

# VOGUE

JUN/JUL

## KAIA GERBER

A MODEL  
GROWS UP

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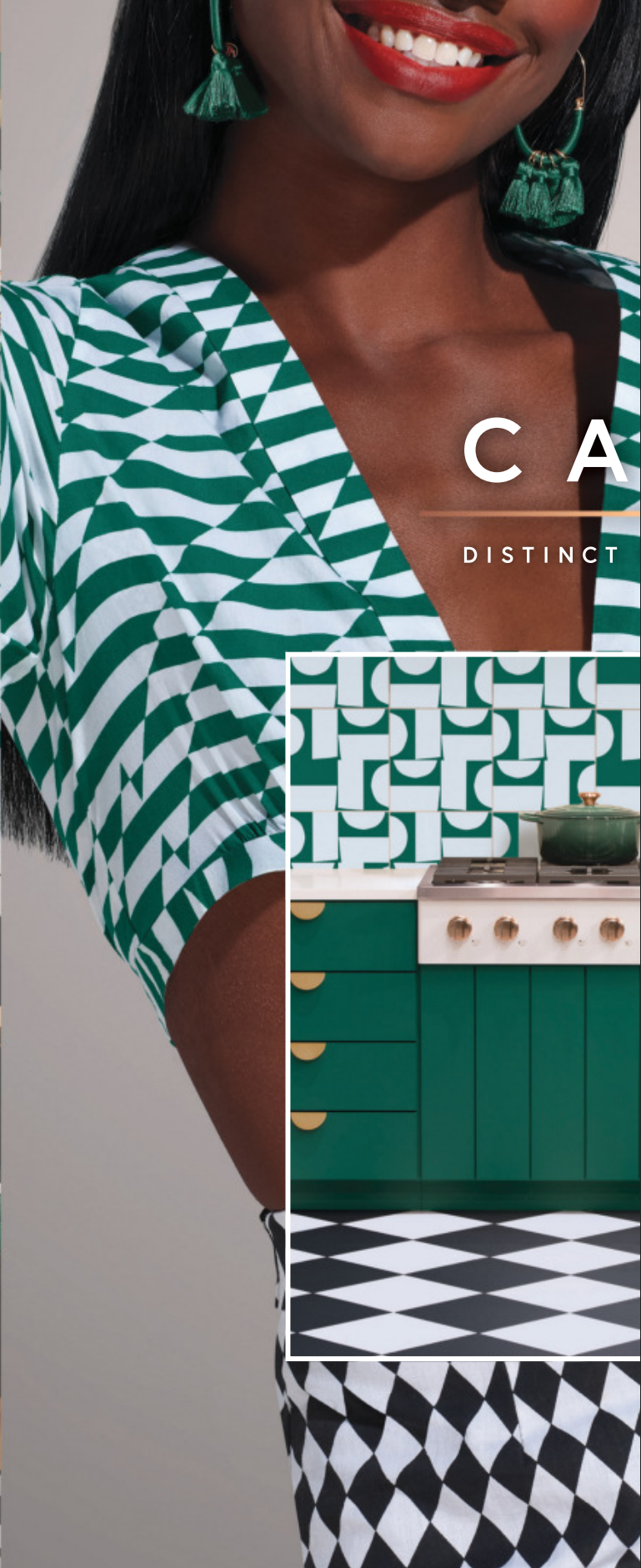
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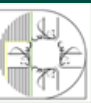
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# VOGUE

June/July 2021



FASHION EDITOR: MAX ORTEGA. HAIR: EVANIE FRAUSTO. MAKEUP: HOLLY SILIUS. PRODUCED BY CAMP PRODUCTIONS.

## JUMP AROUND

FROM LEFT: MUSICIANS DANA FOOTE (OF THE BAND SIR CHLOE, IN DIOR), KAYTRANADA (IN A BALENCIAGA SWEATER AND MARNI PANTS), AND SAM AUSTINS (IN MARNI). PHOTOGRAPHED BY RYAN MCGINLEY.

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## Cover Look Into the Light

Kaia Gerber wears a Chanel Haute Couture dress. Maria Tash earring. To get this look, try: All Hours Foundation in B30, Touche Éclat All-Over Brightening Pen in 3, Les Sahariennes Bronzing Stones in 01 Sunstone (Light), Couture Brow Mascara in 4 Brun Absolu, Radical Volumizing Mascara, and Rouge Volupté Rock'n Shine Lipstick in 3 Pink Flow. All by YSL Beauty. Hair, Lucas Wilson; makeup, Pati Dubroff. Details, see In This Issue.

**Photographer: Colin Dodgson.**  
**Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.**

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# Letter From the Editor



## MODEL BEHAVIOR

LEFT: KAIA GERBER, IN CHANEL HAUTE COUTURE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY COLIN DODGSON. ABOVE: CINDY CRAWFORD, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARTHUR ELGORT FOR VOGUE, 1988.

Fry, “Kaia has her head on straight.” The proof is in the affecting way Kaia reflects on her own life, especially on the hazards of starting young. “I found myself in situations where I was, like, I actually don’t have the life experience that I need to handle this,” she says.

I’m happy to say that Kaia seems to be handling life brilliantly now. She put her time under lockdown to good use, starting a book club on Instagram (she’s always been a

passionate reader), attracting some of the most interesting young authors on the literary scene today, and driving sales in the process. Kaia is wary of the term *influencer*, but she understands visibility and how to make the most of it. In everything she does, she *connects*, just as her mother always has.

Speaking of connection, we’re all ready to put our months of isolation behind us and rejoin the world. The pandemic is far from over, alas, even as hopeful signs appear nearly everywhere you look—signs of reemergence, signs of recovery, signs of hope. We wanted to dedicate this issue to a celebration of all those wonderful things we can’t wait to get fully back to: weddings, music festivals, dressing up, going out, touching, hugging, seeing family. The pages that follow were fun to dream up, fun to execute, and filled us all with a much-needed spark of joy. I hope they do the same for you.

Amahitar.

## Begin Again

IT CAN’T BE EASY to have one of the most beloved and astonishingly successful supermodels in the world as your mother. Cindy Crawford drove *Vogue* to heights of popularity whenever we put her on the cover in the ’90s (she was the bluest of blue-chip cover subjects). Her 19-year-old daughter and this month’s cover star, Kaia Gerber, is a modeling sensation in her own right, beloved by the fashion community and by her millions of followers online. And when I look at the images this month, photographed by Colin Dodgson and styled by Tonne Goodman (“All in the Balance,” page 78), I can’t help but marvel at her uncanny likeness to Cindy and be impressed all over again at Kaia’s poise and grace as she follows in her mother’s professional footsteps. Kaia is an impressive and amazingly mature young woman, expressing herself with characteristic candor and self-awareness in our profile this month. It helps, of course, that she and Cindy are incredibly close. That goes for the whole family, including brother Presley and father Rande.

Cindy kept a loving and protective watch on her daughter’s career when it began; as she tells writer Naomi

FASHION EDITOR: TONNE GOODMAN. HAIR: LUCAS WILSON. MAKEUP: PATI DUBROFF. PRODUCED BY IRIS COLLECTIVE. SET DESIGN: SPENCER VROOMAN. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.



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# Contributors



## Masami Hosono

About a week before *Vogue* had Hosono—of the downtown Manhattan salon Vacancy Project—train their hairstyling talents on Ella Emhoff (“Short [And Long] Story,” page 66), Hosono and the model/second daughter had a serendipitous encounter on the street. “She said, ‘Oh, I want to get a haircut by you. Sometime I want to make an appointment,’” Hosono recalls. Soon there was no need: *Vogue* asked Hosono to trim Emhoff’s locks into the silhouette of the moment, a riff on the mullet. In fact, it’s none too different from Hosono’s own look of late: a halo of curls evoking a “young Mick Jagger.” Here’s someone who practices what they preach.

## Alex Harrington, Jorden Bickham, and Brianna Capozzi

For “Baby Love” (page 126), a portfolio of new and expecting mothers photographed by Capozzi (FAR RIGHT), contributing fashion editors Harrington and Bickham (RIGHT) assembled a coterie of models, artists, performers, and other creatives who found themselves in the daunting position of being pregnant during an international health crisis. “Alex and I were looking for a group of women who represented the courage of motherhood, particularly during this time: strong, modern, and heroic,” Bickham says. All told, the project proved a deeply special one, not least because it gave her and Harrington—fellow *Vogue* fashion assistants a decade ago—the rare chance to collaborate. “Working with Alex,” she says, “was sort of a full-circle moment for the two of us.”



## Naomi Fry

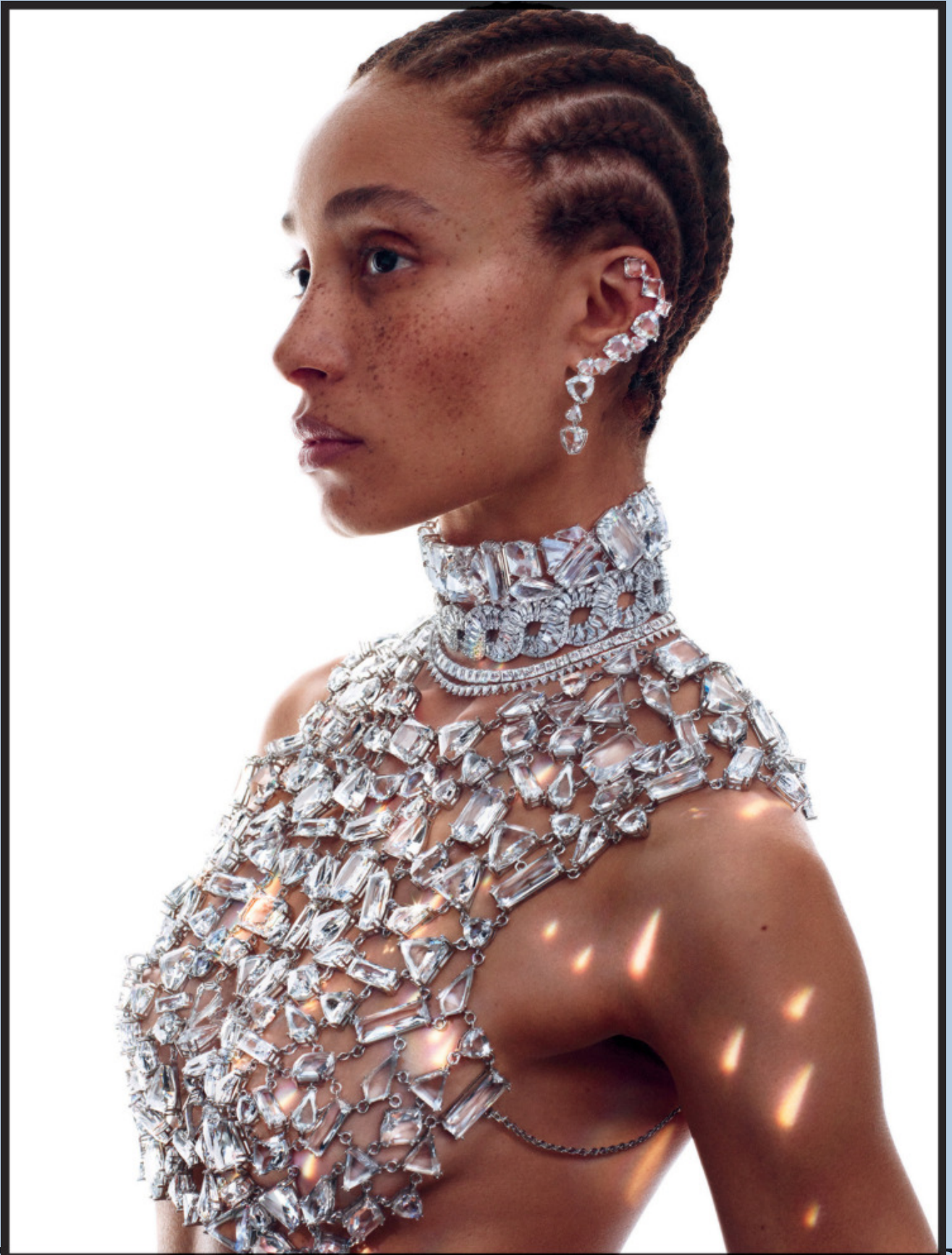
For Fry, a staff writer at *The New Yorker*, traveling to Los Angeles to profile Kaia Gerber (“All in the Balance,” page 78) presented a welcome break from her lockdown routine. At the Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn, home that she shares with her husband and nine-year-old daughter (whom Fry has helplessly watched become “very much online” during the pandemic), Fry, like so many of us, has felt the odd strain of having nowhere to go. So a trip west—even one that she’d taken a hundred times before, both on assignment and just because—was a major event. “Just getting on the plane and flying into LAX, it felt special,” she says. “I don’t know if I would be able to live in L.A., but it’s very seductive.” The same could be said of gallivanting around Hollywood with Gerber, her brother, and a close friend of theirs for a day—an experience that Fry found both glamorous and touchingly familiar. “I don’t have a ton of interaction with current-day teenagers or people who are, like, 20,” she says. “But it calmed me down to see that, quote unquote, *kids these days* weren’t that different from what I remember.”



HOSONO: EMMA FISHMAN; FRY: NINA WESTERVELT; HARRINGTON AND BICKHAM: COURTESY OF SUBJECTS; CAPOZZI: BELLA HADID.



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# SWAROVSKI

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## On With the Shows!

For years, there wasn't a runway Hamish Bowles didn't grace. Yet while applauding new ways to experience fashion, he still yearns for the smell of the perfume and the roar of the crowd.

I'll tell you what I'm missing: I'm missing a live fashion show. Don't get me wrong: I'm awed by the way creative people have found creative solutions to presenting their work during the dystopian discombobulations of this past year. I was gaga for Jeremy Scott's Moschino marionette models (full disclosure: The show featured yours truly), and for JW Anderson's show in a box and his *The Loewe Show Has Been Cancelled* newspaper, and for Nicolas Ghesquière's spring 2021 green-screen Louis Vuitton experience, among so many others. And please don't get me started on the Central Saint Martins show, which revealed what students can do working from the confines of their homes—from a London flat share to a sheep farm in Reykjavík—because it will bring me to tears.

I hope we will continue to see more innovation and imagination and solutions that reveal an awareness of the unconscionable carbon footprint of the traditional live-fashion-show circuit. At the same time, the sheer

sensory wonder of a great fashion show—like live theater, music, and dance—is something that has torn at my viscera since childhood.

England in the 1970s was a gloomy time to be an adult, the country fissured by blackouts, general strikes, and IRA terrorist attacks. It was, however, a great period to be a fashion-struck little boy. Perhaps in response to the general malaise, London's star designers—Ossie Clark, Zandra Rhodes, Antony Price, Jean Muir, Thea Porter, and Bill Gibb among them—traded in fantasy and nostalgia, their work as escapist as that of the silver-screen moviemakers of Depression-era America.

My fashion idol was the Scotsman Gibb, whose especially fanciful creations were showcased in the first fashion show I attended, in which he celebrated a decade of his >40

### WALKS TO REMEMBER

LINDA EVANGELISTA, CINDY CRAWFORD, NAOMI CAMPBELL, AND CHRISTY TURLINGTON MODELING FOR VERSACE IN 1991.



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# Up Front Being There

label with an extravaganza at the Royal Albert Hall in 1977. I was 14 and had just won a special mention in British *Vogue's* Annual Talent Contest. The die, apparently, was cast. I bought a ticket and sat in the gods of that vast concert auditorium with hundreds of fashion students, transfixed as the pages of British *Vogue* came to life before my very eyes and a parade of actresses, models, and It girls (and It boys) twirled across the stage like so many disco-era Loie Fullers. The entertainments included Wayne Sleep, the Royal Ballet's engaging star dancer (who would later perform with the Princess of Wales, to the apparent mortification of her husband), making a surprise cameo as Olga Korbut, the Olympic gold medal-winning gymnast. The show ended with "Land of Hope and Glory" playing as a thousand balloons—in the yellow, black, and white of Gibbs's signature enameled buttons—tumbled from the rafters. It was theater and performance and magic, and I discovered then that a physical fashion show could take you into a designer's world as nothing else quite could.

Still dreaming of Bill Gibb, I studied fashion at Saint Martins in the early 1980s, when the only way I could experience the international collections was through the little thumbnail images in a dog-eared library edition of a hefty magazine called *Collezioni*. Mind you, London's nightlife then was a permanent fashion show: We'd spend all week concocting our lewks for the Camden Palace or the ChaCha Club. And we could practically have majored in *Crashing the Paris Shows*—masquerading as models' assistants or members of hair and makeup teams, and sometimes simply making a run at the security barriers—and were occasionally rewarded with a standing-room vision of Yohji and Rei's radical designs, or Claude Montana's vision of comic-strip pulchritude.

For the fall 1984 shows, however, Thierry Mugler showed at the Zénith Paris, a huge rock-concert venue, and there were tickets for sale. Rarely had my emaciated student grant been better spent: This was fashion show as high-camp spectacle—one that rose to a crescendo with a religious-themed finale set to Miklós Rózsa's rousing soundtrack from *King of Kings* and included the unforgettable vision of the twirling-dervish runway star Pat Cleveland, then six months pregnant with her son, Noel, descending from the skies as the Madonna in Swarovski-spangled ice-blue chiffon and Stephen Jones's starburst halo.

Mugler never disappointed: Another season, his muse Dauphine de Jerphanion made one of her entrances in a sleigh drawn by panicked huskies, and when Ivana detached herself from The Donald and emerged with new cheekbones and an ash-blonde updo, Mugler sent her down his spring 1992 runway with the prodigiously endowed porn star Jeff Stryker in cowboy chaps.

Not long after Pat Cleveland descended from the clouds, my fellow student John Galiano staged his first runway show for his Saint Martins-degree collection. Inspired by the Incroyables, the dandies who emerged in the wake of

the French Revolution, John cast a group of fascinating characters (including a teenage Camilla Nickerson) and sent them out screaming like banshees to a mash-up of the "Marseillaise" and beatboxing. Although it was over in minutes, it remains one of the most electrifying fashion moments I've ever experienced, and God knows John has continued to create them: Particularly seared in my memory is his spring 1998 Dior haute couture show, staged at Paris's Opéra Garnier, with decor by the late, great Michael Howells and featuring tango dancers, borzois, and the ghost of the Marchesa Casati in a crinoline almost as wide as the marble staircase.

The '80s also gave me a quintessential Manhattan moment with Donna Karan's Seven Easy Pieces show, presented in her narrow Seventh Avenue showroom, with her Amazonian models coming out in black jersey bodies and black hose and

heels and dressing themselves from the pieces laid out on the platforms to a soundtrack of Barbra crooning Sondheim's "Putting It Together." It all seemed so exotic to me then—and perhaps the feeling was mutual, as when I arrived to interview Donna after the show, her PA had to race ahead to warn her that I was wearing a brace of Chanel jackets as a twinset, and a quilted navy jersey Chanel purse. The frivolous '80s also gave us a thoroughly Parisian moment with Christian Lacroix's operatic debut show for his own couture house for fall 1987, which was opened by the Queen of Arles and her ladies-in-waiting and featured more or less a new piece of music for each passage—and the birth of the pneumatic *pouffe* dress. A crimson or shocking-pink carnation had been laid on each of the run-of-show programs on our little gilt ballroom chairs, and when Christian appeared to take his bow he was showered in a hail of them. A Lacroix show then lasted a good 40 minutes—an Yves Saint



#### CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

THE AUTHOR, EMBRACED BY MODEL STEPHANIE SEYMOUR, AT A MARC JACOBS SHOW IN 2004.

*Foreword by*  
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# Up Front

## Being There

Laurent couture show, meanwhile, could feature 120 looks, and you might not be out in an hour and a half.

During the fall couture shows, presented in July, the heat in the hotel ballrooms could be stultifying, intensifying the effect of the designer's fragrance of the moment, liberally spritzed around the room, mingling with the various powerful perfumes of the clients frantically fanning themselves. And the waiting could be agony—Montana once decided that he hated the hair just as the first girl was about to walk out, so we waited what seemed like hours for the redos. Catherine Deneuve, not exactly a stickler for punctuality herself, was so exasperated by one very tardy Gaultier show that she started ululating at the top of her voice exactly like a celebrant at a Moroccan wedding. I was so taken by surprise that I nearly fell off my chair.

Apart from the odd cameo by Iman or Jerry Hall, it wasn't really until Gianni Versace's electrifying fall 1991 show, when Naomi, Cindy, Linda, and Christy came out lip-syncing to George Michael's "Freedom! '90," that print supermodels hit the runways. Until then, there existed a special tribe of runway models who also fit the clothes for hours on end but were rarely shot for print—astounding women who moved like a dream: the Brazilian Dalma

Callado, for instance, who slinked down the runway throwing supercilious sideways glances at the audience and could unbutton a jacket, remove a cuff and a glove, and drag the jacket behind her like a caveman's fresh kill without once looking down or missing a step. For most of the decade, Karl Lagerfeld had Inès de la Fressange, the willowy runway actress who once had 25 changes in a single show. (When a teenage Kate Moss turned up for Galliano's first show in Paris, Moss burst into tears when she saw that she had been given only one outfit.)

I had moved to Manhattan and American *Vogue* in 1992 and was already inured to the no-nonsense New York presentations: Everything on the runway was for sale, and the attitude was sunny and glamorous. In Paris, meanwhile, Helmut Lang was creating a quiet revolution by sending his men and women down the runway rapid-fire, with nary a stop to twirl, and the arrival of Lee Alexander McQueen on London's fashion landscape in the early 1990s brought an entirely new recalibration, adding the concept of extreme disquiet and fear to the show experience.

The world through Lee's eyes was a dystopia, and he created the armor that could protect you from its horrors.

His fourth runway show, for 1995, titled "The Birds" after Hitchcock's menacing opus, was the first I attended. We were bidden to a near-derelict Victorian warehouse in sordid King's Cross in North London, then notorious for its prostitutes. There were claustrophobic corridors and narrow stairways, so that even before I'd sat down I was experiencing a sense of profound unease. Then, to a menacing soundtrack of screeching birds and car crashes, McQueen sent out eerie droid women silhouetted at the end of the runway by laser-beam backlighting. They

teetered forward on dangerous heels, their eyes blanked with white contact lenses (writer Plum Sykes, who modeled in the show, refused to wear hers), in pale clothes that had been violently patterned backstage with oily tire treads. The jackets and shirts were slashed just below the nipple, the pants and skirts cut so low that they revealed cupped buttocks. It all took the breath away. Vivienne Westwood had already given me a sense of fashion as transgression with her anarchic shows, but this was something altogether different. McQueen, like Mugler, was a born showman: Think of Shalom Harlow being spray-painted by robots (spring 1999),

Kate Moss appearing as a hologram (fall 2006), and Karen Elson collapsing from exhaustion in a torrent of pewter sequins in the Michael Clark–choreographed show inspired by *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* (spring 2004).

Alongside McQueen's dystopia, the '90s also gave us the heart-in-mouth excitement of Tom Ford's Gucci, which threw sex into the pulsing nightclub energy of his shows—and the emergence of Miuccia Prada, who stirred art into her game-changing presentations. Marc Jacobs also got into his stride, both at Vuitton in Paris and with his shows at the Lexington Avenue and Park Avenue armories that featured thrilling seasonal mood swings, from his Lynn Yaeger– and Anna Piaggi–inspired fall 2012 collection in a set created by sculptor Rachel Feinstein, to spring 2006's prom queen for a day (accompanied by the Penn State Blue Band giving us Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit"), to fall 2020's eve-of-the-pandemic Karole Armitage show that cast the audience as protagonists.

New York's Ralph Lauren has also brought the audience into his world in powerfully



**FOR THE LOVE OF POMP**  
MODELS TAKE THE RUNWAY AT JOHN GALLIANO'S FALL 2006 DIOR HAUTE COUTURE PRESENTATION.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

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**F**or my 16th birthday, my mom, my two best friends, and I came to L.A. for the first time. We made a bee-line off the plane to a restroom at the car-rental place, where we slammed open our luggage and started putting on makeup. I was like, “Mascara, mascara! Lipstick, lipstick!” We thought if we wore sunglasses everywhere, people would think we were famous. On that trip we were sure we saw Snoop Dogg, so we started following him around and taking pictures on the sly. It wasn’t Snoop Dogg after all!

Though 79 million people follow me on TikTok now, I don’t feel famous. Most of them came during the pandemic, so I haven’t experienced what that’s like in person. I’m a girl from Louisiana who only graduated from high school in 2019—but because of my platform, it feels like I’m expected to know and understand everything all of a sudden. The truth is I’m just starting to figure things out.

One thing I can’t wait to do once the world opens up again is travel. Outside of the States, I’ve only been to the Bahamas and Mexico. I want to go everywhere. Smush me in a middle seat with no legroom; I don’t care. I moved around a lot as a kid, so meeting new people has always been a part of my life, but I find myself feeling more socially awkward than I’ve ever been because of lockdown. I’m not sure how to start conversations anymore. Do we say hi? Do we not? Do we bump elbows? Do we hug? I can’t wait to go out there and hug people! I miss hugging.

I also miss seeing people’s faces. On the set of my movie, *He’s All That*, which we filmed entirely during the pandemic, I’d yell across the room at someone I’d been working with for days and say, “Pull your mask down for one second; I want to see your face!” And they would flash it, and I’d be like, “Oh, my gosh! I had no idea that’s what you looked like!” I haven’t had a single dream in the last year where people are wearing masks. How odd is that? I guess it’s my brain’s way of finding peace.

Speaking of peace, I started therapy this past year. I never thought it was something I’d do before. But being unfiltered and not having to worry about what you say is a relief,

# Stepping Out

She exploded on TikTok.  
Now Addison Rae considers IRL fame.

especially when you’re putting yourself out there and people are constantly judging you. Like, if I don’t post something with a friend for a long time, people immediately jump to “Oh, they hate each other,” and that becomes the narrative. When it’s like, no, we’ve just been busy with our lives.

You can start to second-guess yourself when there’s so much written about you. People say confidence is the key to everything, but I think it’s more about acceptance: This is who I am, this is what I look like, this is why I’m here. I’ve recently started turning my phone off before bed and putting it in a different room so it’s not the first thing I go to when I wake up. My entire generation’s glued to our phones. We’re so used to knowing what everyone’s doing, where they’re doing it and with who. In therapy, I’ve been working on boundaries. I’ve always been a very open person, so it’s weird to have to find the line between what you want people to know and what you want to keep private. I’m still adjusting to that.

I like watching people too. Being an observer is as important as being observed. You can really decide what you want and don’t want out of life by seeing the kinds of choices people make. For me, it’s all about not having regret. I try not to overthink my decisions. If there’s one thing the pandemic’s taught me, it’s that life changes fast and nothing’s promised, so take advantage of every second.

That said, there are a few things I’ll miss about this unique moment. I’m grateful for the time I’ve had for myself—spending it off-line, working out, painting or doing guided meditations to stay grounded. And then there are the little things, like being able to take 10 meetings a day from my own bedroom and not needing to put pants on for a single one.

—AS TOLD TO JEN WANG



PRODUCED BY NORTH SIX; SET DESIGN: TIERNEY GEARON.



#### CLOSE CONTACT

"I can't wait to go out there and hug people! I miss hugging." Prada dress and romper. Hair, Jenny Cho; makeup, Mary Phillips. Details, see In This Issue. Photographed by Tierney Gearon. Fashion Editor: Max Ortega.





## Hold Me Now

A year in isolation left many of us hungry for the touch of loved ones—and our beloved beauty therapists. But can a salon appointment provide the care we so desperately crave? asks Maggie Bullock.

**L**ong before Anthony Fauci told the *Wall Street Journal* that if it were up to him, we would never go back to shaking hands again, American life had become increasingly

distant—and not only because we're all slaving over our Samsungs. We can no longer assume it is kosher to offer a colleague a hug for comfort; yoga instructors must now ask for explicit consent before >48

### CONTACT TRACING

Model Georgia Palmer wears a Bottega Veneta dress. Hair, Cyndia Harvey; makeup, Ammy Drammeh. Photographed by Harley Weir. Fashion Editor: Alex Harrington.

PRODUCED BY MADDY THOMPSON AT ART PARTNER; SET DESIGN, ALICE KIRKPATRICK. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

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adjusting a follower's downward dog, a change that is controversial on both sides of the mat—hailed as progress by some; lamented by others. Everywhere you look, the rules of engagement are being renegotiated and everyone's personal comfort zone is, well, personal. People have boundaries now, and it's hard to find fault with that.

But when the global pandemic made isolation a means of survival rather than a choice, it only exacerbated what behavioral psychologist Tiffany Field, Ph.D., describes as a preexisting societal condition: We stopped touching each other a long time ago; we just didn't notice. Our collective *lack* of human touch—a bodily necessity that these days is commonly described in the language of malnourishment: *skin hunger, touch starved*—has become its own epidemic. In a recent survey conducted by Field's lab at the University of Miami's Touch Research Institute, 60 percent of respondents described themselves as "touch deprived" when asked to gauge their levels of anxiety, depression, and post-traumatic stress. "It's like prohibition," Field says. "When something is taken away from you, you want it more than you did when you had it."

For many women, this lapse has been a blessing—a break from the random grab at a bar, the questionable brush of an office mate, the constant navigation of whether a touch feels "right." For others, who have spent the last year-plus in the solitude of their own homes, the absence of touch as been its own kind of trauma.

I am not alone. In fact, I am *never* alone. In our small town outside Amherst, Massachusetts, I have spent 14 months and counting in the constant companionship of my husband of 10 years and our sons, ages six and three. Our younger son uses my limbs as a multipurpose prop: pillow, chaise longue, stepladder; the older one shrieks and rolls his eyes at the approach of the "kissy monster" but still happily reciprocates. Touch starved? If anything, the pandemic has left me overfed, stuffed, gorged on touch of one kind—but wanting for the kind that would require nothing of me in return and that would make me feel utterly at ease, safe enough

to float a thousand miles away from the chaotic shoreline of everyday life.

This really sank in a few months ago, when I began having a recurring daydream: In it, I'm being tucked into bed by my mother—who, at the time of this writing, I have not seen in 420 days, the longest stretch in my lifetime. She comes into my bedroom, pushes the hair back from my forehead, gives my arm a gentle rub, smooths my blankets, and then shuts off the lamp and leaves me to sleep. I always zero in on her hands, savoring the way their touch makes me feel: safe, loved, looked after, unburdened. Maybe even a little pampered? Then, during a bedtime recitation of *The Velveteen Rabbit* to my own children, I found myself lingering a little too long on the description of the ancient skin horse—a toy so torn and tattered by generations of childhood love that his brown coat was "bald in patches...and most of the hairs in his tail had been pulled out to string bead necklaces." I had a realization: My mother may have been awaiting vaccination 800 miles away, but Rachel, a local hair colorist, was taking new appointments.

Rachel began operating a wartime salon in the partially renovated apartment above her house last summer, a few months after Massachusetts lifted its ban on nonessential businesses. By the time I arrive, the CDC could not find fault with her protocols. We both wear masks. Her entire head is additionally obscured behind the kind of clear shield humanitarians wear to visit land mine-infested territories. There are fans whirring, windows open, and a space heater chug-chugging to keep my toes, still tucked inside winter boots, just north of frostbite. When it's time to rinse, she leads me to a hose she has rigged to a tiny sink in an under-construction bathroom. It is the most luxurious few hours I have experienced in months.

Just being with another person in a new place was a small thrill. But the real surprise was how soothing and welcoming it felt to have someone else's hands in my hair. As she touched my scalp, my forehead, my neck, it felt verboten, borderline

erotic—or at least exceedingly rare. I had always categorized the process of periodically marching my strands back to their once-natural reddish blonde as "maintenance." But there was nothing tedious about having several levels of my own personal need kindly and efficiently worked

The real surprise was how soothing and welcoming it felt to have someone else's hands in my hair. It felt verboten, borderline erotic—or at least exceedingly rare

out by another person. As Rachel tugged away, the experience registered not as superficial, but crucial. And all I had to do was sit there! Which gave me time to think—in itself, a gift—about how this was the kind of "wellness" that had worked perfectly well for our mothers and grandmothers. Not so long ago, a good old-fashioned visit to the beauty parlor could cure a lot of ills.

A fastidious soul, Rachel did not rush. It was dark out by the time I emerged from her house into a clear, crisp evening. Cocktail hour, and I had freshly done hair! Then the COVID-era reality hit me anew: I had literally nowhere to go but home.

"Our need for touch is much more dramatic than people think," explains David Linden, Ph.D., a neuroscientist at Johns Hopkins University and the author of last year's *Unique: The New Science of Human Individuality*. "We think of touch as a secondary sense. It's not."

As Linden sees it, touch is an undersung but critical part of our very humanity, and while being "touch starved" is not a condition per se—there's no way to diagnose or quantify it—the void humans have begun to pick up on during this extraordinary time is very real. Touch is the first sense to come online when we're born, our earliest form of communication, the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

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# Rules of Engagement

Last year the blowout bash became a stoopside celebration, the destination fête a backyard barbecue. But will the micro-wedding last? asks Lilah Ramzi.

“On paper, we’ve only been together for around two and a half years,” says the painter Ivy Getty of her relationship with photographer Toby Engel. But in this pandemic-prompted, dog-year-style acceleration we’re living through, she reckons it’s been longer: “If you’re spending lockdown with somebody, it’s like you’re together for triple the time.” Throngs of other pandemic-era loves have matched this pace—a 2020 trend dubbed the “turbo relationship.” “It was like we pressed fast-forward,” Getty says. “But it didn’t feel rushed.” Still, when Engel proposed last summer, at a restaurant in Capri, Getty was taken aback. Only when he produced his mother’s sapphire ring did she realize what was happening. This November, the couple will marry at the San Francisco manse that once belonged to her grandmother Ann—an antiquarian who filled the home with 18th-century furnishings and Chinese-export porcelain.

Getty’s celebration will be just one of what is sure to be a post-pandemic nuptials boom. According to wedding planner Stefanie Cove, many of “the newly engaged are pushing to tie the knot this year,” while those who had to postpone their 2020 celebrations have been busily sending out invitations. “Calendars may be booking up quickly!” she says. In a poll conducted by wedding site Over the Moon in May of 2020, more than half of respondents said that they were rescheduling their weddings; the percentage ticked upward as the gloom of 2020 persisted. >56

## PUPPY LOVE

Emily Adams Bode (in a vintage dress that will inspire one of her wedding looks) with her fiancé, Aaron Aujla, and their dog, Monday. Hair, Tamara McNaughton; makeup, Laura Stiasni. Photographed by Sean Thomas. Fashion Editor: Jordan Bickham.

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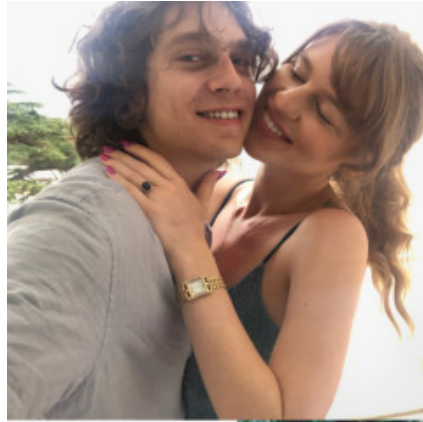
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Madeline Hollander is among the many brides who adjusted their timelines. She's an artist, a dancer, and a choreographer (whose solo show at the Whitney Museum of American Art is up through August 8), and her fiancé, Sam Parker, is the founder of Parker Gallery in Los Angeles. Their relationship began at an after-party for the 2019 Whitney Biennial,



when Hollander was scouring the ground for an earring. "I was on my hands and knees with my iPhone flashlight, just crawling around," she says. Parker tapped her on the shoulder, the missing hoop in hand, and less than a year later they were engaged. Their September 2020 wedding was postponed till May, when, by an oak tree in the groom's parents' backyard, the ceremony finally took place. This August, Alexandra Michler, *Vogue's* Director of Fashion Initiatives, will wed art consultant Will Kopelman just eight months after getting engaged. Both she and her fiancé grew up spending summers on Nantucket, where they will marry, but it's also where they passed those early pandemic days—"just in this gray place, making the most of it," Michler says. "I think if you can survive that, the rest of your lives are looking pretty good."



Of course, many a pandemic wedding *did* take place, albeit in a scaled-back form. We saw couples get married on flower-filled stoops, in Brooklyn backyards, and on crowd-limited Big Sur cliffs. Raven-Symoné married Miranda Pearman-Maday on a patch of lawn, Lily Allen and David Harbour eloped to a Las Vegas chapel, and Princess Beatrice wed Edoardo Mapelli Mozzi in what was surely the most underpopulated wedding in royal history. I witnessed my own sister recite her vows in the Arizona desert to a party of 10. The couple had planned a weeklong extravaganza involving spice and flower-strewn ceremonies and a bigger-is-better fireworks display. Instead, they held on to what mattered to them and ditched the rest. For the groom, that meant the Seven Steps that are traditional in the Indian wedding; for the bride, it meant wearing a Chantilly-lace Monique Lhuillier dress.



Such recalibration has also entered fashion, with designers racing to help outfit this new-age bride. Earlier this year, Erdem—which had never before offered ready-to-wear

bridal—released a collection of gauzy pieces that achieved an elusive happy medium between full-on bridal gowns and white-colored dresses. In March, Simone Rocha also ventured into the category, sending her brides down the aisle in ballet-slipper pink. "Our girls are gravitating toward more classic, streamlined silhouettes," says Markarian designer Alexandra O'Neill (maker of Dr. Jill Biden's Inauguration Day ensemble), whose dresses somehow evoke idyllic romance and cool-girl irreverence at once. Since last year, sales on Over the Moon of a particular Alexia Maria midi-length dress have surged. "The price point is great for a wedding dress," says Alexandra Macon, the site's cofounder, "and it really lends itself to a smaller event."

This fall, menswear designer Emily Adams Bode—who has sparked a particular kind of wistful nostalgia for fashion's bygone days—also has plans to tie the knot.

Though details for the ceremony are still under construction, she's gone ahead with some suiting. Her fiancé, Aaron Aujla, cofounder of design firm Green River Project, will wear a custom-made ensemble in a color somewhere between saffron and marigold on the eve of the wedding ceremony. "We've talked a lot about this color over the years," Aujla says. "It's a really specific tone, and I think we've found it." As for the bride, she'll make her own dress—something that meditates on the idea of timelessness. "It's important for me to look as though

I could have come from any era," she says.

In San Francisco, Getty will honor her bohemian spirit by enlisting Maison Margiela for her wedding look. "I was so uncomfortable at the beginning," she says of the collaboration with Margiela's John Galliano. "I didn't want to influence what he was doing. I chose Galliano because I trust him." Michler meanwhile, has been surprised to find herself going a more reduced route. "I'm gravitating toward simpler shapes," she says. "It's something I didn't expect." As for Hollander, she doesn't quite remember where she first came across the sea-foam-colored Haute Couture Valentino gown that she set her sights on. Once she tracked it down and tried it on, she was delighted to find it was a perfect fit: "There was nothing that the tailor had to do, no alterations whatsoever." But when Hollander wed her husband before an audience of 40 vaccinated guests half a year behind schedule, the dress needed a bit of work. "By then, I was five months pregnant!" she explains. □

#### HERE COME THE BRIDES

FROM TOP: Toby Engel and Ivy Getty; Raven-Symoné and Miranda Pearman-Maday; Alexandra Michler and Will Kopelman.

COURTESY OF SUBJECTS.

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# Quitting Time

Did we actually slow down during the pandemic? Not really, argues Maya Singer. But perhaps we should.

“I feel like all the old stresses are going to come right back,” I mused to my friends over dinner in March as we discussed the quickening pace of vaccinations and the wave of reopenings around New York. That we were eating at Balthazar—indoors!—itself seemed to signify a corner had been turned: The Manhattan landmark was packed, up to its state-mandated 50 percent capacity, giving weight to the fashionable theory that we are on the cusp of another Roaring Twenties. People are raring to grip post-pandemic life with both fists and do absolutely everything they’ve been denied for a year, or so the thinking goes.

“What if,” I countered, stirring my cocktail, “the thing we should have learned from all this is that sometimes it’s okay to do nothing?”

*Do nothing.* The phrase is in the air, in the titles of books such as Jenny

Odell’s paradigm-shifting 2019 manifesto *How to Do Nothing* and Celeste Headlee’s *Do Nothing: How to Break Away From Overworking, Overdoing, and Underliving*, published last year. The same theme resonates everywhere from Katherine May’s tome *Wintering: The Power of Rest and Retreat in Difficult Times*—the November 2020 publication of which happened to coincide with one of the pandemic’s bleakest periods—to author Glennon Doyle’s Instagram, where she’s counseled her 1.6 million followers to “embrace quitting as a spiritual practice.” You can also detect the longing for time-out in the popularity of meditation apps and surging sales of CBD, with its promise to promote

## LEAP YEAR

*What should I do with my time?* is the most profound question we can ask as post-pandemic life comes into focus.

calm. But what does it actually mean to quit or “winter”—to *do nothing*?

“In the simplest terms, I think it’s about finding meaning and growth and purpose in leisure,” says Odell when asked whether the mantra she helped propagate is becoming so amorphously defined, it’s in danger of losing its piquancy, à la “self-care” circa 2017. “As a society, we have a hard time with leisure because we’re so performance-oriented,” she adds. “Whether you’re answering work emails at 10 p.m. or exercising because you feel like you have to look a certain way or, you know, role-playing yourself in order to maintain an online presence, it’s all part of the same value system.”

The pandemic has put paid to so much to-ing and fro-ing, you’d think we’d all be expert idlers by now, comfortably adrift on an ocean of time. But the productivity >64





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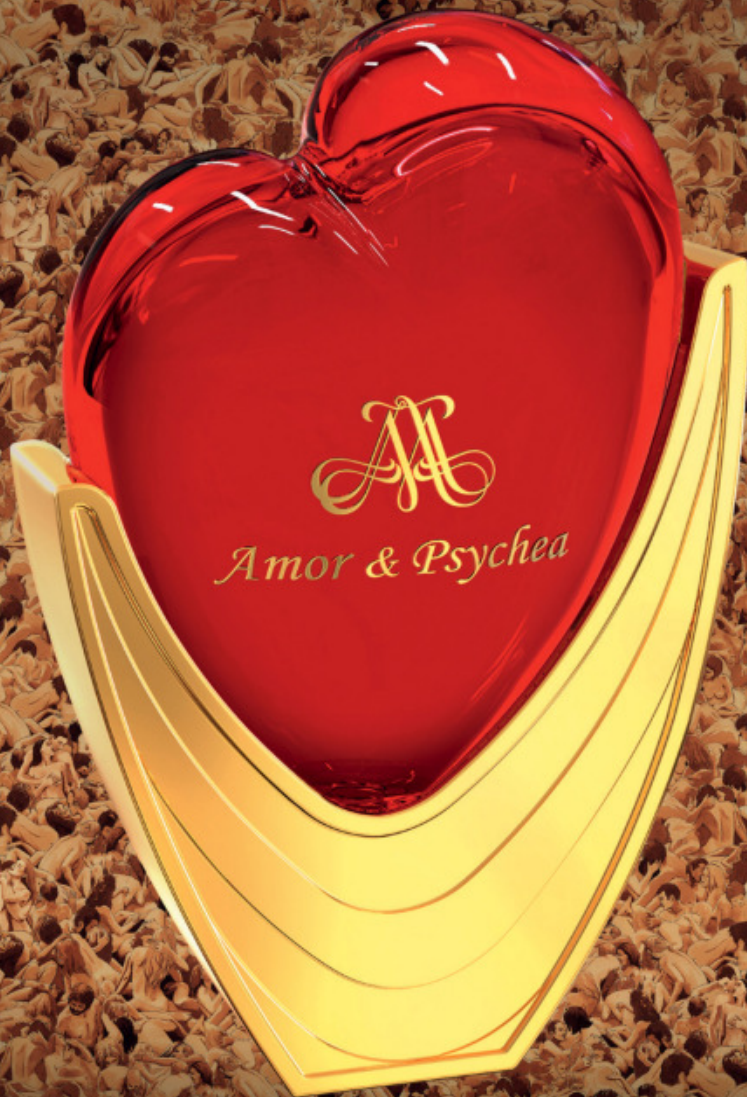
  
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habit dies hard: I suspect I'm not alone in finding that one of the distinctive challenges of the past year has been the strain to give shape and direction to formless days, a riddle once solved by work and now—for me, at least—addressed by adding inane tasks to my to-do list, like Marie Kondo-ing my cosmetics. “It’s ingrained in us that busyness is our source of self-esteem,” notes *Wintering* author May. “It’s like, if you’re not busy, you’re invisible—which makes it an act of resistance to say, *No*, I’m going to stand still.”

It’s important to note that there are people for whom devising ways to fill their time has not been the pandemic’s signature struggle—doctors, nurses, and other essential workers; people who have gotten sick or who are mourning loved ones; the jobless scrambling to make rent. But for everyone else—lucky people like me who can work from home—the bafflement about what to do with ourselves has, over many months, taken on the dimensions of an existential crisis.

“It’s like, who am I if I’m not Jen from *Bird*, going to Paris to see the Dries Van Noten show?” says Jen Mankins of her decision this summer to shutter her beloved Brooklyn boutiques. “I feel like I’m constantly asking myself, *What do I do now?*” echoes Charlie Taylor, a freelance celebrity groomer who had recently returned from the set of the movie *Black Widow*, where she attended to actor David Harbour, when the pandemic struck. “First it was, *Do I go back to England to be with my family?* Then—oh, my God, what am I going to do for money? And then,” she adds, “after I started getting unemployment benefits, I was like, Well, I can finish all those projects I’ve been putting off...” Once those projects had been completed, Taylor began asking a follow-up: “Who do I want to be?”

That’s probably the question we all should have been asking ourselves for the past year, while we’ve had the opportunity. But this assumes that we’ve actually had time to think. At the risk of overgeneralizing, the national mood has oscillated between frenzy and hysterical boredom, as we’ve homeschooled our kids, posted

photos of our home-baked bread, gone from Zoom meetings in our home offices to Zoom fitness classes in our home gyms (possibly the same room), ordered in food, and collapsed onto the sofa to join the collective online shopping and Netflix binge. In other words, we’ve pretty much replicated, at home, the distractathon that life was before the coronavirus.

Yet for all our doing, we’re not getting very much done, according to Georgetown University professor of computer science Cal Newport, Ph.D. His new book, *A World Without Email*, tallies the tax on focus levied by digital pings we’re conditioned to reciprocate ASAP, lest anyone suspect we have paused, even momentarily, in our hustling. “We live in a meritocracy, where you’re continually having to prove yourself, and the psychological effects are

“It’s ingrained in us that busyness is our source of self-esteem,” notes *Wintering* author May, “which makes it an act of resistance to say, *No*, I’m going to stand still”

magnified by technology,” Newport observes. “It’s not just that you *feel* like you can’t switch off—it’s that you literally can’t. The phrase I hear most is ‘I’m drowning.’”

I can relate. A curious feature of my pandemic life is that, even as I’ve felt time yawning before me, a sense of inundation remains. Send invoice. Pay bill. Call doctor. Call insurance company. I procrastinate about doing these things—this is when I start scrolling Instagram—but I’ve also come to suspect that I prefer them to the alternative, which would be figuring out what I actually *want* to do. “It’s a numbing reflex,” says Newport. “It seems more relaxing to tune out and hook into the feed than to summon the intention and energy for an activity that requires real engagement, like a hobby.”

Do people even have hobbies anymore? Some do now: One of my closest friends has developed a mania for gardening; others have taken up baking or knitting or cycling. Americans have signed up for MasterClass courses in droves, downloaded Duolingo, and extracted musical instruments from storage. Seth Rogen, infamously, has become a potter. This, ironically, is what writers like Odell mean by “do nothing”—not shutting down, but choosing pursuits that, to use a gauzy phrase, feed the spirit: daydreaming, or playing board games with your kids, or volunteering with your local mutual-aid society, or having a long, meandering call with your dad.

*Choosing* is indeed the heart of the matter. In his magisterial volume *This Life*, another cornerstone text of the “Do nothing” discourse, Martin Hägglund, Ph.D., a professor of humanities and comparative literature at Yale, argues that the question *What should I do with my time?* is the most profound one we can ask ourselves. “Do our social and material conditions enable us to take ownership of that question, or are they forcing decisions upon us?”

A sense of financial precarity underlies the pressure to hustle, as Anne Helen Petersen noted in her mega-viral 2019 BuzzFeed essay “How Millennials Became the Burnout Generation.” So saying no isn’t just a radical act; “it’s a luxury,” points out Taylor. Unemployment benefits and the eviction moratorium provided her the freedom to “do nothing” in such a way that she was able to rethink her career: She’s about to launch her own clean-beauty brand, an endeavor she’d previously considered a pipe dream.

Mankins, for her part, is resisting the grind and investing in her new identity as the mother of year-old twins. She still checks in on the fashion scene, on her own terms. “It’s nice to do it because I want to, not because I *have* to,” she says—and by her own account, she’s still very, very busy as she winds down her business. “But I’m not so preoccupied by the idea that, no matter how much I do, I’m not doing enough,” she notes. “It’s a small adjustment of perspective—but actually, the difference it makes is huge.” □



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# Short (And Long) Story

The mullet is back. Really. Jancee Dunn unpacks the post-lockdown appeal of the ultimate bad-good haircut.

If you type “mullet are” into Google, a compelling list of thought finishers pops up: *hot, ugly, weird, cool*. Few hairstyles are as polarizing as the business-up-front, party-in-back optical illusion featuring a straight-on short cut that is quickly betrayed by cascading longer lengths down the neck. It provokes such strong feelings that the look has actually been argued over by legislators—banned in Iran in 2010 and forbidden in an Australian school just this March for being “untidy” and “nonconventional.”

#### CUT COPY

Model Ella Emhoff gets a mullet shape-up courtesy of hairstylist Masami Hosono. Celine by Hedi Slimane cardigan and blouse. Gucci glasses. Makeup, Fara Homidi. Photographed by Brianna Capozzi. Fashion Editors: Alex Harrington and Jordan Bickham.

But unusual times call for unusual haircuts. As the vaccine effort ramps up, hairstylists are reporting that their novelty-starved clients, emerging from a year in quarantine, are eager to embrace the drastic, statement-making style, which is fast becoming a symbol for this post-apocalyptic era and its promise for rebirth.

“People want to stand out in a crowd, and there’s no better haircut than a mullet to do that,” says celebrity hairstylist Harry Josh, who is perhaps best known for crafting Gisele Bündchen’s ubiquitous golden beach waves in the early aughts—a very different moment from our own, which is decidedly devoid of barrel curls. “It’s one of the only haircuts that can be on a man, a woman, or a nonbinary person,” confirms Mischa G., effectively describing the diverse clientele at Treehouse Social Club in downtown New York, where she has been cutting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

PRODUCED BY CHLOE MINA AT LOLLY WOULD. DETAILS. SEE IN THIS ISSUE.



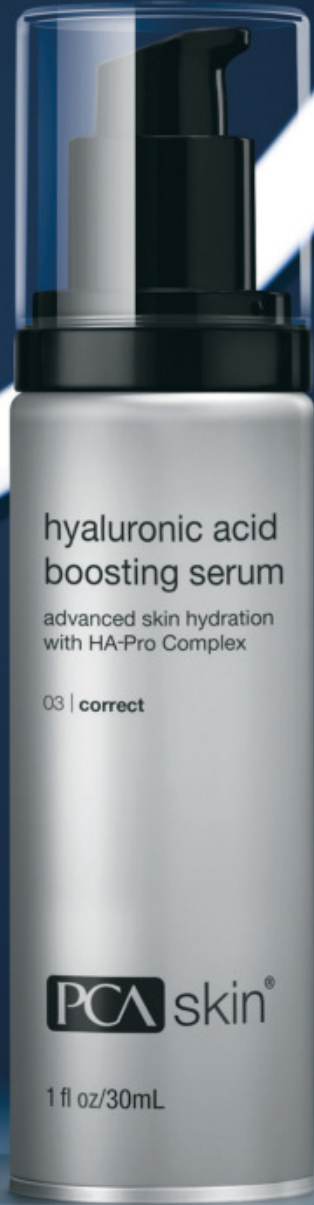


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# All the World's a Store

Sure, you can shop around the globe from your sofa. But, as Lynn Yaeger knows better than most, that's a far cry from hitting the ground running.

Some people dream of hiking to the top of Machu Picchu, riding a mule to the bottom of the Grand Canyon, or exploring every crevice of the Hermitage, but I have a rather different sort of bucket list. Before I shuffle off this mortal coil, I want to make sure there is not one corner of the globe—not one Alpine village, not one desert island—where I haven't shopped.

## WISH YOU WERE THERE

Oh, the places you'll go—and shop!—once the pandemic days are over: destinations like the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele II in Milan, Liberty London's Tudor-revival storefront on Regent Street, and the shops along Lincoln Road in Miami Beach.

I travel to shop. The prospect of the world emerging from this year of hell, with borders and restaurants and theaters—but, most of all, stores—reopening with happy, fully vaccinated people crowding the aisles, is frankly what I am living for.

There are those who believe that a long period of self-reflection may quell the desire to get and spend. Not me. I am fairly certain that a year of travel deprivation has only made me more determined to hit the ground running to those shops and markets that I have so sadly missed—and that, I believe, missed me.

Of course, when I visit a new place I do other stuff too—if you drag me. I will deign to darken the door of the >70

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occasional museum—especially if it has a gift shop. I will join you for a fancy lunch (but not too leisurely, please, especially if I am in a city for only one day and this fine dining cuts into my shopping time).

Lest you hastily dismiss me as a brain-dead vulgarian waving my credit cards, blind to the delights of distant destinations, be assured that I am hardly immune to the charms of the great capitals of the world. But, I ask you, isn't the Vendôme Column all the more stately because it casts its shadow on Charvet, where Proust had his waistcoats made? And yes, Notre-Dame is a nice church, but Galeries Lafayette also has a phenomenal dome—and, unlike the cathedral, houses a restaurant where you can eat a chicken sandwich while gazing up at the stained glass.

All this far-flung shopping has made me develop my own kind of Linnie-specific itineraries. In Milan, I never fail to be impressed by the majesty of the Duomo, but I am also awestruck by the architectural wonder of the spectacular Galleria Vittorio Emanuele II arcade, which happens to house the original Prada store. Despite the fact that I am pitifully clumsy and the world's worst dancer, as soon as I arrive in England I make a pilgrimage to replenish my supply of chic ballet slippers from Freed of London on the edge of the theater district, at the corner of tiny Cecil Court, a Dickensian passageway lined with antiquarian book shops. (I do, by the way, love a West End show—especially since, by the time the curtain goes up, most stores have closed.)

My lust for shopping while traveling has deep roots. A mere college girl, I arrived in France decades ago with a carefully culled wardrobe that seemed perfectly serviceable for a young woman who lived with her parents in Massapequa and attended school in Manhattan. One glance at the soigné Parisiennes on the street, however—light-years away from my hippie dishabille—sent me running to Printemps for a beige linen Cacharel dress and a Daniel Hechter blazer, which I wore every day of the trip.

#### POSTCARDS FROM HAUTE

In Paris, vintage dresses from Didier Ludot's boutique at the Palais-Royal call out across the Atlantic for a caress.



I ask you, isn't the Vendôme Column all the more stately because it casts its shadow on Charvet, where Proust had his waistcoats made?

Of course, the internet makes it theoretically possible to shop the world from the comfort of your living-room sofa—but really, haven't we all had enough of remote everything by now? Clicking Add to Cart, though tempting, will never compete with the joys of finding an extraordinary Venetian silk dressing gown (featuring the signature pleating Mariano Fortuny invented more than a century ago) at the glimmering Fortuny flagship off the Grand Canal.

Shopping to submerge myself in another culture has always made perfect sense to me. When friends brag about bungee jumping in Bora Bora, you can tell them about the time you arrived on foot at Maxfield on Melrose Avenue in L.A.—the security guard ran out to ask if your car had broken down, but “No!” you replied: “I am a New Yorker, and I walk!”—or talk about when you were in Miami (ocean? What ocean?) and discovered that Sevan Biçakçi, a brilliant jeweler you first encountered in Istanbul, has his own shop in the Design District. (As for Istanbul: Who doesn't love a place where a major tourist attraction is the Grand Bazaar—61 covered streets and more than 4,000 shops!)

How do I get all my purchases home? I confess that more than once, I have hightailed it to the Longchamp store for yet another lifesaving nylon tote. (I recommend the kind that unzips in the middle to accommodate, say, a trousseau of embroidered antique linens.) It isn't as if I have packed so lightly in the first place—all those guides on how to survive for six months on the road with a single

pair of black trousers, two interchangeable and deeply undistinguished blazers, and maybe a single sparkle top for evening, frankly, make me sick. What's the point of traveling if you can't honor these beautiful places by looking as beautiful as possible?

Let others wait with bated breath for the reopening of sports arenas and concert venues. For me, only strolling down some as-yet-unexplored street in Dubrovnik or Delhi, Barcelona or Buenos Aires, all dressed up with no place to go but shopping, my heart full to bursting as I uncover one wonderful new shop after another, will mean that the dark days are finally over and the world has emerged into blazing light. □

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#### GAME TIME

For Kaia (FAR LEFT, in a Polo Ralph Lauren dress) and her brother, Presley (FAR RIGHT), the Malibu compound of their parents, Rande Gerber and Cindy Crawford (both CENTER), has been a haven. "I'm not blind to the fact that we've been incredibly blessed," she says.

Fashion Editor: Tenno Goodman

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# ALL IN THE BALANCE

FAMILY, FRIENDS, MODELING, BOOK CLUB, BOYFRIEND, THERAPY:  
IF YOU'RE KAIA GERBER, COMING OF AGE  
INCLUDES A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING. BY NAOMI FRY.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY COLIN DODGSON

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## PAW PATROL

Gerber's puppy, Layla (a new playmate for Milo, her rescue mix seen on the following pages), has a nibble on her prettily printed slip dress by Marc Jacobs. Ariel Gordon Jewelry necklace.



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“For a long time, I thought my face and my body had more to say than I did, because that’s what people thought of me,” Kaia Gerber says. At only 19, Gerber is one of the most successful models in the world and so, to many, a highly controlled, highly burnished product sold to millions on Instagram and beyond. On the gorgeous early-spring day when she and I meet at the reservoir at the foot of the Hollywood Hills, which we are set to loop around, accompanied by Gerber’s enthusiastic rescue mix Milo, her manner is preternaturally poised, that of a remarkably tall and beautiful child who has learned early in life how to talk to adults. Who is Kaia Gerber, really? With a smile or a glance, a well-placed word or a keen observation, she will signal that she is thinking hard about that very question—and beginning to come up with some answers. “I always wanted to be good and easy, not to make trouble,” she says, “but when you do that, you sometimes end up losing your voice.”

Gerber is aware that she has been lucky during a merciless year. She’s had her parents’ house in Malibu, for one thing. “We have a sort of compound with a garden, and a big lawn, and the beach that we could go to every day,” she says. “I’m not blind to the fact that we’ve been incredibly blessed.” Gerber and her brother, Presley, who is two years her senior, have grown up in the seemingly picture-perfect circumstances of Southern California royalty. Their parents are the entrepreneur Rande Gerber, who counts among his endeavors the Casamigos tequila brand, founded with good family friend George Clooney, and Cindy Crawford, one of the most iconic American supermodels of the past half century, whose likeness to her daughter has been a popular subject for clickbait listicles ever since Gerber began modeling. Still, emotionally speaking, Gerber’s last months have been ones of change and transition. “I was always so concentrated on work, and suddenly that was gone. And so for the first time, I could no longer focus on everything outside,” she says. “I was forced to go internal. Work was always a really easy excuse not to do that.”



"I ALWAYS WANTED  
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AND EASY, NOT TO  
MAKE TROUBLE,  
BUT WHEN  
YOU DO THAT, YOU  
SOMETIMES  
END UP LOSING  
YOUR VOICE"

She was only 13 when she began modeling—shooting for Italian *Vogue* with Steven Meisel and posing alongside Presley for a *CR Fashion Book* portfolio by Bruce Weber. As her career kicked into high gear a couple of years later, Gerber transitioned to an online course load at Malibu High, the local public school she and her brother both attended, walking distance from Zuma Beach, where kids would tote surfboards to class, as if in a real-life version of a Beach Boys song. She became an instant runway sensation. "When Kaia started to model, she jumped right into it, loved it, and immediately wanted to do everything," Crawford tells me by phone from Malibu. "I was very protective at first, and I traveled with her to fashion month. But Kaia has her head on straight."

Gerber is quick to insist that even as a young teen, she was the driving force behind her career. And yet extreme youth had its drawbacks. "My dad would call me when I'd be in Paris and be like, 'Do you want to come home?'" At the time I thought I was fine, but now I look back to 16-year-old Kaia and I'm like, 'Come home!'" She pauses, the gravel crunching underneath our feet, the eager Milo straining at his leash. ("Yeah, bud, I know! It's really exciting," she murmurs.) "And I found myself in situations where I was, like, I actually don't have the life experience that I need to handle this." When I ask her what she means, she thinks for a moment. "It could be something as small as knowing how to take the bus from the flight to the terminal," she finally says. "Or, I remember, when I started traveling alone, in Paris, my driver had to check me into my hotel room—I couldn't even do it on my own." When I wonder if she is also





#### FAMILY TIES

Gerber started modeling in her young teens. "I was very protective at first," Crawford says. "But Kaia has her head on straight." Gerber wears a Prada bandeau top, skirt, and shoes. Crawford wears a Ralph Lauren Collection shirt.



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**ONE WORD:  
PLASTICS**

"She just has a way of subconsciously entertaining the entire room," says the singer and model Charlotte Lawrence (FAR RIGHT), a close friend of Gerber's. Comme des Garçons coat and skirt.





#### GOLDEN GIRL

In a nod to one of the great runway moments of all time (see Naomi Campbell's look on page 38), Gerber wears a Versace dress, tights, and shoes. Tom Ford earring.



### IN HER ATMOSPHERE

Surrounded by her friends (from NEAR RIGHT) Travis Jackson, Lawrence, and Luka Sabbat, Gerber wears an Alexander McQueen dress and boots.





## JOY DIVISION

The model is all pearly whites in a sculptural jacket, a dazzlingly embellished minidress and pants, and leather boots, all by Louis Vuitton. Anita Ko earring.





#### FULL SWING

"She understands her privilege and her voice as a young woman," Stella McCartney says of Gerber (pictured in a jumpsuit and boots by the designer). "She doesn't shy away from that responsibility."





**EARNING HER STRIPES**

Of her upcoming role in season 10 of Ryan Murphy's *American Horror Story*, Gerber says she's "terrified. But so excited too." Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello dress, necklace, and boots.







#### LEAP OF FAITH

Surface-level friendships have long lost their appeal to Gerber. "Now I'm more, like, "Hey, nice to meet you; what's your deepest fear?" she says, laughing. Chanel blouse and shorts

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TO BE HAPPY THAT  
THEIR DAUGHTERS  
LOOK UP TO ME,  
BUT BEING A REAL  
ROLE MODEL  
MEANS ALSO BEING  
A REAL HUMAN”

talking about matters of emotional maturity, she pauses again. “You know, I was doing fashion month, but I was so young I had kissed, like, only one person. I had never had a high school sweetheart or anything. And so I tended to date older people because those were the people I was around. And I got put in situations where one day I’d wake up and be like, How did I get here? I have no idea what I’m doing, and I need help. And being able to ask for that help was amazing. That’s what real growing up means, not being afraid to ask.”

Gerber is palpably guarded talking about all this and is hard-pressed to go into further specifics, and who could blame her? The last couple of years have seen the public interest in her and her family roar to a crescendo. In the fall of 2019, soon after she turned 18, it was reported that she was dating Pete Davidson, the then-26-year-old, heavily tattooed *Saturday Night Live* comedian and actor who has gained a reputation as a troubled lothario. If you’re inclined to believe the gossip sites, Davidson reportedly entered treatment around the time he and Gerber broke up. Presley, too, attracted increasing tabloid attention after he was arrested for a DUI at the end of 2018, and later got a face tattoo under his eye that read, MISUNDERSTOOD. “So many people have difficult teen years with their kids, and we thought we’d kind of skated through that period,” Crawford tells me. “And a little later, it hit us in ways we didn’t necessarily expect. But you just have to let your kids fly and be there to pick them up if they fall. My husband, who has a great perspective, always tells me, ‘Cindy, this too shall pass.’”

“One thing I learned is that I have to let go of my need to be a straight-A”

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143



## LAID BARE

Dolce & Gabbana top and leggings. In this story: hair, Lucas Wilson; makeup, Pati Dubroff. Details, see In This Issue.

PRODUCED BY IRIS COLLECTIVE.  
SET DESIGN: SPENGER VROOMAN.

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# We Are

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#### GENERATION NOW

FROM FAR LEFT: Model Paloma Elsesser gathers with her siblings in an **Alexander McQueen** top (\$760) and skirt (\$1,190); alexandermcqueen.com. **Melody Ehsani** earrings. Necklaces by **David Webb** and **The M Jewelers**. Model Sage Elsesser wears an **AMI Paris** vest. **Rolex** watch. Model Ama Elsesser wears an **Upcycled by Miu Miu x Levi's** jacket and jeans; miumiu.com. **Chanel High Jewelry** earring. Bracelets by **Hermès** and **David Yurman**. Fashion Editor: Jorden Bickham.

It's a reunion for the ages: After a year on opposite coasts, four generations of Elsessers finally come together, laden with the kind of jewelry worth holding dear—and passing down. Photographed by Daniel Jackson

# Family

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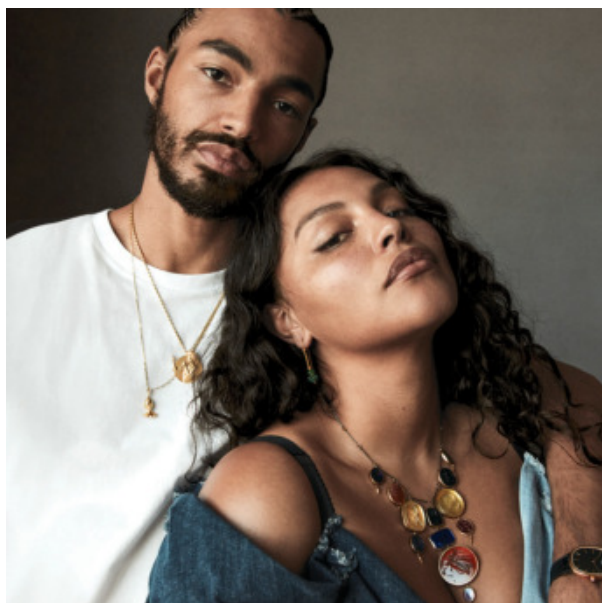
### CHARMED, I'M SURE

Heavy with colorful charms, a necklace by **Maison Mayle** and a **Tiffany & Co.** locket have all the makings of modern heirlooms. Rings by **L'Enchanteur**, **Brent Neale**, and **Marisa Klass**. **Theophilio** dress, \$235; [theophilio.com](http://theophilio.com).



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#### THE NEARNESS OF YOU

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: Paloma's older sister, the director Kanyessa McMahon, wears a **Proenza Schouler** dress, \$1,490; proenzaschouler.com. **Jennifer Fisher** earring. **Tiffany & Co.** bracelet. Her six-year-old son, Daschel, wears a **Gap** jacket. **De Vera** headpiece. Paloma wears **De Vera** earrings. Necklaces by **Cartier High Jewelry** and **Foundrae**. Sage wears a **Calvin Klein** T-shirt. **Patek Philippe** watch. Paloma wears a **Dolce & Gabbana** dress, \$1,975; dolcegabbana.com. **Prounis Jewelry** earring. **De Vera** necklace. Paloma's mother, Anedra Shockley-Elsesser, wears a **Hanifa** blouse; hanifa.co. **Mahnaz Collection** earring. **Featherstone Fine Jewelry** necklace. **Verdura** brooch.



THE JOY OF REEMERGENCE

# SOMETHING BORROWED

By Chloe Schama

**T**he story starts with a theft—albeit of the innocent sort: a daughter poking through her mother’s jewelry box, discovering a cameo on a chain, tucking it away in a bag that would soon be carried off to college. I wore it over plum-colored turtlenecks or chambray snap-front shirts, and I liked the way it swung from side to side when I’d sit down in a lecture hall, a little bit of old-world mystery. Not for nothing does Guy de Maupassant’s heroine in “The Necklace” choose this adornment when she wants to elevate herself from bourgeois clerk’s wife to the belle of the ball; a necklace can have transformative powers. My roommate called it an amulet.

When my mother discovered where her necklace had vanished to, she was more amused than annoyed. Did I know its story? It was wedding gold, from her first marriage, given to her by her in-laws. She had married a Greek man when she was young, before she met my father, and there were a few remnants of that former life that lingered: letters I’d occasionally come across in her study, a surprising ability to snap in Greek at taxi drivers who were giving us the runaround, and this necklace—apparently—part of an informal trousseau bequeathed to her by her Athenian relatives. But she let me keep it despite its significance as much more than the costume jewelry I had taken it to be. Years later another, sadder, theft took place: After a break-in, much of her collection vanished. As she was doing a postmortem inventory, she called me up to ask, Did I still have the necklace? An unanticipated blessing: I did.

Over the course of this past year, I’ve worn the necklace often. Like so many others, I had to go long stretches without seeing my parents, and the necklace made me feel close to my mother even when the dreaded plague meant it was not safe for us to see each other. Although it has been in my possession for years, it was a reminder of what had hung near her heart and what now hung close to mine. Jewelry does this, of course—it makes us feel a poignant connection to other people, from the humble locket to the *toi et moi* engagement ring that nestles two stones next to each other in a symbol of enduring union (Napoleon wooed Empress

Josephine with a diamond-and-sapphire combination) to the 19th-century jewelry made from a loved one’s discarded locks. A turquoise ring, handed down between generations within the Elsesser family (and seen on the previous page on Paloma’s mother), was the “something blue” worn by Kanyessa (Paloma’s sister) at her wedding. “My grandfather was supposed to walk me down the aisle, but he passed away two weeks earlier,” Kanyessa says. “Some think I walked down the aisle alone, but I didn’t—wearing that ring reminds me of my grandfather’s love for my grandmother.”

The jewelry in these pages—inspired by heritage designs, charms, stones with symbolic meaning—may now be more popular than ever. “During periods of disruptive

change,” says Elizabeth Way, cocurator of an upcoming show about accessories at Manhattan’s Fashion Institute of Technology museum, “the passing down of jewelry becomes even more significant.” With revolutions, wars, or, indeed, pandemics, we can lose not only loved ones but entire ways of life, and jewelry can serve as a talisman to the past. At many retailers, sales have been increasing—up 190 percent year over year at Matches, for instance. “We have seen our customers investing in pieces that they know they will keep forever and then pass down as heirlooms,” says Natalie Kingham, MatchesFashion.com’s global fashion officer.

Jewelry is continuity, and in times of tumult, continuity is comfort. “The demand for one-of-a-kind jewelry has definitely increased,” says antiques dealer James Michael Vela. “People are skipping out on mass-produced items and want that unique piece of wearable history”—and they are getting creative with their reinventions. Vela tells me about a customer who purchased a buttery, 18K-gold 19th-century mourning ring that she transformed into her fiancé’s wedding band, a pointed reminder of “Till death do us part.” Some might see the choice as morbid, but to him it was inspired, a reminder of the many lives that jewelry should have. And what will be the third (or fourth or 17th) life that my mother’s cameo will have? Impossible to predict. But when I’m not wearing it, I’ll tuck it away in my jewelry box for the years to come, until prying eyes and fingers seek it out and give it a whole new story. □

Jewelry makes us feel a poignant connection, from the humble locket to the 19th-century pieces made from a loved one’s discarded locks





## CHAIN REACTION

Necklaces by MG  
Stones, David  
Yurman, and Lisa  
Eisner Jewelry.  
Monica Rich Kosann  
locket charm. Marni  
dress; marni.com.



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#### REUNITED, AND IT FEELS SO GOOD

FROM FAR LEFT: Aneadra Shockley-Elsesser wears a **Studio 189** shirtdress, \$625; bergdorfgoodman.com. **Pomellato** earrings. Her 95-year-old mother, Audrey Shockley, wears a **Studio 189** robe, \$525; bergdorfgoodman.com. **Tory Burch** dress, \$398; toryburch.com. **Kentshire** necklace. Paloma wears a **Gucci** dress; gucci.com. **Mia Becar** sandals. McMahon wears a **La Double J** dress, \$800; shopbop.com. **The M Jewelers** earring. **Neous** sandals. Ama wears a **Burberry** dress; burberry.com. **Uniqlo** tank top. Necklaces by **Scosha** and **Foundrae**. **Chanel High Jewelry** watch. **Panconesi** bracelet. Rings by **Marisa Klass**

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### THREE OF HEARTS

Paloma wears a **Simone Rocha** dress, \$2,300; [simonerocha.com](http://simonerocha.com). Necklaces by **Bulgari High Jewelry** and **Dubini**. Shockley-Elsesser wears a **Tory Burch** dress, \$428; [toryburch.com](http://toryburch.com). **Gray & Davis** earrings. **Alexander Calder** necklace. Rings by **L'Enchanteur**, **Sai** by **Rachel Saidani**, **Loren Nicole**, and **Eli Halili**. Shockley wears a **Tory Burch** peacoat (\$698) and shirt (\$298); [toryburch.com](http://toryburch.com). **Buccellati** earrings. Brooches by **Tiffany & Co.** and **Gucci**.

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#### ALL'S WELL

Before this shoot, Ama hadn't seen their mother or grandmother in a year; hugging them both "was like going home," the model says. Loewe dress, \$1,450; loewe.com. David Webb earrings. Necklaces by Panconesi, Marisa Klass (with Castro NYC x Have A Heart charm), Luis Morais, and Van Cleef & Arpels. In this story: hair, Latisha Chong; makeup, Romy Soleimani. Details, see In This Issue.



# LET'S GET LOST

FEELING A WANDERLUST WE CAN ALL RELATE TO, BELLA HADID SETS OFF FROM MANHATTAN'S MOYNIHAN TRAIN HALL IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE—WITH STYLISH LUGGAGE IN TOW.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEX WEBB.

## ONE CAME RUNNING

Toting an amply proportioned Hermès carryall (hermes.com) and a nifty Fendi crossbody (\$2,100; fendi.com), Hadid makes haste. Nina Ricci dress, \$1,475; farfetch.com. Apple AirPods Max. Koio sneakers.

Fashion Editor:  
Tonne Goodman

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...IA STATION  
Cassatt (pictured at right), president of the mighty  
...nia Railroad, had long dreamed of bringing his train line,  
...minated across the Hudson River in Jersey City, into  
...n. When electrification made it possible at the beginning  
...h century, Cassatt gave New York City not just a station,  
...f the most magnificent gateways any city has ever had.



Pennsylvania Station was not just a great piece  
of civic architecture. It was a sprawling network  
of urban infrastructure with train yards, tunnels  
under the East River and a pair of long tunnels  
blasted through the bedrock under the Hudson  
River, steel tubes that crews of "sandhogs,"  
underground laborers, took four years to build.

Architect Charles McKim of M  
...ed that classical a  
...ft to the histo  
...th cent



#### ON A ROLL

In a perfect pairing of the pretty and the practical, Hadid keeps things moving in a Stella McCartney dress, \$1,695; stellamccartney.com. Chanel backpack and wakeboard; chanel.com. T. Anthony New York suitcases, \$795-\$935; tanthony.com. Puma sneakers

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#### A GOOD THING GOING

Even with *The Hive*—a sculptural installation by Elmgreen & Dragset—impressively poised overhead, Hadid cuts a bold figure of her own. Sacai coat, \$1,620; nordstrom.com. Sportmax top, \$395; sportmax.com. Max Mara pants, \$645; maxmara.com. Rimowa suitcases, \$1,080–\$1,800; rimowa.com

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#### APOLOGIES FOR THE DELAY

Seated beneath photographic panels by the artist Stan Douglas, Hadid offers an incisive lesson in on-the-go cool in a **Jil Sander** dress, \$2,160; [jilsander.com](http://jilsander.com). **Saint Laurent Rive Droite** tennis-racket case; [yslrivdroite.com](http://yslrivdroite.com). **Paravel** carry-on, \$275; [tourparavel.com](http://tourparavel.com). Handbags by **Loro Piana** and **Coach**. **Balenciaga** cap. **Audemars Piguet** watch.





### CARRY ON, CARRY ON

The hitchhiker's uniform gets a high-fashion, color-blocked twist by way of a **Dolce & Gabbana** top (\$995) and pants (\$1,125); [dolcegabbana.com](http://dolcegabbana.com). **Louis Vuitton** duffel bag; [louisvuitton.com](http://louisvuitton.com). In this story: hair, Jimmy Paul; makeup, Dick Page. Location: Moynihan Train Hall at Penn Station, NYC. Details, see In This Issue

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEX WEBB OF MAGNUM PHOTOS; PRODUCED BY BLOCK PRODUCTIONS.

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# Let's Face the Music—and Dance

Channeling that supremely summer abandon of mosh-pit surfing, puddle-jumping, and tent-pitching at places like Coachella and Glastonbury, a roving party of models and musicians fashion a fun-loving festival of their own.

Photographed by Ryan McGinley.



## CAN YOU KICK IT?

FROM LEFT: Model Adut Akech wears a **Loewe** dress; [loewe.com](http://loewe.com). Model Abby Champion wears a **Raf Simons** cape and pants; [rafsimons.com](http://rafsimons.com). Model and singer-songwriter Yumi Nu wears a **Proenza Schouler White Label** dress, \$495; [proenzaschouler.com](http://proenzaschouler.com). Singer-songwriter Ant Clemons—whose polished debut, *Happy 2 Be Here*, earned a nomination for Best R&B Album at this year's Grammy Awards—wears a **Gucci** sweatshirt and pants. Fashion Editor: Max Ortega

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## DAY TRIPPERS

R&B artist María Isabel (FAR LEFT) released her first EP, *Stuck in the Sky*, last October, and she's been champing at the bit to take it out on the road. **Louis Vuitton** jacket; louisvuitton.com. **The Elder Statesman** dress, \$425; elder-statesman.com. Electropop artist Empress Of wears a **Matty Bovan** dress, \$2,013; matchesfashion.com.



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## EDGE OF GLORY

For Wallace, a singer-songwriter born and based in Los Angeles, making music while the world sat at home had its advantages. "It's given smaller artists an audience that may have been too preoccupied before to find the music," she says. **Sportmax** jacket (\$1,690), tie-dyed top (\$475), skirt (\$545), and belt; sportmax.com.



THE JOY OF REEMERGENCE

# PLAY DATES

By Emma Elwick-Bates



*Oh, is this the way they say the future's meant to feel?  
Or just 20,000 people standing in a field?*

Jarvis Cocker sang those words exultantly to 100,000 muddied fans as his band, Pulp, headlined Glastonbury's Pyramid stage in 1995. Britpop was soaring that June, and I had descended on Worthy Farm for the first time with five friends in celebration of being finished with our exams and free of any parental interference, our excitement diluted by neither the pelts of rain on our army-surplus parkas (topping off our band T-shirts with homemade beaded necklaces nestled beneath) nor the local Somerset cider. We wore our hearts big.

As much as virtual concerts have valiantly tried over the past year, seeing music in the great outdoors isn't something you can simulate. This spring, I will be making the trip to Worthy Farm again for a festival, but not one as we know it: It'll be a livestream—of performances by Coldplay, Kano, Damon Albarn, and Wolf Alice, among others—to air one weekend this May, not quite Glastonbury weekend, or, as we devotees call it, the “Christmas of Summer.” Though the 900-acre site will be nearly audienceless, it somehow feels like a happy riff on the norm. We are beleaguered by the pandemic, but the return of live music promises to be euphoric. For

## STARS AND STRIPES

Dana Foote (LEFT) has been exploring a more textural, shoegaze-inspired sound for her indie-rock band Sir Chloe's first album, expected later this year. Hoodie from **Melet Mercantile**.

For the rapper Sam Austins (RIGHT), staying creative is what's kept him “pretty much sane” in lockdown. **Celine Homme** by **Hedi Slimane** cardigan. **Venessa Arizaga** necklace.

many generations we have needed to gather in nature, listen to music, and dance—and we need that more than ever now.

From my early-blooming days as an indie-rock kid to marrying a music agent in my late 20s, I have embraced the festival spirit with vigor, circumnavigating the circuit across the U.K., the U.S., Europe, Japan, and Australia. For each there's an jacket. (When I left *Vogue* a few years ago, I was gifted with my own faux cover; beneath a photo of me attempting my best model moue was a phrase painting me as the Jules Verne of guitar rock: “Around the World in 80 Festivals.”) I've stood arm in arm watching Radiohead's Thom Yorke stand alone on the stage just to give the crowd another burst of the coda of “Karma Police,” and been squished into Prince's SXSW closing party at La Zona Rosa in Austin, where he and his 22-strong band (also squished on the tiny stage) wizarded the 1,200-capacity venue with six encores. I've even DJ'd at festivals, once stealing Jay-Z's crowd. (A brief disclaimer: The set time—and my tent's proximity to his stage—just may have aided my beginner's luck; I retired that night on a high.) And I simply can't wait to be back in the sludgy fields of Somerset, the manicured polo grounds of Coachella, and the off-season ski resort of Fuji Rock.

While no two festivals are quite the same, all of them share a sense of unity and a lack of cynicism upon entrance. The pandemic has isolated us and gnawed at our social bonds, but the festival is powered by people pulling together—from the first set to the last encore of the evening. When the Brexit vote came in 2016, Glastonbury provided a welcome cocoon of togetherness, if only for a weekend. Peacocks, pack animals, and enigmas all find their place there; even Emma Watson, while in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145

## ROCK AND ROLL

It's high time that freewheeling festival style was dialed up to a 10 again. Champion wears a Prada denim bra top (\$540) and jeans (\$1,010); prada.com. Akech wears a Marni sweater (\$1,490) and skirt; marni.com.



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#### FLOWER POWER

Although he moved to California last year, Austins has maintained close ties to the creative community in Detroit, his hometown, as he's put the finishing touches on his forthcoming debut album. Marni top, T-shirt, and pants. The Canadian DJ and producer Kaytranada (RIGHT) hasn't forgotten where he came from, either. "I'm taking this one back to Montreal," he said when his record *Bubba* won this year's Grammy for Best Dance/Electronic Album. Tank top from Melet Mercantile

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## OUT OF THE DARKNESS

"I love being home alone and writing," Marfa Isabel says, "but the music doesn't feel surreal to me until I'm playing it for somebody."

**Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello** minidress, \$1,990; ysl.com. In this story: hair, Evanie Frausto; makeup, Holly Silius. Details, see In This Issue.



PRODUCED BY CAMP PRODUCTIONS.

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# High & Mighty?

Or sweet and lowdown?  
As we step back into  
the world, some pine for  
stilettos, while others  
remain staunchly dedicated  
to flats. Kendall Jenner  
and Laura Harrier take  
up both sides of the great  
heel debate.

Photographed by  
Joshua Woods.





### CHANGES IN LATITUDE

The choice of elevation can be centered on attitude, ease—or something intangible. Harrier (FAR RIGHT) pairs an edgy Versace blazer, crop top (\$1,595), and pants (\$2,295; all at [versace.com](http://versace.com)) with a studded-ringed stiletto by Givenchy (\$1,595; [givenchy.com](http://givenchy.com)). Jenner, meanwhile, appears the yin to her yang in a full leather Alexander McQueen look and a pair of spiked flats (\$730; all at [alexandermcqueen.com](http://alexandermcqueen.com)). OPPOSITE: A still life of their shoes.

Fashion Editor:  
Gabriella Karafa-Johnson

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THE JOY OF REEMERGENCE

# LIFT ME UP

By Naomi Elizée



I'm not afraid to say it: I miss wearing heels. When I mention this to my friends, they always ask one simple question: "Why?" When I can get away with wearing my pajamas and my fuzzy house slippers almost anywhere without anyone taking a second look, why am I dreaming of the day when I can slip back into my treasured Sies Marjan platform heels before starting my journey from apartment to train and, finally, to work? I'll happily throw on a pair of flats for a quick run to the bodega down the street, and I own a couple of sneakers to work out in, but before the pandemic hit, you would always find me in a heel, no matter the height—from a four-inch boot to a kitten, if it had a heel, I wore it.

It all goes back to my mother, who, when I was growing up near Miami, taught me the art of getting dressed and sparked my interest in fashion—something I never got a chance to thank her for because of her passing last year. My mother loved to wear heels, especially whenever she and my father stepped out to one of the many Haitian parties our family and friends would throw. We had a ritual together: I would help her pick an outfit for her night out while I tried on her many shoes and used her room as my runway. When she wore my favorite pair—these diamanté strappy stilettos—I could feel her energy shift and her confidence skyrocket. My mother showed me that there is a certain force you can channel when wearing certain things; to this day, I feel powerful—indestructible, even—when I throw on a pair of heels.

In high school, my friends and I would race home after school to dress up in our latest vintage finds, some of which were taken straight out of our mothers' closets.

We would do photo shoots in our backyard to create content for our Lookbook pages. (Lookbook.nu was our Instagram of 2008–2010, where you could post outfits and seek out inspiration from other creators.) My first fashion heel to debut on my page: none other than the infamous Jeffrey Campbell Lita platform lace-up ankle boots. Where did I plan on wearing them? The thought didn't even occur to me—I simply marveled at the fact that I towered at six feet three inches in the five-inch heel with a two-inch platform. I wasn't afraid of the height—I embraced it. I felt, quite literally, on top of the world whenever I wore them.

Now I find myself in the same situation: lusting after heels with absolutely nowhere to go in them. I'm currently two credit-card payments away from taking the plunge on the latest Amina Muaddi x AWGE collaboration heel—you know, the ones that wrap up and around to the top of your thighs—and am about to convince myself that I *need* the yellow mesh stretch heels from Bottega Veneta (I already own them in green).

After a year of constant changes, I'm desperate for a return to some kind of normalcy. Heels are familiar; they're nostalgic. I've always felt like my higher self when I'm in heels, and, truthfully, I just want to feel like myself again. And if that means giving up my fuzzy slippers?

Bring it on. □

## IN BLOOM

This **Etro** sandal (\$830; [etro.com](http://etro.com)) features a chunky rope tie and quirky graphic paisleys—the house's signature motif—sprinkled at the base.





**LEATHER AND LACED**

Manolo Blahnik's spectator pump (\$995; [manoloblahnik.com](http://manoloblahnik.com)) takes the notion of sportif to entirely new heights.

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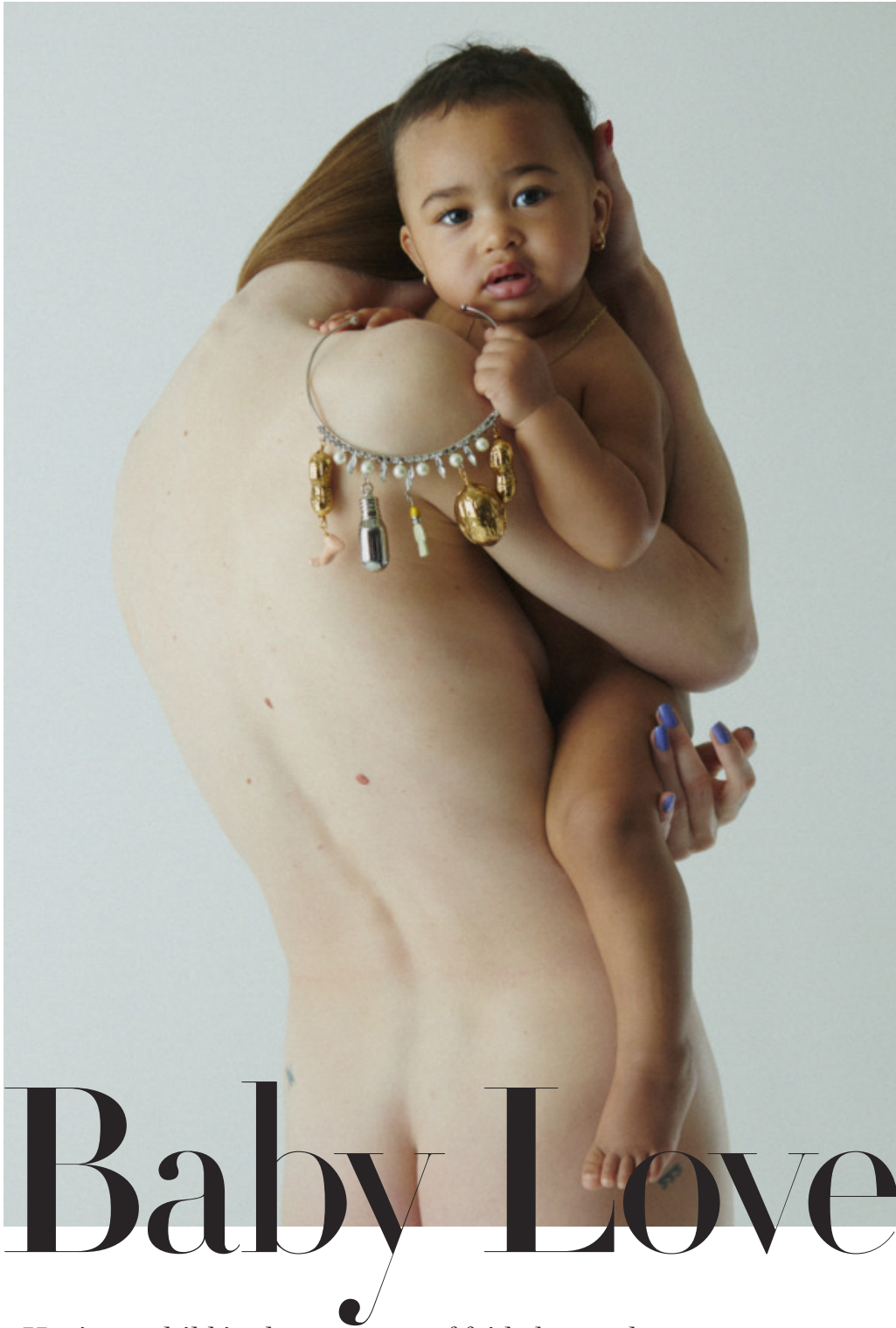
#### TAKE TWO

OPPOSITE: JW Anderson's chain-link suede slip-ons (\$640; shopbop.com) are a luxurious way to keep things grounded, while Jenner (NEAR RIGHT) and Harrier seek new altitudes in dueling pairs of Versace platforms (Jenner's, \$1,125, and Harrier's, \$1,295; both at versace.com). Jenner also wears a Dolce & Gabbana cardigan (dolcegabbana.com) with a MM6 Maison Margiela skirt (\$460; maisonmargiela.com). Harrier is in a top by Dior (dior.com) and a Markarian skirt (\$995; markarian-nyc.com). In this story: hair, Lacy Redway; makeup, Grace Ahn. Details, see In This Issue.

SET DESIGN: HEATH MATTIOLI, PRODUCED BY ROSCO PRODUCTION.

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# Baby Love

Having a child is always an act of faith, but perhaps never more so than during a pandemic. Here, five women embrace the joys of new (and impending) motherhood. Photographed by Brianna Capozzi.



## Alexandra Marzella (and Earth)

"It often feels like I'm in a weird little tornado," says Marzella, a model and an artist, of her year in lockdown as a new mom. (Her daughter's name was inspired in part by her due date, April 23, the day after Earth Day.) Before her home birth in Brooklyn last spring, Marzella prepared with prenatal yoga and talk therapy with a doula. "She pushed me in the gentlest way."

**Marni** dress; marni.com. OPPOSITE:  
Earth holds a **Marni** necklace.

Fashion Editors: Alex Harrington  
and Jordan Bickham.



Andrea Parra (see page 133) wears a **Bottega Veneta** necklace (as a bracelet) and a **Sportmax** silver bracelet.

**BEAUTY NOTE**

Prioritize prenatal self-care. Essie Gel Couture nail polish in Wrap Party offers a long-wearing, glossy finish with an updated eight-free, vegan formula that abides by new, nontoxic ingredient standards.





## Grace Elizabeth (and Noah)

Two days after she shot a Mother's Day campaign for Victoria's Secret, Elizabeth and her husband, Nicolas, brought a baby boy into the world. "I can't explain what that moment feels like when you first see your child," the model wrote on Instagram after Noah was born. "In that moment my heart grew 6lb and 11oz."

Maison Margiela top; maisonmargiela.com Bottega Veneta earring

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## Alisa Post

"I was born in South Korea and adopted as a baby by an American family. I have no ties to any of my biological family, so this will be the first blood relative I've known,"

says Post, a producer and agent based in Brooklyn.

"There are so many things about being pregnant you learn as you go along," she adds.

**Peter Do** dress (\$1,100) and tank top (\$465); net-a-porter.com.  
**The Row** sandals.





THE JOY OF REEMERGENCE

# NEW BEGINNINGS

By Noreen Malone

In the group photos from my wedding, we're all wearing masks, like a gang of old-time, dressed-up bank robbers. The ceremony went off more or less as we had planned it: just our immediate families and a judge, in my parents' backyard outside Cleveland on a Friday in June 2020. For obvious reasons, we had canceled the 200-person party that was scheduled for the following night; we wanted the marriage more than we wanted the celebration. Everyone got tested and quarantined, and my husband spent the morning of the wedding neurotically spacing tables nine feet apart. We dressed them with hand sanitizer and masks, alongside the flowers. But we still had a dance floor. My nieces and nephews rode their tricycles around us on the asphalt driveway while we swayed to "At Last," a first-dance song we'd picked on the fly.

As it turned out, the two biggest events of my life so far would happen during a plague year. At first, when I found out I was pregnant in late October, I thought my child might be part of a baby boom. In my little circle, pregnancy announcements have seemed to pop up every couple weeks. But as the months progressed, it has become apparent that this was a choice only the lucky could make. There are some 300,000 fewer births projected this year in the United States; in Europe, Germany bucked the trend, but France, Italy, and Spain all reported sharp declines.

The act of bringing a life into the world during the COVID outbreak felt strange and daunting. For some people, losing a job made having a child seem economically unwise. For people who were already parents, and spending all their waking hours trying magically to do their jobs and provide childcare simultaneously, the thought of adding another kid was overwhelming. And then—for everyone—there was the visceral sense that life had become fundamentally different overnight, and that maybe this pandemic was the beginning of a decades-long spiral into unknowable disasters and climate-change fallout.

But my husband and I knew we wanted children, and I had passed the 35-year-old marker that gets you rudely tagged by an ob-gyn as "geriatric." We didn't know when the pandemic would end, or who the president would be, or if there were even worse things in store globally. But if I were to wait until the world was less frightening—well, I might never have a child.

I understood, from my pandemic wedding, that I would have occasional raw pangs of sadness—ones that I knew intellectually, if not emotionally, were frivolous—about missing out once again on some of the rituals that surround these life transitions. I would probably feel a little

cheated if I didn't get one last unencumbered vacation or to experience the power of seeking a seat while pregnant on a crowded subway car. But I also knew that these things were unnecessary, lovely chaff.

There were some advantages to a pandemic pregnancy in which I was lucky enough to work from home. I could nap midday. I could eat saltine after saltine or run to throw up without starting any gossip. I wasn't sitting at dinners with other people happily drinking wine while I stuck to seltzer. Nor was I missing out on anything fun because I was tired or sick; it was all Netflix, all the time, for everyone. I didn't need to worry about riding the subway or cobbling together office-appropriate maternity outfits. Most of the world was, essentially, wearing pregnancy-friendly clothes already. And on Zoom, no one knows you have a bump, which meant I got to tell exactly as many people in my professional life as I wanted to tell that I was expecting.

But in other ways, I felt the strangeness of the circumstances keenly. My obstetrician's office didn't let partners join for appointments, which meant that when I heard our future child's heartbeat for the first time, I had a wand in my vagina and my husband on FaceTime. My older sisters, who live far from me, mailed boxes of swaddles and onesies, and texted instructions about the necessity of buying multiple NoseFridas. Still, what I really wanted was to sit in a room with them and my mother, and let them show me how to swaddle, or explain how the torture-device-looking NoseFrida actually *worked*. (It's a baby nasal aspirator, in case you're wondering, which is a polite way of saying "snot-sucker.")

And the isolation of the pandemic winter also made the difficult early days even more so. I had little to distract me from the disorienting sensations inside my body. I'd started a new job right as the pandemic hit, working on the Slow Burn podcast for *Slate*, which meant I didn't know any of my coworkers outside of our computer screens. My old job had been as an editor at *New York* magazine, where we regularly stayed late to hit our deadlines; I missed the rhythms of the office. A friend suggested acupuncture for the nausea, but at that point, the case count in New York was spiking. I'd read a study that suggested pregnant women were 13 times more likely to die from the disease than similarly aged COVID patients who weren't pregnant. Any kind of nonmedical service in an enclosed room with even a masked stranger was a no-go. A massage, a pedicure—also out, at least until I got vaccinated. We moved to a new apartment in Brooklyn so we'd have room for a nursery, and a woman I knew in the new neighborhood told me she'd made friends with other mothers by taking a prenatal Pilates class down the street. But that too wasn't happening.

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### Ingrid Silva (and Laura)

In 2020, Silva's life changed profoundly: Her work as a ballet dancer came to a grinding halt, and she discovered that she was expecting a child—"a beautiful and challenging moment," she says. Yet she adapted and has chronicled the experience in her memoir, *Ingrid Silva: A sapatilha que mudou meu mundo* ("The Pointe Shoes That Changed My World"), due this summer. Baby Laura was born in November, just three days after Silva's own birthday.

Proenza Schouler dress (\$1,690) and sandals; proenzaschouler.com. Ana Khouri earring.



## Andrea Parra

Born in Colombia, Parra moved to New York with her mother as a child, ultimately settling near her great-aunt Fanny, an interior designer. "Seeing her passion altered the course of my life," says Parra, who now runs an interior and set-design atelier of her own as she prepares for her daughter to arrive. "Being raised by two women gave me all the advice I needed," she says.

**Judy Turner** bralette (\$375), sleeves, and skirt; judy-turner.com. **Pomellato** earrings.

In this story: hair for Alexandra Marzella, Grace Elizabeth, Alisa Post, and Andrea Parra: Tamara McNaughton; for Ingrid Silva: Suhailah Wali. Makeup, Fara Homidi. Details, see In This Issue.



SET DESIGN, NICHOLAS DES JARDINS. PRODUCED BY CHLOE MINA AT LOLLY WOULD.

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# HERE COMES THE SUN

IN HIKED-UP  
HEMLINES AND  
BEACHY KNITS—  
AND WITH A  
LESS-IS-MORE  
ATTITUDE—  
HAILEY BIEBER  
PUTS SOME SKIN  
IN THE GAME.

PHOTOGRAPHED  
BY HUGO COMTE.

#### THE LIVING IS EASY

With her pup Oscar, Bieber exudes laid-back chic in a **Givenchy** minidress (\$2,290; [givenchy.com](http://givenchy.com)) with a tie-dyed sweater by **The Elder Statesman** (\$1,055; [elder-statesman.com](http://elder-statesman.com)) around her waist. **Grainne Morton** bracelet, worn as necklace. **Gimaguas** shell necklace.

Fashion Editor:  
Gabriella Karefa-Johnson

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**PITTER-PATTERN**

On her head, a hat by **Missoni**; around her neck, a **Serendipitous Project** necklace. Bieber also wears a **Dos Swim** bikini top (\$79; [dosswim.com](http://dosswim.com)) and **Gucci** vest (\$1,700; [gucci.com](http://gucci.com)).



THE JOY OF REEMERGENCE  
GAM THEORY

By Leslie Camhi



“Oh, how I regret not having worn a bikini for the entire year I was 26,” Nora Ephron famously wrote when she was just past 60. These days, I find myself wondering if she felt similarly about the miniskirt and microshorts, those perennial summertime classics with their promise of youth and freedom, which designers have embraced anew.

Well, I wasted my youth in chilly libraries, wearing Victorian-era velvet midi-dresses and curve-obscuring cloaks. But after a year of being buried under my desk, even my legs are itching for an outing. Zoom’s digital dismemberments—its onscreen rectangles framing heads and shoulders—have turned us all into contestants in a giant game of Hollywood Squares, our bifurcated bodies dressed for public consumption from the waist up alone. “Seeing people’s bottoms again will be strange,” a young friend confided recently after months of Zooming into high school from her bedroom. I knew what she meant.

Does the brain fog afflicting so many of us in late-stage pandemic living have something to do with this neglect of our bottom halves? The answer is quantifiably yes, according to behavioral researchers at Northwestern University, who have coined the term *enclothed cognition* to describe the way the clothes we wear—and the meanings we assign to them—can influence not only the way we feel but also our ability to focus and act with intention. Which might explain the jolt many people felt seeing Lila Grace Moss (Kate’s 18-year-old daughter) opening Miu Miu’s spring

show in a sharp-shouldered, school-ready dark blazer paired with a bejeweled mini. Youth! Beauty! Legs!

Movement, too, remains a key part of the allure of above-the-knee dressing. “You’re not putting on a miniskirt to sit on your couch and do nothing,” says fashion historian Laura Helms, which also presumes that you’ll be leaving your house—reason enough to go short. (These sunbaked images of Hailey Bieber are as good a motivation as any.)

Just thinking about having the fresh air brush against my bare legs sent me back to my closet on the first warm spring afternoon in New York. There I found a short black leather skirt—certainly not micro but at least lower-thigh—that had served me well on key pre-pandemic occasions. I zipped it up—snug, yes, but not impossibly so—slipped on a pair of three-inch heels, and walked (still masked, but hopefully not for much longer) to the grocery store.

Nobody in my lumpen Upper West Side neighborhood seemed to notice my imperfect knees or my legs’ larval pallor. But pausing in the vegetable aisle over the baby arugula, I found my foot suddenly tapping to the beat of the store’s piped-in music. I wasn’t about to break out in song. But I could feel the dance of life stirring within me, ready to begin anew. □

#### DRIVING FORCE

An **Eckhaus Latta** shrunken polo (\$275; eckhauslatta.com) plays nicely with a leopard-print-accented **Moschino Couture** skirt (\$820; saksfifthavenue.com). Bracelets by **Tiffany & Co.** and **Carolina Bucci**.

#### SHORE THING

Life's a beach in a beaded Blumarine skirt (blumarine.com) and a gingham-checked Peony bikini top (\$100; peonyswimwear.com). Grainne Morton earring. SVNR beaded necklace.



PRODUCED BY ROSCO. PRODUCTION: SET DESIGN, HEATH MATTIOLI.

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#### CHECKS AND BALANCES

A squared pattern joins Bieber's Emily Levine hat with her Versace top (\$695; [versace.com](http://versace.com)). Her Dolce & Gabbana skirt goes off the grid with retro flowers (\$1,995; [dolcegabbana.com](http://dolcegabbana.com)). In this story: hair, Edward Lampley; makeup, Grace Ahn. Details, see In This Issue.



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## Bridal, Revisited

This season, nuptials are smaller, simpler, but not a bit less thoughtful—or less glamorous.



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1. SELIM MOUZANNAR NECKLACE; NET-A-PORTER.COM.
2. ERDEM HEADBAND, \$330; ERDEM.COM. 3. SIMONE ROCHA SHIRTDRESS, \$690; SIMONEROCHA.COM. 4. ERDEM FACE MASK, \$65; ERDEM.COM. 5. MIU MIU SHOES, \$1,020; MIUMIU.COM.
6. BROCK COLLECTION JACKET, \$2,100; NET-A-PORTER.COM.
7. TIFFANY & CO. MEN'S ENGAGEMENT RING; TIFFANY.COM.
8. JACQUEMUS SKIRT, \$900; JACQUEMUS.COM. 9. JESSICA MCCORMACK EARRINGS; JESSICAMCCORMACK.COM.
10. MAISON CHRISTIAN DIOR EDEN-ROC EAU DE PARFUM, \$250; DIOR.COM. 11. KHAITE COAT; MODAOPERANDI.COM. 12. ROGER VIVIER SANDAL, \$2,050; ROGERVIVIER.COM. 13. ETRO DRESS; MODAOPERANDI.COM. 14. CHRISTOPHER KANE PANTS, \$954; MATCHESFASHION.COM. 15. ROSANTICA BAG, \$615; BROWNSFASHION.COM. 16. SCOSHA RING; SCOSHA.COM.



## ON WITH THE SHOWS!

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immersive ways—setting the scene with his evocative sets that transport you wherever he wants to take you, from the 1930s Ascot races (spring 2008) to Deco Shanghai (fall 2011). Ralph's 50th-anniversary collection (fall 2018), meanwhile, set at the Bethesda Fountain in Central Park with Hillary Clinton, Oprah, Robert De Niro, and Kanye West in attendance, showcased leitmotifs from throughout his career, including a celebration of the American West (which first hit his runway in fall 1981) and a pan-generational casting that joyfully celebrated the country's diversity. And what about the powerful sense of community in the audience mosh pit of Telfar Clemens's fall 2019 show, inspired by Jeremy O. Harris's *Slave Play*?

And who knew that a fashion show could give you electrifying social commentary? Kerby Jean-Raymond set his Pyer Moss spring 2019 show in Weeksville Heritage Center, one of the country's first free Black communities, with a gospel choir and a collaboration with artist Derrick Adams—an experience that transcended the driving rain but if anything was eclipsed by his spring 2020 presentation, at the dazzling Art Deco Kings Theatre in Brooklyn, which paid tribute to Sister Rosetta Tharpe, the unsung heroine of rock and roll, and included an eviscerating monologue powerfully delivered by writer Casey Gerald.

It gives me chills, dearie, as *Vogue*'s great fashion editor Polly Mellen used to say—and they all literally brought me to tears. And let's not even mention Karl's own immersive experiences for Chanel—the supermarket, the airplane, the Italianate villa, the Parisian street, the seashore with waves lapping at the models' feet.

I don't miss the jet lag, the stuck-in-traffic panic, the jostling, and the endless waiting for shows to begin, but I do long for the sensory experience of a fashion show that judders my expectations, just as I long for theater and ballet and opera and nightclubs. I long for the sensory experience, for the sight of the runway and the exciting guests and the designer's vision, for the smell of those fragrances, for the touch of the clothes backstage and the light breeze of the air kisses, for Jeremy Healy's exhilarating Galliano soundscapes. And for the taste.... Well, it's all subjective, isn't it? □

## HOLD ME NOW

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language we use to form our first and most lasting bonds. It has an almost mystical effect on how both our brains and bodies develop—which is why every new parent is well versed in the

power of skin-on-skin contact with an infant. Touch is how we communicate love, trust, empathy. And, done right, it builds familiarity, greasing the wheels of day-in, day-out human interaction.

Touch is also our most relentless sense: You can close your eyes and cover your ears, but you can never shut down the big information-seeking envelope that is your skin. Almost every part of our body is covered in fine vellus hairs, most too fine to be seen. Nerve endings at the base of these hairs act as microscopic motion sensors—and they're choosy, says Linden: Lightly run your finger along someone's skin too slowly, and it gives them chills; stroke too fast, and it feels abrupt. The optimal speed is one inch per second, elaborates Linden. "That's the caress."

University of Miami's Field has focused much of her research on pressure receptors that lie underneath the skin. Brain waves actually change when you're moving the skin, she explains, noting that "moderate pressure" touch—firmer than Linden's caress—has been linked to a slowing of the heart rate, a release of mood-boosting serotonin, and a drop in pain hormones and cortisol levels. These benefits cut both ways, she explains. In one of Field's studies, elderly people who massaged babies experienced even more dramatic benefits—lowered stress levels, an increase in pleasure—than when they were massaged themselves.

Indeed, when facialist Joanna Czech, who notably sculpts the visages of Kim Kardashian, Amber Valletta, and Jennifer Aniston, was forced to shutter her clinics in New York and Dallas on March 14 of last year, she felt an acute sense of loss. "I did not touch anyone for almost three months," Czech notes with evident sadness. In her 35-year career, this was her longest stretch without "slapping" a face, as her patented massage technique is lovingly referred to by her clientele—longer even than when she was healing from a broken leg or undergoing cancer treatments. When Czech was finally able to reopen her Dallas studio, the first client she touched, a woman named Laura, looked at the facialist with tears in her eyes. "She said, 'Joanna, this thing that I've been coming for—I did not realize what a luxury it is,'" Czech says. "I had goosebumps, too. So we cried a little bit, and then we worked."

On a Zoom call with German neuroscientist Rebecca Boehme, Ph.D., author of the 2019 book, *Human Touch*, I recount Czech's experience as well as my own transcendent visit with Rachel. Boehme nods her head vigorously when I describe the way Rachel's touch made me feel cosseted and cared for, and—however briefly—a bit more stitched together, less fragmented, more able to be generous toward my children. Boehme, too, has

been at home with two kids for the past year. Suddenly we are just a couple of pandemic moms comparing battle scars. "I feel like they always want something from me!" Boehme says, noting that the previous day she got "like, *two hours* alone. It was...*ahhh*." That's the thing about the touch of a loved one, she continues: It builds intimacy and bonding, but it also can come fettered with expectation and need. Whereas more transactional, one-sided interactions, she continues, can transmit many of the same chemical and neurological benefits, while also scratching another human itch—one whose two-word catchphrase happens to predate "self-care" by a decade or two. Boehme leans toward her computer's camera for a second, so that her face is closer to mine. "What you need," she says, "is *me time*." □

## SHORT (AND LONG) STORY

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about five to seven mullets a week. It's also surprisingly versatile, adds G.—elegant or punk, Middle Earth or feathery soft, à la the "shullet," a cross between a mullet and a shag. "What makes it cool is its unapologetic effortlessness," continues G. "A mullet doesn't have to be maintained like a pixie or a sharp bob. Grow it in for six months and it still looks great."

This maintenance-free promise only added to the mullet's budding popularity during last spring's lockdowns, when ersatz stylists had to rely on their own ingenuity—and everything from kitchen shears to craft scissors—while nonessential businesses remained closed. You can count second daughter Ella Emhoff among them. While stuck at home in Brooklyn, the model sculpted her own curls into a helmet-like mullet snipped high and tight above her ears. "I feel like in the past, the mullet was deemed unattractive and kind of odd, and I'm really drawn to that almost ugly-chic look," says Emhoff, who showed off the idiosyncratic style in her runway debut for Proenza Schouler in February. The internet-breaking moment kicked off a truncated fall fashion schedule during which few shows were mullet-free: Simone Rocha gave the style a Renaissance spin in London; at Dolce & Gabbana in Milan, the look received an acid-bright rainbow makeover with a blunt micro fringe, while Brooklyn-based hairstylist Holli Smith embraced natural textures at Ferragamo and Sportmax for a fresh and edgy twist. Meanwhile, Anthony Turner mined Vidal Sassoon's Mouche innovations of the 1960s at Raf Simons, adding a futuristic update via frizzy finishes and shocking-pink ombre dye jobs that Turner describes as "quite daring and left field."

Mullets aren't new, of course. According to British hair historian Rachael

Gibson, they've actually been around for centuries. Used as a practical military tactic among Vikings and Romans, long hair in the back kept soldiers warm on the battlefield, while shorter hair in front was less likely to get yanked by an adversary. The style had a more recent resurgence in the '70s, when the Ur-mullet burst onto the scene courtesy of David Bowie's spiky red brush cut for his alter ego, Ziggy Stardust—a riff on a cut Bowie spotted in a 1971 magazine spread for designer Kansai Yamamoto and asked his mother's hairdresser to re-create. Now it's being reinterpreted by a new generation of pop superstars, with Rihanna, Miley Cyrus, and Troye Sivan all adopting the style in the last year alone. "I had one option, and I needed it," Cyrus joked last year of the lockdown cut she got from her mother, Tish, who warned the "Prisoner" hit-maker that the lone style she knew how to do was the one she gave Miley's father, mullet icon Billy Ray Cyrus, in the '90s. (Veteran stylist Sally Hershberger later stepped in to mastermind Miley's current feathery shoulder-length shag with a choppy fringe.)

The mullet's shape-shifting potential is a big part of its appeal, suggests Emhoff. "The more you have this style, the more you want to push the limits of how mullet-y you can get it," says the first daughter of Bushwick, who pushed those limits for these pages, courtesy of Masami Hosono. Hosono, who runs Vacancy Project, a gender-neutral hair salon in New York's East Village, has been perfecting the style for the Brooklyn art school set since they opened their doors in 2016. "Everybody used to make fun of mullets," they say. "Now everybody wants one." For this story, Hosono added a shaggy texture to the top of Emhoff's hair while tapering the bottom, taking it "from a square shape to more jellyfish-looking."

But even as it enters the mainstream, mullet-wearing still requires a certain amount of élan, according to Los Angeles-based stylist Jared Henderson, who outfitted the musician Doja Cat with what he describes as a "soft-serve" mullet—a chic bi-level cut with subtle layers—for her Roberto Cavalli-clad Grammy Awards debut this year. "It oozes, 'I'm this confident being, and I really couldn't care less about what people say, because I know I'm rocking the hell out of this hairstyle.'" Henderson did have some of his own reservations about the cut, he admits. "It was nerve-racking because we got some side eyes, like, 'Is she really about to go out on her first Grammys with a mullet?'" Instead of winding up on Instagram's The Shade Room, Henderson's work was embraced on the platform, where it was proclaimed one of 2021's first big hair moments.

Hair historian Gibson is among the social-media stans celebrating the mullet's return. "These days, hairdressers bemoan that while hair is still styled, we don't see interesting *cuts* anymore," she says. "But adversity tends to breed creativity, and a lot more unconventional hair choices are coming out of lockdown." Long may they continue. □

## ALL IN THE BALANCE

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student across every aspect of my life," Gerber says. She waits patiently for a panting Milo to finish a round of sniffs with a nervous Chihuahua named Kyle ("Hi, Kyle! Look, Milo, he's just like you!") and then continues. "Once I realized that I *am* going to mess up, I learned to be more forgiving of myself." Journaling every day has helped, as have therapy, meditation, yoga, and breath work. She's also trying to create a space of openness with people in her life. "So many conversations I used to have were so surface level, and I just don't believe in that anymore. Now I'm more, like, 'Hey, nice to meet you; what's your deepest fear?'" She laughs. "I'm a trusting person. There were moments I'd be going through a hard time, and people would ask me how I was, and I'd say, 'Oh, I'm good.' Now it's more, like, maybe the person I'm talking to is also having a bad day, and we can talk about it. If we close ourselves off, a lot of things get buried."

Since September, Gerber has been dating Jacob Elordi, the 23-year-old heartthrob and star of HBO's edgy teen drama *Euphoria*; and though she has gestured at the relationship only briefly and obliquely, posting a very few mentions of Elordi on her Instagram, the paparazzi have been relentless in documenting the couple, whether en route to the gym or grabbing a smoothie. ("Kaia, are you engaged to Jacob?" a photographer can be heard yelling in one video, in which Gerber is seen leaving the West Hollywood members' club the San Vicente Bungalows, attempting to cover her face as she walks grimly to her waiting car. She looks like a dignified gazelle.) I ask her if her desire to open up has to do with her new relationship. "Being able to be with someone I trust, where we don't want anything from each other, having a safe, steady relationship like that, has really opened my eyes to the possibilities of love and what it feels like to love without conditions," she says. "Lust is touching other people or wanting them, but love is really *seeing* someone." She now splits her time between her parents' place in Malibu and Elordi's house in the Hollywood Hills.

We take a turn, and the Hollywood sign, which overlooks the reservoir, is suddenly revealed; a flock of birds rises over the water in unison, a perfect

formation against the blue sky. "I started so young that people weren't expecting me to have an opinion about things, and I was fine with that, because I didn't feel comfortable enough in who I was," Gerber says. "But when I got a little older, I started to wait for someone, especially in interviews, to ask me something other than 'What are three items in your purse?' I was like, 'You're not asking Adam Driver that, right?' I was waiting to be invited to speak. Eventually I invited myself. And that was a really freeing feeling."

One way in which Gerber has been able to express herself recently is through her Instagram book club, an endeavor she began in early lockdown. She had always loved to read, and when she moved to New York after high school, she began to see it as a way to further her education, visiting bookstores almost daily and asking friends for recommendations. (College had been a dream of hers—"I was one of those kids in preschool who thought they'd go to Columbia one day"—but she's not worried about missing out. "I can always go," she tells me. "I have no problem with being a 50-year-old in college.") Her literary whisperers range from Lena Dunham to the writer and Freud-family scion Jonah Freud, who, she tells me excitedly, is about to open a bookstore in London. "I would bring books backstage to shows," she says, "and some people would act surprised, which I always found interesting. I was like, 'Why is it crazy to believe that I'm a reader?'" Since last spring, she has been hosting book discussions on Instagram Live, where she is joined each time by a guest. These have included the writer Jia Tolentino, the novelist Raven Leilani, the *Normal People* actor Daisy Edgar-Jones, and more. In a recent piece, the *New York Times* identified Gerber as part of a wave of "fresh-faced mega-influencers using Instagram to share literary life with millions of eyeballs"—efforts that have been bolstering book sales. Gerber's topics have ranged from sexual trauma to LGBTQ sexuality and the ennui of modern life. The writer Lauren Oyler, whose novel, *Fake Accounts*, answers to the last category, tells me that she was surprised but pleased when Gerber was recently photographed with it. "There's a strain of thought that says it's terrible that books have seemingly become accessories in a kind of Instagram-inflected way," she says. "But I think it's great for beautiful people with charmed lives to be exposed to what is sort of a difficult, ultimately pretty depressing novel, because there isn't a lot of that perspective in mainstream American culture right now."

Recently Gerber has also begun educating herself about contemporary politics. Last summer, she attended Black Lives Matter protests, and for her book

club she has chosen readings that explore the complexities of race in America, such as Jeremy O. Harris's *Slave Play*, which was a Broadway sensation, and Ta-Nehisi Coates's *Between the World and Me*. "In the past, I stayed away from getting political because I didn't want to speak about things I wasn't knowledgeable about. But this year, I really had an opportunity to learn," she says. While she has always been suspicious of the term *influencer*, she tells me, she's started to see visibility as a kind of gift. "Kaia wants to better herself through reading and through being part of a community," says the designer Stella McCartney. "And she wraps all of those responsibilities up in a way that still makes young girls want to be like her. I think the thing about Kaia is she understands her privilege, the access to influence through her platforms, and her voice as a young woman. She doesn't shy away from that responsibility, but embraces it." Harris, who has become friends with Gerber, appreciates her desire to expand her grasp of the world around her. "People are so quick to be cynical, which means that they're more comfortable with Kaia just remaining static, in the position of the wealthy white girl of pedigree. But when I met her, I saw someone so curious and excited about learning, about not always looking like the smartest person in the room, about complicating her understanding of her own socioeconomic and racial positioning," he tells me. "She's decided to be an autodidact in public, and it's really admirable because when you do that, you risk potential failure." Gerber is in no way interested in seeming perfect. "I want moms to be happy that their daughters look up to me, but being a real role model means also being a real human," she says, her young face serious.

She is also pursuing new professional challenges. On the day I meet with Gerber, the mega-producer Ryan Murphy has just announced on Instagram that he has cast her for a role in his anthology series *American Horror Story*. (In a comment on Murphy's post, Gerber wrote, "If I'm dreaming this don't wake me up.") "I wanted to be an actress really bad when I was growing up," Gerber tells me. "I was into musical theater. My poor family, they had to come to so many productions. They came to five shows of *The Wizard of Oz* where I only played a tree, bless their hearts." (Crawford says that Gerber, in fact, played the lead in a fifth-grade production of *Beauty and the Beast*, one performance of which was attended by a supportive George Clooney.) When I ask her about Murphy's show, Gerber admits that she's "terrified. But so excited too. It's a new chapter. And I can still do modeling, which I love." I ask her if Elordi has provided

her with any advice. "He's a great person for me to go to because he's gone to drama school and has years of experience that I don't have. So I'm like, 'Oh, I'm definitely going to be using you as a resource,'" she says, laughing. For his part, Murphy takes pains to note that Gerber's connections had nothing to do with his decision to cast her. "She had one of the best auditions I've ever seen," he says flatly when I speak to him on the phone. "I was so surprised that she didn't call in any favors. You could tell that she'd just worked really hard and really got in the trenches. She wanted a challenge." He goes on, "Not only is she a great actress, but she has star appeal, and you can't buy that. She has a combination of strength and vulnerability that people are really drawn to. She's an empath."

A couple of hours later, I meet Gerber again at the Bourgeois Pig, a casual coffee shop that serves pub food in Los Angeles's Franklin Village neighborhood. This time we are joined by Presley, who is, indeed, heavily tattooed, his hair freshly dyed platinum, and as soft-spoken and thoughtful as his sister. (While he too modeled in his youth, he took to it less than Kaia and is now designing a streetwear brand.) He has driven in from Malibu, where he lives in his parents' guesthouse with his girlfriend, Sydney Brooke, and his two cats, one of them a sphynx named Mr. Beaglesworth. "Have you ever felt a sphynx before?" Kaia asks me. "It's the weirdest...it's just, like, skin with a little fuzz. It's like a baby's head, almost, or a prepubescent..."

"Like a boy when he starts getting a mustache," Presley agrees, and the siblings laugh. "Kaia came out of the womb a genius," Presley adds. ("Stop!" she giggles.) "She can memorize things off the bat, plus her handwriting.... Half the time I can't even read my own handwriting. I'd come home and be like, 'Damn, I took notes for an hour and I can't even read this!'"

"If you look at our notes, you'd know everything you need to know about our personalities," Kaia says. "I'd go home and rewrite all of my notes and color-coordinate them." She nibbles at a fried pickle from a platter she is sharing with her brother. "I don't know if you've noticed this," she says to him, "but my controlling side has calmed down a lot as I've grown up."

A bit later, we are joined by a longtime friend, Charlotte Lawrence, a 20-year-old singer and occasional model. Lithe and blonde, Lawrence is a live wire, clearly the kind of pal who'd goad you into sneaking out the window to party after your parents are asleep, and in her presence Kaia becomes immediately more relaxed.

"We have lots of matching tattoos," Lawrence tells me. "Like, we got one after going to Greece together with my family; it was the best trip ever. A tattoo of Eros. And we both have mermaid tattoos and tattoos of a glass of wine."

"We also have tattoos of each other's boobs," Kaia says, showing me a small line drawing of a woman's bare torso on her inner arm. "It's a realistic rendering."

"And I have a K on my finger," Lawrence says. "Presley gave it to me!"

"Oh, yeah, I remember that," Presley says, smiling.

"In September we tried being roommates for three weeks," Lawrence reveals. "But on the day I moved into the house, I broke up with my boyfriend, so I was like, 'I want to cry and party and then cry some more.' Meanwhile, Kaia was falling in love and was like, 'I want to just be with my boyfriend and be happy.'"

"It was probably the most grown-up thing we ever did," Kaia says. "We were like, 'We love each other; let's part ways.' We'll probably still live together at some point."

"When we're single and old," Lawrence says. "I want the house to be a sanctuary for her. I'm always, like, if anything is ever *happening*, if you guys ever have a *fight*, just come here." Kaia laughs.

The girls bid farewell to Presley, and we walk over to a nearby bookstore that also offers some records and a wide selection of lightly spiritual paraphernalia—astrology guides, incense, soaps in the shape of crystals. Morrissey's *Viva Hate* plays in the background, and the girls chat about their recent vintage finds, purchased from an Instagram account whose name they good-naturedly resist revealing to me, for fear that I would "blow it up." "You haven't commented on my shirt yet!" Lawrence says, showing Gerber her circa-1993 baby tee, emblazoned with the legend SUPERPORNSTAR. "It's cute!" Gerber says. "I just got Jacob a shirt from there, too. It says, GET HIGH ON JESUS, and it has a Bible and a cross coming out of it."

Lawrence begins to pick candles from a shelf, sniffing them. "KeeKee, do you want some witchy stuff?" she asks. "We could do a whole moon ritual, with tarot cards."

"Oh, these smell so nice," Gerber says of the candle. "It smells just like my dog, not in a bad way. He smells good!"

"This one is called Death," Lawrence says, mystified.

"A nice, relaxing smell," Gerber says. "The smell of death in the air."

The two turn to look at the books on display. "They have a really good curation here," Gerber says. "Ooh, I love Eve Babitz!" She picks up a Kathy Acker book. "Did you ever read *Blood and Guts in High School*?" she asks Lawrence.

On a shelf, I notice *Touching From a Distance*, a memoir by Deborah Curtis, the widow of Joy Division's Ian Curtis, and show the book to Gerber and Lawrence. "It's good. It's depressing," I say.

"It's depressing?" both exclaim in unison, reaching eagerly for the volume, two fun-loving young women who love to read sad books.

Gerber picks up Michael Shurtleff's *Audition*, the classic guide for actors. "This is a great one," she says. "When I started getting back into acting, I read it. It has tips as simple as 'Don't look the auditors in the eye' to things like, 'How to get into the mind of a character.'"

"I always thought you were meant to be an actor," Lawrence says. "She just has a way of subconsciously entertaining the entire room," she tells me.

"That's not true," Gerber says. "No way."

"It is!" Lawrence says. She looks over at Gerber affectionately. "Everyone's eyes are always on her." □

## PLAY DATES

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the midst of filming *The Bling Ring*, joined us at Coachella—her in-character long-hair extensions and temporary tattoo the perfect disguise, freeing her to dance to David Guetta. The feeling is restorative; your faith in people quickly soars. Complete strangers have miraculously returned Chanel handbags and car keys when they were feared lost forever. Onstage, I witnessed Dave Grohl kindly lending Axl Rose, who had recently broken his foot, his light-up throne (from when Grohl broke his leg) so the Guns N' Roses front man could headline Coachella sitting down.

When it rains, you get a taste of the preindustrial metropolis, but the whole thing takes on a transcendent quality as the sun breaks through and Hunter boots are swapped out for sneakers. It's where Winnebagoes go bump in the night—my camping days are, thankfully, long over—as when a dear friend mistook the bed of my husband and me for his own in the wee hours and jumped in, to a cataclysm of apologies worthy of a Richard Curtis script (*Love Festively*; Mr. Curtis?). And though my personal festival grooming has always been rather low-maintenance, our Winnebago neighbors one year—soccer star Wayne Rooney and his wife, Coleen—started each day with a disciplined ritual: a circle of camp chairs and generator-powered hair dryers and tongs. Before Dolly Parton wowed Glastonbury in 2014, Erdem Moralioglu and I were backstage with *The 1975*. As Parton was escorted to the stage with her hefty entourage, he sweetly said, "Good luck, Dolly!" Halting with perfect eye contact and grace, she countered, "Why, thank

you sir!" as the embers of her white rhinestone jumpsuit dimmed into the darkened side of the stage.

It seems that the seeds of festival style—a mythological mash-up of Jimi Hendrix headbands, fringing, craft, tie-dye (and birthday suits for the freest of spirits)—were sown at the mother of all festivals: Woodstock. What has since become a kind of unofficial dress code remains remarkably undiminished from Bonnaroo to Coachella—albeit with the technological breakthrough of the waterproof windbreaker and additional support from Patagonia, The North Face, and Gucci. Cara Delevingne and Suki Waterhouse once picked up luminous orange waterproofs akin to those you can find at a roadside gas station. Festival purchases are to be adorned immediately (I once found a wonderful Michael Kors camo mohair runway sweater in a pop-up thrift store). Vintage favorites also come out: Mine are a Lock & Co. fedora, a 1920s sequined gold vest, and a pair of '70s Fred Perry shorts. I always pack my Saint Laurent fringe jacket, which manages the feat of either mellowing or rocking out the rest of my look, and tie-dyed cashmere by The Elder Statesman adds solace as the sun goes down and temperatures drop. But such prized items should be taken with an easy heart: Traveling home from the Isle of Wight Festival, Kate Moss (then dating Peter Doherty, who had performed there) suddenly realized she had left a beautiful jacket that had belonged to the late, legendary Marc Bolan of T. Rex, a recent auction prize, backstage—and sadly, one cannot generally persuade ferry captains to turn around.

True festival style, then, can be scattershot: That's its glory. Will fashion in the fields change when we return? Of course it will—as will the festivals themselves. COVID-compliant riders are now fundamental and prioritize sanitizers over cider. With international travel still uncertain, it's a moment for homegrown talent to shine—witness Billie Eilish taking her first, momentous headlining festival slot this September at *Life Is Beautiful* in Vegas—and ongoing restrictions favor those artists needing less crew and equipment to thrive (those 32-piece orchestras and lofty LED screens aren't traveling well—for the moment, at least).

Among the artists seen in these pages, Ant Clemons has already gone from guesting on Kanye tracks to his first Grammy nomination and inaugural performance, but this could be his summer of love. With talk of a roaring reemergence, there's a social generation that feel they have missed out and are primed for the festival experience—whether that means losing themselves in the joyful house and disco mixes

of Haitian-Canadian Kaytranada in a dance tent or seeing Wallace's bedroom-pop sensibility played out live.

I end with quoting a favorite song, and I'll end with one too. I cannot count how many times I've seen MGMT play "Time to Pretend"—a hippie-tinged piece of bliss that captures that festival feeling as much as an old, faded tie-dye:

*I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw / I'm in the prime of my life.* □

## NEW BEGINNINGS

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It wasn't just my own health that had me worried. I am not by nature a hypochondriac, and I haven't been a particularly neurotic pregnant woman by the traditional measures. (I snuck a piece of sushi or morsel of forbidden cheese here and there.) But in my newfound fear of getting COVID, I began to feel what it might be like to relate to the world as a mother—trying to exert control over the uncontrollable, trying to protect this tiny, vulnerable thing. I tried to make careful plans for our life with a baby, cross-referencing spreadsheets from friends of what to buy (*every-one* seemed to have a spreadsheet) and cramming books that promised to make breastfeeding or sleep schedules clear. This was all in the face of overwhelming evidence from the past year that planning could often be futile.

On March 6, 2020—far too late into COVID's spread to have behaved this way, in retrospect—I stayed out until 3 a.m. at Montero's Bar & Grill in Brooklyn Heights, singing karaoke with friends, exchanging respiration idiotically, and cleaning the mic with Clorox Disinfecting Wipes in between turns, with decreasing care and attention to germ theory as the night went on. We danced with strangers and squeezed past the crowd at the bar to order more drinks. We piled into a shared cab, with the windows all the way up.

Officially, this was a night out to celebrate my friend Max, who had sold a TV show and was leaving the magazine where we all worked. But now I think of it as my very last carefree night ever. Because when we finally exit this constricted time, life for me won't go back to late-night cab rides home and selfish abandon at regular weekly intervals.

My sister compared life in the plague year to postpartum life. I wouldn't have to make much of an adjustment, she joked. But on parental leave, you have a baby to occupy you and stress you and delight you. Instead, as a preoccupation, I had only the imagined version of my future self, and the nostalgic idea of my past one. I was just... at home. During the day, during the night.

Some of it was, to my surprise, lovely. My husband was in a Ph.D. program in

another city, and before the pandemic hit, we spent part of each week apart. But now we were together every night. We dressed our table with our new wedding presents and cooked our way through Diana Kennedy and Samin Nosrat; we watched all of *Call My Agent*. We also spent at least 40 of our last child-free hours becoming completists of the Darren Star TV Land series *Younger*, screaming like soccer fans for Hilary Duff's character whenever she did something particularly unwise. ("MESSY... KELSEY!!") I liked domestic life with just the two of us in our little snow globe, mostly. It was a bit like practice for being parents, without the hard stuff. But I missed the parts of myself that existed in relation to the rest of the world.

I began to realize that many of the rituals of pregnancy I was missing out on—the baby showers, the spontaneous, not-always-welcome advice or prying from aunts and coworkers—probably help to gently clarify this transition: They nudge you into a new category, toward a new set of concerns and behaviors. But there was no gradual runway for me, where I got to test this new version of myself in my old life. Instead, I was emerging from a period of relative isolation into an altered world as a fundamentally different person. I tried to clean out my closet in preparation, but I couldn't figure out which dresses would suit my new life, since I could barely remember how they'd made me feel. In the early spring, I learned a new word:

*matrescence*. The process of becoming a mother. It isn't an accident that it bears a similarity to adolescence, that other time of great change. (And like adolescence, it involves buying a lot of new bras.)

But the thought of the baby sustained me. It gave me something to look forward to, a goal—and a way of distinguishing time in the slurry of sameness during that strange winter. I could chart my changes against the country's. The nausea went away around the time the vaccine rolled out. I got my first jab not long after I started feeling flutter kicks. Pregnant women are always more acutely aware of the ticking away of weeks and days. But now the wondrous knowledge that this week I had helped grow something that now had working ears,

# In This Issue

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On Foote: Top (\$880) and skirt (\$3,400); dior.com. R13 sneakers, \$495; r13.com. On Kaytranada: Sweater, \$1,450; balenciaga.com. Pants, \$760; marni.com for similar styles. On Austins: Sleeveless top, (\$870), T-shirt (\$1,090), and pants (\$790). Top and T-shirt at marni.com. Pants at maxfieldla.com. Venessa Arizaga necklace, \$250; venessaarizaga.com. Loewe shoes, \$690; loewe.com. Tailor, Susie's Custom Designs. **Cover Look: 23:** Dress, price upon request; (800) 550-0005. Earring, \$625 for pair; mariatash.com. Manicurist, Emi Kudo, using Chanel Le Vernis. Tailor, Susie's Custom Designs. **Editor's Letter: 30:** Dress, price upon request; (800) 550-0005. Manicurist, Emi Kudo, using Chanel Le Vernis. Tailor, Susie's Custom Designs. **Stepping Out: 44–45:** Dress (\$5,400) and romper (\$1,300); prada.com. Manicurist, Thuy Nguyen. Tailor, Susie's Custom Designs. **Hold Me Now: 46:** Dress, \$3,450; bottegaveneta.com. Tailor, Kevin Geddes. **Rules of Engagement: 54:** Prounis Jewelry earrings (\$23,000) and necklace (price upon request); prounisjewelry.com. Bode shoes, \$750; bodenewyork.com. **Short (And Long) Story: 66:**

Cardigan (\$1,400) and blouse (\$1,500); celine.com. Glasses, \$465; gucci.com. OKS necklace with charm, \$570; oksnyc.com. Cartier necklace, cartier.com. Manicurist, Megumi Yamamoto. Tailor, Hailey Desjardin.

## ALL IN THE BALANCE

**78–79:** On Gerber: Dress, \$398; ralphlauren.com. **80–81:** Dress, \$450; marcjacobs.com. Bvlgari earrings, \$17,100; bvlgari.com. Necklace, \$1,275; ariलगordonjewelry.com. **82–83:** On Gerber: Top (\$615), skirt (\$5,400), socks (\$130), and shoes (price upon request); prada.com. On Crawford: Shirt, \$650; ralphlauren.com. **84:** Coat (\$8,875), skirt (\$3,760), and shoes (\$440); shop.doverstreetmarket.com. **85:** Dress (\$3,125), tights (\$350), and shoes (\$1,295); versace.com. Earring, \$1,350 for pair; tomford.com. **86–87:** Dress (\$4,790) and boots (\$1,290); alexandermcqueen.com. **88:** Jacket, dress, pants, and boots, price upon request; louisvuitton.com. Earrings, \$750–\$2,000; anitako.com. **89:** Jumpsuit (\$5,600) and boots (\$1,095); stellamccartney.com. **90:** Dress (\$5,790), necklace (\$995), and boots (\$2,295); ysl.com. Alexander McQueen ear-hook set, \$790; alexandermcqueen.com.

Rachel G. Jewelry rings, \$25–\$100; racheljewelry.com. **91:** Blouse (\$1,900) and shorts (\$1,300); chanel.com. **92–93:** Top (\$1,795) and leggings (\$795); dolcegabbana.com. Maria Tash earrings, \$625; mariatash.com. In this story: Manicurist, Emi Kudo, using Chanel Le Vernis. Tailor, Susie's Custom Designs.

## WE ARE FAMILY

**94–95:** On Paloma: Alexander McQueen belt, \$1,390; alexandermcqueen.com. Earrings, \$58; melodyehsani.com. David Webb necklace, \$68,000; davidwebb.com. The M Jewelers necklace, \$145; themjewelersny.com. On Sage: Vest (\$410), shirt (\$235), and pants (\$555); amiparis.com. Watch, \$5,600; rolex.com. Buccellati ring, \$3,700; buccellati.com. On Ama: Jacket and jeans, priced upon request. Earrings, price upon request; (800) 550-0005. Hermès bracelet, \$1,375; hermes.com. David Yurman bracelets, \$225–\$750; davidyurman.com. **96:** Necklace, \$1,895; maisonmayle.com. Locket, \$2,200; tiffany.com. L'Enchanteur rings, \$1,300–\$1,850; lenchanteur.co. Brent Neale ring, price upon request; twistonline.com. Marisa Klass ring, \$2,500; marisaklass.com. **97:** On Kanyessa: Earrings, \$450; jenniferfisherjewelry.com. Tiffany & Co. Elsa Peretti bangle, \$20,000; tiffany.com. On Dashed: Jacket (\$50) and jeans (\$40);

gap.com. Headpiece, \$5,800; deveraobjects.com. On Paloma: Chloe dress, \$5,750; chloe.com. Earrings, \$6,850; deveraobjects.com. Cartier High Jewelry necklace, price upon request; (800) CARTIER. Foundrae necklace, \$16,495; foundrae.com. On Sage: T-shirt, \$43 for pack of three; calvinklein.us. Watch, \$34,070; patek.com. On Paloma: Earrings, \$2,200; prounisjewelry.com. Necklace, \$18,500; deveraobjects.com. On Aneadra: Blouse-and-pant set, \$239. Earrings, \$6,500; mahnazcollection.com. Necklace, \$14,000; featherstonedesign.com. Brooch, \$52,500; verdura.com. **99:** MG Stones necklace, \$3,590; mgstones.com. David Yurman necklaces, \$2,050–\$3,100; davidyurman.com. Lisa Eisner Jewelry necklace, \$2,400; lisaeisnerjewelry.com. Charm, \$1,150; monicarichkosann.com. Dress, \$3,100. **100–101:** On Shockley-Elsesser: Earrings, \$13,500; pomellato.com. On Shockley: Necklace, price upon request; kentshire.com. De Vera earrings, \$2,950; deveraobjects.com. On Sage: Calvin Klein jacket, \$143; calvinklein.us. On Paloma: Dress, \$3,500. De Vera necklace, \$18,500; deveraobjects.com. Sandals, \$695; miabecar.com. On McMahon: Earrings, \$98; themjewelersny.com. Cathy Waterman Necklace, \$1,065; ylang23.com. Azlee Jewelry necklace,

\$3,590; azleejewelry.com. Sandals, \$525; neous.co.uk. On Ama: Dress, price upon request. Scosha necklace, \$21,250; scosha.com. Foundrae necklace, \$26,330; foundrae.com. Watch, price upon request; (800) 550-0005. Bracelet, \$430; ssense.com. Marisa Klass ring, \$1,850; marisaklass.com. Charlotte Chesnai ring, \$900; modaoperandi.com. Sandals, \$580; neous.co.uk. **102:** On Paloma: The M Jewelers necklace \$145; themjewelersny.com. Bvlgari High Jewelry necklace, price upon request; (800) BVLGARI. Dubini necklace, \$5,450; dubini.co.uk. Reinstein Ross necklace, \$6,500; reinsteinross.com. On Shockley-Elsesser: Tory Burch scarf, \$228; toryburch.com. Earrings, \$5,100; grayanddavis.com. Necklace, price upon request; stephenrussell.com. L'Enchanteur ring, \$3,450; lenchanteur.co. Sai by Rachel Saidani ring, \$7,448; safirehomme.com. Loren Nicole ring, \$11,800; loren-nicole.com. Eli Halili ring, \$5,700; elihalii.com. On Shockley: Earrings, \$13,000; buccellati.com. Tiffany & Co. Schlumberger brooch, \$35,000; tiffany.com. Gucci brooch, \$750; gucci.com. **103:** Earrings, \$58,000; davidwebb.com. Panconesi necklace, \$505; ssense.com. Marisa Klass necklace, price upon request; marisaklass.com.



or eyelashes, was especially welcome. Despite the fact that every night I was lounging on the couch sandblasting through the time limits I'd instructed my phone to place on Instagram, I was doing the most definitionally creative thing I would ever do.

The people who liked to declare that they weren't having children because they didn't want to bring anyone into this broken world had sometimes struck me, in my private cynicism, as grandstanding to mask personal doubt. But in the early plague months, I entertained some of those thoughts for the first time. Everything felt backward-moving. There was something medieval about how cheaply life was being treated, how some of the most vulnerable were

bearing the brunt of it. What *would* happen with the intractable problems of climate change? Would the entirety of our child's life be spent toggling between decline and crisis?

Still, we chose to hope against reason, which is what the act of having a baby always is. We spent some of those darkest months with family, Zooming into work from my childhood bedroom while another sister worked from the floor below. Both of our fathers had surgeries (unrelated to COVID), and we wanted to be with them when these procedures took place. We scrolled the news obsessively and watched the COVID death counts tick horrifically up. The fragility of life was oppressively present. But there were also moments of joy, many of

them involving my small nephews, who were in my parents' pod and came by to read books or run around the backyard. They were funny and sweet and had no real clue what was going on. (Preschool spring break had turned into a vague "germ break.") It was clear that family, chosen or biological, was one of the only things that mattered when the normal infrastructure of society was peeled away. We knew we wanted to make a little one of our own.

The week my fetus was the size of a grapefruit, two million people were vaccinated in one day, and President Biden suggested that the Fourth of July—right when I'd be meeting my son—would look something like normal. I couldn't wait to see what my normal would be. □

Charm, \$2,860; musexmuse.com. Luis Morais necklace, \$2,202; twistonline.com. Van Cleef & Arpels necklace, \$6,450; vancleefarpels.com. In this story: Manicurist, Dawn Sterling. Tailor, Cha Cha Zutic.

#### LET'S GET LOST

**104–105:** Hermès carryall, \$14,400. Fendi x Chaos earbuds case (\$770) and chain (\$490), on Fendi bag; fendi.com. Paravel belt bag, \$35; tourparavel.com. Uniqlo turtleneck, \$50; uniqlo.com. Apple AirPods Max, \$549; apple.com. KES face mask, \$17; amazon.com. Sneakers, \$268; koio.co. **106–107:** Nina Ricci sweater, \$530; farfetch.com. Backpack (\$4,200) and wakeboard (\$8,500). Tory Sport socks, \$48 for three; torysport.com. Sneakers, \$70; puma.com. **108:** Prada hat, \$495; prada.com. Paravel backpack, \$65; tourparavel.com. Koio sneakers, \$268; koio.co. **109:** Jil Sander by Lucie and Luke Meier dress. Tennis racket with case, \$770. Loro Piana bag, \$4,725; loropiana.com. Coach

bag, \$450; coach.com. Cap, \$495; Balenciaga.com. Watch, \$22,900; audemarspiguet.com. Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello sneakers, \$745; ysl.com. **110–111:** Louis Vuitton parka (price upon request) and duffel bag (\$2,950); louisvuitton.com. In this story: Tailor, Leah Huntsinger.

#### LET'S FACE THE MUSIC—AND DANCE

**112–113:** On Akech: Dress, price upon request. Boots, \$1,290; alexandermcqueen.com. On Champion: Cape and pants, priced upon request. R13 sneakers, \$495; r13.com. On Nu: Loewe cardigan, \$2,900; loewe.com. Alexander McQueen boots, \$1,290; alexandermcqueen.com. On Clemons: Lemaire vest, \$817; lemaire.fr. Sweatshirt (\$980) and (\$1,300); gucci.com. Loewe shoes, \$690; loewe.com. **114:** On Isabel: Jacket, \$4,800. K-Way jacket, \$99; nordstrom.com. R13 sneakers, \$495; r13.com. On Empress Of: Alexander McQueen boots, \$690; alexandermcqueen.com. **115:** Sportmax top, worn under tie-dyed top (\$195),

belt (\$175), and boots (\$1,055); sportmax.com. Max Allen scarf, price upon request; maxmja@gmail.com for information. **116:** On Fotte: Prada skirt, price upon request; prada.com. On Austins: Cardigan, \$2,450; celine.com. Necklace, \$250; venessaarizaga.com. **117:** On Champion: Max Allen scarf, price upon request; maxmja@gmail.com for information. On Akech: Skirt, \$2,900. **118:** On Austins: Sleeveless top, (\$870), T-shirt (\$1,090), and pants (\$790). Top and T-shirt at marni.com. Pants at maxfieldla.com. Loewe shoes, \$690; loewe.com. On Kaytranada: Marni pants, \$760; marni.com. Shoes from Melet Mercantile. In this story: Tailor: Susie's Custom Designs.

#### HIGH & MIGHTY?

**120:** Alexander McQueen flat, \$730; alexandermcqueen.com. Givenchy heel, \$1,595; givenchy.com. **121:** On Harrier: Blazer, \$5,175. On Jenner: Jacket (\$4,950) and pants (\$3,990). **125:** On Jenner: Cardigan, \$3,545. On Harrier: Top, price upon request; (800)

929-DIOR. Alanui sweater, price upon request; farfetch.com. Tailor, Susie's Custom Designs.

#### BABY LOVE

**126:** Necklace, \$900; marni.com. **127:** Dress, \$3,300. **128:** Bottega Veneta necklace, \$2,000; bottegaveneta.com. Sportmax bracelet, \$265; sportmax.com. **129:** Top, price upon request. Earring, \$800 for pair; bottegaveneta.com. **130:** Sandals, \$850; throw.com. **132:** Sandals, \$770. Earring, \$6,720; anakhouri.com. In hair: Ana Khouri earring, \$3,500; anakhouri.com. Monbouquette earrings, \$605 each pair; monbouquettejewelry.com. Tiffany & Co. Elsa Peretti earrings, \$1,050; tiffany.com. Garland Collection chain, \$675; garlandcollection.com. On Laura: Bonpoint bloomers, \$70; bonpoint.com. **133:** Sleeves and skirt, price upon request. Earrings, \$7,200; pomellato.com. In this story: Manicurists: Lisa Jachno for Chanel Le Vernis. Megumi Yamamoto. Tailors: Trish December. Hailey Desjardin.

#### HERE COMES THE SUN

**134–135:** Bracelet, \$895; grainnemorton.co.uk. Necklace, \$35; gimaguas.com. **136:** Hat, \$560; missoni.com. Necklace, \$150; serendipitous-project.com. **137:** Laflormactine necklace, \$60; @laflormactine for information. Rondel necklace, \$8,145; rondeljewelry.com. Tiffany & Co. Elsa Peretti bracelet, \$4,200; tiffany.com. Carolina Bucci bracelet, \$630; carolinabucci.com. **138:** Skirt, price upon request. Earring, \$745; grainnemorton.co.uk. Necklace, \$350; svnrshop.com. **139:** Hat, \$45; emilylevine.com. Versace shirt, price upon request; versace.com. In this story: Tailor: Irina Tshartaryan.

#### INDEX

**140–141:** 1. Necklace, \$3,520. 7. Ring, price upon request. 9. Earrings, \$6,000. 11. Coat, \$3,500. 13. Dress, \$3,680. 16. \$2,815.

#### LAST LOOK

**148:** Rackets, price upon request; (800) 929-DIOR.

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# Last Look

## Dior Maison rackets

This season, Dior artistic director Maria Grazia Chiuri wants to transport us to a place where easy living is the only thing on the agenda. How does one get there? Via her Dioriviera capsule collection, which is filled with all the accoutrements needed for a life well lived. There's a parasol, a hammock, a surfboard—and this pair of beach rackets replete with a toile de Jouy pattern the color of raspberry pink. So swing easy—and, for a moment at least, don't worry about finding your way back home.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
PETER LANGER



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