


a hero's  
welcome



A photograph of a person in a black tuxedo with a white shirt and bow tie, seen from the side, looking towards a large white statue of Superman. The statue is part of a group of three superhero statues (Superman, Batman, and Wonder Woman) displayed in a grand hall with a large circular skylight in the background.

*At the Met's Costume Institute gala, a pantheon of Hollywood and fashion luminaries pays tribute to the mythic glamour of comic-book superheroes. Hamish Bowles is dazzled.*

**THE FANTASTIC  
THREE**

The evening's cohosts Julia Roberts (in Giorgio Armani Privé), George Clooney, and Giorgio Armani. In the museum's Great Hall, guests are greeted by Superman, Wonder Woman, and Batman statues conceived by Nathan Crowley. Photograph by Mario Testino.



# S

*hazam!*" With that magical word the cub reporter Billy Batson is transformed into Captain Marvel, superhero, instantly invested with the powers of Solomon, Hercules, Atlas, Zeus, Achilles, and Mercury.

On the balmy eve-

ning of May 5, in celebration of the Costume Institute's latest blockbuster, "Superheroes: Fashion and Fantasy," the power of transformation and the mythic glamour of the Golden Age of comic books brings the spirit of *shazam* to vivid life at the Metropolitan Museum of Art—an institution, as its director, Philippe de Montebello, tells us, "filled with the great mythical superheroes of ancient times."

The fashion world, it appears, has an intimate relationship with the genre. Giorgio Armani remembers fighting with his brother over Flash Gordon comics. Michael Kors claims, "I'm such a pop-culture American boy—the first thing I did after school was come home and watch *Carwoman*."

"I loved Catwoman," adds Narciso Rodriguez. "Eartha Kitt and Julie Newmar—gorgeous! I've been looking for that Catwoman fabric for years . . . what *is* that fabric?"

On Sunday afternoon, the day before the party, as the curators wait to escort Giorgio Armani ("the myth of his field," in de Montebello's words) through the exhibit, the energy in the museum's hallowed halls is superheroic. Nathan Crowley, the inspired film art director responsible for the dynamic look of the exhibition, works with event designer Raúl Ávila to transform the Temple of Dendur—a structure of mythic power itself—into the planet Krypton. Kevin Roche's 1978 sloping curtain wall, now opening onto a bucolic, blossoming vista of Central Park, will reflect a cascading wall of starry lights by tomorrow's nightfall. Sunbursts of light will emanate from the temple as giant shafts of light will appear to force themselves up from the moat and erupt through the floor.

Avila arranges 800 Mario Bellini chairs in checkerboard blocks of black and white at New Age banqueting tables and positions 40 mature dogwood trees. Avila has traveled twice to North Carolina to select them from a grove of 400, ensuring that they will be perfectly abloom (he ordered an extra 20, just in case).

Still shrouded behind muslin curtains in the Great Hall is the formidable triumvirate of Superman, Batman, and Wonder Woman—in appropriately towering sculptural form—that will be placed on the room's central information island to greet guests. Though concocted from high-density foam and paint in a Los Angeles movie-prop studio, they



Stefano Gabbana and Domenico Dolce with Scarlett Johansson (in their design).



Elettra  
Wiedemann, in  
a color-blocked  
homage to  
Frank Miller  
by Chris Benz



Samantha Boardman Rosen (in Giambattista Valli) with Melania Trump (in Vera Wang)



Jacquetta Wheeler (in Christian Lacroix Haute Couture) with Patrick Kinmonth.



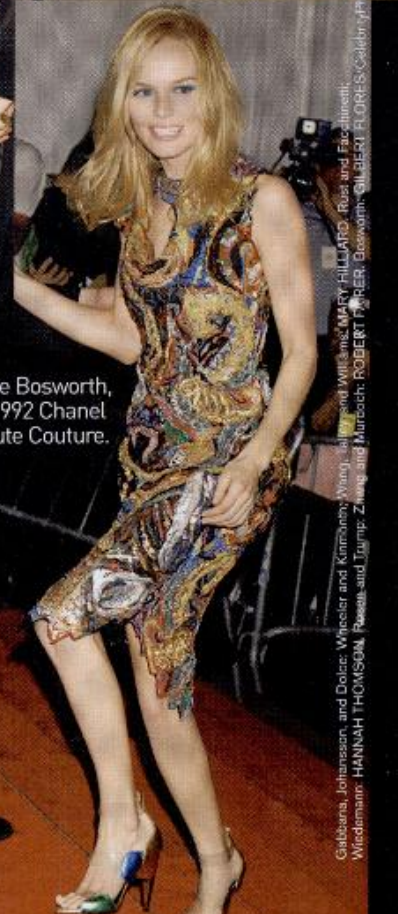
Marina Rust  
and Alessandra  
Facchinetti  
of Valentino  
(both wearing  
Valentino).



Ziyi Zhang (in Giorgio Armani Privé) with Wendi Murdoch (in Christian Lacroix Haute Couture).



Vera Wang (in her own design) with André Leon Talley and Venus Williams (in Carolina Herrera)



Kate Bosworth,  
in 1992 Chanel  
Haute Couture.





Thakoon Panichgul with Raquel Zimmermann (in Thakoon).



Phoebe Philo (in a 1930s dress) and Christy Turlington Burns (wearing Escada).



Jeff Halmos and Natasha Vojnovic (in Alexander Wang) with Alexander Wang.



Camilla Belle (in Giorgio Armani Privé) with George Clooney.



Amber Valletta (in Atelier Versace) with Iman (in Dolce & Gabbana).



Annette de la Renta in Oscar de la Renta.

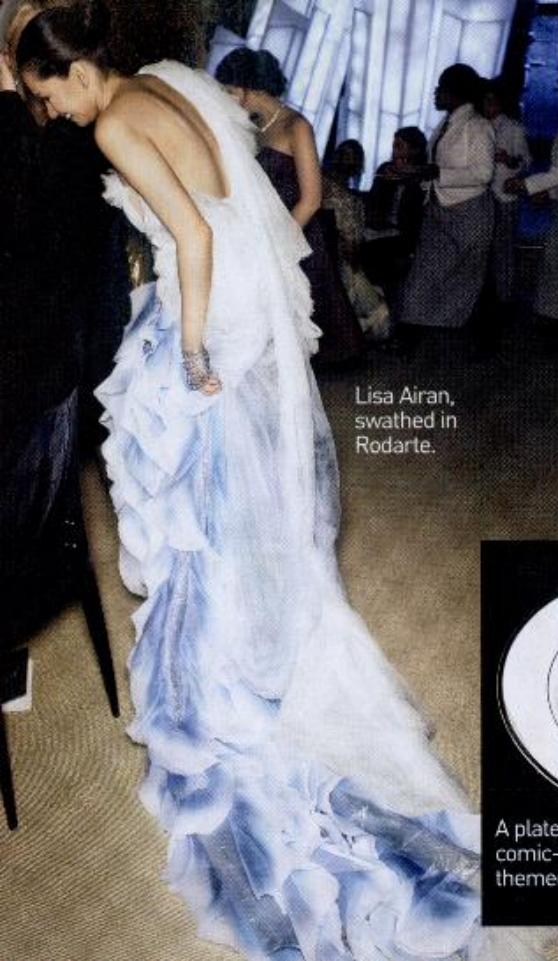
#### SPUN FANTASIES

James Acheson's Spider-Man costume, with cobweb-inspired dresses by Julien Macdonald, Thierry Mugler, and Jean Paul Gaultier.

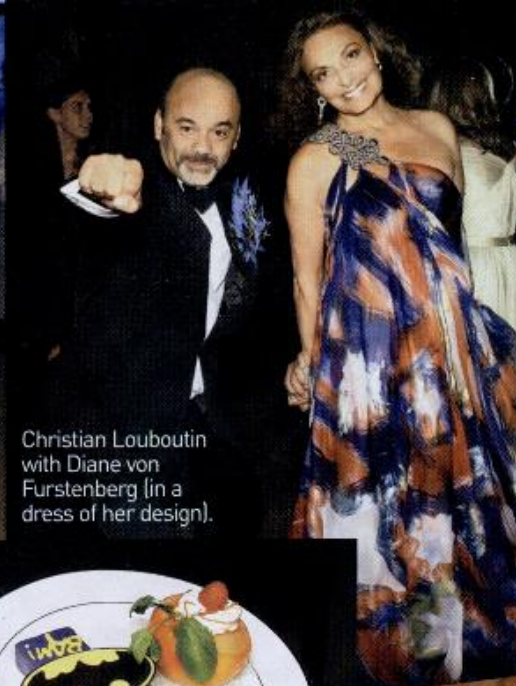
Panichgul and Zimmermann: Philo and Burns; Belle and Clooney: ROBERT FARRER; Valletta and Iman: Halmos, Vojnovic, and Wang; HANNAH THOMSON; De la Renta: MARY HILLIARD; Editor: MICHAEL LISNET.







Lisa Airan, swathed in Rodarte.



Christian Louboutin with Diane von Furstenberg (in a dress of her design).



Lou Doillon (in Marni) navigates the crowd.



A plate of comic-book-themed desserts.



Mary-Kate Olsen, in Diane von Furstenberg.



Kelly Klein, in Calvin Klein Collection.



Jemma Kidd (in Marchesa) with husband Arthur Mornington.



Plum Sykes (in Pucci) with Thom Browne.



Caroline Trentini (in 1984 Thierry Mugler) with Jessica Starn (in Proenza Schouler).



Legendary comic-book superheroes on the invitation.



*The energy in the museum's hallowed halls is superheroic—the Temple of Dendur is transformed into the planet Krypton*



**SHOWSTOPPER**

The cast of *Hair* performs during dinner in the Temple of Dendur, reimagined by Nathan Crowley as Superman's birthplace.





Blindchen and Brady: HANNAH THOMSON



# DYNAMIC DUO

Gisele Bündchen (in Versace) and Tom Brady (in Tom Ford) make their grand entrance among the dogwood trees lining the red carpet.



Ziyi Zhang (in Giorgio Armani Privé) with Viviv Nevo.



André Benjamin in his signature straw boater.



Tilda Swinton, in Prada.



Michelle Trachtenberg (in vintage Yves Saint Laurent) with Marc Jacobs and Amanda Harlech (in Chanel Haute Couture).

seem, in their imposing, stony magnificence, to be an integral element of Richard Morris Hunt's Beaux Arts soaring scheme for the Great Hall.

And soon the temple is throbbing with the energy of the preternaturally energized cast of the Public Theater's production of *Hair*, which will rock Central Park this summer, as they rehearse for the evening's performance. Choreographer Karole Armitage has them tumbling from the stage and strutting their stuff. "It's all about spreading the 'love' message," director Diane Paulus tells her cast.

By seven o'clock on Monday night, a glowing Jennifer Lopez is waving to her fans on Fifth Avenue, and guests are being helped from their cars by valets in Batman masks and capes. Armani, who has dressed his cohort Julia Roberts in coruscating silver beads, joins the welcoming committee on the red carpet. "Hi! I'm Julia," she says sweetly to the guests, just in case anyone might not recognize her inimitable smile. "Hi! I'm George Clooney, running for Congress," deadpans her escort.

Guests have taken their cues from the theme—literally or subtly. A flock of latter-day swans looks to the sirens who peopled the comic books of the late thirties and forties—pencil-skirted secretaries by day who metamorphose into pneumatic glamazons by night. Karen Elson, with a tumble of artfully waved red hair (à la Rita Hayworth in *Gilda*), wears a wing-shouldered Marc Jacobs gown of claret-colored crepe. "The Crimson Blur—that's you!" says husband Jack White, who declares that he is channeling the Green Lantern: "He has the power to recharge!" Naomi Watts wears vintage Thierry Mugler sun-ray pleats, and saucer-eyed and wasp-waisted Christina Ricci is swathed in Riccardo Tisci's rose-and-crimson tulle for Givenchy

*Hair*'s Jonathan Groff performs for guests, including Rebecca Hall, David Bowie, and Iman.





Haute Couture. Exquisite Rosamund Pike wears Roland Mouret's origami-fitted black sheath spliced with powder pink, while a sultry Eva Mendes channels Ava Gardner in Francisco Costa's dramatically origami-folded gown of aqua faille—inspired by Poison Ivy, a favorite choice for best-dressed girls.

"I've done what Armani does best—long, glamorous, and very comfortable," says Victoria Beckham, in the designer's 1989 Barbara Stanwyck-esque crystal-beaded shirtwaist. "It's actually much more comfortable than what I'd usually wear!" With perfect scarlet lips and her hair whipped up into a chic French pleat, the unusually restrained Beckham attracts the unlikely approbation of Jayne Wrightsman (impeccable as ever in Dresden pastel faille from Chanel Haute Couture); perhaps Wrightsman sees a reflection of her own glamour-girl self in the glory days of Hollywood and Palm Beach.

Others take their cue from comic-book graphics. "It's all about Frank Miller—color and pixilation," says Chris Benz, who has dressed Elettra Wiedemann in homage to the celebrated comic-book writer, artist, and director. There is edge, too, among the ball gowns. Lake Bell's Balmain—a raunchy leather minishift struck with ruby lightning bolts—may be the coolest dress of the evening, and Alexander Wang has dressed Natasha Vojnovic in "cobwebs and rubber. She could walk the red carpet and then go out on the Lower East Side!"

Diane von Furstenberg wears graffitied chiffon (she has dressed the Olsen twins as Wonder Women—Ashley in vampy black, Mary-Kate in liquid gold). "Wonder Woman is such a wonderful archetype," says Lynda Carter, in stately Herrera, as she admires her 1976 Donfeld-designed costume in the exhibition. Carter owns a pair of her character's original cuffs but tonight wears custom Raineri Jewelers versions in gold with ruby stars. "Wonder Woman is about a complete woman—she can be all girl and be powerful and kind and smart. I loved to play her." "I'm thinking Super Mum!" says a toga-clad Stella McCartney, laughing: She has three children under four. Lisa Airan channels Storm from *X-Men* in a Rodarte dress, "like the froth of an ocean wave crashing," as Laura Mulleavy describes it.

Some dress as antiheroes. Narciso Rodriguez worked with Claire Danes's "amazing body" to create a sleek, black "supervillain, femme-fatale" dress with a focus on dramatic back detailing. Peter Som had flown to London to fit Maggie Gyllenhaal for her mille-feuille organza ball gown. "I cast her

Stella McCartney and Kate Moss (both in Stella McCartney).



Sofia Coppola, in Marc Jacobs.



Lake Bell, in Balmain.



Coco Rocha and Anja Rubik (both wearing Pucci) with Doutzen Kroes (in Threesfour).



Lynda Carter, in Carolina Herrera.



Donfeld's original 1976 Wonder Woman costume.



Christina Ricci, in Givenchy Haute Couture.

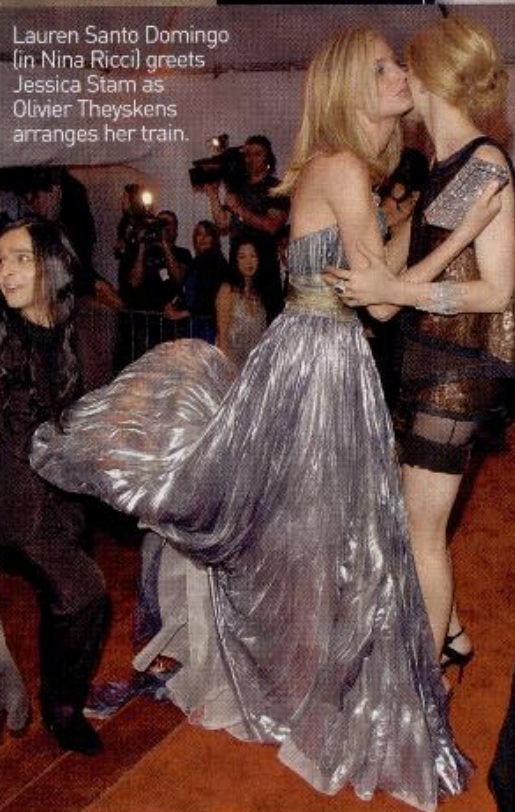
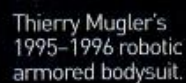
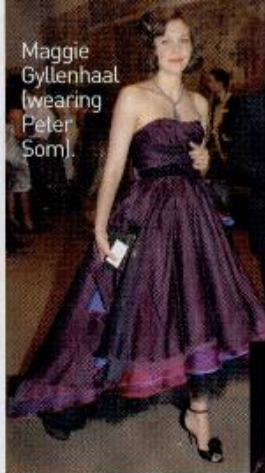
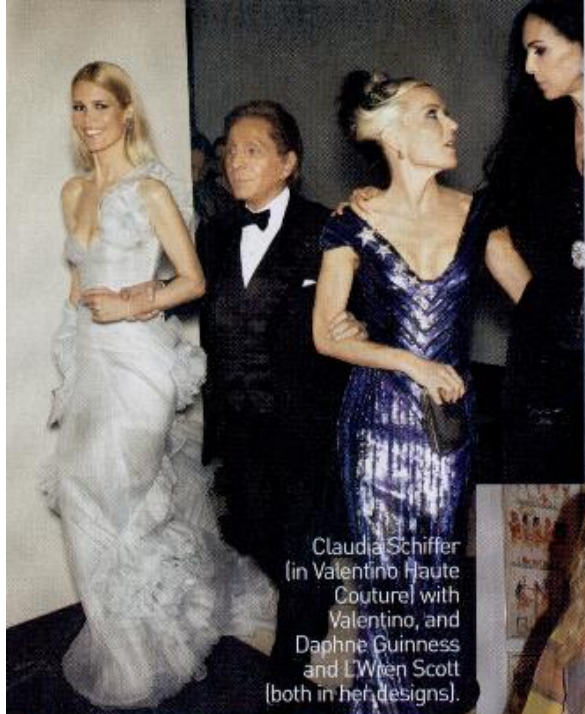


Diane Kruger (in Alberta Ferretti) with Joshua Jackson.

To go inside the star-studded Met gala and watch exclusive interviews with all the guests, watch **Vogue Diaries** at [vogue.com](http://vogue.com).

McCartney and Moss: HANNAH THOMSON; Anja, Rubik, and Kroes: ROBERT FAIRER; Bell: KRUGER and Jackson: ROBERT FAIRER; Carter: LUCAS JACKSON/Reuters/Landow; Coppola: JENNIFER GRAY/OKAP; Exhibit: MICHAEL LISNET.







not so much as a superhero as one of the villains," he says, "in moody plum rather than the bright primary colors."

For others it is all about the accessory. There was a rumor that Thandie Newton had ordered jeweled cat ears to wear with her Chanel mini (she hadn't); Katie Holmes wears Louboutin's vertiginous electric-blue spike heels (do they hurt? "Not at all") with her 1993 Armani scarlet sequined Gypsy ensemble. Chanel Iman wears a gilded Wonder Woman belt chiseled with a C—"it's her superhero prom tonight," says designer Phillip Lim, "because she missed her own prom!" Annelise Peterson made a bow and arrow to wear with her Diana-the-huntress gown from Alberta Ferretti. Tilda Swinton's coral star-burst pin belonged to Diana Vreeland: "She's my superhero!" Swinton declares. Amanda Peet, Daphne Guinness, and Scarlett Johansson all wear antique diamond star brooches in their hair—but Johansson's most precious jewel is an engagement ring from fiancé Ryan Reynolds that she's sporting for the first time.

The men are no slouches, either. "I thought about bringing my Lightsaber but then thought better of it," admits Hayden Christensen, *Star Wars*'s Anakin Skywalker. *Vogue*'s own André Leon Talley, escorting Venus Williams, wears the most dramatic cape of the night—acres of scarlet faille designed for him by Lagerfeld for Chanel Haute Couture. Christian Louboutin had his Paris atelier make a Pop Art brooch with the word BANG! Artist Christopher Brooks wears his tuxedo over his own vintage Dolce & Gabbana beaded Superman tee. When Zac Posen's date, Kate Mara, chose his billowing gown of chrome yellow, he made a tuxedo in electric blue, lined in scarlet, to match—and appropriated a pair of black-rimmed eyeglasses from a studio assistant to complete the look. "He's my Clark Kent!" says Mara. ("I wanted to go as Clark Kent," says Margherita Missoni, "but the glasses didn't fit in my purse!") Perhaps unsurprisingly, silver-medal-winning decathlete Bryan Clay also cites Superman as his favorite superhero and admits that as a child he would tie a towel around his neck for a cape and leap from the sofa. Even though he inevitably hurt himself, he was undeterred.

(continued on page 159)

Rachel Feinstein, in Marc Jacobs.



Diana Taylor (in Oscar de la Renta) with Mayor Michael Bloomberg and George Clooney.



Charlotte Gainsbourg, in Balenciaga.

David and Victoria Beckham (in 1989 Armani).



Michael Govan and Katherine Ross (in Dior).



Jack White and Karen Elson (in Marc Jacobs).

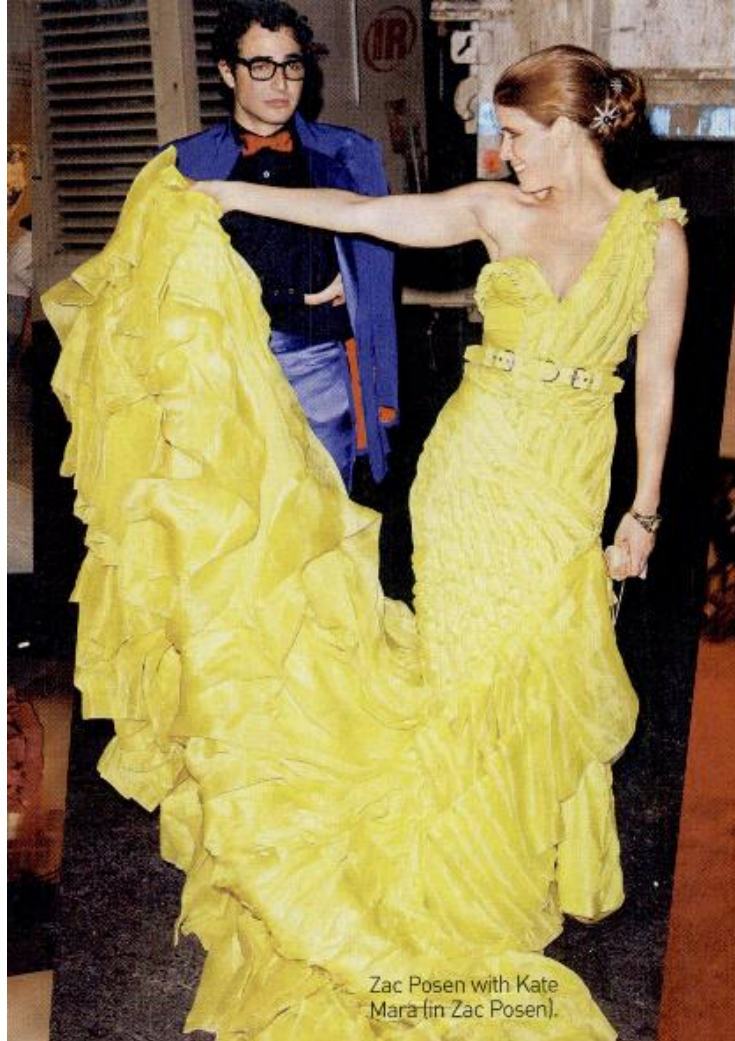


Beyoncé Knowles (in Giorgio Armani Privé) with Andrew Bolton.

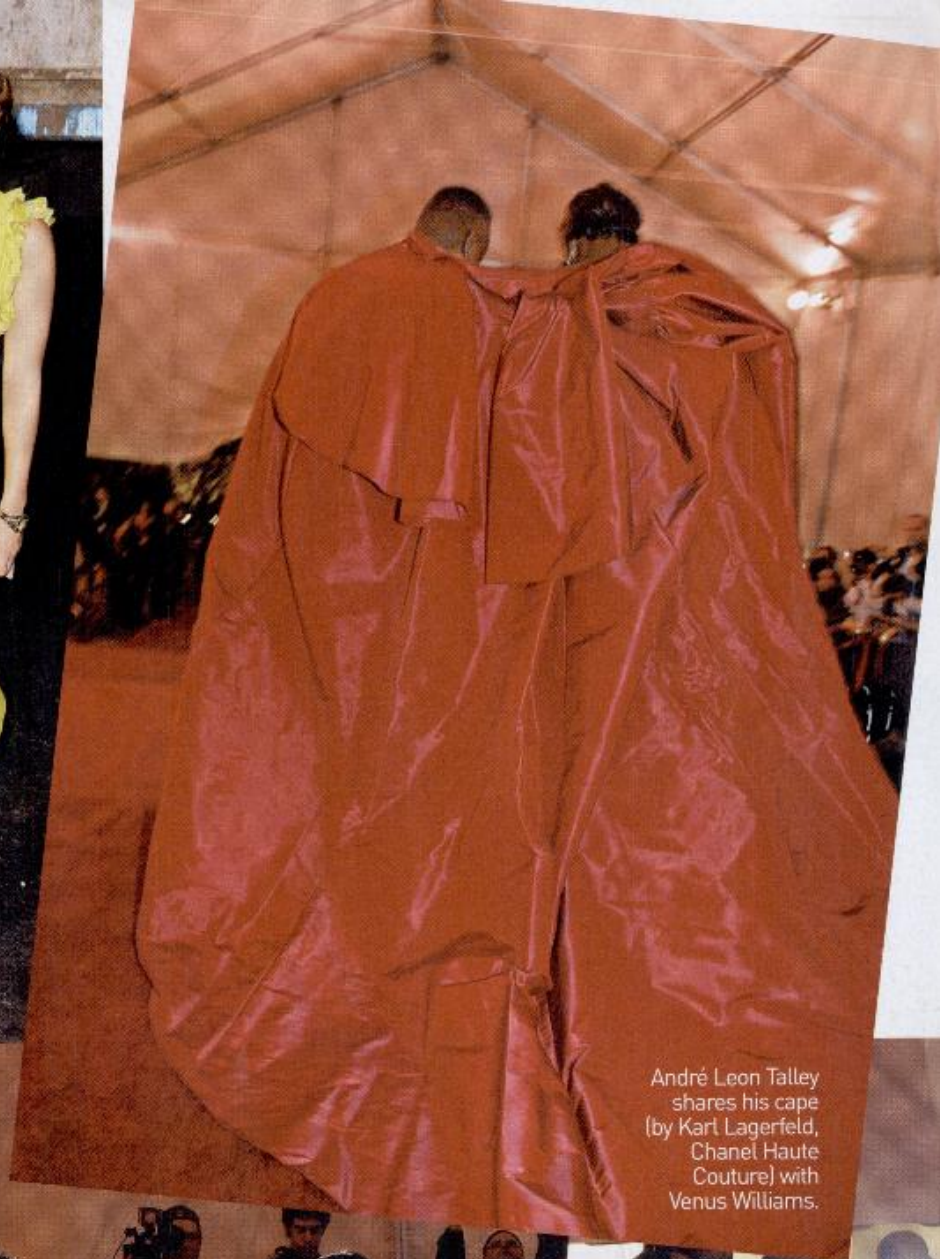


Iron-maiden looks by Dolce & Gabbana and Giorgio Armani. Christian Louboutin's BANG! brooch, BELOW.

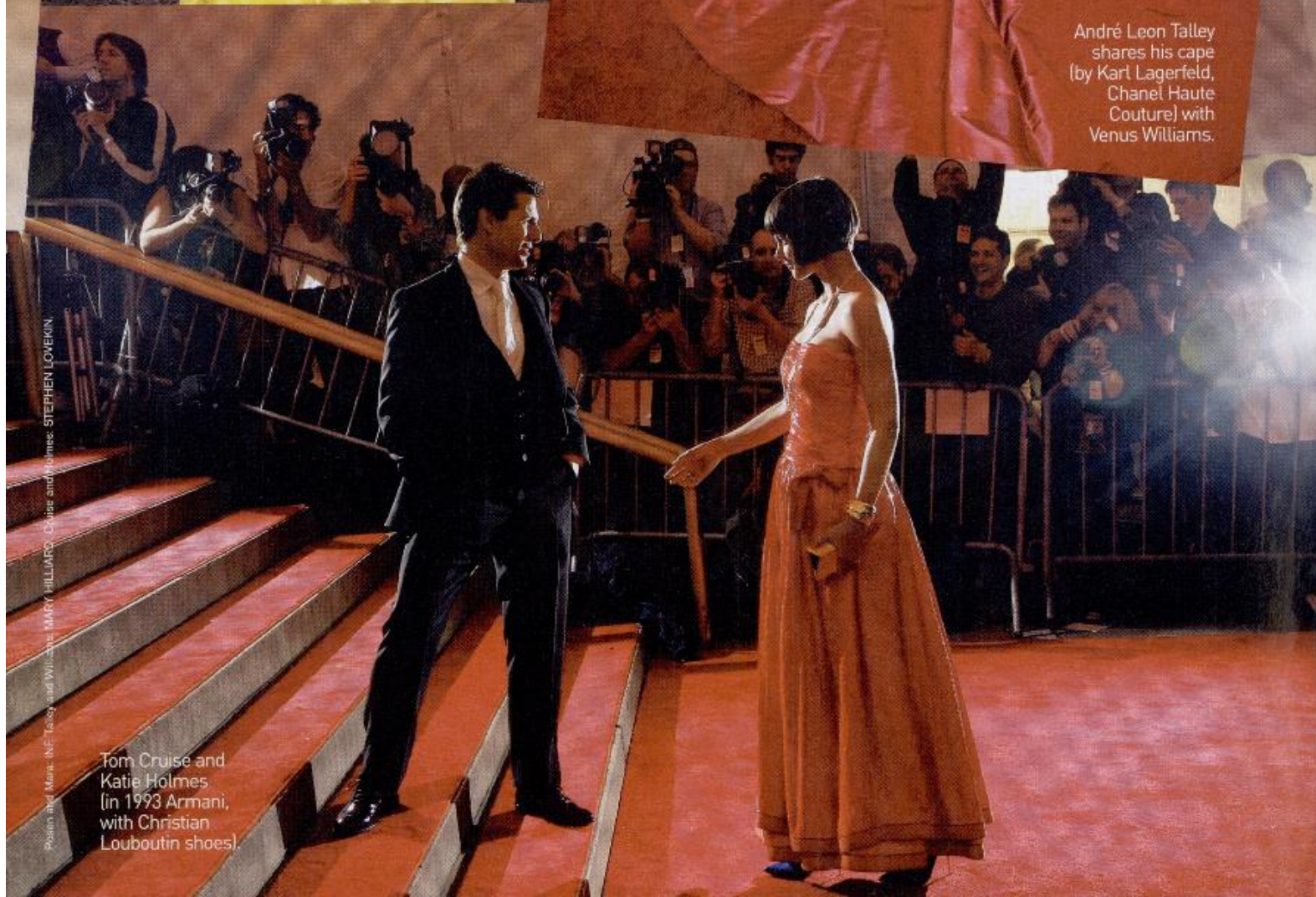




Zac Posen with Kate Mara (in Zac Posen).



André Leon Talley shares his cape (by Karl Lagerfeld, Chanel Haute Couture) with Venus Williams.



Tom Cruise and Katie Holmes (in 1993 Armani, with Christian Louboutin shoes).



clear. "It's still at 132. It's taking a while to defumigate the area. OK, it's back down to 70. That's better. Seventy is like our new standard here. Did I mention that the recommended safety level is 35?" □

## IS FASHION RACIST?

(continued from page 138)

idea which of his diverse group of girls will wear what. "I try all different dresses, and when I see only the face of the girl—and the dress disappears—I know it's the best dress for her." Only the face of the girl... black or white. How lyrical. But Elbaz says he was "trained" to use black models: "I love them from the time I worked at Saint Laurent; he used always black models. I worked with Geoffrey Beene; he did. It's not because she's black I use a girl—I work with her because she's beautiful, because she inspires me, she makes me want to dress her. So I'm very open about all of that."

Is it the rise of the all-powerful casting directors? In our ever-accelerating ADD world, where designers spin from prespring to spring to presort to resort in order to feed the brand, casting directors control certain shows from soup to nuts. Reckoned the most powerful of all is the Englishman Russell Marsh, who casts for Prada, arguably one of the most influential and directional and culturally attuned brands. Since Prada had a widely noted decade-long gap between Naomi and Jourdan, I call to ask what had caused Prada to choose her. "I can't speak for Prada," says Marsh swiftly, but ("in general terms") he adds, "Well, she was elegant, and she was strong, and she's confident, and she's got all those traits that are required to do what was asked of them to do on that particular show, you know? I mean, there's no reason." He explains, "It's the clothes that take much more the priority than the girl. And that was kind of the demise of the supermodel in a way, wasn't it? You ended up looking at the girls more than you looked at the collection."

Iman, the supermodel of the world, won't accept that at all. "As much as I keep hearing that the designers want to make the presentation uniform because it's all about the clothes—it's not all about the clothes, because they don't show the clothes." It's the lifelessness of the current aesthetic she can't stand. "You don't want to look like these models. You don't want to emulate them." Iman "sold" the clothes she walked in

on the runway. She sold the designer's artistic creation. So did Veronica Webb, muse to Azzedine Alaïa, who says her job as a model was to take whatever outfit was put in front of her "and bring it to life. To give you power, to give you presence, and to give you pleasure." A few years ago, Gisele was doing the same: Cindy Crawford laughed at the sight of her (in a retrospective photo with girls wearing the clothes of their vintage). "Gisele was running around saying, 'Do ya wanna buy it? Do you wanna buy it?'"

When I call Marc Jacobs to tell him that Chanel wishes "the supermodels would come back," so she could dance down a runway like Naomi did, he's supertactful. His own shows are diverse (both Jourdan and Georgie, a model from Burkina Faso, walked his last outing). But it's true, he says, "that shows have this kind of robotic feeling to them now—like mannequins come out, and they sort of walk the clothes through in single file, out and back. There's a kind of austerity, a coldness, in the way they present the clothes. In the eighties there was more interaction—posing and all that stuff. But that seems now, to my generation and maybe now in fashion, like an old-fashioned way of showing clothes." So I'm stuck in a time warp? Thoughtfully, he says, "I remember one season not very long ago when we asked the girls to smile on the runway. And no matter how many times we would say, 'OK, now—smile!' they would forget. I think it's been drummed into their heads that they are not to smile—you know, that it looks cheap or it looks silly. So you get all these girls staring straight ahead like zombies." It's just a reaction, he says, "to the way shows used to look." But fashion is a cycle, he reminds me. "Things move on."

## OUR TIME FOR CHANGE

James Scully, who cast for Tom Ford at Gucci's diverse and vibrant shows in the nineties, is upbeat (as fashion people relentlessly are) about change. It's been a ten-year cycle, he says, but it's changing, as fashion cycles always do. There are encouraging signs that models, rather than celebrities, may be slipping back into their former role as inspirers of women. "For example, models are totally reclaiming the ad campaigns," he says, "After the supermodels, and down to Gisele, the campaigns all went

to celebrities. Now the models are totally claiming them back." True enough: This fall, Lanvin is using Liya, Dior is using Daria, Yves Saint Laurent has Naomi Campbell, Prada has Linda Evangelista, and Versace has Natalia and Isabeli. Scully points out that the last decade has been bad for models. "And when it's tough for models, it's really tough for black models."

Bethann Hardison is upbeat, too. What she did (running her meetings, talking to the press, making the clamor) was to "get people to pay attention. People keep saying to me, 'Do you think it will make a difference?' I say, 'Oh, please! It's fashion we're talking about!' Believe me, it will change. Because once you start to nudge someone and prick their sense of responsibility, they start to realize that they're guilty of something that they never meant to be. It's not conscious racism. It's a racist result. But I know for a fact, in my country, my designers, the people who live in this city—these people are not conscious racists." What concerns her is that "the designer doesn't relate to fashion models anymore. The fashion model is part of fashion—and without her, fashion is limp. Lame." She laughs. "I'm almost more pissed about that than I am about the black thing."

Almost. □

## A HERO'S WELCOME

(continued from page 152)

Although the competition is heady, the Couple of the Evening is incontestably Tom Brady and Gisele Bündchen—he movie-star handsome in Tom Ford, she gleaming of skin and gown (Versace's liquid fall of champagne satin held up by bondage straps and Bündchen's pulchritudinous form). They exude such megawatt glamour, disquieting bodily perfection, and powerful animal magnetism that they seem to have dropped in from another galaxy.

Meanwhile, guests are trumpeted into the spectacular Temple of Dendur (a brace of fearsome bodyguards traps Deeda Blair's feathered Rucci skirts underfoot; 20 minutes later Tom Cruise seeks her out to apologize and make sure she and the dress are doing fine). Eli Manning is introduced by New York mayor Michael Bloomberg as "our city's greatest hero," and Manning himself introduces *Hair* as "this summer's" (continued on page 160)



(continued from page 159) great new touchdown!" McCartney and Kate Moss, von Furstenberg, Louboutin, and the Olsens gleefully sing out to "Aquarius" and "Let the sunshine in."

Reports filtering from the ladies' room suggest that it might just be the coolest place to hang out. In a scene worthy of *The Women*, Janet Jackson stands by as Moss, Charlotte Gainsbourg, McCartney, Liv Tyler, and Piper Perabo disport themselves while Fergie (her black satin Calvin Klein Collection sheath inspired by Hellcat) sings "It's Hard Out Here for a Pimp." Gainsbourg attempts a version herself but stumbles with her French accent. "It's peee-imp, not peemp," Fergie insists.

After twelve crowded, hectic months of planning—orchestrated for the tenth year by *Vogue*'s indefatigable, unflappable Stephanie Winston Wolkoff—it is all over. Too soon, revelers spill down the red carpet, scattered with molted feathers, into the night. Off to Philippe, where hosts Lauren Santo Domingo (in moonlit silver lamé Nina Ricci pleats to match Karl Lagerfeld's tuxedo) and Olivier Theyskens preside. Lagerfeld huddles with Amanda Harlech, hilariously dressed in homage to Amy Winehouse, her own superhero, complete with back-combed beehive hairdo and Nefertiti eyeliner. Then on to Bungalow 8 and a scene out of the legendary nightclubs of the forties and fifties.

Here Claudia Schiffer, in a froth of romantic seafoam ruffles, nestles with its creator, Valentino, and Donatella Versace in nude fifties-goddess draperies. Dita Von Teese and Scarlett Johansson take up an entire banquet in their huge tulle ballerina dresses (there are 40 layers in Von Teese's).

BUON COMPLEANNO GEORGE! reads the banner over the bar, and Clooney is serenaded with "You Make Me Feel So Young" by John Mayer (carefully following the lyrics on his BlackBerry). He's not the only birthday boy; moments later hostess Amy Sacco brings David Beckham his birthday cake, which he cuts but avoids eating. Apparently superheroes don't do carbs. □

## IN THIS ISSUE

**Cover look (page 20):** Dress at Bergdorf Goodman, 4th floor, Couture Eveningwear Department; (212) 872-2743. Necklace, c. 1850, from Olivia Collings Antiques, \$3,575; (888) 8-BARNEYS. **Flash 60:** Cotton-and-calfskin Faberge bag, \$350; 3.1 Phillip Lim, NYC. **View 66:** Loewe dress (\$13,755), bag, bangles, and shoes; to order at Loewe, Paris; 011-331-5357-9250. **68:** Accessories to order at Loewe, Paris; 011-331-5357-9250. **69:** Hammered-satin tank. Cotton jeans. Pumps; burberry.com. **Beauty 71:** Silk-blend top, \$690; Prada boutiques; (888) 977-1900. Duchesse-satin pouf shorts from the Demoiselle Collection, \$600; Chesley McLaren, NYC; chesleymclaren.com. Aventurine, citrine, chalcedony, and coral flower pin. **PATA 83: 4.** Cotton-and-wool jacket, \$498; Saks Fifth Avenue; saks.com. Cotton dress; Marc by Marc Jacobs, NYC. Peter Som belt. House of Lavande brooches. **5.** Hermès terry cloth towel, \$510; Hermès boutiques; (800) 441-4488; hermes.com.

### ADULT EDUCATION

**86:** Redingote coat and Eyeliner High boots (\$1,620); louisvuitton.com. Heart of Glass brooch, \$1,780. **87:** Top (\$825) and pants (\$1,250). Proenza Schouler suede pumps; proenzaschouler.com. **88:** Jewelry (to order) and heels (\$1,245); Balenciaga, NYC; (212) 206-0872. **89:** Dress and shoes also at Alexander McQueen, Las Vegas, Los Angeles. Spinel,

diamond, and pearl earrings and ruby-and-rose-cut-diamond choker with pearls; (212) 861-0606. **90:** Belt, \$365. Wolkoff tights. Bottino stilettos, \$1,450; Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **91:** Poplin shirt. Hair net (\$310) and stretch-silk dickey (\$395); Prada boutiques. Peep-toe heels, \$890; similar styles at Prada boutiques. All; (888) 977-1900. **92:** Coat and top also at A'Maree's, Newport Beach CA; to order at Barneys New York. Pants to order at Barneys New York; similar styles at Jeffrey, NYC, Atlanta. Necklace, \$2,150; A'Maree's, Newport Beach CA. Pumps, \$850. **93:** Dress and gloves; also at Donna Karan New York stores; (866) 240-4700; donnakaran.com. **94:**

Fox collar, \$1,680. Sandals, \$685. All; driesvannoten.be. Wolkoff tights. **95:** Sunglasses (\$350), belt (\$445), and shoes (\$840). All; ysl.com. Wolkoff tights. **96:** Silk top. Stretch-wool pants. Necklace, \$1,486; Bergdorf Goodman. **97:** Dress also at Nordstrom; (800) 695-8000. Tights, \$850; Ron Herman stores. Both; rodarte.net. **98:** Rayon-and-silk-velvet Winifred dress; ralphlauren.com. Necklace, \$1,175; Balenciaga, NYC. Embroidered stretch-satin platform pumps, \$950; Bergdorf Goodman; nina-ricci.com. **99:** Dress, cuff (\$1,838), and shoes (\$925); Barneys New York. Gloves, \$635; Kirna Zabête, NYC. **100:** Wrap also at If Boutique, NYC. Top, skirt, and boots also at Cielo, Palo Alto CA. Pants also at Nancy, St. Simons Island GA. Hare-felt hat. **101:** Jacket (\$7,865) and skirt (\$1,300); (800) 550-0005. In this story: manicure, Yuna Park for Streeters.

### LOVING LESS

**103:** Silk-and-latex dress. Boots, \$1,275; Bergdorf Goodman. **105:** Pumps, \$840; Yves Saint Laurent boutiques. **106:** Stretch-silk halter top, dress, and dickey; (888) 977-1900. **107:** Wool dress; Bottega Veneta boutiques; bottegabeneta.com. Eyeliner High boots, \$1,620; (866) VUITTON; louisvuitton.com. **108:** Wool dickey; ysl.com. Platforms, \$695; Jil Sander, NYC, Chicago. **111:** Collarless back-tail coat. Yves Saint Laurent wool dickey, \$150; Yves Saint Laurent



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