

had spent the afternoon working with her kickboxing trainer, Omar, will move on to “Maria Stuarda,” in Paris. She added, shaking her head, “This is probably my last ‘Cenerentola.’ I’ve sung her in all the main theatres of the world.”

Jepsen nodded. “There’s a weird Cin-



Carly Rae Jepsen and Joyce DiDonato

derella connection,” she said, and mentioned her predecessor in the role. “Laura Osnes and the other girls who’ve played the show, we want to have a Cinderella party. Like a girls’ night out.”

DiDonato giggled. “Yeah,” she said. “Everybody gets sloshed!”

It was almost midnight. Outside, a crowd of screaming girls awaited Jepsen at the stage door. DiDonato took out her phone, and the Cinderellas posed for a selfie.

—Lizzie Widdicombe

ONE MAN’S TRASH DEPT. CLEANUP CREW



Annabelle Selldorf is a New York architect largely known for refined art-gallery interiors, and for a terra-cotta-clad apartment building on Eleventh Avenue whose residents, including Nicole Kidman and Keith Urban, can, if their sense of shame allows, take their cars, by elevator, to parking spaces right outside their front doors. On a recent Saturday, Selldorf was in a seventy-five-foot-high shed in Sunset Park, in South Brooklyn,

finding beauty in a mound of the city’s glass, plastic, and metal recyclables. She noted that the pile of refuse—“Not really live garbage, but you can smell garbage”—was topped by a jauntily upright toddler’s toy car, made of yellow and pink plastic. Behind, the building’s pale-gray steel walls were backlit by sunshine. Selldorf, accompanied by a small dog named Jussi, and wearing a long tweed jacket, with a tan scarf wrapped many times around her neck, explained that the corrugated steel had “old-fashioned curves, because it breaks the light in a very nice way.” Modern corrugation, she said, is “angular, the shape of a hat.”

The Sims Municipal Recycling Facility, which recently opened on a pier near the mouth of the Gowanus Canal—replacing a parking lot filled with bullet-sprayed vehicles involved in crimes under investigation by the N.Y.P.D.—was hosting forty or so members of Open House New York, an architectural-appreciation nonprofit, including one who described a recent trip to the sewage plant in Greenpoint as “unbelievable.” The visitors gave their attention, in turn, to Tom Outerbridge, the Sims general manager in New York, a man with a resemblance to Klaus Kinski, who can explain the workings of a plastic-bag-tearing machine that he called the Liberator, and to Selldorf, whose firm designed the quietly modernist facility. Someone asked Outerbridge if New Yorkers need to remove water-bottle caps before recycling. (They do not.) Someone else asked if the plant’s workers had been energized by Selldorf’s design. “Time will tell,” Outerbridge said.

Selldorf looked at him. “The unequivocal answer is yes,” she said.

The city pays Sims, by the ton, to receive all its glass, plastic, and metal recyclables. City trucks deliver the material to Sims, and Sims sorts it, in a process that is largely automated, and then sells it in the commodities marketplace: compressed plastic is mostly shipped south; bales of aluminum go to Indiana and Ohio; clear glass is bought by smelters in New Jersey. When, a few years ago, Sims began to plan a new waterside facility (funded, in part, by the city), it decided that an investment in architectural panache could bring benefits, including enhanced opportunities to propagandize to third graders. Increased public awareness of city recycling should increase tonnage,

and revenue. According to Outerbridge, half of what should be recycled is not recycled. (And fifteen per cent of what he receives is not on the city’s list—“Clothes, concrete, wood, and luggage,” he said.)

In 2008, Outerbridge, who majored in English and philosophy, organized a small architectural competition; at the suggestion of a friend, he invited Selldorf, whose name he didn’t know, to take part. She was born in Cologne; her work, by then, included the conversion of the William Starr Miller house into the Neue Galerie. Her winning proposal for Sims featured a human-scaled building, for administration and visitors, that was separated from hangar-scaled spaces for liberating and sorting. A pedestrian bridge, above the height of hurried sanitation trucks, would link the two.

As the Open House visitors began to leave, Selldorf paused at floor-to-ceiling windows on the upper floor of the smaller, garbage-free building. The view included the Metropolitan Detention Center, the Statue of Liberty, IKEA, Manhattan, two jet-skiers, and a few children—brought along by Selldorf’s colleagues—who were playing in a decorative bed of crushed glass. “The site is exposed, in a magnificent way,” she said, and she described an ambition to give the buildings “a kind of calm, if you can say that.” She recognized one oversight: the sinks in the men’s locker room were too small—she mimed a recycling professional rinsing his hands in a soup bowl.

Selldorf and Outerbridge got into an Audi station wagon and headed to an apartment in Greenwich Village that, some years into construction at Sunset Park, the architect and the client began to share, as a couple. As the car left the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel, they found that they had conflicting memories of the competition that introduced them.

“I would say that you came in with the least specific design,” Outerbridge said, in a teasing tone. “You came in with, like, a piece of fabric and said, ‘What do you think?’”

“So mean,” Selldorf said. “We actually built a model.”

“I’m saying it was less—”

“It was more conceptual.”

“It was more conceptual, absolutely. More conceptual than the others.”

“But it worked.”

—Ian Parker