



Keiko Takagi





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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

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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.

o 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*

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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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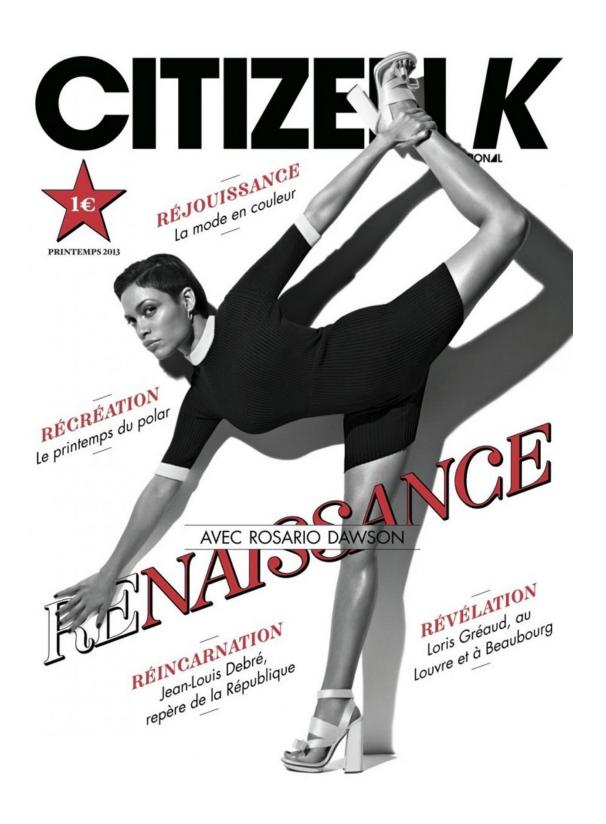


Dress by Erdem; shoes by Jimmy Choo

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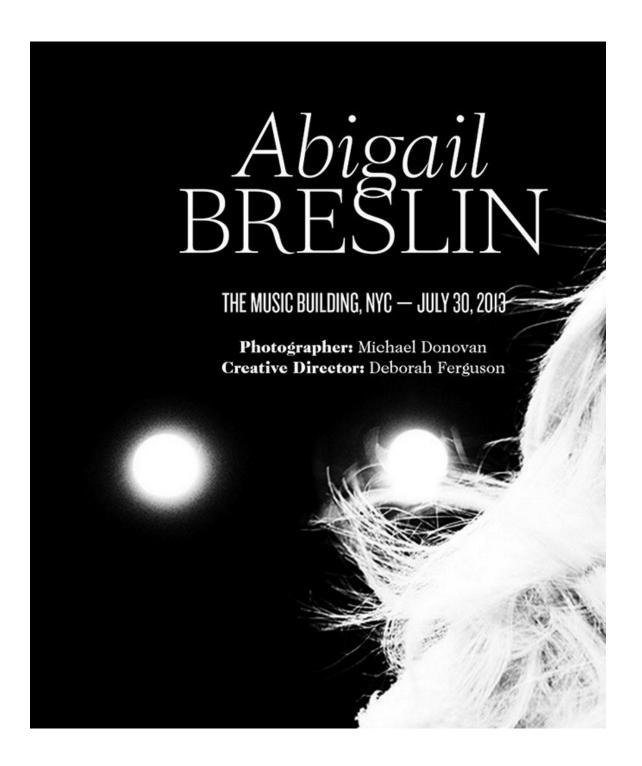




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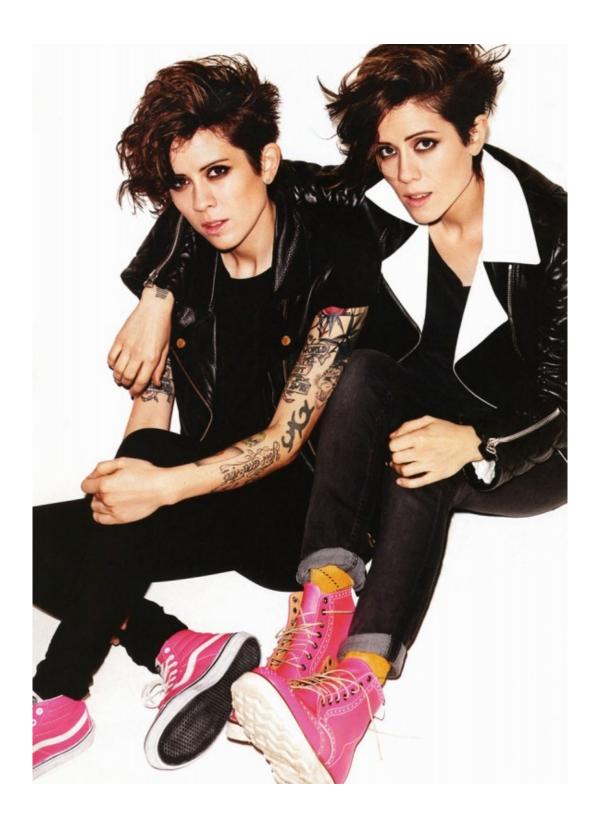




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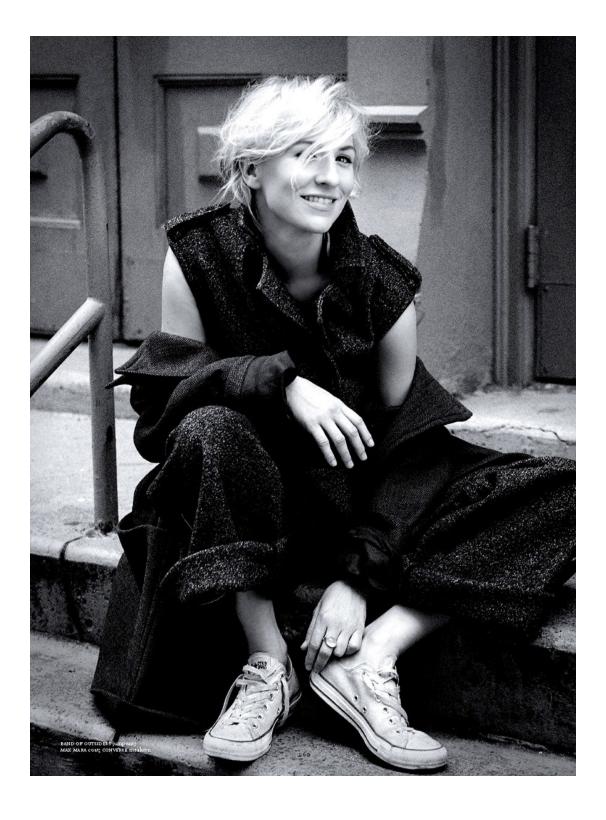
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appearance and disposition, but with the warmth and accessibility of your best friend. Horizontally sprawled on my unmade bed in of her platinum mane bunched in one hand, staring up at the ceiling like she's about to ask me for boy advice - "This is fun - like therapy!" - there's very little evidence of Hollywood-induced affectation in Sumner. She likes to be regarded as a New York actress and enjoys navigating its cluttered, indifferent streets unrecognised and with no real sense for her rising stardom. Neither has she set herself a benchmark for 'making it' or subscribed to society's prevailing resultsbased version of success - her detachment to outcome 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 any art I really just want to focus on the making of it." $\,$

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 does admit to having some inclinations towards producing. "I'm sort of looking for projects to develop myself," she says naming the Coen brothers, Wim Wenders and, of course, Woody Allen, among her ultimate collaborators. But having just wrapped a TV series, Low Winter Sun, and Randall Miller's upcoming CBGB in which she plays a young Patti Smith, and plenty more offers on the table, Sumner'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 theatre. 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 she has been dabbling in lately, but of course only a little and she's not really saying it out 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." "E"

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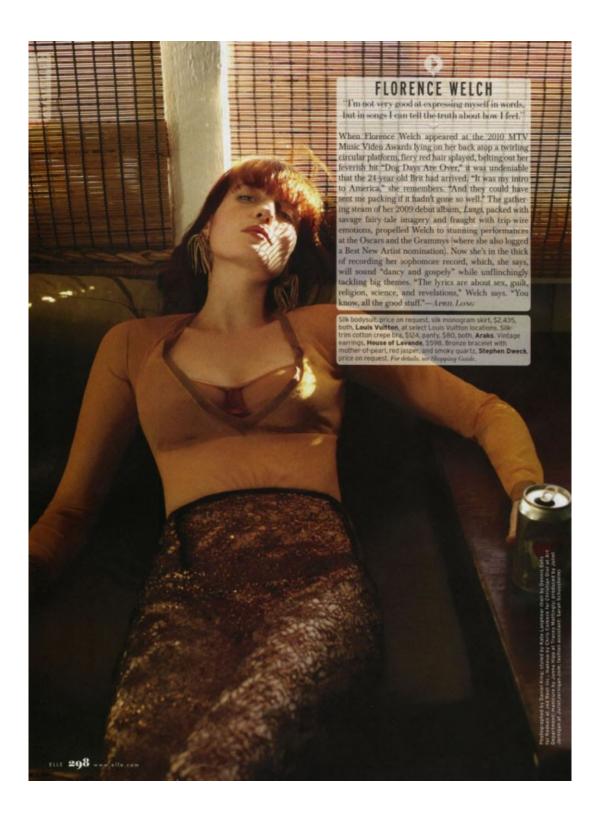


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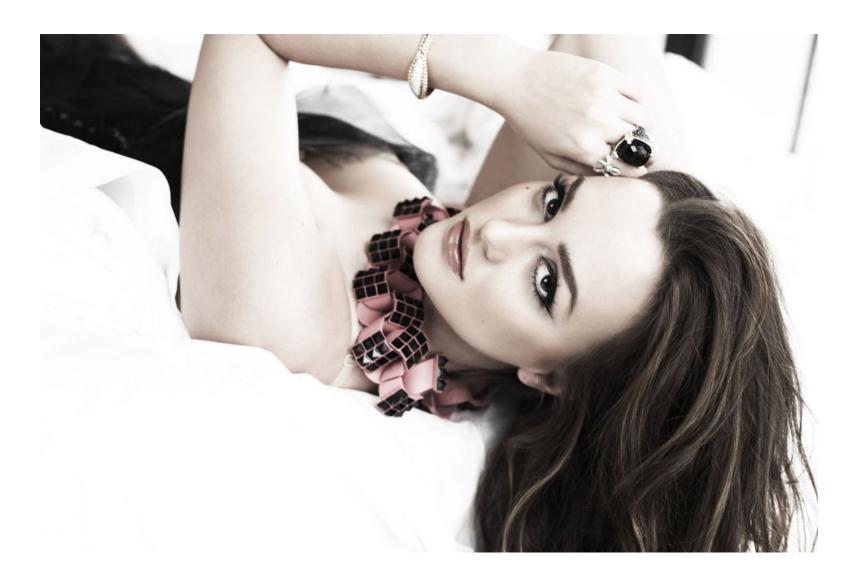
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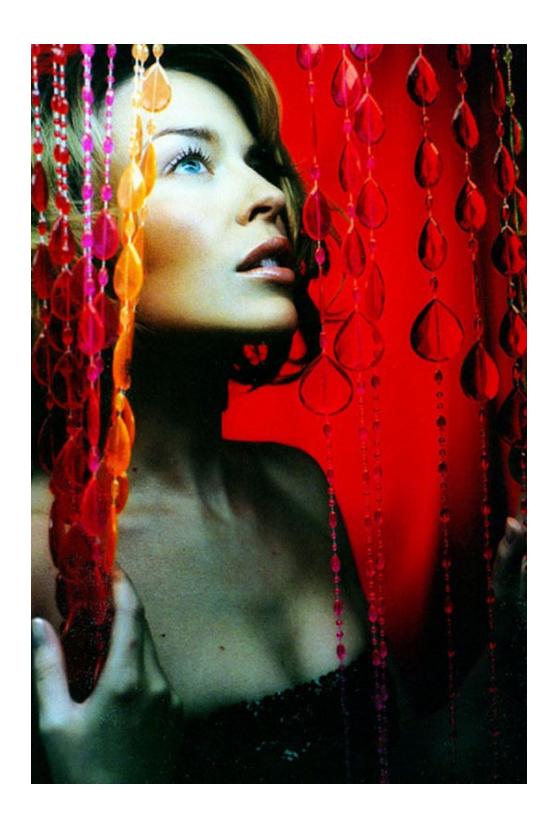
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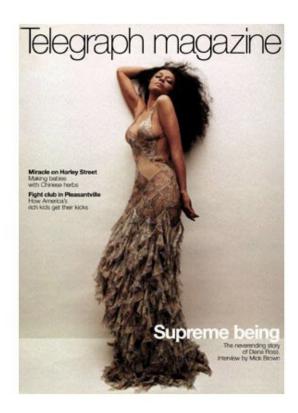


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Wallpaper*





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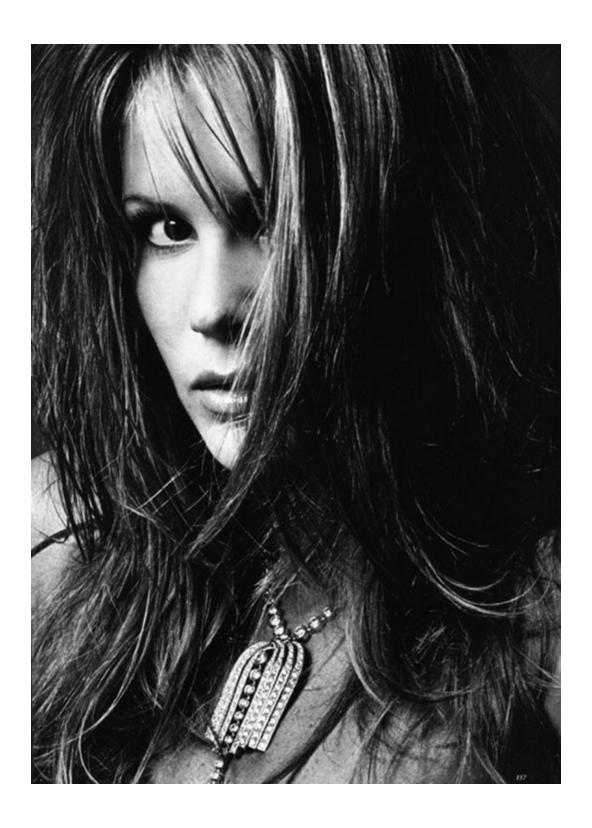
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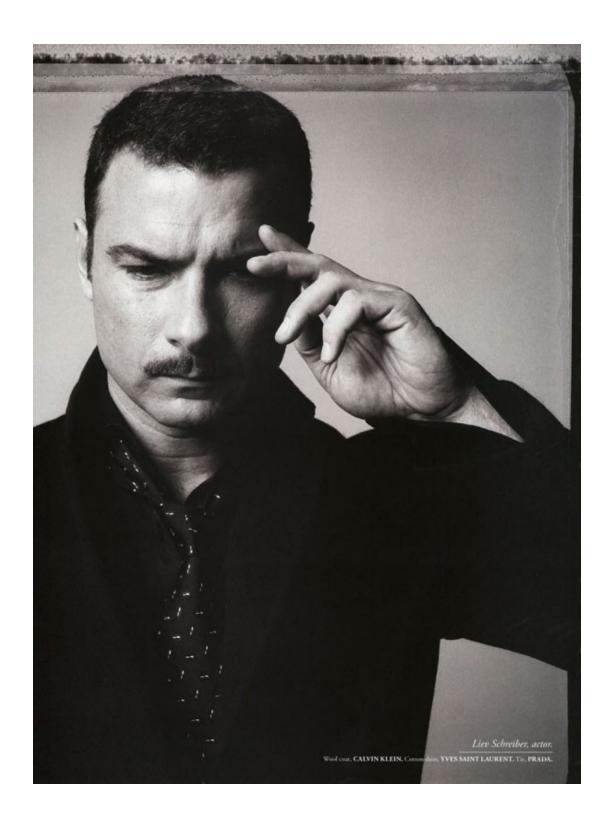
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Dynasty ("Dysentery", Joan called it, until she began to take the American long "a" seriously and say "Die-nasty"), there was a ding-dong fight between Alexis and Krystal, the two wives of Blake Carrington. Joan Collins was Alexis and that woodentop blonde Linda Evans was Krystal. The scene was a 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 screeching 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. A clip 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 Oueen Mother and Tina Turner. A gay icon has three essential properties: 1, knowing and deliberate queenliness; 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 does, or a trail of minions; and 1, a foreshortened top half, with head and shoulders bigger than the rest of the body to give that necessarily unbalanced, trans-

bosom, vast hair (or feather hats, of course, in the Queen Mother's case), all tittupping about on tiny, high-heeled feet.

Joan made her entrance for the photographic session with satisfactory aplomb, with a personal hairdresser and publicity minion 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

vestite, teetering quality. Big jewels, big furs and feather boas about her top half with a practised arm. "Do you think this sort of look will ever come back?" she mused to the mirror at one point. "This sort of glamour?" Vogue's fashion director gazed at the million-watt superstar bouncing back the camera flash in a dazzle of diamonds and sequins and scarlet lipgloss and smiled. She knows that this sort of glamour never goes away. Vogue stylists are modernist girls. They are unmadeup, rigorously minimalist and monotone. Prada- and Demeulemeester-loving. "Ugh, Prada!" said Joan Collins with scorn. "I

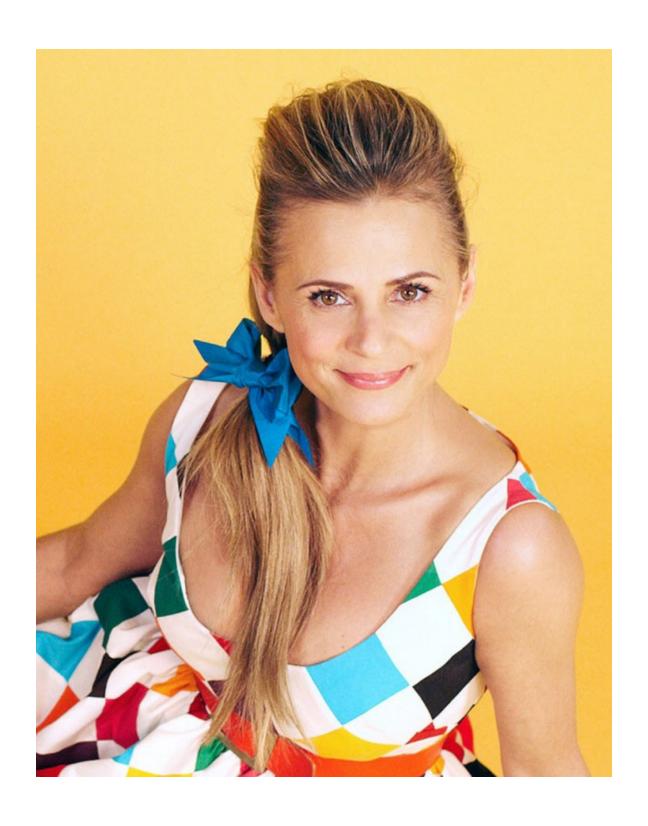
The interview was scheduled for Ham at her London flat. I paid off the taxi at five to, feeling tense: my experience of global megacelebrities has taught me that an interviewer who arrives with only five minutes to spare may be deemed to be running late. (Your megastar interviewee, on the other hand, 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 uppermiddle-class English way with chintz and gilt, the walls crammed frame-to-frame with drawings and sketches and one big Victorian picture. Robin Hurlstone, 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.

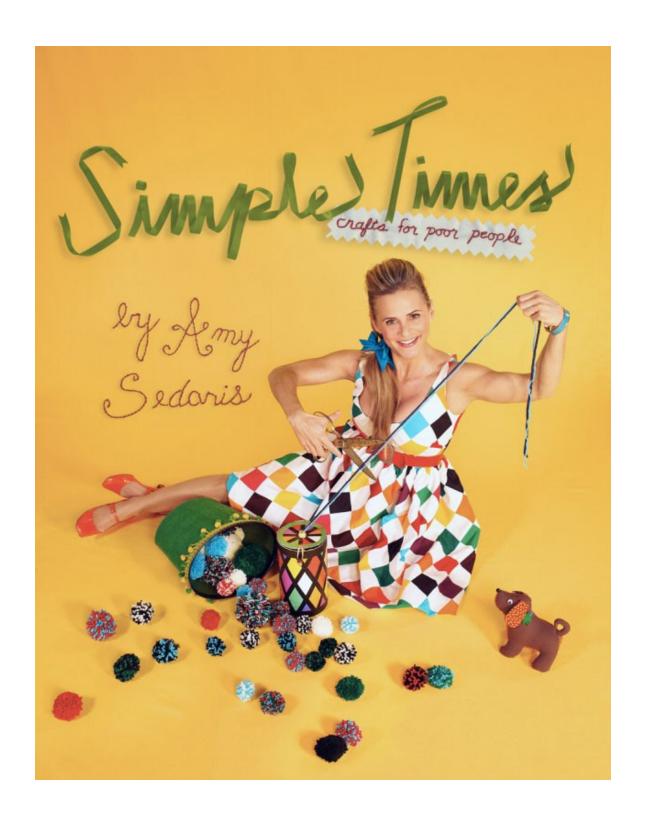
It's a funny thing, photogenic beauty Joan Collins is the most photogenic human being I have ever seen. Bounce tungsten lighting off her and she dazzles; her eyes glow green, her cheekbones jut, her face sharpens into that perfect heart shape, her mouth smoulders, 25 years drop away. She was always terribly 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 Trainsporting boys' mammas 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 saw, in the unflattering light of a New York courtroom. she looks like an older, frailer shadow of her former self and the camera-ready make-up black-rimmed eyes and jammy 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-heel beige loafers. It was elegant and unspectacular: "Kensington 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 >

MARIO TESTINO



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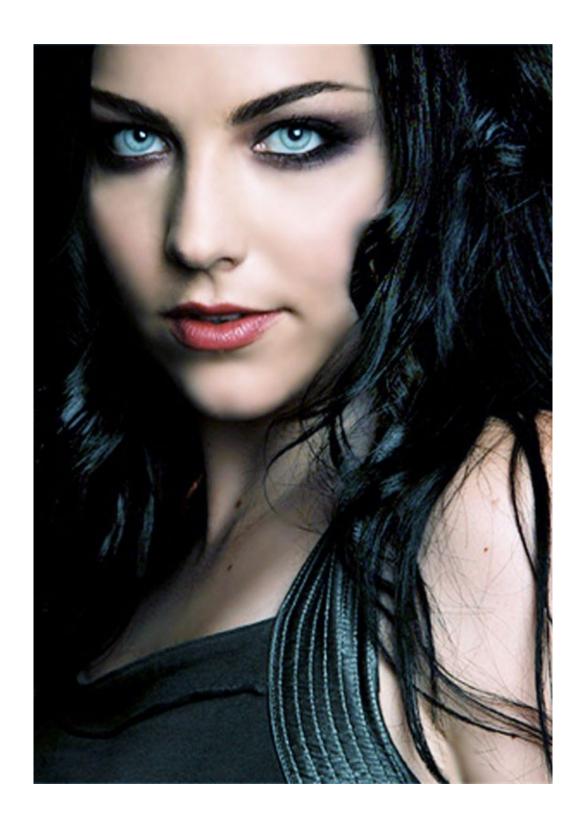


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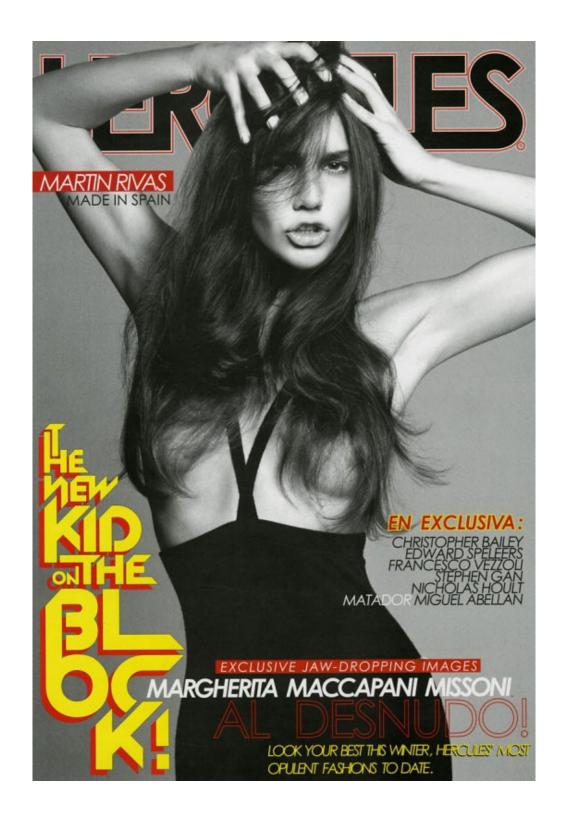
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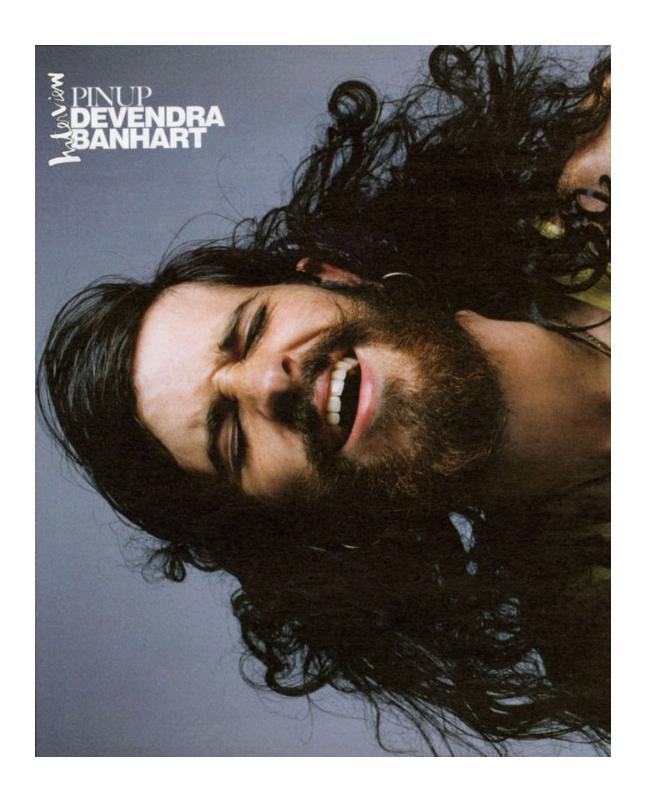
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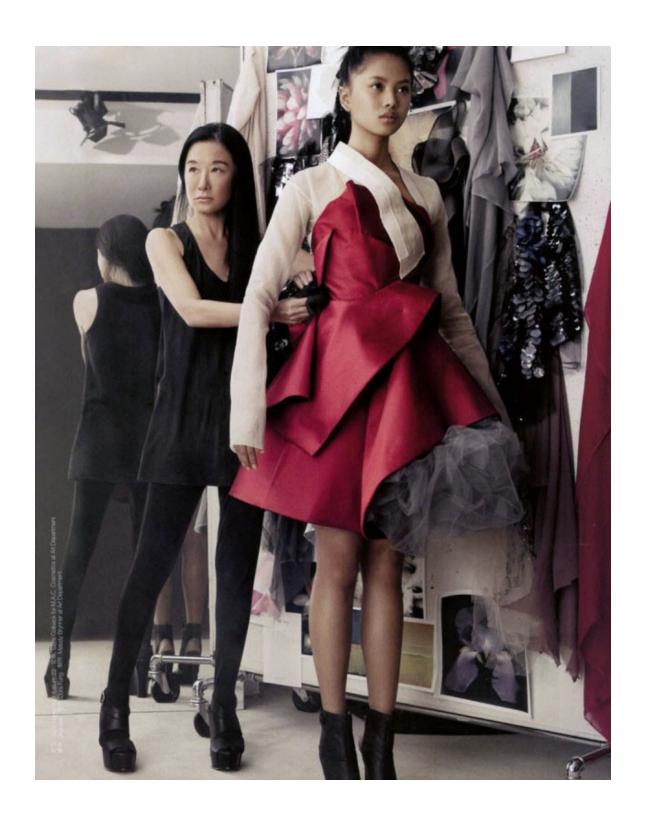
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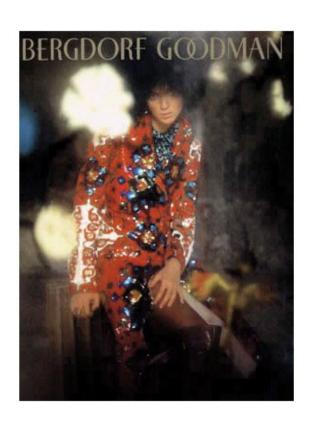
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