

# SWEATER WEATHER SWAGGER TOWN & COUNTRY

OCTOBER 2022

**RACHEL  
BROSNAHAN**  
Mrs. Maisel's Last Laugh



**QUEEN Camilla**  
Confessions of the Crown



Let's All  
Just Move to  
**VERBIER**



The New  
**CREATIVE  
ARISTOCRACY**



**Kappa Kappa Ivy**  
How the College Search  
Went South



**Pardon Me**  
But Do You Have Enough  
Chunky Cashmere?



DIOR JACKET AND SKIRT;  
CHRISTOPHER JOHN ROGERS  
DRESS (\$3,995); WOLFORD  
TIGHTS (\$46); JIMMY CHOO  
BOOTS (\$1,395); VAN CLEEF  
& ARPELS RING AND WATCH;  
HAYEK STUDIO VOLCANIC  
STONE TABLE (FROM \$1,250)



# PILLAR of STYLE

“The key to dressing well, the key to style,” the editor Grace Mirabella once said, “is that you don’t have to reinvent yourself every day.” A modern Renaissance woman knows the secret is in mixing fashion’s standard bearers with its future legends.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAMS + HIRAKAWA STYLED BY MICHAELA DOSAMANTES  
FASHION & ACCESSORIES DIRECTOR DANIA LUCERO ORTIZ





**BOTTEGA VENETA** TANK TOP (\$500),  
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BELOW: **LOUIS VUITTON** JACKET  
AND T-SHIRT DRESS; **VAN CLEEF &**  
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**INTERIOR** DRESS (\$9,500); **WOLFORD** TIGHTS (\$46); **LARROUDE** FLATS (\$290); **BULGARI** SERPENTI HIGH JEWELRY NECKLACE. BELOW: **GIORGIO ARMANI** DRESS (OVER); **JUDY TURNER** DRESS (UNDER); **BAYCO** NECKLACE




## KENYA KINSKI JONES

If anyone knows what it means to bring a fresh perspective to a legacy, it's Kenya Kinski Jones. The 29-year-old Los Angeles-based model comes from show business royalty—her dad is the legendary music impresario Quincy Jones, her mom is the actress Nastassja Kinski—but she isn't shy about a desire to find success on her own terms.

Kinski Jones has made her name as a model, walking the runway for Chanel and Dolce & Gabbana and appearing in campaigns for Stella McCartney and Calvin Klein, but her dreams don't end at the foot of a catwalk. The aspiring writer, who earned a degree in English from Loyola Marymount University, recently published her first personal essay, and she plans for more to follow soon. "My goal," she says, "is to learn as much as I can about the craft." She's also an advocate for such causes as LEAD, which aims to empower the rising generation of world leaders, and for the climate-focused Project Zero, which works globally on projects to preserve oceans.

Glamour? Check. Advocacy? Check. Creativity? Yes, that too—and all done her own way. It seems that combining the classic with the contemporary isn't just how Kinski Jones is dressed for this article, it's how she's living her life. We can't wait to see what comes next. *Lauren K. Tappan*





**CHANEL** JACKET (\$6,700)  
AND VEST (\$4,550); **MARC**  
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**ASHLYN** BLAZER (\$3,290); **DOLCE & GABBANA** BRA (\$495); **WOLFORD** TIGHTS (\$46); **DANIELA VILLEGAS** NECKLACE (\$26,000). BELOW: **KWAIDAN EDITIONS** DRESS (\$2,124), TURTLENECK (\$814), AND PUMPS (\$885); **NIKOS KOULIS** EARRINGS (\$22,440); **BULGARI** SERPENTI HIGH JEWELRY BRACELET. FOR DETAILS SEE PAGE 137

*Hair by Makiko Nara for Oribe at Walter Schupfer Management. Makeup by Charlotte Prevel for Tom Ford Beauty at the Wall Group. Manicure by Lisa Jachno at Opus Beauty for Dior Vernis. Set design by Bette Adams at MHS Artists. Casting by Noir Production by ViewfindersLA*







## THE LAST LAUGH

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90] the same opportunity?” Brosnahan is a planner, though; she’s not content to sit back and hope that *Maisel* was enough to launch her on such a trajectory. And so, like Reese Witherspoon and Kerry Washington and Jessica Chastain and other actresses who have noticed that producing allows one to circumvent Hollywood’s often stale notions of womanhood, she has started her own company, Scrap Paper Pictures. (“I asked Rachel, ‘If I don’t get a job for a while after *Maisel*, can I work at your production company?’” Hinkle joked.) Through it she has already produced two podcasts, *The Miranda Obsession* and *Listening In*, the feature film *I’m Your Woman*, and two editions of the Amazon original special *Yearly Departed*.

After watching her on set, I meet up with Brosnahan in a nondescript dressing room, where she’s still in full hair and makeup but wearing a pink robe and eating a spinach salad and some kind of superfood truffles from Provenance, a meal delivery service. For some actors the idea of striving is an insult, but Brosnahan is wholly aware of how hard she tries. “I know it’s mostly used in a derogatory way, but I spent so many years wishing I could claim to be a theater kid,” she says. “I wanted to be in that crew and be a part of that, and I felt like the outsider,” she says. This self-awareness (achieved with the help of regular therapy and visits with an acting coach) means that she knows what she wants—and what she doesn’t. The past few years have been breakneck, and she’s looking forward to some post-*Maisel* time to let her mind wander. “I want to be curious again and absorb other artists’ work and go to the museum and travel and become a richer person again,” she says.

It’s a safe bet that she will not meander for long. She is eager, now, for the opportunity to show her range. “I feel like I’ve been told for a long time to pick a lane and stay in it.” Choosing her next parts, she says, is akin to stretching and reaching into corners she hasn’t been in before. It’s scary but enticing. “I’m utterly terrified and worried I’ll have an ulcer,” she says. But also, “I’m addicted to that feeling now.” **T&C**



## TRANSFER OF POWER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94] Six, museums had the Young British Artists, and there were New Waves among filmmakers in France, Mexico, and Romania. These transfers of creative capital seem rarer these days, however, not least because so many seem quite happy to leave the old guard in place.

Our president, the oldest ever, turns 80 next month (and Joe Biden is younger than both House speaker Nancy Pelosi and Senate minority leader Mitch McConnell); the year’s top-grossing film stars a 60-year-old Tom Cruise in a role he first played at 23; the song of the summer was by the now 64-year-old Kate Bush, made famous on a Netflix series that regurgitates ’80s pop culture for streaming attention spans.

Is it only that audiences have grown content with the current generation, or might younger ones be less willing, or able, to make a clean break? In 2014 the Museum of Modern Art presented a hotly debated painting exhibition called “The Forever Now,” which featured 17 contemporary artists who typified a new generation making...nothing new at all. Who wants to be the standard bearer for a generation of tribute acts, wearing Marilyn Monroe’s gown out again and puckering the seams?

Maybe it’s time we started thinking of generations less as levels of a family tree, less as this-one-begat-that-one. Influences can be messier and more indirect than Bloom’s anxious inheritance of the past, and generations can have queerer affiliations than direct patrimonial descent.

Now that all of human culture lies at the same distance from the search bar, perhaps old and young are all in it together. You are a composer with the entire history of music accessible on your smartphone. You are a painter in an age when artificial intelligence can generate any image with a simple user prompt. You are an actor when every great past performance can be downloaded as a reaction GIF. The kids today understand, better than their ancestors, that there is no clean line dividing them from what came before—that may be the mark of their age. **T&C**



## QUEEN CAMILLA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109] to a core of Diana loyalists—a core that, according to Tina Brown, author of *The Palace Papers*, includes Prince Harry but not Prince William. The “let her do the job” strategy has grown with Camilla’s mounting duties. Among her first was a tour of America with Charles in late 2005, which included a reception at the White House. President Bush remarked that he had never seen so many reporters on the south lawn. Junor recalls Camilla acknowledging the press: “She was no doubt finding it hard to believe that not so long ago she had been hiding under blankets in the back of cars.” Despite some sniping (the *New York Post* called her “Frump Tower”), the trip was seen as a triumphant debut. Charles reportedly told Brown, “Now everyone can see how wonderful she is.”

Even as Camilla’s next role looms closer, she appears to have lost none of her warmth or relatability. She began supporting victims of sexual violence after visiting rape crisis centers in 2009, and she is dedicated to several literacy charities. “She works flat out and has made her way into many areas that the royal family would previously have sidestepped,” Levin says. In Canada in 2017 Camilla dissolved into giggles during a performance by Inuit throat singers; Charles was apparently also stifling titters. While culturally insensitive, their response revealed the ease and joy the prince finds in Camilla’s company, even on the job. “They’re great when they’re together,” the former insider says. “She brings out a much happier and funnier side to him.” If the current queen’s blessing in February confirmed Camilla’s remarkable rise, the Platinum Jubilee in June gave a hint of what was to come. Unable to attend the National Service of Thanksgiving at St. Paul’s Cathedral, the queen sent Charles and Camilla in her stead. The duchess wore an ivory and gold embroidered coat dress with a matching hat. After being cheered by vast crowds outside, she and Charles processed toward the front row, where a pair of thrones waited for them. Taking a seat between her husband and Prince William, Camilla smiled, and so did Charles. **T&C**





## SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105] like so much fun.”

He applied and got in, but things were different as a student. He found himself rooming with “three kids from Alabama. They all went to high school together and were all in the same church group. They were super-nice guys, but it was just completely different.”

He also found that his political and social views, which had always been “more moderate than the average person in Cambridge,” were considered far left down south. “If we were ever talking about politics, I was the Democratic representative in those discussions.”

Arthur Troy had a more caustic reaction when he arrived from L.A. at SMU. He recalls the group chat for his fraternity, Sigma Phi Epsilon, as being “laced with extreme” comments. “It was meant to be comedy, but the extreme nature of it sometimes went too far. It was people posting conspiracy theories for fun and talking about Pizzagate and shit.”

Of course, culture shock works the other way around, too, and the image of Southerners who venture to the cold, bitter North for college only to be met by cultural snobbism and insulting assumptions about their identities is itself a stereotype. Mary Bray Erickson, who grew up in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and was the only person in her friend group to leave the South for college (she went to Cornell), recalls casually saying “Hey” to a guy in her freshman dorm while passing him in the hallway. “He stops in his tracks and goes, ‘Do I know you?’” Erickson says. “It felt like whiplash to me. In North Carolina you greet everyone as if you know them. You never say, ‘It’s nice to meet you.’ You say, ‘It’s nice to see you,’ because you may not be sure if you’ve met the person before.”

For some students who head south, the lack of diversity not just of opinion but of skin color is what sticks out most about their experience, particularly at private institutions that tend to attract a whiter, wealthier population. One recent graduate of SMU who is Asian-American (she did not wish to be identified) says she noticed this during her first week. “There was a retreat for incoming freshmen,” she says. “We all had flashlights and were

in a dark room, and you had to shine the light if you identified with the Hispanic community or African-American, etcetera. There were a disturbingly low number of lights shining. I’m talking, like, six in a room full of 1,000 people.” When people who identified as Asian were asked to turn on their flashlights, “It was basically me and my roommate.”

SMU’s Wes Waggoner, who runs the school’s enrollment, says that at SMU, which is 61 percent white, there is a top-down commitment “to make sure that this is an inclusive campus and that all students feel like they can succeed.” He points out that in 2020 the university appointed its first chief diversity officer and is raising \$450 million to offer more need- and merit-based scholarships to attract students who wouldn’t ordinarily be able to attend.

Not that discussions about gender or identity politics or diversity are absent at these schools, particularly those with greater concentrations of students from around the country, such as Elon University in North Carolina. Elon’s top states for incoming freshmen are North Carolina, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and New York.

Téa Valette, a Boston native who went to boarding school in New Hampshire, says that at Elon people do bring up race. “I was not as exposed [to conversations about race] as I would have been in Boston, but I went to the Raleigh women’s march for BLM,” she says. “There were a lot of posters around Halloween that said, ‘Our Culture’s Not Your Costume.’ It’s what you expose yourself to.”

For some conservative-leaning families, many Southern schools’ literal and figurative distance from what they describe as the “woke” wave in parts of the country has become a huge selling point. (Last year former *New York Times* op-ed columnist Bari Weiss seized this space when she announced she was founding a new, anti-cancel culture college, the University of Austin.) These families are looking to avoid environments where conservative speakers are shouted down and where an anti-fragility ideology prevails (to use the words of *The Coddling of the American Mind* authors Greg Lukianoff and Jonathan Haidt).

Some find the claim that families are avoiding hotbed campuses in favor of places where there’s a more equitable back and forth disingenuous. “When I hear people say, ‘I don’t want my child in an environment where they’ll be targeted for their beliefs’—no one wants anyone to be targeted for their beliefs,” says Marcia Chatelain, a professor of history and African-American Studies at

Georgetown University. “But what it often is masking is a great deal of anxiety that when traditional college students between 18 and 22, especially those from middle- and upper-class families, go to college, they will start to question the ideologies they grew up with—whether it’s about race, whether it’s about wealth, whether it’s about gender or sexuality. And so what has grown out of it is a cottage industry grievance culture of books and articles, and this ridiculous University of Austin experiment, in which people are legitimating a set of fears that, in reality, are never actually fully articulated.

“This idea that the very experience that is supposed to open up your perspective and your views on the world can now be tailored even more to contribute to your already held beliefs is really upsetting. And the fact that this can actually work shows you just how little progress has been made on and off a college campus.”

Politics may once again radically affect the reputations of schools in states like Texas, Florida, and Alabama, due to the overturning of *Roe v. Wade* by the Supreme Court. Christopher Rim, the college counselor working with the family at Dalton, says that after the ruling was announced he received a text message from the daughter who was planning to apply to SMU. She told him she no longer wanted to apply to any college in a state that had abortion restrictions.

Elena Hicks, SMU’s dean of admissions, says this kind of reaction is something she’s trying to correct. “When laws and/or policies change” in a state, the hope is that “you don’t feel like, I can never go to that state, or I can never go to that city. There are people of all views and walks of life that make up who we are in Dallas, and at SMU and in the state of Texas.”

When asked whether the *Roe v. Wade* ruling would affect her feelings about Auburn, Vincent says, “There were already pretty strict laws [in Alabama] before. It doesn’t change my opinion of the school at all.”

In the meantime, there are other things to focus on. Vincent’s friend from Colgate was coming down in late September for homecoming weekend, when “on Friday night there’s a parade throughout the whole town with the candidates for homecoming queen. I never had a homecoming queen in high school; it’s strange to be seeing that in college. There are these huge floats that the sororities make,” she says. “It’s so weird, but at the same time it’s so much fun. It’s like being a tourist in your own town.” T&C





## THE WILD MAN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121] at the time ruthlessly threw overboard his gallerist, Peter Tunney, and agent, Peter Riva. (“She will be my Jacqueline, the governess,” Beard declared, referring to Picasso’s second wife, Jacqueline Roque, who took control of the master’s “late Picasso” output.) After Beard died (at 82), one of the people Nejma phoned to discuss his art legacy was Michael Hoppen, the London gallerist who had played a significant part in making his name in the UK. “Museums did not seem to be interested in Peter’s work,” Hoppen says. “Of course, he *should* be in museums. But when he was alive Peter wasn’t interested—he didn’t regard that as confirmation of his talent.”

Then there are Beard’s diaries, bulging, voluptuous collections in which he chronicled his raucous life in the most lurid, vivacious form. Beard was offhand about the diaries, telling journalist Edward Behr, “I’ve never thought too much about it. It just accumulates, a little like dirt.” Yet *Village Voice* critic Owen Edwards, one of Beard’s most astute observers in the 1970s, described them as “a combination of adolescent daydreaming, fiendish detritus...frantic tangible psychotherapy, and visual novae.” They could stand “on future bookshelves next to Pepys, Kafka, and Woolf. Not as literature, but as the copious archaeology of a particular mind.”

Some have been displayed in international exhibitions, and 15 years ago Bernard Sabrier, a Swiss collector, offered the Peter Beard Studio \$1 million for a diary and was turned down. It is estimated that Nejma has 30, 40, maybe even 50 of them—nobody is quite sure—in a safe at Crozier Fine Arts Storage in New York. Hoppen also believes that the Beard photographic archive, likewise controlled by Nejma, is an untapped trove, with many valuable images to be unearthed, some never seen or printed before. How Nejma chooses to share it all will probably determine her errant husband’s artistic legacy. As yet she has not declared her intentions.

FROM WILD: THE LIFE OF PETER BEARD: PHOTOGRAPHER, ADVENTURER, LOVER BY GRAHAM BOYNTON. © 2022 BY THE AUTHOR AND REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF ST. MARTIN’S PRESS



## HOW TO INHERIT A HOUSE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133] been Fax Manager.”

The brothers have an easy rapport. Liam (who enjoys afternoons in Ballyfin’s library, with its 4,000 books and dueling fireplaces) is outgoing and warm, a natural fundraiser. Jay (who prefers cocktails in the aptly named Gold Room) has more of a dry sense of humor. Both studied at Taft, then Dartmouth, and both earned MBAs from Northwestern’s Kellogg School of Management, but they have distinct interests. Liam founded the nonprofit A Better Chicago, which focuses on equitable education for low income children. (Fred was the organization’s first seed donor.)

Jay, meanwhile, is a proud conservative and co-chair and CEO of Hindman Auctions, a fine art house based in Chicago. He spent a portion of the pandemic with his wife and children in Palm Beach, though he insists he is part of the Volkswagen contingent, not the new Maserati crowd. (He also tells me about a recent trip to Lake Como with his Italian-born wife during which he and his mother-in-law were chased to their boat by a restaurant manager. It seems each had assumed the other had taken care of the bill.)

Fred certainly taught his boys to enjoy the finer things in life, but the man also put a premium on hospitality, wanting everyone to feel at home. On one visit to New York, Liam mistakenly persuaded his father to stay downtown (gulp) at the hip Mercer Hotel. The brothers had to hear about it for the next 20 years. Jay recalls Dad complaining that he’d apparently “looked so out of place in his coat and tie that one of the staff came up to him and said, ‘Sir, maybe you’d be more comfortable in your room.’”

Whether it really happened that way or not we’ll never know. “Every Dad story was maybe a little bit embellished,” Jay says with a smile. Though their father enjoyed arranging parties, he would often sneak away early in the evening, leaving Kay to hold court. “Dad would tell people he had to call Japan,” Liam says, “because it was morning in Japan. But it was a lie. He’d just go to bed. It was important to him to make sure the party continued.” Which, in a way, is what his sons are doing now. T&C

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Town & Country (ISSN 0040-9952) [incorporating Connoisseur] is published monthly, except with combined issues for Philanthropy and December/January and when future combined issues are published that count as two issues as indicated on the issue’s cover, by Hearst, 300 W. 57th Street, New York, NY 10019 U.S.A. Steven R. Swartz, President and Chief Executive Officer; William R. Hearst III, Chairman; Frank A. Bennack Jr., Executive Vice Chairman; Catherine A. Boston, Secretary. Hearst Magazine Media Inc.: Debi Chirichella, President; Regina Buckley, Chief Financial and Strategy Officer & Treasurer; Kate Lewis, Chief Content Officer. © 2022 by Hearst Magazine Media Inc. All rights reserved. Town & Country and Connoisseur are registered trademarks of Hearst Communications Inc. Periodicals postage paid at NY, NY, and additional entry post offices. Canada Post International Publications mail product (Canadian distribution) sales agreement No. 40012499. Editorial and Advertising Offices: 300 W. 57th Street, New York, NY 10019-3797. Subscription prices: United States and possessions: \$30 for one year. Canada and all other countries: Add \$24 for each year. Subscription services: Town & Country will, upon receipt of a complete subscription order, undertake fulfillment of that order so as to provide the first copy for delivery by the Postal Service or alternate carrier within 4-6 weeks. For customer service, changes of address, and subscription orders, log on to service.townandcountrymag.com or write to Customer Service Department, Town & Country, P.O. Box 6000, Harlan, IA 51593. From time to time, we make our subscriber list available to companies who sell goods and services by mail that we believe would interest our readers. If you would rather not receive such offers via postal mail, please send your current mailing label or exact copy to Mail Preference Service, P.O. Box 6000, Harlan, IA 51593. You can also visit preferences.hearstmags.com to manage your preferences and opt out of receiving marketing offers by email. Town & Country is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art. None will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Canada BN NBR 10231 0943 RT. POSTMASTER: Send all UAA to CFS (see DMM 707.4.12.5). NON-POSTAL AND MILITARY FACILITIES: Send address corrections to Town & Country, P.O. Box 6000, Harlan, IA 51593. Printed in the U.S.A.

VOL. 176 NUMBER 5485 OCTOBER 2022  
ESTABLISHED 1846 INCORPORATING CONNOISSEUR