

February 2014

DETAILS

The Newest
Form of Infidelity
Has Nothing to
Do With Sex

—
"MY GREEN
JUICE IS BETTER
THAN YOURS."
HOW A DIET CRAZE
IS MAKING
PEOPLE CRAZY

—
THE FALL
AND RISE
OF A
HIP-HOP
MOGUL

BUILD A
PERFECT
WARDROBE
THE EIGHT
PIECES
EVERY
STYLISH
MAN
SHOULD
OWN

+

The Haircut
of the
Moment

BEYOND
BREAKING
BAD

**AARON
PAUL**

—
THE
12
MINUTE
WORKOUT





→ CONTINUED

"Hi, princess. How are you-ewww-eh?").

One morning, the five #RichKids—minus E.J.—gather for a promo shoot in Culver City. It's been a typically grueling week: parties, magnums of Moët, a private jet to Cabo—all for the benefit of E!'s cameras. The rare attempt at do-gooderism, a charity blood drive organized by Dorothy and Morgan, went badly awry. "I passed out, which was awkward," Morgan says. "Literally, I was sweating from my asshole to the top of my head. It was not pretty." Even before that, the planning for the event set off a teary-eyed hissy fit after Jonny called Dorothy a "homophobic bitch" for supporting an organization that shuns blood donations from gay men. Wounded, Dorothy said, "It got very VH1." E.J. had Dorothy's back: "If someone said that to me, it would have been o-rah." And Morgan consoled her gal pal: "Please! It's 2013. Nobody's homophobic unless you're from Kentucky."

What's remarkable (and adds another layer of meta-ness) is the cast's post-Snooki savvy about the business of reality TV—their pursuit of fame smacks of calculation, not desperation. Dorothy, for instance, sounds like a real-life Elle Woods talking about the ventures she hopes to piggyback on the show's success: a clothing label, beauty products, style apps, bathrobes, doggie gear. "The misconception about me is that I just want to be spoiled," she says. "I'm not all about which Birkin bag goes with which outfit."

Predictably, higher-brow haters are already calling #RichKids the true zombie apocalypse—the website LAist met the show's announcement with the headline BARF, and *Vanity Fair* preemptively labeled the Instagram kids "completely self-unaware"—which misses the point: Dorothy, Morgan, and the gang are as quaffable as a Laurent-Perrier brut rosé. Even if all the bubbles do make you belch afterward. As Morgs vamps for the cameras, it's hard not to lap it up. "You are such a camera slut," Dorothy tells her. Later, Morgan waxes strangely philosophical. "Why are we doing this?" she says finally. "I mean, why does anybody do anything? I just watched a documentary of Valentino. He's fucking fantastic. Fantastic! The camera wasn't following him at one point, and he was like, 'Where's the camera?' I was, like, 'Exactly!'" ■



Artist Olaf Breuning painted abstract patterns on Gstaad's Eggli mountain, in the style of his 2007 *Schneezeichnung* (above), made with food coloring in Arosa, Switzerland.

EXHIBITION

HAVE A PEAK A SPRAWLING OPEN-AIR GROUP SHOW IN THE SWISS ALPS GIVES NEW MEANING TO HIGH ART.

THE SWISS RESORT VILLAGE OF GSTAAD has long been associated with opulent ski chalets and bygone part-time residents like Elizabeth Taylor and the Aga Khan. But between January 27 and March 8, it's the home of "Elevation 1049: Between Heaven and Hell," a surreal free art exhibition featuring more than 25 commissioned pieces installed throughout the town as well as in the surrounding Alps.

All the artists included are Swiss, but "Elevation" is less about national pride than it is about taking full advantage of the unique, wintry setting. The sculptor Urs Fischer has erected a bronze-cast sculpture of a man standing on a chair, ice water pouring from his eyes on the town's see-and-be-seen promenade, while Olaf Breuning, a mixed-media prankster, uses toboggans as brushes to paint vibrant abstract patterns on Eggli mountain. Even the town's public transportation has evolved into a canvas of sorts—playing

in a loop in a glacier-bound cable car is footage spliced together by Christian Marclay of Bollywood song-and-dance numbers shot in Gstaad as cinematic homages to *The Sound of Music*.

It took more than two years for New York City-based curator Neville Wakefield and his girlfriend, artist Olympia Scarry, to organize "Elevation," which Wakefield describes as an "antidote to the white-walled hegemony" of the art-fair circuit. Scarry, who was born in Switzerland and grew up visiting her grandfather, the late children's-book author Richard Scarry, in Gstaad, has also contributed a piece—an installation of "profile poles," normally used to demarcate the height of proposed structures in the village (and invariably greeted with trepidation by preservation-minded residents)—on the idyllic, iced-over Lake Lauenen. "Once the lake melts, the piece will collapse on itself," Scarry says. In other words, get it while it's cold.

PHOTOGRAPH: OLAF BREUNING/COURTESY METRO PICTURES.