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Maureen Callahan

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Maureen Callahan : Champagne Supernovas: Kate Moss, Marc Jacobs, Alexander McQueen, and the '90s Renegades Who Remade Fashion before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Champagne Supernovas: Kate Moss, Marc Jacobs, Alexander McQueen, and the '90s Renegades Who Remade Fashion:

7 of 7 people found the following review helpful. Kate Moss is showcased with McQueen Jacobs she still has no personality. By D. Matlack This is a very light read and not exactly the in-depth reporting a reader might hope for. Despite the chapters alternating between Marc Jacobs, Alexander McQueen and Kate Moss I would say the author really wanted to write a book on Kate Moss, unfortunately other than being a clothes horse and doing mountains of drugs and having tons of indiscriminate sexual encounters, Kate Moss lacks the personality to really carry a full book. So the author decided to flesh it out by accentuating Kate with two designers who happened to work and party with her. Jacobs and McQueen are odd choices. On the one hand Callahan is attempting to portray three influential characters that defined the 90's, so why did she feature Marc Jacobs who peaked in the 80's, got it all wrong and blew his career in '93 when he jumped on the Grunge bandwagon the year after it was over? Jacobs fails to not only come across as interesting but his career pretty much flatlines throughout the rest of the '90's. How is that shaping an era? McQueen really does take off in the 90's and is interesting, inspiring, terrifying and tragic - and unfortunately gets better coverage elsewhere. Particularly in "Gods and Kings: The Rise and Fall of Alexander McQueen and John Galliano" by Dana Thomas. In here he is mostly a tangent, providing more than shocking sex, drug and rock-n-roll tidbits - which Kate and Marc are primarily only capable of as he and Isabella Blow are trotted out for emotional and intellectual filler. The book was just fine for those looking for tabloid level entertainment as the author seems to struggle with trying to create a more serious statement piece but has made an unfortunate choice in choosing two people who are devoid of personality and a third who has so many psychological issues going on that to do proper justice would undertake an overwhelming research project and quite frankly, Callahan clearly wants a simpler read that tells itself. Not bad, not great and Callahan touches on designers that would have clearly been more interesting. For example I now want to find really good books about Isaac Mizrahi and Tom Ford, whom actually flourished in the 90's.

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Prepare to dive in deep By JCN No great mind has ever existed without a touch of madness, Aristotle once said and it's within this dichotomy that Champagne Supernovas thrives. Seasoned journalist Maureen Callahan takes us back to the 90s and into the footsteps of three tortured souls who inspired, revolted, and shaped a world's culture on a scale likely, probably, never to be repeated. We meet Kate Moss, the rough little diamond with eyes like E.T., she was on her own at 14 and by nineteen had defined the look of the timesheroin chic. And Alexander McQueen, a high school dropout tragically uncomfortable in his own skin, in the face of adversity he only worked harder and harder yet always felt like an impostor on his own stage. And finally, Marc Jacobs, estranged from his well-to-do family, raised by his grandmother, steered by Perry Ellis, he was on his way toward a fashion empire at age 25, all thanks to a smiley face sweater. In these pages, we ride the roller coaster with them, up, up, from rags to riches until we cross the precipice of success and keep climbing, knowing all the while that what goes up, must come down. Champagne Supernovas is resplendent with powerful, efficient writing, revealing Callahan's deep insight into the world of her story. Take, for example, this description of Kate Moss and Johnny Depp: Both cultivated an arid cool: Kate was the accidental supermodel, Depp the punk-rock Beat poet who just happened to be a movie star. Both wore their staggering beauty with disinterest, even as their attempts to mar it with greasy hair and bad habits only underscored its imperviousness. Prepare to dive deep into Champagne Supernovas, to live fast, fall hard, and emerge thirsty for breath. This is why Moss, Jacobs, and McQueen still captivate and always will.

17 of 19 people found the following review helpful. Creativity...madness By Jill Meyer I've often wondered if creativity was a byproduct of madness...or the opposite. Does it take a certain madness to be creative or does creativity cause madness; driven mad by the creative demons? I'm being a bit metaphysical here and I can't prove a damn thing, but I know that most of the creative geniuses in "Champagne Supernovas" by Maureen Callahan barely survived the 1990's. Callahan highlights clothing designers Alexander McQueen and Marc Jacobs, as well as the fashion model Kate Moss. McQueen died a suicide in 2010, after creating some of the most avant garde fashion, both for his own label and that of the venerable house of Givenchy. (I think of Audrey Hepburn's fabulous clothes when I think of Givenchy; not spray paint and designs modeled by a double amputee model.) Alexander McQueen, who dumped his real first name, Lee, in favor of his more chi-chi middle name, Alexander, was a depressive, drug taking mess, who was known for his savagely mean nature. His treatment of his - supposedly - closest friend and first muse, Isabella ("Issie") Blow as she wallowed in her own depressive state until her suicide in 2007, is indicative of a malignant nature. (I do think that Isabella Blow - she of the ultra-odd hats and boas - is perhaps the saddest person in the book. There are several biographies out on her and she seemed like a sad, well-meaning, dependent person who was ill-treated by the creative geniuses who used her as a muse.) Kate Moss, the "model" of the 1990's and later is the "bad-girl" whose slight body and plainish face set off the clothing of McQueen, Jacobs, and the other designers. Her insouciance, whether on the catwalk or in the clubs, made her a role-model of that was "now". Women of all ages wanted to wear what Kate was wearing. American designer Marc Jacobs is the third of the creatively mad trio. He is still alive - unlike Alexander McQueen - and still designing. He designed his own line, and, until 2013, was the head of Louis Vuitton. All three - McQueen, Moss, and Jacobs - shared both creative genius and an insatiable appetite for drugs and liquor and sex. Kate Moss has rarely been sober, even when pregnant with her daughter, Lila. The amount of cocaine they went through - both alone and with friends - is astounding. All tried stints in recovery facilities, with varying degrees of success. But was their creative output driven by drugs and genius? Would they have been half so creative if they'd been sober and

sane? I don't know and I'm not sure Maureen Callahan knows, either. She writes of McQueen, Jacobs, and Moss as cautionary tales. And what's left from these tales is a bit of sadness that the demons of the three were so present in their genius.

Terrifically exciting and fun (Publishers Weekly), Champagne Supernovas is a lucid, smoothly executed look at a pivotal decade in the legacy of American fashion (Kirkus Reviews) as told through the lives of Kate Moss, Marc Jacobs, and Alexander McQueen—the three iconic personalities who defined the time. Veteran pop culture journalist Maureen Callahan takes us back to the pivotal style moment of the early 1990s when supermodel glamazons gave way to heroin chic, when the alternative became the mainstream, and when fashion suddenly became the cradle for the most exciting artistic and cultural innovations of the age. Champagne Supernovas gives you the inside scoop from a bevy of supermodels, stylists, editors, photographers, confidantes, club kids, and scenesters who were there. They'll tell the unvarnished story of three of the most influential personalities to emerge in fashion in decades—Kate, Marc, and McQueen—and show why the conditions in the 1990s were perfect for their rise but also helped contribute to their personal struggles. Steeped in the creative brew of art, decadence, and genius that defined the era, Champagne Supernovas is a titillating ride through the fashion world (Elle) that offers readers front-row tickets to a gloriously debauched soap opera about the losers and freaks who became the industry's It Girls and Boys and who changed the larger culture forever.

As someone whose knowledge of fashion runs fairly pedestrian, I was surprised to find myself unable to put down Maureen Callahan's propulsive Champagne Supernovas. With a scholar's eye and a tabloid reporter's touch, Callahan bursts open one of the most exclusive industries in the world, revealing to the grit and glamour, the damaged, drug-addled underdogs, and the tortured geniuses who forever changed the way we comprehend and commodify beauty. This instant classic -- a master class in how to write smart, intimate, at times shocking, but always compulsively readable non-fiction -- deserves its place as the 90s answer to other pop culture giants, Easy Riders, Raging Bulls and Fifth Avenue, 5AM. (Susannah Cahalan, author of Brain on Fire) Maureen Callahan has pulled off a very neat trick in Champagne Supernovas, capturing the essence of a fleeting moment when fashion's guard changed. This rise-and-fall story has it all: sex, drugs, rock, and frocks. Fasten your seat belt. It's a scary fun ride. (Michael Gross, author of Model: The Ugly Business of Beautiful Women and House of Outrageous Fortune) "Shocking but never cheap, sometimes hilarious but more often heartbreaking, Champagne Supernovas is a thorough, intimate, and bracing look at the complicated and deeply troubled figures who sparked a fashion revolution." (Alan Light, former editor-in-chief, Vibe and Spin magazines) The 90s: a time when fashion suddenly mingled with punk rock, movie stars, art school, the fantasies of the whole world, in ways both deadly and revolutionary. Callahan brilliantly connects all the glittering wreckage from a uniquely explosive moment in pop culture, from London to Seattle to the Viper Room. A major work on a one-of-a-kind pop era. (Rob Sheffield, author of Love Is a Mix Tape and Turn Around Bright Eyes) A titillating ride through the 90s fashion world, as Kate Moss, Marc Jacobs, and Alexander McQueen eclipsed the reigning gls with their waifish chic. (Elle) Terrifically exciting and fun—this book works as a fun, if cautionary, read about some of the folks who changed fashion in the 1990s. Readers will wonder when a similar trio will arrive to save us all from the Kardashians. (Publishers Weekly) Fast paced, gossipy and cleverly put together . . . fantastically entertaining and thoroughly researched . . . this is a book about how myths are made. (Telegraph (UK)) The author makes great use of personal interviews and reference materials, and through cross comparisons, she discovers like-minded commonalities they all shared with each other. A lucid, smoothly executed look at a pivotal decade in the legacy of American fashion. (Kirkus s) "Champagne Supernovas puts readers in the front row and three of the era's biggest names in the catwalk spotlight. . . . The pace is as quick as an HM runway knockoff. Callahan's prose is tight, and she stitches together momentum and suspense by alternating chapters on the trio. . . . A page turner filled with juicy behind-the-scenes tales." (Associated Press) "Maureen Callahan proves, in a biography as dramatic and addictive as Game of Thrones, that the decade represents a revolution not just in fashion, but also the broader ideals of beauty. . . . A former editor and writer at New York magazine, Spin and the New York Post, Callahan crafts an intoxicating brew of scholarly rigor, dishy anecdotes and wicked commentary." (Chicago Tribune) A juicy and gossipy account of the '90s fashion scene. . . . You might not fully approve . . . but you can't help wishing you were there. (Daily Beast) About the Author Maureen Callahan has worked as an editor and writer at the New York Post, covering everything from the subcultures of the Lower East Side to local and national politics. She has also written for Sassy, Spin, New York magazine, and Vanity Fair. She lives in Brooklyn. Visit ChampagneSupernovas.com. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Champagne Supernovas INTRODUCTION THIS NEW KIND OF BEAUTY EVERY LONG-HELD NOTION OF beauty and fashion and the way these things were created and consumed had begun to change, forever, in 1992. That was the year a scrawny, short, flat-chested unknown named Kate Moss was signed as the face of Calvin Klein, demolishing the reign of ian supermodels and saving the house in the process. That was the year Alexander McQueen, a pudgy vulgarian from the East London projects, showed his thesis collection at Central Saint Martins, London's famed design school. He called it Jack the Ripper Stalks His Victims, and it was twisted and

warped and witty and sent the London press into paroxysms of outrage. And that was the year an emerging young design star named Marc Jacobs, three years into his job as VP of design at Perry Ellis, got an unusual phone call. The man on the other end of the line was Nick Egan, a graphic artist from London with an impressive rock n roll pedigree. Egan had worked with the Clash, the Ramones, Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood, and staged some of Marc's early shows. Now Egan was directing music videos, and he needed a favor. Would Marc let him use his space at Perry Ellis? Egan was working with a band called Sonic Youth. Marc wasn't overly familiar and they needed a place to shoot. Also, could they use this collection that Marc was about to show, maybe even film some models walking in the pieces? Marc was dubious. He was under enormous stress, and this collection that Egan wanted to use was unprecedented, Marc knew it. But at twenty-nine, he was a good generation removed from the girls he was designing for. Marc had come of age at clubs like Studio 54 and Hurrah, places that didn't even exist anymore, and this collection mainlined a new kind of cool, one that a major designer had yet to interpret. Marc knew it could be the defining collection of his young, sun-kissed career: Like nobody else in American fashion, he understood this moment in youth culture. There was a smash-and-grab sensibility, a rummaging through thrift shops and discards, and an embrace of dispossessed beauty. It was a pulverizing, almost moralistic rejection of every excess wrought in the 1980s. Marc had been struggling to establish an identity at Perry Ellis, to move the house, sclerotic in its preppy tastefulness, forward if not ahead of the times, at least on track with them. With this work, which would come to be known as the grunge collection, he'd cracked it. But Marc was also self-conscious: Would the buyers and critics get what he was doing? Would the girls he was designing for get it? Was it sublime or sacrilege to buy a flannel shirt on St. Marks Place for two dollars, then ship it off to Italy to have it remade in silk? To turn a utilitarian thermal undershirt into a luxury good made of cashmere? Marc was equally aware that this collection might make him just another great pretender in the pantheon of fashion design, cannibalizing a subculture he knew little about. And what was this band Sonic Youth about, anyway? Why had they zeroed in on him, at this critical time in his professional life? Did they actually like Marc's clothes, or were they trying to mock his studied blend of high and low fashion? As it turned out, Sonic Youth was intimidated by him, and he was intimidated by them, and this was a small example of the larger feeling among kids on the fringe: Nobody felt cool enough. Was I going to be used, Marc said later, as sort of a Seventh Avenue designer who has exploited grunge? Marc didn't know it, but in 1992 he had a kindred soul in Lee McQueen, then a student at Central Saint Martins. McQueen, too, was an upstart, bored senseless with what was considered fashion. He was a fan of avant-gardists Rei Kawakubo, Martin Margiela, Jean-Paul Gaultier, and Helmut Lang and that was about it, really. McQueen was a happy warrior of dark arts, and he longed to infuse fashion with the things he was most interested in: sex and death, mutilation and contamination, perversion and harm. He always had these horrible Victorian pornography books that he carried around, says his old friend Alice Smith. I don't know where he got them—they were these little fat books that he got in a junk shop or something and they were horrible pictures—he thought they were amazing of women wearing ball gags and cages over their heads, over-the-top SM, and he'd be going, Isn't that lovely? Look at this woman in these leg irons! He had quite a distinct idea. McQueen was gifted, and, as the best designers often are, a hustler and a showman. The press always covered the yearly thesis collections shown at Central Saint Martins, and he was determined to stand apart. That show was their launchpad, says Bobby Hillson, who established the MA fashion course at Central Saint Martins and was McQueen's mentor. The students were written up all over the world. It wasn't enough for McQueen to be written up: His collection had to be the one to electrify. He went to Hillson with his concept: Jack the Ripper. His models were to be the victims, their clothes badges of bloody struggle; Hillson thought it was a shaky idea at best, but she wanted to help. He was doing terrible things to the fabric, and I said, You can't do this with the cheap fabric you've got. And he said, I can't afford anything else! And so Hillson went to her cupboard and removed terribly expensive, rich fabrics that had been donated to us. And I said, Take some of these. You know, somebody would've died if they saw what he did with them. McQueen was slashing and ripping, printing and staining. He was chopping off locks of his hair and sewing them into the clothes, a riff on a Victorian tradition among lovers, who would buy and exchange the locks of prostitutes. He was obsessed by the latter notion, and for as long as he could sewed his own hair into his label. Jack the Ripper Stalks His Victims was shown in 1992, and it changed McQueen's life forever: In that crowd was a peculiar, fashion-mad English aristocrat named Isabella Blow. She went by Issie, and was so overcome that she told McQueen she wanted to buy the whole collection. She'd pay in installments, 100 per, until she owned all six pieces. She told McQueen she'd do whatever she could to help; Issie was averse to the nine-to-five, but she had deep connections in the industry and a strong affinity for mongrels and misfits. First, she said, McQueen must change his name. Issie told him that Lee, his first name, was too common for high fashion. She suggested his middle name, Alexander: It was majestic, had some weight and dignity to it. He agreed. It wasn't hard for him to make that change: McQueen would do whatever it took. Marc and McQueen weren't the only designers on the bubble in the summer of 1992. Calvin Klein, who'd built the ultimate 1980s status brand, was on the verge of bankruptcy by the beginning of the 90s, his name diluted through careless and diffuse licensing deals. To save his house, Klein had to become relevant again, and this meant going younger, less crisp and arch, almost dirtier. Klein, approaching fifty, trusted his team, who were in their early to mid-twenties and dialed into what was happening on the streets of London and downtown New York: art director Fabien Baron, creative head Neil Kraft,

senior art director Madonna Badger, and consultant Carolyn Bessette. Everything was up for grabs, says Badger. The central conundrum facing the brand, she says, was how to reframe its overtly sexual DNA in the age of AIDS. The team considered the women they'd pinned to their inspiration board as potential new faces of Calvin Klein: women as disparate as Rosie Perez, the short, curvy, Nuyorican actress hot off Spike Lees *Do the Right Thing*, and the lithe, elegant supermodel Linda Evangelista, whose arrogance ultimately worked against her. We don't wake up for less than \$10,000 a day, she'd said in 1990, and even for a supermodel, such a comment seemed deliberately contemptuous to the rest of the Western world, living, as it was, through a recession and the aftermath of the Gulf war. Evangelista didn't make it past the first round. For a moment, Perez was the front-runner. I remember Carolyn Bessette shooting that down, Badger says. She wanted it to be modern and fresh. Klein trusted Bessette's taste; she was a muse, and he would eventually charge her with casting all his CK shows. In mid-1992, this moment of grunge and grit and 70s regression, Bessette was nothing like the minimalist gl she became after marrying John F. Kennedy, Jr.: These days, she wore Egyptian musk and no makeup and had competitions with female Calvin staffers to see who could go the longest without washing her hair. Bessette coolly knocked back her own patrician beauty, spurning perfectionism for a warmer, no less artful dishevelment; at heart, she was a downtown girl who loved vodka, Parliaments, and partying at Save the Robots till six in the morning. We were half-hippie, half-natural, Badger says. It was a total sea change, the opposite of the 80s. The question was: Could Calvin Klein make squalor sophisticated? There were two other contenders on the inspiration board: Both were European, small and slight, and had an understated, off-kilter beauty. There was Vanessa Paradis, a French actress and pop star best known in the States for dating Lenny Kravitz. The other was Kate Moss, who had just begun appearing in a UK style bible called *The Face*. For all the physical resemblance—egg-shaped faces strafed with stratospheric cheekbones; china-doll physiques; doe eyes and jagged teeth—the two girls represented the diverging path of high fashion. Paradis, says Badger, was the one that had that look. She'd just starred in ads for Chanel, as a chanteuse in a birdcage, yet the concept itself was already outdated: Putting a young girl in a cage, initially as terrified as any Hitchcock heroine, calmed by a splash of Chanel and unaware of the threat posed by the fluffy white cat alongside her perch was an atonal choice for 1992, made by an eighty-two-year-old house. Having Paradis watched over by the ghost of Coco Chanel only underscored the campaign's mustiness. But the shots of Kate were radical. Most of them were by an unknown British photographer named Corinne Day, and were unlike anything that would have been classified as fashion. Day favored black-and-white over color, wastrels-as-models with hangover pallors, the clothes falling apart, too big or too small, pillaged from thrift stores and bedroom floors. Her settings were outdoors and down-market, all natural light and awkward poses. Days work was as considered and manipulated as that Chanel ad, but the effect was the opposite: druggy, filthy, exuberant. Corinne was just attracted to youth culture and wanted to document it, says Corinne's husband, Mark Szaszy. Because you don't get any idea of what youth culture is doing from *Vogue*. The image that the Klein team kept coming back to was one of Days, the July 1990 cover shot of Kate from *The Face*: the sixteen-year-old in close-up, a smile so wide it smushes her eyes nearly shut and reveals almost all the imperfect teeth in her mouth, a spray of freckles visible on the bridge of her nose. As a cover, it broke all the rules. It was black-and-white; Kate wasn't making eye contact with the viewer; she was barefaced. Three years earlier, such imagery would never have reverberated beyond its subculture. In 1992, it was stunning. But Paradis was the known quantity, and she got the offer first. She turned it down, so Klein and his team turned to their second choice: Kate. As the final decade of the millennium dawned, there would be no greater expression of the cultural, economic, and social revolutions to come than fashion. What rock n roll was to the 50s, drugs to the 60s, film to the 70s, and modern art to the 80s, fashion was to the 90s: the fuse, then the filter. Much of it had to do with the long-escalating interplay between art and fashion, which had existed since the Italian designer Elsa Schiaparelli collaborated with Dalí, Cocteau, and Man Ray in the 1930s. The cross-pollinating continued through the modern age, from the founding of Andy Warhol's *Interview* in 1969 to the insurrectionism of Helmut Newton, Vivienne Westwood, and Malcolm McLaren in the 70s and Keith Haring, Cindy Sherman, and Jean-Michel Basquiat in the 80s. And there was the electrifying emergence of hip-hop, which brought with it a whole new style. Fashion as a significant cultural phenomenon in the 90s had to do with an increasing popular awareness in fashion, and the increasing interchanges between fashion and art, says Valerie Steele, director of the Fashion Institute of Technology. All that had come before allowed someone like Alexander McQueen to be recognized as sui generis—a phenomenon recognized for being a fashion designer and an artist, she says. Fashion was increasingly seen as something that penetrates. Alternative culture was simmering by 1991, yet in so many ways, society hadn't moved on from the 1980s: Michael Jackson had just been signed to Sony in a \$1 billion deal. The year's biggest acts ranged from the polyester pop of Color Me Badd and New Kids on the Block to the cartoonish hair-metal of Poison, Skid Row, and Extreme. *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*, the sequel to the 1984 Arnold Schwarzenegger original, was the year's top-grossing movie. The year's overarching question was, Will Charles leave Di? A divorced future king, let alone one remarried to his longtime mistress, was unthinkable. Politically, it felt very 1980s too: George H. W. Bush was still in the White House, his reelection a given. The Clarence Thomas-Anita Hill hearings broke open a long-delayed discussion about sexual harassment; public opinion polls showed a wide majority of Americans believed Thomas. And in fashion, the trends of the 1980s had yet to give way: shoulder pads, shellacked makeup, and a brittle, sequin-encrusted Dynasty

glamour; Lycra and leg warmers as daywear; neon and bulky knits paired with stirrup pants; high-waisted jeans, side parts and suspenders and high-top sneakers all of it prevailed, all of it long past modern. Big houses like Armani and Versace, Ralph Lauren and Bill Blass, dominated the marketplace; beauty was defined by girls like Cindy Crawford, Naomi Campbell, Linda Evangelista, Claudia Schiffer, and Christy Turlington who, in 1991, was signed to a record-breaking \$800,000 contract with Maybelline, requiring only twelve days work per year. We realize the power we have, Turlington said in a 1991 Time magazine cover story. Were making tons and tons of money for these companies, and we know it. According to Karl Lagerfeld, supermodels were the new movie stars: For me, the really great girls today... are like goddesses from the silver screen, he said. They sell dreams. But whose dreams? Fashion was supposed to be for the young and by the young, yet it hadn't been that way since the London youthquake of the 60s and 70s, since Twiggy and David Bailey and Mary Quant and the mods, since Westwood and McLaren and the punks. The supermodels of 1991 may have been in their early twenties, but with their height, their proportions, their peculiar expressions they often looked angry about being so beautiful they seemed so much older and harder, haughty and remote, the clothes they wore so matching and mature. The young found no haven here, no place of hope or worship. That was not the way it should be, and even designers felt it. That was a time in fashion where all of a sudden, there was this great division, Marc Jacobs said. There was that old-school mentality of what fashion was, but then there was this far more interesting, far more subversive side of fashion, which was cool in spite of itself. Bubbling under at the end of 1991 was a collective hunger for change. Outlier Bill Clinton was gearing up to run for president of the United States. Magic Johnson became the first major American sports star to announce he had AIDS. The Soviet Union collapsed. And a band from the Pacific Northwest whose major-label debut, in its first week of release, ranked #144 on Billboards Top 200, would set the tone for a new era: Four months later, on January 11, 1992, Nirvanas Nevermind became the #1 album in the country, knocking Michael Jacksons Dangerous out of its slot and becoming a cultural and generational rallying call. The 90s would be a leaching-out of all that had come before. I remember being in Berlin the year the Wall came down, Marc said, and I was in some bar, and Smells Like Teen Spirit was on the radio, and I just thought, Wow, this has really crossed over. I started to feel like, This is the way I felt a very long time ago, and now it seems to be acceptable. The idea of imperfection, girls like Kate Moss. There was this new kind of beauty that was starting to be recognized. A revolution happened in the 90s, and no one noticed. This is the story of that fleeting yet hugely influential time the moment when the alternative in fashion and beauty became mainstream, and the mainstream became big business as told through the stories of three of its leading luminaries: Kate, Marc, and McQueen. I Smells Like Teen Spirit was released in the US on September 10, 1991; the Berlin Wall fell in the fall of 1989.