

## [ART & CULTURE] CULTURE



EXCLUSIVE EATS The 100-seat dining room in the Caribou Club is where members can come to enjoy Executive Chef Miles Angelo's culinary creations. Angelo balances traditional dishes with innovative appetizers so there's something to please everyone's polate.

## ALL THAT GLITTERS

THE LEGENDARY CARIBOU CLUB CELEBRATES IT'S SILVER ANNIVERSARY AS ASPEN'S MOST EXCLUSIVE SOCIAL HUB.

By Barbara Platts

Stepping through the ashwood door marked "private" in downtown Aspen's Caribou Alley, which is flanked by Caribou Jewelers on one side and Fendi on the other, is one of Aspen's most coveted experiences. To even get past coat check one typically has to present the club's gold membership card, but if you truly belong, all you need is a friendly nod from the host at the entrance.

Modeled after London's exclusive dinner club Annabel's, the Caribou (or 'Bou, as it's known among regulars) is a 100-seat restaurant, lounge, bar and dance club all in one. It's known for its glamorous guests, innovative food, low-lit Great Room, collection of Western art and, most notably, strict access. Memberships start at \$3,000 for the first year (and \$2,000 each subsequent year) or \$20,000 for lifetime entry. To belong for a week costs \$500 to \$1,500, depending on the time of year.

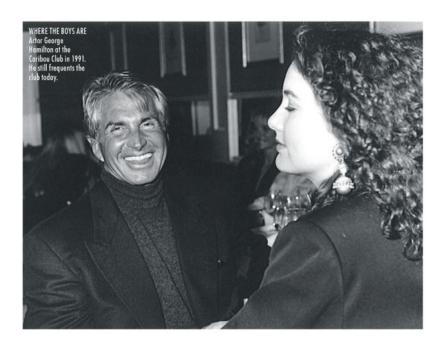
That exclusivity was cleverly engineered 25 years ago by

Harley Baldwin, an art patron and philanthropist who was known for his boundless enthusiasm and innovative ideas. He arrived in Aspen in 1968; he was 23 with only \$1,200 to his name and was employed as a crepe-maker at the Popcorn Wagon. He then succeeded in several real estate ventures before buying the historic Collins Block Building in 1988.

As the town began transforming from a humble ski community to a playground for the rich and famous, Baldwin dug underneath the Collins Block building to carve out space for Aspen's first private club. Many locals thought he was destroying the town.

"People were screaming at Harley and me on the street saying, 'You're not going to last a year' and 'How dare you open a private club,'" recalls Billy Stolz, Harley's right-hand man who was originally brought in from New York to help him run the club. Stolz is still there today handling the day-to-day operations.

Despite the backlash, Baldwin opened the Caribou Club March 24, 1990. It was a bit premature, considering he didn't yet have the necessary permits or even a proper bar—a makeshift plywood one was in place for the opening. "I went over to prepare the [guest] list for that night, and it really didn't matter. Everyone was there," Stolz says.



"People were so curious to see what Harley had done, even though it wasn't quite finished."

The city red-tagged the establishment and by the next week the news of the illegal opening was the talk of the town. The club reopened for good April 6 when they received a certificate of occupancy.

The controversy around the club only helped to sell memberships faster, which started at \$1,000 but were given for free to cops, firefighters and the mountain rescue team.

"Everyone thought Harley was crazy because Aspen was just coming around as a high-dollar location," former Executive Chef Jimmy Nadell said. "But Harley had a knack for getting people in the door."

An Aspen institution was quickly born. The club became the place to see and be seen, as well as the site of high-class revelry, a reputation that continues to this day. "It was like a star-studded Animal House," says former General Manager Jimmy Yeager (who now owns Jimmy's restaurant down the street). "But it felt so ordinary at the time."

Celebrities from George Hamilton to Reggie Jackson have elbowed up to the bar, which is now an expanse of rich mahogany.

Stories about them can be hard to come by; the staff and members are tight-lipped about what exactly has gone on behind that private door. But narratives have leaked out over the years. Rumor has it that Michael Douglas proposed to Catherine Zeta-Jones in the Great Room and that Sean Connery and Sugar Ray Leonard instigated a food fight in the dining room. Joe Cocker indulged in some marijuana during a private party and Prince Bandar bin Sultan bin Abdulaziz booked dinner at 4AM so he could remain on Middle East time.

This past holiday season, famed favorites Paris Hilton, Sammy Sosa and Lori Loughlin (to name a few) graced the 'Bou with their appearances.

"Everyone has been through here," says Stolz. The club was well-equipped to handle its wealthy clientele with one-of-a-kind accouterments like a red phone on a table in the Great Room that directly dialed NetJets at the private jet facility at the Aspen airport and classic style pay phones next to the bathrooms (they're still there but no longer dial out). Four Warhol prints cover the walls of the hallway, all AP edition pencil-signed by the artist. And a large caribou head guards the entrance, even though it was stolen—and found—twice before the staff bolted it to the wall.

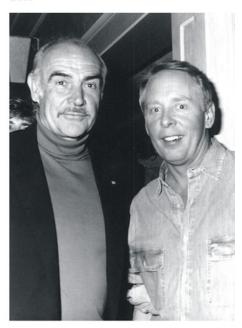
More than the amenities and decor, it's been the people who have helped make the 'Bou that stuff of legend over the past quarter-century. Take, for example, Elliotte, the robust French women who worked as the women's bathroom attendant for about 10 years (during the annual Gay Ski Week, she moved over to the men's room to distribute condoms). Despite the many secrets she overheard and scandalous behavior she witnessed, she kept mum about all of the secrets. There was also the eccentric pastry chef that managed to roll down a CONTINUED....



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A TRUE BOND From top: Yanna White and husband George Santo Pietro; actor Sean Connery and club owner Harley Baldwin in 1991.



RED CARPET READY From top: Harley Baldwin photographed with the Hilton sisters, Paris and Nicky, at Prada in 2001; fashion designer Nicole Miller in 1991; Ivana Trump on the dance floor, also in 1991.





...continued hill in Snowmass—in a port-a-potty—on one of his nights off.

Despite its intimate setting, the Caribou Club retains large ambitions. "We never just measured ourselves against what other people were doing in Aspen. We measured ourselves against the world," says owner Richard Edwards, who inherited the club from Baldwin, his partner, when he died. The two first met at the club in 1994.

Today, 10 years after Baldwin's death from cancer, that standard lives on, largely because of the managerial staff, all of whom worked with Baldwin and strive to keep his legacy alive, just as he wished.

"Of course we all miss Harley," says
Diane Anderson, one of the club's first
members. "But these guys have kept the
quality up and have done 100 percent of what
they were supposed to do, and maybe more."

Yeager also credits the club's dedicated staff for keeping the place traditional yet significant. "The heart and soul of any place is the people that work there," he says. "The reason the Caribou Club is so relevant today is because of them."

Executive Chef Miles Angelo, who has headed up the kitchen for 18 years, agrees. "You can work at a lot of places and never feel like you're really involved. Here it's hard to not feel like you're a part of something." He has kept long-time favorites on the menu like cheese bread and beef filet while introducing more modern fare like tuna crudo and chicken tamales.

Certain aspects of the club have evolved, such as the catering company, which has exploded in popularity in the last six years, serving hundreds of local parties, from small cocktail gatherings to over-the-top weddings. Under the direction of sommelier Oliver Jaderko, the Caribou's wine program

has grown from some 5,000 bottles nine years ago to a 25,000-bottle cellar with a recent focus on New World vintages. Some are priced as high as \$10,000 a bottle.

For inspiration, the club managers take an annual culinary trip. They spent last spring in Las Vegas and plan on going to Thailand this spring. "Their travels really help keep the menu new and exciting," comments Anderson.

Membership remains strong, with some 1,500 gold card holders enjoying exclusive access. In fact, in the last two months of 2014, the club sold more lifetime memberships than at any other time in its history. Most importantly, younger Aspenites are joining, providing a welcome infusion of energy. After dinner on weekend nights, the calm setting in the club livens up as guests flow in, making the club their last stop for the night. Blue and pink lights bounce off of the mirrors surrounding the compact dance floor, and DJ Folami, who's been spinning tunes at the club for the past decade, keeps the beat going with a mix of top 40 and electronica.

Belonging to the 'Bou is "100 percent relevant today," says Kim Edwards, 34, who works in partner marketing for Orbitz. "If you had gone down there last week [during the holidays], there was a line out the door. It's so iconic to Aspen, and I think when people come to town, they want to go there. There's a great vibe and an awesome dance floor."

Edwards believes that Baldwin would be pleased to know where the club is today. "I think he would be thrilled that it has, due to the loyalty of both our members and our staff, become both a classic and an Aspen institution."

The club has come a long way since the makeshift plywood bar was setup a quarter of a century ago.



## GENERATION GO-GETTER

FROM BUSINESS TO THE ARTS TO THE ENVIRONMENT, THESE 19 ROARING FORK VALLEY MILLENNIALS DEFY STEREOTYPE AS THEY PURSUE THE PEAK OF PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS.

Aspen's millennials rarely play by the rules. Whereas grads usually scurry off to cities, polished résumés in hand and fancy work attire on, hoping to scrounge up any possible paying occupation, Aspen's Generation Y behaves a bit differently. We trade towering skyscrapers for far-reaching mountain peaks. We ditch the briefcase and invest in a pair of skis or in a mountain bike. And we routinely get out of the conference room and hold our business meetings in the goodola.

In Aspen, we millennials are less conventional, but that does not change our ability to make a difference. We are not typical ski bums. We are entrepreneurs, innovators, artists and athletes who work hard for what we want.

Generation Y is often described as entitled, self-centered, lazy and even overconfident. In fact, those accusations hold true for Aspen's millennials, and we own them fully. We are entitled to good snow conditions. We are self-centered when it comes to finding the best runs on a powder day. We are lazy by aprèsski time. And we are overconfident, possibly even arrogant, because our lives are most people's vacations.

Despite the readily available adventures, however, we also put our nose to the grindstone when duty calls, because we want to establish a place in the community in which we see ourselves for years to come. —BP

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Photography by Matt Nagel

Shot on location at an Aspen Highlands home provided by Coldwell Banker Mason Morse.



















