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March 8, 2020

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# Æ Introduces



Photograph by Mari Maeda & Yuji Oboshi  
Set Design by Alicia Sciberras

## Sculptural Ceramics

When the designer Jeremy Anderson, 44, was a kid growing up in suburban Minneapolis, his favorite toys were paper dolls, though he rarely played with them.

“It wasn’t something little boys did,” he remembers. “It was this secret thing I loved.” Decades later, Anderson traces a link between that furtive interest and his heretofore behind-the-scenes ceramics practice, throwing chubby anthropomorphic vessels that he “dresses up” with hand-painted stripes and raised ridges that bend and vibrate to trippy effect.

If you’re familiar with Anderson, it’s likely thanks to his more public-facing role as the co-founder of Apparatus, the modernist lighting and design studio he opened with his husband, Gabriel Hendifar, in 2012. From the start, Hendifar has been the firm’s creative director. In the early days, Anderson, despite a background in public relations, was its maker, spending time perfecting

metal patinas and leather detailing. But as the studio grew, so did its administrative needs, taking him away from working with his hands. In his off-hours, though, he began to invest more in his pottery practice, a creative outlet since he was in high school, and for the past several years has spent most weekends in the ceramics studio he and Hendifar built in the backyard of their Rhinebeck, N.Y., country house.

Now, with Apparatus well established — it currently has more than 70 employees — Anderson will focus on his solo work. He’ll mark the shift this month with an exhibition of his ceramics at the firm’s Manhattan showroom. “I feel a deep connection to Apparatus,” he says, “but having this little thing that’s mine is really

A selection of Jeremy Anderson’s glazed stoneware vessels, all with hand-painted stripes.

NOTES ON THE CULTURE

continued from page 45

special." Still, he acknowledges, his designs "live in the same world" as those of his husband: While researching an Apparatus collection a couple years ago, Hendifar passed along inspiration images, including a collection of the photographers Bernd and Hilla Becher's taxonomic pictures of water towers. Their stout silhouettes, familiar from Anderson's Midwestern childhood, became a point of departure for him, too, as did the Bechers' ability to imbue inanimate objects with personality. Anderson's porcelain and stoneware vessels — each with a mouthlike hole that makes them functional as vases — are distinctly humanoid; grouped together, they resemble a tribe of chic aliens clad in Ziggy Stardust onesies. Anderson calls them *piccolos*, the Italian word for "small," a bittersweet nod to the nickname given to him in his early 20s by a lover who died in a car accident.

It's also poignant that in his minimally decorated upstate studio, Anderson's potter's wheel looks out onto the woods where he keeps a graveyard of *piccolos* that perished in the firing process. "Working with clay, it's inevitable," he observes. "It's a life lesson. It really gets you thinking about attachment, and about letting go." — Julia Felsenthal

MINI MARKET

Men's Mules



From top: JW Anderson, \$590, jwanderson.com. Hermès, \$660, hermes.com. Dunhill, \$695, dunhill.com. Birkenstock, \$145, birkenstock.com. Celine by Hedi Slimane, \$1,100, celine.com.

# Hold the Fort

SITTING 500 FEET above the sea, atop a cliff on Capraia, Italy — one of seven islands making up the Tuscan Archipelago — is a restored 16th-century fortress built to house Genoan soldiers. After hundreds of years of raids and takeovers by the French and British empires, Forte San Giorgio is a testament to a bygone era of both geopolitics and architecture: The property includes a 66-foot-tall watchtower and is surrounded on three sides by stone ramparts. It's also the rare Italian monument in which you can now stay overnight, through the London-based villa-rental company the Thinking Traveller.

An extensive renovation reconfigured the 37,000-square-foot structure into a (roomy) single-family home with 11 bedrooms, 10 bathrooms, four main terraces and two pools spread across five buildings. "We wanted to make it contemporary while respecting the history," says Hilary Riva, who purchased Forte San Giorgio with her husband and three sons in 2009. They added oak parquet floors and travertine countertops, as well as furnishings such as an Indian mahogany dining table, but left untouched the vaulted ceilings, which are covered with original frescoes, as well as a grand staircase rendered in volcanic stone. Guests can play badminton and drink cocktails made with figs and local Morello cherries (a small staff is included in the rate) or tour the rest of the island, which, in the off-season, has more wild goats than people, although the winding alleys of Porto, about two miles southwest, offer a few charming osterias. It's also possible to go exploring without ever leaving the fort — a set of stairs leads from the reception area to the excavated remains of an even older fort, this one dating to the 13th century. — Sydney Rende



One of Forte San Giorgio's Tyrrhenian Sea-facing pools, as seen from the property's watchtower.

**The** WHEN THEY BEGAN appearing in the late 19th century, Parisian brasseries — many of which were run by Alsatian immigrants — sought to serve people from various walks of life, an ethos that was built into their menus: Alongside elaborate, expensive dishes like *côte de boeuf* and *quenelles de brochet* (breaded pike) were simpler ones like *frisée salad*, *steak frites* and *choucroute*. But in recent decades, some of the brasserie's spirit and collective energy waned; food became pricey and stale, and Parisians embraced other dining trends.

Now, though, two young restaurateurs, Juliette Cerdan and Kevin Caradeuc, believe the brasserie is ready for a revival. Their new venture, Brasserie Rosie, in the 11th Arrondissement, also pays tribute to the 19th-century lighting shops that used to fill the area. In the 200-seat

**Égalité** dining room, the ceiling is hung with dozens of mismatched vintage chandeliers, while the velvet seat cushions are blush pink and baby blue. The food, by the chef Denis Gamard, who worked at L'Atelier, Jean-Luc Rabanel's Michelin-starred restaurant in Arles, is equally friendly and homey: *oeuf mayo* ("it's good, it's easy, it's generous," says Cerdan), skate wing in butter sauce served with black rice pilaf and what is sure to become a signature — pigeon, foie gras and pork encased in puff pastry. "The idea is that there's something for everyone," says Caradeuc — and everyone is welcome. — Dayna Evans

**New**

One of Brasserie Rosie's dining rooms, with hand-painted wall signs, a 1970s pinup poster and chandeliers sourced from flea markets throughout France.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: CERRUTI DRAME; EDOUARD JACQUINET; WEICHIA HUANG (5)