

# magic's in the makeup...

**T**hree gigantic hats, head-dresses really, are sitting on a table in Annie Leibovitz's studio: One looks like a fur-covered tom-tom pierced with thick wooden sticks, another resembles a trapper's cap except that it has a three-foot-high corrugated cardboard crown sporting pheasant or, perhaps, quail quills, and a third is made of vast quantities of black net, opalescent feathers, and what can only be strips of plastic garbage bags. Taken together, the three, with their fearless, wacky embrace of materials high and low, are haute couture at its most modern.

Gwen Stefani, lead singer of the pop band No Doubt, takes one look at the hats, which were created by Stephen Jones for John Galliano's Dior couture show, and in the nicest possible way says she'd prefer, really, to model only the last one. "I just don't love fur enough to upset my audience," she explains in a sweet, firm voice. "I'm all about my music—making people happy. I don't want to be a controversial person. I mean, who knows? All of us are right, all of us are wrong." Her reluctance to wear the hats throws the shoot into quiet chaos, since Leibovitz, especially, had her heart set on photographing Stefani in all three head-dresses. ("I'll complain about it till I die," Leibovitz is heard to murmur later.) But in the end no one crosses Gwen, a woman whose own quirky front-row appearance last July in a Dior ensemble that consisted of a transparent hooded dress over a pair of cropped balloon pants, a brown straw boater, and a pair of fingerless gloves suddenly turned her into modern couture's most unlikely and irresistible standard-bearer.

Stefani is a spectacularly unpretentious celebrity: She wears her fame as lightly as a Dior mannequin balances a showgirl hat. Nevertheless, despite her aw-shucks demeanor she is unwittingly, compulsively chic. Her personal style—a pastiche of thrift-shop ingenuity and high-wattage designer glamour—has made her an icon of fashion exuberance and post-punk comic grandeur: In 2001, she received not one but two VH1/Vogue Fashion Awards, for "Visionary Video" (with Moby) and for "Rock Style." "One thing about awards is that you always say they don't mean a fricking thing—you're like, 'Who cares?,'" she says, shaking her platinum head, "until you actually win. When you win it's pretty exciting."

Stefani, who is in town expressly to model Galliano's Dior haute couture offerings for *Vogue*, shows up for her fitting accoutred in the kind of eclectic, cheerfully sexy outfit she is famous for: low-slung flared jeans, a black tank top, a green plaid newsboy cap, a long green chiffon leopard-print scarf, and a pair of spectacular black-and-red stilettos with pointed toes and zippers at their ankles. When she's asked the kind of question fashionable women ask each other all the time—"Whose shoes are those?"—she looks blank and replies, "I don't know any names," then peeks inside and reads, "Patricia Cox?" "Patrick Cox," her hairdresser, Danilo, who himself is shod in scuffed lime Nikes, corrects her.

"I never knew anything about high-fashion designers," she says, taking a break before applying her makeup (porcelain visage, puffy scarlet Marilyn lips)—something she always does herself. "I find that whole world kind of scary. I've been to only four shows in my life: Westwood, Ghost, and two of Galliano's for Dior couture. I loved his show last January the best—it was like watching

... and the ostrich-hemmed ball gown, gladiator elf boots, opalescent feathered crown. Such is the wizardry of Galliano's Dior. But, Lynn Yaeger discovers, the real magic's in Gwen Stefani, a die-hard thrifter with a couture soul. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.

**BIRD OF PREY**

"When I first met John, I was so starstruck," the Orange County rocker says of her favorite Paris couturier.

"I actually cried when he walked down the catwalk." Christian Dior Haute Couture gold-embroidered olive-green jersey dress.

Sittings Editor:  
Grace Coddington.



characters from a painting. I can't believe somebody can think that stuff up in their head: the fabric, the details; every bit blows my mind. But I never thought of wearing it! I look at it as art. When I first met John, I was so starstruck. I actually cried when he walked down the catwalk. It's strange that a designer would be the one who would really get to me."

Stefani may not know many designers' names other than Galliano's, but she's always been interested in style. As a teenager in Orange County, California, in the late eighties, she favored a mod-ska look—slim pencil skirt, checkered vest, little sweater, bobbed hair—while the rest of the kids at school were copying Madonna. "I'm not much of a shopper anymore; I don't have time. First and foremost, I like to write music; and when I'm done writing, dressing up for me is a reward. It's like Halloween, not having to grow up. When I was a kid my mom made us dresses. She made me the first thing I ever wore onstage: a dress just like Julie Andrews's in *The Sound of Music*, made of—what do you call it?—tweed. With schoolgirl pleats. She wears it when she sings 'I Have Confidence.'" Did it give Stefani confidence? "Hell, yes!"

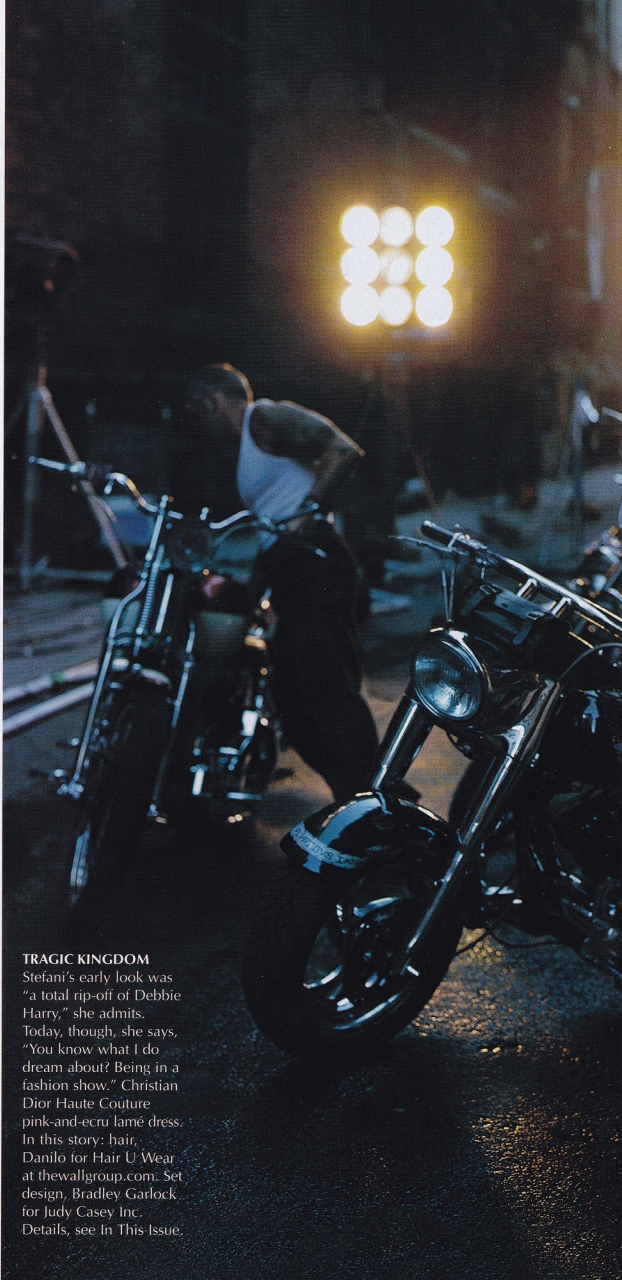
From tweed, Stefani went on to those zippered tummy-baring baggies and one-shouldered sequined tops that so marked her early career. "That was a total rip-off of Debbie Harry," she admits, slightly shamefaced. In any case, the look was so influential, and so touched the hearts of her young audience, that to this day girls show up at No Doubt concerts in lovingly rendered imitations. "People started dressing like me at the shows—my old look—and they did it better than me! I started getting ideas from them!"

You can get the girl out of the Goodwill, but you can't get the Goodwill out of the girl. When Stefani recently stayed at the Plaza Athénée on the Avenue Montaigne—Galliano's idea—she could not bring herself to set a stiletto into the quarter's rarefied boutiques. "I would never go into stores like that! You know what I do dream about, though? Being in a fashion show. But then again there's a lot of pressure, walking down a catwalk next to those little eeny models," confesses the woman whose perfect midriff is the hope and despair of millions around the world. (Stefani has actually done a lot of thinking about putting on her own runway show: She is working on a clothing line and plans to populate a future catwalk with "all my dancer friends.")

Recently, the singer has had the opportunity to observe the inner workings of couture close up: Galliano is designing the gown for her upcoming wedding to fellow musician Gavin Rossdale of Bush. "It's not done yet—I'm having fittings. (continued on page 391)

#### TRAGIC KINGDOM

Stefani's early look was "a total rip-off of Debbie Harry," she admits. Today, though, she says, "You know what I do dream about? Being in a fashion show." Christian Dior Haute Couture pink-and-ecru lamé dress. In this story: hair, Danilo for Hair U Wear at thewallgroup.com; Set design, Bradley Garlock for Judy Casey Inc. Details, see In This Issue.





little metal boxes after a day or two. Eighteen percent glycyrrhizin is simply too much for me. A neutral candy base is essential.

Although Howard Länz understandably resisted my attempts to pry away his secret formula, I did glean that he cools his candy mixture before adding the licorice so that none of its properties, either sensory or medicinal, will be driven off by heat. I would guess that Länz Swiss Licorice contains about 2 percent glycyrrhizin, which is higher than most candy but tastes just about right to me. With hints from Howard, Elizabeth and I attempted a largely unsuccessful experiment to duplicate Länz Swiss Licorice. We'll just have to wait until the family ramps up production.

I have read that licorice root from various places and climates has different flavors. Howard buys his licorice extract from MacAndrews & Forbes, which dominates the world licorice-extract market from Camden, New Jersey. Does M & F, as they are called, offer its clients a variety of licorice tastes, tones, and hues? The other evening, I ate at a newly reopened restaurant in downtown Manhattan. Its menu soared to previously unscaled heights of verbal grandeur (though the service was comparable to the \$1 haircuts you get at a barber's college). My two favorites were "freshly harpooned tuna sashimi" and "scuba dived scallops." I was glad to learn that my sashimi had not been harpooned several weeks earlier, and that the diver was not required to hold his breath for several hours in a row. I've also calculated that if every restaurant offering "diver scallops" were telling the truth, the entire population of Maine would be professional divers. I have been to Maine, and I know this to be false. In an age of such fine gastronomic discriminations, you would think that we licorice cultists and connoisseurs, some of us at least, would demand lozenges made only with the ethereal licorice root from the marshes of Smyrna, in Turkey, or whatever the geography of Smyrna offers. (It is a center of the licorice trade.) Others would snicker at Smyrna and accept extract only from the Sea of Azov.

A chief taster at MacAndrews & Forbes set me straight. When he and his colleagues describe the flavor of a particular sample, they evaluate its sweetness, bitterness, sourness, and intensity of licorice flavor; whether its impact on the palate is sudden or delayed; whether its flavor lingers or quickly dissipates; and whether its taste fills the mouth or has a limited impact. Although licorice tasting is certainly an art, he explained, the licorice flavor itself does not inspire a vocabulary like the one wine tasters

use. Licorice extract is not described as fruity or woody, as tasting of ripe red fruit or vanilla. So much for that.

At last, the new and improved Länz Swiss Licorice has arrived. I think it's still my favorite! □

## WARRIOR ONE

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says, and her single-minded, down-to-earth nature has impressed everyone from the outset. "I wouldn't underestimate how traumatic it is for a person to start building their own brand at sixteen," says Bono. "I also started off at sixteen, when I joined a punk-rock garage band. I think in the din of opportunities that that career can offer, she had to stake out some rules for herself and the way she would see herself."

"She was this very refined person, even as a teenager," Calvin Klein says. And Arthur Elgort recalls thinking of the sixteen-year-old novice, "Isn't that nice? She even hangs up her clothes after the shot."

Good manners don't appear from nowhere: She comes from a very solid family. Dad was an airplane pilot, whom Elgort remembers as "a calm, nice fellow, very straight. He once said to me"—apropos an inappropriate boyfriend—"My policy is always let the boy hang himself." Mom was a mature student and mother to three daughters. "I see her family as this beautiful tribe of women," says Dubroff. "I am in awe of them, the sisterly bonds, the closeness that's inherent and cultivated. They're quite a pack." Such a pack, in fact, that late-eighties supermodel Christy was happy to have Mom and Kelly boogie the night away with her at velvet-roped nightspots during their visits to the city.

Ultimately, it's the character as much as the beauty that gives Christy Turlington that special glow of authority that underwrites her super-yogini self. As Marc Jacobs, who designed Nuala's new yoga-mat bag, says, "The thing with Christy is that there's not one negative thing you can say about her. It's not that you choose not to; there just isn't one." She impresses everyone she works with her seriousness, from Irving Penn ("She's a full person, not just a vanity walking around on two feet. And that's unusual in this field") to Nicolas Ghesquiere ("It's so surprising to have a woman who represents such a perfect physique—such an artificial beauty—seem so natural. She has a kind of Zen passion") to Melissa Havard of the Centers for Disease Control ("She has slept at bad hotels with tacky food and fleas in the bed to wake up in the morning and speak to hundreds of starstruck kids. We couldn't ask for a more dedicated

celebrity"). Bono, as usual, puts his finger on it: "She is serene on the outside but punk rock on the inside in terms of business. No flowers in the hair here. She knows the really important things in life have to be defended with a tough mind."

To ready herself for the mosh pit of business and philanthropy and modern moguldom, Turlington lies on the floor of her new Tribeca loft in *savasana*, the "corpse" pose. It's a stunning image: a woman flat on her back, stock-still, eyes closed, at one with the Zeitgeist. "It's the one pose you can't perfect until you get to that place in your life—until, that is, you die." She laughs because she knows this sounds a touch grim. "The idea of practicing that sort of stillness? It's tough in a city. To go through a practice and get to that place. . . . You float afterward." □

## MAGIC'S IN THE MAKEUP . . .

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The next version is the actual fabric. It's so fun. I love watching the guys. They don't even speak. There's, like, John, another designer guy, and two seamstresses. John will go like this," she wafts a hand airily, "and they all know exactly what he means!" Pressed for details, she reminds me that this is, after all, her wedding gown. "I'm not telling! Except the thing about the dress is, it's really traditional but really not. Totally me. I'm traditional in a lot of ways, but my life is not a traditional life."

The ostrich-hemmed ball gowns and Floradora Girl frocks that Stefani is being fitted for today are hardly the stuff of convention. As if the dresses weren't sufficiently arresting, Stefani also sports the trash-bag headdress and totters on platforms with turned-up toes and lacing up the legs—gladiator elf shoes. As she clomps over to the full-length mirror she calls out, "I wanna be a fashion *Vogue* girl! Whee! Do I look like a model?" "Better!" everyone shouts back.

If the clothes are dazzling at the fitting, they look savagely beautiful on location—in this case, a sepulchral nineteenth-century alley in Tribeca made even more Byronic with wind machines and water hoses. Stefani clatters into the trailer in her Patrick Cox shoes and puts on the first ensemble to be shot: a cuir sauvage grommet-studded Amazon ballet-dancer skirt and a pink ruched sequined-speckled chiffon top that looks like it was made for a circus aerialist. She's going to wear the headdress, too, but it's deemed too big to get through the trailer door on her head, so she'll put it on in the street, where a gaggle of fans, panting with excitement and sporting cameras, is gathering. There's a suggestion that perhaps she should wait until (continued on page 392)

# in this issue

(continued from page 391) she's outside before putting on the leopard-print, gladiator elf shoes, as well. "Those are so treacherous," someone in the trailer worries. But Stefani will have none of it. "I love them!" she sings out, plopping down on a stool and sliding her feet atop the platforms. "And I think they're comfortable!" □

*Gwen Stefani may be glimpsed at the 2002 VIII/Vogue Fashion Awards, to be broadcast live from Radio City Music Hall on October 15. Tune in to see if Stefani will strut off once more with a couple of meaningful "fricking things."*

## SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS

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it all has to be remade every year, as the monks presumably had to do. The garden may look ancient, but it is very much the product of modern machinery and techniques. Still, Patrice says, things are best when done by the sweat of the brow: The only time they got the maze exactly as they wanted it, he added, was when one gardener worked on it full time for six months.

Even though Sonia and Patrice have gone through hell—or purgatory, at any rate—to produce what is certainly a paradise on earth, the work still goes on: They are planning to turn the land around the priory, which had been rented to a farmer, into woods and walks; two footbridges over a small stream are also in the works; and they are adding a few rare breeds of cattle, simply for rustic effect, to join the couple's three cats and handful of hens.

As we drove off toward Burgundy after our two days at the Prieuré, we swore to come back again next spring and summer, for the blossoms, the roses, and the corn. We would lie on the soft grass like the cats, spying on the world through the hornbeam tunnels, taking in the garden's stillness and serenity. And then we would get an energizing update on the activities of the Prieuré's remarkable team, with Sonia, like a petite general with her two trusty officers, overseeing every detail in their constant march toward perfection. □

*From Paris, Le Prieuré Notre-Dame d'Orsan (telephone 011-33-2-48-56-27-50; www.prieure-dorsan.com) is three hours by either car or train. The hotel, restaurant, and gardens are open from April 1 to November 3; 10:00 to 7:00 daily for nonguests. Le Prieuré also runs residential gardening and cookery courses. The Cistercian abbey of Noirlac, the cathedral town of Bourges, and the vineyards of Sancerre are nearby.*

**Page 60: (cover look):** Hammered-silk-satin dress, \$1,490. Saks Fifth Avenue; Calvin Klein stores. Stephen Russell platinum-diamond-and-moonstone pendant earrings (\$28,000) and chain necklace (\$75,000). Stephen Russell, NYC. Manicure, Gina Viviano for Artists by Timothy Priano. **Vogue view 197:** Prada transparent trench coat (\$1,130) and jumper (\$1,255). Trench at Neiman Marcus. Jumper at Prada, NYC. **198:** Cracked-calfskin vest, Donna Karan New York, \$2,600. Donna Karan Collection Store, NYC. Boots, Michael Kors. **200:** Cotton corset blouse with snap front, Narciso Rodriguez, \$960. Barneys New York; Pearl, Santa Monica. **202:** Marc Jacobs cropped pants (\$700) and boots. Marc Jacobs Store, NYC, San Francisco. **204:** Natural coyote-and-camel suede lodge coat, Michael Kors, \$6,995. Michael Kors Store, NYC. **206:** An assortment of shoes at Jeffrey, NYC; Zola Shoes, Toronto. **214:** Gucci crocodile handbag, \$13,850. Gucci Boutique, NYC, Beverly Hills. **216:** Prices available upon request at Boucheron, 26 Place Vendôme, 75001, Paris. For information, call 011-331-426-15-816. **218:** See In This Issue page 216 for information. **Vogue file: 220:** Calvin Klein shearling bag. Calvin Klein stores. Celine shearling bag. Celine boutiques. Miu Miu suede-and-leather boots. Saks Fifth Avenue. Chanel shearling bag at Bergdorf Goodman; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Dolce & Gabbana shearling boots. Dolce & Gabbana Boutique, NYC, Bal Harbour FL, Beverly Hills.

**Vogue beauty 255:** Watch at Aaron Faber, NYC. Bracelet at Tiffany & Co. **PATA 226:** On Benjamin Biolay: suit, Michael Tapia. Shirt, Charvet. Shoes, J. M. Weston par Michel Perry. **230:** On Romain Duris: shirt, Gucci. Pants, Alexander McQueen. Shoes, Gucci. **232:** On Edouard Baer: suit, Charvet. Sweater, Ralph Lauren.

## COAT CHECK

**292:** Quilted velvet coat with belt, \$7,995. Also at Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, New York, San Francisco. Ring, Eye Candy. **293:** Cotton-and-silk skirt. Satin-crepe chemise. Shoes, Gucci. **294:** Silk-taffeta coat, \$2,220. Also at Ikram, Chicago. Satin-jacquard skirt, \$385. Also at Bergdorf Goodman. Jersey-gauze camisole, Marc Jacobs, \$485. Marc Jacobs Store, NYC, San Francisco. Shoes, Prada. **295:** Left: Wool-twill coat. Also at Neiman Marcus. Ring, Terry Rodgers & Melody. Shoes, Gucci. Right: cotton-and-viscose coat. Also at Etro Boutique, NYC; Ikram, Chicago. Silk-chiffon-and-silk-charmeuse hand-beaded dress. Necklace, Neil Lane Jewelry. Shoes, Prada. **296:** Belt at Prada boutiques. Shoes, Gucci. **297:** Coat, \$9,000. Also at J. Mendel Boutique, NYC. Brocade skirt, \$650. Lin-

da Dresner, NYC, Birmingham MI. Necklace, Neil Lane Jewelry. **298:** Coat, \$4,340. Skirt, \$820. Both also at Yohji Yamamoto Boutique, NYC; Susan, Burlingame CA. Shoes, Gucci. **299:** Coat also at Susan, San Francisco. Skirt, \$7,450. Ring, Tony Duquette. Shoes, Prada. **300:** Left: coat, \$8,995. Shoes, Prada. Right: coat, \$5,755. Skirt, \$620. Ring, Neil Lane Jewelry. Shoes, Prada. **301:** Coat, \$2,228. Skirt at Saks Fifth Avenue. Ring, Neil Lane Jewelry. In this story: all gloves, Shanne Huxham.

## NEW JACKET CITY

**302:** Left: wool jacket (\$8,520) and skirt (\$6,720). Also at Chanel boutiques. Jacket also at Bergdorf Goodman. Fishnet tank top, Tom Ford for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, \$375. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, NYC, Bal Harbour FL, San Francisco, Las Vegas. Boots, Chanel. Right: cotton-and-wool jacket also at Marc Jacobs Store, San Francisco. Wool-flannel pants also at Saks Fifth Avenue. Silk shirt. Boots, Marc Jacobs. **303:** Vintage jacket (\$2,450) and skirt (\$455) also at Celine Boutique, NYC. On man: shirt and accessories, Helmut Lang. **304:** Left: boiled handstooth jacket. Cotton-canvas stonewashed pants. Also at Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI. Right: wool herringbone jacket and skirt. Both models: shoes, Louis Vuitton. **305:** Jacket, \$9,605. Cashmere cardigan, \$585. Cotton-moleskin skirt, \$425. Both at Louis Vuitton



boutiques. **306:** Wool-twill jacket and pants. Pants also at Neiman Marcus. Shoes, Balenciaga by Nicolas Ghesquiere. On man: shirt, Prada. Shoes, Helmut Lang. **307:** Left: wool-twill jacket, \$2,585. Wool turtleneck, \$390. Also at Jeffrey, Atlanta. Embroidered skirt, \$2,795. Shoes, Narciso Rodriguez. Forty Five Ten, Dallas. Right: pants also at Costume National, Los Angeles. Shoes, Balenciaga by Nicolas Ghesquiere. **308:** Cotton-wool-and-leather jacket, \$2,735. Cotton pants, \$410. Silk-and-spandex shirt, \$580. Dolce & Gabbana Boutique, NYC, Beverly Hills. **309:** Jacket and skirt also at Barneys New York; Prada boutiques. Top, Prada. On man: shirt and accessories, Helmut Lang. **310:** Tom Ford for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche silk jacket with belt (\$2,495), fishnet top (\$375), and velvet skirt (\$625). All at Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, NYC, San Francisco, Las Vegas. Shoes, Tom Ford for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, NYC, San Francisco; Neiman Marcus. On man: Tie, Louis Vuitton. Shoes, Helmut Lang. **311:** Right: jacket and pants at Gianfranco Ferré Boutique, NYC, Bal Harbour FL, Beverly Hills.