

# VANITY FAIR

NOVEMBER 2020

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OF A REAL-LIFE  
INDIANA  
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# GAL GADOT

*In a LEAGUE of her OWN*

*By* NANCY JO SALES  
*Photographs by* DUDI HASSON

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## SWEET *Spot*

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### HOTEL DU CAP-EDEN-ROC, FRANCE

Through the Bellini Bar where I'd mistaken an oligarch for a friend, down the steps and along the pine-scented Grande Allée... Lured by the hushed splash of the Mediterranean against rocks that mark the eastern hook of the Bay of Cannes, I strolled towards my private cabana and wondered again if this 1930s green picket-fenced beach haven might be the same in which Marc Chagall sketched the shoreline, Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton frolicked on honeymoon or the Italian actress Monica Bellucci spent a night (by rare exception to house rules).

The Hotel du Cap inspires a deep, proprietorial urge in everyone who stays in its bubble of clubbish charm. Now it's *my* cabana, *my* pool, my special place. Which makes Philippe Perd a paterfamilias of a general manager; he sent his regular guests the 150th-anniversary refurbishment plans of the hotel's dining spaces that re-opened this year. "It was important they approved," he said simply. "This is their home."—*Sarah Edworthy*

### GRAND HOTEL A VILLA FELTRINELLI, ITALY

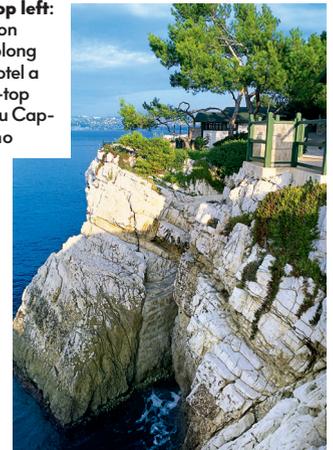
On arrival, there was a row of staff lined up welcoming me at the top of the stone steps; one walked down the flight with the tiniest bouquet I had ever laid eyes on, almost hidden in his cupped hands.

"For you, signorina," he said, revealing the gift. I still remember the petite green leaves and minuscule orange flowers. It was so romantic, I nearly cried.

That act heralded one of my favourite weekends: swimming off the jetty in the waters of Lake Garda; the most lemon of lemon sorbets on the terrace; croquet alongside the granite pool; the immaculate gardens and all around those bare rock, fall-away mountain faces.



Clockwise from top left: View of Saint-Émilion from Château Troplong Mondot; Grand Hotel a Villa Feltrinelli; cliff-top cabanas at Hotel du Cap-Eden-Roc; Il Sereno



### CHÂTEAU TROPLONG MONDOT, FRANCE

Earlier that day, the winemaker Aymeric de Gironde had spoken to me about the aspect, the air, the soil and the rainfall of his estate north of Bordeaux. He'd picked up two flinty stones from the earth, rubbed them together until they sparked, holding them towards me so I could smell the fire. "This is what makes our wine so special," he said.

That evening, the table was laid with perfectly mismatched vintage crockery, not porcelain, something more tactile like a fine earthenware; it felt like the earth. And that reminded me of my afternoon with Aymeric, scrabbling through soil, sniffing rocks.

Laid out in front of me was a round loaf of wholewheat bread cut into six wedges, beside olives, sardines, plump croquettes and quinoa salad. And a bottle of red Mondot 2016. I looked out across the orderly ranks of vines towards the spire and stone of Saint-Émilion; the sun was squinting as it lowered behind this village known as the hill of a thousand châteaux. And that evening, watching the sunset, I could taste the fire that he spoke of when I drank his wine.

### IL SERENO, LAKE COMO, ITALY

Spearing out into the lake, the pontoon jetty bobs up and down, testing my balance, as I totter to the end where, tied up, are the loveliest Rivas, handmade in a workshop across the water. On one visit here I was asked if I wanted to take the Jetto for a ride. Solo. Are you kidding? I thought. "Of course," I said.

That jaunt has ruined me forever. Now, as soon as I arrive, I want to run to the dock, untie a boat and motor into the fabled forest-green waters of Como, less a lake, more three joined-up fjords bound by sheer mountains and flanked by Renaissance palazzos, some with stone towers, some with mysterious follies, and dotted all about the terraced gradients, luminous little houses with terracotta-tiled roofs.

Yet above all is the stand-out singular, thoroughly modern Il Sereno designed by Patricia Urquiola, with its boxy fragmented façade, camouflaged by sliding toulipier louvres and verdurous green walls, best seen from the water. Or perhaps that's just my excuse to take a boat, rippling the hotel's reflection in my wake, before cutting the engine and jumping in, just to see if I can feel even more alive. —*M.J.C.* ■