

A BREAKTHROUGH *for*  
SLEEPLESS MOTHERS

TOM CRUISE'S  
HARVARD DOUBLE

THE RICH &  
THE RECESSION:  
*What they can't afford anymore*

# TOWN & COUNTRY

NOVEMBER 2011

ROSAMUND PIKE

## BEHIND *THE* HEDGEROW

Can an English Rose  
Become Hollywood Royalty?

**PLUS**

### \$100 MILLION MISTAKE

The Home Loan That  
Bankrupted One of America's  
*Wealthiest Women*

## HELP!

# 10

LIFESAVING  
TIPS  
FROM THE  
WORLD'S TOP  
BUTLER

## CAVIAR & COCAINE

THE RESTAURANT  
THAT DEFINED  
» *DECADENCE* «

NOVEMBER 2011 \$4.50

1.1>



0 74470 08833 2

She married  
one of the world's  
wealthiest men—and  
walked away with  
a record **\$100 million**  
divorce settlement.

*How did she lose it all, and how does she plan to get it back?*

BY MARCIA DESANCTIS  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM FRIEDBERG

# T H E M O



**NO  
TRESPASSING**

This land is owned by  
**Trump Virginia**  
ACQUISITIONS LLC



# NEY PIT

**YOU CAN NEVER  
GO HOME**

When Bank of America turned down Donald Trump's bid for the Kluge mansion, Trump just bought all the surrounding property and began to wait.



what at first could be read as denial emerges as defiant resolve. “Yes, I have lost everything,” she says. “But I have gained a wonderful partner, who came in to save it all and to keep my dream—which now is a shared dream—intact.”

By partner, she is referring not to her third husband, former IBM executive William Moses, but to Donald Trump. Just as the birther shenanigans were putting Trump’s turbulent forelocks in the spotlight, back at the office his team was executing another paradigmatic pennies-on-the-dollar real estate coup. It was a great buy, but it was also, according to both Kluge and Trump, an act of serious friendship. For a bargain-basement price of \$8.5 million on a deal that could ultimately be worth \$170 million, Trump bought 1,100 Virginia acres, including the vineyards and winemaking operation Kluge had meticulously cultivated. At the same time he handed her a second chance by naming her general manager of Trump Winery. So began another chapter in a life marked by a series of extraordinary twists. “She came from another world,” says her friend, architect David Easton, who knew Kluge’s mother. “They came from a long way off, and Patricia made a life for herself.”

On the edge of the 2,000-acre estate in Charlottesville, Virginia, that she once owned, in the foyer of the model home she now rents, Patricia Kluge yanks off muddy wellies and slips on a pair of black Belgian loafers. Her dogs shuffle underfoot, angling for a belly rub. Kluge is still stunning at 63, and her green eyes give frequent sparks indicating amusement or impatience, especially in the presence of a journalist. “Everything about me has been said before,” she says with a wary glance. “And not always correctly.”

In the kitchen her formidable five-foot-10-inch bearing eases, as she whisks vinaigrette for a *salade niçoise*. “You will have wine, won’t you?” she asks in a British accent, the clipped edges somewhat softened by American custom. She uncorks a chilled bottle of Albemarle rosé from the vineyard just outside, the one she envisioned, planted from scratch, nurtured, and lost over a tumultuous decade. “You will love it,” she declares, and fills two glasses.

Optimism and buoyant confidence are the twin engines that have steered Patricia Kluge through decades of dizzying heights and, lately, unfathomable lows. Her motto seems to be: No matter what, soldier on. “I absolutely adored my grandfather, and one of the most influential lessons I got from him was, ‘Darling girl, get on with it.’ He told me that a million times. And so, all my life I have sort of got on with it.”

Perhaps nothing has tested that stiff upper lip more than the financial ruin she has endured over the last three years, during which she exchanged her home, her winery, her land, and all her possessions for a tsunami of debt, which at one point totaled a staggering \$73.5 million. For almost three decades she was one of America’s wealthiest women, so she makes an unlikely standard-bearer for the mortgage collapse that since 2006 has systematically unraveled the American dream. And yet what happened to her befell an estimated 1 million others in 2010 alone, people whose homes were seized by the banks that had helped purchase them. “We are living in extraordinary times,” she says. “A lot of families are suffering the same thing. But we are dealing with it. We are not skipping a beat, our eyes are set into the future, and my feet are firmly on the ground.”

Her positivity can at times be a little hard to swallow, considering the financial quicksand that still engulfs her. But she grows more convincing the more time you spend with her, because

**PATRICIA MAUREEN ROSE WAS BORN IN 1948 in Baghdad, the daughter of a British father and a mother who was half Chaldean and half Scottish. Colonial life was centered on dances and dinners at the Alwiya Club.**

“It was so British I can’t even tell you,” says her friend Broosk Saib,

whose family lived on the same street as the Roses. “She came from a very educated and respected middle-class family.” One grandfather worked for British Petroleum, and the other was pro-consul at the British embassy. The family summered in Lebanon, and Patricia, a tomboy, learned to hunt and fish all over Iraq.

Kluge attended the Convent School, and she credits her upbringing with giving



## WHAT THEY LOST

*When it comes to putting a prestige property in turnaround, Patricia Kluge has had plenty of company.*



### WEST HAM UNITED FOOTBALL CLUB

**SELLER** Björgólfur Guðmundsson, disgraced Icelandic banker **BUYER** David Gold and David Sullivan, soft porn kings **PRICE TAG** \$83 million for a 50% stake, since upped in two subsequent deals **NOTES** Gold’s Rolls-Royce Phantom was vandalized by rival fans.



### THE HIGHLANDER

**BOAT** 1985 151-foot De Vries Feadship, better known as the Highlander **SELLER** The Forbes family **PRICE TAG** \$11.5 million **NOTES** Hosted Liz Taylor, Ronald Reagan, and Margaret Thatcher, to name but a few.



### HAMMER TIME

**PROPERTY** The Hammer Time mansion **SELLER** Stanley Kirk Burrell, better known as M.C. Hammer **BUYER** A Singapore-based television concern **PRICE TAG** \$5.3 million **NOTES** Hammer had bought the home for \$20 million in header days.

her the ability to handle anything. "The nuns raised very strong, independent women who learned how to put things in the right perspective," she says. "That really helped me in my life." Dark churches in the desert heat might have instilled a certain fearlessness in young Patricia as well.

In 1958, King Faisal II was assassinated, and Iraq was convulsed by revolution. A few years later, when she was 16, Patricia followed her father to London, where she became the living embodiment of the innocent Catholic schoolgirl getting sprung from the convent—right into swinging '60s London, no less. At 19 she met and married soft porn impresario Russell Gay, 30 years her senior, who gave his gorgeous wife a column dispensing sex advice in his skin magazine *Knave*, in which he put her curves on regular display. Kluge addresses the subject with an eye roll that suggests weariness with discussing this episode. It's not embarrassment that makes her chafe but rather that proclivity not to dwell

with his young wife, for whom he converted to Catholicism. Kluge describes the brilliance of her ex-husband, a fellow immigrant (from Germany) who wasn't just a fat bank account that would keep her in Cartier. "He could see the world in ways that other people didn't," she says. "Our son is exactly the same way."

It was the Reagan '80s and heady times in Manhattan, where money was king. Columnist Liz Smith remembers the couple as gracious and intriguing. "Whenever I met either one of them, they couldn't have been more charming and pleasant, extremely civilized. And of course you were just staggered that this beautiful girl was with this horrible-looking old guy."

In 1984 they adopted a son, John Jr., and decided to raise him on a sprawling property at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The couple spent four years building a 45-room neo-Georgian mansion, which they called Albemarle House, and filled it with antiques

magazine documenting the "rancid excesses" of the Kluges and the trial of their British gamekeeper for wiping out protected birds, which also didn't endear them to local society. But Patricia won Chenoweth over when, 13 years later, she hired him to put together a book about her estate. Today he remains a great admirer of Charlottesville's most gossiped-about resident. "When I got to know her, I thought, She gets a really bum rap. People around here thought she was Cruella de Vil or something," he says, referring to her reputation as a demanding boss. "She has a tremendous imagination for seeing how things connect. She's charming and a lot of fun and has great energy."

Twenty-five years after moving there, Kluge retains an air of mystery despite her visibility. She has many defenders and friends among Virginia's elite, such as writer Rita Mae Brown and current first lady Maureen McDonnell, but she remains controversial in the state, where snobbery, according to William Faulkner, is a

## She remains controversial in a state where snobbery is considered a birthright. "Water off a duck's back," Kluge says. "You can't have everybody love you."

on what's over. One thing becomes evident in Kluge's company: She doesn't make apologies or seek approval, and she seems to possess that rarest of skills, the ability to tune out gossip. "It's fascinating that people give a damn," she says. "I did model for Russell, and I loved him, obviously, and was fine with it. It was a lark."

When the five-year marriage ended, she relocated to New York, where in 1976 she met MetroMedia founder John Kluge, a self-made billionaire who built his original fortune in radio stations, and who, folklore has it, fell for Patricia after seeing her belly-dance at a Manhattan dinner party. In 1981, Kluge, then 67, and his 33-year-old fiancée were married, and in 1986 *Forbes* listed him as America's second-richest man (behind Sam Walton), with a net worth of more than \$2 billion. The couple conquered New York society, and accounts from the time describe Kluge as utterly besotted

picked up all over the world. They carved five lakes into the property, built formal English gardens and an 18-hole golf course, and maintained an 850-acre game preserve. They became generous philanthropists, and Patricia started the Virginia Film Festival, which still thrives today. But to the locals they became notorious for their opulent lifestyle, typified by shooting weekends complete with guests in custom tweeds riding in 19th-century carriages from the couple's extensive collection. "Her demeanor was royal, and royalty doesn't play in a colonial backyard, you know?" writer and historian Avery Chenoweth says about her ways, which were considered by some quite un-Charlottesvillean. "There is a lot of colonial blue blood in Virginia, and they are constitutionally unimpressed with anyone from outside the commonwealth."

In 1989, Chenoweth wrote an article for *Spy*

birthright. Kluge is characteristically impervious. "Water off a duck's back," she says. "You can't have everybody love you."

Kluge remembers those hunting parties as "fabulous and exhausting." (And they always concluded, she points out, with Catholic mass at the estate's chapel.) David Easton confirms her assessment. "Actually, I think she was searching for pleasure in life," he says. "The old Roman carpe diem. She was having a good time. I'm not protecting her. I'm just saying she has a view like that, and I think it's a good and healthy one."

Royalty and celebrities from all over the world gathered at Albemarle House, which exuded a power of attraction that reached its apotheosis in September 1989, when several state governors, including Bill Clinton of Arkansas, gathered there for a fundraising dinner for Douglas Wilder, who in six weeks



### STUYVESANT TOWN AND PETER COOPER VILLAGE

**OWNER** Tishman Speyer and BlackRock Realty  
**NOTES** Tishman defaulted on its outstanding \$4.4 billion in loans; the properties are currently valued at about half that price.



### THE TIMES BUILDING

**SELLER** New York Times Co.  
**BUYER** W.P. Carey & Co. **PRICE TAG** \$225 million **NOTES** *The Times* will pay \$24 million in rent the first year.



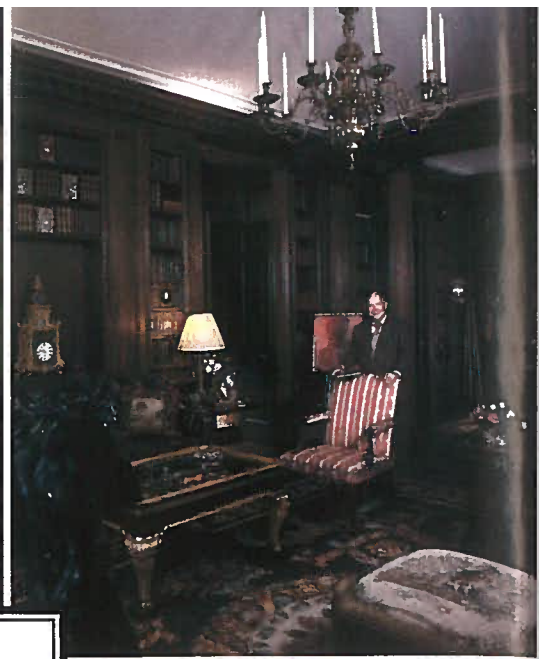
### GULFSTREAM G550

**SELLER** John Jay Moores, investor; owner, San Diego Padres  
**PRICE TAG** \$50 million  
**NOTES** Moores's split with his wife of 45 years prompted the sale.



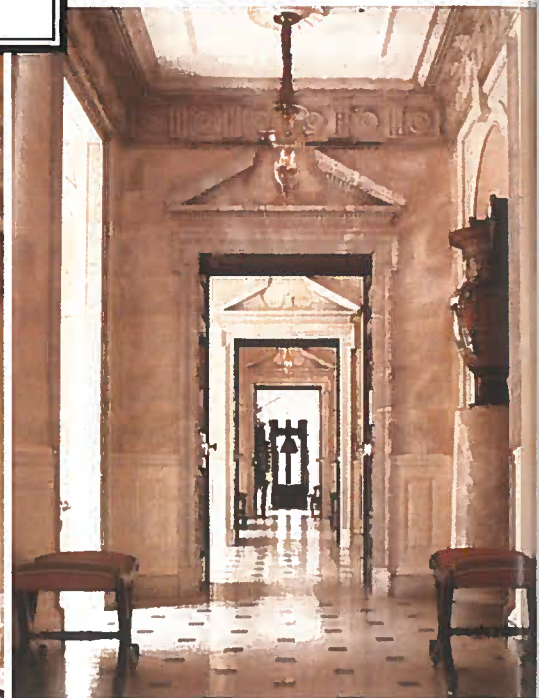
### MIDFORD CASTLE

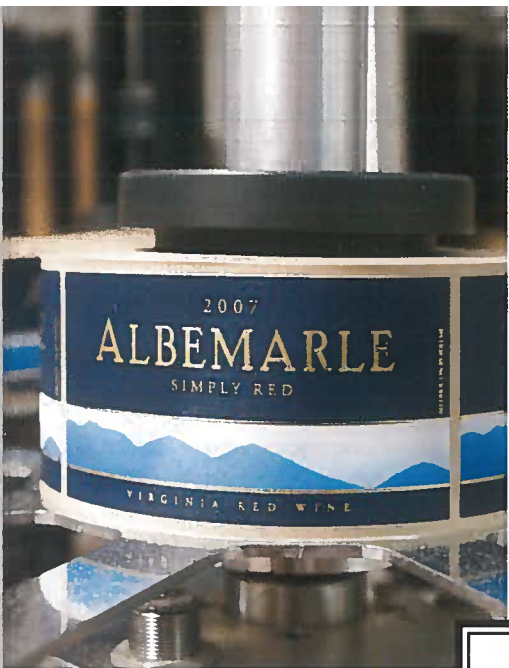
**SELLER** Nicolas Cage  
**PRICE TAG** \$4.8 million **NOTES** Cage bought the Bath, England, castle—which is shaped like the ace of clubs—for \$7.6 million; he never spent a single night inside its walls.



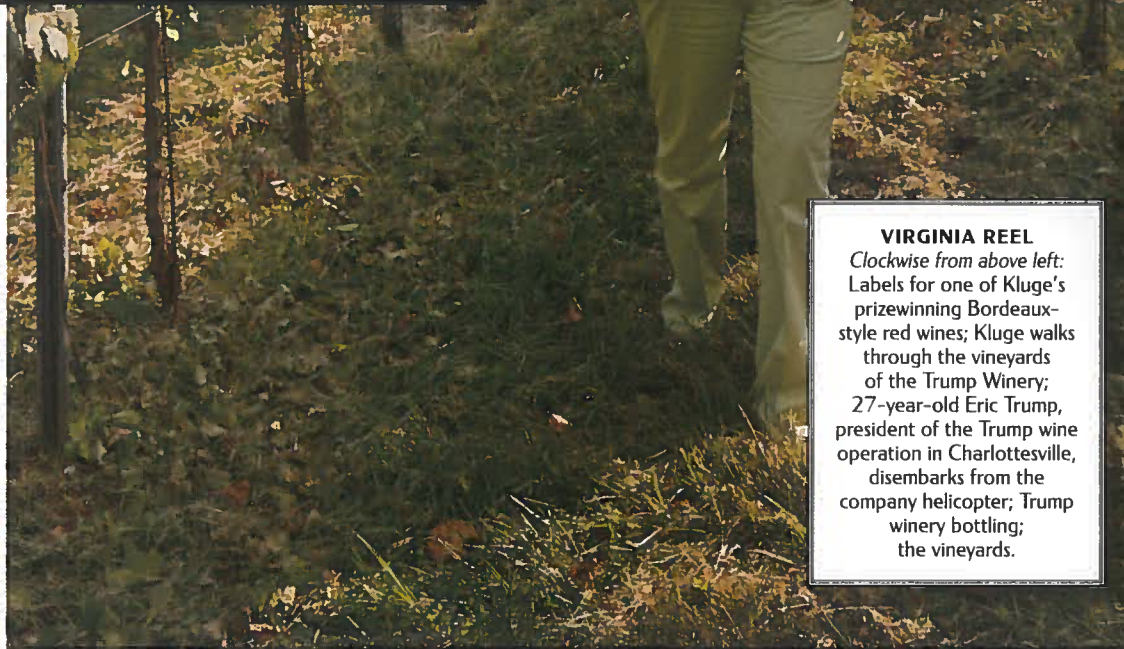
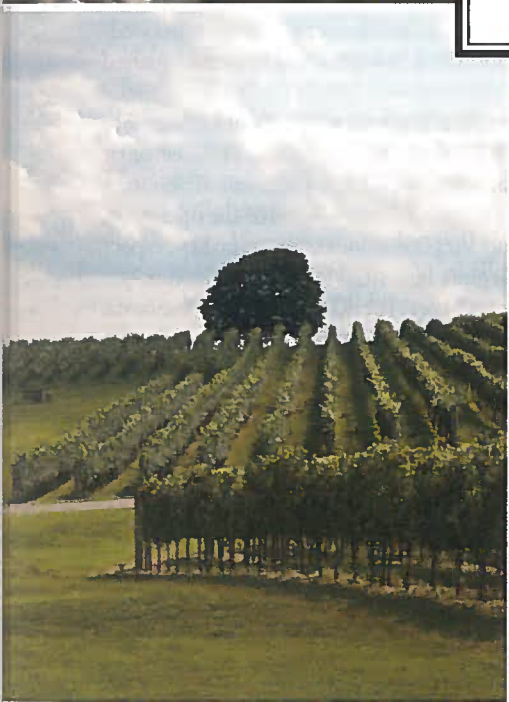
THAT WAS *THEN*...

**OLD DOMINION**  
Clockwise from above: A 1987 aerial view shows only a fraction of the Kluges' Charlottesville estate; John Kluge, the founder and CEO of MetroMedia, was 34 years older than his bride when they married in 1981; the marble halls of Albemarle House; Patricia, an accomplished rider, outside the stables with her horse Weather; the chapel at Albemarle House.





THIS IS *NOW*...



**VIRGINIA REEL**  
*Clockwise from above left:*  
Labels for one of Kluge's prizewinning Bordeaux-style red wines; Kluge walks through the vineyards of the Trump Winery; 27-year-old Eric Trump, president of the Trump wine operation in Charlottesville, disembarks from the company helicopter; Trump winery bottling; the vineyards.





**MADE FOR WALKING**  
The 25-year-old Iraqi-born immigrant at her home in Hampstead, London, in 1973, during her brief marriage to Russell Gay.

would become the first African-American to be elected governor in U.S. history. (That evening was immortalized by Kathleen Willey in her book *Target: Caught in the Crosshairs of Bill and Hillary Clinton* as the night she first met Clinton, whom she later accused of groping her in the White House.) Not long afterward, the Kluges split up, and Patricia began a romance with the divorced governor, who remains a close friend.

She was given the land, the house, and the antiques as part of a divorce settlement that a source close to her finances confirms was shy of, but approaching, \$100 million. "I never got anywhere near a billion dollars," says Kluge about one long-running rumor. "Still, it was substantial. And I put everything I had into the vineyard."

**WITH THE MARRIAGE AND THE EXTRAVAGANT SHINDIGS BEHIND** her, Kluge went to work. In 2000 she married William Moses, and with him she exhaustively pursued her passion to make world-class Virginia wines. It's easy to picture her charging forward with an ever-expanding, and costly, vision for her business. They bought the finest equipment, hired winemakers from Europe, and soon produced 10 different internationally acclaimed wines. The Kluge SP rosé, which won a gold medal in France, was served at Chelsea Clinton's 2010 wedding, and the 2001 New World Red, a Bordeaux-style blend, cleaned up in competitions.

"I admired her desire to produce the best wine possible," says her friend and onetime consultant Gabriele Rausse, assistant director of gardens at nearby Monticello, who helped her plant her first vines. Rausse recalls Kluge's focus as she oversaw every detail of the operation, and her determination to bring Virginia wines some overdue respect and recognition. "I think all Virginia benefited from what she did."

At the time the future looked rosy for Kluge Estate Vineyards, which was appraised at \$75 million, making it a safe candidate for big loans to grow the business. The banks opened the tap. The couple took out a \$22.5 million mortgage on Albemarle House and were loaned a total of \$39 million by Farm Credit of Virginia. Finally, they borrowed another \$12 million to create a 23-lot subdivision of luxury homes that had their own small vineyards.

And then the economy tanked. Moses and Kluge's strength as winemakers—their tremendous productivity—proved to be a fatal flaw. Although they could produce 30,000 cases of wine a year, they were able to sell only a third of their inventory. The Farm Credit loan went into default in November 2008, and soon the vineyard was losing upward of \$500,000 a month. Still, in spite of the crash of both the economy and the wine business, Kluge and Moses were identifying potential investors, and they were optimistic about their prospects. Her own portfolio was decimated, so she put the mansion on the market for \$100 million. In March 2010 she auctioned her jewels and antiques at Sotheby's, netting \$20 million, all of which she poured back into rescuing the business. By then Albemarle House's price had been slashed to \$24 million, and the couple had moved into the model home of the subdivision, Vineyard Estates, where they currently live.

If there is any vulnerability, Kluge is not keen to show it to a reporter. There will be no breakdown, no sniffles, no confessing to a single regret.



#### LIFE WORK

**SELLER** Annie Leibovitz, who was forced to sell the copyright to all her past and future photographs **BUYER** Art Capital **PRICE TAG** \$15 million **NOTES** Rights were part of a collateral package for a loan.



#### NEVERLAND RANCH

**SELLER** Michael Jackson **BUYER** Colony Capital **PRICE TAG** \$24 million **NOTES** Colony bought Jackson's debt on the property; the terms of the deal were not disclosed.



# There will be no breakdown, no sniffles, no confessing to a single regret. When pressed more than once about the pain in this precipitous fall, she asks, "What are you talking about?"

"What are you talking about?" she asks more than once when pressed about whether there was pain in this precipitous fall. Weakness is not in her vernacular. One tries to empathize, imagining the poignant drama unfolding: a lifetime of possessions on the auction block, full of memories and open to gawkers, assumptions, and of course, judgment. But Kluge's preternatural positivity doesn't allow her the luxury of wallowing. "We don't complain in my family," she declares.

Her friends marvel at her strength as her empire crumbled. "She had a great attitude, and it was real and it wasn't for show," says Colleen Strong, who organized the Sotheby's sale for Kluge and now is employed by Trump Winery. "You can imagine how difficult it was for her, but she said, 'You know what? I'm moving forward.'"

She had leveraged literally everything she owned—every jewel, every stick of furniture—but in the end the banks won out. Farm Credit finally foreclosed on the vineyard in September 2010. In January, Bank of America seized Albemarle House. Then Vineyard Estates, the last pillar of the empire, went down.

"It was a complete and utter nightmare," says Kluge, who reserves her ire for Farm Credit, which both she and Moses believe was determined to pull the plug on the business, thereby causing collateral damage to the very Virginia wine industry it claimed to promote. "Let's not forget that the bank agreed to lend us all that money. They came and saw a great asset and a great business plan, and they bought in!"

Through it all, she never lost hope that the farm could be saved. "We were working around the clock with our banks and our lawyers. That period was really the toughest, my poor husband putting all the details together, working until two o'clock in the morning. It was just so awful. I would be pacing up and down day and night. I wouldn't go anywhere, do anything, just sort of waiting for a resolution."

FROM BEHIND THE DESK IN HIS ENORMOUS OFFICE IN MIDTOWN Manhattan, Donald Trump rises for a friendly handshake. Despite never having had a sip of alcohol in all of his 65 years, he knew Kluge's winery was spectacular—and an opportunity—and it was their mutual friend Kathie Lee Gifford who made the connection that would resuscitate it. "I've known Patricia a long time. She's a nice woman who had a grand vision, and maybe it was too grand," he says. "So I wanted to help her out if I could." He had known and admired her ex-husband. "I had great respect for John. In fact, when she first came in to ask for this I said, 'Let me ask you, is this the land that John bought many years ago?' Because he had a great sense of real estate. I like buying things from people that know what they're doing. And she said yes. And I said, 'I'll do it.'"

Trump offered the bank \$20 million to bail out Kluge Estate, but when it refused, he began to snap up the property through foreclosure auctions and private purchases. (A lawyer for Farm Credit says he

never got an offer in writing, which Kluge and Trump's side disputes.) Bank of America turned down Trump's winning bid of \$3.6 million for Albemarle House, but he purchased the 200-acre "front yard" from a trust in John Kluge Jr.'s name, so Trump has effectively handcuffed the bank, and it will probably have to sell the house to him eventually, at an even greater reduction. Albemarle House will likely become part of his plan to create one of the country's great destination wineries and event spaces, a place able to offer a thousand tastings a day.

Like all Trump projects, it will stay in the family. "I put my son Eric in charge," Trump père says. At 27, Eric Trump is handsomer and warmer than he seemed on *Celebrity Apprentice*, where his appearance was described by one critic as "sinister." In the creamy seats of the company's Sikorsky S-76 helicopter, even he admits to feeling indulged. "Usually, I'm on Jet Blue in the back row by the toilets," he laughs. The aircraft descends next to a lush field of chardonnay grapes that are weeks from being harvested. Kluge and Eric share a certain way with hyperbole, but the property is breathtaking. Green and greener hills tumble into man-made lakes, and in every direction seemingly endless rows of immaculate vineyard rise, fall, and disappear at the horizon.

Eric unfolds his six-foot-five frame, and Kluge and Moses greet him on the lawn. They have an easy rapport, and Kluge is eager to fill him in on the progress of the renovations. For his part, the boss clearly has the respect of the work crew on the property. The plan is not only to use the Trump machine—builders, landscapers, food and beverage experts—to produce wines for tastings and weddings on-site, but also to take advantage of the company's built-in distribution system to sell the wines to its golf clubs and hotels worldwide, so that sales projections will never again be an issue. "Many of our members would love the option of knowing that the wine they're drinking came off a property that is owned by us, and we oversaw every single detail," Trump says. "It's very complementary to everything else we do."

The reopening is six weeks away, and the day is packed with meetings. Over turkey sandwiches Trump and Kluge interview prospective employees and discuss moldings and wood samples for the event space, as well as the menu for wine pairings in the tasting room.

"Have Trump, will marble!" says Kluge, as she shows him the restrooms that have been refurbished since his last visit. They move on to another facility, where workers are bottling the 2009 New World Red—at a rate of 3,000 per day. Strolling through the vineyards, Kluge plucks a ripe merlot grape and discusses sugar content and the excellent prognosis for the 2011 vintage.

The division of labor is clearly delineated, and the collaboration looks genuinely comfortable. "Patricia is a very high-level thinker. She really understands the marketing and the cachet of wine," Eric Trump says. "Those are skills that, quite frankly, I don't" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 171]



## SUPER BOWL RINGS

**PRIZES** Super Bowl XI, XV, XVIII rings **SELLER** Ray Guy, retired Raider **PRICE TAG** \$96,216 **NOTES** Sold at auction to anonymous buyer.



## TEDDY BEARS

**SELLER** Paul Greenwood, hedge fund manager, Ponzi schemer **PRICE TAG** \$1.8 million **NOTES** 1,348 bears total; 1,300 sold at auction.



## PRIVATE ISLAND

**ISLAND** Emerald Cay **SELLER** Tim Blixseth, developer, timber baron **PRICE TAG** \$75 million **NOTES** Blixseth suggested he would be open to a trade for another hard asset.



## PARK -VIEW APARTMENT

**APARTMENT** 3BR in the Dorchester in Manhattan **SELLER** Joan Collins **PRICE TAG** \$2.9 million **NOTES** Collins's Los Angeles home was flooded by an errant plumber.



## RARE COINS

**COLLECTION** Coins **SELLER** Nelson Bunker Hunt and William Herbert Hunt **PRICE TAG** \$22.7 million **NOTES** The Hunt brothers tried and failed to corner the world's silver market in the late 1970s.

OPPOSITE: COURTESY PATRICIA KLUGE

mean stepping between them and Dorothy, blocking sightlines. There was no other avenue short of going outside and pouring the milk through the window over the drinker's shoulder, so I stepped in front of Dorothy. She abruptly stopped talking—butling demerit!—and I withdrew. I offered the tray again, this time just under Dorothy's chin. It worked.

Still, Dorothy's self-assured cool was intimidating, my school semester's worth of waiter experience aside. I retreated to the kitchen, where Chris was wiping spotless charger plates with a cloth. I picked up a wineglass by its bowl. Chris inhaled sharply. "That is the cardinal sin of glassware! Always lift glasses by the stem. Then you won't have fingerprints."

We returned to the dining room. "We've got another problem," Chris said, looking down. "The salad platter's too big for the table and too heavy to carry long enough to serve everyone. What are you going to do?" I had no idea. "Think, man, think!" he scolded quietly, as the meeting continued nearby. He was beginning to resemble a drill sergeant with laryngitis. He looked at me with disappointment, picked up an end table, and brought it over. "What about resting it on this?"

"But you said to never put a serving piece on furniture," I whispered back.

"Oh, you can set it on furniture if you put a liner under it," he said dismissively.

The meeting broke, and Aeschylus showed up again. As everyone moved to the dining room, a surprise guest appeared. We hastily sat her at the corner—directly in the path of the butler. Flustered, I forgot to pour the wine before serving the soup, which dawned on me just before Dorothy said, "Excuse me, but I'd like some wine." I brought it out, wrapped it in a white napkin, and announced, "2009 Coeur Estérelle Côtes de Provence rosé." I said this with some theatricality, to Dorothy's approval. I poured a taste for her, and she nodded fractionally. (She may have been born in Brooklyn, but she'd clearly gone to aristocracy school.) I half filled the glasses of the four others who wanted wine and headed for the kitchen.

"Excuse me, may I have some of the Coeur Estérelle Côtes de Provence too?" Dorothy asked with diminished amusement. Good God, I'd forgotten to fill her glass! I did so while trying my best to be invisible.

The soup bowls were presented atop salad plates and then placed atop the chargers, so when I picked them up I had to lift three dishes with my left hand, twist around, and present a new charger with my right. Nine times, as there

was to be no stacking, of course. This is not difficult once you get the hang of it, but part of the hang of it is that you must do it quickly, or by the time you clear nine soup bowls and serve nine salads, an eternity has passed. While trying to appear as smooth as William Powell in *My Man Godfrey*, I started to sweat.

The niçoise was served and cleared, the sorbet was served and cleared, as were coffee and tea, all without tragedy. The meal finally ended at 3 p.m., and, as I'd been there since 9:30, I was wiped. Part was the physical exertion; most was the deterioration of my left frontal lobe.

A FEW DAYS LATER THE REVIEWS came in. Chris gave me an A-minus. He commented that my "table setting was immaculate but totally undone by serving wine wrapped in a dirty napkin." He also noted that I was "not impeccably dressed." I hadn't ironed my khakis. Dorothy gave me a B-minus. She had good things to say about my demeanor but thought I had listened in on her conversation—a serious violation of trust. (I hadn't. The only sentence I remember is "We're the French Culinary Institute, and we don't even have a French flag for Bastille Day." As the school had recently changed its name to the Bespoke Institute, which could lead to a confused horde of applicants expecting to learn how to make pants to measure, it didn't matter anyway.) She was also critical of my timing and added, "The lunch service was bumpy, as was the wine." Both were unhappy with my planning and organization.

Humbled by all this striving for perfection—and the evaluations of my shortcomings in attaining it—I concluded in a bath of Epsom salts that being Dorothy's wife for more than a day may not be my calling. As a registered anarchist, I found the required mental focus of butling, the physical demands ("It gets you in the legs eventually," Chris said), and the surprising need for so much training well beyond my corral of discipline. And I'd only served lunch.

But having touched the sky, I'm now more unbearable to live with than ever. My spoons and knives have to be equidistant from each other and from the edge of the place mats, the wine and water glasses are handled only by their stems, and I can be found most mornings examining in daylight whatever I've worn the day before, then rushing for the steamer. Now if only I could get the occasional appointment with Chris for him to squeegee our shower and polish my shoes. ●

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151] have. On the contrary, I understand construction and building and designing things. Numbers. When you combine those two elements with the overall marketing powerhouse of our company, this will do incredibly well."

For her part, Kluge relishes her new role and fresh start. But her troubles are not over. In July she and Moses filed for Chapter 7 bankruptcy protection, which, when complete, will absolve them of the estimated \$25 million to \$30 million they owe. The one humiliation Kluge will admit to in this nearly Shakespearean drama took place during the proceedings. "We walked into the trustee's big room, and it was filled with media. I was so shocked. The press was there just to watch me go through this process. Why? To see how few things I have left? It was awful. I couldn't even say a word," she says. "It was not a tragic moment, but a very sad one."

Three years after Moses and Kluge were married, his younger daughter, Amanda, died of a sudden heart attack. "Tragedy," Bill Moses says, "is when you lose a child. You look at this and you say, It's just money. You know? We're both healthy, we're both happy, we have a great marriage, we've got wonderful surviving children and grandchildren. We created one of the finest wineries in the country. And we ran into an economic hurricane. Which was not helped at all by the bank."

Kluge remains unfazed by the critics, those who say she squandered her millions, and cites the outpouring of support she has received. And even though she lost everything, she steadfastly insists she lost nothing. "I enjoyed all of these things hugely. But they did not define me. The person is an entirely different entity. The person is private. The person is introspective. The person puts family before everything. Purpose. Work. Creativity. These are what define me. And not the dressing."

She remains devoted to her Andover- and Columbia-educated son, John Jr., now 28, an entrepreneur who recently spoke at the United Nations. Like the good girl raised by nuns and inspired by her grandfather to never feel sorry for herself, Kluge has her eyes fixed only on what's ahead. "This whole vineyard could have been lost," she says. "I'm completely excited that my beloved place is going to get the attention and care and love that Donald and Eric are giving it." She is grateful for, even ecstatic over, the second chance. And, as always, she fears nothing, least of all the future. "I'm working my tail off and staying positive," she says. "There's a lot to be optimistic about." ●