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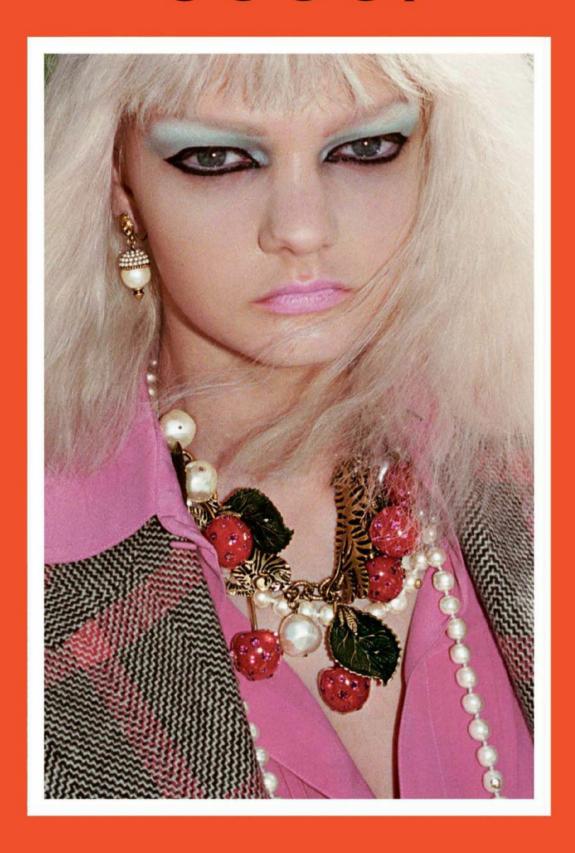


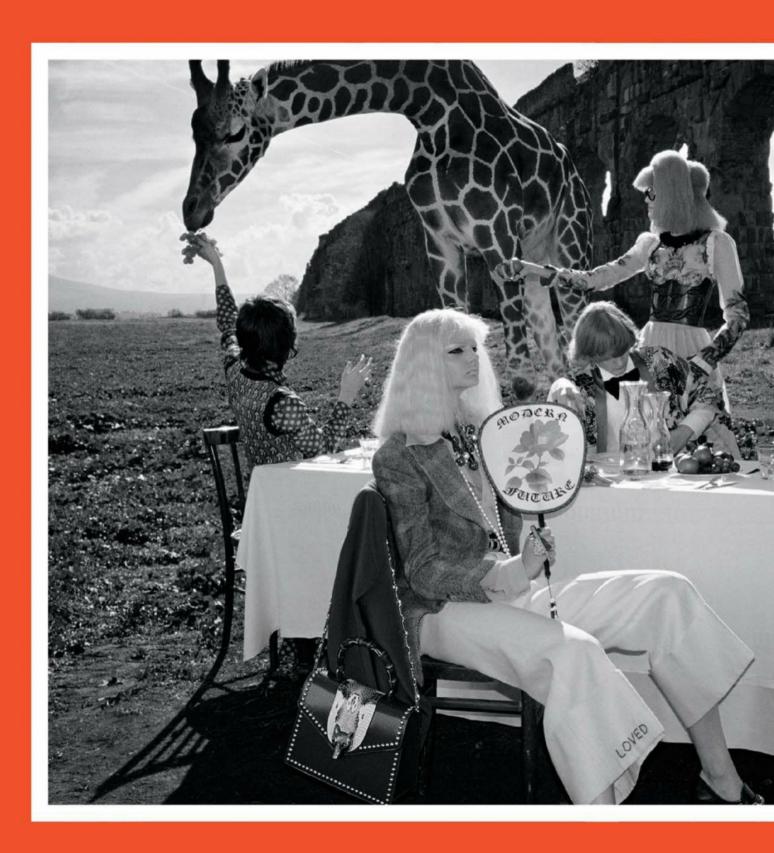




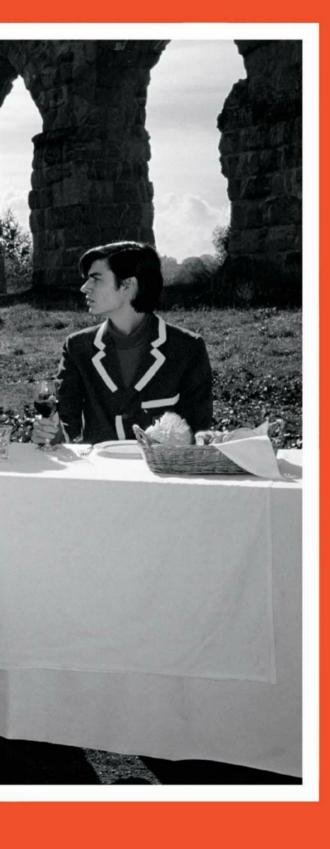


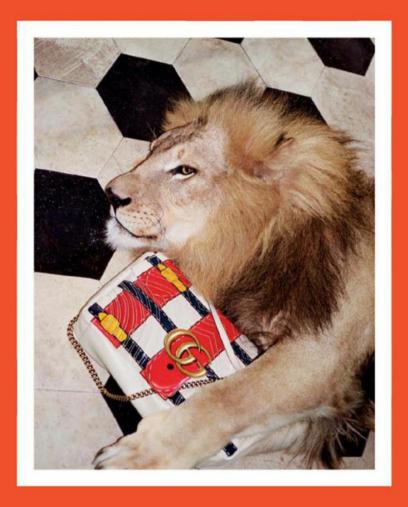
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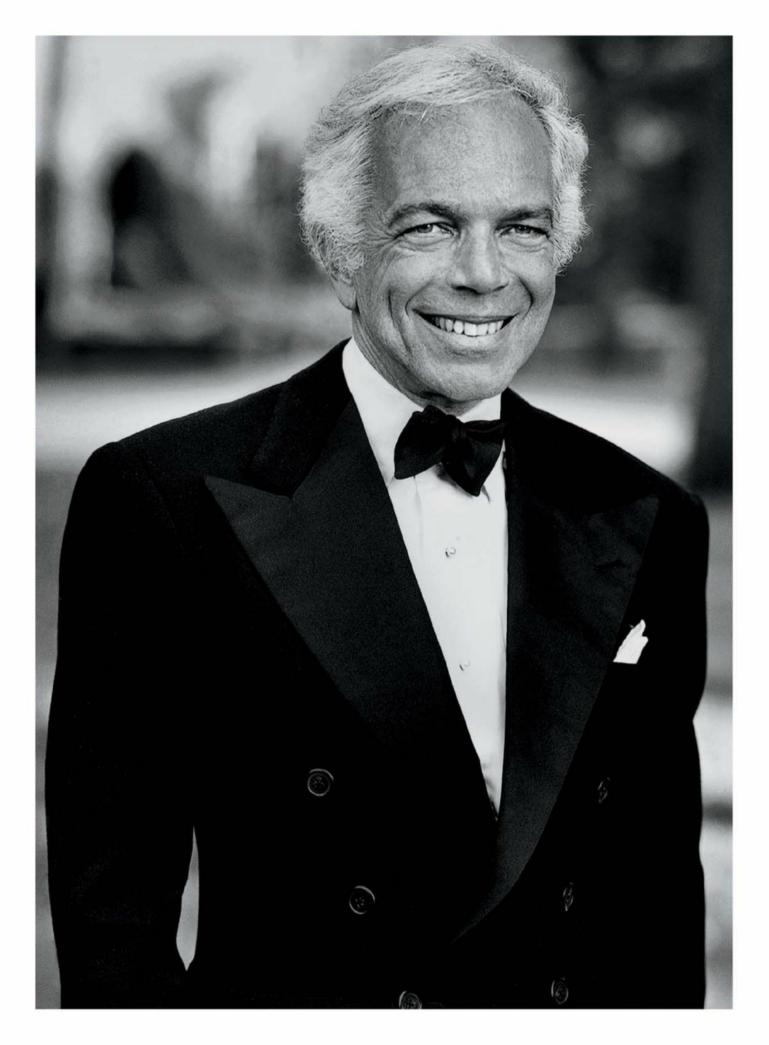
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The TUXEDO, 1998 Photographed by Bruce Weber #RLICONICSTYLE





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The TUXEDO, 2016 Photographed by Steven Meisel #RLICONICSTYLE











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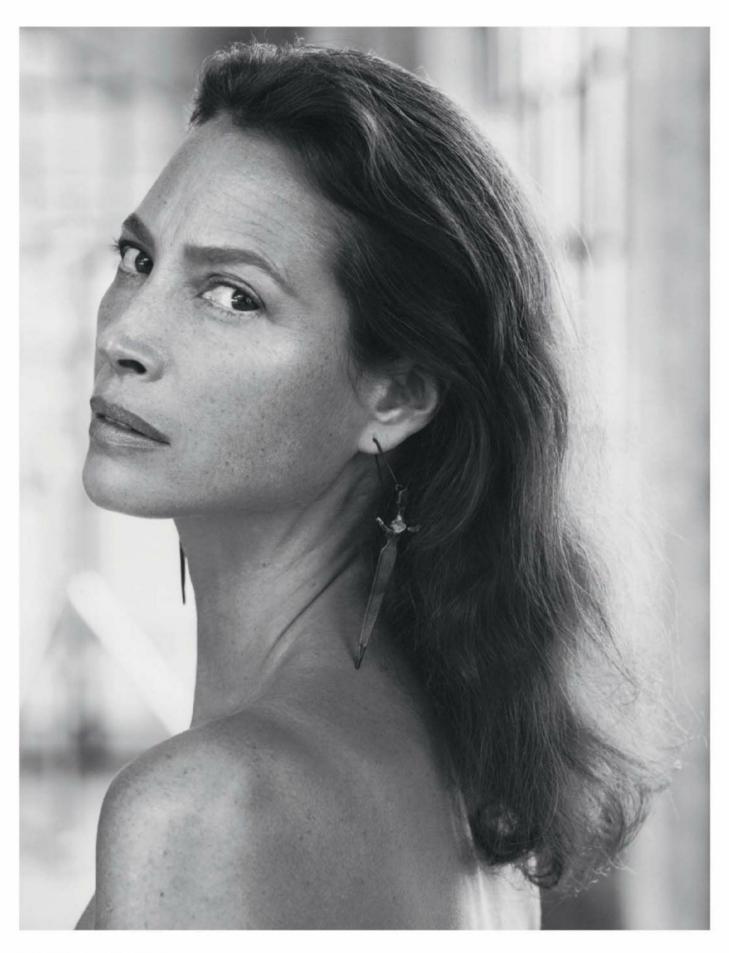




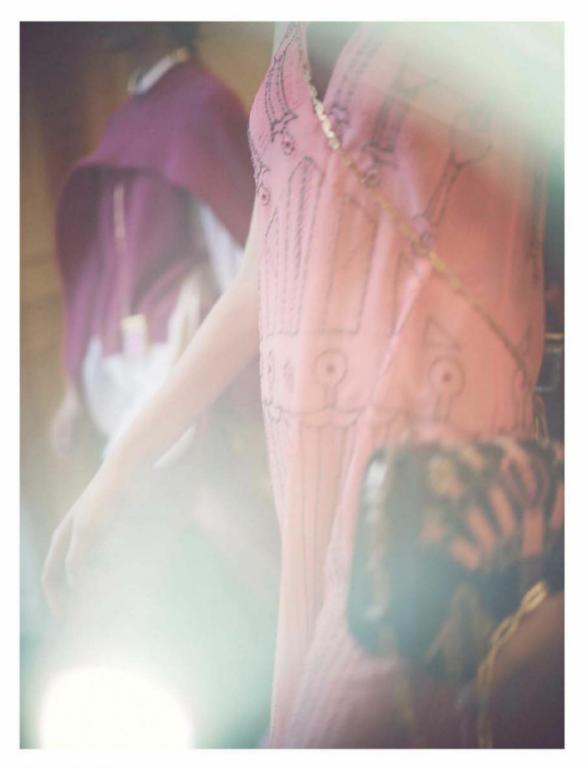
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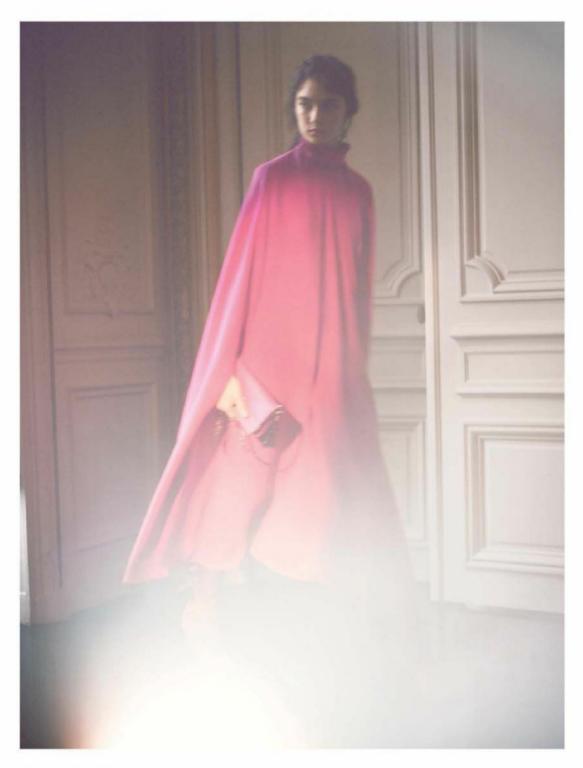
CHRISTY TURLINGTON BURNS HARLEM, NEW YORK NOVEMBER 2ND 2016



THE SHOW FINALE HOTEL SALOMON DE ROTHSCHILD, PARIS OCTOBER 2ND 2016

## VALENTINO

LIYA HARLEM, NEW YORK NOVEMBER 2ND 2016



THE SHOW FINALE HOTEL SALOMON DE ROTHSCHILD, PARIS OCTOBER 2ND 2016

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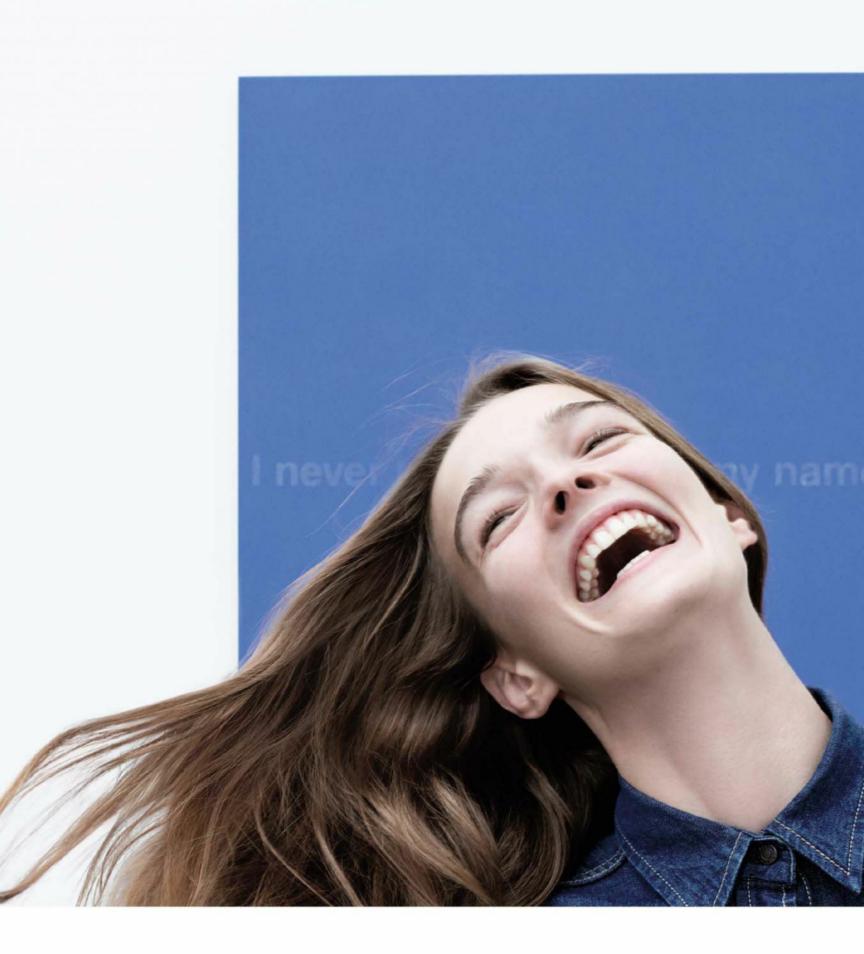








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### **CALVIN KLEIN**





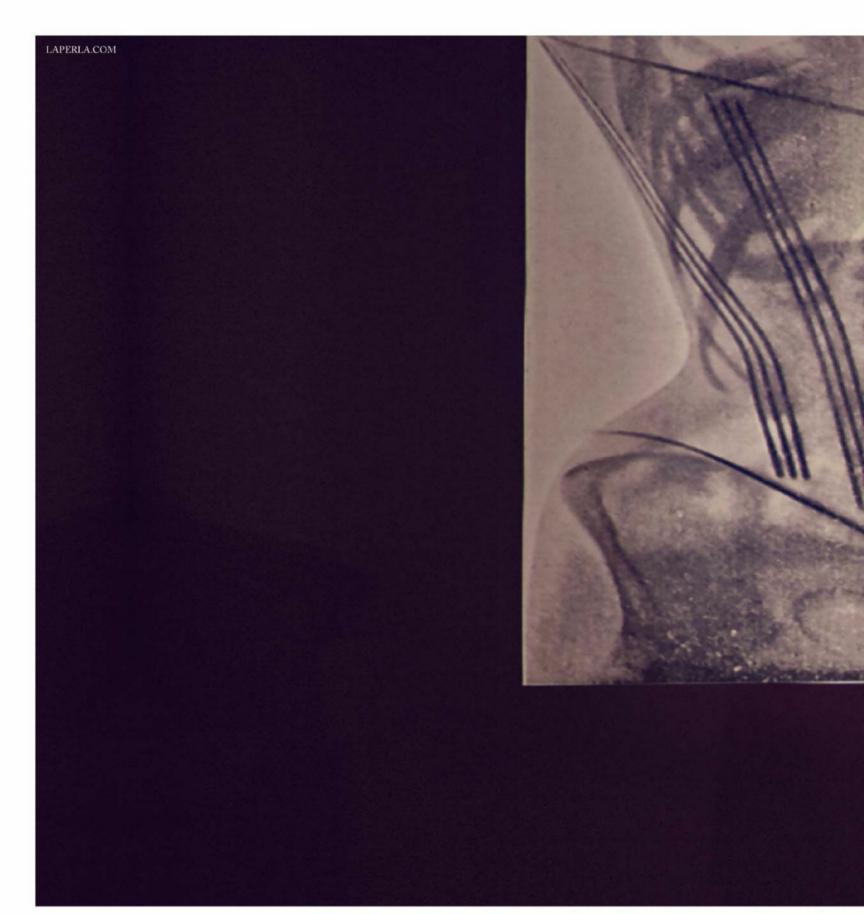
# **CALVIN KLEIN**







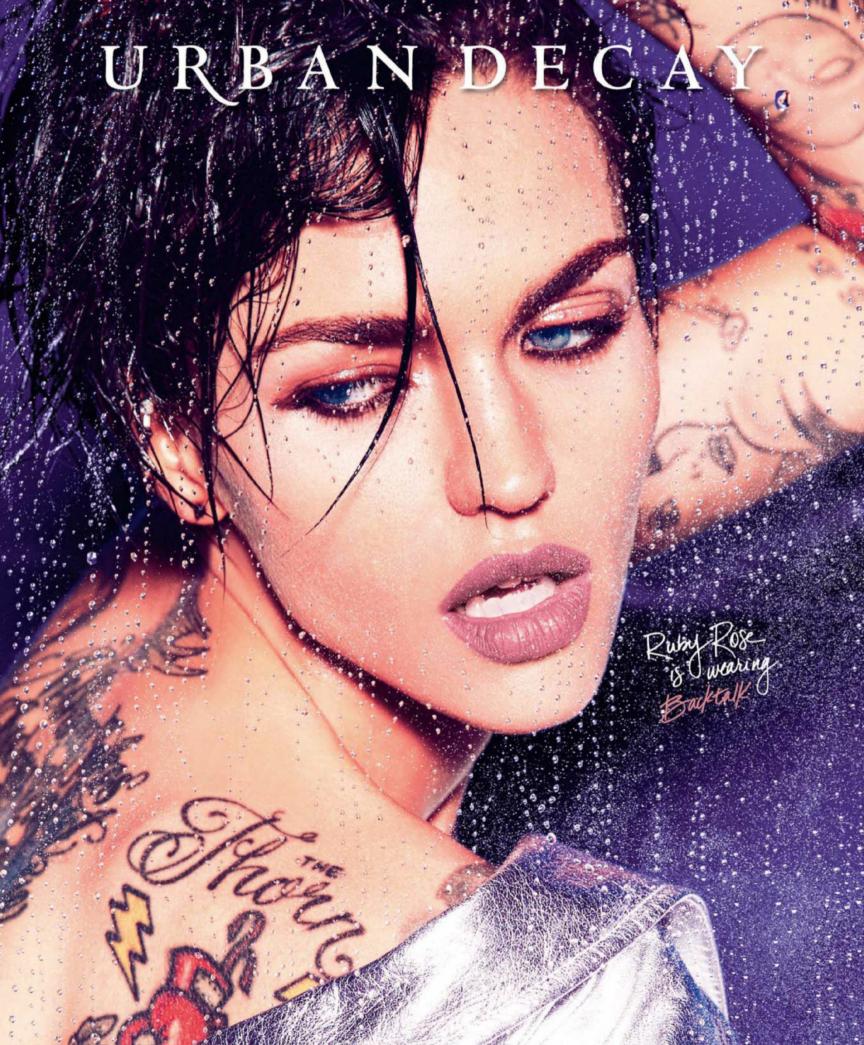
# CALVIN KLEIN





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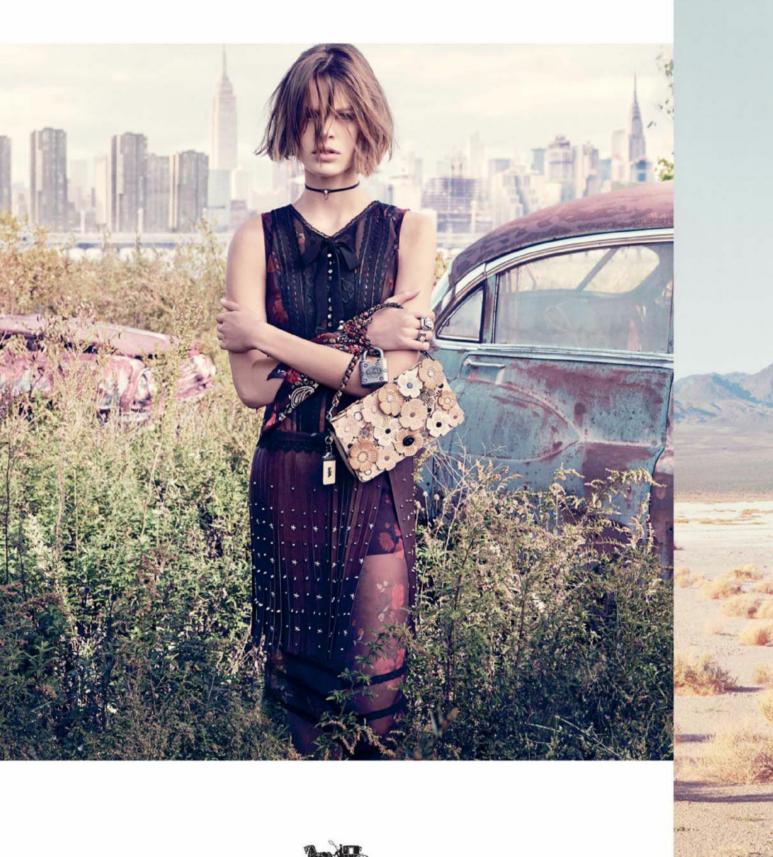
























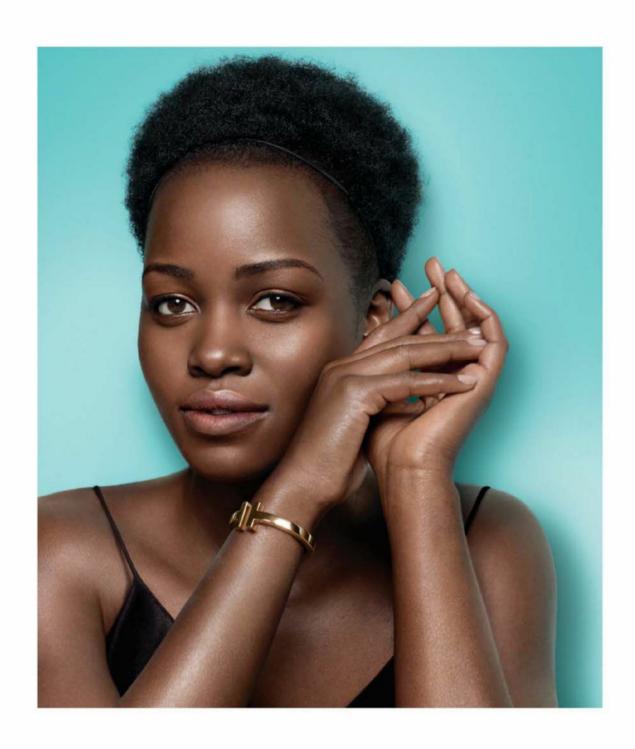








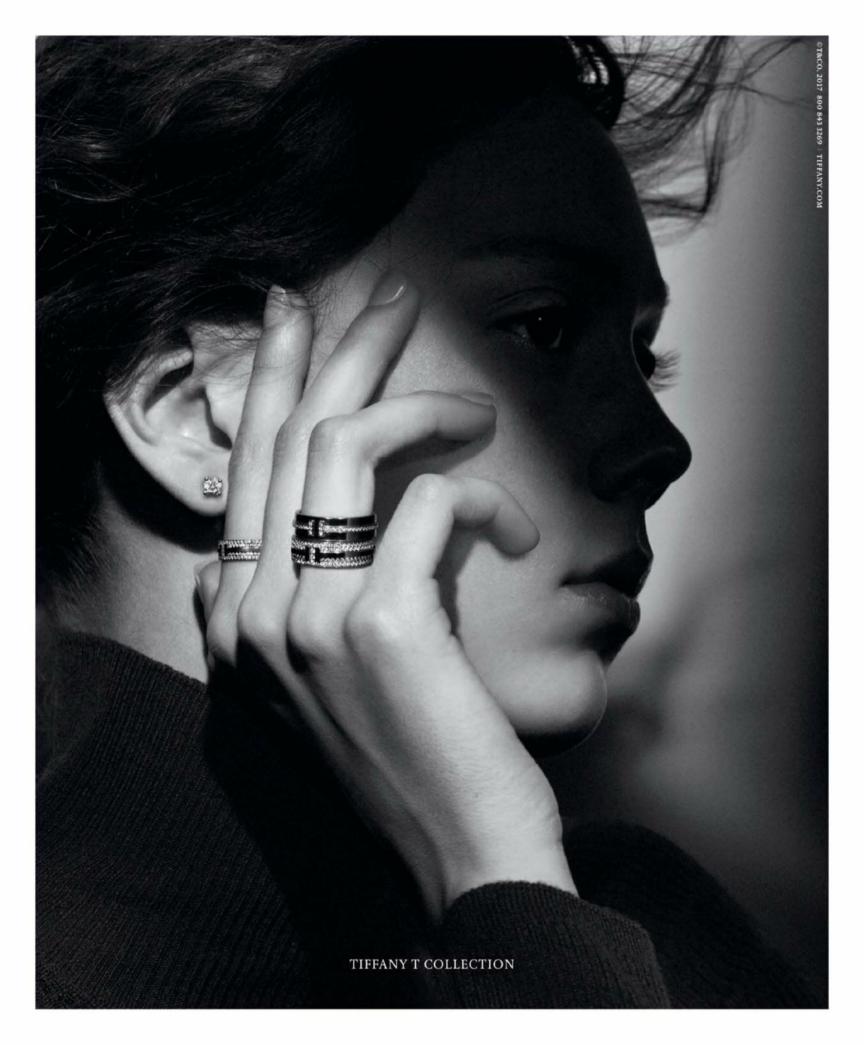


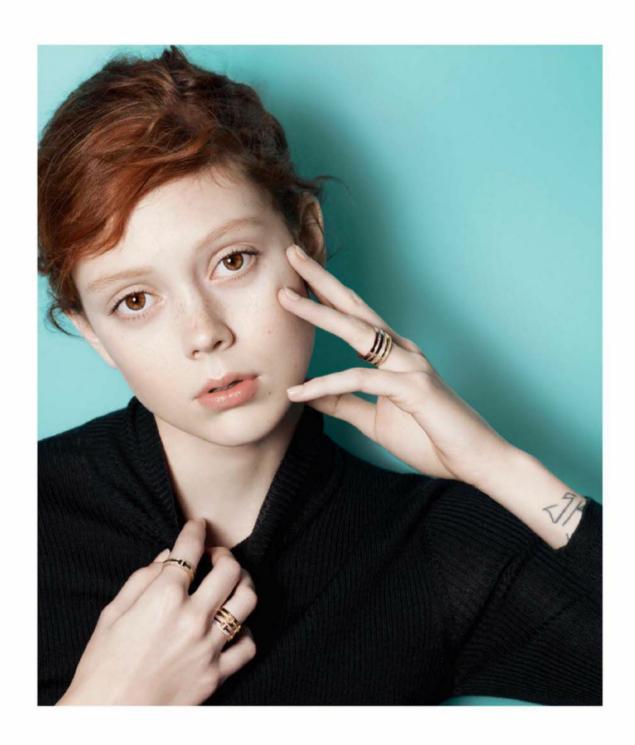


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SOME STYLE IS LEGENDARY

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### MODEL Behavior

THE GREAT BEAUTY SHAKE-UP, P. 436

FROM LEFT: MODELS YOON YOUNG BAE (IN ALEXANDER MCQUEEN), LINEISY MONTERO (IN DIOR), YASMIN WIJNALDUM (IN SIMONE ROCHA), VITTORIA CERETTI (IN RODARTE), AND NATALIE WESTLING (IN ALBERTA FERRETTI).

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A lifelong love of creating
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OBJECTS FOR LIFE HERMES PARIS Hermes.com



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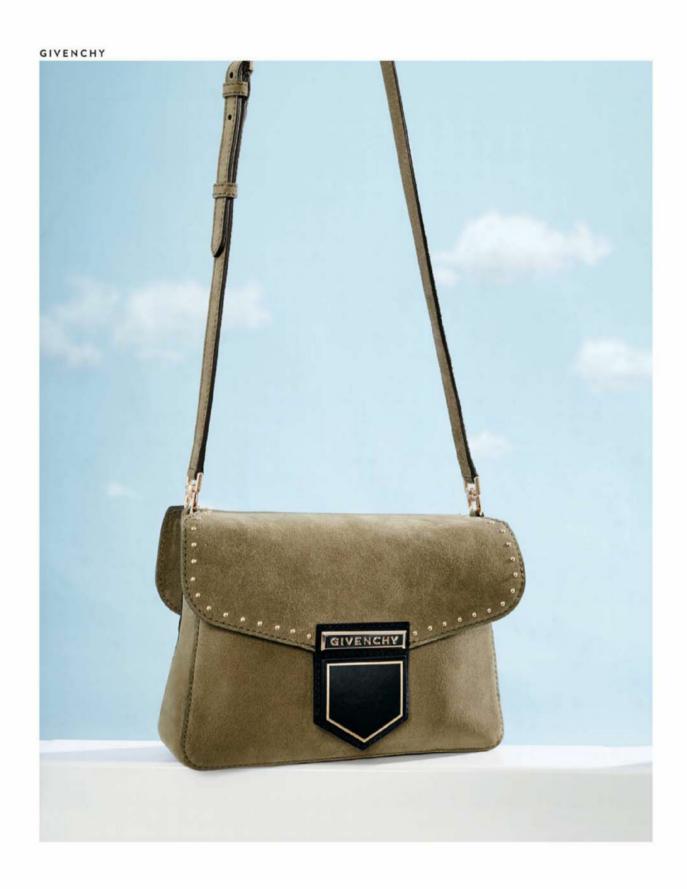
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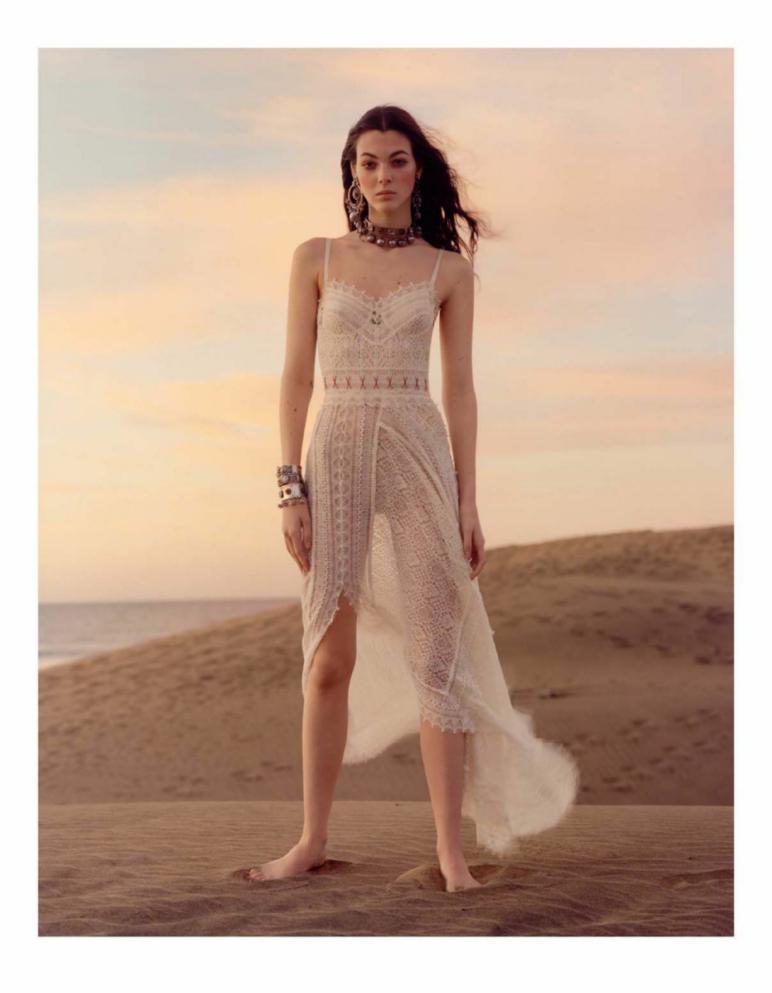
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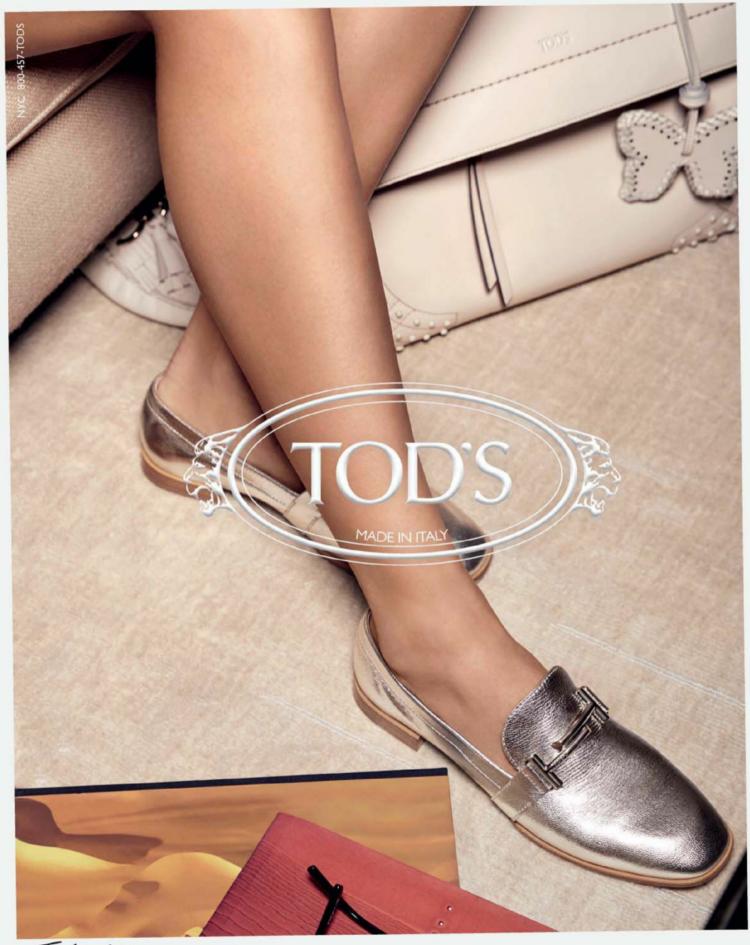
HOME CHIC HOME, P. 450

MODEL CAROLINE TRENTINI (IN A DOLCE & GABBANA DRESS) WITH HER SON BENOAH. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO TESTINO.

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7:00 pm The Show. Beautiful . Who was that model from Rome?



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VOGUE March



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Tea dresses and delicate
florals dance us into springflight of famouses, but one

florals dance us into spring—a flight of fancy, yes, but one grounded by substantial (and ever-so-desirable) accessories

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#### Cover Look BAE WATCH



FROM FAR LEFT: Models Liu Wen (in a Prada turtleneck and Miu Miu shorts), Ashley Graham, Kendall Jenner, Gigi Hadid, Imaan Hammam, Adwoa Aboah, and Vittoria Ceretti (all wearing Prada). Hair, James Pecis; makeup, Dick Page. Details, see In This Issue. Photographers: Inez and Vinoodh. Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.

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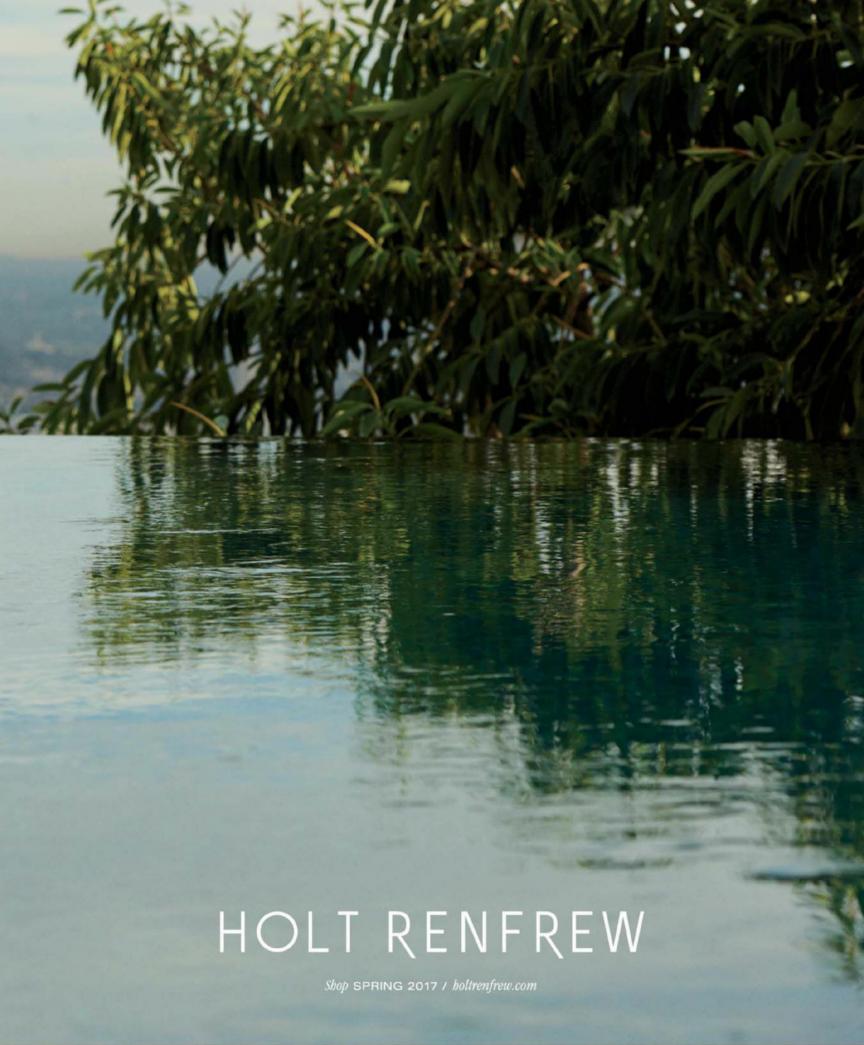




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# STILL: FILM DIRECTED BY JOHNNIE SHAND KYDD

## Letter from the Editor

## My Fearless Friend

Franca Sozzani 1950 – 2016



**RADIANT ENERGY**SOZZANI AT CONDÉ NAST ITALIA HEADQUARTERS IN MILAN, 2013.

As We all know, women do not always beat the odds. But in planning our March issue, we decided to take a moment to celebrate the strong, original female designers who have shaped our industry and who never stop inspiring and provoking us. Just like the incredible models on this month's cover, these bold and unconventional women show us new ways to think and engage with the life that is changing so fast around us.

Sadly, as we were preparing to go to press, my dear friend (and counterpart at Italian *Vogue*) Franca Sozzani lost her battle with cancer. I can think of no one more creative, bold, or inspiring. I dedicate this issue to her.

Franca and I both became editors in chief in the eighties, but that didn't automatically admit us to some exclusive club where all *Vogue* editors are BFFs; in fact, I think for the first few years we just circled each other quietly. Gradually, however, show by show and season by season, Franca and I found ourselves falling into a friendship that I am happy and honored to say sustained itself for 30 years. That's one thing that she taught me about being a friend: Sometimes you really have to earn it. In private, Franca was warm, clever, funny, and someone who could give the Sphinx a run

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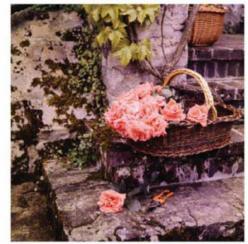
If I told you that I love you, would you hold it against me ...
Love Relentlessly

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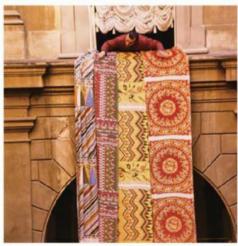
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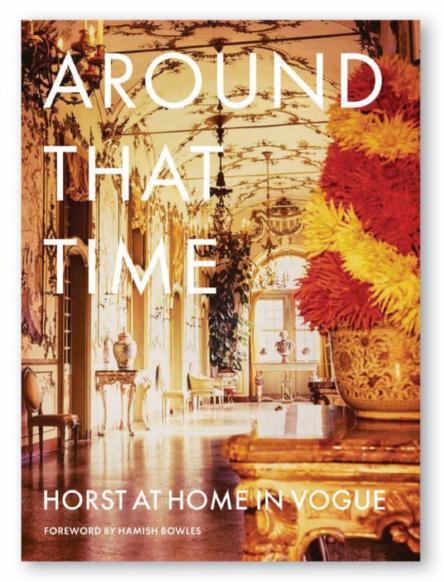
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Iconic interior photographs and portraits, a virtual Who's Who of society, politics, and arts in the mid–20th century.

With photographs by Horst P. Horst and essays by Valentine Lawford, *Around That Time* revisits the legendary *Vogue's Book of Houses, Gardens, People* (1968) and includes additional homes Horst shot well into the 1980s.

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This page: Theory striped dress • JOA one-shoulder blouse and Paige jeans • Petersyn ruffle blouse and Sunset + Spring patched denim skirt Opposite Page: Studio 33 embellished bag and Kendall + Kylie denim handbag shown with Bardot striped shirt, Paige skirt and Chan Luu choker and hundreds more

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## Letter from the Editor

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

for its money when it came to keeping a confidence. She was also indefatigable and made everything she worked on look effortless: an event for several hundred; a whirlwind trip to Africa to support the continent's emerging designers; or the creation of yet another newsworthy, provocative, and utterly spellbinding issue of Italian *Vogue*. The documentary that Franca's son, Francesco Carrozzini, made about her last year captured her perfectly; his deep affection for her was no impediment to telling the truth. It was a movie as unflinchingly honest as Franca always was.

After she became ill, I began visiting her at her home in Milan. Her mind and spirit were undiminished as we discussed every topic under the sun, from the fall of Matteo Renzi to her amazing work with women in Ghana to our children's miraculous love affair. We flew together to London, where Franca received an honor at the Fashion Awards. She was on oxygen but determined to be there, and she willed herself onstage, giving the most charming and humble speech and thanking the English for opening the door to her creative spirit when she lived there as a young woman.

The following day we took the train to Paris to see Karl Lagerfeld's magical Chanel Métiers d'Art show at the Ritz. "I want to be there to support Karl," she said simply. Yes, she supported and adored Karl, but over the years she had championed so many artists, actors, writers, photographers—some famous, most not—as well as causes, and issues of social justice, that she cared so passionately about.

The next time I saw Franca was over a foggy weekend in Milan. She lay in a hospital bed, fragile as a feather, reminiscing about her parents' great romance, how her father would come home for lunch without fail every day and how her mother would be up at dawn to read all the newspapers, marking in red any articles of particular interest, before arranging them neatly by his seat at the breakfast table. I was wearing a little watch Franca had given me, and I promised to pass it along one day, in celebration of our friendship, should Francesco be blessed with a daughter. How lucky that little girl will be to watch her father's loving film about her truly remarkable grandmother.



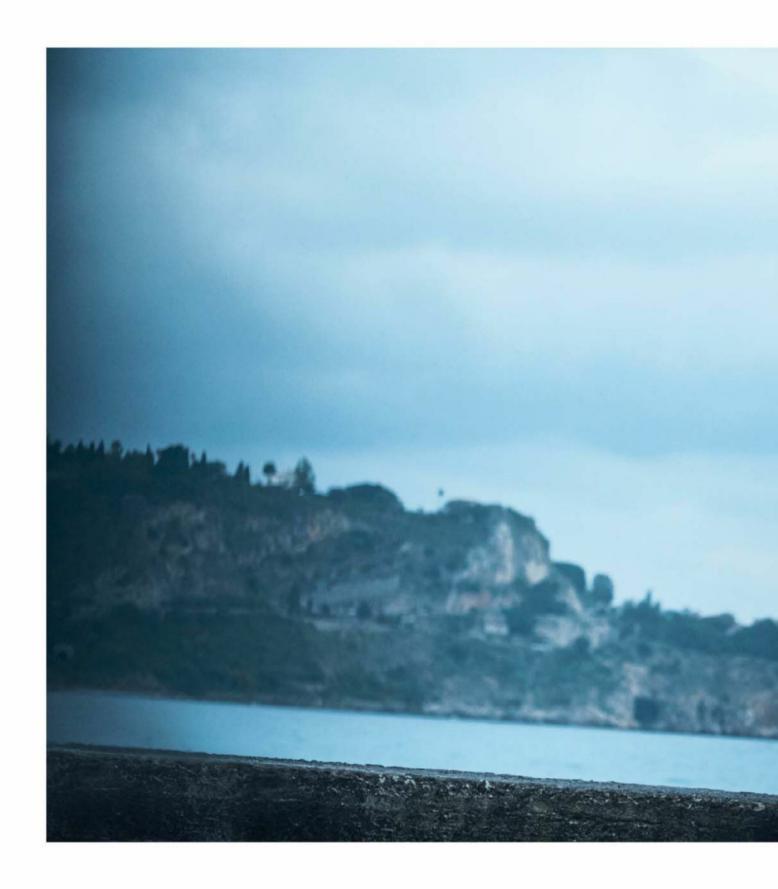
**WALK ON**SOZZANI IN PARIS, 2012. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER LINDBERGH.

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Salvatore Ferragamo





Salvatore Ferragamo



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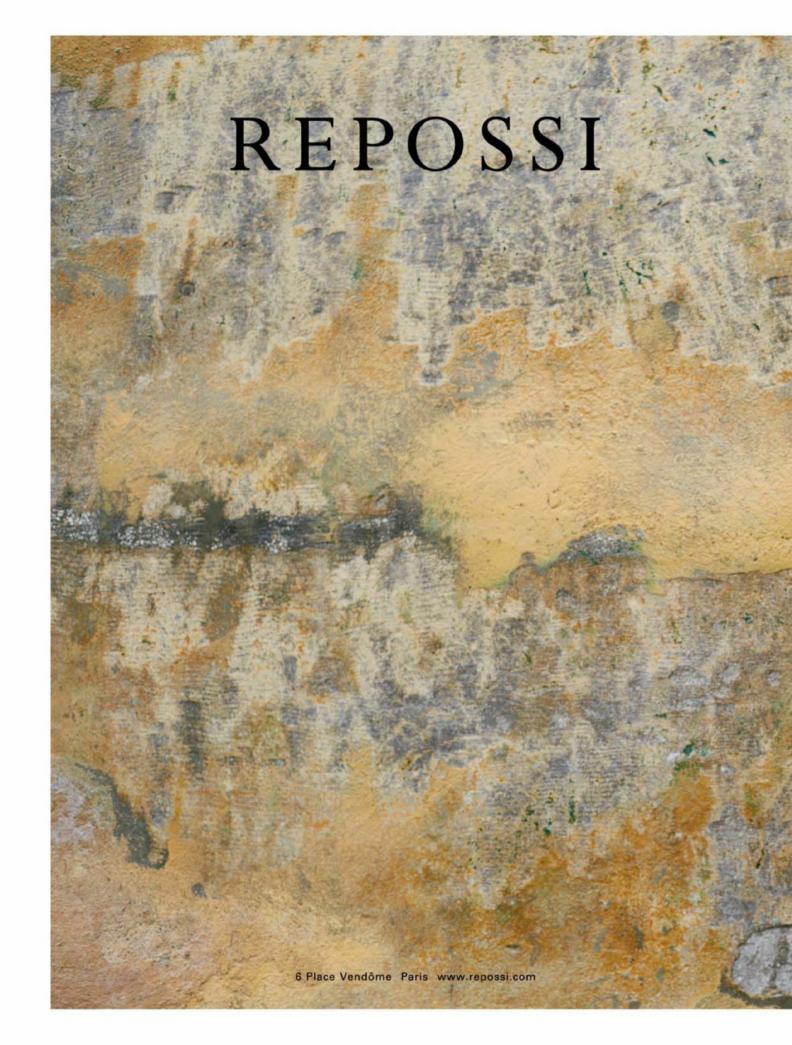




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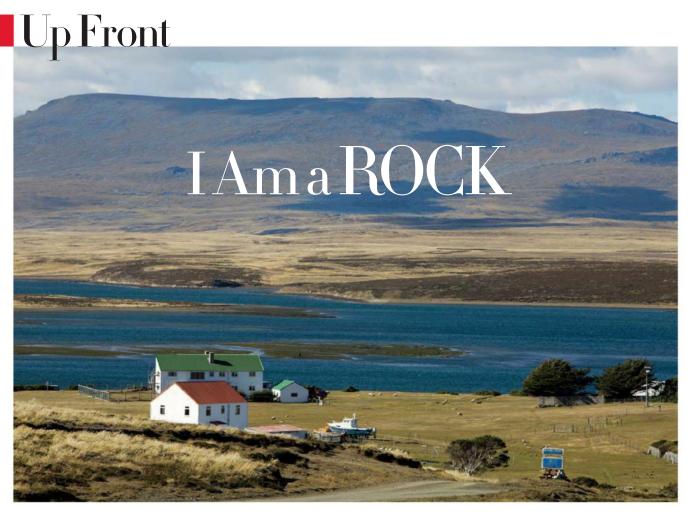












# In order to court inspiration for a book, writer NELL STEVENS sought out one of the most isolated places on Earth: Bleaker Island.

his is a landscape an art-therapy patient might paint to represent depression: gray sky and a sweep of featureless peat rising out of the sea. The water is the same color as the clouds; it is flecked by white-capped waves, spikes of black rock, and, intermittently, the silvery spines of dolphins. I pace from room to room in the empty house, testing out the silence with occasional noises: "Hi! Ha! Who! How!" My fingers are stiff with cold. When I open my notebook, I fumble with the pages; I struggle to grip the pen. I write the title of a journal entry: "Bleaker Island, Day One." Beneath it, an attempt at a beginning: "I am living alone on an island."

What I've written sounds like a metaphor, so I clarify: "This is not a metaphor." I am living alone on an island, a real island in the Antarctic waters of the South Atlantic, and the name of the island is Bleaker.

I have been cold since the moment I woke up, stiff and groggy, fleetingly confused and turning over in my mind all the places I might be: at home, in London; in my student apartment in Boston; at my parents' house; my best friend's place; the hotel

on Exmoor where I stayed—how long ago? Days? Weeks?—to be a bridesmaid at a wedding. The final option that occurred to me, least plausible, true, is that I was where I in fact was. I dressed in the chill—sweatpants over jeans over tights, woolly hiking socks pulled halfway up my calves—and scurried to the window. Behind the curtain, there it was: the island and, all around it, the sea.

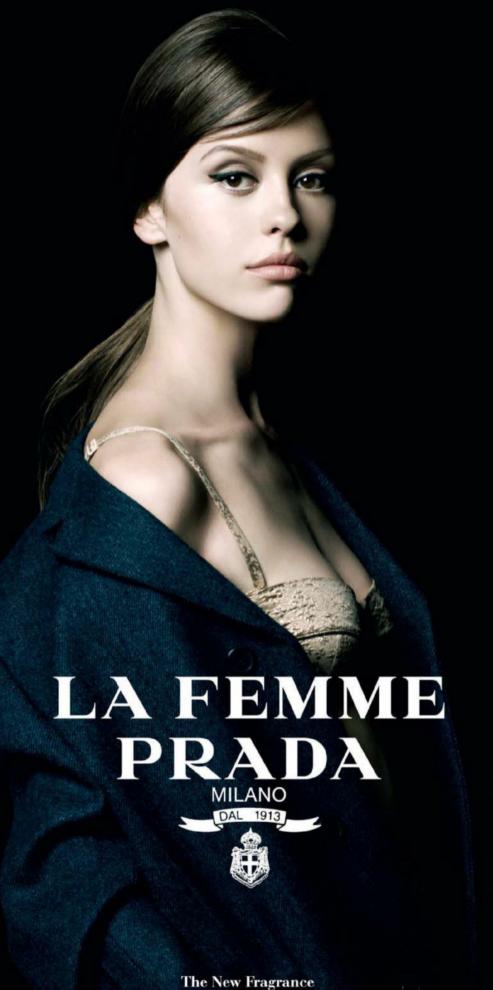
"I'm going to the Falklands," I tell my friend Laura, who is a poet. "I'm going to live alone on an island and write a novel."

It is April of the M.F.A. year I am spending at Boston University, and we are in the process of putting together our fellowship applications for three months abroad. Laura and I are sitting in a seminar room, high up in one of the towers of the College of Arts and Sciences, after a class on Arabic translations of Dickens. The windows frame the silver curve of the Charles sliding between brownstones and glassy office blocks. It is dusk, and everything looks pink.

I open my laptop to show her a picture of the UP FRONT>235

# WRITER'S RETREAT

STEVENS SPENT TIME ACCLIMATING IN NEARBY DARWIN, AN EAST FALKLAND SETTLEMENT ALONG THE CHOISEUL SOUND.



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ISLAND LIFE
BUNDLED UP, THE AUTHOR DURING HER STAY ON BLEAKER ISLAND
LOCATED IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN ON THE PATAGONIAN SHELF

island, the tiny settlement perched on a narrow patch of land: the farmhouse, the shearing shed, the house by the water I'll be renting, and, surrounding it, a bleak landscape of rocks and mud. I zoom in on satellite images of the cliffs, the beach and caves and empty space: It gives me a kind of vertigo to see it.

When I look at Laura for a reaction, I can't quite gauge her expression. She is applying to go to Brittany to translate the poems

of Paol Keineg. When I imagine it, she is eating croissants, drinking good coffee, and riding a blue bicycle around a clifftop village. I have a sudden vision of myself on the sunlit balcony of a crumbling old mansion in Havana, drinking mojitos, gazing down at the street and making occasional scribbles in the kind of notebook that everyone says Hemingway used: She seems relaxed, this other me, and smug.

Now I am the sole resident of a large, dark house on a remote island. I flew here yesterday, from

Stanley, capital of the Falkland Islands, in a tiny plane. We juddered over the sea and over a blot of lumpy islands, then past a white beach crowded with penguins, before landing, softly, on grass. I stepped down from the plane to face a little hut and a sign that read, in crooked letters: WELCOME TO BLEAKER ISLAND.

The biggest space in the house was described in the online brochure I read before my arrival as a "sunroom," a conservatory tacked onto the front of the building. Hail is pelting the glass roof with a metallic-sounding din. Through rivulets of melting ice running down the windowpanes, the sunroom offers a panoramic view of the island to the north: waves chewing the edge of the settlement, farm buildings on the other side of a small bay, looming clouds interrupted by wheeling birds of prey. This is where I will write.

I convert a coffee table into a writing station, loaded with the tools I imagined in advance I'd need to build a novel: laptop, notebooks, pencil, pens, tatty copy of *Bleak House*—a book full of characters desperately hoping for things that may or may not come to them, and which, through the lens of magical thinking, I have begun to see as a meaningful guide to my experience in the Falklands. I position everything neatly, then worry that the orderliness will seem oppressive. I disarrange the objects, as though I had tossed them down without much thought. Still, somehow, the table feels like a set, the sunroom like a stage, and the island beyond like a gaping, vacant auditorium.

Later, I set out to begin my exploration of Bleaker. The house is on a narrow section, in the relative shelter of a hill, which I climb, bent into the wind and small shards of freezing rain. From the top, you can see the whole curve of the island: cliffs on the west side and a beach on the east, speckled with black-and-white dots that, when you walk toward them, bloom into penguins. Caracaras cluster overhead, eyeing anything that shines. I walk for hours and see only monosyllables: cliffs, birds, waves, sand, sheep, rock, moss.

eing without constant Internet access feels like free-floating in outer space. I cast my mind back to my childhood and early teenage years: I remember quite well how it was before the Internet became the spine of life, and yet now, in this cold, dark, empty place, not having that connection makes me feel as though I'm suffocating. I find myself horrified by the prospect of days that begin, proceed, and end in one uninterrupted whole; of the long, relentless evening ahead of me, and other evenings after that. I am appalled by the idea of missing out on the minutiae and chatter that my

friends and people I used to know see fit to share online (although never before has this information seemed particularly interesting or important). I am scared that people will try to reach me with something vital, or even something fun, and I won't receive the message.

Habits I am being forced to break:

• Wondering, What year was so-and-so born? or When was such and such a thing invented? or any other general, nonurgent but niggling question, and looking it up at once. Instead, I start a Word document listing all the things I'd Google if

I could: a sprawling, eclectic list of idle curiosity.

- Thinking, I fancy Thai/Indian/Chinese food, and ordering it online.
- Thinking, I fancy Thai/Indian/Chinese food, and texting someone saying, "Do you want to go out for Thai/Indian/Chinese?"
- Texting someone saying, "Do you want to go for a drink later?" and then going for a drink later.
  - Texting anyone saying anything.
  - Going out for coffee.
  - Going out for anything other than a windy, icy walk.

The first few days, which slide by without any significant literary achievement, feel like inexcusably wasted UPFRONT>244

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I walk for hours

and see only

monosyllables: cliffs, birds,

waves, sand,

sheep, rock, moss











"WE TOOK A NEW DIRECTION, STARTING WITH THE COLOR PALETTE," KRISTOPHER SAYS. "IT WAS INSPIRED BY THE TRANSITION

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it appears to be naturally stained.

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# Up Front Into the Wild

opportunities. So: It is time to begin—to begin what? The novel I have come here to write—and what novel is that? I type, "Chapter One." I stare at the page. The cursor blinks apprehensively.

I look up from my keyboard into my own frustrated face, reflected in the laptop screen. I am battling, I know, with the incompatibility of the twin goals I set myself on this trip: to research and write the book simultaneously. I don't want to start too soon, before I've really understood anything about the Falklands, and therefore risk setting off on the wrong track. But if I wait to start until I feel ecstatically inspired, I'll be in danger of finishing nothing, never having an idea, maybe never even starting. I look from

my blank page to my blank reflection and back again.

Everything I will eat while I am here I have brought with me. If I had been better informed, I would have known that I could arrange for provisions to be shipped out to me during my stay, but by the time I learn this it's too late: The shipping plans are made months in advance. Most visitors either come in the warm months as part of fully catered organized tours or are scientists on research trips with knowledge and expertise behind them. Not many—not any?—are writers who looked at a map of the world and thought, whimsically, How about going here?

In London, before I left, I surrounded myself with little heaps of sachets of powdered soup, instant porridge, granola bars, and boxes of Ferrero Rocher chocolates, a convenient combination of indulgent, lightweight, and calorific. I calculated the total calories of everything I could afford to bring, and then divided it by the number of days-41-that I would spend on the island. It worked out that I would eat 1,085

calories a day. This, I tell myself, is definitely enough to survive. There is a marked change in the way I feel now that I am truly by myself, but the change is not, in fact, that I am lonelier. Rather, I am suddenly, passionately hungry. In the afternoons, I am too ravenous to read or write or think straight, so I walk to distract myself. I stomp out from the house along the shore, past the whale skeleton, the shearing shed, and the settlement outhouses, up toward the cliffs and, farther off, the beach and the penguins. I like facing out to sea and being pummeled by the wind.

I track words amassing and food supplies dwindling: 35,000 words done and 27 Ferrero Rochers left; 40,000 words, 25 Ferrero Rochers. When I do finally consult the calendar on my laptop to try to locate myself on the endless progression of dates, it is surprising that my isolation has so far lasted only two weeks.

How to fathom the bleakness of Bleaker Island? First, consider: Bleaker than what? I had vaguely wondered this before arriving. Now I know: It is just bleaker. I have begun to occupy a comparative world: I am colder, hungrier, more alone. There is an unspoken final clause: than ever before.

n the moments before a storm, you see a sheet of weather approaching the island over the water: a blurring of the line between the sea and the sky, the sound of the wind. Then it hits. It snows for days on end. The ground is white: a blank

page. The sea is a vat of spume and kelp, and on the beach, even the penguins look miserable, huddled together like stranded guests at a black-tie dinner. A smothering cloud presses down overhead. The wind sweeps up settled snow as more falls. The island and the sky close in on each other.

When hail spits onto the roof of the sunroom, it makes the

same sound as the waves dragging shingle on the beach.

From my writing station, I see only churning water and the foggy outline of a whale skeleton on the shore, its ribs unfolding like a line of parentheses. Downy geese huddle inside the vast skull, twisting their heads under their wings.

In my notebook I write, "Things to Do on Bleaker Island in July" and then leave the page blank. This strikes me as extremely witty.

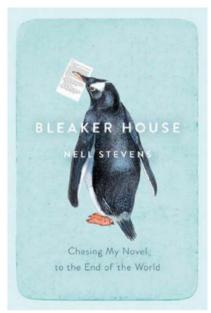
Then I make another list called "Things to Do on Bleaker Island in August":

- 1. Bite your nails.
- 2. Watch the water for sixteen hours without interruption. It changes color with each shift of cloud and rain and wind. Create names for the shades, like gradations of paint on a chart. Seal-flank gray. Black-dog gray. Gangrene gray.
- 3. Develop fears: of the wind turbine spinning off its post, decapitating you, leaving your headless corpse to be discovered by caracaras; of silence; of small noises; of the roar of the wind or the absence

of the roar of the wind; of your own shadow. Or-

- 4. Build a relationship with your shadow. Try to learn its many forms in relation to the position of the obscured sun.
- 5. Become paranoid: Somebody is poisoning your coffee. Wake up in the middle of the night with a headache, and then, in the morning, cower by the toilet bowl, throwing up water and bile. Retch. Tiptoe downstairs and observe the coffee jar from a distance. Closer, check the seal for signs of tampering, but no evidence of foul play. Scurry up to vomit again.
- 6. Learn to distinguish between the creaks and taps and groans of the building in the wind, and the sounds of a person actually entering the house. It is never a person entering the house.
- 7. Make note of your disturbing dreams, and in the margins, wonder, "How on Earth did I end up here? What happened to me,

that this is now my life?" □ From the book Bleaker House, by Nell Stevens. Copyright © 2017 by Nell Stevens. Published by Doubleday, an imprint of the Knopf Doubleday Group, a division of Penguin Random House, LLC.



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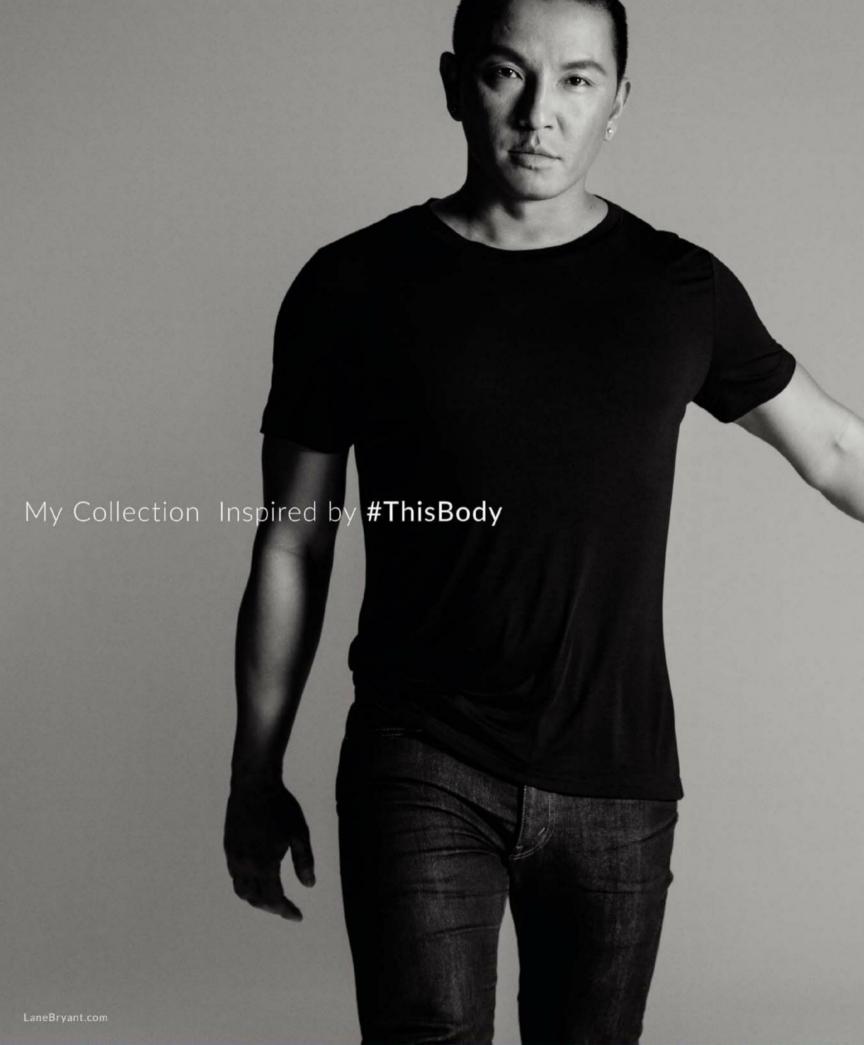


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WOMEN TO WOMEN







# PRABAL GURUNG × LANE BRYANT



# Net Results

Should a tech giant give us more information—or better information? Robert Sullivan meets Yasmin Green, a researcher pushing Google to make the world a safer place.

n a small conference room at Google's New York City headquarters, Yasmin Green is about to get some bad news. Green, 35, is the head of research and development at Jigsaw—the tech giant's in-house think tank—and the trouble at hand has to do with trolls, those who foment anger and disrupt discourse online. People tend to think of trolls in terms of random harassment, teenagers with too much time on their hands, but these in particular are globally scattered and state-sponsored, targeting journalists and activists, an independent press, or outspoken citizens. Trolls are big, for instance, in Iran, where Green was born (her family fled to London in 1984). "Iran is really kind of trailblazing in terms of developing digital repression," she likes to tell people.

Jigsaw is a little like the National Security Council of Google—if Google were a nation state, which it is not, despite a nation state—like influence in the world. Security is now everything, after all, as the Web becomes more and more like the Wild West, full of fake news, hacks, incursions on servers and local infrastructure, and

increasingly more damaging attacks on security and speech (not to mention the stability of U.S. elections: See Russian interference in the 2016 presidential contest). Jigsaw's role is to scout the digital landscape for trouble—to, according to Google, "make people in the world safer." "We have that geopolitical lens," Green tells me. "We have the mandate to think ahead, rather than respond to what's happening at the moment. To think prophetically."

She is wearing a vintage eighties dress she bought on a work trip to London—the Jigsaw team knows her as someone who only ever wears a dress—and strikes you immediately as having the physical demeanor of an athlete: aware, graceful, paying relaxed, close attention to everyone in the conference room. (Sure enough, she likes to run five miles from work to home in Williamsburg, where she picks up her two-year-old daughter from school.

### **ON OFFENSE**

GREEN'S TEAM AT GOOGLE COMBATS TROLLS, ISIS RECRUITMENT, AND INTERNET-SERVICE ATTACKS. SHE WEARS A SALVATORE FERRAGAMO DRESS AND MULBERRY ANKLE BOOTS.

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# LIVES Search and Rescue

"The quality of my decisions," she says, "is best when borne out of a run.") Green is quick with an analogy or an insight, and she gets as much as she takes. "I heard she made the president laugh," says Jigsaw's founder and president, Jared Cohen, referring to Green's Obama White House briefing on digital terrorism last December. Green was Cohen's first hire back in 2010, when Google asked him to create a think tank on geopolitical challenges. "She and I clicked right away," he says. "She has a gift for strategy—and she's the one who really mentored me through the process of creating Jigsaw."

Now, in the sealed-off conference room, a portion of her team is settling in: women and men in their 30s who talk less like tech-



TWO FOR THE ROAD
"INEVER EXPECTED TO SETTLE IN NEW YORK," SAYS GREEN, WITH DAUGHTER,
ABOVE. "AND THEN I MET A NEW YORKER AND HAD A NEW YORK BABY."

nologists (though they know their way around the Dark Web and Tor servers) and more like political scientists. Laptops are opened on a table; old-school *National Geographic* maps hang on the walls. "What's the right way for Jigsaw," Green asks, "to affect the problems that we see, given that we're not a government, given that we don't have military aid, and we're not negotiating peace deals? It's through technology and through access to information." *Good information* is Green's mantra. "Our job is to get more and better information in the hands of vulnerable people," she says.

What's covered—the names of victims of Internet trolls in particular—is off the record, for the sake of the trolled, and also because Green's team intends to develop an appropriate defense. As the discussion dives deeper into the Internet's dark zones, I'm struck by the contrast with the bright, charged thinking of the group. It feels like a grad-school seminar, but with lives in the balance. In places like Russia and China, state-sponsored trolls don't just tweet at you. The harassment is orchestrated with everything from hashtags to doxxing (slang for exposing personal information) to physical-world

threats—all of it working, in the end, to mute journalists and citizen activists, often driving them offline. Women are frequently the targets. "It's the most insidious problem facing female journalists today," says Elisa Lees Muñoz, the executive director of the International Women's Media Foundation. "It's absolutely to shut people up, and to shut up journalists in particular."

"How can we illustrate this?" asks Green. How, in other words, can the threat be explained so that you don't have to be a Silicon Valley programmer to understand it? This is Green's particular genius. In 2013 the Jigsaw team developed and published the Digital Attack Map, a nearly real-time depiction of Internet-service attacks not unlike the one that recently shut down Twitter: eerie beams of color emanating from bad guys in one country to targets in another. (The map has had more than ten million views.)

Today's meeting is not about solutions—not yet. And despite the fact that the subject is complex and disturbing, Green stays optimistic, in part reflecting the optimism of her troubleshooting team. "It's really inspiring to work with people who are so smart and so missionary," she tells me later. "Everyone is coming in, driven by a passion, to solve problems that seem intractable."

n a wintry Saturday in Williamsburg, Green is working on a non-Internet protocol. "Can you say hello?" she asks her daughter, Zeba, when a visitor arrives. In a few minutes, Green is sitting on Zeba's bedroom floor, reading and playing with dolls, in the company of her husband, Adam Green, an indie musician and filmmaker—he drew the pictures that hang around their daughter's bed. In the rest of the apartment are paintings by their friend the musician Devendra Banhart, among others. It's a cozy, bohemian scene that Yasmin hadn't planned when she signed on at Jigsaw. "I actually told my family and friends in London that I'm not going to settle in New York," she recalls. "Obviously! It's a very aggressive city. It'll rub off on me. And then you know what? I met a New Yorker and married and had a New York baby."

Their wedding, a small, carefully orchestrated affair—their parents had never met—on the Greek island of Hydra, Leonard Cohen's spiritual home in the sixties, sounds like a treatment for a Wes Anderson film. "My parents are Muslim Iranians turned British atheists, and my husband's parents are nonpracticing New York Jews. If we were in the era of arranged marriages, no one would have thought to put us together." Adam's mom wore a tie-dyed dress; Yasmin's father a tuxedo. "Everyone got along," she says, showing off the wedding pictures.

Early on in the relationship, after watching a Jean Cocteau film, Adam and Yasmin started collaborating, first on a kind of ruminative journal or notebook, selections from which hang on a wall in a frame ("Where you are vulnerable I will build . . ." "Your feelings are always right . . ."), then on Adam's (highly) experimental films, The Wrong Ferarri and Adam Green's Aladdin, which Yasmin coproduced, and which were shot in part in their friend the artist Dustin Yellin's Red Hook studios. While on the road, Adam would call Yasmin with more location ideas. "I'd be on tour, and I'd tell her I just saw this room in Rome in the federal building that's going to be great to shoot in," he says.

"He was out of his mind," she remembers. LIVES>270

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# TACORI

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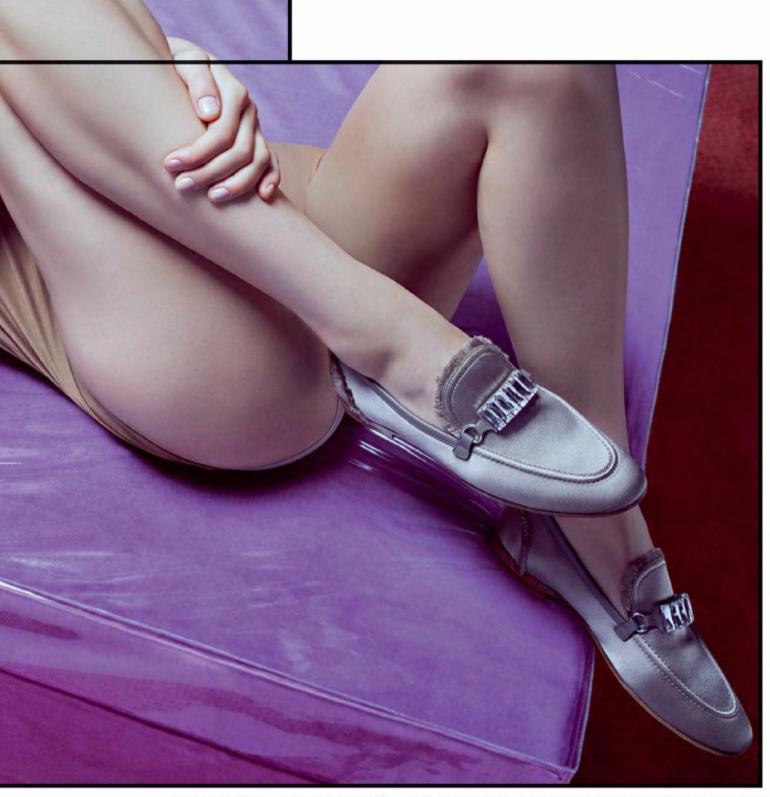


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# LIVES Search and Rescue

"She is the smartest person I've ever known," Adam says. "She would never say this, but she's an artist in the sense that the whole concept of being an artist has changed." We talk about maps of the Web, about Internet ecologies, about painters and ancient texts. "I mean, if you go to the Whitney Biennial, you're going to find art projects that are similar to what Yasi is working on."

Growing up in England, Yasmin didn't think as much about international relations as she did the NBA draft. "I secretly wanted to be a basketball player," Green says. She played on the under-sixteen U.K. national team, and then, when her family moved to Sheffield (she has one older brother), for the Sheffield women's team, the best in the country at the time. "I used to eat, live, drink basketball," she says. "I would listen to hip-hop all day—and I would study, but my room was covered with posters of NBA athletes. I think my parents were just like, 'Well,

she's lost to us.'" When she put up some big numbers in her university-placement exams, they were floored. "They cried because they had no idea."

he went to University College London, then the London School of Economics, then worked at a consulting firm, where she specialized in oil and gas and traveled throughout Africa and the Middle East, comparing cultures in a way that, when she looks back now, destined her to work at a place like Jigsaw. When a job at Google came up, Green

saw a chance to be on the corporation's intellectual front guard. "What happens," she asked herself, "when the *next* billion people come online?" Green gives you the sense that she sees the fortunes of her company tied to the rights of those who tend to face the most repression—women, for the most part. "Women represent less than half of the people on the Internet," Green says, "and it's always the women that get it worse. There are actually bots, or automated trolls, that are programmed just to give rape threats."

It's true—the Internet is not the place it once was. Lately social media doesn't seem all that social, to put it mildly, and Google, not to mention companies like Facebook and Twitter, is coming to terms not just with the fact that bad things are happening in its search results, feeds, videos, and comment sections, but that users—and governments—aren't happy about it. "I do think that Google institutionally believes that technology can be a force for good," says Farhad Manjoo, the tech columnist for *The New York Times*. "I think that is something kind of foundational to Larry Page and Sergey Brin at Google—and to Mark Zuckerberg. They believe this in a very deep way, and they set up groups like Jigsaw to prove it. I believe that at heart they are Utopians about technology."

"I think Google possibly has an ethical duty," says Hadiya Masieh, a British consultant for Jigsaw who was recruited by extremists as a college student. She now counsels mainly young women in similar situations. "If their product is being used for terrorism—well, Yasmin said it at a talk: 'It's bad for business. It's not good for our reputation.'"

Masieh worked with Green on what is perhaps Jigsaw's best-known work, a project called the Redirect Method, an Internet-based response to ISIS recruitment. To develop the Redirect Method, Jigsaw team members interviewed young people in Europe and Iraq who had traveled to join ISIS and returned or were captured. This was 2015. "A perfectly normal girl would be radicalized within a week, two weeks," Masieh says. ISIS uses nothing complex, just the standard byways of search terms and social media. "Someone goes in totally naive," Masieh says. "'Let's look this up.' We all do it. One link leads to another link, and then, next thing you know, you are best friends with someone out there in Syria."

Jigsaw's solution was to offer alternatives to the results—using the algorithms that typically promote advertising—to suggest sites that offered the viewpoints of, for instance, ISIS recruits who had

changed their minds. "It turns out there's a network of deradicalization Web sites," Green says, and she is adamant that Google does not craft information itself but presents more and thus better choices.

Some free-speech advocates are wary of Jigsaw's work, as are people who advocate for journalists. "Companies have a lot of potential to create solutions, but I hate to think what repressive governments might do with those same tools," says Courtney Radsch, the advocacy director for Committee to Protect Journalists and an expert on cyberharassment of reporters. We might not want to grant

online anonymity, say, to a building full of secret government trolls—but anonymity is also a tool for a journalist working in a repressive regime. Which is to say that new products make for new complicated questions: Who decides what results or videos should be restricted? And mostly, can the companies that got us into this mess be trusted to get us out?

Green travels less than she used to, but she's been all over—Kiev, Syria, around the Middle East. The value Jigsaw puts on gathering information face-to-face is itself a critique of the typical data-is-everything Silicon Valley way. "Imagine a group of tech employees in a windowless office deciding they're going to solve a problem for, say, Syrians," Green says. "You'll be well meaning, but you'll

Looking, listening: The optimism that infuses Green's work is very personal. Geopolitics is something she thinks about at home all the time. "I have a daughter who is half Iranian, half Jewish. I want her to go to Iran, but she can't—I get state-generated phishing attacks frequently. It's a really big concern," she says. "But I want to live in a world where she has access to people and culture, especially the ones that supply her heritage."

get it wrong. I want to get perspectives that we don't already have."

Green's optimism is practical too, a way of steeling her team to take on what can seem like intractable issues. "We *have* to believe that we can do it," she says. "If we're deflated, then this thing's not going to happen. When you feel momentum, when you can see that your own conviction mobilizes others—well, it's really productive and rewarding to believe that you can change things." □

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Ontrollingand

harassment: "Women

represent less than half

of the people online,"

Green says, "and it's

always the women that get it worse"









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# MEMORIES

## are MADE of THIS

A lifelong love of creating what we wear can spring from the most personal moments. We asked fifteen designers to tell us about their first fashion memories.



#### Georgina Chapman

"When I was eight, I visited the Victoria and Albert Museum and saw all of these princess-like gowns," says the Marchesa cofounder. "I thought it would be like wearing a party dress every day—which, at that age, was my dream!"

PRINCESS MARGARET. PHOTOGRAPHED BY CECIL BEATON, LONDON, 1949.



#### **<b>《** Olivier Rousteing

"When I was growing up in Bordeaux in the nineties, Paris and its fashion world seemed a whole lot farther away than just a six-hour car ride," says the Balmain creative director. "I was a good student, but I would often find myself lost in daydreams—almost always triggered by the amazing images of that era's fashion. I was enthralled, watching as fashion transformed itself and the world around it—in particular the music that my friends and I listened to. Runway shows of that time were like nothing that had come before—I loved the liberating and invigorating energy that was on display, especially from someone like Gianni Versace, who always reminds me of how intoxicated I was by fashion."

VOGUE, 1995. PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVEN MEISEL.



#### Ralph Lauren

"It wasn't about fashion but about a kind of style that inspired me—even as a kid with no money to spend on clothes or anything else. There was a pair of blue suede shoes I used to see in a store window coming back and forth from school in the Bronx. I loved those shoes, and though I hoped I might get them as a birthday present, I never did. Dressing for me then was not about being fashionable but about being cool. particularly to the girls in the neighborhood. I grew up with two older brothers that I admired a lot, and the greatest thing was having some of their clothing passed down to me. Wearing one of their old athletic-team jackets was much more appealing than buying a new one. I liked them because they had a history, and they looked better the more they were worn. Looking back, I guess I'm still that boy standing in front of that window filled with the same kind of desire. It wasn't the shoes that I wanted but a yearning for things just out of reach—something beautiful and timeless that conjures up a world and takes you there. And that's what has always inspired me and what I do."

RALPH LAUREN WEARS HIS OLDER BROTHER'S HAND-ME-DOWN VARSITY JACKET, 1955.









### MEMORIES are MADE of THIS



#### Angela Missoni

"In the early seventies, when I still was a baby teenager, the radical revolutionary iconographies and ideologies, lifestyles, statements, and behaviors of rock stars and political figures, youth and alternative cultures, from the Beatles to David Bowie and from Kerouac to Guevara, broke into my life, influencing forever my taste and vision. I guess it is that Zeitgeist—the turn of attitudes, beliefs, and values that transits from the sixties to the seventies—that has had the strongest impact on my way of being and thinking and making."

DAVID BOWIE, 1974. PHOTOGRAPHED BY TERRY O'NEILL.

#### Stefano Gabbana

"I didn't know anything about fashion, but Fiorucci—especially his shop in Via Torino in Milan represented for me the key to enter this world through a very special door," says the Dolce & Gabbana cofounder. "Through Fiorucci Ilearned who Madonna, Andy Warhol, and Keith Haring were."

VINTAGE FIORUCCI CAMPAIGN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ATTILIO CONCARI.





#### Karl Lagerfeld

"Children don't have the notion of fashion—people talked about 'elegance.' What I saw around me I considered normal but not fashion, because I didn't know what fashion meant. Then one day, in a window of an art gallery, I saw a copy of a famous German painting—the original had been destroyed during the war-representing Frederick the Great with Voltaire, some of his brothers, and some French people in the dining room of the château de Sanssouci. Then I realized that there had been other looks and other styles in other centuries. I fell in love with this painting and asked my parents to buy it for me for Christmas. I got instead a chromo of another Menzel painting, but not the famous Tafelrunde I wanted so much. I was so disappointed that my parents called the gallery on Christmas day and asked to send us the copy of the famous painting. I was even allowed to keep the other one, which I lost-I don't remember what happened to it, but this one I still have. It has followed me all my life through all my houses."

TAFELRUNDE IN SANSSOUCI, 1850, BY ADOLPH MENZEL.



#### 🤇 Giorgio Armani

My mother was a slim, captivating woman, with that sinuous figure you could only find in the thirties. I can still picture her perfectly in my mind. Before the war, she almost always wore gray: scoop-necked dresses made of very light wool, and men's jackets—the typical checked kind, but in a very loose, almost nonchalant way. She had found her own style, and she always remained true to it. She expressed a great deal of dignity—a sentiment that characterized her entire life. It was she who inspired my idea that ethics and aesthetics must be a reflection of each other. I don't know what plans she had for me, but her teaching and values are certainly the basis of the person I am today, in both my private and work life. That naturalness and refined taste are deeply rooted in my style."

GIORGIO ARMANI WITH HIS MOTHER, 1937.



#### Pierpaolo Piccioli

"When I was ten, I used to spend time alone every day during my summer vacation watching black-and-white Italian movies from the fifties and the sixties," says Valentino's creative director. "I started to know and love all movies from Italian directors such as Pier Paolo Pasolini, Federico Fellini, Roberto Rossellini, Michelangelo Antonioni. If I had to name one, it would be *La Notte*, by Antonioni, with Marcello Mastroianni, Jeanne Moreau, and Monica Vitti. I was fascinated by the storytelling, the plot, the music, the personalities of the actors, and by the fact that these stories made me think about what was not shown on the screen—the stories behind it all, and the stories that could have been."

LA NOTTE POSTER, 1961.

#### Alberta Ferretti

"From the earliest age, I was dropped off by my grandmother at my mother's atelier—she was a dressmaker-on the Adriatic coast, near Rimini. Fellini lived nearby and made a lot of his movies in the area, so there was always a passage of international women coming in and out. The atelier was a stark white room with groups of women, often sisters, huddled together working; there was usually competition between them as to who could make the most beautiful dresses. When my grandmother would come to pick me up, I'd play a game of hiding from her under the huge cutting table among the rolls of fabric, many of which were bought when I'd accompany my mother on her trips to the mills in Como. When I was fifteen, she had my first grown-up dress made for me-blue chiffon, embroidered with jet beads. I wore it to a friend's birthday."

> ALBERTA FERRETTI, AGE FOUR, NEAR RIMINI, ITALY.

# impact on me," says the Paco Rabanne creative d world appeared to be full of freedom and creativity appealing. Even now, it reminds me you always ha VOGUE, 1997. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER LINDBERGH.

#### Julien Dossena

'Seeing Jean Paul Gaultier on the television news made a superstrong impact on me," says the Paco Rabanne creative director, "because Gaultier's world appeared to be full of freedom and creativity, really modern and appealing. Even now, it reminds me you always have to be fearless and free."

#### Victoire de Castellane

"I loved the outfits of the different characters from the comics of the fifties and sixties and seventies, such as *Lili* or *Aggie*, and actresses such as Marilyn Monroe, Liz Taylor, and Brigitte Bardot," says the Dior Haute Joaillerie creator. "I've always preferred a style rather than a fashion."

BRIGITTE BARDOT AT CANNES FILM FESTIVAL, 1956. PHOTOGRAPHED BY EDWARD QUINN.

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#### Michael Kors )

"When I was five years old, my mother got remarried. She was going to have this big, formal wedding, so she ordered this big, elaborate wedding dress. I went with her and my grandmother to the first fitting, and the dress had tons of bows all over it. I remember her trying it on and my grandmother saying, "Oh, it's so beautiful, it's perfect, you're perfect!" I said, "The bows-there are too many bows." My mother looked in the mirror and said, "He's right," and she had the tailor start taking them off. My grandmother wasn't happy.'

> MICHAEL KORS WITH HIS MOTHER, 1964.













## Senna Lyons

"Growing up in California, where there was one distinct brand of beauty—blonde hair, tan skin, big boobs; the closer to *Baywatch*, the better—I was so excited to see a completely different world," says the J.Crew president and creative director. "The women in Antonio Lopez's book *Antonio's Girls* were far from *Baywatch*. They had style, attitude, individuality—they were exciting. Jerry Hall, Grace Jones, Tina Chow, Jessica Lange, Paloma Picasso, Pat Cleveland, Grace Coddington—not one like the other. It made me think of fashion as a vehicle of expression, as a way to show your stripes. Be yourself."

JERRY HALL, 1974. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTONIO LOPEZ.

#### **Isabel Marant**

"Around the age of eleven, I played dress-up with my cousin in my parents' clothes. My mother had a lot of pieces from Kenzo that matched my father's suits. The looks my cousin and I created are very close to what I'm designing today—mixing prints, femininity, and androgyny!"

KENZO CAMPAIGN, 1983. PHOTOGRAPHED BY HANS FEURER.

#### John Galliano

"I'd just left the London College of Fashion and was applying to go to Central Saint Martins, and I was putting myself together in this rundown vintage I'd find at Flip—no one had any money, and that's where we'd find things to wear. I'd started going to a club called Blitz, which was run by Steve Strange and Rusty Egan. I'd see this major, major designer called Willy Brown there, who had the label Modern Classics and whose girlfriend, the model Vivienne Lynn, did all these major looks for Zandra Rhodes. We became friends, and they invited me down to Willy's store, where I got a few little outfits. I don't know how I afforded them. (Actually, I do: I was the Saturday boy at a boutique called Howie.) Blitz was where you saw the style tribes, the pop dressing, all there in front of your eyes—Boy George, Marilyn, Spandau Ballet. . . I'd spend three nights getting myself ready to go. As one's confidence grew, it was very hard not to be inspired by what was going on; a little gang of us formed, and the New Romantics took off."

THE BLITZ CLUB, LONDON, 1978.



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# Nostalgia

# Life Studies

A college dropout working as a secretary sneaked into a poetry workshop led by Robert Lowell and changed her prospects forever. By Megan Marshall.

#### OPEN BOOK

MARISA BERENSON'S GAZE DRIFTS UP IN ELISABETTA CATALANO'S PHOTOGRAPH FOR *VOGUE*, 1970.

was the worst kind of student poet, nearly illiterate in contemporary poetry and writing to resolve a feeling of drift that had overtaken me the year before as a junior at Bennington College. And I wasn't a student. My restlessness had led me to drop out of college—schoolwork, even at Bennington, which gave no grades, felt like too much pressure—and move to Cambridge, taking a room in a communal apartment at \$27 a month (heat not included) and a secretarial job at Harvard, working in the college registrar's office in the Holyoke Center, just one floor below the conference room where I was now sitting. Getting a position in one of Harvard's many administrative offices, I'd heard, was an easy matter if you could pass the typing test.

That was the winter of the energy crisis, 1973–74, a particularly cold one, and the cost of heating oil had skyrocketed, making the low rent a doubtful bargain. From my room on the top floor of a River Street tenement, which swayed in the wind blowing up off the Charles, I checked the temperature on the electrified Coca-Cola sign across the river each morning before venturing outside, passing a long row of cars puffing steam as their drivers waited in line for the cheapest gas in town at the ARCO station up the street. The first glimmer of hope that I'd find my way arrived as a fleeting sense of joy that I wasn't living in Southern California, where I'd grown up, dependent on a car to get anywhere, or Bennington, where it

was so much colder. Still, I walked the mile to work at Harvard's new ten-story concrete-and-glass administration building in the center of Harvard Square, saving bus fare so I could afford the steeply discounted therapy sessions that anchored my days.

My job required me to type information gleaned from the application folders of the incoming freshman class onto permanent record cards, on which student grades would be entered over the next four years. Into my humming IBM Selectric typewriter I rolled a stiff 8½-by-11-inch white card printed horizontally with blanks for name, birth date, home address, high school, and SAT scores along the top, and spaces for eight semesters of grades below. Next I opened an application folder and soon became lost in the drama of an accepted student's personal essay, letters of recommendation, and the admissions committee's notes. "Good HARVARD SON" appeared with predictable frequency, scrawled across an application's first page.

It pained me to read the heartfelt words of those academically well-fed young men and women so close to my own age, the praise that poured forth from their teachers. I typed out unfamiliar names—the Pingree School, Groton, New Trier High School, Milton Academy—many times over. No one from my high school in Pasadena, a relatively new one built to accommodate baby-boom teenagers, had ever attended Harvard; I'd been turned down when I applied. But I couldn't stop reading, even NOSTALGIA>308





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## Nostalgia An Education

when my supervisor chided me for taking so long with what should have been a simple task.

Maybe it was then that I started to become a shadow student, began to wish for school again. I learned which dorms I could enter by following a resident closely and catching the door; which cafeterias I could access through an unguarded exit to help myself to yogurt and cereal at breakfast. I wasn't earning much, but that wasn't the only reason I sometimes sat alone with my stolen meal in the company of Harvard students in the high-ceilinged Freshman Union; my roommates on River Street were all grad students in their late 20s, caught up in radical politics, and I felt even more a stranger there.

So I auditioned for the new Harvard-Radcliffe choir for mixed voices—established two years before, when the dorms had gone coed and open to faculty and staff as well as students—but I hid my secretary status from the other altos when I got in. A piano-

practice room at street level in Adams House caught my eye, and soon I was writing my name on the sign-up sheet and spending an hour at the Steinway grand whenever I could.

I began to write again, too. My mother had taught me to love poetry, reading aloud at bedtime from children's anthologies; her mother had sung to me settings from Robert Louis Stevenson's A Child's Garden of Verses while I lay on my parents' bed after school and watched her iron my father's shirts that my working mother didn't have time to press. I'd begun writing poetry at age eight, and my mother helped me mail one of my rhymes to the editor of the children's page at the local paper; it earned me publication and a few dollars in prize money.

he poems I submitted a dozen years later for admission to Robert Lowell's workshop class in January 1975 were

written out of ignorance, scribbled in notebooks with little more skill than Marisa Berenson's stunning portrait-of-the-artist-with-flower-in-hand appears to demonstrate. In this picture she gazes up, her thoughts far from the page, seemingly too enthralled by her photographer to concentrate on her task. I also struggled with focus and quit the job at Harvard to work as a research assistant and typist for a famous writer in Boston. He wrote at night and slept during the day, and our meetings took place at dinnertime in his town-house apartment. He liked my work. He liked me—in the halter-topped minidress I'd resurrected from my California wardrobe to wear out to dinner at Cafe Amalfi. I'd come to expect this sort of thing; it happened with music teachers, professors, a camp counselor. The attentions of a famous writer are flattering. I slept with him and told him I enjoyed it, half believing it was so; I needed to keep my job. Yet where could this lead?

I'd saved enough money to pay for three courses as an unenrolled "special" student at Harvard, two literature seminars on English novels and the Romantics and Lowell's workshop, if I could get in. I'd applied to the class not having read a line of his poetry. Still, in an uncanny way, I'd written poems that aped Lowell's style or appealed to his sensibility—one, titled "Through-Composed," employed the term for a piece of music without repeated themes or cadences as a metaphor signifying the challenge of living into an unknown future. When I read my name on the list of ten accepted students posted on the ninth-floor conference-room door in early February, I quit working for the famous writer, who punched me in the shoulder and then stomped on my foot on the brick sidewalk in front of his apartment building as I left. I could get along for the next four months on my savings and food stamps, and look for a summer job after that.

Professor Lowell, rumpled and wild-eyed, shuffling in his loafers as if they were bedroom slippers, was an irregular par-

ticipant in his own class that semester. Sometimes his protégé Frank Bidart appeared in his place, explaining a mixup in the poet's medications. Family members sat in: the poet's third wife, Lady Caroline Blackwood, bright-blonde, and thin in the way of chain-smokers; Lowell's teenage daughter, Harriet, sullen, restless.

I'd been studying Lowell's poems assiduously since gaining admission to the class. On his good days, he recited his favorite poems—William Carlos Williams's "The Yachts" or John Donne's "The Relic"—marveling at excellent lines and turns of phrase, making us love them too. Best were the days when it was my turn to have a submission discussed. Our professor read aloud from our manuscripts, and in his sure voice my words became something more than private lament—poetry?

But none of this prepared me for an April afternoon when I entered the classroom to find a small older woman with short, stylishly coiffed white hair, clad in

an elegant light-wool suit and carrying a thin black binder, taking a seat across the conference table from mine. Professor Lowell introduced his friend Elizabeth Bishop—"Miss Bishop," he purred in his Southern-tinged Boston Brahmin drawl. I gazed beyond her to the cityscape captured in the conference room's picture windows. And then our guest began to read in a low, hoarse smoker's voice, smoothed out with the buttery "r's" of New England's upper crust: "A new volcano has erupted,/the papers say, and last week I was reading/where some ship saw an island being born."

This was Elizabeth Bishop's "Crusoe in England," a new poem not yet available in any book. She'd transported me to another world—where women were writers, and men, shambling and erratic as they might be, were their friends. I wanted to stay there.  $\Box$ 



**WELL VERSED**THE AUTHOR AS A TEEN IN 1971,
SHORTLY BEFORE LEAVING HER NATIVE
CALIFORNIA FOR THE NORTHEAST.

Adapted from the book Elizabeth Bishop: A Miracle for Breakfast, by Megan Marshall, © 2017. Published by Houghton Mifflin Harcourt.

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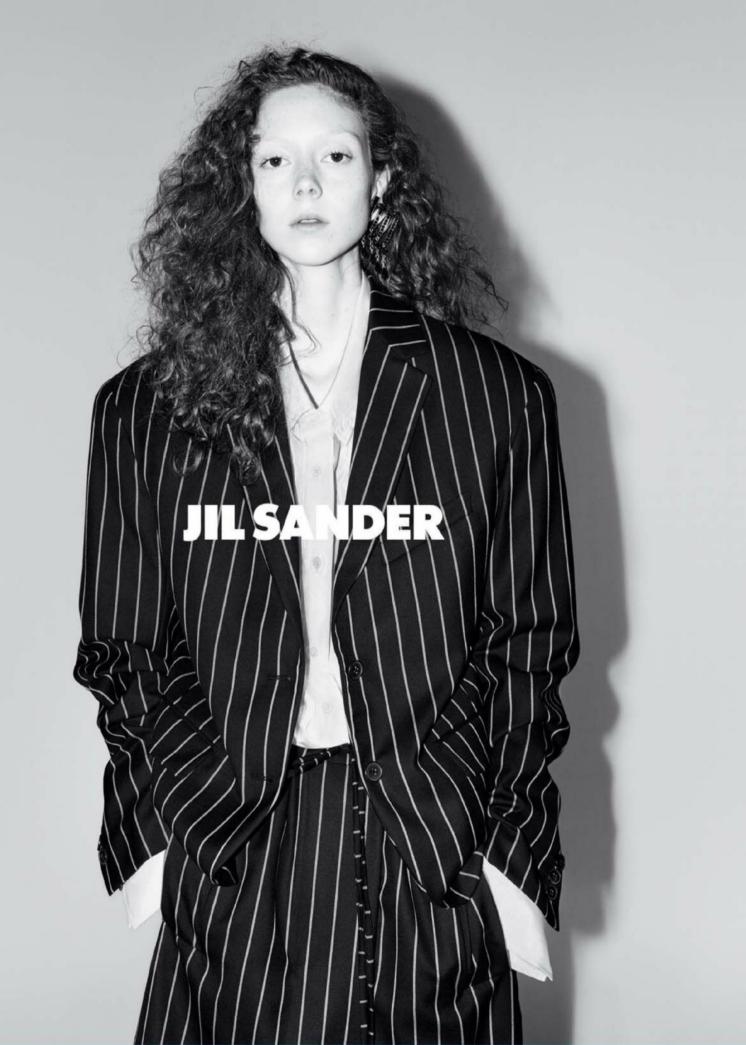


tion of Bob Mackie and the stories of a mom who danced at Studio 54. He sourced the fabric in Shepherd's Bush in London, at the bargain-basement end of the neighborhood's Indian and African stores. Being broke, like all his young London friends, didn't hold this boy back from throwing his megawatt rainbow of glam against the gloom. TALKING FASHION>318

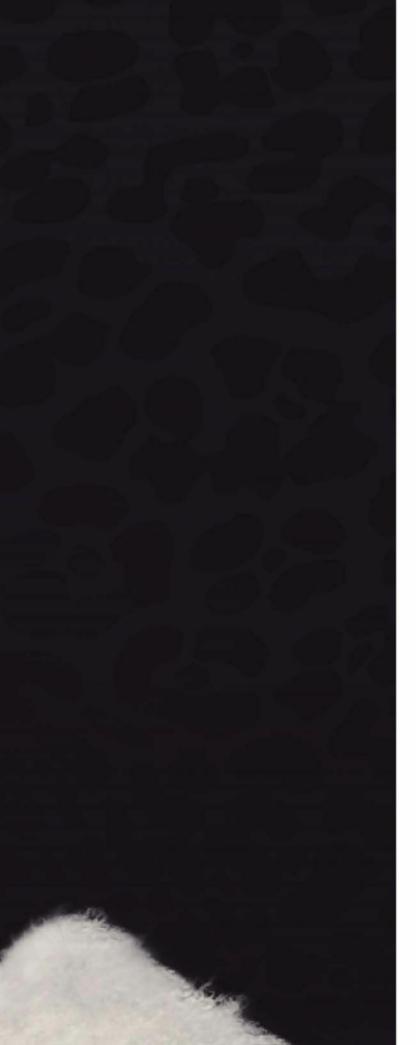
TWINKLE, TWINKLE

MODEL VANESSA AXENTE LIGHTS UP THE NIGHT IN A BALMAIN METAL-MESH TOP (\$2,910) AND SKIRT; BALMAIN, NYC.

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NEW YORK EST. 1979

Talking Fashion

Fashion, of course, must always reset its compass by how we're all feeling. And while it might seem that the uniforms of sobriety and seriousness, along with drab colors, protest slogans, army parkas for marching, and sleeping bags for occupations should be the response—that's the politically correct route—the resistance of sequins is the honorable alternative. There's hope in a sequin, you see. When fashion offers the chance to get ourselves up in fabulous spangles—if just for a disco-minute—it

says that we're not defined by our troubles: We will defy them.

Those thoughts shot through my mind as I watched the spring collections. To put it mildly, fashion was in need of cheering up last September. At the outset, it was a cycle of shows hedged with anxieties. We, the professional audience, had set off mired in endless conversations about the merits or demerits of see-now, buy-now shows, gossip about which designers had been hired or fired, and complaints about the relentless blur of too many hard-to-recall shows. But then came the glitter moments—serial surprises that snapped everyone's attention from glazed to focused in nanoseconds.

It began in New York, where the razzle-dazzle always begins. The centerpiece of Thom Browne's performance was a silver-sequined one-shouldered goddess gown curiously draped over a faux

suit, a look just made for a modern Marlene Dietrich. At Rodarte, there was an unforgettable red puffed-sleeved gleaming dress the exact color of Judy Garland's ruby shoes in *The Wizard of Oz*. At Marc Jacobs, it was the glitter of another age: a horde of hotpants, satin–and–sparkle clad seventies teenagers stomping along on ridiculously gigantic platforms.

It continued in Europe. At Gucci, there was a glimmering chiffon dress, with radiating sun-ray stripes and an Egyptian-influenced Deco collar, that might almost have costumed Claudette Colbert's 1934 movie *Cleopatra*. In London, more silver sequins, abstractly ruched, at Preen by Thornton Bregazzi. So it went, along with fan-pleated lamé, Lurex, and bugle-beading, from Olivier Rousteing's molten chain mail at Balmain right through to Louis Vuitton, where Nicolas Ghesquière's slinky, asymmetric siren dresses had the fabulous nonchalance of thirties sophistication about them.

There's a myriad of reasons and historical echoes behind this fashion fireworks display, but I think we can trace it all back to

PICK OF THE GLITTER RIGHT: MICHELLE OBAMA WEARING ATELIER VERSACE AT A WHITE HOUSE STATE DINNER IN 2016. BELOW: CARA DELLEVINGNE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER, VOGUE 2015



FLECKS APPEAL
ABOVE: MODEL GISELE BÜNDCHEN,
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO TESTINO, VOGUE,
2002. LEFT: GIOVANNA ENGELBERT IN HALPERN

the great counterintuitive creative instinct that has pulled Americans through many a hard time. Never had there been so many paillettes sewn on at MGM as when Adrian designed hundreds of fantasy costumes for The Great Ziegfeld in 1936, at the tail end of the Great Depression. Decades later in the recessionhit seventies, David Bowie, Marc Bolan, and the New York Dolls emerged with a gold-platformed, sequined-hot-panted vengeance. In the glam-rock years, nobody used the term gender fluid, but that's where it all went overground for the first time—in the sharing of sequins, lipstick, and glitter eye shadow among girls and boys alike.

That's where it gets interesting now. While stars may walk red carpets in spangle-strewn couture, sequins aren't on the side of power and money. Glitter and glam, fantasy and escapism are the rightful property of entertainers and hoofers, drag queens and pop stars, cross-dressers and club kids, and the sparkling, proud tradition of gay rights. That's why the new wave of glitter is courageous, uplifting, and defiant. It stands for optimism against the odds—and it's the most emotionally relevant thing I can remember about the whole season. When I look at that blue sequin, I'm smiling again, because the end of this story—or, rather, the beginning for Michael Halpern—is that Beyoncé has taken notice of his glittery, glam, gorgeous seventies things, and she's placed her order. 

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## **NAOMIE Harris**

hen it came to the prospect of playing Paula, the crack-addicted single mother in *Moonlight*, Naomie Harris had her reservations. The role seemed at odds with the empowering female characters on her résumé: zombie slayer in 28 Days Later, Nelson Mandela's gutsy wife Winnie in *Mandela: Long Walk to Freedom*, and James Bond's no-nonsense colleague, Eve Moneypenny, in *Skyfall* and *Spectre*. Ultimately, though, it was the script for this moving coming-of-age story—and director Barry Jenkins's personal connection to it—that would sway her decision. "No other director has asked me to play their mother," says Harris, 40. "[Jenkins] was invested in ensuring that Paula didn't become a stereotype, and that she was given her full humanity." Shot over the course of just three days, Harris's part in the film—which earned her a Golden Globe nomination for Best Supporting Actress—is one she considers "edifying, rather than exhausting."

Harris, who was raised in a single-parent family in London, has found her own mother to be her biggest role model. "My mum had me at eighteen but managed to put herself through university once I was in school," she says. "I was so inspired by her strength." (Her mother went on to a career writing screenplays and children's books.)

That drive and fearlessness is mirrored in Harris's red-carpet choices. While many of her peers still favor princess dresses, she likes to ground her style with a pair of sharply tailored pants. She's recently donned elegant Brandon Maxwell oversize cream trousers with a silk halter top, a metallic silver Gucci pantsuit, and a paillette-covered gold tunic—and—black pant set by Monse. Even the dresses she chooses have a stand-alone power: The custom silver Armani Privé gown she wore to January's Golden Globes, when *Moonlight* won the award for Best Motion Picture, Drama, was reminiscent of glinting armor. Her date that evening? Her mother, of course.—LIANA SATENSTEIN

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# **OBJECTS** of their DESIRE

A growing group of young fashion designers is reaching beyond the runway and finding inspiration in the beauty of things.

he old way of fashion creation—designers inspired by fashion itself, using the things we wear to spark ideas about making the things we'll want to try next—is being upstaged. Now there's a new group of designers—Sander Lak at Sies Marjan, Jonathan Anderson at J.W.Anderson and Loewe, and Jonathan Saunders at Diane von Furstenberg, among others—who, while long accustomed to curating their own physical environments via the collecting, assembling, and arranging of everything from furniture to pottery to rugs and textiles and beyond, are honing not just their designs but their take on what they do, their view of the world, and what their labels stand for. In a search for value and a kind of permanence in our increasingly frenzied world, they're looking past TALKING FASHION>328

CREATURE COMFORTS
MODEL LINEISY MONTERO, ON THE SOFA AT DESIGNER SANDER
LAK'S STUDIO, IN A SIES MARJAN ALPACA-FUR COAT, SWEATER (\$490), SKIRT (\$890), AND CLOGS; BARNEYS NEW YORK, NYC.



fashion and its mood board—centric aesthetics to objects—or what Isamu Noguchi, the sculptor and designer at large, once called "the brilliance of matter."

For some of these designers, the object-as-muse concept is about viewing fashion as just one of many aesthetic media; for others, it's about refusing to recognize the walls between different forms of creativity. Many designers, not content to merely take in the beauty and substance of objects, are adding them to their output: Anderson has added sculptural leather bowls, along with textile collaborations with John Allen and jewelry work with Ramón Puig Cuyàs, to the output of Loewe, in addition to installing a selection of Arts and Crafts furniture in the brand's stores; Saunders, meanwhile, is readying his own furniture line, separate from his work at DVF, where he is chief creative officer. "Before I was a fashion designer I studied product design, and in particular furniture design," says Saunders, "so it's always naturally informed my work, whether it be a color combination, a certain kind of material usage, or textural stuff that has a surprising element to it as an object."

Noguchi, an inspiration in these thing-interested times, made a cameo at the Loewe ready-to-wear show for spring, where models shared space with Noguchi lamps, Korean moon jars, and ceramics by Edmund de Waal. The designer's Loewe accessories, meanwhile—flames of gold leaping off wrists and Melvillean sailors' knots thrown from shiplike bags—were less like straight

jewelry than centerpieces of seventies lighting sconces. "We played with this idea of a woman as the collector, the experiencer," says Anderson. "For me, it's about the idea of the object on the body." Anderson, no surprise, is something of an auction fiend. "They're a very interesting way to find new things—things that normally we wouldn't cross paths with," he says.

He's not, of course, alone. As you read this, any number of them are typing phrases like ARNE TIDEMAND RUUD LOUNGE CHAIR into the search box on the antiques-dealer aggregator known as 1stdibs—a site so naturally aligned

### FINDERS KEEPERS

SIES MARJAN DESIGNER SANDER LAK (LEFT) FREQUENTS 1STDIBS FOR FURNISHING FINDS TO DECORATE HIS MANHATTAN STUDIO (BELOW).





Lak's studio in Manhattan's Flatiron District is like something out of a Josef Albers documentary, with Bauhaus chairs alongside a couch that evokes a snuggly mastodon, the Post-it yellow of the chairs immediately announcing to a visitor the depth of the relationship between Lak's design environment and what he is selling: Note that they are the same shade of yellow as his spring evening dress. How does object beget design? It's not a straight line, Lak argues, and not easy to explain. "They are like separate things that don't necessarily have anything to do with each other," he says. Then again: "They exist because of each other."

Saunders first started constructing things at school in Glasgow—a city of makers long before *makers* was a term—but long before that began collecting bits of wood, burls, and river stones on a trip to Arran, an island in the Firth of Clyde, as a small boy of three or so. "There was a man called the Arran Stone Man who would paint faces on rocks," Saunders says. "I used to make my own—I'd paint them in colors and stack them up." He also remembers a very ordinary chair that his grandmother offered him—a chair he was allowed to paint. It's fair to say that chair changed his life. "Pretty cool," he says.—ROBERT SULLIVAN

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## Taste MAKERS

A fresh crop of culinary talent is rewriting the menu in the food world—just don't call them chefs.

all it culinary fatigue: Between our aptly named social-media "feeds" and the constant chase to the latest destination restaurants, the days when three square meals were enough to satisfy the appetite seem quaint—which makes this new guard of gourmets all the more of a palate cleanse. These three innovators in the food scene are neither working the line nor brandishing Michelin stars. Instead, they're staking out their

own territories at the intersection of the culinary and art (yes, art) worlds. And for two spheres long dominated by men with bravura personalities, it's telling that some of the most nuanced voices now inhabiting the gray spaces in between happen to be women.



### **JULIA SHERMAN**

HER ONLINE PROJECT, SALAD FOR PRESIDENT, PROFILES ARTISTS THROUGH THE LENS OF FOOD. A COMPANION COOKBOOK WILL BE PUBLISHED THIS MAY BY ABRAMS.



### **LAILA GOHAR**

THE CAIRO NATIVE BLURS THE EDIBLE AND THE EXPERIENTIAL IN HER HIGH-CONCEPT INSTALLATIONS. ABOVE LEFT: SWEET AND SAVORY POWDERS SHE CREATED FOR A RECENT SHISEIDO EVENT.

The hors d'oeuvres at an event run by Laila Gohar flip the script on white-glove fare. The Cairo-born New Yorker has become a sought-after liaison in fashion, art, and design circles, known for translating brand visions (including those of Jason Wu, Galerie Perrotin, and Opening Ceremony) into interactive food experiences. You might find yourself sifting blush-pink powder (pulverized beets and hibiscus) over mango spears at a Shiseido launch, or test-driving her bergamot-flavored take on Pop Rocks in a multisensory exploration of taste and sound. The results are inventive and thought-provoking, as was her installation late last year at NADA Miami Beach: a facsimile Katz's Delicatessen, complete with free pastrami sandwiches, in homage to the Jewish delis that once peppered the local neighborhood. So what if her work defies easy categorization? "To be honest," Gohar says, "I'm not really concerned with calling it something."

Lexie Smith is also one to skirt labels—including "pastry chef," her official role at Lalo, Gerardo Gonzalez's Mexican-inflected café that opened to instant fanfare in downtown Manhattan last fall. A Brooklyn-based artist TALKING FASHION>338



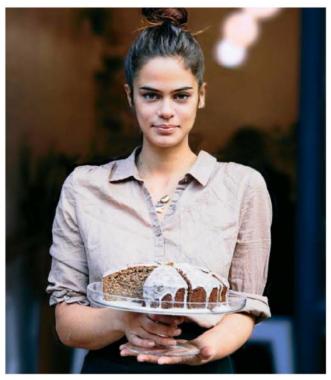
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**LEXIE SMITH** NG AND SUBVERTING TRADITION WITH HER RESTAURANT CREATIONS, THE BAKER AND ARTIST PLIES SCULPTURAL SENSIBILITY IN HER WORK

and baker, Smith has a sculptural way with loaves, often incorporating the braided or willfully misshapen masses into her stilllife photography, and her menu items marry her twin loves of elemental techniques and soulful ingredients. Kabocha squash replaces apple in her flaky tarte Tatin topped with caramelized millet, while purple yams, known as ube, and bright magenta beets lend shocking color to brioche French toast and babka. "People really do eat with their eyes—especially now, when people are photographing their food all the time," she says. It's something to keep in mind as she plans future hands-on bread classes as part of her pop-up business, Reluctance Bakery.

Julia Sherman, meanwhile, is no stranger to process-based work. After running a gallery space in Los Angeles and earning an M.F.A. at Columbia University—apprenticing with a third-generation cobbler and living with Benedictine nuns along the way—she launched her online editorial project, Salad for President. Her focus is as much the artists she interviews and photographs (they include William Wegman, Laurie Anderson, and Tauba Auerbach) as the dishes they create. But the publication of her debut cookbook, Salad for President: The Cookbook (Abrams), out in May, marks a new, more durable contribution. "Finally—I made an object!" she says with a laugh. It's a salade composée of the personalities she's collected (including Joana Avillez, who supplies the winsome illustrations) and recipes that optimistically reimagine something as familiar as lunch. The artist's worldview belongs at the table, Sherman insists: "It's about being present and paying attention."—LAURA REGENSDORF TALKING FASHION>342



Step away from the dress—in pinstripes, silken pants, or tuxedo trousers.





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**#AGELESS** 





Elisabeth TNT learns what it takes to put together the 2017 Whitney Biennial.

he first thing that strikes me about Christopher Y.

Lew and Mia Locks—the curators of the new
Whitney Biennial—is how cool they seem. Especially considering their monumental task:
ranging through every thinkable genre to assemble
America's most happening artists.

Add the pressure of mounting the first Biennial in the Whitney's spectacular new home . . . but Mia and Chris show no signs of intimidation when I meet them on a cold December morning. Chris is the shier one, but he reveals himself to be an engaging storyteller.



**ON THE HUNT**LEFT: TOREY THORNTON'S PAINTING *FIRST CYNTHIA*, 2014.
ABOVE: WITH CURATORS MIA LOCKS AND CHRISTOPHER Y.
LEW IN THE CONSERVATION ROOM OF THE WHITNEY.

Mia is outgoing, fast paced; she gets right in there. They worked at MoMA PS1 together and are as tight as it gets.

Assembling the show was deeply collaborative—but did they ever disagree? "All the time," Mia says, and they both laugh. Chris jumps in to say that their differences of opinion were productive: "Debating artists and what an exhibition can be got us far beyond what one of us could have done alone."

I ask about the essence of this year's Biennial. In so many words they agree it is a reflec-

tion of bigger issues: social protest, tumult, the election—among other things. Mia says that the exhibition raises a lot of questions about how human beings are treating one another right now, "and how we might imagine other ways of being together in the future."

Stepping out of a makeshift dressing room in a pair of navy Sportmax shorts and a ribbed top belted at the waist, Mia owns the look—and she and Chris, in a chic Thom Browne suit, are quite the pair. We end up in the museum's conservation room, more laboratory than gallery. Stacks of art lean against the wall (several beautiful works by **Brice Marden**—I peeked). Tubes hang from the ceiling like aliens to retract any fumes and chemicals. The mood is easy, but both curators are eager to press on as much more work needs to be done: finalizing the selected works, the catalog, the installation, more press. . . .

So one more question for the road: What surprised them about art, America, their process?

They both agree it made them think differently about hubs like New York and Los Angeles. There are thriving art scenes everywhere. Mia says institutions are "way late to the party." They fell in love with Puerto Rico, full of artist-run spaces like Embajada and Beta-Local. Milwaukee was another discovery.

And what about all the great artists TALKING FASHION>344

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who didn't make the cut? "That's why there is always another Biennial," Chris says.

To get inspired, I visit two Biennial artists in nearby Brooklyn. First up is **Deana Lawson**, who walks me through her tidy, well-organized studio, photographs of every size filling the walls. She pauses in front of one, a large-scale portrait of a little boy holding a ring-bearer pillow, standing next to a grandmother. Deana says she had a dream about a crimson pillow and made one in the exact color. She thrives on such details, and on finding the perfect space or subject. Often this means traveling across the globe—from Alabama to Los Angeles, all the way to Ethiopia. Her subjects are all real people, and you want to know more about each one. There are lots of nudes, which leads me to ask: Does she direct her subjects to take off their clothes? Sometimes. There's always tension about how much control she wants over a picture. "It's a push-and-pull collaboration." she says.

**Torey Thornton** is only 27, one of the youngest artists in this year's show. I knocked on various doors inside a brick industrial building in Bed-Stuy, looking for his studio, until a skinny and handsome guy with spiky dreads greeted me. Half-finished paintings in extraordinary colors leaned against the walls. He warned me there was not much on-site. But what was there woke me up. Thornton is adamant that explanations of his work are unnecessary. "I'm more interested in the viewer's perceptions."

It's his extraordinary sensitivity to color that is most compelling to me. Color classes at Cooper Union, he says, were grueling, but what he learned has been useful. He has an academic, teacher-like bearing even as he stands there in undeniably stylish workwear—an almost too perfectly paint-splattered pair of sweatpants. Were those pants to walk down the Marc Jacobs



**DETAIL-ORIENTED**DEANA LAWSON'S *SELF PORTRAIT*, 2017, PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOUIS MENDES.

runway next season, you'd want a pair. He's wearing bright-green Nikes, but in a corner a pair of snakeskin ankle boots sits ready for a night out. Torey strikes you as the type of person who'd take you to a very fun party.

And how does he see himself fitting into the Biennial? "I'm not sure how I fit in," he says. "I can't wait to be surprised." □



### Find Your LIGHT

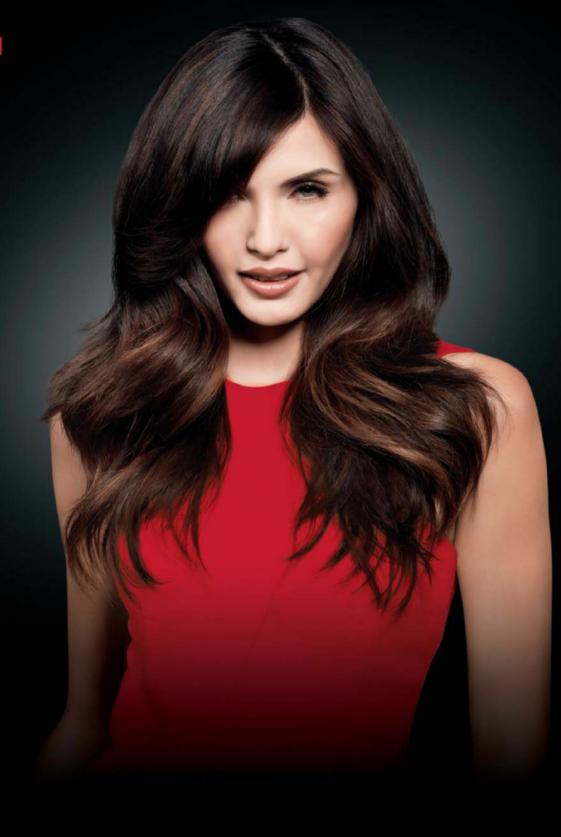
Spring's brightest statement—LED lighting—illuminated its way across some of the showiest runways in the game. Dolce & Gabbana engineered towering block heels with embedded lightemitting diodes. At Chanel, Karl Lagerfeld released handbags with blinking, scrolling motherboards seen through perforated leather amid a runway of supercomputers, an ode to mass technology. Issey Miyake is making purses with e-reader—like screens. Recently, Nike introduced its self-lacing Mag high-tops; 89 pairs were made, each featuring a light-up sole pulsing with cyan illumination. Even Cottweiler, the edgy men's streetwear label out of London, proposed LED navel piercings for its fall 2017 collection.

Last October, **Nieves Zuberbühler** preempted the trend by wearing a shorn-off Brandon Maxwell dress with bulb-ringed platform sneakers at the after-party of her Halloween nuptials to **Julio Santo Domingo**—and she'd do it again: "I'd wear those Dolce shoes as a fun detail for a formal event," she says. "They're original elements that can help break up the stiffness of those situations." Though, she warns, one should be prepared for some confounded reactions. "When I got back to the hotel after the wedding, the front desk didn't believe I was the bride! They said, 'You? With those shoes?!' "—**NICK REMSEN** TALKING FASHION>346

# FIGHT FRIZZ

**KEEP FULLNESS** 









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or the longest time, 'plus-size' was put on the back burner. It was like, 'You can't sit with us—you're not glamorous!'" says Prabal Gurung, explaining his passionate commitment to diversity. Gurung, who is 37 and was born in Singapore and raised in Nepal, has just launched his first limited-edition collaboration with Lane Bryant—twelve key looks that include blown-out florals and nipped-in waists, horizontal stripes and the indispensable cropped biker jacket. Though he is justly proud of all the pieces, Gurung says he is especially enamored of "a chunky knit, a great trench for layering, and a sexy-yet-sophisticated jumpsuit to go from day to night." The collection

pays scant attention to the outmoded and frankly dumb assumption that it is impossible to make beautiful clothes for curvier customers. "We designed for the same woman we always design for," Gurung says.

If the world of high fashion is still struggling to embrace the widest array of women—to celebrate beauty regardless of race, age, and size—Gurung doesn't understand why it's taking so long. After all, plus-size models like Ashley Graham and Candice Huffine now stare out sexily from magazine spreads, and TALKING FASHION>348

### THE PLUS SIDE

GURUNG WITH MODEL ASHLEY GRAHAM, WHO WEARS A PRABAL GURUNG FOR LANE BRYANT DRESS, \$138; LANE BRYANT STORES.

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celebrities who once suffered in silence when they were taunted about their shapes now gleefully take on the haters via social media.

From his earliest days in the business, Gurung vowed that his clothes would be available in the fullest range of sizes—but unfortunately, stores seldom ordered the bigger garments. He was out of his mind with joy, then, when Oprah Winfrey requested a dress from his first collection for a cover shoot. "It never even occurred to me that she was a larger woman," he says.

Gurung's sensitivity to issues of inclusiveness has deep roots; he knows firsthand, he says, "what it feels like to not be represented in the culture." He recalls the verbal slings and arrows lobbed at him when he attended an all-boys Catholic school in Nepal, along with the feeling that he was "growing up different. I was effeminate—I was never a part of the norm."

Long before that Oprah cover, he was aware of the challenges facing women who fall outside the conventional size grid. He recalls that at an early job, with Bill Blass, bigger women would come in, point to the sylphlike model wearing something they liked, and then wait for the ensemble to be discreetly made up in their actual size. (Blass, like so many other designers, quietly kept the customers' measurements on file.)

Gurung can tell you the exact moment this current collaboration was born. He was in a taxi on the night of a Victoria's Secret show about a year and a half ago, barreling through the West Village, texting various models who were walking that runway—"Those girls are my friends!"—when he looked out the window and saw a billboard for Lane Bryant featuring a voluptuous model and the slogan I'M NO ANGEL. "At that moment, I knew it made sense to have the conversation with Lane Bryant. Fashion gave me a platform to talk about these things—how was I going to use it?"

Ashley Graham, who has worked with Lane Bryant for fifteen years (since she was thirteen) and is fronting the collaboration's ad campaign, says that the minute she met Gurung, "I could see there was something in his eyes—an intention. You could just tell he wanted to change the way people look at beauty."

This progressive vision expands far beyond the purview of mere fashion. "I always say the world I want to live in is big enough to include politics and fashion—we can talk about Kim Kardashian and Meryl Streep! All kinds of music!" And, of course, all kinds of sizes as well. Though this golden age has not yet fully arrived, Gurung says confidently, "At least the needle is shifting in the right direction."—LYNN YAEGER

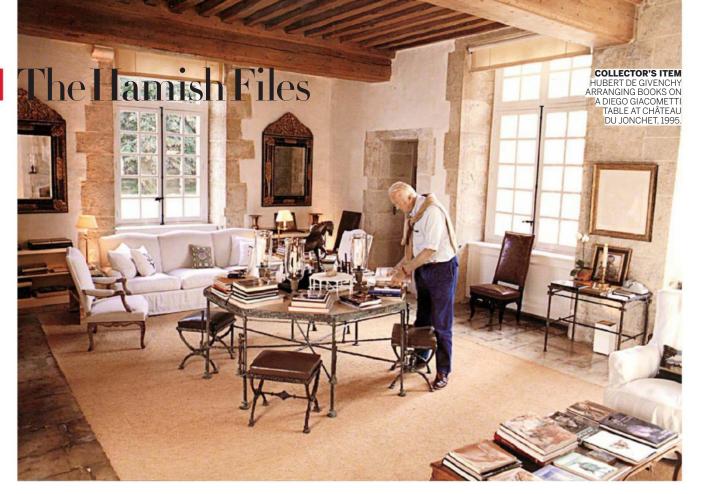


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The hair dryer re-thought.



### **GIVENCHY'S Giacomettis**

or Hubert de Givenchy, his first visit to the Château du Jonchet 40 years ago was a *coup de foudre*. The dilapidated, mist-swathed eighteenth-century mansion, encircled by a moat, reminded the great couturier of the mysterious house in Alain-Fournier's 1912 novel *Le Grand Meaulnes;* he fell in love on the spot. "How could one resist the building's harmonious restraint, and the well-preserved beauty of its natural surroundings?" he noted. Built in its current incarnation in 1763 around an earlier structure by the architect Gabriel de Lestrade, the château once served as a retirement home for the Duchesse de Tourzel, governess to the children of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette, but had fallen into a ruinous state by the 1950s, when the architect and urban planner Fernand Pouillon stepped in to save it.

Givenchy saw in Le Jonchet's elegant Louis XV restraint a distinguished but unpretentious showcase for works of art by Braque, Miró, and Picasso, among others, that he could hang on the simple, lime-washed walls, which had been long stripped of their ancient boiseries—and a place with the atmosphere of an atelier where he and his longtime partner and fellow couturier, **Philippe Venet**, could work and design. "For me," Givenchy told *Vogue* soon after he acquired the property, "this epitomizes La Belle France: a paradise, but on a scale for living."

But how to furnish it? The solution presented itself one Christmas when Gustav Zumsteg of Abraham, the great Swiss textile company, presented Givenchy with a gueridon table made by the sculptor Diego Giacometti, brother of the acclaimed Alberto, a titan of twentieth-century art whose emaciated figures were "familiar symbols of the Angst and uneasiness provoked by our anxious age," as *Vogue* noted in 1974. Givenchy knew Diego Giacometti's work from the furnishings of Zumsteg's chic Zurich eatery, the Kronenhalle, and from the Fondation Maeght in Saint-Paul-de-Vence, which his friends, the legendary art dealers Aimé and Marguerite Maeght, created in 1964 and furnished extensively with the artist's creations.

"The house entirely lent itself to being furnished by Diego," says Givenchy, noting that his pieces are "simple, linear, and amusing." So Givenchy called on Giacometti in his atelier on the Rue

du Moulin Vert in Paris's bohemian Fourteenth





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### The Hamish Files

collaborative friendship was born. Givenchy was often in the company of his client and friend Rachel "Bunny" Mellon (who advised First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy on the reinvention of the gardens at the White House, and who also had a dedicated bedroom at Le Jonchet), and so both Givenchy and Bunny would tell Giacometti what they had in mind for their respective homes; the artist would take down the details in a little notebook and subsequently produce exquisite miniature plaster

maquettes—everything he did was made to order. "He really was a genius," Givenchy remembers, "full of charm and imagination, and with a humble side. He had a sense of proportion like no one else, and although his work was avant-garde, it was never 'too much.'"

Over the years, Giacometti produced a series of handsome tables, consoles, and light fittings for Givenchy's house, many incorporating the stag's head that is the symbol of Saint Hubert, patron saint of the hunt. He drew the line at a giant bed, claiming it would be too heavy to move, but instead made charming little sculptures of Givenchy and Venet's beloved dachshunds, whippets, and Labradors.

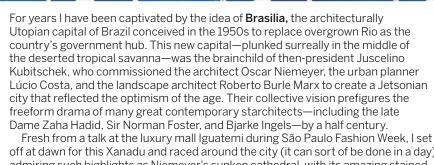


#### THE FASHION SET

ABOVE: GIVENCHY'S EMBLEMATIC FRIEND AND CLIENT AUDREY HEPBURN, IN RUSTIC MOOD (*VOGUE*, 1971); TWIN BRONZE HURRICANE LAMPS BY GIACOMETTI AND THE ARTIST'S LABRADOR FIGURE.

Four decades after Givenchy commissioned them, he has decided to sell 21 pieces of furniture and sculptures in an extraordinary sale at Christie's in Paris on March 6. He sees it as an opportunity to vindicate the reputation of this great creative force, long overshadowed by his brother Alberto but prized by tastemakers since the 1930s, when Diego first began collaborating with the ground-breaking interior architect Jean-Michel Frank.—HAMISH BOWLES

### BRASILIA NUT



Fresh from a talk at the luxury mall Iguatemi during São Paulo Fashion Week, I set off at dawn for this Xanadu and raced around the city (it can sort of be done in a day) admiring such highlights as Niemeyer's sunken cathedral, with its amazing stained-glass roof by Marianne Peretti; his moated Ministry of Foreign Affairs, with its suave mix of colonial-era furniture and mid-century murals by such artists as Athos Bulcão; and the inverted pudding bowl of the Museu Nacional, completed when Niemeyer was 99 (he was working more or less up until his death in 2012, just shy of his one-hundred-and-fifth birthday). "I am attracted to free-flowing, sensual curves," the architect once stated. "The curves that I find in the mountains of my country, in the sinuousness of its rivers, in the waves of the ocean, and on the body of the beloved woman."—н.в.

### ON POINT

LEFT: YOURS TRULY IN FRONT OF OSCAR NIEMEYER'S 1958 FUTURISTIC CHAPEL. BACKGROUND: THE CHURCH'S EXTERIOR TILEWORK, DESIGNED BY ATHOS BULCÃO.





MICHAEL KORS

COLLECTION



## FORCES TO RECKON WITH

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rogress takes strength and vision. The women who lead and shape our culture embody these traits—and share an indomitable pioneering spirit. In making their mark, they have gained a greater—one could say overdue—foothold in the places that matter, from the White House and courthouse to the executive suite and Olympic podium.

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Or Serena Williams, who has conquered the worlds of both sport and fashion. Or Lena Dunham, who is changing the way a generation of women and girls sees itself.

Vogue has always celebrated formidable women, and in recent years each of the figures appearing on the following pages has been featured in the magazine. Our one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary seems an appropriate occasion to showcase their intelligence, style, and inspiring influence.





MICHAEL KORS



CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE:

Oprah Winfrey; Lena Dunham; Senator Kirsten Gillibrand; Condoleezza Rice; Olympic gold medalist Alex Morgan; Sheryl Sandberg; Olympic gold medalist Allyson Felix.











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### MICHAEL KORS

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# Beauty Makeup

### Kabuki

The one-time club kid, known for his imaginative self-styling, brings a no-rules attitude to the runway at shows like Jeremy Scott.

The music video for David Bowie's "Ashes to Ashes" inspired my first experiment with makeup: a contouring in blue and white done with my mother's old kit from the sixties. You had to see everything on TV then, which made things so much more precious; you had to remember it, or you had to be there with the trigger to your VCR, like you were a photographer catching the moment. When I moved to New York at 20, I modeled and did my own makeup test shoots. Since I was working on myself, I did very ambitious things—almost like what kids are doing now with Instagram. The mind-set of the time seemed to say, "Don't be shy" if you're a yuppie with conspicuous-consumption habits or if you're embracing that future-is-now vibe from films like Blade Runner and Alien. That breakthrough, of people not being ashamed, is really relevant to today, when everyone is their own Andy Warhol superstar. We can relate to that optimism and that excitement, and I think people are feeling a little bit of what I felt when I was a teenager: that this is new, that this is what I've been waiting for.





### TO THE MAX

A NEW CROP OF PRODUCTS REVISITS '80S-ERA DESIGN MOTIFS. FROM LEFT: CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN LOUBICHROME NAIL COLOUR I; YVES SAINT LAURENT COUTURE PALETTE COLLECTOR IN THE STREET AND I; SISLEY PARIS PHYTO-BLUSH TWIST IN FUCHSIA, ALSO IN BACKGROUND.

### Fulvia Farolfi

The Italian-born favorite of top photographers like Peter Lindbergh and Patrick Demarchelier is a versatile master of classicism.

Makeup has always reflected social change. When I came out of beauty school in Italy in 1986, people were feeling positive—and women started to buy and wear a lot more makeup. In the seventies, we worried about feminism and fought over who would dictate how short our skirts would be. But we'd won that battle, so the eighties were a time to celebrate. It was all about a full face of foundation that was light and visible, and colored eye shadow in blues, fuchsias, and greens, drawn with a pencil, then blended on the top and bottom lids. I started working on fashion shows in Milan—Versace, Armani, all of them—and the girls then really knew how to do their own makeup. In 1987, I worked on Grace Jones backstage at a show. She arrived with her own products because so much less was available for women of color. She gave me her lip pencil, which was burgundy but closer to black. She had a confidence that women didn't have before. Women were the message, fashion was playful, and the makeup went along with that playfulness. I think there's a need for that now—we've had enough of the minimalism. But homage has to be subtle; choose one element from that time—the eye shadow, a light base, fuchsia blush, or metallic lips—and make it your own.

### **AIM HIGH**

MODEL ADWOA ABOAH BACKSTAGE AT KENZO'S SPRING SHOW, WHERE HOT-PINK BLUSH PLACED ALONG THE TEMPLES STRUCK A RETROCHORD



### James Kaliardos

The makeup maestro for Rodarte and the cofounder of Visionaire magazine has an eye for cutting-edge cool.

AIDS was a huge cultural shadow at the time, and neither our president nor our mayor in New York mentioned how catastrophic the situation was. In a way, it caused a split in fashion between the established uptown and the downtown scenes. People just wanted to claim their right to be who they were by dressing wild, and makeup looks got more opaque and more geometric with graphic eye shapes, thanks to the Japanese influence of brands like Issey Miyake and Comme des Garçons. When I was still in art school, going to clubs like Area and Palladium, and hanging out with Antonio Lopez, Diane von Furstenberg asked me to do her show. Backstage, Iman sat in my chair and said, "Darling, my face is yours; do whatever you want." It changed my life. I did a deep-burgundy mouth and a smoky-gray eye; Naomi Campbell let me do her makeup only after Iman approved! The eighties were all about breaking out of the quiet way we were supposed to see beauty, and tapping into our own creative reservoirs to say something new. That kind of self-expression is always the best place to start to inspire a change. —AS TOLD TO CELIA ELLENBERG

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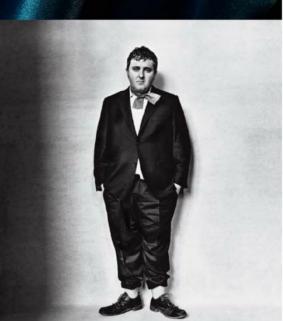


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## Beauty Fragrance



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ALONG WITH
TURKISH ROSE
AND PEACH SKIN.
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PHOTOGRAPHED
BY IRVING PENN,
VOGUE. 2005.



# SPLASH of the TITANS

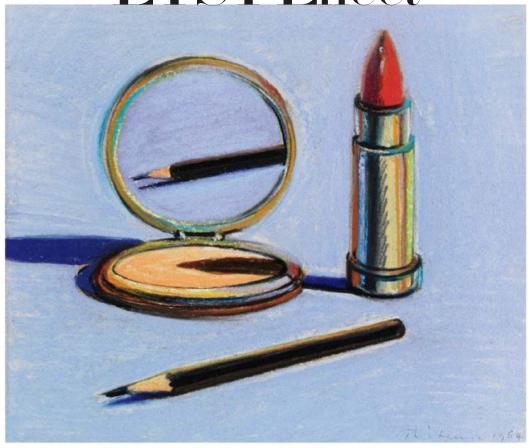
Alber Elbaz joins forces with perfume legend Frédéric Malle on a new scent that captures the history—and wearability—of a cherished garment. By Hamish Bowles.

hen Frédéric Malle first approached the designer Alber Elbaz about a potential collaboration, Elbaz had one question for him: "You think you can make a perfume that smells like a dress?" It was a characteristically unconventional approach for the creative iconoclasts. Malle, the alchemist behind Editions de Parfums Frédéric Malle, works with the world's most renowned noses to curate fragrances that enjoy cult status. Elbaz, who had brought his whimsical, woman-friendly spirit to Guy Laroche and Yves Saint Laurent, ignited the fashion world while at Lanvin until his unceremonious ouster two years ago. The men admired each other only from afar. "There was something unique," Elbaz recalls of Malle. "He didn't blend with the industry." Called Superstitious (they both are), the contents of Malle's signature bottle—reimagined in black, with a protective golden eye scrawled by Elbaz—were revealed during Paris Fashion Week last October, just as Elbaz was being dignified with the title of Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, France's highest honor. The perfume's genesis was as unexpected as its debut: At Elbaz's behest, the initial blending process was compressed into a single month, and the men's rendezvous were conducted the old-fashioned way—over lunch in a slew of Parisian restaurants, like the storied Café de Flore, where Elbaz and I meet following his award ceremony. Conversation quickly turns to the fast-mutating state of the fashion industry. Elbaz is determined to work only with people he enjoys, he tells me. "It can be a sneaker, it can be a T-shirt, or it can be a perfume. Today, the item is not the most important thing," he continues. "What matters to me is the people." The partnership with Malle is a case in point. "Words inspire me. Stories take me really far," Elbaz explains. "But Frédéric knew how to read me-and took it further." Malle conferred with the perfumer Dominique Ropion to streamline Elbaz's haikus into 50 ingredients, mixing natural extracts with technology-backed synthetics. At times Superstitious smells, incredibly, of a muchloved velvet gown, all powder and memory. But there is also a nod to Tangier in Morocco, the country of Elbaz's birth. There is fig and peach skin, and there are roses that suggest a riad's gardens, as well as hints of the trail that lingers long after you have walked past one of the heady perfumeries in the medina, that atmospheric part of the city where Elbaz spends his summers. When it kisses the skin, the eau morphs from one subliminal suggestion to another, creating a "camouflage of ideas," Elbaz says, about the good moments that you remember—and the people you love.  $\Box$ BEAUTY>374





ETSYEffect



By giving independent, ingredient-focused makers a ground-up lesson in business, Etsy is fast becoming the new beauty school for the small-batch movement.

eeks before Marc Jacobs's spring show, an assistant on hairstylist Guido Palau's team found Jena Counts via an Internet search for candy-colored dreadlocks—a crucial (and ultimately controversial) accompaniment to Jacobs's rave-inspired collection. A soft-spoken grandmother from Palatka, Florida, Counts had turned an idle-hands hobby of boiling, spinning, and custom-dyeing wool hair extensions into a homegrown business, and after tinting samples in every shade of the psychedelic rainbow, she got a ticket to New York—and a jaw-dropping commission of 12,500 pieces from Jacobs. "You couldn't even walk in my living room! We had them stacked everywhere," Counts recalls of the whirlwind production process. By the time she and her two daughters arrived backstage at the Hammerstein Ballroom last September to see their work looped into topknots on Gigi Hadid and Kendall

Jenner, **Dreadlocks by Jena**—her online store at the virtual makers' fair known as Etsy—had been catapulted onto the world stage.

This kind of improbable matchmaking lies at the core of Etsy's DNA. Founded by three enterprising 20-somethings in a Brooklyn apartment in 2005, the Web site set out to connect self-starting DIYers with those seeking to bypass marketplace monotony. Since then, the platform has swelled into a global network of 1.7 million active sellers specializing in everything from ironic enamel pins to vintage Esprit jumpers and hand-hewn furniture.

That the site has quietly emerged as a booming beauty resource is hardly surprising, given the industry's recent shift toward all things natural, small-batch, and one-of-a-kind. BEAUTY>378

### COUNTER CULTURE

AT A TIME OF GROWING INTEREST IN NATURAL SKIN CARE AND INDIE MAKEUP, ETSY'S EMBRACE OF HOMESPUN PRODUCTS HAS TRANSFORMED THE WEB PLATFORM INTO A VIRTUAL BEAUTY SUPERSTORE. EYEBROW PENCIL, BY WAYNE THIEBAUD, 1964.

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CREATIVE DIRECTOR ANDREA LINETT SHARES HER TOP FIVE VISUAL INSPIRATIONS. BY DEIDRE DYER.

PRODUCED FOR WOGLE WITH WELL COLOR

ccording to stylist, creative director and author Andrea Linett, "Getting dressed is always a fantasy. You have a vision in your head of who you want to be that day, but it's a fantasy that you can actually live with. I always want to show people inspiration that's attainable. Linett got her start at Sassy and Harper's Bazaar before launching Lucky, where she crafted its look and feel as the publication's inaugural creative director. Since her departure from the magazine, Linett has served as the VP global creative director for Michael Kors and authored two books, I Want To Be Her and The Cool Factor. Most recently, she has been the creative consultant for fine jewelry label Iconery. Over time, Linett has developed a serious appetite for new inspirations and visual stimuli. "I do believe that if you're going to do something creative you have to have a full vision for it," she says. Here, Linett shares her top five sources of inspiration, and how she deals with distraction.

### Vintage Magazines

"I have a crazy collection of old French fashion and all kinds of culture magazines from the '70s, '80s and '90s that I go back to. Old Seventeen, old The Face, old I-D, or French Glamour. They have inspirational fashion stories that stand the test of time and get your juices flowing when you do what I do. It brings fresh light to what you're working on when you look at old things."

> KINDS OF BLUE LINETT IS ETERNALLY INSPIRED BY JEANS AND THE DIFFERENT SHADES OF INDIGO.

### Into The Blue

"I like to see visuals that make you want to reach out and grab them. I'm eternally inspired by jeans and the different shades of indigo - it's so powerful when you see all of the varying gradients of blue together, sort of like a mosaic."

### Treasure Hunt

"I love flea markets everywhere - LA, New York and especially Buenos Aires. You never know what you're going to find. You see a lot of local artists making cool macramé jewelry and antique clothes. For me, the excitement of a flea market is the hunt. If I go browsing somewhere and they've already curated the selection for me, it's just not as fun. My friends make fun of me because I've collected so many bags, bracelets, and random market gems over the years that it might be time for me to open my own market."

### Get Your Minerals

"My consulting work for Iconery is 100% visual because I literally just look at jewelry all day. When I'm browsing for antique pieces, nothing refreshes my eye like vintage Native American turquoise jewelry. Every jewel holds a lifetime of history within it. It's as though you're seeing more than just what you're seeing."

### The Real Runways of NYC

"As a native New Yorker, I find the hustle and bustle of the city's streets visually stimulating. My husband and I will post up with our son at a sidewalk café, drink a cold beer and just watch people walk by. NoLIta, Chinatown and the Lower East Side are prime locations for checking out the nonstop parade of street style."

### Dealing With Distraction

"When it comes to inspiration, I can't work in a vacuum — it's important that I let my eye wander a bit. Thankfully, I've learned to balance the right amount of distraction with productivity. Maybe it's the editor in me, but there's nothing like a deadline to help snap me to attention and remind me of what I'm there to do."

### Feel the love at myevelove.com





# Beauty Makers

That's what keeps the French makeup artist and nascent YouTube star Violette coming back for more. "I love it—it's like another jungle," she says of her deep dives into the site, where she's found every permutation of glitter by way of Vancouver's **decopop.** "Now that everything is so big and so branded and so marketed," Violette says, "I think people really love to support small companies."

That includes the niche Berkeley, California-based Call of the

**Vialed,** Lauren Blevins's popular collection of hand-blended natural perfumes, which she bottles in futuristic, refillable glass roll-ons. For Blevins, who launched a year ago on Etsy, the platform provided an easy jumping-off point (there's a 20-cent fee for each item listed, plus a 3.5 percent cut of sales) and a first portal to the retail

world via the chicly eclectic online boutique Kindred Black, which promptly picked up her line. It also proved to be an indispensable support system. "A maker's main advantage is her adaptability," she explains, pointing out that Etsy helps enable that agility with "no-M.B.A.-required metrics" and "instant customer feedback."

And then there's its reputation as a source for undiscovered gems, which has made the cyber bazaar a breeding ground for

viral sensations. Last April, when Jenna Georgescu, a former CVS employee with a passion for customizing her own makeup, released the rainbow-effect Prism highlighter she alchemized in her Orlando kitchen, the initial run of 250 disappeared from her Etsy store, **Bitter Lace Beauty**, by nightfall. A tidal wave of media coverage followed the next day, and a second run of 500 illuminating powders was gone in less than twelve minutes.

After months spent completing orders for a 5,000-strong Prism waiting list, the 31-year-old is now gearing up to restock her entire 22-piece range, which includes unusual single-color highlighters in purple and teal as well as a confetti-inspired shade—an achievement that has garnered her inquiries from Sephora, the reality

show *Shark Tank*, and a handful of large-scale manufacturers. But for now Georgescu plans to lean on Etsy's infrastructure, which recently expanded to include Etsy Wholesale, a two-year-old application-based initiative that pairs growing makers and like-minded boutiques. "The funny thing is," she recalls, "when I first started I was so scared: Is my stuff good enough to go on Etsy?"—LAURA REGENSDORF

# **CRAFT Services**

"A maker's main advantage

is her adaptability," says

perfumer Lauren Blevins, citing

Etsy's real-time feedback

Meet five Etsy-born brands turning handmade goods into the latest beauty must-haves.



### The Hot Ticket French Girl Organics

With an SEO gold mine of a name, the Seattle-based skin-care line dedicated to straightforward, nourishing formulas has already landed on shelves at Anthropologie, Credo, and Goop.

### The New Natural Call of the Vialed

RIGHT: Berkeley perfumer Lauren Blevins teases out nuanced, intriguing compositions—like the sensuous, rosewood-laced Vialed Flower—while steering clear of synthetic notes.



### The Hippie Fix Fat and the Moon

Founder Rachel Budde's Grass Valley, California, apothecary collection draws on herbal remedies, like the St. John's Wort and calendula in her All Salve, and features hand-drawn labels.



# YOSHIMOMO BLACK MADIC MINICI CHICAR 12006. È GLEE

### The Power Player Yoshimomo Botanique

Packed with hardworking ingredients like alpha hydroxy acids and activated charcoal, the New York complexion range evokes the simplicity and efficacy of Japanese beauty regimens.



### The Overnight Sensation Bitter Lace Beauty

After Jenna Georgescu's rainbow Prism highlighter went viral, the Orlando entrepreneur gained 100,000 Instagram followers—and a fan base eager to snap up her aquaticthemed summer collection.

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## Beauty Skin Care

# Creature Comforts

As new research reveals the importance of nurturing the living organisms both in—and on—the body, skin health may hinge on an optimized microbiome. By Marcia DeSanctis.



met Nina during a work trip to Moscow in the latter days of the Soviet Union, long before luxury cosmetics boutiques began to revive the barren spaces under the city's faded colonnades. Her skin was untouched by pricey Parisian creams, yet it dazzled—a glow she attributed to a homespun beauty secret: kefir, or fermented milk, which she slathered on her face. The creamy substance was loaded with lactobacillus and other live microorganisms that calmed irritation, Nina explained, much to my intrigue (and slight horror). Almost 30 years later, the beauty industry has latched onto the same idea of nurturing the microbiome—the bacteria, viruses, and fungi present on our skin, and the latest buzzword in complexion care.

Thanks to the Human Microbiome Project, a national endeavor that launched in 2007 involving thousands of scientists and hundreds of millions of dollars, we now know that humans share 99.9 percent of our genes but just 10 percent of the skin's microbial makeup—which means that more than any other factor the bugs on us might determine our individual complexion identity. "It's like in the fifteenth century, when we thought the Earth was the center of the universe," Edouard Mauvais-Jarvis, scientific and environmental director of Dior Beauty, says of the impact such watershed discoveries are having on perceived truths in skin care. Mauvais-Jarvis is the mastermind behind this month's Dior Life, a collection of pastel-hued masks, creams, and cleansers with surface microbe-supporting ingredients; it's also the house's first additive-free skin-care line. BEAUTY>382

### BUGGING OUT

DERMATOLOGISTS AND COSMETICS COMPANIES ARE NOW ADVOCATING FOR THE SAFEGUARD AND RESTORATION OF THE SKIN'S NATURAL BACTERIAL ECOSYSTEM, WHICH PLAYS A KEY ROLE IN MAINTAINING A HEALTHY, BALANCED COMPLEXION, MODEL FREDERIKKE SOFIE, A FACE OF THE NEW DIOR LIFE COLLECTION, PHOTOGRAPHED BY THEO WENNER.



# Beauty Skin Care

Some studies suggest we inherit most of our microflora from our mothers during childbirth, and from the get-go it performs a central biological function: to aid good bacteria in warding off the pathogenic bad ones. Working with the immune system, microbes have the added task of helping to regulate proper functioning of the skin barrier. "If it's impaired," says Manhattan dermatologist Whitney Bowe, M.D., "we are less likely to trap moisture, and more likely to let in allergens and irritants, leading to chronic inflammation," she adds, citing the potential for eczema, rosacea, acne, and psoriasis flare-ups as a result.

An obsession with squeaky cleanness may be to blame for this new peril. Rampant use of resurfacing acid pads, abrasive scrubs, antibiotics, and antimicrobial soaps (the FDA banned nineteen antibacterial chemicals from use in hand and body washes last year) could be altering this surface bacteria, and our immune response. With an uptick in environmental toxins and ultraviolet rays—not to mention high stress levels and overprocessed diets—it is







# OUTSIDE INTERESTS THE LATEST WAVE OF PRODUCTS FEEDS THE SKIN'S MICROFLORA TO SUPPORT PROPER BARRIER FUNCTION. FROM FAR LEFT: TULA MULTI-SPECTRUM OVERNIGHT SKIN RESCUE TREATMENT; DIOR LIFE OIL-TO-MILK MAKEUP

REMOVING CLEANSER; KRISTINA HOLEY + MARIE

VERONIQUE BARRIER

RESTORÈ SERUM

possible that we are harming our microbiome in ways that are unprecedented in the course of evolution.

This gut/skin/brain symbiosis inspired Roshini Raj, M.D., a New York—based gastroenterologist, to develop a topical skin-care range designed to function similarly to an oral probiotic. Called Tula, the eleven-piece collection helped introduce this increasingly popular approach when it launched in 2014. "The same little cultures that do wonders in your stomach can do the same for your face," she explains of the fragments of lactobacillus and bifida ferment lysate in her Multi-Spectrum Overnight Skin Rescue Treatment, which

works to strengthen the skin barrier and boost weakened immunity.

"Just in the last week, I've spoken with four cosmetics companies," University of California San Diego professor Rob Knight reveals of the interest in microbiome studies, such as the one his team has embarked on to isolate pristine examples in huntergatherer populations in Tanzania and in South America's rain forest. By exploring which of these microbes are good or bad for skin health, Knight hopes to determine what, if anything, we should duplicate to stave off irritation, and even the physical signs of aging. As the data continue to pour in, I've added kefir to my grocery list. □

## Health COMPOSITION Class

Those of us who are not overweight may still possess a dangerous amount of body fat.



e've all heard the phrase "skinny fat," but it's also possible to be "skinny fit fat"—meaning even size 4 Flywheel devotees can be dangerously flabby. In January, researchers reported that 76 percent of the world's population could be "overfat"—a new designation defined as carrying enough body fat to cause health problems—and up to 40 percent of people who are not overweight count as obese from a metabolic perspective.

Most advisory groups agree that having more than 31 percent body fat is too high—and fit women should be 24 percent or lower, according to the American Council on Exercise. Yet when Swiss researchers looked at 83 female participants in a recent half marathon, their fat makeup averaged slightly more than 28 percent, some higher than 33.

If you look svelte, why worry? Two words: chronic inflammation. Fat stokes the condition—and inflammation is linked to a host of perils, from heart disease to Alzheimer's. You can't tell if you have a problem by how your jeans fit, but a new generation of high-tech tools to measure body composition, like the Styku and DexaFit body scanners, can provide an accurate read. In addition to regular cardio, strength-training helps to build muscle that's necessary to burn calories throughout the day, says Marie-Pierre St-Onge, Ph.D., associate professor of nutritional medicine at Columbia University. Stay away from added sugars and refined carbs, which promote fat storage, and eat plenty of protein. Mirrors and scales tell only part of the story. What's inside really does count.—GINNY GRAVES

### THE HOT SEAT

A REGULAR CARDIO ROUTINE MAY NOT BE ENOUGH TO OFFSET THE RISKS OF A PREDOMINANTLY SEDENTARY LIFESTYLE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ZOE GHERTNER, *VOGUE*, 2013.

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PROMOTIONS AND EVENTS IN MARCH

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Phillipa Soo onstage, no other adjective will do. As the director Pam MacKinnon puts it, "It's like, Wait a second—is there a spotlight on her? Nope, it's just her inner glow." Soo first lit up the stage, fresh out of Juilliard, as a lovelorn Tolstoy heroine in the 2012 Off-Broadway pop-musical Natasha, Pierre & the Great Comet of 1812. She went on to earn a Tony nomination for her moving turn as Eliza Hamilton, opposite Lin-Manuel Miranda, in Hamilton. Now, under MacKinnon's direction, the 26-year-old actress is bringing her brand of incandescence—not to mention her ravishing soprano—back to Broadway, in the title role of the new musical Amélie, adapted from the 2001 French film directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet that made Audrey Tautou an international star. "I first saw it when I was in high school, and I

related so strongly to this young woman's desire to see the world in a new way—in this fanciful, colorful, beautiful way," Soo, who grew up outside Chicago studying ballet and singing Motown and Aretha Franklin around the house, recalls. "I was inspired to try to do the same, PATA>386

THE ACTRESS IN A DIANE VON FURSTENBERG DRESS.

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CLINICAL STRENGTH.

DON'T PIT OUT WHEN YOU STRESS OUT.

## People Are Talking About

### Theater

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 384

which is exactly what you do as an artist of any kind." And after playing two grief-stricken characters, she says, "it's refreshing to be able to show people that I don't just cry and look forlorn onstage."

Like the film, the musical, with a book by Craig Lucas (An American in Paris) and songs by Daniel Messé (of the Brooklynbased indie band Hem) and Nathan Tysen (Tuck Everlasting), is a romantic comedy about a shy and gamine Parisian waitress with an overactive imagination, who careens around Montmartre performing anonymous acts of kindness for strangers but remains a loner till she falls for an equally whimsical and solitary young man named Nino (Adam Chanler-Berat). "She is someone who sees things through her imagination, so tiny gestures can be ballets in her mind," Soo says. "But the flaw in that is she really isn't able to connect with people. When she meets Nino, suddenly it becomes a love story, and the question is, Can she jump into it and take the risk of letting someone into her life?" (Soo apparently has no such conflict—she's engaged to the actor Steven Pasquale.)

A large part of the film's charm lies in its hyperkinetic sweep and candy-colored visuals. Translating all those special effects to the stage was one of the challenges that piqued the interest of MacKinnon, a director better known for such acid-etched work as her Tony-winning 2012 revival of Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? "Jeunet's film is a love letter to cinema," she says, "and I really wanted this to be a love letter to theater." That means a small ensemble of actors playing multiple roles while breaking the fourth wall, a handmade-looking Parisian cityscape (the sets and costumes are by David Zinn), and stagecraft that doesn't try to hide its workings. Of course, MacKinnon says, "I don't have the camera to take us into Phillipa's eyes. But our analogue to the close-up is she gets to sing. She can freeze time and take us inside her head." That was crucial for MacKinnon, who wanted to make Amélie less of an enigmatic waif. "I was looking for a more feminist take," she says. "To me, it's about a young woman stepping into her power, and that remains a dangerous idea, particularly right now."—ADAM GREEN



FROM LEFT: ANNE, EMILY, AND CHARLOTTE BRONTË, PLAYED BY CHARLIE MURPHY, CHLOE PIRRIE, AND FINN ATKINS, IN PBS'S TO WALK INVISIBLE.

### Behind the **Scenes**

The strikingly original new PBS Masterpiece drama To Walk Invisible: The Brontë Sisters drops us into the oppressive Yorkshire parsonage where the creators of Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights grew up. Set from 1845 to 1848, it gives us the three adult sisters ambitious Charlotte (Finn Atkins), inwardly roiling Emily (Chloe Pirrie), and peacemaker Anne (Charlie Murphy)who fight to get taken seriously in an era so dismissive of women that even their father (Jonathan Pryce) can't see they're more talented than the family pet, their alcoholic brother, Branwell (Adam Nagaitis). Closer in spirit to Mike Leigh's Mr. Turner than, well, Masterpiece Theatre, the show was written and directed by Sally Wainwright (Happy Valley), who grew up eight miles from the Brontës' village of Haworth and clearly feels their story in her bones. She captures the weight of the sisters' dispiriting reality—they bicker, do chores, fear falling into poverty—but

also shows how their burning desire for escape freed their imaginations.

In contrast, National Treasure could hardly be more of our moment. This four-part British series on Hulu stars the monumental Scottish actor Robbie Coltrane (a.k.a. Hagrid in Harry Potter) as Paul Finchley, a beloved but philandering comedian who—shades of Jimmy Savile and Bill Cosby—is accused of sexually assaulting young women. But could he be the target of a Zeitgeisty witch hunt? Writer Jack Thorne and director Marc Munden keep us guessing until the devastating climax; yet the show's true strength lies in exploring how the charges upend the lives of Paul's protective wife, Marie (Julie Walters, superb), who thinks her husband a decent if flawed man, and his adoring, self-destructive adult daughter, Dee, played with riveting panache by a blonde Andrea Riseborough. As Paul juggles his many personae, some public, some private, National Treasure leaves us asking how well we truly know our loved ones, let alone our cultural heroes.—John powers PATA>388

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## People Are Talking About

### Photography

# Object Lesson

he landmark exhibition of photographs by Irving Penn, which opens next month at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, will make you stop, contemplate, and see Penn all over again. Timed to the hundredth anniversary of his birth, "Irving Penn: Centennial"

spans his 70-year career through 225 works from all the genres he mastered and transcended—fashion, still life, the nude, portraiture. "We're showing the most celebrated and iconic, and also the rarest images—work that he kept for himself," says

Jeff L. Rosenheim, the Met's chief photography curator, who cocurated the exhibition with Maria Morris Hambourg.

When Penn was starting out, a quiet, watchful young art student born in Plainfield, New Jersey, he wanted to be a painter. He studied design at the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art in Philadelphia in the mid-1930s with the legendary Harper's Bazaar art director Alexey Brodovitch, who, Penn said, "was the first person to show me the mystical quality of photographs." After working as Brodovitch's assistant at Bazaar and then at Saks Fifth Avenue, he spent a year in Mexico, painting. He decided he could never become a great painter, and went to work instead as personal assistant to Alexander Liberman, Vogue's

mercurial, modernizing art director, who banished what he called the magazine's old-fashioned "visions of loveliness." It was Liberman who persuaded Penn to pick up a camera.

Although a lot of his early pictures there involved fashion (among them, the exquisite images of his future wife, Lisa Fonssagrives), Penn was never really a fashion photographer. He was more an observer of humanity at large. All his famous pictures are here—*Five Okapa Warriors* from New Guinea; *Girl with Tobacco on Tongue*; the corner portraits of Salvador Dalí, Truman Capote, Igor Stravinsky; the small tradesmen (*Les Petits Métiers*); the initially shocking cigarette butts. In the late 1960s, Penn began revisiting his earlier work—reprinting the images himself and transforming them in the process. Pictures that had been shot in full color for *Vogue* covers







or double-page spreads became black-and-white platinum and palladium prints—big, luscious, and sculptural, with subtle variations of cool and warm gray tones, and a quality of timeless, ancient elegance. Don't miss the four images of Mary Jane Russell in the show's second room. It's the same photo (*Girl Drinking*) printed differently, each one seducing you in a different way.

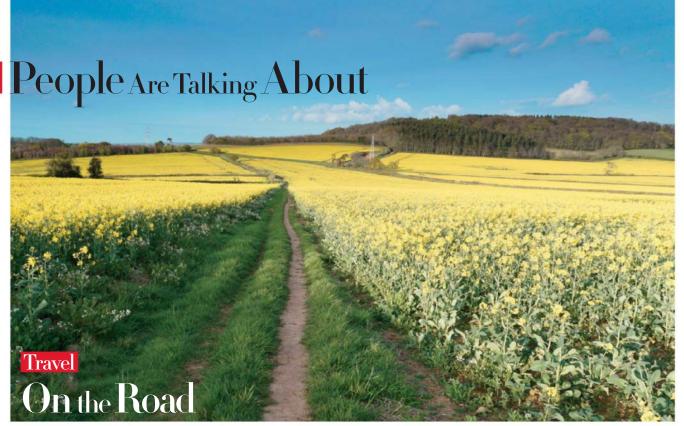
Also on view will be the dirt-gray theatrical backdrop in nearly all the portraits. Penn fell in love with it and used it again and again to give a note of gritty reality to his photographs.

In a digital age when every cell phone is a camera, Penn's precise and indelible images—monumental objects that demand our attention—remind us of what has been lost. As he once said, "A beautiful print is a thing in itself."—DODIE KAZANJIAN

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. PLATINUM-PALLADIUM PRINT, 1999, 21" X 1954": BOTTOM, LEFT: DYE-TRANSFER PRINT, 1987, 1674"; PROMISED GIFT OF THE IRVING PENN FOUNDATION TO METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, © THE IRVING PENN FOUNDATION, BOTTOM RIGHT: PLATINUM-PALLADIUM PRINT, 1976, 1934". X 1935, THE METROPOLITAN BUND OF ART, NEW YORK, PURCHASE, THE LAUDER FOUNDATION AND THE IRVING PENN FOUNDATION GIFTS, 2014. © CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS, LTD.





THE IDYLLIC DEVONSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE BECKONS GUESTS OF LYMPSTONE MANOR.

he Curtain in Shoreditch, London, the latest project from the Gansevoort Hotel group, features 120 rooms, a private club, and the first outpost of chef Marcus Samuelsson's Red Rooster restaurant. The rooms' eclectic decor fuses an industrial New York feel—exposed brick walls, oversize paned windows—with artwork by British rock photographer Mick Rock that plays off the hotel's live performance space, modeled after New York's landmark CBGB. Guests can try out Samuelsson's all-day taqueria and bar, which offers frijole breakfast and spicy tacos, or head upstairs to his brasserie before a dip in the year-round rooftop pool.

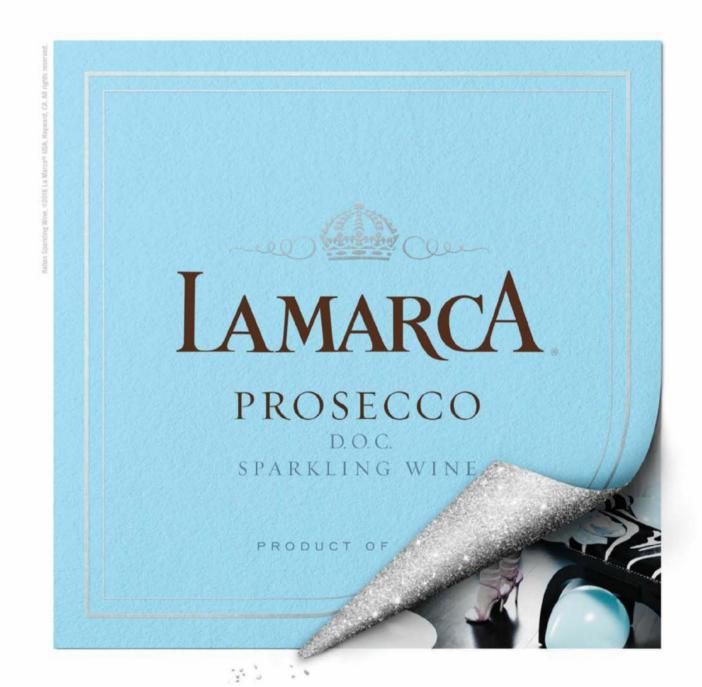
A three-hour drive south to East Devon takes you to Lympstone Manor, a Georgian estate newly renovated by chef Michael Caines. Occupying 28 acres of parkland overlooking the Exe estuary, the property has 21 spacious rooms (some with their own outdoor soaking tubs) inspired by native birds, from the Kingfisher room, with its blue and gold notes, to the Heron suite, which features a soft gray palette. Until the manor's own champagne vineyard is up and running, visitors can tour nearby wineries or take a walk or bike ride along the dramatic Jurassic Coast. At day's end, enjoy a cocktail at the glamorous copper bar or try a new vintage at the hotel's wine-tasting room before heading to the restaurant, which will serve contemporary Devonshire fare, such as quail-egg tartlets with truffles and braised local Brixham turbot. "This is my idea of an English country home for the twenty-first century," says Caines.—IVETTE MANNERS



Falling bombs in 1940s London provide the backdrop for **Their** Finest, Lone Scherfig's romantic dramedy about Catrin Cole (Gemma Arterton, excellent), an unassuming copywriter hired to bring a woman's touch to pro-British propaganda films. Paired with a cynical screenwriter, Tom Buckley played by Sam Claflin with a pinch of Hugh Grant—she soon becomes the favorite writer of Ambrose Hilliard (Bill Nighv). a faded matinee idol who wears his narcissism like a tuxedo. Even as Scherfig (An Education) heightens the chemistry between Catrin and Tom, she deploys Ambrose as a host does champagne: Whenever things risk seeming dull, she serves up more of Nighy's sparkle. . . . In Olivier Assayas's offbeat ghost story **Personal Shopper.** Kristen Stewart plays Maureen Cartwright, a troubled young American in Paris who dresses a globe-trotting celeb. But her real obsession is trying to contact the spirit of her dead twin brother. Although Assayas knows how to build suspense, what fascinates him isn't ghosts. It's Stewart, who doesn't merely capture Maureen's sense of cosmic unease; she makes it radiant.—J. P.

SAM CLAFLIN AND GEMMA ARTERTON STAR IN THEIR FINEST.

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Set at the dawn of email, Elif Batuman's debut novel, *The Idiot,* is a coming-of-age tale of flawed first love.

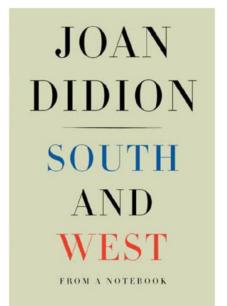
t's so embarrassing and painful to be young," says Elif Batuman over brunch at her Bedford-Stuyvesant apartment. A rubbing of a Pegasus wing by an artist friend hangs overhead; her cat, Friday, eyes the pastry before being gently banished. Her autobiographical first novel, *The Idiot* (Penguin Press), is about a freshman at Harvard in the mid-nineties, a tall, ingenuous, and very bright Turkish-American woman named Selin, who hopes to discover "what books really mean" but finds herself mostly disappointed by her classes. "You wanted to know why Anna had to die, and instead they told you that nineteenth-century Russian landowners felt conflicted about whether they were really part of Europe." The real lessons come in the form of her own forays into literature and language, and in an enigmatic email correspondence that ignites with an intense Hungarian classmate, Ivan, who likes Kundera and wears his jeans too short. Unfolding against a pre-selfie age—"What do we do with this, hang ourselves?" Selin asks when presented with an Ethernet cord—her sentimental education will be hilariously relatable to anyone who has been led astray by the romantic projections of her digital alter ego.

"People don't become writers because they love having spontaneous real-world interactions," laughs Batuman, who in this particular interaction is forthright and warm, with the face of a silent-film star. "I thought of the self as something that is best expressed through careful crafting." Raised by secular Turkish physicians in New Jersey, Batuman learned to read at three, dictated a diary before she could write one, and now has nearly 30,000 followers on Twitter. Her best-selling 2010 essay collection, *The Possessed: Adventures* 

THE AUTHOR IN A STELLA MCCARTNEY JACKET AND TROUSERS, AND A BRUNELLO CUCINELLI SWEATER.

# Books Take NOTE

In the summer of 1970, Joan Didion road-tripped through Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama with her husband, John Gregory Dunne, prompted by a sense that the South was "what California seemed to me not to be: the future, the secret source of malevolent and benevolent energy, the psychic center." South and West: From a Notebook (Knopf) reveals the author at her most fascinatingly unfiltered, recording folksy vernacular at a motel pool (where she's the only woman with a bikini and unset hair), having G & Ts with Walker Percy, and searching fruitlessly for Faulkner's grave in an Oxford cemetery (she finds the local pot dealer instead). A place where the 'feudal situation" remains unsettlingly outspoken, where men do the hunting and women do the "prettifying," Didion's South is light-years from her peach-ice cream memories of visiting her father in Durham during World War II. "How I had gotten from there to here: there, as always, was the question." She's closer to home in "California Notes." which she would later expand into her celebrated 2003 memoir, Where I Was From. Sparked by a trip to San Francisco in 1976 to cover the Patty Hearst trial, her riffs on everything from Gertrude Atherton to crossing the Golden Gate Bridge for the first time in three-inch heels captures the thrill of a writer discovering her richest subject: the American mythologies that governed her own romantic girlhood, a yearning for an MGM-style heritage that never really was—a yearning that feels freshly perilous in its delusions.—MEGAN O'GRADY



### MAKE EVERYDAY SPARKLE





People Are Talking About

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 392

with Russian Books and the People Who Read Them, announced a major talent, challenging M.F.A.-sanctioned ideas about what literature should be. Her refreshingly unboundaried articles—on everything from Isaac Babel and alienation for n+1to head scarves and Erdogan (in a brilliant, fully felt essay that also mentions her abortion) for The New Yorker, where she is a staff writer-merge an infectious intellectual curiosity with frank personal narrative and, often, political critique. "There is this way that I felt when I was younger that we were beyond history and we were all citizens of the world that now seems so naive," she remarks, drawing an analogy between the rise of identity politics in the U.S.—fractures that seem all the more unignorable post-election—and the ascent of the Islamist government in Turkey. "In general it's been a real challenge to try to write at the same pace as these times."

The Idiot is, in a sense, her first book: She wrote a complete draft in 2000, a year she took off from her Ph.D. program at Stanford, and then discovered the file fifteen years later while at a retreat in Tuscany, surrounded by her baroness hostess's pugs. At the time, Batuman was working on a contemporary-set novel about a writer, only to find the flashbacks piling up. "It was just a delight to find this thing that this angry kid had written," she recalls. "And, not to sound like a jerk, but she was a little bit funnier than I am now." She's still pretty funny: While editing down the 300,000word document, she briefly considered giving Selin enormous breasts. The result, at this new dawn of autofiction, is the kind of voice—unruly, openhearted, anticynical—we feel lucky to have accompanying us into our so-called adulthood, one that expands, in a very Proustian sense, our understanding of what the novel can do. (She has plans for two more books about Selin.) "When you walk around, you have all this stuff rattling around in your head, things that have happened to you, things you have read," says Batuman. "Life is just life, and you get what you get out of it."—M.O.



The third folksy LP from **Father John Misty** is just as ironic and irreverent as one would expect from the man who once feigned sleep in the audience of the Brit Awards after losing to Justin Bieber. But the album is not, as its title suggests, *Pure Comedy*. The former Fleet Foxes drummer (born Joshua Tillman in Maryland) wrote the majority of the songs in New Orleans, where he lived for nearly two years while abstaining from alcohol and, as he put it, "everything else—which is not in my nature." His knowing jokes are really polemics—"At some point you just can't control/What people use your fake name for"—that are veiled by country-music chords and harmonious violins. With *Pure Comedy*, Misty—who wrote for Beyoncé's *Lemonade* and Karen Elson's latest—lands himself somewhere in between Willie Nelson and Kanye West by way of Silver Lake. "I'm really a dilettante," he says, "but I have instincts."—макк Guiducci

FATHER JOHN MISTY'S NEW ALBUM WILL BE OUT NEXT MONTH.













# Show of Strength

"What we as women have to really focus on now is our intention to fight for our rights, but to do it with dignity—not whining, not crying. Since we are stronger than men, we shouldn't be afraid of our own strength."

The words belong to Diane von Furstenberg, but the sentiments could be those of any of the designers we honor in this issue—not to mention some of the feistier members of the new generation of models who grace our cover—each of them showing us that the rules about who and what is beautiful are being swept away.

For the first time in the 125 years of *Vogue*'s existence—an anniversary we start celebrating this month—we've crafted a portfolio featuring solely the women of the fashion world. What better way to recognize not only their contributions to how we get dressed every day, but how their interests and concerns, their hopes and joys and fears, dovetail with our own? We spoke to them about their backgrounds, their careers—and their spring 2017 collections, yes—but also about how they felt about our world right now. We wanted to know how the unfolding of so many narratives that will affect women's lives directly—some good, some far less so—were

playing out in their design studios and their homes, with their families and friends and loved ones. What kept them up at night—and what made them spring out of bed every day aiming to empower not just themselves but everyone they want to dress?

A few decades ago, just as *Vogue*—along with everyone else—was starting to reflect the incredible changes in our world made possible by feminism and the women's rights movement, we learned that the personal is political. It's a statement that's as valid today as it was back then. Fashion—which has always reflected the culture and society of its time—is quite plainly both. It seems fitting, then, that the subject of this spring's Costume Institute show should be the individualistic and iconoclastic Rei Kawakubo of Comme des Garçons, whose designs trail-blazed the notion that a woman could celebrate her gender while challenging the world around her. This March, she is in good company.





#### STELLA McCARTNEY

OZILY WRAPPED IN ONE OF HER OWN own designs—an oversize, double-breasted camel coat—with one of her trendy, silver-chained Falabella bags draped across her lap, Stella McCartney, squished into the back of a blacked-out SUV, is jabbing manically on her phone. She's doing grocery shopping between meetings and simultaneously buying something online at an auction—"I can't remember what." Her assistant, piled high with suit bags, sits opposite, occasionally reminding McCartney of upcoming appointments. But her mind is elsewhere. She is a designer who wears her conscience on her sleeve—she campaigns for animal rights and breast-cancer awareness, and against domestic abuse—so it's not surprising that politics is front and center for the 45-year-old right now.

"My spring-summer show was a reaction to the right wing," she says, abandoning her phone and glancing out at the semi-stationary London traffic. "I had ALL IS LOVE written on the clothes, and all the girls danced. After the judgment and the anger, there is love and respect for one another. That was my way of trying to remind everyone that we have to bring it into our work a little more."

Stella is, she tells me, "a glass-half-full girl." In the wake of Brexit and the Trump victory, she sees little point in negative thinking. She breaks into a warm smile, and her enormous swimming-poolblue eyes light up as she declares, "We can't become the people who sit and moan and ferment. We have to be the people who are twisting and turning things into a solution that works."

Salma Hayek, a fellow supporter of White Ribbon Day—a movement to end violence against women—describes Stella as "a natural-born activist. She is passionate, practical, creative in finding solutions, and committed, with incredible stamina." Indeed, McCartney has managed, in business as well as in her personal life, to stick to her beliefs, refusing to use leather or fur in her products. "I have been told many times by various people that I would never have a successful accessories business," she recalls with a wry smile. "But we now have more iconic bags and shoes than many leather houses. The main thing is to create a beautiful, desirable bag that doesn't compromise style but is for the conscious consumer. I have for sure lost money because of it. But money is not what drives me."

Lest we forget, as well as running her business, Stella has a universe that also encompasses a husband, Alasdhair Willis, creative director of the boot brand Hunter; lots of friends; a house in London; a Georgian country pile with 400 acres; and four children, ages six to twelve. "I am a 7:00-to-9:00 A.M. school dropoff—er, and then I work. I get home for books and bedtime. The aim is to be there before seven." She is so busy, she says, that every five minutes of the day has to be "meticulously planned. The time I truly feel like I have a moment for myself is on my horse. If I can get an hour's ride, then that restores me."—PLUM SYKES

Stella McCartney (with Callie, a tame fox) wears a faux-fur coat of her own design in Ravenscourt Park, London. Sittings Editor: Camilla Nickerson.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY COLIN DODGSON







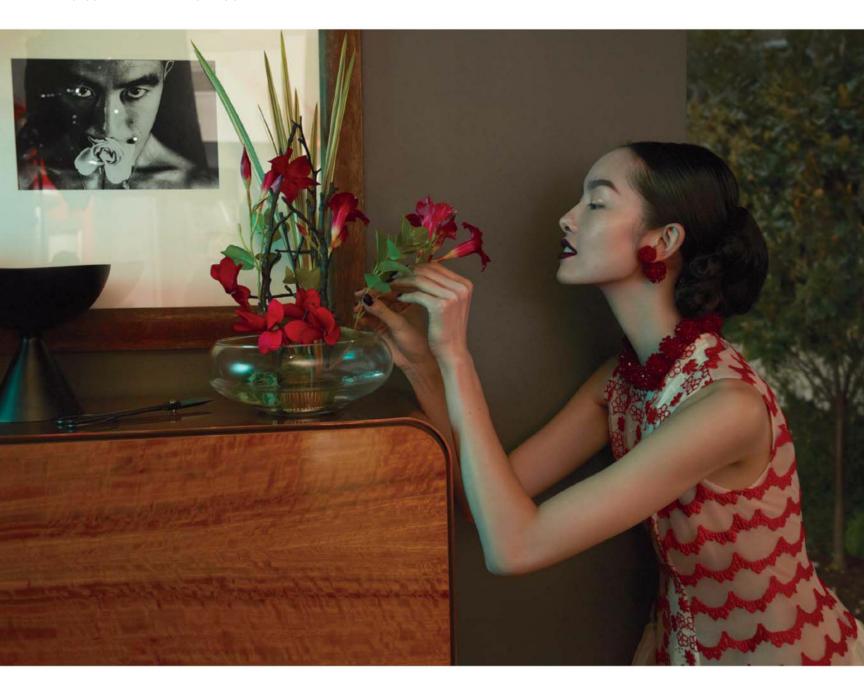


#### Céline

The ever-evolving Phoebe Philo continues to reinvent the modern city wardrobe with colorful pieces that move—and speak volumes.

OPPOSITE: Model Grace Hartzel wears a Céline crepe jersey dress (\$2,800), earrings, and sandals; Céline, NYC. Fashion Editor: Camilla Nickerson.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ETHAN JAMES GREEN



#### Simone Rocha

Rocha's off-kilter, whimsical cool is pretty, yes—but with an edge.

Model Fei Fei Sun wears a Simone Rocha embroidered dress (\$3,935), earrings, and necklace; Simone Rocha, NYC. Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MERT ALAS AND MARCUS PIGGOTT



#### MIUCCIA PRADA

RISES ARE ALWAYS POSITIVE BECAUSE they force you to think," says Miuccia Prada, reflecting on Italy's political and economic woes. "You redesign reality. When everything is going well, people get lazy!"

Dressed like an irreverent tomboy in a long, cream skirt, with a turquoise feather boa poking out beneath a multicolored leather biker jacket, Mrs. Prada recalls her own professional beginnings during a time of radicalism and political ferment. In Milan in the 1970s, being a woman in fashion, as well as a Marxist and a feminist, was something to own and fight for. Italy wasn't exactly forward in terms of female entrepreneurs, and the leftist culture Prada espoused as a political-science graduate frowned on the idea that clothes and accessories were anything but frivolous —let alone culturally relevant.

"It was very tough," she recalls, speaking in her office at the Prada HQ. "I understand now that I really must have had a big passion because, although I felt unease declaring it to the world, it was never an internal struggle for me. I always felt I was on the right path."

That path not only led to a massively popular, \$8.6 billion business but it was built from her own worldview. She used democratic and sometimes bizarre materials—army-tent nylon, bottle tops, broken mirrors, shards of cutlery—and introduced "ugly" elements alongside vintage influences as a way to bid farewell to a limited vision of fashion. "Through the 1970s, fashion represented only white people, Northern Americans, rich and bourgeois Europeans. Such an elitist idea was absurd to me."

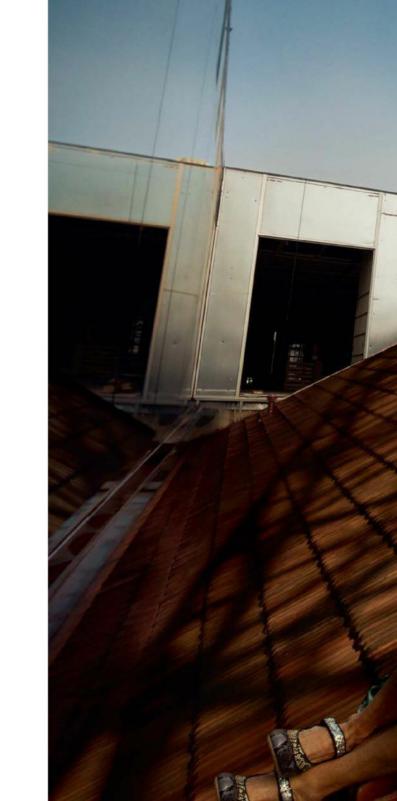
Today Mrs. Prada feeds her vision from everything around her. "It could be a color or something I see on the street or a silly thing I hear that ends up sticking with me," she says. "Part of the vitality of my work comes from the access to other fields. You have to be quick-thinking, with a curious, 360-degree eye on the worlds of film, music, dance, and art. There is a story behind every fashion show—perhaps one that is politically incorrect, kooky, wild."

A social being, not a socialite; ironic but never detached; compassionate but not sentimental, Mrs. Prada likes to engage. "It's important for me to make clothes for broad groups of people," she says. "The idea of creating things for the same type is dull: beautiful, chic, well read—too boring! Opening your gaze to the rest of the world, to their unforgiving taste, is the challenge I am up for."

As for politics, she says of Donald Trump's election in the U.S., "it really shook things up. The same thing happened in Italy. Renzi lost the referendum, so the left has to wake up: It's now or never." No longer a member of the Communist Party, she finds new ways to keep her fervor alive, citing an upcoming show at her extraordinary Fondazione Prada museum about the history of Fascism in the arts in Italy. "We never use logos or slogans," she says. "I refuse to be political with my brand, but that's because I don't take politics lightly. There are other ways to suggest ideas."—CHIARA BARZINI

Miuccia Prada (in her own designs) on the roof of the Fondazione Prada. Fashion Editor: Phyllis Posnick.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ









#### TORY BURCH

ORY BURCH ISN'T A RAISE-YOUR-FIST-in-the-street kind of protester. Her response to the current social and political climate is intelligent, subtle, and perhaps more powerful. "How can I say this delicately?" she asks, the lightness of her tone belying the force and clarity she displays when discussing gender parity, an issue that has driven the designer to action. "Equal opportunity, equal pay—it's not a favor; it's a given. We're talking about 50 percent of the population."

Though fluent in the data, Burch doesn't gripe or wallow. Instead, she has targeted the problem by making \$25 million available to aspiring female entrepreneurs through her charitable foundation in the past three years. "That," she says, "is impact and scale."

Back in 2004, when Burch herself was a fledgling designer and CEO, her business plan combined expansion with philanthropy. "I was told by many men, particularly, never to say 'social responsibility' and 'business' in the same sentence," she says. "That only made

me more determined." Since then, her fashion company—with its mid-century aesthetic softened by a haute-bohemian flair—has found a dynamic global market. And her vision has paid off by attracting motivated employees and resonating with her customers. This month, her foundation's digital Embrace Ambition campaign urges more followers to take action. "Women need something to believe in right now," she says. "They need to stand together."

Burch brings her intellectual curiosity—and restlessness—to every aspect of her work, infusing her designs with an opulent American wanderlust. (Case in point: pre-fall's ode to Milanese furniture designer Gabriella Crespi, with luxurious Indian embroideries and pretty cotton-voile woodblock prints.) As for her own ambitions, Burch's pitch-perfect blend of business-savvy and social conviction might suggest a run for office. (The Tory Party?) "I would never say never," she responds with a wry laugh. "I truly believe in making a difference."—JESSICA KERWIN JENKINS

Burch at home with her family. Fashion Editor: Tabitha Simmons.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THEO WENNER

#### CAROLINA HERRERA







what's going on in the world and the way women are dressing now," Carolina Herrera says, "you won't see that it's totally changed. It used to change every ten years, then every five years—now it changes every three months." Which doesn't, by the way, mean that the favorite designer of a certain stratosphere of well-dressed women since she showed her first collection to a swooning society audience 35 years ago is about to lower her standards. "You have to stick to your style, your taste," she says, and in her case that includes a grand tradition of dressing America's First Ladies, from Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and Nancy Reagan to Hillary Clinton and Michelle Obama. Herrera says that "dressing the First Ladies of this country is an honor for me"— one that she has been open (and on the record) about continuing with Melania

Trump. The pursuit of beauty through fashion does not belong to any political party, Herrera maintains.

In a year that will go down in history as one of radical regime change, Herrera has emerged as a figure of resistance purely by following the same rules that she's held since she started her company in 1981. In Herrera's world, to be pulled together is an inner necessity; elegance, a bulwark in a rapidly changing world.

That doesn't mean she won't adapt alongside her customers. "You have to try new things to please people—and to please yourself. You can't say, 'I am not going to do Instagram'—or this and that—'because I didn't do it before,' "says the designer. "You're alive. You're living! Move on!"—ALESSANDRA CODINHA

Carolina Herrera, three Polaroid prints by Andy Warhol, 1978.





Wang's twin poles—the queen of bridal and the mistress in black—find common ground in whitewashed cosmopolitan tailoring:

Model Lily Aldridge wears a Vera Wang Collection shirt, skirt (\$995), and peplum; Vera Wang Collection, Beverly Hills. Stephen Russell earrings. Fashion Editor: Tabitha Simmons.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLY VANDERPERRE







#### PHOEBE PHILO

OMETHING HAPPENS TO WOMEN'S heads when they walk into a Céline store. This is explained to me on a recent visit to the company's idiosyncratically designed Mayfair flagship—minimal but busy, modest yet precious—with a designer friend who describes the effect on his wife. "She goes into this zone. She can't hear me. She wants this thing and that thing and that thing."

What we want is something Phoebe Philo, Céline's creative director since 2008, has an exquisite understanding of. (When an ultra-cool fashion emporium recently opened in a European city, it was robbed. The thieves' sole target? Anything Céline.) She gives us clothes that can serve as both armor and comfort blanket, with killer details and surprising mixes and explosions of color—mint green, maroon, and scarlet; Yves Klein—blue body prints on white shifts. "What I love about her clothes is the often over-the-top androgynous, tailored look ironically combined with feminine touches," notes the artist Cindy Sherman. "When I wear them, I feel like I've got my act together without trying too hard."

"Comfort and feeling good in clothes is something I think about," says Philo, who intends her designs to offer "a proposal" to women negotiating the chaos, complexity, and contradictions of contemporary life. Of her exponential success at Céline—profits have more than quadrupled in eight years—she acknowledges, "The whole project has gone way beyond my expectations. I didn't come to this—and I don't really come to anything—with a game plan." Along with her instinctual approach, she is almost phobically reticent about putting her work into words, as though articulating an idea would damage its integrity. As she often explains, everything she has to say is in the clothes. How she gets there is the interesting part. "I put things out there that are for me rich and relevant," she says. "If it's not true to me, I can't make it up."

Philo is talking in her light-filled office in an elegantly livedin Georgian town house in central London, wearing a cozyurchin gray mohair sweater dress, jeans, and thick-soled white sneakers. Her dark-blonde hair is scraped into a topknot, and her scrubbed face and pale-blue eyes have an attractive, feline sharpness. Here she works with laser-like intensity, in the words of one former colleague, "completely focused and driven, with a huge sense of humor, and joy in the room." Then she pulls back. "I have many other things going on in my life that are very different from fashion, that are not about making things, that are more about human connection," she says. "What we know about the fashion industry is that it's very fast, it's very demanding, it needs a lot of nourishment, and that's OK. I'm a human being and I have the capacity that I have, and I have other things I need to take good care of." Like, say, three children, a husband, her own sanity and happiness. "I step away often."

The latest order of business for Céline is pushing out its online market, something Philo initially resisted in favor of the live experience of touching her clothes in stores but is now embracing with interest. "I'm excited about learning more and understanding it," she says, her eyes alight, "and finding a way of doing it that works for us and our values."

Speaking from the vantage point of her 43 years, Philo says, "One of the things I've enjoyed about getting older is knowing more about myself." There's a quiet power in her refusal to compromise, taking time off, protecting her world by working in London for a Parisian company, fiercely guarding her privacy. Acknowledging a certain fragility conversely frees her to be bold. "I'm under no illusions that I may fail," she says, now perched on the table, dangling her legs over a chair and sipping from a mug of fennel tea. "There are times when I feel vulnerable, I feel unsure, I feel scared. The other side of me is to take risks and question things and be as fearless as I feel I can be in that moment. Making mistakes and getting it wrong are all part of what makes us human and precious and creative."

Philo's husband, art consultant Max Wigram, told *Vogue* in 2001, the year she took over as head designer of Chloé, that "the world goes in through her eyes." That hasn't changed. "I've always felt somewhat of an outsider in the industry," Philo says. "I like being an observer—of myself, my surroundings, the people close to me, and, of course, the bigger world." Her friend the architect Sophie Hicks points out that "she's not obsessed with fashion. She's detached enough from it to feel the culture in a wider way. That's probably why she's so successful."

What Philo is experiencing now, with the upsets at home with Brexit and in the U.S. with the Trump election, is an environment that "feels very brittle. There's a lot of mistrust in the air, which is unsettling. Minorities are feeling particularly fearful, understandably. I think we have a problem in not wanting to talk about the complexities of everything we're living with: religion, women, men, globalization. People just want it to be good or bad. It's a bit of a shutdown, and if we don't address it and talk about it, we won't heal. From my own standpoint," she continues, "I've always liked very diverse and different things. I'm very curious about 'the other.' I'm very interested in including that—the offness, the chink. If something doesn't have that, I don't gravitate toward it."

Philo senses an uptick in personal, home-grown activism in the U.S., "people beginning to gather up their strength and their courage," she says. In her own studio, the team often discusses the current fractured political situation; how "it stops people from looking around and getting in touch with their compassion and their ability to connect to others. These are things we talk about when we're designing. They just come up. We have these conversations that have nothing to do with clothes or product."

So, she believes, they work their way into the collections. "They're in the room while we're making them."—EVE MACSWEENEY

Phoebe Philo at home in Céline. *Vogue*, 2013. PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID SIMS







#### DIANE VON FURSTENBERG

HEN I WAS FIRST STARTING OUT in journalism in 1975, I was assigned to do a Q&A with Diane von Furstenberg. I was very nervous. Even though she was only a few years older—a mere 28—she was already a "tycooness," as she likes to call herself. She was rushing to the airport, so we arranged to do the interview in her limo. It was like crawling into a black satin cage with a panther. The European princess was curled in her usual feline pose on the black leather seat, her long black hair spilling over her full-length black mink coat. To complete the noir- and Renoir-odalisque look, she was nibbling from a box of dark chocolates.

We talked about her creation—an affordable "bourgeois" swath of colorful jersey that hugged the body and tied at the waist that was about to become, as she later wrote in her memoir, the "quint-essential symbol of the seventies."

During that interview, I realized something profound: I

shouldn't have to act or dress like a man to be taken seriously. Like millions of other women around the world, I suddenly understood that you could be professional and sensual, that glamour and ambition could coexist. The dress—five million were sold in the first two years—was a letter of transit to liberation. You didn't have to be handcuffed to the home or the desk; you could whisk from office to disco, or whisk yourself away on a plane with only your wrap dress, a bikini, and some mascara.

In 1997, after seeing the popularity of the wrap with younger women who had plucked them from their moms' closets or picked them up in vintage stores, von Furstenberg revived it, and the comeback is fashion history. The daughter of one president, Julie

Diane von Furstenberg in her Manhattan apartment, the hallway draped with Javanese print fabric. *Vogue*, 1972.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HORST P. HORST

Nixon Eisenhower, inspired the dress when DVF saw Julie on television in 1973 wearing one of the designer's wrap tops and wrap skirts—and the wife of another, Michelle Obama, showed its staying power when she wore an iconic black-and-white interlocking-print version on the White House Christmas card in 2009.

"People say I made the dress," von Furstenberg told me recently, "but really the dress made me. Through the dress I got confidence and met other American women and shared that confidence."

Von Furstenberg's exotic love life—she once had trysts with Warren Beatty and Ryan O'Neal on the same weekend—became part of her legend. But now she tells me, "The most important relationship in life is the one you have with yourself. Any other relationship is a plus, not a must. I like my own company. I trust myself. That's why I'm not afraid of death—I'll be with myself."

At 70, full of energy, she has found a chief creative officer, Jonathan Saunders, freeing her to focus on various projects and philanthropy. Having led the Council of Fashion Designers of America since 2006, she also sits on the board of Vital Voices, a women's leadership organization; heads the Diller–von Furstenberg Family

Foundation with her husband, Barry Diller; and is raising money to build a Statue of Liberty Museum on Liberty Island.

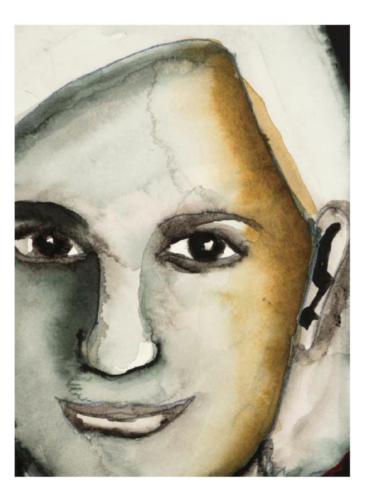
Though she was an avid Hillary supporter and Trump critic, von Furstenberg has not joined the chorus of designers saying they will never dress Melania Trump. "I have nothing against this poor woman," she says. "I feel bad for her. She's beautiful. She should be treated with respect."

She believes, in the face of the retro-seeming Trump-Pence administration, that women must go into the future feeling strong.

"We all have to stick together," she says. "My mother, a survivor of the Holocaust, said that no matter what, you can never be a victim. I have been taking Tai Chi lately, and my teacher says something so valuable: If you focus only on power, you fail and your energy stagnates. It's most important to focus on intention. When you have the intention, you get the energy and the power.

"What we as women have to really focus on now is our intention to fight for our rights, but to do it with dignity—not whining, not crying. Since we are stronger than men, we shouldn't be afraid of our own strength."—MAUREEN DOWD

#### MARIA GRAZIA CHIURI



Portrait of Maria Grazia. Watercolor on paper by Francesco Clemente, 2016.

of Dior was born and bred a feminist through the exceptional example set by her parents. "I only realized it later," says Maria Grazia Chiuri, "but my mother was very feminist. She never said anything to me about the importance of getting a husband—it was always 'You have to study, to work, to be able to maintain yourself!" "As a teenager running around Rome in the late seventies, Chiuri was an upbeat and energetic outlier unhampered by the usual Italian-family gender roles. "My father, who was from the South of Italy, washed the dishes and shared the chores, which was really unusual. They never treated me any differently from my brother," she remembers. "So I grew up with the idea that this was normal!"

It's a fine time for Chiuri, 53, to be setting her own example—as a fashion leader, a boss, a mother, and a feminist—at Dior. She's spent 31 years rising from behind the scenes, designing accessories at Fendi and then Valentino, to become the haute couture—honed creative director she is today. Taking up the reins at Dior, a brand with an epic scale, she says, "I can test myself."

The way the world is currently turning is likely only to strengthen the way Chiuri feels. "I started thinking about it again when my daughter, Rachele, became fifteen or sixteen. I look around now and think women have lost a bit; the atmosphere has gone back to being more traditional. What I want for Rachele, and also for my son, is that they are free, that they are not afraid of the future. Some say to be feminist is to be angry. I'm not angry; I'm worried!"

What more should we expect from this feisty, accomplished, and empathetic professional? Strokes of shoe genius, like her terrific kitten-heeled slingbacks embellished with a simple ribbon-tape of Dior-printed bows, for sure. But also, perhaps, a motherly managerial takeover from the inside. "I have a lot of young people in my studio," she says. "I want to make sure that they are confident in their work and have a balance—because sometimes this world we are in can be dangerous."—SARAH MOWER









#### KATE AND LAURA MULLEAVY

HENWEWANTTO DO SOMETHING," says Rodarte's Kate Mulleavy (ABOVE RIGHT), "we figure out how to do it." It's the bootstraps ethos that, more than a decade ago, had Kate and her sister, Laura, hauling suitcases full of their hand-sewn garments to New York City for Rodarte's makeshift fashion debut, and more recently, it's what drew the Mulleavys to filmmaking: Woodshock, their first movie, starring their friend and muse Kirsten Dunst, is due out later this year. (Per Laura: "It was something that had to happen. Everything in my mind wanders toward film.")

In these politically uncertain times, we should all take a page from the Mulleavys' playbook. Much like their home state of California—whose leaders have taken a preemptively bold stance against the new administration's policy agendas—the sisters are prepared to stand up for the issues near and dear to them. Chief among those is protecting the wilds of their beloved California, the Mulleavys' main source of inspiration.

Kate and Laura, raised in the crunchy central coast town of Aptos by an artist mom and a botanist dad who "knows everything about mushrooms," are chatting by phone from their Pasadena

home, their dog barking in the background, as they wait for a ride to Big Sur for an annual getaway with friends. "We need to come together and recognize that the great beauty of life is nature," says Kate. "I feel committed to trying to preserve that. I think every human being on the planet should."

"The things we care about are being attacked," Laura says. "That's very hurtful." That tension makes its way into their clothes. Last fall, the Mulleavys sent models down the runway in honeycomb-lace dresses strewn with flower appliqués and cascading ruffles inspired by the bees that buzz around their backyard. For now, that is. As Laura says, "One of the things we thought about is: What's it going to be like when they're no longer around?"

The new political reality has them asking other questions, too:

like how to amplify more women's voices—"We should be teaching our younger generation of women to fight to be leaders," says Laura—and how to talk about the misogyny that flows beneath the surface of so many industries. "I think being a creative force as a woman is a fascinating thing," Kate observes. "Even in the fashion industry, a lot of times people are willing to take a chance on a man; they're less willing to take a chance on a woman." Adds her sister, "It's not about complaining—it's about wanting more out of the world."—JULIA FELSENTHAL

Laura (FAR LEFT) and Kate Mulleavy, in Huntington Beach, California. Fashion Editor: Sara Moonves.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED TEMPLETON

#### VERA WANG



VE HAD THREE LIVES IN THIS BUSINESS," Vera Wang says—"four if you count my salesgirl job during college at the Yves Saint Laurent boutique."

The world, of course, knows Wang, 67, for her wedding gowns. And though she has dressed some of the best-known brides of the twenty-first century (Ivanka Trump and Chelsea Clinton included), Wang admits she's the last person anyone thought would be a bridal designer. "Calvin [Klein] said to me, 'You're doing bridal?' But I became successful because I wasn't a dress designer. I didn't know any rules, and my dresses weren't formulaic."

Wang earned her bona fides—studies at the Sorbonne, a youthful ice-skating career, and fifteen years as a sittings editor at *Vogue*, collaborating with the likes of Irving Penn, Richard Avedon, and Herb Ritts—but she wanted to be a designer, so at the age of 38 she went to work for Ralph Lauren, splitting her energies and talents between the bridal line that would eventually make her a household name and the kind of Goth-vixen ready-to-wear work she presents at New York Fashion Week. Her most recent runway

show featured corseted, cold-shoulder jackets and trousers topped by pelmet skirts—all black—not frothy tulle and bugle beads. And while plenty of other designers do both ready-to-wear and bridal, none shares Wang's black swan—white swan duality.

Later this month she'll put another notch in her belt when she's named a Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur by France's ambassador to the U.S., Gérard Araud, with whom she's been working to create exchange programs between design schools in New York and Paris. After a 50-year career in fashion, Wang is spending more time focused on giving back—an instinct that the election and its aftermath has only amplified. "I encourage all the young women who write me for advice to get a job with someone they admire," she says. "You have to learn skills, technique. It's only from there you can become a rule-breaker."—NICOLE PHELPS

Vera Wang in her New York City apartment. Sittings Editor: Miranda Brooks.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GREGORY HARRIS











#### VICTORIA BECKHAM

Victoria Beckham, but it's quite challenging. This is, after all, an 80-million-records-selling pop star who, in the early days of her fashion career, personally welcomed guests to her suite at the Waldorf Astoria and talked them through every single look—in between running down to the florist in the lobby to arrange fresh flowers. It's the mixture of humility and do-or-die determination that's intriguing. Given the hara-kiri recklessness of some of her formative sartorial moments ("Let's just say my idea of sexy has evolved," she says now of those peroxided—and—PVC harnessed days), what made her imagine she could cut it as a serious designer?

She was always aware of the industry's preconceptions. "I'd been in a girl band. I was a footballer's wife." But as a theater school alumna who'd been subjected to sustained bullying—and told by her principal "never to leave the house without a full face of makeup"—she wasn't going to allow a little prejudice to insinuate its way between her and her dream.

Nine years later, with critical collateral on her side, her business is booming, with 173 employees, including some who started with her. There was a sell-out limited-edition cosmetics line for Estée Lauder last fall (there will be another by the end of this year). Coming soon: a collection for Target (two, if you include childrenswear), more Victoria Beckham shoes, and a fragrance. With four children at home—from budding fashion photographer Brooklyn, seventeen, to five-year-old Harper—she has rather unexpectedly become someone with whom millions of women identify.

"I think being comfortable is empowering for women," she says. Beckham's mission: to simplify women's lives by designing a nucleus of clothes—in particular, separates—that enables them to put together their own sleek, easy-to-wear silhouettes while still transmitting all the electricity of a fashion statement.

While Beckham has trained herself to filter out the negative, current events on the global stage are challenging her optimism. The Beckhams announced their support for remaining in the E.U. prior to last summer's Brexit vote—but neither is the type to anguish over politics, preferring to focus on specifics, whether it's charitable foundations (she's involved in Born Free Africa, an initiative that helps women with HIV give birth to healthy babies) or fashion, which has a knack of making the political personal, even intimate.

"A lot of people get a lot of coverage for dressing in a provocative way," Beckham says. Although—or perhaps because—she felt acute pressure to conform to a specific female stereotype when she was a singer, she doesn't want her daughter to experience the same anxieties. "I always say to Harper, 'It's not about being the prettiest in the class—it's what you do in the class.' But Harper also wants to put my heels on. It's a balance."—LISA ARMSTRONG

Victoria Beckham (in her own designs) and her eldest son, Brooklyn, in a London studio. Hair, Philippe Tholimet; makeup, Petros Petrohilos. Fashion Editor: Phyllis Posnick.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NIGEL SHAFRAN



#### SIMONE ROCHA

ECENTLY I HAVE FOUND MYSELF more and more angry," Simone Rocha declares in her sweet, soft voice. "We are in an industry driven by female consumers, but sometimes it doesn't feel like females have the power that they should. So I put my strength and my anger into my designs."

This sentiment might strike you as surprising, coming from a designer whose creations at first blush seem at least as feminine as feminist, and whose slightly twisted but invariably beautiful take on conventional loveliness recently won her the Womenswear Designer of the Year prize at the British Fashion Awards. Rocha's distinctive sensibility is meant, she insists, to be at least a little subversive. "It's slightly perverted, a little bit off."

Rocha, 30, who showed her first collection in 2010, is not afraid to wear her womanhood on her literal puffy sleeve: Her show notes for her fall 2016 collection refer to "mothering" and "rebirth"—the designer had given birth to her daughter, Valentine, a few months

before. (Her partner is the cinematographer Eoin McLoughlin.) Despite her way with a ruffle, her fondness for pale brocades, Rocha says her creations also represent a strength and a hardness. "It's not like I would say my clothes are sexy, but there is a slight provocative feeling to them! So the back of a dress might be seethrough, but it's not shouting about it."

She shares this penchant for realism—sometimes magic realism—with her forebears, a trio that she refers to reverently as Miuccia, Rei, and Phoebe. Like theirs, she says, "my work comes from a very personal place. I want to portray both protection and being exposed. The world is such a small place, and yet it's never felt so divided."—LYNN YAEGER

RIGHT: Simone Rocha (in her own designs) at home in London with partner Eoin McLoughlin and their daughter, Valentine Ming McLoughlin. Hair, Shon; makeup, Niamh Quinn. Fashion Editor: Phyllis Posnick.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTON CORBIJN

#### DONATELLA VERSACE



NNEW YORK, DONATELLA VERSACE CAN sometimes be found at the Waldorf residences, in a vast suite the color of eggshells. This winter she stopped over while on a book tour for her new tome *Versace* (Rizzoli), a gloriously glossy mix of personal photographs and ad campaigns from the past 20 years. (Although it seems hard to believe, it has been 20 years since her brother Gianni was murdered in Miami Beach and Donatella—his shy yet slinky, intuitively stylish muse/collaborator—assumed the role of artistic director of the brand.) She wore a narrow black crewneck, patchwork leather track pants

in winter hues, and spindly yet sturdy ankle boots. She perched on a sofa. The tour had put her in a reflective mood. "No one, in the beginning, likes to be in front with the responsibility for everything," she said. "It was very hard to justify myself. It took a long time to arrive at today, with no more fears."

Vulnerability and the vixen: such an unlikely combination. For those who know Donatella, it is the former that is most endearing. She is self-critical, thoughtful, curious, a devoted mom to her rocker/environmentally concerned son and hardworking daughter, a mensch disguised as a bombshell. To many the world over, she is an icon of the inscrutable and the glossy, the stuff of paparazzi and parody. But what is undeniable to all is her cumulative influence on style culture right now. Behold a red carpet from here to the Middle East and see nonstop Versace (not just her clothes, because not everyone can wear Versace, but her ideas picked over by others in the high-slit/high-wattage game). Consider the current crop of social superstars—the sisters Hadid, Jenner, and Kardashian—and in their ironed tresses, permatans, and chiseled features one sees Donatella. By day they wear leather sweats and vertiginous heels, and by night, chain mail.

And who can forget our former First Lady at her final state dinner, resplendent in rose-gold Atelier Versace? It is Michelle Obama and women of her stature and intelligence who most inspire the designer these days. If she used to swoon over pop stars and cultural enfants terribles, she is now thinking power suits for fall ("It has been a long time") and the working gals who require them. At the Waldorf, Donatella spoke of elections (U.S., Brexit) and resignations (Renzi) and global warming (her son's influence). And mostly she talked about the need for fashion to speak directly to the women thinking about such matters. "This is life today," she said. "This must become luxury, because we are luxurious."—SALLY SINGER

LEFT: Versace at the British Fashion Awards, 2016.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO TESTINO







### Stella McCartney

McCartney
puts her
passion and
integrity front
and center—
and renders
evening wear
with chic,
asymmetrical
slices.

Model Adwoa Aboah wears a Stella McCartney lace dress, \$2,745; Stella McCartney, Los Angeles. Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MERT ALAS AND MARCUS PIGGOTT



## MARY-KATE & ASHLEY OLSEN

NE FEELS LUXURIOUSLY DRESSED IN a calm, pure, and minimal way," says Cate Blanchett, serene and soigné in a cashmere blanket coat from the label she's lauding: The Row. Like Blanchett herself, The Row is synonymous with quality and a kind of independent synergy. Of course, she's hardly the only fan: Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen's customers are helping the eleven-year-old label claim the mantle of the wardrobe of our time in the same way that Donna Karan defined New York women's essentials in the nineties.

Behind their international success, Mary-Kate and Ashley have always worked privately and mindfully, showing beautiful clothes their way, sans spectacle. In fact, they loathe fuss. But how did two former child stars—who just turned 30 this past June—become such connoisseurs of so many different women's wardrobes? The twins are as succinct in their response as they are in their designs: "Continuity," says Mary-Kate. "We are a trustworthy brand that really sells exactly what we say we're selling." Adds Ashley: "The only people we feel we need to answer to are our clients."

They attribute their perfectionist resolve to having been given a voice at a very young age and having sat in many meetings with heads of the entertainment and finance industries, allowing both of them to hone their ability to decipher "the good influences versus the bad influences," as Ashley puts it, while staying focused. "We own our brand. We don't get pushed in any direction."

With the exception of a few Italian knits, they manufacture all of their ready-to-wear in the United States. "That means a lot," Mary-Kate says. "We've created at least 80 jobs." Their elegant designs, by their very nature, challenge fast fashion.

As it turns out, the Olsens were ahead of their time in more than just style. In their April 2001 issue of *Mary-Kate and Ashley* magazine, they predicted Hillary Clinton's presidential campaign as part of a feature devoted to the question "When will we get our first female president, and who might it be?" Sixteen years later, their designs defy age and—even though they have just launched menswear—gender. "It's more about respecting one another, whether you're a female or a male or whatever," says Mary-Kate. With the Women's March on Washington then around the corner, she adds, "Women are not the only ones that feel this way—a lot of people feel it. The atmosphere around the entire globe is very interesting right now."

"What's going to happen tomorrow? Collectively, I feel everyone is asking that," says Ashley, who's made a positive attitude her goal of the year. "What we've built so far is pretty incredible. I would like to push that further—but also to be a little lighter on ourselves."—EMMA ELWICK-BATES

FROM NEAR RIGHT: Cate Blanchett, Rachel Feinstein, Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen, and Deeda Blair in The Row's New York store. All wearing The Row. For Blanchett: hair, Kay Georgiou; makeup, Morag Ross. For Feinstein and Blair: hair, Sally Hershberger; makeup, Francelle. For the Olsens: hair, Keith Carpenter; makeup, Eric Polito. Details, see In This Issue. Sittings Editor: Sara Moonves.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ







#### SARAH BURTON

Alexander McQueen's creative director has put her indelible mark on pragmatically poetic collections that draw on Britain's history and craft heritage. Hamish Bowles travels with Burton and her team to mystic Cornwall for an inspirational walkabout.

Photographed by Mikael Jansson

and very, very warm."

no-nonsense North of England, one of five artistic children who was dressed, as she remembers, "in my brother's hand-me-downs—hence the longing for beautiful clothes!"

That longing eventually took her to Saint Martins art school to study fashion print design. At the time, as Burton remembers, everyone was talking about the provocative talent of a recent graduate, Alexander McQueen, who was rapidly securing a reputation as a designer of iconoclastic brilliance. Burton's tutor, Simon Ungless, was a friend of McQueen's and, impressed by his student's passion for research, suggested that she intern with him. "I was a bit scared,"

ARAH BURTON GREW UP IN THE

She was also in awe of McQueen's intuitive talent. On her first day in the designer's disordered Hoxton Square studio, "he took some lace and pinned this beautiful dress on the stand in an hour, dancing around the mannequin," Burton recalls. "It was like sculpture—I've never seen anything like it." In those early years, McQueen made a lot of the pieces himself. "In such a short space of time he did everything," Burton remembers. "Tailoring, eveningwear, dresses, embroidery, leather, knits—everything!"

the soft-spoken Burton admits, "because I wasn't very 'fashiony.' But meeting him was completely mind-blowing: He was so lovely

As a result, McQueen's team learned never to say no to a technical challenge—because they would often come into the studio in the morning to find a finished garment on the stand that McQueen had spent the night resolving himself. In the beginning, Burton admits that she "couldn't really sew or pattern-cut—I had to learn really quickly," and with money tight, there was no room for error because, as she says, "you couldn't afford to remake it!"

When the brand was acquired by François Pinault's Gucci Group (now Kering) in 2000, and resources and production capabilities were exponentially amplified, Burton spent time in the new Italian factories teaching herself their specialist skills. She realized that if she showed "that you can get your hands dirty," the craftspeople in turn could achieve results that often exceeded her expectations.

After the brilliant, troubled McQueen took his life in 2010, Burton, by then the designer's invaluable right-hand collaborator for fourteen years, was his natural successor—most immediately, she was responsible for finishing the Angels and Demons collection that McQueen had begun but had been unable to complete. After that solemn, elegiac presentation, Burton finally emerged from behind the scenes, though the transition into the spotlight for this modest, self-effacing woman was clearly not an easy one. "I was always in the chorus—I was never a soloist," she explains. But she did a reverent job explaining McQueen's

approach in that collection, which, after the technological innovations of his recent works, saw him return to the idea of craft, to "things that are being lost in the making of fashion. He was looking at the art of the Dark Ages but finding light and beauty in it," Burton told *Vogue* at the time. "He was coming in every day, draping and cutting."

Alexander "Lee" McQueen was admittedly a tough act to follow, and Burton's work was subjected to merciless and unnerving scrutiny, but the truth is that she defined her own identity with the very first look she sent down the runway in her debut collection the following season. After the trauma of McQueen's untimely death, she looked for inspiration to the healing power of nature and the rural English traditions she grew up with. Look number one of spring 2011 was a frock coat cut on eighteenth-century lines of the sort that McQueen himself loved, but Burton built it from ten layers of pale, fraying chiffon: a metaphor for the new, feminine softness she was ushering in. From the beginning, Burton's gender has in many ways defined her point of difference with McQueen himself. In her quiet way, she helped to bring about both catharsis to her grieving team and aesthetic continuity and coherence to the house whose legacy she cherished—and whose secrets and mysteries she alone held in her head and her heart.

"With Lee, each show was so completely autobiographical," says Burton. "The dresses could tell their own stories because the fashion was really an avatar of his personal journey."

But where McQueen drew on history and technology to explore his inner demons and reflect his often disquieting vision of a dystopian world, Burton uses those same themes and resources to celebrate her passion for traditions and craftsmanship, and the ways they can be harnessed to flatter a woman.

"For me it's not just about a show or a review," Burton says. "It's about dressing women and how a piece makes them feel. As soon as you put a McQueen jacket on, you stand differently because it has a waist and it has a shoulder and it makes you feel empowered. It's great if you can do that for women."

The fruits of Burton's training alongside McQueen are abundantly evident: Watching her during a fitting is an object lesson in perfectionism. Though Burton has a dedicated office in McQueen's steel-and-glass HQ in London's once-gritty East End, she admits that she rarely uses it. "Last year I wrapped my Christmas presents there," she confides, "and that was it." Instead, she wants to feel the collection she is working on in a light-flooded top-floor studio upstairs, surrounded by what she calls "a good chaos," along with her gifted team of design

"I live in two very different worlds!" admits Burton, pictured here in front of her daughters' artworks. Fashion Editor: Phyllis Posnick.





collaborators. The soaring space resembles the treasure-stocked attic of a stately home, with carefully labeled containers filled with textile and embroidery samples stacked against its walls and an ever-changing array of panels covered in inspirational images propped next to them. (The company is on the verge of moving to bigger new premises in the same neighborhood. "It wouldn't be McQueen if it wasn't chaotic!" says Burton.)

Burton habitually wears a plump satin cushion bristling with neatly arranged pins on her wrist; she uses these to deftly smooth the line of a bodice so that it clings to the Amazonian body of Russian-born Polina Kasina, the fit model who has been with the house for twelve years and who, like Burton herself, carries a vital memory of hundreds of designs by both McQueen and Burton.

Perfectionism, after all, is in the house's DNA. "When Lee was here," Burton remembers, "we would actually color-code the pins—we'd paint the ends the same color as the fabrics," so as not to impede the visual impact of the piece in progress.

"A lot of clothes today look like they haven't been touched by a human hand, so they don't fit properly," she adds. "I think it's really important that clothes are made for a woman's body."

Burton's creative process is a collaborative one. "Each season, either we find a dress or a story or a place," she explains of her work with her design team, "then it just sort of grows from there. It's an amazing atmosphere here—a constant conversation. It's a very organic way of working, and it all comes together in a collage."

The sample atelier on the floor below Burton's studio is the domain of the formidable Judy Halil, head of atelier, who trained with the queen's dressmaker Sir Hardy Amies and has been a member of the McQueen family for 20 years.

Halil presides over a technical team as dedicated and passionate as the designers upstairs. A battalion of mannequins stands sentinel in a corner, each padded to mirror the figure of one of McQueen's celebrated couture clients, who now include Nicole Kidman, Cate Blanchett, Michelle Obama, and the Duchess of Cambridge, whose gown for her 2011 wedding to Prince William—which suavely combined romance, history, high style, and ceremony in a dress for the ages—propelled Burton to global fashion stardom. Added recently to this list are Elizabeth and Cecilia, the four-year-old twins of Burton and her husband, the droll photographer David Burton (the couple also have a year-old daughter, Romilly). For the twins' school nativity play, Halil fashioned a plump robin and a swallow costume with perfectly crossed tail feathers, both crafted from individual feathers of silk taffeta laid over organza—an haute couture marvel that would churn the

stomach of any hapless fellow parent struggling with a glue gun and some sticky-back felt, but one that has also been developed into a flock of dresses for Burton's fall 2017 runway show.

With McQueen, research was largely carried out in the library at his and Burton's alma mater Saint Martins, along with British *Vogue*'s basement archive, although inspiration might be triggered, as she remembers, "by something he'd read or seen on the telly." Or at the bottom of his garden: An ancient elm by his country cottage inspired his fall 2008 collection. There were occasional field trips, too, including one haunting visit to Salem, Massachusetts, where McQueen's ancestor Elizabeth Howe was hanged as a witch in the seventeenth century.

When Burton was thinking about her stirringly poetic and ac-

claimed spring 2017 collection, she took her design team on their first field trip—to Scotland's Shetland Islands. "When you design collections from books or imagery, you don't have that feeling of what the place is actually about," she explains. "And if you just use Google, you get the same pictures as everybody else."

Burton and company returned from the islands with a haul of inspirations that included Fair Isle sweaters, balls of wool, gloves, shawls knitted as finely as lace, handloomed tweeds, and vivid memories of a Nordic, wind-lashed landscape and islanders whose crafts revealed their pride in what they do.

"Brexit had just happened, too," adds Burton, and after the unsettling divisiveness that she felt this represented, the islands reaffirmed "a sense of community and a family sense of belonging, of being together, of real values again, things that mean something—things that you want to pass down to your children." (Perhaps with legacy also in mind, she and her husband are about to renovate a rambling early

Victorian house in North London, which Burton was drawn to for its harmonious proportions and untouched period detailing. "We are bursting at the seams," she says of their current house, a charmingly unpretentious and child-friendly place nearby.)

Burton, who admits that she has hoarder tendencies, still cherishes now historic McQueen pieces in her own wardrobe, and on trunk shows around the world she's been touched to discover that many of the brand's clients hold on to their favorite old pieces too. These customers, as she notes, "are really passionate about the clothes, whether it's something that's very functional or something to dream about. That whole 'fast fashion . . . '" she says with a sigh. "I just couldn't. It's not possible for me. These are things that are meant to be forever—things that you buy and treasure." As a concession, she will show her pre-fall 2017 collection to clients only when it is available in stores.



**OUT OF THE WOODS**A 16th-century elm on the late Alexander McQueen's property inspired his fairy-tale fall 2008 collection.



Burton is almost invariably drawn to Britain's history and nature for her McQueen inspirations, and for this collection she started thinking about Cornwall, the mystic county at England's westernmost tip where she spent many childhood holidays. It is a land of Arthurian legend, smugglers' coves, and a famed diamond light that has attracted artists for more than a century.

Because the 250-piece-strong pre-fall collection is in stores longer than any other collection, Burton explains, "it has to represent everything the house is about." She has decided, therefore, that the subsequent fall collection shown in Paris this month—what she dubs "the icing on the cake"—should build on this initial inspiration and further integrate the retail and runway experiences (the men's McQueen collections will also fold in some of these ideas).

With this in mind, Burton has planned an intense two-day Cornish adventure for core members of her creative team. We arrive on a crisp late November morning at Tintagel, the site of a thirteenthcentury castle long associated with the legend of King Arthur, a place of heart-stopping beauty set on a hilltop bluff high above the roiling Atlantic. Burton is struck by its "very eerie calm." Soon it's on to the wide, stirring wilderness of Bodmin Moor, with its mystic Bronze Age standing stones and towering rock formations.

At the picturesque tidal island of St. Michael's Mount near Marazion the following day, the team is collectively mesmerized by the eddying swirls of seaweed in the rock pools that flank its stone path, which are exposed by the sea only at low tide. (McQueen himself, Burton tells me, was obsessed with *National Geographic* and once based a collection of dresses on images of jellyfish that he had torn from the pages of its magazine.) In the village of Zennor we stop at

the twelfth-century fishermen's church of St. Senara, its ceiling crafted like a ship's hull. The church pews have been provided with prayer cushions covered in needlepoint by the industrious embroiderers of the parish, which send the team into paroxysms of delight. At the nearby harbor of St. Ives, an audience with a "local wisewoman" does not materialize, so we wend our way through the winding lanes and picturesque little villages outside of town in search of a field that contains a wishing tree. The dirt path that leads to it is latticed with branches crusted with fan-shaped lichen. "Embroidery, fabric manipulations, sequins—sorted," says Burton with a gentle smile.

Then, at the path's turn, we are all stopped in our tracks by the sight of the tree itself growing at the edge of a spring-fed pond. Its low-spreading branches are tied with hundreds of multicolored strips of cloth representing the wishes and prayers of those who

fixed them there. Among them, the team spots an elaborate cat's cradle of thread, like a modern-art cobweb between the branches. Burton herself notices a baby's bib, and then children's socks.

"It's quite upsetting," she says, her voice breaking. "I don't know why. It feels almost... intrusive." She is soon sobbing softly to herself. Burton is feeling fragile: Discombobulated by Brexit and the recent American elections, she is formulating her creative responses.

These are revealed back at the London studio in early January. Burton has spent the Christmas holidays with her large family in the English countryside. "I live in two very different worlds!" she says. She confesses that she hasn't taken a real holiday since the twins were born. Luckily, her beloved Irish nanny is getting married in County Cork this year, and Burton is thrilled about the

the trip—and its promise of further design inspirations.

She admits she has been dreaming about the fall collection over the holiday break. "It's quite nice when you stop for a minute," she says, "and it's very nice when you come back."

Burton has returned to a studio with thematic boards covered in images from the Cornish trip. "Devil's traps, dream catchers, enchanted sacred trees in the forest . . . the witchy board: I love how pagan this all feels," says Burton. The Shetlands collection, she adds, "was very ofthe-sea, but this is of the earth and the trees." On the floor, Kim Avella, head of fabrics, has arranged exquisite color-shaded assemblages of images with fabrics old and new, the fragment of a flapper dress that Burton found years ago in a flea market, eighteenth-century ribbons still wrapped in ancient paper bearing copperplate writing exercises, and a pheasant's plumage among them. "It's not about a Pantone reference here!" Burton says wryly. The rivulets of waving grasses flowing down Tintagel's steep slopes have been

translated by knit maven Lucy Shaw into fairy-tale metallic knits "like maiden's hair," while loose-weave tweeds, randomly threaded with colored ribbons, evoke that mystic talisman tree. There are beautifully rendered watercolors of those Marazion seaweeds, and lichen iPhone snaps have been elaborately pieced and computerengineered to create print prototypes—chez McQueen, these print and embroidery placements are so complicated that small-scale paper versions are constructed first; they sit around the studio like the denizens of a beautifully dressed doll's house.

"We are so lucky," says Burton, surveying her fecund domain. "Although there is time pressure, we have the freedom of being creative and doing what we love. What is so amazing about McQueen," she continues, gently turning the spotlight back on her team, "is that everything that comes out of there has completely been loved." □



**TREE OF LIFE**A bricolage tree in Cornwall tied with strips of fabric triggered team McQueen's colorful new knitwear.

#### Alexander McQueen

Burton's passion for craft was fired by a design trip to Scotland's Shetland Islands: The results for spring 2017 include lace-fine knits, narrative embroideries, and heraldic leatherwork.

LEFT TO RIGHT:
Models Molly Smith
(SEATED), Elibeidy,
Yasmin Wijnaldum,
Maartje Verhoef,
and Noémie
Abigail, all wearing
Alexander McQueen.
In this story: hair,
Eugene Souleiman;
makeup, Lauren
Parsons. Details,
see In This Issue.









# The next wave of models is defying stereotypes by bringing us faces—and figures—for an unconventional, post-diversity, ultra-inclusive generation. Maya Singer reports. Photographed by Inez and Vinoodh.

hat is a woman supposed to look like?

Agnolo Firenzuola was certain he knew. In his influential 1548 treatise *A Dialogue on the Beauty of Women,* Firenzuola detailed the female ideal, specifying, for instance, the correct distance between the tip of the nose and the bow of the lip. "The true and right color for hair," he wrote, "is a fair yellow." As for ears, "a middle size is to be desired, with the shell finely turned."

Firenzuola's wonkish beauty decrees read as comical now. And yet: Has there ever been an era in which some beauty ideal hasn't loomed large? In 1900, the paradigm was the Gibson girl, with her corseted wasp waist and waterfall of curls. A century later, women were flocking to salons for pin-straight blowouts and sweating through hot-yoga classes in pursuit of sinewy limbs and snake hips. The rules change, but there are always rules. What would happen if society threw the rule book away? What is beauty when no standard measure applies?

The cover of this magazine answers that question. One fine, brisk day, a stretch of private beach in Malibu finds an eclectic group of models posing together on the sand: Adwoa Aboah, Liu Wen, Ashley Graham, Vittoria Ceretti, Imaan Hammam, Gigi Hadid, and Kendall Jenner, who ducks briefly out of the view of a stray paparazzo and takes the opportunity to stretch her legs and muse. "This is my second *Vogue* cover, and to be sharing that not only with one of my best friends, but with all of these amazing women, is very meaningful for me," she says. "With all that's going on in the world, this cover makes such an important statement. It's like, hey, we've got our differences, but those differences are beautiful. Everyone is beautiful."

Each of these cover girls proudly inhabits her own particular gorgeousness in her own particular way. Together they represent a seismic social shift: The new beauty norm is no norm. And fashion, the industry that—yes—has historically done much to enforce beauty codes, is joining the movement. ¿Viva la revolución! All are welcome. Anything goes.

"Fashion today has no borders," declares Michael Kors, one of the designers pushing this free-form beauty attitude. Kors's casting at his spring 2017 show ran a gamut of age, shape, ethnicity, and relationship to conventional femininity, with the tomboyish Lineisy Montero sharing the catwalk with the ladylike Carolyn Murphy and sirens Cameron Russell and Romee Strijd. For Kors, the mix was absolutely the point.

"That fashion conformity, where all the girls are the same size and they've all got the same hairdo, it looks old-fashioned to me now," he says. "What feels fresh and modern is a sense of surprise, like when you're in the city, watching all kinds of people go by on the street. What eye candy!"

From his position as the standard-bearer for all-American sportswear, Kors notes that his embrace of heterogeneity has a political subtext, too. It points to the United States' identity as a nation of immigrants and its core value, established in the Constitution, of free expression for all.

Stella McCartney, hailing from the gloriously polyglot city of London, has a similar view. Like Kors's approach to casting, hers goes beyond attending to "diversity"—a notion that implies there's an inner circle of acceptable beauty that token outsiders are permitted into—and instead rejoices in multiplicity. She's worked with Olympic athletes, musicians, and models from all over the world—many distinctive women, each with her own look and sensibility, every one celebrated by McCartney for her uniqueness. Call it casting pluralism.

"We work for women, to dress women, and our casting has to reflect that," McCartney says. "For so long, women have been asked to look a certain way in order to feel attractive. We don't believe in that. When we cast, we're after interesting individuals that our customers can see themselves in."

In terms of the way fashion operates, this shift toward variety marks as profound a transformation as when, half a century ago, the silhouette dictates from Paris ceded sway to the style news breaking on the street. As Elizabeth Wilson observes in her 1985 study *Adorned in Dreams: Fashion and Modernity*, this was a postmodern turn, reflecting a splintered, nuclear-armed world; as she puts it, "for the individual to lay claim to a particular style" served as proof, amid an atmosphere of uncertainty, that the singular individual herself "does at least exist." Back then, women were liberated to choose for themselves from a dazzling array of fashion options. Now women inhabiting a borderless, decentralized world are liberated to be themselves, and the options are limitless.

But what accounts for this change?







Numerous factors have converged to produce this moment. Globalization, for sure. Kors acknowledges the influence of urbanism, McCartney that of feminism. And Alexander Wang speaks for much of the fashion industry when he observes that "at a time when the notion of what it means to be 'American' is being hotly contested, it's more important than ever for us to represent values of pluralism in our casting." But the main force driving the great beauty shake-up is the rise of a generation of millennials who take these and other progressive "isms" for granted, and who, rejecting the divisive rhetoric in the current political discourse, are resolutely shaping the Zeitgeist to suit their inclusive spirit.

Gigi Hadid makes a pretty good exemplar for the millennial point of view. Between cover takes, snuggling into a bathrobe as a fierce breeze slices up the Malibu coast, the 21-year-old wonders aloud whether it's actually been "the world holding fashion back," and not the other way around.

"Most of the people I know in this industry," Hadid says, "are compassionate and open-minded, and they appreciate creativity Other young brands in New York have followed Hood By Air's lead: Chromat, Gypsy Sport, Eckhaus Latta, to name a few. And in Paris, Vetements affirms the significance of community in word and in deed: The brand was conceived as a collective, and to underscore that point, the team, headed by Demna Gvasalia, insisted on speaking as one when commenting for this story. Their words echo Oliver's, but whereas he appeals to the dream life of fashion, the Vetements crew describe its process in reportorial terms, linking a preference for eclectic casting to a desire to represent, poetically, the facts on the ground.

"Vetements is based on a pragmatic approach," their email reads. "It would be quite inauthentic for our collections to be shown only on traditional models, as we don't see many of them on the street, walking around. We are interested in exploring and evolving the reality around us."

Hood By Air and Vetements shows look very different. How could they not? Oliver is pulling from what he sees around him in Brooklyn, where club-kid glam rubs shoulders with hip-hop-

# "It's like, hey, we've got our differences," says Kendall Jenner of the new crop of models, "but those differences are beautiful"

and originality. It's like, can't we just honor that? I mean, look around," she continues, sweeping a berobed arm past her costars cavorting in the sand, and toward the motley gang of staffers tending the set. "These are the people actually making fashion. All types, all working together to make magic."

Hadid isn't the only one paying attention to people behind the scenes. Hood By Air and Vetements, two of the hottest brands around, find muses in their colleagues and close collaborators—and in Vetements' case, the homage includes putting friends of the house such as designer Gosha Rubchinskiy, who looks like a punk Pan, and strapping, square-jawed stylist Lotta Volkova on the runway. A sense of community permeates both brands and extends to the inspiration each takes from their local milieus, in New York and Paris, respectively; their translation of those intimate references into the international language of style is aided by catwalk casting that mixes conventional models, compatriots, and people plucked from the neighborhood. For Shayne Oliver of Hood By Air, the objective is "believability."

"My thing is, who can carry these clothes?" asks Oliver. "I love fashion fantasy, I genuinely do, but in order to create *my* fantasy, I need to put my collections on the kinds of people who would wear the clothes, the kinds of people who inspired the clothes in the first place. If I drop a supermodel into the show—just because—I'm forgetting my story. So what we do is, we make our own stars."

One of those stars is Boychild. Now a staple of the Hood By Air runway, the performance artist made a forceful impression when she emerged at the brand's very first show in 2013: Frontrow denizens held their breath as she approached: this compact, muscular, assertively androgynous woman with white-out contact lenses and a glowing mouthpiece. A being alien to "fashion" had entered the building. But Oliver asserted Boychild's right to be there—to be part of the fantasy. And in so doing, he vastly expanded fashion's imaginative possibilities.

inspired streetwear. Vetements—whose ranks include a number of Eastern European expats—holds a mirror up to its own scene, with its fusion of Parisian je ne sais quoi and aesthetics indebted to the *gopnik*, suburban Russia's answer to the rude boy. Universes apart in sensibility as they may be, however, what links these brands is their hunger for reality.

That hunger has gone mainstream. The proof is everywhere: Look up, wherever you live, and you're likely to see a mega-brand's billboard ad featuring offbeat, street-cast models. Or look down at your phone, and you'll find social-media campaigns like #girlin miumiu starring entrepreneurs, artists, street-style VIPs. Meanwhile, on the other end of the camera lens, a cottage industry catering to the demand for idiosyncratic faces has emerged. Midland Agency, cofounded by Rachel Chandler, has consulted for brands ranging from Helmut Lang to Hood By Air, and she, too, cites the influence of today's youth on fashion's new expansive mood.

"If you ask a young designer like Shayne about 'diversity,' all you'll get is a blank stare," Chandler notes. "This generation expects a mix—that's what looks natural. And that's why I'm convinced this evolution in casting, where it's about energy and attitude as much as appearance, is a permanent change. As more of these young designers rise in the industry," she points out, "the more their way of seeing will be brought to bear."

Prabal Gurung is a designer for whom the commitment to change is personal. An immigrant, he came to America with little more than a dream; today, that dreamer dresses red-carpet celebrities and funds a foundation to educate girls in his native Nepal. But Gurung well remembers the feeling of being an outsider.

"I know what it's like to be left out of pop culture, removed from what's considered sexy or interesting," he says. "Hearing Trump talk about building walls or launching Muslim bans, and witnessing him body-shaming women in the first GOP debate, that just makes me more adamant about using CONTINUED ON PAGE 506













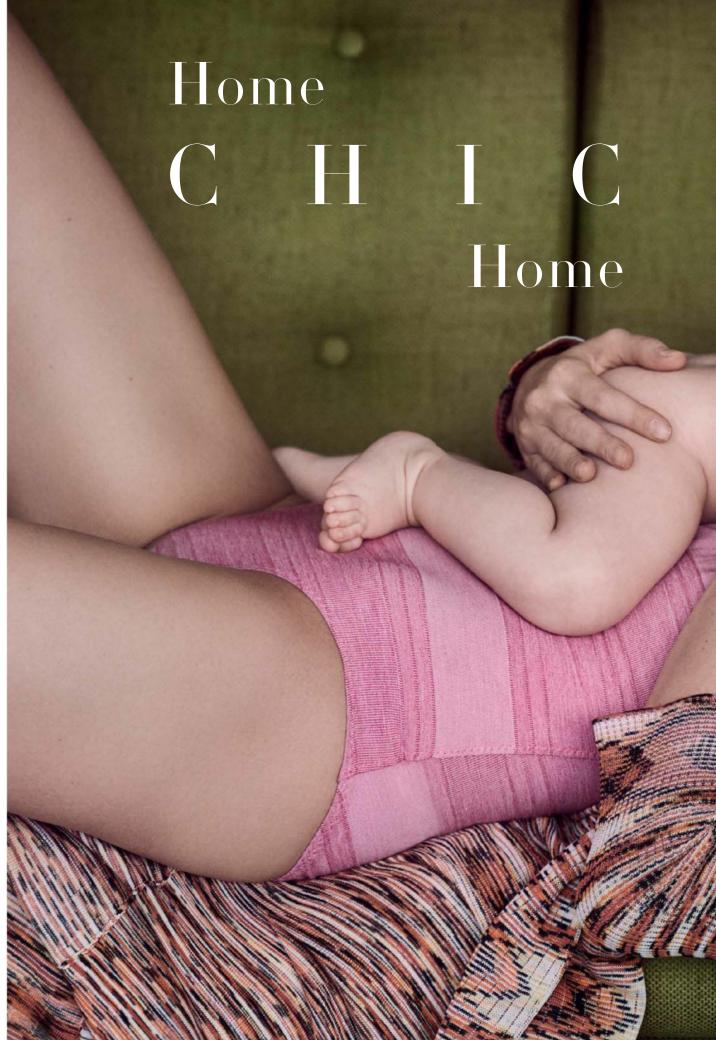


Brazilian-born model Caroline
Trentini and her kids take a breather from the midwinter city chill with a quick trip to Rio, packing just the essentials—silky dresses, sea-and street-worthy swimsuits.

Photographed by Mario Testino.

### CLOTHING OPTIONAL

When siesta time rolls around, what could be better than strolling off the beach and onto the couch in a puffsleeve swimsuit and a long knit sweater (which doubles as a blanket)? Lisa Marie Fernandez bathing suit, \$395; lisamariefernandez .com. Missoni cardigan, \$2,265; Missoni, NYC. Ralph Lauren Collection earrings. Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.





















## WATER BABIES

BABIES
Peekaboo! The
low-ride bikini brief
is reimagined into
scalloped briefs.
(Pair with a skimpy
lace-up top, but a
word to the wise:
Beware of unusual
tan lines!) Alexander
Wang shirt (\$525)
and wrap bra
(\$325); Alexander
Wang, NYC. Marysia
bikini bottoms,
\$148: Everything
but Water, NYC.









# GIRL ON FIRE

Brooklyn-based singer Jo Lampert rises up to star as Joan of Arc in David Byrne's new rock musical. By Adam Green. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.

hen the songwriter David Byrne and the director Alex Timbers were casting the lead of their new rock musical about Joan of Arc, the follow-up to their deliriously funky 2013 bio-dance-musical smash *Here Lies Love*, at the Public Theater, they wanted to find someone who brought more to the role of the pious teen warrior who dies for her faith than singing and acting chops. "We were looking for a connection to the spiritual," Timbers recalls, "and the belief from moment one that this was someone extraordinary that we would follow on any quest."

After many auditions, Timbers remembered Jo Lampert, a young singer, actress, and DJ with a big, bluesy voice, a semi-shaved head, and impeccable indie cred but no agent, who had been in his 2008 show Dance Dance Revolution. When she came in, on a day's notice, to perform two songs from the show, "it left us all in tears," Timbers recalls, "because it was immediately clear that she had a profound connection with this character." Byrne agrees: "She really got what each line is about—the little shifts of emotion from anger or sadness to joy or spiritual ecstasy." Adds Timbers: "Not to make it sound sentimental or strange, but there was something almost divinely ordained about it."

Now a wider audience will get to know the 31-year-old as she takes the lead in *Joan of Arc: Into the Fire*, opening this month at the Public. "People are going to be, like, Who?" Lampert says. "But it might actually be fitting that to play this girl who comes out of nowhere they chose to go with—I'm going to call myself a rando." She will be donning the iconic chain mail of the fifteenth-century French peasant who, heeding the voice of God, led the dauphin's army to victory over the English, only to be burned at the stake as a heretic and achieve immortality in art.

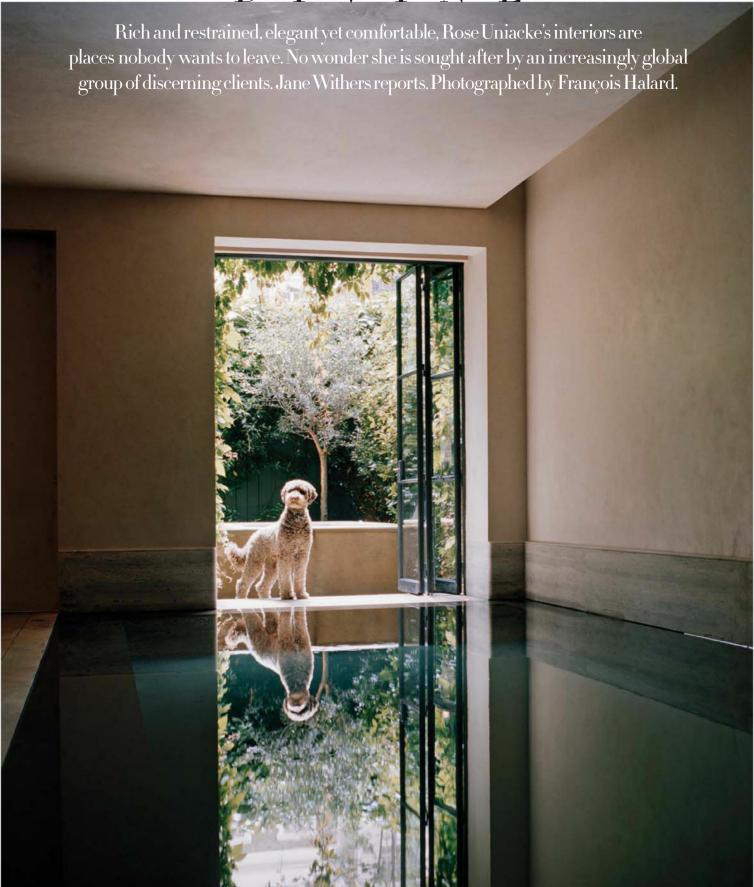
With Madonna, Grimes, and Kate Bush having all posed as sword-wielding Joans, Byrne says that his idea of a pop singer who is obsessed with Joan and stages a concert to tell her story "didn't seem like much of a stretch." Byrne trades the club beats of *Here Lies Love* for a more atmospheric soundscape—think Radiohead, Björk, and Sigur Rós—with a few numbers that, "believe it or not," the former Talking Heads front man says, "border on the anthemic." He explains, "A contemporary audience is not going to buy that this girl is having visions or that God is telling her to do this. But music can make you at least believe that *she* believes it. If the music works, you maybe get swept away with her."

In an office at the Public, Lampert, exuding an openness that is hard to resist, drapes herself over a chair and gesticulates expressively as words tumble out of her mouth. Growing up in Brooklyn and suburban New Jersey, she caught the showbiz bug early. "I came out of the womb singing, is what my parents told me," Lampert says. "But when it came to dancing, they were like, 'Don't quit your day job.'" She remembers herself as "very loud and emotional, with a CONTINUED ON PAGE 507





## D I V I N E



### A CHARMED LIFE

Rose Uniacke describes her London town house, which originally functioned as an artist's studio, as "monastery meets Venetian palazzo." Here the family poodle, Errol, stands beside the sleek travertine pool, located on the basement floor. Sittings Editor: Hamish Bowles.



### **OLD AND NEW**

ollow the logic of the street numbers and this house is in the wrong place. But once you spot the understated exterior, there's no mistaking its distinctive stamp. While its neighbors are painted the glossy cream characteristic of the smarter swaths of central London, here the facade has a patina as matte and subtly mottled as an ostrich egg.

The house, owned by antiques dealer turned interior designer Rose Uniacke, opens into a hallway almost stately in scale: a sweep of stone stairs, a fireplace, a work by Carl Andre (two copper plates) posing as a rug. Commissioned by the society portrait painter James Rannie Swinton in the late 1850s—and thought to be the first purpose-built artist's studio in London—it was designed with impressive proportions, the better to cultivate wealthy patrons. Several incarnations later, it has been reimagined as a generous twenty-first-century family home, but one that also blurs the boundaries between stage and sanctuary, professional and private lives. The decorating theme Uniacke devised, she says, is "monastery meets Venetian palazzo."

Dressed in a low-key navy silk shirt and trousers, with a Botticelli fall of dark-blonde hair, Uniacke leads the way to a theatrical winter garden that could have been lifted from a Cinecittà set: Tangles of leaves ascend to exposed wooden beams, and an invisible door is painted to match the brickwork. Another door leads into a firelit drawing room furnished with Uniacke's own curvaceous sofas and chairs, upholstered with Whistler-esque subtlety in a rich palette of stone-colored monochromes balanced by off-white walls and anchored with a black lacquered piano. On the wall, a Gerhard Richter painting of a chandelier is echoed by the ceiling fixture. The effect is spare, sumptuous, and deeply seductive—an otherworldly environment in which contradictions thrive: austere and atmospheric; raw and luxurious; grand and intimate; rigorous and relaxed.

Uniacke lives here with her husband, the stellar film producer David Heyman (whose credits include the Harry Potter films, Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them, Alfonso Cuarón's Gravity, and the upcoming Warriors, a Chinese action movie starring clans of forest-dwelling cats), and their eight-year-old son, Harper. A floating constellation of extended family comes and goes, including Rose's four children from her previous marriage. (Now in their 20s and early 30s, they are, respectively, students, an associate film producer, and a restaurateur.)

Completed five years ago—with ongoing updates—the house established Uniacke's reputation as one of Britain's leading interior designers, acclaimed for her ability to materialize a rare combination of sophistication and ease. "There's a directness but also theatricality," says her friend *Vogue* Contributing Editor Miranda Brooks, who notes Uniacke's meticulous attention to detail. "If she's going to do something, she follows it through to the source. When she studied acupuncture, she actually went to China to do it."

"I live in a wonderful house," says Ben Evans, director of the London Design Festival, who is married to the British architect Amanda Levete, "but I would pack my bags in an instant and

#### THE GREAT INDOORS

The Tom Stuart-Smith—designed garden terrace, visible from the living room, which is decorated with a blanched sofa and ottoman set—both from Uniacke's own line.









move in there. There's a restrained elegance, but it's also really comfortable—that's a very attractive combination."

The willowy Uniacke is a charismatic and intriguing mix of poised and girlish, bluestocking and waif, as discreet as the house is grandly understated. She is much more comfortable talking about a historic wallpaper or the hinge in a tea cabinet than about her clients, and scrupulously avoids anything that could sound ostentatious. Perhaps this is one reason she has acquired a roster of consequential customers on both sides of the Atlantic. Recently completed jobs include a West Coast house furnished with a significant collection of twentieth-century furniture; an eighteenth-century London town house as the company HQ for perfumer Jo Malone; and Mount Stuart, the flamboyant Victorian Gothic Revival party palace owned by the Marguess of Bute. She joined two row houses in Notting Hill for Peter Morgan, screenwriter of The Crown, and has just finished a Holland Park mansion for David and Victoria Beckham, an estimated \$6 million renovation of a grade II listed house over several years. The interior designer's baton passed from Kelly Hoppen to Uniacke partway through the project, which purportedly spawned some 50 planning applications.

Current and future work includes the renovation of a beach house on the west coast of France for a surf-loving celebrity, a newly constructed modern residence in the South of France for a musician, and the refurbishment of a luxury train that runs through the Scottish Highlands, a Caledonian sister to the *Orient Express*.

Uniacke was brought up outside Oxford, and attributes her early interest in design to this rarefied environment ("You get used to superior architecture") and the influence of her mother, antiques dealer Hilary Batstone. "We lived in a house that was very comfortable," she recalls. "You wanted to be in it. It was old, but my mother added an extension in the seventies that was very contemporary. It was clever in the way the old flowed into the new." Uniacke studied philosophy at University College London, then went to work in a furniture-restoration workshop. "It happened to be very good, and I was exposed to lovely things, beautifully made, beautifully finished. Painted furniture, lacquer, gilding—just learning about what that is and how it's done."

Moving to France in the mid-nineties with her first husband, Old Etonian businessman Robie Uniacke, Rose honed her eye buying antiques for her mother's store. She bought the premises for her own shop and design studio the day Harper was born. Here a constantly changing collection of furniture and textiles reveals her wide-ranging tastes, from early English to twentieth-century French and Scandinavian, from Imperial Chinese to Regency and Arts and Crafts, alongside Uniacke's own furniture collection of sculptural marble tables, generous sofas, and subtle lighting.

The common factor is simplicity and strength, natural materials, muted colors, warm textures, and good craftsmanship. "There was never, ever a plan," says Uniacke of her expansion into decorating, which began "when someone asked me." Her business is now split about fifty-fifty between the shop and the design studio, and, she says, "both sides feed off each other."

"Pared-down can be cold, but with Rose it isn't," observes Chrissie Rucker, founder of the White Company, who has just completed her second project with Uniacke. "She sometimes talks about her taste being slightly monastic, but it's not like that for me.

#### **OPEN HOUSE**

CLOCKWISE FROM FAR LEFT: Uniacke on a landing with Errol. Japanese mirrors from the 1600s hang in the master bedroom. The master bath.



She can be quite beautiful and delicate, she mixes old and new, and she has such a great eye for antiques. There's almost nothing she's put in front of me that I haven't liked."

Of her own house, "We spent a lot of time getting the flow right," says Uniacke as she takes me on a tour. Its conversion was an epic undertaking that included turning five former basement apartments into a swimming pool and hammam. The original painting studio is now a screening room for Heyman, lined in artist's canvas in reference to its former life. A table laid for dinner is dressed in linen and old glasses with the extravagance of a Dutch still life, and a pantry-size walk-in refrigerator holds dishes prepared for the meal.

Film producer Mel Agace, who has known Uniacke for 30 years, notes that "Rose is equally comfortable hosting a meal on the kitchen table as a party for 150. The house is the perfect backdrop for entertaining because you can roam, sit, talk, relax. Nothing is too precious. The interiors have a robust quality that is made for real family life." Back in the drawing room, Uniacke explains her philosophy. "Everything has to have an obvious function, so that you are not repeating yourself in a big house," she says. "I am absolutely determined rooms should be used and not left as showrooms. Each one has to have a real value. This room has sun in the afternoon; it has access to the garden. It has all sorts of reasons why you want to be here. There's no television; it's a piano room, a peaceful space, and welcoming." And that's the heart of it: The elusive art of creating environments where people want to be is something Rose Uniacke has emphatically mastered.

#### **INSIDE STORY**

TOP: Earthy reclaimed-wood cabinetry in the kitchen. RIGHT: Above the Uniacke-designed oak-top table hangs a Yayoi Kusama *Infinity Net* painting. In this story: hair and makeup, Georgie Stogdon. Details, see In This Issue.







e're planning a festive cocktail party for the start of spring, and we need to get it right. First, we open the dictionary, which says that a cocktail party is a gathering "intended for social conversation, at which cocktails are served, usually together with other alcoholic drinks, savory snacks, canapés, et cetera." That's three of life's top plea-

sures wrapped up in a single package—conversation, snacks, and mild intoxication—which is why I sorely miss the cocktail-party season of a few months ago. People don't give parties in March or April, on Good Friday or Easter Sunday, which are too serious, or during Passover, which is already a kind of cocktail party with special snacks and many mandatory glasses of wine.

There is one obvious day for our celebration. It's March 20, the date of the spring equinox. Not only is it the first day of spring, but it is also a momentous astronomical event. There are two equinoxes, in spring and in autumn, when day and night last twelve hours, with sunrise at 6:00 A.M. and sunset at 6:00 P.M. At the equator, the sun is exactly overhead at noon, which means that for the briefest moment night and day are in perfect equipoise. We'll toast to that.

What more do we need to make our party festive? Bowls of crocuses, branches ripped from plum trees and dogwoods and other early-blooming specimens? Swags of cheap green crepe

snacks must be neat and trim and shipshape enough that they will drip no juice nor sauce onto our guests' shirts, blouses, dresses, or suits, and leave no food on their fingers. (Otherwise, unless a tall pile of napkins is nearby, they will wipe their hands on your new sofa or even, as I have seen, on your wallpaper. Women are the most dangerous guests because they rarely have pockets; men can simply slide their hands into their trouser or jacket pockets and worry about dry cleaning next week. On a personal note, I try to keep several folded paper towels in my pockets at all times.)

But how will we obtain these perfect snacks? There are three ways: Buy them, make them, or hire a caterer.

Caterers come in all shapes and sizes. Last winter we attended a cocktail party catered by a nearby food truck that supplied a profusion of small and delicious tacos. I've also enjoyed cocktail parties catered by Feast & Fêtes, a long-standing partnership of superchef Daniel Boulud and Jean-Christophe Le Picart, whom I recently asked about prices. A hundred guests in your house or apartment will cost \$75 to \$85 a person, not including alcohol (but including bartenders). Of course, the host would be responsible for the cost of an outside venue—a minimum of \$7,000 for several beautiful rooms around this city and up to \$70,000 for the better museums. Or you could rent a boat.

Much less costly is staying home and buying snacks. For half a lifetime I have walked past those freezer cases in supermarkets

## HAND to MOUTH

Tidbits, finger food, hors d'oeuvres, canapés—on the eve of hosting a springtime soiree, Jeffrey Steingarten investigates the small world of party snacks. Photographed by Maurizio Cattelan and Pierpaolo Ferrari.

paper? No, none of these. Our canapés and savory snacks should take care of everything. *Festive* means "of or pertaining to a feast . . . employed in or fond of feasting." And a feast is not only "an unusually abundant and delicious meal" for a large group, but it can simply be "an exquisite gratification, a rich treat." That's what it says in the Oxford English Dictionary.

Now, a canapé is technically defined as a small piece of bread or toast with something delectable plopped on top. The contemporary canapé can be staged on a slice of cucumber, an inch or two of celery, a spear of endive, a cracker or a chip, in a tiny flaky pastry cup, or simply in one of those large porcelain Chinese soup spoons (which can be economically replaced by white plastic versions).

Gastronomically, there is no limit to a canapé's greatness. But what are the *right* canapés, snacks, tidbits, and finger food for our vernal cocktail party? The ideal snack, grasped in one hand while the other holds a drink, must be small enough to be consumed in one or two bites. Lacking a proper anatomical library and relying on Google, I believe that the average mouth is about two inches wide and can open to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches high. But half our guests are likely to have smaller mouths than average. So lacking any data on the distribution of mouths, I'd guess that our snacks should be less than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches long to be consumed in two bites—and half that length for one. Just as important, our

and bodegas crammed full of frozen snacks and never succumbed. Now, as a public service, I have succumbed. After the first of several outings, full of hope and hunger, I carried home a dozen boxes of frozen treasures, and that evening, after following all reheating instruction to the letter, we feasted on breaded chicken-breast nuggets, organic chicken strips, chicken-free chick'n sliders, smoked Swiss and bacon cups in pastry shells, four-cheese and roasted garlic cocktail puffs, White Castle "Original Slider" burgers, miniquiches, pizza bites, bagel bites, black-bean empanadas, spinachpizza bites, and pigs in a blanket made with miniature authentic, all-beef New York hot dogs.

Many of these concepts were interesting, but only as what you can make on your own with high-quality ingredients and a good palate. I am embarrassed to report that among our favorites were the frozen White Castle all-beef sliders. When you microwave them, the buns become tender, airy, moist, and inviting; the beef layer, though nicely seasoned, is more a thin sandwich spread than a burger. But it was a reminder that the slider is the all-American canapé. What are the official dimensions of a slider? The square White Castles measured about 2½ inches on a side; the excellent round slider buns from the Nashoba Brook Bakery of West Concord, Massachusetts, which I ordered through Williams-Sonoma, are 2½ inches in diameter. Both were too









ests of the Ise-Shima National Park in central Japan, sharp-eyed kites see a scene beneath their wings that resembles a Japanese village from a centuries-old woodcut. Single-story *minka* villas, their slanting roofs scalloped with gray-green *kawara* tiles, rise discreetly among maples, cedars, and cherry trees along curving, rock-edged paths. The hillside tumbles to the glittering Ago Bay, where skeins of pearl-oyster nets embroider the surface of the water. A single detail gives away a contemporary time stamp: White golf carts, instead of rickshaws, convey guests around the recently opened Amanemu resort to the restaurant, library, lap pool, and spa—whose terraced *onsen* baths are fed by a geothermal hot spring nearly a mile belowground. It was here over a long weekend last fall that I let my guard down entirely, and willingly allowed a Japanese mermaid to abduct me for an hour.

I am a type A person, skeptical by nature, and for years I resisted the breathless obsession with Japan that holds so many of my friends and relatives in thrall. When forced to go to a Japanese restaurant, I ordered gyoza dumplings and a California roll; when I saw *Tampopo* and *Rashomon*, I shrugged. Even after I spent two weeks in Japan visiting my youngest brother, who lived on the outskirts of Tokyo for three years, I wasn't won over. Enraptured by the country, its traditions, and language, he tried to pass on his enthusiasm to me, taking me to the towering Buddha and immaculate shrines of Kamakura; to the trendy mash-up theme restaurants of Shinjuku; even to the storybook mountaintop of Hakone, above an ice-blue lake nestled amid broccoli-bunched pines, to watch the annual New Year's college track marathon pass by as cheerleaders shook their pompoms.

All for nothing. For whatever reason, I could not Velcro onto the culture. So when my plane landed in Nagoya in late October and I boarded a comfortable, spotless train to Shima, five hours southwest of Tokyo in Mie Prefecture, I did not expect to succumb. But soon after arriving at Amanemu and sipping a cup of soothing tea made from the leaves of the pink-tasseled nemu silk tree, I found myself slipping into a strangely receptive, altered state, beguiled by the beauty of my surroundings, and ripe for transformation. And so, when, a few days into my stay, after lolling in the serene blue-tiled *onsen* in the courtyard of the spa, I was beckoned to a water-therapy session in its lotus room, I didn't resist.

Preparing for my aqueous play date, I threw my *yukata* robe over my swimsuit, slipped into the zori rubber sandals provided, and

went to meet my attendant. Her name was Takako, she said, bowing. Petite, with a gymnast's erect bearing, Takako was dressed in a surf shirt and shorts. I saw her as a kind of water-aerobics instructor. "You get seasick?" she asked as she showed me to the exercise pool, a sunken square of black stone, filled chest-high with warm water. "No," I said. "Dizzy?" she asked. "No." Plinking music softly played, and although the picture windows were mostly covered by roll-down shades, sunlight stole in from the sides. "You afraid?" she asked. "No!" I protested, almost exasperated. I started to worry: What was she going to do to me? I loved water, I told her; I swam in New York all the time. Why, the previous day, I added, I had done 20 laps in the infinity pool at Amanemu's main compound, where former British prime minister David Cameron came to swim last May during the G7 summit on nearby Kashiko Island.

Nodding, Takako gestured for me to sit on a cushioned bench, and brought out a small coffer that held two large, gleaming Mikimoto pearls culled from the nearby bay. She placed one in each of my palms. "Great power," she said. "Hold them. Will protect you." Then, removing the pearls, she bade me follow her into the dark pool. Once we were immersed, she fastened flotation strips above and below each of my knees. Unmoored, I floated. "Close your eyes," she instructed. For the next hour, she pulled me slowly through a series of pinwheeling exercises, my body trailing through the water like a lazy raft, buoyed up gently from time to time with a nudge from her knee or shoulder. Unexpectedly, I felt tears come to my eyes. I had never before made myself so vulnerable to another person, had never felt so free of the need to defend myself. Many people are brought to tears by aquatic bodywork, Takako told me as I climbed, dazed, out of the pool. "It happens a lot here."

A harmonious sense of privacy pervades Amanemu, reflecting the feeling of calm, environmentally attuned relaxation that the place was created to foster. Since its opening last year, it has drawn visitors from America, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Europe, and Australia. Another sizable contingent is the group the resort's winsome manager, Hisayo Shimizu, calls "Aman junkies"—a searchable hashtag belonging to travelers devoted to the luxury chain's cosseting, perfectionist ethos, who yearn to see what makes each outpost distinct. At other Aman resorts—in Thailand, India, Cambodia, Bali, and even in the mountains of Bhutan, nearly 9,000 feet high, where such intrepid travelers as Ivanka Trump and Glenn Close have stayed—guests may interact in a spirit of camaraderie. They'll chat as if they were at a ski chalet, trading stories of their day's adventures, notes of their spa blisses and the architectural highlights of their rooms. (My own high-ceilinged villa, the bedroom paneled in sleek blond wood, the bathroom paved in black granite, resembled a cunning trick box. Its walls were masked by sliding wood-and-cloth screens that pulled open or closed, to shut out or admit any view you wished. I got lost several times, trying to find my room's personal *onsen*). But whether they arrive alone, in couples, or with family members, guests come to this resort not to mingle with strangers but to escape the distraction of modern connectivity, to commune with the elements, and to relax in its warm pools alongside their companions.

One story has it that Japan's first natural *onsens* were discovered by ancient hunters, who followed the game they were coursing to these hot springs, where the animals knew to go to cure the sting of arrow pricks. The animals were seen as divine messengers, leading people to the healing waters. You will see statues of bears or



herons outside some *onsens*, in tribute. In past years this kind of notion might have made me sigh, but my cynicism quickly melted away in the steam baths. Only a day in, after a hot soak in the skin-smoothing, mineral-rich water, I participated in an "Autumn Seasonal Journey" that involved being burnished with camellia oil, tenderized with aromatic salts, and blotted with a steamed compress packed with herbal remedies: cinnamon for digestion, sansho Japanese pepper for circulation, and shell-ginger leaves that are "good for the complexion," my therapist said. Then she slathered my body with nutrient-packed white Montmorillonite clay flecked with two kinds of locally grown seaweed, and wrapped me up to seal in the unguents.

As I marinated on the lounge, the feast of scents rising from my skin was so mouthwatering that I became famished. Tingling and aglow, I thought of *Super Sushi Ramen Express*, the new travelogue by the writer Michael Booth, which I had read on the plane ride over, hoping to boost my zeal for my destination. Like me, Booth had been skeptical before he hit Honshu. But as the book progressed, he grudgingly gave in to the besottedness that had long possessed my brother, and which was quickly stealing over me as well. The serenity I felt disarmed me. Or maybe it was just the camphor oil that my aestheticians dabbed on my palms before every spa treatment I indulged in. An ancient tea master had used camphor, they told me, to quiet the aggression of samurai who visited him, to make them more amiable guests. "It will calm you," they intoned. They may have had a point.

n his book, Booth wrote that (also like me) he did not share the Japanese ardor for snacks with a "funky-salty flavor profile," yet some foods moved him to rapture. His exhortations of umami—that luscious, satisfying flavor, not exactly savory or sweet or sour or bitter, that the Japanese were the first to identify—whetted my curiosity. One night at dinner, a chef prepared a special batch of dashi—the umami-drenched

base stock of Japanese soups—before my eyes, so I could observe and taste its alchemy as it brewed. He set down a copper-clad pot of simmering bonito broth, and then, like a magician, flourished his props: a salver holding green-black rumply sheets of konbu seaweed the size of matzo crackers, and a long, dried katsuoboshi fish. After pouring a piping ramekin of the plain broth for me to sample, lightly redolent of the sea, he flicked a portion of katsuoboshi shavings into the pot, sieved them out, then poured another taste. The dashi was utterly transformed.

By coincidence, I had arrived in Shima on the eve of the Kannamesai rice festival, during which robed Shinto priests present ceremonial sheaves of the grain to one of the country's deities, in honor of its most important crop. The festival takes place at the 2,000-year-old Ise-Jingu, 20 miles from the hotel, in two major

#### **BARREL SERVICE**

Amanemu is a quick 20-mile drive from the Naiku and Geku shrines in Ise-Jingu, one of the most venerated Shinto sites in Japan. Here, decorative *kazaridaru* sake casks that were once filled with rice wine for festivals—a donation from local brewers to ensure prosperous blessings—create a textural tapestry. Loewe dress, \$3,150; Loewe, Miami. Photographed at Ise Grand Shrine.

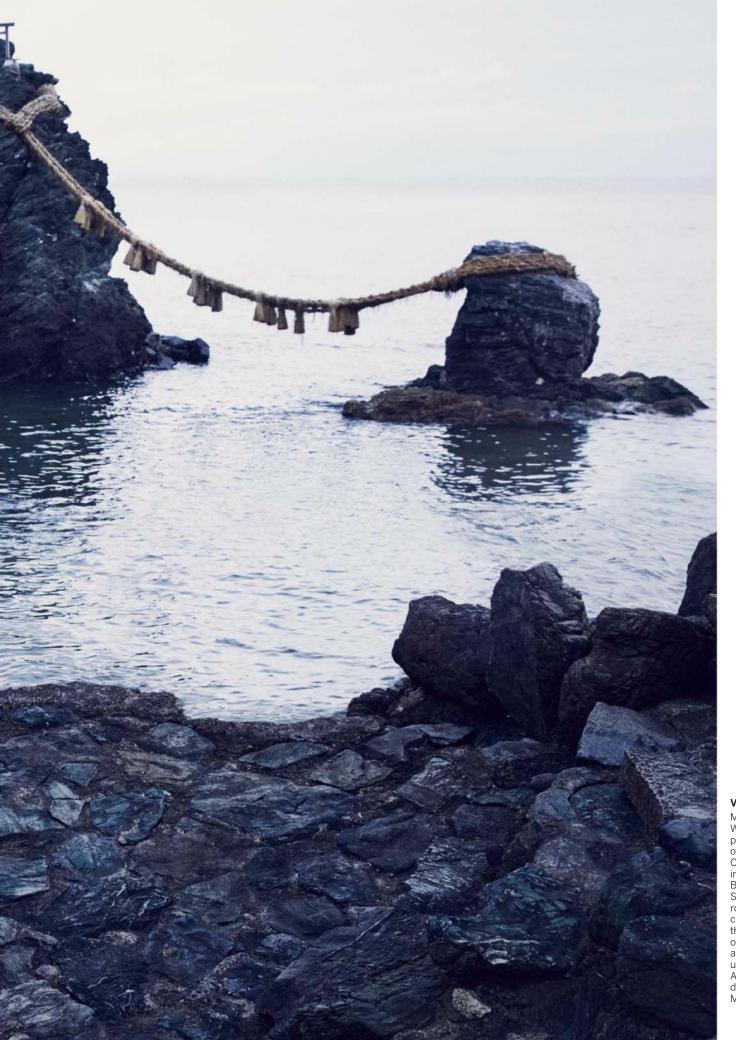












#### **VOW FACTOR**

Wow FACTOR
Meoto Iwa, or "the
Wedded Rocks," are
perched in front
of the Futami
Okitama-Jinja shrine
in nearby Futami
Bay. According to
Shinto beliefs, the
rocks represent the
coming together of
the creator of kami,
or "the spirits,"
and celebrate the
union of marriage.
Alexander McQueen
dress; Alexander
McQueen, NYC.

shrines, Naiku and Geku. Having shed my reserve like autumn leaves, I set out on a Saturday morning, eager to witness the spectacle, accompanied by two warm and bubbly guides, Kana and Satoko. Starting at Geku, we walked together through its massive Japanese-cypress torii gates, which serve as an entry point to the sacred park, pausing to bow, alongside neatly dressed parents, children, priests, and packs of celebrants clad in festive kimonos and yukatas. When Kana and Satoko stopped to ritually rinse their hands and mouths at a cistern, I carefully copied their actions, not wanting to miss a step. We headed toward Geku's main shrine, dedicated to the deity who presides over food, water, nature, and every kind of luck, and Kana paused to buy an amulet, an omamori, the size of a matchbook, that protects drivers. ("I just bought a car," she explained with a sheepish smile.) Later, after visiting the Naiku shrine dedicated to the sun goddess Amaterasu, we stopped at a small dessert shop to treat ourselves to a regional delicacy called akafuku, sweet bean paste resting atop succulent mochi, which we walked off on the beach alongside the Meoto Iwa (the Wedded Rocks). Watching the Pacific waves splash against these massive boulders, which stand in the Futami Bay, joined to each other by long, heavy ropes of braided rice straw in symbolic

# Guests come to this resort not to mingle with strangers but to escape the distraction of modern connectivity, to commune with the elements, and to relax in its warm pools

stony matrimony, I was dazzled to see a majestic kite alight atop the larger rock. It seemed like a benediction—a breathtakingly beautiful scene, inspiring uncomplicated reverence.

I spent the next day, my last at Amanemu, soaking up the lees of the weekend's enchantment, respectfully restoring my suite to its Hokusai/Escher geometry (as best I could), before going for one final treatment at the spa, an acupressure facial. I presented my feet for a ritual foot bath of tingling wasabi and pearl salts, which were smoothed over my toes, heels, and calves. "This is clearing your mind as well as your body," my therapist, Yasumi, informed me as her elbow applied astute pressure to points on my back. "Sometimes people get emotional—don't try to stop it. It's a natural process of self-healing," she said, echoing what had become a familiar refrain. As she moved on to my face, dabbing lemon and lavender balms on my eyelids and lips, white clay on my cheeks, then a hot compress aromatic with frankincense and orange, I sighed with blissful plenitude. Afterward, lying on a submerged step in the spa's onsen, using my arm as a pillow, I dreamily watched steam rise into the blue-black night, under the harvest moon. Warm tears filled my eyes again. They mingled with the thermal water as it sluiced in the pools, lapping against the sides and trickling down the terraced steps.  $\Box$ 

#### OH, BUOY!

One of the standout treatments at Amanemu's spa is an aquaticexercise session, which includes flotation devices that are attached above and below the knee to facilitate guided, tranquil drifting. Miu Miu bathing suit, \$895; select Miu Miu boutiques.









# MOMENT OF THE MONTH

# THE CIRCLE GAME

The fifties are back—with a contemporary twist. This time, designers like Alessandro Dell'Acqua of Rochas and Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana of Dolce & Gabbana (among others) are getting in the retro swing of things with ball skirts and cinched waists in texture-rich fabrics and frothy, frilly lace. "The new generation doesn't make comparisons to the past they're more spontaneous," says Gabbana. Dolce finishes the thought: "They're the ones deciding what's of the moment. For us, the silhouette recalls the fifties, but because it's reinterpreted with the eyes of today, it's modern and new." As for the finishing touch: A prim belt is a modern twist on the wasp waist—and the perfect accessory to polish off a ladylike dress.

#### **SWING TIME**

On Vanessa Axente (NEAR RIGHT): Rochas silk plumetis dress; modaoperandi.com. Nancy Gonzalez tophandle bag. On Imaan Hammam (FAR RIGHT): Dolce & Gabbana dress, \$2,295; select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques. Oscar de la Renta belt. The Row clutch. Hair, Mark Hampton; makeup, Susie Sobol. Details, see In This Issue. Photographed by Oliver Hadlee Pearch. Fashion Editor: Sara Moonves.















#### **GO EASY**

GO EASY
Spring's dramatic separates (cascading ruffles and undone suiting, say) have a soft-spoken glamour that is best accompanied by supple, slouchy holdalls. ABOVE: Loewe bag (\$4,990), top, and skirt; loewe.com. RIGHT: Givenchy bag (\$2,250), stretch-crepe coat (\$4,520), and trousers (\$1,660). Bag at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Coat and trousers at Neiman Marcus at Neiman Marcus stores. Hanro tank top, \$42; hanrousa.com.











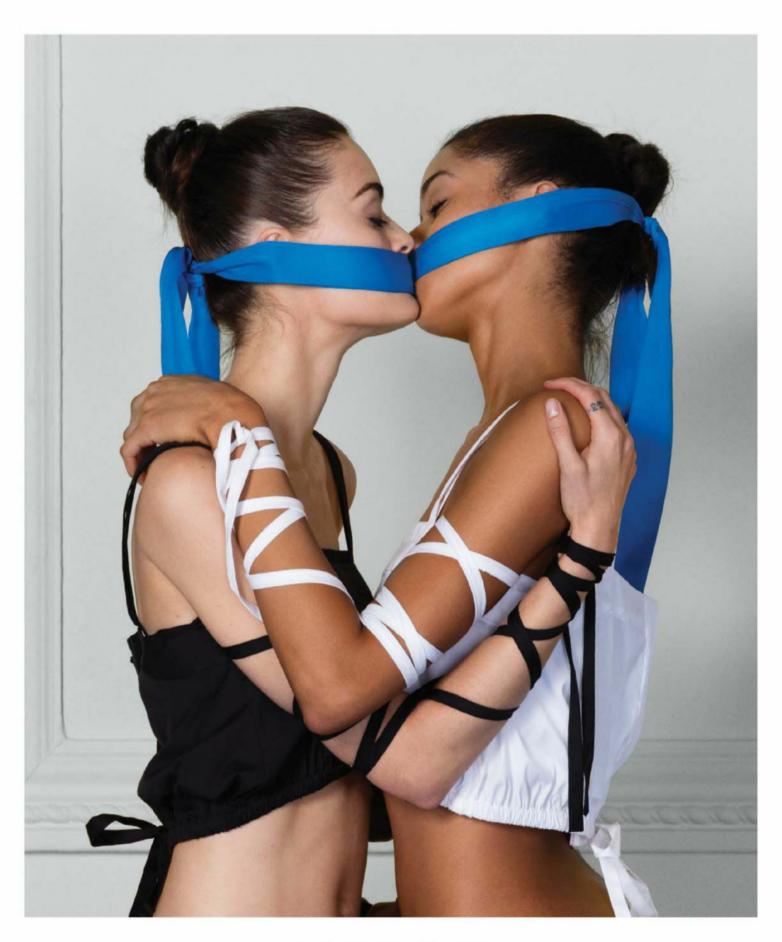


# MANOLO BLAHNIK











#### THE GREAT BEAUTY SHAKE-UP

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my platform to show the beauty of women of all ages, sizes, races, and nationalities."

Designers aren't the only ones pushing fashion in an all-embracing direction: It's the models, too. Consider the career of Ashley Graham, star of Gurung's current Lane Bryant ad campaign ("Belle Curve," Talking Fashion, page 346). For years, Graham, 29, had been told that certain dreams were out of reach for "plus-size" models like her. Landing the cover of Vogue, for example. But Graham didn't buy it. Anointing herself a surrogate and spokesperson for the legions of full-figured women who felt unseen-and earning legions of fans in the process—she has stormed fashion's most formidable barricade: its cult of ultra-thinness. Today, as she enters the supermodel pantheon, Graham is convinced that the industry's skinny worship is destined for the dustbin.

"Sixty-seven percent of the women in America wear a size 14 or larger," says Graham. "Sixty-seven percent. Maybe you could ignore those consumers before, but now, thanks to social media, they're making their voices heard. Women are demanding that brands give them what they want. And what they want is to be visible."

Graham's refusal to be marginalized on the basis of her shape has made her an icon for women—of whatever size—who seek to emulate her exuberant body positivity. The message she incarnates is a simple one: Ample curves are sexy. Note the reaction of her cover costars when, prepping for the shoot, Graham saunters into the dressing room in nothing but her skivvies.

"Girl," comments Adwoa Aboah, eyeing her up, "only you could make Spanx look hot." Gigi and Kendall, nestled together in a corner, nod in vigorous agreement. Vittoria Ceretti wolf-whistles. "Or, I don't know," Aboah adds, cocking her brow at Imaan Hammam. "I bet you could pull that look off, too."

Sharp-witted Aboah is another channeler of the online throng. The founder of Gurls Talk, a Web- and Instagram-based platform for young women to share their hopes and fears, Aboah sees herself modeling less an image than a radically open mode of being. Though her wised-up take on the fashion scene betrays her background as a child of the industry—Aboah's signature freckles were inherited from her mother, London-based superagent Camilla Lowther—she attributes her recent breakthrough success as a model to her embrace of vulnerability after a struggle with addiction and severe anxiety. Gurls Talk grew out of that experience.

"I never wanted it to be about me," Aboah explains. "What I hope is that my expression

opens up a space for other girls to say what they need to say. And maybe with my look, it's the same thing," she says. "If you see a person showing herself fully and honestly, you feel liberated to do the same."

Much has been written about the impact on fashion of social media—in particular the clout of models with millions of followers. Less remarked on is the way our sensibilities have been altered by the underlying structure of "the feed." Scrolling through Instagram only to see endless iterations of the same basic thing would make for a dry pastime, indeed; thus we're conditioned to seek out distinction and variety. We look for big, singular characters who will astonish and amuse us with dispatches from deep inside their worlds. And every sweep of the thumb across the screen, skipping from world to world, reinforces the idea that life is made richer by a mix of vividly different aesthetics, viewpoints, personae.

The feed trains us, too, to respect the vitality of societies other than our own. In an epoch where American teenagers follow K-pop stars and Indian beauty bloggers unknown in the States but with millions of devotees abroad, it's impossible to persist in the belief that the West is the axis around which global culture turns. The model Liu Wen, even more famous in her native China than she is here, says she's witnessed this shift over the short course of her own career. Noting that it followed the pattern for Asian models to break through in New York or in Paris and return home as stars—with Liu herself leveraging her fashion fame into pop-culture celebrity as one of the leads on a Chinese reality show—she feels that the paradigm has flipped in recent years.

"Many Asian models now have incredible recognition and success at home first, and then they start booking jobs internationally," Liu says, explaining that for these girls, who are being sought out by Western brands, going West is a choice, not a professional imperative. "I think this stems, in part, from the rise of social media, which is connecting societies in new, intricate ways, and changing all of our perspectives."

Fashion casting increasingly resembles the feed. Petite, bohemian India Salvor Menuez, who brings a book of Leanne Simpson's poetry to the set, shares space with mixed-race Kardashian pal Jasmine Sanders, a great poster of gym selfies. There's room for lanky, flame-haired Natalie Westling, who's been skateboarding since she was three; lithe and aristocratic Ceretti; and half-Egyptian, half-Moroccan Hammam, with her curly mop of hair, her megawatt smile, and her catwalk stomp worthy of the nineties supers.

It's instructive to look back at the era of Linda, Christy, and Naomi, now that models as a class have recaptured the public imagination. Whereas the nineties girls exuded a forbidding glamour, bewitching from behind the velvet rope, the stars of this generation seem more like pals waving you past the bouncer and into the club. Which raises the question: Does fashion work, can it seduce, if it surrenders its aura of exclusivity?

Or perhaps the question's better put another way: Are we witnessing the emergence of a new mode of fashion enchantment that draws its power from the crowd?

Alexander Wang thinks so. He attributes much of the success of his brand to its unsnobbishness, and posits that other designers making an impact now share this egalitarian disposition. "I've always been uncomfortable with the connotations of luxury, like: There's a tight guest list, and most people aren't on it," Wang comments. "Why should fashion be a party no one fun can get into? That seems so stuffy to me. When I throw a party, I want everyone to come as they are, and dance their ass off."

Furthermore, as the heir to the role once played by Gianni Versace as fashion's major model-lover, Wang contends that you can take the temperature of the times by studying the current crop of It-girls.

"Kendall Jenner and Adwoa Aboah, they're very different, but that's exactly what's great about them," Wang says. "What I'm drawn to is the girl who's doing her thing, speaking her mind, in a way that's cool and aspirational but also relatable. I know people think those qualities don't go together, but a good collection, for me, has to be all those things. And the girls I cast, they embody that attitude."

Cool, aspirational, relatable. That's Gigi Hadid in a nutshell. And not only has this model-of-the-moment hit the millennial trifecta, she's also a girl who didn't need a revolution in beauty norms to be universally appraised as beautiful. Coltish, sloe-eyed, sun-kissed, and blonde, Hadid could be considered the classic all-American beauty—despite the fact that she's half-Dutch, half-Palestinian. Or maybe because of it.

"It's funny to me when people say that I'm this 'girl next door' because although I know I can come off that way, from another angle, I'm pretty exotic," she says. "I mean, as different as Imaan and I look, we probably share DNA. If I'm 'all-American,' what does that even mean?

"But then again," Hadid continues, "my parents came to this country as poor immigrants. So. . . . Maybe I'm pretty damn all-American after all. Not because of how I look but because I truly believe everyone should be equal and free." □

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#### JOAN OF ARC

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lot of energy," which she channeled into strutting her stuff at the Performers Theatre Workshop after school. At fifteen, she discovered jazz, blues, and R&B, and, she says, "it exploded my mind open." For college, she went to the Playwrights Horizons Theater School at NYU, where she studied every aspect of stagecraft and, after an adolescence during which she had remained out of touch with her sexuality, figured out that she was gay. But the urge to perform remained a constant, and she remembers looking across the street at the Public Theater and thinking, How am I going to get into that building?

In 2007, not long after graduation, she got an internship at the Public's nightclub, Joe's Pub, which morphed into a full-time job. She helped shepherd about 800 shows a year into the space and began performing in some of them, such as the songwriter Shaina Taub's The Daughters. It was through a school friend, the choreographer and director Sam Pinkleton, that she was cast in Dance Dance Revolution. In 2010, after she got a part in The Last Goodbye, a rock musical based on Romeo and Juliet using the songs of Jeff Buckley, at the Williamstown Theatre Festival (where she met her current girlfriend, the choreographer Sonya Tayeh), her boss at the Public suggested it might be time to leave the nest. "It was absolutely terrifying," she says. "I'm not one of those get-a-head-shot-andgo-out-on-auditions kind of people-but I was going to follow it."

Lampert's eclectic career has involved an interconnected web of collaborators, among them the married folk duo the Bengsons, in whose show *Hundred Days* she recently appeared and who themselves performed in Tayeh's dance piece *you'll still call me by name*. She's toured with tUnE-yArDs and brought her smoky, stylish intensity to new Burt Bacharach songs in the Off-Broadway musical *New York Animals*. She prefers not to be narrowly defined: "It kind of allows you to be a jack-of-all-trades—I'm not saying I'm a master of all of them. I'm like a boulder who's rolling down a hill."

When Lampert started hearing about *Joan*, she didn't think she had a shot. "I'd heard how vocally challenging it was, and I knew a lot of the women doing the workshops—just the fiercest vocalists you could imagine—and I thought, Maybe it's too much for me." She was surprised when she got the call to audition and even more so when she kept getting called back. After Timbers told her the part was hers, she recalls, "I was flabbergasted. I was like, 'Can I just take a second and call you back?'"

Timbers has a full slate these days, including Broadway adaptations of *Moulin Rouge!* 

and Beetlejuice. Joan marks his return to the Public and to his downtown roots, established more than a decade ago with his cheeky, postmodern theater company Les Freres Corbusier. He describes it as a mix of rock concert, pageant, and Passion play, with influences from Lady Gaga to Alice Cooper. The story unfolds in a dark, Gothic world, with costumes by Clint Ramos and a monolithic set by Chris Barreca that, Timbers says, "highlights the patriarchal society that Joan has to confront." Unlike the immersive Here Lies Love, Joan is staged on a traditional proscenium, and though it features Timbers's signature use of pop culture to illuminate the past, it's also, he says, "an incredibly earnest show that traffics as much in darkness as hope, with no hint of irony."

There's a scene early on in which Joan ceremoniously cuts her hair and dons men's clothes. "Androgyny is a total part of how I present," Lampert says. "Ever since college, when I started to wear more boyish silhouettes—boyish, whatever, I hate these binaries—I've had my fair share of people questioning that, or calling me 'sir.' It doesn't bother me, but I'm like, 'This isn't a performance for you. This is my personal expression.' That's the part where Joan and I intersect. When she becomes this warrior, becomes Joan of Arc, she's not a character playing a part. It's what she needs to be to do that."

Lampert is the only woman in the otherwise all-male cast. For her, playing a woman daring to step into the role of a leader in a man's world-who gets persecuted for her hubris—brings to mind a certain presidential candidate. "The fearlessness, and the belief in herself and her cause, feels very relevant right now," Lampert says. She remembers sitting with Timbers the morning after the election. "I had been crying all night—I looked like a crazy person—and as we were talking, I was like, 'How am I going to get on board playing a woman with such unshakable faith when I feel so suddenly betrayed by this country and by my own ignorance and blindness?' Then Alex read this Margaret Mead quote to me: 'Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world. Indeed it is the only thing that ever has.' And I was like, OK; I needed to hear that."

Since then, Lampert says, she's been doing a lot of soul-searching as she struggles to come to terms with the nature of faith and the task before her. "I've never played a role this large or technically demanding—this is an opera," she says. "I want to rise to the challenge." If she has any lingering apprehension, Lampert can turn to the words, attributed to Joan of Arc, inscribed on the necklace that Tayeh gave her for her birthday: "I am not afraid. I was born to do this."  $\square$ 

#### HAND TO MOUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 474

large to be one-or-two-bite canapés. The solution is to bake your own tiny slider buns, each one only an inch or so across. I've tried two recipes and had success with my own grossly simplified version of the sophisticated slider dough on the excellent ChefSteps Web site and the easier brioche-like recipe in master-baker François Payard's superlative cookbook *Bite Size* (William Morrow).

We enjoyed the mini-quiches at Whole Foods, which I would gladly serve to friends, and their Turkish Figs and Cheese phyllo packets, which were better suited for dessert; the faddish Artichoke, Kale & Swiss Chard Bites were even less appealing than eating kale or Swiss chard on their own.

On the Williams-Sonoma Web site, a massive cornucopia, a veritable piñata, burst open when we searched for "appetizers" (canapés and hors d'oeuvres and snacks failed to elicit any response), filling the screen with 78 varieties of elaborate snacks and canapés. I ordered a few: minipizzas in several flavors: beggars' purses with meat or vegetables tucked into pastry pouches; little open pastry cups with meat or chicken or vegetables—all very nicely packaged and professionally made but too large for our purpose. And many of them lacked the full, rich tastes of fresh ingredients. For that, you must hire a caterer or cook them yourself.

I have always been inspired by the great French haute cuisine hotel chef Auguste Escoffier, whose Le Guide Culinaire (1903) gives recipes for hundreds of dreamvsounding hors d'oeuvres. There are soufflés of crayfish and lobster piped into minuscule puff-pastry ramekins; savory stuffings wrapped in caul fat and fried until the fat dissolves; oysters poached in their own juices and returned to the shell with a variety of sauces; tiny fluted brioches enclosing foie gras and black truffles in meat glaze; and croustades and croquettes and miniature pastry cases filled with stews and fricassees of skate livers or cockscombs, beef marrow, even tiny portions of sauerkraut with goose. And there are little pastries in the shape of boats filled with seafood or fish, some baked and some deep-fried; beignets and fritters filled with the flesh of every conceivable creature and vegetable; and pancakes of every description—delicate blinis for caviar, plump pancakes studded with foie gras, crepes rolled around fillings, then crisply fried.

I have tried a range of these but found it unsatisfying to work for a day and end up with a few square inches of food. There are countless, more CONTINUED ON PAGE 508

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approachable canapé cookbooks on the market. I now own fifteen. I am generally a fan of Martha Stewart's recipes in *Appetizers* (Clarkson Potter) and, of course, of Payard's *Bite Size*.

Many, many years ago, when I was teaching myself how to cook by following ambitious French and Chinese recipes down to the letter, I tried a pâté de campagne, using a recipe from a major publication that called for a ridiculously low oven temperature for cooking pork. It was a misprint; the number was meant to be the internal temperature of the terrine. Before guests arrived, I cut myself a slice. It was bright pink but tasted fine. My first guest, who knew a lot about cooking, took a look at the pink pâté and advised me to throw up, which I did. (Back then, cases of trichinosis from undercooked farmed pork were common; today, according to the CDC, the principal danger comes from black-bear meat.) Luckily, I had bought lots of nice French and New

England cheese and what passed in those days for good bread. The moral of the story still applies: If you're in doubt, practice a dish way ahead of time.

Besides poisoning your friends, the chief peril in giving a cocktail party is intoxicating your guest, who may make a serious mess and punch somebody in the nose. Even scarier, there are social host-liability laws on the books of many states under which, if you see that one of your guests is extremely intoxicated, and you let him or her leave the party, and he or she consequently injures others (say, with an automobile or an assault rifle in an open-carry state), you can be held financially and even criminally responsible. I haven't found a case that blamed a host for not serving enough really enticing food, but there certainly should be one. Food doesn't actually absorb alcohol, as I had imagined it, but it can slow the speed at which the stomach sends it into the bloodstream and raises your blood

alcohol level. According to Medline—the free online database of medical-journal articles from the U.S. National Library of Medicine—carbohydrates and fats do the best job. So when we get to putting together our snacks, we'll avoid steak and salad in favor of lightly salted fried starch. This is typically a favorite of snack-lovers, commonly denounced by dietitians and doctors, and a godsend to hosts who need to avoid getting their friends drunk. The most common type of savory fried starch in America is the potato chip. I'm an avid fan of good potato chips, handmade or even commercial brands such as Kettle chips (only their natural or sea-salt flavors so you can taste the potatoes). At the Union Square Greenmarket in Manhattan, potato (and strawberry) pioneer Rick Bishop offers (in late fall and winter, after the harvest) chips fried in his own upstate farmhouse from six distinct varieties of potato. In India and in many Indian groceries here, you can find tasty

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\$20,425. Earrings, price upon

request; ireneneuwirth.com.

A WORD ABOUT DISCOUNTERS WHILE VOGUE THOROUGHLY RESEARCHES THE COMPANIES MENTIONED IN 179 PAGES, WE CANNOT GLARAMYTEET HE ALTHATHOLTY OF MERCHANDISE SOLD YO ISCOLUNTERS, AS IS ALWAYS THE CASE IN PURCHASING AN ITAK FROM ANYWHERE OTHER THAN THE AUTHORIZED STORE, THE BUYER TAKES A RISK AND SHOULD USE CAUTION WHEN DOING SO.

spiced fried chips (called chaat) made from every sort of legume and bean and pea and lentil. In Sicily they make chickpea chips or fritters and call them panelle. They are irresistibly delicious—puffy, weightless, and golden. You will surely win extra points and gold stars if you make your own panelle. I'll give you the recipe on Vogue .com. It's easy.

And completely inexpensive. Of course, the inclusion of rare and costly ingredients can raise the level of your party and the gratitude of knowledgeable guests. Back in the day, caviar was one of these treasures, and I was a fan. Then, seven years ago, I looked into what types of caviar (caviar without a qualifying adjective is the salted eggs of any species of sturgeon) were available, and discovered that my entire world had been turned upside down. The best caviar had always come from wild sturgeons in the Caspian Sea or the rivers feeding into it; my favorite was called Golden Osetra,

was processed in Iran, and had a nutty (like hazelnuts) flavor, almost a savory sweetness. But now, I've discovered, legal wild caviar no longer exists. It is all farmed (except for caviar from wild paddlefish in the Mississippi River basin, which are related to the sturgeon) and it's not the same. I've sampled many types of farmed caviar (though not the very most expensive at \$394 an ounce for a few teaspoons), and found nothing close to Golden Osetra. When I complained to a leading chef who works with top suppliers of farmed caviar, he assured me that if I wait a year or two, great things are in store.

If you'd still like to spend a little extra for delicious treats, there's always foie gras (just order a terrine from D'Artagnan's Web site, keep it cold, slice it ¾-inch-thick, lay it onto thin slices of good grilled bread, and cut into one-inch circles with a cookie cutter. Let the canapés come to room temperature, taste and correct for salt, sprinkle with fresh white or black pepper, and serve). And white

truffles have an incomparably heady aroma. In the Piedmont region of Italy, where they grow wild and are hunted with dogs at night, white truffles are shaved onto eggs or noodles made entirely with egg yolks and flour. Can this be captured in a canapé? Yes! Just start with eggs (and a little Parmesan) scrambled very slowly in good butter. Spoon this onto a base of pastry or bread, toasted or fried in butter, and shave a white truffle over it at the last minute.

How many snacks will we need for our cocktail party to keep our guests satisfied and happy? I've read one estimate that says every guest will hoover down six canapés an hour. While I am an eager eater, this seems excessive and piggish to me. But three excellent canapés supplemented with several mouthfuls of accessory snacks—chips and chaat, bowls of warm, freshly-popped popcorn, and lots of tree nuts (which are very good for you)—would happily nourish every guest for an hour. □

diamond charm (\$1,550); foundrae.com. David Yurman bracelet (\$2,700) and charm (\$800); davidyurman.com. On Moselev: Sophie Buhai earrings. \$1,200; sophiebuhai .com. On Elsesser: Annie Costello Brown earrings, \$415; anniecostellobrown .com. 443: Stilettos, \$375; stuartweitzman.com. 446: Dress, \$8,990, Boots, \$200: tommy.com. 447: Ring, \$4,895. Elyse Walker, Newport Beach, CA. 448-449: On Montero: Top (\$5,800), skirt (\$11,500), briefs (\$840), and ring on chain (\$320); select Dior boutiques. On Wijnaldum: Coat (\$2,320), top (\$1,060), skirt (\$1,095), and earrings (\$500). Coat at Dover Street Market, NYC. Top, skirt, and earrings at Simone Rocha, NYC. On Ceretti: Dress, earrings, bracelets, and rings, priced upon request; rodarte.net. On Westling: Dress. \$8,990; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Bulgari ring, \$2,050; select Bulgari boutiques. In this story: Pages 436-443, 446, 447: Manicure, Emi

Kudo. Tailor, Hasmik Kourinian for Susie's Custom Designs. Pages **444–445**, **448–449**: Manicure, Daria Hardeman. Tailor, Lisa Sanders.

#### DIVINE UNDERSTATEMENT

Background artwork: Wilhelm Sasnal, Schumann, 2011. © Wilhelm Sasnal.

#### HOME CHIC HOME

450-451: Farrings, \$650: ralphlauren.com. 453: Sneakers, \$170. 454: Skirt, \$13,000. Scarf, \$285; info@ charvet.com for information. Earrings, \$3,795; ippolita .com. Choker, \$2,465; jacquieaiche.com. Belt, \$98; lafayette148ny.com. Sandals, \$1,250; Roger Vivier, NYC. 455: Bag, \$2,150; The Row, Melrose, CA. Espadrilles, \$90; samedelman.com. 456: Printed scarf (\$285) and solid scarf (\$235): info@charvet .com for information. Necklace, \$4.995: foundrae.com. Belt, \$1,880; store.perezsanz .com. 457: Hat, \$775; info@ patriciaunderwood.com. Belt,

price upon request; amazon .com. 460: Sunglasses, \$380; openingceremony .com. Necklace, \$110; meandrojewelry.com. 461: Belt, price upon request; b-lowthebelt.com. Scarf, \$285; info@charvet.com for information. Espadrilles, \$89; soludos.com. 462: Scarf, \$165; halsbrook.com. Ring, \$630; ginette-ny.com. 463: Backpack, \$550; rag-bone .com. In this story: Manicure, Claudia Silva. Tailor, Marlucia Assis.

#### SPIRITED AWAY

476-477: Belt, \$850; Loewe, Miami. Sandals, \$850; Bally, Beverly Hills. 479: Earrings, \$585; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. Rings, price upon request; similar styles at Proenza Schouler, NYC. 483: Dress, \$8,280; totokaelo.com. Necklace, \$710; Céline, NYC. Sandals, \$680; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. 484-485: Dress, price upon request. 488-489: Earrings, price upon request; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. Gloves, price upon request; actn1.com. In this story: Sumo, Yoshinori Tashiro, sumomodels .com.

#### MOMENT OF THE MONTH

490–491: On Axente: Bag, \$2,950; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. On Hammam: Alligatorskin belt, \$2,190; select Oscar de la Renta boutiques. Clutch, \$2,790; similar styles at Barneys New York, NYC.

#### DESERT FLOWERS

492: Boots, price upon request. 493: T-shirt, price upon request. 494: Handbag, \$30,000. 495: Bag, \$5,175. 496: Loewe top and skirt, priced upon request. Louis Vuitton boots, price upon request; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. 497: Bag, \$5,245. Belt, price upon request, 499: Bag, price upon request In this story: Photographed at The Parker Palm Springs: theparkerpalmsprings.com. Index 500: 2. Dress, \$5,500 3. Necklace, price upon

request. 7. Cake; twissmanor@ gmail.com for information. 11. Necklace, price upon request. 502-503:13. Earrings, \$28,560.17. Dress, \$1,950. 20. Necklace, \$1,695.22. Belt; personalshopper@odlr.com for information. 23. Jacket, \$1,745.26. Bag, \$2,195.31 Flatware set, \$2,050. 504: 32. Necklace, \$3,350, 33, Cardigan, \$2,395,35, Dress, \$7,990 Jacquie Aiche earrings, \$2,690; iacquieaiche.com, Magdalena Frackowiak Jewelry choker, \$3,906; magdalenafrackowiak .com. Belt, \$98; lafayette148ny .com. Charvet scarf (tied around wrist), \$285; info@ charvet.com, Cuffs, \$921 each; etro.com. Hat, \$775; (212) 268-3774. Espadrilles, \$90; samedelman.com. 42. Tea set, \$7,450

Last Look 512: Crocodileskin messenger bag, \$6,000; select Michael Kors stores. Also available in calf leather, \$1,750; select Michael Kors stores.

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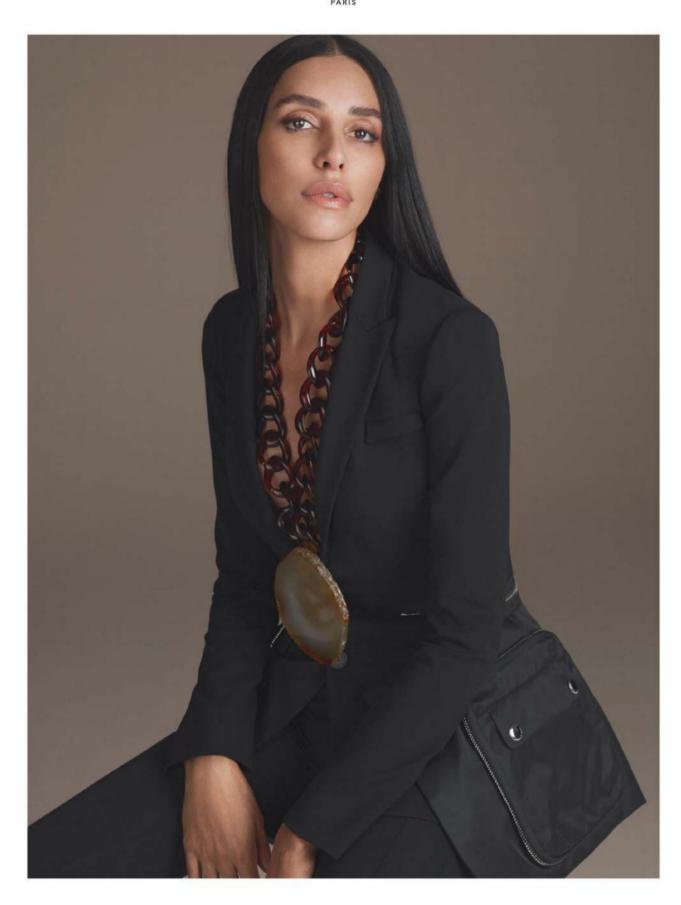
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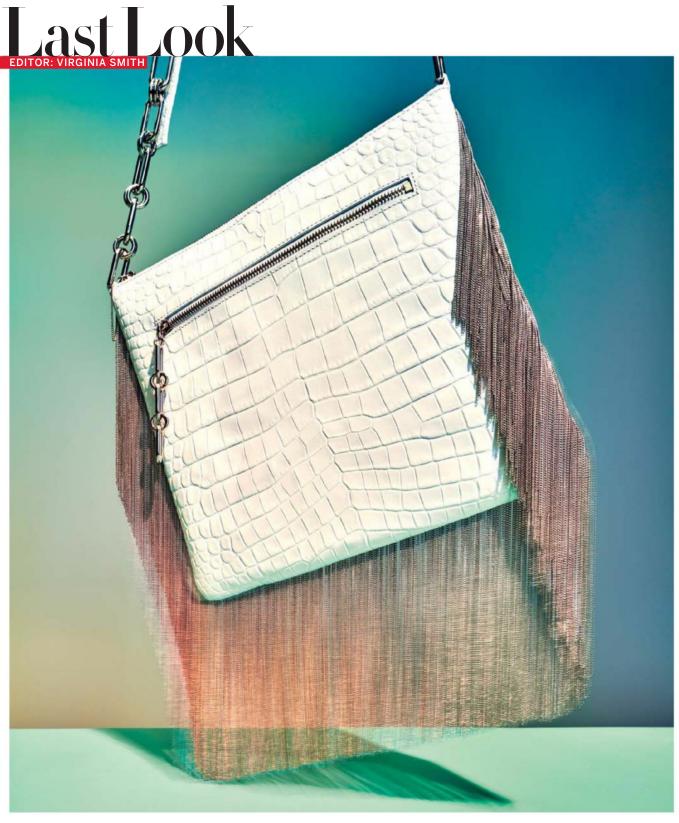
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### Michael Kors Collection messenger bag

Roused by the spirit of the post-punk starlets of the 1980s, Michael Kors set out to empower with a crocodile-skin crossbody piped with an unexpected perimeter of metallic fringe (mimicked in tiered cocktail skirts and elsewhere in his pre-fall collection) for kinetic flair. The cascading chain employs both manus and machina in its construction—an exacting process requiring artisans to hand-weld metal links before machine-stitching them into place. The result: a perfect union of downtown cool and uptown polish—or "Park Avenue meets punk," as Kors puts it.

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