

VANITY FAIR

November
2002



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BARRY'S ANGELS:
GWEN STEFANI, JENNIFER LOPEZ,
SHERYL CROW, ALICIA KEYS, NORAH JONES,
EVE, NELLY FURTADO, SHIRLEY MANSON,
BARRY WHITE, AND DEBBIE HARRY.



COVER
LIP SERVICE
Sheryl Crow perfects
Gwen Stefani
for the cover shot.

Features

THE MUSIC PORTFOLIO 2002 Vibrant, eclectic, sometimes dissonant (but in a *good* way), *V.F.*'s annual Music Portfolio samples the stars of every genre—from Ashanti to Eminem, Bruce Springsteen to Ravi Shankar, Dolly Parton to Deborah Voigt. Portraits by Annie Leibovitz, Herb Ritts, Mark Seliger, Rankin, Jonas Karlsson, and other top photographers **307**

SINATRA LITE Sure, Frank Sinatra made some of the most popular albums of all time. But even genius takes a wrong turn occasionally, and Ol' Blue Eyes had his share of total disasters—or so Bruce Handy would have us believe, with a list of incredible Sinatra misfires that include *Come Drink with Me!*, *One for the Broads*, and *We Shall Overcome, Baby* **368**

REBEL NIGHTS Before yuppies and crack killed the scene, downtown Manhattan was a low-rent nocturnal paradise for the 70s music counterculture, drawing such talented misfits as

Lou Reed, Patti Smith, Iggy Pop, the Ramones, David Bowie, and the New York Dolls. Lisa Robinson shares what she saw and heard as that punk-powered revolution exploded at Max's Kansas City and CBGB's **370**

Fanfair

30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE
Child Play—Edward Helmore on rock-star celebrity offspring.
Hot Reels: Bruce Handy reviews *Femme Fatale* and *Punch-Drunk Love*; Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn enters the *Phone Booth*. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Richard Merkin celebrates photographer William Claxton; Henry Alford on *Debbie Does Dallas*. Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks. Michael Hogan on the Nappy Roots; John Gillies charts the Scandinavian invasion. Lighter notes: A. M. Homes on the Eos Orchestra; Classical Hot Tracks. Moby struts his stuff; Hot Looks; Evgenia Peretz talks beauty with the Donnas **147**

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NINE GIRLS AND A GUY

Gathering on the sultry streets of New York's Meatpacking District, nine reigning female musicians were delighted to pose for ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, not least because of talent No. 10, the mojo-rific Barry White, perhaps the only man who could single-handedly balance the lineup



When the Concorde bringing **Gwen Stefani** to New York from London “nose-dived” (her word) shortly after takeoff on the morning of our cover shoot, all hell broke loose. The plane went back to Heathrow, all Concordes were grounded for the rest of the day, and Stefani was in the British Airways lounge, on the phone, sobbing. But, ever the trouper, she got on another flight, did her makeup over the Atlantic, and arrived—albeit seven hours later than originally planned—to take her place (for the second year in a row) in the lineup of superstars for *V.F.*'s Music Issue. That spirit exemplifies Stefani, whose pop-rock-ska band, No Doubt, has persevered since their start in Southern California's Orange County a decade and a half ago. “After years of being a really dorky band, people decided we were cool,” says the platinum-blond singer-songwriter, whose offbeat yet glamorous personal style has created a generation of “Gwen-nabes.” Having achieved stardom—No Doubt's five albums have together sold more than 19 million copies—Stefani, 32, fulfilled another lifelong wish this fall, marrying her boyfriend of seven years, Bush lead singer Gavin Rossdale. “The dream of my life has always been to get married,”

NORTH AMERICAN IDOLS

From left, **Gwen Stefani** (wearing a top by Christian Dior, pants by Ligia Morris for Primal Stuff, scarf by Sula, Swarovski-crystal garter by Zaldy, boots by Giuseppe Zanotti Design, jewelry by Christian Dior, Fred Leighton, Ileana Makri, and Terry Rodgers & Melody), **Jennifer Lopez** (wearing Atelier Versace, jewelry by Fred Leighton and Jacob & Co.), **Sheryl Crow** (wearing a vest by Dolce & Gabbana, custom leather pants by Agatha Blois of New York City Custom Leather, belt by Araik, and necklace by Maryvonne & Gérard), **Alicia Keys** (wearing a shirtdress, belt, and choker by Versace, coat by Lost Art, bustier by Eren Kobrinsky at Apropos, and jeans by Miss Sixty), **Norah Jones** (wearing a top by Alexander McQueen, pants by Talula Babaton, and earrings by Bess), **Eve** (wearing a vest and gaiters by Michael Kors, shorts by DKNY Jeans Juniors, jewelry by Bulgari and Noir), **Nelly Furtado** (wearing a shirt by Sta?, jeans by Diesel, jewelry by M&J Savitt and Tanya Creations for House of Field), **Shirley Manson** (wearing a dress by Cigana, leggings by Donna Karan New York, boots by Chippewa, and ring by David Yurman), **Barry White** (wearing a custom shirt and suit by David K., tie and pocket square by Brioni, and sunglasses by Fendi), and **Debbie Harry** (wearing a dress by Michael Schmidt for Swarovski and shoes by Manolo Blahnik). Car by Bentley Arnage T. Hair products from Aveda, Bumble and Bumble, Kiehl's, L'Oréal, Physique, and Redken. Makeup products from Club Monaco Cosmetics, Estée Lauder, L'Oréal, MAC, Max Factor, Maybelline, Nars, and Vincent Longo. Manicures by Deborah Lippmann. Set design by Bradley Garlock. Special effects by Drew Jiritano. Styled by Kim Meehan. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz on July 15, 2002.

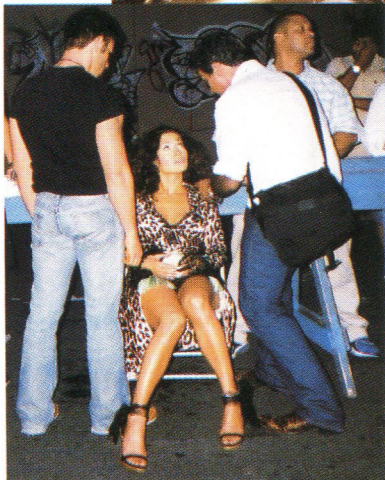
she says. “Everybody in the group wants to have a family and normal lives—we all come from that kind of situation.” But don't expect her to become a housewife just yet; this month the band launches another U.S. tour, headlining a bill with Garbage. —LISA ROBINSON

She sings. She dances. She acts. She's gorgeous. She's got a clothing line. She's got a restaurant. She's got her own brand of perfume. Still, when you meet her, it's impossible not to like the very straightforward, very delightful **Jennifer Lopez**. And if her behavior at our cover shoot is any indication, she gets an unfair rap for all that diva stuff. There were no three-page lists of her requirements, no special candle or flower demands. She had her hair and makeup done in a cubicle that was the same size as everyone else's. Even though she had just finished a long day of filming for *Maid in Manhattan* with Ralph Fiennes, Lopez was a dream. She hung out in the heat on the funky street in New York's Meatpacking District where we shot the cover, signed autographs for policemen, waited for Gwen Stefani, and seemed oblivious to the paparazzi who CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

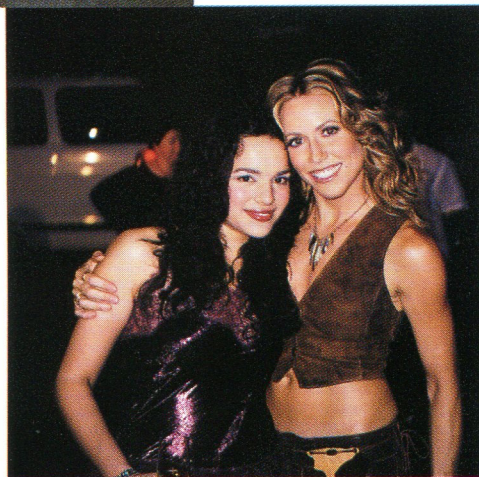
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118 follow her everywhere. Oh, and she had also spent some "spare" time earlier that week in recording studios—in two different states—working on her fourth album, expected out this fall. From an early listen, her voice sounds stronger than it did on her three previous multi-platinum efforts. "In the past I was always encouraged to go for the hits," she says. "And I can always hear a hit. But now the songs are more in my range. This time I'm having more of a say." —L.R.

Sheryl Crow might have made a big deal about the perils of turning 40 last February, but two months later her fifth album, *C'mon, C'mon*, entered the charts at No. 2—a career high for the woman who writes her own songs, produces the records, and then micromanages the mixes. Things were different for Crow in 1986, when she drove alone from Missouri to Los Angeles to seek a career in the music business. She recalls: "I landed on the 405 freeway at 4:30 in the afternoon, didn't know anyone, and just sat in my car and cried, thinking, 'What have I done?'" Since then she has received eight Grammys for her consistently authentic rock 'n' roll. And in addition to working with Stevie Nicks, Liz Phair, and Emmylou Harris, Crow—a former Michael Jackson backup singer—is the only girl who gets invited on a regular basis to hang out with the boys. Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Keith Richards, and Willie Nelson are all fans, friends, and, occasionally, collaborators. Crow plans to tour for the rest of the year and then, perhaps, take some time off to enjoy her new hobby. Surfing, too, apparently, begins at 40. —L.R.

Singer, beat master, writer, producer—**Alicia Keys** wears many hats, both figuratively and literally. A classically trained pianist, she infuses her music with soul and funk and R&B; stunning enough to be styled like a pop confection, she sticks to her idiosyncratic street-chic style. Before she was out of her teens, she had signed on with and then left two very different institutions both named Columbia—the Ivy League university and the record label. Too busy with music to stay enrolled at the former, too independent to be happy at the latter (she cites "creative differences"), Keys found her way to Clive Davis's J Records in 1999 and soon achieved platinum-record superstardom with her first release, *Songs in A Minor*. That album, which put her at the forefront of the so-called neo-soul movement, earned Keys five Grammys in 2001. She's currently bringing her manifold skills to bear on recording her second album, which is due out sometime in 2003. —ANDREA THOMPSON



Not just another pretty face, the new girl at the microphone can also carry a tune. She's so good, in fact, that she's likely to stop people in their tracks the first time they hear her voice, which has a sexy, sultry, whispery timbre reminiscent of Billie Holiday's. Meet **Norah Jones**, the 23-year-old songwriter, pianist, and chanteuse. Her first album, last year's *Come Away with Me*, an effortless distillation of jazz, folk, and blues, has gone platinum and cracked the Top 10—a rare commercial coup for her record company, the venerable jazz label Blue Note. But Jones comes by her eclecticism naturally: the daughter of sitar virtuoso Ravi Shankar, she grew up in Dallas, Texas, where she studied jazz piano and couldn't help but absorb American roots music. When a friend asked her to share an apartment in New York City in the summer of 1999, she went, vowing to return to Texas. But the pull of the Greenwich Village music scene proved too seductive. Jones decided to stay and make a go of it in the big leagues. Thank God for subtlety. —KATIE SHARER



SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT
From top: well after dark on a hot July night, Manhattan's Meatpacking District finds its streets being walked by more glamorous performers than is customary; Jennifer Lopez, with makeup artist Scott Barnes and hairstylist Oribe, waits for shooting to begin; Norah Jones and Sheryl Crow pose for a snap before making their way to the set.

Watching **Eve** strut through her videos dressed in gaudy designer outfits, you might be inclined to dismiss her as just another skin-baring female rapper going on and on about sex, diamonds, and D&G. Listen more carefully. You'll hear funny, biting lyrics that deal with issues ranging from heartbreak to abuse—clearly, this self-described "pit bull in a skirt" has a more complicated and ambitious agenda than many of her sex-kitten M.C. rivals. With one platinum album and one multi-platinum album to her credit, as well as a Grammy, a clothing line, and a budding movie

career (including a role in *XXX*), Eve, only 23, is definitely opening some eyes, as indeed she suggested she would in one of her five Top 20 singles—"Let Me Blow Ya Mind," with fellow *V.F.* cover girl Gwen Stefani. (The two are good friends, and Eve was quite anxious about Stefani's plane trouble on the day of



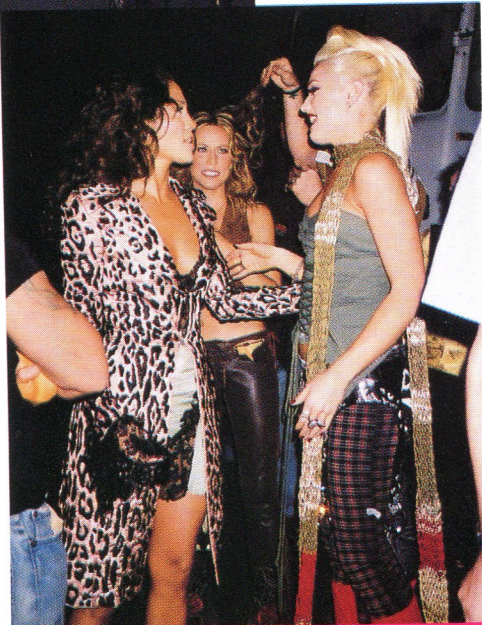
our shoot.) Her third album, *Eve-Olution*, was released in August and debuted at No. 6 on the charts. Its first single, "Gangsta Lovin'," features another of her covermates and friends: Alicia Keys. —ALEX MARTINELLI

The lyrics in singer-songwriter **Nelly Furtado's** Grammy Award-winning single, "I'm Like a Bird," threaten, "I'll only fly away . . ." And with her debut album from 2000, *Whoa, Nelly!*, having gone multi-platinum, the 23-year-old Canadian has certainly proved she can stay aloft. She's also demonstrated that you can remain true to your roots and still climb the charts. Born in British Columbia, the daughter of Portuguese immigrants, Furtado was infused with a love of music from the get-go. Using the lilting rhythms and melodies of Portuguese fado music as her wellspring, and taking further inspiration from the pop-culture heroes of her youth—including Kris Kross, Bell Biv DeVoe, and No Doubt—Furtado (along with co-producers Gerald Eaton and Brian West) has created a singular amalgam of trip-hop, rock, and folk, a spunky, genre-jumping sound that raises pop conventions to a new standard. Which is exactly what we expect her to do once more now that, two years after *Whoa, Nelly!*'s release, the touring and promotion for the record have finally slowed down and she has time to sink her teeth into a sophomore effort. —MATT TRAINOR

If Siouxsie Sioux, Patti Smith, Chrissie Hynde, and Debbie Harry had somehow formed a sorority, the first new pledge might have been **Shirley Manson**, Garbage's down-to-earth, alpha-female front woman. With full lips, widely set blue eyes, punked-out hair, and alabaster skin, Manson's gamine-from-Mars beauty is as distinctive as her shadowy, insinuating, not-too-girly-sounding voice. Since Garbage's inception in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1994, the band has gone on to sell over eight million albums and earn five Grammy nominations. It also recorded the theme song for the 1999 James Bond movie, *The World Is Not Enough*, putting Manson, 35, in the company of such old-school belters as Shirley Bassey and Tom Jones. Resolutely casual about success, she allows that "life will never pan out the way you think it will—ever. You

have to be prepared to ride it." And ride it she does, with glee. As an S.U.V. carrying Manson and her entourage pulled up at our cover shoot, a few bars of "There's No Business Like Show Business" were heard coming from the open windows. —LAURA KANG

Barry White, who has created some of the silkiest, lovmakin'-est music of the last 30 years, didn't even want to be a singer. He began as the writer and producer for the Love Unlimited Orchestra, the San Pedro, California, group whose lush 1974 disco instrumental "Love's Theme" (think ABC's golf coverage) could well serve as the official anthem of the 1970s. Searching for a male singer to front a new act, White made three demos using his own voice to illustrate what kind of sound he was looking for. Producer and friend Larry Nunes heard them and immediately insisted White rerecord and release them himself. The two men argued for three days straight, White finally relented, and, more than 100 million records later, his honeyed, kitchen-appliance-rattling rumble has made him a pop-culture touchstone, an icon of the seductive arts whose non-amatory résumé includes guest appearances on *The Simpsons* and *Ally McBeal* and his own Top 10 List on *Late Night with David Letterman*, "Words That Sound Romantic When Spoken by Barry White" (No. 4: gingivitis). Even more satisfying than those honors, perhaps, are the facts that *Ultimate Collection*, a new, comprehensive two-disc set of his hits on UTV, went gold, and that he recently signed with Def Soul Classics to record new material. By their own account, our cover coterie of female performers were thrilled to serve as Barry's Praetorian Guard for our shoot, during which a tidal wave of mojo coursed through the Meatpacking District. —MARC GOODMAN



DOS AND DON'TS

Top, Alicia Keys gets a last-minute powdering from makeup artist Ayako while J Records exec Thomas Martin looks on. Above, Lopez and Crow catch up with Gwen Stefani, who described how her hairstylist, Danilo, had to orchestrate her unique Mohawk-pompadour in the car on the way from the airport to the shoot.

Debbie Harry, who came of age in the New York punk scene of the 1970s, is undeniably an original. The front woman of Blondie, which she co-founded with longtime lover (and now close friend) Chris Stein, she was known for her pouty aloofness onstage and her platinum hair—a shock in an era when the "natural look" was still big. More important, she was the first female sex symbol in pop to vie for recognition of her art and attitude, not just her looks; in this, she paved the way for Madonna, among others. With hits such as "Heart of Glass" and "Call Me," Blondie would become the most commercially successful band to come out of the New York scene, and in the two and a half decades since the release of the group's first LP, in 1976, Harry has shown her mettle by releasing 24 more albums, both with Blondie and as a solo act. (Nineteen ninety-nine's well-reviewed *No Exit* was the group's first new record in 17 years.) All signs indicate she's not through yet: Blondie is currently in the studio recording an album for release next spring. —M.T.