

THE EARL OF
ALBEMARLE

*These brilliant Brits are
the talk of the town.
They're the glittering
few who have truly
made it in Manhattan,
says Jeffrey Podolsky*

THE
TOP
50
BRITS
IN
NEW
YORK

UK

PLUM AND
LUCY SYKES

NY

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY ROXANNE LOWIT



ot Brits in New York aren't walking society clichés. The top 50 creative whizzes have beaten the locals – gritty workaholics and speed-dial schmoozers who rise at dawn and are in bed by midnight – on their own turf, and are now enjoying the best years of their lives. A stint in the Big Apple is a career booster that's worth its weight in dollars.

Manhattan embraces them, whatever their family's colourful past (Ghislaine Maxwell) or social class (proud Eastender turned bistro bigwig Keith McNally). And, just when New Yorkers thought the English tsunami couldn't go on, it keeps perpetuating itself like the imperialism of old: Rufus and Sally, the Earl and Countess of Albemarle, have become the most sought-after young society duo; Jonathan Burnham of Talk Books is a publishing phenomenon; and comeback-kid Tina Brown just won't go away.

Thanks to the stunning success of our Brits in New York, life in the colonies has never been better. They dominate Manhattan's intertwined worlds of media, fashion and art (just choose one and you're on your way), but more importantly they reign over the social scene. A blanket introduction by Euan Rellie and Lucy Sykes will fast-track you to the best cocktail parties, shop openings and tables to be seen at. They might even be able to swing you a membership key to the hottest nightclub in the city, Bungalow 8.

So will these 50 Brits ever move back to England? Not in a New York minute.

The Earl of Albemarle, product designer Robust Rufus, who regales wide-eyed Fifth Avenue hostesses with how his roots are more English than the royals, and his wife Sally, sculptress and Tom Ford poster girl who just gave birth to Rufus's latest product, Augustus, are society's most sought-after expat couple. Nothing beats their casual drinks parties – cramped but, hey, who minds being wedged between Count Manfredi della Gherardesca and Prince Pierre D'Arenberg?

Julie Andrews, Hamptons benefactor The Hamptons are alive with the sound of... culture, thanks to Andrews who lives the quiet life in Sagaponack, where she actively supports Sag Harbor's Bay Street Theater. The theatre was founded and is run by Sybil Burton (the late Richard's ex) and Andrews's daughter Emma, whose father Tony Walton is one of Broadway's greatest set designers, having won countless Tonys and Oscars for such films as *All That Jazz*.

Abigail Asher, art consultant Abs, never without her stuffed black Birkin, lunches at the new uptown panini stop, Via Quadronno, where she is on her mobile with her elite clientele while huddling over Robert Kime fabrics with her interior designer Milly de Cabrol for her vast new West Village townhouse. Mum's the word on just who she represents (rumoured to be Tom Cruise, Warren Beatty and Nicole Kidman), but do ask about her latest acquisition, baby Charlie.



Glenda Bailey, editor-in-chief, *Harper's Bazaar* Derbyshire's gutsy Glenda is working her magic on *Harper's Bazaar*, now visually sophisticated and easy to read. Bailey has created her own mystique, albeit a *Bazaar* fashion first: an unpretentious persona who loves to boogie to The Clash at her own staff party – and rock the fashion kasbah.

Mark Baker, co-owner of Lotus There's no better place to nab a rich Euro than on Wednesdays at Meatpacking District mainstay Lotus, a celebrity haunt with its lounge, dining room and A-list DJs. Baker, who sleeps by day, doesn't hang with the Young Brit Pack by night, but still has the guest list in the palm of his hand and he'll pilot them to his new exclusive lounge opening this autumn across the street.

John Barrett, celebrity coiffeur Gentlemen prefer blondes, but blondes prefer the king of highlights who for 10 years has been flying high, perched in his penthouse eyrie at the top of Bergdorf Goodman where he tosses, teases and twirls the trendy tresses of Park Avenue pretties and celebs such as Sophie Dahl and Kim Cattrall. Book months in advance. If desperate, name-drop one of our fashionable guests.

Serena Bass, restaurateur Voluptuous, vivacious first wife of Anna Wintour's ex, David Shaffer, Serena's the quirky queen of her eponymous restaurant in the cellar of the Chelsea Hotel. Cave dwellers like Gwen Stefani and Liv Tyler flock to her flamboyant parties. The platinum blonde has also built a thriving catering biz that draws her fashion fans.

Hamish Bowles, Edwardian European editor-at-large, *Vogue* Peripatetic workaholic – best dressed in his vintage Bunny Rogers wardrobe bought at auction – with entrée to houses with the best interiors and women with the best exteriors. He bowled them over with his Met retrospective of Jackie O, Hamish could curate his own museum-quality collection of 20th-century frocks and handbags.

Chris Brooks, artist 'Looks' Brooks may be balding a bit, but he's never looked better. Perennially unshaven, he still won't wear a tie except when he swaps his old trainers for black-tie to party uptown with second wife, newly pregnant Tuleh creative director Amanda. Enjoying baby Carmen in new Lower East Side loft, Mr Mom produces abstract pieces that David Bowie, among others, collects. But his Christmas card last year

STING AND GLENDA BAILEY



*Glenda Bailey loves
to boogie to the
Clash at her own
staff party, and rocks
the fashion kasbah*

was anything but abstract: a stud and two babes in a tub covered in bubbles.

Miranda Brooks, landscape architect

There isn't a lad who wouldn't hire the blooming Brooks just to watch her hoe his land. She is the choice of the Shore Club in Miami and Rothschilds from Jacob to Jessica, not for her chic physique but for her groovy green thumb. When this Galliano-wrapped yogina hits the dancefloor, men fall to their knees in a sun salutation.

Cecily Brown, artist

The de Kooning-esque, self-assured artist daughter of late art critic David Sylvester shows at the Gagosian Gallery where her girlie

fantasy sex-trip pieces fetch up to \$120,000. Tough, grungy gal with an Eighties disco look, who's as personally provocative as her art.

Gavin Brown, gallery owner The razor-phobic husband of designer Lucy Barnes likes to appear down-and-out, dressed in jeans he's worn for weeks. But his Chelsea space is thriving, thanks to an astute eye for emerging talent (Elizabeth Peyton and Chris Ofili, Giuliani's dung nemesis) and to its groovy bar Passerby, an avant-garde haunt for tomorrow's art and fashion hopefuls.

Tina Brown and Harry

Evans, power couple Terrifying but tenacious. The penknives were out for Tina

when her over-hyped *Talk* folded last year after losing an estimated \$55 million. But people still listen: her column for *The Times* generates big buzz in New York, and her TV talk show, *Topic A with Tina Brown*, will be no different. When she and Harry hold court at their Upper East Side flat, the rich and mighty, from Bill Clinton to Barry Diller, come calling.

Christopher Burge,

honorary chairman, Christie's It is a marvel to watch this slightly dishevelled maestro wield the gavel. Now living the life of a country squire, he remains the undisputed ace auctioneer who allegedly enjoys a sip of Scotch before he ascends the rostrum.

His 007 sophistication has well-heeled crowds begging to be paddled.

Jonathan Burnham, president and editor-in-chief, Miramax Books

Lives in TriBeCa with journalist Joe Dolce and has published bestsellers such as Rudy Giuliani's *Leadership*, *Ice Bound*, and children's sensation *Artemis Fowl*. He pays big bucks to authors such as Martin Amis and is undoubtedly gifted: working for movie megalomaniac Harvey Weinstein takes talent.

Grace Coddington, creative director, *Vogue* Fashionistas the world over said Grace last year when the former Sixties model and ex-wife of Michael Chow published *Grace: Thirty Years of Fashion at Vogue*. But the world's most famous stylist prefers her uniform of black sneakers, black Helmut Lang trousers and black Prada pullovers (she owns hundreds of both) and holing up in East Hampton with her cats and hairstylist Didier Malige.

Heather Cohane, ageless wonder Adorable, scrappy founder of Manhattan's first society mag *Quest*, you'll find her party-hopping night after night with her trusty camera. But get the real inside poop when she is walking her beloved terriers every morning in Central Park. (While being loaded into an ambulance after an SUV hit

her recently, her chief concern was for her three Yorkies.) Daughter Ondine, an editor at *CN Traveler*, carries on the family tradition.

Joan Collins, aka Mrs Percy Gibson Venerable vixen, with husband number five in tow, docked last autumn for a short stint as a soap star and to launch her much-hyped novel, *Star Quality*. The social seas parted for a taste of Old Hollywood Glamour so she decided to stay, scouring pricey antique shops in her Fendi fur with decorator Greg Jordan for her new midtown high-rise apartment.

Jessica Craig-Martin, photographer Michael Craig-Martin's fiercely independent daughter needs no mentoring: we're smitten with her raw sexuality (toned arms, tattooed back), individual style (thrifty jumpsuits to funky designer duds), and conceptual, subversive photos of socialites which caught the eye of advertisers like Piaget. There was no finer gig than her artful birthday bash at a downtown dive with Cecily Brown, curator/socialite Yvonne Force and painter John Currin with wife Rachel Feinstein.

Alan Cumming, party pixie Life is a cabaret for the Pee Wee Herman lookalike who adores parties so much he could MC them... so he did just that. Last year, *the* resident Scottish stage star *wilkommened* a coterie of friends, designers and directors for Art Party, a non-profit production of Jean Genet's one-act *Elle* — by far the most creative party of the year.

Sophie Dahl, model

Dahling bon vivant who lets it all hang out and doesn't give a damn. Known for her approachable, good-natured esprit, she could teach anger-management to Naomi Campbell. Rents modest digs in the West Village townhouse of David Shaffer. Everyone loves her, even wicked gossip hounds, despite their obsessing over her ancient affair with that older rocker.

FIRST RESERVES

Josh Briggs, co-owner Briggs Robinson gallery
Sarah Giles, Jill-of-all-trades
Consul-General Sir Thomas and Lady Harris, diplomat
Craig McDean, fashion photographer
Jane Mayle, boho designer/shop owner
Miranda Morrison, half of Sigerson Morrison, shoe/handbag designer
Ed Needham, managing editor, *Rolling Stone*
The Hon Justin Portman, artist
Edwina Sandys, artist; Churchill's granddaughter
Vicky Ward, writer on *Vanity Fair*

Clarissa Dalrymple,
art oracle

No youngster, but far cooler than any Chelsea trendoid. Still extremely sexy (Clarissa appeared in close friend Darryl K's autumn fashion show) and in the living bark of contemporary culture, discovering talents such as Guggenheim artist Matthew Barney. A hero to up-and-coming greats, she is the aunt of Ralph Fiennes and friendly with folks like Anne Bass to boot.

Simon Doonan, creative director, Barneys
Deliriously funny, far-out window-dresser who attributes his youthful looks to a daily splash of Weleda Iris Face Oil. Ardent AIDS crusader from Reading whose meteorological mannequins forecast what women wear (his Christmas gargoyles include Baroness Thatcher as a dowdy dominatrix). All listen to what Simon Says in *The New York Observer*.

Violet Fraser, artful muse
She arrived here a shrinking violet but has since blossomed into an artsy, provocative inspiration for Ungaro, popping between here and Paris. Still curious? Sensual, suggestive photos of her are among the works of art in former beau Oberto Gigli's stunning new book of photographs, *Luxury of Space*, in the autumn.

John Frieda, hair mogul
The ever-boyish Frieda hasn't changed much since he started washing the locks of Mayfair maidens at Leonard's in the Seventies. No longer just a looker who's good with a towel, thanks to his Frizz-Ease empire he's worth about \$450 million and owns super-stylish homes in New York City, Connecticut and LA. Oh, and a chic hair salon on Madison Avenue.

Mosh Gordon Cumming, psychiatrist
Super-thin, super-smart, super-private, this incredible shrinking shrink is building a formidable Manhattan practice. Brilliant painter and former photographic assistant, and married to Don Statham, one of the most sought-after garden designers in New York.

Sebastian Guinness,
part-time explorer

Sweet Sebastian married Mellon banking heiress and hip jewellery designer Peggy Stephaich whose chic cufflinks, gold replicas of Sebastian's teeth (now *that's* amore!), also make for excellent name-dropping. If you simply must see him, they live the boho life downtown; but when in Spain pretend you're lost and knock on the door of their castle in Cadaques (but take your Y-3s as you'll have to scale a mountain first).

The Hon Anthony Haden-Guest, journalist
Half-brother of actor Lord (Christopher) Haden-Guest, Anthony, with his full Windsor-knotted ties, is one of Manhattan's great society scribes and Tom Wolfe's role model in *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. The Seventies are back and so is Anthony.

Ian Irving, Sotheby's silver expert
Rich Americans turn to Irving to ensure their dining-room tables are properly laid. In the US, Irving, who survived a near-fatal Hamptons car crash recently, has a passion for watching American football and, in the UK, for breeding racing greyhounds. He and his chic Venezuelan wife, Carolina, have impeccable international relations.

Mick Jones, of rock band Foreigner, and wife
Ann Dexter-Jones

Mick and Ann, who is never without her glitter eyeshadow, are such a good time that it always feels like the first time. Famous for the dos at their sprawling Central Park West apartment, where you could get down with Goldie Hawn, Michael Douglas and Donna Karan, they now opt for



intimate Sunday luncheons at their huge new Rutherford Place townhouse in the East 30s. To the envy of many, they're unconventional good parents, too: successful brood includes hot DJ Mark Ronson.

Paul Kasmin, gallery owner
Diminutive Paul, with his big black specs, exhibits artists like Frank Stella whom his father, Sixties dealer Kasmin, trumpeted 40 years ago. A must first-stop for Brits off the boat: come for cocktails in honour of Hugo Guinness's beautiful wife, painter Elliott Puckett, or beg an introduction to clients the Hons Nat Rothschild and Lucas White. Better yet: supper at Kasmin's art-filled townhouse.

Royston Langdon, Middle-earth rocker
The ex-Spacehog with the glam voice is something of a dwarf beside his fiancée, towering Liv Tyler, a stalwart Stella McCartney mannequin. But he's been testing out new rock tunes at downtown clubs for his forthcoming solo effort which may well bury his current moniker of being the elf princess's fiancé.

Ivana Lowell, Guinness heiress
She moves in mysterious ways, this elusive, droll daughter of Caroline Blackwood and screenwriter Ivan Moffat (*Giant*), granddaughter of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. Lowell – with her

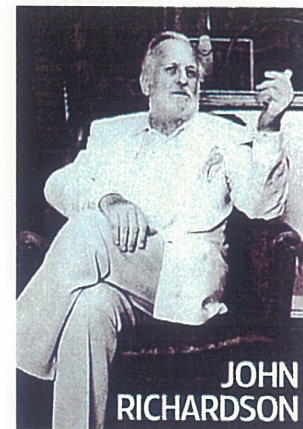
puckered lips and huge brown eyes – is now settled in a sumptuous uptown apartment with daughter Daisy (Mercedes Bass is her godmother), prompting suitors to scream: 'I-vana be next!' Pop by for a poolside Pimm's at her summer place which boasts the best English garden in the Hamptons.

Keith McNally, restaurant impresario
High-rolling egalitarian Eastender in Manhattan's restaurant roulette. Brother Brian bides his time after ruling the Eighties, but you'll often find Keith, who doesn't suffer snobs, dressed in rumpled khakis and shirt, seated alone at a front table at Brit haven Pastis, while the rest of his bistro kingdom (Balthazar, Lucky Strike) – flourishes also. Precious few have dined at Keith's historic West Village townhouse where you first enter, of course, the kitchen.

Christopher Mason, author
Bow-tied piano man who used to sing for his supper, composing witty ditties for socialite soirées. Mason wrote for *The New York Times*, only to see friends and fashionistas snub him for his biography (controversial but unpublished) of Gianni Versace. The Samuel Pepys of society gossip, his tome on the fall of Sotheby's, *When the Gavel Falls*, could yield a Lazarus-like resurrection.

Ghislaine Maxwell, investor extraordinaire
Outrageously fun confidante who is welcomed in the best homes – that is, when she's not glued to the stock market on her tri-screen computer in her new Upper East Side townhouse, complete with putting green in the hallway. And who can forget the time she flew her own chopper to Marina Rust's wedding in Maine?

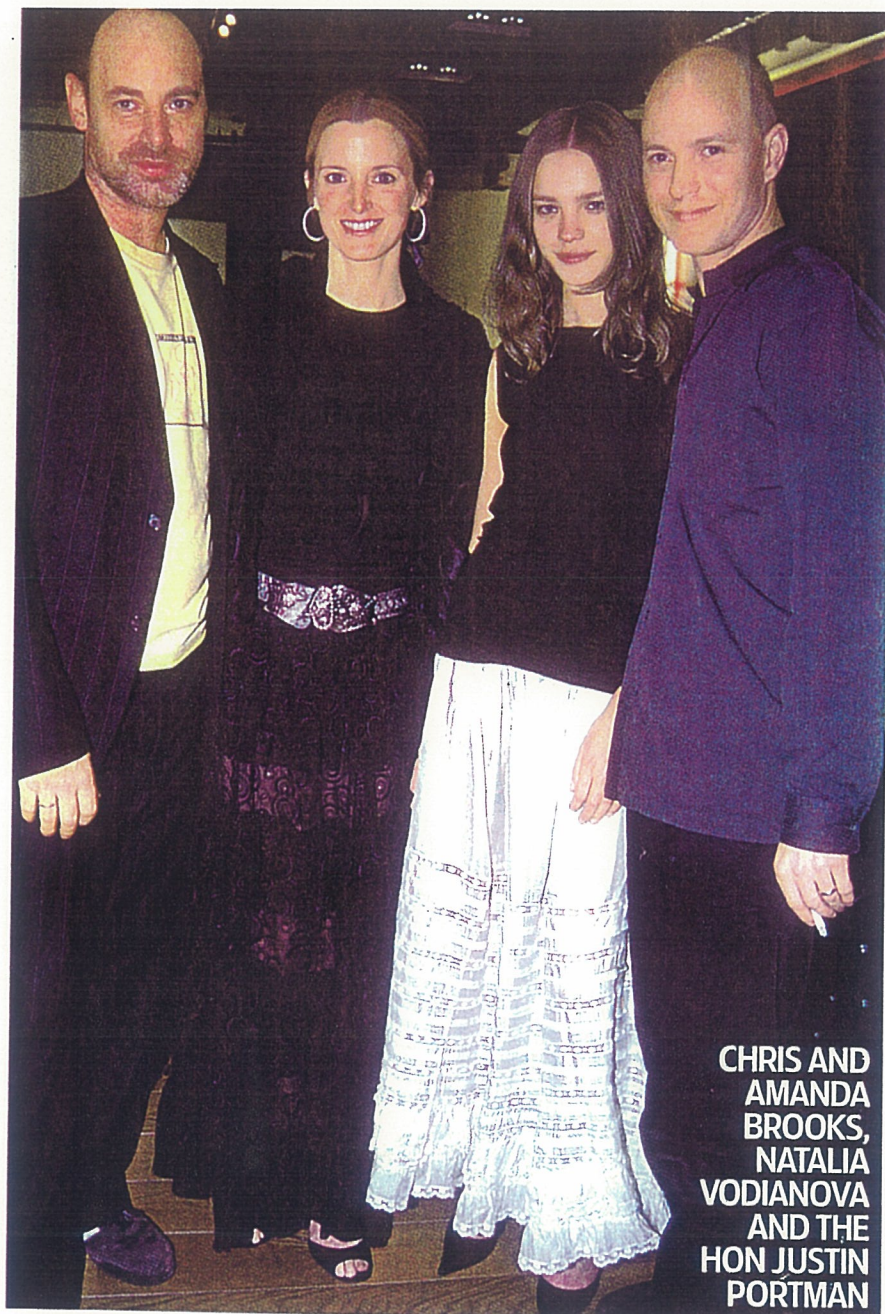
Peter Myers, owner of Myers of Keswick
You want to be on a first-name basis with Myers, whose market is a Greenwich Village English delicacy featuring home-made Cumberland sausages (the recipe is from Grandpa's butcher's shop),



pork pies and you-name-it: Shreddies, Ribena and Spotted Dick (translation required if accompanied by a New Yorker).

Sasha Newley, painter
Portrait painting is hip again and so is this son of Anthony Newley and Joan Collins (a doppelganger of Dad, dressed in blue velvet jacket and jeans), whose subjects include Sir Nigel Hawthorne, Gore Vidal and Oliver Stone. Just hitched to jewellery designer Angela (he bid farewell to former flames Diandra Douglas, Michael's ex, and model/artist Anh Duong), these are two Newleyweds to watch. Their wedding party on a boat cruising round Manhattan was literally rockin' and rollin' – everyone, except Joan, was either merrily sloshed... or seasick.

Nikki Perry, co-owner of Tea and Sympathy
Over-popular dit stoop for



**CHRIS AND
AMANDA
BROOKS,
NATALIA
VODIANOVA
AND THE
HON JUSTIN
PORTMAN**

homesick expats where regulars like David Bowie, Rupert Everett and Karen Elson chow down on bangers and mash or stop by its sweet shop whose goodies include butterscotch and barley sugar, and newsstand treats like Crunchies and Smarties. Try not to step on Rosie, the resident English bulldog.

Keith Richards, suburban somebody Rather than trading riffs with royals in Mustique, Keith kicks back in picturesque Connecticut with Patti and their two stunning teenage daughters, Alexandra and Theodora who, like Dad these days, act their age even when staying at the family's Fifth Avenue pied-à-terre.

Who needs a knighthood when you have familial bliss?

John Richardson, sacred art historian The world's foremost authority on Picasso, whom Richardson befriended through his former lover Douglas Cooper, is busily completing his final volume on Picasso in his Lower Fifth Avenue loft where an invitation for tea is as exclusive as cocktails at Chrissie Gibbs's place... in Tangier. With his basso profundo voice and penetrating blue eyes, the erudite dean of dinner companions for Mercedes Bass and Mark Hampton's widow, Duane, does not suffer philistines gladly.

Natasha Richardson and Liam Neeson, theatrical couple

This well-endowed pair – her genes, his jeans – are the expat Lunt and Fontaine of Broadway: Natasha recently starred in *Cabaret*, while Liam was burning hot in Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*. Otherwise, they're like any other New Yorkers: playing with their two little sons in Central Park, retreating to their country home in upstate New York, and trying not to get nabbed for lighting up in Manhattan's smoke-free bars and restaurants.

The Hon Nat Rothschild, investor

What expat babe doesn't want to land Rothschild, the

richest, most sought-after British bachelor in town? Let alone be invited over to his new, radically designed David Chipperfield TriBeCa townhouse, or maybe to jet to Miami on the family plane for a spin on his Chipperfield Magnum speedboat? But this gentleman prefers bombshells and his trusted inner circle of friends, like Chris Brooks and the Hon Lucas White, to cocktail party patter.

Simon Schama, telegenic cultural historian Leather-jacketed Voice of Britain after culture-starved viewers feasted on the televised version of his *A History of Britain*, thanks in no small part to his succinct, tart narrative. Award-winning *New Yorker* critic and essayist, bestselling author and prestigious Columbia University prof, he's the next Alistair Cooke.

Sir Howard Stringer, chairman and CEO, Sony Corporation of America Witty Welshman who took long-suffering Sony to the top of the Hollywood heap with mega-hits such as *Spiderman* and mighty kids' fare like PlayStation 2. He's the most powerful Brit in town and an endlessly amusing raconteur (a rare virtue for a veteran Tinseltown exec). Now that's entertainment!

Plum and Alice Sykes, writer and Lulu Guinness PR Lucy's kickboxing twin scored a knockout over her former guy, a certain downtown artist who makes a guest appearance in her *Bergdorf Blondes*, a loosely autobiographical novel of an expat Englishwoman named Moi who navigates Manhattan's fashion and social scene – all of which Plum (swathed in pal Alexander McQueen) has plumbed well enough to have received a \$650,000 advance from Jonathan Burnham. Alice is the steady, sporty Sykes who looks even more like Lucy than Plum, and prefers to spend her weekends zooming down the slopes of Telluride with habitués like Hollywood homonyms Tom Cruise and Penélope Cruz, rather than relentlessly

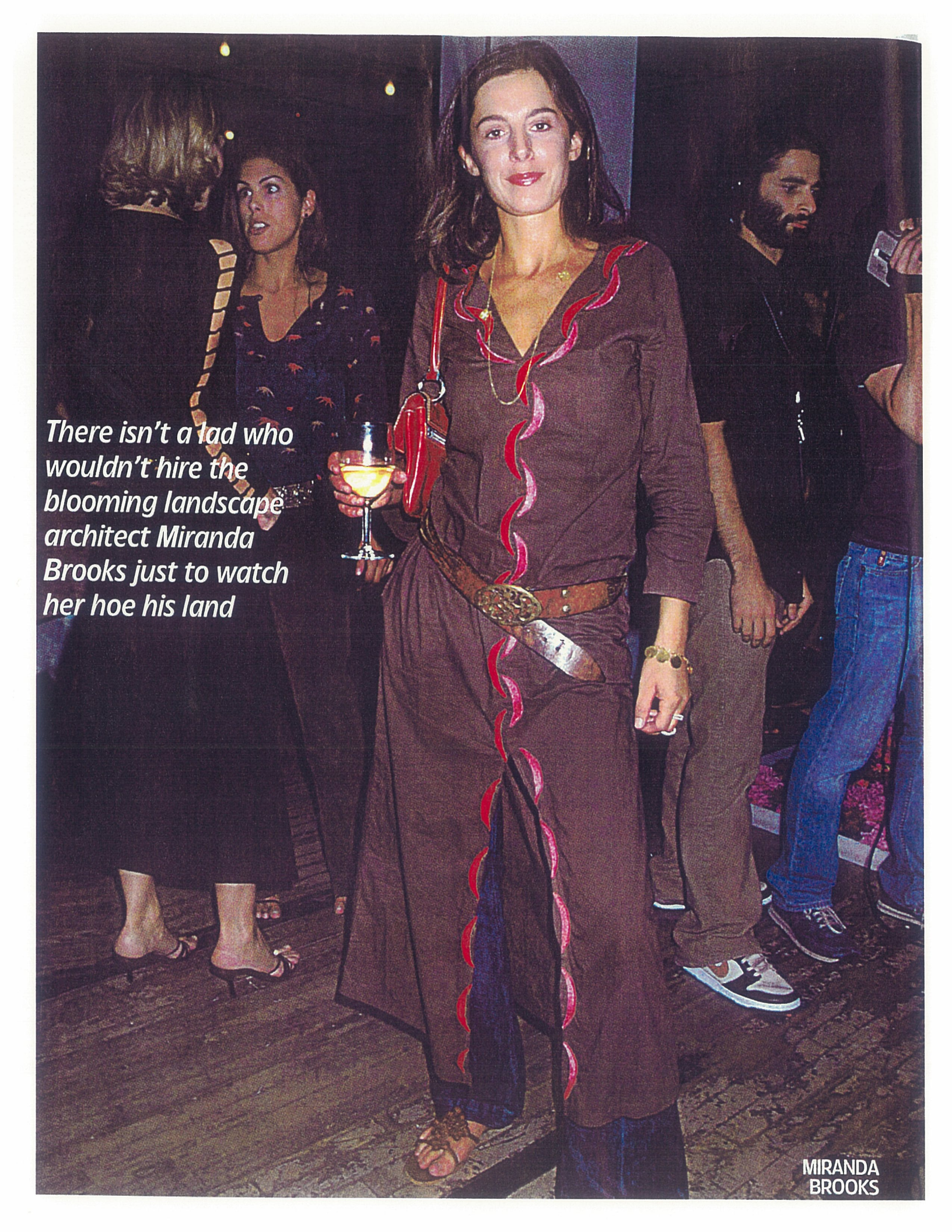
scaling the social ladder. A hot catch – read about her love life in flatmate expat Bridget Harrison's weekly *New York Post* column.

Lucy Sykes-Rellie and Euan Rellie, power couple-to-be Loquacious Lucy and Euan (who writes emails as fast as he talks) are so in love they're like a Shakespearean couplet – only they're far more fun, bard none. It gets verse: their London wedding party at Brooks's was the transatlantic social summit of the year. Who else but Lucy, fashion director of *Marie Claire*, could prance around pregnant in her stratospheric stilettos? Charmingly boyish Euan, an investment banker, knows how to work his extensive address book.

Stella Tennant, aristo model This Burberry babe is related to the Duke of Devonshire but you won't find Stella and her fella, photographer David Lasnet, out on the town; the charming mother of two is either kicking back in her West Village pad or strutting the catwalks for every designer imaginable. No wonder she was once crowned VH1 Vogue Model of the Year.

James Truman, editorial director, Condé Nast Publications Man of mystery with a purported taste for Buddhism and black Porsches. He may not be lucky in love (he split from brainy socialite Samantha Boardman), but after his success with *Lucky*, the hit fashion magalog, and the rebirth of *House & Garden*, he remains rooted as *consigliere* to Condé Nast capo Si Newhouse.

Anna Wintour, editor-in-chief, *Vogue* Others come and go, but no journalista wields more couture clout than the Untouchable. Her intergalactic romance with Shelby Bryan – a proud Texan hunk who once wore cowboy boots with his dinner jacket – has resulted in a new, head-over-stilettos in love Anna (why else spend Christmas in Texas?). If she invites you to a benefit, you have, at last, arrived. □



*There isn't a lad who
wouldn't hire the
blooming landscape
architect Miranda
Brooks just to watch
her hoe his land*

MIRANDA
BROOKS

A full-page photograph of Keith Richards. He is wearing a dark, shiny leather bomber jacket over a leopard-print shirt. He has dark sunglasses and a small hoop earring. A parrot with a yellow beak and colorful feathers is perched on his chest. He is holding a cigarette in his right hand. The background is dark and out of focus, with some wooden paneling visible on the right. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

*Keith kicks back
at their Fifth Avenue
pied-à-terre with
Patti and their two
stunning teenage
daughters. Who needs
a knighthood when
you have familial bliss?*

KEITH
RICHARDS



CECILY BROWN AND
CLARISSA DALRYMPLE

*You'll find Stella
either hanging
out in her West
Village pad
or strutting the
catwalks for
every designer
imaginable*



STELLA TENNANT

KIKI McDONOUGH



WWW.KIKI.CO.UK

77C WALTON STREET LONDON SW3 2HT

T: 020 7581 1777 F: 020 7584 7641

E-MAIL: KMCD@BTINTERNET.COM

contributors

VASSI CHAMBERLAIN

Features director Vassi Chamberlain interviewed Duran Duran keyboard player Nick Rhodes for this issue. 'You can ask him 5,000 questions and never get a straight answer, so I asked his friends to spill the beans instead, which they did.' She thinks it's high time Nick got hitched again. 'He's such a catch, what a waste.' Vassi, though, is already taken and in the process of replacing her engagement ring, lost in Lac de Ste Croix, when she was applying sunblock.

JEFFREY PODOLSKY

Our New York editor, Jeffrey Podolsky, found choosing the 50 most powerful Brits in New York daunting. 'Their influence is mind-boggling,' says Podolsky, who is on a first-name basis with most of our 50, and a good many more. He now fears that he'll feel the wrath of those who didn't make the cut. Luckily he's got Teddy: he's writing a book on how this puppy saved his life. 'Thank God, his love is unconditional.'



LORD LICHFIELD

For this issue, Lord Lichfield has created a self-portrait to coincide with his retrospective show at the National Portrait Gallery. The snappy dresser is shot in profile, dressed entirely in white: his shoes were a present from the captain of HMS *Britannia*. 'It's very difficult to find white shoes in size seven, so he gave me these.' Our stylist, Dean Rhys-Morgan, describes him as 'incredibly trim, with a 30-inch waist - he is an absolute dream to work with, very relaxed, and effortlessly charming'.

MANUEL VASON

Picture perfect Manuel Vason shot Sam Buxton and Skin for this issue. 'I was aiming for the feeling of a painting rather than a photograph,' he says. He loved both shoots. 'They were an interactive game - we played with Sam and Skin's ideas of themselves.' Manuel enjoys attending shows in his free time. 'I make sure that every evening of the week I have a performance of some kind to attend: they feed me with different ways of viewing.'