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VOGUE

APR

SELENA GOMEZ

TALKS POLITICS,
FAITH, AND
MAKING THE
MUSIC OF
HER CAREER

VISION QUEST

AN EYE LIFT IN
A BOTTLE?

FULL HOUSE

MODELS, MUSICIANS, DESIGNERS, AND MORE
ON THE FASHIONABLE ART OF STAYING IN

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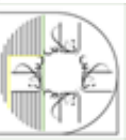
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VOGUE

April 2021



EARTHLY DELIGHTS

EMILIE GHILAGA (WEARING A BROCK COLLECTION SKIRT) AND TREVOR CARLISLE AT GHILAGA'S HOME IN COSTA RICA. PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAISY JOHNSON.

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Cover Look Rare Edition

Selena Gomez wears a Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello dress. Cartier earrings. To get this look, try: Liquid Touch Weightless Foundation in 190w, Liquid Touch Brightening Concealer in 170w, Stay Vulnerable Melting Blush in Nearly Rose, Perfect Strokes Matte Liquid Liner, Brow Harmony Pencil and Gel in Cool Brown, and With Gratitude Dewy Lip Balm in Blessed. All by Rare Beauty. Hair, Edward Lampley; makeup, Hung Vanngo. Details, see In This Issue.
Photographer: Nadine Ijewere.
Fashion Editor: Gabriella Karefa-Johnson.

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SITTINGS EDITOR: MARK GUIDUCCI.

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SOMEWHERE IN LORO PIANA



Loro Piana



Letter From the Editor



INSIDE INFORMATION

LEFT: MUSICIAN GARY CLARK JR., HIS WIFE, NICOLE TRUNFIO, AND THEIR CHILDREN IN TEXAS, PHOTOGRAPHED BY RAHIM FORTUNE. ABOVE: WRITER AND PHOTOGRAPHER ANNABELLE HICKSON'S HOME IN AUSTRALIA. PHOTOGRAPHED BY HICKSON.

Homeland

WHAT DOES A YEAR AT HOME teach us? I've been thinking about this question quite a bit this winter. I've thought back 12 months, to March 2020, when everything changed—so suddenly, it seemed. We all have our turning points. For me, for whatever reason, the news of Tom Hanks contracting COVID-19 in Australia was that moment, a shift in mindset. I was at home when I read the news. And home is where I've been—more or less—ever since.

This has not been altogether a bad thing. Of course, like you, I miss *so* many things—travel, restaurants, seeing friends, fashion shows, being out in the world. But there is another side to this year: We've turned our focus to our personal spaces in all sorts of interesting ways. We've had time (plenty of it!) to rethink and reassess our homes. I would say that, one year into this pandemic, our homes now reflect our personalities and our values as never before.

That's the premise of this issue—personality at home. We wanted to see how a host of models, musicians, creatives, and designers of all stripes have transformed their lives and the way they live. That may mean Ziggy Marley and his family setting up a garden boxing gym in Los Angeles, or the model and actor Dilone moving in with her mother on Long Island—and staying—or the exciting young pop artist Beabadoobee cozying into her cluttered bedroom in London and making the Instagram-approved hits that have propelled her to stardom. The fashion world knows how much our homes matter to us, and designers have

expanded their collections accordingly—the best new finds from our favorite houses fill the pages that follow.

Our cover star knows a thing or two about making the most of being housebound. Selena Gomez is, among other things, a quite accomplished home cook (and has translated that skill into an appealing new quarantine show, *Selena + Chef*). She's also been preparing her first, long-promised Spanish-language recording, *Revelación*, which, she tells Jia Tolentino in her profile, “is really an homage to my heritage.” Selena grew up in Texas with fluent Spanish but lost the language over the years, so this is a kind of personal exploration for her—as is Selena's growing commitment to political activism. She played a significant role in getting out the vote for President Biden's win in November (the first time Selena herself voted). No less than Stacey Abrams sings her praises. Meeting Selena was revelatory, Abrams says. She's that kind of first-time voter “who comes to participation because she knows better is both possible and her right.” It reminds me that a year like the one we've had teaches you to focus—on what matters, what's important to you, and how to make the most of what lies ahead.

Amalifar.

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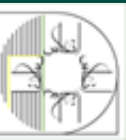
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Contributors



Isabel Okoro

Now in her final semester at the University of Toronto, where she's earning dual degrees in neuroscience and psychology, Okoro spends what little free time she has doing what many 19-year-olds do: "I really enjoy listening to podcasts," she says. "I also play a lot of Candy Crush." During her breaks at home in Nigeria, however, her photography practice, centered on "a personal visualization of Black utopia," is in full swing. For this issue, she shot Faridah Folawiyo—of the luxury concept shop Alára—at her parents' home in Lagos. (See the portfolio "No Place Like Home" on page 64.) In her subject, Okoro found something of a kindred spirit. "Faridah is an image maker herself, so we had some interesting conversations about photography," she says. "She was very open to taking direction but also knew how she wanted to represent herself."



Jia Tolentino

"Early on in my baby's life I was despairingly certain that I'd never be able to think or write or function again," says Tolentino, a staff writer at *The New Yorker* and first-time mom. (Her daughter, Paloma, was born in August.) "But I've been trying to let myself be looser and easier about work; to redirect some energy away from productivity and toward care." With the support of her boyfriend, Andrew, who "squeezed every last second out of his three months of family leave," Tolentino's return to writing was "gradual and wonderful"—and among her first big stories is a profile of Selena Gomez ("Brand-New Day," page 96), whose career she'd been following since 2013. It was, needless to say, a memorable assignment: "It's been a while since I've had a reporting experience quite like walking into Selena Gomez's house and asking if I could put a bottle of breast milk in the fridge."



Rachel Kushner

For Kushner, who recalls the graphic fabrics of her bohemian Oregon childhood in "Magic School Bus" (Up Front, page 38), life since last March has been extraordinarily ordinary, colored both by grief and by quotidian delights. "My home office offers a view of downtown L.A. and one of Dodger Stadium," says the novelist, a longtime resident of Angelino Heights. (Her latest book, *The Hard Crowd: Essays 2000–2020*, arrives from Scribner this month.) "The glow from Dodger Stadium used to indicate baseball. Now the lights indicate they are working late giving COVID vaccinations." Meanwhile, her 13-year-old son, Remy—a classically trained pianist—has been filling the house with music, cycling through a repertoire of Ravel, Debussy, and Schubert for Kushner and her husband, the writer and professor Jason Smith. "We've had two trips to see my parents," Kushner says, "but we've mostly been at home, riding this out, dealing with losses, mourning, and on constant alert for the joys that are available to us."

OKORO: COURTESY OF SUBJECT; TOLENTINO: ELENA MUDD; KUSHNER: GABBY LAURENT.



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Magic School Bus

The kaleidoscopic fabric that decorated the bus in which Rachel Kushner's counterculture parents made a home provided an education of its own.

The same summer of 1967 that Joan Didion went to San Francisco to report on the hippies, a term she put in quotation marks, my parents had converted an old school bus to a groovy if primitive house on wheels and caravanned from St. Louis to Eugene, Oregon, where they were starting a new life. As Didion was listening to the ramble of paranoiacs in Golden Gate Park and encountering the famous Susan, a five-year-old in white lipstick who was being regularly dosed with acid by her mother, my parents and my older brother were moving their bus between state and county parks around Eugene, in order to keep ahead of ordinances designed to discourage long-term parking. They had no money, and my father's teaching job didn't begin until September (and even then, he'd have to wait 30 days for a paycheck). During that Summer of Love and for a few months after, my family camped in

state parks. They swam in rivers and took in the luminous greenery. Didion, meanwhile, published her essay on the milieu she encountered in Haight-Ashbury, which she depicted as a seedy maelstrom of broken, lost, and nihilistic people, with the exception of those who were, in Didion's eyes, too gullible to be nihilists.

Not gullible, lost, or nihilists, my parents knew better than to share the acid with the children. And despite the look of their converted school bus, which was painted in a multicolored array of "way-out" motifs and colors and furnished with a wood-burning stove, they didn't really consider themselves hippies—which, to them, seemed a movement with its own conformities, and they were against conformities. That said, they looked like >44

WAY OUT

KUSHNER'S BROTHER, JAKE, IS PICTURED HERE AT AGE TWO, WITH A CUSTOM GRILL DESIGNED BY THE AUTHOR'S UNCLE, DAVID KUSHNER.



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Up Front

Fine Prints

hippies, lived like hippies, and were very often mistaken for hippies, both by hippies themselves, who saw the bus and were hoping for drugs, and by antagonists, who saw the bus and wanted it immediately towed away. Ken Kesey, the spiritual father of the Merry Pranksters, by that point living on a farm outside Eugene, got wind of new arrivals and mistook them for devotees.

My parents had chosen Eugene after seeing photos of tall conifers and a dramatic nearby coast, along with a want ad for a one-year job there teaching philosophy, my father's discipline at the time. I was born in Eugene a year later, and by that point, we lived in a house. The bus was parked in our driveway and roared to life for periodic odysseys or when our car was not running, which was often, in which case my mother was forced to grocery-shop in a gigantic Prankster-mobile with a loose gear shifter. To have this eccentric old vehicle in our driveway gave us a certain infamy among the more conservative working-class loggers in Eugene, to whom we probably did not seem respectable, but to me the bus was completely normal. I didn't know anything else.

The cloth that adorned the school-bus windows, a slippery fabric in a psychedelic harlequin geometry, and the kaleidoscope pattern of the little hand-sewn sleeping bag that was my bus bedding might even be my earliest memories. We had this fabric—sent by my paternal grandfather, a screen-printer in New York City—in different designs, paisleys and floral blooms and soft runnels of sherbet pastels, both in the bus and all over the house. Periodically, beat-up packing crates filled with folded material arrived in Oregon from New York. My grandfather, Bernard “Buddy” Kushner, had named his company Bernard Screen Print, and that's how we referred to the material. I remember going to the plant, in Queens, as a kid visiting my grandparents, and hearing the thundering sound of the rollers. My grandfather showed me his gigantic collection of ties, gifted to him by his various clients, who brought cloth and a design for him to print. (My grandmother, who had an austere, Shaker-like taste and preferred the earth tones that were a mark of midcentury refinement, never would have worn Bernard Screen Print. Its man-made fibers of nylon, polyester, and acetate, dyed densely in bright colors, were too flashy and loud for her.) My father's younger brother worked at the plant as a color specialist and demonstrated for us how the dyes were mixed. Later he wondered if his partial hearing loss was a result of spending long days in a deafening factory. When I recently asked my father why he had not gone into the family trade and instead escaped to the West Coast, he reminded me that he is colorblind.

On her Singer Featherweight, my mother fashioned from Bernard Screen Print minidresses and pantsuits

for herself, dresses for me and for my dolls, as well as bell-bottoms that I wore at age three, and for my brother and dad, tank tops and more elaborate shirts. Bernard Screen Print covered my bedroom window. It was made into wallpaper by my mother's handiwork with a hot glue gun. And it served as drapery curtains over the French doors in our living room, doors we never opened because they led to a six-foot drop where there had been a porch, which the previous tenants had burned in the furnace after they ran out of wood.

There's an implicit critique of every woman Didion encounters in her famous essay on the hippies, “Slouching Towards Bethlehem”—which she later insisted was *not* about hippies but instead the destruction of an entire social order, and yet she is openly dismayed that the women she meets seem unrenovated in their gender conformity. “I ask if she wants to drive in the Park,” Didion narrates of one interview subject, “but she is too busy. She is out to buy wool for her loom.” The women she portrays do seem

to spend a lot of time baking and crafting and looking after children. My mother did all these things, too, including obtain wool for her loom (though she likely found some ingenious way to get it for free). By the time I was born, in 1968, my mother was in the weavers' guild. She was building furniture by hand. She was growing food. Chopping “chunk” wood for our furnace. Washing cloth diapers by hand. And sewing our clothes. My father's one-year teaching

appointment had run out. With no income, my mother was resourcefully attempting to help make ends meet by running a day care out of our house. People would drop off toddlers at 8 a.m. for a morning of structured play. Reams of Bernard Screen Print, silky and bold and wild, were one of my mother's prime techniques for focusing the exploratory energy of her young charges. The kids would ecstatically roll around in it in our living room, which was unfurnished, except for foam mattresses on the floor—covered, of course, in Bernard Screen Print.

By the time I entered school, both my parents were graduate students in biological sciences. My mother was always at the lab. She wasn't around to craft and weave and cook, but with our limited financial resources, the need for ingenuity remained. My brother and I chopped the chunk wood. Sewed our own pajamas. Weeded our vegetable garden. Supplemented our income with paper routes and jobs in bakeries and restaurants, where, too young to be paid legally, we were given food to bring home.

In 1970, my grandfather Buddy began collaborating with a Brooklyn group called Design Works of Bedford-Stuyvesant, which was founded by the designers

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They didn't really
consider themselves
hippies—which, to them,
seemed a movement
with its own conformities,
and they were
against conformities



Shown with Maryam and Ando

19 29
MATOUK

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Up Front

Fine Prints

D.D. and Leslie Tillett in collaboration with Jackie Kennedy. Design Works was formed to showcase Black artists, to teach neighborhood youths dye-mixing and screen-printing techniques, and to train people for careers in the trade; in short, it aimed to enrich and raise up a community. The ideas behind Design Works appealed to Buddy deeply. He had been born in a tenement on the Lower East Side to Russian Jewish immigrants, and from the time he was a child, he had worked in the clothing shop his father owned on Orchard Street. The family had eventually moved to a brownstone in Bedford-Stuyvesant.

By the 1960s, Bedford-Stuyvesant was largely Black, and Buddy wanted the people who lived there to have the kinds of opportunities that he felt he had. All of the fabrics created in their workshop on Dekalb Avenue were designed by members of the Black community and drawn from African motifs. The initiative was a huge success; when Design Works' first textile collection debuted, at a glamorous party at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Diana Vreeland was in attendance.

We freeloaders in Oregon were lucky beneficiaries: Our sheets and towels in Eugene were all Design Works "Bakuba" imagery, by the acclaimed Black textile artist Sheri Nero, who had traveled all over West Africa studying designs to inspire the pattern she developed. My "Bakuba" sheets were a duotone block print of African mammals, subdued but striking. I slept on those sheets, and their chocolate-and-cream patterns of elephants, zebras, ibex, and lions, my entire childhood. (I was sick a lot with strep throat and, thus, sadly well acquainted with my bedsheets.)

Now I realize that not just my bed but my entire childhood was upholstered by these fabrics. My mother's clothes and her specific, risqué but earthy DIY glamour when she dressed up. The swirling colors of the tank top my brother wore as he and his friends jumped off the roof into our backyard in Eugene for kicks. The purple-striped curtains separating my brother's room from the rest of our attic, where one of his friends duped me, at age 10, into drinking bong water. The busy Bernard Screen Print I'd draped around the plywood bunk bed my mother had built, after I'd seen frilly canopy beds in the Sears Christmas catalog. Knowing I'd never be getting one of those, I was trying to fashion my own version.

When I was 10 going on 11, we sold the bus. Moved out of the house in Eugene and headed to San Francisco, where my parents had gotten postdoc positions. Eugene had begun to feel limitingly familiar and small to me. I saw my destiny there, among my older brother's friends: to become a townie. I longed to be worldly. I was on the cusp of adolescence and excited by the idea of a real city. I wanted to be a teenager, to wear makeup, to be a girl at large on dense urban streets among strangers.

That same year, 1979, Design Works closed its doors, and Bernard Screen Print went belly-up a year later, having

lost its clients to cheaper printing operations. My grandfather, a union man to the core, had been steadily undercut all through the 1960s by right-to-work laws in the South, which allowed for less regulated, nonunion labor. In the economic devastation of the 1970s, the printers in the South, too, lost their business, to cheaper operations in Mexico and Latin America, which in turn lost their business to even cheaper printers in China and Indonesia. Globalization had arrived, a death knell for many American manufacturers.

Meanwhile, we moved into an apartment in San Francisco that was just a few blocks from Haight-Ashbury, where the world that revolted Joan Didion had turned even darker. A partnership between hippies and heroin seemed the most lasting residue of the Summer of Love. Runaway kids and Vietnam veterans and other struggling people lived in tents at the end of Haight Street, where it abutted Golden Gate Park.

As an adolescent who had gotten what she wanted—a city, strangers, and unlimited exploring—I walked the Haight with my friends. Passing a small group of crust punks one day, I saw that one of them had a pillow with my "Bakuba" print of African mammals. The kids were spread out on the sidewalk with their backpacks and bedrolls. I stopped. I had never seen that print anywhere but on my own bed. One of the kids, seated cross-legged, was holding a pit bull by a homemade leash, his elbows on the pillow. It was as if the memories from my own childhood had escaped and were projected onto this material in a stranger's lap. I almost spoke, but I realized there was nothing to say. I kept walking.

If I had tried to tell him about the fabric, where it came from, I'd only be telling him about *me*. In any event, it was just a pillowcase. And for him, it meant either something entirely different, or it meant nothing at all. □



BABY STEPS

KUSHNER'S MOTHER, PINKY DROSTEN KUSHNER, IN A MINIDRESS MADE FROM BERNARD SCREEN PRINT FABRIC, AND THE AUTHOR, AGE ONE.



— ★ ★ ★ —

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Sour Candy

Tart, refreshing, versatile—small-batch vinegars are having a moment among the homebound culinary set. Tamar Adler restocks her pantry.

Did you know that there exists a wild yeast that spends its winters hibernating on the backs of bumblebees? Or that most ancient medicinal texts, whether Chinese, Persian, or Greek, refer to vinegar (from the French *vin aigre* and the Latin *vinum acetum*, or soured wine) as a nostrum? Or that yeast, sugar, and

bacteria exist in flower nectar, so that all fruits are, from the moment of their inception, on a natural path to becoming vinegar?

I learned these facts from Oregon-based vinegar maker Kirsten Shockey on Zoom while I noisily pureed Cortland apples into a slurry and stirred a jar full of old wine. I had an early copy of Shockey's upcoming

book, *Homebrewed Vinegar*, a fold of cheesecloth, and several jars at my side. I'd swept everything else to a corner of my kitchen—my kimchi >50

ACID HOUSE

Boutique vinegars, like these from Pineapple Collaborative, Brightland, and Tart, are perfect for the kitchen or the bar. Photographed by Tierney Gearon.




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crock, my eight unopened sourdough books—to make room for this next big microbiological obsession.

You can't ignore that vinegar is having a moment. New York City-based Pineapple Collaborative's The ACV, a cider vinegar made from heirloom-variety apples, is so popular it has sold out four times. Brightland's champagne vinegar, in a pert, beautiful bottle, would be at home on boutique shelves beside scented candles. Tart Vinegar, by Brooklyn-based Chris Crawford, has put celery vinegar on the condiment map. Acid League's six-month-old line of living vinegars (tagline "Gastronomy with Gut") made their way into Whole Foods within a month of launch. The phenomenon is coast to coast. There's Supreme, Keepwell, and Native in Pennsylvania; American Vinegar Works in Massachusetts; Linder Farms in Virginia; Mad-House in Ohio; Yesfolk in New York; and Blackberry Farm in Tennessee. If you expand the list, as you should, to include shrubs—vinegar-based cordials—the number and variety of sour fermented libations astonishes. Many are sold for cooking *or* drinking. Their makers are young, environmentally savvy, concerned with biodiversity and upcycling excess harvests and food scraps. The vinegars are raw and living, with strands of sediment and "mother" (a cellulose layer comprising yeast and acetobacter) still paddling around inside them. They come in flavors like kombu, knotweed, banana, basil, and Montmorency cherry.

It must be said that vinegar and its myriad flavors and benefits aren't *new*. As Sandor Katz, the unofficial grandfather of the fermentation movement, puts it concisely in his newest book, *Fermentation as Metaphor*, "Fermentation is not a fad, it is a fact." Fermentation has long been a matter of necessity—what cultures worldwide have done to preserve food, make toxic ingredients edible, and maintain gut health. "Maybe there are more *products* now," Katz tells me over the phone. "But there've always been small-batch vinegars—people with small diversified farms and fruit left over. I've met hundreds of

people with family vinegar practices that got passed down—whether an Italian family that kept a little barrel where they'd empty the dregs of bottles of wine, or Mexican families who had a practice of making pineapple vinegar."

Shockey attributes vinegar's high visibility to general expansion of culinary horizons: "I think people didn't know that vinegar doesn't have to taste like sour brown stuff or the sour clear stuff. It comes along with the discovery of other flavors."

I set about acquiring as many of the available offerings as I could. I momentarily fretted that the strategy would result in a lot of wasted vinegar but then was heartened by a

Brightland's
champagne vinegar
was all citrus and
summer sun.
Keepwell's apple cider
vinegar was more
apple-y than apples

fundamental truth: *Vinegar doesn't go bad*. (Except on a geologic time scale.) Plus, the medical literature on the health benefits of vinegar consumption isn't fuzzy. Its antioxidants, micronutrients, and phenolic compounds are universally agreed to be good to our systems. Among other functions, they act as prebiotics, feeding diverse gut bacteria (which we all need and most lack). The American Diabetes Association, in a study using apple cider vinegar, cited its ability to lower blood sugar. A lemon-vinegar mixture had antimicrobial properties that reduced salmonella to undetectable levels. Coupled with a good diet, apple cider vinegar may accelerate weight loss.

As a clutter of bottles of varied sizes and hue began to accrue on my worktable, I considered the irony of a widespread embrace of microbes in a moment of pathogenic trauma. It gives me no small amount of faith in human intelligence that amid a global pandemic, we seem able to parse the difference between good

bugs and bad ones. I turned to tasting all the vinegar, which was, with rare exceptions, entirely pleasant. The standouts were immediately clear. The Tart kombu vinegar was a condiment under the sea—slightly salty, refreshing, and bracing. American Vinegar Works's hot (like spicy) apple-and-pear cider vinegar was slightly sweet, slightly peppery, suggesting a pour into tomato juice on ice, or a quick mix with seltzer on taco night. Brightland's champagne vinegar was all citrus and summer sun. Keepwell's apple cider vinegar was more apple-y than apples. I will never again make lemonade without adding a tablespoon of Acid League's honey yuzu living vinegar. Tasting Artizn's tonic of handmade aged Korean vinegar and fresh fruit juices, and then Apple State Vinegar's ginger and Hawaiian chili shrub poured with fizzy water, I realized almost unconsciously how narrow an experience it is to drink sodas that are only sweet. Remember the first time you had sea salt on chocolate? Or salted caramel? Sourness, so often isolated, is really essential to a full enjoyment of anything sweet. This argument found its finest point in Element's blueberry-rosemary shrub, which, when mixed at a ratio of one ounce shrub to five ounces seltzer, tastes precisely like I always imagined fresh spring water did in C. S. Lewis's Narnia books.

Michael Harlan Turkell, author of the 2017 vinegar book *Acid Trip*, had told me that no investigation could be considered complete until I tasted vinegar made by Erwin Gegenbauer, an Austrian maker whom Turkell credited with his interest in vinegar in the first place. A fair amount of string pulling resulted in my being sent four bottles of Gegenbauer, which are extremely difficult to find in the United States. A more complete and lively tasting thing has never passed my lips. Erwin Gegenbauer confirmed to me directly that not only does he play music for his bacteria but he reads them stories. I cannot say whether it is the quality of the cucumbers or bananas or sherry that he ferments or the quality of his storytelling that is to thank for the absolute superiority of what he makes, but whatever it is, it is transformative. □



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The Great Wide Open

A new eye treatment promises a lid lift in a bottle. Are things (finally) looking up? asks Jancee Dunn.



I like to consider myself a generally body- and face-positive person: I don't own a scale, I go make-up-free often, and I keep my self-talk fairly congenial. But I loathe my eyelids. Currently, my upper eyelids are resting uncomfortably close to my lower ones and have descended into a slow, steady sag—a common condition called acquired ptosis, or blepharoptosis, which affects an estimated 11.5 percent of adults. Sometimes it can be caused by long-term contact-lens use; but more often than not, the condition is brought on by age—and can even *obstruct vision* in severe cases, turning an elective eye-lift procedure into a nonelective one in insurance parlance.

While I'm not quite ready to plead my case to Aetna, my pandemic-era mask-wearing has certainly made my own ptosis more noticeable, with relentless Zoom calls only magnifying my sleepy-looking reflection. (The Zoom effect, which has contributed to the facial-rejuvenation boom, is by now well documented and, among other things, has included increased interest in eyelid surgery, which was already the third most popular cosmetic surgical procedure in the U.S. in 2019, according to the American Society of Plastic Surgeons.) And with the thought of a scalpel so close to my sclera unappealing anyway, I have come to accept that there is a limit to what I can do about my

low-lying lids. Then a treatment-obsessed friend tipped me off to a novel remedy in the fight against gravity: the awkwardly named yet intriguing Upneeq.

Approved by the FDA over the summer for consumer use, the prescription-only “drop that lifts” is designed to be administered once daily and is poised to do for eyelids what Latisse did for lashes. Upneeq contains oxymetazoline hydrochloride, a vasoconstrictor that causes the Müller's muscle—one of two muscles that open the eyelid—to contract, creating a lift that lasts about six hours. Noninvasive and proven to start working within minutes, its promise strikes me as almost too good to be true. Sure enough, some due diligence leads me to an anxiety-producing discovery: Oxymetazoline hydrochloride is in fact the same active ingredient in over-the-counter nasal spray. *Eek.*

“It's wise to be apprehensive and questioning about what you're dumping in your eyes,” says Suzanne Freitag, M.D., the renowned director of ophthalmic plastic surgery at the Harvard-affiliated Massachusetts Eye and Ear, >54

DROP CULTURE

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who validates my concerns over Zoom. Freitag squints at my face on the screen and says my ptosis is perceptible but mild. “The actual eyelid itself is riding lower than we want,” she notes, “but that’s different from having excess skin overhanging”—and makes me a perfect candidate for Upneeq, the early research for which Freitag has scrutinized: In clinical trials, 84 percent of patients experienced a measurable lift in as little as two hours, and only 1 to 5 percent of patients reported common side effects, such as redness and irritation. Freitag is also optimistic about Upneeq’s off-label potential to correct a condition that strikes fear in the heart of Botox users everywhere: the dreaded “droopy eyelid,” which can occur if the toxin drifts or is injected incorrectly, causing the eyelid or brow to fall, until it leaves your system, which could take months. (According to a study cited in the *Journal of Clinical and Aesthetic Dermatology* in 2016, this occurs in around 5 percent of users.)

Somewhat reassured, I visit Manhattan cosmetic and oculo-facial plastic surgeon Brett Kotlus, M.D., at his immaculate Upper East Side office, decorated in a soothingly clinical palette of light gray and white. Spotify’s unobtrusive “Coffee Shop” playlist murmurs in the background as Kotlus twists off the top of Upneeq’s small, foil-wrapped single-use vial. Mild panic courses through my body. Why am I voluntarily putting nasal decongestant *in my eyes*? But before I can leap from the chair, Kotlus has carefully dripped in the liquid, explaining that contact-lens users must remove lenses and wait 15 minutes following application to put them back in.

After five minutes he produces a mirror. “See how it makes your eyes pop a bit?” It does, I tell him as I delightfully examine my reflection to behold a lift of about one

millimeter versus the five or six millimeters Kotlus says he can achieve with surgery. The effect is like a nap in a bottle. “You send a message of being more alert,” he says, “but it doesn’t draw attention to itself like, ‘Hey, look what I did.’”

For the rest of the day, I look bright and fresh, alert but not intense. It’s the sort of subtle but notable difference your eagle-eyed best friend would pick up on instantly but that could go overlooked by others. I ask my husband if he notices anything different about me, a question that tends to panic him. “A new shirt?” he finally ventures.

Over the next week, I use the drops every morning and experience no side effects. But I don’t think I will take them daily and instead plan to ration my supply: A monthly prescription is about \$105—around \$1,200 a year, which, as Freitag points out, adds up when more permanent ptosis-repair surgery can run close to \$5,000. There might also be the possible risk of a rebound effect with overuse, cautions Julian Perry, M.D., an ophthalmologist and oculoplastic surgeon at Cleveland Clinic’s Cole Eye Institute. When applied too often, similarly formulated nasal decongestants can cause allergy and cold symptoms to actually worsen. “The nasal tissues will rebound against the drug and you may get a stuffy nose,” explains Perry, who is quick to add that while a rebound effect has not been shown in current Upneeq studies, it might become a concern for some people.

For now, I’ve resolved to apply the drops for important work-from-home functions, and on the rare occasion I do leave my house. I’m excited to use them in the hopefully not-so-distant post-pandemic future, too, when I face the world again, with my heart full and my eyes wide open. □

Heady Space

For Holly Tupper, creating clean scents that riff on classic notes (honeyed orange blossom, rich tuberose) isn’t just about leaning on nontoxic formulas. “Natural ingredients just have a greater nuance and magic to them on the skin,” says the 65-year-old perfumer, who worked in finance before launching her luxury brand Cultus Artem at Bergdorf Goodman last fall. But Tupper’s commitment to fostering a greener approach to perfume goes beyond responsible sourcing and small-batch production. In 2014, after moving from Singapore to Texas to manage her family’s ranch, Tupper purchased a 13,000-square-foot former Southwestern Bell Telephone Exchange building in San Antonio and converted it into a laboratory for her in-house chemist, a salon for private appointments, a climate-controlled room for storing raw materials, and designated areas for filtering and bottling. A carefully curated mix of antiques and repurposed objets reveals an upcycling effort that is in line with Tupper’s ban on all forms of single-use plastic and paper disposables, a philosophy she has extended to a just-launched body-care line and a three-piece collection of organic skin-care essentials, out later this year. It’s a no-corners-cut approach that doesn’t seem to faze Tupper one bit. “I like to think of it as an artistic challenge.”—CAROLINE CAGNEY



UPCYCLE CENTER

The main studio at Cultus Artem’s San Antonio fragrance atelier is a tribute to sustainable production and design.

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Growth Industry

Designers and architects are getting behind what we've always known and new science confirms—nature nurtures.



Last September, at the London Design Festival, participants were asked to craft a desk that would fit our current housebound lives. The eponymous studio of British architect and designer Thomas Heatherwick submitted a glass-and-maple-wood structure with undulating legs from which plants sprouted. “Exposure to natural environments...has very tangible improvements to brain functioning,” he said at the time. It’s a scientific statement underlined by common sense and freshly embraced by the design world: Biophilic design is good for you.

“There’s a reason why you have the aquarium at the dentist’s office,” says William D. Browning, coauthor of *Nature Inside: A Biophilic Design Guide*, published in late 2020. The naming of the philosophy can be traced back to 1964, when German-born thinker Erich Fromm coined the term *bio* (life) *philia* (lover) to describe mankind’s innate attraction to all things organic. “Even just a picture



BLOOM TIMES

TOP: A floral fantasy photographed by Steven Klein for *Vogue*, April 2018.
ABOVE: Organic allusions, seen in Lél’s nesting tables, can enhance well-being.

of nature, like a Hudson Valley landscape, will lower blood pressure and heart rate,” Browning says. In October 2019, Browning and his coauthor Catie Ryan Balagtas helped publish a striking study: In a sixth-grade Baltimore classroom, they installed a carpet resembling prairie grass, wallpapered the ceiling with a palm-leaf print, and dressed the windows

with silkscreened shades. After a year, the students performed an average of 3.3 times higher on test scores and showed greater stress resilience.

While indoor-plant sales have galloped along in the pandemic—the online nursery Bloomscape doubled its orders last March and April—these principles have made their way into more durable goods as well. Spanish rug company Nanimarquina crafts rugs with shags that reveal themselves to be little flowers; House of Hackney’s spring collection includes mushroom-shaped lamps; and Pakistan-based Lél offers nesting tables with sinuous legs and floral-inspired inlays. “In the early ’80s, this became a major discussion,” says Robin Standefer, of the design firm Roman and Williams. “It’s resurfaced in COVID because we are often cooped up and need to find ways to interact with nature—not only with plants but objects.” Biophilia, confirms Balagtas, “was already on the rise, but quarantine gave it a new life.”—LILAH RAMZI

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No Place Like Home

How are we living? We asked a wide-ranging group of creatives to show us—and tell us—how they've been spending their time, whether inside or outside, housebound or on the go.



FRAME OF MIND

Model Dilone (wearing a **Dolce & Gabbana** sweatshirt, \$1,225, and denim pants, \$1,975; dolcegabbana.com) and her niece Jessamarie at her mother's house on Long Island.

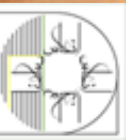
Photographed by Stefan Ruiz.
Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.



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BRIGHT AND BREEZY

Dilone—who will play supermodel Pat Cleveland in Ryan Murphy's Netflix series *Halston*—wears a **Valentino** dress; valentino.com. **Jimmy Choo** sandals. OPPOSITE: Dilone—wearing a **Ralph Lauren Collection** dress (ralphlauren.com)—with her mom, dad, brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews (and her best friend) at home on Long Island. (See page 124 for a full accounting of everyone.) Hair, Latisha Chong; makeup, Raisa Flowers.

Photographed by Stefan Ruiz.
Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman

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DILONE & FAMILY

Long Island, New York

“It was so chaotic,” Dilone says drolly, describing her youth in suburban Long Island. The eighth of 10 children (six girls and four boys), the 26-year-old model, born Janiece Altagracia Dilone, grew up constantly upgrading bedrooms as her siblings moved out. (Her favorite, she says, was a room with access to the roof: “I could just pop out the window and look up at the stars.”)

They never strayed far: Dilone’s parents separated seven years ago, but her mother, Maria, simply moved next door, where two of Dilone’s brothers also now live. The rest of the clan isn’t more than a 10-minute drive away. Dilone says her childhood was filled with “lots of personalities, lots of jokes—when things are really good, things are really good, but when things are bad, it’s 10 times worse.”

Dilone moved into her mother’s house last November after finishing a job in Manhattan and—quite unexpectedly—ended up staying for months, all but abandoning her new apartment in Los Angeles. (Last year, she was cast as the supermodel Pat Cleveland in Ryan Murphy’s forthcoming Netflix limited series *Halston*.) Her life on Long Island, amid a vibrant Latinx community where “everyone knows each other’s business” (her parents grew up in the Dominican Republic), turned out to feel both nostalgic

and strangely, wonderfully new: When she wasn’t holed up reading somewhere (most recently, she revisited bell hooks’s *Talking Back: Thinking Feminist, Thinking Black*), Dilone could be persuaded to join a raucous round of Phase 10, an old card game—“The family goes insane over it,” she says.

In quieter moments, she’s taken the opportunity to both work on herself and spend time with her mother. “I got sober a year and a few months ago, and I meditate every day, I do yoga—I need to take care of myself in order to have the relationships that I want with other people,” Dilone says. “My mom’s really seen this change in me. She’s even meditated with me, which was really big.”

The photographs and albums crowding Dilone on the previous spread are the fruits of her mother’s impassioned labor. “She had just brought those picture frames over from the house that we grew up in,” Dilone says, “but when my mom starts hanging things up, it’s kind of all over the place, so I took them off the wall and hid them in a room.” Happily, her scheme didn’t work—the trove was discovered during a house tour before this shoot—and the result is a joyful clashing of present, past, and future. “My mom always said that her greatest wish was that we would all stay close,” Dilone says. That wish seems to have been granted.—MARLEY MARIUS



ANNABELLE HICKSON & FAMILY
Dumaresq Valley, Australia

"I started off kind of pretending that I lived in England—you know, with roses and those kinds of traditional plants," says writer and photographer Hickson of her garden. "But I've come to accept that where I live is very different from England." Where she lives—with her husband, Ed, and their three children, Daisy, 12, Tom, 10, and Harriet, 8—is a weatherboard farmhouse on a pecan farm in the Dumaresq Valley on the New South Wales–Queensland border. A dozen years into her country life after relocating from Sydney, Hickson has not only embraced the tempestuous weather ("It's drought and then flooding rain") but in 2020, she launched *Galah*, a magazine dedicated to rural Australia. "I've had quite a productive kind of lockdown," she says.

In the garden, she's planted big, soft grasses like miscanthus, while elsewhere branches pruned from a Chinese elm tree end up above the kitchen table in a lush canopy installation that lends a woody whimsy to the room. Little Harriet feels right at home. "She thinks it's all quite normal," says Hickson, "eating your dinner with fallen leaves underfoot." —LILAH RAMZI

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EAT YOUR GREENS

Hickson at work on one of her verdant foliage installations in the kitchen with her daughter Harriet. OPPOSITE: A floral porcelain plate from Dior (\$200; dior.com) echoes the spirit.

Photographed by Pip Williams.





WILDEST DREAMS

Scenes from Hickson's country life. CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: A citrus-filled tablescape; a Jan Billycan painting hangs above peonies picked from the garden; the Hicksons on their pecan farm

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ANIMAL HOUSE

The model, in a **Michael Kors Collection** sweater (\$990) and skirt (\$1,290; both at michaelkors.com), and her dog Finn. BELOW: The G's on this cushion (\$950; gucci.com) could stand for Guinevere—or **Gucci**. Hair, Braydon Nelson; makeup, Dan Duran. Photographed by Susan Meiselas. Fashion Editor: Jorden Bickham.



GUINEVERE VAN SEENUS *New York*

"It's a piecemeal of life experiences," says van Seenus of the collection of objects—curios from Moroccan holidays, furniture she inherited from her Dutch grandmother—with which the well-traveled model has filled her Williamsburg apartment. She describes her peripatetic pre-COVID pace as both "a blessing and a curse"—and the contrast with her current at-home life couldn't be greater: These days, van Seenus (with the help of her partner, Beau Friedlander) looks after a herd of cats and dogs (her Chihuahua-corgi mix, Finn, gets his *Vogue* debut here) and has just set up an irrigation system in her Brooklyn terrace and rooftop, where she grows thyme, rosemary, basil, lemon balm for tea, and mint. ("Dill I'm not great at yet, and cilantro I don't seem to be able to get the hang of.") She's been making jewelry, including elaborate woven chain-mail-like headpieces of metal and semiprecious stones, and more recently has begun flipping the script as a photographer—she's shot for a handful of magazines, including German *Vogue*. Bare-bones crews on socially distanced sets require van Seenus to serve as her own glam squad. "I took makeup—and prosthetics—at school," she says by way of explanation. But of course.—L.R.





KAI AVENT-deLEON & FAMILY *New York*

The taste-making founder of Sincerely, Tommy—Brooklyn’s cult-favorite fashion-and-lifestyle boutique—moved into her Bedford-Stuyvesant brownstone a few months before the lockdown. (A native of the area, she counts both her mother, Lisa, and grandmother Doreen as neighbors.) By design, the place was already deeply tranquil—Avent-deLeon and her husband, Nate, favored a muted color story inspired by the desert—but what it was missing, she soon determined, was a sense of play. In the backyard, she cleared away shrubs to make the space easier to move around in and, breaking from the elegant restraint of much of the rest of the house, she covered the floor of her family room with pillows. “I wanted it to be a place where we could literally fall out,” she says. And when her two-year-old son, Che, isn’t playing outside, he’s enjoying a new gluten-free confection whipped up by his mother. Among his favorite dishes: a red-lentil pasta with kale and pine-nut pesto. “My son is really picky,” Avent-deLeon says. “I’m constantly trying to find something he’ll like!” —M.M.

MIX AND MATCH

The living room includes a credenza designed by Avent-deLeon and a Robert Sonneman lamp; the sculptural yellow pieces are vintage shutters.



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SUCH GREAT HEIGHTS

Avent-deLeon in a **Christopher John Rogers** dress, \$1,995; christopherjohnrogers.com.
OPPOSITE: Avent-deLeon (CENTER, in a coat, pants, and sandals from **The Row**) with her mother, Lisa (**Peter Do** sweater, skirt, and boots), her grandmother Doreen (**Tory Burch** dress), and her son, Che. Hair, Lacy Redway; makeup, Ingeborg.
Photographed by Stefan Ruiz.
Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.





PURA VIDA

Ghilaga in an Eres swimsuit (\$395; bergdorfgoodman.com) in her poolhouse. A Sarah Bray Bermuda hat hangs nearby. OPPOSITE: Ghilaga, in a Polo Ralph Lauren dress (\$398; ralphlauren.com), with her boyfriend, Trevor Carlisle. Photographed by Daisy Johnson. Sittings Editor: Mark Guiducci

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EMILIE GHILAGA & TREVOR CARLISLE

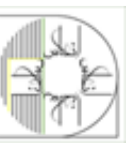
Nosara, Costa Rica

Ghilaga is not an impulsive person: A career spent meticulously selecting objects—first as a buyer at Moda Operandi, now at Over the Moon—instilled in her a sense of thoughtfulness when it came to the things she brought into her life. “I spent all this time thinking about what I wanted my home to be like,” she says, “from the types of blankets on my bed to the soap dish I wanted to use.” But within a week of setting foot in Costa Rica for the first time, in the winter of 2017, she decided to buy a three-acre piece of undeveloped land in Nosara—a beach bohemia on the Western coast of the country that has long lured both yogis and surfers. “When you’re driving on the roads, you’ll see a Costa Rican cowboy on a horse; an ATV with a guy with a scarf on his face; a *tuk-tuk*—the local taxi; a family in a cool pickup truck with surfboards coming out,” she says. “It’s a microcosm and harmony of lots of different cultures and people.”

Several decades spent in Manhattan (Ghilaga was born and raised on the Upper East Side) solidified her longing for

proper greenery, and at the time of her trip she was already looking at properties in upstate New York and Long Island. Though when she describes what she felt when she toured a patch of mountain land that “felt like the Hollywood Hills in the 1930s, when not many people were there yet,” she uses the word *kismet*. Three years later, Ghilaga is well on her way to realizing a dream.

Before she sought out local architect Mariel Quesada of AMQ Arquitectura to help with the build, water (from a nearby mountain well) and electricity needed to be installed. And while Ghilaga was alone when she first moved in, she now has the company of her boyfriend, Trevor Carlisle. Together they rise with the sun—“it’s a very specific and beautiful, wholesome light”—around 5:30 a.m., and she spends her mornings doing alfresco workouts by the pool, surrounded by local monkeys. She might surf (a pastime seemingly required of Costa Rica habitués) before firing up her laptop to work from home.





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GREEN MIND

LEFT: Ghilaga's pool deck offers sweeping views of the Nosara jungle. ABOVE: An **Hermès** beach towel (\$285; hermes.com) in cheery yellow stripes.

Photographed by Daisy Johnson.
Sittings Editor: Mark Guiducci.

(While she had always planned to work remotely, she says, the pandemic simply exported and expedited the process.)

Life in Nosara, though, means submitting to its limitations. She's learned to deal with the heat by wearing Eres swimsuits, which she likes to pair with men's boxer shorts or Indian block-printed pareos. ("I'm nine degrees from the Equator," she says, "so the heat is real.") She's weathered the rainy season—three months when a wet forecast is almost guaranteed—and has embraced the yearlong 5:30 p.m. sunset. Right about when she'd be having dinner in New York, she's already asleep in Costa Rica. "The environment rules you, essentially," she says. "You have to respect that—and there's no problem respecting that, because it gives you a great quality of life."—L.R.







CREATIVE GENES

Ziggy and Orly Marley with their children (FROM LEFT) Abraham, Gideon, Isaiah, and Judah. Hair, Nai'vasha; makeup, Sir John. Photographed by Micaiah Carter. Fashion Editor: Max Ortega.

ZIGGY & ORLY MARLEY & FAMILY

Los Angeles

Though Ziggy Marley and his wife, Orly Marley, have lived in their sprawling Spanish Colonial since 2018, it wasn't until last year that the house finally felt complete. First there was a manpower problem: Ziggy was on tour in Europe with his band, leaving Orly (formerly a vice president at William Morris Agency, now the head of Ziggy's record label) to manage the move on her own; after that, the family was off to Israel (where Orly was born) for daughter Judah's bat mitzvah. By the time they returned to Los Angeles—their house sits in charming Toluca Lake, near the Bob Hope estate—there wasn't much time for finishing touches. “You move in, and you have all these dreams for your home, right?” Orly says. “But life started, and everyone went back to school and back to work, and we didn't really get a chance to dig in.”

It took the disruptive force of stay-at-home orders to change all that. “We always set out to have this cozy, beautiful environment, but the lockdown is what really got us to tighten everything up,” Orly says. “We went room by room and just got rid of what didn't serve us.” After that, the playroom was fitted with custom cabinetry and racks for the kids' guitars (“They have a creativity in them and a musical sensibility,” says Ziggy, whose own father, Bob Marley, may have had something to do with that); the stools

in the kitchen were swapped out; and Orly even redid the guest bathroom. “It just didn't feel vibrant,” she says, “so I went crazy painting and added art.” Elsewhere in the house, the floors are scattered with antique Persian rugs, and on one wall of the piano room hangs a suite of framed Hermès scarves collected by Orly over several years.

The family also spends a great deal of time outdoors—something their house is well suited for. “Every single nook and cranny opens to the backyard,” Orly says, “and there are French doors into every part of the house.” As the group's de facto “activities director,” Ziggy oversees daily outdoor workouts, with the boys particularly fond of boxing. “I'm the outside guy, [Orly's] the inside guy.” He points to the balcony off the master bedroom as perhaps his favorite part of the place. “That's my space where I can go to and just chill out and do some good creative work,” he says. “It's just a nice vibe there.” For her part, Orly favors a smaller, somewhat less accessible terrace off the third floor. “I don't talk about it a lot, because I don't want my kids to come up there,” she says conspiratorially. “You can see everywhere, and you just feel like you're on top of the world.” It's a dreamy escape in what now looks like her dream home. “I feel like the house is—finally—really working in every aspect.”—M.M.



EVE HEWSON *Dublin*

Last spring, upon seeing reports that flights between the U.S. and U.K. could potentially halt, Hewson immediately decamped from her apartment in Brooklyn (where she'd been living since 2014) back to Dublin, where she grew up. "I packed one suitcase with one pair of sweatpants and flew home to my family," she says. Upon arrival, she slowed down, spending a stretch of time sleeping in her childhood bedroom and streaming shows with her parents (Bono and Ali Hewson) and her three siblings—everything from *Normal People* ("cried my eyes out") to *Tiger King* ("I think everybody went through that"). More recently, she's crossed Patrick Radden Keefe's *Say Nothing*, Min Jin Lee's *Pachinko*, and Douglas Stuart's *Shuggie Bain* off her reading list. "I also read [A.J. Finn's] *The Woman in the Window*, like right at the beginning of the pandemic, which was weird," she says. "It's about this

woman who's stuck in her house and she's agoraphobic, so that was sort of a beautiful meta experience."

After her time at home, Hewson relocated to London—"I'm just Airbnb-ing every month, winging it with no plan"—where she's about to begin her next project. (The actor can currently be seen in Netflix's steely psychological thriller *Behind Her Eyes* and as the intrepid heroine at the heart of a New Zealand Gold Rush-era murder-mystery in Starz's *The Luminaries*.) But she's come to miss her friends in New York and getting dressed up for no reason. "I have fantasy outfits for whenever I'm going to be able to wear them—I bought these Rick Owens giant platform boots last fall when I thought that this would be over soon, and they're just a bit too much to wear, you know, to Whole Foods, so they've been sitting there in my bedroom just looking at me," she says. "I'm dying to wear them."—L.R.





LADY OF THE HOUSE

Hewson in a **Fendi** dress, bodysuit, and boots (all at [fendi.com](https://www.fendi.com)). Makeup, Zoë Clark. Jade-colored Chinoiserie wallpaper from **De Gournay x Erdem** ([degournay.com](https://www.degournay.com)).

OPPOSITE: A bedroom in Hewson's childhood home.

Photographed by Simon Watson. Fashion Editor: Tabitha Simmons.





GARY CLARK JR., NICOLE TRUNFIO & FAMILY *Texas Hill Country*

Some 30 miles outside Austin, musician Gary Clark Jr., his wife, the designer and model Nicole Trunfio, and their family live on a ranch so remote that they can't receive deliveries there. "It's kind of in the middle of nowhere," Trunfio says—and that's exactly the point. For both Clark, who was born and raised in Texas, and Trunfio, who hails from the Australian countryside, the place offers a welcome change of pace from their on-the-go lifestyle. "Our home is not meant to show off," Trunfio says. "It's a place where we can be in our own element and have our own oasis." When the five of them are there together—the couple's third child, Ella, was born last February—dance parties are a popular activity, as are swimming, barbecuing, bird-watching, and taking long drives together in their truck. "Simple stuff," Trunfio says.—M.M.





FREE RANGE

Clark and Trunfio (in a Max Mara top and pants; maxmara.com) with (FROM LEFT) Zion, Gia, and Ella. OPPOSITE: Clark with Ella. Hair, Tylaria Thomas; makeup, Jay Chen. Photographed by Rahim Fortune. Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman

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BABY LOVE

Diamond (with twins Willow and Sebastian) in a **Chanel** dress and shoes; chanel.com. OPPOSITE: Diamond wears a **Prada** sweater (\$1,060), top (\$1,350), skirt, and shoes; prada.com. Hair, Braydon Nelson; makeup, Ingeborg.

Photographed by Stefan Ruiz.
Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman

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NELL DIAMOND *New York*

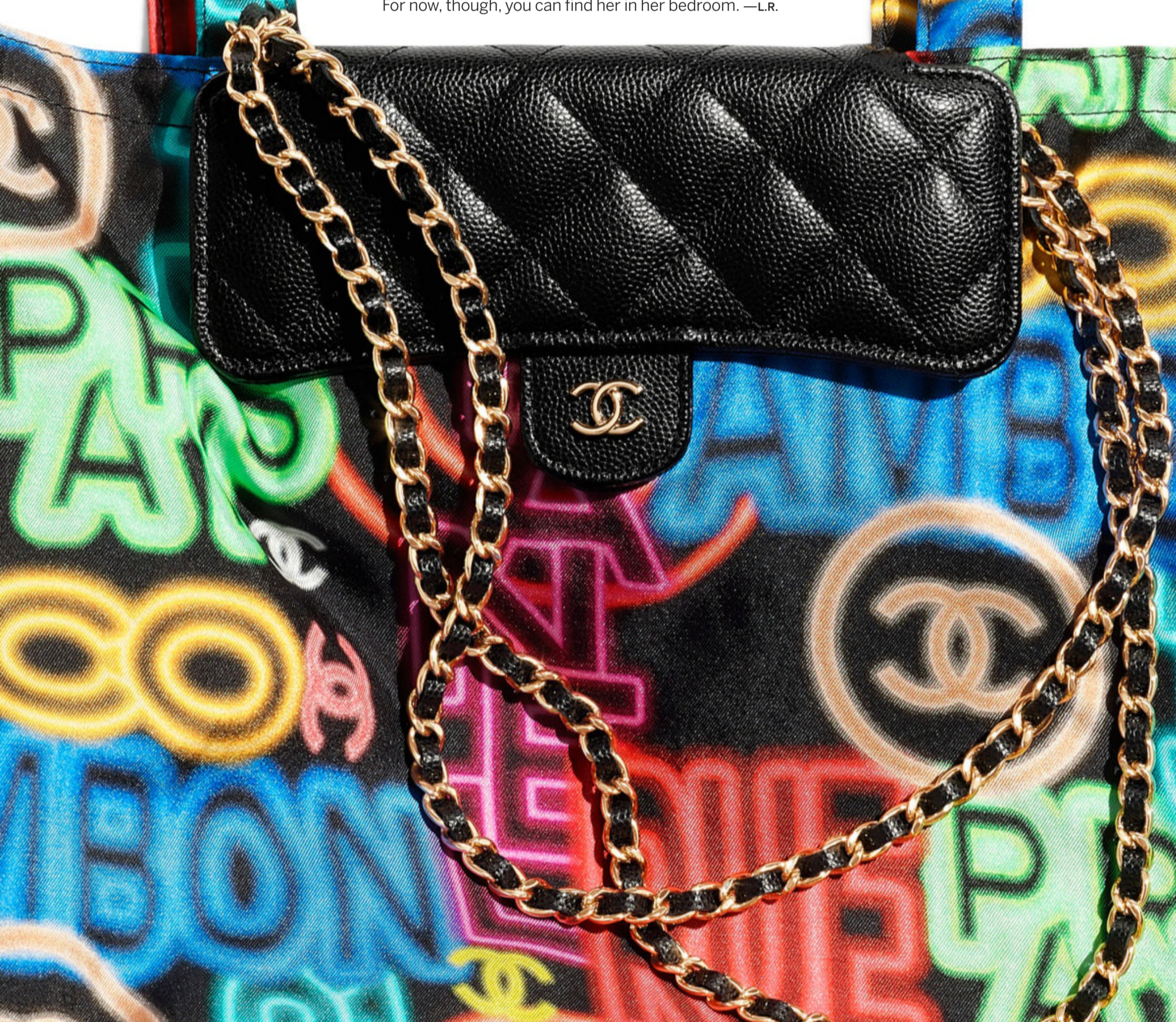
This may be little surprise, but the founder of Hill House Home—a collection of bedding, linens, and house-centric fashions, including a stylish and sleepable Nap Dress—considers herself a homebody. “It’s a sacred space for me,” Diamond says, speaking from her West Village town house, which has seen some recent additions: In October, she welcomed twins Willow and Sebastian to the family, giving siblings to her son Henry. “When their rocking chair was delivered,” she recalls of her time in lockdown, “it was the first time in five months that people not related to me had been in my home.” To follow Diamond on Instagram is to enroll in Marketing to Millennials 101—her loyal followers give Diamond direct feedback on fit and fabric (and stay for videos of Henry asleep in the back seat with the twins). In short, there’s nothing not to like. Next up: her first tabletop collection, with everything conceived and executed from home. “It’s allowed me to show up for both the babies and my work in ways that I wouldn’t have been able to if I had been going back to an office,” says Diamond, who doesn’t shy away from the fact that, throughout, she’s almost exclusively worn her Nap Dresses. “What can I say?” she asks. “I’ve just never been a pants person.” —L.R.



BEABADOOBEE

London

"I feel like no one knows me as well as my bedroom," says Philippines-born, London-raised singer-songwriter Beatrice Laus, better known as Beabadoobee (a Finstagram handle that stuck as a stage name). "It's seen me go through the worst and best times of my life." It's also where the 20-year-old singer—who rose to fame on social media—has been holed up, writing new music and pursuing her many other creative outlets. She's created, in a nook above her bed, a mood board-like gallery wall pinned with pictures of Tom Hanks and Robert De Niro movie posters; elsewhere in the room, she doodled directly on the wall with pastels and paints. "My room is very cluttered, quite messy," she says, "and that says a lot about how I think—I just have tons of things happening in my brain all the time. With clothes, I get so indecisive that I just throw everything on and end up layering." Her latest song, "Last Day on Earth," reflects on all the things she could have done had she known she would spend nearly a year homebound. For now, though, you can find her in her bedroom. —L.R.





METHOD TO THE MADNESS

Beabadoobee wears a Moschino Couture top, \$555; saksfifthavenue.com. Miu Miu skirt; miumiui.com. OPPOSITE: A neon, logo-heavy update on the classic Chanel bag (\$1,975); chanel.com.

Photographed by Soren Harrison.
Fashion Editor



THE GREAT ROOM

Faridah, at her parents' home in Lagos, wears a Turfah dress.

Photographed by Isabel Okoro.
Fashion Editor: Gabriella Karefa-Johnson.





**FARIDAH
FOLAWIYO**
Lagos, Nigeria

In more normal times in her home city of Lagos, Folawiyo helps run the restaurant,

Nok, at her mother's concept shop, Alára—a Sir David Adjaye-designed sanctuary of stylish things that somehow feels more like a design museum—though at the moment, Folawiyo describes both Alára and its restaurant as existing in a liminal “half-open, half-closed situation.”

Because of the pandemic-related restrictions on business operations and the Nigerian government-mandated curfew launched in response to recent protests against police brutality, Folawiyo

has been mostly at home with her parents. The interiors are, of course, good taste personified, owing to the knowing eye of her mother, Reni—but while Folawiyo jokes that she wouldn't get a vote

on any of the decor, her parents do seek out her opinion for art purchases and placements. She is also a freelance art and photography curator, and she recently launched a digital newsletter, *SHI*.

“I felt like I hadn't been engaging my brain as much as I would've liked to,” she says. A recent edition is dedicated to the Black photography collective the Kamoinge Workshop. All the while, she's made it a point to get dressed each day.

“In Lagos, we wear these caftans called boubous, but I told myself, actually we're going to wear real clothes every day; no boubous,” she says. “I'm now known on Instagram for wearing a lot of Pleats Please by Issey Miyake.” But, she assures, it isn't only for fashion's sake. “These were just actually my most comfortable clothes during lockdown!” —L.R.





ASHLEY GRAHAM & JUSTIN ERVIN
New York

"It's the maternity leave I never thought I would have," says Graham, relishing the silver lining of those dark pandemic clouds that populated skies shortly after the birth—at home in her Brooklyn apartment—of her son, Isaac, last January. Since, it's been quite a lengthy, uninterrupted stretch of family time. "I always joke: I'll feel really bad for the second kid because Isaac got so much attention." Graham, though, hasn't actually stopped working—hosting the podcast *Pretty Big Deal*, making social-media content, shooting editorial imagery. "Who am I *not* Zooming with these days?" she says, laughing. Multitasking comes into play here—she may very well be breastfeeding while on a call. "Sometimes people don't know, because I can just keep the camera up." When he's not bonding with Isaac, Ervin, a cinematographer, has been working as well, even shooting magazine covers of Graham—"He knows my best angles," Graham says. A glam room sees multiple functions—as an office, a podcast-recording room—and the kitchen is getting more use than usual. "I am going to flex for a second: I make the best scones in the world," she says.—L.R.

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STATE OF PLAY

Graham wears a **Michael Kors Collection** top (\$790) and sarong (\$750; michaelkors.com). Ervin wears a **Fear of God Essentials** sweater and **Fear of God** jeans. Isaac wears a **Baby Gap** onesie. Hair, Brayden Nelson; makeup, Dan Duran. Photographed by Susan Meiselas. Fashion Editor: Jorden Bickham.



MEALS TO GO

Hagner wears a Dôen dress (\$218; shopdoen.com) and Polo Ralph Lauren boots.
OPPOSITE: Ralph Lauren Collection bag (\$1,790; ralphlauren.com).

Photographed by Tierney Gearon.
Fashion Editor: Alexandra Gurvitch.



MEREDITH HAGNER & WYATT RUSSELL

Los Angeles

"People assume all the time: Your husband got the van, and he's dragging you along," says Hagner. Russell chimes in: "It's the opposite—though I wouldn't call it dragging me along, either." She grew up between Houston and Chapel Hill, North Carolina, backpacking with her father, including a traverse through the Rockies and four weeks on the Appalachian Trail. He spent a youth mostly outdoors at the Colorado ranch belonging to his parents (Kurt Russell and Goldie Hawn). In 2018, the couple, both actors, purchased a Mercedes Sprinter van retrofitted with a Scandi-style blond-wood interior and equipped with all the trimmings—stovetop, dining banquette, modular seating, and sleeping areas—for #vanlife. "Vacations were always a little difficult because we have to plan last-minute because of our jobs," explains Russell, who currently stars in the Marvel series *The Falcon and the Winter Soldier*. Now they head off for monthlong treks at the drop of a hat, spending days behind the wheel and nights beneath the stars in Shasta National Forest or Glacier National Park. "It's funny because it can look so romantic sometimes," Hagner says, "but more often than not you're in a timed shower in a rest stop, laughing because you didn't get enough quarters and the water stops while your hair's still covered in soap." The arrival of a baby, though—little Buddy Prine Russell was born shortly after this shoot—necessitates bigger quarters. "I mean, as soon as we can get our new van constructed, we're going to be on the road with him," says Hagner. "That'll be a whole new set of adventures." —L.R.





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NOMAD'S LAND

The couple dances on the cliffs near Malibu. She wears a bohemian **Tory Burch** dress (\$1,898; toryburch.com). He is in a **Stan** jacket. **Polo Ralph Lauren** shirt and pants. Details, see In This Issue.

Photographed by Tierney Gearon.
Fashion Editor: Alexandra Gurvitch.





TIME IN THE SUN

"Once I stopped, and accepted my vulnerability, and decided to share my story with people—that's when I felt release," says Gomez, photographed in her backyard in Los Angeles. Dior bralette and briefs. Hermès scarf. Panconesi clip, on scarf. Lisa Eisner Jewelry earrings.

Fashion Editor:
Gabriella Karafa-Johnson

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Brand- New Day

The pandemic, a political awakening, and a Spanish-language EP have all pushed Selena Gomez into uncharted territory. Jia Tolentino gets to know the superstar with grand plans. Photographed by Nadine Ijewere.

It's early in the New Year, and Selena Gomez is hidden away north of Manhattan, tucked in a room in an anonymous Tudor nestled in the crook of a picturesque village's curving hills. The sky is fogged to white; the Bronx River ruffles the heavy quiet. Lightly mesmerized, I walk up to the wrong front door and am greeted by a kindly man in a suit and an N95 mask. "Selena?" he says. "Selena's across the street. She seems lovely. Good luck."

Selena Gomez is, in fact, across the street, in an oversized Nirvana shirt and black leggings and a ponytail, waiting on a big white couch, with her caramel Maltipoo curled on top of a furry green throw at her bare feet. Behind her, a fireplace crackles obediently; a single string of rainbow Christmas lights hangs across the windows. The deeply surreal aspect of this situation is heightened by the fact that it's been nine months since I've had an indoor conversation with anyone outside my household—and suddenly I'm alone in a room with Selena Gomez, who a few years ago was more popular

on Instagram than any other of the seven and a half billion people on the planet; whose "Lose You to Love Me" has been streamed nearly twice as much as "Let It Be" on Spotify; whose charisma is rooted in a sort of warm everydayness but who is so frankly beautiful that I feel that I've been transplanted into a movie about a doll who came to life.

After greeting me hello—she speaks in a surprisingly low, laconic register, the opposite of the breathy meringue of her singing voice—Gomez pulls a cloth mask over her face. She's in New York to finish shooting her new Hulu series, *Only Murders in the Building*, a comedy in which she, Steve Martin, and Martin Short play neighbors attempting to solve an Upper West Side crime. She'd flown back to Los Angeles for the holidays, to her house, where she's been riding out the pandemic with two friends who live with her and her maternal grandparents, who'd come to visit just before lockdown and ended up moving in. The year 2021 has begun—thus far—uneventfully, we agree. "We barely made it to the countdown," Gomez says.



This time last year, Gomez had been days away from releasing *Rare*—technically her sixth album, but her third solo one, after 2015’s *Revival*, which cemented Gomez’s transition from a mover of studio product to an artist with a point of view. She was preparing to launch Rare Beauty, her makeup line, which promotes the message of the album as well as of Gomez’s general public platform: that everyone is special and worthy of love as they are.

But then the pandemic hit. Gomez spent a few weeks in a miasma of panic, then got to work. She started recording a long-promised Spanish-language EP, *Revelación*. She filmed a quarantine cooking show for HBO Max, called *Selena + Chef*, in which each episode features a famous chef teaching Gomez how to cook a dazzling meal via video-conference. (The shtick of the show is Gomez’s amateurism, but she’s ably beheading a raw octopus by episode two.) “I got good at roast chicken,” she tells me. “I know how to make a French omelet now, and molé.” She did her best to fill the sudden stretches of cavernous time. She walked her dogs with her friends and sat down to eat her nana’s corn casserole and did yoga and played “Knock-in’ on Heaven’s Door” on her guitar. Every day she made sure to change into a different pair of sweat-pants. When the afternoon doldrums came over her—she imitates her impatience: “What am I going to do? Like, *right now*, what am I going to do?”—she sometimes gave up and marathoned *Bridgerton* or *The Undoing* or watched two movies in a row. “I can’t function unless I’m working,” she tells me. “The whole point of quarantine for me personally was just to stop, and I have a hard time doing that. And my main focus was really politics, and making sure I took it seriously.”

Gomez, at 28, is in the middle of a political awakening. It was delayed, perhaps, because of ambient pressure to not alienate parts of her audience. (An impossible task when you have more Instagram followers than almost every country in the world has people: When Gomez posted in protest of the abortion bans that swept the deep South in 2019, her comment section flooded with vitriol as well as love.) Also, Gomez has been off

for the pain of everyone else.” But she had been appalled by the news during the Trump administration. She was compelled to act by the widespread suffering in the pandemic, by the fact of “so many pointless deaths.” Then came the Black Lives Matter protests. “I thought, Who am I to talk?” she says. “Am I going to post a picture and say, ‘This is important?’” No, I need to learn; I need to figure out people’s pain.” She turned over her Instagram account to movement heavy hitters, including Kimberlé Crenshaw, the legal scholar who originated the term *intersectionality*, and Alicia Garza, one of the cofounders of Black Lives Matter. As the election approached, Gomez went into get-out-the-vote mode, interviewing Stacey Abrams for the digital organization She Se Puede and releasing PSA after targeted PSA. “My first engagement with Selena was revelatory: She expressed an honest disengagement with traditional politics while also showing a hunger for solving real, painful problems,” says Abrams. “In that, she embodied the most powerful voter—one who comes to participation because she knows better is both possible and her right.”

It was especially remarkable given the fact that Gomez had never voted before 2020. Had she done the blue-state

thing of assuming her vote didn’t matter? “I just had no idea,” she says, sounding sad and unguarded. “Either I didn’t care or I just was not recognizing the importance of who’s running our country, and that’s really scary to think about.” In a conversation with vice presidential candidate Kamala Harris, she explained that she hadn’t previously been educated on the importance of voting. (She tells me that she didn’t hesitate to share this with the public, because she knew there were “a million people my age” who



FAMILY MATTERS

“We didn’t have much,” says Gomez. “But I felt like we did because my mom was always doing a hundred million things just to make me happy.” Here, in a Celine by Hedi Slimane dress, with her maternal grandparents, Debbie and David, and her Maltipoo.

the internet for three years—she sends photos and text to her assistant to post to Instagram and Twitter. (“Everyone always asks me, ‘Are you secretly on; are you lying?’ and I’m like, ‘I have no reason to lie.’”) She gets her news mostly from “an older woman that I’m really close with,” she tells me—someone whose identity she’d prefer to keep private. “And I watch CNN, but I try not to do it too much, because I’m empathetic to the point that I’ll cry at anything. I cried a lot during quarantine, just



A REVELACIÓN

"A lot of my fan base is Latin," says Gomez, "and I've been telling them this album was going to happen for years." Gomez wears an Alberta Ferretti blouse, bra, and skirt. Earrings by Lizzie Fortunato and Dior

آموزشگاه انعکاس منبع جدیدترین اطلاعات، مقالات و دوره‌های آموزشی طراحی لباس و مدشناسی





SELF-REFLECTION

Gomez wears a Salvatore Ferragamo dress and Etro belt. In this story: hair, Edward Lampley; makeup, Hung Vango. Details, see In This Issue

آموزشگاه انعکاس منبع جدیدترین اطلاعات، مقالات و دوره‌های آموزشی طراحی لباس و مدشناسی

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“I haven’t even touched the surface of what I want to do,” she says. “I can’t wait for the moment when a director can see that I’m capable of doing something that no one’s ever seen”

were in the same boat.) During election week, she was tense and terrified; she stayed up late watching the news, waiting for new batches of votes to be counted. Though Gomez is still wary of being divisive—at one point in our conversation, she tries to think of a way to describe the Trump administration and lands on “pretty hard to like”—she tells me she’s thrilled about the election’s outcome. Videos have been circulating, in the flourishing ecosystem of the Selena Gomez fan internet, of Gomez in New York, the day the election was called for Joe Biden, saying that no human is illegal; in another video, she’s in the back seat of a car, smiling deliriously, singing Miley Cyrus’s “Party in the U.S.A.”

Gomez was born in Grand Prairie, Texas, a midsize town outside Dallas that once had a professional baseball team called the Airhogs, the kind of place where the top employers include Lockheed Martin and Walmart. Her parents were both 16 when she was born, in 1992. Gomez grew up in a neighborhood that was mainly Mexican-American, like her dad’s family. (Her mother, Mandy Teefey, who managed Gomez’s career until 2014, is white.) She was named after Selena Quintanilla, whose music both her parents loved. Her mom let her splash around in the yard during rainstorms; her dad liked to watch *Friday* and *Bad Boys* with his cherubic baby girl. “It always smelled like fresh-cut grass,” Gomez remembers of her childhood in Texas. “We’d play outside for hours, and my nana and her friends would be sitting with their iced tea. It wasn’t a lot, but it was great.”

As a kid, Gomez was sensitive but fearless: A picture of her comforting another kid on the first day of pre-K made the local paper. (“Apparently I had just been like, ‘Peace!’ to my

mom and walked right in,” she tells me.) She staged concerts in the living room and loved frilling herself up to compete in that particular Southern ritual—the beauty pageant. Gomez’s parents broke up when she was five, and Teefey mustered all her where-withal to provide for her kid, working simultaneously at a Starbucks, a Dave & Buster’s, and a Podunk modeling agency. She ably shielded Gomez from the ever-present financial difficulties. “I remember always being reminded that people had less than we did,” Gomez says. “And we didn’t have much. But I felt like we did because my mom was always doing a hundred million things just to make me happy, and we volunteered at soup kitchens on Thanksgiving; we went through my closet for Goodwill.”

When she was 10, she was cast, alongside Demi Lovato, on *Barney & Friends*, which was conveniently shot in another Dallas suburb. The job didn’t feel like work: “You’re on set with a big purple dinosaur and dancing and having a great time,” she says, laughing. Three years after she wrapped her run on the show, she secured the role of Alex Russo on the Disney Channel show *Wizards of Waverly Place* and moved to Los Angeles with her mom. Gomez’s desire to oblige and enchant, inherent in any young performer, became enshrined as a mandate. Working for Disney turned Gomez’s life into a perpetual promotion, with her image quickly distributed through TV, music, movies, merchandise, live appearances, and cross-promotion of all of the above. “That was my job in a way—to be perfect,” she says. “You’re considered a figure kids look up to, and they take that seriously there.” Gomez’s *Wizards* character was sly and sardonic, lazy about both school and wizardry—that was the concept, by the way: a family of wizards running a West Village sandwich shop. But

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Paris Match

Low-key sophistication defines the work of design duo Festen—and nowhere more so than in the minimalist, old-world space they call home. Alexandra Marshall reports.

Photographed by Jonas Unger.

When Le Pigalle opened in 2015, around the corner from my old apartment in Montmartre, it instantly became my hangout. Many urban hotels aim for cult status with locals. This one delivered precisely because it didn't—and still doesn't—feel like a hotel. The lobby, with its terrazzo floor, functions more like a giant café, with sober red velvet banquettes, bentwood chairs, and really good espresso and natural wine. Near the front door, bathed in daylight (when there is any in Paris), is an oversized deep-brown marble table surrounded by mismatched vintage chairs that say, I'm good for meetings if you must. Or for cruising the branding consultants and graphic designers squeaking past in interesting sneakers if you like. “We wanted people to come in and say, ‘Wait, there are rooms upstairs?’” says Hugo Sauzay, 34, one half of Festen, the interior design team that gave Le Pigalle the feeling that it had always been there, even when the marble bar was still brand-new. Some of the hotel's creative team said, “‘No, the bar should be shiny,’” Sauzay recalls, “but Valéry Grégo, the owner, got what we were doing and said, ‘Let it stain.’ It gives it a history.”

Sauzay's partner is Charlotte de Tonnac, also 34, whom he met at Paris's École Camondo design school. There they ignored each other for four years only to couple up in the fifth, though they had slightly parallel lives, as they explain at their Marais office, just a few minutes' walk from their shared apartment. Both were scouted to work as models as teenagers and used the money to pay for school, though de Tonnac, who grew up living all over France thanks to her father, a commercial director of a company that made car motors, grew disenchanted with the profession sooner than Sauzay. “I think I liked chocolates too much,”

she says, laughing. But mostly she was bored. Not so for Sauzay, who had gotten on a plane only once before he started figuring in photo shoots and who still occasionally steps in front of the camera. “Suddenly I'd be in Japan or New York the next day, and I became curious and learned to adapt to new situations quickly and instinctively,” he says. “I developed an eye for things, like the Anglo-Saxon way of doing really shiny paint, or how Japanese lacquer mixes with light.” Working as a fit model for Miuccia Prada, Sauzay paid attention to how collections got off the ground and continued to develop his eye for detail. He admits this can get a bit obsessive: Watching movies at home has become an exercise in generosity for de Tonnac. “We have watched *There Will Be Blood* so many times,” she says with a smile. “Every three seconds I pause it and take a screenshot,” Sauzay admits. Another favorite is Steven Soderbergh's series with Clive Owen, *The Knick*, set in Victorian New York, with its magnificent butt-joint tiles and opium dens. But Sauzay admits it can be anything: a Ben Stiller comedy, something with Bill Murray, pre-Wes Anderson. “I can watch a whole movie and never pay attention to the actors,” he says.

Knowing when to let a landmark building, or existing treasures, speak as loudly as your own work is a skill not many designers have mastered, especially young ones, and especially in our thirsty Instagram age, where every faucet is brass and every print tells a story and every paint color is boldly arresting, usually all at once. “We live in *l'air du temps*, but you have to keep your distance,” de Tonnac says. “We do mood boards for projects, and we have to be careful with Pinterest and Instagram. You see the same aesthetic all the time. We want a place to hang on 10 to 15 years at least.” Sauzay adds, “We're afraid of the fashion effect on spaces. It can be two or three years before something we design sees the light.” It might look great at first, but if it's too influenced by the color of the moment, “it's already a has-been when it opens.”

“They have a culture of interior design that's really French,” says Franck Durand, the art director spearheading a new five-star hotel near the Palais Royal, Château Voltaire, where Festen is doing the interiors. “They can

WFH MARAIS

Festen's Charlotte de Tonnac and Hugo Sauzay, partners in work and in life, at their Paris apartment. “They have a culture of interior design that's really French,” says Franck Durand. “They can handle classics with a lot of detachment.”



“I need visual calm to work,” says Sauzay. “When there’s too much chaos, my eyes sort of chase everything around”



handle classics with a lot of detachment.” The hotel’s walls will be lime plaster, complemented by ivory-painted wainscoting and recuperated old Burgundy stone tiles on the floors. Rather than varnish the oak furniture that will appear throughout, they’ll wax it, lending a subtle sheen to the natural grain and, like Le Pigalle’s marble, allowing traces of use as the years wear on. “We don’t want everything to be custom and perfect—it’s too cold,” Sauzay says.

Learning how to accommodate historic spaces elegantly is one hallmark of the best of old-country design—Jacques Grange and Axel Vervoordt come immediately to mind,

LOUNGE ACT

ABOVE: De Tonnac on a sofa of Festen’s own design. Sauzay sketches from the coffee table. In this story: hair, Kenzo; makeup, Yazid Mallek.



LA COLLECTIONNEUSE

Gio Ponti chairs gather below a painting by Florin Stefan and a Michael Anastassiades tube chandelier. RIGHT TOP AND BOTTOM: On the mantel, curios transport the couple to treasured moments—a Balthasar Burkhard photograph and vintage glassware are on display.



two masters of restrained eclecticism who, it turns out, are North Stars to Festen. “We love to add our one little thing, even though we know a building will one day become something else,” says de Tonnac.

Festen’s small office—a kitchen, the pair’s workspace with a vast oak table, and a larger back room to house their team of up to 10—shares a similar aesthetic with Sauzay and de Tonnac’s nearby apartment, with its eggshell walls, soft modern furniture, and natural tones. “I need visual calm to work,” says Sauzay. “When there’s too much chaos, my eyes sort of chase everything” CONTINUED ON PAGE 122



Fun City

Jermaine Gallacher's irreverent and irresistible approach to interior design is taking London by storm—starting with his colorful and unique home. By Mark Holgate. Photographed by Alberto Ferdinando Gualtieri.

Theoretically, you should be able to tour designer and dealer Jermaine Gallacher's London home in mere minutes. Located on the lower ground floor—"subterranean," he calls it—of a 19th-century apartment building in Borough, in a neighborhood where early Victorian London and the dreaded contemporary luxury-development London uneasily coexist, his four compact rooms arranged off one narrow passageway would seem to contain just enough space for him and his cat, Rita. But who wants a speedy tour when it's the rakish and garrulous Gallacher, 32, who's leading it? His erudite and uproarious conversational gambits flit from railing against the soulless corporatization of a city he adores (and has called home since he arrived there 15 years ago from Brighton to study) to tales of house parties he has known and loved, nights raucous enough for a friend to have once said to him, "God—you live like it's the fucking 1970s."

Then there's Gallacher's apartment itself, which, style-wise, mirrors his showroom just around the corner in a wine warehouse. The look that Gallacher has created for both has brought his name to the forefront of the interiors world—and fashion, with friendships with the likes of Emily Bode and Grace Wales Bonner.

Good luck, though, trying to pinpoint exactly what that look is. Gallacher's brilliantly nonconformist sensibility is well to the fore, conjuring up a strange and original beauty that defies easy categorization. It includes offbeat market finds chosen for their uniqueness rather than their provenance or value. "When I am sourcing things [at markets]," he says, "I don't look for names." He's drawn to the postmodernist Memphis Group, with its colliding

CLOSE TO HAND

Gallacher (TOP RIGHT AND BOTTOM LEFT) brings a wealth of texture to his showroom (BOTTOM CENTER) and apartment: antique market finds, metal zigzag candlesticks of his own design, and a wall he colored with pastels (TOP CENTER).





BOTTOM CENTER: OSKAR PROCTOR.



“I love things that create shadows,” Gallacher says.
“That’s always on my mind: What shadow will something
give off? Light and shade can really alter a space”

geometry and campy saturated pastels, and you’ll find pieces from the artist friends he works with, from Viola Lanari’s monumental white plaster of paris side tables and lamps to the sensual/sculptural leather-and-raw-steel seating of Lukas Gschwandtner. Finishing all this off with a flourish are whimsical, hand-painted surfaces—decorative impulses that can be as humble as they are sophisticated.

What’s easier to spell out is the appeal of what Gallacher does. At a time when interior style can be so commodified and replicable, and iconic design pieces fetishized for their clichéd good taste, his approach is a gloriously punkish refutation of all that. He revels in the personal and the instinctual—his ethos is to gravitate only toward what you love, and just let everything be in conversation with everything else. And he thinks that a year with everyone stuck at home might just make us take some welcome risks with our interiors.

Gallacher’s own home has been a work in progress since he moved in a decade ago, though he really focused on it only when lockdown-life frustrations kicked in. (One thing he did do when he first arrived: He and a friend spent a rather tipsy night using pastels to color a single patch of the sitting room’s existing Anaglypta wallpaper. “It’s quite English to have that awful embossed wallpaper. I steamed it off everywhere else but couldn’t be bothered in here,” he says. “I painted it because the view is of a brick wall, and I thought, That needs jollying up.”)

On another of the sitting-room walls is a framed flyer reading LUXURY SHIT HOLE, which he printed at college back in the mid-2000s. He used to hand them out, an indictment of his intense dislike of London’s ceaseless gentrification. (A few days after our meeting, Gallacher went on Instagram to decry the imminent disappearance of the India Club, inside the Hotel Strand Continental, a favorite watering hole of his.) There’s more of his artwork in the bedroom, including the door, painted with moon-faced figures—“I love anything nocturnal”—last April, at the height of London’s first lockdown, and the salmon canvas drapes he made himself, hanging them up when the paint was still wet so they could dry into the desired crumpled and creased texture.

The drapes act as a cozifying triptych around his Edwardian bed, found for him by his mother in Brighton. (She also sourced the ’30s gas stove in the kitchen—this after he went without a stove for a year because he found most of them so aesthetically unappealing.) By the bed stands one of Lanari’s white tables, atop it a gifted copy of Jean Genet’s *Our Lady of the Flowers*—though usually, Gallacher says with a grinning confession, it’s discarded teacups. But the table performs another important function for him. “Every room needs a bit of punchy white,” he says, “and not on the walls.”

There’s room for color, too. Dotted around both his home and his showroom are pieces of his own design, like the



terrific and already cultish zigzag metal candlesticks and side tables in primary colors that he started making last year as part of his Jermaine Gallacher Studio line. He’s drawn to the zigzag motif—he’s wearing a squiggly vintage brooch from Paloma Picasso—as a primal, almost prehistoric gestural symbol that also telegraphs a kitschy ’80s-cocktail-bar vibe. Yet it’s not just the aesthetic of the candlestick he was after. “I love things that create shadows,” he says. “That’s always in my mind: What shadow will something give off? Light and shade can really alter a space.”

The candlesticks represent Gallacher dipping his toe into an expanded idea of what he can do: Though he’s starting to think more in terms of a business, he admits that he’s still finding the balance between creative impulses and commercial realities. He’s already busy with a series of commissions, from wallpaper with de Gournay to a small restaurant in London’s Soho (where he’s thinking the zigzag motif will feature prominently), and transforming a historic barrister chambers

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PAINT IT BRIGHT

ABOVE: A Viola Lanari table adds a flash of white to the strong geometry of the bedroom’s leather floor.
OPPOSITE: Gallacher’s handiwork there includes a door painted with vivid “nocturnal” characters.

ABOVE: ANTONY CROLLA.





A Marvel in Milan

With a new apartment in her Italian hometown, Martina Mondadori needed someone to help bring her maximalist tastes to life. Her partner, Ashley Hicks, rose to the challenge.
By Hamish Bowles. Photographed by Guido Taroni.

The creative polymath Ashley Hicks's artistic adventures in lockdown are enough to make even the most productive aesthetes quake in admiration. At home in the English countryside, for instance, he insouciantly transformed his bathroom with a fresco of figures after Michelangelo: He now describes it as "The Sistine Bathroom." He created a collection of obelisk table ornaments that appear—thanks to his alchemical paintbrush—to have been assembled from shards of lapis, porphyry, or malachite. He's made a group of vibrantly colored resin sculptures and a series of chiaroscuro trompe l'oeil panel paintings—all while assiduously keeping up a lively design-centric Instagram account (@ashleyhicks1970) and a series of virtual tours of storied houses on Instagram Live. And when his collaborator Martina Mondadori relocated from a London town house to an apartment in her hometown of Milan last year, it provided not only a new canvas for her and the aesthetic that she has defined in the pages of her cult magazine, *Cabana*, but a further opportunity for Hicks to brandish his painter's easel.

Mondadori founded the biannual design publication in 2014 (with friends Christoph Radl and Gianluca Reina) to showcase a selection of atmospheric and layered environments that made patina glamorous—she describes their unifying spirit as *gemütlich*, warm and inviting—and to celebrate the revival of craft around the world. The magazine proved so potent that it became a noun (as in "that lampshade fringe is *so Cabana*") and swiftly engendered a tribe of devoted contributors and acolytes—and an enticing product range. Hicks soon became a contributor, turning his lens and pen on such subjects as the fabled frescoes of the Villa Imperiale in Pesaro.

Hicks's passion for photography resulted in the handsome 2018 volume *Buckingham Palace: The Interiors*, for

which he documented not only the storied royal residence's staterooms but remarkable private areas as well—familiar only to members of the royal family, their staff, and their guests. (Hicks himself is a cousin of HRH Prince Philip.) He followed this up with 2019's *Rooms With a History: Interiors and their Inspirations*, a book that is "full," as he has written, "of deeply pretentious opinions on everything from ugly colors (do they exist?) to flowers (I love them, who doesn't?)"

Meanwhile, working together on projects at *Cabana*, Hicks and Mondadori realized that their rapport extended

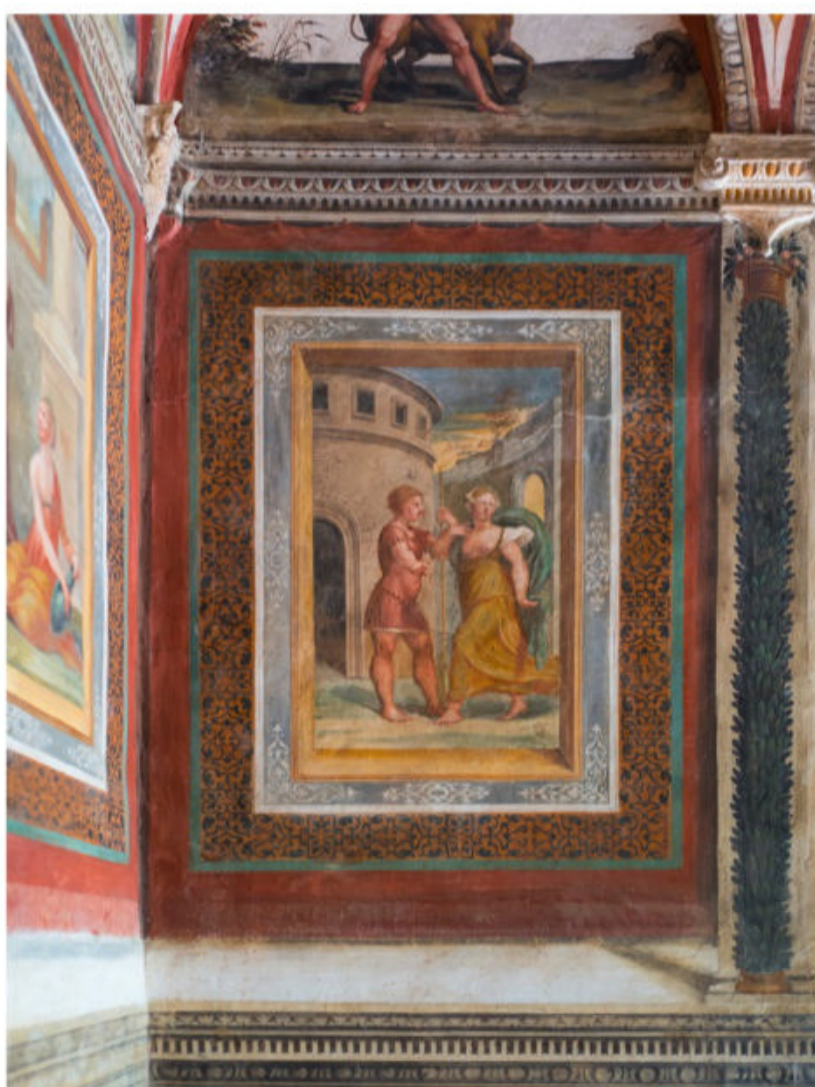


PAINT THE TOWN

Mondadori, wearing Giorgio Armani, with Hicks, whose scrupulous stencil work envelops the space. OPPOSITE: Hicks adorned the walls with a trompe l'oeil mural after Piranesi's 1777 studies of the Paestum ruins. Hair, Davide Diodovich; makeup, Angela Montorfano. Details, see In This Issue.
Fashion Editor: Francesca Ragazzi.



“We complement each other,” says Hicks, “and compliment each other, so it all works quite well”



OFF THE WALL

TOP: At his former London residence in the Albany building, Hicks’s hand-painted murals of Constantinople. Pages from the cult design magazine *Cabana*, edited by Mondadori, include a drawing room in the Portuguese town of Sintra (ABOVE) and details of the frescoes at Villa Imperiale in Pesaro, Italy (LEFT).

ALBANY: DERRY MOORE PHOTOGRAPHY; SINTRA: MIGUEL FLORES/COURTESY OF QUINTA DE S. SEBASTIAO; VILLA IMPERIALE: COURTESY OF ASHLEY HICKS.

beyond a shared aesthetic—and a deeper relationship bloomed. “We complement each other,” says Hicks, “and compliment each other, so it all works quite well.”

For both, design is in their blood. Mondadori, scion of the publishing house of Mondadori and the Zanussi home-appliance company on her mother’s side, grew up in a wildly atmospheric Milanese apartment that was decorated by family friend Renzo Mongiardino, Italy’s genius of interior design. Mongiardino layered the rooms with Indian and Persian textiles, shamelessly posthumous “Old Master” works, and extraordinarily convincing trompe l’oeil, suggesting by turns maple-wood marquetry or marble panels. As a child, Mondadori craved “a minimalist white house,” she says, but now she gleefully embraces the maximalist Mongiardino aesthetic: “I can’t live without color.”

Hicks’s own exacting father, the decorator David Hicks, meanwhile, redefined the way the jet set wanted to live in the Swinging Sixties with his strident use of color and audacious innovations. He later recalled that his childhood home in London, for instance, featured “glossy Coca-Cola-colored” walls and windowpanes of “tinted glass.” Hicks *père* thought this a clever way to counteract the city’s light; his son considered it “terribly dark and gloomy.”

Mondadori reached out to Hicks about her new apartment in May of 2020 as Italy began to ease out of its strictest lockdown. She sent him images of the classic turn-of-the-century bourgeois space, composed of an enfilade of three principal reception rooms, laid with its original kinetic parquet floor and linked by glazed doors. A long, terrazzo-floored corridor runs alongside like a spine and leads to bedrooms for Mondadori and her children (with her ex-husband, financier Peter Sartogo), Leonardo, 12; Tancredi, 10; and Cosima, 4.

Hicks decided to “make a separation between the three rooms,” defining each with different effects. In a small sitting room are trompe l’oeils that he painted on hessian panels—a technique that he employed to dazzling effect in his former London residence at the Albany, the storied Piccadilly apartment building created in 1802 for Regency gentlemen, including Lord Byron and William Ewart Gladstone, the future prime minister, to live unmolested by family responsibilities. It was an apartment that his father had made a calling card for the evolution of his own decorating innovations.

Mondadori and Hicks plan to divide the rooms with Egyptian curtains embroidered in the Cairene souks by Mondadori’s friend Goya Sawiris of Malaika, while Hicks’s own textile—inspired by a late-15th-century Florentine velvet at the Victoria and Albert Museum—has been artfully arranged to block unseen shelves: “Mrs. *Cabana* needed some storage,” he explains, “for her plethora of stuff.”

Mindful of Mondadori’s nostalgia for the atmosphere of her childhood home and of her passion for Renaissance Italy and the Middle East—“always part of *Cabana*’s world,” she avers—Hicks took inspiration from two late-15th-century textiles: a Renaissance cut velvet and an Ottoman *saz* silk with a motif that Hicks likens to “peacocks or dancing ladies. It’s got a wonderful energy,” he adds, “so I thought it would be quite nice for this lady dancing back to Milan.”

“It was hilarious because we are starting from two very different color schemes,” Mondadori recalls. “I kept saying to him, ‘No turquoise allowed, please!’ He was like, ‘You’re obsessed with terra-cotta.’ So there was this permanent joke of Ashley saying ‘Be careful or I’ll put in some pink or turquoise.’ So far he has behaved. Maybe if I leave him alone for two weeks in this house, I will come back and it will be covered in Tiffany blue!”

When travel restrictions lifted, Mondadori stayed with Hicks in England, where they planned the scheme in Hicks’s Oxfordshire home, deep diving together into his formidable decorative-arts library. In August, Hicks came to Milan to paint the rooms himself, discovering that Mondadori’s apartment is fast by the Casa Degli Atellani, where Leonardo da Vinci worked on the *Last Supper* fresco for the refectory of the Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie across the way. “Milan has a reputation of being an ugly, modern industrial city or something,” says Hicks, “but it couldn’t be further from that, really; there are so many Renaissance things...so many tiny hidden gems here. You would never get any idea of what the city is really like until you live here and you go into these courtyards, which are all green and wonderful.”

In Mondadori’s apartment he used a stencil for the repetitive *saz* pattern that licks its way around the room like flames, but then painted in highlighted shadows to suggest sunlight streaking through the windows. Hicks also closed the door from the former dining room to the service corridor (filling it in with bookcases) to create a cozy sitting room at the end of the enfilade, and painted its walls after Piranesi’s original 1777 studies of the Paestum ruins (from which the artist created a famed series of engravings). Hicks had admired some of Piranesi’s originals in the London house museum of the celebrated early-19th-century antiquary Sir John Soane.

Hicks had hoped that the overdoors would prove to be over-painted glass, but when the accretions of the decades were scraped away, he discovered that they were solid wood. He used them as a canvas for a series of martial still lifes inspired by those in Milan’s Villa Reale, occupied at one point by Napoleon’s brother-in-law Eugène de Beauharnais when he was viceroy of Italy, and notable for what Hicks describes as “the most fantastic Empire interiors.”

When we spoke via FaceTime in January, Mondadori was waiting for a long-delayed shipment of furniture and belongings from her former London house. The interiors, she explains, will also involve “quite a lot of upcycling and recycling of old pieces of furniture from my father and my mother’s first house, done by Mongiardino in the early ’70s in Verona.” There are additional treasures from her late father, Leonardo, who was, she notes, “a collector of very eclectic things,” including master drawings (Goya and Degas among them), medieval art, and early Renaissance furniture. This is a genre in which looks trump comfort, as evidenced by a doughty X-frame chair that would seem right at home in an interior by Piero della Francesca. “It’s dreadfully comfortable,” Hicks deadpans. In fact, he calls it “the torture chair.” “You do need

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Inside Story

At a moment when home isn't only home—it's where most everything else is happening, too—these tastemakers have made the familiar feel fantastic. Here's a guide to their house styles.



MEREDITH HAGNER & WYATT RUSSELL, *Los Angeles*

1. FRANCESCA VILLA CHARM BRACELET; STELLAFLAMEGALLERY.COM.
2. TORY BURCH MUGS, \$168 FOR SET OF FOUR; TORYBURCH.COM. 3. MIRON CROSBY BOOT; MIRONCROSBY.COM.
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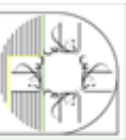
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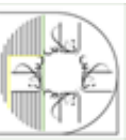
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BRAND-NEW DAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

Alexandra Margarita Russo still radiated the essential Disney-girl quality: a spunky, unselfconscious precocity and confidence.

It became part of Gomez's job to maintain that aura even as, simultaneously, the tabloid media began treating her as an object of interest. She was 15 when paparazzi began showing up on set. Her onscreen brothers, David Henrie and Jake Austin, felt protective of her. "We were all new to this, and they wanted to say things to the paparazzi, but you can't, because that's exactly what the paparazzi want," Gomez says. "I remember going to the beach with some family members who were visiting, and we saw, far away, grown men with cameras—taking pictures of a 15-year-old in her swimsuit. That is a violating feeling."

I ask Gomez whether she was aware of how invasive this situation was as it was happening, or if she brushed it off in the moment. "I think I spent so many years just trying to say the right thing to people for the sake of keeping myself sane," she says. By dint of her personality, as well as the fact that she was a young woman in the spotlight, she had to be unconditionally grateful, composed, sparkling. "I'm just such a people-pleaser," she adds.

"It seems almost impossible not to be, as a performer," I say, "unless you're like—"

Simultaneously, I say, "Daniel Day-Lewis" and Gomez says, "A man? Yeah."

Gomez is jet-lagged. She woke up at 4 a.m. and couldn't go back to sleep. The room is warm, and the afternoon is becoming opaque, and the superstar in front of me is giving off a soft, bruised quality. I find myself, as many fans and casual observers of Gomez have found themselves, wanting to protect her, to make her happy, to cheer her up. Gomez is so invested in preserving a sense of normalcy that she swallows, in most moments, the strange side effects of having been on camera for two-thirds of her life. It's a lifestyle that both exposes and insulates: Gomez seems acutely attuned to cruelty in all its forms, emotional and political, and also stunned by it every time. What's most unusual about her—what distinguishes her from other celebrities in her echelon—is the way she's grown softer,

rather than harder, as she's gotten older. The confidence came first; then came the confidence to let it drop.

In between, though, there was a non-negligible amount of chaos. At 18, when she was still filming *Wizards*, Gomez entered a serious relationship with a teen heartthrob, an entanglement whose off-and-on ups-and-downs were dissected constantly and voraciously until it ended in 2018. She was also releasing music—three albums before she was 20—with the pop-rock-lite band Selena Gomez & the Scene. In early 2014, in the middle of an international tour for her first solo album, *Stars Dance*, Gomez checked herself into a rehab facility. She was burned out and depressed, she tells me. She realized that she couldn't understand the problem or work through it without help.

Gomez had also been diagnosed with lupus, a chronic autoimmune disorder that, in her case, was severe enough to require chemotherapy and send her to the ICU for two weeks. Eventually she needed a kidney transplant, which caused one of her arteries to break; a six-hour emergency surgery followed. Gomez woke up with two significant scars—one on her abdomen and the other on her thigh, where the surgeon had removed a vein—and the jarring news that she had, for some time there, been fairly close to the edge.

Throughout this, Gomez continued to work: acting in movies, routinely going platinum with her music, producing projects like Netflix's controversial hit *13 Reasons Why*. But she also retreated to treatment centers for two more prolonged stays, in 2016 and 2018. "I knew I couldn't go on unless I learned to listen to my body and mind when I really needed help," she says. She still has a hard time with late-night anxiety: the kind where you forget how to sleep and start thinking about what you want, what you have to do to get there. "And then I start thinking about my personal life, and I'm like, 'What am I doing with my life?' and it becomes this spiral." She's become a staunch proponent of dialectical behavior therapy, and she feels proud when the Selenators, as her fans call themselves, talk openly about finding help with mental-health struggles. She viewed her recent diagnosis of bipolar disorder as an important step to managing her life more soundly. "Once the information was there, it was less scary," she says.

Gomez maintains steadiness in part

by avoiding social media. "I woke up one morning and looked at Instagram, like every other person, and I was done," she tells me. "I was tired of reading horrible things. I was tired of seeing other people's lives. After that decision, it was instant freedom. My life in front of me was my life, and I was present, and I could not have been more happy about it." And on Valentine's Day of 2019, she wrote the spare and graceful ballad "Lose You to Love Me" with her favored collaborators, the songwriters Justin Tranter and Julia Michaels. The song hit number one; women came up to Gomez and told her that it got them through their divorces. Like you, probably, I've heard "Lose You to Love Me" several thousand times, and I still hold my breath a little at the tenderness in the melody, at the way Gomez offers a story of mutual culpability and weakness with a kind of grace that gives her the final word. "Once I stopped, and accepted my vulnerability, and decided to share my story with people—that's when I felt release," she says.

One of the side effects of having become so famous so early is the worry that people mainly know you for having become so famous so early. "I still live with this haunting feeling that people still view me as this Disney girl," Gomez tells me. It's partly a matter of her face, which remains stubbornly youthful: Even when she's going full bombshell, you can still imagine her cheeks surrounded by flowers and cartoon hearts. Also, I suggest, her essential Selena Gomez-ness, the way she transmits her selfhood as readily and simply as a lamp gives off light, was there from the beginning. A person can't rewrite the fundamental nature of her charm.

Over the phone, Steve Martin, her costar on *Only Murders in the Building*, tells me, "You get a list of names, you know, you're thinking, Sure, they'd be good, they'd be good, and then they say, 'What about Selena Gomez?' and it's just—yes, of course. There was no question except 'Can we get her?' We knew she would enhance the show in so many ways, the number one being talent." Martin had never seen Gomez on the Disney Channel. "Her performance is rich and adult," he says. "She's learned to underplay when necessary. Marty and I are pretty manic, and she's this solid, solid rock foundation. She's nicely, intensely low-key." When Gomez is on set, Martin says, there is no sense

of her stardom. “She’s just working. And Marty and I joke around constantly, and we weren’t sure if she’d be game for it. But now we think of ourselves as the Three Musketeers.”

For now, though, Gomez remains better known as a singer than as an actor. This is partly because her music is autobiographical: It’s an avenue for Gomez to reveal herself on her own terms and conditions. (On “Look at Her Now,” a track on *Rare*, Gomez sings about losing trust in a lover who “had another,” adding, “Of course she was sad, but now she’s glad she dodged a bullet.”) Acting, conversely, requires her personal fame to be sublimated and transformed. The Spanish EP, wonderfully, allows Gomez to do both at the same time. On “De Una Vez” and “Baila Conmigo,” the first two songs to be released from *Revelación*, she moonlights as an alternate version of herself, working in the key of sunset melodrama, singing songs that are meant to be played on hazy afternoons, on old radios in rooms where lace curtains sway in the breeze. “It’s a Sasha Fierce moment, for sure,” she says.

Revelación was produced by Tainy, one of the reggaeton masterminds behind Bad Bunny’s debut album and the Cardi B juggernaut “I Like It.” He was inspired, Tainy tells me, by Gomez’s readiness to work in another language. “It’s a huge task. It’s not easy; it takes courage. And she sounds amazing.” *Revelación* melds the percussion patterns and the instinctual pulse of Latin music with strings and piano, all beneath the forthright melodies that have become Gomez’s signature. “She has this tone that’s so distinctive,” Tainy says. “She can hit high notes if she wants to, she can explode in a chorus, but there’s this softness. It’s angelic. You want to leave space around her vocal. What I’ll say is, a lot of artists generate emotion through power—what’s different about Selena is that she generates emotion through subtlety.”

“The project is really an homage to my heritage,” Gomez says. Thanks to her paternal grandparents, whom she still—pre-pandemic, at least—visits in Texas frequently, she was fluent in Spanish as a child, but she lost the language after she started going to school. (Before each recording session for *Revelación*, she did an hour with a Spanish coach and an hour with a vocal coach. “It’s easier for me to sing in Spanish than to speak it,” she says.)

Gomez—often implicitly figured, along with her Disney peers Lovato and Vanessa Hudgens, as part of a vanguard of Obama-era “post-racial” young stars—has been delving more consciously into the question of what it means for her to be Mexican-American. “A lot of my fan base is Latin, and I’ve been telling them this album was going to happen for years. But the fact that it’s coming out during this specific time is really cool,” she says.

Gomez has recently spoken about the fact that her paternal grandparents were undocumented. “It wasn’t for any reason that I didn’t share it before,” she says. “It’s just that as I started to see the world for what it is, all these things started to be like light bulbs going off.” Her grandparents came to Texas in a “back-of-the-truck situation,” Gomez tells me, “and it took them 17 years to get citizenship. I remember that being such a huge deal. My grandpa was working construction, hiring hundreds of people, and still they were living on the edge, covering up how scary it was.” Gomez remembers being a teenager, at a Shania Twain show in Vegas with her dad, when a stranger yelled that her dad was a wetback. “I started crying,” she says. “But my dad grabbed me and just walked away. I cried even more. I thought, I hate that my dad feels so depleted by this.” Over the past few years, Gomez started learning more about the immigration system, having conversations with friends who had firsthand experience with its bureaucratic snarls. In 2019, she served as an executive-producer for the Netflix series *Living Undocumented*. “My goal was to communicate that these people are not ‘aliens’; they’re not whatever names other people have given them. They’re humans—they’re people,” she says. The author Karla Cornejo Villavicencio, who wrote the dazzling, defiant 2020 book *The Undocumented Americans* about this very subject, tells me, “My dad was an undocumented delivery man on Wall Street, and he catered galas for the fanciest New York City families, and very important men sent him to the freight elevator with the trash because they didn’t think he was human.” She sent her book to Gomez because she felt a kinship—“another Latina young woman who was self-made and clever and beautiful and successful and kind, who struggled and reinvented herself and metabolized her suffering in her

art”—and sensed that Gomez understood the elemental sin of this dehumanization. When Gomez championed the book, lending it her endorsement and speaking about it in interviews and on Instagram, it was “a special moment for thousands of Latinx youth, many of them undocumented and queer. They felt like she had our back. I felt like she had our back too.” Cornejo Villavicencio says that some of her most loyal readers now are Selenators. “And I love them fiercely.”

Gomez, Cornejo Villavicencio suggests, is a figure like Princess Diana: someone who “entered a vulturistic institution really young, heart totally open.” (In an interview last year, Gomez brought up Princess Diana as a role model, citing the royal’s famous quote about wanting to be “queen of people’s hearts.”) Cornejo Villavicencio reminds me of Gomez’s Rare Beauty Rare Impact Fund, which has pledged to raise \$100 million for mental-health services, specifically targeting communities that lack any such infrastructure. “She is a global superstar who is listening, who is learning, who is growing, who doesn’t need to be doing it but wants to,” Cornejo Villavicencio says. “She’s sort of peerless in that regard.”

Several days later, on another frozen afternoon, Gomez and I meet up again in her village hideaway. When I walk in the door, an episode of *Friends*—the one with Barry and Mindy’s wedding—is paused on the TV. She’s watched the series through many, many times. (“Thursdays at eight, seven Central, on channel 33,” she recites automatically when I ask her if she watched it growing up.) She and her assistant tried to do a *Friends* puzzle to pass the time but gave up on it, just tacking up a poster of the cast drinking milkshakes on the living-room wall. “It looks like a kid’s room,” she says, laughing. We agree that the characters will always seem older than us, even though they’re in their mid-20s when the series begins.

Gomez is wearing a cream-colored sweatshirt and sweatpants and fuzzy Uggs; she’s drinking a chai latte from Starbucks. “Intense week this turned out to be,” I say. Two days previously, at the behest of President Trump, an armed right-wing mob had stormed the Capitol, fueled by online conspiracy theories about a stolen election.

For the past few years, Gomez has been criticizing social-media companies for the way their platforms intensify

despair and aggression; more recently, she's castigated Facebook for allowing COVID-19 misinformation to spread. "She comes to this work ready to learn and eager to use her platform to dismantle misinformation," says Abrams, whom Gomez supported in her fight for an accurate 2020 census. "Selena reached out through her manager last fall, wanting to understand why exactly things were going so wrong and what specific things she could do to make things better," Imran Ahmed, the CEO of the Center for Countering Digital Hate, tells me. In September, with the CCDH's guidance, Gomez wrote an email to Sheryl Sandberg, pointing out Facebook ads containing lies about election fraud and Facebook groups that were openly preparing for civil war. On the night of the riot, Gomez tweeted, "Today is the result of allowing people with hate in their hearts to use platforms that should be used to bring people together and allow people to build community." Sandberg, Mark Zuckerberg, Jack Dorsey, Sundar Pichai, and Susan Wojcicki, she wrote, had all "failed the American people."

"As soon as I saw the way she communicates," Ahmed says, "I understood why her brand is so, so powerful. There's just this goodness to her. She's very moral. And she gives these issues a broad appeal beyond any individual political party. As you can tell, she's not a party-political person. She's someone who really believes in *people*." Gomez had cried, she tells me, when she saw the pictures of the Capitol riot. "It felt like someone was pissing all over our history. It's just anarchy. There's been a complete division," she says mournfully.

Gomez places a premium on what we owe to one another: respect, decency, kindness. In some contexts, this makes her bold, and in others, cautious. At one point, she'd talked to me about her frustration at feeling that her work hadn't yet transcended her persona. "It's hard to keep doing music when people don't necessarily take you seriously," she'd said. "I've had moments where I've been like, 'What's the point? Why do I keep doing this?' 'Lose You to Love Me' I felt was the best song I've ever released, and for some people it still wasn't enough. I think there are a lot of people who enjoy my music, and for that I'm so thankful, for that I keep going, but I think the next time I do an album it'll be different. I want to give it one last try before I maybe

retire music." When I ask her about this again, she winces and says, "I need to be careful." She clarifies that she wants to spend more time producing and to "give myself a real shot at acting."

I tell her that I've been imagining what it might have been like to be 18 and get a cold and have to cancel performances and worry that you're disappointing thousands and thousands of people who love you—and to have that sense of responsibility only ever increase. In the midst of the pandemic summer, she'd posted a video on her Instagram explaining why she'd gone silent for a bit. It had felt insensitive, she said, to post anything that felt joyful or celebratory. "I feel guilty for my position a lot," Gomez says. "I feel like people are hurting, and I feel responsible with my platform to do something about it. To share that it's hard for me, too. To cheer them up. I know that this wasn't just given to me, I know that I've worked so hard to get here. I know that all of this is my purpose. But, because of the way I was raised, I just can't help but think, I wish I could give people what I have."

What a masterwork of casting it was, Selena Gomez in *Spring Breakers* in 2013. Her presence—her prudence, her sweetness, her sadness—is the movie's anchor, which lifts after 45 minutes and sets the whole thing adrift. She narrates Harmony Korine's neon bacchanalia in voiceover, murmuring, against footage of bare breasts and beer bongs and vulgarly sunny beachscapes, "This is the most spiritual place I've ever been." Faith, her character, wears a sideways cross around her neck; she has an innate dignity and conscience. She wades into a sea of madness, searching for epiphany, and then, when the great yawning darkness of 21st-century America starts to reveal itself, she hugs her friends and retreats.

Gomez, approaching the end of the third hour of the 10,000th interview she's done in the 28 years of her life, brings the pastor Rick Warren's book *The Purpose-Driven Life* down the stairs, along with a spiral-bound journal with desert flowers on the cover and the lines "You Are Here. Now Everything Is Possible." Gomez has read Warren's book three times. "I'm very, very spiritual," she says. "I believe in God, but I'm not religious. I've been a Christian for a while now. I don't talk about it too much—I want to, but it's gotten a bad rep. I just want to make it clear that I

love being able to have my faith, and believe in what I believe in, and that truly is what gets me through." I ask her when in her life she's felt closest to God. When she was sickest, she tells me. "You don't necessarily even need to believe to know that there's something above you that's bigger than you. You're throwing your hands up, going, 'I actually have no idea what is next.'"

Gomez believes—she has to believe—that she ended up here for a reason: that whatever irreducible glow brings people to her, whatever metaphysical pull led her from anonymity in a living room in Grand Prairie to the placeless state of being irrevocably famous and irreversibly known, it's all part of a larger design she can't perceive and doesn't need to. She can only try to fulfill this plan with an open heart. And even with all of this, she knows, she's barely even started. "I haven't even touched the surface of what I want to do," she says. "The parts that I want are the ones I need help with. I can't wait for the moment when a director can see that I'm capable of doing something that no one's ever seen."

A melancholy tenderness surrounds Gomez's memories of the last time in her life that her own potential felt uncomplicated. It was when she was first filming *Wizards*, when she and her mom would get to the set in the morning, and her TV family would be there too, and everyone would sit around and drink coffee and go over lines. "They were there before any of it," she tells me. "They loved me for me, and they still do. I can't say that I have that anymore. I can't meet someone and know if they like me for me." On the white couch, with her dog curled up on her legs and the single string of Christmas lights behind her, she says, "To be honest, I just want to start over. I want everything to be brand-new. I want someone to love me like I'm brand-new." □

PARIS MATCH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

around." There's a certain restraint in the duo's personal style as well. They both gravitate to a bit of vintage—she in jewelry, he in Levi's—and J.M. Weston shoes. De Tonnac is a fan of the minimalist suiting of Pallas, the bespoke atelier in Paris. In objects, though, she's more of a collector of books, tchotchkes, and art than her partner. Did it pose problems when they first started working out of their

shared apartment? Or again, during the first confinement period in Paris, in early spring of 2020, when the lockdown was really severe and they had to leave their office empty for two months? “Sometimes!” Sauzay says.

“We put a big table in the living room,” says de Tonnac, who has always liked working at home for the inspiration of “being surrounded by the things that you love.” As the pair travels more for work, they keep the accumulation of objects restricted to things that don’t so much just spark joy as memories. “It’s good to have a few really gorgeous objects that remind you of something,” says de Tonnac. “During the first confinement, I dreamed of going to the seaside, so I bought a tiny little painting of the sea,” like an escape inside a frame. “In Sri Lanka we visited the house of the architect Geoffrey Bawa, and I brought back a brick,” says Sauzay. “Literally a single brick. It’s not like my Proust madeleine, but every time I see it, it takes me back to this guy and how he thinks.”

For anyone facing the challenge of transforming their own home into an office, matching big tables are a Festen trick. (The large oak table that dominates the workspace is actually two pushed together to form one.) “It can be a giant desk during the day,” Sauzay advises, “and a giant dining-room table at night. You can load one of the two tables up with books and work things, and then pull them apart to have breakfast with your kids, so you’re not mixing.” “But sometimes,” de Tonnac says, laughing, “there’s just books everywhere and it’s a bit of a bazaar, and you just have to live with it.”

The project that most dramatically changed things for Festen came about in 2017, with Les Roches Rouges, a seaside hotel of high modernism in Saint-Raphaël. “Today, the Côte d’Azur is almost sordid,” says Sauzay. “It has a lot of big yachts. We looked back to the 1950s, when it was really chic, and we asked ourselves, What would we want?” Sunshine. So they enlarged the windows to let the view speak for itself. Because the wintertime waves can come up to the windows, they put in concrete floors. Wood, a favorite element of Festen’s, predominates, as do lovely marble and glazed ceramic tile. For a five-star hotel in a region glutted with over-the-top glitz, Les Roches Rouges broke with the obvious luxury codes, like “five pillows on the bed,” says Sauzay, “or strawberries in the winter.”

Precisely because the Riviera is a complicated place to do low-key chic, Les Roches Rouges became a destination, and its success pushed Sauzay and de Tonnac into another sphere. Where once they did kitchens and apartments, now it’s private homes, like a farm in the Canary Islands and a London town house. The hotels have gotten higher profile too, like the renovation of a 14-room property, Splendido Mare, for Belmond in Portofino; its terra-cotta tile- and wood-veneer samples are all laid out at the office (the hotel is due to open in April). Valéry Grégo, of Le Pigalle and Les Roches Rouges, has also hired Festen for his latest hotel project in Nice, which will be in a 16th-century convent. “The building is a classified historic monument, and they asked us to drill down to uncover the first wall colors,” Sauzay says. They discovered sienna yellow, rust red, deep dark green, and black, which they’ll carry through into rooms they’ve furnished with heavy wooden headboards, nodding back to the sober original furniture. (Gently. While the idea is not to lose sight of the building’s original function, one doesn’t want to actually feel like one is sleeping in a nunnery.) But their approach, even as the sites grow more glamorous, remains essentially humble. “We can really have fun now, working with artisans in the old way, and with more and more talented people,” says de Tonnac. Wood joinery, painting that reveals a bit of brushstroke, things that whisper rather than yell. □

FUN CITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

in Holborn, where he plans to clad the walls with red metal panels.

This gradual evolution into a more formalized interior-design role has taken him from a series of stalls and tiny shops in various London locales to his current showroom at Lant Street Wine. He started off as a customer but soon became friends with co-owner Ben Wilcock, who offered him space in the warehouse two years ago. Its old rooms are the perfect backdrop and the ideal foil for his assemblage of objects, and it also allows Gallacher to connect with his local community. Pre-COVID, the doors would be thrown open every Thursday and Friday evening, with anyone and everyone welcomed in and Gallacher working behind the bar. “It’s an icebreaker—and people buy things,” he says. “I like the informality of it. I

find furniture shops boring—I mean, they can be great, but sometimes they’re overpriced, and it’s just *stuff*.”

His showroom evenings have also attracted London’s creatives—including gallerist Sadie Coles and chef Fergus Henderson—to a kind of cross-cultural conversation that connects Gallacher to a time and place he’s always believed was more experimental and free-spirited: London in the ’80s. (“I wish I was around in the ’80s,” he says unabashedly.) He’s a big admirer of designers of that time, from the creative salvage of Ron Arad or Tom Dixon, with their unconventional use of industrial materials, to that of Mark Brazier-Jones, who’d bring welded metal and faux-leopard print together. He has also discovered the work of Andy the Furniture Maker, a club kid and acolyte of filmmaker Derek Jarman, who took discarded timber and knocked it up into gargantuan scaffolding thrones. (Andy disappeared from sight toward the end of the ’80s, his design brilliance sadly receding from history.) “I was blown away [by his work],” Gallacher says. “He was so authentic—he was just *making*. It was a bit scruffy, not so refined. I just love that.” □

A MARVEL IN MILAN

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a cushion,” concedes Mondadori. She, luckily, also has a passion for the commodious, handmade wicker chairs that Mongiardino designed for Bonacina—furnishings that became signature details of his client Marella Agnelli’s fabled interiors. Mondadori has sleuthed other treasures too—from dawn raids on England’s Kempton market to the dealers of Jaipur and Istanbul and the antiques fairs of Padua.

Meanwhile, the indefatigable Hicks painted Mondadori’s portrait with her children as a Christmas gift, and worked with Mongiardino’s former metalworkers to create his “Footlight” tabletop lamp, inspired by historic theater stage lighting. “It lights up the stuff in front of it and the wall,” Hicks explains, “which I think is rather ingenious, but then I would, wouldn’t I?”

“Working with Ashley on this house, on these walls, has also inspired me,” says Mondadori, who is now developing the first *Cabana* fabric collection (with Schumacher), which will include the *saz* design from Hicks’s scheme. “It’s been great fun, I must say,” she adds. “It *is* great fun,” says Hicks. □

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Last Look



Fendi veil and bag

With all the time spent at the family compound in Rome (which lodged some 20 or so Fendis of all ages during quarantine), Silvia Venturini Fendi didn't have to look far for inspiration. Her current collection celebrates those Italian handicrafts learned, generation after generation, at the kitchen table—like the a jour embroideries, once popular with Italian housewives, that appear on the veil covering this dainty handbag. Beneath, the baguette-style purse blooms with floral macramé embroidery and patent-leather florets the shade of a clementine. In short, it's a bag worth writing home about.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER LANGER



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