

RUNWAY

Thom Browne Hosts a Weekend of Fun and Games in Upstate New York

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Tyler Oyer



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Window AC units are still working overtime in New York City when Thom Browne invites a group of actors and writers to celebrate his fall 2025 collection in Amenia, New York. Though it's a quick two-hour drive from the city, it becomes instantly clear that autumn is well underway upstate.

On a crisp September morning, Browne gathers members of *The Gilded Age* cast—Denée Benton, Louisa Jacobson, and Morgan Spector; actor and director Rebecca Hall; *The Summer I Turned Pretty*'s Sean Kaufman and Minnie Mills; actor Sydney Lemmon and her brother, Jonathan; GQ's Samuel Hine; and me in the cozy Troutbeck Hotel library. All bemoaning the city heat, we're ready to usher in the forthcoming season with an afternoon of fun and games before a black-tie dinner at one of the designer's favorite local restaurants—cosigned by locals Hall and Spector, as well as Jacobson, who grew up nearby.



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After our morning meetup in the library, we walk down to an intimate picnic against the backdrop of the property’s vine-covered stone footbridge and babbling stream.

Everyone is dressed in their fall finest, courtesy of Browne: Hall saunters down the hill in a sweet cardigan patterned with gray, pink, and white gingham, while Benton wears a plaid skirt suit with argyle socks, the pleated skirt appliquéd with geese in flight. Along with my wool trompe l’oeil shift dress, I break out knee socks for the first time since high school—though the gray pair with Browne’s signature four-bar stripe are certainly an upgrade.

After a lunch of roast chicken in a vibrant orange pepper sauce; salmon; and melon, cucumber, and mint on a bed of whipped ricotta, we dig into buttery biscuits, adding generous dollops of raspberry jam and clotted cream.

When dessert is finished, Spector and Jacobson both try their hand at fly fishing, guided by local fishermen. Jacobson slips a pair of waders over her three-piece pinstripe suit, looking placid as she stands knee-deep in the stream. For Spector, getting into the waders is more of a production, untying his knee-high lace-up boots with utmost care

—though he decides to leave his plaid trench coat on in the end. Elsewhere, Kaufman heads into the water sans waterproofing, gray corduroy suit and gingham shirt soaked. Though Mills declines to hop in the water, she watches on from the bank, Kaufman playfully splashing her.



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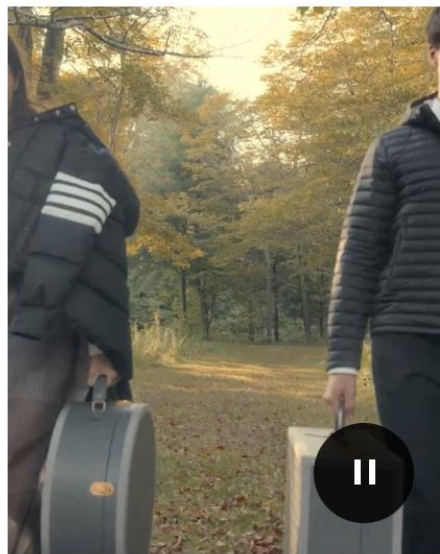


Sasha Lytvyn

For those of us watching on, we share a giggle imagining what the fisherman must think of this whole setup. Meanwhile, over on the blanket, Hine and Lemmon begin a rather futile attempt to teach the rest of us backgammon. But as the Champagne flows, it becomes clear that their efforts are mostly in vain. After all, it's nearly dinnertime.



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Sasha Lytvyn



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After a brief rest in our hotel rooms—some taking a moment to lie down, while others tune into the US Open men’s finals—it’s time to change for dinner. I don a suit from Browne’s black-tie portion of the collection, a black blazer and cropped, straight-legged trousers, which I wear with a white button-down and a black tie emblazoned with a clock atop the brand’s signature red, white, and navy tricolor stripe. I add a pair of white socks and black pointy-toe wingtip heels, tying the long laces around my ankles like a pair of pointe shoes.

Downstairs, as we gather on the Troutbeck lawn for pre-dinner drinks, Hine asks what time my tie’s clock has. “Two-thirty,” he says, upon taking a closer look. “Time to go to the dentist!” Spector jokes.

The black-tie remit still left plenty of room to play. Kaufman and Mills try gender-bent couple style, Kaufman in a knee-length skirt, Mills in a smart suit and tie. Lemmon takes on the sheer look in a diaphanous black silk organza skirt and jacket layered over the tricolor, while Jacobson leaves her suit jacket open to show off an ab-baring cropped button-down and midi skirt.



Menelik Puryear



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As it so happens, Jacobson's brother-in-law, Mark Ronson, is celebrating his 50th birthday and promoting his new book, *Night People*, with a party on the property. The lot of us, dressed in our finery, descend upon the event, bidding a quick hello to Ronson and earning some stares from the upstate locals, confused by our presence—and matching outfits. “Are you all flight attendants?” one man asks. “Don’t listen to him!” his wife cries in horror.



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As golden hour begins, we start a winding drive through the countryside, the light bathing bucolic fields and farmhouses outside the car windows. In nearby Pine Plains, Browne meets us at Stissing House, a restaurant beloved by locals and celebrities alike. We head to the top floor—a room with low, exposed wooden beams, with a long central table and Shaker furniture, simple white candlesticks, bowls of colorful tomatoes, and glasses filled with celery stalks serving as the decor. Hall declares that the rustic scene is very “pastoral Dracula.” Ahead of dinner, in the glow of the candlelight, Kaufman and Mills steal a moment, slow dancing next to the table.



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When we return to Troutbeck for a nightcap, some slip into cashmere Thom Browne sweaters and cozy hotel slippers, while others choose to loosen their ties. From there, in the parlor, rounds of chess, billiards, and one last fruitless attempt at backgammon. Jacobson and I team up for a round of pool against Jonathan and a member of Team Browne. While I’m already terrible, I decide that 12 hours in heels can’t help my lousy shot. As I announce it’s time to return to flat feet, Jacobson kneels down to begin untying them. (Talk about a team player!) In spite of our best efforts, we lose—but, hey, it was all fun and games anyways.



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