

HUFFON

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portfolio

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last update → 30/11/2025

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HUFFON is a direction and graphic design studio founded by Sophie Huffschnitt and Victor Fonseca.

Specializing in the fields of fashion, design, and hospitality, the studio approaches each project with a cross-disciplinary vision, from concept to object.

Through a wide range of collaborations, the studio has developed a comprehensive understanding of contemporary media, both print and digital.

HUFFON has been involved in diverse projects for clients such as Birkenstock, Tolix, Chateau Voltaire, Chanel, Zara Home, and Max Mara.

01. **birkenstock**

art direction



[photographs: nikki mcclarron]





[photographs: nikki mcclarron]



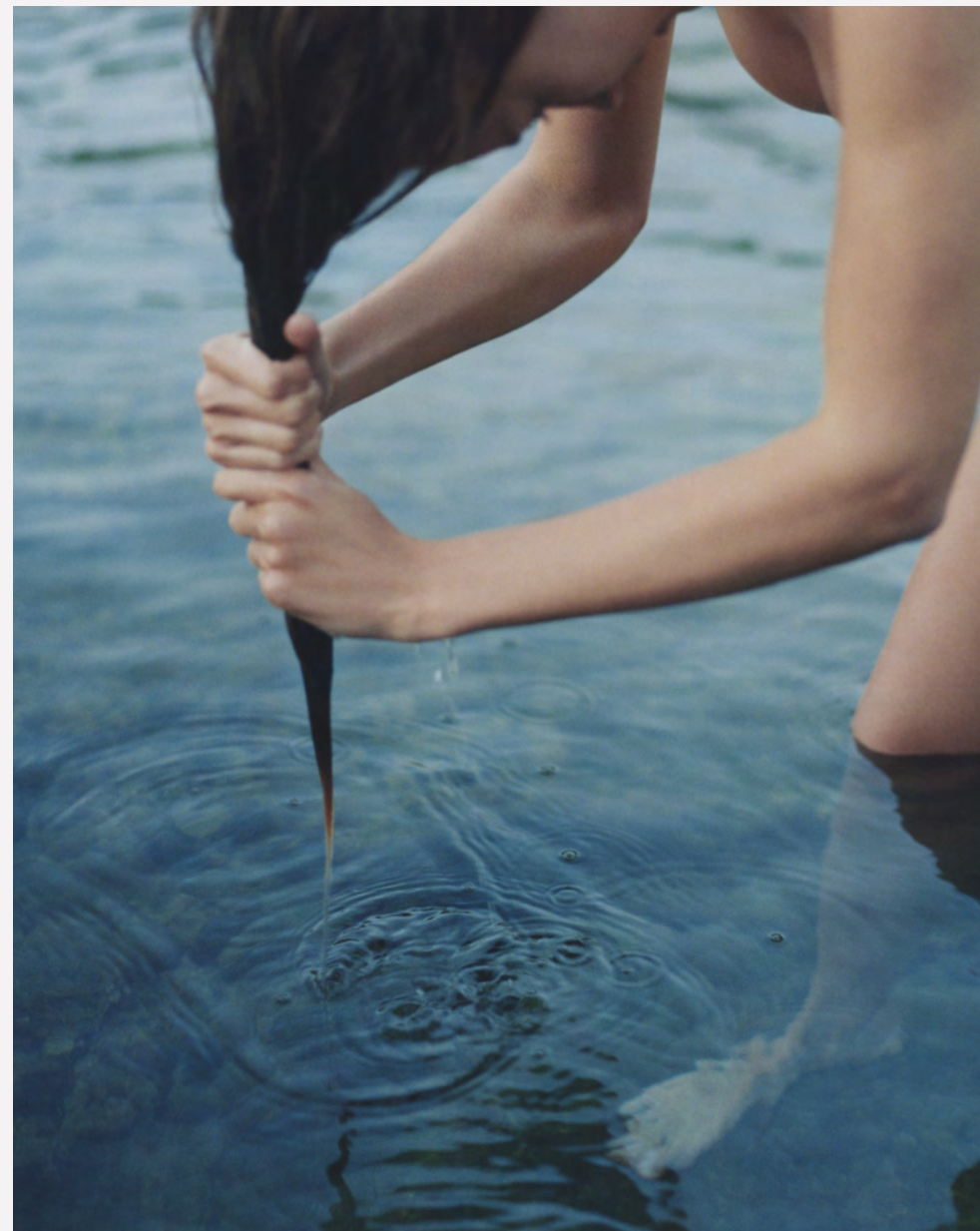


[photographs: nikki mcclarron]





[photographs: nikki mcclarron]





[photographs: james nelson]





[photographs: james nelson]



02. under

art direction



[photographs: andréa gori]



Pink Collection, shot by Andréa Gori

under



Pink Collection, shot by Andréa Gori

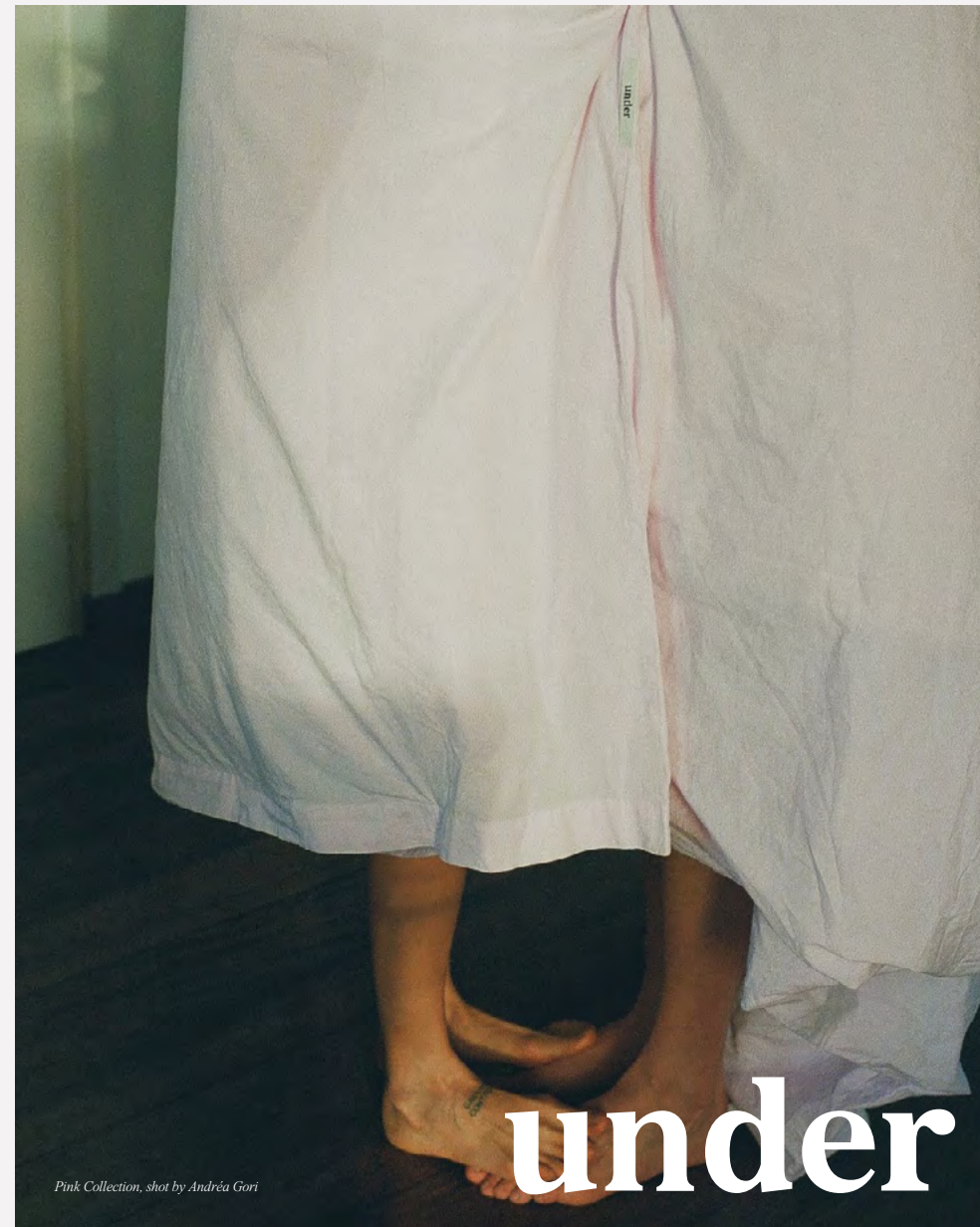
under

[photographs: andréa gori]



Pink Collection, shot by Andréa Gori

[photographs: andréa gori]



Pink Collection, shot by Andréa Gori



Pink Collection, shot by Andréa Gori

[photographs: andréa gori]



Pink Collection, shot by Andréa Gori

03. **yannis sergakis**

art direction

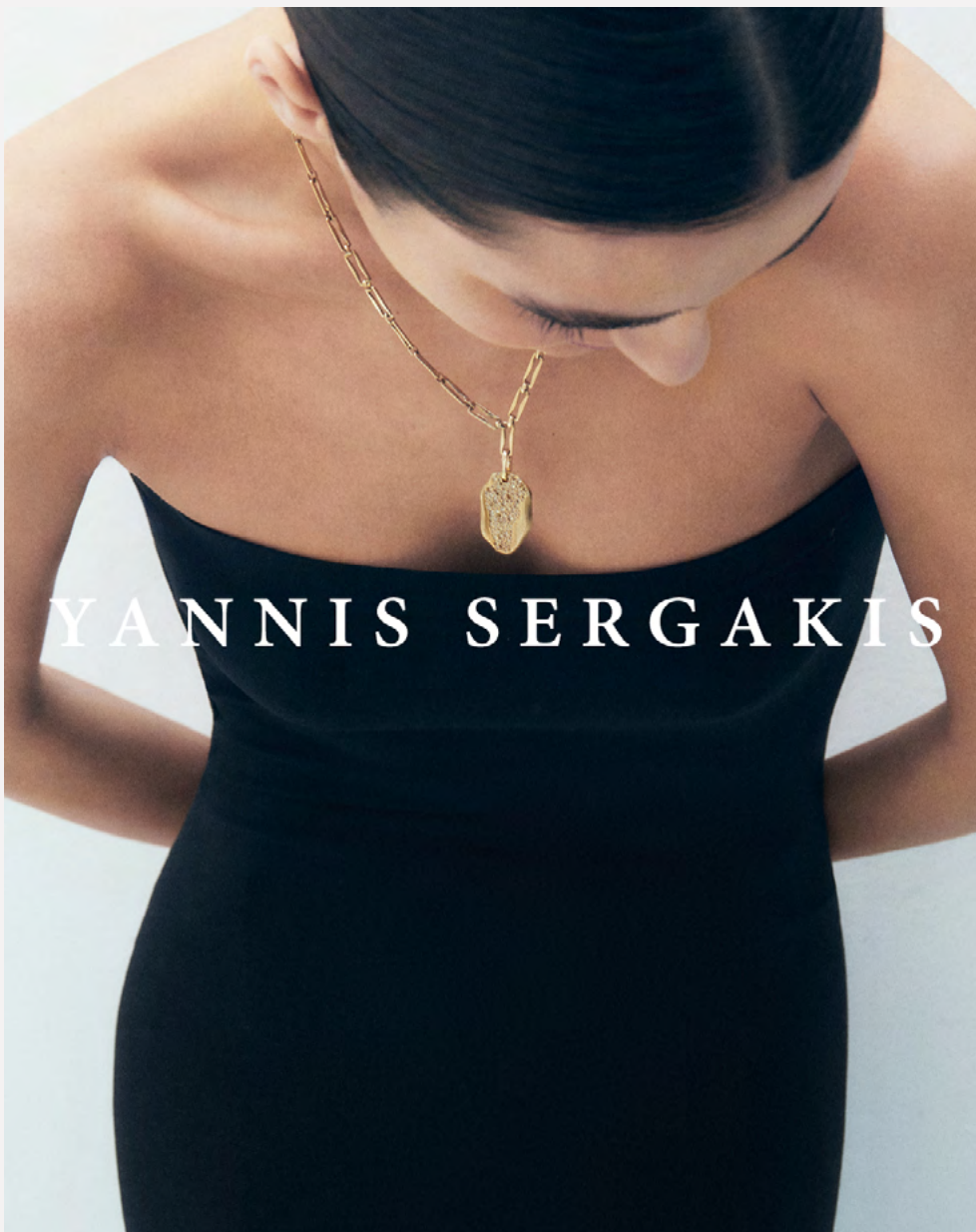


YANNIS SERGAKIS

[photographs: christian colomer]

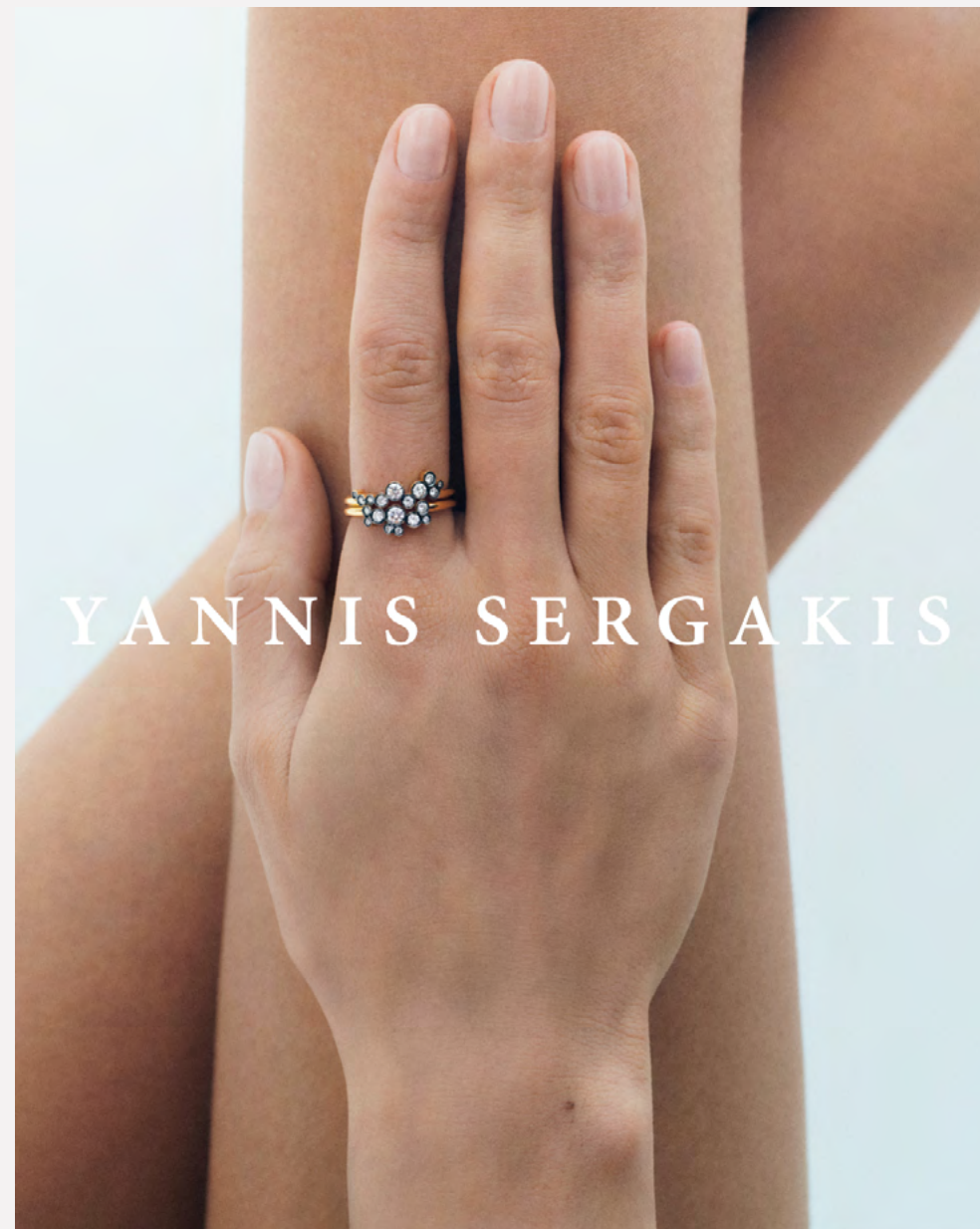


YANNIS SERGAKIS



YANNIS SERGAKIS

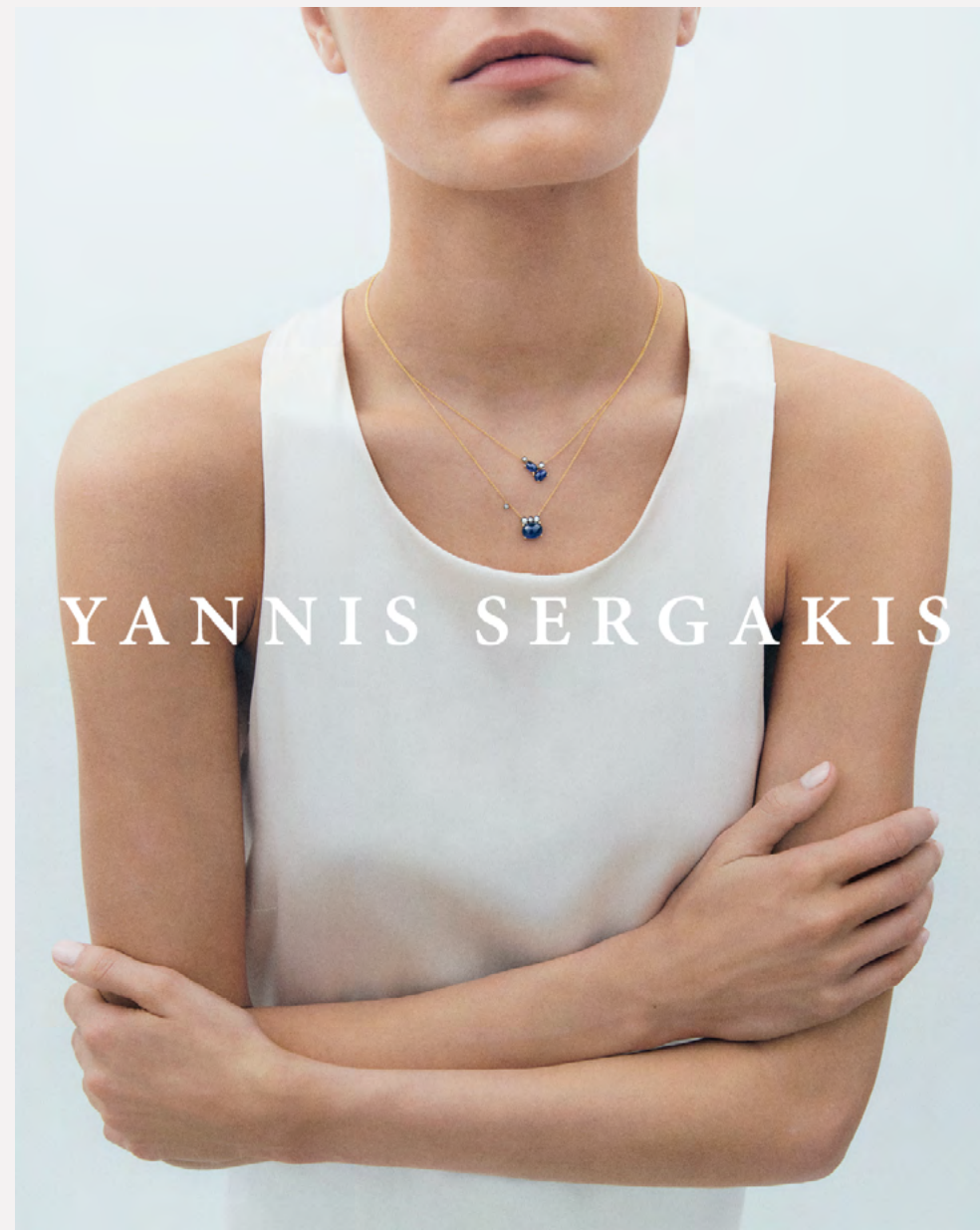
[photographs: christian colomer]



YANNIS SERGAKIS

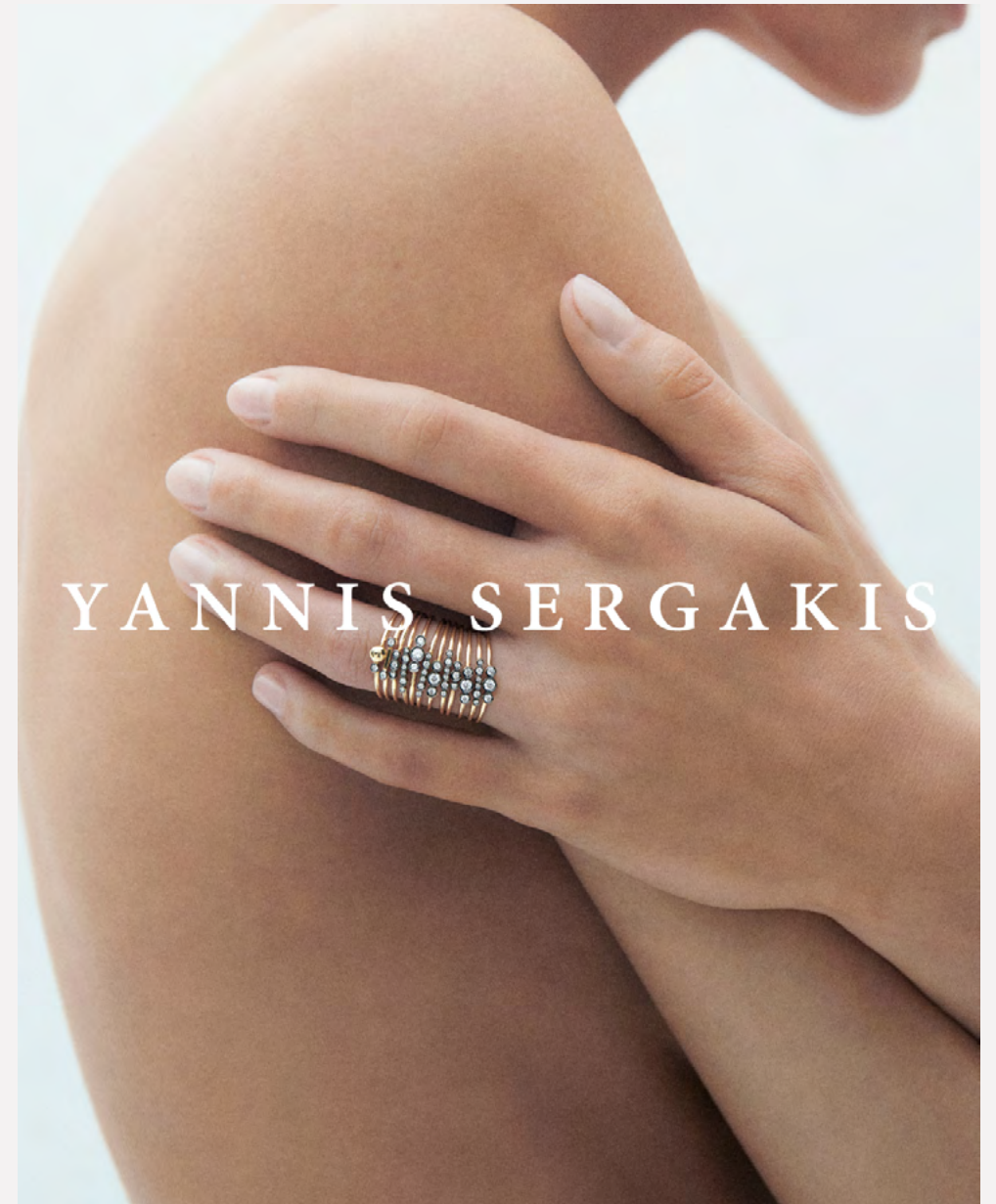


[photographs: christian colomer]





[photographs: christian colomer]



04. tolix

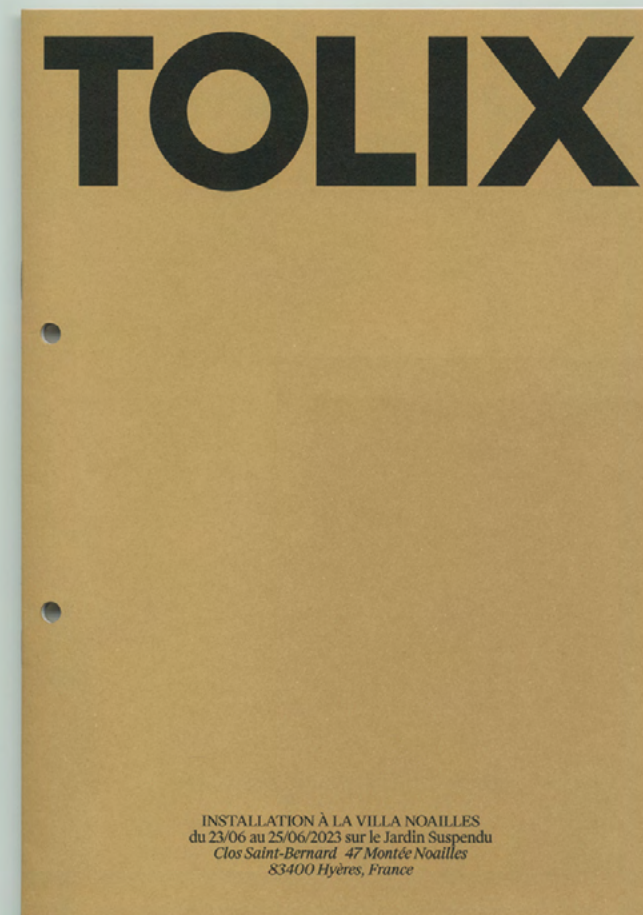
art direction · design direction · branding · graphic design

[at atelier franck durand]

TOLIX

TOLIX STEEL DESIGN S.A.S.









[photographs: françois coquere1]



[photographs: françois coquerel]



[photographs: françois coquerel]



05. zara home

art direction

[at atelier franck durand]

[photographs:
deo suveera & pamela dimitrov]





[photographs:
deo suveera & pamela dimitrov]





[photographs:
deo suveera & pamela dimitrov]



[photographs:
deo suveera & pamela dimitrov]





[photographs:
deo suveera & pamela dimitrov]



06. berluti

art direction · editorial direction · design direction · graphic design

[at atelier franck durand]





03. The Berluti icons

Shoes, bags, canvases, materials... Together, they spell out the past and present of Berluti.

01. (Page right)
Alessandro
Norwegian lace-up
shoes, autumn-
winter 21/22
collection.

94





[photographs:
deo suveera & pamela dimitrov]





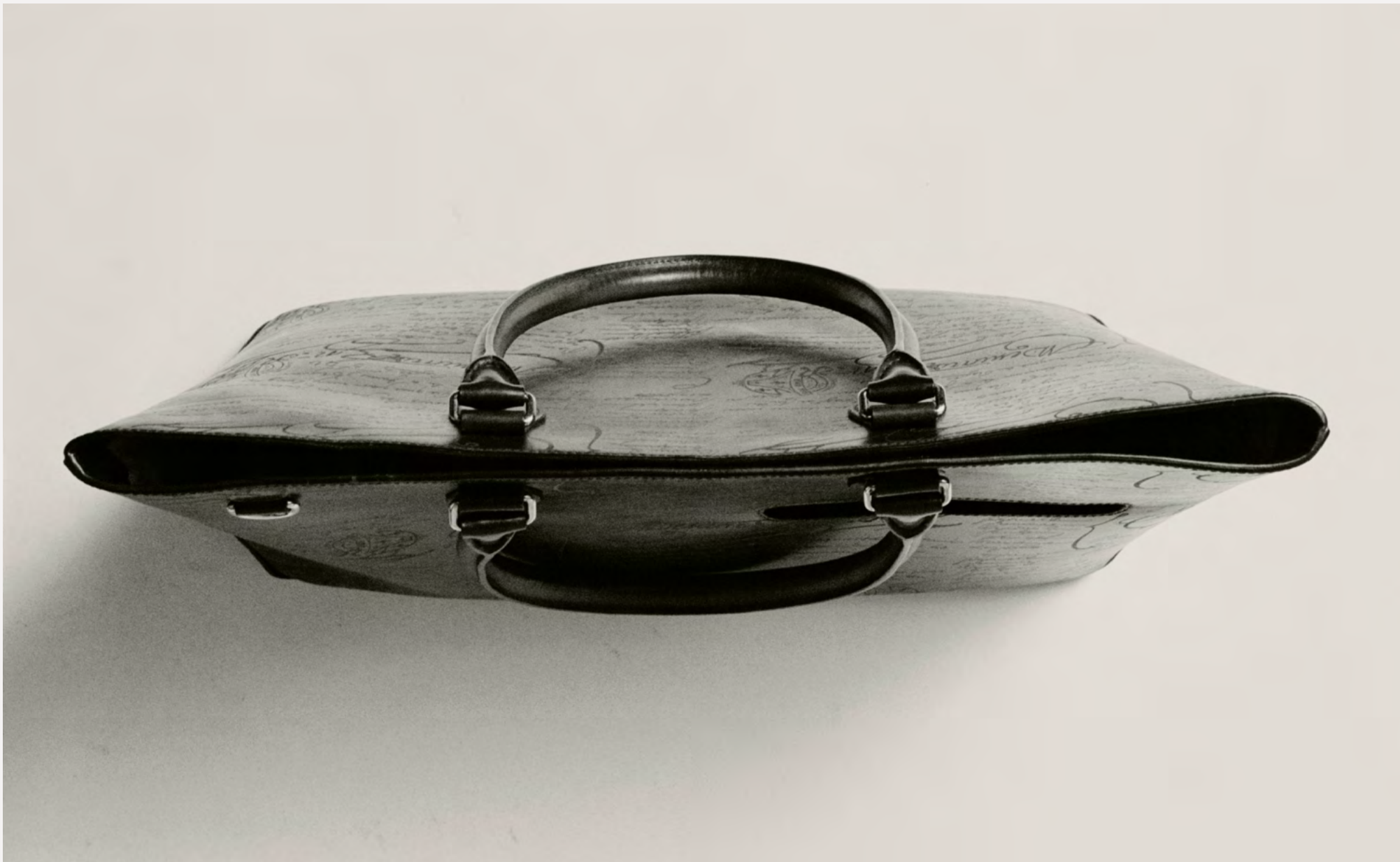
[photographs:
deo suveera & pamela dimitrov]





[photographs:
deo suveera & pamela dimitrov]





[photographs:
deo suveera & pamela dimitrov]

07. eres

art direction

[at ljbtn]



eres

[photographs: frida my]



eres



[photographs: anthony seklaoui]





ERES

[photographs: sasha marro]



ERES

08. emporio sirenuse

art direction

[at ljbtn]



EMPORIO

SPRING/SUMMER 2025 COLLECTION

SIRENUSE

[photographs: lukasz pukowiec]



EMPORIO

SPRING/SUMMER 2025 COLLECTION

SIRENUSE



[photographs: lukasz pukowiec]





EMPORIO

SPRING/SUMMER 2025 COLLECTION

SIRENUSE

[photographs: lukasz pukowiec]



EMPORIO

SPRING/SUMMER 2025 COLLECTION

SIRENUSE

09. bar omi

design direction · branding · graphic design

[at pragma]

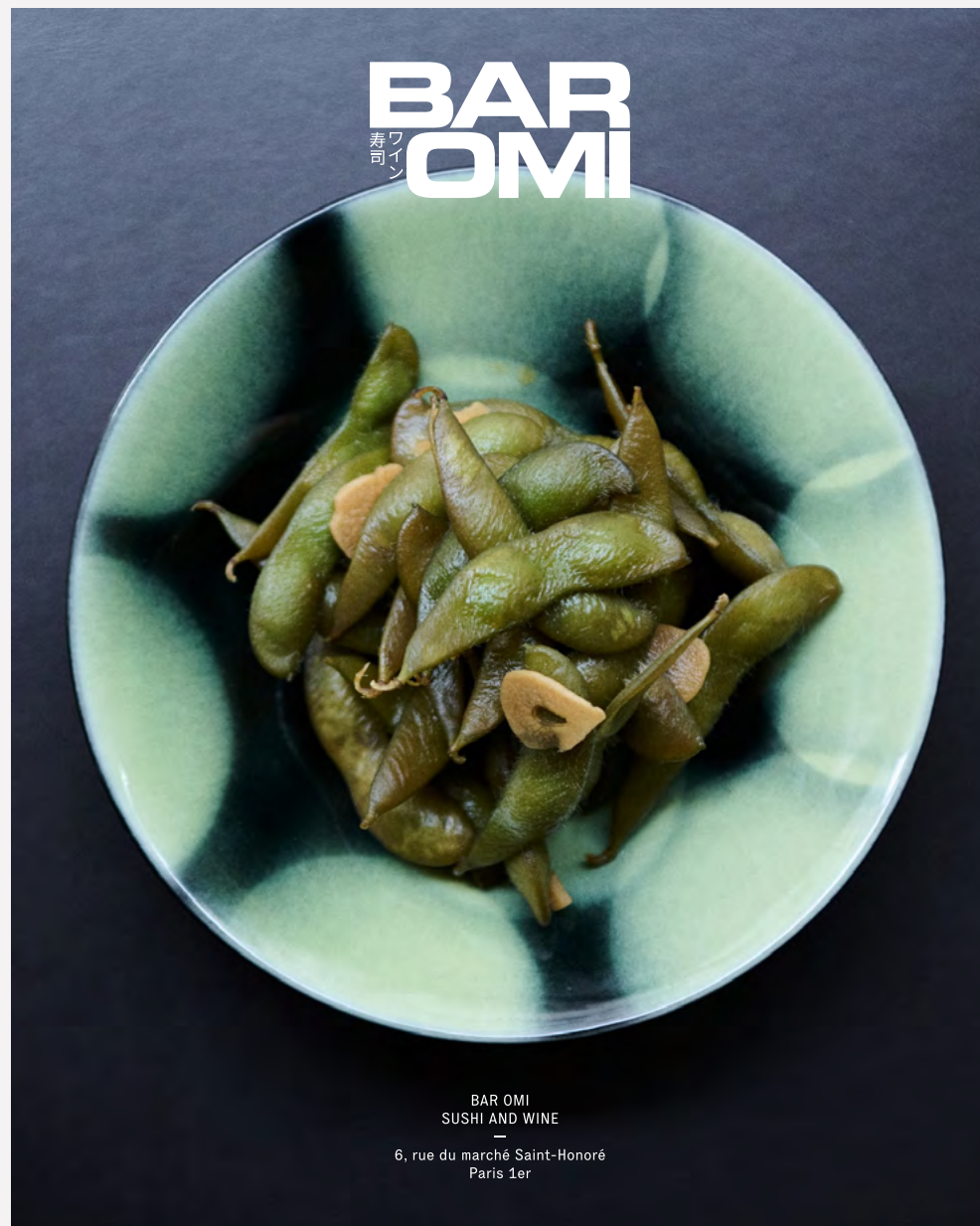
ba
r
o
mi

A black and white illustration of a classical figure, possibly a cherub or a personification of a concept, integrated into the letter 'o' of the word 'baromi'. The figure is depicted in a dynamic, almost dancing pose, with its body and limbs forming the shape of the letter. The figure has curly hair and is wearing a garment that drapes over its body. The overall style is reminiscent of classical art, with fine lines and detailed shading.



BAR
ワイン
寿司 **OMI**







10. Max Mara

art direction

[at ljbtn]



MaxMara

[photographs: sam rock]



MaxMara



MaxMara

[photographs: sam rock]



MaxMara

11. château voltaire

art direction · design direction · branding · graphic design

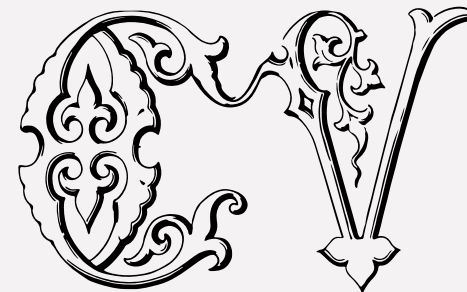
[at atelier franck durand]

CHÂTEAU VOLTAIRE

Hôtel

55-57, RUE SAINT-ROCH

PARIS I^{ER} ARR.



BAR

la Coquille d'Or

42, RUE DE LA SOURDIÈRE
PARIS IER

l'Emil





[photographs: françois halard]



[photographs: françois halard]





[photographs: françois halard]



12. chanel

art direction · editorial direction · design direction · graphic design

[at ljbtn]



[photographs: mikael jansson]



[photographs: mikael jansson]





[photographs: jamie hawkesworth]



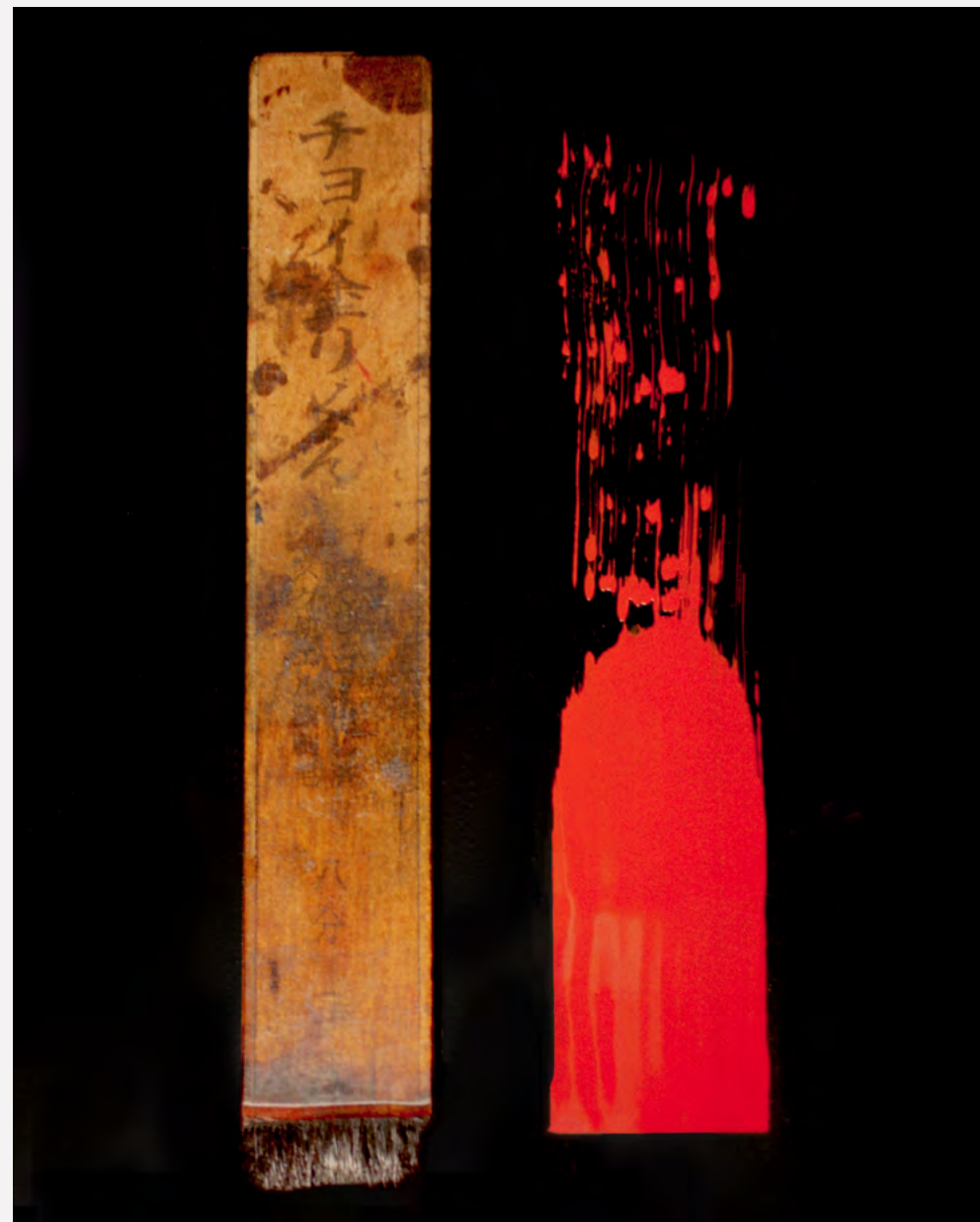


[photographs: li hui]



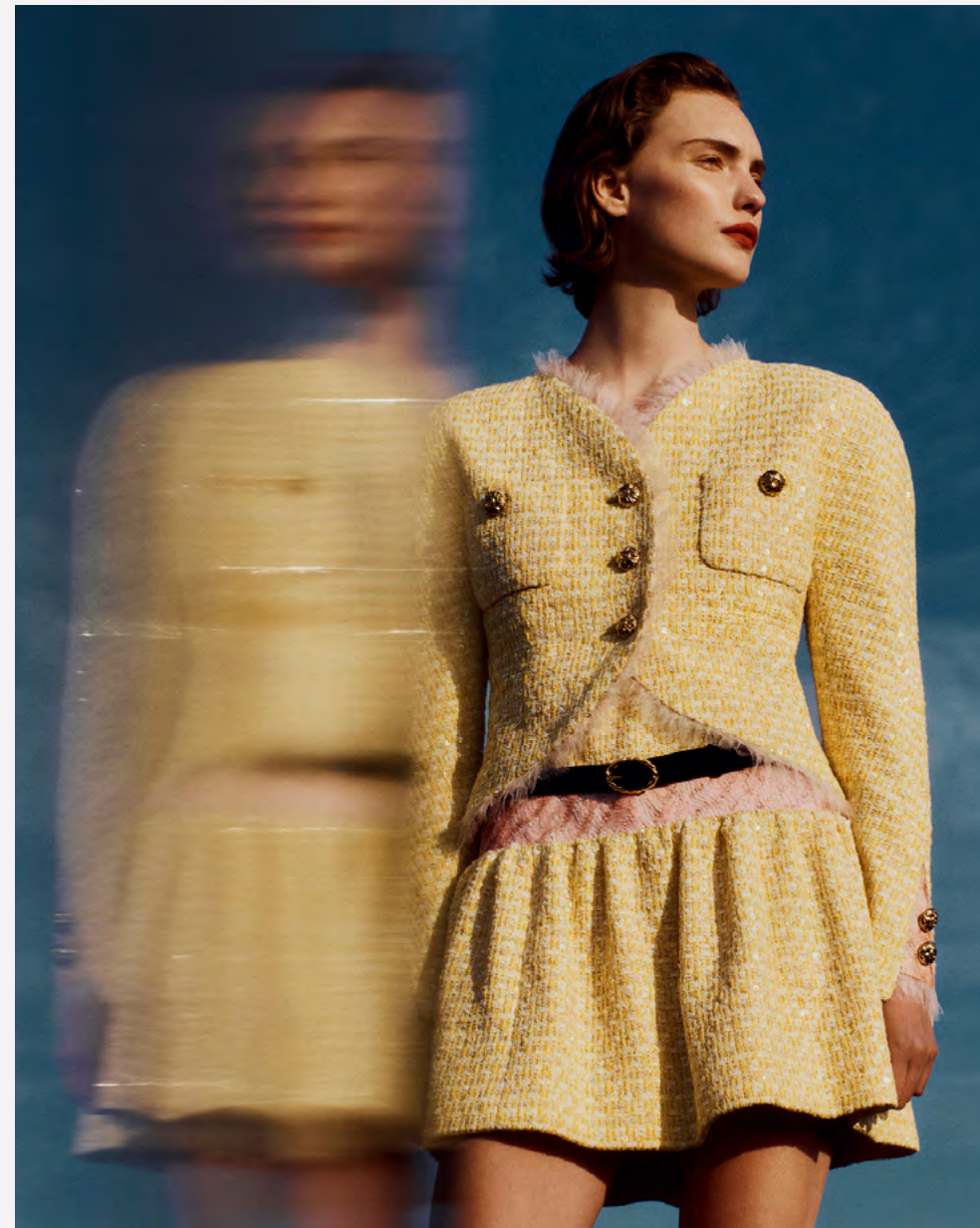


[photographs: li hui]





[photographs: jack davison]





CHANEL MAGAZINE 2024 / ISSUE 27
KENDRICK LAMAR

31 RUE CAMBON



2024/25 MÉTIERS D'ART

CHANEL MAGAZINE 2024 - SPECIAL ISSUE

HANGZHOU

VOYAGE AU CŒUR DES SAVOIR- FAIRE

10

Photos ETHAN HART

31 RUE CAMBON - CHANEL MAGAZINE



Plumassier et parurier floral,
Lemarié excelle également dans la couture
(incrustations, volants, smocks sophistiqués...),
la peinture à la main et la sérigraphie.

FROM MANCHESTER



Fidèle aux codes de la Maison comme à son esprit novateur, sensible et pop, la collection Métiers d'art 2023/24 a défilé le jeudi 7 décembre 2023. Présentée à Manchester, enlevée et sensible, musicale, elle évoque la jeunesse d'une histoire d'amour entre CHANEL et la Grande-Bretagne, une aventure qui dure depuis plus d'un siècle.

WITH LOVE



Hands Up-Hacienda, © Kevin Cummins, 1990.

Photographies
de
JUERGEN
TELLER

Avec
LIBBY
BENNETT
AWAR
ODHIANG
LOUISE
ROBERT
LULU
TENNEY

06

RÊ VÉ RIE

La Haute Couture de CHANEL est l'activité de tous les possibles créatifs et techniques. Pour la Maison, elle incarne une forme de beauté absolue. À l'adresse historique de la Maison CHANEL, dans les salons Haute Couture, à l'Opéra de Paris tout proche où s'est tenu le défilé de la collection Haute Couture Automne-Hiver 2024/25, l'artiste Juergen Teller, en compagnie de Libby Bennett, Awar Odhiang, Louise Robert et Lulu Tenney, explore cet espace de liberté totale de création et d'expression.

31 RUE CAMBON - CHANEL MAGAZINE

Amur portrait de Gabrielle Chanel par O.Z. Kiani





杭州的氛围让人觉得心旷神怡。



© Hangzhou Museum, photo by [unreadable]

HANGZHOU HAS A LONG HISTORY PACKED WITH FAMOUS LEGENDS AND TALES, AS WELL AS PICTURESQUE SCENERY AND RICH CULTURAL LEGACY. IT'S ALSO A HUB OF HANDICRAFTS. WHICH ASPECTS OF THE CITY OF HANGZHOU DO YOU LIKE THE MOST? WHY?

I really enjoy the ancient architecture in Hangzhou. The courtyards and gardens, with their green bricks and grey tiles, bring a sense of peace and serenity. Imagine sipping a cup of West Lake Longjing tea while watching raindrops ripple on the lake's surface: that would indeed be a very relaxing moment.

HOW DID YOU REACT WHEN CHANEL ANNOUNCED ITS SHOW IN HANGZHOU?

With Hangzhou being its location, I'm particularly excited to see how they will incorporate elements of our traditional culture into the collection.

THE MÉTIERS D'ART COLLECTION CELEBRATES THE SAVOIR-FAIRE WHICH ARE AT STAKE TO CREATE THE CHANEL COLLECTIONS. ON YOUR SIDE, WHICH SAVOIR-FAIRE DID YOU HAVE TO WORK OR GAIN TO EXPRESS YOUR TALENT?

As an actress, preparing and honing skills to fit a character's mindset is essential. We must truly immerse ourselves in the character's world to make both ourselves and the audience believe in the role. Before shooting begins, I often prepare through actual experience. For example, before filming *A Place Called Silence* (a film by Sam Quah released in 2024, *ed.note*), I spent time living as a sanitation worker to understand their daily routines. I've also experienced the lives of people with mental deficiencies by spending time in welfare institutions, all in an effort to fully embody

the characters I play. These moments not only help me acquire new skills but also give me deeper life experiences.

TO WHAT EXTENT DO CHANEL AND CLOTHING RESONATE WITH YOUR PERSONAL AND FAMILY HISTORY?

CHANEL's meticulous attention to detail and precision in crafting its designs resonate with me on a personal level. My family leans towards cultural and artistic professions – my mother is a writer, and her great-grandfather was a calligrapher. We tend to express our emotions and understanding of life through creative work. In our pursuit of art, we hope that the details in our work will evoke greater resonance and connection with others. It's the details that make all the difference.

GABRIELLE CHANEL OFTEN SAID THAT SHE HAD A PASSION FOR CHINESE LACQUER SCREENS. ONE OF THE SCREENS IN HER APARTMENT ON RUE CAMBON REPRESENTS HANGZHOU, A LANDSCAPE AND SCENES THAT STIMULATED HER IMAGINATION. WHAT ARE THE OBJECTS, LANDSCAPES, PLACES THAT ARE AROUND YOU AND HELP YOU CREATE, IMAGINE, DREAM?

When filming period dramas, the sets and lessons in court etiquette gave me a real sense of living in the Forbidden City. The ancient architecture and even small accessories, like the protective nail guards worn by imperial concubines, helped me get into character quickly. Even though such objects may seem trivial, the different mannerisms they require allow me to immerse myself deeply in the role, creating a strong sense of authenticity.

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NING

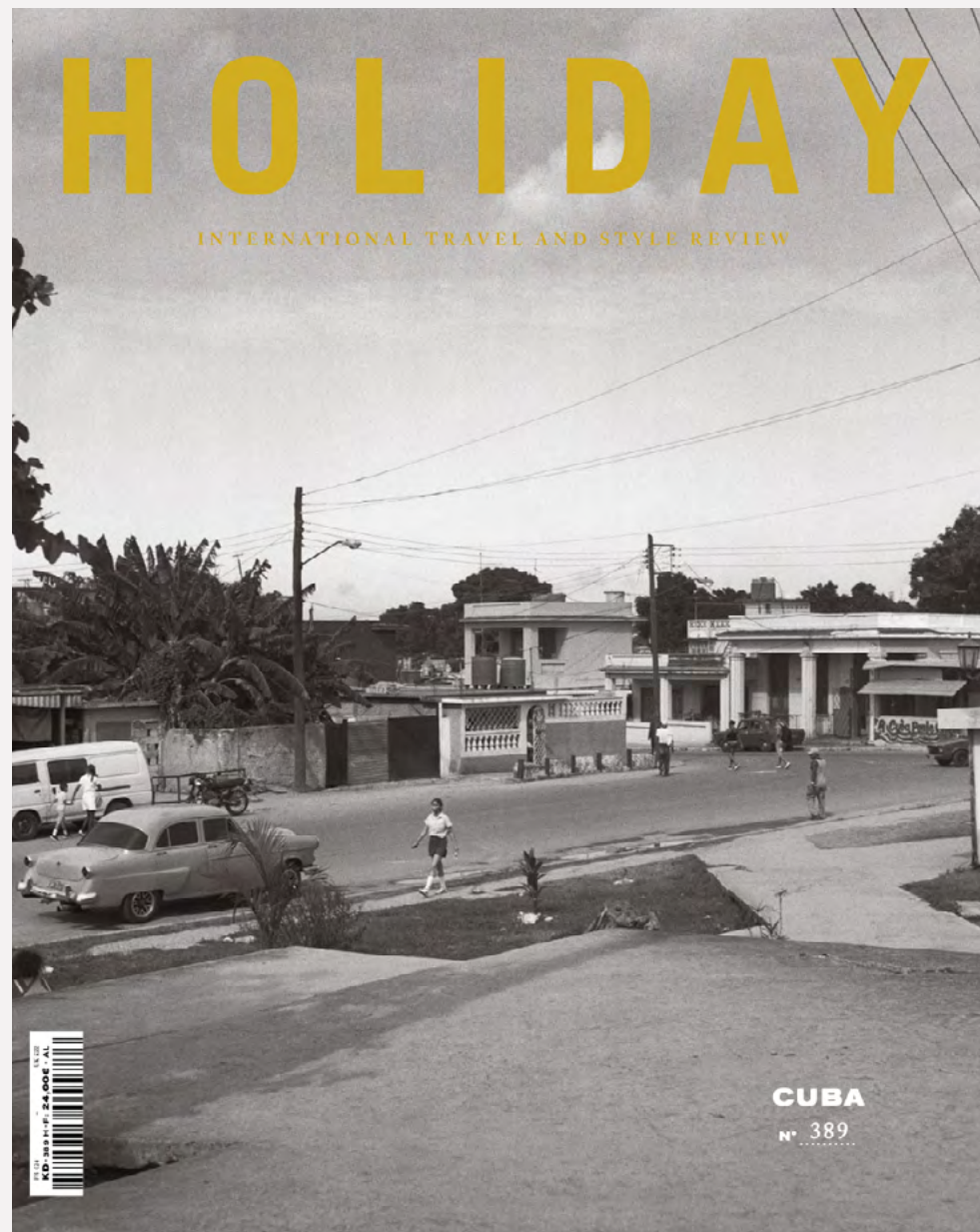
CHANG
ACTRESS

31 RUE CAMBON - CHANEL MAGAZINE

13. holiday magazine

art direction · editorial direction · design direction · graphic design

[at atelier franck durand]



NAPLES, ETC.

by Arthur Dreyfus

● *Seven days of random wandering around the Amalfi Coast*

FEBRUARY 2

Today is palindrome day (02/02/2020). Social media will stop at nothing to celebrate any old thing. The date of my departure for Naples, in this case—because it can be read the same way backward and forward anywhere in the world. A date like that only comes along 336 times every 10,000 years, apparently. Big deal.

It's a red-letter day for me for a different reason. I sent my new book to my publisher late last night after working on it unremittingly for five years. Not just any book, either: a 2,300-page opus. *Cut*. What can one possibly have to say that requires 2,300 pages to say it in? I learned on the Internet yesterday that reading *In Search of Lost Time* will take you about as long as watching all of *Game of Thrones*. Proust vs. HBO. The bets are open. Anyway, why write such a hefty tome? Answer: I didn't set out to. It's a diary. About sex. But I digress.

So, Naples. And the Amalfi Coast, for *Holiday* magazine, which has previously sent me to Ibiza and Seoul to bring back travel diaries. As to the Balearic Islands, I visited at an inscrutable time of year: mid-winter. There I was, in Ibiza, one of the world's partying and horseback-riding hotspots, reduced to a taking a backstage tour (empty venues, gelid beaches.) Two years later, South Korea turned out to be a mystery of an entirely different magnitude: a peninsula steeped in contradiction, squeezed between China and Japan. I knew of it only from TV news stories about Samsung and the war with North Korea. In fact, my piece was titled "I Know Nothing about Korea."

Italy, on the other hand, is a place everyone knows. Your average French person is a self-styled expert on Italian travel. (I could have titled this piece "I Know Everything about Italy.") Oh yes, from painting to food. Mastrolrianni to Pavaretti, gondolas to Aperol spritzes, the culture of our transalpine neighbor permeates France to such an extent that one almost thinks of Italy as a French overseas territory.

Is my grandfather the average French person? When I ask him about his memories of Italy, he lights up like a MacBook waking from sleep. His pictures emerge slowly, like Polaroids.

"It wasn't well known back then, the Amalfi Coast," he says. "There were no beautiful hotels. Your grandmother and I stayed in a little fami-

ly-run pension called ... Casa Maresca, that's it. In Positano. In the 1950s, can you imagine?"

"There was a hotel called Buca di Bacco. A stylish place, too costly for us. But we were very well looked after at the Casa Maresca."

"I remember saving the life of a little girl who was drowning in the sea. I didn't do much. She was 10 meters away from the shore; I jumped into the water and towed her back to the beach."

It was a pebble beach, he adds. No one had realized that she was drowning.

"If you want to know the exact date, you'll have to look up the battle of Dien Biên Phu, where the French Army was defeated in 1954. I remember it was that same evening. Funny, the way memory works."

"Twenty years later, we went back in July. It had turned into St. Tropez, with people crowded together on café terraces, so we went to Sorrento, which still felt authentic. A magnificent place."

"You're lucky to be going on this trip. Italy never disappoints. Even if the weather is bad, you just know you'll eat well."

Three days after that conversation, my grandfather sent me a virtually unreadable photocopy of a guidebook to Italy in the mail. I stow the relic in my pocket. *Cut*. (When writing about the self, the unreadable isn't entirely useless: I am a case in point.)

On the day of my departure, as I close my suitcases, I feel almost drunk. I'd been working day and night for years writing that diary I mentioned. I'd stopped seeing my friends, I'd stopped going out. As of (less than) 24 hours ago, it's all over.

My Uber arrives. The driver is a 36-year-old black man, the adopted son of a white couple. I know this because he tells me. Last night, a publisher asked him to write his memoirs. "Did you go through an identity crisis, like all adopted children?" I ask.

"Yes," he replies. "At 15, I didn't know who I was any longer. I did a bunch of stupid things."

But that's all in the past. Now Emmanuel (that's his name) has three children. *Pause*. He's three years older than me, and he's fathered three children.

"Do you have children?" he asks. I stare fixedly out at the highway and hear myself reply: "No."

Apart from history and traveling, Emmanuel's other passion is motor sports. He has dabbled in semi-pro racing and is partial to Italian engines. Lamborghini, Ferrari, Bugatti, etc. He goes into ecstasy over all those names ending in "I."

On reaching the airport I discover—oh joy—that my Easyjet flight is overbooked. I don't have a "guaranteed seat." But I'm assured that, statistically speaking, there's a 90 percent chance that some passengers won't show up. *Stop*. I hate all this

business of statistics, conceived to maximize profits. An employee admonishes me for jumping over the barriers zigzagging across the deserted hall in the direction of the security checkpoints. "*Monieur*, be like everyone else. Go around them." *Pause*. Is there any utterance uglier than "Be like everyone else?"

A hostess at the Easyjet desk gives me a surly look: I've already planted myself in front of her twice, demanding updates (as it happens, I'll be informed at the very last minute that I have permission to board). I say, "*Madame*, I've purchased a ticket, and I don't have a seat, so of course I'm stressed out and wanting information. And your job is to help me, not to stand there sighing like some blasé teenager."

Stop. I've already been to Naples with a first-rate guide: Dominique Fernandez, connoisseur extraordinaire of Italian culture. That was three years ago. Despite his advanced age, he went loping along at great speed, often giving the slip to Bord Cadre and me. I kept repeating: "I just hope I'll be as sprightly when I'm 90."

I remember three things from my visit with Dominique. The marble statues of impossibly beautiful youths in the archaeological museum. The veiled Christ in a tiny chapel, a masterpiece of sculpture. And a few Caravaggios. *Cut*. I have not sought out my writer friend's advice on this trip because he knows everything and I nothing. (I've decided to let happenstance prevail over history.)

Stop. I'm forgetting Vesuvius, the volcano that could erupt at any moment. "The day that happens—though I hope I'm wrong—there'll be tens of thousands of deaths," Dominique predicted. "There'll be total panic, because no one ever anticipates anything in this country. People just carry on living with the knowledge and kissing their crucifixes. That's the Italian way."

Shit. Now I'm worried about the danger posed by Vesuvius. And the plane. So long as I hadn't finished my doorstep of a diary, I was certain I wouldn't snuff it. As if the opus somehow protected me. Now that I've e-mailed my book, I've gone back to being a mere mortal.

Well, Naples seems to want me, after all. I get on the plane. It's almost full. The seat I've been allocated is someone else's—someone who didn't show up. This phantasmal permutation gives me pause for thought. Is the absent passenger dead, or was he unexpectedly detained? Either way, the seat-related contingency heightens my feeling of unreality. Someone who isn't me could have traveled. (Someone who isn't me could have existed.)

When I get off the plane, I book a hotel on my phone and call the reception desk. "Good evening, is there somewhere I can have dinner

near the hotel?" The receptionist's hemming and hawing convinces me that I'd better eat at the airport. There's a restaurant right in front of me. Spurred on by the familiar adage—Everything's good in Italy—I walk in and tentatively take a seat. In short order, I'm brought a generous platter of antipasti (the mozzarella sitting proudly in the center) and some excellent *spaghetti cacio e pepe*. (Why don't French chefs know how to cook pasta *al dente*? Their pasta lies limply on the plate. This pasta stands up to the fork.)

I'm miffed when the waiter says "Enjoy!" as he sets my plate down in front of me, after I've gone to the trouble of ordering in the language of Dante.

I eat my solitary meal while listening to a radio program about *conversion therapy*, a so-called (religious) treatment purporting to "cure" homosexuality. A boy describes the suffering he had to endure, all because his mother saw him kissing another boy when he was seven. It reminds me to call my own mother. She thinks it's miraculous that I'm already in Naples. "Is it sunny?" she asks. "It's nighttime," I reply.

I find a taxi. The Neapolitan-born driver rushes me to the *centro storico*. He asks me how I make my living. I tell him I "do writing." Italians use the verb *fare* (do) when talking about their profession, so they'd say *facio il professore*, i.e., I do teaching, to mean I am a teacher. As if to distance oneself from the job, to remind oneself it's a role one plays, that it's all *commedia dell'arte*.

The hotel is in a working-class neighborhood. I like the atmosphere, but I'll wait until tomorrow to look around. I'm ready to drop. The night receptionist hands me my key. I go up and find myself in a narrow room, comfortable but anxiety-inducing with its red walls. I return to the reception desk after Googling the words for narrow (*restringere*) and claustrophobic (*claustrofobia*.) I'm given another room, a square one this time, painted blue and green.

"Much better. Thank you very much, sir."

"We do our best."

Okay. Bedtime.

First night in Italy.

Buonanotte.

FEBRUARY 3

There are nicer ways of being woken up than by the sounds of *Für Elise* being butchered. In the dining room adjacent to my room, an American teenager (as I discover when I go in search of a cappuccino) has made a beeline for the piano

and is plonking out the well-known tune with his doughy fingers.

Luckily, the teen hasn't had his fill of cakes. He abandons the piano to go and stuff his face some more. The headwaiter seizes the chance to put on an opera CD. Another stroke of luck: the dining room is like a room in a Venetian palace, all gilt and friezes and frescoes, with a soaring ceiling. (A picturesque cappuccino.) A waitress comes over to see if everything is all right. I ask, poker-faced, "Where have you hidden that tenor who's singing?" Answer: "But there's no tenor, Sir. It's a recording!"

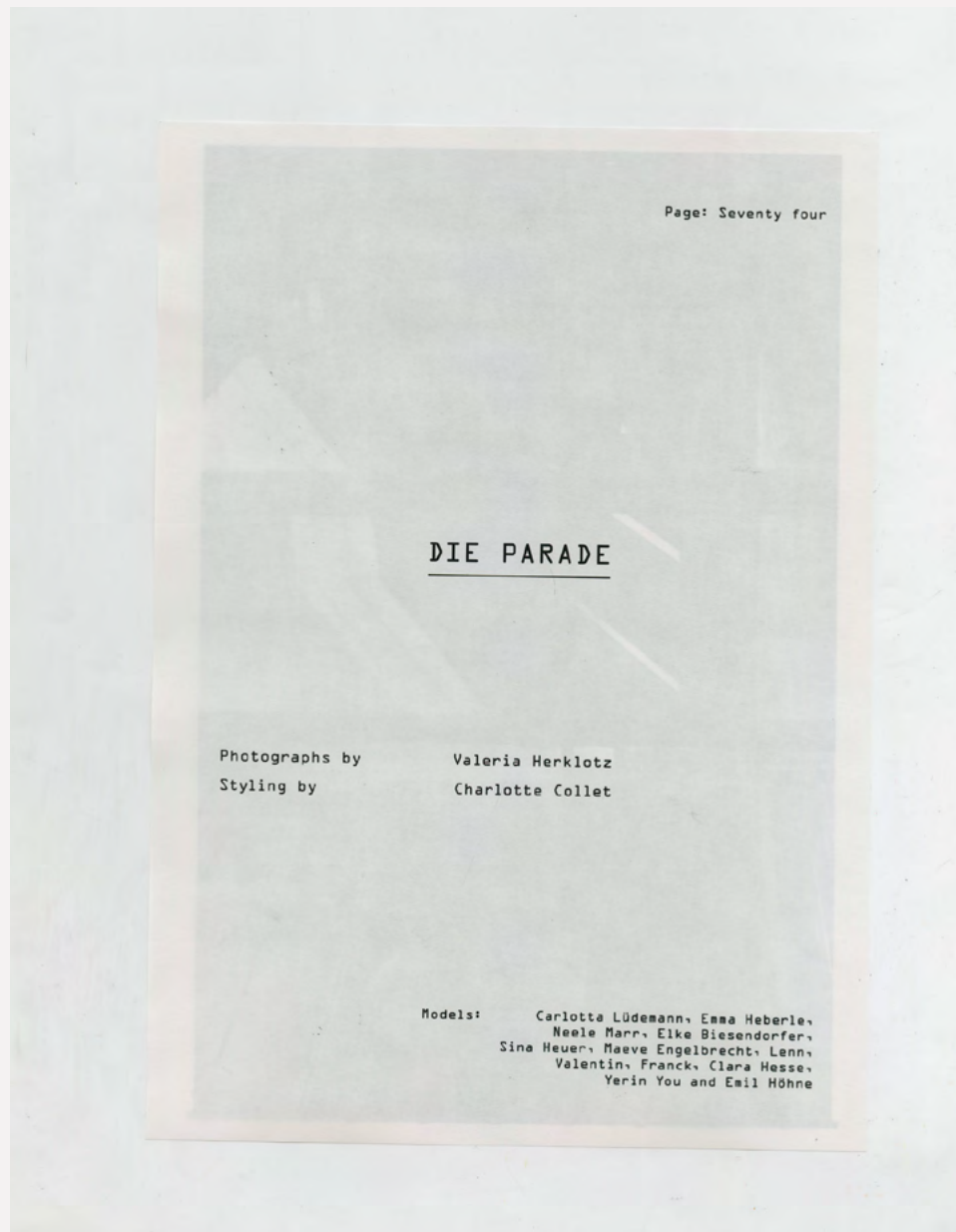
I share the "scene" with some friends on WhatsApp. This incessant virtual communication reminds me how much I dread traveling on my own. To paraphrase Georges Moustaki (born Giuseppe Mustacchi, I learned recently): one is never alone with (one's) loneliness. Ramesh, who knows that, quipped, in a message he sent me yesterday: "There's one person on this trip of yours I'm sorry for, and that's you, forced to be alone with yourself." The thing is, I'm somewhere without a confidant, the world turns into a crazy mirror. I project myself onto it and it reflects me back at me.

I go outside. First impression of the morning: Neapolitan cobblestones throw you off balance with every step. The contours of the sidewalk and of the city itself, built on several levels, are not without significance for my inner semiologist. "Come close to falling with every step" would be the perfect way to sum up Italian opera. By transforming constant near-collisions of people, scooters and rattletaps into a normal way of getting around, Naples reminds us, should we forget, that life is inherently unstable. Happiness devoid of fits and starts is a fairytale.

Not coincidentally, the richest hours of Baroque music dawned in Italy, and specifically Naples, from Popora to Scarlatti. Its *appoggiaturas*, trills and other embellishments reflect the turbulent nature of human existence. It was in Porpora's opera *Angelica* that the legendary Farinelli made his first appearance at the age of 15. The performance was held at the Teatro San Carlo to celebrate the birthday of the Empress of Austria. I picture the young *castr*o stepping onstage, heart racing, to perform for the sovereign.

Another thing: the people in Naples seem real. Unlike Milanese fashion victims teetering in their Prada scalloped pumps, their feet seem firmly anchored in the city. And yet these real people seem to inhabit the fantasy worlds of a Fellini or De Sica film. What I mean is, they all look like characters in a movie. Pausing on a bench, I write to Zeno: "I haven't been outside five minutes, and







120

MICHAEL WEARS JEANS BY GIVENCHY
AND STYLIST'S OWN BOOTS.
OPPOSITE: MICHAEL WEARS JACKET AND PANTS
FROM THE SOCIETY ARCHIVE, SHIRT
BY LEMAIRE, SHOES BY ACNE AND HIS OWN HAT



121

HAIR BY KALLE EKLUND USING ORIBE.
MAKEUP BY ARI REGINA.
STYLING ASSISTANCE BY SOFIA AMARAL
AND GRETCHEN CABELLO. PRODUCTION BY 7 SEAS
PRODUCTIONS. MODELS: MICHAEL,
DANIELA, MIRELY, LUIS, ARTURO, ROLANDO,

JENNIFER, NERI, GABRIEL.
SPECIAL THANKS TO KARLA
BATTE AND YOSVANY RODRIGUEZ,
7 SEAS PRODUCTIONS,
FRANK REPS AND BRYANT ARTISTS

14. vogue paris

design direction · graphic design

[at ohlman consorti]





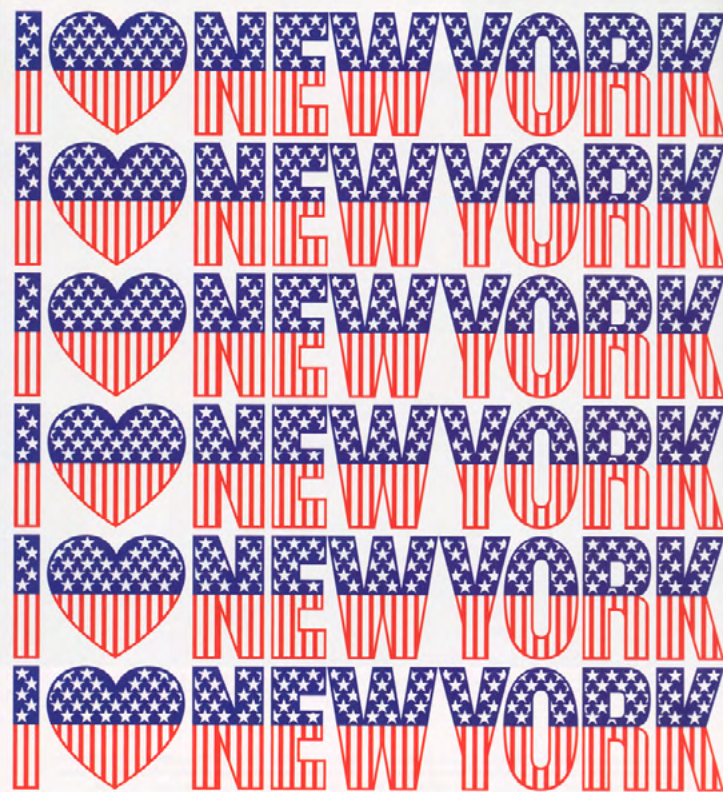
Photographe *Mikael Jansson*. Réalisation *Emmanuelle Alt*.

Veste en patchwork
denim, et pantalons
en polyester et soie
multicolores,
Isabel Marant.
Maillots de bain
une pièce en jersey,
Talia Collins. Bracelet
de cheville, Soline
Camari.

ENTREZ
DANS LA
LÉGENDE

245





Photographies Inez & Vinoodh. Réalisation Emmanuelle Alt.

*Veste en laine à chevrons, chemise en coton et soie, pantalon en denim, et sac
de voyage en laine à motifs navajo, Polo Ralph Lauren. Chapeau,
Cherry Vintage, NY. Gantier, Kuschleiten, Carls, NY. Boudiana, Lexus.
Céleste, Jennifer Fisher, Monro, Rolex. Santiago vintage.*



merci !