



The Tot Seat
Clever designers are rocking the world of children's chairs **D7**

OFF DUTY

Who Needs 14 Typewriters?
LBJ biographer Robert Caro, that's who **D11**



FASHION | FOOD | DESIGN | TRAVEL | GEAR

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

Saturday/Sunday, April 13 - 14, 2019 | **D1**

No More Mr. Vice Guy

Put down that beer and cigar. Wellness—the umbrella term for everything from meditation to moringa oil—is not just for women. Increasingly, men (and businesses) are getting juiced about holistic health



BRO REBORN

If too much ale ails you, try this simple green-juice recipe: Throw spinach, kale, green apple, ginger and coconut water in a blender and pulverize.

CHUG MORE MINDFULLY Pullover, \$89, patagonia.com; Polo, \$98, lacoste.com.

By Andrew Goble

WHEN SAN FRANCISCO art director and filmmaker Skyler Vander Molen, 33, embarked on a diet two years ago, he wasn't focused on losing weight. He was just trying to feel better. As he entered his early 30s, he'd started having trouble concentrating, experiencing what he called "brain fog." So he tried the Whole 30 diet, that month of no-anything abstemiousness you've likely heard co-workers boasting about. Encouraged by the results, Mr. Vander Molen also began practicing yoga and meditation, joining a growing number of men

who pursue activities that can be vaguely categorized as "wellness." "I've always been sort of depressive and anxious, and the meditation really helps kind of shift that," he said. "I'm a lot more focused."

The wellness community—both far-reaching and tough to pin down—has grown rapidly over the last decade, becoming a big business along the way. Among the 26 million-plus Instagram posts that are hashtagged "wellness," yoga poses and artfully curated açai bowls are predictably plentiful and, while the phenomenon has largely catered to women, now men are putting down their Buffalo wings and catching up. But what does wellness mean for men, and is

it at odds with traditional notions of masculinity, which goad them to be hard-driving and invulnerable? (Cover lines for popular Men's Health magazine have included "Never Get Sick Again" and "5 Ways to Defeat Stress.") Wellness advocates and entrepreneurs are stripping away some of the stigma surrounding the movement by butchering up yoga (see "Broga") and introducing guy-friendly coaching sessions and products (male-targeted gummy vitamins from Hims). Gwyneth Paltrow's wellness-oriented brand, Goop, will launch a men's health podcast, "Goopfellas," later this spring, after noticing that 23% of visitors to its website were men.

Please turn to page D2

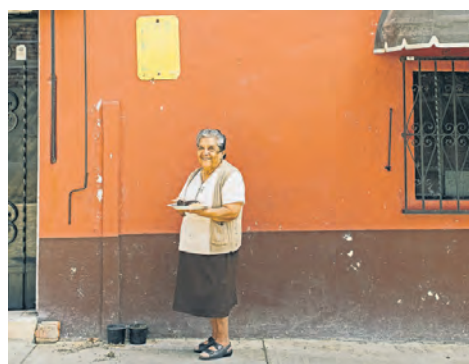
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...like an Indian pizza pie, that's a most delicious cultural clash **D10**



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WHAT'S IN OUTSIDE
Three trends at the forefront of backyard design **D6**

F. MARTIN RAMIN/THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, STYLING BY REBECCA MALINSKY (WARDROBE) AND RYAN MESINA (PROPS), GROOMING BY MARK ALAN, MODEL: STEFEN D'ANGELO

STYLE & FASHION



PEACE OFFERINGS

A sampling of wellness-adjacent men's products. From left to right: Serum, \$33, forhims.com; Candle, \$48, themotley.com; Maca Boost Powder, \$7 for 5, takecareof.com; Chia-Flax Boost Powder, \$7 for 5, takecareof.com; Cleanser, \$18, maapilim.com; Facial Oil, \$55, grownalchemist.com

Feel Good Inc.

Continued from page D1

For every worthy product or pursuit, up pops a marketing ploy. The benefits of a \$68 "Mountain Man" kit including beard oil and bar soap are limited to the shower. But meditation, which enthusiasts believe improves focus and well-being, is no longer a niche trend; according to the National Center for Health Statistics, 14% of Americans practiced it in 2017, up from 4% before 2012. It's even being used in football programs and the U.S. military.

So let's say you're reading this while hunched over in your work cubicle, slurping an iced latte and wishing it was a beer. You're tired; you're stressed; and, even though you could take or leave Gwyneth Paltrow, you're intrigued by the idea of wellness. But you barely know what it is and the onslaught of social media posts, and online pop-up ads have clarified nothing.

Here's a start: It's about doing things that make you feel healthier and happier—exercise, nutrition, massage, skin care, mental health and spiritual health all fall under its umbrella. "Wellness is living a vibrant life, [one] you want to live, and having the freedom to do so," said Dr. Will Cole, a functional-medicine doctor based in Pittsburgh, who will co-host the "Goopfellas" podcast along with chef Seamus Mullen.

Jonathan Keren, co-founder of Israeli men's wellness brand Maapilim, which recently opened a pop-up shop in Manhattan,

shares an equally starry-eyed definition. "It's the whole 360 experience," he said. "It is taking some of the stress out, it's eating well, meditating. It's doing whatever makes you happy." Maapilim sells grooming products, and it plans to launch a content platform called Sand focusing on men's wellness topics.

Dr. Cole said that, over the last two years, a growing number of his male clients have been inspired by conversations about men's health on social media and podcasts. They're not always the typical yogi stereotype. "I talk to all of these guys in small towns in

tech incubator in Brooklyn. Twice a week, he assembles a group of the entrepreneurs he works with for a 20-minute meditation session, delivered via Headspace, an app with 45 million members. The app is great for newbies, offering hundreds of meditations, some just a minute long.

Wellness disciples often stress the virtues of complementing a healthy diet with supplements. The direct-to-consumer San Francisco brand Hims offers men's products including sleekly packaged vitamins that claim to promote immunity and heart health, as well as anti-hair loss and skin care kits. (Its

The most abstract form of wellness is "self-care," the seemingly simple practice of noting which activities make you feel good and doing them. "It starts with getting really in touch with what you feel physically and emotionally," said Mr. Vander Molen. "And being attentive to that stuff." Maapilim co-founder Mr. Keren's self-care ritual is taking the time to apply a facial serum, which he calls "a really calming experience." If dabbling on moisturizer is not your cup of tea, consider an actual cup of tea.

How can a wellness-seeker separate the products, activities and habits that actually improve his life from the abundant snake oil that's out there? Do your research and get outside of your comfort zone. In short: It's all about trial and error. Ira Handschuh, a 56-year-old cosmetic dentist in White Plains, N.Y., who's long played ice hockey, recently started denying his sweet tooth and covering his grays in an effort at ramping up his wellness regimen. But his efforts may stop there. "I've taken yoga, and at times I've taken yoga that incorporated meditation," he said. "It didn't really work for me. I can just relax on my own."

Vitamins, meditation, skin care disciplines and kettlebell workouts won't stop time, but they can give us a degree of control over our lives. Mr. Elbert of Care/Of has noticed that his male client is increasingly interested in longevity: "Which is just this idea that guys...all want to live longer, and is there a hack for that too?" Not just yet, but surely we'll all be hearing about it on a podcast soon.

How can a wellness-seeker separate the products and habits that actually improve his life from the snake oil that's out there? Do your research and get outside of your comfort zone.

Idaho and in Texas, and they're cowboys, but they're interested in mindfulness," he said. Comparing today's wellness wave with the fitness push of the '80s and '90s, he said, "I think the biggest difference is that it's not just an outward thing; it's an inward thing. Things like the rise of mindfulness and stress management and just being a better human being."

Marrying calming practices like yoga and meditation with a more traditional gym routine can establish a sense of balance. Try integrating meditation into your work life, like Craig Wilson, the 34-year-old director of a

website proclaims, "Men are allowed to want to take care of themselves.") New York company Care/Of, which sends personalized regimens of supplements to users, targets both genders. Co-founder and CEO Craig Elbert has prioritized making wellness products convenient for male customers. "How do we make this as easy as possible for him?" he asked. "By giving recommendations, by delivering straight to his door, by putting it all on his phone so he can just control it and have it fit his lifestyle." The theory: A hyper-efficient approach to wellness can give busy city-dwellers peace of mind.

Masculine Men Meditating

While men have been meditating on-screen and off for millennia, a few pop-cultural moments have stuck with us



Don Draper

In the finale of "Mad Men," our hero finds himself finding Zen in California.



Yoda

Homer Simpson

The Beatles

His wisdom must have come from somewhere.

Homer's flirtation with Buddhism was brief.

In 1968, the band traveled to an ashram.

The Last Resort

If you suspect you need a wellness reset and don't know where to start, consider one of these male-focused retreats.

► GOLDEN DOOR MEN'S CAMP WEEK

Location San Marcos, Calif.
Good for Exhausted corporate types who need a break from their high-rises.
Sample itinerary Archery, Hinoki body treatments, astrology sessions, beehive tours, pedicures
\$9,650 for 7 nights, golden-door.com

► POUR LES HOMMES AT THE CHATEAU

Location Bukit Tinggi, Malaysia
Good for The "Eat, Pray, Love" wanderer.
Sample itinerary Horseback riding, nutritional consultations, facials, herbal baths
About \$1,544 for 3 nights, thechateau.com.my

► EVERYMAN OPEN SOURCE RETREAT

Location Various locations across the U.S.
Good for Men unafraid of emotional release and intense self-discovery.
Sample itinerary Backpacking, nature hikes, heart-rending confessionals
About \$1,050 for two nights, evryman.com

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STYLE & FASHION



COPYCAT

BOW OUT Anita Pallenberg (with Keith Richards) defiantly knotted her pussycat at the 'Yellow Submarine' premiere

The Impolite Pussycat

Wear a ladylike blouse the louche way—a la rock muse Anita Pallenberg



Pallenberg also wore ruffled blouses, like this one in 1967.

BY GRACE COOK

AS A SELF-IDENTIFYING minimalist, it's perhaps surprising that I've never met a bow or ruffle I didn't like. I blame my mother, who dressed me in Laura Ashley dresses and frilly ankle socks trimmed with bows.

But incorporating the novelty of a bow into an otherwise-strict adult working wardrobe stumped me. With its polished secretary vibe, the pussycat blouse seemed to offer a solution, but when the shirt's neckline ribbons are knotted in a proper, flouncy bow it tries a

bit too hard (see: Melania Trump's much-analyzed 2016 pink pussycat blouse or Kate Middleton's recent purple version, both Gucci). My quest led me to the late Anita Pallenberg—the actress, model, muse of the Rolling Stones and perennial wearer of trussed-up blouses complete with ruffles and/or bows. At the 1968 premiere of "Yellow Submarine," she wore a pussycat knotted nattily (sans bow) at the neck, but she would also tie the piece's dangling neckties unexpectedly near the waist or leave them completely loose. A master of the unprim pussycat, she made frills look bohemian rather than bourgeois.

The mood depends on how you style it, according to Sarah Rutson, chief brand officer for Equipment, which offers a skinny-ribbed take on the blouse. "I personally wear mine undone, so it appears more like a skinny scarf this way—it's cleaner and more masculine."

A bow blouse "should be a staple in every chic woman's wardrobe," said New York-based designer Tory Burch, who considers Pallenberg's take "enigmatic and bewitching." Other designers agree: This season alone, Erdem's one-sleeved interpretation takes an asymmetrical tack, while Gucci has splattered the pussycat in '70s geometric prints.

Anything conventional can be reinvented deliciously. "The pussy-bow blouse is conflicted," said Luella Bartley, of British label Hillier Bartley, which offers the style in striped silk as well as black latex. "It's uptight yet liberated, simultaneously vintage and modern...In printed silk it feels prim and very Princess Diana. If in crumpled white shirting it feels rebellious like Adam Ant. Our latex version is subversive—it's secretarial and fetishistic."

British-American designer Harris Reed, who is known for his frilly shirts, agrees that versatility is the pussycat blouse's selling point. "The beauty of it is that you can add so much drama by tying the bow, or letting it [hang] loose," he said, adding that each option has different connotations. "It can capture either old-world elegance or glam-rock romanticism."

The pussy-bow's musical references abound—Ms. Hillier cites the New York Dolls and Prince as inspiration. But the glam-rock associations started with Pallenberg, who dated the Stones's Brian Jones and Keith Richards and was largely responsible for their wardrobes. "I became a fashion icon when I started to wear my old lady's clothes," wrote Mr. Richards in his 2010 memoir, "Life." Mr. Reed, too, loves the style for its gender fluidity—his blouses have been worn by both Solange and Harry Styles.

Indeed, Pallenberg and Jones wore matching undone pussycat blouses to the Cannes Film Festival in 1967, his likely borrowed from her closet. A good look knows no gender.

FIT TO BE TIED (OR NOT) / FOUR OF OUR FAVORITES



The Shiny One Harris Reed Blouse, \$854, matchesfashion.com



The Fringy One Blouse, \$398, toryburch.com



The Easy One Shirt, \$128, [Ralph Lauren, 212-434-8000](http://RalphLauren.com)



The Blingy One Shirt, \$1,980, [Gucci, 212-826-2600](http://Gucci.com)

HEIGHTS OF FASHION

Don't Worry, Be Strappy

Skinny leather strips in sandal form are a harbinger of carefree nights. Here, four options from 'how low can she go?' to loftily lissome

0.25"



Sweet & Supportive

A pleasingly flat, mustard-colored pair by an upstart, female-designed Los Angeles label. Sandals, \$360, emmeparsons.com

1.6"



Winsome & Wispy

The square toe-bed and wrapped ankle give this delicate mini-heel a '90s feeling. Sandals, \$690, [Derek Lam, 212-493-4454](http://DerekLam.com)

2.5"



Bare & Bodacious

The perfect foil to a voluminous dress, these simple shoes lend ambitious looks a bit of gravity. Sandals, \$790, [The Row, 212-755-2017](http://TheRow.com)

4"



High & Handsome

And for a night at the disco (or, more likely, a bat mitzvah) try a vertiginous version. Sandals, \$725, isabelmarant.com



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ADVENTURE & TRAVEL

IN SEARCH OF

Holy Mole

In the Mexican city of Oaxaca, reverence for this classic sauce means you'll find a version on nearly every menu. Here, five wildly different standouts

By MATTHEW KRONBERG

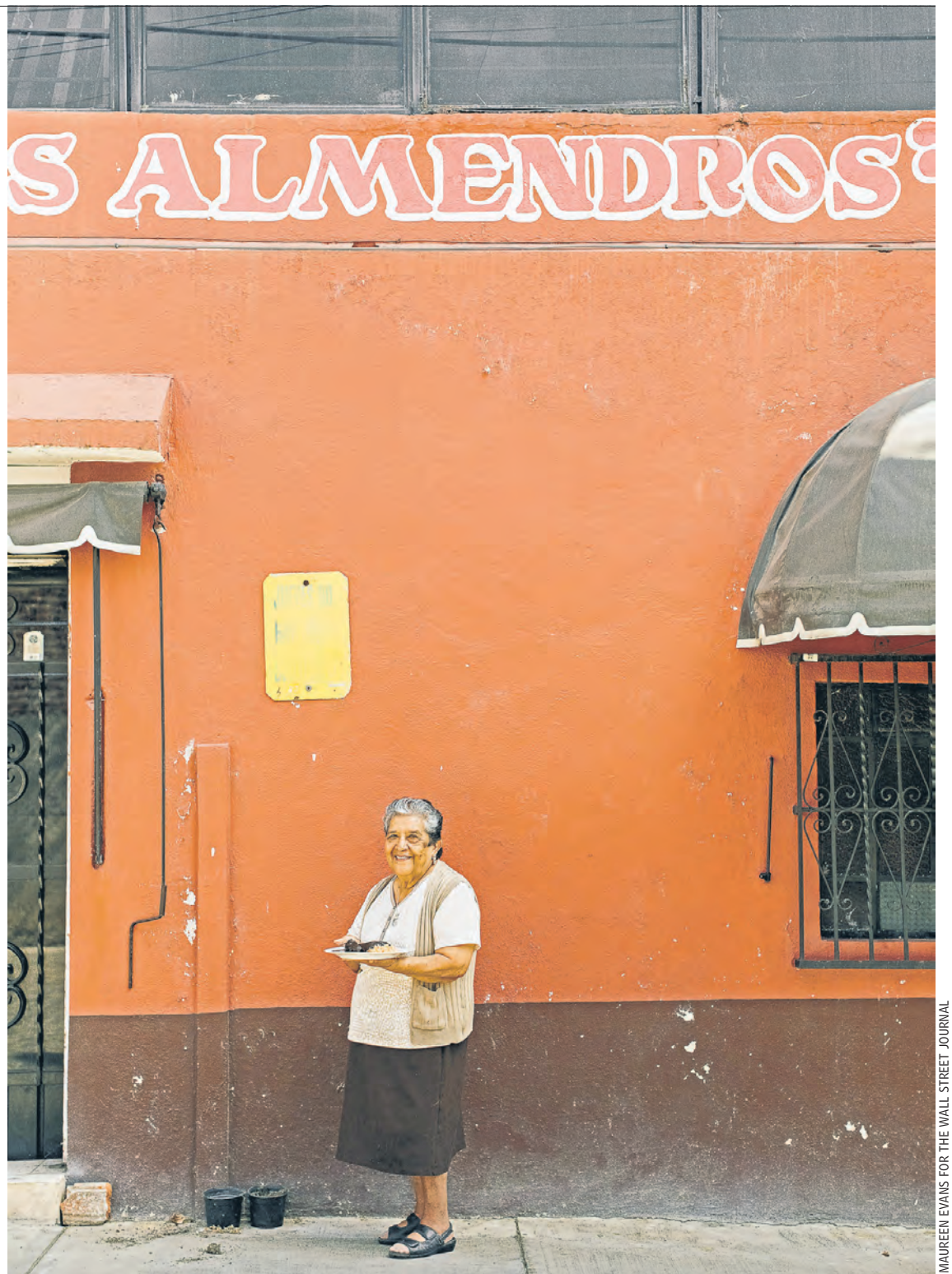
FEW THINGS in the world give me a more joyous flood of sensory overload than a walk through a sprawling market in Oaxaca (officially Oaxaca de Juárez), the capital of Mexico's most culturally and geographically diverse state, which shares its name. At least 16 indigenous languages are spoken by people in the state's eight regions, which span from the Pacific coast through cloud forests to arid valleys and mountains. Seeing all that Oaxacans gather and grow—from umpteen mango varieties to baskets of toasted grasshoppers can boggle the mind and induce prodigious hunger. No family of dishes satisfies that hunger, or expresses Oaxaca's diversity like mole (pronounced mole-ay).

Often referred to as sauces, moles are actually the main act, eclipsing whatever protein or vegetable they're ladled over. One most often hears about "the seven moles of Oaxaca," some denoted by the color their combined ingredients acquire—red, yellow, green or black—though there are actually dozens of varieties. Some, like the yellow or the green—lush with fresh herbs, tomatillos and chiles—

can come together quickly with little more than a blender. Others, like the fearsomely complicated Oaxacan black mole (or mole negro), can demand two or more days to make, calling for upward of 30 ingredients (including chocolate).

Those who hope to deepen their understanding of how the market's mountains of chiles and spices make their way into the multitude of moles should follow my lead: Take a class with chef Pilar Cabrera, owner of La Olla restaurant and Casa de los Sabores cooking school (\$85 a person, casadelosabores.com). My lesson began with a walk through La Merced, one of Oaxaca's smaller public markets, where Ms. Cabrera decoded the chiles, an essential part of all moles, pointing out bringers of heat or smokiness or fruitiness. After gathering the ingredients, my fellow mole aspirants and I piled into cabs, and zipped over to Ms. Cabrera's house where she coached us through cooking a yellow mole with chicken. Over the course of a few hours, one of the region's great dishes shed some of its mystery.

If you'd rather spend more time eating, and less time shopping and cooking, sample the superior moles at one—or all—of these five places.



THE HOMESTYLE MOLE / COMEDOR FAMILIAR LOS ALMENDROS

For decades, workers from the nearby baseball stadium and hospital have gravitated to this family-run restaurant. The menu changes daily, with a few constants, including a textbook mole *coloradito*, umber with guajillo and ancho chiles, warm with cinnamon and allspice. Should you arrive on the right day, a must is the rust-colored *estofado*—literally, stew, but considered a mole. Thickened with sesame and briny with olives, it's served over chicken or spoon-tender tongue. You'll want to linger, both to take in the walls crowded with paintings and faded photos of telenovela stars who've dropped by and to be fussed over by owner Lionel Leyva, Delfina Soledad Morga (above) and their family—time well spent. 109 Tercera Privada Almendros, [facebook.com/ComedorFamiliarLosAlmendros](https://www.facebook.com/ComedorFamiliarLosAlmendros)



THE BREAKFAST MOLE / ANCESTRAL COCINA TRADICIONAL

From the city's main square, the 25-minute morning walk to this restaurant in the residential neighborhood of Xochimilco feels like a trip to the country. Sit on the tree-canopied patio, order an eye-opening *café de olla*, and listen to the ca-chunk of the looms in the weaving workshop set into the ravine opposite the restaurant. With your coffee, have a mole *amarillo* empanada—a large handmade tortilla folded over a filling of chicken and yellow mole, the color of a ripe persimmon. Black mole ice cream, served in a sweet fried-plantain boat, is the dessert that breakfast lovers never knew they needed. (Or have it at supper after a plate of nutty mole *almendrado* with suckling pig). 1347 José López Alavez, Barrio de Xochimilco, [facebook.com/AncestralOaxaca](https://www.facebook.com/AncestralOaxaca)



THE VEGAN MOLE / HIERBA DULCE

Let's start with this restaurant's utterly photogenic trappings—tableware made by Perla Valtierra, whose work adorns tables at top restaurants like Mexico City's Quintonil, and a courtyard lined with cacti and bird of paradise flowers. "People may not notice that this is a political and a social project," said Hierba Dulce's co-owner Mariana Favela. Other key words: matriarchal, vegan and "deindustrialized" (meaning: industrially processed or refined ingredients are banned). The kitchen operates under the watchful eye of "Mayora" Georgina Cruz, who tutored many of Mexico's best chefs in the art of mole. She offers seven varieties, including a radically good mole negro, served enchilada style over potato-filled tortillas and sprinkled with a crumbly almond "cheese." It has all of the richness and complexity of its typically stock- and fat-fortified analogues. 371 Calle Porfirio Díaz, hierba-dulce.com

THE NEW WAVE MOLE / EL DESTILADO

This restaurant and bar sit in the city center, a short walk from the botanical garden. Traditionalists might consider the moles that often figure in the tasting menus here downright heretical. A recent innovation: a mole (pictured at right) whose primary components were beets and chile *morita* (smoked and dried red jalapeños), thickened with caramelized walnuts, peanuts and sesame. Another traded spice for umami, care of mushrooms and miso. The restaurant owners bottle obscure agave spirits under the Cinco Sentidos label. Try their Pechuga de Mole Poblano, which had mole poblano with chicken added during distillation. The finished spirit is clear like mescal, with a savory sweet scent of chile and spices. 409 Cinco de Mayo, eldestilado.com



THE PREINDUSTRIAL MOLE / RESTAURANTE TLAMANALLI

In Teotitlán del Valle, a village about a 40-minute trip by car from Oaxaca, Abigail Mendoza and her sisters make mole the old-fashioned way—by hand-grinding ingredients on a stone metate before cooking them together. The sisters work in an open kitchen wearing traditional Zapotec dress that underscores a sense of being out of time. Be on the lookout for seldom-seen varieties of mole, like prehispanic *Seguesa* with coarse nubs of toasted corn in it, served over chicken. The restaurant's operating hours are limited (currently 1 p.m. to 4 p.m., Friday through Sunday) so we recommend you call in advance to confirm a table. While you're on the line, ask if anything special is available, like yellow mole with rabbit or wild mushrooms. 39 Avenida B. Juárez, Teotitlán del Valle, 951-524-4006



ADVENTURE & TRAVEL



DAMIEN CUYPPERS

TRAVELER'S TALE / NIGERIAN AUTHOR HELON HABILA ON HIS YEAR LIVING IN GERMANY



A Virginian Warms To Berlin's Chill

WE ARRIVED IN BERLIN in the summer of 2013. It wasn't my first time in the city—I had been to a literature festival a few years earlier, and before that I went for research, each visit just a couple of days. I felt that I could never get used to the wide, cold and empty streets, and the people who always seemed to have a frown on their faces. I grew up in Nigeria, a former British colony, and many of my encounters

with Germans were in spy novels and thrillers, by British and American authors, where Germans tended to be the villains. A lot of that perception still lingered in my psyche. When I told my wife I'd been offered a writing fellowship and we'd be spending a year in Berlin, her response was: "One year in Berlin, doing what?" It was a big gamble, uprooting our three young kids from Virginia where we'd lived for six years, and

moving them to a country where we didn't speak the language or had any relations or friends.

In Berlin, we lived on a quiet street in Halensee. Most of Halensee was quiet. Most of the buildings were retirement homes, hospitals and pharmacies. It felt like it hadn't changed since before World War II. A Bauhaus store (similar to Home Depot) was being built not too far from our street, and it

was completed halfway into our stay. Watching the building go up, we began to feel a proprietary sense of pride. It was our Bauhaus, just like Berlin gradually became our Berlin. The beautiful parks, the trains, the Kaiser grocery stores became ours.

Away from the obvious tourist sites like Potsdamer Platz, the famous square, and Checkpoint Charlie, the real Berlin begins: quiet, sleepy. Here are the little

bakeries and soup shops where old Berliners sit drinking coffee and killing time; where, for less than 5 euros, you can have a big bowl of soup, bread and a drink. Here they still don't take credit cards, only cash.

I remember once visiting a friend's office somewhere in Mitte when turning off a main street we found ourselves in a courtyard so quiet we could've been in somebody's private backyard. A network of courtyards linked to each other in a typical Berlin fashion—facing each one were shops, movie theaters and restaurants. "This used to be the old Jewish quarter," my friend told me. It was like stepping out of time itself.

History was alive everywhere, in the museums and streets and in the architecture. Some of the *altbau* or old houses, built before the war, still had their huge tiled stoves in the living rooms, and one could almost imagine the coal vendors lugging their wares up the stairs every morning. And nowhere was history more evident than in the little brass plaques built into the sidewalk in front of many houses. These squares carried the names of Jews who once lived in the buildings, with the dates they were taken by the Nazis, and the dates that they were executed in death camps.

We didn't own a car in Berlin, and there was a liberating feel to this. We went grocery shopping with a wheeled cart, and at first we'd shop like we used to do in America: as if stocking up for the apocalypse, until we noticed how the checkout clerks would stare at us with surprise. Here grocery shopping was more of a social activity—you pick out an item or two and you come back the next day and do the same. People use one grocery bag over and over until it tears,

then they get another one. We never got accustomed to seeing all the stores and food markets closed for the entire weekend. And, unlike in America where the store assistants positively inundate you with service, in Berlin they mostly ignore you. At first we felt slighted by this neglect. But, it was the German way. They let you make up your mind, they don't overwhelm you with suggestions, or force you to buy what you didn't plan for. It was, in a way, a sign of respect for the customer.

Away from the tourist sites, the real Berlin begins: quiet, sleepy.

By the end of winter we were beginning to feel like Berliners. My kids had picked up a smattering of German and were already going for sleepovers. Before we knew it, the year was over. "Dad, can we stay for another year?" they asked. I remember our last week. Coming back from the city we stopped at our neighborhood *imbiss* stand where we sometimes bought currywurst and fries. The woman running the stand, Brigitte, spoke almost no English, and over the months we had used her to practice our German. "We are leaving next week," my wife told her. Brigitte looked puzzled. "OK, but you come back again?" she asked. "We are not coming back. We are leaving for good." Brigitte's eyes became teary. She came out of the stall and embraced my wife and the kids. It is funny how we didn't want to come; now we didn't want to leave.

Helon Habila is the author, most recently, of "Travelers: A Novel." (June 2019, W.W. Norton & Company)



SITES AND SIGHTINGS

A Museum Of Their Own

Venues where writers and their works are celebrated—and sometimes sniffed

PAINTINGS, STATUES and significant shards of pottery hold sway in most gallery spaces, but not in a growing number dedicated to poets and writers. Take the American Writers Museum, the first to focus solely on U.S. authors. Occupying the second floor of a Chicago office building, it uses interactive multimedia and even scents to enrich its displays. Push a plaque for Julia Child's "Mastering the Art of French Cooking," in the Surprise Bookshelf exhibit, and the aroma of fresh-baked cookies wafts into the air. The current show, "Bob Dylan: Electric," includes the Fender Stratocaster that the songwriter—whose "poetic ex-



pressions" earned him a Nobel Prize—played at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival. Kids are encouraged with Saturday morning Little Squirrels Storytime. americanwritersmuseum.org

In Northern Ireland's County Derry, the Seamus Heaney HomePlace honors the late poet, playwright and lecturer who won a Nobel of his own in 1995 "for works of lyrical beauty and ethical depth." Along with a cache of Mr. Heaney's works, the literary repository showcases contemporary poets, musicians and writers with a live-event calendar that's drawn some 80,000 visitors to the otherwise little-populated town of Bellaghy since the space opened in 2016. seamusheaneyhome.com

At Finca Vigía, Ernest Hemingway's bungalow in

PEN PALS From top: the Seamus Heaney HomePlace in Northern Ireland; Chicago's American Writers Museum.

Cuba, Papa pilgrims aren't permitted inside, but can scrutinize the author's furniture, typewriter and other belongings through open doors and windows. To preserve the 9,000 books, 10,000 letters, 5,000 photos and other personal effects Mr. Hemingway left behind, the Boston-based Finca Vigía Foundation and Cuba's National Cultural Heritage Council collaborated on building a state-of-the-art conservation lab on the property. The ribbon-cutting was held just last month. fincafoundation.org

—Margot Dougherty



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Out to Win

Want to transform a so-so backyard into a triumph? Add a 'room' to it. The biggest trends in garden design have more to do with maximizing living space than tending greenery

By KATHRYN O'SHEA-EVANS

A RECENT SURVEY of the National Association of Landscape Professionals revealed that the zeitgeist of garden design has little to do with botanical cultivation and everything to do with squeezing additional living space out of our yards. When the association asked 1,000 designers and contractors to predict the most influential landscaping trends for 2019, three emerged: pergolas, a framework or archway which delineates if not encloses an area; unpolished metal finishes, which lend an earthy elegance to structures like walls; and multitasking built-ins that make the most of the puny footprint many of us are working with. Design pros who've implemented these trends walk us through the tricked-out landscapes.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: MICHAEL MORAVJOTO; MARION BRENNER; GRANT & POWER LANDSCAPING

Metal Finishes, Hold the Shine ▶

Where their predecessors favored cedar and wrought iron, contemporary landscape architects are employing clean-lined expanses of unpolished metal—frequently opting for corten steel, a generic term for steel that oxidizes (from U.S. Steel's Cor-Ten). For a New York townhouse, whose owners wanted the garden to feel like part of their home, architect Devin O'Neill surrounded the backyard with walls of this weathering steel, then added a black-painted steel trellis that supports a ceiling of exuberant wisteria vines (pictured at right). "The enclosure feels like another room," said Mr. O'Neill, who founded Brooklyn's O'Neill Rose Architects. The metal, the same material American sculptor Richard Serra uses for his monumental works, rusts within weeks, forming what Mr. O'Neill described as a "beautiful brown leatherlike texture." It's also blissfully practical. "There's not a lot you have to do to it over time," he said. No power washing or refinishing. "It's dummy proof." Corten steel's availability in large sheets makes it a good choice for cladding. Landscape architects at Terremoto, in Los Angeles, wrapped a raised pool with corten, creating a brawny backdrop for a rambunctious surround of meadowy grasses. Other dark low-maintenance metals can also deliver toned-down luxury. For the street-facing front yard of Mr. O'Neill's project on Manhattan's Upper West Side, he opted for planters made of zinc, noting of the material, "It's darker, and reflections are more subtle."

Sort-of Shelters ▼

"A pergola helps create the feeling of a partially enclosed room, and guests usually feel most comfortable outdoors with some kind of protection," said Scott Shrader, a Los Angeles exterior designer and author of the new book "The Art of Outdoor Living" (Rizzoli). He installs black-steel trellises with built-in hanging lights partly because metal requires less foundational footing than heavier options. Just be sure the structure echoes the architectural style of your home. A modern steel pergola

will clash with a shingle-style house, noted New York landscape architect Edmund Hollander. "The designs should be in the same language." In a front yard dotted with oak and walnut trees in St. Charles, Ill., landscape firm Grant & Power installed an Asian-inflected traditional example (below) that picked up on the Japanese flavor of the prairie-style house. Its built-in benches set above a flagstone patio make it a pleasant spot from which to greet guests, said the firm's landscape designer Brian O'Malley. "It's a nice place for a glass of wine."



Two-Faced Features ▲

Where space is at a premium, a garden's man-made elements—known as the hardscape—must do double duty. In San Francisco's Twin Peaks neighborhood, landscape architecture and urban design firm Surfacedesign installed a 16-foot retaining wall faced in limestone (above). It not only braces the hillside, it incorporates a blackened steel fireplace and scattered LED-lit notches that double as footholds for climbing. Old-school hardscaping can also have dual functions. Mr. Hollander likes the ancient 2-for-1 of the Belgian fence—trees trained to entwine in a flat diamond-lattice pattern. "You're espaliering fruit trees to create fences, but meanwhile you're picking apples and pears," he said.

FLOWER SCHOOL

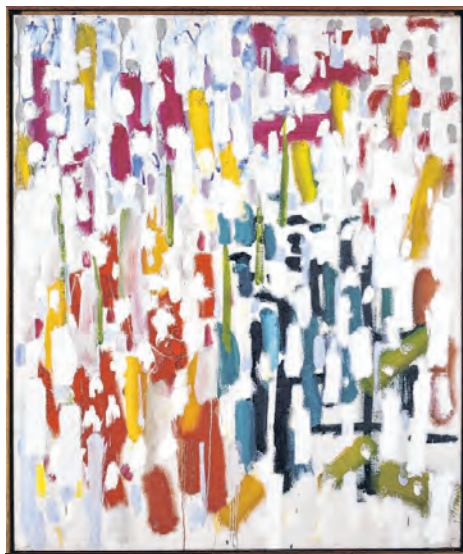
Equitable Arrangement

Inspired by an all-over painting, Lindsey Taylor goes for focus-free floral design

CHOOSING A PAINTING of flowering shrubs as my inspiration for this month's arrangement might seem a bit like cheating. But in "Azalea Garden: May 1956," British artist Patrick Heron (1920-1999) so distorts his image of the namesake plants—almost pixelating them with his paintbrush—that I deemed the work fair game.

Heron's composition packs the large-scale canvas (roughly 5 feet by 4 feet) with an explosion of brush strokes in an effervescent palette. Contemplating them, the eye dances back and forth, up and down. Though he started his career as a figurative painter, as well as an author and designer, Heron came to wholly embrace the abstract, as evidenced by this work. Inspired by his Cornish garden, it's now part of a display, "Modern Art and St Ives," at the Tate St Ives, in Cornwall, England.

Much as Heron created an all-over painting with no focus, I set out to give my flowers equal importance. I gathered an all-star lineup: orange and peachy ranunculus, pale pink and deep-purple mottled parrot tulips, deep-yellow single tulips and periwinkle-blue delphinium—not a timid wallflower among them. A collection of matte-white ceramic



THE INSPIRATION

vessels, by New York potter Tracie Hervy, allude to the painting's chalky white vertical gestures. I cut the stems to various lengths, fitting them tightly into the vases to capture the canvas's sense of fullness, yet made sure that some of the flower heads cascade. Never do you want a vessel to look like it's choking your flower stems. Even in a full arrangement like this, they all look happy, if fighting for space a little. I felt this crowding mirrored the effect of Heron's work, conveying pent-up energy bursting into bloom.

Bunched ranunculus, tulips and delphinium channel the exuberance in Patrick Heron's 'Azalea Garden: May 1956.'

Vessels, writer's own



THE ARRANGEMENT

STEPHEN KENT JOHNSON FOR THE WALL STREET JOURNAL; FLORAL STYLING BY LINDSEY TAYLOR (ARRANGEMENT); TATE, © THE ESTATE OF PATRICK HERON (INSPIRATION)

DESIGN & DECORATING

Baby's First Bergère

Design styles have trickled down to tykes' furniture. Comedian Adam Carolla envisions the Mini-Me who'd favor each seat

BY ELEANORE PARK

CHILDREN'S FURNITURE styles seem to be maturing as quickly as the tots destined to spill juice on them. Here, Adam Carolla—comedian, podcast host and father of two—speculates on the type of kids to whom these five new and precociously chic chairs would most appeal.

1. Micro Maximalist In a collaboration with children's clothing brand Monica + Andy, custom furniture company Interior Define has downsized their popular Gray Collection. Mr. Carolla imagines this bold-leafed seat as a match for a progressive, sustainability-minded child who's playing with an Etch A Sketch but doing so ironically. Kid's Gray Sectional Sofa with Left Chaise, \$1,300, interiordefine.com

2. Shrunken Shaker Tom Moser's chair is hand-made in Maine of flitch-cut cherry or walnut. Mr. Carolla guesses that the kid who rocks it would sport Mennonite facial hair: "No mustache, just a beard." Child's Continuous Arm Rocker, from \$1,400, thosmoser.com

3. Juvie Revival A nod to 18th-century French splendor, this pee-wee settee boasts a hand-carved solid-wood frame, perfect for the silver-spoon child with designs on Versailles. "He takes his Hi-C in a brandy snifter." Mini Ondine Upholstered Salon Bench, \$1,719, rhhbabyandchild.com

4. Scaled-Down Scandinavian Architect Katharine Huber pared back her Baltic-birch plywood designs, following reductivist principles of Nordic modernists. "This kid is assembling an IKEA end table with a five-millimeter Allen wrench," said Mr. Carolla, referring to the Swedish retailer. "He's humorless but enjoys meatballs that are about half scale." The Chair, \$229, The Stool, \$149, witdesign.co

5. Far-Out Folk Art, Pint-Sized "The kid is high on peyote and that chair is actually just a standard folding chair," joked Mr. Carolla of a child who might approach Brett Douglass Hunter's creepy-cool design. The audaciously vibrant papercrete seat takes its inspiration from the local folk art Mr. Hunter collected with his grandparents in North Carolina. Blue Creature Chair, \$1,200, kindermodern.com



CHAIR PLAY
From modern sectional sofas to posh settees, kids' furniture design is embracing a wider range of styles.

1

2

3

5



PHOTO ILLUSTRATION: INTERIOR DEFINE (TOP)

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Pictured: Heroes from Marvel Studios' *Avengers: Endgame*. Survivor photos by Kevin Lynch.

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EATING & DRINKING



CORK VALUES Drew Nieporent at his restaurant Tribeca Grill, in Manhattan.

CELESTE SLOWAN FOR THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

ON WINE / LETTIE TEAGUE



The Wine World's Most Influential Amateur

IF DREW NIEPARENT had named his first New York restaurant Silverado Trail, as originally planned, things might have turned out quite differently. But he named it Montrachet, and it was, during its two-decade-plus run, one of the world's top wine destinations, spawning great sommeliers and scores of dedicated Burgundy drinkers.

Over a recent lunch at Nobu Downtown, one of several Nobu restaurants currently under the command of the 63-year-old restaurateur, I asked him why he wanted to name his debut restaurant after a Napa Valley road. "I just really loved the Silverado Trail," he said. Mr. Nieporent also reminded me that when the restaurant opened, in 1985, California wine was just coming into its own. But a bottle of Montrachet, the grand-cru white Burgundy, changed his mind and the name of the restaurant. He may not have been a wine expert, but that Burgundy made an impression—just as the Burgundy-focused list at Montrachet would impress a generation of oenophiles.

How did a man who, by his own admission, drinks \$25 bottles and

has no cellar of his own become one of the greatest wine talent scouts? Like a good son, he credits his mother, a casting director. "I think the influence was her high standard," he said.

Mr. Nieporent saw wine from a passionate amateur's perspective; eager to learn himself, he wanted his sommeliers to be educators. "Part of the experience of dining out is

How did a man who drinks \$25 bottles and has no cellar of his own become one of the greatest wine talent scouts?

learning something," he said. "I always wanted someone to get something useful out of the wine list, not just to order a bottle." Up to that point, it was standard practice in a fine-dining restaurant to present the list with a flourish to the alpha diner at the table alone. Mr. Nieporent printed the wine list in the menu—

the first thing diners saw, before the listed dishes—a deliberately democratic move. "It was important that everyone see the wine list," he said.

Once he saw talent, he acted promptly. Montrachet's founding wine director, Daniel Johannes, recalled a day when Mr. Nieporent had lunch at Le Cirque, where he met sommelier Bernard Sun. "Drew came back from his lunch and said, 'You need to hire him,'" said Mr. Johannes, who did just that.

In too many cases to recount in this column, Mr. Nieporent fostered talent in his restaurants that would go on to make a profound impact on the wider wine world. Bernard Sun worked at Montrachet for five years, until 2004, when he left to become wine director of the Jean-Georges restaurant group. "Drew had the innate ability to let you be you. He didn't look over your shoulder," said Mr. Sun, who is currently luxury accounts manager at New York-based wine importer Kobrand.

Mr. Johannes left Montrachet one year later, in 2005, after 20 years, and has since built a wine dynasty of his own. Currently the wine director of chef Daniel Boulud's Dinex Group

of restaurants, he's also the founder of an eponymous wine-import company and the creator of La Paulée, an annual bacchanalia featuring great wines of Burgundy paired with dishes prepared by top chefs. Now in its 20th year, the high-profile event currently takes place in various cities around the U.S.

The Burgundy winemakers Mr. Johannes discovered during his time at Montrachet are now the stars that take part in La Paulée, and their wines are some of the most sought-after in the world. The Montrachet list was among the first in New York to feature names every collector now covets—Coche-Dury, Jayer.

Michael Skurnik, founder of import and distribution company Skurnik Wines, took note of that list as well as the innovative style in which it was presented. In an email, he described Montrachet as "a casual, comfortable environment where people could drink fine wines and dine in an unstuffy atmosphere." Mr. Skurnik also recalled making sales calls to Montrachet and finding its owner "in white tennis socks working the vacuum cleaner like he was putting the fin-

ishing touches on a Michelangelo."

Mr. Nieporent's next restaurant, Tribeca Grill, opened in 1990 and is still going strong. There, he and wine director David Gordon decided to focus on wines from the Rhône Valley. "I said every wine list has to have a heart and soul, and for Tribeca Grill it was the Rhône," said Mr. Nieporent. Mr. Gordon still oversees the Tribeca Grill list and also serves as a vice president of David Bowler Wine, an import company. "Drew's major thing is value and making sure the list is fairly priced. That's how he came up with the Rhône," he said, referring to the region's reputation for well priced wines. "We had Châteauneuf-du-Pape for under \$100. We had wines under \$20. Drew didn't want wine to be a rich person's thing."

Mr. Nieporent's childhood friend, Robert Schagrin, has partnered with him in Crush Wine & Spirits, a retail shop in Manhattan. He attributes Mr. Nieporent's focus on value to the fact that his parents were "Depression children."

That democratic spirit extends to making all his guests feel welcome. When possible he greets them in person and by name. Traci Dutton, a wine instructor at the Culinary Institute of America in Napa Valley and self-described "back-up sommelier" at Montrachet in the mid-1980s, emphasized how forward-looking that approach was when Mr. Nieporent introduced it. "Drew has influenced wine people by teaching us to be hospitality people first and wine people second," she said.

He's also found talented wine professionals on the West Coast, most notably in San Francisco at Rubicon restaurant, which he opened in 1994, with Larry Stone (now CEO and proprietor of Lingua Franca winery in Salem, Ore.) as wine director. Today, Mr. Nieporent oversees 10 restaurants around the country.

Even a restaurateur who sets trends must keep up with them, and Mr. Nieporent's first restaurant has evolved with the times. Montrachet was made over as Corton in 2008, with a redesign and elaborate dishes reflecting an extravagant cultural moment, and again in 2014 as the lower-key Bâtard. But wine director Jason Jacobeit continues to oversee a Burgundy-centric list and to cultivate yet more Burgophiles. Value remains central to Mr. Nieporent's vision, and he laments the prices he's seeing on other restaurants' lists. "Most of the time you go out and you can't find anything under \$60 a bottle. The prices are insane," he complained. "I think we are at a crossroads. I don't know how it's going to work out."

After some recent health scares, Mr. Nieporent concedes he might not be the one to tackle the problem. "I think I got sick at the right moment. You always want a few more years to figure it out, but I'm content with what I have," he said. Thanks to the legion of wine professionals he's launched into the world, there are plenty of people to carry on his commitment to making good wine accessible to everyone.

► Email Lettie at wine@wsj.com.

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The Chef

Jonathan Benno

His Restaurants

Benno, Leonelli Taberna and Leonelli Focacceria e Pasticceria, all in New York's Evelyn Hotel

What He's Known For

Thoughtful, precise takes on French and Italian cooking. Keeping it classical

Spaghetti con Aglio, Olio e Peperoncino

EVERY COOK SHOULD have a low-maintenance recipe like this one on file. A graduate of Michelin-starred kitchens and currently at the helm of Benno, a fine-dining destination in Manhattan, chef Jonathan Benno is no exception. "This is a Tuesday-night pasta," he said of his second Slow Food Fast contribution, a spaghetti con aglio, olio e peperoncino. That translates as spaghetti with garlic, olive oil and red chile flakes, and the recipe calls for little more.

"It's simple, delicious and accessible," said Mr. Benno. "It's also what you make when there's half a bunch of parsley kicking around on its last leg." One critical element doesn't even show up in the list of ingredients: the water left over from boiling the pasta. "The ratio you want is a gallon of lightly salted water to a pound of pasta," said Mr. Benno. "That way you can cook the pasta without diluting its flavor." Before

draining, reserve a cupful of the starchy liquid; tossed with the al dente pasta and a few tablespoons of butter, it emulsifies to form a supremely creamy sauce.

As the pasta boils, the aromatics heat in a second pan. "You want the garlic and chile to flavor the oil gently, so they pick up no color," Mr. Benno said. Once the noodles go into that pan, there's nothing gentle about the tossing that follows. "The beating of the sauce and pasta is called *mantecato*," Mr. Benno said. "It coats the noodles completely." You can use a spatula to help flip the pasta and scrape up sauce from the bottom of the pan as you vigorously heave it up and down over the heating element. "Don't use tongs because those break the spaghetti," the chef advised.

And that's dinner, on the table in 15 minutes. Or, as Mr. Benno put it, "With a salad and a nice bottle of wine, you're set."

—Kitty Greenwald

Total Time 15 minutes
Serves 4-6

Kosher salt
1 pound spaghetti
½ cup olive oil
5 cloves garlic, thinly sliced
3 tablespoons butter
1½ teaspoons red chile flakes
6 tablespoons minced parsley
Zest and juice of 1 lemon

1. Fill a large pot with salted

water, set over high heat and bring to a rolling boil. Add spaghetti and cook until almost al dente. Drain pasta, reserving 1 cup cooking water.
2. Set a large pan over low heat and swirl in olive oil, garlic and chile flakes. Gently heat oil until garlic is aromatic but takes on no color, about 1 minute. Increase heat to high and add drained pasta, butter and half the reserved cooking water. Quickly

toss pasta without stopping until sauce emulsifies, thickens and coats noodles, 1-2 minutes. If necessary, add splashes of remaining cooking water to stretch sauce until it looks creamy and completely coats noodles.
3. Off heat, toss in parsley, half the lemon zest and half the juice. Season with salt and more juice to taste. Serve with remaining grated lemon zest scattered overtop.



FLAKE OUT This is a dish designed to use up what you have on hand. But good Calabrian peperoncino flakes do lend a heavenly fragrance.

RYAN LIEBE FOR THE WALL STREET JOURNAL. FOOD STYLING BY JAMIE KIMM, PROP STYLING BY VANESSA VAZQUEZ; ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL HOEWEER

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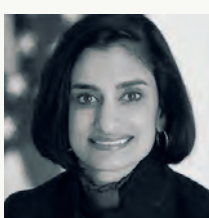
Explore the forces shaping health and health care in 2019

This spring, the editors of The Wall Street Journal will convene influential business leaders, policy makers and experts from across the health and health-care industries to focus on trends and innovations transforming this critical sector of the economy. These featured participants will join an audience of executives and entrepreneurs as well as influential stakeholders from the worlds of science, finance, law and policy.

SPEAKERS



Debbie Dingell
U.S. Representative
(D., Mich.)—Co-Chair,
Medicare-for-All Caucus,
U.S. House of Representatives



Seema Verma
Administrator,
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Stefano Pessina
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Bernard J. Tyson
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Kaiser Permanente



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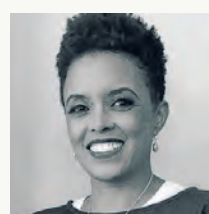
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EATING & DRINKING

What Can't This Bread Do?

Easy, earthy and ever so versatile, Indian roti is the key to a remarkable range of recipes

By PRIYA KRISHNA

WHEN MY MOTHER emigrated from Delhi, India, to Nashua, N.H., in 1980, she didn't know how to cook. But she could make *roti*. This flatbread (also known as *chapatti*) has, after all, been a building block of Indian cuisine for millennia. In her and my dad's tiny apartment, she would experiment with recipes from cookbooks: corn timbal, minestrone soup, lo mein. Some were Indian, some weren't. All were served with a side of *roti*.

The basic recipe consists of wheat flour, water, salt and a smidge of oil, rolled out into a circle and cooked quickly over a high flame. By far the most utilitarian of the Indian breads, *roti* is as versatile as it is easy to make: good for sopping up spiced gravies or tearing up and stirring into a stew for texture.

As a kid, I spent many evenings watching my mother mix the ingredients and form small, sticky balls. One by one, she'd transfer a ball to a *roti*-specific marble rolling board and use a miniature pin to roll it into a thin circle, deftly rotating the dough every so often to keep that exact circular shape. She'd flour the surface of the dough, move it over to a *tawa*, or griddle, and cook it, flipping it frequently until brown blisters formed on both sides. Then, while the *roti* was still hot, she'd plop on a nib of ghee, which would immediately melt and glisten on the surface, and then tuck the bread into a stainless-steel container lined with paper towels. My sister, my dad and I would always rush to the table as soon as the *rotis* were ready so we could pluck one out while it was still hot.

The *roti* crisped, curled and charred at the edges, just like a pizza crust.

We had an entire freezer dedicated solely to *roti*. This was totally normal to us. We could never have too much. As my mom's job got busier, she didn't always have time to make the *rotis* by hand, so she started buying them from an Indian caterer. Then, about decade ago, she discovered the whole-wheat tortillas at Central Market, a Texas-based grocer. They were soft and pliable, with a lovely chew. They've been our family's go-to *roti* ever since.

Roti's earthy, distinctly savory taste makes it an ideal partner for bright, bracing Indian dishes. And it can take on the flavors and styles of other cuisines, too.

My mom's first experiment was *roti* pizza. She drizzled *rotis* with olive oil, layered them with her favorite pizza toppings and baked



them off. To her surprise, the *roti* crisped, curled and charred at the edges, just like a pizza crust, and it didn't get soggy under the weight of all the toppings. Soon, she started going beyond the classic pizza toppers, eventually landing on our current favorite combo: cheddar, sliced red onion and cilantro chutney.

When we would travel, to avoid airplane food my mother would make what she called *roti roli polis* (so named because they're similar in shape to the roly poly bugs ubiquitous in my hometown of Dallas). These were essentially mini burritos, filled not with rice and beans but with *aloo gobi*, crispy bits of cauliflower and potato laced with turmeric and cumin, or *kaddu*, sweet and sour mashed squash. She'd make a dozen and wrap them tightly in foil. They traveled well.

Most recently, while I was testing recipes for my new cookbook, "Indian-ish," my mom went on a trip to Sri Lanka with her friend Sunitha. There, she had *kottu roti*, a typical street food of *roti* strips quickly stir-fried with vegetables, eggs or meat. She loved the idea of turning *roti* into noodle-like bits, so she developed her own version at home, with triple the vegetables plus herbaceous, crunchy curry leaves.

But among all these variations, my mom's favorite way to eat *roti* remains the most basic: rubbed with ghee and sprinkled with some jaggery, an unrefined cane sugar. It's a holdover from her childhood in India. Her comfort food. These days, on a weeknight when my fridge is bare, it's mine, too.



► Find recipes for *roti* noodle stir fry (above) and *roti* roli polis at wsj.com/food.

Roti Pizzas

Total Time 35 minutes
Serves 2

For the cilantro chutney:

4 cups roughly chopped fresh cilantro

1 small Indian green chile or serrano chile, roughly chopped

2 tablespoons fresh lime juice

¼ teaspoon granulated sugar

¾ teaspoon kosher salt

*For the *roti* pizza:*

4 (7-inch) rotis or whole-wheat tortillas (or 8 if making both types of pizza)

Olive oil, for drizzling

For the chutney-cheddar topping:

1 small red onion, thinly sliced

1 cup (about 4 ounces) shredded sharp cheddar cheese

2 tablespoons cilantro chutney

For the potato-rosemary topping:

1 medium russet potato, sliced into paper-thin rounds

1 cup (about 4 ounces) grated Parmesan cheese

2 tablespoons roughly chopped fresh rosemary

1. Make the cilantro chutney: In a blender, combine all ingredients and blend until smooth. If mixture is too thick to blend, add a few drops of water to get it going. Taste and season with salt and/or more lime juice to taste. Set aside.

2. Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Use a fork or knife to score each *roti* a few times. Place on a perforated pizza pan or broiler pan. Drizzle enough olive oil over each *roti* to coat but not soak it, and smooth oil over surface with fingers. Bake until light golden-brown, 4-6 minutes. Remove from oven. Once more, drizzle each baked *roti* with enough oil to coat but not soak, and smooth over surface.

3. Make the chutney-cheddar pizzas: Evenly distribute onions over rotis, followed by cheddar. Bake until cheddar is melted and bubbling and edges are crisp, 5-7 minutes. Remove from oven. Let cool 2-3 minutes, then drizzle with cilantro chutney.

4. Make the potato-rosemary pizzas: Layer potato slices over rotis, and top with another small drizzle of olive oil. Bake until potatoes are soft and fully cooked, about 5 minutes. Distribute cheese evenly over rotis. Bake until cheese crisps around edges, about 5 minutes. Remove from oven. Sprinkle with rosemary. Drizzle a little more olive oil over top.

5. To serve, cut pizzas in quarters.

—Adapted from "Indian-ish: Recipes and Antics from a Modern American Family," by Priya Krishna (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, Apr. 23)

MACKENZIE SMITH (2)

HALF FULL

A Well-Proportioned Pint

More measured than their brash IPA cousins, British-style mild ales have a mellow toasted-malt flavor all their own



SMOOTH SAILING Mild ale fresh from the cask at The Rake, in Alameda, Calif.

BEER NAMES can be as misleading as they are meaningful. Mild ale, a forgotten British style making waves again, actually packs plenty of flavor.

At only 3 or 4% ABV, these soothing beers are suited to sipping, successively, over the course of an afternoon. Out swirl notes of toffee and cocoa, walnuts and toast, biscuits and coffee.

Hearty but not filling, milds are, it's true, no hop bombs. Even two centuries ago, when they first emerged, their identity was conceived in contrast to bolder fare. Sometimes called running beers, they were served young and fresh, instead of aged in barrels like stronger "stock" ales. Before the advent of clean-burning grain kilns, most beer was dark, and milds were no exception. As sparkling pilsners, pales and IPAs became popular in the 19th century and pale bitters in the 20th, milds fell out of favor.

These days, even with the resurgence of other dark styles, mellow mild remains the runt of the tap list—if it appears there at all. But every pint needn't buckle the bar. There's room in the ring for

lighter weights, as the recent rise of session beers shows.

"There's still a lack of knowledge about what [mild ales] really are. We need to educate people," said beer writer Alistair Reece. Five years ago he started a campaign called American Mild Month to encourage more breweries to put the style on tap and to publicize the few that do.

Often served in the traditional way, from a cellar-temperature cask softly pressurized by active yeast instead of forced CO₂, the beer leaves little place for impurities to hide. "It's a very subtle beer. It's not blown out by hops or a really flavorful yeast," said Ryan Jones of British Columbia's Riot Brewing Co. "Plus, carbonation acidifies beer." Without it, cask-conditioned ales let the smooth, sweet flavors of the grain shine.

"The selection of your malt is crucial," Mr. Jones explained. For Riot's Working Class Hero, and many American milds, it must be British. At traditional British malt-houses, barley grains are sprouted to unlock their fermentable sugars, then dried and milled in a painstaking

process that results in a sweeter, warmer, chewier malt than any industrially produced one.

"It's truly a labor of love," said Dave McLean, one of the only traditional British-style maltsters in the U.S. The pub at his Admiral Maltings in Alameda, Calif., is called the Rake. It's the best place in the Bay Area, if not on the West Coast, to try British-style beer, and milds in particular.

You'll find them, too, at a smattering of pubs and breweries around the country. "It's not our bestselling beer," said Bill Arnott of Seattle's Machine House Brewery. "But it's our most revered, especially among other brewers."

In Philadelphia, Yards Brewing Company's Brawler has such a cult following that the brewery releases it in cans and bottles—a rarity for a style usually seen only in a cask or keg. Founder Tom Kehoe credits a name change: "We don't call it mild or dark mild, because when we started making it, no one wanted dark beer and no one wanted anything mild." Or so they thought.

—William Bostwick

EASY LIKE SUNDAY AFTERNOON / MILD ALES TO SEEK OUT AT A CASK-TAPPING PUB NEAR YOU

Yards Brewing Company Brawler (4.2% ABV) Clean and crisp. Less a chewy hunk of bread than a stack of snappy whole-grain crackers.

Riot Brewing Co. Working Class Hero (3.8% ABV) Like a rum-soaked slice of fruitcake, studded with warm red raspberries and sweet hazelnuts.

Rhinegeist Brewery Uncle (3.8% ABV) An edgier take on the style, sharp and savory like salted toast with a thick, crunchy crust.

Oliver Brewing Co. Dark Horse (3.8% ABV) Roasted chestnuts, almond brittle, bread and chocolate: a Heath bar on toast.

Machine House Brewery Dark Mild (3.7% ABV) A beery breakfast: biscuits and jelly with a cup of milky coffee on the side.

GEAR & GADGETS

20 ODD QUESTIONS

Robert Caro

Be it typewriters or Chopin, thick pencils or a classic Buick, for the famed biographer, every thing has a purpose (and a story)

LEANING AGAINST the filing cabinets in his New York office, poring through a folio of interviews with a former Lyndon Johnson aide, presidential biographer Robert Caro wistfully recalled a time he could dial up a White House staffer and ask simply: "When Johnson was talking to George Wallace, was he on the sofa or the rocking chair?" And he'd have an answer."

The author of a four-, going-on-five-volume LBJ biography and the Pulitzer-Prize-winning opus "The Power Broker," Mr. Caro, 83, just released "Working," a memoir of sorts. It details how he reports and writes—and why he thinks minutiae, such as the particular throne on which Johnson sat shed light on the 36th President's state of mind: "I found out he had stuffing removed from the couch's cushions so it sat lower," helping Johnson tower over visitors from his rocking chair, said Mr. Caro. "If he was angry he might sit behind his desk."

The tools he surrounds himself with seem just as deliberate. Mr. Caro didn't stock up on enough carbon paper, typewriter ribbon and narrow-lined legal pads to last the rest of his life for kicks. He still writes first drafts longhand, finishing his books on a typewriter "to slow myself down, to make myself think."

"I'm a very fast writer," said the author, who has released a grand total of one biography each decade since the 1970s. "No one believes this. But it's the research that takes the time."

The books that first got me interested in history were: C.S. Forester's Horatio Hornblower novels. I remember once when a new Hornblower book had come out, I took it out of the library on 100th Street. I couldn't wait to get home so I sat down on the library's stairs to read it.

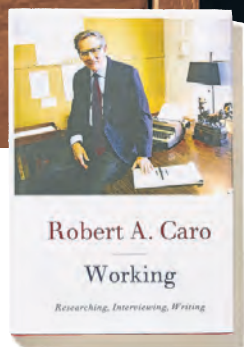
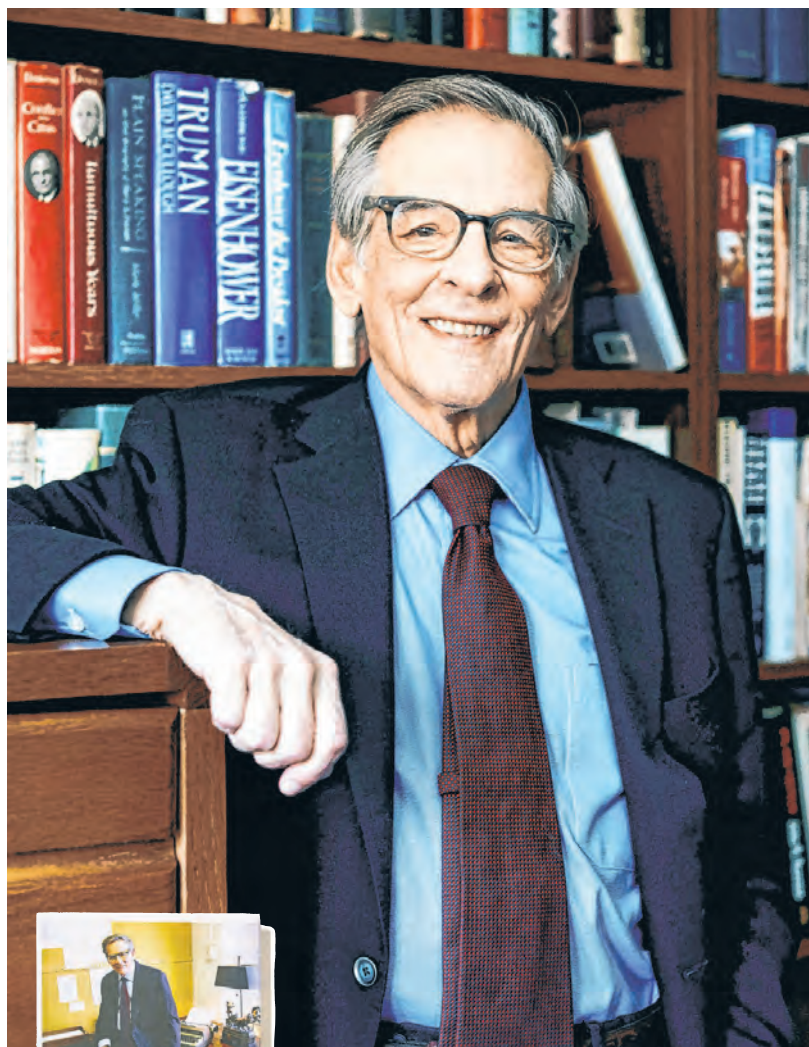
My favorite library is: the New York Public Library on 42nd Street. A library provides serendipity. Being able to walk through the stacks and you suddenly see something that you've never heard of and you open it and there's a new world or new information.

Each interview: is trying to get someone to tell me the truth.

Silence is: a great weapon. People have a need to fill a silence. If the guy isn't answering, it's important that you not say anything. Very often they'll start talking to fill it. If you looked in my notebooks you'd see "SU, SU, SU," for shut up.

I don't use: recorders. People don't forget about the recorder, so it's a barrier to getting them to be completely frank.

I type on a: Smith Corona Electra 2010. I often get two types of letters: One kind says, "Oh, I've got that typewriter in the garage. I'd love you to have it." The other is, "Oh, I have one in my garage. I'll sell it to you for \$4,000." I started this fifth Johnson book with 14 typewrit-



ers. But I had to use three for parts and I'm starting to worry.

I like the type to be: black and heavy. Ina, my wife, found a guy in Pittsburgh who said that he would make cotton ribbons for me if I ordered 12 gross. If anybody wants cotton typewriter ribbon, I have some available.

I literally: cut and paste paragraphs together. I take a ruler, I tear it, I Scotch tape it in. That very act says something in your head, "Oh, I need a transi-

tion sentence to get into this."

I edit with a: General's Draughting Pencil, No. G314, the same one we used at Newsday, because it's thicker, heavier.

I finally got a laptop: when the archivist at the Johnson Library in Austin, came over to tell me my typewriter was too noisy and it was disturbing the other researchers. All my other files are typed, but the Vietnam stuff is on a Lenovo ThinkPad.

I don't take a vacation until: I finish a section of my book. I always say to Ina, "We can go tomorrow." I've never given her advance warning. Then we go to France for a couple months. We've been doing it since 1974.

In France we love to stay at: Domaine des Hauts de Loire in Onzain. We started going there when it was just a family running a decaying chateau. Now it's one of the grand hotels of France. The couple still runs it.

My favorite car was: our 1976 Buick Electra. We bought it in Texas and drove that steel car for 30 years. I had to replace the rag top three times, but I'd have kept that car forever except the engine started to go.

While living in Texas: I fell in love with country music. Down there, it's all around you. I became a great Willie Nelson fan. Kinky Friedman took us to Willie's trailer a few times and the marijuana haze you walk into...

My favorite Texas restaurant is: Matt's El Rancho in Austin. I had never tasted real Tex-Mex cooking. And I fell in love with it. We don't even know what it is here in New York.

My rule is that I don't go to bed until: I've typed the interview I did that day, no matter how late it is. If you saw my notes, you'd see things like "He gets angry when I ask this" or "He stops smiling." When it's fresh in my mind I want to put those impressions down.

We go to sleep every night listening to: Arthur Rubinstein's performance of Frederic Chopin's Nocturnes. Pure beauty.

—Edited from an interview by Chris Kornelis



A FINE TYPE OF WRITER Clockwise from top-left: Mr. Caro in his office; his preferred pencil for editing, the Smith Corona Electra 2010 at his desk; the LBJ Presidential Library in Austin, Texas; the Domaine des Hauts de Loire; 1976 Buick Electra; Mr. Caro's new book, 'Working.'

WESTON WELLS FOR THE WALL STREET JOURNAL (CARO, TYPEWRITER); JAY GODWIN/LBJ LIBRARY (LIBRARY); FABRICE RAMBERT (HOTEL); GM MEDIA ARCHIVE (BUICK); F. MARTIN RAMINY/ THE WALL STREET JOURNAL (BOOK, PENCIL)

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GEAR & GADGETS



BETH HOEVEL

ing the political backlash. The truth is, Europe loves the car too much. However, that love is about to get tougher, and the knock-on effects will almost certainly be felt in the next generation of cars sold in the U.S. In February a committee of the European Transport Safety Council proposed a range of measures that would require all vehicles sold in the EU after 2022 to be equipped with some sort of speed limiter. At first, such systems could be simple alerts that the car is exceeding the

Europe's near-airtight enforcement of speed limits threatens whole empires of automotive make-believe.

posted speed limit, which could be observed, ignored, or switched off—what the ETSC refers to as “Intelligent Speed Assistance.” Many cars have that feature now. Later versions would amount to full-fledged auto nannies, using data-loggers, transponders and vehicle-to-infrastructure communications to limit cars’ speed; to monitor and manage following distances and lane discipline; and to check on the driver’s alertness and state of mind.

The ETSC’s rules are expected to be approved, after negotiations, in the European Parliament. Some companies aren’t waiting for the final-form legislation. At the Geneva motor show, Volvo announced a series of smart safety tech, including software limiting top speed to 180 kph (112 mph). “We want to start a conversation about whether car makers have the right or maybe even an obligation to install technology in cars that changes their driver’s behavior,” said Volvo boss Håkan Samuelsson.

Predictably, speedsters have raged against what they see as the cutting edge of tyranny. That is privilege talking. The ETSC estimates the mandates, if taken in full effect, could save 25,000 lives in 15 years, numbers for which the libertarian “assumed risk” argument seems comically inadequate. As for Volvo, a fleetwide 112-mph speed limit could have gone undetected for years if Mr. Samuelsson hadn’t started this conversation/kicked this beehive.

But Europe’s coming safety Sky-net has a potential upside for driving enthusiasts. One of the frustrations of driving fast cars is being held to the limits of lesser cars. But what if your Durango 95 could communicate with the infrastructure, informing it of the car’s capacities, its tires (winter, summer?), its intended route, and its driver’s acceptance of risk? Such technology could turn all of Europe into one big Nürburgring.

I’m afraid Europeans will be speeding down smart highways while Americans are still quarrelring over their moral peril.

RUMBLE SEAT / DAN NEIL



The EU’s Move to Clip Speed-Freaks’ Wings

A MONTH AGO, as I was checking out of a hotel in Stuttgart bound for Geneva in a hot new Porsche 911, a man approached me in the lobby, like Elijah in “Moby-Dick,” warning me of danger ahead. “Are you driving the red car to Switzerland?” he asked in English. “You know, they just put somebody in jail for four years for speeding.”

How fast was he going? Two-hundred ten, came the answer—not miles, but kilometers per hour. That’s 130 mph. I went weak in the knees as I flashed back on all the times I’ve exceeded 130 mph in Switzerland. Every time, practically. Four years!

I drove to Geneva like I was leading my mother’s funeral, never exceeding 85 mph in a car with a top speed 100 mph faster, constantly surveilled by Switzerland’s robust speed camera network. Hey Nonny Nonny. This sucks.

It’s over. The era of European grand touring—the pursuit and enjoyment of elite speed across the face of the continent in powerful cars, the classic driving vacation—is *finito*. I’ve tried: From Wales to Croatia, from southern Italy to northern Scotland, and definitely not



UNCLEAR FOR TAKEOFF The gull-winged Aston Martin Valkyrie tops out at 250 mph. New ETSC restrictions would hold it to half that pace.

central France—where authorities gifted me with a \$400 souvenir for doing 115 mph on a BMW R 1200.

Not to be elitist: A Ford Fiesta you rent at Aéroport Charles de Gaulle outside Paris is fast enough to ruin the family vacation. France recently lowered the national speed limit on rural roads without a divider from 90 to 80 kph. That’s about 50 mph. It’s a slumber party.

I don’t mean to lament lost privilege. I get it. When I started testing 200-mph cars on Germany’s Autobahn, such machines were rare—rarity was what al-

lowed you to forgive their vulgarity. But the rise of personal hyperwealth in the past decade has almost overstimulated the exotic car industry, accelerating technical development and bringing in multimillion-dollar players.

Every summer, hundreds of bratty young enthusiasts ship their rockets to Germany, to have a go at the Nürburgring test track and max out on the Autobahn. YouTube is a graveyard of such characters.

I’m worried about my car-loving friends, though. Europe’s nearly airtight enforcement of speed lim-

its threatens whole empires of make-believe: brands like Aston Martin and Mercedes-AMG; aftermarket tuners and tire makers; and all the businesses that swim like remoras next to big, expensive cars (detailing, insurance, auction houses, road-rallies). Their businesses all hang on a myth, the promise of Europe as a driving playground, which it hasn’t been, really, since the 1960s.

A speed-blurred Europe is the imagistic backdrop for a century of car enthusiasm: Woolf Barnato racing the Blue Train from Nice to Calais; Bond whipping his Aston around Tyrolean hairpins; Cary Grant and Grace Kelly wheeling a Sunbeam Alpine down the Route Napoleon (Kelly was driving). In print ads it’s always the hot car winding down an empty Stelvio Pass. The Stelvio is never empty.

Which raises the real reason European authorities are cracking down: There are too many millions of cars and trucks crowding onto a continent that was never car-friendly to begin with. It’s the density of vehicles, the intensity of urban air pollution, which are grinding European cities and driv-

VR Minus the Mortification

Using cardboard and rubber bands, Nintendo has discovered the key to virtual reality play: Leave the embarrassing helmet behind

KIDS HAVE IT so good now. Back in my day (read: the ‘90s) playing with cardboard didn’t yield a lot of thrills. You could swing wrapping-paper tubes like lightsabers or push each other down the stairs in U-Haul boxes until someone went to the hospital. With Nintendo’s latest LABO Kit (\$80, nintendo.com), however, kids (or children-at-heart) can fold a few cardboard cutouts into a Blaster, slide in a Switch console and its controllers and soon get busy taking down blobby monsters and steam-punk robots in a virtual world.

Gaming companies have been chasing VR innovation for 40 years. Early efforts fell well short, including Nintendo’s infamous Virtual Boy in 1995. There was always some torturous helmet, too many wires or confusing controls. Equally unappealing: the inflated prices and glitchy graphics; the sweating, headaches and occasional need to evacuate your lunch after 12 minutes under the hood. Only in the past decade have things begun to improve, albeit slightly, with the Oculus Rift, HTC Vive and PlayStation VR. But no company quite cracked it and an intuitive, portable, affordable option still seemed years off.

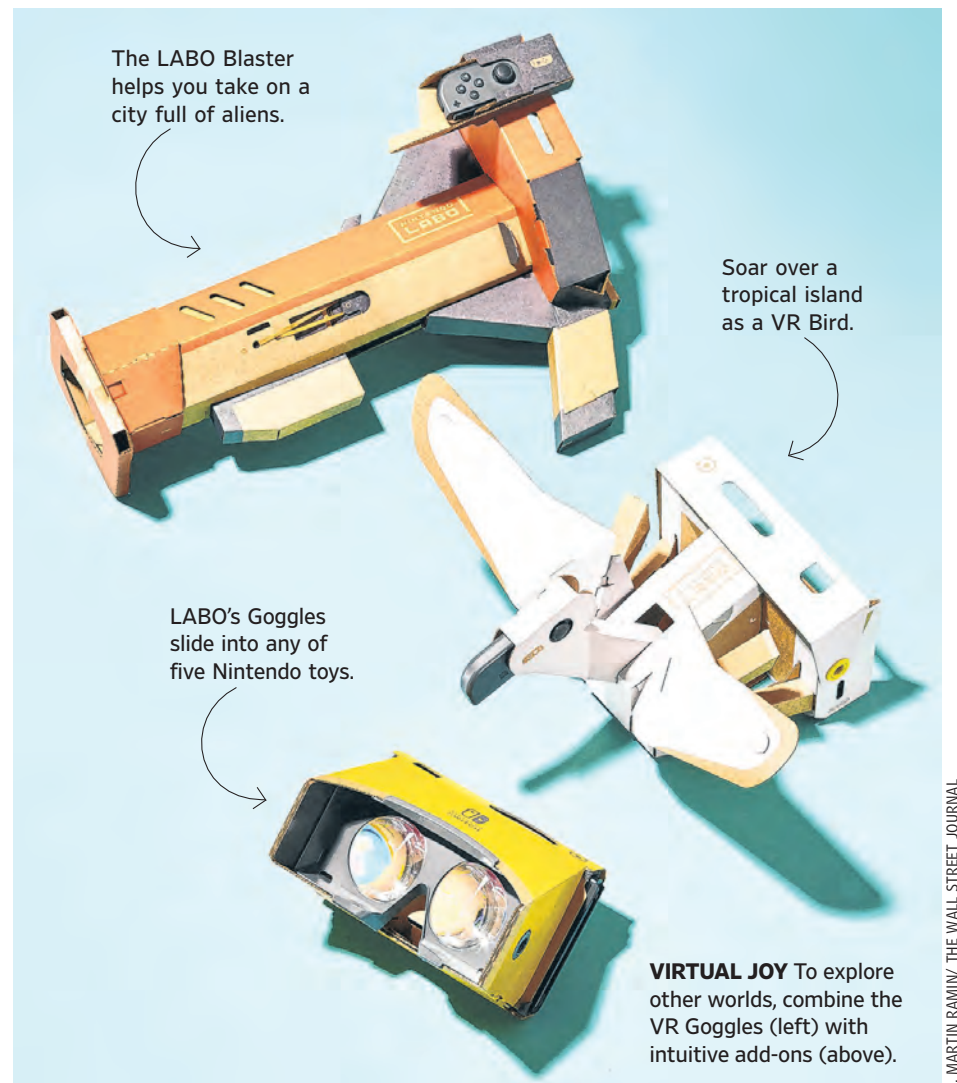
That’s why Nintendo’s second shot at VR is such a fresh, fun, enlightened take. First, LABO ditches VR’s greatest barrier to entry: the hair-mashing helmet that makes you look like an imbecile. Instead of you attach an interchangeable series of toys onto a set of card-

board Goggles (think classic View-Master) and hold them up to your eyes using organic movements: Look through the Blaster’s scope or a cardboard Camera as you naturally grip it, twisting its lens to zoom in on a crab you spot while “swimming” through underwater caves.

Adhering to Nintendo’s classic aesthetic, the vistas are exceedingly cartoonish compared with PlayStation’s realistic VR worlds, which inspire awe for at least a few minutes—before you get tangled in wires and trip over the dog. The trade-off? Nintendo’s untethered system keeps you safely seated as you’re able to swivel 360-degrees to navigate the bright, colorful landscapes.

The kit includes the Goggles, plus five intuitive toys: the Blaster and Camera, a Bird with flappable wings, an Elephant that lets you paint with its trunk and a Wind Pedal you pump to keep virtual balls in the air, all of which are joy to play with but a bit of a chore to build—a tedious two-hour origami project.

That they’re made of cardboard and rubber bands raises questions about durability. How many times can you flap the Bird’s bouncy wings before something snaps? Of course, you could break or burn four full kits before approaching the \$350 tag of PlayStation’s rival VR bundles—and us ‘90s punks would have happily traded tumbling down the stairs for a DIY virtual world you could get for pocket money. —Matthew Kitchen



The LABO Blaster helps you take on a city full of aliens.

Soar over a tropical island as a VR Bird.

LABO’s Goggles slide into any of five Nintendo toys.

VIRTUAL JOY To explore other worlds, combine the VR Goggles (left) with intuitive add-ons (above).

F. MARTIN RAMINY / THE WALL STREET JOURNAL