

PORTER

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Winter 2016
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Selena
*Hollywood's
brave & defiant
leading lady*

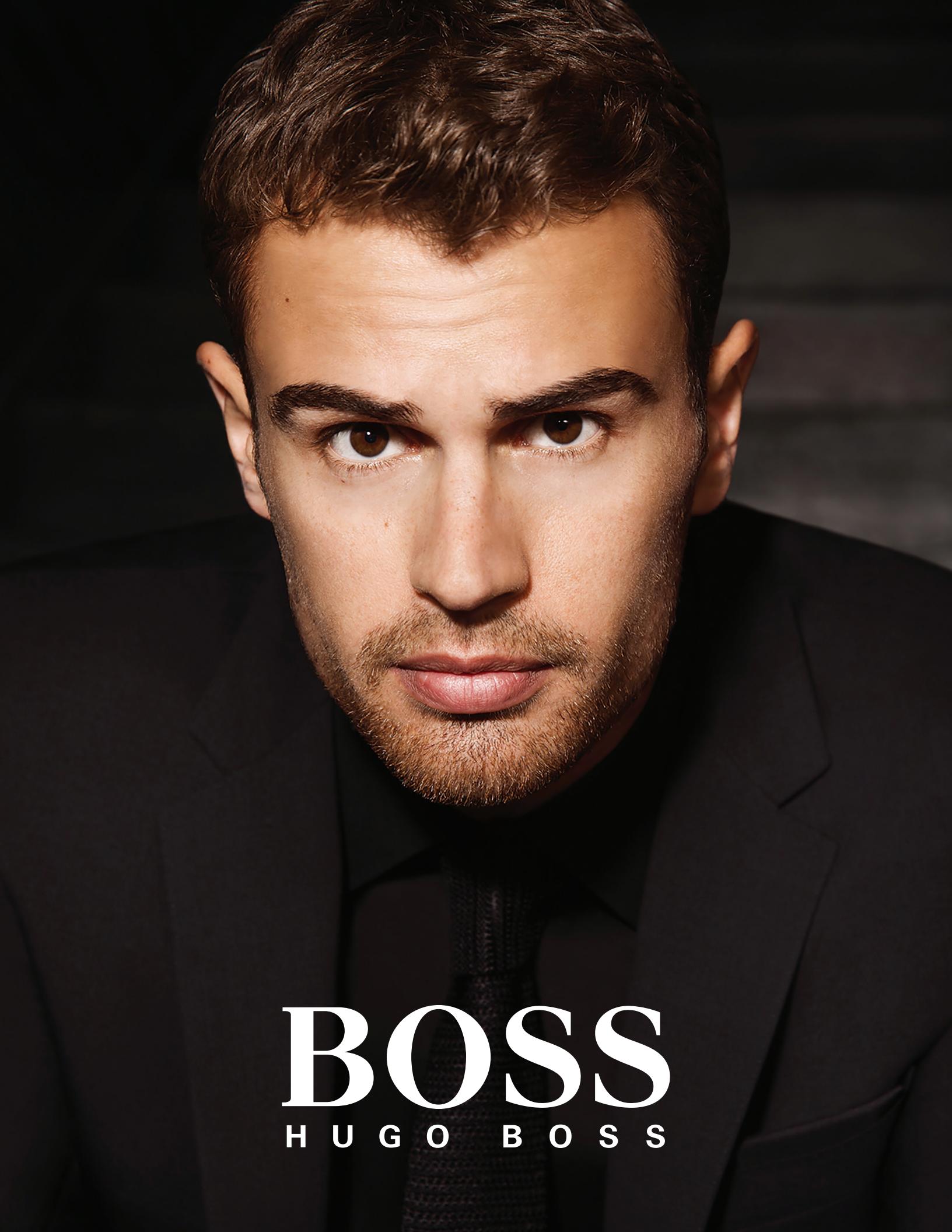
Young &
Beautiful

The Modern
Lace Dress
Sexy Ankle Boots
Leather Jackets...

30
STYLE UPDATES
FOR INSTANT
GLAMOUR

Travel
through
Rome with a
special
someone

LADY
BOSS
*Introducing
cinema's new
superpower*

A close-up, high-contrast portrait of a man's face. He has short, dark brown hair styled upwards, brown eyes, and a well-groomed beard and mustache. He is wearing a dark, possibly black, suit jacket over a white shirt. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on his forehead, nose, and cheekbones, while the rest of his face and the background are in deep shadow. The overall mood is sophisticated and intense.

BOSS
HUGO BOSS

WINTER 2016

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A fashion advertisement featuring a woman with blonde hair, wearing a green silk blouse with ruffled detailing and a brown leather skirt. She is holding a brown leather clutch bag with a chain strap. The background is a solid olive-green.

GUCCI



CHANEL

the fashion memo

Winter's New Mood

Winter always needs a hit of GLAMOR to lift our spirits. After all, shouldn't we make the most of the long nights?

This season many designers revisited the highs and hits of the 1980s, reviving DAZZLING cocktail dresses, SEDUCTIVE thigh-high boots and TOWERING heels, but updating each for the MODERN woman. This is the time to channel that wonderful high-octane OPULENCE and celebrate the true dark SENSUALITY of winter.

Edited by Kay Baron



Jacket by Anthony Vacarello, \$2,965; pants by Loewe, \$890; rings by Falke, \$30 at Net-A-Porter.com

THE
STYLE
UPDATE

Black Leather

As integral to winter as white silk is to summer, black leather has always been our go-to COVER-UP for jackets, but this season it will DOMINATE our wardrobe from top to toe and day to evening.

Photography by Raf Stahelin
Fashion editor Morgan Pilcher



THE SKIRT

A leather skirt always has sex appeal, but is also unexpectedly chic for day when worn with structured shirting. Ensure it hits the knee or longer and pair with plat shoes for a surprising masculine touch

Skirt by Versace, \$2,546;
Jacket by Balenciage, \$3,350,
at Net-A-Porter.com; shirt by
Vince, \$295; shoes by Zadig
& Voltaire, \$467; earring by
Charlotte Chesnais, \$830

the fashion memo

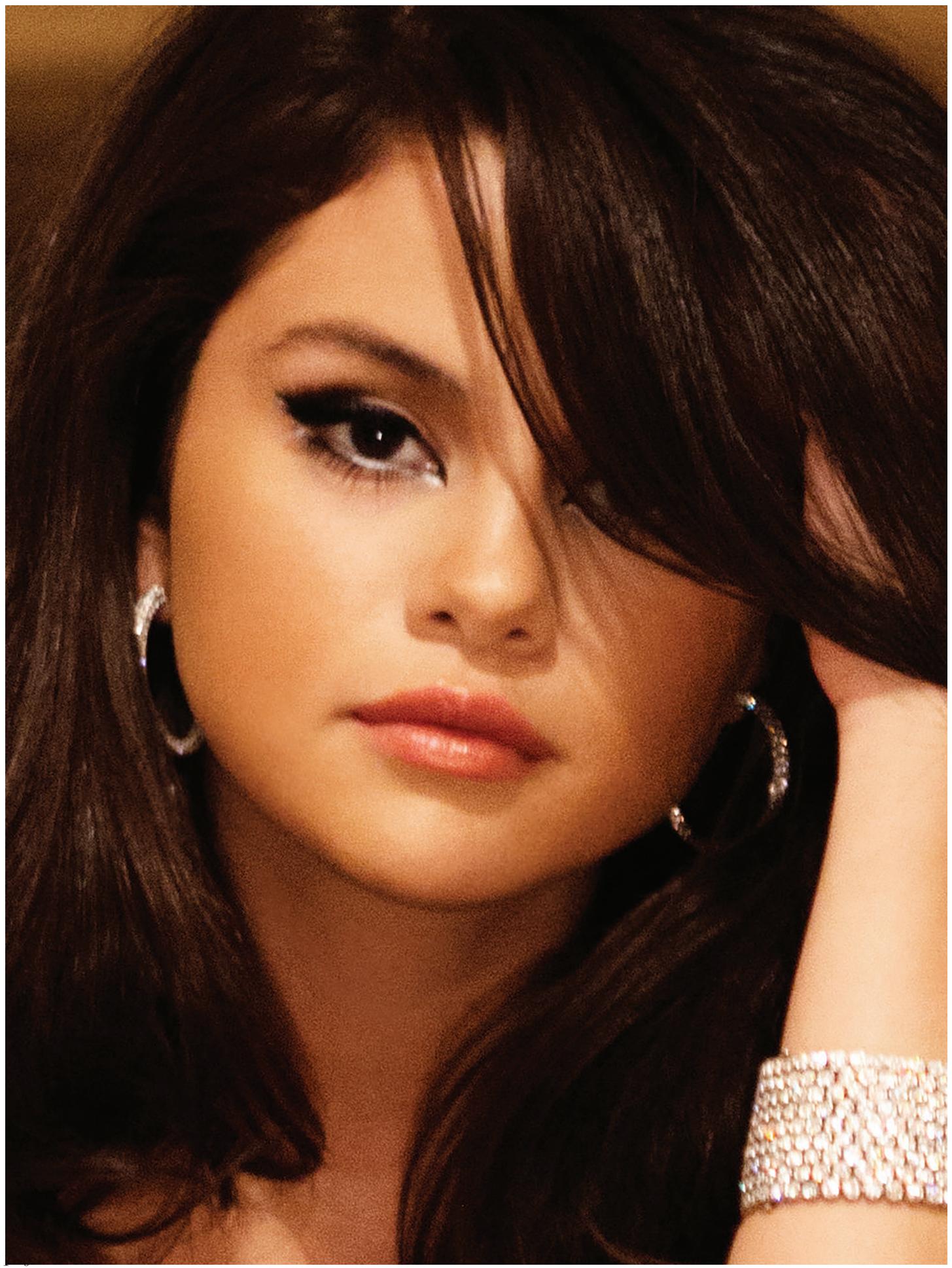
THE SHIRT

A leather shirt is the ultimate in trans-seasonal clothing, with the protection of a jacket but the lightness of shirting. Keeping the fit narrow, roll up the sleeves and tuck it in so it doesn't overwhelm.

Shirt by Set \$546; Belt by Zanna Bayne, \$350; pants by Vinee, \$295; shoes by Zadig & Voltaire, \$2,467; earring by Charlotte Chesnaes, \$830

SCAN & SHOP THESE LOOKS AND MORE WITH THE NET-A-PORTER APP





selena

Broken free of all of that old shit with a sexy, smash-hit album and new films. But here's what we really love about her: She survived the car wreck of child fame, the trolls and the paparazzi, the bad breakups and the exhaustion, and emerged from it, well, more human than ever.

Photography by Ryan McGinley Fashion editor George Cortina

page 11

“All the people who knock me down
only inspire me to do better.”



Previous page: dress by Jacquemus, \$545, at Net-A-Porter.com;
earrings (worn throughout) by Louis Vuitton, \$600

This page: T-shirt by The Great, \$105; boots by Aliaia, \$1,340,
briefs by Balmain, \$640, and tights (worn throughout) by Wolford, \$98,
all at Net-A-Porter.com; cuffs by Georg Jensen, \$495 each

n,
ter"



Selena Gomez isn't really the type to name-drop, but she's got a Diddy story she likes to tell. It's not much of a story, actually—more like an anecdote. It's about one of those nights you have when you're Selena Gomez, "when you're around four people and everybody has the champagne glass, and somebody says something and they laugh but they didn't say a joke." Fame—a.k.a. daily life for Selena Gomez—is "that situation all the time." "Or when P.Diddy gave me his valet ticket once. Do you know what I mean?" Wait, no, I don't—why did he give you his valet ticket? "Because he thought I was the valet lady." What?! "Yeah."

Yeah. What a surreal life she's already led. Try to imagine it for a second. A life determined largely by decisions she made when she was a teenager—enormous, consequential choices to first become a child actress, rictus-grinning on *Barney* (a decision she made circa age 10), then signing up as a Disney company player on *Wizards of Waverly Place* (a decision she made circa age 15), and then, finally, to date fellow child star Justin Bieber (a decision she made circa age 18), a seemingly innocent young man who went from fresh-faced YouTube star to heavily tattooed mop-bucket-urinator in the four on-and-off years of their courtship. Imagine one day—and this happened just a few weeks ago to Selena Gomez—you become the most followed person on all of Instagram. Seventy-four million followers! Who are all those people?! Some of them are fans from way back, mostly young women. There's an unsettlingly large contingent of adult men, whose motivations she surely would prefer not to think about. Also bots. So many bots! Selena Gomez is drowning in bots.

Selena Gomez is also drowning in attention. I know, I know. All of us here in the celebrity-industrial complex we call America have learned to be especially skeptical of famous people who complain or otherwise seem uncomfortable with their fame, right? We have decided, as a society, not to let folks have it both ways. But Selena's a throwback. She's got angry '90s-alt-rock blood running through her Disney veins. Remember Fiona Apple? Trembling on an MTV stage, saying "This world is bullshit" while clutching a 1997 Best New Artist Moonman as if it were the monkey's paw? That's Selena. Young and absurdly talented and here to tear the system down, despite being a stone-cold product of it. Because she's a stone-cold product of it.

Imagine your early 20s, trying desperately to shed your old skin, as people in their early 20s do, in order to become a new, more complex and more interesting person. Imagine trying to live down rehab—which she either did or did not go to, more on that later—as well as a debilitating auto-immune disease, lupus, which she was diagnosed with three years ago. Imagine trying to do this while scores of people—a multimillion-dollar gossip industry, quote-unquote fans, journalists who resemble the one typing this sentence—keep tossing buckets of your old life at you like the pig's-blood scene in *Carrie*.

In the past year, she's released an addictive, convincingly louche album, *Revival*, which still had two singles lingering in the Top 10 as recently as February; she also made a killer blackjack-table cameo in *The Big Short*, announced her own TV series with Netflix and *Spotlight* director Tom McCarthy, and is about to star in *Neighbors 2*. And all that's fine. Impressive, even.

But I want to make the argument that what's most interesting about Selena Gomez right now, in 2016, is that—despite the plastic, unreal world from which she comes—she's working her hardest to become a socially maladroit weirdo. A human, in other words. A human who would probably gently suffocate the last living northern white rhino if it guaranteed she didn't have to be a public figure anymore. Or at least, a public figure at the titanic scale at which she's a public figure.

She's spent the past year and a half being roommates with, for lack of a better word, civilians—Courtney (a non-profit employee!) and Ashley (a real estate broker!). They had a house in Calabasas and did normal shit: watched movies, had sleepovers. This is a person who lived in a loft in Los Angeles as an aspiring child star—her and her mother, Demi Lovato and her mother, a whole gang of other

assorted kids trying to make it, all living together in downtown L.A., back when downtown L.A. had 100 percent fewer Sugarfishes. She spent every formative year of her life with no access at all to normality, and so she is just now rebuilding it from scratch, like HAL 9000 taking back the Discovery, savoring every hard-won ordinary thing the way her peers savor Grammys and Maybachs.

Postmates! She says the word with fervor, relishes her newfound ability to use a food-delivery service, now that she and Courtney have recently moved back into the city from Calabasas. (Ashley, who is older, got her own place in a bid for adult independence.) Meanwhile she talks about fame and her interactions with other famous people in the deeply traumatized way that Marco Rubio will someday describe his year running for president.

"It's either of two extremes," she says. "Either you're going to succumb to it and be surrounded by all the noise and enjoy it and get the rush from it, or you're going to be so far off of it because you don't trust anyone or think any of it's genuine. That's the girl that I am."

Which brings us back to the time Diddy handed her his valet ticket. "Look, I see all of it. I don't care—I actually laughed hysterically when it happened. But I get it. I know what all of it is."

She's trying to think of her favorite David O. Russell movie. The one with Ben Stiller, she says. Talking about movies seems to have the same effect on Selena Gomez as a shot of espresso; she almost starts vibrating. She takes out her phone and scrolls through her library—she's got like a hundred movies on her phone. She scrolls past *Clueless* and *The Devil Wears Prada* and *Fight Club*. Then she finds it—"Flirting with Disaster!"

We are talking in an empty room at a bowling alley. This is a fact of life for Selena Gomez, doing business in big empty rooms—I know this because it's all we've been talking about for most of the week, prior to meeting up. Where could we go to have a conversation, unmolested? Ideas were floated: My hovel of a home. A whale-watching boat. The front seat of a moving vehicle. Ultimately, Selena Gomez decided the only tenable place for us to meet was here. Hollywood and Highland, center of Los Angeles, one of the most culturally vital cities in the history of global civilization, and we are in a bowling alley on a Friday afternoon, not bowling. It's like we've been hermetically sealed inside a 16-year-old's birthday party. We both have little bottles of water, as if to emphasize the colorless, tasteless force field around us. This is maybe what sensory-deprivation tanks are like.

She says she wishes they still made movies like *Flirting with Disaster*, which is a disturbingly rational thing for a 23-year-old to say about a movie made in 1996. She says she knows it's an uphill climb from here, but if she could work with any director, it'd be Russell. Him or David Fincher, which feels meaningful, because Fincher is maybe the only director working right now who is (reportedly, at least) more demanding and intimidating than David O. Russell.

"I know he's got a reputation for being intense," she says of Russell.

I bring up a recent story about Amy Adams weeping on one of his sets. She knows the story better than I do, it turns out. It was on the set of—

"American Hustle," Selena says, before I can finish the sentence.



out of this world

ROMANTIC



ROMA

Rome. Romance. How could the two not go together? Daunting traffic may make you think twice about zipping around the city on a Vespa, like Audrey Hepburn and Cary Grant in *Roman Holiday*.



Photography by Anders Overgaard
Produced by Delilah Khomo

I'd never thought of Rome as a romantic city. But when we found ourselves in central Italy with a couple days to spare — one of them Valentine's Day — we decided to spend them in Rome. What better excuse to discover Rome's softer side? And maybe, since we're both classic movie fans, some of its film-inspired romantic aura

This was not a first visit for either of us, but we'd never been in Rome together. I'd seen it alone and with our pre-teen daughter; and my husband, Tim, saw it with visiting parents when he lived in Italy. Neither was conducive to an especially romantic view of the Eternal City

Nor was the Italian winter. The cold damp of February isn't quite right for buzzing around the city on a Vespa, as Audrey Hepburn did in *Roman Holiday*, but there are plenty of reasons for choosing winter to visit. It avoids summer's oppressive heat, and instead of hordes of tourists, the city is filled with Romans enjoying restaurants and attractions during the high season for music and the arts.

Not knowing the city well, we stopped at the front desk of Hotel Mediterraneo to pick up a copy of *Roma a Piedi*, a collection of walks designed by the Bettoja family, Rome residents for more than a century. As we browsed through it over a leisurely cappuccino in nearby Piazza de la Repubblica, one route of antiques shops and art galleries caught our attention; and we learned it included Via Margutta, a *Roman Holiday* setting. Antiques shops, art galleries and a romantic movie connection: We headed toward Piazza del Popolo, a few metro stops away.

In medieval Rome, narrow Via Margutta was a lane of stables for nearby palaces. Over the years, artists and artisans converted these to studios — painters, marble cutters, metal smiths and sculptors. In the 1600s, part of the street's attraction was that Pope Paul III allowed artists to live here tax free. More substantial buildings replaced stables, but the street continued to draw painters, including Picasso and Balla. Musicians Puccini and Mascagni composed in its studios, as did Debussy, Wagner and Liszt. Truman Capote wrote here, and Federico Fellini lived at No. 110.

out of this world

The scenes of Gregory Peck's apartment in *Roman Holiday* were filmed at No. 51, and fans step through its arched entrance to look around the courtyard.

Today, the street still houses art studios and galleries, along with antiques shops, boutiques and restaurants. At the top of Via Margutta we stopped at Chic & Chocolate, an eclectic boutique that seemed to sum up the street, selling everything from artist-designed clothes and jewelry to locally made artisanal foods and confections. We left nibbling on chocolate-dipped candied fruit.

At Goffi Carboni Gallery, we admired Italian and English antiques, including a Venetian writing box and historic Murano glass. Francesca Antonacci specializes in 17th- to mid-19th-century art objects and furniture; Galleria Valentina Moncada and Monogramma Arte Contemporanea (No. 57) show works by local and international contemporary artists. Bottega del Marmoraro is a stone engraver's, covered in tools and marble plaques carved with inscriptions. Look for these along the street, especially at Fellini's home, where a carved poem rhapsodizes Via Margutta.

Farther along, Serra combines antique silver, jewelry of miniature mosaics from the Vatican School and eye-catching objets d'art, both traditional and contemporary. Opposite this gallery is Fontana delle Arti, designed by architect Pietro Lombardi in 1927, one of 10 fountains created by the city in recognition of its varied neighborhoods and crafts. Motifs include easels, paint brushes and sculptors' tools.

All this creativity would make anyone hungry, so we stopped for a leisurely lunch at Osteria Margutta, where the art-filled interior is a match for the street outside.

The earlier stop at Chic & Chocolate reminded us that no romantic itinerary, let alone Valentine's Day, should be without chocolate. A short detour en route to the Spanish Steps took us to Quetzalcoatl Chocolatier (Via delle Carrozze 26), certainly not your same-old candy shop. These edgy bonbons come in stripes and polka-dots and sit alongside ganache-filled meringues, macaroons from an old Venetian recipe, chocolate pralines and glistening fruit gels.

As we reached the Spanish Steps, surely one of Rome's most romantic spots, although the sky was blue and temperatures unseasonably warm, no gelato vendors appeared below Europe's widest staircase, so we had to forego that movie moment.

At the foot of the steps, the house where the poet Keats died at age 25 is now a museum dedicated to the English Romantic poets. The Keats-Shelley House preserves Keats' bedroom in shrine-like reverence, and throughout its beautiful rooms (these were not starving artists!) are mementos of the poets and their works. Views from the terraces would inspire the most prosaic to poetry, and the book shop carries plenty of bedtime reading.

We still hadn't been to the Mediterraneo's rooftop aerie, La Terrazza, and early evening seemed a good time to survey the city over an aperitif. At one of Rome's highest points, the vista extends from Santa Maria Maggiore to St. Peter's, encompassing the Quirinale, Victor Emmanuel II monument and the Colosseum.

Valeria and John Rampoli in front of the Trevi Fountain, wears dress by Valentino, \$2,000; suit by Hugo Boss, \$2,790, at Net-A-Porter.com; jewelry, her own



Relax and sleep in the city

THE PERFECT LOVE NEST

Campo de' Fiori is a romantic refuge at the heart of the centro storico, this 23-room boutique hotel exudes charm from its ivy-covered façade to its plushly theatrical bedrooms and secret roof terrace. Elements of Venice and Paris, as well as the Eternal City, are thrown into the hotel's warm, extrovert design mix, which uses marble, antiques, terracotta tiles, chandeliers, velvet and silk brocades and Mediterranean hues (*Via del Biscione 8; doubles from £211*).

Lord Byron has been going for decades, but this secluded, elegant, antique-filled five-star near the Borghese Gardens still does pampered, exclusive luxury like few others. Art deco verve and belle époque romance meet in a mix that nevertheless manages to feel light and fresh (*Via Giuseppe De Notaris 5; doubles from £234*).

Del Senato is popular with people who are looking for romance and atmosphere but with all the comforts and services of a traditional three-star hotel thrown in. It's the classic antique-filled traditional Roman hotel, except that where some of its rivals are dusty and dowdy, the Del Senato is elegant, highly polished and full of fresh flowers (*Piazza della Rotonda 73; doubles from £139*).

VALERIA AND JOHN RAMPOLI Newly Weds

LOCKING LOVE PADLOCKS to bridges, railings and lamp posts is a tradition and began in Italy after the release of the best-selling book "Ho voglio di te" (I want you) by the Italian author Federico Moccia. In the story two lovers tie a chain and a padlock around a lamppost on the north side of Rome's ponte Milvio and throw the key into the Tiber River below. Though the Rome authorities recently issued a decree that the thousands of padlocks on the Ponte Milvio must be removed, lovers still tie their chains and padlocks there in an attempt to defy the authorities. Love conquers all, especially on Valentine's Day.

ON THE MOST ROMANTIC EVENING of the year a soprano, tenor, and baritone, together with dancers from the Academy of Lyric and Dance in Rome and the Chamber Ensemble will delight you with magical moments of opera and ballet. Great Opera meets Ballet in Rome on February 14th, 20:30 hrs. at Chiesa Evangelica Valdese (Main Hall).



A full-page advertisement featuring a blonde woman in a black bikini top and bottom, paired with a voluminous green fur coat. She is leaning against a dark metal railing, with one hand resting on the railing and the other holding a matching green leather handbag with gold hardware. The background is a bright, possibly outdoor setting with shadows from the railing.

VERSACE