

SEPTEMBER 2017 MEN'S STYLE / EUROPE

WSJ.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL MAGAZINE

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

WITH JARED LETO





LOUIS VUITTON



Cartier

DRIVE DE CARTIER
MANUFACTURE MOVEMENT 1904 MC MOONPHASES

THE DRIVE DE CARTIER COLLECTION IS ELEGANCE REDEFINED. THE SLEEK LINES OF THIS CUSHION-SHAPED WATCH CREATE A TRULY STYLISH PIECE, BROUGHT TO LIFE BY THE MAISON MANUFACTURE MOVEMENT 1904 MC, DISPLAYING THE MOONPHASES AT 6 O'CLOCK. ESTABLISHED IN 1847, CARTIER CREATES EXCEPTIONAL WATCHES THAT COMBINE DARING DESIGN AND WATCHMAKING SAVOIR-FAIRE.

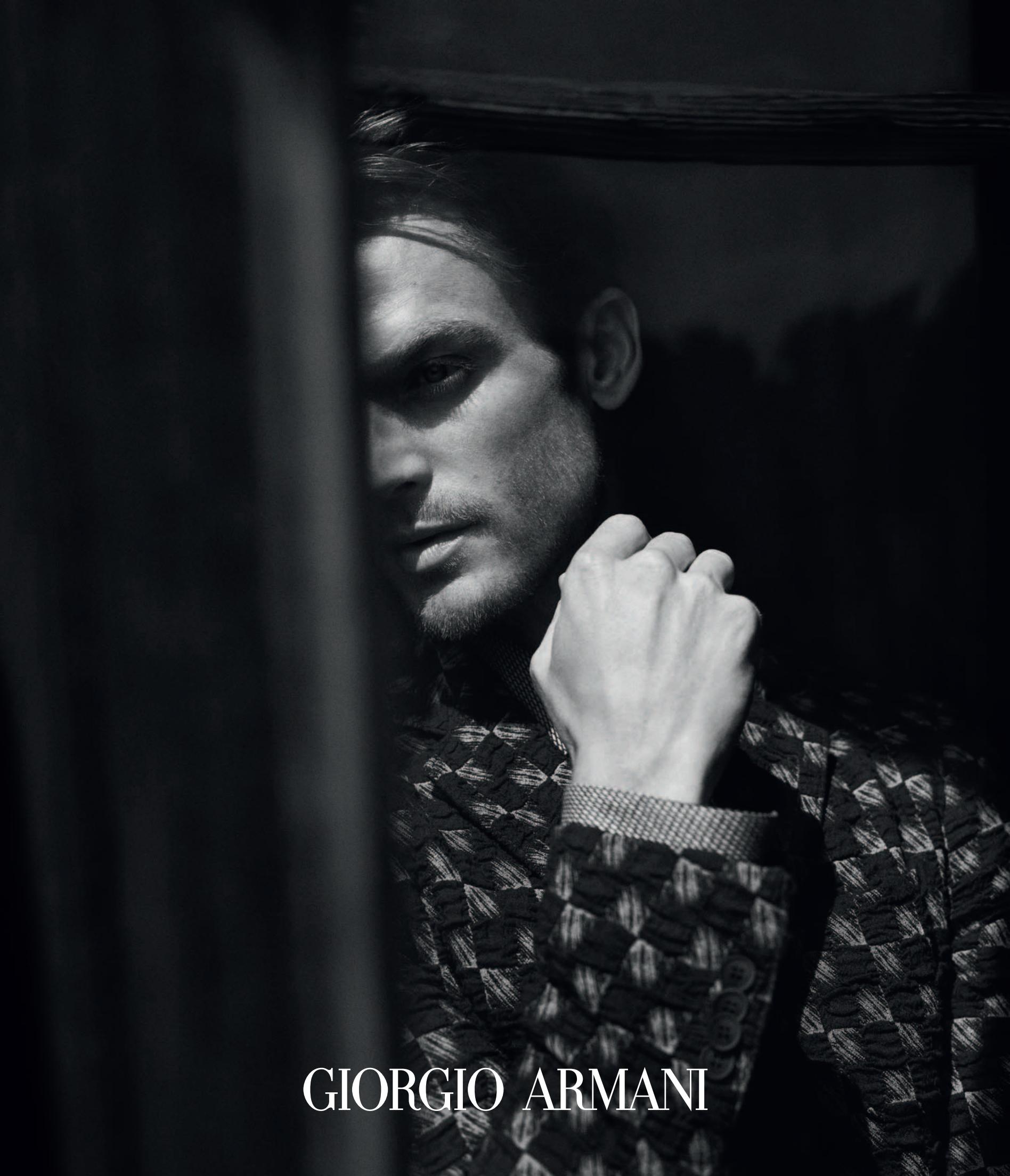
#WHATDRIVESYOU



Ermenegildo Zegna
DEFINING MOMENTS



DOLCE & GABBANA
#DGPALERMO



GIORGIO ARMANI

Salvatore Ferragamo

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Loro Piana





HARRY WINSTON



Project Z10

A close-up photograph of Eddie Redmayne's face and upper body. He has short brown hair and blue eyes, looking slightly off-camera with a thoughtful expression. He is wearing a dark blue corduroy jacket over a light-colored shirt. His right hand is gripping the wooden steering wheel of a boat, and his left arm is resting on the wheel. The background shows a bright, slightly hazy sky and the horizon of a body of water.

EDDIE
REDMAYNE'S
CHOICE



SEAMASTER AQUA TERRA
MASTER CHRONOMETER

Ω
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and selected retailers worldwide

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ON THE COVER Jared Leto in Gucci coat, Lena Skadegard necklace (top), Paul Morelli necklace and his own gold necklace, photographed by Terry Richardson and styled by George Cortina. For details see Sources, page 80.

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Dior



dior.com

Dave Gahan

#intothenight

WITHOUT A NET

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEJANDRO CARDENAS



SHEER SPECTACLE Anubis and Bast (both wearing Bottega Veneta) attempt a free climb as Who watches from a safe spot below.

OUR SEPTEMBER MEN'S STYLE issue kicks off the fall with an attitude shared by our fashion coverage and the leading men profiled within: fearlessness.

Oscar-winning actor Jared Leto is legendary for the lengths he'll go to in order to inhabit a role. For his upcoming performance in *Blade Runner 2049*, in which he portrays a blind character, Niander Wallace, Leto wore contact lenses that blocked his sight for the entire time he was on set. As our feature reveals, Leto's talents extend beyond the big screen: as a musician (in his band Thirty Seconds to Mars), a savvy tech investor (he's backed Uber, Slack and Spotify) and a rock climber. But even when he ventures close to the edge, he's conscious of his

limits. "I'm crazy," he says. "But I'm not insane."

When Rag & Bone co-founder Marcus Wainwright was just starting out, knowing next to nothing about making apparel was no deterrent to his ambition to produce a new type of American denim. Thanks to his prescience about handmade fashion, today he's the CEO of a business that operates 27 retail outposts around the world (with a new store opening in Miami this fall) and counts among its creative collaborators Thom Yorke, Glen Luchford and John Turturro. Though both of his partners have left the company, Wainwright says in some ways it's a positive change: "I now only have myself to blame if it goes wrong."

Contributing editor Sarah Medford takes a tour of Palais de la Zahia, the sumptuous Moroccan

home of French intellectual and iconoclast Bernard-Henri Lévy and his wife, model and actress Arielle Dombasle. Lévy, known for his prodigious output and willingness to express controversial opinions, purchased the house from its previous owner, Alain Delon, in 1998. Since then, he and Dombasle have restored and expanded the historic riad where Yves Saint Laurent, Gore Vidal and the Beatles and Rolling Stones once partied. Lévy admits the place is a little haunted, but he's not afraid. They're "good ghosts," he says.

Kristina O'Neill
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Sir Anthony Hopkins



TAILORING LEGENDS SINCE 1945

Brioni
ROMA



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BRUCE WEBER

VERSACE



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SCREEN TIME

MAKING WAVES

Artist Alex Israel's directorial debut is an art film in the form of a classic teen surfer flick with the goal of showing high schoolers the possibilities of creativity.

BY NED ZEMAN PHOTOGRAPHY BY MAX FARAGO

THE PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURES of 34-year-old artist Alex Israel tend to be big, sun-splashed affairs that reflect and refract the sparkly Hollywood demimonde he's long inhabited. A rapidly rising star, Israel is best known for his self-portraits, done in profile, that reveal a cool-breeze hipster with stubble and sunglasses. In some iterations, he fills in his empty silhouette with Hollywood iconography: directors' chairs, palm trees, beach scenes. Israel's work sells in the high six figures or more—his *Sky Backdrop* went for just over \$1 million at Christie's in 2014, well above the top estimate of \$300,000—and he hangs out with a high-profile crowd, among them the writer Bret Easton Ellis, with whom he collaborated on a two-person exhibition at Gagosian Gallery in Beverly Hills, and China Chow, whose father owns the Mr. Chow restaurant empire. He even works out of a studio on the Warner Brothers lot in Burbank.

In person, though, Israel is far more self-effacing and subdued than his art and reputation might suggest. And his latest project, he claims, is devoid of any irony. "It's really sincere," the artist says of *SPF-18*, his first film, done in the vein of *Beverly Hills 90210*, *Baywatch* and John Hughes movies. "I think a lot of the entertainment being made for kids right now is really kind of cynical and ironic. I wanted to make this more like what I remember from my childhood."

SPF-18 isn't meant to just entertain teenagers; it's meant to rally them. "The movie was built on the idea that creativity can help you find your voice," Israel says. Set in and around Malibu's iconic 1957 Wave House, the film is a coming-of-age story about four sun-kissed L.A. teenagers who ride tall, fall in love and look fantastic in Israel's custom-designed wet suits. "Each of the characters follows a creative path, which helps them evolve and make the transition from youth into adulthood," Israel explains.

Although the stars are basically unknowns, the film has a significant boldface quotient, thanks to a supporting cast that includes '80s-era icons Molly Ringwald, Rosanna Arquette and Pamela Anderson—not to mention a cameo by Keanu Reeves, star of the 1991 surf-gangster classic *Point Break*. Additionally, one of the film's newbie leads, 23-year-old Carson Meyer, is Hollywood royalty. (Her father, Ron Meyer, has run both the Creative Artists Agency

"THE MOVIE WAS BUILT ON THE IDEA THAT CREATIVITY CAN HELP YOU FIND YOUR VOICE."

—ALEX ISRAEL

and Universal Pictures.) Meyer was cast after Arquette told Israel, "I have the perfect quintessential Malibu girl for you."

Among the film's producers are Kirsten "Kiwi" Smith, whose credits include the screenplay for *Legally Blonde*, and Chow, who connected Israel with Ringwald and Reeves as well as with Duran Duran. In exchange for doing the artwork on the band's 2015 album, *Paper Gods*, Israel got to use its 1982 hit "Hungry Like the Wolf" on his soundtrack. Friends also put him in touch with his screenwriter, *Baywatch* co-creator Michael Berk.

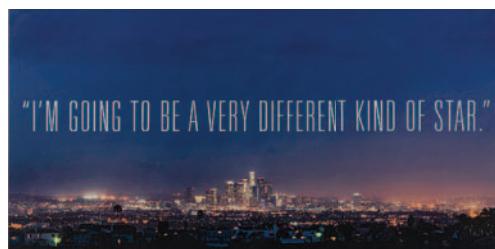
SPF-18 will debut on a screening tour that will take Israel to at least 12 high schools nationwide before the movie arrives on iTunes on September 29 and on Netflix a month later. "I read that early surf films were shown in high school gymnasiums," he explains, citing the grass-roots success of *Endless Summer* in the 1960s. "It seemed like an interesting way of distributing films—and a way to pay homage to surf movies."

"I liked the idea of bringing the film to schools," Ringwald says, "making art more inclusive for teenagers who don't get much exposure to the art world, other than the occasional museum field trip."

"The way he's putting it out there in high schools makes it another art adventure for Alex," Arquette adds. "It's a traveling art piece."

But it's also good business. The film will help plug the artist's new line of sunscreen, Icarus. The commercial aspect is something Israel easily acknowledges. "I was talking to one of my art dealers when I said, 'That's kind of off-brand.' And he was like, 'You just referred to your art as a brand.' I was like, 'Yes, I did.'"

And what exactly is that brand? "It's me," he says, and smiles.



ACTING UP

This season, high-top sneakers rise to the occasion in supple leathers and refined suedes.

From left: Pierre Hardy; Golden Goose Deluxe Brand; Ermenegildo Zegna Couture; Tod's; Hermès; Coach 1941; Brunello Cucinelli. For details see Sources, page 80.





PAL ZILERI

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BRAND REFRESH EMPORIO ARMANI

In 1988, designer Giorgio Armani started a large-format glossy, *Emporio Armani*, featuring the work of many leading writers and photographers. A total of 18 issues were produced over the next nine years. Now, after a two-decade hiatus, the magazine is back. "I feel it's the right time to once again support image making, writing and ideas," Armani says. "I want to remind people how wonderful and inspiring imagery on paper can be." Available September 17 at certain *Emporio Armani* stores; armani.com. —Scott Christian

SWATCH OUT

As Savile Row clients venture beyond classic navy and gray, tailoring house Norton & Sons has started offering illustrations of its bespoke outfits in the new season's fabrics. Created by Ben Wolstenholme, the works give customers a clear picture of finished pieces in advance. nortonandsons.co.uk.

—Isaiah Freeman-Schub



TIME FOR THAI

In his debut cookbook, *Night + Market: Delicious Thai Food to Facilitate Drinking and Fun-Having Amongst Friends* (out next month), chef Kris Yenbamroong offers over 100 recipes from his two L.A. restaurants (a third *Night + Market* outpost opens in Venice later this fall). For first-timers to Thai cooking, Yenbamroong recommends the fried rice dishes—"Good at 2 a.m. by yourself or for a dinner party." —Megan Conway



STUDY IN DESIGN

KARTELL CELEBRATES 50 YEARS OF ITS COMPONIBILI STORAGE SERIES WITH THREE EMOJI EDITIONS BY DESIGNER FABIO NOVEMBRE: WINKING, STRAIGHT-FACED AND SMILING.

For details see Sources, page 80.



BASICS UPGRADE

DESIGNER MARCO ZANINI CREATES A PARED-BACK CLOTHING COLLECTION FOR FOOTWEAR BRAND SANTONI

FOR ITS FIRST FORAY into ready-to-wear, Italian shoemaker Santoni tapped designer Marco Zanini to create a curated selection of clothing and footwear rather than a full-scale collection with a showy debut. "We decided to call it Santoni Edited by Marco Zanini because we realized that it was really about tightly editing staples," Zanini says. "The exercise for me was making classics without them looking boring or bourgeois." The seasonal capsule focuses on outerwear with subtle plays on proportion and color—for instance, a camel jacket flashes teal pocket linings while a lemon-yellow cashmere sweater is layered under a navy peacoat. *Edited Milano*, a lookbook shot by British duo Hill & Aubrey that also features photographs of Milan, accompanies the collection and includes an introduction that aptly begins "Less is better." For details see Sources, page 80. —I.F.-S.



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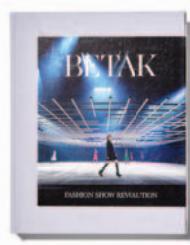


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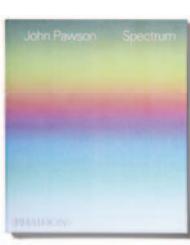
On the reading list for fall: new books on fashion and design that provide a strong aesthetic education along with a wealth of visual inspiration.



**JOSEPH DIRAND
INTERIOR**
The French designer behind the Surf Club in Miami releases his first monograph, showcasing his subtle, sophisticated interiors.



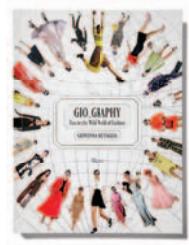
BETAK: FASHION SHOW REVOLUTION
A behind-the-scenes look at the work of Alexandre de Betak, who has created some of the most memorable fashion shows of the past 25 years.



SPECTRUM
A book of photography by English architect John Pawson, groups his shots, taken all over the world, by color, creating compelling palettes of disparate images.



STUDIO 54
Ian Schrager looks back at the legendary club that he and Steve Rubell started in 1977, with vintage photos of the stars and personalities who walked through its doors.



**GIOGRAPHY: FUN IN
THE WILD WORLD OF
FASHION**
Fashion editor and world traveler Giovanna Battaglia shares her guidelines for dressing and living well.

ART TALK

DOUBLE FEATURE

This fall, two new spaces honoring the late fashion designer Yves Saint Laurent open in Paris and Marrakech.

DESIGNER Yves Saint Laurent lived in the moment, where fashion lives. So he likely wouldn't have cared much that not one but two museums devoted to him will open next month—one in the space where he worked in Paris, the other in Marrakech, which nourished him creatively and where he found peace in the sublime house and garden that he restored there.

But Saint Laurent's legacy mattered a great deal to Pierre Bergé, the man who shared his life and astutely managed his unmanageable lover's business fortunes until the designer's death in 2008. "From the moment he died—no, from the day he stopped working—I said, I want to transform memories into projects," says Bergé, 86, from his office at the Fondation Pierre Bergé-Yves Saint Laurent in Paris. "I think that's my role, and I've got to keep going as long as I can."

Over the course of 40 years, Saint Laurent created the smoking jackets, peacocks, sheer blouses and jumpsuits that helped reshape the way women dress. Today, around 5,000 YSL garments are stored on sliding racks in temperature-controlled archives at the Fondation's Paris headquarters, where they will be exhibited in the new museum space and available for research by fashion scholars.

The low-slung Marrakech museum, designed by French architects Karl Fournier and Olivier Marty of Studio KO, is a wider-ranging affair, mixing YSL exhibitions with a performance amphitheater and research collections on such YSL passions as botany and Berber culture.

"Fashion isn't art," says Bergé, who spent the past three years bringing the projects to fruition, "but I do believe it takes an artist to create it." Bergé's response to the museum openings: "Finally—what a relief." —Josh Levine

N

Harmony Maker

Puglia, Italy



JEREMY SOFA – DESIGN MANZONI & TAPINASSI / IDO CENTRAL TABLE – DESIGN MAURO LIPPARINI
MARCUS RUG / LEGGERO DINING TABLE – DESIGN VICTOR VASILEV
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THE INSPIRATION

LIVING IN STYLE

An exclusive look at a new book on Renzo Mongiardino reveals rare images of the Italian designer's most iconic interiors.

IN THE 20TH CENTURY, to be on a first-name basis with "Renzo," as in Mongiardino, and lucky enough to work with the Milanese master of interior design meant entrée into an exclusive club. His client roster—once described as reading like "a kidnapper's wish list"—included such names as Agnelli, Brandolini, Rothschild, Niarchos, Thyssen-Bornemisza, Hearst, Heinz, Versace and Nureyev. The veneration of the Genoa-born designer has grown ever more fervent since his death in 1998 at the age of 81, thanks in part to a couple of monographs. Out next month is an insider's volume that feels personal and intimate: *The Interiors and Architecture of Renzo Mongiardino: A Painterly Vision* (Rizzoli), by Martina Mondadori Sartogo and the editors of *Cabana* magazine.

"Growing up in one of his houses and listening to him speak weekly at my mum's table is probably the strongest influence in the creation of *Cabana*," writes Mondadori Sartogo (the daughter of Italian publishing titan Leonardo Mondadori and industrial heiress Paola Zanussi), who founded the semianual publication in 2014. To tell the Mongiardino story, Mondadori Sartogo enlisted Mongiardino's granddaughter, art restorer Francesca Simone, to write a chapter on his relationship with Lila De Nobili, one of his closest collaborators.

Mondadori Sartogo also conducted in-depth interviews with two of the designer's closest living clients, Lee Radziwill and Elsa Peretti. "His taste was second to none, and his vision of architecture a rather simple one—that nothing could be invented but only reimagined from the past," Peretti, who worked with Mongiardino on two of her homes in Italy, recalls to Mondadori Sartogo. "He was my perfect holiday companion," she adds. "I really miss him."

The highlight of the new volume is the pictures. Mondadori Sartogo commissioned photographer Guido Taroni to shoot 19 Mongiardino projects (some published here for the first time) ranging from the early 1960s to the 1990s. All are still intact, with the *trompe l'oeil* finishes, layered fabrics and patterns and antiques for which Mongiardino is so revered. One drawback: Homeowners' names are withheld, so readers are left to their own devices to figure out if, say, that *hôtel particulier* in Paris might belong to Contessa Cristiana Brandolini d'Adda or that villa in Cetona might be the property of Valentino Garavani and his partner, Giancarlo Giammetti. "Renzo was the essence of a decorator," says Giammetti via phone from Italy. "He finished my house in 1987. I have never changed a thing. It's perfect." —James Reginato



INSIDE EDITION
From far left:
A living room
designed by Renzo
Mongiardino
in Milan (1978);
chimney details
in a Milan
home (1978).



HOME SWEET HOME
Clockwise from above: A Mongiardino-designed living room in Paris (1962–65); a floral kitchen in a Milan residence (1977); a living room in Cetona, Italy (1985–86); an interior in Rome (1975); a kitchen in Milan (1982).

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LOOKING AHEAD
Benjamin Millepied
in New York City.

TRACKED

BENJAMIN MILLEPIED

The renowned dancer and choreographer is moving in new directions.

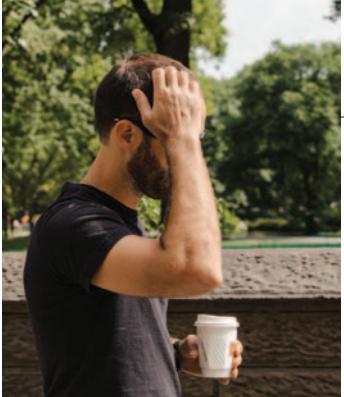
BY THESSALY LA FORCE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY IKE EDEANI

BENJAMIN MILLEPIED possesses the healthy tan of a resident Angeleno. "I think New York has become incredibly conservative and too expensive. It's L.A.'s moment now," says the 40-year-old dancer and choreographer while on tour with his company, L.A. Dance Project, at New York's Joyce Theater. Like so many artists these days, he and his wife, the Academy Award-winning actress Natalie Portman, have decided that L.A. is the place to be, officially making the move out west last year.

Four years ago, Millepied's career was on a very different track. At age 36, he was named director at the Paris Opera Ballet, a much-publicized appointment that brought the French-born, American-trained dancer global attention. Then, after just two seasons, Millepied stepped down, causing another stir. He's admitted that the changes he wanted to make—more diversity, less hierarchy—encountered too much resistance from the world's oldest ballet company. But he also wanted to focus on his fledgling contemporary dance company, which he founded in 2012 with composer Nico Muhly and other talented friends, before the Paris Opera Ballet offer materialized.

This fall, his efforts will be rewarded when L.A. Dance debuts its new performance space in a former industrial building in downtown L.A. Millepied, who has worked with artists like Barbara Kruger and Christopher Wool, hopes to stage 40 performances a year—collaborating with choreographers such as Kyle Abraham—as well as offer workshops and classes. "It's exciting to build a new audience here," he says, acknowledging that he's part of a new creative energy in a city normally devoted to movies and their stars.

Still, it seems that living in Tinseltown has had an effect on Millepied's career. In May, he announced he would be adapting the opera *Carmen* into a feature-length film, for which Academy Award-nominated *Moonlight* composer Nicholas Britell is creating an entirely new score. Millepied's research for the project involves watching the great directors, from Akira Kurosawa to Elia Kazan. "I like the process of being able to choose the light, frame the shot—all of these things," he says. "I'm learning a lot, but it feels natural."



10:05 a.m.

Millepied grabs a cup of coffee near Central Park to start his day.



10:40 a.m.

He makes a few calls during a visit to the Museum of Modern Art.

6

ankle sprains

The number of injuries Millepied has had in his career as a professional ballet dancer.

4.5
miles

The average daily distance he runs, for a milder form of exercise than dance.

7
months old

The age of his and Portman's daughter, Amalia. Their son, Aleph, is 6 years old.

10
dancers

The L.A. Dance Project's current roster.

2010

The year Millepied was made a Chevalier in the Order of Arts and Letters by the French Ministry of Culture.

6–7
hours

The amount of sleep he gets each night.

4
months

The time he spent on the set of the 2010 movie *Black Swan*, where he and Portman, the film's star, fell in love.

110
minutes

The length of *Reset*, a documentary that looks at Millepied's work with the Paris Opera Ballet.

14
years old

The age at which he choreographed his first dance, to a Mozart string quartet. •



4:42 p.m.

The costume rack for Millepied's dance piece *Hearts & Arrows*.

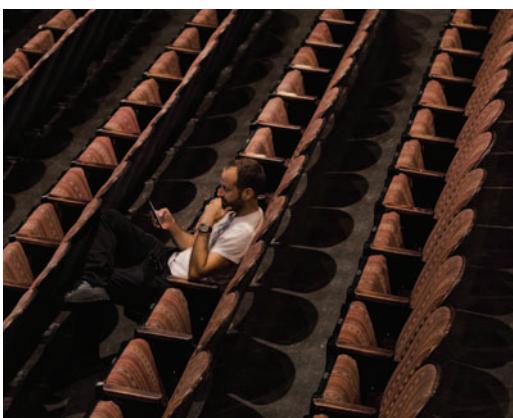
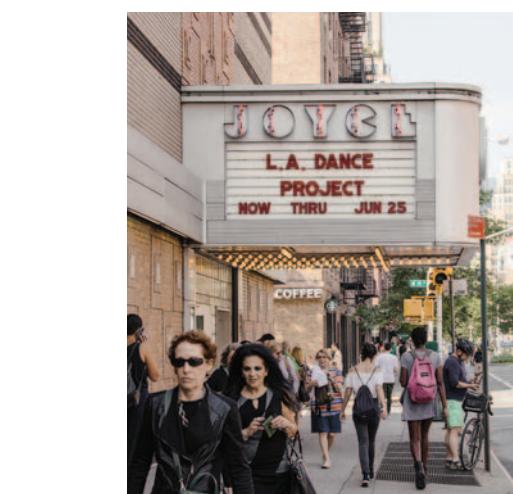


4:56 p.m.

Members of L.A. Dance Project perform Millepied's *Hearts & Arrows*.

5:43 p.m.

Millepied takes a break while overseeing rehearsals.





BOLD MOVES

Give yourself over to whimsy and joy in pieces inspired by decades past.
Sometimes two really is better than one.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CASS BIRD
STYLING BY ALEX WHITE

LEAPS AND BOUNDS
Link up in coordinating looks. On him: Fendi sweater, Kolor pants, Worth & Worth hat and model's own sandals and earring (worn throughout). On her: Fendi sweater, Marni pants and Maison Kitsuné hat.



**BOARDWALK
EMPIRE**
Bright lines and classic fabrics add structure to unorthodox beachwear. Prada jacket, shirt and pants and Worth & Worth hat. Opposite, on both: Calvin Klein 205W39NYC shirts, turtlenecks and pants. On her: JJ Hat Center hat.







HAT TRICK
Autumn textures
make a bold
impression. Marni
& Worth hats.
Opposite, on him:
Prada pants. On
her: Ralph Lauren
Collection pants.



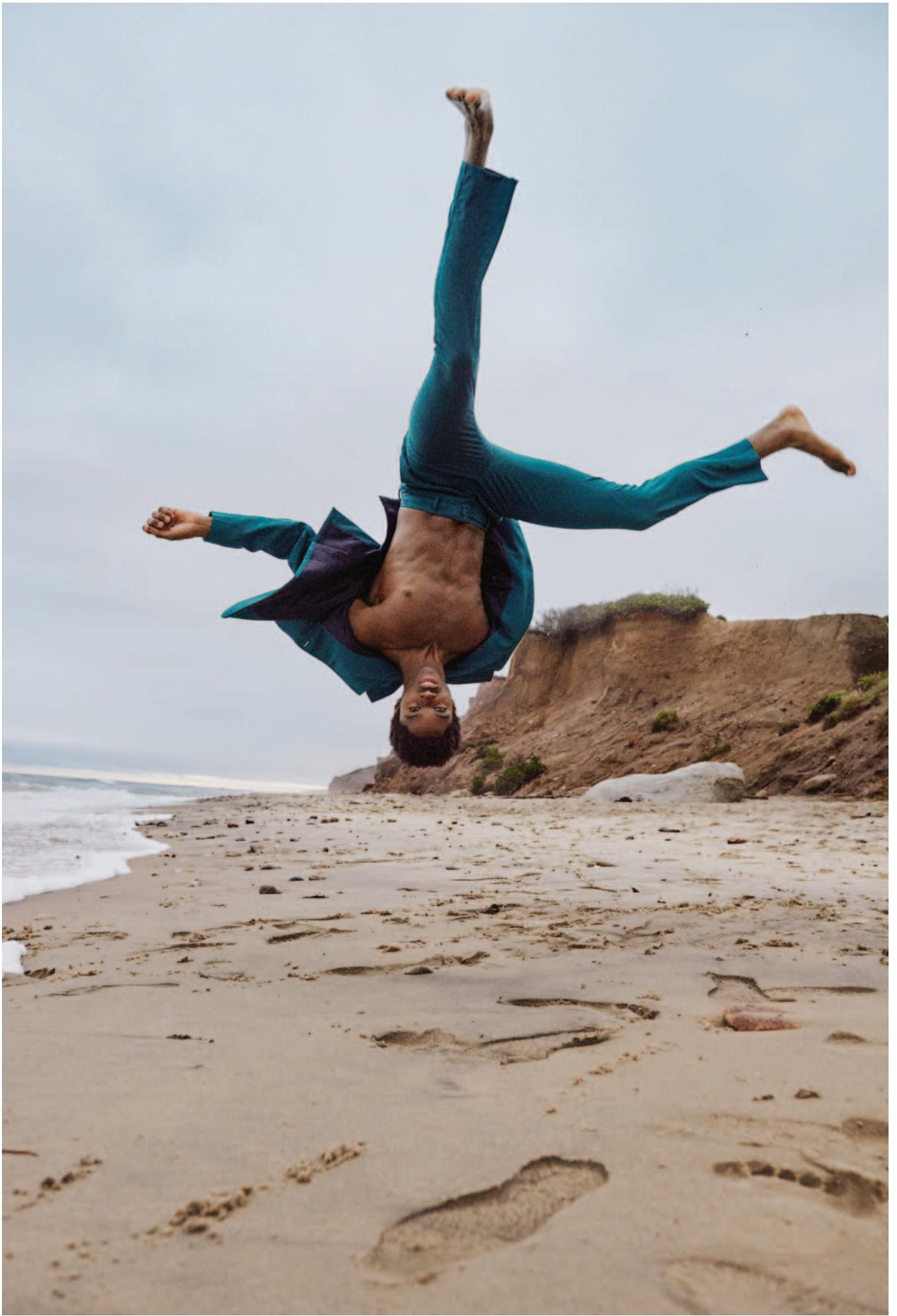
STRIKING GOLD

Set your sights
on comfy tonal
knits. Salvatore
Ferragamo
sweater and belt
and Marni pants.

Opposite, on
both: Marc Jacobs
sweaters, pants
and hats.







AIR APPARENT

Steal the show in vibrant hues. Lanvin jacket and pants. Opposite, on him: Dior Homme vest and turtleneck and Worth & Worth hat. On her: Dior Homme jacket and turtleneck and JJ Hat Center hat. Models, Dilone at DNA Models and Alton Mason at State Management; hair, Tamara McNaughton; makeup, Yumi Mori; tailoring by Sam Walls. For details see Sources, page 80.



Hanging Out With JARED LETO

An Oscar-winning actor who is also a tech entrepreneur, stadium-filling rock star, fashion icon and successful Silicon Valley investor? Welcome to the high-flying life of Jared Leto.

ALL ON THE LINE
“I needed a very charismatic, magnetic presence, someone with the aura of a rock star,” says director Denis Villeneuve of casting Leto as Niander Wallace in *Blade Runner 2049*, a sequel to the 1982 sci-fi classic, out in October. Gucci jumpsuit, Christopher Shannon sneakers and his own T-shirt and socks.

BY JOSH EELLS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY TERRY RICHARDSON
STYLING BY GEORGE CORTINA

WHEN JARED LETO'S people say the plan is to meet "at Jared's base," I assume it's a jet-setter's figure of speech—as in, last month he was rock climbing in Menorca, next month he's at Fashion Week in Milan, but Los Angeles is his base. But no—they mean an actual *base*: a decommissioned Air Force station tucked into the hills near Laurel Canyon, built during World War II to warn of incoming Japanese planes. The 100,000-square-foot compound, which Leto has called home since 2015, features 4-foot-thick concrete blast walls, a nuclear fallout shelter and a genuine air-traffic-control tower; it's slightly absurd that it exists 10 minutes from the Sunset Strip, much less that someone lives in it.

On the other hand, if anyone's going to inhabit a top-secret Cold War compound in the heart of Los Angeles, it's probably Jared Leto.

Leto has a long history of outlandishness, whether it's waxing his body and shedding more than 30 pounds to portray a transgender AIDS patient in *Dallas Buyers Club*, or sending his castmates condoms and a live rat while playing the Joker in last year's *Suicide Squad*. Beneath the theatrics, he's an industrious quintuple-threat: Oscar-winning actor, stadium-filling rock star (with his band, Thirty Seconds to Mars), digital-media entrepreneur, burgeoning fashion icon and—as if you don't hate him enough already—successful tech investor, whose long list of winning bets includes Uber, Snapchat, Spotify and Airbnb. "I joke sometimes that I get more done on a movie set than I do when I'm off," he says, "because I'm not as distracted."

We'd originally planned to go for a hike today—Leto's a big hiker—but it's sweltering in L.A., 94 in the shade, and he's been dealing with some back problems, so instead we're hanging in his backyard, a shady xeriscape with a sadly neglected pool. To relieve his back, Leto is sitting cross-legged on the ground, dressed in a white Gucci T-shirt, green Gucci jogging pants (from the women's collection) and a pair of worn-out gray Ugg slippers. His hair is its natural shade of chestnut, and his beard has achieved 1840s-prospector length. He also has the best posture I've ever seen. At 45, he looks almost exactly as he did nearly 25 years ago, when he first became famous playing the angst-filled heartthrob Jordan Catalano on *My So-Called Life*.

"I call him Babyface," says his friend Alessandro Michele, creative director at Gucci. "He is timeless—it is almost impossible to give him age. If Visconti were still alive, he would love to work with Jared."

Last night Leto was up late in the studio, working on his band's next album. He woke around 9 a.m.—no alarm, as usual—and enjoyed his standard breakfast of muesli and almond milk, then spent some time tending to his back—heat, ice; meditation. But leisurely appearances aside, "it's actually a super-busy time," Leto says. In a few days he's flying to Kazakhstan for a concert with the band; then he'll start getting ready to promote his new film, *Blade Runner 2049*—the much-anticipated sequel to the dystopian 1982 sci-fi classic, in which Harrison Ford played an L.A. cop hunting down rogue androids.

Leto still remembers the first time he saw the original on VHS. "It was one of those films I just connected

with," he says. "I've watched it every couple of years." In the sequel, he has what he calls "a small part" as a character named Niander Wallace, who creates said androids, known in the *Blade Runner* universe as "replicants."

Denis Villeneuve, the director of the new film, says the inspiration for Leto's character was David Bowie. "I needed a very charismatic, magnetic presence, someone with the aura of a rock star," Villeneuve says. "But I also needed a great actor, because the lines he had to say were quite Shakespearean." The character is also blind, and true to form, Leto—who once hung out with homeless junkies in Manhattan's East Village to portray a heroin addict in *Requiem for a Dream*—dove in head-first. "We all heard stories about Jared, how he transforms into the characters," Villeneuve says. "But even this didn't prepare me for what was to come."

Not content to simply act blind, Leto decided to become blind, ordering customized contact lenses that made his eyes totally opaque. "He entered the room, and he could not see at all," Villeneuve recalls. "He was walking with an assistant, very slowly. It was like seeing Jesus walking into a temple. Everybody became super silent, and there was a kind of sacred moment. Everyone was in awe. It was so beautiful and powerful—I was moved to tears. And that was just a camera test!"

Leto stayed blind for the entire shoot, guided around set and never laying eyes on the rest of the cast. "That, for me, was insane," Villeneuve says. "But he really created something. Every time Jared came on set, it was a boost of energy, tension and excitement." (For his part, Leto says, he "didn't dive as deep down the rabbit hole as maybe I've done before, but I stayed really focused.") Of course, he didn't delude himself that he was *actually* blind. "I'm crazy," he says, "but I'm not insane."

As he sits here in his garden, it's easy to see the commitment that Leto can summon. He's incredibly calm and still, with no extraneous movements, like some lizardlike desert creature conserving energy in the heat. He listens intently, with laserlike eye contact, and he barely seems to blink. (Says Michele, "I call him a monk sometimes, because he's so concentrated.") With his ageless physicality and otherworldliness, he could almost be a replicant himself.

Villeneuve agrees. "He has a kind of eternal youth syndrome. But the thing I love about Jared is that he's really at peace with himself. He's a perfectionist. And like all rock stars, he has a bit of narcissism. But it's a narcissism that I can deal with."

WE'VE BEEN TALKING a while when Leto hops up and starts doing a little shake. I tell him to feel free to walk around or stretch if he needs to. "No," he says. "I was getting covered with ants. I'm going to make them work a little harder."

We retreat inside the safety of the base, where Leto offers to take me on a tour. Although he moved in a couple of years ago, the place remains a work in progress,

with dingy floor tiles, scuffed white paint and the distinct odor of midcentury bureaucracy lingering in the halls. "I'm going to redo it at some point," Leto says, "make it nice. But I'm kind of just camping out."

We start in his bedroom. "It's fancy," Leto warns. But he opens the door to reveal a glorified walk-in closet, maybe 200 square feet, with small windows, a loveseat and a mattress sitting right on the floor. "It's amazing," Leto says, smiling. "When it comes down to it, you don't need very much." The only hint of luxury is a portable clothes rack that holds what looks like a small fortune in high-end apparel—most of it from his friend Michele at Gucci.

Recently Leto has become the label's face, both officially and unofficially, starring in a fragrance campaign and often rocking ensembles in public taken straight from the runway. The infatuation runs both ways: "I've been inspired by him many times," Michele says. "The way he puts gym pants with crazy hats or something—it's beautiful. He says, 'I don't care about fashion,' but it's not true. He's like the most fashionable gypsy you can imagine."

Leto seems amused that he's become a style icon—"There was a period a decade ago when I wore Hare Krishna clothes"—but he does admit to getting bolder and more confident with age. "When I was younger I was like, 'Give me something black,'" he says. "But now I love color. You know how you see old guys wearing loud Hawaiian shirts? If I walk off the bus, and the crew starts laughing, I know I put the right thing on."

We proceed deeper into the bowels of the house, passing large metal tins labeled SURVIVAL CRACKERS ("I haven't opened them yet") and a few doors marked USAF TOP SECRET. After World War II ended, the base became a military film studio, churning out propaganda films hosted by the likes of Jimmy Stewart. "There are so many crazy rumors about this place," Leto says. "Everything from 'Part of the moon landing was filmed here' to 'They used to keep prisoners downstairs.' They had laboratories. They were doing all kinds of God-knows-what." He is clearly enamored by this.

In one of the building's subbasements, we pass Leto's home gym (with photos of Schwarzenegger and Bruce Lee) and then the garage where he keeps his vintage Ford Bronco—a metallic-blue beast with orange flames down the side, a birthday gift from his brother, Shannon. "He was like, 'You can get it repainted,'" Leto says, "and I was like, 'No way, man! I used to have a little Tonka truck that looked just like that.'" The Letos grew up poor, on food stamps in Louisiana, with a hippie single mom who encouraged them to follow their artistic dreams. Leto studied film and photography at the School of Visual Arts in Manhattan before dropping out and moving to L.A. in hopes of becoming a director. He started acting, and a few years later talked Shannon into moving out to start a band.

Next we walk through a hangarlike storage room Leto calls "the warehouse," full of Thirty Seconds to Mars's road cases and gear, and from there emerge onto the base's old soundstage, which Leto has repurposed as a recording studio and rehearsal space. "We



FOREVER YOUNG

"He is timeless," Gucci creative director Alessandro Michele says of Leto. "If Visconti were still alive, he would love to work with Jared." Maison Margiela vest, Christopher Shannon pants, Scarpa shoes, Marteau vintage necklace and his own gold necklace(worn throughout), fanny pack, socks and Carrera sunglasses.

AMERICAN DREAM
“I like to learn,” Leto says
of the philosophy behind
his tech investments,
which include Slack, Uber,
Snapchat and Spotify.
“So if I can be involved in
a company that teaches
me something, I’m happy.”
B Sides vintage shirt,
WGACA vintage flag,
Lena Skadegard necklace
(top), Paul Morelli necklace
(middle) and Vicki
Turbeville bracelets.





IN THE ZONE

"I call him a monk sometimes, because he's so concentrated," says Alessandro Michele. Balenciaga sweatshirt and Gosha Rubchinskiy x Adidas pants. Opposite: Helmut Lang T-shirt, Gosha Rubchinskiy x Adidas pants, Christopher Shannon sneakers and Vicki Turbeville bracelets. Hair, Bob Recine; makeup, Jamie Taylor. For details see Sources, page 80.

had an acoustician come by, and he said we have the same reverb as *Abbey Road*,” Leto says. “Isn’t that wild?” In the control room, an engineer is going over mixes from last night’s session, tweaking the vocal tracks for the band’s new single (“Walk on Water,” released in August). “I’d say we’re 80 percent done,” Leto says of the album. He smiles: “But I’ve been saying that for two years.”

Back upstairs, Leto starts to grow a bit bored. “I can show you more, but it’s really big,” he says. “It just keeps going and going and going.” He knows it’s kind of silly for a bachelor pad. “But it works for me,” he says. “I can do creative stuff here, I can live here. And I don’t have to sit in traffic.”

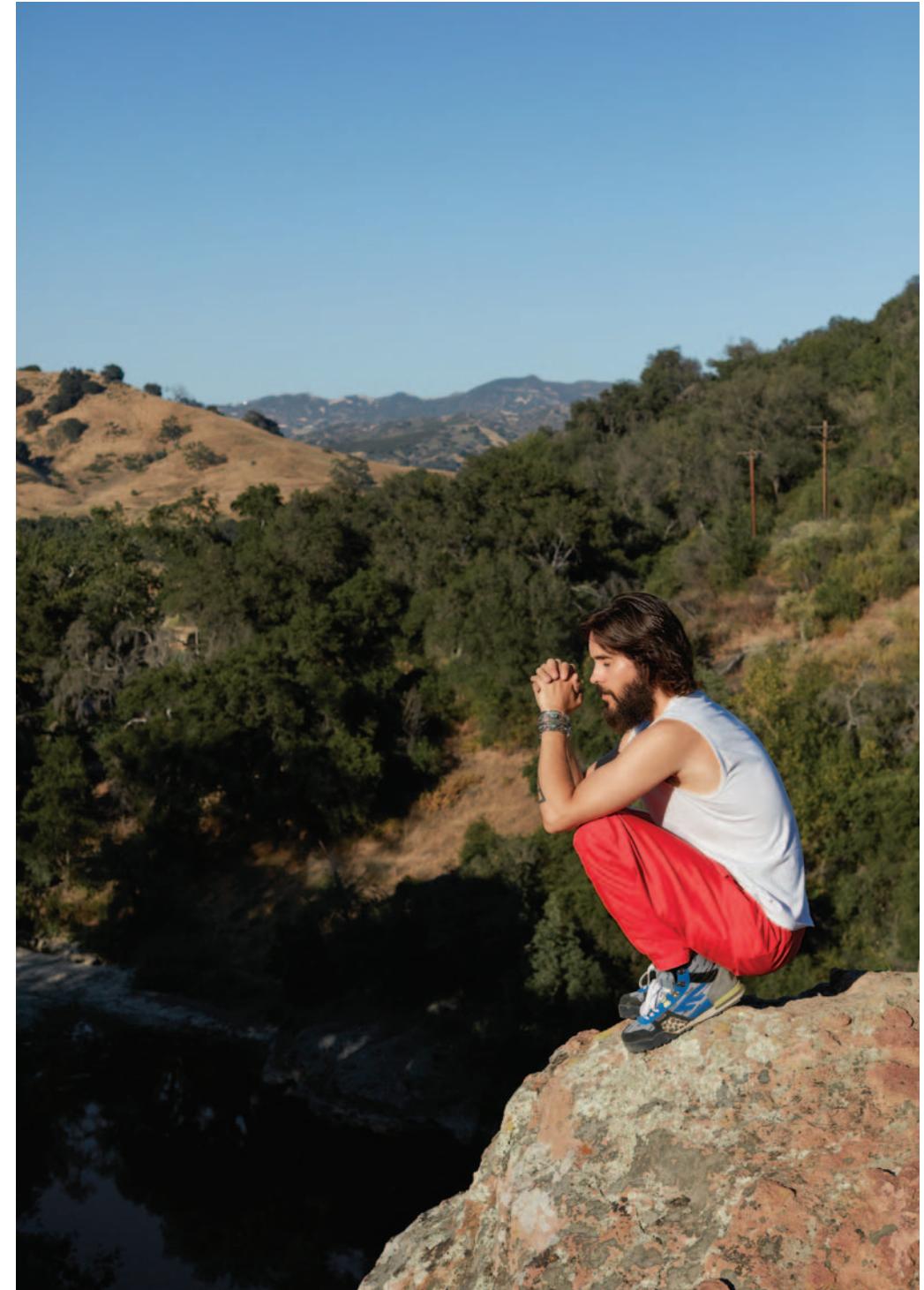
There’s one last oddity he wants to point out: a skylight in the middle of the floor that peers down into a small enclosure, maybe 8 feet square, with no discernible doors. It looks suspiciously like a dungeon. “Weird, right?” says Leto, grinning. He slips into a pitch-perfect impression of Buffalo Bill from *The Silence of the Lambs*: “Put the lotion in the basket!” he booms, cracking up. I point out that at least the skylight unlatches from the inside, leaving open the possibility of escape. “Yeah,” he says, “but you’d have to get up there first”—a sheer 10-foot climb with no holds. He smiles deviously. “Give ‘em just enough hope to keep ‘em alive.”

IT’S NEARING TIME for Leto to say goodbye: His next appointment is already waiting, some people from a tech giant. At the moment, Leto is looking for a buyer for his digital streaming platform, VyRT, a company he started in 2011 to live-stream his band’s concerts. That was his second foray into the tech world; previously he had launched a digital-marketing company called the Hive, and over the past decade has become a serious tech investor, backing more than 50 startups including Uber, Snapchat, Reddit, Spotify, Slack and Nest.

“He’s very different from the normal cats from Hollywood and L.A. I see playing around the Valley,” says Nest co-founder Tony Fadell, whose company Leto invested in three years before it was acquired by Google for \$3.2 billion, in 2014. (Leto didn’t disclose the size of his investment, but Fadell says for “an individual, it was a significant amount of money.”) “A lot of people from that world say, ‘My manager’s gonna take care of it, my agent’s gonna take care of it’—they don’t worry about the details,” Fadell adds. “And a lot of people are meddlers or know-it-alls who want to lead from the bench. That was not his thing. Jared is very curious, very detail-oriented; he really gets involved, and he really understands. He only added value.”

“I was actually really impressed,” says Stewart Butterfield, a co-founder of Slack, which Leto invested in in 2014. “Jared gave a lot of feedback, and all of it was very practical, specific, concrete feedback about usability and improving the platform. He found the right balance,” Butterfield adds, “between persistent and irritating.”

When it comes to his investing philosophy, Leto says, “I like to learn. So if I can be involved in a company that teaches me something, I’m happy.” There are also a few deals he passed on and still kicks himself over. “Oh, my God, are you kidding?” Leto says. “There are some doozies. I can’t [talk about it]—I’ll have to call a therapist.”



All these side hustles aside, Leto’s not giving up his day job anytime soon. He’s attached to play Andy Warhol in an upcoming biopic written by Terence Winter (*The Wolf of Wall Street*), and he’ll soon be directing his first feature, a police thriller called *77* with a script by L.A. noir legend James Ellroy. Leto—a devoted rock climber who sometimes posts his best ascents to Instagram along with a monkey emoji—has previously directed a documentary series on America’s national parks called *Great Wide Open* as well as several music videos.

“Always when you are around Jared Leto, you are in Jared Leto’s theater,” Denis Villeneuve says. “It’s like

a play—you become a character. But he’s having fun with it, and he brings you in his game. You just fall in love with him.”

If there’s one thing Leto hasn’t done but would like to, it’s a comedy. Sadly, no one ever asks. “I might not be at the top of the list for, like, a funny dude,” he says. “But if someone is dying or suffering greatly, I’ll get a call.” He laughs ruefully. “I got calls about [playing] Charles Manson, Ted Bundy, David Koresh and Jim Jones, all within two weeks. I’m not doing them,” he adds, “but I thought for a second, ‘Oh, my God, I should do them all.’ Just put them together like a Criterion Collection box set. And then retire.” •



Palais Intrigue

In a corner of Marrakech's medina, French iconoclast Bernard-Henri Lévy has restored and expanded the Palais de la Zahia—a place to retreat to with his wife, Arielle Dombasle, while communing with the riad's storied past.

BY SARAH MEDFORD PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN KENT JOHNSON

THE FRENCH FILM *Day and Night* seemed to have a lot going for it on the eve of its release in February 1997. The romantic drama, which co-starred Alain Delon and Arielle Dombasle (with Lauren Bacall in a minor role), had been bankrolled by French luxury-goods magnate François Pinault and his friend André Lévy, an industrialist who was also the father of its director, the celebrated writer Bernard-Henri

Lévy. But the critical response was immediate—and brutal. The chastened director and his leading lady, who was also his wife, escaped to Delon's holiday home in Morocco, tucked away in the medina of Marrakech. They swam in its palm-shaded pool and took sun on the crenelated roof terrace, which overlooks the Koutoubia Mosque and most of the ancient pink-walled city.

"We came supposedly for one week, and after the week I told him, 'I don't want to move! I'll buy it,'"

Lévy says of the house. Delon demurred, according to Lévy, but not for long. "A new lady in his life—a Pol Pot of the feelings—was making things difficult for him. And finally, he said, 'Why not? I'll sell.'"

Lévy and Dombasle acquired the Palais de la Zahia, as it is known, in 1998. Over the past two decades, they've expanded the centuries-old riad with additional guest rooms, public and private areas for sheltering from the day's heat and gardens that alternately delineate and obscure its meandering



SPELLBOUND
The terrace of Palais de la Zahia, a centuries-old Moroccan riad that Lévy and Dombasle (opposite) purchased in 1998. Designer Bill Willis restored the tilework in the mid-'60s for previous owners Paul and Talitha Getty.

courtyards. From the start, they've worked on the project with their friend Louis Benech, France's pre-eminent landscape designer.

The historic palace has remained a hushed, bewitching getaway from the couple's home in Paris. Lévy, in particular, has taken a keen interest in the characters who have passed through its doors, including the feudal warlord Thami el Glaoui, diplomat Hubert Lyautey—the first French resident-general in Morocco—and the Swiss writer-adventurer Isabelle Eberhardt.

In 1966, Palais de la Zahia took a dip into the counterculture when John Paul Getty Jr. purchased it as a wedding present for his second wife, the Dutch model Talitha Pol. Getty's father, J. Paul Getty Sr., was listed that year in *The Guinness Book of World Records* as the world's richest private citizen for his holdings in the oil company he'd co-founded, and soon a rivulet of Senior's cash was making its way into a full restoration of the palace. Leading the work was Bill Willis, a Memphis-born antiques dealer and self-taught decorator who'd already cut a swath with the younger Gettys through Morocco. The couple's hedonistic days and nights at La Zahia were summed up in a now-famous image taken by Patrick Lichfield for *Vogue* in 1969, in which Talitha, dressed in an embroidered djellaba, harem pants and white go-go boots, lounges before Paul on the darkening roof terrace. (Two years later she died of a heroin overdose in their Rome apartment, after which Getty sold the Marrakech house.)

Lévy finds the flamboyant and somewhat debauched history of La Zahia intriguing. Trailing the Gettys to its door was a creative coven that included Yves Saint Laurent and Pierre Bergé, Marianne Faithfull, Gore Vidal and Michelangelo Antonioni, among others. "My passion is really the memoirs," he says. "The house was documented as the only place on earth where the Beatles met the Rolling Stones. They spent a Christmas here together. A few nights, with their ladies." The episode was recorded by Fabrice Gaignault in his 2006 book, *Sixties Muses*; Lévy mentions that he also corroborated it with his houseman, Mohsine, who was born at La Zahia and whose late father looked after it before him.

Mohsine has just delivered a tray bearing espresso in porcelain cups to the terrace, where Lévy is relaxing after his morning swim, dressed in an aloe-green bath towel and wraparound sunglasses. He regrets not meeting Paul Getty in person, he says. "One of his sons came back here one day, with great emotion, and wanted to make a sort of pilgrimage. I think he was happy with how we've kept it, I don't know."

The French couple bring their own version of celebrity to La Zahia. Dombasle, after several decades as an actress, has segued into a career as a singer and occasional film director. (Her latest, the 2013 *Opium*, was inspired by Jean Cocteau's classic memoir.) Wasp-waisted and vivacious, Dombasle is the shimmering sun to Lévy's taciturn moon. He's a writer-adventurer in the spirit of Eberhardt, hitting the road in dusty, perilous landscapes in search of a story, and is best known as an outspoken public intellectual, a self-described humanist who has taken

controversial stands on matters of international policy—most recently in Bosnia, Libya and across the Middle East.

Now 68, Lévy came onto the French scene in the 1970s, first as a war correspondent for the left-wing newspaper *Combat* and then as the author of *Barbarism With a Human Face*, an impassioned repudiation of Marxism. A fortune accrued by his father in the timber business has allowed him to lead a comfortable life, and he pursues projects only as they interest him. The list is long: Lévy has produced so much—and had so many professional ups and downs—that they are beyond count. His 2006 book *American Vertigo*, subtitled *Traveling America in the Footsteps of Tocqueville*, was a bestseller in the U.S. as well as France despite an incendiary review by Garrison Keillor in the *New York Times* that began, "Any American with a big urge to write a book explaining France to the French should read this book first, to get a sense of the hazards involved." Alternately celebrated and lampooned in the French press for his high-minded exploits (he's regularly *entarté*, or given a pie in the face), Lévy has been rebranded in France simply as "BHL." He is also a dandy and a well-documented ladies' man: If BHL had his own emoji, it would sport a black suit and a white Charvet shirt with a stand-up collar, open at the neck.

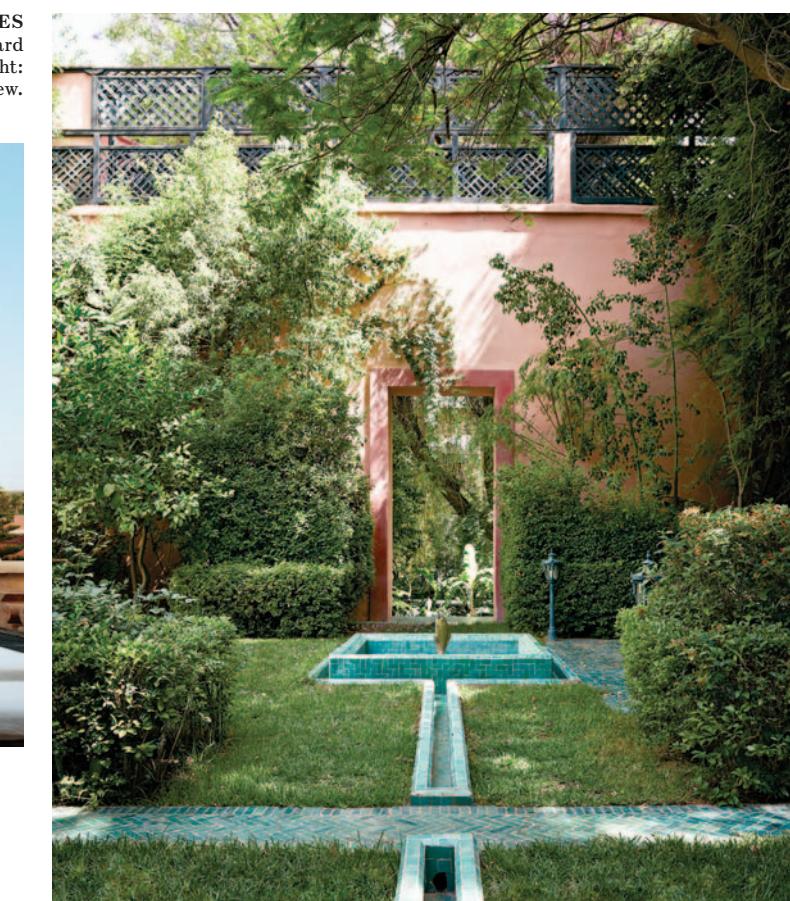
In Marrakech, Lévy works to the exclusion of almost everything else. "I never move from here," he says, glancing around the densely shaded courtyard. "I work all day. And all evening. Sometimes I'm alone, and sometimes it's a good way to get work done." He admits that he leaves a lot of the details surrounding La Zahia to Dombasle.

"My wife likes making a house," Lévy says. "What I like in a house is people. The history. My history—and the people who came before. This is a little bit of a haunted house."

PALAIS DE LA ZAHIA is unquestionably a *big* house, a grand riad that dates to the 16th or the 18th century, depending on whom you ask. Thought to have been built by the Glaoui, or ruling passahs, of Marrakech, it bears all the markings of a rich man's trophy: rooms faced in *zellige* (glittering, richly patterned mosaic tile); cedar-wood ceilings, almost Nordic in their intricate floral motifs, carved and painted with botanical dyes; deep, arched fireplaces and walls of *tadelakt* (glazed and pigmented plaster). At some point, a smaller riad was annexed to the larger one and used as a harem. As Mohsine explains, this is where Marlon Brando spent a few months shacked up with the Gettys in the late '60s.

The first time Lévy and Dombasle returned to La Zahia as its owners, they brought along Benech and his then-partner, Christian Louboutin, to consult on various home improvements. "As a person, I like Louis's tenderness," Lévy says. "And as a professional, I love that he believes plants are living creatures. He really communicates with plants. They are the partners of his life."

Lévy has soaked up a bit of this thinking himself. "Louis taught me that plants had a life," he says. "And strangely enough, he convinced me of my relation to



SPEAK, MEMORY
Clockwise from left:
The basement, lined
with photographs from
Lévy's past; a caged
dining pavilion designed
by Christian Louboutin;
in a new wing, European
furnishings mingle with
Moroccan poufs and
Taureg mats underfoot.
The tapestry came from
Dombasle's former
château in Burgundy.

"IN THIS HOUSE, YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO EXPERIMENT WITH SHADOW AND LIGHT."

—BERNARD-HENRI LÉVY

LUSH LIFE

Beneath the stairs leading to Lévy's office, Benech planted a tangle of ivy and foliage around a low velvet banquette.



this world. The Americans love their dogs and their cats. For me, perhaps it's pet plants. Introduced by Louis Benech. 'Mr. Lévy, meet your pet plant.'"

Benech got his start among the rain-misted gardens of Normandy, but several early projects had introduced him to North Africa's parched, unremitting climate, and the challenges of garden making there fueled his imagination. "The landscape tradition in Morocco is a bit Alhambresque," he says from the terrace of his Paris home and office, a modest townhouse in the ninth arrondissement. "There is sometimes a big reservoir surrounded by fruit trees—citrus or olive, as in the Agdal Gardens of Marrakech. And then there is the riad garden, an interior courtyard with raised walkways and sunken beds. It's a gravitational watering system—though not as clever as the ones in Iran."

In the early '80s, Benech designed a slim water canal in the Moorish style at Dar Zuylen, the estate of Guy and Marie-Hélène de Rothschild in the Palmerie, a new residential community outside the medina. "It was lined with artichokes, which have such a beautiful leaf," he says. Having stayed at the house one summer, Lévy and Dombasle craved a canal of their own. Beyond that, their requests for La Zahia were personal: Dombasle wanted a certain apricot rose, a hybrid tea named Just Joey; her husband wanted the world in microcosm.

"My little idea," Lévy explains, "was that in this house, you should be able to experiment with

Barefoot and still draped in a towel, Lévy rises from a velvet-cushioned campaign chair and pads through an arched doorway in the courtyard to an area he annexed some years after buying the house. The transition is from night to day: A sun-struck garden in fiery oranges and yellows encircles a newly built wing. Here Benech planted citrus trees and fragrant, trailing moonflower, wisteria and jasmine vines to make an opulent stage for the hybrid tea roses Dombasle favors, which are laced among hibiscus and an almost-vermillion lantana to ensure that the garden is constantly in color. Flowing down the middle is a turquoise-tiled canal that culminates in a small pool where calla lilies, bird of paradise and other showy bloomers perform.

"Although it looks wild, it's very geometric," Dombasle says of the rectangular plot. "Louis makes very sophisticated gardens that never look like gardens *à la française*. It's not his style at all. But he's so passionate."

Renowned for his encyclopedic knowledge of plants, Benech prefers using native species whenever possible. In Marrakech, frustrated by the poor selection of natives in the nurseries, he resorted at one point to smuggling in seeds and seedlings from abroad, a practice that soon took on a narcotic allure. He supplemented his stowaways with local specimen plants scavenged one by one. "Louis was like a collector who knows that a piece of art exists somewhere, and he has to find it," Lévy says. "He

four-poster bed painted like the Good Ship Lollipop in a fantasia of ice cream colors and Berber-inspired motifs. In Talitha Getty's former boudoir, Dombasle stirred Willis's haute-bohemian pot by placing a red-satin chaise once owned by the Italian fashion designer Elsa Schiaparelli beside a soaking tub paved with psychedelic *zellige* tiles. "It's so amusing," Dombasle says of the result, taking a drag on her cigarette and smiling.

CERTAIN ROOMS at La Zahia still breathe the stately air of the 19th century. When the couple host late dinners for friends, a long table in one of the salons is set with colored votive candles, and the fireplace is lit on cool evenings.

Lévy says he prefers to dine at home. "In 20 years, I never went to a dinner, a party, to a lunch here." This sounds unbelievable, but he insists. "People come from abroad," he says. "A coterie, no. But it's a place where my best friends come. And sometimes the house has been used to have people meet, and take time together discreetly." Meaning? "A few political discussions have taken place here," he says cryptically. "In 2000, there were some meetings, some talks here. Between Israelis and Palestinians. In 2011, there were some talks with Libya, factions of the Libyan revolution. But generally, it is not that. Generally, it is really a place for me to write and to get together with my friends."

The Middle East has been Lévy's focus for more than a decade, and in the past two years he's made a pair of documentaries on the rise of ISIS. "As you can guess, you don't come back from such an adventure absolutely intact," he says of filming in northern Iraq. "It takes time, and I am...in recovery." To ease back into the general public discourse, he's working on a new book about populism, he says. "Trump, Putin, Europe. How to understand it, how to get rid of it."

Reconciling the many contrasts of Lévy's life is no easy matter, a fact that becomes even clearer after a trip to La Zahia's basement, where a series of rooms is lined with images of him and a galaxy of acquaintances from childhood to the present.

Cameos by everyone from his two children, his two ex-wives, Omar Sharif, Nicolas Sarkozy and Charlie Rose to camo-clad soldiers and Russian dissidents tell an unfathomable number of stories. Benech refers to the place as "the Dombaslothèque"—where the still-glamorous chanteuse lets loose in the evenings to entertain friends. "This is a crazy place," Lévy says, before leading the way through to the underground gym.

In 2000, on a trip to Tangier, Lévy fell in love with the view from a clifftop bluff and asked the late French designer Andrée Putman to build him a contemporary villa there. The two Moroccan houses couldn't be more different, he says—"Like Mac and PC. Like Beatles and Rolling Stones. Like Racine and Corneille." In July, though, he put the pristine Tangier house on the market; he rarely found himself going there. Instead, he's been spending more time in the ancient arms of La Zahia. He can be alone here, to a point. "This is a very old house, with many ghosts. Good ghosts." •

**"WHAT I LIKE IN A HOUSE IS PEOPLE.
THE HISTORY. MY HISTORY—AND THE PEOPLE
WHO CAME BEFORE. THIS IS A BIT OF
A HAUNTED HOUSE." —LÉVY**

all sorts of relationships between shadow and light. There should be a place for sunlight, for deep shadow, for coolness and for burning heat. A place for being surrounded by plants and then seeing plants at a distance. Not a variety of plants, but a variety of behaviors of me and my friends. I wanted the framework to be set in order to create a variety of relationships with plants."

Benech says he doesn't recall this dialectical tale, but the result was achieved anyway—in its beguiling complexity, La Zahia offered a range of horticultural opportunities. The existing trees in the riad's courtyard garden were magnificent: jacarandas, figs, palms, flame trees and Persian silk trees approaching the height of the upper-story bedrooms. At eye level, though, the sunken beds looked empty and rather sad. Lévy and Dombasle suggested raising the soil to the level of the green-tiled walkways, but Benech argued that this would "strangle" the trees. Instead, he persuaded them to plant a proper understory mixed with potted ferns and flowering climbers—rosy pink bougainvillea, persimmon-hued crossvine—that would soon infiltrate the courtyard with a primitive jungle on the order of Henri Rousseau. "At the time of the Gettys, there were just the big trees," Lévy says. "Now there is a sort of clever and wild composition, and it is like this all year round."

would take a car to the desert and come back with a little pot. Now the plants are not so little. It was a big commitment, and he did it with heart."

The same could be said for Lévy's expansion of the illustrious riad. "This is a little more than a house, so there is a transmission that has to be true and consistent, a legacy," he explains. "I did not change it. I added. And I got in touch with Bill Willis, because I wanted the same spirit as the Gettys. But Bill worked in close contact with Louis."

Willis had stayed on in Marrakech after restoring Palais de la Zahia in the '60s, becoming the city's unlikely shaman of the decorative arts. "Bill created the Marrakech look, and it started with that house," says the decorator Jacques Grange, who visited La Zahia with Yves Saint Laurent in 1972. "Yves was very close friends with Talitha. She had died by then, but we spent time there with Paul."

In 2002, Willis reprised his role at La Zahia. Then in his 60s and somewhat of a recluse, the designer threw out one far-fetched idea after the next, and Benech—with input from Louboutin, who is no slouch when it comes to houses—did what he could to shape them into workable plans. Willis died in 2009, and Lévy and Dombasle emerged from the adventure with a few choice stories. They still use the furniture Willis designed for the Gettys, including a

THE BIG PICTURE

As Rag & Bone's co-founder Marcus Wainwright strikes out on his own, he continues his career-long quest to challenge and expand our understanding of what constitutes fashion.

BY MARK ROZZO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAN MARTENSEN

ILIVED AND BREATHED for these people. They got us started." It's not every day that a New York-based CEO of a globally successful apparel company gets choked up talking about the workers in a small factory in the hills of Kentucky. But this is not your central-casting CEO. It's Marcus Wainwright, the 42-year-old co-founder of Rag & Bone, the maker of downtown-inspired American sportswear, talking about the company's earliest chapters.

Back in 2001, Wainwright, like many 20-something Englishmen before him, gravitated to New York City, first the East Village and then Williamsburg. He'd ditched his home country and a fledgling career in the telecom industry, looking for a new adventure. He was besotted with American denim but not overly enchanted by the boot-cut, distressed jeans then making their '70s comeback, nor the other varieties with their fanciful washes, stitching and pockets. Wainwright decided to make his own—but he had no clue how to do it. The first attempts were disasters. They "didn't really work out," he deadpans. He didn't know how to make a proper pattern; what he came up with was more like a child's drawing. But Wainwright pressed on, not so much as a beneficiary

of the Dunning-Kruger effect—the presumably blissful phenomenon whereby an incompetent person is too incompetent to recognize his or her own incompetence—but through a combination of audacity, obsession and nagging curiosity about how jeans are actually made. Along the way, he picked up two British fellow travelers, Nathan Bogle and David Neville, making Rag & Bone a trio, and at a certain point a connection was made to Kentucky Apparel, a manufacturer in Tompkinsville, Kentucky. (It's not far from Bugtussle, Mud Lick and Flippin, if you're looking at a map.) By 2004, Wainwright got what he was looking for: a raw, selvage jean (in denim from Japan's legendary Kaihara mill) that actually fit a human male. He walked a backpack full of them into Isa, a tiny boutique near his place in Williamsburg, and talked the owner into buying a handful of jeans, chinos and T-shirts. Rag & Bone was off and running.

Wainwright—a rangy guy with tousled hair and a few days' scruff who looks like he could hold his own at both a billiard table and a board

meeting—still rhapsodizes about Kentucky Apparel and the expert craftspeople there who guided his greenhorn operation along. He remembers "Mike Scruggs, just sitting in his office with no windows, with his cigarette hanging out of his mouth, watching him make a pattern." There was Betty Gentry, who hand-sewed the "R&B" logo on the back pocket of each pair of first-run Rag & Bone jeans (which, no doubt, are now collectors' items in the superheated world of denimphilia). But the new business that Wainwright and Co. brought to Kentucky Apparel wasn't enough to save the factory, and it closed in 2005. "I was devastated," Wainwright says, as much for the impact on the people who had made their livelihoods there as for his own shaky enterprise. Rag & Bone moved on to a factory in Micaville, North Carolina, called Taylor Togs. The workers there viewed Wainwright as a kind of savior. The place closed down in 2007.

The heartbreak of watching these small factories, and American jobs, vanish was galvanizing for Wainwright and his partners: "That was how Rag & Bone started as a concept," he says. "Clothes, for me—and Rag & Bone, for me—have got to stand for something greater than fashion."

CANDID CAMERA
Marcus Wainwright, photographed at his home in Brooklyn, with his own Leica.





STRIKING A CORD
Retro textures and rich tones combine for effortless charm. Prada sweater, pants and belt and Calvin Klein 205W39NYC boots. Opposite: Berluti jacket.

SATURATION POINT

Up-to-the-minute styles are bursting with color this fall. Add a jolt to your wardrobe with this season's most eye-catching palettes.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY THOMAS LOHR
STYLING BY TOM VAN DORPE







SEEING RED
An oversize jacket
makes a simple
statement. Valentino
coat. Opposite:
Louis Vuitton coat,
shirt and pants.



WELL SUITED

Break tradition in Technicolor. Calvin Klein 205W39NYC jacket, pants and boots. Opposite: Loewe top and Valentino pants.







PURPLE HAZE

Rich violet or burnt burgundy deliver an unforgettable impact. Hermès jacket and pants and Raf Simons sweater. Opposite: Ralph Lauren jacket, Raf Simons pants and Calvin Klein 205W39NYC boots. Model, Jonas Gloer at Tomorrow Is Another Day; hair, Braydon Nelson; makeup, Laura Stiassni; prop styling, Danielle Selig. For details see Sources, page 80.



A MOCA FOR AFRICA

NEARLY THREE MONTHS before opening day, the double front doors of the Zeitz Museum of Contemporary Art Africa, the first major museum devoted to new art from the continent, are sealed like a vault. The interiors, by London architect Thomas Heatherwick—his first building in Africa—have been kept under wraps in an effort to build anticipation. From the outside, the building gives little away. New lantern windows bulge from its tower wing, the only apparent addition to this industrial-age artifact, a 96-year-old grain silo on the Cape Town waterfront stripped of its gungy magnolia paint down to gray concrete.

Inside, Heatherwick has carved a space from 42 steel and concrete grain-storage tubes, a soaring atrium hugged by white-box galleries—more than 100 of them on six floors—that curators and art handlers are already filling with sculpture, photography, film and paintings. “Normally with buildings the most iconic bit is the outside,” says Heatherwick, touring the museum in early July. “We thought, What if we made it the inside—an innie rather than an outie?”

Glass elevators shooting past spiral staircases access a roof garden inspired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art’s in New York. On the climate-controlled floors below, designed to meet international standards for traveling shows, cowhides capturing the body contours of South African artist Nandipha Mntambo (the subject of an opening retrospective) are being installed in one room, while photomontages from Kudzanai Chiurai of Zimbabwe lean against walls in another.

The Zeitz museum, launching this month, focuses on 21st-century work and aims to offer an inclusive look at the African art scene today, with a big-tent approach featuring African, expat and diaspora artists. Though it’s largely the vision of its executive director and chief curator, Mark Coetzee, a Cape Town artist turned curator, it would never have happened without the man whose name is inscribed above the door.

African contemporary art has long been the purview of private collectors. Unlike other big players in

this emerging sector, Jochen Zeitz began his collection a decade ago with a museum in mind. “The story I wanted to tell is a story I wouldn’t tell but that Africa would tell itself,” he says.

TOTALLY TUBULAR
Jochen Zeitz (right)
with Thomas Heatherwick at Zeitz MOCAA.
Opposite: The atrium, carved from a grain silo’s interior, opens to the public this month.

In a former Cape Town grain silo, reimagined by Thomas Heatherwick, Jochen Zeitz is opening the world’s first major museum devoted to contemporary African art.

BY JAY CHESSES
PHOTOGRAPHY BY KYLE WEEKS

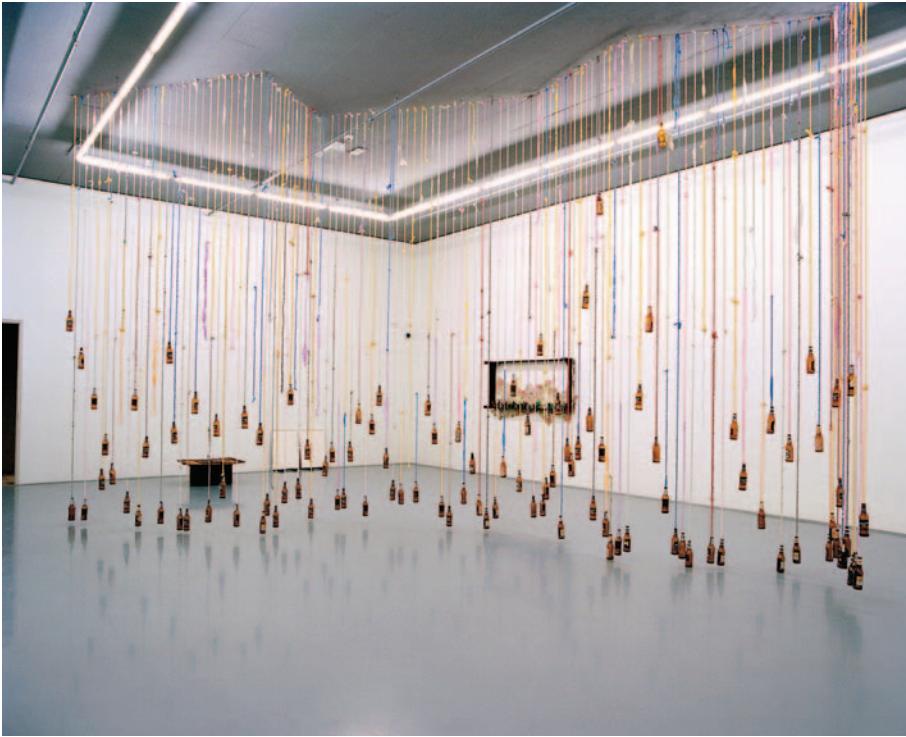


ZEITZ, 54, is an old-fashioned polymath: adventurer, linguist, business prodigy and conservation crusader. One of the youngest CEOs in German corporate history—he was 30 when he took over a nearly bankrupt Puma—he speaks seven languages including Swahili, flies his own biplane, leads wildlife treks through the African bush and is the co-author, with Benedictine monk Anselm Grün, of a book about the spiritual aspects of business. In 2013, he launched the B Team with Richard Branson, a nonprofit devoted to sustainability that lobbied world leaders during the Paris climate talks. “We have similar views on people and humanity and how the world is,” says Branson.

Zeitz also helped craft strategy for luxury conglomerate Kering (PPR at the time)—which took a controlling stake in Puma in 2007—by introducing an environmental component to its profit and loss statement. “Jochen was very advanced in his thinking,” says Kering chief François-Henri Pinault. “He’s the one who convinced me to bring people from outside the economic sphere into the corporation, people from NGOs, specialists in transportation, energy, raw materials.”

Though he’s obsessive about Africa—Zeitz owns a 50,000-acre wildlife conservancy and ranch, Segera, in Kenya, where he spends three to four months a year—until a decade ago he had little interest in African art. He was a casual collector with a couple of Warhols and Lichtensteins and a few Peter Beards. Today’s African artists have never been more coveted abroad—the Fondation Louis Vuitton opened a big survey in Paris last spring, which was followed, a few weeks later, by Sotheby’s first Modern and Contemporary African Art sale in London. But for Zeitz the museum is less a reflection of a new fixation

SHAPE OF THINGS
Right (from left):
Divider, a 2016
installation at
Zeitz MOCAA by
South African artist
Lungiswa Gqunta;
the floors of the
museum’s roof garden
feature an abstract
work by Togolese
artist El Loko; the
atrium viewed from
above. Below left: The
museum’s exterior
showcases its bulging
lantern windows.



than the culmination of an ongoing love affair with the continent.

Zeitz was 26 on his first visit in 1989, a two-week tour of Kenya between marketing gigs at Colgate-Palmolive and Puma. “Africa fascinated me from a very young age,” he says. “I fell in love with the vibe, the people, the wildlife, everything.”

That trip inspired him to travel across the continent searching for a place of his own—it took him 14 years to find his retreat, teeming with big game, on Kenya’s Laikipia Plateau—and, eventually, to integrate Africa into Puma’s branding.

The company had fallen far from its heyday in the 1970s, when Pelé was Puma’s big star. Zeitz pioneered a new sports-lifestyle approach that introduced streetwear lines and collaborations with runway designers like Alexander McQueen and Jil Sander. “Jochen had a vision which I think a lot of people almost laughed at,” says Thore Ohlsson, the Swedish executive and member of Puma’s administrative board who championed Zeitz’s promotion from vice president of international sales and marketing. “We were a volume, low-end brand with lousy distribution, while this guy was saying we were going to become the coolest brand on the market.”

Coetze began to focus on emerging artists—buying up entire shows, investing in future output, commissioning more ambitious pieces. “We made a decision to make a commitment to young people, to the new generation, and not take the easy way out,” says Coetze. “It puts us in a very risky situation because it’s super easy to criticize, but I think it’s a much more exciting territory to play in.” He cast a wide net in bringing diaspora artists—broadly defined—into the collection, too, including well-established figures like British artists Chris Ofili and Isaac Julien.

African art entered the picture at Puma in 2007, 14 years into Zeitz’s tenure running the company, after his friend Peter Beard—in a characteristically provocative manner—dismissed, wholesale, the continent’s contemporary art. “We talked about art,” recalls Zeitz, of the exchange at Beard’s Hog Ranch in

Kenya. “I said, ‘What about African artists?’ And he said, ‘There aren’t any.’ In his way he was always challenging you. I said, ‘I’m sure there are, and they ought to be more visible. I want to do something about it.’” (Beard, who suffered a stroke a few years ago, doesn’t recall details of the conversation but his wife, Nejma, says he “has always believed in African art.”)

Driven to prove that African artists deserved a place in the global spotlight, Zeitz brought in an art consultant to explore sponsorship opportunities at Puma. In 2008 he hired Coetze, a South African who had been running the Rubell Family Collection in Miami, to work full time as head of PUMAVision, a new arm focused on corporate responsibility. His mandate included offering broad support to the arts in Africa. On the side, Coetze became a private adviser to Zeitz, tasked with scouring the continent for significant work. “Mark wanted to do something in Africa,” recalls Zeitz. “I said, ‘Why don’t we join forces? We can build a collection, and then find a place where it belongs.’”

Eventually Heatherwick, who’d toured the silo for the first time while attending Cape Town’s Design Indaba conference in 2005, signed on to tackle the building—although he still wasn’t sure what it would house. “Our studio became a partner from an early stage,” he says. “We had a very open brief.”

The acquisitions were soon scattered among warehouses and Zeitz’s various homes in New Mexico, Switzerland, Kenya and Britain. When Zeitz left Puma after 22 years in 2012, Coetze followed him to focus on the collection full time. By then it had become significant enough for Zeitz to begin thinking

of a permanent public home. They considered locations in Kenya, Nigeria, Mali and Ghana. “It had to be a metropolitan city,” says Zeitz. “We wanted a place that people from outside Africa came to but that was accessible to people from within, too.” They were close to a deal on a site in downtown Cape Town when Coetze got a call about the silo.

The building, on the Victoria & Alfred Waterfront—one of the most heavily trafficked tourist sites in Africa—had sat empty for more than two decades. Several reuse schemes had been floated over the years, including a parking garage, a mushroom farm and a Holiday Inn. By 2010 the area’s developers were exploring ideas for a world-class cultural institution—a “cathedral in the middle” of a new master-planned district, as Waterfront CEO David Green puts it. They reached out to architect Renzo Piano along with New York’s Guggenheim museum and the Tate in London, but all priced themselves out of contention. “We just didn’t have those sorts of funds,” says Green.

Eventually Heatherwick, who’d toured the silo for the first time while attending Cape Town’s Design Indaba conference in 2005, signed on to tackle the building—although he still wasn’t sure what it would house. “Our studio became a partner from an early stage,” he says. “We had a very open brief.”

Proposals for a design museum or an outpost for Charles Saatchi’s art collection had both fallen through when Coetze got a call in 2013 and went to visit. Zeitz later flew in to look at the building and Heatherwick’s plans for it. “It ticked all the boxes,” he says. “It took me 30 seconds to say, ‘That’s it.’” To get the museum started, Zeitz offered his collection for his lifetime (or a minimum of 20 years).

Heatherwick had devised a plan to fuse two adjacent structures, connecting them with a cavernous atrium. “This was a building that was just made of tubes; there’s never been space in it before,” he says.

“It needed a heart, something that would help you understand how to move around.” That heart, an engineering feat, follows the contours of a single digitally scanned kernel of corn, a nod to the building’s history as a grain silo. “We realized that curving surfaces interacting with a tubular structure did something beautiful,” says Heatherwick, “made unexpected lines and unexpected shapes.”

The architect, who is currently working on Google’s Silicon Valley headquarters with Danish architect Bjarke Ingels, calls the nearly \$40 million transformation of the Cape Town structure “the most important launch my studio has ever had,” 23 years into its run. “We want people to be motivated that they have to come in,” he says, “and the best way to do that is to do something amazing beyond that threshold.”

In the four years since the museum was announced, several new projects devoted to contemporary African art have emerged around the world. Venture capitalist Jean Pigozzi, who built a massive collection of sub-Saharan art over the past 30 years (featured in the Fondation

Vuitton’s survey), recently announced he’s scouting locations for his own museum in Europe. “I want to be like the visual ambassador of Africa,” Pigozzi says. “The Zeitz museum is a terrific thing, but why do a second museum in Africa? If Zeitz did it there, let’s do something completely different.” Another serious collector, Sindika Dokolo, plans to open an “art lab” and exhibition space in Portugal later this year, an annex to his new art compound in Angola. “My example, the example of Zeitz, hopefully will inspire other people in other African countries,” says

Dokolo, “so that we’ll start to have a solid, very sound African art market.”

Some critics have knives out awaiting the Zeitz museum’s opening in September and question Coetze’s bona fides as an arbiter of African art. “I don’t think he will be able to represent the entire continent,” says Ugochukwu-Smooth Nzewi, the new curator for African art at the Cleveland Museum of Art. “There’s no idealism around the museum. It’s driven by capital.” An institution directed and funded largely by white faces in postapartheid South Africa has also raised the issue of race and privilege. “We’ve been tackling tough questions,” acknowledges Coetze. “Who has the right to talk? Who represents whom? Who has the authority to talk on somebody else’s behalf?”

After the museum’s opening, Coetze plans to treat Heatherwick’s vast atrium as a blank canvas for monumental pieces—a sort of Southern Hemisphere version of the Tate Modern’s Turbine Hall. Fundraising efforts, including a charity auction organized by Christie’s in London last spring, have helped build enough of an endowment for Coetze to start buying up pieces owned outright by the museum, a permanent collection “held in trust in perpetuity for the people of Africa,” he says.

This is just the sort of legacy Zeitz had in mind when he started this project a decade ago. “It’s all part of a sort of puzzle in my head,” he says. “It’s not just about art, it’s about the messaging and people’s perceptions of Africa. In focusing on the 21st century, decades from now we’re automatically part of history.” •



**“WE THOUGHT,
WHAT IF WE
MADE IT AN
INNIE RATHER
THAN
AN OUTIE?”**

—THOMAS
HEATHERWICK



Strokes of Genius

With her first American retrospective and more projects on the horizon, artist Nathalie Du Pasquier, an original founder of the Memphis Group, is finally getting her due.

BY CAROL KINO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES MOLLISON

THIS IS A TRAY from '84, done with a Danish carpenter," says 60-year-old artist Nathalie Du Pasquier, pointing out a dark wooden box inlaid with orange zigzags and arcs in her studio in Milan's Porta Nuova district. An Italian pottery plate, fired with a blue, yellow and red bull's-eye, is from "a series based on circles, done by me in Naples." Sheets of wallpaper are pinned to a wall like drawings, covered with rectangles that suggest cinder blocks or floral grids reminiscent of the British Arts and Crafts pioneer William Morris. The couch is piled with ziggurat-patterned blankets and pillows, some designed by Du Pasquier for the Danish design brand Hay, others in collaboration with her partner of 38 years, the British industrial designer George Sowden, for the Swiss company ZigZagZurich.

Du Pasquier's interest in textile design is unusual for a painter who, after working quietly for three decades, is poised for major art world attention. Following shows at Portugal's Kunsthalle Lissabon in January and Pace London this past summer, her first American retrospective, *Big Objects Not Always Silent*, just opened at Philadelphia's Institute of Contemporary Art, after a successful 2016 run at Austria's Kunsthalle Wien. For years, Du Pasquier has been celebrated as a founder of the Memphis Group, the collective that upended the design world when it launched in 1981, challenging every tenet of modernist black-and-chrome, form-must-follow-function good taste with its bright colors and asymmetrical lines. One of two female designers in the core Milan group, Du Pasquier created many of the exuberant patterns for which it became known. And today, with Memphis back in fashion, Du Pasquier is too—only now she's overturning contemporary art orthodoxies, with what Luca Lo Pinto, a curator at Kunsthalle Wien, calls "an expanded approach to painting."

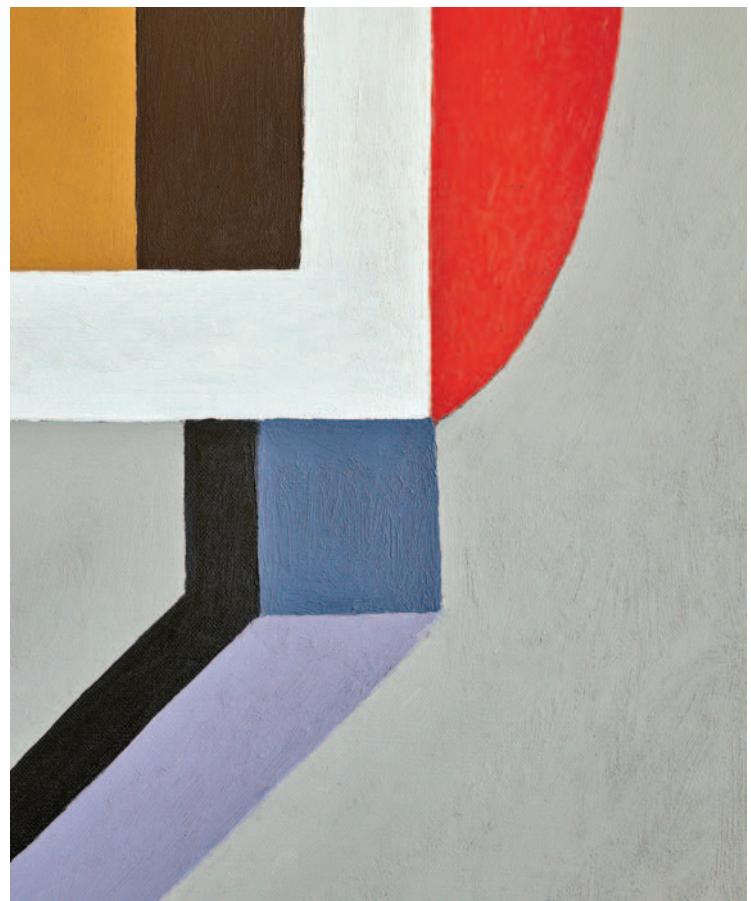
Seen on their own, Du Pasquier's paintings aren't so outrageous: Her early works include luminous oil-painted still lifes—glasses, cups, bricks, detergent bottles—that recall the Italian metaphysicist Giorgio Morandi. More recently, she has painted geometric constructions she builds from painted wood, as well as imagined abstractions. Lately she has shown them as sculptures that often fill entire rooms. Her recent shows have been grand installations, in which one might encounter a painting or vase balanced atop a cabinet or plinth, or paintings layered over wallpaper.

Her retrospective is a multigallery *Gesamtkunstwerk* that includes drawings; rugs; a room-size sculpture broadcasting a sound piece by a friend; and *My Brain*, a large chamber filled with paintings and objects that tell the story of her life. "It's kind of a city of Nathalie Du Pasquier," says Alex Klein, a curator at the ICA. "There's so much work, and it's exciting to see it singing in concert, to see the hierarchical categorizations dissolve between the design objects and the purely aesthetic objects."

"Nathalie has a lot of freedom to shift from one

ARTISTIC EXPRESSION Nathalie Du Pasquier in her Milan studio. Opposite: A composition of artworks, many of which will be shown at her show in London this month.





thing to another, without thinking too much about the consequences,” says Lo Pinto, who co-curated the Philadelphia show with Klein. “Sometimes you feel a bit disoriented, because you really don’t understand what you have in front of you.”

Also disorienting: Du Pasquier’s multiple projects. On September 29, *Other Rooms* opens at London’s Camden Arts Centre. It features rooms inside rooms, reams of drawings, painted paper shapes layered over wallpaper and seven ceramic vases named for days of the week—all of it new. “I think it’s a good time for her work,” says Jenni Lomax, who curated the show and recently stepped down as Camden’s director. “This collective way of working really chimes with the way artists are thinking. And it always makes you feel better when you see it, in the way that good design does.”

Du Pasquier’s ability to fearlessly blend art and design while embracing decoration has also won her a following. As Klein says, “A lot of younger artists are looking for models like Nathalie.”

“There is a bit of a cult around her,” says Tamara Corm, a Pace London director. When Corm told artists about Du Pasquier’s exhibition, comprising a site-specific installation and new sculptures and paintings, “they were all very excited,” she says. “Some knew her Memphis fabrics. It’s word of mouth. She’s cool.”

Raised in Bordeaux, France, where her mother was a historian of decorative arts and her father a virologist, Du Pasquier left after high school, traveling to West Africa, Australia, India and Rome, where she was an au pair for a year, before arriving in Italy’s design capital in 1979. “I didn’t know where to fit,” she says. She was always drawing but had no idea how to make that a career. “In France, if you don’t go through the academy or a course, you don’t get anywhere. I was sure I was never going to be doing anything.”

That changed when a chance meeting with an old acquaintance, the designer Martine Bedin, led her to the party where she met Sowden. Not only was it “love at first sight,” as Sowden says, but it was also creative kismet. Fifteen years her senior, he had been working for Ettore Sottsass, then Italian design’s reigning guru, and had just started his own firm, which was designing elements used in today’s personal computer. (Sottsass is now the subject of several hundred-birthday shows, including *Ettore Sottsass: Design Radical* at New York’s Met Breuer through October 8.) Sowden was also designing textiles, and one day Du Pasquier asked if she could try too. “I came home in the evening, she’d done like a hundred patterns,” Sowden recalls. “It was quite extraordinary—the energy, the sureness. It came from the wellspring of her creativity.” For Du Pasquier, making her first patterns was “like when you first fall in love,” she says. “It was incredible. I had discovered what I was going to be doing.”

For a year she collaborated with Sowden on various projects; then Memphis launched in critic Barbara Radice’s living room. Although others contributed during its six-year run, the core Milan group

COLOR WHEEL Opposite: Various works in Du Pasquier’s Milan studio, including *Personal Sculpture*, 2007 (bottom right), and *Aspetta! (Wait!)*, 2007 (bottom left).

“I PREFERRED TO EXPLORE SOMETHING I DIDN’T KNOW AT ALL, SO I STARTED TO PAINT.”

—NATHALIE DU PASQUIER

comprised Sottsass and seven of his much younger associates, including Sowden, Du Pasquier, Bedin and Radice, his wife-to-be.

Today Memphis is often described as a zany style involving wacky patterns and a jumble of angles and lines. But its founders reject that notion. “They keep thinking it’s jazzy—that we amuse ourselves,” says Radice. “No! It was an updating of the architectural alphabet.”

“There was no style,” says Sowden. “It wasn’t a planned aesthetic. It was a mess—a collage that created an extraordinary amount of positive energy, which just about everybody in the world picked up on. Everybody asked, ‘What’s going on?’ We asked that ourselves.”

As Sowden explains it, fashion and music had gone pop in the 1960s, but design and architecture were stuck in prewar formalism. “If it wasn’t black, it wasn’t design,” he says. “We were saying, Surely there’s something else.” In 1980, at the tail end of punk, “Sottsass told everybody that he had this opportunity to create this exhibition. It was kind of, Why don’t we just do what we want?” They met to look at each others’ drawings. “It was usually done in the evening, with a bottle of white wine,” Sowden says. Their furniture involved plenty of plastic laminate—then disdained by designers—because it was a great pattern vehicle. And they scrapped the idea of form following function and embraced design for its own sake—a move whose repercussions can be seen today.

Their first collection was unveiled in 1981, during Milan’s Salone del Mobile. People went wild: Karl Lagerfeld snapped up every piece, and the group became superstars. For Du Pasquier, it led to countless commissions, a designing stint with the fashion label Fiorucci and a crash course in manufacturing. She was the only one with no training or experience to rebel against, so for her it was all about discovery. “Everything seemed possible,” she says. “I designed jewels, dresses, textiles, carpets, furniture, cities, street furniture.” Just before Memphis disbanded in 1987, Du Pasquier says, “I felt a little bit trapped into the design Memphis girl. I preferred to explore something I didn’t know at all, so I started to paint.”

Inspired by postmodernism’s jumble of styles, Du Pasquier experimented with cityscapes and figuration before settling on the still life. For years she showed primarily with a Hong Kong dealer and did everything—making artists’ books, painting on walls at poetry slams, visiting artists’ retreats—until the art market crashed in 2008 and her modest sales dried up.

That’s when she was rediscovered by a younger generation, drawn by her connection to Memphis but also by her independence. The change began when Miu Miu used her Memphis prints, uncredited, in the

spring 2006 collection. “They never paid anything,” Du Pasquier says. “But it turned out to my advantage. It put the things into fashion again just as everything collapsed.” (Miu Miu has declined to comment.)

New design projects arrived. Aided by the internet, so did new admirers, like Omar Sosa, co-founder and art director of the Barcelona-based interiors magazine *Apartamento*, who was entranced when he discovered Du Pasquier’s 2005 painting *Bricks and Orange* on a blog, realized her Memphis connection and put her in the magazine in 2011. Iris Alonzo, then creative director of American Apparel, says she found Du Pasquier’s paintings online and asked her to design a limited-edition clothing line, which came out in 2014, as did a line of tote bags for Wrong for Hay. “It’s crazy but somehow these things made me famous,” Du Pasquier says. “Then people went to my website and discovered that I am also a painter.”

Meanwhile, Sosa had finally persuaded Du Pasquier to make a book of her 1980s patterns—although he’d had to tread carefully. “Nathalie’s somebody that lives today in the present,” he says. “I didn’t want to push her too much to show me things that she did 30 years ago because I knew that for her that wasn’t relevant. But, of course, when I would see those illustrations, it was like, Wow!” Published in 2015—the first edition sold out and is now a collectors’ item—the book (*Don’t Take These Drawings Seriously*) fueled the fire. That’s how art insiders such as Corm and Lomax first learned of her paintings.

A decisive moment for Du Pasquier’s career came in 2014, when Lo Pinto became a curator at Kunsthalle Wien and soon after offered her a show. “I had an intuition,” says the curator, who’d discovered her work in a gallery and watched it for years. “She’s a person who’s not following any trends. She never wanted to be in a safe place. She always wants to look forward.”

Meanwhile, Du Pasquier’s art career is rocketing forward—the show at Pace London sold out—and the design projects haven’t stopped. Only now, instead of being a designer who paints, she’s increasingly seen as an artist who designs. Take the two silk scarves she created with Hermès. One reached stores last spring, and a second was just released. The house loved one of the designs so much that it used it for two dresses in the current women’s ready-to-wear line. Rather than asking Du Pasquier to create patterns, however, Hermès based the scarves on paintings. “Normally we work with illustrators,” says Christine Duvigneau, the label’s graphic design studio director, who has a Du Pasquier painting hanging in her office. “But Nathalie is an artist, so we bought a piece of art.”

That’s fine with Du Pasquier. For while she loves designing textiles, when she started painting 30 years ago, she says, “I understood that was the real adventure that I would go on until the day I die.” •

**HAPPY FEET**

Step it up with this dynamic duo. From left: Fendi sweater, Marni pants, Maison Kitsuné hat. Fendi sweater, Kolor pants, Worth & Worth hat and model's own sandals and earring. For details see "Bold Moves," below.

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Gucci coat, \$10,200, select Gucci stores nationwide, Lena Skadegard necklace, \$1,025, Twist, Portland, Oregon, Paul Morelli necklace, \$16,000, 895 Madison Avenue, New York

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STILL LIFE

NOBUYOSHI ARAKI

The subversive photographer shares a few of his favorite things.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NOBUYOSHI ARAKI

“THE CALLIGRAPHY on the left—written as *kai raku en*—means ‘strange, bizarre or monstrous paradise’ in Japanese. It’s my original word and sounds like an existing word for pleasure (*kai-raku*), but it uses a different character that connotes strangeness. It’s also the title for a publication of mine that will be released in 2018. I painted on the smaller girl doll, which was given to me as a gift—she’s sitting on dead roses. The most beautiful moment in the life of a flower to me is when it’s dying. So when I get flowers I leave them as they are for more than a week, without changing the water. It stinks a lot, but I like to take pictures of

flowers in that moment. The Japanese doll to the right was also a gift. I cut her hair and made her untidy. I transformed the figure to her left, a gift, into an ‘ogre of photography,’ a self-portrait, by putting a camera on it and drawing on glasses. I’ve always enjoyed plastic dolls and dinosaurs. Everyone knows that now, so I get them as gifts a lot and then I paint them myself. I like to work on the dolls, same as the flowers—I find them more interesting that way. I’ve known the woman in the Polaroid, on the far left, since she was still an apprentice geisha in Kanazawa. When she became a geisha, she came to Tokyo and I took her picture to

celebrate. The color palette is from when I visited the painter Yokonori Tadao’s atelier to take his portrait. I believe that he always uses a paper plate as a palette. I found it very attractive, so I asked to have it. He signed it and gave it to me. The paper cutting next to it was done by one of my girlfriends, Komari, around 2005. She made it quite well. I spend more time at home now, and I take pictures of an altar I created in my house, with dolls, flowers and some other small things. I make a new composition every day with the materials around me. I keep a lot of things as souvenirs.”
—As told to Thomas Gebremedhin

BOTTEGA VENETA