IN LUXUS VERITAS

LUXSURE

SEPT 2026



CHÂTEAU ANGÉLUS

LA FABRIQUE DU TEMPS

HENRY JACQUES

STEINWAY

GRAFF

BEAUTY & FRAGRANCE

WINE & SPIRITS

GASTRONOMY & HOTELS

JEWELLERY & WATCHES

ART & DESIGN

TRAVEL

FASHION & ACCESSORIES

PORTRAIT

IMAGE

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Publisher and Editor-in-Chief: Pascal Iakovou

Journalists: Pascal Iakovou, Tania Tuka, Virginie Garcia

Editor at Large: Thomas Mondo / Bel-Ami

Creative Director: Thomas Mondo / Bel-Ami

Art Director and Graphic Design: Antoine Leclercq / Bel-Ami

Photographers: Cyril Manzini, Ali Ghorbani, Enrique Urratia, Illya Ovchar

Style Director: Tania Tuka

Copy Editor: Virginie Garcia

Luxsure
35 avenue d'Épremesnil
78290 Croissy-sur-Seine
www.luxsure.fr
redaction@luxsure.fr
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IN LUXUS VERITAS...

Luxury is everywhere today. It fills shop windows, social networks and our imaginations. Every week brings a fresh wave of launches, collaborations, images and announcements. Information moves quickly and in abundance, sometimes to the point of overwhelming the eye. Luxsure was born in this digital environment, at the pace of the feed. But luxury also deserves another kind of time: time for scrutiny, distance and discernment.

That is the ambition of this magazine.

In an age of instant information, print offers a different promise: selection and perspective. Where the feed accumulates, the magazine chooses. Where the news follows one event after another, it seeks to understand the deeper forces at work across the world of luxury.

For luxury is more than an industry or a succession of launches. It is a system of values, a complex whole in which craftsmanship, desire, capital, culture and representation meet. Observing these interactions calls for method, distance and, at times, contradiction. It is in this spirit that Luxsure has adopted a simple motto: In Luxus Veritas. The truth of luxury lies neither in the image alone nor in the words of brands. It emerges when we examine the materials, gestures, markets, strategies and myths that shape its value. This first issue offers a structured reading of these forces. Sector by sector, we have chosen to look at what is truly changing: shifting markets, pressure on materials, changing clientele, the growing role of the secondary market, and the concentration of groups. Luxury fascinates and inspires; at times it divides. Above all, it deserves to be understood. Luxsure now hopes to contribute to that exploration.

In Luxus Veritas.

Thomas Mondo — Editor at Large

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I BELIEVE IN LUXURY AS A DISCIPLINE

At La Fabrique du Temps Louis Vuitton, a particular light falls across the workbenches. Cold, directional, surgical — the kind of light that forgives nothing. I discovered how a detail can move time forward: I was shown a finished bridge whose angles had been refined by hand over several hours. Not so that anyone would notice. Precisely so they would not — so that even a searching eye would find nothing to correct.

I did not ask my next question straight away.

A few weeks later, Anne-Lise Cremona was telling me about her raw materials at Henry Jacques. Not her perfumes — her materials. About the way certain resins take years to settle before they can enter a composition. You do not create a perfume. You give it time to become what it is.

I thought of the finished bridge. Of the work that does not show.

This issue was born in the space between those two sentences.

Not because luxury is in danger — the figures will disprove that again this year, in a world that nonetheless hesitates, recalculates and doubts almost everything. Rather, because across this sector, as in so many others, confusion is growing between what costs a great deal and what is worth something. The two notions overlap less and less. Luxsure has always existed to look at the distance between them.

Maisons are breaking records, auctions are surging, and collaborations are multiplying at a pace that has more in common with a feed than a collection. And yet, everywhere I look — in the glass-walled workshop of Montblanc Haus in Hamburg, at fittings in the Elie Saab atelier, in the Graff boutique on Rue Saint-Honoré, where a rough stone is still regarded as a mystery — something slower endures. Hands that take their time. Materials that are not up for negotiation.

There was also the Steinway factory, one morning when the workshop was almost silent. Almost — because from the end of a corridor came the sound of someone tuning an instrument whose soundboard had just been fitted. No concert. No demonstration. One technician alone, with a tuning fork and all the time required.

I had been told earlier that each piano leaves the factory with a serial number, but also with a voice — a sound of its own, shaped over weeks of adjustments the buyer will never hear named. What the ear perceives as self-evident is the result of work that no one is expected to recognise. The same logic as the finished bridge. The same discretion as a condition of the result.

We are not looking for what is rare. We are looking for what holds. What will still exist in twenty years, not because it has been listed as heritage, but because it was made with a truth that time cannot correct. A calibre whose every component has been reconsidered. A fragrance built on an emotion, not a brief. A couture line for which the first pin in the fabric is already an irreversible decision.

We have looked for this truth in places that are sometimes without spectacle. In the silence of Malta one morning in March, when the light on the limestone changes shade every twenty minutes. In a kitchen in Carry-le-Rouet, where a chef has been re-creating the same sea-urchin dish every day for years, with the precision of a ritual that cannot be explained. These gestures do not make content. They make objects, dishes and trails of scent — things that last after the light has changed.

I do not believe in luxury as status. I believe in luxury as a discipline: the discipline of choosing, refusing and slowing down where everything urges us to accelerate. This issue publishes portraits of creators who have doubts, travel stories in which almost nothing happens, and studies of objects whose value lies in details no one will ever see. Because some calibres do not show themselves. Some gestures have no witness. The most serious luxury does not need to be seen in order to exist.

Put it down.

Come back to it in three months.

Pascal Iakovou — Editorial Director

LUXURY'S MOST RESILIENT SECTOR

For nearly a century, luxury told its story through the towering figures of its great couturiers: Gabrielle Chanel, Elsa Schiaparelli, Christian Dior, Yves Saint Laurent and Cristóbal Balenciaga. They embodied the creative genius, desirability and prestige of their Maisons. Behind that image, however, another economic reality was already taking shape.

Very early on, fragrance and beauty became the true financial engines of many Maisons. The success of Chanel No. 5, the historic agreement between Gabrielle Chanel and the Wertheimer brothers, and the sale of Yves Saint Laurent Parfums to Sanofi before its integration into L'Oréal had already told the story: couture made us dream; fragrance financed the dream. That shift is now complete.

In a luxury industry facing a slowdown in fashion, a weakening premium clientele and geopolitical tensions, beauty appears to be the sector's most resilient. More accessible, more innovative and more international, it benefits from frequent purchases and a capacity for renewal that few other categories can match. At the same time, fragrance is experiencing a true renaissance.

The rise of niche Maisons, the proliferation of exclusive collections and the growing influence of younger generations have made fragrance the leading territory of desire in contemporary luxury. L'Oréal's acquisition of Kering's beauty activities confirms this change of paradigm. Power no longer resides solely in couture ateliers. It is also built in laboratories, formulation plants and global distribution strategies.

Beauty — €290bn +3.5%

Fragrance — $60bn +8.8%

L'Oréal — €44bn +4%

E-commerce — 30%

BEAUTY & FRAGRANCE

The morning light forgives nothing. It reveals the texture of skin, the trace of a too-short night, the transparency of a serum still damp on the cheek. A few hours later, a fragrance applied to the hollow of the wrist will almost have disappeared. All that remains is warmth, an impression of wood, flower or skin, discreet enough to make you wonder whether it was ever there.

Beauty and perfumery work with this uncertainty. The first seeks to understand a living, changing material whose needs shift with the seasons, age and light. At iS Clinical, skincare speaks the language of the laboratory: active ingredients, textures, delivery systems. Yet scientific precision does not erase the ritual. It gives it a structure.

Fragrance takes a more elusive path. At Henry Jacques, Anne-Lise Cremona watches over three thousand formulas as one might protect a family library. The essences carry the memory of a Maison, its seasons and those who are no longer there.

Other compositions prefer instinct. Initio speaks of energy and tension, with a system designed to change its trail according to the skin that wears it. Noé seeks an almost primitive presence in the archetype, soft and powdery. Narcotic Desire by HFC Paris advances through warmth, density and attraction. Each Maison offers its own way into the invisible: through material, symbol or seduction.

None of this remains exactly as it was at the first instant. Skincare sinks in. Fragrance changes. Skin absorbs, warms and alters it. Perhaps that is why we give them so much attention: they do more than accompany us. Slowly, they become part of us.

THE KEEPER OF ELIXIRS

Anne-Lise Cremona and the Henry Jacques laboratory

By Pascal Iakovou

In 1975, an eccentric advertising man and a Grasse perfumer left behind by his era founded a clandestine laboratory in the Var. Fifty years later, their daughter watches over 3,000 formulas, 1,200 ingredients and the idea — now proven — that a perfume can be a masterpiece.

First, there is the scent. Before the handshake, before the welcome, even before the eye takes in the wood panelling of the private mansion at 2 Avenue Montaigne. A dense, alcohol-free blend seems to inhabit the walls rather than float in the air. Something between old leather and a freshly cut rose, with an unnameable resinous note beneath it. Anne-Lise Cremona smiles. “You can smell fifty years of work,” she says simply.

The family home, too, had its olfactory seasons. In summer, the rugs and certain objects were removed, and the house was scented differently. In winter, another composition greeted the children as they came home from school. Bulgarian roses arrived in hand-carved wooden containers: three small vials, one for each of the three daughters. “They were very precious,” she says, her gaze somewhere between memory and inventory. Perfume was not a product. It was the setting, the calendar, the very memory of this family.

Anne-Lise Cremona receives visitors in the boutique at 2 Avenue Montaigne — a four-hundred-square-metre private mansion, the only building in Paris’s Golden Triangle with a garden. She speaks slowly, choosing her words with the precision of someone who has spent years archiving formula manuscripts. No bombastic statements, no brand speech. Instead, the quiet authority of someone who knows exactly where the 3,000 formulas are and what each one contains.

The story begins, as many stories of passion do, with an unlikely encounter. In 1975, Henry Cremona left advertising. According to his daughter, he had “200,000 ideas in his head, the whole dream”. A great traveller, he was as comfortable one morning with heads of state as he was the next day — “even happier”, she adds — with fishermen. He had always been passionate about perfume. What he lacked was an artisan.

That artisan was Joseph Sassi. The fifth generation of a dynasty of Grasse perfumers, he was trained not in schools but through direct, hands-on transmission from his father — an embodied knowledge received like a dialect. Sassi belonged to a species the industry was then in the process of extinguishing.



Anne-Lise calls him “the unhappy perfumer”. She can still picture him, his Gitane cigarette behind his desk, asked by the industry to “limit all the ingredients” for mass distribution. He remembered his own grandfather bursting into the factory courtyard to cry: “We’ve heated the rose too much!”

The third pillar of the trio was Yvette Cremona. Her eye, taste and sense of detail would eventually make her a perfumer in her own right — though even today she refuses the title, out of the “phenomenal humility” her daughter describes with evident affection.

For almost forty years, the trio built an exceptional laboratory: 1,200 ingredients, 90% of them natural essences, assembled into formulas so complex that Anne-Lise Cremona says they would be “impossible to reconstruct today”. It is, she says, “the understanding of several lifetimes”.

LOSE NOTHING

The Maison lived in secrecy. No boutique, no collection. Bespoke work, by appointment, for private enthusiasts — among them Sheikh Zayed bin Sultan Al Nahyan, founder of the United Arab Emirates. Ninety-nine per cent of the clientele came from abroad. The patrons’ anonymity was guarded as jealously as the formulas themselves. Twenty years of ups and downs. “It’s almost a miracle it held together,” Anne-Lise Cremona acknowledges, without the slightest drama.

When Anne-Lise Cremona returned in 2010, the Maison was fading. She had worked at Guerlain and then at Elizabeth Arden in Geneva, where she worked on fragrances by Valentino, Lagerfeld and Calvin Klein. The combination of family craftsmanship and industrial machinery, she says, gave her “an absolutely clear vision”.

That vision comes down to one sentence: “We will produce only what we are able to produce.” In other words: no concept store, no e-commerce, no conventional distribution. The first decision was a refusal. When Harrods offered Henry Jacques a place in its ground-floor Black Hall, Anne-Lise declined. She needed the revenue. She declined anyway. “I know where I need to go. And if it’s right, it will work.” The paradox became the Maison’s identity: saying no when urgency calls for yes. Trusting what feels right over the market.

Six months later, Harrods returned with a proposal for a perfume salon on the sixth floor. In 2014, the first Henry Jacques boutique opened there, conceived as an apartment rather than a counter. The model has not changed. In 2026, there are ten boutiques around the world, from Abu Dhabi to Ginza in Tokyo, from Beverly Hills to Avenue Montaigne. Each was designed by architect Christophe Tollemer as a Parisian interior: wood panelling, antique furniture and jeweller’s lighting.



A FEW DROPS OF ESSENCE

In the meantime, the real work had begun: archiving. More than 3,000 handwritten formulas, samples and scattered documents. Anne-Lise describes herself as “the keeper”. Her obsession is clear: lose nothing. From this olfactory library, she drew the Maison’s 50 Classics — a selection made “with difficulty”, because forty years of creations had to be reduced to fifty perfumes, each carrying “a singularity and a memory”. “Today, honestly, I wonder how I found the strength to do all that.”

What Anne-Lise Cremona calls “Living Haute Perfumery” is not a slogan. It is a set of requirements borrowed point by point from haute couture: made in France, its own workshops, handcraft and bottles designed and produced in-house. Everything is made in the Var, in southern France — something exceedingly rare in contemporary perfumery.

“Haute”, because the criteria of the Chambre Syndicale have been transposed to a craft that has never had a protected designation. “Living”, because the materials are natural, because the formulas evolve and because the Maison refuses to stand still. “Behind the appearance of a historic house, at its heart, in its guts, there is this appetite for creation, movement and constant innovation.”

A NEW COLOUR

The heart of the difference lies in one gesture: the extrait. When the industry had abandoned pure concentrations in favour of eau de parfum and eau de toilette, Anne-Lise Cremona chose to revive what Gainsbourg had already evoked: a few drops of essence. “Nobody was selling extraits any more. They had disappeared from every shelf. It’s a gentle madness, and I kept it alive.” Where a standard eau de parfum contains 15 to 20% perfume oil, Henry Jacques formulas are concentrated at 100%, with no added alcohol. The perfume is applied with a crystal wand to the hollow of the wrist. “Like a masterpiece: you really enter into its depths.”

The laboratory left Draguignan for nearby La Motte, an estate among the vineyards where Christophe Tollemer designed the workshop entirely around the craft. It, too, was made to measure. It was here, amid the bauxite-rich land, that Henry Jacques planted its roses.

At Henry Jacques, the rose is not an ingredient. It is a palette. The Maison works with what Anne-Lise calls a “fairly frightening” number of roses, each recognised for its singularity, terroir and region. But the roses at La Motte are different. The soil was worked for two, three, four years. An organic terroir was prepared with horses, manual labour and a natural ecosystem designed to avoid pesticides. Ten thousand Centifolia rose plants. The first harvest was not expected for three to five years — the time the terroir needs to reveal its secret.

A VESSEL OF COMPOSURE

“Planting roses was my father’s dream.” When the first essence gave up its note, the team was overwhelmed. “What we thought we knew as perfumers turned out to be another nuance, another colour.” From that emotion came the Collection de l’Atelier. A harvest each year. Each harvest, a vintage.


HJ
HENRY JACQUES

The idea came one evening, in front of a Miró lithograph. Anne-Lise Cremona thought they should do what the artist had done: accept a limit, make it the rule, and let that limit create a dialogue with enthusiasts. To purists, one year is truly different from another. “It became an appointment.”

Christophe Tollemer is the one who gives Henry Jacques a visible form. An architect and artistic director — responsible for the renovations of Aman Le Mélézin and Hôtel Les Airelles — he reconnected with Anne-Lise Cremona in 2012, after twenty years of silence. “It was as if we had paused a conversation. He already knew everything.” Tollemer designs the bottles and boutiques, as well as Folia Vitae, installed at the Royal Monceau in January 2026: a 140-centimetre circular tree whose thousand plaster leaves were cast from real plants by his daughter Margot.

THE THIRD GENERATION

The Clic-Clac may be the object that best crystallises the Henry Jacques philosophy. Four years of development, 200,000 tests. A case in brushed titanium, carbon or red gold, made using haute horlogerie techniques — ball bearings and a patented mechanism. Inside: three grams of interchangeable solid perfume.

It began with a simple question: how can you travel with your olfactory wardrobe? Old solid perfumes made for clients decades earlier lay sleeping in the laboratory drawers. Some still smelled after twenty years. “We said to ourselves: we have everything; we must bring them back to life.”

Anne-Lise Cremona compares the object to her grandmother’s powder compact. “It gives you poise.” In a world where the telephone takes up all the space, she says, “we need to feel things”.

The story of Henry Jacques now follows a generational structure that Anne-Lise Cremona herself divides into three phases. The first belongs to her parents and Sassi: founding the laboratory, gathering materials, surviving. The second is hers: protecting the heritage, archiving, opening the first boutiques and proving the model can hold. The third is now beginning, with her sons.

PERFUME IS KING

Sacha, the elder, trained as a musician and now works in strategy. Antonin, the younger, wanted to learn perfumery. His mother hesitated. “At first, I didn’t think it was a good idea. I wanted to make sure he was truly passionate.” He is.

He was the one who mainly worked on the fragrance created with Stéphane Rolland — four months of collaboration between the couturier and the Maison, a process Rolland describes as “somewhere between psychoanalysis and a cooking class”. Antonin also travels, exploring lands and cultures to bring back materials. Perhaps the next new colour will come from him.

And then there is Yvette, the founding mother. She does not want to be called a “nose”, yet she knows better than anyone when a perfume is complete. She spent years selecting, controlling and checking every material that arrived at the laboratory. She is the living memory.


STEPHANE ROLLAND
&
HENRY JACQUES
H

The team has grown from nine people to seventy-five. But the founding principle has not changed. A perfume is never created "at a certain price". "I don't even know what that means," Anne-Lise Cremona says with unaffected nonchalance. "Perfume is king. It comes first." Enthusiasts, she says, "understand that perfectly. They know it is the right price."

"I love Baudelaire," she lets slip in passing. "Perfumes, colours and sounds answer one another. It's a little like that." The line from Correspondances may sum up what this Maison seeks better than any speech: not to make an object, but to weave a connection between the senses, between eras, between people. Perfume as language.

Every craft has its realm of extreme standards — watchmaking, jewellery, couture, gastronomy. Every one except perfumery, which remained captive to industrial logic, even in its so-called "niche" segment. Henry Jacques occupies that vacant space, not by creating a market but by refusing to leave one that had simply been abandoned.

Asked whether the bespoke services offered by some large groups make her smile, she answers gently but firmly: "Look at the quantities. Then look at where it is all made." At Henry Jacques, a committee oversees composition, bringing together guardians of the history, in-house-trained experts and younger minds.

The first consultation uses a "scent maze" to map the enthusiast's olfactory personality. The laboratory then formulates three proposals. Anne-Lise approves them personally. The process takes four to six months, sometimes a year. The perfume receives a name and a leather case. It can go as far as a bespoke crystal bottle, or even an entire room created around a fragrance.

It is late on Avenue Montaigne. The light has changed in the salon. Anne-Lise Cremona recalls one last memory: the installation at the Royal Monceau that winter, where the hotel's mixologists became passionate about the Maison's essences, where a rolling perfume trolley moved between the tables in the evening, and where strangers exchanged emotions as one might share a rare wine. "That is an illustration of what I mean by living," she says.

We ask what makes a successful perfume. She thinks for a moment. "A perfume in which you find yourself. One that creates a memory. And one that does not impose itself — it asks. That is what is beautiful."

Somewhere in the Var, in a vineyard planted with roses and jasmine, a library of 3,000 formulas is still waiting to be fully explored. Manuscripts, forgotten accords and perfumes that have slept for decades are still being discovered there. Anne-Lise Cremona smiles: "We don't have time to dig through everything."

Perhaps that is the definition of true luxury: having so much to offer that you do not yet know everything you possess.


Henry Jacques
Henry Jacques
Henry Jacques

NARCOTIC DESIRE

HFC Paris — Perfumer: Élise Pierre

HFC Paris's Narcotic Desire is built on a subtle contrast between sensuality and a bright, fruity allure. At its heart, an unexpected encounter between the depth of oud and the juicy, almost velvety richness of apricot creates a soft, enveloping sensation, like a caress on the skin.

This duality sets the tone for the fragrance as a whole, which unfolds as a delicate play between intensity and tenderness. The brightness of osmanthus brings golden warmth and solar transparency, lending the composition a vibrant, nuanced dimension.

Gradually the fragrance deepens: airy oud entwines with a leather accord and rose absolute, shaping a heart that is both opulent and refined. In the base, musk and vanilla release a soft, almost carnal warmth, heightened by a note of caramelised sugar that leaves a delicate, barely perceptible trail.

Narcotic Desire sketches a genuine olfactory scenario in which boundaries fade, giving way to a sharper, more instinctive perception. The fragrance explores inner freedom and attraction, where control gives way to the impulse of desire.



Narcotic Desire — HFC Paris

NOÉ

Archétype — Perfumer: Jorge Lee

Archétype's Noé is a soft, luminous fragrance in which freshness and warmth are finely balanced. It opens with a sparkling flash of lime and bergamot, bringing an almost airy sense of purity. Gradually, it moves towards a powdery floral heart where rose, gardenia and heliotrope speak with delicacy, supported by the earthy nobility of iris root.

In the base, the fragrance gains depth: creamy sandalwood, tender musk and warm amber form a velvety, enveloping foundation. The composition brings fragility together with inner assurance, creating a subtle yet lasting presence. Noé embodies a quiet elegance that does not seek to capture attention, yet naturally holds it.

The fragrance evokes a state of calm, softness and emotional clarity, leaving a sense of inner harmony in its wake.



Noé — Archétype

SUPERCHARGED COLLECTION

Initio Parfums Privés

Initio Parfums Privés opens a new chapter with the Supercharged Collection — a pair of unisex fragrances conceived as true sensory triggers, moving beyond the traditional perception of perfume. At the heart of the concept is the exclusive JOYDROP Complex neuro-olfactory system, designed to activate mechanisms of pleasure, energy and engagement through a combination of olfactory signals.

"Wild Rush" revisits the classic fougère structure, infusing it with movement and inner assurance: the freshness of bergamot and lavender meets the indulgent softness of caramel and vanilla before settling into the depth of patchouli and sandalwood. The composition unfolds with precision and dynamism, like a controlled rhythm, stimulating concentration and creating a sense of continuous flow.

By contrast, "Sugar Blast" asserts itself as a playful amber gourmand: creamy, liqueur-like accents of coconut, praline and rum intertwine with contemporary woody amber notes. Despite its gourmand register, the fragrance retains a subtle balance, becoming a controlled release of dopamine in which sensuality meets measured elegance.



Supercharged Collection — Initio Parfums Privés

BEAUTY & FRAGRANCE

IS CLINICAL

All iS Clinical formulas are developed and produced in the United States to high pharmaceutical standards. Together, they form a complete, clinically validated skincare system in response to a universal aspiration: healthy, radiant and fully protected skin.









Cleansing Complex — Cleanse · Pro-Heal Serum Advance+ — Treat · Reparative Moisture Emulsion — Moisturise · Extreme Protect SPF 30 — Protect

SCIENCE AND INNOVATION IN THE SERVICE OF SKIN

By the Luxsure editorial team

In cosmeceuticals, iS Clinical has long established itself as a benchmark, combining a scientific approach with high efficacy. Created by Innovative Skincare, the brand pursues a clear mission: to develop advanced formulas that deliver visible results while ensuring complete safety for the skin.

What sets iS Clinical apart is its quintessence of pharmaceutical ingredients and scientific innovation. Its formulas combine high-quality botanical actives with clinically proven technologies. Each product is developed in collaboration with a team of doctors and researchers and is subject to rigorous clinical testing.

The iS Clinical skincare philosophy is based on a simple, effective four-step system: cleanse, treat, moisturise and protect. This approach creates a complete ritual suited to every skin type, every age and every way of life.

The first step is cleansing. The iconic Cleansing Complex deeply purifies the skin, gently exfoliates and prepares it for the treatments that follow without disturbing its natural balance.

The second step is treatment. Pro-Heal Serum Advance+ works on inflammation, protects against oxidative stress and visibly improves the appearance of the skin. Its formula combines vitamin C, olive-leaf extract, and vitamins E and A, helping to soothe the skin and reduce signs of ageing.

The third step is hydration. Reparative Moisture Emulsion provides intense nourishment and promotes skin renewal, strengthening the skin barrier and restoring comfort and elasticity with a complex of antioxidants and bioactives.

Finally, protection. Extreme Protect SPF 30 effectively shields the skin from UVA and UVB rays while combating environmental aggressors responsible for premature ageing.

THE SWISS MADE PARADOX

For a long time, jewellery and watchmaking evolved as complementary expressions of the same world. The Maisons shared the same clientele, distribution networks and promise of excellence in craftsmanship. Yet in 2025, their paths diverged dramatically.

On one side, jewellery continues to show remarkable strength (€381 billion, with growth of +4%), driven by Cartier and Van Cleef & Arpels. Richemont is posting record performances and confirming the rise of a category that has become the main growth engine of global luxury.

A jewel has a heritage and emotional dimension, and sometimes even a financial one, that makes it less sensitive to economic cycles than other categories. Swiss watchmaking, by contrast, is going through a phase of normalisation (CHF 24.4 billion). Volumes are down (-1.4%), Asian markets are slowing, and value creation is now concentrated among a few manufactures capable of commanding their prices and desirability.

The watch industry has never sold so few watches — and rarely so much value. This concentration is striking: the top five manufactures now account for nearly 60% of Swiss watchmaking revenue. Rolex leads the market by a wide margin, followed by Cartier, Patek Philippe, Audemars Piguet and Omega.

Jewellery — $381 bn +4%

Watchmaking — CHF 24.4 bn -1.7%

Richemont — €22.4 bn

Top six = 64 % of the market

JEWELLERY & WATCHES

The stone is still in shadow. It reveals nothing, or almost nothing, of itself. You have to move around it, wait for the light to find the right angle and understand what it is willing to show. At another workbench, a movement bridge is receiving its final polish. The gestures are different, but the attention is the same.

Jewellery and watchmaking have this in common: both work with what eludes them. Light passes through a diamond without ever being contained by it. Time passes through a watch, even when its mechanism claims to measure it. Between the two remains the hand: the one that cuts, engraves, enamels and regulates.

Graff looks at the stone before imagining the jewel — so much so that it has made its new address on Rue Saint-Honoré, designed by Peter Marino, a setting worthy of that exacting standard. At La Fabrique du Temps Louis Vuitton, watchmaking becomes a small theatre: a boat advances, a flower comes to life, Mount Fuji rises through a haze of enamel. Hundreds of hours of work for a few seconds of movement — Matthieu Hegi and Michel Navas tell us what takes place between the drawing and the workbench.

In these pages, virtuosity is never quite the subject. What matters lies elsewhere: in the patience required to begin a piece again, in a polished surface no one will notice, in a stone billions of years old now resting against the skin.

Time keeps passing. So does the light. Yet sometimes an object manages to preserve a little of it.

JEWELLERY & WATCHES

THE SCALE OF SILENCE

THE THEATRES OF TIME

La Fabrique du Temps Louis Vuitton, Meyrin

From the bevelling of a bridge to the pastel dawn of Mount Fuji, a journey through a Manufacture that does not tell the time — it composes it.

By Pascal Iakovou

The file has been silent for a few seconds. In the Meyrin workshop, as the light over the Jura begins to fade behind the panoramic windows, silence is not an absence — it is a material. Michel Navas sets down his tool on the oak workbench, adjusts his loupe and studies the bridge he has just spent three days bevelling. The chamfer is 0.3 mm wide. At that scale, a human hair — fifty microns — is a motorway.

Navas was born into a family of Spanish watchmakers. He studied in Besançon, then worked in the workshops of Audemars Piguet, Patek Philippe and Franck Muller before meeting Enrico Barbasini at Gérald Genta in the 1980s. La Fabrique du Temps was founded in 2007 and acquired by Louis Vuitton in 2011. Two hundred and twenty people. Fifteen hundred pieces a year. Three entities under one roof — Movements, Cases, Arts — and a degree of vertical integration few Geneva manufactures can claim.

What strikes you on entering is neither the sound of the CNC machines, which sometimes run for twenty-four hours straight, nor the mobile robot that can load the milling machines overnight without human intervention. It is the contrast. On one side, digital programming: fifteen to twenty hours of computation for fifteen minutes of machining.

On the other, a finisher who will spend four to fourteen weeks on a single series of wheels, bevelling at thirty degrees edges no naked eye will ever see. The metrology gauge measures down to 0.5 microns. Operators inspect holes 0.150 mm wide — one tenth the thickness of a sheet of paper. One day, a scratch was found at ×25 magnification on a bracelet link. The piece was sent back. It would have been invisible on the wrist.

But the Manufacture would be no more than a precision workshop without the floor above, where Matthieu Hegi draws. Trained at HEAD in Geneva and a gemmology graduate in London, the artistic director still works by hand in three-quarter perspective, always starting at six o'clock on the dial, with watercolour or gouache, before moving to Illustrator. Some of his colleagues model directly in 3D.

He sees this coexistence as an asset. His dialogue with Navas is constant and informal. "It's not me in my corner deciding everything," Hegi says. "Once I've finished the first sketch of a movement, I go and see Michel and Enrico to get their feedback." This collegiality — drawing, engineering, manufacture — is the true calibre of La Fabrique du Temps.


ABC
AB
EFGH
LV

VANITAS, BIAN LIAN, BUSHIDO

It is from this conversation that the automata emerge, the Manufacture's speciality. Navas and Barbasini chose to restore the jacquemart automaton to its original purpose: telling the time, but in their own way. Since 2021, five pieces have made up a journey in which each stop is a miniature theatre.

The Tambour Carpe Diem (2021) opens the cycle with European Vanitas. At rest, time is invisible. Then a serpent-shaped pusher triggers sixteen seconds of spectacle: jumping hours on a skull's forehead, retrograde minutes on the reptile's tail, and a jaw opening onto the words "Carpe Diem" between two rows of enamelled teeth by Anita Porchet. Calibre LV 525, 426 components, one hundred hours of power reserve. The Audacity Prize at the Grand Prix d'Horlogerie de Genève confirmed what specialists had sensed: Louis Vuitton was no longer playing in the same league.

The Tambour Opera Automata (2023) leaves Europe for Sichuan. The same calibre and five-animation architecture, but a radically different world. Painted in red, black and white cloisonné enamel, the opera mask shifts from joy to sorrow in sixteen seconds. The pusher is an imperial dragon in rose gold — five claws, ruby eyes — engraved by Dick Steenman. On the caseback, the bridges echo the shape of the Chinese mask, just as those on the Carpe Diem formed a skull. Each piece speaks to the one before it without ever repeating it.

In 2025, the Tambour Bushido Automata reaches Japan. The samurai's menpō mask, engraved in bas-relief in white gold and then covered with two layers of red enamel, shifts from serenity to fierce determination. Steenman sculpted the kabuto in rose gold, heated it until it scaled, then reworked it by hand to reveal the gold beneath through the translucent surface. One hundred and forty hours of engraving, one hundred and twenty of enamelling. For the first time, the case and bezel are entirely engraved and enamelled: two hundred hours of work for the caseband alone. Every case is unique.


LOUIS VUITTON
0 10 20 30 40 50 60

TAMBOUR TAIKO ARTY AUTOMATA, THE REFRAIN

Then the workshop shifts elsewhere. On another bench rests a tiny dial, a domed continent supporting twenty miniature pieces arranged on four levels. A pair of lips in a vermilion almost impossible to achieve in Grand Feu enamel. An eye whose lashes are real feathers, placed one by one by a feather worker. A candy-pink heart that a small jaw seems about to bite. At the centre, the word LOVE, with a diamond set into its L, awaits activation.

All it takes is a press on the pusher at eight o'clock. The four Monogram flowers move in opposite directions, their diamond-set pistils flashing briefly. The blue iris sweeps across the dial's horizon. The heart sways between the teeth as if looking for a way out. And the L in LOVE slides to the left, revealing an M that had been hidden until then: LOVE becomes MOVE. The injunction is discreet, almost childlike, but it says something about our time — the Manufacture's way of letting the gravity of the gesture coexist with the message's gentle irony.

The Tambour Taiko Arty Automata houses calibre LFT AU05.01: 363 components, sixty-five hours of power reserve and a flying tourbillon at six o'clock whose upper bridge follows the peace symbol drawn by Gerald Holtom in 1958. The dial alone required twenty-three shades of enamel and more than 250 hours of handwork, with every colour fired at its own temperature threshold. Red and pink come last, those capricious shades that only a few enamellers still know how to keep steady in the kiln. The bezel, set with a rainbow of baguette-cut sapphires and rubies, echoes the enamel hues without eclipsing the dial. On the reverse, the eighteen-carat white-gold rotor is covered in opal-blue clouds pierced by rays of sunlight, painted in miniature by the artisans of La Fabrique des Arts: a hidden extension of the scene playing out on the dial.


Louis Vuitton
LOVE

STOPS AROUND THE WORLD

An automaton watch has always been a way of slipping a fable into a movement. This one prefers a pop refrain to a pastoral scene — the same lightness, a different century. The tourbillon turns; the flower turns; the eye watches. The wrist will decide the rest.

With the Escale en Amazonie pocket watch (2025), La Fabrique du Temps crosses a new threshold of complexity. The manually wound LFT AU14.03 calibre has 555 components, 72 jewels, an eight-day power reserve, a minute repeater, a tourbillon and seven automata animating fifteen moving elements. The repeater's energy powers the chime and animation at the same time, regulated by a centrifugal governor developed exclusively in Meyrin. A canoe glides through the vegetation; trunks open to reveal Monogram Flowers; two parrots move their heads and wings; a snake less than a centimetre long moves its head and tail at different speeds through a cam mechanism without a return spring. In a symbolic reversal, the hands sit on the caseback, leaving the dial clear for the spectacle.


LOUIS VUITTON

ESCALE AT MOUNT FUJI — THE PASTEL DAWN

Thirty-one shades of enamel — translucent, opaque, opalescent — and thirty firings. The sapphire crystal itself is decorated with miniature enamel, a first in the Maison's history; five shades are fixed in the very first firing, with no margin for error. Bevelling the 646 inward angles took up to ten hours of work per piece. A single master watchmaker assembled the movement from start to finish. One of a kind. One thousand hours of work.

In 2026, the Escale au Mont Fuji continues the journey towards the Far East. The dial sets a Japanese spring dawn: the sun rises behind the famous peak, the sky fading through pastel shades of pink, yellow and blue as a wooden fishing boat glides along a river reflecting silver. On board, Ebisu, the popular Japanese god of luck, holds a fishing rod and a sea bream — symbols of wealth and prosperity. Louis Vuitton trunks sculpted in gold open slowly to reveal small Monogram Flowers. At twelve o'clock, a gold compass rose turns beneath a sky dotted with raised Monograms.

The frame is botanical. Nine cherry blossoms, sculpted in yellow gold in the shape of the Monogram Flower, surround Mount Fuji. Shaped in pink and red enamel, they move gently under the automaton's impulse, evoking a spring breeze. The master engraver calculated the weight of each gold flower to ensure the mechanism's fluidity. Every detail of the fisherman was meticulously chiselled: his moustache, nose and hat creases; the sea bream tucked under his arm, its tiny mouth and eyes; the fishing net overlapping the hull. All these elements measure only a few dozen millimetres. To achieve them, the engraver forged his own tools from metal pieces he had cut himself. On the caseband, the seigaiha pattern — traditional Japanese waves — conceals discreet Monogram Flowers in the ripples, as if the Maison were playing hide-and-seek with the sea. One hundred and sixty hours of engraving in all, forty of them for the case alone.


LOUIS VUITTON

ESCALE AT MOUNT FUJI — THE PASTEL DAWN

The same LFT AU14.03 calibre now has 561 components and 68 jewels. Minute repeater, tourbillon, four animations. Seven hundred internal angles bevelled by hand. The concave sculpting of the ratchet wheel alone took three weeks. The hands, blued by flame, are on the caseback. Five hundred hours of assembly and finishing for the movement alone.

Here, enamel unfolds the full range of its vocabulary. Grand Feu, champlevé, paillonné and miniature: four techniques orchestrated in thirty-three pastel shades, across forty firings, each carrying the risk of breaking the dial and starting over. The sky bears white miniature-enamel Monogram Flowers, slightly raised and blending into the gradient like camouflage. For the river, instead of using several leaves of gold, a single sheet of silver was used in paillonné. Silver reacts differently to firing, creating a unique texture that makes the water seem to shimmer in the rising sun. Mount Fuji itself stands in miniature, painted with a brush barely a few hairs thick; the buildings fade into the morning mist. Three hundred hours of enamelling.

“The aim is to go beyond standard traditional techniques,” Hegi says, “whether by inventing bespoke tools or achieving unparalleled micro-engraving.” Like its predecessor, this unique piece required more than a thousand hours of work. It comes with a white-gold chain, a trunk made in Asnières in the Maison’s historic workshops, and a doctor’s bag inspired by a 1906 motor trunk in the Louis Vuitton archives. Both are made in a pale blue that echoes the timepiece’s pastel tones.



THE CONNECTING THREAD

It would take a word to describe what La Fabrique du Temps does. It is not haute horlogerie in the strict sense, though it contains everything that term implies. It is not watchmaking as spectacle, since each animation tells the time. Nor is it decorative craft applied to watchmaking, because engraving and enamel do not decorate the movement — they are the movement.

The thread running through it all is travel. Carpe Diem: the Vanitas. Opera: Sichuan. Bushido: samurai Japan. Amazonie: the far reaches. Mont Fuji: dawn. Louis Vuitton was born in 1821 in the Jura, a few kilometres from Meyrin. Its founder was a layetier-emballeur, a maker of boxes to protect what people carry on a journey. The case of the Escale au Mont Fuji protects what is most precious: time.

At the same time, Navas and Barbasini are leading the revival of Daniel Roth and Gérald Genta, two dormant Maisons whose artistic direction Hegi oversees. Daniel Roth cases are guilloché on nineteenth-century machines operated entirely by hand. Only three watchmakers in Meyrin are qualified to assemble the automaton calibres. Three people in a Manufacture of 220, working on pieces whose development takes five to six years.

In the entrance hall, painted letters on wooden panels — the kind once painted on trunks — inspired the dial of the Escale Worldtime, hand-painted in thirty-eight colours with a brush made of a single hair.

One brush. One hair. Thirty-eight colours. Somewhere between gesture and time, the Manufacture continues to make objects that do not tell the time — they compose it.

Contributors: Michel Navas, master watchmaker · Enrico Barbasini, master watchmaker · Matthieu Hegi, artistic director · Dick Steenman, master engraver La Fabrique du Temps Louis Vuitton, Meyrin, Canton of Geneva

Selected pieces Tambour Carpe Diem (2021) · calibre LV 525 · 426 components · 18K rose gold · 46.8 mm Tambour Opera Automata (2023) · calibre LV 525 · 426 components · 18K rose gold · 46.8 mm Tambour Bushido Automata (2025) · calibre LV 525 · 426 components · 18K rose gold · 46.8 mm Tambour Taiko Arty Automata (2026) · calibre LFT AU05.01 · 363 components · 18K white gold · 42 mm · flying tourbillon · seven animations Escale en Amazonie (2025) · calibre LFT AU14.03 · 555 components · 18K white gold · 50 mm · unique piece Escale au Mont Fuji (2026) · calibre LFT AU14.03 · 561 components · 18K white gold · 50 mm · unique piece



INTERVIEW WITH MATTHIEU HEGI AND MICHEL NAVAS

CAREER & INDEPENDENCE

Jewellery & Watches · Pascal Iakovou

Pascal Iakovou: Matthieu, your background connects watch design at HEAD in Geneva, gemmology in London, Piaget, and then five years as an independent designer on Place Vendôme. You joined Louis Vuitton in 2013. What was it about Louis Vuitton's watchmaking project that persuaded you to give up your independence? How did that meeting come about?

Matthieu Hegi: It is interesting, because it was not a sudden event, a relationship with Vuitton that happened overnight. It came about very subtly. I have this background in watchmaking... I have always been passionate about materials and watches, and that shaped my studies. I think it is a common thread with everyone you have met at La Fabrique du Temps: everyone has this almost binary passion. My path included my studies, then gemmology in London — my father thought that with that degree I would never find a job, so it was extra insurance. Then it gave me the chance to go to Piaget, where I was fortunate enough to work for ten years. After ten years, I was in a certain frame of mind: I wanted to broaden my horizons and meet different people, Maisons and products. That is why I became independent.

When I chose to work independently — I explain this every time — there were two ways to approach it. You could build a design studio with employees, or you could do what I did and focus purely on the product. To do that, I stayed independent: no design studio, just me as a designer. That generally limits you to three clients. I mention it because, among those three, one day — it always works through a network — a former Piaget colleague told me, "Listen, I'm at Vuitton now. Could you come and help me?" Gradually, a minor client became a major one. So it was a very fluid, steady process.

When people talk about giving up independence, I accepted because, in very concrete terms, I had always retained it in my creative relationship with the LVMH group, which places a great deal of emphasis on creators' independence. I did not feel I was losing independence. When Jean arrived, he offered me a project: setting up a studio for three Maisons.

I would be able to work again for my three clients: Gérald Genta, Daniel Roth and Louis Vuitton. So I had no reason to refuse the move — leaving one form of independence to find another, with a creative studio, my creative independence and my three clients. I do not feel I lost anything. On the contrary, I feel we enrich one another — La Fabrique du Temps, the three Maisons and me — in both creation and product development. I can bring the expertise I have built over all these years and stay in an intensely creative world with three Maisons, while finding my independence again within that setting.



MEETING ENRICO BARBASINI

Pascal Iakovou: Michel, you have worked at Audemars Piguet, Patek Philippe, Gérald Genta and Franck Muller — some of the finest names in Swiss watchmaking. You met Enrico Barbasini at Genta. What do you remember about meeting him and the rapport you have shared for thirty years?

Michel Navas: What I remember is that after leaving Patek Philippe, I joined Franck Muller, which was a small Maison at the time compared with those two giants. Enrico was on the small team, and he was absolutely curious. He came straight over to find out who I was while the other colleagues stayed at their workstations. He was very curious. Since then, it is true, we have done everything together. We share this wish to discover other people, this human side. We are still together today and enjoy working together, even when we do not always agree — because in the end, what matters is the object we deliver. And it works very well.

FREEDOM AND HERITAGE

Pascal Iakovou: You have said that Louis Vuitton's lack of watchmaking heritage was an advantage, a source of freedom. Twenty-four years after the first Tambour, four Manufacture calibres were presented in Milan in 2026. Do you now feel the weight of a legacy, or is that freedom still intact?

Michel Navas: It is true, I often say that. Compared with traditional watchmaking, Louis Vuitton is a young Maison — twenty-four years old. You could see that as a handicap. I see it as a chance: the chance not to carry a centuries-old legacy and to offer something you do not find at other Maisons. It gives us the audacity and the desire to offer what others do not — and what their heritage might sometimes prevent them from doing. For me, that is a major advantage, and you can feel it in our collection. Our clients come for that too: what my colleagues and I develop at La Fabrique du Temps could not be developed in those large Maisons. They would have to create a kind of spin-off inside those companies, something like La Fabrique du Temps.

The freedom is still there. We are entirely free to express the ideas that come to mind. Then, at the executive committee, we present them. Some are taken up straight away; others are scheduled. But we are completely free to put forward new ideas. On the contrary, we are encouraged to do so.



Matthieu Hegi: I would just add something to what Michel said. What I have noticed — and I think Michel would say the same — is that at the Maisons where we worked before, we produced a lot of ideas and very few were retained. Here, we produce a lot of ideas and a lot of them are retained. That proves one thing: this is a Maison that is always asking for creativity. And I think that is what makes La Fabrique du Temps strong — and Louis Vuitton in watchmaking generally, and in every field. When we speak with people in other crafts — Jacques Cavallier in perfumery, for example — it is the same story. They talk about freedom and extraordinary creativity. The number of fragrances he has launched is a telling example.

FROM SKETCH TO WATCH

Pascal Iakovou: Matthieu, you sketch in watercolour and gouache before going digital. At what point do you know a sketch will become a watch? What are the stages until you see the watch printed in 3D? What do you see in real life that you did not see in the sketch?

Matthieu Hegi: There are two working methods, depending on the kind of product. I insist on this because products involving métiers d'art follow a different process. The two approaches have one thing in common: they begin with a pencil. The question is simply when to bring the computer into the creative process. With premium models, we move very quickly from pencil to computer. For métiers d'art, we go from pencil to gouache and watercolour, and we take that artistic process much further before creating a product. That is the idea.

The Mont Fuji pocket watch is a very good example. I draw and take the gouache work and drawings a long way because I do them by hand, with all the time that entails. In the same way, the artisans will take a long time to make it by hand. There is a fidelity to the process, and it carries through to the execution of a piece involving métiers d'art, producing a very strong emotion in our clients. In fact, we are the first to feel that emotion when we receive the finished product.

That is the big difference in the way we work compared, for example, with an Escale case. For that, I make my sketches, then the first drawings on the computer, and then we develop it in three dimensions on the computer. It is much faster.

REINTERPRETING HERITAGE: MONTEREY AND OURSIN

Pascal Iakovou: Let us talk about heritage through the Monterey, which reinterprets Gae Aulenti's LV I and LV II, and the Gentissima Oursin, which comes directly from Gérald Genta. How did you reinterpret these pieces? What did you keep intact, and what did you change?

Matthieu Hegi: The exercise was very interesting for us, because the usual work of a designer... We are watch couturiers: we dress a movement. We dress a movement, really. With the Monterey, we had to find the contents to put inside it, so the approach was different. We stayed as close as possible to the spirit of that pebble shape — anyone who has held both watches can see the lineage — while bringing in our expertise and a dial design that fits the movement we put inside. It is worth remembering that the original model was quartz. La Fabrique du Temps's contribution is to create mechanical movements. The challenge is that a quartz movement in those dimensions has very different proportions from a mechanical movement. That is where the designer's eye comes in: visually, you do not realise that the new watch is much thicker than the old one. It comes down to calculating the curves and deciding how to dress and reinterpret it.



Then we respect the original product: if you turn the Monterey over, you do not see a screw. On the dial, we look for the essence, the spirit of Gae Aulenti's design: the minute markers, the different colours and the highly emblematic enamels. We choose the fundamental elements of the watch's aesthetic and respect them while adapting them to the constraints of the new movement.

The Oursin is very interesting. For me, it is the piece that connected Gérald Genta of the past with Gérald Genta today. It is a reconnection. Michel, Jean and I chose it together. We went through all the archive pieces, and everyone kept returning to this one. Everyone said, "It's incredible." I had the feeling that when Genta created it, it was a very intimate piece, made in very small numbers. But I think he had created something exceptional. How do we stay true to it? How do we reinterpret it? By bringing the expertise we have today.

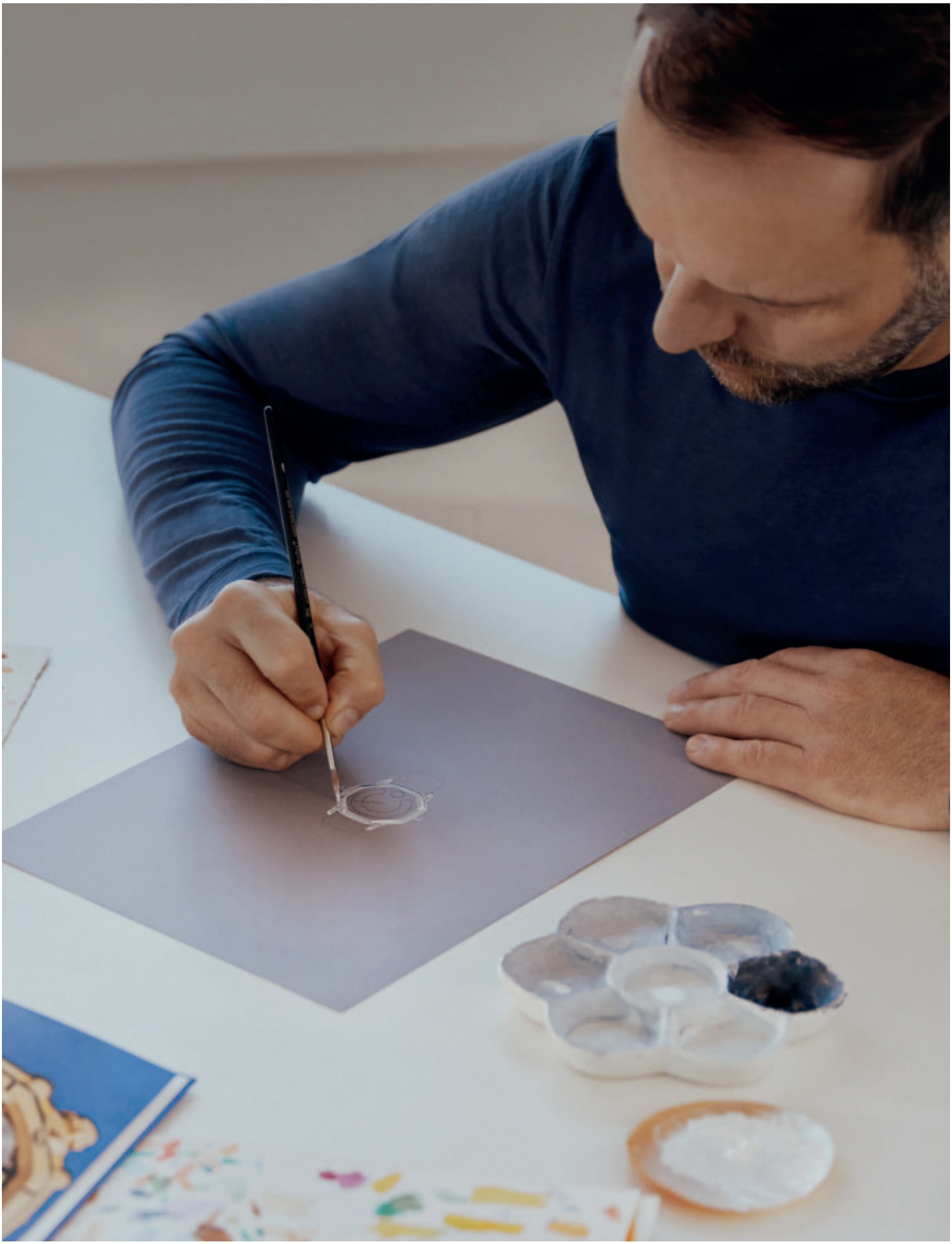
The difference from the first model is that back then the bezel was all one colour and material, and everything was milled with a small cutter. Today, the balls are attached separately. We went to the case technicians, who worked out how to attach all 240 balls around the bezel while keeping the case water-resistant and allowing the balls to be made from different materials. It shows how far new techniques can take us. We also added something from Genta's identity. The sea urchin is a pentagon, not a circle, as people think. When I saw that, I thought: pentagon, octagon... the octagon is Gérald Genta's signature symbol. We added that element. It is very subtle, but the crystal is an octagon.

Pascal Iakovou: Michel, you worked at Gérald Genta in the 1980s. Enrico built his first minute repeater there on his very first day. Forty years later, you are working for that brand. Emotionally, what is it like to lead the workshops today? What do you recognise from that time?

GÉRALD GENTA AND DANIEL ROTH: RETURNING TO THE SOURCE

Michel Navas: First of all, it was a huge surprise. We did not expect it. Taking over the brand was an incredible emotion, and it still is today. It is a responsibility we fully accept, because perhaps we are the last two watchmakers who worked with him for so many years and are still active today. It is a great responsibility, but also a great pleasure.

We went to see Madame Genta. It is the same with Daniel Roth — a very moving experience. Daniel is still alive, but he is very elderly and very frail. Jean, Enrico and I went to see him for the first time, and we continue to visit him roughly every two months. He also comes to La Fabrique du Temps. That is what I appreciate. We could choose not to go, but out of respect and affection... We also show him the products we have made each time. He often makes us proud when he says, "What a beautiful watch! This new tourbillon... Are you going to develop that new double ellipse like the one I made?" It is a tremendous moment of pride.



THREE MAISONS, THREE IDENTITIES

Pascal Iakovou: Matthieu, you oversee the creative direction of three Maisons: Louis Vuitton, Gérald Genta and Daniel Roth. Their identities are very different. How do you prevent one brand's visual language from contaminating another's?

Matthieu Hegi: That goes back to what I said about my background. I have done this all my life. I have always worked for three different Maisons. It is a stylistic exercise you acquire, part of a designer's job: knowing how to move from one Maison to another without mixing their codes. I should say that it is all the easier because these three Maisons inhabit very different worlds. If I had to do the same exercise with two Maisons that were close to one another, in the same segment, it would be much riskier and more complicated.

With Daniel Roth, the substance matters more than the container, because the form has been fixed. My role is to respect the aesthetic of the latest models. With Gérald Genta, by contrast, we need an abundance of creativity and a way to reinterpret that Latin character, which is also chic. Then there is Louis Vuitton, a third client, where creativity is also central, but within a world connected to travel goods and all the themes around travel. I have three Maisons with clearly distinct identities, and those very clear identities make the exercise much easier.

THE MOMENT A WATCH COMES TO LIFE

Pascal Iakovou: Michel, a watch can take three years to develop — a piece such as the Tambour Carpe Diem, for example. There are so many tiny components and assemblies. As the watch's conductor, when do you feel it comes to life?

Michel Navas: If we compare it with high jewellery... a watch is alive. That is the difference between a watch and a jewel. When we begin development, start assembling the prototype and its heart begins to beat — when the balance starts to oscillate and work — that is a great emotion, because it works.

With the Carpe Diem, there is also an animation; it is theatre. Everything has to work in a realistic way, even though watchmaking is very mathematical: wheels and pinions come together, pawls rise and fall. Yet the result has to feel very realistic. It is another great emotion when we succeed in making the movements of the characters, animals, cars or boats look lifelike. It is a journey from a very Cartesian, mathematical starting point to a very human, realistic destination. There are many small emotions. But to answer your question: when the heart starts beating, that is a powerful emotion. I remember projects that had never existed before, watching them evolve and begin to live. That is something.

THE PIECE THAT SUMS UP A VISION

Pascal Iakovou: Matthieu, if you had to choose one piece you have created since your appointment as artistic director at La Fabrique du Temps, which would you choose?



NINETEENTH-CENTURY GUILLOCHÉ MACHINES

Matthieu Hegi: That is always the most... I usually say that my favourite piece is the one I am working on at the moment. Always the next one in the process. Unfortunately, we cannot discuss it — that is a way of dodging the question. Now, to be completely honest... there is a great comfort in forgetting that I have a watch on my wrist. But if I wear the Oursin, for example, there is also the intriguing meteorite beneath the dial. There is always an emotion in each of these products. Every time, I find a little of that stardust I put into these watches. That is what I enjoy.

Pascal Iakovou: Let us talk about craftsmanship and preserving know-how, including the nineteenth-century guilloché machines, one of which dates from 1850. What does such an old machine do in a world this modern? And how do you pass on these gestures that almost no one practises any more?

Michel Navas: The great difficulty, as you mentioned, is finding these machines. We are fortunate to have five. Four have been completely restored — one from 1850, the others not much newer. We will soon receive another, currently with the last restorer of these machines, who lives in Lausanne. We are proud to have the machines and the artisans who use them; they are very rare as well.

Having these machines means we can work guilloché in the traditional way. It is a little like haute couture: the human cost. In haute couture, you will find minute differences from one dress to another; the stitching will be slightly different. An industrial machine would make every one identical. With traditional guilloché, there may be a small difference from one piece to the next. That is the made-to-measure, artisanal quality. The level of detail is possible because the machine is operated by hand. I think of the moustaches on the Daniel Roth dial: two curved, tapered, S-shaped sections that are extremely difficult to make on a contemporary machine, but possible on the old ones because you guide them by hand.

Matthieu Hegi: If I may add something... What you say is exactly right. There is the hand — we always talk about the hand. The result is that there is always a minute imperfection, barely visible to the eye, yet the eye understands it. That is the whole difference: the dial, or the top of a Convergence, does not feel dry. It has something. It stirs an emotion. Machine-made lines feel much drier.

Pascal Iakovou: Michel, the Louis Vuitton Watch Prize is coming up soon, and you are involved in it. What importance do you attach to the prize, to passing on knowledge, and what is your role?



THE LV WATCH PRIZE AND TRANSMISSION

Michel Navas: In our profession, it is about transmission. That is what I do every day here at La Fabrique du Temps: passing on our knowledge — Enrico, my colleagues and I. Whatever we can pass on, we do. And it comes back to us a hundredfold, because people learn. It is about openness, about passing the baton. We continue to do that. Jean decided to create this prize to reward a young independent watchmaker who wants to launch a Maison, to launch a product. I think it is fantastic to encourage them. Passing on the baton is of the greatest importance to me. I have done that throughout my career, and we continue to do so with this Watch Prize. In a few days, in fact.

Matthieu Hegi: Just one word about transmission, because something has come back to me and I think it is fundamental. It is not my phrase; it comes from Enrico. He told me: “My goal is not to be indispensable. It is to be dispensable.” That says everything about transmission. I think that is exactly what Michel means: our goal is for everything to live on without us. It has to live without us. We have to be dispensable, not indispensable. That is transmission.

Pascal Iakovou: Perhaps one last open-ended question: what can we wish for the future of your collaboration — you, Matthieu, Michel and Enrico — in this Maison?

Michel Navas: That it never ends.

Interview conducted by Pascal Iakovou at La Fabrique du Temps Louis Vuitton, Meyrin, Geneva — March 2026

TO CONCLUDE

11 rue Daguerre, 75014 Paris www.schallcollection.com Cécile Schall — Lucas d’Aram Instagram · LinkedIn



JEWELLERY & WATCHES

THE STONE AND THE GAZE

GRAFF TAKES FLIGHT IN PARIS

By Pascal Iakovou

Heritage and transmission

There are mornings in Hatton Garden when the light arrives at an angle, filtered through the grey façades of London's jewellers' quarter, and lays an almost mineral clarity across the windows. It was in this light that a young apprentice, in the early 1950s, learned to look at diamonds differently — not as objects to sell, but as riddles to solve.

Laurence Graff was fifteen. He did not yet have a Maison. He had a gift: seeing, within the shapeless mass of a rough gemstone, the piece it might become, buried there and waiting for a hand to set it free.

Sixty-five years after the founding of Graff, that gift has not changed in nature. It has been passed on, institutionalised and carried across generations, yet it remains at the heart of every acquisition. The clearest proof lies in a few figures that read like a poem of rarity: in 2017, Graff acquired the 1,109-carat rough Lesedi La Rona for $53 million. Discovered at the Karowe mine in Botswana, it was the largest gem-quality rough diamond unearthed in more than a century.

Paris has always held a special place in Graff's emotional geography. Place Vendôme, the global epicentre of high jewellery, has long hosted a Maison presence within the Ritz. But it is on Rue Saint-Honoré, a few hundred metres away, that the most ambitious Graff boutique ever designed in France has opened. New York architect Peter Marino conceived its approximately 370 square metres with a formal generosity that calls to mind both palaces and jewel cases.

The boutique is arranged into distinct spaces, each with its own logic and its own silence. A bridal-collection salon whose vaulted ceiling evokes the geometry of an engagement ring. A treasure room whose small doors open onto carefully concealed High Jewellery pieces. An entrance gallery with a seven-metre ceiling, where the faceted-glass vitrines echo the cuts of the gems they contain.



JEWELLERY & WATCHES

THE METAMORPHOSIS AS MATERIAL

In the history of jewellery, certain motifs withstand the wear of time not because they are beautiful, but because they are true. The butterfly is one of them. Present in Graff's vocabulary for more than half a century, it owes nothing to fashion; it owes everything to what it represents: transformation in its most intimate form, the chrysalis giving way and the flight that follows. That is the metaphor the new Butterfly campaign, launched in March 2026, unfolds with admirable precision.

Anne-Eva Geffroy, the Maison's artistic director, describes every curve, contour and proportion as having been studied with absolute precision. This is no formula of convenience. The collection's centrepiece begins with two pear-shaped stones and two marquises which, once set together, form the silhouette of wings. This construction — four stones, one image — perfectly sums up Graff's philosophy: the design comes from geological constraint, not the designer's will.

Colour plays a role that earlier editions had not explored with such freedom. A parure of more than 41 carats of rubies and diamonds gives the wings a transition from deep red to pure white, each contour outlined by fine pavé in white gold. Elsewhere, blue sapphires blend through a gradient of tourmalines to white diamonds, for a total of more than 33 carats in a single necklace, earrings and ring set. This is a realm of meticulous nuance: colour is not simply applied; it is orchestrated.



JEWELLERY & WATCHES

THE TRAVELLING STONE

ANTIQUITY, REIMAGINED

By the Luxsure editorial team

Four dials, four ancient civilisations — and, for the first time, a material that is not gold but the very stone used in the original works.

Vacheron Constantin × Louvre: when the museum meets watchmaking

At the centre of the table, a perforated dish holds a fragment of limestone sandstone only a few millimetres wide. Beneath the binocular microscope, a face emerges: pointed chin, elongated eyes, full lips. Akhenaten. The heretic pharaoh, devoted to the solitary worship of Aten, whose reforms Tutankhamun would erase the following century. Here he is, 3,300 years after his reign, captured in the same stone as the original, reduced to a scale at which every shadow matters and every incision is measured in microns.

The glyptic artist has not looked up for a long time.

Vacheron Constantin chose this gesture as the guiding thread of a new Métiers d'Art series, Hommage aux Grandes Civilisations, presented in April 2026. Four dials, four civilisations, fifteen pieces per model: Akhenaten's Egypt, the Neo-Assyrian Empire of Sargon II, Greece's Golden Age and imperial Rome. It continues the partnership with the Louvre Museum established in 2019; the first series appeared in 2022. We are told it took three years of development to reach this second stage.

The defining detail lies in the material itself.

Until now, the central appliqués in the Métiers d'Art series had been sculpted in gold. This time they are stone — and not just any stone. For the bust of Akhenaten, the Maison sourced limestone sandstone from Egypt's Sinai Peninsula: exactly the stone used to carve the original colossus found at Amarna in the nineteenth century. For the Athena of Velletri, a Roman copy of a lost Greek bronze by Cresilas, they had to find Parian marble, the white rock with large crystals that Aegean sculptors adopted in the Classical period. The Tiber from the Iseum Campense, a river god reclining with a belly heavy with fruit, is rendered in Italian marble. The Lamassu, the winged bull with a human head that guarded the palace at Dur-Sharrukin, is carved from Italian limestone sandstone chosen for its greater hardness than the original gypsum.

"It is a first in the world of Vacheron Constantin," says Sandrine Donguy, the Maison's director of product marketing and creation. The phrase sounds technical. In reality, it implies an aesthetic. Sculpting stone at dial scale — only a few millimetres thick, under a binocular microscope, through progressive abrasion — is nothing like engraving metal with a burin. Stone does not forgive: its strata, inclusions and varying hardness guide the hand as much as the hand shapes the stone. One wrong movement, and weeks of work must begin again.



JEWELLERY & WATCHES

The bust of Akhenaten alone required some sixty hours for the central appliqué and its neighbouring cartouche, engraved in the same sandstone after a wall relief at Karnak. The two concentric friezes around the pharaoh, a turquoise engraved with a drypoint after the necklace of Nakhti, and an inner champlevé section combining red mother-of-pearl, chrysoprase, opaline and sodalite in a gold-wire pattern took another 150 hours. On the Lamassu, the red-tinted flinqué enamel enhancing the creature's feathers alone required 145 hours. Across all crafts, each dial in the series takes between 120 and 220 hours, not counting the three years of prior research.

Nine métiers d'art converge. Glyptics and sculpture for the central figures. Micro-mosaic for the Tiber's cornucopia, reproduced in thousands of fragments of jasper, chrysocolla and opaline after a second-century Tunisian mosaic held at the Louvre. Cloisonné marquetry inserts the tesserae into an engraved gold framework. Champlevé and flinqué enamel. Miniature painting fills the spaces between the stones. Drypoint engraving. Gold leaf. Everything is adjusted to the nearest micron and assembled like a puzzle that tolerates no approximation, lest the work already completed be damaged.

The movement choice is no accident. The 2460 G4/2 Manufacture calibre — 237 components, 6.5 mm thick, beating at four hertz, with a forty-hour power reserve — displays hours, minutes, day and date in four peripheral apertures. No hand crosses the dial. The artwork can occupy its entire surface. On the back, visible through the sapphire caseback, the oscillating weight is engraved after an eighteenth-century lithograph of the Louvre's east façade, with the Le Vau and Perrault colonnade. The Maison says the printing plate was carved by hand before it was used for stamping.

A 42 mm case, in white or rose gold depending on the piece, carries high-watchmaking finishes that meet the Hallmark of Geneva: bevelled bridges decorated with Côtes de Genève, a circular-grained plate and visible circled wheels. For those looking for technical precision.

What remains is what technical sheets cannot capture. Beneath the glyptic artist's loupe, a hand repeats a gesture inherited from classical antiquity, working a fragment of stone that sometimes comes from the same quarries as the work being reproduced. From Sinai to Genthod, from Paros to Plan-les-Ouates, the stone has travelled. Once monumental, sometimes colossal, it now rests in the hollow of a wrist. One might call that modest. Or one might see it, conversely, as a form of archaeological exactitude — proof that a temple and a dial, separated by thirty centuries, can share the same raw material.

In Paris, behind the Louvre's display cases, the bust of Akhenaten continues to gaze east. In Geneva, inside a round case, its smaller double does the same, down to the second.


VACHERON CONSTANTIN
GENEVE

THE END OF HYPERGROWTH

For decades, the great Maisons built their power on a belief: that a high price naturally translated exceptional quality, rare craftsmanship and a certain idea of exclusivity. That belief has weakened. After the post-Covid euphoria, fashion and accessories entered a period of doubt.

Successive price increases, sometimes far above inflation, have gradually stretched the relationship between price and perceived value. At the same time, the multiplication of collections, collaborations and public statements has overexposed brands whose power once rested partly on their rarity.

A crisis of confidence added to the fatigue: controversies around subcontracting chains in Italy have fractured one of luxury's founding stories, the idea that Made in Italy or Made in France necessarily means artisanal excellence. A form of Luxury Fatigue has set in. Yet in the middle of this crisis of desirability, one small Gaulish village continues to resist, at 24 Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré.

Hermès seems to move against the current of almost the entire industry. Where others have multiplied products, the Maison cultivates rarity. Where luxury has accelerated, it claims time. Where brands speak ever more, Hermès continues to let the object speak. Its performance may reveal the true nature of the current crisis: it is not the desire for luxury that is disappearing, but belief in certain promises and certain brands that is eroding.

Personal luxury — €358bn -2%

330 million consumers

Hermès — €16bn +13%

Hermès margin — approximately 40%

FASHION & ACCESSORIES

A dress can begin with a tablecloth cut up on a kitchen table. In Damour, Elie Saab was nine when he dressed his sisters this way, without a pattern or any training, guided by an instinct that years in the atelier would later discipline. Elsewhere, Stéphane Rolland draws a line while almost unconsciously choosing the material that will give it form. Crepe is moulded with steam, directly on the body, until it holds without a dart and takes on the density of a sculpture.

Fashion often begins with this silent conversation between an idea and what the material will allow it to become. The drawing proposes. The fabric resists, falls, stretches or slips away. Sometimes two or three hundred hours are needed for a silhouette to look simple. Spareness is rarely an absence of work. It is work in its most discreet form.

At Elie Saab, light settles on the embroidery, crystals and metallic threads applied in the Beirut ateliers — a city the Maison never invokes as a mere backdrop, but as a language one does not forget. At Stéphane Rolland, it slides over volumes inspired by Niemeyer, Zaha Hadid or the blacks of Spanish painting.

Two different forms of expression, but one conviction: haute couture cannot be reduced to the spectacle of the runway. It rests on gestures learned slowly, on first hands and artisans whose presence remains perceptible after the spotlights have gone out.

In the Marche region, the three Giusti sisters work six-handed. Sara leads, Vera draws, Marianna develops. The Maison founded by their grandfather in 1958 is now supported by a team in which women account for 65% of the workforce. A sketch becomes a technical drawing, then a volume on a wooden last; the leather is cut, reinforced, stitched and mounted on the upper before the sole closes the object.

The sacchetto method, which gives a shoe its flexibility, remains a gesture no machine can replace — any more than it can replace leather weaving or hand embroidery. At AGL, they still say that the creative idea guides every stage, and that Made in Italy is not an argument but a responsibility: all production remains concentrated at the family factory in the Marche, powered since 2006 by its own solar panels.

FASHION & ACCESSORIES

ELIE SAAB, THE GOLDEN THREAD

A portrait of a couturier who never stopped drawing light

By Pascal Iakovou

It began with curtains. In Damour, in the family home that civil war would soon erase, a nine-year-old boy cut up tablecloths and drapes to make dresses. His sisters became the models. The kitchen table became his workbench. No one had taught him about cutting, patterns, bias or drape. He simply knew.

In 1975, the family fled Damour under bombardment. Ten people crowded into a car bound for Beirut. Elie, the eldest of five children, was eleven. He took with him what war could not destroy: the certainty that he would dress women.

Seven years later, at eighteen, he opened his first atelier in the Lebanese capital. About ten seamstresses. No diploma. His first collection was presented at Casino du Liban. The dresses were long and fluid, embroidered with sequins and gold thread. Success came immediately.

It would take fifteen years for the rest of the world to look. In 1997, the Camera Nazionale della Moda invited Elie Saab to show in Rome — the first non-Italian designer to receive the honour. Then came Paris, in 2000, at the invitation of the Chambre Syndicale de la Haute Couture. The Beirut couturier entered the official calendar as its fourth non-French designer, after Valentino, Armani and Versace.

RECOGNITION AROUND THE WORLD

March 2002. The 74th Academy Awards. Halle Berry walked onto the stage in a burgundy dress with a flower-embroidered bodice. The whole world discovered Elie Saab's name at the same time as it discovered the face of the first African American woman to win Best Actress. Two firsts on the same night. The image remains.

In 2006, he became a corresponding member of the Chambre Syndicale, gaining the protected Haute Couture designation. He opened his headquarters in central Beirut: five floors of pale stone housing ateliers, a creative studio, a couture salon and a boutique. The Maison remains where it all began.

THE ATELIER AND THE EMPIRE

More than two hundred seamstresses, petites mains and pattern-makers still work in the Beirut atelier. This is where the Haute Couture pieces are born. Embroidery is stitched by hand, crystals are set one by one, and tulle is adjusted to the millimetre. Production is now shared between Lebanon and Italy, but what distinguishes the Maison is still made in Beirut.



Look 39 — Elie Saab, Pré-Fall 2026

BEIRUT, MOTHER TONGUE

The empire, meanwhile, has expanded without noise. Eleven directly operated boutiques, from Beirut to the Champs-Élysées, from Bruton Street to Madison Avenue. One hundred and fifty wholesale points of sale in more than one hundred countries. Since 2019, there has also been luxury real estate with Emaar in Dubai, Egypt and Qatar. The Maison line translates what the couturier first applies to dresses into furniture and tableware: curves, noble materials, a palette of creams and golds. Dressing a body or an interior ultimately raises the same questions of proportion and light.

Jasmine and salt, mint and smoke, cardamom and concrete. The intention behind Maison Elie Saab's Pre-Fall 2026 collection reads less like a press release than a sensory inventory of a city. Beirut is not a distant inspiration, called upon to dress a trend board. It is named in the first line and embraced in the title, Indelible Love — a love that does not fade, the Maison says, like ink.

The clothes say it without forcing the point. Assured tailoring cut against the sky, described by the Maison itself as brutalist — and the word is no stylistic flourish. It is the city's actual architecture: raw-concrete towers from the 1960s, scarred and restored, never entirely smooth.

Then the sun rises on cinnamon-coloured leather, and the angle softens. An olive jacket meets flocked denim trousers. A printed knit, worn with tall black boots and a matching tote, moves at a city woman's pace. Nothing here seeks to demonstrate. Everything proceeds through adjacencies, like Beirut's streets, where an Ottoman veranda still stands between two new buildings.

When evening comes, the rhythm changes. Monochrome looks, deep fabrics, silhouettes that look towards a golden age of Lebanese glamour without reconstructing it. Lace spreads in bold panels or more intimate cut-outs, allowing the skin to show through. And then there is the detail in the intention, almost in passing: champagne sequins catching candlelight.

In Beirut, a candle is not a styling accessory. It belongs to the shared memory of evenings without power, to the habit of making beauty with the electricity missing. Its return here as a source of light says enough: the Maison knows what it is talking about.

Perhaps this is what is most singular about the collection. Pre-collections are usually the quietest part of the calendar: transitional wardrobes, designed to stay in boutiques longer than runway collections and rarely to carry an idea. This one reverses the hierarchy. Couturiers have cities as writers have mother tongues: they can learn others, but they dream in only one.

One intruder remains in the inventory at the beginning. Jasmine is distilled, mint is infused, salt settles on the skin after the sea. Concrete, by contrast, cannot be worn. It stays with the city.

Perhaps that is why everything else is sewn.

eliesaab.com — Pre-Fall 2026



Look 13 — Elie Saab, Pré-Fall 2026

FASHION & ACCESSORIES

HAUTE COUTURE MUST REMAIN A TEMPLE OF MYSTERY AND MAGIC

Couturier Stéphane Rolland, who founded his own Maison after Balenciaga and Jean-Louis Scherrer, reflects on the discipline of the right gesture and the future of French couture.

By Stéphane Rolland

Stéphane Rolland is one of France's leading couturiers. His career began at Balenciaga, continued at the Maison Jean-Louis Scherrer and led him, at forty, to found his own haute couture Maison. His creations are distinguished by a virtuoso command of line and the sculptural purity of their silhouettes, where elegance becomes a language in its own right.

SCULPTURAL COUTURE

You began very young and entered the world of haute couture quickly. How has your vision evolved?

When I arrived at Balenciaga at nineteen, with my head full of dreams, I first learned and observed every technique, with access to Cristóbal Balenciaga's archives. My vision has not changed very much. I am fairly traditional and have great respect for French craftsmanship. What changes is demand: clients have increasingly short deadlines, and we have to adapt. But the way we run the Maison remains faithful to a certain tradition, to a high standard of service and a pursuit of excellence.

Where does the creation of a haute couture piece at Stéphane Rolland begin?

It begins in so many different ways; there are no rules. A meeting, an artist, an embroidery, a piece of music, an opera — anything can trigger an emotion that leads me to create a movement, a line that will make the dress. I am a great admirer of Béatrice Serre, an extraordinary mosaic artist who has inspired the embroidery in many collections.

Can you describe the stages of production? How much time and work does a piece require?

It varies enormously. Sometimes the simplest models require more hours than those that appear complicated. The purity of a dress is the most delicate thing to achieve. Moulding crepe with steam on a body form to avoid darts and make the dress become a marble sculpture is a real challenge. It all begins with the line. Then the sketch goes to the atelier, where there is the toile draping, fittings in the fabric and the final stage of embellishment. I think each model takes around 200 to 300 hours of work.



FASHION & ACCESSORIES

FROM HAUTE COUTURE TO FRAGRANCE

THE FUTURE OF COUTURE

Your aesthetic is often described as “sculptural couture”. Which period, style or master inspires you most?

Oscar Niemeyer remains a very strong influence: the curves of his work, and the intelligence and architectural power of his buildings, have refined my eye. Meeting Zaha Hadid felt self-evident. The Bauhaus may be one of the movements that has shaped my pursuit of minimalism and power the most.

But this minimalism can also be found in the architecture of Japan, Africa and the Middle East. And in the masters of Spanish painting: Picasso, of course, but before him — long before — Goya and Velázquez, in my search for deep blacks and contrasts.

You recently launched a fragrance with Henry Jacques. What led you to take that step?

I waited thirty years for this moment. The right meeting had to happen; it did, fifteen years ago, with Anne-Lise Cremona. We share the same standards of quality and the same vision of luxury and rarity. Today her son Antonin is the Maison’s perfumer, and despite his young age he shows extraordinary maturity and sensitivity. This fragrance represents more than one might imagine: it is the link that was missing from my dresses.

What significant trends do you see in haute couture? What future lies ahead?

We are living through the construction of a new cycle. I see some very interesting craftsmanship developing among young designers. Haute couture is flourishing: we have never had so many requests, and from increasingly young women. Its future fluctuates with the global economy, but haute couture will always live on; it will adapt to its time. The only condition is that we preserve excellence in creation, production and service.

In the age of fast fashion and digital technology, what role does haute couture still play?

Haute couture continues to make people dream and feel fascinated; it provides work for thousands of artisans. It is a living industry, a heritage that must be protected. Haute couture is a philosophy, an art of living. In a world of followers, it allows a clientele to express itself with singularity. Haute couture must remain a temple whose magic and mystery we protect.

stephanerolland.com — Haute Couture Spring-Summer 2026


STEPHANE ROLLAND
&
HENRY JACQUES

“AGL IS MADE BY WOMEN, FOR WOMEN”

Vera Giusti, Artistic Director

For several generations, AGL has remained faithful to the traditions of Italian shoemaking, having been founded in the Marche region in 1958.

Today, the three Giusti sisters do more than preserve this heritage: they reinterpret it, bringing together artisanal expertise, innovation and a contemporary aesthetic. Within the Maison, responsibilities are clearly divided, but the vision is shared, with experimentation, sustainable development and a feminine perspective on design at the heart of their approach. In recent years, the brand has expanded beyond footwear and strengthened its international presence without ever leaving behind its artisanal roots in the Marche. Vera Giusti, artistic director, explains how AGL’s family heritage is becoming a contemporary design language, respectful of the craft and grounded in an assured feminine identity.

Fashion & Accessories · Interview by the Luxsure editorial team

“AGL is a contemporary brand with a long history. Today, women make up 65% of our workforce.” — Vera Giusti, Artistic Director

AGL is a rare example of a brand that has remained family-owned across several generations. What does it mean to you personally to work within such a legacy?

AGL has been making Made in Italy shoes since 1958. As the third generation, we carry an important, unique and precious heritage, built from processes and know-how. Today, it allows us to experiment with new stylistic solutions, characterised by a very personal and recognisable aesthetic.

AGL is a contemporary, current brand with a long history: the company was founded in 1958; in 1968, our grandfather turned the workshop into an industrial operation; in 1978, our father joined and ran the family business; in 1988, exports exceeded domestic sales; in 1998, AGL conquered the United States; in 2008, the three of us became the sole managers; and in 2018, we opened our first boutique in Paris.

How are responsibilities divided among the three sisters?

We work six-handed, but each of us has a specific role and responsibilities: Sara is CEO; Vera is artistic and design director; Marianna is product development director.

What has fundamentally changed at AGL since you joined?

With three women joining the company, it became more open to research and experimentation, giving rise to new product categories and new markets. We also pay particular attention to sustainability at every stage.

A feminine sensibility brought a new approach to design and innovation, in both shapes and materials. Today, the collections respond to the needs of different women: more colours, new silhouettes, new soles each season, and details with a strong personality. The bond between the sisters has now become an integral part of AGL’s DNA.



As artistic director, do you see yourself primarily as the guardian of the heritage or its interpreter?

We are at the centre, in a perfect balance between tradition and innovation. The past is not something we leave behind: it is the foundation that allows us to build the future with confidence. We learned a great deal from our father, our grandfather and the long-standing team. Their experience continues to guide us, while every day we strive to create something new and unexpected.

What were the decisive turning points in the brand's history?

Our arrival at the company in the early 2000s marked the beginning of a gradual but significant transformation. Within a decade, we had built a predominantly female team; women now account for 65% of our workforce. This evolution has profoundly influenced the brand's identity: at AGL, women design and make shoes for women, with an intimate understanding of their needs and daily lives.

Can you describe the process of creating a pair of shoes, from the initial idea to the finished product?

At the very beginning, my sisters and I meet with the creative team to define what we want to make, always starting from a need we sincerely believe is relevant. From there, the first sketch of the shoe takes shape. It quickly becomes a technical drawing, then a three-dimensional model developed on a wooden last. Using specialised software, this three-dimensional concept is transformed into a digital pattern, which cutting machines then use to produce the separate leather components.

Each piece is carefully worked and reinforced, then assembled and stitched with the lining. The upper is then shaped on the last, closed first at the front and then at the back. The sole and heel are attached and stitched, completing the shoe's structure.

At the final stage, each pair is carefully cleaned and finished before being placed in its box, ready to be shipped to customers around the world.

"The creative idea always remains paramount, guiding every stage of the process."

Which stages of production will new technologies never be able to replace?

The creative idea always remains paramount, guiding every stage of the process. Stitching too, as well as many elements of artisanal know-how that define our work...


AGL
est. 1953 — Italy

Fashion & Accessories

The next stage of the work includes complex embroidery, handwoven leather and leather crochet. Some distinctive construction techniques, such as the “sacchetto” method, also give the shoe exceptional softness and flexibility.

How do you reconcile creativity with commercial requirements?

We are convinced that the true value of creativity lies in its ability to resonate with what women really want to wear. The most relevant ideas are those that meet their expectations, reflect their way of life and express their desires accurately and sincerely.

You recently launched the bAGL bag line. Is it a growth driver or a way to strengthen the brand’s overall identity?

Absolutely. We began designing bags, accessories and even a few ready-to-wear pieces in response to our community, which wanted to see our vision extend into these categories. The results have been remarkable and, in many ways, have surprised us too. These new product lines are growing quickly and play an essential role in enriching our overall offering. They develop naturally from our footwear expertise while strengthening the brand’s identity.

What does “Made in Italy” mean for AGL today?

At AGL, “Made in Italy” is much more than a label: it is a responsibility we take on with exacting standards. All our production takes place in Italy, at our factory in the Marche region, where we work exclusively with high-quality Italian materials.

Because we use precious resources such as fine leathers, we pay particular attention to reducing waste at every stage of the process. At the same time, we are committed to more sustainable practices: since 2006, our production has been supported by clean energy generated by our solar panel system.



Which factors have contributed most to the brand's international development?

I think much of it comes down to the mindset my sisters and I have developed over time. Having lived abroad and travelled extensively since childhood, we grew up without seeing borders. That openness shaped our outlook and gave us the confidence to share our work with an international audience.

How do you view women's current preferences in footwear, in Italy and around the world?

Contemporary fashion is increasingly defined by a form of consistency, with a strong focus on minimalism and functionality. Clean geometries, balanced volumes and refined lines now occupy a central place in design.

Creativity is often expressed through innovative materials such as stretch leather or transparent mesh, which give essential silhouettes a contemporary touch. The challenge is to create pieces that are simple but never ordinary, versatile enough to suit different styles and made to a standard of quality that allows them to remain in the women's wardrobe over time.



IN THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT

On the morning after a night whose secrets she alone knows, a rebellious, romantic woman gives herself over to the hushed silence of the Hôtel Claridge in Paris. She lingers, dreams and reinvents herself, still wrapped in the evening's glow. Photographed on film by Cyril Manzini, Elie Saab's Spring-Summer 2026 collection appears in a soft, sensual light. Between glittering dresses, opulent flowers and unruly leather, each silhouette tells of a free femininity suspended between the fever of night and the promise of day.

CREDITS

Photographer — Cyril Manzini

Stylist — Tania Tuka

Model — Maria Vitoria (Select Paris)

Make-up — Véronique Marot

Hair — Mikael Reder

Location — Hôtel Claridge, Paris















THE HANGOVER

After years of premiumisation and spectacular growth in Asian consumption, the global wine and spirits industry is facing a serious return to reality (French exports fell by 8% in 2025). The slowdown in Chinese consumption first weakened one of the sector's historic growth drivers.

This cyclical weakness was compounded by a new geopolitical reality: in an industry structurally oriented towards exports, trade tensions have become a major risk. In the United States, the largest market by value for French wine and spirits, the Trump administration's tariff policy is placing further pressure on European exporters. In China, measures targeting European brandies have hit one particularly exposed product hard: cognac.

Yet behind geopolitics, a potentially deeper shift is emerging. In many mature markets, younger generations are drinking less. Health concerns, the sober-curious movement and the rise of no- and low-alcohol drinks are challenging an equation that had long been taken for granted. The industry faces a double pressure: sell less, but sell better.

Cognac now concentrates many of the sector's difficulties, caught between its exposure to China and the United States. By contrast, categories such as tequila continue to find new sources of growth. The world of wine and spirits may be facing not only a crisis but a sociological turning point.

French exports — €14.3bn -8%

To the United States — ▼ -21%

LVMH Wines & Spirits — €5.86bn -5%

Operating profit — ▼ -25%

WINE & SPIRITS

Wine, like distilled spirits, begins beneath the surface — in a cellar, a vat, a stretch of time we cannot see.

In Saint-Émilion, Château Angélus's new pendular cellar descends seven metres below the limestone. The vats hang suspended; the grapes move by gravity, without a pump, as if the entire architecture had been designed to intervene as little as possible. A monumental structure, yet buried — built to be forgotten once the wine is in the bottle.

Between Osaka and Kyoto, another underground time unfolds with rice and water. Kōji transforms the starch, fermentation begins, and then one must know when to stop it. Seiun, the sake imagined by Eva Green and Hadrien Wolff, was born of this attention: learning before creating, listening to a living material, accepting that it can never be entirely controlled. In the glass, its slight cloudiness seems less a flaw than a memory still in motion.

A cellar that sinks into the earth, a sake that stays cloudy: nothing right here is born entirely still.

WINE & SPIRITS

CHÂTEAU ANGÉLUS

In the depths of Saint-Émilion, the great wine descends

Saint-Émilion — 17 April 2026 The legend moves with the times Wine & Spirits · By the Luxsure editorial team

You have to go down. Not metaphorically: physically, seven metres beneath the limestone of Saint-Émilion, along a corridor that runs under the vines before the vaults suddenly open up. No pillars. An oak framework spans twenty-two metres without resting on anything. Cathedral builders knew this technique, but used it to reach the sky. Here, it is the opposite.

Stéphanie de Boüard-Rivoal represents the eighth generation. Her father, Hubert, was born in the house adjoining the cellar — literally among the vines. She left: London, finance, seven years. She returned in 2012. Since then, the estate has grown quickly: from 30 to 130 hectares, from 25 to 170 people. One wine on her arrival, eight today. At the top, Angélus Grand Cru Classé A. At the other end — if it can be called the bottom — Tempo, conceived as an entry point, at 300,000 bottles. And deepest of all: Hommage à Élisabeth Bouchet, 2,000 bottles, made entirely from Cabernet Franc.

Bouchet was the name used here for Cabernet Franc before the nomenclature was standardised. Stéphanie's great-grandmother managed the estate's orchards. A woman of letters. The wine bears her name. Hubert de Boüard speaks of Bordeaux's "box" — a closed, hermetic image that has driven younger generations away from the appellation.

Wine cannot be just a label. It needs a connection with art, literature and a certain way of life. This is not rhetoric: it is why the Maison now owns Logis de la Cadène in Saint-Émilion, a Michelin-starred restaurant, and Le Gabriel in Bordeaux.

The pendular cellar took eight years to come into being. Its singularity lies in what the eye cannot see: no columns, no supports. The vats hang from a concrete slab one and a half metres thick. When full, they weigh between 350 and 400 tonnes. The walls curve — not for aesthetic reasons, but to distribute the loads differently and increase the bearing surface. Three materials: high-density raw concrete, stainless steel and solid oak. When journalists saw the space that morning, they spontaneously reached for the same word: a beehive. Organic. Suspended. Alive.



The shape of the vats — an inverted funnel, wide at the top and pointed below — increases the contact area between the skins and the juice. It encourages natural self-pressurisation as the liquid flows. Fewer mechanical interventions, gentler extraction. The cellar works entirely by gravity: not a single pump. A mobile vat on a lift carries the harvest.

Each plot has its own vat. Hubert explains that grape-seed ripeness begins in July and can be recognised by a hazelnut taste. Once the seeds are ripe, extraction can be pushed without risking bitterness. In 2025, the estate tested adding very ripe stems, reintroduced in layers — one layer at a time, like a cake — to bring complexity.

Concrete was chosen for Cabernet Franc for its thermal inertia: it maintains the stable temperature this grape variety needs. One hundred per cent of the fermentation CO_2 will be captured. Water consumption was reconsidered from the outset. The estate's 135 hectares — 65 of them in Saint-Émilion — will be read differently through this precision at plot level. The 2026 vintage will be the first to be born here.

In a few months, the harvest will descend into these vats by gravity. No pump, no hurry. The juice will take the time it needs. The cellar was designed so that, in the end, no one remembers it is there — so that only the wine remains.

Château Angélus — Saint-Émilion, Gironde — www.angelus.com



WINE & SPIRITS

RICE, WATER AND WHAT WE DO NOT YET KNOW

EVA GREEN

By the Luxsure editorial team

At the Kotobuki brewery, between Osaka and Kyoto, there is a room where the temperature must not vary. Rice is worked by hand there so that kōji — a natural ferment that turns starch into fermentable sugars — can do its work. Guillaume Ozanne knows this room by heart. The toji has spent more than ten years at some of the country's most exacting breweries. He knows the sound rice makes as it absorbs water. The smell of mature kōji: lightly sweet, almost floral. What Seiun owes him is not a recipe. It is attention.

Eva Green and Hadrien Wolff are not sake specialists. They do not claim to be. Eva has long been fascinated by Japan — its culture, its precision, its way of treating everyday objects as if they deserve care. Hadrien has spent fifteen years between Vietnam, Hong Kong and Tokyo.

They first trained in France with Julien Casorla and Siméon Molard of Osake. Then they immersed themselves in the sagakura themselves, where rice is selected, polished and seeded according to methods that some breweries have not changed in two hundred years.

It is a small detail, but it matters: they learned before they created. Not the other way around.

The sake they made with Ozanne is a nigori — a type of Japanese sake that is slightly cloudy, with fine rice particles still suspended in it. Seiun is 8% alcohol. Its sparkle comes from a second fermentation begun before bottling and stopped by pasteurisation at the precise moment of balance. Its name comes from this: Seiun means "nebula" in Japanese, a celestial object whose contours are never quite fixed. The same slight opacity appears in the glass. Something still forming.

What follows is not an account of success. It is a conversation about what one chooses not to know how to do — and that is precisely why it is worth reading.

You speak of a long-standing fascination with Japan. At what point did that fascination become a need — almost a physical one — to create something there?

I think it became a need when the fascination stopped being external.

At first, it was an aesthetic attraction, almost abstract.


SEIUN

The sake nebula — A sake dream

Then, after returning again and again, something more intimate settled in — a kind of silent recognition.

Creating there came as self-evident, almost a necessity: no longer simply to look, but to take part, to touch, to understand from within.

Sake is often seen as a drink. In Japan, it seems to be an atmosphere. What did you feel the first time you entered a brewery?

The silence, first of all.

A very particular silence, inhabited, almost dense.

And then the warmth, the steam, the smell of rice.

You feel you have entered a living place, where everything breathes at a slow rhythm.

It is not production; it is presence.

You understand very quickly that sake is not simply made — it is accompanied.

The name Seiun refers to a nebula, to the birth of stars. What does that image bring to mind for you?

A kind of gentle vertigo.

The idea that something invisible, almost imperceptible, can give birth to light.

It is an image of transformation, of mystery.

And perhaps of fragility too.

These are things that touch me deeply.

In Japanese breweries, there are few words and many gestures. Did you feel you understood something without using language?

Yes, very clearly.

You understand through the eye, through rhythm, through the repetition of gestures.

There is a kind of intelligence of the body, of silence.



It is a more instinctive, more sensitive kind of understanding.

And sometimes it is more accurate than words.

Japan pays close attention to detail. Has that shifted your perspective, even beyond this project?

Yes, profoundly.

You learn to slow down, to look differently.

To see what is almost invisible: a texture, a light, a movement.

It changes your relationship with the world, but also with work.

You become more attentive and more exacting, but also more humble.

When you taste this sake today, do you find a precise memory in it?

Yes... but it is not a precise image.

It is more of a sensation.

The cold of the morning, the steam from the rice, the gentle tiredness after repeated gestures.

It is a physical memory, almost bodily.

Does observing an ancestral craft that defies time influence the way you now let a role settle within you?

Yes, I think so.

It taught me not to want to move too quickly.

To let things settle and evolve without forcing them.

A role, like a fermentation, needs time to find its rightness.

Cinema is an industry of immediacy. Craft, by contrast, belongs to a longer duration. What do you seek to hold on to between the two?

Presence.

Trying to be fully there, in the moment, without inner haste.

HADRIEN WOLFF



Even in a fast-moving setting, keeping a certain slowness within oneself.

You spent many years in Asia. What did Japan teach you that was different, almost in the way of working with material?

Precision, attention, patience too.

In Japan, you do not work against the material; you work with it.

You observe, listen and accompany it.

It is a much more respectful approach, almost a dialogue.

Why did you choose the Kotobuki brewery in particular? What happened there?

A human connection that felt right.

We wanted to work with Guillaume Ozanne, who was then the toji at Kotobuki. Guillaume has developed great knowledge of nigori through fifteen years of experience at different traditional sakagura.

And what did meeting the toji, Guillaume Ozanne, make possible?

Interpretation, in every sense of the word.

And translation — between two cultures, two sensibilities and, of course, two languages.

He understood what we wanted to do while deeply respecting Japanese tradition.

Without him, Seiun would not have found that sense of rightness.

What makes rice suitable for sake?

Its structure.

A heart rich in starch, and the ability to be polished without breaking.

But also its origin and environment.

The rice already carries part of the sake within it.



THE DUO

Kōji is often described as invisible but decisive. What does it actually do?

It transforms the rice starch into sugar.

It is what makes fermentation possible.

Without kōji, there is no sake.

It is a discreet but essential actor.

How would you describe sake fermentation?

It is a symphony in several movements of transformation.

Starch becomes sugar, sugar becomes alcohol, and the yeast expresses its aromas.

That is what gives sake its complexity and softness.

Why stop fermentation earlier?

To preserve freshness and lightness.

To keep a balance between softness and liveliness.

It is a matter of taste above all.

That moment when you restart fermentation in the bottle...

It is a very precise gesture.

You add just enough to bring life back.

And then you let it happen.

It is a moment of trust.

Is the 8% alcohol and the sparkle a technical or sensory choice?

Both.

But above all, a sensory one.

We wanted a light, accessible drink without losing depth.

When do you know that a sake is right?

When it leaves an impression of balance, without effort. When it does not try to impose itself. Like a piece of music you hear for the first time and feel has already accompanied you.



EVA GREEN

Eva Green and Hadrien Wolff, unable to resist the temptation created by the delightful Madame Miwako, at Aman Kyoto.

What does your friendship change in the creative process?

It simplifies everything.

There is immediate trust, an understanding without words.

That lets us go further, faster, but also more sincerely.

When did you understand that theory was no longer enough?

Very quickly.

Sake is a living material.

You have to touch it, smell it, live it.

Was there a moment of doubt?

Yes, of course.

But it was a healthy doubt.

The kind that makes you listen more closely.

What did you have to unlearn?

The idea of control.

Accepting that not everything depends on us.

How do you find your place in a culture that is not your own?

With humility.

By observing, listening and respecting.

And by not trying to take up too much space.

Is avoiding obvious paths a freedom or a necessity?

A necessity.

I do not think I could do otherwise.

Is cinema changing? Does that alter your relationship with the profession?

Not really.

I am still guided by emotion and by encounters.

Everything else changes, but the essential remains.

Your characters are often on the margins...

Those are the ones that interest me.

They allow us to explore more complex, more human areas.

Do you feel the need to slow down?

Yes, more and more.

To feel more, to choose better.

A new chapter or a continuation?

More of a continuation.

A way to deepen and explore the same gesture differently.


SEIUN
COSMIC SPARKLING SAKE

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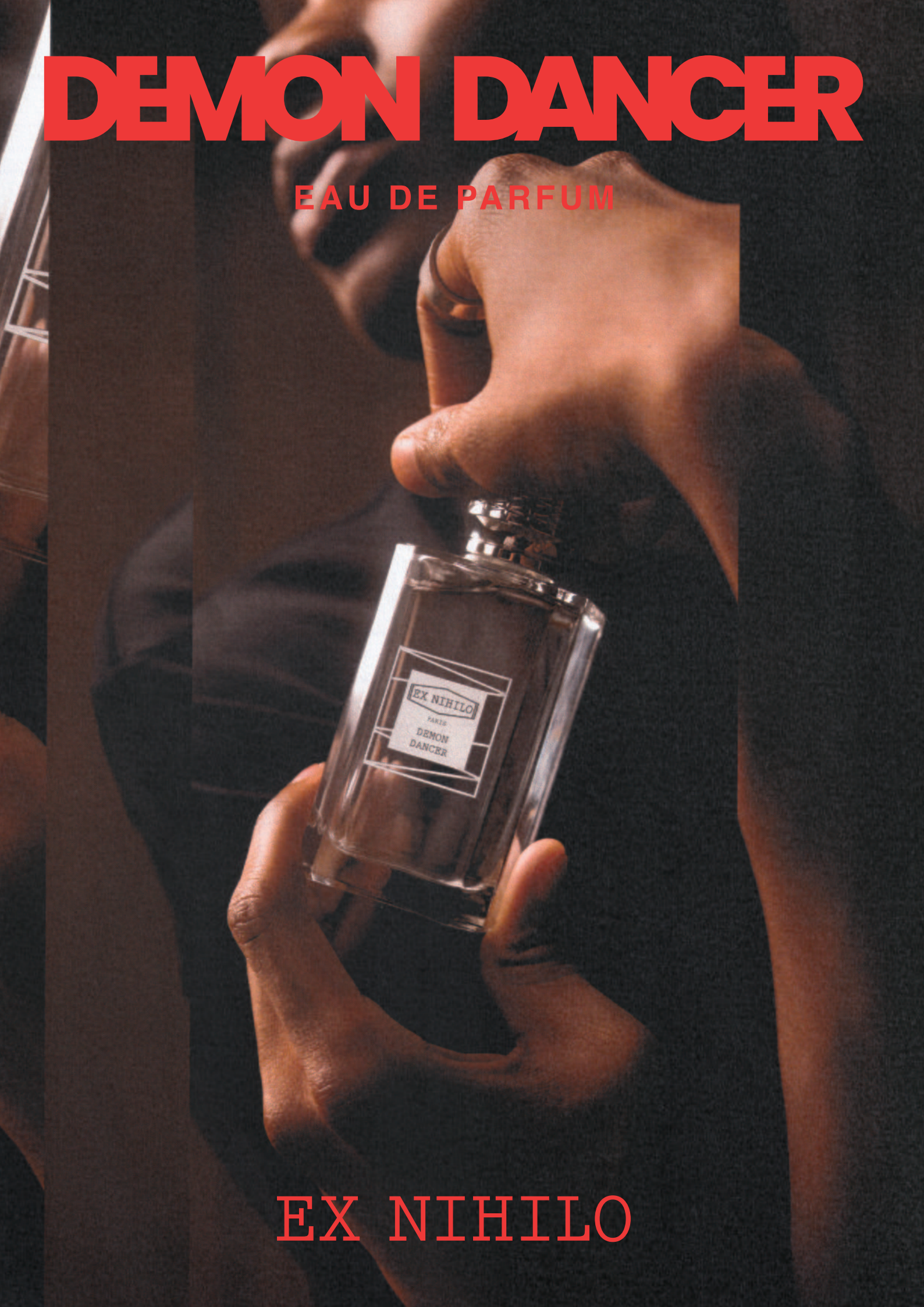
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ART, THE NEW SOFT POWER

For a long time, the art market told its story as one of passion: collectors bought works because they loved an artist, a period or a movement. The collector still exists, but is no longer alone.

Alongside collectors, new actors have emerged: foundations, companies, family offices, investment funds, institutions, museums and, now, states. They no longer see art only as an object of contemplation, but as a patrimonial, cultural and status asset — and sometimes a geopolitical one. Art has become a territory of power. Qatar understood this early, building one of the world's most ambitious acquisition policies.

The United Arab Emirates have made culture a pillar of their appeal, from Louvre Abu Dhabi to the future Guggenheim Abu Dhabi. Saudi Arabia is investing heavily in its institutions, biennials and collections. This shift is profoundly changing the ecosystem. Art fairs are no longer just places for transactions: they are becoming global platforms of influence.

Major galleries now operate like true cultural multinationals — Gagosian, Perrotin, Hauser & Wirth. And unlike a bag, a car or a watch, a work of art has a unique quality: as its cultural value rises, its economic value may rise with it. Once the privilege of collectors, art has become one of the new languages of power.

Art market — $59.6bn +4%

Galleries — $34.8bn

ART & DESIGN

Design rarely begins with a shape. It begins with a constraint.

A piece of wood that must be bent without breaking. A nib that must be cut without snapping. Before the object, there is always resistance. The gesture comes afterwards.

In Hamburg, six men press twenty layers of maple and mahogany to form the rim of a Steinway piano. The wood is still warm when it comes out of the machine. Yet it must wait one hundred days before work can continue. Later, an artisan will prick the hammer felt with fine needles, note by note, until the instrument finds its voice. The piano is not given a sound. The one it already carried is revealed.

Nearby, at Montblanc Haus, an artisan tests a nib with invisible ink. She does not watch the line; she listens to the nib's friction against the paper. Thirty-five stages, two and a half years of training, an iridium ball welded to the tip of a gold nib. The object sits between two fingers, yet carries more than a century of gestures.

Craftsmanship is not only about preserving what came before. It requires knowing what can change and what must not give way: a proportion, a tension, an almost imperceptible sound. Everything the hand recognises before the eye understands.

ART & DESIGN

THE ART OF THE NIB

GOLD AND IRIDIUM

Montblanc Haus, home of the nib

In Hamburg, inside a building of glass and brick only a few metres from the Manufacture, Montblanc Haus preserves the memory of a gesture the digital world has not yet managed to replace: writing by hand.

By Pascal Iakovou

The room is closed. A glass wall, a soundproof door. On the other side, a woman is writing. We cannot see what she is tracing. The ink is invisible. Eighty per cent of Montblanc nibs are tested this way, blind, because any trace of blue or black pigment would compromise the first fill chosen by the buyer. So the artisan relies on something else: the sound of the nib on paper, the resistance beneath the finger. A scratch, an irregular sound, and the nib goes back for grinding. Here, the ear replaces the eye.

To find the origins of what happens in this workshop, we must go back to 1906. The company was then called the Simplo Filler Pen Company, and its ambition was simple: to make fountain pens that would not leak when carried. “Montblanc” was only the name of a collection, a tribute to the summit, the highest point in Europe. It was not until 1934 that the collection definitively eclipsed the company that created it.

Every nib is made of solid gold. Not for ostentation, but out of necessity. Gold does not oxidise. Its natural suppleness makes writing fluid, almost organic. The manufacturing process has thirty-five stages. It begins with a strip of raw gold, which is cut and stamped with the motifs specific to each edition. Then comes the decisive moment: welding a ball of iridium to the nib’s tip. Iridium, one of the hardest materials known, protects the soft gold from everyday wear. It is what makes it possible to write for decades without the point bending.

Grinding is done entirely by hand. New artisans practise for six months on brass nibs before they are allowed to touch the basic gold shapes. They then need a further two years to master the full range of available profiles, from the extra-fine nib designed for Chinese characters to the custom calligraphy nib. Two and a half years to learn how to grind an object a client will hold between thumb and forefinger without thinking about it.



ART & DESIGN

HIGH ARTISTRY

The visit ends in the High Artistry collection room. These are no longer writing instruments in the strict sense, but pieces of jewellery with a writing function: solid gold, diamonds, sapphires, leather and walnut. Each annual collection is built around a theme. The one presented during our visit celebrates the first ascent of Mont Blanc in 1786. The cracks in the diamonds evoke glaciers; an extract from Jacques Balmat's diary is engraved in the leather. Eighty-six pieces, in reference to the year. Up to and including a unique piece.

In a nearby display case are original manuscripts. Voltaire, 1770. Einstein, Spike Lee, and others. What strikes you is less the signatories' fame than the irreducible singularity of each hand. No two resemble one another. None could be reproduced by a keyboard.

We leave Montblanc Haus the way we came in, on the Manufacture side. Somewhere behind the glass wall, an artisan continues to write with ink no one will read. She listens.

Montblanc Haus — Hellgrundweg 100, 22525 Hamburg. Free admission. montblanc.com

THE GESTURE — THE ART OF THE NIB HIGH ARTISTRY


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ART & DESIGN

INSIDE THE STEINWAY & SONS MANUFACTURE

Where wood becomes music

By Pascal Iakovou

There are places where time does not pass. It settles. Layer upon layer, like the twenty sheets of maple and mahogany six men are pressing in a machine whose principle has not changed since 1880. We are in Hamburg, in the Bahrenfeld district, at Rondenbarg 10, a discreet address wedged between a car garage and a photography studio. Nothing outside announces what is made within. Yet this is where the world's most extraordinary pianos are born.

Sabine Höpermann is waiting for us by the guard's lodge. For nearly thirty years, she has been the voice of this Manufacture. Thirty years of guiding journalists, pianists and collectors through these workshops. Thirty years, and the magic still works. "Even after 30 years, I'm still amazed," she will tell us as she walks between the benches. Beside her, Stefan, with twenty-five years at the company, greets us with a nod and the smile of someone who knows exactly what his hands have built.

At Steinway, you do not introduce yourself by your job title. You introduce yourself by how long you have been here.

THE RIM — BUILDING FROM THE OUTSIDE IN

The visit begins with a dramatic reveal. No raw wood, no silent stock: Sabine takes us straight to the rim-bending workshop, where the piano case is made. A wooden giant has just come out of the press. It is still warm. We can smell the glue and feel the residual heat of the compressed layers.

"We build our instruments from outside to inside," Sabine explains. Where Yamaha or Bösendorfer assemble the inner mechanism first, Steinway does the opposite: the acoustic shell first, everything else inserted under pressure afterwards. C. F. Theodore Steinway made that choice in 1880, and it has never been questioned. Because it works. Because the rim is not a covering; it is a sounding body.

Twenty layers of maple and mahogany, six metres long for a concert grand, are glued and bent in one movement in presses whose design still appears in the original patents. "When I started here, 30 years ago, they had to do it with their own strength," Sabine recalls. Today, the pressure is assisted. But the principle has not moved by a millimetre.

Three hours in the press. Then one hundred days of rest in the cellar, at a constant temperature, for the tensions in the wood to release. One hundred days. No one touches anything. It is the Manufacture's first lesson: time is not a cost. It is a material.



THE WOOD — TWO YEARS BEFORE THE FIRST GESTURE

Outside, in a brick building open to the draughts, thousands of boards are waiting. Canadian maple, African mahogany, Alaskan Sitka spruce. Each species travels before arriving in Hamburg, and each must dry here for two years. Naturally. Without haste.

"We don't touch the wood before," Sabine insists. Specialists do nothing but watch over the wood, measure its moisture content and monitor its breathing. After natural drying, a spell of no more than three weeks in a kiln completes the process. The goal is to bring the moisture level down to between five and seven per cent. Only then is the wood judged fit to go into a Steinway.

And even then, half will be rejected. Of all the wood purchased, only 45 to 55 per cent will be used. The rest? Turned into energy to heat the workshops. "We've always been ecological," Sabine says without emphasis. At Steinway, sustainability is not a marketing argument invented in recent years. It is an obvious principle built into the process from the first day. The brand was, moreover, the first to abandon ivory for its keys, in 1989, long before the industry followed.

More than 12,000 wooden components go into a grand piano. Six or seven different species. Each contributes to the instrument's final personality, like grape varieties in a great wine.

THE SOUNDBOARD — THE SILENT WORKSHOP

If the rim is the framework, the soundboard is the soul. Sabine says it with unusual gravity: "If the soundboard is not good, you could nearly forget the instrument." This workshop is quieter than the others. More focused. A man works alone in front of large sheets of Sitka spruce, selected by the naked eye. No CNC machine here. Only hands, experience and a knowledge passed on through practice.

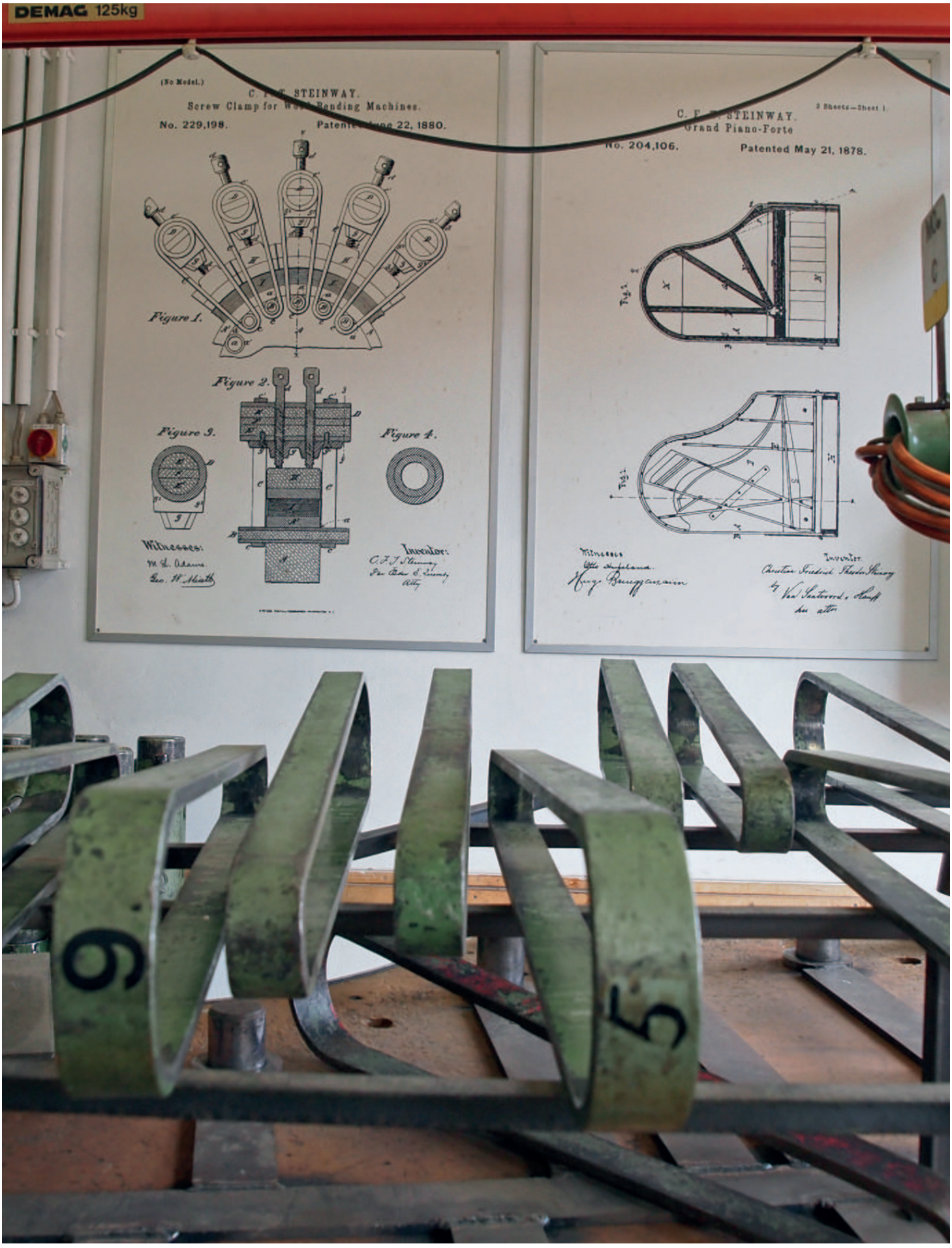
The rejection rate is staggering: 80 per cent of the wood entering this workshop is discarded. Only 20 per cent passes the test. A variation in the spacing of the growth rings, a slightly irregular density, and the board is rejected. The artisan who makes this selection has been at Steinway for "only" fifteen years. Sabine calls him a "youngster" with a wry smile.

The workshop is also home to the company's last manufacturing secret: how the soundboard is fixed to the bridge. Sabine agrees to talk about it, but not to explain it. Some things at Steinway stay within these walls.

PRECISION AND THE MACHINE PARADOX

In thirty years, Sabine has seen the number of CNC machines grow from two to a dozen. At first, she admits, she had doubts: "I thought: is this good for the handcraft?" The instruments themselves supplied the answer. The machines do not make the sound. They cut, drill and adjust with a precision no human can match.

That precision extends the instrument's life. "We cannot improve the instrument in itself — the construction is there — but we can improve the longevity," she sums up. Then she adds, with deadpan humour: "And actually, this is not good for our business."


DEMAG 125kg
(No Model.)
C. F. T. STEINWAY.
Screw Clamp for Work Bending Machines.
No. 229,198.
Figure 1.
Figure 2.
Figure 3.
Figure 4.
Witnesses:
Inventor:
C. F. T. Steinway
C. F. T. STEINWAY.
Grand Piano-Forte
No. 204,106.
Patented May 21, 1878.
Fig. 1.
Fig. 2.
Witnesses
Inventor.
Christian Friedrich Theodor Steinway
by Paul Saalbrood, Asstt
9
5

THE FLAME AND THE HAMMER — THE BIRTH OF A VOICE

For Steinway's philosophy rests on an absolute commercial paradox: making an object so perfect that no one knows how long it will last.

The action pre-regulation workshop is a world of its own. Keyboards are turned upside down, the hammers visible from below. An artisan adjusts each hammer head one by one with an unlikely tool: a small flame. Fire, in a wood factory. "Normally we are strictly forbidden with fire, but here...," Sabine concedes. The flame softens the wood, allowing it to be positioned to within a tenth of a millimetre. This is the first point in the process at which a piano begins to make a sound.

Each instrument is entrusted to a single artisan to assemble its action: keyboard, action and dampers. One person. One piano. Two to three days' work. And one absolute rule: what is adjusted for this instrument will work in no other. The action and the piano are linked like a fingerprint to a finger.

"This is why no instrument sounds the same," Sabine concludes. "Because of the natural materials, but also because of this work."

VOICING — THE VERDICT OF THE FINGERS

This is the final stop, one Sabine was not sure she could offer us. The voicing specialist was very busy that morning. But she agreed.

Seated at a grand piano, she plays a few notes, listens, stops. Her hands rest on the hammers. She touches them with her fingertips, without striking or pressing. Just touching. "I can feel if it's hard or soft without hearing. I can feel it in my fingers." Years of experience, condensed into the pads of her fingers.

Her tool is a set of needles that she pushes into the hammer felt to change its density. Softer, and the sound mellows. Firmer, and it projects more. She works note by note, string by string. Each note has three strings, which she isolates one by one to detect the slightest asymmetry. "It always looks very easy," she admits. "The difficult part is to feel and hear it, and then to react."

The piano she has just finished makes her smile: "This is a very strong one — it's very angry with me!" A powerful, almost aggressive instrument, whereas normally it is the larger models that roar. But at Steinway, each piano has its own personality. Voicing does not create it. It reveals it.

Five to eight hours for the full voicing of an instrument. One to two hours for the final check. Then one last visual inspection on the ground floor. Only then does the piano receive its pass.

"We take our time, because we only let instruments go out that we really stand behind," Sabine concludes. "This deserves the name Steinway. This is our commitment."



WHAT MAKES A STEINWAY

Before leaving the Manufacture, we ask the question every visitor eventually asks. What makes a Steinway?

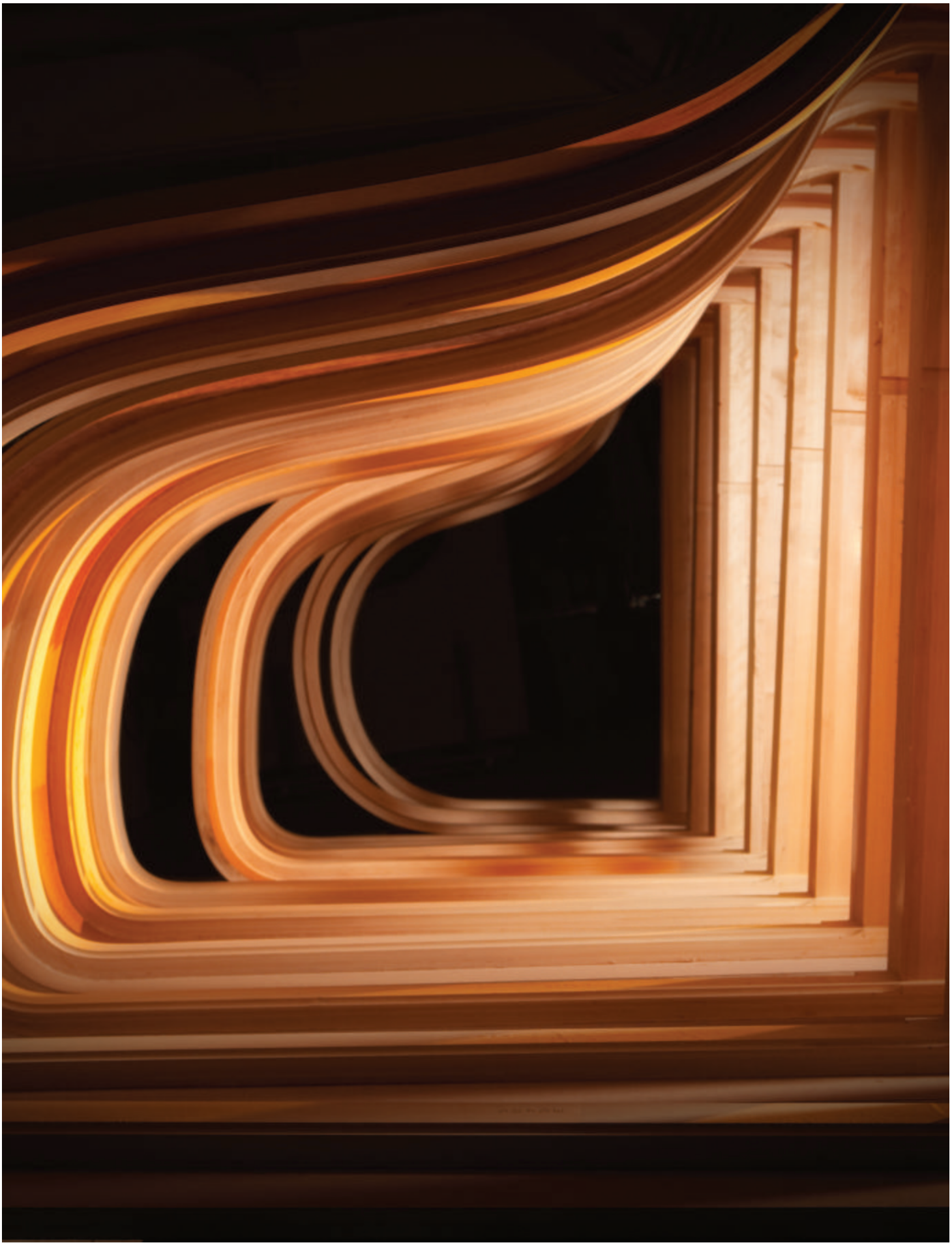
Sabine does not hesitate for a second: “First, the expertise and the passion of our craftsmen. Then the use of the best materials, always. And the fact that we do nothing but build pianos.”

Nothing else. Never. No diversification, no by-products, no variations. Just pianos. About five a day, one thousand a year, made by 400 people in Hamburg. Each instrument takes a year to be born, not counting the two years needed for the wood to dry.

We then understand the sentence Sabine shared with us at the start of the visit, when she introduced Stefan and his twenty-five years at the company: “A lot of people are here for a long time.” You do not stay thirty years in a factory. You stay thirty years in a mission.

When a client comes to Hamburg and sees these hands, these flames, these century-old presses and these needles pricking the felt, the client always says the same thing. Sabine knows it by heart: “Oh, now I understand the price.”

It is not the price they have understood. It is the gesture.



ART & DESIGN
PHOTOGRAPHY ALI GHORBANI

COUTURE PRELUDE

Between Haute Couture and High Jewellery, this shoot pays tribute to the legendary Steinway piano in a symphony of silhouettes, materials and light. To the rhythm of the black and white keys, the fifteen looks follow one another like movements in a single score: the dresses set the tempo, the draping draws arpeggios, and the jewels ring out like crystalline notes. By turns soft and delicate, powerful and theatrical, each silhouette reveals its own melody. Through this crescendo, Couture and High Jewellery find their accord around the piano, now a majestic setting for a concerto devoted entirely to elegance.

CREDITS

Model — Ilona Vandevelde (Karin Models)
Photographer — Ali Ghorbani
Styling — Tania Tuka
Make-up — Shoshana Swell
Hair — Kenzo
Photo assistants — Madison Harris and Luise Leber

Look 1 — Dress: byFang · Jewellery: Graff
Look 2 — Dress: Tony Ward · Shoes: Daniel Essa
Look 3 — Dress: Caroline's Couture
Look 4 — Dress: Ziad Nakad
Look 5 — Dress: Rami Al Ali · Jewellery: Chanel
Look 6 — Dress: Sylvio Giardina · Jewellery: Tasaki
Look 7 — Dress: Xuan · Jewellery: AHKAH
Look 8 — Dress: Gaby Charbachy · Jewellery: Messika
Look 9 — Dress: Tony Ward · Jewellery: Graff
Look 10 — Stéphane Rolland
Look 11 — Dress: Sylvio Giardina · Jewellery: Graff
Look 12 — Dress: Rami Al Ali · Jewellery: Pasquale Bruni
Look 13 — Dress: byFang
Look 14 — Dress: Gaby Charbachy
Look 15 — Dress: Inclover




STEINWAY


STEINWAY & SONS




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CULTURE, A NEW FRONTIER FOR LUXURY

For a long time, luxury exported objects. France sold its fashion, Italy its design, Switzerland its watches. Paris, London, Milan and New York concentrated most of the world's cultural creation and influence. Today, another contest is taking shape.

It is no longer only about what people buy, but what they look at, what they visit, the events they attend and the destinations to which the world travels. Culture has become a powerful instrument of attraction: cinema, music, architecture, gastronomy, heritage, festivals, sport, entertainment — boundaries are fading in favour of genuine cultural ecosystems. A new geography is emerging.

While historic capitals seek to preserve their centrality, the Middle East is building new territories of desire at remarkable speed. Saudi Arabia is transforming AlUla into a global cultural destination, developing Diriyah and investing in cinema, music and sport. Abu Dhabi sees itself as an international cultural capital. For twenty years, Qatar has used culture, education and sport as components of a single influence strategy.

These states have understood something essential: in today's economy, culture is no longer merely an expense; it creates attraction. Maisons now follow new cultural currents. After following wealth for so long, luxury is now following cultural influence.

The Gulf — more than $1,000bn

AlUla — $30bn

PORTRAIT

There are questions one asks a model, and others one asks someone who has just founded a Maison.

At Blone, Berite Labelle numbers her fragrances like frequencies, leaving memories to give them names. Actress, model, founder — here she answers a series of short questions, without trying to persuade, about what set her in motion.

The same gesture works in the plural. Around higHER Society, eleven women from law, finance, creative work, consulting and craft make up an Advisory Board that did not meet to exchange business cards. Launched at Maison Carita, the circle prefers concrete questions to stated intentions — money, power, strategy — and lets the conversation move among those who press ahead, those who doubt and those who observe.

This format explains nothing. It listens.

HIGHER SOCIETY

BRINGING REAL SUBSTANCE BACK TO WOMEN'S CIRCLES

There is something strange about our time.

Portrait · By the Luxsure editorial team

Women influence a large share of economic, cultural and social decisions. And yet, they remain on the margins where those decisions are actually made. This gap is no longer an intuition; it is documented. Nearly 80% of purchasing decisions are influenced by women, but their presence in the spheres of investment and leadership remains marginal.

Women's circles have multiplied in recent years. Inspiring spaces, often sincere, sometimes structured. They talk about career paths, confidence and balance. But more rarely about power. Very little about money. Almost never about concrete influence.

And above all, we see many founders. We see far less of the women who actually make up these circles.

This is precisely where higHER Society comes in.

Not as one more network. Rather, as an attempt to do things differently: to create a space where conversations change their nature. Where they do not remain at the level of intention, but work on what truly allows people to scale: strategy, investment, visibility and transmission.

A first step took shape around the creation of an Advisory Board of eleven women. They come from law, finance, creative work, consulting and craft. What connects them is not their profession, but their position: each works in an environment where decisions have tangible consequences.

This core group does not meet to exchange contacts. It is built as a space for active reflection, where career paths are tested, analysed and challenged.

The setting chosen for the launch was not incidental. Maison Carita, within L'Oréal Luxe, embodies a history of femininity structured around high standards, discipline and transmission. Holding this first gathering there places the initiative within a cultural continuity.

But what is at stake goes beyond a meeting.



BERITE LABELLE

THE WOMAN WHO MADE MOVEMENT HER LIFE

From Tiraspol to Geneva, from the film set to the perfumery studio: a conversation with a woman who learned to belong everywhere — and first of all to herself.

Portrait · By Pascal Iakovou

Some paths can be summed up in a line; others resist. Berite Labelle's belongs to the second kind. Born in Tiraspol, she passed through Bosnia and Germany before reaching Geneva at the age of six; she had learned six languages before adolescence. She made movement not a wound but a method.

We met her in Cannes in May, in the clear light of the Festival, the day after a shoot for this issue.

A model from an early age, an actress trained at the New York Film Academy, a producer of her own short films, she has also recently become the founder of BLONE Haute Parfumerie — a Geneva perfume Maison whose first three compositions bear numbers rather than names, and which reads like the authorial act of a woman accustomed to building her own territory. The Maison Blone has recently taken up residence at the Ritz Paris, in the Galerie salons and boutique.

We put twenty questions to her, without tricks or detours, giving her the space to speak fully. What follows is the transcript, arranged in seven movements — from a childhood in motion to what, in a perfume as in a life, finally remains.

A LIFE MADE OF MOVEMENT

You left Tiraspol at four, travelled through Bosnia and Germany, and arrived in Geneva at six. Looking back at that child, what did she understand about the world that most children do not have to learn so early?

Thank you for this question, which invites me to reflect deeply. I understood that I had a voice, but that I would have to learn several languages before I could really decide what would be best for me. I learned to observe and to create moments filled with meaning and love — because that was all I wanted and needed, and I knew it. Every child wants to be loved, and it was not easy for me to feel loved and protected. I had to protect myself very early on.

Six languages, four countries before adolescence. When did you stop trying to belong to one particular place and understand that movement itself could be a foundation?



I stopped trying to belong to one particular place at seventeen. Then I wanted to make sure I was secure: I went back to school while working, from the age of twenty until I met my husband, for whom I left everything out of love. Over time, I resumed my studies, worked as a model and began drama school. My profession lets me belong to everyone and every place through the characters I play and my passion for storytelling. Today, I am very proud to be a model and actress, and to have my perfume Maison, BLONE Haute Parfumerie.

What does Cannes mean to you today — professionally, personally, or both?

For me, Cannes means a gentle climate and beautiful people. During the Festival, we create and build new dreams and projects, and enjoy life with passionate people. I also return in the autumn for TFW A with my perfume Maison. It is a city I love deeply and feel the need to revisit at least twice a year.

LEARNING THE ARCHITECTURE OF LUXURY

You studied business at École Émilie-Gourd while completing your apprenticeship at Bucherer 1888 in Geneva. What did seeing luxury from the inside rather than the outside reveal to you about how these worlds really work?

It was a very beautiful period in my life. I learned responsibility and was able to express my taste for refinement while engaging with clients from all over the world and encountering exceptional pieces. I learned about precious stones, diamonds and fine watchmaking. I understood the value of High Jewellery and the story unique to each Maison.

Fashion chose you very early. Cinema, by contrast, required training, a scholarship and technical proof. Looking at the two paths side by side, did they ask you for different kinds of legitimacy?

I have always felt legitimate in both acting and modelling — but I am always happy to learn more about each profession.

You have been a model, actress and producer. Which of these three roles gives you the strongest feeling of having created something — of truly being its author?

Producing my two short films, Time Is Eternal and Connection, gave me a feeling of fulfilment. I would like to produce a feature film in the next few years and act in it too. But what gives me the strongest feeling of having created something is dance. And I dance every day! All I need to do is sit down and put things on paper to give my imagination the form of a work.

BALMAIN HAIR: BEING THE IMAGE



THE BIRTH OF BLONE

I was four months pregnant with my daughter Michaella, and I felt blessed to be carrying out such a beautiful project at the very moment I was becoming a mother.

Balmain has always carried a very singular idea of femininity — structured, complete, self-assured. When you look at the Maison's aesthetic, what speaks to you personally beyond the professional context of the campaign?

I love the idea of a strong femininity, which Balmain has always embodied so beautifully.

You have described perfume as "the story of something invisible but palpable". Where does that palpable quality reside, if not in the scent itself?

In memories.

You developed Blone's first fragrances with a master perfumer in Geneva — the city you have always returned to. Why Geneva for this particular project?

I wanted to stay at home and raise my daughter in my city. I also wanted to stay close to my husband, who has his law practice in Geneva. I will never stop travelling, but I was ready to build a solid project — and my family.

The three perfumes are numbered — 396, 639 and 741 — rather than named. In a market saturated with romantic names and elaborate stories, what did you want to remove?

I wanted my perfumes in my first collection to express frequencies in hertz. Numbers 528 and 852 will arrive in June 2026; it is a collection of seven. I cannot wait to give romantic names to new collections, but the esoteric world inspires me first.

You began developing the collection just before discovering you were pregnant. Looking back, did the fragrances change direction because of that, or did you only understand their meaning later, after your daughter's birth?

I had the most beautiful pregnancy: full of activity, without a single bout of nausea. It was wonderful. I think Michaella is my angel and the love of my life.

Your training in naturopathy implies a particular relationship with material — what a substance does to a body, not only how it smells. How does that sensitivity inhabit Blone's compositions?



We are preparing alcohol-free mists for summer 2027, as well as a protective skin cream. In every perfume, the ingredients are chosen for our wellbeing. For example, our 396 has a grounding frequency through vetiver. Vetiver is a powerful root, and the feeling of being grounded comes with this perfume.

When you imagine Blone in ten years — not the company, but the object, the sensation, what it means to those who wear it — what does success really look like to you?

Beautiful memories, and a healthy relationship with a Maison.

OWNERSHIP, RISK AND PATIENT WORK

There is a form of female entrepreneurship today that is highly visible, distinctive and personal. There is another, more discreet, built around structure and long-term ownership. Which feels right for Blone?

I want to put Blone on a path of long-term ownership. I can be very personal in my work as an actress and model.

You are a model, actress, producer and founder. What holds all of that together — what single intention lies beneath each of these roles?

Storytelling.

PRESENCE, BODY, DISCIPLINE

You have practised classical dance, African dance, modern jazz and oriental dance — very different, sometimes contradictory, physical vocabularies. What did this multiplicity give you that a single discipline could not?

It lets me express different facets of my personality.

The stillness of a model and that of an actress are two different things. What did you have to unlearn as you moved from one to the other?

In my first year at the New York Film Academy, I got up at four every morning to walk in the mountains, then I would do my make-up and hair; I was perfect. By the third year, I had taken everything off. I was bare, in black trousers and a T-shirt. I was vulnerable and listening to my emotions. Everything was inside, and my appearance no longer mattered to me. I had become very different. I went from one extreme to the other. I was no longer a model, but a new, blank canvas.

WHAT REMAINS

You said you hoped that those who wear Blone would have “the magic of travelling, whenever they want, and for eternity”. That is a very large promise. Do you believe a perfume can contain something so lasting?



Yes — because it is a matter of sensations and memories, and those are eternal.

You have created in almost every medium — image, film, perfume. Is there a form you have not yet found the courage, or the time, to explore?

I sing very badly.


PIOE

BERITE LABELLE

CANNES, VILLA SIDE

Model: Berite Labelle @beritelabelle
Photographer: Illya Ovchar @illya.ovchar
Stylist: Tania Tuka @taniatuka
Make-up artist: Oksana Schelling @schelling_beauty
Hair stylist: Veronika Soroka @veronikasoroka

Look 1

Swimsuit: Bikinville
Dress: Embroidered Gem
Bag: Aspinal of London
Shoes: Charles & Keith

Look 2

Scarf: Fursa
Sunglasses, bag and shoes: Charles & Keith
Dress: Camilla

Look 3

Bodysuit: Savage x Fenty
Jeans: Levi's
Jacket: Marine Serre

Look 4

Hat: Chicmax
Suit: Rebecca Vallance
Shoes: Amina Muaddi







HOSPITALITY, THE NEW LANGUAGE OF LUXURY

For a long time, the great Maisons built desirability around an object: a bag, a watch, a fragrance or a jewel. Now they are building worlds, and those worlds are increasingly embodied in places.

Luxury is no longer only what you own. It has become what you experience.

Restaurants signed by leading chefs, hotels conceived like collectors' homes, exclusive culinary experiences, private bars and branded cafés: gastronomy and hotels have become new territories of expression for luxury brands. This shift reflects a profound change in customer expectations. Exclusivity no longer lies solely in a product's rarity, but in the quality of a moment. A night in a suite, a dinner with a chef or breakfast on a private terrace have all become new objects of desire.

LVMH, with Cheval Blanc, Belmond and Orient Express; Bulgari Hotels; Armani Hotels; Dior; Louis Vuitton; and Gucci Osteria all illustrate this convergence of hospitality, creation and experience.

Hospitality is no longer an extension of luxury. It has become one of its most accomplished expressions.

Global tourism — $2,020bn

Luxury hotels — $118bn

Choice influenced by dining — 60%

Ultra-luxury night — $1,245

GASTRONOMY & HOTELS

There is always a place before there is taste.

A rocky coastline, a plot of flint, a dining room still empty before service. In the kitchens of L'Oursin at Hôtel Bleu in Carry-le-Rouet, Ilane Tinchant brings rock samphire to his nose before placing it on the worktop. Outside, fishing boats return to the harbour. The Mediterranean is not a backdrop behind the plates: it enters the kitchen through iodine, herbs from the rocks, the cooking of the fish, sometimes through a sauce whose balance depends on almost nothing.

In Paris, Frédéric Simonin pursues another form of restraint. The jus are concentrated, the cooking exact, but the technique stays behind what it serves. The crab must taste of crab. The rabbit, of rabbit. In an age when plates know how to draw attention to themselves, this discretion requires more work than spectacle. Rightness does not seek silence. It creates it.

Two cuisines, two inner seas — one of jus reduced to the essential, the other of iodine never diluted.

GASTRONOMY & HOTELS

FRÉDÉRIC SIMONIN, RIGHTNESS OVER NOISE

A PASSION FOR DISCRETION

THE SINCERITY OF AN AUTHOR'S CUISINE

By the Luxsure editorial team

There are places one is reluctant to recommend. Not out of possessiveness, but for fear of changing them. On Rue Bayen, in the 17th arrondissement, which tourist routes cross without stopping, Frédéric Simonin's restaurant has no sign demanding attention. The door is there. You ring the bell.

Pale parquet, ivory walls, bevelled mirrors that expand the space without magnifying it. Thirty-six seats. Simonin calls it a Parisian apartment — his words, not an art direction. The kitchen is visible from the dining room, neither a fashion statement nor a posture of transparency. There is simply nothing to hide.

And yet the man has passed through houses where much is hidden: Ledoyen, Le Meurice, Taillevent, George V, then the Robuchon years — La Table in Paris, the Ateliers in London. Two additional stars before he was thirty. This kind of career often creates cooks of escalation, people who have learned that talent has to prove itself. Simonin drew something different from it, not necessarily what one might expect.

The cooking is exact. Jus are concentrated to the bone, never tipping into bitterness. The sauces — which he discusses with almost physical attention — are light in texture and deep in flavour, the most difficult balance to sustain over time. "You need experience and technique, but above all honesty," he says. You understand the word as you eat.

The Roscoff spider crab arrives wrapped in a fine sheet of daikon printed with botanical motifs, with tapioca pearls and imperial caviar. It is a precise construction. But what you notice first is the crustacean, not the technique around it. Poitou Rex rabbit, roasted with a berry-wood-smoked jus and a corn-and-golden-raisin condiment, has the quality of dishes that seem obvious once they are on the plate, as if the idea had little to do with invention.

The menu is short. Three tasting menus, renewed with the seasons. Simonin sources directly: EARL Bourjot for red berries, La Compagnie de Bouteville for grape-must vinegar made using old methods, Les Truffières Louis Pradel for mushrooms. He is a member of the Bleu-Blanc-Cœur association with several of his suppliers — a nutritional and environmental commitment that does not appear on the menu but informs every plate.



In the dining room is Pascal Drouet, who spent fifteen years alongside Marc Veyrat. You do not see him, which is the definition of a successful performance in this profession. He accompanied Simonin to the final of the Meilleurs Ouvriers de France competition in 2019 — a detail that says something about their relationship, closer to complicity than hierarchy.

The restaurant is open Monday to Friday, lunch and dinner; closed at weekends. In Paris, that choice resembles a short sentence in a long text: it stops the eye. There is something about this table that does not try to persuade. It is there, on Rue Bayen, and has been since 2010. It does what it does. The sauces are what they are.

That is enough.

Restaurant Frédéric Simonin — 25 Rue Bayen, 75017 Paris. Monday to Friday, lunch and dinner. Closed at weekends.



GASTRONOMY & HOTELS

ILANE TINCHANT, IODINE AS A MOTHER TONGUE

FROM SEA URCHIN TO STAR

AN IODINE-RICH SUCCESS

By the Luxsure editorial team

It is eleven o'clock. The dining room at L'Oursin is empty; the white tablecloths move slightly. Outside, two boats are coming in. Ilane Tinchant is already in the kitchen, his hands among a bouquet of rock samphire picked that morning a hundred metres away. He raises it to his nose before setting it down. Not to check it. For something else, unnamed.

Perhaps that is the starting point: a cuisine that begins in the body before it begins in technique.

Born in Orange and released from an incubator in Marseille, Tinchant grew up between two cities, one of which gave him life a second time. He speaks of the Big Blue without effusion, with the precision of someone who dived there as a child and knows its temperature in January, the smell of mud at low tide. The Mediterranean is not a backdrop. It is a syntax. He never mentions it first in conversation; it is there all the time, in the background.

L'Oursin's cuisine does not try to explain. Cuttlefish arrives on the plate in three states — confit, grilled, veiled — linked by a garlic emulsion whose balance depends on very little. John Dory crunches beneath buckwheat and rock samphire. These are dishes you understand by eating, not by reading the menu. The description is always a little behind the reality of the fork.

His career is that of a man who chose his mentors. Guillaume Sourrieu at L'Épuisette for cooking fish and building fumets; Julien Diaz at Saisons for something else — a way of being in the kitchen, a management style without fear; Sylvestre Wahid in Courchevel for sauces, spices and combinations no one sees coming. Tinchant keeps all of that in one calm sentence: "Solid techniques and inspiring chef-mentors: those are the two foundations of my cooking today." Understated. Ten years in the making.

Once a month, he goes with his team to forage on the rocks of the marine park — sea purslane, samphire, rock samphire. This gesture is not an argument. It is a habit, like going to the market. The difference is that the market is a hundred metres away and no one else stops there.



The Côte Bleue long existed outside gastronomic itineraries. Too close to Marseille to be mysterious, too discreet to attract the guides racing after novelty. Hôtel Bleu, moored on the port of Carry-le-Rouet, opened in July 2024 with 44 rooms and this dining room at the end of the hall. The terrace seats twenty-five and looks towards the Frioul Islands on a clear day. The menu is short — two menus, six or eight stops — and changes with the catch, which is a polite way of saying it changes with the sea.

Nicolas Duchemin is twenty-six and runs the dining room as if service were a choreography whose score no one should notice. He says a dinner becomes memorable through an invisible thread between the kitchen and the table. It is a fine sentence. In practice, it means never being there at the wrong moment.

The wines come from the region, selected by sommelier Maxime Petter directly from producers: Cassis rosés and whites, IGP Méditerranée, and a Corsican cuvée that stands out a little. The stated criterion is taste, then the winemaker's personality. In that order.

Tinchant steps out of the kitchen for a moment and looks at the harbour. The boats have come in. The water is flat. He says he is thinking about the sauce — how it reveals a dish's balance, how that is what it is there for. Then he returns to the kitchen. Service begins in an hour.

L'Oursin, Hôtel Bleu — 1 Boulevard des Moulins, 13620 Carry-le-Rouet. Tuesday to Saturday evenings; Friday and Saturday lunch.



TRAVEL, THE ULTIMATE OBJECT OF DESIRE

Travel has changed its nature.

Yesterday, it was about discovering a country. Today, it is about living a story.

Luxury is no longer measured by distance travelled, but by the quality of the experience on offer. Time has become the most precious resource, and every journey must now create an emotion, an encounter or a memory.

The luxury industry has understood this perfectly. Maisons now invest in destinations as much as in products. They imagine trains, hotels, private itineraries and cultural or culinary experiences capable of extending their world far beyond their boutiques — not to mention the explosion of private aviation, a byword for ultimate freedom.

This shift accompanies a new generation of affluent travellers, less drawn to ostentation than to authenticity, personalisation and access to the exceptional.

Travel has thus become the place where every dimension of luxury meets: design, architecture, gastronomy, wellbeing, art, culture and hospitality.

Tomorrow, the most desirable Maisons may no longer be only those that make the most beautiful objects, but those that know how to create the most beautiful experiences.

Travel spending — $2,020bn

Global GDP — $11,700bn

Jobs — 366 million

TRAVEL

A journey sometimes begins long before departure. In the light we imagine, in the smell of damp wood or sun-warmed stone, in the slight impatience before we leave what we know.

In Malta, travel can be read in stone. The lanes of Birgu descend towards the Grand Harbour; the façades of Valletta still hold January's light; and boats glide between fortifications that have seen knights, merchants and armies pass. Nothing is entirely smooth there: every turn lets another era emerge, all the way to Mdina and Gozo.

In French Polynesia, geography imposes another rhythm. Distances are measured in crossings, days in tides, gestures in paddle strokes. In Huahine, Raiatea or Bora Bora, the sea does not surround the islands; it connects them. The traveller gradually understands that it is not enough to look at a lagoon. One must learn to wait, to listen, to let the horizon do its work.

Miami seems at first to belong to the opposite speed. Yet behind its neon, pastel façades and traffic, the city reveals another temporality: an Art Deco district saved from demolition, a 1950s swimming pool preserved in its original curve, a Wynwood wall painted over and then repainted, a cuisine that chooses neither Cuba nor Florida and keeps both. Miami never stops changing, but preserves traces of what it has been. Perhaps that is why it feels less like a destination than a mirage that has learned to last.

The journeys that stay with us are not necessarily those in which we saw the most. They are the ones that imperceptibly shift how we inhabit time.

TRAVEL

MIAMI, THE MIRAGE THAT LASTS

Late-afternoon light, salt and pastel concrete, tropical slowness. Behind the beach cliché, Miami cultivates an architectural, artistic and culinary identity that rewards the patient traveller.

By Pascal Iakovou

ART DECO — BUILDINGS AS RESCUE

First, there is the light. Late-afternoon light that does not fall; it spreads. It coats Collins Avenue in a warm varnish, pinks the geometric façades and makes the chrome on old neon signs gleam.

Miami is first and foremost a matter of architecture. Not the towers of Brickell, but the Art Deco district: eight hundred buildings erected between the 1920s and 1940s, listed on the National Register of Historic Places since 14 May 1979. That listing owes much to Barbara Baer Capitman, a New York journalist who, at sixty, decided these pastel façades deserved better than the wrecking ball.

Her ally Leonard Horowitz had the decisive idea of repainting the buildings in the tones that are now South Beach's chromatic signature. Pink, turquoise and lemon yellow were not accidental. They were an act of rescue.

Three vocabularies can be distinguished here. Art Deco proper, with its geometric lines and stepped gables. Mediterranean Revival, with its arches and tiled roofs. And MiMo — Miami Modern — which appeared after the war and is recognisable by its airplane-wing canopies. From 1001 Ocean Drive, the Miami Design Preservation League has organised slow walks through this heritage.


MIAMI BEACH


1225 1227 1229

TRAVEL

WYNWOOD — THE WALL AS ORGANISM

Wynwood, an industrial district until the mid-2000s, became a canvas for another kind of inscription. Murals by Shepard Fairey, Invader and Aiko spread across converted warehouses. Layer after layer, like an open-air palimpsest. It is not a museum; it is an organism.

At 1101 NW 23rd Street, Superblue turned an industrial building into an immersive art centre. Three experiences coexist: a mirror maze by Es Devlin, a digital environment by teamLab and a work of pure light by James Turrell. A Ganzfeld in which visual reference points disappear and visitors no longer know where their bodies end.

The Pérez Art Museum Miami, designed by Herzog & de Meuron, has concrete cantilevers that seem to float above the bay. Nearly three thousand works make up its permanent collection, with an emphasis on Caribbean, Latin American and African diaspora art. Next door, the Phillip and Patricia Frost Museum of Science has a planetarium whose sphere is outlined against the skyline.

The Miami Design District has brought European luxury Maisons into an open neighbourhood threaded with public art. You enter Hermès as you might enter a garden: there is a threshold, a light, a silence. No background music. Only the scent of leather and wood.

Beneath the Metrorail tracks, The Underline is redefining Miami's relationship with public space. It began in 2013 when Meg Daly noticed vast, unused areas of shade beneath the tracks. The linear park will eventually connect Downtown to Dadeland over ten miles.

GASTRONOMY — FROM LITTLE HAVANA TO SOUTH OF FIFTH

From the Tower Theatre, Miami Culinary Tours offers a sensory journey along Calle Ocho. Cuban coffee standing at the counter, hot croquetas, cigars rolled by hand in the back room of a tabaquero while older men play dominoes. Recipes are passed down from one family to another. This is not gastronomy in the European sense. It is something older: a custom, a rhythm, a way of eating that is first and foremost a way of being together.

Miami is not visited. It is inhabited for however long one stays. And when one leaves, it is the city that remains.





TRAVEL

MALTA, THE OTHER SHORE

The light is different in January. It does not fall on Valletta; it slips into it, oblique and almost shy, skimming the globigerina limestone façades as if it too were seeking a way through this maze of streets, built for war and still standing through sheer stubbornness.

By the Luxsure editorial team

BIRGU — THE CITY BEFORE

We leave Valletta from below. The road leads to Birgu — Vittoriosa, as the official maps say. The honorary name the archipelago gave this peninsula after the Great Siege of 1565, when a few hundred knights held off forty thousand Ottomans for nearly four months. The residents still call it Birgu.

The Collachio district — the medieval heart — is walked in silence. The paving stones have been worn down by five centuries of footsteps.

At eleven, we take a dgħajsa. The dgħajsa tal-pass is the Maltese gondola: a slender boat painted in bright colours, propelled by an oarsman standing at the stern. The wood creaks against the rowlock. In January, the harbour water is a deep green, gently slapping the hull. We glide between the moored yachts and the fortifications of Valletta opposite, massive, golden, vertical. The journey takes about fifteen minutes. We could take the ferry. But we would miss something words struggle to name: the rhythm of an earlier time.


HARBOUR CRUISES
LUZZU CRUISES

TRAVEL

CARAVAGGIO — BLOOD IN THE SIGNATURE

St John's Co-Cathedral. From outside, nothing: a severe, almost forbidding block of limestone, designed by Cassar. The man did not believe in façades. We push the door open.

What follows is one of the most violent visual shocks European architecture can offer. Every square centimetre of floor is a polychrome marble tombstone — four hundred funerary slabs for knights. The walls are covered in gilding. The vault, painted by Mattia Preti between 1661 and 1666, tells the life of Saint John the Baptist in eighteen episodes.

But the real reason for the detour is in the Oratory: Caravaggio's The Beheading of Saint John the Baptist, painted in 1608. The canvas measures 3.60 by 5.20 metres. It is the only work Caravaggio ever signed — and he did so in the blood flowing from the saint's neck. The painter was then a refugee in Malta, fleeing a death sentence for murder in Rome. The painting stayed. It has never left this room.



TRAVEL

GOZO, MDINA THE SILENCE THAT LASTS

The next day belongs to Gozo. The ferry from Ċirkewwa takes twenty minutes. Victoria's Citadel dominates the island from its white-limestone promontory. Its Baroque cathedral contains a painted trompe-l'œil dome, with no real dome beneath it: one of the Mediterranean's most elegant architectural deceptions.

Mdina is worth visiting for what it refuses to be. No cars. Its silent lanes are paved with the same globigerina limestone as Valletta's, but are even narrower, more secret. Mdina does not try to seduce. It remains what it has always been: a fortified, beautiful city, perfectly indifferent to other people's gaze.

Seven thousand years of human occupation. Three UNESCO sites. Seven Michelin stars. Three hundred days of sunshine. Two hours and forty-five minutes by air from Paris. We know the figures. But they say nothing about what really matters: the quality of silence in Birgu's streets at nine in the morning, when the light skims the façades and one understands why the Knights chose to stay.



TRAVEL

THE ART OF SLOWING DOWN: CHRONICLES OF A POLYNESIAN LUXURY

Some journeys do not take place in time but, on the contrary, suspend it. French Polynesia belongs to that rare category where the moment stretches with almost insolent grace, and where one learns — finally — that slowing down may be the greatest luxury of our time.

Across the Society Islands, from Huahine to Bora Bora by way of Raiatea and Taha'a, an invisible thread links people to nature, today's gestures to yesterday's legends. This is the setting, almost unreal, for the legendary Hawaiki Nui Va'a, the traditional canoe race that each year celebrates far more than performance: a philosophy of life.

Travel · By Virginie Garcia

Huahine does not reveal itself; it must be earned. From the first moments, the island imposes a rhythm no longer dictated by watches but by life itself. Vanilla plantations release an almost narcotic scent, while watermelon fields offer bright colours beneath an uncompromising sun.

Here, one tastes violet flowers with an unexpected flavour reminiscent of button mushrooms — a botanical oddity that already invites us to slow down, observe and feel. Further on, a wild beach, traditionally guarded by warrior women, seems to defy time itself.

Luxury is not ostentatious. It lies in a simple gesture: drinking cool water straight from a coconut and tasting its flesh, still warm from the sun. It is tucked into the contemplation of ancestral fish traps, in the almost mystical gentleness of a sacred eel fed from one's fingertips.

From a lookout, Maroe Bay unfolds in silent majesty. Then, like a whisper from the past, the marae — sacred temples, more than 250 of them on Huahine — remind us that every stone is inhabited. Among them, the legend of Piihoro and Hunaraapoe's hidden pearl persists, an enigma offered to attentive travellers.

The island's emblem, the fern, embodies this philosophy: "fragrant fern, respected fern". That says it all.

At Raiatea, the spiritual birthplace of Polynesia, the first stage of the race begins in a poti marara. The sea is not a playground but a sacred space. Every paddle stroke belongs to a choreography thousands of years old.

Aboard a catamaran, lunch becomes a ritual suspended between sky and lagoon. The eye loses itself in endless shades of blue while the body gives in to a rediscovered slowness.

The next day, the stage continues at Taha'a in an almost meditative atmosphere. At Patio wharf, the athletes describe their relationship with the ocean: one of humility, respect and endurance. Here, performance does not exclude contemplation; it is its culmination.

It is difficult to speak of Bora Bora without lapsing into emphasis. Yet beyond the clichés, the island reveals unexpected depth when one takes time to explore it differently.

Following the va'a finish with a snack in hand is to witness an almost ceremonial scene. The canoes glide over the water with sovereign elegance, carried by men whose determination rivals the beauty of the setting.



TRAVEL

Then comes the almost initiatory experience of swimming with sharks. Far from frightening, it is a lesson in humility. Dinner at Saint-James extends that feeling of exception: delicate cuisine, precise service, an enchanting setting — a luxury that never shouts.

The next day, the lagoon becomes a stage for total immersion. On motu Ome'e, the picnic takes on the air of an intimate banquet. Manta rays move with unreal grace, while the coral garden reveals a palette of colours worthy of the greatest painting ateliers.

Dinner at Bloody Mary's, accompanied by the voices of Vaianuu and René from the group Maruao, reminds us that music is inseparable from the landscape.

In Papeete, the contrast is striking but never brutal. The Pearl Museum reveals the secrets of exceptional craftsmanship, while the market offers total sensory immersion.

White-sand beaches answer black-sand beaches, such as Plage de Tahaaruu, a surfing landmark where the river sculpts the waves. Every natural element seems designed, orchestrated.

Moorea keeps its promise. Between Toatea Lookout and Cook's Bay, the eye moves constantly between land and sea.

The pineapple road, the Queen pineapples brought from Brazil, tastings with notes of vanilla: everything contributes to a kind of sophisticated softness. At Opunohu agricultural school, "the belly of the stonefish", nature becomes a lesson.

Opunohu Lookout, with its mango and flame trees, invites contemplation. Further on, a drift dive reveals leopard rays, parrotfish and blacktip sharks — a silent ballet in which people are only guests.

Mount Rotui, a sacred mountain, watches over the island. According to the elders, spirits pass through it on their way to the sky. Here, slowing down becomes almost a moral obligation.

This journey reveals a simple truth: luxury lies not in accumulation but in attention. In Polynesia, every plant — from pandanus to auti leaves — has a function, a story, a soul. Wild hibiscus changes colour as the hours pass, as if to remind us that everything moves, even in slowness.

Marae such as Marae Arahurahu hold the mana of the ancestors. They call for silence, reflection and a kind of respect that goes beyond tourism.

In a world where everything accelerates, Polynesia offers a radical alternative: slow down to feel more, contemplate to understand better, step aside to belong more fully.

For ultimately, true luxury is not possessing time, but learning to inhabit it.

And in these lands known as the Fenua, that has never been more evident.





THE IMAGE MAKES (ALMOST) THE LUXURY

By Thomas Mondo

Nearly 10% of revenue

According to the composite "luxury" category established by WPP Media from the sector's leading global advertisers, luxury companies' advertising investments now approach 10% of their revenues. After a slight estimated decline of 1.1% in 2025, they are expected to return to growth of 2.3% in 2026.

32.2% of revenue

L'Oréal devoted 32.2% of its 2025 sales to advertising and promotion, or approximately €14.2 billion on revenue of €44.05 billion.

$1.1bn

Media Impact Value generated by Paris Fashion Week in September–October 2025 in the 48 hours after it closed, according to Launchmetrics.

$2.395bn

Spent in 2025 on activities dedicated to image and customer experience by the House of Chanel.

Luxury advertising — 10% of revenue +2.3%

L'Oréal — 32.2% of revenue

Paris Fashion Week — $1.1bn

Chanel — $2.395bn

IMAGE

The Maisons are investing ever more to remain visible in a stream that consumes images almost as soon as it produces them. Media coverage has accelerated to the point where much of the value of exposure can be created and surpassed within 24 hours. The paradox is striking: never have the Maisons invested so much to be seen, and never have they risked becoming invisible so quickly. In this new attention economy, the challenge is no longer simply to produce images. It is to build signs that can withstand the stream: a distinctive typeface, a memorable campaign, a set design, a gesture or a vision singular enough to survive the next trending topic.

Image has become luxury's most precious capital, but also its most exposed and fragile. In building brands for social media, some Maisons have at times forgotten to build business models as solid as their visibility. Coperni, whose shows were among the world's most viral before the company entered court-supervised restructuring in 2026, recalls a basic truth: virality is not a balance sheet.

IMAGE

THE FASHIONISATION OF LUXURY

WHEN FASHION BURNS ITS TEMPLES

There was a time when entering a great luxury Maison was almost a ritual. One did not simply buy a bag, a watch or a dress. One entered a world, a circle of the chosen, a universe of long time, inherited gestures and cultivated rarity — codes powerful enough to cross generations. That time has not entirely disappeared. But it is wavering under the effect of a slow, gradual, almost consensual contamination: the fashionisation of luxury.

By Thomas Mondo

Fashion and luxury have always been closely connected — fashion is one of luxury's territories — without obeying the same timelines. Fashion lives on change, seasons and volatility. Luxury has historically built its value on permanence, transmission, serenity and timelessness. One was meant to surprise. The other, to last.

Yet, intoxicated by decades of growth, luxury gradually began to adopt fashion's mechanisms. More collections, collaborations, drops, faster turnover among artistic directors, a constant pursuit of novelty: hype became a strategy and buzz very often the compass.

It all began with a perfectly legitimate ambition: to grow.

The major groups turned Maisons that were sometimes still family-run into global powers, opened hundreds of boutiques and greatly broadened their clientele. Luxury became a formidable aspirational industry, but that growth carried a less visible cost: acceleration.

For the real upheaval may not be that luxury became more fashionable. It is that it gradually lost control of its own time: Instagram imposed immediacy, finance imposed the quarter, and hype imposed the perpetual trend.

Digital shortened media time, finance shortened economic time, and fashion shortened the time of desire.

In the attention economy, an it-bag that goes viral can generate more visibility in a few weeks than a century of quiet craftsmanship. But visibility and value are not synonyms.

By trying to remain constantly present in the conversation, luxury has entered a dangerous cycle: produce novelty to capture attention, then replace it before it has even had time to become an icon.

Louis Vuitton x Supreme, drops, capsules and the multiplication of collaborations have shown the extraordinary power of these new mechanisms of desire. But they have also installed a new imperative: a Maison must now constantly create news in order to continue to exist. Yet luxury was never built on the news. It was built on longevity.



When codes become omnipresent, when they saturate networks, boutiques and imaginations, their desirability can be exhausted as quickly as it was built. Fashion lives on the desire for change. Luxury also lives on its capacity to resist it.

IMAGE

A new Beauty and the bag campaign — Gucci. (Source: Official Gucci campaign)

Gucci may be the most spectacular laboratory for this acceleration. Under Alessandro Michele, the Maison created a world of exceptional cultural power: maximalism, logomania, creative abundance. In a few years, Gucci became omnipresent... perhaps a little too omnipresent. And what fashion adores today, it can just as easily burn tomorrow.

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This acceleration was joined by a crisis of confidence: sometimes vertiginous price rises, questions about quality and scandals around certain subcontracting chains in Italy have fractured a fundamental belief — that an exceptional price necessarily guaranteed exceptional quality, provenance and craftsmanship.

A form of Luxury Fatigue has therefore taken hold. Not necessarily fatigue with luxury itself, but with what it has sometimes become: its overexposure, agitation, prices and constant need to make noise.

And then there is Hermès, a small Gaulish village at 24 Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré in Paris, whose insolent strength disrupts every cyclical explanation of the sector's crisis.

Hermès has not rejected modernity; the Maison has rejected acceleration. Recall how it defines itself: "Contemporary Artisan since 1837". That says everything.

The Maison holds shows, communicates, uses Instagram, works with artists and is fully part of its time. But it has never allowed these tools to take control of the brand's time. The object remains central. The artisan remains essential. Production remains constrained. Rarity is not manufactured by marketing; it is embedded in the industrial model.

Above all, Hermès does not wait for a providential artistic director to reinvent the Maison every three years. The collective, the crafts and the object remain more important than the stardom of the person leading them.



Un passant portant un masque et marchant devant une grande devanture orange de la marque Hermès (Source : Unsplash / photographe Chi Lok Tsang).

IMAGE

Its success raises an uncomfortable question: what if consumers were not turning away from luxury, but from what no longer seems luxurious enough to them?

Perhaps that is also what the extraordinary musical chairs among artistic directors reveal. Matthieu Blazy at Chanel, Jonathan Anderson at Dior, Demna at Gucci, Olivier Rousteing at Rabanne: perhaps never before has so much economic weight rested on so few individuals.

We now sometimes ask a creator to restore, in a few seasons, the desirability of a Maison built over a century. The myth of Sisyphus is not far away.

But the fashionisation of luxury has not had only negative effects; we should acknowledge that. Fashion injected formidable energy, reconnecting luxury with youth, music, streetwear and popular culture. It made luxury more alive, more porous to the world. Above all, it passed on its obsession with the present.

The challenge is not to return to a fantasised golden age. It is to regain control of time: to be contemporary without becoming a prisoner of the moment; visible without being overexposed; to create novelty without sacrificing permanence; to reinvent oneself without burning out.

Ultimately, the difference between fashion and luxury may still come down to one simple truth: fashion reinvents itself to remain new. Luxury must reinvent itself to remain eternal.



Jonathan Anderson prend les rênes de Dior (Crédit : Dior)

IMAGE

TYPOGRAPHY, LUXURY'S BEST-KEPT SECRET

WHEN LUXURY IS WRITTEN IN LEAD

In luxury, nothing is ever truly a detail. The grain of a leather, the weight of a bottle, the sound of a clasp: every element contributes to the construction of an imaginary world. Yet there is one thing we all look at without almost ever seeing: the letter.

By Antoine Leclercq and Thomas Mondo

Dior, Loewe, Diptyque, Cartier... Before we even read these names, we recognise them. A brand does not speak only through words; it also speaks through the form it gives them.

At a time when images circulate, are copied and can now be generated without end, typography is paradoxically becoming one of the most valuable territories of brand identity.

For luxury never creates from nothing; it remembers.

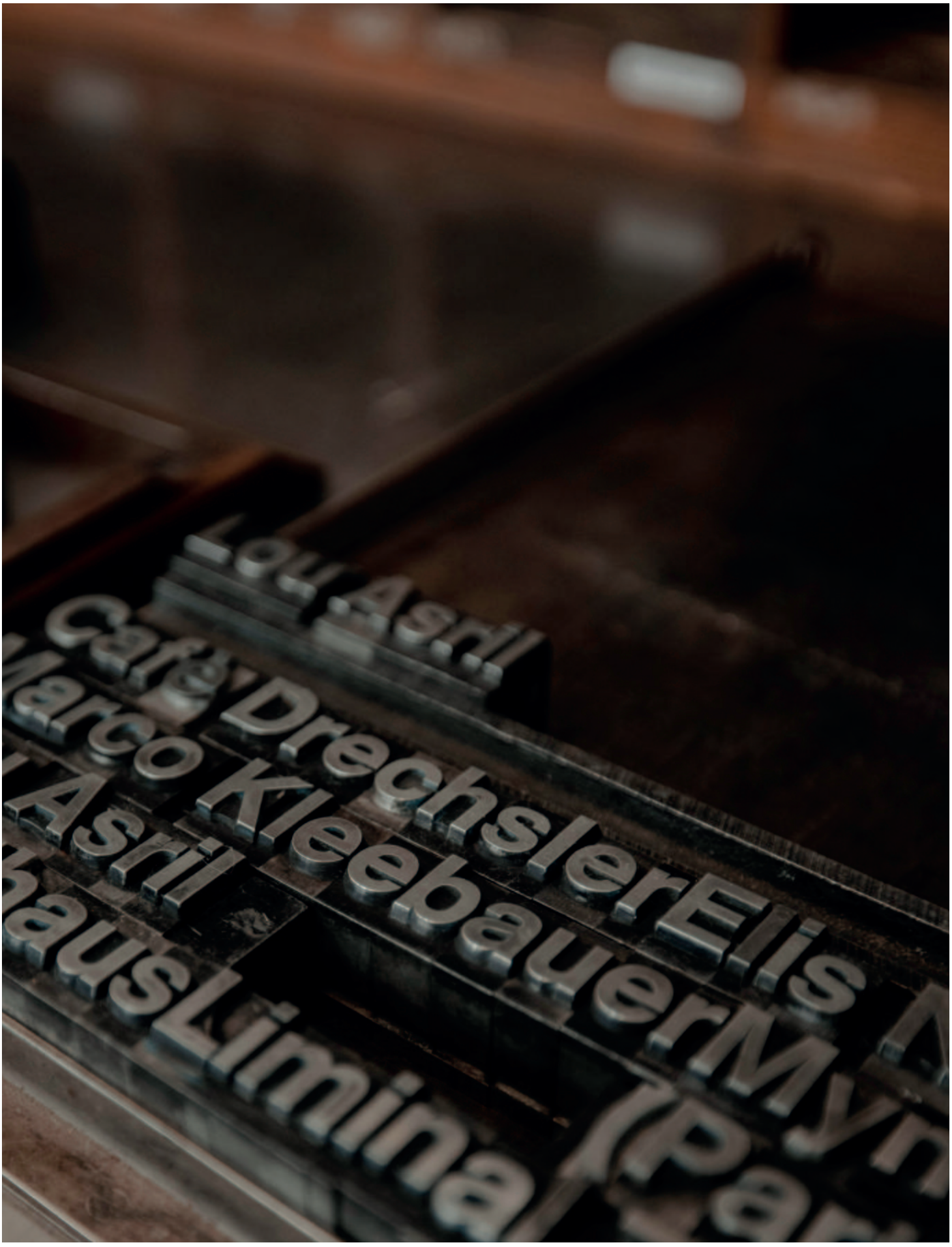
Behind the apparent modernity of contemporary identities, several centuries of history sometimes lie hidden: Garamont, Granjon, Cochin, Wolpe... Engravers, designers and typographers continue, sometimes five hundred years later, to haunt the letters with which luxury writes its time. This is not nostalgia; first and foremost, it is lineage.

When Loewe draws on the world of Berthold Wolpe and his Albertus typeface through M/M (Paris), modernity does not arise from a break with the past but from its reinterpretation. The letters seem engraved, almost cut into the material. They tell us about craftsmanship before the brand even needs to use the word.

Making a history visible without having to tell it: perhaps this is one of typography's most fascinating powers. And yet, for a decade, luxury seemed to want to erase its own roots, driven by certain artistic directors — Hedi Slimane at YSL and CELINE above all.

In their pursuit of digital modernity, many Maisons simplified their identities. Ornaments disappeared, serifs were removed, logos became geometric, neutral and immediately legible on a screen. The phenomenon even acquired a name: blanding.

By trying to conform to the algorithm, some brands ended up speaking the same language — an almost existential paradox for an industry founded on singularity. How can one claim to sell the exceptional using interchangeable signs? The problem is obviously not serif versus sans serif. It lies elsewhere: the individual versus the generic.



crédit : patrick-langwallner

IMAGE

A Maison may spend years developing a leather, a colour, a clasp, a fragrance or the architecture of its boutiques. Why, then, would it write with the same letters as everyone else? This is where one of contemporary luxury's least-known artisans comes in: the type designer, the cutter of letters. They draw, adjust and refine. A few fractions of a millimetre can change a perception, a balance, a personality. Just as a tailor constructs a silhouette or a jeweller sets a stone, the typographer constructs a language.

Perhaps true luxury now consists of owning one's own alphabet. A proprietary typeface allows a Maison to exist beyond its logo. On an invitation, a screen, a package or a campaign, the letter becomes a silent signature: a shape sometimes recognised before we know why.

In a world saturated with images, and now with generated images, this singularity becomes all the more precious, because exclusivity can no longer stop at the object; it must also apply to the signs.

Typography may be returning to what it should never have stopped being for luxury: a high craft. A body of knowledge where history meets technology, where lead becomes pixel without losing its memory.

For centuries, great families asserted their identity through coats of arms. Today, Maisons have their monograms, emblems and colours. But they possess an even more secret sign: their own way of writing the world.

Perhaps luxury understood this before anyone else: the letter is its modern coat of arms.



Croquis original, dessiné et peint à la main, du célèbre logo aux lettres entrelacées d'Yves Saint Laurent (Source : www.cassandre.fr).

BREATHE IN. BREATHE OUT.

Alongside the great Maisons, icons and stories told by LUXSURE, there will always be room for those whose talent has yet to receive recognition.

Breathe In. Breathe Out. is a pause in the rhythm of the magazine. A feature devoted to discovering and revealing emerging talent — photographers, artists, designers, artisans and creators whose perspective deserves to be shared.

For this first edition, Margaux Helleu invites us to take to the open water. At the heart of Les Voiles de Saint-Tropez, her lens captures the force of the wind, the light of sea spray and the poetry of the moment. An invitation to slow down, contemplate... and breathe.














2



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