

THE CARLYLE - MANHATTAN

A venerable staple of the Upper East Side, The Carlyle wears its black and gold awnings quietly, watching old-money New Yorkers saunter by with Birkin bags and politely sized dogs. Behind its stately yet quiet façade, The Carlyle has the air of a hotel that has seen it all. The sharp taste governing its yellow and black lobby keeps a straight face, unlike the patrons in the notorious hotel bar.

A silver-haired man orders a “Patron Starlet” for his much younger companion, who beams with her cleavage, belying a liberal attitude toward nips and tucks. On Mondays, Woody Allen plays here with his jazz band, and other nights a mix of curious tourists and weekly regulars drink, sheltered by the bar’s gold ceiling. The rooms of the hotel speak equally of secret affairs and drab commerce, their key assets being the coveted location and (on higher floors) a spectacular view; the décor, meanwhile, is less than memorable. Gazing down on the lights of Manhattan from the thirty-third floor at night feels sexual and spiritual. It’s a vision that—even if just for a night—makes you feel like there’s no better place on earth. A silent ride to the lobby in the manually operated elevator, in contrast, is sobering; not all traditions are worth holding onto. In the lobby, a middle-aged woman, bags in tow, approaches the front desk hollering, “I’m back!” to anyone who will listen. “Can you believe it,” she says to the desk attendant, “I’m only staying for two nights—maybe three!” In fact, it didn’t seem to shock anyone. The Carlyle can make you forget that the rest of the world exists, and sometimes—if the feeling lasts for just two or three nights—that’s okay.^{BC}

THE CARLYLE · 35 EAST 76TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10021, WWW.ROSEWOODHOTELS.COM
188 MODERN ROOMS & SUITES, HISTORIC LANDMARK HOTEL, LEGENDARY BAR, FROM 380 € PER NIGHT

