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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

LEFT: Christy Turlington photographed for *Vogue* in 1990 by Ellen von Unwerth.
BELOW: A bathroom at the new Fouquet's hotel in New York.

There is nothing more centering—or coveted, in our overstimulated lives—than a moment of mind-calming silence. How gratifying, then, that hotels are paying increased attention to the simple tub. At the refurbished Hotel Chelsea in Manhattan, rooms are fitted with chubby six-foot Waterworks models—the better to read in, says hotelier Sean MacPherson, who takes his novels to the tub. The new Ritz-Carlton NoMad in New York has introduced streamlined Claybrook models, positioned with views of the skyline and equipped with bath salts from Gilchrist & Soames. At the new Canoe Place Inn & Cottages in Long Island's Hampton Bays, Brooklyn-based design team Workstead installed homey Maykke cast-iron claw-foot vessels. A tub cut from a single slab of marble sits beneath a Moroccan lantern at the Omni Scottsdale Resort & Spa at Montelucia, while Seattle's Hotel 1000 has designed a menu of bathing options ranging from CBD bath bombs to tubside caviar, delivered by a personal bath butler. Marie Antoinette would approve.

At Fouquet's, which I visited on a dark December day, the hotel's signature (secret) scent enveloped me as soon as I stepped inside the lobby. But the real bone-thawing took place upstairs, where the bath was deep, the water piping, and dark chocolate had been provided for aquatic snacking. I felt my limbs grow lighter as the soapy surface rose to my earlobes—a soporific success, some inner coil of tension had loosened 10 degrees even after I ventured back onto the concrete streets. During a quick trip down to Washington, DC—no kids!—I stayed at the Rosewood in Georgetown, where general manager Timothy Edgecombe showed me the hotel's varied options, among them a Victoria + Albert asymmetric model that looks a bit, he admitted, like the Hussein Chalayan-designed “egg” Lady Gaga emerged from during the 2011 Grammys, and a circular black marble number surrounded by mirrored walls—a little bit *Scarface*, a little bit lavish. My own accommodations included a lovely pewter basin where I fended off the tripledemic with sinus-clearing salts. With not a plastic bath toy in sight, it was a solace and a salve.—CHLOE SCHAMA

Soak It Up

Hotels are telling us to slow down and take to the tub.

I have a colleague who travels the world to report on hotels and parties. Her Instagram is a pastiche of how the other half lives—and by the other half I mean those without kids. But the post of hers that really made my heart race had little to do with far-flung social engagements or uninterrupted adult conversation: It showed her reclining in a tub, lauding the elegant setup at the new Fouquet's hotel in New York. A bathing experience minus the squeak of rubber duckies—a truly tantalizing prospect.

In the immortal words of comedian Ali Wong, I no longer want to lean in, I want to lie down. All this concurrent career-building and child-rearing is really quite a lot—and is there anything more simultaneously indulgent and simple than a bath to tune it all out? It also holds the promise of productivity: Marie Antoinette breakfasted in the tub (a lady ahead of her time—many 18th-century citizens believed it was downright dangerous to submerge one's skin); Winston Churchill counted among life's essentials “hot baths, cold champagne, new peas, and old brandy,” according to his letters. Modern-day divas know their value too: When she accepted her Emmy last fall, Jennifer Coolidge alerted the audience she had prepared with a lavender soak.



DOUBLE TROUBLE

Set aside, for a moment, the subtle evening clutch and consider a midsize bag with outsized élan. Model Stella Jones (NEAR RIGHT) carries a Victoria Beckham bag. Dries Van Noten rings. Versace dress; versace.com. Model Lila Moss holds a Jil Sander by Lucie and Luke Meier bag. Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello dress; ysl.com. Fashion Editor: Max Ortega.



TWO OF A KIND

Dressed in spring's most captivating accessories—from jubilant jewels to a bevy of bags and hats and statement necklaces—models and lifelong friends Lila Moss and Stella Jones paint the town. Photographed by Tina Barney.



BEANIE BABIES

Same, same, but charmingly different. Set loose in the elegantly appointed Hotel Barrière Fouquet's New York in SoHo. Moss and Jones try on a matching moment in Fendi beanies. Moss wears a Loewe minidress. loewe.com. Jones wears a Lanvin jacket and skirt. lanvin.com.



PRINTED MATTER
 Have spring florals ever looked quite so fresh—or so gloriously glamorous? Where Moss pairs her edifying Gucci sandals with a Dior jacket, top, tights, and shorts (Dior Couture), Jones pairs her sophisticated Lanvin minidress with a matching Gucci dress. guccishop.com

EVERYTHING
IN ITS PLACE

Moss wears
Louis Vuitton
earrings, necklace,
tights, dress, and
bra; select Louis
Vuitton boutiques.
Jones wears
Tom Ford earrings.
Dries Van Noten
blouse and skirt;
driesvannoten.com.



Fast Friends

As Lila Moss and Stella Jones slip into statement accessories for this shoot, it soon becomes clear that these two models are inseparable. In between shots, the pair—both 20 years old and best friends since childhood—pass the time fixing each other's hair, or practicing the viral dance that Jenna Ortega performs on *Wednesday*. ("We need to film that TikTok!" Lila shouts at Stella.)

The duo grew up hanging out at each other's family homes in London. "Our parents are friends, so it happened naturally," says Lila, the daughter of Kate Moss and media entrepreneur Jefferson Hack—Jones's father is Mick Jones, the guitarist for the Clash; her mother is film producer Miranda Davis.

When it comes to matters of style, though, Lila favors a sleek, understated palette, while Stella leans into vibrant colors and prints, particularly for the red carpet—whether that means the Fashion Awards in London or a Marc Jacobs holiday party in New York, where they both primarily now reside. "When we were younger, we planned to be matching for everything," says Stella. "Now we don't want to be the same," adds Moss, finishing her thought. That said, they both still borrow plenty from each other's wardrobes. "I collect all the stuff I've taken from Lila at the end of a week and just lug it back over in a bag," says Stella with a laugh.

On their days off, the two live a choose-your-own-adventure life: "We discovered a bao bun place between us, so we go there a lot," Lila says. "Or we'll walk the Brooklyn Bridge, or go to a museum. We also just went to an alpaca farm in New Jersey." Making time for fun is no easy task, though: Lila has been busy walking for Tommy Hilfger and Fendi, while Stella recently starred in a Heaven by Marc Jacobs campaign.

Both are obsessed with accessories. "For me it's bags, says Lila, who has recently been stepping out carrying Gucci's Bamboo 1947s and Prada Cleos, "and I've raided my mum's bigger-handle bags." Stella, meanwhile, is fixated on sneakers and collects everything from Adidas Superstars to Air Jordans. They did once share a favorite accessory—"gold halves of a heart, each one with our initials on it with a little diamond," as Stella remembers with some sadness: Lila lost her half. "That era," Lila says with a laugh, "is over." —CHRISTIAN ALLAIRE



SUPPER CLUB

Moss sweetens up Fouquet's cozy brasserie—spearheaded by Pierre Gagnaire, a major name on the Parisian dining scene—with her Dolce & Gabbana bag, Miu Miu top, miumiu.com. Jones, meanwhile, lets her jewelry do the talking in major Tom Ford earrings, Bottega Veneta bag, sweater, and skirt: bottegabeneta.com.



BUDDY SYSTEM
Moss wears a Prada Fine Jewelry necklace and Prada dress; prada.com. Jones wears bags, brooch, barrette, earrings, jacket, top, and shorts, by Chanel; select Chanel boutiques. In this story: hair, Lucas Wilson; makeup, Raisa Flowers. Details, see In This Issue.

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