

STYLE

14 SEPTEMBER 2014

**SMART
TALK**
CHRISTINA
LAMB
MEETS
MIUCCIA
PRADA

**DARK
SIDE**
CARRIE
FISHER
AND HER
BEAUTY
DEMONS

BOTTOMS UP
CAMILLA
LONG IS KIM
KARDASHIAN
FOR A DAY

AUTUMN

FASHION SPECIAL

172 PAGES OF GLORIOUS DRESSING

OUR BIGGEST ISSUE EVER

CAROLYN MURPHY
PHOTOGRAPH BY
CEDRIC BUCHET



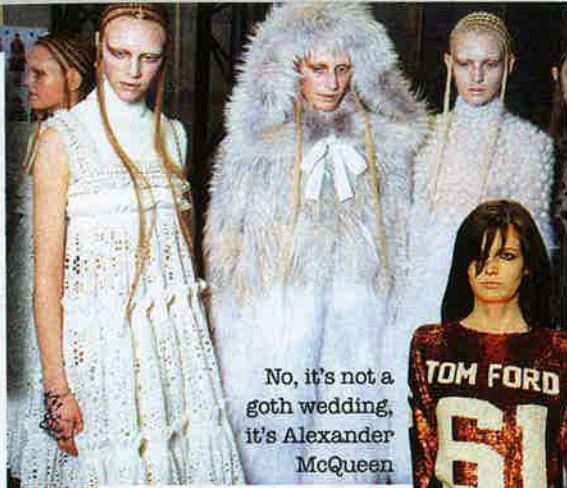
Pass the black Amex, it's the Michael Kors woman



Crazy, sexy, cool: Anya Hindmarch gets breakfast



Fur and bin-bag nylon? Only Christopher Kane can make that work



No, it's not a goth wedding, it's Alexander McQueen

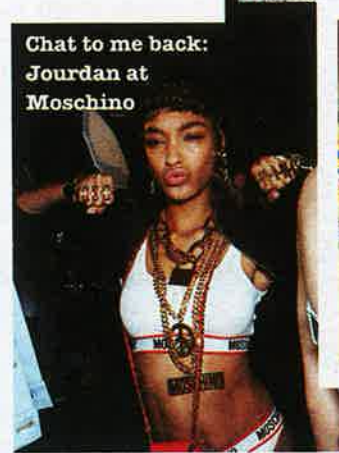


Next season now: no sooner was it on the catwalk than it was on RiRi's back

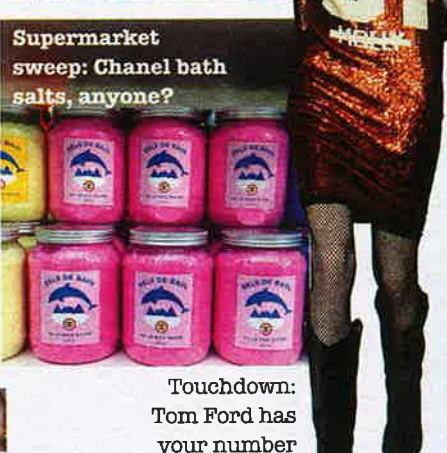
Today is a new day. A big day. You are about to witness my first fashion show for Louis Vuitton. Words cannot express exactly how I am feeling at this moment... Above all, immense joy at being here, in the knowledge that my stylistic expression is at one with the Louis Vuitton philosophy. The great legacy. The inspiring history that looks to the future and to the world. The quest for aesthetically and intellectually. The desire for timelessness. Does not every designer ultimately seek to create something timeless? I welcome the work of Marc Jacobs. Jesse Leiby. I wholeheartedly hope to honour. And I thank you for being here to share this moment with me. Thanks to all of you who have helped me to tell this new story and who make Louis Vuitton what it is, and especially to those who work with us. Thanks to everyone who is here on this day, this morning. Right now.

Nicolas,
March 26th, 2014

New beginnings: King Ghesquière ascends the throne



Chat to me back: Jourdan at Moschino



Supermarket sweep: Chanel bath salts, anyone?

Touchdown: Tom Ford has your number

EDITOR'S LETTER



September is the most exciting month in fashion. It does something new and different from every other seasonal drop — it presents an opportunity, not just to buy a new outfit for a wedding or a party or a holiday, but actually to take a step forward on your own personal style odyssey. You might be thinking new coat, new shoes, but you could also be thinking of that hyper-polished modern woman that Nicolas Ghesquière sent down the runway at Louis Vuitton. Or the sassy, poppy Miu Miu girl that had Rihanna running for a coloured fur and a pair of hold-ups. You might want to ditch your conservative tote for something crazy and cool from Anya Hindmarch, or perhaps you fancy one of those shiny uptown girls that sashayed so powerfully for Michael Kors? Pick your fantasy, and interpret it just for you. Because what all designers, brands, magazines, shops and stylists are trying to do is find that brilliant piece that will lift your wardrobe and turn you into a more fabulous version of yourself. Just like the writer who feels trapped by her hideous “mum coat” and dreams of Commes des Garçons (p61), or Mrs Prada (p46), who asks why it is OK for everyone to dream of a beautiful house or vase of flowers, but not a dress. In these pages I hope you find what you are looking for, something that will transform you — that will make you feel utterly invincible, for whatever life throws at you.

JASON LLOYD-EVANS, CATWALKING, WIREIMAGE, ANDREW SIMS

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IN HER SHOES

Mrs Prada: fashion visionary



FASHION: LUCY EWING. PHOTOGRAPH: ROBERT WYATT. DRESS, POA, BY HUGO BOSS. TRAINERS, £735, BY PIERRE HARDY. SHOES, LEFT; COURTESY OF PRADA

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BOING!
Jump into the new season



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Fashion's favourite caterers, the Tart London girls



PHOTOGRAPH: ALICE ASHBY. TART LONDON SHOT IN BLAKE LIDN KNITWEAR

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She's the former mime artist with a doctorate in politics — and the most powerful woman in fashion. In a rare interview, Miuccia Prada talks to the war reporter Christina Lamb about intellectual snobbery and feminism **46**

BECOMING KIM

What does it take to be Kim Kardashian? The hair, the tan, the make-up, the clothes... Being the most papped woman on the planet isn't easy, finds Camilla Long (or should that be Kimilla?), who prepares for the most amazing makeover of her life **117**

MY WAR WITH BEAUTY

Carrie Fisher has been surrounded by great beauties — from her mother, Debbie Reynolds, to her best friend at school — but never felt like one herself. Here, she writes about her struggle with self-image, and how Star Wars turned her into an unlikely pin-up **163**

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EVERYDAY PEOPLE

Why do we wear what we do? As a new book, *Women in Clothes*, looks at our complicated relationship with fashion, one writer discusses her "mum coat" and her conflicted relationship with it **58**

COVER: CAROLYN MURPHY SHOT BY CEDRIC BUCHET AT ART PARTNER. FASHION: LUCY EWING
GOLD LEATHER COAT WITH SHEARLING, PRICE ON APPLICATION, BY PRADA



ARE YOU REALLY GOING OUT IN THAT?

SIX STRANGERS, EACH MODELLING THE OTHERS' FAVOURITE OUTFIT – BUT CAN YOU GUESS WHOSE IS WHOSE? SAM BAKER INTRODUCES A NEW BOOK THAT AIMS TO UNPICK THE COMPLICATED ISSUES OF HOW WOMEN CHOOSE THEIR CLOTHES AND WHAT THOSE CHOICES MEAN FOR US IN EVERYDAY LIFE

THIRTY-SIX WOMEN: CONCEPT BY MIRANDA JULY. PHOTOGRAPHS: MICHAEL SCHMELLING



For the Thirty-Six Women project, six strangers, including Molly Ringwald, above, were photographed in the others' favourite outfits

THE MUM COAT

AMY FUSSELMAN SWEARS SHE'LL BE IN COMME DES GARÇONS ONE DAY

I am a stay-at-home mum, so I don't dress for any other milieu. I dress in what I think of as my mum clothes, for my mum job. I have created a uniform for myself. I wear cotton because it's easy to clean, trousers because they are easier to move in. I have a few T-shirts in my drawer that I wear until they are full of holes, and then I get new ones. If Jackson Pollock were a mum, he would wear my clothes.

I don't like any kind of language or insignia on my clothes, yet for a while I wore a pink T-shirt emblazoned with the logo of a New York theatre company I very much admire. It was light pink with a small black unicorn head and NYC Players in small letters. No one ever asked me about it, but I liked having this connection to this theatre company in my uniform, especially as so much of mothering involves dealing with children playing, in a way that is like being a stagehand or a director to their ongoing improv. So I was a New York City Player, in my own way, in that shirt.

I also have a mum coat. The mum coat seems unavoidable here in New York City. I wear it as part of my uniform from November till March. I have very mixed feelings about the mum coat, which is a down coat that has a hood, completely covers your ass and is grey, black or grey-black.

The mum coat is a sleeping bag you walk around in. It turns you into a pod. I almost cease to be human when I wear it: I am just a shroud with pockets. And of course, because I have kids, my pockets are always stuffed with Kleenex, hair clips, crackers. The mum coat is like a minivan in that way. You are inside, piloting a receptacle for your kids' stuff.

I wore my mum coat every weekday morning last winter during the 50-block commute I did with my kids on the subway. My kids are 11, 9 and 4, and for the first four months, from September to December, my daughter (the four-year-old) would start asking me to pick her up after we had walked a mere half-block.

In the beginning, a lot of the journey was about not picking up my daughter; then it was about not buying the children candy, even though our commute included a waiting period near an underground newsstand with an enticing display. I was toting the no-carrying and no-candy lines (although we occasionally bought cough drops because of their medicinal properties), and that was hard enough. Then you throw in the wind, cold, rain, snow and, finally, the other things you couldn't prepare for — such as the week

when a giant, candy-eating homeless man started occupying "our" bench. He would sit there like Jabba the Hutt, eating noisily from a jumbo bag of M&Ms. (Did he know our no-candy rule? Was he taunting us?) I had to keep my daughter from eating the stray pieces he was spilling on the platform. Then there was the man we walked past daintily as he squatted by a garbage can and defecated. We had many adventures — let's leave it at that.

Climbing into my grey mum coat every morning felt like hunkering down to get through this journey. This part of my day, 7.45am-8.45am, was always grey, black or grey-black, and I needed all the Kleenex and Altoids I had floating around in all of my mum-coat pockets to get through it.

I was even jealous some days of mums above me, on the street, driving minivans, because I imagined that the minivan freed them from the mum coat. The minivan itself served the mum-coat purpose. Those mums could step out of their minivan in some little Chanel jacket because they had 22 cup-holders full of crap nearby, double-parked.

All of which is to say that I think of this uniform — the chinos, the mum coat — as temporary. There will be a day when I no longer wear this, and I have started collecting pieces for that time. When I am older, I am going to wear only Comme des Garçons. I will have a correction for this time when I was lost in a lollipop-and-tissue tornado. I will wear clothing that makes people's heads hurt with difficult questions: why must a pair of trousers have two legs? Is a lumpy sculptural shirt beautiful? Are two halves of two different shirts stuck together a whole shirt?

Writing this makes me realise I am a bit like someone on a very strict diet who is craving things that are off the diet, and I wonder if that is a sign to ease up. I am not really sure who is being helped by my uniform. It's not my kids, I don't think. I wore a cocktail dress one evening recently, and my younger son saw me and declared: "You should wear that every day."

My kids are in on the severity of my uniform, and, really, how does severity ever help anyone? Yes, cotton is easy to clean, but who cares? Why don't I wear my shirt that is two half-shirts stuck together and ask my kids difficult fashion questions on our way to school? Didn't I come to New York in the first place so I could be around freaks — people dressed in plastic bags directing traffic? Didn't I come here so I could have the freedom and courage to be the freak that I am? So how is it that I now find myself so deep inside my mum coat?

Clothes. We all own them — some of us more than others. We all wear them — mostly that's a non-negotiable. So how can such an ordinary, everyday thing be the source of so much angst? Nearly every woman I know has a conflicted relationship with getting dressed. Newsreaders, politicians, teachers, nurses, DJs, full-time mums, even fashion editors, all open their wardrobe in the morning praying the fashion fairy will toss out a fully formed outfit in answer to the unspoken plea: "What shall I wear today?" Oh, how I envy the effortless dresser, the woman who never looks as if she's tried too hard. That enviable creature who gets up and just knows what to wear. Or the woman who genuinely doesn't care. Who gets up, gets dressed and, you know, just goes about her business, wearing whatever.

The latter does exist. Apparently. The Canadian writer Sheila Heti was one. "I never put much thought into clothes," she says. "Then I began living with a man who cares a lot about dressing. One day I just decided, 'Today is the day I'm going to figure out how to dress.' I biked to the bookstore looking for a book that would tell me what women thought about as they shopped and dressed. But there was nothing that felt useful."

"Smart women's fashion philosophy" was, Heti discovered, thin on the ground. So she asked some women she knew — ordinary but stylish women — the questions she wanted answered. Questions such as: what are your personal dressing rules? What shopping habits do you follow? What was your first investment piece? Do you have taste or style? Is there a look that is just not you? What does dressing mean for you? As answers poured in, the book *Women in Clothes* was born.

With the help of the artist Leanne Shapton and the writer

Heidi Julavits, plus 639 women who participated in their survey, Heti has produced an entirely different sort of fashion book: one not about fashion, but about our relationship with clothes.

If just thinking about the contents of your wardrobe makes you nauseous, this offers some respite. For a start, everyone is guilty of repeat buying. From Julavits's endless Breton-stripe tees, to Caroline Issa, Tank magazine's fashion director, and her extensive collection of white shirts, to the Vogue contributing editor Bay Garnett's leopard-print tops.

Garnett isn't alone in her leopard-print addiction. "Anything leopard print is generally a good buy," says the fashion blogger Alexandra Stedman, "or so I told myself when I invested in a pair of Tabitha Simmons boots." They are in good company. Lena Dunham's first "investment" buy was a Marc by Marc Jacobs leopard-print trench. "I still cherish it," she says. "It makes an appearance about twice a year and it still gives me the same 'I'm here for the cocktail party' feeling it did when I was 17."

⇓
EVERYONE FEELS JUDGED, OR JUDGMENTAL ABOUT OTHERS. ADMITTING THAT IS SUCH A RELIEF

What gives the investment purchase its mystical power? With me, it's bags. It started with a Mulberry Roxanne — back when you could still score a Mulberry for less than £500. For my last two-book deal I upgraded to a Chanel 2.55. For the American journalist Emily Gould, it was also a handbag: "a large, pale-pink Marc by Marc Jacobs", bought with her first tax rebate. "In 2004, Marc anything was the ultimate status symbol for a specific kind of NYC woman, the kind I aspired to be."

Everyone's fashion holy grail is different.

Mine is the perfect grey sweatshirt. For Dunham it's "the denim jacket that makes me feel like someone else's high-school crush". The Canadian writer Gillian Blore has a whole list: "Perfect knee-high black boots, a trench coat, a bathing suit. Some things have been on the list for more than a decade." The New York-based writer Sadie Stein harbours an obsession with the "magic" dress. There have been three so far, but it was the first, and cheapest, a black synthetic number from Urban Outfitters, that turned her into "the college woman I wanted to be".

The idiosyncratic power of clothes has nothing to do with the individual pieces and everything to do with how they make you feel. One woman's miracle dress is another woman's piece of tat. As Molly Ringwald et al demonstrate here, just because something looks great on someone else does not mean it will look great on you. Overwhelmingly, women admit to checking out other women for inspiration, sometimes accosting complete strangers to find out where they got that dress/bag/trousers.

Style — it's the thing everyone covets. According to the London-based journalist Ana Kinsella, it's a girl thing. "At college, a friend and I used to sit on the steps commenting on every girl who walked by. The girls we considered the best dressed were not the girls who wore the clothes we coveted most, but the ones who had a consistent style. Style is about knowing what you like and why you like it, more than anything else."

Apart from the truly fashionable, most women adopt a sort of uniform, whether it shrieks power — like the one worn by Ida Liu, a managing director at Citi Private Bank: "A power suit gives you extra confidence and makes you feel great" — or creative, like the fashion journalist Stacey Duguid, who has been working the "art-school look" since she was 16; she's now 40. "Grunge is my natural state of being. I've never been able to pull off the polished look. I hope the absence of tailoring and high heels reflects my ambition for a creative existence in which I am no longer on a daily fashion parade."

For Heti and her co-authors, though, it's not about "rules or guidelines", but beliefs. "What's been a revelation is seeing that other women have the same problems, the same anxieties. Knowing that you share everything you're feeling with other women makes the act of getting dressed seem more communal," she says. "This book is one huge admission," Shapton adds. "Everyone is intimidated or scared or nervous about what they are wearing, and feeling judged by — or judgmental of — others. Admitting that is such a relief." ♦

Women in Clothes by Sheila Heti, Heidi Julavits and Leanne Shapton (Particular Books £24) is available from September 25. To buy it for £19 (inc p&p), visit thesundaytimes.co.uk/bookshop, or call 0845 271 2135

EXTRACT FROM *WOMEN IN CLOTHES* BY SHEILA HETI, HEIDI JULAVITS AND LEANNE SHAPTON © 2014