

Thanks to everyone who paid for [the blog](#) yesterday! I made \$33, which I haven't even spent yet. (It's hard to spend money in France.) Besides not being edited, you guys are the best part about [Google Docs](#). I figured I'll keep going until the day comes that I don't make the equivalent of a bottle of wine, which to be fair is \$7. Venmo is @Kaitlin-Phillips.

Podcasts:

Because over the years I have represented a dozen or so podcasts, I stopped listening to them outside of my professional duties. However, because my boyfriend does most of the cooking, and if I'm being honest more than 62% of the cleaning, and does so while listening to podcasts, I've learned, against my will, about a couple of good ones. I don't think I've ever heard a woman guest on these pods, maybe once or twice? It's all very man-on-man:

[Conflicted](#): An American Islamic scholar (and former monk) and a Wall Street advisor (and ex al-Qaeda bomb maker) discuss Middle Eastern politics, and flirt with each other. A great example of male friendship. [Against Everyone with Conner Habib](#): Ex gay porn star turned anthroposophy-junkie discusses esoteric occultism and gnostic Christianity. [Bad Gays](#): An English guy and an American academic (based in Berlin) discuss the lives of gay villains. Lots of Nazis and colonialists. And, of course, [Popular Front](#): An independent war reporter (for VICE?) has this network of stringers, fixers, and other war reporters, who he taps to discuss various conflicts across the globe. Basically, if something goes down in the Central African Republic, he'll interview someone who has been on the ground for five years, not just a guy on the hoof this week for the BBC. [My boyfriend wears the T-shirt to the gym; support independent conflict journalism!](#)

Fun fact: Red Scare is popular in Europe. Not only do all of my boyfriend's friends listen, they are v. impressed that I, like everyone in New York, "know Dasha." (I do pay her internet; I should really figure that out, it's been two years lol.)

Shopping:

Seems odd if I haven't previously put these on a gift guide; it all blurs together, and I only get 12 new shopping ideas a year. Ignore if you've heard it all before!

For a bespoke suit or linen shirt with silk buttonholes, go to Atelier Bomba in Rome (Via dell'Oca 39). The founder Christina Bomba's clothing line was originally sold at Barneys in the 1990s. It's still in the family. (Last year, a dear friend gave me a "4ply sweater" when I was cold at her house, I thought that was so chic; you can buy one for yourself [here](#).)

Vanessa Beecroft has the best taste of any artist in the world. I make a note anytime she drops her location on Instagram, something she does all the time. (She once admitted, to the New Yorker magazine, that shopping whips her into "a ravenous and stupid frenzy.") I've noticed that no trip to New York, for Vanessa, is complete without a stop at [Kermanshah Gallery](#), the third generation establishment on 5th Avenue, for antique rugs. (The Kermanshah brothers also

source ancillary oddities from their travels, like [this hand-painted Persian ceramic depicting a polo player](#).)

“Pottery from the rural south: [SJ Pottery](#). Mocha ware and salt-glazed stoneware.” This is definitely something I learned about from Alex Traub’s mother.

Travel:

I get most of my “big ideas” about travel from Instagram. Like I want to eat focaccia with grapes [poolside at the Palazzo Daniele](#) in Puglia...because they cut it with scissors? I’ll never actually do this.

For whatever reason—corporate jobs, boyfriends who don’t like to travel—I haven’t spent real time in Europe before. (I basically flew to Paris twice a year my entire adult life, and it was fine.) It’s funny to have finally arrived in the South of France, where I am living part-time, only to hear that there are “no beaches left.” (Unless you’re willing to hike and scramble a bit, it’s true, every inch of every beach is taken..) Lately, everyone keeps telling me to go to Georgia (the country). Batumi is the slightly rundown resort town. Not sure how good this advice is—it’s probably akin to “Slovenia has the same food and wine as Italy but no tourists” which is sort of true and sort of not true—but I’d love to hear more anyway, so if you’ve gone, please email me: kaitlinephillips@gmail.com. I’ve heard, also anecdotally, that Vendicari-Oasi Faunistica (a nature preserve in Sicily?) has “great sand” and...if you’re really committed to vacationing, Lamu is *the* place to swim (though the state dept advises otherwise). Stay [here](#).

My boyfriend’s father recommends this trip: Fly to Venice, eat at the [Hosteria Osottoosopra](#). Stay at The Pensione Academia. Travel by buses into the Dolomites and from there to Ladinia, this is a series of valleys where the Ladies live. They are a people who have their own language (Ladin) and traditions and dress (v good hats). Head to the Bardia valley to a village called San Vigilio. Here you can eat at a restaurant called Garsun which is about a kilometre outside the town centre. This is run by three generations of Ladin women. It is impossible to book on the phone in either English or Italian so you will need to call the local San Vigilio tourist office (+390474501037) and they will make a booking for you. The Hotel Monte Sella has wooden chalet interiors, an ice plunge pool and a heated indoor one. (Note every place has three names: Italian, Ladin and German. From village to village people speak different languages.)

People love to recommend the taxidermy museum in Paris. Very played out... A much better “novel” museum? The Museu da Miniatura Automovel in Portugal, which presents, in glass vitrines, staged miniatures of famous cars and car accidents, and their illustrious passengers, throughout history. Of note: a case of papal cars throughout history, replete with tiny toy priests (“Mercedes Benz 600 Pullman Papamóvel Paulo VI”). The salacious exhibits are “cute” too: notably, the burnt up Porsche 550, a miniature of James Dean’s tragic wreck. It’s got one of those charming garden areas outside, with mossed over stone benches, you know what I mean.

(My boyfriend says, "In Philadelphia, you can visit the Chevalier Jackson collection at the Mutter Museum on 9 S 22nd St. 2,000 objects that a groundbreaking otolaryngologist removed from patients' throats over a 75 year career." I'm not sure he's actually done this, I think he just read about it.)

Update on traveling to Georgia (the country) from Sofia Chachanidze:

"Batumi is a hellscape of russo-turk-persian new money making. Could be fun to observe architectural monstrosities and joints run by hip youth w Instagram front page sensibilities for a day. I say avoid, or make plans to ride around Adjara for their Bosnian-looking wooden mosques, gorg subtropical nature etc. Good wild black volcanic beaches closer to Kabuleti (can be dirty). Georgian grandmas forbid swimming atm due to 'toxic waste from Ukraine'. Fantastic food, butter, veg, etc. Overall - deffo not an easy paradise vacay, fun for hikers/nature lovers.

Tbilisi is very weird and fun, with lovely people and drinking. The mountainous regions of Dusheti/Racha are sublime. For post-soviet tourism - Tskaltubo (literally every grad of European architect schools I know went there at least once) and Gori (Stalin's birthplace). The biggest soviet decay enjoyers go to Abkhazia (a bit of a police state if you ask me), but that is so not the question you've asked haha

Lots of writer/artists' estates (many run by Rietveld and other art ppl, Muscovites, hermits, and recently - provincial Japanese) around the country. Lmk if you want a list. Craft-wise- unique woodwork, ceramics, rugs: many great antique shops w Soviet and older furniture, jewellery, etc (also have a list lol). Modern designers could be very bold (my friend Anka has a good [selection](#)). Tik tok teens are aplenty and are massively cool. Incredible women- guttural voices, very chic and resourceful."

Food:

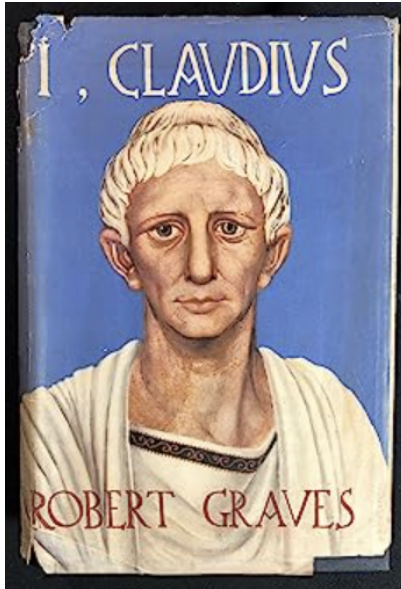
Restaurants/Bars in Marseille: When you're thinking ahead to make a reservation: La Cantinetta (family style, backyard), Il Capriolo (more Brooklyn date style), Luna Piena (casual, homemade pizza, great owners). La Passerelle is where I drink (pitchers of cold water, bottles of natural wine). Across the street are two great cheap places to eat, I don't know what they're called, but you'll see what I mean.

[Chris Crowley recently wrote an obit for a criminal/pizza guy](#). Some people are really out there living, moving countries, opening shit up, failing all the time. I love it.

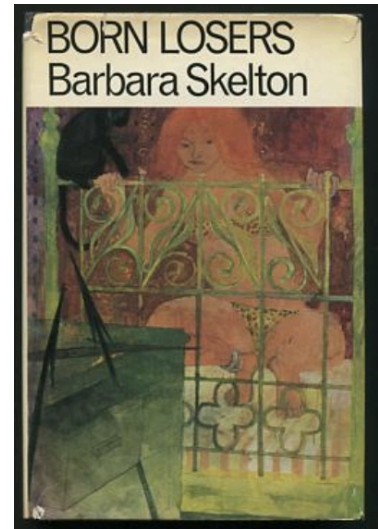
Reading:

My boyfriend recommends [Takeaway, about being an ambulance driver in Hackney during the olympics](#). Dark, funny, short.

If I were to buy a book for a man right now—basically any man—I would get them a first edition of [I, Claudius](#). The provençal blue! If you're trying to impress a girl who drinks a lot in New York, buy them a first edition of [Born Losers](#).



It's embarrassing to admit, but I wasn't a Joy Williams fan until 2017, when she read for a Valentine's Day event organized by *Bookforum* ([see 38:29](#)). She wore a great leather jacket. I thought it was cool she never removed her sunglasses. (I found out later [this is her signature](#), and nothing to report home about.) The next day, I read *State of Grace*, which is the kind of book you can tell is genius, but occasionally loses you b/c it's batty. I learned later it's the one that gets on college syllabi—alongside [The Dead Father](#), I imagine? I could teach a



whole course on daddy issues—but it's not what I would start with, if you're new to Joy Williams. I'm assuming no one is new to her but if you are, how lucky for you! [The Quick and the Dead](#), though published staunchly midcareer (2000!), is my personal favorite. It's about a deeply self-righteous girl, which makes it sound bad, but it's not, it's a perfect slutty desert book (a great genre, see [Famous Questions](#), a book I recommend all the time).

Joy is one of those people who think that animals have a sixth sense about people (not a quality I usually enjoy in people, but accept as a helpful plot device in fiction, like how bad characters in Tolstoy give candy to children). Which is all to say, her best short story, "[Shepherd](#)," is about a girl who loves her dog more than her boyfriend. (I was tweeting yesterday about re-reading [St. Mawr](#), which is a book about a girl who loves her horse more than her husband.)

ANYWAY, I was thinking about Joy Williams because, also yesterday, I read this great Real Estate piece ([my favorite reportorial genre](#)) she wrote in Harper's [about an acre she owned in Florida](#). It's about rewilding your land, sort of, a trend I adore, ever since I heard how many people are doing it in CT right now.

Harper's is the only magazine I subscribe to right now.

Media Gripes:

I'm getting contacted a lot by journalists trying to source their Ozempic stories. I've also noticed that several Ozempic stories are using the same sources/are sourced primarily by people I personally know. Never a good sign !! I'm not saying it's a fake trend, but I do think journalists are missing the boat, despite *New York* inventing the boom. (The same can be said for Dimes

Square. *New York* magazine really should get more credit just generally for *kicking off* trends. The Styles section, the supposed trend generator, actually does this far less frequently.) What I do know about Ozempic is it really makes you shit a lot. A friend texted me yesterday that he'd missed my call b/c he was throwing up from Ozempic. So it's like speed, I guess.