

TEENS and TWENTIES

Paris, the Fashion Capital

by Jacques Brunel

was to stand out. After the purgatory of the Occupation, queues once again grew outside Chanel's shop in Rue Cambon. This time it was the G.I.S. The sophisticated chic of Christian Dior was ready to once more turn Paris into the capital of fashion. The foreigners were spoken of less. Schiaparelli was running out of steam. Balenciaga managed to hang on. Pierre Cardin, an Italian, invented ready-to-wear fashions. Paco Rabanne (a Spanish Basque) dressed

Brigitte Bardot in a transparent coat of mail. The breath of fashion indeed blew from England in the 60s, under the impetus of Mary Quant, the inventor of the miniskirt. — Paris continues to draw foreign fashion-designers. It was not until the following decade that Paris once again became a great draw for foreign fashion-designers. This time, the candidates came from far-off Japan. Kenzo Takada has chosen France because he is in

love with Paris, the "Nouvel Observateur" wrote in 1970. This apostle of colour, who was joined by his friend Irie, a specialist in knitwear, and Hanae Mori, Kurosawa's costume designer, did not at all prejudice those who were to be called the "Japanese". Rei Kawakubo (designer for Comme des Garçons), Issey Miyake and Yohji Yamamoto would impose a new sobriety right into the 1980s (with black and white) which recreated the aesthetics of clothes. Furiously planet-

wide, the Paris of the 1980s wore the colours of the Italian Poppy Moreni as well as the African fabrics of the Cameroonian Ly Dumas or the plunging necklines of the Spanish Sybilla.

For 14th July 1989, the national anthem, the "Marseillaise" for the Commemoration of the Bicentenary of the French Revolution was sung by the Black American singer Jessie Norman, dressed by the Tunisian fashion-designer Azzedine Alaïa. It is almost a symbol and one can hardly be surprised when Paris shelters both the Norwegian fashion-designer Per Spook and the child of immigrants Ted Lapidus. Just as the Dane Erik Mortensen reigns at Balmain, a German designer from Hamburg, Karl Lagerfeld, was chosen in 1984 to take over the succession of Coco at Chanel. The Italian Gianfranco Ferré was soon to join Dior and the Englishman John Galiano. Givenchy Ahead of its time, fashion has succeeded in its globalisation.

Although certain Italian and Japanese fashion designers continue to create in their countries of origin, Paris, the headquarters of the powerful ready-to-wear fair, remains the irreplaceable showcase in which to display their collections.

In the middle of the 1990s, its magnetism operated even further afield with the arrival of the Korean Lee Young Hee and the "second Japanese generation" (Issey Miyake's students such as Kosuke Tsumura). But, in this city where criticism and praise take little heed of one's origins, are not all fashion designers made to feel at home? This is what Sacha Guity thought. "A Spaniard cannot be a Londoner. An Englishman cannot be a Parisian. In order to be that, it is not a matter of being born in Paris or even in France. It takes something else. One has to be adopted by everyone with out anybody having spoken about it."



Pierre Cardin

A ROUND 1860, Charles Frederick Worth was the first to have his models parade. It meant the birth of haute couture. His father was English and his nationality was "Parisian". Since then, and without any interruption, Paris has remained the unique, magic stage for matters of fashion, where everything is done and undone.

Following in the wake of Worth, one fashion-designer, Paul Poiret, was to set the tone for a truly French haute-couture. The Belle Epoque brought British and American designers to the forefront. These included Balmain, O. Rossen, Redfern and even the venerable Creed. The most famous of them remains Martin Margiela, the American from a Chicago who converted Paris to the comfort of American classicism. He was joined by another Briton, Edward Molyneux, a First World War veteran who had moved onto fashion and whose slate-blue tweed outfit was to clothe the American Wallis Simpson for her fatal meeting with King Edward VIII.

Paris in the period between the two wars also celebrated Italian fashion-designers. Nina Ricci from Turin, created her fashion house there in 1932, one year before the Countess Vera Bore, opened her salons. Moreover, all of Europe was there. After all, Jean Dessès, the specialist of draped styles was Greek. As a Frenchman was Armenian and the great names in fashion photography were Russian or Greek (Hoyningen-Huene) or American (Man Ray).

In 1930, Paul Poiret's protégé, Lucienne Lelong, was able to congratulate herself. "Foreigners will always come to our country, as there is a particularly immortal atmosphere here". Indeed, the following decade saw some of them dictating to taste. It was the Roman Elis Schiaparelli who lit up Paris with her highly modern fantasies and the Spaniard Cristóbal Balenciaga, the austere lover of the beautiful, whose quest for the formal

Toulouse-Lautrec, the Painter of Paris's Night Life

by Pascale Teinac

La Goulue, Valentin le Desosse, Yvette Guilbert, Jane Avril and Aristide Bruant, the uncontested stars of Montmartre at the end of last century, have invaded the Grand-Palais in Paris with the joyous complicity of the person who immortalised them: Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, the painter of Paris's cabarets, the Moulin Rouge and the brothels, the man whose genius is inversely proportionate to his size.

For the first time in 27 years, a sumptuous retrospective, which was first presented in London last autumn, is being devoted to this painter whose small stature and penchant for alcohol have all too often been emphasized to the detriment of his dazzling talent. Today, the proof of his genius is clearly revealed in the two hundred works (paintings, drawings, lithographs and posters) from the greatest museums in the world and numerous private collections.

The Bibliotheque Nationale library, for its part, is putting on a special presentation of "Lautrec's Lautrecs", the prints and posters of the artist who, in fact, invented the art of posters in the early days of advertising. His friend, the writer Tristan Bernard, says of Toulouse-Lautrec that he "enjoyed life with the sovereign freedom of a little boy in the street" and "the life of the world

was pasture for his eyes." His world was almost exclusively Parisian, a world of night-life, artificial gaiety, the world of pleasure and illusion, of balls in Montmartre, cafes, concerts, theatres, circuses and prostitutes. There are no landscapes, no still-lives, no seascapes in Lautrec's work, which was totally impermeable to Impressionism, but only superbly painted figures. "Only figures matter," he used to say. — "Little Jewel" becomes "Little Monster"

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, born on 24th November 1864 in Albi and descended from an aristocratic family in the South-West of France, the Counts of Toulouse, was such a beautiful baby that his mother called him "Petit Bijou" (Little Jewel). He went hunting with his father and loved horses. But he suffered from a bone disease which would turn him into a deformed dwarf. At the age of 13, he fell off his chair and broke his left femur. A year later, when he had barely recovered after being immobilised for a long time, he broke the other leg. That was the end of "Petit Bijou". The legs twisted and did not grow any more. His lips thickened and his body became deformed.

But in the body of the "Petit Monstre" (Little Monster), as Yvette Guilbert was to call him not without affection, there was

a sparkling wit. He was gay and full of humour and had no lack of faithful friends. He was appreciated and imitated and did not become an ignored "peintre maudit" like Van Gogh. But that did not prevent him from methodically destroying himself with alcohol. One of his contemporaries was to say: "I can only explain this inveterate alcoholism by a wish to commit suicide."

Syphilis, which Lautrec caught in the brothels that he so superbly painted, also did his work. In 1889, for eleven weeks, he was interned for detoxication treatment in a clinic for mental patients. He then made it a point of honour to demonstrate, by a magnificent series of drawings on the theme of the circus, that he was completely lucid.

In May 1889, he came out of the clinic ("I bought my freedom with my drawings") and exhibited lithographs at the Universal Exhibition of 1900. He travelled and worked. But, on 9th September 1901, he died, exhausted, when he was not yet 37 years old.

— from the Moulin Rouge to the brothels —

What a lot of masterpieces in such a short life as an artist! First of all there are his striking portraits, done in firm strokes, impregnated with an astonishing psychological acuity, and painted very quickly. Then there are his caustic and funny caricatures. But Toulouse-Lautrec was, above all, to excel in his paintings of Paris's night-life. He loved Montmartre with its balls and dance-halls and he made them famous, launching the stars of the night with his pencil and brush strokes.

Two magnificent paintings from North America, "Le Bal du Moulin de la Galette" and "Dressage des Nouvelles par Valentin le Desosse", particularly reveal Lautrec's genius. "Le Dressage" shows a rehearsal at the "Moulin Rouge" which had just opened in 1889. The success of this painting led the director to commission the poster "Moulin-Rouge La Goulue" from Toulouse-Lautrec and this poster brought fame to the establishment, the painter and also the star, La Goulue, a former washerwoman, queen of the French Cancan. (By a whim of fate, at the time when Paris is paying homage to Toulouse-Lautrec, the remains of La Goulue, who died in 1929, have been transferred to Montmartre cemetery.)

Another remarkable facet of Lautrec's work are his paintings done in brothels which he assiduously frequented and where he sometimes installed himself for a week with his easel and brushes. The inmates loved "Monsieur Henri" who, for his part, was very fond of painting prostitutes of whom he said: "they really live," while models are "always stuffed."

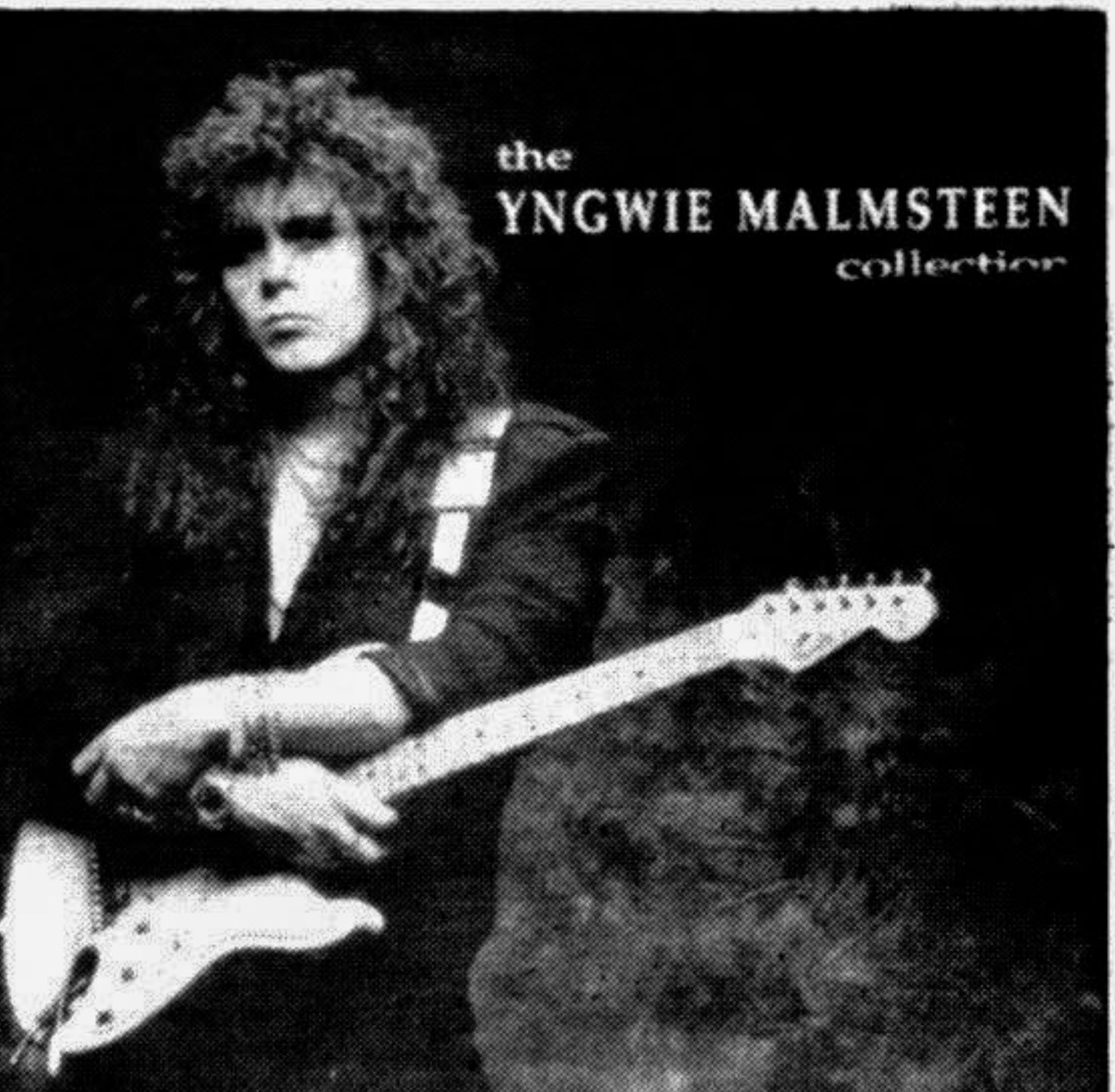
Rising Force

by S S Rahman

HAVE you ever heard the name of Yngwie J. Malmsteen? He is the most talented guitar player of our time. Yngwie J Malmsteen, the universally heralded neoclassical king, arrived on the scene in 1983 to rescue the rock guitar world from itself. He is a Swedish by birth. Malmsteen was born in Sweden on June 30, 1963. His mother named him Yngwie. It is a very old name. It means young viking chief. In fact he conquered the guitar world, with his invincible power of playing guitar in the neoclassical way.

— Yngwie was exposed to classical music since he was only five years old. His mother used to listen Bach so much that he grew to really love Bach's

He was striving against it desperately, but the European record companies were not interested in his music because it wasn't "commercial" enough for their tastes. Fortunately, he wrote some songs, which were eventually played on college radio stations, at San Francisco. Mike Varney, the head of Sharpel Records in California heard it and was instantly impressed with the young Swede's playing style, as he was a noted guitar — connoisseur. Later, Varney got into touch with Yngwie and asked him to come to states to do an album for Varney's label. As a result, Malmsteen made his US debut. Later he joined Alcatraz which he found a respectable vehicle for his guitar playing on record.



the YNGWIE MALMSTEEN collection

music. His family was very musical. His sister used to play flute and piano and his brother used to play guitar, drums, piano, violin and accordion. Even his father used to play guitar. — Malmsteen first picked up a guitar on Sept 18, 1970 — the day Jimi Hendrix died. According to Yngwie, Hendrix did inspire him to play guitar, but he was more influenced by his image than his music. He started playing guitar on a cheap acoustic guitar, which he received from his mother. He acquired his first electric guitar at the age of nine from his brother. If looked like a left handed strato-caster. Malmsteen's biggest classical influence is 19th-century violin virtuoso Nicolo Paganini. He was in his early teens when he saw a Russian violinist playing some Paganini staff in a TV show. Paganini's 24 caprices is his all time favourite thing to listen to Paganini's vibrato, broken chords and arpeggios were so amazing that Malmsteen wanted to play the guitar in that way. — Malmsteen quit school at the age of 15 and got a job of repairing guitar at a music shop. During his late teens he was growing increasingly frustrated with the Swedish music scene.

The first Alcatraz album, "No Parol from Rock 'n' Roll", proved the world that Malmsteen was no hype. He recorded one more album with Alcatraz "live sentence" before going off on a solo career. — Yngwie's work overflows with classically influenced playing. Thus he created a new style of playing guitar in the rock world. His debut solo album "Yngwie Malmsteen's Rising Force" is regarded by many as the definitive document of neoclassical rock guitar and which is also Grammy nominated. After this he released more seven solo albums. They are "Rising Force" — 1984; "Marching Out" — 1985; "Trilogy" — 1986; "Odyssey" — 1988; "Eclipse" — 1990; "Fire & Ice" — 1992; "Seventh Sign" — 1994; "Magnum Opus" — 1995.

— If you have not heard the name of "Mamtu", I mean Malmsteen, may be you have heard his songs here and there. Even "Miles" of the ever popular rock band of Bangladesh has recorded a song named "Premier Agun" which is originally a composition of Malmsteen called "Hold On". So don't miss Malmsteen before you listen to something else. Thus Yngwie J Malmsteen is the "Rising Force" in rock music.

Alternative Fashions

by Sharier



Muggers: Raybomb sunglasses, designers' stripe T-shirt, holster & rollerskates for fast retreat

Muggers: Thug stripe kameez, rabom musk, Mug-me perfume and Cartier knife



Thola fashion: Designers' helmet cum bribe collector, necker booker for XL pants.



Romeo Special: Binocular-cum-sunglass, Roland wolf whistle!



Beggars' de luxe: Cocca's torn saree, Estee Lauder stink perfume, YSL aim pots, FDC sad make up & BD Gov's wooden hands for begging and nagging.

The Water Power

by Muneera Parbeen

WATER, so common and freely available to all of us, has hidden in it the greatest (and most effective) beauty secrets of all time. The importance of water for a healthy skin cannot be underestimated. When the skin loses water, it becomes dry and loses its tenacity, but when it has enough moisture, it remains soft and supple.

Cold water baths stimulate the skin and give it that beautiful, pink glow all of us crave so much. Hot water baths relax and soothe the body and help to lessen aches and pains.

In cases of pain, if you want to have a good night's sleep, warm or hot baths are very effective. They help to unwind and relax. On a regular basis, however, cold baths are better for the skin. There are many different types of bath treatments for different kind of results. Most of these treatments are with things that we can easily find among our household items (or just in the kitchen!).

An oats bath is excellent for skin ailments. It soothes the skin, overcomes itchiness, relieves sunburn, softens and smoothes the skin. It is also a good exfoliator and therefore gets rid of dead cells. This latter effect leaves the skin glowing smooth and silky.

Oats is easily available even in our country and yes, it's the same that is fed to children or used to make porridges — Captain-Quakers Oats being the very popular in our country. To take an oats bath, wrap about a cup of oats in a muslin cloth for even a cotton cloth/bag and leave to soak in your bath water. If you don't have a tub, then simply let it soak in a bucket of water. While in the bath, scrub the soaked muslin/cotton gently over your skin for some time. Finish off with a cool shower. You just have to try it to see the results.

A vinegar bath is very relaxing for those continuous late nights. It is a very good cosmetic treatment for your skin as it conditions your skin restoring the body's natural acid covering. Use a cup of vinegar in about two buckets of water. A salt bath is also very good to look fresh. During the bath, rub coarse salt into the back and entire body, carefully avoiding the face. This not only relaxes you, but exfoliates your skin as well. Salt water is also good for the skin. Use about 3 tablespoonful of salt dissolved in your entire bath water — this helps to relax and refreshen. Salt baths should not be repeated on a regular basis as it then proves too strong for the skin.

Cold water is another form which works miracles on skin. For chilled water treatments, wrap some ice cubes in a muslin cloth and keep in a bowl. As the ice melts, get ready by rubbing a rich cream or oil on your face (this is done to counter any effects of stretching brought about by the ice-cubes). First splash the icy water over the face and then gently rub the muslin (with ice cubes in it) on your forehead, cheeks and throat. Then dab skin with a napkin and end by using a moisturizer. Used on a regular basis, cold water treatments are said to counter those vicious

enemy of all skins — wrinkles. It is said that heartthrob (the actor) Paul Newman maintains his evergreen looks by dipping his face in a bowl-full of ice-cold water every morning — try it, it not only wakens you up completely but also is the best, toner of all — always remember to end with a moisturizer on your skin.

Regular dieters have the problem of flabby skin as they keep on gaining and then losing weight. In such cases always use a few ice cubes (wrapped in a

napkin) and rub it all over the body after a bath. The body gets toned and the skin tightens up by it (remember to finish off by moisturising). Chilled water treatments, initially, cause goose pimples but eventually leaves the skin glowing pink literally. However, this treatment must not be used on skin with broken capillaries.

Our complexion is that one feature over which the genes don't have total control. We can make it look exactly the way we desire it to be.



Courtesy — Femina

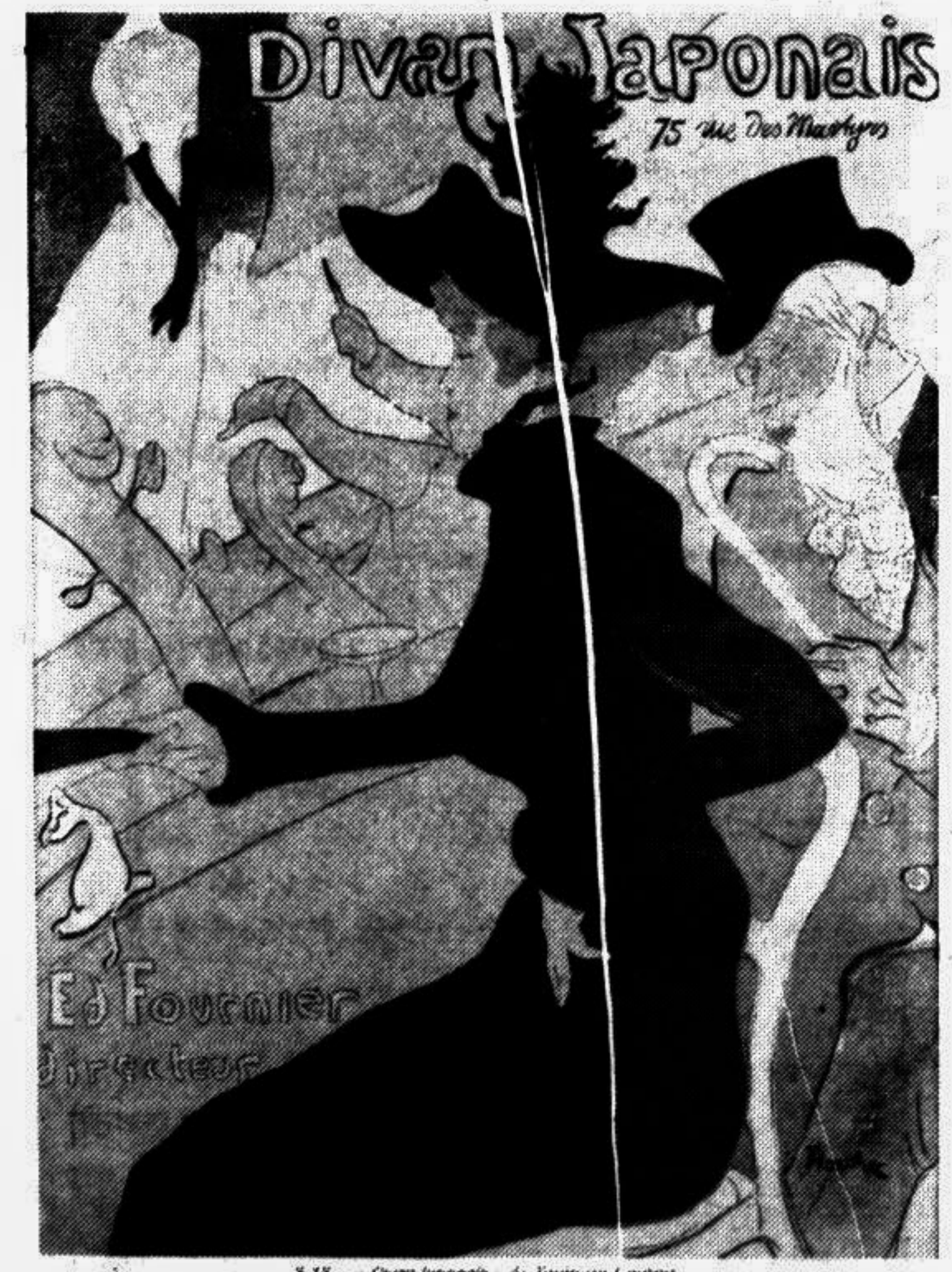
FOR LOVERS

LOVE is life
Which is found today
But will go away
In the bad, sad days.
Then no one will be beside you
To comfort and love you,
To hold your hand
And take you where you belong
In paradise and in the throne of my heart.
Cause you rule my heart and body
And you rule it cruelly.
Your eyes, filled with passion and unshed tears,
will look at me
As you will someday say goodbye.

But we have just begun,
These days are still to come,
With sorrow, joy and pain,
With love and affection
And all the world's passion.
And these sad lonely days
will make us from our dreams
And will tell us how much we loved each other
How much we need each other.
How much our heart cries for each other,
And how our love will grow for each other
as the days pass by.
Even as we part,
Our hearts will be together
Closer than the simple letters A and B are.
O' my love, no matter how far we go from each others

You could love only me and my love
And I could love only you.

by Homaira Farahnaz



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