

HIGH & MIGHTY

THE BEEHIVE IS BACK. MARINA RUST TRIES NEW TWISTS ON A FASHION CLASSIC. PHOTOGRAPHED BY TIM WALKER.

My love of high hair began last fall with an angled, pre-tied Marc Jacobs silk head wrap. Rather dramatic, in a dance hall/Bob Fosse way, and very good for a bad-hair night. My limp and messy locks tumbled from atop, giving me extra height and, I hoped, a bit of edge. My posture seemed improved.

I was therefore delighted when my editor called. Had I seen the modern-day beehives at the spring collections, and would I like to try them?

For decades, the beehive's presence has been largely regional or ironic. The style became the rage in 1960, when it was also known as the B-52, its cone shape resembling the nose of the bomber. At this season's shows, however, suggestions of bees and hives swarmed the runways. At Alexander McQueen, models wore fiercely futuristic headpieces inspired by beekeeping helmets, in some instances with corseted dresses with honeycomb bodices and bumblebees sewn right onto the skirts. Vera Wang's models sported messy towers of hair, wrapped like turbans, and Oscar de la Renta sent sleek, candy-striped beehives down his runway, prompting editors to note how suddenly, surprisingly pretty they looked. Pretty and—dare I say—modern?

"I love a beehive," says my great friend Kevin Lee, updo genius and creative director of the venerable Kenneth Salon, when I visit him before a fashion-awards dinner. "The volume and the line that you get from it can be incredible. It's a very strong shape," he cautions, "so it has to be a head-to-toe look. What are you wearing?" On my iPhone, I show him a printed silk tank dress from Chris Benz. To ease me into the look, Kevin proceeds with what he calls "a modified beehive" or "a particularly high French twist." Whatever it's called, I love it. "The beehive is a classical shape," he explains. "It goes back to Greco-Roman times."

Next up: Orlando Pita, the hairstylist who created that streaked, streetwise beehive for Oscar. The day before my appointment, a knee-length, classically feminine pale pink—with-white overlay dress from the designer's new collection arrives at my apartment. I try it on.

"You're too old to wear that," notes my eight-year-old.

"Yes, I would be," I explain, "were I to wear my hair down. . . ."

Lara crosses her arms, unconvinced. I consider how to

explain to her the added edge of the beehive, the visual juxtaposition of hard and soft, but say, simply: "The man doing my hair tonight has done Lady Gaga's."

"OK," she allows. "That's cool."

Three oddly beautiful resin heads created for the Cooper-Hewitt's 2006 Triennial top the cabinets at Orlando Pita's Chelsea loft. A curator commissioned them after seeing a geometric look Pita had done one season for the runway at Dior.

Orlando brings out lengths of hair—neon pink, canary yellow, Katy Perry-blue, all colors he'd used to lend street cred to the ladylike looks at Oscar. "It was Audrey Hepburn meets Andy Warhol," he says of the graffitied effect. To complement my dark Brunette, we decide on a white streak with lavender tinge. Pita blows my hair straight, then glues the five pale extensions along parts he's made atop my scalp. Next he covers

the seam lines of the glue with a bronzy-brown spray designed for balding men. This gives the colored streaks a cool, growing-out look. He teases the hair on top of my head; it fans out like the plumage on an exotic bird.

Orlando, who came to the United States from Cuba when he was five, remembers the beehives of that era: "My mom got one done every Saturday and would wrap it in a silk scarf to sleep. She used a rattail comb to fix it in the morning."

The stripes and volume in my hair are now looking very Disney villainess—not Cruella, more Ursula the sea witch. Still, my volume is not enough for the beehive. "We'll need a rat," decides Pita, forming negative space from a swath of black acrylic mesh, which he places at the crown of my head.

While he works, Orlando summarizes the three steps of beehive construction: "1. Tease whole head." (Done.) "2. French twist in back; then, 3., take one side, sweep over and pin; repeat on other side." After expert twisting and pinning, the completed mound rises

three or four inches over my head. Orlando explains the proportion: "It shouldn't be bigger than your face." He uses hair spray, then heats it all with a blow-dryer, sealing the set. With a hand mirror, I examine the seam at the back, where alternating streaks show the artful intricacy of the work; it looks like hair, not bulk. Suddenly I've gone from Ursula to Audrey. I love it.

When I walk outside onto the damp and blustery streets, my beehive does not budge. This hair is more powerful than weather. The only close call comes when I do find a taxi. (Beware vertical clearance.) The driver (continued on page 615)



HIVE MIND

The author, en route to a dinner party, wears a beehive by John D'Orazio.

HONEY-DO

Elza Luijendijk in Alexander McQueen's honeycomb dress with Plexiglas harness and necklace. Hair, Julien d'Ys for Julien d'Ys; makeup, Val Garland. Produced by AND Production. Set design, Andy Hillman for the Wall Group. Details, see In This Issue.

Fashion Editor:
Phyllis Posnick.



club that is still so surprisingly small. Lena Dunham, Tina Fey, Kristen Wiig, Nancy Meyers, Diablo Cody . . . can we really count them on one hand? In an interview last year, Cody said, "It seems a lot of people in power are not comfortable with women writing or directing; they think it's incompatible with motherhood or some other responsibility, and that freaks me out." When I read this back to her, she says, "Well, I am not siding with those people, but I have learned through experience that ambition and motherhood are kind of like oil and water. We equate mothers with sacrifice. And to be a director, to be a leader, you kind of have to be selfish. It's something I'm still figuring out. At the same time I think, I have a really cool high-profile job and I'm breast-feeding and I'm sleeping with my baby every night, and I think I'm doing a decent job as a mother. So I think we're capable of more than people realize. It's not like you have to *completely* shaft your kids to be successful in this field." She laughs. "Just once in a while."

I suggest that perhaps she is the heir to Ephron, and she swats the idea away. "Noooo, I don't think so. Nora made it look easy. At its best, I don't think there's an ease to what I do." She rolls her eyes. "I think everyone can sense me trying."

Brook Busey is now 34. And despite all the florid exoticism of her 20s, she is really just a nice Midwestern girl who married a regular guy from Seaside Heights, New Jersey—Dan Maurio, who works as a producer on *Chelsea Lately*. "He was a change kid on the boardwalk," says Cody, "and then he was a bartender, and now he lives here and works in TV, and I think he feels all the time that he's faking it. I feel that way too. My husband sounds like a Real Housewife. You know what he always says that I make fun of? 'Don't take it for granite.'" Big laugh. "That's Jersey right there."

One can only imagine how he teases her. "I have not been able to shake the Midwestern identity," she says. "I know a lot of people who move here and they immediately kind of tighten up and shed the ten pounds, their speech patterns change, their hair gets shinier, and they become Californians so quickly. That didn't happen to me. If anything, I have become more and more like a person who should be driving a Zamboni."

Not long after their first son, Marcello, was born three years ago, Cody

bought her parents, Greg and Pam, a condo in the Valley, and now she sees them all the time. "It's honestly like a sitcom," she says. "They are constantly stopping by. And we've gotten a lot closer. I feel like I actually *know* them now. And what's funny is that my dad is really interested in show business suddenly: He reads *Variety* every day and is always wanting to talk to me about the deals that so-and-so made. If only he had come out here earlier!"

They must be so proud, I say.

"Yes, but they are a little ashamed, too," she says. "Because they raised me to believe that success is being a consistent person, a reliable person, a practical person, which they both are. And my entire existence is in defiance of that, and so I think it freaks them out that I was able to become successful doing the opposite of everything they prescribed."

Where do you live? I ask.

"I live on Mulholland Drive in this bachelor pad." She stares at me with those big blue eyes. "Do you know Jeff Stryker, the gay porn star? Apparently he lived there before we did. It's totally *that* kind of house. But it's not the greatest for a family of four. It's kind of a deathtrap. It's babyproofed to the gills right now, and I still don't feel safe." A big smile spreads across her face. "But it's great for a male porn star living alone!" □

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comments on the style. "Marie Antoinette meets traditional Africa." Didn't Nefertiti sport this look? The beehive's roots go deep.

That night, I wear the complete Oscar look to a drinks party and accidentally rip the hem of my dress. I stop home before dinner and change into a drapery black blouse and pants. My Chloé platforms, plus hair, make me effectively six feet four inches. My husband loves it, maybe because it doesn't look like me, maybe because of *Mad Men*, maybe both.

At bedtime I realize I'd forgotten to ask for glue solvent to remove the extensions. My hive, it seems, must stay put. I wrap a scarf around it, but the bobby pins poke and keep me awake until I remove them—knowing tomorrow I may face more of a rat's nest than a beehive.

The next morning, I skulk into a parent-teacher conference with lilac bed head. Immediately after, I call Kevin. Can he fix up this hair? I've become more than attached to it and hope to

wear it to a friend's birthday party.

Kevin fits me in and repairs the damage. That evening, I wear one of my simplest black dresses and marvel that despite previous ideas about a head-to-toe look, one of the most pleasant revelations about the modern-day beehive is how it livens up old clothes. After that night's party, I finally apply the solvent and am sad to see the lavender streaks float off limply in the tub.

I have another party coming up, and Kevin's out of town. My editor books me in with hairdresser John D'Orazio. "He did a wild, over-the-top beehive for one of the guests at the Met gala," she says.

D'Orazio's salon is on Madison, above the Ralph Lauren children's shop. He has a 25-year history on this block. His salon is an old-school classic: mirrored French doors, coffee, chatting, and an offered plate of chocolates.

He recalls the theatrical style he'd done for vintage dealer Juliana Cairone's Met look. "It was decorated with beetles in honor of the Schiaparelli exhibition, which called for something exotic, for glamour."

D'Orazio's father had a barbershop in Brooklyn; his mother had a salon next door. At eleven years old, he began styling his mother's hair. "I loved it. By thirteen, I was completely booked." For his first beehive, he used a can of Ozon hair spray, wrapping the hair around the actual can.

For modern-day hair, D'Orazio has developed his own line of preshaped add-ons. He shows me a cone that is my exact color match, but then I become entranced with a streaky tortoiseshell length of hair, stiff but bendable. Like the cone, the ribbon-like shape, created by adhering high-quality hair to both sides of a length of lace organza, has sewn-in clips to anchor it. He clips the piece atop my head and wraps it around itself, the interior hollow, the sides glossy and smooth.

"Isn't this *fun*?" he asks, the color-blocked effect highlighting the beehive's geometry. The finished look is aerodynamic and light to wear.

"I used to wonder, What is future hair?" muses D'Orazio as I'm getting up to leave. "The hair in the sixties was so futuristic; then the future came."

And it was filled with blow-dry bars? He nods.

I walk out of the salon, hair and head high, feeling empowered. The future is now. □

POWER 2013

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