

T&C Travel Guide: The *Succession* Grand Tour

How to traverse the globe like the billionaire Roys. PJ and whirlybird not required, but recommended.



BY [LEENA KIM](#) PUBLISHED: MAY 28, 2023

Over four seasons of *Succession*, we have watched, with delicious schadenfreude, as the Roys schemed, bitched, betrayed, whined, mumbled, and bumbled ad nauseum, oftentimes while swaddled in some rich and rarefied (albeit vacuous) cocoon of their billionaires' existence. They have been sequestered from the masses in [shiny glass castles in the sky](#); in the mahogany-trimmed sun-dappled glow of daddy's PJ (with [perfect cell reception!](#)); in middle-of-nowhere Icelandic spas; in lavish Tuscan villas and textured English manors.

If there was anything to envy about these sad sacks—aside from the [Loro Piana baseball caps](#) and all their sartorial [stealth wealth accoutrements](#)—it's the casual indifference with which they traversed the globe and inhabited its most beautiful corners. Money may not buy happiness, but it sure can put the world at your fingertips.

These four-ish years have also been fun for us, especially from the wanderlust-inspiring angle. The Roys may have been too absorbed in their petulant greed and manipulations to ever enjoy the view, but the rest of us certainly can. As we bid adieu to TV's [most entertainingly wicked clan](#), we also give a little thanks for the travel tips. Your *Succession* Grand Tour starts here.

The Adirondacks



The Adirondacks have old money roots that go back to the Gilded Age, when Carnegies, Morgans, Astors, and Vanderbilts built extravagant timbered summer retreats (known as Great Camps) along the sprawling region's lakeshores. So it made sense for the modern robber barons of *Succession* to converge on the Adirondacks in episode 6 for Argestes, their billionaires' media retreat, where they could network with Middle Eastern aristos and pick at \$75 Cobb salads. In reality, Lake Placid's [Whiteface Lodge](#), where it was filmed, is a much more accessible—and family-friendly—resort with plenty to do, from hiking and biking, to whitewater rafting and fishing, to boating and golf.

The Roys, though, never being ones for sharing their spaces, might have been more comfortable renting out the 11 rooms at [The Point](#). Its ultra-luxe, all-inclusive experience—think five-course dinners every night, black-tie evenings twice a week, caviar tastings—is certainly a one percenters' draw, as is its history: the idyllic retreat used to be an Adirondack Great Camp, and it's the only one that is open to the public. Its former owners? The Rockefellers.



The Point.
THE POINT RESORT