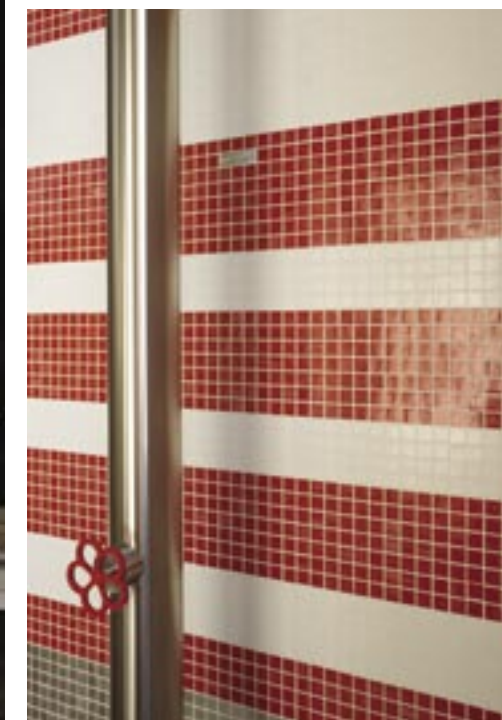
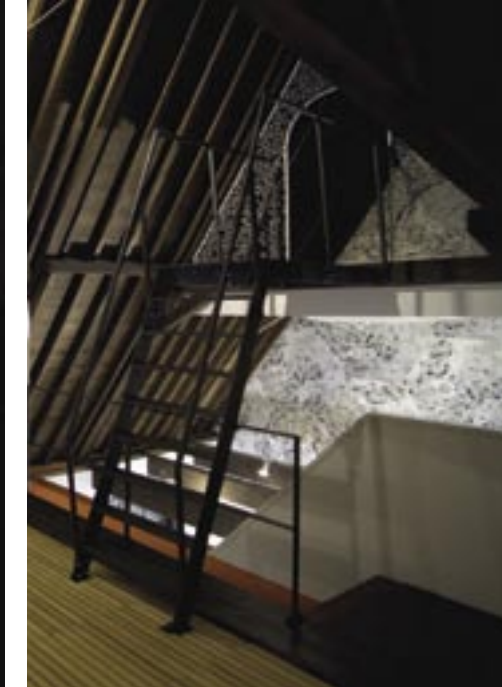


# HIGHRISE

M A G A Z I N E







# LUTE SUITES RESTAURANT

words by: Neil Carlson

Located in a rural village just outside Amsterdam, and occupying what was once a gunpowder factory and worker's quarters, Lute Suites & Restaurant has exploded onto the Netherlands' crowded, design filled landscape.





The pastoral Dutch countryside seems like an unlikely place to open a design hotel, but Lute Suites is unlike any other hotel and its location in Ouderkerk aan de Amstel is only the beginning.

Peter Lute, a 36-year-old Dutch chef opened a restaurant here two years ago and it was a chance encounter between Lute and Dutch designer, and furniture show-star Marcel Wanders—ostensibly kindred spirits—and a mutual respect for inventiveness, craftsmanship and playfulness that led to the creation of Holland’s hippest crash pad. Lute’s passion manifesting itself in creative cuisine and Wanders’ showing up in a range of products designed for firms like Droog, Moooi, Boffi, Bisazza, and Capellini.

At Lute Suites and Restaurant, previously dilapidated, gabled workers cottages that date back to 1740, have been converted into a seven suite design hotel-cum-personal Wanders showroom. Each suite features a completely different interior comprised largely of Wanders’ exotic furniture and decorative ideas like prototype chairs for Capellini that were shown at the 2005 Milan Furniture Fair appear alongside lime green floorboards, while macramé items—banisters as well as Wanders’ now famous “knotted chair”—hold their intricate and gorgeous own against his crafty creations for Dutch superbrand Moooi. And then there are the bathrooms. Corian baths, designed by Wanders for Boffi and large enough to invoke the ire of environmentalists should they take notice, are framed by mosaic walls entirely composed of tiny custom, decorative tiles by Bisazza. More than merely hotel rooms, or even suites, these are apartments—gorgeous and spacious apartments—and, at 70 square metres plus on average, they’re suitable for lengthy stays.







That home-away-from-gorgeous-home vibe is fostered by the inclusion of creature comforts like wireless internet access, La Prairie bath products, Dutch-de rigueur fresh cut flowers, and spacious, great looking kitchenettes that fill the void created in the absence of room service—although breakfasts can be delivered to the rooms on request. Hidden behind ornate doors, some kitchenettes feature extravagant flourishes like Swarovski crystal while others are merely painted in exciting patterns, but all of them contain sleek espresso machines, top range microwaves and dishwashers, and designer tableware to please even the most scrutinizing, resident design junkie.

And the location? It is only 15 minutes from Amsterdam, and while plans are underway to duplicate the Lute recipe in Amsterdam proper—near Museumplein (the cultural and arguably tourist heart of the city) as well as on that iconic of Dutch living, the houseboat—guests at Lute presently make do with the few vestiges of urban life that are close at hand. Adjacent to Lute is a Vitra showroom should your stay at Lute inspire you to do some redecorating, and there are a couple noteworthy restaurants in the village—the classic Kleine Paardenburg, and the uniquely child friendly and design savvy Praq—while Lute’s eponymous restaurant remains the dining destination of choice.

Occupying an old barn, and with an interior that incorporates the hottest design trends into traditional architectural elements, the restaurant continues to be the ideal showcase for Peter Lute’s cuisine. Simple yet sophisticated dishes like ‘Wild Sea Bass with Goose Liver and Balsamic Vinegar’ illustrate the hallmarks of Lute’s craft, while attracting diners from the city nightly—a pilgrimage recently made easier with the introduction of the LuteBoat. The early 20th century Dutch canal boat offers city dwelling diners round trip voyages to the Lute Restaurant that start and finish in Amsterdam proper, bridging the gap between city and countryside, and bringing this rural oasis of design that much closer to Amsterdam’s culturally savvy streets.







# **TWIST AND SHOUT**

A NEW SPIN ON 21<sup>ST</sup> CENTURY LIVING

Words: Dori Kelly Photography: James Silverman





Paris has the Eiffel Tower, Rome, the Coliseum, and now Sweden has its landmark standing tall on her southern shores. HSB Turning Torso is tall and white standing seemingly alone on the western harbour of Malmö, Sweden's third largest city. The harbour, in an economic slump after shipyards and factories closed in the 1980's, is now undergoing redevelopment plans as a new dynamic area to live and work. HSB Turning Torso, designed by renowned architect, Santiago Calatrava, is a multi-functional luxurious residential and commercial building which makes a bold and innovative statement for this new transformation into the 21<sup>st</sup> Century.

HSB Turning Torso is the vision of the Spanish architect and engineer Santiago Calatrava. With a life long inspiration of art, music and sculpture, along with a fascination with the natural movements of the human form, Calatrava combines all these influences and is able to give his work a light and organic feel. HSB Turning Torso is a beautiful elegant structure which defines sculptural expression as it gently turns 90 degrees.

HSB Turning Torso was first conceived by HSB managing director, Johnny Örbäch after seeing a photo of a sculpture created by Calatrava. He convinced the architect to design a new building in Malmö based on the piece. The vision came to be reality and the resulting structure stands 190 metres high and contains a circular central core wrapped around by nine individual cubes, slightly askewed and balancing on the one below it, resulting in a slow gyration upward. Each cube contains five floors; the two lowest cubes comprise office space, and cubes three to nine have been designed with 152 apartments with ultimate luxury and convenience in mind. Not only do residents enjoy sweeping views of the surrounding Öresund area, but a 24-hour concierge, a gym, two observation floors, and a temperature controlled wine cellar are all part of the rent!

Steel and concrete make a slight graceful twist toward the sky as HSB Turning Torso dominates the skyline of the Öresund region that encompasses Malmö, Sweden and Copenhagen, Denmark. In July 2000, the two nations were finally connected by another engineering feat, the 16 km Öresund Bridge that substantially contributes to the increased economic growth of the region.





HSB Turning Torso is a spectacular building on the outside and it goes without saying that the interior would be just as intriguing. Samark Arkitektur & Design AB of Sweden developed 33 superb unique floor plans with varying sizes between 45m<sup>2</sup> and 190m<sup>2</sup>. Managing director, Stefan Bergkvist said the firm developed each apartment based on its own unique position in the building and orientated them all to benefit from the dramatic panoramic views!

All the apartments were designed with a relaxed open plan with large windows and high ceilings to accentuate the height and openness of the space. Not the typical contemporary square box as gently curving walls, slightly oblique window frames, and circular ceiling soffits maintain the organic quality reflecting the spinal twist of the exterior's shape. "It was really a great challenge to design the apartments," says Bergkvist, "It's not just a building, it's a sculpture. We followed the curve of the structure and each floor plan is unique. No two are exactly the same, and that makes them rather special."

The Samark design firm used a high standard of materials and finishes in the apartments giving attention to even the smallest of details. They wanted to uphold a luxurious, but affordable atmosphere says Bergkvist. The first impression upon entering the apartment is the quality of natural light coming from the generous windows placed all along the outside walls. Floor- to-ceiling opaque screens by Creation Baumann, are designed in front of each set of windows to slide on tracks on the ceiling if the need arises to subdue bright sun light at different times of the day. Beautiful polished ledges made of Swedish limestone grace the bottom of each window, providing the perfect spot for a special object d'art.

The living rooms are purposely large. Bergkvist said the plan was to make the space in every apartment as open and airy as possible and to take advantage of the panoramic views outside. Doors and wardrobes extend from floor to ceiling in keeping with the visual of height. Also, the ceiling has been raised in beautiful curvaceous shapes contrasting the dramatic angles in the room. It is obvious that the view outside is the desired focal point and each unit has its own degrees of the breathtaking view, and has been accommodated by the generous banks of tall, wide windows.



Interior designer, Monica Sandström of Side Strategic Interior Design, Malmö, is responsible for choosing an array of contemporary furniture that is very complimentary to the space. Her reason for choosing furniture exclusively from Swedish and Danish companies is twofold. In one instance, she liked the idea of the Öresund Bridge linking the two nations and to emphasize the relations between the two nations. Sandström's other desire was to create a Nordic feel in the apartment. Sandström's focus in her design concept was of nature. "The building is very high," she says, "so it's difficult to have contact with nature. That's why I chose natural colours in the furniture and transparent fabrics [on the window shades] in plain light green and white, with branches to get the feeling of spring into the apartment."

In a small corner of the apartment, in front of two windows with a fabulous view of the city and the Öresund Bridge, Sandström placed a small white poker game table from IKEA, surrounded by six lightweight, but sturdy Taburet M stacking stools by Danish designer Jörgen Möller, all ready for a friendly five and dime game of poker!

The kitchen and bathrooms are exclusively custom designed by Samark for HSB Turning Torso. Bergkvist insists that only the best state-of-the-art appliances from Gaggenau and Bosch are used. The mixer taps are designed by the eminent French designer Philippe Starck. The kitchen cabinets come in an oiled oak with the grain running horizontally to parallel the long horizontal aluminum fixtures. Underneath the cabinets are strategically placed recessed down lighting which fully

**TOP LEFT:** The furnishings are supplied by the design firm Side of Malmö, Sweden. Soft grey and white contemporary pieces make a delightfully inviting and comfortable seating area to talk or to watch TV. The soft, plush textures, and tubular steel supports are a subtle, but perfect combination to contrast the hard edges of the windows.

**BOTTOM LEFT:** The customized kitchen, designed exclusively for the HSB Turning Torso by Swedish architect firm, Samark Arkitektur & Design AB, is fitted with high quality materials such as granite work spaces, ceramic tiling and light oak wood, as well as high end appliances such as Gaggenau and Bosch.



illuminates the generous amount of work space made of beautiful granite. Clean and efficient, and designed on the basic work triangle to allow for ease of cooking and clean up, the kitchen exemplifies modern living.

The bathroom is a delightful surprise and a true showcase of simple luxury. The "wow" effect of the room is a large, deep, round window reminiscent of a porthole on a ship. A true contrast to the linear quality of ceramic tiles on the walls and floor of the room, the window brings natural light into a room that is usually neglected in the bathrooms of most apartment buildings. Two wall hung circular wash basins beautifully mimic the two circles created by the window, and are crowned with stately mixing taps by Starck. A recessed mirror reflects the window, thus increasing the visual size and the quality of light in the space. A built in bathtub and shower unit with glass walls is equipped with heated towel rails, another simple, but not overlooked detail of ultimate comfort.

In 2005, HSB Turning Torso won the most sought after award for best residential development at the MIPIM international real-estate forum in Cannes. In 2005 Santiago Calatrava was awarded the prestigious AIA Gold Medal by The American Institute of Architects. HSB Turning Torso may just be the most remarkable residential and commercial property in the Öresund region. It is within walking distance of Malmö's city center to take advantage of the cities cultural diversities, restaurants, shops, and area beaches. The Turning Torso may be a new, modern building, but will most likely emerge and take its place in noted landmark buildings worldwide.

**TOP RIGHT:** The bathroom was custom designed by Samark Arkitektur & Design AB with simple, but lavish finishes. The main feature, the port hole shaped window, is a significant design element used to determine the character of the space. The large recessed mirror captures the window which enhances the size of the room and also the quality of light.

**BOTTOM RIGHT:** Abundant natural light flows into the space through generous large windows and gives a feeling of spaciousness. Wonderful transparent shades are incorporated into the design which slide on ceiling tracks as an option to leave open or to subdue sunlight if it becomes too hot or too strong.

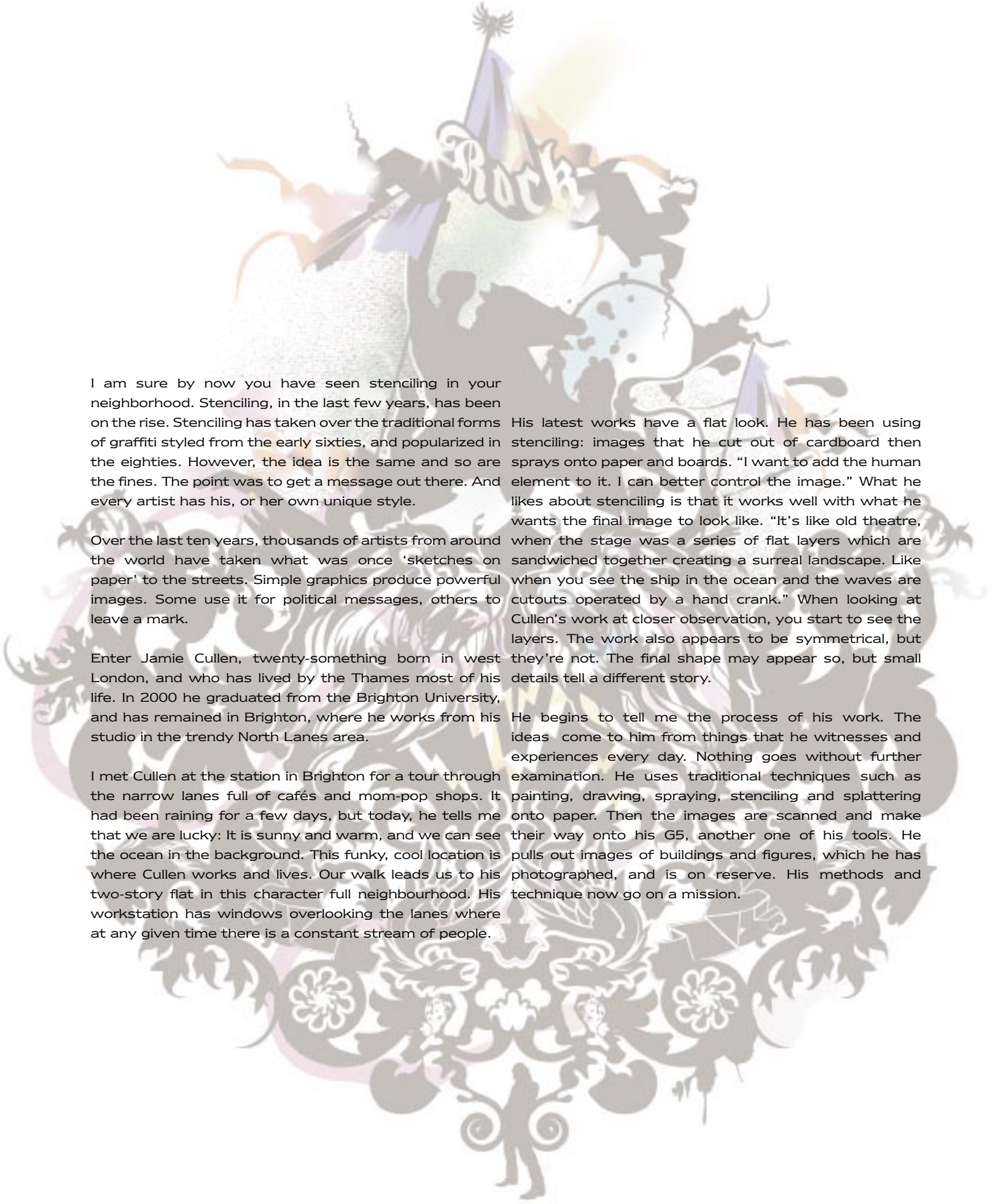




# JAMES CULLEN UNLEASHED

Words by Rafi Ghanaghounian





I am sure by now you have seen stenciling in your neighborhood. Stenciling, in the last few years, has been on the rise. Stenciling has taken over the traditional forms of graffiti styled from the early sixties, and popularized in the eighties. However, the idea is the same and so are the fines. The point was to get a message out there. And every artist has his, or her own unique style.

Over the last ten years, thousands of artists from around the world have taken what was once 'sketches on paper' to the streets. Simple graphics produce powerful images. Some use it for political messages, others to leave a mark.

Enter Jamie Cullen, twenty-something born in west London, and who has lived by the Thames most of his life. In 2000 he graduated from the Brighton University, and has remained in Brighton, where he works from his studio in the trendy North Lanes area.

I met Cullen at the station in Brighton for a tour through the narrow lanes full of cafés and mom-pop shops. It had been raining for a few days, but today, he tells me that we are lucky: It is sunny and warm, and we can see the ocean in the background. This funky, cool location is where Cullen works and lives. Our walk leads us to his two-story flat in this character full neighbourhood. His workstation has windows overlooking the lanes where at any given time there is a constant stream of people.

His latest works have a flat look. He has been using stenciling: images that he cut out of cardboard then sprays onto paper and boards. "I want to add the human element to it. I can better control the image." What he likes about stenciling is that it works well with what he wants the final image to look like. "It's like old theatre, when the stage was a series of flat layers which are sandwiched together creating a surreal landscape. Like when you see the ship in the ocean and the waves are cutouts operated by a hand crank." When looking at Cullen's work at closer observation, you start to see the layers. The work also appears to be symmetrical, but they're not. The final shape may appear so, but small details tell a different story.

He begins to tell me the process of his work. The ideas come to him from things that he witnesses and experiences every day. Nothing goes without further examination. He uses traditional techniques such as painting, drawing, spraying, stenciling and splattering onto paper. Then the images are scanned and make their way onto his G5, another one of his tools. He pulls out images of buildings and figures, which he has photographed, and is on reserve. His methods and technique now go on a mission.

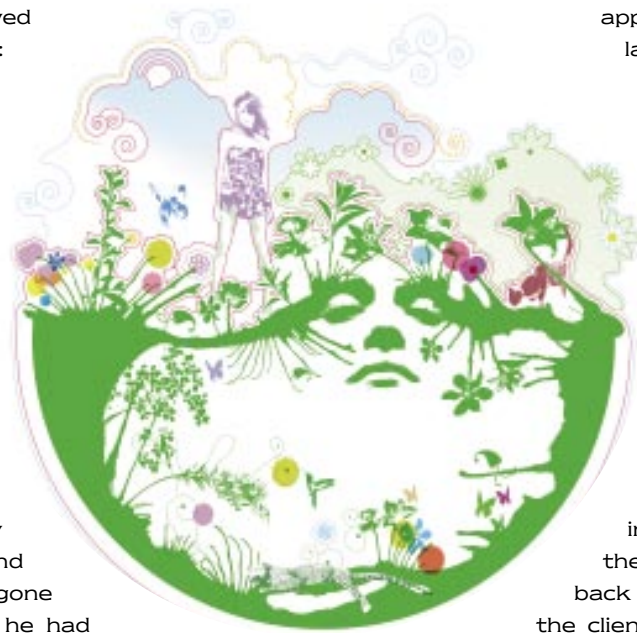




Several subjects come his way whether it's politics, nature, fashion or architecture. One thing is evident: Cullen works with emotion. His glossy, candy-like landscapes are fields of hidden messages. Various scenarios are incorporated in his subliminal images, such as the Royal battles, and a lovers embrace under a melting tree line. Although appearing random and chaotic, much thought and process goes into each piece.

While at Cullen's studio, he showed me one of his most recent pieces: A black and white close up of a tornado, which shows humans, animals, cars and homes being thrown about. Cullen inspires us to take note of the details of his figures, while simultaneously leaving something for the imagination. The image is tense and moving. Cullen explains, "When I saw the news in America, with the series of tornados in the south and the stories of the people explaining in detail of what they had experienced, I was moved and tried to imagine what they had gone through." He pulls out drawings he had done for the piece.

Another inspiration for Cullen is nature, and the space that it demands. Blank open spaces inhabited by pastel flowers and vines play with images of people



floating. Imagine sixties psychedelic poster works by Rick Griffin and Wes Wilson and mash it up with turn of the century Art Nuevo.

Cullen's work can be quite decorative, and some appear to be inspired by tattoos. Cullen explains, "I was at PRIDE in Brighton last year and there were these old guys with sailor tattoos--very decorative and erotic".

Cullen's understanding of design and approach in execution as an artist has landed him some big gigs in Europe and America. Some of his clients include ATTIC, ELLE, Nike, GQ, Cream, Cosmopolitan, Rolling Stone, Time Out, and several national papers in the UK. Clients have now started to ask for him by name. "I feel good about that, I do work for myself first and then slip them to my agent. You don't know what people are going to think of it. Sometimes you don't hear back for weeks. Other times the client finds the images hard to swallow, but like the direction. So the original goes back into the personal portfolio and the client gets a version geared to their needs."

Saatchi and Saatchi, one of the biggest design firms in the world, has just flown in fifteen pieces of his work to feature in their New York City offices.



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# HIGHRISE

M A G A Z I N E

DISPLAY IN FASHION OR LIFESTYLE



CANADA \$6.95 / USA \$5.95



# NEW VISUAL CULTURE OF MODERN IRAN

Words by Neil Carlson

Leaf through Han's Wolbers and Reza Abedini's *New Visual Culture Of Modern Iran*, a striking compilation of contemporary graphics, and you can't help but conclude that it's a bold and ground-breaking surprise. Consider why that's the case and some soul searching might be in order: Shamefully one sided rhetoric has demonized Iran to the point that its rich and obviously thriving culture remains hidden beyond the realm of most Western imaginations. Yet here it is. Just don't expect political controversy: In the preface to the book, it's explained that the artists whose works are collected in the volume continue to live and work in Iran and that consequently the collection contains no "(direct) political statements". What the book does contain is a wealth of expressive calligraphy, striking imagery, experimental typography, and let's face it, more than a touch of the exotic, all of which factor largely into the book's instant appeal. It's immediately apparent that the Iranian graphics scene is an uncommonly rich one, and passion, depth, and a lyrical, poetic narrative come through loud and clear even if specific messages do not-Farsi texts appearing in artistic works are not translated. Instead of specific messages, the *New Visual Culture Of Modern Iran* is more concerned with celebrating the beautiful and unexplored medium. Of course if you are the type of reader who demands a message Wolbers and Abedini have included one: It's the call for the West to turn its collective gaze to the exciting, creative, and oftentimes forgotten human side of Iran; the very side CNN won't tell you about.

*New Visual Culture Of Modern Iran*  
Compiled by Reza Abedini and Hans Wolbers  
Hardcover, 160 pages, 23.5 x 29 cm  
[bispublishers.nl](http://bispublishers.nl)





# HIGHRISE


M A G A Z I N E

DISPLAY IN FASHION OR LIFESTYLE  
DISPLAY UNTIL NOVEMBER 2006



CANADA \$6.95 / USA \$5.95





I'M SURE THERE IS VERY LITTLE THAT I  
CAN DO OR SAY TO REINFUSE YOU WITH HOPE.  
BUT, I CAN SAY THAT I HAVE HOPE.  
BECAUSE PEOPLE HAVEN'T STOPPED WATCHING.  
PEOPLE HAVEN'T STOPPED TALKING,  
PEOPLE HAVEN'T STOPPED THINKING ABOUT YOU.  
THEY WON'T FORGET.

PEOPLE, MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE WAITING  
FOR DECISIONS TO BE MADE  
I THINK THE DECISION MAKERS FEEL THIS PRESSURE  
I HOPE THE RIGHT THING WILL BE DONE.  
KEEP FIGHTING.

WE'RE WITH YOU.





“CINEMA IS AN  
OLD WHORE, LIKE  
CIRCUS AND VARI-  
ETY, WHO KNOWS  
HOW TO GIVE  
MANY KINDS  
OF PLEASURE.”

Words by Neil Carlson

*Federico Fellini*







Torino is a hotbed of Italian design and the city's showcase museum is as stylish as anything you'd expect to find in the birthplace of Pininfarina. Housed in the landmark Mole Antonelliana—a structure originally designed to serve as the city's grandest synagogue—The Museo Nazionale del Cinema (National Museum of Cinema) is a majestic place of pilgrimage: Visitors to the iconic building—it appears on the Italian two-cent Euro coin, and a stylized version of the Mole's silhouette was the symbol of the 2006 Winter Olympics—worship at the altar of Italian pop-culture and venerate the pantheon of gods led by Pier Paolo Pasolini, Federico Fellini, and Roberto Benigni. The museum's six themed floors—designed by Swiss born architect François Confino—feature exhibits like The Archaeology of Cinema, where early technological developments are documented and visitors can watch

some of the first films by the Lumière brothers and The Movie Factory, where visitors are introduced to modern film making processes. More recently the museum unveiled Two Rode Together, a permanent exhibition that documents the contemporary histories of the Italian film and television industries while emphasizing the inter-related nature of modern media, but despite that recent addition to the exhibition space, the top draw remains the visually spectacular Temple Hall. Aptly named, the Temple Hall evokes the buildings historical, religious purpose, while suggesting a near-spiritual connection between Italians and the silver screen. In the Temple, surrounded by 10 mini-chapels dedicated to the cult of Italian film, museum-goers recline on boldly styled crimson benches and turn their eyes towards the interior of the Mole's dome upon which 35mm films are

screened and intermittently projected images playfully animate the scene. Elsewhere, those looking to metaphorically climb the heights of Italian filmdom make use of the Spiral Stairway. It unravels like a reel of film and ascends into the heavenly realm of the museum's extensive collection of original movie posters—count on Italian cinema's most iconic films such as, *Il fiore delle Mille e una Notte* (A Thousand and One Arabian Nights), *8 1/2*, *L'avventura*, and Sergio Leone's defining *Spaghetti Westerns*. Visitors wanting perspective on Torino itself can take in Piedmont's most panoramic view from the observation deck located at the base of the spire. Back on terra firma guests flock to the multi-media Ciak Bar where three themed areas have served to make the scene one of Torino's many drinking and lounging

hotspots. The Alcoves provide patrons with small sitting rooms perfect for reading and having drinks. The Voiles offer intimate tables that are individually draped in airy canopies, and the café proper allows visitors to delve even deeper into the realm of the seventh art while sipping cappuccinos; each café seat contains its own screen where film sequences can be viewed. Some clips are hysterical, some are dramatic, some are action packed and some are romantic. All of them capture the effortless charm of Italian cinema and all of them look timeless under the sprawling dome of Torino's leading lady, the Mole Antonellia. Sophia Loren never looked as good. [museocinema.it](http://museocinema.it)





Dear SURVIVORS —

TE ME SOUVIENS — I REMEMBER — AN

WILL VOTE ACCORDINGLY OUT OF RESPEC.

## LOVE LETTERS TO THE SOUTH

Photography by Paul Alexander  
Words by Vivian Vassos

“There’s something about the power of longevity when it comes to shooting celebrities rather than models,” says photographer Paul Alexander, when asked who his favourite subjects are. But what about all those iconic fashion images, shot by Penn, Snowden, Newton? “I think that there’s a timelessness associated with a good portrait of a famous face.” His subject today, however, **Love Letters to the South: Messages of Hope and Healing from the World’s Best-Loved Celebrities**, a new portrait book filled with images of the famous, goes beyond fashion and celebrity. Interestingly, or perhaps ironically, it is the power of images that prompted our conversation. “When the whole Hurricane Katrina disaster in New Orleans happened last year, we were inundated with images of real life happening right then,” he says, over the phone from Los Angeles, on the eve of the book’s launch event. “It was powerful; almost overwhelming to see what they were going through down there.” Aerial Communications’ Naomi Strasser, the book’s Toronto-based creator and editor agrees. “There are certain snapshots in our lives...you remember things, like where you were when 9/11 happened or when the space shuttle blew up,” she says. “We were working on getting things ready for the Toronto International Film Festival, when we started to see what was going on in New Orleans and in Mississippi.” These images inspired Strasser and Alexander to create images of their own. “We thought, there’s something we can do to leverage the connections we had to stars at TIFF,” continues Strasser. Within hours, a team was assembled and a makeshift studio was set up at Toronto’s Windsor Arms Hotel “An extraordinary group of people worked on this book, all working pro bono, for the cause,” says Strasser. “Not just Paul, but the other photographers, The Artist Group and M.A.C cosmetics in

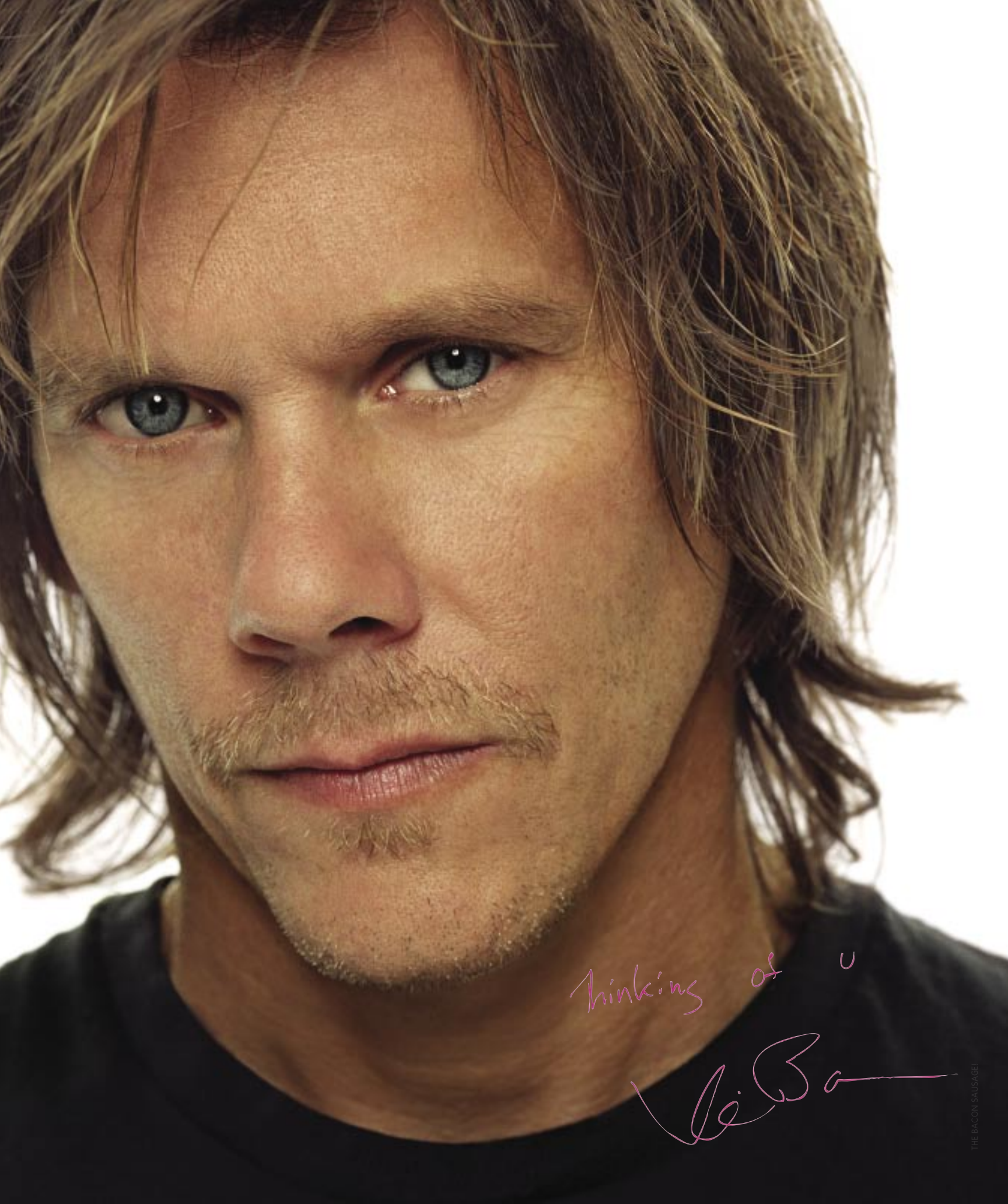
LOST, AND WITH LOVE  
// FOLLOW US, LET'S  
VING IN MIND.

THE PENALTIES OF  
TO PARTICIPATE  
IS THAT  
BEING GOVERNED  
INFERIORS"

M. V. S.







Thinking of u  
LiBa

The world is witness to your tragedy  
Though your loss is great, your spirit is greater  
We watch with admiration as you persevere

Paul Strasser

Toronto, many Los Angeles hair and makeup artists, and DKNY Jeans, who supplied the clothing for shoots and then donated them to those in need." And then the celebs started showing up. "We didn't even have a book in mind then, maybe an art installation or a photography exhibit to raise funds, but the celebrities wanted to help. Once we had 12, 14 of them on board, we thought, maybe now we could do a book, which was even better, as it could continually grow into an ongoing effort to raise funds." Canadian singer Tom Cochrane was among the first to sit for Alexander, having worked with him during The Juno Awards in 2004.

No stranger to celebrity himself, Alexander has photographed some of the best and the brightest. It all started in 1989, when he was assigned to shoot Sting for British Elle. When Alexander arrived, Sting was playing his double bass. "What do you want to hear?" asked the singer. Alexander started shooting Sting to the strains of Roxanne—live. Having worked with him myself, shooting Beyoncé, Nickelback, Coldplay and countless others, I understood why Strasser turned to Alexander to capture the majority of the images for Love Letters to the South. His sets are always relaxed, he's always fast (a master of getting the shot in five minutes or less!), always in a good mood, and always manages to get a subject in a good mood, as well, whether they arrive that way or not. Within minutes of Chris Martin arriving on set at Toronto hotspot Amber, Alexander had him eating tuna sandwiches with the crew, smoking an apple-flavoured tobacco hooka and shelling out tickets to the band's sold out show that evening.





"For the book, Ziggy Marley came with his family," recalls Alexander. "His wife was a lovely lady, great energy." Any other celeb stories? "Jimmy Smits is unbelievably polite, Josh Hartnett is very intelligent, very thoughtful, really up on current events and Johnny Depp wrote his message right on the spot in Toronto." Strasser, too, has her favourite moments. "Musician David Banner is from Mississippi, another hard-hit area, and he was on tour when Katrina struck," she says. "He stopped his tour, and sent his tour bus back and forth to Mississippi full of supplies. And how incredibly supportive The Windsor Arms and Sofitel hotels were—they provided many of the locations for our NYC and L.A. shoots, free of charge." (Sofitel Los Angeles is also the location for the book's launch party, where subjects/guests such as Grey's Anatomy's Kate Walsh and Canadian actors Natasha Henstridge and Rachel Blanchard were hosted on the patio, where celebrity chef Kerry Simon reigns.) "I was incredibly touched by the response," Strasser continues. "I was amazed at how many men and women of conscience are out there, and despite busy schedules, multiple locations and being pulled in 18 different directions, how every single person showed up exactly when and where we needed them to be."

Keep the Faith  
Ziggy Marley

Love to the Anzures  
Ziggy Marley







HOPE FAITH  
LOVE  
Are More Powerful  
than any Hurricane  
But is the greatest of these  
Walks May Crumble  
Buildings May Fall  
But Love Endures  
Katrina  
Survives

The messages in the book are personal thoughts from celebrities accompanying the photos, as a reminder that those affected by Katrina have not been forgotten. "Je me souviens," writes Viggo Mortensen, who asked if he could have a little more time to craft his message. "He was speaking at an upstate New York college in the middle of nowhere, and had to drive a half hour to the local general store to fax me his message," says Alexander. "But he did it, a true man of his word." Mortensen's point, "I remember," is key to what this book is about, particularly as it arrives in bookstores on the anniversary of the devastating storm. "There was a conscious decision to launch the book now. We wanted to punctuate the fact that even though this happened a year ago, the people of New Orleans still need our help," says Strasser. "It's not over yet, people will still need help a year from now, five years from now."

**Love Letters to the South: Messages of Hope and Healing from the World's Best-Loved Celebrities** (*Naked Ink*)

Principal photography by Paul Alexander.

Edited by Naomi Strasser.

Additional photography by Alison Dyer, Nabil and Michael Grecco.

For every book sold, \$2.50 will go to the American Red Cross' Disaster Relief Fund and \$2.50 will go to Habitat for Humanity's Operation Home Delivery. \$29.99, at [Indigo/Chapters](http://Indigo/Chapters); [amazon.ca](http://amazon.ca)



# FASTER JAMES, FASTER!

CALL IT A STRETCH IF YOU WILL, BUT IT'S A TRUE SAGA

Words by Ray Fry



1969 Cadillac Fleetwood Seventy Five Limousine



A simple white 'X' on the hot Texas pavement marks the spot where the most famous car in the world, became just that. And unfortunately, regardless of what you've heard, it had nothing to do with James Bond and an Aston Martin coupe. Indeed, it is a Lincoln.

A stunning 1961 Lincoln Continental, an open limousine in dark navy blue – custom built and just two years into service.

A bouquet of blood red roses lay scattered on the deep mouton carpets as the youngest President lay slumped over two-tone blue leather seats. You know the rest of the story.

Limousines.

Whether you've stared in awe or had the honour of piloting one or even the pleasure of riding in the rear compartment – the limousine has, since the early 1700's, offered a luxurious, stylish, and, until recently, dignified mode of transport for the wealthy and the famous.

*Studying in LA during the 1960's, I came upon a brand new Cadillac – a 1966 Fleetwood Seventy-Five limousine. Pressing my nose to the side glass I peered in, carefully watching as the muscle-bound chauffeur in head-to-toe leathers dashed into the dry cleaners. Horror of horrors, much to my embarrassment the infamous, now elderly, lady-of-the-car, was perched in the back seat. As a scrawny kid on a 10-speed, I did not get to hear the phrase "Come up and see me sometime!"*

I write about a time in history of incredible motorcars in which I was fortunate to be in all three positions – an observer, a driver and a privileged passenger. Limousines were revered. Not reviled or ridiculed as they often are today.

Chauffeur, synonymous with the word limousine has been used since before the 20th century when carriages and trains required professional drivers to handle them. The word limousine originates in le Limousine region of France where shepherds would wear oversized hoods to protect themselves from inclement weather. Drivers of custom automobiles later used similar garments, because while the owner would sit in an enclosed coach, the driver's compartment was exposed.

Brrrrrrr.

In two years as a professional driver, I served a list of what could be referred to as Time and Newsweek covers; most of those I drove were stellar figures in the arts, entertainment, business and politics

*She was the 'first lady of the theatre,' an award-winning actress whose career spanned, eventually, 70 years; a two-time Academy award winner with an Emmy, a Grammy, and three Tony awards. A NYC theatre had her name. I had seen her role as a mysterious princess perhaps 10 times, as a boy, but she wasn't getting into my car in those pin curlers! Maybe it was the black mink, or the Hermes scarf, or the look she gave me that said, "Open the door, kid!"*

Even with the notables mentioned, an 'odd sour' note came my way, now and then, resulting in a lasting effect.

*It was an idyllic scene, a swift and shining navy limousine surrounded on both sides by spectacular golden sun-drenched wheat fields. The personality, who still inter-views the world with a slight speech impediment, pronounced the scene as "Boring!" I can tell you she was the most unpleasant person I ever had to share a breakfast table with. Trust me. (Perhaps it was the hour - 4am.)*

Cadillac Fleetwood 75's, Lincoln Continentals and Italian-built Chrysler Imperial Crowns. Moses wasn't the only one who could part the waters – glide up to the red carpet in one of these black, navy or steel gray, seven-passenger sedans, and traffic officers would snap to attention, shining brass doors would be opened posthaste and the curious would stop to marvel.

*Perhaps I opened the rear door too quickly, for it indeed became a televised marvel. As the grieving Lieutenant-Governor's widow was about to alight from the car at the Cathedral funeral, suction had pulled yesterday's leftover pink confetti from a roof air duct, covering her black wool suit. No doubt an audience of thousands wondered if good grooming was part of a chauffeur's task.*

Deep claret or a dark green might be added to the list of acceptable colours. Note the absence of white. Limousines in the 1960's and 1970's, at the the peak of popularity, were not subjected to white. It was not dignified - in fact it would be the height of gauche. Ditto today, if you should ask.

The luxury of a private drive. A uniformed driver who could place you wherever and whenever and then let James worry about the parking. While working my way through school, that ever fascinating job required that I obtain a couple of dark suits, crisp white shirts, dark un-patterned ties, gloves, black boots, a proper chauffeurs cap and a mouth that was closed until invited to speak! And hands that looked like a Camay ad. You were a chauffeur after all, not merely a driver. Drivers drove Dodge taxi cabs.



1968 Cadillac Fleetwood Seventy Five Limousine





*I once felt inclined to ask a famous TV personality, he and his chubby pal were bus drivers on a ever popular series, why he always slouched into the rear seat - was he uncomfortable? His answer "Fry, I hate these cars because I still can't accept my celebrity." Against company rules, I asked for an autograph dedicated to his biggest fan, my dad. True to his demeanor, his note was gracious and terribly witty.*

The aforementioned domestic manufacturers all made their own factory-built limousines, in limited numbers or at least installed the finest coach builders, throughout the 20th century. Not modern day hackers with merely a buzz saw, a lack of design sense and the ability to add needless length to a luxury sedan. Or worse - an SUV.

A 1950-80's Cadillac limousine, clearly the most popular, commanded esteem with a capital E. Special hand-crafted bodies featured doors wrapping over and into the specially grafted tall(er) roof, for easy entry; the extra wheelbase was set off by a beautifully proportioned ensuing length; a small privacy rear window and even smaller rear air ducts, indicating dual air conditioning units, were carefully crafted into hand-worked metal.

*But it wasn't just the cars you grew to respect. Here was a renowned Hollywood actor, with those wild facial expressions, bushy eyebrows, and a penchant for partying, who turned out to be one of the most interesting, gifted, amusing and animated clients I ever spent a day with. Today, thirty years later, with his new young family, this true celebrity can still be termed - endearing.*

A glass power-operated privacy partition behind the front compartment, a choice of subdued beige, gray or blue broadcloth (wool broadcloth - like a new born's touch), and an intercom system, were all procurable. The thought of drinking - or even eating - in one's limousine was out of the question. Remember, these were the people who still used cloth napkins when they broke bread.

*However, racy things did occasionally occur in the rear compartment. Before seat belts were d'riguer, a seven-year old once asked me to "please drive without jiggling," because she could not practice her ballet moves.*

Cadillacs 75's, as large as they appeared with a 149"(3875 mm) wheelbase, were straightforward to maneuver and had every powered device to make operating

one, pleasurable. So much room was awarded the rear compartment that forward-facing jumpseats barely intruded.

*Occasionally they sat in the front seat. Like the oversized legendary Hollywood director of scary movies who never travelled by air - he was afraid of flying. And he loved the overhead sign on a local freeway - Dunn Ave. He announced that he would use it in his next thriller - "Dunn-in; get it?" His gift to me - a profile of his face drawn by hand? I treasure it to this day.*

As luxurious and generous as these limousines were, with their rear controls for the sound and climatic systems, the same could not be assumed when describing every client's benevolence.

*Once asked by a famous TV comedian, who worked with children as a prop for on-camera amusing quotes, "What school do you attend in California?" My answer established that he was indeed on the Board of Regents. Outwardly proud of my accomplishments, my choice of school and my goal - to save money and return - I was awarded a gratuity as he climbed aboard his private jet. I still have his two-dollar bill.*

I hope this article is accompanied by an illustration of the 'finned' Chrysler Imperials I became familiar with. Born as two door coupes on Detroit's east side they were shipped to a 'star like' craftsman, Ghia, in Italy for rebirth and refurbishing. With a bold look to compliment the standard style of a Chrysler of the day, they were capped with a swooping padded landau roof that was highly appropriate.

The loftiest names circling the globe, including royal families, coveted such low-production vehicles. If it passed you by, an award-winning Lincoln of the day, with the premium coachwork by Chicago's Lehmann-Peterson, would likely force an audible gasp.

*And gasp she did! The bride had requested something blue - I drove a blue Fleetwood. Ten black Cadillacs left before my party alighted - the bride and her father. The ensuing conversation went something like this - "Ma'am, you look beautiful - but if you don't mind you have chocolate on your lip." "No, I haven't." "Yes, I think it's chocolate." "No, it is a mole!" "Oh no, it's too large to be a mole!" (Well give me a break folks - if you can afford to hire 11 limousines, you can get rid of a mole).*



While management and the older chauffeurs taught us limousine etiquette, such as always offering the curbside rear seating position to the client paying the bill (in order to receive private instructions quickly before or after the journey), or good advice on never turning around to witness madame's casually crossed legs, but rather, learn to backup using your twin mirrors. However, they never prepared me for answering the land line. In a star's hotel suite.

*The attractive ladies, (three plus the mother) were imported from Hungary earlier in the century. Actresses, and part-time comedians. I was asked to answer the phone in their luxury suite. A call came; the gentleman did not give a name. A name was required by the sisters. The sister summoned did not recognize it and when queried again, he screamed at me all the way from Bel Air - "Tell her it's her God damned husband!" (multiple marriages can cause confusion).*

Meeting your VIP party on the tarmac of a major airport, exiting across the flat runway at high speeds accompanied by shining chrome police motorcycles at each corner of your vehicle, red lights flashing at 360 degrees – refracting off all the polished metal – sirens howling as officers held up cross traffic, was simply eye-popping. And the consent to travel 75 mph (120km/h) up a major boulevard as scurrying pedestrians stoop to witness a flash of an unrecognizable silhouette through a glass window.

*Such a mission described above included a prime minister's personal priest – about to receive an award in the city – an oversight caused him to be left alone, overnight, on a northern dock, and he had to be expedited like an overnight parcel. Warding off my suggestion of a seat belt, we hit an expressway hump with such force it almost capsized the Caddy's air suspension and threw the poor padre against the ceiling. A trip of mixed blessings...*



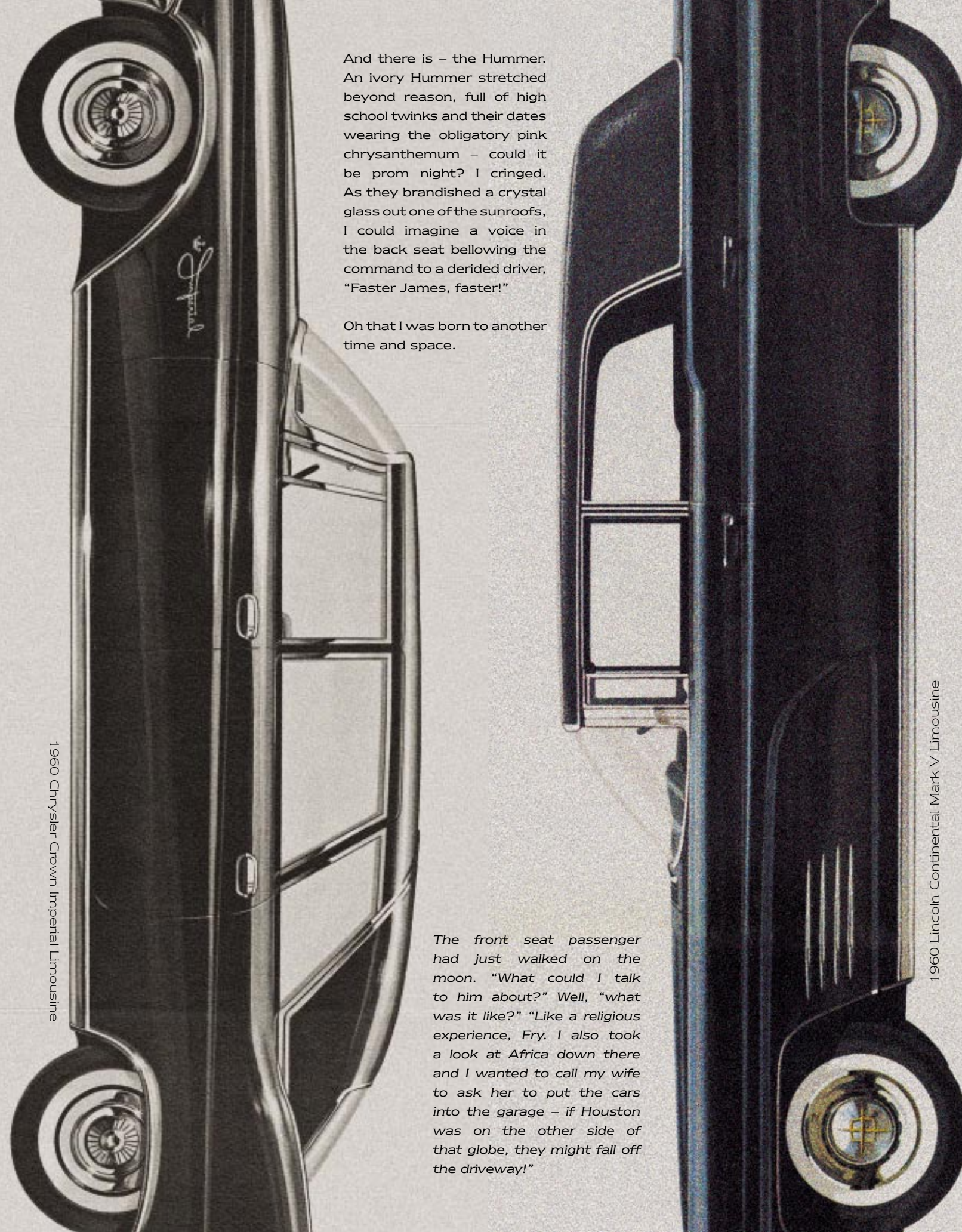
1967 Cadillac Fleetwood Seventy Five Limousine



Friends and acquaintances developed from chauffeuring. Too personal and private to describe. What I can tell you is that now I was riding – no longer driving. Read nothing more into that than I will describe here, with the attempt to amuse.

*Through a new friendship that would last some three decades, I found myself a passenger in a regal, black, Rolls-Royce Phantom V, along with an elderly aunt – guests at the palace. A private inspection of royal cars and coaches. Upon exiting in the Roller we were surrounded by hundreds of excited Japanese tourists. Behind dark glasses and clutching her sable tight, my aunt initiated the royal wave. It was a family giggle for years to pass how disappointed so many in Tokyo must have been when they had those Kodak moments developed.*

Somewhere in the world there are still dignified limousines and a world of professional chauffeurs. Cadillacs, Lincolns and Chryslers could still be built with a less ostentatious look, if people wanted them. Rolls-Royce, while it might be out of reach for a number of reasons, least of all price, has recently introduced a long-wheelbase version of their gargantuan Phantom. Bentley will have Mulliner in the UK build long-wheel based Arnage and Mercedes-Benz still knows how to build esthetic qualities into a seven passenger in two or three size classes. Pity we don't see many here.



1960 Chrysler Crown Imperial Limousine

And there is – the Hummer. An ivory Hummer stretched beyond reason, full of high school twinks and their dates wearing the obligatory pink chrysanthemum – could it be prom night? I cringed. As they brandished a crystal glass out one of the sunroofs, I could imagine a voice in the back seat bellowing the command to a derided driver, "Faster James, faster!"

Oh that I was born to another time and space.

*The front seat passenger had just walked on the moon. "What could I talk to him about?" Well, "what was it like?" "Like a religious experience, Fry. I also took a look at Africa down there and I wanted to call my wife to ask her to put the cars into the garage – if Houston was on the other side of that globe, they might fall off the driveway!"*

1960 Lincoln Continental Mark V Limousine





DUNCE. A word that resonates within many of us. A word that sounds like being hit in the head with a boiled sausage. A word, that through its very enunciation burdens the listener with the foul, grey stench of stupidity, painting the walls with tragic foolishness. There are a striking number of other forms of name-plating the dimwitted or the intellectually stunted must endure, but they often don't contain the same potency of the unequivocal, Dunce. This is perhaps because the other words, don't have a seven hundred year history of pointed humiliation behind them. Perhaps it is because none of the other words are accompanied by a tall, conical paper hat with a big 'D' etched onto the front of it.

It didn't take very long for all involved to realize that children who wore the cap did not learn more efficiently. Scotus, unfortunately was not Morpheus, this was not the Matrix, and the student did not know kung-fu. He had merely been reinvented as a pariah, a social leper, in addition to his condemnation of being irrevocably dim. The subject had become quite publicly, idiotic. What was devised as a real world thinking cap had a profound and lasting effect, but not the one intended. The conical shape in actuality proved more to focus the scornful, corrosive energy of the student body directly onto the ego of the wearer, emblazoning him with a giant glowing D. Jeremiah, the Dunce. The fact that the cap was ineffective, and that

it labeled the wearer as special, paled in comparison to one simple, overriding fact. Though it is true that Mr. Scotus had done his homework

## THE DUNCE CAP: MEDIEVAL SPECIAL ED

Words by Gregory D. Rosati Illustrations by Roger Cardiff

The purpose of the Dunce Cap was never intended as a punitive one. There are those who have suggests—and documentation on the matter is difficult to source—that the placing of a large cone-shaped paper cap on slow to learn schoolchildren, (Otherwise known as the stupid or dim), would aid them in learning. The central notions of the theory suggested that knowledge is centralized at the apex and then funneled down into the mind of the wearer. It was believed that the conical shape of the hat would actually pull information from the air and stuff it cleanly into the wearer's head. Yes, this medieval learning aid focused the smart waves floating around in the air directly into the brain of the befuddled wearer.

The inventor, thirteenth century logician and scholastic theologian, John Duns Scotus, was a really smart fellow in an age where people believed what they were told, and revered the educated. In an age too where witches roamed free and magic trolls guarded bridges, intelligence was often implied by speaking without spitting. Scotus wrote university textbooks on logical thinking and philosophy. He in fact, taught at Paris, Oxford, and even Cambridge. He founded a school of thought known as Scotism focusing on scholastics. An attempted a merging, or a contrast of theological thinking with scientific thinking, was the basis for much of his work, and brought him to a high regard for some time. He in fact was at one point, quite popular and had in his league, followers known as Dunsemen, or Dunses. They pursued his scriptures of teaching and thought, and brought them forth to practicality. He was a great thinker of his day, and for some years after. There is no way he could have envisioned that his legacy would be the embodiment of stupidity all because of one nifty idea.

(after all, what better way to net the free floating smart waves right out of the air and implant them into the dumb but to use a tall cone shaped hat?), he had just forgotten to consider one crucial, seemingly insignificant aspect to his creation—the fact that a tall conical cap looks ridiculous.

This not so secret revelation irrevocably altered the state of Duns's hat. Any of the cone-heads of the day would agree. Even Merlin would attest to this; certainly he would tell you that climbing up steeples and getting in and out of cabs is an embarrassing affair each and every time. And trust me, Merlin doesn't embarrass easy, as evidenced by his purple robes and dangling twinkling charms. Whether a bejeweled Imperial Wizard of the K.K.K. or twelfth century Pagan witch, a person looks ridiculous in a tall pointy hat. No matter what mystical power one may wield, they cannot protect against the inescapable truth that a person with a giant cone on their head looks like an ass.

Much like wearing headgear or a Lacoste shirt with a backwards alligator on it—'Lowcost' we used to call them—or getting out of your dad's 1992 Honda Del Sol, the Dunce Cap, long before it was a punitive device, was a punishment. It was your one way ticket to not getting' laid until your thirtieth birthday town. Scotus didn't take into account the psychological nature of children in the group situation, they are like hyenas, they eat the weak, the less than. So, along with the issuance of the long, conical paper learning device the wearer was also issued a social blow equivalent to crapping in his pants in double period math, in eleventh grade.



Amid his confused and regrettable exclusion of the fact that one looks foolish in a foolish hat, Scotus inadvertently stumbled upon a sort of a cure for stupidity that lay in the very fact that such a pointed cap looks bloody ridiculous. Either be smart, or be humiliated into being smarter.

Humiliation has been used as a corrective measure for eons. A person regulated by the social confines of today's world might even say that humiliation hurts more than pain. Humiliation has the tendency to tip the scales, to empower the humiliator, and diminish the humiliated. Simple stuff, but when you are crammed into a corner, wearing a three foot tall conical paper cap, seated on a three legged stool at the front of your third grade class, things get a little more complicated.

People connect with humiliation. The lasting turmoil of humiliation is to be woefully regarded by all mankind. It is, unlike physical pain in that it grows to a ceiling-less height with little effort; its magnitude not tethered by the mercifully limiting threshold-for-pain humans have been granted. Humiliation is to be endured while it is occurring, and more devastatingly, long after. Even when far removed from the situation, and any people who may have witnessed or caused the humiliating event, the be-shamed carries his shame with him, everywhere he goes, for a long, long time—like a backpack full of crap stinking up his otherwise stable, happy existence.

Propelled by the instinct of man to ridicule and deride fellow man, Scotus's cap, then known as Duns's hat, evolved into a punitive device because of its very nature. What began as a learning aid became a punishment for not only stupidity, but other ailments such as, truancy, loud-mouthery, assininery and many other forms of disturberly in a class situation. It had become, officially, a humiliation torture device, used as a preventative scare tactic and popularity ending bullet train that led to the most distant bowels of the lunchroom. This scientific contraption did indeed have a quieting affect on the students and schoolchildren faced with its horror. Now, once the matter of fact meaning shift in the Dunce Cap had occurred, the charge could be just about anything.

Initially the device may have had a profound affect on the public perception of the stupid, separating them with a giant D. The stupid were revealed and held to task for their less than average problem solving skills or radical notions of the nutritional value of a piece of chalk. Thanks to a 13th century thinker, the stupid had been given an image. The unfortunate consequence for Scotus is that

as the Duns-cap slid down the ranks of teaching-aids he became more befooled by his peers, quickly turning the tide of all his teachings into endeavors of stupidity, so dragging the man behind its creation into the legend of a fool.

He was ridiculed by his fellow scholars, derided for having dared dream that the smartness could be harvested from the air, rather than through study. Truth be told, on the smart guy front, he had been in some difficulty due to his overly complex analysis, that through severe subtlety and indirect reasoning lost many to the popular humanist theory who cut him down for being perilously complex. The Duns's hat became a perfect visual stigmaton and propaganda weapon to turn against the thinker. Eventually the Duns cap came to represent stupidity not for the wearer, but for the creator and all the Dunses followed him. His conical hat had a complete reflective reversal on the man himself, pinning the cursed "D" on Scotus's lapel for more than five hundred years.

The power of the tides of thinking and popular thought, enflamed his miscalculating of the psyche of schoolchildren and had effectuated the downfall of his reputation, ensuring his name to be etched in all of our minds for years to come. Prior to Scotus's outing as an intellectual buffoon, the cap was used to curtail stupidity and now it had come to embody it.

The cruel punishment was at some point, and nobody really knows, deemed so horrific that it fell out of favor. Since that time, the time of its actual usage, it has become something of a legend. The Dunce Cap has been commonly used in cartoons and comics, skits and parodies for generations. The deep humiliation that modern (arguably) Western society places on ones ownership of his appearance have made the otherwise completely harmless, absolutely injury free, Dunce Cap comically at the tippity-top of child truancy deterrents. Although Scotus inadvertently stumbled upon a half-eon long tradition of ridiculing the idiotic, he certainly couldn't have known the lasting comic effect it would have. Put a screaming fat guy in front of an audience and you'll get laughs. Same goes apparently, for tall pointy hats.

There were horrible, and extremely creative notions for making someone pay for a crime in medieval times. The parody of comedians like Mel Brooks and Monty Python, have taken to task the entire period for their scientific notions and the horrific nature of such punishments. The brutal act of tarring and feathering is horrific enough, it boils and suffocates the skin all while making one look

completely foolish. There were more horrible techniques, one known as Pitchcapping, that saw pitch, a type of tar, poured into a cone and place on a victim's head, then torn off, taking with it much of the scalp.

The sheer creativity of medieval times is evident in most forms of punishment, with a large concern for the public spectacle—humiliation accompanied most torments. Pillory, like the Stocks, held the prisoner at public domain to be humiliated for his crimes, though the victim, (criminal), was often maimed and certainly beaten. Most of these public torments involved rotten vegetables, or human excrement, not dissimilar to the public caging of being exposed as a celebrity bulimic on CNN. This tradition of non-lethal torture and humiliation used to break down a person, rendering their will, (and ego) shattered, has been well carried through the ages with such recent examples as the pyramid slopes of men in ladies underwear at Abu Ghraib.

In these modern times, the word carries the weight of all those years. Duncie is among the best and most underused word in the English language. Just listen to how it hammers home its intended point. It sounds like the sound of stupid. A special reserve, not shelf model idiocy, no sir, duncie is a primitive word, hundreds of years old, ambered with age. It implies the kind of stupid that hurts to look at. It sounds like peeing your pants. It feels like watching a kid eat glue.

The word Duncie is part of our vernacular today. This derivation of his name is now synonymous with idiocy. Duncie is a limited, concise word with a visceral connotation. The lasting success of the word Duncie may stem from the fact that it doesn't much make sense in a sentence. It just doesn't really feel like it fits into any grammatical configuration properly—ie: "You are a Duncie," just doesn't sound perfect. It sounds bad, dimwitted in its very nature. "You Duncie."

Again, whu...? But never is the meaning lost. No matter how ill-fitting the word seems to be. It isn't transient like most other curse words or insults, led of course by the granddaddy, the big poppa of all, the F-word, which is all things to all people. A noun, a verb, really anything you can think of can be coated with the paint of the fword. Duncie on the other hand, is limited to the stupid. It is so precise in its meaning, because unlike many other words of its ilk, it has a story. It is legit.

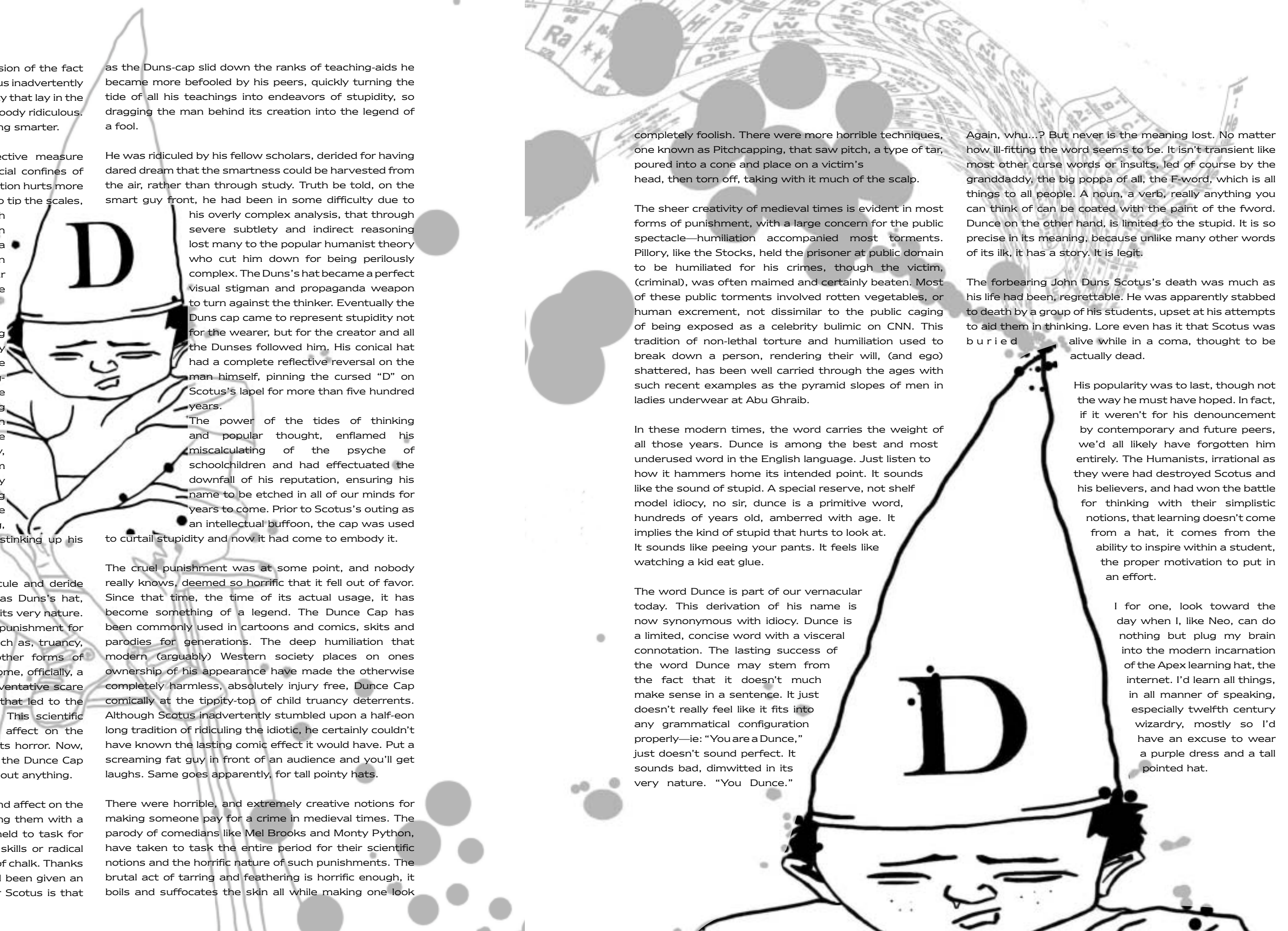
The forbearing John Duns Scotus's death was much as his life had been, regrettable. He was apparently stabbed to death by a group of his students, upset at his attempts to aid them in thinking. Lore even has it that Scotus was buried alive while in a coma, thought to be actually dead.

His popularity was to last, though not the way he must have hoped. In fact, if it weren't for his denouncement by contemporary and future peers, we'd all likely have forgotten him entirely. The Humanists, irrational as they were had destroyed Scotus and his believers, and had won the battle for thinking with their simplistic notions, that learning doesn't come from a hat, it comes from the ability to inspire within a student, the proper motivation to put in an effort.

I for one, look toward the day when I, like Neo, can do nothing but plug my brain into the modern incarnation of the Apex learning hat, the internet. I'd learn all things, in all manner of speaking, especially twelfth century wizardry, mostly so I'd have an excuse to wear a purple dress and a tall pointed hat.

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HIGHRISE

MAGAZINE







# THE PAINTED FACE

Oil Slicks, Velvet, Stained Glass  
and Frances Hathaway.

words by Beau Nelson

Frances Hathaway has created some of fashion's most adventurous and stunning looks in makeup. She began her career some 20 years ago in Toronto, and has since become one of the world's most celebrated and in-demand makeup artists. Frances has worked in such fashion capitals as London and New York, as well as throughout Europe. She currently calls The Big Apple home, where she is represented by the prestigious Jump Management Agency. Frances has worked to hone her skill, and makeup style, into what she affectionately describes as "Painterly, clean, modern and minimal." This unique style has brought her notoriety throughout the industry where she has worked with an incredible array of top photographers, such as Nick Knight, and Mario Testino. Hathaway has become known as a chameleon artist, changing her technique to suit the needs of her varied clientele. Whether painting the faces of celebrities such as Susan Sarandon, Jodi Foster, Bjork and Boy George; or creating avant-garde looks for the pages of Elle Magazine, and the runway of Baby Phat; Frances is forever the makeup innovator. Frances took time out of her busy schedule to speak to us at HIGHRISE about inspiration, makeup, and her work in the fashion industry.

**This Page:**

Photography: Michael Brandt at JUMP  
Makeup: Frances Hathaway for MAC at JUMP  
Hair: Zack Brun for Bumble and Bumble  
Model: Sonja Wanda

**Next Page:**

Photography: Michael Brandt at JUMP  
Makeup: Frances Hathaway for MAC at JUMP  
Hair: Zack Brun for Bumble and Bumble  
Manicurist: Sunshine for Essie at Ken Barboza  
Model: Rila Fukushima at Trump  
Ring: Christine J. Brandt



**HIGHRISE:** *What inspires you right now?*

**Frances Hathaway:** I am currently inspired by the textural elements found in my surroundings: The sun reflecting off of an oil slick, light glowing through a stained glass window, the richness and boldness of velvet or leather. Using colour, I want to create these textures on the face in various pairings.

**HR:** *Is there anything that has been a constant inspiration to you?*

**FH:** Beauty, in all its forms, is constant inspiration to me.

**HR:** *Your makeup often has an experimental edge while maintaining the beauty of the model, can you tell us more about the process you go through when planning beauty looks for a show or a shoot?*

**FH:** When I'm planning a look the face is always paramount. I try to stay true to my initial gut reaction to the model's look and marry that with the job at hand, (whether it be) show, print, or story line.

**HR:** *You use a lot of colour in your work; do you have a favorite colour?*

**FH:** My favorite colour varies depending on what I'm doing.

**HR:** *You are well known for your work with ethnic skin tones, do you have any tips or tricks for women of colour?*

**FH:** For women of colour, I tend to combine two or three different foundation shades to match the variations in skin tone. I keep the lighter tones in the center of the face, and the darker tones blended out, and around the edges, up into the hairline, and along the jaw-line. This creates brightness and depth in all the right places. Warm, burnished shades are best on dark skin tones: Deep oranges, fire reds, and warm burgundies.

**HR:** *How much makeup do you typically carry with you on jobs?*

**FH:** My main makeup kit weighs about 50-70 pounds. For certain jobs, I'm always sure to bring a backpack with any specific products or extra items I feel I may need.

**HR:** *What are your 'can't live without products,' and what unique tips do you have for using them?*

**FH:** MAC Lip Conditioner in the pot container, it is the very first thing I apply, so the lips will be full and supple, by the time I start the lip colour application. MAC Select Moisture Cover Concealer, when mixed with MAC Face and Body Mixing Medium becomes the most magical foundation. You have complete control over the texture and opacity.

Makeup Forever Professional Makeup Palette, is an assortment of vibrant, and vivid cream colours. It's like a

colouring box for the face, a must-have for every makeup artist's kit!

Shu Uemura Eyelash Curler. It is the best in the business.

Laura Mercier Liquid Crystal Lip Gloss in Pink Quartz, it gives tremendous depth and luster to all lips. It's the most amazing gloss I have ever seen. It comes in three shades. YonKa Moisturizers, I like the Crème PS for very dry skin and Pamplemousse for normal skin. For extremely dry skin, I recommend incorporating YonKa's Dermol 2 serum into your moisturizer.

Mini Q-tips by Mattesse, they make creating intricate designs easy, by allowing for precision clean-up.

Trish McEvoy Foundation Brush #43, this brush has changed the way I apply makeup. Use it in a stippling fashion to customize makeup application.

Scott Barnes False Eyelashes, you can customize the lashes by cutting them along the lash strip. This can help the lash fit the eyelid better, or allow you to create your own distinct lash look.

Kieh!s Crème de Corps Enriched Body Moisturizer, I can't live without it. It's a great emollient to prepare the skin for the application of body

**HR:** *Tell us about the most memorable job you have worked on, and why it was memorable.*

**FH:** The most memorable job I've worked on was a photo shoot with Princess Diana. The photographer was David Bailey and the shoot was in London. She was such an amazing woman, and working with her was an experience I will always treasure.

**HR:** *Spring is coming up, what trends do you see becoming important for the season ahead?*

**FH:** For spring-beautiful, clean, hydrated, flawless skin is still the main attraction. Sheer washes of color, particularly turquoises and yellows on the eyelid, on an otherwise natural face (will be a look to watch out for).

**HR:** *What advice do you have to give to aspiring makeup artists?*

**FH:** I would tell aspiring makeup artists to always be observant. If you have the opportunity to work with an established artist, learn as much as you can from them and incorporate that knowledge into your own developing style.

**HR:** *What is your own personal beauty regime?*

**FH:** Good skincare is my makeup regime. Beyond that I curl my lashes and wear lip gloss.

**HR:** *In your opinion, what is the future of makeup?*

**FH:** The future of makeup lies in the technological advances made in product development. This will allow makeup artists to move forward creatively.

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Design: Michel Ducaroy

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# RED STARS RISING

Looking East from Bern's Kunstmuseum

Words by Neil Carlson

It's mid-June in Switzerland. The new show has spent more than a year on the drafting table and the European art cognoscenti are buzzing. The promise of groundbreaking art from largely unknown artists has raised the hopes of even the most jaded gallery goers. No one's actually seen the catalogue but word on the street is that the Tate Modern has sent a team to get a first glimpse. Of the Kunstmuseum Bern?





As a matter of fact, yes. In the same week that saw the 36th edition of Art Basel open its doors to the art world, thousands of “in-the-know” collectors and curators were making a detour from their annual Basel pilgrimage to check out “Mahjong: Contemporary Chinese Art From The Sigg Collection.” Jointly curated by Bernhard Fibicher of the Kunstmuseum Bern and Ai Weiwei of Beijing, it’s the largest exhibition of Chinese contemporary art to date and the 300 pieces on display in Bern (and at Zurich’s Holderbank Kunsthalle where installations that are too large for the Bern venue are being staged) has got people talking: Talking about the art, talking about Uli Sigg and talking about China. In the face of challenges unknown to the stereotypical “starving artist” of the West, Chinese artists face virtually insurmountable difficulties when it comes to producing and staging independent art. Enter Uli Sigg. All of the pieces on display in “Mahjong” come from his private collection and, first as a businessman and later as Switzerland’s ambassador to Beijing,

his relationship with China’s art world dates back to 1978. Then a hobbyist collector, Sigg feared that no Chinese institutions were preserving or curating the work of the country’s leading artists. Taking on those roles, over the next 25 years Sigg traveled to more than 1,000 studios and amassed a collection of 1,200 pieces, among those, “historic” works from the 180 key artists that best represented major trends in Chinese art. In addition to his role as a collector, Sigg has proven to be a tireless promoter of the Chinese contemporary art scene: Mediating between the independent artists and Western buyers, galleries and curators, Sigg founded the first Chinese Contemporary Art Awards in 1988, and successfully worked to include Chinese artists in the Venice Biennale of 1999 and 2001. As a result, Sigg is regarded not only as a godfather of the Chinese contemporary art scene, but also as an iconic subject; His image figures prominently in works by many leading artists.



The exhibition is organized according to twelve different themes—"Myths and Legends," "The Body as a Medium" and "Mao and the Cultural Revolution," for example—giving context to works that in many cases refer to events or Chinese tropes that Western viewers would otherwise be unfamiliar with.

Some of the works on display in "Tradition Revisited" employ traditional Chinese art techniques like working in porcelain or weaving, while calligraphy figures prominently in the "Writing as Painting" display. Pushing the envelope of modern aesthetics while subtly demonstrating a kinship with Maoist propaganda posters, for example, "Chinese Perspectives on Western Art" illustrates the deftness employed in examining and parodying



iconic western art from a uniquely Chinese vantage point. Likewise, urbanization, issues of identity (both traditional and emerging), and the challenges of contemporary life in modern China all factor into making "Mahjong" both a provocative collection of artwork and a snapshot of life in China on the cusp of the 21<sup>st</sup> century. And that snapshot is worth preserving.

Given that the past three decades have seen a revolution in both the economy and society in China, it should come as no surprise that the recurring, unifying themes in "Mahjong" are those of radical change and tension. Likewise, that so rich a culture as China's should give birth to a diverse and dynamic art scene should not surprise either. Nevertheless, in case of a dispute, "Mahjong" is a bold testament to the fluency of Chinese artists who, albeit isolated, are contributing to the world of international art. Western techniques of expression—figure painting, video, performance art, graphics and installation—are all present in "Mahjong", but so too are the tangible links to China's aesthetics and mediums. But just

in case you're less than fluent in the vernacular of contemporary Chinese art, the provision of thoughtful background information gives the works artistic, social and political context. As a result, visitors gain not only an insight into the today's Chinese art world, but also into the life and culture of modern China itself. And that's about all that we could ask from an art exhibit.



The tension between official socialist ideals and rampant consumerism is a recurring theme. Here China's "one child" policy places a family's offspring in the spotlight.

The collector as art: Owing to his unique status in the contemporary Chinese art scene, Sigg has crossed the line from collector to subject. His image is recognizable in works by many of the country's leading artists.



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