

85 Gomez has [...] been in the recording studio off and on, and in February she released “It Ain’t Me,” a
song cut last November, produced by the Norwegian DJ Kygo. It’s both a dance-floor anthem and a polemic
against dependency and enmeshment. (“Who’s gonna walk you through the dark side of the morning?” she
sings. “It ain’t me.” A few years back, it might well have been Gomez.) She is collaborating with Coach on a
90 line of accessories, out this fall, and Stuart Vevers, the house’s creative director, recently met with her in
Los Angeles for a bit of brainstorming. “There’s a very warm and inclusive way that Selena has with her
fans,” Vevers says. “That’s the nature of her power. What fashion house wouldn’t want to tap into that?”

There are no movies in the works and no time pressure from her record label. “For a change,” she says,
“it feels like I don’t have to be holding my breath and waiting for somebody to judge a piece of work that
I’m doing. I’m not eager to chase a moment. I don’t think there’s a moment for me to chase.” Gomez
95 currently lives in an Airbnb in the Valley and honestly doesn’t get out much, except for long drives with her
girlfriends: a realtor, a techie, some folks from church. “I think seventeen people have my phone number
right now,” she says. “Maybe two are famous.” She is taking Spanish, which she spoke fluently as a little girl
but lost, in the hope of recording some Spanish-language music in the future. She sees her shrink five days
a week and has become a passionate advocate of Dialectical Behavior Therapy, a technique developed to
100 treat borderline personality disorder that is now used more broadly, with its emphasis on improving
communication, regulating emotions, and incorporating mindfulness practices. “DBT has completely
changed my life,” she says. “I wish more people would talk about therapy. We girls, we’re taught to be
almost too resilient, to be strong and sexy and cool and laid-back, the girl who’s down. We also need to feel
allowed to fall apart.”

105 She has hardly been posting on Instagram. In fact, the app is no longer on her phone, and she doesn’t
even have the password to her own account. (It’s now in the possession of her assistant.) She sometimes
fantasizes about disappearing from social media altogether. “As soon as I became the most followed
person on Instagram, I sort of freaked out,” Gomez says. “It had become so consuming to me. It’s what I
woke up to and went to sleep to. I was an addict, and it felt like I was seeing things I didn’t want to see, like
110 it was putting things in my head that I didn’t want to care about. I always end up feeling like shit when I
look at Instagram. Which is why I’m kind of under the radar, ghosting it a bit.”

Well, not entirely under the radar. A few days after we met, Gomez flew to Italy with her new beau, The
Weeknd, and the paparazzi did not fail to notice. (Neither did The Weeknd’s ex, the model Bella Hadid, who
took to social media and promptly unfollowed Gomez.) When I ask Gomez about the romance, she tells me
115 that everything she has said about her relationships in the past has come back to bite her, and that she will
never do it again.

“Oh, Mylanta!” she wails, watching her cheesy potatoes travel around the table, a whiff of the simpler
joys of home. “Look, I love what I do, and I’m aware of how lucky I am, but – how can I say this without
sounding weird? I just really can’t wait for people to forget about me.”

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