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Cover Look **Wonder Woman**

Actor Gal Gadot wears a Louis Vuitton dress. Tiffany & Co. earring. To get this look, try: PhotoReady Candid Glow Moisture Glow Foundation in Creme Brulee, PhotoReady Candid Antioxidant Concealer in Bisque, PhotoReady Instant Cheek Maker in Sugarplum, So Fierce! Mascara in Black, Colorstay Browlights in Soft Black, Super Lustrous The Luscious Mattes Lipstick in If I Want To. All by Revlon. Hair, Renato Campora; makeup, Sabrina Bedrani. Details, see In This Issue.
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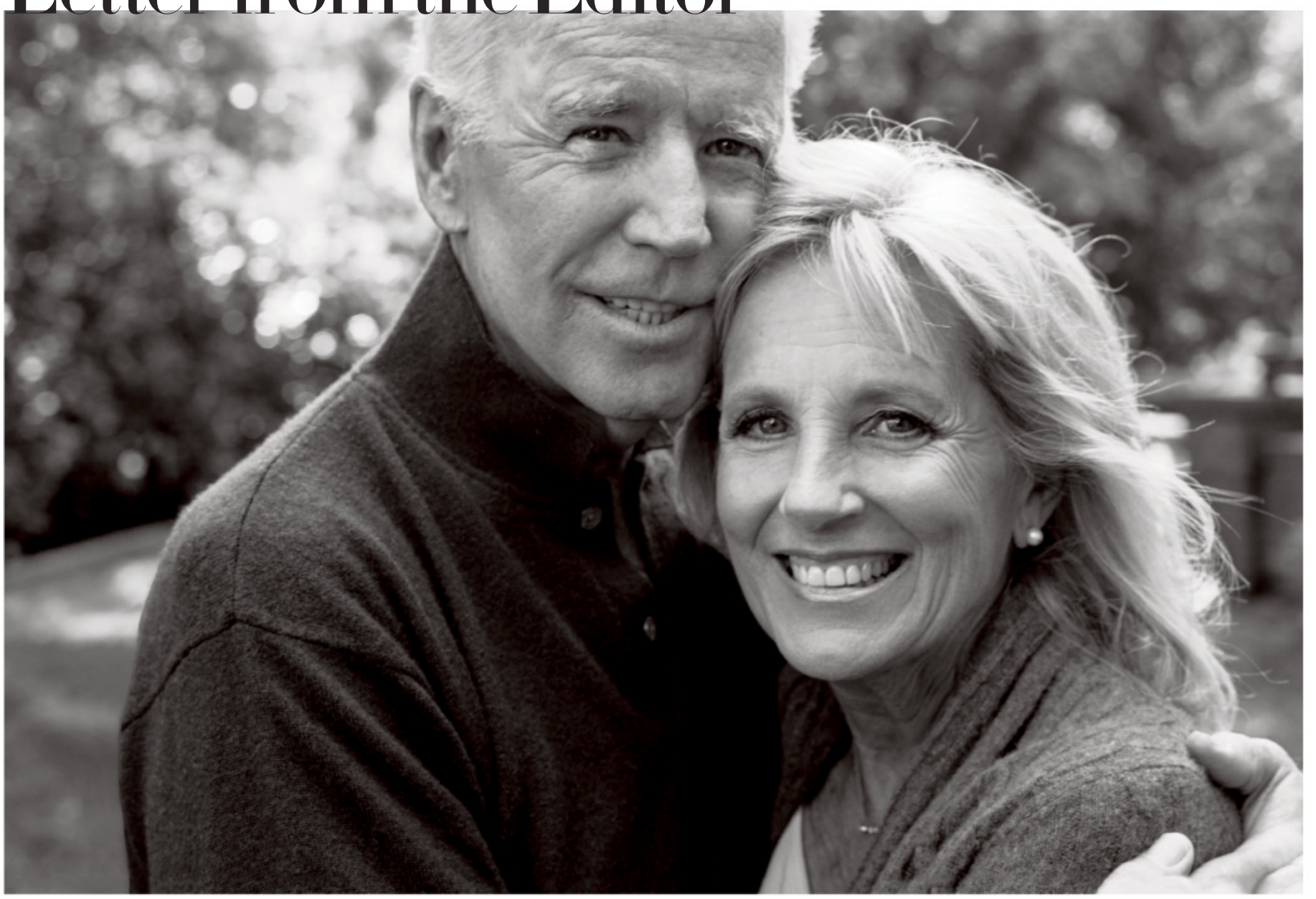


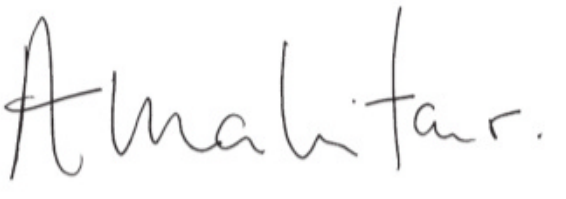
The Way Forward

I'M WRITING TO YOU in the middle of March, as our issue goes to press—which may seem like ancient history by the time you read this. Such is the new reality brought by COVID-19, where no one knows quite what hurtling developments each day will bring. Through it all, one fact, however, remains stubbornly unchanged: President Trump. These weeks have been a reminder—as if we needed a reminder—that America must choose a new president.

STRONGER TOGETHER
JOE BIDEN AND HIS WIFE, JILL, IN 2017. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ.

And it is my belief that we should choose Joe Biden. I have been impressed with the wider field of Democratic candidates this primary season—many of whom we have profiled in *Vogue*—but after Biden's decisive victories on Super Tuesday, I, like so many Americans, made up my mind to rally behind him. He is unmistakably a man of character and has so many qualities that we are in desperately short supply of in Washington right now: decency, honor, compassion, trustworthiness, and, best of all, experience. I know that we will get through COVID-19, but on the other side more challenges await—not the least of which is grappling with our ongoing climate crisis. We must choose a president who is ready to govern, who understands how to get results out of Congress, and who can set this country on a path to sustainability. And what a relief it will be to have a president in the White House who puts the well-being of others before his own, who doesn't constantly think of himself first. For all these reasons, I look forward to casting my ballot in November for Joe Biden—together with whomever he chooses as a running mate (and he has wisely committed to choosing a woman). I am confident she will be qualified and equipped with the experience that Biden knows—as well as anyone—is required for the job. Election Day cannot come soon enough.

A day that will not arrive on schedule will be the opening of the Costume Institute's exhibition *About Time: Fashion and Duration.* Due to the unavoidable and responsible decision by the Metropolitan Museum of Art to close its doors, *About Time* and the opening-night gala will not take place on the date scheduled. In the meantime, we have given you a preview of this extraordinary exhibition in the pages that follow.



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Obvious Child

Bill Clegg doubted he'd have children. Then an emergency forced him to reconsider the very idea of what family is.

Call your brother. Something's happening." Lisa, my oldest friend from the small town in Connecticut where we both grew up, has phoned as I'm heading out from my office in New York City's Flatiron District to pick up lunch.

"A caseworker from the Department of Children and Families turned up at his apartment, and the landlord just called me," Lisa says. "I think she's there to take your niece."

I hang up and quickly dial my brother, who answers in a state of confusion and duress. In the background I can hear his girlfriend, my niece's mother, but cannot make out what she's saying, only that she's upset. My brother tells me the caseworker is there and abruptly hands the phone to her. She tells me that someone made an anonymous tip to DCF last week, and after a home visit by her colleague, it had been determined that my two-year-old niece needs to be placed into foster care, which is where she's taking her. I all but beg her to stay put while I figure out an alternative, and she tells me that she has her own kids to pick up from school and will need to leave within the hour. I thank her profusely for that hour.

I call my husband at work. He doesn't pick up, so I immediately call again, and as the phone rings, I think of my father, who died a year before; my sisters—one in Maine, one in

THE LONG VIEW RICHARD DIEBENKORN'S *WOMAN IN A WINDOW,* 1957.

COURTESY RICHARD DIEBENKORN FOUNDATION

Florida—both raising their own kids; and my mother, in Maine, struggling with a heart condition. My brother is the last member of our family still living in our Connecticut hometown, and I'm the only one remotely nearby. My chest tightens as I fully appreciate how there is nobody else around to intervene, if intervening is even possible. My husband finally answers his phone, and I blurt as much as I know. Before I can finish, he's laying out a plan to get to my brother's place and rattling off a list of people who might be able to help.

After a series of rushed conversations with friends and family and the people they recommend we call, a plan emerges: for the DCF caseworker to appoint my friend Lisa the emergency guardian while we work out something called co-guardianship, which will allow my husband and me to take our niece out of state to live with us in Manhattan. Lisa is a freelance copy editor who works from home, where she lives alone, and when I raise this as a possible solution she agrees without hesitation. We bring the idea to the caseworker, who calls her supervisor. Minutes later, she bundles my niece into her car, drives to Lisa's apartment, and after a short interview, a background check, and a quick walk-through, she leaves my niece in her care. "This is only for a few days," the caseworker warns us over the phone as she leaves to pick her own kids up from school.

Two days later, after meeting with a local lawyer, a small conference room full of people from DCF, and the county probate judge, my husband and I drive to Lisa's to pick up my niece. When we arrive, she is sucking furiously on a bottle, leaning into Lisa's enormous white Pyrenees Mountain dog, Lyra. She rests against the dog's sleeping haunches; her not-quite-shoulder-length brown hair is pulled away from her eyes with a barrette; her chubby legs bulge from her diaper. She eyes us warily and then looks away. As we pack up her things—some clothes, diapers, and a few stuffed animals—a realization hits me: A little girl we barely know is coming home to live with us.

On the hour-long drive from Connecticut to our weekend house in upstate New York, my niece is silent. She's asleep when we arrive, sometime after dark, and I carry her small, limp body down the sloping bluestone walkway to the front door. My husband flicks the floodlight on, and she wakes, looks up at me through squinting eyes, confused. All at once she begins screaming for her parents, attempting to wriggle out of my arms. My husband opens the front door, and as I begin to step through she reaches out and grabs the frame with surprising strength. She screams louder, with new urgency, desperate not to cross the threshold.

I back away from the door and return to the sidewalk, which seems to calm her slightly. Her screams eventually turn to sobs, but as I start toward the door she begins flailing in my arms again. I back away and begin to walk in long, slow circles across the lawn, in and out of the floodlight.

My niece's cries soften to a rough whimper, and gradually she loosens in my arms, surrenders, and allows me to walk her inside, where she eventually falls asleep.

A few days later, on the Amtrak to the city—my niece's very first train ride—her upset eclipses the night before. We board the train chanting "Choo-choo" like morons. We even manage to elicit a few smiles from her before we settle into our seats. But once the train begins to move, she revolts. No pacing the aisles, no rubbing her back, no singing will soothe her. She smacks away her bottle and Binky and screams until she is nearly voiceless. The sounds from her throat become a ragged coughing so relentless and rough I begin to worry she will injure herself. People eye us with pity, agitation, and, I fear, mounting suspicion. The woman across the aisle winces as my niece slams her head against the back of the seat and finds her voice long enough for one long piercing wail.

As we pack up her things—some clothes, diapers, and a few stuffed animals—a realization hits me: A little girl we barely know is coming home to live with us

I know this sound. It's the sound of a heart breaking, the sound of a world ending—raw and terrible and unavoidable. I recognize it because, more than once, I've felt how she sounds: when I woke up in a psych ward 15 years before, after throwing everything and everyone away for drugs and alcohol; also when my father died, my sister and I holding him in our arms as he took his last labored breaths in a military hospital in Maine; and on my second wedding anniversary, when I believed my marriage was over.

After my husband and I married in 2013, we'd toed into the discussion of having kids. Given that I was already in my mid-40s, the prospect of being an older father, as my own had been, made me wary. My husband, newly 30, was far less conflicted. Eventually we visited an adoption lawyer and spoke on the phone with someone at a surrogacy clinic. But before we proceeded any further, unresolved issues between us boiled to a seemingly intractable crisis: intermittent separate sleeping arrangements, cold silences, slammed doors, talk of divorce.

With the help of our friends and a marriage counselor named Melanie, who somehow managed to validate and rebuke us in equal measure through more than 40 sessions, we gradually crawled our way back to stability, love, and mutual respect. "Good job," Melanie said as we tentatively shuffled out of her ground-floor office on the Upper West Side for the last time. "Your work here—for now, anyway—is done."

Two weeks later, Lisa called from Connecticut.

In the 48 hours before we bring our niece to the city, we baby-proof our sharp-tabled apartment jammed with midcentury furniture, convert the office into a little girl's bedroom, try to figure out everything that a two-year-old needs (a lot, it turns out), and cancel every plan on the books. We race across the boroughs and load up on diapers, jammies, Binkys, a noise machine to screen out the sound of traffic and Greenwich Village nightlife, and a sleek walnut toddler bed that we trick out with pink and cream linen bedding.

On our niece's first morning in Manhattan, we google-image-search *labia* to understand where to spread a rash cream Lisa had given us in the rushed hand-off. (Of course we know generally where the labia are, but the stakes for every decision we make all seem high, and we don't want to make a mistake.) The truth is that we have no fluency in little girls or children, really, despite the odd sleepover here and there. We are the gay uncles who live in the city. The godparents with the good gifts. But until now we have not been parents. Which is not quite what we are, but what we are is an unfolding story.

By the end of our first full day with my niece, it's clear to us that we are in over our heads. Before we reach for help, it arrives. My husband's boss turns up at our apartment with an extraordinary contraption I now recognize as a stroller and, because she knows Halloween is a week away, a handmade Princess Leia costume for trick-or-treating. Our friends Sarah and Liz send an avalanche of clothes from Baby Zara and claim babysitting dibs on the first Wednesday of every month. In the weeks that follow, an expanding zoo of stuffed animals, mittens, games, and puzzles arrives, along with countless opinions on the best parks and day care and music classes in the neighborhood. Music class for a two-year-old? Just one of a thousand staples of the heretofore secret world of toddlers we are, at terrifying speed, being initiated into.

An elegant friend comes over and pats our niece's unruly hair, and I detect a pulse of alarm as she attempts with her long, flawless fingers to tidy the messy tangles and stray fly-aways. It hadn't until that moment occurred to me that her hair needed to be brushed. Soon after, I notice on the playgrounds and in the streets around where we live that most two-year-old girls have tidy haircuts and shiny, thoroughly brushed hair secured with charming clips and hair bands.

A few days in, we interview seven nannies who come highly recommended and swiftly materialize in our living room thanks to the lightning-quick communication of an intricate childcare network previously unknown to us but which our friends are deeply connected to. Our friend Susie, who, with my longtime friend Dave, has raised three kids across the street, sits with us for nearly an entire day, asking the nannies questions we don't know to ask. Do you have your own children? What do you like to cook? Can you stay for occasional evenings? Most of the women are cordial and experienced but seem more formal than I'd imagined. Kavita is the sixth woman we meet, and right away I feel a maternal warmth from her that I didn't feel from the others.

We explain the situation, and she says without hesitation, "You're going to be great! Everything is going to be okay."

Her words untie some knot in me, and without thinking, I blurt, "Really? How do you know?"

The truth is that we have no fluency in little girls or children. We are the gay uncles who live in the city. The godparents with the good gifts. But until now we have not been parents

In the first months, there are moments when my niece gets frustrated, overwhelmed by feelings she cannot yet name. In this state she lurches to the floor, throws her hands over her head as if shielding herself from an attack. I mention this to Susie one day, and a few hours later I get a call from Francesca, a social-worker friend of hers. She recommends an excellent pediatrician as well as several child psychologists specializing in kids who've been moved from one household to another and an institute at NYU that offers all manner of assessments. We follow her advice and make appointments. I will never end up meeting Francesca face to face, but during that time she texts every day or so to check in. "You okay?" "Need anything?" "How is your niece doing?" "How are YOU?" Toward the end of one of our last exchanges, she writes: "We are all rooting for you."

On those first nights, and for months after, my husband and I stare into the monitor and marvel at the coiled little body breathing steadily under the covers in the next room. "There is a little girl here," I keep saying, still not quite believing it.

For a year and a half we were assessed by DCF—a process that involved the protracted scheduling of phone interviews and apartment visits, many of which would inevitably and without apology or explanation get postponed. When we would have those calls and visits, we could expect curt questions that often resulted in being scolded for not having made a dentist appointment or reminders that the arrangement was temporary. "You are not her parents," one of the caseworkers snapped when we'd asked about traveling. Finally, co-guardianship became full guardianship. And now we are in the middle of a prolonged adoption process in New York State.

There were times, mostly in the first year, when my frustration at her parents, specifically for UP FRONT>52

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their carelessness at having a child they could not take care of, burned so hot that I'd find myself muttering in the shower and on the street all the things I couldn't say to them because our status as co-guardians hinged on their ongoing permission. Before we were granted full guardianship, one phone call from my brother or his girlfriend could have dissolved our arrangement. But as time passed and I watched the two of them fall apart as a couple and as individuals, sadness—for them, for my niece—replaced anger. For the last two Junes my brother has called to wish us Happy Father's Day.

My niece has not seen her parents in more than two years—they have split up, gone their separate ways, and are trying to rebuild their lives. As someone who rebuilt his life 15 years ago, I know how hard it is, and I'm rooting for them both. They are good people, and I hope one day their daughter will get to know them. She mentions them both when listing the people she loves most, which she does more and more, lately. They appear after her uncles, and before my friend Lisa, whom she sees every few months or so, occasionally for sleepovers, and Lyra, with whom she maintains a deep, almost mystical connection.

We've now figured out the difference between "twos" and "after-school" programs and kindergarten. The toddler bed we bought and assembled together has held up and will soon need to be replaced with a big-girl bed. I dread that day. Something called rotavirus has ripped through the apartment more than once and leveled even the invincible Kavita with vomit and fever.

There have been countless moments when I've watched my husband with my niece and felt like the lesser parent, which very well might be true, but when I see him with her—spelling words, patiently tracing each letter on the page and sounding out every vowel and consonant, or building an intricate superstructure with Magna-Tiles—mainly what I feel is a tightly knotted mix of awe and gratitude. For meeting him when I did, and for every good and difficult thing that happened between us after, and for all of it unfolding precisely how and when it did in order to deliver him to this small bedroom jammed with stuffed animals, puzzles, Barbies, and picture books; and for my niece, too, for bringing out such unexpected beauty in him.

We'd swiftly put parenting on the shelf when navigating our own relationship seemed more than we could handle, but it turns out parenting is what we collaborate on best. Where once we might have broiled in hurt silence for the better part of a weekend over some perceived slight, we now follow the advice we give our niece: Don't sweat the small stuff. We don't, and we haven't in a long time. Which doesn't mean we don't fight or hurt each other's feelings—we do, but not in front of her and never for very long. At least, not yet. We occasionally joke about the time before our niece came as a kind of carefree, high-flying Camelot, but we both know that in these three and half years where we've been stretched financially and tested emotionally, we've never been happier—on our own or with each other.

We'd swiftly put parenting on the shelf when navigating our own relationship seemed more than we could handle, but it turns out parenting is what we collaborate on best

Our niece is a confident, robust five-year-old now, quick to make friends, quick to laugh. She has been with us for three years and seven months. Watching her bound through the school doors into kindergarten each morning, it's hard to believe she's the same girl who'd never seen a building taller than two stories when we brought her to Manhattan; the same girl who didn't smile and knew only a few words beyond *Mommy* and *Daddy.* What was that like for her? What is it like now? I think about it all the time. There are still moments when I fear the task of raising this child is bigger than I am, and much more than we can handle. And then a friend offers to babysit; a client who's never met my niece sends an illustrated book they thought she'd like; or I'll remember when a complete stranger texted "How are you?" "Do you need anything?" "We're all rooting for you."

As this story is closing, and as the city and much of the rest of the world begins or continues to take measures to stop the spread of COVID-19, my niece and I board a crowded Amtrak train for our house upstate. Her new nanny, Mariama, follows two days later, along with my husband.

On the train, I wipe our seats down with paper towels drenched in hand sanitizer and worry whether or not it's effective on the plastic seat covering and metal armrests, silently cursing myself for not having checked. I remind my niece not to remove the woolen mittens I've insisted she wear, despite her complaints that they are too hot.

Later, when she complains about the mittens again, I resist explaining that they were all I could find to cover her hands when I'd nervously packed her clothes and shoes and spelling workbooks, not knowing when we'd be returning to the apartment. Instead of responding, I stroke her head, close my eyes, and try to ignore the man coughing a few seats away.

After a few minutes, I can feel her nudging my shoulder, more consoling than insistent. "Uncle Bill," she whispers softly. "Do you want to play Go Fish with me?"

Reluctantly, I open my eyes. The late day sun dazzles the Hudson through the window behind her, a box of cards wobbles precariously in her mittens.

Sometimes the only answer is yes.□

Bill Clegg's second novel, The End of the Day *(Gallery/Scout Press), will be out later this year.*



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Eternally Summer

Every year we all yearn for the perfect vintage dress. Enter Dyvna, a New York label that's made it gorgeously anew.

FASHION Some fashions are hopelessly mired in a specific time and place—the disco-distended shoulders of a spandex tunic; a macramé vest so redolent of Woodstock you can almost smell the patchouli—but other styles manage to transcend the years and dazzle for decades. The eternal summer dress—sometimes full-skirted, sometimes slim as a shirtwaist—has seduced wearers for almost a century with an allure so powerful you often can't bear to put a favorite one aside (even when it's far too cold to venture out in a "sundress"). FASHION>58

FIELD DAY
MODEL ABBY CHAMPION WEARS A DYVNA DRESS; NORDSTROM.COM. NECKLACES BY BOTTEGA VENETA AND PRADA. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANGELO PENNETTA. FASHION EDITOR: ALEX HARRINGTON. HAIR, MUSTAFA YANAZ; MAKEUP, PETROS PETROHILOS. PRODUCED BY MAMA PRODUCTIONS. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

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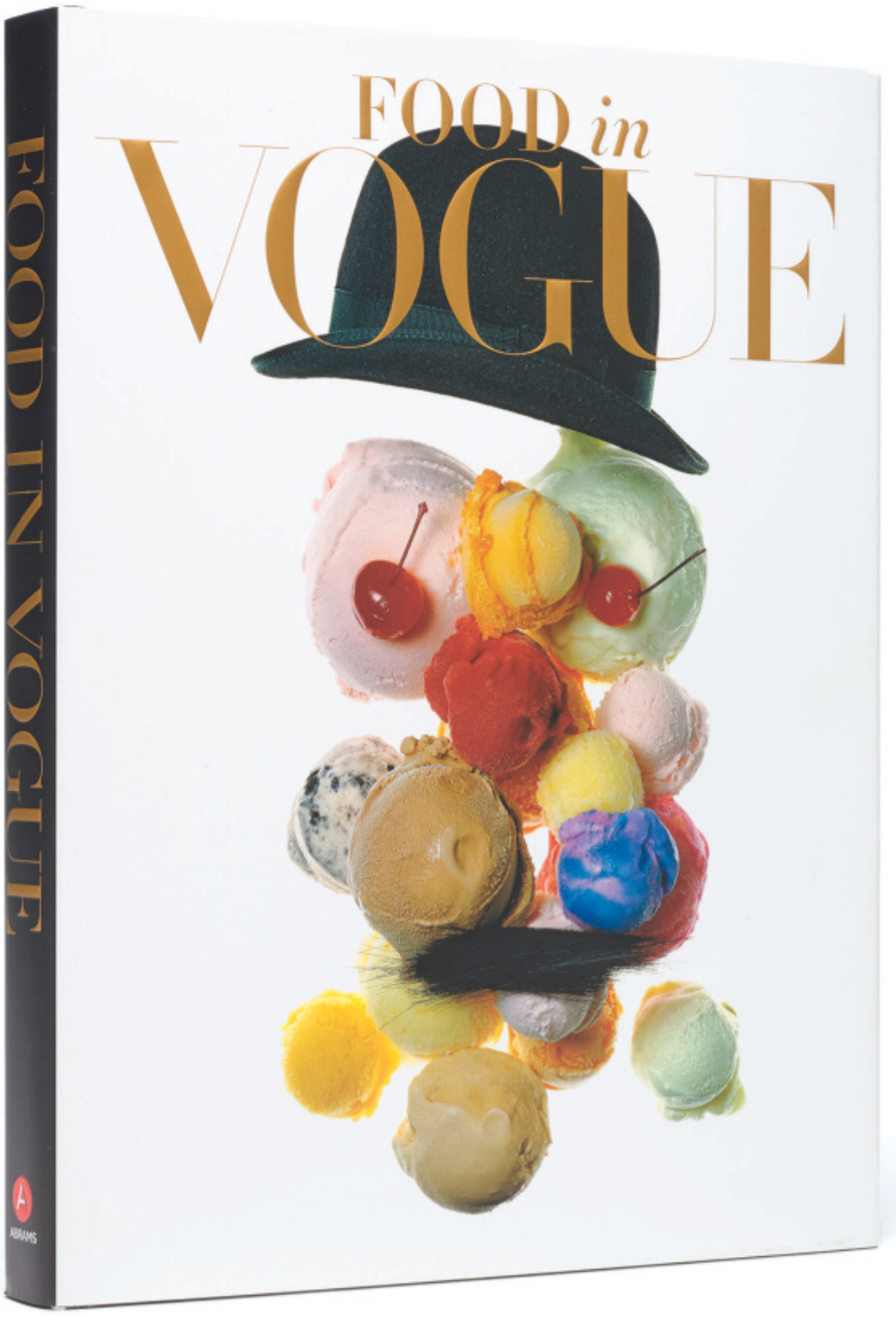

Food in Vogue is a chronicle of the fashion authority's long-standing fascination with culinary culture, drawing together images that have appeared in *Vogue* from the world's top photographers—Irving Penn, Helmut Newton, Anton Corbijn, Annie Leibovitz, and others—as well as the journalism of food writers, including James Beard Award–winning Jeffrey Steingarten.

Foreword by Phyllis Posnick

Introduction by Taylor Antrim

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Maybe it's because these frocks are singularly flattering. With the current conversation so focused on diversity and inclusion, these dresses glide over all manner of shapes and maintain their charm whatever their price point: A stellar Carolina Herrera has its virtues, to be sure, but so do the floral fantasias from Johanna Ortiz's recent H&M collaboration and the vintage-inspired creations from the newly launched label Dyvna.

For those of you right now shrugging and saying to yourself, *But I wear my eternal summer dress all year long!:* Your frock's ability to laugh at the weather can perhaps be traced to Marc Jacobs's infamous collection of 1992, when that designer took swishy maxis, topped them with fuzzy sweaters, added muddy boots, and legitimized the high-low world of elegant grunge. This deliberate undermining of the sweetness of the summer dress has an undeniable transgressive appeal—who doesn't love a spray of flowers peeking out from under a beat-up army jacket? But you can also play it straight and play up these dresses' unironic prettiness.

> "Classics are classics for a very good reason; you feel confident in these dresses"

Given their timeless nature, you might think these things are best hunted down at vintage venues, and that is true—sort of. Precious old prints can be irresistible, but to fit properly, these garments often depend on the kind of undergarments—bullet bras, nightmare girdles—that women have thankfully tossed into the dustbins of history. But while that antediluvian underwear is languishing in the trash can, the summer dress continues to have a vibrant, happy life.

"Classics are classics for a very good reason," says Dyvna founder Shirley Cook. "You feel confident in these dresses." Cook's design inspirations include her mom's vintage Chanels and Hermès silk scarf–fronted cardigans—classics all! She is in Patagonia when we catch up, traveling with her Italian-winemaker partner and their nine-month-old son, Rio. It is 78 degrees in Argentina, and Cook, the former founding CEO of Proenza Schouler, is wearing white-on-white embroidered Dyvna. She has borrowed freely for her prints from English wallpaper and Japanese florals, and added assets that only the wearer herself appreciates: a hidden zip, a slice of elastic to ease a sleeve cuff, and almost always a pocket. (These are not the only progressive innovations—everyone who works at Dyvna, which is sold at Nordstrom and Net-a-Porter, has an equity stake in the company, and sizes fly up to 18.)

"I wear the same dress in New York with boots and on our farm in Patagonia with Birkenstocks," Cook declares, describing how diversity and versatility in her own wardrobe inform her love of the eternal summer dress. "I can feel beautiful and free, feminine and comfortable, in every scenario."—**LYNN YAEGER**

Body Language

BEAUTY When Los Angeles–based skin-care brand Nécessaire launched in 2018 with a simple tagline—"Treat your body like your face"—it was a novel approach in an industry that has long prioritized the skin above the neck. "For so many brands, it was an afterthought," says Nécessaire cofounder and CEO Randi Christiansen, who has made it her personal mission to popularize facial-grade body products. Two years later, the idea is starting to catch on. "We want every inch of our skin to be rejuvenated," says Jennifer Levine, M.D., a New York–based plastic surgeon who has been slathering the same peptide-rich Neocutis face cream on her knees, elbows, and chest for years to avoid what she calls the "bobblehead" effect—"when your face looks like it belongs in one decade and your body in another." With the rise of noninvasive in-office tightening procedures now commonly used on the backs of thighs and arms, body care that leverages potent ingredients—niacinamide for pore-refining; hyaluronic acid for hydration—was only a matter of time, suggests Levine. Antioxidants in La Mer's new balm-to-oil help defend against pollution, while RéVive's glycolic- and lactic acid–packed body serum gently exfoliates while you sleep. iS Clinical, best known for its use of professional-level active formulas, will follow suit in July with a blue algae-rich body serum that protects against UV-light damage—a first for the brand and the industry, claims iS president and CEO Bryan Johns. This summer, expect more from your moisturizer. —**JENNA RENNERT**



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Material World

Tschabalala Self stitches together influences from Baroque art to the corner bodega, creating work that upends how we depict, and think about, the female body. By Dodie Kazanjian.





PATCH WORK
SELF'S (TOP) EXPRESSIVE USE OF SEWING, EVIDENT IN HER PAINTINGS, LIKE *RACER* (LEFT), IS AN IMPORTANT ASPECT OF HER WORK.

ART Tschabalala Self arrives nearly a half hour late for our appointment at her New Haven, Connecticut, studio, sipping a concoction of fresh lime slices and honey from a mason jar. "I didn't have any tea bags, so lime was my tea bag for today," she says. She's a compact beauty in a black watch cap, red sweater, navy pants, and hiking boots, her superlong fingernails painted lavender. To enter the studio, which is located in a converted factory building on the outskirts of the Yale campus, I have to sidestep a huge, unstretched canvas. A work in progress inspired by Matisse's 1908 sculpture *Two Negresses,* Self's creation is titled *Two Girls* and features entwined figures made up of a collage of stitched-together fabrics. Laundry baskets filled with scraps, some of them rescued from her childhood home, are everywhere in the fifth-floor workspace, and her sewing machine is front and center—a crucial component of her art. "Her expressive use of sewing introduced a lot of new elements into the language of figurative painting," says Ellen Tani, who curated a show of Self's work at Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art. "I'm drawing with the sewing machine," the 29-year-old says. "I love having this machine as an extension of my hand."

The process that Self has worked out for herself is fiendishly complex, a combination of sewing, printing, and painting to build black bodies that verge on the grotesque and can conjure intense sexual images—vulvas, cartoonishly large bottoms, the occasional penis. "Sexuality makes people uncomfortable," Self says. "And if you're dealing with women of color and their sexuality, it compounds all those anxieties." Across the hall, Self works on her sculptures, structures that look as though they've stepped right out of her paintings—voluptuous physiques with often discordant body parts, made of wood, chipboard, plaster gauze, mirrored plexiglass, welded steel. "I figured out how to build my sculptures by watching plastic-surgery shows on TV," she tells me.

In a generation of young black artists whose work is centered on the black body, Self offers a uniquely broad vision, one that embraces Rubens and Romare Bearden as warmly as vernacular craftwork and a corner bodega in Harlem. "Tschabalala is bold and fearless in her rendering of the female body," says Jeffrey Deitch, former director of the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles. "At a young age, there's already a mastery of the medium—she is a brilliant colorist." The exaggerated bottoms of some of her subjects have drawn accusations that she is perpetuating racist stereotypes like the Hottentot Venus. But what annoys her more is when people tell her "it reminds them of Kim Kardashian," Self says. "Kim Kardashian's body is like a build-out of a Hottentot Venus . . . I would like to reclaim that body for the community it comes from." Reviewing a 2016 show, *The New York Times*'s Roberta Smith wrote, "Clichés about the black body as exotic, athletic, and sexually powerful are turned to advantage, partly through the intense psychic connection between the figures." With their backs turned and their faces obscured, Self's figures, Smith wrote, are "indifferent to the (white) gaze, even when they float on a field of eyes." ART>62

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Born in Harlem in 1990, Self was the youngest of five children. Her father taught high school English, and her mother ran a vocational training program at Bronx Community College. When she was around 13, her parents divorced, but they remained friends, and for the next five years or so her dad lived across the street. All the siblings were given unusual names: Sayida (Arabic), Kolikwe (Aztec), Ramogi (East African), Princetta ("black Americana," as Self puts it), and Tschabalala (South African); her friends call her "Tschaba." "My parents have conventional American names, Charles and Glenda. But I think they thought of themselves as socially conscious and cultured, and so they wanted to give us all ethnic names," she says. Her surname contains a story as well: A great-grandfather who was supposedly a Texas Ranger ("I know this isn't true—there were no black Texas Rangers then," she tells me, laughing) changed his name to Self after he was freed from slavery. Tschabalala attended schools on the Upper East Side and took after-school classes at the Harlem School of the Arts. All through high school, she pitched for a Harlem Little League softball team. "When you're a pitcher, everyone's looking at you, and if you fail, you just have to keep pitching," she says. "So I don't have anxiety about something not going well."



GO FIGURE "TSCHABALALA IS BOLD AND FEARLESS IN HER RENDERING OF THE FEMALE BODY," SAYS GALLERIST JEFFREY DEITCH. LEFT: *EVENING.*

In her second year at Bard College, where she immersed herself in printmaking, she realized she wanted to be an artist. Deciding to be an artist, she says, is mainly about "whether you feel comfortable in the whole lifestyle. I knew I would be mediocre in most other fields, but I figured that in this one I can maybe stand out." After Bard, she went back to New York City, planning to find a way to earn a living that would leave her time for art-making, but when she was fired from a job selling specialty salts and olive oils,, she decided to go back to school. Her portfolio was strong enough to get her into Yale's Graduate School of Art.

In Self's first semester, her mother died suddenly. "My mother was never sick," she tells me. "It felt like she just left, and that was the worst thing that's ever happened to me." The siblings inherited their mother's Harlem brownstone, and they have managed to hold on to it ever since. Self wanted to take the year off, but her siblings persuaded her to go back immediately to Yale. In her last term, in 2015, Self flew to Berlin for her first solo exhibition, and from there, things took off at warp speed: two more solo shows, six group shows (one at the Studio Museum in Harlem). The real breakout came when she exhibited at London's prestigious Parasol Unit Foundation for Contemporary Art. "Her 'characters' display . . . an extraordinarily strong presence," wrote Parasol's founder and executive director, Ziba Ardalan, in the catalog. The past year saw a cascade of prominent exhibitions, including solo shows at the Hammer in L.A., the Frye in Seattle, and the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston. She recently joined the prestigious Galerie Eva Presenhuber, and her debut show is scheduled to take place at its New York space this September.

The avalanche of recognition has not prevented her from maintaining interests outside the art world. She divides her time between New Haven, Harlem, and the small town of Hudson, in upstate New York, where her boyfriend, Michael Mosby, a DJ and community organizer, lives. When not working, she visits her sisters and brother at their Harlem homestead or goes hiking, freshwater swimming, and dancing with Mosby at a local bar in Hudson. Once a year, she, Mosby, and artist Shanekia McIntosh throw a party for about 350 people (they call it Free Range) at a venue in Hudson. The idea is "to bring artists of color from different parts of the nation to this pastoral region," she says. Mosby thinks she watches too much "frivolous" TV—*The Wendy Williams Show* and other celebrity-soaked programs. (He was, however, hooked by *She's Gotta Have It,* Spike Lee's prestige-TV series for Netflix based on his 1986 film, especially after Self appeared in an episode.) She's highly attuned to the way fame operates; celebrity culture, she says, "takes the temperature of society by understanding our idols."

Self recently reread Richard Wright's *Black Boy,* and she's currently engrossed in *Fearing the Black Body: The Racial Origins of Fat Phobia,* by Sabrina Strings, which informs her thinking about the uninhibited physicality of her own work. But if she engages with a sometimes oppressive history, it doesn't fully color her perspective: "I don't feel any shame about being black," she tells me. "I would actually say I'm proud to be black—proud that my ancestors survived. For me to be alive in America today means someone had to survive that trip on the boat. Someone survived every year in captivity. They survived Jim Crow. Someone in my family had to survive every one of those moments for me to be here today." She pauses. "It can be so scary to accept the realities of sexism and racism and homophobia in this country. But you have to understand what it is, understand those are not things that can be corrected. You have to just move on and build something new."□

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Remaking Faces

Makeup artist Sam Visser is carrying the torch for fashion's past while carving out its digital future, one supermodel at a time.

MAKEUP When Sam Visser was just 12 years old, he spotted David Hernandez—a longtime makeup artist of Courtney Love and Lindsay Lohan—inside a Make Up For Ever boutique on L.A.'s Robertson Boulevard. Visser recognized Hernandez from the makeup tutorial for Britney Spears's "Hold It Against Me" music video and marched right up to him. Hernandez, noting his enthusiasm, invited Visser to join him on the set of a David LaChapelle shoot a few days later. Visser begged his parents to let him go, and his father relented, driving him from their home near the sleepy surf town of Ventura to Los Angeles (a two-hour trip with traffic). "It was true Hollywood magic," recalls Visser, who later began assisting professional makeup artists. "It was the moment that my career started," he says. He was in sixth grade.

Visser, now 20, got hooked on the transformative power of makeup even earlier. He taught himself the basics with pre-YouTube bibles, such as Kevyn Aucoin's iconic 1997 tome *Making Faces* and François Nars's *Makeup Your Mind,* but he honed his skills with online tutorials, often locking himself in his room to binge-watch demos. By middle school, he was unofficially shade-matching shoppers at his local MAC counter. "People would say, 'Are you supposed to be, like, working?' " he recalls over a plate of lasagna Bolognese near his West Village apartment earlier this spring.

Visser would also put his own experiments with pigments and sculpting powders on Instagram, which prompted an invitation from Kardashian Jenner Communications in 2016 to visit Calabasas for a makeup test. He got the gig and started doing Kris Jenner's makeup every morning, five days a week, while juggling a sophomore curriculum. "Eventually," he says, "I asked her to call my mom and tell her I needed to leave high school," which he did shortly thereafter, moving to L.A. and transitioning into an independent-study program. Since then, the makeup artist MAKEUP>66

OFF THE GRID
RAISED ON BEAUTY INFLUENCERS AND SOCIAL MEDIA, VISSER SHOT TO FAME ON INSTAGRAM, WHERE HE POSTS IMAGES OF HIS WORK WITH CLIENTS INCLUDING KAIA GERBER, KIM KARDASHIAN WEST, ARIANA GRANDE, AND BELLA HADID.

HADID: PASCAL LE SEGRETAIN/GETTY IMAGES; ALL OTHERS: COURTESY OF SAM VISSER.

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has continued to work with the matriarch as well as her daughters Kylie Jenner and Kim Kardashian West and their beauty brands. "It's not easy with so many different women in one family, and all these overwhelming situations—it's a pressure cooker," Jenner elaborates on what it takes to actually keep up with the Kardashians. "But Sam just knew from the beginning how to pace himself, be respectful, and be a team player."

A stint with Mariah Carey soon followed, as did the opportunity to craft the perfect holographic black lip for the cover of Ariana Grande's 2019 album *Thank U, Next,* earning Visser numerous accolades—and comparisons to industry legends. "He is the next Kevyn Aucoin," says veteran makeup artist Pati Dubroff of her first impressions of "the kid" whose gentle charisma and beyond-his-years skill certainly resemble those of the man who spearheaded the "nineties face"—and became the world's first celebrity makeup artist. "But with Sam, his reach can be even greater," suggests Dubroff. "He's not just another young person who has proclaimed, 'I love makeup; I think I'll be a makeup artist,' " adds makeup artist Troy Surratt. "He wants to truly breathe it all in, to live it."

"He is the next Kevyn Aucoin," says veteran makeup artist Pati Dubroff. "But with Sam, his reach can be even greater"

An encyclopedic knowledge of the past—and a collection of snapshots of old campaigns, editorials, and covers—has paid dividends for Visser: You can see it in the perfectly sculpted glow and overlined lips he has helped make Bella Hadid's signature look, and the dramatic '60s cut-crease eyeliner he gave Lily-Rose Depp for her 20th-birthday party. A bright lavender eye shadow he used last winter to saturate Kaia Gerber's lids before slicking on a contrasting peachy-nude pout made the 18-year-old model-of-the-moment an instant fan and loyal client. "Ever since then, I've trusted Sam completely," says Gerber, who collaborated with Visser for the entire fall show season. "He pushes me to express myself through makeup as an art form, which is exactly how he treats it."

In another nod to fashion's past, Visser recently purchased a classic Polaroid camera and has started snapping portraits of his work with Bella, Kaia, and Lily-Rose as he becomes "more interested in the image itself than the makeup." It's not dissimilar to how Aucoin used a handheld camcorder to film Linda, Cindy, and Naomi during intimate moments in his makeup chair. It would be 15 years after Aucoin's death before anyone would see that footage, which premiered in filmmaker Lori Kaye's 2017 documentary *Kevyn Aucoin: Beauty & the Beast in Me;* Visser's photographs and videos, meanwhile, which he often digitizes from VHS, are going up on his Instagram in real time. "Sam is an old-school artist with the tools of youth," adds Dubroff. "It's a powerful combination." —**LAUREN VALENTI**



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Unholy Matrimony

TELEVISION As Russia's legendary leader Catherine the Great, Elle Fanning enters into a union with Emperor Peter (Nicholas Hoult) with quixotically high hopes, telling him that she believes their love "will grow from a small ember into a blaze that will warm our whole kingdom." Then she gets to know him. **The Great** (Hulu) is a period piece in the model of *The Favourite*—occasionally anachronistic, often hilarious, and committed to undoing centuries of stiff scholarship. As her relationship with her dim-witted husband disintegrates, Catherine turns to Voltaire and the other luminaries of 18th-century political philosophy, developing her own ideas about how magnificent Mother Russia could be if only she were in charge. There's magic in the repartee between Hoult and Fanning, whose emotionally limber performance turns Catherine from a simpering little doe into one of the fiercest women in history.

It's one thing to loathe your husband if you glean he's reprehensible, but what if the love of your life turns out to be an entirely different person than the one you thought you knew? That's the question at the heart of **The Undoing** (HBO), another prestige-TV turn for Nicole Kidman, who stars as Grace Fraser, an in-demand uptown Manhattan therapist with a dashing doctor husband (Hugh Grant) and a precocious young son (the 15-year-old Noah Jupe). The family's lives are settled and privileged—that is, until Grace finds the bombshell mother (Matilda De Angelis) of a scholarship student at her son's school sobbing in a bathroom, an encounter that marks the start of the unraveling of her life. At the center of it all is a magnificent performance from Kidman as a woman who is meant to understand the inner workings of our psyches, but who scarcely knows the man she's been sharing a bed with for a decade.—**HILLARY KELLY**

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Gilding the Lilly

A new book and museum show celebrate Suzie Zuzek, the previously unknown textile designer behind Lilly Pulitzer prints.

DESIGN As fashion lore has it, socialite Lilly Pulitzer launched her line because she needed clothing that was spill-proof—printed dresses so complexly colorful they could camouflage a splash of fruit-juice cocktail. But what the tale elides is the woman responsible for those patterns. Her name was Suzie Zuzek, and she designed the vast majority of Pulitzer's famous color-soaked prints—and, in the process, helped create the unofficial uniform for the preppy sets of Palm Beach, Palm Springs, and all the country clubs in between. It was (and is) common practice for textile designers to remain anonymous, but the extent of Zuzek's previously unacknowledged genius is the subject of the new book *Suzie Zuzek for Lilly Pulitzer* (Rizzoli Electa) and the Cooper Hewitt museum's forthcoming exhibition *Suzie Zuzek for Lilly Pulitzer: The Prints That Made the Fashion Brand*.

Born to Yugoslavian immigrants in upstate New York, Zuzek was raised working on the family farm before she enlisted in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps in 1943. After World War II, the G.I. Bill allowed her to enroll at Pratt Institute, where her talent was recognized early. A short-lived marriage took her south to Key West; she raised and supported her three children there as a single mother with part-time design work for a local fabric shop, Key West Hand Print Fabrics. On a day trip to the Florida island in 1962, Pulitzer dropped by the store and placed an on-the-spot order for 300 yards, only to increase her order to 3,000 later that day.



SKETCH ARTIST
ZUZEK'S SELF-PORTRAIT, DRAWN SOMETIME IN THE LATE 1940s.

Zuzek's patterns swirled with flora and fauna—smirking tigers and overgrown chrysanthemums colored in lime greens and sunset oranges. These were patterns that spoke to the free-spirited, youth-centric culture, invoking dreams of far-flung travel and a leisurely life, with an added dash of psychedelia. Playfulness was a common thread: A pattern that "might look like paisley from a distance," says Susan Brown, curator of the exhibition and coauthor of the book, might actually be walruses. Pulitzer's clothing, in turn—simplistic constructions like shift dresses and A-line skirts—proved the perfect canvas to showcase Zuzek's creations.

The story of a behind-the-scenes artisan eclipsed by a label is all too familiar in the fashion industry. But Zuzek's legacy was further obscured in 1984, when the Lilly Pulitzer brand filed for bankruptcy, changed ownership, and lost the rights to its Zuzek-designed prints altogether. "It's really hard to find original Lilly Pulitzer pieces that are in good condition," says Brown. "These were clothes that people wore over the top of their bathing suits at the beach." This rarity has made those earlier pieces highly coveted by vintage enthusiasts and has established Zuzek, despite her anonymity, as one of the most collected textile designers in modern history. With the new book and exhibition, she should finally get her time in the sun.—**LILAH RAMZI**

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BEHIND THE LOOK

His Fair Lady

"I saw a picture of Anya Taylor-Joy in this dress, and I said, 'Gee—that looks like something I might do.' My design director Joe said, 'You did do that—it was about 20 years ago, but you *did* do it,' " says Bob Mackie with a laugh. On a whirlwind press tour for the delightful film *Emma,* Taylor-Joy stepped out in a 2002 Mackie creation that was, of course, inspired by the dress worn by a certain Audrey Hepburn in *My Fair Lady*'s embassy-ball scene. The heavily beaded vintage piece (with matching necklace) was unearthed from the personal archive of Taylor-Joy's stylist, Law Roach. ("I didn't even know he had it!" says the designer.) And though we'll never know for certain, it's probably safe to say that in this dress, Taylor-Joy could have danced all night.—LILAH RAMZI



ON BROADWAY
THE COLLECTION WAS INSPIRED BY FEMALE LEADS OF MUSICALS (AND THEIR MOVIE ADAPTATIONS).



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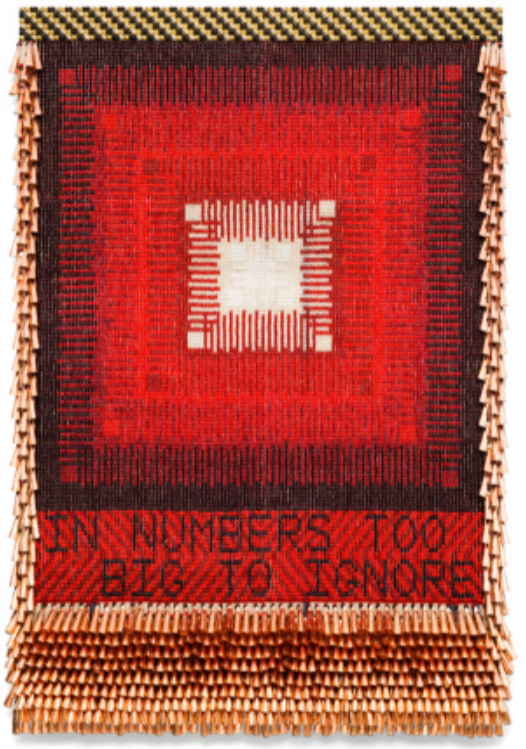
GRAND DEBUT
THE DRESS'S FIRST APPEARANCE AT BOB MACKIE'S FALL 2002 SHOW.



True Colors

Jeffrey Gibson draws from his Choctaw heritage to create vibrant and nuanced art.

ART When Jeffrey Gibson was growing up, his father worked for the Department of Defense, so his family moved often—from Colorado Springs to Korea to Germany. He spent a lot of time learning how "to be a good visitor to someone else's culture," as he puts it. But no matter where he was, he kept his Choctaw roots close. "Although I never lived in Mississippi," he says, "I was always taught: This is your home." Today the 48-year-old artist, who resides in the Hudson Valley with his husband and two children, brings that personal inheritance to his work. The central piece in a Brooklyn Museum show, *When Fire Is Applied to a Stone It Cracks* (also the title of the exhibition), is typical of Gibson's style: colorful and dazzling but embedded with darker themes touching on indigenous history. (The museum was closed at press time to curtail the spread of COVID-19; when the museum reopens, the exhibition will be up until January.) His work at the Brooklyn Museum is paired with items selected by Gibson from the museum's collection: moccasins, headdresses, ceramics. "For centuries, museums have told the stories of other cultures without their input," says Eugenie Tsai, the museum's senior curator of contemporary art. "Jeffrey wanted to show that Native art has always been contemporary, vibrant, innovative, and cosmopolitan." Gibson's work is also part of an exhibition on display until January at the Heard Museum in Phoenix, *Larger Than Memory: Contemporary Art from Indigenous North America,* which explores how 22 indigenous artists have influenced the global art world. "Showing artists from all these backgrounds unsettles harmful stereotypes," says the Heard's fine-arts curator, Erin Joyce. The sometimes narrow approach to Native art is something that Gibson pushes back against as well. As honored as he is to be part of the Heard's show, he notes that "we still live in the age of the Native American group exhibition. If we were to do black artists or women artists like this, it would seem like, Really?"

—CHRISTIAN ALLAIRE

SQUARING UP
TOP: GIBSON'S *IN NUMBERS TOO BIG TO IGNORE*, 2016.

TV, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: JON KOPALOFF/GETTY IMAGES; SPATULETAIL/SHUTTERSTOCK; IMAXTREE; WARNER BROS. PICTURES/SUNSET BOULEVARD/CORBIS/GETTY IMAGES. ART: © JEFFREY GIBSON, COURTESY OF SIKKEMA JENKINS & CO., NEW YORK

Stunning.



ROSA REGALE

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SUNDAY SCHOOL
FROM FAR LEFT: BERNELEE NDUBULA (IN THEBE MAGUGU), KHANYISILE SOLANI, AND SUSAN SOLANI, FELLOW RESIDENTS OF KIMBERLEY, IN FEBRUARY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY KRISTIN-LEE MOOLMAN.

Hometown Glory

In clothes that recall his South African heritage, designer Thebe Magugu has found his voice—and the world is listening.

FASHION Growing up in small-town South Africa in the early aughts, Thebe Magugu spent his childhood dreaming of elsewhere. Huddled in front of the satellite television in his mother's living room, he was mesmerized as an eight-year-old boy by runway shows broadcast from Paris and New York. Even so, it was in Ipopeng, a township on the outskirts of Kimberley, in the Northern Cape province, where the 26-year-old designer was born, that his keenest fashion instincts were formed. Though unassuming in appearance, the place is auspicious by name—*Ipopeng* means "to beautify oneself" in Setswana, a language of the FASHION>76

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KINDS OF BLUE
FROM FAR LEFT: MODELS ASHLEY KARAH, ANNAH SEROALO, AND BRIAN SATHEKGE, ALL IN THEBE MAGUGU. BELOW: THE DESIGNER, WEARING HIS OWN WORK. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

Tswana people spoken across southern Africa. "There's this narrative around small towns being backward that's so negative and one-sided," says Magugu, who in his late teens moved to Johannesburg, where he attended the Leaders in the Science of Fashion school. "It wasn't until I left that I felt this yearning to go back and showcase the beautiful side."

Magugu's latest collection is a life-affirming tribute to his hometown. Guests who attended the debut presentation for his eponymous label at the Palais de Tokyo in Paris this past February were greeted by a series of large-scale portraits of the township and its people, captured by South African photographer Kristin-Lee Moolman and Sierra Leone–born stylist Ibrahim Kamara. In a photograph in one corner of the gallery, a group of schoolgirls was gathered, dressed in smart blue-and-white uniforms to echo the designer's crisp shirting looks. In another, his childhood friend Bernelee Ndubula was photographed donning Magugu's take on Sunday best—a striking retro floral trench coat inspired by his grandmother's kitchen tablecloth. "I remember hearing the church bells and watching the women pass by in their pleated skirts," says Magugu. "These were my earliest references." Several other subtle nods to everyday life were threaded through the collection, including a photo print of his aunt's corrugated-iron roof, cleverly abstracted to look like distressed denim, on an ostrich-feather-trimmed button-down and cropped trousers.

In addition to telling a very personal story, Magugu's clothes are a form of social commentary that speaks to the changing landscape of post-apartheid South Africa. One illustration on a polo shirt, of two black women consoling each other, stands out in particular: As the designer explains, the print was made in collaboration with Johannesburg-based artist Phathu Nembilwi as a political statement about the country's rising femicide rate. "Clothing is a way that I can engage with the issues that are close to my heart, close to what's happening, and close to my country," Magugu says. He pays homage to the sartorial traditions of his ancestors, too: The distinctive Basotho blanket worn by the Sotho people is reimagined on a blue poncho; the swirling motif on an asymmetric skirt is hand-painted with terra-cotta-colored mud formulated by a local healer. "All of these traditional visual cues were erased or stifled during apartheid," he says. "I think it's so important to celebrate that heritage in a way that can live in the modern world and preserve the craft so that it's not lost."



That soulful and considered approach to making fashion caught the world's attention last fall, when Magugu was awarded the prestigious 2019 LVMH prize, the first African designer to win in the competition's seven-year history. He's now using his newfound global platform to shine a light on the burgeoning creative industry bubbling up at his front door. "I think people assumed I would just move my production to Europe because it would be easier—but how could I lament the brain drain in my country if I up and leave?" says Magugu, who relies on factories and artisans based in Johannesburg and Cape Town to make his collections. "I'm committed to being here, regardless of the challenges. I'm just happiest when I'm home."—**CHIOMA NNADI**

PORTRAIT: AART VERRIPS





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Bizarre Love Triangle

Naoise Dolan's debut is a vibrant addition to the love-in-the-time-of-late-capitalism bookshelf.

BOOKS Naoise Dolan was a recent university graduate living in Hong Kong and teaching English to young children when she wrote **Exciting Times** (Ecco). Set in Hong Kong prior to the protests, the book is narrated by Ava, a 22-year-old ESL teacher split between two mind-bending relationships. There's Julian, a foppish and emotionally withholding Oxford-educated banker, and then there's Edith, a stunning



SIDE VIEW
THE IRISH NOVELIST WRITES CHARACTERS WHO ARE INTENSELY INTROSPECTIVE.

Hong Kong local with whom life is like a never-ending slumber party. Keeping these two affairs separate is hard work, but nowhere near as taxing as divining the meanings of her paramours' communications and calibrating her own reactions. The 28-year-old author swears, though, that Ava's story is not her own. "Teaching and writing kept me plenty busy," she insists. "I did get up to some good hikes, though!"

Having recently been diagnosed with autism-spectrum disorder, Dolan reckons that she wrote *Exciting Times* in order to create a mental refuge. "I'm very cognitive," she says. "It's not that autistic people don't have empathy or passion, but the way we express it is different." Dolan's characters lead relatively cloistered existences with minimal outside intrusions. There are tea parlors and harbor views here and there, but elaborate mental calculations occupy center stage. "When I look at my three main characters," she says, "you can make a case for any of them being on the spectrum."

With its abundant ironies, off-kilter romantic geometries, and fashionably generic title, *Exciting Times* should satisfy many a Sally Rooney stan. In fact, Rooney's enthusiasm was pivotal to Dolan's publication. "This is how Dublin works," Dolan puts it with a laugh. "There's no one my age who doesn't have three degrees of separation from Sally." When she'd finished a draft, Dolan sent it to the *Normal People* author (whom she knew from the undergrad debating circuit); Rooney liked it enough to publish an excerpt in the literary magazine she edited—a stamp of approval influential enough to set in motion a bidding war and two-book deal.

Dolan, who splits her time between Dublin and London, and spends her spare moments learning Italian, shrugs off any comparison between herself and Rooney, citing queer novelists Sarah Waters and Emma Donoghue as greater literary influences. Since realizing how much carbon dioxide she was emitting by flying, she has sworn off air travel. "I couldn't deny science anymore," Dolan says in her brisk, good-natured way. So her book tour will involve a great many WhatsApp calls like the one we're on, which is just fine. There's another novel to write.—LAUREN MECHLING



Of the Moment

BOOKS Early review copies of Lawrence Wright's pandemic thriller **The End of October** (Knopf) began circulating just as the COVID-19 outbreak was taking hold in the U.S. This terrifying and deeply researched novel about the remorseless march of a virus, written by one of America's most celebrated long-form journalists, may not be everyone's idea of an escapist read, but there's no denying its grim power. In Wright's book, which he has dedicated to scientists and health-care workers, the Kongoli flu throws the globe into utter chaos. Trying to unlock its secrets is an American expert on contagion, Dr. Henry Parsons—who careens from Indonesia to Saudi Arabia to a nuclear submarine in the middle of the Atlantic, trying to outwit an invisible enemy. Meanwhile, governments fail, war commences, millions die. This is a novel that pulls no punches. I read it in the hope that reality will be kinder. —TAYLOR ANTRIM

If you'd like to partake in a tamer form of literary adventure, Emma Straub's **All Adults Here** (Riverhead) is a master class on the small-scale American drama. There's a wry wink in the title; being grown up is no guarantee that you have it figured out. Ensconced in their upstate New York bubble, the Strick clan is the perfect showcase: Matriarch Astrid questions her parenting—and life choices; her daughter, Porter, is venturing into motherhood solo but dipping back into bad romantic habits; son Elliot's perfect-looking life props up a perpetually dissatisfied outlook. The only one sure of her priorities might be Astrid's teenage granddaughter, Cecelia. "That was the problem with being part of a family: Everyone could mean well and it could still be a disaster," Astrid muses. Yet this warm, optimistic novel argues that one should keep trying, regardless. *All Adults Here* affirms the value of community and family, no matter the strife that may rise up within them. —ESTELLE TANG

DOLAN: SOPHIA EVANS/EYEVINE/REDUX; COVERS: © 2020 PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE.

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MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE CAN POPULARITY AFFECT OUR PERFUME PREFERENCES? ILLUSTRATION BY LISA A. RYAN.

FRAGRANCE

A Scent of One's Own

On olfactory distinction—and what happens when your signature eau goes mainstream. By Maya Singer.

The first time I smelled Byredo's Gypsy Water, it was on a supermodel friend. The minimalist Scandinavian fragrance brand wasn't yet sold in the States—this was 2007—and she had picked up a few bottles of the perfume in Paris, one of which she generously gifted me after the umpteenth time I'd begged to borrow hers. I felt so special wearing Gypsy Water; I loved the way it made me smell, like a bergamot-and-vanilla incense stick, and every spritz was like a secret my friend and I shared. "Oh, you can only get it from Colette," I'd say smugly when someone complimented me as I wafted by. "Maybe you can pick it up the next time you're in Paris…." Then Byredo launched at Barneys. Gypsy Water became a best seller—and I stopped wearing it.

Memories of this brief olfactory love affair came flooding back recently, when Mur, a performance artist who creates what can best be described as "commentary songs" for social media, posted a video of himself dressed as a bottle of Le Labo's Santal 33, wherein he takes dead aim at the fragrance's cult bona fides. *Everywhere I go downtown or in Brooklyn, it burns in my nose*, he intones in the clip, which, as I write this, has racked up more than 120,000 views on his Instagram feed, and generated seemingly countless hot takes from the Twitter commentariat. The song is funny because it's true; if you are part of a certain haute bohemian demographic, you know exactly what Mur is talking about. Launched in 2010, the sandalwoodsy Santal 33 propelled Le Labo from "slow perfumery" to those in-the-know to beauty-counter mainstay worth at least $20 million to Estée Lauder, which acquired the brand in 2014. It is omnipresent at hipsterish boutique hotels and concept stores that stock both Sally Rooney's *Normal People* and a broad selection of clogs. It's the kind of scent you purchase when "you have taste but you're not sure what to buy," reports Elizabeth Renstrom, a senior photo editor at *The New Yorker* who sidelines as a fragrance blogger. In other words, it isn't a fragrance so much as a form of social capital. But what happens when that currency becomes a cliché?

Consider my experience with Gypsy Water. I didn't stop liking its smell—I still like it. What changed was how I felt when I wore it. With popularity, Gypsy Water lost its claim on what seminal French sociologist Pierre Bourdieu refers to as "distinction," i.e., the exercise of taste that sets you apart from the rabble. "Perfume is about more than smell; it's about what FRAGRANCE>82

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you think a smell says about you," explains D.S. & Durga cofounder David Moltz, who has noticed that, of late, more and more people have been asking for bespoke blends. "And that's not because they can't find anything on our site that they like," adds Moltz, whose best-selling, cedar-tinged Radio Bombay and the rich, fruity-floral Debaser retain a loyal following. Rather, he says, it's a matter of threading the distinction needle: What people want is a scent that simultaneously establishes their place within a discrete community and marks them out as unique within it. "It's about snobbery," Moltz states plainly. "*Sin nobile:* If you own what's cool, that's power." When the fragrance that was empowering you gets decried as "basic" in a video, the jig is up.

"Perfume is about more than smell; it's about what you think a smell says about you"

Even Le Labo cofounder Fabrice Penot seems to agree. "When we have been wearing a special scent like Santal 33 for a while, having discovered it before everyone else, and then we start smelling it on other people, we feel like we have been stripped of a part of our identity," he acknowledges. Penot isn't throwing shade at the actual scent of Santal 33; he's merely bemoaning the fact that the scent has been obscured by its connotations.

Maybe one day we'll be able to breathe in Santal 33's medley of leather and iris and sandalwood without thinking of it as "the only perfume cool kids wear with their Supreme hoodies," as per Penot. In the meantime, inventive perfumers are pioneering the concept of fragrance boosters—specially formulated elixirs designed to slightly tweak any eau for a semi-customized experience. French beauty veteran Veronique Gabai's Booster Eau du Jour (a citrusy blend) and Booster Eau de la Nuit (which fuses amber and musk) are meant to be layered with other perfumes; Moltz's spin on the idea is manifested in D.S. & Durga's new range of "enhancers," lightweight aromas that can be worn alone or as add-ons, with the dewy Crystal Pistil joining the lineup this month.

Could a spritz of Crystal Pistil reignite my love affair with Gypsy Water? To check, I fetched an old, half-full bottle out of my medicine cabinet. The enhancer worked nicely with my old Byredo standby, heightening its sweetness a touch without diminishing the incense-like quality that had drawn me to the scent in the first place. The combination gave me that pleasurable feeling you have when a song you once loved plays on the radio—you prick up your ears and smile at the memories it brings back. The aroma didn't strike me as "basic" anymore, but as something that belonged to another time in my life. I put the bottle back and the next day reached for my current go-to scent, Louis Vuitton's new Heures d'Absence, a peppery, robust floral riff on the very first fragrance released by the French house in 1927. I like the way it smells, and—sigh—I like its pedigree. It's not a fragrance I would recommend for folks fleeing Santal 33. But if you, dear reader, are among the stampeding horde, allow me to suggest another new flacon: Escentric Molecules' deliciously piney Escentric 05. Like Santal 33, it's a welcoming, woodsy, unisex scent, very much on the dry side. Unlike Santal 33, it hasn't been memed on YouTube. Yet. □



CARE BEARS WENDEL'S NEWEST PIECE IS AN ODE TO THE KOALA.

COURTESY OF OLIVIA WENDEL

Blanket Statement

DESIGN In 2011, textile designer Olivia Wendel cold-emailed the now-defunct label Suno for an internship. She didn't land the gig, but she did receive an invitation to design a series of prints for an upcoming collection. The unexpected experience informed her decision to launch an eponymous line of pillows, blankets, and scarves. Wendel's process now begins with a hand-painted illustration that is translated to cloth: Silk scarves are printed in Italy, while her fringe-edged blankets (so lovely they can double as wall art) are woven in North Carolina. The final products might feature a convivial clan of tigers or a collection of felines who seem to have stepped from the pages of *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*. But her storybook style is somewhat accidental: "That is me trying to depict reality!" the designer claims. Her latest work depicts cuddly koalas perched on a tree. An added warm and fuzzy: Some of the proceeds will benefit Australia's Port Macquarie Koala Hospital in the wake of the nation's bushfires.—LILAH RAMZI

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TALL ORDERS
MIU MIU BOOTS; MIUMIU.COM. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER LANGER. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

FASHION "It's not advertised, but fall is 40 percent off," whispers the precision-bobbed, skinny-suited shop assistant at the Celine shop in Mayfair. I promptly stop toying with the plaited cord of a dressing-gown coat and hurry over to the sleek, almond-toe knee-high boots—I had been patiently waiting for them to go on sale. A gentle hiss: "Not *those* boots." These soigné boots, which hit the perfect spot on the spring runway in Paris, just a couple of inches below the knee in black calf, were reimagined here in glossy snake and buttery suedes, both incarnations with those refined '70s touchstones—honed toe, stacked heel.

The counterintuitive move at play: The winter boot is taking confident strides into spring—and beyond. (As Chanel demonstrated with the buccaneer boots stomping down its most recent runway, anything you're wearing now will likely travel well into fall—welcome news at a time when such long-term gambits are FASHION>86

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an act of optimism.) That reliable nearly three-inch heel could be paired with a simple T-shirt and denim culottes (or stepped up with a lemon silk midi-dress); it could traverse high summer and rise above molten pavements with a chic white crocheted dress à la Margot Robbie as Sharon Tate in *Once Upon a Time . . . in Hollywood*. Okay—I'm sold!

As a longtime boot aficionado, I am thrilled at the many varietals that have been stalking the runways, from the two-tone spectators at Altuzarra to Prada's equestrians and Miu Miu's Victoriana patents. This isn't, to be clear, a mere continuation of yesteryear's quest for calf-huggers—all of them straight-up-and-down, pull-on-and-go options, as deftly shown by Anthony Vaccarello at Saint Laurent, whose boots stood tall (some appeared even taller when paired with tailored micro shorts) in 43 runway looks for summer.

Nor is it an entirely British country-style gambit. "Sometimes life in New York is as much of a safari as the time I've spent in the Mara," says Brother Vellies designer Aurora James, who launched her label with the Vellie (South African colloquial for "desert boot"). "People wear them year-round in South Africa and Namibia," she says. "They are perfect with shorts." Her legs this summer will be in her own mid-calf Lauryn boots, named after the outspoken Ms. Hill. "They're feminine but also tough enough to say, 'We can handle anything.' If I'm being honest, I designed them in preparation for the election."

But can you dress up summer boots for evening? As the strap of my barely there sandals snapped last year at London's Fashion Awards, stranding me on the steps of the Royal Albert Hall as sequins and trains rustled past me, I hereby resolve to try a slouched Saint Laurent boot with a tucked-in velvet pant and evening blouse: part Yves Saint Laurent's Opéras—Ballets Russes, part Kate Bush.

I will be rethinking and upgrading—perhaps to a liquid-gold option with a Beatle-boot silhouette from the newly debuted Sweethearts of the Rodeo (cofounded by ex–British *Vogue* fashion editors Charlotte Pilcher and Vanessa Gillingham) or the psychedelic charm of Paco Rabanne's glam-rock patchwork platforms. "Pop art on a pair of sexy bourgeois '70s boots? I love the tension it registers," says creative director Julien Dossena.

Also on my agenda: the renovation of a Georgian villa on Regent's Canal. Like my taste in boots, it's been untouched since 1973. Suddenly that long-ago Celine sale seems like a mere gateway drug as I message Brian, the builder: Does he think we have space for a city boot room?—**EMMA ELWICK-BATES**



The Big Chill

As the craze for hot yoga and even hotter spin classes wanes, it's hip to be cool.

FITNESS It's a brisk late-spring afternoon, and I am standing in nothing but a swimsuit on the roof of the Brooklyn Athletic Club. "You're learning how to be comfortable with the uncomfortable," says Danielle McCallum, a yoga teacher who leads New York's popular Five class, which includes asana flows, breath work, and what she describes as "cold exposure," in this case an energy-boosting outdoor ice bath. Across town, Brrrn, a buzzy Flatiron fitness studio—where the thermostat is set to a chilly 50 degrees for its three strength-building workouts—hosts a monthly 90-minute series that also includes glacial water immersion. "Cold is the new Ayahuasca," insists Brrrn cofounder and former Division I college wrestler Jimmy Martin, a claim bolstered by Lady Gaga, who earlier this year posted a video of herself on Instagram in an ice bath—an integral part of her post-show/post-shoot recovery routine. But before the flash-freeze treatment gets written off as yet another manifestation of the wellness industrial complex (polar plunges were the focus of a recent episode of Gwyneth Paltrow's *The Goop Lab* series on Netflix), there is medical merit to their purported benefits. "Ice baths are fairly commonplace in sports locker rooms across the world," explains Riley J. Williams III, M.D., an orthopedic surgeon and the medical director for the Brooklyn Nets. "They're inherently anti-inflammatory and can help the body to secrete proteins that have very good effects on circulation and metabolism." Former NBA center Joakim Noah has even passed on the practice to his fiancée, supermodel Lais Ribero, who considers the ritual "relaxing"—as does one of fashion's favorite trainers, Joe Holder. While Holder encourages clients such as Naomi Campbell to endure cold pools ahead of a photo shoot to reduce puffiness, the mental gains, he says, may be even more enticing: "Something clicks when your body realizes it can handle more stress than you thought," he asserts of purposefully exposing yourself to bitter temperatures—a revelation that resonates: I made it 120 physically and mentally exhilarating seconds in McCallum's body-numbing bath, and while I did not emerge looking like a professional model, I did feel ready for anything.

—**ZOE RUFFNER**

THE ICE BATH COMETH
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Golden Guys

The young stars of Ryan Murphy's *Hollywood* paint a picture of what Tinseltown might have been.



TALENT Somewhere out there in the cloud—or perhaps on a forgotten bit of Netflix B-roll—there's a recording of David Corenswet, Jeremy Pope, and Darren Criss, the three young stars of Ryan Murphy's new limited series, **Hollywood** (Netflix), performing an impromptu off-script soft-shoe tap routine. "We were hoping we were going to have a musical number, so we choreographed our own," remembers Corenswet, a native Philadelphian whose stage-actor dad raised him on a diet of classic movie musicals. "I think we made a good pitch for our own spin-off show?" (Corenswet was unable to make *Vogue*'s shoot for this story due to the outbreak of COVID-19.)

In the meantime, there's Murphy's latest (with cocreator Ian Brennan), his first soup-to-nuts endeavor with Netflix. He calls it a "love letter to old Hollywood," a lighthearted revisionist history that poses a provocative question: What if the minorities, women, and queer people whose stories and contributions have always gotten short shrift had been allowed to shine in their industry's so-called Golden Age? Murphy calls this speculative genre "faction," a mix of fact and fiction in which made-up characters intersect with historical figures: Hattie McDaniel, Anna May Wong, Rock Hudson. The last, whose death from AIDS in the mid-'80s shook Hollywood, is a particular touchstone. "What happens if Rock Hudson is out of the closet and successful in the 1940s?" Murphy wonders.

In this alternate universe, a very young Hudson (Jake Picking) falls in love with a gay, black male prostitute named Archie (Pope), who is actually a down-on-his-luck screenwriter. Archie works for Ernie (Dylan McDermott), who runs a gas station as a front for an industry-facing prostitution ring. (It's not dissimilar to the operation Scotty Bowers describes in his 2012 memoir *Full Service*.) Archie's coworker Jack (Corenswet) is his straight, white foil: an aspiring actor who gets his big break when a client, an aging silent-film starlet named TALENT>94



SHOW BUSINESS
TOP: JEREMY POPE (LEFT, IN A RAF SIMONS VEST AND DAVID HART SHIRT) AND DARREN CRISS (IN A GOLDEN BEAR JACKET). PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEFAN RUIZ. MENSWEAR EDITOR: MICHAEL PHILOUZE. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE. LEFT: A SCENE FROM *HOLLYWOOD,* WHICH FEATURES (FROM LEFT) CRISS, POPE, DAVID CORENSWET, AND JAKE PICKING.

GROOMING, FREDERIC BOUDET AND JESSICA ORTIZ. PRODUCED BY WILLIAM GALUSHA. BOTTOM: SAEED A.DYANI/NETFLIX © 2020.

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Avis (Patti LuPone), hooks him up with a contract at her husband's studio. ("She didn't mind throwing in one-liners" during sex scenes, says Corenswet, "some at my expense, some very complimentary!") Meanwhile, Criss, who is half Filipino, plays a biracial director whose ability to pass as white affords him opportunities denied his Asian peers.

"It's fun, naughty, and kind of zany," says Criss, a Murphy veteran (*Glee, American Horror Story,* and *The Assassination of Gianni Versace: American Crime Story*). At 33, he's the trio's elder statesman, while Corenswet and Pope, like their characters, are Hollywood greenhorns. Corenswet, 26, a lantern-jawed Juilliard grad whom Murphy compares to Leonardo DiCaprio, had a breakthrough last year in *The Politician*. ("Breakthrough implies there's something on the other side," he demurs. "I relish every moment on set, assuming I'll never get another.") For Pope, 27, an Orlando-born, twice Tony-nominated Broadway star with smooth, matinee-idol good looks, *Hollywood* is only his second screen-acting credit.

Of the three male leads, it's Pope—who in many ways identifies with Archie—for whom *Hollywood*'s revisionist premise hits closest to home. He describes being a young musical-theater student in New York City, suddenly made all too aware that leading roles for black actors were few and far between. When Murphy, a fan of Pope's Broadway work, approached him, the actor knew what to ask: "We're talking about this black gay writer in the '40s. Are there going to be people in the writers' room who represent that voice?" There were, and his rapport with Corenswet and Criss was another boon. "We talked music, we talked food, we began immediately to soft-shoe our way through life," Pope effuses. "Ryan gives all types of artists a lane to drive in."—**JULIA FELSENTHAL**



ULTRA-VIOLETS
ACTORS WHO HAVE STARRED IN THE PLAY INCLUDE (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT): VANESSA KIRBY, MAGGIE GYLLENHAAL, FRANCES McDORMAND, DIANNE WIEST, JEMMA REDGRAVE, LYNN REDGRAVE, VANESSA REDGRAVE, MIA FARROW, AND PATTI LuPONE.

Sisters Act

A long line of luminaries has commanded the stage in *Three Sisters*. In a new production, Greta Gerwig joins the troupe.

THEATER "You have plays where there's one protagonist who is very well drawn, and then the supporting characters less so," says Sam Gold, 41, the Tony-winning director of *Fun Home* and *A Doll's House, Part 2*. But in Anton Chekhov's **Three Sisters**—Gold's version, adapted by Pulitzer-nominated playwright Clare Barron, is due to open, at press time, in June at the New York Theatre Workshop—each of the roles, he says, "is indelible." Perhaps this is why such an august array of actors makes up the *Three Sisters* sisterhood—a roster of alumnae that includes Mia Farrow, Vanessa Redgrave, Dianne Wiest, and Kristin Scott Thomas, to name just a few. The latest production will star Greta Gerwig—fresh from bringing new verve to the March sisters in her *Little Women*—as Masha; Quincy Tyler Bernstine (who starred in *Marys Seacole* at the Lincoln Center Theater) as Olga; and *Mozart in the Jungle*'s Lola Kirke as Irina. Oscar Isaac, Chris Messina, and Steve Buscemi (returning to the stage for the first time in nearly 20 years) fill out the dynamic ensemble.

Often perceived as a bleak meditation on isolation and thwarted ambition, *Three Sisters* sees the Moscow-born Prozorov siblings seeking love and purpose in the Russian provinces after the death of their army-officer father. (As Gold succinctly puts it: "The options for a young woman in 19th-century Russia were very limited.") But it's also a story of resilience in the face of uncertainty—an idea that spoke as much to the fraught sociopolitical climate of early 20th-century Russia as it does to life here and now. "We're living in a time when it's dizzying to think about the future and to find hope," Gold says. "Whenever a culture is going through enormous change, you go back to Chekhov and look at the parallels." Hidden within the layers of discontent, Gold observes, is something enduringly beautiful—and utterly irresistible to savvy performers. "They're very easy characters to fall in love with."—**MARLEY MARIUS**

THEATER: REDGRAVES: GILL ALLEN/AP/SHUTTERSTOCK; KIRBY: ROBBIE JACK/CORBIS/GETTY IMAGES; GYLLENHAAL: SARA KRULWICH/*THE NEW YORK TIMES*/REDUX; WIEST: GERRY GOODSTEIN; FLOWERS: SUBJIG/GETTY IMAGES; ALL OTHERS: EVERETT COLLECTION.



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POUT PATROL MODEL CAROLYN MURPHY IN A LACQUERED CRIMSON LIP, PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER LINDBERGH, *VOGUE*, APRIL 2013.

PETER LINDBERGH. *VOGUE*, 2013

Bold Standard

Red lipstick is synonymous with morale-boosting buzzwords. But timeless understatement may be its strongest statement.

SOME IMAGES RATTLE AROUND in the collective psyche, summoned by a flicker of suggestion. Andy Warhol's color Polaroids of Debbie Harry come to mind for me. There she is, the punk-spirited Blondie frontwoman, posed against a blank wall at the Factory: peroxide mop with side-swept bangs, her blank expression punctuated by a ripe cherry lip. It's Harry flash-frozen in the year 1980—that is, until this past February, when Junya Watanabe sent her likeness whirring into motion on his fall 2020 runway in Paris. Between the aerodynamic blonde wigs and the smudged red lipstick, it was like watching a CBGB gig in high-speed rewind.

To makeup artist Isamaya Ffrench, who executed those scarlet smears using a fan brush and her own fingertips, the blurred effect was "a lot sexier, in a way, because it really felt like she wasn't this perfect, static thing. She was just this kind of crazed woman mid-performance." Ffrench pauses to


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CODE RED
CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: ACTOR ODEYA RUSH, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL BAILEY-GATES, *VOGUE*, NOVEMBER 2019. MARILYN MINTER'S *CHERRY BOMB,* 1989. WESTMAN ATELIER LIP SUEDE. SELENA QUINTANILLA-PÉREZ, 1994.

LIP SERVICE
CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE: PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN RAWLINGS, *VOGUE*, MARCH 15, 1943. PAT MCGRATH LABS MATTETRANCE LIPSTICK IN OBSESSED!. HERMÈS, FALL 2020. BÉSAME COSMETICS LIPSTICK IN CHERRY RED. YSL TATOUAGE COUTURE VELVET CREAM IN 201 ROUGE TATOUAGE. BY KILIAN LE ROUGE PARFUM LIPSTICK IN ROUGE TENTATION. DONALD JUDD'S *UNTITLED,* 1970. BOBBI BROWN CRUSHED-OIL INFUSED GLOSS IN HOT STREAK. JANELLE MONÁE AT THE 2020 OSCARS.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MICHAEL BAILEY-GATES. *VOGUE*, 2019; MARILYN MINTER, *CHERRY BOMB*, 1989, ENAMEL ON CANVAS, 2 PANELS, EACH 62 X 48 INCHES, COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, SALON 94, NEW YORK, AND DORIS SAATCHI. © MARILYN MINTER; CESARE BONAZZA/CONTOUR BY GETTY IMAGE; COREY TONOLD; BROADIMAGE/SHUTTERSTOCK; DONALD JUDD. *UNTITLED*. 1970. PURPLE LACQUER ON ALUMINUM AND CADMIUM RED LIGHT ENAMEL ON COLD-ROLLED STEEL, 8 1/4 × 161 × 8 IN. KUNSTMUSEUM BASEL © 2020 JUDD FOUNDATION/ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK; JOHN RAWLINGS. *VOGUE*, 1943. STILL LIFES: JOSEPHINE SCHIELE.

consider the loaded symbolism of a millennia-old makeup standby. "It's a bit hard to intellectualize red lipstick, isn't it?" she tells me with the genial shrug of someone who has already turned the subject inside and out. "It's not like we're talking about Carl Jung!"

It's cosmetics, not psychoanalytics. But in surveying the many moods of crimson lips for the coming season, I find myself tiptoeing around Jung's concept of the persona: that public-facing mask we wear to suit certain expectations. What character do we want to project? Saint Laurent's perverse Parisienne pairs a soft-focus red mouth with a preppy blazer and latex leggings. Dries Van Noten presents the nightclub habitué, with a crisply drawn cupid's bow alongside a feather-trimmed coat. Christopher John Rogers's take is triumphant neo-glamour (no wonder Rihanna is a fan), while Proenza Schouler serves up enviable nonchalance: bare face, slicked hair, fire-engine mouth.

The fact that red lipstick is open to endless interpretation is one reason it has been able to weather time. Cleopatra applied crushed cochineal (a carmine-colored insect still in use today) to telegraph her desirability and power; marching suffragettes, with their outlined mouths, argued for change much like perennially lipsticked Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez—and Beautycounter's Gregg Renfrew. This fall, the founder of the clean-makeup company has plans to lead a delegation of 100 ambassadors, wearing the brand's Give 'Em Lip shades, to lobby for cosmetics-safety reform (the existing federal law governing ingredients hasn't been updated since 1938). Name an archetype of femininity, and it's likely associated with red lipstick: screen star, siren, Wonder Woman. When the beauty brand Volupté debuted two shades in the 1930s—the bright-red Hussy along with Lady, a delicate pink—Hussy oversold its counterpart by 80 percent, according to *Red Lipstick,* a 2019 compendium by journalist (and devotee) Rachel Felder. "The overall thought," she writes, "is that red lips are a semiotic flag for sexual readiness."

GIRL ON FIRE
DEBBIE HARRY, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDY WARHOL, 1980.



That stereotype simmers in the 1947 psychodrama *Black Narcissus,* which in some roundabout way might have inspired makeup artist Dick Page's career. "If you google 'Sister Ruth loses her shit,' you can probably find the clip on YouTube," he says brightly, describing a pivotal scene in the film where a rogue nun applies red lipstick in front of her Bible-clutching Mother Superior. Backstage at the Hermès fall show, Page painted models' mouths in a lineup of crimson, brick, and orange hues from the luxury house's debut line of lipsticks, packaged in Pierre Hardy–designed tubes. Set against unadorned skin with hair scraped back, that slash of color read as punctuation without titillation. "There's something quite appealing to me about the simple gesture of a lipstick," Page says.

The paradoxical idea of a bold understatement—more so than batted-around words like *empowerment, confidence,* and *chic*—is what draws me in. I'm not the type to shout, by volume or color; consider me happy to elude attention, except for the eyes that matter. Still, it's telling that the one true selfie I posted last year involved a startling red lip, illuminated by a magic-hour glow as I cruised over the Brooklyn Bridge by taxi. I thought of that visual punch on the first Sunday in March, when I walked into the Donald Judd retrospective at New York's Museum of Modern Art (like all major cultural institutions in New York, MoMA closed soon after to combat the spread of COVID-19). Red dominated the first room of the show, lending heat to otherwise coolly geometric forms. As the late artist wrote, it "seems to be the only color that makes an object sharp and defines its contours and angles." I imagined plywood boxes coated in matte liquid lipstick, lacquered steel slicked with pigmented gloss. The term *minimalism* might have irked Judd—arguably the lodestar for the movement—but as a makeup approach, it suits me fine.—**LAURA REGENSDORF**

Name an archetype of femininity, and it's likely associated with red lipstick: screen star, siren, Wonder Woman

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PATOU





ONCE UPON A TIME IN FASHION

A new (though postponed) exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute, *About Time: Fashion and Duration,* shows how fashion has changed in the last 150 years, how it's stayed the same—and where it's headed next. An exclusive preview by Hamish Bowles. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.

RAISING THE BAR

How do you make the New Look look new? In lieu of silk and covered buttons, Junya Watanabe reimagined Christian Dior's fashion-history-making Bar suit using leather and sturdy zips.
FROM LEFT: Junya Watanabe's fall 2011 ensemble; Christian Dior's suit from the spring 1947 collection.
Fashion Editor: Grace Coddington.



1949

Like a master sculptor of cloth, Charles James accentuated the bust in his black silk-satin Tulip dress, displayed here in the Met's Leon Levy and Shelby White Court (though the exhibition itself will be staged in the Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Exhibition Hall).



1984

In this black velvet dress (unwrapped here by Costume Institute conservator Glenn Petersen), Jean Paul Gaultier transmogrified the natural breast shape with jutting geometric cones.



1902

Elements and idioms of 18th-century menswear turn up in this gold-silk-and-metal-thread-embroidered jacket and lace jabot by Morin Blossier.

2018

Louis Vuitton's Nicolas Ghesquière looked to menswear of the *ancien régime* with this jacquard-weave vest and blouse set.



c. 1885

A bustle achieves an improbable 90-degree angle on this walking dress embellished with braid.



1986

In Yohji Yamamoto's deconstructivist take on Victoriana, the bustle's understructure peeks out of the black wool coat.



1987

Christian Lacroix took
the skirt in this dress
to balletic proportions,
adding lace and grosgrain
embroidery
and finishing it off with
a pair of panniers.



1952

Black paillettes festoon this tulle-and-silk-faille midi-dress by Charles James. Photographed in the Met's Conservation Lab.



c. 1895

The leg-of-mutton-sleeved shoulders match the width of the skirt's hem on this silk dinner dress by Mrs. Arnold.



2020

Alexander McQueen's Sarah Burton references the voluminous sleeve of the 19th century in this ivory linen dress with black topstitching detail.

To celebrate the 150th anniversary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Andrew Bolton, the Wendy Yu Curator in Charge of its Costume Institute, set out to consider the nature of time and fashion. "I always thought that fashion is really just another name for time," Bolton says, "so I wanted to do an exhibition that was a meditation on fashion and temporality." The result, *About Time: Fashion and Duration,* underwritten by Louis Vuitton, allowed Bolton to explore his department's own holdings in depth while building a history of fashion from 1870 to 2020—after which he looked at the spring and fall shows of 2020 to consider where fashion is going next. "I feel that fashion at the moment is grappling with ephemerality and impermanence," Bolton says, "and I thought that drawing out the tensions—between change and endurance and transience and permanence and persistence—might be a nice way to create more of a consciousness about fashion going forward." (Note: Because of the global health crisis, the exhibition opening has been postponed; it is now planned for October 29, while the date of the Met gala was still, as we went to press, being finalized.)

Bolton was inspired by the writings of the early-20th-century French philosopher Henri Bergson, who argued, as Bolton explains it, "that time exists as a continuous flow in which thoughts, feelings, and memories exist together—and that it makes no sense to separate them in the form of a linear sequence." With this idea of the past coexisting with the present, Bolton, working with the multidisciplinary artist/designer Es Devlin (whose recent work has included stage environments for Beyoncé, Kanye West, U2, Adele, and The Weeknd, among others; the set for *The Lehman Trilogy;* and 18 collections staged for Nicolas Ghesquière at Louis Vuitton), has conceived the exhibition as a clock—"a study of 60 minutes of fashion," as Bolton puts it—with 60 garments arranged in strict chronology to reveal a century and a half of evolving silhouettes and the body language that accompanied them.





MAKING TIME
The exhibition's curator, Andrew Bolton, NEAR LEFT, and cochair Nicolas Ghesquière, Louis Vuitton's creative director. Menswear Editor: Michael Philouze.

Photographed by Anton Corbijn. Sittings Editor: Phyllis Posnick.

Each of these pieces is "interrupted" in turn with a piece of clothing produced later in time (in some cases, centuries later) that explores the same silhouette, technique, or philosophy—"counter-chronologies of fashion that are nonlinear and nonsequential; knots or folds in time," as Bolton describes them.

Some of these juxtapositions are literal citations—it is exciting, for instance, to see Yves Saint Laurent's black velvet evening ensemble of fall 1978, its broad-shouldered jacket lavishly embroidered by Lesage to suggest a broken mirror, alongside Elsa Schiaparelli's own winter 1938 ensemble (also embroidered by Lesage), which directly inspired it; or Azzedine Alaïa's 1994 knitted chenille interpretation of Charles James's slinky pleated jersey Sirène dress of 1951. An intriguing circa 1919 evening dress by the little-known fashion house Weeks, meanwhile, has a distinctive barrel-shaped skirt that is mimicked in a sequined dress from Rei Kawakubo's astonishing fall 2012 Two Dimensional collection for Comme des Garçons.

Other designers have taken similar themes but interpreted them in very different ways. For his fall 1960 collection for Christian Dior, Yves Saint Laurent scandalized that establishment with his Chicago jacket, reinterpreting a biker jacket in crocodile and mink; when Karl Lagerfeld revisited the biker jacket for Chanel for fall 1991, he showed it with a T-shirt and a taffeta ball-gown skirt. (For fall 2011, Junya Watanabe, meanwhile, used biker leathers to brilliant effect to rethink Christian Dior's emblematic Bar suit from the legendary couturier's debut collection of spring 1947.)

While immersed in research, Bolton was struck by how designers have used the museum's collections—"consciously or unconsciously"—as a vital resource through the years. John Galliano, for instance, came to study Madeleine Vionnet's fabled bias-cut dresses of the 1920s and '30s, and made her body-clinging technique a signature of his own. Fashion buffs, meanwhile, might be as surprised as Ghesquière was to see examples here from the cerebral London-based designer Georgina Godley's Lump and Bump collection of fall 1986, which prefigures Rei Kawakubo's own celebrated collection from a decade later—prime examples of two women designers exploring the idea of body dysmorphia through clothing. "An intention shared at some point is very interesting," says Ghesquière.

> "What happened when the corset vanished?" Devlin asks. "In each inch that comes in and out of a waist or a hip, there's so much implied about social, political, and cultural history"

Bolton himself was surprised by a 1965 collection by the chic American designer Norman Norell that paid explicit homage to pieces by Gabrielle "Coco" Chanel from the 1920s that the designer had studied at the Costume Institute. Similar though the pieces are, "just by changing the proportions," Bolton says, "Norell makes his versions look emphatically '60s." In the same way, a dress of swagged silk fringe by Raf Simons for Jil Sander (spring 2009) might take its cue from Madeleine Vionnet's own swag fringe dress of 1925, but each garment looks indubitably of its time.

When Ghesquière first went to Balenciaga in 1997, accessing the extensive archive of historic pieces designed by Cristóbal Balenciaga himself was an immensely complicated process. "So I called the Met," he remembers, "and they nicely opened the doors of the archive. It was the first time I really saw a beautiful collection of pieces from Cristóbal Balenciaga. It's been precious to me—and a great learning process—to be able to access those archives."

As the creative director for Louis Vuitton since 2013, Ghesquière returned to study the Met's collection of 18th-century menswear, particularly the lavishly embroidered and brocaded vests and court coats. "It's the most beautiful fashion library," he says.



Ghesquière took that research and reinterpreted some of the pieces for his memorable spring 2018 Vuitton collection, pairing scrupulously reinterpreted shapes and textiles with state-of-the-art trainers. "Nothing is ever like a carbon copy," Ghesquière explains. "I love the fact that you had this woman that season that was clearly referencing these costume pieces, wearing this 18th-century frock coat, and at the same time was totally in movement, in action, with her sports clothes. I just found it very exciting." In the exhibition, Bolton has paired a magnificent vest



MAKING A SCENE

Artist and stage designer Es Devlin (in a Louis Vuitton cape) conceived the exhibition space, which unfolds like the inner workings of a clock. Hair, Benjamin Muller; makeup, Coral Clark. Details, see In This Issue.

Photographed by Anton Corbijn. Sittings Editor: Phyllis Posnick.

from this Vuitton collection with a sumptuous 1902 French women's jacket embroidered to evoke a man's late-18th-century waistcoat—the early-21st and early-20th-century eyes both looking back to prerevolutionary France.

Inspired by the power of artist Kara Walker's disquieting silhouettes, Bolton has focused on garments that are essentially either black or white, complicating the selection process exponentially but amplifying the visual drama in equal measure. "What's really fascinating to me—and what I've learned by spending time with Andrew and his department," Devlin explains, "is that this exhibition is really 120 female bodies. We're showing a kind of etymology of the architecture of the female form and all that that implies." Devlin mentions the "emotional impact" of seeing the 19th-century pieces with their pinched-in waists and cumbersome bustles. "When I was studying theater design, we studied the history of architecture in parallel with the history of costume and the history of dress," Devlin recalls. "It's a really fun study to make: What happened when the corset vanished? In each inch that comes in and out of a sleeve or a waist or a butt or a hip, there's so much implied about social, political, and cultural history."

The exhibition's handsome catalog is threaded with literary musings on the CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

SPECIAL THANKS TO THE MUSÉE D'ORSAY



c. 1919

Proportions are at play in this multi-layered evening dress featuring faint pink embroidery by Weeks.



2012

A sequined finish gives this bulbous Comme des Garçons dress the appearance of liquid metal.

A Portrait of a Lady

In an excerpt from a work of fiction for the Met exhibition catalog, Michael Cunningham imagines a society wife pondering life, time—and what to wear to dinner

EARLY MORNING, 1870

Odessa has fallen out of time.

She feels it the moment she opens her eyes—an inner unwinding, an opaque and queasy nowhere, as if she can only recognize the morning by the sounds it makes: the clop of horses' hooves outside her bedroom window, the three ascending notes the trolley trills (*ting ting ting*), the cries of the newsboys as they exhort passersby to read all about the *fire in the workhouse,* the *souls feared lost*. . . .

Lying in bed, Odessa hears it all as if it were both memory and presentiment, both past and future, and she, having been plucked out of the present as she slept, can only wonder if she is hearing it, remembering it, or anticipating it.

Outside, the oysterman croons, *Fruits of the sea, food of the gods,* as the choir of paperboys announce the *souls feared lost* and the cart horses measure time with their hoofbeats.

It is, after all, so utterly real.

And yet, Odessa's sense of disquiet is sufficient that she rises out of bed and goes to the window. . .

. . . where, instead of the corner of Fifth Avenue and 23rd Street, she sees a herd of white-tailed deer grazing in a grove of long grasses, even as the cries of the oysterman and the paperboys continue, although more faintly, as if they were the rumbling of a distant storm.

A moment later, Fifth Avenue returns to itself, with its brick and limestone façades, its carriages, its frock-coated men hurrying to their offices, as its sounds, its hoofbeats, and its heralding of oysters and catastrophes return to their full volume.

It is, then, merely a bit of dream residue. Odessa's room is unaltered. Streaks of windblown snow continue falling on the Japanese waves in the prints on the wall. The new drapes (are they a more vivid rose than they ought to be?) ruffle slightly, as they do every morning, in the noisy breeze blowing up from Fifth Avenue.

Yet even Odessa's bedroom feels strange in its familiarity, as if it were already a bedroom from the past, a memory of itself, the image of a room that had once been fashionable, with its Chinese vases and its moss-green walls and the pink flush of its new drapes.

Odessa is 22, recently exported from Albany to New York City by her husband, who is older than she.

Odessa is compassionate, clever, and nervous. She understands that, as the wife of a prosperous older man, she is both a prize and an embarrassment.

Odessa, however, is not generally prone to the inexplicable. She never has been. It's odd, then, that on this morning, for the first time in her life, she's so certain about her own passage out of time's progression and into some state she can't name, in which her bedroom window overlooks a herd of white-tailed deer grazing in a grove of long grasses as well as a Fifth Avenue in which horses pull trolleys and newsboys cry their canticles to today's disaster.

Odessa understands that, as the wife of a prosperous older man, she is both a prize and an embarrassment

Odessa takes her wrapper from the cabinet. The wrapper is so natural to her, a costlier version of the one she wore when she lived in her father's house. She hopes that the wrapper, its immaculate silk and its tasseled sash, the most innocently girlish of her clothes, might help return her to her sense of the usual.

As she slips her arms into the wrapper's sleeves, however, a chill prickles along the back of her neck. The sensation of timelessness has not left her; it has, if anything, increased. She is, at the moment, a young woman putting on a wrapper and the memory of a young woman putting on a wrapper. She does her best to focus her attention on the immediacy of sleeves, on pearl buttons smaller than a hummingbird's eggs. Still, she is present and she is absent. She seems to observe herself from a certain distance.

She tries to dismiss the idea, as she'd try to forget a minor indiscretion by an elderly aunt or a lamb roast not quite sufficiently cooked. Odessa, a forthright and sensible person, said only last week, at a dinner during which someone enthused over a public séance by the Fox sisters, "I believe in profits over prophets, if you don't mind my saying so"—a remark that pleased her husband even if it pleased no one else.

Odessa is, at moments like that, the woman she most intends to be now that she's a member of New York society: skeptical and direct, a no-nonsense person from Albany, where people survive and sometimes prosper on a diet of custom and habit; where they maintain a devotion to the felicities of the ordinary (elms, libraries); a place that Odessa, in marrying and moving to this city, has never wanted to abjure. She had no intention, when Nicholas brought her to Manhattan, of looking like an arriviste—a girl of no particular breeding or background who'd happened to catch the eye of a banker on one of his excursions to the state capital.

Odessa is a schoolteacher's daughter, hence her unorthodox name, her childhood spent in a modest but comfortable house where she subsisted on love, on simple meals and dresses, on a temperance that prized the lamp and the book over social calls and parties. She is not, and will not be mistaken for, some feckless girl who married her way to prosperity by means of seducing a wealthy man two decades older than she.

She understands, however, that her youth, and her unapologetic frankness about her origins, would go awry if she dressed inappropriately or spoke immoderately; if she failed to express an opinion about Wagner or the Franco-Prussian War or the Fifteenth Amendment. She would be *rural*. She would embarrass her husband.

It's necessary, then, that her dress and comportment be correct. She earns respect only if she practices, impeccably, the customs of the country to which she has migrated.

She wonders again, as she ties the sash of the wrapper, about the bedroom drapes. Are they stylishly bold, or do they flirt with the lurid? She wonders too about the gown she's had made for this evening's dinner. . . . But Sasha, her closest friend and only confidante, had insisted to Mrs. Cleaves, the dressmaker, that Odessa, being so young, will not excite comment with a neckline lower than usual, and that she will look entirely natural in a sapphire blue so brilliant it seems to emit a light of its own. As Sasha says, *One must always carry oneself as the beauty one knows oneself to be.*

Odessa sits at her vanity to arrange her hair. No one, not even Nicholas, ever sees her in a condition of disarray. As she pins her hair into place, she struggles to put the premonitions out of her mind. She is, after all, rendered anxious enough simply by living through a day, and today holds more than the usual challenges. There's the trip to the dressmaker to discuss a gown for the wedding of the Walshes' daughter (who is quite pleasant), and another to the upholsterer (the fabric on the chaise in the library has begun showing its age); there's tea with the Duppers (whom Odessa has never met); lunch with Sasha (who is exceedingly pleasant) at a location yet to be revealed; and, tonight, dinner with the Grimsditches (who are not pleasant at all but must be treated as if they were).

Every day is a battle. Every day requires as many as five changes of outfit and, with every change, the possibility of a misstep—a hat too small or too large for the dress, a bustle too high or too low. Hadn't Odessa heard, just days ago, one ancient Griselda sister stage whisper to the other, who was older still, *If they're going to let them in, they ought at least to teach them how to dress,* which could only have meant that, according to the sisters, Odessa had gotten some detail wrong, her bustle too high or the cameo she wore around her neck CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

Excerpted from "Out of Time," by Michael Cunningham in About Time: Fashion and Duration. *Published by The Metropolitan Museum of Art and distributed by Yale University Press.* *Story © 2020 by Michael Cunningham, reproduced with permission.*

SET DESIGN, MARY HOWARD STUDIO

Gal Power

After spending two blissful days in February with Gal Gadot, Jonathan Van Meter reports on a Hollywood force of nature: superhero, supermom, and (accidental) superstar. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.



TAKING WING
"I am an actress, but at the same time, I have this appetite to do more—bigger, deeper, more interesting." Valentino Haute Couture dress. Tiffany & Co. earring.
Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.

SHEER TALENT
As a law student and model in Israel, Gadot caught the eye of a casting director. A part in the *Fast & Furious* franchise followed. Iris van Herpen Couture dress.



This story, reported before COVID-19 began to take hold in the U.S., went to press as profound changes to daily life were being seen across the country. Gal Gadot, like every one of us, has been affected—her children's school closed, her projects on hold, including the June release of Wonder Woman 1984 *(a release date of August 14 had been announced at press time). Reached in Los Angeles with her family, she was upbeat: "Obviously the circumstances are horrible and frightening, but we're home and we're trying to make the best of it—to enjoy the quality time. It's so surreal. I've never been through times like these. But I'm also full of hope for when it will be behind us."*

Spending time with Gal Gadot is an exercise in nonchalance. She is the coolest of customers, so unperturbed that you get a kind of contact high: anxieties dissipate; defenses drop, tensions drain. Even as she goes about the business of a hectic, two-kid, big-career life—maneuvering her sleek Tesla (toys on the floor, half-eaten sandwich on the seat) through the precincts of show business (Hollywood to Burbank to Beverly Hills and back again)—she manages to make it seem like she's just meandering on a Sunday afternoon. Indeed, it feels wrong to impose any sort of agenda, anything so uptight as an *interview.* It's a hang, really.

Part of this is nature—born that way—but Gadot is fundamentally a creature of her environment. She grew up in Rosh Haayin, a city near Tel Aviv, but lived most of her adult life with her husband among friends and family, just a couple of blocks from the beach. She speaks Hebrew to them, English to most everyone else. Her English is not perfect, but close, her fluency such that you can see the wheels turning as she searches for the right words—and discovers new ones before your eyes. She will sometimes stumble on a phrase or an idiom, question it, then either commit or find the right one.

Which is why spending time with her feels like picking your way through a new world looking at all the pretty flowers. One morning after a workout,

still in Capri tights and a loose tank, she's driving from her gym to a photo shoot at the Montage Beverly Hills. "I will always feel foreign in L.A.," she tells me, and I nod in agreement, though distracted by the novel experience of gliding noiselessly along the surface streets of Los Angeles in her Tesla. There's a screen in the middle of the dash the size of a television, which feels like an extension of the windshield that disappears somewhere behind your head, all of which conspires to create the sensation that we're levitating.

"I love this car," she says. "It's like driving an iPhone." Suddenly, a deep, otherworldly sound—*boop . . . boop . . . boop.* She looks at the screen. "Just a second—that's my mom in Israel, where it's 8 p.m., and this is literally the only window I have to talk to her." She touches the screen and speaks in Hebrew—one mother to another. Are you okay? How was yesterday? Don't work too hard. Take it easy next week! "Okay, *Ema,*" she says, and they blow kisses to each other. *This* is what she misses. In many ways, the success of *Wonder Woman* has stranded Gadot in Los Angeles, a 15-hour flight from home. "You can't walk anywhere here," she says, but that is the only complaint she will lodge because complaining is not her style. But she does relate this story, about how she came back from Israel recently and on the endless drive from LAX to her house in the Hollywood Hills, her eight-year-old daughter, Alma, said, "You know what I like about home in Israel? Everything is five minutes away. Five minutes walking to the gelato place, five minutes to the beach, five minutes to our cousins' house. And all of our neighbors are our *friends.*" Gadot sighs wistfully. "But there's always give-and-take. How do you say in English? Eat the cake and leave it whole? Eat the cake and…. There's something with a cake."

"The more successful I get, the more I want to plant my roots in and focus on the important things in life"

You can't have your cake and eat it too, I say.

"*Exactly.*"

Life in L.A. before you find your tribe and your rhythm—even (*especially*) for a newly minted movie star—can be alienating. You live at the top of one of those famous hills with a view of the world—a dream come true—but driving all the way down and back up for a carton of milk can take an hour. Everything must be planned, strategized, and for a spontaneous creature like Gadot, it can be constraining. And then sometimes it's just surreal. Leaving the gym earlier, Gadot stopped to talk to a woman with long blonde hair who looked like she'd just woken up and was slowly getting her 10 minutes of cardio in before the real workout began. It was the newly slender Adele, whom I didn't recognize until she let loose with one of those honking laughs. I'd interviewed her several years ago, and once we figured it all out, Gadot and I stood next to her while she pedaled away, talking about the *Vogue* cover-story treatment.

The Adele encounter is a reminder: This is, in point of fact, *not* a hang with some cool Israeli chick. Gal Gadot is an international superstar. Though it may have seemed like she appeared out of nowhere, fully formed, in the summer of 2017 as the star of *Wonder Woman,* an instant hit and box-office juggernaut that grossed over $800 million worldwide, Gadot has been making movies for more than a decade, most notably as the character Gisele in four films from the *Fast & Furious* franchise. And yet her entire career trajectory has been one of almost-didn't-happen serendipity. At 18, she won the 2004 Miss Israel pageant, competed in Miss Universe that year in Ecuador, and then fulfilled two years of mandatory service in the Israel Defense Forces as a combat fitness instructor. While still a soldier, she met Jaron Varsano, a real estate developer 10 years her senior whom she married in 2008. Her military service complete and at loose ends, she enrolled in law school in Tel Aviv and





DESERT ROSE
"Yeah, I'm pretty ambitious," she says. "I'm not *elbowy* . . . if you say that here." Schiaparelli Haute Couture dress.

JUMP CUT

Gadot's production company, Pilot Wave, begun with her husband, Jaron Varsano, has no fewer than 14 projects in development. Tom Ford dress. Tamara Mellon boots.



started modeling. One day, a casting director contacted her agent and asked her to audition for the Bond-girl role in *Quantum of Solace.* She didn't get the part, but the casting director remembered her, which is how she wound up auditioning for 2009's *Fast & Furious.* She got *that* part because the director, Justin Lin, was taken by the fact that she knew her way around a military weapon.

Riding along in her car, I say that I'd read that just before *Wonder Woman* came along, Gadot was so unhappy with her career that she was on the verge of quitting and never coming back to Los Angeles. (Doing press for *Wonder Woman,* she told one reporter, "You go to the audition and you have a callback, then another callback and then a camera setup, and people are telling you your life will change if you get this part. And then you don't get it. I reached a place where I didn't want to do that anymore.") So now you're an actor living in L.A., I say, how do you feel about it?

"Just . . . inertia." She laughs. "You know, one of the people I really admire is Charlie Kaufman," she says of the celebrated screenwriter, director, and novelist. "He rarely gives interviews. But there's a video of him giving a BAFTA speech a few years ago, and I don't remember it exactly, but the vibe is, You know, I'm here, but I don't know what I'm doing here. I'm a writer, I guess. But I never refer to myself as a writer, except when I'm filling out my tax forms. But you know, I *want* you to care about what I do; I just don't want to care about what you *think.* And I thought, That's so interesting! We're living in a world where everything is by titles: You are a writer; I am an actress. I don't want to sound too New Age–y . . . but we're always evolving and changing, and life happens and takes us in different directions. Yes, I am an actress, but at the same time, I have this appetite to do more—bigger, deeper, more interesting."

Do you think of yourself as an ambitious person?

"Yeah, I'm pretty ambitious." She pauses. "I'm not *elbowy* . . . if you say that here. But I'm a big believer in karma, and if it's mine it's mine, and if it's not it's not. I'm not *fighting* for things. But when I'm there, when I'm facing the opportunity, I'm completely onboard. I definitely make sure to be prepared, to do the work, to come in 100 percent and go for it."

That sounds more like conscientiousness than ambition, I say. She thinks for a few seconds as we sit at a red light and then finds another way to explain. "When I was told I got the part in *Wonder Woman,* I had just landed in New York, and I was at the airport. And the first phone call I made was to Jaron. And we were both super happy and shouting and screaming, and then I told him toward the end of the conversation, 'After I shoot the movie? I want us to have another baby.' And then when I got home to L.A. he said, 'That was such an interesting comment.' And I said, 'Why?' And he said, 'You're funny because, like, the higher you get, the more. . . .' If you imagine a kite, right? If it flows really well? My instinct is to tie the string to the ground. It's hard for me to translate because we were having that conversation in Hebrew. But it's like the more successful I get, the more I want to plant my roots in and make sure everything is balanced and still focused on the important things in life, which, for me, is family."

Wonder Woman 1984 has been shrouded in secrecy. "Everything you get from Warner Bros. is like, YOUR COMPUTER WILL EXPLODE IF YOU OPEN THIS," says Kristen Wiig

The next morning, I meet Gadot at her daughter Maya's school. As I am looking for a parking spot on a side street, I spot Gadot on foot and roll down the window. "Perfect timing!" she says. Even among the stylish L.A. mommies and daddies, she cuts a glamorous figure in her skintight jeans, camel coat, and enormous sunglasses. The elementary school is in one of those midcentury institutional buildings common to L.A.—it's hard to tell where the outside ends and the inside begins. We find ourselves in a covered, open-air parking structure, with a series of couches and a coffee station that seems to be a spot for nannies and parents to congregate while dropping off the kids. Gadot is here to read to Maya's class of three-year-olds and, with the help of Maya's sister, Alma, decorate cupcakes. "Sheesh, what a morning!" she says as she grabs a coffee and we sit on one of the couches. "I left the book I'm supposed to read at the house, so Jaron is bringing it."

Lest you think that those scenes in *Big Little Lies* of California elementary school drop-off culture veer toward parody, I'm here to tell you just the opposite: They're closer to documentary footage. Heading inside to Maya's Butterfly classroom, we pass through an open-air hallway with jungle gyms and play areas that look like art installations. In the classroom, there are a dozen kids and a startlingly exuberant teacher wearing a *Frozen* T-shirt, a blue sequined jacket, bright-pink sneakers, and a mouse-ears headband, who never breaks character, even while speaking with the adults. At one point, a mom and dad in high-strung-showrunner casual arrive late with their son. The mother gets into a conversation with Gadot about the terrifying possibility of same-day birthday parties. "His birthday is *actually* on the 22nd," she says. "We're doing it on that afternoon. But our times don't conflict so I think we'll have good Butterfly turnout."

It's saying something that Gadot—soldier/model/movie star from Tel Aviv—is the most regular-seeming person in the room. When she pulls off her jacket and sits down to read her book to the kids, I notice for the first time that her hair is in a tangled ponytail and that her sapphire-blue cashmere sweater looks like it got pulled out of the hamper just before she ran out the door this morning. The teacher herds the children into formation, and everyone sits on the floor, including Gadot. The book

she has chosen is about kindness, and as she starts to read—fully committed, acting out every part—the kids, to a one, slip into that contented, enchanted, glazed stupor, hanging on every word. Too young to understand who she is—other than Maya's mom—they nevertheless succumb to the magic of transference that great movie stars inspire. A thing to behold!

Young girls are starstruck by Gadot. "*Wonder Woman* had an effect on them," she says. "It *meant* something to them"

Adults from all walks of life have been falling under Gal Gadot's spell for years. Kristen Wiig, Gadot's costar in *Wonder Woman 1984,* met her at the Governors Ball in Los Angeles a couple of years ago. "She walks into a room and you're like, 'Um, is that person *real*?' But she's such a weirdo in the best way. And so kind, such a loyal, beautiful friend. I mean, the text and voice messages she sends make me laugh so hard. They're the highlight of my day."

Patty Jenkins, who directed both *Wonder Woman* movies, tells me that men, women, and children approach her with what they think is their little secret: *I am in love with Gal*. "So charmed by her," she says. "Smitten from a distance. And I constantly say to all of them, 'Here's the shocking thing: It only gets stronger when you get to know her.' You forget completely that she's a movie star."

One afternoon, I got on the phone with two of Gal's best friends in Tel Aviv: Yael Goldman, model and TV host, mother of three, and Meital Weinberg Adar, who has two kids and owns a creative branding agency. "I was modeling and she was modeling," says Yael, "and she had just done the first *Fast & Furious.* I was standing in the street; she stopped her car and beeped and said, 'Hey, Yael! Give me your number!' Actually, she just *hit* on me. That's the truth."

"She hit on me, too!" say Meital. "That's her thing. *I'm* her girlfriend," and they both laugh. "When I met her," she continues, "I was still trying to be a grown-up—*I'm so sophisticated,* blah, blah, blah. All my barriers up. And Gal just came in and melted it all away. Normally you grow up and slowly realize that you just have to be good and nice and comfortable with people and the whole world opens up to you, but it takes time to learn that. But somehow Gal just has it inside her. She's very pure and clear with her intentions. She loves you without waiting for a sign that you love her."

As we are zooming around Los Angeles in Gadot's Hovercraft, she gets a call—this one from her husband, Jaron. She answers with the common Israeli term of endearment that has no English translation but sounds like *Mommy.* They speak to each other warmly in Hebrew about their schedules, and afterward I ask how the two of them met.

"In the desert at this chakra/yoga retreat type of party. And he was too cool for school. Like, we were in the same group of friends, but I didn't know him and he didn't know me. And something happened kind of from the first moment we started talking. When we got home, I was like, 'Is this too early to call you? I want to have a date.' Then we go out, and by the second date he told me, 'I'm going to marry you. I'm going to wait for two years, but we're going to get married.' I was like, '*Fine.*' "

Jaron remembers it in a bit more detail. "We were in a very unique laboratory—a desert retreat in the south of Israel. And both she and I were at a stage in our lives where we were thinking about what is love and what is a relationship. We started talking at 10 p.m., and we kissed at sunrise, and we held hands on the drive back to Tel Aviv. At that moment, we were just glued together. It was beautiful."

Gadot says she always knew she wanted to be a young mother—and where she goes, so goes the family. Alma is also enrolled at a school in London because Gadot has shot three films there in as many years, including *Death on the Nile,* which is due to come out later this year. The director, Kenneth Branagh, says, "I get the sense that she feels very secure in her family life: She knows what they are, who they are, and that they are with her. And I think that lets her be adventurous in her work and also at *ease* in her work. She's a serious person, so she knows the world is a tricky and challenging place from time to time, but there is this ongoing sense of fun about her, and it seems to come out of the wellspring of family. She is determined to smell the roses along the way, and it makes her an exceptionally sort of effortlessly positive energy to be around."

After the visit to her daughter's school, Gadot drives us to the San Vicente Bungalows, Hollywood's newest members-only clubhouse. There are a lot of silly rules here, including a ban on camera phones, which requires an elaborate ritual of temporary confiscation of nonmember phones so that they may be covered in cute little stickers, which are meant to disable the camera and microphone.

Luckily, the place is like a dream, achingly romantic, with flowers and climbing vines and green-and-white striped umbrellas. Indeed, it looks like the kind of spot you might find along the beach in Tel Aviv. "You see?" she says when we sit down. "It's like we're having a date. And it's Valentine!"

I had heard from a friend that Gadot, her husband, and his brother, Guy, owned the chicest hotel in Tel Aviv and that they recently sold it to the Russian oligarch Roman Abramovich. Yes, says Gadot. "When I met Jaron, he and Guy were living in the first house that was built in Tel Aviv. It's a huge beautiful mansion with, like, painted floors and archways and high, high ceilings, but it was in a shitty state." It became the Varsano Hotel. "Literally a 30-second walk from where Jaron and I were living," she says. "We were going to the hotel all the time. It was . . . fun."

Three years ago, Jaron sold his entire real estate portfolio, including the hotel, and he and Gadot moved to L.A. when she was five months pregnant with Maya. Jaron was now the one at loose ends, and Gal said to him, "You're a developer. Develop

movies." And then one night they had dinner with Annette Bening, who encouraged them both. "You two think and talk so beautifully about making movies," she said. "Go and find amazing projects." Now they are partners in an ambitious production company, Pilot Wave, with 14 of those projects in various stages of development.

Most intriguing (and first up) is a series based on the book *Hedy Lamarr: The Most Beautiful Woman in Film,* about a star from a more glamorous era that this place throws back to, with its Tommy Dorsey soundtrack and starchy table service. Lamarr was born in Austria and had a brief career in Czechoslovakia before fleeing to Paris and then London, where she was discovered by Louis B. Mayer, who gave her a movie contract in Hollywood. Gadot, whose mother's family is Czech and Polish, her father's Austrian, Russian, and German, would seem to be just about the perfect person to play Lamarr.

So it won't be long now before Gal Gadot gets sprung, at long last, from the constraints and the limited range of car-chase franchises and comic-book tentpoles. But first, *Wonder Woman 1984,* which I see about a half hour of, under supervision at the Warner Bros. lot. Other than to tell you that it is an all-encompassing and visually stunning (and quite loud) experience, I will admit I have absolutely no idea what it's about, except to say that it's set in 1984 (the year before Gadot was born), has an exhilarating New Wave soundtrack, and features an oleaginous guy who may remind you of Donald Trump in his much more harmless '80s salad days. Neither Jenkins nor Gadot would reveal a single plot point. "No one really knows that much about the movie," says Wiig, "which is crazy in this day and age. It's amazing that nothing's leaked. Everything you get from Warner Bros. is sort of encrypted, like, YOUR COMPUTER WILL EXPLODE IF YOU OPEN THIS."

Part of the reason for the top-level security clearance on the project is that the *Wonder Woman* effect has been enormous—especially for Jenkins and Gadot."It completely changed my CONTINUED ON PAGE 172



SET DESIGN, HANS MAHARAWAL

HEAD OVER HEELS

"She's very pure and clear with her intentions," says Gadot's longtime friend Meital Weinberg Adar. "She loves you without waiting for a sign for you to love her." Dior Haute Couture cape and dress. In this story: hair, Renato Campora; makeup, Sabrina Bedrani. Details, see In This Issue.



CRACKING ON

Call it old-fashioned or call it engineered optimism, but a yellow-gold pocket watch from **Patek Philippe** (patek.com) has all the precision (and the quiet heft) it needs to tick well into the future.

Fashion Editor: Alex Harrington.

Time Will Tell

A medley of new and vintage timepieces—and new and vintage daywear—makes the case for looks that last (and last). Photographed by Nigel Shafran.



FACE TIME

Two watches worth setting your sights on: One by **Hermès** (left; hermes.com)—which, with its calfskin strap and stirrup-shaped bezel, smacks of *la vie équestre*—and a vintage number (specifically, the 1955 Ladymatic) from **Omega** (omegawatches.com). Model Fran Summers wears a **Chanel** blouse (800-550-0005) and a vintage **Chanel** tweed bouclé blazer.

ARS LONGA
Even dusted with the sands of time, a Le Smoking tuxedo jacket—and an Art Deco–inspired watch from **Tiffany & Co.** (tiffany.com)—seems sharply au courant. **Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello** sequined top and pants, and loafers; ysl.com. Vintage **Saint Laurent–Rive Gauche** smoking jacket.





STRINGS ATTACHED
O, what a tangled web we weave when we match a **Paco Rabanne** printed dress (pacorabanne.com) with a vintage **Paco Rabanne** chain-mail top.


BVLGARI

PLAYING WITH FIRE
A pink-gold face and supple steel bracelet lend subtly feminine flourishes to a **Bvlgari** watch; (800) BVLGARI.

FRAME OF MIND

Step right through the time-space continuum with **Prada** *then* (Summers's printed cigarette pants are from their fall 1996 collection) and **Prada** *now* (top, blazer, and sandals; all at prada.com).



THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS
With its round visage and simple alligator band, a storied silhouette from **Van Cleef & Arpels** (vancleefarpels.com)—first produced for the public more than a half century ago—hasn't lost any of its appeal.



IN THE WEEDS

At Hermès, unfussy shapes and a muted palette have long blurred the line between new growth and cherished perennial. **Hermès** cashmere bodysuit (with a connected scarf), leather pants, watch, and shoes; hermes.com. Vintage **Hermès** trench coat. In this story: Hair, Olivier Schawalder; makeup, Anthony Preel. Details, see, In This Issue.

PRODUCED BY FARAGO PROJECTS. SET DESIGN, JUSTINE PONTHIEUX



Finland's prime minister, Sanna Marin, has big plans for her small country—including carbon neutrality by 2035. But first she must lead her nation through crisis. Rachel Donadio reports. Photographed by Anton Corbijn.

True North



PRODUCED BY CAROLAN GREGOIRE

When I traveled to Helsinki in late January to meet Sanna Marin, the millennial feminist environmentalist who had just become prime minister, the world looked so different than it does today. Back then, reports were slowly beginning to circulate about a strange, deadly virus in China, but it all felt very far away. Finland, like many European countries, receives its fair share of Chinese tourists, and Finnair has had popular direct flights to China. In central Helsinki, I saw groups of Chinese tourists lining up outside the Louis Vuitton shop, some wearing masks, but I didn't think much of it. That was before the new normal of life amid a global pandemic arrived with stunning speed, upending so many of our assumptions and taking thousands of lives. Protecting and caring for citizens in the time of the coronavirus has challenged political leaders around the world unlike anything since World War II, as German chancellor Angela Merkel put it. Back when I met Marin, all this was yet to come.

At that time—thinking about it fills me with what can really only be called nostalgia—the 34-year-old Marin had been in power for just over a month. In December, she won an unexpected party vote to become Finland's new prime minister, becoming the second-youngest leader in the world (after Austria's Sebastian Kurz, 33). Along with her photogenic governing coalition of four other women, most under 40, Marin was hailed as an icon of progressive feminism, a new leader for a new era—with an ambitious agenda to match. No need for THE FUTURE IS FEMALE T-shirts. In Finland, the future was already here.

Or at least the future as we imagined it back then. In the meantime, Marin, like all her European counterparts, has become a crisis leader.

STANDING TALL

In mid-March, as this issue went to press, Marin, 34, had declared a state of emergency in Finland. Photographed in January at the prime minister's official residence. Gabriela Hearst dress. Hair and makeup, Emma Bentley. Details, see In This Issue.

Sittings Editor: Julia Brenard.

After a few weeks in which she was criticized for not taking more urgent action to stop the spread of the novel coronavirus, in mid-March she did something her country had never done in peacetime: invoked the Emergency Powers Act, allowing for an infusion of public funds for health care and social welfare. She also ordered the closing of the nation's schools, museums, libraries, and public gathering places, as well as its border—but as of this writing, not its day-care centers. Day-care centers are the heart of the Finnish welfare state, and they are particularly close to Marin's heart. All that was still to come when I sat down with Marin. Let me take you back—a postcard from the not-so-distant past.

It is a drizzly gray January day in Helsinki, and Marin is crouching by the front door of her official residence, tucking her chatty two-year-old daughter, Emma, into waterproof red overalls. Marin's mother stands by, ready to take her granddaughter outside for an airing. It is such an ordinary domestic scene—a mother dressing her child—that you could forget for a moment that Marin is actually prime minister. I have been invited to observe the morning send-off from across a receiving room in the residence, a modest 19th-century wooden mansion with a view across a cove of the pale-gray Baltic Sea, which was once the summer redoubt of Russian governors general. The water is normally frozen this time of year, but it's been an unseasonably mild winter. Once Emma and her grandmother are out the door, Marin offers me a brisk handshake. "That was my daughter," she says by way of greeting. She's dressed sensibly in slim black pants, black pumps, and a black button-down blouse flecked with small white half circles, by the Finnish brand Papu. Her hair is gathered loosely at her neck. As we settle into chairs at a round wooden table where a few pink and white tulips stretch their long necks from a glass vase, Marin tells me Emma just had a birthday, but she and her partner, Markus Räikkönen, a communications executive, delayed the celebration. "I was working," she tells me. Really? I say, feigning surprise. She smiles ever so slightly.

Women in politics are forever asked how they can possibly balance work and family—while male politicians are so often given a pass on the question. But Marin is happy to talk about Emma, as well as her own childhood—how she was raised by a working-class mother and her same-sex partner, and was the first in her family to graduate from university. She would like it known that she is a living example of the benefits of the Finnish welfare state; that Finland's generous parental-leave policies can stimulate the economy, not hinder it; that its world-famous free public schools helped her get where she is today. And that Finland wants to lead the way in fighting climate change, with a goal to become carbon neutral by 2035. "It's very ambitious, but I think we can manage it," she tells me in perfect English, with a hint of an accent.

Climate is the issue that brought Marin to politics at 20. "I think it was the frustration of noticing that the older generation didn't realize how important it is," she says. "Climate change is the issue that everybody in my generation thinks about. It is the Berlin Wall for our generation and the younger generation than me." (I imagine Marin still believes that, even if the new Berlin Wall to bring down isn't a wall but rather a virus.)

Climate is the issue that brought Marin to politics at 20. "I think it was the frustration of noticing that the older generation didn't realize how important it is"

Although few in Finland expected Marin to rise so fast, she had been a rising star in the center-left Social Democrat party. Widely admired for her equipoise and directness, she had cowritten the party's environmental platform and had been a member of Parliament since 2015. In December, when her predecessor—Prime Minister Antti Rinne, a male, boomer-era former labor-union leader—was forced to resign in the wake of a postal-worker strike, her party chose her in a narrow vote to replace him. Suddenly her image was ricocheting around the world, with British tabloids storifying Marin's well-curated social-media feeds and declaring her a leader for the Instagram era. Her young female-led coalition was hailed as a countercurrent to the right-wing nativism sweeping across Europe—and prompted soul-searching in countries dominated by male leaders.

The reality is more complex. Marin's government is fragile by Finnish standards, and its critics say it has set impossible goals—trying to boost the economy while also capping carbon emissions. That was even before the coronavirus crisis hit. And Marin has had to find consensus with her four coalition partners, who share a gender but not necessarily an ideology. They are the Green Party, whose dynamic leader, Maria Ohisalo, the interior minister, has as much star power in Finland as Marin; the Left Alliance; the more free-market-friendly center-right Centre Party; and a Swedish-language party.

Meanwhile, the right-wing nativist Finns Party, which wants to restrict immigration and which made a campaign issue out of defending red meat and carbon-generating cars, has been leading in recent opinion polls—a clear sign that Finland shares political weather patterns with the rest of the West. (The Finns were thrilled when Marin announced in mid-March that Finland, like a few other European countries, would close its borders to try to prevent people infected with the virus from coming in.)

Though Marin's government is expected to serve out its four-year mandate, the Social Democrats hold 40 seats in Parliament, while the Finns Party is fast on its heels with 39. "We have a very left-wing government for a country that is not so left-wing at all," says Emilia Kullas, the director of EVA, a pro-business think tank in Helsinki.

I ask Marin about this rightward tendency. "I find that our job is to give people hope for the future," she says. "One of the reasons why there are so many populist movements in Europe, right-wing movements, is that people

are frustrated and lacking hope," she says. "They have maybe lost their jobs. They are worried about the income of their family. They are worried about the future of their children. And I think when you have hopelessness and when you feel that you are mistreated, then you are trying to find answers to your life. Populist parties give simple answers to complicated questions."

Marin has smooth, pale skin, round cheeks highlighted with a tiny bit of pink rouge, and alert green-blue eyes. When she speaks, she comes across as measured and a bit remote, quite cautious, but also warm. Here in Finland, where people tend to speak their minds directly or keep their counsel, she has a quiet dynamism, exuding composure and competence. She's less a firecracker than an eco-sustainable light bulb: slightly low-wattage and a bit cool, but trusted, dependable, and likely to last a long time.

The Finns I speak to over my five-day visit at the end of January and the first days of February admire her but are more concerned about whether her government will deliver, especially on the economy. Still, there's excitement about the attention she's drawing to Finland, the way you might cheer for the national team in world championships. "We used to be famous for Nokia. She's the new Nokia," says Anna-Liina Kauhanen, a reporter and columnist for *Helsingin Sanomat,* Finland's leading daily newspaper. (Nokia, which ruled the cell phone world before the iPhone eclipsed it, was once a business-school case study in how corporate hierarchy stymies innovation; the company has since reinvented itself as a successful global network infrastructure provider.)

Finland is a small country of 5.5 million people, but it punches above its weight in terms of soft power—the egalitarianism, family benefits, and forward-thinking environmentalism that Marin embodies. And so it is no surprise that she has been making the most of her new position on the world stage. A few days after becoming prime minister, Marin met her European counterparts in Brussels, where in a sea of dark-blue suits, two women in particular stood out: Marin and Merkel. Two months later, Marin received rapturous press at the World Economic Forum in Davos, where she spoke about Finland's commitment to gender equality and its climate goals. (And what about her 2019 trip to the Trump White House, as part of an official visit by the president of Finland? "It was very interesting," Marin tells me. Did Trump behave? What was he like? She won't bite: They discussed 5G technology and ice-breaker ships, she says. "It was a great honor to be at the White House.")



THREE OF A KIND
Marin at home in the Finnish city of Tampere with her daughter, Emma, and partner, Markus Räikkönen.

It is on the issue of benefits for parents that Marin becomes the most animated. She shows me pictures on her phone of the famous baby box that all Finnish new mothers receive from the state—stylishly designed, filled with clothes and products; a stuffed animal, a snowsuit with gray and green polka dots. The practice dates to the 1930s and was a way to encourage mothers to get prenatal care. On her Instagram feed, Marin has mastered performative pregnancy and motherhood. Here she is, very pregnant, in formal attire with Räikkönen, her partner, in a tuxedo. There's the baby box. Then here she is breastfeeding Emma. Or Emma snuggled into a little metal basket of a crib on wheels, which Marin tells me she rented and returned once Emma had outgrown it. In the home scenes, there's plenty of natural light, and Marimekko ceramic plates and bowls.

For her own wardrobe Marin sticks to Finnish brands like Marimekko (of course), Uhana, Papu ("Designed with love in Finland; made with care in the EU," its labels read), and Nouki. "It's important for me that the clothes that I'm wearing are ethical, so they're not produced by child labor or in an environmentally unsustainable way," she tells me. Helsinki is, in fact, filled with secondhand clothing shops. On a rainy weekend afternoon I poke into one, called Relove, and strike up a conversation with a woman named Suvi waiting in line for the fitting room. She tells me she's enthusiastic about Marin, even though she voted for the Greens. "I'm excited to see how it will go," she says.

On another afternoon I wander around Helsinki's Central Library, Oodi, an architecturally stunning and inviting space that feels like a combination of library, WeWork, café, day care, and DIY heaven, where you can read a book or reserve a conference room, sewing machines, or a 3D printer. (Or at least you could before it, too, shut its doors to prevent the spread of the coronavirus.) This being Finland, the spaces are designed for easy access for strollers, so it's normally filled with parents and small kids. At a comfy bench in the entrance hall, Ari and Hanna Slioor, a 30-something couple, are busy wrangling their two-year-old, Aino, dressed in hot-pink and orange stripes. Both CONTINUED ON PAGE 173

COURTESY OF SANNA MARIN





A New Shudder

An art-world sensation, Julie Curtiss is making waves with her quirky, macabre neo-Surrealism. Dodie Kazanjian visits her studio.

A YOUNG GIRL, NUDE and blindfolded and wearing earplugs, sits in a V-shaped niche just below the shingled roof on the outside wall of a wooden house. She is looking away from us, lost in her own dark and silent world. It's the first painting that Julie Curtiss has finished since returning from a residency in Japan. "I wanted a perfect little self-sufficient person," says Curtiss, "but now it's become more like pure isolation—a noncommunication." It may be a selfie. Curtiss has insomnia and needs earplugs, an eye mask, and total darkness to sleep. Or is it a prophecy of our current era of social distancing? Like all Curtiss's work, it's passing strange.

It's a late-winter day, and we're in her Brooklyn studio, on the ground floor of a former factory. Curtiss, who grew up in a suburb of Paris, is half French and half Vietnamese. She's a young-looking 37, with long black hair and a quiet, alert intelligence. The art is all around us in various stages of completion—paintings, gouaches on paper, and small sculptures of sushi that look highly edible until you notice that some of them are human eyes or lips and that they are actually made of plastic, clay, and paint. There's also an upturned straw hat filled with spaghetti shaped into the form of a woman's head. Another sculpture is made entirely of real ash-blonde hair. (Hair appears in most of the works here.) We're in a disconcerting, dreamlike environment, with images that manage to be both familiar and surreal.

The art world discovered Curtiss only recently. After years of almost no recognition, she's suddenly in demand. (She moved to New York in 2010 with her now husband, the artist Clinton King.) Curtiss recently joined the Anton Kern Gallery in New York, where she had a solo exhibition, *Wildlife,* last spring—one of the eye-catchers there showed an elegant woman in an evening gown, sitting on a toilet—and she's just been picked up by the White Cube gallery in London. The attention ignited in 2017, after collectors bought everything she showed at Spring/Break, the curator-driven art fair for young talent. (Curators and artists acting as curators call the shots these days, not critics.) Her prices exploded, from

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

After years of little recognition, Curtiss has earned explosive commercial success. ABOVE: *Ice Scream 1 and 2* (2019); OPPOSITE: *Fruit Bowl on Fire* (2015).

COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, ANTON KERN GALLERY, AND WHITE CUBE. © JULIE CURTISS.

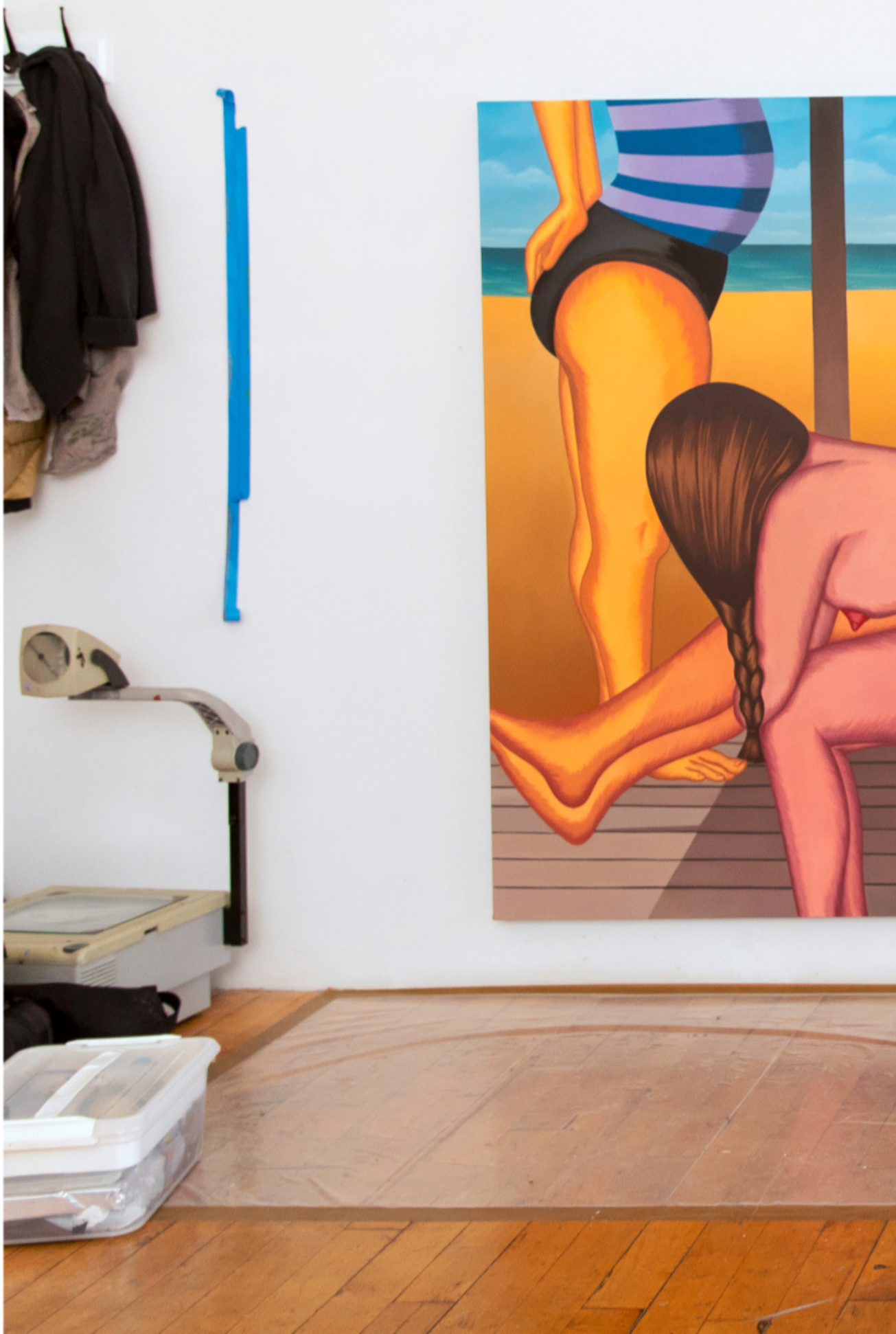


$1,000 or $2,000 a painting to more than $400,000. Three of them sold last November at Phillips and Christie's auction houses for a total of $1.1 million. Curtiss's quirky, humorous, often macabre brand of neo-Surrealism had touched a nerve. She was able to quit her day job as a studio assistant for the artist known as KAWS—she had worked for him for four years. Before that, she'd toiled for a year in the Jeff Koons art factory, working on his "Hulk" series—or "Oolk," as she pronounces it.

For Curtiss and for many of her artist friends, the initial springboard to recognition was Instagram. She'd started posting images of her work back in 2014. Loie Hollowell, an abstract painter of the same generation, saw the postings and got in touch. "Her detail and her precision, her sense of line and structure, and her really inventive and beautifully made work caught my eye," Hollowell tells me. "I had to see it in person because Instagram lies." Hollowell went to Curtiss's studio and was blown away. They became and remain close friends. Hollowell, who was a little further along the road to recognition (she's now represented by the Pace mega-gallery), helped Curtiss get into several group shows. Hein Koh, another artist who saw her paintings on Instagram, curated Curtiss's revelatory solo booth at Spring/Break in 2017. "The Brooklyn and New York art community is amazing," Curtiss says. "I've lived in Tokyo and I've lived in Paris, but the scene here, the community, is so tight, so supportive. It's pretty special."

Curtiss grew up in the suburb of Montreuil, east of Paris. Her mother, Therese Biver Curtiss, was French, a librarian in a school for social workers. Her much older Vietnamese father, Jacques Curtiss, was a technical photographer for an architectural firm. Jacques had been adopted by a Vietnamese woman who married a French soldier from Africa named Curtiss, and they brought him to Paris as a 12-year-old. The soldier soon disappeared. "My father called him '*le père* Curtiss,' " Julie says, "so I never knew his first name." Her parents met in the 1970s through the Communist Party, which controlled Montreuil. "I grew up going to CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

TURNING HEADS
"Not showing the face creates a distance, and there's a mystery that comes from that," Curtiss (pictured) says of her partially obscured figures.



“I’m often galvanized by art
that fascinates and petrifies you
at the same time”



LEVI MANDEL. BACKGROUND: COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, ANTON KERN GALLERY, AND WHITE CUBE. © JULIE CURTISS.

Support System

Botox. Fillers. Lasers. Radio frequency. No-surgery-necessary cosmetic treatments are making age-neutral faces newly possible. But what about our necks? Patty Marx tests the limits of noninvasive results.

YEARS AGO, MY MOTHER interrupted me over dinner to say she'd just had a premonition of precisely where I would eventually need a facelift. She pointed to the part of my upper neck where it meets the jawline. On a map, this would be the Panhandle of Florida. Because mothers are masters of the mixed message, she added that I was perfect and should never get any work done on my face—and that I needed to put on more makeup. I wasn't fazed by the prophecy, because I was still young enough to think I would always be young. I was maybe 48. This turns out to be not so young, in neck years. In 2003, when Nora Ephron wrote in this magazine that the neck goes at 43 and there is nothing you can do about it other than surgery, millions of women of her generation nodded, causing even further sag. I am many years past that age now. Yet, until recently, I thought: Who notices the neck? Isn't it just the inconspicuous pedestal for the head? Then I saw a photo of myself. Since when did that patch my mother had identified start looking like a balloon the day after the party? Anyway, remind me never to let a camera shoot me from below. Or from anywhere.

What do you do when denial stops working? I'm not ready for a facelift; I still have a shred of self-delusion left. Also, a lower facelift, including the neck, can cost at least $20,000 (or so say the doctors I've talked to in Manhattan). At this point, I like money more than I dislike my neck, but you'll know that I've hit the jackpot when I'm mistaken for a reality star who looks like a cat after a coyote fight. Besides, I keep reading that we are living in the golden age of nonsurgical face savers—fillers, lasers, neuromodulators, and radio-frequency treatments that promise to turn back the clock and make you an Instagram star. Could any of those work for a woman like me, whose age is greater than the speed limit?

Because of "tech neck"—a syndrome that results from constantly looking down at our phones and straining to see our computer screens—women have more wrinkles below their chin now than we did in the pre–digital age, according to Melissa Haloossim, N.P., the founder and clinical director of Skin Thesis in West Hollywood. (Haloosim became social-media famous last year after performing a 4D Laser Lift on Kim Kardashian West's too-taut-to-be-true, now 39-year-old neck, which West Live Storied on Instagram.) All of those prematurely furrowed necks mean that currently, there are enough new products on the market to de-wrinkle the necks of the global elephant population, plus their décolletage. These serums and creams, I figure, are the best place to start when considering noninvasive—the Switzerland of aesthetic options—and not to brag, but my collection of products could stock a pharmacy. Among my elixirs are Clé de Peau's Synactif Crème Cou et Décolleté, a retinol-rich salve that purports to make the skin above my clavicles plumper and more resilient; Neostrata's Triple Firming Neck Cream, with proprietary firming ingredients that are enriched with fruit stem-cell extracts and amino acids to target something called "the volumizing matrix"; and Natura Bissé's Inhibit Tensolift Neck Cream, which contains reparative biomimetic placenta, a laboratory-synthesized ingredient that sounds like something on the shopping list of the three witches in *Macbeth.* I also have a citrine face-and-neck roller from It Cosmetics, which I am meant to glide up and down my jugular as a means of massaging any number of these moisturizers into my skin. The packaging mentions that citrine, a yellow-gold semiprecious stone, is known to enhance mental clarity, although the handheld device seems more suited to making pie crust.

Adhering to the MO that's worked so well for me when seasoning chili in the past, I use gobs of everything, willy-nilly, instead of waiting to see which makes a dent, or rather an un-dent, in my skin, figuring it'll all average out. My complexion is radiant and dewy immediately after each application, no matter which restorative du jour I'm testing. But the effect is never long-lasting—not even after more than a month of diligent schmearing. "There are no creams or ingredients that can truly penetrate the relatively poreless skin of the neck," Manjula Jegasothy, M.D., a Miami cosmetic dermatologist, tells me, echoing the sentiment of a friend who once told me that applying topical products in the belief that they'll penetrate CONTINUED ON PAGE 175

PHOTO: COURTESY OF ELI KLEIN GALLERY AND THE ARTIST © LI HONGBO

AROUND THE BEND

Rejuvenating the neck's relatively poreless skin—which is thinner than the skin on your face—is often a game of early intervention rather than quick fixes.



Up Close and Personal

Eight *Vogue* editors opened up their closets—and mingled their trademark vintage pieces with the jackets, dresses, and knitwear of the present—to see their style signatures echoed and transformed. What lasts? What's eternal? Creativity—and the joy of dressing. Photographed by Ethan James Green.

Madeline Swanson

As an accessories editor, Swanson has a keen eye for all things mixable and matchable. Take this pleated wool skirt, for instance—picked up for $7 at a now-defunct vintage shop—which quickly became a mainstay of her fall and winter wardrobes. "Since the fabric is not too bulky, I like to play around with layering cotton turtlenecks, pristine white blouses, sweaters, blazers—and, most important, belts!" she says. "I draw a great deal of inspiration from vintage photographs and films from the second half of the 20th century—and I love to use an outfit to create a unique character." In this case, the persona in question is a little bit Annie Oakley, a little bit Radcliffe undergrad. Caroline Trentini wears a **Michael Kors Collection** blazer; michaelkors.com. **The Row** shirt; therow.com. **Clyde** scarf. **The M Jewelers** locket necklace. **W. Kleinberg** belt. **Ralph Lauren Collection** bag. **Stuart Weitzman** boots.

Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.







Lilah Ramzi

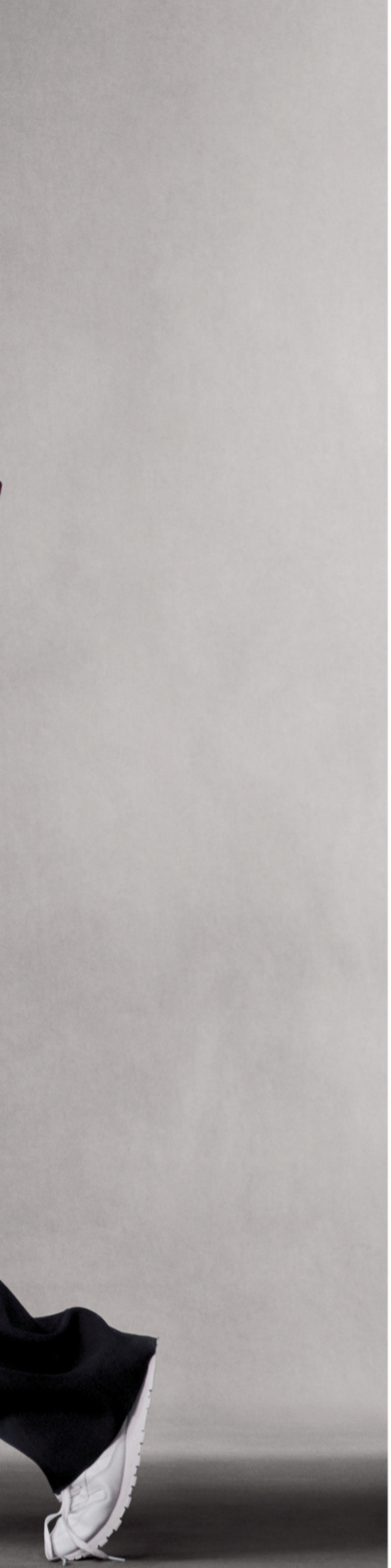
Possessed of the firm belief that a woman should dress "as though a young Richard Avedon were following her around Paris with a camera," Ramzi was perusing her favorite vintage shop in Brooklyn when she eyed an attractive scarlet jacket. "It was unlabeled, but given its shrunken proportions and diamanté button closures, I dated it to the late '50s or early '60s, which is an era I gravitate toward," the features editor recalls. "I had to have her!" She likes to pair it with a period-appropriate silhouette, "something cinched at the waist and below the knee," like this gingham dress from **Dior**—who, after all, was the one who invented the New Look—worn by Trentini (dior.com). **Agmes** earring. **Manolo Blahnik** slingback pumps.

Chioma Nnadi

It felt like kismet when Nnadi, *Vogue*'s digital fashion news director, found a trove of vintage Jean Paul Gaultier on eBay a few years ago. "I had been looking at old Gaultier shows of the early-mid-'90s at the time—these were the collections I remember dreaming of as a teenager but couldn't afford," she explains. Then, as now, she was drawn to their joyfully madcap motif. "I think there's always a patchwork effect going on with how I dress myself," Nnadi says. "I'm a magpie for prints, patterns, and textures, and these pieces reflect the random energy of the mix." Model Imaan Hammam wears Nnadi's own vintage Jean Paul Gaultier mesh top. **Tory Burch** knit vest; toryburch.com. **Chopova Lowena** skirt; matchesfashion.com. Necklaces by **Rogue Rose** and **Laruicci.** Bangles by **Stephen Dweck, Tiffany & Co.,** and **Dinosaur Designs.**



"Clothing, at its best, can be emotional, cathartic, a way for us to connect," Harrington says





Jasmine Contomichalos

ABOVE: "My mother, an ex–British *Vogue* editor, saved a few special pieces for me over the years," Contomichalos says, "and as luck would have it, we both have a penchant for '60s and '70s printed minidresses—and anything that comes as a set." Cue the printed Issey Miyake sheath with matching pants (and a backpack) that recently came her way. In warmer weather, *Vogue*'s experiences editor will style the dress with "big gold earrings and a chain belt"—but it's just as fetching on Trentini under an oversize **Dries Van Noten** coat; bergdorfgoodman.com. **Lana Jewelry** earrings. **Cartier** necklaces. Bracelets by **Cartier**, **Tiffany & Co.,** and **Mark Davis**.

Alex Harrington

LEFT: Harrington's work uniform is simple: One part billowing Charvet shirt ("They fill almost an entire closet," he admits), one part trousers, one part tennis shoes. As a stylist and contributing editor, he finds the consistency liberating—not to mention practical. "I often need to meet with *Vogue* editors, chat with a designer at their atelier, and catch up with a photographer all in the same day," he says (an extra-large L.L. Bean tote is another staple). But function, to be sure, doesn't preclude deep meaning. "The monograms on all of my bags are the initials of my sister, who died almost 10 years ago," Harrington says. "Clothing, at its best, can be emotional, cathartic, a way for us to connect. This is a way of carrying her with me always." Trentini wears a **Proenza Schouler** coat; proenzaschouler.com. **Jil Sander** pants; doverstreetmarket.com. Harrington's own **Céline by Phoebe Philo** necklace. **L.L. Bean** tote bag. **Reebok** sneakers. **BEAUTY NOTE:** Straighten strands with confidence. TRESemmé Thermal Creations Blow Dry Balm adds lightweight hold, and smooths and seals ends with a vitamin-rich formula.

Jessica Nichols

The go-to look of Nichols, *Vogue*'s special events director, blends the sweetly feminine with touches of streetwear—she often flits between wearing her favorite slit-leg pants, which she found at Forever 21 while a grad student on a budget ("I fell in love with them the moment I tried them on—so much so that I bought them in several colors," she says) with a button-up blouse and dressing them down with a lacy camisole and slingbacks. Hammam wears a shimmery **Paco Rabanne** floral chain-mail dress and slip dress (worn underneath; both at pacorabanne.com) which play up Nichols's love of prints and lay on a contrasting texture. **Lana Jewelry** earrings. **Giuseppe Zanotti** wedges.



Naomi Elizee

Seizing on its 1970s spirit, Elizee, an associate market editor, likes to match her vintage leather jacket with a flared pant (this one comes from **Rokh**; modaoperandi.com), a jumpsuit, or a short skirt and knee-high boots. "The jacket is very eclectic in its pattern, and while that is certainly my style," she says, "I like to try out different aesthetics, depending on my mood." Hammam wears **The Row** turtleneck; therow.com. **Jennifer Fisher** earrings. **Bvlgari** necklace. **Philosophy di Lorenzo Serafini** bag. **Paco Rabanne** boots.





Akili King

For King, a beauty assistant and part-time DJ, a sense of freedom is the thing. “I love pieces that are formfitting but comfortable at the same time,” she says. “I hate feeling restricted, as I’m running around all day.” An Alexia Admor dress, sourced from Finn Vintage in Bushwick, is “super versatile,” King says, noting how well it works with a turtleneck and tights—or, as here on Hammam, with a **Charlotte Knowles** top and pants (both at doverstreetmarket.com)—in chillier months. And besides, she adds, “I love the warm color of the dress. I think (and hope) that warmth reflects the energy I exude in the world.” Earrings by **SVNR** and **Leigh Miller. Jimmy Choo** platform sandals. In this story: Hair, Jimmy Paul; makeup, Kanoko. Details, see In This Issue.

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Editors' Picks

Take a cue from the wardrobes of eight *Vogue* staffers and shop what's new—with an eye to the tried and true. Photographed by Rémi Pujol.



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SKIRTING THE ISSUE
CHIOMA NNADI, *VOGUE*'S DIGITAL FASHION NEWS DIRECTOR, MAKES AN ADJUSTMENT WITH MODEL IMAAN HAMMAM.



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IT'S A CINCH
MODEL CAROLINE TRENTINI WITH ACCESSORIES EDITOR MADELINE SWANSON.

PRODUCTS: COURTESY OF BRANDS/WEBSITES



SHOW-OFFS
BEAUTY ASSISTANT AKILI KING FINDS HER ANGLE WITH HAMMAM.





TO THE WALL
HAMMAM AND ASSOCIATE MARKET EDITOR NAOMI ELIZEE TAKE FIVE.



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1. PROENZA SCHOULER TOP, $750; PROENZASCHOULER.COM. **2.** SANDRO SKIRT, $295; SANDRO-PARIS.COM. **3.** POMELLATO EARRINGS; POMELLATO.COM. **4.** KATE SPADE NEW YORK DRESS, $398; KATESPADE.COM. **5.** SACHAJUAN CURL TREATMENT, $33; NET-A-PORTER.COM. **6.** DIOR JACKET; DIOR.COM. **7.** DEREK LAM 10 CROSBY PANTS, $396; DEREKLAM.COM. **8.** FENDI BAG; FENDI.COM. **9.** WANDLER BOOT; MATCHESFASHION.COM. **10.** BURBERRY TRENCH COAT; BURBERRY.COM. **11.** BOTTEGA VENETA SUNGLASSES, $385; BOTTEGA VENETA.COM. **12.** MAX MARA BAG; MAXMARA.COM.

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THE SAME STRIPE
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR ALEX HARRINGTON (FAR RIGHT) CHECKS IN BEHIND THE SCENES.



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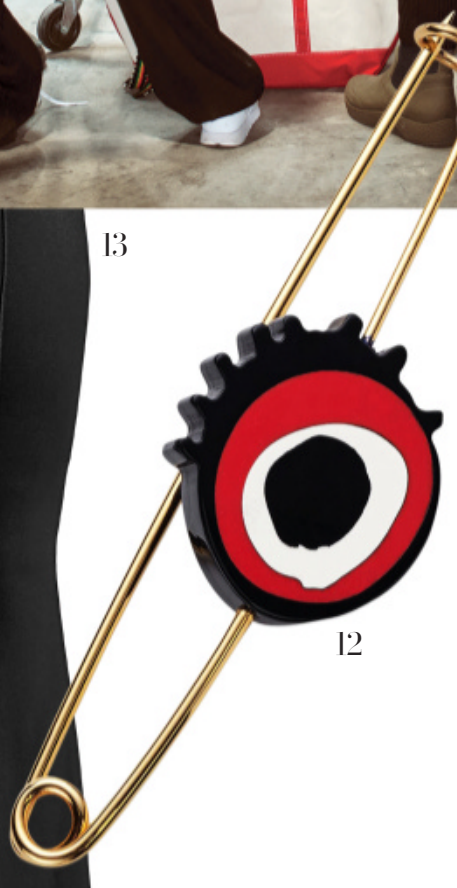

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8. CHANEL CAMÉLIAS D'EAU LIP PALETTE, $60; CHANEL.COM. **9.** PRADA BAG, $725; PRADA.COM. **10.** VERSACE DRESS; VERSACE.COM. **11.** DOLCE & GABBANA SKIRT; DOLCEGABBANA.COM. **12.** MARNI PIN, $250; MARNI.COM. **13.** ROSETTA GETTY PANTS, $750; NEIMANMARCUS.COM. **14.** ADIDAS ORIGINALS SNEAKER, $120; ADIDAS.COM. **15.** SHERMAN FIELD LOCKET PENDANT AND CHAIN NECKLACE; SHERMANFIELD.COM.



PRODUCTS: COURTESY OF BRANDS/WEBSITES

1. MARINA MOSCONE SHIRTDRESS; MARINA MOSCONE.COM. **2.** ISABEL MARANT BAG, $210; ISABELMARANT.COM. **3.** TIFFANY & CO. BRACELET; TIFFANY.COM. **4.** VALENTINO GARAVANI BAG; VALENTINO .COM. **5.** ROGER VIVIER SANDAL; ROGERVIVIER.COM. **6.** TORY BURCH DRESS, $498; TORYBURCH.COM. **7.** CARTIER EARRINGS; CARTIER.COM.



ARM CANDY
HAMMAM CATCHES UP WITH DIRECTOR OF SPECIAL EVENTS JESSICA NICHOLS.



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SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES
FEATURES EDITOR LILAH RAMZI LENDS TRENTINI A HELPING HAND.



PRINT IT
TRENTINI SURVEYS THE SCENE WITH EXPERIENCES EDITOR JASMINE CONTOMICHALOS.

ONCE UPON A TIME IN FASHION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

nature of time, largely taken from early-20th-century writers, including T. S. Eliot and Virginia Woolf, who were so engaged with the subject. Woolf's time-traveling, gender-fluid hero/heroine Orlando might be the muse of the exhibition. "For what more terrifying revelation can there be than that it is the present moment?" writes Woolf in her 1928 novel of the same name. "That we survive the shock at all is only possible because the past shelters us on one side, the future on another." Michael Cunningham, whose Pulitzer Prize–winning 1998 novel *The Hours* drew inspiration from Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway,* has written a short story, "Out of Time" (see page 122 for an excerpt), that considers a day in the life of one Odessa Bonthrop, beginning in the early morning of 1870 and ending 24 hours later in 2020.

It was director Sally Potter's 1992 movie adaptation of *Orlando,* starring a suitably androgynous Tilda Swinton, that first fueled Bolton and Devlin's ideas for staging the exhibition—particularly a beautiful scene that sees Swinton's Orlando (costumed by Sandy Powell) enter a garden maze in mid-18th-century court costume and high powdered wig and leave it as a Victorian woman in the dress and hairstyle of a century later. An initial mazelike exhibition layout has now ceded to two rooms that evoke the idea of clocks—one of dark wood, "almost like the inside of a grandfather clock," as Devlin explains, and the other of mirrors, "rather like walking into a Yayoi Kusama piece. Everything about your anatomy feels different when you're in an enclosed, dark, wooden, completely hushed space as opposed to being in a vast, mirrored, expansive, reflective, fragmented one," Devlin adds, "so it's really an expression of how time felt—and how time now feels, because we all have a different relationship to time now than we would have in 1870." The clock echoes the drama of Foucault's pendulum of 1851, designed to illustrate the movement of the Earth and installed at the Panthéon in Paris, which Ghesquière showed Devlin.

The exhibition ends with a coda that will explore Bolton's own take on fashion now—"whether it's about sustainability or traceability, the ethics of fashion, or even the idea of looking back in time," he says—and focusing on examples that "advocate for a slowing down of fashion and a reemphasis on the values inherent in its creation." For him, these pieces include Demna Gvasalia's dramatic revisiting of Cristóbal Balenciaga's 1939 Infanta silhouette and Marine Serre's stylish upcycling of deadstock tweed used with flea-market jewelry ("a combination of a Schiaparelli and a Chanel," says Bolton, "and a wonderful conflation of two designers who were always at odds with each other—she reconciled them!").

"I think it's a quest of any designer to look for . . . I will not say 'eternity,' but a certain longevity in your work," says Ghesquière, citing his pride in the value placed on his vintage Balenciaga pieces now. "It's fashion, and it's great to witness our time and to say, 'This is what I feel for now, for *exactly now,* at this moment,' but when your clothes live longer—when your style lives longer—I think that's the best thing." □

A PORTRAIT OF A LADY

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insufficiently ancestral-looking.

Nicholas, of course, has no idea about any of that. Odessa arises from her vanity, appraises herself once more in the mirror before going downstairs to breakfast with her husband. She is fortunate in Nicholas, who's as compassionate and importuning at home as she knows he must be severe when he goes to the bank, a figure who causes clerks to sit up straighter when he enters and, occasionally, to nervously spill their inkpots. Odessa knows a Nicholas invisible to all others; a Nicholas of her own—doting, sentimental, humorous.

She hurries down to her husband. She does not, for the moment at least, worry about any discomposure beyond this: Nicholas will set down his coffee cup, he will assume an expression of wonder at today's first sight of her, and he will say, as if still surprised that he's married to her at all, "Well, then, good morning, Mrs. Bonthrop."

Odessa is in the present now, she has not come unmoored, she is exactly and only a woman going downstairs to have breakfast with her husband. The past is an extended recollection, the future unknowable.

Before she starts downstairs, she hears a woman singing from the street. . .

ee um fah um so
foo swee too eem oo

It's only a beggar singing for coins, and the song is all but lost in the rest of it. . .

Flowers of the sea. . .
Souls feared lost. . .

The horses' hooves and the trolley bells. . . .

She descends the stairs. It is, after all, neither more nor less than the sounds worlds make as they turn their faces to the sun. □

GAL POWER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

life," says Gadot. "Somehow it came out at a point in time where people were really craving it. It made an impact. And Patty and I were very lucky, I would say, that the movie was received the way it was and that it came out in the era it did, and I think we just, without even knowing consciously, ticked a lot of the right boxes. Because it was in our DNA—we didn't have to think about it too much. We were two women who cared about something, and that wound up in the DNA of the movie."

"I miss great, grand, blockbuster films that have all of the things that you go to the movie theaters for," says Jenkins. "Like humor and drama and romance . . . but also weight and significance of narrative. So it's that. I was aiming to make something big and grand but very detailed and thorough. But I also think Wonder Woman stands for something pretty incredible in the world, so I won't say anything about the plot, but she is a god who believes in the betterment of mankind. She's not just defeating bad guys—and that has a lot of resonance with the times we're living in right now."

As Gadot and I are finishing our egg sandwiches, the place begins to fill up with the lunch crowd, and I start looking around to see if there is anyone of note. We get to talking about the fine line between admiring someone from afar and being starstruck. Oddly enough we agree that we would both be nervously excited if Barbra Streisand walked in. You must get a lot of young girls who go a little Wonder Woman gaga over you, I say.

"Yeah, it happens a lot," she says. "Pretty much constantly. My friends ask me, 'Don't you get tired of it? That's your time and space and privacy. You're not the character.' " It is true: At the moment, Wonder Woman is more famous than the actress who plays her. And young girls, at least for now, are starstruck not because they have met Gadot but because they have bumped into Diana Prince, the Amazonian-Olympic demigoddess. "They care," says Gadot. "It had an effect on them; it *meant* something to them. And just because of that, I care for them, and I want to hear what they have to say. Often it's about a profound effect that it's had on their life. Usually it's that it triggered them to make a change, to do something they would never do, to be courageous."

A month later, on an afternoon in mid-March, Gadot calls me to talk about the new reality we're living in. Practically everyone is at home; Gadot's upcoming Netflix movie, *Red Notice,* which she had been filming in L.A. with Ryan Reynolds and Dwayne Johnson, has been put on hiatus. Her parents in Israel have canceled their long-planned Passover visit, which was also meant to be a celebration of their 60th birthdays. "Yes, of course I miss my family," she tells me, "but the biggest priority for all of us is to stay home, not get it, and not give it to other people. With all the sadness and all the big . . . *missing* that I feel, that's the only thing we can do right now."

Maya, her three-year-old, doesn't understand what's happening. "As far as she's concerned, she's on a vacation from preschool." Her older daughter, Alma, is more aware. "But we talk about it in a PG way," Gadot says. "We try to avoid watching the news when they're around. So right now that's the situation. We're trying to enjoy the quality time that we have. The girls are not worried. They feel safe. I think the girls are going to grow up being able to tell their kids that they lived through the corona times. But we're really trying to . . . how do you call it? Um . . . there's a saying. Let me see if I can get it. . . . Um. . . . It's like . . . something in disguise?" She pauses for a moment, and just as I'm about to prompt her, she finds the right words on her own: "Blessing in disguise." □

TRUE NORTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151

tell me they like Marin, even though they'd voted for the Left Alliance. "She knows what she's talking about," Ari tells me. "She says what she thinks." Hanna, who works as an English and Spanish teacher at a vocational college, took a year and a half off after Aino was born, while Ari returned more quickly to his job as an interpreter and translator. Even in super-egalitarian Finland, such gender imbalances are common.

Marin wants to fix that, too. In February she announced that Finland would offer equal paid parental leave, 164 days, to both partners, regardless of gender. (It's also a way to help boost the birth rate, which has been dropping in Finland, as it has across Europe.) The news sparked the envy of stressed-out multitasking parents in certain other developed Western countries with far less generous state support. Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez tweeted a *New York Times* story about Finland's new policy, writing, "This could be us, if we want it to be." (It received a quick retweet from Marin, who is savvy about her social-media feeds.)

When Emma was born, Marin and Räikkönen split their parental leave in half; she took the first six months and he the second. Of course, it helped that her mother and Räikkönen's parents all live within walking distance of their home in Tampere, a formerly industrial city north of Helsinki. Marin has said that after her Social Democratic party voted to make her prime minister, she called Räikkönen to ask if it was okay for her to accept, and he said of course; he'd already spoken to her mother to sort out the child care. "He has more to balance when it comes to work," Marin tells me with a certain pride. "If there is a situation where Emma is sick and we have to take her home, it's my husband's job to do this." Räikkönen seems like a great guy, I say. "He's the best," she says, and here she really does smile.

The couple met when they were 18, in Tampere. (She says at a party; he says at a bar.) "She was a little bit more serious than her peers," he tells me when we meet for coffee at an upscale mall in downtown Helsinki. And she was always interested in politics. "The important thing is to be supportive," he says—about child care and everything else. "She may talk about some issues and I can act as a sounding board," he says. While we're speaking, a woman with a baby in a winterproof stroller and a squirmy toddler comes to sit at the next table over. She doesn't recognize Räikkönen, and that's how he likes it. Though he makes cameo appearances in Marin's Instagram feed, he prefers to keep the focus on her. He works for a communications company and comes more alive talking about Finland's tech culture—Angry Birds, the super-addictive smartphone game, was born here, and so was Linus Torvalds, the software engineer who invented the Linux operating system. He shows me how he can pay for parking with an app on his phone.

Marin and Räikkönen have been engaged for several years but aren't yet married. "We need to put the date into the schedule," he says. Neither proposed to the other; it was more of a joint decision, he says, after many years together. They'll have a civil ceremony, not a church wedding. Meanwhile, both are focused on work and spending time with Emma, with scant downtime devoted to the occasional movie or series. Marin admits she's seen the cult hit *Borgen,* the series about a fictional Danish woman prime minister, but if she sees herself at all in the character of Birgitte Nyborg, who navigates the infighting of a fractious multiparty coalition, she isn't saying. The more time I spend with Marin, who fields questions like a pro and deflects them just as skillfully, the more I think how hard it is to wield power if you're young and female. All leaders have every decision questioned, every move cross-examined, but the scrutiny is even more acute for women. Marin's response, as for many in her generation, seems to involve deploying Instagram. She can curate her image herself, revealing as much or as little as she wants, and keep total control.

In 2017, when Marin was an MP, the couple took a three-week holiday to Italy—by train, of course, the preferred mode of environmental-savvy Nords and Scandinavians. Marin likes going for nature walks in her scant free time, and she's the (vegetarian) cook in the family. She recently came to the aid of an acquaintance who jokingly posted a request on social media for government help with a pasta recipe—a flash of Nordic humor, mocking the notion of the nanny state. "And of

course, as the prime minister of Finland, I had to respond," she says. (And posted her recipe for tomato sauce, spiked with capers.)

Though Marin and Räikkönen divide their time between Helsinki and Tampere, where she made a name for herself on the City Council before becoming a member of Parliament, they'll likely move operations to Helsinki full-time before the next school year, once they find a slot in day care for Emma. "We are all in the same line in Finland. There's no fast lane for ministers," Marin says. Finns take all this for granted. "Everything works. Everything is arranged in a way that you don't have to go through a lot of trouble to arrange your life," says Anu Partanen, the author of *The Nordic Theory of Everything,* a memoir recounting the culture shock she faced when she moved from Finland to Brooklyn. Partanen sees Marin as a poster child for the Finnish model. "She's said as much—because of the education system, the high-quality social services, it's been possible for her to come from a not supereducated, privileged background to become prime minister and at a young age," she says. "It speaks well for the system."

Back at the official residence, Marin and I talk about the unfrozen Baltic Sea in view of the house, an effect of global warming. "Of course I'm worried," Marin tells me. "Of course we all should be very worried about this," she says. "And not just worried—we should all act, or this will get much worse." It's a clear-eyed sense of what's at stake, and how political action can be a solution. The pandemic is still weeks away when Marin tells me this, but I'd like to think her sangfroid is what Finland needs to guide it through the crisis. We hear Emma in the other room, who has returned from frolicking outside with her grandmother. Marin greets her and helps her take off her muddy purple plastic rain boots and her red overalls. Emma babbles something in Finnish, and Marin explains she's saying she no longer needs her little pink hooded wool collar now that she's back inside. I tell Marin's mother that she has a very important job. "I'm the most important person in the country!" she answers and leads Emma up the stairs of the house. The small girl peeks down through the white wooden banister. Marin waves to her, and then it's back to work. □

A NEW SHUDDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

Communist Party meetings," Curtiss says, but her parents also took her to museums, the Musée d'Orsay in particular, where she remembers being riveted by an anonymous Medusa-like marble head, grotesque and screaming. "I'm often galvanized by art that fascinates and petrifies you at the same time," she explains. When she was six, her parents went to Vietnam, taking Julie along, so her father could try to find his biological mother. After five weeks of going to different villages, knocking on doors, they found her. It was a sobering experience that left Julie with a residue of uneasy memories. In France, the family had a reasonably comfortable, lower-middle-class life, but in Vietnam, Julie saw absolute poverty and people deformed by contact with Agent Orange. The Curtisses returned nearly every summer.

Raised as an only child, Curtiss spent a lot of time drawing. For years she wanted to be an illustrator, but just before enrolling in the École des Beaux-Arts she changed her mind. At the Beaux-Arts, she experimented with "creepy" sculptured heads made out of coconuts, with her hair and her baby teeth molded into them. "They were really intimate and dark, like shrunken heads," or like the Japanese Noh masks that fascinated her. She entered some of them in the 2004 LVMH young artists' prize competition and won. This gave her the money to finance an exchange semester at the Art Institute of Chicago. It was her first trip to America, and "it changed my life."

Curtiss's work is sometimes said to be influenced by the Chicago Imagists, artists who worked on the margins of Surrealism and popular culture, but she was barely aware of them at the time. Years later, when a friend showed her a catalog of drawings by Chicago artist Christina Ramberg, "I was in shock," she told me, "because I felt such strong connections with her. I had to work my way through that language and evolve from there."

The real life-changer was when she met Clinton King, a sculptor and performance artist who had just gotten his master's degree from the Art Institute, in 2006. "I laid eyes on her at a karaoke bar in Chicago one night and said to my friends, 'I'm going to marry that woman,' " King tells me. "It was a real case of love at first sight, which is dangerous." They were two very different people who had a lot in common. Clint, as Curtiss calls him, had grown up "in a trailer in the middle of the woods" near Coshocton, Ohio. He's six years older than she is, had been married and divorced, and is, as he puts it, a "natural extrovert, and she's an introvert." They were both committed to art, though, deeply into the anima thinking of Carl Jung, and fixated on Japan. King had been there when he was 19—his first wife was Japanese; Curtiss had been obsessed by manga as a teenager and was addicted to Japanese art, novels (Kawabata, Murakami, and others), and films. After going back to Paris to graduate from the Beaux-Arts, Curtiss joined King in Tokyo. It wasn't easy going. "I was sharing a small apartment in a country where I didn't know anybody, didn't know the language, with a guy I hardly knew," she says. After a year, they separated—King stayed in Japan, and Curtiss went back to Paris. Soon after, her mother was diagnosed with cancer, and Curtiss stayed with her for three years, during which she and King kept up a long-distance relationship. In 2010, Curtiss's mother died, and Curtiss and King moved together to New York. They married at City Hall and then a year later had a small French wedding in Burgundy, where she's recently taken over her parents' "humble" country house.

Curtiss brings us chilled cans of "pamplemousse" La Croix and starts laying out her new series of black-and-white gouaches on the studio floor. Offbeat color combinations have defined her work so far, and it's a little jarring to see such a bold change. But the images have lost none of their ability to perplex and disturb. A giant python is ingesting a crocodile; a cockroach is about to drop into the part in a woman's shiny black hair; two female hands with talon-like fingernails pinch the nipples of a pair of domelike breasts. No faces to be seen, of course, and the images have the same abrupt cropping that characterizes her previous work. "I'm

not trying to spell it out," she says. "It's purposely ambiguous." She uses illustration as an entry point to the subconscious. "When you illustrate, you're already chewing the food, making it easily accessible. Not showing the face creates a distance, and there's a mystery that comes from that."

As a teenager, she was often very depressed. "I had a lot of therapy," she tells me. "I think my art was very therapeutic—just doing it, making sense of things, creating out of a place of darkness." Unlike King, who tends to work in bursts of activity followed by periods of intense social activity, Curtiss works for long hours every day. "I need art to extract this darkness and make sense of it and bring it to the light." Darkness gets into her art in weird juxtapositions that make us laugh and also cause what Victor Hugo called a "new shudder."

But Curtiss herself is anything but depressive. She recently started playing the piano again and has been practicing—Chopin, Satie, Schubert—on a keyboard in her studio. She's also an "omnivorous" consumer of recorded music, everything from rock and jazz and vintage pop to classical and French *chansons.* She and King watch three or four movies a week at home, accompanied by their rescue cat, Dini, short for Houdini. (King is an accomplished magician.) I ask if she wants kids. "At least one," she says—but not right away.

It can be tricky when one member of an artist couple suddenly outshines the other, but "Julie is married to a modern man," as Hollowell told me, and King is all in with her success. His colorful abstract paintings were featured in the latest edition of Spring/Break in early March, in a booth of his own. "I made work until I was 34, and no one was paying attention," Curtiss says. "I had no shows whatsoever. It was hard. I was working then, and I'm working now, and I'll work when people stop paying attention, because eventually that happens. I'm just waiting for Clint to take it over, so I can chill."□

SUPPORT SYSTEM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

deep enough to produce results is like smooshing tomatoes against the outside of a can, thinking you'll end up with tomato juice inside. The only way clinically proven ingredients such as retinoids for cellular turnover, vitamin C for brightness, and protein-building peptides can help stimulate collagen growth in the second layer of skin, says Jegasothy, is through procedures such as microneedling, in which a macelike device uses superthin needles to make microscopic perforations, or Fraxel laser, the insinuation of a lot of pinpoint light beams. If you're after a few hours of hydration and glow, however—and I am—the thicker the neck cream the better. "The skin on your neck is thinner than the skin on the face and has fewer oil glands," Jegasothy adds, "so it can tolerate more hydration without suffering from clogged pores and acne."

But what of other, slightly more invasive "noninvasive procedures"? There are, it turns out, many treatments under $20,000 that supposedly improve the appearance of your neck, no scalpels required—especially if your cosmetic concern is a double chin. This, incidentally, is the affliction you want to acquire or be born with, according to Anne Chapas, M.D., a New York–based dermatologist, as it can be correctable, depending on age and severity. Since 2015, doctors have had success injecting an FDA-approved fat-dissolving acid (brand name Kybella) into necks that are, er, overendowed with fullness. (A natural form of this molecule is found in the intestine, where it helps break down dietary fats, explains Chapas.) Anywhere from one to six sessions spaced one month apart may be required, and it isn't intolerably painful, I hear. There may be swelling for a few days, and then—presto!—you have a selfie-ready jawline, and those particular fat cells aren't coming back. Other easy and effective methods for getting rid of your Mitch McConnell jiggle include CoolSculpting, which freezes your fat to death.

Unfortunately, this is not my problem.

"Tighten your neck for me like this," Lisa Airan, M.D., tells me in her ultrachic Upper East Side office, making the exaggerated grimace a child would make if asked to eat brussels sprouts. I immediately trust Airan, who specializes in aesthetic dermatology and skin-cancer surgery, because she has the qualities I look for in a doctor: sensational clothes, and she laughs at all of my jokes. "See how when you do that, it obliterates your jawline and creates two vertical bands, and when you relax, it returns to normal?" I agree: It's a bad look, sort of a geriatric version of Frankenstein's monster. Airan injects Botox into my platysma—a flat muscle that runs from my jaw to my clavicle, with a division down the center that grows wider like the Continental Drift as we grow older. The effect, to make these ropy bands appear less pronounced, lasts around four months, Airan explains, adding that Botox on the neck can also work wonders if used preventatively, the theory being that if you can't exercise your wrinkle-producing muscles in your 40s, there will be less wear and tear on your skin in the long run.

All of this talk about how to make young necks look younger is making me feel older. My uneasiness is not alleviated when I ask Jegasothy if she has ever told a patient she is too old for nonsurgical help. "All the time," she reveals. "Some ladies come in, hope against hope. In general, if someone comes to me for the first time, never having had anything done, at age 65, there's not much I can do for them."

Unprepared to retire to Florida and play shuffleboard in the sun all day—a bad idea considering the World Health Organization estimates up to 90 percent of visible aging can be blamed on sun damage—I receive a laser treatment from Airan in an effort to improve my neck's tone and texture, as well as get rid of fine lines. For about 20 minutes she zigzags the white wand from her Genesis laser, which resembles an immersion blender (minus the blade) across my neck to wound my collagen into repair mode, a sensation that feels pleasantly warm. Much like natural hair color, collagen—which starts to deteriorate in our 20s—is wasted on the young.

Back to old me. That night, my boyfriend, who is so oblivious to appearances, I doubt he knows the current color of my hair, remarks that he thinks my neck looks dramatically smoother; I couldn't see a change. As for the Botox, the before and after photos are so radically different, the latter taken after the neurotoxin took effect, that a few friends swear the before picture is not my neck. Come to think of it, the image does look a little like a Ruffles potato chip. . . .

What else could I try?

"I'm so glad *Vogue* didn't send me a 25-year-old," says Chapas, as if a Neanderthal had walked upright into her office at Union Square Laser Dermatology, a large, familiarly white facility with high ceilings and spectacular Manhattan views. If I'd been 45 or younger, Chapas says, she would have recommended Ultherapy, an ultrasound treatment that addresses skin laxity but not texture. However, I'm a "great candidate" for RF Microneedling, she says, which incorporates radio frequency while piercing the surface of the skin to allow a follow-up dose of radio-frequency energy to zap collagen into action several millimeters down. The treatment, which sounds more like a tactic you'd take with the person you live with to make him pick up his socks off the floor, works on fine lines as well as acting like a shrink-wrap to tighten skin. After covering my face in numbing cream, Chapas uses the handpiece of the Secret RF device with 64 needles to infiltrate her target, i.e., me. It sounds as if she is repetitively stapling my neck, but I feel almost nothing. Aside from some residual redness, I won't see results for at least 90 days, Chapas tells me.

These kinds of correctives and cures fill me with skepticism, but, I admit, also hope. In this case, I feel as if I have received a lottery ticket for eternal youth, but the chances are slim I'll win. Treatment No. 2 (of the three to five recommended) happens a month later, and while I was looking forward to it, I can't say it has made much of a difference. Yet.

Melissa Doft, M.D., a very sensible, un-pushy plastic surgeon who wears no makeup and has an office that is noticeably without a fashionable white sheen, confirms what I already assume to be true: For most women past their late 40s, nonsurgical measures will never result in an acutely defined neck and jawline. "The noninvasive stuff is like ironing and cleaning a dress to make it sparkle," says Doft, "whereas surgery is like taking a dress to the tailor to make it fit perfectly." She adds that a facelift lasts about 10 years, which

In This Issue

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ONCE UPON A TIME IN FASHION

117: Alexander McQueen dress (price upon request) and belt ($1,290); alexander mcqueen.com. **120–121:** Louis Vuitton embroidered cape; $12,700; (866) VUITTON.

GAL POWER

124–125: Embroidered tulle dress, price upon request; valentino.com for information. Tiffany & Co. Tiffany Victoria diamond earring, $9,000 for pair; tiffany.com. **126–127:** Embroidered silk dress, price upon request; irisvanherpen.com. **128–129:** Silk faille dress, price upon request; schiaparelli.com for information. **130–131:** Hand-embroidered crystal dress, $64,500; tomford.com. Boots, worn throughout, $695; tamaramellon.com. **132–133:** Chiffon feather cape and dress; priced upon request; (800) 929-DIOR for special order. In this story: Manicurist, Emi Kudo. Tailor, Susie's Custom Designs.

TIME WILL TELL

136–137: Patek Philippe Hunter-case pocket watch; $49,330. **138:** Hermès Galop d'Hermès watch, $3,750. Omega vintage 1955 Ladymatic watch from the Omega Museum private collection, price upon request. Blouse, $8,000. Jacket from the Chanel fall 1983 haute couture collection, Patrimoine de Chanel. **139:** Tiffany & Co. Tiffany Art Deco watch, $30,000. Tank top ($3,190), pants ($3,590), and loafers ($695). Saint Laurent–Rive Gauche Veste de Smoking AH 71-72. Courtesy of Collection Olivier Châtenet. **140–141:** Dress, $1,290; saksfifthavenue.com. Top from the Paco Rabanne spring 1967 haute couture collection. Hermès Cape Cod watch, $3,675; hermes.com. **142–143:** Bvlgari Serpenti Seduttori watch, $6,950. **144:** Pants from the Prada fall 1996 collection. Top ($1,060), blazer ($4,040), and sandals (price upon request). Chanel watch, $3,700; (800) 550-0005. **145:** Van Cleef & Arpels Pierre Arpels watch, $16,100. **146–147:** Long-sleeved cashmere-knit bodysuit and leather pants (priced upon request) and shoes ($1,625). Hermès Cape Cod watch, $2,950. Trench coat from the Hermès spring 2003 collection. In this story: Manicurist, Christina Conrad. Tailor, Lucienne Malatesta.

TRUE NORTH

148–149: Dress, $6,800; gabrielahearst.com.

UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL

158–159: Blazer, $1,950. Shirt, $790. Scarf, $68; clyde.world. The M Jewelers locket necklace ($100) and ring ($100); themjewelersny.com. Belt, $175; wkleinberg.com. Bag, $1,790; ralphlauren.com. Tory Burch neckerchief, tied on bag, $78; toryburch.com. Boots, $875; stuartweitzman.com. **160:** Dress, price upon request. Earring, $420 for pair; agmesnyc.com. Graff diamond bracelet, price upon request; graff.com. Slingback pumps, $695; manoloblahnik.com. **161:** Knit vest, $228; similar styles at tory burch.com. Skirt, $736; matchesfashion.com. Santangelo Pacha earring, $380 for pair; santangelo.studio. Jewels earring, $375 for pair; jewelsarts.com. Ariana Boussard-Reifel Papyrus earring, $595 for pair; arianaboussardreifel.com. Rogue Rose beaded necklaces. Laruicci

is likely cumulatively cheaper than many years' worth of shorter-lasting procedures. I mention that when I was in my 20s, and even my 40s, I couldn't imagine getting a facelift; now I realize that it wasn't on lofty principle that I couldn't visualize surgery but because aging was inconceivable. "That's why I was excited that you are an older writer," Doft says, echoing Chapas. "Sometimes it's hard to talk to women who are so far away from needing surgery. They'll say, 'Oh, my grandmother did that.' " At least she didn't use the word *spry*.

So, if the microneedling doesn't work, then what? Macrene Alexiades, M.D., Ph.D., a Manhattan-based cosmetic dermatologist, gets my hopes up again. Alexiades has worked extensively in the field of scientific research and product development, including being part of a team 20 years ago that did an FDA trial for Thermage, the first noninvasive radio-frequency device used on the neck to heat the deeper, collagen-rich layers of the skin for smoother, tighter contours. Still a fan of the device for women in their 40s, Alexiades has spent the past 15 years working on something else in her lab: a topical product that will make noninvasive procedures obsolete and halt the signs of aging. The catch? You have to start when you're in your 30s.

Should I get surgery? I ask. "No," she replies. "You have a good neck. What you also have, though, are the jowls." I frown, no doubt making my problem worse. For now, she recommends sunscreen as my best recourse. "It's never too late for prevention, because your neck will always get worse."

As I try to decide whether to put that in the good- or bad-news file, another alternative occurs to me—the most noninvasive option there is: to simply do nothing. For now, I have stopped worrying about my neck, vaguely comforted by the news that not just my neck but all necks—those that have been surgically enhanced and, maybe especially, those in their 30s—are, to paraphrase Isaac Newton, going downhill. I'm looking forward to my Florida Panhandle future, and shifting my focus to my jowls. □

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silver-plated multistrand necklace, $130; laruicci.com. Stephen Dweck chiastolite-and-rosewood bangle, $4,885; neimanmarcus.com. Tiffany & Co. Elsa Peretti red lacquer bangle, $490; tiffany.com. Dinosaur Designs bangles, $98 each; dinosaurdesigns.com. **162:** Coat, $2,990. Pants, $847. Tote bag, $35; llbean.com. Sneakers, $75; reebok.com. **163:** Trench coat, $2,565. Earrings, $4,880; lanajewelry.com. Cartier High Jewelry 18K-rose-gold necklaces with coral, onyx, black lacquer, and diamonds, priced upon request; (800) CARTIER for information. Cartier Les Galaxies de Cartier 18K-yellow-gold bracelet with diamonds, sapphires, and opals, price upon request; (855) 888-8798 for information. Tiffany & Co. Elsa Peretti lacquered Japanese hardwood bangle, $550; tiffany.com. Mark Davis vintage Bakelite-and-18K- gold bangle with sapphires and rhodolite, $12,800; markdavis.com. **164:** Chain-mail dress and slip dress, priced upon request. Earrings, $9,995; lanajewelry.com. Ariana Boussard-Reifel sterling-silver cuff bracelets, $1,495–$1,850; arianaboussardreifel.com. Chloé brass bracelets, $305–$450; chloe.com. Bvlgari Serpenti 18K- white-gold-and-diamond bracelet, $53,000; bulgari.com. Zaxie stacked ring, $68; zaxie.com. Chrome Hearts sterling-silver ring, $990; chromehearts.com. The M Jewelers sterling-silverrings,$100–$125; themjewelersny.com. Wedge sandals, $1,450; giuseppezanotti.com. **165:** Pants, $500. Turtleneck, $1,390. Earrings; similar styles at jenniferfisherjewelry.com. Bvlgari High Jewelry Monete necklace, price upon request; bvlgari.com. Foundrae 18K-gold necklaces ($7,350–$12,645) and charms ($795–$4,500); foundrae.com. Tiffany & Co. Elsa Peretti cabochon ring, $3,500; tiffany.com. Bvlgari Serpenti rings, $3,550–$4,950; bulgari.com for information. Kim Dunham 14K-gold-and-diamond signet ring, $4,800; kimdunham.com. Bag, $730; nordstrom.com. Boots, $2,300; pacorabanne.com. **166–167:** Top ($480) and pants ($900). SVNR hoop earring, $135; svnrshop.com. Leigh Miller hoop earring, $345 for pair, leighmiller.us. Doyle & Doyle lapis-and-diamond ring, $985; doyledoyle.com. Tiffany & Co. Elsa Peretti cabochon ring, $3,500; tiffany.com. Jennifer Fisher signet ring, $225; jenniferfisherjewelry.com. Brent Neale 14K-gold-and-orange sapphire ring, $3,850; twistonline.com. Sandals, $1,095; jimmychoo.com. In this story: Manicurist, Megumi Yamamoto. Tailor, Leah Huntsinger.

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168–169: 3. 18K-rose-gold earrings, $6,450. **6.** Denim jacket, $2,700. **8.** Velvet Baguette handbag, $3,390. **9.** Boot, $800. **10.** Trench coat, $2,890. **12.** Special-edition Whitney bag, design by Renzo Piano Building Workshop, $1,220. On Hammam, top left photo: Knit vest, $228; similar styles at toryburch.com. Skirt, $736; matchesfashion.com. Falke socks, $32; bloomingdales.com. Rag & Bone boots, $595; rag-bone.com. On Hammam, bottom right photo: Falke socks, $32; bloomingdales.com. Tabitha Simmons sandals, $695; similar styles at tabithasimmons.com. **170–171: 1.** Shirtdress, $950. **3.** Tiffany & Co. Tiffany T T1 bangle, $9,000. **4.** Bag, $2,675. **5.** Sandal, $1,995. **7.** Cartier Love 18K-rose-gold-and-diamond earrings, $10,400. **10.** Dress, $1,725. **11.** Skirt, $1,745. **15.** Vintage enamel-and-diamond locket pendant ($3,000) and 18K-gold double chain necklace ($18,000).

FIRST LOOK

180: Dress, $2,553. Manicurist, Lisa Jancho. Tailor, Trish December.

LAST LOOK

184: Vintage Van Cleef & Arpels Art Deco bracelets, priced upon request; stephenrussell.com.

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IN THE PINK
A SURPRISE HIT ON THE FALL RUNWAYS, CHEEK-WARMING BLUSH HAS ALWAYS BEEN A STAPLE FOR KATERINA TANNENBAUM. RICHARD QUINN DRESS. FASHION EDITOR: ALEXANDRA CRONAN. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

Flush Forward

In this month's *Betty,* HBO's female-led skateboarding comedy based on the 2018 Sundance hit *Skate Kitchen,* actor Katerina Tannenbaum plays a queer teen who dabbles in glitter makeup and heart-shaped sequins. "It was really fun to play around," says the 26-year-old Oregon native, who looked to the beauty mainstays preferred by TikTok stars to help create anime-inspired looks—a far cry from her everyday routine. "If I had to keep one thing in my bag, it would be blush," says Tannenbaum, a "fair-skinned Russian girl" who relies on a rosy glow to bring out her freckles. The time-tested makeup staple has been part of her arsenal since middle school, when Ellen Von Unwerth's noughties-era Guess ads offered billboard-size endorsements for super-glossy lips and an allover blush application—a multitasking approach that got a similar bump on the fall runways, where pink pigment was swept underneath cheekbones and up toward the temples in darker shades for a more severe effect, or concentrated on the apples in a soft, angelic gesture. Tannenbaum's own willingness to experiment with dark eye shadow, red lipstick, and strong eyeliner was part of her appeal as a sex worker and young mother in this year's short-lived series *AJ and the Queen* on Netflix, in which she costarred with RuPaul. "Just seeing Ru's team help him get ready on set taught me so much," she says of the crash course in layering, highlights, and contours. As for whether she's ready for the legendary drag performer's full-beat makeup routine, Tannenbaum balks. "I don't think I have the skills!"—**MOLLY CREEDEN**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICAIAH CARTER

HAIR, JOEY GEORGE; MAKEUP, STOJ; PRODUCED BY MARGOT FODOR. SET DESIGN, OLIVIA GILES; DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

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OLAY SKIN PROMISE

Last Look



Van Cleef & Arpels bracelets from Stephen Russell

When this trio of bracelets circa 1928 catch the light just so, they gleam like the top of the Chrysler building (which broke ground around the same time). Each of them (the bracelets, not the building) features diamonds in a platinum setting and an Art Deco–like stacking of peridots, citrines, and amethysts. Individually, they can more than hold their own on your wrist, but layering is just as lovely—in this particular instance, three is *not* a crowd.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GRANT CORNETT

SET DESIGN, NOEMI BONAZZI. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

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