

Best-Dressed Guests
Answers to thorny questions on wedding attire **D2**



OFF DUTY



Pleased As Pie
A recipe for artichoke tart with minted goat cheese **D8**

FASHION | FOOD | DESIGN | TRAVEL | GEAR

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

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Dream Vacation

Good news for train romantics: The once-endangered sleeper is back on track. Here's where—and why—you might want to ride a midnight express



Why didn't they fly?

Just to annoy us?

PAPER ROUTE Artist Daniel Sean Murphy constructed this night train and its mountainous setting entirely out of paper. For a behind-the-scenes, step-by-step video of Mr. Murphy building the set, deer and all, visit wsj.com/travel.

By **ADAM H. GRAHAM**

AH, SLEEPER TRAINS. Meditate for a moment on those relics from the golden age of travel. Imagine yourself scuttling over the Alps at twilight, listening to the rattling of bone china, the clinking of whiskey bottles. Now picture yourself wedged into the middle of a packed airline cabin, hearing the blare of the engine and the snoring of your seatmate. Is it any wonder that night trains are back in vogue? Cushy sleeping berths on new railcars and mightily refurbished ones are rolling into stations everywhere, from the Scottish Highlands to the Peruvian Andes. They're catering to a growing faction of travelers looking to escape the harried airline experience or simply to indulge their nos-

algia—real or imagined—for overnight rail travel, largely fueled by books and films (see “Track Stars,” on page D6, for a sampling).
Andrew Martin, the author of “Night Trains: The Rise and Fall of the Sleeper” (*Profile Books*), traces the history of berth-tourism from its inception in the mid-1800s, when British passengers were advised to bring revolvers and tea-pots, to its derailment at the end of the 20th century. “Before World War I, European sleepers were for the superrich. In the 1920s and 1930s, the fares came down, allowing literary types and the middle class to afford them,” said Mr. Martin. “In 1957, sleeper trains started becoming eclipsed by fast trains for business executives... By the mid-1990s, [the rise of budget airlines] had a near fatal effect on the sleeper.”
For the last few decades, what remained were

mostly austere state-run railways. Instead of Poirot in silk pajamas and elegant meals in elegant dining cars, you'd more likely find cramped sleeping compartments shared with backpackers, 5 a.m. whistle-stops and an inescapable smell of diesel engine mixed with chemical toilets. In the waning days of the sleeper trains, overnight train journeys often felt more dystopian Snowpiercer than glamorous Orient Express.
Granted, even those still held a certain appeal. I embarked on my first night train in the U.S.S.R. in 1989 on a high-school trip. While traveling from Leningrad to Krasnodar, I watched mustached military officers swig vodka in the canteen car, endured the train's surly babushka, who chased me up the aisles for reasons I couldn't fathom and spent hours gazing at the Caucasus
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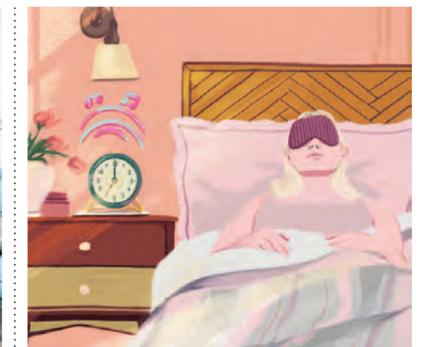
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STYLE & FASHION

BURNING QUESTIONS

Wedding Attire Angst!

With stressful invitations for summer nuptials starting to pour in, **Katharine K. Zarrella** answers 13 queries on the most appropriate (and least punishing) ways for guests to dress



Jacket, \$895, *freemansportingclub.com*



Suit, \$1,650, *ringjacket.com*



Suit, \$4,275, *Brunello Cucinelli, 212-334-1010*

1 When it comes to outdoor summer weddings, I always end up freezing in a tiny dress while my husband inevitably gets hot in his suit jacket. How can we both maintain optimal comfort levels?

Sweaty men are best advised to try one of the lightweight suiting options at left, with the proviso that linen can get wrinkly if you fail to stay motionless at all times. For chilly women, there are certainly options beyond the tired pashmina. Some ideas are at right. The embroidered cape is not exactly hefty, but it adds a slight layer of warmth.



A sparkly windbreaker, \$2,490, *akris.ch*



A short-sleeved shrug, \$895, *marciacobs.com*



An embroidered cape, \$675, *Simone Rocha, 646-810-478*



A beachy cardigan, \$2,595, *Missoni, 212-517-9339*

BONUS QUESTION At what point in the night is it acceptable for men to shed their jackets?

As a rule, when the photographer goes home. Some say sooner. "Stay dressed through the first dance," said New York menswear designer Joseph Abboud.

2 As a guest, can I wear a white dress to a wedding?

It depends. If you're planning to roll up in a tulle cupcake gown and a veil, you have some personal issues to sort out. If you're eyeing a frock with a floral print on white, you're probably fine. "The rules have loosened up. In summer time, wearing white is okay," said Mark Ingram, founder of an eponymous New York bridal salon. "[But] everything else needs to be a color—hat, stole, shoes, whatever." Meanwhile, Bergdorf Goodman's Betty Halbreich, an author and the head of the store's Solutions styling department, wouldn't propose white to a client. "I think it conflicts with the bride," she said. Even so, she also makes exceptions for prints on a white background, arguing that you'll blend in sufficiently: "No one really stands out when there are 200 people dancing and drinking." As for the bride's sisters, the rule is never, said Mr. Ingram.



3 What's up with wedding hats?

It's mostly a British thing. Until the 1950s, it was sometimes considered improper for women to show their hair at formal events; thus, cranial accessories became ingrained. If you're not **Princess Beatrice** (left), American milliner Gigi Burris recommends delicate styles with crystals or feathers for evening. Sun hats are OK for day. But "stay away from anything that looks like a veil," Ms. Burris warned. "It's the bride's veil moment."

6 I'm going to a wedding in Jaipur, but I'm not Indian. Should all women wear a sari?

Yes. "It's best to turn up in traditional attire, which typically involves a sari or a lehenga—a full-length, pleated and embellished skirt," said Shweta Shiware, a Mumbai-based fashion writer. "Indian weddings generally comprise many pre- and post-events, and it's the wedding ceremony where I'd recommend the sari."



4 Can you help me decipher these newfangled dress codes, from 'Nautical Natty' to 'Cancún Fab'?

Use common sense and stare intently at the invitation for hints. "The way it looks, the engraving, the printing, the colors, the location—all of these things are cues that you should follow," said Mr. Ingram, suggesting you also do some research on the destination or venue to get an idea of prevailing styles. Ms. Halbreich suggests a more flippant approach if the dress-code language is flagrantly nontraditional. "Anything goes. You can go in masquerade," she quipped. "Buy what you like and to hell with them."

BONUS QUESTION If in doubt about dress codes, is it ever OK to call the bride?

Are you in the bride's inner circle? If so, sure. "If you know her, call her, because she knows exactly what style she wants," said Mr. Ingram. However, if she's your boyfriend's cousin's fiancée, now is not the time to get acquainted. Instead, start a group text with other guests, a tactic we're a bit addicted to. "Or [ask] the maid of honor," suggested Mr. Ingram. "It's good for her to field those calls. Really, she needs a job anyway."

5

I was invited to a 'black-tie' wedding. What should I keep in mind?

Men should wear a tux. "If it says black tie, out of respect for the people having the wedding, you should do your very best to dress appropriately for that," said Joseph Abboud.

If you don't have a tux and are not interested in renting, there's an out.

"You could wear a very dark suit without a pattern and dress that up with a bow tie," Mr. Abboud advised. "Although it isn't actually a tuxedo, it is acceptable." **Women have more flexibility.** "It could be a formal gown," said Mr. Ingram, "or stunning evening pants. A woman's tuxedo is very chic—or it could be a short dress, but it should be fancy. If you're going to wear short, make the accessories extraordinary."

What is 'black-tie optional,' anyway?

"That's the worst kind of invitation ever," said Mr. Abboud, and Mr. Ingram vigorously agreed with him. "It's a cop-out. It's confusing," he explained. "It actually means that men can wear business suits with ties and women can wear a cocktail dress or a long dress."



8 Can I wear a straight tie with a tuxedo like actor James McAvoy (above)?

Yes. Mr. Ingram donned just that to his daughter's wedding last year. "It's very formal and beautiful with a white shirt," he said. Though the ghost of Cary Grant might balk, the look shows up often on red carpets.

7 I was just invited to my first gay wedding. What should I wear? Come on, people. It's 2019. Wear the same thing as you would to a heterosexual wedding.



10 My cousin says that I can find wedding-style inspiration on Pinterest. True? Pinterest is fine in theory but has a tendency to promote a sheeplike mentality. See above for two dubious style tips—colorful sneakers and flower wreaths—that were over-touted on the site.

11 I feel stuck. What are some great movie wedding-style moments I could steal tricks from?

Start with witty films like (below, from left) "Crazy Rich Asians" and "Four Weddings and a Funeral" for outside-of-the-box ideas.



12 What are the best dancing shoes?



Try this malleable patent-leather pair. Loafers, \$795, *Tod's, 212-644-5945*

Move more easily in a wide, stable heel. Sandals, \$750, *sergiorossi.com*

The rubberized sole here is boogie-friendly. Shoes, \$650, *Ermenegildo Zegna, 212-421-4488*

The Birkenstocks of heels (trust us). Marion Parke Shoes, \$595, *bergdorfgoodman.com*

These have a springy insole and a cushy midsole. Shoes, \$425, *allenedmonds.com*

These smooth fabric uppers won't dig in. Shoes, \$375, *loefflerandall.com*

13 Do I have to buy a new outfit?

Absolutely not. And if you do, make sure it's versatile enough to reuse for the next event. "When I sell something for any occasion, I try to make [the client] understand that this dress can go more than one place," said Ms. Halbreich.

STYLE & FASHION

LOVE STORY

The Allure of Mom Jeans

Curtis Sittenfeld, the author of 'Prep' and the recent short-story collection 'You Think It, I'll Say It,' on her unlikely obsession with the denim brand NYDJ—short for 'Not Your Daughter's Jeans'

I RECENTLY MOVED to Minneapolis, and I often hide in my home, wearing layers of fleece and long underwear. Such is the life of a full-time writer. But when I change out of fleece and long underwear—when I meet a friend for lunch or go to get a haircut, when I fly somewhere on a plane—I change into one of my five pairs of NYDJ jeans, three of which are black and two of which are blue. In the summer, I wear the ankle-length ones.

The acronym stands for Not Your Daughter's Jeans, which nicely captures the brand's ethos—if you wish to be mistaken for a teenager, if you wish to be a teenager, don't buy them. If, however, you're drawn toward so-called mom jeans but also kind of want to be saved from yourself, you've come to the right place.

If you wish to be mistaken for a teenager, if you wish to be a teenager, don't buy them.

According to the website (and I'd normally consider a brand's website borderline propaganda, but I swear from experience every word is accurate), "All our jeans have a patented crisscross panel inside to flatten in the front and curve-contouring construction to flatter curves in the back, so you look, feel and wear a size smaller. Order one size down for your perfect fit."

Perhaps most astonishingly of all, they're comfortable. This is in contrast to other ostensibly fashionable jeans I've bought and almost never worn—skinny jeans that are so skinny that they fit only before and not after a meal, jeans with frayed cuffs that make me feel as if I'm trying way too hard.

NYDJ and I first met in 2013, just before the publication of my fourth novel. Starting in 2005,

I'd published three novels in quick succession, then five years had passed. In that interval, I'd had two children and little reason to change out of yoga pants. With my fourth novel, the time had come to leave my house once again—to travel to bookstores and libraries in other cities—and, unprecedentedly, I sought help from a stylist. I'd long been under the misapprehension that stylists were for stylish people but one day, with the force of an epiphany in a short story, I was struck by the realization that stylists were probably for people exactly like me—people who didn't have great instincts for or interest in clothes.

I called the Nordstrom at the mall near where I lived then in suburban St. Louis. I described my style or lack thereof and named the amount of money I was willing to spend. A few days later, after several hours in a dressing room with a fashionable woman about a decade my senior (a woman who convinced me that my modesty about her seeing my underwear would soon pass and who exclaimed when I donned my first pair of NYDJ jeans, "Look how cute your tushy looks!"), I walked out of the store having spent double my budget and with so many bags I almost couldn't carry them. I felt like I was in the shopping montage of a romantic comedy, and I also felt that it should be against the law to buy so many articles of clothing that you can't carry them to your car without assistance. Six years later, I no longer wear most of the clothes I bought that day—blazers that I've decided are too cropped, black wool pants dressier than I need when I can pretty much always get away with black jeans. But I still have one of my original pairs of NYDJ jeans.

Fiction writers are experts at subterfuge; we are masters at a kind of fake authenticity, at selecting a few details to imply a character's whole worldview, at creating dialogue that sounds zingier than the way people really talk. All of which is to say that it feels strangely ironic to be describing



GETTY IMAGES (HAYWORTH); MATTHEW HINTZ (SITTENFELD)



UN-DARING DENIM From above: Rita Hayworth, sitting at her home in Glenbrook, Nev., knew the power of modest dungarees; the author Curtis Sittenfeld, wearing her NYDJ jeans, at Magers & Quinn Booksellers in Minneapolis.

my fondness for Not Your Daughter's Jeans because my fondness is...sincere. Although I could be making it up, I'm not.

The other odd fact of writing a public love letter to jeans I sincerely love, and mentioning how flattering they are, is that if you saw me you might not think they look that flattering. At times, in my own self-consciousness, I might agree, even though, on a daily basis, I think they look flattering enough to leave my house in. We both might think this because we're accustomed, in magazines and on e-commerce websites, to seeing models in their teens and 20s wearing jeans; I am 43 years old and not a model. We both might have to take the cuteness of my tushy on faith.



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F. MARTIN RAMIN/THE WALL STREET JOURNAL. STYLING BY ANNE CARDENAS (OVERALLS); DAVID URBAN

against being very dressed up all the time,” said Ms. Richardson of this counter cultural gesture.

Today, despite ever-more-casual dress codes, overalls remain a hard sell for those without a bushel or a box-saw. Jeff Thrope, 35, a marketing consultant in Abiquiú, N.M., recalls feeling judged while wearing overalls in New York City: “I’m sure most of the people I passed thought I was a complete loser.”

It takes chutzpah to defy such censure. And, as with most style risks, being famous helps. Chris Pine suffered few consequences when he wore a duck-canvas Carhartt pair on a flight last year. Today, as other pre-Y2K fashions such as baggy jeans and chunky sneakers enjoy a renaissance, labels like Our Legacy, Supreme and Saturdays are offering nouveau overalls as well.

After I swapped my coalman-evoking Carhartt pair for a crisper, all-white version by Dickies, the appeal of overalls came into focus. I relished having a smartphone-sized pocket at rib cage level. I also derived an odd comfort from wearing one garment shoulder-to-toe. Yet the Dickies fabric was stiff (I’m told it relents after a few washes), and the pant legs were wide enough to accommodate an elephant’s foot. Plus, the pearly color made me nervous that I looked like someone heading to a house-painting side-hustle. So I moved onto a slimmer olive-green pair by New York’s Saturdays NYC with soft fabric and a straight cut that felt almost sleek.

I wore them out to lunch, exploiting the extra pockets to stash a few pens and a folded Saturday crossword. The crowd seemed indifferent, although to be fair, I was eating in Brooklyn, N.Y., where odd-ball outfits abound. After the meal, I joined my brother to hit a couple of art shows, which seemed a suitable context for such an eccentric look. The sole comment came from my brother, who merely asked where I’d gotten the overalls. He agreed that the material—a dry cotton typical of military trousers—gave them a polished look. Nonetheless, I changed into standard cotton trousers before heading out to dinner. Even at a farm-to-table restaurant, I wasn’t prepared to be mistaken for a farmer at the table.

Strapping Specimens

Here, some overalls for the more daring among you, from utilitarian classics to a modern update.

For an inventive spin on classic painter’s-white, style this pair with cool city basics like a black T-shirt. Overalls, \$36, dickies.com



For a more sophisticated vibe, try this khaki pair layered over a dark crew neck. Overalls, \$245, Saturdays NYC, 212-966-7875



For a casual weekend look, layer classic denim over a flannel shirt (in a slim cut to avoid looking too country-mouse). Overalls, \$175, carhartt-wip.com



TEST DRIVE

They’re Quite Nice, Overall

While urbanites have co-opted cargo vests, rugged boots and other work wear staples, overalls still labor mainly on the farm. We test their viability in the city

By JACOB GALLAGHER

I RECENTLY STEPPED into a pair of denim Carhartt overalls and with the click of the buckles—voilà!—I was transformed from a mellow Brooklynite into an old-fashioned coalman. The sort who kept 1930s trains running. Or, I thought, studying the mirror, I could pass for a ’50s farmer, rustling up corn. (Is corn something one “rustles up?”) I certainly didn’t feel like myself. Of course, there’s a fine line be-

tween the pleasingly transformative and a Halloween get-up. “If you’re not a blue-collar worker, the bib overall becomes more costumey,” said Ann Richardson, the brand historian at Dickies, a Fort Worth, Texas, company that’s been making overalls since its 1922 inception. Traditionally, overalls have catered to the needs of those who toil in grain fields, on construction sites or on factory floors. But today’s creative types appreciate the practical pull-on, too. “You can get them dirty and there are pockets every-

where for random things,” said Jesse Shaw, 26, a Brooklyn, N.Y., ceramic lighting designer. Overalls have occasionally flirted with fashionability, notably in the 1990s. See: the adorably overalled Jennifer Aniston in “Friends” or the less-huggable Tupac wearing a pair emblazoned with “Thug Life.” Seventies hippies adopted cheap overalls to distance themselves from the establishment. Children of lawyers and middle-management drones were “identifying with the working class and rebellion and working

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ADVENTURE & TRAVEL

A Retro Slice of Vice

An Art Deco tour of Miami Beach reveals a city built on artifice and hedonism. Tara Isabella Burton found it impossible not to play along

JAMES CUBBY has seen a lot. Moments into the historical walking excursion he leads for Art Deco Tours, Mr. Cubby disclosed—with a raised eyebrow underneath his brown fedora—his own history in the city. After decades as a nightlife writer in Miami Beach, he knows everything worth knowing, he implied, about the city's strange, seedy past. He'd cut his teeth in the feverish nightclubs of the 1980s, just a few years after Miami began turning around its reputation as a dilapidated, crime-ridden place. He'd lived through the gleeful excess of the '90s, when Gianni Versace converted a 1930s townhouse into an altar to extravagance, with whole rooms made out of seashells.

What we have to understand about Miami Beach, he told us, is that everything is fake. "Even the grass," he noted, leading us along the border of a garish, astroturf-lined hotel garden. Even the palm trees: imported, mostly from Latin America, by a string of hoteliers and urban designers determined to transform Miami into the ideal of a city devoted to hedonism and pleasure—two things, Mr. Cubby noted as we wandered, that Miami Beach has always provided. From its turn-of-the-century heyday as a winter playground for old-money families like the Astors and the Vanderbilts to its salacious jazz-age years, when each of the Mafia-controlled Art Deco hotels along the shore played host to speakeasies and casinos, Miami Beach's culture has always been about fulfilling fantasies.

Just look at the pastel Art Deco facades, Mr. Cubby said, barely stopping to acknowledge a hotel swimming pool filled with human-size rubber ducks. Back in the sordid '70s, a determined, architecturally inclined widow named Barbara Capitman led the charge to restore and preserve the hundreds of dilapidated 1930s waterfront houses. Ms. Capitman and Leonard Horowitz—who co-founded the Miami Design Preservation League—had the then-gray houses painted. The iconic pistachio greens and lemon yellows and watermelon pinks we see today, so emblematic of Miami's Deco aesthetic, are themselves a fantasy. They're a splendid rendering of Miami Beach not as it was, but as it might once have been. Even in the '30s, Mr. Cubby told us, Miami's hotels were designed to reflect another ideal: luxury ocean liners, as seen in the "nautical" style of hotels like the Da-



ECHO OF DECO Clockwise from top left: Gale South Beach hotel, built in 1941, sports coral stone on its exterior, a hallmark of Miami's Art Deco period; the lobby at Como Metropolitan Miami Beach, which opened in 1939 as Traymore Hotel; South Beach's Art Deco District contains more than 800 hotels, houses and other buildings preserved as historic landmarks; Rose Bar at the Delano.



Rose Bar at the Delano, a pink-curtained jewel-box, seemed to have sprung fully formed from the mind of David Lynch. The decidedly more modern Saxony Bar at Faena Hotel, outside the Art Deco district, pairs faux-period light fixtures with enormous white taxidermied peacocks. Even better, the cocktail venues seemed designed for Miami Beach's greatest pleasure: people-watching.

I saw one couple at the Mediterranean restaurant By-blos—an older man, prone to forehead sweating, and a lanky, much younger woman who did not once look up from her phone. They argued over her expenditures. "How," he asked her, despondent, "could you spend \$16,000 on groceries in one month?" An old woman on the boardwalk behind the Palms Hotel garden bar appeared to be taking her cat for an evening stroll. And at a cocktail bar set up (and since closed) inside a 1930s coral-rock-walled bungalow, a woman emitted an approving scream at the sight of my companion's embroidered velvet shoes and insisted on hugging him close. It later transpired that she was the bar's paid psychic-in-residence, and she'd hoped to charm us into buying a reading from her.

Anywhere else, this would have annoyed me. But under the imported palm trees, next to the sign for the Bel Aire hotel—yet another entity that no longer exists—the revelation seemed perfect. It was a game I was happy to play.

vis, with its diagonal windows resembling a ship's prow. Miami was the place to get away from real life, a place for pretending.

We spent more than two hours roaming through the Art Deco Historic District, a single square mile that's home to over 800 circa-1930s houses, hotels and other buildings of historical significance. As we walked, Mr.

The pistachio greens and lemon yellows of the Deco buildings are themselves a fantasy.

Cubby challenged us to discern the difference between the renovated Deco houses and the newly built imitations. (One giveaway of authenticity: "eyebrows," shelf-like structures that overhang windows designed to keep rooms cool in the days before

air conditioning). He pointed out hotels—like the Tiffany, the Claremont—whose evocative historic names, emblazoned on their sides and towers, bear no relation to their current owners, adding to the sense of artifice at play. (Deco-district preservation laws prohibit changing the original signage.) The hotel labeled as "Carlton," for instance, is currently operating as "The Betsy."

Most important, Mr. Cubby showed us how to spot the telltale signs that a hotel lobby was, at one point, not merely a lobby but the entrance to a speakeasy or mob-run illegal gambling den. Most of the Deco-era lobbies, like that at the Essex House Hotel that dates to 1939, were outfitted with coded mosaics: Follow the subtle arrow and diamond shapes on the floor to find a backroom casino.

Even after we left Mr. Cubby, as my companion and I wandered from South Beach to Mid Beach, I found myself falling in love with the city's seediness. To come to Miami Beach—to walk along the splintering boardwalk, to sip mojitos poolside at one of the dozens of imperious Art Deco hotels, to totter in recklessly tall stilettos (as I foolishly did) from hotel bar to restaurant bar to midnight speakeasy—is to give oneself over to the power of performance, and to the legend of Miami itself: a savage swamp turned Xanadu. Nearly everyone I met wanted to tell me just what kind of a seductively freewheeling place the city is: the salsa dancers at a South Beach dive bar; the tequila-shot-swilling couple, accompanied by their perplexed-looking terrier, trying not to fall into the Standard's pool. "Miami..." sighed one Uber driver, as we veered down Washington Avenue, narrowly avoiding a pair of teetering, inebriated young women whose 4-inch heels were matched only by the height of their hair, "people think they can do whatever they want here."

Each of the Art Deco hotel bars I visited—and a few more contemporary ones—felt like an elaborate stage set. The



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WHAT TO WEAR THERE / A DECO-INSPIRED STYLE GUIDE



Clockwise from top left: Jacquemus Dress, \$920, net-a-porter.com; Earrings, \$200, versace.com; Paco Rabanne Bag, \$1,150, matchesfashion.com; Sunglasses, \$995, cartier.com; Jumpsuit, \$725, lisamariefernandez.com; Swimsuit, \$334, marysia.com; Sandals, \$745, gianvitorossi.com.

ADVENTURE & TRAVEL



RAISING THE BAR CAR The lounge on Belmond's Grand Hibernian, Ireland's first luxury sleeper train, which launched in 2016.



Night Club Four new sleeper trains

Caledonian Sleeper

Later this spring, the Caldeonian Sleeper will debut its spiffy new cars on the 75-hour London to Glasgow and Edinburgh routes and on the 10.5-hour Highlander routes. *From about \$250 a cabin, sleeper.scot*

Night Riviera

In 2017, the UK's Great Western Railway (GWR) introduced new cars traveling nine hours overnight from London to the West Country, including Cornwall. *From about \$160 a cabin, gwr.com*

Twilight Express Mizukaze

Launched in 2017 and running 1- to 2-day itineraries from Kyoto to the Chugoku region, this 34 passenger sleeper train offers spacious cabins, outdoor viewing platforms and Michelin-starred cuisine. *From about \$2,525 a person for two; twilightexpress-mizukaze.jp/en*

Belmond

Formerly Orient Express, this pioneer in luxury rail trips launched sleeper trains in Peru and Ireland within the past three years. The former, the Andean Explorer, offers 1- and 2-night itineraries from Cusco to Arequipa and Cusco to Puno, while the latter, the Grand Hibernian, is Ireland's first luxury sleeper train with 2-, 4- and 6-night itineraries. Belmond's Venice Simplon-Orient-Express route from Paris to Venice to Istanbul, debuted three grand suites last year. *From about \$565 a person for Belmond Explorer, belmond.com*

Whistle In The Dark

Continued from page D1

blur past me while pretending to read Das Kapital from the wooden four-berth couchette I shared with my classmates. Luxurious it wasn't, but the experience made an indelible impression, more so than any red-eye flight.

Now that government-funded sleeper trains have all but run out of steam, a new ilk of privately managed railways (or public-private hybrids) are picking up the slack. On the luxury end, Japan saw two new sleeper trains debut in 2017 with private outdoor balconies, skylit claw foot tubs and kaiseki meals. Around the same time, Belmond, formerly Orient-Express Hotels, added new sleeper trains in Peru and Ireland to its fleet. There are luxury sleepers from Russia to Paris, along the Silk Road in Iran and Kazakhstan, across Africa, throughout India, across Switzerland's glaciers, and in New Zealand, Norway and Romania. These luxury locomotives—which typically offer multiday itineraries, with guided excursions en route—come with Wi-Fi, double beds, en suite showers, moonroof observation lounges, top-quality cuisine and even dedicated spa cars. “The luxury holiday train industry is booming,” said Mr. Martin. “I think it has something to do with consorting with strangers at night. When I was writing my book, a number of people told me unpublishable erotic stories about night train encounters. What's more, you can save on a hotel bill.”

Not all new sleeper trains are ostentatiously luxurious. In Europe alone, several new affordable options have materialized too, running more utilitarian services (no guided excursions, just overnight schedules). In 2017, the United Kingdom's Great Western Railway (GWR) relaunched the Night Riviera, traveling between London and Cornwall, one of England's sunniest corners. Also in 2017, Italy's Trenitalia-owned Thello debuted new sleeper cars with en suite showers on their Paris to Venice route. And in June 2019, Scotland's Caledonian Sleeper will debut highly anticipated new cars with routes from London to Glasgow and Edinburgh and Highlander routes to Aberdeen, Inverness and Fort William with en suite showers, double beds and plenty of whiskeys in the bar car. All three of these train services depart late at night and arrive at their final destination early the next morning. There's no scenery to draw you in, but all three train operators promise comfortable accommodations, state-of-the-art efficiencies and that hit of nostalgia. “We wanted to offer guests an experience that felt like staying in a hotel,” said Ryan Flaherty, Caledonian Sleeper's managing director. “The new



WINDOW HOP Of the 10 cars on Japan's Twilight Express Mizukaze, which accommodates just 34 passengers, two are glass-topped observation carriages.

cars will transport guests back to another era of travel, and we've worked hard to deliver that.”

To find out how these newest incarnations compare to the babushka-bedeveled Soviet rail journey of my youth, I bought passage on two routes. The first—Thello's Dijon to Venice journey—was a December birthday trip I'd planned for myself, with my husband and my 79-year old father in tow. The 12-hour route is drivable by car in about nine hours, but for many sleeper-train junkies, this is the Hope Diamond of sleeper journeys. For me, it was filled with the romantic promise of boarding in Dijon after stuffing myself with bœuf bourguignon,

The Night Riviera's livery design recalls a 1940s railway car—or the Hogwarts Express.

slumbering across the snowy alps before gliding over Venice's Lagoon in time to hear San Marco's Sunday morning carillon bells. Trenitalia has some of Europe's best high-speed trains, namely the high-speed FrecciaRossa 1000, but Thello turned out to be a disappointment.

I'd booked us in two private premium cabins. The cramped couchettes cost a steep \$386 one-way for me and my husband Ralph and \$326 for my father (a one-hour flight for the same dates, would have cost \$200 apiece, round-trip). Each featured six narrow beds, no more comfortable than lay-flat business-class seats and not enough clearance for my 6-foot-2 inch frame to sit up straight or lie down flat. There were clean and comfortable natural sheets, bedding and pillows, and an amenity kit of breadsticks, orange juice, water and a demi-bottle of Prosecco, but it didn't make up for the

train's shortcomings. While the train does cross the scenic Domodossola Pass, we boarded in Dijon at 10 p.m., so as on most sleeper trains, it was too dark to see the snowy Alps or anything else. At times, the train's gentle rocking rhythm morphed into an earthquake simulator, nearly tossing me from the lower berth.

In the morning, after we woke up to an ice-cold compartment (and an ice-cold shower), a friendly porter delivered us fresh marmalade, croissants and hot coffees. All three were excellent and welcome, but by the time we lurched into Venice at 9:30 a.m., we were eager to disembark.

A few weeks later, I booked passage on the nine-hour Night Riviera from London to Penzance in Cornwall (departing just before midnight, arriving at 7:55 a.m.) and paid \$157 for myself and a friend to share a twin cabin. Sleeper trains from London's Paddington Station to West Country have been in operation since 1877, but in 2017 the Great Western Railway (GWR) refurbished and relaunched the Night Riviera cars. The snout-nosed livery—not to mention the checkerboard floors and brass handles—was delightfully nostalgic, recalling 1940s carriages or Hogwarts Express.

The cabin was aesthetically Spartan but generously equipped, with beds long enough to stretch out in, topped with two pillows each, silky cotton bedding, and headboards fitted with reading lights, two plugs and two USB ports. Luggage stowed easily under the bed. My only complaint: The touted “free wifi” was spotty.

Boarding too late for dinner yet not quite ready to turn in, we retired to the bar car, with its leather swivel chairs and other brand-new furnishings. Open 24 hours, the bar stocks shortbread cookies, Tyrell cheddar chips and sandwiches as well as the triple. As we raced across the West Country, my friend and I shared a demi-bottle of Syrah and observed our fellow barflies—a middle-aged British woman reading a romance novel and a Thai couple chatting quietly. We eventually repaired to our bunk bed to do what's done best on sleeper trains—snooze, which we did quite well. Just after daybreak, a porter delivered a complimentary continental breakfast including tea and coffee, orange juice and a hot bacon roll, which we enjoyed while watching a gloriously lit sunrise. As soon as we disembarked in Penzance, we headed to the dedicated station lounge, an impressive space with midcentury sofas, knowledgeable attendants and snazzy new showers with heated towel racks and warm towels.

The Night Riviera might not be as sexy as the trains of Agatha Christie and Wes Anderson or as posh sounding as Belmond's, but for the space and civility and price, it seemed hard to beat. By the end of the day in Penzance, I was watching jet trails crisscross the sky and already looking forward to the return train passage to London.



ABOVE BOARD One of the three newly refurbished grand suites on Belmond's Venice Simplon-Orient-Express train, which travels from Paris to Venice to Istanbul.

Track Stars

High crimes and romantic misdeemeanors ride the rails in almost every old movie about overnight train travel. It's a wonder the passengers got any sleep. Here, a few favorites to stream:



North By North-west

Eva Marie Saint and Cary Grant flirt in the dining car of the fabled 20th Century Limited on its run from Grand Central to Chicago. By “The End,” the pair—no longer strangers—share a compartment as newlyweds.



That Kind of Woman

This lesser-known 1959 film, directed by Sidney Lumet, finds World War II vet Tab Hunter hooking up with Sophia Loren—you know, that kind of woman—in the club car of an overnight train from Miami to New York.



Murder on the Orient Express

Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot tries to figure out who done it before the Istanbul train reaches Paris, with Lauren Bacall, Ingrid Bergman and Sean Connery, among others, feigning ignorance.



The Lady Vanishes

May Whitty goes missing from her compartment overnight in Hitchcock's 1938 film; in the 1979 remake, it's Angela Lansbury's turn to disappear.



Night Train to Munich

This wartime thriller features Nazis, British agents, even a shootout on an aerial tramway in the Alps.

—William Sertl

EATING & DRINKING



SUPER BOWL Simple to make, this caldo gallego gets remarkable body and depth from just a few ingredients.

KATE SEARS FOR THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, FOOD STYLING BY KHALIL HYMORE, PROP STYLING BY CARLA GONZALEZ-HART

Caldo Gallego (Galician White Bean Soup)

Total Time: 2 hours **Serves:** 4

- 4 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 4 cloves garlic
- 2 turnips, peeled and diced
- 2 small-to-medium links Spanish chorizo, cut in ¼-inch slices
- 3 cups chicken stock
- 1 cup water
- 3 cups chopped turnip greens, mustard greens or kale
- 2 cups cooked white beans
- 1 cup chopped fresh parsley
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 1 teaspoon kosher salt, plus more to taste

1. In a stock pot, heat 2 tablespoons oil. Sauté onions and garlic until soft, about 4 minutes. Add turnips, chorizo, stock and water, and bring to a boil. Reduce heat, cover and simmer 30 minutes.
2. Add greens, beans, parsley, paprika and 1 teaspoon salt. Simmer 30 minutes more. Salt to taste and garnish with remaining olive oil.

hard rules for cooking rustic food like the kale and morcilla soup his family has adapted over the years. With a traditional recipe in hand, cooks “tweak it to their own taste,” he said. Ingredients like crisp apples, turnips, potatoes and hearty greens can swap in and out depending on what’s in the garden or root cellar. But in the soups of Spanish origin found in this part of Appalachia, sausage is the cornerstone.

Home cooks who don’t happen to know a sausage maker can find morcilla at local butchers, at many supermarkets or from online sources such as La Tienda (tienda.com). If you haven’t cooked with this sausage before, you’ll be surprised that a long simmer in broth will do. The morcilla is a real workhorse ingredient, partially melting into the pot as it cooks, releasing smoke and spice as it lends body to a soup or stew.

Still, spending time with the people who make this food, you get stories and layers of meaning no trip to the store can match. At the end of the process, Mr. Pierson lifted wooden dowels draped with finished sausages out of the primitive smoker and looked to his uncle for approval. “They’re beautiful,” Mr. Golden said. “I’m happy with this mess. I really am.”

► Find a recipe for fabada (Asturian white-bean stew with morcilla, chorizo and apples) at wsj.com/food.

What Makes This Soup So Good?

Smoky Spanish sausage lends rich flavor to the broth—and a link to tradition in a West Virginia community

By Mike Costello

THIS IS JUST LIKE religion to me. That’s how I think about it,” Jim Golden said, sitting on his tin-roofed porch overlooking the Buckhannon River in north-central West Virginia. It was early December and Mr. Golden, a retired restaurateur and firearms salesman, was kicking off an annual early-winter rite: the two-day process of making the Spanish blood sausage morcilla. He tied on a black apron, opened a can of lager and took a sip. Then he began feeding slabs of lily-white pork fat through a 1970s-era Cuisinart grinder.

His recipe, scribbled in red ink and pinned to his refrigerator with a “Proud to be Spanish” magnet, remains mostly true to the one that crossed the Atlantic with his grandparents over a century ago. They were among a wave of families that arrived in this part of West Virginia from Spain’s Asturias region in the early 20th century. Settled near zinc-smelting plants around Clarksburg, Anmoore and Spelter, they routinely made old-world sausages as a community, curing them in backyard smokehouses.

“I never thought about not doing it, because you just grow up with it,” said Mr. Golden. But in recent decades, as West Virginia’s population has declined overall and many of the

descendants of those Spanish families have left the Mountain State, protecting that culinary heritage has become a priority. Now in his 70s, Mr. Golden has assumed the role of mentor to preserve both the process of making morcilla and the symbolism in each smoky link. He doesn’t sell the sausages he makes; this is a product meant to be shared with family, neighbors and friends.

His nephew John Pierson stood beside him controlling the grinder’s power switch as they turned rigid blocks of pork fat into coarsely ground morsels that piled up in a big steel pan. “It gives me gratification in my heart and mind and soul to know there’s somebody else who cares about it, and they’re going to pass it on,” Mr. Golden said. As they worked the two men traded stories about other sausage makers in the family, including Mr. Golden’s grandmother, Effegña Alonso, and his great-aunt, whom he calls Tia Maria.

Dark burgundy in color, bold and complex in flavor, morcilla is used by the family almost exclusively in soups and stews, most notably a hearty kale soup with white beans, potatoes and a generous hit of paprika. “It’s the quintessential wintertime food,” Mr. Pierson said of the dish, which he grew up eating with thick-crust white bread.

Morcilla gets its delicate texture and much of its flavor from its main ingredient: freshly harvested

beef or pork blood. Unlike the pork shoulders and haunches used to make chorizo or longaniza, fresh blood can’t be procured on a whim at a grocery-store meat counter; morcilla production must be carefully coordinated with nearby farmers.

This time, the task of procuring the blood fell to Mr. Pierson. He headed to the mountaintop farm of Seth Lucas, a young homesteader who had prepared a yearling bull for field slaughter. A compassionate farmer who adheres to a waste-free ethos, Mr. Lucas talked about the honor of contributing “the very substance that gives the animal life” to a tradition so important to Mr. Pierson’s family and the area’s Spanish-American com-

munity. The farmer felled the bull with a clean headshot from his .22 caliber rifle and quickly severed the animal’s jugular. Holding a wooden spoon and a bright-blue collection bucket, Mr. Pierson knelt beside the bull and stirred rapidly as a gush of deep crimson swirled into the vessel.

Later that day on Mr. Golden’s porch, the nearly two gallons of blood Mr. Pierson collected were combined with the ground pork fat, 50 pounds of chopped onions, coarse salt, spices and fresh parsley, then hand-stuffed into natural casings and tied off into short links. Boiled until firm and chilled overnight, the sausages went into the smoker the next morning.

Mr. Golden insisted there are no

Asturian Kale and Morcilla Soup

Total Time: 2 hours **Serves:** 4

- 2 Yukon Gold potatoes, diced
- 4 cups water
- 4 tablespoons paprika
- 3 cloves garlic, chopped
- ½ pound or 3 small links smoked morcilla, sliced into rounds
- 1 teaspoon kosher salt, plus more to taste
- 1 cup chicken stock
- 2 cups cooked white beans
- 3 cups chopped kale

4 tablespoons olive oil

1. In a medium stock pot, combine potatoes and water. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat to low. Add paprika, garlic, half the morcilla and 1 teaspoon salt. Cover and simmer 1 hour.
2. Add beans, chicken stock and remaining morcilla. Simmer, covered, 30 minutes-1 hour. (A longer simmer will bring out more flavor.)
3. Add kale and continue to simmer, covered, until tender, about 5 minutes. Salt to taste.



A LITTLE SOMETHING SWEET

A Taste of Sunny Days to Come

This lemony Venetian cocktail-cum-dessert makes an invigorating end to a meal—and the long, cold winter, too

MARCUS NILSSON FOR THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, FOOD STYLING BY LAURA REGE, PROP STYLING BY VANESSA VIAZQUEZ

ICE WORK Blended and then frozen, this sgroppino has enough body to warrant serving it with a spoon.

VISITORS TO Venice often seek out the celebrated Bellini cocktail invented there. But locals favor the icy, lemony sgroppino.

Served throughout Italy’s Veneto region, sgroppino is a bracing mix of lemon sorbet and prosecco punctuated with a splash of vodka, limoncello liqueur or both—served in a Champagne glass. Chef Roberto Gatto of Cip’s Club at Venice’s Cipriani Hotel blends the ingredients together, then freezes the mixture just long enough to solidify it. He serves his sgroppino as a dessert, with a spoon.

It takes minutes to make, but there’s dimension to the simplicity. The vodka, though ice-cold, offers the sensation of heat and cuts the sweetness of the sorbet, while the prosecco hovers dryly in the background. Mr. Gatto’s dessert teases

the senses awake, ending the meal on an energetic note.

While some prefer to let the vodka’s fire stand alone, the addition of limoncello, the Italian lemon liqueur, will accentuate the lemon flavor. Some limoncellos are cloyingly sweet; seek out one with a cleaner, more articulated lemony tang, such as the Limoncello de Capri from Molinari. Once you have a bottle, you’ll reach for it quite a bit. Try adding it to cream before whipping or to pound-cake batter, or just drizzle it over a bowl of blueberries for another ultra-simple treat.

The recipe at right will certainly see you through the warmer days to come. And I find the sgroppino’s zesty, icy-fiery jolt just the thing to shake me out of a winter hibernation. —Aleksandra Crapanzano

Sgroppino by The Spoonful

For a delicious variation, swap in an equal amount of blood-orange sorbet for the lemon sorbet and 1 ounce Solerno blood-orange liqueur for the limoncello.

Total Time: 30 minutes **Serves:** 4

- 1 pint lemon sorbet
- 6 ounces cold prosecco
- 4 ounces cold vodka or limoncello, or half of each

1. Place all three ingredients in a blender and blend just enough to combine, rather than liquefy.
2. Transfer to a freezable container and place in freezer until frozen but not rock-hard, 30 minutes. Serve in chilled Champagne glasses.

—Adapted from Roberto Gatto of Cip’s Club at the Cipriani Hotel, Venice, Italy

EATING & DRINKING

When Local Goes Viral

At Lady of the House in Detroit, Kate Williams set out to open a neighborhood restaurant. Then the destination diners arrived

BY KATHY GUNST

LESS THAN a year after opening Lady of the House in Detroit's Corktown neighborhood, 33-year-old chef and owner Kate Williams received the kind of attention most chefs only dream of. Food & Wine magazine named her one of the Best New Chefs of 2018. The same year, GQ dubbed Lady of the House one of its Best New Restaurants. Next came a nod from the James Beard Foundation. And that was only the beginning.

These days, many Detroiters can't get into Lady of the House. Reservations for weekends are booked several weeks in advance. Plates run from \$11 to \$68 (for a whole chicken)—in a city where the pov-

'Now our clientele is driving from two hours away or flying in from other cities. This was not the vision.'

erty rate is more than twice the national average. The restaurant has gone from local spot to destination.

"Now our clientele is driving from two hours away or flying in from other cities. This was totally unexpected; it was not the vision," said Ms. Williams. Now she's lucky if she gets three hours in the kitchen. "As you grow you need more infrastructure—more people to deal with the press, answer emails, deal with staff. How to grow from a leader in the

kitchen and chef to a 'CEO' is very personal to me."

When I sat down with Ms. Williams at Lady of the House recently, I asked her to outline her original vision. After some musing, she replied, "I wanted to build a Detroit neighborhood restaurant that feels like it's been there forever, that will last forever."

What happens when a neighborhood restaurant suddenly gets a reputation as one of the hottest places in the country to eat? "The truth? Despite all the craziness of the past year, my expectations have not changed," Ms. Williams said. "I have always wanted to cook food I care about, be around people I care about and support my community."

Sometimes diners have other ideas. After critic Pete Wells waxed rhapsodic about Lady of the House's "carrot steak" in the New York Times, everyone wanted to order the dish. "I learned the technique when I was cooking at Restaurant Relae in Copenhagen," Ms. Williams said. "Basically you shave large carrots, salt them so they break down and roll them into a rose shape. Baste slowly with butter, thyme and garlic, and then serve it with hollandaise, and pistachios for garnish."

The carrots must be big enough to hold up to the shaving, salting and shaping. In the spring the carrots her farmer grows are too small and not sweet enough—and Ms. Williams is a farm-to-table chef who cooks with the seasons—so she takes the dish off the menu. "We also serve a chicken dish that's very popular," said Ms. Williams. "But we only work with one Amish family farm for our chickens, and in the winter they shut down production



HOUSE RULES Clockwise from left: Kate Williams at Lady of the House in Detroit; the entrance to the restaurant; server Amanda Forman with diners; a Martini mixed with the restaurant's own gin, a collaboration with Detroit City Distillery.



BRIDGET BARRETT FOR THE WALL STREET JOURNAL (2); BRITANNY GREENSON FOR THE WALL STREET JOURNAL (WILLIAMS)

because it's too cold. Customers get so offended and disappointed when they've read about a dish and it's not available."

Erin French, chef and owner of the Lost Kitchen in tiny Freedom, Maine, deals with many of the same issues. After multiple write-ups in national publications (including this one), she now receives 20,000 reservation requests a year from people all over the world. (The restaurant is open only 9 months a year and does one seating a night for around 45 people, four nights a week.)

"I often ask myself, Where's the

tipping point?" Ms. French said. "When do I start letting people down? The expectations are so high. How the hell do you make the best meal of your life four nights a week and keep thrilling people?"

Like Ms. Williams, Ms. French has mixed feelings about the press and attention—some of them positive. "I would never have pushed myself to work this hard if it weren't for everyone's expectations," she said. "Living in Freedom, Maine, population 731, and being pushed this far on a national platform... Well, I wouldn't be the cook I am today."

Back at Lady of the House in Detroit, the sun was starting to set; it was time for Ms. Williams to stop talking and get to work on the evening service. I asked if it feels different, heading into the kitchen these days, than it did when she first opened the restaurant.

"God, sometimes I'm a little jealous of other chefs in town who just get to cook all day. They're not dealing with the pressure of 'Oh, this place is supposed to be one of the best restaurants in the country,'" she said. "Sometimes it should just be about the food. Right?"



Roast Cabbage Wedges With Miso Dressing, Soy Vinaigrette and Blue Cheese

Sweet, sour and creamy with a satisfying bass note of umami, this riff on the classic iceberg wedge is a prime example of the style of cooking—familiar and surprising, comforting and inventive all at once—that's brought Lady of the House national attention. Roast cabbage wedges are served warm on top of a miso dressing, drizzled with a soy-honey vinaigrette and then sprinkled with blue cheese.

Total Time: 40 minutes **Serves:** 4

For the cabbage and blue cheese:

1 medium head green cabbage

1 tablespoon kosher or sea salt
1 tablespoon sugar
Freshly ground black pepper
2 tablespoons canola oil
½ cup blue cheese such as Irish Cashel, crumbled
Flaky salt, such as Maldon
For the miso dressing:
2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
2 tablespoons honey
1½ tablespoons white miso
1½ teaspoons chopped fresh ginger
½ cup grapeseed oil
Salt to taste

For the soy vinaigrette:

2 tablespoons soy sauce or tamari
2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
2 tablespoons honey
2 tablespoons rice vinegar

1. Prepare the cabbage: Remove outer leaves and cut head into 6 wedges. (If head is particularly large, cut it into 8 wedges.) Place wedges on a baking sheet. In a small bowl, mix salt, sugar and pepper. Sprinkle mixture over cabbage and let sit 30 minutes at room temperature.

2. Meanwhile make the miso dressing: In a blender or food processor, blend all ingredients until smooth and thoroughly incorporated. Add salt to taste.

3. Make the soy vinaigrette: In a small bowl whisk all ingredients together. (If honey is too cool and clumping, place jar in simmering water or microwave it for a few

seconds to thin and liquefy before mixing honey into vinaigrette.)

4. Cook the cabbage: In a large cast-iron or other heavy skillet heat oil over medium-high heat. Add cabbage wedges and cook until golden-brown on all sides and softened, about 3 minutes per side. Keep warm.

5. To serve: Spoon 3 tablespoons miso dressing onto a serving platter. Top with warm cabbage and drizzle 2 tablespoons soy vinaigrette over top. Sprinkle on blue cheese and finish with flaky salt. Serve warm, with remaining miso dressing on the side.

—Adapted from Kate Williams of Lady of the House, Detroit

SLOW FOOD FAST / SATISFYING AND SEASONAL FOOD IN ABOUT 30 MINUTES



The Chefs

Tom Harris and Jon Rotheram

Their Restaurant

Marksman Public House, London

What They're Known For

Celebrating British food and pub culture in their own neighborhood. Making everything from butter and bread to smoked fish in-house.

Artichoke and Celery-Root Tart With Minted Goat Cheese

TOM HARRIS HAS firm ideas on the proper cooking of artichokes. "If you put whole lemon in the cooking liquor, they taste of the rind," he said. "We don't want any of that rubbish. We want the flavor to be clean."

At Marksman Public House in London, Mr. Harris and co-chef Jon Rotheram eliminate the extraneous from their cooking. Their final Slow Food Fast recipe, a tart of baby artichokes and celery root under a blanket of puff pastry, contains not much more than the ingredients listed in the name.

Total Time: 35 minutes
Serves: 4

½ medium bulb celery root, peeled and diced
Kosher salt
2 tablespoons heavy cream
6 cups water
¼ cup olive oil
1 bay leaf
12 baby artichokes, outer leaves removed and stems peeled and trimmed
Leaves from 6 thyme sprigs
½ lemon
1 sheet frozen puff pastry, thawed
1 tablespoon butter, melted
½ cup fresh goat cheese
8 mint leaves, minced

1. Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Place celery root in a

small pot and add water to cover by ½ inch. Generously salt water and bring to a boil over high heat. Reduce heat to medium and simmer until celery root is tender, about 13 minutes, then drain. Use a fork to mash celery root coarsely. (Texture should be chunky.) Stir in cream and 2 tablespoons olive oil. Season with salt to taste.

2. Meanwhile, in a medium pot, bring 6 cups salted water to a boil over high heat. Use a vegetable peeler to remove peel from lemon in strips. Once water is boiling, halve artichokes and add to pot along with bay leaf. Cook artichokes until tender, about 5 minutes, then use a slotted spoon to transfer them to a

small pot and add water to cover with salt and a single bay leaf, just to tenderize them. Then they toss them with olive oil, thyme and a few strips of lemon peel—enough to perfume the artichokes without overpowering them.

A creamy celery-root mash binds the filling together, and a dollop of minted goat cheese is all the garnish required. "It's about being simple and honest," said Mr. Harris. "And it's got to be delicious," Mr. Rotheram hastened to add. —*Kitty Greenwald*

bowl. Toss artichokes with 1 tablespoon olive oil, thyme leaves and strips of lemon peel. Season with salt.

3. Brush a 9-inch round baking dish with remaining olive oil. Discard lemon strips and arrange artichokes, cut sides down, evenly over base of dish. Distribute celery-root mash over artichokes. Roll out puff pastry to ¼ inch thick, making sure it's wide enough to cover top of baking dish. Lay pastry over dish, and fold any overhang under. Brush pastry with melted butter. Bake until crust is golden and puffed, about 20 minutes. While tart bakes, fold mint into goat cheese.

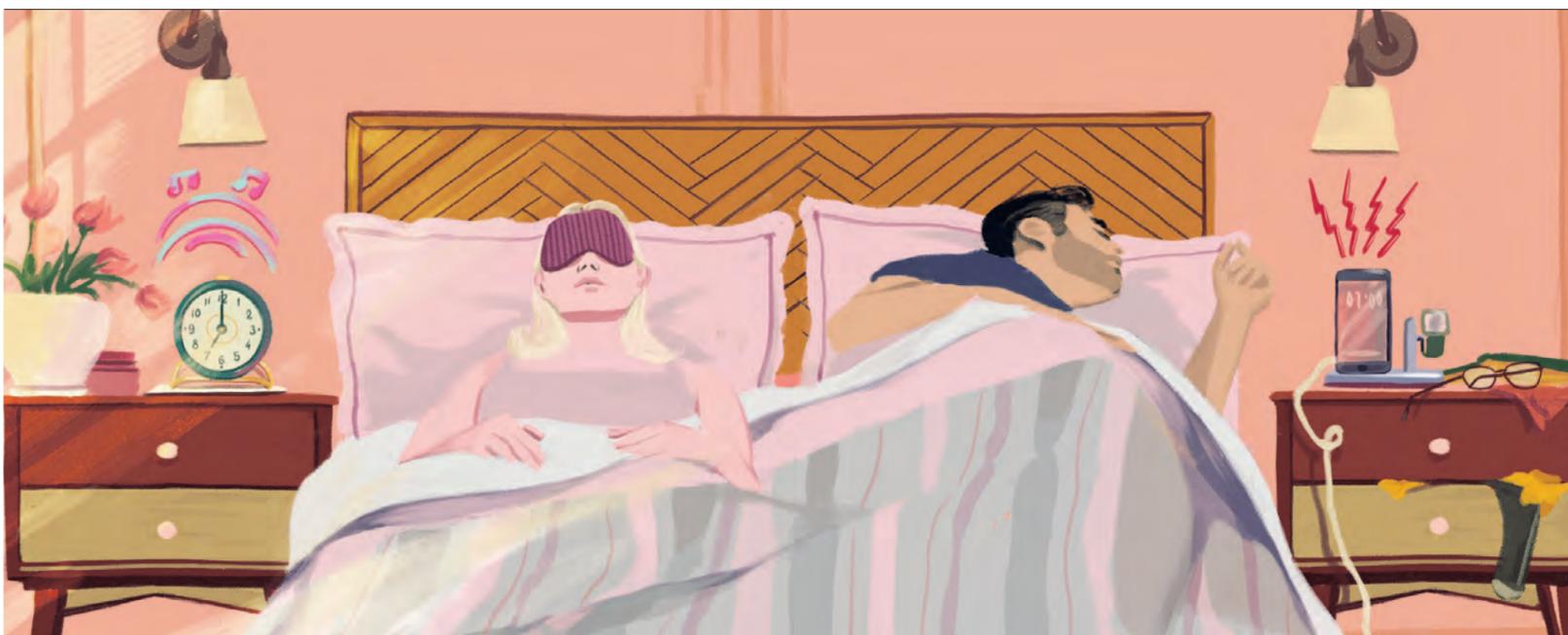
4. Serve in generous slices, with goat cheese on the side.



SMALL WONDERS Baby artichokes are far easier and quicker to cook than the grown-up kind. They provide just enough bite in this tart.

MARGUS NILSSON FOR THE WALL STREET JOURNAL (2); FOOD STYLING BY LAURA REGE. PROP STYLING BY VANESSA VAZQUEZ; ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL HOEWEILER

DESIGN & DECORATING



A MATTER OF LIFE AND DÉCOR / MICHELLE SLATALLA



Why I Have No Time for a Smartphone Alarm Clock

SOME PEOPLE LOOK at an iPhone and see a stylish, sleek slice of the future. I see a greasy, fingerprinted screen lying on my night stand.

What I would like to see is a bedside lamp casting a warm glow on something entirely different: a well-designed object with a friendly face and just one job to do.

"I think I am going to buy an alarm clock," I told my husband the other morning as his iPhone buzzed us awake with an incoming text.

"A what?" he asked, fumbling for the phone and inadvertently knocking his ugly Alexa thing onto the floor.

"You know, one of those objects that tells the time. It goes tick, tock," I said, miming with my arms the movement from 2:00 to 3:00.

"Waste of money," he said.

It's true an alarm clock has become a redundant bedtime companion. So have the other things on my night table: a stack of books, framed photographs of my daughters and my dog, Sticky, and a lamp. After all, my phone has a built-in alarm, contains all the reading material I can imagine, organizes my photos in albums and boasts a flashlight function to light my way in the dark.

But from an interior-design standpoint? A digital device simply cannot compete with the small pleasure of seeing these well-designed, thoughtful throwbacks on my night stand. One of the many casualties of the digital age has been single-purpose objects—like

books, flashlights, maps and brass compasses—that felt distinct and special when we held them in our hands. These artifacts from a simpler time made a room feel like home.

Especially a bedroom. The last thing you look at before sleep and the first thing to greet you in the morning should be a beautiful object designed to perform a single task flawlessly. Like, say, the adorable Station Table clock that Danish architect Arne Jacobsen designed in 1939 for a client. Let me describe it for you. It has a round case—the perfect size to cup in your hand—and sits on a splayed metal base that makes it look like a stylish Humpty Dumpty. Though the clock is still in production all these decades later and maintains its classic two-tone hands, the face has been updated to light up with an LED sensor.

"That clock is going to break your iPhone's heart," my husband said when I showed him a picture of a Station clock I was poised to buy online.

"There will always be a place in my life for the iPhone but not next to my bed," I said, completing the purchase.

Why is it that the less I need them, the more I value the eccentricities of such outdated objects as manual typewriters, mechanical doorbells and letterpress stationery?

"That's not surprising, because there's magic in the feel of those objects," said Craig Mod, a digital

designer, photographer and the host of a monthly podcast, *On Margins*, which explores digital culture and the future of books. "Single-use objects often have a certain directness—a button to press, a lever to turn—that a digital device, which can do a lot different things all at once, is missing."

In fact, Mr. Mod keeps a small, round Braun alarm clock next to his bed because "you can slam down a button on it in a way that's simple and easy, whereas when the alarm goes off on a phone, you

at Alfred A. Knopf, and her husband, painter Duncan Hannah, have turned both their Brooklyn apartment and their Connecticut weekend house into what she calls "refuges from technology" by banning most digital devices from the premises. Their design aesthetic—with rooms full of books, ticking-stripe armchairs and model ships—belongs to a slower, gentler era. "I strongly believe computers have created a lot more work for everyone," said Ms. Wilson, who keeps a Casio alarm clock ("It's the

The first thing to greet you in the morning should be a beautiful object that's designed to perform a single task flawlessly.

have to struggle to figure out what to press to turn it off."

Many people long for non-digital versions of things. Sales of hardcover trade books were up last year. Vinyl records and turntables have made a comeback. *Bullet Journals* organize the lives of millennials who like to use colored pens to write their to-do lists. Board games have become popular at dinner parties (or at least at the ones my daughters throw).

By banishing my iPhone from the bedroom, I will be taking a small stand in favor of throwback design. Some people go much further.

Megan Wilson, a book designer

one we all had growing up, shaped like a black tube") next to her bed.

Ms. Wilson does have an iPhone ("for email and Instagram") but refuses to use it to talk to people. "If someone calls me, I don't pick up, ever," she said, preferring instead the experience of holding to her ear the receiver of a blue, rotary-dial Princess phone Mr. Hannah bought at a tag sale.

A Princess rotary-dial phone! I pictured it—clunky, heavy and far dumber than the digital version—and suddenly felt a great longing to have one sitting next to the alarm clock on the night stand.

"Not on my side of the bed," said my husband.

But on my side of the bed? From one simple purchase—of an analog alarm clock—I can imagine a domino effect occurring, until at last my home is defined again by single-purpose objects.

For inspiration, I called Brian Flaherty, the founder of the Portland, Oregon-based lighting and furnishings company Schoolhouse Electric, who converted an unused room near the loading dock of his company's headquarters into his personal digital-free zone a few years ago.

"What kind of décor is essential in a digital-free zone?" I asked him.

Mr. Flaherty described the room as "the ultimate fort, with a wood stove for heat. I have a radio and a record player in there—I like dials—and a wall clock. It's nice to have a space that makes you feel like things are just a little slower."

Of course, slow design is Mr. Flaherty's business. In addition to vintage-style lighting, Schoolhouse Electric sells a stainless-steel soap dispenser that could have been ripped from the wall of my high school lavatory.

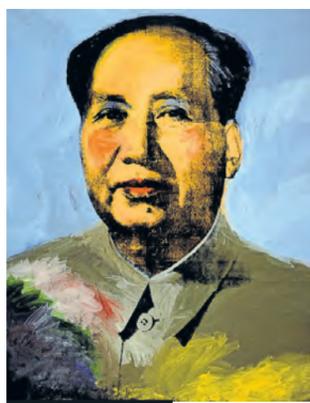
"I'm happy to see you also sell the Arne Jacobsen alarm clock," I told Mr. Flaherty. "I bought one the other day."

"I love designs that evoke a certain feeling that you had before in your life," he said. "You look at these products and they have a memory attached to them."

That's how I feel about a rotary-dial Princess phone. The last time I remember using one was in my parents' bedroom, where I used to lie on the wall-to-wall shag carpeting while discussing important middle-school matters with my best friend.

I think it would look great next to the alarm clock.

Ms. Slatalla is an editor for remodelista.com which, like The Wall Street Journal, is owned by News Corp.



THE INSPIRATION

The Botanist Manifesto

Andy Warhol's makeover of Chairman Mao's portrait, as reimaged by floral designer Lindsey Taylor

ANDY WARHOL'S fascination with celebrity and mass-reproduced imagery reached a kind of apotheosis in his paintings of Mao Zedong. The Pittsburgh-born pop artist (1928-87) created hundreds of works based on the Chinese leader's portrait, which itself was countless reprinted. For this month's arrangement, I was inspired by



THE ARRANGEMENT

the nearly 15-foot-tall version ("Mao," 1972) in "Andy Warhol—From A to B and Back Again," a show at New York's Whitney Museum of American Art that runs through March 31.

In a simple, straight-sided vessel (not unlike a soup can), I used bright swaths of blooms to mimic the loose stokes Warhol painted over a silk-screen of the

official portrait. Blue thistle stands in for Mao's dark hair. Cascading yellow mimosa pick up the hue of his Mao jacket. Ranunculi ape the Chairman's skin, including "rouged" cheeks and lips, and a stem of delphinium refers to Mao's "eye shadow," in keeping with Warhol's brash and irreverent depiction of the Chairman in drag.

Spiky thistle, droopy mimosa and fleshy ranunculi give floral form to Andy Warhol's 'Mao' (1972).

— Vessel: Tracie Hervy ceramic, *tylists own*

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DESIGN & DECORATING



◀ CATHEDRAL FEELING

In the great room of an upstate New York getaway designed by Magdalena Keck, low, horizontal midcentury furnishings get out of the way of the views: a dining table from Finn Juhl and a walnut Hans Wegner sofa, whose black leather connects with the bark of the trees outside. A rattan armchair is the only truly vintage midcentury piece in the room. Ms. Keck selected it in keeping with the Japanese philosophy of cherishing and reusing things. All of the furnishings stand on bare legs, which reinforces a sense of vastness. The negative space under these pieces, she said, “adds to the volume of the open space [and] makes the room even more grand.”

▼ GET IN LINE

In the children’s bedroom, seen at the end of the hall, Ms. Keck installed white oak shelves against paneling of the same material and thickness—one of the many moves she made to maintain continuity. And from the perspective of the living room, where the family watches TV from the comfort of an Article sofa, the shelves visually echo the slats of the stairway wall. Created by the home’s designer, New York’s Lang Architecture, the transparent divider adds to the spaciousness and showcases the steps. “To me, stairs are by nature always really interesting, beautiful objects, a sculptural element,” said Ms. Keck. A pair of Hans Wegner stools offers an organic touch. The seats are woven from Spanish paper cord but have the same grassy quality as caning or rush, she said.



▲ MASTER CRAFT

In the master bedroom, a white oak headboard with integrated night stands, by Oregon’s Chadhaus, continues the home’s celebration of natural materials. “We asked the maker to select boards that had the light streaks of sap, which really highlights the beauty of this common material,” said Ms. Keck. Finnish brand Secto’s fixtures emit light through strips of wood. “That reminds me of the screen downstairs, in an intuitive remote way.”

HOUSE TOUR

Fields of Grain

In New York’s Catskill Mountains, a wife’s Japanese aesthetic and her husband’s Scandi leanings yield a Zen retreat filled with expanses of wood

By CATHERINE ROMANO

THE DÉCOR TASTES of spouses can be antagonistic. Not so the pair who commissioned Manhattan designer Magdalena Keck to complete the interiors of their young family’s weekend home in Hudson Woods, a community in Kerhonkson, N.Y. The wife craved the aesthetic of her native Japan, while the Midwestern husband gravitated toward Danish modern furniture—unusually compatible ingredients. Referring to Scandinavian design’s straightforward construction and lack of ornament, Ms. Keck said, “Those midcentury designers reached back to Japanese design [whose] goal is clean simplicity and elegance.”

A unifying factor in the project? Oodles of wood. The house itself, by Lang Architecture in New York, had already prioritized another key precept of Nipponese beauty: local materials. White oak, plentiful in the Catskills and on the property, clads the walls, floors and ceilings. Ms. Keck made even more use of the humble lumber. “We did a ton of built-ins—

walk-in closets, shelves, desks, bunk beds—that all seem to be growing out of the house because we used white oak where the architect had.”

The built-ins contributed more than soothing continuity. “We spent a lot of time on organization, to eliminate any possibility of clutter,” said Ms. Keck. “A Japanese interior is quite serene and sparse.” Walnut inserts in kitchen drawers, for example, house every utensil in its own special place. Besides wood, she sought out neutral, textured materials: handmade wools, linen, leather, rattan, unpolished brass that will graciously patinate.

Huge windows let the family devour nature; the surrounding landscape goes unchallenged by distracting interior color. “We wanted to appreciate the forest outside that changes pretty much daily,” said the designer. Thanks to the home’s seclusion, views aren’t cramped by window treatments, except the blackout shades installed in the bedrooms for morning slug-a-beds.

Here’s how Ms. Keck’s embrace of her clients’ simpatico sensibilities yielded a peaceful mountain escape.



◀ UNFORCED ENTRY

“Part of the Japanese philosophy is using what is available close by,” said Ms. Keck. So in the entry she chose a console created by Catskills furniture maker Samuel Moyer. A vase holds green oak branches and sumac foraged from the property. “This is what is always in the house, not props,” said the designer, “very organic and natural and easy.” On an adjacent wall hangs a Japanese broom, used for brushing cobwebs, bee nests, bugs and dust off the house exterior. “The clients brought it with them.” Filling their mandate didn’t mean finding specific objects that relate to the couple’s heritage. “Those that we did use are completely functional and inherent to the way the house is used.”

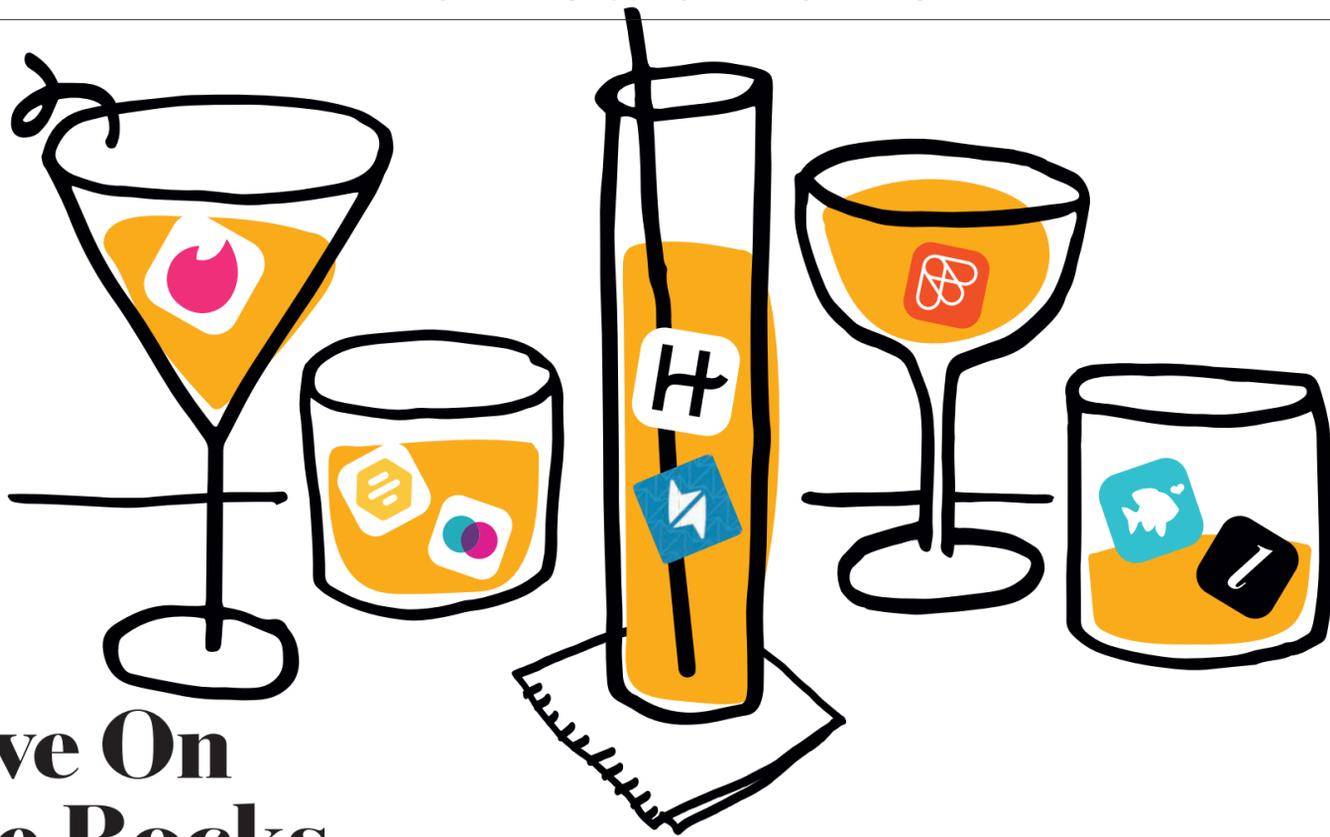


◀ BARELY THERE KITCHEN

In the kitchen, the wall, ceiling, cabinets and refrigerator, all cloaked in white oak, came courtesy of the architect. “We contemplated a very beautiful sort of refined-industrial island, but it was rejected,” said Ms. Keck. “It was quite open and the client didn’t want to have kitchen things visible from the great room.” Instead, the designer had an enclosed island built, its wood veneer matching the existing paneling and cabinets. Backless bar stools by local furniture maker Michael Robbins joined the scene unobtrusively, and tiny fixtures hang from the ceiling. “We have a substantial lamp from Allied Maker above the dining table,” said Ms. Keck, “and one strong lighting piece in a space like this is plenty.”

JEFF CALE

GEAR & GADGETS



Love On The Rocks

To help you choose a dating app, we asked: 'What kind of drink would each one be?'

By RAE WITTE

WHILE I can't point to the single most important lesson that dating in New York has taught me, I now know that the first drink you or your companion chooses can make a statement. Whether it's a craft IPA or a piña colada, brown liquor drowning one big cube, or a few shots of Patrón, it sets a certain vibe, helping you write the story of an evening before your glasses clink.

That's why, when it came to compiling a compare-and-contrast guide to dating apps—which these days cater to anyone from farmers to the hookup-minded to those seeking their soul mates—we decided to draw beverage analogies. Here, eight apps and the type of tittle they would be:

HINGE**The Homemade Bloody Mary**

Hinge may ask a lot of you, but chances are you'll be happy with the results. Think of it as a DIY Bloody Mary you perfect after too many disappointing, watery, overly salty versions at the corner bar. The app lets you "like" or comment on parts of a person's profile and offers your responses to conversation-enriching questions, giving you the ingredients to craft a presence with no need to create a witty bio out of thin air. Hinge also displays

users' deal breakers—whether they draw the line at smoking, attitudes toward procreation or religious affiliation—ideally providing enough info to help you find a mate who brings your dating days to an end.

TINDER**The Long Island Iced Tea**

As the app that introduced swiping left (nah) or right (yes, please!), Tinder is the Long Island Iced Tea of the bunch: Like that five-booze recipe, its users' diverse flavor profiles can lead to both tons of fun and nights you'd happily forget.

Tinder makes it tough to find 'the One.' But you'll enjoy a variety of tastes.

From extroverts who want to chat up strangers to Snapchat porn bots and those actually interested in impromptu hookups, Tinder's minimal filtering makes it difficult to find "the One." But you're sure to sample a variety of tastes. Or at least drown your sorrows as you swipe away the pain of a break up.

THE LEAGUE**Glenlivet Nadurra, Neat**

Snooty elites take as much pride in how they order a whiskey (rocks, neat, splash of water) as they do in their members-only clubs. So does the League. Touted as an exclusive app for working professionals, it lets you view a mere handful of approved members, verified via LinkedIn or Facebook, each day during its 5 p.m. "Happy Hour." As with Yale and Goldman Sachs's internship program, not everyone is accepted. The lengthy messages pushed

by the in-app digital "dating concierge" are so thick with emojis, however, you may start to worry about the age and maturity of its seemingly successful users.

FEELD**Three \$13 Bottles of Red Wine**

As much as a weighty Rioja can make things sexy, it can also erase inhibitions, leading mature adults to try something new and fun. Ditto Feeld—formerly Thrinder—the least creepy place for individuals or couples into threesomes, swinging or other alternative sex to meet.

In addition to listing your interests, Feeld invites you to include any sexual desires on your profile (if you're unfamiliar with the meanings of MMF, FFM or BDSM a quick Google search will help). This is "dating" very broadly defined: The app's openness surrounding sex actually relieves the pressure to hook up, making it potentially the best app for "sex-positive" users.

BUMBLE**2-for-1 Margaritas on Ladies Night**

In a world where men try to pass off "below-the-belt selfies" as friendly greetings, Bumble puts women in control by letting them—nay, requiring them to—initiate all conversations. Of course, as with those Ladies Night drink specials aimed at women, men seem to benefit most. They have to do a lot less work as the app's willing prey.

Bumble has a game-like swipe function a la Tinder. With only 24 hours to message a stranger before the match expires, however, the thrills the app offers can seem as short-lived as the one that comes from imbibing 2-for-1 margs.

PLENTY OF FISH**Cranberry Vodka**

Like the dead-simple cocktail that

newly minted 21-year-olds order, Plenty Of Fish is for less savvy internet daters who don't know what they like or want yet—and only dare try something they've already heard of.

No mutual matching is required for users to contact you on the janky, outdated app, so take as many shots as your typing fingers allow regardless of corresponding interests or relative attractiveness. Result: an onslaught of incoming messages, as tedious as the lengthy process of creating a profile.

RAYA**Espolón Tequila on the Rocks**

Raya aims for the same elite status as the League, but it's significantly cooler—from its handsome profile layout to its in-app experience (users can create a mixtape to show off music tastes) and "first rule of Fight Club" ethos. Would-be users submit their Instagram accounts to apply and are approved based on clout, which is why the community is heavy on actors, models, DJs, talented creatives and blue-checked influencers. Comparable to small-batch tequila versus a pricey bottle of Pappy, Raya is like the drink trendsetters enjoy under the radar...until venture capital bros find a way to ruin it.

HAPPN**Shots (of Literally Anything)**

Much like downing a few shots and recklessly seeing where the night takes you, meeting someone on HAPPN, which suggests hookups based on nothing more than proximity, can generate both excitement and dread. To ease the tension, a pop-up game called "Crush Time" asks you to pick from four users who already liked your profile, making HAPPN feel like a drinking game stirred with a dating app.

IN THE SWIPE OF THINGS

Three daters highlight the best aspects of their favorite apps, from making friends to 'shallow' hookups



Erika, 32

"Hinge lets you get creative with what you share. By being given

questions that pull personality out of you, it makes me eager to answer and see what others are saying. I get easily overwhelmed when filling up an empty box; there's more pressure to be witty."



Robert, 33

"I've met so many good people on Tinder, a lot of whom I'm still friends

with even though nothing really materialized romantically. I think Tinder has gotten its strong reputation as a hookup app because it does actually make casual sex easier and more available."



Franco, 30

"I use all of the apps the same, to meet people I find interesting or attractive and just see how the relationship evolves. At the end of the day, we have to base everything on looks which, in a way, makes us all incredibly shallow and puts an interesting spin on dating."

ILLUSTRATION: ROB WILSON

Take a Good Look at Your Selfie

Those personal portraits just languishing on your smartphone? Help them escape with these pocket-size instant printers



PHOTO OPS Clockwise from top-left: The Polaroid Mint (\$99, polaroid.com), HP Sprocket (\$130, store.hp.com), HP Sprocket Plus (\$150) and Canon IVY (\$130, canon.com) with quick-printed pics of an Off Duty staffer's offspring.

IF YOU'VE GONE to any wedding or corporate party lately you've likely smiled in a photo booth or picked up an instant camera that's ready to spit out low-res keepsakes. Trendy bars, too, are encouraging tipsy, old-school shutterbugging. It's a cute thing to do, said Ben Walton, official photographer for the New York Knicks: "I think folks are slowly going back to enjoying tangible memories versus digital ones."

Now you can easily transform your legion of smartphone photos into physical specimens, too, thanks to pocket-size photo printers such as the new HP Sprocket 2nd Edition. These gizmos shepherd shots from the limbo of your camera roll to your fridge, scrapbook, desk or (if you're a pack-rat romantic) your wallet in about 60 seconds or less.

Several instant printers—all from legacy brands—bridge the gap between mothers longing for Kodak moments and their Instagramming preteens who think Apple invented the camera. Canon, Fujifilm, Polaroid and HP all sell versions with varying features.

The Fujifilm Instax Share SP-2, for instance, prints square photos matted with a white border—ideal for nostalgic sorts, less appealing to those of us who fire off landscape shots. HP's Sprocket Plus, the thinnest portable printer on the market, outdoes its rivals by scaling up the size of its prints from the more typical 2-inch-by-3-inch size to a marginally more expansive 2.3-inch-

by-3.4-inch frame.

While the photos' size and orientation and the printers' mechanical subtleties differ, the process is effectively the same: Each printer connects via Bluetooth to a smartphone app that lets you edit your snaps before printing. Crank the contrast, add an Instagram-style filter, or layer text and illustrations a la Snapchat (or a wonky '90s PowerPoint slide). Whatever your style, here's a tip: Always lighten photos slightly; they usually print a little darker than they appear on your screen.

When you're ready to hit the "print" button on the app, the printer heats up, activating dye crystals that are embedded on special Zink (or "zero-ink") paper. Magically, without any toner cartridges, the printer spits out a photo you can pin to a bulletin board or stick anywhere you want (the backing of most can be peeled to expose an adhesive surface).

Admittedly, the resolution won't wow anyone. But that's just fine for these novelty prints. "My girlfriend and I just use ours for photos of us that we like to keep," said Mr. Walton. "She most recently used it to print a photo of her grandma and put it in her birthday card. It's fun, and it's kinda nifty."

As anyone who ever held a photo before snapshots became heaps of pixels knows, that's all it needs to be.

—Lauren Steele

GEAR & GADGETS



BEST IN CLASS
Kia's EV can help move a kid to the dorms and still costs less than a year's tuition.

net motor. And like the Hyundai, the Kia can handle DC fast-charging up to 100 kW, bringing it from dead to 80% charge capacity in 54 minutes; at 50 kW, 75 minutes. But Kia's adorable boot is one shoe size larger: 76 inches longer overall on a 3.9-inch-longer wheelbase, with another 2.5 cubic feet of interior space, which would make getting kids in and out of car seats exactly 2.6% easier. The Niro EV's range comes in at a still-comfortable 239 miles. With daily driving of about 50 miles, I was plugging in one night out of four at my street-side Level 2 home charger.

The Niro EV is not a performance car, yet it does some surprisingly performance-y things, like accelerate.

Around town, the Niro EV is a dumpling-resembling delight, a cheery little errand-runner whose low-speed alert sound shimmers across the Costco parking lot like a universal Om. The UX leans into the appliance-like. The gear selector is a rotary knob. The electric feel is numb as a Game Boy. The e-brake feels similarly rheostatic, more like a pressure sensor than a pedal. But it all works, being so deeply integrated into the machine.

So, it doesn't feel like a performance car, yet it does some surprisingly performance-y things, like accelerate. From 0-30 mph the Niro EV is hilariously, startled-bunny quick, effortlessly surging around lumbering cars and trucks, making its own lanes and spurting through holes in garden gates.

At highway speeds, the cabin ambience is a soft white-noise, well insulated from wind and road, a place for musing on the Freakonomics of mass-market EVs. What if all vehicles on the road could accelerate from 0-30 mph like this one, squirming away from a stop like a hooked baby tarpon? Could city traffic planners adjust their throughput values and stop light cycle times? Would we call that civilization?

What a great little car. Unfortunately, for American EV intenders, objects in this mirror are farther than they appear.

RUMBLE SEAT / DAN NEIL



2019 Kia Niro: A Family-Size EV You Can Actually Afford

WATCH AS A MAN throws his wife under the bus. Last week my darling Tina knocked the side mirror off our Honda Odyssey while squeezing past a pickup on a narrow street. By the time I got home, Mrs. Rumble Seat had tied the mirror to its pedestal with windings of heavy black tape. It's fine, really. You can't even tell.

Regular readers may know that I've been putting off replacing the Odyssey with our family's first electric vehicle. I have even resorted to rattle-can paint to touch up patches of exposed metal (our minivan looks as if it's been through orbital re-entry). But the accelerating decrepitude is threatening my timeline, and the market doesn't yet have many, or any, affordable EV crossovers with acceptable range.

Oh wait, here's one: the new 2019 Kia Niro EV, a beamish little astropod with 239 miles of range; quick-charging capacity; a spacious interior, holding up to 53 cubic feet of cargo (seats folded); and a base price expected to come in under 30 thou (\$37,495 before the \$7,500 federal tax credit) when U.S. dealers finally start taking orders this summer.

The EX Premium test car delivered to my house in Raleigh, N.C., was a street car named desire: parking sensors, sunroof, heated/ventilated leather front seats, navigation and infotainment touch

screen backing up a Harman Kardon audio system. Other e-amenities include Apple CarPlay and Android Auto, wireless phone charger, and multiple USB ports in the center console with protective flip-caps, to keep liquids out. Our example also included the optional cold weather package, including battery warmer, heated steering wheel, and a high-efficiency heat pump to warm cabin air.

Fantastic. Beautiful. Two side mirrors and everything. All we have to do is relocate to one of the 13 states where it will be sold.

Tina was skeptical. Why do we have to move? Because Kia—part of the South Korean conglomerate Hyundai Motor Group—will be confining sales to nine states hewing to the California Air Resources Board's mandates for zero-emission vehicles (plus four others), in order to reduce its regulatory costs in the U.S.'s largest car market.

Frustrated tree-huggers in other states may harrumph that the Niro EV is a mere CARB "compliance car," a greenwasher. The reality is a bit more nuanced. Hyundai Motor Group has backed a decades-long play on hydrogen fuel cells, not battery-electric. But China's clean-air mandates leading into the next decade have left the group little choice but to pivot toward battery-electrics, if not pirouette.

Management's problem now, and

the ultimate cause of the model's scarcity in the U.S., is a shortage of batteries. The factory in Hwaseong, South Korea, can make about 10,000 Niro EVs annually. The game theory comes in spreading these cars around so that they minimize compliance costs across multiple markets, including CARB country.

The group's engineering reflects a similar table-covering strategy. The Niro is based on a new shared group platform that is propulsion-agnostic, if you like, with gas; strong hybrid; plug-in gas-electric hybrid; or battery-electric options

built on the same line at the same time, with the mix based on demand. This approach is fundamentally different than that of Volkswagen Group, for example, which will build its armada of electric-only models based on a dedicated platform (the MEB).

The Niro EV uses the same box of voltage as the Hyundai Kona EV and the forthcoming Kia Soul EV: an under-floor-mounted, liquid-cooled, 64-kWh lithium-ion battery pack. It also uses the same contented beehive between the wheels, a 201-hp/291-lb-ft permanent mag-



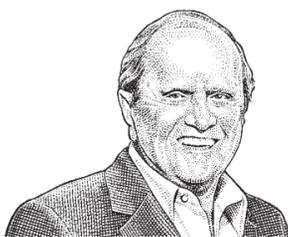
2019 KIA NIRO EV (EX PREMIUM TRIM)

- Base Price** \$37,495
- Price, as Tested** \$47,500 (est., before \$7,500 federal tax credit)
- Powertrain** All-electric, with front mounted permanent-magnet motor and inverter; liquid-cooled 64 kWh lithium-ion battery pack; DC fast charge capacity (CCS, Combined Charge System)
- Power/Torque** 201 hp/291 lb-ft
- Length/Width/Height/Wheelbase** 172.2/71.1/61.8/106.3 inches
- Curb Weight** 3,854 pounds
- Charge Time** DC Fast to 80% capacity in 54 minutes (100 kW); 75 minutes (50 kW) in 75 minutes; 9:35 hours to 100% capacity (Level 2, 240V)
- 0-60 mph** 7 seconds (est.)
- Luggage Capacity:** 18.5/53.0 cubic feet (rear seatbacks up/folded)

MY TECH ESSENTIALS

Bob Newhart

Still hitting the stage at 89, the comedy legend on noodling with jokes, forgiving Toyota and the genius of 'Dr. Strangelove'



A new comedy routine is like cat nip: I play with it for a while, write it down on a yellow legal pad, then at some point it's ready for the iPad—which I use with a keyboard. When I'm not working, I jealously hide the iPad. If it fell into the hands of another comedian, they'd be doing my act, you know? I don't have that issue with the yellow pad because they couldn't make out my handwriting. But on the iPad it's pretty easy to read.



I drive a **2009 Lexus LS 460 L**, which I didn't like at first because it's made by Toyota and I wasn't too happy with the way Toyota was dealing with the brake and floor-mat scandal. But the car drives so damn well, I've kind of forgiven them for it. I'll mostly drive to all the same places, like a computer store—a Best Buy or Staples or something—to see if there's anything new out there that I haven't heard of yet.

My wife and I reached a settlement: If I buy something new I have to get rid of something old. Otherwise we'd be up to our asses in disc drives. I'll be honest, when I got my new **Samsung Blu-ray disc drive**, I didn't get rid of the old one. But no one's gonna know that except you and I, right?



'**Dr. Strangelove**' is the funniest movie I've ever seen. My kids say to me, "Dad, the next time you watch it can you let us know? We want to bring friends over," I become hysterical. Peter Sellers is incredible.



I enjoy watching '**The Marvelous Mrs. Maisel**' on Prime Video. On the show, the main character's husband, Joel, actually steals one of my routines—the Abe Lincoln routine. And he did it terribly. It was like fingernails on a blackboard for me to watch it. But I still like the show. I was around during that time period, during Lenny Bruce. It was a wonderful time of my life and a sea change in comedy. The show is a wonderful re-creation of that time.

—Edited from an interview by Chris Kornelis