017 collection; Atelier Oï's Belt chair for Louis Vuitton Objets Nomades; Céline shoe. For details see Sources, page 94.

BOTTEGA VENETA

## THE SHIFT

## OFFICE SPACE

As co-working options increase, a number of new and growing companies are vastly improving members' business-hour needs. Below, a look at the latest upgrades in work amenities. —Howie Kahn

GET TO WORK	SOHO HOUSE	WEWORK	CAMP DAVID	THE WING	SPRING PLACE
EST.	Restaurateur Nick Jones opened the first location on London's Greek Street in 1995.	The inaugural WeWork launched in Manhattan in 2010.	The Brooklyn space from two Milk Studios co-founders debuted in May.	Audrey Gelman co-founded the women-only workspace in 2016 in New York City.	The all-inclusive co-working spinoff of New York's Spring Studios opened in 2016.
LOCATIONS	18 internationally, with new spots in Brooklyn and Mumbai opening within a year.	In 31 American cities and 14 more countries, with almost 40 new locations slated to open by year's end.	40,000 square feet in Brooklyn's Industry City complex.	Manhattan's Flatiron District, with new spots opening in SoHo, Brooklyn and Washington, D.C.	Tribeca, NYC, with L.A. and Paris in the works.
DOOR POLICY	Local and global membership, with new applications reviewed four times a year.	Prices vary by city and desired type of space; all members have worldwide access.	Admission is geared toward building a diverse, creative community.	Members represent a wide range of careers; \$215 per month, all services included.	Members picked from creative industries; lower fees for members under 30.
VIBE	Three-espresso breakfast, three-martini lunch.	<i>Shark Tank</i> meets Woodstock.	<i>Mad Men</i> meets the Batcave.	"Library meets loft," says Gelman.	Fellini's <i>8½</i> with great amenities.
LUNCH BREAK	Each location has a House Kitchen; some also have branches of Soho House's Italian restaurant, Cecconi's.	Healthy cuisine from the Real Coconut comes to L.A.'s Gas Tower location later this year.	Full-service cafe, featuring breads from Bien Cuit, dairy from Stinky Bklyn and produce from Rossman Farms.	Food, cocktails and wine from the Wing's in-house cafe.	House-made pastas and locally sourced seafood dishes prepared by Union Square Cafe alum Fabio Bano.
PERKS	Luxury hotel rooms at some locations; original work by Damien Hirst in Berlin.	A golf simulator in Seoul; a rock-climbing wall with panoramic city views in Buenos Aires.	The Studio at Camp David features a professional photo studio, a video-editing suite and a tool collection.	Weekly events, including film screenings, book clubs and self-defense classes.	Business talks pairing the likes of Tony Hawk and Jessica Alba; photography from Anton Kern and White Cube galleries.

## PAST PERFECT

Watchmakers are feeling nostalgic, taking cues from vintage models to create refined new timepieces that could easily pass as heirlooms.

For details see Sources, page 94.



**DOWN TIME**  
A look from designer Craig Green's upcoming Moncler C collection.  
Photography by Chad Davis.

## CREATIVE BRIEF PUFF PIECES

"It kind of looks like a poodle," jokes British designer Craig Green of the bulbous parka-and-pants look (shown above) he created for Moncler C, his collaboration with the Italian-French brand, available this fall. "We were given a lot of freedom to make something visually strong," Green says of the collection, which ranges from the eccentric to the more conventionally wearable. Adjustable straps and rope details channel Green's utilitarian aesthetic. The synergy seems to be working, as a second capsule is underway. For details see Sources, page 94. —Isaiah Freeman-Schub



JEWELRY BOX

## VINTAGE DREAMS

Decades-old sketches inspire fine jewelry from Harry Winston.

Harry Winston's fine-jewelry collection Caftan draws on archival sketches by Ambaji Shinde, who was the brand's chief jewelry designer for over four decades, starting in 1962. Traditional Indian caftans influenced these Shinde drawings, which have now been realized as the two platinum-and-diamond necklaces that are part of the eight-piece collection. Both necklaces (including the Diamond Tassel at left) feature seamless transitions between four different diamond settings—channel, prong, bezel and pavé. For details see Sources, page 94.

—Sara Morosi

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIPPE LACOMBE  
PROP STYLING BY DAVID DE QUEVEDO



Nāpali



@carssun I perfected the art of letting go  
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Waimea



# MARKET REPORT.

**TWO OF A KIND**  
Play your cards right with an oversize pairing. On both: Max Mara jackets, pants and turtlenecks and J.M. Weston shoes. From left: Cartier bracelet and Repossi ring; model's own ring.



## STRONG SUITS

Create a personal uniform this fall with matched pieces featuring bold fabrics, cut to offer both form and function.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUNO STAUB STYLING BY CHARLOTTE COLLET



**OUT OF OFFICE**

Freely layer patterns or color for the utmost flair. Left: Michael Kors Collection coat, Ami Alexandre Mattiussi jacket, Max Mara shirt, Cartier bracelets and model's own earring. Right, from left: Berluti jacket and pants, Pal Zileri turtleneck and Jimmy Choo shoes; John Varvatos suit, St. Emile turtleneck and Dries Van Noten boots.



**REST ASSURED**

Slip into a roomy suit, paired with a feminine shoe. Hermès jacket, shirt, vest and pants, Rockins scarf and Manolo Blahnik shoes.



BUSINESS CASUAL

Let your hair down with a layer of denim under a structured suit. Giorgio Armani jacket and pants  
and Officine Générale denim jacket (worn underneath).

**ON THE MOVE**

Mix comfortable favorites with professional attire. Left, from left: St. Emile jacket and pants, Vince turtleneck and Ippolita earrings; Jeffrey Rüdes jacket and pants, Boss turtleneck and Giorgio Armani belt. Right: Boss suit, Jeffrey Rüdes shirt and Balenciaga shoes.



**TEE TIME**

Find a new excuse to replace a tie with a T-shirt. From left: Ermenegildo Zegna Couture jacket, pants and belt, Officine Générale T-shirt and John Lobb shoes; Ermenegildo Zegna Couture suit, Pal Zileri shirt and Christian Louboutin shoes.



#### FOLLOWING SUIT

Never underestimate the power of monochromatic dressing. Jil Sander jacket and turtleneck. Models, Sierra Sullivan at Stars Management, Mini Anden at Next Models, Benjamin Benedek at Wilhelmina Models, Michael Walton at DT Model Management, Luke Davis, Ruby Campbell at Two Management, Harry Uzoka at Next Models, Daniel Hivner at Request Models, Maye Musk at IMG; hair, Ramona Eschbach; makeup, Stevie Huynh. For details see Sources, page 94.



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TRACKED

## LINDSAY JANG & MATT ABERGEL

The duo behind two of Hong Kong's most popular restaurants expands its empire.

BY ADAM ROBB PHOTOGRAPHY BY RUBEN LUNDGREN

**B**Y THE TIME the last of the empty highball glasses has been collected, Yardbird chef Matt Abergel and co-owner Lindsay Jang are already thinking about tomorrow. The restaurateurs, a former couple who are the parents of two young children, opened their no-reservations yakitori restaurant six years ago on what's become a booming stretch of Bridges Street in Hong Kong. Now, on this hectic June day, they're finalizing plans for the restaurant's new space, in a nearby converted warehouse.

Abergel and Jang, both 35 and natives of Alberta, Canada, first formed a friendship while working at a skate shop in Calgary. Career ambitions soon divided them, but they later reconnected in New York in 2004 when she was a floor captain at Nobu Fifty Seven and he was a sous-chef at Masa Takayama's esteemed

eponymous restaurant. Despite their early successes, they both longed to work for themselves. "When Matt was offered a position as executive chef at Zuma, it was clear for us all signs were pointing to Hong Kong," says Jang. Abergel helmed the *izakaya* restaurant for two years, and then in 2011 the pair opened Yardbird, which specializes in thoughtfully prepared yakitori, such as skewers of gently grilled chicken thyroid and plump fried chicken *katsu* sandwiches enveloped in milk bread. Over time, frequent guests—many of them fixtures of L.A.'s skate culture, now with their own brands and business on the Chinese mainland—have played a major role in the restaurant's growth. The graphic designer Evan Hecox is responsible for the Yardbird logo, and Vans made the staff custom shoes.

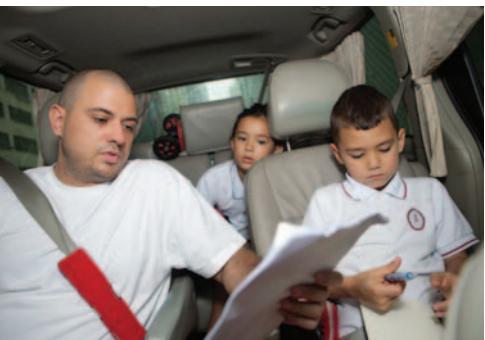
Two years after they started Yardbird, Abergel

and Jang also opened a Japanese seafood spot, Ronin, which made its first appearance on the annual list of Asia's 50 Best Restaurants this winter. And they are currently planning their first stateside restaurant, Birdyard, set to debut in Los Angeles's Silver Lake neighborhood in late 2018.

When it opens this fall in Hong Kong, the new Yardbird venue will afford its owners two overdue necessities: ample bar seating and office space. Abergel will have the room to create a proper *mise en place* as he tests recipes for the Yardbird cookbook, out next year from Phaidon, and Jang will be able to focus on marketing their new beverage company, Sunday's Spirits. After moving across the world to build their own success, it was only a matter of time before they bottled it. >

**7:30 a.m.**

Abergel accompanies his and Jang's kids, Ronin Abe (front) and Lili Sunday, to school.



**1:42 p.m.**

Jang and Abergel visit the site of Yardbird's new location, opening this fall. Right: A Yardbird table setting.



**10:26 a.m.**

Abergel stops at Aberdeen Market to buy fresh fish and seafood for the pair's restaurant Ronin.



**4:37 p.m.**

The Yardbird staff gathers for an early meal.

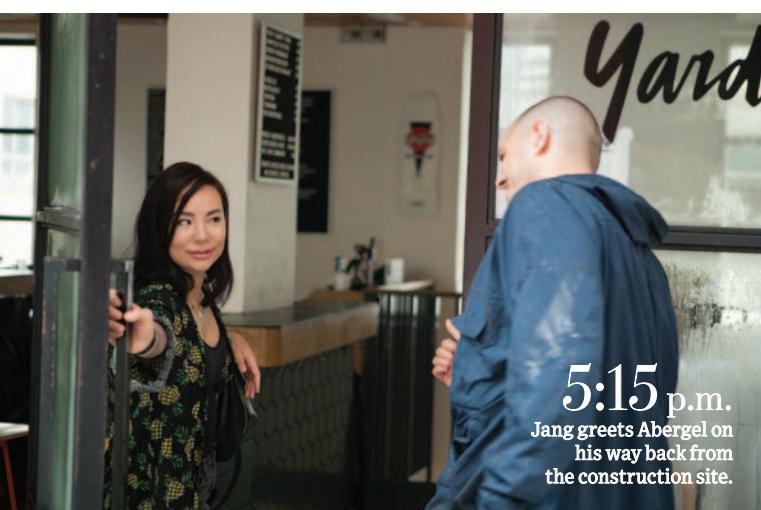


**6:04 p.m.**

Yardbird opens its doors for dinner, and Abergel gets to work.



**5:15 p.m.**  
Jang greets Abergel on his way back from the construction site.



**29 gallons**

Average amount of Snow Firefly sake that Yardbird servers pour monthly to toast with guests at the end of their meals.

**1,110 customers**

Estimate of diners served per week at Yardbird.

**1**

Sake Samurai

The Japan Sake Brewers Association awarded the title to Yardbird's beverage director, Elliot Faber. He was the first Canadian-born person to receive this distinction.

**5**

sommeliers

Number currently on staff at Yardbird.

**50 chickens**

Yardbird's daily count of butchered birds.

**90 minutes**

Average wait time to be seated at Yardbird.

**33**

Japanese whiskeys

The different brands represented on Yardbird's shelves, including the restaurant's own distillation, Sunday's Japanese Whiskey.

**661 pounds**

Amount of *binchotan*, a kind of charcoal used in traditional Japanese cooking, that Yardbird burns through in a month.

**200**

sweet-corn tempura balls

Number served per day. •

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---

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OFF THE GRID

# THE FAR SIDE

An archipelago off Vietnam's coast with a five-star beach resort—and an evocative past—is still unspoiled by mass tourism.

BY TOM DOWNEY PHOTOGRAPHY BY JESSE CHEHAK

**A**FTER NIGHT has fallen over the Six Senses resort on Con Dao, a lush green island group ringed by sandy beaches off the coast of the Vietnamese mainland, a guide gingerly approaches guests finishing dinner on a wooden patio fronting a mile-long beach. It's a typical balmy southern Vietnamese evening—the sound of waves lapping the shore is punctuated by quiet conversation—until the guide asks: "Are you ready to visit the cemetery?" A strange question at a luxury resort, but Con Dao is no ordinary place.

These islands ought to have gone the way of nearly all the tourist beaches in Vietnam: marred by strips of high-rise hotels and karaoke parlors. But for a

variety of reasons, including its remoteness and status as a national park, Con Dao remains an unspoiled enclave with a small village boasting elegant French colonial architecture and a high-end Six Senses resort on a private cove.

Its history helps explain why Vietnamese, not foreigners, constitute most of the islands' visitors. In 1952, Vo Thi Sau, a 19-year-old schoolgirl turned revolutionary, was executed there by French colonial authorities for guerrilla activities. More than four decades later, she was memorialized in a cemetery built to honor Vietnamese martyrs. Pilgrimages to her grave site have become a daily activity for visitors from the mainland—which is how I find myself

shuffling into a minivan at the Six Senses and then ferried over a nearby mountain pass to the Hang Duong Cemetery. Dozens of vans crowd the parking lot, filled only with Vietnamese. Almost everyone has come to pay tribute to Vo Thi Sau.

A late-night séance to commune with the ghost of a national martyr sounds more somber than the evening's festivities turn out to be. Hundreds of pilgrims carry bushels of chrysanthemums, whole roasted pigs and chickens and stacks of fake paper money (both U.S. and Vietnamese currencies), as well as prepackaged offerings (traditional Vietnamese outfits, Hello Kitty tchotckes and small vanity sets) to be left on-site. Visitors are laden with so many tributary gifts that cemetery guards have developed a side business: using luggage carts commandeered from the airport to shuttle offerings from vans to the grave for a small fee.

As our procession approaches the grave site, the many pilgrims grow quiet and stare expectantly at the vault containing Sau's ashes. In addition to the martyred teen, the cemetery memorializes 20,000 Vietnamese prisoners executed here during the wars with France and America. In the years following the war, the site was primarily a destination for Vietcong vets who traveled at the government's expense to remember fallen comrades. Today a new generation, raised after what people here call the American War and looking more to the future than to the past, hope their dreams will be realized by the ghost of the young woman who died here 65 years ago.



## ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER

Far left: A guard tower at one of the island's former prisons, a vestige of the American War. Left: French colonial architecture.



**SHORE LEAVE**  
Left: The view from the beachfront restaurant at the Six Senses resort on Con Dao. Above: A fishing vessel anchored in the bay.

Near the grave, I meet Rocker Nguyen, a 24-year-old Ho Chi Minh City native who symbolizes this generational divide. A pop singer and aspiring film director, Nguyen is visiting the island with his father, Nguyen Hai Dang. "His whole generation here in Vietnam can't even imagine the kind of poverty we grew up with before and during the war," Dang says. "It's a different world now."

As midnight approaches (believed to be the hour when Sau's ghost is most likely to grant wishes), visitors deposit the last of their offerings and gently jockey for position around the grave, some raising handfuls of burning incense above their heads and bowing toward the memorial, others igniting clusters of money whose flames illuminate the night.

Shortly after midnight, as the group's stamina starts to dissipate, solemnity and silence give way to conversation. As people start to shuffle out I ask one couple why they came. "We returned to make an offering," says Nguyen Duong, 39. "Our wish was granted after we came here last year." They imply that their wish was for success in business, which along with greater prosperity is a popular request asked of Sau.

The cemetery is just a few minutes' walk from the island's only town, a now-charming hamlet once inhabited by French authorities who oversaw the island's prisons from 1862 to 1954. These long-abandoned facilities are a stark reminder of France's colonial legacy, along with newer ones built when America occupied the country from 1955

to 1975. A more picturesque legacy of the French presence can be found in the numerous colonial mansions with columned porticos and red-tiled roofs that look out over verdant palm-filled gardens or to the sea.

The Six Senses Con Dao, just a few miles outside of town, is nestled between rolling green hills descending to the water's edge. The resort features 50 villas, each with an infinity pool facing the ocean. It's a short ride to town, whose seaside promenade

from the mainland who had worked at beach resorts across Vietnam and eventually decided to open a business of their own here. "We love the island, the atmosphere, the nature," says Thi Nguyen, who adds that when she worked at the Six Senses Con Dao, she served as a private attendant to Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie during their visit to the resort in 2011 (they had brought their son Pax to visit his homeland).

Nguyen's husband, Hung Le, mixes drinks for guests who sit outside watching night fall over the quiet town. Compared to Ho Chi Minh City, with its nonstop traffic amid a relentless chorus of horns, the island's appeal as a spot to settle down is clear. "Other places in Vietnam are very busy, competitive, filled with tourists," Nguyen adds. "Con Dao is a place where we can make a life for ourselves and our children."

After establishing the bar a year ago, Nguyen and Le, who are both in their mid-30s, also opened a boutique hotel, Villa Maison, in a restored colonial mansion in the center of town that was once staff quarters for the Six Senses. The building's new incarnation features gleaming black-and-white tiled floors, a courtyard shaded by palms and high vaulted ceilings framed with old timber.

Though they've lived in Con Dao for nearly five years, the couple still makes monthly visits to the cemetery. "We feel comfortable there," Le says. "We go there to relax. There's something about the cemetery you can't explain." •

"WE LOVE THE ISLAND.  
OTHER PLACES  
IN VIETNAM ARE VERY  
BUSY, COMPETITIVE,  
FILLED WITH TOURISTS."

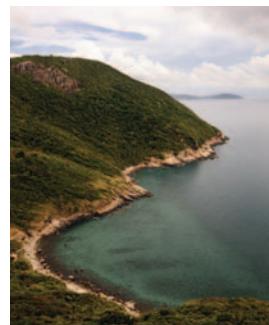
—THI NGUYEN

most mornings remains largely empty, apart from a few fishmongers heading to the pier to select from the morning's catch. A stroll through the local market finds only Vietnamese shoppers. Vendors squat down low on their haunches, presiding over mounds of dried squid or bitter gourd.

Outside the market gates, there is evidence of tourists starting to trickle into Con Dao. A cocktail bar nearby, Lacasa, is run by a Vietnamese couple



**GHOST RIDERS**  
Left: A guide leads a tour of one of the island's parks. Above: The nightly vigils at Vo Thi Sau's grave at Hang Duong Cemetery attract a festive crowd of pilgrims.



**INNER SANCTUM**  
Below: The courtyard at Villa Maison, a boutique hotel in a renovated French colonial mansion. Below left: Con Dao's coastline remains mostly undeveloped.



**LASTING IMPRESSIONS**

One of two concrete casts of midcentury cabins made under the direction of artist Rachel Whiteread on art connoisseur Jerry Sohn's land near Joshua Tree National Park.

## ART TALK

# CABIN FEVER

Thanks to the vision of Rachel Whiteread, two forgotten huts in a private sculpture park in the California desert have transcended their humble origins to become works of art.

BY FRED A. BERNSTEIN  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY IWAN BAAN

**F**ROM AN ADJACENT dirt road near California's Joshua Tree National Park, the two concrete buildings seem both ominous and ordinary. Some people might not even notice them. "There are so many peculiar things in the desert," observes their creator, Rachel Whiteread, the London-based conceptual artist. "These would just be two more peculiar things." Other passersby might recognize the structures—casts of the interiors of two small cabins from the 1950s—as part of Whiteread's distinctive body of work, more than 30 years in the making and the subject of a survey that opens at London's Tate Britain on September 12.

These concrete sculptures sit on land owned by Jerry Sohn, a Los Angeles-based publisher of artists' books, who has been building a collection of site-specific art since he bought his first desert parcel in 1993. In recent years, he has installed pieces by Lawrence Weiner and Richard Long as well as the architect Arata Isozaki. The Whiteread works, which the artist herself has seen only in photos, are

the newest additions. Casting the interiors of the two shacks took workers employed by Sohn nearly five years, with Whiteread relaying detailed instructions via email and phone. Everything on the buildings' interior surfaces, from light switches to door hinges, was captured in concrete. Projections became indentations and vice versa. The original exteriors were then stripped away, leaving the "ghost" cabins exposed. "They have a double-edged feel," says Whiteread, 54. "There's something sinister about them, which is fine."

Sohn, 61, met Whiteread in 2010, when she had a drawing show at the Hammer Museum, near his L.A. home. He was moved, he says, by the directness and simplicity of her work, and he imagined adding a Whiteread or two to his remote property. Sohn, his wife, Eba, and their 7-year-old twins, Ayea and Mikey, visit the desert most weekends. The family owns a rudimentary home there, but when weather permits, they sleep outside on Isozaki's concrete platforms.

Around the time of the 2010 show, Sohn drove

Whiteread out to the desert. She was smitten with a landscape of sculptures that preceded them by millions of years—giant piles of rocks and twisty Joshua trees. Not surprisingly, the area has long attracted artists, including Sohn's neighbor Ed

"[THE CABINS] HAVE A DOUBLE-EDGED FEEL. THERE'S SOMETHING SINISTER ABOUT THEM, WHICH IS FINE."

—RACHEL WHITEREAD

Ruscha. Installations by Doug Aitken and Andrea Zittel are area attractions.

When Sohn showed Whiteread the larger of the two cabins, he recalls, "She said, 'Would you mind if I destroyed it?' and I answered, 'That's what I was hoping for.'"

The cabins were far from the first buildings the artist has deconstructed. In 1993, Whiteread, a member of the Young British Artists generation, was awarded Britain's prestigious Turner Prize for *House*, a concrete cast of a Victorian home in London's East End. (It was the last property standing in an urban-renewal area, and Whiteread's cast, which was meant to be temporary, was also torn down, a few months after it was built.) In New York, Whiteread became known in the late '90s for a resin water tower, commissioned by the Public Art Fund, that appeared on a SoHo roof and later atop the Museum of Modern Art.

Molly Donovan, a curator at Washington, D.C.'s National Gallery of Art, where the Tate Britain show will travel next year, admires Whiteread's devotion to casting familiar objects, some small enough to fit on a tabletop, others large enough to anchor multi-acre sites. "She's continued to go deeper and deeper into her own vision," Donovan says. "There's something rewarding and frankly remarkable about an artist doing that today."

Whiteread agreed to supervise the casting of the two structures without remuneration. Even so, Sohn spent a not-small fortune on them. (He declined to say how much, only that the cabins were "unbelievably expensive to produce.") Builder Jason Scharch and his crew devoted almost five years to the project, including a year searching for the right kind of concrete and another year looking for a company that could spray it with the required precision. Each cabin "looks so simple, but its making belies that," says Donovan.

Before casting could begin, breakable glass windows had to be refitted with plastic, cracks in the exterior walls had to be filled and projections such as doorknobs and light switches had to be replaced with rubber replicas that could be removed once the concrete hardened around them.

But that was just the little stuff. For each cabin, Scharch had to build a new foundation, incorporating tunnels to allow workers to enter the structure from underground. Inside he added new steel frameworks so that the finished concrete casts, really just hollow shells, would stand up to the elements (and to the inevitable climbers, who have already included both Sohn children).

The spraying itself, within the sealed cabins, was harrowing. "When you turn on the machines," Scharch recalls, "you can't hear anything; you can hardly see anything. It was rather surreal." Scharch devised a series of hand signals that were conveyed by what he called a "daisy chain" of up to seven workers, leading from outside the cabins, via the underground tunnels, to the interiors, where "nozzlemen" in full protective suits and masks maneuvered 4-inch hoses. Complex ventilation

and lighting systems were required, in a part of the desert where there is no easy way to get water, electricity or even a cellphone signal. The spraying was followed by months of painstaking work removing the molds—the original cabins—without cracking the concrete casts. Sohn says he loves the

finished pieces, which he sees as "both found objects and careful constructions."

Whiteread likes the fact that the cabins are hard to get to—she compares them to a similar piece of hers on Governors Island, in New York Harbor, that can be seen only five months a year, when the island is open to the public via ferry. "The slowness of the journey is about the slowness of seeing the piece," she explains. Someday, she says, she may authorize a book about Sohn's cabins, with a map directing people to the site. Meanwhile, Sohn shares them with his large circle of friends.

Whiteread and Sohn have agreed that the pieces will neither be sold nor moved. As for working without a fee, Whiteread says that she won't "make a habit of this; they were very particular circumstances." Though Sohn is persuasive, the cabins aren't gifts to him. As Whiteread puts it, "They are gifts to the place." ●



**WIDE ANGLE**  
Above: A detail of a Whiteread facade. Below: An aerial view of Greg Colson's *Composite Fence*.



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# WSJ.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL MAGAZINE

## PRIMARY SEASON

A study in color and contrast.  
Ellery top, belt and pants.

# TRUE COLORS

Artist Conie Vallese showcases the colorful palette and sculptural minimalism of this fall's collections.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSH OLINS  
STYLING BY LUDIVINE POIBLANC

**WALLFLOWER**  
Balance out black with  
striking accessories.  
Loewe top, pants and  
necklace.



**COLOR THEORY**

Draw the eye with fluid lines and graphic tones. Céline trench coat, jacket and pants. Opposite: Max Mara top, Dior skirt and Céline boots and blanket.







**PILLAR OF STRENGTH**  
A broad belt can be the finishing touch. Louis Vuitton coat, pants, belt and boots and Altuzarra gloves. Opposite: Bottega Veneta jacket, Max Mara shirt and The Row pants.



**SOLID STATE**

Bold hues embellish  
a classic silhouette.  
Céline jacket and Sonia  
Boyajian earrings.  
Opposite: Calvin Klein  
205W39NYC jacket,  
top, skirt and sleeves.







**STATUESQUE**  
Add dramatic flair with  
a distinctive neckline.  
Saint Laurent by Anthony  
Vaccarello dress.  
Opposite: Jil Sander top  
and skirt. Model, Conie  
Vallese; hair, James  
Pecis; makeup, Sally  
Branka; set design, Max  
Bellhouse. For details see  
Sources, page 94.





# THE CIRCLE IS NOW COMPLETE

With Apple Park, Jony Ive has again brought Steve Jobs's exacting design vision to life—this time to seed a permaculture of innovation at Apple headquarters.

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BY CHRISTINA PASSARIELLO  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKAEL JANSSON

**O**N A SUNNY DAY in May, Jonathan Ive—Jony to anyone who knows him—first encounters a completed section of Apple Park, the giant campus in Cupertino, California, that has turned into one of his longest projects as Apple's chief designer. A section of workspace in the circular, Norman Foster-designed building is finally move-in-ready: sliding-glass doors on the soundproof offices, a giant European white oak collaboration table, adjustable-height desks, and floors with aluminum-covered hinged panels, hiding cables and wires, and brushed-steel grating for air diffusion.

Ive's characteristically understated reaction—"It's nice, though, isn't it?"—masks the anxiety he feels each time a product he's designed is about to be introduced to the world. "There's the same rather strange process you go through when you finish a product and you prepare to release it—it's the same set of feelings," says Ive, who turned 50 in February. "That feels, I don't know, encouragingly healthy, because I would be concerned if we lost that sense of anxiety. I think that would suggest that we were not as self-critical, not as curious, not as inquisitive as we have to be to be able to be effective and do good work."

Apple Park is unlike any other product Ive has worked on. There will be only one campus—in contrast to the ubiquity of Apple's phones and computers—and it doesn't fit in a pocket or a hand. Yet Ive applied the same design process he brings to technological devices: prototyping to minimize any issues with the end result and to narrow what he calls the delta between the vision and the reality of a project. Apple Park is also the last major project Ive worked on with Steve Jobs, making it more personal for the man Jobs once called his "spiritual partner."

"After Steve died, he was the one who carried it forward with the same intent," says Laurene Powell Jobs, who was married to Jobs for 20 years until his death in 2011. Ive describes small elements of the new headquarters of the world's most valuable company—with a market cap of \$750 billion and a \$257 billion cash stockpile—that connect directly to Jobs's past, such as cherry and apricot trees, recalling the orchards of Jobs's youth in Silicon Valley. At the same time, he promises it will be the birthplace of new toys and tools the rest of us haven't imagined yet. Ive and Tim Cook, Apple's chief executive, talk about the campus as something for the next generation of Apple employees—like parents doing estate planning.

With Apple Park, Ive is ensconced as master of the house, which means he has also inherited the burden of proving that Apple's best days aren't behind it. Apple hasn't had a breakthrough product since Jobs died. The iPhone's sales growth has stalled, and expectations are high that a 10th-anniversary phone will arrive later this year and will be markedly more advanced than previous versions. In other technologies, from digital assistants to driverless vehicles to augmented and virtual reality, Apple seems to lag other tech giants, including Google, Amazon and Tesla. Its new voice-activated speaker, HomePod, unveiled in June, will arrive on the market in December, three years after Amazon's Echo.

The scattering of thousands of Apple employees across more than 100 sites in Silicon Valley has rendered more difficult the collaboration necessary for innovation. "We didn't plan our growth, and then when we saw our growth, we were so engrossed in trying to push things forward that we didn't spend time to really develop the workplace," says Cook. "We've done a really good job of working around it, but it's not the way we want to be working, nor does it represent our culture well."

Like other Ive designs, Apple Park seems poised to become an icon. In an acknowledgement that the campus will attract interest beyond its employees, there will be a visitor center and a store selling items unique to Apple Park. Drones manned by aficionados have documented from the air the emergence of the futuristic

ring-shaped building and the Steve Jobs Theater, a glass-walled auditorium that seats 1,000.

Ive likes to emphasize how the perception of the 2.8-million-square-foot ring is less imposing and powerful from the ground. As one looks out from inside the ring to the west, the opposite side of the building seems to set the stage for the Santa Cruz Mountains beyond. "When you're in the parkland," he says, referring to the 30-acre landscaped area that will form the center of the ring, "it's not dominated by built structure at all."

Carrying Apple forward has weighed on Ive's shoulders. After Jobs's death, Ive's role was broadened to oversee all hardware and user experience—all the essential ways people interact with Apple devices—but the increased workload led to exhaustion, colleagues say. Two years ago, he shed some managerial responsibilities when his title changed from senior vice president of design to chief design officer.

Ive joined Apple half a lifetime ago, in his mid-20s, when the company was at the brink of death. One of his early designs, the candy-colored iMac, was rejected by executives. Ive stashed it away until Jobs returned to the company in 1997, after a 12-year hiatus; it became an instant point of connection between the two men and was put into production soon thereafter. Ive is now revered in the design world and the technology industry for having made every Apple product since—iPod, iPhone, iPad and on and on. He has received honorary degrees from the University of Oxford and the University of Cambridge, and in July became chancellor of the Royal College of Art in London.

Ive's friend Bono, writing in an email, says he's "restless and relentless in pursuit of perfection," while Norman Foster, whose architecture firm was hired by Apple to build the headquarters at a reported cost of \$5 billion, calls him "a poet." Other designers are "amazing essayists, but the difference between an essay and a poem is that you really have to work harder at the poem. It's much more distilled, it's much more the essence," Foster says. "He works tirelessly at the detail, evolving, improving, refining. For me, that makes him a poet."

**B**UT IVE, AS A BOY growing up in London, struggled with words, so his father encouraged him to express himself through drawings. He learned to manipulate material objects at a young age from his grandfather and his father, who taught silversmithing.

During Ive's first permanent job after college, with a London design firm called Tangerine, he developed a laptop for one of the firm's clients: Apple. After the client poached him in 1992, Ive quickly became involved in everything from product design to manufacturing, visiting the company's factories in Japan.

Ive's personal style telegraphs humility. During our tour of Apple Park, he wears white canvas pants and tan Clarks Wallabees with a blue T-shirt, an outfit he appears in so frequently that it could be called his signature look. But unlike Jobs's black turtle-necks, his attire is more a uniform than a fashion statement. (Ive's suits are custom-made by a tailor in the north of England, Thomas Mahon, but he rarely dresses up.) There are unexpected splashes of color for a man who helped make white and brushed silver a new standard among handheld devices: orange socks and a red iPhone 7, the special edition Ive created for Bono's AIDS charity. His Apple Watch flashes his pulse: 88 beats per minute.

Ive is tuned into the look and feel of things wherever he goes. "Oh, I've got the Faber-Castell pen," he interjects, as I use one to take notes. He is also precise—mixing unsweetened cranberry juice with tonic water just so, to get the right amount of acidity—and intense, chasing his drink with two double espressos.

When J.J. Abrams was working on *Star Wars: The Force Awakens*, Ive mentioned that he "would love to see a lightsaber that is rougher, spitting sparks," Abrams says. The director, who says

#### ALL ABOUT IVE

Ive has been the driving force behind Apple's massive new headquarters, designed in collaboration with architect Norman Foster. "After Steve died," says Laurene Powell Jobs, "Ive 'was the one who carried it forward with the same intent.'"



he and Ive were already fans of each other's work when they met at a dinner four years ago, applied Ive's suggestion to character Kylo Ren's weapon. "His lightsaber was as imperfect and unpredictable as the character," says Abrams. (The inspiration is mutual: Ive told Abrams that he had the look of the original Stormtroopers in mind when he designed Apple's earbuds.)

For much of the past decade, a plot of land in Northern California's suburban sprawl has been the focus of Ive's imagination. Walking in London's Hyde Park in 2004, Jobs fantasized with Ive about building a campus centered around a quad, like Stanford University, with plenty of parkland for meandering and meeting, Ive says. At the time, the first iPhone was in the works, and Apple's revival, thanks to the iPod and iMac, meant the company had outgrown its digs in Cupertino, California, capable of housing 3,000 people in the six buildings that make up Infinite Loop. Apple slowly began plotting for a new space, buying 175 acres of a former Hewlett-Packard site that Ive described as "acres of parking," one freeway exit south of Apple's existing headquarters.

In the early days of planning, Ive and Jobs shared "drawings, books, and created expressions of feelings," says Powell Jobs, who often witnessed the longtime partners collaborating. Some principles were a given, such as the belief that natural light and fresh air make workers happier and more productive. The prototyping prerequisite made for a logical match with Foster + Partners, which also practices modeling and prototyping. Norman Foster visited

Ive in his top-secret design studio during one of their early meetings. It emerged that the two design gurus have other interests in common, including a love of the work of English painter Bridget Riley, whose graphic black-and-white art plays tricks on the mind.

From the beginning, Ive had an "absolute obsession with the idea that it was built like a product, not like a piece of architecture," says industrial designer Marc Newson, one of Ive's oldest friends, who has contributed to Apple designs in recent years.

Ive takes a subtly British dig at other tech campuses sprouting across Silicon Valley. "A lot of the buildings that are being built at the moment are products of software-only cultures," says Ive. "Because we understand making, we'll build [a prototype] and try it and use it, and see what works and what doesn't." Facebook commissioned Frank Gehry to make its headquarters, with unfinished plywood walls and cables and cords that dangle from the ceiling. Bjarke Ingels's and Thomas Heatherwick's plan for Google's new campus calls for a giant metal roof canopy.

Ive was used to taking on projects in new domains—such as music players and smartphones—so designing a campus didn't feel like a leap. In fact, Ive thinks the line separating product design from architecture shouldn't be so rigid. Architecture is "a sort of product design; you can talk about it in terms of scale and function and materials, material types," he says. "I think the delineation is a much, much softer set of boundaries that mark our expertise."

Ive puts aesthetics on the same footing as technology in his

**GLASS CASTLE**  
Below: Hallways around the perimeter of the main building are set up to encourage casual meetings. The chairs are by Poul Kjærholm. Opposite: The circular glass canopies reflect more of the surrounding greenery than Ive had anticipated.



"JONY WORKS TIRELESSLY AT THE DETAIL,  
EVOLVING, IMPROVING, REFINING.  
FOR ME, THAT MAKES HIM A POET."

-NORMAN FOSTER



designs, says Nicholas Serota, who recently stepped down as director of the Tate. “By example, he has managed to persuade the tech industry that beautiful design has a function but also has an appeal to consumers,” says Serota.

“We always joked that one of the greatest sources of our inspiration was the fact that there was just so much stuff out there that we didn’t like,” says Newson. “The negativity sort of became a positive source of inspiration.” Newson says that Ive’s hand could improve a plethora of badly designed products beyond technology, such as cars—though he says he has no idea if Apple is working on a car. (Ive is particular about the three cars he owns, a vintage Bentley, a Range Rover and a 1964 Aston Martin.) Ive, who Foster says defines the current age of design, as legendary German industrial designer Dieter Rams did for an earlier generation, has more than 5,000 patents to his name. “Ive is like an actor who is limitless in his ability to bring any character to life,” says Abrams.

The desire for light and air, crossed with the need for enough density to house 12,000 employees, gave shape to Apple Park’s main building. Ive, tracing an infinity sign in the air, says they considered complex forms, including a trilobal design, a sort of giant fidget spinner. Ultimately they decided that only a ring shape could give the feeling of being close to the elements.

The design called for four stories of office space, more than Ive had hoped, but few enough that “it means that you don’t need to use elevators, you can walk to visit people, you can walk for meetings,” he says. Blueprints and photos capturing the designs wallpaper a building across the street from the campus that serves as a headquarters for the construction project. (At the height of activity in February, 6,200 construction workers were on-site daily.) A diagram lays out where the different divisions will be located in the main building: The fourth floor will be home to the executive suites (including Ive’s design studio), the watch team and part of the group working on Siri, which will also occupy a fraction of the third floor. The Mac and iPad divisions will be interspersed with software teams on the middle levels.

Having settled on an overall shape, the team then broke it down into smaller parts. “One of the advantages of this ring is the repetition of a number of segments,” says Ive. “We could put enormous care and attention to detail into what is essentially a slice that is then repeated. So there’s tremendous pragmatism in the building.” The ring would be made up of pods—units of workspace—built around a central area, like a spoke pointing toward the center of the ring, and a row of customizable seating within each site: 80 pods

per floor, 320 in total, but only one to prototype and get right.

The first prototype was ready in the summer of 2010, with pictures of trees on either end of the central area to evoke the landscaping and proximity to the outdoors. Jobs himself set the precise dimensions of the openings from one end of the central area to the other. The team quickly discovered that early versions of the small offices on each side of the central area were noisy—sound bounced off the flat wood walls. Foster’s architects suggested perforating the walls with millions of tiny holes and lining them with an absorbent material. In the completed section of workspace, Ive snaps his fingers to demonstrate the warm sound it creates.

While Apple Park was in development, Ive worked on his own architectural project on the side: a red brick mansion he bought in 2012 in San Francisco’s Pacific Heights neighborhood, for which he hired Foster to help implement his designs. Ive lives there with his wife, Heather, whom he married in 1987, and their twin 13-year-old sons, Charlie and Harry. “It’s a wonderful mixture of something quite old and historically significant and something that is very modern and very rigorous,” says Newson. “The thing about that level of perfectionism and that level of simplicity is it really belies the complexity.”

“The materiality of it is inspiring,” says Powell Jobs. “The quality of the wood, the quality of the stone, the quality of the light—that’s what makes it so beautiful.”

The same attributes accent Apple Park, though the materials are deceptively humble. Most of the ring is made of glass and concrete, Ive points out—though the concrete on the ceilings that run the inner and outer circumferences has been polished to mimic the terrazzo floor in the staircases, down to the same flecks of rock.

The main cafeteria, where Ive began his tour of the recent progress on campus, is a four-level atrium with massive 440,000-pound glass doors that open on both sides to let air pass through. Giant columns clad in blasted steel resemble the aluminum used on Apple’s phones and computers. (Apple built a prototype of the cafeteria near its old headquarters, where it has been testing meal service for three years.) Ive imagines it as a central meeting point—the kitchen will serve 14,000 lunches a day—leading to the kinds of serendipitous encounters that could give birth to new ideas. Apple employees will pay for the food served here, but at a somewhat subsidized rate. “Steve’s philosophy was that when people have skin in the game, they appreciate it more,” says Dan Whisenhunt, Apple’s head of real estate and development.

Employees will have many other opportunities to gather. The



central parkland will be the venue for Apple's famous "beer bashes," Friday afternoon parties, often with featured entertainment. The Steve Jobs Theater, whose primary use will be for product-launch events, will also host seminar talks, small concerts and meetings with Cook or Ive that will be simulcast to every pod on campus.

Ive and Cook place great importance on employees being physically together at work—ironic for a company that has created devices that enable people to work from a distance. Face-to-face communication is essential during the beginning of a project, when an idea is sprouting, they say. Once a model emerges from a series of conversations, it draws people in and gives focus. "For all of the beauty of technology and all the things we've helped facilitate over the years, nothing yet replaces human interaction," says Cook, "and I don't think it will ever happen."

**T**HE THOUSANDS OF employees at Apple Park will need to bend slightly to Ive's vision of the workplace. Many will be seated in open space, not the small offices they're used to. Coders and programmers are concerned that their work surroundings will be too noisy and distracting. Whiteboards—synonymous with Silicon Valley brainstorming—are built into floor-to-ceiling sliding doors in the central area of each pod, but "some of the engineers are freaking out" that it isn't enough, says Whisenhunt. iPhones will be the primary mode of communication for everyone, though individuals can also lobby for a desk phone, if they feel they have a need for one.

Ive wants movement to be at the core of the work environment—something that seems unavoidable with such a large campus. There will be 2,000 custom bikes made by Public Bikes and painted "Apple gray." Some employees talk about bringing a change of shoes for the quarter-mile hike from the parking structures at the edge of the campus to the main building, but there will also be electric golf carts and a commuter shuttle between the parking structures and the ring. To help employees find their way around, the campus will be mapped on Apple Maps.

The temperature in the building will stay within a 10-degree range (68 to 77 degrees Fahrenheit), thanks to a cutting-edge ventilation system that streams outside air in through gaps in the glass walls and cools it with chilled water, while simultaneously evacuating warm air through shafts that open skyward. The building will draw approximately 80 percent of its power from solar panels on the roof and from fuel cells; recycled wood has been used for much

of the interior. Such environmental innovations receive praise from former Vice President Al Gore, an Apple board member. "I'm a fan of the Churchill saying," Gore says. "'We shape our buildings and afterwards our buildings shape us.'"

Ive takes offense at the idea that he hasn't already thought of every detail during the years of planning Apple Park. He scoffs at an article claiming that Apple contributed to a tree shortage in the Bay Area by buying up so many plants for the campus, "as if we'd got to the end of our project and we thought, Oh, we'd better plant some trees." Apple began working with an arborist years ago to source trees, including varieties that once made up the bountiful orchards of Silicon Valley; more than 9,000, many of them drought-resistant, will have been planted by the time the campus is finished.

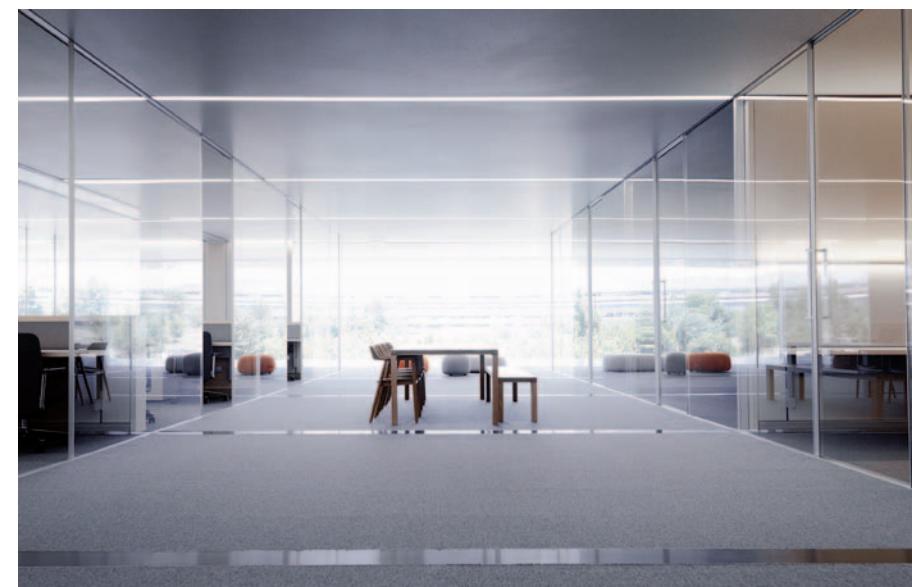
During Ive's visit, trees heavy with summer stone fruits were waiting to be planted in the center of the ring to create the parkland. These will be regularly harvested to provide fruit for the campus kitchen.

Some of the greenery has already taken root around the ring, leading to a surprise that Ive hadn't foreseen in prototyping. The tinted-glass canopies that jut out from each floor like the brim of a hat are so luminous that they reflect what's above and below, casting a green glow from the trees into the hallways.

In the next few months, Ive will transition from being the creator of Apple Park to one of its thousands of users. His design team is scheduled to be one of the last to move into the new headquarters this fall—around the same time as the event at which Apple has typically unveiled its new iPhone. The next frontier Ive faces, beyond reinventing a greatest hit, is how to further embed technology onto our bodies and into our homes, using devices such as the Apple Watch, AirPods and HomePods as the beachheads for collecting data and tracking ourselves. "Everything we design and make in the future is going to start right here," he says.

With each new product Apple rolls out, its predecessors seem a little antiquated. But Ive and Jobs built Apple Park to last, and their legacy will be etched into the glass, concrete and trees for decades to come. Just as the ring blurs the boundary between inside and outside, Ive's personal and professional lives are fluid. As a designer, "you spend so much time living in or living with the solution that doesn't yet exist," he says. "I'm just looking forward to going to see an engineer I'm working with on something, to sit there and perhaps walk out and sit outside for a bit with him, to be able to go to the workshop and start to see how we're building something." •

**OPEN SEASON**  
From far left: A view across one of the building's air shafts; desks in the open-plan workspaces can be raised to standing level at the push of a button; a white oak table in a common area; custom furniture designed by Naoto Fukasawa in another.





# Pieces of the Past

Starting in the 16th century, international trade began to leave its traces on tableware as European and Asian ceramics were created for newly opened export markets. Contemporary artists are now mining the rich heritage of these styles, recontextualizing them as a commentary on globalization and culture today.

BY MIEKE TEN HAVE  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JESSICA BACKHAUS



#### STATE OF CLAY

Bouke de Vries, who began his ceramics career in restoration, gives new life to period works from his home country, Holland, and other cultures.

To create his *Fragmented Vase 3* (above), he employed the Japanese technique of *kintsugi*, in which lacquer mixed with metal powder is used to repair fractured pieces, to fuse an 18th-century delft jug, an early-20th-century Japanese vase and an 18th-century Chinese tea caddy. Opposite: Australian artist Stephen Bowers's *Camouflage Plate* blends "shards" inspired by iconic English and French textile design, early maps and his own depictions of the natural world, making historical references—in this case an 18th-century struggle over Australian territory—while pointing to current society's fragmentation from nature.



#### PATTERN PLAY

In *True Love* (above), Virginia-based artist Michelle Erickson reimagines a style of vessel originally developed in medieval Persia and then readapted by 17th-century Dutch and English delft and slipware potters for drinking posset, a festive libation. Erickson was inspired by Chaucer's poem "The Parliament of Fowls," a 14th-century meditation on nature and love, for the imagery. Opposite: Carol McNicoll figures among the women artists who made ceramics a serious art form in 1970s London. Her *Cup Dish* comprises a vase and cups, which are casts of found objects, connected to a wooden leaf dish she purchased in a secondhand shop. The transfer motif applied to the vase is taken from a photo of a half-demolished building and a communications antenna—a reference to the urban environment. For details see Sources, page 94.





**FACE TIME**  
“We’re selling lifestyles. It’s all reality TV. That’s all music is nowadays. They just want to look at you,” says rapper Vince Staples. Ralph Lauren jacket and turtleneck.

## RHYME AND REASON

With his new album, *Big Fish Theory*, rapper Vince Staples affirms his standing as one of music’s most important voices—and one of its most challenging anomalies.

BY VINCE BEISER  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
BY ANDREAS LASZLO KONRATH  
STYLING BY WHITNEY KYLES

**T**HE PLAZA IN FRONT of San Francisco’s City Hall is thronged with people on a warm, bright afternoon in June, the air sweet with the smell of food-stand barbecue and marijuana. Cheers and pumping fists erupt from the crowd as Vince Staples, the 24-year-old rapper—one of the fastest-rising stars in today’s hip-hop firmament—strides up to the microphone. The hook of his hit song “Prima Donna” bursts from the speakers at rib-cage-rattling volume: “Is it real? Is it real?”

It’s a question Staples must often ask himself these days. This Comedy Central-sponsored festival, with its \$11 beers, wine-tasting tent and headliners that include Sarah Silverman, Kevin Hart and Jerry Seinfeld, is a world away from the hard-bitten streets of North Long Beach, where Staples grew up.

In the past three years, Staples has gone from underground mixtape prodigy to burgeoning celebrity—headlining a national tour, appearing on *The*

*Daily Show With Trevor Noah*, signing endorsement deals with Sprite and Converse and cutting tracks with major artists such as Common, Ghostface Killah and Gorillaz, with whom Staples is currently touring.

Moving across the stage in a plain black hoodie, black jeans and bright-orange Chuck Taylors, holding the microphone to his mouth in his left hand while slicing and stabbing the air with his right, Staples unspools his songs about racial conflict, gang violence, depression and heartbreak over bold, massive beats. Like his music, his performance is direct, devoid of theatrics. It’s just him up there—no backup singers, no dancers. He holds the stage by sheer force of personality. Toward the end of his set he calls out to the crowd: “Hey, anybody wanna hear a joke?” Once the yells of encouragement have subsided, he responds with a single syllable: “No.”

That Staples refuses to tell a joke at a comedy festival is not surprising, as he has become known for defying expectations. He’s a critic of the prison system but he says he’s not an activist; he bewildered some of his fans by defending a mother who posted a YouTube video criticizing the lyrics of his song “Norf Norf” (“No person needs to be attacked for their opinion.... They have a right to it,” he said on Twitter); he doesn’t drink or do drugs. Staples simply refuses to be reduced to someone else’s idea of what it means, or should mean, to be a celebrity, a rapper or a black man today.

His lyrics don’t romanticize the violence of the streets or the pleasures of fame and fortune, but he also keeps from passing judgment on either. Instead, his style is straightforward, almost reportorial, offering deadpan, pin-sharp observations about his experiences and environment. His suite of artfully produced videos, two EPs and two albums—including his newest, *Big Fish Theory*, which dropped in June and features artists such as Bon Iver’s Justin Vernon and Kendrick Lamar—has won him critical acclaim and a swelling fan base.

“To be honest, most people don’t care about my music,” he says in a Hollywood cafe a few days after the concert. Though he presents himself as stoic onstage and on record, he is chatty and charismatic, possessed of a gaptoothed smile and bright, oversize eyes. “People like the idea of my music, probably. Or the idea of me as a person. I don’t necessarily care what they want, or think, so it kind of works out for me,” he says. “We’re selling lifestyles. It’s all reality TV. That’s all music is nowadays, at least in my spectrum. They just want to look at you.”

The disorientation and occasional discomfort of being looked at so much—the pressure of being a celebrity—is one of the recurring themes of his music. The trippy video for his song “Prima Donna,” from his 2016 EP of the same name, opens with an unhappy-looking Staples surrounded by scantily clad dancers, until, offstage, a director yells “cut” and the entire scene is revealed to be the making of a music video. “Is this all there is?” a disenchanted Staples seems to ask the viewer. The recent music video accompanying

“Big Fish” shows Staples on a slowly sinking sailboat, menaced by circling sharks. “Swimmin’ upstream while I’m tryin’ to keep my bread / From the sharks, make me wanna put the hammer to my head,” he raps, eyeing a flare gun in his hand.

Musically, his new record is an elaboration of the inventive, electronic-heavy style featured on his critically acclaimed debut album, *Summertime ’06*—sparse arrangements anchored by bludgeoning beats shot through with jagged squalls of machine-generated sounds—although it leans even more heavily in that direction, engaging with Detroit techno and house music. “The sonics that he chooses are very eclectic,” says A\$AP Rocky, who is featured on the track “SAMO.” “For our generation, I’ve never met such an intellectual and thorough artist. I think he raises the bar for being self-aware and lyrical.”

*Big Fish* is also concerned with how an individual is perceived and how he in turn perceives himself—or fails to. “It’s about being oblivious,” Staples says. “Going through life being kind of oblivious of your surroundings, of your perceptions, of reality, as a coping mechanism and just a state of being.”

That degree of disengagement wasn’t an easy option in Long Beach, the southernmost slice of Los Angeles County and the birthplace of illustrious rappers like Snoop Dogg. Staples lived with his mother there (his father was in and out of jail) but he also spent time at his grandparents’ place in Compton. His mother, who worked at a car factory, tried to create a stable environment for him at home despite the occasional grim realities of growing up in the area—gangs were an established fact of life. “Where I come from, everybody goes to jail,” he says. “Your dad does something stupid and goes to jail; he comes back. If your dad’s only gone for like six months, two years, five years, that’s a win where I come from. If you don’t get life, you won!”

I had the unmistakable impression at times that Staples was toying with me, as he has other earnest interviewers—playing dumb in response to over-asked questions, undermining his own words with a knowing smile. What does he think about being called a “conscious gangster rapper”? “I don’t know what either of those things are.” Where does he want his career to go? “I don’t know.” And when it comes to more personal issues, there are topics he expresses plainly and intensely in his music that he won’t discuss, or even acknowledge, with a stranger.

His childhood, for instance. Though in conversation Staples breezily insists everything was fine, his songs suggest a more complicated story. In more than one early track, especially the haunting “Nate,” Staples describes a young boy watching his father taking drugs, abusing his mother or dodging the police: “Lights flashing now he running from the Winslows / Hear him screaming for my momma at the back door / Sometimes she wouldn’t open it, sitting on the couch / Face emotionless, I don’t think they ever noticed that I noticed it.”

As Staples tells it, it was almost inevitable that as a teenager he wound up running with a local gang. He bounced around to different high schools for a period but eventually lost interest despite remaining a good student, and he never got around to graduating (although he later earned a California High School Equivalency Certificate).

The path to becoming a writer and performer opened up when an old friend introduced him to Syd tha Kid, a member of Odd Future, a fast-rising rap collective founded by Tyler, The Creator whose members have included Frank Ocean and Earl Sweatshirt. Staples quickly started noodling around on songs with Odd Future before moving on to produce his own mixtapes. These recordings, and his guest spots in Odd Future videos, eventually brought him to the attention of the legendary hip-hop label Def Jam Recordings, which released his first EP, *Hell Can Wait*, in 2014.

Plenty of rappers have made their careers boasting about their gangster exploits, using their criminal histories to burnish their claims to being “real.” But it’s a struggle to get Staples to talk about what he did and saw with his crew. “I just laugh when people bring it up,” he tells me. The cafe had grown too noisy, so now we’re sitting in a Mercedes he recently bought for his mother. “It’s such a small part of what actually is important to anyone who deals with that, who is successful as an artist. You’re not getting into these publications if that’s your main focus.”

Does he mean that you can’t succeed as an artist if you’re still involved in gang life? “Not even that, but if that’s the basis of your art, not enough people are gonna want to listen to it,” he says. “So I’ve never understood the need to overindulge it. Perfect example is you have an artist like YG. Time after time after time, they label him ‘the gangster rapper.’ But his most successful songs all have to do with partying, having fun and women. You have a Jay Z. Every time

his name is mentioned, he’s the drug dealer, blah blah blah. But that’s such a small part of his 20-something-year career.”

Staples is wary of the ways inner-city life is marketed to suburban audiences. His video for “Señorita” shows a group of young black and brown people marching through a ravaged urban landscape, guns trained on them from looming towers, falling one by one; the ending reveals a white family comfortably seated on a bench watching it all from behind glass. “We sell trauma from black people to the world,” he says. “They love it. You watch TV. You go to the movies. You listen to music. You know it. Trauma. As long as I remember. We got fuckin’ *Baby Boy*, *Boyz n the Hood*, *Waist Deep*, *12 Years a Slave*.... I don’t remember the last time I seen a movie about black people where it was like, ‘Man, they’re having a great day.’”

In “BagBak,” a track from the new album, Staples declares, “We need Tamikas and Shaniquas in that Oval Office / Obama ain’t enough for me, we only getting started / The next Bill Gates can be on Section 8 up in the projects / So ’til they love my dark skin, bitch I’m goin’ all in.” Nonetheless, Staples insists he is without an agenda. “Of course they want me to be that guy,” he says. “You know, the politically driven,

“WE SELL TRAUMA FROM BLACK PEOPLE TO THE WORLD. THEY LOVE IT.”

—VINCE STAPLES

yada yada yada.... It’s not my thing.... What I stand for, what I believe in, is more substantial. I don’t believe in your rhetoric. And I said that before we had this president.... My music’s not really in the moment like that. It’s meant to last for a long fucking time.”

Staples expresses similar ambivalence about his growing celebrity. He says he doesn’t avail himself of all the hedonistic perks that wealth and fame can confer, especially in the music business. “I’ve never been to a strip club. I don’t go to parties. Never been to an actual club,” he says. “It’s not what I do.” He’s only ever seriously dated two women and he has never tried alcohol, cigarettes or drugs. There were plenty of all those things around in his neighborhood but he was never tempted. The opposite, in fact. “I’ve seen high people,” he says. “Doesn’t look like fun. Being drunk doesn’t look like fun. So I had no urge to do it.”

Staples has relocated to a tonier part of Los Angeles now that, for the first time in his life, he has financial security. Even so, he insists that the extent of his material ambition is to live in a nice middle-class suburb and have a couple of kids. “I like that kind of stuff,” he says. Additionally, he has used this money to give back to his hometown—last year he helped city officials launch the YMCA program Youth Institute, which provides young people with the support necessary to explore creative fields like filmmaking, graphic design and 3-D printing.

Now that he’s got the resources and professional clout to do what he wants, Staples just wants to continue creating. He doesn’t want to be pegged as a gangster or a spokesperson for his generation or for his race. So why does he do it? Who is he trying to reach? “Nobody,” he says. “I just make it. I honestly don’t think about it. You can try to make commercialized music, or you can try to make, you know, art, for lack of a better term. I’m here to make the art. Not make the news.”

He is not here to give us the show we expect. •



**PHILOSOPHER KING**  
Dior Homme jacket.  
For details see  
Sources, page 94.

# KICK THE DUST UP

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Follow a gust of inspiration to a place of tumbleweeds and tradition, where the poetry of the desert is all around.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LACHLAN BAILEY  
STYLING BY GERALDINE SAGLIO



**TAKE TO THE WEST**  
Go with the flow in a skirt set off by a boxy jacket. Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello coat and skirt, Alix bikini top and stylist's own boots (worn throughout).





**TREAD LIGHTLY**  
Feel the nuanced  
effects of texture.  
Jeremy Scott jacket  
and Isabel Marant  
pants. Opposite:  
Burberry capelet  
and shirtdress and  
Stetson hat.



**OFF ROAD**  
Roughed-up denim  
is a tried-and-true  
go-to. Vintage  
jacket, Ralph Lauren  
Collection shirt and  
pants and Rocky  
Mountain Western  
bolo tie.



**FRINGE BENEFITS**  
Explore the landscape  
in a statement-making  
topper. Chloé coat, Alix  
bodysuit and bikini  
bottom and Jeremy Scott  
belt. Opposite: Gucci  
jacket and Alix bodysuit  
and bikini bottom.





DINER DATE  
Try a tasseled vest  
on for size. Giorgio  
Armani shawl and  
Alexander Wang  
turtleneck and pants.



**UNCOMMON FOLK**  
Intricate pieces need  
no further embell-  
ishment. Etro jacket,  
Alix bodysuit and  
bikini bottom and  
Jeremy Scott belt.  
Opposite: Alix bikini  
top and bottom and  
Carolina Herrera skirt.







#### DRIVING FORCE

Reflect on the comfort of classics. Chanel shirt, Re/Done Levi's jeans and Marc Jacobs coat (in hand). Opposite: Prada sweater and Alix bikini top. Model, Anja Rubik at DNA Models; hair, Rudi Lewis; makeup, Petros Petrohilos. For details see Sources, page 94.

# Famiglia First

Designer Angela Missoni's home in Sardinia is part of a sprawling family compound where the celebrated fashion clan gathers to relax, cook, garden and display its famously colorful taste.

BY ALEXANDRA MARSHALL  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SALVA LÓPEZ



**OUTSIDE WORLD**  
The family spends much of the time outdoors, with a view of the garden and the Tyrrhenian Sea beyond.



**MIXING IT UP**  
A cone of incense serves as a chandelier. Right: Sardinian baskets. "They're like lace," Angela Missoni says. "Each village does them a little differently."



**SECRET GARDEN**

A view from the porch. Angela struggled with the bougainvillea for years. "Finally I realized it grows in such dry places you have to just leave it alone."



SITTINGS EDITOR, ANITA SARSIDI; HAIR AND MAKEUP, FABIO D'ONOFRIO

**A**NGELA MISSONI will not rest until the candlesticks strewn around the white-washed fireplace of her Sardinian vacation home are in just the right disorder. "I'm a compulsive collector," she says, grinning sheepishly as she regroups the evidence by color and texture: braided Vallauris ceramic over here, wrought-iron over there. At 58, she could pass for 10 years younger—flitting from corner to corner on her seemingly never-ending straightening mission. "My nephews were here, and everything's upside down," she says. She's in the largest and most open room in the house, a dual-purpose dining room and flop zone for family and friends dropping in, as they do when the family gets together over summer holidays. The turquoise waters of the Tyrrhenian Sea seen through the window provide the sole stretch of unbroken color amid a jumble of pattern and texture. Rattan and midcentury furniture is covered with Missoni stripes, and a generous, squishy sofa is upholstered in a vintage carp print by Manuel Canovas. Alongside sit a leopard-upholstered end table and a footstool covered in retina-searing yarn. Vibrant Indian pillows and Latin American area rugs complement a painting of an angel by the Memphis Group's Nathalie Du Pasquier and a large topographic photograph showing what Sardinia

will look like if sea levels rise just a few more inches. (Very blue, apparently.) The house is not retro but it does feel out of time, with doors perpetually open to the rolling garden outside and a gentle perfume of jasmine. A cork-encased TV by Philippe Starck, circa 1994, sits opposite the couch, taunting Angela's 32-year-old son, Francesco. "He wants something newer, but I tell him here you don't need a TV." A baby stroller decorated with a Forza Italia sticker, parked next to an outdoor dining table on the patio outside the living room, belongs to Zeno, the newborn son of Angela's youngest daughter, Teresa, 29, who is visiting with Francesco to work on the family's upcoming cookbook. (The Missonis have long been known as a family that eats well; press and buyers visiting twice a year during the showroom appointments that accompany Milan Fashion Week look forward to their come-one-come-all, family-style meals.) The only one of Angela's children absent today is her eldest, Margherita, 34. She lives with her husband and two small children outside Varese, near Missoni headquarters, and runs a children's clothing company, Margherita Kids. "Besides, she can't even break an egg," Francesco says. "It's true," Angela sighs. "When she was 15 she asked me if there was milk in mayonnaise. She's multitalented and can do anything, but she is interested in other things."

Rosita, Angela's mother, was the force behind the purchase and construction of this house and two others nearby, forming a three-part family compound. The third belongs to the three sons of Angela's late brother, Vittorio, who disappeared in a private plane over the Caribbean Sea in 2013. Her other brother, Luca, visits from his homes in New York and Varese. Rosita first came to the area in the 1970s, when nearby Porto Cervo was picking up as a fashionable destination, and she remembers being unmoved by it. It was through a friend in the 1980s that she discovered this quieter corner, a world away from yachts and bling. "My mother was impressed by the vegetation and the beauty of those beaches," Angela recalls. The family first bought two freestanding houses nearby and held onto them (they currently serve as guesthouses), even after building the current compound that now functions as their leisure-activity mother ship.

Pausing from her industrious adjustments, Angela steps back to take in the room. "I realize that, even if it's kitsch, I relate all this stuff to my youth."

The ceramic fish and octopuses hanging on the walls

recall holidays spent in Ischia with her grandparents,

and rattan furniture echoes their holidays there. As

her own kids did decades before, Angela's grandchil-

dren walk to the beach by themselves unbothered,

"so they develop a sense of independence." Each

modestly sized bedroom—the three houses have four each—has its own small garden space. No fences separate them; privacy is achieved by smart orientation and lush planting. Angela and Rosita are avid gardeners and have filled their broad back lawn with cactuses and clusters of tall grass, blue hydrangeas and night-blooming jasmine. Cuttings of datura and succulents culled from holidays in Greece or Malta or Portugal have taken to the arid Sardinian soil.

Back in the living room, Angela turns her attention to a bookshelf laden with dozens of ceramic French lamps from the 1950s shaped like cartoon fish. One day she will repair them all—she knows her way around the Black & Decker drill stashed in a hand-hammered trunk in the foyer—and install proper shelving to give them a little more breathing room. For now, they sit disordered, their one visitor from dry land a faded snapshot of Angela in her preteens on vacation on her father Ottavio's native Dalmatian Coast, alongside her older brothers. Angela's younger self grins, but there is a stillness behind her smile.

Ottavio, a former Olympic athlete who began his career manufacturing athletic clothes, dressed braless models in sheer tops in 1967, some months before Yves Saint Laurent set the world on fire with the same racy gesture. But for all its global cachet, Missoni remained a family shop—one Angela wasn't pressured to join. "[My birth] was a surprise, and I was a late bloomer," she says of her circuitous path to taking charge of the family business. "I was introverted and didn't have a lot of plans. My priority, even when I was 18, was having children." Though her fiercely independent mother wasn't a fan of her daughter becoming a young mother, "I was given a lot of trust and always felt very free."

Angela had Margherita with Marco Maccapani, an events producer, when she was 24; Francesco and Teresa followed in quick succession. While her children were young, she raised chickens, started a nursery school and helped out at Missoni here and there, while Luca and Vittorio worked in textile development and sales, respectively. After Angela divorced her children's father when she was 31, "I went to my dad and said, 'You know what? This is never going to be my company.' I needed to walk on my own feet and get some confidence," he demurred. "This company is a big umbrella," he told me. "You don't need to work with your mom every single day!"

I had a good relationship with her and always felt her support, but she's opinionated and very strong." Angela started a Missoni children's clothing line, hoping to relate something at the company to her life as a mother, but soon realized she craved something else. "I wanted to do fashion," she says.

For all that the Missoni of the early 1990s had maintained its luxury profile, with healthy sales of loungewear and a successful home line that Rosita founded in 1981, it was no longer a leading fashion arbiter. Angela started her own company in 1993 as a departure from her family's look—more tailored and structured, and based around solids. "I wanted to make clothes I wanted to wear and that my girlfriends wanted to wear. When it was maybe the third or fourth season, and I was adding pattern here and there, my mom asked me if I had ever thought about taking over the main Missoni line. She felt trapped in the history of the company, and the commercial side kept asking her to repeat the same things. 'What you're doing here is what Missoni should be today,' she told me. 'You have to do fashion when you're young and passionate, and you have the strength to fight the commercial side of the business.'

Rosita was preparing the ground in more ways than one: In 1996, she offered Angela the position of creative director; in time, she and Ottavio transferred

"I REALIZE THAT, EVEN IF IT'S KITSCH, I RELATE ALL THIS STUFF TO MY YOUTH."  
—ANGELA MISSONI



**PATTERN PERFECT**  
Left: A Mario Schifano painting hangs above a chair upholstered in Missoni fabric. Above: Angela Missoni outside her home.





**ISLAND LIFE**  
The pool is shared  
by the entire family.  
Opposite: A guest  
bedroom.



**IN THE SHADE**  
The terrace functions  
as an outdoor living  
room. The pillowcases  
come from India.

control of the entire company to their children in an equal three-way split. Both parents remained active in the business until Ottavio's death in 2013, and 85-year-old Rosita still runs Missoni Home, whose products are manufactured by her brothers' and cousins' company, T&J Vestor, but the next generation was now in charge.

Angela saw unrealized potential in the family business. "My father never really wanted the company to grow," she recalls. "Even in the 1970s when they could have done anything, they were refusing orders. Missoni was doing well in terms of revenues when I got it. We had a strong market in the Far East. We just weren't strong in fashion in the states or Europe." Working behind the scenes for two seasons, she took her first runway bow in 1997. The critical response to the new Missoni was positive, though Angela quickly understood her mother's warning about commercial pressure. "I remember at the beginning doing pieces with maybe three or only two colors," she recalls. "They said, 'Not Missoni enough!' As if to be a Missoni piece it has to have 25 colors. I was making it sharper and cleaner."

When Angela became creative director, diversifying was already a major component of Missoni's strategy. Missoni Home arrived well before other brands, like Ralph Lauren, moved into bedding sections at department stores. (It remains one of the company's strongest royalty streams, with 2016 revenues over \$13 million.) In 1998, M Missoni was launched as a license with what later became the Valentino Fashion Group, getting an early place on the raft of designers spinning off lower-priced second lines. Today it brings in \$50 million a year, 12 percent of which the company keeps; Angela plans to bring the license back in-house when it expires in 2018. In 2008, Luca handed over creative stewardship of Missoni's men's collection to his sister. (Today he is in charge of the archive.) Whenever Missoni had offered swimwear in seasonal collections it sold well, and so in 2009 Angela created Missoni Mare, to give skimpy string bikinis, caftans and trunks with the famous zigzag a permanent home on shelves. In 2011, Missoni developed a 400-piece collection for Target that was such a hit the chain sold the entire six-week run of merchandise in just one day. Not everything has been a smash. The lesser-performing Missoni Sport was shuttered in 2007. In 2009, Missoni partnered with the Belgian Rezidor Hotel Group, hoping to launch a hospitality brand, but stopped with just two Missoni Hotels, one in Edinburgh and the other in Kuwait; neither is still in operation. (The license agreement expired in 2014, and Missoni is currently looking for other partners.)

"I realize that I was born with broad shoulders," Angela says, recalling how she held the company and her family together during the worst year of their lives, 2013, when Vittorio was lost at sea, followed by Ottavio's death soon after. "Besides spending a year looking for Vittorio and taking care of my nephews...I had a lot to do taking care of my mom and the company, too. Looking at it from the outside, if someone told me I could do all that, I'd say, 'Oh, my God.'" Her strong sense of family has ultimately bolstered her sense of individuality. "Maybe after 20 years I can finally say 'I sometimes.' •



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STILL LIFE

## TINA BARNEY

The celebrated photographer shares a few of her favorite things.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TINA BARNEY

**I BOUGHT THE FIREPLACE** from an antique shop in New York City in 1967, when I first decorated this house. It's all one piece (not including the blue tiles). Most of the objects on the mantel are gifts from family and friends or antiques I collected in the 1970s while driving around Rhode Island with girlfriends. The tiny glass bowl on the left is from my sister-in-law. The large silhouette is by Robert Cumming. The tiny red bird pin in front is a great memory from my friend Judith Freeman's wedding. She gave each bridesmaid a pin. Then there are the photos. The one in a little blue porcelain frame is of both my sons and niece from 1971. There's a photograph of my parents behind the figure in the orange coat on the

right. It's one of the last photographs of them before they died. Down below, you can see a ceramic block on the hearth. It's a gift from the first friend I made in Sun Valley, Idaho, when I moved there in 1973—she died in a plane crash in the mountains. My son gave me the blue ball-shaped candle. I've never lit it. I got the blue relic to the right from an old house in Rajasthan while on a Guggenheim Fellowship in India in 1991. I was living with an Indian family with my friend Judith—the same friend who gave me the pin—while we worked on a project together. I think if you tried to bring something like that back today you would get in trouble! I got the bicycle toy as a birthday present from someone I met in China.

I was doing a project there in 2006. I even kept the box because it's so beautiful. To the right of the fireplace, on the wall, is a monotype by Mark Tobey; it's the abstract one with dots. Above that is a little antique, and above that is a Joan Nelson painting. My work as a photographer started off very much focused on the house and the family—the objects that are passed down from generation to generation interested me. My monograph *Tina Barney*, which will be published next month, spans four decades of my work. To this day, I might still photograph the same room I photographed in 1977, and nothing will have been moved and nothing much has changed."

—As told to Thomas Gebremedhin

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**SAINT LAURENT**