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THE WALL STREET JOURNAL MAGAZINE

ISSUE 97

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL MAGAZINE

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AUGUST 2018

- 14 EDITOR'S LETTER
 - 18 COLUMNISTS on Frustration
 - 100 STILL LIFE Glenn Close
The star of *The Wife*, a film out in August, shares a few of her favorite things.
-
- ## WHAT'S NEWS.
- 21 Moses Sumney unleashes his new EP; the Bloody Mary, reinvented
 - 24 Summer conferences for CEOs; a Roche Bobois lamp; the beauty of cannabidiol
 - 26 Louis Vuitton's Acte V high jewelry collection
 - 28 Shinola's Detroit development; actresses to watch
 - 29 Voluminous fall coats belted by bold leathers
 - 30 A foodie tour of South Africa; artist Jeremy Deller's Helmut Lang hoodies; Westwind Orchard opens a cider tasting room; a new La Marine watch from Breguet; quilted handbags
 - 31 The Download: Chris O'Dowd; punk style

MARKET REPORT.

- 33 A HANDMADE TALE
Go for a ramble in a wild medley of colors, textures and fabrics that stitch together many styles.
Photography by Nadine Ijewere
Styling by Ondine Azoulay

ON THE COVER An interior from Antony Gormley's 18th-century villa in Norfolk, England, photographed by Francois Halard.

THIS PAGE A child in Morondava, Madagascar, photographed by Viviane Sassen.

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70

THE EXCHANGE.

41 TRACKED: Fabiano Caruana

The United States finally has a chess player to rival Bobby Fischer.

By Mickey Rapkin
Photography by Jesse Chehak

44 GETTING THE PICTURE

How Instagram became the art world's obsession.

By Carol Kino
Illustration by Ben Wiseman

DISCOVERIES & FALL PREVIEW.

50 CARRIED BY THE WIND

Madagascar's diversity of culture, landscapes and species has long attracted adventure seekers. Now, exploring the island is easier than ever.

By Tom Downey
Photography by Viviane Sassen

60 TO THE MAX

There are endless silhouettes this season to match any mood.

Photography by Christian MacDonald
Styling by Alex White

70 FIGURES IN A LANDSCAPE

Antony Gormley and Vicken Parsons have transformed an 18th-century villa into an idyllic artists' retreat.

By Sarah Medford
Photography by François Halard

78 DON'T BOX BLUM IN

Jason Blum, the producer behind *Get Out* and this month's *BlacKkKlansman*, is resuscitating Hollywood with his low-budget flicks.

By Alex Bhattacharji
Photography by Andreas Laszlo Konrath

82 COMO AS YOU ARE

Explore the sun-soaked romance of Italy's Lake Como in fall's most effortless and unexpected pieces.

By Angelo Pennetta
Styling by Emilie Kareh

94 SEA CHANGE

At his new restaurant, chef Joshua Skenes is tackling the problems of the global seafood industry by going local and live.

By Gemma Zoe Price
Photography by Laura Letinsky

From left: A collection of pottery at artist Antony Gormley's estate; Gormley at work in his studio, photographed by François Halard.

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INCREDIBLE JOURNEYS

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEJANDRO CARDENAS



OUT OF AFRICA Who chases lemurs across the plains as Anubis and Bast take a stroll in Louis Vuitton under Madagascar's baobab trees.

DISCOVERY IS A PROCESS that needs not just time but also space—an arena for curiosity and imagination. It can be as large as an East African island or as small as a window overlooking an English meadow. In our August issue, we explore transporting places that open the mind.

Sculptor Antony Gormley found a haven for inspiration in a British countryside villa that doubles as a working retreat for artists. The Georgian-era mansion, named High House—featured on our cover—was built in the 1750s. Gormley and his wife, the artist Vicki Parsons, renovated the property with close friend and architect David Chipperfield. Today, High House Studios (as the Gormleys call it) retains its Palladian grandeur, tempered by details

like a cedar treehouse and an indoor rope swing. The estate has also proved a creative boon. “When your eye can see a long way, I think that really changes something internally,” says Parsons.

Off the coast of Mozambique, Madagascar is one of the world’s wonders, a lush island whose isolation has preserved a biodiversity unlike any other on the globe. There are enough adventures to fill multiple lifetimes: spelunking through caves, diving in coral canyons, lemur sighting in the forests. From Time + Tide Miavana, a private island resort where butlers pamper guests, to tented campsites along the Mandrare River, Madagascar offers otherworldly locales.

Our profile of hard-charging film producer Jason Blum, founder and CEO of Blumhouse Productions,

shows that discovering the next big thing is sometimes a matter of elbow grease and determined belt-tightening. Thanks to his vision and a rigorously economical approach to movie budgets—nearly always under \$5 million—he’s made a mint at the box office with hits like *Get Out*, *Whiplash* and *Paranormal Activity*, the most profitable movie ever. As he prepares for the release of this month’s Spike Lee-directed *BlacKkKlansman*, Blum explains his philosophy for motivating actors and everyone who works on his films: “Bet on yourself.”

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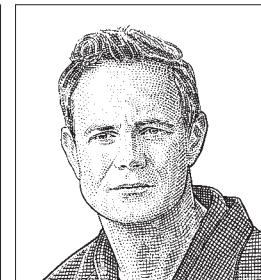
THE COLUMNISTS

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



REGINA HALL

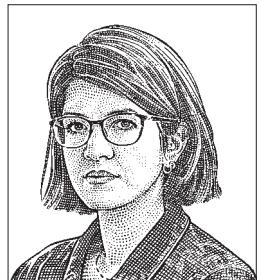
"The acting process can be frustrating. There comes a point in your career where you're sort of waiting for something to change; all the moves just feel lateral. You want people to see that you can do even more. I used to have an acting teacher who told her students, 'Always remember that you're professional auditioners.' I internalized that, and it really kept me from getting too frustrated early in my career, back when I wasn't getting any jobs. My mother called me the Callback Queen! At the time, I was being sent out on auditions for sitcoms, but I had a very different style of humor. When I booked *Scary Movie*, it helped shift how people perceived what I did. But it's all a part of the process. It's OK if success isn't immediate. Sometimes it's for your own protection, because you might still have a lot to absorb. And so you take that frustration, the nos, and turn it into a valuable learning experience."



PAUL HOLES

"In 1994, I came across old files at the Contra County Sheriff's Office concerning the East Area Rapist case. I was totally fascinated. In 2001, after working that case for seven years, I finally linked it to a series of crimes in Southern California committed by the Original Night Stalker—they were the same guy (he became known as the Golden State Killer). The investigation to find him was incredibly frustrating. I was dealing with an overwhelming volume of data—we had 15,000 pages of reports. Suspects were developed again and again only to be eliminated by DNA. There were times when I pushed away and said, 'I'm done.' But each time, I just stepped back and recalibrated. It took 17 more years to eventually identify Joseph James DeAngelo, the Golden State Killer. Remaining even-keeled, persistent and pushing through the down times proved crucial to my success."

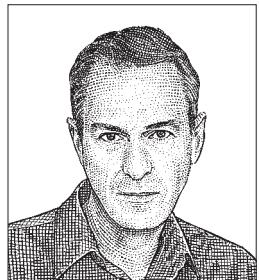
Hall is an actress. She stars in Support the Girls, which is out this month.



JESSIE GREENGRASS

"I find writing itself pretty frustrating. It's that experience of trying to find the right words and not being able to—feeling inarticulate—that's especially hard. Everything has great clarity until you sit down and try to turn a feeling into an articulate expression. It harks back to childhood—knowing what you want to say but not being able to say it. But frustration becomes something that is to be worked through rather than avoided. The only way forward is stubbornness. I can't think of another solution than simply plodding away. Frustration is a sign that what you're doing is something difficult and therefore, hopefully, worth doing. Anything that comes without frustration would be something that came easily and thus possibly suspect. Without it I would be worried that what I'm working on wasn't interesting."

Holes is a recently retired cold-case investigator.



IVO VAN HOVE

"I never let frustration get to the point of deep disappointment or irritation. Rather, I prefer to deal with the source of the frustration head-on. When I was young I tried to minimize issues, but now when confronted with a problem I walk straight into the fire. I'm in the middle of making *Boris Godunov* at the Opéra Bastille in Paris. The opera involves 130 people onstage, so obviously things don't always go the way you want them to. This morning I had an issue with someone, but rather than ignore it, I talked with the person and it cleared the air. When you let frustration linger, it can become dangerous. You see frustration worldwide at this moment, dominating entire elections. That's the dangerous side of frustration, when it takes over completely, whether that's a group of people, a country or your life."

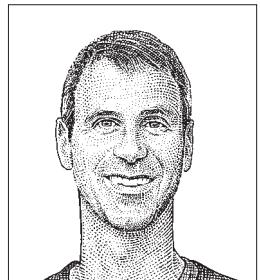
Van Hove is a theater director. He directs the play The Damned at the Park Avenue Armory in New York City through July 28.



JILL MEDVEDOW

"Though frustration often describes a situation in which one feels powerless, I've often found it to be an agent of change. When I joined the ICA/Boston, frustration fueled the process to give contemporary art a home in the city. Discontent about the state of contemporary art here motivated me to take on the expansion of the ICA over a decade ago and the construction of our Diller Scofidio + Renfro museum. My goal was to use the waterfront location and new architecture to build our audience and expand our programming. The ICA's new Watershed across Boston Harbor also grew from frustration about how to share more art with our visitors, bring public access to the harbor and offer a free museum experience in East Boston. So, as frustrating as it sounds, frustration can be useful."

Medvedow is director of the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston. ICA Watershed opened in July.



STEVE ALMOND

"Frustration is the underside of desire. It's an important part of the human arrangement because it's the thing that makes us realize that we must use patience and persistence to get the things that evade us. Our frustration level in America is incredibly high, which is a result of a consumer culture dedicated entirely to instant gratification. We're constantly being shown the dangling, beautiful fruits of capitalism; we're exposed to advertising where we get exactly what we want. So, as a result, we're ready to murder each other because of traffic jams or punch each other out over a burger and fries. When we expect to get everything we want *instantly*, we become entitled. And that's what the skilled demagogue and politician plugs into, the sense that we should get what we want with no personal sacrifices, with no danger of failure or falling short."

Almond is a writer. His most recent book, Bad Stories: What the Hell Just Happened to Our Country, was released in April.

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WHAT'S NEWS.

LOOK SHARP

Louis Vuitton turtle-neck. Opposite: Louis Vuitton turtleneck and pants, Hermès belt, Christian Louboutin boots and Sumney's own sunglasses. For details see Sources, page 98.

**A
DIFFERENT
TUNE**

Fresh off the success of his debut album, *Aromanticism*, the genre-defying musician Moses Sumney unleashes his new EP.

BY MARK YARM
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MICAIAH CARTER
STYLING BY
DAVID THIELEBEULE

OVER THE COURSE of his career, Moses Sumney has earned a reputation as your favorite artist's favorite artist. In 2014, Beck tapped Sumney to perform on his compilation album *Beck Song Reader*. Later that year, Karen O of the Yeah Yeah Yeahs hired him to open for her and play in her band on a solo tour. Sumney's friend Solange Knowles had him sing backup on "Mad," a track off her 2016 album *A Seat at the Table*. And that was Sumney playing guitar in Sufjan Stevens's band at this year's Academy Awards ceremony. All the while, he's worked earnestly on his own music, including his new EP (untitled as of press time), which will be released on August 3.

"I will say that it is an honor to be supported by so many people that I respect," Sumney says. "And that I get to, on some level, imagine that they are my peers." But he doesn't have to imagine, really. His debut album, *Aromanticism*, released last fall on the indie label Jagjaguwar, announced a major talent. A theme record about solitude, *Aromanticism* is folky and soulful, marked by lush strings and Sumney's airy falsetto. (The singer identifies as aromantic, or as he put it in a Tumblr post, "someone who doesn't experience romantic love, or does to a diminished, abnormal degree.") Released to overwhelmingly positive reviews, the record found its way onto numerous year-end best-of lists. In May, Sumney put out an EP featuring reinterpretations of the *Aromanticism* track "Make Out in My Car" performed by Stevens, James Blake and Alex Isley.

The son of Ghanaian immigrants, Sumney, now 28, grew up "hood-adjacent" in San Bernardino, California. His parents are Christian pastors, and when Sumney was 10, they moved the family to Accra, the capital of Ghana, to found churches. Sumney didn't fit in there—he's spoken in the past of being bullied—and at the age of 12, he began writing songs in a notebook, often on the long bus ride to school, sometimes in class. His father would return to California once a year, and Sumney would ask him to bring back the popular CDs of the time: Brandy, Usher, Justin Timberlake, Nelly Furtado and Destiny's Child.

Sumney didn't sing publicly until the age of 17, after his family moved back to California, this time to Moreno Valley, and he joined his high school choir. He eventually enrolled at UCLA, pursuing a degree in creative writing with an emphasis in poetry; he taught

himself to play guitar and performed both on his own and in indie-rock and jazz bands around campus. For a year after graduation, he pursued music—typically performing solo, with just a guitar and a loop pedal to layer his sound—while working as the head of social media for California Pizza Kitchen.

His big break came in the summer of 2013, when King, a buzzy local R&B trio, selected him as the opening act for a monthlong residency at Los Angeles's Bootleg Theater. Word about Sumney spread fast. "Suddenly I was being taken to fancy dinners by managers and agents and lawyers and record-label people," he says. There were offers to record an album right away, but Sumney didn't feel

ready, instead releasing a self-recorded EP, the lo-fi, experimental *Mid-City Island*, in early 2014. "He did exactly what I think he should have done, as opposed to signing to a label, hearing a million people tell him what to do and then dumbing it down," says Dave Sitek of the band TV on the Radio, who gave Sumney the four-track recorder he used to make *Mid-City Island* and introduced him to Karen O.

Listening to Sumney's latest EP, also released by Jagjaguwar, one might get the impression that the singer is a political firebrand. The track "Power," for example, samples a chant he recorded in 2014 at a Los Angeles protest following a grand jury's decision not to charge the police officer accused of shooting and killing 18-year-old Michael Brown in Ferguson, Missouri. But Sumney resists that interpretation. "I had never been to a protest before,

and I was just curious," he says. "I've often been written about as a political artist, which is kind of ironic, because I've never released music that's political. But I think that because I'm black and young, people put [me] in this group."

Sumney insists he's just asking questions. "Do we have power?" is the key question, he says. "Or 'Who has power?' Or 'What is the nature of power?'" Subject matter aside, the EP is a departure from *Aromanticism* in that it's a far noisier endeavor. Sumney is currently working on his second album—another theme record, though he won't reveal what the theme is—and he says it will incorporate some of these "maximalist" sonic elements. "Often it's more powerful to whisper than to scream," he says. "But also sometimes you just need to scream."



"BECAUSE I'M BLACK AND YOUNG, PEOPLE PUT [ME] IN THIS GROUP."

—MOSES SUMNEY



ANOTHER ROUND

Bartenders the world over are rethinking the quintessential brunch cocktail—the Bloody Mary. Forget Insta-bait drinks stuffed with onion rings and meat skewers. The latest versions are elegantly composed of cutting-edge ingredients.

—Chadner Navarro

London

At the newly opened restaurant Ikoyi, named after a district in Lagos, Nigeria, the Bloody Mary features a duck-stock base as well as fermented Scotch bonnet—a fiery chile pepper popular in West Africa.

Lucerne

The RitzCoffier dining room at the Palace Hotel at Switzerland's Bürgenstock Resort offers a version of the cocktail with tomato and celeriac cubes floating in a sea of vodka and tomato water.

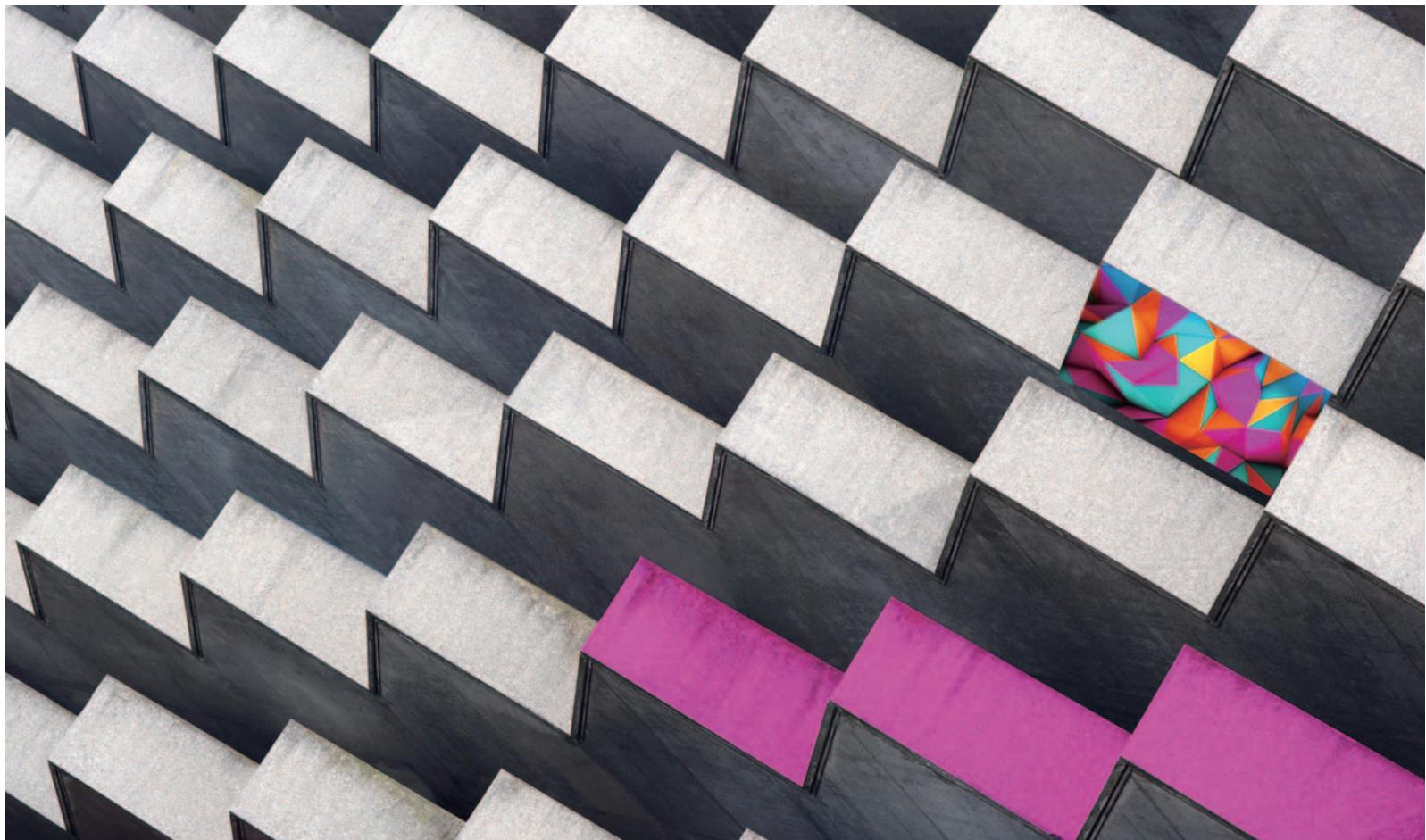
Rome

At Achilli al D.O.M., the Bloody Mary (above) gets a distinctly Italian twist with the addition of a rich yet subtle Mazara red prawn reduction and peperoncino sourced directly from the bar's garden.

New York City

The Aviary NYC's complex recipe, spiked with mushroom and kombu dashi, is further transformed when the drink's three ice balls, each made with a different chile (Fresno, banana and cubanelle), begin to melt.

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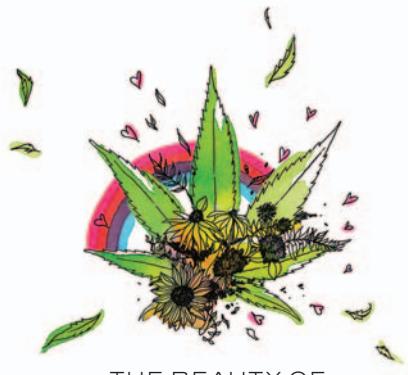
It's that time of year when CEOs and thought leaders pack their bags for powwows held in picturesque locales. Part symposium, part summer camp, these exclusive events attract the bigwigs. —*Christopher Ross*

CAMP	FORTUNE BRAINSTORM TECH	GOOGLE'S THE CAMP	THE WING'S CAMP NO MAN'S LAND	ALLEN & CO. SUN VALLEY CONFERENCE	SUMMIT MOUNTAIN SERIES
EST.	In 2001, then- <i>Fortune</i> editor John Huey started the elite confab of heads of state and CEOs.	Started in 2014 as a top-secret luxury retreat organized by Google.	Conceived in 2018 by The Wing's co-founders, Audrey Gelman and Lauren Kassan.	Formed in 1983 by Allen & Company CEO Herb Allen Jr. as a hush-hush getaway for the firm's top clients.	In 2008, four twentysomethings created the first Summit by cold-calling famous industry leaders.
WHERE & WHEN	July 16–18, Aspen Meadows Resort in Aspen, Colorado.	July 29–August 3, Verdura Resort in Sicily, Italy.	August 17–19, Camp Echo Lake in New York's Adirondacks.	July 10–17, Sun Valley Lodge in Sun Valley, Idaho.	July 6–8, August 3–5, Powder Mountain in Eden, Utah.
ADMISSIONS	Invitation-only, but prospective attendees can apply online to be considered for admission.	Invitation-only, and VIP guests are discouraged from sharing details on social media.	First come, first served: 500 spots are open to members of the women's co-working space.	Highly selective, with an exclusive guest list determined by Allen & Company.	Invitation-only; applicants must be on the cutting edge of their fields to qualify.
VIBE	Think tank in the Rockies.	Known as "Davos on the sea."	Feminist power players in cabins.	One-percenters in blue jeans.	TED-goers in hiking boots.
PERKS	Horseback rides, paddleboarding and a reception at Laura and Gary Lauder's home.	Lavish alfresco dinners amid classical ruins, performances by artists like Alicia Keys and Elton John and hanging out on David Geffen's yacht.	Bonfire-roasted s'mores, craft cocktails, bird-watching tours, sunrise yoga and custom Allswell bedding.	Bike rides, fly-fishing, golf, white-water rafting, stunning mountain views and a fence to keep reporters out.	Workshops on breath work and stargazing, an infrared sauna, sunset dinners on a 9,000-foot-high bluff and woodland musical performances.
BUMPING INTO	Confirmed guests for 2018 include Uber CEO Dara Khosrowshahi, former Yahoo CEO Marissa Mayer and Sequoia Capital partner Alfred Lin.	Past attendees include a who's who of nearly every industry: Karlie Kloss, Chance the Rapper, Oprah, Kevin Durant and Prince Harry.	Look out for former Obama deputy chief of staff Alyssa Mastromonaco, Refinery29 co-founder Piera Gelardi and gold medal Olympian Aly Raisman.	The guest list for 2018 reportedly includes New England Patriots owner Robert Kraft, GM CEO Mary Barra and Warren Buffett, among others.	An eclectic mix; previous attendees include self-help author Tim Ferriss, dancer Lil Buck and Twitter co-founder Evan Williams.



OBJECT LESSON

For Roche Bobois, up-and-coming French designer Ludivine Bolot has created a portable, plug-in lamp with the breezy good looks of a lightweight summer tote. The lacquered-metal framework is wrapped in a shell of white linen and PVC, trimmed in leather; the lights, equipped with LED bulbs, are available in two sizes, 21.7 (\$1,335, shown) and 35.4 (\$1,675) inches tall. roche-bobois.com. —*Sarah Medford*



THE BEAUTY OF CANNABIDIOL

The cannabis compound, better known as CBD, is being tapped for its skin-care benefits.

THE STATE-BY-STATE move toward the legalization of marijuana has pushed cannabis into the mainstream. The FDA recently approved an epilepsy drug featuring cannabidiol, or CBD, a non-psychoactive cannabis compound. CBD has also become a key ingredient for many niche skin-care brands. "It's well-tolerated, potent and stable, a rather unique combination," says Chris Caires, chief innovation officer at Perricone MD, the most established brand to launch a product, its CBx for Men line, with the compound. CBD has been shown to reduce inflammation when used topically. "Our customers report success using it for skin conditions like eczema, psoriasis, rosacea and acne," adds Cindy Capobianco, the co-founder of Lord Jones, one of the new generation of companies taking a highbrow approach. Vertly, co-founded by magazine editor Claudia Mata, is another; the brand's lip balm has gained a devoted following. It's an evolving market, but in general products formulated with CBD from hemp are widely available, while those made with cannabis's more tetrahydrocannabinol (THC)-dominant strains, which can have psychoactive effects, remain more restricted in certain states. "In a perfect world we'd be able to use the whole plant," says herbalist Jessa Blades. "There's an entourage effect to using ingredients together. It's more beneficial." —*Fiorella Valdesolo*



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Esthetician Ildi Pekar started using CBD oil to soothe clients' skin. Her overnight mask helps with acne and dryness. \$125; ildipekar.com.



KHUS + KHUS
Sen Face Serum
This serum's blend of CBD extract, black currant seed oil, frankincense and rhododendron addresses pigmentation, acne and fine lines. \$80; khus-khus.com.



HERB ESSENTLS
Cannabis Infused Moisturizer
Made with cannabis sativa seed oil, which contains CBD, this moisturizer lets skin regulate its own oil production. \$60; herbessntls.com.

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JEWELRY BOX

TO THE POINT

High jewelry from Louis Vuitton looks sharp with a subtle V motif.



The Roman numeral for five is present throughout Acte V, Louis Vuitton's fifth high jewelry collection, representing not just the number of the series but also the second of the maison's iconic initials. The white gold ring pictured here features a purple tanzanite flanked by V-shaped rows of diamonds, while on the accompanying 17.73-carat bracelet a V-like dip in the six-band stack of diamonds makes room for its largest stone. *For details see Sources, page 98.*
—Sara Morosi

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RYAN JENQ
PROP STYLING BY
BETIM BALAMAN

T H E A R T O F E S S E N C E

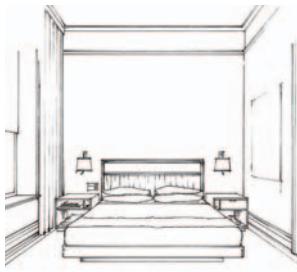


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OPEN PLAN
Clockwise from left: A passage-way in Shinola Hotel, a former department store; an entrance to one of the rooms; a drawing of a guest-room interior.



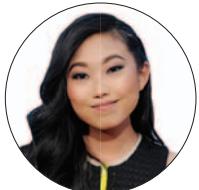
STAY WELL

Above: A sketch of the hotel's facade.
Right: A vanity and a bathroom in one of the guest rooms.



WONDER WOMEN

As the year's most anticipated films head to the big screen, catch these standout performances from Hollywood's next generation of leading women.



AWKWAFINA
Fresh off *Ocean's 8*, the talented 30-year-old steals every scene she graces in Jon M. Chu's adaptation of the hit book *Crazy Rich Asians* (Aug. 15). It's a role she plays with wicked comedic timing, unbridled irreverence and a lot of heart.



CYNTHIA ERIVO
This fall, the dynamic 31-year-old, who is already a Tony, Emmy and Grammy-award winner, makes her film debut with two major roles—in Drew Goddard's *Bad Times at the El Royale* (Oct. 12) and Steve McQueen's *Widows* (Nov. 16).



CAILEE SPAENY
This 20-year-old appears in a trifecta of films this year: She's a sister with a dark past in *Bad Times at the El Royale* (Oct. 12), Ruth Bader Ginsburg's daughter in *On the Basis of Sex* (Nov. 9) and Lynne Cheney in Adam McKay's *Backseat* (Dec. 21).



LUCY BOYNTON
After appearing in the Netflix thriller *Apostle* (Oct. 12), Boynton, 24, will star in *Bohemian Rhapsody* (Nov. 2), a film about the beloved British rock band Queen, as Mary Austin, longtime muse of Freddie Mercury (played by an electric Rami Malek).



LAURA HARRIER
The 28-year-old plays Patrice, an impassioned student activist on a crusade for change (and the love interest to John David Washington's character, Ron) in Spike Lee's powerful—and timely—*BlacKkKlansman* (Aug. 10).

HOT PROPERTY

SHINOLA SHIFT

The Detroit-based company is revitalizing a downtown block with a new 129-room hotel as the development's cornerstone.

THIS FALL, downtown Detroit welcomes the first hotel from home-grown luxury goods brand Shinola. Set in a refurbished department store on Woodward Avenue—in its heyday, the city's main commercial thoroughfare—the 129-room boutique auberge is the centerpiece of a major, block-wide development spearheaded by Shinola that includes residences, restaurants, a fitness center and a mix of national and local retail. Taken together, the ambitious project promises to speed up the city's slow-blooming renaissance.

Known for its Detroit-made watches and bicycles, Shinola turned to local development firm Bedrock to help realize the project. The idea was to establish a sort of communal living room, a place where locals and visitors alike can meet, share meals and browse goods from up-and-coming Midwest designers. "We wanted to create a space where

every time you come, there's something else to discover," says interior designer Christine Gachot of New York-based firm Gachot Studios, a consultant on the project.

The result is a complex of five connected buildings with a shared alleyway. The atriumlike passage will house a beer garden from chef Andrew Carmellini's NoHo Hospitality Group, which is also running the hotel's food and beverage program, including an Italian restaurant. The property's 53 distinct room types range from "artists' lofts with beautiful glass facades" to "apartments where you step down into a little living room," says Gachot. "Each one is a kind of pied-à-terre."

For the hotel, Shinola has designed custom leather pillows, nightstand clocks, candles and, of course, a watch, all of which will be for sale exclusively at the adjacent store. "If we can be any small part of someone discovering the city," says Shinola creative director Daniel Caudill, "that's a great achievement." shinolahotel.com.

—Megan Conway



TREND REPORT

CENTER OF GRAVITY

Voluminous fall coats morph into centered, sculptural silhouettes when belted by bold leathers.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANNA TVEITE
FASHION EDITOR ALEXANDER FISHER



IT'S A CINCH

From far left: Altuzarra belt, Salvatore Ferragamo coat, Equipment turtleneck and Dries Van Noten skirt; Jacquemus fringe belt, Acne belt and Fendi coat. Model, Sara Blomqvist at DNA Model Management; manicure, Yuko Tsuchihashi; set design, Devin Rutz. For details see Sources, page 98.



FOOD NETWORK
TASTE SENSATION

On Roar Africa's Flavours of a Rainbow Nation trip, a 10-day food-focused excursion to South Africa this fall, guests will not only go on safari to the idyllic Singita Sweni Lodge but also dine at Cape Town's Test Kitchen, consistently ranked among the world's best restaurants. Along for the ride is acclaimed chef Dan Kluger, of New York's Loring Place; on the last night, he'll cook for his fellow travelers under the stars. "I'm going without any preconceived notions and ready to learn," he says. roarafrica.com. —Gabe Ulla

SWEAT IT

Turner Prize-winning artist Jeremy Deller employs three Pantone pinks in a limited-edition series of hoodies for fashion label Helmut Lang. Inside each is a selection of archival graphic works as well as a tag that can be personalized. \$295; helmutlang.com. —Isaiah Freeman-Schub



TIME MACHINES

Breguet's La Marine collection nods to founder Abraham-Louis Breguet's heritage as the watchmaker to the French Navy. This year's sleekest iteration, La Marine 5517, features a slate-gray dial, a 55-hour power reserve and—appropriately—water resistance to a depth of 100 meters (328 feet). For details see Sources, page 98. —I.F.-S.



LIBATIONS

NEW YORK'S WESTWIND ORCHARD HAS ADDED A TASTING ROOM TO ITS HUDSON VALLEY PROPERTY. IT'S OPEN ON SUMMER WEEKENDS FOR VISITORS TO SAMPLE THE HOUSE CIDER ALONG WITH WOOD-FIRED ROMAN-STYLE PIZZA. westwindorchard.com



PUFF PIECES

Quilted handbags in black leather provide the perfect padding for fall re-entry.

From top: Longchamp, Dolce & Gabbana, Dior, Furla, Chloé. For details see Sources, page 98.



THE DOWNLOAD

CHRIS O'DOWD

The Irish actor, who stars in the film *Juliet, Naked*, out this month, shares what's on his phone.

How long did your most recent phone call last? Whom was it with?

21 seconds, with my dentist trying to reschedule my checkup for the fourth time. She's more of a saleswoman than a dentist.

Most-used app

A game called Football Manager Mobile 2018. If I didn't have it, I could seriously have written a novel by now. Or at least read one.

Most recent Uber trip

I'm more of a Lyft man. It was 1.7 miles to Paramount Studios and cost \$6.50.

Favorite emoji



Most-listened-to track

"All We Got," by Chance the Rapper.

Cities listed in weather app

West Hollywood and Laguna Beach, California; London; Boyle, Ireland; Kingston, New York; Albuquerque, New Mexico; Paia, Hawaii; Chicago; Salt Lake City; Melbourne.

Number of contacts in phone

No idea how to find that out. Hundreds. Mostly pizza places.

Favorite Instagram feed

My wife, writer Dawn O'Porter's @hotpatooties. I like to know what she's wearing.

Favorite podcast

The Blindboy Podcast. An Irish comedian/philosopher whose identity is relatively private since he conducts all public business with a plastic bag over his head. Like Sia and Eminem had a funny baby.

App I wish someone would invent

One that, when you've been holding your phone too long, makes it buzz painfully and uncontrollably.

Are there times when you try to stay off your phone entirely?

From 6 to 7 p.m., when I'm putting my kids to bed.

Craziest place you've ever lost your phone

Istanbul.

Favorite shopping app

Probably bloody Amazon.

Person you FaceTime most often

My wife or mother. This will be a surprise to my mother.

SLAM PUNK

From plaid pants to studded cuffs to distressed-leather jackets, rocker style shows its lasting appeal.



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AUGUST 2018

MARKET REPORT.



A HANDMADE TALE

Go for a ramble in a wild medley of colors, textures and fabrics that stitch together many styles.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NADINE IJEWERE
STYLING BY ONDINE AZOULAY

OUTDOOR CHOICES
Get cozy with a shearling popover jacket. Tod's jacket, Sportmax dress, Preen by Thornton Bregazzi tights and MSGM sneakers.

BOULDER TYPE

Don't shy away from colorful layers. Bottega Veneta sweater, Gucci dress, Hermès strap and shawl, Missoni striped scarves and MSGM sneakers.



EPIC YARN

Try a modern spin on
a crafty look. Loewe
dress and Dior coat.





NATURAL BEAUTY
Keep things simple
for a fresh face. Louis
Vuitton sweater.

**BLANKET POLICY**

Metallics add a jolt of energy to pastoral pastels. Calvin Klein 205W39NYC dress, boots and quilt.



SWEATER WEATHER
Pile on the patchwork
for a casual effect.
Missoni dress, Prada
sweater, Preen by
Thornton Bregazzi tights
and Gucci sneakers.

MELLOW YELLOW

Juxtapose a riot of pretty florals with exotic prints. Gucci dress, jacket and sneakers. Model, Irene Guarenas at APM Models; hair, Junya Nakashima; makeup, Carolyn Gallyer. For details see Sources, page 98.





ROCCO FORTE HOTELS

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TRACKED

FABIANO CARUANA

After a 46-year drought, the United States finally has a chess player to rival Bobby Fischer.

BY MICKEY RAPKIN PHOTOGRAPHY BY JESSE CHEHAK

THE BEST CHESS player in America is a 26-year-old wunderkind from Brooklyn who loves *Game of Thrones* and David Lynch movies. In November, Fabiano Caruana will travel to London to face off against his archrival, Norwegian Magnus Carlsen, for the title of World Chess Champion; he is the first American to advance to the championship since Bobby Fischer in 1972. Chess may not dominate the nation's gossip columns, but this matchup is pure drama. Rabid fans online have already dubbed his clash with the blond Norwegian as "Captain America vs. Thor," and there's more than \$1 million in prize money at stake. While Caruana may not have Captain America's shield to protect him, he's got his own armor, courtesy of Thom Browne (whose PR sent him an Instagram DM with an informal offer to dress him). This is how it goes in chess. Whenever a young American player

makes waves on the international stage, the press is quick to call him the next Bobby Fischer. But in this case, the comparison may hold. "It would be huge [to win]," Caruana says. "And probably a huge relief after the match is over—just to be done with the pressure."

Caruana's entire life has been building to this moment. Born in Miami, he was discovered at age 5 at an after-school chess program in Park Slope, Brooklyn. By 10, he had beaten his first grandmaster (a title bestowed on the best players by chess's governing body). At his father's urging, the family relocated to Europe two years later so he could train in earnest. "I didn't go to school after seventh grade," Caruana says. "I just worked on chess." In 2015, Caruana returned to the States and in 2016 settled in St. Louis—home to the U.S. Championship tournament—where his training regimen includes weightlifting and core work. And yes, players are tested for doping.

"Fabi" (as his friends call him) earned the right to challenge Carlsen, 27, after winning the Candidates tournament in Berlin in March; this fall, he will begin preparations for London's 12-game match. When asked about his chances, Caruana says plainly, "I feel optimistic." The two players have faced off numerous times before, with Carlsen deft at the long game and Caruana more aggressive. Caruana's not just studying the Norwegian's moves on the board, it seems; he's also paying attention to his business savvy. Carlsen has been exceptionally adept at branding himself. He's modeled for G-Star Raw and even played himself on an episode of *The Simpsons*. To up his own profile, Caruana recently brought in a management team. There's no bad blood between the two players, per se, but only one man can wear the crown. When pressed, Caruana will only admit: "We're definitely not buddies." Your move, Thor. >

11:23 a.m.

On the eastern edge of Forest Park in St. Louis, Caruana works with his personal trainer, Jesse Reed.



1:40 p.m.

He stops by the famed Saint Louis Chess Club.



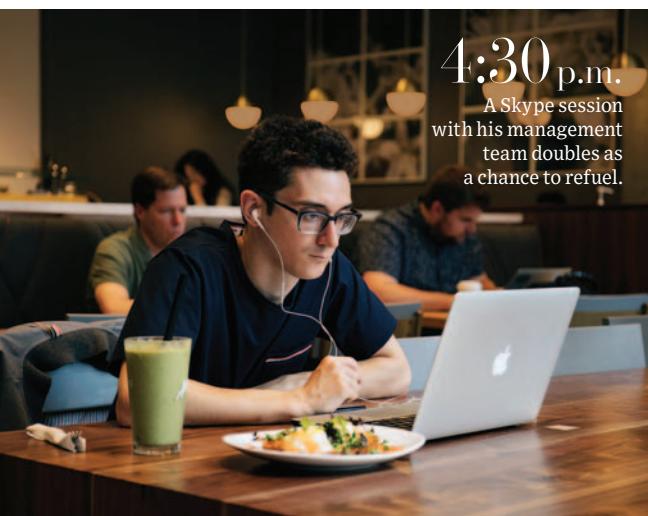
3:02 p.m.

He checks out *Destination Moon: The Apollo 11 Mission*, an exhibit at the Saint Louis Science Center.



2:05 p.m.

Caruana plays a “blitz game”—three minutes or less—with friend and grandmaster Alejandro Ramirez.



4:30 p.m.

A Skype session with his management team doubles as a chance to refuel.



6:11 p.m.

He blows off steam at the 600,000-square-foot City Museum.



7:16 p.m.

Caruana ends his day taking selfies at the Gateway Arch.

46 years

Time since an American has competed in the World Chess Championship.

€95,000

The prize money Caruana won at the Candidates tournament in 2018; it's the largest amount he's ever taken home.

12

tournaments

The average number he competes in annually.

35+
moves

The number of moves Stockfish, the computer chess simulation program Caruana trains with, anticipates.

450 minutes

The longest single chess match he's played.

€1,000,000

Prize money at stake in November's World Championship match (winner takes 60 percent; runner-up snags the rest).

14 years old

Age at which Caruana became a grandmaster, then the youngest in U.S. history.

4–7 hours

His chess practice time each day. “If you’re hunched over for weeks at a time, you can get shoulder pain and tightness,” he says.

\$12,953.85

Price of Caruana’s high-speed desktop, Titan X499, which is used to run complicated chess software. •

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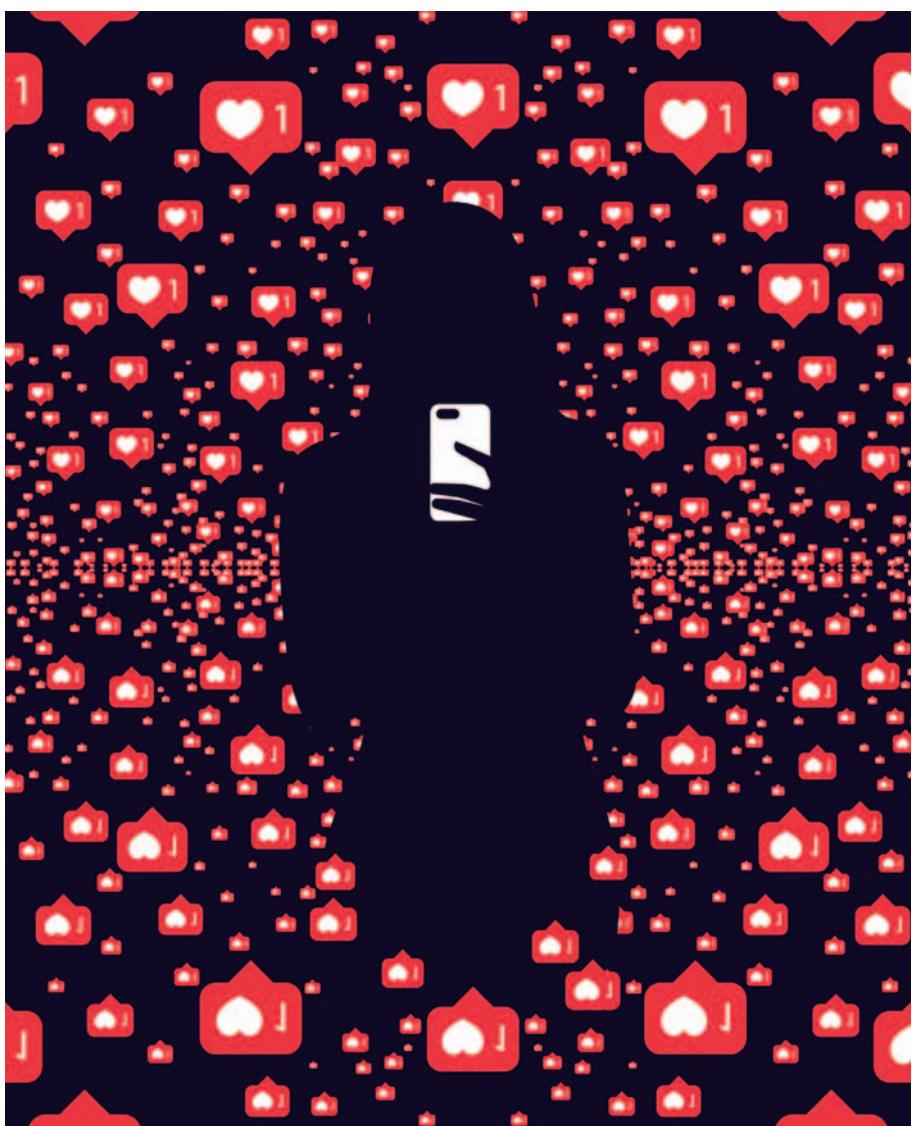
bulthaup

ART TALK

GETTING THE PICTURE

How did Instagram become the art world's obsession? Though it may seem obvious that a visually driven platform would resonate in a visually driven industry, the story is more complex.

BY CAROL KINO ILLUSTRATION BY BEN WISEMAN



AS HE BOARDED a plane for Hong Kong in late 2016, Brett Gorvy, then global head of post-war and contemporary art at Christie's, posted an image of a Jean-Michel Basquiat painting on his Instagram feed. Upon landing, he found he had three text messages from clients interested in buying the 1982 work, a portrait of Sugar Ray Robinson and part of an upcoming private-sale exhibition. One client swiftly put the painting on

hold and purchased it two days later, reportedly for about \$24 million. Today, looking back, Gorvy claims it all happened by accident. His post, he explains, "wasn't about marketing or selling. It was just like, I've got something really special, and I'd love the public to share it." Despite his demurral, this sale—widely regarded as the first major blue-chip Instagram transaction—signaled the power the app had attained in the art world's upper echelons, where

not so long ago dealers staunchly maintained that no true collector would dream of buying from a jpeg.

Over the past eight years, Instagram has become an indispensable, all-purpose tool for everything art related. Dealers increasingly report making sales to collectors whose interest has been piqued by seeing work on the app. For museums and galleries, it's an essential, cost-effective way to build audiences and market shows. Emerging artists have used it to establish themselves and find collectors, and high-flying art-market stars are embracing it as well, in diverse ways. Hollywood artist-filmmaker Alex Israel (81,800 followers) chronicles his world with photographs, videos and Stories that underline his sun-kissed golden-boy persona, while MacArthur fellow Kara Walker (60,800 followers) often uses her feed to shine light on social causes and underappreciated work. Last year, she posted obliquely in support of the painter Dana Schutz, who'd been widely attacked for her painting of Emmett Till's dead body, which was included in the 2017 Whitney Biennial in New York. Several years ago, Richard Prince famously tapped Instagram as a source of raw material, making prints of posts that featured other artists' photography—a move that rewarded him with a series of high-profile copyright infringement lawsuits.

Art itself is such a beloved subject on Instagram that #art was the fifth most popular hashtag on the app last year. Yet Instagram's universal popularity is not just a simple matter of sharing pictures. It's also a case of thoughtful design—the obsession of the company's founders, Kevin Systrom and Mike Krieger. "Kevin and I have a lot of interest in design and in art and in craft," says Krieger, now the CTO and an avid art collector himself. When the pair launched Instagram in 2010, he says, "there were a lot of things we did under the hood," like automatically applying a sharpening filter that made early iPhone photos look beautiful. The carefully researched filters drew on vintage photography, and the famous square format, which recalled medium-format cameras, "helped people crop before they understood the rule of thirds," Krieger says. "You can center a photo in a square, and it's going to look fine."

The answer to Instagram's popularity also lies partly in Krieger's particular expertise. As well as being, in the words of a former classmate, a "stud engineer," Krieger brought the app one of its secret ingredients: an understanding of persuasive technology, the study of how computing products are able to influence human behavior.

Krieger studied the field at Stanford University with one of its pioneering scholars, the behavior scientist BJ Fogg, helping Fogg with a seminal 2007 paper titled "The Behavior Chain for Online Participation: How Successful Web Services Structure Persuasion." In one of Fogg's classes, anticipating the widespread use of smartphones, Krieger built a prototype for a program called Send the Sunshine, which would prompt people in bright latitudes to email pictures of the sun to friends in darker climes. (He and his sister had recently moved to the U.S. from Brazil, where they grew up, and she, studying in Chicago, craved light.) Fogg admired the Send the Sunshine >

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concept from the start. "I loved how simple it was," he recalls, noting that "the pattern of everything that has gone big is to start very simple and focused." It was the same with Instagram, Fogg says: "Mikey and his team just kept it very, very simple and limited the functionality."

Systrom and Krieger were canny about marketing, tapping top web designers as beta testers. Also crucial was their early focus on building community. Within months of the app's launch, San Francisco Instagram fans dreamed up the InstaMeet concept—basically, a group photo-taking excursion—and Krieger and Systrom often joined them. The company swiftly adopted the idea and took it global, posting strong photos with the #InstaMeet hashtag to company-controlled feeds.

By the time Facebook acquired Instagram for \$1 billion in April 2012, it had designers beyond the tech world on board. Artists and photographers soon followed, and museums began building on the InstaMeet concept. New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art pioneered the Empty, an InstaMeet held during closing hours, in April 2013, and Instagram again nudged the idea along: Kristen Joy Watts, then the company's New York-based community team leader for art and fashion, helped several other museums, fairs and galleries set up their own Empties.

Still, the art world's embrace of Instagram has happened mostly organically, especially as compared with other sectors, or "verticals," like beauty, entertainment and sports, which have internal support.

Fashion, for instance, has a champion in former magazine editor Eva Chen, who handles the company's fashion partnerships, while Watts now edits the new @design channel. The art world, by contrast, has no dedicated Instagram liaison.

Today, the Met ranks No. 2 on Instagram's top geotagged museums list, behind the Louvre and ahead of New York's Museum of Modern Art—a position it's maintained since the company began keeping score three years ago. And now that the Empty concept is "mature," as Kimberly Drew, the Met's social-media

manager, puts it, arts organizations have created endless variations. "There are just tons of different ways to cut the cake on it," says Drew, an influencer herself: Her feed, @museummammy, has around 190,000 followers.

One phenomenon of the Instagram age is the FOMO-inducing selfie, the pursuit of which can lead to multiblock lines for particularly Instagrammable art installations or gallery shows. Celebrity posts have certainly contributed to this development. Katy Perry's Instagram post of a Yayoi Kusama mirror room helped draw crowds to L.A.'s Broad museum soon after it opened, in 2015, and also inspired Adele to shoot a music video there. But The Broad has learned, through surveys, that almost a quarter of guests arrive there after seeing pictures on a friend's social-media feed.

People often pose in front of The Broad's blue balloon dog by Jeff Koons, whose name alone has been hashtaged on the app more than 290,000 times. Joanne Heyler, the museum's director, believes that visitors use Instagram the way earlier generations used gift-shop postcards. "This is a viral version of that," she says.

Camera-wielding art lovers are sometimes so enthusiastic they cause real damage: Last year at the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden in Washington, D.C., one fell into and smashed a Kusama pumpkin during a retrospective of the Japanese artist's work. Poor behavior among Instagrammers can sometimes take a darker turn. Visitors to Kara Walker's 2014 installation *A Subtlety, or the Marvelous Sugar Baby*, at Brooklyn's then-abandoned Domino Sugar plant, were encouraged to tag photos with #karawalkerdomino (the app registers about 22,300 instances of the hashtag). Controversy ensued when some attendees posted

images of themselves interacting inappropriately and suggestively with Walker's massive sugar sculpture of a sphinx with the body of a naked black woman, the monumental centerpiece of a show that evoked the cruel history of slavery and the sugar trade.

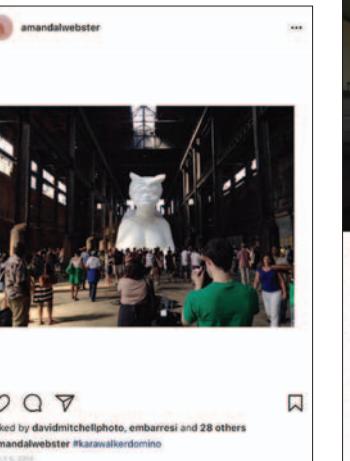
At the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, two eye-catching installations—Chris Burden's 2008 *Urban Light*, a stand of 202 cast-iron lampposts in front of the campus, and Michael Heizer's 2012 *Levitated Mass*, the 340-ton megalith that hovers behind it—are the backdrop for so many selfies that LACMA is No. 4 on Instagram's top geotagged museums list, despite having 57 percent fewer visitors than No. 3, MoMA. "In ancient times, monumental sculpture was a way to create a sense of place," says Michael Govan, the museum's director, adding that an Instagram post of a powerful artwork is "the most recent expression of an age-old idea of a sense of place and identity."

For artists, Instagram has become a key to everything from establishing careers to finding collectors to making work. Last summer, LACMA turned over its feed for 12 weeks to L.A.-based artist Guadalupe Rosales, who maintains two Instagram

archives of local Latino culture: @map_pointz (25,100 followers) covers the '90s party scene, and @veteranas_and_rucas (163,000 followers) focuses on women. "She talked about her own interests," says Govan, who discovered Rosales's work at East L.A.'s Vincent Price Art Museum. "I was sad when it ended, because I was less interested in our own."

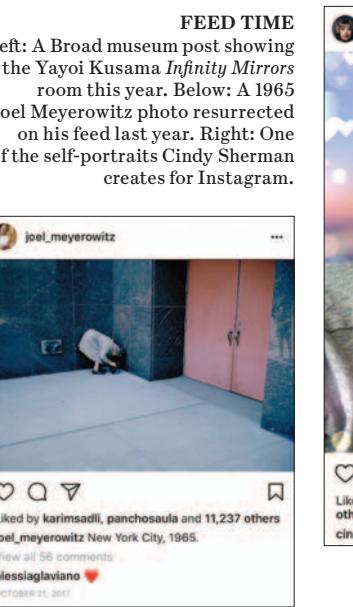
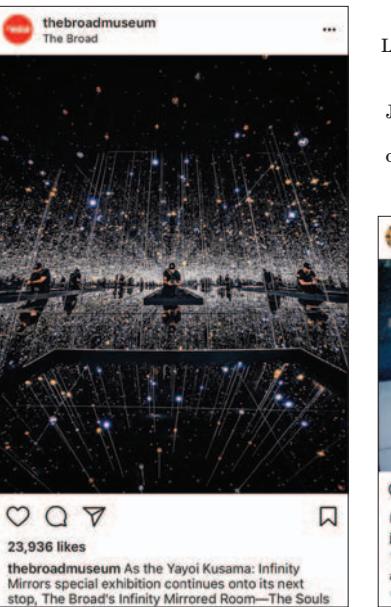
Those who already have global reputations use the app to build their star power and summon their own crowds. For a recent show at New York's Galerie Perrotin, Takashi Murakami, who has roughly 683,000 Instagram followers, held a private

"I'VE LIKENED IT TO
ENLIGHTENMENT
SCHOLARS...
HAVING A WEEKLY
CORRESPONDENCE
BUT NEVER
MEETING."
—STEPHEN SHORE



POST PRODUCTION
From far left: The Los Angeles County Museum of Art's regram of @archtravelers' 2016 post of two Lego figures seemingly holding up the museum's 2012 Michael Heizer work, *Levitated Mass*; visitors to Kara Walker's 2014 installation *A Subtlety* were encouraged to use the hashtag #karawalkerdomino; a 2016 example of a #emptytum post from the Metropolitan Museum of Art's feed; Brett Gorvy's 2016 post of a 1982 Jean-Michel Basquiat painting that prompted the work's sale two days later.

FROM LEFT: @LACMA © MICHAEL HEIZER 2018, COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND GAGOSIAN GALLERY; @AMANDALWEBSTER © KARA WALKER; @METMUSEUM; @BRETTGORVY © THE ESTATE OF JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT/DAGP, PARIS/ARS, NEW YORK 2018



FEED TIME
Left: A Broad museum post showing the Yayoi Kusama *Infinity Mirrors* room this year. Below: A 1965 Joel Meyerowitz photo resurrected on his feed last year. Right: One of the self-portraits Cindy Sherman creates for Instagram.

Left: A photo Stephen Shore posted on his feed during his MoMA exhibition this past winter. Above: In a 2016 post, Alex Israel promoted an installation at New York's Jewish Museum.

InstaMeet preview—as a result, thousands of visitors came to the opening weekend. (Even so, Emmanuel Perrotin, Murakami's dealer, notes that Instagram allows dealers to promote all artists equally, even those who don't have massive followings.)

Cindy Sherman signed up for Instagram on a lark, in October 2016, when she was visiting Japan. "I just thought it'd be fun to take some snapshots of my trip," she says. She made her private feed public a few months later—not to reveal new work, as has been reported, but because she got tired of approving followers, of which she now has around 195,000: "It seemed to be taking up more and more time. I just said, The hell with it." Sherman shares a mix of personal photos, landscapes and new loony-tunes self-portraits, made with airbrushing apps like Facetune and makeup and hairstyle apps like Perfect365. She's having a hard time figuring out how to exhibit these new portraits, often the most-liked images in her feed. As she explains, the iPhone and iPad she uses create an image quality that "really isn't going to hold up for a blow-up of a photograph." Sherman's photographs have sold at auction for nearly \$4 million, yet on Instagram she's creating work that anyone can screenshot and share for free.

Photographer Stephen Shore, who has around 146,000 followers, finds Instagram a useful discipline, one that has come to dominate his oeuvre. He dedicated four years to making photos for the app, images he showed in his 2017–18 MoMA retrospective using iPads. He continues to post about once a day, always using Instagram's original square frame. "I'm convinced it's still probably best square," Shore says, in part because of how it recalls the Polaroid SX-70, a camera popular in the 1970s among photographers who used it to take the same kind of "notational" picture he sees a lot of on Instagram today; for example,

a shot of "light hitting a table in a nice way." He also values the community of like-minded people expressing themselves through visual imagery. "I've likened it to Enlightenment scholars," he says, "one in Paris and one in Amsterdam, having a weekly correspondence, but never meeting."

Over the past five years, Instagram has evolved the app to encompass video, different layouts, portrait and landscape modes, the Snapchat-like Stories, Live, slideshows and IGTV, offering users, as head of design Ian Spalter says, "a wider palette of options for expression." The sculptor Tom Sachs was among the first well-known artists to use the Live streaming feature after it was introduced in November 2017, broadcasting a six-hour space mission performance. Like everything else recorded that way, the video disappeared after 24 hours. Sachs, who has a following of around 108,000, appreciates that ephemerality. "It's an opportunity for me to be a little looser," he says. "I'm not worried about it in the way I would worry about

something I'd post on YouTube or Vimeo, which are there for posterity."

Instagram is now so flexible that its uses seem as varied as art itself. Mark Grotjahn (27,900 followers) riffs on its format by assembling images he likes into a grid, which he adds to and divides again, in an endlessly unfolding project he calls "Tic tac toe."

Marilyn Minter lets her roughly 50,800 followers see works in progress—some of which never reach fruition—and catch premieres of new videos, photographs and paintings, while the official feed of photographer Joel Meyerowitz (188,000 followers) often resurfaces classic pictures from his archives, introducing them to a whole new audience.

For Hans Ulrich Obrist, artistic director of London's Serpentine Galleries, Instagram serves as a fantastic research tool. "It doesn't really replace the

experience of art," he says. "But it's a way of seeing shows that one just cannot get to physically." Obrist fills his feed, which has around 223,000 followers, with handwritten notes and drawings by artist friends like Etel Adnan, Ryan Trecartin and Anri Sala. It's become a curatorial project in itself, one he intends to publish as a book.

These days, Brett Gorvy, now a partner in the gallery Lévy Gorvy, is known for his eclectic, connoisseurial Instagram posts, which might juxtapose Albrecht Dürer self-portraits with some lines from Friedrich Nietzsche. The famous Basquiat post paired the Sugar Ray Robinson painting, which seems to express a sense of isolation and embattlement, with the lyrics of Simon & Garfunkel's "The Boxer," a song that addresses similar emotions. "Basquiat identified with the struggling black boxer," Gorvy wrote in his post. "Here he depicts middleweight champion Sugar Ray Robinson..., a powerhouse of muscle in his splendid orange boxer shorts."

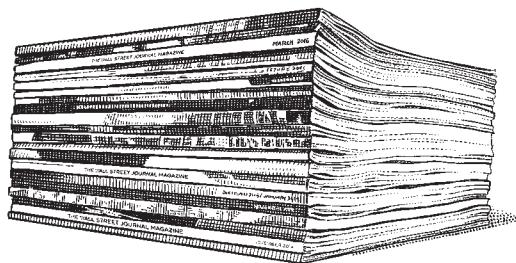
Gorvy, who has about 97,000 followers, says he gets a sense of connection from Instagram, something missing in today's global art world, with dealers constantly hustling and on the road. Instagram made him realize, he says, that "there are a lot of people out there who like to be inspired, who actually wake up in the morning and like reading a poem or something beautiful. Almost every day someone is thanking me for doing this. And it's opened a world to me of other people doing the same thing."

As for Mike Krieger, Instagram's sole to Facebook has allowed him and his wife, Kaitlyn, to become serious art collectors. Today much of what they collect is conceptual and process-based—sculpture by Adrián Villar Rojas and Ricky Swallow; photography by Wolfgang Tillmans; and work that blurs the lines between the two by Sara VanDerBeek, Pierre Huyghe and Thomas Demand. Sometimes they see a piece or a show on Instagram and decide to check it out. But, Krieger says, "we've never bought a piece off of Instagram. I love seeing things in person." ■



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AUGUST 2018

WSJ.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL MAGAZINE

TREE OF LIFE

The island of Madagascar—whose breathtaking biodiversity formed in isolation from the African mainland over millions of years—has more than 150,000 known endemic species, including six of the Earth's eight baobab species.





ALOFT
A child in northern
Madagascar plays near
the Tsingy Rouge,
formed by rain erosion
on iron-rich laterite.

Carried by the Wind

Madagascar's astonishing diversity of cultures, landscapes and species has long attracted adventure seekers chasing a different type of experience. Now, exploring the island's remote areas is easier than ever.

BY TOM DOWNEY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY VIVIANE SASSEN

“WE GET PEOPLE WHO HAVE ALREADY BEEN TO
MAINLAND AFRICA AND NOW WANT TO SEE SOMETHING THAT
THEY CAN’T SEE OVER THERE.”

—EDD TUCKER BROWN

ON A SPEEDBOAT en route to an exploratory dive off the shores of Time + Tide Miavana, a private resort in northern Madagascar, Jean-Christophe Peyre, a Frenchman who has called this Indian Ocean nation home since the mid-'80s, describes what first drew him here. “I was on a spelunking expedition inland, not far away,” he says. “We discovered vast, unknown caves that stretched for kilometers underground. Later we found a fossilized skeleton of a lemur killed centuries ago by a man-made tool—the caves hadn’t always been unknown. From adventures like that, and gold mining, crocodile farming, treasure hunting, road racing, I got hooked on Madagascar. I’ve been here 35 years now.”

Miavana is reachable by a helicopter ride that begins in Diego Suarez, Madagascar’s northernmost port, and swoops southeast across parkland dotted with a baobab species that grows only on these slopes. Minutes into the flight, a tract of red *tsingy*—spiky, otherworldly rock formations—appears, after which the land flattens and the grasslands meet the ocean. As the helicopter dips over the water, a huge coral reef becomes visible below cresting waves. The outlines of Miavana emerge: stand-alone villas with windows opening onto a private pool and stretch of beach.

For Peyre, 57, Madagascar’s natural bounty has a special appeal. The island, the planet’s fourth largest, has been isolated from the rest of the world for about 90 million years and is one of Conservation International’s “Biodiversity Hotspots.” Roughly 90 percent of its mammal populations and flora are found nowhere else. Its culture is also exceptional. The Merina people of the highlands practice *famadihana*, an exhumation ceremony during which loved ones are unearthed and reburied every five to seven years after their deaths. Most regions have an extensive list of practices labeled *fady*, which essentially means taboo, in some cases declaring entire geographic areas off-limits to humans.

The country’s remoteness and the difficulty of getting around have for decades discouraged foreign travelers unwilling to brave treacherous roads, airlines notorious for last-minute schedule changes and a capital city, Antananarivo, throttled by traffic. Will Bolsover, the founder and managing director of the U.K.’s Natural World Safaris, helped me plan an itinerary that took advantage of some of the country’s new transportation options, using private air services rather than Air Madagascar when possible. He tells me that international air routes have opened recently, connecting Istanbul to Antananarivo, and Addis Ababa to the beach island of Nosy Be, just an hour from Miavana. Three other resorts across the island have started offering regular private air service, allowing Natural World Safaris to arrange itineraries that, in just two weeks, hit four remote lodges across the country.

Peyre landed in Madagascar long before such travel was possible. His first spelunking expedition there in 1982 ventured into national parklands due west of Nosy Ankao, Miavana’s island. After taking work hunting and raising crocodiles, he settled several years later in Vohemar, a port about 40 miles south of Nosy Ankao. Peyre heard the island was unexplored and inhabited by just a few

fishing families for part of the year, so he started spending weekends scouting the territory by boat.

Returning to Nosy Ankao in 1990, Peyre witnessed a terrible sight: Villagers desperate for food had slaughtered 10 giant tortoises. Several people died from eating the poisonous meat. Peyre later returned to the area to try to figure out a way to feed and sustain the villagers. In 1999, he started a marine algae business, employing locals to grow and harvest it as a resource for the food and cosmetics industries. South African-Mauritian private equity investor Thierry Dalais, 59, later invested in the operation, by which point it had become one of the world’s leading suppliers of marine algae.

About five years ago, as climate change warmed the marine habitat to the point where the algae no longer thrived, hundreds of locals who depended on the business were laid off. Dalais, a veteran investor in remote game lodges across Africa and a hotel in the Seychelles, saw an opportunity to create an island property with a level of luxury Madagascar had never known—and to employ islanders in the process. The idea for Miavana was born.

On the day of Peyre’s scuba outing, I get a taste of why Madagascar offers such captivating experiences. After we anchor next to a reef, I follow Peyre off the back of the boat, diving more than 60 feet to the ocean floor. The two of us glide past canyons of multicolored coral that from our vantage look like aisles of a vast underwater library. Peyre investigated these waters years ago and is now helping re-explore them as Miavana maps out the prime dive sites around Nosy Ankao. We enter a coral canyon and ascend to its peak where we’re surrounded by thousands of small, brightly colored fish. As we surface, the only sign of humanity is a lone wooden pirogue silhouetted in the distance. Two fishermen cast a net from its side.

Beyond stunning vistas and extreme isolation, Miavana also offers an abundance of material comforts: personal butlers, a sommelier, chefs from South Africa who serve prime zebu meat (a species of local cattle). It’s a kind of fantasy island, not unlike the property Dalais built and later sold in the Seychelles. “It’s been amazing to do this again,” Dalais says, “after everything we learned in the Seychelles and Africa. It’s a business, but it’s become much more. It’s a dream to build this kind of paradise.” A key component of the dream is a small fleet of Robinson helicopters to shuttle guests in and out of Miavana and for day trips to see lemurs, hike national parks or visit other isolated islands.

On my last day, Dalais, a skilled pilot, flies Peyre home to Vohemar, and I tag along for the ride. We fly low over shallow lakes filled with galloping zebu, which look like a cross between Asian water buffalo and American cattle. A few minutes later we land inside Peyre’s farming compound. A wager he made decades ago, on cultivating vanilla beans, has paid off handsomely: Since he started growing them, the price has gone from \$10 to \$600 per kilogram, making them as valuable as silver. We walk through the warehouse where the beans are stored. “I never really came here for business,” Peyre says. “I’ve always worked hard. But that’s just a way to support doing what I really love: adventures.”



FRESH PICKS
A fruit stand on the
main road leading east
from Madagascar's
capital, Antananarivo.

MADAGASCAR'S attractions are spread across many thousands of miles: the highlands in the center, around the capital; the Avenue of the Baobabs and tracts of tsingy in the west; dense rainforests in the Masoala Peninsula to the east; and tropical islands ringed by beaches in the northwest. It would take months to see just the highlights. My current itinerary will take me to the far north and south.

Some of Peyre's earliest cave explorations in Madagascar took him to Ankarana National Park, where I fly the next day. After crossing a mountain range, I see in the distance enormous spikes of limestone projecting skyward like high-rise buildings. These are Ankarana's tsingy, the heart of the park. We land on a soccer field in the center of a small village, where I meet a guide who will accompany me on the four-day journey southwest to Nosy Be.

The forests adjacent to Ankarana are filled with lemurs, lizards, snakes and birds. It strikes me immediately that, unlike on mainland Africa, there are almost no animals in Madagascar that can kill a human being—no poisonous snakes, no large predators, nothing to stampede or gore you. We wander fearlessly through the forest as night falls. Along the way we spot crowned lemurs swinging from tree to tree, their big eyes curious but not afraid. The primary threat to lemurs here is deforestation and environmental destruction, not poaching. (Many Malagasy consider it fady to kill or capture lemurs.) Though it takes some patience to find them lurking in the jungle, the animals won't flee as you approach.

As the forest grows dark we encounter nocturnal sportive lemurs, often peeking out of a tree hollow. Lemurs represent an evolutionary path not taken, prosimians that never evolved into anything else. Although they share characteristics with monkeys, the moment you encounter one you sense how different they are—they move with a distinctive gait. Their strangeness underscores Madagascar's appeal: Even in today's interconnected world, where one territory bleeds into the next, there's no other place on earth like this.

I make my way slowly across the north, crossing rivers where bridges have collapsed, off-roading for hours to areas that pavement has not reached. We pass through a town that 20 years ago was the center of a gemstone rush. Prospectors tore up the area in search of sapphires. Now vendors at the side of the road swarm our vehicle, thrusting stones into my hands in the hope that I'll buy something.

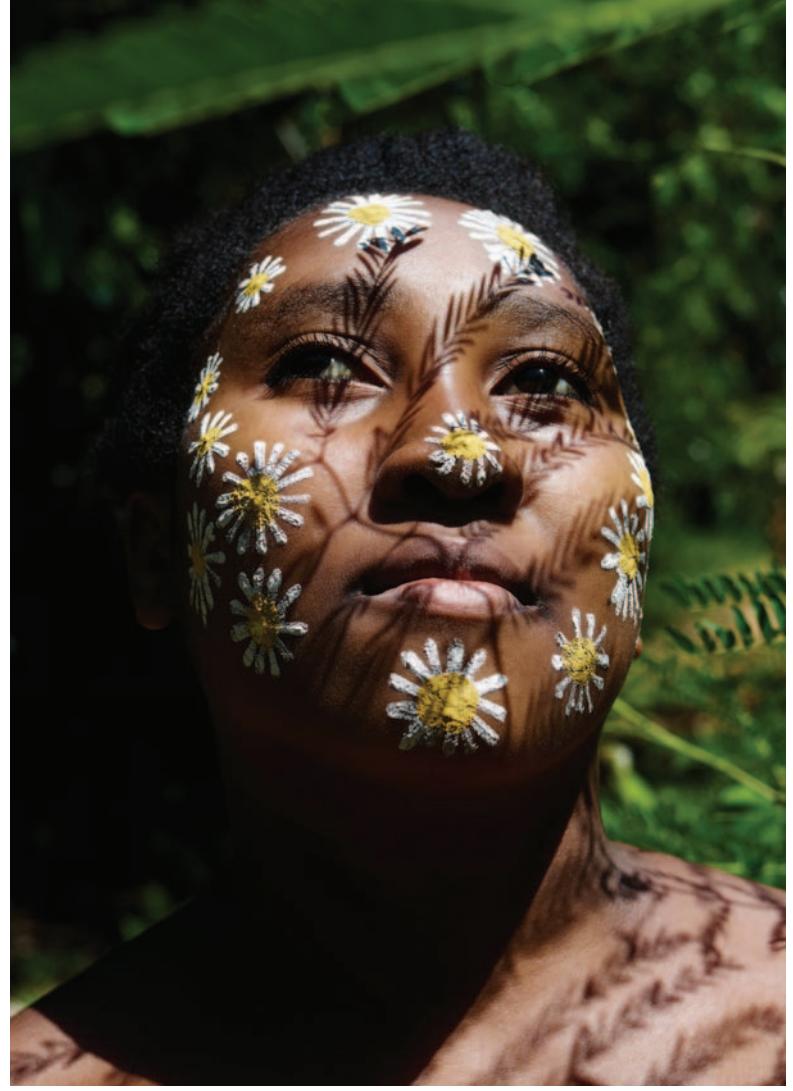
The next evening, we paddle an outrigger canoe across a lake toward towering peaks of tsingy made golden by the setting sun. After dark, hiking around the steep tsingy, we spot dozens of snakes and lizards, including an enormous boa constrictor coiled on the ground with a head the size of a fist. My guide, Jacques, has a knack for picking out tiny chameleons no bigger than a fingernail, camouflaged on branches so effectively that they're difficult to spot even when he's shining a light at them.

Madagascar rewards visitors with an appetite for subtlety. For Edd Tucker Brown, 42, who opened Mandrare River Camp in southern Madagascar about 10 years ago, and Manafiafy Beach & Rainforest Lodge a few years later, his camps see two types of travelers. "We get people who have already been to mainland Africa and now want to see something that they can't see over there," he says. "We also get people obsessed with biodiversity who haven't even been to Africa but have visited the Galápagos, maybe Antarctica, and now want to come here."

Situated on the Mandrare River in the south of Madagascar, Tucker Brown's Mandrare camp occupies the house of a former sisal plantation owner. Instead of a private island paradise, what inspired Tucker Brown were the tented camps of mainland Africa, which immerse you in the local environment. From my tent I can see the sun rise over the Mandrare River and hear the calls of villagers as they wash laundry at dawn. This desertlike region is inhabited by one of the most traditional tribes in Madagascar, the Antandroy, a semi-nomadic people whose lives revolve around caring for herds of zebu.



ISLAND BREEZES
Handmade tablecloths
hanging in the sun on
Nosy Komba, an island off
northwest Madagascar.

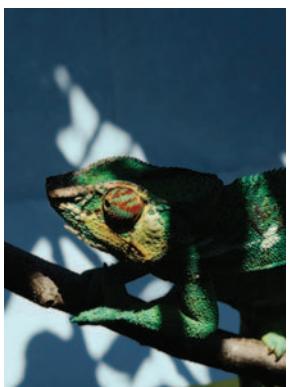


FLORAL AND HEARTY

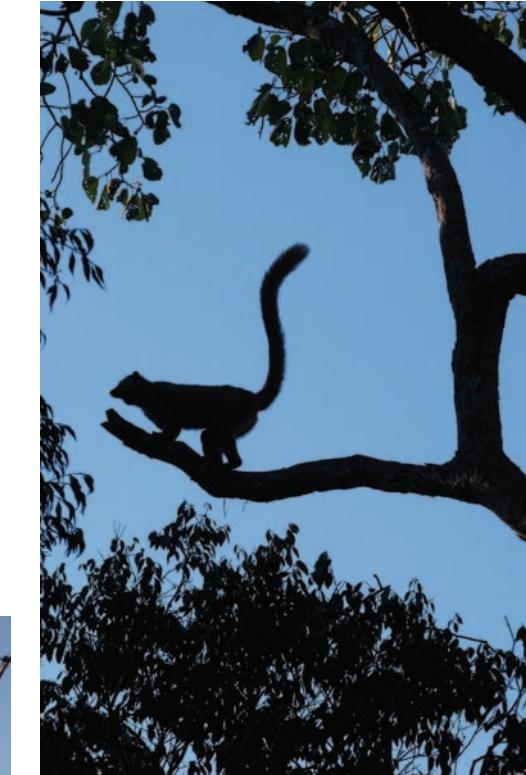
Above: A young woman from Nosy Komba. The decorations on her face are made with ground tree bark.



FLOAT YOUR BOAT
Clockwise from left:
Locals trading at a
weekly market on
a road to the Kirindy
Forest; Madagascar
is home to roughly
half of the world's
chameleon species;
boys playing with
homemade boats in
Morondava.



COAST TO COAST
Clockwise from top:
A boy in
Morondava carries bamboo mats;
a fish caught at Nosy Be; rice after
the harvest—Madagascar ranks
as one of the world's highest in rice
consumption per capita.



"I CAME TO THIS ISLAND FOR
ADVENTURE, AND THERE ARE SO
MANY MORE I CAN HAVE HERE."

—JEAN-CHRISTOPHE PEYRE

The next day I wake up early to go to the weekly market in neighboring Ifotaka. Thousands of villagers converge here to trade goods and to buy and sell zebu. At one end of the market hundreds of animals are on display. Men circle appraisingly, then squat down, their faces hidden by broad-brimmed hats, to negotiate. A zebu herd is the foundation of a family's wealth, but also a reason that life here can be so volatile. Traditionally, when a family member dies, a sizable portion of the zebu herd is slaughtered for the funeral meal, dissipating in an instant a significant amount of wealth—a real sacrifice for people who otherwise have so little.

The spiny forest that the Antandroy call home is filled with an astonishing 95 percent-endemic flora. Like much of Madagascar's forests, this one is under threat from its inhabitants, who cut trees for firewood or raze sections for cultivation. The challenge, Tucker Brown says, is convincing people who need the land for survival not to destroy these biologically incomparable places. "We tell people that they should protect the spiny forest," Tucker Brown says. "But they know the history of their land. They say, 'People like you, European people, tore down most of our forests 110 years ago to plant sisal. Why do we have to preserve them now when we need that land to feed ourselves?'"

When you fly in to Miavana or Mandrare, you're inside a bubble of protection. Outside the national parks and protected lands, Madagascar is a very poor country with a rapidly expanding population. The publicized threats to animals on the African mainland are visceral and concrete—armed poachers shooting elephants or rhinos to harvest ivory and horns. Here the challenges are more systemic, less spectacular. The island, which contains so much of the world's plant and animal life, lacks the resources to sustain both the biodiversity and its human inhabitants.

This is my third visit to Madagascar. On a previous trip, I spent 10 days traveling a remote river in the southwest. I realize that I've barely scratched the surface. Jean-Christophe Peyre has lived here for decades. Back at Miavana he's assembled a cabinet of curiosities, bringing together artifacts from many explorations and adventures throughout the years. There are copper ingots from a 17th-century ship that went down on a voyage from Marseille to Tamatave; cannons from another that locals were about to melt down for bullion before Peyre persuaded them not to; the skeleton of an extinct pygmy hippo; the enormous egg of an elephant bird.

It would be easy for Peyre to lose himself in nostalgia, but a glint appears in his eye as he talks of the future. "I have to fly to France for an auto race next month," he says. "After that I'm planning a long exploratory boat trip, a caving expedition. I came to this island for adventure, and there are so many more I can have here." •



MAKE A SPLASH

A boy playing in the waters of Nosy Be, an island off the northwest coast of Madagascar. Opposite: The market in Hellville, the main city on Nosy Be.



CITY SLICKER.
Brave the elements in
major style. Maison
Margiela trench coat
(worn underneath),
jacket, scarf,
sneakers and hat.



TO THE MAX

From fitted to full, sleek to layered and everything in between, there are endless silhouettes this season to match any mood.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRISTIAN MACDONALD STYLING BY ALEX WHITE





SUPER CURL
Go for costume drama
with voluminous
gowns and hair to
match. Versace
T-shirt, dress, hat and
scarf, Wolford tights
and Stuart Weitzman
shoes. Opposite: Dolce
& Gabbana dress.



BOLD MOVES

Fall outerwear packs a punch with a mélange of textures. Marc Jacobs blouse, trench coat, pants, shoes and stole and Stephen Jones for Marc Jacobs hat. Opposite: Calvin Klein 205W39NYC dress, boots, gloves, headpiece and quilt.







WINNING STREAK

Unexpected finishing details such as tulle, metallics and vinyl elevate classic looks. Prada dress (worn underneath), top, skirt and shoes and Wolford tights. Opposite: Dior coat, Paco Rabanne dress and Albertus Swanepoel hat.

SHRUG IT OFF

Dress for evening with subtle sensuality. Max Mara dress and coat.

Opposite: Chanel dress and gloves and Fogal tights. Model, Grace Elizabeth at Next Models; hair, Shay Ashual; makeup, Hannah Murray; manicure, Tracylee. For details see Sources, page 98.





Figures in a Landscape

With help from architect David Chipperfield, Antony Gormley and Vicki Parsons have transformed an 18th-century villa in Norfolk, England, into an idyllic artists' retreat.

BY SARAH MEDFORD
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANÇOIS HALARD

THE COUNTRYSIDE around Norfolk in southeastern England comes alive in early summer, a sudden quilt of green stitched into loose geometries by the white blooms of hawthorn and cow parsley along the roadside. British sculptor Antony Gormley is driving home past the hedgerows after giving a talk at Kettle's Yard in Cambridge, where a solo exhibition of his work has just opened. "We used to joke when I was at Cambridge that there was nothing here between us and the Urals—the wind just whistles through," he says as farm fields fall away to either side. At 67, he's come to think of this less as a slight than a commendation. "This is the empty quarter of Britain—it isn't on the way anywhere," he says. "That's why we're here."

Eight years ago, Gormley and his wife, the artist Vicki Parsons, drove up from their home in London's Camden Town on a tip from a real-estate agent and ended up purchasing High House, an 18th-century Palladian-style villa on 188 unspoiled acres. Though most of their days here are spent in their studios, they also make time for what Gormley calls "the digging and the delving" that comes with owning property: weeding the vegetable patch, pulling ivy from choked trees, strolling to check on the plums in the orchard.

"It's all pretty idyllic, isn't it?" he says the next morning from his paneled study, which overlooks sheep pasture and a horizon dotted with ancient oaks. The mismatched vintage chairs we're sitting on help to diminish some of the room's gentlemanly

SIGHTLINES Antony Gormley with work in progress at High House Studios, his Norfolk home and workspace. Opposite: A mantel in the historic gallery displays a few of the artist's small sculptures in metal and clay, bits of local flint and a photograph of Pablo Picasso.





pomp. "It was never our intention to buy a pile," says Gormley, who was raised in a well-heeled suburb of London, the last of seven children born to a pharmaceutical executive and a physiotherapist. Parsons grew up in rural Hertfordshire. "It was always, 'Let's find somewhere where we can make art, have a relationship with the land, and we can invite other artists,'" he says, "where we can have an alternative life to the quite frenetic one in the city."

The couple now spend much of the year at High House Studios, as they call it, following a careful restoration in consultation with the architect David Chipperfield, a longtime friend. Their three grown children come to visit, but their everyday social life is made up of Neil and Fiona Andrews, who manage the estate; Gormley's assistants; and early-career artists participating in a program of working residencies. Meal allowances, lodging and studio space are provided in exchange for modest manual labor, a routine Gormley has championed since his days at Catholic school among the Benedictine monks.

"Taking care of things is not just the trees and the fields and the ditches and the hedges," he says. "It's about recognizing that, well, everything that we inherit or touch or live within is a kind of handing on. Rural ways are a really useful foil."

From the study window, a wooden maquette for a sculpture now on display in Germany is just visible in the pasture. Gormley has set a few of his pieces around the landscape, but he thinks of the Norfolk property more as a testing ground than a sculpture park, an invention he dislikes. Every site, in his view, whether natural or man made, requires a unique creative response: Work and context are inseparable, and his art is an invitation to engage with both.

In 1981, for his debut exhibition, which took place on an upper floor of London's Whitechapel Gallery, Gormley built an enclosure out of castoff bits of his own clothing—pants, shirt, jacket, shoes—shredded and reconstituted into a length of rope wound around four poles. It was self-portrait as architecture. He named the piece *Room*.

"Antony has been circling these ideas for more than 30 years, like an elegant bird hovering and soaring on rising currents of air," says Nicholas Serota, who curated the show and was Whitechapel's director at the time. (He went on to lead the Tate for almost three decades and now chairs Arts Council England.)

Gormley has made lead bowls, webs out of steel rods and a room full of mist (*Blind Light* at London's Hayward Gallery, 2007). But when most people think of his work, they envision a tall, lithe figure—his own 6-foot-3 body is always the model—alone in a space or in a remote setting. At its core, Serota says, "Antony's work addresses the existential questions of life: our relationship with our own self, with other beings and with the world around us. His figures, whether installed in a gallery, in the landscape or on the edge

COMFORT AND JOY The big room, as the Gormleys call this grand reception space, is furnished simply for family and friends. Floor tiles and decorative woodwork are original; Gormley made the standing lamp at left; the pendant light is from Tom Dixon. Above the mantel hangs a framed poster by Felix Gonzalez-Torres.





IN THE PAINT
Parsons's studio overlooks a sheep and horse pasture and a casual garden she planted in front of the house. The shelves hold works in oil on plywood board, which she exhibits at London's Alan Cristea Gallery and elsewhere.



ART OF LIVING

From left: Gormley's *Small Gut (Graphite)* from 2014, with organically shaped flint rocks the artist collects from nearby fields; a photograph by Marcus Coates over a mantel in the big room.

of the ocean, serve as impassive, silent markers by which we measure our place in the world."

Whether you read Gormley's figures as anxious or at peace, vigilant or contemplative, depends on how you experience them. Some people choose not to bother. At Kettle's Yard the night before, Gormley watched as some visitors took all of three minutes to breeze through the galleries. "The offer is just to immerse yourself in this situation and see what it feels like," he says, closing his eyes lightly. "I'm very aware that there will always be some people who will not respond to the offer."

Gormley has had long internal dialogues with artists he admires, a list that includes Marcel Duchamp, Joseph Beuys and Donald Judd. He's fascinated by Tino Sehgal, among others of a younger generation, who has brought the body back into the conversation with his choreography of public space. Sehgal's *These Associations*, shown at Tate Modern in 2012, made a huge impression. "It's haptic, intimate, engaging," he says, "in all the ways I hope my work can be—for those prepared to accept the offer."

His cellphone rings. One of his assistants is calling about an upcoming installation at Florence's Uffizi Gallery. In 2019, an elaborate exhibition space with columns and a vaulted ceiling will hold around 15 of his works—heavy enough that they may require

a reinforced floor. It's a common intervention but a complicated one, given the site. Planning a show of this scale typically takes the studio two years; over time, Gormley has come to think of himself as a sort of space doctor, he says, diagnosing "the potential of the building, what paces it can be invited to perform. What are its light, volume, material qualities? You can have a dialogue that allows it to become a place of dreaming and imaginative engagement."

ON ACQUIRING High House, Gormley found the patient to be elderly but in sound health. Built in the 1750s by Edward Spelman, a writer and bon vivant who'd picked up a case of classical fever on the grand tour, the building has the clarity and sunlit grace of Norfolk's much larger Palladian-style residences, Houghton Hall and Holkham Hall, if not their majesty. Its consummate feature is a picture gallery on the *piano nobile* that spans the length of the building and measures out to five perfect 18-foot cubes. "You could tell there had been an architectural intelligence at work," Gormley says, explaining his initial attraction to the Georgian-era villa, whose original architect is unknown.

A drawing from about 1815 shows the house after

the addition of two wings but before a stable block was annexed to the east and a walled garden built to the west. Still, it's unquestionably grand. When the Gormleys took possession, movers carted away 123 boxes of taxidermy birds and piles of brocade wall hangings left behind by the previous owners. The attic still holds pounds and pounds of velvet curtains—not to mention 25 Victorian-era radiators.

Around the time the couple settled on High House, David Chipperfield was just finishing a lengthy restoration and adaptation of the neoclassical Neues Museum in Berlin. They'd become friendly with him 20 years earlier, when he renovated a house for them in King's Cross; a new London studio complex followed in 2003, and there would have been a new country home, too, if an enterprising real-estate agent hadn't called them about High House.

Resuscitating a pedigreed fragment of Britain's Georgian heritage was an adjustment for the architect, but one he was happy to make. He drew up a master plan and designed Gormley's studio, sharing the remainder of the work with the London-based architects Carmody Groarke, whose founding partners are alumni of his office. The firm refreshed Spelman's historic interiors on the raised first floor and created a clever series of secondary spaces for contemporary living above and below. Original



SOLID STATES

From left: A Howard Hodgkin print lights up a rear staircase; the view from Gormley's study.
Opposite: A test piece for *Block* (2016) in the sheep pasture.

elements were preserved whenever possible: elaborately coffered ceilings, Corinthian pilasters, painterly marble mantels in rose and scarab green, deep mahogany door surrounds and timeworn octagonal tiles that underlay most of the light-filled piano nobile.

Gormley and Parsons take a charmingly subversive approach to living here. A ping pong table gets pride of place at one end of the gallery, and a rope swing dangles between a soaring pair of Ionic columns. Pushing off with both feet, you can sail out over the palatial central staircase for a view Spelman surely never imagined. In two former reception rooms, now both family rooms, the décor follows a similar formula: sturdy wood tables and benches, sofas slipcovered in white canvas, and dependable vintage chairs and Scandinavian modern cabinets sourced from secondhand shops.

"We don't really buy furniture so much," says Parsons, after explaining how her husband assembled a Duchampian standing lamp from a yellow-cardboard carpet roll and two industrial lampshades salvaged from a dumpster. Lining the larger room's chair rails are museum postcards, tiny clay figures and found objects. Over the mantel is a red and black print by Felix Gonzalez-Torres—an exhibition giveaway, Parsons says.

Despite the cobbled-together vibe, a feeling of richness arises from the sense of shared opportunity at High House Studios. "The whole place is a big collection of creative spaces," Gormley says proudly, counting up live/work quarters for five families in all. "No shortage of places for making stuff."

The kitchen off the picture gallery comes to life at lunchtime, with Gormley in charge of carving a platter of roast chickens. Ten people gather around the table and help themselves to salad, chickpea fritters and potatoes with generous shavings from a truffle hand-delivered a few days ago by Mario Cristiani of Galleria Continua in Italy, one of Gormley's dealers. (He is also represented by White Cube, Thaddaeus Ropac, Xavier Hufkens and Sean Kelly.)

After finishing off Parsons's rhubarb cake, everyone disappears back to their studios. Hers is in an airy corner room on the ground floor that served as the butler's office in earlier times, now with white-washed walls and shelves showcasing the intimately scaled oil paintings she makes on thick plywood boards. Parsons finds Norfolk to be a highly productive place to work. "The longer we've been coming, the quicker it is to feel that peacefulness," she says. "When your eye can see a long way, I think that really changes something internally."

Gormley's studio is in a new building adjacent to

both the main house and the stable block. Skylit, with a massive glass door facing north over a meadow, it is a tranquil space even when scattered with unfinished works. The artist points out Chipperfield's signature details, including the deep galvanized-steel door and window frames. In the lofty drawing studio upstairs, where he practices Chinese brush painting, mastered over 40 years of study, a trap door converts the space into a veritable heat box in the winter thanks to a wood stove. "We could live up here," Gormley says. "I spend a lot of time here."

Balancing the solitude of the studio with projects around the estate has become a daily ritual for him. His latest is a treehouse in an aged cedar, which is slowly coming together in a woodland near the stables; a previous owner planted an arboretum here in the 1860s. The floor is already in place 20 feet up, and a roof is being added "for sleeping and for parties," he says.

Taking the steps by two up to the platform, Gormley steadies himself on a massive limb. "They're incredible things, these cedars," he says, giving the tree a pat. "Look at the way it's thickened itself—fantastic." The height delivers quite a rush, but, as he notes, the work isn't close to being finished. "We were thinking we would open this up, to continue the invitation to the view." ●



"THE LONGER WE'VE
BEEN COMING, THE
QUICKER [WE] FEEL
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YOUR EYE CAN SEE
A LONG WAY, THAT
CHANGES SOMETHING
INTERNAL."

—VICKEN PARSONS

HE WAS NEVER doing the f—ing movie,” Jason Blum says into his phone. Sitting on a low-slung black leather sofa in his office, on an unfashionable stretch of Los Angeles’s Filipinotown, the founder and CEO of Blumhouse Productions shakes his head. “I’d rather not say we’re going out to him,” he continues. “I don’t want to bring a bunch of passes to Jamie.” Blum is discussing who will play the villain opposite Jamie Foxx in *Spawn*, a long-gestating project that Blumhouse announced that morning. Landing Foxx—who calls Blum “one of the most brilliant minds in our business”—is a sign of Blumhouse’s increasing appeal to established stars, but now that a notoriously selective actor has declined, casting Foxx’s foil remains an issue. Blum ticks through a variety of very recognizable names before talk turns to the film’s announcement and the response on social media. “People went crazy,” he says, brightening. “It was trending for a while.”

Clearly there are still holdouts who consider Blum to be a risky bet, but increasingly they are the outliers, as A-listers and C-suite execs alike have embraced his B-movie-driven, anything-you-can-do-I-can-do-cheaper model. Among them, Bryan Lourd, the co-chairman and managing partner of Creative Artists Agency, which represents Blum; Lourd calls the 49-year-old “one of the great entrepreneurs in the movie business in the last 50 to 60 years. Not since the guys that started the studios has someone gambled like him and won.” Raking in more than \$3 billion at the box office over a nearly decade-long hot streak, Blum’s company has produced high-margin commercial successes—horror franchises *Paranormal Activity*, *The Purge* and *Insidious*, as well as *Ouija*, *Split* and *Happy Death Day*; highbrow Oscar-winning fare—*Whiplash*, which earned Blum a best picture nomination; and the rare film that’s both—*Get Out*, Jordan Peele’s horror movie-as-racial commentary, for which Blum got another best picture nod. He and Peele co-produced this month’s *BlacKkKlansman*, the true story of an African-American cop who infiltrated a chapter of the KKK, directed by Spike Lee. The cornerstone of Blum’s business model is a rule that all original films have a budget of \$5 million or less, which ensures he can produce three features for the cost of a single *Game of Thrones* episode. Give Blum \$50 million for a film, and, he insists, “I would still make ten \$5 million movies.”

Because *Spawn* is based on a successful superhero comic and is a reboot, Blum allowed the movie to cost \$15 million, but it still exemplifies all his edicts: Eliminate frills, minimize risk, maximize return. By paying only scale upfront yet allowing actors and auteurs to share on the back-end profits, Blum makes a compelling pitch: Betting on him is betting on yourself.

“Jason has disrupted the whole model for making movies,” says Donna Langley, chair of Universal Pictures, which signed a 10-year deal with Blumhouse in 2014. In an industry infamous for mimicry, other producers haven’t been able to duplicate his success. (The recent horror hit *A Quiet Place* cost a reported \$17 million to make, for example.) “His model doesn’t work without that incredible discipline,” says Langley. “He sticks to his core tenets no matter what, and the

temptations are many. His ambitions are huge, as you can see, and yet he doesn’t let them take him off track.”

“I always say ambition saved me from substance abuse,” says Blum, who exudes the same restless energy that got him voted “most active” in eighth grade. “And I think that’s probably true.”

At present Blum’s ambitions are cracking the Chinese market—he recently announced a collaboration agreement with Tang Media Partners—and making a major move into television. He recently raised capital by selling 45 percent of Blumhouse Television to British company ITV Studios in a deal that values the division at \$80 million. His model won’t translate literally, however. “The movie business is sick, so undercutting it provides lots of advantages,” Blum says. “The TV business is healthy, almost too healthy. TV distributors want noisy, big shows, and they’re much less concerned with cost.”

Blum has produced for the small screen before, including HBO’s *The Jinx*, *The Normal Heart* and *Sharp Objects*, which began airing in July starring

Amy Adams. On those, he was a producer as hired gun, but he will exert greater control with Blumhouse TV, as evidenced by one of the eight series sold to air: a spinoff of *The Purge* that will premiere on Syfy and USA Network next month. Another will be a Showtime limited series, *The Loudest Voice in the Room*, based on a book about Fox News and Roger Ailes by Gabriel Sherman, the journalist who broke Ailes’s sexual harassment scandal. The series stars Russell Crowe and is executive produced by Tom McCarthy (the director of *Spotlight*). “It’s a commercial venture, but I’m more excited about where it will live in the culture. I think it’s an important story,” Blum says. How he measures success and failure will be very different: “For the first time, we don’t have a financial model,” Blum says. “But we have a very specific plan: Use the brand we’ve created with movies to push out interesting and quality television shows.”

Does he have complete confidence in the TV business model?

“No,” he says, with a laugh. “But I do in our brand.”

DON'T BOX BLUM IN

Jason Blum, the producer behind *Paranormal Activity*, *Get Out* and this month’s *BlacKkKlansman*, is disrupting Hollywood one low-budget flick at a time.

BY ALEX BHATTACHARJI
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREAS LASZLO KONRATH



BORN IN LOS ANGELES, Blum was given the middle name Ferus after the famed gallery co-founded by his mother, Shirley Neilson, and later run by his father, Irving Blum, which held Andy Warhol's first West Coast solo exhibition in 1962. When Blum was 4, the family moved to New York City, and soon after, his parents separated. As a child, Blum would spend the week with his mother, an art historian, in Dobbs Ferry, New York, and weekends in Manhattan with his dad, lunching at the Odeon and visiting museums and galleries. Many of the names Blum saw on those walls paraded through his father's Upper East Side home. Warhol came occasionally;

others were fixtures—Donald Sultan, Ellsworth Kelly, Jasper Johns and Roy Lichtenstein. "I saw my dad with artists and with collectors," Blum says. "With collectors, it's about money and how much is it. Artists didn't want it to be about that. That's not how it was talked about. I saw him wear different hats with different people, and it made a big impression."

Blum went away for high school to Taft, in Connecticut, where he was tempted by the urge to perform—"But I was terrible. I liked the idea of acting, but the actual acting I didn't like," he says. He went to college at Vassar, where he majored in drama and roomed with future filmmaker Noah Baumbach. After graduation, they moved to Chicago for a year,

where Blum took classes and sold cable subscriptions door-to-door while Baumbach wrote his first movie, *Kicking and Screaming*. The two moved back to New York with the goal of making the film together. Blum got his real-estate license and eventually took a job at Arrow Films, a small distributor of low-cost, direct-to-video movies, and shopped Baumbach's screenplay on the side. He sent the script to Steve Martin, a friend of his father's, who wrote a glowing letter that Blum used to help land the film's first backers. When the movie was made, Blum got his first credit (associate producer), but by then he had lost a hand in the project as well as a best friend. "I was very upset," Blum says. "I felt like I got *Kicking and Screaming* off the ground and got booted to the curb. I don't think about it now, but I spent a lot of time thinking about it for many years."

Blum met Ethan Hawke in an attempt to cast him in *Kicking and Screaming*. Hawke had no interest, but he was struck with Blum and hired him to run his theater company, Malaparte. Blum performed his part, miraculously keeping the group afloat. He and Hawke would crisscross Manhattan handing out fliers and offering \$10 tickets to tourists in Times Square. Determined to get the most out of theater rentals, Blum had the lobby double as an art gallery and held readings during the day. Once he wanted to stage three productions and not two, but it required changing sets in a day—impossible without money and manpower, Hawke said. Undaunted, Blum threw what he called a wrap party—with a keg, some speakers and a dumpster—that offered revelers a rare hands-on theater experience:

GIVE BLUM \$50 MILLION, AND HE SAYS, "I WOULD STILL MAKE TEN \$5 MILLION MOVIES."

clearing the set. "He called it Strike 95, and it was the biggest party of the year," Hawke recalls. "I remember looking at him and going, 'You really are Tom Sawyer. How the hell did you just get everybody to paint your fence?'"

In 1996, Blum finally arrived, landing a job as an acquisitions exec at Miramax. "At that time every filmmaker wanted their movie to be distributed and bought by them," he says. "There was Miramax and then there was everybody else." Harvey Weinstein was both mentor and tormentor to Blum. "The mode was the stick, not the carrot," Blum says. The bullying was constant, abusive language the lingua franca. Once, after Blum had failed to salvage a botched deal, Weinstein threw a lit cigarette at him, according to Blum. Asked about this incident and the abusive behavior, a spokesperson commented, "Mr. Weinstein spent a great deal of time mentoring Jason Blum.... Mr. Weinstein is proud of what Jason has accomplished."

Blum had always seen Weinstein as a vile bully—though not a criminal or a rapist. "I had no inkling," Blum says of Weinstein's alleged pattern of sexual

abuse and assault. Since the allegations broke, Blum has been examining his ignorance of the full extent of Weinstein's abusive behavior, as well as his own Stockholm syndrome. "What I question now is why I remained as long as I did," he says. "Clearly it was because I was ambitious, because I wanted to be at the No. 1 place—that was very important to me. It makes me question my compass at the time."

After Blum left Miramax in 2000 and before Blumhouse took off, he went through the "Blum Room" period. Hawke saw this phase up close. "There was a long time when every apartment I got, I'd have to think, 'Hmm. What room could Blum sleep in?'" Physically no bigger than a study with a couch, the Blum Room represented the vast gulf between Blum's ambitions and his abilities. "I had no idea what I was doing," Blum says. "I came out of Miramax frustrated that no one gave me credit. The people saying, 'You've never produced a movie before' were right. I really had a lot to learn." The few projects he did, like *Griffin & Phoenix* and *The Darwin Awards*, were forgettable. "I had no model. I had 'Can I get this thing made? Is it makeable?' It was very mercenary."

"I would call him into my office," Lourd recalls, "and say, as his friend, 'This is not gonna work. Look around. Look at the independent producers. They're the least respected, least financially sound players on the map. You've got to let me get you a job.' He would look at me and say, 'But I don't want to be a studio executive. I want to be an independent producer.'

Eventually, though, Blum began to give in to defeatism. "I remember very clearly, I said, OK, I've tried it for 10 years," Blum says, shrugging. "I was going to move back to New York." Then he stumbled onto a horror flick by an unknown Israeli director named Oren Peli. Every studio passed on the film, which was made for \$15,000. But Blum, who was haunted by having passed on *The Blair Witch Project* while at Miramax, ended with footage of neo-Nazis marching and the fatal car attack, an elated David Duke and Donald Trump's "fine people on both sides" remarks. During editing, Blum felt the coda was overkill. "I personally might've drawn the parallel in a different way," he says. "But I revere Spike Lee as a filmmaker, and, you know, it was his choice, and I stand by his choice."

In Lee and screenwriter Kevin Willmott's first meeting with Peele and Blum, "We were all just independent filmmakers talking about what we love," Willmott says. "Making the film was as straightforward." Blumhouse's track record with *Get Out* and deceptively political films like *The Purge* impressed Willmott. "They're looking for things that have some punch," he says. "Everyone in Hollywood says that, but then they start dumbing it down. These guys made the film they said they wanted to make."

It helped that Blum knows what he doesn't know. "It's not for me to say what is and isn't the right way to depict the African-American experience. I'd be pretty stupid if I did," he says. "The best thing I got from *Get Out* was that I learned a lot about racism—in America, inside of me." The portrayal of well-intentioned white liberals as pernicious struck a chord. "I found a lot of what Jordan was mocking in me. I was naive," he says. "I'm still naive, but a little less."

practice what you preach. We put the money on the screen, not in fancy office suites."

Blum's lifestyle defies Hollywood-mogul convention. He lives in a high-floor condo in downtown Los Angeles with his wife, Lauren Schuker, formerly a reporter for *The Wall Street Journal*, whom he married in 2012, and their two young children. Blum's base in New York is an apartment in Brooklyn. When he travels, Blum often flies commercial and sits in economy. According to Lourd, to make the cramped seats more palatable for his wife, Blum jury-rigged an inflatable mattress that fit in the foot-well so she could recline.

"He's cheap," with a purpose, Lourd says. "He takes pride in making things for as little as possible to get the most return for, not just for investors, but for his creative partners. It's also a great calling card for him."

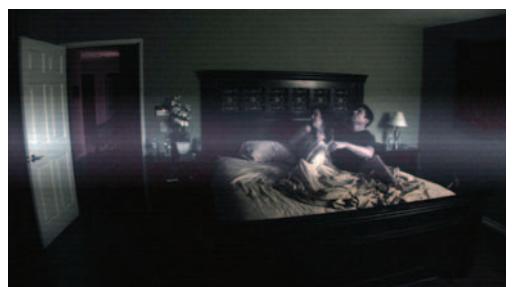
Beyond low production budgets, Blum's model relies on talent getting scale, with the promise of a payday. In return, Blum offers creative freedom. "I always say, 'I can't promise you a hit, but I can promise you're going to live or die on your own sword—your own work.'" Guaranteeing filmmakers final cut pays off, Blum says. "The artist is much more willing to hear what you have to say, because they have the final say."

BlacKkKlansman, whose August 10 release date is timed to the one-year anniversary of the white supremacist rally in Charlottesville, Virginia, ends with footage of neo-Nazis marching and the fatal car attack, an elated David Duke and Donald Trump's "fine people on both sides" remarks. During editing, Blum felt the

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MAD SKILLS
From top: *Paranormal Activity* cost \$15,000 to make and garnered over \$193 million; *Whiplash* won three Academy Awards.

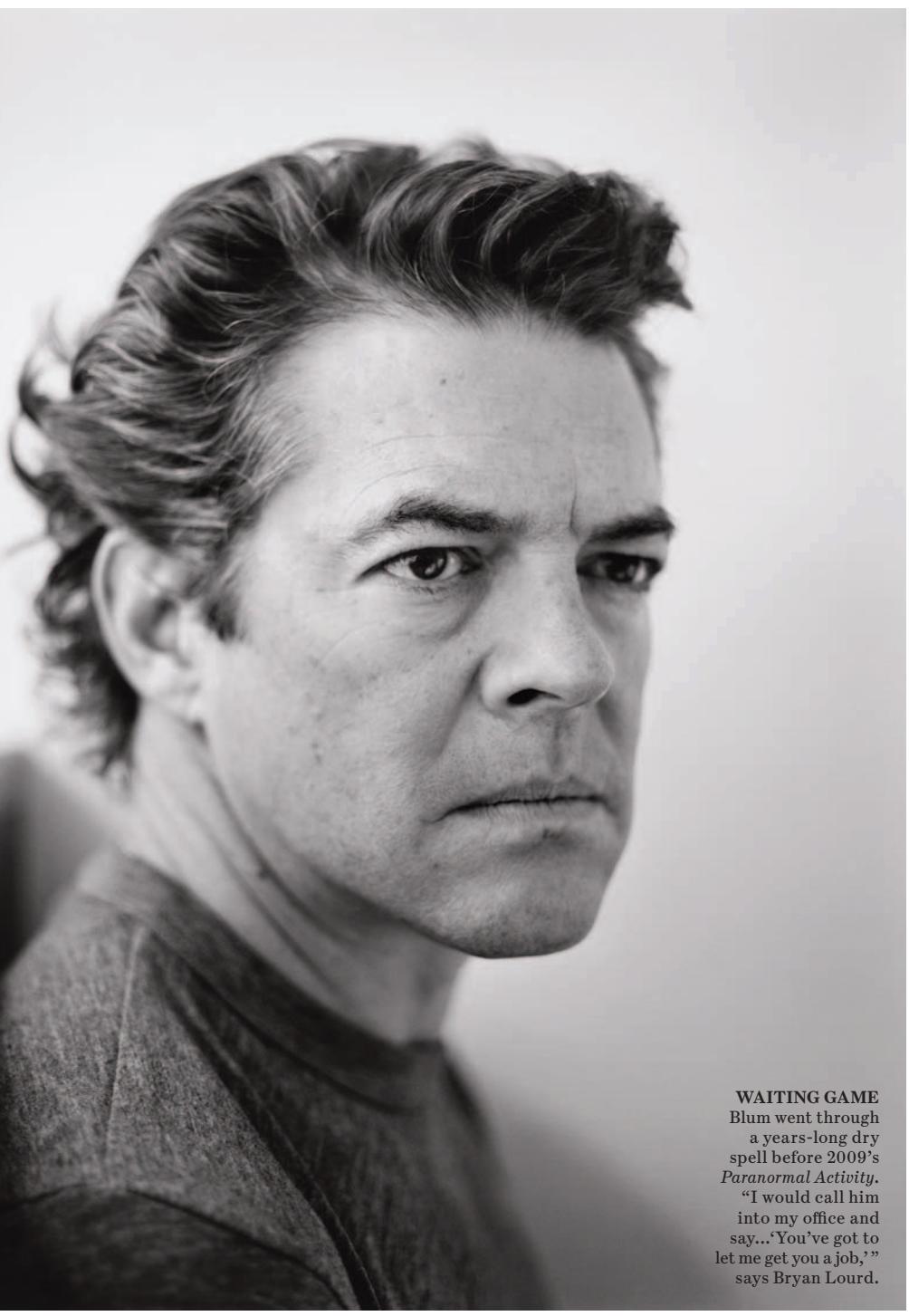


FEAR FACTOR
From above:
Jordan Peele's independent horror film *Get Out* made over \$255 million; Peele co-produced this month's *BlacKkKlansman* with Blum.



Regardless, Blum has made a point of working with black filmmakers. He's currently producing an action movie by John Ridley, who won an Oscar for the screenplay of *12 Years a Slave*, and a horror film with Dee Rees, the out-and-proud writer-director of *Pariah* and *Mudbound*. The motivation behind these projects is the same one behind Blumhouse's hotly anticipated reboot of *Halloween* with Jamie Lee Curtis this fall. "We're doing it not because it's PC or in vogue," he says, "but because it's good business."

Blum rises, seemingly animated by that thought. "The more powerful your company, the more independence you have," he says. "When I first started working for myself, I had to choose scripts I thought I could get made, and I was working for the people financing them." As we exit his office, Blum's assistant directs him toward stacks of contracts awaiting his signature—the trio of new projects Blumhouse will announce in the following week and the partnership with Tang Media. "The bigger and more powerful we make the company, the more independent a voice we can have. To me, that is a lot of fun."



WAITING GAME
Blum went through a years-long dry spell before 2009's *Paranormal Activity*. "I would call him into my office and say... 'You've got to let me get you a job,'" says Bryan Lourd.

GROOMING BY JOHNNY CARUSO

FROM TOP: PHOTO: ALAMY STOCK PHOTO; COLLECTION CHRISTOPHEL/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO; MOVIESTORE COLLECTION LTD/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO; COURTESY OF FOCUS FEATURES

Como As You Are

Explore the sun-soaked romance of Italy's Lake Como in fall's most effortless and unexpected pieces.

DREAM BOAT
Pair trousers with silk and lace for easy glamour. Maison Rabih Kayrouz blouse, Prada tube top, Jacquemus pants, Emilio Cavallini tights and Chanel sunglasses and earrings.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANGELO PENNETTA
STYLING BY EMILIE KAREH



FAIR GAMINE
Dress for fall weather
in breeches and a
sophisticated button-
down. Salvatore
Ferragamo jacket,
top, pants and boots,
Wing & Weft gloves
and Martea Vintage
necklace (worn in
pocket). Opposite:
Jacquemus dress (worn
as coat), Dior blouse,
Wixson bra, Matthew
Adams Dolan jeans and
Julie Wolfe earring.





WHAT'S THE SCOOP?
A sweet take on leather or tweed makes this season's coats worth hankering for. Miu Miu jacket, Fendi blouse,

The Row pants and model's own earring. Opposite: Polo Ralph Lauren coat and top, Hue tights, Gucci mules, Sabine Getty ring and Cartography necklace (worn on ankle).





FERRY TALE
Go for an adventure in
embroidered denim.
Gucci jumpsuit and
mules, Eckhaus Latta
jacket, Emilio Cavallini
tights, Alighieri ring
and Chanel sunglasses.



FREE FLOATING
A memorable trip calls
for memorable pieces.
Left: Rodarte top and
pants, Emilio Cavallini
tights, Sies Marjan
shoes, Cartography
necklace and Krewe
sunglasses. Above:
Balenciaga sweater.





SLICE OF LIFE
Sharp cuts keep things modern, while capelets and florals add a hint of nostalgia. Nina Ricci top, Fendi capelet and model's own earring. Opposite: Chloé blouse, Eres bra, Giorgio Armani pants and vintage scarf.

AFTER SUNSET
Chase the night in
head-turning looks.
Right: Nina Ricci dress,
Emilio Cavallini tights
and Sies Marjan shoes.
Below: Calvin Klein
205W39NYC jacket,
skirt and gloves, Emilio
Cavallini tights and
Cartography necklace
(worn on ankle).



FRILL SEEKER

Pointelle lace is a breath of fresh air. Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello blouse and pants. Model, Marte Mei van Haaster at DNA Models; hair, Jawara; makeup, Niamh Quinn. For details see Sources, page 98.





SEA CHANGE

The global seafood industry is plagued by poor quality control and fraud. At his new restaurant, Angler, San Francisco chef Joshua Skenes is tackling these issues by going local and live.

BY GEMMA ZOE PRICE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURA LETINSKY

IT'S NOT EVERY day that a fishing boat packed with live halibut parks in the middle of a busy San Francisco street. But since chef Joshua Skenes, of three-Michelin-star restaurant Saison, began working with a local fisherman named Mike 18 months ago, it's become a more common sight, with kitchen staff regularly maneuvering 50 pounds of live fish into the restaurant's tanks.

Mike is one of about a dozen small-boat California fishermen with whom Skenes has developed partnerships, some with exclusive contracts, over the past nine years. (In fact, the chef is so protective of his sources that he prefers we not use Mike's last name.)

The 39-year-old Skenes, who is known for his elaborate tasting menu, began building his network of local suppliers when he found that none of the seafood options available to him were up to his standards. "I used to order all my fish from Tsukiji market in Tokyo because that was the highest quality," he says. "But I decided I didn't want to order anything from Japan anymore. I just wanted local fish."

Mike the fisherman jumped at the chance to work with a chef who shares his passion for sustainability and utilizing the whole local fishery. He is hopeful that more Bay Area restaurants will follow Skenes's example. "If you spread that out to the small guys with small boats," he says, "that's 20 or 30 more guys making a living, bringing in a lot better product."

Now that Skenes has his sources in place, he's opening a new restaurant, Angler, later this summer to showcase their wares. His first project since Saison, the casual 100-seat restaurant on San Francisco's Embarcadero will feature a 28-foot wall of tanks ready to accept up to 1,500 pounds of live seafood a week. Eighty percent of the catch served at Angler will be live up to the moment it's cooked or prepared, and restaurant staff will know exactly where along the Pacific coastline every item was caught and by whom. A Los Angeles outpost of Angler will open in late fall, with more to follow eventually in other coastal areas.

What the fishers bring in each day will determine the majority of Angler's changing menu. Skenes orders seafood more by weight than by species, which reduces the intense pressure on popular fish like cod and salmon. "I don't care what it is as long as it's alive and of high quality and from a good place," the chef says. "And you know, it's great: Every once in a while you'll get brand-new things, like different varieties of sea cucumber, whelks, pink scallops, Pacific scallops, all kinds of stuff."

While top-end restaurants routinely receive live deliveries of shellfish, they are usually sourced through wholesalers, not from the actual fishers, and placed in back-of-house tanks. Finfish, like cod and

"**TIMING IS
EVERYTHING.
WHEN YOUR
PRODUCT
IS THAT GOOD,
THAT FRESH
AND JUST OUT
OF THE OCEAN,
THE FLAVOR
IS SO MUCH
BETTER."**

—JOSHUA SKENES

suppliers are able to circumvent environmental regulations and endangered species restrictions. Where laws fail, other organizations have stepped in. For example, the 20-year-old Marine Stewardship Council, an international nonprofit, has developed a certification system that verifies that seafood is wild caught and sustainable. Many national retailers, including Walmart, Whole Foods, Costco and Sam's Club, are MSC certified; McDonald's carries the label for its Filet-O-Fish.

The first U.S. sushi restaurant to become MSC certified, in 2008, was Bamboo Sushi, in Portland, Oregon. Founder and CEO Kristofor Lofgren, whose Sustainable Restaurant Group currently operates five Bamboo Sushis and two QuickFish Poke Bars, just received funding from Bain Capital's socially conscious Double Impact Fund. "We're trying to make sure that there's a plentiful supply of seafood—the most widely consumed protein source in the world—for future generations," he says. Bamboo Sushi was also the first restaurant in the U.S. to become certified by the Aquaculture Stewardship Council for the farmed products on the menu.

Despite these efforts, the seafood industry's historic lack of accountability has led to widespread fraud. A recent study by the University of California at Los Angeles and Loyola Marymount University tested the DNA of 364 fish samples taken from 26 L.A. sushi restaurants from 2012 through 2015. Half of the seafood that researchers examined was not the species it was labeled as, including every order of halibut and red snapper they tested. Worryingly, about a third of the time, the halibut was actually raw olive flounder, which commonly contains parasites. (By contrast, a 2016 study the Marine Stewardship Council did on 320 samples of MSC-certified fish reported that only four were mislabeled.)

According to the Washington, D.C.-based nonprofit Food & Water Watch, the FDA inspects only two percent of seafood imported to the U.S. Of that small proportion, only half was subject to laboratory testing for salmonella, listeria and illegal veterinary drugs. Eleven percent of the inspected shipments were rejected for food safety violations. (The FDA did not respond to a request for comment.)

"It's really the Wild West. It's a scary situation when you start to look at the numbers," says Sean Barrett, founder of the restaurant-supported

partnering with Pelagic Data Systems and traceability platform ThisFish to offer live tracking for its wild salmon boats, and in May, San Francisco-based CSF organization Real Good Fish outfitted its first boats with the same tracking devices used by Dock to Dish fishers. Oliver Luckett, former head of innovation for Walt Disney, recently debuted the Icelandic fish purveyor Niceland Seafood, which uses QR codes to offer "sea-to-pan" traceability of each batch as it travels from the North Atlantic to the company's U.S. headquarters in Denver.

But even in the rapidly growing sector of so-called traceable, sustainable wild-caught seafood, sourcing can remain murky. In June, the Associated Press published a report alleging that national distributor Sea to Table, which says it offers products from "traditional American fishing communities," was in fact selling farmed, out-of-season and mislabeled fish through a supply chain with connections to migrant fishers who reported IUU activities and labor abuses.

Sea to Table founder Sean Dimin has pushed back against the story, saying, most significantly, that his company was seemingly misled by one of its wholesalers. In an email, Dimin wrote, "Bottom line, we believe this story was unfair and misleading, and it's had significantly damaging impacts to our business." (When asked for comment, the AP said it stands by its reporting.)

Skenes shares Barrett's opinion that quality seafood comes from knowing your fishers, but he is taking a more direct approach by removing the middlemen. Once Mike has a haul aboard his 18-foot fishing boat, he calls the Angler team from the open ocean to let them know what to expect and when. Skenes has also custom-built his own transit system, featuring boats outfitted with U-shaped tanks that allow the fish to roll with the ocean swell and delivery trucks equipped with saltwater tanks calibrated to mimic the natural habitat of the catch. If the fish bring Skenes's fishermen to waters within easy distance of the Embarcadero, they can deliver directly by boat to a pier opposite the restaurant. "Timing is everything," Skenes says. "When your product is that good, that fresh and just out of the ocean, the flavor is so much better."

But most consumers still have little to no information about where their fish is coming from or how long it's been sitting around. "People don't realize that a lot of times the fish they're getting, the best case scenario, is three days old. For the most part, it's five days old," says Jonathan de Wolf, culinary director for Saison Hospitality. And because diners have become accustomed to ordering tuna tartare or salmon with lemon cream sauce year-round, many restaurateurs are unwilling to risk the loss of business that could come from serving something local and unfamiliar.

It's also much more convenient to pull a prepackaged \$5 portion of fish from the freezer and prepare it with a tried-and-tested recipe that can sell for \$28, rather than have the additional cost of employing a full-time butcher and skilled, inventive chefs who must necessarily devise dishes on the fly.

"I get it. I don't blame them for trying to have a business that's profitable," says de Wolf. "But that's salmon that was shipped to China, processed, frozen, shipped back here and sold for super cheap—the bottom-barrel salmon."

Accepting whole fish also means using much more of the animal. Chitterlings, fish innards, are usually the first part of the dead fish to go south. At Angler, menus might include grilled, marinated intestines and cured livers from Hawaiian amberjack, line-caught and part of the small percentage of fish the restaurant will source from afar. Maine lobster will be another exception. "You can't replace lobster," says de Wolf, "and they're actually sustainable right now, more than they've ever been." Not everything benefits from being fresh, either. The house caviar, osetra from California white sturgeon, is salt-cured and aged for three months.

Over the past nine years, the kitchen at Saison has doubled as a sort of R&D lab for Angler, where every dish will have some connection to the 36-foot hearth or the custom-made wood-burning ovens. (Skenes has also developed a proprietary collection of fire-cooking tools and hearth equipment, slated for retail within the year.) In addition to seafood dishes, the à la carte menu will feature vegetables from the restaurant's farms in nearby Marin and Petaluma, as well as poultry and meats sourced from West Coast suppliers who practice what Skenes calls "wild ranching"—raising animals in open spaces with minimal intervention.

Since he started to champion a diverse menu, Skenes has seen other restaurants begin using products that are less familiar, such as sea cucumber and jellyfish—a trend he hopes will continue as more outposts of Angler open. Skenes and de Wolf find that diners' palates have become accustomed to poor-quality fish, which is why Skenes's food can be a revelation. "Most people don't know the difference between a five and a 10 when it comes to seafood in America," Skenes says. "You know, it's really shocking how much better great fish tastes." •



HOME STRETCH
Take knits to new extremes. Preen by Thornton Bregazzi sweater and tights, Etro dress, Gucci sneakers and Missoni scarves. For details see "A Handmade Tale," below.

WHAT'S NEWS

PAGE 21

Louis Vuitton turtleneck, price upon request, [louisvuitton.com](#)

PAGE 22

Louis Vuitton turtleneck, price upon request, and pants, \$1,140, [louisvuitton.com](#), Hermès belt, \$3,800, Hermès stores nationwide, Christian Louboutin boots, \$1,195, select Christian Louboutin boutiques

PAGE 26

Louis Vuitton bracelet and ring, prices and availability upon request, select Louis Vuitton stores

PAGE 29

Marni belt, \$850, Marni boutiques, Givenchy coat, \$4,165, Givenchy, 747 Madison Avenue, New York, Hermès sweater, \$1,300, Hermès .com, Altuzarra pants, \$695, [neimanmarcus.com](#); Stella McCartney belts, \$370 each, Stella McCartney, 929 Madison Avenue, New York, Chloé coat, \$4,350, select Chloé boutiques, Jacquemus jacket, \$1,350, [jacquemus.com](#), Soyer sweater, \$515, [soyerine.com](#); Artemas Quibble belt, \$576, [artemas-quibble.com](#), Carolina Herrera coat, \$3,490, Carolina Herrera, 954 Madison Avenue, New York, The Row

shirt, \$790, and sash, price upon request, [neimanmarcus.com](#); Ann Demeulemeester belt, \$573, [anndemeulemeester.com](#), Miu Miu coat, \$3,785, [miumiu.com](#), Atlantique Ascoli top, \$705, [barneys.com](#); Altuzarra belt, \$595, similar styles available at [net-a-porter.com](#), Salvatore Ferragamo coat, price upon request, Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide, Equipment turtleneck, \$318, [equipmentfr.com](#), Dries Van Noten skirt, \$515, [barneys.com](#); Jacquemus belt, \$225, [jacquemus.com](#), Acne belt, \$290, [acnestudios.com](#), Fendi coat, \$4,800, [fendi.com](#)

PAGE 30
Breguet watch, \$18,500, [breguet.com](#); Longchamp bag, \$875, [longchamp.com](#), Dolce & Gabbana Devotion bag, \$2,145, select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, Dior bag, \$1,500, select Dior boutiques, Furla bag, \$248, [furla.com](#), Chloé bag, \$2,150, similar styles available at Chloé boutiques

PAGE 31
Alain Mikli sunglasses, \$380, [barneys.com](#), Calvin Klein 205W39NYC boots, \$1,190, Calvin Klein, 654 Madison Avenue, New York, Alexander Wang

cuff, \$495, [alexanderwang.com](#), Golden Goose Deluxe Brand jacket, \$1,880, [goldengoosedeluxebrand.com](#), R13 sweater, \$795, [R13denim.com](#), Michael Kors Collection bag, \$1,390, and pants, \$695, select Michael Kors stores

A HANDMADE TALE

PAGE 33
Tod's jacket, price upon request, [tods.com](#), Sportmax dress, \$1,890, Max Mara, 813 Madison Avenue, New York, Preen by Thornton Bregazzi tights, price upon request, similar styles available at [preenbythorntonbregazzi.com](#), MSGM sneakers, \$625, [msgm.it](#)

PAGE 34
Bottega Veneta sweater, \$1,450, 310-858-6533, Gucci dress, \$4,980, [gucci.com](#), Hermès strap, \$3,575, and shawl, \$1,100, [hermes.com](#), Missoni scarves, \$430 each, [missoni.com](#), MSGM sneakers, \$625, [msgm.it](#)

PAGE 35
Loewe dress, price upon request, similar styles available at [loewe.com](#), Dior coat, \$18,000, select Dior boutiques

PAGE 36
Louis Vuitton sweater, price upon request, select Louis Vuitton stores

PAGE 37
Calvin Klein 205W39NYC dress, boots and quilt, prices upon request, similar styles available at Calvin Klein, 654 Madison Avenue, New York

PAGE 38
Missoni dress, \$3,200, [missoni.com](#), Prada sweater, \$1,080, select Prada boutiques, Preen by Thornton Bregazzi tights, price upon request, similar styles available at [preenbythorntonbregazzi.com](#), Gucci sneakers, \$1,590, [gucci.com](#)

PAGE 39
Gucci dress, \$5,900, jacket, \$6,900, and sneakers, \$1,590, [gucci.com](#)

THIS PAGE
Preen by Thornton Bregazzi sweater, \$1,085, [preenbythorntonbregazzi.com](#), and tights, price upon request, similar styles available at [preenbythorntonbregazzi.com](#), Etro dress, \$3,850, [etro.com](#), Gucci sneakers, \$1,590, [gucci.com](#), Missoni scarves, \$390 and \$430, [missoni.com](#)

TO THE MAX

PAGES 60–61
Maison Margiela trench, \$2,200, jacket, \$4,690, and scarf, sneakers and hat, prices upon request, [maisonmargiela.com](#)

PAGE 62
Dolce & Gabbana dress, \$1,995, select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques

PAGE 63
Versace T-shirt, \$495, dress, price upon request, hat, \$395, and scarf, \$475, select Versace stores, Wolford tights, \$49, [wolfordshop.com](#), Stuart Weitzman shoes, \$998, [stuartweitzman.com](#)

PAGE 64
Marc Jacobs blouse, \$650, trench, price upon request, pants, \$795, shoes, price upon request, and stole, \$450, [marcjacobs.com](#), Stephen Jones for Marc Jacobs hat, \$450, [marcjacobs.com](#)

PAGE 65
Calvin Klein 205W39NYC dress, price upon request, boots, \$2,400, gloves, \$790, headpiece, \$290, and quilt, price upon request, similar styles available at Calvin Klein, 654 Madison Avenue, New York

PAGE 66
Dior coat, price upon request, select Dior boutiques, Paco

Rabanne dress, \$1,350, [justoneeye.com](#), Albertus Swanepoel hat, \$100, [albertusswanepoel.com](#)

PAGE 67
Prada dress, \$1,060, top, \$950, skirt, \$1,220, and shoes, price upon request, select Prada boutiques, Wolford tights, \$49, [wolfordshop.com](#)

PAGE 68
Max Mara dress, \$1,750, and coat, \$3,590, Max Mara, 813 Madison Avenue, New York

PAGE 69
Chanel dress, \$9,850, and gloves, \$950, select Chanel boutiques nationwide

COMO AS YOU ARE
PAGES 82–83
Maison Rabih Kayrouz blouse, \$1,255, [barneys.com](#), Prada top, \$840, select Prada boutiques, Jacquemus pants, \$315, [jacquemus.com](#), Emilio Cavallini tights, \$38, [emiliocavallini.com](#), Alighieri ring, \$210, [alighieri.co.uk](#), Chanel sunglasses, \$630, select Chanel boutiques nationwide

PAGE 84
Salvatore Ferragamo jacket, price upon request, top, \$590, pants, \$660, and boots, \$1,590, Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide, Wing & Weft gloves, \$40, [wingweftgloves.com](#), Marteau Vintage necklace, \$975, [marteau.co](#)

PAGE 85
Jacquemus dress, \$995, [jacquemus.com](#), Dior blouse, price upon request, select Dior boutiques, Wixson bra, \$467, [wixsonparis.com](#), Matthew Adams Dolan jeans, \$650, [ssense.com](#), Julie Wolfe earring, \$780, [barneys.com](#)

PAGE 86
Polo Ralph Lauren coat, \$336, and top, \$125, Polo Ralph Lauren stores, Hue tights, \$15, [hue.com](#), Gucci mules, \$890, [gucci.com](#), Sabine Getty ring, \$7,842, [sabinegetty.com](#), Cartography necklace, \$599, [cartography.nyc](#)

PAGE 93
Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello blouse, \$4,490, and pants, \$3,890, [ysl.com](#)

PAGE 87
Miu Miu jacket, \$2,420, [miumiu.com](#), Fendi blouse, \$1,690, [fendi.com](#), The Row pants, \$950, The Row, 17 East 71st Street, New York

PAGE 88
Gucci jumpsuit, \$5,700, and mules, \$890, [gucci.com](#), Eckhaus Latta jacket, \$755, [shop.eckhauslatta.com](#), Emilio Cavallini tights, \$38, [emiliocavallini.com](#), Alighieri ring, \$210, [alighieri.co.uk](#), Chanel sunglasses, \$630, select Chanel boutiques nationwide

PAGE 89
Rodarte blouse and pants, prices upon request, [modaoperandi.com](#), Emilio Cavallini tights, \$38, [emiliocavallini.com](#), Sies Marjan shoes, \$695, [siesmarjan.com](#), Cartography necklace, \$599, [cartography.nyc](#), Krewe sunglasses, \$275, [krewe.com](#), Balenciaga sweater, \$1,050, similar styles available at Balenciaga, 840 Madison Avenue, New York

PAGE 90
Chloé blouse, \$2,195, [Chloé.com](#), 93 Greene Street, New York, Eres bra, \$355, [eresparis.com](#), Giorgio Armani pants, \$1,025, similar styles available at [armani.com](#)

PAGE 91
Nina Ricci top, \$1,100, [ninaricci.com](#), Fendi capelet, price upon request, [fendi.com](#)

PAGE 92
Nina Ricci dress, \$2,390, [ninaricci.com](#), Emilio Cavallini tights, \$38, [emiliocavallini.com](#), Sies Marjan shoes, \$695, [siesmarjan.com](#); Calvin Klein 205W39NYC jacket, \$1,950, skirt, \$990, and gloves, \$850, [calvinklein.com](#), Emilio Cavallini tights, \$38, [emiliocavallini.com](#), Cartography necklace, \$599, [cartography.nyc](#)

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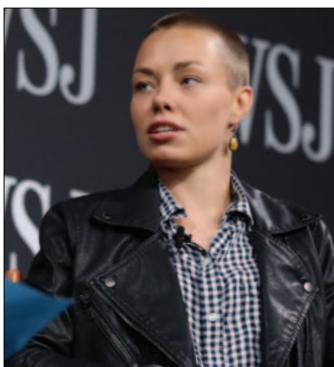
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STILL LIFE

GLENN CLOSE

The star of *The Wife*, a film out in August, shares a few of her favorite things.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VICTORIA HELY-HUTCHINSON

"THE GLOVES on the left belonged to my mother. I find them hugely comforting. Sometimes, when I need it, I put them against my face. I got the ceramic elephant from my parents' house. My dad was a surgeon and first went to the former Belgian Congo in 1960. He stayed for 16 years, and I would visit. That elephant is a wonderful example of African art. Katharine Hepburn wrote me the letter in the back. I always knew I wanted to be an actor, but I saw her on *The Dick Cavett Show* one night during college; seeing that interview was the impetus to put my desire into motion. I told the head of the [theater] department that I wanted to be nominated for a series of national auditions, which led to my first professional acting job, in 1974. I shared this story with Katharine at the Kennedy Center Honors in

1990, and she wrote me a letter—'I'm glad I persuaded you...to join this terrible profession.... And, let's face it, this delicious way to spend your life.' The photo is from the day my daughter, Annie [Starke], was born. She's smiling in it. Everybody will say, 'Oh, your baby just has gas,' but Annie came out happy. She's very creative and fierce, unlike her mother; I'm not a fierce person. I got the stone sculpture while doing a movie in Canada. An 80-year-old Inuit woman carved it. The polar bear is by a Scottish artist. Above is the knife from *Fatal Attraction*. [In the film's original ending] I killed myself, which is how that character should have ended. But audiences didn't think she was punished enough. The rewrite made me into a psychopath, this terrible creature that the family survived. The Minnie

Mouse shoes belonged to Annie. When she was little, she traveled with me to locations, and she demanded these shoes and her Minnie Mouse dress for her traveling outfit. The vase is from the stone house where my parents lived when my dad was a medical student. To me, it represents my childhood years in the Connecticut countryside. I've always existed a lot in my head, and that landscape—fields and woods and streams—really fed me. The vase is resting on a necklace of animal tags. I've always had dogs. I'm a huge believer in what animals, especially dogs, can bring to humans. So those tags belong to Penny, Gabby, Jake, Bill and my horse, Rose. And that's Pip, my dog now. He's gotten me through a lot."—As told to Thomas Gebremedhin

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