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### 2012 WHAT LIES BENEATH

Good conversation, like a great outfit, requires intelligence, charm, and a bit of mystery. This story, photographed by Art Streiber for our March 2012 issue, celebrated the secrets hidden under the dinner table—and the accessories that told them. This spring the add-ons take center stage once again, with a whole new set of stories, from the changing shape of shoes (page 73) to the playful luxury of patterned handbags (page 65). Let your accessories speak for you, but remember: Everyone has something to hide.

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ON OUR COVER: CLAIRE DANES, PHOTOGRAPHED BY VICTOR DEMARCHELIER. STYLED BY ANNE CHRISTENSEN. GIORGIO **ARMANI** WRAP AND DRESS, ARMANI.COM; DAVID WEBB EARRINGS (\$8,800) AND CHOKER (\$11,600), DAVIDWEBB.COM; AMEDEO PENDANT NECKLACE (\$8,000), 212-737-4100;

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There are purses for every day, for evening, and, like this fringed bucket bag, for pure joy. LOEWE BUCKET BAG, LOEWE.COM



TECH ASSISTANTS



# EDITOR'S LETTER



*Above:* Contributing Editor David Netto and Stephen Sills. *Below:* Jessica Craig-Martin; *T&C* Fashion & Accessories Director Dania Ortiz and Senior Fashion Editor MaryKate Boylan.



# LACROIX, Sweetie

es, I wanted the gold lamé anorak, and the hot pink windbreaker with the black passementerie, and the black toreador blazer, and the gray sweatshirt, and the silk gloves, but what really did me in at the Dries Van Noten spring 2020 show in Paris was the bow he took with Christian Lacroix. "The Collaboration to End All Collaborations" is what the New York Times's Vanessa Friedman called it. Van Noten, it turns out, had been looking for some joy as he was putting together his mood board and found himself taping up vintage Lacroix inspirations. But instead of leaving it as inspiration, he decided to make it a two-heads-together kind of show. "Why not e-mail him?" Van Noten recalled. "Homage is often just another word for ripping off other people's ideas." That was the real emotion of the moment, a reminder of the way members of a creative community can work together, feed off each other, and have conversations that spin off into collaborations, or just really great stories. What's more life-affirming than the right mind-meld?

This issue is full of such moments. It's in the back-and-forth between old friends Zac Posen and Claire Danes (page 80). In the dialogue between David Netto and Stephen Sills and Charles Gwathmey via a house in Connecticut (page 94). It's in the seamless fusion of denim and diamonds (page 108), a parrot and the season's patterns (page 86), and Italian cashmere and prosciutto (page 106). And in the collaborations between Senior Fashion Editor MaryKate Boylan and photographer Victor Demarchelier, Fashion & Accessories Director Dania Ortiz and photographer Jessica Craig-Martin, writer Howie Kahn and legendary designer and god of Italian feasts Brunello Cucinelli. It happens when Style Features Director Erik Maza meets writers Horacio Silva (page 50) and Jessica Iredale (page 73), or Articles Director Norman Vanamee meets writer James McAuley (page 114), or Hearst Editorial Director (Projects) Ryan D'Agostino meets writer Ezra Marcus (page 100).

It also happens all the time at *T&C*. When I roam the halls shouting the question, "Should it be 'Ham I Am' or 'Ham I Am!'?" When Deputy Editor Danielle Stein Chizzik sends me the same scandalous news clip I just e-mailed her. When Arts Editor Adam Rathe is in my office brainstorming writers for our next cover story or whom we should interview about the great Broadway musical debate. Okay, sometimes the talk is about where to go for dinner pretheater. But that can get

wildly creative too.

STELLENEVOLANDES@HEARST.COM



From top center: Christian Lacroix and Dries Van Noten; Arts Editor Adam Rathe and Editor in Chief Stellene Volandes; Claire Danes and Zac Posen; Jessica Iredale and Style Features Director Erik Maza.

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**WARDROBE ADDITION?** This suit by Mark Howard Thomas for Helmut Lang is proof that some reboots do work. Lacoste has now snapped him up. BLAZER (\$895), TROUSERS (\$695), HELMUTLANG.COM



**THEATER DATE?** Laurie Metcalf, going strong five seasons straight. She stars next in *Who's Afraid* of Virginia Woolf?



**SPRING MOTTO?** "Don't wait for anything," said the late John Giorno. And don't wait to read *Great Demon Kings*, his ravishing memoir. \$28, FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX



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WHERE TO SHOP NOW? The new Bode flagship, on Hester Street in New York, is more like a tranquil lounge than a store, with perfect menswear pieces. BODENEWYORK.COM



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MUST-HAVE RESERVATION? Massimo Bottura's Gucci Osteria in Florence just won a Michelin star. A new outpost opens soon in Beverly Hills. GUCCI.COM



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President & Chief Executive Officer STEVEN R. SWARTZ Chairman WILLIAM R. HEARST III Executive Vice Chairman FRANK A. BENNACK JR.

#### HEARST MAGAZINE MEDIA INC.

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PUBLISHED AT 300 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10019-3794 FOR ADVERTISING RATES ONLY: TCADVERTISINGINFO@HEARST.COM TO SUBSCRIBE: SUBSCRIBE.TOWNANDCOUNTRYMAG.COM FOR CUSTOMER SERVICE: TOCCUSTSERV@CDSFULFILLMENT.COM. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

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# #VERY TCC

CLUB House

Bahamian traditions include the Junkanoo, remaining optimistic through hurricanes, and hitting your conch chowder with two shakes of hot sauce. Another: the Lyford Cay Club Design Weekend, a biennial event that celebrates the relationship Lyford and its members have always enjoyed with architecture and the art of living.

Some clubs are about tennis, swimming, or golf. Some are about gossip and lunch. Lyford has

those things, but it is also very much about exceptional taste. Canadian entrepreneur E.P. Taylor knew this when he built the neo-Palladian clubhouse in the late 1950s. Slim Aarons knew it when he took countless photographs here—including the one above of Commander Edward Whitehead—and Sean Connery knew it when he came to shoot *Thunderball* and never really left (he and Lady Connery still call it home). Tom Scheerer recently redecorated the clubhouse, and his monumental tobacco-brown drawing room, with waving palm murals, has reestablished Lyford as one of the most elegant places in the world.

Design Weekend 2019 was the last before Lyford begins another major renovation, again overseen by Scheerer. There were talks with such designers as Alexa Hampton, Amanda Lindroth, and Lisa Fine, and members opened their doors for house tours that included new work on the island by Tino Zervudachi, Lulu de Kwiatkowski, and a villa I recently completed with architect Kiko Sanchez called Hideout. Slim Aarons may have left us, but elegance with a smile is alive and well in the Caribbean. *David Netto* 

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2020'S FORBIDDEN GOODS / TIARA BRAGGING RIGHTS / DRINKS WITH MURDOCH



t Los Angeles International Airport recently, the handsome chef of a Michelin-starred restaurant was detained for trying to bring into the country an unusual cargo: 40 frozen piranhas. In a duffel bag, no less.

Virgilio Martínez, whose restaurant, Central, in Lima, Peru, is ranked among the world's best, claimed to be unfamiliar with the U.S. Customs and Border Protection list of restricted species. And who can blame him? The number of prohibited imports is so vast—from the sublime (poulet de Bresse, widely considered the Rolls-Royce of chicken) to the ridiculous (Kinder Surprise eggs)—that it's easier to keep up with the ever-multiplying Kardashians.

"What's next?" asks designer Josie Natori. "You almost need a road map to find out what's allowed and not allowed. It's so hard to keep track."

It's a state of affairs that's likely to become even more of a head-scratcher in 2020 and beyond. While some states, such as Illinois, have rolled back laws on, say, recreational marijuana, other states are taking the opposite tack on more extravagant highs. Beginning in 2022, the sale of foie gras (the fattened liver of duck or goose) will be illegal in New York City; transgressors could face up to \$2,000 in fines. Motivated by concerns over animal cruelty (mostly over the process of gavage, or force-feeding, which is how most but not all foie gras is produced), the ban by the city council has chefs-especially those working in upscale French kitchens—up in arms in a way not seen since beluga caviar was banned 15 years ago.

The proposed ban will undeniably affect upstate duck farmers and the thousand or so New York City restaurants that serve foie gras, but the *sacré bleu*–level indignation (Will they come for veal next? Not my truffles!) is nothing compared to the fits of pique gripping California as the state readies itself for a possible ban on exotic skins.

Having successfully outlawed the sale of all new fur products statewide (beginning in 2023), Governor Gavin Newsom signed a bill enforcing a ban on the import or sale of crocodile and alligator skins effective January 2020.

"It's ridiculous," says Farah Makras, a San Francisco socialite and fashion plate. "The ways that animals are raised or whether they are treated well is the problem, not customers."

That is an opinion shared, not surprisingly, by Jason Stalvey, a New York designer of high-end accessories made from alligator. He sees exotic skins as collateral damage in



fashion's race to embrace more ethical production practices. "Unfortunately, taking a stand against exotics actually works against sustainable efforts that have been in place and overseen by the government for the last 40 years," says Stalvey, whose namesake line counts Beyoncé and Gigi Hadid as fans.

A federal judge appears to agree, having issued a temporary restraining order against the ban after the state of Louisiana sued California, claiming that the regulation could hurt its economy. A hearing won't be held until late April.

Should animal rights activists prevail, it's safe to assume their patrician adversaries everywhere, from Pacific Heights to Pacific Palisades, will find a way to bypass regulators. "When they originally banned fur in San Francisco, everyone was going to Los Angeles—or even just 10 minutes outside San Francisco," Makras says. "And we're so close to Nevada. People will just go to Reno or Vegas. Someone will make millions opening a little fur shop just over the border."

It's amusing to imagine the lengths to which the one percent might go to acquire their decadent but outlawed goodies—grandes dames going through customs with Birkins stuffed with tins of beluga! Snakeskin minibags concealed under wigs! Third or fourth homes in Idaho! Well, as a last resort they could just bring in everything, from absinthe to Cuban cigars to underaged raw-milk cheese, on their private jets, as they've always done.

As one executive from a marquee label known for its prized exotics confided (on condition of anonymity), "Luxury clients are highly mobile... They go where the inventory is!"

And it's not as though they can get in trouble any deeper than the odd fine. The onus, after all, falls mainly on the retailers. "There is no exotic skin or fur fashion police coming after you," quips Emily Holt, a former *Vogue* editor and owner of the tony Bay Area boutique Hero Shop.

Don't be so sure. After all, it wasn't so long ago that the members of the Shiny Set, as Nicholas Coleridge famously called America's couture-wearing dames in his book *The Fashion Conspiracy*, were shocked to discover that one of their newfound luxuries, the shahtoosh shawl (that gossamer-thin, mylarwarm, status-conferring, handwoven scarf from Kashmir that went from nowhere to everywhere in the late 1980s and early '90s), was in fact on the banned list of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

Longtime readers will recall that in the summer of 1999 more than 100 ladies who lunch, including Nan Kempner, were served subpoenas ordering them to appear before a grand jury and to bring with them "any and all shahtoosh shawls...and items made from the Tibetan antelope, chiru, or ibex." As it turns out, the animals were being slaughtered in great numbers by poachers. It was the biggest slap in the face of society since Dewi Sukarno terrorized the scene. "What do you mean, people have to turn in their shahtooshes?" Pat Buckley asked a reporter at the time. "Some of our friends will have to call a moving van."

The viability of the California skin ban is unresolved, but if the shahtoosh smackdown taught socialites anything, it's that they need to be creative if they want to save their skins. Says Makras, "If there is a will, there is a way." **T**C

### WEDDINGS

# Meet the PARENTS

Sometimes the greatest ideas come from above. BY LEENA KIM

Tor many brides, it's their mothers who offer the most input—sartorial and otherwise-during wedding planning. For Tatiana Hambro it was Dad. Tatiana, the deputy editor of Moda Operandi, had tried on wedding dresses at various salons and was about to settle on one she liked when her father Charles suggested she go with a lesser-known designer and wear something truly unique instead. That's how it came to be that Tatiana wore a bespoke Barbara Tfank gown-the designer's first foray into bridalfor her wedding to art dealer Walter Arader last August at Charles's estate in the English countryside.

"It was a real education and an exciting journey to learn from Barbara, who understands the history of fashion and incorporates cool period detail into her pieces," Tatiana says. Bride and designer took inspiration from Audrey Hepburn, Cristóbal Balenciaga, and the '60s in general to create the final product: an empire waist column gown in French brocade with iridescent lily of the valley embroidery. For a dramatic Watteau train, long double panels were added to the back (visible underneath a cathedral-length Monvieve veil), which Tatiana later knotted for the reception. For her grand entrance-the ceremony took place in an 11th-century church on the property—she added a pair of opera





gloves. "It felt unexpected while also being traditional," she says. The most important element of the final look, though, was the tiara. The Victorian piece comes through Tatiana's paternal line, the Lygon family, who inspired the aristocratic Flytes in Evelyn Waugh's Brideshead Revisited (see sidebar).

In another unexpected twist, having the wedding at Tatiana's home was actually the groom's idea. "The green rolling hills of Virginia, where I grew up, are strikingly similar to the Cotswolds," Walter says. "So when I first visited, I immediately felt at home."

That sense of intimacy was what the couple had aimed to create for their 130 guests. "I wanted it to feel really warm and inviting, and have delicious food," Tatiana says. The reception took place under a tent on a bluff overlooking a pond, with nothing but hills all around. "It's a beautiful little spot seemingly in the middle of nowhere," she says. An abundance of crudités, an Ibérico ham station, roast lamb, and margaritas kept everyone going until dawn. For the after-hours portion, the bride changed into a Markarian minidress and combat boots. T&C

### THE CROWN

#### A family treasure comes with serious literary cred.

The Hambro tiara entered the family via Tatiana's great-grandmother Lady Lettice Cotterell, née Lygon. The Lygons had a grand estate, Madresfield Court, where author Evelyn Waugh was a frequent guest. Years later, when writing Brideshead Revisited, he based the Flytes on his hosts.



## CHIARA BONI La Petite Robe &

### SOCIAL NETWORK

# Murdoch UNCORKED

One of the world's most powerful and feared media barons also makes wine. Care for a glass?

BY JAY McINERNEY

t's not every day that I get an invitation from Rupert Murdoch and Jerry Hall to visit their penthouse in New York. Although I met Mrs. Murdoch many years ago, when she was Mrs. Jagger (more or less), we had not kept up the acquaintance, and as for her current husband, let's just say we don't travel in the same circles and we have probably never supported the same political candidate.

How could I resist?

I was invited in my capacity as a wine critic—Murdoch having bought, in 2013, a vineyard in Bel Air called Moraga. One of only a handful of incorporated wineries in Los Angeles County, Moraga is the legacy of the late Tom Jones, an aerospace executive who decided in the 1970s to plant vines in one of the most expensive zip codes in the country.

After responding yes, I received the address: a skinny new tower in the Flatiron district. I established my bona fides with the doorman and was rocketed up some 60 floors. The penthouse was dazzling, literally—a glass box full of sunlight and exquisitely tasteful contemporary furniture (courtesy of decorators Jay Johnson and Tom Cashin), with panoramic views of the city. The pyramidal roof of the old Metropolitan Life tower seemed close enough to touch.

Several employees introduced themselves before introducing me to Mrs. Murdoch, tall and svelte as ever, in a colorful print dress that looked more society doyenne than ex-model; she said she was delighted to meet me. I was surprised at how sparsely populated the room was. I recognized two sommeliers standing beside a table full of wine bottles, but Mr. Murdoch was sitting alone at the far end, dressed in a slim-fitting dark suit, an open white shirt, and black sneakers. He didn't look like Darth Vader, but I still felt a tingle of dread—partially attributable to having seen the season finale of Succession the night before-which I confronted by crossing the room and introducing myself. Groping for small talk, I complimented the apartment and the views.

"Thank you, we like it. Please, sit," he said,



indicating the chair next to him. After we agreed that we both love New York City, I asked him about his favorite restaurants. "Eleven Madison Park," he said—Daniel Humm's Michelin three-star just a few blocks away. The restaurant conversation having run its course, I asked, "What inspired you to buy Moraga?"

"I met Tom Jones at a dinner with Ronald Reagan in the '80s," he said. "Brilliant guy." He proceeded to tell me about Jones's stellar career in aerospace, including the development of the F-5 fighter jet and the B-2 stealth bomber. I was starting to wonder if Murdoch bought the winery out of admiration for Jones—who was also a big wheel in Republican politics—rather than for his wine, though he eventually mentioned the beauty of the 14-acre property, which he purchased for \$28.8 million in 2013. (Jones was 93 at the time and was scaling back.)

"I visited about 10 years ago," I said. "On your dime, actually."

"Oh, really?" Murdoch said.

"Not long after you bought the *Wall Street Journal* I was hired as a wine writer, and one of my first columns was about Moraga."

Ten years ago, when I appeared at Tom Jones's door in the company of a sommelier who had an appointment, Jones was reluctant to talk to me because I was a journalist. (Eventually he warmed up, to the point that he would sometimes call me in the evening to chat.) Jones, who died in 2014, was ruggedly handsome and seemed very involved with the winery's day-to-day operations. Chickens pecked at the dirt around his feet. It was hard to believe Rodeo Drive was 20 minutes away. If not for the tennis court cantilevered out from the hillside on a neighboring property, or the Getty Center across the canyon, you could easily imagine you were in an older, wilder California. The property was once a horse ranch owned by Victor Fleming, the director of Gone with the Wind and The Wizard of Oz.

Jones attended the Paris Air Show every year, and he used those occasions to visit some of the great vineyards of France. He noticed a similarity between his Bel Air soils and those of Bordeaux. Research revealed that his canyon enjoyed a grape-friendly microclimate with an average annual rainfall nine inches higher than the surrounding locale, and cooler nighttime temperatures. In 1978 he began planting vines, including sauvignon blanc and cabernet sauvignon. His early vintages were praised by Jancis Robinson and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]



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OUT (S) ABOUT

#### BROADWAY'S REVIVAL REBELS / HOW TO WRITE BRITISH MONEY / BILLIONAIRE'S VINEGAR





n a world where a banana taped to a wall whips people into a social media frenzy, the Museum of Modern Art's exhibition "Judd" is a much-needed exhalation. Opening March 1, it's the first museum retrospective of Donald Judd's work in more than 30 years.

Judd worked from the late 1940s until his death in 1994, his art progressing from paintings to the boxlike sculptures he's associated with today. "The figures of the 1960s—Warhol, Lichtenstein, and Judd—are the modern masters today," says Ann Temkin, the exhibition's curator. "Judd has had a profound impact on art history, but his visibility is lacking."

And that impact can be difficult to appreciate. "If you see a piece of Judd's work in a corner with no natural light, next to something by Rauschenberg, you aren't going to get it," says Flavin Judd, the artist's son and artistic director of the Judd Foundation. (Rest assured the exhibition, which includes more than 60 pieces, is on MoMA's skylighted sixth floor.) Another key is understanding his process: Judd conceived his sculptures, but they were executed by fabricators, not by him. This concept was radical in the '60s and '70s." People equated artistic skill with being able to use your hands," Temkin says. "Judd's point was that you could still be a great artist even if you were supervising expert technicians."

This approach (now common among artists like Yayoi Kusama and Jeff Koons), paired with his austerity, caused some to deride Judd. "There's a fallacy that because something seems simple it is easier to produce," Temkin says. "We've had decades of art since then. I'm interested in seeing if Judd's sophistication is evident to today's eyes." If that banana is any sort of barometer, one can hope. **I** 

### OUT&ABOUT

Richard Beymer and Natalie Wood

in the 1961 film version of *West* 

Side Story.

# How Do You Solve a Problem Like a REMAKE?

Broadway's creative forces debate the issue of the season. BY CHRISTOPHER BARNARD

Recently, theatrical traditionalists were sent into a panic when Belgian director Ivo van Hove revealed that his production of *West Side Story* (now at the Broadway Theatre) would update the musical by removing the song "I Feel Pretty" and dropping Jerome Robbins's legendary choreography. In light of that, and the upcoming *Company* revival in which a formerly male lead charac-

ter is female, it feels necessary to ask: Is updating canonical shows heresy, or do the classics have to adapt to stay alive? We gathered some of theater's brightest minds to debate.

**DARYL ROTH Producer**, *How I Learned to Drive*: Some people revere musicals in their original form like crazy people—and there are good reasons to do that. Tinkering with a book or lyric is sacrilegious for some.

MARIANNE ELLIOTT Director, *Company*: We didn't add anything [to *Company*]. That was part of the challenge. The show would work or not based on the writing, and if it didn't it was our fault, not the writing's.

**ROTH:** I think a director has the right to alter the writer's thoughts through staging without changing anything. I think it gives validity to a piece of writing.

**DANIEL FISH Director, Oklahoma!:** The intention of the writer is what's on the page. Whether I'm working on Shakespeare or Rodgers and Hammerstein, that's the place I come from.

**JEREMY O. HARRIS Playwright**, *Slave Play*: Some people want a revival to act like a book report for a new generation. And somehow they think that new generations pop up every three years.

> If I directed a revival of *For Colored Girls*, I'd set it on a Nicki Minaj music video shoot." JEREMY O. HARRIS

**ELLIOTT:** There must be a huge amount of respect for the writing. You can easily change something that could be more convenient for your production, but that's disrespectful to the writer and the amount of time that they spent crafting every line.

**ROTH:** Audiences love the familiar, which is why revivals are so popular.

I hope people go to the theater to see what's going to happen, not to see what they think is going to happen."
DANIEL FISH

**FISH:** Sometimes a false opposition gets set up between a production that is "true" to the original and one that is "new." All productions are new. Theater happens in the moment. Whenever we're making something, we're making something now.

**HARRIS:** Ivo is exciting and interesting for me, because I think a lot about who gets to make big gestures and who doesn't. Black work is revived infrequently, so there's a burden on preserving it in amber. If I directed a revival of *For Colored Girls*, I'd set it on a Nicki Minaj music video shoot.

**ROTH:** I don't think you can unweave a fabric that's woven tightly and written well, and the classic American musical is that. If you start pulling a thread, who knows what's going to unravel? **TAC** 

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### OUT&ABOUT

# What Would This Building Be WITHOUT HER?

It's about time we all got to know Adrienne Arsht, renegade philanthropist. BY LEENA KIM

Verywhere she goes, Adrienne Arsht carries a pocket-size Constitution in her purse. She also has an original copy, which she has gotten signed by every Supreme Court Justice since Sandra Day O'Connor (a good friend), as well as by presidents Obama, Clinton, Bush 1 and 2, and Carter, at her home in Washington,

HOW TO

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DC, where it is protected in an airtight box supplied by the Library of Congress. Not that she needs a daily reminder to abide by the law. That was instilled in her from birth. Her mother Roxana was the first female judge in Delaware, while her father was a successful corporate lawyer, a career path his daughter would follow, first in New York and then in DC.

They were also philanthropists. "The things they cared about they funded significantly," Arsht says. "They both had a very strong moral core about what they did." In their household, charity wasn't taught or learned, it was simply a fact of life.

Arsht also knows how to put her money where her mouth is. In the past 12 years she has given away more than \$100 million, beginning with the \$30 million she bequeathed to the Miami Performing Arts Center in 2008 to save it from financial ruin. Today the sprawling complex, designed by César Pelli and now named the Adrienne Arsht Center for the Performing Arts of Miami-Dade County, puts on 300 performances a year in classical music, dance, opera, theater, and jazz, welcoming the likes of Yo-Yo Ma, Riccardo Muti, Jean-Yves Thibaudet, and Lang Lang.

In recent years, however, Arsht has shifted her attention to policy and global issues: climate change, immigration, geopolitical instability. She founded the Adrienne Arsht Latin America Center at the Atlantic Council long before the world started paying attention to what was going on in the region. "Nobody was interested,"

she says. "I went to several think tanks, and they said, 'Go deal with the arts. Do women's things." In 2016 she created the Center for Resilience at the Atlantic Council and last



From top: The Adrienne Arsht Center for the Performing Arts in Miami; its namesake.

year pledged another \$25 million, matched by a \$30 million grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, to turn it into the Adrienne Arsht–Rockefeller Foundation Resilience Center. The organization's goal is to make 1 billion people resilient by 2030, whether by teaching children basic survival skills, working with architects to build structures that can withstand environmental catastrophes, or empowering farmers to develop agricultural solutions to global warming. "It's not about whose fault it is but what we're going to do about it."

In just over a decade Arsht has done all of this entirely on her own. There's no foundation or list of board members. "I just write checks," she says. "The only person I consult is my accountant, to see if there's enough money." You might call her a badass, which is what Harry Connick Jr. did during a concert at her performing arts center. The moniker stuck, and now it's monogrammed on her bags, pillows, books, and, hopefully soon, her license plate. She even has Supreme Court cases to cite, should the DMV try to deny her. **Inc** 

### OUT&ABOUT

# House

How one new novel gets British money exactly right.

#### BY ADAM RATHE

f the idea of eccentric British aristocrats in a crumbling mansion seems familiar, that's because it's at the heart of some of literature's greatest works.

"Brits love satire, and to do a satire well, a house becomes a useful thing," says Hannah Rothschild, whose new novel, House of Trelawney, makes fine use of one. In her story the ancient, noble Trelawney clan has hit rock bottom: Siblings are estranged, fortunes are squandered, and the family manor is ready to collapse. And that's when things get interesting.

Rothschild's book is the latest in a long line of novels by the likes of

Jane Austen and Evelyn Waugh that put this very specific world at their center."I was lucky,

growing up, to stay in various collapsing stately homes," she says. "Sometimes you'd have to run from the kitchen to the sitting room, because those were the only two areas they could afford to heat."

The inherent contradiction in the setting stuck. "I'm interested in why, whether you're an aristocrat or not, we keep that baggage



around," says Rothschild, who is a scion of the banking dynasty." My characters stand in for

that inability to let go." Speaking of characters, while Rothschild says her own family is "a source of endless fascination," she insists the Trelawney brood isn't a facsimile—though some might wish it were. "The only complaints I had with my last book," Rothschild says, "were from people who weren't in it." T&C



Hannah Rothschild and her

father, Lord Rothschild.



# Play Money

Succession has perfected quiet wealth on TV, but it's not alone in mining the drama of the rich. From a Disney duck to this month's Self Made, here's a history of onscreen affluence.



2020: MADAM C.J. WALKER In Self Made, Octavia Spencer plays one of America's first female millionaires (top).



2018: ROMAN **ROY** Succession's Kieran Culkin gives a face to the smartass sons of tycoons



2015: COOKIE LYON Taraji P. Henson's role as the first lady of hip-hop made it clear who built this Empire.



**1998: KAREN** WALKER Because boozy Upper East Siders dabbling in interior design need representation too.



**1981: ALEXIS** CARRINGTON Joan Collins's Dynasty character set the standard for one percent depravity.



The Green Acres chatelaine, played by Eva Gabor, nailed city folk gone country.



**1962: JED CLAMPETT** The Beverly Hillbillies patriarch would be considered old money In today's L.A.



had his animated fortune estimated at more than \$44 billion.

### OUT & ABOUT

# The Billionaire's VINEGAR

Honey may catch more flies, but for our expert, one balsamic is the ultimate indulgence.

BY RUTH REICHL



My mouth filled with the most extraordinary flavors, and a line of Lawrence Durrell's shot through my head: "A taste as old as cold water." I felt as if all the best flavors in the world—both sweet and savory—were gathered in a single drop. I wanted more.

Now that balsamic vinegar seems to have shoved every other vinegar off the shelf, it's hard to believe there was a time when nobody in America had ever heard of it. Darrell, whose family has run Corti Brothers gourmet grocers since 1947, was always ahead of everyone else, and *aceto balsamico tradizionale*, he

informed me, came only from Reggio Emilia or Modena, Italy, where it was traditional, when a child was born, for the family to start a "plantation" of vinegar.

White grapes were pressed, and what remained was boiled down and put into open barrels. Over the years, as the vinegar aged, it evaporated; it was moved into ever smaller



barrels as it became thicker, more concentrated, more intense. Various types of wood were used for the barrels, allowing the vinegar to absorb the flavors of chestnut, juniper, oak, or cherry. The oldest vinegar, the one in the smallest barrel, was a daughter's dowry.

I loved the romance of the story. But more than that I loved the taste of the velvety vinegar,

and each time I went to Italy I bought a tiny, precious bottle and parceled it out, drop by drop, to put on vegetables, on strawberries, on parmesan cheese, even on ice cream.

True balsamic vinegar does not resemble, in any way, the product you're likely using on your salads. The industrial kind can consist of almost anything: cheap vinegar, food coloring, sweeteners, caramel. I hate the fact that this thin, cloying brown liquid has vanquished righteous red wine vinegar, turning every salad sweet.

Real balsamico is an entirely different product. The best I have found comes from a small, family-run vinegar factory outside Modena. The Pedroni family is one of the last to use the classic ruggine grape (an early-ripening variety that has gradually gone out of production), along with the more usual trebbiano, and it makes all the difference. The resulting vinegar is superb.

The Pedronis produce

many lesser (but also wonderful) balsamicos, but each year they produce only a few bottles of their longest-aged, most precious elixir. It is extremely expensive, more than \$350 for a tiny flask. You dole it out, one drop at a time, marveling that the grapes in your bottle were harvested at a time when the world was a very different place. The

Ruth Reichl likes to drizzle her balsamic vinegar over ripe strawberries for a snack that's sweet, tart, and deliciously complex.

#### HOW TO SERVE IT

Punch up your vegetables with a few drops of Pedroni balsamic. It's a luscious accompaniment to Brussels sprouts, carrots, or asparagus.



Step away from the chocolate syrup. Very good vinegar's best friend just might be your favorite vanilla ice cream. KATOH (VINEGAR); GETTY IMAGES (STRAWBERRIES, ASPARAGUS, ICE CREAM CONE)

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The James Tissot exhibition at the Musée d'Orsay adds another layer of romance to the city. Get swept up in it all with pale blue florals. MARK CROSS X BROCK COLLECTION HANDBAG (\$2,190), MODAOPERANDI.COM; PATEK PHILIPPE WATCH (\$52,960), 212-218-1240







Portrait of the Marquis and Marchioness of Miramon and Their Children (1865)

#### **BOB DYLAN ON** BROADWAY

Conor McPherson's musical, opening March 5, follows a family in Duluth, Minnesota, in 1934, with a soundtrack of Bob Dylan tunes. Store tissues in an updated saddle bag. CELINE BY HEDI SLIMANE HANDBAG (\$2,700), CELINE.COM; HARRY WINSTON WATCH, HARRYWINSTON.COM




You are bere. An itinerary for jewelry obsessives. BY JILL NEWMAN

ondon is having a jewelry moment. It has always had the Mayfair houses and the crown jewels, and now the V&A has revamped its jewelry gallery—with everything from G by Glenn Spiro's Papillon ring for Beyoncé to an Irish gold collar dating from 800 BC. But amid the historic splendor there is also a new generation of jewelers taking traditional craftsmanship into 2020 with fresh ideas and cutting-edge materials (not to mention talent in spades). It's high time to visit the well-adorned city to see who's who in jewelry past and present.



#### SIGNED AND SEALED

Family heritages can be uncovered—or forged—at **Rebus**, the Hatton Garden jeweler that has a library of Victorian crest books with thousands of family names and symbols to inscribe on bespoke signet rings and pendants. If aristocracy isn't in your family tree, you can work with Rebus artisans to create a crest to remedy the situation. REBUSSIGNETRINGS.CO.UK

#### COLOR PLAY >

The Swinging '60s are long gone, but a new wave of London jewelers is gravitating toward bold colors and shapes. **Alice Cicolini** elevates enamel with playful geometric patterns and gems, while **Cora Sheibani** creates colorful jeweled confections, such as a carved pink opal ring that resembles a cupcake on a white gold plate. ALICECICOLINI.COM; CORASHEIBANI.COM



#### MOST WANTED **>**

**Symbolic & Chase** on Old Bond Street is the only salon where a Colombian emerald ring by Bhagat might sit between an ancient Viking gold torque and a pearl and diamond necklace formerly owned by Queen Josefina of Sweden. "We track down things we love, exemplary pieces from every period," says director Sophie Jackson, whose current favorites in-

clude the emerging Greek jeweler Theodoros and Art Deco pieces from the little-known French jeweler Dusausoy. SYMBOLICCHASE.COM



Snag royal gems and modern masterpieces at Symbolic & Chase.



#### EXTREME MAKEOVER

Jessica McCormack is on speed dial for those with boxes of outdated heirlooms—she resets oldmine-cut stones into stylish geometric cocktail rings and transforms gems from Edwardian brooches into dripping diamond fringe earrings. "I design jewelry that can be worn all day, from the gym to work and then out for dinner," McCormack says. True to

form, her Mayfair boutique is no standard shop but rather a Georgian townhouse filled with antiques, artifacts, and contemporary art. JESSICAMCCORMACK.COM

#### NEXT GEN ROYAL JEWELER ►

Shaun Leane's Mayfair salon is in the Royal Rolodex: The British designer made Princess Beatrice's engagement ring, set with a 2.5-carat ethically produced diamond from Botswana; Meghan Markle is also a fan. A classically trained jeweler, Leane made his mark with daring designs like the diamondencrusted glove he created for Daphne Guinness. Entry-level pieces start in the hundreds (so pick up some souvenirs), but prices go much, much higher for his coveted custom work. SHAUNLEANE.COM

Conjure everything from a diamond glove to a classic engagement ring at Shaun Leane.

ALEXANDER CALDER SILVER AND CLOTH NECKLACE, LOUISAGUINNESS GALLERY.COM

#### STYLE SPY

#### ART TO WEAR 🗸

Fans of Anish Kapoor or Claude Lalanne are regulars at Louisa Guinness's Mayfair gallery. A longtime art collector, Guinness has been commissioning artists to create wearable miniature sculptures that reflect their larger oeuvre, as well as uncovering vintage treasures. This means everything from an Alexander Calder necklace to Ron Arad earrings and a Pablo Picasso brooch. LOUISAGUINNESSGALLERY.COM

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#### THE BEST TABLE IN TOWN

**Glenn Spiro** holds court in a Georgian mansion that was once the atelier of Queen Elizabeth II's couturier, Norman Hartnell. Spiro's personal office is in the room where the queen was fitted for her wedding and coronation. He kept the original Art Deco mirrorwork and chandeliers but made a few tasteful modern additions. Within this rarefied space, Spiro likes to reveal one design at time for his (appointment-only) clients, giving each diamond, sapphire, and spinel—paired with such unexpected materials as bronze, ancient wood, and bone—it's time to shine. GLENNSPIRO.COM



#### DIAMOND VAULT <

Billionaire Laurence Graff made his fortune trading the world's most extraordinary stones, like the 132-carat Golden Empress, one of the largest yellow diamonds ever cut, and the Graff Venus, a 119-carat white diamond in a perfect heart shape. Now some of **Graff**'s most famous gems are stockpiled at the brand's Old Bond Street shop. From a wearable but extremely rare 2.42-carat pear-shaped vivid blue diamond ring to a 25-carat D-flawless emerald-cut diamond ring, the shop's gemological legends alone are worth a visit. GRAFF.COM

#### THE GRANDE DAME

Trained as a master goldsmith in the 1960s, **Elizabeth Gage** has been producing colorful, hand-forged designs for half a century—and her admirers return season after season. From vibrant earrings set with carved gemstone birds to bold gold and enamel necklaces and cuffs with candy-color cabochons, each piece reflects Gage's love of the craft. "My style is very much recognizable, and it has remained consistent," she says. "But something evolves in each new piece." ELIZABETH-GAGE.COM

#### THE VISIONARY $\checkmark$

Lauren Adriana is only 34 years old, but the jeweler has already been the subject of an exhibition at the Phillips auction house, and her pieces—she creates fewer than 40 per year are offered exclusively in New York, at Fred Leighton. "I like to make the stones sing," she says of her colorful, statement-making styles. An appointment at her Mayfair atelier offers further insight: Adriana's sketchbooks, inspirations, signature rare gemstones, and jewelry are all on display. LAURENADRIANA.COM







**NEVER REPEAT A LOOK** The app keeps a record of which outfits were worn to which event—crucial for managing a lively social calendar.

#### Tech Is Your New... WARDROBE ASSISTANT

With just a swipe, a Marie Kondo for your closet. BY OLIVIA HOSKEN

izzie Tisch rarely has a problem picking out an outfit, or the jewels to go with it. A patron of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute and the founder of the retail venture LTD by Lizzie Tisch, she has an enviable range of choices. But that's just the problem: She may just have too much at her disposal. "In New York City even the biggest closets have their challenges," Tisch says. She realized she needed a Sherpa for her own wardrobe—and she found him in Rafael Ortiz.

An early e-commerce evangelist (he co-founded the shopping comparison site NexTag, valued at \$1.2 billion when he sold it in 2007), Ortiz is CEO of Editorialist YX, a members-only app that helps flustered fashionistas catalog their closets with the flick of a finger. Tisch was an early convert, joining in 2018, when the app was the whole story. Since then Ortiz has acquired the Editorialist, an accessories shopping site founded by former magazine editors Kate Davidson Hudson and Stefania Allen, who are now the editorial arm of the YX brand.

The app is a modern twist on an age-old tradition. Until recently British monarchs enjoyed the services of a Master of the Jewel Office, and Broadway theaters still employ wardrobe masters and mistresses. Today, Editorialist YX



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doubles as a fashionable taskmaster and a personal manager for your luxury labels.

Staffers photograph every item of clothing in a member's closet to put together a digital wardrobe that can be accessed on the app at leisure. Based on the member's schedule and preferences, stylists then create outfits, packing lists, and seasonal recommendations that can be purchased on the app. (Membership fees start at \$3,000. Additional perks are extra, like closet reorganization—\$500 for three hours and at-home styling, which is \$1,500 a day.)

"It's life-changing," Tisch says. "I feel more organized and efficient. It's like shopping in my own closet." EDITORIALISTYX.COM



#### STYLE SPY

#### The Great STILETTO SCHISM of 2020

How the clunky square-toe pump replaced the barely-there sandal as the shoe of the season. BY JESSICA IREDALE

For the past year or so my mother has been engaged in a housecleaning purge tinged with morbidity: "If I don't do it, you'll have to." Every visit home includes the presentation of some artifact plucked from my youth—my high school cross-country team jacket, my eighth grade graduation dress with the questions "Remember this?" and "Do you want it?"

During some holiday early last year a pair of black boots purchased during my freshman year of college (circa '98) were fished out of my bedroom closet, triggering flashbacks to a footwear era that felt positively ghastly in hindsight. I recoiled at their garish shovel-shaped toe and chunky block heel.

Chuck 'em, Mom. Fashion may be cyclical,

but these square-toe clunkers were clearly labeled Do Not Resuscitate. Yet just one year later someone has made me rethink shoes befitting Ichabod Crane. His name is Daniel Lee, the creative director of **Bottega Veneta** who presented his first runway collection for the house a year ago.

From the get-go the 33-year-old British designer's prospects had fashion rapt: an alumnus of Phoebe Philo's Céline given the keys to an Italian heritage megahouse with megabucks behind it to do as he pleased. He spent them well on his first collections, zeroing in on Bottega's leather prowess to create bags and shoes that upended traditional notions of the bourgeois Milanese lady with a dose of sophisticated wit, and garments



cut from '90s cloth. In his first show, prefall 2019, Lee began retraining our eyes to new, delightfully ridiculous proportions seen in bulbous stub-toe pumps in cartoonishly quilted leather, stacked-sole moto boots on steroids, and kitten-heel horsebit loafers that have an elongated toe that tapers to a flat edge and look ideal for smooshing bugs in the kitchen.

Fashion loves a so-wrong-it's-right moment, and influencers and editors immediately bought into New Bottega and @newbottega, the separate Instagram handle Lee created to promote his work. (Lee is maintaining a Garboesque silence rare in modern fashion.) By the time spring 2020 collections came around in September, front rows were lined with feet slipped into Lee's more commercial woven intrecciato slides and mules with square soles that jut out from under their toes.

His peers were watching too. Square shapes quickly appeared at **Proenza Schouler**, **Gianvito Rossi**, **the Row**, **By Far**, and **Neous**, and retailers raved. "Daniel Lee's incredible eye was so apparent at the Bottega show this season," says Elizabeth von der Goltz, global buying director at Net-a-Porter. "We call the square-toe shoe this season's update from last season's 'barely-there' sandal."

Aha, a clue to the root of this square! The naked sandal, characterized by one or two ultrathin straps attached to a kitten-heel sole, leaving the foot almost completely bare, was the shoe that swept summer 2019. The index case for the trend was a hyperminimal Céline sandal from the resort 2018 collection, designed when Lee was still ostensibly at the French house. He clearly learned well under Philo, the queen of *jolie laide* footwear that reverberated far from her runways. Her absence has left a void that her fans are willing Lee to fill.

So far he has impressed with his distinctive and influential grip on the '90s fever that has enthralled his design generation. Their earliest fashion memories are steeped in minimalist stylings they were too young to participate in the first time around. That explains millennials' compulsion to revisit the decade, whether by binge-watching *Friends* or reshaping square-toe clunkers for a new fashion moment.



IS SHE WEARING MAKEUP? / THE IMPOSSIBLE FOUNDATION / SWEAT AS STATUS SYMBOL



#### IS THIS THE END OF MAKEUP AS WE KNOW IT?

Maybe she was born with it. Maybe it's...semipermanent tinted moisturizer? BY JAMIE ROSEN ILLUSTRATION BY BRUNO GRIZZO e've all been on a subway or in an elevator and there's that really cool girl," says Laney Crowell, founder of clean makeup brand Saie Beauty. "You want to know, 'Who makes your shoes? Who makes your dress?' Her makeup is never screamy. It's a great brow, a lip that's juicy but not obviously glossy." And, it goes without saying, the skin is good.

Such is the essence of the no-makeup makeup look. It's that maddening mix of a clear, bright complexion, a wash of color on cheeks, just-bitten lips, blackened lashes, and faintly tamed brows. (Saie's four-product debut collection—mascara, brow butter, lash curler, and liquid lip balm—preaches to that choir.)

The whole thing is effortless. In theory. Pulling it off is often a result of healthy circulation and hefty skincare, and even that isn't quite enough for most of us to feel polished and put together on a daily basis. So the continued desire for effortlessly perfectlooking skin has inspired a recent influx of reimagined tinted serums and moisturizers. Just don't call them foundations.

Sisley's new Phyto Hydra Teint protects skin from free radicals while blurring imperfections. Chanel's Les Beiges Water-Fresh Tint is a light gel that shares technology with the brand's groundbreaking Hydra Beauty Micro Serum. Laura Mercier recently relaunched its famed tinted moisturizer. And Biologique Recherche just introduced Sérum de Teint, its first tinted finishing serum, which comes in five shades; it's a sheer fluid that imperceptibly sinks into the skin, keeping moisture in and pollutants out. The OG of the group is Perricone MD's No Makeup Foundation, which has recently spawned a full line of makeup, including No Makeup Lipstick, a sheer pinkish red that mimics the lush natural vermilion outline of the lips that fades with age. All confer protective and moisturizing skincare benefits as well, giving them an additional appeal for those who dislike traditional foundation. You're making your skin look better while actually making it better.

If even tinted moisturizer seems like too much, a new procedure from Korea called BB Glow combines tiny needles with pigment and serums to achieve the look of filtered skin,

#### It's like getting a professional makeup application that lasts for two weeks.

no daily application required. Aesthetician and makeup artist Christopher Drummond has been performing the treatment at the Manhattan office of dermatologist Paul Jarrod Frank for several months. First he uses tiny, 0.5 mm needles to create superficial holes, or channels, in the skin (he calls it nanoneedling; others say microneedling). He then chooses and applies a serum (depending on the client it can be for hydrating, anti-aging, or brightening) and ends with a custom-mixed tinted pigment that stays on until the skin's natural exfoliation process makes it fade away, usually a week or two later.

"It gives a beautiful glow to your skin and makes it look healthier," says Drummond, who attributes the hydrating, plumping benefits to the treatment as a whole. He adds that he is able to customize the tinted pigments when applying them, using darker tones to contour cheekbones or lighter ones to brighten the undereye area. It's like getting a professional makeup application, but instead of lasting for one night it's on for two weeks (and the skincare benefits last even longer). The price: \$550 per treatment, or \$1,350 for three.

Dominique Bossavy, however, who is known for NanoColor Infusion, a tattoo-like process used to cover scars, fill in brows, and flush lips with color, warns against BB Glow, saying people have come to her with allergic reactions and dermatitis. She also questions the long-term effects of placing such slow-todegrade ingredients as titanium oxide–based pigments beneath the skin's surface. Drummond counters that BB Glow's success is technique- and technician-dependent (you have to go no deeper than 0.5 mm, for example, or color will fade unevenly over time).

As the treatment gains steam in the U.S., its semipermanence may come to be viewed the same way people see gel pedicures or eyelash extensions: something to do when it's particularly important to wake up looking ready to walk out the door. Drummond views BB Glow as an ideal prevacation treatment for his patients, who can come in a day or two before takeoff and travel with a lighter toiletry bag and a primed canvas. **Tec** 



#### LOOKING GLASS



Fe're all obsessed with sweat particularly how much of it we're producing and whether anyone can tell. There are places where perspiration is accepted—SoulCycle, saunas—but soggy underarms at a cocktail party or stains in a board meeting? *Quelle horreur!* We live in an "I don't sweat, I glisten" world, where sweatlessness is a signifier of status. You never see celebrities wipe their brows at the Oscars, do you? As long as lack of sweat isn't a royal sex scandal defense, everyone agrees: the less sweat the better.

For years the secret to curbing sweat among the upper echelon was a regular hit of Botox under the arms, which is effective but temporary. Now, thanks to a treatment called MiraDry, an FDA-cleared noninvasive technique that permanently eliminates sweat glands under the arms, pit problems could become a thing of the past. Mira-Dry works via "microwaves that heat up the liquid inside sweat glands until they're destroyed by thermal energy," says Los Angeles plastic surgeon Sheila Nazarian, who performs around four of the procedures a week. MiraDry has been shown to reduce sweating and odor by about 82 percent after two



treatments, and since the heat also blitzes follicles, most patients also see hair reduction of up to 72 percent.

Aren't we supposed to sweat? Of course, but the glands under our arms make up only 2 percent of our active glands, Nazarian says. Our bodies compensate for the loss, but it's not as if you'll start pouring sweat from your temples; your body can still cool itself effectively without perspiring more in other areas.

The treatments (they cost about \$2,000) take roughly 45 minutes per pit and begin with injections of lidocaine. While the process itself is not painful, according to plastic surgeon Gerald Ginsberg, medical director of Tribeca MedSpa in New York City, recovery can be uncomfortable. In addition to swelling, bumps and nodules are common, although they typically disappear in three to six weeks. "It felt as if I had a sunburn," says Bill Tobin, who received MiraDry from Ginsberg. "I haven't worn deodorant since the day I got it, and I have no odor, no sweating," he says.

Most of the people coming to Nazarian for MiraDry treatments are "very successful people in the limelight who don't want to have pit stains." Some posttreatment discomfort is a small price to pay for a future free of sweat-related anxiety, she says. Apart from the TED Talk set, she has also noticed the wellness-obsessed seeking the procedure because "they don't want to put chemicals in their body," such as the contents of traditional antiperspirants.

Still, patients have to weigh the possible side effects against the benefits. "I don't know that it's always a slam dunk," says New York dermatologist Morgan Rabach, who does not offer MiraDry. "Sometimes the swelling can last, and sometimes it can work better on one side than the other." Still, if you keep spare shirts in your desk drawer or have sweated through a new silk dress on the way to a summer soirée, it could hang your deodorant out to dry for good. **I**  Supermodel, role model, eternal student Lauren Hutton, Age 76

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### STARS (SIGNS

#### BY KATHARINE MERLIN



PISCES FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Be ready to explore new venues and options this month. You're entering a time of widening horizons and lucky encounters. What's more, you're going to feel increasingly decisive by midmonth, so it's time to do and dare. As for your personal life, your ability to communicate clearly will open doors. A bump in the road at month's end will turn out to be only that.

**DIOR FINE JEWELRY**, 800-929-DIOR



VIRGO AUGUST 24-SEPTEMBER 23

The Sun is in your relationship angle until the 20th, so it's time to give others your full attention. As for your work life, once Mercury turns direct after the 10th a cloud will lift. Whatever creative plans you're focused on, aggressive Mars is in your favor, so go ahead and toot your horn. The last 10 days of the month hold great potential.

**SYLVA & CIE** (\$11,500), STANLEY KORSHAK, 214-871-3600



ARIES MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Courageous Mars at the top of your chart is propelling you into action. With the Sun in a background position, though, be ready to prepare and scrutinize until the Sun enters your sign on the 20th. With all the planets in forward motion, you can achieve a momentum that carries you to new success. It's also time to make crucial financial moves. **GRAZIELA** (\$14,485), GRAZIELAGEMS.COM



#### LIBRA September 24-october 23

Powerful Mars is at the base of your solar chart this month, which stirs up your adrenaline and focuses attention on personal and home matters. Monotonous details will also require your attention, but once the Sun enters Aries on the 20th, life becomes more interesting, especially where close personal relationships are concerned.

YAEL SONIA (\$2,900), YAELSONIA.COM



TAURUS APRIL 21-MAY 21

March can be a turning point if you're ready to act decisively. With heavenly Venus entering your sign on the 5th, you'll be attracting more attention. Try to cover new ground while the Sun highlights a signal area of your chart until the 20th. The last 10 days of March are a mix of good fortune and challenges, especially under Saturn's influence on the 31st. **SIDNEY GARBER** (\$53,000). SIDNEYGARBER.COM



GEMINI MAY 22-JUNE 21

Even if March begins disappointingly, it will turn out to be a rewarding month. By the 10th, when your ruler, Mercury, begins moving forward, you'll be able to get various projects going that should work out as you hope. Also, your social life promises to hold some dazzle. Try to take a breather when Saturn enters the scene at month's end. **POMELLATO** (\$13,000), POMELLATO.COM

SAGITTARIUS

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 21

A measured pace is

the way to approach

your plans, but you

seem to be attract-

ing decisively near

the 10th. The Sun

in Pisces until the

20th puts an accent

on home and hearth,

and planetary action

in Capricorn means

some financial moves.

it's time to make

Smooth sailing is

indicated by aspects

LYDIA COURTEILLE (\$30,000),

near month's end.

LYDIACOURTEILLE.COM

ing attention and act-



#### CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22

This March, Mars is in your relationship angle, so others will try to assert their wills and speed up the action. For your part, once the Sun reaches the zenith of your chart on the 20th, all signs point to go. Socially-even romantically-your aspects are upbeat as the month draws to an end, although events near the 31st hold a challenge. **SHAUN LEANE** (\$12,040), SHAUNLEANE.COM



#### CAPRICORN DECEMBER 22-JANUARY 20

Mars remains in your sign all month, so your keyword is action. However, the Sun in Pisces until the 20th is telling you to think plans through and reach out to those who can help further them. Once Venus enters Taurus on the 5th, your social and romantic lives will hold more magic. The new Moon of the 24th brings a personal wakeup call.

**PIPPA SMALL** (\$2,980), PIPPASMALL.COM



#### LEO JULY 23-AUGUST 23

You'll thrive if you draw attention to your accomplishments this month, and with Mercury changing direction by the 10th, unclear situations—especially financial ones-will begin to sort themselves out. Work appears to be quite demanding now, but with Venus in your favor, this is the time to go for it, despite resistance on the 30th. **ANTHONY LENT** (\$9,890), ANTHONYLENT.COM



AQUARIUS JANUARY 21-FEBRUARY 19

Uranus, your ruler, conjoins emotional Venus on the 8th, stirring up your desire for the new. In fact, breaking out of ruts is a theme this year, but with Mars in a hidden angle of your chart all month, you now need to finish projects you've started and lay the groundwork for future endeavors. Lively aspects near the 23rd accent shortterm travel.

ARMAN SARKISYAN (\$15,250), BERGDORFGOODMAN.COM



SCORPIO October 24-November 22

Unexpected developments are in the air as March wafts in. Get out and show your face at gatherings and events. Jupiter in Capricorn makes you more vocal than usual, and you can now make a lasting impression and garner support. An increasing accent on the workoriented angle of your chart after the 20th is telling you to put your plans into play.

CHOPARD HIGH JEWELRY, CHOPARD.COM

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These partners are bringing us one step closer to ending Alzheimer's and all dementia.



PART THE CLOUD

Learn more about accelerating Alzheimer's research at alz.org/speed

## THE LOME Stretch

#### CLAIRE DANES and ZAC POSEN grew up together, and now, on the eve of *Homeland*'s final season, they recall bohemian New York childhoods—and look forward to new beginnings.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR DEMARCHELIER STYLED BY ANNE CHRISTENSEN

CAROLINA HERRERA GOWN (\$5,990); FENTY EARRINGS (\$530); LINDA HORN ANTIQUE BRACELET (\$17,500)



hile the ripped-from-the-headlines drama *Homeland* is coming back to Showtime for its eighth and final season this month, the show's star, Claire Danes, seems about as far from her character's world of international intrigue as it is possible to be. After nearly a decade of globetrotting for the home in her pative Manhattan with her

series, she's content being home in her native Manhattan with her husband (actor Hugh Dancy, who also appears on *Homeland* this season) and their two sons, enjoying some much deserved downtime and

contemplating her next move. The fashion designer Zac Posen, Danes's friend for nearly two decades, understands new beginnings: He recently closed his eponymous label after 19 years. Here, the two speak about her award-winning work on *Homeland*, secrets from the Met Gala bathroom, and the power and perils of New York City nostalgia.

**ZAC POSEN:** We probably met... I don't remember when, but I was still in high school.

**CLAIRE DANES:** In Dustin Yellin's loft. Dustin said, **"He's going to be a great American designer."** And I was like, "Okay, that sounds great." And we just were friends.

**ZP:** You were in college, right?

**CD:** I was in college. And I remember visiting you at Central Saint Martins in London when I was shooting *The Hours*.

**ZP:** We both came from creative parents in lower Manhattan. I think it's something other people don't always understand.

CD: I think it was fun.

**ZP:** It was, but it felt like it was definitely romanticized by people.

**CD:** In Soho during the '70s and '80s you had to prove that you were an artist to live there. So it was like a little commune; **it was a real gathering of a certain kind of mind.** I remember the factories were actively closing when we lived on Crosby Street. There was a factory that's now MoMA's store, and they were hemorrhaging all their gear.

SCENES FROM A FRIENDSHIP



Zac Posen and Claire Danes, both Manhattan natives, are introduced by artist Dustin Yellin.



The duo celebrate at the New York City premiere of Danes's 2004 drama *Stage Beauty*.

My mom took these chairs on wheels—they're still her dining chairs but I was embarrassed because I thought we were stealing them. **ZP:** That must have been confusing!

**CD:** It's how it worked. One of my favorite games on Wooster Street was to put some discarded something on the sidewalk and see how many seconds it took for it to be reclaimed by someone.

**ZP:** Probably my dad. Now Soho is a hard experience for me. I find it overwhelming, but at the same time it's home.

**CD:** I still love it. It's really quiet in the morning, before the stores open, and it feels reminiscent of what it was like. **But that's how** 

New York works, so I don't begrudge it. It's not ever yours, it's everybody's. That's why it's great. ZP: And you're just back from filming *Homeland* in Morocco?

**CD:** We were in Casablanca. We also filmed in Morocco about three seasons back, when [my son] Cyrus was around [my younger son] Rowan's age now. Both boys learned to crawl in Morocco, which is weird, because they're five and a half years apart. I was there for about six months.

ZP: What an amazing, gypsy life.

**CD:** Cyrus went to school there, and he really will remember it. He's been dragged all over the planet, and those memories are in there somewhere, but I think he will actually be able to recall this. **ZP:** He's got a real history with the show.

**CD:** Since he was in the womb. I was pregnant with him in our second season.

**ZP:** How many seasons have you done now, eight? **CD:** That's six years of his life. Lesli Linka Glatter, our producer and director, would direct while cradling him. **Now he sits on her lap and calls action. ZP:** He likes being on set?

**CD:** He likes the attention that he gets on set, the snacks from craft services.

**ZP:** You're raising a director!

**CD:** Kind of. When he was around four and he would get mad at me, he would bark and say, "Back to one, Mommy"—"Back to one" meaning back to your first positions. So if I was waking him up for school and he didn't want

The light-up Cinderella dress Posen

made for Danes is the most exciting

thing at the 2016 Met Gala.



Amid the chaos of New York Fashion Week in 2010, Danes

and Posen find

a moment for a

brief reunion.

"That's how

New York works.

DIMITRIOS KAMBOURIS/WIREIMAGE (2001, 2004); ANDREW H. WALKER/GETTY IMAGES/IMG (2010); TAYLOR HIL/GETTY IMAGES (2016)

CHANEL JACKET (\$7,650) AND SKIRT (\$3,600); VERDURA BROOCH (WORN AS NECKLACE, \$21,000); LYDIA COURTEILLE RINGS; GIUSEPPE ZANOTI MULES (\$750). *OPPOSITE*: **PRABAL** GURUNG BOLERO (\$2,915); FD GALLERY ANTIQUE EARRINGS (\$9,000); ERIC ORIGINALS ANTIQUE CUFF (\$6,900); FENTY RING (\$340)

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DIOR DRESS (\$21,000); ARTISAN ANTIQUE EARRINGS (\$4,640) AND CUFF (\$9,400). FOR DETAILS SEE PAGE 126

Hair by Peter Butler for Leonor Greyl at Tracey Mattingly. Makeup by Maud Laceppe at the Wall Group. Nails by Maki Sakamoto at the Wall Group. Tailoring by Lars Nord at Lars Nord. Set design by Todd Wiggins at the Magnet Agency. to: "Back to one, Mommy."

**ZP:** And this is the final season?

**CD:** I think it will really catch up with me in another six months, when I would have been returning to film the next season.

**ZP:** Are you happy with the evolution of your character, Carrie?

**CD:** I am. I feel good about the arc of the final season. I really have allowed myself to feel proud. I think it's amazing that we've managed to maintain the integrity of the show for this long. We have never dialed it in. I think part of that has to do with the nature of the show, how it's a reset every year. There are the same central characters, but it's hugely reimagined, and we have to reassemble with a new crew in a new culture and work with a new company of actors. It has never felt stale, and we were never allowed to get complacent. **ZP:** And you work with other actors who are unbelievable.

**CD:** Mandy Patinkin is my rock. He's been an amazing partner throughout all of this. Lesli is just a dynamo, and Alex Gansa, our showrunner, is brilliant and a very good leader. We were really lucky in that it was a healthy culture.

**ZP:** Coming back to New York has to be a kind of culture shock.

**CD:** I don't know what's next. Which is great and kind of terrifying. **ZP:** Take your time. Love it.

**CD:** I do love it! I love all the crafting involved.

**ZP:** I'll never forget your craft parties, when you had all that space to entertain.

**CD:** That's the sad thing about not having a loft: There's no party space. That was a different era.

ZP: It was an age before social media. The value system in the world

was different. When I think back, it was weirdly naive, but we romanticize it.

**CD:** How could we not? That's what people do. But I recently dropped out of social media. I felt this incredible pressure to participate, and it was fun until it stopped being fun. **ZP:** Did it feel like a burden? **CD:** It was starting to encroach a little bit too much onto my intimate mental space. You know what I mean? I would think, "Oh, is that Instagrammable or not?" I was starting to see everything through that filter, and I didn't like it. It just got to be too loud.

**ZP:** We're also living in an algorithm, which is weird. **CD:** We have something on *Homeland* called Spy Camp, and every year we would spend a week in a club in Georgetown and interview people in politics and journalism. It was a way for the writers to brainstorm and start to build a season. We got some amazing insight, but there

was a lot of talk about data



"I think it's amazing that we've managed to maintain the integrity of the show for this long. We have never dialed it in." "When we were kids, having a camera was taboo. Pulling a camera out at someone's party was weird. Now privacy is a luxury." —Zac Posen collection, and it spooked me. **ZP:** It is spooky, but you have the choice not to be part of it—though you're also always dealing with honing your quote-unquote brand. **CD:** It's a funny thing. The other day Cyrus said out of nowhere, "If I had a brand, I would name it 'Trouble.'" I was like, "Okay, first of all, good one." But also, really? **ZP: Having a personal brand is such a weird, funny thing.** 

**CD:** It's a new idea that didn't exist when we were kids. **ZP:** When we were kids, having a camera was taboo. Pulling a camera out at someone's party was weird. Now privacy is a luxury.

**CD:** It's almost become a status thing—which I'm just thinking about and not making a judgment. I say I've dropped out, but what does that mean? **Gaby Hoffmann inspires me because she has a flip phone.** It's a pain in the ass: I can't send her a photo, and she's hard to get sometimes, but when she's with me she is fully present.

**ZP:** When I was coming here, one of my questions was about when we met and another was about your relationship to fashion. I remember for Christmas, or it might have been your birthday, giving you this snap dress. It was one of my earliest pieces.

**CD:** I still have that. It's one of my favorites of all time. My other favorite dress of all time is the René Ricard dress.

**ZP:** That was an amazing dress. Our good friend René Ricard was an artist, poet, and writer. When I first moved out of my parents' living room and into my studio, I don't know what possessed me, but he wanted to paint and write his poetry on fabric, so I stretched fabric across the length of this industrial space below Canal Street. There were no walls. He just did this whole long poem. The fact that I cut into it was kind of nuts. I really should have kept it as a scroll. **CD:** People still also talk about the dress you designed for me for the 2016 Met Gala. I mean, they talk about it as one of the most remarkable things that I've ever done in my life. And I'm sort of like, "Well, I have an amazing friend." But I was glad that we got to share that. **ZP:** You were a really good sport. That dress was heavy.

**CD:** I was careful not to imbibe any liquids, because the bathroom situation was not easy. I remember I went in there before it was too crowded, and Uma Thurman was in the bathroom and she helped me. **ZP:** She was the right person. That's who you want in that moment. **CD:** It was great on the red carpet, but it really came alive inside the museum. People's mouths would just fall open, it was so pretty. **ZP:** It was an iconic moment, and you brought it to life. You've been part of a lot of things that have merged culture and fashion.

**CD:** Fashion and Hollywood started to merge in a serious way when I came of age. Armani started it; he partnered with certain actors. I won't name all the people... And there were no stylists. You did your own styling. You got a dress, and you did your own hair and makeup. There also wasn't this proliferation of award ceremonies. It wasn't an industry, and now it is. I remember, for *Romeo* + *Juliet*, Baz Luhrmann—who is a visionary and very interested in aesthetics—partnered with Prada, so Miuccia Prada did all my clothes for that press tour. That was amazing. **ZP:** And that was new. **I'm so glad we lived in that time**.

**CD:** It feels antiquated now. But we're evolving, and that's always a good thing. **I** 

ON MODEL: LOUIS VUITTON DRESS, BROOCH, AND HANDBAG; STEPHEN RUSSELL EARRINGS; RIGHT ARM: BULGARI BRACELET (\$35,600); **DE GRISOGONO** RING (\$14,500); *LEFT ARM:* **LALAOUNIS** BRACELET (\$25,500); **LOREN NICOLE** BRACELETS (FROM \$4,500); **BULGARI** RING (\$5,850). *ON TABLE, FROM LEFT:* **MARZO** BRACELET (\$27,500); **DAVID WEBB** BROOCH (\$135,000); VERDURA BRACELET (\$22,500); LALAOUNIS BRACELET (\$30,300); MARCHAK AT SIEGELSON RING; CARTIER RING (\$11,200); SIEGELSON EARRINGS; DAVID WEBB RING (\$58,000); SYLVIE CORBELIN RING (\$80,000); BELPERRON AT SIEGELSON EARRINGS; DOLCE & GABBANA HANDBAG AND CHAIN (\$875); BELPERRON CUFF (\$285,000, SOLD AS PAIR); JENNIFER FISHER CUFF (\$795); SYLVIE CORBELIN BROOCH (\$8,000). BACKGROUND: DE GOURNAY SILK TREE WALLPAPER

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### Polly want a PATERN Sometimes restraint is for the birds.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY **JESSICA CRAIG-MARTIN** STYLED BY **DANIA LUCERO ORTIZ** 

*ON LEFT MODEL*: **ETRO** SHIRT (\$1,260), TROUSERS (\$1,780), AND SCARF (\$1,910); **DOLCE & GABBANA** SANDALS (\$4,845); **SEAMAN SCHEPPS** BRACELETS (FROM \$13,300); **LALAOUNIS** RINGS (FROM \$7,340); **GUCCI** HANDBAG (\$2,490). *ON RIGHT MODEL*: **CHIARA BONI LA PETITE ROBE** JACKET (\$395) AND JUMPSUIT (\$795); **HERMES** SCARF (\$415); *RIGHT ARM*: **BOUCHERON PARIS** BRACELET (\$39,500); **DE GRISOGONO** RING (\$15,400); *LEFT ARM*: **STEPHEN RUSSELL** BRACELETS; **VAN CLEEF & ARPELS AT SIEGELSON** BRACELET; **BELPERRON AT SIEGELSON** RING; **HERMES** HANDBAG (\$9,800). *BACKGROUND*: **DE GOURNAY** SUMMER NIGHT BLOSSOM WALLPAPER



ON LEFT MODEL: ZIMMERMANN TOP (\$895) AND PANTS (\$795); AQUAZZURA PUMPS (\$750); BELPERRON EAR CLIPS (\$32,500); SYLVIE CORBELIN NECKLACE (\$60,000); PROUNIS BRACELET (\$19,800); STEPHEN RUSSELL BANGLE AND PINKIE RING; JENNIFER FISHER RING (\$325). ON RIGHT MODEL: FRS FOR RESTLESS SLEEPERS TOP (\$991) AND PANTS (\$890); MANOLO BLAHNIK SANDALS (\$825); HERMES SCRUNCHIE SCARF (\$395); LALAOUNIS NECKLACE (\$54,600); JEWELRY, FROM TOP: DAVID YURMAN BRACELET (\$12,000); BELPERRON CUFF (\$52,500); LALAOUNIS BRACELET (\$30,300); TIFFANY & CO. RING (\$16,000); TOM FORD HANDBAG (\$2,690). BACKGROUND: DE GOURNAY AMAZONIA WALLPAPER

> ON LEFT MODEL: EMILIO PUCCI TROUSERS (\$1,585); RIGHT ARM: VHERNIER BRACELET (\$74,300); BELPERRON CUFF (\$285,000, SOLD AS PAIR); POMELLATO PINKIE RINGS (\$2,350 EACH); DIOR FINE JEWELRY RING; LEFT ARM: CARTIER BRACELET (\$10,400) AND WATCH (\$33,300); DAVID YURMAN RING (\$7,900); BOTTEGA VENETA HANDBAG (\$2,480). ON RIGHT MODEL: PACO RABANNE TOP (\$670) AND SKIRT (\$3,260); LEFT ARM: DAVID WEBB BRACELET (\$135,000); JENNIFER FISHER RING (\$250); RIGHT ARM: VERDURA BRACELET (\$22,500); JENNIFER FISHER CUFF (\$295); RETROUVAI RING (\$5,795); MOYNAT HANDBAG (\$5,800). BACKGROUND: FLAVOR PAPER FLOWER OF LOVE WALLPAPER

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FENDI DRESS (\$3,690); DAVID WEBB NECKLACE (\$195,000) AND RING (LEFT HAND, \$58,000); IPPOLITA BANGLES (\$2,995 EACH); POMELLATO RINGS (FROM \$1,750); MIU MIU HANDBAG (\$2,200). BACKGROUND: DE GOURNAY BAHAMIAN BEACH WALLPAPER. FOR DETAILS SEE PAGE 126 Hain hay Batan Butlan for

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Hair by Peter Butler for Leonor Greyl at Tracey Mattingly. Makeup by Angela Di Carlo. Nails by Elle at Tracey Mattingly. Set design by Todd Wiggins at the Magnet Agency.

C

# diana& charles&

#### A new Broadway musical puts Britain's royal family in the spotlight.

BY ELIZABETH HOLMES PHOTOGRAPH BY JASON SCHMIDT STYLED BY MARYKATE BOYLAN

ow does one prepare to portray Diana, Princess of Wales, on Broadway? Gyrotonics, for starters. When Jeanna de Waal landed the title role in *Diana: A True Musical Story*, she immersed herself in YouTube videos of the royal icon. "She's like a gazelle, the way she moves," de Waal says of the five-foot-10 princess. To prepare for the show's debut, at the Longacre Theatre on March 31, de Waal, a mere fivefoot-five, devoted herself to the Pilatesesque workout, hoping that the stretching would give her the posture of a princess. With that, and the platforms hidden in her heels, de Waal says that come showtime "I will be significantly taller."

De Waal originated the role in *Diana*'s run at the La Jolla Playhouse last spring. I snapped up a ticket to see it there amid a mostly older crowd of retirees. The skepticism I sensed at intermission was gone in Act 2, replaced with laughs, gasps, and sniffles. And we all leaped to our feet for the curtain call. The New York production has eight new songs and a reworked first act, sharpening the story of Diana's entry into royalty. It will undoubtedly attract a younger audience—the ones who follow Kate and Meghan on Instagram and know about Queen Elizabeth's life via *The Crown*—and serve as a reminder that there was no drama like Diana drama.

Written by Joe DiPietro and David Bryan (keyboardist for Bon Jovi), *Diana* is a bold celebration of a complicated figure. Based on Diana's own interviews and scored with thumping pop-rock, the show centers on her tumultuous marriage, that famously lopsided love triangle; one scene fills the stage with two beds. Yet it doesn't vilify any of the parties. De Waal credits Erin Davie, who plays Camilla Parker Bowles, for her protectiveness of her character in table reads. Roe Hartrampf (Prince Charles) skirts the limit of believability as a future king considerably more handsome than the real one. Tony winner Judy Kaye anchors the cast as a stern Elizabeth.

William Ivey Long designed 39 outfits for de Waal, showcasing Diana's sartorial savvy. "I've never been so aggressive in trying to get a job," says the Tony-winning costumer. His creations are tributes, not copies, meant to make Diana's period garb look attractive today. "I steered clear of shoulder pads," he says. The most memorable garment is a nod to the black off-the-shoulder dress Diana wore on the evening that Charles admitted his affair with Camilla on national television. It's known as the Revenge Dress, but DiPietro and Bryan have a more colorful description. "Here's the Fuck You Dress," Bryan says in his best New Jersey honk.

You can practically feel eyebrows rising across the pond. But the show understands that in America we have a different relationship with the royal family. We're able to enjoy the spectacle of the monarchy without it defining our national identity (or draining our government's budget). We fought for our independence from the crown, just as the late princess did. As director Christopher Ashley says, "In America, to many, many people, Diana is a real hero." **Tac** 



Story, opening March 31.

# camila&elizabeth

A BANK

R BY FRANCIS CATANESE FOR R+CC LS BY GINA VIVIAND AT TRACEY M ON CAMILLA, MICHAEL KORS COLLECTION DRESS (\$2,290); MIKIMOTO EARRINGS (\$10,260) AND NECKLACE. ON CHARLES, RALPH LAUREN BLAZER (\$2,095) AND SHIRT (\$350); JOHN VARVATOS PANTS (\$498); JAEGER-LECOULTRE WATCH (\$7,300); DAVID YURMAN RING (\$950). ON ELIZABETH, ST. JOHN JACKET (\$1,595) AND SKIRT (\$495); VERDURA VINTAGE EAR CLIPS (\$41,500); MIKIMOTO NECKLACES; BELPERRON VINTAGE BROOCH (\$185,000); JAEGER-LECOULTRE WATCH (\$29,900). ON DIANA, TORY BURCH DRESS (\$498); DAVID YURMAN EARRINGS (\$1,600); VERDURA VINTAGE NECKLACE (\$37,500); OSCAR HEYMAN RING (\$170,000). FOR DETAILS SEE PAGE 126







emember the Met Costume Institute show "Schiaparelli and Prada: Impossible Conversations"? This story is like that: a conversation, but about a house, not clothes.

Like the one at the Met, our conversation is conducted across time. It takes place between two preeminent designers—a decorator and an architect, one living and one no longer—deep in the Connecticut woods. If we listen closely we will learn things we didn't know about both.

The participants are Stephen Sills, who sits at the top of the interior design world, and Charles Gwathmey, one of America's greatest architects from his explosion on the scene in 1965 up to his death, too soon, in 2009. The site, which does so much to shape the house, is a secluded 40-plus acres (around eight of which are under the control of landscape designer Deborah Nevins) near the town of Kent; it has its own waterfall. Sills and Gwathmey are talking to each other through the medium of this house, but they also have a message for us about the potential for the modernist architecture of a different era to express a humanistic side, a connection with nature—and about what some decoration of our own can add to this story.

The reason any of this is happening is the great patronage on the part of the owners, Ben and Donna Rosen. Ben is chairman emeritus at Compaq, Donna a former gallerist who is now a trustee of the Whitney Museum of American Art. They are philanthropists and art collectors. They are young in mentality and personal style. Both are from New Orleans, though Donna carries much more of the South with her today. They love Litchfield County, but they had sort of accepted, after a long search that included Bill Blass's property, that they would never find anything of suitably modern architectural character there. Then in 2002, when a real estate broker said, "You don't like the Gwathmey house with the waterfall?," they realized no one had shown them the one house they might have built if it didn't already exist. Donna and Ben went right over; they didn't even get down the driveway before falling in love.

"What I love about this house is that it's based on New England architecture," Donna says. "Gwathmey's work, especially the smaller houses like this one, has a sculptural quality, like an Amish barn. When it goes up in scale, something is lost."

Enter Sills, a friend who had done the couple's New York apartment. For a decorator, Sills operates with a deep knowledge of architecture, and he is passionate about the kind of modernism, rooted in early-20th-century Vienna and Le Corbusier, that this building (and everything Gwathmey did) is about. He was an admirer of Gwathmey's, having worked with him early in his career on an apartment for New York entrepreneurs Nan and Stephen Swid. "I was worried that a famous architect was going to be really offended at this **>>** 





no-name decorator from Oklahoma wanting to redo everything," Sills recalls. "But he couldn't have been more charming."

The Falls, as the Rosens' house is known, has had only one other owner since it was built in 1983. "When I went up to see it," Sills says, "I realized what a jewel the house was. The way Charlie placed it on the property and focused this round room up to a natural waterfall was brilliant. I said, 'Donna, I want to do that house." He went to the property one afternoon and sketched his plans out in less than an hour. "The vocabulary was already set up by the great architecture," he says. "You just had to follow it."

What Sills means by "follow it" is antithetical to the way most buildings of this school of modernism have been finished inside. "The big mistake in Gwathmey houses is that people put in angular furniture, which is the wrong note because the architecture is angular," he says. His instinct for decorating the round room was to use beautiful lines, some curves, and softness. "I started with that big kidney-shaped sofa facing inward toward the fireplace, and the rest of the furniture looking out to the view," he says. "Most

important was that everything be at eye level with that curved wall." Lightness and sensuality arrive in the form of a pair of Italian wicker chairs, something surprising in a Gwathmey environment but not unusual for Sills. The appearance of wicker front and center in the living room was a secret tool used by Marella Agnelli to add informality to palatial interiors, and Tom Scheerer does the same thing today. "Well, it's in the country," Sills says, irritated by too much

#### "The vocabulary was already set up by the great architecture. You just had to follow it."

analysis. But I suspect he knows that these innocent chairs, with their backdrop of green, are necessary to secure, in one gesture, the slightly Japanese connection with nature that runs through this house.

What would the architect think? Sills's experience notwithstanding, Gwathmey was known to be hard on decorators. I worked on a project with him and found this to be the case. He was interested in purity and wanted maximum control over the result. For this reason many Gwathmey projects have not aged as well as they might have. The interiors have had a tendency to date faster than the sculptural forms of the architecture, which obscures his buildings' excellence.

Every Impossible Conversation should have a surprise ending, and ours will be the voice of architect Will Meyer, a protégé of Gwathmey's. "He was as rigorous a modernist as there ever was, and he doesn't get the credit he deserves today," Meyer says. "There aren't architects like him anymore. He cared about details and design more than anyone."

Sills, who may be the only decorator Gwathmey ever liked, is just as generous and even more concise: "He was exceptionally gifted."



Chairs by Josef Hoffmann and Kaare Klint have a conversation across the former dining table, now a library. In the background a Jasper Johns print and a Danish ceramic vessel by Klaus Titze. *Opposite, from top:* A guestroom with built-ins; Donna and Ben Rosen with their dog, Tallulah Bankhead Rosen.

### WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

Two lives collided in a luxury hotel suite. One, a black maintenance worker, is dead. The other, a wealthy white banker, is the accused. Beyond that, no one can agree on much of anything. Town & Country goes deep inside a shocking, baffling tragedy. BY EZRA MARCUS

The Malliouhana resort is located on Anguilla, a British Overseas Territory in the Caribbean.

he man stands in the park, reenacting a scene from his own life.

He is in the park with his family, and they are pretending to be themselves, doing things they normally do: playing games, walking on the grass. But they are not themselves. And this is not normal. But his lawyer said it was a good idea, so here they are.

In the middle of a sea of green athletic fields, dense woods, playgrounds, tennis courts, and a pond, he stands in the shade of a gazebo behind a field where his children compete in sports—a field where, as a boy, he himself competed, a field he knows better than his own back yard. His two daughters fling a lacrosse ball back and forth, back and forth.

"Lacrosse is like a religion around here," the man says. All three of his kids play in lacrosse leagues after school.

There's a photographer taking pictures of them, and the family has an easy rapport as they stand before the camera. "Should we smile?" asks Kallie, the man's wife—a good question, all things considered. The photographer is taking their picture because of what happened when they were on vacation in the Caribbean and the man, Gavin Scott Hapgood, was accused of causing another man to die. Now they want people to see that despite that awful nightmare they are a good family. This photo shoot is one small part of what they see as their fight for survival. The man, who goes by Scott, met Kallie freshman year at Dartmouth. They have been married for 17 years. Scott, who just turned 45, has worked in the same industry, finance, for the same company, UBS, for more than two decades. Kallie, 44, is head of investor relations at the private equity firm Gridiron Capital. They chose this town, Darien, Connecticut, the ninth-wealthiest town in the United States—the town where Scott grew up—to raise their three kids in, two girls, ages 13 and 11, and a boy age nine.

The TV show Billions portrays commuter-rail Connecticut as the

province of swashbuckling mandarins who inhale sushi and guzzle Macallan between bouts of corporate warfare. And in real life, things to do in Darien include the annual Ox Ridge Hunt Club Charity Horse Show (established 1931) or a round of golf at the members-only Wee Burn Country Club (founded 1896). The Hapgoods live in a different world from all that, albeit an adjacent one. Darien is a family town where car-seated minivans share driveway space with Porsche 911s and Audi A8s. People raise kids hands-on, in stately old homes, and spend time with other parents. Social life revolves around Little League and private school fundraising galas and the PTA, with harried stops at Shake Shack in between.

You can plan all you want. Scott's life has moved along tracks grooved deep over decades: from the suburbs to the Ivys and back to the suburbs, a family and a job and a big house. But there are so many humans running around the planet, and sometimes two of them collide unexpectedly, at just the wrong angle in the wrong millisecond, and it causes an explosion. That's what happened on vacation in Anguilla: Scott ended up in a hotel room 1,800 miles from the town where he grew up, and in that room was a stranger, a younger man named Kenny Mitchel, and pretty soon the other man was dead.

Scott Hapgood's rectilinear face rests on a tree-trunk physique maintained by the doubles paddle tennis league he and Kallie compete in (and dominate). He

was a first team All Ivy defensive end and a second team All Ivy lacrosse player. Today he's a tanned, six-foot-three avatar of suburban masculinity, with a Mt. Rushmore brow, thin lips, and cropped sandy hair, in button-ups and khakis and breathable mesh loafers. His handshake is firm, even though the pinkie of his right hand juts out at a strange angle, the result of an old sports injury. Nothing else is out of place. In photos Scott appears every inch the Ivy League alpha male that his résumé suggests.

In person the stereotype falls away. Dark circles have appeared under his eyes. He speaks in clipped sentences, with visible tightness at the corners of his mouth. A week before the shoot, at a grim press conference, he called his life a "living nightmare." Only around his family does the pre-Anguilla Scott emerge. As he stands within the force field of their affection, his warm smile melts away the tension curdling behind his jaw.

It's been hard for the kids to process what they witnessed—to be witnesses, in fact, giving statements to the police in what would become the investigation of their father. They have been in therapy. Scott and Kallie have been open about what happened, and what's happening now. "The kids are holding up pretty darn well, but there's little things you notice," Kallie says. At the moment, here in the park,

they seem to be in a good mood.

"I promised them ice cream afterward," says Scott, smiling.

enny Mitchel was born on the Caribbean island of Dominica, where he grew up with two brothers. His parents split when he was young. "He was their favorite," says a close friend, who spoke on condition of anonymity to protect his job. "He was very much loved by his family."

After his father moved to Anguilla to pursue business as a contractor, Kenny often traveled back and forth between the two islands. In 2015 he moved to Anguilla for good, to follow in his father's footsteps.

He made friends almost immediately. He loved cooking, eating, dancing, and making music. Kenny could throw a barbecue with no warning, and fill up a yard with people at the drop of a hat, the friend says. "He would say, 'I'm going to grill up some chicken, invite everybody to come. He loved to see people having a good time.""

A year after he moved to Anguilla, Kenny met a woman named Emily Garlick at a food festival where she was working. He loved food, and Emily caught his eye; he hung around her booth all day, smiling at her. She flirted, told him to go away, thinking he was "too small, too little." But her friend put Emily's number in Kenny's phone, "and that was it."

Kenny was wiry, with dark skin and a gentle, handsome face. Garlick—white,

British, red-haired, blue-eyed, her face an ocean of freckles—fell hard. "He was caring. He was passionate—about everything: his music, his food, me, his family, how he looked," she says. "He loved to look sharp, funny, goofy. He loved to dance. He was a bit silly. A good one."

She recalls one of their early dates, when they spent a weekend together on the beach, and he wrote her a song on the spot. She remembers it perfectly:

When you look into the sky, Have no wings but wish I could fly Not gonna lie, I lost a few close friends And I'm not afraid to cry, Beautiful girl on the beach has got some beautiful eyes...



"My husband is a loving man. He's never been involved in any sort of charge. All we wanted to do was take a vacation with our children."

—Kallie Hapgood

After two dates they were a couple. "Four months later," she says, "we were pregnant." They moved in together. Mylie—a combination of "Emily" and Kenny's nickname, Mylez—was born in February 2017.

Kenny was obsessed with his newborn daughter, Garlick says. "He was great—he knew his responsibilities and he did them. I've got videos of him playing with her all the time... He did feed [her] through the night. He changed nappies."

Supporting his family was important to Kenny, but it wasn't

always easy. His father made good money as a contractor, and Kenny had followed him into that line of work, taking on odd building jobs. Then, in September 2017, Hurricane Irma wiped out homes and caused millions of dollars in damage on Anguilla. Malliouhana, one of Anguilla's preeminent luxury hotels, was hit badly. Kenny got a job there as a maintenance worker, repairing broken railings, repainting walls, and doing electrical work. He was earning around \$2,000 a month and he loved the work, according to those who knew him, and he began to allow himself to dream of bigger things: college abroad, his own landscaping business.

Still, his relationship with Garlick was often tumultuous. They argued, broke up, and made up. Love for Mylie held them together, until it didn't.

On March 25, 2019, less than three weeks before he died, Kenny was arrested and charged with raping Garlick.

At the time of his death he was out on bail, with a protective order keeping him from seeing Garlick or his daughter. Garlick now flatly denies that he raped her, and the facts of that incident remain murky. "He never laid a hand on me," she told *Town & Country*, adding that Kenny was never once violent with her. "He didn't know how to be violent," she said. Still, she later confirmed that she had been the one who called the police that day, leading to his arrest. After several requests, she declined to elaborate further.

Whatever had happened, she said, was between her and Kenny. Plus, "It didn't define him. He didn't deserve to die."

*n* the night of April 12, 2019, Kenny went out with his close friend, who recalls his being in good spirits, talking about the future. He mentioned that he had just gotten paid, and paid his bills, earlier that day.

"You said to me when you left my car the night before your passing 'Aye frère, I love you, eh," the friend wrote online shortly after Kenny died (the two often spoke Dominican Creole with each other). "At least you passed knowing that I loved you and appreciated you the same." nguilla has dozens of beaches, but Meads Bay Beach, a cartoonishly perfect milelong strip of pale sand on the western tip of the island, is where most visitors stay. They book rooms in one of its upscale hotels, the easternmost of which is Malliouhana, a cluster of bone-white buildings perched on a rocky bluff. It opened in 1985, and its spa and world class French-Caribbean restaurant helped spur an explosion in luxury tourism to the island. After closing in 2011 for a multimillion-dollar renovation, it was reopened four years ago by Auberge Resorts, an international

> hospitality management company that operates 19 properties on three continents. In high season a single room at Malliouhana can cost \$1,000 a night; a suite runs upward of \$1,800.

> Scott and Kallie knew none of this when they booked their seven-night stay. Amid the constant logistical tangle of school, sports, and work, the Hapgoods had little time to debate vacation destinations. They went to a travel agent and picked Malliouhana at random from a menu of options, as if "throwing a dart at a dartboard," Scott would say later.

> In addition to nice hotels and pristine beaches, Anguilla, population 15,000, is known for its friendly locals. The crime rate is low compared with other Caribbean islands. People leave their homes unlocked. Tourism is the economy, and guests are greeted with smiles. Many are American, and, as is the case at most Caribbean resorts, nearly all are white.

> The first thing that happens when you set foot in Malliouhana is someone hands you a rum punch. Breezes blow fragrant air through the open lobby, past sea-green columns, between potted palms, over mirrored floor tiles, past framed tropical scenes by the Haitian painter Jasmin Joseph. A smiling attendant leads you onto the veranda, where sunburned pink flesh sinks into pristine white couches. Beneath you the ocean stretches for miles.

> The Hapgoods wasted no time enjoying Malliouhana on their first morning. They picked their way to the beach for

an early swim, down a narrow staircase hewn from the cliff face with a plastic guardrail. Staffers in uniform handed out sunscreen and towels.

Kenny was supposed to start work at 8 that morning, but according to Scott's lawyer, Juliya Arbisman, Kenny's supervisor, Eduardo Urquiza, later told police that Kenny reported two hours late, around the time the Hapgoods were swimming.

After their swim, the family walked back up to the hotel for lunch; Kallie and the kids ordered virgin daiquiris. Most of the resort's employees are native Anguillans or transplants from other Caribbean islands. They wear straw hats and striped T-shirts and toothpaste-green board shorts, filling drinks, folding towels.



"He was caring. He was passionate—about everything: his music, his food, me, his family, how he looked. He was a bit silly. A good one."

—Emily Garlick

They smile knowingly at the roosters that peck food off plates, and they ask guests if they'd like a Carib beer, or perhaps they might want to try a lychee?

Several Malliouhana employees said they recalled seeing Kenny working by the pool on the first day of the Hapgoods' visit, and when they greeted him he seemed normal. One employee remembered seeing the Hapgoods and Kenny in the pool area around the same time at midday—the Hapgoods were eating lunch; he was painting

a wall. They were separated by perhaps 30 yards, and she didn't see any interaction between them.

Kallie checked out snorkeling equipment after lunch, and the family swam amid schools of blue tang and parrotfish, five blond heads bobbing in the surf, the tangle of their overbooked suburban lives dissolving into the sea.

Afterward, Scott and the kids trudged back up to the pool, while Kallie went to return the snorkeling equipment. Sleepy from the afternoon sun, Scott decided to return to the room. The Hapgoods were in room 48–49, a pair of adjoining suites configured into a larger suite with two bedrooms connected to a central sitting area. The suite was in a one-story building at the edge of the property, about 100 yards from the pool.

Scott walked along a footpath, winding through a manicured grove of papaya and hibiscus. Black roosters strutted on the grass, and emerald lizards scurried into the underbrush.

According to Arbisman, Urquiza, Kenny's direct supervisor, scheduled Kenny to fix fans in a restaurant kitchen in the afternoon. But for two hours he was unaccounted for, and he never completed the assignment.

Scott flopped down on the king-size bed, flicked on the TV, and found the Masters golf tournament. Not long afterward, his daughters returned.

A few minutes later, Scott heard a knock at the door.

his is what Scott says happened next: When he opened the door he saw a hotel employee—black, slight of build, and several inches shorter than himself. A man he would later learn was Kenny Mitchel. Kenny explained that he was there to fix a broken sink, Scott said. Scott hadn't reported a broken sink, but the guy was wearing a uniform, and he let him in.

He led Kenny to the bathroom, then went to the room his daughters were in to let them know someone else was there. He heard a noise behind him. He turned around. There was Kenny, he says, who pulled out a knife and said, "Give me your money. Give me your wallet."

Scott says he told Kenny to calm down, but Kenny held the knife up and repeated, "Give me your money. Give me your wallet." Scott grabbed Kenny's arm and wrist with both hands to get the knife from him. The men fought.

The brawl moved into the bathroom of room 49. Scott ended up on top of Kenny, straddling him on the cold tile of the bathroom floor, his arms pressing on the smaller man's chest. His daughters ran for help, yelling that their father had been attacked.

Geshaune Clarke, 27, was working at the Malliouhana as a bellhop, his station a few yards from the front desk. This is what Clarke says happened next: He saw two children approach the desk and

> speak frantically to the attendant there. He couldn't make out what they were saying, but his supervisor emerged and told him to go to room 48. He rushed there with Urquiza. Clarke found the door open; it had been propped ajar in a specific way that only employees use.

Nobody was in the room.

The door to the adjoining room was locked. Clarke says he heard several thumps from the other side of the door. He told Urquiza, who had a master keycard, to unlock room 49. Clarke says that a later review of records showed that this key swipe took place at 3:53 p.m., and that he was the first one in the room. He saw a trail of blood leading from the bathroom, a few feet from the entrance. He looked inside, and his eyes locked with Scott's. Then he looked down and saw Kenny beneath Scott on the floor.

Kenny and Clarke were friends. They socialized and made music together, sometimes hanging out at Waves, a beach bar managed by Emily, Kenny's girlfriend. Scott's right arm was over Kenny's chest, holding him down. His left forearm was pressed down over the right side of Kenny's neck and collarbone, according to Clarke.

"He came at me with a knife," Scott said.

Urquiza immediately went over and pressed down on Kenny's limp hand and foot. He wanted to demonstrate that he was there to help Scott restrain the man.

"He came at me with a knife," Scott said again. Clarke didn't see Kenny move at all. Scott continued talking, explaining that Kenny had asked him and his daughters for money. "You need to get that knife," he told Clarke.

Clarke walked past the bathroom and down the few steps into the bedroom, where he found the knife on the ground next to the TV. It was Kenny's Leatherman utility knife, a tool he used regularly in his maintenance duties. The blade was half folded, in a V-shape; Leatherman blades lock into place when extended, meaning it was either intentionally partially folded or had been jarred by an impact. He doesn't recall seeing blood on the blade.

Clarke placed the knife on a table and returned to the bathroom. He didn't see Kenny moving, or even drawing breath. He asked Scott to get off the prostrate man. According to Clarke, Scott refused, replying that he had just been attacked. "I do understand,"



Anguillan came

to America and killed

a wealthy white father. Would he be allowed

to leave on bail?

Clarke recalls responding, "but you need to allow him some airway breathing space."

When Clarke had first entered the room, he says, Scott seemed shellshocked, off-kilter, wired by adrenaline. But when they asked him to get off Kenny, he recalls, "everything changed." Scott grew angry. He refused to budge and said that Kenny was breathing just fine.

"I can feel his stomach moving," he said.

"You could stay on him for restraint if you like," Clarke shot back,

"but you need to get off of his airways." Scott barked at him, asking if he knew what it felt like for someone to attack him in his room on vacation and ask for money. "He was rambling a lot," Clarke recalls. "He had the floor most of the time, you know?"

Scott set conditions, according to Clarke: He would get up if the police or security came, or if they could find something to tie Kenny up with. Scott later told T OC, "I was repeatedly saying we need to get him into handcuffs because I was frightened he had more weapons on him."

After they explained that they were hotel employees, and that Kenny worked under Urquiza, the manager, Scott told them that he couldn't trust other workers in uniform who might have been affiliated with Kenny. Clarke and Urquiza kept trying to convince him to give Kenny more breathing room, but Scott resisted, reiterating that he wouldn't do so until Kenny had been tied up or the police had arrived.

Clarke was fed up. He had had some medical training for a part-time job as a dental assistant. He knew basic emergency protocols and could see that Kenny was in distress. The man was struggling to breathe, his breath coming out raspy, fluid seemingly pooling in his esophagus. Clarke raised his voice for the first time, demanding that Scott get off Kenny. Scott shot back, asking Clarke to imag-

ine himself in his position—how would his daughters feel if he got off Kenny? How could he understand?

Clarke responded that he did have a son, so he could understand. He still wanted Scott to get off Kenny.

"I don't want to speak to you anymore," Scott said. "You need to leave." This upset Clarke; Urquiza gestured for him to calm down, and he did. Scott repeated that he wanted Clarke out of his face. So Clarke left the room and went to look for duct tape to restrain Kenny with. Clarke was so angry by this point that he considered grabbing a twoby-four to whack Scott so that he'd get off his friend. But he didn't, and after a few fruitless minutes of searching he returned to the room.

"Who are you?" Scott asked, looking at Urquiza. "And who is he?" he asked, meaning Kenny. Urquiza explained that Kenny worked for him. "I really don't trust you guys," Scott repeated. By this point Clarke and Urquiza had been in the room for around 10 minutes. Kenny shifted his head and rasped, "Can I speak?"

Scott looked down at him. "You don't have a fucking thing to say," he said, and pressed down hard with his forearm. Scott told  $T \mathscr{C}$ , "I could feel him breathing beneath me the entire time."

That was the last time Clarke saw Kenny move.

Just then, Kallie burst through the door. When she saw the scene in the bathroom, she was shocked, and she asked Scott if he was hurt. Scott said he was okay.

> Kallie turned to Clarke and Urquiza, demanding to know where the police were. "If you guys don't get the cops down here, this is going to be all over the United States news," she said, holding her phone.

> She asked Scott if she should record a video of the scene. "No need to," Scott said.

Around this time, which Clarke places at somewhere between 4:15 and 4:25, two security guards entered the room. Urquiza asked one of them to help restrain Kenny, while the other went outside to speak with the police on the phone.

When Scott saw the towering security guard, he said, "You're a big guy. You can hold him now." He stood, left the bathroom, and went to the other bathroom, in 48, to wash the blood from his wounds.

Clarke entered the room where the security guard was kneeling next to Kenny. They rolled him onto his side, hoping to make it easier for him to breathe. Blood and saliva dribbled from his mouth. They could see he was breathing, but barely. Clarke felt for a pulse—it was faint, and slow.

The police arrived two to three minutes later. Kallie would tell the *New York Post* that an officer looked at her and said, of Kenny, "We know him. He is a bad guy. He was just in our custody"—an apparent reference to his arrest for raping Garlick.

Clarke helped EMTs load Kenny onto a stretcher. Clarke asked Kenny to give him his side of the story, but he got no

response. Clarke didn't see any breath fogging up the plastic mask over his friend's mouth.

A few hours later, Kenny was declared dead.

cott was treated for his injuries at the hospital—he later released photos of himself showing bloody lacerations on his nose, ear, and chest. He gave a statement to the police and spent the night at the police station.

Malliouhana got a room for the Hapgoods at the Four Seasons Hotel, on the far side of Meads Bay Beach. The next day, Scott recalls, Malliouhana's general manager, Kapil Sharma, met the Hapgoods in person, apologized, and said he couldn't "imagine what we were going through, especially because he also has children."

The Hapgoods spent as much time together as possible over the next two days. On April 16 Scott was arrested. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]



"This family endures a nightmare brought on by the resort hiring someone with a RAPE charge and restraining order."
# am. A fashion designer's life philosophy writ large, in heaping platters of prosciutto.

BY HOWIE KAHN

For Brunello Cucinelli, style is a dish best served al dente.

Conversation with Brunello Cucinelli, Italy's patron saint of cashmere, isn't so different from the banquets he throws during his semiannual men's and women's presentations in Florence and Milan. He hops from topic to topic in a way that reflects his approach to serving a meal, one minute rhapsodizing about his favorite pastas, the next about the nobility of cultivating precious yarns. The connecting thread is an appreciation "for the beauty of the world," which was a credo attributed to the Roman emperor Hadrian that has become gospel for Cucinelli and his acolytes.

"Everything you need is right here," the designer says.

When he shows a new collection, he's not just inviting guests to take in the work. A luxury completist and a food lover of the highest order, he wants them to embrace his omnivorous gusto for the finer things in life. At the Palazzo Corsini in Florence during Pitti Uomo, or at his Milan headquarters during Fashion Week, they are welcomed into a world of abundance—catered multitier spreads that look like Old Master paintings, if said Old Masters spent months in residency among Italy's top purveyors of meats and cheeses, and some of its finest chefs. Look to your right: rosettes of mortadella. Left: salami studded and buffed like terrazzo. On the buffet's horizon: waves of puntarelle with anchovy, glimmering green and gold from olive oil pressed on Cucinelli's own estate in Solomeo.

Even though he is feeding fashion's elite, from buyers to his highest-net-worth customers (tech titans who rely on his cashmere with a dependence most of us feel only for oxygen), Cucinelli truly believes that he's serving sustenance of cultural and culinary significance for hundreds of his closest friends. "I'm showcasing my country to people from around the world. It's important to give everyone more than just a small bite," he says. Few designers mix food with fashion as seamlessly. Sure, Giorgio Armani has his Ristorante on Fifth Avenue; Ralph Lauren has Polo Bar nearby, plus restaurants in Paris, Chicago, and London; and Gucci is opening a new Osteria da Massimo Bottura on Rodeo Drive this month, following the success of the original location in Florence, but for Cucinelli the food is of a piece with the clothing, not just an opportunity to get into the restaurant business. Showing a new collection without feeding his friends, he feels, would be akin to blasphemy. In Cucinelli's world, cashmere, carciofini, and caponata are soulmates.

For the last five years his feasts have been prepared by the Cerea family, of the three-Michelin-star restaurant Da Vittorio, near Bergamo (DAVITTORIO.COM FOR RESERVATIONS). "They know how rigorous I am," Cucinelli says, adding that their conversations about menus can get intense. Occasionally the chefs want to add something modern to the mix. "With me, they shouldn't go there," Cucinelli says. He insists on classics only. Roberto Cerea says that means the Parma ham is produced by Ruliano and the Tuscan ham comes from Fracassi. The olive oils span Italy, from silky Ligurians to spicy Sicilians. Tuscany and Piedmont, Cerea says, send their finest Chianina and Fassona beef.

All designers take a bow at the end of their shows, but Cucinelli actually enjoys playing host. Does your mezzi paccheri with tomato sauce need a hit of parmigiano? He personally walks around with the cheese grater. Could your panzanella use just a splash of olive oil? Cucinelli has the bottle just in case. And if some red sauce stains that immaculate white cable knit sweater? *Non fa niente.* It's only fashion. **Tac** 





T&C's dictionary cites the way denim and diamonds dominated the conversation this season as a prime example.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR DEMARCHELIER STYLED BY MARYKATE BOYLAN







KODAK 160





LEFT: VERSACE JACKET (\$995) AND SHIRT (\$2,350); ALEXANDER WANG JEANS (\$265); MATERIAL GOOD EARRINGS (\$15,200) AND SPIRAL RINGS (FROM \$6,200); MESSIKA PARIS NECKLACE; OSCAR HEYMAN BROOCH (\$63,000) AND RINGS (FROM \$16,000). *RIGHT*: BRUNELLO CUCINELLI SHIRT (\$1,695) AND JEANS (\$1,845); ANA KHOURI EARRINGS; SIDNEY GARBER NECKLACE (\$250,000); LOEFFLER RANDALL BELT (\$195); *RIGHT HAND, FROM MIDDLE FINGER*: SIDNEY GARBER RING (\$17,800); ANA KHOURI RING AND BRACELET; LEFT HAND, FROM MIDDLE FINGER: VHERNIER RINGS (FROM \$30,750); SIDNEY GARBER RING (\$9,600) AND BRACELET (\$120,000)

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KODAK 160

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**KODAK 160** 

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KODAK 160

GIVENCHY BLOUSE (\$1,595) AND SKIRT (\$890); SABBA EARRINGS (\$185,000); TIFFANY & CO. BRACELETS (FROM \$15,500) AND RINGS (LEFT HAND, FROM \$2,300); NINA RUNSDORF RING (RIGHT HAND); GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI SANDALS (\$1,550)



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CHANEL JACKET (\$8,700) AND JEANS (\$1,250); CHANEL FINE JEWELRY EARRINGS (\$155,800); DE BEERS NECKLACE; HENRI LAVABRE VINTAGE BRACELET; CARTIER VINTAGE RING (RIGHT HAND); VAN CLEEF & ARPELS VINTAGE RING (LEFT HAND)

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CELINE BY HEDI SLIMANE SHIRT (\$820) AND PANTS (\$770); GRAFF EARRINGS, NECKLACE, BRACELET, AND RING; AQUAZZURA SANDALS (\$1,350)



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**KODAK 160** 

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**KODAK 160** 

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48 **BOTTEGA VENETA** SHIRT (\$990) AND JEANS (\$950); **NEHA DANI** EARRINGS (\$69,000); **CARTIER HIGH JEWELRY** NECKLACE; **LORRAINE SCHWARTZ** RINGS (INDEX FINGERS); **BUCCELLATI** RING (\$99,000); **JIMMY CHOO** PUMPS (\$795)

DIOR JUMPSUIT (\$2,150) AND BELT (\$990); SIEGELSON NEW YORK EARRINGS; DIOR FINE JEWELRY NECKLACES AND RING (RIGHT HAND); LORRAINE SCHWARTZ CUFFS; JACOB & CO. RING; RENE CAOVILLA SANDALS (\$1,510). FOR DETAILS SEE PAGE 126

Hair by David von Cannon at Starworks Artists Agency. Makeup by Chris Colbeck for Kevyn Aucoin at Art Department. Nails by Bethany Newell for Bethany Newell. Casting by Steven Brown.

WIPES

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# SICILY is HOT

Which is great news if you're making wine on your ancestral estate. Meet the Tascas, the family that has helped put Sicilian viticulture back on the map.

BY JAMES MCAULEY

Alberto and Francesca Tasca d'Almerita with their sons at Alberto's family's 190-year-old Sicilian estate, which has several rooms to rent for short stays.

-

BENEDETTO TARANTINO (TASC

he open-top jeep is hurtling down country roads, plowing through mud and navigating hairpin turns. It is sunset on a summer evening in central Sicily, and of course there is not a cloud to be found. Most people know Sicily, if they know it at all, in terms of its coastal cities: the swelter of Palermo, the glamour of Catania, the ruins in Syracuse. But there is another world inland that feels as though it's on a different planet, a mesmerizing and improbable blend of limestone and verdant splendor. On both sides of the stretch of road we're on, vineyards extend down steep hillsides and up gentle inclines, all the way to the mountains in the distance. It is like driving into a scene by Cézanne, embroidered with Pantones of olive green, lemon, and chestnut.

Behind the wheel is Alberto Tasca d'Almerita, a slender man in his late forties who wears a white linen shirt, ironed pants, and a pair of boots that have seen their share of muddy hikes. When grapevines give way to groves of trees, he slams on the brakes, hops out of the jeep, and grabs raw almonds straight off a branch. "Try one," he

says, thrusting a hairy green globule at me. I hesitate. This is not how almonds—or anything else, for that matter—look at my grocery store. But Alberto insists, so I crack the shell and bite into the fleshy white splinters inside.

We're on the road to Regaleali, one of five estates run by the Tascas, a celebrated Sicilian winemaking clan that traces its agricultural accomplishments on this particular plot of land back nearly two centuries. It was here that, seven generations ago, two brothers bought

a 2,900-acre parcel and began implementing modern farming techniques. Their progeny continued to innovate, and today, along with grapes and almonds, the Tascas grow wheat and olives, raise sheep, and keep bees. They produce wonderful olive oil, bread, cheese, and honey, but it is their wines (and, more recently, their small resorts, tasting rooms, and restaurants) for which they are celebrated around the world.

ven though I live in France, I've always avoided visiting the great estates in Médoc and the Loire. It's not that I don't love the wine, it's just that there's something a bit, well, *précieux* about lining up to view the manicured vineyards and historic estates of Europe's famous winemakers. Rest assured there is nothing précieux about Regaleali. It is located a twisty two-hour drive southeast of Palermo. There are no tour buses or welcome centers. Cell phones don't really work, and no one expects you to spit out the wine you taste. That's not to say people don't visit; they come in small groups by appointment to hike around the vineyards, stay in the handful of rooms at the estate the family has recently begun to rent out, or take classes at the Anna Tasca Lanza cooking school (she was Alberto's aunt). But mostly visitors come here, and to the Tascas' other estates, to experience Sicily through the works of one its most innovative families, one that has embraced the modern while preserving the island's unique traditions.

I had met Alberto and his wife Francesca for dinner a few nights before, in Palermo, where they live most of the time and where their youngest children attend school. The three of us sat outside at Le Cattive, a restaurant the family recently opened in Palazzo Butera on the waterfront, nursing a Tasca white and munching on hunks of parmesan cheese. He wore a button-down shirt with rolled-up sleeves; she, a light summer dress adorned with strands of beads. Alberto is the son of a count and a member of one of Sicily's oldest noble families. Francesca's maiden name is Borghese; she was born into one of the most famed dynasties in European history, one whose ranks have included a Renaissance pope and one that has a namesake museum in Rome that showcases astounding Bernini sculptures. Neither Alberto nor Francesca has any interest in speaking about their heritages.

Instead they want to talk about their family. Alberto's parents and his brother Giuseppe, who will become count when their father dies, live nearby. "We see each other constantly," Alberto says. One of their sons is obsessed with video games. "Do you think it will hurt his chances of getting into a good business school?" Francesca asks. Alberto worries aloud if it is better to raise children in the city or the coun-

There's nothing *précieux* about Regaleali. No tour buses, no welcome center, and nobody spits out wine. try. When he was 21 his parents sent him to live and work at Regaleali for a year. "I was young and had been going out every night," he says. Moving to the compound was a shock. "The wakeups are at 4:30 a.m., and the work is exhausting." And then there was the sense of responsibility. "The place owns itself. You're just a landkeeper for a short time." Eventually he got into the rhythm. "I knew I was hooked when I would sneak back to Palermo for a party only to find I was missing Regaleali."

The wine we drank that night is part of the story. It's called Nozze d'Oro, which means golden wedding anniversary in Italian. Alberto's grandfather Giuseppe Tasca d'Almerita created it in 1984 in honor of his and his wife Franca's 50th anniversary. It's a blend from the Regaleali estate that pairs the sharpness of the Tascas' sauvignon blanc, which they have grown there on sandstone soil since World War I, with the golden sweetness of inzolia, a variety they planted more recently that grows at a slightly lower altitude and in a different kind of soil—namely, clay. The taste is a bit sharp and a bit buttery.

Sicily is sometimes called an "oenological continent," a selfcontained viticultural world that knows no rhythm but its own. People have grown grapes here for thousands of years; classical Roman poets lauded the island's wines. In modern times, however after World War II in particular—the quality fell off. Most Sicilian wine in the middle of the 20th century was sold in bulk or sent to wineries in other parts of Europe for blending. The Tascas, starting with Alberto's grandfather, have played a major role in reestablishing the island as a producer of sought-after wine.

During my visit to Regaleali, Alberto takes me to see the two plots where grapes for Nozze d'Oro are grown. Walking between the rows of sauvignon blanc, in one, and inzolia, in the other, I'm amazed by the difference—the texture of the soil, the feel of the breeze and the sun—between two nearby stretches of vineyard. Like all winemakers, the Tascas must study soil and microclimates at Regaleali and their other four estates. But unlike in France, say, where plantings have



#### SICILY TOUR: EARTH, WIND & FIRE

The Tasca d'Almerita wine empire stretches across Sicily and includes vineyards and resorts in some of the island's most remote and scenic landscapes.



**SAIL** Capofaro, the Tascas' 27-room resort on the Aeolian island of Salina, has a concierge to arrange yacht trips on the Tyrrhenian Sea. FROM \$290 A NIGHT, RELAISCHATEAUX.COM



**TASTE** The family recently built a tasting room at Tascante, its vineyard on the slopes of Mount Etna, Sicily's smoldering and ever active volcano. E-MAIL HOSPITALITY@TASCADALMERITA.IT



**EXPLORE** Mozia is a ruin-dotted island off the west coast of Sicily owned by the Joseph Whitaker Foundation. The Tascas took over the vineyards there in 2007. HOSPITALITY@TASCADALMERITA.IT



**INDULGE** A stay at the Tascas' Regaleali compound (pictured throughout this article) comes with meals, wine tastings, and vineyard tours. FROM \$558 A NIGHT, HOSPITALITY@TASCADALMERITA.IT

been fine-tuned to the square inch for centuries, the Tascas have also had to experiment constantly with new varieties while making the most of traditional Sicilian grapes.

At dinner that night (an elaborate feast that includes pasta with fava beans) Alberto pours me a red made from grapes grown at Regaleali. I take a sip: sharp but not too acidic. "No," he says, "smell." When I do I'm instantly flooded with the aromas of rosemary, currants, and soil I took in during our walk earlier in the day.

If urope is chock-full of vintner families with illustrious histories and properties that have made wine for generations, even centuries. Like the Tascas, some have attempted to modernize at a rapid pace and have launched savvy public relations campaigns to sell their brands around the globe. Many have also converted their properties into hotels where guests can experience a little bit of a vanishing way of life. But in many of those cases what is being sold is essentially a heritage—nothing more.

The Tascas have come at it differently. Their first foray into hospitality was not at Regaleali but at a vineyard that Alberto bought in 2001 on Salina, one of the Aeolian Islands, which lie to the north of Sicily. The property came with a few rustic houses and gorgeous views of the Mediterranean and of the island of Stromboli and its active volcano, which belches smoke and occasional sprays of lava. The Tascas modernized the buildings and added others, creating a 27-room resort called Capofaro.

"The best Sicilian amenity is the countryside. Nothing more, nothing less. You can find yourself here."

Alberto was following the example set by his father Lucio Tasca d'Almerita, who for decades was a tireless force in introducing the Tasca wines to an international audience. (Lucio has turned over many responsibilities to Alberto, but he remains involved in the company.) Lucio traveled constantly, tasting wines and bringing back ideas, but like his ancestors he was interested in preserving and, hopefully, giving new life to Sicilian traditions. For Alberto, having a vineyard on Salina (planted with malvasia) was useful in expanding the company's offerings, but opening a hotel was a way to showcase the exquisite island, which has a rich culinary tradition (the interior is blanketed with wild capers, which are celebrated in an annual festival) and a long nautical history. (An avid sailor, Alberto has opened a small maritime museum on the grounds.)

In November of last year *Wine Enthusiast* named Tasca d'Almerita its European Winery of the Year, the first time the magazine has ever selected a Sicilian winemaker for the honor. Later that month the luxury hotel group Relais & Châteaux, of which Capofaro is a member, awarded the property its 2020 Sustainability Trophy in recognition of the Tascas' commitment to low-impact tourism.



From the road, the compound at Regaleali is nondescript, mainly a simple country stone house, large but unremarkable. But when you pass through the portico and into a cobblestone courtyard lined with flowering vines and a giant magnolia tree, the magic of the place becomes clear. The entire estate seems to radiate outward from the tree, the gnarled roots of which punch deep into the dark earth. The guestrooms surround the courtyard, and when you look out from their windows you feel as though you're in a treehouse, suspended above the ground.

Before we head inside, Alberto says he wants to show me a few more things. We make our way to a small, old-fashioned dairy building, inside which we find rounds of curdled sheep's milk wrapped in cloth and left to cure in the cool darkness and harden into hearty pecorino. "Cacio e pepe has always been my favorite," Alberto says. I smell one of the cooling cheeses, and Alberto cautions me. "It's not quite ready yet." Next we make our way to a stone chapel that has been there since the family arrived in the 1830s. There are family portraits on the walls, and the simple wood pews are covered in crude etchings that have accrued over the years: initials and jokes that made sense to the children who scratched them in but have been illegible for decades. "We come here for Christmas," he says, and then we walk outside for one last look at the views. "The best Sicilian amenity is the countryside. Nothing more, nothing less," he says. "You can find yourself here." **Tec** 



# If Your Closet Is Full of UNTOLD FORTUNE...

Some people spend a lifetime building a clothing collection worthy of a museum exhibition. Here's how to give it all away. BY KELI GOFF

t's Marie Kondo's worst nightmare. For some people a spring fashion purge is simple enough: mend this, donate that. But for people whose closets contain actual treasures, there's a complicated choreography to giving your wardrobe to the sort of institution that would exhibit it. Developing a

IF YOU COLLECT...

**COUTURE** The Palais Galliera in Paris could be interested especially when it reopens this year after a renovation.

partnership with a museum dedicated to history and style can take years, and finding the right home for your best pieces—whether they're one-of-a-kind couture or 1970s classics that logged time at Studio 54—requires serious planning. For the collector with the kind of threads that could immortalize her as a fashion icon, however, the process can be very worthwhile.

#### LET GO BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

You can't donate your couture and wear it, too. While "promised gifts" to be fulfilled after the expiration of the giver are common with artworks, many institutions working with fashion will consider only donations that are immediately available often out of concern that duplicates will be acquired in the meantime. Kate Irvin, of the Rhode Island School of Design Museum, also points out that when you're dead you won't be around for the party. "The primary benefit of donating before death is having the pleasure of seeing your collection exhibited and appreciated," she says. "Collections with many significant pieces are often celebrated with an exhibition dedicated to the collector."



#### LABELS AREN'T EVERYTHING

Just because you're going through a Dries phase doesn't mean museums are too. In fact, many institutions are looking beyond labels to acquire pieces by underrepresented designers of color as well as unique pieces by unknowns for research purposes which means your big ticket pieces might not be more coveted than

#### IF YOU COLLECT...

SHOES Your treasures might be destined for Toronto's Bata Shoe Museum, which has more than 13,000 pieces.

things you've picked up from emerging designers, or just on a whim. Ultimately, the quality of a piece matters more than who made it. Annette Becker, the director of the Texas Fashion Collection at the University of North Texas, says, "Often, when people aren't established in an industry and don't know the rules they're not supposed to break, they come up with really innovative ways to work with materials and create something new."

#### MAKE IT OFFICIAL

Just as art advisers and family members are consulted about donations when it comes to fine art,

similar planning is required when you're donating fashion. If you're set on a posthumous gift, arrange it with the institution well in advance (and spell it out for your executors), and if you're hoping to start giving things away now, ask around to find the right recipient—and never show up unannounced with a garment rack. "It's best



VINTAGE Perhaps the V&A in London will come calling. Its fashion archives stretch back five centuries. to talk directly with a curator's office if you're interested in donating something to a museum," says Kevin Jones, of Los Angeles's Fashion Institute of Design & Merchandising Museum.

BE PATIENT

Marching up the steps of the Metropolitan Museum with an armful of ball gowns might not land you a

IF YOU COLLECT...

HERMES or SUPREME Maybe sell. The RealReal says Birkins can have a 133% resale value. Supreme's box logo hoodie can fetch 269%.

retrospective at its Costume Institute, but different museums have different needs, and one could be right for you. New York's Museum of Arts and Design is said to scout donors with impressive collections of jewelry, and the Smithsonian's National Museum of African American History & Culture in Washington, DC, is always on the lookout for works by designers of African-American descent. "Most of us are very direct," says Sarah Rogers, of the Kent State University Museum, whose focus is historic and contemporary fashion. "If objects don't fit within our collection, we say so."

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#### UNDERSTAND YOUR BOTTOM LINE

Designer resale is gaining popularity as part of the sustainable fashion movement, and listing an item on the website the RealReal is a fast, easy way to get it out of the house although consignment doesn't guarantee a windfall. If you donate you'll at least get a tax deduction, but the real payoff might be cultural impact. Author and fashion expert Amy Fine Collins began donating pieces to the Costume Institute because she wanted them to "have a long afterlife," she says. "I'm trained as an art historian, so to me this has more value than cash." **Tac** 

#### SHE WORE WHAT?

Clotheshorses of all stripes—from an over-the-top queen of modern New York nightlife to 1933's "Best-Dressed Woman in the World"—have put their wardrobes on display, but no two of the sartorially significant extravaganzas have been quite the same.





Image: Arrow of the total of total o

Iris Apfel displayed her Dior couture and thrift store scores at such useums as the Norton in West Palm Beach.



#### WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105] Kallie called Sharma, asking for help. "In a very brief phone call, he told her he could not help us," Scott recalled. "We haven't heard a word from anyone at the resort since."

Scott was charged by a magistrate with manslaughter and sent to the prison, a mintgreen building with high walls just across the street from the courthouse. He was escorted into the building in handcuffs, flanked by two large police officers. Within a few hours his lawyer got his case in front of a judge, who granted him \$74,000 bail, citing "inflamed passions of the general public" and the "almost imminent likelihood of public unrest." It was also confirmed at the bail hearing that several of Kenny's relatives and citizens of Dominica worked at the prison, so it might not be safe for Scott to remain there.

As a condition of his bail, Scott promised to come back for future court dates, and he flew home to Connecticut with Kallie on April 18 on a private jet, "arranged for and paid for by the generosity of the people that touch our lives every day," he said later. His children had flown home separately on April 17 with a family friend from Darien who had been vacationing on the island.

Furious Anguillans lined the streets near the airfield, snapping photos as Scott's plane lifted off into the sky.

enny Mitchel was given two funerals, one in Dominica and one in Anguilla. Hundreds of mourners cried and sang his praises, many wearing shirts that read "Justice for Kenny" alongside an image of his face.

The initial reports of Scott's arrest sparked frenzied gossip not only in Darien but in New Canaan, Greenwich, and Stamford, the insular communities of Connecticut's finance belt, where it seemed everyone knew someone who knew someone who knew the banker charged with manslaughter.

How big was the news? "Huge," says the captain of the fitting room at the Brooks Brothers in Darien. "They thought it was very strange that that would happen to someone from around here." Within days, segments about Scott were running on the nightly news, and newspapers in Connecticut covered his situation closely. Armstrong Williams hailed him as an "American hero" in *National Review*, and Nancy Grace devoted an episode of her podcast *Crime Stories* to the case. Scott was placed on administrative leave by UBS, which released a statement saying they were "aware" of what happened in Anguilla and "following the situation closely."

In Anguilla, anger bubbled across social media. Many people were outraged at what to them seemed an obvious case of their government accommodating a wealthy white tourist at the expense of a poor black local. Imagine if a black Anguillan came to America and killed a wealthy white father of three at his workplace, they said. Would he be allowed to leave on bail?



"Trial by social media commentary is against the law. If we prosecuted anyone, we'd need to go after people on both sides!"

-Paul Morrison, Anguilla's chief of police

Many did not accept the facts of the case. Why, people asked, would Kenny come into Scott's room wearing his uniform and pull a knife on him in front of witnesses? He'd lose his job and never be able to work at a hotel on the island again. Wild theories flew on Facebook and at bars, ranging from the vaguely plausible (Scott summoned Kenny to his room to buy drugs) to the far-fetched (it was a tryst gone wrong) to the totally whacked-out (Scott is a Freemason engaged in human sacrifice).

Rival groups of Scott supporters and Kenny supporters formed Facebook pages. The Kenny page, known as Unity for Justice, was initially formed to promote a GoFundMe campaign for Mylie Mitchel. Today the page, which has more than 2,000 followers, is an anonymously run hub for alternative theories about what happened at Malliouhana.

Conversations with many people in

Anguilla suggest that the Facebook page's approach lines up broadly with the suspicions many locals have. Using annotated diagrams of the crime scene, Unity for Justice tries to find inconsistencies in Scott's public statements.

One post compared photos of Scott's hair before and after the incident; in the later image his hair seems lighter. "If multiple bleaching attempts are made a participant can remove all drugs from their hair," the poster wrote. "A worrying situation and one of the reasons why so many 'blonds' arrive at sample collections."

Eventually the Royal Anguillan Police Force (RAPF) declared that talking about the case online in Anguilla could be determined to be illegal. I asked Paul Morrison, the chief of police, if the government planned to prosecute anyone on these grounds. "Trial by social media commentary is against the law," he said. But, he added, with a laugh, "if we prosecuted anyone, we'd need to go after people on both sides!"

A private page called the Hap Weekly, which has more than 3,000 followers, has served as a hub for support, fundraising, and catharsis among the Hapgoods' supporters. "Enough is enough. I hope the stinking pile of fossilized reptile shit known as Anguilla gets annihilated by a meteor strike," wrote family friend Oliver Prichard. "And the dirtbags at the Auberge Malliouhana can go straight to hell."

S ix months after the incident a small crowd gathered in front of Darien Town Hall for a strange event—equal parts press conference, college reunion, and demonstration against the Anguillan court system. There were about a hundred of Scott's friends and family members, plus a few dozen cameramen and reporters, along with state legislators, aides, and one sitting U.S. senator.

Darien was coming out for one of its own, demanding safe passage for Scott to Anguilla, where he was expected to return in a few weeks. It was October 28; the air had a soft bite.

"It's hard to recognize people 30 years later—thank god for Facebook," said a platinum-blond fortysomething woman wearing head-to-toe athleisure. A group of guys in wraparound sunglasses stood on the podium, holding signs that read SAFE PASSAGE and SAVE SCOTT HAPGOOD. A young woman handed out American flags, then shepherded Scott's family and friends into a clump behind the lectern. "They're trying to create a camera-ready shot," said a guy in white chinos, a salmon shirt, and a half-zip fleece.

"It's so crazy, standing here with everybody I grew up with, under these circumstances," said a blond woman.

"Save Scott Hapgood... I think that's the wrong message," murmured a fiftysomething man, nodding at the sign. "He's not gone. 'Stand with Scott Hapgood.' That's the proper thing to say."

"It looks like all men—we need more women up there," one woman whispered.

"Scott would never get angry," someone said.

"It's just terrifying," Scott's father Tim Hapgood, 79, told me. "It's difficult to process it and have a good night's sleep." He's heartened by all the people showing up for his son. "One thing that has come out of this, right from the beginning, is the incredible outpouring of support, love, and prayers. People that I haven't seen in years-yearsreached out to us. So not only do Scott and Kallie have a huge following of friends, but my wife Helen and I do too. That's the one thing that has really helped sustain us, the support we've gotten."

Scott's network is wide and deep. He made a few college friends available to *Town & Country*, and they spoke glowingly: "My son is eight years old," said Oliver Prichard, who met Scott at Dartmouth and roomed with him later. "If he grows up to be anything like Scott Hapgood, I'll consider myself tremendously successful as a father."

After a while the crowd quieted as a parade of elected officials spoke on Scott's behalf.

"As a parent of five children myself, I know—we all know—that Scott did what any parent would do: protect his children from a highly intox-

icated and crazed man," said Darien First Selectman Jayme Stevenson.

What happened to the Hapgoods was "every American's worst nightmare," said Senator Richard Blumenthal, in a navy striped suit with an American flag pin. He said that he'd been working with the state department, Anguilla, and the United Kingdom to guarantee Scott's safety. "Whatever our differences, we stand behind the Hapgood family," Blumenthal said.

Eventually Scott took the podium. "As

incredibly difficult as this has been, there are days like this when I am reminded how much support we have from friends, family, the community, and our elected officials. The support gives my family strength. We are still in shock that a simple vacation that we had been looking forward to for so long turned into a nightmare," he said.

His voice cracked when he described the changes to his life.

"I have not been allowed to return to work—where I have worked for over 20 years. I have been disqualified from coaching my



kids' sports teams—which gave me a sense of purpose," he said.

After he finished, cheers rang out as people wiped away tears.

mily Garlick doesn't like to look at Malliouhana, which is challenging, because she can see it from her perch at Waves, the bar her family owns on Meads Bay Beach. Malliouhana looks like a lunar colony, high on a promontory, surrounded by palm trees. All she can think about when she sees it is the father of her daughter, crushed beneath Scott Hapgood's body, struggling to breathe.

Garlick grew up in Essex, England, the older of two sisters. Her father Steve worked in marketing at a law firm. In 2011 he visited Anguilla and told his wife he wanted to move there; she said they could try it out for six months. Emily and her sister Olivia soon followed their parents to paradise. Eight years later they're still there. Steve is CEO of Anguilla Finance, an "entity responsible for coordinating the marketing efforts for Anguilla's international financial services sector."

Waves is a mellow outlier on the heavily

developed beach, not much more than a shack covered in string lights, with a small stage and a kitchen. It hosts local bands several nights a week. Employees from the resorts on the beach come to unwind after their shifts.

At dusk one evening last June, a group called the Decent Ones was playing upbeat soca covers of Adele and Rihanna while a handful of tourists and locals sipped beers and relaxed on lounge chairs in the sand. The only person on the dance floor was Mylie, now three.

"Kenny would be up there trying to grab the mic," said Garlick, barely holding back tears. "He loved to dance. She dances just like him." A few minutes later Garlick was bouncing Mylie in her lap and showing her a video of her father, swaying to the music at a crowded party, beaming.

"I'm worried she won't have any memory of her father," Garlick said. "She'll pick up a toy and say she'll bring it to Daddy, or [on the phone] she'll say, 'Hey, Daddy, how are you?" and hang up. I've tried teaching her, you know, 'Where's Daddy?' and she'll say, 'In his house in the sky."

Garlick will soon have the impossible job of teaching her daughter who her father was. "I hope she can dance like him, and I hope she has his appetite, and his passion, his heart," she said. "She reminds me of him every day—with her eating habits, her dancing, her smile, her nose, her mouth. She has a little finger too on her—just like her father. She's got big feet like her father. She'll do things and I'll burst out crying and have to hide, because she'll know I'm crying—she'll wipe my tears away and hug me."

Night fell. The band played a faithful cover of "No Woman No Cry." Mylie, swaying softly, gazed out past Malliouhana's glimmering lights into the soft, black Caribbean night.

"Eventually the anger subsides," Garlick said quietly. "You have to go back to work."

n November 18, Scott's friend Oliver Prichard posted pictures of Kenny taken from his Facebook page, including images of him wearing a skeleton mask, smoking what looks like marijuana, and holding a rifle.

"I really don't understand why the news media does not publish these photos of Kenny Mitchel," Prichard wrote.

As the year wore on, members of the Hap Weekly began agitating against Auberge Resorts, Malliouhana's management company. Unrelated posts by Auberge properties are often flooded with comments by Hapgood supporters, like this one: "I will never step foot in another Auberge resort again. What is happening to the CT family is inexcusable. This resort has been silent as this family endures a nightmare brought on by the resort hiring someone with a RAPE charge and restraining order. Do the right thing and help this family Auberge. Not sure how any of you can sleep at night."

Some Hapgood supporters have even begun boycotting the chain.

"Auberge owns three posh properties in our region; I hope and pray they vet their employees better than at Malliouhana," wrote Ann Prichard.

Several Auberge executives did not respond to a request for comment. Reached by e-mail, Malliouhana's general manager, Kapil Sharma, said, "I have nothing additional to share in this matter, as I have given all of the authorities the information they requested."

Last summer the Hap Weekly created a GoFundMe page to raise money for Scott's legal defense, travel, and security in Anguilla. The campaign brought in almost \$250,000 in six days.

"Over 500 people donated to Scott's GoFundMe," said family friend Tom Ruzzo. "About 25 people contributed to the daughter of Kenny. Dollar amounts aside, that says a lot to me. That's a character thing." He did not mention the fact that the population of Darien is larger than that of the entire island of Anguilla, nor the vast difference in disposable income between residents of the two places, nor the sprawling networks a privileged American couple like Scott and Kallie Hapgood are part of—college, the finance worlds of Connecticut and Manhattan, their kids' schools, a town where he has lived most of his life and where his parents have lived for most of theirs—which have no equivalent on an island territory that's home to fishermen and hospitality workers.

Members of Unity for Justice were outraged by Scott's GoFundMe campaign, with one describing it as "the epitome of white privilege." Another wrote, "This is how you buy your way out of murdering someone."

In the face of public pressure, GoFundMe pulled the campaign, citing rules about raising money for defense of a violent crime. Eventually the funds were released, after Scott signed a document saying he wouldn't use them to pay his legal fees.



-President Donald Trump, via Twitter

n August 20, Scott and his lawyer, Juliya Arbisman, held a press conference in New York at which she dropped a piece of news that could completely upend the case. The Anguillan authorities, Arbisman said, had withheld a toxicology report that revealed that at the time of Kenny's death his body contained cocaine, alcohol, and "other drugs." She said the report listed his blood alcohol content as 0.19, the equivalent of approximately nine drinks. (The report is not publicly available, and *T&C* has not been able to review it.)

She also announced that Anguilla's police chief had issued an Osman warning, which Arbisman described as "an obligation under UK law to provide disclosure and information that there is an existing threat to life."

On October 1, Stephen King, a pathologist and citizen of St. Lucia who made the determination in the first autopsy that Kenny had died of blunt force trauma and "positional asphyxiation," reportedly revised his autopsy in light of the newly released toxicology report.

"Acute cocaine toxicity could have been a potentially independent cause of death in the known circumstances," reads King's report, dated September 3, according to the *New York Times*, which claims to have obtained a copy of the report.

In other words, Kenny could have been dying of an overdose—"a potentially independent cause of death"—before he ever reached room 48–49.

Despite the Osman warning, Scott made three trips to Anguilla, as mandated by the attorney general, where he began appearing in a closed hearing before a magistrate. Outside the courtroom in late August, before television cameras and reporters, Scott read a statement: "I'm grateful for the opportunity to appear in Anguillan court today, because every court appearance means we are one step closer to putting this nightmare behind us. A nightmare for my family, but also for the people of Anguilla. We came to your beautiful island for a vacation just like many thousands of others do each year. We came here because of how welcoming you all are. Unfortunately, my family and I were in the wrong place at the wrong time, and in an instant a tragedy resulted which has changed our lives forever."

He continued, turning his words to the island's residents: "Lastly, to the people of Anguilla: I understand your anger. I have read the same false facts and untrue stories about what allegedly happened in that room on that fateful day in April. If I lived here and believed those stories, I'd be angry too. But the stories you've read and heard are not what happened, and someday I'll be able to tell the real story in a legal setting. The sooner that day comes, the better."

After the third hearing, in early September, the inquiry was adjourned until its next phase on November 11. In the meantime the Hapgoods hired Jamie Diaferia, CEO of Infinite Global, an international public relations and crisis firm. On October 14, Kallie appeared on *Fox & Friends* and pleaded for the government to act, in a segment orchestrated by Diaferia.

"We need help," Kallie said to hosts Ainsley Earhardt and Steve Doocy. "I've seen Trump help Americans in peril around the globe, and we really need help. My husband is a loving man. He's never been involved in any sort of charge at all. We're so fish-out-of-water right now. We've never experienced anything like this at all before. He's a good man, and he doesn't deserve this. All we wanted to do was take a vacation with our children."

"You want the president to help?" Doocy asked her.

"Trump—I've seen him do amazing things for Americans," Kallie replied. "And Scott Hapgood is the kind of American you want to help. He's an amazing father, he's an amazing friend, he's a great member of our community, and he needs help. And my poor kids. We're exhausted."

Within minutes her message found its mark.

Kallie had appeared on TV just after 6 a.m. At 9 a.m. the president of the United States tweeted a message that seemed to carry a threat to Anguilla, a territory of one of the closest allies of the U.S.: "Will be looking into the Scott Hapgood case, and the Island of Anguilla. Something looks and sounds very wrong. I know Anguilla will want to see this case be properly and justly resolved!"

n the morning of November 11, the air in Anguilla already heavy with heat, the police set up a ring of orange cones around the perimeter of the courthouse, with guards positioned at various points. Only one reporter showed up—me. The only other people there were Kenny's father Neville, Emily Garlick, and Emily's sister Olivia. Emily wore a shirt with Kenny's face printed on it.

"I want him to see my face," Emily said, explaining that she has shown up every day Scott was scheduled to testify. "He needs to see what he's done."

At 9 a.m. a voice rang out from within the squat court building: "Scott Hapgood," announcing that he was due in court.

Nobody appeared.

"What's going on? Where is he?" yelled a voice from inside the prison across the street. "We don't know!" Garlick yelled back.

Forty-five minutes later, with Scott nowhere in sight, the court adjourned for the day. Shortly afterward, Diaferia sent an e-mail to a media list with a statement explaining that Scott had decided at the last minute not to appear in Anguilla after all.

"Scott has cooperated with the Anguillan legal process and has returned to the island three times for hearings in an effort to clear his name," Diaferia wrote. "But it has become progressively apparent that Scott would not receive a fair trial in Anguilla. During the process, a toxicology report was suppressed, witnesses altered their accounts and submitted new statements that were false, a revised cause of death was ignored, legal counsel was excluded from the hearing, and numerous other actions that suggested that politics are governing Scott's case rather than the law and the facts."

In a text to T & C that day, Arbisman expanded on the claim of false statements from witnesses. "There were statements saying Kallie bribed [the security guard] Louis (who took over the restraint) and that Scott and Kenny were chatting by the poolside all false."

Reached via WhatsApp, Louis confirmed to T O C that Kallie had never attempted to bribe him. In interviews, multiple Malliouhana employees who were working at the pool on the day of the attack said they did not see Scott and Kenny conversing.

Diaferia went on to describe how "an



inflammatory and false rhetoric has also grown around this case," noting that in some witness statements submitted by the prosecution, Scott was "referred to as simply 'the Caucasian' or the 'white man.' These accusations are deeply offensive and wrong. Scott's race, and Kenny Mitchel's race, are irrelevant to the facts of what happened."

The press release went on to note that the Anguillan government had not given Scott the safety guarantee he had asked for, nor had he been guaranteed the ability to return to the United States when the hearing ended. "The guarantees of safety are essential for two reasons," Diaferia wrote. "First, there is a significant likelihood Scott's incarceration would be indefinite, as a trial may not happen for many years. Second, there is near certainty the death threats he has received will come to fruition if he were to be held in an Anguillan prison for any length of time."

"Bullshit," Garlick said when I showed her the e-mail. "Extradite his ass."

Dwight D. Horsford, Anguilla's attorney general, announced that since Scott had violated his bail conditions by not showing up, Horsford would be seeking an international warrant for his arrest that will be circulated through Interpol, making Scott technically an international fugitive.

As of press time, such a warrant had not been issued.

Cott's future is ambiguous. The United States has an extradition treaty with Brit-Vain; if the UK decides to pursue extradition, then according to international law the U.S. government is bound to arrest him and send him to Anguilla to face trial. But extradition cases don't always work so simply. The state department is a key player in extradition cases and sometimes intervenes. According to Ian Weinstein, a Fordham University law professor who has worked on international extradition cases, Scott has a fair chance of slowing or defeating the extradition process, because he has generated public attention and received the support of politicians. If that happens, the case could be tied up in court for years. Depending on the political calculations of the countries involved, Scott might never go back to Anguilla.

In the meantime, in early December Emily Garlick and Kenny Mitchel's father filed a wrongful death suit against Scott Hapgood in Mylie's name, since Emily and Kenny weren't married.

Garlick still sits for long hours at Waves, trying not to look up at the resort where her daughter's father said his last words.

Scott spends most of his time in his house in Connecticut, talking to his lawyers and his PR people when he needs to, watching his daughters fling a lacrosse ball back and forth in the yard on mild days. Back and forth. Back and forth.

"I can't coach anymore," Scott said on that day in the park, at the photo shoot. "They do background checks, and I'm under investigation. I want to follow the rules."

The rules have been good to Scott Hapgood. Or, they were good to him for 44 years. Then Kenny Mitchel died. Scott's decades of planning and training and coaching and working, the Ivy League trajectory, his trust in authority and the law—all of that told him to sit on Kenny's chest until the police came. And it betrayed him the second Kenny died. The rules contorted into new shapes and hissing chaos coiled tightly around him. Now Scott is some kind of fugitive, and his story suggests that maybe each of us, careful and in control though we think we may be, is always one chance encounter away from a world without any rules at all.



#### MURDOCH UNCORKED

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54] Robert Parker, and Moraga became one of the first California wines offered at Alain Ducasse's three-star restaurant in Paris. (Winemaker Scott Rich has made the wines since the 1996 vintage.)

The Moraga estate has a 7,500-square-foot ranch house, built by Jones and his wife Ruth, which is now one of the Murdochs' residences. Last August, Rupert and Jerry held a party there to celebrate Moraga's 30th anniversary. Mick was there with his and Jerry's children, James and Elizabeth Jagger. Rupert's son Lachlan attended as well.

<sup>6</sup> Ould you call yourself a wine buff?" I asked Murdoch. "I'm no expert," he said, "but I've always loved a good, rich cabernet." (Moraga's red is a Bordeaux blend dominated by cabernet sauvignon.) His wife mainly drinks white.

I asked about his favorite wines; it was a short list and it included some from his homeland, Penfolds Grange and Henschke Hill of Grace. Both are world-renowned syrahs, probably Australia's best. "I'm not much for French wines," he told me, although he enjoyed a Latour from 1956 (Hall's birth year) given to him by his friend Jacob Rothschild. When I asked about Napa, he averred a fondness for Stag's Leap Wine Cellars.

"Is this a hobby or are you aiming to make a profit?" I asked.

"I think we can," he said. "Although, obviously, our expenses are high, with the land and taxes." After thanking him for his time, I spent the next 15 minutes tasting vintages of the wine back to '98. I tried the 2003 red and the 2006 sauvignon blanc, both of which I tasted in their youth on my visit to the winery. I was impressed by how well they had aged and developed since then. While I probably wouldn't agree with the new proprietor on much, I can't fault his taste in wineries. The whites are both crisp and rich, the reds complex, earthy, and ageworthy-much more classical and restrained than the typical modern Napa Valley cabernet. To put it in journalistic terms, more Wall Street Journal than New York Post. TAC

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Town & Country (ISSN 0040-9952) [incorporating Connoisseur] is published monthly, except with combined issues for Philanthropy and December/ January and when future combined issues are published that count as two issues as indicated on the issue's cover, by Hearst, 300 W. 57th Street, New York, NY 10019 U.S.A. Steven R. Swartz, President and Chief Executive Officer; William R. Hearst III, Chairman; Frank A. Bennack Jr., Executive Vice Chairman; Catherine A. Bostron, Secretary. Hearst Magazine Media Inc.: Troy Young, President; John A. Rohan Jr., Senior Vice President, Finance. © 2020 by Hearst Magazine Media Inc. All rights reserved. Town & Country and Connoisseur are registered trademarks of Hearst Communications Inc. Periodicals postage paid at NY, NY, and additional entry post offices. Canada Post International Publications mail product (Canadian distribution) sales agreement No. 40012499. Editorial and Advertising Offices: 300 W. 57th Street, New York, NY 10019-3797. Subscription prices: United States and possessions: \$30 for one year. Canada and all other countries: Add \$24 for each year. Subscription services: Town & Country will, upon receipt of a complete subscription order, undertake fulfillment of that order so as to provide the first copy for delivery by the Postal Service or alternate carrier within 4-6 weeks. For customer service, changes of address, and subscription orders, log on to service.townandcountrymag.com or write to Customer Service Department, Town & Country, P.O. Box 6000, Harlan, IA 51593. From time to time, we make our subscriber list available to companies who sell goods and services by mail that we believe would interest our readers. If you would rather not receive such offers via postal mail, please send your current mailing label or exact copy to Mail Preference Service, P.O. Box 6000, Harlan, IA 51593. You can also visit preferences.hearstmags.com to manage your preferences and opt out of receiving marketing offers by e-mail. Town & Country is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art. None will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Canada BN NBR 10231 0943 RT. POSTMASTER: Send all UAA to CFS (see DMM 707.4.12.5). NON-POSTAL AND MILITARY FACILITIES: Send address corrections to Town & Country, P.O. Box 6000, Harlan, IA 51593. Printed in the U.S.A.

> VOL. 174 NUMBER 5462 MARCH 2020 ESTABLISHED 1846 INCORPORATING CONNOISSEUR

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## THESE CHECKS Don't Need Balances

When it comes to wearing this bold pattern, bistory is clear: The winner goes all in.

rom the Scottish Highlands to Ivy League dorms, wearing a checkered print is the unspoken uniform of power. Tastemakers have been wearing it for hundreds of years—tartan was invented in the 3rd century and madras in the 12th. And the consensus is clear: Strength can be wielded delicately, but it is always best en masse.





#### PLAID

When Christian Lacroix blew plaid out of proportion for spring 1992, the front row went wild. Now, for his 2019 runway debut, designer Christopher John Rogers pushed the preppy print further over the edge, **toying with color and scale.** 







# INVALUABLE=



In From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler, Claudia wants to run away "to a large place, a comfortable place, an indoor place, and preferably a beautiful

place." Naturally, she means the Metropolitan Museum of Art who hasn't dreamed of escaping there? Claudia would have walked through this ornate entrance to

the British galleries, but she's due for another visit. Renovated, the galleries reopen this month with three 18th-century rooms for future fantasy stays. **Tec** 

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