

Libertine—in which Depp plays the debauched Earl of Rochester—"I was in bed for two weeks. When you're working, you don't get sick, then suddenly it hits you like a two-by-four. After Dillinger, my head was done in. I needed to escape. So being able to get on the boat and move allowed my head freedom again. Escapism is survival to me.

"Somehow," he says, "the mathematics led me here to my island. I don't think I'd ever seen any place so pure and beautiful. You can feel your pulse rate drop about 20 beats. It's instant freedom. And that rare beast—simplicity—can be had. And a little morsel of anonymity.

"Lily Rose," he marvels, "actually got to put a message in a bottle and watched it drift, drift away to a neighboring island, [and the finders] set up a treasure hunt for [their] kids. Whenever I was getting frustrated about being 'novelty boy' and making movies, I told myself, Calm down. I can come down here and disappear. I spent the Christmas season here with Vanessa

rollers, in fact, consider Depp an audio savant and musical talent—for his facility on guitar. On board, Depp spins Tom Waits, Bright Eyes, Bob Dylan, Johnny Cash, Iggy Pop, Warren Zevon, Tom Petty, James Booker, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, and R.E.M., along with an earful of the Australian band Augie March, whose lyrics he regularly recites aloud.

Depp is also keen on the *Meet Glen Campbell* CD, recently released by the 73-year-old pop and country star. "When he sang 'Galveston' years ago, it killed me," Depp says, describing the Jimmy Webb song that Campbell transformed into a Top 10 hit in 1969, making it his own. "It's about a Vietnam soldier dreaming of home. It's elegant and perfectly timed."

Augie March... and Artie Shaw? Keith Richards... and *datquiritis*? The Depp dichotomy generates a boisterous, seesaw spirit. Somehow it makes sense in this bifurcated culture to see the Disney cash cow emblazoned with enough tattoos to give

a keepsake from a picture he made Marlon Brando in 1997.

From time to time, the individualist in him gripes about the political correctness of modern-day Hollywood. He pines for the old iconoclasts. "Where is our generation of Dean Martins and Frank Sinatras?" he asks. "And the Georgie Jessels and Walter Brennans?"—referring to two of the town's arch-conservatives of yore. "I want Tiny Tim and Bix Beiderbecke back."

In the Hunter Thompson days, out in Colorado, Depp smoked Bali Shag tobacco like a fiend. Rolling his own had become almost a trademark for him in the 1990s. "I gave it up a few years ago," he says. "I said, 'Fuck it—I don't need those things.'" Every morning now, Depp does yoga. He's remarkably averse to conflict, pruning the toxic people from his life. His 48-year-old sister, Christi Dembrowski, is his closest adviser and friend (and the producer of *The Rum Diary*). Together, they run his production company. "Basically, Christi has kept me alive," Depp says. "I'm

DEPP PINES FOR THE OLD ICONOCLASTS. "Where is our generation of Dean Martins and Frank Sinatras? I want Bix Beiderbecke back."

and the kids. You can feed hot dogs to the nurse sharks in the Exumas—but it's best to not swim when doing it."

The captain of the *Vajotiroja* is a New Zealander named Graeme Brown, who knows the cays like a park ranger. He explains that the Land and Sea Park, near Little Hall's Pond, is the world's first such protected reserve, established 51 years ago. "It's a no-take zone," Brown says, rubbing his gray-speckled goatee. "You can't remove any living creatures. It's a replenishment center for conch, lobster, and other over-harvested species."

Brown lifts anchor and sets sail, piloting us out of Nassau harbor to the west, around the western end of New Providence, and southeast to Highborne Cay. We next head due south toward Little Hall's Pond Cay, the winds a light 10 knots.

While Brown may be the captain, Depp is the commander of the ship, which he oversees like the starship *Enterprise*. He decides on everything from the dinner menu to the navigational route. He is also the resident mix master, programming (through the ship's sound system) the appropriate tune for every occasion. Die-hard rock 'n'

Flea a fright. Or to hear Glen Campbell being championed by the swank nightclub impresario. (Depp and partners opened L.A.'s infamous Viper Room in 1993.)

To a Tropical Oz

Being in a ship," Samuel Johnson wrote, "is being in a jail with the chance of being drowned." Depp doesn't quite see it that way. In the vastness of the Caribbean, all of his anxieties melt away. He considers the ocean a force of strength, just as his island is his patch of sanity. In escape, he recovers and discovers and stabilizes.

Around Saint Patrick's Day, the Atlantic turns a bit rough. I sensibly reach for "the Patch" to calm my stomach, and Holmes gobbles Dramamine like Tic Tacs. Deutters simply tries his damndest not to turn green. Depp and Wyatt, however, down can after can of Guinness as we ride the waves. "What would be fun," Depp reiterates during my bout of queasiness, "would be getting Guinness on tap for the island."

Depp, from the moment we board, goes full tropic. Barefoot and goateed, he wears blue-tinted shades and a purple bandanna embroidered with the words "The Brave"—

really like a blind mole, and she just leads me around, making me do the right thing, or I'd just fall off the cliff. She's like Superwoman."

The memories of Depp's two late mentors—Brando and Thompson—fuel his *Über*-hubris. He still savors the folk wisdom they imparted. "Selfishly, what I miss about Hunter isn't the Too Much Fun Club stuff," Depp says. "It was his steady advice. His radar detector was spot-on. He knew instantly if he didn't like somebody."

Around Depp's neck is Thompson's logo, as it were: a medallion that consists of a little dagger descending from a clenched fist bearing two extended thumbs. Set in the center is a red stone representing a peyote button. Naturally, within a day of leaving Nassau, all of Depp's chest is sunburned except where the pendant has shielded his skin. "That bastard Hunter has branded me," he jokingly complains. "He made me fall asleep in the sun."

Crosby, Stills & Nash are serenading us over the yacht's speakers when we first spy Depp's Caribbean Oz. As we approach, the water surrounding the tear-shaped isle is so clear that the land seems to be floating on the surface. At this point, CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

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IS JOHNNY DEPP
THE WORLD'S MOST
HANDSOME MAN?
VOTE IN OUR POLL.

Allen Stanford

lion in assets might eventually be recovered.

If Stanford Financial was in fact a Ponzi scheme, it was strikingly similar to Bernie Madoff's. As with Madoff's operation, only a handful of people appear to have known what was going on. Stanford's auditor, like Madoff's, was tiny, in this case a 14-person accounting firm in Antigua; its owner has recently died. Stanford's seven-member board was composed entirely of insiders, including Stanford's father and one of his elderly chums, disabled by a stroke. That such a scheme could grow so enormous, and last for

so many years, is a devastating indictment of worldwide banking regulation. It took Alex Dalmady maybe two hours on the Internet to glean the amazing truth. It's not clear anyone in Washington ever seriously tried.

Allen Stanford declined to be interviewed for this article. But in an April publicity blitz clearly designed to head off his looming indictment, he told a number of interviewers, including ABC's Brian Ross, that his company was never a Ponzi scheme. If any money was missing, Stanford insisted, it was all Jim Davis's fault. (Davis is cooperating with the S.E.C. investigation and plans to enter in plea talks with government officials.) When Ross asked about compari-

sons to Madoff, Stanford began to tear up. "Bullshit, that's bullshit," he said. "It makes me madder than hell and touches the core of my soul."

Stanford, who remains in seclusion in Houston, didn't display the first bit of guilt or remorse. Instead, he said he felt persecuted. "I'm the maverick rich Texan that they can put the moose head on the wall—and that's the only reason they went after me," Stanford told Ross. "I'm fighting for my survival and for my integrity." It's a fight, one suspects, that Allen Stanford should, and almost certainly will, lose.

—With additional reporting by Christopher Bateman.

Johnny Depp



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64 there is no terra firma visible to the east of us, just the vast Atlantic. The sun has coppered our faces. As shorebirds fly overhead, we sit under shady awnings and get ready to drop anchor.

At first glance, the island appears to be a terrarium surrounded by the whitest beaches imaginable. Comparing it to another of his six homes, a villa in Provence, Depp points to his property like a proud farmer and declares, "Both our place in France and Little Hall's Pond look as [they] probably did 100 years ago. The most satisfying part about both is their consistency."

Little Hall's Pond has six different beaches—Paradis, Gonzo, Brando, Lily Rose, Jack, and Utility—each with a personality and cove of its own. There are small residences scattered casually about; all are solar-powered. Conveniently slung hammocks sway in all the right places (i.e., away from the poison-wood trees). Transportation on the island consists of a fleet of green golf carts. "My hillbilly instinct tells me," Depp says, "when you're ready to drive a golf cart, you should have a beer."

We light into a case of Coronas and take a large inflatable raft to Lily Rose Beach. The water is warm but refreshing. A soothing breeze ruffles the palms and mangroves. Bright-red hibiscus and wild poinsettia lend a sweet, almost jasmine scent. We pause to watch thumb-size hummingbirds feed on

pigeon-plum plants and look for five-foot-long Iggy, the island's lording rock iguana. "Iggy has found a mate," Depp informs us with a lopsided grin, "and the island will soon have babies."

Depp is particularly eager to show me Gonzo Beach, named in honor of Thompson. Depp, Wyatt, and I rumble off in a golf cart as the others bring up the rear. Five minutes later, we arrive at what Depp calls "the most savage and exposed of all the beaches. Gonzo Beach is pure Hunter."

It really is. The furniture, arrayed across the sandy cove, features glass tables with Thompson's face etched in the center. We sprawl on driftwood benches. A lone seaplane hums overhead as bananaquits chatter sweetness. Depp directs our attention to a pocket of water 200 yards away—a prime spot for seeing tropical fish and reef plants. In the Caribbean there is a single rule: the lighter the shade of blue, the more shallow the water. Like a kaleidoscope shifting its tints of color, the waters turn from jade to sapphire, amethyst to emerald, by the hour. No old scows or new ferryboats mar the view. Indeed, no boat traffic at all dares to cross Depp's protected, postage-stamp paradise. "I want to be Ruler of the Exumas," Depp confesses, with a grin. "I like the sound of it. I want to become Kurtz and live like in *Lord of the Flies*. And like the novelist J. P. Donleavy, I'll get Guinness on tap here. Man... I could lead an Exumas revolution and become the Che Guevara of the chain."

But turmoil is hardly the attraction here. Instead, it's the way present and future, light and distance, space and darkness all bend and blend together. "The truth is," Depp says, "you want to come here and read *Finnegans Wake* until you understand it."

Leaving the scrubland around Gonzo Beach, we drive to the other side of the island, where a yurt has been constructed out of bamboo. Inside, the décor is Trader Vic's Polynesian. The beach floor in the bedroom has sand as fine as talcum powder.

Depp recalls a conversation he had with Brando in 1994, when Depp was poised to purchase Little Hall's Pond. Instead of expressing outright enthusiasm, Brando—who once lived on the French Polynesian atoll of Tetiaroa—asked a series of pragmatic questions: "What's the elevation? How protected are you?" Brando, according to Depp, was being sensible, focused, and paternal. "With hurricanes and all," Depp says, "he just didn't want me to make a mistake."

Back on the golf cart, Depp is starting to careen like a Roman mo-ped driver. Limbs shift. Bones rattle. As my host grinds the cart up a steep mountain path, I realize that Brando needn't have worried about elevation. I also notice black bees and tiny scorpions.

At the summit, we reach a ranch-style house with a stunning 360-degree view. A telescope is trained on an island called Osprey Bird Rock; Depp owns that too. Playing host, he opens up more Coronas, slices limes, and sticks them into the longneck bottles. We sink onto sofas and take it all in. Soon, we are laughing out loud at some framed trinkets on the wall: a friend of Depp's has taken mock Exumas currency and created counterfeit \$20 bills bearing the face of Captain Jack.

In a quiet interlude, Depp stops and regards the sea outside. "I defy any painter," he says, "to capture those shades of blue. I was just lucky this place found me."

The snorkeling around Little Hall's Pond is world-class. One afternoon, we sail to the east end of the island, drop anchor, and slip overboard into the turquoise calm of Heath's Place (named after the late actor Heath Ledger). We see an explosion of marine life. Fish, bedecked in Ken Kesey neon, dart about in every direction. We study fin arrangements and Day-Glo markings, diligently looking them up in our *Reef Fish* reference book. Even the nurse sharks appear benign, though I know enough to keep on my guard, even in this peaceable kingdom.

"Oh shit," Depp shouts, lifting his snor-

keled crown above the waterline. "A barracuda! Come look! It's the only species more frightening than a terrier dog." Who but Johnny Depp would consider it a form of sport to wade with the barracuda? I swim back to the raft feeling a touch asthmatic—and, frankly, scared.

"Nobody is going to ever ruin the Land and Sea Park," Depp later insists. "It's like a rare gem, a diamond. I look forward to my kids growing up on the island, spending months out of the year here... learning about sea life and how to protect sea life... and their kids growing up here, and so on."

One night we take the tender and head west out onto the water to witness the launch—about 300 miles away—of the space shuttle *Discovery* as it ascends into the evening from Cape Canaveral. The sky bulges with stars, which seem so finely etched that it's hard to imagine the Exumas could ever experience the pitch black of a moonless night.

We wait, eyes heavenward. We wait some more. Around us, plankton causes the water's surface to give off a gleam of eerie phosphorescence. With our flashlights aimed into the vodka-clear Caribbean, we see a school of large yellowtail jack circling around us. Suddenly, a luminous cloud rises in the sky. It is shaped like an anvil, emitting the kind of incandescent gas you'd find on some distant star. The shuttle soars, in total silence, into the bejeweled black. We are transfixed by strange light, both above and below. We feel privileged to be alive in the Caribbean Basin in the Year of Our Lord 2009.

"Theoretically," Depp says, "this place can add years to your life." Then he quotes the old adage: "Money doesn't buy you happiness. But it buys you a big enough yacht to sail right up to it."

Sometimes, when Depp creeps around the *Vajoliroja*, he reminds me of Charlie Chaplin. There is a shyness about the way he floats in and out of a room. His depth of character and his open, compassionate bearing are genuine. He has an insatiable curiosity about everything.

As our conversation turns to the Shakespeare and Company bookshop in Paris—where I clerked for a summer in my 20s—the *Sweeney Todd* side of Depp emerges and he grows a bit gruesome. He asks Keenan to cue up a macabre video on the wide-screen TV showing George Whitman, the bookstore owner, burning his hair with a candle to impress a few artsy girls. (The clip is available on YouTube under "George Whitman, Burning Head.") "And then George reads them poetry!" Depp laughs approvingly. "Poof! Look at that clump of sodden hair." I can almost smell Whitman's singed tufts through the flat-screen.

As a nightly ritual, we watch movies and YouTube clips during sumptuous meals. Because there is a chef aboard, we've eaten like

kings—kings, that is, of the Kappa Sigma frat house. The menus consist of grilled beef-and-cheese sandwiches, raw oysters, Chicago-style pepperoni pizza, and turkey-chili tacos with guacamole. There have been heaping salads with fresh seafood. And plenty of Red Bull.

For all our light boozing and clowning, we realize we're all hopeless homebodies, returning repeatedly to discussions about our kids. (The voyage has been surprisingly free of locker-room talk.) Depp, in particular, tries to spend as much time with his 36-year-old partner, Vanessa Paradis, as possible—despite his acting regimen and her busy schedule as an actress, singer, model, and mother—and says he's determined to make sure Lily Rose and Jack live like Tom Sawyers as long as they can.

Our entertainment, like the décor, exists in a sort of time warp. We sample James Brown on an old video of CNN *Sony Live in L.A.* wearing Sly Stone glasses the size of a scuba mask. "This is as high as you can get," Depp declares, "unless you go on ether." Depp is a huge fan of the 1970s Dean Martin TV roasts with Don Rickles, so we consume them by the hour. The old comedian Foster Brooks, whose shtick was sham inebriation, can almost move Depp to tears. We also watch *A Colbert Christmas*, largely to see Willie Nelson in the Three Wise Men skit. We screen *Where Eagles Dare* (Richard Burton and Clint Eastwood) and *Tropic Thunder* (Ben Stiller, Robert Downey Jr., Tom Cruise). "That's the best I've ever seen Cruise," Depp offers, approvingly, of the actor's role as Les Grossman. I ask if Cruise's portrayal reminds Depp of any Hollywood executives. "All of them," he says. And when we aren't watching the TV, silent Lon Chaney movies run unattended.

Knowing his affinity for the stars of earlier eras, I ask him if there is any Hollywood icon he still hopes to spend time with. "I already met her," he snaps. "Elizabeth Taylor." One day actor Roddy McDowall, who knew that Depp was rather awestruck by Taylor, called him and said, "Do you want to come to dinner?" Depp attended and found Taylor to be "the best old-school dame I've ever met. A regular, wonderful person. Billy Bob Thornton and Steve Martin were also there. Boy, did I take to her. For dinner she ordered liver and onions and just smothered them with salt. I admired that. She's an astonishingly great broad."

By day, the *Vajoliroja* can feel like a floating book club. Depp (who is a habitué of L.A.'s Dragon Books and Houle Rare Books) spends the week practically memorizing *The Rum Diary*; word for word—both the novel and the script. Wyatt reads Hunter's *Hell's Angels* and a history of rare French wines. Deuters is onto Balzac's *The Girl with Golden Eyes*. Holmes is finishing Bryce Courtenay's *The Potato Factory*; and I'm onto Louise Erdrich's latest.

And whenever Depp gets bored or can't sleep, he paints—specializing in oil portraits.

"When I can focus on something like guitar or painting, I do," he says. "I started painting people I admire, like Kerouac, Bob Dylan, Nelson Algren, Marlon Brando, Patti Smith, my girl, my kids. I painted Hunter a couple of times. Keith Richards. What I love to do is paint people's faces, y'know, their eyes. Because you want to find that emotion, see what's going on behind their eyes."

Land Ho!

As we leave Bahamian waters for the open sea, the waves start to swell, changing from lapis to peacoat blue. In an instant, our noble isolation takes on an edge of dread. A lone cargo ship can be seen on the distant horizon. Whales appear from time to time, spouting off. Other than that, the yacht is *all* we've got. Even with our G.P.S., if we were to capsize, we would all be goners.

Nonetheless, conditions are pretty good for sailing: two feet of sea sway with a three- or four-foot swell. And we realize that, if we were to run into real trouble, we could always divert to the Turks and Caicos, where Keith Richards has a home.

At sea Depp wears a blue-and-white-striped Rasta-man cap to hold back his hair. His frayed T-shirt has cigarette burns—souvenirs of a wayward youth. This is his last chance to indulge in genuine scruff before facing the movie cameras. Throughout the passage, Depp is in his element, pleased to be waterborne, choppy or not.

After a few glorious days on the water, we approach San Juan harbor. There is no better way, I posit, to arrive in a Caribbean port city than to be flying the Jolly Roger. Especially as we crawl past Paul Allen's *Octopus*—among the world's largest privately owned yachts. Because we're entering U.S. territory, three Homeland Security officers—all friendly—come aboard. "Everybody in Puerto Rico is excited you're here," the lone female officer tells Depp. "They're busy cleaning up the marina for you." While this is certainly a fine compliment, it means the paparazzi are sure to descend like swallows.

All at once, I get that sinking feeling. Our escapist fantasy has abruptly come to an end. "I feel like I just traveled the seven seas with Sinbad," Nathan Holmes chimes in. "Let's not tell them we've been in the lap of luxury. Just talk about our rope burns."

That evening we all head for a farewell dinner with *The Rum Diary* director Bruce Robinson and his posse. The son of Serge Gainsbourg, Lulu—a student at Boston's Berklee College of Music—also joins us. Depp leads a table toast, calling for a successful shoot in honor of Thompson. "Here's to Hunter, here's to rum," Depp says, claiming he'll do anything for the Gonzo cause—props and all. "I'll even wear man boobs."

The next morning, an hour before I depart

Johnny Depp

for my flight home, Depp has a fitting send-off. It is 10 A.M., but he sees no reason for us all not to share a bottle of '89 Haut-Brion. Depp does the decanting. We all raise glasses to our great escape, which is now but a fading daydream.

"The time has come," Depp says, polishing off his last glass before the grind begins. "The time has come to start channeling Hunter."

Having given a quietus to the morning, Depp gets up and makes hand gestures exactly like the great Gonzo. "Oh, my God," he says, looking at his watch. "Got to shower and get ready for the set."

In a flash, I'm in a cab, heading for the airport. I'm relaxed, refreshed, and slightly aglow with Bordeaux. And I keep on hearing a soft refrain:

Drea-ea-ea-ea-eam ... Dream, dream, dream ... □

Madoff Sons



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 implicate them simply by recalling something their husbands once told them. Or by some actual or would-be investors whom Mark and Andrew may have approached to go in with their father. In late March, Dalton Givens, formerly an executive at Wachovia Securities, told Mike McAndrew and Charley Hannagan of the *Syracuse Post-Standard* how, over steaks in Charlotte, North Carolina, Mark and Andrew had tried to sell him on their father's hedge fund. The sons' spokesman said Givens is mistaken, and that it was market-making (for which Wachovia was already using the firm) the sons were hawking.

One trader recalled for me that Mark had taken great pride in Bernie's successes as a hedge-fund manager, comparing his wizardry to that of George Soros. But when it came to getting friends into the fund, it's unclear how much clout the sons had. When Beau Doherty of Special Olympics Connecticut, with which Mark had long been active, wanted to invest \$1 million, for instance, Mark couldn't help. "He said, 'I'll talk to my father about it,'" recalled Doherty, who continues to stand by Mark. "He called me back the next day to say, 'Beau, you know what, the answer's no. We really do much larger amounts of money than that.'"

That no one has come forward to finger the two for involvement in their father's scheme, the sons' spokesman says, is powerful proof they weren't involved. Of course, few talk about the Madoff case these days unless compelled. According to Dan Richman of Columbia Law School, even were Mark and Andrew technically unaware

of any Ponzi scheme, they could still be charged in much the same way the wives and girlfriends of drug dealers often are—that is, for receiving funds they should reasonably have known were tainted. At some point, though, dumb *can* be a defense: as the retiring district attorney of Manhattan, Robert Morgenthau, always liked to say, "Stupidity in the first degree is not a crime." If their luck holds, the brothers will enjoy the same fate as their salmon and striped bass and bluefish: after wriggling and bucking and fighting for their lives, they'll be thrown back into the water, scared and scarred but at least free to swim away.

For now, they will wait for the government to make its case. They haven't spoken to the authorities since December. If one proves more involved than the other, the case could bifurcate, but that seems unlikely—in business, the Madoff sons stuck together. That's become less true personally; according to the family confidant, the two have seen and spoken to each other little in the past few months, at least outside their lawyer's office. (The sons' spokesman called that "completely false.") "They're very close and in touch, probably daily," he said.)

To one investor who knew the Madoffs, especially Mark, back in Roslyn, the truth about them lies somewhere between innocence and guilt. "I think Mark knew something was wrong but didn't know the magnitude," she said. "He was negligent to work there, but it wasn't 'Let's make up these fake trades with these dot-matrix printers.' I think he was just content to keep living his life, with his Rolex watches and his fishing trips. He was not an evil guy."

"I've often said to myself, 'Where's Mark right now?'" she went on. "Is he with his mom? Does he visit his dad? What's he doing? Is he crying? Can he possibly enjoy himself? How can he live with himself?" I feel sorry for him, and for Andy too. However, I'm angry they led lives that weren't theirs to lead. That money belonged to me and my family and every other hardworking person who was fooled into investing with Bernie. But I do pity them. Their dad ruined their lives." □

CREDITS



ON THE COVER
Johnny Depp wears a shirt by Gucci and a vest by Giorgio Armani. Grooming products by Kiehl's. Grooming by Joel Harkins. Styled by Samantha McMillen. Photographed exclusively for *Vanity Fair* by Francis Maria Bonanis in Old San Juan, Puerto Rico. *Photo: Francis Maria Bonanis*

FASHION

COVER: Johnny Depp's **GUCCI** shirt from selected Gucci stores, or call 800-456-7663, or go to gucci.com;

GIORGIO ARMANI vest from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide, or call 212-988-9191, or go to giorgioarmani.com; Samantha McMillen for the Wall Group.

PAGE 10: Depp's **ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA** pants and vest from Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques nationwide, or call 888-880-3462, or go to zegna.com; **PRADA** shirt from selected Prada boutiques, or call 888-977-1900; vintage boots from Stock Vintage, N.Y.C., or call 212-505-2505.

PAGE 16: Alden Ehrenreich's **GUCCI** tuxedo, shirt, and bow tie from selected Gucci stores, or call 800-456-7663, or go to gucci.com; **CHARVET** pocket-square from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **COLE HAAN** shoes from Cole Haan stores nationwide, or call 800-201-8001, or go to colehaan.com; vintage cuff links from the Missing Link, N.Y.C., or call 212-645-6928, or go to missinglinknyc.com.

PAGE 33: Ehrenreich's **BOTTEGA VENETA** jacket and shirt from Bottega Veneta boutiques nationwide, or call 877-362-1715, or go to bottegabeneta.com; **CHARVET** pocket-square from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide.

PAGES 37, 38, AND 45: For Johnny Depp's **J. CREW** shirt, go to jcrew.com; vintage ring from Stock Vintage, N.Y.C., or call 212-505-2505.

PAGE 51: See credits for page 10. **PAGES 52-53:** See credits for page 10 (1). **GUCCI** shirt from selected Gucci stores, or call 800-456-7663, or go to gucci.com;

GIORGIO ARMANI pants and vest from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide, or call 212-988-9191, or go to giorgioarmani.com (2, 3, 6). For **J. CREW** shirt, go to jcrew.com; vintage ring from Stock Vintage, N.Y.C., or call 212-505-2505 (3).

PAGE 54: For Sierra Partridge's **O'NEILL** bikini top, go to oneill.com; **GUCCI** bikini bottom from selected Gucci stores, or call 800-456-7663, or go to gucci.com;

SWATCH watch from Swatch stores nationwide, or call 800-8-SWATCH, or go to swatch.com. For Sophia Mulanovich's **ROXY** vest and bikini bottom, call 800-892-2281, or go to roxy.com.

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