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Cover Privilege Photographed by Biagio Black



Nora Kobrenik Photographed by Dimitry Kobrenik | Nightmare dressed as a Daydream | November 2017

I was 13 years old when I discovered what kind of life I wanted to live when I grew up. It was 1 years since my family and I have moved to the US and I had very little idea how exactly I could live my life. I didn't speak the language, 9/11 just took place and I was essentially left to my own devices. Enter the summer vacation in Odessa, Ukraine with my best friend at the time - endless late nights partying, weekend trips with the hot older boys, strip monopoly and one movie that changed everything.

As many of you may or may not know Cruel Intentions is a 1999 cult classic that was based on Les Liaisons Dangereuses but instead of 1782 France everything takes place among the Upper East Side elite. It was the original Gossip Girl. It was pretty much the way life was back home for me. I had no idea that I could still have this in the States, I was immediately in love. From the moment I returned to New York I set out to live my life the way I

always have and the way I thought would never be possible again. Privilege is a very fluid concept that means different things to different people. For me personally privilege means living life to the fullest and enjoying all that it has to offer. All the best things it has to offer - food, fashion, art, travel, real estate, entertainment, etc. I believe that life is way too short to waste it counting pennies. I see so many people everywhere working endlessly and saving every dollar for the rainy day, for their old age, retirement, whatever and never giving themselves a break to splurge on what they really want. What many don't realize is that tomorrow is not guaranteed. You can walk out of the house and get hit by a yellow taxi cab - live your best life while you still have the chance and while you're still young enough to enjoy it, while you still want it.

This book is just that - an ode to excess, an ode to having everything you ever wanted. An ode to class, opulence, power, education, art, fashion, elitism and above everything else privilege.

Welcome to the issue.

Nora Kobrenik Editor-in-Chief and Founder



SIAMESE TWINS JEWELRY

HANDFORGED

IN

BROOKLYN



#SIAMESETWINSJEWELRY

SIAMESETWINSJEWELRY. TUMBLR. COM



FALL/WINTER 2017

sylvie schimmel

































t's a cliché, but the path of photography chose Kavak. He was born in Tehran-Iran to a modest family, with barely a high school degree with concentration in math to his name. Then he started to work. A two-year stint as a director's assistant in cinema in Iran led to an obsession with camera and photography. He says, "I love to create, manipulating the reality, the fashion, the luxury world and yes, I love the photography. The way you can freeze the moment and watch it over and over again. That's why I chose to become a fashion photographer. I'm inspired by the cultural differences. The point of view of different people including myself. The way I see the world and what goes on in my personal life. Small details in people, books, nature! Everything. I love the story! All kinds of stories. Creating a brief version of the stories in my work to make them visual. That's why I'm most inspired by Helmut Newton, Guy Bourdin and Tim Walker."

"I always say, 'What you get by achieving your goals is not as important as what you become by achieving your goals.' There are two different worlds that are attached and sometimes combined

together. Photography is a way of creating from a creation. Capturing and manipulating a reality that is no longer real. I think photography is a surreal way to show the reality. And fashion photography is a way to create and show a lifestyle, a culture and a perspective based on a single point of view or in other definition, a signature." Kavak describes his own signature as character, colors, saturation, and his personal visual experiences in life. "It's been almost 6 years since I took up photography and I'm self-taught! So, it took time to learn about it as well as learn lights, retouching and of course fashion. I can't say that all my work has that distinctive style of mine yet but I am way more aware of it these days. I'm hoping for more projects, more of me in my photos and of course the other side of it: which is advertising and commercial jobs. It will be more learning, more pictures. To put it simply - more joyful struggles on the road to perfection."

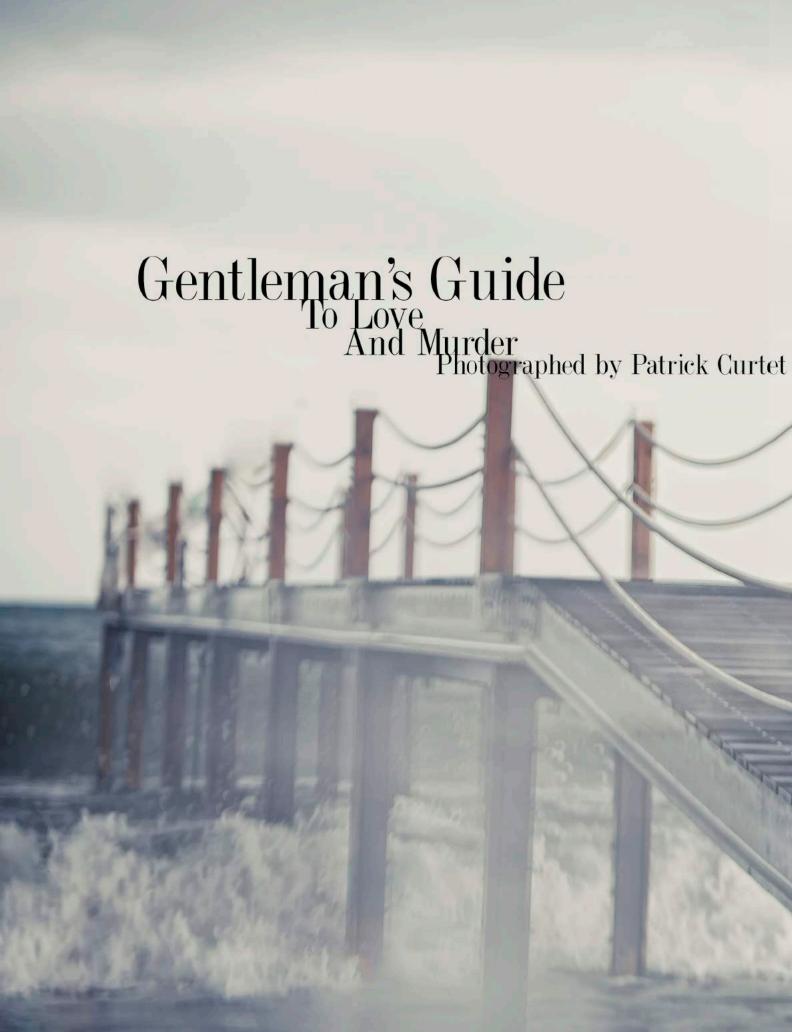






































Photographed













ome say that money is the root of all evil but I have always wondered what exactly makes it the all encompassing evil. Per 1 Timothy 6:10 the apostle Paul, in his first letter to his young disciple, Timothy, had this to say: "For the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil. Some people, eager for money, have wandered from the faith and pierced themselves with many griefs." The misquoted version ("money is the root of all evil") makes money and wealth the source (or root) of all evil in the world. This is clearly false. The Bible makes it quite clear that sin is the root of all evil in the world (Matthew 15:19; Romans 5:12; James 1:15). However, when we reflect upon the correct citation of this verse, we see that it is the love of money, not money itself, which is a source of all different kinds of trouble and evil. Wealth is morally neutral; there is nothing wrong with money, in and of itself, or the possession of money. However, when money begins to control us, that's when trouble starts. To be very honest I am appalled by the people who loathe wealthy people on principle. In reality those people are full of envy and confusion because they don't know how to earn those "fun coupons" to quote Jordan Belfort therefor they lash out and try to

find ways to bring down the 1 percent. Or better yet they try to find inventive ways of stripping the said 1% of their money and distributing it among the jealous, petty crowd. It's all very sad. The thing is that money doesn't make you a bad person, on the contrary - when you have money you are that much more inclined to use it for something worth-wile. If it wasn't for the wealthy we wouldn't have the art programs, historic structures, museums, scholarships and a variety of funds set aside for specific research and treatments of numerous diseases. I do hope you weren't under the impression that government was paying for all of it, now were you? Next time you go for a stroll through the Metropolitan Museum or the Seattle Art Museum remember who is paying the upkeep and who donated that latest piece. Next time you get a scholarship in school remember who made it possible. Next time you have to have an emergency appendix surgery without medical insurance - remember who made it possible.

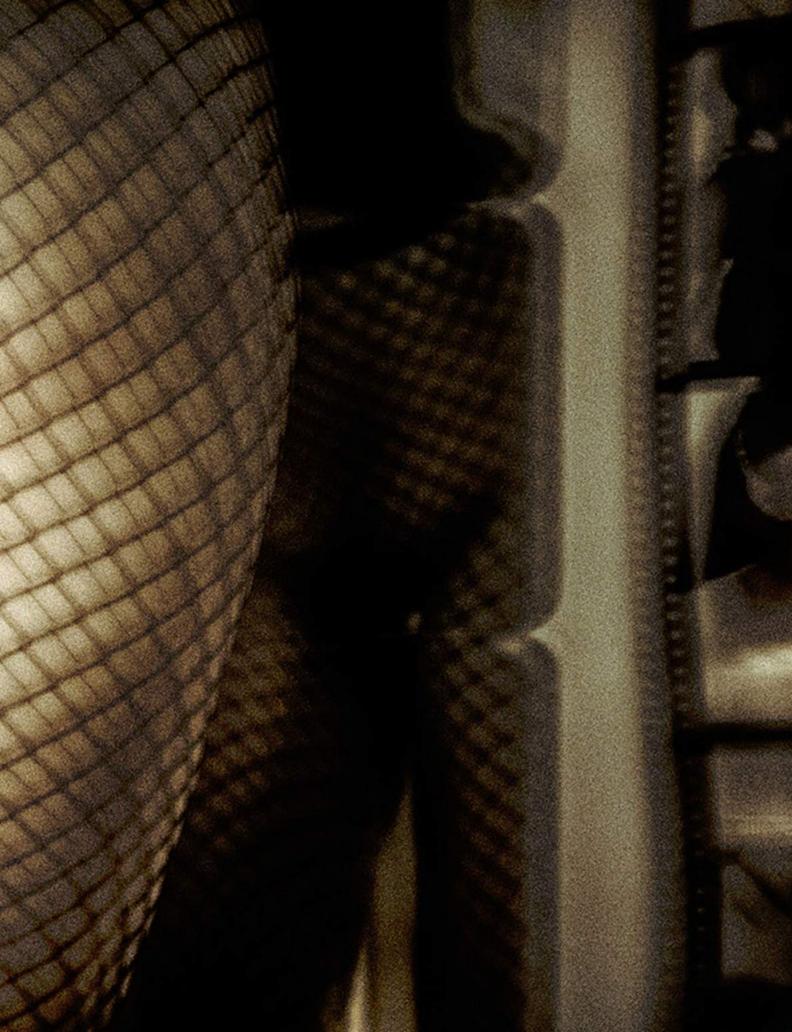












Tey arce Photographed by Da











































t's a topic that has ended many a friendship across the Americas and has divided the classes even further. But the truth of it is that private and boarding schools are just better. The most obvious discrepancy between public and private schools comes down to cold, hard cash. The good news for parents is that public schools cannot charge tuition. The bad news is that public schools are complicated, often underfunded operations influenced by political winds and shortfalls. Financed through federal, state, and local taxes, public schools are part of a larger school system, which functions as a part of the government and must follow the rules and regulations set by politicians. And in turn relies on the government to provide everything for the students and teachers, which puts an enormous strain on the tax paying citizens. As well as that, public schools tend to employ people that are not very good at their jobs. I mean who in their right minds would want to teach in a public school? In contrast, private schools must generate their own funding, which typically comes from a variety of sources: tuition; private grants; and fundraising from parents, alumni, and other community members. If the school is associated with a religious group, the local branch may provide an important source of funding as well. Which is the correct way of doing this because why should I, a childless woman who chooses to NOT procreate must pay a chunk of my taxes towards educating your spawn? According to the National Association of

Independent Schools, the median tuition for their member private day schools in 2008-2009 in the United States was \$17,441. Tuition for boarding schools was close to \$37,017. (Of the 28,384 private schools in the United States, about 1,050 are affiliated with the NAIS. Average tuition for nonmember schools is substantially less: Day schools charge \$10,841 and boarding schools \$23,448.) So what exactly are you paying for here? Well, for starters you're paying for a safe and interesting environment for your child with much more dedicated teachers and smaller classes so your child doesn't have to act out in order to get some attention. On top of that you are paying for a very important aspect of education – proper discipline and an ability to make life-altering connections early on. The potential benefits of private schools accrue from their independence. Private schools do not receive tax revenues, so they do not have to follow the same sorts of regulations and bureaucratic processes that govern (and sometimes hinder) public schools. This allows many private schools to be highly specialized, offering differentiated learning and advanced curriculum. The bottom line is if you chose to procreate at the very least have a decency to provide your child with the best.

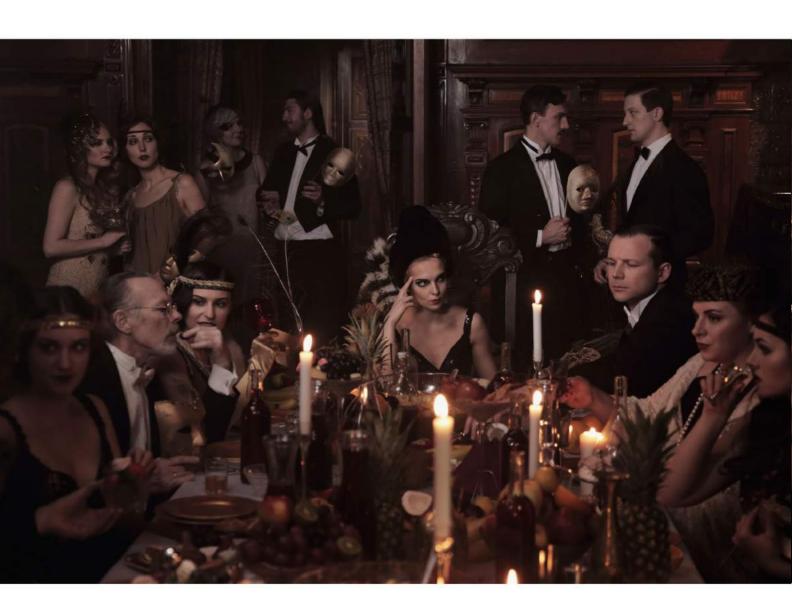








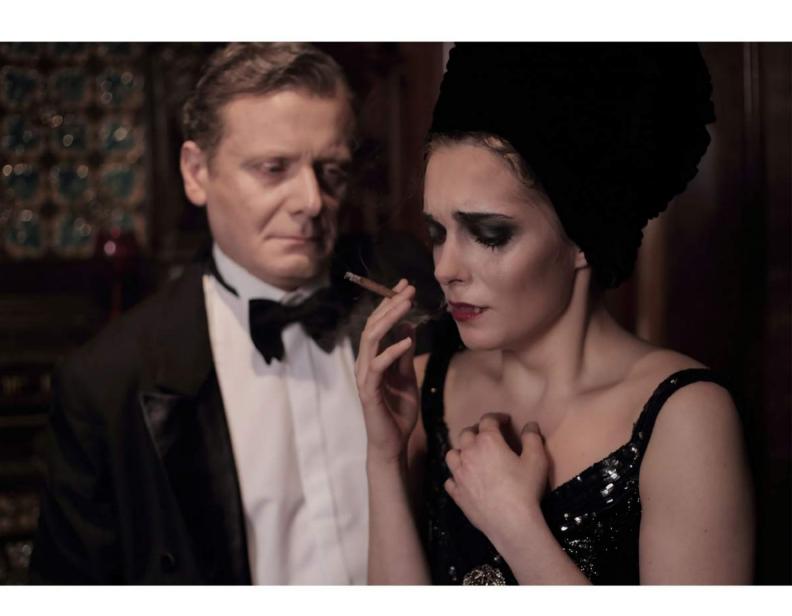


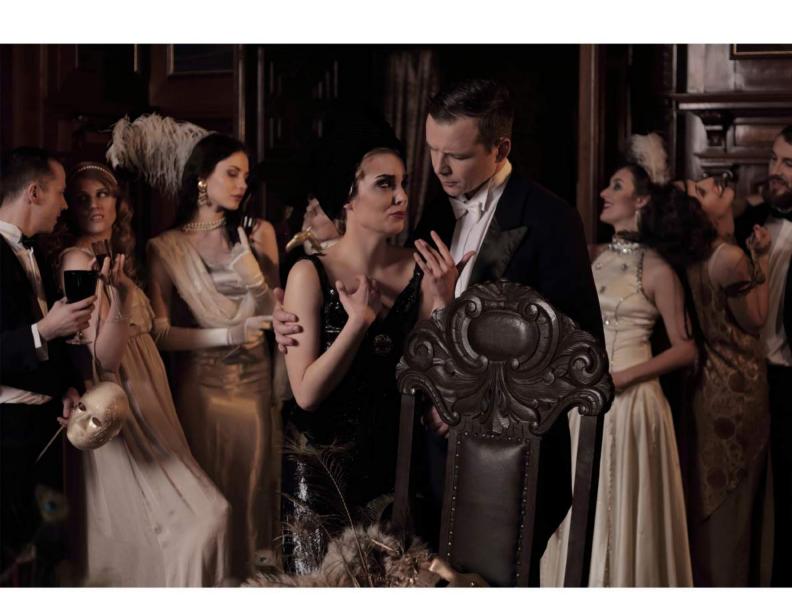














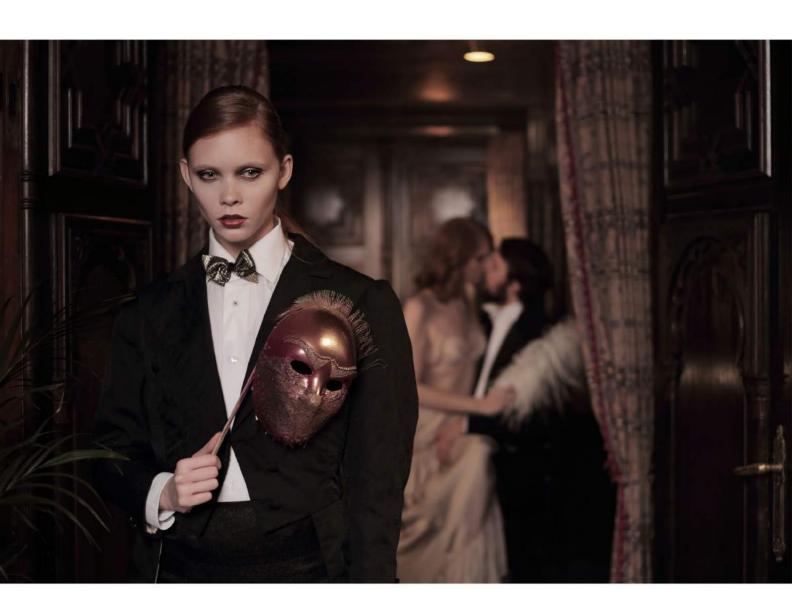












"Salome" chapter (The Book of Wonder - Ksiega Cudowności) Photography: Magdalena Franczuk

Set design: Barbara Natalia Ferlak

Costumes: Ewa Michalik, Monika Laskowska, Maria Molenda Set designer's assistants: Justyna Bugajczyk, Kalina Wilk

Gaffers: Emil Kalus, Mateusz Czuchnowski

Make-up, hair styling: Anna Emilia Łączny

Make-up: Natalia Turowska

Hair styling: Agnieszka Klukowska

Production managers: Wojciech Rodak, Tomasz Michałowski

Second director: Sonia Pałęga

Directing assistant: Alicja Kozak

Assistant: Daniel Goraj, Dawid Gurfinkiel, Piotr Dłubakowski

Backstage: Hubert Napierała, Sonia Pałęga

Cast:

Aleksandra/Salome: Magdalena Koleśnik

Aleksandra's partner: Lesław Żurek

Aleksandra's uncle: Mirosław Jękot

Mysterious guest: Sonia Trzewikowska

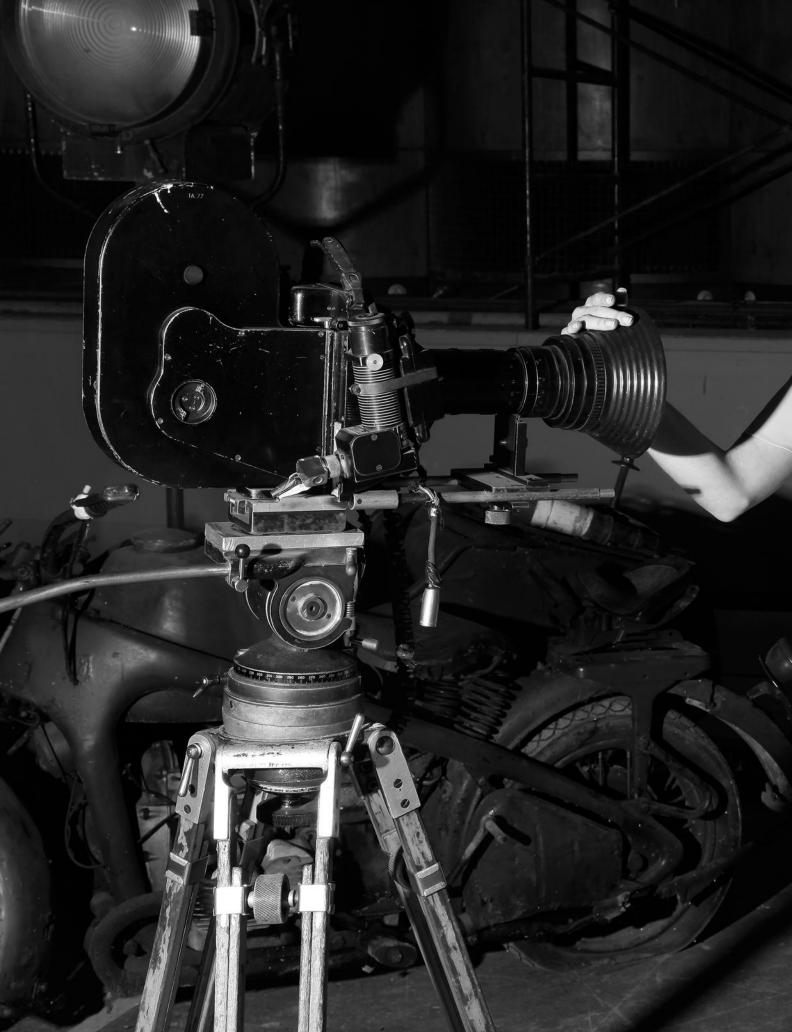
Wiktoria: Anna-Maria Jarosik

Guests: Kasia Dmoch, Ewelina Kamińska, Klaudia Jóźwiak, Adrian Kaca, Oskar Stoczyński, Wojciech Lato, Ewa Nurzyńska, Joanna Zagórska, Faustyna Ostróżka, Adam Pietrzak, Bogna Kowalczyk, Michalina Głogowska, Wojciech Kacprzak, Zofia Woźniak, Mateusz Klukowski, Magda Roźniakowska, Andrzej Bersz, Hanna Leszczyńska, Zbigniew Koźmiński

Special thanks to: Muzeum Kinematografii w Łodzi, Łódzkie Centrum Filmowe, Opus Film, Fundacja Nomina Rosae - Ogród Kultury Dawnej













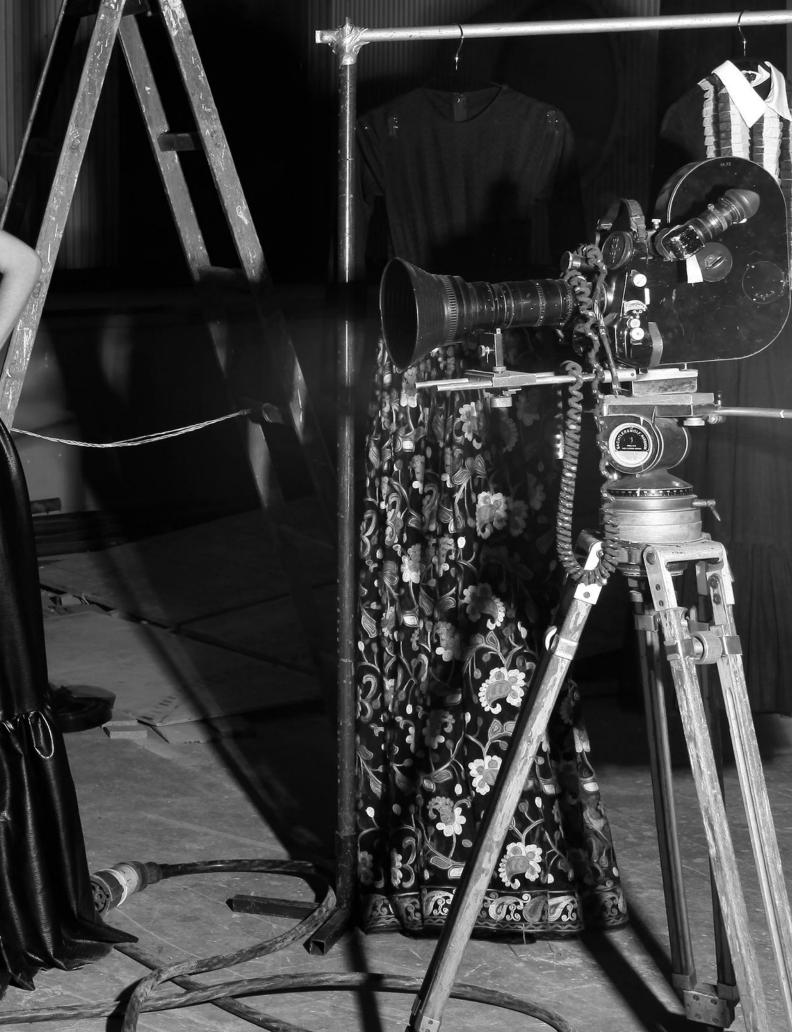
ebster's defines a socialite as a person usually from a privileged, wealthy, or aristocratic background who has a wide reputation and a high position in upper class society. A socialite spends a significant amount of time attending various fashionable social gatherings. American members of the Establishment, or an American "society" based on birth, breeding, education, and economic standing, were originally listed in the Social Register, a directory of the names and addresses of the "preferred social contacts" of the prominent families in the 19th century. In 1886, Louis Keller started to consolidate these lists and package them for sale. The concept of socialites dates to the 18th and 19th century. Most of the earliest socialites were wives or mistresses of royalty or nobility, but being a socialite was more a duty and a means of survival than a form of pleasure. Bashful queens were often forced to play gracious and wealthy hostess to people who despised them. Mistresses had to pay for their social reputation and had to use their social skills to obtain

favor in the court and retain the interest of their lovers. With the increase of wealth in America in the 19th century, being a socialite developed into a role that brought power and influence. Men and women became social climbers. which was made easy due to their abundance in money and means of attaining it (usually from inheritance). In the 21st century, the term "socialite" is still attached to being wealthy and socially recognized. The lines between being a socialite and celebrity with an exuberant partying lifestyle have since become blurred due to the influence of both popular culture and the media, particularly when the status of being a celebrity is largely due to that lifestyle.

That's all great and everything but how do you actually become one, the one that's not based on scandal or celebrity? Here are a few basic tips that one must take in order to become a successful socialite:









- Education: Aim for a well-respected private institution if you can, but study hard regardless of where you end up. Get a well-rounded education, especially in the arts and languages. As a socialite, you'll be expected to be able to comment on everything from the news of the day to fundraising strategies to the art world. Make friends and connections at your college or university. You'll cross paths with many interesting and well-connected people at school, and those friendships will help you when you start working your way into the social elite.
- 2. Career: Aim for a career in the entertainment, fashion, or fine arts industry if you can, but above all make sure you're choosing a field that you're passionate about. Talking about your work with others and showing them authentic passion will be more engaging and memorable than forcing yourself to chat about a job you don't like.
- 3. Charity Work: The biggest socialites

- have a charity to champion, so pick one of your own. Think about how you truly want to help your community, whether it's by helping the homeless or the environment, or raising money for animal shelters. Research charities in your area and get in touch with them to see how you can help.
- 4. Get friendly and further your cause (charitable one): Let people know what you're involved in through social media and word of mouth. Say, "I've just started working with this amazing charity. I think they could really benefit from your help, too."
- 5. Invest in your passion: Many larger charities will throw elegant fundraising events to thank their big donors and attract more. Donate money to score an invitation for yourself and talk to as many people as you can at the event.









































BLUEASMINE
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MANIZARRIN
ANNETTE WILKE ON WHY FUR IS SO IMPORTANT







o quote Kanye, 'Tell PETA my mink is dragging on the floor." That's what my editor said when I broached the subject of anti animal cruelty fanatics and how it would reflect on this magazine if we would do an article on fur products. But than again my editor is Russian so I suppose it's not something that she ponders during her sleepless nights. Interestingly enough while doing research on fur I stumbled upon quiet a few interesting points. Primarily that fur is biodegradable. The synthetic alternatives to fur and leather take much longer to biodegrade (50 years for treated leather vs. 500+ years for pleather), and even when they have "biodegraded", there are still remains of the plastic particles in the soil, which we are now finding in our oceans and inside fish. Truth About Fur is in the process of conducting an experiment to prove that real fur biodegrades much faster than "faux", and the results are more dramatic than even we expected. Synthetics are made from petroleum by-products. You probably know that petroleum is not a renewable resource. Animals are a renewable, sustainable resource. Actually, wool, down, and cashmere and other similar materials are sustainable, so these are certainly viable alternatives when it comes to winter coats. But the animal rights activists are against those, too, since they come from animals. Usually a sensible winter wardrobe would combine fur. leather, down, wool, and cashmere - you'll never be cold. While a fake fur or leather

jacket may be sitting in a landfill for a few hundred years longer than its real counterpart, that doesn't mean it is longer lasting in a fashion perspective. When well cared for, fur and leather items can last for decades, but fake leather and fur hardly do the same. Both look worn out much faster (and not in a cool way - like worn out leather), and they also don't maintain their warmth or waterproof qualities. You don't find many fake leather bags being handed down from one generation to the next, do you? We've yet to fully understand the bodily harm coming from wearing synthetics, but there's a great deal of research that shows that synthetic materials may contribute to health issues such as infertility, respiratory diseases, and cancer. Why take the risk when there are natural alternatives? If you truly care about the planet and its inhabitants, you'll make consumption decisions based on what's best for us all. You might refuse to eat animals or watch them being used as entertainment, but it is impossible to deny that synthetic clothing is causing irreparable harm to our planet. Choose materials that are sustainable, long-lasting, and biodegradable. Choose fur and leather because there are no viable alternatives.





























































Closed Heaven from Closed Tool

Photography by Biagio Black | Styled by Daniel Moran | Make Up by Alex Almeida | Hair by Jennifer Covington - Bowers | Creative Consultant - Anna Langston Special Thanks To

Helen Yarmak for furs and jewelry | Designers - Dandy Collectio and Joe's Jeans | Shot on location at Norwood Club







im not quite sure who gave them the name, if they chose it themselves, or if it even matters, but there was no way to evade, escape or penetrate The Troika. They were there, here, in your head, asleep, awake, and everywhere in-between. They thrived in the margins of consciousness, that malleable, fissuring space between the dream state and cruel, cruel, waking life. They were 18. They were tall, no, impossibly tall. They were exquisitely smooth and yet rock hard, like newly polished ancient marble. They smelled fresh like the first day of a newly broken season. They seemed to glide to silent Tchaikovsky overtures. Their faces were 99.9 percent symmetrical. They were professionally groomed. They were perfect in every way. Most of us at our private boarding school were well off. Our respective families had to be to afford this place. But The Troika, they were rich, bafflingly rich, heirs to the czars of old-the beautiful brood of the plutocrats of the now. Seemingly asexual (oh if it were that simple), these modern sirens were absolutely, undeniably untouchable; industrially designed in a lab somewhere to live on a pedestal to better distract hapless voyeurs and helpless objectifiers (male, female, trans, it didn't matter) from anything but their elegant limbs, their pristine, glimmering hair, their lithe, porcelain hands, their glazed peach pink and occasionally blood-red lips, their cat eyes of varying shifting shades, their precious feet. Alone, they were disorienting, frustrating. Together, they were maddening. By the time they were high school freshman, The Troika,

all with duel Russian-American citizenship, were signed to major international modeling agencies. Now, as seniors, their combined Instagram followers dwarfed that of the collective school, faculty included. They had lucrative endorsement deals, which they expressed and promoted tastefully. They had drivers at the helm of a fleet of individual black Mercedes, each in fitted, black Tom Ford suits and black polarized Maui Jim Wiki Wiki sunglasses. At lunch, they drank black coffee and ate vegan parfaits exclusively, followed by two (only and always two) Winston cigarettes, which they would share. One obsessive sophomore serf, shamelessly crawling on his hands and knees, would collect the discarded butts, graced with their collaborative lipstick stains, which he sold at a fair price to horny freshmen. The World Health Organization once reached out to The Troika's agency reps while the girls were visiting family in Moscow, asking the girls to relay the notion that Russia ranks first in the world for the number of young people smoking: 33 percent of teenagers light up regularly. Russia's Ministry of Education estimates that about 50 percent of boys and 40 percent of girls smoke in the senior grades of school. The Troika posted this fact, and the numbers rose even higher. It was difficult to distinguish a

eader among The Troika. The debate would rage among the serfs as to who reigned supreme. Some believed, perhaps on instinct alone, that Vera, student body president, potential valedictorian candidate and inevitable prom queen, was their Alpha. Some felt it was Kathryn, who wore extravagant furs with pride, like the long-deceased animal had offered its life willingly, no, desperately, simply to grace her creamy, translucent flesh and ballet dancer shoulders. Invariably, a strong case could be made for Anastasía, whose father was responsible for at least a half dozen cranes looming somewhat ominously around the perimeter of the city and at least three times as many ghost apartments nestled within its confines, where she would host a rotation of private parties that the serfs, such as myself, were never privy or invited to. Some say she turned an incredulous Justin Bieber down for sex at one of these exclusive soirées. The greatest measure for supremacy, as we discovered, was Instagram, as it provided a transparent and easily quantifiable hierarchical barometer. Up until early November, The Troika never appeared to be concerned about who stood at the tip of their fierce triumvirate phalanx comprised of unfathomable beauty, power and privilege. That is, until one of the nerdier, tech-savvy serfs, apparently MIT-bound, created a free app designed to poll students on who the undisputed leader was. To be clear, each member of The Troika had reached the vague and somewhat coveted 1M (one million) followers distinction. The student body started

placing bets (which had quickly swelled to enormous sums) on who would immerge victorious by the last bell of the last full school day before Christmas break. Then, as suddenly as the 1914 catalytic assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, it happened. The sophomore cigarette butt collector was the first to notice, as The Troika had become accustomed to the ground-feeding plebe lurking at their feet during their post-lunch smoke. Someone had shaved Anastasía's left eyebrow clean off. Though it was drawn back on with uncanny likeness by a deft hand, the change, this new imperfection, was glaring. On the app's message boards, some speculated that a immigrant worker at a high-end Upper East Side spa was paid two thousand dollars to shave it off by a student who had wagered the hypothetical pink slip to her Land Rover, which she was promised for her approaching Sweet 16. More damaging, however, was the rumor that Kathryn did it herself at a weekend sleepover, which she vehemently denied of course. It didn't matter. The white-gloves were off. Just two days later, a senior on the football team, already committed to a high-ranking D1, Big Ten school, who days earlier had claimed to have deciphered Vera's complex iPhone password over the coarse of several





eeks of espionage, was caught attempting to delete her account while she was using the restroom during 5th period. In the middle of class, several students beat him close to death. He received a compound fracture in his left humerus and a shattered right orbital, rendering him blind in one eye. He lost his scholarship, as one could imagine, and was told he would never take the field again. Two students, both under 18, were expelled; another was arrested and charged as an adult. The teacher, who watched it happen a bit too long before reacting-inviting speculation that he was also involved in the bet-was suspended without pay barring an internal investigation. Less than a week later, on Friday, November 17th, Kathryn's driver was killed in a car crash after forensics discovered the breaks on his Mercedes were cut. A freshman student actually caught the crash on his Instagram story from the back of a school bus. The driver crashed through the windshield and flew an estimated 35 feet into oncoming traffic where he was run over repeatedly. Though her face was unharmed, Kathryn shattered her pelvis and would most likely never dance again. However, sympathy from the accident pushed her numbers considerably higher. She was given a coveted "blue check" which, on Instagram denotes an authenticated public figure. She was now verifiably in the lead. That is, until Vera's father was outed for supplying weaponry to ISIS and other militarized factions in West Africa, after an anonymous call was made linking him to various, unsavory offshore accounts. He was

immediately apprehended and looking at serious jail time. His wife, a former Miss Universe finalist, was so distraught she committed suicide with her husband's prized Tokarev pistol that apparently once belonged to Joseph Stalin. The international scandal made Vera an unlikely international celebrity. Her numbers skyrocketed and she received her own blue check. She was now in the lead. The school's principal, who inevitably became aware of the school-wide bet, demanded that the app be immediately deleted from everyone's phone. Random checks were scheduled throughout the day, under penalty of suspension. It didn't work. Apple's app store was notified and the app was removed despite its growing success across the country. The student responsible for the app, acting as a bookie, had already made somewhere around \$700,000 in processing fees. Though Vera was no longer in school, her presence loomed large on social media, where she posted daily, emotional testimonials about her trials and tribulations. In the early days of December, on another surprisingly warm morning, former student body vice-president Kathryn, who had taken over the presidency in Vera's absence, called an emergency meeting in the school's gymnasium, after wide-spread speculation that a



rowing population of students, who had all shaved off their left eyebrow in cult-like solidarity with Anastasía (who had ceased drawing on her faux-brow [Cara Delevigne and Kristen Stewart later followed suit]), were posting cryptic, anonymous threats on bathroom walls, Reddit, Facebook, 4chan, and even the school's faculty message boards warning of some kind of violent uprising with unspecified motives. Pamphlets were handed out calling for a return to normalcy, to compassion, to empathy and collective school spirit. It was discovered later that the ink used on these pamphlets was mixed with the same banned VX nerve agent that killed Kim Jong Un's half-brother, Jang Song Thaek. The death toll is still rising. The remainder of the fall semester was cancelled indefinitely. The contest was called off and all bets were returned. The Troika models subsequently transferred to different schools around the city. However, they are still rumored to

hang out and party together in Anastatsía's new penthouse loft on the 95th floor of 432 Park, which her father purchased for roughly \$85 million earlier this year. Rumor has it a certain boutique, high-fashion magazine assembled these young models for an exclusive joint shoot, though they were hesitant to go on the record about this experience, especially to a former schoolmate turned writer. For safety reasons, straws were drawn to see who would grace the cover. You can still find these goddesses on their respective Instagram pages. Try and slide into their DMs and perhaps you can get the official scoop on the reality behind this narrative, but it wont be easy. Perhaps you'll have better luck than Bieber, who's been blocked on all accounts, which was rumored to send him into his current existential crisis.













Total look Coertain:
Face: Gueriain Langerie de Peau CSN
Natural and Terracotta Brouging
Powder III (Tair Brunches Ekes:
Pakette 5 contours 02 Torika Imperiale
and Earl du trait digeliner
Lips: Rouge Kesskiss 325 Rouge Kiss
Causett vintage















Eyes : Makeun Geek Eyeshadow Pans - Fuji (green)

- Lemon drop (yellow) - Pool

side (clear blue) - Neptune (Pop blue)

- Poppy (orange)

Makeup For Ever artist shadow S-852 Rose Fluo

Purple liner with NYX Cosmetics the "Plums"

Lip Palette Lips : The "reds" from NYX Cosmetics

Swimming suite and cap: vintage



SIVAN STERNBACH'S BALOONS TEXT BY JOLENE MANNA

ivan Sternback studied and worked as a pastry chef, she also had her own pastry shop in Tel Aviv. When she later took ceramic classes it reminded her of the time spent in the kitchen, rolling pastry and baking cakes. It was love at first sight or we should say touch. Sternbach is inspired by the food she eats, the places she travels to and the art she experiences. She says, "I love to cook and I blog about it, I love to travel and I will always experience the local art in the cities I travel to. I appreciate all forms of self-expression, being it a painting, sculpture, photograph or a dress. I can see art in almost everything, the fashion world has become so creative these past years, and fashion designers do inspire me every day and influence my work. I'm inspired the most by conceptual art, a piece of art that might be insignificant without the story behind it, but once you understand the story the piece leaves you in awe. At this time probably Alessandro Michele of Gucci is my favorite artist, the way he keeps stretching the Gucci brand is truly inspiring. I also love the trend of collaborations between designers and Vetements do it best. Tearing apart pieces we all grew up on (Champion, Juicy, Reebok for instance) and creating contemporary pieces." There are so many quotes that Sivan loves, but the one that describes her and her work

will always be "There is not great talent without great will power" by Honore de Balzac. "I like the fact that my story influences other artists. My story is about doing what you love, making it the best you can, and not giving up." She continues, "I truly believe that I did not choose this career, but it chose me. I was making some ceramic balloons, that's all... then an art curator saw them and that's how it all began. The success of the balloons was instant and I had to find a studio and work full time immediately. Between building balloons per order I started experimenting with other shapes of balloons. Today I have a collection of balloons I'm sculpting, classic ones, large helium rounds and hearts. Small heliums in various sizes, letter helium balloons which I write statements with. Popped balloons and some more. My language is balloons, I think and dream in this language and I feel I have more to say and more to come up with. So time will tell for me what I will come up with. I'm still interested the most in collaborating with designers and artists and working beside exceptional talents."















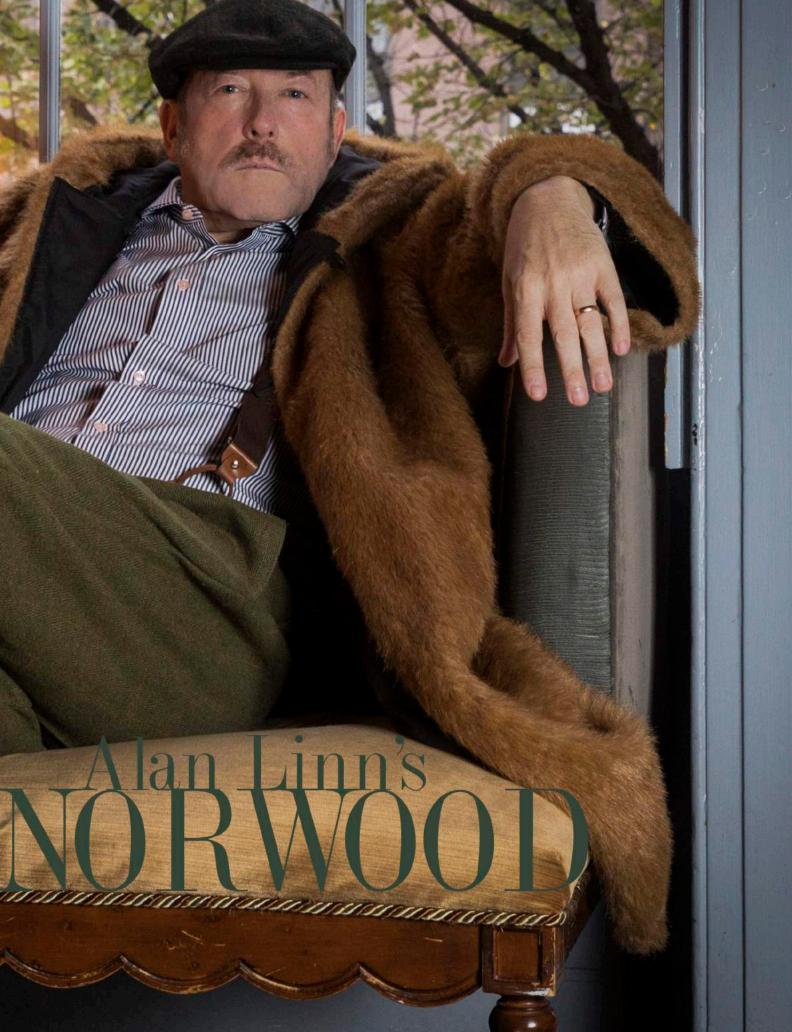
he woman behind the brand mori.tori comes from illustration and graphic design background. Her name is Erika Harada and everyone who loves unusual jewelry should know it. Born in Japan, she has spent her summers in the rice paddies and local Shinto shrines near her grandparents. Harada is largely inspired by nature, primarily the process of decay. It may seem a bit morbid, but she has always had a fondness of plants and animals, and has collected small mementos and found objects since she was a child. Mostly dead insects, bone, and feathers. She says, "decay can be as beautiful as it can be unappealing, and I embrace it as a process that is natural, paying homage to it by reflecting the organic shapes of bone and animal bodies in my work." She also finds inspiration in artists from all sorts of disciplines - Alexander McQueen and Iris van Herpen, also John James Audubon and the artist he inspired, Walton Ford. She continues, "Honestly, though, my biggest inspiration comes from my artist friends who work hard every day and keep me motivated to create as much as I can. One of my favorite quotes is 'Phillip Pullman's 'You'll drift apart, it's true, but you'll be out in the open, part of everything alive again." Besides being in love with Phillip Pullman's work, Erika feels that it's a quote that captures the cyclical nature of life and death. Life and death are not total opposites, in her mind - they're complimentary halves of a whole." Erika says, "I have been working in the creative field ever since I graduated from college, mostly for corporate clients. While that is fulfilling most of the time, I prefer to work with my hands, in tactile mediums primarily wax, clay,

and metals. I have always been attracted to art and design, and loved to draw and paint as a child. Coupled with a fascination of nature and wildlife, along with maybe a bit of my cultural background, I felt like my work is a natural extension of the person that I am."

"Photography and fashion are mediums to me just as much as paper and paint - I love taking in both, and have dabbled in them from time to time - but I consider myself a maker, first and foremost, instead of a stylist. Dark, contemporary nature inspired adornments that are dramatic but is infinitely wearable is the best way to describe my jewelry. As I said before I have been inspired immensely by photographers and fashion designers; seeing some of my work used as adornments for shoots and props to enhance another's work is incredibly satisfying! With this shoot, I wanted to showcase my jewelry in a way that feels organic. I didn't want to have a simple product shoot, instead wanting to present the concept behind my brand - highlighting the beauty that can exist in death and decay." Now Erika is working on enhancing her silversmithing skills so she can start creating fine jewelry meant for daily use, such as wedding bands and engagement rings, incorporating organic materials. She also hopes to collaborate more with fellow artists and exhibit her work further. I say get her whiles she's hot.







lan Linn is blunt, "I am a gay, Scotsman and artist living the dream in New York City. I have two degrees in Art and Design. A "first Class degree" in Illustration from Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art (Dundee) and the second an M.A. in Fine Art Printmaking from the Royal College of Art. (London) I was Student President at the RCA for its 125 year celebration and then worked two years in Public Relations for the College at the time of such luminaries as Jake Chapman, Racheal Whiteread, Phillip Treacy, Neil Barrett, Deborah Lloyd, John Ray, Christopher Bailey." He then began his next passion for restaurants and then Private Members Clubs and was the G.M. of Blacks Club, Soho London for 12 years. And again Linn was in the right environment to get to know chefs the likes of Fergus and Margo Henderson, Peter Gordon and Jeramy Lee. Blacks opened in 1992 and was the second members Club to open after the famous Groucho Club. It was an alternative to the Groucho, however much more in the line of the famous "Colony Room" where folks like Francis Bacon spent a drunken afternoon. Black's was rough, crazy and individually eccentric. Alan continues, "My unique scarey background brings together the combination of Art, Design and rock and roll hospitality. That is what inspired me to create a modern day Arts Club special for New York in the wonderful magical "Andrew Norwood House" a five floored Landmarked town house (built in 1845) on 14th Street. With the combination of great artworks on our walls,

great food and wine and amazing members and events for them to gather, collaborate and fall in love. It is a big beautiful petri dish of creativity. Norwood House's motto is 'NORWOOD, A HOME FOR THE CURIOUS'" Linn's inspiration has come from being surrounded for most of his life by some of the most creative artist and designers in the world from all side of the professions. Painters, Fashionistas, Chefs, Theatre actors and directors, Filmmakers, Designers both graphic and Tech and Industrial Designers, Photographers and Architectors. What inspires him is such words as "change" and "an open mind" and "respect". He has spent most of his life watching young fellow artists and designers grow into international stars and learnt a lot from the established creatives about how they get inspired.

When it comes to fashion, photography and art Alan says, "They are both extremely hard industries, bright star can burn out far too quickly in the maelstrom of hype. I do not think the rest of the world understands what a "carousel" it is with its pressures for both photographers and fashion designers. They have to come up with something new, not just Winter/Fall and Spring/Summer but sometimes mid season. Or weekly or monthly, the pressure is tough. Yes, you are in

ilan. Paris. London, New York staying in the Principe, Four Seasons, St. George but the bottom line is it's work and very hard work. That "carousel" has now moved to the Fine Art world and we now have the cycle of Frieze, Armory, Art Basel and Venice. Norwood is still the official partner of Armory and Frieze as well as amazing emerging satellite fairs such as PULSE, Art Market, Affordable Art Fair etc. I think sometimes creativity gets watered down to financial pressure but I am not naive enough to know that it is still business."

"I love Art, Music, Film, Food and good company. I fell in love with a native New Yorker and have always loved New York. Norwood is my creation, my baby and my passion. The wonderful Simon Costin, who worked with Alexander McQueen creating all of his spectacular runway shows, he also worked with many other top fashion designers as Gareth Pugh, and Vogue's Tim Walker. Simon is a great friend and was very generous to work with me to create the interiors of Norwood. He is neither a diva or arrogant or judgmental, he is a true artist and generous soul to all up and coming artists. This is one of the mantras of Norwood as in 'The ingénue meet the establishment and both grow and learn."

Linn's signature style constantly changes. For example, when Norwood first opened, 10 years ago Alan and his team had a vision of the dining room being a French supper room that was inspired by a meeting between "Jean Cocteau" and "Powell/Pressburger".

It was tres chic with tapestries by Jean Picard le Doux, olive green walls, white pressed tablecloths and specially designed mirrors (by Simon). Unfortunately it was far too stuffy and made folks feet they had to dress up to dine, not the feeling of a Club/a Home. He said he, " sat in the room for two days and thought, "what do I love in this city?" I live above a restaurant called "Knickerbocker" and if I do not get a red velvet booth I am not happy. We then created a room of beautiful red velvet over sized banquets all facing into the middle of the room so that was where the energy flowed. A salute to vintage New York set against such great works by Damien Hirst and Gregory Crewdson. The moral of this story is never be afraid to take a step back and re-think. Go with your gut. "I had a feeling three years ago about our "SALON" on the third floor about a new image of "High Victorian" and the "Gothic Movement" so again, I did my research and looked around at how sterile those big blank, monolithic restaurants had become and thought, "time to change". If anything my style is constantly changing when I get inspired or bored.""I spent a year and a half going back and forth to LA to create a "New Norwood" for that amazing creative scene, but alas I never found the right spot and that is a must for the foundations of a great

lub. Norwood is now 10 years old, we have an amazing reputation, great staff, members and we are not a "Private Club" that is generic design or owned by some billionaire and/or hedge fund Company. It's my wonderful team and me. Over the years we discovered and linked up with several individual Private Members Clubs around the world so our members have a home from home when they travel. They include: Cirque Gitane

(LA). "Groucho", "The Club at the Ivy", "The Hospital" (London), "Club Matador" (Madrid), "The Spoke Club" (Toronto), "The Clubhouse" (Buenos Aires), "Hearthouse" (Munich), "The Clubhouse" (Rio), "The Seafarers Club" (Auckland). Next?... Maybe a "Retreat Norwood" in Upstate NY. Who knows! It is always exciting." Indeed it is. ■

Story by April Mueller Photography by Biagion Black





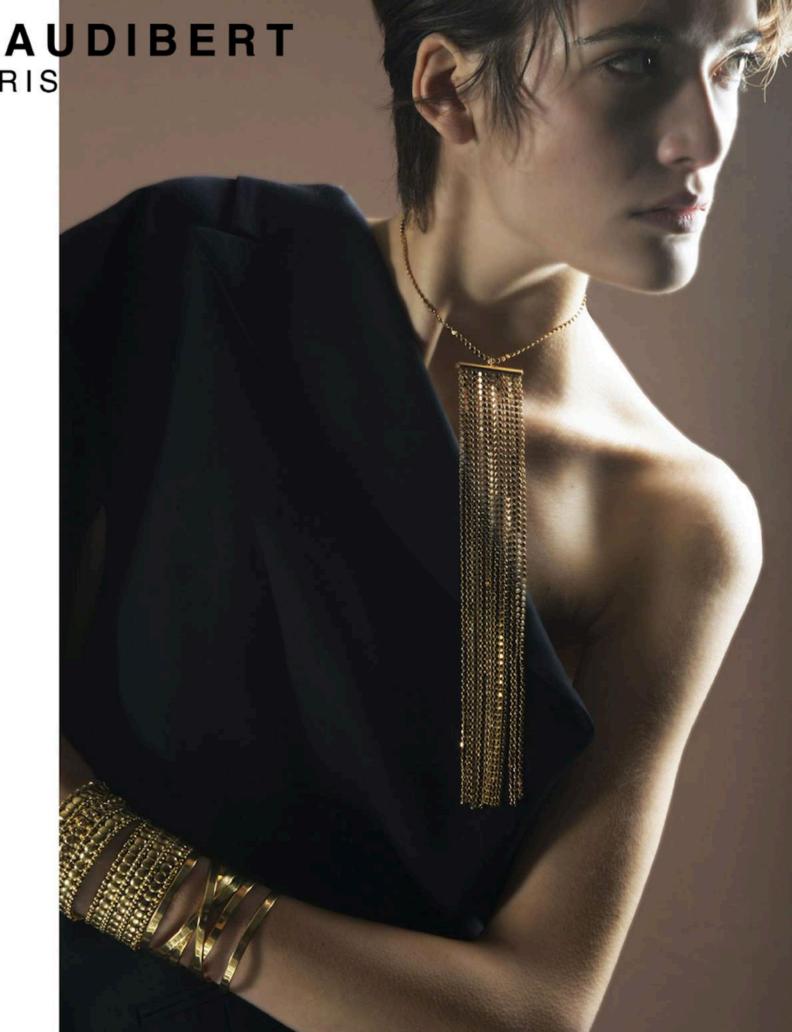
Tartarus 10

September 6th, 2017 saw the intimate release celebration of Volume 10: Nude at New York's bellowed Officina 1M. The uber exclusive celebration was dedicated to the 10th Book anniversary with only the closest friends and family in attendance. Guests spent the rainy evening sipping on prosecco and noshing on an elaborate charcuterie table.

Photography by RJ Ensalada.









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MADE IN ITALY





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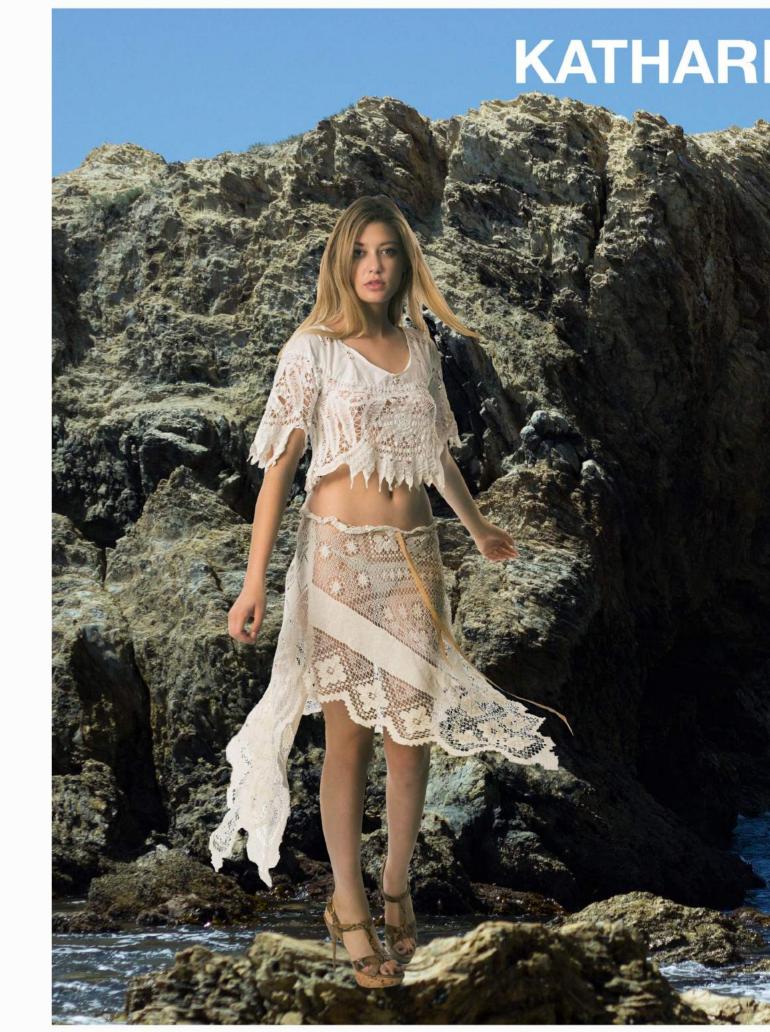


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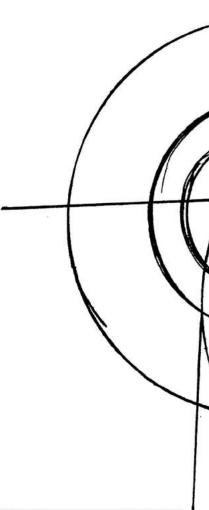


Nora's Deities

2







- 1. Food for thought: Rolf's restaurant Lower East Side NY
- 2. Show to Watch: Nuteracker Ballet
- 3. Akris Ruched off the shoulder Velvet Gown
- 4. Winter Activity: Russian Troika
- 5. Visit: Megeve, France
- 6. Gifts: S.J. Phillips
- 7. Helen Yarmak furs
- 8. Dempsey & Carroll stationary
- 9. Olatz sheets



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