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Anne Hathaway on hangovers, hustling
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QUEEN ANNE



QUEEN

From disastrous romances to her crusade to quit drinking, Anne Hathaway's story has had enough drama to rival any Hollywood script. She tells Helena de Bertodano about finding love, motherhood and the performance of her life

Photographed by JACK WATERLOT Styled by SOPHIE PERA



ANNE

WHEN I ARRIVE AT THE TINY KOREAN RESTAURANT IN New York that Anne Hathaway has picked for lunch, I assume she is not here yet. For one thing, I am 10 minutes early – and what Hollywood actress ever shows up early? And for another, there is no one who looks remotely like Hathaway. The tables are filled with groups, except for one woman sitting alone, a black leather cap pulled low over her face, the rest of her features obscured by the book she is reading – *Sisters in Spirit: Haudenosaunee (Iroquois) Influence on Early American Feminists* by Sally Roesch Wagner.

I move towards a seat at another table but then the woman looks up and breaks into that unmistakable mile-wide smile. ‘I’m Annie,’ she says warmly, tucking her book into her bag. ‘I hope this is okay,’ she adds, furrowing her brow as she glances round the room. ‘I was looking at three spots [to meet]. One was a tea place called Radiance – but I just thought a British woman would cringe.’ She peals with laughter. ‘And then there was another place which does standard American food, but it looked a little loud. So now we’re here – apparently the bulgogi sliders are amazing.’

Hathaway does not do anything by halves. Whether it is researching a venue for an interview, preparing for a movie role (who can forget her Oscar-winning performance as the tormented and emaciated Fantine in *Les Misérables*?) or making a carrot soufflé for her husband and young son, she commits wholeheartedly. The soufflé, she says, is her current signature dish. ‘It sounds hard but is almost impossible to mess up because there is so much cheese in it.’

A cynic might say that the restaurant scene is carefully staged. If she is putting down markers, they would read like this: punctual (good manners); venue (low-key and unassuming); book (social conscience, not an airhead). In fact, after an afternoon spent in her company, I would say all of this is genuine, not just an opening pose.

One of Hollywood’s highest-paid actresses, with nearly 14 million Instagram followers, Hathaway, 36, is busier than ever. ‘I was always told that once I turned 35 I would turn into a pumpkin and never get a good part again. It makes me sad that the world tells me my skin is somehow less valuable than it used to be, but I don’t listen and I don’t agree. I get so tickled by being invited to the show.’

This is an understatement: in many cases, Hathaway *is* the show. In *Ocean’s 8*, last year’s all-female heist film, it was widely agreed that she stole the show with her perfect parody of a narcissistic diva – and this in the company of Blanchett, Bullock, Bonham Carter et al. ‘I think that was an easy turn of phrase to go with a film about thieves,’ she says.

Instead of the sliders (‘I don’t eat meat on Mondays’), Hathaway orders vegetable dumplings and a plate of spicy cod roe on soft scrambled

eggs. She explains that she used to be vegan – but quit when shooting *Interstellar* with Matt Damon in Iceland. ‘We walk into a Michelin-star restaurant and because Matt is the nicest guy he says: “I’ll just have whatever the chef wants to serve me.” And my husband – who had just completed a year of veganism – says, “Me too.” I was like: “Sweetie, he’s having a reindeer carpaccio...”’ But her husband stood his ground. ‘So then I was the only chick and I’m the vegan and everyone’s just going with the flow. So I asked [she puts on a small embarrassed voice]: “Is your fish local?” And they said: “Do you see that fjord?” So I had a piece of salmon and my brain felt like a computer rebooting.’

She has never looked back and now eats everything. She and her husband take it in turns to cook. ‘I roast a nice chicken. Nothing fancy.’ Indeed nothing about Hathaway is fancy or screams Hollywood film star. No one seems to recognise her – although she has such an ebullient laugh that everyone looks over at our table whenever it erupts, which is often. She is dressed in a black jersey, black jeans and muddy black boots: ‘The mud is from a beautiful little ranch in California where my son loves to ride.’ She contemplates them: ‘It’s probably not just mud. It reminds me of that bit in *The Favourite* when Emma Stone goes, “This mud stinks.” And the servant says, “They shit in the street here.”’


Famous for half her life, Hathaway was 18 when cast as Mia Thermopolis in *The Princess Diaries*, which kicked off a run of buoyantly comic roles in films such as *The Devil Wears Prada*, *Bride Wars* and *The Intern*. But she interspersed the lighter fare with grittier parts: the ego-queen wife of a closeted cowboy in *Brokeback Mountain*; an egocentric addict in *Rachel Getting Married* (which got her an Academy Award nomination); and an alcoholic in *Colossal*.

Her ability as an actress has never been in dispute, but in 2013, around the time she won her Oscar, it suddenly became cool to find Hathaway really annoying. A noisy online mob, calling themselves the Hathahaters, tore her apart and even *The New York Times* ran a think piece titled ‘Do We Really Hate Anne Hathaway?’ It was deemed that she was too ‘actressy’ and wanted it too much. Accepting her Oscar with a tearfully quavering ‘It came true’ only served to unleash further vitriol.

At the time Hathaway said she felt like she had been ‘punched in the gut’ but today is philosophical. ‘It had nothing to do with me,’ she shrugs. ‘If people say a few things about you, that’s not about you. That’s about them.’ In those days, she adds, she did not even like herself. ‘But I’ve done a lot of work. I’ve shown up for myself, week after week, in an effort to live a less harmful life. I don’t want to hate anybody, even myself. I don’t want to abuse anybody, even myself.’

Now happily settled with her husband, Adam Shulman, an actor turned jewellery designer, and their three-year-old son Jonathan, ▷

‘I don’t want to hate anybody,
even myself. I don’t want to abuse
anybody, even myself’



Jersey dress, £1,043;
silk shoes, £589, both by
ALEXANDRE VAUTHIER.
Wool hat, POA, by
**MAISON MICHEL FOR
ALEXANDRE VAUTHIER**

Previous pages, left, paillettes
dress, £3,740, by **ERMANN
SCERVINO**. Mesh gloves,
£81, by **C'EST JEANNE**.
White-gold and diamond
earrings, POA; white-gold and
diamond cuff, POA, both by
LORRAINE SCHWARTZ.
Diamond and pearl ring, POA,
by **STEPHEN WEBSTER**

Previous pages, right,
embroidered tulle dress,
POA, by **ALEXANDER
McQUEEN**. Crystal
vintage earrings, £465,
by **JENNIFER GIBSON**



Jersey gown, £6,515, by **RALPH LAUREN**. From left, white-gold and diamond ring, £86,000; yellow-gold, white-gold and diamond ring, £78,000, both by **BUCCELLATI**. Platinum and diamond ring, POA, by **TIFFANY & CO**. Platinum and diamond rings, POA, both by **DE BEERS**

Opposite page, silk jacket, £1,690; sequinned trousers, £534, both by **MARC JACOBS**. Diamond and platinum necklace, worn as anklet, POA; diamond and platinum rings, POA, all by **HARRY WINSTON**





Jersey body, POA, by **ALEXANDRE VAUTHIER**.
Tights, £23, by **FALKE**.
Suede shoes, £490,
by **AQUAZZURA**. White-gold
and diamond necklace,
POA; white-gold and diamond
earrings, POA; platinum
and diamond ring, POA,
all by **GRAFF**

Opposite page, satin
embroidered dress, £3,895, by
PRADA. Mesh gloves, £103, by
C'EST JEANNE. Diamanté and
pearl earrings, £55, by
**GILLIAN HORSUP AT
ALFIES ANTIQUES**



◁ she no longer seems too concerned with what people think of her. She is still very earnest, perhaps the most ‘woke’ of Hollywood celebrities, describing how she educates her son to be aware that ‘being here is a gift’: she carries bamboo cutlery for both of them in her handbag. ‘I am teaching him how to exist in the world without filling up a landfill. Then it’s his choice whether to go out there and throw plastic bottles off a mega yacht that he lands on from a private helicopter – assuming he can make enough money to afford those things.’

She describes herself as cisgender, and is uncomfortably aware of her white privilege. ‘I was born into a system that benefits me. And a system that causes harm. And that’s not okay with me.’

Hence her reading material, *Sisters in Spirit*, which she is trying to finish before hosting ‘a truth and healing circle’ for 100 people this evening, in which participants learn about indigenous history in America through the ‘Blanket Exercise’ – the blankets representing the land that was taken away.

Of course it is tempting – and very easy – to mock all this. But Hathaway is also intelligent, self-aware and humorous and is more than able to mock herself. In February, just before the Academy Awards, she posted a throwback picture of the disastrous time she presented the ceremony with James Franco – Hathaway trying desperately hard to entertain while Franco smirked. ‘No matter what happens with today’s show,’ she quipped in her caption, ‘just remember, it’s already been worse. Happy Oscars!’ And on a recent episode of *Ellen* she poked fun at celebrity-led pseudoscience by instructing everyone in the audience to peel a clementine, then breathe in and out through it. ‘Do you guys feel a little bit better? Do you feel good?’ Most audience members nodded. ‘That’s impossible,’ said Hathaway, ‘I made the whole thing up.’

Hathaway was born in Brooklyn, the middle of three siblings, and is close to her parents. Her father, Gerald, is a lawyer and her mother, Kate, is an actress and producer, who serenaded Anne and her husband Adam at their wedding with Phil Phillips’ ‘Sea of Love’. ‘It was an incredible stroke of fortune to have parents who believed art was important,’ she says. Hathaway has previously said she was a normal teenager in high school and ‘not in a popular clique.’ She played sports and took part in school plays. Her idol was Julia Roberts and she watched *Pretty Woman* on an almost constant loop. When she met Roberts a few years ago, she was overwhelmed. What did she do? ‘Cried. At the *Oscars*. Poor Julia. Actually, it was a lovely moment for me because people cry when they meet me sometimes and I’d always wondered what that was about. So when it happened to me with her I just thought, “I cannot possibly imagine I mean as much to you as Julia Roberts means to me.”’ Her eyes fill with tears. ‘I’m sorry, I’m tearing up thinking about it now.’

Although determined to become an actress, Hathaway studied English and women’s studies at Vassar College, dropping out when her career took off. I ask where she would have ended up if she hadn’t become an actress. ‘In the gutter?’ she deadpans – before pausing to give it more thought. ‘I could have seen myself being a teacher. Or going into the military. Or being some kind of do-gooder with a death wish. But more likely than anything else I would have been an alcoholic.’

Last year she gave up alcohol. ‘I feel like a traitor,’ she says today. ‘My issue is I just love it. So. Much. But the way I do it makes me unavailable for my son. My last hangover lasted for five days. I’d earned it: it was a day drinking session with friends that went into an evening birthday party with one of my drinking buddies. I will never be that person who can nurse a glass of wine throughout an entire evening.’

Her husband barely drinks, which makes it easier. ‘I don’t think I’d have had the will to do it otherwise.’ Now when she goes out, she orders a sparkling water with bitters and a lime: ‘The hardest thing is other people feel very threatened when you don’t drink. If they see you’ve got something in your hand they assume it’s a vodka cranberry and leave you alone.’

Motherhood, she says, has changed her in other ways too. Although she still prepares intensely, she would no longer ‘crawl over broken glass’ for a role. Seven years ago, and already very slim, she dropped almost two stone to play the dying Fantine, eating only two thin squares of oatmeal paste a day. ‘It was just so harmful the way that I did it, I didn’t know what I was doing.’

Although she cracked the acting industry with apparent ease, she found relationships much more challenging. ‘What I put my parents through with my terrible taste in boyfriends,’ she says, sinking her head into her hands. ‘They were very, very stressed.’

The worst, she says, is ‘very much on the internet’ – referring to Raffaello Follieri, her boyfriend from 2004 to 2008, who was jailed after pleading guilty to 14 counts of conspiracy, wire-fraud and money-laundering charges. He and Hathaway had broken up a few days before he was arrested. ‘It was something that was gotten through which led me to here,’ she says today. ‘I never got it right with a boyfriend. Except for the boyfriend that turned out to be my husband.’

Donald Trump bizarrely commented on her split with Follieri – who was living in Trump Tower – saying that he seemed like ‘a nice guy’ who had got himself into ‘a bit of a jam’ and criticising Hathaway for not remaining loyal to him. Hathaway grimaces: ‘That’s why I don’t talk about [Trump]. I’m biased because of that weird interaction...’ Besides, she adds later, referring to the President: ‘Why give the fire oxygen when you want the fire to go out?’ ▷

‘If I wasn’t an actress, I could see myself as a do-gooder with a death wish. But most likely I’d be an alcoholic’



Embroidered crystal cape, £6,000; silk-faille top, £850, both by **GIVENCHY**. White-gold and diamond earrings, POA, by **MESSIKA**. Yellow- and white-gold and diamond ring, £78,000, by **BUCCELLATI**

◁ She met Shulman through her friend Emily Blunt at a party 10 years ago. Shortly afterwards she invited him to New Orleans to a screening of her new film, *Rachel Getting Married*. Her friends were concerned, warning her that it could go wrong as she barely knew him. ‘It occurred to me that wasn’t a reason not to do something,’ she explains. ‘I said “It either goes wrong and it’s 24 hours out of both of our lives. Or it’s going to go great and we’ll probably get married.” And I was right! It wasn’t like I had only met him once. We’d hung out half a dozen times and he had people and I’d met them and they all checked out. I had a good feeling about him.’

If she hadn’t met Shulman, she thinks she might never have married. ‘I don’t think marriage is for everyone. I would have been really bad at it, I just happen to be married to a great guy.’

These days they rarely go out in the evenings. ‘We have stayed in every night for the past week playing Uno.’ She says she would love more children. ‘If it was up to me, I’d have plenty more by now. We both [want more]. We’ve just got to be patient.’

But she has no regrets about not becoming a mother earlier. ‘Acting is difficult because you have to tend to your career like a child. I was always very aware that it would be very helpful if I could get to a certain point before having children. My mother had kids young so she was always trying to balance both – and then when she had to make a choice, she chose us.’ Would she contemplate doing the same? ‘I don’t want to. I am so happy to still get the tap on the shoulder.’

In her latest movie, *The Hustle*, she and Rebel Wilson play a pair of mismatched con artists. It is a riotous female remake of the 1988 film, *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*, that starred Michael Caine and Steve Martin. Hathaway takes on the Caine role as a high-class British con artist, while Wilson plays the petty swindler trying to learn Hathaway’s tricks.

Originally the movie was titled ‘Nasty Women’. ‘I was happy it wasn’t called “Shady Ladies”, which was getting thrown around.’ But she lost the battle to convince director Chris Addison that she should play the role with an American accent. ‘I feel very vulnerable doing an accent: it’s not something I’ve ever successfully done.’ She was widely lampooned for her British accent in the romantic drama *One Day* and as Jane Austen in *Becoming Jane*. ‘I didn’t nail it,’ she says regretfully. ‘I told Chris I was incredibly nervous and that I prefer to do comedy from a place of confidence. He said, “I appreciate everything you’re feeling but this part is funnier as a Brit so you’re just going to have to figure it out.”’

In fact she pulls off a good cut-glass British accent this time round, with shades of Dame Maggie Smith or perhaps Penelope Keith in *The Good Life*. Did she ring Michael Caine – who played her astrophysicist father in the 2014 film *Interstellar* – and ask his advice about the role?

‘That would have been smart,’ she replies. ‘Michael and I don’t really have a ring-you-up sort of relationship. But he’s always very warm and lovely when we run into each other. He gives me marriage advice. Separate bathrooms. When he told me that, I laughed and he looked at me and said, “I’m serious, it’s such an important part of the marriage.”’

So does she follow his advice? ‘I’m not going to say...’ she laughs. You can’t start a story like that and not finish it, I tease her. ‘I think I can,’ she says teasingly back, demonstrating her complete self-possession. ‘I feel very good about it.’

When the restaurant starts closing around us, she charms the waiter into allowing us to move to a corner spot at the bar. ‘What’s your name?’ she asks him. ‘Eduardo,’ he replies shyly. She puts out her hand: ‘Eduardo. I’m Annie. You’ve made our day.’

As the actress at the helm of two female remakes in one year – and a member of the Time’s Up movement – she feels that positive changes are afoot. ‘I see a lot of promising things in Hollywood. I also see a lot of frustrating things. How many times do we have to keep making the same mistakes before we accept the wisdom that we’re all one? One of the things I’m frustrated about is people’s blithe assumption that they could not possibly be part of the problem...’

She has two other upcoming movies: *The Last Thing He Wanted*, a political thriller based on the Joan Didion book, playing a journalist turned arms dealer; and an untitled Todd Haynes drama playing the wife of Mark Ruffalo’s character, a lawyer who takes on a chemical giant.


I ask her where she sees herself in 25 years’ time. ‘I’m 36 now, so I’ll be 61. I hope I’m hiking. Surrounded by a pack of dogs and covered in beautiful stones. With long flowing white hair. And a staff. Not of people,’ she adds hastily: ‘A walking stick...’

We get ready to leave – to Eduardo’s relief – and Hathaway asks me which way I am going. I tell her I am heading towards Central Park. ‘Me too,’ she says as she pulls on her leopard-print coat. We walk together for several blocks towards her subway stop – like every self-respecting New Yorker, she ignores the flashing ‘Don’t walk’ signs at intersections. She is enthusiastically spilling over with ideas about what I should do with the rest of my day. ‘You *have* to go to the Guggenheim. It has this spiral staircase that is so special.’

Before she disappears into the maelstrom of commuters being sucked down into the subway beneath 59th Street, she rethinks her prophecy for her future. By the time she is in her sixties, her son – and any future children – will be grown up and she will no longer be teetotal. ‘I will move to a vineyard. I swear to God I will unhinge my jaw. You have no idea the debauchery that will happen.’ □

The Hustle is in cinemas from 9 May

‘I said, “Either it goes wrong and it’s 24 hours out of both our lives. Or we’ll get married.” And I was right’



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