

VANITY FAIR



Spring Style Special!

ICONS & ICONOCLASTS

8 GREAT STYLE DISRUPTERS

Portraits by PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

1967:

The Year FASHION CHANGED FOREVER

By SHEILA WELLER

Inside the "COMEY LETTER" DEBACLE

By BETHANY McLEAN

The Bewitching
EMMA WATSON
NOT YOUR MOTHER'S
DISNEY PRINCESS

By DEREK BLASBERG
Photos by TIM WALKER

The
WHITE HOUSE
THE GANG THAT
COULDN'T SHOOT
STRAIGHT

By GRAYDON CARTER

Draining the
TRUMP INC. SWAMP

By SUZANNA ANDREWS

"JUSTICE WITHOUT FORCE IS POWERLESS; FORCE WITHOUT JUSTICE IS TYRANNICAL." — Blaise Pascal

PLUS!

THE 'TODAY' SHOW: BRACING *for* HURRICANE MEGYN By SARAH ELLISON

THE RESISTANCE: DUCK! HERE COMES *the* ALT-LEFT! By JAMES WOLCOTT

THE NEW APARTHEID: OUR SEPARATE *but* UNEQUAL LEGAL SYSTEM By CHRIS HAYES

THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT: BACKSTAGE *at* V.F.'S SUMMIT Photos by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



RALPH LAUREN

The SAILOR PANT, 2016
Photographed by Steven Meisel
#RLICONICSTYLE

The PEACOCK, 2016
Photographed by Steven Meisel
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Emma Watson (page 78). *Top left*, Carson Meyer (page 41).



FEATURES

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THE REBEL BELLE By DEREK BLASBERG

Since the Harry Potter franchise launched **Emma Watson** into the Hollywood hot seat, she has fought to inhabit a tricky real-life role as actress-activist, whether on the U.N. stage or the big-budget screen in this month's *Beauty and the Beast*. Photographs by Tim Walker.

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COMEY'S LAW By BETHANY McLEAN

When F.B.I. director James Comey reopened the investigation into **Hillary Clinton's e-mails** in the final days of the campaign, many saw it as a political move that cost her the presidency. But some insiders suspect he had a more personal concern: his own reputation.

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At 68, "It Girl" **Maye Musk**, model, dietitian, and mother of Elon, goes from grandkids to fashion shoots. By Derek Blasberg. Photograph by Mark Seliger.

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THAT CERTAIN LOOK By PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

A generation-spanning portfolio showcases the distinctive **personal style** of creative forces such as Ava DuVernay, Jaden Smith, and Gena Rowlands. Text by Krista Smith.

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THE PEACOCK THRONE By SARAH ELLISON

The **morning news shows** may draw some of television's last daily mass audiences, but ratings are declining. At *Today*, where Matt Lauer reigns, NBC News president Andy Lack is doubling down on big-name talent as former Fox anchor Megyn Kelly joins the drama-prone lineup.



ON THE COVER

Emma Watson wears a gown by **Oscar de la Renta**. Hair products by **L'Oréal Professionnel**. Makeup and nail enamel by **Chanel**. Hair by **Malcolm Edwards**. Makeup by **Thomas de Kluyver**. Manicure by **Trish Lomax**. Set design by **Shona Heath**. Produced on location by

Jeff Delich. Styled by **Jessica Diehl**. Photographed exclusively for V.F. by **Tim Walker** in London. For details, go to VF.com/credits.

WATSON: PHOTOGRAPHED BY TIM WALKER; GOWN BY OSCAR DE LA RENTA; MEYER: PHOTOGRAPHED BY GIANNI VIGORE; CLOTHING AND BELT BY MICHAEL KORS COLLECTION; SHOES BY CHLOE GOSSEIN; EARRINGS BY IRENE NEUWIRTH; FOX DETAILS: GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS



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MY FAIR



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TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLROOM

Spotlight on **Liz Glynn's** Central Park installation, *Open House*, which kicks off the 40th anniversary of New York City's Public Art Fund. By A. M. Homes. Photograph by Erik Madigan Heck.

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IT HAPPENED IN 1967 By SHEILA WELLER

Half a century after the year that would **upend fashion**, along with nearly everything else, some of the most visible women of that era—Gloria Steinem, Grace Slick, Mia Farrow, and Jane Fonda among them—recall what they wore and how it felt.

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BEAUTY QUEENS

Spotlight on the new Broadway musical *War Paint*, starring Patti LuPone and Christine Ebersole as rival cosmetics titans. By Amy Fine Collins. Photograph by Joe Pugliese.

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LIVING BY DESIGN By BOB COLACELLO

David Linley, the nephew of Queen Elizabeth and now the second Earl of Snowdon, has reflected a dual heritage, both royal and bohemian, in his eponymous furniture-design company. At his château in Provence, it's also a way of life. Photographs by Jonathan Becker.

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ONCE IN LOVE WITH GIGI

Spotlight on cinema's Ur-Parisienne, **Leslie Caron**, who has found a haven in dog-loving London, as well as in a *Masterpiece* series, *The Durrells in Corfu*. By Laura Jacobs. Portrait by David Downton.

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Bold, bright, and beautiful **spring picks**. Haute News. My Place: **Jonathan Anderson's** English countryside. Natural **beauty**.

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High art for the hi-fi in **Art Record Covers**. Hot Type. According to **Finn Wittrock**; what to watch.

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MARCH 2017

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUART TYSON

A portrait of Leslie Caron by David Downton (page 138).
Top right, Hot Type (page 50).

Giuseppe





Jane Fonda in 1967, on the set of *Barbarella* (page 118). Top right, Megyn Kelly moves to NBC (page 110).



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The young and the beautiful at *Le Bal des Débutantes*, in Paris. The faces of the *Women's March on Washington* and in cities worldwide.

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Trump's election came with a surge in the "alt-right." But another powerful online presence has been rising, too: the "alt-left," which trumpets some of the same tunes in different keys.

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A COLONY IN A NATION By CHRIS HAYES

An adaptation from a new book explores the chasm between *two Americas*: the Nation, where policing keeps citizens safe, and the Colony, where the streets are a place of summary execution.

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THE WHITE HOUSE INC. By SUZANNA ANDREWS

Donald Trump still refuses to release his taxes or give up de facto control of his company. But the president's *business record*—workers he has stiffed, banks that refuse to lend, and Russian oligarchs in the wings—reveals why he can't afford more scrutiny. Is the White House now a Trump subsidiary?

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A DIFFERENT REALITY By ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

At *V.E.'s* third annual *New Establishment Summit*, leaders from Silicon Valley, Hollywood, Washington, and beyond traded insights on their shifting world. A master portraitist captures the M.V.P.'s, including Travis Kalanick, Rashida Jones, Jeff Bezos, and Susan Wojcicki. Report by Jon Kelly.

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PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE DAMIAN LEWIS

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, BY JEAN-CLAUDE SAUER/PARIS MATCH; RIGHT, BY HEIDI GUTMAN/ABC; BOTH FROM GETTY IMAGES



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TRUMPLANDIA

As the world considers what the American future holds under Donald Trump, T. A. Frank endeavors to understand the **latest temple-scratching moves** of the new commander in chief.

INNOVATION NATION

Flying Ubers? Zuckerberg 2020? Read the weekly column from special correspondent **Nick Bilton**, who offers insider access on the state—and fate—of Silicon Valley.

HWD / Obsessing over TV, film,
awards, and more

TEXAS FOREVER

Everything is bigger in Texas—including **South by Southwest**, the cultural juggernaut that combines music, movies, television, and tech into one massive festival. Join VF.com in Austin to float among the industry players charting the 2017 *Zeitgeist*.

EMMA ENCHANTED

Watch as Emma Watson, the child star turned leading lady on this month's cover, reveals her dreamy side in a **surrealist short film** by photographer Tim Walker.

SCREEN QUEEN

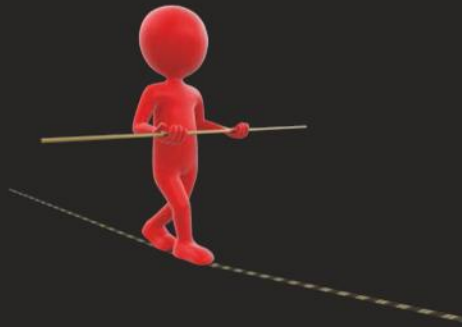
Watch Our Man on the Street, **Derek Blasberg**, hit the pavement with Emma Watson—on FaceTime—to connect with some lucky passersby.

VANITIES / Tracking celebrity, fashion,
and—why not?—royals

YOU CANNOT BE SERIOUS

Jaden Smith may be known for his good genes (parents Will and Jada Pinkett Smith) and jeans (he's launched his own clothing line), but he also has some fun facts up his sleeve. Watch as the star from this month's style portfolio tries to blow your mind.

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EDWARD ALBEE'S
THE GOAT
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TIM WALKER ⇄

Actress Emma Watson, star of Bill Condon's new live-action *Beauty and the Beast* (out this month), prepared to be photographed by Tim Walker by watching films by Jean Cocteau—director of the 1946 Surrealist classic based on the fairy tale—and reading Angela Carter's feminist retelling, "The Tiger's Bride." "I visualized a strong woman lead, set in a cross-pollination of Cocteau and Carter," explains Walker, whose dreamlike shoot, for "The Rebel Belle," is on page 78.



DAVID DOWNTON ⇄

In a new watercolor portrait, fashion artist David Downton captures the grace of gamine actress Leslie Caron, who is filming Season Three of *The Durrells in Corfu*. Downton, whose portrait accompanies "Once in Love with Gigi," on page 138, says, "There is no one else who's danced with Astaire, Kelly, Nureyev, and Baryshnikov, made movies with both Cary Grant and Orson Welles, and romanced Warren Beatty." Beginning next month, Downton's new work will be on view at Minotti L.A. and Mass Beverly Hills.



⇄ BETHANY McLEAN

In "Comey's Law," on page 92, Contributing Editor Bethany McLean probes F.B.I. director James Comey's controversial Clinton e-mail investigation—which, many believe, cost Clinton the election. "Everybody thinks this is a story about Comey, but there are also a lot of other people to blame," says McLean, whose insider sources argue over who is most at fault. "But Comey, in particular, was such a widely respected figure, making this an epic tragedy."



⇄ SUZANNA ANDREWS

In "The White House Inc.," on page 62, Contributing Editor Suzanna Andrews examines Donald Trump through the lens of his business and financial dealings. "His business is where he comes closest to revealing himself," says Andrews. "It's the foundation of his self-esteem, which is one reason he works so hard to obscure the truth about it."



⇄ CHRIS HAYES

In his book *A Colony in a Nation*, out this month and adapted on page 58, Chris Hayes rallies Americans to confront racial segregation, which, he says, remains just as pronounced—and dangerous—as it's been for decades. "In many parts of the U.S., schools are more segregated now than they have been since the late 60s," says Hayes, whose show, *All In with Chris Hayes*, airs weeknights on MSNBC. "America has basically abandoned the project of de-segregation and replaced it with the idea of diversity."



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THE GANG *That* COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT

We aren't even a third of the way through the administration's 100-day honeymoon period and let's face it: we're plumb exhausted. We're exhausted from the flurry of rash executive orders. Exhausted from the human carnage in the wake of the president's ban on travelers from majority-Muslim countries. Exhausted from the battles with neighbors, allies, and strategic adversaries on the world stage. Exhausted from the lies, the alternative facts, the boasts, the conflicts, and the scandals from this "fine-tuned machine." Exhausted from our president's cavalier habit of belittling our judiciary and intelligence services. Exhausted from having craven boneheads chosen to lead departments governing the environment, the Treasury, education, and the interior. Exhausted from an administration that turns a blind eye to Russian intrusions into Crimea, our election, and the imminent elections in Europe. Exhausted from the West Wing circus of misfits, clowns, and ghouls—politics' answer to the Kardashians. Exhausted from the preening arrogance of the members of the First Family. Exhausted from waking up and not knowing what fresh hell this new president and his birdcage of a mind have cooked up overnight.

Trump fatigue has set in, and set in hard. Even the Republicans, who have ridden this stalking horse into office, holding their noses in the hope that they can manipulate him into furthering their agenda, are now mulling their options. Perhaps we're all wrong, though. Perhaps the president is playing a game of chess and the rest of us are simply moving checker pieces around. Perhaps he intended his Muslim ban to create such havoc and misfortune that we would be looking the other way as he went about the business of dismantling the assets of proper governance. Perhaps he has just taken the crazy-driver approach to new extremes: when there is an erratic, swerving driver up ahead on the highway, you tend to pull back and give him the road. At a certain point, though, you wait for your moment and pass him, relaxing only when you can see him in your rearview mirror. Or perhaps he's just trying to figure out which chess piece is which, and he really *is* a crazy driver.

If there was a tell in what the new inhabitants of the White House are up to, it was the \$150 million lawsuit by the new First Lady against Mail Media Inc., the corporation which publishes the widely read Web site, Mail Online. Back in August, the publisher had run a story claiming that, in a previous incarnation, Melania



Trump had worked as a paid escort. Mail Online quickly retracted the story. But the soon-to-be First Lady pressed on. In her suit, she claims that she "had the unique, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, as an extremely famous and well-known person . . . to launch a broad-based commercial brand in multiple product categories, each of which could have garnered multi-million dollar business relationships for a multi-year term during which Plaintiff is one of the most photographed women in the world." Her lawyer, Charles Har-

der—the same fellow who successfully

represented Hulk Hogan in his suit against Gawker—has taken an unconventional tack in her defense, saying, "The First Lady has no intention of using her position for profit and will not do so. It is not a possibility. Any statements to the contrary are being misinterpreted." Not sure how that gibes with her claims of lost income as First Lady, but then, I'm not a lawyer. Or a Trump.

As it stands, the president's wife is not turning out to be the paparazzi bait one would have expected. Aside from her strained appearances on Inauguration Day, walking politely behind her husband or working up a forced smile when he looked in her direction, she has been as quiet as he has been loud. She gamely showed up for the post-inauguration balls—which on television looked about as festive as a Walmart on a Sunday morning. And as for the First Couple on the dance floor, I've seen cozier body language in a hostage situation.

Presidential style has historically filtered down to the middle masses. John F. Kennedy's preference for going hatless has been blamed for single-handedly killing the men's hat industry. One can only hope that the style of the current inhabitant of the White House doesn't filter in any direction. It starts with a button. There is a reflex among men when a woman or even another man enters a room: they get to their feet, and if they are wearing a suit or a blazer, they instinctively button it up. This custom has apparently been lost on our new leader. With all the grace of a Mob boss, he charged out of his motorcade car ahead of his wife when meeting the Obamas and later swaggered through the Capitol on the way to his swearing-in. It's rare when you see a man with both his jacket and his overcoat unbuttoned. When you couple that with the enormous length of a clearly overcompensatory red tie—the stubby end underneath held in place with

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cellophane tape—well, it was a spectacle that only Tony Soprano would have appreciated.

The Constitution-straining conflicts surrounding the president, some of his children, and his licensing-and-development business are a problem with no end in sight. Make no bones about it. The First Family are interested in one thing: furthering themselves and the so-called Trump brand. The Office of Government Ethics—the agency that criticized White House adviser Kellyanne Conway for her public endorsement (“Go buy Ivanka’s stuff”) of the First Daughter’s clothing and accessories line, which had been dropped by Nordstrom—is going to have its hands full. And arcane strictures like the Logan Act and the Emoluments Clause are now familiar to people who are not constitutional scholars.

In mid-February, on a weekend when the North Koreans appeared to have successfully launched an intermediate-range ballistic missile, the commander in chief of our armed forces was uncharacteristically reasoned in his response. The president discussed the launch while dining with the Japanese prime minister and his wife and New England Patriots owner Robert Kraft on the terrace of his baroque Palm Beach club. His consultation with White House aides was conducted in full view of other diners. When photos and video of a meeting between the president and his closest aides start appearing on social media—along with a photo on Facebook of a club member posing with the military aide who carries the nuclear codes—you begin to realize just how uncharted the waters around us are. The president’s muted response to the North Korean launch could have something to do with the fact that he may understand that he has more in common with his counterpart in that country than he would care to admit. *Goofy haircut?* Check. *Boxy frame and ill-fitting suits?* Check. *Erratic and unstable personality?* Check. *Simplistic way of looking at the world?* Check. *Primitive vocabulary?* Check. *Hates the country to the south?* Check. *Brooks no opposition from underlings?* Check. *Thin skin and a tendency to disproportionately lash out at critics?* Check. *Father gave him his career?* Check.

The West Wing is already a groaning, leaking sieve as competing factions battle for TV face time, the boss’s limited attention, or their own ends. The leakfest is a boon to journalists covering this administration, but calamitous incompetence is something of an impediment to running the most powerful nation on earth. The description in *The New York Times* of a staff unable to figure out how to turn on the lights in the Cabinet Room of the White House was image enough. The paper also reported that Trump stalks the halls of the private quarters at all hours of the night in his bathrobe, firing off Twitter misfires. I don’t know how that bathrobe description plants itself in your mind, but I think less Noël Coward silk and tassels and more leisure fabric with food stains, a high hemline, and karate sleeves. Those nocturnal tweets reflect a scattershot mind and a temperament ill-suited to the job at hand. When he is not tweeting lunatic complaints about the nation’s security services, or CNN, or the *Times*, he’s slamming Nordstrom for dropping Ivanka, or a fellow reality-TV personality for not being “smart enough” to challenge him in 2020, or Joe Scarborough’s shoe size. Actually, I made that last one up.

If you’ve ever worked with or for a narcissist with a loose grasp of the truth and a bottomless desire for approval, you will know how easy it is to manipulate them. You flatter. You

listen intently to stories of victory you’ve heard many times before. You flatter again. You agree about perceived slights. You flatter a bit more. And then you push your case and walk away with what you came for. On her birthday recently, Kellyanne Conway tweeted that the “best gift” was having Donald Trump as president. That’s how you keep your standing in this White House. The Oval Office’s Resolute desk, favored by presidents from Kennedy to Reagan to Obama, is a ceremonial artifact, used largely as a staging platform for official visits and photo ops. Trump has loaded it up with a messy collection of folders—a quaint attempt to show that he is working hard and that he reads things longer than 140 characters.

Under the direction of the man who is really running the country, Trump Whisperer Steve Bannon, the West Wing is a murky brew of talky misfits. Not since the Nixon era have so many members of an administration been so well known to the public so quickly. And everybody seems to have his or her favorite West Wing oddity. Fans of *The Walking Dead* and *American Horror Story* no doubt have photos of Bannon on their refrigerators. Cruella de Vil buffs likely go for Kellyanne Conway. Ira Levin aficionados probably favor Stephen Miller. My personal favorite is Melissa McC...er, Sean Spicer, who is everyone’s favorite White House chew toy. Like his boss, he is now a global joke, a laughingstock. Melissa McCarthy’s astounding first impersonation of him on *Saturday Night Live* hit such a level of magnificence that it became a moment in time. Like the moon landing. The thing is, it was so much more layered and nuanced than it even needed to be. It may be one of the finest comedy bits of all time—up there in the pantheon alongside Abbott and Costello’s “Who’s on first?” Close on McCarthy’s heels are Alec Baldwin’s Trump and Kate McKinnon’s everybody else. This bumbling administration has been such a boon to Seth Meyers, Bill Maher, and John Oliver that they should be sending the White House flowers every week.

Republicans, who should know better, have flocked to this man for reasons of self-advancement or outright venality. My guess is that many of them will live to regret their attachment to him. A few years ago, I had dinner with Morley Safer in Paris. The Iraq war was at that point an evident fiasco, and he lamented all the missed opportunities by those in the House and Senate who failed to stand against it. Their acquiescence has haunted their careers ever since. If the half-dozen or so Republican senators who are not walking lockstep with the administration can corral another half-dozen of their colleagues to join them, there is still a chance for the rest of us and the world. And they will be heralded as heroes. Until then, as his first chaotic, incoherent, episodic hundred days unspools—“malevolence tempered by incompetence,” in the words of the Brookings Institution’s Benjamin Wittes—we will all be praying that the current president gives his peculiar brand of showmanship a rest and settles in to actually crafting rational policy and patching up some of the global alliances he has discarded with such blithe abandon.

The America I see is not the grim dystopia that our new president described during his campaign and in his inaugural speech. It’s not perfect. Democracies seldom are. But with this man’s agenda now under way, it may well become the barren plain he has imagined. Since the inauguration, it seems that the world has suddenly become a room filled with gas. And in our leader we have an ignorant strongman about to light a \$20 cigar with a match. —GRAYDON CARTER

**If you’ve ever worked with or
for a narcissist, you will know how
easy it is to manipulate them.**

< Agenda >

WOLFGANG TILLMANS,
ASTRO CRUSTO, 2012

EXHIBITION

Wolfgang Tillmans: 2017

A fly feasting on a crustacean may not seem the most desirable of subjects, but seen through the lens of German artist Wolfgang Tillmans, it becomes a thing of beauty. *Wolfgang Tillmans: 2017* at Tate Modern (February 15-June 11) looks at the Turner Prize-winning artist's multi-disciplinary work, created mainly since 2003, including video, recorded music, and slide projections. tate.org.uk



THE DELVAUX TEMPÊTE PAPILLON BAG

LAUNCH

In the Bag

Delvaux celebrates 50 years of their Tempête bag with a limited-edition Tempête Papillon version, only available at Dover Street Market's London and Ginza stores. Reminiscent of an archaic psychiatrist's tool, the distinctive blue motif is created by folding the leather in half after the application of five different shades of blue lacquer, creating a symmetrical pattern. doverstreetmarket.com



ALEX ISRAEL FOR VILEBREQUIN

COLLABORATION

Vilebrequin x Alex Israel

He has been dubbed the "West Coast Warhol", and like his predecessor, artist Alex Israel is all for a commercial venture. Teaming up with preppy swimwear brand Vilebrequin, Israel has designed a surfer's-paradise print for the brand's trunks, inspired in part by his new teen surf film *SPF-18*. The techni-coloured repeating pattern of perfect waves is available on trunks in various styles. vilebrequin.com

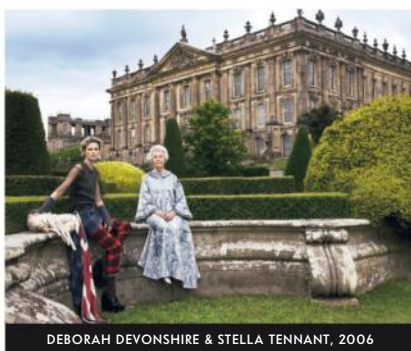


BIRCH WOOD AND COTTON FAN, FERN FANS

LAUNCH

Fan Club

There's no doubt that the humble fan is having a moment, but if one brand is ensuring that that moment is more than a fleeting one, it's Fern Fans. Conceived by super-stylish Daisy Hoppen and Amanda Borberg, Fern Fans aim to resurrect that most ladylike of affectations, artfully degradé, striped, or painted with flowers. Cooling oneself down has never been so chic. fernfans.com



DEBORAH DEVONSHIRE & STELLA TENNANT, 2006

EXHIBITION

House Style

From the 18th-century "Empress of Fashion" Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, to modern beauty Stella Tennant, Chatsworth has been home to multiple generations of the aristocratic Cavendish family. A new exhibition, *House Style: Five Centuries of Fashion at Chatsworth* (March 25-October 22), promises a fascinating, in-depth exploration of the lives of these style icons. chatsworth.org



THE LAUREN 1980 BY BOTTEGA VENETA

ANNIVERSARY

Lauren's Lot

Gigolo Red isn't a colour known to many, but that's the name of the hue of the limited-edition Lauren 1980 bag, reintroduced to celebrate Bottega Veneta's 50th anniversary. Famously carried by supermodel and actress Lauren Hutton in the film *American Gigolo* in 1980, the soft, woven clutch will only be available in this brick-red shade, with an engraved tag inside declaring it "The Lauren 1980". bottegaveneta.com



**GETTING
THE PICTURE**

Patrick Demarchelier photographs Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie. *Far left*, Gena Rowlands talks with *V.F.*'s Jessica Diehl.

STYLE *with* SUBSTANCE

From Gena Rowlands, who wore her own clothes, to Jaden Smith, who reveled in his wardrobe options, the stars of this spring's style portfolio were 100 percent themselves for celebrated photographer Patrick Demarchelier. KRISTA SMITH reports

For *Vanity Fair*'s spring style portfolio, photographer Patrick Demarchelier shot eight thoroughly unique individuals in three cities: Los Angeles, New York, and Washington, D.C. The photos set out to capture icons who have broken boundaries in their chosen professions while maintaining their distinctive personal styles. "I like to photograph people no matter who they are," Demarchelier said. "But what was interesting about this portfolio was the diversity and this beautiful mixture of the range of ages."

Gena Rowlands, 86, recently retired from a six-decade acting career, during which she won admirers from every generation. She arrived at Smashbox Studios, in Culver

City, California, with her husband, Robert Forrest, and was photographed in her own clothing. Actor, musician, and fashion entrepreneur Jaden Smith showed up with Cartier Love rings in his braids. He was elated by the plentiful wardrobe options. On set, he danced his way through Demarchelier's fast-paced shoot.

Kirsten Dunst, who has been photographed extensively since the age of three, seemed to hit a whole new level of sophistication in her floral Alexander McQueen gown. At the studio, she crossed paths with acclaimed director, producer, and documentarian Ava DuVernay. They hadn't seen each other since DuVernay was working as a Hollywood publicist during the debut of Dunst's film *Jumanji*, in 1995. They shared a laugh

over everything that had changed for them. To close out the night, actress Sasha Lane's infectious enthusiasm reverberated throughout the studio as she played her favorite hits from the group De La Soul on the venue's loudspeakers.

Demarchelier traveled to Washington to shoot Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, whose fashion sense is as bright and powerful as her words. In New York, Demarchelier photographed two charismatic leading men: two-time Oscar nominee Michael Shannon, whose rugged looks and imposing frame (he's six feet three inches tall) enable him to effortlessly pull off both classic and modern looks; and Eric Underwood, a soloist at London's Royal Ballet, whose style can best be described as lis-some and exuberant—not unlike his dancing. □

PHOTOGRAPHED WITH AN IPHONE 6

Vogue insider and fashion adviser
to Diana, Princess of Wales,
Anna Harvey lifts the lid on how to
dress well at any age



“A no-nonsense, gimmick-free
manual on how every woman at
every age can dress well”

— Lisa Armstrong, *Stella Magazine*, *Sunday Telegraph*



OUT NOW



DOUBLE-BARRELLED
BOOKS



HAUTE JOAILLERIE
Les Merveilles Collection

BOGHOSSIAN

GENEVA LONDON HONG KONG

THIS
MONTH

Stand out
this spring
p. 42

What's
haute
p. 44

Jonathan Anderson's
English retreat
p. 45

Beauty
flash
p. 46

VANITIES

Meyer wears a
dress by **Salvatore
Ferragamo**; earrings
by **Chopard**.



CARSON MEYER **AGE:** 23. **PROVENANCE:** Malibu, California. **FAMILY MATTERS:** The youngest daughter of NBCUniversal's Ron Meyer and environmentalist Kelly Meyer, Carson "grew up seeing Hollywood from a business standpoint." **XS:** "I was always artistic—when I was 10, I got a mannequin for Christmas and would design my own clothes." **INDEPENDENT STUDY:** At N.Y.U., she majored in art therapy. "I was born needing to be in control of everything." At the suggestion of her mother, she tried an acting class. "I never understood acting until I was allowed to use my anxieties in character." **GOOD STOCK:** After landing her first roles in TV and film, the all-rounder spent last summer at the Berkshires' Williamstown Theatre Festival. "It was a huge deal for me to be there—it is where some of my favorite actors got their start." **HEAT WAVE:** Up next, Meyer stars in contemporary artist Alex Israel's directorial debut, *SPF 18*, as high-schooler Penny Cooper. "It's a coming-of-age love story that captures the West Coast lifestyle." **SCARE TACTICS:** Also coming soon is the horror movie *Family Blood*. Meyer confesses, "I'm the opening kill. I'm not a big horror person, but it's my favorite scene I've ever shot—I was genuinely terrified." **GIRL SQUAD:** "I'm dying to work with a female director. There's something so powerful in the woman-to-woman, creatively. I adore Renaissance women that do it all!" —KRISTA SMITH

STYLED BY RYAN YOUNG; HAIR BY BEN SKERVIN; MAKEUP BY MATTHEW VAN LEEUWEN; MANICURE BY MICHELLE SAUNDERS; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

VANITIES

Market MAKE IT POP!

Put a spring in your step
with this season's
picks of the bold, the bright,
and the beautiful



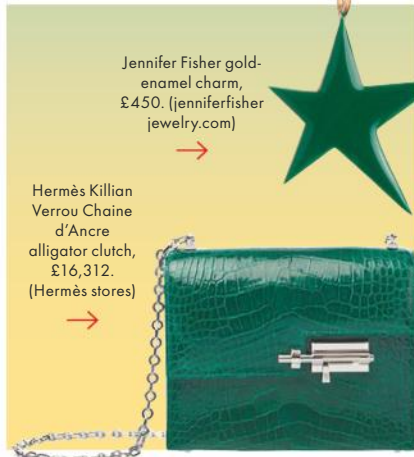
Salvatore Ferragamo
handbag, £1,479. (Salvatore
Ferragamo boutiques)



Céline sunglasses, £324.
(Solstice Sunglasses boutiques)



Hervé Van der
Straeten Amazone
earrings, £572.
(vanderstraeten.fr)



Hermès Killian
Verrou Chaîne
d'Ancre
alligator clutch,
£16,312.
(Hermès stores)

Jennifer Fisher gold-
enamel charm,
£450. (jenniferfisher
jewelry.com)



Prada handbag,
price upon
request.
(Selected Prada
boutiques)



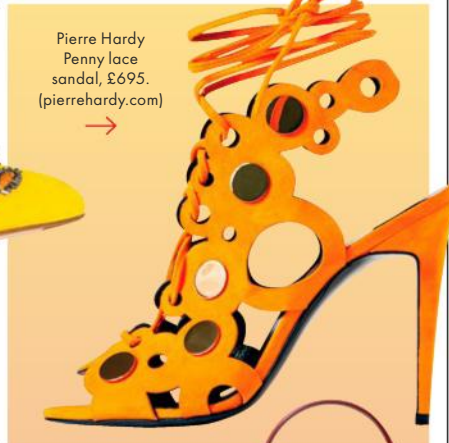
Valentino dress,
£4,340. (Valentino
boutiques)

Coach 1941
crewneck
sweater, £475.
(coach.com)



AGL suede ballerina flat,
£445. (agl.com)

Stuart Weitzman
Swiftkeel sandal, £360.
(eu.stuartweitzman
.com)



Pierre Hardy
Penny lace
sandal, £695.
(pierrehardy.com)



Céline
Medium Clasp
handbag,
£3,358.
(212-535-3703)

Mozaike
charger
plate, £86 for
set of four.
(getmozaiko
.com)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM HOUT; STYLED BY PAUL PETZY (DRESS,
EARRINGS); FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS



Saint Laurent
by Anthony
Vaccarello Edie
sling-back
pump, £796.
(ysl.com)



Christian Dior
sunglasses, £476.
(800-929-DIOR)



Valentino
lipstick case, £716.
(Valentino
boutiques)



Chanel lambskin clutch,
£955. (chanel.com)



Jimmy Choo
Vanessa flat, £520.
(jimmychoo.com)



Ralph Lauren Ricky
suede pouch, £796.
(ralphlauren.com)



Tod's Micro
Wave bag,
£1,275. (Tod's
boutiques)

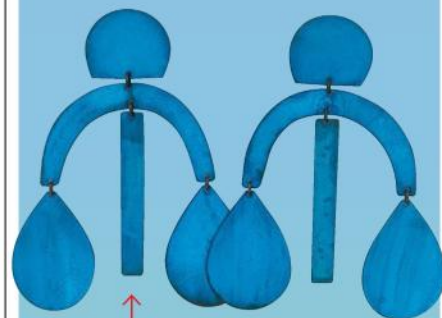


Eres swimsuit,
£572.
(888-656-ERES)



De Vecchi Milano
1935 Mult8
candleholder, £280.
(646-343-9556)

Irene Neuwirth
one-of-a-kind bracelet,
price upon request.
(ireneneuwirth.com)



Annie Costello Brown
Arc Drop earrings,
£205. (The Conran Shop)



Loewe
Hammock bag,
£1,591.
(loewe.com)



Mario Milana
armchair, price
upon request.
(mariomilana.com)



Aquazzura
Passion sandal,
£620.
(aquazzura
.com/en)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM HOUT, STYLED
BY PAUL PETZ BRECHET. PRESS: FOR
DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

VANITIES

Haute News
DECORATE, DRESS,
AND DESIGN



Desk Goals

In order to be inspired, you must place yourself in inspiring surroundings. This is the cornerstone of **Perch**, a design-focused office-product-and-furniture start-up revolutionizing the way we approach our personal workspaces. Founded four months ago by Lucy Lyle, the enterprise—already backed by e-commerce giants Birchbox and Trunk Club, among other investors—offers sleek and sophisticated alternatives to predictable office staples. Yet Perch's philosophy is driven by more than merely aesthetics. Injecting our workstations with a boost of personality ensures positivity and productivity aren't far behind. Move over, hum-drum tape dispenser. (perch.com)

As Seen On-Screen

Lauren Hutton, the star of *American Gigolo*, made an evocative return to the runway last fall for **Bottega Veneta**, carrying the original woven clutch from the 80s film. The fashion house is re-introducing the bag for its spring collection, naming it the Lauren 1980 after the Hollywood style icon. It comes in a single, exclusive color: Gigolo Red. (800-845-6790)



ROUND TWO

Collaborative partners **Levi's Made & Crafted** and **Off-White c/o Virgil Abloh** are back with their second collection. Inspired by the office power dressing in the 1988 movie *Working Girl*, the capsule consists of denim, pinstripes, and ruffles—a fusion of Levi's classic style and Abloh's fêted ingenuity. (off-white.com)

Obsessions from People We're Obsessed With



Emanuele Della Valle
(Director)

Twentynine Palms, California.

"Duka African scarves."

"Vietnamese pho from Mott Street."



Michel Gaubert
(D.J., producer)

"The Jackie soundtrack."

"FoodChéri, the new organic-food delivery service in Paris."

"Bidding online for photographs at Christie's."



Vanessa Getty
(Philanthropist)

"My rescue pup, Abby."

"Kamala Harris for president, 2020."

RuPaul's Drag Race.

EYE ON ...



Go retro! (1) Wireless record player **Trnbl by Vnyl** is the new way to listen to old music. A state-of-the-art spin on traditional technology. (trnbl.co, £399) (2) The fuss-free design and dependable efficiency of the **Braun Classic Travel Alarm Clock** have made it an O.G. packing favorite for the past three decades. Timeless. (braun-clocks.com, £22) (3) Bring back the 60s with the petrol-blue **Wild & Wolf 746 phone**, featuring modern push buttons and an old-school ringer. The best of British. (ronrobinson.com, £52)



My Place JONATHAN ANDERSON

Jonathan Anderson—creative director of his namesake label, J. W. Anderson, as well as luxury-fashion house Loewe—has amassed an impressive cult following since he debuted his first collection almost a decade ago. Based primarily in London, the Northern Irish designer spends his downtime enjoying the English countryside in **Holt, Norfolk**.



BEST PLACE TO STAY: I recently bought a home in Holt, so I prefer to stay there when I come on the weekends.

FAVORITE RESTAURANT: This place called Natural Surroundings. It's really a wildlife-discovery center, but they have a café with the best homemade food.

FAVORITE PUB: The Feathers, in Dersingham. The best spot to be with locals.

FAVORITE MUSEUM: Blickling Estate (6)—there is so much to see there.

FAVORITE STORE: The Cold Press gallery (3) is the best place for ceramics and such.

WHAT TO WEAR: Cozy—Gore-Tex jackets, Patagonia, Wellies (4).

CAN'T BE MISSED: Richard Scott Antiques (1), which is also a great little shop for Georgian glass.

HIDDEN GEM: The town is known for its owls (2), and they are amazing to see.

LOCAL TIP: Go to Bakers & Larners for groceries.

BEST WAY TO GET AROUND: Car.

WHAT TO PACK: Fleeces.

LUGGAGE BRANDS: Loewe Goya Bag (5) and Rimowa.

TRAVEL PLAYLIST: Only U.K. Top 40 for the drive up there!

LOCAL WORKOUT: Walkabout by foot.

TOURIST TRAP TO AVOID: It's such a small, quaint town; there truly is nothing to avoid.

KEY PHRASE TO KNOW:

“Keep an eye out for traffic wardens!”





Husband-and-wife team Henry and Tata Harper on their 1,200-acre Vermont farm.

Absolute Beauty

Tata Harper does it again with her new **Clarifying Moisturizer** and **Clarifying Spot Solution**. “When you mix a lot of high-tech ingredients in one formula,” she says, “you’re left with a product that delivers powerful results.” The new offerings bring together nurturing substances from around the world, such as plant-sugar extract from France and willow-bark extract from Canada, with Harper’s own broccoli extract and apple-seed oil. Created for blemish-prone, oily skin, the lotion erases flaws with a matte finish, while the solution targets and abolishes pimples. All made in the U.S.A., the natural way. (£84 for 50 ml. moisturizer, £26 for 10 ml. solution; tataharperskincare.com) —SUNHEE GRINNELL

VANITIES

Beauty
BACK
TO NATURE



From top: Costa Rican green coffee; Greek lentisk; Sardinian olives.

The Rácz Bath, in Budapest, built by the Omorovicza family.



MINERAL MAGIC

Inspired by the thermal springs of Budapest, skin-care brand **Omorovicza** has added **Firming Neck Cream** to its highly coveted anti-aging range. Combining rich minerals with other natural components—including white-truffle enzymes and protein-sugar molecules—the cream repairs, lifts, and firms the skin, mimicking the benefits of bathing in Hungarian spa water. (£95 for 50 ml.; omorovicza.com) —ISABEL ASHTON



Coast Azure

Chanel has found inspiration in the Blue Zone regions of Costa Rica, Sardinia, and Greece, where certain indigenous factors help people to live far longer. Made with powerful antioxidants sourced from green coffee, polyphenol extracts from Bosana olives, and gum extract from lentisk shrubs, the aptly named **Blue Serum** paves the path to youthful longevity. (£81 for 30 ml.; chanel.com) —S.H.G.

BEAUTY FLASH

Protect, brighten, revitalize, and plump with these skin-care beauties for spring ...



La Prairie

Line Interception Power Duo Day/Night Cream. (£244; laprairie.co.uk)



Fresh

Black Tea Firming Corset Cream. (£79; fresh.com/UK)



La Mer

The Revitalizing Hydrating Serum. (£156; neimanmarcus.com)



Kate Somerville

Wrinkle Warrior. (£76; sephora.com)



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Fanfair

➤ HOT TYPE: THE BEST IN BOOKS *p. 50* ... ACCORDING TO: FINN WITTROCK *p. 51* ... WHAT TO WATCH *p. 51*



HI-FI HIGH ART

As album covers go the way of book jackets in the age of downloads, a new book out now from Taschen celebrates 500 record sleeves designed by artists who treated the covers as canvas. *Art Record Covers*, by Francesco Spampinato, charts more than six decades of album art, including Robert Mapplethorpe's 1975 portrait of Patti Smith (above) and Takashi Murakami's 2007 cover for Kanye West (top right).

Activists singing "We Shall Overcome," June 1964, from *The Fire Next Time* (Taschen), by James Baldwin, with photographs by Steve Schapiro.



Hot Type

From college with love: **Elif Batuman** (of the Rus-sophilic essay collection *The Possessed*) takes us back to the 90s with her masterfully funny debut novel, *The Idiot* (Penguin Press). Selin, the daughter of Turkish immigrants, is a freshman at Harvard at the height of the Disc-man and the peacoat. She enrolls in classes with names such as "Constructed Worlds." But it's her world that's being constructed, via a group of magnetic friends and one love-laced friendship. Erudite but never pretentious, *The Idiot* will make you crave more books by Batuman. Good thing she has about 14 Dostoyevsky titles left to go.

Where are we going? Where have we been? **P. J. O'Rourke** casts his gimlet gaze on the circus of clowns-people foisted on us by the 2016 election—and de-

mands to know *How the Hell Did This Happen?* (Atlantic Monthly Press). **Ariel Levy's** life compass implodes in a time of gut-wrenching grief as she finds *The Rules Do Not Apply* (Random House). In his taut but haunting *Exit West* (Riverhead), **Mohsin Hamid** focuses on two lovers running toward each other as political collapse and bomb blasts scatter their city in every direction. **Joan Didion's** lifelong affinity for the *South and West* (Knopf) is exposed in these notes and fragmented essays. Here is a revealing look at the path of a national treasure. "The idea was to start in New Orleans and from there we had no plan," she writes. May the road rise up to meet us all.

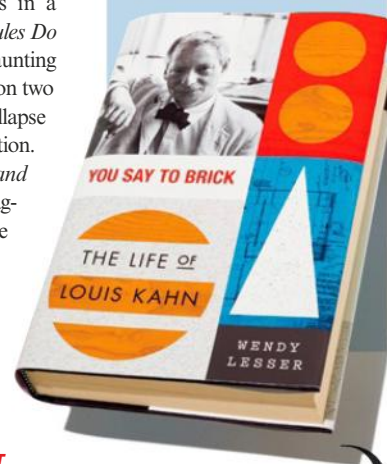
—SLOANE CROSLY



The Path of Kahn

He could split an apple with his bare hands and was instantly identifiable by his thatch of white hair and a jawline crosshatched with scars from a childhood burn. He was Louis Kahn, the 20th-century titan of architecture whose monumental structures seemed to be built from time and memory. In **Wendy Lesser's** *You Say to Brick: The Life of Louis Kahn* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), this master of space was also a master of compartmentalization who managed to juggle three separate families. Kahn pulled it off, imbuing life and work with what Renzo

Piano sums up in one word: "magic."
—MARK ROZZO



IN SHORT

V.F. special correspondent **William D. Cohan** defends the dough in *Why Wall Street Matters* (Random House). **Sharon Weinberger** pulls the files on the Pentagon's brainiac bureau, DARPA, with *The Imagineers of War* (Knopf). Cult designer **Agnès B.** (Abrams) stitches her life into a clothbound volume. **Rachel Vail's** *Well, That Was Awkward* (Viking) screenshots the teen years. **Joan Juliet Buck** recalls *The Price of Illusion* (Atria). Theoretical physicist **Lawrence M. Kraus** fleshes out the forces that govern our existence with *The Greatest Story Ever Told—So Far* (Atria). Family bonds are bent in **Victor Lodato's** *Edgar and Lucy* (St. Martin's). From fireplaces to florals, **Joan Osofsky** is ever *Entertaining in the Country* (Rizzoli). **Donal Skehan** keeps it *Fresh* (Sterling Epicure) with resolution-friendly feasts. **Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie** epitomizes and epistolizes our potential in *Dear Ijeawele, or a Feminist Manifesto in Fifteen Suggestions* (Knopf). **Ben Blatt** writes by numbers in *Nabokov's Favorite Word Is Mauve* (Simon & Schuster). From dictators to demagogues, **James Kirchick** edifies *The End of Europe* (Yale). **Bassem Youssef** sparks a sniggering *Revolution for Dummies* (Dey Street). Feminist friends **Gillian Anderson** and **Jennifer Nadel** sort out the story of us in *We* (Atria). **Kevin Canty** kindles the sorrow in *The Underworld* (Norton). **Elizabeth Winder's** *Marilyn in Manhattan* (Flatiron) rises like a sultry breeze from a subway grate. **Robert M. Rubin** gives the Old World a new look in *Avedon's France* (Abrams). **Daniel Magariel's** debut, *One of the Boys* (Scribner), isn't the first family-and-drug drama to hitch its wagon to suburban New Mexico, but it's one of the more affecting. Over in Dublin, **Jess Kidd's** *Himself* (Atria) is her supernaturally skillful debut. Irish eyes are glowing. —S.C.

PHOTOGRAPHS © 2017 STEVE SCHAPIRO (ACTIVISTS); BY STUART TYSON (BOOKS); FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

NEWS SOURCE

Though Wittrock checks his Twitter feed, he prefers to get his news the old-fashioned way. "I have not been a good millennial and have actually been going to a deli to buy the physical **New York Times**," he says. "I'll read it all day and all the next day."

RESTAURANTS

Wittrock lives in Los Feliz, in Los Angeles, and cites the Thai restaurant **Night + Market Song** ("The spiciest food I've ever had in my life") and the "high-end taco place" **Petty Cash** as his favorite spots. In New York City, his go-to bar is Spring Lounge: "It's a great old dive."

TELEVISION

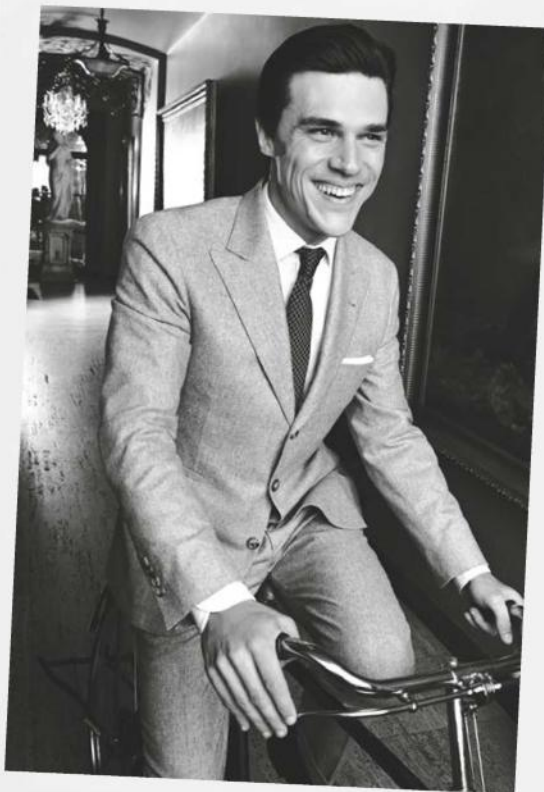
The Crown is the most recent series Wittrock binge-watched.

"It was so improbable that I would like that show, because I just thought, Oh, this is going to be very English and very ... royal—but it was a page-turner!" (Another recent "obsession" of his: HBO's *High Maintenance*.)

MUSIC

"I'm kind of an old man in my taste," the 32-year-old jokes.

He says he has been a "**Bob Dylan** head since [being] a teenager." He's also a fan of Arcade Fire, the National, Radiohead, and Beirut. "I have a bit of an eclectic mix of bands that I love."



ACCORDING TO:

Finn Wittrock

The actor, who stars in the latest Broadway revival of *The Glass Menagerie*, recommends some people, places, and things

By JOSH DUBOFF

BOOKS

Wittrock likes to read two books at once and prefers pocket-size ones, so that he can carry them with him wherever he goes. Currently, he's working his way through Tennessee Williams's short fiction ("lush, very poetic, and incredibly sad") and Joan Didion's ***The Year of Magical Thinking*** ("also very sad").

MOVIE

Though he himself had a supporting role in *La La Land*, Wittrock mentions a different awards favorite as a recent cinematic standout: Kenneth Lonergan's ***Manchester by the Sea***. "It is a very personal, quiet, sad drama, but it's also very, I thought, beautifully filmed. I really felt like I was in that New England winter."

BEYONCÉ SONG

Wittrock's favorite is "**Love on Top**," and he remembers well the first time he heard it. "When I was younger, I thought I was too cool for Beyoncé: like, 'She's so pop-y.' [But then] that song came on, and I was like, 'Oh, I get it.'" He's since become something of a 'Yoncé disciple. "I went with my wife to a Beyoncé concert and thought I would just kind of observe. [Then] I found myself at one point screaming, 'I slay, I slay.'"

WATCH LIST // By RICHARD LAWSON

What to go see: PERSONAL SHOPPER

Kristen Stewart, confirming her newfound cred as one of the darlings of international indie cinema.

Very little you've seen before, which is a good thing.

Olivier Assayas's spooky, sad, and strange ghost story is his second fruitful outing with Stewart. **One of the best films** to come out of Cannes in years.

In theaters **March 10**.



What to tune in to: PLANET EARTH II

A snow leopard, a **tiny tree frog**, a very cute spider monkey, and many others.

The first *Planet Earth*, only even **more high-def**.

The BBC's gorgeous nature series returns with a new set of close-ups on our planet's wonders. It's moving and suspenseful and **life-affirming**—which all feels very necessary right now.

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What to stream: HILAH COOKING

Hilah Johnson, a Texas-bred actress turned chef turned self-made Internet star.

Rachael Ray with millennial topspin.

Johnson serves up accessible, tasty recipes with laid-back wit. She's a **YouTube gem**.

New episodes weekly on **YouTube**.



Le Bal

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Yu Hang
in Alexander
McQueen.

Nam Phuong Dinh Thi in Alexis Mabille
Haute Couture, Count François de
Limburg Stirum, and Countess Angélique
de Limburg Stirum.

Luís Figo
and Helen
Svedin

Paul Lenain, Romain Takeo Bouyer,
Quentin Colinet, Sifan Liu, and Marco Lam

Annette
Bening

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING

Seventeen young women from 11 countries were presented at the 2016 Bal des Débutantes, held over Thanksgiving weekend at the Peninsula hotel in Paris. Le Bal creator Ophélie Renouard reports that the purpose of the debutante ball has evolved in recent years, with Facebook and Instagram obviating the need for formal introductions to society. Now, says Renouard, "Le Bal is rather the unforgettable moment of [the debutantes'] couture and media premieres." The ball benefited the Seleni Institute, a nonprofit that supports reproductive and maternal mental health.

Marquise Altea Patrizi
Naro Montoro and
Amelia Ash Rudick

Monica Concepcion in Marchesa,
Maia Twombly,
Princess Emilia von
Auersperg-Breunner,
and Jayati Modi.

Alexina
Fontes Williams
in Yanina Couture.

Seated, from left: Countess Angélique de Limburg Stirum in Georges Hobeika, Tess Kemper in Alexandre Vauthier Haute Couture, Maia Twombly in Giambattista Valli Haute Couture, Donna Yuan in Guo Pei, Amelia Ash Rudick in Naeem Khan, Hermine Royant in Elie Saab Haute Couture, and Marquise Altea Patrizi Naro Montoro in Stéphane Rolland Haute Couture. Standing: Princess Emilia von Auersperg-Breunner in Emanuel Ungaro, Jayati Modi in Vivienne Westwood Couture, Ella Beatty in Christian Dior Haute Couture, Daniela Figo in Gaultier Paris, Olympia Taittinger in Chanel Haute Couture, and Princesse Zita de Bourbon-Parme in Zuhair Murad Couture.



No white ground covers peeked through the crowds when half a million women (and men) blanketed the National Mall for the Women's March on Washington, less than 24 hours after Donald John Trump took the presidential oath of office. As millions more joined "sister marches" in cities around the world, the Washington contingent made noise while keeping the peace: according to the city's homeland-security director, not a single marcher was arrested.

What You Should Know About

GILLIAN JACOBS

A PANOPLY OF ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHICAL DATA RE: THE SCREEN STAR OF MODERN LOVE

Some women appear to have it all: brains, looks, talent, and wit. Actress Gillian Jacobs, 34, is among these rarefied creatures, but she is not above envy. She watched the launch of the HBO series *Girls* with mixed feelings: “At the time, I was on *Community*, and we were always fighting to stay on the air,” she recalls. “I was excited for Lena, but there’s also a natural jealousy.” Well, if you can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em, which is just what Jacobs did: in Season Four, she joined the cast of *Girls* as the cult-favorite character Mimi-Rose Howard, arguably the most defiant and least needy female on the show. She now stars in her own Judd Apatow-created Netflix rom-com series, *Love* (which returns for a second season on March 10), as well as a slate of upcoming films (*Dean* and *Magic Camp*). Jacobs is quickly emerging as a patron saint of smart alecks and independent souls—even if her knees still sometimes knock and her teeth chatter during auditions. Below, she talks about the advantages of having been an oddball child, her unlikely penchant for Hannibal Lecter, and marriage in the realm of millennials.



GIRLS' GIRL
Jacobs,
photographed in
Los Angeles.

SHE GREW up as an outcast theater nerd in Pittsburgh, went to Juilliard, in New York City, for acting, and now lives in East Los Angeles. Not a hip neighborhood, she is quick to point out: “I’m not hip; I’m hip-adjacent.”

IF SHE had unlimited resources, “it would be nice to live in New York, now that I can afford dinner. When I was there before, I was living on falafel and dollar pizza.”

SHE HAUNTED unlikely places when she first moved to Los Angeles: “I would read at the La Brea Tar Pits, with all of those noxious fumes. I think I was trying to approximate Central Park.”

WHY HER mother first enrolled her in acting classes in third grade: “I had no friends and was often talking to myself on the playground; teachers called my mom and said, ‘You might want to find her an outlet.’ She chose acting because I was always a dramatic child.”

HER NAME is pronounced with a hard G, which prompted her longtime nickname, Gills. “When I was little and people used a soft G, it drove me crazy, so I would tell them, ‘It’s like gills on a fish.’”

HER MOTHER also called her “Bubby,” after former Steelers quarterback Bubby Brister.

TO THIS day, she has no idea why her mother nicknamed her after a football player.

SHE SNARED the first part for which she auditioned—aged nine, *The Steadfast Tin Soldier*—but many difficult auditions followed, such as a tryout for the role of Carly Simon in

a film: “I can’t sing, so my teeth were shaking; my knees were shaking; my eyes went out of focus. [Pauses.] Yeah. Didn’t get that part.”

SHE LOVES fellow theater nerds (“You can spot one a mile away”) but has never dated another actor. She says her current paramour is “creative,” but not stage- or camera-inclined.

THE WORST line ever used on her during a date: “Come home with me, and my mom will make you breakfast in the morning.”

LIKE MANY millennials, she has an ambivalent attitude toward marriage. “I don’t have a real immediate example of a marriage working. My friends married for green cards and health insurance.”

THE MOST demanding director she’s ever worked with: Philip Seymour Hoffman, who directed her in the play *The Little Flower of East Orange* at New York’s Public Theater in 2008. (“He demanded that every moment of the play be life-or-death stakes.”)

THE DIRECTORS she most wants to work with: the Coen brothers, Paul Thomas Anderson, and Steven Soderbergh. She’s also game for a little cinematic ass-kicking:

“It would be fun to do a Kathryn Bigelow action movie.”

THE HISTORICAL role she would most like to reprise: tough-talking female reporter Hildy Johnson in *His Girl Friday*, originally played by Rosalind Russell in 1940.

SHE LOVES art forgers and other such rogues. “I’m very law-abiding in real life; I’m very square. Therefore, I get satisfaction reading about outlaws.”

SHE ALSO venerates certain absurdists, such as Ignatius J. Reilly in *A Confederacy of Dunces*: “I was reading it on a trip with my mom while we were sharing a bed. I was laughing and shaking with every paragraph and driving her crazy.”

ALTHOUGH KNOWN for rom-coms, she loves crime thrillers, like *Manhunter*, the prequel to *The Silence of the Lambs*. “It makes your pulse race and has that 80s style, which I really love.”

HER PERSONAL style is more functional than glamorous, but she has a designer sweet tooth: “Any Dries Van Noten makes me feel pretty badass.”

HANGING NEXT to the Dries in her closet: childhood Halloween costumes made by her seamstress grandmother, including a green velvet T. rex affair, a vampire-bat ensemble, and matching bathrobes

created for her and her childhood Barbie.

HER ONLY vices: black coffee and binge-watching *Vanderpump Rules*.

SHE FILCHED her favorite saying from RuPaul: “Whatever people think of me is none of my business.”

—LESLEY M. M. BLUME

**“I’M NOT HIP;
I’M HIP-ADJACENT.”**

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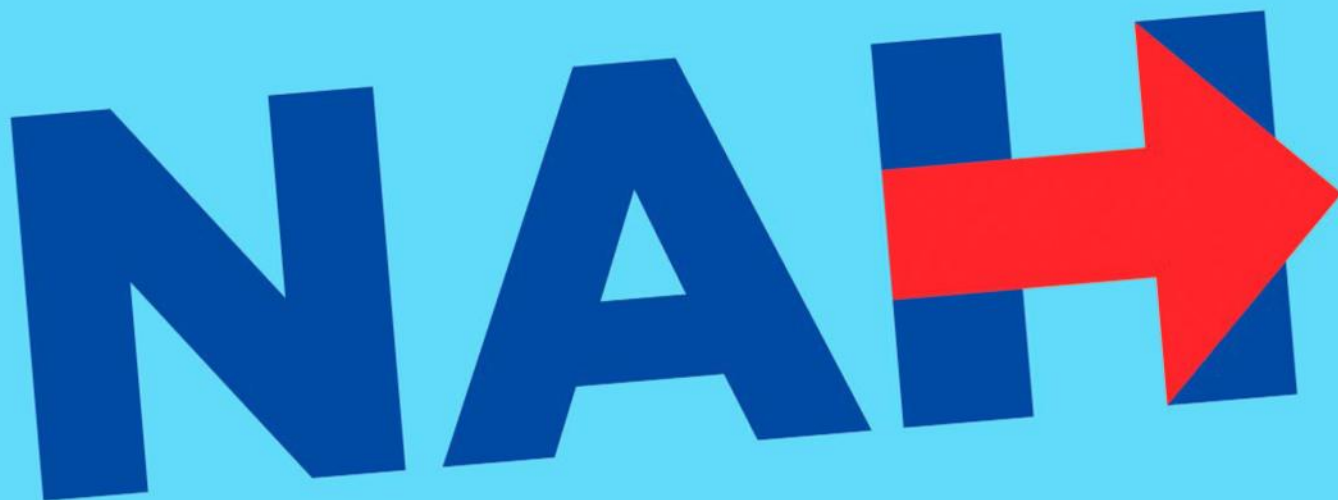
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ENEMIES OF THE STATE

Much of the media spotlight has been on the “alt-right,” with its conquering hero, Steve Bannon, in the White House. But the “alt-left” provides a mirror-image distortion: the same loathing of Clinton, rejection of “identity politics,” and itch for a reckoning

Internet clickbait promotes mental tooth decay, squirting synthetic controversy out of a can of Reddi-wip, but an article by Eileen Jones on January 9 went out of its way to swirl it on extra thick. Headlined AGAINST MERYL STREEP, the indictment declared, “Meryl Streep’s speechifying at the Golden Globes was the worst thing to happen since Trump’s election.” Hoo-kay. If Donald Trump speaks Jerkish, according to retired novelist Philip Roth, Jones’s broadside was written in Snarkish: “That I should live to see the day when Meryl

Streep’s speechifying at a Hollywood awards show is admired as solemnly and discussed as fervently as Lincoln’s second inaugural address is a personal nightmare. Lectured by Streep! And about how her and all her Hollywood pals, decked out in everything that costs the earth and sparkles in the spotlight, are among the true victims of Donald Trump’s American authoritarianism!” Streep’s chastising of Trump in her acceptance speech at the Golden Globes was derided as a sniffy display of royal hauteur, as if her ladyship had gotten

ILLUSTRATION BY VANITY FAIR

her blue sash in a twist. “The way she condemned the ‘performance’ of Donald Trump when he mocked disabled *New York Times* reporter Serge Kovalski, as if Trump were up for a rival Golden Globes Award and had disgraced the Screen Actors Guild, was truly righteous, wasn’t it? She’s so *classy*, isn’t she?”

Such derision of liberal Hollywood pieties—Jones ripped Streep for being the sweetheart of Hillary Clinton’s “faux-feminist ‘pantsuit nation’”—is familiar gargon from right-wing hucksters such as radio host Laura Ingraham, the author of *Shut Up & Sing: How Elites from Hollywood, Politics, and the Media Are Subverting America*. But here’s the twist: Eileen Jones is no righty coveting a rotation spot in the Fox News greenroom. She teaches film at Berkeley—and you know what it’s like at Berkeley, radical fervor springing from every hair follicle—and her Streep denunciation was published in *Jacobin*, which bills itself as “a leading voice of the American left, offering socialist perspectives on politics, economics, and culture.” Disillusionment with Obama’s presidency, loathing of Hillary Clinton, disgust with “identity politics,” and a craving for a climactic reckoning that will clear the stage for a bold tomorrow have created a kinship between the “alt-right” and an alt-left. They’re not kessin’ cousins, but they caterwaul some of the same tunes in different keys.

The alt-right receives the meatiest share of attention in the media, as it should. It’s powerful, vicious, steeped in neo-Nazi ideology, nativist white supremacy, men’s-rights misogyny, and Ayn Rand capitalist *übermensch* mythos, and it heralds a conquering hero in the White House in President Donald J. Trump, while the former executive chairman of the venerably right-wing Breitbart News,

@vf.com

To visit James Wolcott’s BLOG, go to **VF.COM/WOLCOTT**.

Steve Bannon, functions as despot whisperer, trickling Iago-ish poison into Trump’s receptive skull.

The alt-left can’t match that for strength, malignancy, or tentacled reach, but its dude-bros and “purity progressives” exert a powerful reality-distortion field online and foster factionalism on the lib-left. Its outlets include not only *Jacobin* but also the Intercept, one of whose co-founders is the inexhaustible Glenn Greenwald, lawyer, author, journalist, and crucial conduit for Edward Snowden’s stolen N.S.A. data to *The Guardian*; Web sites such as Truthdig, Consortiumnews, and Naked Capitalism; and anomalous apostates such as Mickey Kaus, a former contributor to liberal percolators of ideas and opinions such as *Washington Monthly*, the *New Republic*, *Harper’s*, and *Slate*, who migrated sideways and down to the right-wing Daily Caller, did a temporary hitch as a columnist for the Breitbart bughouse in 2016, and serves as a tweeting defender of Trump’s

proposed wall. Other busy beavers on Twitter include Michael Tracey, Freddie deBoer, Mark Ames, Connor Kilpatrick (a *Jacobin* contributor), Jeremy Scahill (journalist and Intercept co-founder), and similar fun guys. A Tumblr site devoted to “Trumpian Leftism” captures the intellectual flavor of their temperaments. One of the alt-left’s political darlings is Tulsi Gabbard, a progressive congresswoman from Hawaii who met with then president-elect Donald Trump in Trump Tower and was rumored to be under

Club alt-right idolizes Putin as a bare-chested manly man, as opposed to a metrosexual like Obama and an emasculating harpy like Hillary. This isn’t a beefcake fetish the alt-left shares. Instead, it invokes McCarthyism and the specter of a new Red Scare to characterize rising alarm over the Russian cyberwarfare as a rehash of Cold War bogeyman tales. In a widely noticed Facebook post, director Oliver Stone (whose most recent film was a soft-focus portrait of Edward Snowden) reminisced, “I remember well in the 1950s

THERE’S A CONFLUENCE BETWEEN ALT-RIGHT AND ALT-LEFT REGARDING VLADIMIR PUTIN.

consideration for a Cabinet position, and its quixotic preacher-man and noble leper is Cornel West, once an orator at every social-justice convocation who got so uncoiled by his rancorous contempt for Obama and cast adrift into the hazy fringes of the alt-left—see Michael Eric Dyson’s definitive autopsy, “The Ghost of Cornel West,” the *New Republic*, April 19, 2015—that in 2016 he supported the Green Party candidacy of Jill Stein, that stellar mind.

It was Jill Stein who said Hillary might be the greater evil in a Trump matchup (“Hillary has the potential to do a whole lot more damage, get us into more wars”), a sentiment shared by actress Susan Sarandon, who told an interviewer she believed that Clinton was “more dangerous” than Trump because she was more hawkish and better able to ram her agenda through Congress. In words I suspect Sarandon wishes she could reel back, she discounted the threat level posed by a Trump presidency: “Seriously, I am not worried about a wall being built.... He is not going to get rid of every Muslim in this country.” She speculated on another occasion that a Trump win might hasten the revolution. The left’s romance with revolution has always been a reality-blinder, this thermodynamic belief that things need to get bad beyond the breaking point so that people will take the vape pens out of their mouths, rise up, and storm the Bastille. But the history of non-democracies and authoritarian personality cults shows that things can stay bad and get worse for a long time, leaving unhealable wounds. Mao’s China, for example. Putin’s tubercular Russia.

There’s a confluence between the alt-right and the alt-left regarding Vladimir Putin and the rاتفucking (to use a venerable Watergate-era term) performed by Russian hackers, trolls, and bots. The Tyler Durden Fight

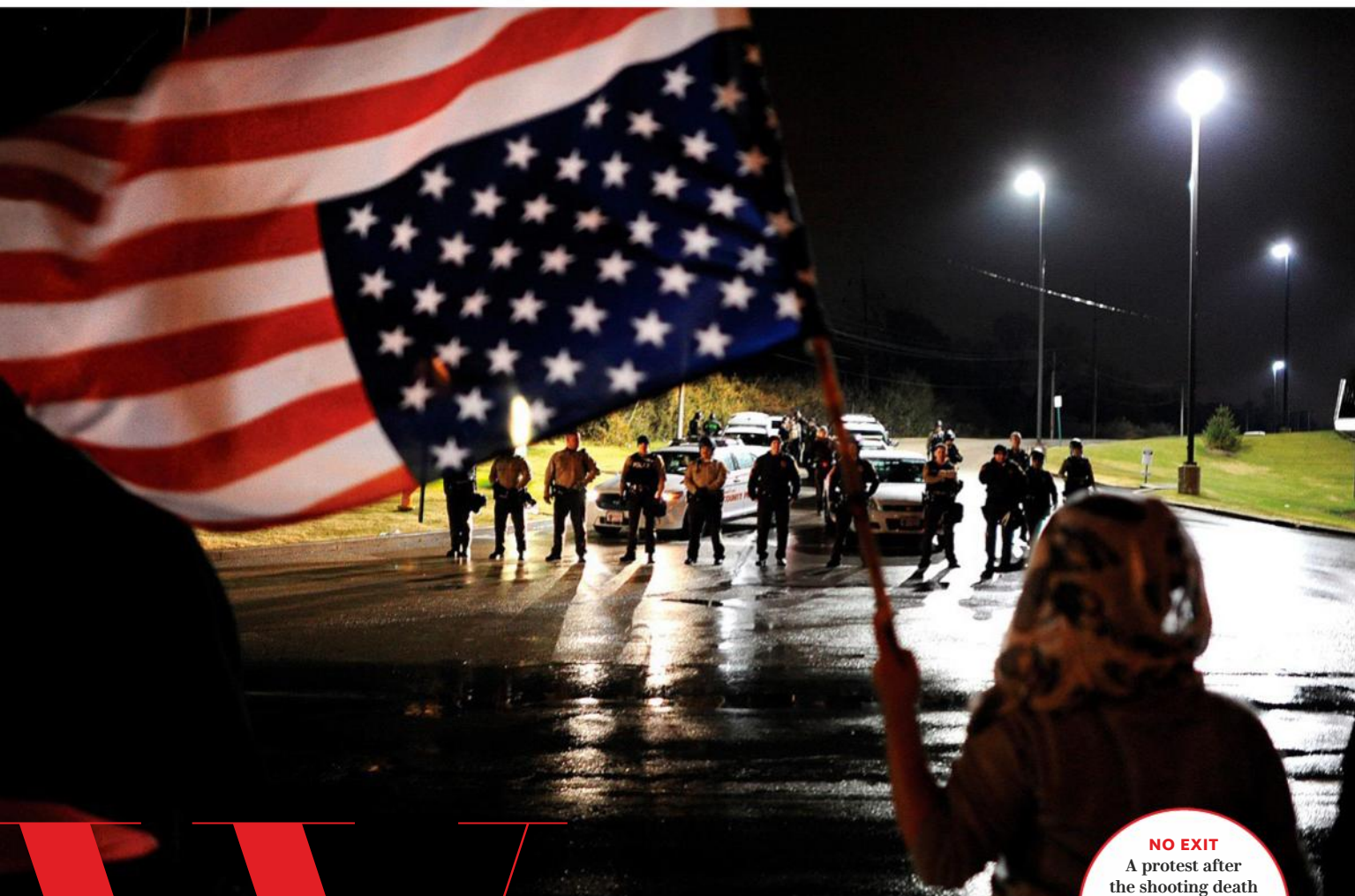
when the Russians were supposed to be in our schools, Congress, State Department—and according to many Eisenhower/Nixon supporters—about to take over our country without serious opposition (and they call me paranoid!).” Stone ascribes the hysteria over the Russian hijacking of the democratic process to mainstream-media mau-mauing. “As much as I may disagree with Donald Trump (and I do) he’s right now target number one of the MSM propaganda—until, that is, he jumps to the anti-Kremlin track because of some kind of false intelligence or misunderstanding cooked up by CIA. Then I fear, in his hot-headed way, he starts fighting with the Russians, and it wouldn’t be long then until a state of war against Russia is declared.”

Wouldn’t worry about that. Too much sky-high, mile-wide evidence has piled up since Stone’s post about the human-centipede collusion of Trump’s family and some of his advisers (the resignation of Michael Flynn notwithstanding) and Cabinet picks with Russian business interests and Putin cronies to make such a *Dr. Strangelove* scenario plausible. Former Democratic presidential candidate and maverick liberal Dennis Kucinich, who sent Trump a congratulatory tweet after his inauguration, shares Stone’s fear that Russophobia is being whipped up to further foul plans afoot not in the Kremlin but at Langley and Foggy Bottom: “#WakeUpAmerica, enough of the BS re #Russia stealing election =CIA & State Dept propaganda to legitimize hostilities,” he tweeted on December 10. And here is where the alt-right and the alt-left press foreheads for a Vulcan mind-meld: the belief that the real enemy, the true Evil Empire, isn’t Putin’s Russia but the Deep State, the C.I.A./F.B.I./N.S.A. alphabet-soup national-security matrix. But if the Deep State can rid us of the blighted presidency of Donald Trump, all I can say is “Go, State, go.” □

A COLONY IN A NATION

Despite increased African-American political power, being black seems as dangerous as ever. In an adaptation from his new book, the author examines the system that drives police killings—and its consequences for everyone

By **CHRIS HAYES**



NO EXIT

A protest after the shooting death of Michael Brown, Ferguson, Missouri, November 2014.

What most endures about Richard Nixon's 1968 speech to the Republican convention is his rhetoric about "law and order"—rhetoric that, half a century later, we're hearing once again from a new Republican president. But that was not, to my mind, the speech's most important theme. Nixon understood that black demands for equality—as cities were torn by riots, with ink on civil-rights legisla-

Adapted from *A Colony in a Nation*, by Chris Hayes, to be published in the U.S. this month by W. W. Norton & Company; © 2017 by the author.

tion barely dry—had to be acknowledged and given their rhetorical due. "Let us build bridges, my friends," Nixon said, "build bridges to human dignity across that gulf that separates black America from white America. Black Americans, no more than white Americans, they do not want more government programs which perpetuate dependency. They don't want to be a colony in a nation."

A colony in a nation. Nixon meant to conjure an image of a people reduced to mere

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLY SKALU/
LOS ANGELES TIMES/POLARIS

recipients of state handouts rather than active citizens shaping their own lives. And in using the image of a colony to make his point, he was, in his odd way, channeling the spirit of the time.

As anti-colonial movements erupted in the 1960s, colonized people across the globe recognized a unity of purpose between their struggles for self-determination and the struggle of black Americans. Black activists, in turn, recognized their own circumstances in the images of colonial subjects fighting an oppressive white government. America's colonial history looked quite different from that of, say, Rhodesia, but on the ground, the structures of oppression seemed remarkably similar.

Nixon was, of course, correct that black Americans "don't want to be a colony in a nation." And yet that is what he helped bring about. Over the half-century since Nixon delivered those words, we have created precisely that, and not just for black Americans but for brown Americans and others: a colony in a nation. A territory that isn't actually free. A place controlled from outside rather than from within. A place where the law is a tool of control, rather than a foundation for prosperity. We have created a political regime—and, in its day-to-day applications, a regime of criminal justice—like the one our Founders inherited and rejected, a political order they spilled their blood to defeat.

American criminal justice isn't one system with massive racial disparities but two distinct systems. One (the Nation) is the kind of policing regime you expect in a democracy; the other (the Colony) is the kind you expect in an occupied land. Policing is a uniquely important and uniquely dangerous function of the state. We know that dictatorships use the police in horrifying ways—we call them "police states" for a reason. But the terrifying truth is that we as a people have created the Colony through democratic means. We have voted to subdue our fellow citizens; we have rushed to the polls to elect people promising to bar others from enjoying the fruits of liberty. A majority of Americans have put a minority under lock and key.

In her masterly chronicle of American mass incarceration, *The New Jim Crow*, Michelle Alexander argues convincingly that our current era is defined by its continuity with previous eras of white supremacy and

black oppression. Her contention is that as Jim Crow was dismantled as a legal entity in the 1960s it was reconceived and reborn through mass incarceration. Alexander writes, "Rather than rely on race, we use our criminal justice system to label people of color 'criminals' and then engage in all the practices we supposedly left behind. . . . As a criminal, you have scarcely more rights, and arguably less respect, than a black man living in Alabama at the height of Jim Crow. We have not ended racial caste in America; we have merely redesigned it."

I covered the unrest in Ferguson, in the aftermath of the shooting by police of Michael Brown, and Alexander's analysis seemed undeniable. Clearly the police had taken on the role of enforcing an unannounced but very real

while in the custody of police—his spinal cord was snapped in a police van. The stories and complaints I heard from the residents there sounded uncannily like those I had heard in Ferguson. But if Ferguson was the result of a total lack of black political power, that didn't seem to be the case, at least not at first look, in Baltimore: the city had black city-council members, a black mayor, a very powerful black member of Congress, a black state's attorney, and a police force that was integrated.

If Ferguson looked like Jim Crow, Baltimore was something else.

POSTMORTEM
Another night in Ferguson, and, *bottom*, the aftermath of a police shooting in Charlotte, North Carolina, last September.

The old Jim Crow comprised twin systems of oppression: on the one hand, segregation across public and private spheres that kept black people away from social and economic equality; on the other, systematic political disenfranchisement that made sure black citizens weren't represented democratically. It required two separate pieces of landmark legislation, the Civil Rights Act and the Voting Rights Act, to destroy these twin systems.

Through ceaseless struggle, and federal over-



form of segregation in that St. Louis suburb. Here was a place that was born of white flight and segregation, nestled among a group of similar hamlets that were notoriously "sundown towns," the kind of place where police made sure black people didn't tarry or stay the night. And despite the fact that Ferguson's residents were mostly black, the town's entire power structure was white, from the mayor to the city manager to all but one school-board member, as well as all but one city-council member. The police chief was white, and the police force had three black cops out of a total of 53 officers.

Eight months later, I was on the streets of Baltimore after a young black man, Freddie Gray, died from injuries suffered

sight, the civil-rights movement ended de jure segregation and created the legal conditions for black elected political power—black state representatives, black mayors, black city-council members, black police chiefs, even a few black senators and a black president. But this power has turned out to be strikingly confined and circumscribed, incorporated into the maintenance of order through something that looks—in

many places—more like the centuries-old model of colonial administration.

From India to Vietnam to the Caribbean, colonial systems have always integrated the colonized into government power, while still keeping the colonial subjects in their place.

Half the cops charged in the death of Freddie Gray were black; half were white. The Baltimore police chief is black, as is the mayor. And Freddie Gray, the figure

cities occupy the same patch of land, each city's residents discipline themselves to unsee the landscape of their neighbors' city.

The housing complexes where Michael Brown lived and died in Ferguson, the low-rise apartments home to largely Section 8 tenants who the white Republican mayor, James Knowles, told me had been a "problem," are part of the Colony. The farmers' market two miles away, where the mayor was when Brown was shot, is part of the Nation. The West Side of Cleveland, where 12-year-

IN THE NATION, YOU HAVE RIGHTS; IN THE COLONY, YOU HAVE COMMANDS.

upon whom this authority was wielded?

Well, to those in the neighborhood, there was never any question what race he would be.

This is what distinguishes our era of racial hierarchy, the era of Black Lives Matter and the First Black President. Black political power has never been more fully realized, but blackness feels for so many black people just as dangerous as ever. Black people can live and even prosper in the Nation, but they can never be truly citizens. The threat of the nightstick always lingers, even for, say, a famous and distinguished Harvard professor of African and African-American studies who suddenly found himself in handcuffs on his own stately porch in Cambridge, Massachusetts, just because someone thought he was a burglar.

Race defines the boundaries of the Colony and the Nation, but race itself is a porous and shifting concept. Whiteness both is nonexistent and confers enormous benefits. Blackness is both a conjured fiction and so real it can kill. In their collection of essays called *Racecraft: The Soul of Inequality in American Life*, Karen and Barbara Fields trace the semantic trick of racial vocabulary, which *invents* categories for the purpose of oppression, while appearing to *describe* things that already exist out in the world. Over time these categories shift, both as reflections of those in power and as expressions of solidarity and resistance in the face of white supremacy.

Because our racial categories are always shifting and morphing, disappearing and reappearing, so too are the borders between the Colony and the Nation. In many places, the two territories alternate block by block, in a patchwork of unmarked boundaries and detours that are known only by those who live within them. It's like the fictional cities of Beszel and Ul Qoma in China Miéville's speculative fantasy detective novel, *The City & the City*. Though the

old Tamir Rice was shot and killed while playing in a park, is part of the Colony. The West Side of Baltimore, where Freddie Gray died, is part of the Colony. The South Side of Chicago, where Laquan McDonald was shot and killed, is also part of the Colony.

This is the legacy of a post-civil-rights social order that gave up on desegregation as a guiding mission and accepted a country of de facto segregation between "nice neighborhoods" and "rough neighborhoods," "good schools" and "bad schools," "inner cities" and "bedroom communities." None of this was an accident. It was the accumulation of policy—from federal housing guidelines and the practices of local real-estate agents to the decisions of tens of thousands of school boards and town councils and homeowners' associations essentially drawing boundaries: the Nation on one side, the Colony on the other.

In the Colony, violence looms and failure to comply can be fatal. Sandra Bland, a 28-year-old black woman who died in a Texas prison cell, was pulled over because she didn't signal a lane change. Walter Scott, the 50-year-old black man shot in the back as he fled a North Charleston police officer, was pulled over because one of the three brake lights on his car was out. Freddie Gray simply made eye contact with a police officer and started to move swiftly in the other direction.

If you live in the Nation, the criminal-justice system functions like your laptop's operating system, quietly humming in the background, doing what it needs to do to allow you to be your most efficient, functional self. In the Colony, the system functions like a computer virus: it intrudes constantly, it interrupts your life at the most inconvenient times, and it does this as a matter of course. The disruption itself is normal.

In the Nation, there is law; in the Colony, there is only a concern with order. In the Nation, citizens call the police to protect them. In the Colony, subjects flee the police, who offer the opposite of protection. In the Nation, you have rights; in the Colony, you have commands. In the Nation, you are innocent until proven guilty; in the Colony, you are born guilty. Police officers tasked with keeping these two realms separate intuitively grasp the contours of the divide: as one Baltimore police sergeant instructed his officers, "Do not treat criminals like citizens."

In the Nation, you can stroll down the middle of a quiet, car-less street with no hassle, as I did with the mayor of Ferguson. We chatted on a leafy block in a predominantly white neighborhood filled with stately Victorian homes and wraparound porches. There were no cops to be seen. We were technically breaking the law—you're not supposed to walk down the middle of the street—but no one was going to enforce that law, because, really, what's the point? Whom were we hurting?

In the Colony, just half a mile away, the disorderly act of strolling down the middle of the street could be the first link in the chain of events that ends your life at the hands of the state.

The Colony is overwhelmingly black and brown, but in the wake of financial catastrophe, de-industrialization, and sustained wage stagnation, the tendencies and systems of control developed in the Colony have been deployed over wider and wider swaths of working-class white America. If you released every African-American and Latino prisoner in America's prisons, the United States would still be one of the most incarcerated societies on earth. And the makeup of those white prisoners is dramatically skewed toward the poor and uneducated. As of 2008, nearly 15 percent of white high-school dropouts aged 20 to 34 were in prison. For white college grads the rate was under 1 percent.

This is what makes the maintenance of the division between the Colony and the Nation so treacherous: the constant threat that the tools honed in the Colony will be wielded in the Nation—that tyranny and violence tolerated at the periphery will ultimately infiltrate the core. American police shoot an alarmingly high and disproportionate number of black people. But they also shoot a shockingly high number of white people.

It is easy, I think, for even the most sympathetic residents of the Nation to think this is all someone else's problem. Yes, *of course* America is over-incarcerated. *Of course* the killing of unarmed black men by the police is awful. And yes, *of course* I'd like to see that all change. But it's fundamentally someone else's issue.

It's not. □

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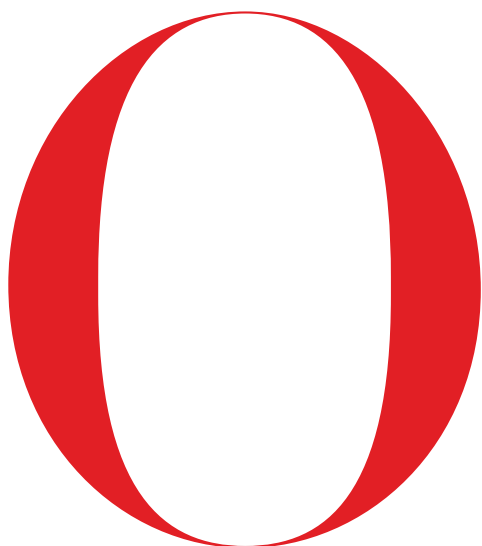
SEEING RED

Signage being removed from the closing Trump Plaza casino, in Atlantic City, 2014.

THE WHITE HOUSE INC.

No tax returns, no blind trust, no divestment: Donald Trump has ignored calls to put his country before his business. From foreign bank loans to deals with Russian oligarchs, there's evidence of serious conflicts ahead

By **SUZANNA ANDREWS**



On January 11, Donald Trump held his first press conference since his electoral win to address the subject of his business interests and conflicts, which had become—along with the questions about Russian involvement in the election—a primary controversy for Trump. The briefing was held in the lobby of Manhattan's Trump Tower. Royal-blue drapes covered the marble wall behind the podium, the presidential hue forming a striking backdrop for a row of gold-tasseled American flags. Trump, wearing a navy wool suit, crisp white shirt, and red silk tie, with an American flag pinned to his lapel, stood to one side of the podium, flanked by his three oldest children, Donald junior, 39, Ivanka, 35, and Eric, 33. At the podium, Sheri Dillon, a tax attorney, explained the

changes that would be made to the Trump Organization. Next to her, a table covered in black cloth was piled with stacks of manila folders—hilariously spoofed that week on *Saturday Night Live* as a portable pile of plastic prop folders. They were said to contain thousands of documents involved in rearranging Trump's "business empire," which Dillon described as "massive."

She likened Trump's wealth and stature to those of Nelson Rockefeller, a former vice president and scion of one of the nation's wealthiest and most prominent families. The comparison to Rockefeller was deft, but off the mark. In response to the outcry over his wealth, Rockefeller in 1974 not only released his tax returns to Congress but also offered to put his holdings in a blind trust—neither

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, BY MARK MAKELA/REUTERS; RIGHT, BY WAYNE PARRY/A.P. IMAGES/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK

of which Trump, as it turned out, has been willing to do. Trump's plan, as Dillon explained, was to put the Trump Organization into a trust to be managed by his sons and one of his longtime executives. There would be no new foreign deals; an ethics adviser would be appointed; and Trump himself would have no involvement in the business. His company would continue to make domestic deals. Trump was not going to sell his business or put it in a blind trust. And he was definitely not going to release his tax returns. "You know the only one that cares about my tax returns are the reporters, O.K.?" Trump said. This despite a recent ABC News poll indicating that 74 percent of Americans say he should release his tax records.

As Trump seemed to see it, he was being magnanimous in making any changes at all. "I have a no-conflict situation because I'm president," he told the gathering. "I could actually run my business and run government at the same time."

The loud applause that punctuated Trump's remarks to the press notwithstanding—which, according to reporters, came from Trump employees—the reaction to his comments was negative and swift. Within hours, ethics experts and advisers to former presidents, including George W. Bush, slammed Trump's conflict-of-interest plan. Walter Shaub, the top government ethics official, called it "meaningless."

Among the wealthiest presidents—by his own measure—in the history of the United States, Trump is possibly the most conflicted and indebted. He is also the only president in modern times to resist separating himself from his business interests—and the potential for corruption and self-enrichment—in a way that meets the barest ethics standards. Given the risks to the legitimacy of his presidency, why won't he?

When asked about his taxes, Trump has repeatedly told people seeking information about his finances to look instead at the financial-disclosure forms which he has been required to file with the U.S. Office of Government Ethics. People who have done that, Trump has said, "have learned a lot about my company, and now they realize my company is much bigger, much more powerful, than they ever thought." And, on paper at least, that's true. Trump's latest disclosure form, which was filed in May of 2016, lists 564 companies operating under the umbrella of the Trump Organization. The list goes on for pages, entities with names like DB Pace Acquisition, LLC; DT APP Warrant Holding; and Scotland Acquisitions, LLC. Many are limited-liability companies that may be simply legal envelopes for a bank account or for agreements to license his name, although it is impossible to know for certain. These

entities, which also include family trusts set up by Trump's father for his children, are all private, and there is virtually no way to know from the disclosure forms exactly what they are worth or what they do.

But nestled among the many business entities is Trump's stake in some of his best-known properties around the world. These include Trump Tower in Manhattan; the Trump International Hotels in Las Vegas and Washington, D.C.; the Towers in Chicago, Toronto,

For Trump, the perception of the size of his fortune is serious business. In 2006 he sued Timothy O'Brien, the author of the 2005 book *TrumpNation*, for \$5 billion in damages. The offense: O'Brien cited "three people with direct knowledge of Donald's finances" who estimated that Trump was worth "somewhere between \$150 million and \$250 million." As the book noted, Trump pegged his own net worth at \$6 billion, suggesting that lowball estimates of his worth

AFTER HIS FLAMEOUT IN THE 90S, VIRTUALLY NO MAJOR BANK OR WALL STREET INVESTMENT BANK WOULD LEND TO HIM.

Mumbai, Istanbul, and Manila. And there are his many golf courses—Mar-a-Lago and the Doral, in Florida; the Trump National Golf Club, in Palos Verdes, California; and golf clubs in Scotland, Ireland, and Dubai.

Trump owns most of his golf courses and a few office buildings, but he does not own most of the sleek glass towers that bear his name. In most cases his involvement is through licensing and management deals, renting out the use of his name to developers, whose hotels and condominiums the Trump Organization manages—for fees of up to \$5 million a year for licensing and promotion and \$1 million for management. Trump sometimes gets an equity stake in them, but these generally carry no risk for him. The risk is taken by his partners, many of them foreign: Russian financiers, developing-world plutocrats with close ties to their governments, and a couple of banks, although most major banks won't lend to him.

As best one can tell from the disclosure forms, the Trump Organization makes most of its money from his hotels and golf courses, but he also has media, restaurant, and entertainment revenues, including royalties from *The Apprentice*, where he remains an executive producer, and his many books. He also has income from his winery, in Virginia, and from stamping his name on an array of products, from mattresses, steaks, and vodka to men's ties, cuff links, and cologne.

So, what is Donald Trump worth? Without his tax returns it is hard to divine. In June 2015, when Trump announced that he was running for president, his campaign put his net worth at more than \$8 billion. A month later, on July 15, 2015, it revised that number: "As of this date," the statement read, "Mr. Trump's net worth is in excess of TEN BILLION DOLLARS." Last year, *Forbes* estimated that he was worth about \$3.7 billion, while Bloomberg put the number at \$3 billion.

came from "guys who have four-hundred-pound wives" and who were jealous of him. His company's financial statement, according to court records, put his net worth for year-end 2004 at substantially less than he did: \$3.5 billion. That same year, a review of his finances by North Fork Bank put his net worth at \$1.2 billion, and an analysis of his statement of financial condition by Deutsche Bank put his net worth at \$788 million. Real-estate appraisals can vary widely, but Trump's financial creativity went beyond property valuations. Trump eventually lost the case on appeal in 2011, but his 2007 trial deposition—led by O'Brien's attorney Mary Jo White, who went on to become Obama's S.E.C. chairperson—offers a fascinating glimpse into the mind of Donald Trump.

Regarding his claim that he owned the Trump Hotel in Waikiki, Trump seemed unfazed when O'Brien's attorney pulled out the licensing agreement between Trump and the actual owner of the hotel. "This is such a strong licensing agreement," Trump responded, "I consider it to be a form of ownership." He weaved and bobbed in his answers to questions about his finances. As regards a 2005 speech he made at the Learning Annex, for which he said on the Larry King show that he was paid \$1 million, the actual fee was \$400,000. However, he said, all the money the Learning Annex spent on advertising and promoting his speech was actually a payment to him because it increased the value of his brand.

Trump's brand—it was, and is, at the core of what Donald Trump is worth. As Trump explained in his deposition, the brand "is my reputation." And the value of that is hard to say. In 2005, according to court records, Trump's accountant wrote two drafts of a letter—one version put the value of the brand at \$2 billion, the other at \$4 billion. More

recently, Trump has said that a brand expert he hired valued it at \$3 billion.

How does Trump calculate his net worth? “My net worth fluctuates,” he said in his deposition, “and it goes up and down with markets and with attitudes and with feelings, even my own feelings. . . . It can vary actually from day to day.” An unflattering article or comment could “psychologically hurt me,” he said, referring, in this case, to O’Brien’s book. “I am a billionaire,” Trump said. “I am not ‘perceived’ [as a billionaire].”

But without Trump’s tax records there is no way of confirming that, says David Cay Johnston, the tax expert and author of the 2016 book *The Making of Donald Trump*. As it is, says Johnston, “there is not now and never has been any verifiable evidence that Donald Trump is or ever has been a billionaire.”

When Donald Trump was born, in June 1946, his father, Fred, was already a multi-millionaire. He had made his fortune building solid middle-class housing developments in Brooklyn and Queens, where Trump grew up. Trump went to work for his father in 1968, right out of college, but his ambition was to make a name for himself in Manhattan, and by the mid-80s he had succeeded. With millions of dollars’ worth of loans from his father, and support from Fred’s political allies, he had built the Grand Hyatt, on 42nd Street, and Trump Tower.

Trump engendered a lot of bad feeling among the city’s establishment. He’d sued his partner on the Hyatt, the much-respected real-estate investor Jay Pritzker, and angered historic preservationists by demolishing—after promising to donate them to the

was not philanthropic. In wealthy New York social circles, that was the kiss of death. “Philanthropy is giving and he’s all about taking,” says one financier who has known Trump for three decades.

As *The Washington Post*’s David Farent-hold would discover, Trump has given very little to charity, a total of about \$7.8 million since the early 80s. It’s not that Trump didn’t want to be perceived as generous. In one of the stranger stories unearthed by Farent-hold, Trump was “principal for the day” at a school in a destitute Bronx neighborhood, where the chess team was trying to raise money for travel to a tournament. They were \$5,000 short. Trump had come prepared—with a fake \$1 million bill that he presented to the team. Later, as he got into the backseat of his limousine, he gave the coach the actual donation: \$200 in cash.

By 1990, Trump had a small empire. He owned three casinos in Atlantic City, the Plaza hotel in Manhattan, a small airline (the Trump Shuttle), and Mar-a-Lago, which he’d bought in 1985 for the fire-sale price of \$8 million. He owned a yacht, a helicopter, and an opulent penthouse in Trump Tower. He had bought it all with borrowed money—hundreds of millions of dollars’ worth of junk bonds and bank loans. He was like an addict, undisciplined, unable to stop when the banks came peddling their money. By 1990, Trump had \$3 billion in debt, at a time when the real-estate and casino markets were slumping. Even worse, Trump had put his *personal* guarantee on \$900 million of that debt.

how he made Trump come into the bank to get his monthly allowance and then kept him waiting to get his payment approved.

Trump’s casino bondholders were also furious. According to *The Vulture Investors*, Hilary Rosenberg’s 1992 book, they felt he’d lied to them about his spending, which had gone way over budget. They wanted to force him into bankruptcy. But he would have two critical allies defending him. One was Wilbur Ross, the vulture investor—and now Trump’s secretary of commerce—who was then a re-structuring expert representing the bondholders. The other was Carl Icahn, the infamous corporate raider turned “activist investor,” who owned a chunk of Trump’s casino bonds and now serves as his special adviser on deregulation. Both men argued that Trump’s bonds should be re-structured in a voluntary bankruptcy, which would leave Trump in control of his casinos. His name, they argued, was still valuable. Without Trump at the helm, the casinos—and thus the bonds—would plummet in value.

Ross apparently came to this conclusion after a trip to Trump’s Taj Mahal casino. Accompanied by Trump and his executives, Ross flew to Atlantic City on Trump’s helicopter. Although it was “a bright sunny day in August,” as Ross told Rosenberg, and the casino was barely 150 yards away from the helipad, there, waiting for them, was “a stream of limos.” What especially struck Ross, as they drove down the boardwalk, was the crowd of people lining the road shouting, “Donny! Donny!” To Ross, it was the kind of welcome befitting a Third World dictator—which was when he realized that Trump had to remain in control. It seems not to have occurred to Ross that the cheering crowd might be made up of Trump employees, as was reportedly the case at his January press conference and Trump’s meeting with C.I.A. staff the day after his inauguration. There, the loud applause, as Trump described it, also appeared to come from Trump staff, according to reporters and others in attendance.

During the next 19 years, Trump’s casinos—and the various companies that would be formed to house them—would go through four bankruptcies. During this time, Trump would personally make about \$82 million. His casino stock and bondholders would lose \$1.5 billion. And many of the contractors—along with carpenters, electricians, painters, plumbers—who had worked for Trump would go unpaid, some of them forced out of business.

It wouldn’t be the first—or last—time that the Trump Organization shortchanged its workers. According to a recent *USA Today* investigation, Trump has been involved in “a large number” of legal actions—including “hundreds” of liens, judgments, and government filings—involving contractors and other workers who alleged that Trump or his companies refused to pay them.

WITH ITS NOUVEAU RICHE APPEAL, THE TRUMP BRAND NATURALLY SEEMED TO ATTRACT SOAKING-RICH RUSSIANS.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—two 15-foot limestone Art Deco panels on the old Bonwit Teller building, which was razed to make way for Trump Tower. He also became involved in a prolonged legal battle over what came to be called “the Polish Brigade,” undocumented laborers who worked on Trump Tower. Recent immigrants from Poland, they slept at the construction site, often worked at night to avoid attracting attention, and did not use safety equipment. They were also frequently not paid. The workers sued Trump and reached a settlement in 1999.

Trump was never a member of New York’s real-estate aristocracy. He was brash, too flashy, his taste was too “garish,” and he

Trump lost almost everything. On the verge of personal bankruptcy, he eventually sold the Plaza, his yacht, and the Trump Shuttle. The banks, led by his main lender, Citicorp, put him on an allowance, which, in 1992, was \$300,000 a month, down from the \$800,000 that he had been spending. Debt re-structurings are not unusual, but the bankers involved felt a special bitterness toward Trump. A rival once said of Trump that he “won’t do a deal unless there’s something extra—a kind of moral larceny—in it,” which left people feeling battered. One of Citi’s executives, Robert McCormack, who died in 2003, used to regale other bankers with the story, one recalls, of

This past December, three contractors who worked on Trump's Washington, D.C., hotel filed mechanic's liens for bills that had allegedly not been paid. Together, AES Electrical, a 45-person company, the family-owned Joseph J. Magnolia plumbing, and A&D Construction, a Hispanic-owned firm, were allegedly owed \$5 million for their work on the hotel. Trump's excuse—which he tells people to their faces—has frequently been that the work he's refused to pay for was of inferior quality. But AES noted in a \$2 million suit filed against Trump in January that withholding payment to force small businesses to accept less than the contracted fee “is a repeated practice of the Trump organizations.” Alan Garten, a Trump Organization attorney, says that allegations by AES are “completely baseless” and that “a few miscellaneous liens” are “not uncommon” in a project of “this scale and complexity.”

Small firms and individual workers do not usually have the ability to stand up to Trump. But his more powerful antagonists do. After his flameout in the 90s, virtually no major bank or Wall Street investment bank would lend to him again. On Wall Street, it's referred to as “Donald Risk,” and since the mid-1990s, it has caused lenders to avoid being “a counter-party with him,” says one prominent banker. “There's been a general view that, on many, many occasions, entering into a relationship with Donald has resulted in a bad outcome. I think the view about Donald is that he prioritizes only himself.”

There are only two major institutions that lend directly to Trump. One is Ladder Capital, which has outstanding loans of about \$282 million to him. A \$6 billion real-estate investment trust, it sells off most of its loans, offering tougher terms than a regular bank. The other of Trump's lenders is Deutsche Bank, which recently reached a \$7.2 billion settlement with the Department of Justice for its role in the 2008 financial crisis and is still under a D.O.J. investigation for stock trades with wealthy clients in Russia. The fact that Trump and his businesses currently owe Deutsche about \$360 million—and that, as president, he would be able to influence the D.O.J. investigations—has raised alarms among ethics experts. Those concerns are heightened by the fact that Deutsche Bank holds the federal-government lease on the Trump hotel in Washington, D.C., as the collateral on a \$170 million loan.

“Donald will spin it to his advantage, but [his relationship with banks] is the reason why his company morphed into a licensing, branding company, where other people own the assets,” says a real-estate financier. “It was because he couldn't get any money [from banks]. I think he had no choice, even

though he will say, ‘Every major New York bank is begging me to let them lend me money,’ which is an absolute falsehood.”

It was Trump's starring role on *The Apprentice*, beginning in 2004, that really catapulted him onto the national stage. Its underlying premise—as contestants competed on business projects, with Trump as the final judge of their skills—was that Trump was a good judge of people and talent. His executives are generally respected in the industry. But when dealing with people outside his loyal inner circle, where he is in complete control, Trump has stumbled. The most important decisions he has had to make are his choice of the people who will build and own the hotels that bear his name and that he manages. And here the failures have piled up, as some of his partners have gone bankrupt, or mismanaged projects, while others have been accused of tax fraud. Shortly after the election, Trump's company shut down several overseas projects that had become controversial, including licensing deals for a hotel and an office complex in Rio de Janeiro, which had come under investigation by the Brazilian government for financial irregularities, and another one for a Trump Hotel in Baku, Azerbaijan, because of delays caused by the developer, whose family was closely tied to the country's government.

But other problems have been closer to home. In 2010, the Bayrock Group, Trump's partner and the owner of the Trump International Hotel and Tower in Fort Lauderdale, defaulted on a \$139 million loan and lost control of the hotel. In 2014, Trump SoHo, the \$450 million, 46-story hotel and condominium on Spring Street in Lower Manhattan, also developed by Bayrock, was foreclosed on and bought out by a lender.



EASY D
Above, the Trump Taj Mahal casino, in Atlantic City. Right, Trump, in the casino, photographed by Harry Benson in 1990.



And in 2015 the owners of the Trump Toronto Hotel and Tower, the Russian-Canadian billionaire Alex Shnaider and his partner Val Levitan, defaulted on a \$260 million loan. Trump still manages the Toronto hotel, which carries his name, but that may not be for long. In January, the new owner of the debt, JFC Capital, put it on the market for several million dollars less than the \$301 million that is still owed on the mortgage.

One of the most controversial of Trump's properties is the Trump International Hotel, in Washington, D.C. There were several bidders in 2011 for the General Services Administration lease on the government-owned building, including Hilton. On the face of it, Trump appeared to be the weakest candidate, considering his many business bankruptcies. But he had strengthened his bid by promising to use the architect Arthur Cotton Moore, who was favored by the G.S.A. for his commitment to restoring the landmarked Old Post Office building. Trump had also seemed to overcome concerns about his financial history by committing to bringing in the respected \$28 billion real-estate investment firm Colony Capital as his partner. It was

owned by Trump's friend Tom Barrack, who headed the Inauguration Committee. Trump's bid was also the most lucrative for the G.S.A., promising a monthly rent of \$250,000—\$3 million a year—to the federal government. He also proposed to spend \$200 million refurbishing the building, about \$60 million more than Hilton's proposal.

Trump won the bid in February 2012. The decision was challenged by Hilton in a scathing 118-page complaint to the G.S.A. that April. Excoriating Trump as "an unreliable business partner," Hilton said the G.S.A.'s decision would lead to a "devastating failure for this historical landmark, with a business partner whose history of repeated failure demonstrates that it cannot be counted upon to deliver what it promises." The G.S.A. dismissed Hilton's objections.

On some points, Hilton would be proved correct. Within months, Trump announced that Moore, the architect, would no longer be able to work on the project. And soon Colony Capital would be gone. To some it seemed like a clever bait and switch. As early as the spring of 2013, Ivanka and her father, in a meeting at *The Washington Post*, said that they were considering doing the deal without Colony's equity financing. That came to pass in August 2014, when Trump took out a \$170 million construction loan from Deutsche

Bank and put up the Old Post Office lease as collateral. There was

nothing the G.S.A. could do without a likely brawl with Trump, who early on proved his willingness to fight by suing Washington, D.C.'s tax commission to lower the tax assessment on the building from \$98 million to \$28 million.

When the hotel opened in September 2016, bookings were sluggish, as Hilton had predicted. The hotel lost \$1.1 million in September and October, according to figures the G.S.A. released to congressional Democrats. Now that Trump is president, the hotel's fortunes could change, but it remains ground zero in the battle over his conflicts of interest. Federal elected officials are barred from holding the lease on the building. Ethics experts and congressional Democrats maintain that Trump's position as both landlord and tenant is against the law. The G.S.A., whose head is a presidential appointee, has so far not ruled on the case.

I HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH RUSSIA—NO DEALS, NO LOANS, NO NOTHING!" Trump tweeted in early January. He reiterated the point in his press conference, along with rambling denials that his campaign had ties to Russia. Since then, questions about Trump's Russian connections have only intensified with reports of multiple intelligence-agency investigations and Trump's relentless praise of Russia's Vladimir Putin. As it is, Trump's business interactions with Russia, and Russians, go back years.

His first visit to Moscow was in 1987, when he was invited by the government to explore business opportunities. From the beginning, the Russians seemed to understand him, his susceptibility to flattery, and "this big, black hole of need inside Donald Trump for praise, attention, and affirmation," as Timothy O'Brien puts it. According to Trump, Russian fighter jets escorted his plane to Moscow's airport. He was fêted. Trump and his first wife, Ivana, stayed at the National Hotel, near the Kremlin. Officials offered him land to build on, but he turned them down, insisting that he wanted to own properties without partners.

Trump does not appear to have been involved in Russian-related deals until about 2001. By then a tidal wave of Russian money had been sucked out of the country by the kleptocracy that had looted Russia after the collapse of the Soviet Union. This new class of rich Russians needed places to park their money, investing it legally or otherwise, and real estate was especially sought after. Around 2001, Trump linked up with Bayrock, the real-estate development firm. It was run by Tefvik Arif, a former Soviet official who was from Kazakhstan. His partner was Felix Sater, a Moscow-born, Russian-American businessman who had served time for stabbing a man in the face with the stem of a margarita glass in a Manhattan bar. Sater had also been implicated in an investment fraud involving alleged Russian and American mobsters but

GOLD DIGGERS

Trump and his children—Eric, Don junior, and Ivanka—at the ground-breaking ceremony of the Trump International Hotel in Washington, D.C., 2014.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SHAWN THEW/EPA/REXUS

got reduced time after serving as an F.B.I. informant. Sater had an office in Trump Tower, and he and Arif pitched a series of projects to Trump, finally getting him, in 2004, to sign a deal to explore building a Trump Tower in Moscow. It never happened, but they looked at other deals, including in Ukraine. In 2006, Donald junior and Ivanka went to Kiev and then on to Moscow to scope out deals. During 2007 and 2008, Don junior would say that he traveled to Russia six times.

By 2007, Trump had some \$2 billion in Trump-branded deals in the works with Bayrock. These included the Trump SoHo and the Trump Fort Lauderdale, a proposed Trump Phoenix, and projects in Istanbul, Kiev, Moscow, and Warsaw. Sometime early that year, according to a 2010 lawsuit filed in federal court by Jody Kriss, Bayrock's C.F.O., an Icelandic fund, FL Group, which was said to be a favorite of wealthy Russians close to Putin, invested \$50 million to build Trump SoHo. According to the suit, this was part of an elaborate tax-fraud scheme.

The lawsuit, which is ongoing, noted that Donald Trump was not involved in or aware of any fraud or wrongdoing. Dismissed by Bayrock as "baseless" and "unsubstantiated," the suit also claimed that much of the money that Bayrock invested in Trump projects had arrived "magically" from Kazakhstan and Russia whenever funding was needed for real-estate projects. Trump has claimed he barely knew Felix Sater, but as late as 2010, Sater still had an office in Trump Tower and worked for Trump as an adviser.

With its nouveau riche appeal, the Trump brand naturally seemed to attract soaking-rich Russians. Trump Luxury Vodka "24K Super Premium" debuted in 2007 at Moscow's Millionaire Fair. In 2008, Trump sold a Palm Beach mansion—which he bought for \$41 million four years earlier—for \$95 million to Dmitry Rybolovlev, a Russian fertilizer billionaire. Whether Trump did other business with Rybolovlev isn't clear, but in November, five days before the election, Trump's Boeing 757 was photographed at a Charlotte, North Carolina, airport, near Rybolovlev's Airbus A319. Trump was there for two rallies. What Rybolovlev's jet, which had flown in from New York, was doing there set off fevered speculation, although a Rybolovlev spokesman says the two men have never met.

At a real-estate conference in 2008, Donald junior made a comment that has been parsed and re-parsed since Trump's Russia-ties questions surfaced. "Russians," the son said, "make up a pretty disproportionate cross-section of a lot of our assets.... We see a lot of money pouring in from Russia." Was he referring to investments in the Trump Organization, loans to the company,

or the flood of Russian money being spent to buy Trump condominiums? Exactly which is difficult to know without Trump's tax returns, but Russians there were. In April 2013, federal agents raided an apartment in Trump Tower as part of an investigation into two gambling rings allegedly run by a Russian Mob boss, Alimzhan Tokhtakhounov. He may not have known Trump, but, according to *Mother Jones*, Tokhtakhounov, under indictment in the U.S. for

for the "Winter White House" was doubled, from \$100,000 to \$200,000.

Most ethics experts believe that Trump must sell his business in order to avoid serious conflicts. But he has refused to do that. Although it has canceled a hotel project in China, his company recently opened a luxury hotel in Vancouver and a golf club in Dubai. And it announced plans to expand in the United States, possibly opening luxury hotels in Denver, San

"RUSSIANS," DONALD JUNIOR SAID, "MAKE UP A PRETTY DISPROPORTIONATE CROSS-SECTION OF A LOT OF OUR ASSETS."

various charges, nevertheless made an appearance in November 2013 at Trump's Miss Universe pageant in Moscow.

"Do you think Putin will be going to The Miss Universe Pageant in November in Moscow—if so, will he become my new best friend?," Trump tweeted a few months before the pageant. Putin did not show up for the beauty contest, but he sent a gift—a Russian lacquered box. The event was held in the Crocus City Mall, which was owned by Aras Agalarov, a Russian oligarch said to be close to Putin. He and Trump discussed building adjacent twin towers in Moscow, but nothing was built. "I know Russia well," Trump told Fox News in May 2016, when asked about his foreign-policy experience. "I had a major event in Russia two or three years ago, which was a big, big incredible event," he said, of the beauty pageant.

Since Trump's inauguration, documents have been filed in Florida, Delaware, and New York in which he resigned his executive positions, turning the management over to Don junior and Eric. But the controversy remains. His sons may nominally run the company, but their close relationship with their father and their high-visibility presence in the White House suggest that Trump is hardly cut off from decision-making at the company. In February, he turned the wrath of the presidency on Nordstrom, attacking the retailer on Twitter for dropping his daughter Ivanka's clothing line. Not to be out-conflicted by her boss, Trump senior adviser Kellyanne Conway went on TV the next day urging people to buy Ivanka's clothing.

Only slightly more subtle was Trump's New Year's Eve gala, for which 800 guests bought tickets costing more than \$500 apiece to dine and dance with the president-elect at Mar-a-Lago—the next day, the initiation fee

Francisco, Seattle, and Dallas. It is also starting a new line of lower-budget hotels called Scion.

In early September 2016, *The New York Times* received an envelope with a return address of "The Trump Organization." In it were three pages from Trump's 1995 tax returns—the first page of his New York State return, and the first pages of his nonresident New Jersey and Connecticut returns. Who sent them is a mystery, although many people, including David Cay Johnston, believe that the sender was Trump himself in a replay of the years when, masquerading as his own P.R. man, Trump, always the master illusionist, would call reporters, planting stories about himself. The news that erupted with the *New York Times* tax-return story focused on the \$916 million loss that would have allowed him—through use of real-estate tax credits—to pay no federal income tax for nearly 20 years. In the political outcry that ensued, Trump's allies would spin this as a sign of Trump's business "genius," as Rudolph Giuliani said on *Meet the Press*. "I understand the tax code better than anybody that's ever run for president," Trump said shortly before the election. The issue, however, wasn't how he used the tax code, which was legal; "the issue is that the \$1 billion write-off represented a massive failure," O'Brien says. "It is emblematic of what an abysmal businessman he was." His complete returns would reveal many things that are not known—his income, his net worth, his assets, his debts, and indications of offshore income. "You give me Donald Trump's complete 1,200-page tax return and I'll tell you all about him," says Johnston. They would reveal so much about the real Donald Trump. Which is why he will never release them, voluntarily. □



VANITY FAIR SUMMIT

A DIFFERENT REALITY



LOOKING GLASS

A reimagining of the iconic 1952 *Life* photo of moviegoers watching a 3-D film. Here, participants in the New Establishment Summit model Facebook's Oculus Rift virtual-reality headsets.

N As business leaders at *Vanity Fair*'s third annual New Establishment Summit, in San Francisco, swapped war stories and management secrets, the outlines of a new playing field came into clearer focus. And ANNIE LEIBOVITZ turned her lens on the men and women—Jeff Bezos, Bob Iger, Travis Kalanick, Sarah Jessica Parker, Priscilla Chan, and more—who have been changing the game. JON KELLY has the wrap-up

FROM LEFT:

Fran Lebowitz
Vanity Fair

Barry Diller
IAC, Expedia

Graydon Carter
Vanity Fair

Sarah Jessica Parker
Divorce

ne of the realities of our new, vertically integrated, fully disrupted, post-everything economy is that the very notions of movie moguls and tech billionaires and even media kingpins now seem rather quaint and anachronistic. These days, our business leaders transcend industries and categorizations—Amazon makes movies; Apple makes TV shows; and it's possible we'll be watching it all one day on a Snapchat channel streamed into an Uber driverless car.

This reality was plain for all to see at *Vanity Fair's* third annual New Establishment Summit, at the Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, in San Francisco, last fall. Barry Diller, the former chairman of Paramount Pictures and latter-day Internet eminence, in conversation with *V.F.* editor Graydon Carter, presaged the demise of the film business. Amazon's Jeff Bezos, who has upended countless industries, discussed the coverage of Donald Trump in his treasured news organ, *The Washington Post*. CBS's Leslie Moonves and Activision Blizzard's Bobby Kotick shared their management secrets; investor Sean Parker revealed how he's hacking cancer; the Ford Foundation's Darren Walker and philanthropist Priscilla Chan talked about disrupting the nonprofit world; Disney's Bob Iger swapped war stories with his team of creative superheroes; actress Sarah Jessica Parker explained why she's launching a new book imprint; and Travis Kalanick, the co-founder of Uber, discussed what it is like to truly vie for world domination. Apple's Eddy Cue and HBO's Richard Plepler acknowledged the unspoken truth beneath it all: today everyone is in the same business—the battle for consumers' attention. And that competition, as they like to say in Silicon Valley, is only in the first inning.

FROM LEFT:

Amy Cappellazzo
Sotheby's

Larry Gagosian
Gagosian Gallery

Jeff Koons
Artist

Laura Paulson
Christie's

Darren Walker
Ford Foundation

Priscilla Chan
Chan Zuckerberg Initiative



Conan O'Brien
Conan

Kevin Reilly
TBS, TNT



Eddy Cue
Apple

Richard Plepler
HBO



MARCH 2017



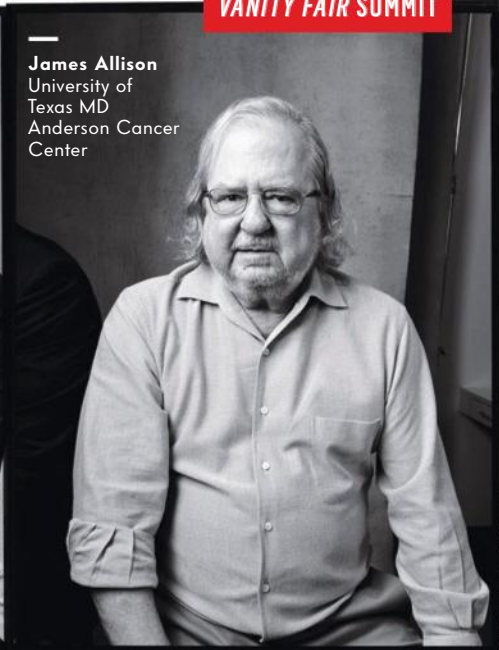
www.vanityfair.com | VANITY FAIR | 71



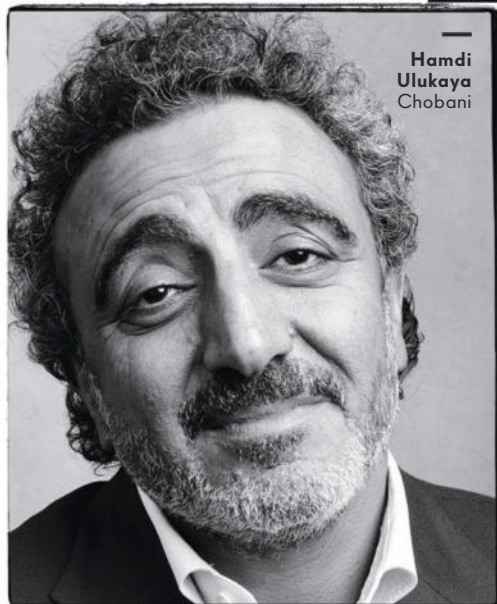
Susan Wojcicki
YouTube



Sean Parker
The Parker
Foundation



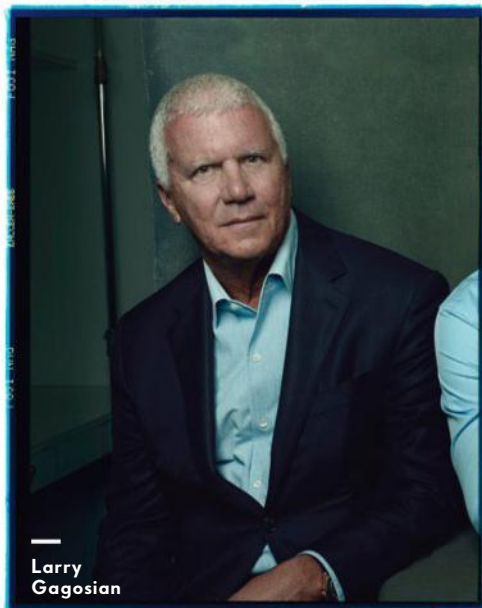
James Allison
University of
Texas MD
Anderson Cancer
Center



Hamdi
Ulukaya
Chobani



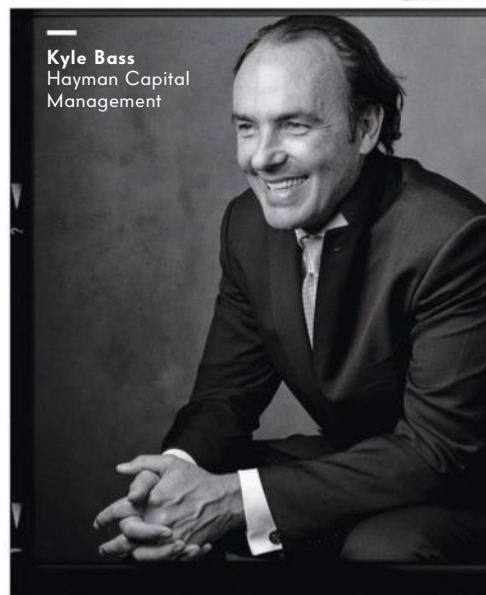
Travis
Kalanick
Uber



Larry
Gagosian



Jeff
Koons



Kyle Bass
Hayman Capital
Management



Lynsey Addario
Photojournalist

James Balog
Earth Vision Institute,
Extreme Ice Survey



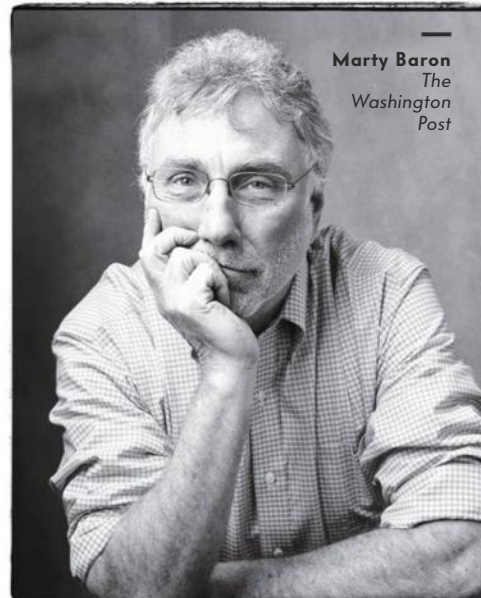
Chamath
Palihapitiya
Social Capital



Jeff Bezos
Amazon



Priscilla
Chan

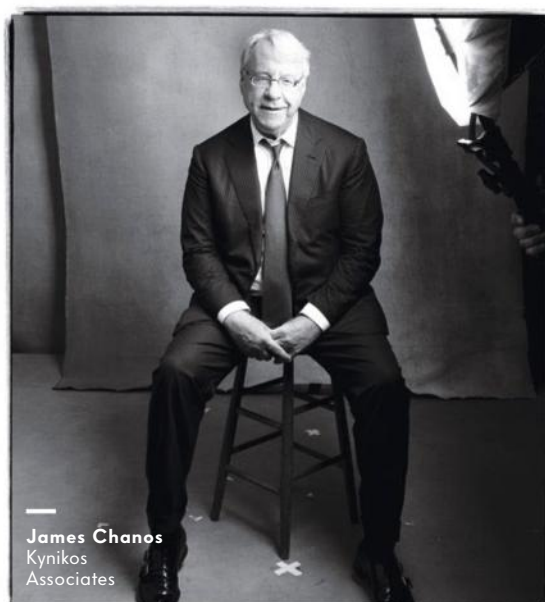


Marty Baron
The
Washington
Post



Sally Jewell
Former
U.S. secretary
of the interior

David Zaslav
Discovery
Communications



James Chanos
Kynikos
Associates



FROM LEFT:

—
Kevin Feige
Marvel Studios

—
John Lasseter
Pixar, Walt Disney
Animation Studios

—
Kathleen Kennedy
Lucasfilm

—
Bob Iger
The Walt
Disney Co.





Michael Moritz
Sequoia Capital



Mary Parent
Legendary Entertainment



Steve Case
Revolution



FROM LEFT:

Sebastian Thrun
Udacity

Arati Prabhakar
Former director of DARPA

Sarah Ellison
Vanity Fair

Nathan Myhrvold
The Cooking Lab, Intellectual Ventures

Michael Evans
Alibaba Group



Mary Meeker
KPCB



Jean Liu
Didi Chuxing



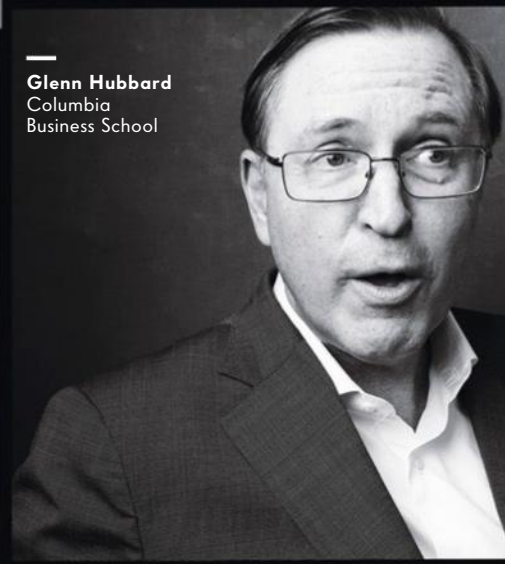
Aaron Levie
Box



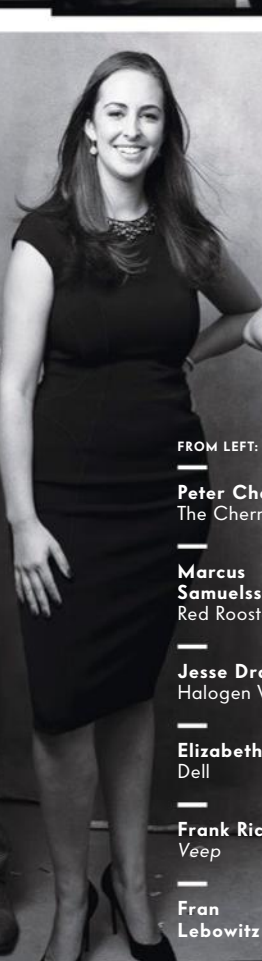
—
Beth Comstock
G.E.



—
Bobby Kotick
Activision
Blizzard



—
Glenn Hubbard
Columbia
Business School



FROM LEFT:
—
Peter Chernin
The Chernin Group
—
Marcus Samuelsson
Red Rooster Harlem
—
Jesse Draper
Halogen Ventures
—
Elizabeth Gore
Dell
—
Frank Rich
Veep
—
Fran Lebowitz



—
Rashida Jones
Producer,
screenwriter,
actress



—
Leslie Moonves
CBS Corporation



—
Gabriel Sherman
New York
magazine

The Rebel Belle

Since her years as Hermione ended, Emma Watson has fought to assert her own identity.

Now that she has found her voice—most notably as a U.N. ambassador—she's revamping a classic stereotype, the Disney princess, in *Beauty and the Beast*, the live-action musical coming out this month. DEREK BLASBERG talks with Watson about her metamorphosis from child star to leading woman

Photographs by TIM WALKER
Styled by JESSICA DIEHL

Watson wears
a gown by **Gucci**.
Model Jordan
Robson wears a
corset from
Angels Costumes;
pants by **Ariat**.





emma Watson and

I are standing on the 23rd Street platform of an uptown-bound E train in New York City and we're littering. Literally. And literature-ly. The 26-year-old actress is scattering hardcover copies of Maya Angelou's book *Mom & Me & Mom* throughout the station—tucking them between pipes, placing them on benches, atop the emergency call box—in hopes that New York commuters will pick them up and put down their smartphones. This display of civil disobedience was conceived by Books on the Underground, a London-based organization that plants books on public transportation for travelers to discover. “We’re being ninjas,” she says with a conspiratorial grin as she digs in a big black rucksack of books. “If there were anyone to be a ninja for, it’d be Maya Angelou.”

Watson is one of the most famous women in the world, the child star who skyrocketed to global fame at the age of 11 playing brainy Hermione Granger in the Harry Potter movies. Next month, she’s back on the big screen as Belle in Disney’s *Beauty and the Beast*, the big-budget live-action musical—she sings too!—which broke the record for most viewed new movie trailer. (That’s 127 million views in its first 24 hours, beating *Fifty Shades Darker*’s record.) But today she’s makeup-free, her hair shoved into a bun, and she’s wearing a nondescript dark wool coat over a baggy black sweater, completely blending in with New York’s distracted mass-transit masses.

“It’s good that we’re spreading a little bit of love,” she says. As she removes the last book, a train pulls into the station. She hops in, places it on a seat, hops out, and watches from the platform as the doors close and a young man inquisitively picks it up.

Aboveground, over coffee at a nearby café, Watson explains why she thinks reading is “sacred.” There’s the obvious, professional reason: Harry Potter was a literary sensation before becoming the blockbuster franchise that made her famous and a millionaire many times over. But books are also rooted in her deepest personal experiences. “Books gave me a way to connect with my father,” she says. “Some of my most precious and treasured moments . . .” She trails off and, unexpectedly for someone who is known for her composure, tears up. Her parents divorced when she was young. “I just remember him reading to me before bed and how he used to do all the different voices. I grew up on film sets, and books were my connection to the outside world. They were my connection to my friends

back at school because if I was reading what they were reading we’d have something in common. Later in life, they became an escape, a means of empowerment, a friend I could rely on.”

I first met Watson, Hollywood’s latest exception to the rule that all child stars inevitably flame out, during Paris Fashion Week more than a decade ago, when she was still a teenager and filming the fourth of the eight Harry Potter films. It was both a homecoming for the actress—she was born in Paris to British parents, both lawyers, and lived there until she was five—and a symbol of her maturity on-screen. She was there to attend her first-ever fashion show, at Chanel, which was a big deal considering that up until then she had shopped in the bridesmaid section at Harrods or borrowed dresses from her stepmother for movie premieres.

She was a shy teenager, but friendly, intelligent, and down to earth. Watson is described as much the same today: “She’s way more like a real person than a movie star,” according to Gloria Steinem, who became a friend when Watson reached out to discuss the changing face of feminist activism. (More on that later.) *Hamilton* creator Lin-Manuel Miranda, who met Watson backstage at a performance of the musical, sums it up: “She played this very smart, conscious, noble wizard—and then somehow we had the good fortune that she became a smart, conscious, noble woman.” (They did a video together—Miranda freestyling, Watson beatboxing—to raise awareness for International Women’s Day. It got more than six million views.)

Emma and I got to know each other, and I visited her on the sets of the last two Harry Potter films. But as the Potter train pulled into its last station, I noticed the clouds of melancholy forming over her fairy-tale life. “I’d walk down the red carpet and go into the bathroom,” she remembers of the last few premieres. “I had on so much makeup and these big, fluffy, full-on dresses. I’d put my hands on the sink and look at myself in the mirror and say, ‘Who is this?’ I didn’t connect with the person who was looking back at me, and that was a very unsettling feeling.”

What few people knew when she enrolled at Brown University in 2009 was that she had a desire to give up acting and walk away from Hollywood altogether. “I was finding this fame thing was getting to a point of no return,” she remembers. “I sensed if this was something I was ever going to step away from it was now or never.” She loved performance and telling stories, but she had to reckon with the consequences of “winning the lottery,” as she calls getting the part of Hermione, when she was nine years old and literally still losing baby teeth. As an adult, “it dawned on me that this is what you’re really signing up for.”

The question most people ask when a celebrity moans about being famous: If you hate the fanfare so much, why keep making movies? Watson asked herself that all the time. “I’ve been doing this since I was 10 or 11, and I’ve often thought, I’m so wrong for this job because I’m too serious; I’m a pain in the ass; I’m difficult; I don’t fit,” she says. “But as I’ve got older, I’ve realized, No! Taking on those battles, the smaller ones and the bigger ones, is who I am.”

She recently found the courage to say no to selfie-seekers. “For me, it’s the difference between being able to have a life and not. If someone takes a photograph of me and posts it, within two seconds they’ve created a marker of exactly where I am within 10 meters. They can see what I’m wearing and who I’m with. I just can’t give that tracking data.” Sometimes, she’ll decline a photo but offer up an autograph or even a chat—“I’ll say, ‘I will sit here and answer every single Harry Potter fandom question you have but I just can’t do a picture’”—and much of the time people don’t bother. “I

HAIR BY MALCOLM EDWARDS; MAKEUP BY THOMAS DE KLUYER; MANICURE BY TRISH LOMAX; SET DESIGN BY SHONA HEATH; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY JEFF DELICH; SPECIAL THANKS TO MODEL TAYLOR GOODRIDGE; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VFCOM/CREDITS

Watson in a jacket
by **Balenciaga**;
shirt and pocket-
square by **Anderson
& Sheppard**.





Watson in **Dior**
and, *opposite*,
clothing by
Valentino Haute
Couture; gloves
by **Monique**
Lee Millinery.

FOR DETAILS, GO TO VFCOM/CREDS



“I’ve often thought,
I’m so wrong for this job because I’m too serious.”

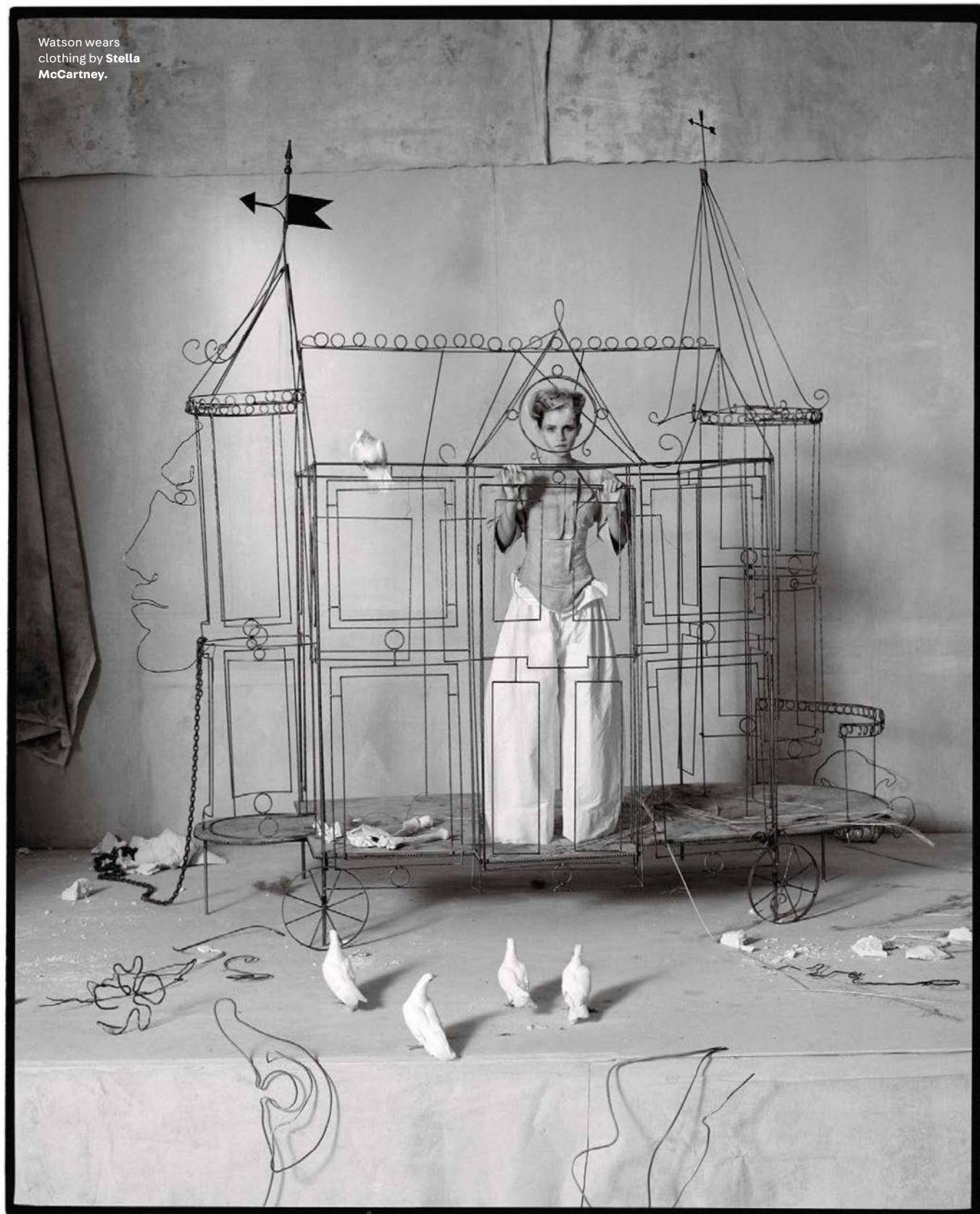


FOR DETAILS, GOTO VF.COM/CREDITS

Watson in a
gown by **Maison
Francesco
Scognamiglio**.



Watson wears
clothing by **Stella
McCartney**.



FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

“I sensed if this was something I was ever going to step away from
it was now or never.”

have to carefully pick and choose my moment to interact,” she says. “When am I a celebrity sighting versus when am I going to make someone’s freakin’ week? Children I don’t say no to, for example.”

I tell Watson I’ve watched other actors, like Reese Witherspoon, walk down the street and happily pose with fans—and suddenly it becomes clear that the fans of *Sweet Home Alabama* are different from Harry Potter fans. For mostly better and occasionally worse, the Potter books and films not only captured the imagination of millions of people but, for many of them, changed their lives. It’s something Watson is deeply aware of. “I have met fans that have my face tattooed on their body. I’ve met people who used the Harry Potter books to get through cancer. I don’t know how to explain it, but the Harry Potter phenomenon steps into a different zone. It crosses into obsession. A big part of me coming to terms with it was accepting that this is not your average circumstances.” (Since the first movie premiered, in 2001, when Watson was 11, there have been numerous incidents with stalkers.) “People will say to me, ‘Have you spoken to Jodie Foster or Natalie Portman? They would have great advice for you on how to grow up in the limelight.’ I’m not saying it was in any way easy on them, but with social media it’s a whole new world. They’ve both said technology has changed the game.” When she was at Brown, Watson went to a Harvard football game and *The Harvard Voice*, a student magazine, live-tweeted as its staff stalked her at the stadium. I remember at Watson’s 18th-birthday party in London, the photographers outside had a bounty on who could get a picture taken up her skirt. She’s not exaggerating her security concerns, either. She purchased her house sight unseen over a Skype call with a real-estate agent because it had a paparazzi-proof entrance. “Privacy for me is not an abstract idea,” she says.

Watson has a boyfriend, though she adamantly, vehemently refuses to expound on him. (The Internet says he’s called Mack, he’s handsome, and he works in tech in Silicon Valley.) “I want to be consistent: I can’t talk about my boyfriend in an interview and then expect people not to take paparazzi pictures of me walking around outside my home. You can’t have it both ways.” She sits back and wonders if she should finish this thought, and eventually she does: “I’ve noticed, in Hollywood, who you’re dating gets tied up into your film promotion and becomes part of the performance and the circus. I would hate anyone that I were with to feel like they were in any way part of a show or an act.”

Back in college, Watson was like most 20-year-olds, struggling to carve out her own identity, only she did it in front of a rabid fan base and a never-ending celebrity-news cycle. She made international headlines when she chopped Hermione’s long locks into a closely shorn pixie. We don’t need Sigmund Freud to read into the symbolism of that haircut, and to this day Watson declares, “It’s the sexiest I’ve ever felt.”

She got into yoga and meditation; being the Type A person she is, though, she wasn’t content just doing it. “Typical Emma,” says Harry Potter producer David Heyman, who has remained a close friend. “She had to become a certified meditation teacher.”

Watson shied away from doing additional big-budget studio films and instead focused on smaller movies, like Stephen Chbosky’s *The Perks of Being a Wallflower* (2012), and sought out auteur directors, like Sofia Coppola with *The Bling Ring* (2013) and Darren Aronofsky with *Noah* (2014). She turned down big offers: from lucrative cosmetics deals to critically acclaimed scripts. (Emma Stone’s role in *La La Land* was reportedly developed for Watson.) “There have been hard moments in my career when I’ve had an agent or a movie producer say, ‘You are making a big mistake,’” Watson says. “But what’s the

point of achieving great success if you feel like you’re losing your freakin’ mind? I’ve had to say, ‘Guys, I need to go back to school,’ or ‘I just need to go home and hang out with my cats.’ People have looked at me and been like, ‘Is she insane?’ But, actually, it’s the opposite of insane.”

What ultimately helped clarify her purpose was—you guessed it—reading. Last January, Watson started Our Shared Shelf, her bi-monthly online book club. She used Twitter (more than 23 million followers) to crowd-source the name, and chose Gloria Steinem’s book *My Life on the Road* as her first selection.

All About Love: New Visions, by Bell Hooks, was Watson’s March 2016 book-club selection. Watson traveled to Berea, Kentucky, near the Appalachian Mountains, to meet Hooks, and the two quickly struck up a friendship based on, in the words of the writer, “the belief in the primacy of a spiritual foundation for life.”

“In so many ways she’s not like we think of movie stars,” Hooks told me. “She’s [part of] a very different, new breed who are interested in being whole and having a holistic life, as opposed to being identified with just wealth and fame.”

In early 2014, U.N. Women, the United Nations’ department of gender equality, contacted Watson about becoming an ambassador. Everything clicked: she could focus the prying eyes of the world onto causes that she was passionate about, namely a new initiative called HeForShe, which aims to get men to co-sign on feminist issues. I was in the audience at the General Assembly on September 20, 2014, when Watson, elegantly and discreetly wrapped in a simple silver-gray Dior coatdress, stepped onto the podium and spoke passionately about women’s rights for a little more than 10 minutes. Her battle cry ended with: “I am inviting you to step forward, to be seen, and to ask yourself, If not me, who? If not now, when?”

“I used to be scared of words like ‘feminism,’ ‘patriarchy,’ ‘imperialist.’ But I’m not anymore,” Watson says.

“It was not typical for U.N. Women to have a celebrity give a keynote address,” says Phumzile Mlambo-Ngcuka, the executive director of U.N. Women. “We needed a new messenger to break new ground for us. We didn’t want to just speak to the converted.” Watson blushed at the standing ovation and beamed as then secretary-general Ban Ki-moon became the first person to officially sign on to HeForShe. The U.N. Women Web site crashed in the aftermath of the media blitz that followed—“A good problem to have!,” Mlambo-Ngcuka says—and her speech made headline news around the world, from CNN to fashion blogs. Men like Hugh Jackman, Jared Leto, Harry Styles, Russell Crowe, and Eddie Redmayne aligned themselves with HeForShe. Feminists worldwide heralded their newest spokesperson: “For a time, there was a conversation about whether ‘feminism’ was a good thing or a bad thing,” Mlambo-Ngcuka says. Watson’s speech “gave us the word back.”

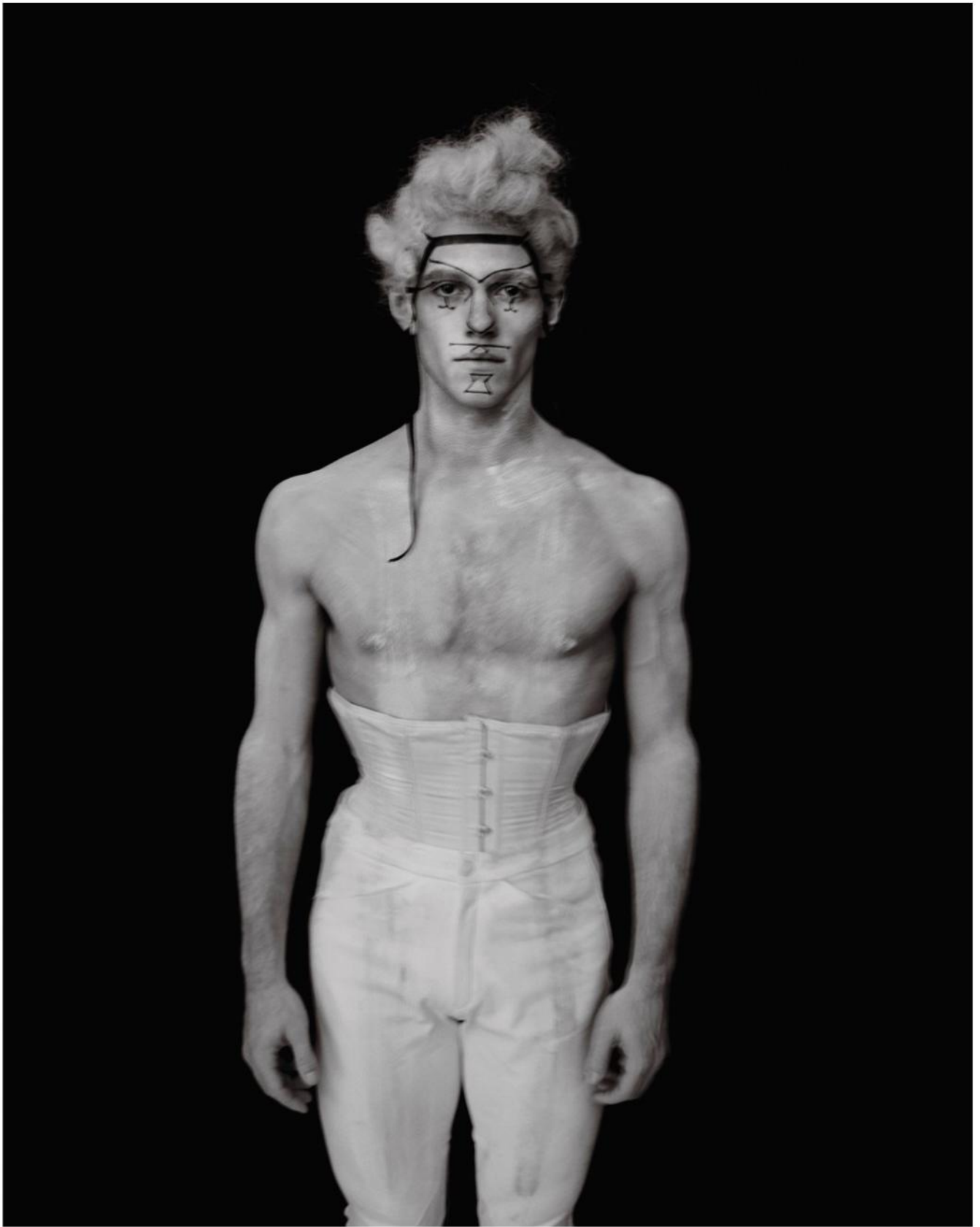
The first time Watson saw the final cut of *Beauty and the Beast* she took along her mother, Jacqueline, and Gloria Steinem to a screening in London. She wanted her mother’s approval, but she needed Steinem’s. “I couldn’t care less if I won an Oscar or not if the movie didn’t say something that I felt was important for people to hear,” Watson says.

Specifically, she must have wanted assurance that her portrayal of a Disney princess, in the Bill Condon-directed film, didn’t conflict with the ideals of a feminist, and who

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140; PHOTOGRAPHS CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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To watch Emma Watson offer advice via Our Man on the (actual) Street, go to **VF.COM/MARCH2017**.



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“I used to be scared of words like
‘feminism,’ ‘patriarchy,’ ‘imperialist.’ But I’m not anymore.”

Watson in a gown
by **Stéphane Rolland**
Haute Couture.





Watson wears clothing by **Valentino Haute Couture** and shoes by **Bally**; opposite, in **Burberry**. Throughout: hair products by **L'Oréal Professionnel**; makeup and nail enamel by **Chanel**. Model Kesse Donkor wears a corset by **What Katie Did**; pants from New York Vintage.



COMET



I SOLEMNLY ERR
F.B.I. director James
Comey at the July 7
House-oversight-
committee hearing
on the F.B.I.'s probe
into Hillary Clinton's
use of a private
e-mail server.


'S LAW

When President Obama chose him as F.B.I. director, in 2013, James Comey was widely admired for his principles and probity. But his investigation into Hillary Clinton's e-mails—culminating in the infamous “Comey letter,” which may have cost her the presidency—enraged both parties and led to serious questions about his motives. BETHANY MCLEAN explores why a law-enforcement hero ignored some of his agency's most fundamental rules



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX WONG/GETTY IMAGES

CTOR
MY
BI



In the early summer of 2013—what seems like a lifetime ago—James “Jim” Comey was nominated by President Barack Obama to serve a 10-year term as the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the nation’s prime federal law-enforcement agency. Even in a time of fierce political divides, there was little divide about Comey, who at the time was a Republican. (He has since changed his party registration but not said to what.) He was confirmed by a vote of 93 to 1. “Jim is a natural leader of unquestioned integrity,” said Obama. And he was.

Chris Gair, a former prosecutor who was a student with Comey at the University of Chicago Law School, class of 1985, has called Comey “a giant of a man who has earned his job and his reputation with a lifetime of service.” Comey, who is literally a giant (six feet eight inches), made his name prosecuting terrorism cases in the Eastern District of Virginia, and then served in the powerful position of U.S. attorney for the Southern District of New York and as President George W. Bush’s deputy attorney general (D.A.G.), in the aftermath of 9/11. Those who have worked with him describe him as intelligent and charismatic, possessing both humor and humanity. “He knows the names of your family members, pops into your office to chat, and sends handwritten thank-you notes,” says a prosecutor who worked under him. “He inspires incredible loyalty,” says another. “People who worked for him feel like they would have marched up any hill for him.”

A former Southern District attorney recounts how on every new prosecutor’s first day in the office, Comey would tell the person that he loved his job as a prosecutor because it involved, by definition, doing the right thing. He cites as a formative influence the 20th-century realist theologian Reinhold Niebuhr, who urged Christians to become actively involved in politics to ensure the moral good.

How the perception of Comey has changed.

Today he stands at the center of the raging storm of rumors,

reality, and rancor that was the F.B.I.’s investigation into Hillary Clinton’s use of an unsecure server to send and receive e-mail during her tenure as secretary of state. In early July 2016, after a year-long investigation that reportedly cost more than \$20 million, Comey pronounced that “no reasonable prosecutor would bring such a case” against her for mishandling classified information. This caused Republicans to erupt in rage.

Four months later—11 days before the 2016 presidential election—Comey sent a letter to Congress saying he was reopening the investigation in light of new information found, but not yet examined, by the F.B.I. It was now the Democrats’ turn to erupt in rage—a rage that only grew when two days before the election Comey announced there was nothing new or incriminating about the purportedly new information.

The “October surprise” dominated the news cycle in the crucial last days of the election, allowing Donald Trump to claim on the campaign trail that Hillary would soon be indicted, and to lead his followers in chanting, “Lock her up!”

After Hillary lost, Bill Clinton summed up what many Democrats and even some Republicans still believe: “James Comey cost her the election.”

Just days before her defeat, an open letter circulated among for-

mer federal prosecutors and Justice Department officials accusing Comey of unprecedented actions that had left them “astonished and perplexed”—as well as angry. “In our network, we are sad,” says the former Southern District attorney. “He was an American hero. Now who knows how he will go down in history?”

“He left himself completely exposed to charges that he acted in a way that affected the outcome of a political election,” says someone who was close to the e-mail investigation. “It has affected the reputation of the Justice Department and the F.B.I. in ways that are profound and will take years to comprehend.”

“It was a mistake of world-historic proportions,” argues another person, who was close to events.

In mid-January, the inspector general for the Department of Justice announced that he was opening an investigation into Comey’s conduct. In other words, it is far from over.

Was Comey’s October announcement a naked political gambit, planned in collusion with the Trump campaign and Republican operatives? None of the people I spoke with who had worked for Comey or knew him well believe this, not even those who are infuriated by his actions. A former Southern District prosecutor, who is extremely critical of what Comey did, says, “There is no one in the world that I think is less likely to do something for a bad reason than Jim Comey.”

The more complicated and interesting question, then, is why someone who prides himself on being apolitical became embroiled in a great political scandal. On top of that, why, long before October, did he set himself on a course where he began violating strongly held Justice Department and F.B.I. norms that prohibit speaking publicly about investigations, particularly of people you don’t charge and particularly when doing so might interfere with an election?

For original sin, you have to start with Hillary Clinton, who began using a private e-mail account tied to a server in the basement of her and Bill’s Chappaqua house in 2009, when she was Obama’s secretary of state.

In early July 2015, after reporters and congressional investigators looking into the 2012 attacks in Benghazi filed Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) requests but came up empty on Clinton’s e-mails, the inspector general of the intelligence community notified the F.B.I. of a potential compromise of classified information. This sort of security review isn’t uncommon—one source says that hundreds of such cases are referred every year—and the very notion of what’s classified is contentious in and of itself, with many arguing that the U.S. government has a huge over-classification problem. A former U.S. attorney observes, “[The classification system] is a huge cloud. Who classifies what? Who has a right to classify? Everyone is sloppy.”

But the probe into Clinton’s server quickly escalated, as reports appeared that she had deleted up to 30,000 e-mails that she considered personal. After an initial review of the matter, the F.B.I. opened a criminal investigation.

Fidelity, Bravery, and Integrity?

There is a mystique about the F.B.I., but the organization is still made up of human beings. “It is a really complicated agency and there have always been managerial issues,” says Dan Richman, a Columbia Law School professor and former federal prosecutor who has known Comey for 30 years.

“It is supposed to be apolitical, but in a world where criminal investigations have an impact on politics it is going to be complicated.”

F.B.I. agents still tend to be white males. In a way, this situation is systemic: to be promoted, you have to be willing to relocate, which can be difficult for women with children. A current agent also says that there’s a strong conservative bent: if a TV is on in an F.B.I. building, it’s likely to be Fox News.

But even within the F.B.I., there are tensions. “There are three F.B.I.’s,” this agent tells me. “There are the [56] field offices, there’s [headquarters in] Washington, and then there’s [the field office in] New York.”

Often, a retired agent says, those in the field are suspicious of Washington. “Dreamland,” they called it in his day, because they believed those who weren’t on the ground investigating cases were clueless. “[Agents] out in the field never want to give a case to D.C., because they believe headquarters is a hindrance to their investigations,” says the agent, who also notes there is a paranoia that politics might interfere at headquarters. New York has an especially dim view of Washington and a reputation for fierce independence. “There is a renegade quality to the New York F.B.I.,” says a former prosecutor, which, he claims, can take the form of agents leaking to the press to advance their own interests or to influence an investigation. “New York leaks like a sieve,” concurs another former prosecutor.

There is also tension with the prosecutors in the Justice Department. The F.B.I.’s job is to investigate potential crimes, but they need one of the 93 U.S. Attorney’s Offices, or an attorney at so-called Main Justice, in Washington, to open a case. Agents often feel that prosecutors aren’t bold enough to bring the cases the F.B.I. has investigated. “If prosecutors don’t move forward, it’s often perceived by agents that they didn’t have the stones,” says Ronald Hosko, who was assistant director of the F.B.I.’s Criminal Investigative Division until he retired in 2014. Prosecutors, on the other hand, think that agents don’t want to understand the legal nuances that may separate smoke from prosecutable cases. “The F.B.I. thinks everything is criminal, particularly if they have spent more than a week on it,” says a veteran prosecutor.

Comey had early exposure to the law-enforcement community in that his grandfather, whom he calls one of his heroes, was a beat cop who worked his way up to commissioner of the Yonkers Police Department. Chris Gair, a classmate at the University of Chicago, says, “He didn’t go through law school saying he wanted to be a prosecutor, but we all knew he was determined to be one of the good guys.”

When Rudy Giuliani was the U.S. attorney for the Southern District of New York, he brought the young Comey into the highly

“THERE WAS A FACTION IN THE F.B.I.’S
NEW YORK OFFICE THAT
COULDN’T STAND HILLARY
AND WAS OUT TO GET HER.”

prestigious office, where from 1987 to 1993 he was in charge of the case against financier Marc Rich, who had fled the U.S. after being indicted for tax evasion and illegal dealings with Iran. In 1996, Comey served as deputy special counsel for the Senate Whitewater Committee and, later that year, became an assistant U.S. attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia. In 2002, he was named the U.S. attorney for the Southern District of New York, where his most widely known case resulted in putting lifestyle guru Martha Stewart behind bars for obstruction of justice and making false statements. As U.S. attorney for the Southern District, he also led a criminal investigation into Bill Clinton's highly controversial pardon of Rich, which resulted in no prosecution. President George W. Bush then appointed him deputy attorney general, in 2003.

But two cases established his reputation in legal and political circles. The first involved obtaining indictments for the 1996 Khobar Towers incident, when 19 American military personnel were killed in a terrorist attack in Saudi Arabia. The career prosecutors at Main Justice had been working on the case for nearly five years, so long that the statute of limitations was about to expire on some of the possible charges. Comey and another prosecutor named John Davis worked on it for about three months, and then, over a week-end, Comey holed up in his office and wrote a detailed indictment of one Lebanese and 13 Saudi suspects.

Even more famous is Comey's dramatic hospital-room confrontation with members of the Bush administration, in early March of 2004, over the secret warrantless domestic-eavesdropping program, which caused a national furor when the press revealed its existence in late 2005. In what *The Washington Post* later called "the most riveting 20 minutes of Congressional testimony. Maybe ever," Comey told the story of how he, as acting attorney general, filled in for his boss, John Ashcroft, who was hospitalized. After refusing to re-authorize the program, which he believed was illegal, Comey discovered that other members of the administration were planning an end run to get an incapacitated Ashcroft to sign off on it in his hospital bed. Comey "ran, literally ran," up the stairs to prevent that, he testified. The next day he considered resigning.

"To know Jim Comey is also to know his fierce independence and his deep integrity," said President Obama when, nine years later, he nominated him to serve as F.B.I. director. "He was prepared to give up a job he loved rather than be part of something he felt was fundamentally wrong."

Well, yes. But did Comey really believe that the program was "fundamentally wrong"?

President Bush quickly gave his support to making changes to the program—changes that have never been disclosed publicly—and Comey stayed on as D.A.G. until August 2005, as the wire-tapping program continued. The London newspaper *The Guardian* obtained a classified report about the incident, which made Comey's objections seem to be less broadly substantive and more about legal technicalities involving just one part of the program.

Many would argue that legal technicalities are critically important, but some of Comey's former D.O.J. colleagues carped to *The New York Times* that his actions had not been as heroic as they were portrayed. One observer cites Comey's willingness to say, "I know what's right," even when doing so causes potentially avoidable drama. Another person who knows Comey well says, "There is stubbornness, ego, and some self-righteousness at work."

Law and Disorder

In 2014, Obama chose Loretta Lynch to be his attorney general after Eric Holder resigned. Born in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1959, she is the daughter of a school librarian and a Baptist minister, and the granddaughter of a pastor and sharecropper who helped blacks move to the North, away from Jim Crow laws, in the 1930s. After graduating from Harvard Law School, she became a federal prosecutor. In 1999 she was appointed by President Clinton as U.S. attorney for the Eastern District of New York.

Technically, the F.B.I. falls under the jurisdiction of the Justice Department, and technically Comey reported to Lynch. But it was always apparent that, as a former agent puts it, he was not going to say to any attorney general, "Mother, may I?"

Although views differ on both Lynch and Comey's relationship with her, several people saw the seeds of problems to come. While she has inspired deep loyalty among some who worked for her in the Eastern District, one source close to the Justice Department says that as attorney general she was aloof internally and didn't cultivate relationships. And impressive as her C.V. was, it was dwarfed by Comey's. As Hosko says, Comey "literally and metaphorically casts the longest shadow in the room."

"Comey discovered early on that he could walk all over her and she would let him get away with it," says another close observer. "I think it was both of their faults. He wanted to be very independent, and he cultivates the integrity thing. She was a disengaged and weak A.G."

On January 14, 2016, the inspector general notified the Senate that Clinton's private servers had been flagged for classified information. Comey made the decision to run the investigation out of D.C., not New York, despite the fact that Clinton and her server were in New York. A core group of investigators and analysts were vetted and given security clearance, meaning that only those who were working on the case knew what they were doing.

Comey chose Washington because he wanted to be close enough to get daily updates, according to CNN, but he may also have been worried about leaks from New York. A former D.O.J. official says that, as early as 2015, a rumor was floating around that the F.B.I. agents in New York were cracking jokes about seeing Hillary Clinton in handcuffs. "It was widely understood that there was a faction in that office that couldn't stand her and was out to get her," this person says.

"COMEY DISCOVERED THAT HE
COULD WALK ALL OVER LYNCH
AND SHE WOULD
LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT."

In the fall of 2015, President Obama told *60 Minutes* that the Clinton e-mail issue was “not a situation in which America’s national security was endangered.” A former prosecutor who is close to the case says that the remarks sparked outrage in the F.B.I. “Disparaging the seriousness of something his A.G. is supposed to take responsibility for is not cool,” he says.

On February 24, Lynch told Congress that she had assigned career prosecutors—that is, non-political appointees—to work on the case and that it would be conducted as “every other case.” But efforts to stay outside of politics created its own politics, particularly between the F.B.I. and the D.O.J. One person who was close to events says, “The D.O.J. was afraid of the F.B.I., afraid if it did anything that the F.B.I. perceived as impeding the investigation they could be criticized and there would be political fallout. So the D.O.J. at every level abdicated the assertiveness we expect of prosecutors. It came from the very top.”

To make matters worse, on June 27, 2016, Bill Clinton went aboard Loretta Lynch’s plane on the tarmac in Phoenix for a chat, an event that is epic in the annals of bad decisions because it gave the appearance he was privately pleading his wife’s case. Lynch was in Phoenix for a routine meeting with local police officers, while Clinton was finishing up a fund-raiser for his wife. Lynch’s staff had no chance to intervene: they had already gotten off the plane. He told Lynch, who has a reputation for being polite, that he just wanted to say hello. “It would have been very awkward for her to say no,” says a source close to events. But Clinton then proceeded to talk for nearly half an hour about his grandchildren, about golf, and about travel, according to Lynch.

The furor among Republican conservatives over the tarmac visit was immediate, with Trump citing it as a perfect example of how “special interests are controlling your government.” The right-wing Judicial Watch sued the F.B.I. for records of the plane meeting. After the outcry, Lynch told the press that not only would she “fully expect to accept” the recommendations of the F.B.I. and the career prosecutors on the case but she’d been planning to do so all along.

But neither did she recuse herself and turn the case over to D.A.G. Sally Yates. A source says there was an internal debate over what to do and the decision was made that it would be bad for the Justice Department “if the A.G. relinquished her decision-making power,” as this person puts it, because then, “with every political case going forward, there would be an expectation that the A.G. would recuse.” Instead, they went with a middle ground.

“I fear that that was a judgment that was focused on her own reputation,” says another person who was close to events. “Under no circumstances should something like this be left to career lawyers without supervision. . . . All of the people with the authority to make decisions are political appointees. The statutes do not give career lawyers the



YOU BE THE JUDGE

Comey and Attorney General Loretta Lynch at a Department of Justice press conference, March 2016.

authority to make decisions. That is for a good reason: the political appointees are accountable via the electoral process. That is how it works. It was an unfathomable decision to make.” This person adds, “Lynch created the situation where the F.B.I. director could freelance.”

One source, who is willing to excuse Lynch’s poor judgment, nevertheless says, “What she did and what the D.O.J. did [after the tarmac incident] is inexcusable. To say that a political appointee can’t sit in judgment is insane. It’s saying the Justice Department cannot do its job. The director of the F.B.I. is a political appointee!” This person adds, “[Lynch] was more than happy to have Jim Comey take responsibility. It was complete and total abdication.”

Case Not Closed

Into the vacuum created by Lynch’s refusal to either dismiss the tarmac incident or move out of the way stepped Jim Comey. That he would do so is not a surprise to anyone who knew him. On July 5, Comey held the press conference in which he announced that agents had found thousands of e-mails that contained government secrets, all of which had traveled unsecure, unclassified channels on Clinton’s private e-mail network. Nonetheless, he said, “we cannot find a case that would support bringing criminal charges,” in large part because they did not find intent, which is a critical element of most criminal cases.

Comey certainly knew that the career prosecutors, who had been working hand-in-glove with the F.B.I. agents, would agree with the decision. But he made it clear he hadn’t even informed the D.O.J., whose responsibility it is to decide whether to authorize an indictment, that he was holding a press conference. Lynch corroborated this, admitting that the D.O.J. had learned of the press conference only “right before.” Indeed, some at the D.O.J. turned to CNN to find out what Comey was saying.

Plenty of Comey’s longtime admirers were appalled that he had spoken at all, because by doing so he blew through several of the Justice Department’s long-standing policies. “It was an unprece-

MAYE IN AUTUMN

dented public announcement by a non-prosecutor that there would be no prosecution,” says someone who once worked for Comey. The F.B.I. does not talk publicly about its investigations, and “it does not make prosecutorial decisions. Full stop.”

“[Comey] has said he did not consult with anyone at the D.O.J. beforehand so he could say it was the F.B.I.’s recommendation,” observes another former prosecutor. “But right there that is a massive act of insubordination.”

Comey then, according to his critics, compounded his mistake by declaring Clinton’s conduct and that of her aides “extremely careless.” This was another breach of protocol. Neither prosecutors nor agents criticize people they don’t charge. “We don’t dirty you up,” says Richard Frankel, who retired from the F.B.I. in early 2016 and now consults for ABC News. And Comey’s choice of language opened another can of worms. Unlike other criminal statutes, which, as a rule, require intent, the Espionage Act does allow for prosecutions of those who display “gross negligence.”

Those close to the case were also shocked by what Comey *didn’t* say. For instance, he didn’t point out that the “classified” e-mails had not been marked that way when they were sent or received, and didn’t point out that all the e-mails were to people who work in government—not to outsiders who aren’t supposed to receive such information. “He gave a very skewed picture,” says one person involved in the case. “The goal has to be that people understand the decision, and it came out exactly the opposite.”

How to explain Comey’s omissions? “I don’t think he was that well briefed,” says another person involved in the case. “It’s a function of being at the bureau and of Comey’s personality. It is so easy to get insular there. And Comey is not someone who cross-examines his own people. . . . It came across like there was something specific, but there was nothing there.”

Those who know Comey say that, while the decision for him not to recommend prosecution was an easy one, his unprecedented decision to speak about it publicly wasn’t. Some believe he might have taken the public route even without the tarmac incident, in part because he worried that prosecutors at Main Justice, instead of bringing the investigation to a close, would dither.

There’s also speculation that Comey’s decision to criticize Clinton was influenced by his prior experience, from Whitewater to Marc Rich, with her and her husband. But sources close to Comey insist that isn’t true, and that his decision to go into more detail was influenced by his desire to make people believe the process had been fair despite the appearance of impropriety. An F.B.I. source says that since the details of the investigation were going to come out, framed in hyperpartisan ways via congressional hearings and FOIA requests, Comey wanted to offer an apolitical framing of the facts first.

Critics, however, see in his decision a whisper of the Ashcroft hospital confrontation, with the dark side fully apparent. “This gets into speculation, but knowing Jim, he decides it is all totally fucked up and that he has to save the department and he alone can do it,” says someone who knows him well. “Megalomania kicked in.”

Comey had put his years of public service and his sterling reputation on the line, but that did nothing to persuade Republicans about the fairness of his investigation, and they refused to let go of the matter. In a July 7 congressional hearing, an incredulous Representative Trey Gowdy (Republican, South Carolina) proceeded to grill him about Clinton’s e-mail practices, statements under oath, and legal infractions, ultimately exclaiming, “Help the reasonable person . . . understand why

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

H

ow does Maye Musk, a graceful, silver-haired model and dietitian, feel about being called an “It girl” at the age of 68? “It’s absolutely hilarious,” she says with a South African accent, climbing behind the wheel of a green Tesla and peeling onto L.A.’s Sunset Boulevard. The car is a gift from her son Elon Musk, the Tesla C.E.O. and arguably the most famous inventor-entrepreneur of his generation. “But my friends tell me: I was famous before Elon was famous,” she says, flashing a smile that suddenly looks familiar from a Target billboard in Times Square, a campaign for Virgin America, and Beyoncé’s video for her song “Haunted.”

Musk’s life story reads like a stylish adventure book. She was born Maye Haldeman in Regina, Saskatchewan, in 1948, to explorer parents, who had met when her father, a caretaker, came to take lessons with her mother, a ballroom-dancing instructor. When Musk was nearly three, the family, including her three siblings, moved to Pretoria, South Africa. She started modeling at 15—“when models had to have their own shoes and jewelry”—and was a finalist in the 1969 Miss South Africa contest. By 21 she had earned a bachelor’s in dietetics, and she would go on to juggle nutritional clients with fashion shoots. She married Errol Musk, an engineer, in 1970, had three kids (Elon has a younger brother, Kimbal, and a sister, Tosca), but divorced him nine years later and followed her children as they left apartheid South Africa for careers in North America. Elon’s nickname was “genius boy,” though she’s quick to add, “All my kids are brilliant.” (Kimbal created the Kitchen, a family of farm-to-table restaurants, and Tosca is a filmmaker.) Maye moved to Toronto, then New York, and, in 2013, settled in Marina del Rey, California, to be near the grandkids.

Maye Musk,
at Bar Marmont,
in Los Angeles.

Musk wears
a bodysuit and
bra by **Max Mara**;
skirt by **Vera Wang**;
earrings by
Jennifer Fisher;
ring by **Ginette NY**;
hair products by
Pantene; makeup
by **Tom Ford Beauty**;
nail enamel by
Nailing Hollywood.

Lately, the fashion world has been paying more attention to the five-decade model. “I’m living proof that [you can] find work for an older woman . . . I’ve never worked so much as I do now,” Musk says proudly. The jobs have evolved from “mother of the bride” commercials to “mother of Elon” editorials, which doesn’t bother her one bit: “I don’t care why a client books me, as long as they book me.” —DEREK BLASBERG

STYLED BY DEBORAH AFSHARI; HAIR BY DANILLO; MAKEUP BY KATHY JEUNG; MANICURE BY DEBBIE LEAVITT; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY TINA PRESCHTIZ; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS





Cultural, generational, and deeply personal, style is spirit,
as eight very different avatars will attest. **PATRICK DEMARCHELIER** captures the
panache that matches their achievements

That Certain LOO



ERIC UNDERWOOD

DANCER, 32

Though he recently became a British citizen, the Washington, D.C.-born Underwood embodies the American Dream. He grew up in a gang-riddled neighborhood, started studying ballet at the age of 14, and worked his way to acclaim at the Dance Theatre of Harlem and American Ballet Theatre before jeté-ing across the pond to join London's Royal Ballet, where he is a soloist.

PERSONAL STYLE:

Energetic and chameleon-like.

Underwood wears clothing by **Giorgio Armani**; hair products by **Kérastase Paris**; grooming products by **Lancôme Men**.

GROOMING BY RHEANNE WHITE; SET DESIGN BY MARY HOWARD STUDIO; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE

WRITER, 39

Nigerian novelist and MacArthur Fellow Adichie is known for her provocative takes on gender and class. Her TEDx talk “We Should All Be Feminists” has achieved special pop-culture prominence: Beyoncé sampled lines in her 2013 song “Flawless,” and a model wearing a T-shirt with the speech’s title walked the runway at Dior’s spring 2017 show.

PERSONAL STYLE:

Bold and beautiful.

Adichie wears
a dress by **Gucci**;
makeup by **Chanel**.



HAIR BY SPARKLES CLARKE; MAKEUP BY SERGE HODONOU; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY GE PROJECTS; PHOTOGRAPHED AT PHOTOGRAPH INC. OPPOSITE; GROOMING BY RHEANNE WHITE. SET DESIGN BY MARY HOWARD STUDIO. FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

A black and white portrait of actor Michael Shannon. He is seated, leaning forward with his arms crossed over his knees. He has dark, slightly messy hair and a light beard. He is wearing a dark, textured herringbone coat over a light-colored crewneck sweater. He is looking off-camera to his left with a serious expression.

MICHAEL SHANNON

ACTOR, 42

No one makes flawed characters as unrelentingly watchable as this two-time Oscar nominee (*Nocturnal Animals*, *Revolutionary Road*).

While it is hard to ignore his imposing frame and intense stare, it is Shannon's soulful performances—on film, Broadway, and television—that consistently engage, disturb, and astonish audiences.

PERSONAL STYLE:

Brooklyn industrial meets Chet Baker.

Shannon wears a coat by **Anderson & Sheppard**; sweater by **Berluti**; jeans by **AG**; hair products by **Kérastase Paris**; grooming products by **Lancôme Men**.



AVA DuVERNAY

**DIRECTOR,
SCREENWRITER,
FILM EXECUTIVE, 44**

DuVernay, the first African-American woman to direct an Oscar-nominated film (*Selma*), was nominated again, this time for *13th*, a documentary that explores racial inequality and criminal justice. For her next project, she's directing a multi-racial adaptation of Madeleine L'Engle's *A Wrinkle in Time* for Disney.

PERSONAL STYLE: Sexy yet strong.

DuVernay wears a dress by **Alaïa**; belt by **Alaïa** from Albright Fashion Library; earrings by **Annie Costello Brown**; hair products by **Vernon François**; makeup by **Nars**; nail enamel by **Chanel**.

HAIR BY VERNON FRANÇOIS; MAKEUP BY UZO. OPPOSITE: HAIR BY JOHNNIE SAPONG; MAKEUP BY SABRINA BEDRANI. MANICURES BY WHITNEY GIBSON; SET DESIGN BY COLIN DONAHUE; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY F32 PRODUCTIONS; PHOTOGRAPHED AT SMASHBOX STUDIOS. FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

SASHA LANE

ACTRESS, 21

Not since Lana Turner has an actress plucked from obscurity come to reflect the spirit of her generation and the culture of her time. Lane, who was spotted on spring break by filmmaker Andrea Arnold and was cast as a troubled teen in Arnold's *American Honey*, has emerged as a darling of the art-film world and the Establishment alike, earning an Independent Spirit Award nomination and a starring role in Louis Vuitton's spring campaign.

PERSONAL STYLE:

Cool A.F.

Lane wears clothing and boots by **Louis Vuitton**; earrings by **Jennifer Fisher**; cuffs by **Tiffany & Co.**; hair products by **Leonor Greyl**; makeup by **Dior**; nail enamel by **Chanel**.





KIRSTEN DUNST

ACTRESS,
DIRECTOR, 34

As she evolved from precocious child actress (*Interview with the Vampire*) to blockbuster movie star (*Spider-Man*) to independent films (*Melancholia*) and television (*Fargo*), Dunst made it look effortless. Ditto her aptitude for adapting her style, from California chic to high glamour. Up next? She shifts gears again, directing an adaptation of Sylvia Plath's *The Bell Jar*.

PERSONAL STYLE:
Feminine tomboy.

Dunst wears a gown by **Alexander McQueen**; earrings by **Tiffany & Co.**; hair products by **Suave Professionals**; makeup by **Laura Mercier Cosmetics**.

HAIR BY JENNY CHO; MAKEUP BY PATI DUBROFF; MANICURE BY WHITNEY GIBSON. OPPOSITE: HAIR BY MARCIA HAMILTON; GROOMING BY STEVEN ATURO. SET DESIGN BY COLIN DONAHUE; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY F32 PRODUCTIONS; PHOTOGRAPHED AT SMASHBOX STUDIOS. FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

JADEN SMITH

**ACTOR, MUSICIAN,
ENTREPRENEUR, 18**

Smith may have famous parents—actors Will and Jada—but he's forged his own path in music, film, and especially fashion. Widely admired by fashion critics for his fearlessness and eccentric taste, Smith last year launched his gender-neutral clothing line, MSFTSrep.

PERSONAL STYLE:

Outrageous and disruptive.

Smith wears a jacket and shirt by **Gucci**; pants by **Undercover**; shoes by **Nike**; rings (worn in hair) by **Cartier**; hair products by **KeraCare**; grooming products by **MAC**.



GENA ROWLANDS

ACTRESS, 86

Throughout her six-decade acting career, Rowlands has specialized in nuanced portrayals of complex heroines. Her acting in films such as *Gloria* and *A Woman Under the Influence*, directed by her first husband, John Cassavetes, is a master class in understated performance. It's little wonder she's Hollywood's favorite living legend.

PERSONAL STYLE:

Classic elegance.

Rowlands wears a vintage jacket by **Gucci**; hair products by **John Frieda**; makeup by **MAC**.





HAIR BY BARBARA LORENZ; MAKEUP BY CHRISTINA SMITH; MANICURE BY DEBBIE LEAVITT;
SET DESIGN BY COLIN DONAHUE; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY F32 PRODUCTIONS;
PHOTOGRAPHED AT SMASHBOX STUDIOS; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

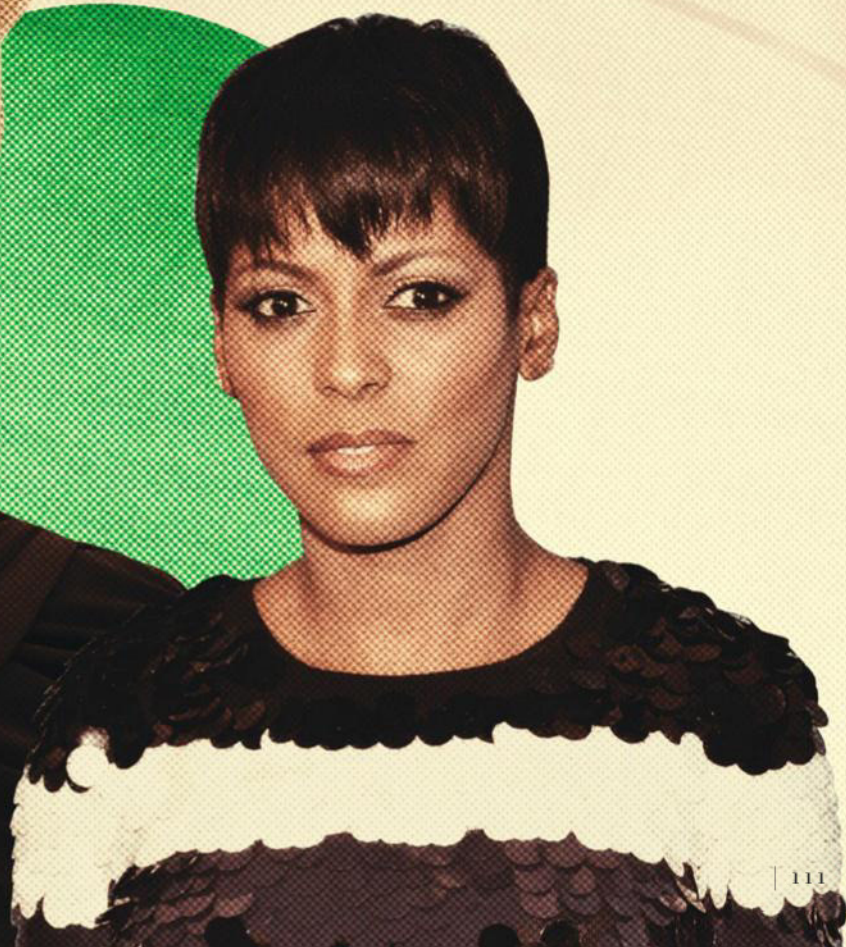
**TOPS OF THE
MORNING**

Today anchors Savannah Guthrie and Matt Lauer; NBC News chairman Andy Lack; NBC's newest recruit, Megyn Kelly; and departing *Today's Take* co-host Tamron Hall.



THE PEACOCK THRONE

In his high-profile, high-priced hire of Fox anchor Megyn Kelly, NBC News chief Andy Lack placed a major bet on star power. But Lack's biggest, priciest talent, *Today's* Matt Lauer, provides something of a cautionary tale. With morning news one of the last mass television markets, writes SARAH ELLISON, its personalities can draw fire as well as ratings



The Survivor



Andy Lack, the chairman of NBC News, is seen by many of his peers as an old-school newsman in the mold of the late Roone Arledge, the famed ABC News president. Arledge played a major role in establishing ABC News as one of the leading evening newscasts in the 1980s and 90s. He did so in part by hiring big names and high-profile talent—for instance, wooing Diane Sawyer away from CBS News, even though ABC already employed the very visible Barbara Walters. Lack is currently on his second tour at NBC. He joined NBC News in 1993, rose to the top of the news division, then left in 2003 to head up Sony Music. He returned in 2015 in the wake of the scandal involving news anchor Brian Williams, who was revealed to have embellished, among other stories, his experience during an incident in Iraq in 2003.

Recently, Lack pulled an Arledge: wooing away Megyn Kelly from Fox News. The move generated a flurry of headlines not only for its audacity but also because it was initially unclear just what Kelly would be doing at NBC. More than anything, the idea seemed to represent an act of faith in what high-profile talent, rather than mission or content, can accomplish: star power as business model. Until her hiring by NBC, Kelly was the wildly successful host of Fox News's *The Kelly File*, a political and current-events show on weeknights that was one of the highest-rated cable-news programs in the country. NBC is paying Kelly more than \$15 million, far less than the \$25 million a year she was offered to stay at Fox. NBC went to her with a blank slate, according to a person close to Kelly. "Everyone else came to her with an idea of what they wanted."

Now she is in place. But she is not there all by herself: another pricey star has been at NBC for a very long time. Matt Lauer is one of the highest-paid men in television news—he reportedly will receive up to \$25 million a year through at least 2018 under the terms of his latest contract. Many rivals, superiors, counterparts, and colleagues have fallen by the wayside during his 20 years atop *Today*, which attracts just over 4 million viewers every morning (down from 5.5 million in 2008). He has survived many storms at NBC News, always emerging more powerful from each wave of turmoil. Lauer is very good at what he does as a morning-show host, and he has become a big figure in the television-news landscape—even as the landscape itself has contracted.

The future is against morning television. The audience has been in decline for 30 years, and there's no reason to think that slide is going to stop. This fact simply makes protecting the profits of morning television all the more important. The three network morning

shows together represent about a billion dollars in revenue for their corporate parents. *Today* alone accounts for about half of that. For the broadcast-news divisions, the morning shows can make the difference between profit and loss. If it weren't for their morning shows, CBS News and ABC News would lose money. NBC News would still be profitable, but only because of its cable arm, MSNBC.

Lauer's knack for survival gets to the heart of something fundamental about traditional TV news outlets—and morning television in particular. NBC News has had to deliver four multi-million-dollar settlements to employees who have been separated from the *Today* show for one reason or another. Each move caused high anxiety inside the news division—and, internally, an elevated sense of Lauer's importance to the bottom line. There's an investment concept known as the "melting ice cube" syndrome—it describes assets that are likely to decline in value over the long term. If NBC News is the ice cube, then Lauer is the element that keeps it from melting away. In the process, the one thing perpetually preserved is Lauer himself.

To understand Lauer's role at NBC News, I spoke with NBC executives as well as current and former colleagues and rivals. (Lauer and Megyn Kelly declined to be interviewed, as did Andy Lack. Lack's wife, Betsy, was a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair* but left the company in January 2016. She did not participate in this story.) The competition among morning shows (and within morning shows), once good-natured, is now a battle for survival. Lauer may be the most successful personality within this eroding eco-sphere, but his missteps and his baggage can be costly. In 2012, amid declining ratings—the show had slipped behind *Good Morning America*—*Today* ousted Lauer's co-anchor at the time, Ann Curry, a move that Lauer at the very least condoned and, by some accounts, helped orchestrate. His reputation was further damaged by much-criticized back-to-back interviews with Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton last September—a moment that epitomized the failures of TV journalism more broadly. Now NBC News has brought Megyn Kelly aboard. In February it was revealed that she would host a weekday-morning show—probably starting in the fall—a move that pushed aside Tamron Hall, who subsequently left the company. Kelly herself is not someone who can be easily let go, shunted off to the hinterland.

An Open Playing Field

Matt Lauer became a major media presence with a single interview, one that would be remembered for a phrase not even uttered by him. On January 27, 1998, just a year into his new job as a co-anchor on *Today*, Lauer faced a moment that was as much his own public trial as it was one for the First Lady he was about to question. He wasn't even supposed to be in the chair. Weeks before, the producers at *Today* had arranged for anchor Katie Couric to interview Hillary Clinton about a child-care plan Clinton was advocating. Ten days before the interview date, the Drudge Report broke a story about Hillary Clinton's husband, President Bill Clinton, and his alleged affair with a White House intern, Monica Lewinsky. A week after the story hit, Couric's husband died of colon cancer. Obviously, Couric would not be conducting the interview. Her much less famous co-anchor would have to fill in. Undeterred by the switch and with a message to deliver, Hillary Clinton kept her appointment.

The *Today* producers spent three days straight prepping Lauer. Before he joined the show, Lauer had been a journeyman lifestyle reporter and local anchorman. He had never been seen as *that guy*, meaning the guy who could handle a big interview. And now there he was. With a dutiful smile and a deferential air, Lauer began to ask Mrs.

Clinton about whether she had known the nature of her husband's relationship with Monica Lewinsky; whether he had ever described the relationship to her; and whether, hypothetically, she believed that a president who lied to cover up an extramarital affair should resign. Finally, perhaps feeling cornered by this line of questioning, Clinton attempted to deflect the inquiries, blaming the Lewinsky story not on her husband's behavior but on a "vast right-wing conspiracy" that had been working to thwart Bill Clinton ever since he started running for president. The phrase ricocheted around the media-sphere, earning Clinton considerable criticism for a paranoia that now looks like prescience. For people at NBC News, the moment answered a key question about Lauer. "Everybody said, 'Holy cow, he's amazing!'" one NBC staffer at the time recalled. "We're going to be just fine."

For a while, the *Today* show was just fine, and it was partly thanks to Lauer. He was a good beta figure to Katie Couric's bright on-screen alpha wattage. The pair spent the next decade and a half dominating the morning shows. Opening with half an hour of news programming, *Today* helped set the agenda for everyone else. By contemporary standards, it was an open playing field. CNN was a relative newcomer, Fox News had barely launched, and MSNBC was still in its infancy. There was no Twitter, no smartphone. "In the 90s, we prided ourselves that, if you only had 30 minutes to watch the news, you should watch the *Today* show," the former NBC staffer told me. But as more outlets competed for viewers' attention, *Today* started to soften its news content, opting for human-interest stories and cooking how-tos. Lauer, who traveled the planet as part of the popular "Where in the World Is Matt Lauer?" feature, became the poster child of this transformation. The morning news shows were always seen as an entertainment-and-news hybrid, unlike their more buttoned-down nightly counterparts. And they raked in the advertising dollars. Even now, *Today* is one of the highest-grossing shows on television. But that half-hour of news has changed. *Today* has eliminated the position of "newsreader." The two-hour *Today* time slot has been lengthened to three hours and then to four, to accommodate a 10 A.M. hour of wine-sipping hosts who make Lauer look as sober as Walter Cronkite.

Rise and Shine

The first morning television show in the country, *3 to Get Ready*, aired on WPTZ, NBC's Philadelphia affiliate, in 1950. The show featured the comedian Ernie Kovacs, who entertained his viewers with comic characters such as Percy Dovetonsils, a lisping and effeminate "poet laureate" in a leopard smoking jacket. *3 to Get Ready* ran from 7 to 9 A.M. and broke three times—at 7:30, 8, and 8:30—for five minutes of news. Inspired by the success of the program, NBC executive Pat Weaver—the father of Sigourney—adopted the format for national consumption (the pre-production name for the show was *The Rise and Shine Revue*) and installed a bespectacled Dave Garroway as host. His official title on *Today* was

"communicator." He had worked as a lab assistant at Harvard before becoming a page at NBC, where he enrolled in the network's announcer training school. He was a disc jockey for a Chicago radio station and later hosted a variety show, *Garroway at Large*. Weaver recruited him from there. On January 14, 1952, Garroway promised viewers of what was now called *The Today Show* that he would "put you in touch with the world we live in" and report on current trends in arts, sports, music, and "all forms of human endeavor." Viewers rejected his invitation, and the show suffered poor ratings until Garroway gained a co-host, J. Fred Muggs, who was a chimpanzee. (The show's original newscaster quit when producers brought Muggs on board.) In 1960, *New York Times* writer Richard F. Shepard wrote of Garroway that "he does not crash into the home with the false jollity and thunderous witticisms of a backslapper. He is pleasant, serious, scholarly looking and not obtrusively convivial."

Matt Lauer was barely three years old when those words were written. He was born in New York City and grew up in Greenwich, Connecticut. During his senior year at Ohio University, where he studied telecommunications, Lauer interned at a local CBS affiliate in West Virginia, and when the station offered him a spot producing its midday news show, he took the job and dropped out of college. In subsequent years, Lauer moved from place to place—Huntington, West Virginia; Richmond, Virginia; Providence, Rhode Island; and eventually Boston and New York. The experience gave Lauer what his later bosses perceived as a sense of insecurity that fueled his work ethic and preparedness. In 1991, after refusing to read commercial messages live on the air for an independent New York morning program called *9 Broadcast Plaza*, Lauer was fired. He moved out of Manhattan and spent the next period adrift. He likes to tell the story of how, one day, he called a tree-trimming company about a job it was advertising. He was waiting for the return call when his phone rang. It was Bill Bolster, the general manager at WNBC, the local New York NBC affiliate. Bolster wanted Lauer to anchor the six A.M. local show that preceded *Today*. Lauer started the job in 1992 and was in it for a year when NBC started looking for a new anchor to eventually replace Bryant Gumbel. Lauer had by then attracted the attention of Jeff Zucker, who had taken over as executive producer of *Today*. Zucker was impressed by Lauer's easy manner with Katie Couric and Bryant Gumbel as he handed off to them. Lauer took over Gumbel's seat in 1997. While Gumbel had opened the show every day, now Couric and Lauer split the week, though she was clearly the senior anchor. Then, in 2006, Couric left.

According to Nielsen ratings, about 13 million people on average watch one of the three network morning shows. That's 10 million fewer viewers than tune in to the evening news on those three networks. From 2008 to the present, *Today* has lost 17 percent of its viewers. As you would expect, the viewers who have disappeared are the younger and more affluent ones, the very people most valuable to the advertising community. (*Today* still has a younger and more affluent audience than its primary rival, *Good Morning America*.) The most surprising thing may be that the decline isn't greater, given the

LAUER HAS SURVIVED MANY STORMS,
EMERGING MORE POWERFUL
FROM EACH WAVE OF TURMOIL.

proliferation of other news and entertainment sources. For a significant portion of the audience, *Today* is as much a habit as it is a news source. But, for all the slippage, the morning-show format remains the last gasp of daily mass appeal. There's really nothing else like it in the culture.

Mean Streak?

And because it remains a mass phenomenon, what happens on these shows—and inside them—is highly visible. As a household name, Lauer is more recognizable than any other active TV news personality. Like most news organizations, NBC News recoils when it is actually the subject of news reports. But in recent years the news division of NBC has generated headlines for all the wrong reasons.

There was the animosity between Lauer and Ann Curry; the fabulism on the part of former *NBC Nightly News* anchor Brian Williams; and, most recently, the greatest October surprise in recent memory, inadvertently courtesy of a short-lived and now departed *Today* co-host, Billy Bush. Throughout, Lauer has emerged unscathed. One former NBC executive explained that the reason Lauer is both untouched and always rewarded—too big to fail—is that he pretty much has to be: “If Matt Lauer dropped dead tomorrow, there is no heir apparent, and that is why Matt can drive the price of what they pay him.”

Potential threats always seem to get moved out of the way. “The most dangerous seat in television news,” one industry insider told me, “seems to be next to Matt Lauer.”

For NBC, the Ann Curry ouster was terrifying—not because it resulted in Ann Curry leaving *Today* but because it surfaced an apparent mean streak in Lauer that viewers had never known about. And once they saw it, it was hard to get them to unsee it.

The episode was outlined in Brian Stelter’s definitive 2013 book, *Top of the Morning*. Before becoming *Today*’s co-anchor, in 2011, Curry had served for years as the program’s newsreader. She was curious about international news and came across as both serious and empathetic. After Katie Couric stepped down, NBC News put Meredith Vieira, not Curry, in Couric’s old chair. Curry was wounded, but she was promised the job when Vieira left. Vieira, a former host of ABC’s *The View*, could chat easily with Lauer on-air—and held the job at *Today* for five years. Curry never established the same sort of connection. Ratings declined, and Lauer’s irritation with Curry was evident, both inside the company and to viewers.

After Curry’s departure, Lauer, his new co-host, Savannah Guthrie, and Al Roker were interviewing the women’s Olympic rowing team about a famous rowing tradition, which involves tossing a teammate in the water immediately after a race. “The tradition here in New York is, you throw her in the Hudson River,” Lauer said, to laughter from the crowd assembled outside Rockefeller Center. Roker chimed in, “Which is different than our tradition, which is to throw one of us under the bus.”

The Curry story was just one unhappy episode out of many. A more recent controversy intersected with national politics in a way no one could ignore—threatening to derail Donald Trump’s presidential campaign while at the same time generating blowback that NBC had to confront. The stage was set last year when *Today*’s Natalie Morales moved to Los Angeles to anchor the NBC program *Access Hollywood*. That shift in the lineup created a morning-show vacancy that was filled by former *Access Hollywood* co-anchor Billy Bush, a first cousin of George W. Bush and Jeb



FINE ONES TO TALK

Lauer, clockwise from above, interviews Hillary Clinton last September; with co-host Meredith Vieira, 2006; with, from left, Al Roker, Katie Couric, Bryant Gumbel, and Willard Scott, 1997; with Couric during her last appearance on the *Today* show, 2006; at Skibo Castle, in Dornoch, Scotland, 2002; with Ann Curry, 2012.



Bush. Headlines surrounding his arrival at *Today* last August, in the *Post* and elsewhere, hinted that Bush was being shunned by his new colleagues because he was seen as a “frat guy” and not worthy of the *Today*-show pedigree. One reason he may have been greeted with hostility is that he epitomized the idea of *Today* as primarily an entertainment vehicle—a notion that may be largely true but that is also psychologically resisted. “The problem is that these news divisions are really tricky places and have strong cultures,” a former NBC executive told me. “Anyone who comes in who doesn’t have the news chops gets hammered.”

Billy Bush became infamous last October when tape and audio surfaced of Bush and Donald Trump, back in 2005, talking in vulgar terms about women. The story behind the tape revealed rivalries and enmity between (and inside) NBC News and its entertainment cousin, *Access Hollywood*. In the tape, Trump can be heard playfully describing to Bush how he had sexually harassed or assaulted various women. At one point Trump described how he had tried to “move” on a certain married woman, who had



then rebuffed him. Bush could be heard laughing and goading him on. The woman was Billy Bush's *Access Hollywood* co-anchor, Nancy O'Dell. "People who remembered that tape here remembered it not as a Trump tape but as a Nancy O'Dell tape," an NBC staffer told me. "And you could see that Billy was not defending Nancy at all."

NBC's initial reaction when the video surfaced was to suspend Bush. Bush issued a statement saying that he was "embarrassed and ashamed." Noah Oppenheim, then the executive in charge

of *Today* (in February he was named president of NBC News), surveyed his staff by phone and e-mail. The feeling was universal: Bush was widely unloved. Two days after Bush's apology, the *New York Post* reported that NBC was "negotiating his exit." A week later, he resigned.

More recently, the NBC staff has been shaken by the departure of Tamron Hall. Hall was the first black female co-host of *Today*. She joined MSNBC in 2007 and later took on several roles at NBC. In 2014, she became the co-host of *Today's Take*, the show's third hour. Hall found out about Megyn Kelly's arrival only when it was publicly announced, according to a person close to her. Even after the announcement, as rumors surfaced that Kelly would likely take over part of NBC's morning lineup, "no one said anything to her" about plans for Hall's own future. An NBC source denies this account and says, "The right people were talking to Tamron all along." The announcement of Kelly's arrival happened to coincide with the timing of Hall's contract renewal at NBC. She was invited to stay on as a national

anchor for *Today*, but decided that the future did not look promising. “It’s like *Game of Thrones* over there—you just don’t see anything coming until your head is chopped off,” said a person close to Hall.

Doubling Down

Ever since Ann Curry’s departure, *Today* has been engaged in a re-evaluation of its reason for being. “We all needed to figure out who we are,” one NBC insider told me. At the behest of Deborah Turness, then the president of NBC News, *Today* went through an exhaustive exercise analyzing its own DNA. What producers and executives determined was that, unlike what they see as its more tawdry true-crime-and-celebrity rival, *Good Morning America*, “the whole essence of what the *Today* show is is news,” the insider said. *Today* certainly maintains a cooler veneer than its rival. Whereas the hosts on *G.M.A.* chat casually with their crew live on-air and reveal intimate details about their personal lives, the *Today* anchors remain friendly but distant. With its new co-host, Savannah Guthrie, *Today* is doing better among the coveted 25- to 54-year-olds than other morning shows, and in terms of overall audience ratings it’s back on *G.M.A.*’s heels. *Today* is relentlessly soft and conventional, but its self-identification as a “news” show is a key to understanding how the man at the top of the show views himself. No matter how many cooking demonstrations or boy-band interviews he conducts, Matt Lauer sees himself as a newsman.

But as a newsman he has limitations. Last September, nearly 20 years after that initial interview with Clinton, Lauer found himself interviewing her again. Clinton was now the Democratic nominee for president, and she was participating in a “commander-in-chief forum” hosted by the Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America along with NBC News. Lauer interviewed Clinton in a studio constructed aboard the decommissioned aircraft carrier *Intrepid*; separately, he interviewed Donald Trump, the Republican nominee, on the same set. Each candidate was allotted 30 minutes with Lauer, back-to-back. Other NBC personalities had vied for the job, including MSNBC host Rachel Maddow and *Meet the Press* host Chuck Todd. Andy Lack selected Lauer and the *Today* staff prepped him and drafted questions.

Inside NBC News, and even in some quarters beyond it, Lauer is known as the best interviewer in the business. His talents were on display in a recent exchange with White House counselor Kellyanne Conway. Some of his skill comes from experience, and some of it comes from Lauer’s natural curiosity and ability to make conversation with just about anyone. Lack once noted that Lauer could interview a fire hydrant and be interested in it. What he faced aboard the *Intrepid* was something far more complicated, and he came up short. The day after the forum, *The New York Times* devoted three articles, including an editorial, to how disastrous Lauer’s performance had been. Among other things, he failed to challenge Trump on an easily checked assertion about Trump’s support of the war in Iraq. (Trump said he was against the war from the start, which was untrue.) He also spent 10 minutes asking Clinton about her e-mails and then

rushed her answer—“as briefly as you can,” he demanded—when she tried to offer a response on how she would handle the threat of ISIS.

Lauer’s selection as the interviewer at the forum showed how internal NBC politics could end up distorting perceptions of major news events for the rest of us. In the eyes of *Today*-show insiders, the *Intrepid* affair felt like an unfortunate bookend to that long-ago interview with Hillary Clinton. But what Lauer did in that commander-in-chief forum was essentially repeated time and again by every other broadcast network news program, not to mention cable news and some newspapers and magazines. His performance was indicative of something larger: the general inability among the media to make a distinction between Clinton’s e-mail use and Trump’s deliberate falsehoods and his dangerous foreign-policy instincts. If you watched only Matt Lauer, you’d think that Clinton’s use of a private e-mail server was as serious as, if not more serious than, Trump’s praise of Vladimir Putin, his disappointment that the U.S. didn’t steal Iraq’s oil, and his bad-mouthing of NATO. The official response from NBC to the criticism—in essence, that Lauer did better than anyone else could have done under the circumstances—reveals how much the media had given away in terms of credibility and rigor even before “fake news” came along.

An NBC source noted that Clinton’s initial responses had been unnecessarily long-winded, and that Lauer’s decision not to challenge Trump on his support for the Iraq war was born not out of ill-preparedness, but was designed to leave enough time to question him on other foreign-policy matters important to the military veterans in attendance.

Lauer seems to have regained his popularity among *Today* viewers, who have been described (in NBC-commissioned research) as having “forgiven” him for the Ann Curry episode. Andy Lack, long close to Lauer, has been building up the bench at NBC News, most notably by hiring Megyn Kelly. Rupert Murdoch and his sons were eager to keep Kelly at Fox News and offered her \$100 million over four years to stay. Many people in the television world expected that she would. That didn’t deter Lack, who approached Kelly with a “figure it out later” strategy that (we now know) in some fashion will include a Sunday-night “magazine” show and political reporting of major events in addition to her role hosting the weekday-morning show. Kelly is untested in the softer environs of morning television.

Aside from the executives at NBC and NBC News, according to two people familiar with the discussions, there was only one on-air personality who knew about Kelly’s wooing well in advance: Matt Lauer. (NBC denies this.) Coming from rightward-leaning Fox, Kelly might be seen as an effort by NBC to come to terms with life in a Donald Trump era. She is not overtly or inevitably a challenge to Lauer—perhaps she will prove a complement. More to the point, though, Kelly represents a literal doubling down on the proposition that, when it comes to a successful news operation, personality is what counts, and everything else must accommodate itself to that reality. How that will translate into what we see on TV remains to be seen, but one fact can’t be argued with: there used to be only one person at NBC News who was too big to fail. Now there are two. □

KELLY IS UNTESTED IN THE SOFTER ENVIRONS OF MORNING TELEVISION.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLROOM



Artist Liz Glynn, photographed at the Payne Whitney mansion, home of French Cultural Services, in New York City.

Glynn wears a gown by **Marchesa**; hair products by **Rene Furterer**; makeup by **Chanel**.

This month, New York City's Public Art Fund celebrates its 40th anniversary with *Open House*, an installation by sculptor Liz Glynn. The work will transform the southeast corner of Central Park—Doris C. Freedman Plaza, named for the fund's founder—into an open-air, trompe l'oeil, Gilded Age ballroom. Three years in the making, *Open House* features 26 cast-concrete pieces, including arches, sofas, and chairs rendered in intentionally heightened, sometimes messy detail.

Her goal for *Open House* was to create an installation that reimagines ideas of entitlement and access, public and private space. The work, Glynn says, "raises questions:

who has access to public space and whom are these spaces for?" It was inspired by the ballroom in the Stanford White—transformed William Whitney mansion, completed at the start of the 20th century, nine blocks north of its modern counterpart. "I was looking at the Gilded Age, reading Edith Wharton novels," explains Glynn, who also looked at White's lavish country houses, the arch in Washington Square Park, the Judson Church, and the Metropolitan Club. "The Whitney ballroom was the first space designed exclusively to have a singular function, to be used once a year," she says. "It stood out as the place where class and politics played out."

The oeuvre of the 35-year-old artist—Boston-born and now Los Angeles-based—

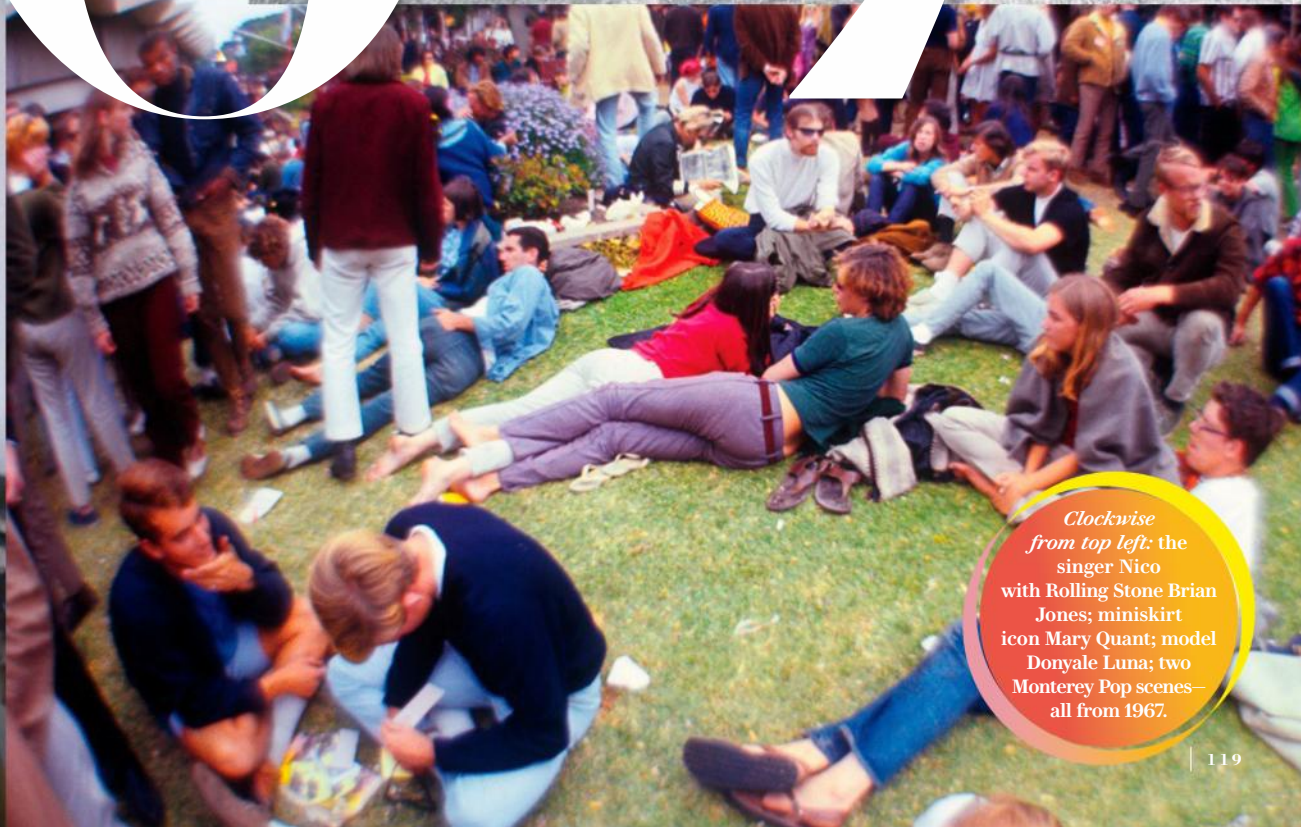
is firmly rooted in historical exploration; her breakthrough, in 2008, *The 24 Hour Roman Reconstruction Project*, was a participatory piece in which viewers were enlisted to reconstruct Rome in one day using cardboard and salvaged building materials. Later this year Glynn will take over Mass MoCA's Building 5 with *The Archaeology of Another Possible Future*, a multi-level, interactive piece.

With *Open House*, Glynn's reanimation of history—connecting the past to the present—questions not only rarefied displays of wealth but also the economic disparity in New York today. "The piece for me isn't about the past," says Glynn. "It's about what kind of city we want the city to become." —A. M. HOMES



IT
HAPPENED
IN

Almost overnight, as 1967's Summer of Love took hold, Pucci sheaths, calf-high boots, and bouffant hair made way for flowing skirts, velvet bell-bottoms, and long, straight tresses or exuberant Afros. Listening to an era's icons—Judy Collins, Mia Farrow, Gloria Steinem, and more—**SHEILA WELLER** reconstructs a fashion revolution



PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, FROM FOTOS INTERNATIONAL/GETTY IMAGES, FROM ROLLS PRESS/POPFOTO/GETTY IMAGES, FROM TIME LIFE PICTURES/PIX INC./THE LIFE PICTURE COLLECTION/GETTY IMAGES, BY HENRY MOLTZ/MORGAN HOEL GALLERY (BOTH MONTEREY, CA)



ineteen sixty-seven: rarely has there been a 12-month period when young American women changed so dramatically. The year before had seen the helmet-haired, Pucci-clad Jacqueline Susann promoting Valley of the Dolls to best-seller status. It saw California beach-blanket movies . . . and Truman Capote's *Black and White Ball*, at New York's Plaza hotel. Earlier in the year, miniskirted Nancy Sinatra Jr. had turned calf-high leather footwear—the kind that Dame Mary Quant, pioneer of the miniskirt, made famous—into a meme, thanks to her No. 1 single “These Boots Are Made for Walkin’.”

But a radically different look and sensibility were beginning to take root. The long-gowned, straight-haired Judy Collins would soon make a Top 10 hit of “Both Sides Now,” a plaintive, self-examining, gut-honest ballad by an unknown songwriter—the long-gowned, straight-haired Joni Mitchell. The song would become the anthem of a new kind of woman: content to live alone but not lonely, sexually open but not “promiscuous.” (That judgmental word would be banished.) Nineteen sixty-seven also ushered in the so-called Summer of Love, when tens of thousands of young free spirits flocked to San Francisco. The females in this cohort, as critic Janet Maslin once put it, were the “butterfly bohemians,” who had suddenly sprung up in the Bay Area, Los Angeles, New York, and London, marking a revolution

in women's fashion, attitudes, and sexuality. In a single year, Mad Men babes had been overtaken by incense-burning soul seekers.

For women of color, there were stylistic changes as well. A stunning Detroit girl, Donyale Luna—the first black model to appear on the covers of major fashion magazines—became a member of the Andy Warhol crowd and dated Brian Jones of the Rolling Stones. In London, Marsha Hunt, a Berkeley student turned British Vogue model, would star in the U.K. production of *Hair* (the 1967-defining rock musical), date Mick Jagger, and serve as inspiration for the Stones song “Brown Sugar.” Hunt's huge, resplendent Afro visually augured the look that would exemplify 1968 and the Black Power movement.

This new solemnity, tinged with a new kind of glamour, had been earned. “Every young woman who lived through 1967 deserves to be admired for getting through it,” says actress Peggy Lipton. “When we finally ran the gamut of the ‘free love’ stuff, it was ‘I have to feel secure and good about myself or I will die.’”

Here's how some of the women of that hour recall the exhilarating—and bumpy—ride across a year that, half a century later, still marks the divide between “then” and “now.”

NANCY SINATRA, singer, actress, activist:

I knew it [“These Boots Are Made for Walkin’”] would be important from the moment the band played it through. I had shopped at Mary Quant's boutique before the record was released, and the clothes fit the attitude the song portrayed.

DAME MARY QUANT, British fashion designer:

The miniskirt had evolved, getting shorter and shorter. Eventually, I had mannequins designed to look like Jean Shrimpton rather than “Mrs. Average,” with her tight curls and red lipstick. People banged on the window of Bazaar, our boutique on King's Road, and traffic came to a standstill!

NANCY SINATRA: The timing was perfect. . . I think Twiggy and Jean Shrimpton and I captured the fashion of the time best.

DAME MARY QUANT: The early 60s were a frenzied tornado of energy, and the overriding

From left:
Nancy Sinatra, 1967;
Mia Farrow and
Frank Sinatra's wedding,
1966; Joni Mitchell
in Beverly Hills,
1968; Janis Joplin in
San Francisco,
1967.







PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, FROM THE DONALDSON COLLECTION/MICHAEL OCHS
ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES; RIGHT, FROM ADC/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK

Left, Peggy Lipton, of TV's *The Mod Squad*, in L.A., circa 1967. Right, model-actress Marsha Hunt, who inspired the Rolling Stones' "Brown Sugar," 1968.





PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT, BY MARK KAUFMAN/THE LIFE PICTURE COLLECTION/GETTY IMAGES, GUY WEBSTER/UBER, FROM A PERFECT HAZE, THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE MONTEREY INTERNATIONAL POP FESTIVAL

mood was one of fun and excitement. Sexual freedom had arrived with the pill, giving women choice they had never had before. Everyone loved the mini—it made people feel happy! It was a big breakthrough.

NANCY SINATRA: Music changed radically, a reflection of the Vietnam War. . . . And parties involved drugs and bedrooms. I never took part in any of that stuff, but my friends did.

PEGGY LIPTON, actress:

In 1967, I changed my life. I moved out of my parents' house—I'd been a "good girl," going to school and auditions—and into a teetering cabin in Topanga Canyon. I read Aldous Huxley and Timothy Leary and drove a little red Porsche, and my neighbors and I stashed Acapulco gold under the house. Sometimes I wore jeans and sometimes those new, big, flowy skirts. . . . At the beach, it felt sensual to feel the wind all up your legs. My transformation came at the Monterey Pop Festival.

Monterey Pop—June 16 to 18, 1967—was America's first major rock festival. It featured three days and nights of music by, among others, the Jimi Hendrix Experience, the Who, the Grateful Dead, Eric Burdon and the Animals, Jefferson Airplane, the Byrds, Otis Redding, and the Mamas and the Papas. Many of the young concertgoers turned up wearing vintage clothes from a new crop of boutiques in Haight-Ashbury and Los Angeles and from thrift shops. The look—knowing, languorous—became aspirational, as if this sexy new culture were a select club that the few chosen ones were let into.

MICHELLE PHILLIPS, singer, the Mamas and the Papas; actress:

There was champagne flowing and the best food in any greenroom—lobster tails and crab and steaks. Lou Adler [the record producer and festival planner] flew in thousands of orchids from Hawaii and put an orchid on every chair for every star and every guest, and the cops wore orchids in their motorcycle helmets. The performers were mingling with the audience as if they all belonged together, which they did. The festival marked a transformation for us. The Mamas and Papas were now "rich hippies"—Bel Air people wearing long, diaphanous clothes.

PEGGY LIPTON: Monterey was amazing because you saw people just like yourself for the very first time. All these gorgeous guys in bandannas and no shirts. All these long-straight-haired girls—I looked just like them and they looked just like me! It was glam. We were glam. It was like suddenly being with your family in heaven.

MICHELLE PHILLIPS: I threw myself into work on the festival, which was the idea of our pot dealer. We each got to nominate an act to appear. I said, "Otis Redding!"

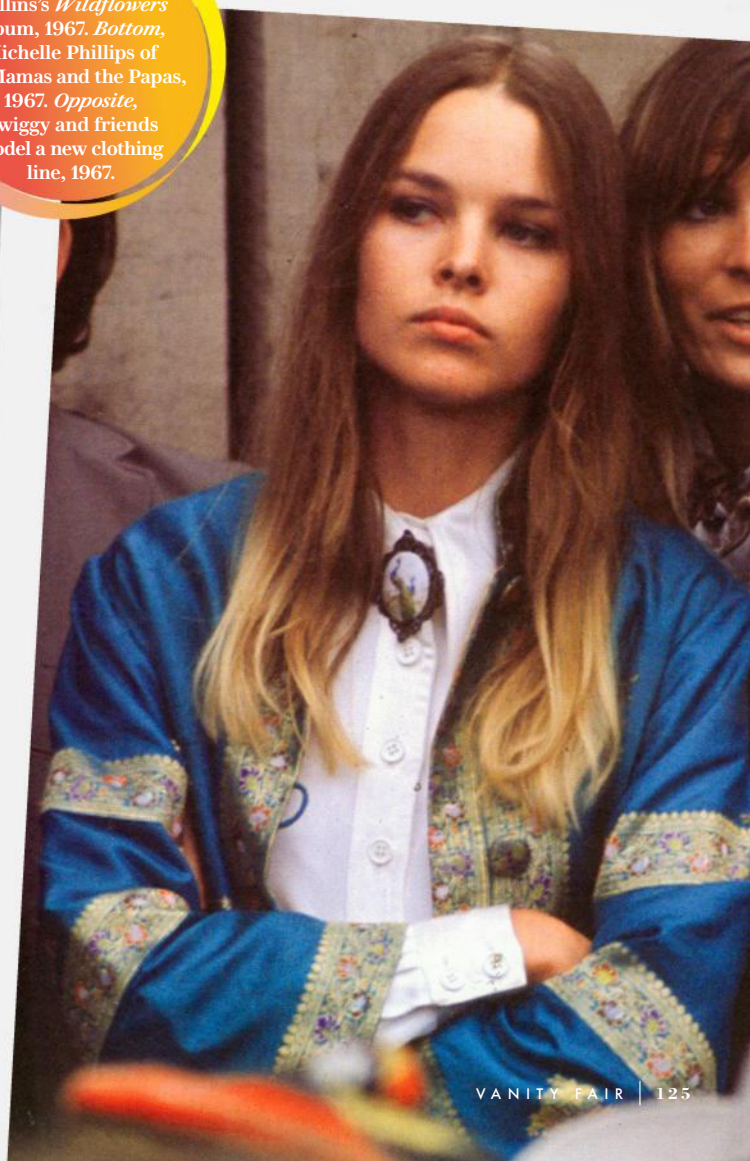
VIVA HOFFMANN, Warhol "superstar"; writer, painter:

Otis Redding! I had a private screening of [D. A. Pennebaker's documentary] *Monterey Pop*. I totally fell for Otis. I arranged to meet him at the Bronx Zoo. Otis reached to the bottom of my soul. . . . He was the essence of masculinity and tenderness. We had a love affair in his New York hotel. I spent most of the evening squeezing his blackheads. Then I went home and took my phone off the hook so I wouldn't have to get up early to go to New Jersey with him the next day to pick out the plane he was going on tour in. He died in a crash of that plane two days later. It was tragic. He was 26, with young kids.

The two queens of the '67 San Francisco rock scene appeared at Monterey Pop. One was the cool, sarcastic Grace Slick, the stunning, black-haired singer of Jefferson Airplane. Slightly older



Top, a photo
outtake from Judy
Collins's *Wildflowers*
album, 1967. Bottom,
Michelle Phillips of
the Mamas and the Papas,
1967. Opposite,
Twiggy and friends
model a new clothing
line, 1967.



BEAUTY QUEENS

than most Haight denizens, she was the socialite and department-store-model daughter of a Bay Area investment banker. The Airplane's hit "White Rabbit"—written and sung by Slick and released a week after Monterey Pop—blared over FM stations all summer. Slick signaled to debutantes that they could trade their headbands (and their dull fiancés) for voluminous blouses, leather bell-bottoms, and LSD.

ALI MACGRAW, fashion stylist, assistant to Vogue editor Diana Vreeland, model, actress:

Grace was her own person, insistently unique—and in that way she influenced a lot of us. She was this gorgeous, educated aristocrat who suddenly just let it rip.

GRACE SLICK, singer, songwriter, Jefferson Airplane:

They called me a hippie, but I wasn't a hippie. I wore lots of makeup and shaved my legs, and deodorant clogged up my armpits... But if I had not worn makeup and had not had braces and not had contact lenses, if I hadn't taken my kinky black hair—my big frizz mop!—and wrapped it around my head in big rollers every night, Janis [Joplin] and I'd be in the same boat. In fact, she would have been better-looking!

Joplin was the other San Francisco queen. She was needy, soulful, and wild, a University of Texas dropout who'd struggled with drugs. She wore a pantsuit at Monterey (not quite like Hillary, but almost)—a touching indication of how naïve she was about showmanship. Within weeks that would change: she would be festooned in beads, feather boas, floppy hats, shimmering blouses, and velvet bell-bottoms. Most of it came from San Francisco vintage shops, such as Volunteers of America, on Haight Street, or Velvet Underground, on Broadway, where she bought her famous gold fishnet vest. Janis's overnight fame helped turn her look into a nationwide trend.

MICHELLE PHILLIPS: Janis stole the show. Before Monterey, no one outside of San Francisco knew who she was. Her [rendition of] "Ball and Chain" was the beginning of her international career. When she left the stage, she did this little dance: "I did it! I did it!"

LEAH KUNKEL, attorney, sister of the *Mamas and the Papas'* Cass Elliot:

I'm sitting next to Cass at Monterey and we're watching Janis with our mouths open. We'd never heard a white girl sing like that! She killed. Cass met Janis afterward. They were very sweet, holding each other's hands, leaning in, talking softly. They had each survived a lot to get where they were. Janis was a lot quieter than you would have thought. She was a very shy, introverted person.

PEGGY CASERTA, Joplin's lover; owner of the Haight-Ashbury boutique *Mnasidika*:

A scraggly girl walks into my store and says, "Can I put 50 cents down on this pair of jeans and you hold them for me?" I recognized her as the singer I had seen at the local club the Matrix. Her band was put together with spit and paper clips, but when she sang "Bye bye bay-ay-bee" I just about fell out of my chair. So I'm thinking, This girl with this much talent has only 50 cents for \$4.95 Levi's? I felt sorry for her. I said, "Just take 'em." She said, "But that would be stealing! And"—she didn't know I owned the store—"won't you get in trouble?" There would be many other Janises I came to know over the next four years. But I think what came through to Cass was the earnest girl who had 50 cents toward a pair of jeans and, even when everyone in the Haight believed in "free" merchandise, said, "But that would be stealing!"

In 1967, Jane Fonda filmed Barbarella, a campy cult classic, directed by her husband, Roger Vadim, in which she CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

In a rare moment of generosity, cosmetics pioneer Helena Rubinstein said of her arch-nemesis, Elizabeth Arden, "With her products and my packaging we could have ruled the world." In fact, the two self-made colossi—one a Polish-

Jewish immigrant with a rapacious appetite for art, jewelry, and real estate, and the other a dirt-poor Canadian farm girl with an insatiable hunger for racehorses and Wasp society—never met. But the inescapable fact of the other one's existence goaded each of them on to greater and greedier glory. "The only Elizabeth stronger than I," Arden proclaimed, "is the Queen." Over the course of their epic careers, the rivals legitimated the use of cosmetics for respectable women, along the way perfecting such vanity-table staples as the lipstick tube and the mascara wand.

Now the Tony-winning team from *Grey Gardens*—director Michael Greif, librettist Doug Wright, composer Scott Frankel, lyricist Michael Korie—have resurrected the feuding makeup mavens for the musical *War Paint*, opening next month at the Nederlander Theatre and co-starring Broadway legends Patti LuPone, as Rubinstein, and Christine Ebersole, as Arden. "They had never worked together before," Wright says. "None of us knew how the chemistry would react. But their affection keeps growing as their dastardly deeds onstage multiply." LuPone notes, "There is not a person out there today who can compare to either of these women in their extravagance, their

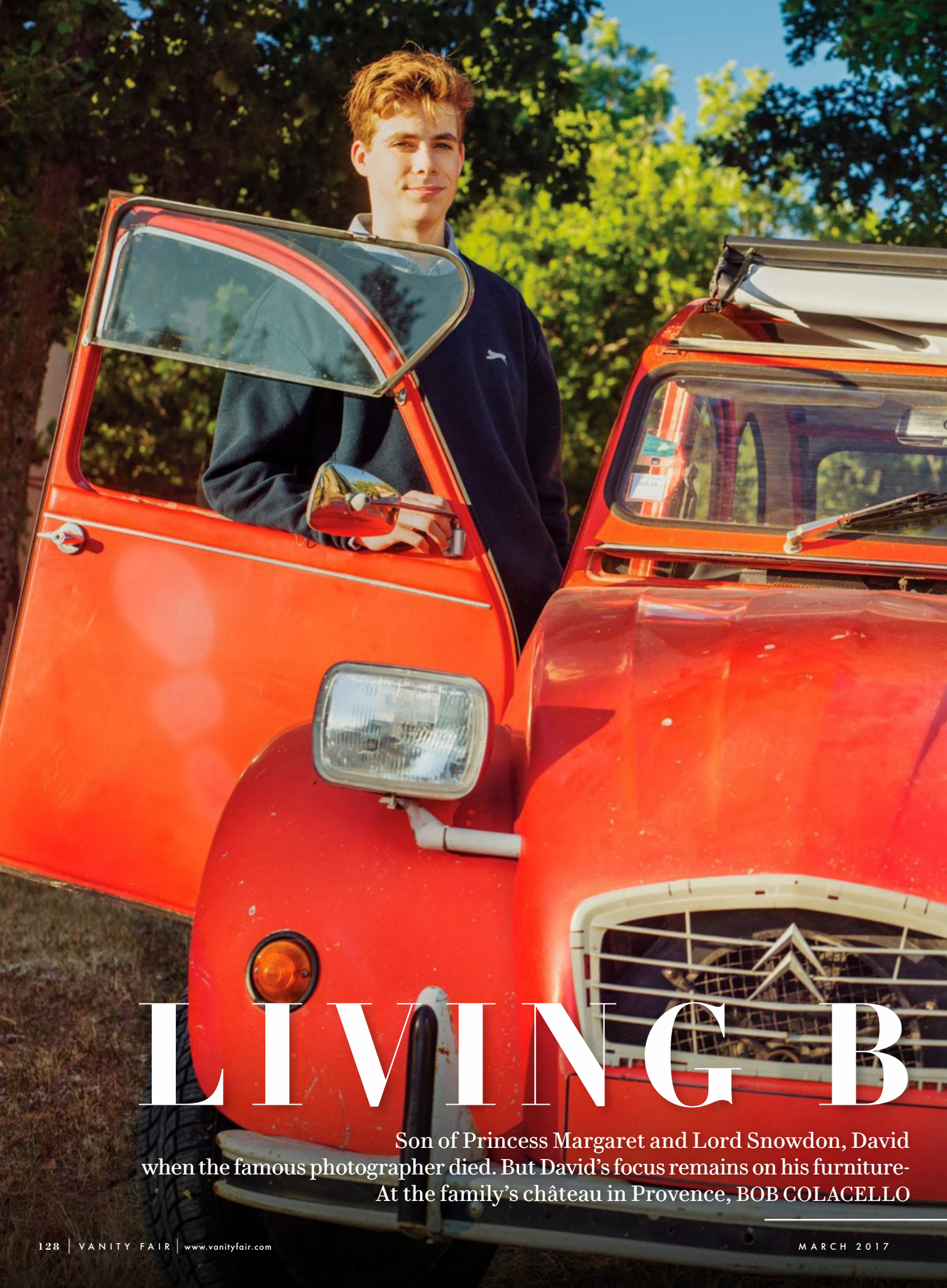
power, their business acumen, their excess." One song, Ebersole says, raises the pertinent question of whether the duo "made women freer or helped enslave them." But, for Rubinstein, such speculation was probably moot. "There are no ugly women," she decreed. "Only lazy ones." —AMY FINE COLLINS

War Paint co-stars Patti LuPone and Christine Ebersole, photographed at the Goodman Theatre, in Chicago.

LuPone and Ebersole wear makeup by **MAC**.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOE PUGLIESE





LIVING B

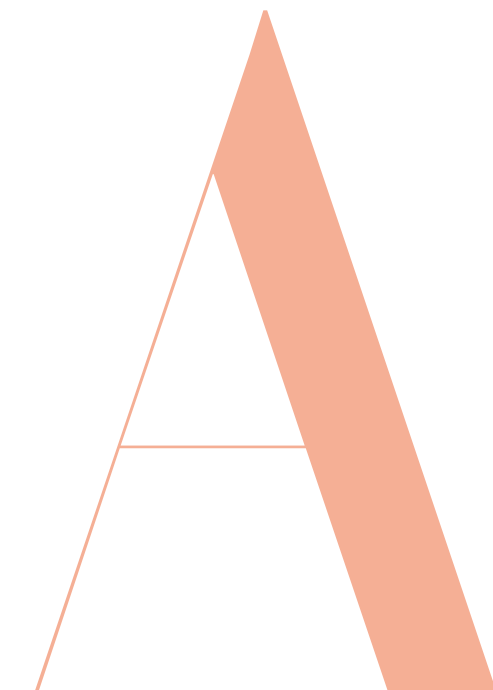
Son of Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon, David when the famous photographer died. But David's focus remains on his furniture—At the family's château in Provence, BOB COLACELLO

A man with short, light-colored hair, wearing a blue blazer over a light blue striped shirt, stands next to a bright red vintage Citroën Deux Chevaux. The car's driver-side door is open, and the man is leaning against the frame. The background is filled with lush green trees, suggesting a park or estate setting. The car has a white convertible top and a prominent round headlight on the front.

SCENIC DRIVE
David Linley, the second Earl of Snowdon (right), and son Charles, at Château d'Autet, in Provence, with their vintage Citroën Deux Chevaux, *Tintin*.

Y DESIGN

Linley succeeded to his father's earldom in January, making business, with clients ranging from Sir Elton John to Valentino. learns how an aesthetic—and a lifestyle—was formed



s the son of Princess Margaret, the younger sister of Queen Elizabeth, and Antony Armstrong-Jones, the first Earl of Snowdon and one of England's most sought-after photographers in the 1960s and 1970s, young David Linley grew up both royal and bohemian. One day he'd be taken to the National Gallery by his mother and grandmother, the Queen Mother, to see a Vermeer—and only a Vermeer. When he'd ask, "What about all these?," referring to the other works of art in the museum, he was told, "If you want to see those, you can go on your own." Another day, his father, known professionally as Snowdon, would take him along to a meeting with the green-and-pink-haired punk fashion designer Zandra Rhodes in her studio.

The family lived in a sprawling four-story wing of Kensington Palace; their neighbors were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. The main reception rooms had been restored by David's father, who "put them back to how he felt William Kent would've done it," David says, referring to the 18th-century English architect and landscape designer. Snowdon's study adjoined the formal drawing room, and his darkroom and workshop were in the basement. "My father's rooms, as a child, were a very exciting place to be," David says, "not only because of the beautiful models who were coming to be photographed for *Vogue* or *The Sunday Times* but also because of the very avant-garde furniture that he had made. He made designs for the investiture of the Prince of Wales in 1969 at Caernarfon Castle. He did this famous dais, where the Queen sat on this very modern, slate, throne-like sort of thing, and all the dignitaries sat on bright-bright-red chairs, which you could then buy."

Born in 1961, fifth in line to the throne, he was christened David Albert Charles Armstrong-Jones, Viscount Linley. (He is now 18th in line, and upon the death of his father, in January, he inherited the title



of Earl of Snowdon.) He began his education with private kindergarten lessons at Buckingham Palace, along with his cousin Prince Andrew, and ended up at Bedales School, in Hampshire, Britain's artsiest private school, along with his sister Lady Sarah, who was born in 1964. "Bedales was perfect for my sister and me," he says. "Very open. Very few rules. No uniforms. Co-educational. And very little of 'You have to do this like this.' You very much controlled your education."

This cocktail of the traditional and the modern, the grand and the simple, is reflected in the furniture David has made—"I'm a

UPWARDLY NOBLE
David with, *clockwise from above*, his parents, Lord Snowdon and Princess Margaret, mid-1960s; his bride, Serena Stanhope, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster Abbey, October 8, 1993; his cousin Prince Charles, left, and sister Lady Sarah, at a polo match at Windsor, circa 1980.

When David was a child,
he says, "my father's rooms were a very
exciting place to be."



PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE (FROM TOP LEFT) BY PETER MITCHELL/CAMERA PRESS/REDUX, JULIAN PARKER/UTP PRESS/GETTY IMAGES, BOB THOMAS/POPPER/GETTY IMAGES

maker, not a designer,” he insists—since he founded his eponymous business, in 1982. It can also be seen in the 19th-century hunting lodge in Provence where he and his wife, Serena, a daughter of the 12th Earl of Harrington, spend their vacations with their children, Charles, 17, and Margarita, 14. Situated on 650 heavily wooded, hilly acres in the middle of the 457,000-acre Luberon Regional Nature Park (near Ménerbes, the village made famous by Peter Mayle in *A Year in Provence*), the Château d’Autet is very much the country house of an aristocratic couple, but one where everything—the décor, the garden, the food, the way of life—is unpretentious, low-key, relaxed, and done with a light, artistic touch.

Even the houseguest policy is spontaneous. “I don’t invite people anymore,” David explains. “People turn up. Because people who know this place like coming back. They just say, ‘I’m coming next week,’ which is nice.” Then there are what he calls the “escapees from St. Tropez,” who, after a few days of frantic yacht-hopping and nightclubbing in the jet-set playground, are content to lie by the pool and gaze out at endless fields of lavender set against the low, purple-gray Luberon Mountains, or play a late-afternoon game of pétanque, a French version of bocce, with metal balls designed by their host and kept in a wooden box made by him. The farthest afield David and Serena venture with friends is the occasional trip in their fire-engine-red vintage Citroën Deux Chevaux to L’Isle-sur-la-Sorgue, which is well known for its extensive flea markets. “We find things in local *brocantes*, or antique shops,” says David, who adds, perhaps a touch too modestly, “Nothing in this house is of value.”

Cherchez le Château

One arrives at Château d’Autet after a good hour’s drive from either Avignon, to the west, or Aix-en-Provence, to the south, traveling over increasingly narrow, winding, unmarked back roads, none of which can be found on G.P.S. (This didn’t stop a French-magazine photographer from snapping Kate Middleton with a telephoto lens as she sunbathed topless when she and Prince William stayed there in 2012.) The faithfully restored three-story hunting lodge has stone walls washed in light-ocher plaster and shutters painted the pale blue characteristic of the region. Hydrangeas, roses, geraniums, and petunias—all white—in terra-cotta pots line the steps to the front door, which is surrounded by a thick jasmine vine, its sweet fragrance blending with that of the tall pines, cedars, and oaks that shade the grounds. There are also olive, fig, and walnut trees, which provide fresh repast for the family’s table.

The original interior has been left largely intact, starting from the capacious center hall, where an old farmer’s table is piled with histories, guidebooks, maps of the region, and family memorabilia, including an antique Rolleiflex camera. A wide stone staircase leads to the master bedroom suite and two guest bedrooms on the second floor, all done up in old-fashioned patterned wallpapers and matching curtains, bedspreads, and club chairs. I was assigned to the coral-and-cream guest room, with a huge, drafty bathroom down six steps and an adjacent shower room up another six. Both were decorated with political cartoons from the 1960s poking fun at Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon as royal rebels; the funniest depicts the couple being presented at court in full black leather motorcycle gear. The lavender soap, shampoo, bath salts, cologne, and scented candles were all from Serena Linley Provence, the Knightsbridge shop Serena opened in 2010 and closed four years later.

The faded-yellow sitting room off the front hall, where tea is taken on cool afternoons, has a cozy, almost fusty air about it,

and every object in it seems to have a family connection. Snowdon's uncle Oliver Messel, the eminent set-and-costume designer, painted the portrait of his mother, Maud, the daughter of the famous *Punch*-magazine illustrator Linley Sambourne, and another of a dancer from Barbados, where Messel's house was considered the most beautiful on the island. There's also a small marble bust of Messel as a boy, of which David says, "Literally, my father said, 'You could have that.' I don't know who it's by. And these are just old set designs. They're canvas. Again, no value." The neoclassical alabaster-and-gold clock standing on the mantelpiece, David recalls, "I bought in bits and pieces in a junk shop next to my father's house. It's worth a hundred quid or something." The painting of a blue wheelbarrow and the drawing of the Deux Chevaux next to the clock were done by David's sister Sarah. Books are everywhere, as they are in all the rooms, on shelves, tables, chairs, and the floor. Among them: *Courtiers: The Secret History of Kensington Palace*; *Falling Upwards: How We Took to the Air*; *1000 Years of Annoying the French*.

The boxy stone guesthouse, built in the 1960s, is set into a hillside behind the main house. Though it is decorated in a mostly modern style, with clean white walls and sisal carpets, Oliver Messel's tastefully rococo presence is felt here too. David inherited the 19th-century Italian commode and inlaid-marble side table in the living room from his great-uncle, and the painted chest of drawers and mirror in one of the three bedrooms came from the Barbados house. There are also some pieces designed by David, including a Chippendale-inspired oak breakfront and a glass-top trestle table, with six Cecil Beaton drawings hanging above it. David is most proud of what he calls "my red-and-yellow desk," which he made at Bedales from a single piece of plywood, with an attached blotter and letter rack that are inlaid with geometric designs in gold and amber chips of wood. Friends who are assigned this guest room will find a punctuation-light note on the desktop:

"Dear Guest, I would really appreciate that as this was the first piece of furniture I made aged 14 that you don't put cold beers on the top—it leaves nasty ring marks. Thank you, David Linley."

"After the desk I made a box," David tells me. "It got quite complicated—secret mitered dovetail joints inside that you can't see and all that sort of thing. Anyway, I made it, and my teacher was very pleased by the result. So I thought I'd give it to my grandmother, because she always encouraged my sister and me. And she said, 'Oh, it's lovely, darling. Did you make that?' I said, 'Yes I did.' And I then went to lunch at Clarence House, quite a sort of big grand lunch, after the Trooping the Colour, and everyone was in tunics and things. And it came around as the cigar box after lunch. And it had Turkish cigarettes on one side and cigars on the other. I just thought it was such a lovely thing she did. She was actually not offering people cigars. She was showing my work in a very subtle way."

Rooms with a View

David and Serena only recently finished reconfiguring and restoring the original farmhouse, which dates from the 18th century and is situated a few hundred yards downhill from the main house. The farmhouse has two additional guest rooms. A covered portico runs the length of the pool, sparsely decorated with antique Provençal pitchforks and African baskets, as well as tables and chairs from the Ikea outpost in Marseille.

They bought the property in 1998, reportedly for \$620,000,



FRENCH BLISS

Clockwise from top left: Château d'Autet; the Deux Chevaux hits the road; the château's gardens; alfresco dining on the grounds.







“I don’t invite people anymore,” David explains.
“People turn up. Because people
who know this place like coming back.”



SWELL DÉCOR

Clockwise from left:
the “red and yellow” desk made by David at age 14; the breakfast table in a sitting room; family photos (David with his mother, Princess Margaret; a portrait of Princess Margaret; Serena and David) and a bust of the artist Oliver Messel, David’s great-uncle, as a boy.



after selling Princess Margaret's house on Mustique, Les Jolies Eaux, which was designed by Messel, for a reported \$1.9 million; David's mother had given it to him a few years earlier. They apparently spent most of the difference on bringing the house up to snuff, adding central heating as well as new wiring, plumbing, and gutters. While David dealt with the local contractor, Serena got to work on the long-neglected garden. "It really was a semi-ruin when they got it," says longtime family friend (and *Vanity Fair* contributing editor) Reinaldo Herrera. "They've been improving it ever since."

David and Serena decided they wanted a house in the Luberon after Serena met Peter Mayle at a lunch, and he introduced them to a real-estate agent who knew of a house for sale that fit their requirements for a retreat far off the beaten path but not too high up in the hills (where it can be chilly even in the warm months). Château d'Autet was the only place they looked at, but it took a year and a half to close because it was jointly owned by 14 members of the same family. For David and Serena, the old hunting lodge was the perfect holiday house, not as grand as its name makes it sound, but spacious, cozy, and private. What's more, the Luberon's hazy summer days reminded Serena of County Limerick, in the West of Ireland, where she was born and spent much of her childhood.

Alas, the press-shy Serena was off to Seville with Margarita on a "mother-daughter shopping trip," as her husband put it, during my visit to Château d'Autet. The perfect host, he was waiting at the front door when I arrived, shortly before lunchtime on a day when the famous mistral wind was blowing hard. He was casually dressed in a white linen shirt ("my oldest, most favorite shirt") from Bamford's men's line, bright-blue Loro Piana linen pants, and dark-blue Tod's driving shoes. His black titanium Rolex watch was customized by his good friend George Bamford, the founder of Bamford Watch Department. David and his family are very close to the Bamfords and have a cottage at Daylesford, the Gloucestershire estate of George's parents, billionaire construction-equipment magnate Lord Anthony Bamford and organic-farming pioneer Lady Carole.

I asked him about the gold signet ring and small gold cross on a thin gold chain around his neck, both of which he always wears. "That's my wedding ring," he explained. "Designed by my father, it's made from gold mined in Wales, because of our Welsh heritage. And then it's my father's crest on the flat surface. It's a stag. He gave it to me on my wedding day, in 1993, when I married Serena." The cross, David told me, was made by John Donald, Princess Margaret's longtime favorite London jeweler. "I've always had it, ever since I was confirmed, when I was 14. In fact, I've just given the children an exact replica of it."

Business and Leisure

David's son, Charles, in his final year at Eton, joins us for lunch on the terrace in front of the house, along with Carmel Allen, the creative director of Linley. The meal, prepared by David's friend the Venetian chef Enrico Fantasia, is a veritable Mediterranean feast: grilled sardines; Provençal sausages; Serrano ham with fresh mozzarella; purple, orange, and yellow beets; red and green tomatoes; green salad with regional cheeses; and homemade vanilla and

**A CHEER
IN PROVENCE**
Clockwise from right:
a note from David
to guests;
Charles and David
play pétanque;
a sitting room in the
château's
hunting lodge.





strawberry ice cream, all washed down by the local organic rosé Domaine Saint André de Figuière.

“We have so much going on in London around the 30th anniversary of Linley,” announced Allen, steering the conversation toward business. “We’re refurbishing, repackaging, rebranding.”

“Renewing,” adds David.

He started his first business, simply called David Linley, at age 21, in 1982, after two years at Parnham House School for Craftsmen in Wood, in Dorset, studying under the renowned furniture designer John Makepeace. Three years later, he opened David Linley Furniture Limited on the King’s Road in Chelsea, with his old school friend Matthew Rice.

“I remember my mother came to my first shop,” he continues. “And I went downstairs, and there was my mother sitting on the floor, screwing a screw into the back of a mirror. She was greatly enthusiastic.” David was also always very close to the Queen Mother. “I went to church with my grandmother every Sunday,” he recalls. “I think she gave all of her grandchildren a work ethic and [a belief in] loyalty to friends. She came to all my workshops and to all my schools. She came to the shop. She said, ‘I hear

that you’ve made a rather good cabinet.’ And that was at age 93. The last time she came she was 98, to see the things.” (The Queen Mother died in 2002, at age 101.)

Suites Smell of Success

By then, David’s business had relocated to a much larger space, on Pimlico Road, and its name had been changed twice, first to David Linley & Company, then to just plain Linley (like Hermès or Bulgari). It had also amassed an impressive list of clients over the years, ranging from Sir Elton John to Anouska Hempel, Lady Weinberg. Though, like most purveyors of luxury goods and services, David refuses to name clients unless they out themselves, he is known to have furnished yachts—a specialty of the company—for Valentino as well as the Lebanese-Saudi socialite Mouna Ayoub. He’s also created suites in Claridge’s, the posh hotel in Mayfair, and made boardroom tables for *Vanity Fair* and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The latter table, which seats 48, was commissioned in the late 1980s by interior decorator Mark Hampton. “It’s 66 feet long,” notes David. “So lots of turned legs underneath. We came up with the idea that the base would be a colonnade.” Once again, at a luncheon in her honor hosted by the museum’s then vice president, Ashton Hawkins, Princess Margaret was found on the floor, having crawled underneath the table to admire her son’s design.

In the aftermath of the 2008 global financial crisis, however, the company’s revenues declined precipitously, and it was bailed out by Russian oligarch Sergei Pugachev, nicknamed the Cashier to the Kremlin, who took a seat on the board. In 2010, Pugachev’s Mezhprombank was liquidated and the authorities in Moscow de-

ONCE IN LOVE WITH GIGI

manded immediate repayment of the \$650,000 loan it had made to Linley. David then sold 60 percent of his company to British yacht broker James Edmiston for a \$6.5 million cash infusion, and Edmiston became C.E.O. of David Linley Holdings. Three years later, Edmiston sold 51 percent of the company to Nazir Razak, a Malaysian banking tycoon, and David Chua, the former president of the Genting Hong Kong leisure empire. Edmiston kept a small stake, while 40 percent was kept by David, who has remained chairman throughout these changes.

Linley now seems back on track. Last September it unveiled its reincarnated Pimlico Road store, which has a clean, modern look inspired by Lord Snowdon's photography studio in Kensington Palace. Replacing the room sets is a "guest gallery," for exhibitions of visiting designers' work. There's a downstairs "club room," where literary readings and wine tastings take place. The talk of the opening was a monumental porcelain sculpture by Felicity Aylieff, which stood 15 feet high in the double-height atrium at the heart of the space. "We do Maximalist Minimalism," cracks David, who seems to see himself more as curator than creator at this stage in his career.

"I'm not a maker now," he says. "I can't be. You need a long, long time to do something that's really good. I think it's dishonouring in an interview to say, 'I make.' I'm much more comfortable saying what I actually do on a day-to-day basis. I'm sort of the enabler. I'll look at a space and I'll put furniture ideas in it. But I very much try to encourage the next generation of designers to come through. That I like doing. That's exciting. What I've tried to engender in the Linley design team is to always be curious. We're endlessly trying new materials, getting new people to come in, finding people who are doing different things—let's get a traditional person to make something in a very avant-garde way. Which is quite fun."

The newly minted Earl of Snowdon has a full plate, in any case. In addition to stirring up business for Christie's as honorary chairman for Europe, the Middle East, Russia, and India, he serves as vice patron of the Queen Elizabeth Scholarship Trust. "One of the great problems is that young people tend to give up just at the time when they've learned their skills, because they can't afford to carry on," he says, elaborating on the charity's mission. "So we help and encourage them, and also work to make craftsmanship more socially worthwhile. There's a sort of stigma that it's much better to be a banker or a lawyer. And if you're not, if you're a craftsman, how ghastly! And it's very wide-ranging—it doesn't just concentrate on furniture-makers. It's shoemakers, saddlers, sculptors, thatchers, goldsmiths. They have people hanging from helicopters restoring the spire of Salisbury Cathedral. It was set up in my grandmother's 90th year, and she made sure it got off to a sound start. And on the Queen's 90th birthday, she became the trust's first patron. So it's a very nice, continuous story."

And then we are off on a walk through what is called the *garrigue*—the dry, rocky landscape of southern France, with its gnarled old oaks, scrawny pines, prickly purple thistles, and rambling stone walls that divided the small landholdings of long-ago farmers and that kept their sheep, pigs, and goats from escaping. David is wearing a royal-blue Bamford shirt today, with a Loro Piana Windbreaker, khakis, and shoes. As we climb over low electrified fences, I ask if they're meant to keep out deer. "Wild boar," he says. "They're lovely, but they have a snout that literally just drives a furrow through your best garden." □

I live in London, where they love dogs," says the actress Leslie Caron. "You can take dogs in a taxi. Don't laugh—you can't in Paris." A Parisienne by birth, Caron was brought to MGM by Gene Kelly in 1950, to star as the ingénue in the biggest musical of 1951, *An American in Paris*. The war was over, the world was coming back to life, and Hollywood was enchanted by a new ideal, the otherworldly sylph as embodied by Caron and Audrey Hepburn. Cultured pearls in a town of rhinestones, both women had trained as classical dancers. But where Hepburn read as European, Caron, despite her American mother, is as quintessentially French as a great perfume. (Her father, a pharmacist, made perfumes.) The beloved 1958 musical *Gigi*, from the story by Colette, was created specifically for Caron, who says it is the favorite of her 45 films. "*Gigi* was a turning point," she explains. "Coming out of the war and the deprivation, I felt, Things are good now. I was married to Peter Hall, I had my first child, and I was extremely happy."

Ironically, the French have never embraced Caron, whom they see as a Hollywood product. But Caron says of her paternal grandparents, "They were very *mondains*. My family had known Proust—my grandparents received him several times at their parties. They called him 'le petit Marcel.'" In movies such as *Damage* (1992) and *Le Divorce* (2003), Caron herself seems a conduit to old-world knowledge. Currently, she's playing the mischievous Countess Mavrodaki in the *Masterpiece* series *The Durrells in Corfu*, which this spring will be filming its third season. "I look forward to that," she says. "And I also look forward to moving on with the fashion, because I started with the 1920s, which is straight with no waist. And I said, Enough of that. Now get me a waist, please." —LAURA JACOBS

Leslie Caron,
drawn from life
at Claridge's
hotel, in London.



Emma Watson



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87 better than Steinem to give that stamp of approval?

She got it.

"It was fascinating that her activism could be so well mirrored by the film," Steinem says, noting that Belle uses—you guessed it, again—reading as a way to expand her world. "It's this love of literature that first bonds the Beauty to the Beast, and also what develops the entire story."

This is a new Belle, much of it by Watson's design. "I was like, 'The first shot of the movie cannot be Belle walking out of this quiet little town carrying a basket with a white napkin in it,'" she says. "'We need to rev things up!'" In the original Disney movie, Belle is an assistant to her inventor father, but here she's a creator in her own right, developing a "modern washing machine that allows her to sit and read." Watson worked with costume designer Jacqueline Durran to incorporate pockets in her costume that are "kind of like a tool belt." Another thing: in the animated version, Belle is on and

off horses yet wearing a long dress and silk slippers, which didn't sit well with Watson. Bloomers were created and Belle's first pair of riding boots. "The original sketches had her in her ballet shoes," Watson says, "which are lovely—don't get me wrong—but she's not going to be able to do anything terribly useful in ballet shoes in the middle of a French provincial village."

Maturing from Hermione to Belle is a true coming-of-age story for her. "When I finished the film, it kind of felt like I had made that transition into being a woman on-screen," she says. Belle is "absolutely a Disney princess, but she's not a passive character—she's in charge of her own destiny." What's more intriguing, however, is how Watson observed a similarly strict code in her real life, too, from what parts she plays to what she reads in bed at night and what clothes she puts on in the morning.

"Emma has an incredible sense of integrity," says Livia Firth, the founder of Eco-Age, a sustainable-fashion consulting firm. "You can't marry activism and then do something in your life that is not in agreement." Firth praises Watson's choice of dress for last year's Met Gala: it was designed by Calvin Klein and made almost entirely from recycled plastic bottles. For her *Beauty and the Beast* press tour, Watson created a PowerPoint presentation that her stylist sent fashion designers. It included a questionnaire about how their garments are produced, what their impact is on the environment, and the moral reason why she should wear one on the red carpet.

As Steinem honors Watson's high moral

standards and relentless activism, I ask her if there's a risk of becoming, well, annoying to the general public. Is she too much of an ethical Goody Two-Shoes? After all, what other starlet assigns fashion designers homework before she wears their clothes? Steinem is not amused. "Let me ask you something: If you did a story on a young male actor who was very private and involved in activism, would you think he was too severe or serious? Why do women always have to be listeners? Emma is interested in the world, she is caring, and though she is active she is also joyous and informed." At this point I'm backpedaling—"I think she's wonderful!"—but Steinem still digs in. "It's possible to be both serious and fun, you know. That response is why men will ask a woman, 'Why don't you just smile, honey?'"

The actor Kevin Kline, who plays Belle's father in *Beauty and the Beast*, agrees with Steinem. "When someone has a feminist point of view, we tend to think she's no fun at all," he says. "But a feminist can be feminine, delicate, vulnerable, sweet—and still demand to be taken seriously. Emma fits the bill perfectly." A big grin forms on his face as he asks, "Has anyone told you about the dancing scene yet?"

In the film, there's an over-the-top ball, which required the entire cast and scores of extras to waltz in period costumes for hours and hours. "After a long, long day, suddenly Pharrell Williams's song 'Happy' comes on, blasting, and everyone just starts jumping around," Kline recalls. "It became kind of a wrap party, really celebratory. And I asked, 'Who did that?' It was Emma." □

James Comey



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98 she appears to be treated differently than the rest of us would be."

Congress asked Comey to testify again on September 12, but he reportedly declined. They asked again, on September 28. This time, he obliged, and confirmed that the F.B.I. would not reopen its investigation. No findings at that point "would come near" to prompting such a measure, he told the congressmen. Louie Gohmert (Republican, Texas) continued the Republican harangue: "[The F.B.I. has] never seen anything like this."

With the bureau's probity questioned by

Gohmert and others, Comey sprang to the defense. "You can call us wrong," he said, "but don't call us weasels. We are not weasels. We are honest people and... whether or not you agree with the result, this was done the way you would want it to be done."

Agreeing to appear in front of the House Judiciary Committee about the investigation was yet another mistake, many believe, forcing Comey to answer questions he normally wouldn't have. Lamar Smith (Republican, Texas) asked him if he'd reopen the case if he found new information. "It's hard for me to answer in the abstract," said Comey, who was under oath. "We would certainly look at any new and substantial information."

Some factions within the F.B.I. were not in Comey's corner—particularly New York. One agent even heard about a petition to have Comey removed. "All of a sudden people who thought he was the best guy ever were saying he should resign," says this person. Hosko adds, "There was tremendous frustration about the notion that someone [like Clinton] could carelessly traffic in very sensitive material and walk away unscathed, arrogantly walk away and wait for her coronation."

The disquiet within the F.B.I. was made public, largely by James Kallstrom, head of the F.B.I.'s New York office from 1995 to 1997. He is close to former U.S. attorney (and former New York City mayor) Rudy Giuliani, about whom he says, "When I was a young agent, he was a young prosecutor. We've known each other for 40 years." During the campaign Giuliani was one of Trump's most prominent supporters. In the weeks following Comey's July announcement, both Kallstrom and Giuliani were all over conservative news outlets, talking about the "revolution," as Giuliani called it, among the F.B.I. rank and file, who viewed the failure to indict as "almost a slap in the face to the F.B.I.'s integrity." By late September, Kallstrom was telling the *Daily Beast* that he had talked to hundreds of people, "including a lot of retired agents and a few on the job" who were "basically disgusted" and felt they had been "stabbed in the back."

A former prosecutor who knows Kallstrom says, "He is full of shit." Another says, "The fact that a retired agent is on TV talking about a case usually proves that he doesn't know the first damn thing about it."

"I am somewhat dismissive of the grum-

bling among former and current agents,” says Hosko. “Some who criticize are completely unable to divorce themselves from their political beliefs, along with their feelings about the person [Clinton].” He adds, “I don’t believe for a half-second that Comey would make any decision that overrode his agents.” Indeed, in testimony, Comey said the decision not to proceed against Clinton was unanimous. (Which is almost certainly true but surely could be parsed: “Was there dissent? I guarantee it,” a senior former F.B.I. official tells me. “But they got to agreement.”)

There is another piece to the internal issues at the F.B.I. Agents, primarily in New York, had been trying over the last few years to put together a case involving financial crimes or influence peddling against the Clinton Foundation. One knowledgeable source says that agents went to several U.S. Attorney’s offices, trying to get prosecutors to open a case, before finally going to the Justice Department’s public-integrity office. This person says that the agents did not have any facts that would support prosecutors taking further steps. But angry agents leaked to *The Wall Street Journal*.

Much Ado About Nothing

On October 26, Rudolph Giuliani appeared on Fox News and said, “We got a couple things up our sleeve that should turn this around. Even the liberal pollsters will get to see.” When pressed about what these surprises would be, Giuliani broke into a smile and said, “You’ll see. Ha ha ha.”

Two days later, on October 28, just 11 days before the election, Comey sent his letter to Congress saying that “in connection with an unrelated case, the F.B.I. has learned of the existence of emails that appear to be pertinent to the investigation” of Clinton.

Fox News obtained the internal memo Comey had sent to the F.B.I. staff, in which he wrote that he felt “an obligation” to update Congress. Although he noted that we “don’t know the significance of this newly discovered collection of emails,” he thought it would be “misleading to the American people were we not to supplement the record.”

The e-mails, between Clinton and her aide Huma Abedin, were discovered during the F.B.I.’s investigation into unrelated allegations that Abedin’s husband, Anthony Weiner, had been sending illicit text messages to a 15-year-old girl in North Carolina from the silver Inspiron laptop he shared with his wife.

The story broke in the *Daily Mail* on September 21, and the F.B.I. seized the laptop on October 3. Within a couple of days, the New York F.B.I. agents, who had a warrant to look only at Weiner-related information, knew there were Clinton e-mails on the laptop, and the prosecutors in D.C. were informed. But investigating electronic information can be a lengthy process, and it wasn’t until the middle of the month that the agents said there were a lot of Clinton

e-mails and that they appeared to cover a three-month period at the start of Clinton’s tenure at State that had previously been missing, says an official familiar with the investigation. This was a big deal, because her e-mails from that period hadn’t been recovered. On the 27th, Comey was briefed, and agents argued that they needed to get a warrant to go through the new e-mails.

Comey agreed with his agents, and that afternoon the F.B.I. alerted the Department of Justice that he planned to write the letter updating Congress. “If it were easy to see that it was the same [e-mails found on Clinton’s computer, which proved to be largely the case], you can see your way to a different decision, but if they’ve made a compelling case that it’s new, how do you see your way to doing anything else?” asks one friend. Nor did the F.B.I. think that it would be possible to go through the new e-mails quickly. “If we had known we would have been able to reach a conclusion quickly, that might have colored the decision-making,” says an official familiar with events. But most of all, the F.B.I. was worried that if it came out that they had kept silent, and the existence of the e-mails was revealed after the election, it would give credence to claims, which were already being circulated by Trump, that the election results were illegitimate.

Officials at the D.O.J. tried to convince the F.B.I. that all Comey had promised Congress was that he would take a look at new information, that he risked creating another misimpression by sending a letter, that doing this so close to an election was insanity, and that “the overwhelming odds are that this will amount to nothing,” as one former official puts it.

One argument that the F.B.I. gave in response was that now that the circle had become much bigger, including agents in New York, the probability of a leak was high and would only increase once the request for the warrant was filed. “Yes, it was absolutely explicit that one reason for the letter was that the agents in New York would leak it,” says a Justice Department source. “That is a crappy reason. You can’t manage your people? And a leak would have been better than what happened.” (In fact, on the morning of November 4, Giuliani returned to *Fox & Friends*, to gloat, “Did I hear about it? You’re darn right I heard about it.” Later that day, he tweeted, “I still challenge someone to produce proof of my direct involvement w @fbi.”)

But, multiple sources say, the Justice Department never ordered Comey not to send the letter, and neither Lynch nor Yates personally called Comey. Instead, staff called over to the F.B.I. A source says, “I do know that [Lynch] never spoke directly to Comey, and she didn’t allow the D.A.G. to speak to him. . . . In his position, I would have understood this as permission to do what I wanted.” He adds, “Before something this consequential would occur, you would at least want the A.G. to look Jim Comey in the eye and say, ‘Do not do it.’”

On November 6, two days before the election, Comey informed Congress that the F.B.I. had seen the e-mails and that the bureau had not changed its conclusion that Clinton should not face charges over her handling of classified information.

The result was predictable: Republicans again insisted the game must be rigged, and Democrats couldn’t believe Comey had re-ignited the issue on the eve of the election. Even the Justice Department joined the blame game, leaking a story to *The New York Times* in which officials claimed they’d done practically everything possible to dissuade Comey from sending the letter.

One source disagrees, saying: “As immense as my criticism is for Comey, it is greater for the A.G. and the D.A.G. If they had said, ‘You can’t send that letter,’ he wouldn’t have done it.” “They claim they couldn’t have stopped it, but that is bullshit,” says a former prosecutor, who says that, even today, “they don’t get it, don’t admit responsibility. They say, ‘We couldn’t do anything—you know what he’s like.’”

Another observer, who is deeply familiar with the Justice Department, adds, “I know exactly why they didn’t call themselves! They were all thinking, Hillary is going to win. If you could look back and say this would swing it to Donald Trump, you would do anything to stop it, but they were worried that, if they told Comey not to do it, that would leak [from the F.B.I.], and they would be accused of interfering.” (Lynch, Comey, and Yates declined to comment for this article.)

“People say [Lynch] should have ordered him not to do it. I get with 20/20 hindsight why people feel that way,” a Justice Department source responds. “But it was not a situation where [Comey] said, ‘We need to talk.’ It was presented as ‘The director intends to do this. He has an obligation to correct a misimpression that Congress has as a result of his testimony.’ It was portrayed as ‘His reputation is on the line.’ When it is framed that way, as ‘I need to do this or Congress will be misled,’ all of the A.G.’s options are bad. Either he obeys, and she is accused of obstructing justice. Or he disobeys and does it anyway. Or he resigns. All of these are terrible. He put her in an impossible situation.”

“Lynch and Jim Comey were engaged in the same dance,” says another source. “He wasn’t going to have history judge him negatively as having covered things up, and she wasn’t going to have history judge her negatively with political interference. Both were protecting their own reputations and legacies at a great cost to the country.”

There is certainly some truth to the notion that the F.B.I. might have leaked, but few who know Comey think that was the reason he wrote the letter. Friends say it was not even a hard decision for him, because he’d already set himself on this course of total transparency. “If he had given no indication that the F.B.I. had potentially bad e-mails and those

James Comey

came out in January, that would be a bet-your-agency decision,” says Richman.

But to critics the dilemma was still of Comey’s own making, because if he hadn’t said anything in July, and compounded that by testifying before Congress, he wouldn’t have found himself in a situation where there was no easy right answer. “He is a man of integrity, and he holds himself to high standards,” says a person who knows him well. “But he didn’t see the bigger issue. All he could see was ‘Will they question my integrity?’ I think it was his integrity he was worried about, not the bureau’s, and the bureau’s integrity has suffered

a devastating blow as a result of his decision-making. He would have protected the bureau by playing it by the book.”

Even Comey’s close friends acknowledge that his great strength is also his great weakness: a belief in his own integrity. “He believes this in a way that creates big blind spots, because he substitutes his judgment for the rules,” says Matt Miller, a former director of public affairs for the D.O.J.

Neither publicly nor privately has Comey shown any doubt about how he handled things. “I would be lying if I said the external criticism doesn’t bother me at all,” he wrote in a New Year’s memo to employees, “but the truth is, it doesn’t bother me much because of the way we made the decision.” At a holiday

lunch for former agents, Comey even called his July decision the best one he had made.

On January 24, *The New York Times* reported that President Trump had asked Comey to remain as F.B.I. director. One close observer speculates that Trump likes the fact that Comey has been weakened, although the politics of removing him would have been terrible, given that Comey will stay in charge of investigating several Trump associates and their potential connections to Russia. Even some of Comey’s fiercest critics say they are glad. As one of them puts it, “If Trump says, ‘Let’s shut down Amazon’ because he doesn’t like something *The Washington Post* wrote, Comey won’t do it, and in this environment, the country needs someone like that.” □

1967



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126 *starred as the title character—a sexy, space-age government agent. Barbarella’s skintight bodysuits with futuristic breastplates and thigh-high boots made Fonda’s character, as The New York Times later put it, “the most iconic sex goddess of the 60’s.” Barbarella’s cartoonish sexuality, though, struck an odd note amid the emergence of the butterfly bohemians, just as the sexual revolution itself didn’t always play out according to the idealistic, Aquarian values of the time.*

PEGGY LIPTON: Jane! She was so advanced and chic and beautiful and famous.

JANE FONDA, actress, activist:

I remember being made to feel “bourgeois”—a major negative at the time—by Vadim if I exhibited discomfort with the freewheeling sexuality of the [era]. It was about pleasing the man. For some women free love was probably freeing, for others more of a trap. And on some occasions, it could be one or the other for a specific woman.

ALI MACGRAW: It was a very, very sexual time. After having spent your girlhood, like I did, trying to be Miss Perfect in New England in the 50s, it was great to sleep with whomever you wanted. To be free! That was a big thing!

PEGGY LIPTON: If someone forced himself on you, it was almost as if you had to pay for your sins; you accepted it. At one point that

year I was pushed up upon by a couple of guys. Rather than fighting, you just closed your eyes and gave in. A lot of times you were too high to do anything about it.

JANE FONDA: I don’t remember if I thought of *Barbarella* as misogynistic at the time I was making it. I know that I thoroughly disliked the experience, mostly because of my distorted body issues. But it never occurred to me that I could say, “No, I don’t want to do this,” like Brigitte Bardot and Sophia Loren had done when offered the role. No. Vadim was my husband, and he wanted to make it, so I did.

STEPHANIE COONTZ, anti-Vietnam War activist, scholar on the history of marriage and family:

We were suspicious of the Summer of Love and the rock ‘n’ roll culture that practically made it a duty rather than an option to say yes to sex. . . . You started to hear guys in S.D.S. [Students for a Democratic Society] talk in hostile voices about “balling chicks.” When the women in S.D.S. stood up at a meeting and said things had to be more equal between men and women, guys yelled, “Take her off the stage and fuck her!”

MIA FARROW, actress, activist:

I saw the radical changes of that year in a deeply personal way. I had married Frank Sinatra in 1966. I was 21 and he was 50. There was the vulnerable, tender man I loved very much, when we were alone together. And then there was the Frank in Las Vegas: a different Frank. Frank drank a lot there. His Vegas friends would bring in young women—Frank and the others called them “broad.” I would sit with them. I felt uncomfortable for them. They were cast-asides, treated as worthless people. When I was chosen to star in *Rosemary’s Baby* that summer, it was the first time I felt my work was meaningful. Frank didn’t want me to be away from him. But if I quit to be with Frank, then what was the difference between me and those poor women who they called the Vegas “broad”?

ALI MACGRAW: In 1967, I was still wearing minis [that were] so outrageous I once gave a truck driver paroxysms just by crossing the street in front of him. Yet there was a sweetness, a guilelessness to those dresses—a hopeful, naïve, idealistic freedom to them, and to us. So different from the cookie-cutter A-line Courrèges dresses of the Ladies Who Lunched. I also shopped at thrift stores for beautiful old fabrics and got into fantastic Romanian blouses, long chiffon-y skirts, my hair wrapped up in tribal scarves.

The look pioneered in Haight-Ashbury vintage shops and among the rock crowd was now seeping into Hollywood—and beyond.

MICHELLE PHILLIPS: The “rich hippie” look really went into full bloom. Mia [Farrow] and I went together to a store in Beverly Hills, Profils du Monde. Toni, the owner, bought these beautiful saris from India and Pakistan, and Damascus brocades, and made us flowing custom gowns and harem pants and robes. We dressed like fantasy creatures from [faraway] cultures.

BETSEY JOHNSON, designer at the New York boutique Paraphernalia:

I was making longer, romantic clothes, too—clothes with flowy sleeves, not just minis for [the singer] Nico and Edie Sedgwick [both of them models and Warhol muses]. *Elvira Madigan* had just come out—such a romantic movie! I had loved that look since visiting the boutique Biba, in London, standing in line to get into that wildly popular store. The Mary Quant look was over. The cool people loved Biba.

BARBARA HULANICKI, Biba owner and designer: My romantic clothes were historical: Victorian, mid-, late-19th-century. Some of the California girls were much more romantic than even we were—their softer, hippie look. We influenced each other. Julie Christie wore my Biba clothes, and the movie she made that year—*Far from the Madding Crowd* [based on the 19th-century Thomas Hardy novel]—

was so influential. Even more so was *Bonnie and Clyde* [which featured] Faye Dunaway in those Depression-era Dust Bowl dresses! When we saw Faye in the movie—boom! The skirt length dropped. The Beatles' and Rolling Stones' girlfriends wore my dresses: Jane Asher, Anita Pallenberg, Marianne Faithfull.

JUDY COLLINS: *singer, songwriter, activist:*

We female folksingers dressed like a combination of gypsies and princesses. I wore Mexican wedding dresses, and I decorated them with flowers. I was very romantic-looking. It was so important to us to be feminine—but in an ironclad way. And I needed to be ironclad that summer: I had lost custody of my son. Mothers who worked, who were performers, were frowned on by judges. I was very depressed.

In New York, where Collins lived, another sisterhood formed among a trio of young, educated women, living under the same roof.

ALI MACGRAW: I lived with [artist and designer] Barbara Nessim and her roommate, Gloria Steinem, on and off. Whenever I broke up with a live-in boyfriend—we did that a lot and we made a bit of a mess ending those relationships—their door was always open for me and my dog.

GLORIA STEINEM, *journalist, feminist activist:*

My hope of doing more political writing came home with me from living for almost two years in India in 1957 and 1958. . . . I couldn't really do political reporting until after we started *New York* magazine, in 1968. Before that, the most distant I could get from lighthearted women's-magazine subjects were profiles—often of writers I admired, like James Baldwin or Saul Bellow.

ALI MACGRAW: Gloria was this incredibly kind, gorgeous person. She was always typing fiendishly. I remember her wafting around the apartment in mini-skirts or hip-hugger bell-bottoms, with her killer body and, by the way, the most beautiful hands and feet in the world. . . . Every intelligent, accomplished man in New York formed a line around the block for Gloria. But she had something that made women like her.

GLORIA STEINEM: Ali seemed unaware of being beautiful. I remember thinking it was like living with the most magnificent and graceful cat. It was proof of her warmth and kindness that in those pre-feminist days, when we were

all supposed to be in competition with each other, I don't remember a female human being who resented her.

We looked out after each other. I remember worrying that Ali was living with a guy who got her to bleach his jeans in the bathtub and that Barbara was going dancing with the messenger instead of finishing her drawing. I'm sure I was doing things that worried them, too.

Amid the freedom, the worry, the intelligence, and the newfound sexual confidence, a wistful new song—and a new artist—emerged to sum it all up. One night, at three A.M., Judy Collins got a phone call from Al Kooper, the keyboardist who helped give Bob Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone" its memorable sound.

JUDY COLLINS: I was sound asleep. Al put Joni Mitchell on the phone. She said "Hi," and she sang a song she'd written—"Both Sides Now." That song put me in the middle of myself as no song had before. I wept. I said, "Oh, my God!" And then I said, "Can I come over tomorrow?"

MICHELLE PHILLIPS: That song expressed who we were. From "rows and flows of angel hair" to "I really don't know love at all"—that was a young hippie girl moving to maturity after a lot of social and political and personal upheaval.

JUDY COLLINS: "Both Sides Now" just spoke to me. Later, I would see—Joni and I and other women were struggling against demons and taboos. Women being unconventional, being artists; mothers losing children. . . . There was no way in those days that I could know she had also suffered the pain of having to give up a child in the years before we met. Her "shameful secret"—being an unwed mother—I would only learn in later years. . . .

The next morning I called Jac Holzman [president of Elektra Records], and I took him to Joni's apartment. She was wearing a long, beautiful, diaphanous skirt and the apartment was full of stained glass. So feminine and self-assured, in that new way. Jac and I talked her into letting me record "Both Sides Now" and to include it on the album I had almost completed, *Wildflowers* [released in October 1967].

For the cover of Wildflowers, Collins was photographed in soft focus in a velvet dress. The wild daisies; the long, natural hair; the serene, unsmiling face all signaled a 180-degree shift

away from "These Boots Are Made for Walkin'." "Both Sides Now" was released as a single in October 1968, reaching No. 8 by year's end and earning Judy the cover of Life magazine.

MICHELLE PHILLIPS: Judy had the most beautiful voice. Everyone I knew wanted to be like Judy!

JUDY COLLINS: The song was everywhere. It gave me great personal comfort to sing it.

NANCY SINATRA: My music was left behind in a way . . . since I was never embraced by my peers. I was stranded, on my own, to fend for myself. . . . I remember, years later, meeting Stevie Nicks and Sheryl Crow at the Clinton White House. They virtually snubbed me. I was hurt.

"Both Sides Now" would win a 1968 Grammy. That same year, Joni Mitchell became a star and an artistic eminence in her own right, and Jane Fonda's political activism moved into higher gear. Mia Farrow and Frank Sinatra split up, with Farrow jumping on a plane to India to meditate with the Beatles and Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. (Her performance in Rosemary's Baby would earn her a Golden Globe nomination.) Gloria Steinem became a political columnist at Clay Felner's New York magazine, through which she eventually co-founded Ms., taking "women's lib" mainstream. Marsha Hunt was cast in the West End production of Hair, and Peggy Lipton in TV's The Mod Squad. (She wore a long Thea Porter dress when she won a Golden Globe for her role in the show.) Ali MacGraw began filming her breakthrough movie, Goodbye Columbus, and was on her way to becoming a style icon (culminating in 1970's Love Story, bringing long, straight hair to Middle America).

"These Boots Are Made for Walkin'" was old news, rendered as campy as teased hair, minis, and go-go boots. And yet 50 years on, that feisty song, about a woman who won't take crap from a man, is considered a two-and-a-half-minute harbinger of women's empowerment—a classic.

PEGGY LIPTON: It was a feminist song!

JUDY COLLINS: We were all re-writing the song, the novel, the poem of women's lives—all of us living that year together. We said, whether to lovers or to the culture that still frowned on unruly women, "We are going to intrigue you—and gain the upper hand. Because we are iron and lace at once." □

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Damian LEWIS

Fresh off the second-season premiere of *Billions*, and opening this month in a London revival of Edward Albee's Tony Award-winning *The Goat, or Who Is Sylvia?*, the British actor talks forgetfulness, his smile, and Henry VIII

What is your idea of perfect happiness? Party, good friends, lots of dancing. What is your greatest fear? Losing my memory. Which historical figure do you most identify with? Henry VIII. Which living person do you most admire? Sohana Collins. A little girl I know who's extremely brave. What is the trait you most deplore in yourself? Forgetfulness. What is the trait you most deplore in others? Selfishness. People who block junctions in their car. What is your greatest extravagance? Ice-cream sundaes with extra cream. What is your favorite journey? The journey out of myself. What do



change one thing about yourself, what would it be? Laugh more. If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be? Nothing. The chaos is perfect. What do you consider your greatest achievement? My marriage. If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be? An orangutan. If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be? A person who could stretch time. What is your most treasured possession? My Swiss Army penknife. What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery? Homelessness. Where would you like to live? Where I am. What is your favorite occupa-

tion? Playing soccer. What is your most marked characteristic? Repeating myself. What is the quality you most like in a man? The ability to build things. What is the quality you most like in a woman? Warmth. What do you most value in your friends? Loyalty. Who are your favorite writers? Hemingway, Wodehouse, García Márquez, Bulgakov. Who is your favorite hero of fiction? Raskolnikov. Who are your heroes in real life? Good teachers. What are your favorite names? Helen, Manon, Gulliver. What is it that you most dislike? Grits. How would you like to die? Surrounded by those I love. What is your motto? "Have faith and leap."

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