

MEET THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE CLASS OF 2015



Andy Lecompte

If there were an award for hottest hairstylist, Andy Lecompte would be the winner and the runner-up: when he's not cutting famous heads at his eponymous L.A. salon, he's taking his sharp magic on the road, shearing manes for editorial moments shot by the likes of Steven Klein and Mario Testino, or giving vision to Madonna's bullfighter-cum-1940s-romance-movie tresses for the Grammys, or styling Nicole Richie's lilac locks (see: PAPER's May 2014 cover). Head game strong.



Missy Mazzoli

You'd think being the leading lady of the all-female experimental ensemble group Victoire would sap your time and creative juices, but Missy Mazzoli has a knack for surprise. After turning New York's Kitchen into a sold-out opera house with 2012's *Songs from the Uproar*, the Brooklyn composer and keyboardist played Carnegie Hall and the New York and L.A. Philharmonics. Her genre-smashing new solo album, *Vespers for a New Dark Age*, which features Wilco's Glenn Kotche among others, rides on vast soundscapes, haunting melodies and — no surprise — tons of critical acclaim.



Sarah Koenig

Every once in a while, you get to see the hard meat of journalism — rarer, though, is the chance you'll be moved by it. As the host of NPR's *Serial* podcast, journalist Sarah Koenig buried herself in the 1999 murder of a Baltimore teen to find out what really happened. Blowing the dust off old documents and prying open conflicting testimonies, Koenig carefully presented the facts in each episode as she herself sussed them out — accruing more than 60 million downloads and one Peabody Award in what was her first foray into the format.



THE BEST OF THE WEEK: THINGS TO READ, MAKE, AND DO RIGHT NOW • July 16, 2015

Throw a Spanish Cocktail Party



Jacob Muselmann
COPY CHIEF

Call me snobby, but all the Americana of summer has me thirsty for something a little more, well, exotic. That's why this weekend, my penny-thin wallet and I are going to Spain—[through its foods and drinks](#). There are no tickets to buy or couches to surf, and the only bags you need to check are in the mirror Monday morning. Optional.

In this season of heat, liquids are a way of life, and that's why I plan on icing my workweek fuss with a few slushy, spiky [granitas](#) with a few *compañeros* Friday evening. From there, we'll ramp right into a festive [Spanish gin-and-tonic party](#) (drink pictured above) that will give us our wings for the discotheque. Of course, we'd be amateurs without something to nibble, so I'll whip up crispy, comforting [patatas bravas](#) from this delightful [Spanish tapas recipe gallery](#), and snacking doesn't get any easier—or more Euro— than draping out some spicy, chewy [cured meats](#) for grazing.

I'll start my Saturday in earnest by brushing up on some tips on [how to day-drink like a Spaniard](#), and then refresh myself on this idiot-simple way to make [mint syrup](#) for injecting that wondrous, cool taste into my libations. Sometime Sunday, once my liver is done with the voyage, I can admire these delicious [Basque dishes](#) and get inspired to take an actual trip to Spain. My mouth will have already seen it, and, lord knows, these bags have always been ready.



SAVEUR'S BEST OF THE WEEK: WHAT TO READ, MAKE, AND DO RIGHT NOW • December 19, 2015

Give the Gift of Better Cookies



Jacob Muselmann
COPY CHIEF

Santa cometh. Some people get their jollies from gift-giving guesswork, but my joy lies with the fuel of Saint Nick himself: the cookie. First comes my mother's batch of **Dusty Bliss**—dots of espresso shortbread gloved in rich, dark chocolate and dipped in hazelnut crumbs—affectionately named for the svelte texture that screams for coffee or several glugs of ice-cold milk.

But why stop there? After all, this season is big enough for several rounds of cheer: Take cushiony **salted chocolate rye cookies** (above)—fudgy, complex, and hopelessly dense, they're the equivalent of frozen custard in a land of aerated ice creams. For a dose of nutty, Southern warmth, I might mess with decadent **smoky whiskey balls**. Or my favorite, **true-blue chocolate-chip cookies**, marvelously tweaked from the back of that yellow Toll House bag into that crispy-goey stuff we're looking for this season. Let's all raise a milk glass while the receipts and wrapping paper pile up. No returns, promise.

ENTERTAINMENT BLOGS

Art City Asks: Tony Matelli

By *Jacob Muselmann* of the Journal Sentinel



If you look around, there's a sort of quiet, cosmic war going on all around us. You can see it in the cracks of a sidewalk, on attic junk and down the gradual sag of a face. It's our effort against the beat of time. And it seems to be what, at least in part, Tony Matelli is exploring in his sculptural work at the Green Gallery East.

From the outside of the exhibition space, it may seem like you missed the opening night by a few years. Dusty mirrors propped against walls bear the handprints and doodles of bygone humans. Walking up to them for a moment almost channels a quieting, humanistic experience of a cave drawing. And it is then the liminal space you just trounced in on begins to move into focus.

And somewhere in there, you notice yourself, mediated through innocent scrawl and the layers of time's toll. In a simple, whimsical way, the brilliance of the present peeks through the freshest swipe of the pane.

Similarly belying, the wall rubbings of his New York studio read as a carbon copy of decay and its forbearance on character. These works, resembling digitized scans, take an analogue, almost archaeological route to modern-day capturing. A warning: This may come as an abrupt check on your 21st-century ability to spot new computerized outgrowths.

Born in Chicago and raised in Delavan, Matelli studied sculpture at the Milwaukee Institute of Art & Design. His past works include richly detailed sculptural scenes of pianos falling on

person. It just didn't feel right so I put it in storage. I looked at it later and immediately realized it was a mistake to give it an image. I just needed to remove the reference, it needed to lose its specificity. Now they are just sort of abstractions in space, they can be many things at once

If you could live with one work of art, what would it be?

It changes all the time but right now I can't think of wanting anything more than a still life by Allison Schulnik, she is a great young artist from LA. I was also struck by the Richter you have in Milwaukee, which is without a doubt one of the best ones ever made.

What is art for?

TM: This is an unanswerable question. Art's openness is its virtue.

What do you wish you knew?

I wish I knew less.

What do you like the look of?

There is a certain 15-20 minutes of perfect light in my apartment. It's sharp and warm and cuts through the windows and splashes across almost the entire floor. The timing obviously changes throughout the year but my studio is close so I'm able to catch it often.

What was your first real art experience?

Duane Hanson's Janitor at the Milwaukee Art Museum. I would go there as a child on field trips, and right there, next to this giant and horrible Alex Katz, is the Janitor, leaning against the wall. And it is incredible because it does so many things at once; it takes you totally by surprise. Janitors are supposed to be completely unseen in museums--their labor is supposed to disappear--so it's sort of surprising on that level, and then you realize it's a sculpture, and become conscious of how you are looking at the thing. You become aware of that perceptual shift, so what was a seemingly real-life experience becomes a complicated art experience, and that approach to art is really powerful and cool. It made everything else seem like a prop that only pointed to an idea. The precision of praxis had a great impact on me, and some of my work operates in that spirit.

What film has most influenced you?

Painters Painting, I was 18. It's a documentary about the New York art scene made in the 60's. When I saw Frank Stella in it I wanted to be Frank Stella.

What music are you listening to?

It depends on the time of day and the activity, but today: NPR for the first hour, then a transition into wordless music with Eric Satie, then Miles Davis and Philip Glass. After lunch we needed something a little harder but still wordless so we did Neu! and Grails, then we went harder with the Melvins, Om, and a little Waka Flocka Flame. Finally taking it down a notch with Johnny Greenwood's soundtrack to The Master and finishing up with NPR's last hour of All Things Considered. Whatever the music, it is always sandwiched in between NPR.

What should change?

TM: I'm not a huge agent of change, everything changes without me anyway.

What could you imagine doing if you didn't do what you do?

I never really thought about it too much, but I am certain I would be terrible at it.

people, sleepwalkers and an apparent episode of monkey mutiny. But his current exhibition, which runs through Feb. 17, reflects his recent direction toward something subtler.

“The work has taken on a more philosophical position with a more open presentation,” he says. “I think I have grown to require more room for interpretation in my work.”

Indeed, his works seem to pivot away from a pigeonholed thesis. An inverted vase of lifelike lilies is paused to the moment before calamity. Loops of rope hang from invisible props and bunch up into thin air. The realization that these fragile scenes are bronze seems to press for something serious, or insist on an idea that is as weighty as time is slow.

Matelli recently agreed to participate in a round of questions for this edition of Art City Asks.

What are you working on in your studio right now?

Working on the exhibition plan for my survey show in Bergen Kunst Museum in Norway (which is traveling from ARoS in Denmark). Finishing some editions, building a new website and making a few new works for my show in St. Louis. We are not in very high gear right now. I try to slow the studio down after a show, but last year has been so busy we been making work at the same speed all year. So after my show at Green Gallery it's good to be a little slow now.

What's your favorite breakfast food?

A Bloody Mary at The Pfister hotel. When I'm in town I try to have one everyday, otherwise its only coffee and seltzer until lunch.

Who's your guilty-pleasure artist — why do you feel you shouldn't like them and why do you anyway?

I don't really believe in guilty pleasure, only pleasure. But I suppose Renoir would qualify. I don't really know what's wrong with the paintings, but everyone I trust tells me they're terrible. I think some of them are as interesting as anything Van Gogh ever painted.

Tell me about a failed piece you once made and what you learned from it.

I am making these new sculptures of rope that appear to be suspended in air, I really like them. The first one I made was four years ago but was in the “shape” of a



#46. OTG Management

FOR CREATING AN OASIS IN THE AIRPORT.

[Note: This story was published in the March 2014 issue of Fast Company and on Feb. 10, 2014, at fastcompany.com. Links within the story do not appear in this format. More can be found at jacobmuselmann.com.]

By Jacob Muselmann

You're hungry, your phone's dead, and you just survived a brutal security line. The last thing you deserve is a heat-lamped personal-pan pizza. With a winning mix of design, technology, and local flair, OTG is rapidly reshaping the airport experience. Its terminal refreshes in New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Orlando, Toronto, and five other markets put [iPads](#) at 80% of gate seats, the better to order from the nearby dining and bar options. In Toronto, for example, OTG recently worked with locally renowned chefs to add Japanese and Indian restaurants in two terminals, and a local sommelier picked wines from the region for the airport's two Vinifera wine bars. "We don't cookie-cutter anything out," says CEO Rick Blatstein. "Our restaurants are unique to each city."

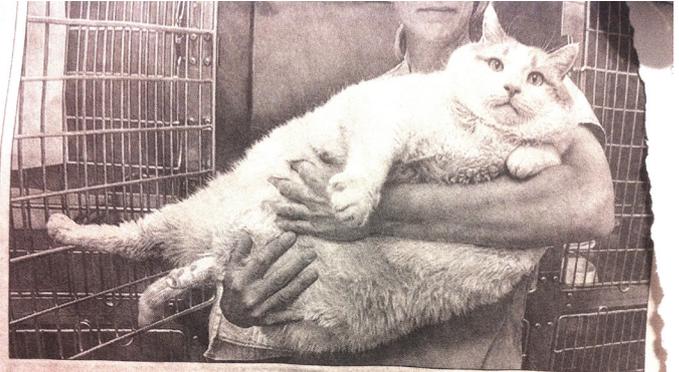
The results have taken flight: OTG has grown 71% since spending \$50 million to outfit terminals with iPads, and last year was the biggest ever for the 18-year-old company, opening 39 new stores to give it 214 total. And while passengers in the top 50 U.S. airports spend about \$6.25 on average before boarding, those in OTG-designed terminals plunk down \$8.94--a 43% bump.

Headlines

MOVIES
The lauded 'Artist' is still poor and starving
 Los Angeles Times
 For the second straight year, the film's rights to distribute "The Artist" domestically and in seven foreign markets just

No slapping snooze — this alarm clock forces you to seize the date

In Appleton, a StairMaster to heaven
 With complex, church hopes to bring people to God via fitness



Santa Fe Animal Shelter veterinarian Jennifer Steketeet holds Meow, a 2-year-old tabby, at the New Mexico shelter. Meow arrived at the shelter weighing in at nearly 40 pounds.

Too many fancy feasts

Apple CEO: iResign

South Korean man's tweets spell suspended sentence
 National Security Law lands activist with prison term for North Korea posts law, which the country military dictators ha

by CHOE SANG-HUN
 New York Times

Crushed velvet, slippers and lace: When the West was really Wilde
 By FRED SETTERBERG
 San Francisco Chronicle
 Famous for being famous, young Oscar Wilde...



Drenched in Brewers fever, fans and bars must make room for pigskin princes

Ex-member wants some Y-M-C-pay
 Crux of copyright case is authorship
 Law and that were originally written by Victor Willis does not



ASSOCIATED PRESS
 The SpongeBob Squarepants holiday special "It's a SpongeBob Christmas!" will debut Friday on CBS and then air Dec. 9 on Nickelodeon.

On special occasions, his pants fit more like a cube

Take 2 of these and tweet me in the morning

Social media puts doc on cellular level
 During checkups, Burgert no longer gives teenagers brochures with advice on healthy living — which isn't



For 2 countries, a familiar ping
 U.S., Chinese table tennis 'diplomats' to reunite this week



For Marquette coach, spoonful of honey makes rasp go down

Cruise veteran shares times of topsy-turvy, tips and tipsy

How do I love thee? Let me click on the ways
 Barrett, Browning letters go digital