
VOGUE
OCT
THE SHOCK AND CHIC OF FALL FASHION
LAID BARE
LESS-IS-MORE SKINCARE
KATE WINSLET
ON FEARLESSNESS, MOTHERHOOD, MARRIAGE, AND THE ROLE OF A LIFETIME

LOUIS VUITTON


PRADA
PRADA.COM


PRADA

FENDI BOUTIQUES 888 291 0163 FENDI.COM

FENDI

ROMA

Cultural dialogues in the Cartier style

Cartier

Discover the collection on Cartier.com


SAINT LAURENT
YSL.COM

MAYA JAMA PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVEN MEISEL

DOLCE & GABBANA

BVLGARI
ROMA

SERPENTI

75 YEARS OF INFINITE TALES


miu


miumiu.com
miu

TIFFANY & CO.

TIFFANY & CO.

VALENTINO.COM

LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK
KAIA GERBER BY STEVEN MEISEL

VALENTINO
GARAVANI


BOTTEGA VENETA


BANANA

BANANAREPUBLIC.COM


DAVIDYURMAN.COM
SOFIA RICHIE GRAINGE

DAVID YURMAN

INTRODUCING NEW

SCULPTED CABLE

VOGUE

October 2023

MAXIMUM EFFECT
RAQUEL ZIMMERMANN KEEPS IT CLEAN IN A LOEWE DRESS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK BORTHWICK.

Cover Look Frame of Reference

Kate Winslet wears a Prada dress and shoes. Van Cleef & Arpels bracelet. To get this look, try: True Match Super-Blendable Foundation, Infallible Up to 24H Fresh Wear Soft Matte Bronzer in Fair, True Match Super-Blendable Blush in Tender Rose, Colour Riche La Palette Nude, Telescopic Lift Mascara in Black, Infallible Voluminous 24-Hour Wear Brow Mascara in Light Brunette, Infallible Matte Resistance Liquid Lipstick in Le Rouge Paris. All by L'Oréal Paris. Hair, Ivana Primorac; makeup, Lisa Eldridge. Details, see In This Issue.

Photographer: Annie Leibovitz.
Fashion Editor: Tabitha Simmons.

FASHION EDITOR: ALEX HARRINGTON. HAIR, JIMMY PAUL; MAKEUP, DICK PAGE. PRODUCED BY BEN MILLER BIBESCO. EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ZOE TOMLINSON. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

PRADA PARADOXE

THE REFILLABLE FRAGRANCES

EMMA WATSON

THE NEW INTENSITY

PRADA
PARADOXE

THE REFILLABLE FRAGRANCES

THE NEW INTENSITY

SCAN AND EXPLORE THE PARADOXE

ulta and ulta.com

The only podcast that takes you inside the world of *Vogue*

THE RUN-THROUGH WITH VOGUE

HOSTED BY CHIOMA NNADI AND CHLOE MALLE. FOLLOW WHEREVER YOU GET YOUR PODCASTS.


MAXMARA.COM


MaxMara


VERSACE
VERSACE.COM

GIORGIO ARMANI


MICHAEL KORS
COLLECTION
MICHAELKORS.COM


WHERE RIO STARTS
COPACABANA PALACE AS SEEN BY DURIMEL
BELMOND.COM

COPACABANA PALACE

A BELMOND HOTEL

RIO DE JANEIRO

Letter From the Editor

KATE, LEE, ANNIE
LEFT: KATE WINSLET WEARS EMILIA WICKSTEAD. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ. ABOVE: LEE MILLER, C. 1930. BELOW: LEIBOVITZ AND WINSLET ON SET AT FARLEYS IN SUSSEX.

Three Women

THE ASSIGNMENT CLEARLY STRUCK a chord. For years Annie Leibovitz and I have exchanged ideas for *Vogue,* and these are some of my favorite conversations. She always has such a clear vision of how to shoot a subject, or there's a fantasy fashion portfolio already forming in her mind. And the idea I raised, of Kate Winslet on our cover as the legendary midcentury photographer Lee Miller, who Winslet was finally portraying in a film she'd been working on for years, clearly electrified Annie. As it had me.

I'd been in touch with Winslet about *Lee* for a long time. Lee Miller famously became a war correspondent for *Vogue* during WWII, and so her history—one of adventure, restless creativity, and courage—was intertwined with ours. Winslet wanted to tell Miller's story in a film, and had collaborated with Miller's son and biographer, Antony Penrose, to do so properly. *Vogue* wanted to help her too. This was a passion project for Winslet, clearly personal, a chance to celebrate a woman who seemed to try everything and fear nothing. A woman who bore not a little similarity to Winslet herself.

Winslet, as captured in Annie's dramatic and beautiful photographs, and in the accompanying profile by Wendell Steavenson (herself a war reporter who idolizes Miller), is as funny and driven as you'd expect. She strikes you as someone who cannot be deterred or denied, who will do things her own way, set the terms of her career, and apologize to no one for it. "She may share some of Lee's grit, it seems to me," Steavenson writes of Winslet, "a certain bloody-mindedness and persistence." *Lee,* filmed in Hungary and Croatia, with at times uncertain financing—a beautiful film, and a moving one—owes its existence to Winslet. "I truly drove it up a mountain," she said.

A coproducer on *Lee,* which will play the film festival circuit this fall, describes Winslet as indefatigable, a perfect characterization and a word I would also apply to Annie. Watching Annie plan for her shoot, the intensity she brought to bear, the way she went about re-creating famous moments from Miller's life—the time Miller made Hitler's bathtub her own, for instance—was profound. Here was a project Annie was absolutely determined to do justice to. One in which, perhaps, she saw something of herself. Annie's brilliance and iconoclasm have given her a career as history-making and inspiring as Miller's. In our cover I see a kind of prism, three formidable women—Kate Winslet, Annie Leibovitz, Lee Miller—each reflected in the other, each as talented and daring and fearless as I can imagine.

swarovski.com

SWAROVSKI


SUKI WATERHOUSE

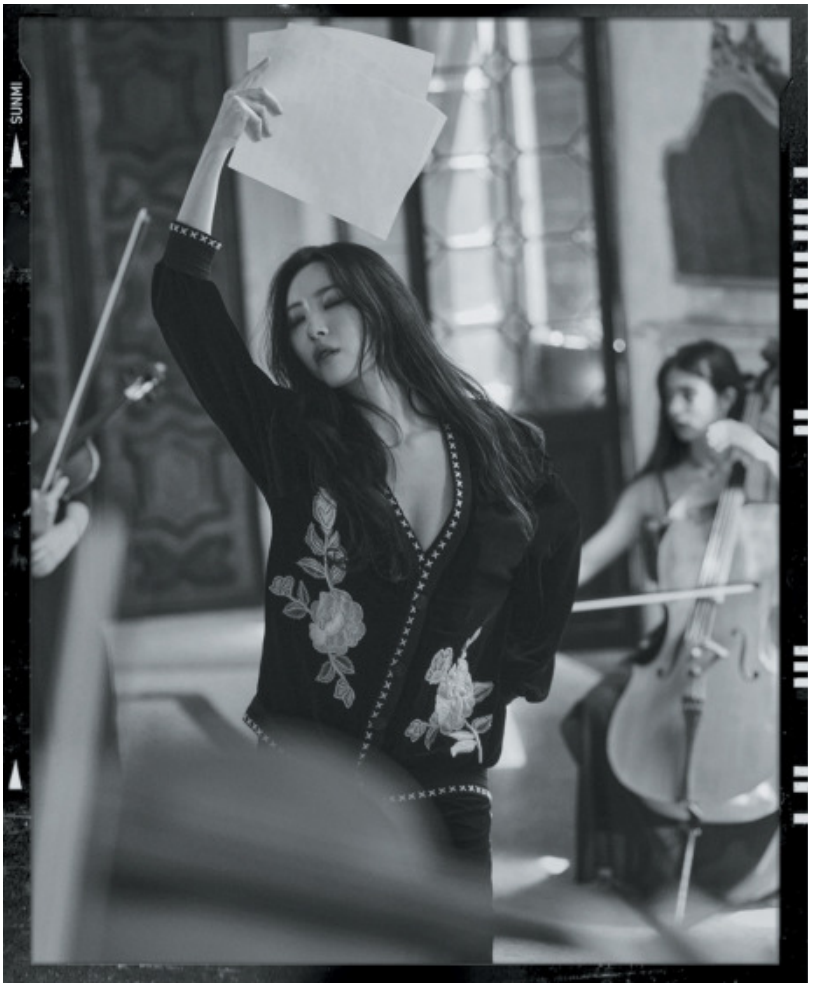

GOLDEN GOOSE

QUANNAH CHASINGHORSE


GOLDEN GOOSE

DR. WOO


GOLDEN GOOSE

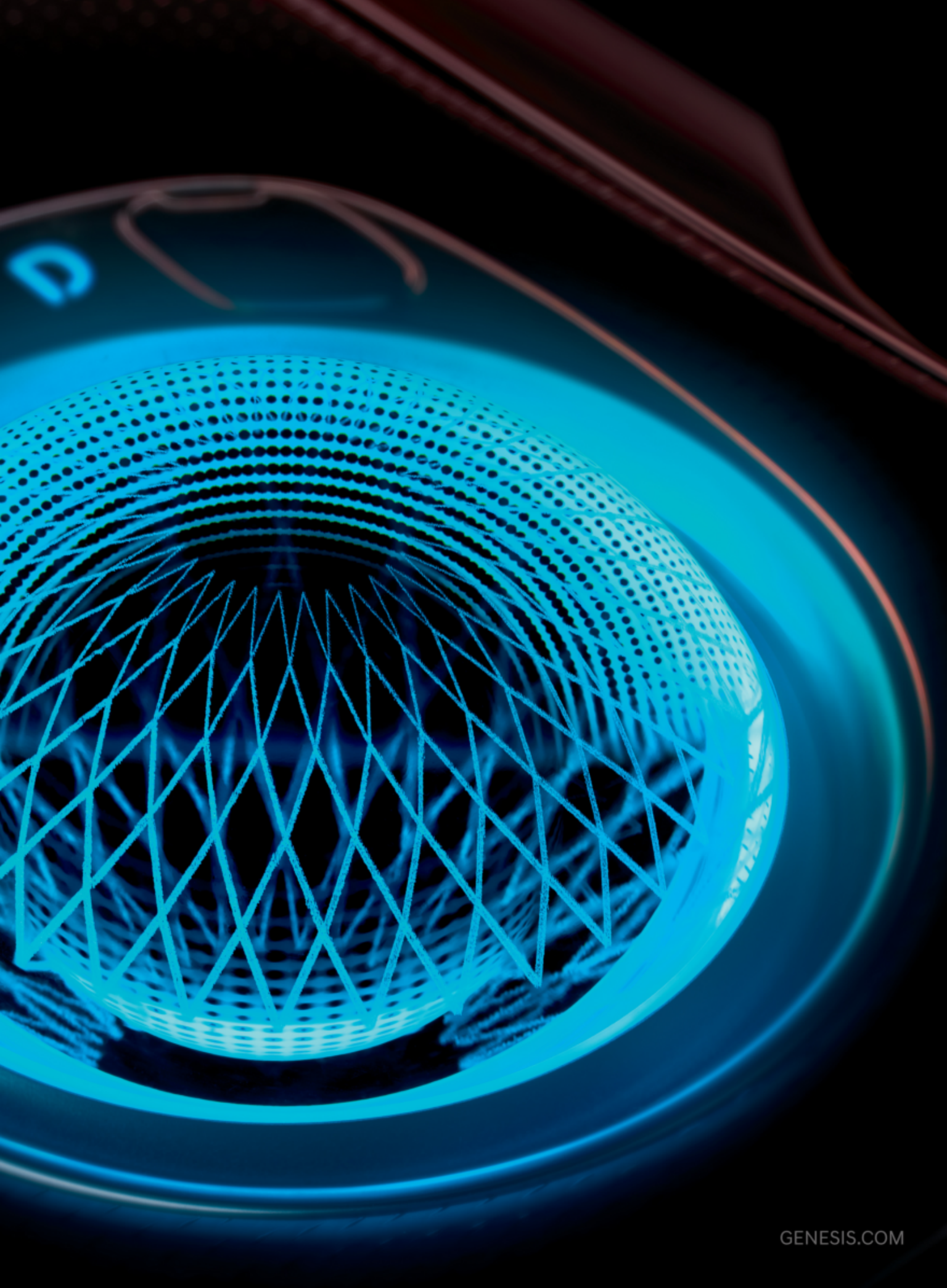

SUNMI


GOLDEN GOOSE


FABIO NOVEMBRE


GOLDEN GOOSE

2024 Genesis GV60 Performance AWD with optional features shown. The Genesis GV60 is available at select retailers in select states and in extremely limited quantities. Contact your Genesis retailer for availability details.


GENESIS.COM

Contributors

The Real Deal

For "Good Press" (page 136), a preview of the Broadway-bound *Gutenberg! The Musical!*, menswear editor Michael Philouze and photographer Stefan Ruiz found the perfect place to capture stars Andrew Rannells and Josh Gad. Their show—opening this month at the James Earl Jones Theatre—is about two friends, Bud and Doug, who have written a musical about Johannes Gutenberg, inventor of the movable-type printing press, "without knowing much about him," Philouze explains. So, he thought, why not find the actors an *actual* press? Cut to the South Street Seaport Museum, where printing paraphernalia from the 19th and early 20th centuries is still in operation—and where Rannells and Gad had no trouble making a joyful scene.

Holding the Line

Late last year, contributing fashion editor Max Ortega started to notice something funny on Instagram. "On Tuesdays, I'd wake up to groups of friends in LA posting videos of themselves line-dancing at a club," he says. They'd been turned on to Stud Country, a weekly queer country-dancing party in Los Angeles and San Francisco. That visual, coupled with the glitzy boots that went stomping down the fall runways, resulted in "Happy Feet" (page 148), a portfolio styled by Ortega and photographed by Alex Webb. (Above, model Amber Valletta makes her move with singer Lizzie No and Phillip Spaulding, both Stud Country fans.)

A Sense of Occasion

"My hope in styling a very visible public servant is to shift the lens a bit, with dignity and depth." So says Solange Franklin, the sittings editor for "The Hot Seat" (page 132), Mattie Kahn's profile of White House press secretary Karine Jean-Pierre—the first Black person and first openly gay person to hold that position. In July, Franklin traveled with photographer Norman Jean Roy to the White House, where, after an all-staff meeting, they captured Jean-Pierre in a Gabriela Hearst suit, a striped sheath from Victor Glemaud (who shares the press secretary's Haitian heritage), and a claret-colored maxidress from Tove (pictured at left). "Steps from the Oval, Karine rushed to lock her office door for fear of someone busting in—even on a Saturday," Franklin recalls. "Norman and I then shot her in studious repose between two handwritten notes: one from her nine-year-old daughter, the other from President Obama."

TOP LEFT: PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL PHILOUZE. TOP RIGHT: PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEX WEBB OF MAGNUM PHOTOS. FASHION EDITOR: MAX ORTEGA. PRODUCED BY BOOM PRODUCTIONS. SET DESIGN: MILA TAYLOR-YOUNG. BOTTOM: PHOTOGRAPHED BY NORMAN JEAN ROY. SITTINGS EDITOR: SOLANGE FRANKLIN. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

THE ALL-ELECTRIC GENESIS GV60

GENESIS.COM

2024 Genesis GV60 Performance AWD with optional features shown. The Genesis GV60 is available at select retailers in select states and in extremely limited quantities. Contact your Genesis retailer for availability details.

YOU ARRIVED A BUD

ARRIVAL

YOU DEPARTED A BLOOM

THE RITZ-CARLTON®

HOW WILL A STAY LEAVE YOU?

Member of
MARRIOTT BONVOY™


LUXURY SKINCARE
DOESN'T HAVE TO BE
A LUXURY
YOU'RE WORTH IT.

L'ORÉAL
PARIS

AGE PERFECT CELL RENEWAL

MIDNIGHT DUO

WITH ANTIOXIDANT RECOVERY COMPLEX

PREFERRED TO THE

#1 LUXURY NIGHT SERUM*

*Based on a head-to-head consumer preference study vs the #1 luxury night serum

2/3 WOMEN WOULD SWITCH FROM THEIR LUXURY ANTI AGING CREAM*

*Based on a blind consumer study of 319 luxury cream users

SMOOTHER, FIRMER, MORE RADIANT SKIN

REPAIR SKIN BARRIER IN JUST 1 NIGHT*

*vs. untreated

Of the Farm

In the 1970s, Martha McPhee lived on a rambling property with siblings, half-siblings, and her frequently naked parents. The farm was named after a utopia—but for a sensitive young girl coming of age, life was far from it.

Omega Farm sits on top of a hill, the highest point in Hunterdon County, New Jersey, with sweeping views over fields and farms, the Sourland Mountains unfurling in the distance to meet a big and open sky. When you sit on the deck the sun rises on your right, just beyond a barn and another field and chicken run, a rooster crowing. The sun sets in spectacular fashion across the valley. The midday heat, which comes on hard and thick in July, is cut in half by a canopy of enormous oaks and ash. So complete is the canopy that a satellite image on Google shows only trees—no house. There are neighbors. There is mail and package delivery, the mailbox at the bottom of a long gravel driveway, but somehow the idea of affixing an "address" to this place seems particularly misplaced. The house, near the village of Ringoes—just 70 miles from New York City, 50 miles from Philadelphia, 10 miles from Princeton, five miles from Lambertville in the too easily maligned, benighted state of New Jersey—is located in the most densely populated part of the northeast. Even so, the only thing that arrives from that wider, crowded world is the wind falling into the trees.

My stepfather, Dan Sullivan, bought the place in 1970, from a woman who had recently lost her husband. She told Dan she couldn't care for the place the way it needed to be cared for without her husband. She told Dan the place needed to be loved.

I was one of nine children who lived there, plus the baby my stepfather and mother had together—and as our blended family settled in, lofts rose through the ceilings, a wing extended from one end of the house, transforming a garage into bedrooms. A dining room got pushed out from the kitchen, the walls replaced by plate-glass windows and sliding glass doors so that sitting down for a meal felt like you were hanging above the yard in the trees.

At the far end of the new wing, Dan added an indoor swimming pool that he kept heated to 105 degrees >66

PIED PIPER
THE AUTHOR (PULLING THE WAGON) WITH FRIENDS AND SIBLINGS ON OMEGA FARM, MEMORIAL DAY, 1974.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRYDE BROWN.

loropiana.com

Loro Piana

INTRODUCING THE SPEAR COLLECTION


JOHN HARDY
JOHNHARDY.COM

with a furnace all its own. Sliding Japanese doors with their smoked panes sealed in a steam so thick you couldn't see your hand. Dan practiced as a Gestalt therapist, though he wasn't legally licensed, and often, naked, he'd see his patients, also naked, in the pool.

The place was stuffed with stuff. Dan's first wife, Sally, was a newspaper heiress. Her father had owned *The Times of Trenton* and oil interests in Texas. She inherited 18th-century cupboards and cabinets, side tables, Louis Comfort Tiffany objets, Vuitton steamer trunks, a pair of swords that dated to the French Revolution, sterling silver, cranberry crystal, Rosenthal china, Bohemian glass. The house was a kaleidoscopic mix of African and Haitian art, and traditional furniture, dinnerware, and specialized silver dining implements and doodads—grape shears, a potato fork, a cake breaker, a butter pick—that had no practical contemporary exigence. Plants and books were everywhere. A swinging couch. Persian rugs. An orange laminate kitchen straight out of an electric Kool-Aid acid test. In photographs of the time, usually for holidays and other occasions, Dan could be seen sporting an ascot, jaunty suspenders. On his finger sat an enormous turquoise ring. He was a would-be philosopher and a dandy trapped in the body of a Texas showman who loved opera and enjoyed wrong-footing dinner guests and disarming the locals with a glad hand and a wink.

If you believed this Texas storyteller, who drove into our lives in a turquoise Cadillac belonging to his father-in-law, the whole place was history. According to Dan, the house sat on the site of a sacred Lenape burial ground. He told us that if we looked hard enough, we could find Lenape coins and arrowheads. He told us that George Washington had camped at the foot of our driveway near the Alexauken Creek on his way to defeat the British troops at what is now known as Washington Crossing.

He told us a lot of things when we were kids. John Ringo, founder of our town, had buried a bunch of gold up here. In the evenings sometimes, Dan would have all us kids climb a ladder so we could sit on the roof of one of the barns. He'd light a joint, which he liked to do, and take a deep long puff, then pass it around. From up there, he told us, you could see New York City. This was as untrue then as it is now. You can look as hard as you want from that roof, but you will never see New York City. But that was Dan—and all of us kids looked hard just the same: for the arrowheads, for the Lenape coins, for the hidden chest of John Ringo's gold. Dan infused everything with a certain kind of magic and lore. The name Omega Farm, for instance, was a nod to his favorite philosopher, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, who wrote about a future time when everything in the universe spirals into one unified point—the Omega Point. So, Omega Farm—with its tone of utopian aspiration tempered by the common straw of everyday life—suggested the old joke about utopias: that the only thing wrong with them was that they included other people.

Before we moved to the farm, my mother, sisters, and I lived just down the road on the outskirts of Princeton in a big white colonial in the woods on Drakes Corner Road. Long after we left Drakes Corner Road for the farm, I would still consider it my real house. In it were my bedroom and my dolls and my things and my family, all ordered and tidy, and built by my mother and father early in their marriage. My parents split up in the spring of 1969, and, as I remember it, my mother went to her bed and stayed there for what seemed a long time.

At the suggestion of a friend, she started seeing Dan, who ran his Gestalt therapy practice in Princeton. He lived there, too, with Sally and their children, and he had a reputation in town as a feminist, a supporter of women, even organized sit-ins in pubs that excluded women. Although he was unlicensed, he advertised the therapy practice and worked with groups on realizing sexual equality. His thesis was essentially sound: The dehumanizing role we ascribe to women was good for neither sex. Only if men and women could be equal could true romantic love be achieved. But he was also something of a con man, a serial philanderer. He was, as people sometimes like to say, a complicated figure, a man who was convinced he was helping women realize their full potential. If he sometimes slept with those same women—well, it was the '70s, after all.

My stepfather was convinced he was helping women realize their full potential. If he sometimes slept with those same women—well, it was the '70s, after all

As it happened, Dan's Princeton clinic was located in a dilapidated farmhouse just a short distance through the woods from our house. Mom got herself out of her bed and made her way to one of his sessions, and soon she fell in love.

THE NINE OF US—the Sullivans and the McPhees—were divided into the "big kids" and the "little kids." I was a little kid, and in that summer of 1970 on a family trip out West, to California and Oregon, I watched as the big kids got to accompany Mom and Dan to a production of *Hair* in San Francisco, regaling the rest of us with stories of the cast naked onstage. Naked was a theme, a prolonged '70s-era meme. In Big Sur, we stayed at the Esalen Institute, where the adults wandered around unclothed, to the mortification of us kids, while Dan held his group therapy sessions.

Back home at Omega Farm, the dinner table was always crowded and often argumentative, the tectonic pressures, resentments, shifting allegiances, and betrayals of two very different families suddenly erupting, say, over the issue of abortion. *Roe v. Wade* was in the news. As a Catholic, Dan was stridently >68


VICTORIA'S SECRET
THE TOUR '23
DEVYN
WATCH ON PRIME VIDEO

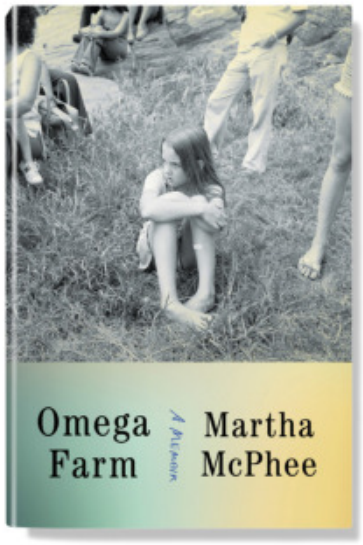
against abortion, even though swirling among the children, whispers passed from ear to ear, was the secret that my mother had been pregnant twice before giving birth to Joan. I didn't understand exactly what this meant as a child, but I absorbed it enough to know my mother was going through something big and scary that she was trying to fix.

Dan and his kids would fight about abortion using terms I didn't understand, words like *quickening* and *sentient* flying across the table, the tide of rage rising. When it wasn't abortion, it was the PLO and Israel. Always the same fights, which went so late into the night that Mom would disappear into Dan's bedroom, lulled to sleep by the rhythms of Dan's mildly subversive waterbed, a word that, by itself, conjures an entire gaudy family, long extinct, of 1970s enthusiasms that populated the house—fondue pots, egg-shaped cocoon chairs suspended from the high branches of an oak, swinging in the air—while my sisters and I found a place to sleep on the floor in the living room, curling into each other, wondering how we'd get to school in the morning.

THE BACK AND FORTH between Princeton and Ringoes, between my old home and what was becoming my new home at the farm, ended in the spring of 1973. My parents were finally divorced, and my mother was very pregnant with Joan. Was this to be the Omega Point? The only point that Omega Farm represented to me then was the upheaval and disorder of a momentary whim that had gone off the rails. In the mornings, we were always late to school, piled into the Cadillac. Many times, I went to school wearing two different shoes. Afternoons, one of the friends of my older stepbrother, long hair flying, a cigarette in one hand, a beer between his legs, would pull into the school parking lot like an extra from *Easy Rider* and rev the car engine so that everyone in the straitlaced, buttoned-down world of Princeton could watch me climb into the back of the turquoise Cadillac and thereby become properly, righteously, discomfited.

My mom had become a photographer by this time, and when she'd return late to the farm from work with the camera bags hanging off her shoulders, Dan would sometimes be glowering with rage. I thought it best to stay quiet and not draw attention to myself, but I watched and here is what I saw: adults stoned or drunk or exhausted or all three; children filled with turbulence and rage—pushed together and told to get along—stealing one another's clothes and small possessions; children who played mean tricks on one another, laughed, forgave one another, went on adventures, prattled in the wee hours about nothing, but mostly—and this was because of the older kids, who could sniff out a fraud when they saw it—mocked and ironized to a fare-thee-well the way Omega Farm was neither one thing nor the other, neither farm nor utopia, but mostly, really, a big, sprawling, chaotic mess with Neil Young playing from speakers nailed to the trees.

MOST OF MY LIFE, it seems to me, I've been trying to put my family back together, to understand it, gain mastery over it, fix it. I was four when my parents separated. Across my childhood I looked for signs that my mother and father were still in love, that they'd reunite. It didn't seem impossible. On what would have been their 20th wedding anniversary, both remarried to others, my father gave my mother a book of wine routes in France. One they had traveled when we were babies, had been highlighted by Dad in yellow. We'd heard the story of that trip so many times, how they dined in Michelin-starred restaurants, leaving my sisters and me asleep in the car. In my kitchen in New York, I had a menu from one of these culinary excursions framed and hanging on the wall. Asterisks drawn by Dad indicated what dishes they had eaten, what wine they had drunk.



TRUE STORY
McPHEE'S NEW MEMOIR, FROM WHICH THIS ESSAY IS ADAPTED, IS OUT NOW.

Sometimes I imagined who I'd have been had they not divorced, had my mom not met Dan and moved us to Omega Farm. I'd have been an entitled girl from Princeton, growing up in a big white house in the woods at the edge of town, confident in herself and her beauty. Sometimes I could see her, that other me—almost unrecognizable, living the life that could have been mine. My mother told me to keep a journal. "Take notes," she said. "You have an interesting family." So I did what my mother told me to: I wrote things down. "Observe," she'd say to me. "Details." She had wanted to be a writer, had started a children's book, had won an award from the state of New Jersey for the work, but life got in the way.

And she wanted me to love Dan. It was around this time that they got into one of their worst fights. He found carousels of slides from Mom and Dad's life together with my sisters and me, our life as a family, Dad's love letters to Mom. In his rage—his feminist passions forgotten—he dumped them in a heap in the driveway, squirted gasoline on the heap, and lit a match. I remember Mom standing over the fire, the slides melting, staring with a big, blank expression, numb with the horror she must have felt. For me, the fire, the burning of our past, defined Dan's jealousy—and that jealousy gave me hope. □

COURTESY OF SCRIBNER.


VICTORIA'S SECRET
THE TOUR '23
ADWOA
WATCH ON PRIME VIDEO

SKETCHES OF THE PAST

FAR LEFT: Virginia Woolf, c. 1911. ABOVE: Charleston, Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant's home in East Sussex, England. LEFT: A painting by Bell. BELOW: A fan by Grant.

Eternal Moments

A new exhibition and book plot out the Bloomsbury group's influence on fashion.

In letters inviting friends to her Sussex home, Virginia Woolf would often sign off with a simple directive: "Bring no clothes." Not that she was expecting them to arrive naked—although, given the famously tangled love lives of the Bloomsbury group, her aristocratic band of early-20th-century British creatives, that wouldn't be entirely outside the realm of possibility. She merely meant that visitors should come as they were.

Woolf's words, writer and curator Charlie Porter argues in the exhibition "Bring No Clothes: Bloomsbury and Fashion" and its lively accompanying book, reflected a broader shift—from the stuffy corsets of Victorian England to the free-spirited bohemianism embodied by Bloomsbury. (The trust that oversees Charleston, the former home of Woolf's sister Vanessa Bell and her partner, painter Duncan Grant, is behind the show, which runs from September 13 to January 7 at a new space in the East Sussex town of Lewes.)

"In fashion history, that period is often skirted over," says Porter. "It just goes from cinched control to images of women in Chanel or playing tennis, and I wanted to really look at what was actually happening at that time. The Bloomsbury group felt like the perfect people to study that through." On view are shell necklaces worn by Woolf and Bell, original sketches by Grant, and a silk Mariano Fortuny dress that once belonged to the patroness Lady Ottoline Morrell. Meanwhile, the captivating vintage photographs and conversational tone of Porter's book—at turns scholarly, slyly amusing, and touchingly personal, as when he describes taking inspiration from Bell to make his own clothes after the death of his artist mother—give those unable to travel to the south of England their own chance to appreciate the group's disruptive sense of style.

While the exhibition explores how the Bloomsbury set's sartorial mores underlined their radical understandings of feminism and sexuality, equally fascinating for Porter was how the likes of Erdem, S.S. Daley, and Kim Jones have mined the group's philosophies. Case in point? Five striking ensembles by Rei Kawakubo for Comme des Garçons from 2019, all inspired by the "emotion" of Woolf's *Orlando*. The show, notes Nathaniel Hepburn, director and CEO of the Charleston Trust, "is about ideas as much as it is about garments."

—LIAM HESS

CHOPARD BOUTIQUES
NEW YORK 730 Fifth Avenue – MIAMI Bal Harbour Shops – COSTA MESA South Coast Plaza
1-800-CHOPARD www.chopard.com

In Her Shoes

The always-original Chloë Sevigny tries out the surprising new collaboration between Miu Miu and Church's. By Liam Hess.

It's a baking hot summer evening in Connecticut, and Chloë Sevigny is preparing to try on a shoe. She's spending the week with her mother and her three-year-old son while her husband, gallerist Siniša Mačković, travels to an art fair. "I thought it would be more fun than single-parenting in the city for a week," Sevigny says with a wink from her brother's bedroom, where she's illuminated only by the glow of her iPhone screen over FaceTime.

From a powder pink box, with all the ceremony of a white-gloved art handler appraising a masterpiece, Sevigny lifts a pair of brogues in lacquered tobacco leather. The piece is the product of a new collaboration between Miu Miu and British shoe manufacturer Church's: Available as either a lace-up or a monk strap, in black or tobacco-glossed brushed leather, the shoes were first spotted on the runway of Miu Miu's fall 2023 collection. (The *very* eagle-eyed among us might also have sighted them being worn by Miuccia Prada herself while taking a bow at the end of the Prada menswear show in June.)

"They feel light as air," she says, slipping her foot into the shoe with the assistance of a shoehorn. "Whenever I find other brogue enthusiasts, they're always talking about Church's, so this is an exciting day for me." The British craftsmanship of Church's prized by Sevigny's fellow enthusiasts is present and correct, of course, but it's the quirkier details—molded rubber soles and an embossed logo on the side, for example—that speak to Miu Miu's involvement and make them feel, well, Sevigny. "Classic with a twist," she says, as she turns her ankles from side to side to appraise how they look. "I want to run down the street and jump!"

For Sevigny, the appeal of Miu Miu's fall collection also runs a little deeper. As the latest chapter in the brand's renewed hot streak over the past few seasons, Miuccia Prada's whimsical vision of a "frazzled Englishwoman"—from frizzy fringes and sheer polka dots to tweeds and corduroy and (perhaps most shocking of all) athleisure-adjacent gray marl hoodies and leggings—has already become a viral sensation. "To me, it was all classic Miu Miu," Sevigny says. "She's always done the underwear-showing, all the way back to when I walked for her—it's actually very timeless."

Sevigny would know: Her first runway show with the brand was in New York in 1995, just two years after the label had launched and soon after the release of Harmony Korine's *Kids,* which catapulted Sevigny to a certain kind of underground fame. "Miuccia has always embraced and championed young actresses, especially those of us >75

BUCKLE UP

Chloë Sevigny, in Miu Miu, sports the double-monk-strap shoe from Church's X Miu Miu. Photographed by Stefan Ruiz.

FASHION EDITOR: MAX ORTEGA. HAIR: JOEY GEORGE. MAKEUP: GITA BASS. SET DESIGN: NO STUDIO. DETAILS: SEE IN THIS ISSUE.


CHANEL
COCO MADEMOISELLE
COCO
MADEMOISELLE
CHANEL
PARIS
EAU DE PARFUM

CHANEL

CHANEL.COM

NINETIES TO NOW

ABOVE: Sevigny as the face of Miu Miu in 1996, photographed by Juergen Teller. RIGHT: Miuccia Prada wearing the collaboration at her and Raf Simons's recent men's show.

making more controversial choices," she says. "I don't want to say it validates you, but it's nice to have someone in fashion not just dressing you, but really celebrating you." The feeling is clearly mutual. Not only has Sevigny starred in campaigns for the label many times since, but she also returned to walk for Miu Miu in 2018; the year before, she directed a short film that premiered as part of the brand's Women's Tales program.

Her latest Miu Miu moment also arrives at a time of feverish interest in Sevigny's style. A quick skim through her hashtag on TikTok reveals an endless stream of throwback Sevigny looks—though it's easy to argue that this interest has never really gone away. There have been recent runway turns for Simone Rocha and Proenza Schouler, as well as an appearance in a fairy-tale-themed book for the cult London brand Chopova Lowena. There was her subversive take on bridal for her 2022 wedding, which featured daring looks from the likes of Glenn Martens for Jean Paul Gaultier Couture, Loewe, and Mugler, the latter featuring a waist-snatching bustier and eye-popping sheer lace panels. And then, of course, there was *that* closet sale.

"It was insane," she says, laughing, of the spectacle in Manhattan this spring that dominated Instagram feeds around the world for the day—and came about simply because Sevigny felt her wardrobe needed a clear-out. Titled "Sale of the Century" and organized by *Vogue* writer Liana Satenstein, shoppers waited for up to four hours in lines snaking around the block to get their hands on Sevigny's pieces, many of which dated back to the '90s, when she was first enshrined as "the coolest girl in the world" by Jay McInerney. Most curious of all was its cross-generational appeal, with Gen Z vastly outnumbering those who were actually around for the first phase of Sevigny's career. (Olivia Rodrigo picked up a plaid Versace dress that she proudly showed off in a video for *Vogue:* "A girlfriend gave that to me for my 40th birthday!" Sevigny says, beaming.)

As for why this younger contingent has developed such a fervent interest in her looks from decades past, Sevigny has a few theories. "I like to think that my choices as an actress when I was younger really helped generate that kind of interest," she says. "Making films that were challenging and exciting, like *Gummo* and *Party Monster* and *Boys Don't Cry*—films that are really staples of alternative youth culture now—I think helped propel people's interest in my fashion." Was the sale emotional, given Sevigny's deep attachment to the clothes she wears? "Weirdly…no?" she says, after a pause. "When you're ready to let go of it, you're just ready."

Over the past few years, one gets the sense that Sevigny has mellowed a little. Chalk that up to marriage, or motherhood, perhaps, but it also has something to do with the new phase she's entered in her acting career along with her increasing focus on directing: With four shorts under her belt, she's currently shopping around a feature-length project. Next on the slate, however, is the new Gus Van Sant–directed season of Ryan Murphy's *Feud,* which charts the fallout between Truman Capote and his high society "swans." Sevigny will be playing the socialite and style icon C. Z. Guest—meaning plenty of fabulous outfits. "The clothes are great, but the shoes are terrible," she says with a laugh of the "dowdy" '70s pumps. (Thankfully, she managed to sneak one pair of Chanel heels into the mix.)

Still, despite playing dress-up as a high-glamour princess for months of filming, Sevigny insists that the Upper East Side approach to dressing hasn't rubbed off on her, even as she says it's "something to aspire to as I'm getting older—more of an elegance." But Sevigny has her own kind of aspirational elegance: It's the kind that can take a humble Oxford shoe and elevate it to something that feels daring, unexpected, or subversive. There's a reason, after all, that a youth-focused brand like Miu Miu has returned to Sevigny again and again over the decades.

"Have I outgrown Miu Miu?" Sevigny muses, then lets out a peal of laughter. "I hope I never do. There's a sophistication to Prada, and I don't know if I'm quite there yet. I still like the fun of Miu Miu. It feels a little less…I don't know—you're a writer, you should be helping me here! Just a little more *playful.* Is that the right word?" I couldn't have put it better myself. □

TOP: COURTESY OF MIU MIU. BOTTOM: GETTY IMAGES.

Twiggy photographed
by Bert Stern for *Vogue*, 1967.

Twiggy photographed
for eBay, 2023.

FULL CIRCLE

Led by Twiggy, modern stars in this seven-page series reimagine *Vogue*'s archival moments using eBay's timeless accessories. "Fashion is circular; it goes around and comes around," Twiggy says. "Authenticity is what we all look for—you want it to be real."

Twiggy recreates her look 56 years later: wearing a pre-owned Louis Vuitton papillon handbag, a Vacheron Constantin watch, and Tiffany chains, backed by eBay Authenticity Guarantee.

ebay | Authenticity Guarantee

Paulina Porizkova photographed by Arthur Elgort for *Vogue*, 1992.

Rita Ora photographed for eBay, 2023.

Rita recreates Paulina's look 31 years later: wearing Tiffany bracelets, coupled with a Van Cleef & Arpels bracelet and ring, and Chopard bracelet and ring, backed by eBay Authenticity Guarantee. "I love paying homage to the history of fashion," Rita says. "You can really pick and choose things that make sense for you and your personality; that's what I'm all about."

ebay | Authenticity Guarantee

Christy Turlington Burns photographed by Wayne Maser for *Vogue*, 1986.

Wisdom Kaye photographed for eBay, 2023.

Wisdom recreates Christy's look 37 years later: wearing a Cartier Pasha watch, Van Cleef & Arpels bracelet, and small hoop earrings from Chopard (top earrings), backed by eBay Authenticity Guarantee. "When you know what you're wearing is the real deal, you feel more in tune," Wisdom says. "It's about wearing what feels like you."

Fine Lines

Drake Carr's provocative artwork imbues fashion illustration with a louche glamour. By Lynn Yaeger.

I love fashion, and I love drawing clothing," says the rising art star Drake Carr. In early 2023, members of Carr's extended family—everyone from stylist Dara Allen to downtown artist Rose Mori to club luminary "Connie Girl" Fleming to the models Karlie Kloss and Pat Cleveland—showed up in all their rarefied glory to have their portraits drawn by Carr during his ad hoc residency at the studio of his friend, the photographer Ethan James Green.

Carr's drawings, paintings, and installations, at once unblinking and delicate, have an uncanny ability to distill the essence of his subjects. In an age of AI, where we are increasingly victims of bland manufactured content, the defiantly handmade quality of Carr's work is subtly rebellious. As his friend Green puts it: "He manages to capture people in a way a lot of photographers can't."

Carr, who is 30, lanky, and all-American handsome, arrived in New York City in 2015. (Green says their friendship was inevitable: "We are both gay boys from churchy homes in Michigan.") He worked at restaurants to keep afloat, at one point buying himself an airbrush machine for $200 just to explore its possibilities. His first gallery was the walls of Happyfun Hideaway, a "queer tiki disco dive bar" in Bushwick, Brooklyn, where he still works one day a week—which is maybe surprising for a guy whose work graced the Summer 2023 cover of *Art in America*. But maybe not.

In his soft voice, Carr confesses that there is so much he wants to do—fashion, of course, but also a continuation of his series depicting the louche characters he has encountered since he arrived in New York. His work, first widely seen through his Instagram posts, has since been in one-person shows at The Hole gallery on the Bowery and in Los Angeles. In October, at *Vogue*'s Forces of Fashion, he will set up shop, sketching a handful of the conference's illustrious attendees.

While Carr's first fashion drawings were informed by his childhood infatuation with superheroes, his grown-up works have their roots in the now vanished world of fashion illustration—he particularly reveres the >86

TAKE A BOW

TOP LEFT: Drake Carr in New York. Photographed by Ethan James Green. TOP RIGHT: Carr's portrait of writer Lynn Yaeger.

RIGHT: COURTESY OF DRAKE CARR.

DOONEY & BOURKE

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Quality Leathergoods Since 1975

GENUINE FLORENTINE
VACCHETTA LEATHER

HOBO 26 • $298

1.800.347.5000
Dooney.com/florentine

1 Regent Street, Norwalk, Connecticut


DOONEY
&
BOURKE
1975

late Antonio Lopez, but "instead of starting with the garment and doing a little gesture of the face, I do the face and a silhouette of the garment," he explains. "Just getting the feel of the fashion."

For his residency at Green's Chinatown atelier, some of his subjects brought bags of their own clothes—Carr describes one ensemble as "pink boxer shorts, patent leather boots, and an expensive scarf." The project resulted in a monograph, *Walk-Ins,* with Carr's boyfriend, a graphic designer, making the beautiful book. (They live near Prospect Park in Brooklyn and met while Carr was having his mom's old business card—the business was Nails by Wendy—tattooed on his arm.) Carr's fashion work, though, has stretched far beyond pastel undershorts: For Christopher John Rogers's fall 2019 show—the designer is another member of his Brooklyn posse—Carr painted bodices and created a print of faces that turned up on a shirt. "He has a real appreciation of glamour, which is not always so popular right now," Rogers says, adding that his friend is "kind of soft-spoken, but when you get to know him, the ebullience of his personality comes through."

COLOR STORIES
ABOVE: Carr's *Rose,* 2023.
RIGHT: *Julian and Kenta,* 2023.

Quietly ebullient as he may be, Carr is a bit awestruck by his recent rise. "There are moments when I feel like a country mouse in the city," he confesses. But like so many intensely creative people who leave behind far-flung addresses and head for the nearest metropolis, he has found a home in the wilds of Brooklyn. "I don't ever feel like I shouldn't be here." □

The Italian Job

Ginori issues a line of home furnishings and fabrics.

A VINE TIME
Patterns from Ginori's new Domus line, created with the fabric company Rubelli.

When Italian designer Luca Nichetto attended Catholic Communion celebrations as a boy, he noticed that the little dishes and such that were given out as keepsakes always bore a certain imprint: Ginori, the storied Florentine porcelain firm founded in 1735. "If you are an Italian designer," says the Stockholm-based Nichetto (who, regardless, considers himself "100 percent Italian"), "Ginori is for sure one of your references." It was that deep-seated affiliation that spurred Nichetto to work with the company on some of its earliest forays beyond porcelain—first with a home fragrance inspired by Catherine de' Medici, and now with Domus, a line of lamps, furnishings, and fabrics (items range from $280 to $11,000 and are available at Ginori 1735 locations). While many luxury brands carving a lane for themselves in interior design hand over a brief to a separate manufacturer, Nichetto wanted to cultivate a closer collaboration. So he reached out to Venetian glass authority Barovier & Toso and the fabric company Rubelli—both of which, like Ginori, possess an expertise born of centuries of craftsmanship. The Domus fabrics, in particular, carry a story within the jacquard: There is Oriente Italiano, a riff on the Asian-inspired pattern designed by legendary Ginori artistic director Gio Ponti, and Ondori, a reinterpretation of the red rooster, considered an emblem of good fortune in many cultures. The two more abstract patterns—Sagitta, which cites Brunelleschi and Escher, and Saia, a series of geometric swatches—offer a covert callback to the DNA of the company. Saia, for instance, takes its motif from the way colored decals are applied to porcelain to test the hue. Some things change, the shifting pattern says, and some things stay the same.—**CHLOE SCHAMA**

TOP: COURTESY OF DRAKE CARR. BOTTOM: COURTESY OF GINORI 1735.

Beautifully United to Help End Breast Cancer

Since 1992, The Estée Lauder Companies and its charitable foundation have funded more than $118 million to support research, education and access to medical services globally.

See how you can be a part of making an impact and help create a breast cancer-free world.

#TimeToEndBreastCancer

ESTĒE LAUDER COMPANIES
BREAST CANCER CAMPAIGN

Learn more
ELCompanies.com/BreastCancerCampaign

@esteelaudercompanies

The Estée Lauder Companies

Hi-Tech Hydration

NOBLE PANACEA

SKINCARE SCIENCE MASTERPIECE

A revolutionary approach to face oil arrives just in time with the changing of seasons, courtesy of Noble Panacea

The transition to fall brings with it cooler temperatures and an annual reminder of the importance of layering—not only in regards to wardrobe, but your skincare regimen, too. Much like you may need to reach for a jacket before stepping outdoors, your complexion also demands an added layer of protection against the elements. One great way to do that is with a face oil, and two new launches are set to upend the entire product category with a brand-new benefit for your skin.

But first, some context. When it comes to face oil, the golden rule is that it should always be applied as the final step in your routine. That's because oils, which do not contain water or water-soluble ingredients, sit on the surface of skin, forming an occlusive barrier, essentially locking in moisture and any previously applied products. Which is all to say that despite these important benefits, because face oils cannot deliver water-soluble ingredients, they do not, in contrast to what you may have heard, actually hydrate skin. That is, until now.

What was deemed impossible—a face oil that provides the dual benefits of hydration (water) and moisturization (oils), both of which are crucial for healthy skin—is now a reality thanks to some very high-tech science that's on display in two new offerings from Noble Panacea: the Absolute Nourishing Lift Oil and the Brilliant Glow Hydration Oil.

Among skincare enthusiasts, the name Noble Panacea has come to elicit supremely high expectations, and rightfully so. Founded by a Nobel Prize–winning chemist, the science-backed beauty brand is known for its proprietary Organic Super Molecular Vessel™ technology (OSMV™), an advanced delivery system that encapsulates active ingredients in a product's formula on a molecular level, which both maximizes efficacy (because there is no oxidation or risk of cross-contamination) and allows for a controlled, long-term release of the ingredients. Put simply: Your skin gets a steady, extended dose of potent ingredients.

In the case of Noble Panacea's latest launches, this technology also facilitates the aforementioned breakthrough: a face oil that contains water-soluble active ingredients, which hydrate the skin.

The key active ingredient featured in both products is the undisputed hero of hydration, hyaluronic acid. With the ability to hold its weight in water a thousand times over, hyaluronic acid works to draw water into skin cells, boosting overall hydration and leading to a plumper dewier appearance. Because it is encapsulated within the OSMV™ technology, the hyaluronic acid is delivered to the skin continuously over time, steadily and efficiently hydrating, firming, and illuminating the skin.

Hyaluronic acid is the star, but the rest of the ingredients in both products read like a who's who of the best in beauty-boosting ingredients (plus all of them are noncomedogenic, vegan, and fragrance and cruelty free). The Absolute Nourishing Lift Oil contains squalane to plump, retinol to promote collagen and elastin production, and sea fennel extract, which replenishes lipids in the skin barrier. It's best applied daily, as the last step in your routine, to skin in need of long-lasting, intense hydration. The Brilliant Glow Hydration Oil, formulated with saw palmetto extract to balance sebum production and raspberry seed oil to promote radiance and protect against free radical damage, feels lighter on skin.

Available at select Neiman Marcus stores.

Lost and Found

Recalling a beloved Chanel lipstick, Chloe Schama searches color databases, high-tech matching tools, and the complexities of memory.

We've all had the experience: A lifetime of trial and error finally leads you to the perfect shade, and then the lipstick is discontinued (lost to time) or goes missing (lost in the handbag). For me, it was an almost-maroon Chanel that I plucked from the beauty closet at the office and then wore to my sister-in-law's wedding at an outdoor railway museum in Monticello, Illinois. The color was somewhere between plum and a brick path after it's rained; putting it on was like becoming another person, a woman with something crisp to say, even when her lips weren't moving. It was an old-timey wedding, with pin curls, tea-length dresses, and a *Paper Moon*–style photo setup. We rode a rattling antique car to the ceremony site, and I felt, in my sepia shade, like I had been lifted from a silent film. The color was perfect, and so were the pictures. This was lucky from one vantage point (the color was immortalized by professional photography), unfortunate from another (the photos taunted me: Would I ever find it again?). The tube was not even one-quarter used when it vanished. As Elizabeth Bishop put it, "The art of losing isn't hard to master."

FORGET ME NOT
Memories of colors are elusive. When a favorite hue is gone, how do we recapture it? Model Raquel Zimmermann wears a Bottega Veneta parka. Photographed by Mark Borthwick.

While the intersection of scent and taste with memory has prompted scientific examinations and literary ruminations (Proust with his madeleines, etc.), the connection between color perception and memory seems a more elusive target for inquiry, perhaps because it is so subjective. "I am only too aware—having faced customers across the shop counter for many years—that we tend to see color in different ways," writes *The Anatomy of Colour* author Patrick Baty in an email to me from London, where he is also the proprietor of the masterfully encyclopedic paint shop Papers and Paints and a kind of visual detective–cum–mad scientist when it comes to pairing shades from the past with modern-day materials. (He recently, for example, restored the drawing rooms at Stowe House in Buckinghamshire to their precise 18th-century glory.) Originally taught by his father to color-match by eye, Baty now uses a machine called a spectrophotometer to build up a giant database of color profiles—perhaps the largest in existence. But all the science in the world doesn't make the way we experience color less personal, he concedes. "So often, people's responses are based on emotion or even on some of the ridiculous names given to them by paint companies. Some names discourage, while others encourage selection (e.g., 'Senior Citizen' or 'Elephant's Breath')." >92

FASHION EDITOR: ALEX HARRINGTON. HAIR: JIMMY PAUL. MAKEUP: DICK PAGE.
PRODUCED BY BEN MILLER BIBESCO. EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ZOE TOMLINSON. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

Sleep Organic

Best for the World 2022 Community

Experience luxury certified organic mattresses from Avocado. Our mission is to be the most respected source for organic mattresses, pillows and bedding — while maintaining environmentally conscious, ethical, and sustainable business practices — to help safeguard the health of people and the planet. Find a local retail store or shop online at **AvocadoGreenMattress.com.**

AVOCADO

GREEN MATTRESS®

Made with 95% Certified Organic CU 863637

Organic CU 863637

Certified B Corporation

However individual our relationship with color might be, it has an undeniable power to affect the way our neurons fire. Autistic patients read 35 percent faster, according to one study, when a colored overlay is put on the text. Some warmer colors (yellows, reds, and oranges) have been found to increase attention more effectively than cooler tones—not hard to clock if one has ever walked through a food court with screaming, flame-colored signage. We remember vibrant images better than black-and-white ones. And then there is the infamous "drunk tank pink" theory, popularized by social psychologist Adam Alter's 2013 book of the same name: the idea that a bubble-gum hue could pacify inebriated aggressors (or an opposing team—some college football coaches took to painting the visiting athletes' locker rooms this Barbie-adjacent shade). The multimedia artist Madeline Hollander, whose serpentine dance *Hydro Parade* recently wound its way through The Metropolitan Museum, has a kind of synesthesia in which she experiences all language (and some sounds) in color—for example, *L* is blue, *H* is white; *do* is yellow, *re,* maroon—and it's been this way since she can remember. "Having synesthesia," she tells me, "is like having a window into the metaprocessing that goes on in the brain as it translates symbols, ideas, language into thought."

In the years that followed my sister-in-law's wedding, I did my own processing of what this color might mean and how to find it, wandering department store aisles, painting the back of my hand a slice of the spectrum ranging from crimson to ochre. I dipped my toes into the Pinterest color-matching world, a mood board gone off its hinges. I found myself on homely websites where you could order a (new) bespoke product based on a color-matched sample of an earlier offering. But all those services and social media subcultures were predicated on the idea that you knew exactly which (mostly discontinued) shade you were looking for. In Sephora, I would attempt to describe the hue: "dark red, almost bordering on brown, a color that belonged on Claire Danes's quavering lips in *My So-Called Life*…" and the Gen Z salesperson would bat her lashes. I might as well have been spouting algebra theorems.

But who needs language when you have technology? When I finally email Chanel with a similarly abstruse description, I am kindly referred to their virtual try-on tool, a targeted filter that lets you "test" the colors by staring into your laptop screen, no in-store stick sharing required—a practice that now seems a relic of a pre-pandemic era, when we had less familiarity with germ theory. A quick trip through the internet reveals that Maybelline has a similar tool, and so does Revlon, L'Oréal, and many other companies. This summer, Fenty launched a shade-matching filter for its foundation on TikTok, which, when you turn it on, suspends your face in a skin-colored cloud, Casper the Ghost–like. It might not be a spectrophotometer, but it's leaps beyond my mumblings at the store—Proustian remembrance replaced by the power of pixels.

> The lipstick was not even one-quarter used when it vanished. As Elizabeth Bishop put it, "The art of losing isn't hard to master"

CELEBRATION DAY
The author at her sister-in-law's wedding, wearing the lipstick she coveted—once she lost it.

I get to work with the Chanel tool, pouting for the camera on my laptop while swiping through various shade options, jotting down names as I go. A few days later they arrive. Rouge Allure Caractère is more brown than red, as if I've forgotten to lick my lips while drinking syrupy hot chocolate; Rouge Allure Sensation is a dark blackberry color, more like something that belongs on Wednesday Addams. I boldly line my lips, and then rub them clean in shock when I catch a glimpse of myself in the bathroom mirror an hour later. Not for me! Rouge Coco Baume in Fall For Me is a much more enjoyable wear but a different consistency than what I'd recalled. As the name implies, it's somewhere between balm and lipstick and goes on smooth and slick. Somewhere along the line, I realize that Chanel actually offers a way to reverse-engineer a solution with its Lipscanner app, which allows you to take a photo and then match the color to its offerings. It's like some kind of digital-age fairy tale: The answer was in the picture all along. I take myself to Saks and purchase a stick of Rouge Coco in Suzanne—there it is! A somewhat anticlimactic conclusion to my half-decade-long quest.

Science, it seems, has its limits when entangled with sentiment. Perhaps what I wanted was not so much the shade, but the shadow of a former self, or to return to a moment in time already washed in the warm tones of nostalgia. There's another photo from that wedding weekend that remains foremost in my memory. It's an image of the nape of my then nine-month-old's neck as I gave him a bath in the hotel sink, a perfect curl nestled in the crevice at the bottom of his skull, anatomy that was changing almost the instant I took the picture. He would never be so small again. My sister-in-law would never again smile like it was the first day of the rest of her life. In the meantime, Chanel's Fall For Me, that lighter shade with the slicker texture, has nestled itself comfortably in the bottom of my purse. I find myself reaching for it on the subway, at the office, as I drop that now seven-year-old off for his first day of second grade. It's not a color from my past, but one for the present. □

ELIZABETH GUZALDO


GUCCI
FLORA
GUCCI
FLORA
GORGEOUS JASMINE
GUCCI
FLORA
GORGEOUS GARDENIA
GUCCI
FLORA
GORGEOUS MAGNOLIA
#FloraFantasy


GUCCI
FLORA
GUCCI
FLORA
GORGEOUS MAGNOLIA
The New Eau de Parfum
#FloraFantasy

RALPH LAUREN

PINK PONY

"When someone we love has cancer,
we are all affected—husbands, wives, mothers
and fathers, sisters, brothers, and friends.
This is our effort in the fight against cancer."

Ralph Lauren

Join us in the fight against cancer

Globally, 25% of the purchase price from the sale of each item in the Pink Pony collection is directed to an international network of cancer charities; within the United States, proceeds benefit the Pink Pony Fund of The Ralph Lauren Corporate Foundation.

ISLAND LIFE
A room at Hotel Corazón (LEFT); the exterior of Grand Hotel Son Net (BELOW).

Balearic Boom

A new guard of hotels is quietly leveling up Mallorca's offerings.

For European travelers, Mallorca is hardly an under-the-radar destination. Every year, sunseekers from the continent's northern reaches migrate to the Balearic island like wildebeest across the Serengeti: whether flocking to the all-inclusive resorts that dot the coastline near the capital of Palma or gravitating toward the charming hilltop villages and rocky swimming coves of the UNESCO-protected Serra de Tramuntana mountain range. But this year, the island is beckoning a new, design-minded visitor to its shores.

First, there's Grand Hotel Son Net (starting at $660 a night), the second property from the team behind Finca Cortesin, the beloved Andalusian hideaway that has developed a feverish cult following. A palatial 17th-century villa painted a pleasing shade of terra-cotta and set high in the mountains, Son Net is surrounded by fragrant citrus orchards and olive groves straight out of a Mediterranean picture postcard. Yet while it may appear classic on the surface, step inside and something more unexpected unfolds amid the riotously patterned interiors that reflect the island's history as a cultural melting pot, from tiles that speak to the region's Arabic design influences to beds draped in Spanish linen. It's the world-class service here, though, that sets a new standard for the island, whether you want to learn more about the wine cultivated within the hotel's own vineyards or be whisked away for an afternoon on a boat exploring the secluded beaches nearby. And you haven't experienced true Iberian hospitality until a gin and mandarin cocktail has been ferried to you poolside as another honey-colored sunset dips behind the mountains.

Half an hour down the road, you'll find a more contemporary take on the traditional Spanish farm stay, Son Bunyola (rates start at $650 a night). The hotel is the project of Richard Branson, who was among the first to recognize the island's potential as a five-star destination back in 1987, when he launched a (then rare) venue in the idyllic village of Deià. The entrepreneur's approach rests firmly on the local, with an additional sprinkling of adventure. Hikes, bikes, tennis, yoga, and paddleboarding are all likely to feature on the itinerary here: all the better to explore the surrounding region's natural wonders.

Finally, if it's something more offbeat you're looking for, head to Hotel Corazón (rates start at $600 a night). With just 15 individually designed rooms and run by partners and longtime island residents Kate Bellm and Edgar Lopez, it's a property by artists, for artists. (The paintings and sculptures that line its limewash walls have all been made by the couple's friends, while a rotating lineup of artists in residence ensures that every guest will have an opportunity to flex their creative muscles.) Bursting with charm and playful design, it's the spirit of new Mallorcan hospitality in a nutshell.—**LIAM HESS**

TOP: COURTESY OF HOTEL CORAZÓN / ANNA MALMBERG. BOTTOM: COURTESY OF GRAND HOTEL SON NET.

Ciara Asks: *Why Not Us?*

How the platinum-selling global superstar has raised over $10 million for pediatric cancer research

We all know Ciara from her platinum-selling oeuvre, but there's another side to her. These days, what really drives her is her work with the Why Not You Foundation, which she runs with her husband, Denver Broncos quarterback Russell Wilson. Sure, she has a new record coming out (on her own label, no less), but it's the philanthropic achievements she focuses her gratitude on.

"Where you come from in life does not determine how far you'll go," she says, emphasizing how she pushes herself to dream big. "Every day I ask myself, why not us?"

That mantra—*why not us?*—is the catalyst for Ciara's work with the foundation. Since Why Not You launched in 2014, it has raised over $10 million for pediatric cancer research and opened a tuition-free charter school, the Why Not You Academy in Des Moines, Washington.*

As Ciara has built both her foundation and musical empire, she's leaned on the advice of other ambitious, mission-oriented entrepreneurs like herself. Goldman Sachs Private Wealth Management has been actively involved in seeking out opportunities to help Ciara maximize her impact. "Our team at Goldman Sachs will pick up the phone to call whoever we need in their network, to make sure we can maximize every opportunity," she says.

Goldman Sachs | Private Wealth Management

Ciara is a current client of Goldman Sachs Private Wealth Management (PWM). The opinions expressed are solely those of the client. Compensation in the amount of $7,500 was paid to the client to facilitate logistical services related to her participation in this advertisement and for her statements relating to Goldman Sachs PWM. This testimonial is representative only of the client and her experience with Goldman Sachs PWM, and your experience may differ. Goldman Sachs PWM does not request or advertise testimonials from all clients. Brokerage and investment advisory services offered by Goldman Sachs PWM are provided by Goldman Sachs & Co. LLC, which is an SEC registered broker-dealer and investment adviser, member FINRA/SIPC.

* Foundation facts provided by Ciara & Why Not You Foundation.

Protect + Smooth, Daily

WITH THE BAKUCHIOL + NIACINAMIDE COLLECTION

RETINOL ALTERNATIVE

All the benefits of retinol without side effects

IMPROVE SKIN TEXTURE

Smooth fine lines and target large pores

DAY + NIGHT USE

Will not cause UV sensitivity

ÉMINENCE 14 YEARS in a Row FAVORITE SKIN CARE LINE Voted by Spa Professionals

ÉMINENCE ORGANIC SKIN CARE

HUNGARY · SINCE 1958

www.eminenceorganics.com

FORESTS FOR THE FUTURE

ÉMINENCE WILL PLANT A TREE FOR EVERY PRODUCT SOLD

Treat your skin to a unique combination of

bakuchiol ***(bah • koo • chee • ol)*** and niacinamide ***(nye • uh • sin • um • eye • d)***
to reap the same results as conventional retinol – without the unpleasant side effects!

All Mineral Sunscreen with Bakuchiol + Niacinamide

RADIANT PROTECTION SPF FLUID

95%

of users agreed skin feels and appears smoother*

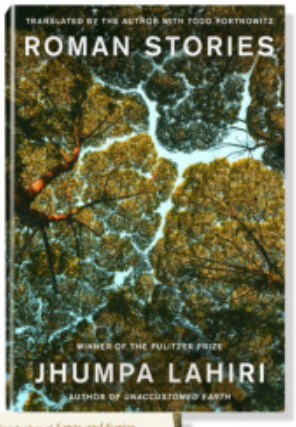
BAKUCHIOL + NIACINAMIDE MOISTURIZER

Scan to discover this smoothing, lightweight collection or visit **www.eminenceorganics.com/spa-locator** to find a Spa Partner near you.

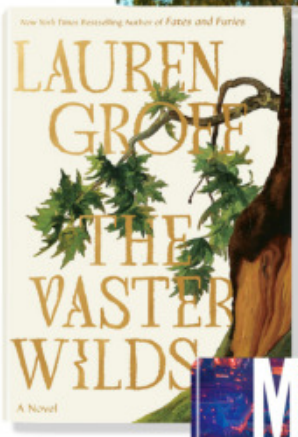
**In vivo study results after 12 weeks*

Flights of Fiction

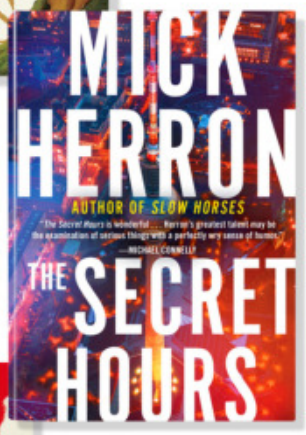
New books range from past to present.

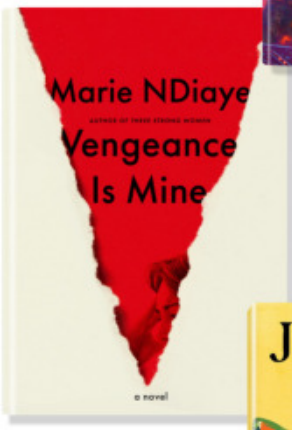


Jhumpa Lahiri's **Roman Stories (Knopf)** is a delectable, sun-washed treat: a series of tales set in and around the Italian capital, told from the perspective of natives, expats, migrants, and other transplants. When a city invites you in—with all its alluring splendor—who ultimately gets to lay claim to it? Lahiri wears that geopolitical question lightly, enveloping the reader in birthday parties and summer heat waves; the adrenaline of teenage delinquents and the anxieties of nonnas keeping a watchful eye; flings that are mere flights of imagination and real, life-transforming affairs. Like Lahiri's two most recent books, this collection was written in Italian and translated for an English audience, and the stories have the beating heart of the city itself, a place of magnificent decay and vibrant, varied life.



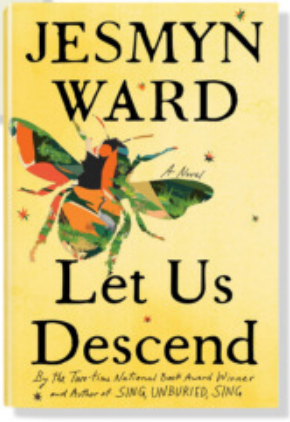
Lauren Groff has long been fascinated by stories of female survival, and in her new novel, **The Vaster Wilds (Riverhead)**, she places her protagonist in extreme circumstances: an early period of the Jamestown colony, when famine decimated almost the entirety of that settlement. Our heroine flees to the surrounding wilderness, where, by wits and tenacity, she manages to maintain a tenuous purchase on life. *The Vaster Wilds* is a page-turner with a built-in engine: What will she have to do to survive? Inspired by the language of Elizabethan English, the book takes a minute to metabolize. But once you slip into its rich rhythms, it's an engrossing and rewarding journey.—**CHLOE SCHAMA**





Spy novelists are often hailed as successors to the late John le Carré. Mick Herron with **The Secret Hours (Soho Crime)**, his teemingly complex story of the British Secret Service, rife with post-Brexit infighting and festering Cold War secrets, earns the comparison. The novel has exciting set pieces and plenty of cloak-and-dagger maneuvering, but what elevates it is Herron's clear-eyed portrait of state power, in which lowly civil servants joust with formidable MI5 leaders who may, in turn, be toppled by spies who have long ago come in from the cold. Amid his careful plotting Herron manages to be acidly funny too, a quality fans of his best-selling Slough House novels (adapted by Apple TV+ as the terrific series *Slow Horses*) know well.

The unsettling **Vengeance Is Mine (Knopf)** from Marie NDiaye, winner of France's prestigious Prix Goncourt, has the magnetism of a thriller and the mysteriousness of an existential riddle. Maître Susane, a lawyer of middling success in Bordeaux, is asked by the husband of an imprisoned woman to defend her. What has she done? Murdered her three children—an unimaginable crime that NDiaye allows to sit in the background of her storytelling like an ominous dream. What concerns NDiaye's heroine is a flickering memory from her childhood that involves the defendant's husband, a passive-aggressive relationship with her Mauritian housekeeper, a sense of rejection by her parents, and her too-modest car. This is a novel of unraveling certainties and of a middle-class life encroached upon by nightmares. You may not fully unlock its mysteries—it's slim, a good length for a reread—but you won't be able to put it down. —**TAYLOR ANTRIM**



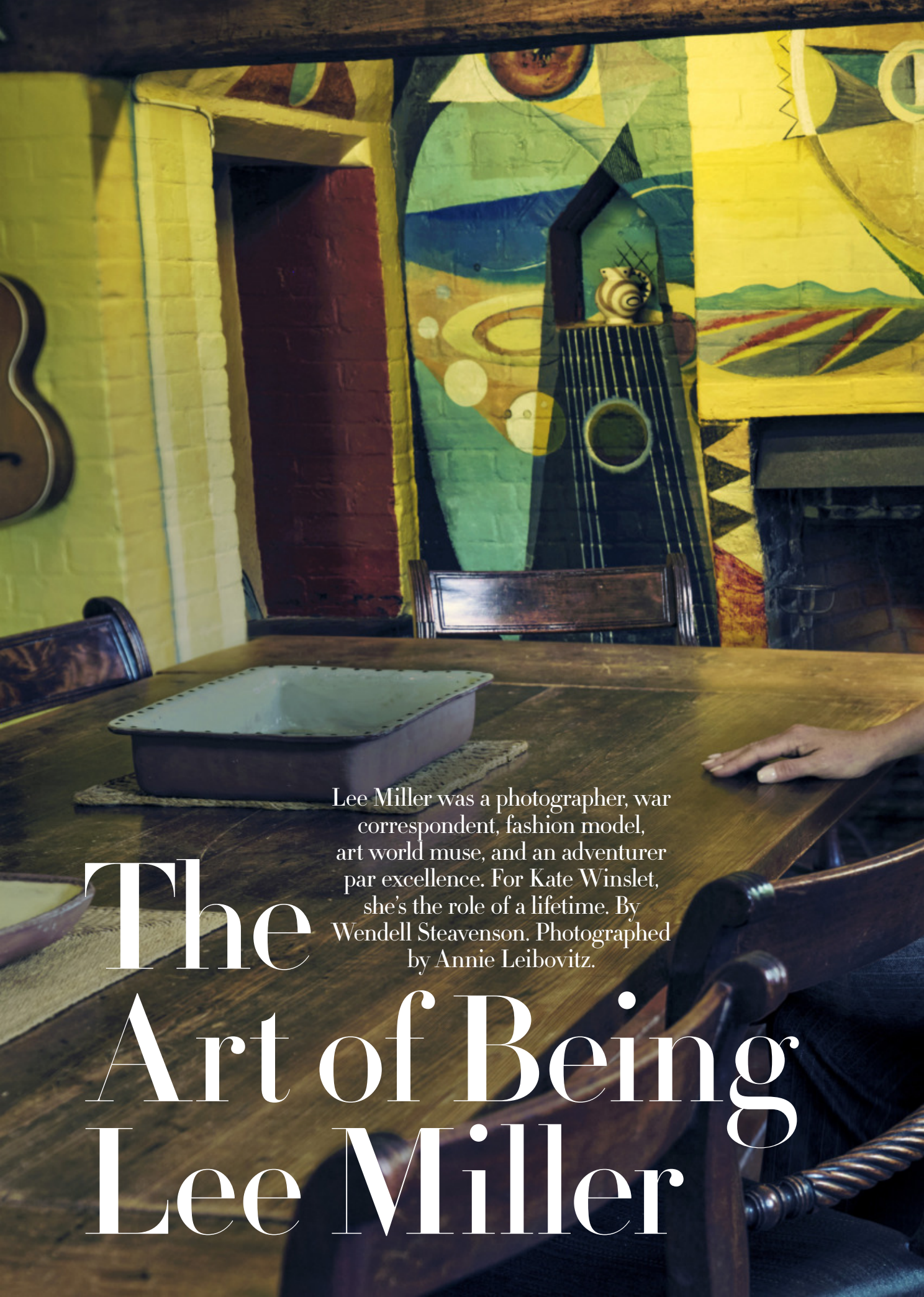
Let Us Descend (Scribner), the latest novel from Jesmyn Ward—the virtuosic author of 2011's *Salvage the Bones* and 2017's *Sing, Unburied, Sing*, both winners of the National Book Award for Fiction—takes its title from a passage in Dante's *Inferno*, verses of which Ward's protagonist, an enslaved teenager named Annis, can hear through the door as her white half-sisters sit for their lessons. It resonates: Working in her sire's house *feels* distinctly like hell—dark, endless, full of dangers—the only grace, Annis's fierce bond with her mother, Sasha. Yet after Sasha is sold, and Annis herself is sent on a harrowing walk from the Carolinas to Louisiana, she descends to yet another circle, enduring the searing loneliness and fresh terrors of life on a sugar plantation. The novel is not for the faint of heart, but Annis's story, told in Ward's musical prose, is nothing short of epic, magical, and intensely moving. —**MARLEY MARIUS**

ROMAN STORIES: COURTESY OF ALFRED A. KNOPF. *THE VASTER WILDS:* COURTESY OF RIVERHEAD BOOKS. *THE SECRET HOURS:* COVER DESIGN BY DAVID LITMAN. COURTESY OF SOHO PRESS. *VENGEANCE IS MINE:* COURTESY OF ALFRED A. KNOPF. *LET US DESCEND:* COURTESY OF SCRIBNER.


THIS
IS
IT.
INTRODUCING THE
MOST ULTRA-LUXURY
EXPERIENTIAL RESORT
IN THE WORLD
www.atlantistheroyal.com
@atlantistheroyal
ATLANTIS
THE ROYAL
DUBAI


BALENCIAGA


BALENCIAGA



Lee Miller was a photographer, war correspondent, fashion model, art world muse, and an adventurer par excellence. For Kate Winslet, she's the role of a lifetime. By Wendell Steavenson. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.

The Art of Being Lee Miller

WITNESS TO WAR
Winslet, photographed at Farleys, the historic home of Lee Miller and Roland Penrose in Sussex, stars in the film *Lee*, expected later this year. Winslet wears a Stella McCartney vest and pants. Paige shirt.
Fashion Editor: Tabitha Simmons.

London, one Friday in late June, the scene is a dark, windowless editing suite. Kate Winslet is recording dialogue for *Lee,* a film she produced and stars in, about the life and work of Lee Miller, the *Vogue* model turned photographer turned war correspondent who documented the horrors of the concentration camps in the Second World War and was famously photographed in Hitler's bathtub.

This kind of carefully synced audio work requires precision and practiced technique. "It's like solving a Rubik's Cube within a time limit," explains Winslet, who is fond of a metaphor. "It's like finding that piece of cloud with the birds for the last corner of the jigsaw puzzle. That kind of satisfaction."

Winslet is dressed down in a pair of tight jeans and a T-shirt over which tumble several fine gold chain necklaces; her hair is tied back in a workaday ponytail. When I arrive it is midmorning and she has been at it since 8 a.m. and will continue, without a lunch break, until past three in the afternoon. She crouches over the microphone, waggles her hands, focusing on the minute adjustments of tone, inflection, volume, stress, and pitch, fine-tuning individual words to make sure she nails Miller's midcentury American accent. "I didn't have enough *r* on the *never*. Let's do it again, please," she asks the sound technician. "Just one more, a little bit more downplayed.... Can you bring up the level of the *fuck*?"

"Kate is the fastest audio in the West," says Kate Solomon, her coproducer on *Lee*.

"After 30 years of doing this, I should be," says Winslet laughing, deflecting the compliment.

Kate Winslet is an actor at the top of her game. She has honed her craft through 37 feature films and several highly regarded miniseries, working with many of the great directors of the day—Jane Campion, Todd Field, Ang Lee, Steven Soderbergh, Danny Boyle—and starring opposite the best actors of her generation: Leonardo DiCaprio, Harvey Keitel, Susan Sarandon, Johnny Depp, Jim Carrey, Jodie Foster, Saoirse Ronan. She has been nominated for seven Oscars, winning in 2009 for *The Reader,* in which she played a former concentration camp guard who embarks on a postwar affair with a teenage boy, and has won five BAFTAs, five Golden Globes, four SAG awards, and two Emmys.

CLOSE-UP
Miller's friendship with Pablo Picasso yielded several portraits of her, including this one from 1937.

It's a long way from where Winslet started out—"The fat kid at the back with the wrong fucking shoes on," as she told me. She likes to say she owes her career to the luck of being cast at age 17 by Peter Jackson in *Heavenly Creatures,* an intimate and darkly brilliant film based on the true story of two girls who killed a woman in 1950s New Zealand, and then again in the megahit *Titanic* when she was 20. But in fact Winslet has always worked hard to make her own luck.

"I was consistently told I was the wrong shape," Winslet told me. "I was consistently told I would have to settle for less."

"Why didn't you?" I asked her.

"Cause I wasn't going to take that shit from anyone." Winslet laughed.

Time and again, Winslet has been drawn to independent productions and auteur directors, playing complex characters that challenge her. It's an instinct that has served her well as she's navigated a notoriously fickle and sexist industry, as well as the media intrusions that accompanied her early success and the personal upheavals of motherhood, marriage, and divorce. Winslet has three children—Mia, 22, with her first husband, Jim Threapleton; Joe, 19, with director Sam Mendes; and Bear, aged 9, with her husband Ned Abel Smith, whom she met days before a terrifying house fire on businessman Richard Branson's Necker Island in 2011.

It all seems to have prepared Winslet for making *Lee*—which represents her first time as a deeply hands-on producer, responsible for everything from finances to script to casting to camera angles—and for being able to understand and communicate Miller's extraordinary personality. "Frankly," she told me, "I've been through a lot, so there are corridors of emotions I can access that I simply didn't have when I was younger."

Miller's life spanned the 20th century. In 1930s Paris, she was lover and collaborator to the photographer Man Ray and part of a Surrealist band of artists and poets (among them Jean Cocteau, who cast her in his film *The Blood of a Poet*), as well as friend and subject of Pablo Picasso (who painted her portrait with her head bright yellow to illustrate the brilliance of her personality). Her work as a correspondent for *Vogue* in Europe during WW II brought an important female perspective to the news, even as the horrors that she witnessed opened her own chasms of

EN PLEIN AIR
Recreated in *Lee* is Miller's famous photograph from 1937 of friends—Paul and Nusch Élouard, Roland Penrose, Man Ray, and Ady Fidelin—in the South of France.

trauma. "Lee was a woman who lived her life on her terms and she paid a horrific emotional price for all of it," Winslet told me. "I wanted to tell the story of a flawed middle-aged woman who went to war and documented it."

Miller was intrepid and brave, and fought in her work against the chauvinist strictures of the times, but she also grappled with childhood trauma, periods of depression, and a dependency on alcohol and pills (that she finally overcame). Antony Penrose, her son and biographer who is played by the actor Josh O'Connor in *Lee* and whose 1985 book, *The Lives of Lee Miller,* forms the basis for the movie, told me Winslet was his dream actor to play the part. "When I saw Kate all those years ago in *Titanic,* what I loved was that she wasn't afraid to get wet, to get dirty, to fall in the water, to get roughed up. I thought she would make a fantastic Lee Miller."

I am a war reporter; Lee Miller has long been a hero of mine. I've spent much of the last year and a half in Ukraine, and I told Winslet that I understood the mix of adventure and professional pride that compelled Miller to drive down dangerous roads toward unknown destinations. "I suspect," I said, "this kind of journey is very much like filmmaking."

"Exactly!" said Winslet. "For me that's the joy of it. You can do all the preparation under the sun, but you genuinely do not know how the day is going to go."

She may share some of Miller's grit, it seems to me—a certain bloody-mindedness and persistence. It took eight years of patient dedication to realize *Lee* (which as of this writing is headed out on the festival circuit to seek distribution). "The process of getting it off the ground was the most phenomenal fight," Winslet said. "I truly drove it up a mountain."

She was intent on focusing the story around Miller's work rather than her lovers and the sexy artistic celebrity milieu that she moved in. When I met Antony Penrose at Farleys, his parents' home in East Sussex, now preserved as a museum to their Surrealist life and art (Lee Miller was married to Roland Penrose, an artist and leading figure of the Surrealist moment), he told me he had been disappointed over the years with screenplays that tended to be "formulaic and traded too much on Lee's beauty and being a model. They didn't explore her intellectual capacity or her skill as a photographer."

Winslet was involved with every aspect of the movie. The script had gone through several iterations, and Winslet, adamant that a female voice was needed, brought Marion Hume and Liz Hannah aboard to avoid the clichés and trite tropes that tend to be attached to women—especially those like Lee Miller, who had many lovers. Overall, Winslet was determined to foster a happy, creatively rewarding set, gathering together many crew members whom she had worked with before. She had known the cinematographer Ellen Kuras since they met making *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* and invited her to direct *Lee*—Kuras's first feature film directing credit. And Winslet worked closely on casting, personally calling many of her costars. "I couldn't say no to acting opposite Kate Winslet," said *SNL* alum Andy Samberg, who plays *Life* photographer David Scherman, Miller's close friend and companion in war. It's Samberg's first dramatic role, and he told me Winslet was enormously helpful and encouraging: "She's incredible. I knew this [movie] would be of a certain quality, no matter what, because of her." She

Miller's life spanned the 20th century. In 1930s Paris, she was lover and collaborator to Man Ray and part of a Surrealist band of artists and poets

Weathering the business as a young actress "absolutely toughened me up," Winslet said. "It gave me a profound understanding of what it means to play Lee Miller"

even helped coordinate Samberg's flights to set in order to minimize his time away from his young children in LA. "She said: 'We're going to make it happen for you, don't worry.' She was just *thorough*—somehow able to sway the creative flow of things in a positive way."

"She's also indefatigable," said Solomon, her coproducer. On the first day of filming, while rehearsing the sequence when Miller is running down the street in the French city of Saint-Malo, under bombardment in 1944, Winslet slipped and injured her back. "I had three massive hematomas on my spine, huge," Winslet told me. "I could barely stand up." Determined there would be no delays, she pushed on with the schedule despite the pain. That meant getting up before 4 a.m., hair and makeup at 5, and on set before 7. It also meant slipping between acting and producing, taking calls with potential investors (financing was precarious; at one point, in preproduction, Winslet told me, she personally covered two weeks of wages to keep things going), chasing down new locations, and then in the evening going over her lines with her dialogue coach.

"Kate held the film in her," Solomon said. "If you spoke to her about any aspect of it, she knew what her opinion was. And when you have that, you can galvanize everyone behind that person. It looks effortless, but having lived with her, you can say: My God, it is a lot of work to get to that point."

WINSLET'S EYES ARE large and aqueous, her face seemingly lit from within. Every nuance of feeling is registered there, in the fine lines between brow furrow and half smile. She's a master of dialect (from working-class Dorset in *Ammonite*

HER OWN PATH
"Kate held the film in her," Winslet's coproducer Kate Solomon said. Winslet wears an Emilia Wickstead coat. Prada shoes.

PAST AND PRESENT
Winslet at Farleys with Antony Penrose, Miller's son and biographer, with whom she collaborated on *Lee*. Winslet wears a John Smedley cardigan. Erdem pants. Church's shoes.


RUSSIANS AND AMERI STORIC MEETING IN GERMANY

At Torgau, Allied Forces
are linked for Victory.
British, American, and Russian flags fly


"BELIEVE IT"

Lee Miller cables from Germany


NAZI HARVEST

Retribution overtakes the Germans:
the people shamed, humiliated;
the country destroyed, and honour lost

to blowsy Brooklyn in Woody Allen's *Wonder Wheel;* from suburban Philadelphia in *Mare of Easttown* to cold, clipped German in *The Reader*), and she inhabits every character she plays, totally, physically, vocally, emotionally. Watching her in close-up, between the lines of dialogue, you can see multiple feelings cross her face—sometimes each individual thought.

"It's really her authenticity and the way she puts everything she has in a part," said Marion Cotillard, who plays Solange d'Ayen, a friend of Lee Miller's who survived the Nazi occupation of France. "I look at her work and I never see her actually playing a role. I always see her being a person."

Such was Winslet's commitment to accuracy and verisimilitude for *Lee* that she spent hours in the archives at Farleys, poring over Miller's diaries and letters and going through her contact sheets. She made sure her costumes replicated what Miller wore as a war correspondent. She learned how to operate the hand-cranked Rolleiflex camera that Miller used, and several of the stills that appear in the film are, in fact, photographs Winslet took on set.

Many scenes were deliberately staged to replicate Miller's historic images. The sequence that recreated the Dachau concentration camp, where Miller and Scherman were present at the liberation, was so carefully rendered that everyone on set was profoundly affected. "I knew it was going to be emotional and intense and it was," Samberg told me. "I lost a lot of family in the Holocaust. It was definitely something that shook me."

American *Vogue* ran Miller's photographs of piles of emaciated corpses from the camps under the headline: "Believe It." But, in a decision that angered and frustrated her, British *Vogue* only published one of Miller's pictures from the camps in the context of a larger feature on victory over Germany.

Such questions, over how much reality to show, continue to this day.

HISTORY IN IMAGES

LEFT: Miller's searing report in American *Vogue,* June 1945, documenting the liberation of Buchenwald and the end of the war. TOP RIGHT: Winslet recreating the famous photo of Miller in Hitler's bathtub from 1945.

Penrose told me that after years of having to study Miller's terrible, indelible photographs from the camps, he and other researchers suffered what he called a kind of "battle fatigue. We couldn't stop seeing the images day and night."

I told him that I recently had a conversation with a friend of mine, a photographer, who had returned from a field hospital on the front line in Ukraine, and who was, his voice shaky on the phone, still trying to process what he had seen and worried about how much of the gore he should hold back and self-censor. "It's a question we have to keep interrogating," said Penrose, who sees a link between his mother's work documenting the murderous horror of Nazi Germany and the nationalist invective being invoked by populist political leaders today. "We are never going to get anywhere in stopping these things from happening if we lie about them," he said. "What I wanted in the film really was to show Lee's commitment to the truth."

The truth is often hard to bear. Winslet described the day she and Andrea Riseborough, who plays the British *Vogue* editor Audrey Withers, filmed a crucial scene in *Lee* of rage and expiation: "It was horrendous. We both agreed that that was absolutely by far the hardest day of work on a film set that either of us have ever done. The reality is," she went on, "that there are times when we play characters where we truly hurt ourselves inside. And it does come at a cost, my God—" Tears filled her eyes. "It's just ridiculous." She started to apologize, and I stopped her and assured her that feeling deeply, that *caring,* wasn't ridiculous at all.

Winslet radiates energy, swears easily, laughs easily, likes to tell a good story and will jump up from her seat to mime out the particulars: "I always have to act everything out!" Self-deprecating as she is, she's also famous for scrubbing her face of makeup and not shying away from nudity onscreen. This has taken some time. "I know better than to waste precious energy on criticizing my physical self," she said. "I think any woman is better off just saying: I believe in myself. It doesn't matter what other people think; this is who I am—let's get on with it."

There's a famous photograph Miller took of a group of friends picnicking topless, *déjeuner sur l'herbe,* in France before the war that includes her future husband Roland Penrose (played by Alexander Skarsgård in *Lee*), Man Ray, the poet Paul Éluard, his wife Nusch, and the model Ady Fidelin. Winslet, now aged 47, recreated the scene for *Lee,* despite the fact that with her back injury, she had been unable to exercise. "You know I had to be really fucking brave about letting my body be its softest version of itself and not hiding from that," she said. In another scene she wears a bikini top. "And believe me," Winslet said, rolling her eyes, "people amongst our own team would say, 'You might just want to sit up a bit.' And I'd go, 'Why? [Because

of] the bit of flesh you can see? No, that's the way it's going to be!'"

It's not easy to maintain self-worth in the face of stereotypes of beauty, and Winslet has learned to ignore the white noise of media opprobrium. "I think it probably stems from having been subjected to the most awful scrutiny and judgment, and, actually, I would go so far as to say bullying, from mainstream media when I was in my 20s," Winslet told me.

This is perhaps why she hasn't read a review since she was 21. Nor is she on social media—and she's kept her children away from it too. Winslet's son Bear knows he's not allowed an iPhone. "But I'm not in any way smug about it," she said. "I do see how it's a very difficult negotiation for parents."

This is a subject she tackled in *I Am Ruth,* a British TV production from last year that she starred in with her daughter, Mia Threapleton, and her son, known professionally as Joe Anders. It's a devastatingly realistic drama—most of the dialogue improvised—about a daughter spiraling into shame and self-harm as a result of online trolling. When Winslet accepted her BAFTA for best actress, she used the occasion to make an impassioned speech reaching out to "families who feel that they are held hostage by the perils of the online world." Several times during our conversations, Winslet, frustrated by issues of unfairness, raised her voice or put her fists on the table.

From Winslet's crisp English accent people might think she's posh or a classically trained drama school actor, but in fact she grew up one of four children "in a very warm, loving home that was utterly chaos, not enough space for anyone. We were always forgetting to feed the rabbit." Her father was an actor who took odd jobs to make ends meet. Winslet and her siblings were eligible for free school meals (she well remembers the snide remarks in the lunch queue), and she left school at 16 and worked in a café, barely able to afford train fare into London for auditions.

When she reads personal stories of economic struggles, she told me, she often sends money. "Anything that smacks of social injustice, a person not being able to do something just because CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

TAKING R&R
Winslet wears a Loro Piana shirt. Louis Vuitton pants. In this story: hair and wigs, Ivana Primorac; makeup, Lisa Eldridge. Details, see In This Issue.

PRODUCED BY AL STUDIO.
SET DESIGN: MARY HOWARD STUDIO.

Basic Instincts

COAT CHECK
Options, options: As she unfurls a handsome wool toggle coat from **Prada** (prada.com)—the picture of prim practicality—model Raquel Zimmermann tries an equally fetching **Balenciaga** trench (balenciaga.com) on for size. Shoes from **Church's.**
Fashion Editor: Alex Harrington.

Minimalists, rejoice! Elegantly unfussy shapes come with a playful sense of possibility this fall. Photographed by Mark Borthwick.

TWO OF A KIND
A silhouette like this one—at once perfectly rigorous and subtly sinuous—is worth investing in several times over. **Stella McCartney** bustier dress; stellamccartney.com. **The Row** bag. On the mannequin: **Alexander McQueen** dress; alexandermcqueen.com.

RED NOTICE
A scarlet **Ferragamo** coat (ferragamo.com) and dual-toned, midlength **Loewe** dress (loewe.com) offer two bright ideas.

SIMPLE PLEASURES
It's all right here in black and white: The very simplest color palette doesn't remotely lack for magic. Zimmermann—pictured with her stylish young friend On Nakamura-Dangerfield—wears a boxy wool coat and fleece pants from **The Row**; therow.com. On the mannequin: a **Gucci** bustier dress; gucci.com.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
Zimmermann wears a sculptural strapless dress from **Loewe**; loewe.com.

SHEER NECESSITIES

AT FRONT: A black plissé **Hermès** dress (Hermès boutiques) and trompe l'oeil stocking boots from **Balenciaga** delight in ideas of transparency and opacity. AT REAR: A **Dolce & Gabbana** coat (select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques) and bag from **The Row** opt for a stealthier chic.

MIX AND MATCH
A joyful jumbling of colors and lengths adds up to one exuberantly expressive **Victoria Beckham** dress; victoria beckham.com.

CRÈME DE LA CRÈME
Zimmermann goes for the straight, narrow, and utterly undeniable in a white crepe **Khaite** dress; khaite.com.

FEELING IT
Minimalist restraint meets a casual extravagance in Zimmermann's textured **Jil Sander by Lucie and Luke Meier** top (jilsander.com) and frayed knit skirt from **Elena Velez** (elenavelez.com).

BUNDLE OF JOY
Nakamura-Dangerfield wears a **Makié** dress; makieclothier.com. In this story: hair, Jimmy Paul; makeup, Dick Page. Details, see In This Issue.

PRODUCED BY BEN MILLER BIBESCO.
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ZOE TOMLINSON.

The Hot Seat

Karine Jean-Pierre has made history as President Biden's White House press secretary. She's also made waves. Mattie Kahn reports. Photographed by Norman Jean Roy.

TRUE GRIT
"She's prepared her entire career for the moment she's in right now," says Valerie Jarrett of Jean-Pierre, in Gabriela Hearst, photographed at the White House.
Sittings Editor: Solange Franklin.

In June 2019, Karine Jean-Pierre was moderating a forum for presidential candidates when a protester rushed the stage. It's a famous video: Finding herself seated between the oncoming protester and then senator Kamala Harris, Jean-Pierre leapt to her feet, raised a hand, and turned her body to face him—a five-foot-two one-woman blockade to the future vice president of the United States. On *Morning Joe* later that week, cohost Willie Geist marveled at her courage: "I know who I want moderating my next panel."

At the time, Jean-Pierre, who had worked in the Obama administration, was the chief public affairs officer for MoveOn.org and a political pundit. Her next moves would be swift: In 2020 she joined the Biden campaign as a senior adviser and later became Harris's chief of staff. About a year and a half into the Biden presidency, she was introduced as the White House press secretary—the first Black person and first openly gay person to hold the position.

Jean-Pierre is a realist. For all the history she's made in her career, she expects she will best be remembered for her fracas with the protester that went viral. "It's going to be on my tombstone," she says, with cheery resignation. The day after the onstage clash, Harris called Jean-Pierre to see how she was holding up. "How I was doing!" Jean-Pierre remembers. "I said, 'Please get security.' She was like, 'I'm calling to check in on you!'" But Jean-Pierre repeated herself. *Get security.*

That quality of directness—blunt, with a touch of compassion—is Jean-Pierre's currency at the briefing podium. She meets the White House press corps almost daily—favoring bright colors and bold eye shadow when she does—and, while she's more reserved than some of her predecessors and less likely to respond to provocation with a social media–ready retort, she has sharpened her own technique: disarm with a smile, then lay out the facts at hand.

In one example, when House Republicans earlier this year prepared to block the president's plan on student-debt relief, Jean-Pierre, 49—who has been open about the debt she accrued in graduate school (some $25,000, despite a partial scholarship)—kept her feelings in check. "Will Marjorie Taylor Greene, who had $183,000 of her own business loans forgiven, vote to deny debt relief to the 92,000 student borrowers she represents?" Jean-Pierre wondered aloud. "Will Representative Vern Buchanan, who had over $2.3 million of business loans forgiven, vote to deny student debt relief for 95,000 of his own constituents?"

President Biden has emphasized to Jean-Pierre that when she speaks, her audience is as much the American people as it is the press corps, and so that afternoon she went on: "To the more than 40 million eligible student borrowers who are eagerly waiting to learn about the fate of their debt relief, I urge you to tune in to today's vote to watch which Republican lawmakers shamelessly vote against debt relief for you—after having their own loans forgiven."

A quality of directness—blunt, with a touch of compassion—is Jean-Pierre's currency at the briefing podium

Jean-Pierre never planned to work in politics. Born in Martinique to Haitian parents, she moved with her mother and father to Paris as a baby, and then to New York, where relatives had settled in Queens Village. Later, they landed in Long Island. Her sister, Edrine, was born when she was seven. Her brother, Chris, arrived not long after. (Her parents also had a son named Donald, who died before Jean-Pierre was born.) Jean-Pierre couldn't read until the third grade. Her parents—consumed with multiple jobs—had assumed she would learn in school. She did not.

Determined to help her siblings avoid the same fate, Jean-Pierre set up a classroom in the basement when she was in middle school. Her brother remembers her teaching him not just how to read and write, but "how to articulate emotions, how to speak." When her sister took dance classes, Jean-Pierre handled drop-off and pickup. It was about this time that her parents started handing her bills to decipher. "I was like the third parent," she says. "I had big responsibilities."

But fulfilling those obligations meant learning to compartmentalize. In her memoir, *Moving Forward: A Story of Hope, Hard Work, and the Promise of America*, Jean-Pierre writes of silence as a tool of survival. She records instances of childhood sexual abuse at the hands of a cousin. She didn't tell her parents. (A relative

LINES DRAWN
Letting her own opinions slip into the record, says Jean-Pierre, pictured here in her office in a Victor Glemaud dress, "is not what I signed up for." In this story: hair, Dior Sovoa; makeup, Kym Lee. Details, see In This Issue.

noticed how she flinched when the cousin walked in the room, and put a stop to it.) She describes a suicide attempt in college: Her sister found her in her car with the exhaust on and shook her awake. Jean-Pierre threw her urine-soaked khakis in the trash and never discussed the incident—or what drove her to it—with her parents. She had known she was gay since childhood, but the book recounts only one agonizing attempt at coming out to her mother. ("I could see the revulsion on her face," Jean-Pierre writes.) Decades would pass before she and Jean-Pierre discussed it again.

Track proved the perfect sport for someone looking to outrun her reality. In high school, Jean-Pierre joined the team. She became a standout cross-country runner, too, breaking records on Long Island. Her vegetarianism baffled her meat-eating parents and she briefly considered becoming a nun, the better to evade any question of romantic attraction. After graduation, she enrolled in the New York Institute of Technology—a private university on Long Island—and loaded up with pre-med classes. She trained as a volunteer firefighter, an experience that would prove useful in her eventual career in rapid response.

But her MCAT scores were terrible and it was clear that medical school was not in her future. She was still living with her parents, with no idea of what she would do next. Washington brims with driven, sometimes Machiavellian strivers. Jean-Pierre spent the first half of her 20s taking temp jobs. She worked for a spell at Estée Lauder. She took a gig in conservation, protecting the nests of piping plovers. In 2001 she enrolled at the School of International and Public Affairs at Columbia University, thinking she might pursue environmental studies. The week she began classes, the Twin Towers fell. CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

On a warm Wednesday morning in Manhattan's South Street Seaport, as a throng of little girls and their mothers swells outside a Barbie-themed restaurant pop-up serving rainbow-sprinkle pancakes, another group has gathered in the service of very different IP.

Josh Gad and Andrew Rannells are inspecting the letterpress at Bowne & Co. Stationers, inside the South Street Seaport Museum, where resident printers still operate machines from the 19th and early 20th centuries. (Bowne & Co. itself dates back to 1775.) This month, more than a decade after starring in *The Book of Mormon,* the Tony-nominated actors return to Broadway in *Gutenberg! The Musical!,* written by Scott Brown and Anthony King. The show centers on Bud (Gad) and Doug (Rannells), two friends staging a frantic run-through of their musical about—you guessed it!—Johannes Gutenberg, inventor of the movable-type printing press. A special kind of comic chaos ensues.

"Why don't we do the show here?" Gad asks, poking around Bowne & Co.'s charming storefront, where paper gifts and tote bags live alongside ancient printing paraphernalia. "We'd sell 10 tickets," Rannells quips in response. "We'd be sold out!"

Banter like this—and the odd belted lyric from *Sweeney Todd*—continues throughout the morning, as the two gamely change setups and juggle the props that will be used for their *Vogue* portrait. They have, it's clear, not one clue what to do with a tray of metal letters or a large wooden mallet (at one point, Gad swings at Rannells's knee like a doctor with a plexor), but that's kind of the idea: In the show, Bud and Doug don't have a cast, set, costumes, or a lot of historical context to work with, much less an actual printing press. It's just the two of them—plus their pianist, Charles—doing their level best with some empty boxes, a stack of trucker hats (each one duly labeled "Gutenberg," "Woman," "Drunk #1," "Another Woman," etc.), and their own startling commitment to the work. Those who know *The Book of Mormon,* or even just Rannells's spirited performance at the CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

TWO BY TWO

FROM NEAR RIGHT: Andrew Rannells wears Ami Paris and Bode. Josh Gad wears Todd Snyder. Grooming for Rannells, Melissa DeZarate; grooming for Gad, Jessica Ortiz. Details, see In This Issue.

Fashion Editor: Michael Philouze.

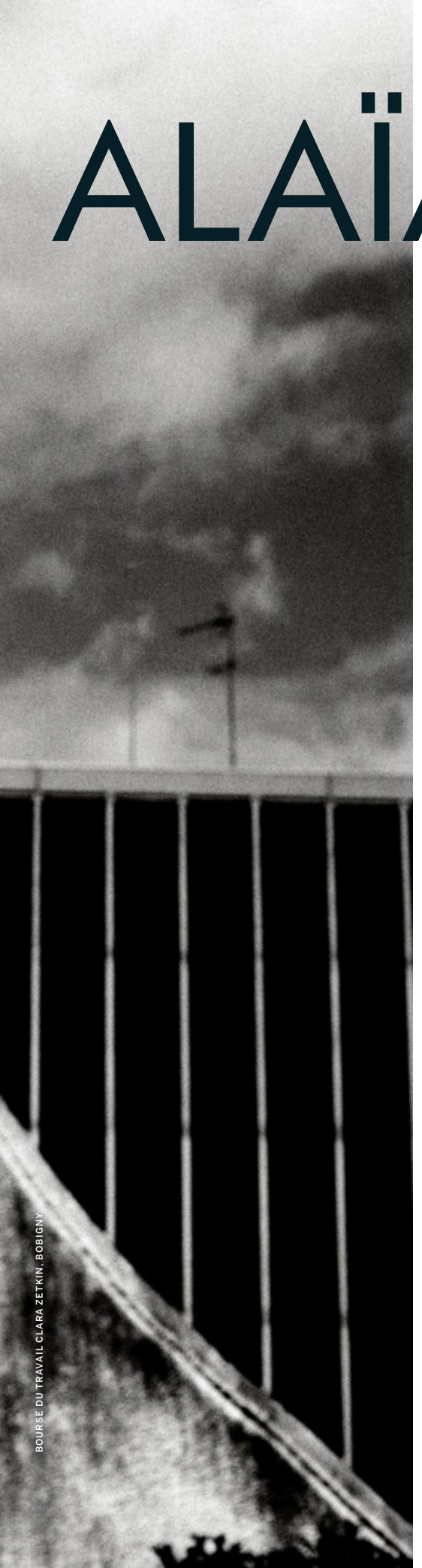
GOOD PRESS

Gutenberg!—a musical about the inventor of the printing press—might just be the unlikeliest thing to hit Broadway in years, and also the most delightful. Marley Marius meets its champions. Photographed by Stefan Ruiz.

RAISING HIS PROFILE
Since taking the reins two years ago, Pieter Mulier has been putting his own mark on the house of Alaïa.

ALAÏA ANEW

FOLLOWING THE LEGENDARY AZZEDINE ALAÏA SEEMED ALL BUT IMPOSSIBLE. THEN PIETER MULIER CAME ALONG. NATHAN HELLER MEETS A DESIGNER WITH AN EYE FOR THE PAST—AND A VISION FOR THE FUTURE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTON CORBIJN.



BOURSE DU TRAVAIL CLARA ZETKIN, BOBIGNY

IN THE MOMENTS before the start of Alaïa's ready-to-wear show in Paris this past summer, the house's creative director since 2021, Pieter Mulier, stood out among the team for his qualities of ease and calm. He spent some minutes chatting with his backstage visitors. He wandered over to the makeup room, found he wasn't needed, and sat on a curb with the model Julia Nobis to smoke Marlboro Golds and talk. Shows weren't always so comfortable—his last one, held within his own apartment, in Antwerp, had driven him into a nervous state—but this one took its rhythm from the summer evening and announced Mulier's advancement to a master's station. The runway would be the Passerelle Léopold-Sédar-Senghor, spanning the Seine between the Tuileries and the Musée d'Orsay. This bridge was one of the city's quiet marvels of engineering, and, as the sun aligned with a western breeze, it exemplified the warm and precise refinement that has given Mulier's work at Alaïa its magnetic appeal. "I try to keep a little bit of the family aspect of Alaïa in the studio," Mulier says. "Everything is on a human scale."

At 44, Mulier is at once a new arrival in the firmament of creative directors—Alaïa is the first house he has led—and one of fashion's ensconced steady hands. For 16 years he served as Raf Simons's deputy and sounding board, moving along with his mentor's career as it rose toward ever-larger labels and distinguishing himself not only by his creative point of view but by his skill in managing large teams. When he was picked to succeed the Tunisian-born designer Azzedine Alaïa, who died in 2017 after reimagining the language of body-conscious tailoring, many wondered whether Mulier could finesse the transition, teasing forth the brand's fragile magic while pushing his own fresher vision through. "Alaïa felt so specific to Azzedine and to that time that it seemed it was going to be impossible for it to happen again," says Julianne Moore, who found herself rejoining the collection waiting lists after Mulier's debut in the summer of 2021. "Pieter managed to do it."

In person, Mulier is tall and skinny, with a boyish whoosh of hair just graying and a teenager's spidery way of dangling his forearms from cocked elbows. He dresses most days in white or black sweatshirts and jeans (no logos) and leads his house in the spirit of a team captain, calling plays from the field and cheering colleagues on. At a fitting two days earlier, he kept the show music cranked up and struck prattling conversations with the models as they entered. "When you're waiting for your fitting, all you hear is 'Wow!' and clapping," says the model Élise Crombez, who grew up half an hour from Mulier. "It was as if every girl was specifically chosen for her outfit—you felt like a person, not just a number walking down the runway."

Mulier himself wears the same white atelier coat as his staffers backstage, an egalitarian gesture that matches his straightforward manner:

He is Flemish, and can seem as buoyant and pellucid as a glass of summer ale. His approach to the craft, though, is rarely so simple. Even beyond his workday, Mulier haunts galleries and artists' studios, compiles scrapbooks and archives, and picks apart garments like old radios to understand the way they work. Where some designers operate as inward-turned iconoclasts, he sees his fashion as one offering in the long, shared practice of forming a point of view about ambitious art. "I still think fashion should propose something, say something—because it's part of culture," Mulier says.

The theme of the bridge show, inspired by Mulier's fascination with the clock of the Musée d'Orsay, is time. (To start a collection, he likes to say, he needs only a shoe and a venue.) He saw reclaiming time as urgent in an increasingly 'grammed-and-forgotten fashion world. Unlike most houses, Alaïa still shows only twice a year; in the '90s, Mulier observes, Azzedine was known to cancel shows at the last minute if he deemed the work unready. If taking time was Alaïa's superpower, Mulier thought, why not celebrate that on the runway?

When he thought about clocks, he envisioned buttons. "I quite like the idea that you need time to get dressed—and you need time to get *undressed*," he says. If the moment of doing up buttons was one of self-making, empowerment, their undoing measured out erotic time. This focus on the physicality of clothing and the body was itself very Alaïa, Mulier thought. His invitation package to the show had been unconventional—a three-legged folding chair that guests were told to bring with them. Now the grandees of the fashion world are arrayed along the bridge in their makeshift seating, which seems a statement about transience and environmental use, but also an impish gesture of democratization. "I *love* the idea of the fashion crowd walking with a camping chair through the most bourgeois area of Paris," Mulier says.

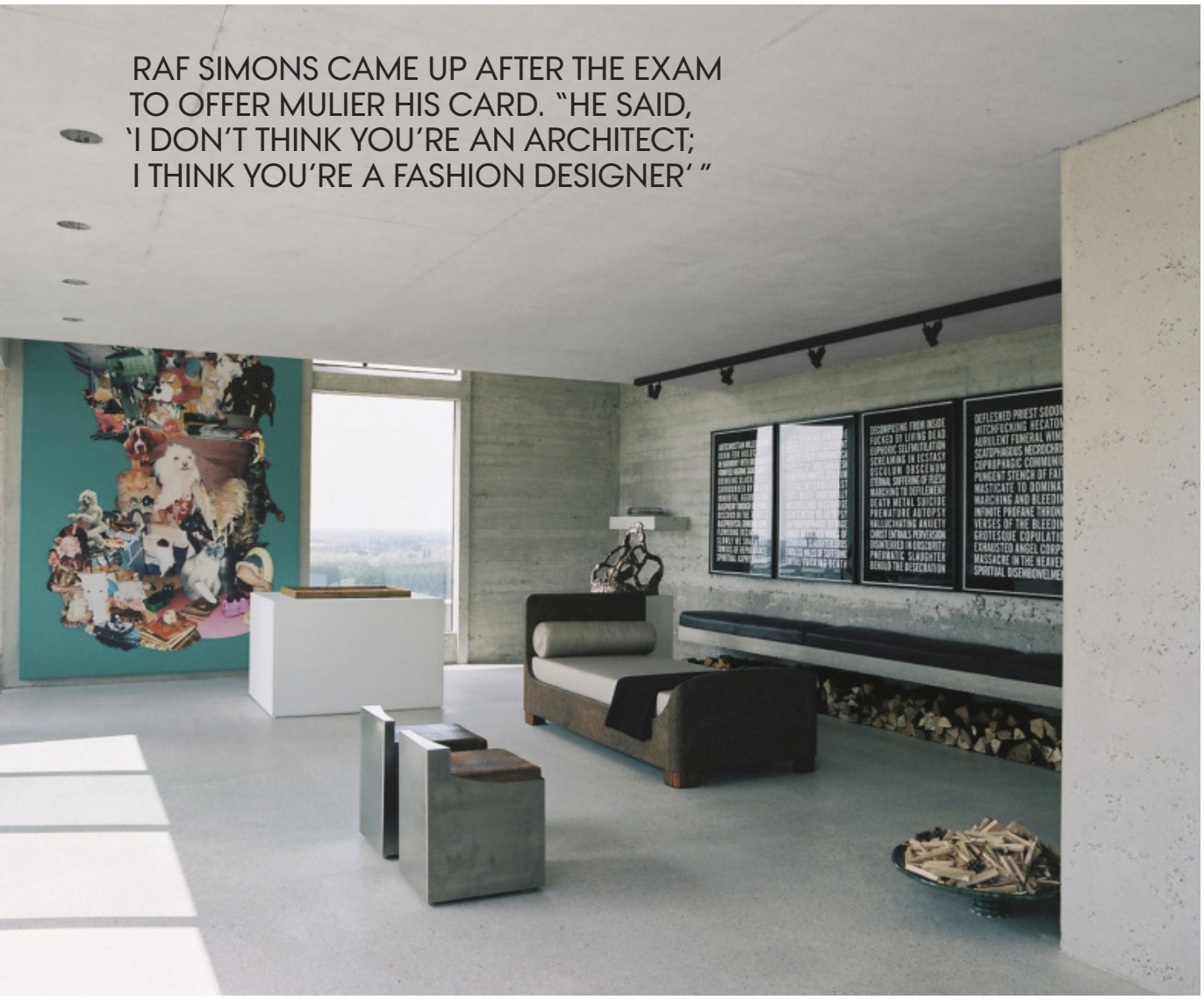
A breeze comes up; the garments dance. There are autumn coats and hoods and hats paired with sheer vinyl skirts and dresses. There are translucent plissé pieces in black and beautifully tailored white. There are haunting yellowy pinks and blues and

PASSERELLE LÉOPOLD SÉDARD SENGHOR, PARIS 7ER.

GRAPHIC, NOVEL

FROM FAR LEFT: Model Awar Odhiang wears an Alaïa dress and belt. Model Victoria Fawole wears an Alaïa dress and cuffs. All at maison-alaia.com.

Fashion Editor: Alex Harrington.



RAF SIMONS CAME UP AFTER THE EXAM TO OFFER MULIER HIS CARD. "HE SAID, 'I DON'T THINK YOU'RE AN ARCHITECT; I THINK YOU'RE A FASHION DESIGNER' "

earth tones, blouses with high collars and sharp cutouts, corsets, leggings, trousers cut in the Alaïa silhouette, wrapped boots, leather suspenders, and an exquisite amber-colored vinyl overcoat. Alaïa makes a point of melding ready-to-wear and couture into a single retail collection, and its garments are famous for their unusual construction: They are designed not on pattern tables and mannequins but directly on the human body, built like houses from the inside out with proprietary dynamic-tailoring techniques. Many wearers suggest they'd know the *feel* of an Alaïa dress with their eyes closed. "They hug you," Crombez explains. "It grabs you," Mulier agrees. "They don't just hang. In French we say *tenu*—you're held together."

He takes this also as a mission statement for the house, which employs a tight, close-fitted four-person design team and four small specialty ateliers—tailoring, draping, knitwear, and leather.

At last Crombez appears, against a stirring ostinato in low clarinets by the composer Gustave Rudman, to close the show. The choice is one of intimacy: She and Mulier are nearly the same age and grew up speaking the same Flemish dialect. She's dressed in an exquisite black high-neck translucent dress with a band of low, lean ruffles at the hips, black heels with an A-shaped cutout at the toe, and a belt of polished gold. Passersby on the Quai Voltaire have gathered to watch, hanging entranced over the river's high embankment. The fashion show has bled into an easy Sunday evening in Paris, building up a spectacle not just for the fashion observers on their chairs but for the Parisians and the tourists who pause—who take the time—to watch before, just like the models, heading on their way.

A couple of days later, Mulier is back in Antwerp, where he's lived, with interruptions, for two decades, feeling upbeat. "It's fantastic!" he exclaims as he heads to lunch. "This guy put his restaurant in the ugliest surroundings."

The restaurant, Veranda, faces a concrete train overpass. The founder is his friend the chef Davy Schellemans, whom Mulier has repeatedly enlisted to cook for Alaïa's most honored guests. Mulier loves amazing things nested just slightly off the beaten path, greatness that doesn't advertise itself but attracts a devout community of people who bother to take the time

FRANÇOIS HALARD, *THE WORLD OF INTERIORS*, SEPTEMBER 2023.

DESIGN FOR LIVING

OPPOSITE PAGE: Steven Shearer's *Dogpile,* 2019 (LEFT), and *Poems,* 2005 (RIGHT), in Mulier's Antwerp home. ABOVE: A tailor's dummy in his studio. RIGHT: A Georges Jouve vase, Castiglioni lamp, Tim Breuer painting, and Gaetano Pesce chair. Photographed by François Halard.

to look. A waiter—Mulier knows the staff by name—brings tiny mugs of cool broth flavored with summer tomato, handmade cauliflower ravioli served with pink and gray Belgian shrimp, and morsels of local chicken dressed with chickpea cream and fermented honey sauce.

In Mulier's view, he explains while devouring his chicken, Alaïa's golden age was the period extending from the '80s to the '90s—the period when Azzedine created a new language that both revealed and mystified a woman's curves. Azzedine blended light, classically feminine materials with tougher ones, like leather. There was knitwear tailored like a jacket, at once tidy, professional, and sensual: a revelation at the time, and one of the most lasting profiles of the '80s. "Azzedine was a *tailor*," Mulier says, the key, he thinks, to the work's blend of femininity and strength. "He brought ease to sex appeal—which is unbelievable." This sex was never compromising; it was French.

By the end of Azzedine's life, Mulier thinks, the nectar had soured. "Alaïa became a little bit the vestiaire of the bourgeoisie," he says. "I remember going to art fairs and every gallerist was dressed in Alaïa—the same dress with the same shoe. It's never good if you become the synonym of 'good taste.'" The brand had lost the young and restless. "Kids didn't know what Alaïa was," Mulier says. "The mother was wearing it; the daughter was not."

It became clear to Mulier that his mandate was to wave away the brand's accrued perfume of stodgy money and correctness and get back the young, daring spirit that had made Azzedine a revolutionary and sensation. Seeing the house's strengths, he began to try to isolate and correct for its tics. Shoulders and arms were cut much too tightly for the contemporary woman, he thought; he brought them out. Jackets had a way of ending up more sculptural than comfortable, so he opened up and modernized their lines. He added product categories at lower price points—swimwear, eyewear, underwear—to welcome younger consumers. And he tried to bring the sexy back.

After pecking at a strawberry sorbet—"Fan-*tastic*!"—Mulier heads outside to light a cigarette, then climbs into the back of a black minivan that ferries him around. (He recently acquired a 1978 Porsche 911, but the van life gives him opportunities to work through his perpetually overflowing WhatsApp queue: Everybody seems to have his number.) Mulier usually comes to Paris for the workweek and returns to Antwerp for the weekend, by train or by car. Whenever the van was on hire for an Alaïa job, the driver placed a huge ashtray in the back seat.

On his way home, Mulier stops off at the extensively renovated Royal Museum of Fine Arts to marvel, as he sometimes does, at Flemish painting.

"ALAÏA FELT SO SPECIFIC TO AZZEDINE THAT IT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE FOR IT TO HAPPEN AGAIN," SAYS JULIANNE MOORE. "PIETER MANAGED TO DO IT"

"My favorite one is that one," he says, pausing before Rubens's triptych *Epitaph of Nicolaas Rockox and His Wife Adriana Perez*. Why? "It's small," he says. "I quite like Rubens when it's small."

Not far away is a gallery filled with the vivid, dreamlike expressionist canvases of James Ensor. "He's one of my favorite painters," Mulier offers, slowing before *The Skeleton Painter,* which shows a deathly skeleton behaving as an artist. He adds, offhandedly, "He was actually born where I am from."

Mulier grew up in Ostend, a seaside resort town in west Belgium that he describes as "surreal." "They always say that people in Ostend are very creative—and a bit crazy," he says. His extended family was from Bruges; his father was a doctor, and Ostend, with its wealth of health spas and casinos, needed personnel. Mulier has an older brother and a sister, and describes himself as a "very social, very easy" child, albeit one without broad skills. "My brother was a big football player, tennis player, rugby player—every ball he got in his hand," Mulier says. "My father was frustrated that I didn't have that."

Instead, he gravitated toward crafts, drawing, piano lessons, drama class. He revered his mother's father, a shirtmaker on commission to the Belgian monarchy, who managed three hundred seamstresses. "I always thought that he was an artist more than a businessman," Mulier says. "He spoke seven languages. He lived in modernist houses." To the young Mulier, this urbane shirtmaker seemed the height of worldliness, a figure steeped in art and bigger dreams. "What I learned from him was that you can do whatever you want in life," he says. Yet it never occurred to him to follow his grandfather into the garment trade.

At 11, Mulier went off to the Abdijschool van Zevenkerken, a Benedictine institution outside Bruges—his uncle was a Catholic bishop—that he describes as being "like *Harry Potter*." Boarding there during the week, he learned Latin and Greek and the basics of art appreciation; he made friends with whom he remains close. Mulier describes himself, during these years, as "very classic": a happy, straight-edged provincial Northern European schoolboy with a happy, straight-edged future. He was in the Boy Scouts until the age of 19, at which point, at the suggestion of his parents, he went to law college in Leuven, rooming with boarding school chums who'd done the same.

Yet the study of law failed to excite him, while architecture did (he liked the minimalists: Álvaro Siza, Peter Zumthor, Toyo Ito, Rem Koolhaas), so after two years he switched to architecture school, at the Institut Saint-Luc, in Brussels. It proved a revelation. Brussels was the largest city in which Mulier had ever lived, and the edgier creative people he met there thrilled him.

"It was the beginning of my world becoming bigger," he says. Mulier's urbane girlfriend at the time, at pains to broaden his taste, led him through a world of art. "She took me to every gallery, all the museums, and fashion stores." The only living designer Mulier had ever heard of then was Dries Van Noten, but his girlfriend had pictures of the newest Raf Simons collections on her walls.

They were students together. One design course required a final project on the theme of "survival." Simons had agreed to sit on the exam jury. "You had a lot of the people in school making, I don't know, jewelry rings so that if they got attacked in the street they could knock a person down, stuff like that," Simons recalls. Mulier interpreted the prompt quite differently and showed up wearing a bodysuit that would supposedly ensure survival of any job interview: Strapped into a one-piece garment, with no shirts to come untucked or flies to come undone, the idea went, a job candidate was freed from unwitting self-sabotage. Simons did a double take. "It was a completely different way of thinking," he says.

As Mulier remembers it, Simons came up after the exam to offer Mulier his card. "He said, 'I don't think you're an architect; I think you're a fashion designer,'" Mulier recalls. "I said, 'No, I don't think so.' He said, 'I think you are.'" Simons proposed that Mulier visit his atelier in Antwerp—an invitation that Mulier recalls answering with polite indifference. "Then my girlfriend said, 'Oh, *yes,* you're going,'" he explains. Three months later, knowing almost nothing about fashion, Mulier showed up in Antwerp to begin the internship that changed his life.

The city of Antwerp is at once human-scaled and expansive, encompassing the second-largest harbor in Europe. Its old center extends from squares of gorgeous Flemish town houses; its more recently rebuilt regions have an industrial air, traced with green. In 2014, Mulier bought the penthouse of the Riverside Tower, a concrete modernist icon designed by Léon Stynen and Paul De Meyer and completed in 1972, on the city's "left bank"—a parky residential flatland that Le Corbusier once tried to lay out as an ideal neighborhood. Mulier spent two years renovating the apartment, which had been De Meyer's own home, with the help of the architect Glenn Sestig and the landscaper Martin Wirtz, who designed him a distinctive rooftop garden based on ivy, irises, grasses, and trees. And he filled it with new art: Tim Breuer, Bendt Eyckermans, Steven Shearer, and much more. ("I think I prefer artists to fashion people: There's something more direct in what they do," he says.) A favorite word of Mulier's is *extreme,* and the penthouse, which looks out both on downtown Antwerp and on the waterfront, is proudly that. Every species of plant in the garden, Mulier says, was chosen because it had survived the explosion at Hiroshima. When he held an Alaïa show here, on a chilly day last January, models paraded through his library, his office, and his bedroom.

"It's like an island, because we're so high," Mulier says, glancing now in satisfaction at the river and the city spread below. "It's a little world outside the world." CONTINUED ON PAGE 165

CLOSE COVER
Model Jeanne Cadieu wears an Alaïa coat, jacket, skirt, and earrings. In this story: hair, Shingo Shibata; makeup, Kanako Takase for Addiction Tokyo. Details, see In This Issue.

KEEP IT CLEAN
Paloma Elsesser wears Tory Burch. Hair, Sondrea "Dre" Demry-Sanders; makeup, Yumi Lee. Details, see In This Issue.
Fashion Editor: Max Ortega.

Sensitivity

Training

Gentle skin care is the regime du jour. Does that mean less is more? Or creams and serums galore? Lauren Mechling investigates. Photographed by Stefan Ruiz.

It is a woman's *duty* to use all the means in her power to beautify and preserve her complexion," wrote the Irish dancer Lola Montez in her delightful 1858 guidebook, *The Arts of Beauty.* How closely, but misguidedly, have I followed this advice! From the time I've been able to roam the drugstore unsupervised, I have been engaged in a battle for beauty. In my youthful zeal for perfect skin, I leaned upon scrubs and heavy-duty toners, most of which chafed and stung—to my great satisfaction. When acne came for me in college, I armed myself with prescription-grade gels and capsules that blitzed my spots and made my skin flake. A fair price to pay, I reasoned. Recent decades featured laser treatments and power-house potions I one-click purchased as I brewed my morning coffee.

But amid the ambient noise about skin sensitivity, I began to wonder: Might it be time to start easing up? Not long ago, an obsession with so-called clean beauty had us all fretting about how our potions might be polluting our insides. Now skin sensitivity—the new gluten intolerance!—has us setting our sights on the surface. A new crop of ultra-gentle, if not ultra-simple, products caters to those prone to itching, stinging, and inflammation—or who, like me, just want something soothing after a lifetime of chasing the burn.

Skin sensitivity isn't an official medical diagnosis, though anywhere from 60 to 70 percent of women say that they suffer from it, and women are stepping forward in droves to claim the delicate mantle of the moment. Lila Moss's sensitive skin played into makeup artist Fara Homidi's inspiration for the model's walk down the runway in barely-there makeup for Chloé's fall 2023 show. Zendaya, Sofia Richie, and *Euphoria* star Sydney Sweeney are all sensitive-identifying, while Marisa Tomei one-upped the lot when she told *Vogue* she has a "sensitive system." We are all, it appears, snowflakes, each special in our own way.

Our skin can become sensitive due to an array of triggers—cosmetic ingredients, pollution, extreme UVs, or TikTok-inspired DIY bathroom-sink chemical peels. The damage is to the skin barrier; when defenseless, our outermost layer stands no chance against irritants. "Imagine a sheet with a high thread count versus a lower thread count, or a canvas bag versus a plastic CVS bag," says Manhattan plastic surgeon Lara Devgan, MD, giving me a crash course on the states of skin barriers, and the myriad ways we can wreak havoc on them.

Welsh-born aesthetician Sofie Pavitt, a former designer for Tory Burch, once took regular trips to Korea and learned everything she could about 10-step cleansing routines. It was all so elaborate and thrilling! But now, Pavitt says, "I take a more minimalist approach," borne out in her newly launched skin care line—a supertight edit of a mere three products. Pavitt's Manhattan atelier resembles a therapy office. "I specialize in problematic skin," she advises. "I talk to my clients about their diet and lifestyle, and we'll work on a home routine." I start using her products—a gel face wash that takes its time to form suds, and a light exfoliant serum—and they have a gateway effect.

Over the coming days, I set off on a tender bender. Ren Clean Skincare's Evercalm Overnight Recovery Balm melts on my fingers. I dig into the tinted balms that anchor Bobbi Brown's "clean no-makeup" line Jones Road. I slather on French pharmacist Natacha Bonjout's Le Balm, a solution that smells faintly of roses and comes in an ivory tin that looks like a chubby macaron. Every time I apply a dollop of Biography's Long June, a silky chamomile- and camellia-seed-packed oil formulation, my face feels as though it's sipping a mug of herbal tea. I put in a preorder for Lesse's moisturizer, whose key ingredient is Kakadu plum extract, known to be a potent yet gentle source of vitamin C.

It all feels divine, and smugly salubrious—but am I going overboard? The dermatologist Shereene Idriss, MD, tells me that not everyone needs so radical a refresh. "I just feel like it's overkill to limit yourself from products that might bring you better results overall," she warns.

A dose of wisdom comes from celebrity makeup artist Gucci Westman, who recently posted a picture of herself that revealed thumbprint-size red splotches. "I think it started from using overly aggressive active products," the 53-year-old tells me. Her cult line, Westman Atelier, is geared for the needs of people with skin sensitivities; its latest Skin Activator serum has 12 ingredients said to strengthen the moisture barrier. I confide that after a lifetime of product promiscuity, it's doubtful I could ever land on a one-serum solution. The profusion of gentle giants on my bathroom counter has been way too tempting, and I've been pouncing on every vial and tube in sight. "It's okay to be curious," Westman tells me, saying she too can weaken in the face of possibility. "There is a chance that I might launch something else." □

SET DESIGN: NO STUDIO.

KICK OFF
Model Irina Shayk (NEAR RIGHT) wears **Giuseppe Zanotti** boots; giuseppe zanotti.com. **Louis Vuitton** pullover. Belt from **The Row.** Model Amber Valletta wears **Alexander McQueen** boots; alexander mcqueen.com. **Victoria Beckham** jacket. AT REAR, FROM LEFT: Eliza Jouin and Ethan Skaates of the line dancing group Stud Country have a stretch.
Fashion Editor: Max Ortega.

Happy

Feet

The season's most covetable accessories don't hang on the arm, dangle from the ear, or clasp about the neck. They're boots—shiny, sparkly, and even plumed, but still perfectly walkable. Photographed by Alex Webb.

ON THE LEVEL
Short and stompy, Shayk's boots from **Jimmy Choo** (jimmychoo.com) make quick work of grounding a very lively **Tory Burch** dress—while Valletta's **Maison Margiela** (maison margiela.com) boots are a complement and counterpoint to her **Givenchy** dress.

NEUTRAL TERRITORY
These sculptural, almost witchy boots from **Dior** (Dior boutiques) are layered with a quintessential trench and streamlined skirt, both from **The Row.**

TUFT STUFF
As a flock of dancers from Stud Country scoots and stomps behind her, Shayk takes flight in feathery **Valentino Garavani** boots; Valentino boutiques. **Miu Miu** tops, skirt, and tights.

PRODUCED BY BOOM PRODUCTIONS. SET DESIGN: MILA TAYLOR-YOUNG.
MOVEMENT DIRECTORS: SEAN MONAGHAN AND BAILEY SALISBURY OF STUD COUNTRY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEX WEBB OF MAGNUM PHOTOS. LOCATION: INDUSTRY CITY, BROOKLYN.

SILVER BELLES
Shayk wears a pair of boots, dress, bra, top, and skirt, all from **Bottega Veneta**; bottegaveneta.com. Valletta wears **Givenchy** boots; givenchy.com. **Loewe** dress. In this story: hair, Tamara McNaughton; makeup, Dick Page. Details, see In This Issue.

Facing

PHOTO FINISH
Vogue's Open Casting class of 2023. TOP ROW, FROM LEFT: Mars, Colette Kanza, and Abrar. MIDDLE ROW: Mengyao Wang, Cynthia Machava, and Rayan El-Mahmoud. BOTTOM ROW: Dulmi and Rania Benchegra. Fashion Editor: Poppy Kain.

the World

Vogue's first-ever global open-casting initiative gathered 60,000 submissions, from everywhere on Earth. Here are our eight finalists. Photographed by Charlotte Wales.

Few things remain as alluring as the stories of how our most well-known models were discovered: Shalom Harlow, then 17, was attending a concert by the Cure in Toronto; Naomi Campbell, then 15, was window-shopping in Covent Garden when a modeling scout approached her; Linda Evangelista, 16, had just lost the Miss Teen Niagara pageant when she was "discovered" by an agent for Elite. Perhaps most famously, Kate Moss was waiting to board a plane headed back to her London home after a holiday in the Bahamas when she caught the eye of the founder of a new modeling agency, Storm. A year later, the photographer Corinne Day found her photo in a drawer at the agency and saw in her a reflection of where culture was headed—away from the glamazon women that dominated the late 1980s and into a beauty that was more natural, more real—and Moss became a global icon.

The possibility that stardom could be lurking just around the corner has fed fashion fantasies for decades. These days, discoveries are more likely to take place on social media than in the street (in 2015, legendary makeup artist Pat McGrath cast a then unknown Paloma Elsesser after coming across her Instagram account)—a thrilling evolution that has nonetheless disrupted an entire industry, particularly as definitions of beauty and the very notion of what a model can or should look like have exploded in recent years.

Today, physical beauty is only part of what it takes to be a successful model—a strong sense of self, an ability to multitask, and a willingness to speak up and speak out about one's values and what's happening in the world are equally important. This past May, *Vogue* launched Open Casting, a global modeling initiative on an enormous scale aimed at discovering new archetypes and new personalities that reflect the world we live in. Prospective models—with or without agency representation—were encouraged to send in their photos, and within three weeks we received more than 60,000 submissions.

The arduous but enviable task of going through every photo and video was undertaken by our judging committee, which included *Vogue* editors from around the world; industry professionals including Instagram's director of fashion partnerships, Eva Chen; Elsesser; and Piergiorgio del Moro and Samuel Ellis Scheinman, the founders of DM Casting.

The eight finalists you will meet on these pages come from Accra and Marrakech, Tokyo and Paris, Los Angeles, Johannesburg, Henan province, and London. "We've done modeling competitions in the past, and the results have been lovely," Scheinman says, "but having both this massive scale and the specific creative identity that *Vogue* brings to projects thrilled us."

On a warm Wednesday in July, Big Sky Studios in North London was filled with an electric energy. "Having all of us together—it felt like a close-knit community of dream-chasers," says Rayan El-Mahmoud, a model from Accra, Ghana. "We laughed

TURNING POINT
Machava wears an intricately articulated **Versace** minidress; versace.com.

WINNING ATTITUDE

Mars wears a **Marc Jacobs** dress; bergdorfgoodman.com. In this story: hair, Shingo Shibata; makeup, Kanako Takase for Addiction Tokyo. Details, see In This Issue.

"Having all of us together—it felt like a close-knit community of dream-chasers," says Rayan El-Mahmoud

and supported each other." For Abrar, a Londoner who graduated from King's College with a degree in classical studies a week after the shoot wrapped, any anxious feelings dissipated as soon as she arrived on set. "The main thing that was going through my mind was whether I was good enough," she confesses, "but the warmth and kindness radiated by everyone gave me a newfound sense of belief in myself."

Music—everything from Afrobeat to R&B and, yes, even Madonna's "Vogue"—filled the studio and set the mood for the finalists to take their turns in front of the camera. "The music—even all the songs I'd never heard before—brought such a cheerful atmosphere to the shoot," says Mengyao, who arrived from Zhoukou City in China's Henan province. For Johannesburg's Cynthia Machava, the adventure began as soon as her flight was booked: She had never been on a plane before. "When I found out I'd made the cut," she says, "I thought I was daydreaming."

For Mars, a Los Angeles native who just finished a double major in psychology and women, feminist, and queer studies from Vassar, and who hopes to become a counselor or therapist, the lessons learned on set were truly priceless. "My favorite part was when we were all shooting together," they say. "It reminded me that modeling is a skill—and it took a lot of work!"

It's also worth noting that, for some, this work and these skills serve a higher purpose. "This wasn't just about fulfilling a dream," says Rania, who grew up in Marrakech, Morocco, and flew in from New York. "It was a fierce determination to shatter stereotypes and empower us to embrace our identities unapologetically."

—LAIA GARCIA-FURTADO

PRODUCED BY MINI-TITLE. SET DESIGN: ALICE KIRKPATRICK. MOVEMENT DIRECTOR: ERIC CHRISTISON.

The Get

1

2

3

Tricks and Treats

As spooky season descends, a few ideas for crafting a scary-good wardrobe.

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

15

14

13

12

1. ALEXANDER MCQUEEN CARDIGAN, $2,090; ALEXANDERMCQUEEN.COM. **2.** SAINT LAURENT BY ANTHONY VACCARELLO BAG, $1,100; YSL.COM. **3.** DOLCE & GABBANA DRESS; SELECT DOLCE & GABBANA BOUTIQUES. **4.** PAT MCGRATH LABS PALETTE, $128; PATMCGRATH.COM. **5.** VERSACE GLOVES, $1,050; VERSACE.COM FOR SIMILAR STYLES. **6.** LOUIS VUITTON SHOE, $2,470; SELECT LOUIS VUITTON BOUTIQUES. **7.** FORTNUM & MASON AMARETTI TIN, $41; FORTNUMANDMASON.COM. **8.** LORO PIANA BUCKET HAT, $1,450; MYTHERESA.COM. **9.** GUCCI BEAUTY LIPSTICK, $45; SEPHORA.COM. **10.** RODARTE DRESS, $1,695; MODAOPERANDI.COM. **11.** MAX MARA COAT; MAXMARA.COM. **12.** CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN EYESHADOW, $55; NORDSTROM.COM. **13.** JW ANDERSON TOTE BAG, $115; JWANDERSON.COM. **14.** DANIELA VILLEGAS NECKLACE; MATCHESFASHION.COM. **15.** ALAÏA BUSTIER BELT, $1,580; MAISON-ALAIA.COM.

SHOP THE ISSUE ONLINE AT VOGUE.COM/SHOPPING

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MERT ALAS AND MARCUS PIGGOTT. *VOGUE*, SEPTEMBER 2009.
PRODUCTS: COURTESY OF BRANDS / WEBSITES.

THE ART OF BEING LEE MILLER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

their parents don't have the cash in the bank, drives me crazy." She pulled back from her outrage with a laugh. "I'm sure if I wasn't an actor I would have ended up being a lawyer."

Increasingly, Winslet said, she wants to tell stories that "not just stick in people's minds but sometimes even ignite debate and make a difference." She is a brand ambassador for L'Oréal, this year wiping off her makeup in L'Oréal's Lessons of Worth campaign and adjudicating the brand's third annual Lights on Women Award that honors female short-film directors. When we met, she had just returned from filming a commercial for the beauty house in Paris; she told me she was proud to have convinced them to commission a former recipient of the award to direct it.

Winslet said that attitudes to women in the film industry are changing, but it is an ongoing fight. Fists firmly on the table again, she railed at how she had been patronized by male executives when trying to raise money for *Lee*. "The men who think you want and need their help are unbelievably outraging," she told me. "I've even had a director say to me: 'Listen, you do my film and I'll get your little *Lee* funded…' Little! Or we'd have potential male investors saying things like: Tell me, why am I supposed to like this woman?"

Winslet acknowledged that the #MeToo movement had empowered actresses. She roared her enthusiasm. "Oh, my God! This is the best part. Young actresses now—fuck me—they are unafraid. It makes me so proud. And I think, Yes, all the shit flinging, all the struggle, all the using my voice for years, often being finger-pointed at and laughed at—I don't give a shit! It was all bloody worth it. Because the culture is changing in the way that I couldn't in my wildest dreams have imagined in my 20s." She told me that weathering the business as a young actress "absolutely toughened me up, but the one thing it gave me, more than anything else, was a profound understanding of what it means to play a character like Lee Miller."

When I told Winslet the effect her performance had on Miller's son, Penrose ("I thought, That's Lee! It's real," he'd told me. "That's Mum, it's really her"), her voice grew heavy with compassion. The two became close during the making of *Lee.* He had been her guide and touchstone and, also, she told me, the spur to get Miller right, to honor her story and her work. "So many tears. It's huge for him. He's got closure." The pride is professional. "Even as I'm watching *Lee,* I'm thinking, Oh, I've done it!" Winslet said. "I've actually made the film!"

Now it's time to take a break. Winslet typically tries to space out projects in order to have time at home with her family, but *Lee* backed up against filming *The Regime,* a satirical political series for HBO in which she stars as the dictator of a fictional European country. "I've just missed Bear's sports day," she confessed, "and that's the first of any of my children's sports days I've missed. But his dad was there." She credits Abel Smith for his constancy and support. They don't, she said, have any child care.

"Ned is my absolute partner. He's a huge part of how I can do all this." When she travels for shoots, "Ned, Bear, and I move as a little unit." Almost on cue, her husband called to ask if she was going to be able to do the school pickup later that afternoon. "That's Ned," said Winslet, "and he'll still be smiling when I come through the door at the end of the day having literally just dragged myself through a trench."

Winslet's been learning that maybe, just maybe, it's okay to let go of the idea of having to achieve everything. She admitted she rather rejoiced in the fact that when she was injured she couldn't exercise, "that the Peloton ride and 10 minutes of fucking abs" would have to stop. "In a way it was weirdly good for me, to go fuck it: I've got to go easy on myself."

Too often recently, Winslet said, she had missed the everyday, ordinary things in life.

"Doing the school drop-off and pickup. Going to Waitrose, absolutely my favorite thing. Cooking." She and Abel Smith live outside of London in the South of England. She loves cold-water swimming, "possibly a bit of windsurfing," long walks with her two dogs. "Just being able to watch the telly," she said wistfully, "lovely, with a packet of crisps. Fucking brilliant."

"What flavor?" I asked her.

Winslet grinned. "Salt and vinegar every time." □

The interviews and photography in this story predated the SAG-AFTRA strike.

THE HOT SEAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

Jean-Pierre studied under the urban policy expert Ester Fuchs, PhD, whose class told a narrative of American progress. "The view essentially was, 'Okay, our institutions work,'" Fuchs says. Jean-Pierre—one of two Black women in the course—wasn't so sure. "She asked the hard questions," Fuchs says. "Her concern was always for what we call the promise of America. She believed in it, but she saw where it wasn't working."

Jean-Pierre came to see politics as a remedy. After graduation, she worked for New York City Council members. In 2007 she headed for North Carolina to work for presidential candidate John Edwards and met Jen O'Malley Dillon, his deputy campaign manager. When Edwards's run imploded, O'Malley Dillon moved to Barack Obama's staff and offered Jean-Pierre a job.

"Karine and I grew up together in the business," says O'Malley Dillon, now President Biden's deputy chief of staff. "It makes me sound like the oldest lady in the world, but when we were first starting out, there weren't as many women leaders and there certainly weren't women of color at the level that Karine is at now."

Valerie Jarrett, President Obama's longtime adviser and now CEO of his foundation, has known Jean-Pierre nearly as long. "I think she's prepared her entire career for the moment she's in right now," she says.

These days, Jean-Pierre wakes up around 5 a.m. Her emails to me have pre-sunrise timestamps. "I'm not disciplined at all," Jean-Pierre says. About balance, she means. She's quite disciplined about work, from which she allows few distractions.

Jean-Pierre does not watch television. When she reads books, it's bedtime stories. (Jean-Pierre shares her daughter, Soleil, with former CNN national correspondent Suzanne Malveaux. It was Malveaux who initiated the adoption process, not long after she and Jean-Pierre started dating. Now Soleil is nine, and Jean-Pierre's mother has become a doting, obsessive grandparent.) Jean-Pierre does like musicals, and she and Soleil have taken in *The Lion King, Wicked,* and *Once Upon a One More Time.* She still runs when she can, and after three miles, her mind starts to clear.

Acknowledging that a nanny helps make her schedule possible, Jean-Pierre tells me she pulls into the White House in time for her 8:15 a.m. meeting, which Jeff Zients, White House chief of staff, hosts in his office. Jean-Pierre sits to one side. And when she speaks, he swivels. "While she's humble, she's got confidence in views that might sometimes run against where the team is heading," he says. "I always pause because she's probably onto something."

A little after 9 a.m., Jean-Pierre settles behind her semicircular desk in the West Wing. Soleil is responsible for much of her office decor: a framed letter ("You are the best mom in the world"), a pink wood-block animal figurine (of indeterminate genus), and a doodle near two framed photos—one of Jean-Pierre with President Biden and Dr. Jill Biden, and one of her with President Obama.

From her perch, Jean-Pierre can see four TV screens broadcasting news networks. More shelves hold stacks of books, from bestsellers like Angela Duckworth's *Grit* and Adam Grant's *Originals* to *Horse Barbie,* Geena Rocero's memoir of growing up as a trans pageant queen in the Philippines. Rocero inscribed it to Jean-Pierre during a visit to the White House.

There are memes about eldest sisters, and then there are the women who live them. Jean-Pierre is so organized her pens have their own coral pouch. A thin film keeps her Dell monitor pristine. Visible disorder in her office is limited to drooping flowers on a side table. Today, she's wearing a vibrant orange sleeveless shift, with a rose gold Garmin watch strapped to her wrist. When I arrive, staffers have already started to filter in and out of her office in an exercise her team calls "prep," but which is better characterized as a mix of college office hours and Talmudic exegesis.

Together with aides, Jean-Pierre takes stock of the latest economic signals, the status of the Presidential Commission on the Supreme Court, and reports of extreme heat across the country—all with an eye toward fielding questions later that day. Some in the press corps have complained that Jean-Pierre reads too much from her binder—that she sounds rehearsed. That is because she rehearses. In prep, she chooses adjectives and verbs with fastidious care. Is *defend* the right word to describe Florida governor Ron DeSantis's stance on education standards that seem to celebrate the skills that enslaved people learned in bondage? Or perhaps it's more accurate—and more pointed—to put it like this: *It demonstrates a lack of leadership. It's an insult.*

The team has drafted a statement on the issue, if Jean-Pierre is open to it. Like all updates to her binder, it is printed and hole-punched. (She dreams of a briefing iPad.) No office in America relies on hole punchers like this one does. In the event of a national confetti shortage, White House hole punchers can be requisitioned to release strategic reserves.

Can Jean-Pierre comment on Governor DeSantis from the podium? He is a candidate for president, so she has to be careful. A few months ago, Jean-Pierre was slapped with a Hatch Act violation for comments she made about "MAGA Republicans," which the Office of Special Counsel, a government watchdog agency, said ran afoul of the federal ban on executive branch employees participating in campaign activity. So, she's wary. But DeSantis is also an elected official.

In the end, Jean-Pierre criticizes "extreme officials in Florida and across the country" who are "shamefully promoting a lie that enslaved people actually benefited from slavery. It's inaccurate, insulting. It's hurtful and prevents an honest account of our nation's history."

ABC News picks up her statement—600 retweets, 2,500 likes, a quarter of a million views.

Before her current job, Jean-Pierre had been principal deputy to Jen Psaki—Biden's first White House press secretary. The two were so close that Psaki got them matching leather briefing books, which Jean-Pierre christened "Ebony" and "Ivory." Several times, Jean-Pierre filled in for Psaki at the podium or on overseas trips. "I gaggled more than Jen did," Jean-Pierre says, referring to the informal, off-camera briefings the White House often holds on the road.

Still, there was no actual interview process in the lead-up to her promotion. News had already leaked that Psaki would leave for an anchor position at MSNBC, prompting speculation about a successor; Jean-Pierre was the obvious front-runner, and after a month, Biden called her into the Oval Office.

"It happened fast," Jean-Pierre says. "The president and I had 20 seconds together." "I remember she described her feeling as shell-shocked," Psaki says. "It's a little bit of an out-of-body experience when the president of the United States asks you to do something."

"You're kind of like, 'Were there supposed to be fireworks happening? Mood music?'" Jean-Pierre says now. "There was none of that." The press release came out a few minutes later.

When Psaki eventually relinquished her office to Jean-Pierre, she left a note quoting a bit of advice she'd gotten from her own mother: "Keep your feet planted on the ground and your spine stiff." She meant that this is not a job for anyone made of squishy stuff. "There's a reason that press secretaries over the years have handed down a physical flak jacket," says Ben LaBolt, White House communications director. "You tend to get a lot more criticism than you do praise."

Jean-Pierre did get a lot of criticism, especially in the beginning. There were reportedly complaints from the press corps, who sniped about Jean-Pierre's recitation of talking points and expressed genuine exasperation about her perceived stonewalling on basic questions. Things became particularly testy in early 2023 when Jean-Pierre was pressed on a cache of classified documents found at Biden's Delaware home. She seemed to share incomplete information from the podium—so much so that NPR reporter Tamara Keith, who was then president of the White House Correspondents' Association, questioned Jean-Pierre's ability to do her job. "Are you upset that you came out to this podium…with incomplete and inaccurate information?" Keith asked. "And are you concerned that it affects your credibility up here?"

One media reporter who has covered Jean-Pierre's tenure tells me that Democratic officials have been critical too. The public needs to understand what the administration has accomplished, the reporter points out, "and if you don't have someone who's really able to sell your message, that hurts the White House."

The alternate view is that Jean-Pierre can only say as much as the White House counsel allows her to. "I take none of it personally," is all Jean-Pierre will tell me, when I ask her about the attacks on her credibility. "I'm representing the president, so petty is just not on the menu." She adds (and reporters I speak to confirm) that she has developed good personal relationships with many correspondents—even those with whom she has "intense back-and-forths," as she puts it.

Fuchs—still a mentor—has noticed improvements in the year she's been doing the job. "Her press conferences now are very different than they were when she started," Fuchs says. "She's figured out how to carry herself."

Best of luck to would-be blackmailers: Jean-Pierre doesn't drink coffee or alcohol. Psaki calls her viceless. Her snack is roasted seaweed or a morning banana smoothie made al-desko with a gadget called the BlendJet.

Before the briefing starts, she allows herself a matcha bubble tea and then rustles up a faded Beautyblender to touch up her makeup. When she hears a two-minute warning, she pops a mint, takes her watch off, and puts her heels on.

Briefings last about 45 minutes. This one includes queries about protests in Israel and a few about GOP maneuvers at the border. Afterward, Jean-Pierre and her staff have a 10-minute post-mortem. Today, an aide reminds her to be firm on questions that deal with prospective interest rate hikes. She wants the team to feel comfortable critiquing her. "But also, I know if I've screwed up," she says. "No one has to tell me."

In fact, when she feels she has truly slipped, she is in the habit of processing aloud. Zients has come to expect a pop-in. "She'll show up to share good news, which is fun, but also when things don't feel quite right," he says. "She's open to new ideas, to feedback. You'll see a bunch of people here who think, 'You know what? I'm under such tremendous pressure. I'm working so hard. Why don't *you* go try to do that?' If she has that instinct, it never comes out."

Jean-Pierre endures ruthless, sometimes frightening treatment on social media—the part of the job that Psaki tells me "crosses the line." Still, Jean-Pierre says she has never had a "nasty" encounter in public. "People who love me are concerned," she admits. "But I do not walk around fearful for my life or my security. That is not something I worry about. I worry more for my daughter."

The afternoon that I visit, Jean-Pierre leaves work earlier than usual to take Soleil to a local pool. It's clear that this is all a juggle, and it has gotten more challenging lately. Jean-Pierre and Malveaux have separated. "I'm a single mom who is co-parenting this amazing kid," Jean-Pierre says. "Our number-one priority is her privacy and to make sure we create an environment that's nurturing."

She and I drive through leafy suburbs and arrive in the still humid evening, as Jean-Pierre continues the conversation poolside. She nods toward Soleil, who is splashing in a sequined bathing suit. "We talk about her feelings all the time," she says. "I ask her all the time, 'Are you happy? How's it going?' And she'll tell me." Open communication is something Jean-Pierre is committed to. "That's the nice part—being the parent that you wish you had," she says. "My parents were amazing, but they were trying to survive."

She never expected to be in this situation—mothering. Having a child was "a thousand percent" not on her to-do list. She spent so much of her own childhood helping to raise her siblings. Her work was a bid for freedom. "I think that's one of the reasons I left to do campaigns," Jean-Pierre says. "Because it took me away from the responsibilities of home."

But it turns out being a parent has only made her more motivated. "Everything that we do, being led by the president, is going to matter, not just today, but tomorrow and for the rest of our lives," she says. "What we do is certainly going to change the trajectory of her life."

Recently, a cabinet member texted Jean-Pierre. (She declines to say which.) This official had been getting pilloried in the press, and Jean-Pierre had offered a strong defense from the podium. "They reached out to me and thanked me," she says. "I was like, 'That's nice. You're welcome.'"

Who does that for her? Her team, she says. She has champions outside the White House too. When a group of Black women came to see Harris not long ago, one of them sought out Jean-Pierre to say that "there are millions of us who want you to succeed."

There are of course also millions who do not.

The week I visit, Fox News is obsessively covering a change in Jean-Pierre's word choice regarding whether or not President Biden was involved with his son Hunter's business dealings. Where once the line was that Biden had "never spoken" about foreign deals with Hunter, Jean-Pierre now tells reporters Hunter and his father were never "in business" together. Other reporters (like *The New York Times*' Peter Baker) note the shift as well.

Jean-Pierre reminds me that she's not speaking for herself at the podium. That's as true when questions about Hunter arise as it is when she has to respond to geopolitical human rights issues that target LGBTQ+ communities. She cites Haiti's descent into political chaos as an example of where she must hold her feelings back. It's "one of the issues that's toughest for me," she says.

She knows that what she represents is part of why Biden chose her for this role. But letting her own opinions slip into the record "is not what I signed up for," she says. "I signed up to speak on behalf of this president. That's why he selected me."

First lady Jill Biden can attest to that. "From our first meeting with Karine, we knew we wanted her on the team," she says in a statement. "As a pioneering White House press secretary, she brings grace, integrity, and insight to the podium. With her calm, quiet confidence, Karine inspires us all."

The film director Gina Prince-Bythewood, who met Jean-Pierre at an event honoring Black women across industries earlier this year, says she too is struck by Jean-Pierre's grace: "When you're the first, you need to do well for yourself, but you also have to do well for all those who want to come up after you. If you mess up, people judge a whole community based on your actions."

Jean-Pierre gets at the same idea, obliquely. We're talking about the criticism that has dogged Harris—whispers about staff turnover, a bedeviling policy portfolio. "It's hard to be the first," she says of her former boss. "There is always going to be criticism. You're always going to be under a bigger microscope."

"Men can get away with all kinds of personalities doing this job," Fuchs tells me. "Most of them are crude and rude. Karine had to develop something different. And she did. She developed this steely personality with a big smile, and that's her armor."

Jean-Pierre will not do this job forever. "Someone once told me, 'If you walk into the White House campus, and it doesn't move you anymore, then you shouldn't be here,'" she says. Perhaps she will return to cable news, having already served as a commentator on MSNBC and NBC. For now, the West Wing still sparkles. Jean-Pierre stays.

Last year, Jean-Pierre took her mother to a state dinner. "When my mom met President Biden, she cried," Jean-Pierre says. "She cried, and he opened up his arms, and she put her head on his chest."

Later, she called her daughter—the girl who never became a doctor, who embarked on a life of her own choosing, expectations be damned. Jean-Pierre smiles at the memory: "She said to me, 'That was the happiest day of my life.'" □

GOOD PRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

2011 Tony Awards, will know what I mean when I say that *Gutenberg!* has big "I Believe" energy. "It allows us to be our truest idiots," Gad says. "And I say that in the most genuine way possible."

It all began as a joke. In 1999, when Brown and King were in their 20s and sharing an apartment in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, King worked at the Manhattan Theatre Club, where he was charged with going through unsolicited demo recordings and attending readings of new musicals. It was utterly illuminating, not only to see the kinds of (strange, bad) things that writers and composers hoped would someday be produced but also to hear the deadly serious passion behind each fledgling show. "I got obsessed with the idea of people creating musicals in a vacuum somewhere else, with the dreams of coming to Broadway," King says. "And because they had to perform these songs, they would be full-out—like, with so much enthusiasm, so much energy." To be sure, King and Brown (who had recently started at *Entertainment Weekly*) were hardly establishment figures themselves; in fact, they had a lot more in common with the faceless slush pile people than not. "We were listening to these, like, desperate dreamers on tapes," Brown says, "but we were also two mildly crazy people living in a very hot apartment in an outer borough."

One day, they decided they'd give the process a go themselves, and "write three songs for a bad idea for a musical and submit it under fake names," King recalls. That bad idea was to build a show around the 15th-century invention of the printing press. "It's just so fun to create anything, even something terrible," says Brown. "Once it starts to take on its own life, you kind of can't stop it."

By 2003, Brown and King had stretched and shaped that unlikely concept into a 45-minute one-act, performing it at the former Upright Citizens Brigade Theatre in Chelsea and the New York Musical Theatre Festival. It wasn't a straight historical piece, but more like

Michael Frayn's *Noises Off,* dramatizing the very act of putting on the show. (The format of a reading or a backer's audition seemed especially fertile, funny ground: "It's so bizarre, because you are asking the audience to just imagine what [the production] could be," King says.) A two-act version of *Gutenberg!* premiered at London's 70-seat Jermyn Street Theatre in 2006 ("Is there a producer in the house?" read one review that lauded King and Brown as "the real thing"), moving off-Broadway, to Midtown's 59E59 Theaters, that November.

Alex Timbers, who directs the Broadway production, also helmed *Gutenberg!* at 59E59. "My background's in improv and sketch comedy," he tells me. "And so I always love material that sits between true comedy and a play or a musical." When he was introduced to Brown and King, the connection was instant. "We had a lot of shared interests and sensibilities, and that same kind of playful attitude," says Brown. One touch point was the 2001 film *Wet Hot American Summer:* Watching it, King says, all three realized, "Oh, you can play it completely straight, but also have this sense of absurdity." Timbers's production of *Gutenberg!* was hailed a "smashing success" by *The New York Times* that season, earning best-musical nods at both the Lucille Lortel and Outer Critics Circle Awards.

From there, the show traveled across the country and around the world—cropping up at regional theaters from Boston to Seattle, as well as in Sydney, Paris, and, just earlier this year, Madrid. (From a purely economic standpoint, it's difficult to imagine a fleeter, leaner musical to mount.) And it inspired another collaboration: Broadway's *Beetlejuice,* for which Timbers served as director, and Brown and King wrote the book. (Eddie Perfect handled the music and lyrics.) Given all of that, I ask Brown and King, did they ever wonder if *Gutenberg!* might someday see the Great White Way?

"No," King replies with a laugh. "This is completely insane."

When Gad, Rannells, and I reconvene at Il Brigante, a quaint Italian restaurant not far from the South Street Seaport Museum, they're still cracking each other up, several hours later. Timbers likens their joyful dynamic to that of the great comedic duos of the last century: "You think about Abbott and Costello, Laurel and Hardy, Nathan Lane and Matthew Broderick, Mike Nichols and Elaine May—it's not the lengthiest list."

For the actors, their chemistry is practically compulsive, and it's been that way since *Mormon,* when they starred as hapless missionaries-slash-partners-in-crime. (Both departed the show after a year, in 2012.) "A part of the fun of *Mormon* was that when we were onstage together, we just tried to make each other laugh," Gad says. "We genuinely have this admiration and joy for breaking the other."

Keeping things under control for *Gutenberg!* is "going to be really difficult," says Rannells.

"Audiences should be aware," adds Gad, an impish glint in his eye.

It wasn't actually Gad's plan to take a decade-long break between Broadway roles; in the interim, as Rannells led productions of *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*, *Falsettos*, and *The Boys in the Band* and Gad worked mostly in film and television, they'd been carrying on separate conversations with Timbers, while also looking for something to do together. Finally, Timbers approached them both about *Gutenberg!,* which had been rattling around in his head for years. The group gathered for a reading in Los Angeles, the quick takeaway being that Gad and Rannells simply had to do it. There was a lot to love—ridiculous lyrics like "When I got out of bed today, history was a lot more boring / But then I thought in a different way, now the bird of inspiration's soaring"—but what perhaps appealed most was the rendering of Bud and Doug. "They really are fans of each other, and there's not any sort of snark to it," Rannells reflects. "It's rare, because—I sound like an old man saying this, *a lot of humor these days*…"

"…is cynical," Gad offers.

"Yeah, it's very cynical," Rannells says. "I am snarky as fuck, so I get it. But it's nice to get to play two people who are really, truly joyful about what they're doing." They may know virtually nothing about the real Gutenberg—after all, they give him a romantic interest named Helvetica—but Bud and Doug obviously adore the theater. "As you're watching the show, you know what musicals they've seen," says Timbers. "They love *Les Mis,* they love *My Fair Lady,* they love *Oklahoma!*"

So, *Gutenberg!* had its stars. "It was immediate, I think, to both of us that *this* was the thing," Gad says. Then comes the perfect punch line—and the awful truth: "That was March of 2020."

Suffice it to say that three years later, Gad and Rannells are entering a somewhat wobbly theater landscape. Yet neither one seems overly concerned about how *Gutenberg!* will fare this fall, even as it goes head-to-head with flashy new revivals of *Merrily We Roll Along* and *Purlie Victorious*. To them, *Gutenberg!*'s small scale is an asset: While Broadway's James Earl Jones Theatre, which normally seats about 1,100, is surely one of the biggest venues that the show has ever played to (on YouTube, I found a full-length production ostensibly staged in a high school classroom), Timbers has conspired to make it feel as cozy as possible, removing several first-row seats and bringing the proscenium slightly forward. The effect, he says, is that "our stage pushes past the fourth wall. All of that stuff accumulates to create something that feels really intimate, like you and Josh and Andrew are all sitting in the living room together."

"I get teary-eyed at the end," says Gad of the show. "I think we've all become super skeptical of reality and the hardships of life, of industry, of all of it." The SAG-AFTRA strike is underway, and before they begin rehearsals for *Gutenberg!,* both Gad and Rannells plan to join a picket line. "It's nice to have two characters who so fully believe in possibility," Gad continues. "I think that is the profound beauty of the show, despite the insanity of the comedy. It's got this beating heart that I think is really beautiful, and I hope audiences leave uplifted."

"That's a good way to say it," Rannells remarks.

"…like they do from *Cabaret,*" Gad deadpans.

Rannells laughs. "'Just like *Cabaret*.' Throw *that* on the poster." □

ALAÏA ANEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

When Mulier is in residence, he wakes at a quarter to seven—his windows, which are huge and trapezoidal, have no blinds—makes himself breakfast, and returns to wake his dog, John John, who sleeps with him in bed. They walk together for an hour in the nearby woods. At home, he showers and starts sending emails. If it's a workday, he's at it from 9 a.m. to somewhere between 7 and 9 at night; then he and John John walk again, and he meets friends for dinner, or cooks—one of his favorite things. By 11 or 12, he's back in bed. "It is actually quite classic, my day," he says, as if the thought were just occurring to him. (In Mulier-ese, what's "classic" is what's not extreme.) Zoom was, for him, the best thing to come from the pandemic: He has not set foot in New York since 2019, when he and Simons and his former partner of 16 years, the designer Matthieu Blazy, all living there, left Calvin Klein. "I was so happy in New York," he says. "It would break my heart to go back."

On free weekends, he tools around the apartment and the galleries, goes to the gym, cooks for friends at home, and, on Sundays, visits his brother and his sister and their families around Ostend. ("I *love* kids," he says. "I always wanted kids, because it brings balance to a life—reality when you are in an industry like this. But I would never do it alone.") He adores Antwerp, but has always, he says, experienced it from a

slight social distance: a lesson he feels he learned from Simons, who taught him to approach the city through its artistic underground over his first year at the label—a period when Mulier learned basic skills like patternmaking and contract management and felt, he maintains, "completely lost creatively."

"I'd gone from a law school to an architect school to—a company in Antwerp that dresses skinny boys? The first show I saw from Raf, I was like, What *is* this? My father saw a picture and said, 'That's what you do?'"

And yet, at Simons's label, Mulier underwent a kind of bloom. He lived for a year in the office, sleeping on a mattress underneath the archive. Simons brought on Blazy, another young designer, and in time, as Mulier came to acknowledge his sexuality, the two of them started to date. They found joy in being part of a scrappy team of kids who spent hours in the studio, living inside art and design and, from a quiet Belgian city, making work that enthralled the entire fashion world.

"Raf used to bring us all to the Frieze art fair, to Art Basel, and have us look at things that, honestly, I'd never seen before, and explain why they were important," he recalls. "I believe that everybody in life has one person who does that for you: a professor in school, or a parent, or an uncle. But I didn't have that at home or in school. I had it when I met Raf—that person who pushes you so far out of your comfort zone that it changes everything." By the time Simons commuted to Milan to work at Jil Sander, Mulier, who did the brand's shoes and accessories, was known as his right hand.

"It was a very interesting combination," says Blazy, who is now creative director at Bottega Veneta, "because Raf would think in terms of concept, where Pieter would think immediately as an architect: in volumes, colors, product." When designing, Mulier drew in profile—"You could see the volume of the clothes," says Blazy, who internalized this sidelong method—and created his shoes bottom-up, as if designing a building.

All the while, Mulier dreamed of designing womenswear. When he realized, deep into his 30s, that the closest he had gotten was making women's shoes, he had a kind of crisis and decided to launch his own womenswear line. It was 2010 and, as he was ramping up the collection, his father became terminally ill. Mulier paused the work. "I took care of him for six, seven months until he passed away," he says. By then, Simons was moving to Dior and invited Mulier to join—this time, he'd work on womenswear, including couture, an offer he could not bear to refuse. "I knew after a week at Dior," Mulier recalls, "that *this* is what I wanted to do."

It was at Dior that Mulier's quiet genius for color, volume, and construction—the material personality of a garment—came to the fore. "He was interested and challenged by the technicality," Simons says. Dior—like Alaïa—was a tailoring-based house, and it was where Mulier learned the power of a recognizable silhouette: the box (Chanel), the hourglass (Dior), the long hourglass he would one day master at Alaïa.

As Mulier tells it, though, Dior was most of all where he learned how to sell a dream. "It was about curves," he says. "It was about attitude." The lesson lodged in his imagination even as, in 2016, he and Blazy joined Simons in New York to lead design at Calvin Klein—a résumé bump for Mulier, who was listed (and paid) as the brand's creative director, and a crucial window into the inner workings of both global commerce and, he notes in earnest, underwear. The Antwerp trio was alive with an ambitious dream: They were going to take sublime, smart, daring, first-rate fashion and make it globally available. But for Mulier, the experience had the radiance of a candle burning at both ends, filled with almost nonstop travel among Europe, the US, and Asia.

"You'd arrive in Amsterdam in the morning and have 50 people in front of you with 24 hours to work with them—and you'd have to give *them* energy," he explains. "You'd clean it up, leave, and come back every three weeks to do it again." By the time the project ended, "I was just burned up."

For a year, he turned down job offers that came his way. Getting restless during the pandemic, he considered becoming creative director of a Swiss furniture company. "I thought, Oh,

In This Issue

Table of Contents: 28: On Zimmermann: Bag by The Row; therow.com. Church's shoes; church-footwear.com. On mannequin: Archival Maison Margiela dress. Tailor: Egle Paulauskaite. **Cover Look: 28:** Dress and shoes; prada.com. Bracelet; vancleefarpels.com. Tailors: Carson Darling-Blair, Jane Law. For artworks on the cover, see The Art of Being Lee Miller credits. **Editor's Letter: 42:** Top left photo: Jacket and skirt; emiliawickstead.com. John Smedley cardigan; johnsmedley.com. Hair and wigs, Ivana Primorac; makeup, Lisa Eldridge. Tailor: Jane Law. Bottom left photo: Emilia Wickstead coat; emiliawickstead.com. **Contributors: 56:** Top left photo: Hats customized by Works in Progress NYC. On Gad: Todd Snyder jacket; toddsnyder.com. Billy Reid shirt; billyreid.com. On Rannells: Todd Snyder polo sweater; toddsnyder.com. Bode pants; bode.com. Grooming for Andrew Rannells, Melissa DeZarate; Grooming for Josh Gad, Jessica Ortiz. Tailor: Lucy Payne. Top right photo: On Valletta: coat and pants from The Row; therow.com. Dior boots; Dior boutiques. Hair, Tamara McNaughton; makeup, Dick Page; Location: Industry City, Brooklyn. Movement Directors, Sean Monaghan and Bailey Salisbury of Stud Country. Manicurist: Yuko Tsuchihashi. Tailor: Olga Dudnik. Bottom photo: Tove dress; tove-studio.com. Khiry earring; khiry.com. Hair, Dior Sovoa; makeup, Kym Lee. Tailor: Fleurisse Dany. **In Her Shoes: 72:** Cardigan, top, skirt, and shoes; miumiu.com. Tailor: Cha Cha Zutic. **Lost and Found: 90:** Parka; bottegaveneta.com. Tailor: Egle Paulauskaite.

THE ART OF BEING LEE MILLER
108–109: Vest and pants; stellamccartney.com. Shirt; paige.com. **113:** Coat; emilia wickstead.com. Shoes; prada.com. **114–115:** Cardigan; johnsmedley.com. Pants; erdem.com. Shoes; church-footwear.com. **118–119:** Shirt; loropiana.com. Pants; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. Tailors: Carson Darling-Blair, Jane Law. Artworks depicted in this story ©Lee Miller Archives, England 2020. All rights reserved. leemiller.co.uk. ©Roland Penrose Estate, England 2020. The Penrose Collection. All rights reserved. David E. Scherman ©Courtesy Lee Miller Archives, England 2020. All rights reserved. ©Antony Penrose Estate, England 2020.

BASIC INSTINCTS
120–121: On Zimmermann: Shoes; church-footwear.com. **122:** On Zimmermann: Bag; therow.com. Church's shoes; church-footwear.com. On mannequin: Hat from The Row; therow.com. **123:** Church's shoes; church-footwear.com. **124–125:** On Zimmermann: Church's shoes; church-footwear.com. On Nakamura-Dangerfield: Makié dress; makieclothier.com. **126:** On Zimmermann: Church's shoes; church-footwear.com. On mannequin: Archival Maison Margiela dress. **127:** On Zimmermann: Boots; balenciaga.com. On mannequin: Bag; therow.com. **129:** On Zimmermann: Port Tanger sunglasses. **130:** On Zimmermann: Church's shoes; church-footwear.com. Tailor: Egle Paulauskaite.

furniture, it's so calm!" It was at this point that Alaïa came into view.

"I had this idea that Pieter should go to Alaïa," Clémande Burgevin Blachman, who had known Mulier at Raf Simons and Calvin Klein, recalls. Her mother had been a close friend of Azzedine; she thought she saw, in Mulier, a designer who could bring the house to life again with the old energy. "I knew he had this way of looking at the feminine body—maybe it's because of his background as an architect—and this cultural and art knowledge," she says. "I convinced him he should find a way to apply."

The application process lasted a full year. "We were dating," Mulier says wryly. "I told them, I'm not going to cheat on you—I'm going to wait." What he recognized in Alaïa, long before a lot of other people did, was a house that joined the intimacy and particularity of Raf Simons, the refined ateliers and dream-making of Dior, and the demotic openness of Calvin Klein. He became convinced it was the lead job he was made for. Over 12 months, he ordered vintage Alaïa garments and studied their construction as an architect might study French cathedrals, learning Azzedine's language in cloth.

When Mulier and Blazy were together in Antwerp, they often ended their days at De Zeester, a family-filled tavern-style restaurant a moment's walk from the apartment. Tonight Mulier takes a round table and orders gray-shrimp croquettes, mussels, and a *bolleke,* or goblet bowl, of local beer. He knows the server by name here as well. "My dog is *obsessed* with her," he says.

Since he and Blazy broke up, they've split custody of John John, who travels back and forth among Paris, Milan, and Antwerp, sleeping in the back seat of the car along the route. When he's away, Mulier misses him acutely. "My day is based on him," he says. "He's at Alaïa constantly: He's in the ateliers. He's downstairs. He's in the studio. An animal brings something calm to the teams." John John lives with him more than Blazy, and he frets about the fairness of that, but he finds himself counting the days until the dog's return. "I went to Milan just to see him," Mulier says. "We're on that level now."

Mulier and Blazy had the fortune and the misfortune of each seeing their luckiest breaks—a once-in-a-lifetime chance to lead, at last, the world-class fashion house that each believed in—appear at almost exactly the same time. For years, they had been partners in deputy-ship, the two base corners of a triangle. Then, overnight, each had become the sovereign of his own imaginative world.

The weight of two such new mantles, based in two cities, with two chief calendars and desperate drives to squeeze the most from a rare opportunity, was more than one relationship could bear. "Once you obtain that job, you have to make some choices in your life, because it eats a lot of everything around you," Mulier says. He chose Alaïa, Blazy chose Bottega Veneta, and the rest was sealed. Today, the two of them are still among the most enthusiastic fans at each other's shows. "What I like about Pieter's way of working is that he goes against the stream, takes risks, but he's not someone who wants to shock—he's just going for what he believes in most," Blazy says. But they remain apart. "It didn't work anymore, based only on that—only on the jobs," Mulier says.

A loss, though, has been balanced by wild success. At Alaïa, the vision that Mulier most believes in has the public heart. His first collection alone turned the fortunes of the house around. A set of hoods that he updated from an early Alaïa model worn by Grace Jones sold and sold and sold—a fashion icon right out of the gate. "It represents Alaïa in a very simple way, and every big house copied it," Mulier notes. "It's one of those pieces that made other brands look at Alaïa again."

They are still looking and, more than two years later, the hoods continue to sell dazzlingly well. Success is generally worth waiting for, at least in Mulier's view. "We're a small company. It takes a lot of time," he says. He smiles, then shrugs: After two decades of biding his own time for the right big break, he was used to taking opportunities in pace. Now he had all the past to work with, and the future. "I'm *very* patient," Mulier explains. □

THE HOT SEAT
133: Jacket and pants; gabrielahearst.com. **135:** Dress; shopbop.com. Tailor: Fleurisse Dany.

GOOD PRESS
136–137: On Rannells: Polo shirt; amiparis.com. Pants; bode.com. On Gad: Jacket; toddsnyder.com. Polo Ralph Lauren vest; ralphlauren.com. Levi's pants; levi.com. Hat customized by Works in Progress NYC. Tailor: Lucy Payne.

ALAÏA ANEW
140–141, 145: Tailor: Laura Bihl.

SENSITIVITY TRAINING
146: Dress; toryburch.com. Tailor: Cha Cha Zutic.

HAPPY FEET
148: Dress; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. Belt; therow.com. **149:** Blazer; victoriabeckham.com. **150:** On Shayk: Dress; toryburch.com. On Valletta: Dress; givenchy.com. **151:** Coat and skirt; therow.com. Proenza Schouler belt; proenzaschouler.com. **152:** Tops, skirt, and tights; miumiu.com. **153:** On Valletta: Dress; loewe.com for information. Manicurist: Yuko Tsuchihashi. Tailor: Olga Dudnik.

FACING THE WORLD
157: Ara Vartanian earrings and ring; aravartanian.com. Noor Fares ring; noorfares.com. **158:** Mizuki hoops (net-a-porter.com) and pearl earrings (mizukijewels.com). Ara Vartanian ring; aravartanian.com. Manicurist: Sasha Goddard. Tailor: Birute Kelminskiene.

THE GET
160–161: 3. Dress, $3,295. **11.** Coat, $4,290. **14.** Necklace, price upon request.

LAST LOOK
168: Bracelet; select Louis Vuitton boutiques.

CONDÉ NAST IS COMMITTED TO GLOBAL ENVIRONMENTAL SUSTAINABILITY. SCAN HERE FOR DETAILS.

A WORD ABOUT DISCOUNTERS WHILE *VOGUE* THOROUGHLY RESEARCHES THE COMPANIES MENTIONED IN ITS PAGES, WE CANNOT GUARANTEE THE AUTHENTICITY OF MERCHANDISE SOLD BY DISCOUNTERS. AS IS ALWAYS THE CASE IN PURCHASING AN ITEM FROM ANYWHERE OTHER THAN THE AUTHORIZED STORE, THE BUYER TAKES A RISK AND SHOULD USE CAUTION WHEN DOING SO.

 VOLUME 213, NO. 8. VOGUE (ISSN 0042-8000) is published 10 times per year in Winter, March, April, May, Summer, August, September, October, November, and December by Condé Nast, which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 1 World Trade Center, New York, NY 10007. Roger Lynch, Chief Executive Officer; Pamela Drucker Mann, Global Chief Revenue Officer & President, U.S. Revenue & APAC; Nick Hotchkin, Chief Financial Officer. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. 123242885-RT0001. **POSTMASTER: Send all UAA to CFS (see DMM 507.1.5.2); NON-POSTAL AND MILITARY FACILITIES: Send address corrections to VOGUE, P.O. Box 37617, Boone, IA 50037-0617. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, ADJUSTMENTS, OR BACK-ISSUE INQUIRIES:** Please write to VOGUE, P.O. Box 37617, Boone, IA 50037-0617, call 800-234-2347, or email subscriptions@vogue.com. Please give both new and old addresses as printed on most recent label. Subscribers: If the Post Office alerts us that your magazine is undeliverable, we have no further obligation unless we receive a corrected address within one year. If, during your subscription term or up to one year after the magazine becomes undeliverable, you are ever dissatisfied with your subscription, let us know. You will receive a full refund on all unmailed issues. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within four weeks after receipt of order. Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to VOGUE Magazine, 1 World Trade Center, New York, NY 10007. For reprints, please email reprints@condenast.com or call Wright's Media 877-652-5295. For reuse permissions, please email contentlicensing@condenast.com or call 800-897-8666. Visit us online at **www.vogue.com.** To subscribe to other Condé Nast magazines on the World Wide Web, visit **www.condenast.com.** Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services that we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at P.O. Box 37617, Boone, IA 50037-0617, or call 800-234-2347.

Louis Vuitton bracelet

Inspired by shifting tectonic plates, this Louis Vuitton haute jewelry bracelet—there's also a coordinating necklace—consists of a string of diamonds and oval cabochon-cut opals, a yellow gold chain link, and a riviera of brilliant-cut zircons. Sparkling throughout are 320 custom-cut diamonds—and, with a bit of unfastening, the opal section detaches (hence the piece's name: Rupture), creating a second bracelet to dazzle your wrist. We call that groundbreaking.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACQUES BRUN

PRODUCED BY ANTHEM. SET DESIGN: STUDIO VEGETE.


SOLOMEI
AD MCCCXCI
BRUNELLO CUCINELLI
www.brunellocucinelli.com


AVAILABLE AT DIOR.COM
MACY'S
Miss Dior
BLOOMING BOUQUET
Miss Dior
BLOOMING BOUQUET

DIOR