

MAY 2018

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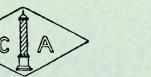




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Set design by Mila Taylor-Young
Fashion Editor David Thielebeule

ON THE COVER View of Naoshima, Japan, and the Seto Inland Sea from Benesse House Oval, with Benesse House Museum Outdoor Works including Yayoi Kusama's *Pumpkin*, Karel Appel's *Frog and Cat* and Niki de Saint Phalle's *Camel and Cat*, photographed by Jamie Hawkesworth. For details see Sources, page 118.

THIS PAGE Carolyn Murphy in Alberta Ferretti sweater, Zimmermann bikini and Gianvito Rossi boots, photographed by Lachlan Bailey and styled by Geraldine Saglio. For details see Sources, page 118.

RALPH LAUREN

RALPHLAUREN.COM





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"YOU CAN ONLY
BE CONFIDENT IN
YOUR IDEA."

—ANTOINE RICARDOU

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Follow model Carolyn Murphy through the wilds of Guadeloupe.

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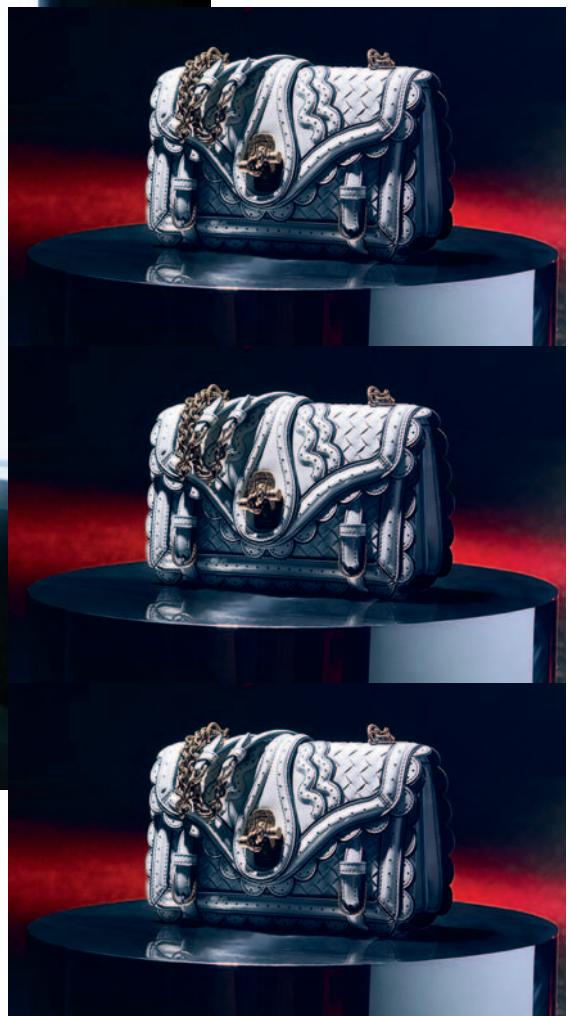
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The French branding studio be-poles has designed a hotel outside Paris where equestrian life sets the tone.

By Howie Kahn

Photography by Romain Laprade

From left: Clémentine Larroumet (front) and Antoine Ricardou of French branding studio be-poles, photographed by Romain Laprade. An interior from Rafael de Cárdenas's Brooklyn apartment, photographed by Stephen Kent Johnson. A persimmon tree on Inujima island, in Japan, photographed by Jamie Hawkesworth.

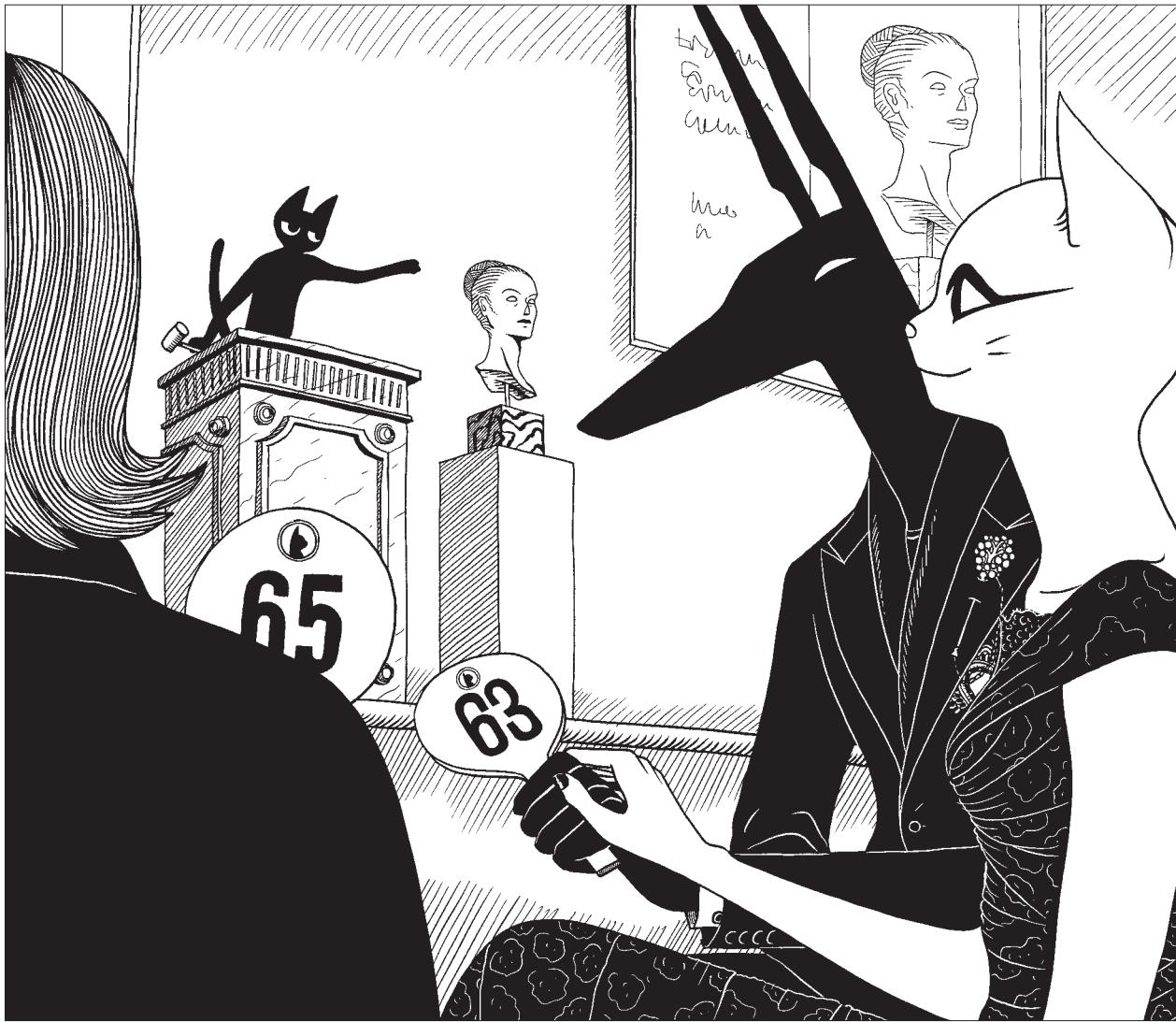


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BEST BIDS

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEJANDRO CARDENAS



AUCTION HERO Who conducts proceedings from behind the podium as Anubis and Bast (both wearing Dolce & Gabbana) contemplate making an offer.

FROM A FASHION romp through a faraway desert to an art tour of a quiet archipelago, our annual Culture & Couture issue celebrates the thrill of discovery and transporting experiences.

The May cover story spotlights one of the world's most tranquil destinations: Japan's Seto Inland Sea, where a constellation of small islands with breathtaking natural landscapes mingles with a vibrant contemporary art scene. Ferrying between uninhabited beaches and fishing villages, visitors can take in museums designed by Tadao Ando and site-specific installations by James Turrell and Yayoi Kusama. The setting, framed by sky and sea and perfectly suited to silent contemplation, connects

Japan's ancient past with a radically modern artistic sensibility.

This month, Christie's will host one of the most highly anticipated estate auctions in decades: the massive trove of blue-chip artwork, furniture and other curios that once belonged to David Rockefeller (grandson of oil magnate John D. Rockefeller) and his wife, Peggy. Art-world watchers speculate that it could be the first time a private collection sells for more than \$1 billion. With headline-grabbing works such as Picasso's *Young Girl With a Flower Basket* and rare pieces by Matisse and Manet, the sale also highlights the Rockefellers' personal taste for collectibles, including porcelain dinner services (they owned 67). In the midst of a heated market, this landmark

auction recalls a bygone era of collecting and the legacy of one of America's wealthiest families.

Last, for our portfolio of haute couture, we sent model Shanelle Nyasiase to the sun-baked plains of the Mojave Desert's Antelope Valley, in California, accompanied by photographer Dario Catellani. The resulting images (plus a short film, shot by Piero M Bressan), featuring Nyasiase decked out in tulle, silk, satin and feathers, capture the unguarded, buoyant energy of spring—a spirit of renewal that we hope you'll find infectious.

Kristina O'Neill
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DAVID YURMAN

WSJ.

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LIGHT OF DAWN
Photographer
Jamie Hawkesworth
captures Yayoi
Kusama's famed
yellow pumpkin in
Naoshima.

JAMIE HAWKESWORTH & PICO IYER

JAPAN'S ENCHANTED ISLANDS P. 68

Surrounded by Japan's Seto Inland Sea, Naoshima and its neighboring islands are dominated by renowned museums and galleries that draw in tens of thousands of art appreciators every year. In the area, abundant natural light illuminates outdoor installations and floods spaces housing revered works by the likes of Claude Monet and Yayoi Kusama. But down seaside roads and narrow streets flanked by traditional homes, locals carry on with their daily existence. "You go into a museum and see a Monet and come out into a village where a piece of paper on the floor is interesting too," says photographer Jamie Hawkesworth. Writer Pico Iyer has lived in and around Kyoto for over 30 years but was likewise taken by the islands. "The beauty of the Naoshima project is that it's built a super-contemporary, forward-looking, futuristic set of museums that somehow takes one deep into all of Japan's ancient principles," says Iyer. He recounts having to take off his shoes and pass through an antechamber in order to view a collection of Monet paintings. "The feeling becomes akin to entering a chapel or church—and you come to see Naoshima as a temple." >

870 MADISON AVENUE 67 WOOSTER STREET NEW YORK



CÉLINE

MAY 2018

CONTRIBUTORS

NICHOLAS ALAN COPE, KELLY CROW & NOEMI BONAZZI

ROCKEFELLER ON THE BLOCK P. 92

"I knew the fate of David Rockefeller's estate would be an epic story," says *Wall Street Journal* art reporter Kelly Crow (near right, bottom), who wrote about the upcoming auction of the late philanthropist's expansive art collection at Christie's in New York.

Photographer and set designer Nicholas Alan Cope (near right, top) and prop stylist Noemi Bonazzi (far right) had to orchestrate a shoot of the works without being able to touch a single one. "Handlers are the unsung heroes of museums and auction houses," says Bonazzi. "We worked in the style of Dutch still-life painting," says Cope. "With such an eclectic group of items, it was essential to have a strong aesthetic reference."



LACHLAN BAILEY & GERALDINE SAGLIO

WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE P. 98

Lush jungles on the French-Caribbean islands of Guadeloupe served as the backdrop for one of this issue's fashion portfolios, featuring model Carolyn Murphy in a series of utility-inspired ensembles styled by Geraldine Saglio (near left) and photographed by Lachlan Bailey (far left). "Geraldine and I wanted to shoot an iconic American beauty in a raw, simple and modern way," says Bailey, who captured Murphy in minimal makeup, with wisps of hair falling from a loose bun. And Murphy embraced the wild setting, posing in a waterfall and allowing a snake to drape around her neck like a scarf.

MARJON CARLOS & ANDRE D. WAGNER

TRACKED P. 57

As a street photographer, Andre D. Wagner (far right) is used to being on the move. But still, he was impressed with the endurance of Richelieu Dennis, the CEO of Sundial Brands and this month's Tracked subject. "As soon as we went over the schedule for the day, I realized that was going to be the last calm moment," Wagner says. "But Richelieu took the time to make sure people felt comfortable around him." Writer Marjon Carlos (near right) noted Dennis's authenticity, which extends to his company. "Sundial is really a conduit for social and economic progress in the black community," Carlos says. "I appreciated that more than anything."



MILA TAYLOR-YOUNG & DAVID THIELEBEULE

CLEAN SWEEP P. 47

Spring's many handbag trends, from pastel colors and animal prints to metallic finishes and classic logos, were gathered into one motley package this month by *WSJ. Magazine*'s style director, David Thielebeule (near left). "This season's accessories were particularly varied, so we brought in similarly mixed props to tie together the disparate styles," he says. Set designer Mila Taylor-Young (far left) incorporated everyday items like laundry detergent containers, jumper cables, a tire and paintbrushes to complete the bold environment, photographed by Marius W Hansen. "To me, it's all about creating one expression," says Taylor-Young. —*Sara Morosi*



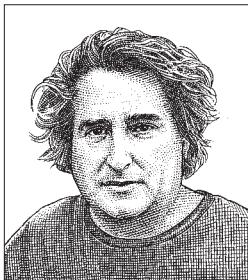
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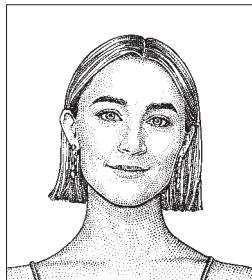
THE COLUMNISTS

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



GREGORY CREWDSON

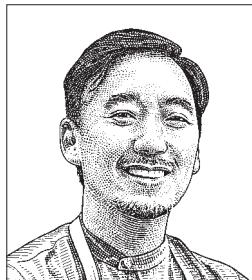
"There's a profound connection between the process of making art and a kind of superstition, though I might use a word like *ritual* or *routine*. As a photographer, I'm at my best and most productive when my days are identical. I get a specific coffee from a certain place. I swim each day. Whenever I'm location scouting I go to the same places over and over again. You can call it habit or you can call it obsessive-compulsive behavior, but there's something about the word *superstition* that certainly applies. It comes down to order and an attempt to clear your path of unknowns. We all have chaotic, disordered lives, and we use these superstitions, or familiar habits, to give ourselves a false sense of order—the illusion of stability. That's what we're all striving for in different ways."



SAOIRSE RONAN

"I feel about superstition the way I feel about ghosts—I'm slightly terrified of the idea but I kind of want it to be real. So if I'm brave enough to walk under a ladder there is a small part of me that's willing something to go wrong. It's like believing in a type of magic. My father and I knew an Irish actor named Chris O'Neill. Without him, neither of us would be acting. Chris was the kind of guy who was incredibly well-read and smart. And he was superstitious. When anyone would mention the title of 'the Scottish play,' for example, he'd run outside the theater, turn around three times and then knock on the door to come back inside. I think a lot of actors did that. Superstitions give us a sense of security. It's about taking any nerves or fear you might have and putting it into something you can control."

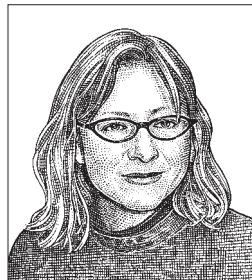
Ronan is an actress. She stars in *On Chesil Beach* and *The Seagull*. Both open this month.



JUNGHYUN PARK

"In general, Korea has a superstitious culture. I think a lot of it has to do with beliefs passed down by older generations. Several examples of these superstitions come to mind: When opening a restaurant, you want your first customer to pay in cash because that will bring you success; writing someone's name in red means their death; if you give a pair of shoes to your boyfriend or girlfriend, that person will leave you (while wearing the new pair of shoes). Many Koreans also visit fortunetellers. Some CEOs even bring shamans into their meetings and involve them in business deals. I think because religion isn't as predominant in Korea as it is in Western culture, Koreans have developed their own ways to understand why something happens—these become superstitions."

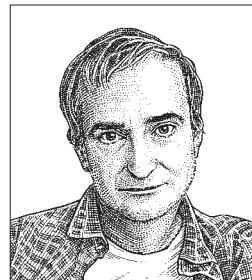
Park is chef and co-owner of *Atoboy*. His new restaurant, *Atomix*, opens in NYC this month.



HELEN DEWITT

"Superstition stands in opposition to the current state of scientific knowledge. We have these mechanisms to hedge against chance—lucky horseshoes, salt over the shoulder. There is this tendency, which is not actually separate from science, to look for patterns. Often if something is perceived as unlikely—making 20 green lights in a row—there is an irrational idea that something one did made it happen. ('Maybe it's because I was wearing my lucky shirt.') There are games that are a mixture of chance and skill, like poker. If you're a good player, you can normally beat someone who doesn't understand the odds as well. But there is a difference between being able to calculate risk to give yourself the best expectation of coming out ahead—by how you play your cards—and thinking that you can change the card you're going to be dealt next."

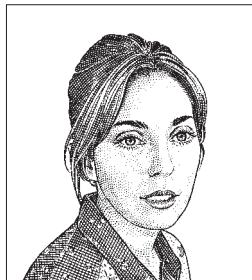
DeWitt is a writer. Her new story collection, *Some Trick*, is out this month.



OLIVIER ASSAYAS

"Superstition came before religion. It's so deeply embedded in us; it's something from the absurdly distant past. It connects us to the most ancient layer of our identity. We can't explain it but we feel it. France is a very rationalist culture—everyone makes fun of superstition. They still believe in it slightly, but they smile about it more in France. My superstitious roots are in Hungary. My mother was Hungarian and extremely superstitious; she passed that on to me. She would freak out if you dropped salt or if a black cat crossed her path. I believe that there's more to the world than what we see, and in a way I think there's a beauty to superstition in the sense that it gives some sort of soul to objects or totems and to otherwise very banal events in our lives."

Assayas is a director. A restored version of his film *Cold Water* was rereleased beginning last month.



MEGHAN REMY

"I don't relate to superstition. It doesn't factor into my life at all. Everyone thinks about it sometimes—I don't know how you couldn't—but I have a fear of rituals. I like change. The one thing you find in humans all over the world is a desire for purpose and a fear of death. The latter is the source of superstition. No one is exempt from death, and that's a bitter pill to swallow. We like to think that we can make adjustments to our fate, but that's just not the case—it's dangerous to believe that we have much control over anything. So you can do something the same way all the time in an effort to achieve an outcome you want, but there are so many other factors in the universe going on at the same time. I'm more interested in working on what I can control and accepting the rest."

Remy is a musician. In February, she released her album *In a Poem Unlimited* under her recording moniker, U.S. Girls.



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WHAT'S NEWS.

TWIST OF PLATE
Frog legs with spring garlic, parsley and Meyer lemon, part of the menu at soon-to-open wine bar Verjus.



WINE AND SPIRIT

This summer Lindsay and Michael Tusk, founders of acclaimed San Francisco restaurant Quince, are bringing the city a lively Parisian-style *cave à manger*.

BY JAY CHESSES PHOTOGRAPHY BY KYLE JOHNSON

ON A TRIP TO Paris in January, San Francisco restaurateurs Lindsay and Michael Tusk enjoyed an evening at L'Avant Comptoir, chef Yves Camdeborde's perpetually packed Left Bank wine bar, fighting their way to the counter for charcuterie, croquettes and glasses of great, funky wine. "We love that kind of eating, the conviviality, a little disorganized by design," says Lindsay, 47.

When the Tusks' new place, Verjus, opens in San Francisco's Jackson Square this summer, they're hoping it will take on a similar freewheeling spirit. The project, which they describe as their midlife-crisis restaurant, takes its cues from the *caves à manger* (or eat-in wine cellars) proliferating in the French capital, specializing in easy snacks and reasonably priced wine served in an unpretentious setting.

The Tusks' California interpretation will occupy a pair of gutted storefronts two blocks from their three-Michelin-star flagship, Quince, and its boisterous sibling, Cotogna. Their third venue will be their most casual and, they hope, their most fun. "We're looking for a bit more anarchy, a chance to let our hair down," says Lindsay. "We're thinking yé-yé girls style, [Serge] Gainsbourg playing, French and '70s, quite spirited."

Half of Verjus will be filled with wooden tables and chairs by the late Parisian designer Pierre Chapo, a laid-back layout for enjoying the rotating menu of gutsy French food overseen by chef de cuisine David Meyer: crispy frog legs, say, or stewed escargots. The bar's mostly French soundtrack will match its mostly French selection of offbeat wines, sold at retail prices to pop open on-site or take home with a house-cured *saucisson*. The bar's other half will be a shop offering items the Tusks have discovered on their travels—antique truffle slicers, bespoke knives, Japanese glassware, French ceramics and other items long coveted (and sometimes pocketed) by diners at their other restaurants.

In Paris, the couple picked up vintage plates, wine carafes and lighting fixtures at the Marché Paul Bert Serrette and found new culinary inspiration in charcuterie star Arnaud Nicolas's "haute couture" *pâtés en croûte*, sold at his seventh-arrondissement dine-in shop. "That was probably the best place we went the whole time," says Michael, 49, who is developing a foie gras *tourte* based on one served there.

Nearly 15 years after launching Quince, the Tusks are returning to their roots with Verjus, channeling the French *joie de vivre* they first encountered when they both worked at Chez Panisse in the early '90s—though not at the same time. They met and fell in love a few years later working at Paul Bertolli's Oakland restaurant, Oliveto, where the food drew on the traditions of northern Italy. The region also informed the debut menu at Quince, which very quickly won



SAN FRANCISCO TREAT Above: Michael and Lindsay Tusk outside of their restaurant Quince. Below left: Roasted sea bream and octopus with fava beans, bacon and sorrel, another dish planned for the Verjus menu.

a devoted following. "We opened the restaurant one night, and it was off to the races," Michael says. Bertolli calls him the "hardest-working chef I know," crediting him with the culinary equivalent of perfect pitch.

Nine years ago the Tusks moved Quince to a much larger space in an 18,000-square-foot building they bought with the backing of loyal patrons. They opened Cotogna next door a year later, serving rustic Italian dishes from a wood-fired hearth. Over time, Michael's cooking at Quince, which got its third Michelin star in 2016, has become more eclectic, influenced not just by Italy but also by France, California and Japan.

Quince will get an overhaul from designer Steven Volpe next year. For now, it's covered in fine-art photography, on loan from restaurant regulars—both collectors and the artists themselves, including Hiroshi Sugimoto and Richard Learoyd. Apple design guru Jony Ive, another Quince acolyte and friend of the Tusks, is designing them a bar cart. "While the whole ecosystem of restaurants in San Francisco went in another direction in terms of casual, approachable, Michael has paved his own path," says Dan Barber, chef and co-owner of New York's Blue Hill.

Though the Tusks say they will always have an affinity for Italy—Michael is working with a company in the Marche on a line of dried pasta—recent travels in France have rekindled their interest in the country's food and culture. Last year, they hired a pastry chef from L'Ambroisie in Paris to work at both Quince and Verjus, and Michael is cooking up his own versions of throwback French dishes. "We were kind of Italophiles for a bit," he says, "and then the love of France came back."



FACTS & STATS

SPACE NEEDLE

Built for the 1962 World's Fair, Seattle's Space Needle is what the future used to look like. Now the aging landmark has been shored up for years to come by design firm Olson Kundig. The renovated structure, upgraded with the latest technology, debuts May 25.

—Ted Loos

10

LAYERS
of glass form the
restaurant's new 37-ton
rotating floor, making
the mechanics that
power the rotation
visible for the first time.

100 MILLION DOLLARS
is the cost of the rehab, privately funded by the structure's owners, the family of the original developer, Howard S. Wright.

60,000,000

VISITORS
have come through the attraction since it was built, including 1.3 million last year.

400 DAYS

was about the time it took to build the tower, a schedule that was then remarkably fast.

176

TONS
of glass have been added to the observation areas, bringing the project in line with the creator's original plan, which was not possible with 1960s technology.

75

INCHES
in every direction is the amount of leeway the seismic upgrades allow the structure. All buildings move, and now the Needle can really sway.

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THE OTHER CONVERSATION



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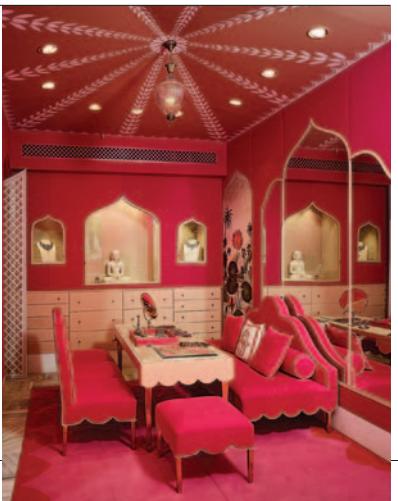


STOREFRONT SKIN DEEP

In-demand dermatologist David Colbert and his New York Dermatology Group co-founder, JP Van Laere, have launched a new venture: a 7,000-square-foot clinic called NYDG Integral Health and Wellness, with eight treatment rooms, two cryotherapy facilities and a retail space. Facials and bodywork feature products from skin-care expert Susanne Kaufmann, and to provide a more intensive range of services, Colbert has also brought on a nutritionist, an OB-GYN and an orthopedic surgeon. nydg.com. —Rima Suqi

IN THE PINK

Siddharth Kasliwal, of the India-based jewelry mecca Gem Palace, recently enlisted designer Marie-Anne Oudejans to make over the firm's private Jaipur atelier in the city's vibrant palette. "We like to leave clients with an amazing experience of India," he says. gempalace.com. —Christine Whitney



ON BEAUTY

"Sometimes using less can feel much stronger," says Chanel makeup artist Lucia Pica, discussing her vision for this year's cruise collection, which features bronzing body mist L'Eau Tan. Inspired by a tanning oil Coco Chanel herself created in 1932, it imparts just a hint of color and a whiff of cologne. "Your personality doesn't wash away in summer," Pica adds. "It stays." For details see Sources, page 118. —Mia Adorante Christiansen



BRAND REFRESH

SPACE 519, THE CHICAGO CONCEPT BOUTIQUE, HAS JUST REOPENED TWO BLOCKS FROM ITS ORIGINAL HOME.

THE NEW 5,000-SQUARE-FOOT SHOP FEATURES A RESTAURANT, CALLED THE LUNCHROOM, AND AN ALL-DAY CAFE.

space519.com

BASE RANGE

Whether worn with a suit or sweats, these sneakers in neutral tones give any outfit a sophisticated foundation.

From top: Sperry, Feit, John Lobb, Tod's, Moncler, Brunello Cucinelli, Hermès. For details see Sources, page 118.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: CHRISTIAN GALAN; MITA CORSINI BLAND; F. MARTIN RAMIN, STYLING BY ANNE CARDENAS; CARDENAS (CLOTHING AND ACCESSORIES); COURTESY OF DEREK LAM (DEREK LAM RUNWAY); COURTESY OF CAROLINA HERRERA (CAROLINA HERRERA, RUNWAY)

ALESSANDRA OLANOW/ILLUSTRATION DIVISION (PHONE ILLUSTRATION); DONATAS1205/SHUTTERSTOCK (BACKGROUND); F. MARTIN RAMIN, STYLING BY ANNE CARDENAS (CLOTHING AND ACCESSORIES); COURTESY OF DEREK LAM (DEREK LAM RUNWAY); COURTESY OF CAROLINA HERRERA (CAROLINA HERRERA, RUNWAY)



THE DOWNLOAD

POPPY DELEVINGNE

The British model and actress, who plays Picasso's mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter in the new season of *Genius*, shares what's on her phone.

Number of unread emails
7,117. But I don't understand how that's possible. I'm scarily organized.

How long was your most-recent phone call and whom was it with?
A three-way call with my sisters, Chloe and Cara. Basically 22 minutes of us talking at each other.

First app checked in the morning
BBC News.

Are there times when you try to stay off your phone entirely?
At dinner with my husband. He makes it a rule, which I begrudgingly comply with.

Most-recent Uber trip
From lunch with my dad in Notting Hill, London, to my home in Shepherd's Bush.

Favorite emoji

App most likely to be viewed while in a checkout line
WhatsApp. Shout-out to the circle of trust, my favorite, most naughtiest group.

Most-used app
Netflix. Whenever I travel I'm hooked to it.

Favorite picture on your Instagram feed
A picture of my best friend, Theo [Niarchos], and me dressed up as Richie and Margot from *The Royal Tenenbaums*.

Favorite food app
Deliveroo in London. I'm a terrible cook.

Craziest place you've left your phone
In a watering can in the garden. Another phone and two weeks later, my 3-year-old nephew found it.

Strangest autocorrect mishap
I sign off Poopy quite a lot, which is frustrating.

Favorite shopping app
Villoid. I just bought a Gucci skirt that I practically dribbled over.

Favorite podcast
Desert Island Discs. So old school.

App you wish someone would invent
A time-travel app. That would be ace.

BRIGHT LINES

On sandals, skirts or swimwear, bold stripes in cheerful colors reflect summer's sunny outlook.





ON DISPLAY

UP CLOSE

A show at New York gallery Luxembourg & Dayan focuses on rarely seen works by mid-century Italian artist Domenico Gnoli.

IN THE 1969 painting *Curl*, the last work Domenico Gnoli ever completed, a blown-up corkscrew of chestnut hair is isolated against a pink background of worsted fabric. Gnoli used acrylic paint mixed with sand and glue to achieve a granulated, textural effect. But, as with the majority of his paintings, the art is also about the unseen. Who is this girl with the curl?

"There is always an invisible presence in his paintings. It's never the object itself," says Daniella Luxembourg, co-founder of the gallery Luxembourg & Dayan. This month, an exhibition of rare Gnoli works, all dating to the last five years of his short, blazingly creative life, opens at the gallery's New York space. The Rome-born artist, who died of cancer in 1970 at the age of 36, was also the subject of an acclaimed show at the gallery in 2012, but the new exhibition features an entirely different trove of works, none of which have been seen in the U.S. since 1969.

Other pieces on view feature an empty chair, a red knotted tie, an austerely parted head of hair and sturdy stilettos. "Gnoli's paintings became more voluptuous and more baroque from 1965 onwards. It was as if he had more courage," Luxembourg says. "Nobody really understood his power, and now there is a huge aura around him."

luxembourgdayan.com
—Tobias Grey



LARGER THAN LIFE

Above: Domenico Gnoli in his Mallorca studio in 1969. Left: *Scarpa vista da dietro*, 1967, part of the Luxembourg & Dayan show.

FRESH TALENT

For its fall-winter 2018 men's collection, Prada asked prominent architects and designers to create pieces using the label's signature black nylon.

For details see Sources, page 118.



RONAN & ERWAN BOUROULLEC
The playful French brothers have conjured a shoulder bag in the style of an artist's portfolio.

HERZOG & DE MEURON
Text fragments, tattoos, coins and scrolls are evoked on the Swiss architecture firm's coat and shirt.



REM KOOLHAAS
The Dutch architect reinvented Prada's classic backpack to be worn on the front for easier access.



KONSTANTIN GRCIC
A fishing vest owned by artist Joseph Beuys inspired the German designer's multipocket apron.



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TREND REPORT

KEEP IT CASUAL

Edgy silhouettes sculpted in dark- and raw-wash denim soften with the addition of a few relaxed preppy pieces.



JEAN EXPRESSION
Top, from left: Lacoste dress, Studio Nicholson shirt, Escada pants, Frame belt and Mansur Gavriel shoes; Guess jacket, Arjé sweater, Hilfiger Collection pants and model's own earrings (worn throughout). Middle, from far left: AG dress, Lacoste polo, Hyke pants, The Elder Statesman sweater (worn around waist) and Mansur Gavriel shoes; Joseph shirt, Sunspel boxers, Rag & Bone pants and R13 apron.

SMART SET
From near right: Hyke jacket, Rag & Bone polo, Tibi skirt, The Sleep Shirt shirt (worn on shoulders); Sandro sweater, Matthew Adams Dolan shirt, Acne Studios Blå Konst shorts and Frame belt. Model, Liz Kennedy at Fusion Models NYC; hair, Adam Szabó; makeup, Maki Hasegawa. For details see Sources, page 118.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JEFF BOUDREAU
FASHION EDITOR
ALEXANDER FISHER

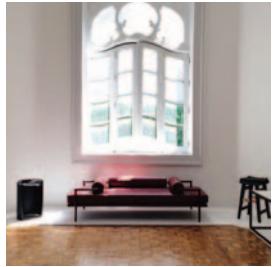


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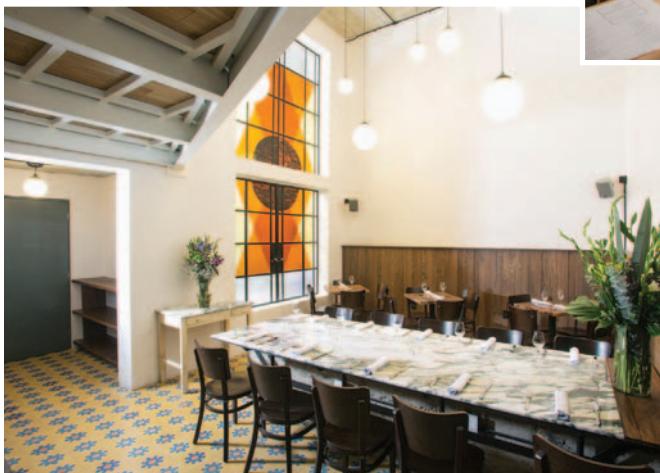


INTERIOR ANGLES
Left: The housewares at Utilitario Mexicano. Above: Furniture company Luteca's showroom.



LOCAL TASTE

Above: Ice cream shop Heladería Casa Morgana. Right: Havre 77's outdoor seating. Below: The dining room at Amaya. Below right: A sandwich from Cicatriz.



DRINK IT IN
Above: A cocktail from Xaman.
Right: The bar's plant-themed décor.

NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH

COLONIA JUÁREZ

In this Mexico City district, historic buildings are being reborn as boutiques, bars and restaurants.

Amaya

The modern Mexican menu changes often at this casual spot, but one constant is the all-natural wine list that includes chef Jair Téllez's own Bichi label. amayamexico.com

Casa Prim Hotel Boutique

With 24 individually designed rooms, this new property features a towering green wall and a rooftop restaurant. casaprim.mx

Cicatriz

A brother-sister duo from New York runs this airy all-day eatery offering stateside staples like kale salad and avocado toast.

cicatrizcafe.com

Havre 77

Pujol alum Eduardo García helms this romantic brasserie set in a 19th-century mansion. Expect French classics and an impressive raw bar. havre77.com

Heladería Casa Morgana

This cheery blue storefront serves refreshing fruit sorbets and creamy gelato in flavors like cinnamon and chocolate with churros. [Milán 36](http://milan36.com)

Luteca

Luis Barragán-inspired daybeds and other pieces from this New York and Mexico City-based furniture maker fill the brand's recently debuted showroom. luteca.com

Utilitario Mexicano

This home-goods store artfully employs floor-to-ceiling pegboards and warehouse shelving to display its functional but stylish wares. utilitariomexicano.com

Xaman

Specializing in creative drinks that incorporate Mexican herbs and spices, this basement cocktail den is from the team behind local hot spot Licorería Limantour. xamanbar.com. —Brooke Porter Katz

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Photo Michel Ghoett. For advertising purposes only. Special thanks: Zuma Editions. ¹Conditions apply, ask your store for more details. ²Program available on selected items and subject to availability.



Agape. Dining table, design Sacha Lakic.

Lift. Sideboard/bar, design Sacha Lakic.

Ava. Chairs, design Song Wen Zhong.

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FASHION EDITOR
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COLORING AGENT

Throw in a touch of pastel pigment. Clockwise from top left: Ralph Lauren Collection, Longchamp, Hermès, Tod's and Bally.

CREATURE COMFORTS

An animal print does everything but blend in. Clockwise from top left: Roberto Cavalli, Akris, Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello, Stuart Weitzman and Bottega Veneta.







CHORE THING
Go bold with a metallic bag. Clockwise from top: Chloé, Louis Vuitton, Alexander McQueen and Gucci.



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GEMFIELDS

TAG TEAM

Classic logos have a fresh appeal.
Clockwise from top left: Max Mara,
MCM, Fendi, Dior
and Balenciaga.



SPIN CYCLE

Floral prints add a punch of color. Clockwise from top left: Etro, Furla, Prada and Giorgio Armani.





GET WEAVING

Basket bags showcase their endless adaptability.

From top: Miu Miu, Michael Kors Collection and Proenza Schouler. For details see Sources, page 118.



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ONWARD AND UPWARD
Richelieu Dennis, CEO of
beauty company Sundial
Brands, in Harlem, New York.

TRACKED

RICHELIEU DENNIS

The beauty mogul is on a mission to create a more inclusive space for women in business.

BY MARJON CARLOS PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDRE D. WAGNER

THE FAMILY-RUN conglomerate Sundial Brands has long dominated the black natural hair and skin-care market. Co-founder Richelieu Dennis has developed Sundial, which includes best-selling brands SheaMoisture and Nubian Heritage, from a small venture hawking homemade soap on Harlem street corners into a business the company says is valued at \$1 billion. But for Dennis, 48, Sundial, which was recently acquired by Unilever, remains a means to an end. "This was never about building a business," he says. "This was about taking care of and investing back in our community." It's an economic philosophy that factored into his purchase of Essence Communications (publisher of the monthly magazine) from Time Inc. earlier this year. "If we're relying on somebody else

to take care of our issues, then we're never going to have true freedom," he says.

Dennis was born in Monrovia, Liberia, to an economist mother and an insurance executive father. After Dennis's father died, his mother, Mary, shuttled him and his sister back and forth between Sierra Leone and Liberia, as civil unrest slowly took hold of both countries. Through an academic scholarship, he eventually left for Boston's Babson College. Upon graduating in 1991 he found he still could not return to his homeland, which had become a war zone. So in a Queens, New York, apartment, Dennis—along with his mother, who had decamped for the United States as well, and his former college roommate, Nyema Tubman—resuscitated his grandmother Sof Tucker's skin-care recipes and began selling organic

creams, soaps and elixirs. Sundial's customers soon became loyalists. The 27-year-old business has retained control over its production, marketing and social media.

Last spring the company disappointed many of its fans by running an advertisement that appeared to cater to white consumers. As a result, Dennis and his team are intent on proving that their mission is still to better serve their core audience: women of color. This is perhaps most apparent in Dennis's recent project. At the time of the Unilever acquisition, he ensured the creation of the New Voices Fund, a \$100 million initial investment to empower businesses run by women of color. "We built this business on a micro-level, community by community. That's how it needs to happen," he says. >



9:21 a.m.

Dennis meets with members of the Sundial and Unilever teams to discuss the New Voices Fund at Unilever's offices in New Jersey.



10:54 a.m.

Dennis on his way to a meeting in Harlem.



11:37 a.m.

The Sundial team at Les Ambassades, a Senegalese restaurant in Harlem.



12:25 p.m.

Boxes of SheaMoisture products unloaded at Harlem Fragrances, one of the first retailers to carry Sundial products, in the early '90s.



12:56 p.m.

Dennis inspects his merchandise during an in-store event at Whole Foods.



5:05 p.m.

Celebrating Essence's red-carpet season with president Michelle Ebanks.



2:30 p.m.

He meets with entrepreneurs at Les Ambassades to discuss their common experiences, challenges and solutions.

8 relatives

The number of family members who work for Sundial, including Dennis's mother, Mary, and sister, Richelyna Hall.

650 SKUs

The approximate number of products available from Sundial's SheaMoisture.

50 mentees

The women of color entrepreneurs whom Dennis advises.

26 years

The time Sundial has operated out of its Amityville, New York, headquarters.

15+

black female millionaires
The number Dennis is hoping to initially generate via his New Voices Fund.

16,000 women

The number of Ghanaians benefiting from SheaMoisture's Community Commerce program, which sources shea butter from cooperatives in that country.

19 years

The time it took for Sundial to come to mass-market retailers' shelves.

3+

work trips

The average number Dennis takes each week. Most recently he visited Chicago, Los Angeles and Johannesburg, South Africa, all within 72 hours.

\$240 million

Sundial's estimated sales in 2017. •

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PAINTING: MARY CORSE, UNTITLED (WHITE MULTIBAND, BEVELED), 2011, GLASS MICROSPHERES IN ACRYLIC ON CANVAS, 96 X 72 INCHES

DRESSED IN COWBOY boots and jeans, her long blond hair pulled back in a ponytail, Mary Corse stands in her new studio, on a break from a day of painting. “It has heating now—fancy,” she says, chuckling as she compares it to her drafty old workspace. “I can get a lot more done.” Her house, which is just behind the studio, is surrounded by towering palms and a backyard barbecue, as well as lemon trees laden with ripe yellow fruit. She can’t really have pets, because of the rattlesnakes.

The studio is located on a remote hilltop in out-there Topanga Canyon, about 25 miles west of downtown Los Angeles. On the wall behind Corse today is one of her signature “band paintings,” a 9-by-9-foot canvas with bold, hard-edged ribbons of black, yellow and white, all lined up in a row like a telegraph transmission from an unseen force. Corse scans the rest of her studio, which is filled with sketches and works in progress.

This month she shows at Dia:Beacon and London’s Lisson Gallery, and in June her survey at the Whitney Museum of American Art will be unveiled. “I’m so excited,” says Corse, 72, of the recognition she’s finally getting. “It’s been a long time coming.” At Dia:Beacon, eight of her works are going on long-term view for at least three years, putting her in the company of Dan Flavin, Donald Judd, Walter De Maria and Louise Bourgeois, among other greats, while Lisson will present eight new pieces. The Whitney survey, which opens on June 8, will consist of more than two dozen works from the past 54 years. The luminous abstract canvases that will be seen there—each packs a maximal wallop with minimal means—will be a discovery for many visitors.

Although she has produced art consistently for over five decades, Corse is only now being recognized by the wider world as a key member of the Light and Space Movement. Centered largely in California, the movement emerged in the 1960s as an offshoot of conceptual art, one that attempted to understand artwork as a function of sensory perception. Artists associated with the movement include Robert Irwin, Peter Alexander and John McCracken, but its most famous member is James Turrell, known for his pleasingly disorienting *Skyspaces*, his blockbuster 2013 Guggenheim exhibition and for *Roden Crater*, a mammoth ongoing installation in a dormant Arizona volcano. About Corse’s career, Turrell, a friend, is blunt in calling out the challenges posed by gender bias, then and now. “It took her a lot longer because she’s a woman,” he says. “But she was the most interesting artist out there.” The possible impact

of gender on her career is not a topic Corse likes to address, but then again, she’s not a big talker.

Corse is an authentically Western personality, more about action than chat. As she herself said in the 1968 short film *White Light*, which documents her heyday as a young, groovy woman in a mostly male milieu, “Words are very difficult.”

“She’s a do-it-yourself person,” says Whitney curator Kim Conaty, who organized the museum’s show and has seen Corse turn down assistance in moving around enormous canvases. “She has the pioneering spirit.” For her silently shimmering white “light box” works of 1968—which hold the viewer’s gaze in a surprisingly strong grip, given their pared-down construction from Plexiglas and a few other com-

abundance of the two qualities in the name. Not true, according to Corse. “I’m not a landscape painter,” she says, standing in front of a band painting. “I don’t see the light of the sky and say, ‘Oh, I want to do that in a painting.’ No, it’s more about the human state, internal. I would paint the same paintings in New York as I did here.”

Corse’s approach has a decidedly meditative, Eastern philosophy quality—which does sound somewhat California-like. “What I learned was, you cannot think a painting,” she says. “They don’t come out well. You try to get rid of your thoughts so you can experience something else.” Corse adds that she has to get her mind “empty enough” to find “the pathway” to the composition.

But even after a lifetime at the canvas, she’s still finding new ways to improve her process. Pinned up on her studio wall is a series of some three dozen doodles done with black and blue pens, creating a forest of rectangles, crosshatches and other shapes. Recently, Corse realized that she was doodling whenever she was talking on the phone, and that those shapes were ending up in her art. So now she’s saving them more purposefully. “It’s a direct path to your subconscious,” she says.

A California native who grew up in Berkeley, Corse was already working abstractly in the seventh grade and admiring the art of mid-century greats Hans Hofmann and Josef Albers. She was “tracing their paintings, writing 10-page papers as a 12-year-old,” she says. She continued in this way, eventually going on to receive her B.F.A. from the Chouinard Art Institute (now CalArts) in 1968.

As a young woman in her 20s and 30s, Corse already had traction in the art world, working with acclaimed New York dealer Richard Bellamy, whose gallery presented early shows by a number of then up-and-coming artists including Yayoi Kusama, Richard Serra and Judd. Though now thought of as a West Coast artist, Corse was better appreciated by Easterners like Bellamy. “It’s not very intellectual out here, or it wasn’t then,” she says. It was for this reason, as well as for family considerations, that she took herself out of the urban art scene, such as it was at the time in Los Angeles. She moved, in 1970, to the same remote property she occupies now.

Even though she acknowledges she’s not “a city person,” Corse still seems surprised that she ended up in Topanga Canyon. “It was a cinder-block shack with a donkey walking past,” she says of the state in which she found the property. But the lack of distractions appealed to her, and she needed a place to >

ART TALK

THERE’S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY

For much of her more than five-decade career, the painter Mary Corse was largely overlooked. But with three new shows this season she’s become hard to miss.

BY TED LOOS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CAROLYN DRAKE

ponents—Corse famously made her own Tesla coils, the electricity-conducting circuits that make them glow. “She made her own Tesla coils—people don’t do that,” says Courtney J. Martin, deputy director and chief curator of the Dia Art Foundation. “Flavin was into readymade, but Mary is the exact opposite.”

Despite her mistrust of words, once warmed up Corse will readily relay a few thoughts on a lifetime dedicated to art making. A pet peeve is the assumption that somehow the Light and Space Movement took place in California because of that state’s happy

LEAD THE LINE

Mary Corse at her Topanga Canyon studio with *Untitled (White Multiband, Beveled)*, 2011.



raise two children. "She's always been a little bit of a hermit," says Conaty. "She'd rather be in the studio, with a paintbrush in her hand."

Her path was not always easy. "I was a single mom and broke—totally broke," Corse says now of a period that she says lasted until about 2000. "There were many times I would have preferred to quit." She notes that she never had a job other than painting—except for a long-ago gig as a backup dancer in a ballet production, for which she was paid \$25. She always managed to sell a painting when she needed to. "Bellamy kept me working, and I'm sure he's responsible for the grant I got," she says about the National Endowment for the Arts fellowship she received in 1975. These days, she is represented by Kayne Griffin Corcoran, Lisson Gallery and Lehmann Maupin.

But it was her inclusion in the first iteration of *Pacific Standard Time*, the L.A.-focused, multiexhibition event of 2011, that helped put her back on the art-world radar. The fact that she made it into two of the shows—*Pacific Standard Time: Crosscurrents in L.A. Painting and Sculpture, 1950–1970* at the Getty Center and *Phenomenal: California Light, Space, Surface* at the Museum of Contemporary Art San Diego—indicated that the art world's collective consciousness was naturally turning back to her.

As the works at the Whitney demonstrate, Corse has been on a remarkably consistent artistic

trajectory for decades. "Capturing light has been her quest," notes Conaty. The earliest painting in the show, 1964's *Untitled (Octagonal Blue)*, is one of the rare instances of color; many of the other pieces are predominantly white. "Different colors make for different internal journeys," says Corse. "They create emotions and feelings." But the clue is in the materials: The metal flakes embedded in the acrylic blue paint show her trying to render light. That quest continued with her fluorescent light boxes, like *Untitled (White Light Series)* from 1966.

Following this period, Corse moved to a phase where white itself represented light. The painting *Untitled (White Grid, Vertical Strokes)*, 1969, is a feat of subtle tone variation that makes the hand of the artist palpable. *Untitled (White Double Arch)*, 1998, presents a crisp black shape resembling a gateway, with a bifurcated white background that suggests an open book. Like all of her work, it's an invitation of sorts.

In 1968, she took to embedding glass microspheres in her paint, a move that fueled her best-known works. The idea came to her through a classic aha! moment one dark night while cruising down the Pacific Coast Highway in Malibu. "It struck me when I was driving, 'What's in those white lines?'" she recalls of the road paint. "As they lit up, I thought, Oh, I've got to try that." She learned from the highway department that there were different-size beads mixed into the paint used for pavement markings; she bought them from the same manufacturer and started blending them together to create a recipe she could use.

Her tools varied over the years, but they all served the underlying understanding that the perceptual was everything. "I realized there was no objective truth; it wasn't out there," she says. "That was a big deal."

"Her work has evolved a lot, in a tight range," says Turrell, who gives her credit for pushing forward even when the art world wasn't very encouraging. "She kept the faith and stayed with it—she got through to the other side." Being an older artist has its perks, says Turrell: "She's freed up now in a way she might never have contemplated before. It's a great period for her."

Corse agrees, but true to form, she is focused on making new art rather than talking about it. The adulation of the exhibitions will be pleasant, but outside validation is not what has powered her this far, because that can be a trap. Despite her devotion to art and her shunning of doing anything else to make money, she chafes at the idea that it's a job. "I don't know if I want to be a 'professional artist,'" she says, smiling. "I guess you want to stay free." •

"HER WORK HAS
EVOLVED A LOT,
IN A TIGHT
RANGE.... IT'S A
GREAT PERIOD
FOR HER."

—JAMES TURRELL



TOOLS OF THE TRADE

Clockwise from left: Corse's painting *Untitled (Yellow, Black, White, Beveled)*, 2010; sketches of works in progress and general ephemera; a heap of used foam paintbrushes.



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DESIGNER DWELLING

CLASH PAD

Rafael de Cárdenas's Brooklyn apartment—where vintage Baccarat mingles with Mapplethorpe, plus a few things in between—reflects his roving eye.

BY SARAH MEDFORD PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN KENT JOHNSON

AHEAD OF THE CURVE
In de Cárdenas's dining room, a Paul Rudolph table and Mario Bellini Cab chairs meet a 1980s Swedish secretary. The mixed-media work on the wall is by Isabelle Cornaro.

IN THE EARLY 1970S, the Brutalist architect Paul Rudolph designed a dining table for a house in Westport, Connecticut, that sums up that complicated decade. Its top, a pristine oval of white plastic laminate, looms like a jumbo jet over three Plexiglas legs in the shape of oil drums. When the piece came up for auction about 10 years ago, the interior designer Rafael de Cárdenas knew it would be his. "You have to understand the history of it to love it," says de Cárdenas, who was born in 1974 and came across Rudolph's work as a student at the Rhode Island School of Design. "I was obsessed with it."

After paying nearly \$10,000 for the table, de Cárdenas put it in storage, waiting until he had just the right home for it. About two years ago, he finally did. Motivated by a vague longing to live in a more bucolic zip code and to entertain more often, the Manhattan-born-and-bred designer moved from his longtime Chinatown loft into a railroad apartment on the parlor floor of an 1890s brownstone in the Clinton Hill section of Brooklyn. In came the table, which now occupies the grandest of six sunny, high-ceilinged rooms.

"I've never lived in a place this old," says the 43-year-old de Cárdenas, dressed in a collared sweater and Birkenstocks and glancing from the table's antiseptic surface down at wood floors scarred by generations of tenants. "I'm never going to have a dance party here. But I do like being able to have 10 people over for dinner." His guests can choose among Mario Bellini's 1977 leather Cab chairs, a 1920s Swedish armchair with a dedication to a previous owner scrawled on its underside or two circa-1968 fiberglass seats designed by Michel Boyer for the cafeteria of the Rothschild Bank in Paris.

"Raf was looking at those chairs for a long time," says Suzanne Demisch, who sold him the pair and whose Greenwich Village gallery (Demisch Danant, specializing in French modernism) de Cárdenas designed not long ago. "He likes our program," she says. "Our speed, in a way, and our storytelling. What we get behind is not on everyone's radar—he likes that. He likes to be in the know."

The same restless intelligence informs Rafael de Cárdenas/Architecture at Large (RDC/AAL for short), the firm de Cárdenas founded in 2006. Since then he's overseen upward of 100 projects, from art installations, pop-up shops and an East Village apartment for the actress Parker Posey to boutiques and environments for Cartier, Baccarat, Nike and, most recently, the 25,000-square-foot Manhattan headquarters for Glossier, a beauty brand favored by dewy millennials.

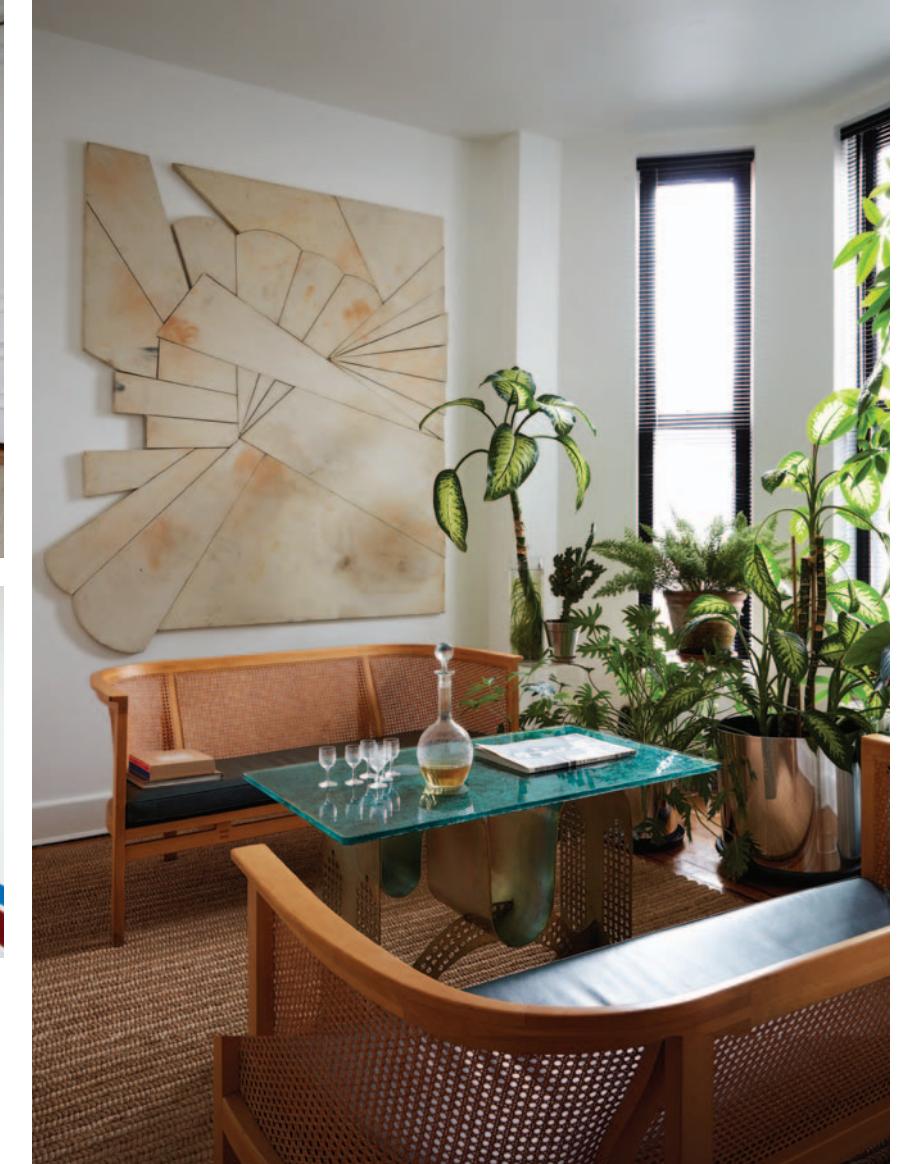
"A lot of our professional lives intersect with what's cool and fashionable," says de Cárdenas of his partner, Cale Harrison, an agent for photographers and stylists in the fashion world who divides his time between Paris and Brooklyn. "It's nice that our private lives don't at all. Cale and I watch *Pee-wee Herman*. And *Moonlighting*. It's the best TV show."

De Cárdenas approaches interior design as a highly associative game, and the influences he cites most often are late-20th-century film, TV, art, music and fashion. Given the contemporary brand work he does, getting in touch with the Victorian aura of his new home, as a prelude to furnishing it, felt like a >

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ADAM CHARLAP HYMAN, PAINTING; ISABELLE CORNARO, JARDIN AVEC FONTAINE, DÉTAIL II (GARDEN WITH FOUNTAIN), DETAIL II, (2012, 63 X 41 3/4 X 3 3/4 INCHES, COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND GALLERIE RAJICE HERTLING, PARIS); MATT PAWECKI, CORNER OVAL TABLE, 2014, COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND GALLERIE RAJICE HERTLING, PARIS; MATT PAWECKI, FOUND CHAIR, ARTICHOKE HERART, ROME, 17 1/2 X 17 1/2 X 34 INCHES, REY KODOGAN, SOULDID, AND BAND, 2015, POWDER-COATED ALUMINUM, TWO PARTS, 5 1/2 X 48 INCHES X 8 X 48 INCHES, RON NAGLE, PM DOM (2013), © RON NAGLE, COURTESY OF MATTHEW MARKS GALLERY, FRANK L'ANGELLA, 1984, © THE ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE FOUNDATION, COURTESY OF ART + COMMERCE.



NEW ATTITUDE
From left: In the bedroom, a Robert Mapplethorpe photo hangs above a Michele de Lucchi chair; de Cárdenas next to Ron Nagle's *PM Dom* (2013), at left; cane sofas and a Wyatt Kahn painting in the living room.



a juvenile approach to decorating a grand apartment," he says of the reference. "There was something romantic about it that we both responded to."

Since the place is a rental, the decision not to spiff up the walls (which de Cárdenas calls "an American inclination") also made practical sense. The one modification the new tenants insisted upon was a kitchen overhaul. On de Cárdenas's first visit to the brownstone, he'd noticed a door to the outside obscured behind the refrigerator; when he asked about it, the landlord said he'd never seen it open. The remark lodged in the designer's mind like the proverbial red flag before a bull. He wasn't satisfied until he'd rearranged the room to access the door, which opens onto a landing and a staircase down to the street.

"This is the entrance we use, though it doesn't have an address," says de Cárdenas, stepping out into the cold spring air. He has been flirting with the idea of buying a grill and barbecuing here. "As far as I'm concerned, I have a terrace!" he says, before closing the door with a slam and heading off to the subway. •

PURSUE THAT WHICH AWAKENS YOU.



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La meccanica delle emozioni



MAY 2018

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THE WALL STREET JOURNAL MAGAZINE

SKY'S
THE
LIMIT

Shirts hanging out to dry
at a traditional home
on Japan's Teshima island.



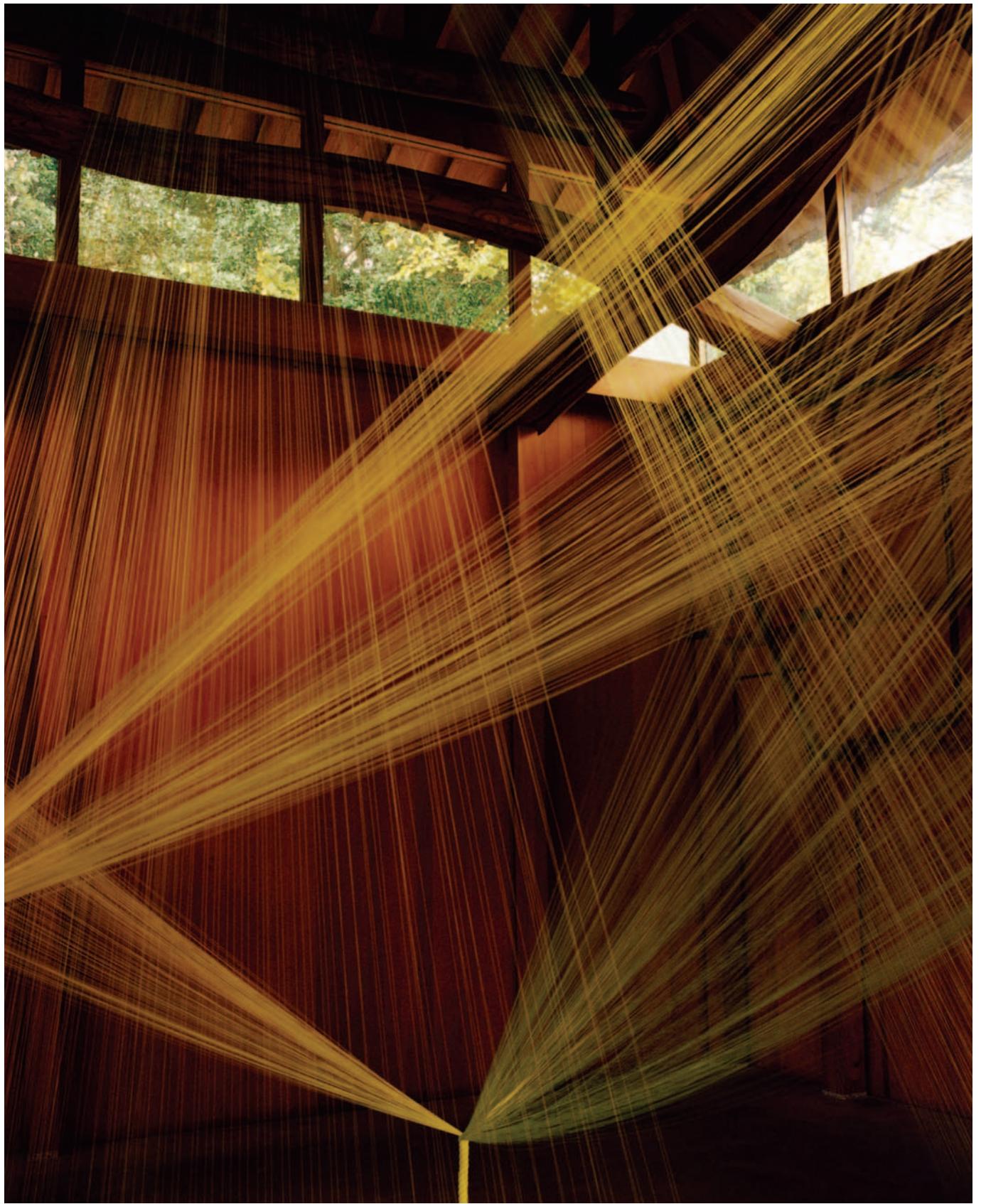


WITCHING HOUR
A traditional wooden house on Teshima.

JAPAN'S ENCHANTED ISLANDS

Futuristic minimalism, a rich historical atmosphere and timeless natural beauty combine to haunting effect along Japan's art-filled archipelago.

BY PICO IYER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMIE HAWKESWORTH



STRING THEORY

Ether, an installation by Chinatsu Shimodaira in C-Art House, one of the five gallery buildings in the Inujima “Art House Project,” a collaboration between artistic director Yuko Hasegawa and architect Kazuyo Sejima.

CHINATSU SHIMODAIRA, *ETHER*, 2015, EXHIBITED AT INUJIMA “ART HOUSE PROJECT,” C-ART HOUSE, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR YUKO HASEGAWA, ARCHITECT KAZUYO SEJIMA, INUJIMA, NAOSHIMA



AHEAD OF THE CURVE

Benesse House Oval, designed by architect Tadao Ando.



LIGHT AND SHADOW

Clockwise from top left: Light projects from the tinted red glass of the Teshima Yokoo House; Lee Ufan's *Relatum-Repose or the staff of Titan*, on the lawn of the Lee Ufan Museum on Naoshima; view from the Benesse House Museum toward George Rickey's *Four Lines*; one of the Benesse House Museum's outdoor works, Rickey's *Three Squares Vertical Diagonal*.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: TESHIMA YOKOO HOUSE, TESHIMA (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE); LEE UFAN, RELATUM-REPOSE OR THE STAFF OF TITAN, 2013, LEE UFAN MUSEUM, NAOSHIMA; GEORGE RICKEY, FOUR LINES, 1978-88, BENESSE HOUSE MUSEUM OUTDOOR WORK, NAOSHIMA, ART © GEORGE RICKEY FOUNDATION/LICENSED BY VAGA, NEW YORK, NY THREE SQUARES VERTICAL DIAGONAL, 1972-82, BENESSE HOUSE MUSEUM OUTDOOR WORK, NAOSHIMA, ART © GEORGE RICKEY FOUNDATION/LICENSED BY VAGA, NEW YORK, NY

TADANORI YOKOO, INSTALLATION OF GARDEN, TESHIMA YOKOO HOUSE, 2013, CONCEPT AND ARTWORKS BY TADANORI YOKOO, ARCHITECT YUKO NAGAYAMA, TESHIMA

FREE FORM

The garden inside the Teshima Yokoo House, by Tadanori Yokoo.



OFF THE BEATEN PATH

The road leading to the Chichu Art Museum, bordering the Chichu Garden, which features about 200 kinds of flowers and trees. The plantings are inspired by Monet's own garden at his home in Giverny, France.

CHICHU GARDEN, CHICHU ART MUSEUM, NAOSHIMA



OUT OF THE PAST

The cemetery behind a 16th-century Buddhist temple on Teshima.



THE GREAT OUTDOORS

From top: Remains of the century-old Inujima refinery power plant, which now houses the Inujima Seirensho Art Museum; situated in the local village on Inujima is one of Yusuke Asai's outdoor works, *Listen to the Voices of Yesterday Like the Voices of Ancient Times*, part of the Inujima "Art House Project."

BOTTOM: YUSUKE ASAI, LISTEN TO THE VOICES OF YESTERDAY LIKE THE VOICES OF ANCIENT TIMES, 2003-2006, INUJIMA "ART HOUSE PROJECT," ARTISTIC DIRECTOR YUKO HASSEGAWA, INUJIMA

WHEN I LEFT my comfortable life in New York City in 1987 for the backstreets of Kyoto, Japan, I knew just what I wanted: clarity, simplicity and depth—all the things I'd tasted during two brief visits to the city's 800-year-old temples and silent teahouses.

I never imagined, after 30 years of living in Japan, that I'd find myself somewhere as rustic and empty as a stony Hebridean island in the Seto Inland Sea, a slow, four-hour trip from Kyoto, where an elderly woman is pushing a wheelbarrow down a narrow lane. Her very presence is a sight; the entire island of Inujima houses all of 47 people. Their average age is almost 70.

As I clamber around the ruins of a large copper refinery (which closed in 1919 after copper prices plummeted)—six of its smokestacks still tower over the bedraggled island—I come across a gleaming, one-story structure. I step into the Seirensho Art Museum, erected by architect Hiroshi Sambuchi amid the refinery's rubble in 2008, and find myself in a pitch-black passageway, surrounded by eerie duplicates of myself in a maze of mirrors.

Two rooms beyond, a smiling young guard presses a button, whereupon a door in front of me slides open, revealing a seemingly endless corridor of mirrors; a moment later, she presses another button, and a door behind me slides open and blood-red holographic characters keep scrolling down on both sides of what now seem to be more infinite lines of reflections. In the last of the museum's six uncluttered chambers, all the creation of Japanese artist Yukinori Yanagi, gold-plated Japanese characters suspended in midair quote from maverick novelist Yukio Mishima's manifesto explaining his dissatisfaction with the modern land, the manifesto he delivered minutes before he ritually disemboweled himself outside the Tokyo headquarters of Japan's Ground Self-Defense Forces in 1970: "We will return Japan to its true form, and then we will die there."

Sobering words to encounter in a forgotten village of shuttered shrines and overgrown patches of eggplant. But ever since the museum was built, Inujima—or Dog Island, so named because a huge boulder is said to resemble a crouching canine—has seen its fortunes transformed. When Yanagi toured the area in 1992, he has said, more graves were in evidence than living beings. He felt he'd arrived at "the end of a dream." But within two years of the museum's 2008 opening, over six times more visitors were making the long pilgrimage there.

Now, as I wander around the five other "Art House Project" sites set amid persimmon trees and wooden houses with onions hanging against their walls, a short walk from the museum, I feel I'm tasting a slow, traditional Japan I seldom see, quickened by some radical, up-to-the-second visions. It hardly matters whether the art is a futuristic way of reviving the old or an ancient way of dreaming up tomorrows. In either case, it transports.

By now, much of the world knows about Naoshima, the forgotten island in the Inland Sea whose southern half was bought by the Fukutake publishing company in 1987 and transformed into a dazzling, world-class center of art designed by the self-taught architect Tadao Ando. First Ando built the Benesse House Museum and set up 10 guest rooms on its upper floors so visitors could look in on a Giacometti or Twombly until late at night, treating them as neighbors. Then artists from across the planet were commissioned to make site-specific pieces around the island, to go with a Yayoi Kusama pumpkin on the beach and a framed Hiroshi Sugimoto photograph hanging outdoors.

In 2004, Ando completed the Chichu (or "Underground") Art Museum, featuring just one room with five Monets, another with

a piece by Walter De Maria and a section containing three works involving light by James Turrell. Now one could live for days inside a unified contemplative space with three museums within easy walking distance and visionary artworks all along a single, empty road.

Yet far fewer museum-lovers are aware that the Benesse Art Site Naoshima, as it's now called, has also spread to two other nearby islands, including Inujima. All are stitched together with nine other islands and two port cities every three years in the Setouchi Triennale, whose fourth incarnation will stretch across the calm blue waters in the spring, summer and fall of 2019. Benesse, which is overseen by longtime chairman Soichiro Fukutake, controls the islands' museums and exhibitions as well as the only high-end hotel on Naoshima. The project has breathed fresh prosperity and pride into villages formerly left behind by the modern world.

It also represents an exhilarating lab for creating what Fukutake calls an independent country of the mind and imagination. As he outlines his notion of "public interest capitalism," the billionaire businessman often stresses that he's "neither a philanthropist nor a critic." But encouraging the creation of art, he seems to realize, may be a way of both boosting business and sustaining the less tangible values that are what make many of us feel truly rich.

"Waah, a foreigner!" cries a cheerful matron as she enters the high-roofed wooden house where I'm stealing a quick lunch at one of the only restaurants on Inujima. She turns in excitement to a friend who's flinging her shopping bag down on the tatami. "Look: a foreigner! Can you believe how long his nose is?"

Fortified by their hearty good nature—I'm not often greeted like this in Kyoto—I get onto a tiny ferryboat, called *Thunderbird*, for the 25-minute trip to the neighboring island of Teshima, which opened its own art museum in 2010. We land at a quiet port on an island of just three fishing villages, and a minivan carries a handful of visitors past deserted forests, depositing us near the top of Mount Myojin. All around is a head-clearing view over the great, still blue plate of the Inland Sea, islands upon islands silhouetted in the distance.

In front of us, on a large lawn, are two alien white pods like drops of water, barely visible above the earth: the Teshima Art Museum and its matching gift shop and cafe, all designed by architect Ryue Nishizawa. I enter a solitary glass booth to purchase a \$14 admission ticket and follow a long path winding between trees above the sea. The gradual approach, as in a Shinto shrine, is a way to leave one world behind and prepare for another.

Slipping off my shoes, I step into a silent, bare cave that's 200 feet long at its deepest. It's a womblike space, at each end of which is a large, elliptical opening in the roof. Only five other visitors, all young Japanese women, are visible, each of them gathered under the far opening: One is on all fours, inspecting a droplet rushing across the floor (somehow produced from within the ground by Hiroshima artist Rei Naito, who calls the piece *Matrix*); three others are sitting motionless, gazing up at the heavens; the fifth is on her back, silky hair falling all around her. The collected stillness reminds me of what I've experienced only in monasteries. I hear bell crickets from the trees and make out, through one oval opening, a leaf falling, the onset of drizzle. The figures around me are so still they might almost be artworks, too.

I'd felt unexpectedly transformed the first time I came to Naoshima, in 2010, and experienced my first Turrell *Skyspace*, in the Chichu Art Museum. His intimate square chapel, with pews running along every side and a square cut out of the roof, moved me to stop and watch for long minutes the constantly changing sky that usually I'd hurry past. But the elliptical openings in the Teshima space carry the project one step further. The Teshima Art Museum

is softer, more feminine than Turrell's Quaker-straight lines. And since there are two openings, the light from one is part of what I see while observing clouds and black birds through the other.

The ovals, I suddenly recall, echo the space where I'm staying on Naoshima, in one of the six hidden rooms Ando built around an oval pool on top of a hill, attainable only to guests in the rooms through a secret door in the Benesse House Museum and a monorail. Ovals pull him, Ando has said, because they have "a mysterious sense of depth." And the way that shape recurs across the islands reminds me of how a culture that cherishes harmony and teamwork aspires to create a whole much greater than the sum of its parts. In most museums I visit, I see a collection of disparate pieces; here, even traveling across islands, I feel I'm hearing a chorus.

As I emerge, after hours, from the silent, almost devotional space, I notice emerald rice-terraces on both sides of the narrow main road. Not long ago, Teshima was known as the place disfigured by 900,000 tons of industrial waste illegally deposited on an island whose very name means "beautiful island." It was a place to escape, rather than to visit. Now, however, the art project has "reactivated" the traditional planting of rice, just as the installations in the 16th-century village of Honmura, on Naoshima, have generated newly spotless and spacious wooden homes in a community that, two generations ago, was at risk of extinction.

"Reactivate" is how Fukutake and his colleagues constantly describe what they're doing with the islands. But with each visit, I realize they're doing the same with me. It's no coincidence that the ovals resemble an eye; part of the magic of so many of the artworks across the Benesse islands is that they offer not just sights but a fresh way to see.

With subtlety and drama, these 21st-century projects are, in fact, reactivating the oldest principles of Japanese art and life. The massive concrete fortresses that Ando creates teach slowness and patience, much as the long and roundabout series of local trains and ferries that brings one to the islands do. The Teshima Art Museum—nothing but a single space with running droplets—frees you from distraction, just as a nearly empty room in a 17th-century teahouse might. The hypercontemporary artworks inside old wooden houses remind you, as in a *ryokan*, or traditional inn, that art is everywhere, if only you have eyes to see it.

One morning in Naoshima, I leave my room in the Oval building—its central pond a constantly shifting gallery of reflections, its rooftop literally a garden, offering almost 360-degree views across the Inland Sea's canvas of coves and faraway inlets—and head to Honmura, a quiet 40-minute walk away. When the Emperor Sutoku visited in the 12th century, a sign in the Ando Museum in Honmura explains, he was so moved by the "unspoiled ingenuousness of the islanders" that he gave the place the name *Naoshima*, or "Honest Island." In 1934, parts of the islands of the Inland Sea became Japan's first national park. But after the "economic miracle" of the postwar years went into overdrive, local landscapes and lifestyles were devastated. Even now, the northern half of Naoshima is thick with the chimneys of Mitsubishi's central smelting works and refinery.

Yet as I step off one of Honmura's thin lanes and into a 200-year-old wooden house, it's to be faced with a large, almost black pool, on top of which red, yellow and green LED digital counters keep flashing. Artist Tatsuo Miyajima's work reminds me that Japan can itself be seen as a flurry of fast-moving innovations above a deep and changeless well. I recall how Miyajima, in a lecture on Naoshima, pointed out that a TV screen has meaning only once you

turn it on—a suitably contemporary image for a classic idea about the channels we have inside us. "Someone looking," as Miyajima says, is actually "using the artwork and the artist...to see art that is really inside of [them]."

It can certainly be unsettling at times to wander around a cluster of islands in which every detail is curated—pens are not allowed in the museums, all guards seem to be dressed in white, one has to slip off shoes before seeing the Monets—and sometimes the works can't live up to their settings. Thirty minutes from the Teshima Art Museum, I meander through a near-silent village where 14 grizzled men are busy creating a portable shrine for a local festival the next day. Following a set of stone torii gates up a steep hill to a shrine, I come upon two elderly souls in baggy pants and white Wellington boots swapping monosyllables. Then, passing through a thick grove of trees, I land on a neglected stretch of beach, water lapping near a wooden shack.

Inside, the French multimedia artist Christian Boltanski has set up a dark room in which one can hear a heart pounding and pounding, as deafening as any Shinto drum. In the next room are the recorded heartbeats of earlier visitors who may no longer be living. The *Archives du Coeur* might be a little conceptual for some tastes, but were it not for the installation, I'd never have come upon this beguiling corner of unspoiled Japan.

As the Naoshima project began gaining attention, it was, inevitably, compared with Frank Gehry's Guggenheim Museum Bilbao, which remade the profile—and prospects—of another dying industrial area. Yet Ando, as many observers note, is a counter-Gehry: His goal, Ando explains in his Honmura museum, is to fashion "invisible buildings" that draw the gaze of viewers only to what's around them and inside them. And where Gehry's work feels loudly urban, Ando's cathedrals of contemplation bring to mind waves, wind, clouds and trees, all the "eight million gods" that, in the Shinto vision, govern us all. Besides, Naoshima is as much a work in progress as a garden is: Every time I revisit, there are new installations and museums to extend and deepen the vision.

When I return to my room that evening, all I want to do is step out onto my terrace and watch the sea, the sky, the unfolding museum without walls around me. There are no TVs in the rooms of Benesse House—though the desperate can rent one for \$10—and the internet reception can be so spotty that, needing to send an email one night, I'm obliged to descend into a basement cave in the hotel, next to a spooky Sugimoto installation called *Coffin of Light*. As many of the works keep reminding me—this another foundational Japanese principle—the fewer things you have in front of you, the more you find in every one.

My last night on the islands, I go for a night viewing of the Turrell *Skyspace* and recall the afternoon two days earlier when I'd walked into the large chamber seconds away that holds Walter De Maria's 7-foot granite sphere, *Time/Timeless/No Time*. The 27 gold-leaf wooden blocks along its walls looked strange, unsightly, until another visitor pointed out that, reflected in the sphere, they create what look to be golden doors, upstairs windows, a village shrine. Every time someone enters the room, the site is remade, as it's remade every moment the light changes or fades.

"Look!" the visitor went on, and I saw that we, too, were inside the art, reflected there, as it was inside us. This, I thought, is the deepest beauty of the projects of the Inland Sea: They open up a sea within that's no less tranquil and beautiful. The very world I envisaged, in fact, when first I dreamed of ancient Japan back in New York City. •



TESHIMA ART MUSEUM, 2010, ARCHITECT RYUE NISHIZAWA, TESHIMA

FANTASTIC VOYAGE
The exterior of the Teshima Art Museum, designed by architect Ryue Nishizawa.

Desert Rose

This season's haute couture offerings
spring forth with breathtaking blooms of tulle,
satin, embellished silk and feathers.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DARIO CATELLANI
STYLING BY GEORGE CORTINA

FROCK & ROLL
Clear a path for a dramatic pink gown. Giambattista Valli Haute Couture dress.

See an original film featuring Shanelle Nyasiase
by Dario Catellani and Piero M Bressan
at wsjmagazine.com/desert-rose.



RARE BIRDS

Weightless volume allows
for lyrical movement.
Azzaro Haute Couture
coat. Opposite: Givenchy
Haute Couture dress.





ESCAPE FANTASY

Feathered hats and billowing layers make for fantastical elegance. Valentino Haute Couture cape, pants and gloves, Philip Treacy for Valentino Haute Couture hat and Aquazzura sandals. Opposite: Giambattista Valli Haute Couture dress.





UP AND AWAY
Find freedom in a
dress that's as light
as air. Chanel Haute
Couture dress, Ann
Demeulemeester
sandals and Haptic
Lab kite.



FROZEN IN TIME
Delicate details reveal
the handiwork of
couturiers. Dior Haute
Couture dress. Opposite:
Armani Privé dress.





TRAILBLAZER
Try on organic pieces that encourage movement.
Iris van Herpen Haute Couture dress. Opposite:
Valentino Haute Couture cape, top and pants and
Ann Demeulemeester sandals. Model, Shanelle
Nyasiase at Red Model Management; hair, Marki
Shkrel; makeup, Dick Page; manicure, Marisa
Carmichael. For details see Sources, page 118.



ROCKEFELLER ON THE BLOCK

Peggy and David Rockefeller's vast art collection, ranging from porcelains to Picassos, is poised for a record-setting auction at Christie's—with all the proceeds going to charity.

BY KELLY CROW PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICHOLAS ALAN COPE
PROP STYLING BY NOEMI BONAZZI

ACENTURY AGO, Standard Oil baron John D. Rockefeller became one of the world's first billionaires at a time when the U.S. government's annual budget hovered at around \$700 million. This month, the vast art collection amassed by his grandson David Rockefeller could make history of its own by selling for as much as \$1 billion at Christie's in New York. No other estate auction has ever crossed that mark.

Then again, no other Gilded Age dynasty has ever conjured a vision of wealth quite like the Rockefellers, a surname that still serves as a byword for affluence. David Rockefeller, the former chairman and CEO of Chase Manhattan Bank who led his extended family for decades until he died a year ago at age 101, lived up to the Rockefeller reputation, maintaining a lifestyle worthy of a genteel monarch. He inherited art but soon developed his own taste, outfitting his four homes between Maine and Manhattan with lush masterpieces by Claude Monet, Henri Matisse, Pablo Picasso, Paul Cézanne, Gilbert Stuart, Edward Hopper and Georgia O'Keeffe.

He and his wife of 56 years, Peggy, also accrued 67 porcelain dinner services, including a Sèvres set that Napoleon had taken with him in exile on Elba. They

were given a woven picnic basket as big as a park bench by King Hassan II of Morocco. Years after Peggy died in 1996, David still carried on their tradition of weekend tours around their country estates in one of the antique horse-drawn carriages he collected.

When he died, his personal fortune stood at around \$1.6 billion. By that point, Rockefeller had already given \$1.4 billion to philanthropic causes aimed at education, nature conservation and cultural institutions like the Museum of Modern Art, which was co-founded by his mother, Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, in 1929. His will stipulated bequests of another \$650 million, so he and advisers from Christie's agreed to sell off nearly everything in his personal estate after his death, with all the proceeds to be donated—a charity auction to top them all.

Earlier this year, one of his daughters, Peggy Dulany, who has her mother's curly bob and casual comportment, stopped by one of the sale's beneficiaries, the Stone Barns Center for Food & Agriculture. The nonprofit farm is located in Pocantico Hills, New York, about an hour north of New York City, and Dulany had arrived for a board meeting at the center, where she now serves as chair. Dulany's son, Michael Quattrone, pulled up soon after in a Ford Explorer that bore a bumper sticker reading, STOP TEXTING!

The pair, like many of the 270 descendants of John D. Rockefeller, are still processing what it means to see the bulk of the Rockefeller collection scattered for good. Already, most of the heirs of David's six children live comparatively unassuming lives, devoting their time to various philanthropic causes as they have been trained to do since childhood. (Dulany is the third of Peggy and David Rockefeller's four daughters—Abby is the oldest daughter, born in 1943, followed by Neva, while the youngest is Eileen, born in 1952. There are also David Jr. and their late brother Richard, who died in a plane crash four years ago.)

Growing up, Dulany said her parents nudged her to give away a tenth of her allowance to the church, and she later taught her son to give away a portion of his own allowance as well. "I got a dime a week and he got a dollar," she says. Quattrone grins and says, "Inflation."

Unlike many families who squabble or sue over the dispersal of a blue-chip art collection, the Rockefellers had always made their altruistic intentions clear, says Dulany. "We knew the plan all along, so we never expected to inherit the art," she says.

Yet for outsiders who have spent years tracking the swelling opulence of the Rockefellers, the moment seems weighty. "It feels like the passing of the torch from the gentlemen connoisseurs of the tycoon era to today's markets-driven collectors who keep one eye on the investment values of their holdings," says Evan Beard, national art services executive at U.S. Trust. "Most collectors have never seen how a Rockefeller really lived."

Rockefeller tried to navigate the art world discreetly, but the arc of his collecting has become the stuff of legend among the New York establishment. Born in 1915, the youngest of six, he grew up in a nine-story townhouse on West 54th Street, a site that later became the sculpture garden for MoMA. He started collecting beetles at around age 7, eventually gathering 150,000 specimens, but he didn't really get serious about collecting anything besides bugs

LOT BY LOT The Peggy and David Rockefeller collection, which Christie's will auction off in May, was amassed mostly over their lifetimes to outfit four family homes. Besides porcelain dinner services, figurines, antiquities and Chinese pieces, the sale includes masterworks by Claude Monet, Pablo Picasso, Edward Hopper and Georgia O'Keeffe. *The Blue Donkey*, by Marc Chagall (top left), is expected to fetch \$80,000 to \$120,000. Milton Avery's painting *Playing Checkers* (far right) is estimated at \$250,000 to \$350,000. Objects from the Collection of Peggy and David Rockefeller.





COLLECTOR'S EYE

Because the Rockefeller auction is happening when the overall mood in the art market is giddy, total sales could top \$1 billion—an auction milestone that's never been reached. Among the many *objets*, curios and collectibles (some with estimates as low as \$100) are several big-ticket items, including Jamie Wyeth's painting *Ice Storm, Maine* (far left), anticipated to sell for \$300,000 to \$500,000. Objects from the Collection of Peggy and David Rockefeller.

until after he got married in 1940. (The insects were bequeathed to Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology.) When his mother died in 1948, he took her place on MoMA's board and befriended the museum's director, Alfred Barr, who suggested he take a closer look at the impressionists.

Rockefeller's son David Jr. was 10 years old when the bland equestrian paintings started coming down and masterpieces started going up. "People came by and said, 'You can do better than this,' and they did," he says, "but I doubt my father spent seven figures on any one painting. Back then, \$10,000 was a big price."

From the early 1950s on, Rockefeller and his wife carefully and steadily gathered a museum's worth of art for themselves. Eileen says she remembers art getting uncrated at a regular clip in those days, including Monet's 1914-17 *Water Lilies*, which "just showed up" one afternoon on the stairwell of Hudson Pines, their home in Westchester County, New York. (Christie's estimates that the painting will sell for \$50 million.)

Eileen says her mother, who liked to paint watercolors, was as actively involved as her father; the couple agreed they each had veto power over any art the other wanted to buy.

In 1968, the Rockefellers made one of their savviest purchases when the estate of Alice B. Toklas, the longtime partner of writer and collector Gertrude Stein, became available. The art Stein had amassed ranked among the best in modern art history—Cézannes and Picassos galore—but the estate was valued at \$6.8 million, then a princely sum. No collectors could imagine buying all of it outright, so Rockefeller formed a syndicate with a few other major collectors, including television tycoon Bill Paley and investor and publisher John Hay "Jock" Whitney, to buy the art and divvy up pieces by placing numbers in a hat. Rockefeller drew the first pick, and he and Peggy chose Picasso's rose-period portrait *Young Girl With a Flower Basket*, from 1905, widely considered to be the gem of Stein's collection.

Upon bringing it home, Peggy noticed that the flowers sprouting from the basket in the Picasso piece matched the crimson sand in a Paul Gauguin beach scene, *The Wave*, which they had bought the year before. Soon the works hung near each other, the walls surrounding them painted a similar hue. "That's how important the art was to her," Eileen says. "She wanted the walls to match." For decades after, even as other rooms were updated, Peggy never touched the décor.

On the rare occasion the couple disagreed on an artwork, their children said their father typically took the piece to his office at the bank—or lent it to one of the children. That's how David Jr. got to spend 40 years living with Picasso's 1961 *Woman With Dog Under a Tree*, an image of the artist's lover painted with a contorted, funhouse face that his parents lent him soon after he built his first house. "My mother thought it was misogynistic," he says.

After Peggy died at age 80, the children said their father tried to keep up with contemporary art trends, seeing shows in New York's gallery districts of SoHo and Chelsea, but he didn't buy much—an antique chair, a Vincent van Gogh drawing, a Chinese vase. Dulany says he always took greater comfort in the impressionists he had bought at the outset, when collecting still felt new.

THE ROCKEFELLER sale is arriving at a time when the art market overall is on an upswing, fueled by an influx of new and seasoned international buyers and epitomized by the \$450 million Christie's sale last fall of Leonardo da Vinci's *Salvator Mundi*, or Savior of the World. Now

that a single painting has sold for close to a half billion dollars, it no longer seems a stretch to wager that the Rockefellers' entire collection of 1,562 lots of fine and decorative art could sell for twice as much, dealers say.

There hasn't been a rose-period Picasso to rival *Young Girl With a Flower Basket* since Sotheby's sold the artist's 1905 *Boy With a Pipe* 14 years ago for \$104 million, an auction high at the time for any artwork. Christie's has priced this one to sell for at least \$90 million. A Georges Seurat sailboat scene estimated to sell for at least \$40 million, *The Port of Grandcamp*, debuted in an 1886 Paris show of neo-impressionist work alongside the artist's famed park scene, *A Sunday on La Grande Jatte*, which now belongs to the Art Institute of Chicago.

The marketplace also hasn't seen a brightly patterned Matisse on par with Rockefeller's 1923 *Reclining Nude With Magnolias* in several decades, dealers say. The Matisse, which once hung in Rockefeller's living room at his Westchester County home, is estimated to sell for at least \$70 million.

New York collector Agnes Gund, MoMA's president emerita, said she covets *Lilies and Roses*, a small 1882 floral still-life by Édouard Manet that hung in the foyer of Rockefeller's East 65th Street townhouse. He

"IT FEELS LIKE THE PASSING OF THE TORCH FROM THE GENTLEMEN CONNOISSEURS OF THE TYCOON ERA TO TODAY'S MARKETS-DRIVEN COLLECTORS." —EVAN BEARD

inherited the bouquet from his mother; it's estimated to sell for at least \$7 million. "I used to joke with David that if that Manet ever went missing, he would know who stole it," Gund says. "I'd love more than anything to get it, but I know I won't because his paintings are going to sell so high. They're going to fly."

The pull of a Rockefeller provenance has been tested before, notably a decade ago when Rockefeller consigned Mark Rothko's 1950 *White Center (Yellow, Pink and Lavender on Rose)* to Sotheby's. He had paid less than \$10,000 for it in 1960. Friends say he was impressed by Sotheby's \$40 million estimate—and he was shocked when it sold for \$72.8 million, a record at the time for any contemporary work of art. (A portion of the proceeds went to charity.) More recently, Christie's sold a Botticelli portrait, *Madonna and Child With the Young Saint John the Baptist*, that had once belonged to Rockefeller's father—and was dubbed the Rockefeller Madonna—for \$10.4 million, doubling its low estimate.

This time around, a more acute test of the Rockefeller draw will come with their sprawling porcelain and furniture collections, categories whose prices and popularity lag far behind contemporary art. William Stafford, a Christie's decorative arts expert, said the highest estimate among the roughly 250 pieces of furniture up for bid will be \$70,000 for a pair of Queen Anne stools, far less than masterpiece-level furniture can fetch. One of the least expensive items in the estate also shows up in this segment, a Windsor-style child's chair estimated to sell for at least \$200.

Yet the 320 lots of dinner services, animal figurines and Chinese-export pieces could prove a wild card because of their quirky back stories. The family, starting with John D. Rockefeller, "seemed not to be able to turn down porcelain," according to the family historian, Peter Johnson. One year for Christmas, David Rockefeller bought Peggy a pair of 1755 soup tureens shaped like googly-eye flounders with seaweed-style lid handles and spoons in the form of eels. "She absolutely loved them," Johnson says, adding that she used them for everyday dining as well as special occasions. The tureens are estimated to sell for at least \$80,000.

Subsequent generations of Rockefellers have since joined in, gathering so many examples of one 19th-century pattern with a gold-band border and hand-painted Chinese domestic scenes that collectors now call it the Rockefeller pattern. In April 2017, a complete dinner service sold for \$1 million at

Christie's, tripling its low estimate. Michael Cohen, a London dealer in Chinese porcelain, says Chinese buyers have lately gravitated to the pattern, charmed by the fact that every hand-painted scene differs slightly. The ties to Rockefeller also help, Cohen says, adding, "For some, provenance can be more valuable than the pieces themselves."

Christie's, whose New York sale room is in Rockefeller Center, went to extraordinary lengths to win the right to sell the property, forging friendships with David Jr., who now heads the family, and donating to Oceana, a marine-conservation nonprofit where he serves as a director. Still, the house had to take additional measures to best Sotheby's in a six-month contest that ended in the summer of 2013—four years before David Rockefeller died.

Rockefeller relied heavily on Richard Salomon, his longtime investment adviser, to negotiate terms with Marc Porter, chairman of Christie's Americas, and Stephen Brooks, the house's deputy chief executive officer. While the executives decline to discuss specifics, several people familiar with the deal terms said the auction house guaranteed the family that the Rockefeller estate would sell for at least \$650 million—double the house's initial offer. (Guarantees typically hover around a consignment's low estimate.)

In a rare twist, the estate asked Christie's to ensure that the Rockefellers would be paid in a timely manner by securing an outside line of credit from a bank to cover the guarantee, according to the people familiar with the terms. Such deal-sweeteners are common in major merger deals but are almost unheard of in the auction industry; it means the house is on the hook to pay the family the final price for a work even if its winner tries to renege or seek a lengthy payment plan. According to a former auction-house executive, blockbuster consignment deals like this are rarely moneymakers for the auction house—\$4 million in profit would be a coup in this case, the executive said—but the Rockefeller deal also wove in incentives so the house could reap far more if, say, the sale total surpasses expectations. (The current auction titleholder, Yves Saint Laurent's estate, reaped \$484 million nine years ago.)

When Christie's experts were helping her father pick valuable pieces to slot into its high-profile evening sales, Dulany said they told him Rivera's prices had ballooned lately. Christie's estimates *The Rivals* could sell for at least \$5 million. Had the art market not been as robust as it is, she says she likely would have asked to keep it. "It feels like a piece of him," she says. •

was bequeathed four pieces, including Maurice de Vlaminck's colorful Parisian street scene from 1905, *Suburban Landscape*. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, where generations of Rockefellers have donated all manner of pieces—from medieval tapestries like *The Hunt of the Unicorn* at the Met's Cloisters to African and Asian art—got Rockefeller's Manet table scene *The Brioche*.

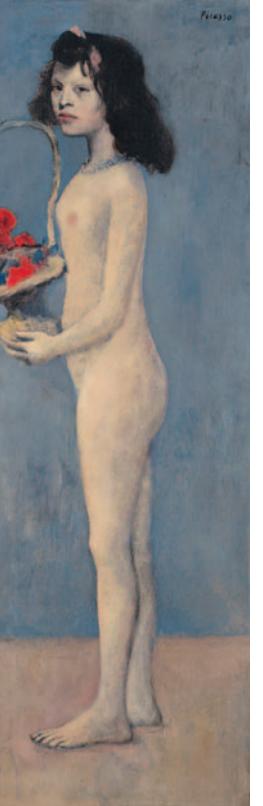
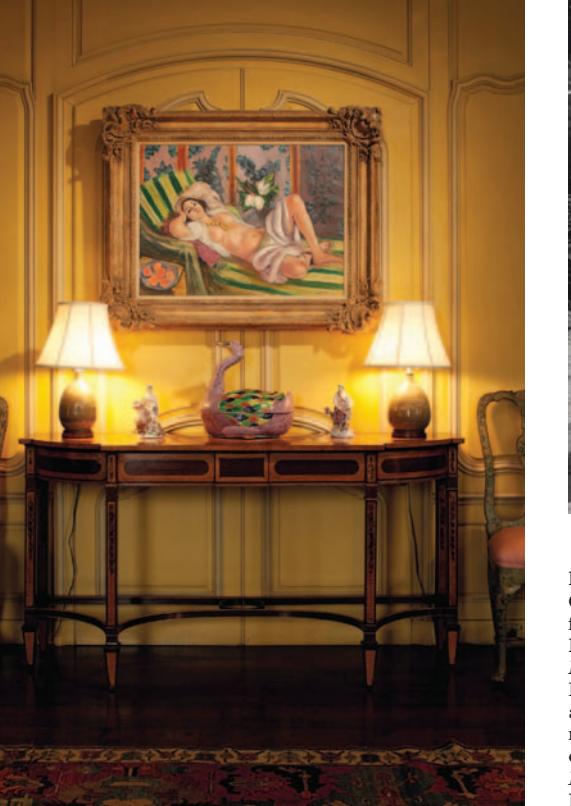
Additional treasures pack Kykuit, the Rockefellers' 40-room Georgian Revival mansion situated high above the Hudson River near Tarrytown, New York, where the robber baron who started it all retired in 1913. The home, whose Dutch name is pronounced *KIGH-kut* and means "lookout," is now owned by the National Trust for Historic Preservation and peers down onto a 300-acre family compound dotted with sculptures by Henry Moore, Constantin Brancusi and David Smith, collected mostly by Rockefeller's older brother, Nelson.

In his will, Rockefeller also allowed each of his five surviving children to pick up to \$1 million worth of art to keep as mementos essentially. Anything else they want will require an auction paddle.

Eileen Rockefeller says among her choices were a small yellow upholstered Minton chair from her childhood bedroom and a round Queen Anne table that her father kept in his library; her son Adam Growald chose a brass deer and unicorn pair from Nepal. David Jr.'s daughter Ariana Rockefeller says she chose an 18th-century porcelain dinner service because it reminded her of eating oatmeal breakfasts with her grandfather.

Dulany says she also chose some porcelain as well as some African figures and an enameled Korean chest. But the piece she truly craves is her father's Diego Rivera from 1931, *The Rivals*. In a classic comingling of art and Rockefeller lore, the Mexican artist painted it for Dulany's grandmother while traveling by boat with his artist wife, Frida Kahlo, to New York for his solo show at MoMA. Her grandmother later gave the large fiesta scene to her son David as a wedding gift, and it hung above the fireplace at his summer home in Maine.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: HENRI MATISSE, ODALISQUE COUCHÉE AUX MAGNOLIAS (1923), OIL ON CANVAS, 23 3/4 X 31 7/8 IN. © CHRISTIE'S IMAGES LTD. 2008; © ROCKEFELLER ARCHIVE; CENTER: PABLO PICASSO, FILLETTE À LA CORBEILLE FLEURIE (1905), OIL ON CANVAS, 60 7/8 X 96 IN. © CHRISTIE'S IMAGES LTD. 2008; CLAUDE MONET, NYMPHÉAS EN FEUILLAGE (CIRCA 1914-1917), OIL ON CANVAS, 63 3/8 X 71 1/8 IN. AND JUAN GRIS, LA TABLE DE MUSIQUE (1914-1917), OIL, GOUACHE, COLOR, WAX CRAYONS, CHARCOAL, AND PAPER COLLAGE ON CANVAS, 31 1/4 X 23 3/4 IN. © CHRISTIE'S IMAGES LTD. 2008; WILLEM DE KOONING, UNTITLED XIX (1962), OIL AND CHARCOAL ON CANVAS, 80 X 70 IN. © CHRISTIE'S IMAGES LTD. 2008; ARTHUR LAVINE, EDWARD HOPPER, RICH'S HOUSE (1930), WATERCOLOR AND CHARCOAL ON PAPER, 16 X 25 IN. © CHRISTIE'S IMAGES LTD. 2008; ÉDOUARD MANET, LILAS ET ROSES (1888), OIL ON CANVAS, 12 3/4 X 9 3/4 IN. © CHRISTIE'S IMAGES LTD. 2008



GOOD IMPRESSIONS
Clockwise from far left: Peggy and David Rockefeller, 1973; *Rich's House*, Edward Hopper; *Lilies and Roses*, Édouard Manet; works by Claude Monet and Juan Gris in the Hudson Pines residence; *The Port of Grandcamp*, Georges Seurat; *Untitled XIX*, Willem de Kooning.



Welcome to the JUNGLE

Follow model Carolyn Murphy on a journey through the wilds of Guadeloupe in the essential travel wardrobe.

GARDEN VARIETY
Take a stand in the simplest of uniforms. Prada coat and shorts, Elizabeth and James tank, Jill Sander sandals (worn throughout) and model's own necklace (worn throughout).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LACHLAN BAILEY
STYLING BY GERALDINE SAGLIO



OFF ROAD
Go wild in naturals. Tod's shirt. Opposite: Isabel Marant top and Isabel Marant Étoile pants.



ROCK SOLID
Keep a versatile
top layer at the ready.
Bottega Veneta coat
and Solace London
swimsuit. Opposite:
Chloé vest, Elizabeth
and James tank and
Matteau bikini bottom.





FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH
Wade into the shallows
for an instant dose of
refreshment. Elizabeth
and James tank and
Matteau bikini bottom.



CURRENT AFFAIR

Cool off in utility-inspired staples.
Michael Kors Collection trench
and bag and Made by Dawn swimsuit.
Opposite: Céline shirt and culottes.

TOP GIRL
TOPEU
Service
24h
THERM







STATE OF GRACE

Loose blouses
and capes are wardrobe
chameleons. Saint
Laurent by Anthony
Vaccarello cape, bra and
briefs. Opposite: Louis
Vuitton shirt and Isabel
Marant Étoile pants.



TRUNK SHOW

Earth tones harmonize with anything. Gucci jacket and Prism bikini bottom. Opposite: Céline coat and Alberta Ferretti swimsuit. Model, Carolyn Murphy at IMG Models; hair, Rudi Lewis; makeup, Petros Petrohilos. For details see Sources, page 118.





All the Pretty Horses

French branding studio be-poles, whose hospitality projects include Four Seasons and NoMad properties, has designed Le Barn, a hotel outside Paris where equestrian life sets the tone.

MANE ATTRACTION

"If Parisians want a quick getaway, they go to Deauville, two and a half hours away, in Normandy," says Antoine Ricardou, founder of be-poles, the branding studio behind Le Barn. "There's nothing closer. Nothing like this. This is a game changer." Horses at Le Haras de la Cense. Opposite: A building used to store hay.





ONE MISTAKE CAN be a disaster,” says Antoine Ricardou, the 44-year-old founder of be-poles, a Paris-based branding studio. Ricardou has been putting the final touches on Le Barn, a new 71-room hotel on a horse farm 30 miles outside Paris in the Rambouillet Forest. The project, opening this spring, is a first for him and his 18-year-old company. In the past, when Ricardou has overseen the visual identity for hospitality projects—from the NoMad hotels in New York and Los Angeles, to the Four Seasons Surf Club in Miami and Les Roches Rouges on the Côte d’Azur—his design purview has been collateral: logos, do-not-disturb signs, matchbooks, binders concealing room-service menus, laundry bags. Across Le Barn’s 35 acres, Ricardou is taking on much more, designing room layouts and furniture, selecting wall coverings and curtain fabric, figuring out the look of the dining room and reception.

Ricardou’s goal for Le Barn is minimalistic yet warm. Because there aren’t many elements in play, one wrong item, he says, can throw off the whole look. The night before the first model room was completed, a few months before opening, he worried the radiator might clash with the Shaker-inspired plywood furniture he and his Paris studio team had been working on for over a year. He wondered whether the cork paper covering the walls would complement the waxed cotton curtains. Ricardou was feeling good about the art he’d selected, including maps from the Montana ranch that partly inspired the idea of Le Barn, horse drawings by Frédéric Forest, framed *herbier* pieces by his wife, Gwenaelle, a landscape architect with whom he has three children, and some of his own sketches, too (Ricardou draws constantly). But he’s been anxious for it all to finally come together. “Until you see it completed for the first time,” Ricardou says, “you can only be confident in your idea.”

Finding a way to display potted plants just outside the rooms had become another consuming issue. Ricardou had looked at ceramic vessels and wood samples for custom planting boxes. Nothing seemed right. “One day,” he says, “we see the gardener cleaning up leaves and putting them in these big bags, rough plastic material with handles, like they have in public parks.” He realized the solution had been right in front of him for months: Use what the gardener uses. “This is a farm,” he says. “It makes sense to consider that the most functional solutions may also be the most beautiful.”

FOR MORE THAN a decade, Ricardou and be-poles have been expanding their travel and hospitality portfolio. Ricardou founded the studio in 2000 to give himself and Poles, the Rouen-based company where he worked, a presence in the capital. (*Be-poles* was intended to be a play on words, signifying a second office; Ricardou now finds the name clunky.) After two years, he split with his partner in Rouen, buying his shares and the company name. Be-poles grew to include projects for cultural institutions like the Centre Pompidou, the Paris Philharmonic and the Fondation Pierre Bergé-Yves Saint Laurent. In 2007, Ricardou broadened be-poles’s reach by publishing the first in a series of sewn-bound,

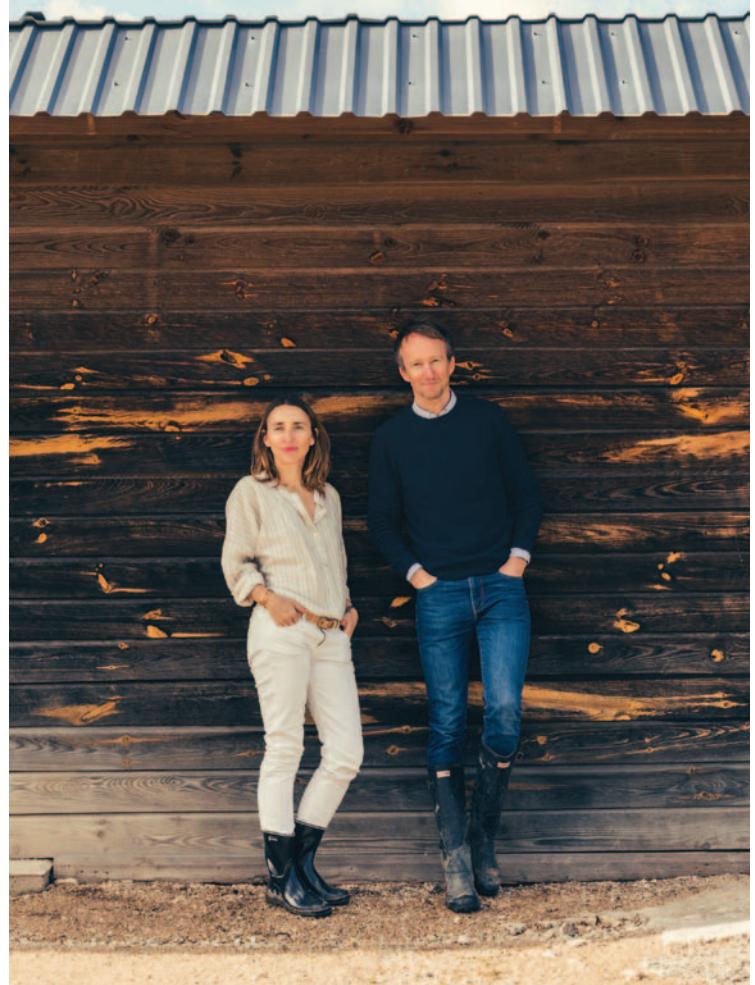
BE-POLES CHOICE
The studio’s artistic director, Clémentine Larroumet (left), and its founder and creative director, Antoine Ricardou. Opposite: Le Barn is decorated with books, maps, artwork, local plants, custom furnishings and other objects hand-selected by be-poles. Ricardou’s personal sketches (top left) informed the overall aesthetic.

soft-cover photography books called *Portraits de Villes*. The debut volume was a 64-page love letter to Los Angeles by photographer Vincent Mercier; he shows the city as an incandescent dreamscape, lit so intensely by the sun that at times it nearly whites out.

The *Portraits de Villes* collection now includes 35 cities, chronicled by as many artists. An edition about Tehran, shot by the architect and designer India Mahdavi, comes out later this month. Ricardou says the books began as a passion project, not as a company strategy. “We wanted to publish people we love,” he says. Nevertheless, *Portraits de Villes* demonstrated the studio’s narrative capabilities as well as its global ambitions. “We want to tell a story everywhere we go,” Ricardou says.

Be-poles earned its first hotel commission in 2011. During a visit to a satellite office the studio had opened in Manhattan, Ricardou was invited to tour the model rooms at the NoMad, then under construction. He found the suggested art on the walls out of sync with Jacques Garcia’s lush interior design. Ricardou proposed hanging 15 original pieces of art in every room; included in each selection would be one photograph from *Portraits de Villes*. “It took three weeks to hang everything; 15 pieces in a hotel room is unheard of,” Ricardou says. Soon after, the business was his. Recently, the NoMad Los Angeles opened with 4,100 pieces of art selected by be-poles; the company will also collaborate on collateral and artwork for the NoMad opening in Las Vegas next year (Vegas will get its own *Portraits de Villes* edition too).

In 2016, Ricardou was contacted about partnering



in Le Barn. Edouard Daehn, a 39-year-old principal at Marugal, a European hotel management company, had come across an enticing prospect: a 35-acre slice of Le Haras de la Cense, a 500-acre horse-training academy owned by renewable-energy magnate William Kriegel. Kriegel, who also owns an 88,000-acre ranch in Dillon, Montana, wanted to turn the property into a simple lodge for people coming to learn La Cense’s proprietary training methods. But Daehn, who worked for Daniel Boulud and Paul Bocuse before helping Marugal open hotels across Europe, recognized that Le Barn’s proximity to Paris and its access to world-class riding facilities could make it a unique destination. “If Parisians want a quick getaway,” Ricardou explains, “they go to Deauville, two and a half hours away, in Normandy. There’s nothing closer. Nothing like this. This is a game changer. It’s Paris’s country house if you don’t have a country house.”

Daehn began lobbying Kriegel for a more ambitious hospitality project in 2014. After six months, he got a green light. Daehn was familiar with be-poles because his wife is related to the husband of the studio’s artistic director (and Ricardou’s business partner), Clémentine Larroumet; he had also vacationed at La Singuliére, an inn in the South of France owned by Larroumet’s mother, Sophie de Mestier.

Ricardou and Larroumet have known each other since they were 12; he says he learned some of his earliest lessons in hospitality decades ago at her childhood home, where the door was always open and wonderful food was served to whomever happened to be around. “So much generosity,” Ricardou recalls. He had hired



FRESH BREWED
On a desk in one of the guest rooms, a coffeepot features a font Ricardou selected for its resemblance to lettering used by French agricultural co-ops. Opposite: At Le Barn, horses are allowed to roam about the property. The animals take shelter in *abris d'herbage*, small barns outfitted with straw and hay.

Larroumet eight months after be-poles opened. Her mother, who then owned a shop selling ball gowns in Paris, was the studio's first client. Ricardou designed her brochures.

Captivated by the studio's work, Daehn became convinced he couldn't do the hotel with anyone else. He admired the way Ricardou edited. His branding was balanced and tasteful, and his résumé seemed first-rate. Ricardou had designed menus for two-Michelin-star chef Hélène Darroze, rolled out a line of grocery packaging for Delphine Plisson's gourmet shop, Maison Plisson, and collaborated with Merci on the launch of its concept store in 2009 and on a watch design last winter (it's been seen on the wrist of French President Emmanuel Macron). "I don't have Antoine's technique, his spirit, his hand," says Daehn. "Not only does he understand how to draw people's dreams, he understands the kinds of places our generation needs."

One afternoon last winter, Ricardou drove out to Le Barn and its parent property, Le Haras de la Cense. He parked his BMW station wagon and stood beside a pen in which three black Friesian horses were trotting around. "To understand Le Barn, you have to understand these horses," Ricardou says. He'd spent hours here over the past couple of years, watching the animals train and studying the people who work with them. He'd traveled to La Cense's Montana ranch, too, to gather inspiration.

The La Cense Method, according to its literature, involves developing "instinctive communication and high-level confidence between horse and human."

High value is placed upon the "mastery of the physical, mental and emotional connections." Ricardou based the identity of Le Barn—and his hopes for how it will be experienced and remembered—on his fascination with these teachings. He wants the hotel to be a place where guests feel understood, where they can get what they need without having to ask. He wants its open spaces to help city dwellers feel instantly free.

A trainer starts working with Drago, one of the horses; she's teaching him how to handle the sudden presence of unexpected objects. It's a stress-management exercise. She waves a bright orange flag in front of Drago's face. He remains perfectly still. "That's what we want," Ricardou says. "Total calm."

Before founding be-poles, Ricardou trained to be an architect at the École Nationale Supérieure d'Architecture de Paris-Val de Seine. "My father was an engineer and wanted us to learn to make things on our own," Ricardou says. "In my family when you wanted a bike, Dad was going to a secondhand shop and buying you a beautiful frame. So for Christmas you had the frame. For your birthday you got amazing wheels. But you didn't have pedals, you didn't have handlebars. You were to build the rest yourself." Ricardou remains an avid cyclist—and sailor. With his brother, he's sailed across the Atlantic twice on boats measuring 35 and 52 feet long.

Studying abroad in Australia, Ricardou picked up a master's degree in design and communication at the University of Canberra. There he learned he could execute ideas at a much faster pace than architecture allowed. Ricardou still believed in building things but

decided he wanted to build brands rather than structures. Admittedly, the speed of construction at Le Barn has frustrated him. "I'm learning to be a more patient person," he says.

While Ricardou's father impressed upon him the importance of knowing how to build, his mother, a primary school teacher, showed him the enduring appeal of simple graphic systems. His earliest branding inspirations, he recalls, were the informal thank-you notes she wrote all the time—"Dear Mrs. So-and-so, thank you for having Antoine over last Tuesday"—and how she signed the family stationery with a line instead of ever writing out her name. What still resonates with Ricardou is the way those sorts of stylistic decisions express one's identity.

With Le Barn about to open, Ricardou has found himself thinking about signage, and in particular the lettering used across the property. He was considering how perfectly the words LE BARN should be painted on, among other places, the side of a Land Rover used for maintenance. The lettering he had chosen was based on a simple, stenciled font used by French agricultural cooperatives to spell out things like *farine* or *blé* or write out the names of their farms on the sides of their tractors and trucks. "A farmer would paint his name on the door, and it would not be super clean," says Ricardou. "We have to remember those accidents."

In a place where serendipity is a design consideration, Ricardou is leaving little to chance. His obsessiveness marks him as a natural hotelier, as he gives equal weight to the macro and the micro. In the space of an hour, Ricardou has critiqued the exterior architecture of Le Barn—he wondered if the new buildings look too immaculate before concluding that a farmer would be very proud to have a brand-new barn—and evaluated the merits of a wax-paper sleeve used to wrap a morning croissant. Ricardou prefers sleeves that reveal more creases each time they're handled. "I like the way the lines show memory," he says.

Though Le Barn is not quite finished, there's already talk of opening the next one. "The dream is to expand," says Daehn. "We could build places with the same values in Portugal or Alaska or outside of New York City." Ricardou says he also hopes to purchase a series of studio apartments in Paris, decorating them and renting them on Airbnb until he can lure an investor to launch something bigger, like a be-poles hotel. Plans to expand *Portraits de Villes* to include children's travel books are also in the works. "We've just signed on the first three artists," Ricardou says.

Walking from Le Haras to Le Barn, past fishing ponds and a 19th-century grain mill that will house a spa, around the horse pen with its trotting Friesians and throughout the meadows that will soon host picnicking guests, Ricardou stops in the building for the reception area and restaurant. Butcher paper and cheese paper, selected by Ricardou, will be framed here as artwork. Some pieces are glossy and some matte; some have subtle lines, like a food service-inspired Agnes Martin. The bar and the check in, Ricardou says, will be one and the same. "You get your drink, you get your key," he says. "I want this hotel to feel like a home." •



"THIS IS A FARM. IT MAKES SENSE
TO CONSIDER THAT THE MOST
FUNCTIONAL SOLUTIONS MAY ALSO
BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL."

-ANTOINE RICARDOU

**COVER**

Benesse House Museum Outdoor Works, Naoshima, Japan: Yayoi Kusama, *Pumpkin*, 1994; Karel Appel, *Frog and Cat*, © 2018 Karel Appel Foundation/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York c/o Pictoright Amsterdam; Niki de Saint Phalle, *Camel*, © 2018 Niki Charitable Art Foundation, all rights reserved/ARS, NY/ADAGP, Paris; Niki de Saint Phalle, *Cat*, © 2018 Niki Charitable Art Foundation, all rights reserved/ARS, NY/ADAGP, Paris

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KEEP IT CASUAL

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Lacoste dress, \$275, lacoste.com, Studio Nicholson shirt, \$438, kickpleat.com, Escada pants, \$350, escada.com, Frame belt, \$185, frame-store.com, Mansur Gavriel shoes, \$475, mansurgavriel.com, Guess jacket, \$128, shop.guess.com, Arjé sweater, \$1,095, arje.com, Hilfiger Collection pants, \$360, tommy.com; AG dress, \$268, agjeans.com, Lacoste polo, \$140, lacoste.com, Hyke pants, \$415, totokaelo.com, The Elder Statesman sweater, \$835, elderstatesman.com, Mansur Gavriel shoes, \$475, mansurgavriel.com; Joseph shirt, \$445, joseph-fashion.com, Sunspel boxers, \$50, sunspel.com, Rag & Bone pants, \$295, rag-bone.com, R13 apron, \$195, r13denim.com; Hyke jacket, \$395, totokaelo.com, Rag & Bone polo, \$175, rag-bone.com, Tibi skirt, \$385, tibi.com, The Sleep Shirt shirt, \$230, intothebedroom.com; Sandro sweater, \$280, Sandro, 150 Spring Street, New York,

DESSERT ROSE

PAGE 81
Giambattista Valli Haute Couture dress, price and availability upon request, +33-01-40-17-05-88

PAGE 82
Azzaro Couture coat, price and availability upon request, Bergdorf Goodman, 754 Fifth Avenue, New York

PAGE 83
Givenchy Haute Couture dress, price and availability upon request, givenchy.com

PAGE 84
Valentino Haute Couture cape, pants and gloves and

Matthew Adams Dolan shirt, \$690, matthewadamsdolan.com, Acne Studios Blå Konst shorts, \$190, acnestudios.com, Frame belt, \$195, frame-store.com

THIS PAGE
Matthew Adams Dolan jacket, \$860, matthewadamsdolan.com, WMV Visvim hoodie, \$775, 180 Duane Street, New York, Frame belt, \$195, frame-store.com

CLEAN SWEEP

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Ralph Lauren Collection, \$1,100, select Ralph Lauren stores, Longchamp, \$775, longchamp.com, Hermès, \$3,500, Hermès stores nationwide, Tod's, \$1,745, tod's.com, Bally, \$1,235, Bally, 689 Madison Avenue, New York

PAGE 48
Roberto Cavalli, \$3,650, robertocavalli.com, Akris, \$2,390, akris.ch, Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello, \$3,850, Saint Laurent, 3 East 57th Street, New York, Stuart Weitzman, \$595, stuartweitzman.com, Bottega Veneta, \$5,200, 800-845-6790

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Chloé, \$2,355, chloe.com, Louis Vuitton, \$3,750, select Louis Vuitton stores, Alexander McQueen, \$1,790, Alexander McQueen, 747 Madison Avenue, New York, Gucci, \$1,790, select Gucci stores nationwide

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Max Mara, \$930, Max Mara, 813 Madison Avenue, New York, MCM, \$650, mcmworldwide.com, Fendi, \$3,590, fendi.com, Dior, \$2,750, Dior boutiques nationwide, Balenciaga, \$1,990, balenciaga.com

PAGE 53
Etro, \$1,770, etro.com, Furla, \$448, furla.com, Prada, \$2,470, select Prada boutiques, Giorgio Armani, \$2,695, select Giorgio Armani boutiques

PAGE 54
Miu Miu, \$1,560, miu-miu.com, Michael Kors Collection, \$990, michaelkors.com, Proenza Schouler, \$1,645, Proenza Schouler, 121 Greene Street, New York

WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE
PAGE 98
Prada jacket, \$1,970, and shorts, \$780, select Prada boutiques, Elizabeth and James tank, \$95, neimanmarcus.com, Jil Sander sandals, \$520, jilsander.com

PAGE 100
Isabel Marant top, \$490, and Isabel Marant Étoile pants, \$360, both at isabelmarant.com

PAGE 101
Tod's shirt, \$10,245, tod's.com

Philip Treacy for Valentino Haute Couture hat, prices and availability upon request, Valentino, 821 Madison Avenue, New York, 212-772-6969, Aquazzura sandals, \$875, aquazzura.com

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Giambattista Valli Haute Couture dress, price and availability upon request, +33-01-40-17-05-88

PAGE 86-87
Chanel Haute Couture dress, price and availability upon request, 800-550-0005, Ann Demeulemeester sandals, \$855, anndemeulemeester.com, Haptic Lab kite, \$42, hapticlab.com

PAGE 88
Dior Haute Couture dress, price and availability upon request, 800-929-3467

PAGE 89
Armani Privé dress, price and availability upon request, Giorgio Armani, 717 Fifth Avenue, New York

PAGE 90
Iris van Herpen Couture dress, price and availability upon request, irisvanherpen.com

PAGE 91
Valentino Haute Couture cape, top and pants, prices and availability upon request, Valentino, 821 Madison Avenue, New York, 212-772-6969, Ann Demeulemeester sandals, \$855, anndemeulemeester.com

SAIN T LAURENT BY ANTHONY VACCARELLO
PAGE 99
Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello cape, \$1,990, bra, \$1,380, and briefs, \$590, Saint Laurent, 3 East 57th Street, New York, Jil Sander sandals, \$520, jilsander.com

PAGE 100
Gucci jacket, \$14,500, select Gucci stores nationwide, Prism bikini bottom, \$125, prismlondon.com

PAGE 101
Céline coat, price upon request, similar styles available at Céline, 870 Madison Avenue, New York, Alberta Ferretti swimsuit, \$395, barneys.com, Jil Sander sandals, \$520, jilsander.com

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SUMMER ESCAPES
ON SALE JUNE 2, 2018

WSJ.noted | EVENTS

PEOPLE, PLACES & THINGS WORTH NOTING

BERGDORF GOODMAN ALL THINGS IRIS APFEL NEW YORK | 3.15.2018

Bergdorf Goodman hosted a party to celebrate style icon Iris Apfel. Together with the retailer's fashion director, Linda Fargo, the self-professed geriatric starlet collaborated on a specially curated shop on the third floor and on the Fifth Avenue windows in honor of the release of her new book, *IRIS APFEL: Accidental Icon* (Harper Design).

Photo Credit: Tiffany Sage / BFA



Iris Apfel



Stacey Bendet



Nicky Hilton Rothschild



Kim Wadsworth, Jacqueline Bruni, Carmen Bruni



Linda Fargo



Tommy Hilfiger, Dee Hilfiger, Jeffrey Banks



James Aguiar, Mark Haldeman, Paul Sadowski



Christie Brinkley



Keith Wallace, Avril Graham, Freddie Leiba



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STILL LIFE

BIG FREEDIA

The queen of bounce music shares a few of her favorite things.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RUSH JAGOE

ON THE LEFT is my 2014 album, *Just Be Free*. I recorded it in the Bay Area. The title helps explain who I am and what I want for other people. The big cutout of me was a promotion for the fifth season of my reality show, *Big Freedia: Queen of Bounce*, which ran on Fuse TV for six seasons. Marie Antoinette inspired that look. The globe to the right, on the dresser, contains pictures of my mother and brother; both have passed away. My mother, Vera, who died of cancer, always told me to stand tall. My younger brother, Adam, was shot in January, four days before my birthday. I miss them both. To the right is an award from MTV. I won it in 2011, at a turning point in my career.

The cup next to it was made especially for this year's krewe of Zulu Mardi Gras parade in New Orleans. On one side is a photo of me and on the other it says, "In memory of Adam." I got a lot of love from New Orleans when I needed it most. I am so proud of the city and the culture—my new EP, *3rd Ward Bounce*, is a New Orleans album in every way. The large framed picture in the back is the cover of my first studio album, *Queen Diva*, which came out in 2003. It helped me put the culture of bounce music and New Orleans on the map. In the smaller frame to the right is my dressing room sign from when I appeared on *Jimmy Kimmel Live!* in 2012. My entrance was totally epic—I came in from

the sidewalk outside. To the right is a copy of my memoir, *God Save the Queen Diva!*, which was released in 2015. I got the name Queen Diva after my mom started a social club with some of her lady friends and they called themselves the Divas. I was their little helper. A fan made the necklace in front of it for me. It has a glass ass [pendant] on it. My fans come up to me with all kinds of precious things, and they're all near and dear to my heart. Below is the skateboard; it has a kind of Andy Warhol picture of me done by one of the drag queens from *RuPaul's Drag Race*. I'll skate on regular roller skates but not on a skateboard. Otherwise I would kill myself!" —As told to Tobias Grey

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