Under the Fashion Juggernaut

Andrew Holleran

In the popular mind, male fashion designers, like flight attendants, hairdressers, and interior decorators, are assumed to be gay, and not without reason. A few names come to mind: Balenciaga, Dior, Givenchy, Cardin, St. Laurent, Lagerfeld, Valentino, Dolce and Gabbana, Armani, Versace, Franco Moschino, Jean-Paul Gaultier, Thierry Mugler, Halston, Bill Blass, Calvin Klein, Geoffrey Beene, Stephen Burrows, Clovis Ruffin, Tom Ford, Michael Kors, Marc Jacobs, Isaac Mizrahi—not to mention the legendary Charles James, who, rumor had it, used to fit his clothes on Puerto Rican boys in his room at the Chelsea Hotel. Yet no one has written about the strange symbiosis between gay men and the straight women who wear their clothes, go to their fashion shows, write about them, and find an excitement in the fashion industry that may mystify non-fashionistas, but certainly surpasses, for some of us, anything that happens in the NFL.

Dana Thomas’ book is about two gay British designers, John Galliano and Alexander McQueen, and their remarkably parallel careers. Both were gay sons of working-class families—Galliano’s father was a butcher, McQueen’s drove a cab—and both were bullied for being sissies when they were growing up. Both had mothers who supported their interest in clothes. Both went to an arts school in London called Central Saint Martins. Both went to gay clubs—an arts school in London called Central Saint Martins. Both went to gay clubs—McQueen to a place called Man Stink. Both were helped by aristocratic women who spotted their talent. Both were hired by Bernard Arnault, the French billionaire who built the luxury conglomerate LVMH, to head famous fashion houses. Both became the fashion equivalent of rock stars, with total creative freedom. Both were helped by aristocratic women who spotted their talent. Both were hired by Bernard Arnault, the French billionaire who built the luxury conglomerate LVMH, to head famous fashion houses. Both became the fashion equivalent of rock stars, with more money than they knew what to do with, chauffeured cars, apartments in Paris, and total creative freedom. Both were under incredible pressure to design more collections per year than any other human being should be asked to. (pace Karl Lagerfeld). Both had boyfriends who didn’t last, including, in McQueen’s case, a man he “married” before there was such a ceremony and who, he later claimed, infected him with HIV. Both abused drugs. And both eventually cracked under the pressure—Galliano by telling a woman during a drunken rant in a Paris café that she had “an ugly Jew face,” McQueen by hanging himself from the shower head, and after that buckled, from the pole in his closet. (Bingo.) The two men’s lives confirm every cliché about fashion one has ever entertained, including, in McQueen’s case, the obligatory trip to India and the dalliance with Buddhism—the search for peace with which Charles Ludlam opened his play about the very gay fashion designer Claude Caprice.

Caprice seems to have been the bane of the two men’s existence—not just their own whims, but the passionately judgmental audience at their fashion shows, who wanted to be astonished, amused, moved to tears, and transported by a new way to dress. Thomas’ descriptions of these shows are like the recreations of long-forgotten Broadway shows that we remember only for their songs, which can be tedious because she leaves nothing out: where they got the theme, who did the music, hair, makeup, hats, accessories, and lighting, and who was in the front row. (That said, go to YouTube and watch McQueen’s The Horn of Plenty show, and you may understand why this book was written.) Both McQueen and Galliano created narratives for the collections they were showing (“a ravished Russian royal named Princess Lu-
What can stop the Juggernaut? Not a whole lot actually. Check out the top 15 craziest facts about Marvel's unstoppable force. In another feat of strength and endurance, he was once buried under a trillion tons of rock and rubble and manages to dig himself out with little to no effort at all. 9 HULK-BUSTER. Due to The Juggernaut's vast reservoir of power, he has been able to not only outperform many Marvel heroes, but has come dangerously close to killing a number of them. Questionable fashion choices aside, The Juggernaut's longevity is one of legend in the Marvel Universe. Drawing upon Cyttorak's power, The Juggernaut gains all his sustenance from the chaos god himself. This means he has no need for sleep, food, water, or even oxygen. Fashion. Tech. Gaming. Preferably under a juggernaut. 'What alien backside is straddling your saddle? Whose legs are pressing on your frail pedals?' As your tired old handlebars are wrenched savagely sideways to avoid the juggernaut lurching towards you on the Cromwell Road, fold, jackknife, constrict and pack your thieving rider neatly away under its wheels. Vengeance is mine.

Comments. Fashion above all, is the motto of Miranda boing! Reply. Apr 12, 2015. Darthmelevis. Lol even the juggernaut is under armored XD I mean it's not even like the non-vital parts are all that is showing but the lower stomach and chest which if you got shot you have maybe 2 seconds to think "I dun fucked up" (unless some how her breast plate is made of captain america's shield XD). Reply. Edited Mar 12, 2015.