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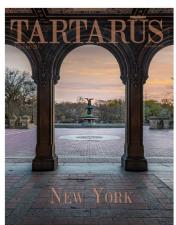
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Cover 25th Hour Photographed by Andrew Werner

eptember 11th, 2001. I had only come to the USA 3 months and 10 days before that day, I was only 12 years old and haven't spoken a word of the English language. I had a very hard time adjusting to the move. I've left behind friends, a boy, a successful modeling career, a summer of fun and debauchery. In the countries of the former USSR we grow up much faster than anywhere else, most of my friends of that time were only a few years shy of marriages and children. Here, in the States I was a child who was supposed to play with Barbie dolls and not dance on tables in Bulgaria looking for a boy to kiss when the chaperones looked away. In those 3 months and 10 days I've grown to loath United States of America. I hated the people, the language, the behavior, everything about it set my teeth on edge. September 11th, 2001 was yet another day where I had to go to school that I hated, didn't speak a word of English and was surrounded by kids that I had absolutely nothing in common with, I hated school so much that I would make myself physically ill with anxiety every morning. And then the clock struck 8:46am and the world, not just my world but all the world changed forever. I didn't understand what they were announcing on the PA system, I didn't understand why teachers started crying, I didn't understand why some kids more than others became upset. I didn't understand anything around me, it was controlled chaos. No one in the school spoke Russian or even Ukrainian to explain to me what was happening so

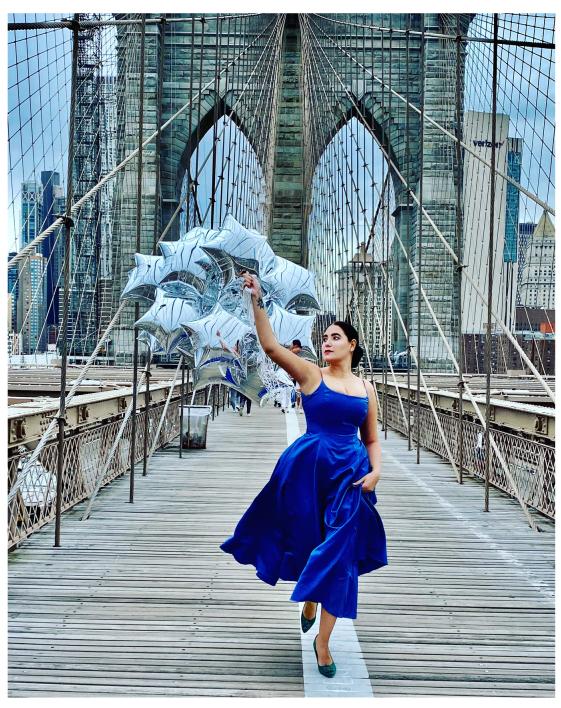
a girl sitting next to me in homeroom drew me a picture: two tall familiar looking structures getting hit by toy airplanes. Suddenly we were being evacuated and sent home. All of us, everywhere.

Hours later I was watching the news coverage with my parents, watching the smoke and the rubbles, the replay of the attacks, people throwing themselves off the top floors, people walking across the Brooklyn Bridge, people that were changed. The landscape of the city, the country - changed. In that moment I knew that war was coming and that this place that I loathed only hours ago was home. My home, my city, my tristate area, my streets, my people, my devastation.

New York City is not just a city. It's not even a country or the world. It's the universe, it's a galaxy. It's a place like no other anywhere in this world or any other world. This is a place that makes you and breaks you and loves you and hates you. This is a place where everything is possible, here you'll get knocked down more times than you can count but you will get up every goddamn time. Because this is New York and we're New York Tough, and this book is my love letter to the city that is my one true love.

Welcome to the issue,

Nora Kobrenik Editor-in-Chief and Founder



Nora Kobrenik Photographed by Jenessa Brocco | This one is for New York | August 2021





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n and Her Sisters phed by Kali McCarthy













ew York City is not necessarily an easy place to love. It can be an overwhelming, exhausting destination, even to those of us who have — without coercion — decided to call this storied city home. The impassable sidewalks in Midtown, the sky-high cocktail prices, the endless assault on your senses — even to visitors, this city can be, well, a lot. It's a city as famous for its yellow cabs and grisly traffic, the incessant battering of light and sound as it is for its boiled bagels, suspension bridges and skyscrapers. Most travelers come here for long weekend getaways — pack their days with theater shows and upscale dinners; cruise around the Hudson River for pictures of the skyline and the Statue of Liberty; bed down in astronomically expensive hotels and close their blackout shades to keep out the neon glow. The COVID-19 pandemic has hit New York City hard. Really hard. But just like the 1970s financial

crisis, the World Trade Center bombing in 1993 and the devastating attack on September 11, 2001, I know New York City will only emerge stronger. Loving New York City is no simple task. Coming here is rarely without sacrifice, whether you're staying for one day or the rest of your life. It's an act of passion: saving up your points and miles, squirreling away cash, waiting in line for hours (sometimes days) for half-price theater tickets, a chance to see "Saturday Night Live" in person, a trendy pastry from a SoHo bakery. But nothing and nowhere can push you toward greatness quite like New York City, and we all know the best things in life take a lot of work. If something comes easy, how are you supposed to remember how badly you wanted it in the first place?

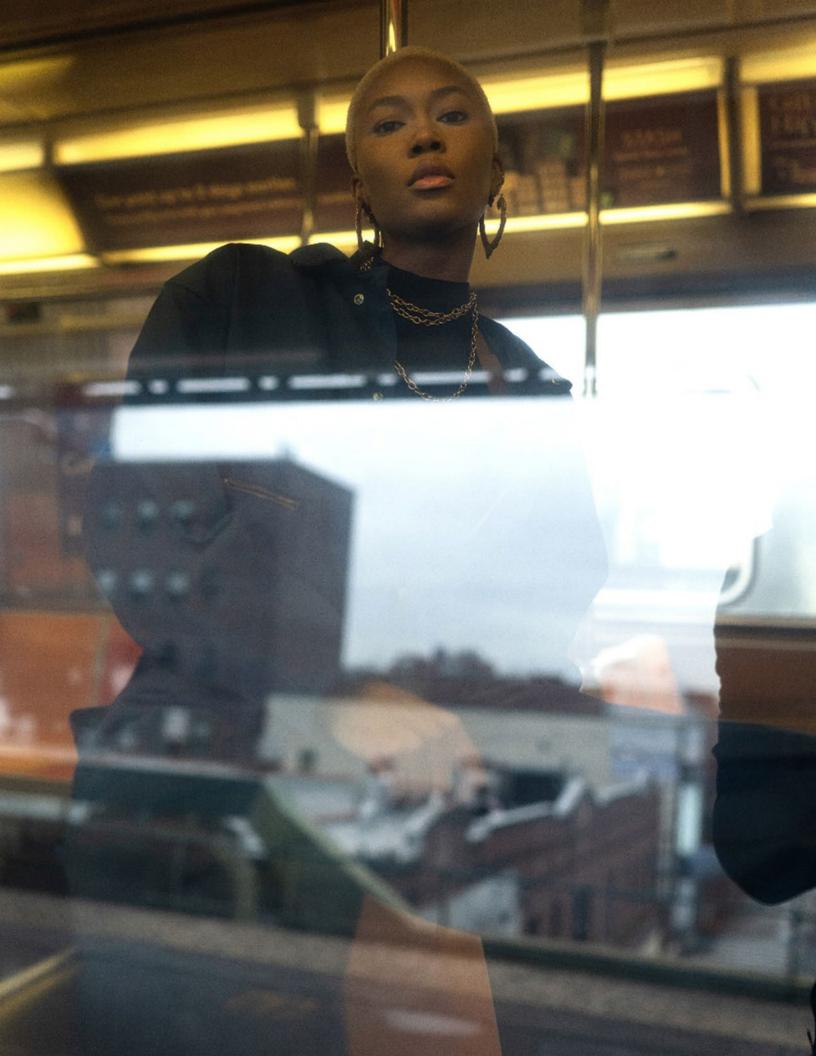
Sebastian Herrin





















































love your dollar slices. I love your restaurants with impossible reservations. I love the first nice days in spring when everyone beelines to restaurants with sidewalk seating and dresses in their seasonally inappropriate summer best. I love the uptown/downtown rivalry with the imaginary 14th Street border, which everyone swears they would never cross. I love the feeling of rushing to the theatre when you are sure you are going to be late and they're not going to let you in, but you aren't, and you push through to sit next to a stranger and you mutually have decided to experience this other world that is Broadway together and you cry silently together because it's just so beautiful. I love a whiskey on the rocks at the spot of my first date with my now-husband and turning 28 again everytime I walk by that place. I love being asked by a tourist on the platform "Is this going to Times Square?" I love knowing that the New York of Bemelman's exists

and even if I never go, I love that place and I could go, if I wanted to. I love the unspeakable bond that lies in the eye contact of New Yorkers on a subway together when something goes awry. I love avoiding the streets of SoHo on a Saturday, and I love dreaming about a Peter Luger steak, and I love waking up early and taking a walk on the West Side Highway when I can't sleep and I am jet-lagged but I just want to be out in the New York City air. I love walking 47 blocks and two avenues home from work just because. I love the warm summer nights when the sun sets after 9 p.m., and there's a feeling in the air that anything could happen. I love the feeling of pride upon a plane landing, knowing I'm back, my heart beaming, "This is my city. I live here. I can't wait to be home."

Christina Motley









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AFTERNON BY OZ JOHN TEKSON





























































ear New York,

How can I adequately express my love and affection for you in just a few words? In truth, words have never come easy to me. Instead, I find love in the visual—through experiences and moments captured in time. So instead, I am cementing my devotion to you through the lens of a camera, in a series I shot during Spring 2020 entitled Places Without Faces.

In the decade I've spent living on your island, never could I have imagined Times Square without traffic, Fifth Avenue without pedestrians or Carnegie Hall without music. But last Spring, this became a reality. In that moment, what were we to do— abandon ship? Flock to the countryside? No. In that uncertain moment, I listened to the silence. I chose to embrace you where you were and to prove my gratitude for all you have done for me, I stepped foot into the now empty concrete jungle alone with my camera, my tripod, and a singular mission— to pay it forward.

I embarked on an unprecedented journey to capture my beloved city at a time when you were distraught and interrupted, a time you needed love most. Through the uncomfortable and unfamiliar, I sought to showcase the deep history, architecture, and heritage of your iconic spaces. While you had no choice but to sit in the quiet, your vivid colors, soaring skyscrapers and vast metropolis landscapes still held tight to their beauty.

In short, I owe you everything. My livelihood, my career, my ups and my downs - I continuously count on you for support and guidance. You have held standfast for me and through these images, I hope that I am able to give back even a fraction of what you have bestowed upon me— acceptance, and a place to call home.

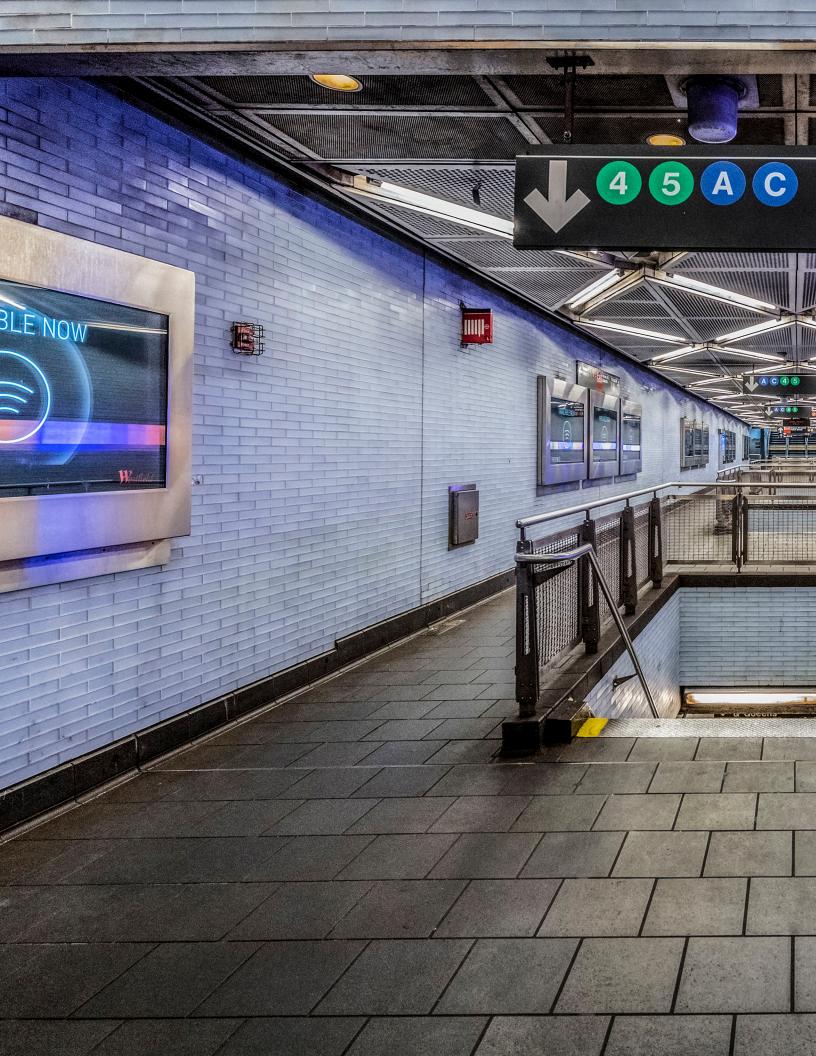
With love,

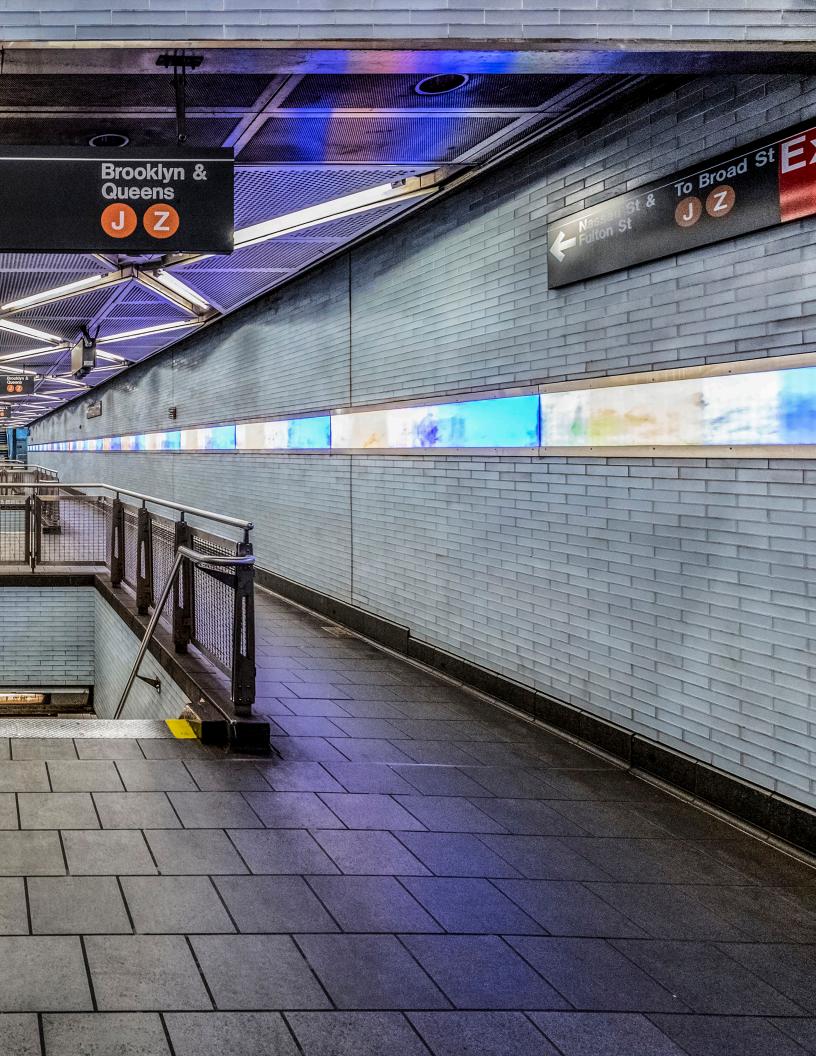
Andrew Werner













































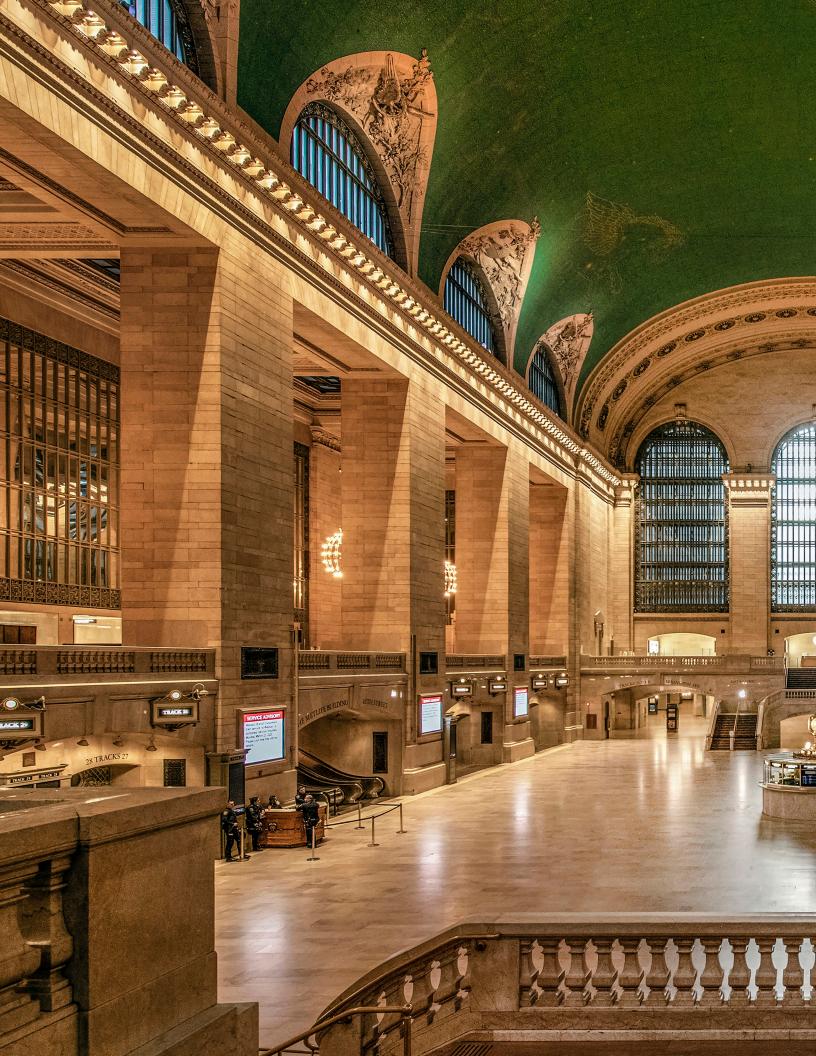




























ew York, I love you and your clarinet floating up through my window, your bagels and boxing rings and umbrellas opening when it rains. I love your museums, your couches on corners, your dollar slices, your parks where I got endlessly lost and rained on. Mostly, New York, I love your people—your yelling, crying, laughing, insane, beautiful people: the baby on Astoria Boulevard gumming the octopus leg; Marcia at the cash register with her pink nails; the gentleman on the F train holding a scarlet macaw without a cage. I love getting tickets to the same concert as my therapist. Finding my ex's old book in a used bookstore (and buying it). Looking out the L train window and seeing my friend on the opposite Manhattan-bound train already waving to me. Getting ghosted on Thursday and my

friend accidentally going to brunch with that guy's new girlfriend on Sunday. Sometimes, too, I even love walking through Washington Square Park, crying because I've been dumped, and hearing a gathered crowd singing the last lines of "Bohemian Rhapsody." There's only one place in the world where bodegas feel like second homes. Where there's always something to blame (the subway) if you're runing late. Where you can witness a policewoman on horseback sharing the same traffic lane as a yellow taxi cab. Oh, New York, you saucy minx, I just can't quit you—you and your rooftops, your cursing, your crazy. New York, I love you so much I even love your rats.

Raisa Litke

















ike many New Yorkers, my daily step count has always been a point of pride. I walk everywhere and never want to stop moving: 15,000 steps is a normal day, 20,000 a pretty good one, and my walk down Broadway top-to-bottom end-to-end was a personal best at 38,114. During the height of quarantine the loss of all these phantom steps had left me yearning for movement, and has led me to create a new, riveting game I played at night called: "walking my apartment," which is exactly what it sounds like, sounds exactly as it's named. I make sure to wear a pant with a pocket, then I put my phone in said pocket and walk from one end of my small, 600square- foot apartment to the other. I walk from one window in my bedroom, down the long hallway,

through my kitchen, loop around a chair in the living room and head right back. It's 50 steps round trip. If I'd do it 40 times, I could just about get the same number of steps in as my morning jaunt to the subway. I remember asking my husband if he wanted to go for a "walk" with me, and he obliged. We looped our arms together and started on the only path through the apartment. As we walked by a framed sketch on the wall of the restaurant, Dante, I earnestly said, "That place used to be so good." To which he replied, "Yeah, it was, but then it got too crowded." And there we were, just two New Yorkers out for a stroll, complaining.

Rachel Oh





































































































t is 7 p.m., and there is a man outside my window playing Frank Sinatra's "New York, New York" so loudly I can feel it on my skin. Under the music, you can hear the roars of our neighbors celebrating something. Always celebrating. Things I love about New York: the old lady on the bus blaming de Blasio for heat wave subway failure, the old ladies on the bus in fur coats, when the bus driver floors it and the bus goes 40 MPH up 3rd Avenue, the bagel-makers at Bagel Express who gave me a free coffee, walking the 51st Street downtown 6 subway platform which has the highest rat-to-garbage can ratio I have seen, nonchalantly saying goodnight to the doorman of a one night stand like I'm definitely coming back, poking my head through the bars around Gramercy Park to see some really nice lilacs. Avoiding Times Square like the plaque but secretly marveling at it every time my Uber cuts through there, getting tangled up in 15 dog leashes that the guy on the corner can't control. Walking down 5th Ave in the middle the night during a heat wave in an evening gown. Going on a date to an electric light show and secretly making my best friend

come with me, going for a second dinner and a beer with my best friend after the date, going on a million and one shitty dates. But also amazing dates. Dates where vou ice skate at the Rockefeller Center WITH a Rockefeller. Always asking what's this line for because it can be for a sample sale or an underground rave and you will absolutely die if you don't find out that very moment. Always knowing someone who knows a legitimate celebrity and always acting cool when that celebrity is sitting at the same table as you. Celebrities in general, in New York they're everywhere but no one gives a fuck. Extremely confident pigeons. Ugly crying on the subway and no one paying you any attention. Getting stuck in a torrential downpour with a group of strangers under scaffolding and starting a spontaneous dance party. Complaining about New York but loving it so much I would scream louder than all the horns of rush hour traffic.

Julia Teske

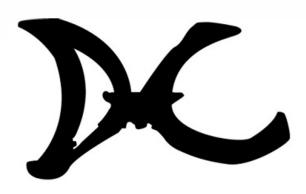












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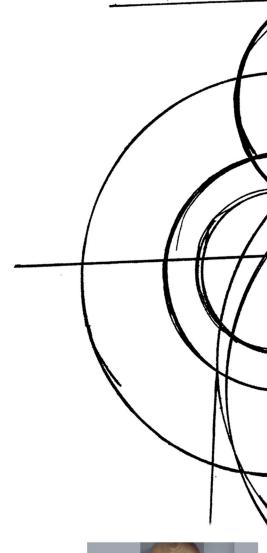
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- 1. Monse mixed media dress
- 2. Visit: Montreal, Canada
- 3. Brett Kern inflatable art
- 4. Christian Dior: Designer of Dreams
- 5. Louis Vuitton thermos
- 6. Fendi clucth
- 7. Food for thought: Le Pavillon
- 8. Bracli Sydney pearl thong
- 9. The House and Garden Book of Living Rooms



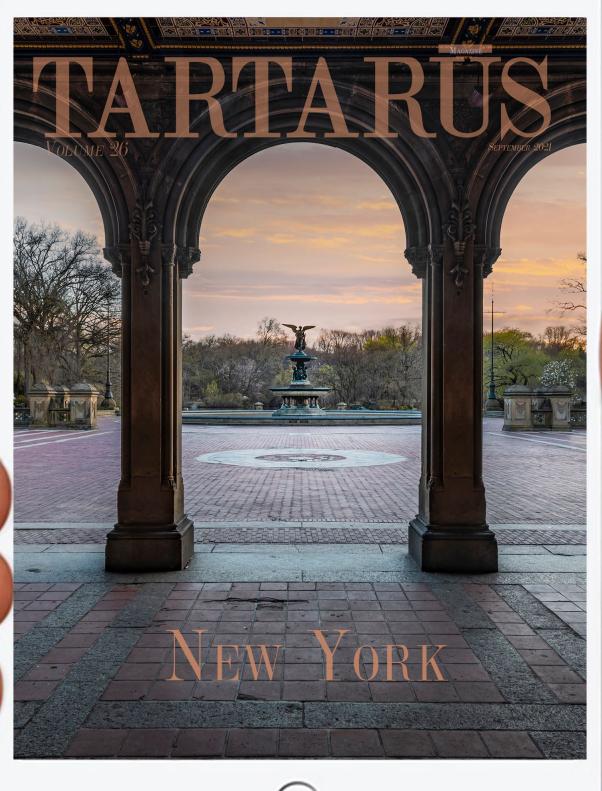
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