people are talking about

up next
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Sebastián, Tunisia, Vancouver) than he did a year ago. However, he continues to work in a local clothing boutique to pay his rent and still picks up the electric guitar. Desplechin has been guiding Dolmaire’s literary tastes, most recently sending him The Idiot along with an early Philip Roth—“different male characters that can be interesting to dig into.” Now in his second year of acting school, Dolmaire has no concrete projects on the horizon but is open to both stage and screen. “I like them equally because they are so different.” Desplechin scoffs. “His face was made for film.”

“I remember when I was filming him I thought, You’re beautiful like Delon, you have an amazing face,” says the director, “but he doesn’t care at all about the fact that he’s handsome. In real life he dresses like shit”—pronounced “sheet,” à la Française. “He just doesn’t care about the physical aspect, and I think it’s lovely.” So, does this Delon d’aujourd’hui have a girlfriend? “Ahah!” says Dolmaire with a drama student’s charisma. “Mystère!” —CHLOE MALLE

art Not FADE away

In the painting, she stands sideways, emerging from a riotous background of tulips, roses, anemones, and other blossoms, casting a slightly mischievous look at the viewer. Her face is vivid and complete, the rest of her just sketched in. This 1918 portrait by Gustav Klimt of the sensual, dark-haired beauty Ria Munk was commissioned as an aide-mémoire by her mother, whose daughter had shot herself seven years earlier, when her betrothed (bad-boy poet Hanns Heinz Ewers) called off their wedding. After completing two earlier versions that were rejected, Klimt died in the middle of painting this last, unfinished one. Confiscated by the Nazis in 1941, it was eventually returned to the family’s heirs, who sold it at Christie’s in 2010 for just under $28 million. It will be one among nearly 200 works in “Unfinished: Thoughts Left Visible,” the Metropolitan Museum’s provocative opening show at its new Met Breuer outpost—formerly the site of the Whitney Museum of American Art. Pieces by Urs Fischer and Elizabeth Peyton will nuzzle up to Picassos and Pollocks as well as Titians, Leonards, and Rembrandts (it was during the Renaissance that certain artists began to experiment with deliberately “non-finito” works). By exhibiting contemporary art in the context of its incomparable historic collections—something that no other New York museum can do—the Met may reinforce the idea that all art is contemporary.

As for Klimt, although he intended to finish his portrait of Ria, there is something immensely touching in his failure to do so. What we get is a glimpse into what the artist was thinking, the endless possibilities and decisions that always lie ahead. —DOODIE KAZANJIAN

Table for TWO

Keith McNally has planted his culinary flag in New York City’s booming Financial District. The forthcoming Augustine will anchor yet another neighborhood newcomer—the stately, landmarked, and long-awaited Beekman Hotel, which is emerging from an immaculate renovation this spring. On the ground floor, in one of the two restaurants (Tom Colicchio spearheads the other), McNally is sticking to what he does best, serving refined French fare such as petit aioli, lobster salad, and grilled porterhouse. “It won’t feel different to some people,” he demurs, but “the food will be lighter, more inspired by the market.” With a rakish hint at the appeal of being situated within a lush, beautifully appointed New York hotel, McNally suggests that Augustine may be just the place to pursue a spring romance. “This is a restaurant you’d take your lover to, not your husband or wife.” —LILI DOXENIN

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