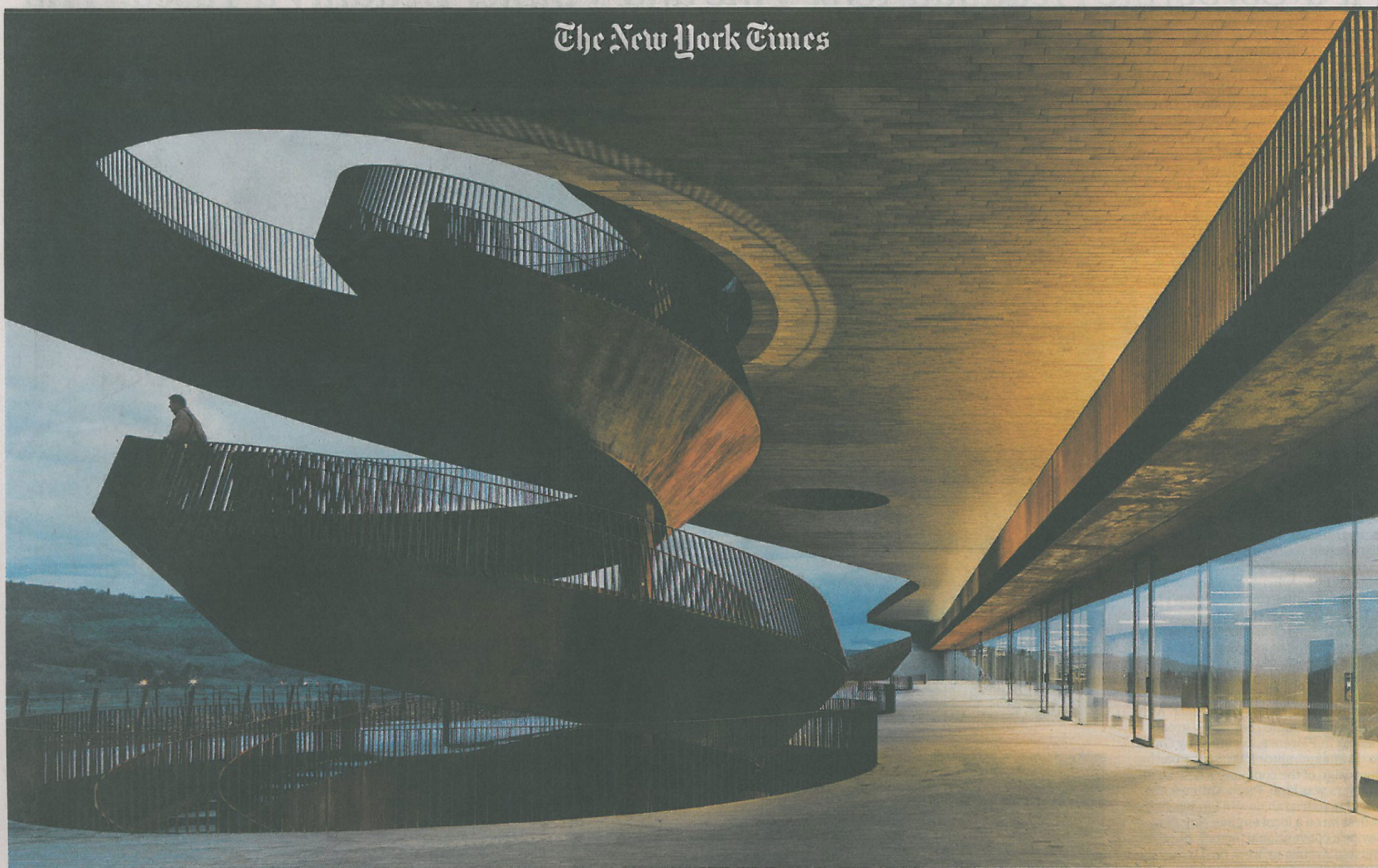


The New York Times



ARCHEA ASSOCIATI

A soaring corkscrew staircase of steel is a centerpiece of the new headquarters of the winemakers Antinori in Bargino, Italy, by the Florence architecture firm Archea.

Vines and Vintner Beautify a Tuscan Hill

BARGINO, Italy — For all its beauty, Italy has suffered reckless development. Travel outside any big city, and you'll come across aging sprawl: unplanned wastelands of shopping malls, factories and housing projects, many from the 1960s and '70s. Florence, a dozen or so miles from here, is no exception. The city started devolving into a mess of shabby suburbs years ago; nearby towns like Tavarnelle and Poggibonsi added industrial

MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

ARCHITECTURE REVIEW

parks to historic centers.

Preservationists reined in some of the worst development with stricter zoning regulations. But tensions still persist between conserving the landscape and ceding it to new business. Manufacturing and construction account for nearly one-quarter of the Tuscan economy. Those ugly industrial parks provide jobs. So what should smart growth look like in this region?

Cantina Antinori is one answer. From the highway, you can miss the new headquarters that

Archea, a Florence firm, has designed here for this prestigious Italian winemaker. The highway runs by it, but the building hides in plain sight, buried into — literally inside — a hill. The architecture doesn't just occupy the landscape, it *becomes* the landscape. The panoramic terrace is shaded by a curved deeply cantilevered canopy that is partly camouflaged under rows of young vines.

Once you're inside, the place turns out to be a soaring, light-filled work of contemporary design. At 540,000 square feet, the headquarters, which

opened to the public this spring, includes a winery, a 200-seat auditorium (with custom-designed womblike comfy chairs in keeping with the standards of Italian high style), a museum, a restaurant and a shop. The building, which took nearly a decade to complete and cost some \$110 million, unfolds as a series of surprises. A snaking driveway, rising through newly planted olive groves, deposits visitors into an underground parking lot; you go from

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Hunger Muggles' Occult Dystopia

The book club craze may have hit its nadir. The big moment came a week ago when the NBC morning show "Today" announced that it, too, was starting a book club, presumably because so many of its competitors have them, and anointed Samantha Shannon's novel, "The Bone Season," its first pick. Seated in front of a backdrop on which the words "Call me Ishmael" were clearly visible, the "Today" team explained how a debut novel by a 21-year-old unknown had snagged this distinction. Not one bit of the five-minute segment concerned exactly what Ms. Shannon has written.

JANET MASLIN

BOOKS OF THE TIMES

That's because "The Bone Season" leapt



The Bone Season

By Samantha Shannon
466 pages.
Bloomsbury. \$24.

out to "Today" as a human interest story, not as a book. We learned that it bears some resemblance to "The Hunger Games"; that Ms. Shannon intends a seven-book series, just as J. K. Rowling did; that she and Ms. Rowling share a British publisher (though not an

Stubborn Persistence of Pop



We experience things via reactions now, rather than head-on. As has become the norm, the best way to engage with the 2013 MTV Video Music Awards, broadcast on MTV on Sunday

JON CARAMANICA

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

night from the Barclays Center in Brooklyn, was to follow on Twitter the slanderous jokes and instantly available GIFs of memorable moments. Inside the arena, too, it seemed as if not paying direct attention was the norm, too, if the cutaway shots of the famous and bored during the show were any indication: One Direction studiously mute during the brief 'N Sync reunion, Drake averting his eyes as Miley Cyrus raunchily twerked, Rihanna barely moving her head for anyone.

To be fair to the celebrities trapped inside the Barclays Center, though, there wasn't much to look at during this year's event, and even less reason to look at it. A celebration of music videos that are almost never shown on MTV, this awards show is the final thread connecting the MTV of Snooki and "Teen Mom" to its roots — this was the 30th annual installment of the extravaganza. At this point, it serves largely as an implicit rejoinder to the Grammys, a place where the kids can play safely without fear of Adele's stealing their lunch

Fabulist Haunting The Fringes

By WILLIAM GRIMES

When he died in 2009, at 94, James Purdy was a forgotten man. He had always been a cult writer, held in almost worshipful regard for his wildly original, sometimes shocking novels and stories that worked the margins of American society, fringe territory populated by small-town folk, failed artists and tormented gay men.

Over time, he made the transition from underrated to unread.

A new collection illuminates a dark, neglected writer.

The trajectory was steep. In his brief but brilliant heyday, from the late 1950s to the mid-'60s, he seemed poised to take a place in the literary front ranks. Susan

At a Corporate Headquarters, Vine and Vintner Beautify a Tuscan Hill

From First Arts Page

bright sun into sudden darkness. Light angles into the lot through circular cuts in the roof. Those circles become a motif and combine with sinuous, sloping walls and the undulating canopy to create a formal language that can bring to mind the work of firms like UNStudio in Amsterdam: a vocabulary of sculptured, organic abstraction.

From the parking lot, visitors ascend the tour-de-force corkscrew staircase made of rust-colored steel and twisting upward like a strip of orange peel. It pops through one of those big cuts onto the terrace (back from dark to light), which is nearly the length of a football field and echoes the contours of the land. The plaza and canopy make a kind of slash across the brow of the hill, from which the view onto the countryside is wide open and spectacular.

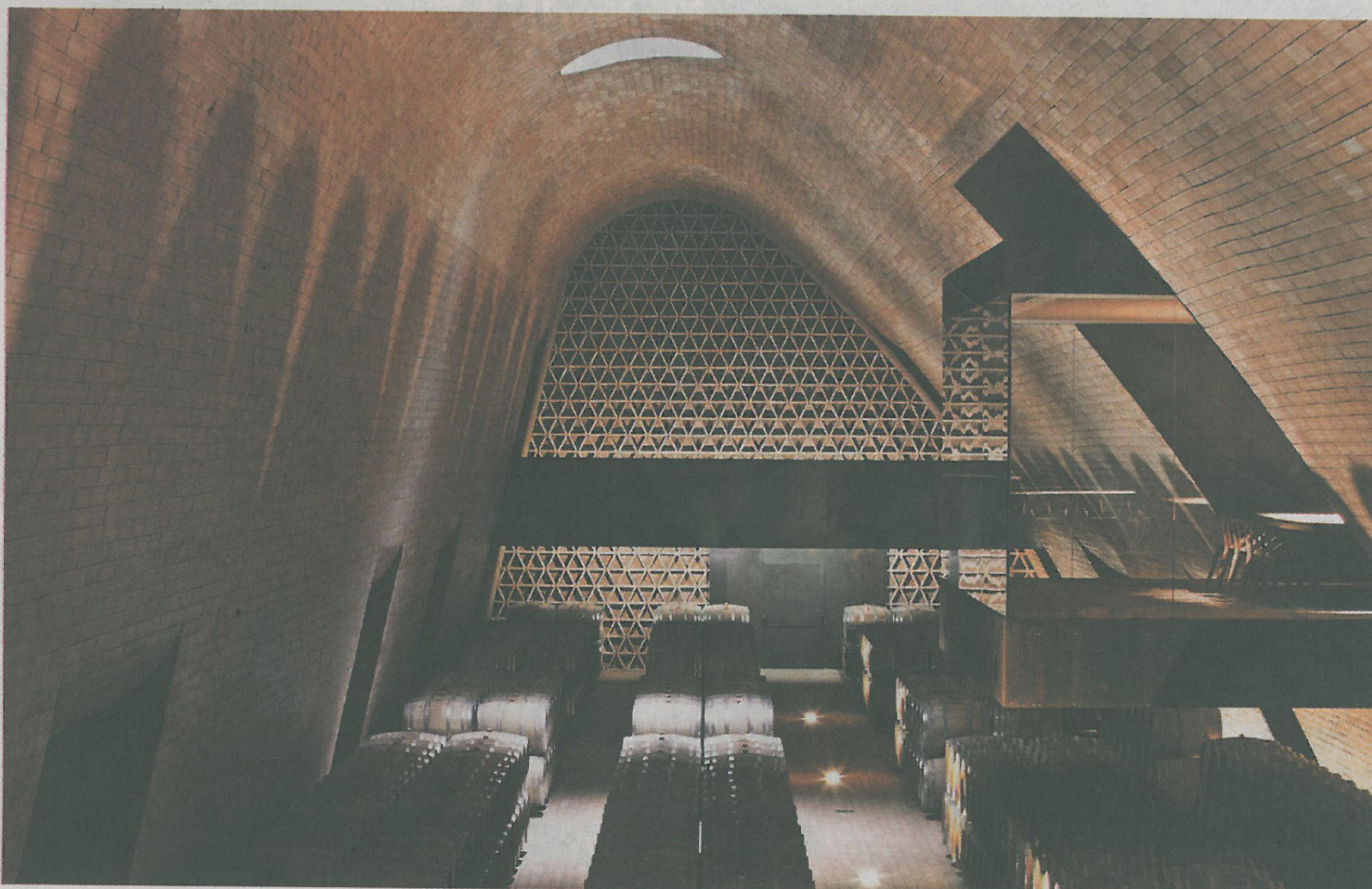
Through a two-story glass wall lie the offices, museum, shop and the tasting rooms, which are theatrically cantilevered over the wine cellars. These are a series of sleek caves as big and somber as cathedrals — spectacular rooms tucked deep inside the hill and hidden behind discreet doors. To pass from the lobby through those doors is a little like discovering Dr. No's lair.

The detailing of corners, curves and edges is everywhere crisp and clean. A factory and office complex doesn't have to be a cheap mirrored-glass box or a trumped-up Renaissance villa. It can be Architecture with a capital A. That's the building's message.

Antinori is a noble family with wine-making roots dating back 26 generations and is now a major exporter. Antinoris have occupied one of the great palaces in Florence, designed by Giuliano da Maiano, since 1506. So the bar for the design of the company's new headquarters was high. Piero Antinori, the reigning patriarch now in his 80s, had at first hired a local engineering firm to devise a conventional factory and then enlisted Archea to dress the factory up with a facade. But the architects balked.

"This is our oil," was the reaction of Marco Casamonti, a founder of Archea, who oversaw the project. He meant that the region's great cultural and economic resource is its combination of landscape and architecture. Thoughtless development had depleted that resource in this part of Tuscany. Architecture can, and should, help and bring progress. A home for Antinori could be conceived in terms of the hill, he argued.

That the Antinori family embraced a more ambitious project, allowed Archea to design everything down to the furniture and fittings, then paid the bills after the budget more than doubled from its original \$45 million, and also endured years of delays because of construction problems, shows how much fine, successful architecture depends on the right client. Since it opened, the building has attracted thousands of people, including many architects, who clearly don't (just) come for the wine.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARCHEA ASSOCI.

Shapes and materials complement each other at the new Cantina Antinori in Tuscany. Top, a vaulted wine cellar, with a cantilevered glassed-in tasting room on the right. Above left, the skylighted entrance to the offices. Above right, the parking garage with its round cutout, one of the building's design motifs.

They climb from the terrace to the top of the spiral stair and onto the planted roof. There's a restaurant up there, with views over the hills. Materials are Corten steel, tinted concrete, glass and terra cotta. Surfaces are eloquently rough.

Sawn-oak walls in the museum allude to the wood barrels that store the Chianti. The terra cotta comes from just up the road. The project is all about the beauty of the region and blurring the boundary between landscape and architecture.

The hill keeps the cellars naturally temperate. Those cellars are the big eye-opener: airy, filled with soft light and the smell of clay.

Some 17,000 piles had to be driven into the earth to secure the headquarters into what turned out to be unstable soil.

Almost 35 acres were excavated, the building installed, then the hill restored on top of it. So it is purpose-built nature on a very large scale — and a factory.

But it makes peace with its surroundings.

And adds a landmark to them.



Examined, the Virtual Life Is Worth Living to the Full

From First Arts Page

Sports fans are masters of taxonomy. I could spend — O.K., I have spent — a long evening at a bar debating whether activities like golf and bowling are sports because of the limited exertion involved. Or whether acts of aesthetically pleasing physicality that are judged and rated by experts — gymnastics, diving, figure skating — should be regarded as sports. And what about auto racing, with its reliance on technology?

As Ian Bogost, the director of the graduate program in digital media at the Georgia Institute of Technology, puts it in a new academic anthology, "Sports Videogames" (Routledge), "Sports are weird and hard to pin down even before video games enter the picture."

The new edition of Madden NFL has all the usual trappings: the ability to control the avatars of professional foot-

are real.

They are beloved by the people who love sports. They provide many of the same joys that sports bring to our lives. Like H-O-R-S-E or catch, Madden NFL is not an imitation of football that people are foolishly using to substitute for the version with millionaire players in corporate-sponsored stadiums. It is its own pleasure.

The memories I have of playing video game football are as powerful as the memories I have of playing youth basketball or baseball. One of the great sporting victories of my life was the triumph of my Kansas City Chiefs over the Pittsburgh Steelers as controlled by one of my college roommates in an American Football Conference championship game in Madden NFL. The final two minutes included three Hail Mary touchdown passes, one right after the other, each one putting the scoring team into the lead.