

## MISCHIEF-MAKER

MICHELLE ELIE INFUSES EVERYTHING WITH WHIMSY—FROM HER OUTLANDISH ENSEMBLES TO HER BESPOKE ACCESSORIES.

When **Michelle Elie** decided to name her accessories company Prim, she was contemplating just the opposite. “I liked the typography, PRIM, but I really meant not so predictable, more mischievous—the other side of prim and proper,” says Elie, a Haitian-American ex-model who grew up in Brooklyn and now resides in Cologne, Germany, with her three sons and art-director husband, **Mike Meiré**.

Elie herself is anything but prim: Today she is wearing a Junya Watanabe trench cape over a bright-orange jewel-encrusted argyle Prada trouser suit. She is a courageous if cheerful dresser, willing to flaunt the most madcap, outré items in a favorite designer’s stable, and one suspects that if she weren’t home with her boys in Germany so much of the time, she would by now be a major street-style star. “I love a high-and-low combination,” Elie says, proudly plunking down a rabbit-shaped minaudière from her most recent collection on the table of Fred’s in Barneys (she only has the purse on loan, as it now belongs to her best friend, **Shala Monroque**). And while Elie denies being a socialite and says that most of her nightlife activities revolve around art fairs, from Frieze to two Basels (Florida and Switzerland), if you press her a little she admits to having had a ball recently at the bash **Naomi Campbell** threw for her boyfriend in Jaipur: “When Naomi sends you an invitation, you need to go!”

Elie can also get pretty emotional about fashion—she has been moved to literal tears by a collection she finds especially stirring. Haider Ackermann has had that effect on her, and



**IN THE PINK**  
ELIE, IN CHANEL. BELOW: AT PARIS FASHION WEEK WEARING COMME DES GARÇONS.



she also waxes poetic on how Comme des Garçons changed her life. Today she is searching for those white Céline trousers with the big dots—but it is at Prada that the shoes really stimulate Elie’s artistic imagination. A pair of white pumps with black bows and a sort of Minnie Mouse-meets-Chanel vibe are deemed irresistible, at least until she spies the pink satin neo-Japanese sandals with their own white leather toe socks. “J’adore!” she says, already fishing for her credit card. “I know they will fit—I can feel it!” If they are a bit funny-looking, that only enhances them in Elie’s eyes. “If you’re against the grain,” she says, “then you are going in the right direction.” —LYNN YAEGER

flash >172

ELIE: BEAU GREALY; SITTINGS EDITOR: KETEVA GVARAMADZE; HAIR: SELJI; MAKEUP: JUSTINE PURDUE. PARIS: ADAM KATZ; SINDING/LE ZIÈME. INTERIOR: KAVA GORNA. DETAILS: SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

## A FINER DINER



Since opening Diner in 1998, restaurateur **Andrew Tarlow** of Marlow & Sons, Reynard, and Roman’s has honed a particular brand of North Brooklyn cool: vintage interiors, a well-heeled hipster clientele, and a brand of locavorism you might call nose-to-tail-to-handbag (his wife, designer **Kate Huling**, employs the leather and wool from animals used in the restaurants to make a line of bags, sweaters, and scarves). His latest venture, Achilles Heel, takes him to the Greenpoint waterfront. “Cinematic” is how Tarlow describes the space, which was a neighborhood tavern at the turn of the twentieth century. Long before *Girls*’ Hannah Horvath prowled its streets, Greenpoint was a shipbuilding center, and the new restaurant nods to that past, with a menu of chowders, a raw bar, rum cocktails (Hemingway daiquiris, hot buttered rum), and tins of sardines served with fresh-baked bread from Roman’s. As for the name, it came to Tarlow when his son was studying Greek mythology in school—plus, he adds, “a good bar is always my Achilles heel.” —JENNIFER CONRAD

**SEA FARE**  
THE INTERIOR OF ACHILLES HEEL, SET TO OPEN THIS MONTH.