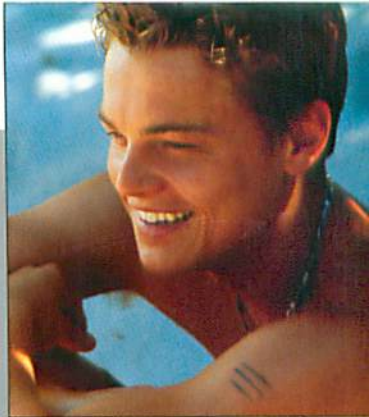


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The Tom

With his New York City wedding to Alexandra Llewellyn, best-selling

of her life

author Tom Clancy trades in cliff-hanger endings for blissful beginnings

As the brain behind such blockbusters as *The Hunt for Red October* and *Clear and Present Danger*, Tom Clancy is the sultan of SWAT-precision macho fiction. But when the 52-year-old author and his fiancée, Alexandra Maria Llewellyn, 32, set out to plot their black-tie wedding in N.Y.C., the techno-thriller king “surrendered,” as he put it, and let Alex call the shots. After all, as the divorced father of four put it, “I’m a veteran. Alex has never done this before.” But the novice bride mapped out a winning strategy. “I always envisioned a warm,



understated, elegant wedding,” says the disarmingly vivacious former TV newswoman. She got it, big time. The majestic St. Thomas Church on Fifth Avenue was a divine contrast to the simplicity of the ceremony, which began with a stirring pipe organ prelude and music by Handel, Vivaldi and Mendelssohn. The 5-foot-8 bride, on the arm of her 72-year-old dad, J. Bruce Llewellyn, came down the aisle wearing a blush silk-satin and lace gown with a full organza skirt and cathedral train by Michelle Roth. “I wanted feminine, not frilly, and that gown had a lot of personality,” says Alex. “*And* cost more than your average Lexus,” adds Clancy, in full curmudgeon-cutup mode. But the 6-foot-2 groom was also dressed to the nines, in

Above: Bagpipers greet guests moments after the ceremony. Opposite, clockwise from top right: Alexandra, flanked by her attendants (that's Katie Clancy, far right); a submarine ice sculpture—in honor of Clancy's spy fiction—keeps shrimp chilled during cocktails; Bobby Short with Alex's mother, Jacqueline Llewellyn; colorful bouquets of hydrangeas, delphinium and roses in the ballroom; groomsman Tom Selleck beams as the ceremony begins; Perrier-Jouët champagne flows.

a Martin Greenfield notch-lapel tux and silver-and-black vest.

To match her broad smile, Alex fairly twinkled in a crystal-studded tiara—a glittery complement to the necklace of tiny flower-shaped diamonds that Clancy gave her as a wedding gift. She carried a mostly white bouquet of mini calla lilies, lisianthus, lilies of the valley and English garden roses. The three bridesmaids wore their gifts too: South Sea pearl earrings and necklaces, which matched their platinum Josephine Sasso dresses. Three groomsmen (including actor and fellow NRA supporter Tom Selleck and Clancy's 15-year-old son, Thomas Leo III) wore double-breasted silver-and-black brocade gift vests. (Katie Clancy, 13, was a junior bridesmaid; married daughters Michelle and Christine were on hand as well.)

After the ceremony, guests walked two blocks uptown to the 95-year-old St. Regis Hotel. Cocktails were served in the penthouse while guests—including cabaret performer Bobby Short; Paramount Pictures chairwoman Sherry Lansing (who has brought three Clancy books to the big screen); Hollywood kingpin Mike Ovitz, Clancy's manager; and ex-Motown Records chief Suzanne de Passe, a cousin of Alex's—nibbled on crab cakes, foie gras and smoked salmon canapés. And as the wraparound views dimmed at dusk, revelers drifted into the magnificent Roof ballroom for dinner as Peter Duchin's 10-piece orchestra played “I've Got You Under My Skin.”

After her father's emotional toast—he narrowly survived heart surgery last year—Alex slipped into a slinky beaded sheath over silk by Peter Langner for Michelle Roth. “It's more fluid and about 178 pounds lighter,” Alex said, “so I can dance. *And* I can relieve myself—alone, without 86 attendants.”

The seated guests, chatting easily across low, pale-hued centerpieces by floral designer Jennifer Stone of Stone Kelly Events and Floral, dined on grilled shrimp, aged prime sirloin, and Yukon Gold pommes dauphine. And as the wedding celebration proceeded without a hitch, orchestrated by New York City party wizard Marcy Blum, few remembered the bumpy beginning to this couple's special romance. They met in May 1997, when Clancy hosted the annual meeting of the American Academy of Achievement in Baltimore, not far from his 400-acre Maryland spread, Peregrine Cliff. Alex's father, the owner of the Coca-Cola bottling company in Philadelphia

“Everybody thinks Tom is this right-wingin', gunstingin' nasty man, says Alexandra. “He is, in fact, the sweetest, shyest bunny.”

