vogueworld

Surprising, breathtaking, and inspiring, vogueworld is a comprehensive, interactive, shoppable celebration of style around the globe, from pavement to premieres. This new offering from Vogue.com explores the wide range of choices we make to look dazzling on our own terms.

VOGUE.COM
Cover Look
Billie the Kid
For this issue, Vogue commissioned three unique covers—all starring Billie Eilish—from three different photographers.
Fashion Editor: Alex Harrington.

Eilish wears a Gucci jacket and necklace.
The M Jewelers earrings.
Hair, Mustafa Yenaz; makeup, Fara Homidi.
Photographed by Hassan Hajjaj.

Eilish wears a Versace parka and shirt. Jacob & Co. earrings.
Hair, Holli Smith; makeup, Fara Homidi.
Photographed by Ethan James Green.

Eilish wears a Prada Linea Rossa jacket. Chanel earrings.
Jacop & Co., Hair, Holli Smith; makeup, Fara Homidi.
Photographed by Harley Weir.
A World of Change

THIS MONTH, we bring you three covers, each shot by a different photographer—along with many more images and works of art inside—of our March cover star, Billie Eilish, the young pop singer who has become rather a cultural provocateur in the last year or so. Not that she'd ever define herself that way: Billie told writer Rob Haskell as much when they met at her home in California—her parents' home, in fact, where she still lives, as Billie only turned 18 at the end of last year—that she bristles against the very idea of being considered a rule-breaker.

It's very rare that we would choose to give the accolade of a cover so soon in anyone's career, but there is something about Billie that is completely compelling, as you will discover for yourself when you read Rob's excellent profile of her. Just as she refuses to be categorized as a subversive figure—so someone of her age in this moment, the very notion seems rather outdated and ridiculous; better to simply speak her truth, confessionally and intimately, to her peers—Billie also refuses to be co-opted into becoming part of the commodification of the global music industry. Her stance is admirable.

It's telling that when we asked those who worked with her to create this issue's series of images—photographers Ethan James Green, Harley Weir, and Hassan Hajjaj; multimedia artist Xu Zhen; and artist Jesse Mockrin, who painted a portrait (fans Nastya Kovalyova and Kaylee Yang also contributed artwork)—pretty much everyone immediately said yes. I'd also like to take a moment to thank the talented young fashion editor Alex Harrington, who so brilliantly pulled everything together. Given Billie's...
Letter From the Editor

CREATIVE FORCE
NEAR RIGHT: MODEL ANOK YALI SALENDIAGA, PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANIEL JACKSON. FAR
RIGHT: DEMIA GUASALIA, PHOTOGRAPHED BY JUERGEN TELLER.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118 relatively young age, it will be interesting
to see where she goes next, but given her irresistible combination
of talent and honesty, I am confident that she will only continue to
flourish and grow.

Elsewhere, much of our March issue is dedicated to breaking
down the biggest narratives to come out of the spring 2020
collections. There are ornate and intricately worked pieces that
reference the Edwardian era, but in reality the takeaway here
is a romantic look that makes inventive use of lace and ruffles, and
classics—blazers, little black dresses, trenches—twisted to give
them a new lease of life.

Perhaps the biggest story to emerge was the welcome and
much-needed shift to thinking about how much we really need to
be adding to our wardrobes now, as we all consider the bigger cost
of our clothes beyond mere price tags. Given the climate that we
literally find ourselves in, that has only taken on greater urgency.
I was interested to read what Demia Guasalita, the creative director
of Balenciaga, had to say on the subject in Nathan Heller’s profile
of him, as Demia is an intriguing and provocative talent who has
always given serious thought about how his work plays out in the
bigger picture. While there’s no denying that there’s still a lot of joy
to be had from buying oneself something new, the fashion in this
issue is focused on clothes that you will enjoy for many years to
come. We have our part to play in shifting the conversation about
how much we actually need in our lives.

This is just one of the ways that the industry is currently
reordering itself. I also urge you to read a story that our Beauty
Director, Celia Ellenberg, commissioned from the writer Rawiya
Kameir, who looks at the rise of creatives of color behind the scenes
of runway shows and photo shoots. I’ve been happy to see that
in the last few years the shows have featured a far greater inclusivity
than they once did—though I would still like to see more body
positivity than we’ve seen thus far. Nevertheless, the young women
working as models tell only part of the story. The industry
needs systemic change at every level to arrive at a place that reflects
the world we all live in, and it needs to afford opportunities to
everyone to make that happen. Rawiya’s essay is an indication
that things are definitely changing.

Lastly, I’d like to say how much the fashion world will miss Ed
Filipowski, who passed away just as we were finishing this issue.
Ed was a kind and reassuring presence in an industry that is
oftentimes mercurial and fickle in its affections. He was a wonderful
advocate for new talent, enormously generous in his encouragement,
and steadfast presence to those who’d already arrived, instilling
in his loyalty (his advice to John Galliano when he was going through
his darkest hour was invaluable). I knew that side of Ed well, but
sometimes our work conversations would veer to our mutual love of
the theater—what’d we seen, what we’d loved the most—and I will
miss those talks as much as his invaluable professional insights. I am
quite sure I am not alone in saying that.

Amal Far
Love Lines

When Lily King fell for her boyfriend's best friend, she caused a bitter rift. Decades later, an unanticipated reconciliation shifted her understanding of the whole affair.

In the fall of my senior year in college, a guy from my 17th century–literature class asked me out. We saw a movie about the Vietnam War and went back to his rented house for a beer. He was quirky and cute, but we were stiff and unnatural together, and I remember thinking, as I sat on his couch, that we probably shouldn’t go out again.

Then his roommate, Henry*, came home from his date. It was the ’80s in North Carolina, and everyone had a date on Saturday night. Henry behaved like he’d just gotten out of jail. He came into the living room and acted out the goodbye at his date’s sorority house, how he’d put the screen door between them before he’d have to kiss her. He stood there in front of us, wielding an imaginary door like an oversized shield. I’d never been on the male side of a date postmortem. Henry went to bed, and, punchy from his performance, the cute, quirky guy and I started kissing.

I dated him, Craig, for the rest of the school year. Our whole relationship played out in that rental house with Henry and their good friend Mason, who lived a few blocks away. Our university was big, but these three guys had created a tiny, cozy world within it. The rest of the fall and winter we played Hearts and argued about Reagan’s reelection; we talked in Irish accents and quoted James Joyce. Mason was writing an honors thesis on Joyce, and his huge poster board of index cards on Finnegans Wake was often in the room with us. This was the first I had heard of an undergraduate honors thesis, or possibly of Finnegans Wake. With the three of them I was always giddy from the banter, but when Craig and I were left alone we reverted to the way we had been on the couch before Henry came in. We were attracted to each other in that way that two people can be when words aren’t working, and the attraction helped us believe for a while that we were communicating.

When I had a break between classes during the day, I went to the house.

*Names have been changed.
By spring, I was timing my visits so that only Henry would be there. We talked in the kitchen, usually about books or writers. We both wanted to be writers, though I doubt we ever said that out loud. Pretty much everything he did made me laugh, which made me feel weightless and taut in my chest, and I felt standing in that kitchen that if I were tapped very lightly I would float up to the ceiling. Once when I came over he'd just washed his hair, and I watched him comb the top part straight up and leave it there to dry for several minutes before brushing it to one side. Craig and Mason called him Rooster because of it. He laughed as I watched him and said it was the only way he could get his hair dry right. This is one of my most vivid memories of college, watching Henry comb his hair up into a rooster's crest in front of me.

Craig and I began to bicker; then fight. We fought because I wanted him to quit smoking, and we fought because he asked me to wear my hair in a ponytail, not down, to a semiformal. But really we fought because I was in love with Henry and we both probably knew it. Craig didn't want to lose me to Henry, and he didn't want to lose Henry to me. I knew that if I broke up with Craig, I'd be banished from the house, from games of Hearts, from Joyce imitations — and from Henry. I didn't dare hope that Henry returned my feelings, so I chose, for those final months, to be near him, since I could never be with him.

Craig and Mason graduated in May. Henry still had another year to go. I was also supposed to graduate, but at some point that spring I decided that I would write one of these honors theses, which would conveniently get me another semester — and Henry all to myself.

Craig and I broke up a few days after graduation. He was going to Europe, then moving back to his hometown; I was staying in town to wait tables. We'd come to the end, and it felt right to both of us.

Henry left for the summer, but he called me three weeks later, said he couldn't find a job, was thinking of coming back to North Carolina; could he stay on my couch for a few days until he found a place to live? I had come, and, to my surprise, a week later he confessed his feelings for me. He stayed all summer.

When Craig returned from Europe, he was angry. He wanted Henry to break up with me, and Henry would not. During the years we were together, Henry carried on his friendship with Craig entirely separately from me, never speaking to him on the phone when I was there, always visiting him without me. That fall, my second senior fall, whenever Craig came to visit, I dropped out of sight. If they went to a party, I could not go. Even my name was verboten, a small black hole in the corner of their friendship.

It always took a few days for Henry and me to readjust after he saw Craig, for me to understand why he'd keep a friend who imposed such limits, and for him to let me fully back in.

Apart from that, Henry and I had a good thing for nearly two years. But it was all too soon for Henry. He didn't want to live together, because, he said, we got along so well that we'd just get married, and that would be like marrying the girl next door. I broke up with him after he said that, and he was surprised. But it wasn't really over for a long time. For a decade we tried many times to get back together. We'd meet and fail. We'd impose a moratorium on contact. We'd break down and talk on the phone for hours. We'd meet and fail again. In our early 30s we broke the pattern and turned our deep feelings into a friendship that lasted the next 25 years.

I didn't believe he would die. That's not how the story was supposed to go. I wasn't supposed to get a phone call from Craig in the ICU explaining that the treatment had failed, that the doctors were out of ideas. Craig on my cell phone, a voice I'd last heard years before cell phones even existed. "They're saying less than a week," he said.

I flew down from Maine, Henry and Craig had lived in the same city for nearly 20 years. They both worked as lawyers in the same government office. I took a taxi from the airport to the hospital and an elevator to the fourth floor. Henry's mother was in the corridor. She was smaller than I remembered, with a little brave bird face. She hugged me and told me to go in. "He's been waiting for you," she said.

Oh, the look on his face when he turned and saw the look on mine. My old love. My dear friend.

It was only men in the room, lots of them, NCAA basketball on the TV. They rushed for a moment, then leaned: Kentucky had scored against Duke. Someone found me a chair, and I pulled it up close to Henry's bed and took his hand. He had wires connected to his chest and that little plastic oxygen tube with the nose prong, a brand-new Wildcats cap on his head.

I squeezed his hand and thanked me for coming. I asked how he was doing, and he said he was feeling great, humbled by all the visitors, all the love. Henry never married. He had a serious relationship in his early 30s, and when that ended I never heard about anyone else. Occasionally I'd ask, and once a few years ago I set him up with someone, but it didn't take. He always painted a bleak portrait of his social life: All of his friends got married and had kids and had less and less time for him.

"Craig saved my life," he said. He shook his head and had to wait for his voice to come back. "I would be dead right now. He got me here in the middle of the night. He's been sleeping right there ever since."

Where was Craig now? I wanted to ask. I wanted to get the first encounter with him over with. He'd been polite on the phone two days ago, but Henry had been right there. Was he still angry after all these years?

"The coffee shop was closed, so I had to go to Starbucks," Craig came in behind me and went around to the other side of the bed, put a coffee on the tray attached to the bed frame.

Henry thanked him. "Lily's here," he said, and Craig looked up.

I went around to the other side of the bed and gave him a hug. He was shaking. He'd slept on that little foldout chair for at least seven nights, I calculated.

"I'm so glad you're here," he said.

His three boys circled around him. They had their arms all wrapped around each other, and their eyes were red. Their beloved Uncle Henry was dying.

I went back to my chair and Craig took his on the other side, and that's how it was for the next 36 hours, Craig at Henry's left flank and I at his right.
Visitors came in and out all day. I'd go off of Henry's hand and give up my seat only if a new person had just arrived from the airport or train station, or if his mother came into the room. But she always gave it back to me after a few minutes, saying how happy he was that I was there.

The party in Henry's room went on through the evening into the night. We ordered takeout from a Chinese restaurant nearby. A musician friend played Bob Dylan and Neil Young on his guitar. Posts were coming in on the Facebook page Craig had created — many from female high school and college friends confessing their unrequited crushes in great detail. Craig and I read them out loud to Henry, and he shook his head. "Revisionist history," he said, but he had a big grin on his face.

A nurse came in and said the doctor was on his way and people would have to go to the visitors' room down the hall. We all started filing out. "Everyone but Craig and Lily," Henry said, and I turned back, relieved.

The doctor came in. I was sitting in my chair by the bed, holding Henry's hand. It was a new doctor, and he assumed I was Henry's wife. But he quickly figured out that Craig was the one who knew all the details, who spoke the language of Henry's cancer.

After he left, Henry started to feel anxious and needed more oxygen. I looked at Craig with alarm.

"He gets like this at night," he told me, and nodded to the nurse when she asked him if she should give him some Ativan along with more morphine. Henry was asleep and snoring within minutes.

I woke up early the next morning and wondered how early it was to go back to the hospital. Within minutes my phone dinged. Henry: *Come as early as you can.*

*Getting dressed right now, I wrote back.*

It was just the two of them in the room. Craig had folded the chair back up. It was quiet. We sat together, the three of us, the TV off and our phones away, and we talked. We talked about North Carolina, and Mason, who had died in 2001, with Henry and Craig stationed like this beside his hospital bed. Mason with his evil grin and cackle laugh — he came back then and sat in the room with us. I could nearly hear him shuffling the cards.

Craig went down to the lobby for coffee. I offered, but he insisted I stay. He was so kind to me, so warm and grateful I was there, even though I'd ruined their friendship decades ago. I'd always thought he was wrong to punish Henry for so long, to cut me out. Maybe I'd even suspected that Henry's rundown about our relationship was part of the reason he wasn't able to fully commit — but I never really considered how Craig had been hurt. What if my best friend had started dating Henry as soon as I left town? Would I have forgiven her? Would I sleep in his hospital room night after night?

When Craig left the room, Henry started to say something, but I squeezed his hand and pointed to the monitor. His blood oxygen was too low. He sucked in some air from the mask around his neck, and his numbers went back up.

"You and Craig," he said quietly, "you really get me. You always have."

By the afternoon the puffiness that had started on the right side of his chest was spreading to his neck and face. I'd given away my chair and was sitting on the other side of the room, full once more with friends and relatives, and I watched him start touching his neck and cheeks, feeling the extent of the swelling.

"Do I look like a frog?" he said, then bulged out his eyes and scanned the room for someone who was listening. He found me. "Do I look like a frog?" I was laughing too hard to answer.

Oh, I loved him. I loved him with my heart and soul. I did not marry him and we did not grow old together, and he did not grow old at all, but we loved each other well.

He got anxious again that night and Craig got him an Ativan and he went into a deep sleep.

The next morning I was at the hospital by six. Both Henry and Craig were asleep, Henry with the oxygen mask stripped to his face and his cell phone in his hand. Craig on his stomach beneath a sheet on the foldout chair. I sat in my usual seat until a nurse came in, took his vital, and Henry woke and saw me. His voice was muffled beneath the mask, and he pulled it down around his neck.

"Hey," he said.

*Our last morning.*

We talked quietly. Craig snored beside him. Henry asked me if I thought he should have married, and I said I didn't know. But of course I thought he should have married! He wouldn't have been alone for the last 20 years. And he was always so delightful and natural with children. My kids knew him as The Henry Who Climbed the Tree after a visit to our house in Maine when they were little. If he'd had a family, I thought, he might have stopped smoking cigarettes long ago.

"I don't think I would have liked it," he said. "I'm too much of a loner. And all the chores. I wouldn't have been good at the chores."

I lifted the mask to his face, and he took a few pulls.

We held hands and told each other how much we loved each other, and how glad we were that we had somehow preserved that love. He told me that when he learned the cancer had come back, mine was the voice he wanted to hear.

He told me that when he learned the cancer had come back, mine was the voice he wanted to hear.

We circled back around to the beginning again, to Craig's reaction. He talked about how hard it was. I made sure that I could still hear Craig snoring.

"I couldn't give up either of you," he said.

He was quiet for a minute, and then he said, "The worst thing about all of this is leaving Craig behind. After Mason died we had each other, but this time he's going to be alone."

His face cracked open. He began to sob. It was the only time I saw him cry in my whole life.

I flew home. For two more days Henry and I talked and texted. The day after that, Craig had to hold the phone for him. That night Craig texted that he'd gone unconscious. And the next day Craig called to say he was gone. I told him how much Henry had loved him, how grateful he was, how his only tears were about leaving Craig alone. Later he texted that he would always cherish what I'd said.

Long ago the three of us had been in a love triangle. But the real love story, the best love story, was theirs.
Nostalgia

Force of Nature

Jonathan Van Meter first interviewed Jane Fonda for Vogue in 2001. In December, joining her climate action in Washington, he found her as formidable, and inspiring, as ever.

Jane Fonda is the most intimidating person I've ever met. It was nearly 20 years ago, a week before George W. Bush's inauguration, when I arrived at the door of her hotel suite in Santa Monica to interview her for Vogue. I remember an outstretched arm—Hi, I'm Jane Fonda—a rigid handshake, and a once-over. No phony smile or how nice to see you. As we sat down, I asked how much time I had. "Let's start with an hour," she said, curtly. No amount of friendly chat-chat—how about this rant?—changed the dynamic. Indeed, I had to fight the urge to flee. Only once I started asking direct, pointed questions (and stopped wasting her time) did things turn around and she talked animatedly, sometimes wildly gesticulating, for well over an hour. A woman Fonda once worked closely with in Atlanta had described her effect to me as a wave coming at you. "Well, I don't think I've crushed too many people," she said, when I told her, looking a little hurt. "You can get out of the way and get scared, or you can get it and go with it."

I think I was caught off guard by that chilly reception because I thought I had already passed some kind of test. In the spring and summer of '96, I fell into a social circle that included Vanessa Vadim, Fonda's daughter with the director Roger Vadim, and Rory Kennedy, the documentary filmmaker and daughter of Robert Kennedy. It was a friend of a friend-of-a-friend situation, and I took an instant liking to Vanessa. Like her mother, she seemed both brash and bashful at once, hiding her eyes behind the bangs of a Kante shag (ironically enough). She lived in New York City but went everywhere with her dog, Osa, an Australian shepherd. As smitten as I was with both of them, I wouldn't have dreamed of asking Vanessa questions about her mother, whom I was fascinated by but who also reminded me of my mother—an impatient, active worrier who suffers no fools.

And so: Just a month after the 2001 profile I wrote of Fonda for Vogue was finished (though not yet published), I was invited to join Vanessa's family and a wide circle of friends to attend V-Day, a live benefit performance of Eve Ensler's The Vagina Monologues at Madison Square Garden. It couldn't have been starrier, with Glenn Close, Queen Latifah, and Gloria Steinem among the dozens of actors and rock stars on the stage. Oprah performed in a burka. Fonda closed the show—the first time she'd done it in any venue since she married Ted Turner a decade earlier. Beforehand, everyone had gathered in Fonda's enormous hotel suite at the Hilton across from Rockefeller Center to sip white wine. Fonda was then under the spell of Carol Gilligan, the feminist Harvard professor and writer best known for her seminal 1982 work on gender and psychology, In a Different Voice. And she had recently left Turner because she felt stifled by all his manly me-first energy and was sick of shuttling between all of his many houses (13 at the time). She was staying put in Atlanta—to be close to Vanessa (who'd moved there to be close to her mother, who had moved there to be with Turner)—in a tidy little Craftsman bungalow in a groovy neighborhood. Vanessa had recently given birth to Malcolm, Jane's first grandchild, and was raising him on her own. Jane was in the midst of renovating four lofts, in the same neighborhood as Vanessa's, into one enormous space and had hired an artist to paint the foyer to look like a womb. "It's the birth canal," she'd told me in Santa Monica. "And it's going to be pink. And suddenly you come through that and... 20-foot high ceilings! You are born again into this huge open airy space." She let out a great gusty laugh. “And I have nine Andy Warhols that will cover one wall.” Of...?

I asked. "Me!" she said, in a hilarious display of self-parodic glee.

At one point during the pre-V-Day gathering at the Hilton, Fonda suddenly stood up, and in a grand actress-y gesture, as if she had just entered stage right, swept across the room toward Rory Kennedy and then stopped, hitting her mark. "Oh RORY!" she said. "Have I told you I've endowed a chair at Harvard?" Dramatic pause. "It's not Kennedy School, but it's something." (I have been quoting that last bit of dialogue ever since.) There was an after-party, too—at the Hammerstein Ballroom in Midtown. It was packed, with electricity in the air, everyone having a great time. At one point, I moved to the edge of the room and lit a cigarette, something you could still get away with in those days despite laws that forbade it. Suddenly, I could see Jane drifting through the crowd toward me, Vanessa trailing her. As she arrived, her arm
This past December I checked back in with Fonda after all these years. I headed to Washington, D.C., to participate in one of her non-inflammas Fire Drill Fridays, the weekly rallies she'd been staging, mostly on the lawn of the Capitol, since October to bring attention to the climate crisis. Inspired by Greta Thunberg—and teenagers around the world who've been walking out of class on Fridays—Fonda has ended the rallies in civil disobedience with dozens, sometimes hundreds of people—some of them famous, often including Fonda herself—getting arrested. The Friday I was there was a week before Fonda's 82nd birthday, and it was pouring rain. The participants gathered at St. Mark's church, a few blocks from the Capitol. Fonda was milling about in her red coat—"the last new piece of clothing I will ever buy"—with a black-and-white houndstooth cap perched jauntily on her head, looking worried, as usual.

Sally Field was there. Unlike Fonda, she was the very soul of approachability, a warm, head-cocked smile for everyone. Despite the fact that she is perhaps best known for her Oscar-winning performance in the 1979 worker's rights protest film Norma Rae, Field had never done anything remotely like this before. "The time is now," she would say to the crowd at the rally later. Just before she was handcuffed and hauled away. When I asked her why she decided to participate, she said, "Because this is just so amazingly Jane. I am proud to do it, to be here for Jane and for my country." And then she told me how they met, back in the early '80s, when they both had development deals with production offices at the old 20th Century Fox lot. Jane had sent her a "fan letter" and insisted that they have lunch. "And I wrote back and said, 'I cannot tell you how thrilled I am to receive this letter, and I can't have lunch with you...because I wouldn't be able to speak! If you will wait a while, maybe I will grow up some.'" Were you intimidated? "Even from afar, she seemed like a quondary to me. And intimidating beyond belief! Because she was willing to stand up for what was right. She was willing...you know...in female terms...to not be liked." Even today, after decades of lunches, Field was still a little scared of her. "She's so raw. And I don't think you're ever prepared for how much it is."

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Naturel Instincts

The archetype of the effortlessly chic Frenchwoman who ages gracefully may be just a Gallic myth, writes Maya Singer.
flick—was born, making perennial mood-board staples out of New Wave icons such as Anna Karina and Jean Seberg a few years later. Dressed up or down, Frenchwomen just make it all look so easy. They even seem to know the secret to that most difficult thing: how to age gracefully.

Or do they? Several months ago, I found myself Netflix-bing...
Read the Room

In her new book, Athena Calderone takes us inside the perfectly imperfect homes of her friends.

INTERIORS For 14 months, Athena Calderone ping-ponged between the East and West Coast and farther off to Copenhagen and Lyon for her latest book, Live Beautiful (Abrams), produced with photographer Nicole Franzen. By the end, she was left with a collection of design magazine-worthy photographs, but also a number of postcards that captured her from a less glamorous vantage. “I was looking at the behind-the-scenes photos and there were all of these images of me in somebody’s shower,” she recalls with amusement.

After studying interior design at Parsons, Calderone launched her website, EyeSwoon, in 2011 to disseminate original photography of her unpretentious but elegant-at-home life. Her rise coincided with that of Brooklyn as an aesthetic, not just an alternative borough, and she has hordes of disciples who home-make à la Athena, carrying their netted bags to the farmers market, lighting their homes with Edison bulbs, and filling their wabi-sabi vases with wildflowers. From her town-house headquarters in Brooklyn’s Cobble Hill neighborhood, she cooks, hosts, and documents it all—a Martha Stewart for the millennial-minded.

That town house brims with an eclectic assemblage of items, and it is the first property featured in Calderone’s new book, which shows the residences of people whose aesthetic she applauds. “Some of them are really dear friends, and some of them,” she says, “I just admire from afar.” There’s the midcentury Rudolph M. Schindler–designed Los Angeles bungalow belonging to Pamela Shamshiri (formerly of design studio Commune), the color-splashed Manhattan town house belonging to Webster founder Laure Hériard Dubreuil, the Montauk getaway of Stephen Alesch and Robin Standefer (of Roman and Williams), and more.

No matter how picture-perfect the presentation, livability is what Calderone values most. Throughout the book, she spotlights those elements most precious to each inhabitant, and it’s rarely the prized Jean Prouvé settee. The floors of Jenna Lyon’s SoHo loft were left unfinished to show “the pitter-patter of her son running about,” Calderone says. Shamshiri’s furniture is on casters since her living room doubles as a yoga studio. It all harks back to Calderone’s dedication to design that doesn’t take itself too seriously. “I can’t even tell you how many Instagram DMs I get asking me about my marble kitchen. Is that actual marble? Is that a fake material? Do you care about staining?” Her standard response: Just embrace it. “Hopefully, people can start to find beauty in the imperfection.”—LILAH RAMIZ

Desert Dreamer

ART When Agnes Pelton’s airy, luminous abstractions arrive at the Whitney Museum in New York this month for Agnes Pelton: Desert Transcendentalist, it will be something of a homecoming for the artist, who spent much of her childhood in Brooklyn and developed her enigmatic style while living in an abandoned Long Island windmill in the 1920s. You could be forgiven, however, for not discerning these roots. At 50, Pelton, a devotee of theosophy and Agni yoga, permanently decamped to Cathedral City, California, a dusty town outside Palm Springs, and her work took on the expansive feel of the desert. Curator Gilbert Vicario, who organized the Phoenix Art Museum’s traveling survey, sees her paintings “metaphysical landscapes,” and the Whitney curator Barbara Haskell says the canvases were “vehicles for Pelton’s own insight into spiritual enlightenment.” As the art world rediscovers overlooked female artists, Pelton is often spoken of alongside Georgia O’Keeffe and Hilma af Klint. But what’s really remarkable is her utterly idiosyncratic vision. “Pelton is sui generis,” says Haskell. —JULIA FELSSENTHAL
Head Start

A new generation of designers is changing the look of the runways. But where does inclusivity really begin? Rawiya Kameir goes backstage.

BEAUTY In 2018, Latarra Clarke quit her job as a grocery-store cashier in South London and opened an impromptu salon in her mother’s living room. Clarke, who began braiding in exchange for pocket money after learning to style her own mixed-heritage hair (her mother is English and her father is Jamaican), soon moved to a rented chair at a local shop, calling her burgeoning business Braids for All Textures. Through word-of-mouth buzz, the concept attracted regular clients, as well as the talent agent Sarah Dawes, a longtime collaborator of the photographer David Sims. Dawes connected Clarke to veteran hairstylist Paul Hanlon through the producer Carla Pierce, and last September the 26-year-old found herself catapulted from the Waitrose checkout line to the Gucci Hub in Milan, where she worked alongside Hanlon to give a handful of models precise zigzag cornrows with razor-sharp side parts. The experience was “epic,” Clarke says, but it was also significant. “It allowed me to showcase how to manage Afro hair textures the right way.”

Hanlon called out Clarke in an Instagram post, referring to her as a “master of her craft” in a nod to social-media etiquette that under other circumstances might have gone unnoticed. But as the fashion industry prioritizes inclusive castings and sharpens its focus on the risks of cultural appropriation, change has been slow to come. “There are horror stories,” says Lacy Redway, a celebrity hairstylist who honed her skills working on shows and who notes that for every model of color on the runway, there is not always an on-site makeup artist or hairstylist who understands their skin tone or hair texture. Clarke’s presence—and Hanlon’s public recognition of her contributions—struck a chord in the ongoing conversation around representation.

“What a lot of women of color, especially black women, have found is that because there is such a dearth of prominent hairstylists that are fully aware of the nuances of black hair textures, they don’t necessarily find themselves completely satisfied with how they are showcased,” says Kyle Hagger, president of Next Management’s New York division, who has helped launch the careers of such catwalk superstars as Liya Kebede and Joan Smalls. “After the shows, my hair was always falling out.” 21-year-old Nigerian model Eniola Abioto (pictured here) reveals, more bluntly explaining that when she first started modeling, her hair was mishandled—or completely ignored due to lack of experience from key hairstylists. “They’re models. They want to feel like they’ve had as much attention as the girl sitting next to them,” says Hanlon. “But things are starting to shift, thanks in part to young designers who are pioneering a more holistic form of inclusion as they build their own houses. At the third installment of Pyer Moss’s “American, Also” collection series, which referenced the untold story of rock-and-roll pioneer Sister Rosetta Tharpe, designer Kerby Jean-Raymond’s cast of brown and black models, men and women, wore a dazzling array of shell-and bead-embroidered braids, towering locs, sculpted flattops, soft curls, and voluminous Afros.

DOUBLE TAKE
MODEL: ENIOLA ABOJIO
WEARS: A SALVATORE FERRAGAMO SHIRT,
AGMES EARRING, AND
EMBELLISHED BRAIDS BY
HAIRSTYLIST LACY REDWAY. PHOTOGRAPHED
BY STEFAN RUIZ. FASHION EDITOR: JORGEN BICKHAM.
V LIFE

It’s no longer rare for models to receive this kind of customized attention; in the age of the influencer, individuality is marketable. This felt “groundbreaking,” though, says Nai’vasha, a celebrity hairstylist who has been breathing fresh air into the front row and red carpet via her work with clients such as Tracee Ellis Ross, Arian Shahidi, and Queen & Slim director Melina Matsoukas, whose dark curls Nai’vasha smoothed out and center-parted for this season’s Hermès show.

Jean-Raymond called his high school friend Nigella Miller to help create the myriad looks he envisioned. Miller, 31, has been booking editorial and private clients since 2006 (the Beyoncé protégé Chloe x Halle are regulars, and Jean-Raymond himself frequents her Bushwick studio), but this was her first time working in a leading creative role on a major fashion show. “These spaces never look like that,” Miller explains of the scene backstage. “It’s usually one token black girl, one token black guy. But we had an even number of talented white stylists and black stylists overseeing a little section for curly hair, a little section for locs, a whole section for braids, a whole section for updos, textures, wigs, and everything.” The experience was cathartic for Miller; it felt like a chance to get away at how things have always been, she continues, adding, “This is how we’re going to do it now.”

The acknowledgment that hairstylists of color can see beyond braids and Afros is crucial to breaking down these structural barriers for good, says Redway. “I want diversity—not only diversity among the culture and the colors, but I also want to see more diversity among the styling of our textures,” agrees Nai’vasha, who was handpicked by designer Aurora James to lead the hair team backstage at her spring Brother Vellies presentation in Paris, which featured a mix of textured shags, waves, and blowouts. “It’s fine to have a ton of models [of color] walk down a runway, but how many people that look like those models have access to the industry behind the scenes?” asks Hagler. This, he says, is the question that we now need to be asking.

“It’s fine to have a ton of models [of color] walk down a runway, but how many people that look like those models have access to the industry behind the scenes?”

“The exhaustive four-part Hulu docuseries Hillary chronicles every hiccup and accomplishment of the former First Lady’s life, from her childhood in the suburbs of Chicago to her discomfort onstage at Trump’s inauguration. As a documentary it’s fairly straightforward, following two timelines: one a more overarching biographical view and the other a tight study of the 2016 presidential election. There are eyebrow-raising moments, like Clinton’s slight of her 2016 competitor Bernie Sanders (“Nobody likes him, nobody wants to work with him, he got nothing done”). But gossip isn’t Hillary’s métier; the documentary asks why this particular woman takes so much of America’s heat, and why, for all her intelligence and grit, she continues to be so polarizing, especially among women. As Secretary Clinton perplexedly remarks, “I am the most investigated innocent person in America”—investigated, yes, and obsessed over and dragged and idealized. In the end, Hillary and Hillary seem to say that all this love and hate have a lot more to do with us than her.

In one alternate universe, HRC would be occupying the White House. In HBO’s The Plot Against America, based on the 2004 Philip Roth novel, it is aviator and notorious nativist Charles Lindbergh who gets elected by defeating Roosevelt and then proceeds to befriend Hitler rather than wage war against him. The series revolves around the Levins, a middle-class Jewish family in Newark’s Weequahic neighborhood. Each Levin spins out in different directions as Lindbergh isolates the nation (“America First!”), turning neighbor against neighbor in a battle over who decides what this country is. Adapted by The Wire creators David Simon and Ed Burns, The Plot Against America deftly follows multiple characters, like young, bewitched Philip Levin (Arye Gross), the child from Marcy Story, his dangerously naive aunt Evelyn (Winona Ryder), and his anguished, disbelieving parents, Bess and Herman (Zoe Kazan and Morgan Spector), and unspools a what-if story line that feels all too familiar. But if the premise seems dispiritingly close to home, rest assured that the patriotism of this story is a canny packaged call to arms. —HILLARY KELLY

TELEVISION

This Is America

A new documentary and HBO series evoke alternate political realities.

THE LIFE AND POLITICAL CAREER OF FORMER PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE HILLARY CLINTON (TOP) IS THE SUBJECT OF A NEW DOCUSERIES ON HULU.
Get Happy!

With Guillaume Henry at its head, the fabled house of Patou has made a charming—and thoroughly contemporary—return to form.

FASHION  “I really want to go back to an idea of smiley fashion,” says Guillaume Henry, smiling broadly. Henry, the creative director of the newly relaunched Patou, is determined, as he puts it, “to wake up this sleeping beauty”—by which he means Patou, a brand from the Jazz Age that has been lying dormant since 1987. Henry says that he wants to make impeccable clothes that are sleek and fun and pretty—serious in execution but playful in personality. “It’s about desire, about being spontaneous—everything I love!”

The designer, who has astonishingly blue eyes and looks a little like a grown-up Tintin, previously reinvented Carven a decade ago, making that label a destination for young Parisiennes (and Parisienne pretenders around the world) and served for three years as creative director of Nina Ricci. He came to Patou in 2018, showing his first collection last September with the intention, he says, “of dressing women in a sporty way, but with couture touches. I want to dress people in the fashion industry, of course, but I also want to dress my cousin in Dijon—she loves fashion too!” And it is perhaps this frankly democratic impulse that makes these clothes seem exactly right for this moment, when old categories of what is appropriate for day and night, for work and play, have collapsed and when an unstuffly spirit is prized over clothes that merely look like they cost a lot.

You can imagine both that jaded insider and Henry’s cousin falling in love with Patou’s irresistible wide-legged, high-waisted jeans; the sleek satin dresses with feathered cuffs; the bright frocks happily sporting big bows; the oversize silk brocade coats in eggshell pink. There is even a sweater decorated with a perfume bottle—a sly reference to the fragrance Joy, which kept the Patou name alive long after the couture house had gone into that good night. (For the record, the real Jean Patou was an elegant bon vivant, a rule-breaker—known for the sportif charm of his designs—who horrified le tout Paris in the 1920s when...
DESK JOBS

OPPOSITE: MODEL AURÈLE FRANÇHE WEARS A PATCH TOP ($595), SKIRT ($595), AND EARRINGS. PATOU PAR LE COQ SPORTIF SHOES. ALL AT PATOL.COM. ABOVE: HENRY, AT WORK IN THE PATOU ATELIER. PHOTOGRAPHED BY JONAS UNGER. FASHION EDITOR: BENOIT BETHUME.
he imported American models for his fashion show. You can’t help but think he would be proud of what Henry has in mind for the house.

"There’s a proper wardrobe and also a T-shirt line," Henry explains, insisting that he wants people to feel free to style their Patou pieces their own way—tossing a beat-up denim jacket over a distressed-leather biker into the mix, for example. "For me, Patou is about joy and fun—not trying to be too complicated or too difficult. It’s a friendly wardrobe." He is recounting this at Brasserie Les Deux Palais, an old-fashioned restaurant on the Île de la Cité, around the corner from the Patou atelier. He is a regular here and a big booster of the neighborhood. "I love that Patou is on an island. We are neither Left Bank nor Right Bank. We are not posh; we are not street—we are both!" (Last April 15, Henry was in the middle of a fitting when he walked to the window and could barely see out—Notre-Dame, which he calls his closest neighbor, was in flames, and his beloved street was full of smoke. "It was apocalyptic," he says. "But she is recovering!")

Henry got this gig when he had just turned 40—a milestone he greeted with his usual infectious energy. "New job, new life!" he declares. There’s a new team as well—with the women he works alongside providing his main inspiration. "I’m surrounded by Patou girls," Henry says. "I am so lucky." In fact, the whole staff modeled for the first look book: "The guy who sews the clothes, the woman who cuts the fabric—they all chose what they wanted to wear. We don’t want to be corporate—we want to bring soul and love into everything we do. We don’t want to dress one girl; we want to dress many girls!" (The new Patou roster already includes Selena Gomez and Lucy Boynton.)

Though the line is sold in select retail outlets—and there is talk of a boutique in the future—Henry is committed to a direct-to-consumer sales approach that reflects how much the whole idea of consumption has changed over the last decade. "Ten years ago, my friends would save for a new coat or a new dress. Today they invest in experiences—a holiday or a special restaurant." They also want what they want when they want it. "Friends would never buy a coat in June! We do winter, spring, summer, and fall—we call them Act 1, Act 2, Act 3, and Act 4. The idea is a collection delivered when you need it." Patou is uniquely innovative in other ways: Everything is made in Europe; the company is fiercely committed to environmental responsibility; and each garment has a QR code that you can scan to learn its backstory—from Henry’s original sketch to the inner workings of the atelier to a video featuring some of the maison’s factory employees.

At the end of the day, Henry believes that what we all need are clothes that will make us feel beautiful and comfortable and happy. Would he, then, prefer that Patou pieces have a certain chic anonymity? Would he rather people stop the wearer and say, "What a great coat!" or "Is that Patou?" He laughs and shrugs. "I want both!"—LYNN YAEGER
Nocturnal Omission

In our fast-paced, plugged-in society, sleep is becoming an increasingly sought-after—and highly marketable—commodity, writes Marcia DeSanctis.

HEALTH

Deranged, Dysfunctional, Unwell.

The words tumble out of my mouth like some haiku for the miserable as I sit in the Connecticut office of Andrew Tucker, Ph.D., for the first time. A clinical psychologist specializing in sleep disorders, Tucker knows an insomnia when he sees one; I am ashen and shadowed, like a real-life manifestation of an Egon Schiele painting.

I had problems long before online shopping and Succession marathons conspired to compromise my precious evening unwind time. But lately, due to ceaseless travel and an uptick in anxiety, shut-eye all but eluded me. I had rotated through a rogue’s pharmacy of antihistamines, cannabinoids, sleeping pills, and teas; I even tried meditation apps, desperate to be knocked out for the night. Nothing worked. “This is science,” Tucker reassures me. “No sleep issue is insurmountable, including yours.”

We, as a society, have reached peak exhaustion. The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention estimate that one in three Americans suffers from sleep deprivation, making it a veritable public-health crisis. Declining work productivity and traffic accidents are on the rise, while studies link inadequate sleep to Alzheimer’s, hypertension, depression, and diabetes. Along with good eating habits and exercise, sleep is critical for the optimal functioning of our biological systems, says Fariba Abbasi-Feinberg, M.D., the medical director of sleep medicine at Millennium Physician Group in Fort Myers, Florida. “It is one of the three pillars of health, and the ultimate necessity,” she continues. But the lack of it and longing for it have made it the ultimate luxury in our mixed-out culture. “Sleep is the most valued commodity there is, and you can’t buy it,” confirms Sara Ivanhoe, M.A., the director of yoga programs at the University of Southern California, where she teaches a course on sleep. “If it evades you, it is impossible to enjoy almost anything.”

It’s an affliction Veronica Lee was so familiar with, she left the financial tech company she was building in Silicon Valley to create a new one devoted to alleviating insomnia. Combining naturopathy, Chinese herbs, vitamins, and algorithms, Lee’s start-up, Remrise, aims to match you with a personalized supplement regimen via an online questionnaire. “I wanted to reinvent the idea of a sleep aid,” the 37-year-old says of the platform, which was incubated at Atomic start-up studio and has already secured $8.2 million in funding. Other innovators are hoping to capitalize on the movement toward better sleep by rethinking what a healthy night’s slumber looks like; no NyQuil or Ambien required. The company Eight Sleep, beloved by athletes and trainers, has been bankrolled to the tune of $65 million, helping to...
popularize its temperature-controlled mattress. Embedded with sensors that track your biometrics, the system was designed in the pursuit of what cofounder Alexandra Zatarain, 30, calls “sleep fitness.” Innumerable hotels—including Equinox’s new lifestyle concept—have caught on to the idea, offering sleep coaching as part of their wellness menus. Meanwhile, a new weighted blanket from the Hungarian brand Coral is filled with glass beads that purport to swaddle you to sleep. I recently tried it while sheathed in an oversized silk sleep mask from the Danish brand The Beauty Sleeper and an Italian cotton nightgown from Emilia Wickstead’s new sleepwear collection.

But my problem isn’t comfort. It is waking up at 2 a.m., ruminating on a messy manuscript or the latest gun tragedy. No new-to-market sleep aid has been able to part the subsequent daytime fog in my brain—and that’s not surprising, says Suzanne Bertisch, M.D., clinical director of behavioral sleep medicine at Brigham and Women’s Hospital in Boston. “For people with real sleep disorders, I generally recommend sticking to evidence-based behavioral treatments because they tap into your basic biology and retrain your brain to sleep,” Bertisch explains.

One of those treatments is cognitive behavioral therapy (CBT), a protocol designed to alter detrimental thoughts and behaviors. After conducting a psychological, genetic, and medical history to identify the causes of my insomnia, Tucker asks me to keep a sleep log, indicating when I have caffeine or alcohol, when I lie down and wake up, and what substances I am using to force the issue. The graphs look like the scribbles of a madwoman, but they reveal something interesting: Tucker points out that, just like the rest of our body, the part of our brain that controls the circadian rhythm—our natural clock that generates our sleep-wake cycle—begins to deteriorate as we age, and mine has weakened considerably. With CBT, I could recondition it with targeted strengthening strategies. “It’s like training for a SK,” he says.

After discovering that the Wellbutrin I take for mild depression can exacerbate symptoms of anxiety, I wean myself off the pills under Tucker’s supervision. Then I launch into “sleep-restriction therapy,” during which I implement a 12 a.m. bedtime and a 6:30 a.m. wake-up in an effort to promote shorter, deeper, and richer sleep. Three hours before midnight, I also take three milligrams of melatonin, the body’s natural hormone that makes us drowsy, and incorporate 30 minutes of direct daylight in the morning to stop its natural release. No more THC drops or nibbles on Benadryl and, alas, no alcohol, not even a glass of wine with dinner. (Along with its sedating effects, alcohol may cause sleep disturbances when it metabolizes.) And while I fear the addictive qualities of sleeping pills, Tucker assures me that their careful, periodic use could still be an important tool for me to manage jet lag.

It is strange to live in a world where every day, we hear about the importance of healthy sleep, yet where more distractions are thrown our way to keep us from getting it. But four months after I’ve been sticking to a plan designed to mitigate my own insomnia-causing triggers, my bed is no longer a torture chamber where I spend untold hours in despair. “Your bed should be for two things: sleep and sex,” jokes Abbasi-Feinberg—and for waking up refreshed, preferably in an impossibly soft Italian-cotton nightgown.

Fair Use

JEWELRY At Frieze Los Angeles this year, Ana Khouri showed a mélange of elegant, catelike earrings and cocktail rings—some with diamonds, sapphires, and tourmalines; others done in 18-karat gold—the fruits of a collaboration with the assurance label Fairmined. And while Khouri has long tapped into Fairmined’s network of mining operations for ethically sourced gold, this time she was doing it out loud: With the new collection, dubbed A Manifesto by Ana Khouri with Fairmined—and accompanied, at Frieze, by the reading of an actual manifesto—Khouri has renewed her commitment to mines that make a safe working environment and low environmental impact the new normal.

If the pieces (sold on MatchesFashion.com) feel especially apropos to a moment rife with slinky silhouettes and strong shoulders, they also stand for values that Khouri has long held. “It’s about making sure customers understand that there’s more to jewelry than just a final product,” she says.—MARLEY MARUS
Almost a decade ago, while making a pitch for what would become Drest—“the world’s first interactive luxury styling game,” launching this month—Lucy Yeomans, then editor in chief of Harper’s Bazaar UK, got the kind of reaction that makes sense only when you remember that in 2010, smartphones were young, apps were just catching on as shopping tools, and games were primarily the provenance of teenage boys. “They were like, ‘Oh, this is a wonderful idea—why don’t you do it with Mr. Porter?’ And I said, ‘No—this is for women!’”

Yeomans, whose own gaming experience is mostly limited to Scrabble, had watched FarmVille, the agriculture-simulation social network, rack up 38 million likes. “I saw people I respected playing this game where they had to grow strawberry patches and herd ducks and cows, and I thought, This is crazy. And then I thought, What if you were doing that with something you cared about—like shoes and bags and fashion?”

Cut to 2020, when the typical American spends half their day online and 63 percent of mobile gamers are women—many of them, Yeomans is guessing, ready to move beyond colored fruits and solitaire—and we have Drest, the object of which is to style like a fashion editor. There are several daily challenges with a selection of fashion and accessories, with your edit graded by Drest-playing peers—it’s Chopped but with, say, Manolo Blahnik pumps and a Christopher Kane feather dress. The higher your peers rate your curation, the higher your score, with the reward a payment allowing you to buy more virtual clothes—though you will have IRL purchasing power, too, with more than 160 brands onboard, including Prada, Stella McCartney, Burberry, Valentino, and Gucci, all buyable through Farfetch, Drest’s partner.

For Yeomans, gaming and fashion are synergistic. “They’re both all about entering a fantastical universe, assuming a personality, and using pieces, whether it’s a potion or a Chanel jacket, to make you invisible—or invincible,” she says. One new thing they have in common: models. Drest has brought on a crew of 10 that includes Irina Shayk, Iman Hammam, Doutzen Kroes, and Natalia Vodianova, each of whom players can choose as an avatar, along with non-model avatars that Yeomans hopes are representative of the shapes and sizes and ages of the real human world.

This certainly isn’t fashion’s first gaming foray—as recently as spring 2019 The Sims collaborated with Moschino, with Jeremy Scott styling avatars for a game that sold over 200 million copies worldwide, and way back in 2012 DKNY launched a Facebook game that allowed players to win digital DKNY clothes. But luxury brands are noticing that outfits for avatars are selling big (and very real) bucks—last spring, a blockchain security expert bought his wife a $9,500 virtual dress—and Instagram users who are content with free dog-face filters are now debating PayPal-ing for virtual Air Jordans that their Fortnite avatars can wear, or “wear.”

Drest is like paper dolls on algorithms: The user experiences clothes in the virtual world while brands peek at players’ experiences—though what Yeomans hopes distinguishes Drest is the philanthropy wrapped around its tech core. You can donate from within the game to Elbi, the charity platform launched in 2018 with a former Google exec. (Via Elbi, Drest clicks will also contribute to the Elephant Crisis Fund that Doutzen Kroes supports or to She’s the First, the Iman Hammam–supported organization that fights for gender equality for girls around the world.) “Drest is not just what you wear—it’s what you stand for,” says Yeomans. “We wanted to make something that showcases the best of fashion—the creativity, the philanthropy, the inclusivity.”

Vodianova is more than just a Drest avatar—she’s a fan. “I’ll have my avatar and pick whatever dress I like and style it,” she says, “but then I can scroll down into discovery mode and see other looks that have been created with this dress or this jewelry, and maybe find something even better with community-generated content.”

“We’re looking to take it to where we can try out the bag in three colorways—before it’s going to production,” says Yeomans, “which I think will help to solve overproduction.”

For the moment, though, she is reveling in all the gamers now revealing themselves to her—from Tabitha Simmons to Kate Moss and “this very chic global marketing director.” She’s also hoping that Drest will counteract the tendency of young women to, according to a psychologist she spoke with, be less likely to wear clothing again after they have posted themselves in it. “Let’s see,” says Yeomans, “if they can express themselves first virtually, rather than always through that hyper-turnover.”—ROBERT SULLIVAN
Americans in Paris

In Damien Chazelle’s new Netflix show *The Eddy*, André Holland and Amandla Stenberg show the grittier side of the City of Lights, writes Chloe Malle.
vérité documentary Chronicle of a Summer. Chazelle mainly used documentary-style photography, deploying handheld cameras operated by a sparse and nimble crew shooting on the Métro and in the housing projects. The jazz club itself was the only built-out set.

Neither Holland nor Stenberg had spent much time in Paris before the show, and had limited grasp of the language. Holland had studied French in high school and took classes in New York before filming began, but gained real exposure only once he was on-site with the mostly French cast and crew. Stenberg had never lived away from Los Angeles and says that the experience "catalyzed a lot of independence." After our interview in a downtown New York photo studio, she is going apartment-hunting on the Lower East Side, in Harlem, and in Fort Greene—where Holland also happens to live.

"After spending six months abroad," she says, "it doesn't really scare me to move somewhere else." Holland smiles, listening to his young costar. Although they have not seen each other since they wrapped, there's an ease between them—the product of half a year spent embodying an emotionally raw father and daughter. "It was very important that this was a love story between a man and his daughter," explains Thorne.

"It is also a love story between a man and the rhythms of the city. The show moves seamlessly between French and English, but the most important language is music. (It was the singer-songwriter Glen Ballard, best known for cowriting 'Jagged Little Pill,' who came up with the idea for the show six years ago.) Close-ups of cymbals are as intimate and tender as those that depict Bekhti performing the Muslim burial rites. Relationships are formed and repaired by improvising and refining songs together. Ballard and composer Randy Kerber (who also played one of The Eddy's band members) wrote 40 original songs before Thorne even began writing; the story acted almost as a libretto. The performances—all live—drove the direction of the show; Thorne created a "wonderful blueprint," says Chazelle, and then the cast would "do certain kinds of explorations." When the actors and real-life jazz musicians who make up the house band are not performing, the sounds of Paris provide their own occasional symphony; the announcement chime at Charles de Gaulle, the rumble of a laundry machine, the clutter of shoveled ice. "What it became once we were on the ground in Paris was really just this minute-to-minute improvisation," explains Chazelle.

Sometimes that impromptu revision changed even the way the characters had been conceived. Stenberg, in particular, helped develop and add nuance to Julie. "I was able to identify with Julie's difficult relationship with her blackness because she's been socialized in this really white environment," says Stenberg, who grew up attending a mostly white private school in L.A. "And then there's that beautiful flowering that happens when you're able to reconnect with who you are and what your culture is."

The show is preoccupied with loss, but also discovery, and by the end, Elliot and Julie find their footing both with each other and with themselves. "I always saw this as a story about grief," says Thorne, "and what André and Amandla made clear to me was that this is also a story about identity."

"I think ultimately it's a show about family," says Stenberg. Holland nods, then adds, "Second chances."

"Second chances at life," picks up Stenberg. "Life goes on in Paris." 

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**Room Service**

Lingua Franca branches out into bath and body care.

**BEAUTY**

Nine years ago, during her honeymoon at a plush hotel in Paris, Rachelle Hruska MacPherson was hoarding the mini products in the shower—much to her hotelier husband's dismay. Those petits plaisirs? "They're crap," Sean MacPherson told his wife. As the hospitality guru behind such New York stalwarts as the Bowery, the Jane, and the highly anticipated opening of Hotel Chelsea, among other destinations, MacPherson would know. "It blew my mind," admits Hruska, who designs Lingua Franca's collectible soaps with hand-stitched slogans. Even the most luxurious hotels often get their amenities through licensing partners and typically have no control over their quality. So the 37-year-old shifted her focus from cashmere to the calendula and chamomile in her brand's debut bath-and-body collection, which will be stocked and available for purchase at most of MacPherson's properties. The six-piece fig-and-driftwood-scented range includes a shampoo and body wash formulated with organic aloe vera—and zero sulfates, parabens, or phthalates—that are packaged in 100 percent-recycled plastic bottles. A 99 percent-natural solid soap, made in Vermont and stamped with Lingua Franca's signature monogram, has, er, raised the bar for design enthusiasts and sustainability champions alike. "It's about starting a conversation," says Hruska—and if that conversation leads to a stand-alone beauty venture, so be it. —Zoe Ruffner
Touch and Go
Armani Beauty launches a concealer for our nothing-to-hide makeup moment.

MAKEUP Once upon a time, long before Armani Beauty's Luminous Silk Foundation changed the way women thought about full-coverage cosmetics, you had to cocktail different formulas together to get shine and dimension. "We had to cheat to get the glow," Armani Beauty's international makeup artist Linda Cantello recalls of life without the best-selling product, which launched in 2000, inspired by the texture, weightlessness, and translucency of charmeuse silk. The formula heralded a lightweight, natural-looking, lit-from-within skin finish for the new millennium, appealing to everyone from Serena Williams to the Duchess of Sussex. "It was ahead of its time," Cantello suggests, nodding to the skin care-first, makeup-second mandate from brands such as Glossier that has made full-coverage dirty words in 2020. Those light-reflecting, pearlescent pigments that melt into the skin have already been leveraged into a pressed powder and a hydrating primer, but their latest incarnation—a new Multi-Purpose Concealer, out this month—is poised to be similarly era-defining. "It's basically a concentrated Luminous Silk Foundation in a wand," says Cantello of the versatile creamy elixir, which comes in an expansive range of 20 shades and neutralizes dark circles and discolorations with a hint of sheer highlighter. It has a way of "brightening everything, she continues—so much so that you might just find yourself cutting back on foundation or skipping it altogether. Adds Cantello, "Why gild the lily?"—LAUREN VALENTI

Vienna in Focus
A new photography show at the Neue Galerie New York honors Austria's Belle Époque.

DESIGN In the summer of 1904, while on holiday on the Côte d'Azur, the 23-year-old Dora Kaliman, like many of Europe's well-to-do ladies at the turn of the century, purchased a camera. Smarting from an unhappy love affair with a married man, she had concluded that she did not want to be a "woman in the background," as she put it, and had been actively seeking an occupation. Two years later, back home in Vienna, she was listed in the city's commercial registry as a photographer. And so began an illustrious career, celebrated in the Neue Galerie New York's "Madame d'Ora," Kaliman's first major U.S. museum retrospective, which opened in February. The show positions the Jewish-born Kaliman—who took the alias Madame d'Ora in homage to her Francophile sensibilities—as one of the most prominent documenters of the early 20th century's cultural zeitgeist: Gustav Klimt, Anna Pavlova, Colette, and Josephine Baker all took turns before her lens. Her society portraits were anything but stuffy, though; like cinema stills, they captured protagonists with a story to tell. In 1922, she snapped the operetta star Elsie Altmann-Loos (wife of modernist architect Adolf Loos) in dishabille, the look of ecstasy in her partially closed eyes as evocative as her ostentatious performances. A year later, she photographed Gabrielle Chanel in a decidedly unglamorous stance, arms crossed and hair in defiant disarray. Though she was avant-garde in both her subject matter and her biography (professional female photographers were highly unusual at the time), Kaliman's services were nonetheless requested by even establishment elites, from the Habsburgs to the Rothschilds. Good taste transcends convention and borders.—LILAH RAMZI
From the Hearth

In a new memoir, Fanny Singer reflects on a childhood at Chez Panisse.

BOOKS When Fanny Singer was a baby, her mother, the culinary demigod Alice Waters, would take her to Waters’s famed Berkeley restaurant, Chez Panisse, swaddle her in fresh dish towels, and place her in an extra-large salad bowl while she worked. Singer attributes her lifelong love of greens to these “early kitchen cribs.”

“It was definitely an unconventional upbringing,” concedes the 36-year-old by phone from San Francisco. Singer’s memoir, Always Home: A Daughter’s Recipes & Stories (Knopf), out this month, is a tender portrait of the woman better known to the world as the mother of the farm-to-table movement.

The book is organized into chapters mostly named after seemingly simple dishes, such as “Chicken Stock” or “Potpie” (transformed, of course, under Waters’s precise care, into something transcendent), and punctuated by recipes. “The recipes were almost imperative,” explains Singer. “I knew the audience that is interested in this book is also one that cooks avidly and cares about food.” Those recipes and Singer’s attendant recollections range from the precious—wine tastings at age eight with her vintner father, Stephen Singer; candied violets to rim the edge of a lemon-curd cake—to the amusing: a “Fire Alarm Chicken” that requires an oven cranked up to 500ºF and once resulted in the New Haven fire department knocking down Singer’s college dorm-room door.

“If the book is partly a manual for eating and living well, it is also a chronicle of an exceptional culinary upbringing,” Singer describes knowing the best alcoves for hide-and-seek in the legendary restaurant, gathering around the pizza oven as a preteen, and beginning to work at Chez Panisse by cleaning vats of salted anchovies. One of her first words was foie gras, and young Fanny preferred to fast for 24 hours rather than submit to a Big Mac during a flight delay. Singer’s school lunchbox was a carry-on-size cooler equipped with silverware, a nosegay from Waters’s garden, a Tetris-like array of containers securing the separate ingredients for a salad, plus homemade garlic bread and a seasonal fruit macedoine.

In the morning before school, Singer was sometimes served “a perfectly soft-boiled blue Araucana egg with a marigold-hued liquid center into which I would delight in plunging buttered-toast ‘soldiers,’ ” or a heart-cooked egg by way of an iron-forged egg spoon. A version of that spoon is now sold through Singer’s design brand Permanent Collection, which she runs with her business partner, Mariah Nielsen. But despite Permanent Collection responsibilities and writing deadlines (Singer has a Ph.D. in art history and writes criticism for publications like The Wall Street Journal and Artforum), she makes time to cook most days. And while she lives in a subdivided Victorian in the Mission District with her advertising-creative boyfriend, Andrew, she still spends one night a week at her mother’s house in Berkeley.

“When I go home, it feels like my mom’s house is the eternal home,” she says. “Even though I have an apartment that contains my belonging, there’s that feeling of homecoming every time there.”

Though Singer was approached in her late teens to write a book about her childhood chez Waters, she’s content to have waited. “It took quite a bit of distance and figuring out an identity that was independent of my relationship to my mother,” this includes, and perhaps hinges on, the acceptance of having a famous parent. “I will be Alice Waters’s daughter no matter what I do. I’ve come to accept, in my 30s especially, that there’s no way of getting out from underneath that,” Singer explains with serene frankness. “Of course, I don’t want to divide myself entirely from her, because that relationship is part of my identity and it’s also something that gives me great joy.” —CHLOE MALLE
MAKING WAVES

LA PRAIRIE CELEBRATES ITS NEWEST EYE CREAM WITH AN INNOVATIVE ART INSTALLATION AT ART BASEL MIAMI BEACH.

The delicate skin around the eyes is typically one of the first areas to show signs of aging, but Swiss luxury skincare brand La Prairie is fighting back with the launch of its most powerful eye cream yet, White Caviar Eye Extraordinaire. Heavily researched ingredients including Golden Caviar Extract, the potent illuminating molecule Lumidose, and their Exclusive Cellular Complex combine to create a cutting-edge cream that helps fight the chromatic disturbances of this part of the face and restore firmness to the skin, to reveal the extraordinary beauty of the eye.

“White Caviar Eye Extraordinaire is the first eye cream designed to address all three elements of the Equation of Light for the eye contour area: color, reflection, and shape—bringing an extraordinary luminosity to the eye,” says La Prairie Director of Innovation Daniel Strangl, Ph.D. “This potent formula acts on the five chromatic disturbances of the eye contour area (gray, brown, yellow, red, and violet), improves reflection by smoothing the skin surface and densifying the dermal extracellular matrix and optimizes shape by diminishing puffiness and under-eye bags as well as crow’s feet and wrinkles.”

Lumidose, the brand’s patented miracle-worker molecule, works to remove and block hyperpigmentation in the skin, while the Golden Caviar Extract stimulates ceramide production by epidermal cells and collagen production by dermal cells, which helps to smooth the skin surface and densify the dermal extracellular matrix, therefore improving the reflection of light from the skin.

To celebrate the launch of this extraordinary product, the luxury house commissioned renowned artist Pablo Valcuena to create a unique light sculpture inspired by the Shape of Light, the story behind the brand’s White Caviar Collection. The immersive installation, titled WAVE, was on display on Miami’s storied beachfront to coincide with the 2019 edition of Art Basel. The mesmerizing kinetic art piece told the story of light dancing on an ocean wave, casting the sea and landscapes in a new perspective and lending itself perfectly to the collaboration with La Prairie’s latest addition to the White Caviar Collection. “We feel very strongly about sharing art in order to elevate culture as a whole, a vision I know we share with Pablo,” says Greg Prodromides, Chief Marketing Officer of La Prairie. “For this edition, we wanted to do something a little out of the ordinary—something extraordinary.”
Step Free

In the space between contemporary and classic, formality and comfort, fashion thrives. A feminine, scene-stealing look meets street-ready sandals. A sophisticated take on the track suit pairs with a statement-making slip-on. Here German model and lifelong Birkenstock devotee Maya Stepper shows us how the timeless footwear transcends traditional rules, playing just as well with dresses as it does with denim, making it the most transitional style of all.

The new Birkenstock Siena Sandal is currently available only at Nordstrom.
Today’s fashion ethos gets its fluidity from effortless, seasonless, timeless styles that go everywhere.
Billie’s World

The Coachella music festival, not necessarily known for its adorable moments, offered up the pop equivalent of two baby pandas playing when, under the pink arena lights and to the accompaniment of the cheering and frantic uploading of a thousand teenage witnesses, Billie Eilish met her idol, Justin Bieber, for the first time last April.

The scene, touching as it was, begged consideration of its broader culture significance. Here were two pop prodigies, ages 17 and 25, at rather different points in their career arcs. The walls of Eilish’s childhood bedroom were once papered with images of Bieber, and when he enfolded her oversize denim bootleg Louis Vuitton–logoed self in a long embrace, a chasm seemed to yawn underneath their adjacent but distinct generations. Eilish, whose full-length album, *When We All Fall Asleep, Where Do We Go?*, debuted at number one a week before the festival began, is not the first young singer to make hit records out of dark sonic tableaux.

Billie Eilish’s irresistible brand of dreamy, macabre anti-pop has made her into a new kind of hit maker. Rob Haskell meets the 18-year-old superstar.

Photographed by Hassan Hajjaj
But the totality of her effect on the pop landscape—from her whispered anti-anthems to her blithely anti-fashion to the sense of it’s-really-me relatability she provides to her fans—has made her immediate predecessors seem almost passé.

“This whole time I’ve been getting this one sentence, like, I’m a rule-breaker. Or I’m anti-pop, or whatever. I’m flattered that people think that, but it’s like, where, though? What rule did I break? The rule about making classic pop music and dressing like a girly girl? I never said I’m not going to do that. I just didn’t do it.”

On a cold December morning, Eilish is at home in the two-bedroom house she grew up in and still shares with her parents in Highland Park, an East Los Angeles neighborhood where gentrification seems to have stopped short of this particular block. If you have been following her ascent, then you probably already know that this is where Eilish prefers to do her interviews. You may even be aware that she does much of her self-disclosure from a perch on the window bench in the kitchen, in earshot of her mother, Maggie Baird, who pops in every so often to slice a banana or, more likely, to assure herself that things are under control. Her daughter responds to her presence with the occasional, peevish “Okay, Mom!” that seems not to ruffle Maggie in the least.

Eilish, whose full name is Billie Eilish Pirate Baird O’Connell (Billie for her maternal grandfather, William, who died a few months before she was born; Eilish, the name of an Irish conjoined twin whom her parents discovered in a television documentary; Pirate, which her older brother, Finneas O’Connell, began calling her before she was born; followed by her parents’ surnames), tugs at her white gym socks. She wears white basketball shorts and a white hoodie, and the roots of her hair are her favored hue of slime green. Though her clothing’s proportions accentuate the smallness of her stature, Eilish’s presence feels outside, even in the corner of the kitchen, where she has claimed a slant of sunlight, catlike. Her speaking voice is loud and assured and laced with profanity, and she never appears to be holding back, unless she tells you that she is holding back, which she understands is her prerogative.

Her ears prick to the shimmery sound of the doorbell-security system, and she winces; lately there are so many visitors, and Maggie has hung a towel over the four long glass panes of the front door for a bit of privacy. It’s clear that the O’Connells have outgrown their family home: Eilish’s father, Patrick O’Connell, sleeps—but also keeps vigil—in a bed in the corner of the living room beside a forlorn-looking baby grand piano, partly because Eilish has stopped feeling entirely safe here. The floors are barely navigable from all the suitcases.

(Eilish’s parents, actors who have supported themselves over the years with a mix of jobs, now work the crew on their daughter’s tours.) In the dining room, evidence of the approaching Christmas holiday peeks out from piles of Billie Eilish merchandise (so much slime green). The night before, Eilish garlanded the dark millwork with her old gold chains, and beside a set of Billie Eilish matryoshka dolls—a particularly excellent example of the fan art she regularly receives—a crèche is taking shape. The O’Connells are not religious, but Eilish and her father have been setting up this little Nativity scene together since she was a girl. “Maybe people see me as a rule-breaker because they themselves feel like they have to follow rules, and here I am not doing it,” she goes on. “That’s great, if I can make someone feel more free to do what they actually want to do instead of what they are expected to do. But for me, I never realized that I was expected to do anything. I guess that’s what is actually going on—that I never knew there was anything I had to follow. Nobody told me that shit, so I did what I wanted.”

Eilish has no squad like Taylor Swift, no Tiffany rings like Ariana Grande, no va-va-voom curves like Katy Perry. Though she is playful in person, the mood of her art has thus far been pretty unrelentingly dark: Eilish rose to fame, after all, at age 13 singing of burning cities under napalm skies in her breakout single, “Ocean Eyes,” written by her brother. Her videos brim with the macabre: black tears sliding from her heavy-lidded eyes, tarantulas creeping out of her mouth, needles shot into her back, and cigarettes being extinguished, one after another, on her cheeks. (Lana Del Rey, a major influence, may have created a similarly plaintive sonic ambiance, but she did so while hewing to a familiar bombshell archetype.) But then Eilish’s generation was born to a surfeit of grim realities. The 9/11 attacks occurred three months before she was born, and the threat of climate change and school shootings—giving rise to the Gen Z activists Greta Thunberg and the Parkland survivors, respectively—has only been amplified by the particle collider of the internet.

Many of her contemporaries not called to action have opted to hide out in their bedrooms, living virtually at best and numbing themselves with opioids or benzodiazepines at worst (example: the late Gen Z emerger Lil Peep). Eilish speaks to these folks too, in her giant I-won’t-grow-up pajamas. She sees into their loneliness in “When the Party’s Over” she warns them in songs like “Xanny,” a cabaret ballad—cum—public service announcement about the inanity, if not the dangers, of Xanax abuse. (Eilish insists that she has never tried a single drug and has no interest in them, though she loves the smell of marijuana.)

It’s probably not surprising that her fervent fans, who last year made her the first artist born in the new millennium to achieve a number-one song (“Bad Guy”), as well as the first to achieve a number-one album, see a teenager whom they resemble rather than one whom they wish they resembled, in the old manner. This audience has neither the time nor the appetite for boyfriend songs—conventional ones, anyway. When she broaches love, Eilish often does so with precocious cynicism, as in “Wish You Were Gay,” in which she telegraphs her ambivalence about a boy’s lack of interest in her in a dithering double-negative: “I can’t tell you how much I wish I didn’t wanna stay.”

For all the encroaching gloom, Eilish’s childhood was a happy and loving place in which all manner of artistic expression was encouraged. Her brother, a songwriting

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"This whole time I’ve been getting this one sentence, like, I’m a rule-breaker. Or I’m anti-pop, or whatever. It’s like, where, though? What rule did I break?"

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mockrin, an L A.-based artist known for figurative work, lends Eilish Old Master glamour in a portrait commissioned for Vogue. Prada jacket.

Portrait by Jesse Mockrin
TAKING CARE
Young fans struggling with depression routinely reach out to Eilish. “Those are girls for whom Billie is their lifeline,” says her mother, Maggie. “It’s very intense.” Prada Linea Rossa jacket and pants. Jacob & Co. ring, Nike sneakers.

prodigy and Eilish’s best friend and constant collaborator, certainly paved the way. “Music was always underlying,” she explains. “I always sang. It was like wearing underwear: It was just always underneath whatever else you were doing.”

She wrote her first song on the ukulele at age seven, and she soon taught herself how to play piano and guitar from watching YouTube videos. She was willfully independent, never pushed to the stage. “You know how there’s always that singer kid who’s like, ‘I can sing!’ and then would sing in front of you? I remember hating that person. The kid who does it for the applause and thinks they’re amazing, and their mom is like, ‘Yeah, she’s gonna be de-da-da.’ I never put myself in that category, so for a long time I didn’t realize that I was a singer, too.”

Eilish and her brother were home-schooled for a variety of reasons. Patrick had read an article about the Oklahoma sibling band Hanson and was drawn to the idea that homeschooling had given them the freedom to focus on their artistic interests. Maggie is from Colorado, where the Columbine massacre had taken place two years after FInneas was born, and they were both older parents who liked the idea of spending as much time as they could with their kids. FInneas was an eccentric child who slept in cowboy boots for two years. Billie has an auditory-processing disorder that affects her ability to retain information aurally, and she also has Tourette’s syndrome, with especially severe motor tics connected to the stress of mathematics. (Despite YouTube catalogs of her tics, which consist in part of involuntary eye movements that have sometimes been mistaken for eye rolls, she says that she now has the illness under good control without medication.) “I’m so glad I didn’t go to school, because if I had, I would never have the life I have now,” Eilish says. “The only times I ever wished I could go were so I could fuck around. At times I just wanted to be a joke, like a locker, and have a school dance that was at my own school, and get to not listen to the teacher and laugh in class. Those were the only things that were interesting to me. And once I realized that, I was like, Oh, I actually don’t want to do the school part of school at all.”

Eilish had enormous amounts of energy, which her parents sought to dissipate.
through dance class, gymnastics, and horseback riding. There were countless activities, and Eilish had scores of friends. But because the O'Connells had little money, her parents would barter their time: Patrick did handiwork in the gymnastics center, Maggie taught Music Together class, and Billie brushed and bridled horses at the San Pasqual Stables in South Pasadena. She remembers the looks that the rich girls gave her—not mean but strange—a lesson in the ruthless class that her own outsider identity began to form around. “I was never bullied,” she says. “It’s just a vibe you get. You can tell somebody doesn’t like you; of course you can. I had an entire childhood of that, and now it’s interesting, because I’ll meet fans where I’m like, if I was in class with you when I was 11, you would have hated me.”

Eilish’s participation in the Los Angeles Children’s Chorus was the true formative musical experience of her childhood. It was strict and serious: Choristers could not touch their faces or look at their phones. She learned music theory, and she learned to stand still. Like every other girl, she wore a red sweater vest and tights and a skirt and flats and had her hair pulled back and tied in a black bow. “Holy fuck, I hated that shit,” she says. “But I can’t lie, Chorus was my favorite thing in the world.” Eilish didn’t make the chorus’s prestigious chamber singers when she was 13, which effectively ended her tenure there just as her professional career was beginning. “It was really emotional for me. I know that if I left, everybody would form new friendships without me. When I think back to me crying about it then, I was crying about the future and what I thought would be, and you know what? I was totally right. You can’t stop people from moving on when they have to. When you go on a trip, you can’t expect people to sit still until you get back.”

While Eilish has been open about her depression, which first struck at around this time, she insists that her penchant for dark material preceded and has generally been independent of her mood. For years she liked to say that “Fingers Crossed”—inspired by an episode of The Walking Dead—was the first song she ever wrote, as part of a songwriting class that her mother taught as part of a group of homeschoolers. But recently she came across a cache of songs she wrote at 11, including one called “Why Not,” a melody built from the only five chords she knew. The lyrics of the song had a simple, morbid premise: If she killed herself, everything would be the same; the stars would still shine, the sun would still come out, the seasons would still change. So why not? Her friends loved it. “That was the song, at 11,” she says, scarcely believing it now. “And I was totally happy. I had never felt suicidal, and I didn’t want to feel that way, but I liked the idea of writing a song about something I didn’t know about.”

It would be an error to regard as contradictory Billie the grounded girl with a happy family and Billie the artist with a head full of demons, when these may simply be the poles of modern teen-agerdom. In any case, her songs are never strictly autobiographical. She and Finniss enjoy developing characters and writing from the perspective of those characters: the monster under the bed in “Bury A Friend”; a girl who has just killed her friends and is grappling with guilt in “Bellyache.” Eilish notes that many artists she admires—Lana Del Rey; Tyler, the Creator; Marina and the Diamonds; Aurora—have created dark alter egos in their songwriting. “Just because the story isn’t real doesn’t mean it can’t be important,” she explains. “There’s a difference between lying in a song and writing a story. There are tons of songs where people are just lying. There’s a lot of that in rap right now, from people that I know who rap. It’s like, ‘I got my AK-47, and I’m fuckin’,’... and I’m like, what? You don’t have a gun. ‘And all my bitches...’ I’m like, which bitches? That’s posturing, and that’s not what I’m doing.”

Eilish connects her own depression to a concatenation of events in her early adolescence, including a dance injury, a toxic friend group, and a romantic relationship with someone who treated her poorly. But above all, she was pained by her appearance. “I just hated my body, I would have done anything to be a different one,” she explains. “I really wanted to be a model, really bad, and I was chubby and short. I developed really early. I had boobs at nine. I got my period at 11. So my body was going faster than my brain. It’s funny, because when you’re a little kid, you don’t think of

“You can tell somebody doesn’t like you; of course you can. I had an entire childhood of that.”

Although she insists that her songs have never glorified death, fans who are suffering connect to these grim lullabies, which for a young artist can be a burden and an almost overwhelming responsibility. “People tell me at meet and greets, ‘My daughter was hospitalized five times this year, and your daughter’s music is the only thing that kept her going,’” Maggie explains. A young Finnish fan once sent a letter to the house explaining that she had a ticket to an upcoming concert but wasn’t sure she would survive to see it. Maggie was able to connect with her through social media and ensure that she got help. “These are girls for whom Billie is their lifeline. It’s very intense.”

For her part, Maggie has rarely taken the necromancy of Eilish’s songwriting (or Finniss’s songwriting for her—Eilish says that her brother can almost read her mind with his lyrics) as an urgent expression of suffering, though there are exceptions. “Listen Before I Go,” off last year’s album, alarmed her. “If you need me, wanna see me, you better hurry, I’m leaving soon.” Eilish sings. “I needed to understand that this was essentially creative writing,” her mother explains. “Parenting a teenager can be harder than parenting a toddler. You have to be there at 2 a.m. to talk them down, then they roll their eyes at you and tell you they hate you. There were things Billie did that totally worried me in terms of her behavior. The stuff she used to write on her bedroom walls scared me: ‘Why am I alive? The things she did on social media—DM’ing with a stranger purporting to be a boy in Florida. It’s a scary time for kids online. But not the lyrics. The really dark stuff is fiction.”

Photographed by Ethan James Green
LIVING LARGE

Eilish has emphasized that her oversize style is not a protest against the way anyone else dresses. It’s simply her being herself. Marc Jacobs shirt. Tripp NYC pants.
SOFT POWER

Eilish and her brother, Finneas, her closest songwriting collaborator, were educated at home in Highland Park, Los Angeles. “I’m so glad I didn’t go to school, because if I had, I would never have the life I have now.”

TRUST FALL
Here Ellah participates in a work by the Chinese conceptual artist Xu Zhen, whose destabilizing piece In Just a Blink of an Eye—first performed in 2005 in Beijing—is now in the permanent collection of the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles. In the work, by means kept carefully concealed, a figure appears suspended, mid-fall, for hours at a time. Balenciaga jacket, pants, and sneakers; Hair: Holli Smith; makeup, Fara Hornici.

Performance Art by Xu Zhen
IN BLOOM

Eilish turned 18 in December. Her birthday party included a bouncy house, foosball, and a vegan chocolate cake, baked by her mother. Valentino Haute Couture dress. Hair, Holli Smith; makeup, Frae Hornicki.
thrifting and picking through the racks at Target, cutting up her purchases and sewing them together in new and strange shapes. She recalls a shirt she made out of some yellow fishnet fabric she found in the garment district and a cool-looking and very uncomfortable shirt she fashioned from an Ikea shopping bag. She disassembled sneakers and wrapped the tongues around the soles. To this day, she would love to take the green dragon-print curtains in her brother’s bedroom — where the two of them wrote and recorded her entire album — and turn them into a dress. Except that she doesn’t wear dresses. “I just wanted to invent shit, so I did,” she explains. “When I look back at myself at 9 or 10, my style was unbelievably terrible. But it was exactly what I wanted to wear. I was committed to it, I wore it, and I was happy.”

With an arsenal of toxic colors, chaotic prints, and ersatz European luxury-brand emblems (to which luxury brands, sensing her visual power, have responded by sending her the genuine articles), Eilish seems always to be flaunting the proprietary or predatory gaze. In a Calvin Klein campaign video last year, addressing her style, she said, “Nobody can have an opinion because they haven’t seen what’s underneath. Nobody can be like, ‘she’s slim-thick,’ ‘she’s not slim-thick,’ ‘she’s got a flat ass,’ ‘she’s got a fat ass.’” In a defiant Instagram post to her 46 million followers last September, Eilish stands in the doorway of a trailer wearing a graffiti-printed T-shirt and sweatpants, a collaboration between her and the streetwear brand this slut-shaming element. Like, ‘I am so glad that you’re dressing like a boy, so other girls can dress like boys, so that they aren’t sluts.’ That’s basically what it sounds like to me. And I can’t overstate how strongly I do not appreciate that, at all.”

For all her no-fucks-none attitude, it would be impossible to cast Eilish as a cool girl according to the old but evolving paradigm that canonized cool girls from Clara Bow to Kate Moss. Self-possessed, transgressive without trying too hard, unimpressed by the traditional hallmarks of mass culture or conventional glamour, she does not appear to be making choices that serve to maintain an aura. She is not a rebel — that sine qua non of cool — unless she’s rebelling from the chorus or the stables. Finneas, who has recently moved out to have more space with his girlfriend, the beauty and fashion YouTuber Claudia Sulewski, explains that there was no need for rebellion in the O’Connell household. “I don’t know what a conventional childhood is,” he explains. “I have friends who reacted to one, I guess, who have wanted to move out their whole lives. Truth be told, we never had that feeling. I think our parents never trivialized our questions and our interests. So many friends of mine would ask their parents, ‘Hey, can I have a sleepover?’ ‘No, you can’t.’ ‘Why?’ ‘Because.’ Whereas our whole childhood was a conversation. You ended up feeling that decisions made sense.”

Eilish and O’Connell’s relatively simple musical formula — setting off her airy vocals against spare, spacey beats — suits their preference for writing, recording, and editing their music at home. “We don’t like studios,” she says. “I hate not seeing daylight. I hate that they smell weird. I hate recording booths. I hate being far away and singing alone in a room. In the beginning, all we would hear was, ‘Let’s put you in the studio with this person and that person.’ So we did go into the studio and work with this producer or writer or artist or whatever, and it was fine, but nothing ever did what me and Finneas alone do. And I think it’s how we’ll keep doing it: He came over a week ago and he just set up his computer and we recorded something right here.”

While Eilish has broken away from pop’s recent sights and sounds, she is also playing the game according to the rules of the streaming era. She had already hit the one-billion-streams mark before her first full-length album debuted, and the singles she released leading up to it came out of good, old-fashioned artist development: naturally heterogeneous.

“In my dark places I’ve worried that I was going to become the stereotype that everybody thinks every young artist becomes, because how can they not?""}

Freak City. The caption reads, “If only I dressed normal id be so much hotter ya e your come up with a better comment im tired of that one.” But while we might wish to politicize it as post-#MeToo dressing that has wrested skater style from the dominion of men and boys, Eilish makes clear that her look is not a protest against anyone. In a 17 Magazine interview with Pharrell Williams last summer, she told him, “The positive comments about how I dress have

Photographed by Ethan James Green

"Continued on page 364"
LIVING COLOR
ROLE MODEL

The internet is rich in Billie Eilish fans. This piece, by 16-year-old Nastya Kovtun of Russia, was commissioned for Vogue. Louis Vuitton dress. Details, see in this issue.
THE NEW EDWARDIAN

Fashion's latest gilded age comes replete with high collars, puffed sleeves, delicate lawn dresses—and an attitude that's very much of the moment. Photographed by David Sims.
FIT TO BE TIED

Erdem’s crisp cotton batiste dress ($2,350; erdem.com) is not shaped with corsetry but with a simple black velvet bow. Model Felice Navacliff wears a Kindred Black medallion necklace. Rings by David Yurman, Wolf Circus, Ten Thousand Things, and Vela.
CLOTHES HORSE
TALL TALES
Model Ugbad Abdi
plies on the
accessories—and
the intrigue—to
Alberta Ferretti’s
dark-necked,
lace-sleeved beaded
silk dress (Saks Fifth
Avenue stores).
Erdem hat, Peeble
London necklace,
Alexander McQueen
belt, Miu Miu boots.
LAZY DAYS
Edwardian shirtwaist ensembles lend this Etro printed silk blouse ($1,420) and asymmetric skirt ($2,560; both at Etro stores) its allure. Model Mariam Devinzele, though, imparts a sense of ease. Paco Rabanne belt.
COLOR ME IMPRESSED

Whitework enters an entirely new age with this Burberry crystal-embellished dress and corset ($1,590); burberry.com.
LADY LIBERTY
Marc Jacobs's lace-and-ribbon-banded floral-print dress ($3,800; marcjacobs.com)—worn here by model Kaia Gerber—is a riot of pattern and texture in a silhouette that, while it evokes yesterday, is relentlessly of its time. Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello boots.
NOW YOU SEE ME
Dolce & Gabbana’s rose-colored silk lace dress (€3,895; select Dolce & Gabbana stores) is as sweet and many-splendored as it is revealing.
ALPHABET CITY

Though more natural than the Victorian silhouette, the Edwardian S-curve was created with corsetry and petticoats. Model Adut Akech wears Comme des Garçons, resolutely 21st-century metallic jacquard top ($1,180) and skirt. Comme des Garçons, NYC.
ACE OF LACE
Loewe’s black-and-white top (loewe.com) sees the ornate handwork and delicate ruff collar of long ago—and raises the stakes with an elegant, arm-baring cut of right now. Burberry oversized palette earring.
THE MORE
THE MERRIER
Abdi piles on multi-
charm necklaces (all by
Jewels) over a Céline
by Hedi Slimane botiste
linen blouse with a
ruffled yoke (celine.com).
R.J Graziano earrings.
Bracelets by Jewels,
Konstantino; Annie
Costello Brown,
Saint Laurent by
Anthony Vaccarello,
and Giles & Brother.
SEW SMART

This cropped embroidered leather jacket has an organic and curvilinear Art Nouveau feeling to it—and the sort of graphics that summon a Pop-art installation. Gerber wears it here with a tube dress peeking out. Both by Louis Vuitton; select Louis Vuitton stores.
OPPOSITES ATTRACT
The Edwardian ideal was the Gibson girl, who was both feminine and free, spunky and pampered. Such dichotomies are similarly reconciled when Ralph Lauren Collection's delicate sangallo lace blouse ($1,890; select Ralph Lauren stores) is paired with the stiff geometry of Miu Miu's black patent leather skirt ($1,200; miumiu.com). Necklaces by Celine by Hedi Slimane and Lulu Frost. Alexander McQueen belt. In this story: hair, Duffy; makeup, Diane Kendal. Details, see In This Issue.
Betwixt and between the lush rain forests and secret beaches of the Jamaican coast, a carnival of cotton tops, dresses, and jumpsuits becomes almost second nature. Photographed by Nadine Ijewere.
GARDEN STATE
• With their gently ruffled tiers and intricate embroidery, model Anok Yai’s Erdem mini dress and maxi skirt ($4,995, both at erdem.com) make light of a stately Victorian silhouette. At Farfetch, Forrest offers up a flower—and a heap of glittering gemstones—at a Weekend Max Mara shirtdress, $495; Weekend Max Mara, White Plains, NYC. Iranj Moin necklaces.
GET UP, STAND UP
An exuberant, two-toned print and lots of volume through the sleeves and skirt help a Givenchy dress (givenchy.com) feel at one with the island’s abounding joie. Necklaces by Rosantica, Maryam Nassir Zadeh, and Kenneth Jay Lane.
ISLAND TIME

Yei—wielding the simple yet strong combination of a tuxedo shirt from A Shirt Story ($125; ashirtstory.com) and Fendi paper bag-waisted trousers (fendi.com)—stands pretty.
PUT ON YOUR BEST DRESS

With a pair of bijou-encrusted Miu Miu frocks (miumiu.com), the common schoolyard jumper is glamorously reworked. Forrest wears a Carolina Herrera shirt, $1,290; Carolina Herrera, NYC. Oscar de la Renta brooch. Model Indira Scott wears a Maison Alaïa shirt, $1,450; Saks Fifth Avenue stores. RJ Graziano brooch.
LET THAT SINK IN

A winsome Polo Ralph Lauren dress ($698; select Ralph Lauren stores) sets Ysi peacefully—and romantically—adrift in Frenchman’s Cove.
STREAM OF THOUGHT
Grasalka in the woods near his home outside Zurich, "I wanted to have stability," he says about his decision to move there with his husband, musician Loïc Gomez, in 2017.

A Far
Country

After more than a decade traversing Europe, Balenciaga creative director Demna Gvasalia has finally found a sense of home—and arrived at a place where he is producing some of the most creative and provocative fashion of our era.

By Nathan Heller. Photographed by Juergen Teller.
It is the rare designer who can mock, shock, and unsettle the fashion industry while becoming one of its breakout heroes, but over the past decade Demna Gvasalia—the iconoclastic designer of Vetements—and, since 2015, the creative director of Balenciaga—has turned insurrectionary energy into a constructive, covetable force. In 2014, Gvasalia cofounded Vetements, whose style (voluminous hoods; ankle boots with cigarette lighters for heels; upcycled and repurposed denim) attracted a hundred imitators and admirers as different as Kanye West and Hailey Baldwin. It wasn’t just the droopy-sleeve refinement that won buyers’ hearts; it was the gritty, declarative-see-what-I-see-confidence of Gvasalia’s approach. Instead of following street style, the practice of creative urban peacocking, he got ideas from the ways that normal people wore clothes on the street. Against the modes of the moment, he employed opaque personal references. At Balenciaga, some coats have a mysterious long, narrow inside pocket—an answer to his observation that people going to friends’ dinner parties with wine would invariably hoist the bottles precariously into their arms while dealing with phones and doorknobs. Others, for the house’s fall-winter 2018 collection, deployed seven layers of different fabric as criticism of rich, over-consuming fashion buyers. Gvasalia’s combination of anthropological observation and industry ambivalence has made him a paradox of a creative director: an original, refined, often unsettling avant-garde designer who works from the plain sights of the everyday.

Over the past five years, Gvasalia’s aesthetic has changed Balenciaga from one of several jewels in fashion’s high firmament into a kind of magic stone—strangely shaped, completely hypnotic. Under Gvasalia, the house has made a path unique in the industry and a future rich in speculation.

“It’s different from most luxury brands, which aim to be more exclusive—something that not everyone can have,” says Karen Van Godtsenhoven, an associate curator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art’s Costume Institute and a specialist in Gvasalia’s work. “He makes outfits for a raver, a businesswoman, a security guard, and it’s a more democratic approach, saying that these are all equal types.” Often his garments explore the semiotics of branding in a way unusual for commercial fashion—in 2017, he sent a take on the Bernie Sanders logo down the Balenciaga runway—and this tone has resonated with younger buyers.

The approach also draws on Gvasalia’s training in the craft. In 2009, recently graduated from fashion school, he got a gig at Maison Margiela and began to work at making clothes. Traditionally, garments are draped and cut in basic materials such as muslin and wool. At Margiela, the practice was to drape old garments that had already been made. “We always used very cheap pieces, vintage, or old prototypes,” he recalls; they’d throw these on the form and start cutting, draping, and pinning. To the young Gvasalia, trained to design in two dimensions, this approach of walking around and around the piece, slicing and remaking, was a revelation, and he has used it ever since. “The first time patternmakers work with me, they’re quite surprised. I think, at how much I cut things and pin them, manipulate shapes in order to make new things,” he says. The process captures the essential gesture of fashion: breaking up what now exists, then slowly, tenderly reassembling the pieces into something beautiful and unlike what came before.

The past three years have found Gvasalia, once thought to be a wild child tearing at Paris’s gritty edges, in his own reassembly phase. In 2017, he married the French musician and composer Loïk Gomez and moved to Switzerland to gain creative distance from the fashion crucible of the French capital, once boxy and open, all rectilinear geometries and wooden floors. “They built it, as they say in German, a Gesamtkunstwerk—a total piece of art,” Gvasalia tells me after a step inside. He alerts me to a life-size dummy by the American artist Mark Jenkins standing behind the front door, dressed in a black Gvasalia hoodie and, terrifyingly, clutching a black baseball bat—a nightmare in peripheral vision. “I have to warn people: There are human-like figures all over the house,” he says, deadpan.

As it happens, Gvasalia is dressed similarly. In a black sweatshirt, sleeves reaching down over his hands. He has a chestnut beard of medium length and hair buzzed short; he wears silver hoop earrings in both of his ears. All his adult life, he says, his style of dress has proved a liability for him: People have tossed him out of fancy restaurants because he wore a cap indoors; he once had a can of Coke thrown at him because he looked too “other” and weird. “I probably like provoking that reaction—I realized this recently,” he says. In Switzerland, though, the incomprehension is more genteel. “There is less judgment; it’s the way of Swiss people,” he says. “I feel safe here, and safety has been a big issue for me all my life.”

Gvasalia, now 38, grew up in Georgia, on the Black Sea. When he was 10 years old, the region fell to violence; his family fled to the capital and, later, to Düsseldorf. Since then, he has been a stranger everywhere he’s lived, a sense of displacement that only increased as his success grew. “I wanted to have stability, and to have a life quality that was lacking for me before, when I was juggling two jobs and there was always a Fashion Week somewhere,” he says. “I didn’t want to fall out of love with fashion. You know: ‘Oh, God, another pre-collection to make!’ So why not Zurich, a place it wouldn’t be unfair to call the most unfashionable leading city in Western Europe? ‘It’s the opposite of fashion,’ he says with a laugh. ‘People don’t really care about what you wear.’

Here, on the edge of the woods, Gvasalia has found a vast imaginative space and a rhythm of life that he says has given him a creative second wind. I wander through the living room: a well-lit furnished space that, with its high ceilings, rectangular form, and full-length curtain-bound window, has the dimensions of a dance studio. It is sparsely furnished with a gleaming grand piano, a couple of stylish sofas, and a long side cabinet. In the dining room, we sit at
an extended black table with legs made of railway ties—Gvasalia's own design because he couldn't find a table he liked. At the far head of the table is another "human-like figure" in a gray hoodie, this one a seated woman with her forehead on the tabletop like a depressed teenager. Gomez, wearing a white buttoned shirt cheekily embroidered with trompe l'oeil checked red and gold, brings over a blue-and-white china plate of gorgeous Swiss confections, and Gvasalia eventually has a Coca-Cola in a lowball glass mysteriously embossed with the White House seal. The kitchen flows off the dining room and is chicer in the traditional European style: black and white checkerboard tile; a high, glass-fronted chino cabinet; a marble island in the middle, catching the cool winter light.

Once a month, Gvasalia takes the train to Paris, where he spends a week doing fittings, going to meetings, and seeing friends—of whom he has, by choice, virtually none in Switzerland. "With social media, whenever you meet people in real life, you already know everything—what happened to them, where they hang out," he says with a quick, high throttle of a giggle. "It's kind of good not to be there all the time, so you have things to talk about." In Zurich, he keeps the mornings for himself and Gomez. They eat breakfast together, do chores, listen to music loud. In mid-morning, like a Romantic hero, Gvasalia goes for a long walk in the woods, and by the time he returns, at 11, he feels creatively charged and ready for his job. Upstairs he has an atelier, where he works up the current collection, giving each garment an average of five fittings, but a lot of his work is done on his laptop or phone, which he uses to crawl through social media, news sites, and archival images. He files away material that he plans to use in his collections now or later. "I realized how many ideas had disappeared, vanished, never become a product just because it was not the right moment for them," he explains. "Now I just put them aside."

I ask him how he thinks his work has changed since the move to Switzerland. "I got rid of those insecurities that I used to have, the need to prove something. I just started to listen," he says. "Always thought, Oh, you cannot be that selfish; you need to work for others—for your brand, for your team. But maybe I'm getting older, and I realize it is kind of inevitable to connect to yourself so you can be a better designer. I'm a different designer now than I was five years ago. I'm no longer on the dark side of the world."

This, he says, is the reason why he felt he had to leave Vetements. The label had been conceived as a restive, angsty young man's project—that was the source of its urgency and appeal—and he no longer felt like a restive, angsty young man. "When I started it, I was angry, and I wanted to express myself," he says. "I called it Vetements—I didn't call it by my name—because I saw it as a project in my becoming a designer." Success caught him off guard. "I never really believed in myself doing something that, in this brutal and ruthless industry, would have that kind of reaction—if I had realized it, I would have done it much earlier," he says. "But I started the brand in a period where, through the internet, the anger of the youth "As he is careful to create clothes that people actually want to wear, he has engaged with a new generation of clients, who are more open to mixing and experimenting," he says. The bet—the gamble—has proved a good one. Last year, Balenciaga crossed a billion dollars in sales, more than doubling its size from when Gvasalia took over, and it has added 70 or so new stores. Products like the chunky Triple S sneaker and the wide-collared, long-sleeved "swing" shirt have somehow managed to become both indie, counter-fashion products and global best-sellers; millennials account for 70 percent of Balenciaga's current sales. In an age of faster cycles and ever more instantaneous delivery, the brand has focused on accelerating its distribution channels, yet recent products have eclipsed even old standbys.

The steady churn of popularity is all the more impressive given the openness of Gvasalia's current schedule. Today he works three days a week for Balenciaga and spends the rest of his time at his own pursuits: going to concerts, seeing art exhibitions, embroidering for fun, grocery shopping at the nearby mega-market. ("In Switzerland, where everything is closed after, like, 6 p.m., it's a great luxury to be able to go and buy a carrot on a Sunday afternoon," he says.) "The other day, I was at the osteopath being twisted and cracked in many directions, and I had so many ideas during it," Gvasalia tells me. "It's just how my mind works."

Some of this freewheeling focus is about to fall away. During our conversations, Gvasalia reveals that Balenciaga will relaunch its haute couture line, dormant since the retirement of its founder. "To me, couture is above all trends," he says. "It is an expression of beauty at the highest aesthetic"

During our conversation, Gvasalia reveals that Balenciaga will relaunch its haute couture line, dormant since the retirement of its founder, Cristóbal Balenciaga, in 1968. The line will debut in Paris this July, where it will almost de facto be the explosive event of Couture Week. Balenciaga made his reputation on couture; restoring it elevates the house to the standing of fashion-art giants, such as the houses of Chanel and Dior, which have Balenciaga at the helm. "When Demna and I came onboard, the idea wasn't quite viable yet, and we had other priorities," says Cédric Charbit, who became Balenciaga's CEO in 2016 and led the expansion of the house. "Thanks to the success and magnitude of Demna's creative vision, we have now the resources and the platform." The house will have a dedicated couture atelier, modeled after Cristóbal's. "Since haute couture is so deeply ingrained in our DNA, much CONTINUED ON PAGE 355
High Note

After a long career on stage and screen, Sharon D Clarke has a breakthrough moment with Broadway-bound Caroline, or Change. By Danny Leigh. Photograph by Anton Corbijn.

Outside her dressing room in London’s Piccadilly Theatre, the city is frantic with the bustle of tourists—but Sharon D Clarke has her mind on Manhattan. The British singer and actress will soon make her Broadway debut in Caroline, or Change, Tony Kushner’s electric musical drama of race, motherhood, and the politics of who does your laundry. The production is a West End transfer for which Clarke, 53, won the 2019 Olivier for Best Actress in a Musical. But her New York appearance will be a new landmark in a career dating back to 1984. “I’m a 36-year overnight sensation,” she says, laughing.

Set in 1960s Lake Charles, Louisiana, the musical tells the story of Caroline, a black maid who works for the white Jewish Gelman family. Caroline—inspired by Maudie Lee Davis, maid to the Kushner family when the playwright was a boy—can be stern and even furious, a woman of color left with many choices in the Jim Crow South. Six decades after the era in which the story is set, the sense of frustration among black Americans is still powerfully relevant, Clarke says: “We need stories like this to hold up the mirror, to ask, ‘How far have we come? Have we come far?’”

As the only British performer in the new production, she admits to some concern that audiences might view her skeptically. She breaks into a flawless New York accent, highly unimpressed: “‘What you got, babe?’ But actually—wonderfully—it feels like America is saying, ‘Bring it, bring it!’” Accompanying her to New York.

SPEAK NOW
Sharon D Clarke, photographed here in a costume by Fly Davis, stars in Caroline, or Change. Hair and makeup: Sonia Mohren; wig: Emily Grove.
Details, see In This Issue.
Sittings Editor: Emma Elwick-Bates.
WELL MANNERED

In the front garden, an Italian marble wishing well for great to the 1895 house has been transformed into a fountain, surrounded by splashes of flowers, roses, foxgloves, poppies, and dahlias.

Sitting Editor: Miranda Brooks.
As You Like It

With help from the landscape architect Arne Maynard, Jordan Roth and Richie Jackson imbued their enchanting East Hampton country house with color, light, and no small sense of drama. By Chloe Malle. Photographed by Ngoc Minh Ngo.
What a Way to Go
A row of iron archways climbing with roses frames a crushed quartz-and-stone path.

The midafternoon quiet is pierced by the gentle crackle of toddler chatter. "Is he up?" Jordan Roth asks his husband, Richie Jackson, who checks his phone. On the screen is a grainy video of their towheaded three-year-old, Levi, standing at the side of his crib. Jackson rises from the living-room sofa to fetch him. It is a bright late-summer Sunday, and the couple have just said goodbye to 10 weekend houseguests after a heaping lunch of chicken Milanese, calamarri, and cucumber-watermelon salad.

This is not atypical; the couple love to fill their turn-of-the-century East Hampton summer-colony cottage with as many friends as it will hold (lucky guests have included everyone from Oprah Winfrey to Mayor Pete Buttigieg). "The house was conceived to be full," says Roth, a five-time Tony Award-winning theater producer. "It's all about different places to sit and eat. I love the dance through a weekend, coming together as a full group and then splintering."

The New York couple began as regulars in East Hampton themselves, spending summers at the nearby home of Roth's parents, real estate developer Steven Roth and theater producer Daryl. When Roth and Jackson decided it was time to find a place of their own, they began biking through Roth's parents' beach-adjacent neighborhood and down Lee Avenue—wide, stately and dappled by 150-year-old London planes. "It was always our favorite street," says Jackson, also a writer-producer and the author of the recent Guy Like Me, a celebration of parenting and sexual identity addressed to his son (with his ex-partner actor B. D. Wong), Jackson, whom he and Roth co-parent.

Trouble was, historic homes tend to stay in families for generations. But one morning a broker showed them a handsome shingled Queen Anne Revival-style house, which he said he would be listing that afternoon. "No, you won't," Roth replied—and he and Jackson had only set foot in the foyer when they decided that it would be theirs. They christened the house LoveLee.

"You have a sense of history here in the trees and in these original homes, which I find so moving," says Roth. A renovation was needed—"original but better," Roth says, explaining their approach to the 1899 home, designed by Joseph Greenleaf Thorpe, whose more famous summer cottage, Grey Gardens, is just down the road. "I think that's the art of these restorations: fixing but not taking any of the character and charm away."

They enlisted architect-designer duo Timothy Haynes and Kevin Roberts, who had also designed the couple's modern, monochromatic West Village apartment. An overarching goal was integrating the house with the two-acre garden. In the north-facing living room they expanded the windows with views of the cutting garden, rose garden, and woodland walk. The sofas, meanwhile, were covered in a cabbage-rose Cowtan & Tout chintz. A Tony Segerman rose painting crowns the mantel, and Carmen Almon's toile poppies decorate the coffee table. The window framing the central staircase was expanded as well, so gardens could be seen from every vantage point.

Roth had discovered the work of renowned British landscape architect Annette Maynard through one of the designer's books. "His work has such a sense of history and story and magic," says Roth, "exactly what we said about the house." Roth and Maynard created a narrative to help shape the sensibility of the garden. The house was owned by an Edwardian-era grande dame named Sybil, an irreverent Brit and world traveler. "I would send notes to Jordan: 'Just touring Italy, came across this antique. Love, Sybil,'" explains Maynard puckishly.
WOULDN'T IT BE LOVELEE?

Jackson, holding their three-year-old, Levi, and Roth before dry-stacked sandstone walls that border the two-acre property. "The entire garden was conceived with what I imagined Levi would do in it," Roth says.

"It brings character into the garden, makes it feel of the period the house was built, focusing on plantings that feel Edwardian."

It was important to both Maynard and Roth that the garden be an uncurling discovery. "The idea was that it can't be seen all in one gulp," says Roth, "that it invites you to come out into it and discover it." This was achieved by creating a series of rooms delineated within double yew hedging inspired by the gardens at Sissinghurst and dry-stacked antique sandstone walls.

Maynard began as he does all his projects, by driving around the neighborhood to see the local architecture and plantings, picking up on the preponderance of dogwoods and rhododendrons. "I wanted to incorporate that language," he says. He also added holly and Fustigate bees to mirror glimpses of bordering yards. "The only trees that haven't been moved here are the ones you couldn't get your arms around," admits Roth of their copious mature arboreal plantings, facilitated by local landscaper Charlie Marder.

The plot originally featured a drive-in, drive-out layout that dominated the front yard, but Maynard relegated the parking lot to the front corner of the property and sank it several feet. He then turned the front garden into an explosion of blush Heritage roses, apricot-hued foxgloves, dark-eyed Royal Wedding poppies, and Cafe au Lait dahlias anchored by an axis of Sir Edwin Lutyens-inspired striped French bricks, antique bluestone borders, and narrow rills. The centerpiece is an Italian marble wishing well that was original to the house and conceived as a fountain.

"It's the same process as custom couture," says Roth of the collaboration with Maynard, Haynes, and Roberts (Roth's own couture collection and theatrical dressing have made the producer an Instagram fashion favorite). He's standing in the cutting garden, cupping a gently ribbed white cosmos, surrounded by sunflowers a foot taller than his six-foot-one, stem-thin frame. Silver birch arches climb with sweet peas; a path of crushed quartz and stone sown with lady's mantle and thyme is underfoot. "I love flowers that dance," adds the  Moulin Rouge! and Hades town producer, who is no stranger to a red-carpet shimmy—in fact, there are Instagram GIFs memorializing them.

Ringing the back perimeter is what Roth calls the Secret Garden, or the Woodland Walk, where a shaded path of yews and Victorian ferns mingle with the property's original London planes and beeches. "A magic secret place for Levi, but also to give you a relationship to these extraordinary historic trees," says Roth, marveling at the sculptural girdled trunks of the yews. "The entire garden was conceived with what I imagined Levi would do in it," he adds. "What is the most joyful place he can play in and imagine in, and every time he fills one of those places I just melt." The toddler is known to explore the striped French brick rills in the front garden, climb inside the pear- and apple-shaped woven willow sculptures and, as of this summer, spend hours splashing around in the pool. His third birthday, purple in honor of his favorite color (menu: purple potatoes, purple cauliflower), was held poolside under pollarded plane trees.

"The joy for me is watching the garden evolve and grow," says Maynard. The balance must be struck between a flowering garden rich in romance and one with enough structure and division so that during winter, "when you look from windows you're not looking at acres of brown grass or soil," says the designer, who describes the yew and boxwood hedges as the spine linking the rooms of the garden.

"You want to create veils," Maynard adds, "like theater base sets to allow the eye to travel through." All you need is an expert producer.
HUMAN NATURE

THIS PAGE: In one shaded alcove, an antique stone planter peeks out from beneath a flowering dogwood; opposite page: Dignified double yew hedges arrange the garden into discrete rooms, further articulated in the front garden by narrow Sir Edward Lutyens–inspired striped brick walls. Details. See in This Issue.
The stunning, stripped-down *Lehman Trilogy* arrives on Broadway to tell nothing less than the story of capitalism.

By Sarah Crompton.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.
POWER BROKERS
Together (from far left), Adam Godley, Simon Russell Beale, and Ben Miles, in costumes by Katrina Lindsay, play the founding members of the infamous financial giant Lehman Brothers. Hair and makeup, Giuseppe Cinnas and Morra O’Connell. Sittings Editor: Tonie Goodman.
When Simon Russell Beale, Ben Miles, and Adam Godley greet one another in the echoing spaces of an empty restaurant in London’s National Theatre, it’s all of a sudden like being at a family reunion. The actors haven’t seen one another much since they finished performing The Lehman Trilogy in the West End some months previously; there’s a lot of catching up to do.

Russell Beale has moved to a new house in Wiltshire, in the southwest of England; Miles is about to go to Philadelphia to film More of Easttown, an HBO series starring Kate Winslet that is scheduled for later this year; Godley is back from Naples, where he has been playing a Russian Orthodox archbishop with a lot of facial hair for a Hulu show called The Great, based on the life of Catherine the Great. There is so much news to exchange that it’s hard to get a word edgewise. It’s early in the day, and there are no other diners in the brown-paneled upstairs restaurant, but the enthusiastic sound of their conversation makes it feel full.

The easy rapport between the three men is appropriate. In Italian playwright Stefano Massini’s The Lehman Trilogy (adapted by Ben Power), which opens at Broadway’s Nederland Theatre this month under the direction of Sam Mendes, the trio are the only speaking characters for the entire duration of the show. Over three acts and three and a half hours, they play the founding members of the financial giant Lehman Brothers—Henry (Russell Beale, 59), Emanuel (Miles, 53), and Mayer (Godley, 55)—as well as 70-odd additional characters, tracing an arc from the beginning of the business in 1844 to its world-altering collapse in 2008. Though today they are all dressed in variants of black, the actors present a study in contrasts: Miles darkly debonair, with his silver hair and quiet containment; Russell Beale exuberant and volatile, talking quickly; Godley gently and wistfully holding the ring between them—as he does in the play, where the youngest brother, Mayer (‘the potato’), is the force between Henry (‘the head’) and Emanuel (‘the arm’).

The Lehman Trilogy begins when Henry arrives in New York from Bavaria and steps into, as the play puts it, ‘the magical music box called America.’ Three years later, in 1847, he’s joined by Emanuel and Mayer, and together they establish a fabric shop in Montgomery, Alabama, which grows—thanks to their ingenuity—into a brokerage for raw cotton. The play traces their company’s expansion: they move to New York, found a bank, and in the next generation, under Emanuel’s son Philip Lehman, conquer Wall Street by investing in iron, fabric, coal, coffee, trains, and oil. The company skids through the crash of 1929 and then grows during the Second World War by investing in arms. As it swings through history, the play details how a business built on trading tangible commodities becomes one in which the movement of stock—regardless of its worth—is the end in itself.

‘Stocks and shares dance because the market was made to dance,’ as Emanuel’s grandson Bobby Lehman (played by Godley) puts it. By 1983, after a power struggle, the traders have taken over, the legacy of the bankers has been lost, and Lehman Brothers is a family firm in name only. The firm’s move into the subprime-mortgage market in the late 1990s seals its fate; its collapse became the largest bankruptcy filing in U.S. history. All of this is told through an astonishing theatrical conjuring act in which Russell Beale, Miles, and Godley both narrate what is happening and enact it. The transformations between different eras and personalities happen without the help of costume changes or props. The three actors, in dark, formal frock coats, give towering, subtle performances as they lift a collar or incline their heads to become women, children, plantation owners, city tycoons.

But before The Lehman Trilogy was a pared-down, three-actor affair, it was a 200-page play by Massini, first performed in France in 2013. Mendes heard about it when he read the obituary of director Luca Ronconi, who had helmed the Italian premiere at Piccolo Teatro in Milan in 2015. ‘Like everyone at the time of the Lehman Brothers crash, I was completely obsessed with the personnel involved,’ Mendes says. ‘I thought originally I might make a film about it, but that never got past the ideas stage.’ He asked for the Italian text to be sent to him at his home in London and read it in a literal English translation. ‘To my surprise, the play began in the 1840s, and it had no obvious dramatic form. It was written like an epic poem, with no clue as to who said each line.’ The Italian version ran to five hours over two nights; when Mendes contacted Massini, however, the Italian playwright told him he was free to adapt it however he wanted. Mendes turned to Power, then deputy artistic director of the National Theatre, who began to work on a new English version. (Power had previously adapted D.H. Lawrence’s Mrs. Dalloway and Euripides’ Medea for the National.)

Like Mendes, Massini had been captivated by the story of the Lehman bankruptcy and, more broadly, the ‘machinery of capitalism,’ as Power puts it. Power went to see Massini at his home outside Florence when he was halfway through his first draft. ‘I had a huge list of questions and things I didn’t understand,’ Power remembers. ‘He was generous and entertaining, full of stories and extra material. . . .’ It was more like adapting a non-dramatic text than translating a play.

In the middle of 2016, Mendes and Power recruited 15 actors to participate in a workshop at the National Theatre Studio. Russell Beale, who had worked with Mendes on 10 plays, was one of them. The workshop included some ‘bad mimic,’ lots of props, and some instantly discardable ideas, says Russell Beale with a laugh. ‘We were trying to find a vocabulary to tell the story,’ the actor says. ‘And my character, Henry, died after page 15.’

‘That’s a very early bath,’ Godley throws in, laughing too. ‘You’d be home by 9 p.m.’, adds Miles.

“Ther’s a great line in Christopher Marlowe about infinite riches in a little room,” says Mendes, “and I use the same line about theater. It has an endless capacity to convey a huge amount with very little.”
As Russell Beale recalls it, he suggested to Power and Mendes that the play could be done with three actors. Mendes remembers it differently: “My original thought was that we would add another three actors halfway through. Simon’s intervention was to suggest that three actors could carry it through three acts. But it couldn’t just be a gimmick. It had to work to pull the whole thing into a dramatically coherent whole.”

Power went away and worked on the script with that idea in place; he continued to write as the six-week rehearsal period began in spring 2018, some two years after the initial workshop. “The floor of my room had all the different scenes laid out so we could move them around,” he says. “Some of the structuring we could only do physically with bits of paper and index cards and photographs of different members of the family. It was a question of just trying to keep hold of the strands and allow the big story to emerge at the same time as all these wonderfully detailed vignettes.”

Russell Beale learned entire passages of the play, only to find them completely rearranged. “Being smug and irritating, and because I am always frightened I learn things more slowly than I used to, I’d learned the whole script. It was a complete waste of time,” he says ruefully. “Although the three men knew one another before they were cast, they had never worked together; ‘That was the risk, presumably—if we had hated each other,’ says Russell Beale. ‘Can you imagine doing that play with someone you disliked?’

“It would have been interesting to watch,” says Godley. “But not to be in.”

Today, as I sit with them on banquettes, it’s clear that they have formed a deep bond. “I love them,” says Russell Beale with touching simplicity. “I love them.”

“It’s pretty much on a downhill slide,” says Miles, grinning. “Worse and worse,” says Godley before adding, more seriously, “It has been like being in the trenches with each other. There is a unique bond.”

As rehearsals progressed, the world of The Lehman Trilogy became more and more sparse. A piano player, Candida Galli, became a kind of fourth character. Everything else was stripped back.

“We discovered how much you could do with how little,” says Godley.

“That’s one of Sam’s many gifts; he gets rid of stuff that isn’t actually necessary,” says Miles. Designer Es Devlin’s glass cube of a set, representing a 21st-century office, was there from the start, but it was initially full of props such as watercoolers and whiteboards. By the end of rehearsals, all that was left was a pile of cardboard boxes, like the ones used by the Lehman employees to clear their desks on the day of the collapse. “There’s a great line in Christopher Marlowe about infinite riches in a little room,” says Mendes, “and I use the same line about theater. It has an endless capacity to convey a huge amount with very little.”

The actors responded to the open space he created. “It felt very safe, somewhere we could all dive in and do everything we could do,” says Godley.

“That was what was so unifying,” adds Miles. “It was the four of us collectively trying to work things out.” Mendes followed The Lehman Trilogy with 1917, the Golden Globe–winning and, at the time of publication, Oscar-nominated film that concentrates the horror of the First World War into what seems to be a single take charting a perilous journey by two young soldiers. “They are both attempts to marry form and content in ways that make the two things impossible to separate,” he says of the experimental direction in which his work has gone.

From the very first night in London, the play was acclaimed. “It makes for a remarkable evening, which offers a kaleidoscopic social and political metaphor while reminding us that one of the reasons we go to the theater is to watch superb acting,” wrote Michael Billington in The Guardian. “It’s not quite like anything you’ve seen before,” wrote Dominic Maxwell in the U.K. newspaper The Times.

To Power, the play’s impact stems from the prominence of populist politics, which he traces to the financial collapse of 2008 and the economic measures (austerity in the U.K., for example) that followed. “It’s never felt so important to be questioning the economic systems that run our societies,” he says. “The play expands your understanding.”

“Where and at what point did we hand control of our money to these people?”

Despite the universality of such questions, when the production first played in America, in a run at the Park Avenue in spring 2019, the actors remained nervous. “It’s an American story,” says Godley. “In England, it’s exotic. But in New York, particularly on the Upper East Side, you’re telling the story to people who lived it, knew it, and are related to it in very intimate ways. A lot of the Lehman descendants came.”

“There’s a responsibility that comes with playing actual historical figures, who have surviving relatives and people who know them well,” says Miles, who played Princess Margaret’s married suitor in The Crown on Netflix and took on the part of the disgraced British cabinet minister John Profumo in a recent BBC series. “You have to be mindful of that when playing them.”

“We had to tighten up some of the references because we are describing things those people will know,” says Godley. That process of refinement will continue as the play arrives on Broadway, but Godley points out, the play doesn’t strive to be definitive. “It is one journey through the story. There are others.”

There is still much to discuss when our time together comes to a close. Miles is off to a meeting, and Russell Beale and Godley gently needle him about playing a Pennsylvania professor in Mare of Easttown. “How’s your working-class Philadelphia accent?” teases Godley, who has lived with his partner, the writer Jon Hartmere, in Los Angeles for 13 years. He is now an American citizen and works mainly in America, although his most recent project, The Great (written by Tony McNamara, who also wrote The Favourite), was shot in England and Naples.

I ask whether Russell Beale has changed since he received a knighthood, a few months after The Lehman Trilogy finished at the National. (Mendes was knighted in December.)

“He became who he thought he was for a long period,” says Miles with a broad and affectionate smile.

“I got the queen,” Russell Beale says. (Other members of the royal family share the duties of the investiture ceremony. “It’s quite rare, apparently.”

Are there any evolutions they have noticed in themselves? I wonder. “My knees are knackered,” says Miles.

“That’s a serious point,” giggles Russell Beale. “The knees. All that walking up and down.”

“It’s quite a workout,” concludes Godley. “The Lehman Trilogy workout. It’s a good one.”
Dieting? Wellness? Passe! The latest craze is all about following your cravings, wherever they take you. Tamar Adler gives in to intuitive eating.
I was splashing in the pool late this summer, a bottle of slightly fizzy cool red wine from Emilia-Romagna sweating and perched precariously on the deck, when I first heard of intuitive eating. “I’ve been intuitive eating” was the sentence that grabbed my attention—not least because the speaker was Nekisia Davis, inventor of Early Bird Granola, the most delicious granola I have ever tasted. Nekisia is eminently trustworthy in all things food-related, a committed epicure and industry veteran.

Glass extended, I asked her to elaborate. Don’t we all intuitively eat? We do, she said—and explained that intuitive eating was a kind of insurrectionist anti-wellness strategy, a countermovement to the restrictive diets, fasting trends, and other dubious self-improvement strategies so many of us are committed to.

But how does one...do it? I asked tentatively, and her answer caused me to spill some of my wine. “I eat what I want when I want.” And she had never felt better in her life.

I almost argued with her. Haven’t we learned that we must eat more of this and less of that? That we should remain scrupulously thin and health-minded at all costs? Instead, I sipped my wine instead. Nekisia was brimming with apparent health and serene confidence. What did I know?

Besides, following so-called wellness regimens has never left me feeling particularly well. Up until now, whenever bouts of anxiety or weight gain or noticeable drops in my energy level have spurred me toward trying to achieve greater well-being—perhaps by eating raw vegetables or renouncing pizza—I’ve hit an immoveable object. Of course I want to be happy, healthy, calm, and beautiful. I also cook and write about food for a living, and I want those little white cabécou cheeses from Gâillac, numerous bowls of Pasta alla Gricia—the unsung hero of Roman pastas—and slices of the nutty cured lardo made in Colonnata, Italy, in white marble basins, draped over grilled bread. Pleasure in food and drink is at the center of my life, and I’ve never been able to reconcile my impulse to give in to it, with the countervailing but no less pressing instinct that somehow—some way—I really shouldn’t.

But it was obvious that Nekisia, creator of ambrosial granola, felt very well! She seemed to have happiness, health, calm, and beauty in spades. Over potato chips whose crumbs we swept furtively into the pool, I wondered if it could all be so simple. Tell me more, I said, about your laissez-faire health philosophy, with its seductive and succinct motto.

Six months ago, Nekisia had followed only restrictive forms of eating: the paleo diet, keto diet, juice fasts—whatever was au courant among the wellness set. “I was in the middle of ‘Whole30’ or no carbs or something,” she told me. Since the onset of puberty, she’d been trying such programs, ranging from Jenny Craig to intermittent fasting and everything between. Each led to weight loss followed by weight gain. Then, Nekisia happened upon the Instagram account of Caroline Dooner, a cult food author whose apostasy about trusting one’s body has attracted a legion of fans. From there, she found her way to a landmark book by two dietitians, Elyse Resch and Evelyn Tribole, called Intuitive Eating: A Revolutionary Program That Works. (A new edition will be released in June.) The authors’ credentials were unimpeachable—and they were heretics. “If you’re interested in health,” Nekisia told me, with the vigor of a convert, “you have to be interested in the shame and hurt that come with diet culture.” When she discarded her list of forbidden foods, her mind began to brim with space. “It’s like you get out of a bad relationship and you can’t believe you were ever operating that way.”

Once the effects of drinking wine all day in a pool had begun to subside, I did some reading. Nekisia had not simply been spewing sun-stricken inventions. The internet was abuzz with the benefits of intuitive eating, which had been endorsed by no less than the Ellyn Satter Institute of Madison, Wisconsin, the gold standard in eating theory. And London has its very own Centre for Intuitive Eating, where a staff of topflight nutritionists train clients and clinicians. The IE movement—as I learned to call it—was widespread. CONTINUED ON PAGE 357
My first facial-recognition moment—my instant of facial-recognition recognition, you might say—happened when I arrived late on a flight from Europe and carried myself to the Global Entry kiosks. For years the Global Entry process, an accelerated automatic immigration check for prescreened travelers, began with a passport and fingerprint scan. This time, the screen told me simply to stand in a frame for a picture: Click. The image was unflattering—or maybe very flattering of somebody who had spent eight hours in an airplane seat. It was with a chill, then, that I watched my personal information appear on screen: name, passport number, flight. The computer, like a paparazzo stalking small celebrities, had recognized me from one awful photo. Unlike a paparazzo, it had linked this recognition to a governmental file.

And that was just one process that announced itself! Imagine how many opportunities the day presents for facial recognition. You walk your dog. There you are on the traffic cameras. You pay your sitter. Wink for the camera at the ATM. A trip to the Necessary but Embarrassing Aisle in the drugstore? Say cheese. That's to say nothing of the many times we show our visage in the digital world, in ways both unavoidable (video chat, social media) and elective (consider the face-recognition login of the iPhone X). Stores such as Saks and Walmart have experimented with the technology to identify potential shoplifters; hospitals have begun using it at entrances to identify potential predators; and a software called Churchix, terrifyingly, uses it to figure out who actually shows up in church.

It is one thing to know that we are being photographed—the flaneur's pleasure is to watch and be watched in public—and another to know that we are connected instantly to a digital depository that anyone, trustworthy or untrustworthy, governmental or commercial, might be keeping on our habits and our lives. The face is the new fingerprint. To today's tech, each of us has grown as widely recognizable as an A-list movie star; our lives, if not our minds, have become open books.

Time for the dark glasses—which is another way of saying, Let the fashion begin. For years, the face was the fixed point at the center of the swirl of fashion. Sure, there have been moments of facial flamboyance on the runway (Alexander McQueen's winged eyes and grotesque clown mouths or Matty Bovan's warrior-like paint and Eckhaus Latta's splatter makeup), but innovations
THE FACE IS THE NEW FINGERPRINT, A KEY TO OPEN DOORS AND A TRACE OF PATHS THAT WE CAN'T EXPUNGE. NATHAN HELLER SURVEYS OUR SURVEILLANCE STATE.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVEN KLEIN.

ABOUT FACE
usually played around, not with, the face. Suddenly that's changing, from the Paris houses to the streets.

For high fashion, the signal moment came last year, when Demna Gvasalia worked with the makeup artist Inge Gregonard to transform the faces of his spring 2020 Balenciaga models using prosthetics: a wry comment on the excesses of the beauty industry but also an extension of fashion's fleeting transformations. If you don a dress this evening to redefine your shoulders or your bust, why not wear false lips, too, to redefine the face?

The ubiquity of facial-recognition tech gives such transformations a new, defiant edge. To alter the contours of one's visage, to make oneself a bit unrecognizable, is to efface the facial fingerprint and—in fashion's long tradition of fantasy and disguise—begin to close the open book. For those who quail at the idea of going to the office with prosthetic lips, there are now options in more traditional accessories. In 2004, the researcher and artist Adam Harvey became alarmed by the way club pictures were accumulating on the web. "People would go to the big parties and take provocative photos, and everybody would look at them in the morning," he says. "I can write a script in an hour to download all these photos and tell me which you're in." He decided to focus his work on an antidote: anti-recognition fashion. In time, he invented a clutch decorated with L.E.D. lights. When a camera flash went off, the bag would respond with a counter-flash, washing out the photo and making it unreadable. More recently, he worked on a textile print, HyperFace, which can be used as clothing that interferes with recognition by adding visual noise around the face.

Harvey says that the people of the future may have a choice. They might favor convenience, adopting a clean-face aesthetic to help recognition algorithms. Or they can choose individuation and privacy, and embrace our new age with protective decoration. Surveillance is everywhere these days. But fashion has managed to run ahead of the new norm—and hide.

CANDID CAMERA
FROM FAR LEFT: Models Emoria Abiara (in a Longchamp dress and Goldsign pants), Ajok Much (in Louis Vuitton), Kris Briel (in Alexander McQueen), Kerolynd Saines (in a Burberry jacket and Louis Vuitton pants), Glor (in Celine by Hedi Slimane), Inga (in Prada), Noah Carlos (in Tom Ford). Jill Porte (in a Louis Vuitton jacket and Boss pants), Kos (in Hermès). In this story, Shon Hyunsun Jung makeup, Diane Kendal. Details, see in This Issue.

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FORCE OF NATURE
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 175
how present she will be with you when you’re sitting there.”

The next afternoon I found myself once again in a hotel suite with Fonda, feeling ill at ease because she was brusque as always, dismissive with all watts. (“What is the purpose of this?” were not her first words but damn near.) She’d been living in Washington since September, and her suite had taken on the feeling of a command module. She rolled back and forth on a desk chair between the computer, where she had been writing her speeches, and the couch where I was sitting. She wore yoga pants and a skin tight black-and-white striped shirt, with a cowboy hat. She was must be said, as little and fit as ever, her big bright blue eyes still fit with mischief. We talked about the Vogue profile from two decades ago (which she did not remember), and it became plainly, if not painfully, obvious that she did, in fact, not remember me—not even a little bit. But then I brought up the V-Day night and suddenly it all came rushing back. “Such a great party,” she said with a big smile. You took a drag of my cigarette that night, and it upset Vanessa,” I said. “I remember it well.” She paused. “I am the only ex-smoker I know who can take an occasional puff and never go back. No desire.” Why was that party so great, I ask. “Well, I didn’t act in... 10 years! And I was scared to death. Just petrified. And this is literal. I prayed that I’d be sideswiped by a bus or a truck in New York—not to do any permanent damage but enough to put me in the hospital so I wouldn’t have to get up there and do that monologue. I was that scared. And once I did it and it worked? Let’s party I get to drink. And I danced all night. Just had a complete blast.” When I reminded her about her announcement that she had just endowed a chair at Harvard she said, “Yeah, and then Larry Summers became president and he didn’t want anything to do with gender studies.” She stared at me for a second. “So I took the money back.”

Jane had just turned 63 when I met her in Santa Monica. What does 62 know that 63 didn’t? “Oh, I’m way better now,” she said. “I had just left the marriage to Ted that I had really hoped would last. So I was unhappy about that and... you know, I was just at the very beginning of writing my memoir. So I hadn’t figured a lot of things out. The five years I put into writing my book and working on myself definitely paid off. I strongly recommend it. And I realize that I’m exactly where I want to be. I’m a single woman because I don’t have time to not be... single.” She gave the question some more thought. “Let’s see, I know a lot more about episodic television; I know more about the history of slavery and racism because I’ve been studying it. But the most important thing is, between 63 and 82 I became an integrated person. I’m at peace with myself. I know that wouldn’t be true if I wasn’t doing this activism. I have a real hard time when people say, “What do you think you are more? An activist or an actor?” It’s a piece of one of the things that I know I wanted to do to was to live so that when I got to the end, I wouldn’t have a lot of regrets and regrets are always things not done. And I’m also realizing... I don’t think there’s going to be a fourth act. But there may be a substantial cord!”

One of the most touching moments in the 2018 HBO documentary Jane Fonda in Five Acts comes at the end, when Fonda is talking about having made peace with her mother’s troubled life—and suicide—and the effect it had on her. “I hope Vanessa can forgive me,” she said. She had heard from friends that she and Vanessa, whom I’d not seen in years, had been through a difficult time, but things had recently improved. She told me that Vanessa got married, had another child, and moved to a farm in Vermont. “Malcolm is 20!” she said. “And my granddaughter is 17. Both of them got arrested with me. She looked a bit wisful. “Vanessa is a strong woman. She’s got what Twenty-six acres or something like that. And she’s doing the right thing for that land—regenerative agriculture. They all came down to D.C. Vanessa came twice. She was there when I got out of jail, which moved me very much.”

Fonda finally went home to her beloved dog in Los Angeles after the last Fire Drill Friday in early January so she could begin shooting the seventh and final season of Netflix’s Grace and Frankie with Lily Tomlin. The impact of her four months of civil disobedience—a noble and admirably sustained piece of performance art—meets—protest that captured hearts and generated countless headlines—is hard to quantify, but one measure of Fonda’s success is that when she went on The Late Show With Stephen Colbert and said that if viewers wanted to know how to set up Fire Drill Fridays in their own communities, “just text 877877, and we’ll help you,” more than 4,000 people did exactly that. “What Jane is doing,” said Ira Arlook, who has known Fonda since the early ’70s, when her protest days began in earnest during the height of the Vietnam War (and who serves as a spokesperson for Fire Drill Fridays), “is making a huge difference in terms of bringing people beyond worrying about climate change and into action. There are tens of millions of people who right now believe that’s a crisis. But almost none of them have been asked to do anything.” Jane, in other words, is giving the people something to do.

She will continue her Fire Drills (though just once a month) in California through July—they’re now managed by Greenpeace—and there is both a documentary and a book on all of this rabble-rousing, due later this year. “I need three weeks once I get home to get ready to start filming again,” she said, perched in her command post with her cowboy hat on. “But when we finish at the end of July, I’m going to travel the country and build up Fire Drill Fridays.” She rolled back over to the coffee table between us and put her foot up. “These next two years are critical. I can’t imagine being able to work. I was reminded of the day before, standing in the rain listening to Jane Fonda thunder from her pulpit, surrounded by acolytes, the Capitol dome rising through the gloom behind her, as news began to ripple through the crowd, huddled under umbrellas, that the House had just passed two articles of impeachment. I wondered aloud if she was thinking all about the election, defeating Trump. No, she said, flatly. “I’m totally absorbed with climate.” A worried look crossed her face. “The Senate task force on climate change asked to meet with me,” she said. “And so I asked the senators. ‘Am I doing the right thing?’ And Ed Markey said to me, ‘You’re building an army. That’s what we need. Make it big.’”

BILLIE’S WORLD
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 275
they were coordinated by her team to hit multiple playdates at once, gathering a bigger and more varied fan base. Elieish is not embarrassed to admit that she yearned for pop stardom—“I realize now that it’s everything I ever wanted,” she says—and accordingly, she can pivot to the mainstream if the prize is big enough. In February, she performed the In Memoriam segment at the Oscars. She has also written (with her brother) and performed the theme song to the latest film in the James Bond franchise, No Time to Die, which comes to theaters next month. Elieish’s concert tours have been staggered successes without the highly produced dance numbers that characterize the millennial pop era; instead, fans with Elieish-inspired hair go wild as she bounces gleefully around the stage against the backdrop of a gothic video montage. Her 49-date Where Do We Go? world tour, which opens this month, sold 500,000 tickets across North America, South America, and Europe within an hour of its announcement last fall. (Elieish has sold out every tour over the last four years.)

In some ways, Elieish is the consummate fan girl, and at a time when audiences are trying to separate social media’s false promise of authenticity from the real deal, her diverse and unfiltered enthusiasm has a welcome ring of truth. She will sit down with Rainn Wilson and do trivia from The Office (a show she has essentially memorized). She told me that she believes Rihanna is God (literally fucking God). My favorite item from Bloshah, Elieish’s extremely successful collection of streetwear, accessories, and memorabilia, is a T-shirt printed with a photograph of Elieish, age 11 or so, in a mortifyingly bad sequined
rainbow party dress, standing in her bedroom surrounded by her Bieber posters. Whereas cool has traditionally purveyed insouciance and ironic detachment, Eilish's sort of cool celebrates the attachments and the source, too.

Though her mood is improved, and though touring, once arduous for her, has become an increasing pleasure, as her fame grows it gets easier and easier for Eilish to imagine herself as a casualty of the pop machine — or in any case to identify with those whom fame has disfrusted. "As a fan growing up, I was always like, What the f**k is wrong with them?" she recalls. "All the scandals. The Britney moment. You grow up thinking they're pretty and they're skinny, why would they fuck it up? But the bigger I get, the more I'm like, Oh, my God, of course they had to do that. In my dark places I've worried that I was going to become the stereotype that everybody thinks every young artist becomes, because how can they not? Last year, when I was at my lowest point during the tour in Europe, I was worried I was going to have a breakdown and shave my head."

Eilish turned 18 in December. She had a small birthday party, with ski ball and foosball, a bouncy house, a piñata, and — baked by her mother at Eilish's request — a vegan chocolate cake with vegan cream cheese frosting and peppermint candies. By pop-star standards, she has exited childhood with relatively little tarnish. Last fall she did create a minor media kerfuffle when she revealed that she and Drake, 15 years her senior, had been texting. The situation still rankles her. "The internet is such a stupid-ass mess right now," says Eilish, who quit Twitter in 2018. "Everybody's so sensitive. A grown man can't be a fan of an artist? There are so many people that the internet should be more worried about. Like, you're really going to say that Drake is creepy because he's a fan of mine, and then you're going to go vote for Trump? What the f**k is that shit?"

Eilish will be voting for the first time this fall, and she has made a habit of engaging her fan base around the causes that are meaningful to her. She partnered with Los Angeles mayor Eric Garcetti on an initiative to register high school students in advance of the 2018 midterms (the school with the most newly registered or preregistered voters got its own concert), and since seeing David Attenborough's BBC documentary Climate Change: The Facts last spring, Eilish has become a champion of environmental causes. She has used her Instagram Stories to alert followers to the perils of global warming, and in the video to her single "All the Good Girls Go to Hell," she appears as a winged creature stuck in an oil spill, as fires rage around her.

The doorbell rings. Maggie answers it, and she can be seen through the kitchen doorway setting something down on the dining room table. "What is that?" Eilish shouts. "Somebody sent you some fruit," her mother calls back. It's an edible arrangement fastened with a Mylar happy-face balloon. Maggie opens up the card and reads it aloud: "Sorry you're bored at home." A few hours earlier, on Instagram, Eilish posted a photograph of herself singing in a vast arena illuminated by thousands of cell-phone flashlights whose effect suggested a densely starry sky. She captioned it, "missing you too... being home is boring."

"Ugh, that is so fucking creepy," she says of the uninvited gift. "They're being nice, but there's a line they just don't see. Sometimes they're like, 'I know this is wrong, but I just wanted to leave this letter.' And I'm like, If you know it's wrong, then why do it?"

The erosion of Eilish's privacy has been weighing heavily on her. The previous weekend, she and her father drove into the woods with their dog, Pepper, past Mount Wilson and off the trail, to take a walk in the first California snow of the season. They passed a few people at most, and no one seemed to recognize her. But by morning, photographs of her in the woods with her father had posted to the internet. "Luckily I dress fly all the time, so it's not like they're getting a picture of me where I look fucking crazy," she jokes. "But literally? It feels like if you were to walk into an empty room, and then you looked at your phone and you got a text of a picture of you in that empty room from inside the room."

For now, she has no intention of leaving her parents' home, even though the address is part of the public record, which has led to the occasional unwanted visitor or more often to an unwanted pizza delivery. "Luckily I love my parents. I love this house. My brother comes here all the time because he wants to, and he likes us, too. So at this moment there's a pretty good balance for me."

She pauses to consider her circumstances, which are not so different from those of any teenager, craving independence but still in need of a parent's watchful eye. "No, there isn't a balance. Forget it. I'm fine here. Whatever. I have a car. A car is enough."  

A FAR COUNTRY
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 309

of the savor faire has been retained internally over the years," Charbit says. Gvasalia will keep his Switzerland schedule and devote part of his time to couture.

"I've been thinking about it since my beginning at the house, but I never felt ready enough until now," Gvasalia, who calls couture his "holy grail," admits. "To me, couture is above all trends. It is an expression of beauty at the highest aesthetic."

And he has been studying the old master closely. "I looked over and over and over the documentation of Cristóbal Balenciaga's work and tried to feel the beauty, the architecture of the shape and the human body," he says. "This is not going to be a tribute or recreation of his work but a modern interpretation."

For years, Balenciaga has shed from red-carpet dressing, which has become coterminous with contemporary couture; the house has not yet decided whether, with the reopening of its couture wing, that will change, but Gvasalia is enthusiastic regardless. "I can have even more fun," he says.

Yetemton's collections were famously presented with the functional, box-checking disjunction of a Uniqlo floor; trench coat, puffer jacket, suit, trousers, sneakers. With Gvasalia's arrival at Balenciaga and his marriage, he says, he began to think about collections differently. "When I met Loïk, my whole life changed," he says. "I started to connect to myself more, to really hear and feel myself. I realized I really needed a narrative in my work. I had a story; I had things to express.

In particular, he began to think in terms of movement, not merely static concepts; he started to be interested in following ideas through the theater of their progress. The spring-summer 2020 Balenciaga show, set against blue carpeting and a swirl of seating banks that many people took to be a reference to the European parliament, was based on the idea of power dressing. He'd had the notion in his head box for a long time — he recalls his Georgian grandmother stuffing her shoulders — and, with the power of women and the specter of the 1980s alive emerging at the fore, he thought his moment had come. What started with a take on the classic corporate-political power suit ended with a study in great, billowing ballroom dresses.

"The transition between the two — that was the working process," he says. "I didn't have ballroom dresses in mind when we started the season, but it's part of power dressing, too."

The haunting show that resulted followed conceptions of power through fashion, culture, and politics as models spiraled dizzyingly through the blue-carpeted room: a true Gesamtkunstwerk and a fashion collection that seemed to overflow the boundaries of its form. Gvasalia's own first act of power realized through fashion came when he was seven years old: He persuaded the Greek tailor who lived next door to shorten his trousers by five centimeters. The school called his parents to see whether they harbored capitalist views. "I just wanted to have cropped pants, but that was not part of the narrative that was dictated by, you know, Vladimir Lenin or whoever," he says. Money was tight, so his parents always bought him clothing a few sizes ahead, and this extra cloth became more comfortable to him than well-fitted clothes. He wasn't skinny — he liked to hide inside the extra material — and in adolescence he was acutely self-conscious about the hair on his hands. He liked long sleeves, in which he could curl his hands At 16, too, he and all his friends would slump their shoulders forward.
It was the bodily fashion of the day, and it made them feel secure and cool.

For a while, all of that fell out of his designer’s mind, although he never stopped loving volumes and shapes that seemed to defy close tailoring. After taking a degree in international economics at Triblisi State University, he enrolled in Antwerp’s Royal Academy of Fine Arts, which then offered the most affordable of the good European fashion courses, and trained in the old crafts of patternmaking and tailoring. It wasn’t easy. “Making a single-breasted men’s jacket was the biggest challenge of my life,” he says. He learned to do it, though, and can still do it; in Vetements’s early days, he used to cut patterns himself to save money. At first, in Antwerp, Gvasalia would make geometric, flamboyantly daring garments, as he matured, that changed.

“They could explode in shapes and colors and whatever, but when they came to me, in the fourth year, they were more mature,” says Linda Loppa, the towering fashion teacher who ran the program. “He knew exactly what he wanted,” she recalls. “That made it easy. I remember giving him remarks like ‘Why five pockets if you only need two?’ because I felt he was up to that.”

Gvasalia himself describes this focusing as a turning point. “One teacher told me, ‘Well, you know you’re making it for someone. Do you actually know anyone who would wear that?’ And it hit me: Oh, God, I don’t know anyone, myself included.” Something clicked then, and he began returning to a personal idea of fashion. “This is priority. No. I in my approach—when I’m doing a fitting, one of the first questions is: How do you feel in it?” Gvasalia says. “Does it make you feel ‘Don’t talk to me’? Does it make you feel I’m sexy to night? Does it make you feel I’m the boss?”

When he arrived at Balenciaga, he found that the house’s founder had shared this focus. Like Gvasalia, Cristóbal Balenciaga had designed at the virtuose front edge of draping and volume in an age of fitted forms. Like Gvasalia, he liked to work outside of the box of predictably proportional models and took pride in designing couture to make stopped women appear straight or rounder women look slimmer. Balenciaga, back in the day, was known to employ some of the oldest models in Paris; after facing early criticism for an absence of diversity on his runway, Gvasalia now has one of the most diverse casts in the business, both in ethnicity and age.

Balenciaga’s spring-summer 2020 show included a model wearing a 1944 logo on his sweatshirt—an apparent stance against the hunt for nibile models. The same show featured grey-haired models—not just fashion-gray but true older people. “It’s important for a modern brand to have age diversity; it makes it more authentic,” Gvasalia explains. “When we walk down the street, we don’t necessarily see people all of the same age in groups.”

And, like Gvasalia, Cristóbal Balenciaga was fascinated by the way that a certain attitude, a certain bearing, could be built into a garment: You could feel secure but put on a dress that made you look nonchalant simply as a consequence of details like the shaping in the shoulders. “If he would choose the challenging situation, where he would have to work with physiology that needed to be visually altered to make them look better,” says Gvasalia, who has himself become a master of shoulder craft, “and who designed a Balenciaga jacket that played swaggeringly open across the chest when you put it on. Now, we can argue about this—that whether it’s actually making them look better—but I think that what’s important about it is that it creates an attitude.”

This power to bring a specific person into focus through her clothes is what Gvasalia tells me he is most excited about in couture. “It’s less about fashion and more about amazing, beautiful—from my point of view—clothes,” he says. No trends, no seasons, no cluttering of cool; each garment about the individual, and made to suit. “I spent my holidays behind a sewing machine,” he tells me with delight.

After a while, Gvasalia suggests we go for a walk. He dons a coat, Wellingtons, and a black Balenciaga cap, and we head on a path through the woods. The snow has not come, but it’s chilly and the ground is moist. We cross a little bridge and pass a lawn where dogs are playing. “It’s unusually busy here!” Gvasalia exclaims, and begins studying their owners from afar. “Sometimes I cross through the highway, and there is a gas station, and they have stops for people who are running, and I can see them from the road.”

You can see people travelling. You see what you usually see on the street but in an extreme way because they don’t expect to be seen. You see the reality of their dress.

Reality, for Gvasalia, has long been both an inspiration and a weight to bear. For a long time after he became known as a designer, he was reluctant to discuss his past as a refugee. “That’s why I once did a collection at Vetements that was dedicated to the subject—I needed to have it out there,” he says. “Now I see the positive consequences of it as well in my evolution. In hardships like that, you learn that it’s fine to enjoy a lot of material things, but they don’t really matter.”

One of his causes right now is sustainability, not just from brands but as a buying habit. “We have to question ourselves: Why do we consume the way we consume? Do we need to buy this other thing?” he asks. “It’s a bit ironic for me to be talking about this, but it’s something that I ask myself.”

Instead of getting better, he thinks, consumption has grown worse. “Sometimes it makes me angry. Yes, we can make a more sustainable product, but it’s the only reason to do that is to sell more; it makes no sense,” he says. “I believe in the next generation. My nieces, who’s 10 years old, is vegan. She doesn’t like to buy things, and she doesn’t want to take a plane.”

Fashion has the potential to be a vector of change, more than ever in its great global age. Gvasalia comes from a world more eastern than many designers at big European houses, and he admits to being closely attuned to the Asian markets—one more thing that he shares with Cristóbal Balenciaga, whose unorthodox shapes drew heavily from kimono forms.

“You need to get into details,” he says. “You need to understand what’s going on with the Chinese New Year. You have to know what’s going on in America—sociopolitical issues are important.”

The international lesson came early to Gvasalia, who, at 17, got a job translating Reuters copy for a Georgian television station, to be read on-air. He was working there on September 11, 2001, after the first plane hit the World Trade Center. To his terror and then his horror, the high-strung teenager Gvasalia was tasked with live simultaneous translation—something he had never done before—bringing news of the attacks to Georgia as the details trickled in. Such experiences were his coming of age both as a man and a designer. Although Gvasalia speaks French with Gomez and Russian with his family, he thinks in English: He can’t really talk with Georgian people about fashion, he says, because he doesn’t know the words. More than most designers, he remains a close student of global sociopolitics in his work. “We’re more and more controlled, more manipulated, more surveilled,” he says. “This is the time to fight for things, but it’s a dangerous time to do that, too, and that’s what’s scary.”

And yet despite the tenebrous moment in the world, Gvasalia carries a certain optimism and says he feels lighter than he has ever been before. “I used to think that the moments when I was depressed and my life was kind of brutal to me were the most creative moments,” he says. “But I cannot relate to that any longer, because I’ve discovered the other side, the bright side, when things can be good with yourself and 10 times more productive.”

He adds, “I think falling in love was one of the most important things for me, because it made me realize how important it is to love yourself.”

It is starting to get dark out, but we have made it back to the house just in time. Inside, his husband greets him, along with their two small, nervous chihuahuas, Cookie and Chiquita. It is almost dinnertime. Gvasalia wanders toward the kitchen.

“We socialized them,” he calls cheerily behind him as I stoop to pet the dogs. “Before they used to bark, but now they’re greeting everyone.”
HIGH NOTE
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York is director Michael Longhurst, whose confidence in his star is boundless: "Tony Kushner said he wrote Caroline as an African American maid who felt like a president, and Sharon has that quality." Offstage, too, he cannot wait to be reunited: "She lifts everyone. Sharon is deep joy and pure love."

For now, though, Clarke is still in her hometown. A lifelong "north London girl," she got her first taste of performance singing at community centers. At 14, she started attending the Anna Scher drama school in Islington, and it was then that she remembers thinking to herself, "This could work." At 18, she got her Equity card, though a lingering sense of the precariousness of the profession led her to train as a social worker as well. Over the years, she has become a familiar face to British TV viewers, with roles on shows ranging from EastEnders to Doctor Who to Hollyoaks, a TV drama with which Clarke appeared as a doctor and consultant in 113 episodes between 2003 and 2019, an experience that she pinpoints as pivotal for her career: "Most of the TV I'd done before Hollyoaks was watching a nurse and I got to the point where I genuinely thought, Okay, I just don't do this anymore, because this is a job." Clarke's stage career has been a slow but relentless upward arc, including both West End fixtures like The Lion King and a string of major roles in celebrated productions—including James Baldwin's The Amen Corner (2013) and August Wilson's jazzy drama Ma Rainey's Black Bottom (2016). In September, we spoke in the Piccadilly Theatre, she is in the last few days of another acclaimed London hit, Death of a Salesman, in which she starred opposite Wendell Pierce. "I love that man, I love him, I love him, as a man and as an actor," Clarke puzzles. "He's so magnificent." After this she's looking forward to escaping with her wife, theatre director Susie McKenna, to a Spanish villa near the Baleric coast, where she has her little trouble tuning out. Sometimes Susie will say, "I've been thinking about—" She gently holds up a hand. "I say, 'You know what?" Right now I want to continue my backstroke."

Then she will tackle the logistics of her latest job—a new apartment, country, and costars.

Though Clarke's parents raised her an ocean apart from Louisiana, strands of their history connect them to Caroline. Part of the Windrush generation—Caribbean immigrants who came to the U.K. in the wake of the Second World War—Clarke's parents settled in London from Jamaica in the 1950s, her mother working as a seamstress, her father a carpenter. In postwar Britain, she says, they confronted constant racism. When Clarke's mother first arrived in the U.K., she tells me, a neighbor asked her what it was like to live in a house for the first time. But the woman Clarke still calls "mummy" was never going to buckle: "A strong, loyal, fiercely loving woman" is how she describes her late mother. That strength, she says, still inspires her. "The characters I play will have their weaknesses. But I don't want them to be weak." From her mother she also inherited a love of music, watching the movies of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. TV together was a happy childhood ritual. "While my dad [...] her accent now Jamaican—" said, "When do I get to watch the cricket?"

ALL YOU CAN EAT
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I clicked through articles in Outside, The Atlantic, The Washington Post. I found myself reading an investigative piece from last summer titled "Smash the Wellness Industry, in the New York Times which had gone viral. In it, the author, Jessica Knoll, quoted her nutritional therapist—none other than Resch, coauthor of Intuitive Eating. "What a gift to love food," Resch told her. "It's one of the greatest pleasures in life." I couldn't agree more.

So I picked up the phone—and Resch answered on the first ring. I asked if she would consider an abbreviated interview course over dinner, and we made plans to meet the following week at Wolfgang Puck's CUT at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, where, according to the internet, all manner of professionally well-seeming celebrities dine—or nibble or whatever—nightly.

Immune to the temptations of airplane movies after a summer of traveling, I used my flight to dive into Resch's Intuitive Eating, which was chock-full of revelations. The first was that a UCLA review of 31 long-term studies of dieting—defined as any kind of restriction eating plan—concluded that restrictive eating plans of any sort are a consistent predictor of one thing: weight gain. The U.S. leads the world in worrying about nutrition and fat, yet it's 35th in rankings of the world's healthiest nations. The University of Pennsylvania's Paul Rozin concluded that the negative impact of "worry and stress over healthy eating" may have a worse effect on American health than what we actually eat. Obesity is higher than ever, but eating disorders are on the rise. At least 5% percent of dieters fail.

But what about wellness? At some point dieting lost its cool—but then eating for a smaller physique simply changed its name. In 1979, Dan Rather said "wellness" on CBS as though he were assaying a word in Esperanto. By 2008, when Gwyneth Paltrow launched GOOP, we were amid nothing less than an American food renaissance; restricting one's eating for the sole purpose of being thinner was declared Wellness on the other hand, was holistic. Wellness was about spirit as well as body. Wellness...a wolf in sheep's clothing. According to Resch and Tribble, the reason GOOP's holistic, latitudinarian mission hasn't improved general health is that it remains oriented toward control. Resch and Tribble write: "To stay in control with their food, restrained eaters set up rules that dictate how they should eat, rather than listening to their bodies. Wellness regimens impose a system of rules, which means that there are rules to break. And even if we do break them, feel awful, unwell, unclean. Whether you're limiting your intake to cabbage soup or refreshing your spirit by subsisting on green juice, you either suffer with longing or suffer with guilt when you give in.

At Wolfgang Puck's CUT, a high-ceilinged steak house known for its porterhouse. I found Resch, dewy-skinned and dressed in flowy chiffon, sipping water. The nutritionist was fresh from meeting with clients at her Beverly Hills practice, where she's seen its ranks swell to almost unmanageable proportions.

We were presented with the extensive menu, and our lesson began. Step one in intuitive eating, she told me, was to start a meal with a healthy hunger. Don't eat a late lunch if you want to be excited for dinner, but don't be so hungry you demolish the breadbasket. I was starving. I'd gotten so nervous about wanting to appear to eat intuitively that I hadn't eaten in hours. Step two: Clear my mind, and read the menu closely, attuned to which dishes would bring me pleasure and satisfaction. Should I focus on a variety of textures? Or colors? Or plants, then meat? Raw, then cooked? Resch smiled beatifically and suggested I focus on what sounded good. Step three: Believe that all foods are morally equivalent. None is better or worse than another.

In the long term, following a program whose only rule is "no rules" seems like low-stress or even no stress at all. But sitting across from said program's guru while evaluating a meal is stressful. When my eye landed on a salad, I worried Resch would think I was a restrictive eater, and when my eye landed on French fries, that I was beginning a binge. In the end, my intuition inexplicably insisted on French loup de mer in a steakhouse. My intuition also found the French loup de mer overcooked, but found the cherry-tomato vinaigrette irreplaceable. I liked the wine, too.

Elyse told me that as a lower of food, I was uniquely well positioned to be good at this "Satisfaction," she told me. "The driving force of intuitive eating." But isn't the pursuit of satisfaction the driving force of overeating? It is time to play hardball. I love French fries, I declared. What if all I wanted to eat was French fries? Resch explained what she calls "emotion light." When I am satisfied with my French fries, she says—to which I must stay closely attuned—I will feel and then observe a slight sense of mourning. It feels sad to say goodbye to my French fries. It is a small sadness, though, and I should let myself feel it. I must remind myself I can have French fries again whenever
I want them. She pointed out that if I did eat French fries for a number of consecutive meals, guiltlessly, I would want something else. It’s impossible to envision this scenario.

What about inflammation? Detoxification? Nutrition? The obesity epidemic? Standards of beauty? Resch knocked these down so many Cadbury Creme Eggs (1) Worrying over everything you eat causes an increase in the stress hormone cortisol, which is known to cause cancer growth. That’s worse than inflammation. (2) The very idea that we are toxic—the premise for detoxification—is toxic. If you are after wellness, you should feel good. You can’t put health over the horizon line and expect to achieve it. (3) Infants and toddlers eat intuitively. This has been proven. Resch didn’t bring it up, but I’ve read a fascinating 1928 study by a pediatrician named Clara M. Davis who tested nutritional intuition with a cohort of toddlers. The toddlers were presented with 34 foods at each meal for a number of years. Nurses administering the study were under strict instruction to show no bias for any food over another. The children not only ate a varied diet, but all ended up remarkably healthy. (4) Diet culture has grown as our dietary crisis and rates of unhealthy weight have increased. Whatever we are doing isn’t working! There is no other evidence than the millions of years before ours. In essence, Resch said, slipping her Domaine du Bagnol and dabbing butter on her baked potato, if there is no rule to break, no code against which to cheat, longing itself takes on a different flavor. Without restriction, what need is there to indulge?

“Do you know why intuitive eating is having such a moment?” Resch asked provocatively. “It’s Trump.” After so many decades of being told to be thinner—which, she notes, coincided with women entering the workplace—women have had enough. “Trump pushed us over the edge. We won’t stand for being told how to look or sound or be anymore.” The overt misogyny of the current administration might, according to her theory, spur actual liberation from restrictive eating. As we said good night, Resch left me with a gentle reminder: If you can’t really eat for yourself, you are always in a state of friction. “But you can begin practicing your intuition at any time,” she said. “It’s really very simple.” It sounded religious, I remarked. She replied, “It’s intuitive.”

THE NEW EDWARDIAN
278: Cashmere coat, reverse sneakers, $55; converse.com; 279: Necklace, $375; kindred blackcom; 280: David Yurman bracelet, $2,300; davidyurman.com; Wolf Circus signet ring, $129; wolfcircus.com; Ten Thousand Things ring, $375; ten thousandthingsny.com; Vela sterling silver—and-onyx ring, $250; vela-nya.com; 280: Dress, $4,000; Jacob & Co., $1,450; miumiu.com; 281: Dress, $6,550; Hat, $335; Erdem.com; Belt, $590; Alexander McQueen, NYC; Boots, $1,450; miumiu.com; 282–283: Shirt and skirt; similar styles at Etoile stores. Belt, price upon request; paco rabanne.com for information. 284: Dress, $2,000; 285: Boots, $1,450; miumiu.com; 287: Shirt, $12.545; Comme des Garçons socks, $300; and shoes, $300; Comme des Garçons, NYC; 288: Top, $10.450; Earring, $490 for pair; burberry.com; 289: Necklaces, $625–$3,400; jewelex.com; Blouse, $550; Marc Jacobs scarf, worn in hair, price upon request; marcjacobs.com; Hersheys scarves, worn in hair, $450 each; hersheys.com; 290: Charvet scarf, worn in hair, $260; 301–34–260; 3070; Earrings, price upon request: nauracome.com; Jewe lex.com; Konstantino bracelet, $6,950; konstantino.com; Annoushke Brown bracelet, $294; annoushkebrown.com; Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello bracelet, $1,950; saint laurent, NYC; Giles & Brother
Pieces of Mind

NESTA COOPER WAS INTO “clean beauty” long before it became an industry buzzword. “Those types of things have always been in my routine,” the 26-year-old Canadian-Jamaican actress says of plant-based products such as African black soap and soothing castor oil, which were staples in her childhood home on Vancouver Island. Now based in Los Angeles, Cooper—who got her big break in Netflix’s 2017’s teen dramedy #RealityHigh—is still committed to a low-impact lifestyle. “I’m constantly thinking of different ways to do better,” she continues. The less-is-more philosophy is fitting for her role as a “cave girl with dreads,” as she puts it, in Apple TV+’s Sway, a post-apocalyptic series in which resources are scarce. Cooper also frequents L.A.’s secondhand shops in a nod to upcycling—one of the major messages on the spring runways, where repurposed textiles were knotted and twisted through hair. Here, recycled glass beads from a collaboration between designer Ulla Johnson and jeweler Sonia Boyajian embellish Cooper’s waist-length braids, which helped secure her next role, alongside Salma Hayek in the upcoming sci-fi thriller Bliss. “It’s the first time I was able to keep my braids in,” she says of the specific request from writer and director Mike Cahill. “You don’t see the natural style often enough on screen,” Cooper adds before seizing the opportunity to advocate for proper care. “To all the girls with braids: If your scalp gets irritated, castor oil is your savior!”—ZOE RUFFNER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEFAN RUIZ