

Hygge

It is, perhaps, those  
small moments of no  
consequence that will  
add up to a life well-  
lived...

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need a feast to partake in sobremesa. Share whatever there is. In the dining room, on the deck, around a picnic table or a picnic basket, dedicate yourself to those in front of you. Settle into the moment the way you sank into your seat. Lean in and let the conversation wander. Later, you'll wonder at where it has taken you: to time well spent. Experience togetherness as often as you possibly can. It is the other form of sustenance.

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# Atelier

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## Collection Overview

An Atelier is a place where even the walls are blank pages. A uniquely human space of the imagination. Empty, it awaits the stroke of a pen, a brush, the hammer and chisel, a keystroke or vocal chord. Its floor is spattered and crusted with paint, the desk strewn with notebooks and papers, the worktops, divoted and ink-stained. Smells of mineral spirits or burnt coffee whisper around like sounds. The value of this space lies precisely in this disorder, which is yours and yours alone. It gives you the tools to feel infinitely bigger and smaller than yourself, not yourself, more yourself, changeless and ever-changing. Maybe your atelier is a tabletop, maybe it's a laboratory, a foundry, a factory or a screen. Maybe it's all in your mind. Wherever it is, step inside. Iterate those ideas into things and those things into ideas.

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# Hygge

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## Collection Overview

It is, perhaps, those small moments of no consequence that will add up to a life well-lived. Those moments when we feel ourselves glow, not with happiness, but with contentment. When we have savored, but not sated, ourselves. That is well-being. Not grand moments of drama, but moments that seem to dissolve into the endless spate of all our moments. Hygge is a word for our times. It is fruition, not fortune, coziness, not correctness. What if it were enough to just be for a moment? Bask in the candlelight or the firelight. Sink into a cushion beside friends you can touch. Hot cocoa, a warm bath, a blanket, and later, as you drift off to sleep, the impossibly smooth sensation of fresh sheets against your skin. Comfort is exactly enough. Hygge is the ultimate luxury.

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# Sobremesa

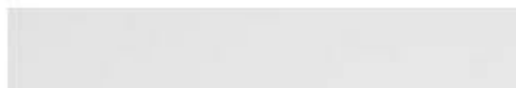
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## Collection Overview

Put down your phone and pick up a fork, a glass, or a thread of conversation. The meal is finished but the comaraderie continues. The company gathered here is the best nourishment of all. Conviviality is warmed by the aromas of cooking, steam wafting from the mouth of a cup, the flickering light of a taper, the glow of jewel-tone liquids and the syncopated rhythm of voices. But you don't need a feast to partake in sobremesa. Share whatever there is. In the dining room, on the deck, around a picnic table or a picnic basket, dedicate yourself to those in front of you. Settle into the moment the way you sank into your seat. Lean in and let the conversation wander. Later, you'll wonder at where it has taken you: to time well spent. Experience togetherness as often as you possibly can. It is the other form of sustenance.

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# Hamam

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## Collection Overview

Like the celestial thing it actually is, daylight streams through oculi in the dim, domed ceiling above. On this massive, hot stone slab, even time seems to feel heavy with the heat. Whether ritual ablution or just a bath, every Hamam contains the universe in microcosm. Wearing only our skin, our senses actively at ease, we turn both inward and out. We open up as our pores do, immersing ourselves simultaneously in self-reflection and the community around us. In the course of an afternoon spent bathing, every element necessary to our well-being is soaked, kneaded, rubbed down and restored. Robes, towels, scrubbing mitts, slippers, suds and scents embody the sublime simplicity of cleansing. Bring order to the body outside, and you begin to tame that vast empyrean within.

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# Recess

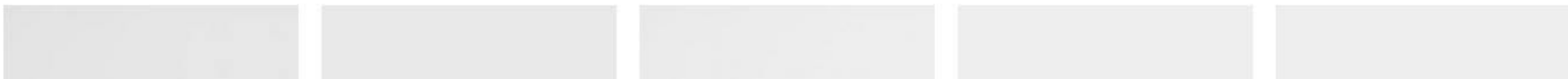
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## collection overview

What is more memorable than the clanging reverberations of the school bell? It released us. For 15 minutes, for 45. When you're playing, a minute can feel like forever. Every day, recess held out the possibility of something new. And it delivered. Every game, every toy, every puzzle, every crayon or colored pencil taught us as much as we ever learned in the classroom. At least what is most important to us today. They had it backward, the grown-ups: Coloring inside the lines was never the real goal. You don't have to choose a favorite color, you can just make one up. Now we know there's no one right way to do things, no one right way to be. And we still remember those little lessons-between-the-lessons today because we learned them while we were playing, while we were pretending, while we being completely ourselves.

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# Yugen

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## collection overview

A murmuration is like watching your own wild breath pressing against the sky. Hundreds of birds turn in unison and, for just a moment, appear to disappear. But then, with a silver flash, they're back again, their wings beating perfect time to a soundless rhythm. Yügen is like this. When you turn to see that sculpture you studied for the very first time and the photos of it will never look the same again. Late one night, you find yourself treading water in a phosphorescent bay and in the darkness, your bare arms are spangled and streaming with constellations made up of microscopic creatures who glow like stars. Their light bursts and blurs and blossoms around your legs with every movement you make. The miracle will end in a moment. So look. Listen. Be very still. You will remember this forever. And you may never be able to explain the feeling to anyone.

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