

THE HOLIDAY ISSUE TOWN & COUNTRY

DECEMBER 2016/JANUARY 2017



RING IN THE NEW!

*NICOLE
KIDMAN
LOOKS
AHEAD*

THE HOLIDAY ISSUE TOWN & COUNTRY

DECEMBER 2016/JANUARY 2017



NICOLE
KIDMAN
*A MOTHER
IN CHARGE*

ONASSIS
*DIVORCE
ODYSSEY*

*PIRATE
OF THE
CARIBBEAN*
THE MAN
TO KNOW IN
ST. BART'S

T&C
GIFT
GUIDE
127
THINGS
THEY
ALWAYS
WANTED

WHEN *BAD*
MANNERS
ARE *GOOD*

HOW
BODYGUARDS
BECAME THE
NEW STATUS
SYMBOL

THE WILD CARD

ALL CLOTHING AND SHOES BY DIOR HAUTE COUTURE. 800-929-DIOR. ALL JEWELRY BY TIFFANY & CO.. 800-843-3269. PRICES ON REQUEST. JANE IREDALE MYSTIKOL POWDERED EYELINER (\$24). JANEIREDALE.COM

DECEMBER 2016 / JANUARY 2017

T&C
170

TOWNANDCOUNTRYMAG.COM

ON THE COVER



NICOLE KIDMAN IS KNOWN FOR PLAYING IT CLOSE TO THE VEST, BUT WITH A RISKY NEW FILM SHE STEPS AWAY FROM HER QUIET LIFE IN NASHVILLE TO BARE MORE THAN EVER BEFORE IN HER MOST COMPLICATED ROLE YET: MOTHER.

By Sara Vilkomerson
Photographs by Max Vadukul
Styled by Nicoletta Santoro

BACHELORS OF THE YEAR TOWN & COUNTRY

FEBRUARY 2017

T&C EXCLUSIVE:
*PRINCE
HARRY*
AND THE
CONSERVATION
MISSION OF
THE CENTURY

*COLLEGE
ADMISSION
CONFESSIONAL:*
WHAT REALLY
GETS YOU INTO
HARVARD

INVESTMENT
PORTFOLIO 2017:
ARE *DIAMONDS*
THE NEW
SAFETY NET?

AN AMELIA
EARHART
MYSTERY
SOLVED
AT LAST

THE
CARIBBEAN'S
POSH
PARADISE

CAN
YOU BUY
GOOD
SLEEP?

Plus:
SECRET CODES OF
MODERN SNOBS

T&C

FEBRUARY

“EVERY
POLITICIAN
SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
BORN AN
ORPHAN AND
REMAIN A
BACHELOR.”

—Lady Bird Johnson

ON THE COVER



DREAM TEAM
African Parks' men
in Malawi, clockwise
from top left: Kester
Vickery, Peter Fearnhead,
Prince Harry, Lawrence
Munro, Craig Reid, and
Andre Uys. *Opposite:*
An elephant family in
Liwonde National Park,
about to be darted and
then moved.

A herd of African elephants is captured in a savanna landscape with dry, golden-brown grass. The herd consists of several adults and a small calf. They are walking from left to right across the frame. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day, and the overall tone is warm and naturalistic.

MIRACLE

IN

MALAWI

HOW CAN AFRICA'S GREAT BEASTS BE SAVED? A PIONEERING CONSERVATION OUTFIT—WITH SOME HELP FROM *PRINCE HARRY*—STAGES A WILDLIFE RESCUE SHOWSTOPPER.

MAN POWER
The African Parks team restrains a black rhino during capture in Liwonde. "We need to grip it," Prince Harry says of the struggle to save wild places, "because it's slipping out of our hands."





ON THE COVER

By Klara Glowczewska
Photographs by Alexei Hay

It's an early morning in August, my first in Malawi, and I'm riding in a Land Cruiser at the front of a small convoy along a tree-lined track in Liwonde National Park, headed for the floodplain of the Shire River. The rains stopped two months ago, and all around are various shades of pale—bleached blue sky, yellow grasses, sand-colored soil. It looks serene, but the atmosphere is electric. And not just because Prince Harry is riding in the vehicle right behind mine—although that does, I'll admit, lend a certain charm.

"Nice to meet you, T&C," he ventured earlier over a hasty standup breakfast back at the campsite at Liwonde's Mvuu Lodge, where we are staying (*mvuu* is "hippo" in the local Chichewa language). Eyeing my bowl of dry cereal—how's this for Prince Charming?—he brought over some honey. "It's better with this," he offered, playing the old hand showing the newbie the ropes. (He arrived a week ago; Team T&C only just.) "We're all dogs here!" he quipped. "But really," turning to whoever was responsible for the victuals, "you're feeding the *media* Weetabix?"

Bantering aside (and there is to be plenty of it), we are here on serious business: *Town & Country* for six days to observe, and Prince Harry for three weeks to actively participate in, the most momentous human-engineered migration of wildlife in history, a Big Bang of 21st-century conservation. Five hundred elephants, plus a veritable Noah's ark of some 2,000 sable, waterbuck, kudu, buffalo, warthog, zebra, eland, impala, and other species, are being captured (this past summer and next) in Liwonde National Park and another Malawian wilderness area, Majete Wildlife Reserve, where elephants are abundant. (There are actually too many in small Liwonde, where the beasts have taken to wreaking havoc in adjoining fields and gardens.) The animals are then being transported in huge trucks 300 miles north to a third park, called Nkhotakota, which, in stark conservation-speak, is an "empty forest" or "ecological sink"—meaning poached out.

It is a grand experiment in relocation, and it's clear, a few weeks in, that it's working. "By moving 500 elephants quickly, we are proving that scale is no longer a limitation," says Kester Vickery, co-founder of Conservation Solutions, a South Africa-based company specializing in the capture and transport of large mammals, who is masterminding the logistics of this migration. "We can move thousands, even, from overcrowded areas to safe ones where their populations can continue to grow. It is better than culling. This is the future of elephant conservation in Africa."

Vickery, who is in charge of ground operations, is at the wheel of the vehicle I'm in, and each morning in Liwonde will start much as this one did: soon after dawn, chasing a helicopter whose thrum can be heard intermittently somewhere above and in front of us as it tries to spot either a family of elephants, as on this day (typically eight to 14 animals consisting of a matriarch and her daughters, and their calves of both genders), or solitary bulls. The chopper then flushes them out of the cover of mopane trees onto the empty floodplain, a crack-shot veterinarian immobilizes them with darts filled with etorphine hydrochloride, a powerful opiate, and the pilot immediately directs us via air-to-ground radio to the scene, where our jobs—we're the ground crew—will begin.

The restocking of Nkhotakota with the largest land animal on ➤➤➤

Town & Country is here to observe, and Prince Harry to actively participate in, the most momentous human-engineered migration of wildlife in history, a Big Bang of 21st-century conservation.

► earth is not just an important first step in one park's revival; it is also a powerful, attention-getting symbol. "It shows what is possible here and elsewhere," says Peter Fearnhead, the Zimbabwean-born CEO and co-founder of a nonprofit boots-on-the-ground conservation organization called African Parks. Fearnhead's group is behind it all: African Parks manages the three Malawian parks, and it hired Vickery and his team. "This translocation is also that rare thing in conservation, genuinely good news." (The total African elephant population of 350,000 is being reduced through poaching and habitat degradation by 40,000 a year.)

Fearnhead arrived from Johannesburg for what he calls "the fireworks." Some of his major donors are here too, come to tiny, landlocked Malawi from the Netherlands, Britain, and the United States to see how their money is being spent. (Among them are representatives of the Dutch Postcode Lottery, which donated more than \$2.7 million for the operation.)

"I completely fell in love with African Parks," Harry tells me, "because they get things done. They make tough decisions, and they stick to principles." He and Fearnhead met in the summer of 2015, during one of Harry's annual trips to Africa. "I don't go on safari," he says. "I come so I can surround myself with people [working in conservation] and support them." This is his first trip to see African Parks in action.

The organization's mission is unique. Instead of focusing on a single cause—protecting a particular endangered species, say—it takes a broader approach: saving wild habitat (i.e., parks), without which no wildlife can ultimately survive. The context: African governments, faced with rapidly growing populations in need of schools, hospitals, water, roads, etc., increasingly lack the motivation and money to protect their parks, which makes them vulnerable to land invaders and poaching of all kinds—for animal trophy parts, bush meat, and timber. African Parks, which has access to foreign funding, offers to manage the countries' neglected parks for them.

"There was no a-ha moment," Fearnhead told me. "It was an obvious solution." So was the way the parks should be managed: long-term, because conservation takes time, and at scale, with African Parks assuming control of all aspects of park management, from wildlife (including translocations like this one), law enforcement, community engagement, infrastructure, tourism, and fundraising, and according to rigorous business principles.

"If five elephants get poached in one of the parks we're responsible for," Fearnhead says by way of an example, "that's *my* fault. Accountability for measurable results is absolutely imperative in business. And there isn't enough of that in conservation."

"The one in the back is really goofed already," I hear over the radio. It's the helicopter pilot giving Vickery a progress report on the darting. His partner, veterinarian Andre Uys, is in the chopper doing the shooting. "That would be the matriarch," explains Vickery, who is both a central actor in the drama, responsible for ground operations, and a one-man Greek chorus, commenting for our benefit on the action. "We always dart the matriarch first, so that the big animals don't fall on the smaller ones, and to keep the family from splintering. When their leader is hit, the rest bunch around her. They have very strong social bonds.

"And the mother-calf combo is key," he adds. (There's a baby in the group we're capturing.) "We have to keep them together. Elephants have an amazing maternal instinct. First thing upon waking, they look for their young."

Prince Harry may be fifth in line to the British throne, but while in Malawi he is simply a member of Vickery's crew of 10: vets, pilots, drivers, and crane operators. (And everyone calls him Harry except the manager of Majete, Craig Hay, who is of Scottish descent and addresses him as sir.) Harry rises when they rise, at dawn. He sleeps where they sleep, in one of the olive-green canvas tents pitched for the translocation crew in a semicircle on the bank of the Shire, which swarms with crocodiles and hippos. "Ten years in the army taught me about sleeping rough," he tells me. "Although, of course, this is total luxury in comparison."

And he stays up late with them, talking—the great, often scotch-fueled after-dinner ritual of the African bush. "I love spending time with these guys," he says. "Night after night, chewing the fat around the fire, about the pros and cons of the legalization of rhino horn, or the historic migratory paths of elephants, or the population explosion on the African continent. And also conservation back home, which is hugely important."

"Harry," Fearnhead says, "is extremely informed on many of the key issues in conservation. He has truly invested himself. He can speak with authority. And that's very important."

"Second one down," we hear from the chopper. It takes four to eight minutes for the opiate in the darts to take effect. "I'm coming," Vickery replies, accelerating, as do the Land Cruisers behind us. It's exciting in a primal sort of way: the eternal chase.

Then we're out of the cars and running through the dry grass toward the helicopter, which has landed, and the massive gray shapes near it. The fallen animals need to be quickly stabilized, because "lots can go wrong," says Vickery, always cheerleader and pragmatist. I'm running, I confess, with less than total enthusiasm, because some of the elephants are still standing, and there is nothing—nothing at all, and I'm a city girl—between us and them.

"I've done this a few times before," Harry says when I ask him later about the fear factor, or, rather, his lack of it. "Also, I'm fatalistic. If something is going to happen to you, it will happen. And I have such a respect for wild animals that it's a privilege to be around them. Plus, the army taught me teamwork."

He, Vickery, Uys, and the rest of the team are certainly right up in there. They push on the flanks of the few upright giants, which, lo and behold, topple over. They adjust the postures of those that have sunk down onto their breastbones (this can be fatal to ►►)



LIFT OFF
Clockwise from above: Sedated and then hoisted onto a truck, an elephant is readied for the next phase of transport; guards on duty at the staging area in Liwonde; one crew member takes a breather; the transport trucks on the floodplain.



After being immobilized with a dart from a helicopter, the massive beasts are loaded onto trucks, woken up in a custom-made container, then transported under guard to a safer, bigger home. We are witnessing the future of elephant conservation in Africa.



ON THE COVER

SLEEPING BEAUTY
The most rapturous aspect of elephant translocation is being so close to the largest land animals in the world. (The one standing has also been darted and is about to go down.)





LAW AND ORDER
Clockwise from above:
Austin Kamanga, a local magistrate, came to observe a capture in Liwonde; the translocation staff accompanies an elephant, say "Cheese"!; the wake-up box.



→ elephants, which need to be lying on their sides, in “lateral recumbency,” so as not to suffocate). Jeremy Hancock, the “advanced life support paramedic” who is in charge of human well-being at the capture site (we earlier handed him our signed indemnity forms), is multitasking, monitoring the elephants’ vital signs: breathing, heart rate, blood oxygen levels. Once all the animals are down, other crew members fan out to extend trunks (it aids breathing), cover eyes with the flaps of the ears (for protection), and take measurements: length of tusk, shoulder height, and diameter of footpad (“Useful for research,” says Vickery). The matriarch is collared so the family’s future whereabouts in Nkhotakota can be tracked.

Vickery himself moves among the elephant mounds, holding a large container that bristles with veterinary drugs and hypodermic needles, “topping up” with a diluted opiate solution any animal that appears to be waking prematurely—eyes beginning to focus, limbs twitching. “He’s a magician of adaptive management,” an African Parks staffer comments.

The prince is huddling next to an elephant that fell a small distance from the rest. His fingers are holding the tip of her extended trunk, which is a combination of nose and mouth, and he is timing her breaths (five to six breaths every minute is optimal). And he seems, despite this not being his first time doing it, mesmerized.

It is an odd, somewhat transgressive sensation to be so close to an unconscious wild animal that, were it awake, would probably kill you. But it’s irresistible. I run my hand along the long tusks, smooth scimitars of ivory; feel the ear, like a vast, veined, rubbery leaf; stroke the undersides of the massive feet, which are unexpectedly clean, smooth, and pleasantly cool to the touch, as if composed not of organic matter but of artfully arranged flat, polished stones. And then there’s the trunk, which in drugged repose seems an endearing procession of deep, warm wrinkles but in actuality is one of the most formidable instruments in the animal kingdom. It contains some 40,000 muscles (the entire human body has but 639), can detect water from miles away, and helps produce remarkably diverse sounds, many below the range of human hearing—a parallel universe of meanings to which we don’t yet fully have the key. “People don’t realize,” Harry says quietly, “how amazing elephants are.”

WHAT YOU CAN DO

STEP 1: DONATE. Uniquely in conservation NGO circles, **African Parks** channels 100 percent of donor funds to fieldwork. “Every penny,” Prince Harry stresses, “goes to the animals, the communities, and the parks.” (Overhead costs are covered by an endowment.) Another appeal, says Lorna Menzies, of the People’s Post Code Lottery UK, a major institutional donor, is “African Parks’ clarity of vision.” Options for giving are likewise precisely laid out. Donors can give unrestricted funds or direct them to a particular park (besides the three in Malawi, African Parks manages ones in Chad, the Central African Republic, Congo, the Democratic Republic of Congo, Rwanda, and Zambia), or to a specific project or activity (e.g., “500 Elephants” or law enforcement.) FOR DETAILS GO TO AFRICAN-PARKS.ORG OR CALL 646-568-1276



STEP 2: GO. The endgame is to make each rehabilitated park not only a sustainable habitat for wildlife but a valuable epicenter of the economic development of the surrounding community. Tourism is key. At Majete, African Parks operates the **Thawale Tented Lodge** (six chalets at the edge of a watering hole); all the lodge’s profits go back to the park. FROM \$165 PER PERSON,

AFRICAN-PARKS.ORG

Mvu Lodge in Liwonde, where we stayed, has the luxurious lodge proper and a camp that consists of 18 tented cabins. LODGE FROM \$465 PER PERSON, CAWSMW.COM K.G.

“White boys and their toys,” is what, in effect, a Malawian driver says to me, shaking his head at the expense of it all as we watch the chopper swoop and dive repeatedly during a darting operation. “You should go to the poor places in Malawi where people are hungry and tell them about it.”

Later I describe the conversation to Harry. “I completely understand those frustrations,” he says, “which you would have too if you were constantly, desperately trying to provide for yourself and your family.” Malawi is among the least developed and most densely populated nations in Africa, with nearly half of its 17 million people living on \$2 per day. The parks are the only green bits in a country otherwise severely deforested for timber and charcoal. “But letting people consume what’s left is not the answer,” Fearnhead warns. “If not protected, the ‘pantry’ will be gone in six months. And then what?”

Building what Patricio Ndadzela, African Parks’ country manager for Malawi, calls “a constituency for conservation” is one of the group’s key initiatives—ensuring that local communities see the long-term benefits of a healthy park (tourism, security, employment), and getting them

involved in decisions within its borders. “Otherwise you create an island that will not survive,” Ndadzela adds.

We witness the process in action. One morning a group of solemn Yao tribe chiefs (dressed for the occasion in dark suits and white shirts) arrives, at African Parks’ invitation, for a bull capture. “We need to show them this transparency,” says Craig Reid, Liwonde’s manager, “because we operate in an environment with a lot of corruption. Did you see? They were completely blown away!” On another day we get a visit from magistrates from the surrounding districts, who have come to see for themselves the effort being made on the animals’ behalf; the hope is that in the future they will take seriously African Parks rangers who deliver suspected poachers to them.

It seems to be working. “African Parks’ coming has really helped matters here,” says Austin Kamanga, one of the magistrates. “If they hadn’t, we would have nothing left to point to. The parks would be gone.” James Manyetera, a district commissioner, sounds a more cautious note: “Results cannot be immediate. We need to interact together, to understand.”

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]



MIRACLE IN MALAWI

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83] But there are plenty of reasons already for optimism. Currently African Parks manages 10 protected areas in seven countries (totaling more than 20,000 square miles) and is in negotiations for four more. The plan is 20 by 2020. Majete, which we'll also visit, was the group's first project (along with Liuwa Plain National Park in Zambia) and has rebounded since 2003 from being a "sink" to become one of Malawi's Big Five destinations. In 2016 it earned \$400,000 from tourism (up from zero), it employs 140 people (up from 12), and it has a wild-life population of 12,200 (up from next to nothing). It was figures like those that led the Malawian government in August 2015 to give African Parks the mandates to manage Liwonde and Nkhotakota as well.

In the meantime the optics are *Mad Max*, like apocalyptic war games played out on a vast stage ringed by distant hills. A long flatbed truck with a hydraulic crane behind the cab and a rubberized conveyor belt surface lumbers up to the capture site, and the delicate hoisting of the elephants (average weight of a female: 2.8 tons) begins. "It looks terrible, I know," Vickery told us earlier, "but it's the best way: slung upside down." By the feet and sometimes also the tusks. Trunks dangle, ears spread out like wings.

Once the elephants are all neatly arranged again on their sides, we humans clamber up onto the truck, sprawling on the recumbent beasts as if they were beanbags, and a slow procession begins to the wake-up box, which is parked for the duration of the move a few hundred yards away, at the edge of the floodplain. The crew affectionately calls the eye-catching contraption the Frog—a vast black and yellow rectangular steel container supported on rubber wheels with two froglike legs, for balance, on each side. Vickery designed it, Fearnhead says. "It comes in 10 pieces and gets assembled on-site. It's big enough to hold a cow and a calf, or four medium-size elephants. It's big enough for a mature bull, which can weigh up to seven tons.

Until now they could not be translocated, but they're important for social hierarchy in the wild." (Without them younger bulls seriously misbehave.)

"Harry, wake them up," I hear from Vickery after the crane truck has backed up against the Frog and the elephants have been moved inside on the conveyor belt. The prince obliges. One shot per animal of the reversal drug, Naltrexone, then three of tranquilizing drugs of varying durations (three hours, 18 hours, and seven days) to soothe the beasts during their imminent 10-hour drive to Nkhotakota and the first few days after their arrival.

Harry and Vickery emerge swiftly from the box. "You cannot be near an upright tranquilized elephant the way you can a rhino," Vickery had warned us. "Elephants are incomprehensibly strong. One swipe of the trunk will kill you." The doors are slammed shut, the transport truck backs up to align itself with the opening at the box's other end, and we wait.

"This," Vickery says, "is my favorite part."

Soon it sounds as if a *Tyrannosaurus Rex* were thrashing about inside. The Frog shakes. It rumbles. It's those colossal feet slamming against the floor and sides as the elephants heave themselves up. And then, I swear—we're watching through slits in the roof and sides of the box—they turn and walk backward, as if they rehearsed it, into the transport truck. "They have a reverse gear," Vickery says, shrugging. "They always back up when they awaken. We took advantage of that. It means they can disembark later facing forward." It's as if nature, eons ago, foresaw this.

I barely notice as the truck, an armed scout on board, pulls away, Nkhotakota-bound, a curtain of fine dust billowing behind it. It's only midmorning, but I'm ready, I confess, for the drinking hour. And I might as well confess something else: I didn't actually pull myself up onto the platform of the crane truck. Stymied momentarily by camera and notebook, I was suddenly, without a word, lifted up by the wrists. Much like the elephants, but thankfully not upside down.

"Harry," Vickery says, in what is probably his ultimate accolade, "is a quick-thinking individual. Which in a crisis situation makes all the difference."

The next few days continue in an adrenaline-fueled blur of action. We capture another family group of 11. Then, over two mornings, nine bulls. In Majete, four hours away by car, we dart two

dominant male lions, named Sapitwa and Chimwala, who need their old tracking collars replaced with fresh ones. And we capture a black rhino, one of only nine left in Liwonde, and move him to Majete both to increase the park's number of breeding bulls and for his safety. Majete has a 90-mile electrified perimeter fence watched by 40 patrolmen, who check it twice daily in teams of two, plus 37 rangers working in daily and four-night sleepover shifts. ("How amazing is this?" Vickery exclaims about the rehabilitated park. "A miracle!") African Parks, in its meticulous and long-sighted way, is putting all of these measures into place at Liwonde and Nkhotakota as well.

The rhino's name is Namagogodo, and he repaid us for our efforts by behaving the entire time like an enraged cyclops. "They are born to fight everything," says Uys. Vickery's leg gets smashed between the drugged yet careening animal and the trunk of a mopane tree. ("I'll live.") Harry's hands are bloodied. "When that animal wakes up," he quips, "he'll go searching for women." Reprobate.

One day Harry and I are talking at sunset in the open, thatch-roofed restaurant of Mvu Lodge as the grunts of the hippos basking by the bank grow ever louder and more percussive, accompanied by other vocalizations I cannot identify—wild things revving up for the night. Being in Africa, Harry observes, "is like being plugged into the earth. You leave this place with a real appreciation of what it means to be alive." He is leaving in the morning for two days to attend a family wedding, and we're wrapping things up. No one is paying us the least bit of attention. I'm curious: What, especially, drew him to Africa?

"I first came in 1997, straight after my mum died. My dad told my brother and me to pack our bags—we were going to Africa to get away from it all. My brother and I were brought up outdoors. We appreciate the countryside; we appreciate nature and everything about it. But it became more..."

He pauses, his reasons seemingly both profoundly private and passionately planetary. "This is where I feel more like myself than anywhere else in the world. I wish I could spend more time in Africa. I have this intense sense of complete relaxation and normality here. To not get recognized, to lose myself in the bush with what I would call the most down-to-earth people on the planet, people [dedicated to conservation] with no ulterior motives, no agendas, who would sacrifice everything

for the betterment of nature... I talk to them about their jobs, about what they do. And I learn so much.”

And then?

“I go home and bang the drum. So that we can all try to make a difference.”

He envisions for himself, it seems, a life of commitment to the cause. “Everyone has a different opinion; every country has a different way of doing things. But I do believe that we need a regulatory body so that everyone who owns or manages wildlife is subject to inspection and rated on how well they look after the animals and how the communities benefit. I know I’m going to get criticized for this, but we have to come together. You know what Stevie Wonder said: ‘You need teamwork to make the dream work.’ I use that a lot.”

It’s my last night in Malawi, and the African Parks team is serving sundowners in the temporarily unoccupied royal compound—the tent is bigger than the others, I now notice, with a little awning, and behind a thatch and bamboo privacy screen is a spacious stretch of riverbank and a particularly fetching view of the Shire. Royalty does have some privileges.

“It’s a hippo highway right through here, you know,” Vickery says. Hmm. We are sitting in a half-moon of canvas chairs a few feet from the water, and as darkness falls the grunts are sounding louder and definitely closer. Hippos, which kill more people in Africa than any other animal, come out at night to graze. I take a deep breath and focus on the giant kingfisher I see in the gloaming diving for his dinner. The elephants we captured this morning, I reflect, are just about now arriving in Nkhotakota and being released into the temporary 62-square-mile fenced sanctuary prepared for them by African Parks—pleasantly buzzed, for sure, on the tranquilizers they’ve been given. Me, I’m glad for my scotch. This short week has filled me to the brim with things that have no counterpart in the world I am going back to. There’s a Ndebele proverb: “The eye that has seen something will see it again.” I hope that’s so.

And I think, too, about something else Prince Harry said. “These are very special places, but they are islands with a sea of people around them. I do worry. I think everyone should worry. We need to look after them, because otherwise our children will not have a chance to see what we have seen. This is God’s test: If we can’t save some animals in a wilderness area, what else can’t we do?” «



BE FRUITFUL & MULTIPLY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46] will carry the project forward.

To say that Bill Harlan’s every move is scrutinized in Napa would be an understatement. When I visited the valley a year ago, several of his competitors informed me that he had started picking earlier than usual, the implication being that the alleged creator of the modern, plush, ripe style of cabernet was changing course and succumbing to the winds of fashion. (Ripeness is no longer all.) When I got to Harlan’s serene hilltop winery I asked if there was any truth to this gossip. Bill, always circumspect and thoughtful, seemed bemused. “We picked a little earlier this year, but that was partly the vintage.” (In other words, it was an earlier harvest due to warmer weather.) “It’s also a function of the vines getting more mature,” he says.

It’s clear that Bill is not a fan of the stereotype of his wines as superripe fruit bombs. Preconceptions die hard, especially with a wine like Harlan Estate, which most oenophiles will never taste. (Only 2,000 cases are made each year, with bottles selling for \$750 apiece via a mailing list.) “I think the stereotype was established with the ’97, which was a very hot year,” he says. That wine, which was indeed a rich, concentrated blueberry-smoothie blockbuster, was awarded 100 points by Robert Parker and became the poster child of the Napa Cult Cab. I had it at the winery shortly before release and wished I had brought a spoon. Tasting it was like watching Tiger Woods win the ’97 Masters, a transformative experience. A few other blockbusters have come along since, like the 2002, although in my experience Harlan is a more balanced wine, with significant vintage variation, than usually acknowledged. (It always has a voluptuous texture and relatively soft tannins compared with, say, a first growth Bordeaux.)

What’s interesting about tasting Harlan Estate cabs next to the new wines—made by the same winemaking team—are the

differences. For years California wineries emphasized technique rather than location, but in recent years the French concept of terroir—the idea that a wine can and should be an expression of the terrain from which it springs, reflecting the specific geology, geography, topology, and microclimate of the vineyard—has come to the fore. Since 2009, the year of Promontory’s first vintage, its wines have shown a unique character. A good part of Promontory sits on metamorphic rock, unlike the sedimentary and volcanic soils of Harlan Estate, and the 70-plus acres of vines are planted up to 1,200 feet higher.

Since the first vintage, Promontory wines have begun to reveal their character to the few who have tried them. I’d describe it as a bit of a throwback to the classic Napa cabs of the ’70s. Bill Harlan likes to say Promontory represents “a missing shade of red”—a new flavor profile in Napa, more rustic, more tannic, and more acidic than Harlan Estate, as well as more mineral. It needs more time to integrate and settle down, and as a result it will be released later, with more time in barrel and cask than other Harlan wines.

“It has the makings of one of the longest-lived wines in Napa,” Empting says, as we contemplate the very youthful 2010 over an autumn lunch in Yountville. The 36-year-old has the enviable role of winemaker at Harlan, Bond, and Promontory, having landed at Harlan 15 years earlier as an intern. Empting also collaborates with Will on Mascot, which they describe as “an on-ramp to wine appreciation.” Made from younger vines, it sells for \$85 a bottle.

After lunch I tour the new winery and reception center, just down the hill from Harlan Estate. It’s still under construction, and the smell of fresh lumber competes with that of fermentation. Grapes from the 2016 harvest are already arriving, small batches getting funneled into the new fermentation tanks. As at Harlan itself, the Promontory buildings have been designed by the architect Howard Backen, the king of Napa Valley rustic chic; unlike Harlan, which is hidden uphill, away from the road, Promontory will be relatively accessible and open by appointment to the public. And while the plan is to leave 90 percent of the “territory” in its current wild state, Promontory will eventually have a larger production than the mother-ship. Someday the wine may even appear at retail vendors—though it will never be poured at your local chain restaurant. «

A photograph of Naomi Campbell is the background for the magazine cover. She is wearing a dark blue, draped, one-shoulder dress and is adorned with several pieces of gold jewelry, including a wide cuff bracelet on her right wrist, a matching cuff on her left wrist, a necklace, and a ring. She is reclining against a dark, upholstered chair, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background behind her is a warm-toned, vertically-pleated curtain.

LEGENDARY STYLE TOWN & COUNTRY

MARCH 2017

NAOMI
CAMPBELL'S
FEARLESS
GLAMOUR

MARIJUANA
TYCOONS
OF PARK
AVENUE

TRUMP'S
TAX ON
CHARITY

WHY IT'S
SO EASY
TO CON
THE
RICH

A HAUNTED
HOUSE
IN PARIS

THE FINAL
WORD ON
SKINCARE
BY LINDA WELLS

HOW *TWEEN*
GIRLS DRESS: ONE
MOTHER'S SAGA

T&C

MARCH

“I BASICALLY
CONSIDER
MYSELF *STREET*
SMART...
UNFORTUNATELY,
THAT
STREET IS
RODEO
DRIVE.”

—Carrie Fisher

CAROLINA HERRERA GOWN (\$3,490); AZZEDINE ALAIA SHOES (\$1,560); VAN CLEEF & ARPELS CUFFS (\$35,700 EACH) AND HERITAGE NECKLACES (FROM \$55,000)



ON THE COVER

LEGEND STATUS

DON'T CALL IT A COMEBACK. NAOMI CAMPBELL HAS SPENT THREE DECADES AS AN *ICONOCLAST* AT THE TOP OF THE *FASHION UNIVERSE*. AND HER POWERS ARE ONLY GETTING STRONGER.

By Danielle Stein Chizzik
Photographs by Max Vadukul. Styled by Nicoletta Santoro

MARCH 2017

T&C
159

TOWNANDCOUNTRYMAG.COM

Few people have ever accused Naomi Campbell of being a shrinking violet. She is, after all, the woman who more or less single-handedly willed the term *ferce* into a fashion colloquialism. But according to her it's an apt description, at least in the moments before she bursts onto a runway. "I feel nervous when I walk out," she says. "I just try to make it down in one piece and make it back in one piece. I enjoy it, but I'm nervous. Especially now. I mean, I'm 46, and these girls are 21 or 18..." She pauses, backtracking a bit. "I don't know if it's about the age thing, necessarily, but for me there's always a vulnerability there."

The fashion editors who watched this original supermodel power down the Versace runway in a surprise cameo last September in Milan can be forgiven any skepticism. Campbell's supreme confidence on that runway, on every runway over the course of her three-decade career—her intensity today makes her seem an altogether different species from the blank-faced 18-year-olds—jolted those editors out of their perennial New York–London–Milan–Paris fashion month fatigue and reminded them that their jobs were, in fact, enviably fabulous.

Add to this the fact that Campbell is a person who once turned a stint of mandated community service into a fashion moment photographed by Steven Klein. A person who looks so similar to the teenager she was when she was first scouted in the '80s that nearly every Instagram photo she posts could be mistaken for a throwback. A person who is known for speaking her mind—whether about the lack of diversity in the industry on *Good Morning America* or about what she deems to be the "complete idiocy" of fellow coach Karolina Kurkova on Campbell's modeling competition reality show, *The Face*. She presents as the opposite of vulnerable, a woman who seems literally not to sweat. The temperature in the suite at the Carlyle Hotel that served as the set of her *Town & Country* photo shoot hovered, per her instructions, at around 90 degrees, and she coolly posed for hours before an increasingly damp and disheveled crew. Naomi Campbell is a flower that thrives in extreme heat.

"She does still have a bit of the shyness she had when she first started out," says modeling legend Bethann Hardison, who calls herself "Naomi's mother on this side of the pond" on account of years spent acting as Campbell's confidante and mentor. ("And she's the daughter you sometimes want to throw against the wall," Hardison adds with a laugh.) "But she's first and foremost a survivor. You'd think she'd tire of this business, but she keeps on delivering, keeps on pulsating. From the beginning, even when she was very shy, she understood her value and tried to make sure she was being cut the same slice of bread as anyone else. And like all the girls of color in this industry, she had to do twice the amount to

really make it. I've always called her a Buffalo Soldier—she was fighting on arrival, fighting for survival."

Indeed, while most of the models who ruled the fashion world in the late '80s and '90s are still enjoying some degree of success via cosmetics lines or lingerie lines or yogawear lines, none of them has endured in the bona fide fashion industry quite the way Campbell has. Her days are still regularly spent in Pat McGrath's makeup chair, getting ready for shoots and runways and awards shows; her nights are studded with parties or dinners with famous designers and fellow models—although the latter group, which formerly consisted of Christy and Helena and Cindy and Claudia and Elle, now includes the likes of new pals Maria Borges and Bella Hadid.

Campbell's longevity has come in spite of some well-reported setbacks. "She is a really smart person who used to get in her own way and then spent the last few years figuring out how to get out of it," says Jacob Bernstein, whose recent story about Campbell for the *New York Times* led to a friendship between the two. "Of course, part of how she accomplished that was by taking the things that had gotten her into trouble in the past and using them as springboards," he says, referring, for instance, to that famous Klein community service photo shoot. "But that's part of what I love about her. She's a freight train of moxie and resilience."

Lee Daniels's first meeting with Campbell was not exactly smooth.

"I met her through Lenny Kravitz, and I hired her for a Rock the Vote campaign," the director says. "She showed up late to my set, and she came up in a limousine that she exited in a puff of smoke, like Cruella de Vil. I screamed at her. And she didn't care."

Ultimately Daniels came to find her unflappability charming. Plus, he admits he was already a fan. "I remember the first time I saw her at a fashion show. Watching her strut was like watching Baryshnikov dance or Serena play. She is the best at what she does, and we quickly developed a mutual respect for each other's craft and what we both had gone through," says Daniels, who, like Campbell, has spoken publicly about his past struggles with substance abuse. "We recognized each other as kindred spirits."

The Rock the Vote appearance never worked out (after all that drama Daniels realized Campbell wasn't an American citizen and thus couldn't be cast), but he turned to her years later for a recurring role in his TV series *Empire*, and again for his current Fox series *Star*, in which, Campbell says, "I play a stage mom who has both a famous husband [Kravitz] and a daughter following in his footsteps, so I have to sacrifice my own life for them, which is very emotional." She does, though, get to make proclamations like "Atlanta is *not* a good look, darling. I've seen that *Housewives* ➤

"SHE IS A REALLY SMART PERSON WHO USED TO GET IN HER OWN WAY AND THEN SPENT YEARS FIGURING OUT HOW TO GET OUT OF IT. SHE'S A FREIGHT TRAIN OF MOXIE AND RESILIENCE."

RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION
JACKET (\$1,990); **CARINE**
GILSON SLIP (\$1,000);
AZZEDINE ALAIA SHOES
(\$1,645); **CARTIER**
BRACELET (ON RIGHT ARM,
\$232,000); **VAN CLEEF &**
ARPELS BRACELET (PRICE
ON REQUEST); **SISLEY**
WHITE GINGER CONTOURING
OIL (\$190)



► show—it's *trash!*” while wearing a fabulous white fur coat and carrying around a tiny pampered dog. (“That dog’s collar was so expensive—Naomi’s coat was cheaper than that collar,” Daniels says, quickly adding, “Don’t tell her that!”)

“People think Naomi’s a bitch,” Daniels continues, “and that’s completely wrong. There are very few people who I can say ride or die for me, and that’s what she is. And any of her friends will tell you that she’s beyond loyal. And she has so many friends. I have never seen a Rolodex like hers in my life.”

It’s true—Campbell’s list of friends and acquaintances would be impressive by any standard, let alone for an alleged shy gal. Her fashion crew includes Donatella Versace, Azzedine Alaïa (with whom she lived when she was a young model in Paris), John Galiano, Marc Jacobs, and Riccardo Tisci. She has been romantically involved with Sly Stallone, Robert De Niro, Flavio Briatore, Mike Tyson, and Russian billionaire Vladislav Doronin. Her Instagram feed is like a never-ending yearbook of boldfaced names. There she is hugging Kevin Spacey, at a birthday dinner with Kate Moss, mugging with Lady Gaga, hanging backstage at *SNL* with A Tribe Called Quest, taking a selfie with Cindy Sherman. She has spent time with Shimon Peres, Hugo Chávez, Vladimir Putin, and, of course, Nelson Mandela, to whom she was an “honor-ary granddaughter.”

“He was always there for me, and he never judged me,” Campbell remembers. “He was very instrumental in showing me that I have the ability to help others. He’s the one who sent me to do fieldwork for his children’s fund, and when I would get too emotional in the beginning he would coach me about crying in front of the kids and learning to deal with it.”

“I think Nelson Mandela was the person who said to Naomi, ‘There is more than fashion shows and parties,’” Bernstein says. “He kind of helped her see she could use her fame for good.”

It is in Campbell’s philanthropic work that her fame and her Rolodex and her chutzpah really blend into something fierce. She has done work for years under the radar with children in the developing world and with AIDS charities, but in 2005 she found herself watching Hurricane Katrina coverage, seeing images of devastation interspersed with reports on NBC’s relief concert, featuring everyone from Joe Scarborough to Lindsay Lohan, and the NFL telethon that ultimately raised \$5 million for the Bush-Clinton Katrina Fund.

“Naomi said, ‘What is the fashion industry doing to help?’” says her longtime friend Desiree Eloh, who works as Campbell’s project director. “Someone said, ‘Oh, I think so-and-so is doing a T-shirt.’ And she said, ‘A T-shirt? That’s not good enough!’ It was just before fashion week, so she called IMG and said, ‘I want your tent!’”

“HE WAS ALWAYS THERE FOR ME, AND HE NEVER JUDGED ME,” SHE SAYS OF NELSON MANDELA. “HE WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN SHOWING ME THAT I HAVE THE ABILITY TO HELP OTHERS.”

“I was shocked seeing all these people walking around the streets of New Orleans with nowhere to go, with their homes in their bags,” Campbell says. “So I picked up the phone and called Teddy Forstmann, who owned IMG at the time, and said I needed to put together a benefit show in seven days.”

And because Naomi Campbell gets, generally speaking, what Naomi Campbell wants, the already jammed fashion week schedule was tinkered with. (Gwen Stefani, either because she is a nice person or maybe because she is a little scared of Naomi Campbell—but likely both—moved her own show time to accommodate Campbell.) And clothing donations from designers began to pour in. Janice Dickinson and Nicole Richie and Carmen Kass and Beyoncé and Veronica Webb signed on to join Campbell on the runway at the show, which sold enough tick-

ets to ultimately raise \$1 million for Katrina victims. It turned out not to be a one-off but the inaugural Fashion for Relief event; Campbell has since staged similar fundraisers to benefit victims of the 2008 Mumbai terrorist attacks, the 2011 Japanese earthquake, the recent Ebola outbreak in Africa, and many more crises. Her Fashion for Relief team is gearing up for an event in Cannes during the film festival in May to benefit Save the Children’s efforts on behalf of refugees and children living in poverty.

“I still remember my mother, when I was seven or eight, sending money in my name to Ethiopia and getting letters and drawings back from children there saying thank you,” Campbell says. “That’s when I first learned that there were people my age who were less fortunate than I. And that my mother was trying to look after them.”

In the meanwhile there are scenes to be shot for Daniels down in Atlanta, parties to attend, vacations to take. Campbell is about to embark on one, and though she won’t say where she’s going, travel is one topic where she lets down her well-known guard with journalists and becomes gregarious. “I adore Egypt! I’ve been to Egypt many times, but it’s never enough, because you always have more to learn and take in,” she says. “I love history, other cultures, religion. I love Jordan. I love Africa: Kenya, Tanzania. I love Cambodia and Burma. When I go to Israel I go to the Coptic part, the Christian part, the Kabbalistic part, to Palestinian areas.”

As few people as there are who would call Naomi Campbell shy, there are even fewer who would say that the woman doesn’t know how to suck the marrow out of life. Herself included. A recent trip to Bhutan featured a visit with the king and queen, naturally. “I always travel very comfortably,” she says. (She doesn’t claim to enjoy roughing it.) “But I want to see everything. Everything at once! As much as I can. You know, climb every mountain. I do all of it.” ◀

Photographed at the Carlyle Hotel New York. Hair by Brian Devine for BrianDevineHair.com. Makeup by Renee Garnes for Next Artists using Charlotte Tilbury. Nails by Bethany Newell using Chanel Le Vernis. Set design by Jeffrey Miller. Tailoring by Yasmine Oezelli for Lars Nord. Casting by Piergiorgio Del Moro at Exposure NY. Produced by Una Simone Harris for Wanted Media.

LANVIN GOWN (\$3,460);
PAUL ANDREW SHOES
(\$1,495); BELPERRON CUFFS
(ON LEFT ARM, FROM
\$24,500); CARTIER
BRACELET (\$232,000);
GOLDWELL KERASILK
RECONSTRUCT RESTORATIVE
HAIR BALM (\$30). FOR
DETAILS SEE PAGE 216.

T&C SOURCEBOOK

IDEAS AND INSPIRATION

THE FACE
Naomi Campbell in
the Royal Suite
at New York City's
Carlisle Hotel.
CAROLINA HERRERA
GOWN (\$3,490);
AZZEDINE ALAIA SHOES
(\$1,560); **VAN CLEEF**
& **ARPELS** CUFFS
(\$35,700 EACH) AND
HERITAGE NECKLACES
(FROM \$55,000)

LOUIS VUITTON
NECKLACE
(PRICE ON
REQUEST),
LOUIS
VUITTON.COM

CHOPARD
TIMEPIECE (PRICE
ON REQUEST),
800-CHOPARD

DRESS CODE

SUPER RICH

*THE DECADENCE
THAT ONCE RULED
THE CATWALK
MAKES A COMEBACK.*

CHIARA BONI
LA PETITE ROBE
DRESS (\$750),
NEIMAN
MARCUS.COM

VERSACE HOME
CUSHION
(FROM \$375),
US.VERSACE.COM

DOLCE & GABBANA WEDGES
(\$3,575), DOLCEGABBANA.IT

ARTEMEST
URN (\$350),
ARTEMEST.COM

THE TALK OF JAIPUR

THE MAHARAJAS POPULARIZED *INDIAN JEWELRY*, BUT *MUNNU KASLIWAL* OF THE *GEM PALACE* MADE IT MODERN. NOW HIS DASHING SON *SIDDHARTH* IS WRITING THE NEXT GLITTERING CHAPTER.

By Whitney Robinson

Photographs by Cyrill Matter





SON SHINES
Siddharth in front of a photograph of his father, the late Munnu Kasliwal, which hangs in his private jewelry atelier. *Left:* Siddharth, with younger brother Samarth and Manu the Gem Palace president Jana Pasquel, arrives for a candlelit dinner at the Amber Fort, one of Jaipur's best-known landmarks.



DAY JEWELS
Clockwise from left:
Jana rides a tuk-tuk in the garden of Munnu's country house; Samarth gets ready for a night out; a selection of necklaces from Munnu the Gem Palace; hand-blocked scarves at Andraab.



The world has many so-called golden triangles, cultural and commercial hubs that define nearly all major metropolitan areas. In New York there's Tribeca (the Triangle Below Canal Street), with its residential lofts that set a trend for city living, not to mention the original Nobu. In Milan it's the area bounded by Via Montenapoleone, Via della Spiga, and Via Gesù, three streets that house the flagship boutiques and headquarters of the world's largest fashion companies, including palazzos Versace, Brioni, and Marni. In India, however, where everything is bigger, "the golden triangle" refers to three cities: the capital, New Delhi; Agra, home to the Taj Mahal; and Jaipur, home to the Gem Palace.

DESCRIBING MUNNU THE GEM PALACE AS JUST A JEWELRY STORE WOULD BE LIKE SAYING THAT THE *TAJ* MAHAL IS SIMPLY A TOMB.

Okay, so maybe it's a stretch to put a megacity of 18 million and one of the world's most beloved monuments in the same sentence as a store selling pricey baubles. But describing the Gem Palace as just a jewelry store would be like saying that the Taj Mahal is simply a tomb.

The story of how the Gem Palace developed a reputation as one of Rajasthan's most colorful attractions—along with a client book that would be the envy of any jeweler—has much to do with Munnu, the youngest of three brothers (Munnu means "little one") in the eighth generation of the Kasliwal clan. It was Munnu's signature designs—headdresses inlaid with thousands of rose-cut diamonds, emeralds, and natural pearls; "poison" rings with cabochon tops that open to reveal a chamber for the snuff of one's choice (or merely →



SOME WONDERED IF *SIDDHARTH* COULD MAINTAIN MUNNU'S MAGIC, BUT HE HAS INHERITED HIS FATHER'S *PASSION* FOR STONES, HIS *PENCHANT* FOR DESIGN, AND HIS ABILITY TO *CHARM*.

TRUNK SHOW
Siddharth, Jana,
and Samarth at
Jaipur's elephant
sanctuary, which
helps rescue
abused animals.



► the suggestion of it); old mine cut diamonds bought from down-on-their-luck maharanis and remade in contemporary settings; boxes inlaid with rubies in graduated fretwork so fine it looks like enamel to the untrained eye—that transformed the Gem Palace from a mostly traditional local business into a globally recognized name. In the process Munnu earned a devoted posse of women and men that spanned Hollywood, Bollywood, and the Upper East Side, from his townhouse on 74th Street between Madison and Park avenues to the palaces in Casablanca and Qatar. In other words, the kind of people whom a D-flawless 10-carat cushion cut diamond makes yawn.

“He modernized Indian jewelry,” says Jana Pasquel, the Rapunzel-haired president of Munnu the Gem Palace. Pasquel started out as Munnu’s assistant in New York in 2003, while in her twenties. Her grandmother, who was married to an oilman from San Antonio and was photographed for this magazine in 1980 by Norman Parkinson, was a friend and client. “Before Munnu, the look was ethnic. He made it accessible,” she says.

I never got the chance to meet Munnu. By the time I first visited Jaipur, in the winter of 2009, he was suffering from the early stages of brain cancer. Though I came away with a bejeweled sarpech that I often wear (if you’ve seen me in white tie you know what I’m talking about), I felt I had somehow missed the point: the legendary midnight soirees at Munnu’s country home on the outskirts of the city, a rambling thatched cottage with a hidden belfry where Muriel Brandolini smoked under the stars; the buckets filled with hundreds of thousands of carats of sparkling tourmalines and diamonds, dumped onto his work table as if he were a latter-day Ali Baba; the stories of his quests to purchase the rare and wonderful for his personal collections, including a remarkable jade cup said to have belonged to Shah Jahan. Three years after my first visit he died, at the age of 54.

Munnu left his share of the business to his dashing 32-year-old son, Siddharth. (Munnu’s brothers Sanjay and Sudhir work on other parts of the business.) There was a question whether he would be able to maintain the same degree of magic, but it turns out that Sid—who has literally lived at the Gem Palace since he was a child—inherited his father’s passion for stones, his penchant for design, and his ability to charm everyone from his suppliers to his craftsmen ►►



ROYAL DECREE
Jana at Suján Rajmahal Palace, the former home of the Maharaja of Jaipur, now a boutique hotel celebrated for its contemporary design. *Right:* An original 1940 Packard, part of Siddharth's car collection.





►► to his clients. It's a phenomenon I got to experience myself when I flew to India to meet the new generation running Munnu the Gem Palace in October. (Full disclosure: Sid and I had partied in New York some years earlier. One particular Cinco de Mayo comes to mind, fueled by designer mezcal, a bucket of yellow chili queso, a mariachi band, and a black American Express card—not mine.) But being with him, Jana, and his younger brother Samarth in Jaipur was like finding the golden ticket (only this one is 22K) inside a turmeric-infused chocolate bar made by the Willy Wonka of Rajasthan.

Home base is 28 Kothi, Sid's new boutique hotel, which previously functioned as Munnu's wellness studio. With the help of Lebanese designer Nur Kaoukji, a former home has been turned into a whitewashed guesthouse that wouldn't be out of place in Beirut or Buenos Aires.

The day begins with a sumptuous breakfast: tropical fruits on a bed of mashed banana studded with pomegranate seeds and served on pink block-print linens. The Gem Palace's driver arrives and whisks me off to Narain Niwas Palace, where I meet Jana at Hot Pink, the boutique Munnu created with jewelry designer Marie H el ene de Tail-lac. There I stock up on scarves woven of spun gold by Kashmir Handloom, linen waistcoats by Rajesh Pratap Singh (his Mumbai store is a must-visit), and the house's own Aladdinesque jewel-tone velvet slippers, while Jana indulges her taste for embroidered ball gowns by Manish Arora.

We catch up with Siddharth and Samarth for panini at Caff  Palladio, the newest creation of Dutch designer Marie-Anne Oudejans (who ►►)

“I’M FASCINATED WITH HOW THE JEWELRY WORLD CONNECTS,” SIDDHARTH SAYS. “THE STONES ARE IMPRINTED WITH A PERMANENT MEMORY.”

DYNASTIES

► decorated Siddharth's apartment, among other things). Then it's back to the hotel to rest up for the evening.

The Amber Fort is the most famous sight in the city, and it's especially spectacular at sunset, as the baby elephants descend with the daytripper tourists, and worshipers head up to the temple complex to celebrate Navratri, a Hindu high holy day. We bypass the chanting throngs for a private dinner in the mirrored private dining room of 1135 AD, the restaurant at the fort. Framed pictures of the Prince of Wales, Diane von Furstenberg, and others adorn the tables. Sid's mother Kalpana arrives, elegantly humble in a burgundy and black silk sari—save for a pair of the fattest old mine cut earrings I've ever seen. Friends from Sid's boarding school days join the gathering. The most delicate vegetarian food, including a particularly arresting tamatar dhaniya ka shorba (a tomato soup with garlic, chilis, and cilantro), is brought on silver platters. (The Kasliwals are Jain and refrain from eating meat.) Wine flows in pewter goblets. The whole affair is a Mughal fantasy, apart from the air-conditioning unit sheathed in red velvet that barely keeps us from falling into a slumber. The night ends with a dance party at Nur Kaoukji's cerulean-walled house.

I wake up feeling a little like Sabrina in Billy Wilder's 1954 film, who falls for a rich young man's familiar moves of champagne and dancing on a moonlit tennis court while an orchestra plays "Isn't It Romantic?" Though I know many clients before me have been seduced in exactly the same way (elephant ride: check; a trip to the aforementioned country house: check; a tour of the ateliers: check; souvenirs that require wire transfers to purchase: check), I am nonetheless entranced.

But Sid's self-effacing demeanor is more alluring than the finest spinel. "It's like somehow Munnu knew he had to prepare Sid for what was to come," Jana tells me in the turquoise-papered Colonnade at Rajmahal Palace (where Jackie Kennedy once stayed). "He was proud of Sid, but, like a traditional Indian father, he never heaped praise for fear of his getting a big head."

Sid's friend Nico Landrigan, who once interned for Munnu and whose family owns the storied jewelry houses Verdura and Belperron, says, "Sid is the consummate extrovert—a lover of his fellow man. He's a truly lovely, gentle person, just like his father. He can find joy and meaning in almost anything, even tough situations, and he's had his share of those. He [CONTINUED ON PAGE 213]

AMBER NIGHTS
Jana and Siddharth's mother Kalpana Kasliwal; a dinner for close friends at the Amber Fort.





I WAKE UP FEELING
A LITTLE LIKE *SABRINA* IN
BILLY WILDER'S 1954 FILM;
I KNOW MANY BEFORE ME
HAVE BEEN *SEDUCED* IN
EXACTLY THE SAME WAY.

SOCIAL ANIMALS

INSTAGRAM STARS *ASHLEY* AND *KATALINA HICKS* LEAD A SURPRISINGLY LOW-PROFILE LIFE

IN RURAL ENGLAND. IS IT THE LACK OF RECEPTION?



MATCH GAME
Kata and Ashley Hicks in the drawing room of their Oxfordshire home. ON KATA, LANVIN DRESS, MANOLO BLAHNIK HEELS, ASPREY CANE. ON ASHLEY, RALPH LAUREN PURPLE LABEL JACKET, SHIRT, AND TROUSERS; GUCCI SHOES. **Opposite:** The manicured garden; the couple's greyhound, Cara. ERDEM DRESS.



By Catriona Gray
Photographs by Harry Crowder

Dressed in a semisheer Armani jumpsuit, Katalina Hicks is athletically pursuing a chicken across a manicured lawn, assisted by her Italian greyhound, Cara. Finally she scoops the plump hen, named Barbara Brandenburg, into her arms and laughs in triumph. Earlier her husband Ashley had displayed similar skill rounding up the errant fowl in their Oxfordshire garden, but then, chickens have always played a significant role in the couple's romance.

It was Ashley's wittily captioned pictures on Instagram of his prized birds that first captivated Katalina Sharkey de Solis, a digital consultant based in New York. When she was asked to give a talk at the South by Southwest festival about anthropomorphism in social media, she got in touch with Ashley to ask for a high-resolution image of his favorite avian subjects. Soon afterward they met for the first time, over dinner at the Wolseley in London. That was in May 2015, and by September of that year the couple

had married. The wedding made headlines thanks in part to photographs showing the bride wearing lace rabbit ears, while Ashley donned a giant chicken head at the reception.

Marriage has meant that Kata has swapped city life for this rural idyll. “Relocating to England was a big change, but I was ready for it,” she says. “I arrived in New York when I was 15. It’s an amazing city, but it’s for young people with lots of energy.”

Kata’s background is in fashion and digital. She worked for Bottega Veneta, then Cartier, before becoming director of digital at Chanel. She now freelances as a luxury digital consultant, as well as helping celebrities with their online presences.

Ashley, meanwhile, is a designer and polymath who has worked on numerous private houses and written several design books, as well as creating his own furniture collection and various products and shop interiors for his former wife, Allegra Hicks. Most recently he designed a bed linen line for Frette and oversaw the publication of *David Hicks Scrapbooks*. (His father was one of the great decorators of the 20th century.)

That talent clearly runs in the genes, for every room in the charming, rose-clad converted Victorian outbuildings that make up the couple’s home (they abut the red brick manor where Ashley’s mother Lady Pamela lives) shows creative flair and an eye for detail.

The sprawling, interconnected conversion was initially Ashley’s weekend retreat, but after his divorce from Allegra it became his full-time residence, although he and Kata spend a couple of nights a week at their apartment in the Albany complex (which she describes as “the chicest gay nursing home in London”). His two daughters visit often; his youngest, Ambrosia, is the most frequent caller, as she’s a student at Oxford University, while Angelica is currently working in New York.

Not every newly married woman would feel comfortable living next door to her mother-in-law, but Kata and Lady Pamela are firm friends. Now in her late eighties, Ashley’s mother—a cousin of Prince Philip and a daughter of Lord Mountbatten—comes over most evenings for dinner or to watch a film. Kata calls her “Lady Gramela” and is educating her in the ways of social media. “She doesn’t really get Instagram. When we first met, she asked if I was one of Ashley’s ‘fans.’ And Snapchat is worse. She gets very upset when I put the dog-face filter on her. Sometimes she bans me from taking pictures, but overall she is pretty accommodating. We have a lot of fun.”

So saying, Kata leads the way into the house. A wrought iron side table with a pedestal that looks like a face and topped with

an assortment of personal ephemera dominates the entrance hall, while the floor is tiled in a bold David Hicks pattern.

Off this is a long, low dining room decorated with a mural of frangipani trees that Ashley himself painted in acrylic. “That corner’s the best,” he says, pointing. “But I had to finish the room before my ex-wife’s parents came to visit, so parts of it aren’t done properly.” The imperfect execution still clearly pains him, even though it’s impossible to see the mistakes he’s referring to. He has also personalized the big oval mirror; cladding the frame with bits of coral gathered from a beach near his younger sister India’s home in the Bahamas.

In the drawing room he has carefully painted the green walls to make them look as if they’re covered in squares of stitched-together leather. He also carved the plaster chimney-piece, designed the cabinet that conceals the television, and embellished the lamps and the doors. “Too much time on my hands,” he says wryly.

Ashley’s practical approach baffled his father. “He was the sort of man who wouldn’t even change a lightbulb,” he recalls. “Norman Parkinson came here to photograph my sister India when she was a bridesmaid for the Prince of Wales and Lady Diana. Parkinson asked my dad for a bit of fuse wire to tie some flowers in India’s hair, and he said, ‘Do I look like a man who mends his own fuses?’”

It was David Hicks who designed Prince Charles’s first apartment, in the 1960s, and he went on to become the ultimate society decorator. His legacy is evident throughout the property, from the Gothic pavilion on the grounds to the main house, where most of the rooms are still as he originally planned them. His son inherited a passion for architectural history; Ashley has been interested in the provenance of antiques and

buildings since he was a child.

“My father loved going to museums and looking at artifacts, but he would hardly ever read the text—he relied on me to remember the names of things and tell him what they were.” Ashley’s visual sensibility and interest in origins have translated well to Instagram, where his images of medieval churches and plaster fragments have gained him close to 150,000 followers.

Although to the outside observer Ashley and Kata might seem an oddly assorted couple—she bubbly and exuberant, he reserved and serious—they’re not as unlikely a pairing as you might think. Both are very funny and rather eccentric, and, whether marketing fashion or designing interiors, they each have an eye for beauty. Not to mention a shared fondness for chickens, of course. ASHLEY HICKS’S BOOK *DETAILS* (IDEA, \$60) COMES OUT THIS SPRING, ASHLEYHICKS.COM.

“SHE DOESN’T REALLY GET INSTAGRAM,” KATA SAYS OF HER MOTHER-IN-LAW, LADY PAMELA. “SNAPCHAT IS WORSE. SHE GETS VERY UPSET WHEN I PUT THE DOG-FACE FILTER ON HER.”

INTERIOR ALCHEMY
Clockwise from top right: Kata, wearing Chanel, in Lady Pamela’s dining room; a wall painted by Ashley to resemble stitched leather; sundry *objets*; David Hicks’s former bedroom; the brightly accented drawing room, with a cabinet designed by Ashley that was inspired by an African mask



IN DEFENSE OF GOOD TASTE
TOWN & COUNTRY

APRIL 2017

**KATIE
HOLMES**
THE LESSONS
OF CAMELOT

**HOLLYWOOD
HOUSE**
WAR

**ART
DYNASTY**
HEIR
APPARENT

THE
T&C
GUIDE TO
DESIGN +
DECORUM

ANNABELLE SELLDORF
APOCALYPSE INSURANCE
BETSY BLOOMINGDALE
COUNTRY CLUB COLLEGES
DAVID HICKS
GOLD IN THE OVAL OFFICE
IAN SCHRAGER
ITALY'S INNER SANCTUMS
MEXICO'S LOST PARADISE
POWER POWDER ROOMS
RALPH LAUREN
RENZO PIANO
SEAN PARKER
SILICON VALLEY'S PARTY WIZARD
WASP KITCHEN SECRETS

VALENTINO DRESS
(\$7,250); ERES BRA
(\$160); JIMMY CHOO
SHOES (\$695); ASSAEL
EARRINGS (\$7,200)



ON THE COVER

MOMENT OF TRUTH

*KATIE HOLMES HAS
PLAYED JACKIE
KENNEDY—TWICE. WHAT
IS IT ABOUT THIS
AMERICAN ACTRESS THAT
EMBODIES OUR *FIRST*
LADY OF GRACE, GRIT,
AND GLAMOUR?*

*By Adam Rathe
Photographs by Cedric Buchet
Styled by Nicoletta Santoro*

Katie Holmes's phone won't stop buzzing. As the sun sinks behind the Hudson River and the clock ticks toward the moment she'll dash off to a premiere at the Museum of Modern Art, the iPhone sitting between us blinks almost constantly to alert her to the arrival of new text messages. And while anyone who has been paying attention to celebrity news might imagine her private number being deluged with love notes from her Academy Award-winning beau, Jamie Foxx, some upside-down reading reveals the frantic party to be someone even more important: her mom.

The rapid-fire texts turn out to be nothing pressing—gossip from back in Toledo that Holmes makes me swear not to repeat—but the moment encapsulates the dichotomy that renders the 38-year-old Holmes so compelling. Sure, she's a movie star who seems to have the world on a string, but in a split second she can turn right back into a hometown girl from Ohio without losing even an ounce of charisma. It's a cocktail of glamour and relatability that has served Holmes throughout her career, and it's undoubtedly what led her to her latest role as one of history's most watched and beloved women.

"Jackie Kennedy had these values that we as Americans believe in, but she also had this sense of adventure that made you pay attention," Holmes says of the late first lady, whom she'll portray in the limited television series *The Kennedys: After Camelot*, which premieres April 2 on the Reelz network. "She was so graceful, even when she was scared or sad. I really admire her protection of the Kennedy name, her husband, and how much she wanted her children to be as grounded and normal and successful on their own as possible. Those are the things I love about her—and why I wanted to play her again."

Again being the key word. In 2011, Holmes portrayed Jackie in *The Kennedys*, a series that followed the fabled clan from 1938 to 1969 and earned four Emmy nominations and, amid mixed reviews, praise for Holmes. The new series takes a close look at life for the political dynasty after the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy, focusing on Jackie during the years when she married Aristotle Onassis, took a job editing books at Doubleday, and made herself at home in New York City. It's an entirely new set of circumstances that made playing the character at once more challenging and more appealing. On the heels of Natalie Portman's

Oscar-nominated performance in *Jackie*—which Holmes notes she has seen—*The Kennedys: After Camelot* takes a wider view of the character. Portman is Jackie for only a few days, but Holmes has her for almost a lifetime, and the two offerings dovetail nicely in the zeitgeist. "My approach was different this time," Holmes says. "Her journey in this series has more twists and turns and is more emotional than what I portrayed in the last one." It's an attentive, warm portrait of a world-famous woman coming into her own. No wonder Holmes can relate.

The actress made her mark early, starring in the 1990s teen drama *Dawson's Creek* before moving on to more adult fare, including action films such as *Batman Begins*, a Broadway revival of Arthur Miller's *All My Sons*, and, more recently, a delightfully villainous role on the Showtime series *Ray Donovan*. Her professional life hasn't been the only thing that has kept her in the headlines, though. In 2006, after a whirlwind courtship, Holmes married Tom Cruise, and she spent the subsequent years firmly in the spotlight, because of, first, the marriage, then the birth of the couple's daughter Suri (now 10), and finally their bombshell 2012 divorce. Holmes emerged from the split with her America's Sweetheart vibe intact, though in the past few years any residual ingenue-style innocence has been replaced with grown-up confidence and moxie. And while she has been linked to Foxx, it's her career—not her personal life—that seems to be most noteworthy these days.

Holmes has an enviable slate of movies in the works, including a role as a paramedic in the dark high school comedy *A Happening of Monumental Proportions* and a part in director Steven Soderbergh's upcoming *Logan Lucky*, and she has earned a place for herself in Hollywood as a leading lady with experience beyond her years. "There's a weight to her, and it's not forced. There's just something

going on behind her eyes that makes her compelling," Soderbergh says. "She's always looking for a way to evolve and be better than she was yesterday."

But despite her success in front of the camera, it may not be long before she gives up acting for good. "For now I like acting and directing," she says, flashing a smile. "Eventually I'll just direct." It's something toward which she has been steadily, almost stealthily, moving. In addition to her work onscreen, in 2015 Holmes directed *Eternal Princess*, a short film for ESPN about the gymnast Nadia Comaneci, and the ➡

"FOR NOW I LIKE ACTING AND DIRECTING. EVENTUALLY I'LL JUST DIRECT... I'VE BEEN FEELING INSPIRED TO PUT MY POINT OF VIEW OUT THERE."



PRADA DRESS (\$2,620);
TABITHA SIMMONS
SHOES (\$745);
MASTOLONI EARRINGS
(\$1,320); MOKUBA
RIBBON (ON WAIST)



CHANEL SLIP DRESS (\$6,400); ERES BRA (\$300); GIANVITO ROSSI SHOES (\$815); CHANEL FINE JEWELRY EARRINGS (PRICE ON REQUEST); ELIZABETH ARDEN ADVANCED CERAMIDE CAPSULES DAILY YOUTH RESTORING SERUM (\$98)



ON THE COVER

→ following year she released her feature debut, *All We Had*, which the *Guardian* called “a welcome revelation.” She also directed one of *After Camelot*’s four episodes, and she’s in the process of adapting the Kathleen Tessaro novel *Rare Objects* for the big screen.

“It’s been something that has come to me over time,” Holmes says of her move behind the camera. “I’ve been acting for about 20 years now, and in the last few years I’ve become more confident and gotten more interested in storytelling as a whole. Also, I’ve been feeling inspired to put my point of view out there. It’s scary, but the process of it is something I really love.”

Holmes credits her friend the movie producer Jane Rosenthal with pushing her to give directing a shot. “When Katie first moved to New York and we discussed what types of things she wanted to do, we started talking about the stories she wanted to tell,” Rosenthal says. “Katie thinks visually. You can see it in how she dresses, how she draws, and how she paints, so I told her to think about directing. She’s been observing filmmaking her whole life, and she knows how it works. The question was, did she know how to tell a story?”

The answer, Rosenthal says, is a resounding yes. Holmes’s short on Comaneci debuted at the Tribeca Film Festival (which Rosenthal co-founded) in 2015, and *All We Had* premiered there the following year. “I like that Katie is fearless as a director, which is something I also like about her as a friend,” she says. “Directing is about creating your own universe and seeing that universe from a certain point of view. She’s a wonderful director because she’s someone with real vision.”

She’s also someone with a schedule, something Holmes says is easier to manage when you’re the person on set calling the shots. “This business is so unstable, and you never really know where you’re going to be,” she says. “The thing about directing is I can say I have this window and that’s when we’re getting it done. My child is the most important person to me, and her upbringing is paramount to my work right now. It’s very important that I’m present and she has a stable, innocent childhood. I feel so blessed to do what I do, but there’s nothing in the world better than watching your child succeed.”

Holmes is trying to enjoy Suri’s childhood herself, while it lasts. “Every day, kids get a little further away from you,” she says. “That’s a positive thing. They should be becoming more independent, but it’s heartbreaking. You want them to stay with you forever, but

they’re these amazing beings, and you have to do everything you can to give them what they need—and then they’re going to go. And that’s going to be very, very sad for me.”

Motherhood is, in fact, one of the things that drew Holmes back to Jackie Kennedy. *After Camelot* follows the widowed first lady through her children’s difficult teenage years and early adulthood, and it doesn’t shy away from the struggles she faced as a single mother raising kids in the public eye. Asking Holmes if she could appreciate the situation is kind of a no-brainer. “To experience something publicly and privately is a lot for a person to go through,” she says. “In today’s world a lot of celebrities probably shield their children from the tabloids; in my household we know what they print isn’t true, so we don’t pay attention. There are more important things. But it’s very relatable to me; if people know who you are, they might write about you, and you can’t control that.”

Anyway, Holmes says, the truth is less exciting. Tonight’s soiree notwithstanding, she claims to be more of a homebody than a party animal. She bemoans not having the pull to snag *Hamilton* tickets, and when asked about her most recent vacation she lights up to talk about a holiday trip to Ohio. “I take time off, and I like to spend it with my family,” she says. “I have a lot of nieces and nephews, and they grow up so fast. I really miss them, so it’s nice to have those moments with board games and normal stuff.”

Still, no matter how good at Pictionary she may be (“only average,” she says with the grimace of someone who’s clearly better than that), Holmes doesn’t seem the type to give up the limelight completely for nights around the kitchen table. She’d like to star in a musical (*Pippin*, ideally), produce film projects for friends, and work on movies that evoke the French New Wave, her favorite era. Designer Zac Posen, a close friend who has dressed Holmes many times over the years, notes that whatever she sets her mind to, she’s

likely to achieve. “She’s a risk taker and she’s ambitious, and I really admire that,” he says. “Something we both understand is that creativity is a lifelong pursuit. It’s something you perfect over time.”

Indeed, after 20 years in the public eye, Holmes says she’s ready to take on the challenges—creative and otherwise—that come with stepping offscreen and assuming greater creative control. “This is a whole new chapter in my life,” she says. “I really have to give in to that and not rush it. I have to be okay with the fact that this is going to be intense—because it is.” «

“JACKIE HAD THESE VALUES THAT WE AS AMERICANS BELIEVE IN, BUT SHE ALSO HAD THIS SENSE OF ADVENTURE THAT MADE YOU PAY ATTENTION.”



FENDI DRESS (\$3,700); ERES BRA (\$415); IRENE NEUWIRTH EARRINGS (PRICE ON REQUEST); MASTOLONI RINGS (FROM \$890). JOHN FRIEDA VOLUME REFRESH DRY SHAMPOO (\$7). FOR DETAILS SEE PAGE 168.

Photographed at the Four Seasons Hotel, New York Downtown. Hair by DJ Quintero at Jed Root Inc. Makeup by Genevieve at Sally Harlor. Nails by Bethany Newell for Bethany Newell Le Vernis. Set design by Philipp Haemmerle. Tailoring by Lucy Payne. Produced by County Fair Productions.

THE 170TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE! TOWN & COUNTRY

OCTOBER 2016



THE
T&C
LEGENDS
LIST:
170
INVINCIBLE
IDEAS,
OBJECTS
& ICONS

*IN DEFENSE
OF SNOBBERY*
BY P.J. O'ROURKE

THE
GOOD
LIFE
MANIFESTO

CHRISTY
TURLINGTON
INSTAGRAM
ARISTOCRATS
SIR HAROLD EVANS
THE PREPPY HANDBOOK
ALEXANDER HAMILTON
THOMAS KELLER
GRACE KELLY
ANDREW ROSS SORKIN
MARTHA STEWART
THE STONES
LYNN WYATT
...AND 19 FUTURE
CREATIVE GENIUSES

OCTOBER 2016 \$5.99



08833

0 270811 5

THE WEDDINGS GUIDE OF THE CENTURY:
JEWELS, FLOWERS, DRESSES—AND WISDOM

THE 170TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

TOWN & COUNTRY

OCTOBER 2016



THE
T&C
LEGENDS
LIST:
170
INVINCIBLE
IDEAS,
OBJECTS
& ICONS

*IN DEFENSE
OF SNOBBERY*
BY P.J. O'ROURKE

THE
GOOD
LIFE
MANIFESTO

CHRISTY TURLINGTON
INSTAGRAM
ARISTOCRATS
SIR HAROLD EVANS
THE PREPPY HANDBOOK
ALEXANDER HAMILTON
THOMAS KELLER
GRACE KELLY
ANDREW ROSS SORKIN
MARTHA STEWART
THE STONES
LYNN WYATT
...AND 19 FUTURE
CREATIVE GENIUSES



OCTOBER 2016 \$5.99



THE WEDDINGS GUIDE OF THE CENTURY:
JEWELS, FLOWERS, DRESSES—AND WISDOM

THE 170TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE! TOWN & COUNTRY

OCTOBER 2016



THE
T&C
LEGENDS
LIST:
170
INVINCIBLE
IDEAS,
OBJECTS
& ICONS

*IN DEFENSE
OF SNOBBERY*
BY P.J. O'ROURKE

THE
GOOD
LIFE
MANIFESTO

CHRISTY TURLINGTON
INSTAGRAM
ARISTOCRATS
SIR HAROLD EVANS
THE PREPPY HANDBOOK
ALEXANDER HAMILTON
THOMAS KELLER
GRACE KELLY
ANDREW ROSS SORKIN
MARTHA STEWART
THE STONES
LYNN WYATT
...AND 19 FUTURE
CREATIVE GENIUSES

OCTOBER 2016 \$5.99



0 270811 5

THE WEDDINGS GUIDE OF THE CENTURY:
JEWELS, FLOWERS, DRESSES—AND WISDOM

SINCE 1846 TOWN & COUNTRY

OCTOBER 2016



ON THE COVER

A THEORY OF EVOLUTION

THE VIRTUALLY *PERFECT BEAUTY* OF CHRISTY TURLINGTON BURNS IS ALMOST SCIENTIFIC FACT. BUT HER METAMORPHOSIS FROM *SUPERMODEL* TO *ROLE MODEL* REMAINS A FORMULA ALL HER OWN.

By *Tim Teeman*

Photographs by *Max Vadukul*

Styled by *Nicoletta Santoro*

They conquered the world as a sharp-cheekboned, glossy-haired pack. They appeared together on magazine covers, and famously in the George Michael "Freedom" video in 1990, directed by David Fincher: Christy Turlington, Linda Evangelista, Naomi Campbell, Tatjana Patitz, and Cindy Crawford: Models had been famous before but never this famous, migrating from magazine pages to TV screens, building their own brands and earning huge sums of money. It was Turlington's image that launched Calvin Klein's Eternity fragrance in 1988. Now 47, Turlington Burns (she took on the surname of

STRONG VISION

"I want women to be healthy, to raise their daughters to thrive not just in their homes or as mothers but as women in society," Turlington Burns says.

husband Ed Burns, the actor and director whom she married in 2003) grimaces at the word *supermodel*.

Polishing off a bowl of watermelon gazpacho and a plate of Caesar salad with tofu at a West Village restaurant on a recent afternoon, she says she knew the word long before it achieved its era-defining currency. Her former agency, Ford, held a "Supermodel of the World" contest, which she never participated in.

"It didn't mean anything to me. It was just, like, 'Ewww,'" she says, screwing up her face in disgust. "When it blew up I felt the same: The tabloid nature was to take something, grow it, manipulate it into not the real thing. And it was embarrassing." The real thing, the real deal—these are the words several people close to Turlington Burns use to describe her to me. She is authentic, she leads with her integrity, and she has created a life for herself that is rich and multifaceted and constantly evolving. It's why she was selected to appear on the cover of *Town & Country's* 170th anniversary issue—and why it's not surprising that she bristles at being defined by a term that seems to freeze her in '90s amber, forever perpetuating the idea that she's someone who only deigns to get out of bed for five figures.

"That's not me," she says. "I don't know what it is. I tried to do everything I could to distance myself from it. It doesn't come into play in my daily life at all. At all."

Indeed, she is not in thrall to glamour. Today, with her hair scraped back and no visible makeup, she is wearing a simple white Alexander Wang vest, slouchy gray Splendid drawstring pants, and Tabitha Simmons nautical striped pumps. She is direct and witty, and she talks a mile a minute about her family and the non-profit she leads: Every Mother Counts (EMC), which is dedicated to making pregnancy and childbirth safe in the U.S. and abroad. Turlington Burns founded the organization, which has 10 staffers, in 2010, having survived a postpartum hemorrhage in 2003 when her daughter Grace was born. (Finn, her son, was born two and a half years later.)

"MY MOM EUNICE SHRIVER USED TO ASK, 'WHO'S ON IT?'—SLANG FOR 'WHO'S GOING TO GET IT DONE?'" SAYS BOBBY SHRIVER. "CHRISTY? SHE'S ON IT."

"My campaigning for EMC is my main work, and I love it," she says. The organization's focus is ensuring access for women to transportation, education, and supplies related to childbirth. The group cites statistics that one woman dies every two minutes from complications during pregnancy and childbirth; two women die per day in the United States, which is one of only 13 countries with a rising maternal mortality rate. EMC has raised \$13 million to date to aid women in 13 countries, including the U.S., Haiti, Tanzania, India, Malawi, Bangladesh, and Uganda.

Before founding EMC, Turlington Burns began a master's in public health at Columbia University and made a documentary, *No Woman, No Cry*, to enshrine her view that poor maternal health is a global tragedy. "Christy is very beautiful and charismatic, but what makes her effective is her expertise," says Bobby Shriver, co-founder (with Bono) of such organizations as DATA (debt, AIDS, trade, Africa) and (Red). "You have to distinguish between people who may write a check or attend an event—all of which is fine—and those like myself, Christy, or Bono who become 'experts.' Experts are motivated by rage in some way. She studied maternal mortality rates, saw how unfairly women were being treated, and got pissed."

"I've got a lot of energy," says Turlington Burns, who has traveled with the humanitarian organization CARE, worked with (Red), and gone to Ghana and Kenya with Shriver on missions to identify the health challenges women in those countries face. "If anyone calls me a philanthropist, I say I'm not. I'm much more active than what I think of as a philanthropist. I want to make connections, figure things out, and work toward solutions."

"She's relentless," Shriver adds. "My mom [Eunice Kennedy Shriver, who founded the Special Olympics] used to ask, 'Who's on it?' That was slang for 'Who's in charge? Who's going to get it done?' Christy is one person of whom you can say, 'She's on it.'"

Turlington Burns says her mother Elizabeth, who worked on an AIDS hotline in the 1980s, was an early inspiration for her activism. Christy herself did advocacy work on tobacco-related health issues after her father Dwain died of lung cancer; she smoked for about 10 years, from her teens into her twenties, adopting the habit from her dad. "You think cigarettes are grown-up and sophisticated. Back then there were no cell phones, so models drank coffee and smoked cigarettes. It's so weird to see images of my younger self smoking—it has nothing to do with who I am."

Dwain was a pilot, and later a trainer for 747 pilots. Elizabeth was a flight attendant (originally from El Salvador), then a home-maker. The family lived in Northern California and later Miami. The young Turlington was sporty and loved riding horses "to be able to have solitude." There was a moment when she wanted to be a pilot like her dad; she also enjoyed drawing, writing, and architecture.

The family traveled widely, something that Turlington Burns still loves to do for pleasure as well as work. "I feel as if you learn most about yourself when you put yourself outside your comfort zone. I like to be in remote places where there's no internet—and oftentimes no hot water," she says, laughing.

Turlington was discovered at 13 and arrived in New York circa 1985, quickly meeting people who, like her, were on the verge of massive success. Of photographer Steven Meisel she says, "I remember him numbering prints and working out [CONTINUED ON PAGE 264]

MICHAEL KORS COLLECTION CARDIGAN (\$2,695); **CARTIER** EARRINGS (\$93,500); **STRIVECTIN TL** ADVANCED LIGHT TIGHTENING NECK CREAM (\$95). FOR DETAILS SEE PAGE 266.

*Hair by Serge Normant for SergeNormant.com.
Makeup by Gucci Westman at ITB Worldwide.
Nails by Gina Viviano using Chanel Le Vernis.
Tailoring by Claudia at Lake Avenue Design.
Set design by Gille Mills.*

*Produced by Nathalie Akiya at Kranky Productions.
Car courtesy of Rolls-Royce Motor Cars America.
Shot on location at Campbell Stables in
Bridgehampton, New York, campbellstables.com.*



THEORY OF EVOLUTION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 220] what the value of his work would be down the line.”

Her mother chaperoned her when she was a young model, but soon enough Turlington was taking care of herself and living independently. (Naomi Campbell was once her roommate.) When her father fell ill several years later, her sisters had just had children, so Turlington took a very active role in his care for the six months from his diagnosis to his death, at age 64. “I had this paternal role, being an earner at such a young age. I was able to provide stability for my family.”

Attending school was Turlington’s exit strategy from modeling, which she “minimized” significantly when—after studying comparative religion and eastern philosophy at New York University and graduating cum laude in 1999—she set up her first two businesses: a skin-care line based on ayurvedic principles and a yoga apparel line with Puma. (She recently wrote a recommendation letter to NYU for a young woman who could be considered her heir apparent in the supermodeling-as-a-mere-first-chapter category: Karlie Kloss. “She has tons of power,” says Turlington Burns of her pal. “She’s smart.”) But even though Turlington’s ambitions did not end with modeling, she appreciates the industry that first showed her how to take the reins of a career. “The older I got the more powerful I got. My success meant I could dictate the people I wanted to be with and the company I wanted to spend time with,” she says. “I felt really in control from day one.”

Patricia Herrera Lansing has known Turlington Burns since the latter first modeled for Lansing’s mother, Carolina Herrera, wearing a black and white polka dot halter neck evening dress, at a New York fashion show when Herrera Lansing was 14. The woman Turlington has grown into, Herrera Lansing says, is a master, along with her husband, of balancing professional life, family, and glamour. “Their children are amazing; they are a family one

looks up to,” she says. “Christy is a great mom, a great wife. Being a celebrity and an activist can often backfire, but she has married the two very well. She commands attention in the most subtle, friendly way, and has always lived a sincere life.”

“I’m very lucky,” Turlington Burns says. “I have a strong family. And I met somebody who was the right fit for me, respects who I am.” Her marriage works, she says, because she and Burns—a homebody who indulges his wife’s wanderlust—give each other the right amount of space at the right time and support each other’s professional passions. Family life, she says, has “tethered” her. She describes her 12-year-old daughter Grace, who has watched her mother working in the field for EMC, as “powerful, willful, and self-possessed, and also empathetic, kind, and sensible,” while she says Finn, 10, is sensitive and thoughtful

“BEING A CELEBRITY AND AN ACTIVIST CAN OFTEN BACKFIRE,” SAYS PATRICIA HERRERA LANSING. “BUT CHRISTY HAS MARRIED THE TWO VERY WELL.”

and worries about other people’s feelings.

Turlington Burns still models occasionally—she recently signed on for a Tiffany campaign—although it’s no longer her focus. “I have a one-day job threshold; two is too much. It’s like, ‘Oh good, at least I can get a manicure. I haven’t had one in a year.’” That said, she thinks the media can be a little tough on the fashion world, particularly the idea that it is responsible for projecting unhealthy body images. “I don’t think people get eating disorders by looking at magazines. I think there’s a much deeper set of issues around a lack of power and control, or something happening in the family. As an active model and a mother of a 12-year-old girl, I would not blame a magazine or fashion company for that. People have to get over the idea that realism is being projected here.”

The longtime yoga practitioner has in recent years also become a dedicated marathon runner. She’s training for Chicago’s, having run Boston’s in April. “It’s a big part of our work, to use running as a way to communicate that distance is a barrier for women to access healthcare,” she says. EMC also uses marathon teams to raise donations. “There are a lot of connections between running marathons and birth: that feeling of ‘I can’t do this,’ then the ridiculous endorphins you get.”

It’s convenient, too, that fitness is the crux of her beauty regimen. Has she had Botox or plastic surgery? “Never,” she says stoutly. Would she? “Never. For years these things didn’t even exist: collagen, fat cells, the crazy stuff people do I cannot imagine. First of all, I have no time. Second of all, I don’t think it looks good. Maybe I would think differently if I thought it looked good and it didn’t hurt and it didn’t send bad messages to young people. But I’ve never seen someone who I’ve been like, ‘Oh, that’s a good idea.’ It looks freaky to me.”

That’s easy to say for someone who looks like her. Herrera Lansing reveals that Turlington’s father was “unbelievably handsome” and that her mother and two sisters are beautiful too. “That family really won the genetic lottery,” she says. “There’s nothing more annoying than when you see her when she’s finished a marathon, or first thing in the morning. It looks like she’s slept in a bubble. When she had Grace, Eddie sent around a picture of them afterward. I was like, ‘You’ve got to be joking.’ It looked like a fashion shoot. Those things, in a different personality, could be annoying. Christy only gets more beautiful as she gets older, which sucks for the rest of us.”

She will turn 50 in just a couple of years. “I’ve made a new promise that I want to spend every birthday in a place I haven’t been, doing something outdoors: hiking, running, climbing.” Chile and Patagonia are on her wish list.

She seems not the least bit dejected about the looming milestone. “I wasn’t worried about aging at 16, and I’m not worried about it at 47. It’s a fact of life, and it’s good that people close to me see that I’m relaxed and okay about aging, not neurotic or worried about it. To my kids I’ll be the mom who barely shaves her legs, who doesn’t color her hair.”

She adds, “Being who you are, being your best self, has nothing to do with what you look like.” ◀

ON THE COVER

A THEORY OF EVOLUTION

THE VIRTUALLY *PERFECT BEAUTY* OF CHRISTY TURLINGTON BURNS IS ALMOST SCIENTIFIC FACT. BUT HER METAMORPHOSIS FROM *SUPERMODEL* TO *ROLE MODEL* REMAINS A FORMULA ALL HER OWN.

By *Tim Teeman*

Photographs by *Max Vadukul*

Styled by *Nicoletta Santoro*

STRONG VISION

"I want women to be healthy, to raise their daughters to thrive not just in their homes or as mothers but as women in society," Turlington Burns says.

They conquered the world as a sharp-cheekboned, glossy-haired pack. They appeared together on magazine covers, and famously in the George Michael "Freedom" video in 1990, directed by David Fincher: Christy Turlington, Linda Evangelista, Naomi Campbell, Tatjana Patitz, and Cindy Crawford: Models had been famous before but never this famous, migrating from magazine pages to TV screens, building their own brands and earning huge sums of money. It was Turlington's image that launched Calvin Klein's Eternity fragrance in 1988. Now 47, Turlington Burns (she took on the surname of

husband Ed Burns, the actor and director whom she married in 2003) grimaces at the word *supermodel*.

Polishing off a bowl of watermelon gazpacho and a plate of Caesar salad with tofu at a West Village restaurant on a recent afternoon, she says she knew the word long before it achieved its era-defining currency. Her former agency, Ford, held a "Supermodel of the World" contest, which she never participated in.

"It didn't mean anything to me. It was just, like, 'Ewww,'" she says, screwing up her face in disgust. "When it blew up I felt the same: The tabloid nature was to take something, grow it, manipulate it into not the real thing. And it was embarrassing." The real thing, the real deal—these are the words several people close to Turlington Burns use to describe her to me. She is authentic, she leads with her integrity, and she has created a life for herself that is rich and multifaceted and constantly evolving. It's why she was selected to appear on the cover of *Town & Country's* 170th anniversary issue—and why it's not surprising that she bristles at being defined by a term that seems to freeze her in '90s amber, forever perpetuating the idea that she's someone who only deigns to get out of bed for five figures.

"That's not me," she says. "I don't know what it is. I tried to do everything I could to distance myself from it. It doesn't come into play in my daily life at all. At all."

Indeed, she is not in thrall to glamour. Today, with her hair scraped back and no visible makeup, she is wearing a simple white Alexander Wang vest, slouchy gray Splendid drawstring pants, and Tabitha Simmons nautical striped pumps. She is direct and witty, and she talks a mile a minute about her family and the non-profit she leads: Every Mother Counts (EMC), which is dedicated to making pregnancy and childbirth safe in the U.S. and abroad. Turlington Burns founded the organization, which has 10 staffers, in 2010, having survived a postpartum hemorrhage in 2003 when her daughter Grace was born. (Finn, her son, was born two and a half years later.)

"MY MOM EUNICE SHRIVER USED TO ASK, 'WHO'S ON IT?'—SLANG FOR 'WHO'S GOING TO GET IT DONE?'" SAYS BOBBY SHRIVER. "CHRISTY? SHE'S ON IT."

"My campaigning for EMC is my main work, and I love it," she says. The organization's focus is ensuring access for women to transportation, education, and supplies related to childbirth. The group cites statistics that one woman dies every two minutes from complications during pregnancy and childbirth; two women die per day in the United States, which is one of only 13 countries with a rising maternal mortality rate. EMC has raised \$13 million to date to aid women in 13 countries, including the U.S., Haiti, Tanzania, India, Malawi, Bangladesh, and Uganda.

Before founding EMC, Turlington Burns began a master's in public health at Columbia University and made a documentary, *No Woman, No Cry*, to enshrine her view that poor maternal health is a global tragedy. "Christy is very beautiful and charismatic, but what makes her effective is her expertise," says Bobby Shriver, co-founder (with Bono) of such organizations as DATA (debt, AIDS, trade, Africa) and (Red). "You have to distinguish between people who may write a check or attend an event—all of which is fine—and those like myself, Christy, or Bono who become 'experts.' Experts are motivated by rage in some way. She studied maternal mortality rates, saw how unfairly women were being treated, and got pissed."

"I've got a lot of energy," says Turlington Burns, who has traveled with the humanitarian organization CARE, worked with (Red), and gone to Ghana and Kenya with Shriver on missions to identify the health challenges women in those countries face. "If anyone calls me a philanthropist, I say I'm not. I'm much more active than what I think of as a philanthropist. I want to make connections, figure things out, and work toward solutions."

"She's relentless," Shriver adds. "My mom [Eunice Kennedy Shriver, who founded the Special Olympics] used to ask, 'Who's on it?' That was slang for 'Who's in charge? Who's going to get it done?' Christy is one person of whom you can say, 'She's on it.'"

Turlington Burns says her mother Elizabeth, who worked on an AIDS hotline in the 1980s, was an early inspiration for her activism. Christy herself did advocacy work on tobacco-related health issues after her father Dwain died of lung cancer; she smoked for about 10 years, from her teens into her twenties, adopting the habit from her dad. "You think cigarettes are grown-up and sophisticated. Back then there were no cell phones, so models drank coffee and smoked cigarettes. It's so weird to see images of my younger self smoking—it has nothing to do with who I am."

Dwain was a pilot, and later a trainer for 747 pilots. Elizabeth was a flight attendant (originally from El Salvador), then a home-maker. The family lived in Northern California and later Miami. The young Turlington was sporty and loved riding horses "to be able to have solitude." There was a moment when she wanted to be a pilot like her dad; she also enjoyed drawing, writing, and architecture.

The family traveled widely, something that Turlington Burns still loves to do for pleasure as well as work. "I feel as if you learn most about yourself when you put yourself outside your comfort zone. I like to be in remote places where there's no internet—and oftentimes no hot water," she says, laughing.

Turlington was discovered at 13 and arrived in New York circa 1985, quickly meeting people who, like her, were on the verge of massive success. Of photographer Steven Meisel she says, "I remember him numbering prints and working out [CONTINUED ON PAGE 264]

MICHAEL KORS COLLECTION CARDIGAN (\$2,695); **CARTIER** EARRINGS (\$93,500); **STRIVECTIN TL** ADVANCED LIGHT TIGHTENING NECK CREAM (\$95). FOR DETAILS SEE PAGE 266.

*Hair by Serge Normant for SergeNormant.com.
Makeup by Gucci Westman at ITB Worldwide.
Nails by Gina Viviano using Chanel Le Vernis.
Tailoring by Claudia at Lake Avenue Design.
Set design by Gille Mills.*

*Produced by Nathalie Akiya at Kranky Productions.
Car courtesy of Rolls-Royce Motor Cars America.
Shot on location at Campbell Stables in
Bridgehampton, New York, campbellstables.com.*



THEORY OF EVOLUTION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 220] what the value of his work would be down the line.”

Her mother chaperoned her when she was a young model, but soon enough Turlington was taking care of herself and living independently. (Naomi Campbell was once her roommate.) When her father fell ill several years later, her sisters had just had children, so Turlington took a very active role in his care for the six months from his diagnosis to his death, at age 64. “I had this paternal role, being an earner at such a young age. I was able to provide stability for my family.”

Attending school was Turlington's exit strategy from modeling, which she “minimized” significantly when—after studying comparative religion and eastern philosophy at New York University and graduating cum laude in 1999—she set up her first two businesses: a skin-care line based on ayurvedic principles and a yoga apparel line with Puma. (She recently wrote a recommendation letter to NYU for a young woman who could be considered her heir apparent in the supermodeling-as-a-mere-first-chapter category: Karlie Kloss. “She has tons of power,” says Turlington Burns of her pal. “She’s smart.”) But even though Turlington's ambitions did not end with modeling, she appreciates the industry that first showed her how to take the reins of a career. “The older I got the more powerful I got. My success meant I could dictate the people I wanted to be with and the company I wanted to spend time with,” she says. “I felt really in control from day one.”

Patricia Herrera Lansing has known Turlington Burns since the latter first modeled for Lansing's mother, Carolina Herrera, wearing a black and white polka dot halter neck evening dress, at a New York fashion show when Herrera Lansing was 14. The woman Turlington has grown into, Herrera Lansing says, is a master, along with her husband, of balancing professional life, family, and glamour. “Their children are amazing; they are a family one

looks up to,” she says. “Christy is a great mom, a great wife. Being a celebrity and an activist can often backfire, but she has married the two very well. She commands attention in the most subtle, friendly way, and has always lived a sincere life.”

“I’m very lucky,” Turlington Burns says. “I have a strong family. And I met somebody who was the right fit for me, respects who I am.” Her marriage works, she says, because she and Burns—a homebody who indulges his wife's wanderlust—give each other the right amount of space at the right time and support each other's professional passions. Family life, she says, has “tethered” her. She describes her 12-year-old daughter Grace, who has watched her mother working in the field for EMC, as “powerful, willful, and self-possessed, and also empathetic, kind, and sensible,” while she says Finn, 10, is sensitive and thoughtful

“BEING A CELEBRITY AND AN ACTIVIST CAN OFTEN BACKFIRE,” SAYS PATRICIA HERRERA LANSING. “BUT CHRISTY HAS MARRIED THE TWO VERY WELL.”

and worries about other people's feelings.

Turlington Burns still models occasionally—she recently signed on for a Tiffany campaign—although it's no longer her focus. “I have a one-day job threshold; two is too much. It's like, ‘Oh good, at least I can get a manicure. I haven't had one in a year.’” That said, she thinks the media can be a little tough on the fashion world, particularly the idea that it is responsible for projecting unhealthy body images. “I don't think people get eating disorders by looking at magazines. I think there's a much deeper set of issues around a lack of power and control, or something happening in the family. As an active model and a mother of a 12-year-old girl, I would not blame a magazine or fashion company for that. People have to get over the idea that realism is being projected here.”

The longtime yoga practitioner has in recent years also become a dedicated marathon runner. She's training for Chicago's, having run Boston's in April. “It's a big part of our work, to use running as a way to communicate that distance is a barrier for women to access healthcare,” she says. EMC also uses marathon teams to raise donations. “There are a lot of connections between running marathons and birth: that feeling of ‘I can't do this,’ then the ridiculous endorphins you get.”

It's convenient, too, that fitness is the crux of her beauty regimen. Has she had Botox or plastic surgery? “Never,” she says stoutly. Would she? “Never. For years these things didn't even exist: collagen, fat cells, the crazy stuff people do I cannot imagine. First of all, I have no time. Second of all, I don't think it looks good. Maybe I would think differently if I thought it looked good and it didn't hurt and it didn't send bad messages to young people. But I've never seen someone who I've been like, ‘Oh, that's a good idea.’ It looks freaky to me.”

That's easy to say for someone who looks like her. Herrera Lansing reveals that Turlington's father was “unbelievably handsome” and that her mother and two sisters are beautiful too. “That family really won the genetic lottery,” she says. “There's nothing more annoying than when you see her when she's finished a marathon, or first thing in the morning. It looks like she's slept in a bubble. When she had Grace, Eddie sent around a picture of them afterward. I was like, ‘You've got to be joking.’ It looked like a fashion shoot. Those things, in a different personality, could be annoying. Christy only gets more beautiful as she gets older, which sucks for the rest of us.”

She will turn 50 in just a couple of years. “I've made a new promise that I want to spend every birthday in a place I haven't been, doing something outdoors: hiking, running, climbing.” Chile and Patagonia are on her wish list.

She seems not the least bit dejected about the looming milestone. “I wasn't worried about aging at 16, and I'm not worried about it at 47. It's a fact of life, and it's good that people close to me see that I'm relaxed and okay about aging, not neurotic or worried about it. To my kids I'll be the mom who barely shaves her legs, who doesn't color her hair.”

She adds, “Being who you are, being your best self, has nothing to do with what you look like.” ◀