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Liv, in the MOMENT

This season's chicest '60s-inspired pieces could have been fashioned with LIV TYLER in mind. The actress talks to TOM SHONE about her independent life choices, the importance of good manners and why she is really an old-fashioned girl at heart

Photographs by MIGUEL REVERIEGO
Styling by NATALIE BREWSTER



Coat by Rochas

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"I was RAISED by the women in my life. That's made me incredibly STRONG and resilient"

Sweater by The Row.
Earrings by Marni

him. To have a son was huge for me, because it's been the most solid, healthy, consistent relationship I've ever had with a male in my whole life."

Recently, Milo has been asking to move to the countryside. "He says, 'I'm tired of the city and these people. I just want to be free, I just want to run around.'" She takes a sharp breath: "It pulls at my heartstrings because I would love to give him that. That's how I grew up." But Tyler is torn; the city is where work is. "I'm in a moment right now where I am trying to figure out what I want, what I want phase two to be like," she adds.

To this end, Tyler is currently working on the foreword to *Modern Manners*, an etiquette book written by her grandmother - "Basic please and thank yous, looking someone in the eye, really listening, not being distracted on your phone all the time" - and wants to write a book containing all the beauty tips passed onto her by her mother. "She always smelled so good," she

"I'm in a MOMENT right now TRYING to figure out what I want PHASE two to be like"

says, recalling watching Buell put on her makeup in five minutes as a child - "So fast and so beautifully and so thoroughly." Tyler has even had thoughts of starting her own line of clothing: the perfect black dress, black pants, undergarments, the basics. "Pipe dreams," she says, laughing. "I have to get on it."

As for acting, she went to the cinema last night to see *The Hangover Part III*, and there were three trailers for movies of scripts she had been sent, two of which her agent had pushed her to audition for. "I just didn't love them. And then when I watched the trailers, I didn't even like the movies," she confides. "I can only follow my heart." *Modern Manners: Tools To Take You To The Top (Potter Style)* is out in October

SHOP LIV'S SHOOT >



Top and skirt by
Maiyet. Pumps by
Sophia Webster

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The RULE BREAKER

From her genre-defining performances on screen to her rebellious frontwoman persona, JULIETTE LEWIS is the antithesis of the Hollywood stereotype. But as EVE CLAXTON finds out, that uniqueness is exactly what makes her a thoroughly modern lady

*Photographs by VICTOR DEMARCHELIER
Styling by KARINA GIVARGISOFF*

Dress by Giambattista
Valli; shoes by Jimmy
Choo; ring by Lanvin

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Dress by Erdem; shoes
by Jimmy Choo



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ROBE HUSTER
BOUTONNIER DE MIGNON
FENDE D'ORNETTES
JEU PLATONNÉ SÉRIE
DE DÉGRANDS VAILLE
POIRE ET BRILLANT
DE BRER, COIFFURE
CHIC BLOUSE
MAGELLANE, COIFFURE
CORREIA, MANICURE
SOFIA MUEYEROW



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She's in the Money

Stardom in the U.S. wasn't part of the plan for Sofia Vergara, but she's embraced stereotypes and seized business opportunities

BY STEVE POND • PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER HURLEY

It was an adventure that somehow turned into a career. When Sofia Vergara got a call to audition for a Barry Sonnenfeld movie called *Big Trouble* back in 2001, the 29-year-old Colombian wasn't an aspiring actress. She was a TV hostess on the Spanish-language Univision network, a former dental student who'd fallen into modeling and then hosting for the Latino market. She had dreams of fame and fortune, to be sure, but most of them didn't focus on the United States, and they certainly didn't include acting.

"I really had no interest in being an actress," Vergara told *TheWrap*. "But I wanted to see what happened. I got the part and I liked it and said, 'Maybe I can do this. I'll stay here six months, one year, and see what happens.'"

"Two years later, I haven't left."

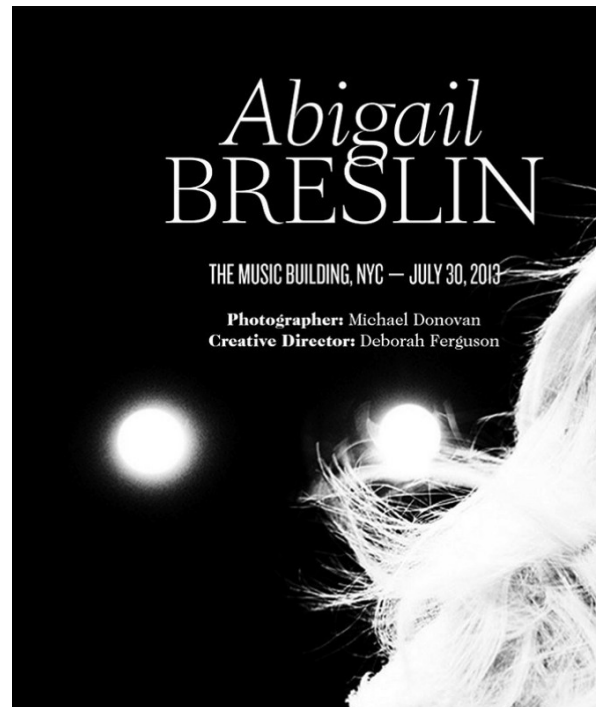
Not only is she still here—still in the U.S. and still acting—but Vergara is fairly ubiquitous. She's a core cast member of *Modern Family*, which has won the Emmy as TV's best comedy series for three years in a row; she's a three-time Emmy nominee herself, going to her costume like Bowen twice, and as Gloria Delgado-Pritchett, the younger wife of family patriarch Jay Pritchett (played with very aplomb by Ed O'Neill); she's TV's reigning bombshell, embracing the tight dresses and dishing out the fractured English with gusto and volume.

For Vergara, who'd begun her unplanned move into acting less than two years after being diagnosed with (and recovering from) thyroid cancer, the success still comes as something of a shock. "I don't know what I'm doing, definitely," she insisted. "I knew I could be funny, because I was always making my friends laugh, but I didn't think I was going to be in a super-successful sitcom being funny."

MAY 13, 2013 // THEWRAP.COM / 21



PHOTO BY PETER HURLEY



Abigail BRESLIN

THE MUSIC BUILDING, NYC — JULY 30, 2013

Photographer: Michael Donovan
Creative Director: Deborah Ferguson

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En esta página, Prada
 tiene un trabajo maravilloso
 de escaje y náutica
 inspirados, de
 Valentino Garavani.
 Flores de los años
 de Carrera y Carrera,
 Neely y gran parte del
 juego de escaje en
 la zona pastel, de
 Valentino Garavani.
 Para los colores, el
 obtiene para Prada
 Benjamin y Peter
 Sartorius, etc., para
 pinturas de la familia
 Anthon, de Koravkin.
 En la otra página,
 Neely con un top de
 Inna, de American
 Retro, sobre, de Prada.
 También, de Shira
 McCarty, inspirada
 de Carrera y Carrera,
 y parte, de Prada de
 Gubman. El colorido de
 Neely está inspirado
 con accesorios de
 American, de
 Shira Gubman.



"I had this moment in my head, like, go on say yes Mickey, now's your chance. So I did."

Cute Blauvelt like gets that a lot in both appearance and disposition, but with the warmth and accountability of your best friend. Horizontally spread on my unmade bed on a pair of crisp jeans and a T-shirt, a chunk of her platinum mane braided in one hand, waving up at the ceiling like she's about to ask me for boy advice - "This is fun - like therapy" - there's very little evidence of Hollywood-induced self-consciousness in Summer. She likes to be regarded as a New York actress and enjoys navigating its cluttered, indifferent streets unrecognized and with no real reason for being there. "Neely has the set herself a benchmark for 'looking it' or sublimated to society's prevailing results-based version of success - her detachment to outcomes essentially a pledge to trusting in the process. "Success is a really hard word for me," she says. "I have mixed feelings about it and what it means. The process of making something holds much more value for me than the result. I feel like success is result orientated

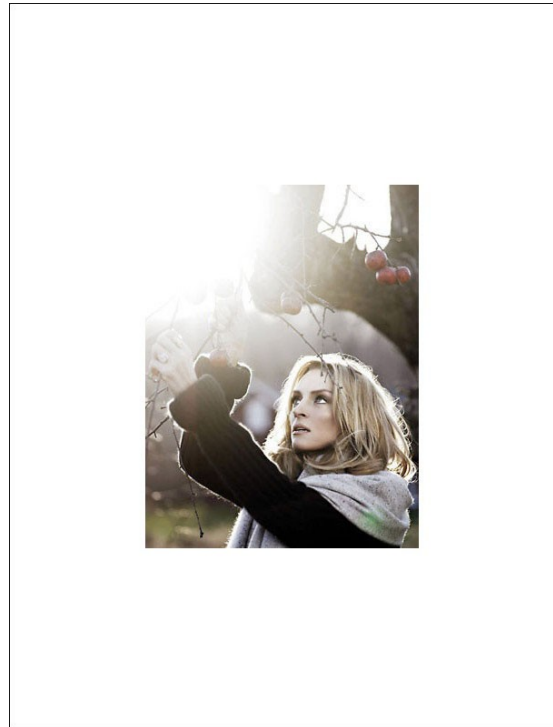
and with acting and say art I really just want to focus on the making of it." For the moment, Summer's gaze is firmly fixed on the making, or rather the doing, of performance - "If I spread myself too thin I get too stressed out" - but she doesn't admit to having some indications towards producing. "I'm sort of looking for projects to develop myself," she says naming the Coen brothers, "Win Winners and, of course, Woody Allen, among her ultimate collaborators. But having just wrapped a TV series, *Fear What Sew*, and Randall Miller's upcoming *CRASH* in which she plays a young Patti Smith, and plenty more offers on the table, Summer's dance card on

the acting side of things is looking pretty stacked. "Right now it's all I want to do," she says definitively. "I love making movies and TV and being in the theater. I hope to just keep being given the opportunity to challenge myself and play diverse characters. I don't want to ever be typecast." One way to ensure that is to write your own material, which has been dabbling in lately, but of course only a little and she's not really saying a word loud just yet. "It's just nice to express yourself that way sometimes, in scripts and stories. I have no ambition for it apart from just doing it for myself right now," she says. "It's still a secret."



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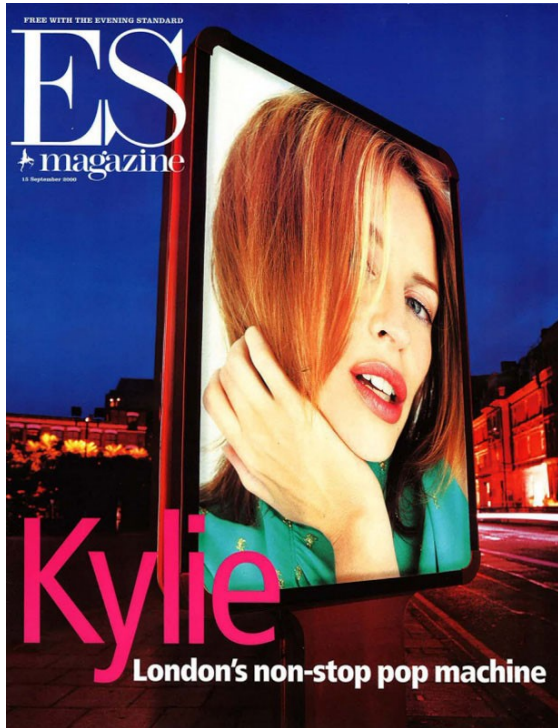
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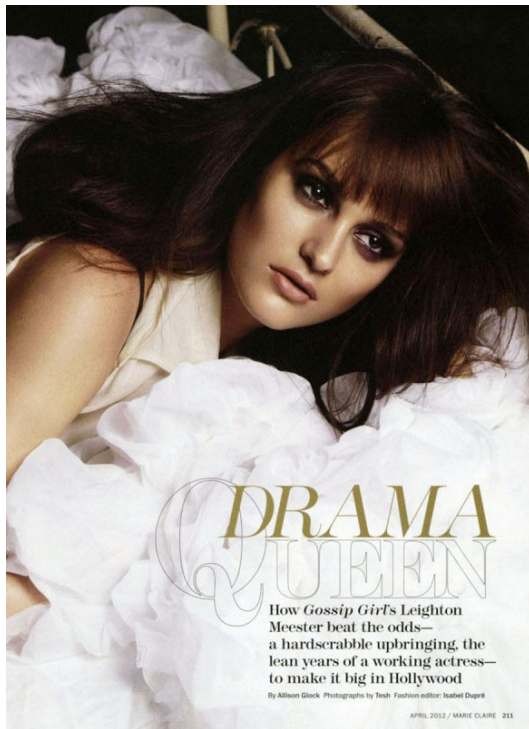
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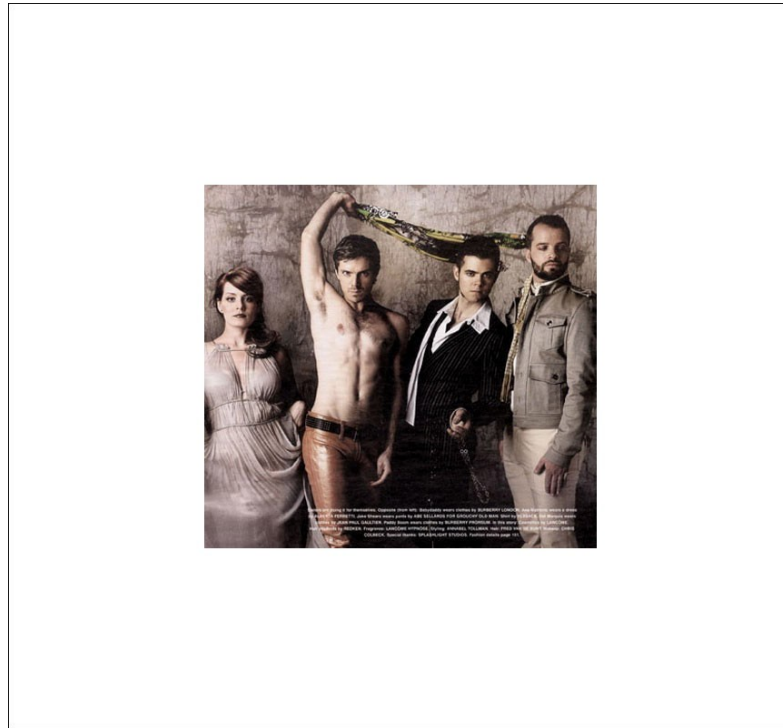
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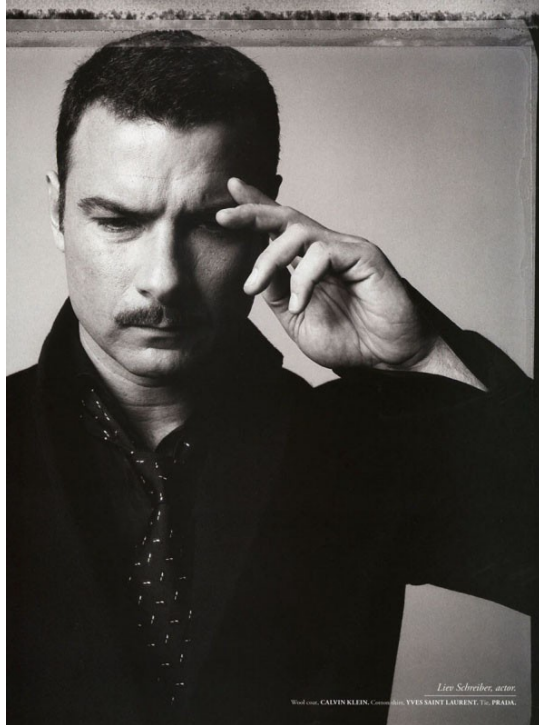
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"Do you think this sort of look will ever come back?" she mused to the mirror

Dressing gown by The White House. Pearl jewelry by Mikimoto, diamond and sapphire jewelry by Dior

During one episode of *Dynasty* ("Dysentery", Joan called it, until she began to take the American long "a" seriously and up "Die-nasty"), there was a ding-dong fight between Alexis and Krystal, the two wives of Blake Carrington. Joan Collins was Alexis and that woodenop blonde Linda Evans was Krystal. The scene was Hollywood version of the forces of light versus the forces of darkness, i.e. blonde goody-goody versus

brunette bitch, with energetic punches and clouts. It climaxed spectacularly with both actresses tumbling into a lily pond, still screaming and clawing and howling like cats; they rose up from the green water with bosoms heaving murderously, hair and shoulder pads dripping with slime. It was a memorable punch-up. *Acid of it was blown up to a vast size and projected on to the walls of one of London's gay clubs - Heaven, I think - where it looped endlessly round until daybreak. Very camp.*

Alexis Carrington turned Joan Collins into a living gay icon, like Liz Taylor and the Queen Mother and Tina Turner. A gay icon has three essential properties: 1, knowing and deliberate queerness; 2, a habit of dramatically extending her entrances by trailing things after her into the room - the rest of her (feather boa, say, or three little dogs, or a trail of minions; and, 3, a forebottened top half, with head and shoulders bigger than the rest of the body to give that necessarily unbalanced, trans-

vestite, *teetering* quality. Big jewels, big bosoms, vast hair (or feather hats, of course, in the Queen Mother's case), all tittering about on tiny, high-heeled feet. Joan made her entrance for the photographic session with satisfactory aplomb, with a personal hairdresser and publicity woman trailing behind her. She went after *The Look* with professional care, changing one big, high-sprayed wig for another even bigger: submitting to a million pounds' worth of Bond Street diamonds, flinging

furs and feather boas about her top half with a practiced arm. "Do you think this sort of look will ever come back?" she mused to the mirror at one point. "This sort of glamour?" Fogie's fashion director gazed at the million-watt superstar bouncing back the camera flash in a dazzle of diamonds and sequins and scarlet eyelids and smiled. She knows that *this* sort of glamour never goes away. *Fogie* stylists are modernist girls. They are unmade-up, rigorously minimalist and monotone.

Prada and Demedoneester-loving. "Ugh, Prada!" said Joan Collins with scorn. "I hate Prada!"

The interview was scheduled for 11am at her London flat. I paid off the taxi at five to, feeling tense: my experience of global mega-celebrities has taught me that an interviewer who arrives with only five minutes to spare may be deemed to be running late. (Your megastar interviewee, on the other hand, is often assumed to be graciously prompt if you get ushered into their presence within an hour or two.) Another cab came skidding round the corner and a woman exploded out of it and flew up the steps. It was her publicity director. "Joan will go mad about this!" I said. "I know, I know, oh dear, sorry," she said. *She's completely paranoid about people being early.*

Early or not, Joan couldn't have been sweeter. I was ushered into a light and pretty flat decorated in an unexceptional upper-middle-class English way with chintz and gilt, the walls crammed frame-to-frame with drawings and sketches and one big Victorian picture. Robin Harstone, her boyfriend of eight years, is an art dealer. It looked like an art-dealer's flat. Joan was smiling, eyes twinkling, looking every inch the authors' champion, high on victory and vindication and the triumph of American justice after her spat with Random House. She offered coffee. I sat down and switched on my tape. She sat down and switched on hers.

It's a funny thing, photogenic beauty. Joan Collins is the most photogenic human being I have ever seen. Bounce tungsten lighting off her and she dazzles; her eyes glow green, her cheekbones jut, her face sharpens into that perfect heart shape, her mouth smoulders, 25 years drop away. She was always terribly pretty, from her early days as a Rank starlet. (What is a Rank starlet? I hear you ask. Well children, many decades ago, when Joan was a girl and the *Train-spotting* boys' mamas weren't even born, there was a British film industry, and Rank was it (and Joan was its bright meteor.) But in ordinary daylight or, as we use, in the unflattering light of a New York courtroom, she looks like an older, fainter shadow of her former self and the camera-ready make-up - black-rimmed eyes and jampy red lips - looks forced. Today she was wearing a high-neck cream and blue silk shirt she had designed herself, beige Armani-style trousers and high-heeled boots. It was elegant and unexceptional. "Kerstinogen casual!" She looked like a well-heeled woman in late middle age who could be in the market for an eighteenth-century drawing or a chiffonier.

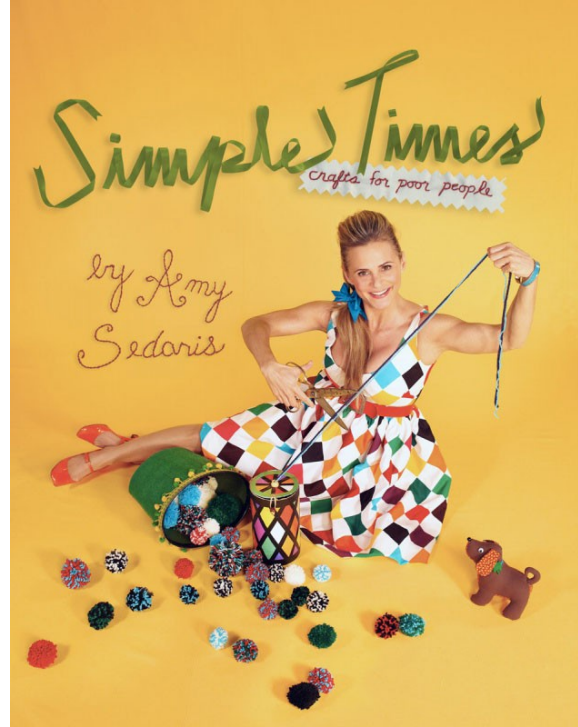
Her words pour out in a rather clipped and proper English accent, sprayed with >

MARCO TESTINO

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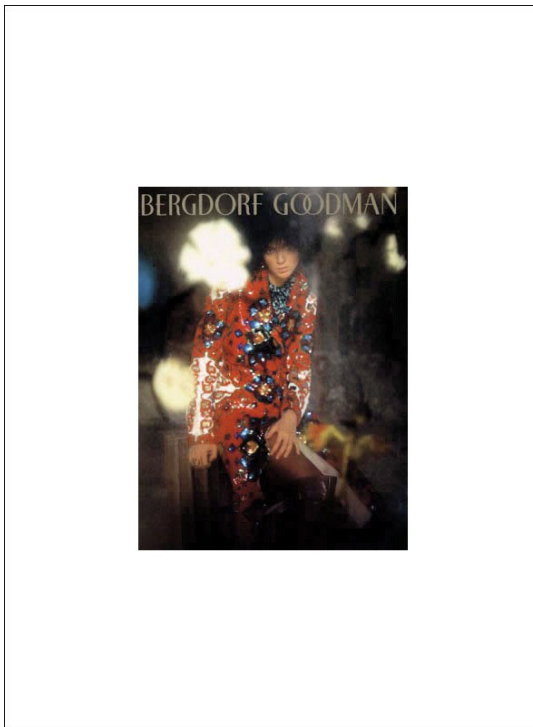
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InStyle *interview*

HAPPY GO LUCKY

She may steal the show in *Gossip Girl* as über-brat Blair Waldorf, but in real life, **LEIGHTON MEESTER** is no spoilt princess. Here, she opens up about love, her insecurities, how she really hated high school and why she may just be the happiest girl in the world

BY AARON HICKLIN, PHOTOGRAPHS MATT JONES, STYLING MEL OTTENBERG

Can anyone be as happy as *Gossip Girl*'s Leighton Meester? Granted, at 23 she is beautiful, famous and rich, but what early twentysomething A-lister says things like, "I am living my dream?" And who tweets, "Yesterday was the best day of my life, let's see if we can top it" and follows up with a frankly callous, "Yep. This day is better?" Leighton Meester is who. The happiest girl in the world. Scenicism is only natural and not just because her on-screen queen bee character Blair Waldorf could eat most of us for breakfast. In the age of 24/7 paparazzi, celebrity title-tattle and online chatter that crackles with *Gossip Girl*-style bris, the fairy tale of celebrity has become more Brothers Grimm than Hans Christian Andersen. For all the flashbulbs and 10,000-watt smiles, we expect a sting in the tail. But not, it seems, in this tale. Leighton, who is in bed smiling for the photographer when I meet her, quickly proves to be an honest-to-goodness charmer. "I'm having fun," she says. "Because, guess what? Today was a day in bed."

Life isn't all in short supply these days. *Gossip Girl*, a private school update on *Reverie* that has captured our texting and Twittering culture, is heading for a fourth season, having made stars of the trio of fashionistas at its core — Meester, Blake Lively and Taylor Momsen.

Meanwhile, Leighton has also just recorded her first solo album (her debut single "Somebody to Love," featuring US singer/songwriter Robin Thicke, was released in November).

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Diaper dress, \$20; rayon top, \$75; and embellished rayon hot pants, \$85, all Marc Jacobs (0207 799 160). Leather sandals, \$65; Christian Louboutin (louboutin.com); Lacie ring, \$100; 925 Patricia von Moulin (patriciavonmoulin.com)

InStyle *interview*

Silk chiffon and net dress, price on request. Louis Vuitton (0207 799 4052)

«Follow your gut and your heart: you'll almost always make the right choice»



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