

ELLE



Cedric Buchel

Embroidered-chiffon crepon dress, GUCCI, price on request, at select Gucci stores nationwide. For details, see Shopping Guide.

UNDER HER SKIN

CAN A MAJOR HOLLYWOOD ACTOR ALSO BE AN AUTHENTIC, INTROVERTED ARTIST? ROONEY MARA, WHO'S GETTING A LOT OF (DESERVED) ATTENTION FOR HER PERFORMANCE IN *CAROL*, IS TRYING HER DAMNEDEST TO HAVE IT BOTH WAYS. BY LAUREN WATERMAN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CEDRIC BUCHET STYLED BY DAVID VANDEWAL

Search online, and it's easy to find footage of Rooney Mara being interviewed, in what appears to be a hotel conference room, on the morning she received her first Oscar nomination. She looks happy enough—her dimples, so rarely seen on camera, are very much in evidence—but when she's asked how she found out about the nod for her performance in 2011's *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo*, she lies, again and again. "My phone started ringing off the hook, and my mom came running up," she says, in one typical clip. "It was really exciting."

Nearly four years later, over lunch at a "Greenmarket-driven" restaurant in Chelsea (my choice; she'd suggested vegan frozen yogurt), Mara comes clean. "I knew that everyone was going to ask how I'd found out," she explains, "and I didn't really want to share that. You know how, when you have a funny story or a story that means something to you, and you tell people and they don't get it, it kind of cheapens the experience? I didn't want that to happen, so I just made something up. But then I had to answer the question, like, 50 times. Why do I have to give that to people? Why can't I keep it for myself?"

The truth, she admits, "wasn't that different," even if her mother was not, in fact, at her house. (And she still doesn't want to say who was there, although her then-newish boyfriend, writer/director Charlie McDowell, is a likely suspect.) But to Mara, that's not the point. No, the point is that she sometimes wishes she could be permitted to do her job—you know, acting—without also being pressured to surrender what feels like increasingly larger parts of her soul to the link-clicking,

comment-leaving, ticket-buying public. "As an actor, you can't just be in the film," she says. "You're also in charge of selling it, and so you have to sell yourself, and you have to be very political and make sure to not say the wrong things. It's exhausting. A lot of pressure is put on the people who were hired to make—not even to make, to be a part of making—the thing."

That she says all this in the midst of yet another interview could sound off-putting, but it's not. Instead, it seems like a genuine reflection of what's going on in Mara's head as she embarks upon a months-long promotional push for *Carol*, the first of her films since *Dragon Tattoo* to generate serious awards buzz. "I haven't done it in a while," she says, meaning publicity, "and it's not like riding a bike. You don't just get back up."

Still, she's clearly trying. We'd first met at the Rubin Museum, a sleepy five-story space dedicated primarily to Himalayan art, and she began to elucidate the origin of her interest in the region almost as soon as we paid for our tickets. (The twenty-something clerk who'd charged us had felt it necessary to first confirm that we were both adults, as opposed to students; at 30, the petite, porcelain-skinned Mara could easily be mistaken for a coed.) From there, the conversation moved rapidly to her study-abroad tour of South America, which she loved, to college in general, which she did not, even after she transferred from George Washington University to NYU—not what I'd expected from someone so often described as reserved.

Though chatty, Mara did seem nervous, which made me nervous; her volubility, in those first few moments, felt a little



*Duchesse techno
satin dress, LANVIN,
\$3,310, at Lanvin,
NYC. For details, see
Shopping Guide.*

off-kilter. But when she says something later, after we've both calmed down, about learning "to give the other person what they need" in this kind of conversation, it all makes sense. Cate Blanchett, who plays Mara's titular lover in the 1950s-set *Carol*, describes her as "really available and very generous," but also notes, "She's profoundly self-contained, which I think can feel sort of daunting. She's the least needy person I've ever met."

Mara was raised in tony Bedford, New York, and is a great-granddaughter of the founder of the Pittsburgh Steelers on one side, and the founder of the New York Giants on the other; the former team is still mostly owned by a great-uncle and a cousin, while her father and his 10 siblings share a 50 percent stake in the latter. But she insists that her upbringing, while "privileged," was relatively ordinary. "People think that I grew up going to Barneys for my back-to-school clothes," she says. "I went to the Gap. We lived in a nice house on a cul-de-sac, but it wasn't a mansion. We didn't have a butler or a maid."

Growing up in a football family (or, more precisely, two) was, she says, "like growing up in any family." She's not a *huge* fan of the game: "I'm so not keyed into it," she says, although she does find it "meaningful" when the teams are doing well—particularly the Giants, for whom her father works as senior vice president of player evaluation (her mother was a real estate agent)—"because it means so much to the whole family." And she's *really* not a big fan of talking about it. In middle school, when certain classmates began to say that "there was something weird or special" about her background, "it didn't feel good," she says. "And that's carried on into my adult life. It's followed me here." When I remind her that David Fincher, her *Dragon Tattoo* director and now close friend, had called her a "trust-fund baby" in an early interview, she says, "He was being ironic. After that article came out, I was like, 'Fuck you, David. I wish I had my goddamned trust fund.'"

Mara has two brothers—one older, one younger—as well as a sister who began working as an actor in her early teens; now 32, Kate Mara is well known for her roles in *House of Cards* and in movies like *The Martian*. But Rooney, who describes herself as having been "a dark, brooding, miserable little adolescent," held back. "I didn't want to do what she was doing," she says. "We're close now, but we weren't then. And I don't think I would have been capable of it. Not acting, but handling all of the shit that comes with it. She was much more together than I was." Rooney didn't even attempt to take part in a high school play until after Kate had graduated. "I never wanted to participate, because she was my older sister, and she was really good." Of course, when Rooney finally auditioned, for *Romeo and Juliet*, she was no slouch either. "I just read a monologue and left," she recalls, "and my English teacher came running down the hall after me. He was like, 'I didn't even know you could talk! What was *that*!'"

"I don't think I probably was any good," she continues, brushing aside the fact that she was promptly cast as Juliet. But "I've always been a very sensitive person, and people tell me that if I'm in a certain mood and I go into a room, my mood will permeate the room. It's not on purpose—I'd rather be invisible in those moments—but I'm really bad at faking how I feel. Like, my emotions kind of live all over my body at all times, and there's not a good way for me to hide it." Even now that her talents have matured, she says that these sometimes-inconvenient inborn traits still play into her process. "Because I'm highly empathetic, it's easy for me to put myself in the character's shoes. It's, you know, finding the truth of the moment."

Ah, yes. The truth. This might be a good moment to note that Mara's (let's face it: very white) lie on the morning she was nominated for an Oscar appears to have been an aberration—she's actually somewhat obsessed with honesty, devoting much thought to the issue of how much of her real self she can share without, as she puts it, "getting into trouble."

"People don't really want me to be honest," she insists. "People want me—people want girls—to be grateful, gracious, poised. Not real. I watch interviews from the 1970s, of Patti Smith or John Cassavetes, and everyone's smoking, drinking, totally misbehaving, but they're being completely authentic, and I'm so jealous because that would never happen today. There's always a pre-interview, so you know what jokes you have to hit, and there's nothing genuine about it. And I hate that. I hate being a phony. I hate having to censor myself."

I'd be perfectly fine with it, I assure her, if she wanted to be 100 percent real. "But I can't," she says. "Like, not that I tweet, but if you tweet the wrong thing, you have, like, four different organizations on your ass, asking for an apology. Artists are deeply sensitive, vulnerable people, and when you are supercandid and then you get ripped apart for it, you're not going to want to do it again." So she censors herself, frequently going off the record during our conversation. These not-for-publication asides are pretty innocuous—such as her feelings about marriage. "Just because," she explains of that subject, back on the record, "until a girl reaches a certain age, that's all anyone cares about."

There's another category of questions she won't answer at all, about the kind of music she listens to, for example, or her favorite movie, or the director she'd most like to work with. "People want to know those things because they're trying to place you," she says. "It's like, 'What did she order for lunch?'" (That one I know, but I'm not telling. I feel a little bad, even, about the vegan fro-yo thing, but it is germane.) "When literally most of your life is people trying to corral you or understand you or pin you down, you get kind of protective." As Blanchett says, "She really puts paid to the idea that all actors are exhibitionists."

Of course, there is one way in which Mara expresses her taste: her much-lauded sense of style. During the rollout of *Dragon Tattoo*, she became a fashion-world darling, beloved for her sparrowy frame and her severely chic red-carpet gowns, which tended to be either black, white, or both, and frequently involved sheer panels and cutouts. Givenchy designer Riccardo Tisci, who dressed her often during that period and now regards her as a friend, says he "grew obsessed with her. I saw pictures of her, this gothic beauty, the porcelain skin, the black hair, the red lips, and thought, She is my woman. She was exactly the woman I imagined when designing clothes."

"I think it was the haircut," Mara says modestly, meaning the dark, baby-banged semimullet she'd gotten to play Lisbeth Salander. But then again, she admits, the role changed her, and the hacker-punk makeover was a big part of that. Prior to booking the part, she'd dressed, like many young women, to please others—in old pictures of her, there's a preponderance of frills. "When you're starting out as an actress, you have to go to auditions, and you have to have all these outfits, like 'the slutty girl.' Even in my family, I'd have to dress a certain way for my grandparents." But that option "went out the window" while she was shooting the film. "There was no more trying, and I felt really unapologetic and comfortable. In a lot of ways, I felt more like myself than I ever had." (Truly: Asked whether Sony's failure to green-light the *Dragon Tattoo* sequel—once seen as a sure thing—had a silver lining, in that it allowed her to leave

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134



Beauty Secret: A deep crimson lip adds a quick, sophisticated flourish. Try NARS Pure Matte Lipstick in Terre de Feu.

Silk top, price on request, dress, \$2,500, both, GIVENCHY BY RICCARDO TISCI, visit givenchy.com. Smoky quartz cuff, BELPERRON, price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.

Hair by Ward at the Wall Group for Living Proof; makeup by Kate Lee at Starworks Artists for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Geraldine Holford at the Wall Group for Dior Vernis; set design by Colin Donahue for Oxel and the Elephant; production by County Fair Productions; fashion assistants: Daniel Gaines, Salima Breie-Jobarteh, and Tas Tobey

meadows were blanketed with wildflowers. At the top of Hurricane Pass, instead of racing through, we stopped, and Matt climbed up to a patch of grainy snow to see if he could use his sleeping pad as a sled (he couldn't, but it was funny to watch him try). Lying in our tent as the sky blackened, we'd listen as birds erupted into a cacophony of calls, then quieted.

When it was over, I was tired and happy, not relieved. It seemed anticlimactic. In the last few years, when I've been intimidated, I've remembered the hike I took alone, and whatever I've been facing has seemed more manageable. Camping with Matt, I knew, would never serve that purpose. There were no wild spikes of fear. We had fun. I wished it could have lasted longer. And there is value, I see now, in trying to let that be enough. ●

UNDER HER SKIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

Lisbeth's distinctive look behind, she says no. "I miss that haircut," she insists, adding that she'd happily film a follow-up anytime, if she's not already "too old.")

Even still, she's long since dyed her hair back to its natural medium brown, and she promises that her everyday wardrobe is nowhere near as carefully considered as the clothes she chooses for premieres and other events. "I love looking at fashion—it's a form of art, completely. And I'm very interested in aesthetics. But in my life, in L.A., I'm usually in workout clothes or pajamas, because I hate getting dressed in the morning."

Carol, now in theaters, is based on a 1952 romance novel called *The Price of Salt*, by Patricia Highsmith; Mara plays Therese, a mousy, slightly odd shopgirl who falls in love with Blanchett's married sophisticate. She's wonderfully cast, as the film's director, Todd Haynes, points out. "Oh my God, I made such the perfect choice, if I do say so myself," he gloats as soon as he picks up the telephone. Indeed: A different director who was previously attached to the project had also approached Mara about the role, she says, but she'd just finished shooting four movies in a row—2013's *Her* (as the lovelorn lead's ex-wife); *Side Effects* (as a—spoiler alert—dangerous wife masquerading as a sleepwalking depressive); and the Terrence Malick-esque small-town crime drama *Ain't Them Bodies Saints*—as well as an as-yet-unreleased project written and directed by the actual Terrence Malick. So she said no. "Which is crazy to me now," she says, "because who would ever pass up the chance to work with Cate? I must have really hated myself during that time."

Well, she was tired, certainly. "Exhausted," she confirms. She'd moved to L.A. and started working shortly after college graduation, appearing as a high school basketball player in 2009's *The Winning Season* and starring in a 2010 remake of *A Nightmare on Elm Street*. But it was her much-smaller part in that year's *The Social Network* that really set her career in motion: Although the (apocryphal) college girl who dumped Mark Zuckerberg and prompted him to create Facebook has almost nothing in common with *Dragon Tattoo*'s asocial rebel, Fincher—who directed both movies—nevertheless thought of Mara when he was seeking a female lead for the 2011 film. Her subsequent performance, which was simultaneously spiky, tough, and achingly vulnerable, combined with the aforementioned physical transformation, rightly made her a star, but the ensuing whirlwind wore her out. Most young actors in their first flush of fame would be too scared of losing everything to walk away from a hot streak, but that's exactly what Mara decided to do, taking a year off to travel, mostly, but also to spend a summer living in a rental in Brooklyn. As she sees it, there was no other option. "I just didn't have anything left to give."

Her reentry has been a bit rocky. *Trash*, a favela-set thriller in which she played an aid worker, was barely released in the U.S., while the would-be blockbuster *Pan* bombed. She says she chose the *Peter Pan* prequel, in part, because her agents "felt that I should maybe do a movie that people would actually see." But even if it had done well, she might have regretted it; asked about the backlash that ensued when it was announced that Mara was playing the originally Native American Tiger Lily, she says, "In hindsight, I wish I hadn't put myself in that position."

But *Carol* is something better than a return to form: It reestablishes her as a major talent, and with a role that's completely different from the one that made her a star. "She has so much integrity," Haynes says, "and such a surprising sense of understatement. She really understands the medium of film and its ability to convey emotional changes with very small, almost invisible gestures. She knows her own strength." Thanks to her subtle, affecting showing (in what is, it should be noted, a subtle, affecting film), Mara's a shoo-in for another Academy Award nomination—she's already won the Best Actress prize at Cannes—especially because the studio has opted to put her forward in the Supporting class, leaving Best Actress clear for Blanchett. (It's a move that some pundits are calling "category fraud.")

"It's such a weird process," Mara says of the campaign. "The whole thing feels kind of gross to me. If [Cate and I] were male and female, there probably would be no question." She's unsure whether she's allowed to say any more, but it's not hard to imagine how someone so scrupulous might feel about being accused, however indirectly, of cheating. "Getting nominated means something," she says finally. "You will get better parts, and I really do want people to see the film. But I don't feel like it's something I'm desperate for. I would forgo it all to keep my integrity."

This heartfelt statement reminds me of something she'd said earlier, while discussing the start of her career. "I'm not someone who's like, 'If I can't act, I don't know what I'll do.' If I had to act in things that I didn't believe in, or that didn't fulfill me, I'd rather do something else." It's a rare point of view for someone working at her level, but when I suggest that her personality type seems rather at odds with her chosen profession, she agrees: "It's totally the worst—it was the worst life decision ever." She's joking, I'm sure, though it's impossible to tell to what degree.

"There are certain times when I love [acting] so much," she continues, now serious, "and I feel so fulfilled by it. But it doesn't fulfill me most of the time. Like, I feel like an artist without an art form." Will she find something else, then? "I hope so. If I did, though, it wouldn't be for the world. It would be just for me." ●

COVERS

Studded-linen blouse, viscose and silk pants by *Louis Vuitton*, prices on request, at select Louis Vuitton stores nationwide, call 866-VUITTON or visit louisvuitton.com. Embroidered-chiffon crepon dress by *Gucci*, price on request, at select Gucci stores nationwide, visit gucci.com.

FIRST LOOK

PAGE 41: Coat, \$3,990, scarf, suitcase, pumps by *Gucci*, visit gucci.com. Bracelet by *Cartier*, call 800-CARTIER or visit cartier.us. Ring by *Maria Black*, visit maria-black.com.

TRENDS & ACCESSORIES

PAGE 42: T-shirt, bra, pants, hat, earrings by *Alexander Wang*, visit alexanderwang.com. Watch by *Rolex*, \$24,950, visit rolex.com. Top by *Chanel*, call 800-550-0005. Handbag by *Dior*, call 800-929-DIOR. PAGE 45: Top, pants by *Edun*, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Necklace by *Monica Rich Kosmann*, \$6,895, visit monicarichkosann.com. Ankle boots by *Jimmy Choo*, call 866-524-6687 or visit jimmychoo.com. Necklace by *Paula van der Hulst*, \$12,680, collection at modaoperandi.com. Oxfords by *Robert Clergerie*, at Robert Clergerie (Beverly Hills). PAGE 47: Cuffs by *Verdura*, \$18,500 each, visit verdura.com. PAGE 48: Sandal by *Alexander Wang*, visit alexandervang.com. Watch by *Hublot*, \$7,400, visit hublot.com. Watch by *Omega*, \$7,700, visit omegawatches.com. Handbag by *Louis Vuitton*, at select Louis Vuitton stores nationwide, visit louisvuitton.com. PAGE 49: Necklaces by *CYC Stones*, collection

at Barney's New York, Colette (Paris), modaoperandi.com, latestrevelal.com. Necklace by *Belperron*, visit belperron.com.

SHOPS

PAGE 57: Suitcase, \$7,000, backpack, handbag by *Chanel*, similar styles at Chanel boutiques nationwide. PAGE 58: Pin by *Sent Studio*, to order at Greg Mills Ltd (NYC). PAGE 59: Coat by *Shrimps*, visit shrimps.co.uk. Cocktail glasses by *Artel*, collection at cursivenewyork.com. Cross-body bag by *Elizabeth and James*, collection at Nordstrom stores nationwide. PAGE 60: Flats by *Stubb & Wootton*, at Stubb & Wootton (NYC). Cream by *Elizabeth Arden*, at Elizabeth Arden counters nationwide.

BOOM BOOM TICK

PAGE 62: Cardigan by *Chanel*, at Chanel boutiques nationwide, call 800-550-0005. Rings by *Garland Collection*, visit garlandcollection.com.

POLITICAL? CORRECT.

PAGE 88: Shirt by *Karen Miller*, \$130, at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide, visit bloomingdales.com. Pants by *Maison Margiela*, collection at farfetch.com. Sneakers by *Adidas Originals*, \$65, visit adidas.com.

WELL OPENER

PAGE 95: Dress by *Gucci*, \$5,500, visit gucci.com.

UNDER HER SKIN

PAGE 98: Dress by *Salvatore Ferragamo*, call 866-337-7242. Sandals by *Christian Louboutin*, at Christian Louboutin (Miami). PAGE 99: Armband, ring, \$10,500, by *Belperron*, at Belperron (NYC). PAGE 101: Cuff by *Belperron*, \$23,000, at Belperron (NYC), visit belperron.com.

SHE'S COME UNDONE

PAGES 102–103: Jacket by *Calvin Klein Collection*, \$12,995, at Calvin Klein Collection (NYC). Earring by *Anita Ko*, \$7,875 (for pair), visit anitako.com. Necklace by *Mizuki*, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC). Tights by *Wolford*, visit wolford.com. Loafers by *Bally*, at Bally (NYC), call 844-44-BALLY. PAGE 104: Top, skirt, earring by *Salvatore Ferragamo*, call 866-337-7242. Tights by *Wolford*, visit wolford.com. PAGE 105: Vest, pants, leggings by *Isabel Marant*, at Isabel Marant (San Francisco, NYC). Earring by *Anita Ko*, \$7,875 (for pair), visit anitako.com. Necklace by *Mizuki*, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC). Pumps by *Malone Souliers*, visit malonesouliers.com. PAGE 106: Coat by *Fendi*, \$39,000, at Fendi (NYC). Tights by *Wolford*, visit wolford.com. Mules by *Hermès*, at Hermès stores nationwide, call 800-441-4488 or visit hermes.com. PAGE 107: Tights by *Wolford*, visit wolford.com. Pumps by *Malone Souliers*, visit malonesouliers.com. PAGE 108: Coat, shirt by *Michael Kors Collection*, call 866-799-KORS or visit michaelkors.com. Tights by *Wolford*, visit wolford.com. Pumps by *Malone Souliers*, visit malonesouliers.com. PAGE 109: Jumpsuit by *Box*, at Hugo Boss stores nationwide, call 800-HUGO-BOSS. Necklace by *Mizuki*, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC). PAGE 110: Leggings by *Isabel Marant*, at Isabel Marant (San Francisco, L.A., NYC). Earring by *Salvatore Ferragamo*, call 866-337-7242. PAGE 111: Tights by *Wolford*, visit wolford.com. Loafers by *Bally*, at Bally (NYC), call 844-44-BALLY. PAGE 112: Top, skirt, earring by *Loewe*, at Loewe (Miami), collection at The Webster (Miami). PAGE 113: Earring by *Delfina Delettrez*, visit delfinadelettrez.com. Mules by *Hermès*, at Hermès stores nationwide, call 800-441-4488 or visit hermes.com. PAGE 114: Jacket, pants, swimsuit by *Hermès*, call 800-441-4488 or visit hermes.com. Necklace by *Mizuki*, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC). PAGE 115: Coat by *Miu Miu*, \$5,020, visit miu-miu.com. Earring by *Delfina Delettrez*, visit delfinadelettrez.com. Tights by *Wolford*, visit wolford.com. Loafers by *Bally*, at Bally (NYC), call 844-44-BALLY.

TOUR DE FRANCE

PAGES 116–117: Dress, pants, hat, handbag, sandals by *Chanel*, at Chanel boutiques nationwide. Earrings by *Garnazelle*, \$13,243, visit garnazelle.com. Ring by *Marco Jacobs*, visit marcjacobs.com. PAGE 118: Sweater, skirt, \$9,000, sneakers by *Marc Jacobs*, at Marc Jacobs stores nationwide. Sunglasses by *Karen Walker*, collection at eyegoodies.com. Earrings by *John Hardy*, visit johnhardy.com. Bangle by *Chloé*, at Chloé boutiques nationwide. Rings by *Gucci*, at Gucci stores nationwide, visit guccilean. Handbag by *Fendi*, similar styles at Fendi (NYC), visit fendilean. PAGE 119: Top, skirt by *Fendi*, visit fendilean. Headpiece by *Cherry Chuu*, visit cherrychuu.com. Sunglasses by *Marc Jacobs*, collection at Solstice Sunglasses boutiques nationwide. Necklace by *Alison Lau*, visit alisonlau.com. Handbag by *Coach*, at select Coach stores nationwide, visit coach.com. Tights by *Gaspard Yurkievich* by *Gerbe*, collection at Elegance (NYC). Moccasins by *Gucci*, at select Gucci stores nationwide, visit gucci.com. PAGE 120: Sunglasses by *Coach*, at select Coach stores nationwide, visit coach.com. Earring by *Gucci*, at select Gucci stores nationwide, visit gucci.com. Bangle by *Chloé*, at Chloé boutiques nationwide. Bracelet by *Endless Jewelry*, visit endlessjewelry.us. Bracelets by *Maria Rudman for L'Éclairer*, collection at leclairer.com. Scarves by *Rockins London*, visit rockins.co.uk, collection at Ore (NYC), net-a-porter.com, matchesfashion.com, avenue32.com, twelvestreetla.com. PAGE 121: Dress, necklace, hand straps, loafers by *Louis Vuitton*, call 866-VUITTON or visit louisvuitton.com. Scarf by *Rockins London*, visit rockins.co.uk. PAGE 122: Dress, \$12,028, bra top, pants by *Erm*, at Erro stores nationwide. Sunglasses by *Wildfox Sun*, at Wildfox (West Hollywood), visit wildfox.com. Earrings by *Audrie Bidermann*, at Audrie Bidermann (NYC). Scarf by *Rockins London*, visit rockins.co.uk. Necklace by *Chloé*, at Chloé boutiques nationwide. Belt by *Dries Van Noten*, visit driesvannoten.com. Handbag by *Coach*, at select Coach stores nationwide, visit coach.com. Sneakers by *Marc Jacobs*, at Marc Jacobs stores nationwide, visit marcjacobs.com. Bicycle by *Hermès*, \$11,900, at Hermès stores nationwide, call 800-441-4488 or visit hermes.com. PAGE 123: Barrettes by *Collette Malouf*, visit colette-malouf.com. Sunglasses by *Playboy*, visit playboy.com. Tote by *Sophie Hulme*, visit sophiehulme.com. Moccasins by *Gucci*, at select Gucci stores nationwide, visit gucci.com. PAGE 124: Sunglasses by *Wildfox Sun*, at Wildfox (West Hollywood), visit wildfox.com. Earring by *Garnazelle*, visit garnazelle.com. Brooch by *Lanvin*, at Lanvin (NYC). Ring by *Stephanie Kantis*, visit stephaniekantis.com. Ring by *Pamela Lane*, visit pamelalovenyc.com. PAGE 125: Blouse, skirt by *Coach*, visit coach.com. Scarf by *Eich*, visit eichdesign.com. Handbag by *Chloé*, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, visit neimanmarcus.com. Bicycle by *Hermès*, \$11,900, at Hermès stores nationwide, call 800-441-4488 or visit hermes.com. PAGE 126: Hat by *Herschel Supply*, visit herschelsupply.com, collection at Nordstrom stores nationwide. Earrings by *Garnazelle*, \$13,243, visit garnazelle.com. Handbag, moccasins by *Gucci*, at select Gucci stores nationwide, visit gucci.com. PAGE 127: Jacket, \$13,000, blouse, skirt, \$9,000, beret, glasses, ring, moccasins by *Gucci*, at select Gucci stores nationwide. Earrings by *Audrie Bidermann*, at Audrie Bidermann (NYC). Rings by *Stephanie Kantis*, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Socks by *Sacai*, visit sacai.jp.

THE PEN AND THE SWORD

PAGE 128: Earrings by *Prada*, at select Prada boutiques nationwide, visit prada.com. PAGE 129: Dress by *Marc Jacobs*, \$8,280, at Marc Jacobs stores nationwide. PAGE 131: Ring by *David Yurman*, \$6,800, at David Yurman (NYC), visit davidyurman.com.

Prices are approximate. ELLE recommends that merchandise availability be checked with local stores.

ELLE

A full-page photograph of Nicole Kidman is the background for the magazine cover. She is wearing a white, form-fitting, sleeveless dress with a thin chain detail across the chest. Her blonde hair is styled in a voluminous, windswept manner. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a solid light blue-grey color.

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAOLA KUDACKI STYLED BY SAMIRA NASR

NIC



*Linen and cotton blouse,
\$970; trousers, \$1,120, calf
leather and cotton yarn belt,
\$620, all, MARNI, at Marni
boutiques nationwide.
Gold and diamond earring,
HIROTAKA, \$640 for pair.
Woven leather sandals,
SPORTMAX, \$725. For
details, see Shopping Guide.*



Silk, polyamide, and elastane dress, CELINE, \$4,750, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Gold and diamond earring, HIROTAKA, \$640 for pair. Calfskin loafers, LOEWE, \$850. For details, see Shopping Guide.

At 47, Nicole Kidman has been world famous for more than half her life. That kind of renown—which began with her 1990 marriage to Tom Cruise, but which has continued on unabated in the dozen-plus years since that union’s dissolution, due to her own artistic successes—places the Hawaii-born, Australia-reared actress in a very peculiar position: Despite the fact that she describes herself as “not, you know, a huge extrovert,” a veritable planetful of people, fans and nonfans alike, are familiar with the details of her biography. As a result, they presume to know her.

Yet, according to Kidman’s close friend Sheryl Crow, the public perception of the star—though not exactly incorrect—isn’t the full picture. “I think that she has been very poised throughout her public life, and sometimes people will misconstrue that; they see her as being an ice queen,” the singer says. “The kind of scrutiny she’s been subjected to can’t be comfortable, and she’s dealt with it by being very careful—that’s what gives people the wrong idea. She’s not someone we’re going to see out paddleboarding in a G-string; she doesn’t set up situations where she’s playing to the paparazzi. She’s more old-school than that. She’s not that kind of movie star.”

In private, a very different Nicole emerges. Jason Bateman, who both directs and costars with her in the forthcoming adaptation of the 2011 novel *The Family Fang*, by Kevin Wilson, says, “People are surprised when they meet her, that she’s as down-to-earth and embracing as she is; she brings you in very quickly. She’s not a pushover, and if you were to violate her trust or take advantage of her generosity, I’m sure she would have no problem assessing that and making an adjustment. But if you don’t do that, you’ve got a friend for life. I don’t think that’s an extremely common quality in people who are as famous as she is.”

Secondhand, it’s hard to imagine—the idea of the regal, porcelain-skinned redhead swapping secrets with the man who played *Arrested Development*’s Michael Bluth. But in person, at a Manhattan photo studio, she confirms it: “I feel like I can tell him anything.... It’s slightly more of a brother-sister relationship.” She adds, “I’m about to start doing Friends With Words with him.”

The bulk of the discussion—our first of two—is devoted to her career. So, being professional, she simply stays on topic. But when I stand up and she notices for the first time that I’m pregnant, her whole demeanor changes. “Oh my gosh, you are so lucky,” she coos. “Is this your first?” Yes, I tell her, and quite possibly my only—at 38, I’m of “advanced maternal age.”

“I had my last one at 43,” she responds. “My grandmother had her last at 49. Every month, I’m like, ‘I hope I’m pregnant!’”

“Off the record,” interjects her publicist, who’d been waiting nearby to escort her into hair and makeup.

“Off the record? I don’t mind!” Kidman says. “Why not, right? I wish I was!” Then she continues, inquiring about the details of my birth plan and telling me about her own quick, easy, and “absolutely beautiful” delivery of six-year-old daughter Sunday (Faith, four, was carried by a surrogate), which she generously offers as a corrective to all the childbirth horror stories she’s (rightly) confident I’ve been hearing. As she wishes me luck again, her publicist all but pulls her away.

Our next meeting takes place in Nashville, Kidman’s adopted hometown; she’s lived here since 2006, when she married country star Keith Urban after what she describes

BEFORE SHE MARRIED KEITH, ACTING “WAS ALMOST AN ESCAPE. NOW IT’S AN EXPLORATION.”

as a “sort of dragged-out” engagement, by which she means that they spent about six months organizing the wedding rather than getting married immediately, as they’d originally planned. (She also estimates that they’d been going out for less than a month before deciding to tie the knot: “I’m spontaneous,” she says. “I jump in. I kind of like getting married and then getting to know each other; I know that it sounds incredibly strange, but to me, it’s a more natural process.”)

Even before Urban, she says, she’d been searching for a new place to live. “I’m not a big-city girl, not an L.A. girl or a New York girl, really. I was looking at Oregon, strangely enough. I wanted to have a really beautiful property and kind of be able to walk, and I knew that I wanted to have a baby. So I had big plans. And then I met Keith, and he brought me down here, and I was like, ‘I’d move here in a heartbeat.’”

Among the things Kidman enjoys about Nashville, she says, is that it’s family oriented: “Keith and I have pretty strong boundaries in the sense that we won’t do photos when we’re with our children—they’re possessive, and it can be difficult to explain to a small child why a stranger is taking a picture of you. People here respect that.” It’s not that the girls are wholly unaware of their parents’ fame: “As Keith and I always say, they’re certainly not our biggest fans. When we’re on the tour bus and Sunday is invited to go out and listen to Daddy play, she’s like, ‘Oh, do I have to?’” She laughs. “‘There’s 15,000 people out there, Sunday!’”

Kidman’s young daughters are similarly unimpressed with her work, she says: With the exception of this month’s *Paddington*—which she agreed to do, in part, “because Harvey Weinstein told me it would be great for my kids”—they have little interest in being on set, beyond checking out the snacks. “They found it enthralling on *Paddington* to see me chasing the bear, even though the bear was just a hat with a stick on it,” she says. “But the idea of watching me film *The Family Fang*? They’re like, ‘You’re joking.’” (Kidman is far more reserved when I raise the topic of Bella, 22, and Connor, 19, whom she adopted while married to Cruise. “They’re great kids. They’re adults now, so they’re great people. I don’t go into all that.... They’ve got their own lives.”)

Kidman was roughly the same age that Sunday is now



Cotton viscose coat, price on request, stretch-crool and silk pants, \$990, both, THE ROW, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Gold and diamond earring, HIROTAKA, \$640 for pair. Woven leather sandals, SPORTMAX, \$725.



Technical fabric top, \$2,150, skirt, \$895, metal belt, \$850, all, CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION, at Calvin Klein Collection, NYC. Calfskin oxfords, CHURCH'S, \$545. Her own ring. For details, see Shopping Guide.

when she first felt an interest in acting. “To me,” she muses, “that shows that it’s almost genetic. I was just wired to want to morph into different characters.” In her early teens, she began drama classes, which she says “were like salvation to me, because I was very fair skinned and couldn’t go to the beach with all of my friends. I think because of the way I was physically, I was drawn to getting lost in other psyches, other bodies.”

She scored her first significant professional role at 16, in the Australian holiday drama *Bush Christmas*; by the time she’d finished high school, she was working steadily. And in 1989, she captured Hollywood’s attention with *Dead Calm*, a yacht-set thriller in which the rangy, corkscrew-curved beauty—just 19 when the film was shot—faced off against Billy Zane’s perpetually sweaty psychopath. (That film likewise attracted the notice of Cruise, who subsequently ensured that she was cast as his love interest in the following year’s *Days of Thunder*.) But it wasn’t until the 1995 release of *To Die For*, a sharp, ripped-from-the-headlines satire, that the actress really demonstrated what she was capable of: As a weather girl with aspirations for TV stardom who persuades a trio of teenage burnouts to murder her husband, she was simultaneously monstrous and hilarious.

That odd, gutsy performance presaged a profound shift in Kidman’s career; over the next decade, she began to turn down typical big-budget flicks and girlfriend-of roles in favor of meatier—and often stranger—fare. She credits the legendary Stanley Kubrick, who directed her and Cruise in 1999’s *Eyes Wide Shut*, for encouraging her: “He would always say, ‘You’re a character actress, Nicole. Don’t play leading ladies. Go and find the character roles.’” In fact, she says, she loved working with Kubrick so much that she didn’t mind the famously drawn-out, two-year shoot...and neither did her then husband. “We loved it. Everyone thought that was when our marriage started to break down—not at all. That movie was a great part of our life together, and I’m glad we have it.”

Nevertheless, Cruise filed for divorce less than two years later, just as Kidman’s career was reaching a peak: In 2001, she earned her first Oscar nomination for her exuberant portrayal of a consumptive cabaret star in *Moulin Rouge!* According to director Baz Luhrmann, the timing might not have been a total coincidence. “I happen to have made movies with Nicole

when her personal life was going through these grand, dramatic moments,” he says, “whether it was the breakup with Tom or getting pregnant on [2008’s] *Australia*. There was always something going on with her, and we found a way of feeding that into the work.... Nicole has always been at her very best when things are at their very worst.”

Jo Allen, a makeup artist who worked with Kidman on the following year’s *The Hours*, for which Kidman won the Best Actress Oscar, agrees: “It was a really tough time for her—she had just split up from Tom, and the press was all over her like a rash. But I think it was probably the best thing for the role, because [Virginia Woolf] was a heavy, depressive sort of character. She was in that dark place, but rather than fight it, she used it.”

Kidman herself doesn’t cite immediate personal suffering as a necessity for her process. In fact, she notes that her reasons for acting have changed in the past decade, as a direct result of the fact that she is now “genuinely happy,” a transition that occurred, she says, “when I married Keith.... Before, it was almost an escape. Now it’s an exploration.” But she does acknowledge that an ability to face disappointment has long been an element of the way she works. “I was never the chosen one, when I was young, in terms of getting cast in plays,” she explains. “I was always sort of on the outside. But they say that’s a good thing to have happen, to learn as a child how to navigate failure. You learn to get back up and just keep going.” When I make a vague comment about how that must be especially important in her profession, she corrects me. “Also in life,” she says. “Nobody gets through unscathed.”

Her beloved father, Antony, a biochemist and psychiatrist, died suddenly just a week after our first meeting. It’s clearly very much on her mind, and she brings up how grateful she was to be able to call upon old friends in the aftermath. “I have one friend who I’ve known since I was four,” she says, “and she’s now helping to take care of my mom in Sydney. Her brothers helped carry my father’s casket. I love that in a time of real need and devastation, there were people that I was able to reach out to. I mean, I was able to call Russell Crowe and say, ‘We need you to help with my dad’s funeral.’ And he said, ‘Anything you need, I’ll be there.’ I’ve known him since I was 17, and he’s right there doing that for my dad.”

Kidman also says it was her father who instilled in her the sense of empathy that her longtime acting coach Susan Batson sees as central to her talent. “She’s a deeply compassionate person,” Batson tells me. “It makes me so angry when people don’t recognize that. It’s a gift she has, and it makes her work very deep. And if you don’t understand that, you don’t understand her, and you don’t embrace her as she embraces the world.”

“I’m always able to see the other person’s side,” Kidman says mildly when I relay Batson’s comment. “But that’s because I’m my father’s daughter. The worst thing he ever said about someone was he would wince and go, ‘Mmm, that was some bad behavior.’ Keith always says that I’m skinless. Survivalwise, it’s probably not the greatest attribute, but I’d much prefer to err on that side, on the side of understanding or compassion or gentleness.”

That empathy does appear to have aided the actress in recent years as she’s played everything from a distraught mother grieving the death of her child (in 2010’s *Rabbit Hole*) to a self-styled femme fatale in love with a death-row inmate (in 2012’s *The Paperboy*). This year, in addition to *Paddington*’s “baddie,” as she calls her

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Knit top, \$1,140, skirt, \$1,275, both, STELLA McCARTNEY, at Stella McCartney, NYC. Gold and diamond earring, HIROTAKA, \$640 for pair. Woven leather sandals, SPORTMAX, \$725. For details, see Shopping Guide.

Hair by Esther Langham at Art + Commerce; makeup by Kyra Panchenko at Leslie Alyson; manicure by Anastasia at Escape Day Spa & Salon; set design by Holli Featherstone for Mary Howard Studio; production by Ken Bernstein; fashion assistant: Yashua Simmons

“I HAVE THIS WEIRD SORT OF PULL TOWARDS THINGS THAT I’M ABSOLUTELY TERRIFIED OF.”

character, and *The Family Fang*'s self-sabotaging actress, she'll also star as the turn-of-the-twentieth-century writer/archaeologist/spy Gertrude Bell in director Werner Herzog's *Queen of the Desert*. It's a résumé that suggests that Kidman, unlike most Major Movie Stars, is immune to risk.

"A lot of actors stay in their comfort zones," says the playwright and screenwriter David Lindsay-Abaire, who worked with Kidman on *Rabbit Hole* and *The Family Fang* (both of which she also produced). "They have a shtick that works for them, and that's not a bad thing, but it's not Nicole. She isn't someone who's interested in playing it safe or repeating herself. Instead, she'll go wherever she needs to go—emotionally, tonally, or psychologically. She's fearless."

Not quite, Kidman insists. "I am afraid. But I don't want to be governed by fear. I have this weird sort of pull towards things that I'm absolutely terrified of." (Indeed: Kidman was for years a regular skydiver, and, as she says, "I still wrap myself in snakes." She means it literally: Just that day she'd canceled the snake charmer she'd hired for a party the next night, because friends had warned her the toddlers in attendance might freak out.)

Whether it's bravery or fearlessness, that quality plays into a willingness to experiment. As Lindsay-Abaire says of a day on the *Rabbit Hole* set, "She and Aaron Eckhart were shooting a fast and furious scene with a lot of notes to hit. But she knew it cold, and it was like a master class in acting. She could play it quietly, subdued, simmering—I watched as she turned up the heat and eventually played it balls-to-the-walls vicious. And no matter the take, every choice she made felt organic and made sense." (Luhmann compares her to "a Thoroughbred. She gets—she almost has to get—into a highly strung

state so as to allow herself to be as open and vulnerable as possible. It's not nerves, but she's so intense and she cares so much.")

Kidman describes the process differently, as a kind of letting go. "You have to have a lot of trust as an actor when you do a performance where you give the director many options, because you're letting the director and editor have choices," she says. "Some actors don't do that. They stay in control, but that doesn't interest me. I believe that the last thing you can be as an actor is a control freak." She continues, "I'll live and die on that. That's just who I am. I'll go in and give my best no matter what that is...and I can be terrible! I really think that's just part of being an artist: You've got to be willing to be terrible."

"The compass for what's good and bad is kind of strange anyway," she adds, "and I don't necessarily agree with it. A lot of times, when people say a movie is great, I don't agree. That's probably why I'm not interested in all of the opinions," she says, now alluding to both the negative criticisms as well as the mismatch between her public persona and her truer personality. "I think once you start to be ruled by that, you get scared and safe. The only way we grow is by moving into places that aren't comfortable, and we're going to be disturbed at times. That's part of it. We're going to be incredibly joyful as well."

Suddenly, it's very obvious that Kidman isn't talking only about acting and instead is perhaps considering the complete arc of her life so far. "We're going to be incredibly scared, and we're going to be incredibly in love, and we're going to be incredibly terrified of being hurt. Loss is an unbearable pain. Somehow you move through it. That, to me—the way human beings endure and survive—is fascinating. And I'm utterly compelled by it." ●

"We kind of bonded over exercise and our love for bad reality TV!" says Rossum, far left, with Warner Johnson.

"SHE'S A TEAMMATE"

—Katie Warner Johnson, 29, cofounder of activewear company Carbon38, about friend Emmy Rossum, 27, star of Showtime's *Shameless*

How Do You Define Friendship Now?

Is it a tight twosome? Or a big tribe? Writer **Kate Bolick**—and three real-life friend groups—say the best bonds are the least conventional. *Photographs by Matthew Hranek*

The first time I met Stoo, a cartoonist and author, he was entertaining a group of people at a cocktail party by drawing pictures of little men with huge erections. I was instantly besotted. The next time I saw him, six months later, he was hosting a gathering for our mutual friend Maria, and when I walked through the front door, his face lit up like a candle; we hugged hello as if we'd known each other forever. Later that night he pulled me into his study to show me all the books and comic strips he'd published over the years.

We were squished into a pair of old leather movie-theater seats, balancing paper plates of crudités on our knees when he blurted out, "Kate! I just adore you!"

I beamed. "I adore you!"

"But Kate," he said, absolutely deadpan, "I am 83 years old. And married."

We laughed so hard I dropped my paper plate. Baby carrots rolled across the floor.

I thought of our meet-cute when I heard recently that the thirtysomething actor Colin Farrell had befriended a seventysomething Elizabeth Taylor in the years before she died. It began with a chance

Emmy Rossum: I met Katie in L.A.; she was my teacher at Physique 57.

Katie Warner Johnson: After class she asked to hang out. She wouldn't let me say no!

Rossum: I was so impressed by her—after that lunch I basically just kidnapped her and added her to my arsenal of friends. We support each other. She's running a start-up, and it's not unlike trying to make it as an actress: You have to stand up after you get rejected.

Warner Johnson: We went from

working out to hanging out, and now whenever I have boy troubles, I go over to her house and cry and we watch reality TV.

Rossum: She's really book smart but sometimes boy stupid!

Warner Johnson: And I've been Emmy's date to a lot of events recently—she has injected such glamour into my life. Once we had drinks and when we walked out, paparazzi were everywhere. Emmy looked perfect, but my fly was down! Now I'm like, I'll hold your coat—go forward and look cute.

meeting at the hospital: He was there for the birth of his second son; she was having a stent put in her heart. They liked to talk on the phone into the wee hours. "I just adored her," he told Ellen DeGeneres on her show, in his charming Irish brogue. "I wanted to be number eight, but we ran out of road."

There's something particularly delightful about "unlikely" friendships—those that pop up when (and where) you least expect them and thrive on dissimilarity. It took me an ungodly long time to learn that, though. When I moved to New York City for graduate school at 28, I interpreted the saying "friends are the family you choose" literally. More than anything I wanted to make female friends just like me. They'd be bookish and gregarious and love to get drunk and discuss ideas and relationships and whether or not I should get bangs. I wasn't so far gone that I thought we'd do this over expensive weekend brunches, but *Sex and the City* was selling a romance of female friendship that was pretty hard to evade. For good reason: At a time when the traditional nuclear family was morphing into something more fluid, the show's fantasy friend template, a tight quartet of BFFs, struck a collective chord so deep that it endures today on *Girls*, *Real Housewives*, and teen shows like *Pretty Little Liars*.

Soon my social life was a loose group of women, all fellow aspiring writers, all roughly my age. We hosted wine-soaked dinner parties, shared our secrets and wardrobes—until, invariably, complications arose. One friend accused me of "cock-blocking" her on a job I didn't even know she wanted. When another applied for a fellowship I was desperate to win, I blew up in irrational outrage. As time went on the petty rivalries and betrayals thick-



"I like having older friends," says McLeod of Lake and Johnson. "They have life experience."

"WE ENCOURAGE EACH OTHER"

—**Rachel Johnson**, 40, president of Thomas Faison Agency, center, about friends **Africa Lake**, 44, CEO of Traaces, Inc., left, and **Kesha McLeod**, 29, stylist at Thomas Faison

Rachel Johnson: I was in high school when a guy friend introduced me to Africa. He said, "She's cool, I promise."

Africa Lake: My God, her energy! She was full of life.

Johnson: She got me my first job. Years later, I met Kesha when she worked as an intern at an agency that represented me.

Kesha McLeod: All of my friends are older—and all the guys I date are younger. I swear I need to change that around.

Johnson: The best friendships are tested. I fired Kesha once—but she matured and I hired her back. And Africa and I had a falling out a few years ago.

Lake: You step away, then you come back stronger than ever.

Johnson: There's something to be said for someone who knows your secrets and still loves you.

McLeod: Their experiences help me grow as a person—I look at them, see what I could be, and feel inspired.

"I felt as if I'd failed not only them but myself as well. What kind of jerk walks away from a decadelong friendship?"

ened like ice on a windshield, until it was impossible for us to see each other clearly.

My "aha!" moment about these relationships came courtesy of my old friend Michael from college, now an English professor in Toronto, during one of our frequent marathon telephone conversations. I was narrating some fresh indignity when he

mused aloud, "You know, I've never understood this. It's as if you're so fixated on your *idea* of these friendships you don't even see how unhappy they make you."

I'd always considered loyalty a cardinal law of friendship, but Michael's words sunk in. When she of the cock-blocking accusations struck again, I told her I couldn't

continue a friendship with someone who refused to trust me. After I got tangled in yet another needless miscommunication with another, I told her I had to take a very, very long break.

The aftermath of my separation from them was as painful as I'd feared. For months I longed to call them up and apol-

ogize, to see if we could sort through our differences and salvage the best of what we'd shared. But as time passed I noticed that as much as I missed them, I also felt a lot lighter and more available to the other people in my life. Given that neither tried to win me back, I can only assume they were equally exhausted by our cycles of mutual rivalry. Still, I felt as if I'd failed not only them but myself as well. What kind of jerk walks away from a decadelong friendship?

I called Carlin Flora, author of the recent book *Friendfluence*, for her perspective. "The impulse to befriend people who are similar to us is a natural drive," she assured me. "But it can be limiting as well. You can get into a headspace where everyone is thinking so similarly you lack fresh air and perspective." Too, she explained, it can create a breeding ground for what Freud called the narcissism of minor differences—the paradoxical tendency to feel threatened by and envious of those we are most like.

Recently an organization called Lifeboat, devoted to saving the endangered art of making and keeping friends, issued

STYLIST: MAGGIE MANN; HAIR AND MAKEUP: RYAN B. ANTHONY FOR NEXT ARTISTS; PROP STYLIST: MELISSA FELDMAN; ON LAKE: ADAM LIPPES; TOP ON JOHNSON: SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE; BLAZER: VINCE; MCLEOD: J BRAND; JACKET: JENNIFER FISHER; BRACELET, RINGS



"The Swans" at Lord's Brooklyn apartment. "We've grown up together," she says.

a report on the state of friendship in America that found women tend to have more intimate friendships than men do, but also hold them to higher expectations. Lifeboat, like Flora, warned against looking for "another you": "The alchemy of friendship is deeper than that," the authors wrote. "In the search for a group of close friends, don't cast the net too narrowly."

My broader net has served me well. These days my social life is less a fixed constellation than a sprawling universe of connections with women and men of all ages. I feel a deep bond with my former colleague Johanna, now a historian in London, though I see her once a year at most. Like Thomas, who brings me lemons when I'm sick (he lives in my building, down the hall), she's quite a bit younger than I am, as is Ivan, a student I knew eons ago while teaching at New York University, whom I meet for chicken noodle soup at our favorite diner in Greenwich Village whenever he's in town. Gillian, who happens to be my exact age, travels so much for work that months pass without our even emailing, and then out of nowhere we'll make a plan for dinner and a sleepover at my place and talk until we're hoarse. And after I interviewed

Maria, a filmmaker a decade my senior, for a magazine, we struck up a cross-country friendship so satisfying that she was the first person I called when my then boyfriend and I broke up during a trip to Los Angeles. Her response, when I phoned her from the hotel: "Get over here as fast as you can and stay as long as you need!" She's how I met Stoo.

The first time Stoo and his wife, Naomi, had me over for dinner, just the three of us, I was greeted with a handwritten sign taped to the door: "Bolick Night at the Hamples." Given they had four or so decades on me, I'd assumed we'd fall into a grandparent-grand-

daughter dynamic, but as we ate and drank, laughing and talking intimately about everything under the sun—from how they'd first met to fights they'd had; the ongoing drama of my on-again, off-again romantic relationship; the agonies of writing—our age differences vanished. By letting go of what I thought friendship should be, I was finally finding the friendships I needed. **G**

Kate Bolick is a contributing editor at The Atlantic. Her first book, a personal history of single women in America, will be published next year.

“WE’RE NOT JUST A ‘GIRL SQUAD’— THE GUYS BRING SOME PERSPECTIVE!”

—**Pippa Lord**, 31, of the blog *Sous Style*, third from left, with friends, from left, **Kate Crassweller**, 34, of Calvin Klein Jeans; **Andy Phillips**, 35, freelance stylists' agent; **Isa Tapia**, 35, of shoemaker Isa Tapia; **Sarah Brook**, 34, of home and fashion retailer *The Line*; and **Christopher Bartley**, 30, of *CR Fashion Book*

Pippa Lord: We all met through Kate—I was friends with her now ex-boyfriend. They broke up, and I got a best friend out of it.

Kate Crassweller: And when my boyfriend moved out, I suddenly had this great, spacious apartment. I loved to entertain and cook, and so my place became where we'd have dinner or end up at after a night out. Hosting and having food and drink is partly what brought us together!

Isa Tapia: I was the last

addition to the group, but I felt immediately accepted.

Chris Bartley: Pippa is a dreamer, I'm practical, and Andy is the funny one....

Sarah Brook: I remember thinking how surprised I was that so many strong personalities could get along so well together. At the end of the day, we're there for one another.

Andy Phillips: I jokingly started calling the group The Swans, as a reference to the smart, interesting women who surrounded

Truman Capote.

Lord: It's not just a "girl squad"; the guys bring a bit of color and a different perspective to things.

Crassweller: We know each other's faults and great qualities, and we accept it all. And if things aren't cool we can talk about it.

Lord: I have a million friends, but what's so beautiful about this group is they are like home. It's a very authentic, true thing. —interviews by Lauren Waterman

JULIANNE MOORE

NEVER ONE TO CHOOSE THE EASY PATH, JULIANNE MOORE TAKES HER CAREER AND PERSONAL LIFE INTO HER OWN HANDS—AND FINDS EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS.

LAUREN WATERMAN ASKS, IS THIS HOLLYWOOD'S MOST HONEST ACTRESS?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILL DAVIDSON STYLED BY LORI GOLDSTEIN

We're only about halfway through lunch when Julianne Moore says something, quite casually, that upends the story I'd been planning to write about her. We were discussing her current film, *What Maisie Knew*, in which she plays a self-obsessed musician, and we'd already spent some time talking about her Bible-banging role in the upcoming *Carrie* remake. But when I observe that both movies hinge, plot-wise, upon her characters' spectacular failings as parents—"They're both such terrible mothers," I say, "but in such different ways"—she agrees and then shuts me down in a single breath. "I know," she says cheerfully, "and I hate that comparison."

Taken aback, I ask why. "Oh, just because it's so reductive. These are two very different movies." Needless to say, she's right. And this is only one of several moments in our conversation, conducted over salads and zucchini fries at a cafe near her home in Manhattan's West Village, in which Moore resists the easy and the neat in favor of the true. It's an impulse that's served the actress well over the course of her nearly three-decade career: Ever since getting her start in the mid-1980s as a pair of identical half sisters on the long-running soap opera *As the World Turns*, she's won praise, and awards, for her funda-

mentally honest, sympathetic portrayals of women as varied as a drug-addicted porn star (in 1997's *Boogie Nights*) and Sarah Palin (in 2012's *Game Change*).

Scott McGehee, who co-directed Moore alongside creative partner David Siegel in *What Maisie Knew*—a contemporary adaptation of Henry James' novel about a neglected young girl dealing with her parents' bad divorce—says that he never doubted Moore's ability to inhabit Susanna, a dissolute rock star. "This is one of the things that she does so well," he explains. "She finds the human part of an unlikable character." (She also learned how to sing and play guitar for the role, although she points out that her approach was pretty far from Method: "I needed to learn how to play three chords, and I worked really hard at learning those three chords, but I couldn't play them for you now.")

"She believes very much in being present in the moment of performance," Siegel explains, "but she doesn't carry it with her when she leaves." Indeed, McGehee says that, between takes, Moore would swiftly drop character to be "a comforting colleague" to her young co-star, the talented newcomer Onata Aprile. "It was fun to watch her with her own kids, too," he adds, referring to Caleb, 15, and Liv, 11. "The principal loca-



Coriann-Bis shirt, \$395, **DRIES VAN NOTEN**, *Bergdorf Goodman*, 888-774-2424. Salmon Saphira skirt, \$1,360, **DRIES VAN NOTEN**, *Blake*, 312-202-0047. Emerald heart-shaped diamond pendant, price upon request, **JACOB & CO.**, *Neiman Marcus*, 305-865-6161. Linked In bangles in 18-karat rose gold with diamonds, \$165,000, **WILFREDO ROSADO**, *Bergdorf Goodman*. Love bracelet, \$5,850, **CARTIER**, *cartier.com*. For comparably luxurious lived-in seating, discover Restoration Hardware's Lancaster furniture collection, *restorationhardware.com*.

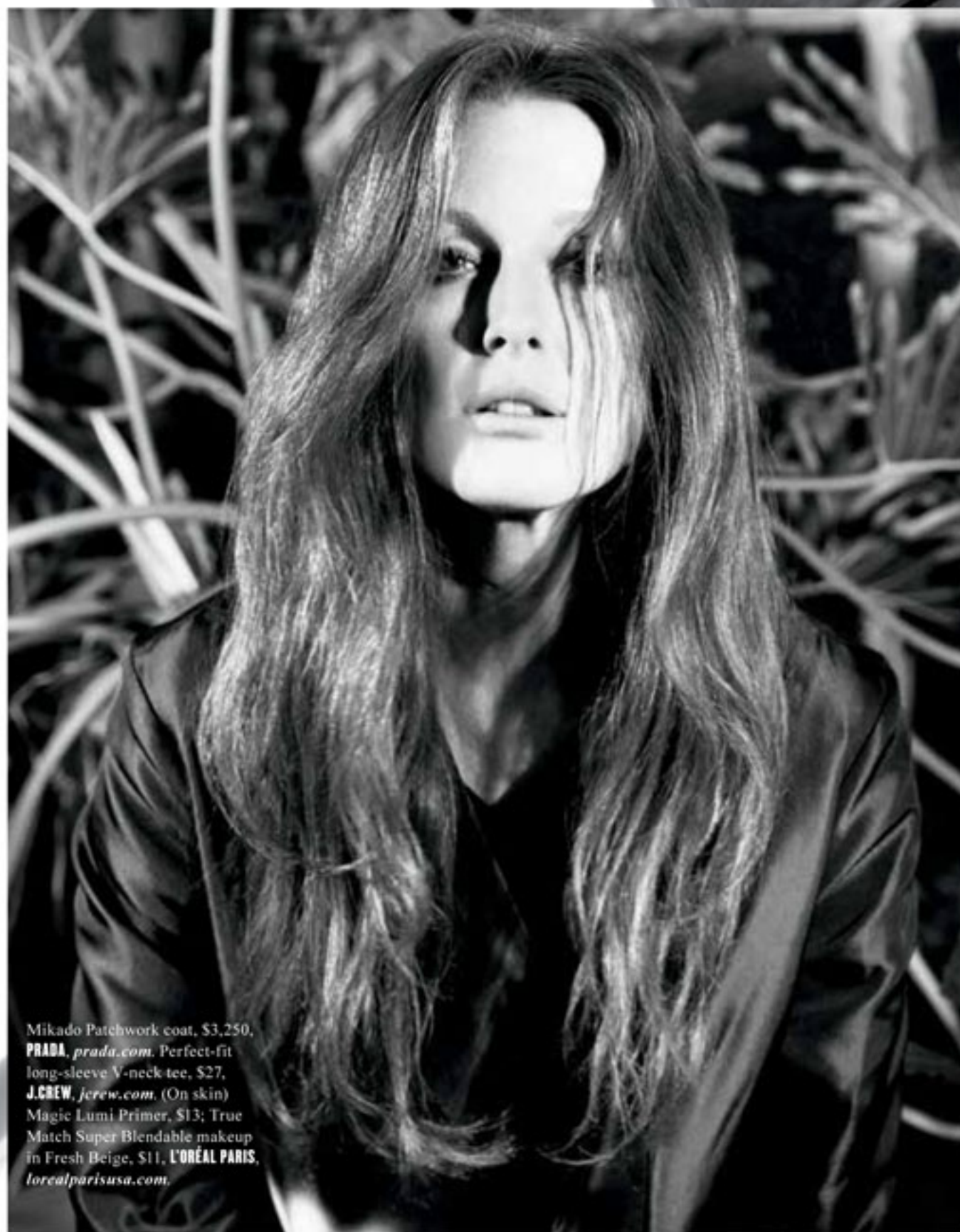
“MEN AREN’T ASKED ABOUT AGE OR ABOUT THEIR CHILDREN. NOT THAT THESE THINGS AREN’T IMPORTANT, BUT I DO FEEL LIKE IT BECOMES REDUCTIVE.”

tion was literally around the corner from her house, so they popped by every now and then, and she has a really lovely, warm relationship with them.”

Motherhood, Moore says, “was something that I always wanted to do. I didn’t know if I’d get married—I just didn’t innately feel like that was something I could be goal-oriented about—but I knew that I wanted to have children.” And ultimately, of course, she did decide to marry her kids’ father, the writer-director Bart Freundlich, but not until 2003, when the couple had already been together for seven years. “It starts to become societally challenging,” she says. “When you say partner, people ask, ‘Do you mean your business partner?’ So we’d be reduced to saying boyfriend and girlfriend, and then there are always issues with hospitals and health insurance, and it just starts to seem silly. We are a family. We are emotionally responsible for one another, so we wanted to be legally responsible for one another, too. I think the institution is what you make it.”

In person, Moore comes across as both warm and no-nonsense—her responses to several of my questions betray a very low-key frustration with the kinds of questions she’s always asked, but she’s genial nevertheless. “Do we have to talk about parenthood?” she wonders, after I push her to elaborate. “I don’t mind, but I do think it’s an extremely profound experience, something that’s difficult to encapsulate in a single interview.” Later, she worries that queries about parenting and getting older might be inherently sexist, regardless of intent. “Men aren’t asked about age,” she points out. “Men aren’t asked about their children. Not that these things aren’t important, but I do feel like it becomes reductive,” she says, returning to the same (not particularly common) word that she used earlier in our conversation, “when a woman’s life becomes, ‘Talk to me about your kids and how you feel about plastic surgery.’”

For the record, she is willing to answer. “I just think that it’s boring! I don’t say that to you—I say that to everyone. Our fear of aging is really a fear



Mikado Patchwork coat, \$3,250, **PRADA**, prada.com. Perfect-fit long-sleeve V-neck tee, \$27, **J.CREW**, jcrew.com. (On skin) Magic Lumi Primer, \$13; True Match Super Blendable makeup in Fresh Beige, \$11, **L'ORÉAL PARIS**, lorealparisusa.com.

of dying; aging is a physical manifestation of decay, and I think that is what’s so upsetting to most people.” Of course, Moore herself looks as beautiful as ever at 52 and, quite possibly, even more distinctive. As Tom Ford, who frequently dresses the star for big events and also directed her in 2009’s *A Single Man* says, “When I looked at her through the [camera] lens it was startling: She is actually luminous.” (In a follow-up interview, Moore manages to make her contract with L’Oréal, for which she promotes, among other products, an anti-aging cream, seem perfectly in line with her principles. “They’re great because they have a range of women representing their brand,” she notes, “from very young women all the way up to Jane Fonda, who’s 75. It’s not about being beautiful for your age. It’s about being beautiful at your age.”)

She likewise has little patience for the idea that it’s difficult for an actress to locate good parts once she hits the far side of 40; examine her own CV and it’s easy to see why.

Although Moore worked steadily in her late twenties, moving from lead parts in miniseries and TV movies to third- or fourth-billed roles in high-quality popcorn flicks like *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* or *The Fugitive*, it wasn’t until her early thirties that she appeared in *Short Cuts*, *Vanya on 42nd Street* and *Safe*, a cinematic hat trick of rich, subtle performances that established her as a dramatic force to be reckoned with. And it’s only in the past 14 years—since she turned 39—that she’s cemented her reputation as a major star, thanks to her indelible acting in critically acclaimed films like *Magnolia*, *Far From Heaven*, *The Hours* and *The Kids Are All Right*. “Good parts, really interesting parts, are difficult for anyone to find at any age,” she says, “because this business is not set up in such a way that it’s about finding great parts for actors and actresses.” Major studios, she continues, “are looking for a great product that they can sell globally. So I can’t sit here and rail against the industry, because I do think that there’s interesting stuff out



Coat, price upon request; Blouse, \$1,150; Shoes, \$895; Hat (on couch), \$995, **SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE**, 212-980-2970. Brittney Leggings, \$128, **GUESS**, shop.guess.com. Pearl buckle strand necklace, \$1,750, **DAVID YURMAN**, davidyurman.com.

there, and it’s not anybody’s job to find it for me but mine. You’re always responsible for trying to figure out what to do with your own career.”

Certainly she’s found plenty to do lately: Starting with *The English Teacher*, a quirky comedy that debuted on VOD in April and is currently in theaters, she’ll appear in no less than six films this year. Coming this October is *Don Jon*, Joseph Gordon-Levitt’s buzzed-about directorial debut, about a man who attempts to quit watching what used to be called “adult films” at the behest of his girlfriend, played by Scarlett Johansson. (Moore plays a fellow student in the community-college class that the title character enrolls in, again under duress.) “When I first saw the script,” she says, “I knew it had something to do with porn, and I just thought, Ugh. But then I started to read it, and it was so funny and so lovely and so surprising. I said, ‘This isn’t about porn!’ I think it’s a great rumination on the nature of intimacy.” If her co-stars’ performances seem to have been heavily influenced by MTV’s *Jersey Shore*, whereas hers is far more naturalistic, that’s exactly the point. “A lot of people [in this movie] are behaving in a way that, culturally, they feel they should be behaving,” she explains. “What I liked about my character is that she’s at a place in her life where she can’t be

anything less than 100 percent authentic.”

Also in October, she’ll venture to the dark side, playing a powerful witch in the family-oriented adventure film *Seventh Son* and the deranged mother of a telekinetic teenager (played by Chloë Grace Moretz) in *Carrie*. Like her director on that movie, Kimberly Peirce, Moore took her inspiration directly from Stephen King’s 1974 novel. “It’s really about social isolation and what that does to a person,” she says, speaking of both the book and the new adaptation, “and the kind of unhappiness and even rage that it can incite. What I hadn’t remembered is that Margaret is really someone who marginalized herself. The only world she knows is the world that she has with her daughter, and she’s doing everything she can to keep that world intact.” Finally, she’ll star opposite Liam Neeson in an airplane-set thriller called *Non-Stop*. (The film is a reunion of sorts for the two, who worked together in 2009’s *Chloe*, which, Neeson allows, “was a very, very different sort of film. But I love acting with her. She’s so easy to work with—she’s just always so real, and we giggle a lot. The crew loves her. She’s just a lovely burst of feminine energy on the set.”)

Given all of the above, and the fact that her performance in *Game Change* recently netted her an

Pieced jersey dress, \$2,300, **MARC JACOBS**, 212-343-1490. (On hair) Total repair 5 Multi-Restorative Dry Oil, \$7, **L'ORÉAL PARIS**, lorealparisusa.com. Hair: Adir Abergel at starworksartists.com. Makeup: Katey Denno using Burt's Bees at The Wall Group. Manicure: Kelly B. for Chanel Beauté at Defacto. Production coordinator: Jolene Kao at M.A.P.

Emmy, a Golden Globe and a Screen Actors Guild award, it could reasonably be argued that Moore is in her prime. But I get the sense she wouldn't necessarily appreciate hearing that. "We try to impose a narrative on everything where it doesn't exist, because we like narrative," she says, after I ask a general question about the arc of her career. "We love story—I particularly love story—and so we think, That was the beginning, and this is the middle, and then there's going to be the conclusion. We even talk about it! Like, in magazines, they'll say, 'This next chapter of her life...' Chapter? Like something ended, and you're beginning something new, when really there's just a continuum. The fact of the matter is, you can't impose a narrative until someone's dead, because you don't know what's going to happen.

"There's not an arc," she goes on, "just a line that moves forward, without being able to see past the horizon. That's my philosophy these days: I don't try to go ahead of that, because there's no sense in it. Ahead of that, you don't know what's going to happen. It's not true. It's not real. It's imagined."

This way of thinking, she says, extends to more than just acting, although that career, she admits, is especially unpredictable. "There's not much certainty," she insists, even for someone as accomplished as she is. "You can have a great experience on something and then just be unhirable the next year. It could be over! People ask me, 'Why would you worry about not working again?' And I always say, 'Because it's not unprecedented.'"

But it doesn't seem that she worries about unemployment so much as acknowledge that it's a possibility, one that—in spite of her earlier assertion that it's up to her to find her own parts—she knows she can't necessarily control. "It's funny," she muses. "When you think about the steps you take to get somewhere, we're not always clear. When I was 17, I decided, out of the blue, that I wanted to be an actor, and I was like, 'OK. I'm going to go to acting school, and then I'm going to move to New York, and then I'm going to get an agent, and then I'm going to get a callback.' Everything was always, 'I'm going to do this, and then I'm going to do this,' but not with a whole lot of sense of..." She pauses, then breaks into a smile. "If I saw myself sitting here at 52, talking about my career and how I've been doing it for the last 30 years, I would be like, 'Are you kidding me? It happened?'" ●



Molly Ringwald

Riffling through paperbacks with the eternal eighties darling, and new *littérateur*.

ON THE DAY that she makes her official debut as a novelist, Molly Ringwald and I meet in St. Mark's Bookshop, which doesn't seem to have her book in stock. Possibly it's still in a box somewhere, but neither of us really wants to ask. Instead, Ringwald—dressed in a crisp white shirt and red shorts, with a pair of matching red Ray-Bans—purchases a few postcards and tells the clerk that she'd like to make a donation to the crowd-funded campaign to save the beleaguered shop. "I hope you guys stick around," she says, like she's already planning on coming back.

Ringwald spent three years on *When It Happens to You: A Novel in Stories*, a serious collection she describes as being "about betrayal." (It centers on a couple whose settled lives are upended when the wife learns of the husband's affair with their daughter's violin teacher; "Your heart doesn't think," she writes at one point, "your heart is stupid.") It's an unlikely move for the woman who's been a patron saint of adolescence to much of Gen X—even her publisher, she admits, "probably expected me to write something more sort of memoir-based." Her previous book was an anecdotes-and-advice best seller, *Getting the Pretty Back*.

"I started acting when I was so young," Ringwald, now 44, explains, "and even though I loved it, I do feel a bit like it sort of chose me. If I'd had to wait, I'm not sure I would have done it." Acting, she tells me, "involves so much rejection, and is so much about image. I feel like I'm sort of a survivor, in a way. If you look at a lot of young actors, they don't turn out very well. 'Whereas writing,' she says, "was something that I had to seek out."

But she's always been attracted to books—and writers. "A therapist once told me I should stop dating writers and just be one. That was good advice." She didn't exactly take it: Her husband, Panio Gianopoulos, has a novella coming out in November.

It's no knock on his stuff to say it's unlikely that book will be received in quite the way this one was, with a nostalgia-soaked review in the *Times*, a Salon Q&A with A.M. Homes, and a Barnes & Noble talk with Deborah Treisman, fiction editor of *The New Yorker*—and, one guesses, a devotee of John Hughes films.

(At the beginning of the talk, a clerk warned that Ringwald would only be signing books, not movie memorabilia. "It's not that Molly won't sign," insisted one semi-disgruntled fan, with a small pile of rolled-up posters under his seat, to another. "It's that her publicist won't let her!")

Together with their kids, Ringwald and Gianopoulos live in L.A., where Ringwald films the TV drama *The Secret Life of the American Teenager*. (Her day job, so to speak.) But the couple met in New York, where she has lived on and off since she was 18. "When I first moved here, I lived in the American Felt building, on 13th, and everybody told me, 'Don't go east of Third Avenue. I remember running to the deli on the corner and sort of looking around to see if there was anybody with a knife.' The neighborhood has changed—literary Brat Packer Bret Easton Ellis is

trying to rent out his own Felt-building one-bedroom, via Twitter, for \$5,000 a month—but she's stuck it out, even moving East. When the owner of a vintage store we've ducked into asks if she lives nearby, Ringwald says, "I still have an apartment in the neighborhood," not mentioning that it's currently rented out.

And then they have the kind of interaction that Ringwald's been having, in one form or another, for most of her life: "Are you ...?"

"I am," Ringwald confirms.

"That is so cool," she says. "I'm 38, and I know every single thing you've ever done." As we're leaving, she adds, "You totally made my day!"

"Buy my book," Ringwald answers cheerfully, and then, to me, adds, "Don't you feel all warm and fuzzy now?" But just a few minutes later, after we've sat down at a no-frills Avenue B café, Ringwald admits that she can't really relate to her devoted fans. "I can never have the same experience of those movies that other people have, because I was in them.

So I don't have the same touchstones. Sometimes I wish I did, because I think they're the reason that people are so nice to me. They're predisposed to like me, because, to them, I was the good part of growing up. There's so much that's awful about being that age, but those movies were like beacons. They were lighthouses," she says. "It's different than it is for other actors. Can you imagine being a soap-opera villain? They have people spitting in their faces!"

LAUREN WATERMAN



GÉNESIS RODRÍGUEZ

Nina Ricci jacket, camisole, and shorts. Claude Morady Estate Jewelry ring. Doyle & Doyle chain-link bracelet. Jennifer Fisher cuffs. Yves Saint Laurent kitten heels.

"For most of my career, I've been crying," Rodríguez cheerfully admits. The ability to weep on command was key for the former Spanish-language soap opera star, who made her big-screen debut as a diamond thief in *Man on a Ledge*. Now the Miami-born actress, who is praised by co-star Jamie Bell for her "comedic instincts," is going for laughs as Will Ferrell's love interest in this month's *Casa de mi Padre*. "It's amazing," she says. "The film spoofs everything I once did!"



WONDER GIRLS

SAY HELLO TO 10 SUPER-TALENTED
NEWCOMERS WHO ARE AS WHITE-HOT
AS SPRING'S COOLEST COLOR

BY LAUREN WATERMAN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DUSAN RELJIN
STYLED BY SAMIRA NASR

ELLE SATINE

Valentino dress. Catherine Beth Jewelry rings.

"I've played so many Russians, I'm trying to quit," says Satine, who was born in Tbilisi, Georgia, and raised in Sochi, Russia. In *Magic City* she gets her chance, adopting an American accent and a platinum Marilyn Monroe wig for the TV series that's set in Miami at the end of the '50s. "Elle's ability to put aside ego and show vulnerability is a rare quality," raves her co-star Jeffrey Dean Morgan. "She's fearless." Not quite, the actress insists: "I wanted this role so much that I was terrified when I actually got it!"



STEPHANIE SIGMAN

Stella McCartney jacket and dress. XIV Karats Ltd Beverly Hills (left) and Claude Morady Estate Jewelry rings.

In *Miss Bala*, her big-screen debut, the Mexican model turned actress stars as a would-be beauty queen from Tijuana who is unwillingly drafted into her country's drug wars. "My character is an innocent," explains Sigman. "It's a positive quality, but in the world she lives in, it becomes a flaw." Diego Luna, a producer of the film, is bullish on her prospects: "The ability to take on such a strong point of view in your first lead role is admirable," he says. For her next act, Sigman says, she'd love to collaborate with director Quentin Tarantino. "I love the way he portrays women."

KAT GRAHAM

Chanel jacket and dress with pearl detail. Scala Collezione hat with netting. Gaspar Gloves by Dorothy Gaspar fingerless gloves. Eddie Borgo bracelets. Attilio Giusti Leombruni oxfords.

She's spent the past three years playing a teenage witch on *The Vampire Diaries*, a part she got by beating out 300 other actresses. But Graham insists there's nothing particularly wondrous about her story. "I'd already been working for 15 years.

The journey of an actor is far less glamorous than you'd think—it's 95 percent struggle." She's up for the fight, preparing a "fierce pop" album for release this spring.

Her *Vampire* co-star Nina Dobrev sees a multiplatinum hit and a rockin' tour in Graham's future: "I'll be cheering her on from the front row!"





← BRIE LARSON

Louis Vuitton top, skirt, and bag. Miu Miu headband.

Larson was barely old enough for preschool when she began what she describes as a three-year campaign to convince her chiropractor parents to allow her to act. "They held out for a while," she recalls. "It wasn't until I was 7 that my mother agreed to start taking me to auditions." Now, the *United States of Tara* star is appearing in two very different cop movies—the gritty drama *Rampart* and a jokey big-screen adaptation of *21 Jump Street*. "What makes Brie a great actress is her ability to pull from a truthful place, even in an absurd situation," says her *Jump Street* co-star Jonah Hill. "And all of her presents tend to be handmade, which I find adorable."

→ CONDOLA RASHAD

Jil Sander cropped sweater. XIV Karats Ltd Beverly Hills rings.

She's the daughter of a sitcom icon turned Broadway star (her mother, Phylicia) and a football player turned sportscaster (her father, Ahmad). So perhaps it's no surprise that Rashad is planning her second act before she's even taken a bow for her first. Currently starring in Broadway's *Stick Fly* and appearing on the TV series *Smash*, the actress is working on a career in pop music to boot. "I've written about 10 songs so far," she confides. "I've been doing it under the radar because I don't want to jinx it." She's got an in with *Stick Fly* co-producer Alicia Keys, who is a fan. "Condola has a way about her that is subtly powerful. She's a natural performer—and a beautiful human being."





← TAISSA FARMIGA

Oscar de la Renta dress. Lulu Frost vintage (on right shoulder) and Sequin brooches. XIV Karats Ltd Beverly Hills bangle.

Farmiga never planned on becoming a professional actress. "To me, that was something my sister Vera did." Even after her sibling recruited her for the drama *Higher Ground*, Taissa persisted in thinking it would be a "once-in-a-lifetime experience." But when the film premiered at Sundance and agents started calling, she decided to give it a go, landing the role of Violet on the first season of *American Horror Story* just a few months later. "She has the face of a doll—and an old soul," says Vera Farmiga. "And if she fuses her intelligence with faith, amazing things will happen for her." Taissa agrees: "I turned 17 on August 17. It's my golden year!"

→ ALEXIS KRAUSS

J Brand jacket customized with studs. Eddie Borgo bracelet.

As a member of the Brooklyn-based noise-pop duo Sleigh Bells (Derek Miller is the other half), Krauss creates songs that mix sugary, girl-group-inspired vocals with heavy-metal guitars. "I grew up singing songs by Elvis Presley and the Shangri-Las, while Derek is influenced by hard core and punk," says Krauss. Joe Jonas is a fan: "Whenever I blast their songs in my car, people driving by want to know who it is." That offbeat appeal—evident on Sleigh Bells' just released second album, *Reign of Terror*—also characterizes the singer's wardrobe. "I wear white leather Keds, Ray-Ban Wayfarers, and varsity jackets but make them my own," she says. "I like taking something classic and making it darker."





ANNABELLE WALLIS

Marc by Marc Jacobs top.
Rebekah Price necklace.
Carolina Amato gloves.

She's best known for playing a 16th-century queen on *The Tudors* and a '60s stewardess on *Pan Am*. And this year, Wallis will revisit other eras in Madonna's period drama *W.E.* and the once-upon-a-timeless action flick, *Snow White and the Huntsman*. "I definitely have an old-world look and feel about me," says the actress, who grew up in Portugal but went to a British school. ("Bloody hell" is a favorite expression.) "Annabelle is an extremely attractive woman, with a very proper accent," says Mike Vogel, her co-star on *Pan Am*. "But she's also hilarious—and she does the robot!"

ANNA CALVI

Acne shirt. Gucci pants.
Doyle & Doyle (top) and Van
Cleef & Arpels bracelets.

This British singer's music has been favorably compared to both Patti Smith's and PJ Harvey's, but her chic style is all her own. "I want my clothes to reflect the passion in my music," says Calvi, whose compelling debut album and flamenco-inspired wardrobe led her to gigs with Karl Lagerfeld and Gucci. "Anna has a strong vision, a powerful voice, and a truly captivating onstage presence," says Gucci designer Frida Giannini. But the Londoner isn't about to let success go to her head: Calvi is already working on a follow-up record. "I love the feeling you get from writing songs. It's intimate, and you get lost in your own world," she says. "And when you perform, you share that amazing feeling with others."



A full-page photograph of Ronda Rousey in a dynamic, athletic pose. She is suspended in the air, performing a backflip or a similar acrobatic move. She is wearing a grey, form-fitting, short-sleeved leotard or singlet. Her hair is blonde and tied in a high ponytail. Her legs are bent at the knees, and her arms are extended downwards. The background is a dramatic sky with dark, heavy clouds, and a flat, grassy field is visible at the bottom. The overall mood is powerful and energetic.

RONDA ROUSEY

The 5' 7" judoka can pin and throw her opponents with an almost superhero-like strength. Her own competition outfit. In this story: hair, Tim Rogers for Charles Worthington/Contact NYC; makeup, Corti White at LA Miller NYC, using Chanel; prop styling, Andrea Stanley at the Wall Group.

twelve arrows, the winner advances. The loser is out. Luckily for Nichols, she thrives under pressure.

At 70 meters, her target looks the size of a pink eraser on the end of a pencil held at arm's length. Striving for consistency, Nichols shoots some 200 arrows a day, hitting the gym for a light workout most afternoons, but she believes serenity, not strength, gives her a competitive edge, and as a devout Christian she maintains peace of mind through prayer.

When it's time to shoot, Nichols steels herself against distraction by thinking of home. She plastered the walls of her bedroom in Athens's Olympic Village with photos of Wyoming's big skies and prairies, and when facing tough competition she imagines herself in her own backyard shooting with her younger sister Amanda, who ranked sixth in Olympic trials last year.

The eldest of five, Nichols happily still lives with her parents, brothers, and sisters in the house where she grew up. After practice one recent afternoon, she sinks into the living-room couch with a family photo album and flips past pictures of Amanda and her, in Denmark, Turkey, and El Salvador, arms thrown over the shoulders of their archery friends. Nichols's easygoing nature quickly disarms opponents. "I'm friendly," she says. "When I was first coming up, it really threw everyone off." At one match, she bounced up to the Russian team to say *privet*, or "hello," using a few words gleaned from Kirillov, who formerly trained the Soviet team. "Then I told them the only other thing I know how to say in Russian: 'I love potatoes,'" she recalls, laughing. "They thought it was hilarious."

While Nichols remembers Athens as an "emotional roller coaster," it prepared her for what's to come. And her success this past year has bolstered her confidence. She's ready.

Ever the performer, she springs up from the couch and runs to her bedroom, returning seconds later in a brand-new cowboy hat—the one she'll wear to Beijing. "It's all part of the fun,"

—JESSICA KERWIN

judoka RONDA ROUSEY

M

ost mothers would be less than thrilled if their eleven-year-old daughter suddenly acquired an affinity for a century-old combat sport, particularly one with an emphasis on what martial-arts aficionados

call "grappling"—arm-locking and choking of opponents into submission. So the news that Ronda Rousey's mother, AnnMaria De Mars, was lukewarm about the idea of her little girl's learning judo is not especially surprising. Until you hear her rationale: "I won the Judo World Championships in 1984," explains De Mars, "so I was worried that people would expect too much from her."

Luckily, De Mars's resistance was short-lived. (As she says, "A friend told me, 'Nobody remembers you. Let Ronda do it.'") A decade later, any outsize expectations about the 21-year-old fighter's future can be attributed directly to her own accomplishments. Currently ranked in the top five in the world in her weight class, Rousey is widely considered the U.S. Olympic Judo Team's best shot at winning its first-ever Olympic gold medal this summer.

She's a serious athlete, but Rousey wears her accomplishments very lightly. The Wakefield, Massachusetts, home that she shares with fellow students of her coach, four-time Olympian Jimmy Pedro, is notably devoid of trophies. The only overt nod to Rousey's amazing record is the taped-up collection of plane ticket stubs (mementos of international tournaments) that lines her bedroom walls. Asked about the lack of shining prizes, she laughs. "Medals? I don't even know what I do with them. When I win one, I throw it in my bag and forget about it."

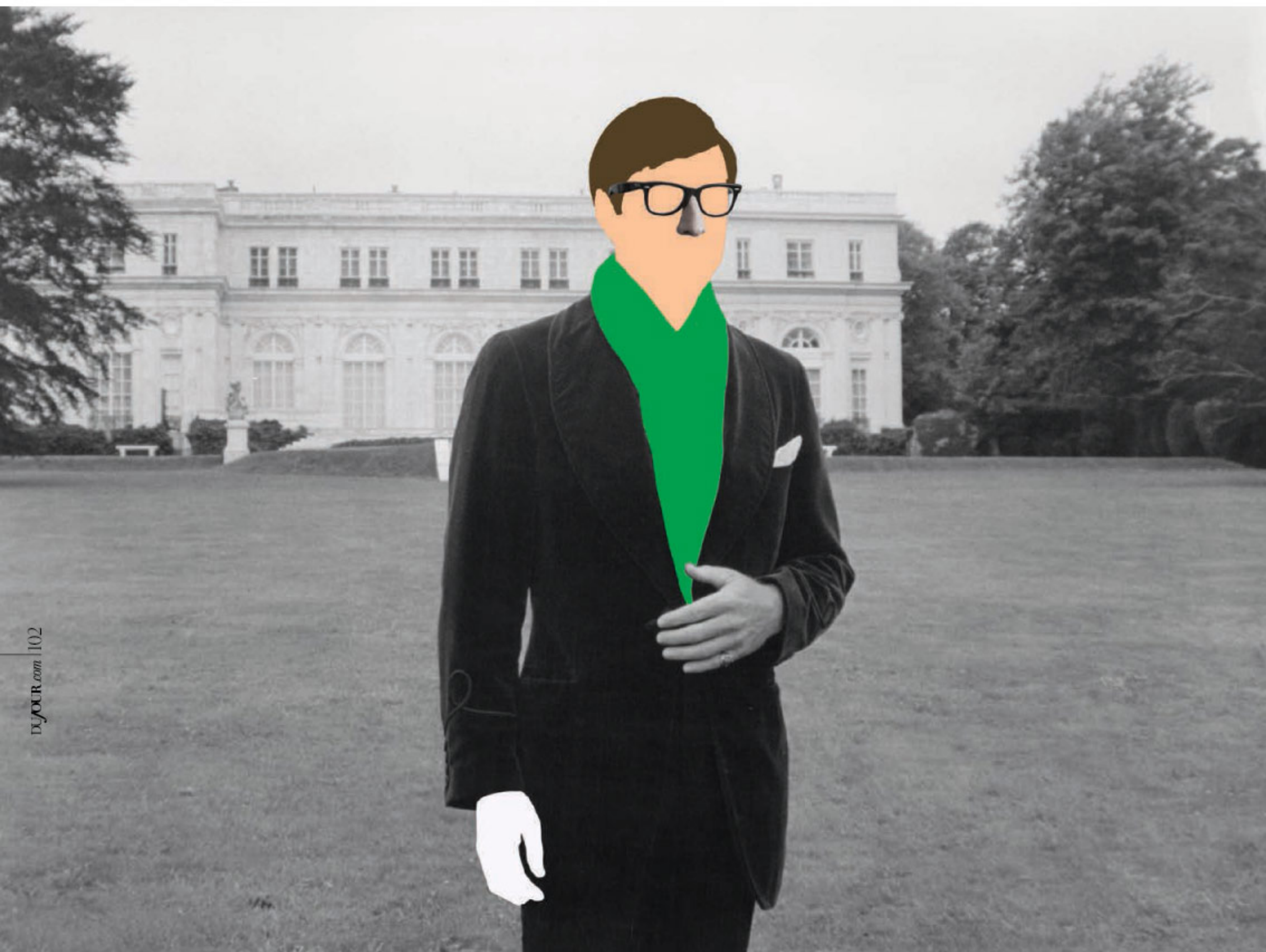
But it would be a mistake to interpret Rousey's apparent lack of interest in the so-called spoils of victory as a lack of interest in victory itself; on the contrary, Pedro—who was also her teammate at the 2004 Games, which were Rousey's first and his last—posits that her will to win is exactly the reason that this once-scrawny girl from Santa Monica has made it so far. "Ronda absolutely hates losing more than anything else in the world," he says. "And that's what makes her a champion: If it bothers you that much to lose, you'll do anything to win."

Indeed, Rousey, who stands five feet seven, has no shortage of stories about the strange ways in which she used to, as she puts it, "cut weight" when she was fighting at 63 kilograms. ("That's 138.6 pounds," she adds helpfully. "I know because I needed that .6 every time.") More than once, she says, she found herself a few ounces over before a match and made it down to the maximum only by having a friend hack off hunks of her thick blonde hair as she stood on the official scale. But such extreme measures became unnecessary when she switched to her current division, 70 kilograms (154 pounds), in February 2007. "I'd thought I was just doing worse at dieting," she recalls, "but I'd grown, and I'd put on a lot of muscle. It's funny: I've probably gained almost 20 pounds, but I've never felt better about how I look."

The intense, two-sessions-a-day training schedule that Ronda has stuck to since she turned fourteen has had a profound effect on her appearance and performance. She's able to pin and throw her opponents with an almost superhero-like strength. That muscularity may also be due, in part, to genetics: AnnMaria De Mars, now a statistician, is still, according to her daughter, "built like a tank."

Whatever its origin, the physical and mental quality that Pedro calls "toughness" is very useful. As he says, "Ronda has a lot of Zen qualities. In normal life, she's calm, but she can flick a switch when she wants to, and that's when the fighter comes out."

And he's right. Ask Rousey about her odds of being pronounced the champion in Beijing, and you can almost see the switch turn on. "I think I have a very reasonable chance," she says, her voice low and utterly steady. "I get closer all the time. Honestly—and this is something my mother always said, so maybe you really do turn into your parents—it's not a matter of if. It's a matter of when." —LAUREN WATERMAN



REVEALED

THE GREAT CONFABULATOR

"Clark Rockefeller" wasn't heir to an American fortune. He wasn't even American. But he was, as it turns out, a murderer. So how did he fool everyone around him, including famed novelist Walter Kirn? The truth is hard to imagine...

WRITTEN BY LAUREN WATERMAN

The story of Christian Karl Gerhartsreiter—a German-born immigrant who lived for years as one Clark Rockefeller, purported heir to the Standard Oil fortune, before kidnapping his own young daughter, being exposed as an impostor and then, last August, getting convicted of a 1985 murder—is precisely the sort of tale that prompts people to utter the phrase, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Stranger still, though, is the fact that as Clark, the 53-year-old con artist befriended Walter Kirn, a celebrated journalist and novelist who has now written a book on their odd association. Kirn spoke to *DuJour* about this month's gripping *Blood Will Out* the same way he often spoke to his friend-turned-subject: Over the phone, and, given that it was nighttime, in the dark.

DUJOUR: You met Clark in 1998, when you agreed to drive a very sick Gordon setter that he was adopting from Montana, where you live, to New York. That's a crazy length to go to for a stranger. How did he get you to do it?

WALTER KIRN: He had me at "Rockefeller." I thought that he might give a donation to our local animal shelter, but I was also intrigued, and when I realized during our first conversation that we had a rapport, my vanity was engaged. Also, as a writer I recognized that I was being asked to do something that might make a great story. In that way, I was preparing to take a bit of advantage of our relationship, almost from the very beginning.

DJ: Yet you decided *not* to write about him, at least not right away.

WK: Once I'd delivered the dog and gotten to know him some, I thought, "Walter, you can't exploit a friend, especially a friend who deserves and values his privacy." But when I discovered that he was actually a criminal of the most gruesome sort, I had two reactions. Number one, shock, and number two, *ka-ching!* I'm being sarcastic, but I also mean it. I realized that I finally had permission to put this crazy relationship on the page.

whole time I'd been with him, some reserve of distrust and anxiety and fear that I'd felt in his presence, suddenly leapt to consciousness. I immediately believed him to be guilty. On the night that I finished the book, I had a dream about him, and woke up literally in a sweat; I realized that I'd been in danger in his company, and that I'd known it on some level but repressed that knowledge. I was terrified. It was like looking back on a bridge you've crossed and seeing that it's on the verge of collapse.

DJ: You allude to that danger, particularly when you write about e-mails he sent to your former neighbors around the time you refused his request to stay with you. Do you think he was seriously considering harming you?

WK: He wrote to my neighbors about wanting to translate *Crime and Punishment* in a guesthouse on a ranch, and I thought that if I'd let that happen, I might not be here. He isn't an ordinary murderer; I don't think he did it for ordinary motives. I think he's like Leopold and Loeb, or one of those killers in a Hitchcock movie, who wants to commit the perfect crime and sort of taunt the world with it, dropping all of these clues that people don't know are clues. So yes, when he says he wants to translate a book about murdering

"IT WAS LIKE LOOKING BACK ON A BRIDGE YOU'VE CROSSED AND SEEING THAT IT'S ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE."

—WALTER KIRN

DJ: How do you describe the relationship? You write about visiting him in New York, and then again in New Hampshire, but it seems as though your friendship mostly occurred over the phone...

WK: We weren't hanging out and doing things, and in retrospect, I realize why: He was hiding from the world. He didn't even have a driver's license, and he was probably looking over his shoulder every time he went out in public. But the phone would ring, and it would be him. So, as regular friendships go, it was minor, but as friendships between a normal person and a fugitive from "Murderville" go, it was kind of exceptional.

DJ: The odds against an established writer finding himself in the middle of a true crime story have to be pretty high..

WK: You know how at most coffee shops, if you buy 10 coffees, you get one free? Well, I guess if you write seven or eight books, as I have, you get one free. If ever a book was created by serendipity, coincidence and fate, it was this one.

DJ: The truth about Clark emerged in 2008. How did you feel when you learned that, as Christopher Chichester, he'd long been wanted for questioning in two cold cases? [John and Linda Sohus, the son and daughter-in-law of Clark's former landlady, both disappeared in 1985, but because Linda's body was never recovered, he was charged with only John's death.]

WK: I probably sided with Clark longer than anyone. Kidnapping his daughter seemed, to me, like an extreme but human thing to do. And when the news came that he wasn't a Rockefeller, I thought the family was lying, that they were throwing him under the bus. But when I heard that he was a suspect in this horrible old murder, I said, "Oh my God, there's no bottom to this thing." Something animal in me that had been in the back of my mind almost the

someone at the house of a person who sounds very much like me, I take that seriously.

DJ: He used the Internet—it's how he located the dog that brought him to you—but he must have been alarmed to see it becoming a larger part of everyday life, because it meant he was that much closer to being found out.

WK: I think that, for Clark, the rise of search must have been like the approach of dawn for a vampire. He started blacking out the windows. I did try to Google him a few times before all of this and nothing came up, but he'd kind of forewarned me about that, saying he'd obscured his identity in public because he feared kidnapping.

DJ: Why do you think you were inclined to believe him?

WK: In a way, this book is like the inspection of a magic trick, going back and seeing how it worked. Clark was masterful in his use of props. You know that saying, "Seeing is believing?" Well, the first time I went to his apartment, I saw what looked like hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of abstract paintings, and if they seemed real, then he had to be real too. He also understood the nature of the social contract: Conversation isn't cross-examination. You're allowing someone to be who he says he is so that you can be who you say you are. The underlying agreement, never stated and not even conscious is, Let's both be our perfect selves.

DJ: Has this experience made you a less trusting person?

WK: Absolutely. This experience unraveled me. A lot of memoirs are about trauma; they're about a descent into addiction, or being abused at the hands of an awful man. But this is a memoir about the trauma of discovering that you don't know what to believe



Left: One side of the supposed Mr. Rockefeller, in 2001.

Right: Author Walter Kirn, well-known for writing *Up in the Air*, wasn't immune to the impostor's tricks.

Below: Getting the tabloid treatment with a splashy 2008 *Daily News* story.



Turning up heat on faker

Prosecutors want more serious raps against 'lying' Rockefeller kidnap dad

BY VERONIKA BELENKAYA and CHRISTINA BOYLE

HERE'S ANOTHER NAME for the bogus Rockefeller: Lie! Prosecutors may consider upping the charges against the phony aristocrat to include allegations he lied to police about his identity.

The man who called himself Clark Rockefeller was unmasked Friday as Christian Gerhartshreiter, a German from a small town.

He is sitting in a Boston jail, charged with kidnapping his 7-year-old daughter and stealing a social worker. Now the Suffolk County (Mass.) district attorney's office says it wants to revise the criminal complaint to reflect his real name and detail how he duped cops about his identity.

"We will not rule out additional charges down the road," said Jake Wark, a spokesman for the District Attorney's office.

"We will amend the complaint to reflect his true identity since we have that confirmed."

The additional charge could earn Gerhartshreiter a stiffer prison sentence. And Los Angeles County detectives are still investigating whether he played a role in the 1985 disappearance of Linda Sobus.

Relatives said they had not heard from Gerhartshreiter in years and that he moved to the U.S. 30 years ago to avoid the military draft.



Faker Rockefeller really a German.

brother Alexander Gerhartshreiter said. As new details emerged about the death of his life, his attorney Stephen Hrones said his client suffers severe memory loss and re-about his life before 1992.

"He remembers his and pieces," Hrones said. "He just doesn't remember any of this."

Gerhartshreiter moved to the U.S. in 1979 to take part in a study-abroad program in Connecticut.

and married 22-year-old Amy Janss, but disappeared the next day with his new green card in hand.

He changed his name to Christopher Chichester in the 1980s, but was also known as Christopher Crow, before adopting his latest alias and pretending to be part of the Rockefeller family.

"He was eccentric, but he seemed to have a broad range of knowledge," said a friend who met Gerhartshreiter in New York in the 1990s. "He was very non-clear about where he pluggled in to the family but he did give the impression that he was a Rockefeller."

about other people. There was a period after Clark was unmasked when, for example, if a plumber asked me to leave my key under my doormat so that he could fix my sink while I was out, I would be terrified that he was going to go through my desk, or that he wasn't even really a plumber. I became hyper-vigilant, hyper-aware of my own gullibility, and I'm still not completely healed.

DJ: In your previous memoir, *Lost in the Meritocracy*, you referred to yourself as a fraud. Not the same kind of fraud, of course, but still....

WK: There's something called impostor syndrome, which is a feeling that a lot of normal people have, and it often occurs if you've moved between social classes. You might find yourself at Princeton, as I did, and think, "Can anyone see that I'm just a kid from the Midwest who went to a bad high school?" At various times in my life, I've felt like a bit of a fake myself, and I'm sure that was very readable to Clark. I've come to the conclusion that I suffered on a neurotic level from a problem that he suffered from at a psychopathic level.

DJ: That idea of class fakery is referred to very overtly in this book's title.

WK: Most people think that the title refers to the notion that bloody deeds will be discovered, but what it really means is that your class, your heritage, your makeup will show itself. The truth will

emerge, even if in a kind of surreal and distorted way. The Great Gatsby, finally, could only be a kid from North Dakota. And who else would want to be Clark Rockefeller, freelance central banker, but a shy kid from a backwater town in Bavaria who watched *Gilligan's Island* and thought, "American millionaires, how fabulous!"

DJ: That phrase also seems to imply that a true aristocrat will always be able to spot a pretender, which is kind of chillingly undemocratic.

WK: One of the most interesting things that I learned at Clark's murder trial was that he tried to get into the film industry in his early twenties and that Hollywood, which is supposedly all about fakery, brushed him right off. Wall Street, on the other hand, accepted him wholeheartedly! He walked in off the street and got a job selling bonds at Kidder, Peabody, and then he got a different job at another investment bank based on an introduction from a yacht club. The people who Clark was best at fooling were the people he was pretending to be. Why? Because they're posing too. The entire act of aristocracy in America is a rip-off, based on European upper-class behavior. These people who were pretending to be sober, upright financiers fell for Clark like tenpins, because they were engaged in the same masquerade. It wasn't lost on me that Clark's charade was exposed just as the 2008 financial crisis showed us how much of that system was based on smoke and mirrors. Clark's little house of cards came down at the same time the big one did. This book isn't just about a personal relationship; it's about the way that all of us cede power to impressive facades.

DJ: At least for a little while, until those facades begin to crumble...

WK: Somebody said to me, "Isn't it miraculous that an excavation in the yard of this house where he lived in 1985 yielded the body of his victim 10 years after he murdered him? Doesn't that tell you that you can't get away with anything?" To the contrary, it tells me that in other yards in that impeccable Los Angeles suburb, there are other bodies, still buried, that we may never know about. ●



Christian Karl Gerhartshreiter

WALTER KIRN
BLOOD WILL OUT
THE TRUE STORY OF A MURDER, A MYSTERY and A MASQUERADE

the LOOK

MAN OF STYLE

TONY GOLDWYN

No, he doesn't get to fly on Air Force One, but there are perks to playing the president on TV, as the *SCANDAL* star has learned. Among them: adoring women chasing him down in airports, a steady supply of designer power suits, and fans in some (ahem) very high places

BY LAUREN WATERMAN PHOTOGRAPHED BY PHIL POYNTER
STYLING BY GRANT WOOLHEAD

Dries Van Noten coat. Missoni cardigan. Levi's T-shirt. Maison Martin Margiela pants. Hat, vintage. Watch, photographer's own. Ring, his own.

T

ony Goldwyn has spent the better part of his three-decade career playing the bad guy. His first high-profile role, the murderous yuppie in 1990's *Ghost*, is a typical example of the actor's

oeuvre. So he's understandably amused by his recent mid-career upgrade to romantic lead, courtesy of ABC's much-loved political drama *Scandal*, now back for Season 3. "I've had women chase me in airports," he says, laughing. "It's not like the Beatles. They're not screaming. A lot of times they'll just say, 'Hi, Mr. President!'" Clearly, his frequently smoldering portrayal of Fitzgerald Grant III—the devilishly handsome, if conflicted, commander in chief who's engaged in an on-again/off-again affair with his former communications director, Olivia Pope (played by Kerry Washington)—has won him plenty of new fans.

I've got a friend who works in the Department of Justice, and she says that your show is very popular over there. We actually have a lot of fans in Washington. It's fun to see all these really smart and interesting people who are obsessed with *Scandal*. Valerie Jarrett, one of the president's senior advisers, has told me that she loves it, and so did the head of the National Economic Council. I'm like, "But you guys do this for real!"

It's an addictive show—I was surprised to read that your wife doesn't watch it. Is that because she can't stand your love scenes? No, though I once made a joke about that, and it ended up everywhere. My wife is very supportive. If I direct a movie, she'll watch that, and she did see the *Scandal* pilot. But she just doesn't watch a lot of television. My daughters, who are college-age, love it, though.

You've been married a long time ... Twenty-six years. We've been together since we met at the Williamstown Theatre Festival, which was my very first acting job, when I was 21.

That's really impressive. Especially, it seems, for Hollywood. It's true. People look at me like I'm a freak. They're like, "What's wrong? Are you OK?"

You grew up in L.A. Did you always know that you wanted to be in show business? As soon as I tried acting in high school, I liked it. But I never had a desire to be a director; the pressure of the job seemed overwhelming. In my early 30s I decided I wanted to have a bit more involvement in the filmmaking process, so I began producing the

TONY TRIVIA

Three things you might not know about the versatile Mr. Goldwyn

HE'S HOLLYWOOD ROYALTY

His grandfather is legendary film producer Samuel Goldwyn, who was responsible for such classics as *Wuthering Heights* (1939) and *The Best Years of Our Lives* (1946).

HE HAD A KILLER MOVIE DÉBUT

In his role as doomed camper Darren, in 1986's *Friday the 13th, Part VI: Jason Lives*, the actor came to a grisly end (impaled by a spike ... ewww!).

HE'S DIRECTED SOME OF YOUR FAVE TV SHOWS

Grey's Anatomy, *Dexter*, and *Justified*, just to name a few.



Acne Studios coat with removable collar. John Varvatos T-shirt.



script that would ultimately become my first movie as a director [1999's *A Walk on the Moon*]. When the original director dropped out, I realized that I couldn't give it to anyone else. As soon as I started, I fell in love with it. Of course, now that *Scandal* is such a success, it will be a while before you can helm another feature. Did you have any doubts about doing the show? I did want to make sure

PLAYING POLITICS

Scandal isn't Goldwyn's first time in office: The actor reminisces about his life as a (faux) civil servant.



THE PELICAN BRIEF

"I was Fletcher Coal, the president's chief of staff and the villain of the movie. Ultimately, Julia Roberts, a law student, and Denzel Washington, a reporter, hoist me by my own petard."



THE GOOD WIFE

"I played a corrupt judge who took kickbacks from a reform school in exchange for wrongfully convicting teenagers and sending them away. I think this character was based on a real person."



SCANDAL

"There were times in Season 1 when I did things as President Grant that were so seemingly irredeemable. I was sure I was going to be impeached!" says Goldwyn, here with co-star Kerry Washington.

that Fitz's thing with Olivia wasn't a dalliance. Once I understood that it was a real love affair, it was an easy yes.

As the leader of the free world you tend to wear a lot of suits. And whenever you go to a premiere or an industry party or stop by the set of a talk show, you tend to wear a lot of ... Suits. I know. I have a few from Zegna that I like, and a couple of nice ones from John Varvatos. But I recently realized that I need to start paying a little more attention to what I wear because of *Scandal*. If you're only going to an event once a month, you don't need much, but when you're doing press all the time, and your face is all over the place, you become much more aware of what you've got on. Our show's brilliant costume designer, Lyn Paolo, has started helping me. She really gets my taste in clothes.

How do you dress when you're not on the clock? I'm pretty casual. I love Earnest Sewn jeans—they fit me right, and they're not overly fashion-forward, which at my advanced age [53] can end up looking a little silly. They also make great T-shirts, as does Calvin Klein. I'm not really a clotheshorse, but I like it when things are well-made. I do like a Paul Smith button-down or a sports jacket.

OK, one last *Scandal* question: A lot of fans were bummed when Olivia kicked Fitz to the curb at the end of last season, but there's a sizeable faction who think he's not good enough for her. Do you ever hear from *them*? Once in a while someone will tell me, "She needs a break from you because you need to get your s— together!" Which is fair, but she has her issues too. I've offered to give up the presidency for her, and she isn't having it. ■

your LOOK

GET WHITE RIGHT!

Clean and cool, it's the (non)color of the moment. Find out how to use texture, tone, and the ideal shape to make it work for you

BY LAUREN WATERMAN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JUSTIN HOLLAR

WHITE
IDEA
No.

1 THE STATEMENT SUIT

A classic pantsuit is anything but conservative in brilliant white. Bracelet-length sleeves and a shawl collar make this one feel modern, while the linen-cotton fabric transitions from day to night.

Linen-cotton jacket (\$515) and pants (\$340), Sandro; sandro-paris.com. Cotton shirt, Façonnable, \$145; us.faconnable-store.com. Crystal and brass bracelet, Stella & Bow, \$64; stellaandbow.com. On ring fingers, from left: Enamel and antiqued silver rings (\$620 and \$660), Bottega Veneta; bottegaveneta.com. On index finger: Sterling silver ring, Dana Faith, \$110; danafaith.com.

WHITE ALBUM

A look back at some of the best white-centric outfits of the past 60 years



1955 MARILYN MONROE
This iconic dress from *The Seven Year Itch* sold for an astonishing \$4.6 million in 2011.



1962 C.Z. GUEST A perennial on best-dressed lists throughout the latter half of the 20th century, the socialite was known for her effortless American style.



1960s THE SUPREMES Florence Ballard, Diana Ross, and Mary Wilson made up one of the first girl groups to embrace grown-up glamour. These embellished, floor-sweeping gowns are the perfect example of their superlative style.



1974 BIANCA JAGGER The former Mrs. Mick Jagger had an affinity for white suiting—she even wore a jacket to her wedding, over a simple (and low-cut) white dress.



1992 SHARON STONE In *Basic Instinct*, the actress smashed any lingering associations between white and innocence.



2012 GWYNETH PALTROW This sharp-shouldered Tom Ford ensemble, which the actress wore to the Oscars, demonstrates that formal white needn't be remotely bridal.



SEASON'S MUST

LEATHER SHELL

OK, so leather isn't exactly the quintessential warm-weather fabric. But this *super-thin*, chiffon-backed shell is as comfortable as cotton and, thanks to the unusual material, far more of a statement piece. Because the cut is a little boxy, it looks best with a streamlined bottom—try it with skinny jeans or a slim skirt.

Lambskin and silk, Vince, \$495; at Neiman Marcus.

little WHITE lie

WHITE SHOES ARE TACKY

Not so, says stylist Kate Young: In fact, "the right white shoes can look even cooler than black ones." Steer clear of anything even vaguely orthopedic-looking. Opt for strappy sandals and sleek heels. Nail artist Jin Soon Choi says that pale pink or nude pedicures are especially befitting this season's fashionable white footwear. (White polish, she says, is another flattering option.)

From left: Leather, Tibi, \$435; tibi.com. Leather, Truth or Dare by Madonna, \$120; macys.com. Patent leather, Manolo Blahnik, \$695; at Saks Fifth Avenue. Snakeskin, Sam Edelman, \$130; 212-226-7800.



Dolce & Gabbana Intense nail lacquer in Petal, \$24; saks.com.

Jin Soon nail polish in Nostalgia, \$18; spacenk.com.

MAC nail lacquer in Coffee Break, \$16; maccosmetics.com.

WHITE
IDEA
NO.

THE LITTLE WHITE DRESS

If white is the new black, then no wardrobe is complete without an LWD. This one, a sleeveless sheath, is remarkably versatile—an almost literal blank canvas upon which to build your look.

Viscose trenchcoat (\$129) and cotton-polyester dress (\$80), Zara; zara.com. On right hand: Gold-plated bracelets (\$465, with howlite, and \$275), Vita Fede; vitafede.com. Wood ring, Bluma Project, \$18; blumaproject.com. On left hand: Brass and wood bracelet, Manic Trout, \$60; manictrout.com. Patent leather and metal clutch, Vince Camuto, \$158; vincecamuto.com. Patent leather and vinyl flats with metal toe caps, Andrew Kayla, \$295; 203-227-8800.

WHITE
IDEA
No.

3

PLAY WITH TEXTURE

Add interest to all white by choosing separates with different textures. In this case, a scattered eyelet top brings a fun vibe to a pleated cotton mini.

Embroidered cotton-polyester top, 3.1 Phillip Lim, \$525; 212-334-1160. Nylon-cotton skirt, Nanette Lepore, \$278; nanettelepore.com. Zyl sunglasses, Chloé, \$296; saks.com. Gold-plated bracelet (center), Robert Lee Morris, \$250; 212-431-9405. Leather and brushed-brass bracelets, Salvatore Ferragamo, \$470 each; at Salvatore Ferragamo. Calfskin handbag, Jimmy Choo, \$895; at Jimmy Choo.

little WHITE lie

WHITE MAKES YOU LOOK FAT

Light colors "do attract attention," acknowledges stylist Leslie Fremar, who works with Julianne Moore and Charlize Theron. But you can use white to balance your shape by wearing it on the parts of your body you'd most like to emphasize and opting for slightly darker hues (cream, for example) everywhere else.



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WHITE
IDEA
No.

4

ACCESSORIZE ACCORDINGLY

Prevent a mostly white outfit from looking too sterile by embellishing it with an assortment of elegant extras. Here, the classic jeans-and-T combo is elevated by bold bangles and a barely beige bag and sweater.

Silk crêpe de chine top, Ports 1961, \$450; 917-475-1022. Wool sweater, Tory Burch, \$195; toryburch.com. Denim jeans, 7 for All Mankind, \$168; 7forallmankind.com. Brass earrings (\$350), cuff (\$465), and ring (\$185), Jennifer Fisher; jenniferfisherjewelry.com. Gold-toned watch, Timex, \$70; timex.com. Waxed linen and gold-plated bracelet (center), Ettika, \$70; ettika.com. Leather and nylon belt, Meredith Wendell, \$295; shop.meredithwendell.com. Embossed leather bag, Max Mara, \$1,190; 212-879-6100. Faux-leather sandals with metal hardware, Chinese Laundry, \$60; chineselaundry.com.

SEASON'S MUST

THE WHITE BAG

A snowy purse is the sartorial equivalent of an exclamation mark. Unlike a dark version, which blends, white draws the eye and punches up your look.



Leather, Fratelli Rossetti, \$920; 212-888-5107.

Leather, Rebecca Minkoff, \$325; 212-677-7829.

Leather, Michael Kors, \$228; at select Michael Kors lifestyle stores.

Embossed leather, Alexander Wang, \$925; alexanderwang.com.

little WHITE lie

YOU CAN'T WEAR WHITE AFTER LABOR DAY

This idea is entirely outmoded, according to designer Nanette Lepore, if for no other reason than climate change. But take care to "winterize" the hue by selecting heavier fabrics such as wool when temps plummet. "Just make sure it looks good with gray or black tights," Lepore says.

SEASON'S MUST

WHITE SHADES

White-framed sunglasses have been big since the 1950s, when Grace Kelly popularized the cat's-eye. To balance graphic shades, pair with a bright lipstick, suggests makeup artist Troy Surratt. "Colors that are juicy and impactful, such as hot pink or bold violet, look beautiful juxtaposed with white."

Polycarbonate, La Fiorentina, \$20; designersfashiontrends.com.



Zyl, Lacoste, \$166; shop.lacoste.com.



Plastic, Foster Grant, \$15; 800-426-6396.



Acetate, Guess Eyewear, \$78; framesdirect.com.



Acetate, Avocê, \$99; avoce.me.

how to keep whites WHITE

DIVIDE WHITES AND COLORS You already do this in the laundry room. But did you know that you should keep whites separate in your closet too? "Colors can transfer even when clothes are dry," says Rick Wood of Chicago's Davis Imperial Cleaners. Store pale shoes in cloth bags; hang white clothes away from darker pieces.

ACT FAST Jolie Kerr, author of Gawker Media's Squalor column, stops water-based liquids, such as red wine, from absorbing into silk by laying the garment flat, applying a liberal dusting of salt (substitute baby powder if the stain is grease-based), and letting it sit for a few hours. Dry cleaning can also help delicate fabrics rebound.

USE SOME ELBOW GREASE Pasquale Fabrizio of L.A.'s Pasquale Shoe Repair says that many shoe stains can be removed with a capful of Woolite mixed into a cup of water. Dab the solution onto leather with a clean cloth (on suede, use a nail brush), and buff gently. For patent leather, try a spritz of Pledge.

DON'T BLEACH—SERIOUSLY According to Kerr, bleach can actually cause yellowing. Instead, she recommends adding an enzymatic laundry booster (such as Oxiclean) to your detergent and washing frequently to keep denim and cotton sparkling.



WHITE
IDEA
No.

MONOCHROMATIC, NOT MONOTONOUS

Lend depth to a pale ensemble by combining a few different shades. One rule: Optic white—a true, blinding white—goes with anything, but other off-white hues should all have similar undertones.

Cotton-nylon shirt, Ann Taylor, \$58; anntaylor.com. Cotton-elastane skirt, Boss, \$335; at Hugo Boss. Resin necklace, Pono by Joan Goodman, \$285; 202-363-9299. Bronze-plated bracelets, Patricia Peckinpugh, \$450 each; 832-335-8225. Gold-toned watch, Seiko, \$195; fredmeyerjewelers.com. Cubic zirconia and horn ring, Kevia, \$50; shop.kevia.biz. Leather clutch, Topshop Unique, \$600; topshop.com.



Ben Affleck

He made us proud with *Good Will Hunting*, and embarrassed us with pretty much everything he's done since. Now, with his directorial debut, the Boston-set *Gone Baby Gone*, catching plenty of early buzz, it's time to admit—maybe we've been too hard on the guy.

by Lauren Waterman
illustration by DANIEL ADEL

is a genius.

For years, I've been telling people about **The Time I Saw Ben Affleck.**

I was at the gym, trudging listlessly along on an elliptical trainer, when out of the corner of my eye I observed a tall, dark-haired man in an orange T-shirt mounting the machine next to mine. My dominant emotion, at that moment, was mild annoyance: The club's cardio area was almost entirely empty, and I've always believed that unacquainted exercisers should afford each other at least a little personal space, a buffer of, say, one unoccupied treadmill between them, if at all possible, for the sake of politeness.

But I didn't think too much more about it until my roommate B. appeared approximately five minutes later, fresh from an oddly abbreviated circuit-training session, and proceeded to lean all over my console, asking an endless series of inane questions and casting lots of intense glances at the adjacent machine. Even then, I didn't turn my head; I just figured that the guy next to me was exercising in a manner that my roommate for whatever reason found riveting.

It was only later, after we'd left the gym and returned to our apartment, that I learned of my brush with greatness.

"We just saw Ben Affleck," B. informed our next-door neighbor.

"We did?" I asked, incredulous. "Where?"

"At the gym," he said, speaking slowly. "You were *right* next to him. You seriously didn't notice?"

No, I hadn't. I'd spent, it seems, the better part of an hour in very close proximity to one of Boston's biggest celebrities—a man who was, back then in 1999, still thought of as something of a golden boy—and I didn't even see him at all.

And that brings me, in a roundabout way, to my point: I'm not sure anyone ever really *sees* Ben Affleck. Not then, and not now. Sure, he's been in our faces for what feels like forever—at the movies, in the tabloids, stumping for politicians, partying with strippers, in rehab, out of rehab, rooting for his darling Red Sox—but he's simply *too* famous. In short order, he blew right past celebrity and became a caricature—of some oafy frat boy, at once endearing and entirely pitiable. And the real actor inside (to say nothing of the person) was rendered all but invisible.

SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT IN ORDER FOR AN ACTOR TO BE CONSIDERED truly great, he should be able to disappear into his characters à la Marlon Brando. (Or, if you prefer a more contemporary example, Edward Norton, who was positively chameleon-like in *Primal Fear*. And *Fight Club*. And *American History X*.) But that sort of metamorphosis has never really been an option

for Ben Affleck. Instead, the Cambridge-bred 35-year-old's best performances—and, yes, there have been some rather good ones—have tended to melt away into his own outsize persona.

This is a function, no doubt, of the fashion in which Affleck became famous. He's been acting professionally for almost a quarter of a century, having gotten his start back in 1984 on a corny, classroom-friendly educational series called *The Voyage of the Mimi*, and spending his late teens and early twenties working fairly steadily in Hollywood—which is certainly more than 99.99 percent of aspiring thespians can say for themselves—even if he did tend to get typecast as a jock (1992's *School Ties*), a bully (1993's *Dazed and Confused*), or a jerk (1995's *Malrats* as well as, come to think of it, *School Ties* and *Dazed and Confused*). But it wasn't until he and best friend and fellow Cambridge kid Matt Damon wrote a script—and sold it not once, but twice, and ultimately for a cool \$600,000—that he became Ben Affleck, Major Movie Star.

Ben there, done that

Nine entries in the Affleck oeuvre you've probably missed. Even if you're one of those die-hards who saw *Surviving Christmas*.

Buffy the Vampire Slayer (1992)

Appearing in just one scene as "Basketball Player #10," Affleck played a benchwarmer to teen heartthrobs Luke Perry and Kristy Swanson. It could've been worse—Seth Green's screen time was cut altogether.

Glory Daze (1996)

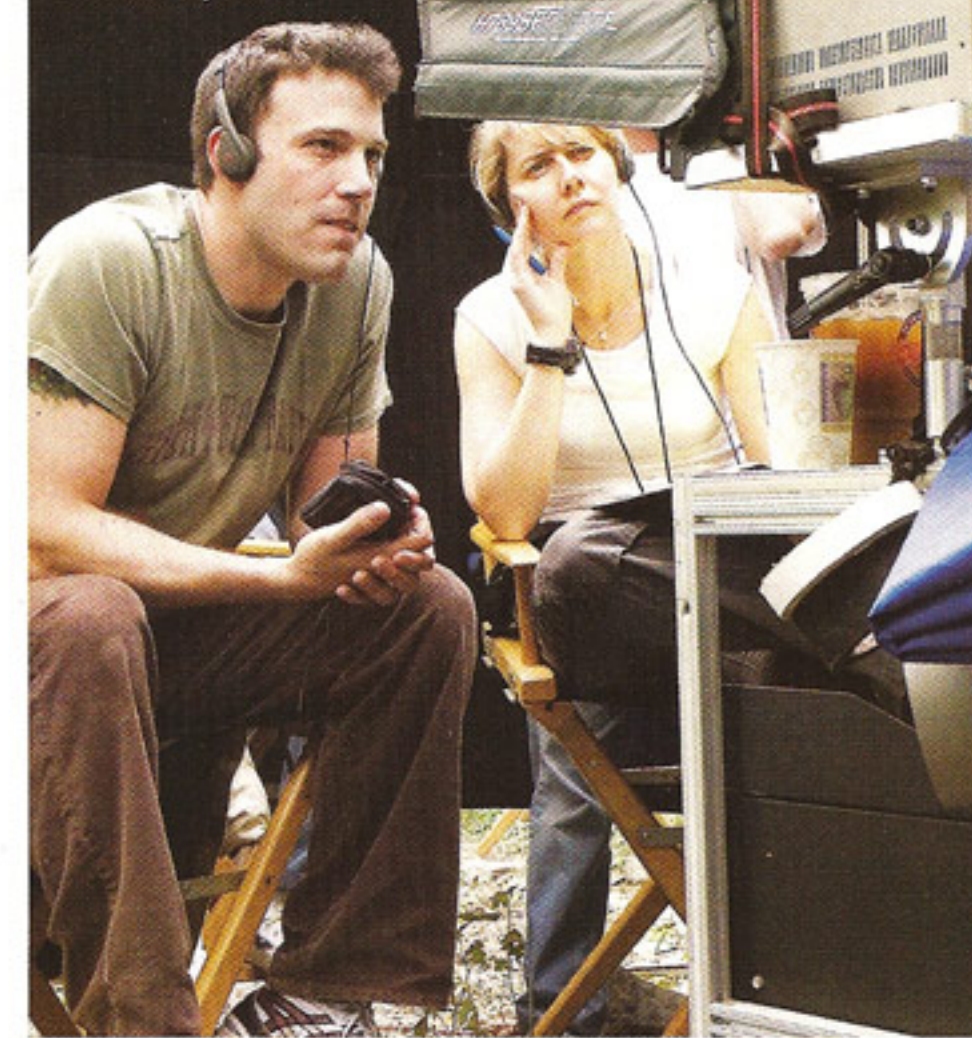
This limited release about a college grad struggling with his future was forgettable, save for the movie poster, on which Affleck sports quite possibly the funniest Fu Manchu in film history. (Seriously: Google it.)

Of course, it was Damon who got the flashy title role (it's never been totally clear whether the two pals possessed a keen sense of their own respective strengths and limitations, or if Affleck simply lost a coin toss), but the legend we've all come to know was plenty big enough for the both of them: Living together in a crappy Los Angeles apartment, the boys were frustrated by the way the industry perceived them—Affleck has recalled being repeatedly told that, at 6 foot 3, he was just "too tall" to be a leading man—so they resolved to make for themselves the movie that they wanted to be in. They banged out draft after draft after draft, slowly taking their script from silly-sounding, high-stakes caper to serious coming-of-age drama, eventually producing a project good enough to attract the interest of both Robin Williams and the genius art-house director Gus Van Sant. They'd gambled, basically, and they won, *big*: fame, money, opportunities, and a pair of matching gold statuettes to commemorate the fact that, at 25 and 27, these two college dropouts had somehow managed to write the best original screenplay of the year. Their coming-up was, in short, flat-out irresistible—local kids made good writ large across a 50-foot screen. That they'd had the sense to set their film in Boston, making liberal use of beloved locations like the Public Garden, only helped.

But over the past few years, things for Affleck have, well, fallen off a bit. And now, exactly a decade after he first made his name with *Good Will Hunting*, he is once again a struggling artist, albeit a hugely wealthy one, in the position of having to hunt—both in his hometown and in Hollywood—for a little goodwill. This month, he releases his directorial debut: a Dorchester-set drama called *Gone Baby Gone* adapted—

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IN THE HOT SEAT
Affleck on the Boston set
of *Gone Baby Gone*.



Office Killer (1997)

His no-doubt-stirring performance as "Man in Office" was left on the cutting-room floor, but Affleck got the last laugh—the film grossed just \$37,400, about \$225 million less than *Good Will Hunting*, which would debut a month later.

Phantoms (1998)

Said film critic Roger Ebert of Affleck's portrayal of a small-town sheriff confronting a centuries-old evil entity in this adaptation of the Dean Koontz horror novel: He wears "an absurd cowboy hat." And that was it.

200 Cigarettes (1999)

One reviewer wrote of this indie pic, "The man everyone seems to want is a goofy bartender [Affleck], who seems sort of desirable, at least until he opens his mouth." Incidentally, Affleck no longer smokes.

Joseph: King of Dreams (2000)

In the midst of his playboy days—and just a year before entering rehab—Affleck lends his voice as Joseph for this straight-to-video animated Bible adventure.

Daddy and Them (2001)

Director Billy Bob Thornton's character reconnects with family after his redneck uncle, played by Jim "Hey Vern!" Varney, is incarcerated for murder. Luckily for Affleck, in the role of a combustible lawyer, the film never earned wide release.

The Third Wheel (2002)

Affleck's obnoxious character spends the film wagering on whether officemates Luke Wilson (shy) and Denise Richards (hot but nice) will hook up on their first date. Beyond the trite plot, it's probably the only film in recent memory that has tried to wring laughs out of a homeless man getting run over by a car.

Man About Town (2006)

Joining an impressive ensemble cast that includes Rebecca Romijn, John Cleese, Adam Goldberg, and Gina Gershon, Affleck plays a high-powered Hollywood agent who becomes a laughing-stock when his wife cheats and a reporter steals his diary. And speaking of laughingstocks, this one went straight to DVD, too. —Jason Schwartz

Affleck Is a Genius

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by Affleck and yet another old Cambridge friend, Aaron Stockard (whose only previous film credits, according to the Internet Movie Database, are good ol' *Good Will Hunting*, on which he served as a Boston-based production assistant, and *The Talented Mr. Ripley*, on which he assisted "Mr. Damon")—from the 1998 novel of the same name by *Mystic River* author Dennis Lehane.

If nothing else, the film should finally silence all those naysayers who label Affleck "the dumb one" in the Matt-Ben duo. Because say what you will about his decision-making skills, which have perhaps demonstrated themselves to be slightly lacking in the past, especially when it comes to choosing big-budget projects and big-name paramours: The man is *not* a dunderhead. Every move he's made—okay, with a few exceptions—has made sense in its own way. In fact, if you look at it right, it could be argued that Ben Affleck is kind of a genius.

BEFORE I COULD BEGIN TO MAKE SAID argument, I knew that it would be necessary to watch the two films that—fairly or not—constitute, in many minds, the actor's professional nadir. So I steeled myself for the steely judgment of my local independent video-store clerk and headed out to collect 2003's *Gigli* and 2004's *Jersey Girl*, the "romantic" "comedies" (scare-quotes completely intentional) that set Affleck on his current path. My only hope was that I'd make it out of there without comment.

No such luck.

"Big Ben Affleck fan, huh?" the clerk asked, raising his eyebrows as he went off to fetch my selections from the back of the store.

"Um, sort of," I said. Then, unable to let it lie: "It's for work."

"Ahhhh," he replied, grinning in a way that I read as indication of his happiness at understanding why such a clearly cool customer as me would be renting such totally uncool flicks. More likely, I realized later, he simply didn't believe me. After all, even *his* job doesn't require him to watch *Gigli*. "Because I was going to say, these probably aren't his best."

"Really?"

"Yeah. There's definitely better Ben Affleck movies."

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"Like what?" I asked, suddenly wondering if I was in the company of an actual Affleck aficionado. "Which ones are *your* favorites?"

Whoa. Too far. He took a step back, as though I'd pulled out a gun. "I don't exactly have a *favorite*," he said carefully. "But I think Ben's better in small doses. Like, he's pretty good in some of Kevin Smith's movies."

It's true: Affleck has been in every single movie that Smith has ever directed (with the exception of *Clerks*, the independent auteur's ultra-low-budget, nobody-packed 1994 debut), and his good-humored presence in these ensemble films is enduring proof that the actor has never taken himself too seriously, even at the height of his success. What *this* clerk didn't seem to know is that *Jersey Girl*, despite the incongruous—and mercifully brief—presence of Jennifer Lopez, is a Kevin Smith film as well. And as I found out a few hours after exiting the video store, Affleck is pretty decent in that one, too.

Gigli, though, is truly atrocious, every bit as bad as you've heard. The plot, as you probably don't recall, revolves around a couple of at-odds hired killers played by Lopez and Affleck, forced to work together to kidnap a federal prosecutor's brain-damaged twentysomething brother. The film's only dramatic tension arrives 90-plus minutes in, when the two kooky criminals realize that they're too soft-hearted to harm the boy, who is, by the way, a devoted *Baywatch* fan. (Now that's what you call character development.) Oh, and Lopez's hit woman is supposedly a lesbian, but given that her stated sexual orientation barely interferes with her ultimately getting it on with her hunky partner, *that* plot point serves only to remind the watcher of *Gigli*'s utter inferiority to Affleck's similarly themed 1997 film, *Chasing Amy*.

Still, it wasn't *Gigli* that almost killed Ben Affleck's career—it was the absurdly high-profile real-life romance that accompanied it. (That and the marketing purpose to which that romance was so clumsily put. "Part of the fun of watching *Gigli*," as insanely optimistic Revolution Studios boss Joe Roth told *Vanity Fair* at the time, "is deciding where and when they started falling in love." Um, sure.) Affleck didn't seem to understand the problem. After all, he'd begun dat-

ing an equally famous actress, Gwyneth Paltrow, shortly after *Good Will Hunting* premiered, and nobody seemed to mind. In fact, their first appearance together on screen, in 1998's *Shakespeare in Love*, had resulted in an Oscar for her, and for him a nomination for an American Comedy Award for funniest supporting actor.

But then, Ben and Gwyn were never seen cruising around L.A. in a Bentley. They never announced their engagement in an embarrassingly cloying *Primetime Live* interview with Diane Sawyer (and then promptly called off the wedding). And they certainly never starred in a music video that featured a bunch of fake paparazzi photographing him as he patted her famous bum.

Of course, even before *l'affaire* Ben-nifer, the public had begun to lose its

If you consider the context of his career choices, it's clear Ben had no way of knowing how badly things were going to go.

patience with the actor, who'd long since ceded the underdog persona that had proved so appealing in favor of starring in a string of dodgy hits and bad would-be blockbusters: There was *Armageddon*, his relatively understated play for action-star status, and *Forces of Nature*, a perfectly fine romantic comedy with Sandra Bullock, which were succeeded in 2000 by the mediocre heist flick *Reindeer Games* and the mediocre relationship drama *Bounce*. These were followed in 2001 by the abysmal *Pearl Harbor* (in which Affleck was upstaged, depending on which critic you listened to, by either costar Josh Hartnett's better looks or Kate Beckinsale's impossibly white teeth) and *Daddy and Them*, which was so bad it went straight to video; and in 2002, the abortive Jack Ryan reboot *The Sum of All Fears*.

"I kinda see my current position like this: Here's your five minutes in the toy store, so you gotta do all the good movies you can before Chuck Woolery rings the bell," Affleck said in the middle of that run, by way of explaining his career strategy. It would have been an unsailable plan, if only he had managed to ensure that all the movies he made were, indeed, good.

Affleck's vocational choices may have made him the butt of more than a few jokes—he even made some himself in a self-mocking appearance in Smith's *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*, opposite old pal Damon, who after going a very different route was recently named by *Forbes* as Hollywood's most bankable box-office star. But if you really consider the context, it's clear that Affleck had no way of knowing how badly things were going to go.

It's hard for any actor to accurately predict the quality of the finished product based on a screenplay, and given Affleck's experience, having seen his *own* script go from bubkes to brilliant in just a few rewrites, it had to be even more difficult for him. Most of his much lampooned projects were directed by either well-regarded Hollywood veterans or critically acclaimed up-and-comers: *Reindeer Games* was helmed by the legendary John Frankenheimer (*The Manchurian Candidate*), *Bounce* by Don Roos (*The Opposite of Sex*), and *Daddy and Them* was fellow actor-turned-screenwriter Billy Bob Thornton's attempt at living up to *his* career-changing masterpiece, *Sling Blade*. And even in the midst of all these big-name, big-budget busts, Affleck was still turning in solid, self-aware performances in a bunch of smaller, smarter, better films, like *Dogma* and *Boiler Room*. Given that he all but disappeared from the big screen after 2003's *Daredevil* (his well-intentioned and, dare I say it, well-acted attempt at launching his own superhero franchise) and that same year's not-bad sci-fi action flick *Paycheck*, it seems likely Affleck realized a break was in order. And that decision to step back, more than anything he'd done in the previous years, was a clear indicator of the savvy we assumed he'd either lost, or never had. When the moment called for it, he knew exactly when to exit the stage.

AND SO AFFLECK BEGAN HIS CAREER rehabilitation by rehabilitating his personal life, which was, of course, the root of the problem. He and J.Lo split, and a little less than a year later he fell for Jennifer Garner, a former costar whose lack of tabloid draw makes her the next best thing to marrying a "civilian." They

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had a baby, the adorable Violet, and, supported by a seemingly happy home life, he began to plot his return to form. First up was *Hollywoodland*, last year's little-seen but critically acclaimed drama, for which Affleck received his best reviews ever and was nominated for a Golden Globe for supporting actor. As George Reeves, the star of the 1950s-era serial *Adventures of Superman*, he delivers a performance that is heartfelt, nimble, charming, and more than a little gut-wrenching: Watching him, you can't help but wonder how completely he identified with his character, a well-known but not particularly well-regarded actor who felt hemmed in by his own fame.

Which brings us up to Affleck's current gambit: Turns out that, like many a star before him, what he really wanted to do was direct. He's spent much of the past two years hard at work on *Gone Baby Gone*, his eagerly anticipated drama about a private detective (played by Casey Affleck) in search of a missing four-year-old girl, set to premiere on October 19. It's important to note that Affleck, who does not appear in the film, didn't cast his baby brother as a stand-in for himself, Woody Allen-style. Instead, Casey, far slither than the former Sexiest Man Alive, inhabits the character of Patrick Kenzie in a way that makes it impossible to imagine Ben in the same role: In one scene, the P.I. responds to a bulked-up bartender's not-particularly-friendly introduction—"Hi, I'm Big Dave"—with a quick "I'm Medium Patrick." (Casey's still-youthful appearance is also adroitly and explicitly addressed. A policeman played by Ed Harris, annoyed by Kenzie's questions, tells him that if he has nothing specific to contribute to the case, he should "go back to [his] Harry Potter book.") While it may seem on the surface like simple nepotism, the decision to cast Casey at all was a pretty canny one. Far less famous than his big brother, and therefore far less weighed down by audience prejudice and expectation, the actor excels in the film's central role. (And he's not the only heretofore-underestimated locally grown talent to appear—and shine—in *Gone Baby Gone*: Rapper Slaine plays a vigilante drug dealer, and John Ashton, best known for his work in 1980s comedies

like *Beverly Hills Cop* and *Midnight Run*, could launch a little comeback of his own based on his potent portrayal of a seasoned Boston cop.)

Despite a tricky plot—and a story that completely switches direction approximately 60 minutes in, only to shift again before the film ends—the pacing never lags, and Affleck's adeptness as a director reflects skills he acquired in his years on the other side of the camera. On the whole, Affleck's directorial debut has more in common with *Good Will Hunting* than his more maligned recent work. It's a deeply moving drama

If *Gone Baby Gone* launches a new career phase for Affleck, he seems determined not to let it be sullied by repeats of past mistakes.

that deals with the dark consequences of the noblest human emotions, and, if not quite a straight-up masterpiece, it's a truly great flick, a twisty mystery that depicts Boston in an even-handed—if not always flattering—light.

If *Gone Baby Gone* launches a new career phase for Affleck, and it should (an early review in *Variety* called his directorial effort "conversation-starting" and "thoughtfully lensed"), he seems determined to not let it be sullied by repeating the mistakes of his past. In August, he told *Entertainment Weekly* that he "probably won't be in giant studio movies" from here on out. "I'm not that into them," he added, perhaps unconsciously mirroring the title of his next project, the big-screen adaptation of 2004's self-help bestseller *He's Just Not That Into You*. It's an ensemble cast, reported to include Jennifer Aniston, Drew Barrymore, Jennifer Connelly, and Scarlett Johansson, so it seems safe to assume that this will be a smaller part for the star. Which is good. Because as much as Affleck already deserves more respect than he gets, it might not be a bad idea for him to play it cool just a little bit longer. As any remaining haters will be the first to point out, *Gone Baby Gone*, Ben Affleck's best movie in years—the one that could well give his hometown cause to reconsider how it sees him—is a movie that Ben Affleck isn't even in. **B**

MAN OF STYLE LIAM NEESON

At 60, Liam Neeson has precious little left to prove. He has been nominated for nearly every major acting award and is as big a draw at the box office as ever—thanks in no small part to his emergence as a bona fide butt-kicking action star in 2009's *Taken*. His new status is as much a surprise to him as to anyone. ("I thought the movie was going to go straight to video," he says.) This month Neeson stars in ***Taken 2***, reprising his role as a retired CIA operative turned paranoid father. "It's in a similar vein," he promises. "Thrills and spills."

In the first *Taken*, your teenage daughter [played by Maggie Grace] gets kidnapped by sex traffickers shortly after landing in Paris. What terrible thing is going to happen to her in the sequel? This time she's such a pain that I give her away. "Please take her, she's too much!" No, actually, in the sequel, I'm working personal security for sheikhs and invite my ex-wife [played by Famke Janssen] and daughter to join me for a little sabbatical in Istanbul. But the relatives of the Albanians I dispensed with in the original film have plotted revenge.

So how do you prepare for a part like this? I read that you took long ice-cold showers before heading up to British Columbia to be stalked by wolves in *The Grey*. I did. But really, I just go to the gym a bit more,

increase the fitness. Even when you're making a movie without a lot of activity, you have to be physically competent. You have to be ready at a certain hour, you've got to know your lines. You're shooting six days a week for eight or 10 weeks. I take that very seriously. I find it almost unforgivable when an actor keeps a crew waiting. You're paid a lot of money—get your butt on set.

But, as tough as that is, actual stunt work has got to be even tougher. Did you ever imagine that your career would take this turn, at this point—When I'm 60? You can say it.

It's just not the usual thing. Was it all part of some master plan? I love doing all that physical stuff: fights, training. It appeals to the 15-year-old boy inside of me. But I was very, very surprised when *Taken* was so

successful and Hollywood started throwing all these thriller scripts at me. I'm not sure how long I can do this, but it's nice while it lasts.

Let's talk about style a bit. Style. It's my middle name.

So it's something you think about?

In a simple way. Nineteen years ago, when I was promoting *Schindler's List*, Giorgio Armani approached me and said he'd love to dress me, and he's been doing it ever since. Anytime I go out, and I know there are going to be cameras, I wear Armani.

What do you like about Mr. Armani's clothes? He's an artist. Whether you're a small tubby guy or a big, tall string-bean guy, he can make you look good. And I love his materials: He mixes cotton with rayon and a dash of silk. Every day I go into the wardrobe and I just touch them.

I've heard that you're also a big fan of the London tailors Anderson & Sheppard. Yes. My wife [the late actress Natasha Richardson] bought me a suit there once, and I got a few more made—tweed, corduroy. You go in and get measured, and they put your name on the inside. It's very classic English. The more you wear it, the better it looks.



WHAT *WOMEN* HAVE TO SAY

FAMKE JANSSEN

Co-star, *Taken* and *Taken 2*

"Liam is one of the coolest people I've ever met. He's smart, self-deprecating, witty, and sensitive. And then there is that delicious accent..."

MAGGIE GRACE

Co-star, *Taken* and *Taken 2*

"He's got this unfailing, wry humor, combined with a soulful and sincere concern for others—right down to the last crew member."

DIANE KRUGER

Co-star, *Unknown*

"Liam likes to have a good time. I loved hanging out with him at the bar of our hotel after a long day's shoot and solving the world's problems after a glass of wine...or two!"

the Look | **MAN OF STYLE**

Are your sons big enough to borrow clothes from you? They're 16 and 17 and growing like weeds. They can already wear my shoes, and I do get a kick out of that.

What do you like to see on a woman? As little as possible. [Laughs.] Whatever a woman feels good in is best. You can pick up something for \$20 at a flea market and look like a million bucks. Sometimes you see a lady at the Academy Awards, and the price tag [of her gown] is \$5,000, but if she doesn't know how to wear it, or it's been forced on her, it doesn't work. I love a girl who knows what works.

What else do you look for in a woman? Humor, intelligence... and it helps if they're not too shabby to look at. But confidence is very, very sexy, no matter what shape and size they are.

What do you like to do when you're not working? I've heard you're a big fly fisherman. Yes. There's a saying: "Why do I fly-fish? Because fish live in

beautiful places." It's a practice where you can be casting, changing flies, trying to get the fish interested, and moving two feet upriver or three feet this way, then you look at your watch and you've been there for four hours! That's the beauty of it. I've done it in Argentina, Canada, and New Zealand.

Does it make a big difference where you fish? Not really. But sometimes you're on a river with trout that have never seen an artificial fly. Your presentation of it has to be natural, so that a fish that's been around since the Triassic period goes, "Oh, I fancy that." Then you've hooked it! That's one of the greatest thrills. Better than sex, by the way.

—LAUREN WATERMAN



HISTORY CHANNELED In *Taken 2*, Neeson's a fearless tough guy. He's played a few real-life risk takers too



SCHINDLER'S LIST (1993) Neeson resisted the urge to study Holocaust history before playing Oskar Schindler, a factory owner who saved more than a thousand Jews from Nazi death camps: "I wanted to keep my brain clear."



MICHAEL COLLINS (1996) "I prepared for this movie all my life, growing up [in Ireland]," Neeson says of the biopic of the Irish revolutionary. Asked about co-star Julia Roberts, he replies, "Who's she? I'm teasing!"



KINSEY (2004) Neeson played the pioneering scientist who conducted landmark studies of human sexuality (and developed the Kinsey scale). "For this," he says, "I just tried to have as much sex as I possibly could... I'm not joking!"

MUSIC
ISSUE

HELLO KATY

Party anthems, sold-out tours, and superstar style—Katy Perry has transformed from a teenage dreamer into the Teenage Dream. Photographed by Sebastian Kim.

hay, girl

Katy wears an Oscar de la Renta dress and heels. Victoria Grant headpiece. Joomi Lim bracelet. Details, see In This Issue.

FASHION EDITOR:
LAWREN HOWELL

blue crush

Mary Katrantzou dress. Swarovski earrings, \$150. Details, see In This Issue.

“When I meet fans and they’re crying, I’ll say, ‘Calm down. I’m not going to bite you or attack you or grant you three wishes. Let’s just hang out’”



n the day of the Oscars, Los Angeles is positively lousy with stars. And the Chateau Marmont—a storied West Hollywood hotel that’s sheltered everyone from Greta Garbo to

Mary-Kate Olsen—is basically the epicenter of the outbreak. But even at the kind of establishment where one all but expects to encounter Zac Efron (for example) at the valet stand, Katy Perry still has the power to turn heads.

Of course, going incognito isn’t exactly an option when your hair is the color of cobalt. But Katy, who’s had one song or another near the top of the charts for the better part of the past two years, does her best to blend in, tucking her bright blue locks under a headband and hiding her similarly toned eyes behind a pair of dark sunglasses. (The rest of her outfit is probably best described as “haute workout”—aside from a pop of pink lipstick, she looks as though she may have come straight from the gym.)

As all the barely concealed double-takes attest, Katy is already about as famous as a girl can get. But this summer, the newly single 27-year-old is going to become even more ubiquitous, thanks to the big-screen release of *Katy Perry: Part of Me*, a documentary that showcases the incredible performances—and behind-the-scenes drama—of her California Dreams tour. “One of my main reasons for doing this is that people think of me as though I’m Dorothy in the ruby slippers,” she says, implicitly likening her career to the plot of *The Wizard of Oz*. “I want them to see everything else that’s involved. Yes, I am her, but at the end of it all, I’m also the guy behind the curtain.” Indeed: While Katy, like Dorothy,

was once a sweet, sheltered girl with a gorgeous singing voice, it didn’t take a tornado to drag her to the big city—she moved to L.A. at seventeen and cycled through no fewer than four record labels before breaking big with *One of the Boys* in 2008.

“My life is crazy now,” she admits. “When you get to this level, there’s a lot that’s not real, but I really haven’t changed.” Read on to find out what else she has to say about fame, friendship, and her future. —LAUREN WATERMAN

TEEN VOGUE: *Teenage Dream* was a juggernaut—you matched Michael Jackson’s Hot 100 record for the most number one songs off a single album, and then “Part of Me,” a new song off the special edition, debuted at the top of the chart. Is it still exciting to get that kind of response?

KATY PERRY: Of course! I’m not like, “Ugh, number one again.” It’s funny, though—my label gets so caught up in the statistics, just because they’re excited. But for me, I don’t need to grind it into anyone’s head that I’m popular. If you like my music, great, and if you don’t, whatever. I’m going to keep making it either

way. This does feel a bit like the record that never ends. But I wanted to release *The Complete Confection* for the

hard-core fan who wants everything: three new songs, the remixes, and it’s all in a cute little package.

TV: Were you thinking along those same lines when you decided to make the movie?

KP: I wanted to document the tour, because when we started to book these really big venues, I felt like I was going all in. And I figured that by the end of it I’d be bankrupt or else I’d look like the smartest ▶



costume national

Clockwise from top left: at the '11 VMAs, at the '10 Victoria's Secret Fashion Show, at *The Smurfs* premiere, at the '11 MTV Europe Music Awards, at the '11 American Music Awards.

Clockwise from top left: STEWART COOK/Rex/BEIimages; JOHN A. ANGELLILLO/Corbis; Picture Perfect/Rex/BEIimages; DAVID FISHER/Rex/BEIimages; FRAZER HARRISON/Getty Images.

music businesswoman of my age, and I thought either outcome would be interesting. More than that, though, I wanted to show people this parade that surrounds me ... I wanted them to see the engine. I think sometimes they look at me and wonder, How is it possible that she continues to have this kind of success? Why are the stars so aligned for her? But, while that is a factor, it's not the whole story. I also work my tail off! And, of course, I wanted people to be able to experience the tour and all the joy it brought, which is why we shot it in 3-D. And this is amazing 3-D. It's definitely not just a marketing tool.

TV: Were you inspired by other pop documentaries, like Justin Bieber's *Never Say Never* or Madonna's *Truth or Dare*?

KP: A little. Madonna is everything to me, and that movie is amazing because it caught her at a time when she was a bit more vulnerable. I wanted to do that too, to capture a snapshot of who I am now so that I can remind myself what I've lost if I ever do become totally jaded. [Laughs]

TV: I bet you'll be able to keep it together.

KP: I hope so. If not, I'm sure my sister and my brother and my best friends will kick my butt.

TV: That's what friends are for, right?

KP: My friends are so awesome and hilarious. They're the same friends I've had since I first moved to L.A., and they can make anything fun. We could literally be in a padded room with no furniture and we'd be able to have a dance party, play games, and just have the best conversation ever.

TV: You're really close with actress Shannon Woodward, from *Raising Hope*. Was it her idea for you to appear on her show?

KP: Yeah, she was like, If you ever want to do anything, let me know—we write for you all the time. I

wanted to be unrecognizable. I love making people laugh, even if it means I'll never get another date again. My heroes in film are women like Kristen Wiig, Tina Fey, and Amy Poehler: They're gorgeous, but they're confident enough to be able to laugh at themselves.

TV: It seems like acting is something that really interests you. Are you looking to make a movie anytime soon?

KP: I would love to. There was a time when I was going to be involved in *The Help*—just a small part, I wasn't going to be Emma Stone or anything—but I couldn't because the shooting schedule conflicted with the release of my record. And I was upset about that; I knew it was going to be an important film. Not that I need to do drama first, but I do want to do something that makes a strong impression. You don't really get off the hook being a musician first ... I feel like the stakes are really high.

TV: You occasionally permit other artists to record songs that you co-wrote. Was it hard to watch Kelly Clarkson have a hit with "I Do Not Hook Up"?

KP: No. Kelly is a fantastic person to interpret any-

one's work, and honestly, I consider myself a songwriter first and foremost. If I stay true to myself, I'm not going to run out of songs!

TV: Yet you're a little more glamorous than the average singer-songwriter....

KP: I don't like to take fashion too seriously. I love it, and I am so grateful when big brands want to associate with me, but mostly I just want to take chances and have fun and truly live. And sometimes that means wearing some ridiculous, cat-inspired outfit rather than whatever happens to be in this season. *continued* ▶ 139

HER #1 ALBUM



AT THE GRAMMYS



AT A MIU MIU SHOW

rise and shine

Oscar de la Renta gown. Swarovski earrings, \$165. Gaspar Gloves lace gloves, \$118. Toga Archives bracelet. In this story: hair, Renato Campora for Frédéric Fekkai Hair Care; makeup, Jake Bailey using Diorskin; manicure, Kimmie Kyees for Orly International; production, Peter McClafferty; prop styling, Spencer Vrooman. Details, see In This Issue.

“I don't need to grind it into anyone's head that I'm popular. If you like my music, great, and if you don't, whatever. I'm going to keep making it either way.”



video extra!
Watch an interview with Katy at teenvogue.com.

calypsoearth.com. Anthropologie pencils, \$12 for set of twelve, anthropologie.com. Christian Lacroix notebook, \$16. Lillian August, Norwalk, CT. "Love" print from *Tim Walker Pictures* (Te Neues), 125. Roman shades, custom made from Rogers & Goffigon fabric. *Teen Vogue* butterfly chair, \$50. Select Bed Bath & Beyond stores. *Teen Vogue* Flower Girl Daisies pillow (on chair), \$25, jcp.com. ABC Carpet & Home rug. ABC Carpet & Home, NYC. A.I. Friedman frames, \$20 to \$65 each, aifriedman.com. Vintage mirror. Crate & Barrel dresser, \$899, crateandbarrel.com. LSA International vase, \$54, connarus.com. Benjamin Moore yellow paint and white paint, \$7 per pint, benjaminmoore.com. Mary Judge purple flower artwork, \$1,500. Kenise Barnes Fine Art, Larchmont, NY. *Teen Vogue* Lemon Drop bedding, \$80 (twin), \$90 (full/queen), Macy's. The Conran Shop lamp, \$550. ABC Carpet & Home, NYC. Jonathan Adler phone dock, \$48, jonathanadler.com. *Teen Vogue* Amanda satchel, \$68. Select Macy's and macys.com. Ballard Designs bench, similar styles at ballarddesigns.com.

THE LIFE AQUATIC

130-131: Jacket, billabong.com. Bikini top and bottoms, select Bloomingdale's. Goggles, scubapro.com. Watch, baby-g.com. 132: Bikini top, roxy.com. Skirt, Opening Ceremony. Hat, Y-3 stores. Face mask, oceanicworldwide.com. Watch, kohls.com. 133: Dress, similar styles at net-a-porter.com. Hat, Agnès B., NYC. Sunglasses, Intermix. Watch, nixonnow.com. 134: Bikini top, and leggings, Cynthia Rowley stores. Goggles and flippers, scubapro.com. Watch, gshock.com. Bag, oceanicworldwide.com. Camera, pentaxwebstore.com. 135: Vest, \$700. Ikram, Chicago. Swimsuit, \$495, net-a-porter.com. Watch, baby-g.com. Goggles, mares.com. Camera and waterproof case, shop.usa.canon.com. Belt bag, lespontsac.com. 136: Jacket, \$845. Alexander Wang, NYC. Goggles and flippers, mares.com. Scubapro fishing knife, \$99, scubapro.com. Watch, nixonnow.com. 137: Sweatshirt, \$745. Isabel Marant, NYC. Swimsuit, zappos.com. Goggles and flippers, scubapro.com. Backpack, speedosusa.com. Camera, Lomography Gallery stores. Watch, gshock.com.

A ROOM OF MY OWN

140: Parka, \$1,357. Ikram, Chicago. Dress, Alexander Wang, NYC. Skirt, and loafers, \$600, acnestudios.com. Bracelet, select Miu Miu boutiques.

Correction: On page 72 of our April 2012 issue, the dress is by Shimmer, \$360, shimmerdresses.com.

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE □

HELLO, KATY

continued from ► 114

TV: You've worn a lot of vintage-pinup-type ensembles in the past. Are there particular women who are influencing your look now?

KP: Definitely. I love Agyness Deyn, Chloë Sevigny,

Daphne Guinness, Natalie Wood, Judy Jetson, and Wonder Woman.

TV: That's quite a list. What do you think they have in common?

KP: Personal style, probably. And strength. They have the ability to adapt and evolve and change. Like, I'm still doing the pinup thing, but now when I do it, I want to be the pinup of the future, like Rachael in *Blade Runner*. But I've always been quirky—it probably started when I was nine years old, and my father used to wake me up at seven every Saturday morning to take me to garage sales. I couldn't afford the clothes that the other girls at school were wearing, so instead I looked for things that were unique to me.

TV: Your looks—and your life—have been the subject of so much scrutiny. Do you ever see yourself getting tired of being famous?

KP: I'm tired of being famous already! But I'm not tired of creating. Fame is, I think, just a disgusting by-product of what I do. It's quite a delicate creature—it's a wild animal of sorts. It can love you, and then it can attack you. I still want to be as approachable and relatable as possible—when I meet fans and they're crying, I'll say, "Calm down, there's nothing to cry about. I'm not going to bite you or attack you or grant you three wishes. Let's just hang out and have a good time." But really, I stopped focusing on what other people think a while ago. If you try to be everything to everyone, you'll only end up completely confused. You've just got to be yourself and hope for the best. □

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OSCARS!

“The first time I saw Cate was in *Elizabeth*, and I was just amazed by her intelligence and strength.”

—NICOLE KIDMAN on her Oscar inspiration, CATE BLANCHETT

NICOLE KIDMAN, who took home the best actress award for 2002's *The Hours*, chose fellow Aussie **CATE BLANCHETT** (best supporting actress winner for 2004's *The Aviator*) as her Oscar inspiration. The two met up in Sydney, their hometown.

NICOLE As a little girl in Australia, I watched the American film industry from afar. I remember being 6 or 7 and watching the Oscars in my pajamas, drinking hot chocolate, in this tiny little suburb of Sydney; it seemed like a faraway land, like Oz. There's a bit of magic involved in winning an Academy Award.

CATE To me it didn't seem so distant. American culture felt like a part of my upbringing, I think because my father was American. Not that I ever thought for one instant I'd be an actor working there! I was frankly relieved when I won—relieved

I wouldn't have to answer all the questions about what it feels like to lose, and relieved because, playing Katharine Hepburn, you can't but disappoint some people. You have to throw caution to the wind when you take on those real-people roles; you can't think of the outcome.

NICOLE Yes, there are different things required when you're playing somebody who was actually alive. For *The Hours*, I would try to feel Virginia Woolf, to feel the way she was wired and put together. But I didn't want to be limited by that. It's not an imitation. I think both of us would probably say we are drawn to complicated women.

CATE That's because we are complex women! I think it's good to mix it up. Certainly the role you played in *Rabbit Hole* is emotionally layered and really finely calibrated. I do admire you incredibly for biting off those challenges. You're fearless in that way. —LAUREN WATERMAN

WHERE NICOLE KEEPS HER TROPHY “It's on the mantel of my parents' house in Sydney, and that's where it belongs. People in the neighborhood can come and touch that gold Oscar.”

CATE'S OSCAR AMNESIA “It took me months to process that night. I see photos of myself, and I've got this sort of insane grin on my face, but I can't tell you what happened after I walked offstage!”

ON KIDMAN:
Lanvin dress,
Tiffany & Co. studs.
ON BLANCHETT:
Dries Van Noten
jacket and shirt.

What better way to toast the most celebrated evening in Hollywood than with the Oscars' leading legends? We asked four Academy Award winners to tell us which other victor has moved them over the years—and got each gorgeous pair together for a mutual lovefest

SWEET INSPIRATIONS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KAI Z FENG

InStyle / MARCH 2011 427

“Jessica always goes deep and finds the heart of the character she’s playing.”

—HILARY SWANK on her Oscar inspiration, JESSICA LANGE



It was a meeting of the minds when two-time winners **HILARY SWANK** (best actress for 1999’s *Boys Don’t Cry* and for 2004’s *Million Dollar Baby*) and **JESSICA LANGE** (who was named best supporting actress for 1982’s *Tootsie* and best actress for 1994’s *Blue Sky*) got together in N.Y.C.

HILARY You are so bold in all of the things you do that, to me, you epitomize and define “actress.” You are ferocious in your ability to dive in and be real yet so vulnerable in every role you take on.

JESSICA I’m so honored you would say that. The greatest compliments come from other actors because they know how absolutely insecure we all are. Talk about vulnerable! One week you think, Oh yeah, I can do this, then the next week you think...

HILARY What am I doing?

JESSICA That’s what’s lovely about winning an Oscar. As an artist, the recognition by a jury of your peers means a great deal. And sometimes, like the times you’ve won, they really get it right.

HILARY I felt like I was shot out of a cannon the first year I won. It was very surreal. Afterward, I kind of thought, Where do I go from here? There’s nothing bigger. That’s when I had to get back in touch with why I’m an actor—I do this to tell stories.

JESSICA How lucky we are, all the shoes we get to walk in; we get to see life through so many different eyes. The Oscar is kind of the icing on the cake. —L.W.

HILARY’S OSCAR SPEECH OMISSION “I forgot to thank my husband at the time. When I saw Meryl Streep afterward, she said, ‘Honey, I forgot to thank my husband both times.’ That was a relief.”

JESSICA’S FAVORITE OSCAR-WINNING MOVIE “*Some Like It Hot* [the 1959 movie won an Oscar for best costume design]. It’s perfect. I can quote it from start to finish.”

OSCARS!

ON SWANK: Chloé top. Emporio Armani skirt. Van Cleef & Arpels earrings. Fendi shoes.
ON LANGE: Prada dress. Vintage bracelet. Yves Saint Laurent shoes.



For **SUSAN SARANDON**, winner of 1996's best actress award for *Dead Man Walking*, fellow humanitarian **VANESSA REDGRAVE** (best supporting actress for 1977's *Julia*) was a clear choice for this story. The pair had a spirited tête-à-tête in New York City.

SUSAN It's so unusual to be in this business for as long as we have and to not be an alcoholic, or mean, or bitter ...

VANESSA Or a bitch!

SUSAN Or a bitch. Because we are strong, but we are not bitches. I just find you to be remarkably involved in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in a very brave and uncompromising way. You've always known that there's a world outside show business, which I think is really important. And as an actor, I'm inspired by the passionate way you take on so many different types of parts. You can play any nationality, any sexual orientation, any age, and I'll just buy it. You have the kind of life and career I've always wanted.

VANESSA I still remember something you once said: You had recorded a speech for an event we were doing to fight racism in Europe, and you said that film and theater were necessary to a community's survival. And I knew that to be true, but you were the only person I had ever heard actually say it.

SUSAN Well, I think every movie is political; every film tells you its version of what it means to be a man, what it means to be a woman, or what the system of justice is. But it's only the ones that challenge the status quo that are considered to be political. I'm glad my Oscar came when it did, and not earlier. It meant more to get it for that particular film.

VANESSA That was a wonderful movie. It was the extraordinary thing that happens when a person and her convictions—her whole self—become completely infused with the character. When that happens, you remember it forever. So I would add to the list you were making earlier: If after all the years in this business, you still think that, taken as a whole, what we do is important—that it actually does mean something—that's rare. —L.W.

VANESSA'S VIEWING RITUAL "I love to be with members of the family, with the little voting ballots you tear out of newspapers. But I never win the poll."

SUSAN'S FIRST OSCAR CEREMONY MEMORY "The year I was nominated for best actress for *Atlantic City*, I went with Richard Gere, and we were so late they wouldn't let us in!"

"She can do anything and I'll believe it."

—SUSAN SARANDON on her Oscar inspiration, VANESSA REDGRAVE



ON REDGRAVE: All clothing and jewelry, her own.
ON SARANDON: Theory top, Ralph Lauren Black Label sweater. Jeans and jewelry, her own.



PETAL PUSHER

Emma wears a McQ Alexander McQueen dress. Joomi Lim necklace, \$432. Details, see In This Issue.

FASHION EDITOR:
CATHY KASTERINE.

WORLD WIDE WEB

Emma Stone and Andrew Garfield go back to school in *The Amazing Spider-Man*. We vote them most likely to succeed. Photographed by Josh Olins.



PUPPY LOVE

Emma wears a Marc Jacobs dress and hat. Andrew wears a Burberry London suit, and shirt, \$195.

RIGHT ON TRACK

Topman blazer, \$320, and pants, \$130. Marc by Marc Jacobs shirt, \$178. Calvin Klein socks, \$18. Surface to Air shoes. Details, see In This Issue.

“Throughout shooting, it was wild and exciting. I couldn’t help but try to keep pace ... and not let [Emma] get away”

The ability to keep a secret is not, in and of itself, a superpower. But it does tend to come with the package: After all, if radioactive spider-bite victim Peter Parker had been a total blabbermouth, it would have seriously compromised his career as a vigilante crime fighter.

Actors, too, are known for their capacity for compartmentalization, though rather than concealing secret identities—so far as we know, anyway—*The Amazing Spider-Man*’s Andrew Garfield and Emma

Stone are intensely private about their so-called personal lives. Suffice it to say that Andrew, 28, and his 23-year-old costar, Emma, have chemistry to spare, on-screen and off. Read on to find out more about senior superlatives, Emma’s least favorite interview questions, and Andrew’s unlikely “man crush.” —LAUREN WATERMAN

TEEN VOGUE: Emma, you’ve been working pretty much nonstop ever since *Easy A*, and Andrew, you had a breakout role in *The Social Network*. But a big comic-book adaptation is a whole different level. What drew you to this project? ▶



STRIKING A CHORD

Emma wears a Mulberry dress. Calvin Klein socks, \$18. Acne boots. Andrew wears a Carven jacket, shirt, \$290, and pants, \$430.

ANDREW GARFIELD: It took me a month to decide if I wanted to do the screen test, but ultimately it was a no-brainer. I've been a fan of Spider-Man since I was a kid, and I just knew that if I got the chance, there was no possibility of saying no. But there's always a pressure about it, of wanting to honor the thing that you care so much about. It's like a great relationship; it's like taking care of a child, or—

EMMA STONE: You're so intense!

AG: No, I'm not. You get it.

ES: [Laughs] I get it.

TV: Emma, did you feel the same way?

ES: The idea of it was incredibly daunting. But I really liked the scenes that they sent me, and when I looked into the story of Gwen Stacy, which is epic and tragic and incredible, I loved it so much. Something was telling me that I needed to be her. And then I tested with him, and that sealed the deal. Because meeting Andrew, and working with Andrew—cover your ears, Andrew, earmuffs—

AG: OK.

ES: It was one of the greatest experiences I've ever had.

AG: [Laughs] Yes! Fooled her.

ES: Really, the way he is as an actor is just completely different from anyone I've ever worked with. I never went to school for this, so getting to be a sponge off certain people is very vital to me.

TV: And what was your first impression of her?

AG: It was like I woke up when she came in. She was the last person to screen-test, and I was so bored of it by then that I was mucking about—I'd been pretending I was Tom Hanks or Seth Rogen. And then she came in, and it was like diving into white-water rapids and having no desire to hang on to the side. Throughout shooting, it was wild and exciting. I couldn't help but try to stay with her, keep pace with her, and not let her get away. [Laughs] Like an animal preying on a smaller animal, but a wily smaller animal.

ES: [Giggling] Shhh. That is enough.

TV: In this movie, you play high school students. What were you two actually like in high school?

ES: Well, I was homeschooled in seventh and eighth grades, and I moved out to L.A. when I was fifteen.

TV: So, no prom?

ES: I did go to prom with a friend. Mostly we just sat there like, "So, this is prom."

AG: My school in England didn't have prom. But I did go to a mixed school, girls and boys, so that was exciting. I got into quite a lot of trouble, but I was also very navel-gaze-y as well. Broody.

TV: If you'd had senior superlatives, what do you think they would have been?

ES: Mine might have been Loudest, or probably Class Clown. Do you agree with that?

AG: Yeah, I do.

ES: So I say Class Clown, and you say Class Clown? That's what I end up with?

AG: All right, Perfect Everything then.

ES: Oh my god. [Both laugh]

AG: Is that better?

ES: That's so much better.

TV: What's his?

ES: [With an English accent] Biggest Brooder.

AG: I don't know what I would have been. Class Clown/Biggest Introvert? I had an equal measure of both. What would you give me?

ES: I would give you Best Thinker.

TV: Did either of you have high school sweethearts?

AG: I had an unrequited love. She actually quoted a Spice Girls song to ask me out and then dumped me after about four hours.

ES: That's so romantic, because I was a huge Spice Girls fan.

AG: It took me several years to get over it.

TV: Both of you started acting when you were pretty young. What do you think drew you to the stage?

TV: Both of you started acting when you were pretty young. What do you think drew you to the stage?

continued > 000

AT THE MET
GALA

OUT AND ABOUT

IN THE AMAZING
SPIDER-MAN

BOHEMIAN
RHAPSODY

Andrew wears a Thom Browne coat and pants. Calvin Klein Collection sweater, \$395, and shirt, \$195. Emma wears a Calvin Klein Collection dress. Marc by Marc Jacobs hat. In this story: hair, Mara Roszak at starworksartists.com; grooming, Kumi Craig using La Mer; makeup, Rachel Goodwin at The Wall Group; manicure, Jin Soon Choi for Jin Soon Natural Hand & Foot Spa; production, Brachfeld NY; prop styling, Kadu Lennox at FrankReps. Details, see In This Issue.

video
extra!
Watch an interview
with Emma and Andrew
at teenvogue.com.

ES: For me, it was all childhood anxiety and panic attacks. Being able to do improv, to just make things up on the spot and be funny or sad or whatever I was feeling, and to have it be OK, was super helpful. To this day, that's why I love it so much.

AG: I can relate to that, for sure.

TV: And Emma, you have *another* big movie coming out this fall, right? *Gangster Squad*?

ES: Yes, it's based on a true story about a mob boss, played by Sean Penn. I'm the girl on his arm, but then I start fooling around with one of the cops who's trying to catch him.

TV: That's your *Crazy, Stupid, Love* costar Ryan Gosling?

ES: Yes, Ryan again.

AG: That freaking dreamboat ... I think I'm more attracted to Ryan Gosling than any woman could ever be. [Emma laughs] I think about him so often. I'm not joking!

ES: Here's a little insight into Andrew's psyche.

AG: I have a proper man crush. Years ago, we did a screen test together, and he was just so inspiring. He reminded me of what I imagined Pacino and De Niro were like back in the day, that kind of truthful, visceral, lived-in acting. I was like, That's what I want to follow.

TV: So it was pivotal then. [To Emma] And you've actually worked with him.

ES: Right. So just, like, *ditto*. [Everyone laughs]

TV: Emma, I have to ask about your hair color—

AG: Why? Why is that important?

ES: I think that people—

TV: People don't usually get to experience—

ES: —all different hair colors, and they don't get to find out what it's like to feel like a different person.

AG: Oh my god, this is one thing about being a girl that I will never understand. It's like hearing a different language.... Well, how *do* you feel?

ES: I have liked being blonde lately because I was blonde when I was little. So whatever I'm going through is easier because I look in the mirror and I look like I did when I was a kid. But people do always ask that. They ask who is my style icon, what's the one thing that I can't leave my house without. I'm always like, "My clothes!" I can pretty much leave without anything. It's fine as long as I'm not naked.

AG: I don't get asked that—

ES: You get asked interesting, poignant questions because you are a boy.

TV: It's sexism.

ES: It *is* sexism.

AG: Oh, come on.

ES: [Points to Andrew] I get asked about relationships and stuff a hell of a lot more than this one does.

AG: That's true.

TV: What do you say?

ES: I say I don't talk about my personal life!

TV: Fair enough. Last question for both of you: This movie is about a superhero. Who are *your* heroes?

ES: My mom, for so many reasons—for her bravery. For everything.

TV: And what about you, Andrew?

AG: Her mom. And my mom. [Points to Emma] She's a hero of mine, because she is who she is.... And, of course, Ryan Gosling. □

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Color Crash Course

SEAFOAM

Equal parts icy and ethereal, this super-pretty pastel is an ideal shade for the first days of spring

Why we love it This season's runways were awash in this pale, aqua-tinged green. Delicate without being overtly feminine, it's an alternative to those omnipresent jewel tones.

How to wear it Sportmax creative director Grazia Malagoli suggests starting with a single piece, like a shirt. Or take a cue from her current collection and opt for a dress paired with iridescent heels (at left).



SPORTMAX



JIL SANDER



Elle Fanning in Marc Jacobs



Polyester dress, Isabel Lu, \$160; 212-343-3200.

Leather sandals, Pour la Victoire, \$218; pourlavictoire.com.

Plays well with ...

No surprise: Seafoam looks smashing with other ocean-inspired hues, such as deep blue and sand. You can even combine it with coral for an added kick.



Bronze and resin cuff, Pamela Love, \$440, 415-885-4200.

Wool sweater, ALC, \$295; barneys.com.

EASY BREEZY

"Lovers of seafoam tend to be nostalgic," says Kate Smith, the color expert behind Sensationalcolor.com. "The sheer, toned-down green is associated with tenderness and dreaminess."

Silk pants, Tucker, \$345; tuckerbygabybasora.com.

Cotton jumpsuit, Tibi, \$395; 212-226-5852.

Silk blouse, Alex & Eli, \$375; saksfifthavenue.com.



Malagoli's inspiration board for Sportmax's spring designs featured images of crashing waves.

Accessories EXTRA



A pair of cherry-hued shades brings a dash of face-framing color.

Acetate sunglasses, BCBG Max Azria, \$120; at BCBG Max Azria.



Go with a brown satchel (not black) to warm up seafoam's cool tone.

Faux-leather bag with chain, Ami Clubwear, \$41; amiclubwear.com



Make the maritime shade last through midnight with metallic strappy sandals.

Metallic leather sandals with Lucite, Sigerson Morrison, \$395; sigersonmorrison.com.



Michelle Williams

Adjust your makeup! Peach accents

"Some women would think to do a red mouth with this dress color, but the effect becomes retro," explains makeup artist Jo Strettell, who works with Michelle Williams. Instead, Strettell opted for minimal makeup, choosing coral-based blush and lipstick to impart a rosy glow.

Chanel Blush Duo in Tweed Rose, \$45; chanel.com.

Sensai Kanebo lipstick in Benikinu No. 5, \$55; bergdorfgoodman.com.



All on Michelle

You Look Amazing!

Want longer legs, a tinier waist, a slimmer silhouette? Just fake it. Start with any of these **50 TIPS AND TRICKS** to create your most-flattering self ever **BY LAUREN WATERMAN**

1 GIVE 'EM THE BOLD SHOULDER

A dress that puts the focus squarely up top is an appealingly easy way to show a little skin. It's comfortable, sexy, and highlights an area that virtually no woman considers a problem.

Silk dress, Tucker, \$414; piperlime.com.



KATY PERRY in Georges Chakra Couture

2 Try It LISSE LEGGINGS

"These leggings are my current favorites," says Erin Sumwalt, *InStyle*'s market director. "As soon as I put on a pair, I loved the way I looked. They're high-waist, have built-in stomach control, and come in sizes XS to XL. Who doesn't want leggings that work to make her body seem more toned?"



Cotton-spandex leggings, Lissé Leggings, \$58 each; bare necessities.com.

Editor's Pick!



DRIES VAN NOTEN

3 CHOOSE A TUMMY-CONCEALING TUNIC

This loose, flowy top is back, trendier (and prettier) than ever. What makes tunics so flattering? They hit below the hip and cover up not only your stomach but also your behind!

DESIGNER ADVICE FOR YOUR SHAPE



The Expert Michelle Smith of Milly

The hourglass is arguably the most sought-after of all silhouettes. But even the most enviable figure can be improved upon. Smith explains:

4 WHAT TO WEAR IF YOU'RE Curvy

"A medium-to-low neckline accentuates the upper portion of the body and balances out the overall look."

"This floral sheath dress nips in at the waist for an hourglass figure; it resembles the styles worn on my favorite show, *Mad Men*."

"The to-the-knee hemline exaggerates the length of your legs."

• "Keep away from oversize or boxy dresses; they don't enhance your natural figure. Form-fitting cuts do."



Cotton dress, Milly, \$350; millynyc.com. Snakeskin belt, Beirn, \$250; beirnbag.com.

5 LENGTHEN LEGS WITH A SKIN-COLORED SHOE

Nothing elongates a leg like high-heeled footwear. The effect is even more pronounced if you select a pair that matches your skin tone.

Patent leather wedges, Kate Spade New York, \$298; at Kate Spade New York.

Leather sandals, Vera Wang Lavender, \$295; at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Metallic leather platform pumps, Brian Atwood, \$640; 416-861-9111.



6 Real-life problem I'm 5'2", with a relatively slim upper body but very stocky, short legs. Is there a way to make me look more well proportioned?

ANSWER Choose fitted tops in light colors to draw attention to your tiny upper body, and combine them with dark, wide-leg pants. A-line skirts should work well for you too, but avoid narrow pencil styles; they'll only make your calves seem larger. And when it comes to shoes, choose a nude wedge with a low vamp to stretch out and slim your lower legs.

WORD TO THE WISE 7 AVOID WEARING ANYTHING SHINY, HEAVILY TEXTURED, OR SUPERBRIGHT ON AREAS OF YOUR BODY YOU WISH APPEARED SMALLER; IT WILL HAVE THE OPPOSITE EFFECT.

8

PRINTS THAT FLATTER

A pretty all-over pattern can do far more for your figure than a simple solid. It creates an optical illusion, obscuring unwanted lumps and bumps by keeping the eye moving.



Silk dress, Marina Rinaldi, \$915; 212-734-4333. Embossed leather belt, Talbots, \$59; talbots.com.



Rayon dress, Greylin, \$118; 213-747-2698.



ALBERTA FERRETTI

Yes, It Comes in Your Size

The best resources for ...



Cotton cape, Topshop, \$145; topshop.com.

PETITE

BRANDS

- 9 Anne Klein
- 10 Banana Republic
- 11 BCBG
- 12 J Brand
- 13 J. Crew
- 14 Lands' End
- 15 Loft
- 16 Target
- 17 Topshop

BLOGS

18 Alterations Needed

(alterationsneeded.com) At just 4'11", blogger Kelly started this site to offer style inspiration to petite women. But the reader forum has blossomed into a useful, community-driven resource.

19 Extra Petite

(extrapetite.com) Jean, the self-described Petite Asian Girl, posts stylish self-portraits, clothing reviews, and petite-fit reference guides for popular brands.

20 Petite Fashionista

(petitefashionista.com) Christa Jean wants her site to be a clearinghouse for info aimed at the smaller shopper; log on after awards shows to see her red-carpet gallery of stars under 5'4".



Chiffon top, Old Navy, \$27; oldnavy.com.

PLUS

BRANDS

- 21 Jones New York
- 22 Rafaella
- 23 J. Jill
- 24 Just My Size
- 25 Lafayette 148
- 26 Marina Rinaldi
- 27 Old Navy
- 28 Tadashi Shoji
- 29 Talbots

BLOGS

30 The Curvy Fashionista

(thecurvyfashionista.mariedenee.com) Plus-size stylist Marie Denee keeps her "Curvy. Confident. Chic." readers informed about the best designers, stores and trends for their shape.

31 Two Whole Cakes

(blog.twowholecakes.com) Formerly known as Fatshionista, this blog by Lesley Kinzel mixes "body politics, fat-girl memoir, and pop culture" with savvy fashion ideas.

32 Young Fat and Fabulous

(youngfatandfabulous.com) Gabi Gregg's personal style blog focuses on the fun side of plus-size clothing, with loads of inspiring pictures of her latest outfits.

DESIGNER ADVICE FOR YOUR SHAPE



The Expert Rebecca Taylor

Short women need to think strategically. It's not enough to simply purchase the smallest available size. Taylor has plenty of helpful suggestions for the under 5'4" set—and they go way beyond donning a pair of platforms.

33 WHAT TO WEAR IF YOU'RE

Petite

"Halters work well on a small frame. They show off—and broaden—the shoulders."

"A scooped V-neck top accentuates the décolleté and creates the illusion of a longer torso."

"A-line silhouettes flatter petite figures—they define the waist and elongate the midsection."

● Try high-heeled booties, matched with a short hem, to slim the leg and add height."

Beaded silk tank, Rebecca Taylor, \$325; at Bergdorf Goodman. Linen skirt, Rebecca Taylor, \$245; 212-875-8430.



WORD TO THE WISE 36 WEAR YOUR SIZE, NOT THE SIZE YOU WISH YOU WERE (OR SWEAR YOU WILL BE SOON). GARMENTS THAT ARE TOO SMALL—THE LEADING CAUSE OF MUFFIN TOPS—CAN ACTUALLY MAKE YOU LOOK BIGGER.

34

LOOK LEAN IN A LONG SKIRT

Hemlines that hit just below the knee will flatter the calf (and conceal thick thighs). Choose a full, ladylike silhouette with a defined waist to channel grace rather than girth.



CAMILLA BELLE in Derek Lam

Silk skirt, Tory Burch, \$328; toryburch.com.

35 Real-life problem

I'm a short, pear-shaped girl in search of the perfect little black dress. I really need your help!

ANSWER Seek out Empire-waist, A-line, or shirtdress (which flare when belted) styles from a petite-focused brand. These cuts show off your smallest dimension and float over a full lower half. An elaborate necklace draws the eye up and finishes the outfit.



Cotton dress, Lafayette 148 New York, \$368; lafayette148.com. Brass and acrylic-bead necklace, Banana Republic, \$70; bananarepublic.com.

37 PANTS FOR EVERY PERSON

Perplexed about which pair to pick? We looked at five top brands to find trousers best suited to these common figure issues

	BODY TYPE	WHAT TO GET	WHY
	Petite	Express Columnist pants in Short, \$60. Banana Republic Petite Jackson lightweight wool suit pants, \$98.	Express's Columnist style features a lower-than-usual rise and a slim fit with a very slight boot cut to make legs seem longer. Curvier petites will appreciate the hourglass-friendly shape of BR's Jackson.
	Flat Butt	Gap Really Skinny pants, \$60. Banana Republic Logan pants, \$98.	Gap's ultra-fitted trousers are constructed from stretch fabric that clings to (and flatters) your rear. Banana's more conservative Logans are slim in the hips and thighs: perfect for a less-curved frame.
	Big Butt	Banana Republic Sloan pants, \$90. Talbots Sharkskin wide-leg pants, \$119.	Both of these well-cut styles feature a wide leg, which we swear will balance your bountiful bottom!
	Thick Thighs	Talbots Linen twill boot-cut pants, \$99. Express Wide-waistband Editor pants, \$60.	Talbots' are made in a fluid material that's very forgiving. Both pairs flare below the knee, minimizing the upper leg.
	Long Legs	Ann Taylor Tall Modern glen plaid trousers, \$98. Express Original Editor pants in Long, \$60.	In addition to having an extra-long inseam, these designs are lean through the hips and thighs, and they sit slightly lower on the waist, so the torso also seems tall.
	Short Legs	Banana Republic Martin trousers in Petite, \$98. Talbots Twill Slim Crop pants, \$70.	Both the Martin's fitted knee and the Talbots pair's slim, clean silhouette will give the impression of elongated legs.
	Small Waist, Large Butt	Ann Taylor Curvy tropical wool lined trousers, \$128. Gap Curvy pants, \$60.	Perfect for those with low waist-to-hip ratios, these pants promise to accentuate an hourglass shape.

KATE BOSWORTH

38

Try It
RACHEL COMEY DRESS

"Comey's color-blocked dresses have a dark front panel that gives the optical illusion of a more slender you," says Wendy Wallace, *InStyle*'s senior market editor. "This awesome 'skinny' dress will be in constant rotation in my closet!"

Editor's Pick!



Silk and linen dress, Rachel Comey, \$564; saksfifthavenue.com.

DESIGNER
ADVICE
FOR YOUR
SHAPE



39 WHAT TO WEAR IF YOU'RE Busty
The Expert Shoshanna Gruss of Shoshanna
Women with a little less going on up top might want to tell the buxom to count their blessings, but an ample bosom presents its own challenges. Gruss built her successful brand by catering to a big-breasted clientele. Here, she supplies a few simple tips for the stacked.

"Busty women sometimes have to worry where a necklace falls. Detailed dresses allow you to skip extra jewelry. They also give the appearance of a very neat and tailored look, which can be hard to achieve for someone with a big chest."

"A built-in bustier offers lots of support—enough that most women won't need a bra."

"Try a silhouette that accentuates your waist and takes the focus off your bust."

● "Add a little sparkle with drop earrings, which also draw attention from your chest."

Silk dress with beaded shoulder, Shoshanna, \$395; bloomingdales.com.



40

KNOW WHICH WAISTLINE WORKS FOR YOU

Instead of blindly following the trends, choose the style that suits your silhouette. It's all about proportion: If you'd like to stretch out your torso, pick a pair of low-slung trousers. High-waist pants work their own particular magic: They seem to lengthen the legs (even if you opt for flat footwear).

WORD TO THE WISE

41 CHECK THE REARVIEW MIRROR. THIN OR UNLINED PANTS MAY REVEAL MORE THAN YOU'D LIKE (INCLUDING CELLULITE).

42 Real-life problem I have a large and long upper body with broad shoulders and an ample chest. And my back has extra fat, which makes tops and dresses look lumpy. Is there a quick fix?

ANSWER Try a shapewear camisole or bra. The right one will eliminate bulges, ensuring a smooth canvas for your favorite clothes. This version from Spanx has a full-coverage back and a plunging front, so you can don a revealing blouse without giving away your secret.



Nylon-spandex bra, Haute Contour by Spanx, \$118; spanx.com.

43 Talk to Strangers

Our writer submits her wardrobe to an online panel

Sometimes a mirror is no substitute for an objective opinion. I was excited to sample Gotryiton.com, which crowd-sources fashion advice. Upload a shot of your outfit and users vote whether you should "wear it" or "change it." The comments were tough but fair: One pointed out that the too-small cardigan I'd purchased at a sample sale simply didn't fit. But certain combinations were surprisingly divisive. When a denim mini and long-sleeve striped T drew 31 yays and 34 nays—and no comments whatsoever—I could only shrug and leave the house as planned. In the future, I'll use the site to choose between two or three options: It's easier to accept a "no" from the faceless legions if it comes hand in hand with a "yes."

Editor's Pick!

Cotton-Lycra top, Velvet by Graham and Spencer, \$76; velvet-tees.com.

44 Try It VELVET'S TOP

"It accentuates the smallest part of my body—my waist," says Sabrina Strelitz, *InStyle*'s associate accessories editor, of the Merina style (shown). "The deep faux wrap directs attention to your midsection, and the stretchy material hugs you in the right places."

47 DON'T STRESS THE NUMBER

Why you're a size 6 in some brands... and a 10 in others

High/low isn't just a way of dressing. As anyone who likes to shop from both ends of the fashion spectrum knows, it can also describe the range of sizes in a person's closet. Alfredo Cabrera, author of *101 Things I Learned in Fashion School*, explains, "Most companies start with a size 8 production pattern, which gets shifted larger or smaller. But a high-fashion 8 isn't typically as big as a mass-market brand's 8." Even in Europe, where measurements are standardized by law, there can be some variation because a designer may decide to fix a garment's waistline above (or below) a woman's natural waist. The best way to ensure a good fit is to try everything on—and trust the mirror instead of the digit on the label.

DESIGNER ADVICE FOR YOUR SHAPE



The Expert TRACY REESE

Whether you have wide hips or thick thighs, it can be tricky to find what flatters. We asked Tracy Reese for her pointers to help the pear-shaped.

48 WHAT TO WEAR IF YOU'RE Bottom Heavy

"The shoulders of this jacket are lightly padded, which helps to balance the silhouette."

"A jacket with a shaped waist gives definition."

"Below-the-knee looks new and allows the wearer total freedom of movement."

• "Avoid anything tight or binding. Fabrics that have some drape are 12 times more comfortable—and becoming."

• "Also, choose materials with stretch, especially if you decide to wear pants. You'll get a much better fit."



Triacetate-polyester blazer, Tracy Reese, \$425; 888-282-6060.

Silk skirt, Tracy Reese, \$275; 212-807-0505.

WORD TO THE WISE 49 STRATEGIC LAYERING—USING JACKETS, CARDIGANS, VESTS OR SCARVES—CAN CAMOUFLAGE PROBLEM AREAS IN YOUR UPPER HALF. BUT BE CAREFUL WITH ADD-ONS BELOW THE EQUATOR. THEY'LL BREAK UP LINES, MAKING YOUR LEGS SEEM—UH-OH—SHORTER.

45 Real-life problem

I'm 5'1", with an extremely small frame. I have a waist, but how can I create more curves?

ANSWER You're in the rare position of wanting to add volume. Try pieces that feature proportion-building details, such as ruffles, tiers and pleats. Likewise, a full-skirted mini is another good option for you. Just remember to define that tiny midsection—you'll look bodacious, not bulky.



Cotton jersey tank, DKNY Jeans, \$34; zappos.com.



Cotton voile skirt, Catherine Malandrino, \$325; 212-929-8710.

46

A MONO-CHROMATIC PALETTE STRETCHES YOUR SILHOUETTE

If you're always trying to look taller, consider wearing a single color from top to toe. You'll create a long, unbroken line from your heels to your head, giving the appearance of a few extra inches.



YVES SAINT LAURENT

50

BE A SHOW-OFF AND GO SHORT

Love your legs? The spring runways and red carpets were packed with minis. Play up your best feature (and cover the rest) and you'll seem confident and sexy.



EMMA WATSON in Rafael Lopez for Atelier-Mayer



The Dance Instructor

"Two minutes is long enough for a first dance. Have the D.J. fade out, or invite your guests to join at the end."

MELANIE LAPATIN OF DANCE TIMES SQUARE

Last summer, everyone was crazy about that couple who choreographed their entire processional to Chris Brown's "Forever" and then posted it on YouTube. I loved it. Why not? Dance makes a wedding exciting and memorable.

Has anyone come into your studio and asked you to help them do something like that? They talk about it, but they don't want to duplicate it. Our goal is to make the couple *not* look like they've had lessons; we want everyone to think they just happen to be fabulous dancers. Some

people get so freaked out—especially the guys—but when they get here, it's much easier than they thought, and they love it.

What's the recommended course of study? I suggest ten private lessons, starting three months before the wedding.

That sounds...comprehensive. Well, in one lesson—which I do not recommend—you can learn to be comfortable in frame. In five lessons, you can master a nice little something simple, especially if you practice at home. Some couples want to do a lift and a spin and a dip; others just don't want to look like fools. It all depends on



SUGGESTION

CHANGE YOUR SHOES

"Buy a pair of white ballroom-dance shoes; they're more flexible than a typical high heel, and they have suede bottoms, so you won't slip."

how much time they want to put into it, and how much talent they have.

What if one person is talented and the other isn't? We get that all the time. Talent helps, but it's not necessary. As long as the more proficient partner remains friendly and supportive, they get through it together.

You must be able to tell a lot about a couple from seeing them dance. Can you make predictions about the success of the marriage based on how they interact? Absolutely. It's a good sign if they're accepting of each other. It's a bad sign if there's blame, if they say, "That's not how Melanie did it." Believe me, if your partner could do it perfectly for you right away, they would.

Are you married? My partner, Tony Meredith, and I were married for fourteen years.

But not anymore? We separated nine years ago. We get along much better now that we're not always in each other's faces.

Did you dance at your wedding? We did. We were always on the road back then, going from one country to another, competition after competition, so we didn't have time to plan anything. We just danced around like normal people.

Do you have any simple tips for a couple who can't come in for lessons? Good posture will help you look elegant: Keep your shoulders down and your head straight, and do not claw at your partner. Find out in advance what the dance floor feels like; you don't want to discover at the last second that it's very slick. And pick your favorite song. It doesn't have to be something typical. If it's special to you, that will come through. The audience is always very nurturing and supportive.

The audience? I mean the guests. L.W.

212-994-9500; dancetimesquare.com



The Floral Designer

"The over-the-top orchid spray feels very dated. The trend now is toward more organic-looking flowers."

SARAH RYHANEN OF SAIPUA

How should a couple go about choosing a floral designer? You really want to be on the same page, aesthetically. If you're after a very contemporary, showy look, the first arrangement you see on your florist's website should be along those lines. Saipua has an organic, wildflower feel, so most of the brides who come to me want that.

And what if they're not sure about their favorite flowers? Most people don't know names, but they do know that they like the way round petals look, or that they

don't want purple. I think it's better to talk about the shapes and colors that you gravitate toward then let the florist make the final decisions. That way, I can go to the market and pick out only what looks really, really amazing that day.

People always say that staying in season is the best way to cut costs. Do you agree? That's a common misconception. Peonies are cheaper in June than in November, but there are only a few flowers that are like that. Most are imported from South America and Holland, so they're in season year-round.



SUGGESTION

WEAR FLOWERS IN YOUR HAIR

"A floral wreath instead of a veil looks relaxed—and you don't have to spend hours on your wedding day getting a fussy updo."

We like to use a lot of different flowers in our arrangements—one bouquet might have fifteen varieties. We do try to work seasonally for environmental and quality reasons, and we do our best to source materials locally, but that doesn't necessarily translate into lower costs.

So what does? If you're on a tight budget, skip the table flowers in favor of two big, beautiful, dramatic arrangements—one for the place-card table, the first thing guests will see, and one for the bar.

What works best for winter? Winter weddings are amazing from a floral point of view, because you don't have to worry about wilting. And two of the hottest flowers at the moment, anemones and ranunculus, are at their best then.

What's not so hot now? Roses, carnations, and calla lilies. But I think roses have gotten a bad rap because people are so used to seeing them red and mixed with baby's breath in a deli. I love them because they're inexpensive and they come in every single color; they can provide a really good backdrop for other flowers.

What's next? I'd like to see more wildflowers, like black Queen Anne's lace, nigella, and hellebores. And I love the way that branches look: flowering branches, like lilac and dogwood, in the spring, and fruit on branches, like crab apple, Asian pear, and ornamental plum, in the fall. Contrary to what I said before, branches really are seasonal, because they're too big to ship.

Are brides still tossing their bouquets? Not as much. Sometimes they'll request a smaller version to throw, but I think that's silly. If you're going to toss the bouquet, toss the bouquet.

Do you try to catch the bouquet when you go to weddings? I never go to weddings. My friends don't get married.

LAUREN WATERMAN

718-624-2929; saipua.com



The Stationers

"Our designs are nontraditional, so we like to marry them with more formal wording."

MATT HEINDL AND BRECK HOSTETTER OF SESAME LETTERPRESS

Letterpress printing is enjoying newfound popularity, even though almost all of the machines involved are antiques. We bought our first press—a Victorian-era model called the Golding Jobber—from an old man who'd used it to make dry-cleaning tags, church raffle tickets, and garage-sale signs for himself and his friends. It had probably never seen anything besides navy or black ink. It's funny that we're always using pale blue and chartreuse.

Why are people so interested in such an

analog process? It may be some sort of backlash to all the digital everything—when you hold a letterpress invitation, you can feel that it was made by hand. It costs a bit more than flat printing, but there's no comparison: We use really beautiful, thick card stock, and the way that the ink bites into the paper produces very rich colors.

But your invites don't look like throwbacks. Most of the people we work with are in creative fields, and they like to use interesting imagery and designs, in unusual color combinations. There needs



SUGGESTION

DIY CALLIGRAPHY

"If you address the envelopes yourself, practice first. Placing a lined index card inside the envelope will help you keep your writing straight."

to be a balance between old and new—we've had couples come to us who have really alternative lifestyles, and then the mother of the bride wants a traditional fancy invitation.

Is the mother of the bride often present? Or is it just her spirit hovering over the proceedings? Ordinarily, she's only there in spirit. But pleasing all parties is part of the challenge and part of the fun. For one couple, we came up with a very formal invitation, black text on off-white paper, but then we did a blind embossing of a peony with these little bugs and bright-green edging. It was subtle but unusual—a good compromise.

Did you make your own wedding invitations? We did. We couldn't commit to a design and procrastinated until the last possible moment. We ended up having to print them, assemble everything, and address the envelopes all in one very long day.

What did they look like? We were married in Marblehead, Massachusetts, which has a rich maritime history, so we used a wavy script border, a ship, and seafaring birds. We work a lot with nature, animals, and botanical prints.

Do most couples take design cues from their reception sites? People do tend to want to reflect the place where they're getting married. The invitation is the first thing the couple does that really gets the message out about the feel of their wedding; it's the first indication of what kind of party it's going to be. Some people pick from our pre-existing designs, which is a little bit more affordable, but others want very specific images. We understand when a couple doesn't have a huge budget. When we got married, we couldn't have afforded our own invitations if we hadn't been able to make them ourselves.

L.W.

646-263-7916; sesameletterpress.com

happily EVER after

With three new buzzed-about films—she's Snow White next!—Lily Collins is sure to have a fairy-tale ending. Photographed by Paola Kudacki.

It's tempting to dismiss Lily Collins—the pretty 22-year-old daughter of a world-famous pop star—as an already-lucky debutante who somehow keeps hitting a seemingly endless succession of ever-bigger jackpots. With her burgeoning film career (she's currently appearing opposite Taylor Lautner in the teen action flick *Abduction*) and her enviable offscreen love life (also prominently featuring a certain dreamy *Twilight* star), she's like the breathing embodiment of the metaphorical girl with the most cake. Even her eyebrows are perfect. ➤

FIELD OF DREAMS

Lily wears a Libertine blazer. Ruffian blouse. Pettiskirt Style skirt, \$89. Pendleton Woolen Mills archive plaid skirt. Stephen Jones Millinery crown. Louis Vuitton earrings, \$420. Jennifer Fisher ring, \$250. Details, see in This Issue.

FASHION EDITOR:
LAWREN HOWELL.

YOUNG
HOLLYWOOD

But it turns out that, despite these impediments, there's something endlessly likable about Lily. She wears her good fortune as lightly as a breeze. While some of the actresses who've graced the cover of this magazine have seemed to view

the photo shoot and interview as necessary evils only one step above getting their lovely teeth cleaned, Lily appears genuinely excited. "I don't know if this is too weird to say," she announces, only seconds after sitting down at a Montreal sushi restaurant, "but this is completely surreal for me. Bizarre. The cover of *Teen Vogue* has been on my bucket list forever."

The idea of a girl her age even having a bucket list is charming—they tend to be associated with middle-aged men—but Lily seems utterly serious about hers, and it's a fair bet that she's already crossed quite a few things off it. Born in West Sussex, England, she made her professional debut at the age of two, appearing on a British television program called *Growing Pains*. By the time she had graduated from high school in Los Angeles (where she'd moved, with her American mother, shortly before turning six), she was a part-time model who'd walked runways in Madrid and Barcelona; an on-air correspondent for Nickelodeon; and, yes, an international It girl who'd worn Chanel couture to the storied Crillon Ball. Her first big-screen role was in the Oscar-nominated 2009 film *The Blind Side*, and she's next set to star (opposite Julia Roberts) as the titular princess in Relativity's as-yet-untitled *Snow White* adaptation.

Lily reports that this take on the fairy tale is "very much a fantasy," and that, although she does "become a fighter at the end," her Snow White bears little resemblance to the one that Kristen Stewart will play in *Snow White and the Huntsman*. "I think the audience may very well enjoy seeing two different versions," she insists, "and I think that Kristen is perfect for hers." (A third iteration of the story, Disney's *The Order of the Seven*, was announced the day after the interview.) Lily's been studying sword fighting for the role, building on the stunt training she undertook while shooting *Abduction*, a kind of junior *Bourne*-esque thriller in which her character accompanies Taylor's on a quest to discover the truth about his identity. "I'm drawn to roles that have real substance," she explains, "that aren't just the victim or the teenage girl or the girlfriend." ➤

AT FASHION WEEK



AS SNOW WHITE



IN TEEN VOGUE, 2008



WITH TAYLOR LAUTNER



IN ABDUCTION

Inset: from top: Landow; courtesy of Relativity; ELIN HORNFIELD; Splash News; BRUCE TALAMON



WHAT A GEM

BHLDN cape, \$400. McQ by Alexander McQueen dress. Paris Couture Antiques crown. Grippo necklace. Details, see In This Issue.

WHITE NOISE

Haute Hippie sweater, \$395. Morgane Le Fay gown. Victoria Grant headpiece. Anne Fontaine collar, \$195. Chrishabana cuffs, \$140–\$165 each. LaCrasia Gloves gloves, \$60. In this story: hair, Dennis DeVoy for Redken/Cutler Salon; makeup, Tyron Machhausen for Bridge Artists; production, Peter McClafferty for petermcclafferty.com; prop styling, Jared Smith for Gille Mills Studio at The Wall Group; manicure, Lisa Jachno for Cloutier Remix. Details, see In This Issue.

“The cover of *Teen Vogue* has been on my bucket list forever”



Horse, Cabochon (owned by Julia Landmann), courtesy of Beth Cadwallader.

VIDEO
EXTRA!

WATCH BONUS INTERVIEWS
WITH THIS YEAR'S YOUNG HOLLYWOOD STARS
AT TEENVOGUE.COM

Obedience is clearly intended to be the first in a potential series, a possibility that the actress seems excited to pursue. “If it’s something that people want to see more of, why not? I mean,” she adds, “I loved everyone that we worked with.” Indeed, her feelings of regard for her primary costar were strong enough that their relationship continued—Taylor even visited her on the Malibu, California, set of her *Teen Vogue* shoot. But, on the record, she’s almost painfully discreet: “He’s a very funny, down-to-earth young man,” she says, somewhat stiffly, when asked about her rumored boyfriend. (In her own short-lived career as a journalist, Lily notes, she avoided what she calls “gossip questions.”)

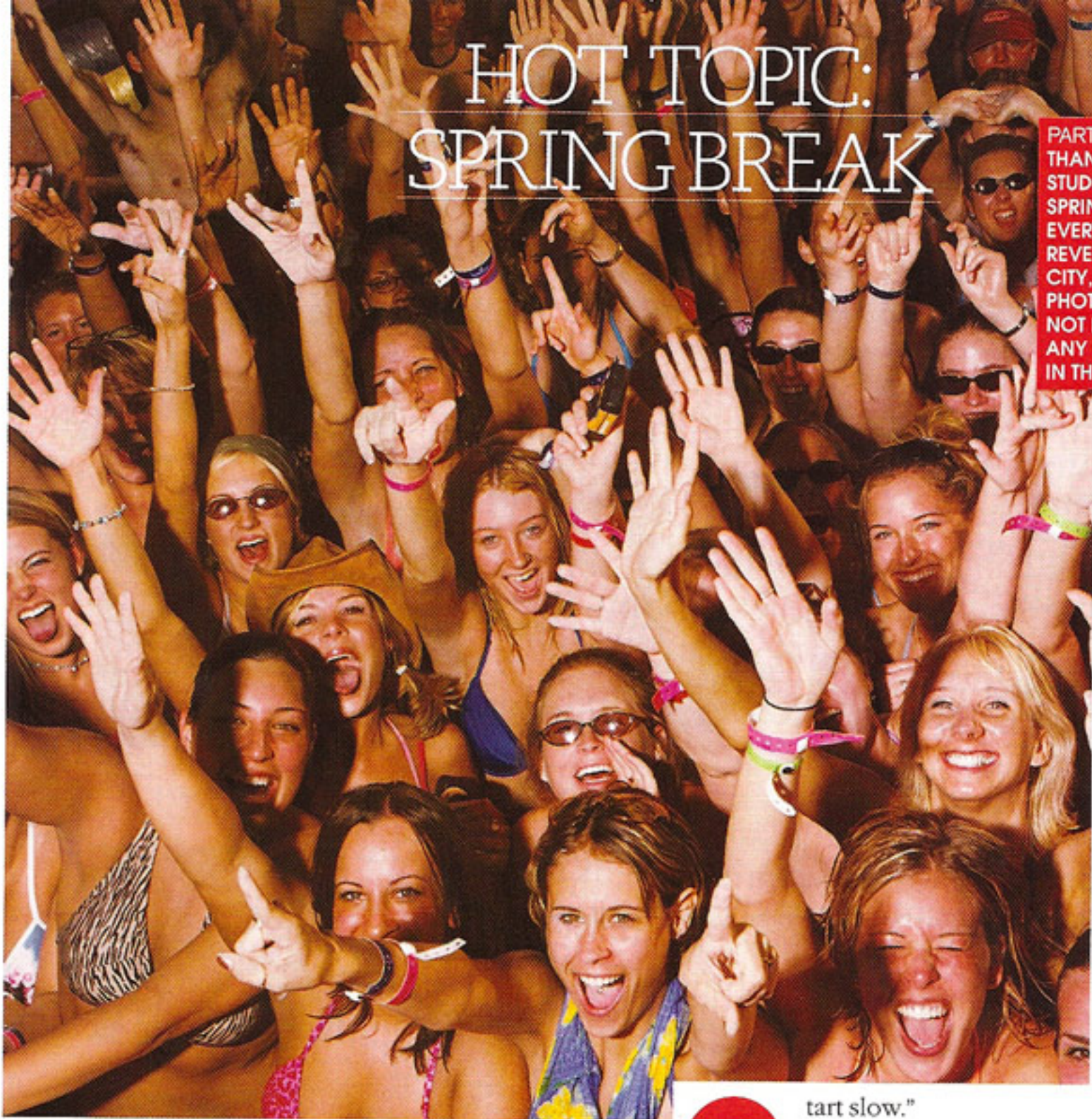
Though she’s far too polite to say it, Lily’s current slate of projects proves that her success was never just about luck. Yes, her father is Phil Collins, but nobody is going to put a relative unknown at the center of multimillion-dollar would-be blockbuster after multimillion-dollar would-be blockbuster just because her dad wrote “Sussudio.” (If celebrity DNA were all it took, Rumer Willis would be the most in-demand young starlet in Hollywood.)

The one area in which her parentage does seem to be a factor is fashion: Lily—who on the day of her interview wears an outfit that includes a necklace made from a vintage magnifying glass, a Dior ring, a Prada bag, and a jacket from American Eagle Outfitters—says she learned her way around a secondhand shop by watching her mom. “My mother used to take me to flea markets in my stroller,” she explains, “and I would just rummage through the piles.” Lily pretty much employs the same technique to this day. “You’ve got to dig through the overstuffed racks that everyone else just walks by,” she advises. “It’s the only way to find the cool stuff.” For big nights she favors quirky British designers like Stella McCartney, Matthew Williamson, Vivienne Westwood, and Alexander McQueen, with a hearty dose of Chanel for good measure, but off-duty, she tends toward a more “eclectic” mix.

Lily’s hoping to have a fairly eclectic career, as well. Sometime soon, she’ll start shooting an adaptation of the popular *The Mortal Instruments* books, in which she stars as Shadowhunter Clary Fray. “But I’d also love to do some sort of comedy,” she says, “or a really gritty independent. I loved Jennifer Lawrence’s performance in *Winter’s Bone*.” Refreshingly, for an actress at the beginning of her career, she’s not overly worried about her future. “I really think everything happens for a reason,” she says. It’s easy to see why she would. —LAUREN WATERMAN

HOT TOPIC: SPRING BREAK

PARTY ON MORE THAN ONE MILLION STUDENTS GO ON SPRING BREAK EVERY YEAR. BELOW: REVELERS IN PANAMA CITY, FL. THIS PHOTOGRAPH DOES NOT ILLUSTRATE ANY OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS ARTICLE.



wild things

Is spring break out of control? Lauren Waterman reports from Cancún.

Start slow.” Jen,* a green-eyed eighteen-year-old from Ohio, is earnestly outlining an alcohol consumption strategy for the week ahead. “Pace yourself,” she advises, “but if you’re gonna go through the night, do *not* sober up at dinnertime—” when she’s interrupted by a leering stranger who leans in to finger the strand of silver Mardi Gras beads she’s slung around her neck.

“I’ve got a *lot* more of these,” he slurs suggestively, his arm accidentally-on-purpose grazing her left breast.

“Great,” she replies, rolling her eyes.

A few feet away, another boy asks Jen’s classmate Alyssa, a blonde in a low-cut red tank top with a built-in push-up bra, if she’ll pose with him for a photograph. She smiles politely but then ►

HOT TOPIC: SPRING BREAK

turns away, starting back up the stairs toward the bar, where hundreds of high school kids seem to be doing their damndest to take the all-you-can-drink option in their all-inclusive vacation deals as a directive. (It's only 7:00 P.M. and several people have already puked in the enormous potted plants that are scattered around the hotel's largely furniture-less lobby.) Undaunted, Alyssa's admirer follows. As she climbs the steps, he lunges forward and bites her smack on her blue-jean-clad behind, while his buddy snaps a picture.

Welcome to
Spring Break.

Every March, upwards of one million American students descend upon hot spots like Jamaica, Acapulco, Daytona Beach, Panama City, and South Padre Island for a week of fun in the sun; Cancún, the unofficial capital of spring break, attracts well over 150,000. And though it's still thought of as mainly a college tradition, more and more high school seniors are making the trip—by the end of the month, after the MTV camera crews have gone and the undergrads are back on campus, the Cancún party crowd is composed almost entirely of sunburned seventeen- and eighteen-year-old kids.

But spring break isn't simply a vacation—it's a state of mind. Spurred on by shows like 2003's *The Real Cancun* and countless late-night commercials for *Girls Gone Wild* (whose Web site advertises one spring break tape with the tantalizing cry of "No Rules! No

Parents!"), many teens imagine that a week away from home and school is a week away from consequences. So *Teen Vogue* decided to head south to see what really goes down.

Cancún, like lots of destinations outside the U.S., has a special draw for the high school set: Mexico's legal drinking age is only eighteen, and even those who haven't yet technically hit adulthood happily report that the regulation is rarely—if ever—enforced. The hot-pink plastic medical-style bracelet that's slapped around the wrist of each and every guest at check-in is the only form of ID the hotel bartenders seem to require. And the bouncers at big clubs like Fat Tuesday, The City, and Señor Frog's are just as easily circumvented—admission bands can be bought in advance, sans proof of age, from the

promoters who set up shop in the hotel lobby.

Between the hotels, booze cruises, and clubs, all of which favor an open-bar policy, unlimited alcohol is available approximately eighteen hours a day, and most kids freely admit that getting wasted and hooking up are priorities. ("We came to get drunk and get tan," one New York girl said. Note the order.) A study published in the *Journal of American College Health* found that a female spring-breaker consumes, on average, a staggering ten drinks a day—for boys, it's eighteen—way above what anyone would consider healthy. And all that alcohol doesn't just endanger a girl's health: It also impairs judgment and can lead to blackouts and other risky or ➤

“A recent study found that a female spring-breaker consumes, on average, a staggering ten drinks a day—for boys it's eighteen—way above what's considered healthy”

HOT TOPIC: SPRING BREAK

regrettable situations that could compromise her personal safety.

At the hotel pool, which by eleven in the morning is already starting to resemble a late-stage frat party, a girl from Detroit throws her arms around boy after boy and pleads, "Somebody kiss me right now! I'm going to hook up with a different person every day!" Asked if she'd ever act like that at home, she laughs. "Hell no," she says thickly. "My mom would kill me." Not 20 minutes later, she's propped against the pool edge, eyes closed—her almost-as-inebriated friends don't even notice as her head starts to slip under the surface. (A group of boys is quickly recruited by onlookers to roll her up onto the

deck, where she regains consciousness just long enough to laugh hysterically and spit on the friend who's trying to force-feed her from a bottle of water.)

“I think young women are reflecting back the whole culture in miniature”

Meanwhile, the scene by the swim-up bar is quickly progressing from merely drunken to downright debauchorous. One girl, frustrated by the long wait for a frozen cocktail, finally agrees, after being egged on at length by the bartenders and the boys around her, to flash for faster service. And over on the beach, a drunk, half-naked girl straddling her best friend quickly draws a crowd of boys hoping something more will happen.

Ariel Levy, the author of *Female Chauvinist Pigs* (Free Press)—a recently released treatise on, among other things, the gone-wildification of girl culture—is troubled by these kinds of displays. "I'm stunned that the idea that you should flash your breasts or make out with your friend is just accepted as something totally obvious." In fact, she says, it's almost seen by some girls as an obligation, albeit a "lame" one. "It's not an authentic expression of sexuality—it's an automatic performance." *continued* ➤ 263

SECURITY CHECK

THE SAD—AND STILL-UNSOLVED—CASE OF NATALEE HOLLOWAY, THE EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD ALABAMA GIRL WHO DISAPPEARED IN ARUBA LAST SPRING DURING A SENIOR CLASS TRIP, ILLUSTRATES THE VERY REAL DANGERS THAT CAN INTRUDE ON A SEEMINGLY CAREFREE VACATION. AND WHILE DEATHS, ASSAULTS, AND REPORTED RAPES ARE RELATIVELY RARE, IT'S STILL IMPORTANT THAT GIRLS PLAN AHEAD AND DO EVERYTHING IN THEIR POWER TO STAY SAFE ON SPRING BREAK.

BUDDY UP

And we don't mean with that cute guy across the dance floor: One of the best ways to steer clear of trouble on spring break is to stick by your girlfriends. Checking in with each other helps ensure that no one will wander off into harm's way.

BE SAFE

Some college health centers report a spike in STD diagnoses in the weeks following spring break; if you don't abstain, insisting on a condom can cut your risk considerably.

DRINK RESPONSIBLY

If you do imbibe, chase each alcoholic beverage with a glass of water or juice. And beware of date rape drugs like rohypnol and GHB: Never accept a drink from anyone you don't know, and don't let your cup out of your sight.

ASK FOR HELP

If you travel outside the United States, carry the numbers for the nearest embassy or consulate, the police, and the hospital—just in case.

wild things

continued from ► 112

Actually, it's an opening act. That night, in the clubs, we see the main event. At La Boom, teenage girls in minis and midriff-baring halter tops dance on the bars, on the stage, on every available raised surface, not much caring that the guys on the floor can see up their skirts. It's weird: In Cancún, young women are clearly outnumbered—one disappointed boy puts the ratio at one to three—but their physical presence is so essential to the spring break experience that they're often *literally* elevated.

A little after midnight, an MC cuts the music, clears the stage, and calls for volunteers for "the contest." What follows is enough to make wet T-shirts seem quaint. Five girls, plucked from the audience, start gyrating as soon as they hit the stage, and after each picks a male partner, the MC explains that "the prize" will go to the couple who demonstrates the "best kiss."

But the first pair opts to ignore his instruction and instead launches into some fairly standard freak dancing; their routine is improved upon by the second guy, who drops his girl to the floor and climbs on top. As the third couple comes forward, the boy quickly whips off his own T-shirt and then his partner's, apparently without her permission—panicked, she pulls her arms across her bare chest while the crowd cheers. The fourth girl, who earlier in

the round was mouthing to a friend in the first row, "There's *no way* I'm doing this," has vanished, but no matter: The round is won when the fifth contestant steps up, removes her halter, and shakes, smiling. The crowd goes nuts.

Celia Blumenthal, a psychiatrist at the Mount Sinai Adolescent Health Center, says that the emotional costs of starring in such a show—or of simply doffing your top at the pool—can vary widely. "If a girl has a good sense of herself," she says, "and was sort of conflicted and did it, and thought, 'That was disgusting, I will never do that again,' it can act as a clarification of her values. But if a girl starts out with low self-esteem, then getting treated as a sexual object can compound a problem that already existed." And while alcohol is obviously a huge factor, relaxing inhibitions and loosening girls' sense of propriety, Levy places this kind of behavior in a larger context. "I think young women are reflecting back the whole culture in miniature," she says. But that doesn't mean that a girl has to go along with it. "Think about what you want," Levy advises. "Are you taking off your shirt because you actually feel like it's going to be fun, or is it a reflex? You're allowed to decide if this is what you want."

Indeed, not everybody on spring break goes wild. At the hotel the next day, the prevailing opinion is

best summed up by eighteen-year-old Anna, who calls the contestants "totally gross." Hooking up, however, is endemic: One group of girls from Michigan happily reports that all but one of them fooled around with boys they barely knew on their first night in Cancún—check that, their first *afternoon*—and eighteen-year-old Charlotte explains that even the fact that most spring breakers are staying three or four to a room isn't really a deterrent. "We started in the shower," she reports, "because his roommate was passed out naked on the bed, but we moved to the room because I was scared we'd fall over."

In the end, most of the girls *Teen Vogue* talked to seemed to embrace the motto emblazoned on one popular T-shirt: WHAT HAPPENS ON SPRING BREAK STAYS ON SPRING BREAK. Eighteen-year-old Sarah says that if her boyfriend, who didn't come, calls her out for cheating, she'll stonewall. "I'll say, 'Whatever, I don't know what you're talking about.'" After all, it's practically true. "I have very few memories of my Thursday night," she adds, "after being onstage at some point with Teck from *The Real World*. I know that my friend's cousin took me back to my room and we both passed out, and that we might have had sex. So ... I don't know. I'm over it now. I just wish I could remember." —WITH BLAINE ZUCKERMAN
**Names have been changed.*

VOGUEFILE

editor: Michelle Kessler Sanders

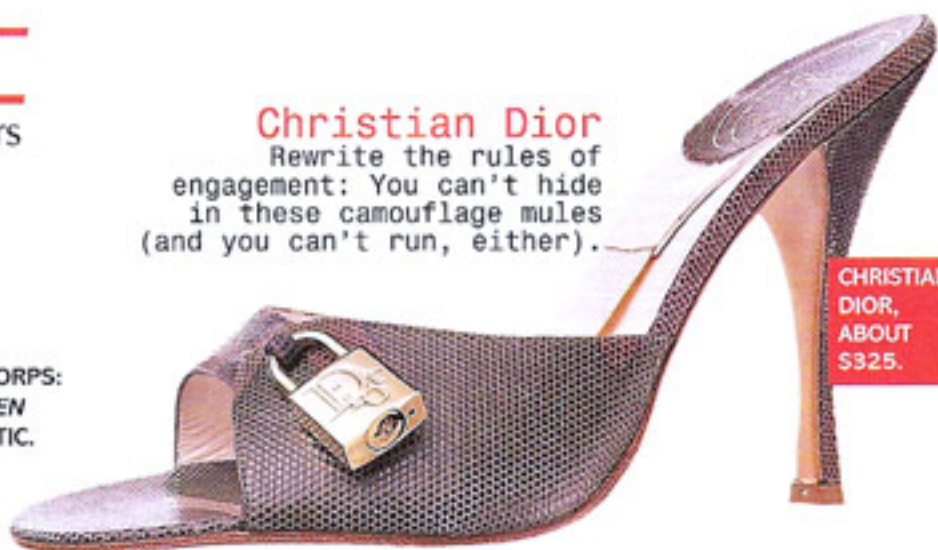


CELINE,
ABOUT
\$425.



HARD CORPS:
THE ALIEN
AESTHETIC.

Christian Dior
Rewrite the rules of
engagement: You can't hide
in these camouflage mules
(and you can't run, either).



CHRISTIAN
DIOR,
ABOUT
\$325.

Celine

"Strong,
raw, gutsy
glamour...
distinctly
female...
Sigourney
Weaver in
Aliens."
—Michael Kors

choose your weapons

It was inevitable that we would weary of last season's corsaged and chiffon-clad war brides. But to see them vanquished on the runways by women who dress like their shipped-out husbands—women more likely to accessorize with bullet cartridges than camellias—is a surprising bit of turnabout. "Military influences are the flip side of the glamorous, dressed, uptown trend," Michael Kors says. Miuccia Prada agrees: Uniform references (like the standard-issue khaki ankle socks models wore on the runway at Miu Miu) are simply "a reaction to the rich, colorful, frivolous fashion of the past season." Of course, enlisting in the trend does take a bit of forethought. As John Galliano explains, "A girl cannot expect to find a sexy little bias-cut camouflage skirt at the Army surplus store. She has to get it at Dior!" Hot Lips Houlihan never had it so good. —LAUREN WATERMAN



GUCCI,
ABOUT
\$840.

Gucci
Glamorous
Marilyn guises
graced Gucci's
runway; this
bag conjures up
her USO days.

**Rodolphe
Menudier**
Gender-mixing
is the feel
of these ankle-
wrap fatigues.
Rodolphe says,
"Very urban-
barbarian."

DO YOU FEEL
A DRAFT?
GUCCI, SPRING
2001.



RODOLPHE
MENUDIER,
ABOUT \$295.



MIU MIU,
ABOUT
\$350.

Miu Miu
Round up the troops
and head for a
reconnaissance shopping
mission to Barneys.

lastlook

editor: Michelle Kessler Sanders

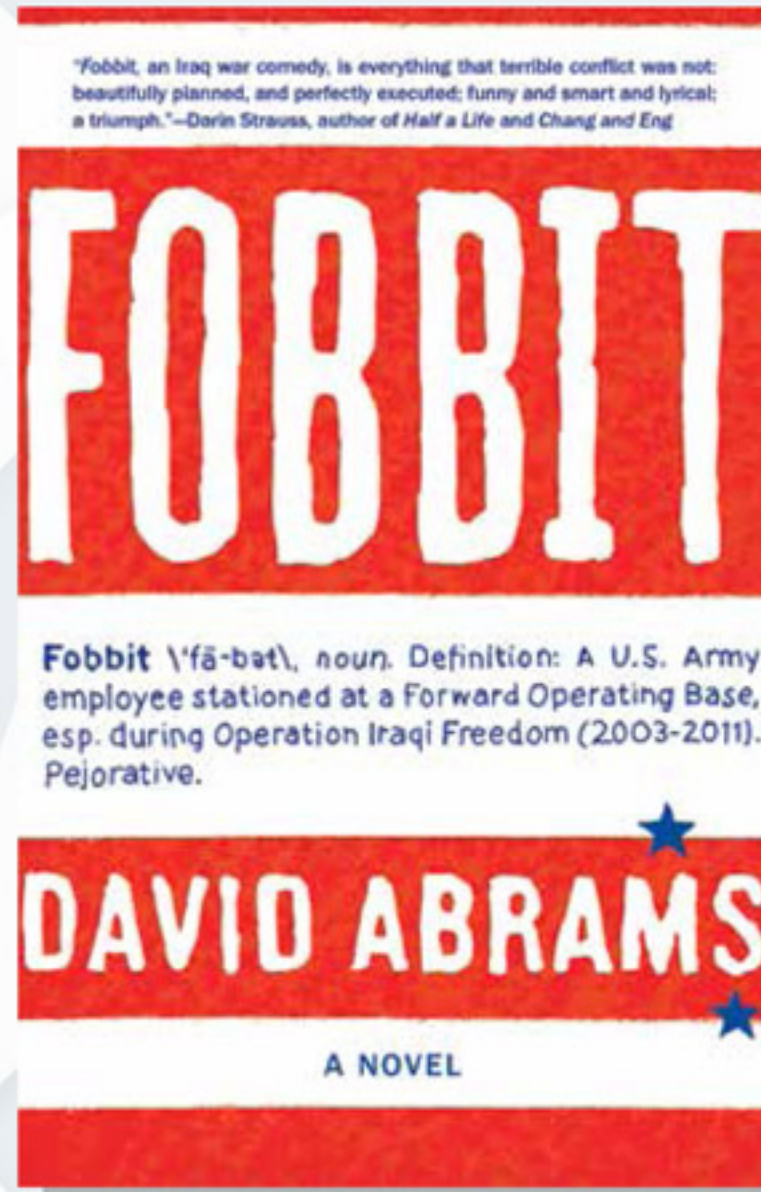
t

hey seem exactly the sort of watch Hercule Poirot might have found on the slim, cool wrist of Linnet Doyle (the girl who had everything right up to her end in Agatha Christie's *Death on the Nile*). Maybe it's the Art Deco-ish faces; Patek Philippe's is based on a design first introduced in the thirties, when a Brazilian jeweler asked the watchmaker for something "really different." Maybe it's the desert-tone bands, in leathers reminiscent of steamer trunks and travel kits. Or maybe it's simply the quality Christian Bedat calls a "spirited elegance." But all told, these timepieces can't help making you think of a glamorously dusty young Brit abroad, consulting the hour as she glides through a Moroccan souk.

—LAUREN WATERMAN



MARTIN MISTRETTA. Details, stores, see in This Issue.



HE SAID, SHE SAID

War, they say, is hell. But fame isn't always a cakewalk either. This month, two debut novelists offer fresh, fictional takes on these two perennially fascinating—but very different—topics. **LAUREN WATERMAN** turns the page

Elsa Pitts, née Emerson, is 19 and pregnant with her second child when she's finally asked the question she's been waiting to hear ever since arriving in Los Angeles, via bus, more than two years before: "Have you ever thought about acting?" The truth, she promptly admits, is that she's thought of little else. From the moment in 1929 when a then 9-year-old Elsa first set foot on a stage at the summer-stock theater her parents owned and operated in Door County, Wis., she was hooked, "high"—as Emma Straub

writes in her fantastic first novel, *Laura Lamont's Life in Pictures*—"as light and full of air as an escaped balloon vanishing over the treetops."

Luckily for Elsa, her interlocutor is none other than Irving Green, the second in command at a successful Hollywood studio; in short order, he changes her name to Laura Lamont, dyes her blonde hair black and turns her into a silver-screen star.

Straub's own rise has been hardly less meteoric: The 32-year-old daughter of best-selling horror novelist Peter Straub, she published a well-regarded collection of short stories, *Other People We Married*, in 2011. And *Laura Lamont* is sure to increase her fan club: It retains the charm and intimacy of her previous work, but the scope is enlarged, and the plot is downright cinematic—it follows its heroine's career all the way through to 1980. "The idea came from an obituary I read in the *New York Times*, for the actress Jennifer Jones," Straub explains. "This novel isn't about her, but that's where I started. . . . I wanted to get way, way outside my own life and experiences."

But for David Abrams, the author of *Fobbit*, his own life experiences were exactly the point, becoming rich fodder for his fiction. In fact, Staff Sgt. Chance Gooding, the primary protagonist of this 2005-set Iraq War satire, is close to the bone. "Chance is a midcareer soldier who's never been to war, and that was me," the author says. "He works in a military task-force headquarters in Baghdad, writing reams of useless press releases for civilian news agencies that will probably never read them. That was me, too." Stationed, for 14 hours a day, in a cubicle in one of Saddam Hussein's many air-conditioned, marble-floored palaces, Gooding at first views his deployment with, as Abrams writes, "equal parts dread and annoyance—fear of being killed at any moment, yes; but also irritation at the fact that he was now on what felt like a yearlong camping trip." With his lavender-vanilla body wash and dust-covered rifle, he is surprisingly sheltered. But, inevitably, the horrors occurring on a near-daily basis outside the base's fortified walls begin to creep in.

And, unlike his alter ego, Abrams

(who retired from the U.S. Army in 2008) isn't afraid to go beyond the Green Zone: He's created a small platoon of characters that allow the reader to infiltrate martial life at every level. (Comparisons to *M*A*S*H* are all but inevitable.) Many have Dickensian-sounding monikers, like the dangerously hapless Captain Shrinkle, unable to make a single decent decision on the terrorist-targeted, civilian-filled city streets that pass, in this war, for a battlefield. Clearly, Abrams' firsthand knowledge of his topic is not just useful, but essential. The writer's vivid, jargon-peppered portrait of life on a Forward Operating Base—and of the FOB's many base-bound inhabitants, known, derogatively, as Fobbits—is so compelling precisely because it feels very real, albeit improbably funny.

Like Straub's book, it's a rare fictional close-up on a world that's more often been documented in newspapers and magazine articles. Together, these two debuts prove that while truth might occasionally be stranger, a novel making such deft use of character and environment can be every bit as true.

MUSIC

FINELY TUNED

Speaking from a charity-shop changing room in Loughborough, England, a sleepy college town where she'll be taking the stage in a few hours, **Florence Welch** of Florence and the Machine—"the name," she says, "was a joke, and it's got very out of hand"—sounds nothing short of elated. "It's amazing," she declares. The 23-year-old former art student is not speaking of her musical It-girl status (in fact, she says that the Critics' Choice Brit Award she won last February, before her debut album was even finished, "totally freaked me out") but of a "beautiful turquoise silk tea dress" she's just purchased. It turns out that much of her performancewear is picked up from thrift stores. "Some people buy postcards or take photographs," she explains, "but this is how I like to document my travels."

Her costumes may be secondhand, but the music showcased on *Lungs*, which arrives here this month, is utterly original. "Kiss with a Fist," a domestic-violence ditty written when she was sixteen, is so exhilaratingly catchy it's almost irresponsible, and more recent compositions like "Drumming Song" and "Rabbit Heart (Raise It Up)" are every bit as stirring. How would Welch describe her lush, soulful sound? "My music sounds like a choir of nuns being dropped down an elevator shaft." —LAUREN WATERMAN

FLORAL NOTE
THE LONDON-BASED SINGER, IN A MIU MIU DRESS.



ART ACTS OF FAITH



HAIL MARY
TOP: JAMES ROSENQUIST'S *TOSCA* 2009; ABOVE, JULIAN SCHNABEL'S *MARY*, 2009.

Calling a painting "operatic" is not generally considered a compliment in the art world, but "**Something About Mary**," a just-opened show at the New York Metropolitan Opera's Gallery Met, may change that for good. Under the direction of *Vogue* contributing editor Dodie Kazanjian, who founded Gallery Met in 2006, the exhibition space is putting the spotlight on works by more than a dozen top artists—including Francesco Clemente, Elizabeth Peyton, and John Currin—to celebrate the current production of Puccini's *Tosca*. Inspired by a key moment in which the brown-eyed Tosca becomes

jealous after discovering that her blue-eyed rival has served as the model for a painting of Mary Magdalene by the man she loves, Kazanjian asked them all to take as their subject the art-historical icon.

Pop-art icon James Rosenquist—whose *Painting Below Zero: Notes on a Life in Art* (Knopf) comes out this month—brought a cinematic style to the assignment, breaking his painting into shards that show a rose, the traditional symbol of Mary; the fiery Tosca and her rival; as well as the instruments of the opera's tragedy: a knife and a gun. "I didn't think about previous versions of Mary by great painters. I just kept my focus on that blue eye," says Rosenquist.

So successful was his interpretation that it also adorns the Met's huge outdoor *Tosca* banner. When the Met asked the painter for advice on the banner's text, he weighed in with complete confidence—after all, he got his start as a billboard painter in Times Square. Says Rosenquist, "They asked me about lettering, and I said, 'Boy, do I know about lettering!'" In the end, a simple sans serif font did the trick. —TED LOOS *pata >198*