



Vivienne
Westwood



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Westwood**

MADE IN ENGLAND

LEONARD PELTIER IS INNOCENT



Vivienne
Westwood

GOLD LABEL



She wasn't born into fashion royalty. Vivienne Isabel Swire came from the grey working-class streets of post-war Derbyshire, far from the gilded ateliers of Paris. But perhaps that's exactly why she never treated fashion with blind reverence. For Westwood, fashion was never about pleasing—it was about provoking. And she did it with the force of a Molotov cocktail dressed in tartan.

In the early 1970s, Vivienne didn't set out to "make clothes." She created uniforms for cultural resistance. Her boutique on King's Road—eventually known as SEX—wasn't just a store. It was a battleground. Alongside Malcolm McLaren, she engineered the visual identity of punk. Let that sink in: she didn't ride the wave—she helped shape it. Torn t-shirts emblazoned with sexual or political slogans, safety pins used like punctuation marks, bondage pants that made suburban Britain clutch its pearls. These weren't just edgy aesthetics. They were acts of defiance.

What's often romanticized now as "punk chic" was, back then, a cultural middle finger to the establishment. And Westwood was never subtle about it. She didn't just question authority—she dressed it down in fishnets and made it watch itself burn.

But here's where it gets more complicated.

As the decades passed, Vivienne didn't fade into the archives like so many of her contemporaries. She shape-shifted. The punk gave way to the intellectual. She began mining British history—corsets, crinolines, court dress—and reassembled it with a sly, anarchic twist. Her collections quoted Rousseau and climate science in equal measure. She sent models down the runway as if they were walking manifestos. She railed against fast fashion while still participating in the very industry she condemned. Hypocritical? Some say yes. Others call it necessary contradiction.

Her runway shows became lectures with hems. She critiqued capitalism from the front row of Paris Fashion Week. She pleaded for sustainability while selling \$800 T-shirts. She told us to "Buy Less, Choose Well," but made sure we wanted more. It's this tension—between message and medium—that defines her legacy as much as any silhouette or shoe.

Westwood wasn't easy to categorize, and maybe that was the point. She was a designer who believed fashion should have intellectual weight, political urgency, and emotional danger. She didn't create clothes for comfort—she created discomfort on purpose. Because only then, she believed, could change begin.

Vivienne did. Repeatedly. And with relish.

love her or challenge her, Vivienne Westwood made one thing clear: fashion, at



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The statement dress



Gorgeous girl



1993
KATE MOSS
RUNWAY





FW
ANGLOMANIA





The Girl, the Dress, the Drama: Kate Moss Opens Vivienne Westwood's Anglomania SS93

When Kate Moss stepped onto the runway at Vivienne Westwood's Anglomania Spring/Summer 1993 show, clutching a bouquet of delicate flowers and wearing that dress, time stood still—well, at least in the front row. The moment was soft, subversive, and unforgettable. Only Vivienne could turn a romantic silhouette into a revolutionary fashion statement, and only Kate could carry it with that paradoxical blend of innocence and raw edge.

The dress? A masterstroke of Westwood's signature clash between tradition and punk. It was a corseted mini-dress in soft, ivory-toned taffeta, adorned with a delicate print evocative of 18th-century toile de Jouy—except, in true Vivienne fashion, the pastoral scenes were twisted, rebellious, and slightly surreal. With exaggerated hips and that tightly cinched waist, the silhouette was pure Rococo meets Sex Pistols. But rather than feeling costume-y, the look exuded a strange modernity—thanks, in no small part, to the girl wearing it.

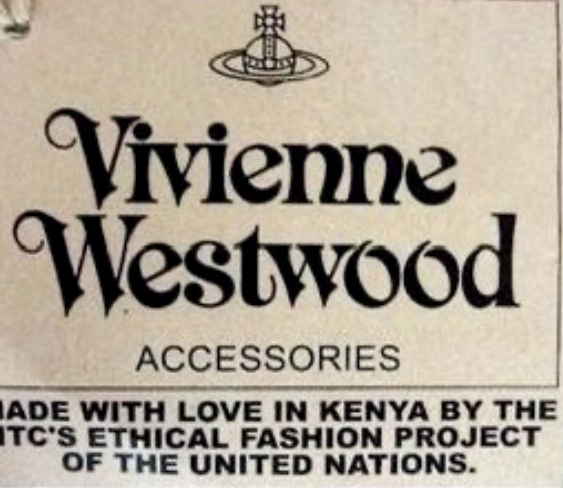
Kate didn't walk; she floated. With her effortless, slightly aloof strut, she carried the bouquet as if she'd just escaped her own unconventional wedding—or perhaps ruined someone else's. The flowers weren't just an accessory; they were part of the performance. She clutched them low, off to the side, an afterthought that told you: this bride doesn't care for tradition. Her expression was blankly poetic, eyes downcast at moments, then catching the audience in flashes. It was the kind of walk that said, "I'm not trying." And yet, every editor's pen was scribbling furiously.

But let's not pretend this was accidental. Vivienne Westwood chose Kate for this moment on purpose. Moss, barely 19 at the time, was already the embodiment of the '90s waif—the antidote to the hyper-glamorous supermodel era. She brought something raw, something unfinished. In the Anglomania collection—a line that explored the eccentricities, contradictions, and chaos of British identity—Kate's presence was more than aesthetic; it was symbolic. She was the girl who could channel both Regency romance and Camden grunge in one breath.

So, why Kate? Because Vivienne knew that rebellion doesn't always roar. Sometimes, it carries a bouquet of flowers and walks like it doesn't give a damn. And just like that, Westwood didn't just dress a girl. She crowned a queen.



RÉGNE
magazine



Anarchy in Toile: The Print-Obsessed Masterpiece of Vivienne Westwood's Anglomania

If Kate Moss's bouquet-bearing entrance whispered romance with a side of rebellion, then that full-pattern Westwood look later in the Anglomania SS93 show screamed it—at full volume, through a loudspeaker, with a British flag waving overhead. Picture this: an outfit drenched in print, every inch covered in Vivienne's irreverent take on traditional toile, but reimagined through a lens of satire, seduction, and subversion. And yes, it was glorious.

This ensemble was Vivienne Westwood doing what she did best: taking British heritage and turning it inside out, mocking it lovingly while elevating it to high fashion theatre. The silhouette was pure historical drama—think 18th-century aristocracy, but distorted with modern punk energy. Exaggerated hips, a cinched corset waist, and cascading fabric in all directions gave it the grandeur of a Gainsborough portrait... if Gainsborough had painted rebellious London girls instead of duchesses.

But the magic was in the print. The Anglomania pattern wasn't your grandmother's wallpaper. It was loaded with subtle irony—classical motifs twisted into chaotic vignettes, tiny scenes of debauchery or satire hidden within the delicate lines. It was as if Vivienne had taken a symbol of conservative English gentility and turned it into a revolutionary manifesto—one rococo ruffle at a time.

The model—styled in head-to-toe pattern, including matching tights and gloves—wasn't just wearing the clothes. She was the concept. With powdered cheeks and a mischievous smirk, she glided down the catwalk like a ghost from the past who'd just discovered punk rock. Her posture was performative, theatrical, meant to remind us that fashion doesn't have to whisper. Sometimes it shouts in baroque print and walks like it owns the monarchy. But Anglomania was never just about clothes. It was about Britain—its messiness, its contradictions, its absurdity. The name itself is a loaded term, evoking obsession, satire, even sickness. Vivienne wasn't designing garments; she was staging a critique of British identity using tartan, corsets, and powdered wigs as her vocabulary. And this fully patterned outfit? It was the collection's punchline and its thesis statement all in one.

Why did it work? Because no one else could get away with it. Only Westwood could combine aristocracy and anarchy so seamlessly. Only she could take history and turn it into an inside joke that somehow made it onto the runway.

And only in Anglomania could overdressing be the most punk thing you could do.



A theatrical clash of history and rebellion, Anglomania SS93 was Vivienne Westwood at her most provocative and poetic. The runway became a time-warped battlefield where corsets, bustles, tartans, and rococo prints collided with punk attitude. Models floated and strutted with powdered wigs, smeared cheeks, and defiant eyes—like aristocrats gone rogue.



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2014
RUNWAY



REBEL WITH
THE CAUSE

REBEL WITH THE CAUSE

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Vivienne Westwood SS2014: Anarchy Wears White

Leave it to Vivienne Westwood to turn a bridal moment into a scene straight out of a post-apocalyptic fairy tale. For her Gold Label Spring/Summer 2014 show in Paris, Westwood once again blurred the line between fantasy and chaos, bringing us a world where climate change, couture, and chaos all walked hand-in-hand. Literally. And then—she appeared. The look. A statuesque model gliding down the runway in a floor-length white gown, bouquet in hand like a reluctant bride who'd rather set fire to the altar than walk down it. The dress? Ethereal, but with a bite. The bodice was sheer, almost ghostlike—delicate tulle clinging to the skin in a whisper of fabric, exposing just enough to make the front row squirm (and scribble). No lining, no compromise. This wasn't a wedding dress. It was a weapon disguised as one.

The back told another story—draped, low-cut, and entirely romantic. The gown slipped off the shoulders in a way that felt almost accidental, like she'd woken up late and decided to marry herself instead. Soft pleats fell from the waist, catching light and shadow with every step, creating movement as haunting as it was hypnotic.

And let's talk beauty. **Her makeup?** Stark, theatrical, and vaguely tragic—white-powdered skin, sharp contours, and a lip that looked smudged with intent. Think: ghost bride meets modern sculpture. Her hair was teased and swept up into a chaotic updo—an undone chignon with strands escaping like secrets, as if she'd danced through a thunderstorm on her way to the show.

The rest of the runway was a fever dream of protest and pageantry. Models marched like otherworldly messengers—some painted like warriors, others styled like wayward aristocrats caught in a time loop. Westwood, as always, had a message: about fashion, about the environment, about not giving a damn. The show was political, performative, and painfully beautiful.

Because in Westwood's world, even a white wedding gown can carry revolution in its seams.

In a world where fashion often chases perfection, Vivienne Westwood once again reminded us that beauty thrives in imperfection—and rebellion is always in style. For her Gold Label Spring/Summer 2014 show in Paris, Westwood delivered more than a collection. She gave us a spectacle. An eco-political opera where powdered skin, smeared rouge, and tangled updos told a louder story than any headline.

The show began not with fanfare, but with a kind of eerie, deliberate dissonance. The models appeared like specters of collapsing empires—faces ghostly, gazes vacant, mouths unsmiling. They weren't walking; they were warning. Each step on the runway felt loaded with history, rage, irony. This wasn't about selling clothes—it was about shaking the system awake.

Silhouettes ranged from wildly draped and oversized to tightly corseted and crinkled. Tartan battled with satin. Empire-line dresses clashed against structured jackets with exaggerated lapels. Some looks felt salvaged from old aristocratic closets, others like they were stitched together from protest banners left behind in the street. Fabrics crumpled, twisted, layered—clothing that looked like it lived through something.

But the real genius? The casting. Westwood's models didn't conform—they performed. Different sizes, different features, different energies. Some marched like warriors, others floated like they were walking through water. The makeup was bold and painterly: pale foundation dusted like porcelain, darkened eyes that sunk deep into dramatic sockets, cheeks blushed high and unnatural—less beauty, more theater. Hair was teased, knotted, pulled into shapes that looked both royal and post-apocalyptic.

Behind it all was Westwood's constant refrain: "Save the world, but make it fashion." Climate change, consumerism, cultural decay—these weren't subtexts, they were sewn into every hem, every torn edge, every eyebrow left unplucked. This wasn't just runway rebellion—it was couture activism dressed in opera gloves and powdered wigs.

Every look was a contradiction. Regal, yet ragged. Feminine, yet forceful. Historical, yet futuristic. Vivienne didn't just reference the past—she dragged it, exposed it, mocked it, and then wore it like a crown.

By the end, you didn't feel like clapping. You felt like marching.

REBEL WITH THE CAUSE

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Vivienne Westwood 25/26: A Bridal Moment for the History Books

There are wedding dresses... and then there are Vivienne wedding

For decades, Dame Vivienne Westwood has redefined the bridal silhouette—warping tradition, twisting romance, and crafting gowns that feel like poetry stitched in silk. **From Carrie Bradshaw's corseted cloud in *Sex and the City* to Kate Moss's ethereal bias-cut fantasy, Westwood has proven time and time again that no one does bridal quite like her.** Her gowns don't just say "I do." They say I dare.

And just when you think you've seen every possible take on the bridal finale, Runway 25/26 delivers that moment. The house of Westwood closed its show with a vision so striking, so unapologetically human, that it silenced the room and shook the front row into applause. No 20-something ingénue, no viral influencer—this bride was a regal, silver-haired woman of grace and presence. She didn't walk. She glided. And suddenly, age didn't matter. What mattered was the gown, the moment, the meaning.

Let's talk about the dress. A sculptural masterpiece in ivory satin—classic Westwood language, but spoken with fresh conviction. The fabric was rich, almost liquid, catching light like moonlight on still water. It hugged the body with Westwood's signature corsetry: structured, uplifted, and impossibly flattering. The bustline formed a soft, heart-shaped curve—romantic yet bold—framing the décolletage with perfect proportion. **The long sleeves**, delicately tapered, ended in slight flares at the wrists, adding a gesture of drama with every movement. The waist was cinched, of course, but the skirt—oh, the skirt—fell into voluminous folds that whispered of Victorian decadence without feeling heavy or dated.

From behind, the gown flowed into a soft, rounded train—not long enough to trip over, but just enough to command space. A modern bridal silhouette rooted in history, as only Vivienne could render it. It wasn't just a dress. It was a presence.

And then came the man. Clad in formal black, gloves of pearlescent satin, and a fine mesh veil obscuring his face, he entered as both accessory and symbol. He approached the bride slowly, reverently, extending his hand like a final punctuation mark on the show's emotional crescendo. It was theatrical, but never forced. Romantic, yet with an edge. It felt like something out of a lost opera—one that Westwood herself might have written in protest and passion.

What elevated the entire moment was the woman herself. A model whose elegance didn't need to be exaggerated. Her posture was noble, her gaze serene. Her makeup was barely there: a hint of soft blush, a satin-finish lip, a subtle shimmer across the eyelids that caught just enough light. Her silver hair was swept back into a low, sculptural chignon—chic, timeless, and quietly powerful. No spectacle. No irony. Just grace.

It was the kind of moment that made editors straighten up in their seats and stylists whisper "genius" under their breath. It was splashed across *Vogue*, *i-D*, and *Dazed* within hours, lauded not only for its aesthetic beauty, but for its fearless embrace of age, individuality, and legacy.



BRIDAL RUNWAY



Because Vivienne Westwood doesn't just design wedding dresses. She designs witnesses to time. Garments that remember the past, challenge the present, and whisper to the future. And this bridal moment? It wasn't about youth or perfection. It was about presence.

And isn't that what every bride—and every fashion moment—truly wants?

