

## BLAZE OF GLORY

Florence Welch (NEAR RIGHT, wearing Alexander McQueen) with gala cochair Colin Firth (in Tom Ford) and Stella McCartney (in her own design) at the Café Carlyle, NYC. Welch: hair, Oribe for Oribe Salon Miami Beach; makeup, Alice Lane at Jed Root, Inc. Details, see In This Issue.

Photographed by Mario Testino.  
Sittings Editor: Phyllis Posnick.







# REVEL, REVEL

AT THE MET'S COSTUME INSTITUTE GALA, HOLLYWOOD AND FASHION LUMINARIES CAME OUT IN WHIMSICAL CREATIONS AND TOUCHES OF TARTAN TO CELEBRATE THE ASTONISHING OEUVRE OF ALEXANDER McQUEEN. PLUM SYKES TAKES IN THE SCENE.





Shalom Harlow, in Marchesa.

Marc Jacobs and Robert Duffy, in Scottish kilts.

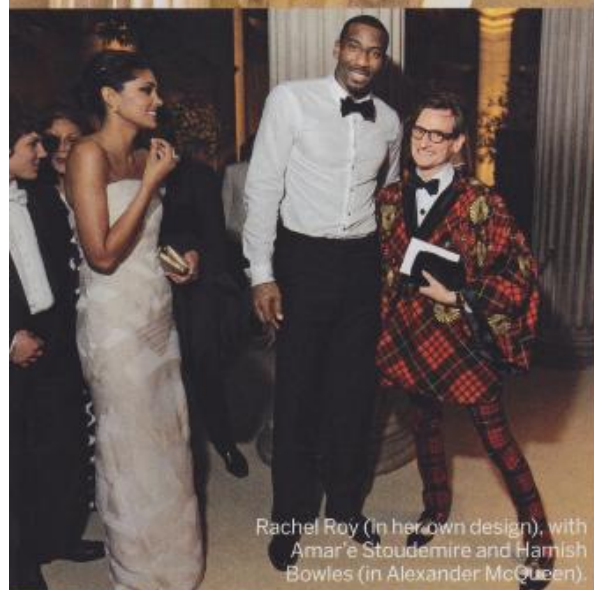
Tartan-sashed waiters in the museum's Egyptian wing.



Doutzen Kroes, in Giambattista Valli, on the dogwood, moss, and heather-lined great staircase, designed by Raúl Ávila.

Jacobs and Duffy: © Ellen Mazouze/WireImage  
Waiters: Michael Thomson





Rachel Roy (in her own design), with Amar'e Stoudemire and Hamish Bowles (in Alexander McQueen).



Jennifer Lopez, in Gucci.



Saoirse Ronan, in Rodarte.



Kristen Stewart, in Proenza Schouler.

There are four things that went through my mind when I received my invitation to the Met ball celebrating the opening of "Alexander McQueen: Savage Beauty":

1. Oh, my God, I'm so excited to have been invited.
2. Oh, my God, what am I going to wear?
3. Oh, my God, I can't possibly wear anything I own.
4. I'll borrow something.

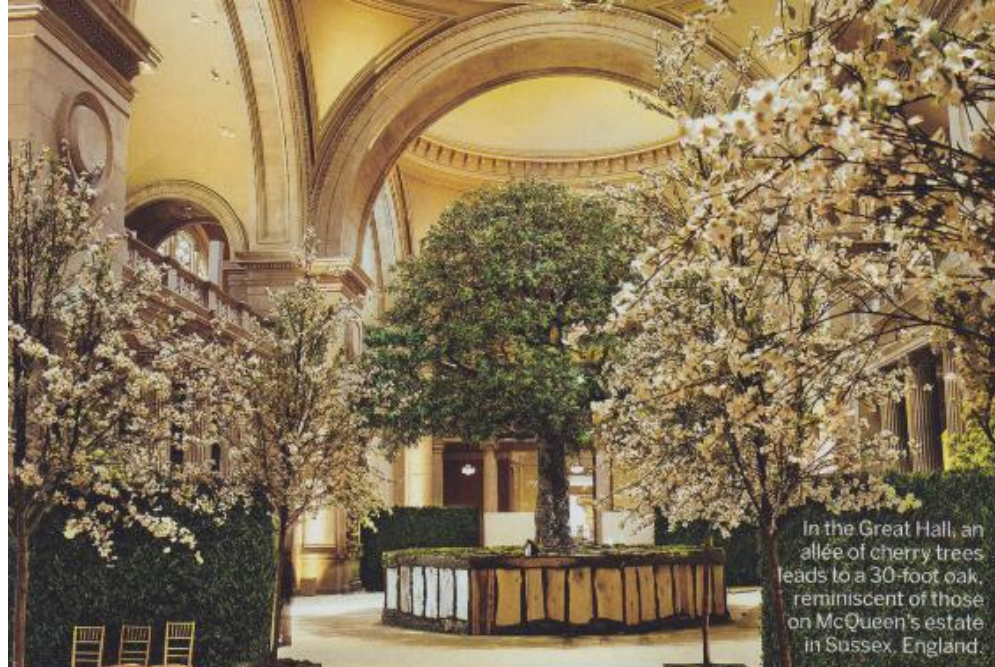
It was early March. I had oodles of time, I thought. Little did I know then that pretty much every McQueen dress in London and New York had been spoken for. The store in New York was rumored to have stopped taking orders after January. Allison Sarofim had had her tailor working on the tulle beneath her train for weeks already. Still, the McQueen studio in London said they had things they could lend me. Just one criterion, I told them: Please don't send me a sample size—I had a baby eight months ago, and there was no way I would fit into a runway piece. That night an incredible chiffon column beaded with Swarovski crystals arrived. Even though it looked tiny—sample size-ish, in fact—the dress was so beautiful that I tried it on. Well, sort of. I mean, it got over my head and my upper torso. But it wouldn't go down over my hips. It wouldn't even go back over my head. I tussled with the dress to get it off, to no avail. No one over the age of twelve could fit into this garment! What on earth was I thinking? After a horrendous hour of thrashing about, I found my scissors. I chopped through the zip and cut the back seam until the dress finally fell off. I ended up choosing a chic little beaded crimson McQueen dress made of jersey. It had some stretch.

Luckily for the A-list Cinderellas in New York, most of them are sample size—and on the night of the Met ball they were having a lot of fun getting dressed up. Amanda Harlech, having put on her black couture Chanel gown in her hotel room, went to show Karl Lagerfeld. He told her that her hair needed more height and produced an

FOR AN EXPANDED GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE MET GALA, GO TO PARTIES ON VOGUE.COM

PHOTO: ELIZABETH LIPSMANN  
STYLING: KIM MASON  
HAIR: JANE ROSS  
MAKEUP: JANE ROSS





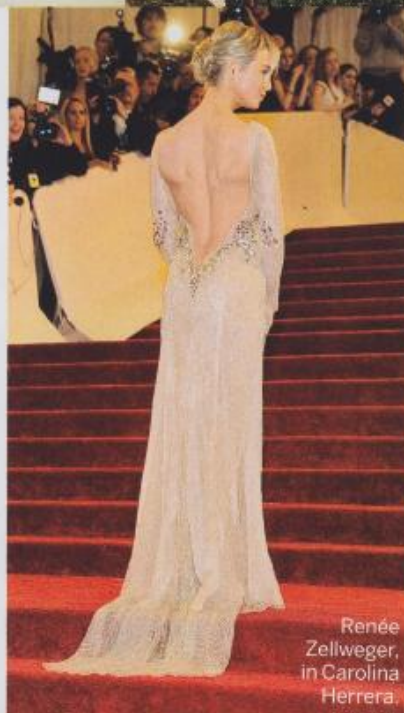
A bird topiary (designed by Raúl Ávila and created by Giovanni Scotti) emerges from a hedge in the Temple of Dendur—a nod to McQueen's fascination with winged creatures.



In the Great Hall, an allée of cherry trees leads to a 30-foot oak, reminiscent of those on McQueen's estate in Sussex, England.

exquisite diamond feather to add to the collection of diamond clips already in her hair. Daphne Guinness, who wore McQueen, chose to dress in the window of Barneys New York. "She's very shy," said women's fashion director Amanda Brooks. "I think she drank an entire bottle of tequila. She was biting her nails when she came out."

Meanwhile, at the Café Carlyle, cochairs Stella McCartney and Colin Firth and performer Florence Welch were being photographed by Mario Testino. McCartney, a friend of the late Alexander McQueen since their Central Saint Martins days together, wore a burgundy one-shoulder embroidered organza lace dress and a dazzling diamond 1902 Cartier hairpiece. She looked like a screen siren, with a waist to match. (When I asked her how she achieved such a line only five months



Renée Zellweger, in Carolina Herrera.

after giving birth to her fourth child, she sighed and said, "Exercise. Plus, don't eat anything you really want to eat. There's no mystery in it.") Oscar winner Firth was 100 percent Mr. Darcy in real life, and pulled off his black tie like a modern-day Cary Grant. Flame-haired Welch, meanwhile, in a white satin gold-sequined Alexander McQueen cloak, looked like an avant-garde Wizard of Oz. "I'm going to sing 'Rebel, Rebel' tonight," she said.

Between shots, McCartney admitted to nerves about the receiving line. Testino advised, "All you have to say is, 'Hello, hello, hi, hello!' It's not very difficult." Still, to stem her nerves, she started singing the Cockney pub song "Knees Up Mother Brown." "Laurence Olivier used to do that," said Firth. "Go through every song he knew on photo shoots."

Zellweger: KEVIN MAZUR/WireImage; topiary: Great Hall: ERIC BOMAN; all others: HANNAH THOMSON.



Gwyneth Paltrow (in Stella McCartney) and Beyoncé Knowles (in Emilio Pucci).



Raquel Zimmermann (left, in Alexander McQueen) and Caroline Trentini (in Michael Kors).



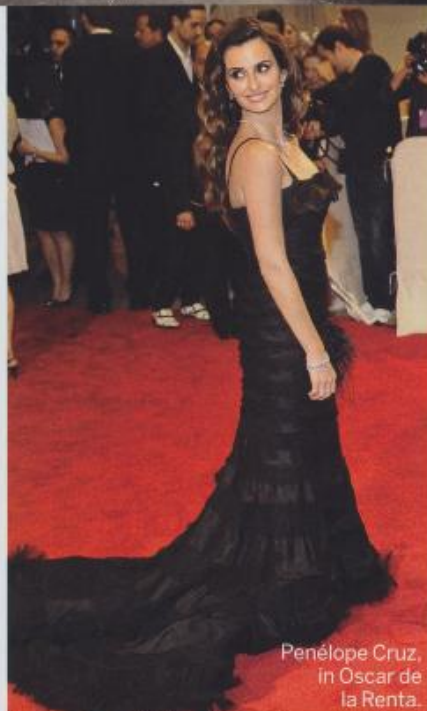
Valentino Garavani, Natalia Vodianova (in vintage Valentino), and Giancarlo Giammetti.





Samantha Boardman  
(in Vera Wang)  
and Aby Rose  
marvel at looks  
from McQueen's  
final collection

Two hours later and the red carpet outside the Metropolitan Museum of Art was dripping with movie stars, singers, society girls, and the occasional husband. A snapshot: There was Rihanna, in a second skin of black lace designed by McCartney; Fergie in poufy white chiffon by Marchesa; and her new B.F. and next-door neighbor in L.A., Gisele Bündchen, wearing a red taffeta McQueen ball dress embellished with knife pleats as casually as though it were a T-shirt. Her other half, Tom Brady, was in a brand-new ponytail. The red carpet made it clear that the accessories of the night were a) an enormous security guard, and b) a huge train. The fantail train on Tory Burch's vintage Jean Patou frock looked ethereal. Asked if she was inspired by the new Duchess of Cambridge's wedding train, designed by the heroine of the hour, Sarah Burton,



Penélope Cruz,  
in Oscar de  
la Renta.

Burch declared, "My train came *way* before Kate Middleton's." Inside the party, the chicest young girls of the night hovered like beautiful birds, literally. Liv Tyler was in exquisite Givenchy Haute Couture trimmed with an enormous hem of ostrich feathers. Model Raquel Zimmermann looked like the Black Swan in a sculpted McQueen from Burton's next collection. A moment after Iman, in gold sequins, greeted Naomi Campbell, in white McQueen feathers, she screeched, "Naomi is shedding all over me!" picking bits of Campbell's fluff off her Stella McCartney jumpsuit. I bumped into Jamie Tisch on the staircase. She was wearing my dress—literally identical—but the long version. We were both really nice about it to each other.

Over dinner, the guests giggled and gossiped and (continued on page 150)



FROM LEFT: Taylor Swift  
(in J. Mendel), Rosie  
Huntington-Whiteley  
(in Burberry), Lily  
Aldridge (in Ralph  
Lauren), and Kroes.



"Savage  
Beauty"  
curator  
Andrew  
Bolton.



Honorary  
chair Salma  
Hayek, in  
Alexander  
McQueen.



## THE EMPEROR'S CLOTHES

Ensembles embroidered with gold bullion and military braid, from McQueen's *What a Merry-Go-Round* (fall 2001) and *Banshee* (fall 1994) collections. Photographed by Eric Boman.



VIDEO: WATCH EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS WITH EVERYONE ON THE MET GALA'S STAR-STUDED GUEST LIST AT [VOGUE.COM](http://VOGUE.COM).





**INTO THE  
MACABRE**

A silk coat and  
synthetic  
trousers from the  
Supercalifragilistic-  
expialidocious  
fall 2002 collection.  
Photographed  
by Eric Boman.



(continued from page 149) even harder than what she did at *The New Yorker*. But it is worth saving. The number of even relatively serious news outlets is small; even the imperfect ones should be saved and improved."

When I ask Brown's husband, a man who knows a thing or two about the news business, what his first reaction was when he heard about the idea of his wife taking on an old-fashioned old-media brand, he says, "Oh, crikey! My first instinct was to say, 'For God's sake, don't!' But then I heard the idea of putting *Newsweek* together with the *Beast*, and that seemed to me to be a kind of trapeze act that I felt OK in encouraging her to do." He laughs out of sheer resignation. "She's a demon for taking on challenges. You know, all these changes are risky. But she's very valiant, and you can't restrain somebody who is valiant."

Even one of Brown's detractors admits that you should never count Tina out. "She's just gigantically important in the history of culture in New York and America. Just in terms of the basic high-low thing that she brought here. It is the way that we see everything."

"This is my third inning on her payroll," says Gabe Doppelt, who early in her career was Brown's assistant. "But this to me is the most interesting version of her in over 30 years of knowing her—she has transitioned so tremendously in the ten years between *Talk* and *The Daily Beast*. She has graduated from the Hollywood-glamour girl Tina she was to a hard-core news junkie. I think she is a more serious, intellectual, earnest version of Tina that I never ever thought I would see, ever."

She laughs. "And when this Web thing came along, I don't believe that Tina thought for one second that she would become addicted to the point she has. It's an addictive force, news on the Web. The momentum really appeals to her; it backs into all of her sensibilities. When Osama was killed on Sunday night, it was *All hands on deck!* And there is nothing more exciting than that. No amount of Hollywood dinners and royal weddings can match the energy of some real hard-core breaking news." □

## REVEL, REVEL

(continued from page 121)

reminisced about Alexander McQueen. Stella Tennant, in pink Chanel, couldn't remember how she had worn a McQueen dress made of medical slides, as it only had one arm; Michael Kors remembered bumping into the designer at the George V, where they both loved to get a massage; Philip Treacy talked about how emotional it was to see many of Isabella Blow's favorite pieces in the exhibition. Meanwhile, Mick Jagger (looking as skinny and hip as most of the 20-something boys in the room) drawled about "Deee-ahn-a" Vreeland inviting him to her first Met exhibition "in 1890."

At other tables, interior designer David Netto, sitting with Donald and Melania Trump, found Mr. Trump nicer than anyone he'd ever met—and noticed all his friends were more interested in chatting to Kanye West than to him. Marina Rust loved watching Sir Paul McCartney in a tartan tux, grooving to Welch's incredible performance with his beautiful new fiancée, Nancy Shevell. Tamara Mellon,

Georgina Chapman, and Keren Craig discussed their children: The Marchesa girls take their babies to the office. Tamara said, "My daughter Minty's nanny says that she's her P.A. since we moved to New York!" Jonathan Tisch, who is building a new gallery for the Costume Institute with his wife, Lizzie, said, "I would do anything for my wife, including wearing a pocket square that matches her dress tonight."

Later, the crowd moved on to Stella McCartney's after-party at the Crown, around the corner on Eighty-first Street. Well, some of them did. Tom Ford, Aby Rosen, and Stephen Jones were among the many who couldn't get through the crush or past the burly doormen. Still, inside, the partygoers amused themselves. Arthur Mornington sat sandwiched between Fergie and Gisele. Diane Kruger, who had changed from her long Jason Wu into a minidress, chatted with friends about her upcoming role as Marie Antoinette, and Mary J. Blige talked about her biopic of Nina Simone. I bumped into Sarah Jessica Parker leaving—she was wearing my other dress, the crystal one I didn't fit into.

Very late, a small group peeled off to the bar at the Carlyle Hotel, where Jagger, Phoebe Philo, Guinness, and Solange Azagury-Partridge lounged on banquettes sipping vodka tonics. Jones arrived, flopping into a chair and removing his dainty double fez. He declared the night a sartorial triumph. "Among the party-page ladies, McQueen inspired them to look powerful and elegant tonight," he said. "He was a designer who knew how to create real grandeur." □

# IN THIS ISSUE

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customization begins at \$30 per embroidered letter. Ostrich bag, \$8,200. **72:** On Swanepoel: Equipment silk blouse, \$198; net-a-porter.com. Balenciaga by Nicolas Ghesquière pumps; Balenciaga, NYC. Céline bag; celine.com for information. On Nicoli: Alexandre Plokhov cotton shirt, \$550; Barneys New York, NYC. Diesel jeans, his own. **Beauty 75:** Model: Vita Sidorkina. **PATA 81:** Silk-chiffon blouse (\$895) and wool trousers (\$755); blouse at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, and trousers at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores.

## SPELLBOUND

**86:** Calfskin Lady Bug bag (\$1,895) and leather Galosh boots (\$1,345). **87:**

Lamb polka-dot beret (\$625), gloves (\$400), and calfskin Olga bag (\$1,495). Marc Jacobs patent leather boots, \$995; Marc Jacobs, NYC. On Skarsgård: Three-piece suit, \$4,950; tomford.com. Cotton-poplin shirt, \$420; select Prada boutiques. Silk tie, \$175; select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques. Church's leather shoes, \$650; church-footwear.com. **88:** Chardon dress, \$6,950. **89:** Patent leather belt with chain detail, \$2,900. On Skarsgård: Wool pin-striped suit, \$4,995; select Ralph Lauren stores. Hermès silk-twill tie, \$185; hermes.com. **90–91:** Dress, \$6,750. Fogal sheer tights; select Barneys New York stores. Suede French Maid pumps, \$1,190; Barneys New York, NYC.