

# **DIANA VREELAND:**

# **THE EYE HAS TO TRAVEL**



**Vanaf 4 oktober in de filmtheaters**

# SYNOPSIS DIANA VREELAND

Diana Vreeland — sprankelende persoonlijkheid, mode-icoon en hoofdredacteur — schreef geschiedenis door mode te verheffen tot kunstvorm. Vreeland zwaaide de scepter als hoofdredacteur van *Harper's Bazaar* en *Vogue* en creëerde een lifestyle vol glamour en excentriciteit die ongekend was in haar tijd. Vreeland werd bejubeld om haar humor en vlijmscherpe uitspraken als 'the bikini is the biggest thing since the atom bomb.' Twiggy, Lauren Bacall, Jackie O. en Coco Chanel behoorden tot haar meest intieme vrienden.

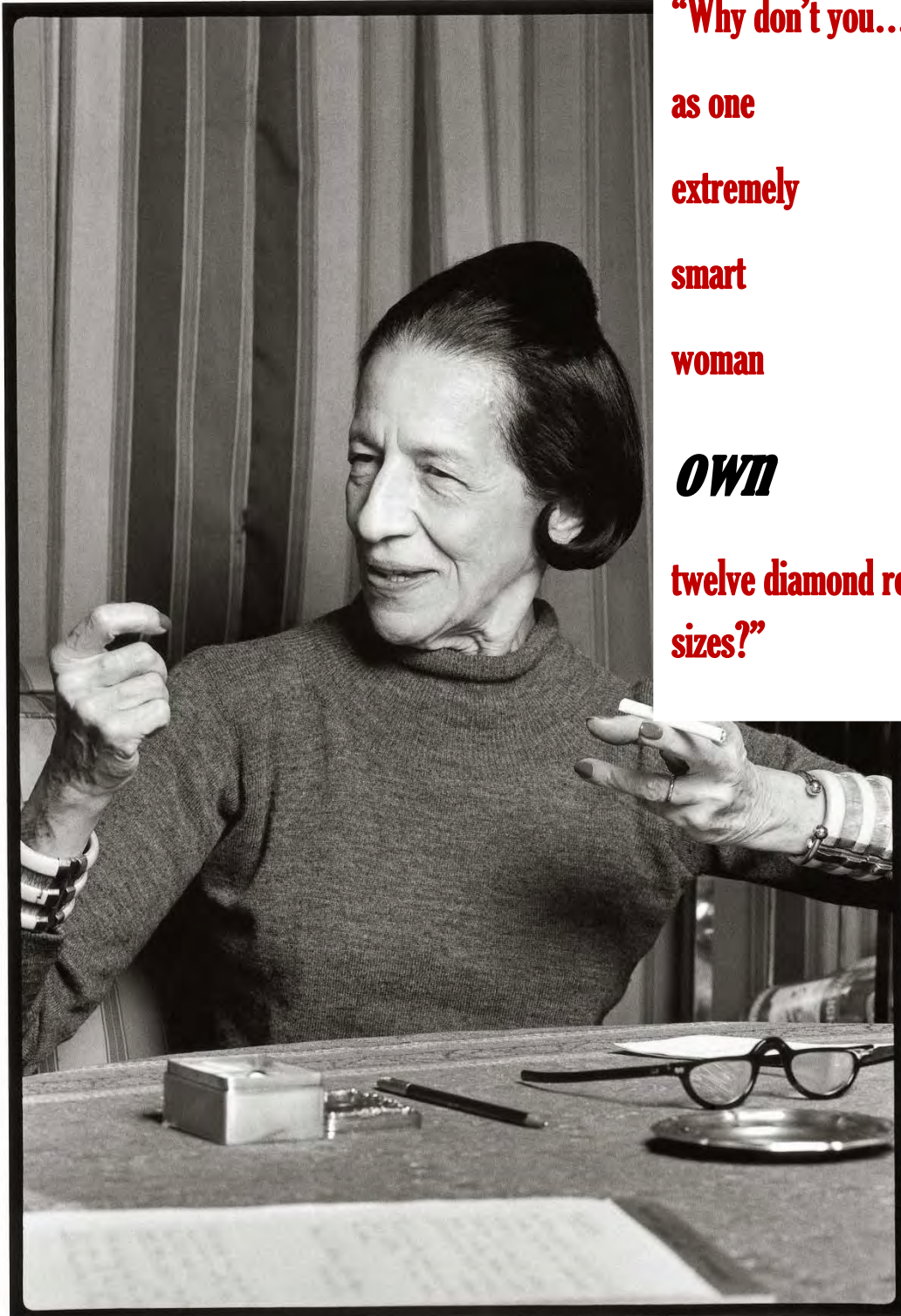
In de documentaire **DIANA VREELAND: THE EYE HAS TO TRAVEL** blikt *The Empress of Fashion* zelf terug op haar bewogen leven. De fine fleur uit de internationale modewereld komen aan het woord over deze grande dame aller tijdschriften.

Met o.a. Manolo Blahnik, Lauren Hutton, Diana von Furstenberg, David Bailey en Anjelica Huston.

**Diana Vreeland: The Eye Has to Travel/88 minuten/Verenigde Staten, 2011/Engels gesproken**







**“Why don’t you...**

**as one**

**extremely**

**smart**

**woman**

***OWN***

**twelve diamond roses of all  
sizes?”**

Beroemd citaat uit een van Vreelands Why Don't You-columns

**DIANA VREELAND: THE EYE HAS TO TRAVEL** wordt in Nederland gedistribueerd door ABC/ Cinemien. Beeldmateriaal kan gedownload worden van: [www.cinemien.nl/pers](http://www.cinemien.nl/pers) of vanaf [www.filmdepot.nl](http://www.filmdepot.nl). Voor meer informatie kunt u zich wenden tot Gideon Querido van Frank: +31(0)20-5776010 of [gideon@cinemien.nl](mailto:gideon@cinemien.nl)



***“Few names conjure ‘style’ with the zest of Diana Vreeland, this docu gets the zing just right!”***

**VARIETY**

***“Vergeet Anna Wintour.  
Diana Vreeland is terug.”***

**NRC HANDELSBLAD**



# CREW DIANA VREELAND

Regie	Lisa Immordino Vreeland
Scenario	Lisa Immordino Vreeland Bent-Jorgen Perlmutter Frederic Tcheno
Productie	Magnus Andersson Ron Curtis Jonathan Gray
Muziek	Paul Cantelon
Camera	Christobal Zanartu
Montage	Bent-Jorgen Perlmutter



# THE DIVINE DIANA VREELAND

“Ik kan geen kleine hapjes uit de modewereld nemen, dat voelt als mezelf uithongeren”, aldus Diana Vreeland. De *High Priestess of Fashion* zat in het midden van de 20e eeuw vijftig jaar lang op haar glorieuze troon als hoofdredacteur van de toonaangevende modetijdschriften *Harper's Bazaar* en *Vogue*. Door haar inspanningen voor het Costume Institute van het Metropolitan Museum of Art wist Vreeland mode tot kunstvorm te verheffen.

## In **DIANA VREELAND: THE EYE HAS TO TRAVEL**

van regisseur Lisa Immordino Vreeland blikt de in 1989 overleden Vreeland zelf terug op haar bewogen leven. De documentaire bestaat niet alleen uit vele archiefinterviews (veelal opgenomen in Vreelands bloemrijke woonkamer), maar ook uit nagespeelde dialogen tussen haar en schrijver George Plimpton, die in 1988 Vreelands memoires meeschreef. De fine fleur van de internationale modewereld komt aan het woord over deze grande dame aller tijdschriften. Regisseur Lisa Immordino Vreeland laat grootheden aan het woord als Diane von Fürstenberg, Andy Warhol, Manolo Blahnik en Oscar de la Renta wier carrière Vreeland vormgaf. De documentaire is fantastisch geïllustreerd met pagina's uit Vreelands tijdschriften en vele overrompelende archiefbeelden.



Diana Vreeland (1903-1989) was een beroemdheid en een *New York socialite* in haar tijd en een legende voor het nageslacht. Ze zwaaide de scepter als hoofdredacteur en columnist en werd bejubeld om haar humor én vlijmscherpe pen. In haar *Why Don't You?*-columns gaf zij haar lezeressen tips om elegant en origineel door het leven te gaan en... te durven dromen. Door haar uitgesproken persoonlijkheid was Vreeland kind aan huis bij de Amerikaanse *beau monde* en persoonlijk adviseuze van grootheden, zoals hartsvriendin Coco Chanel. In 1972, ná haar abrupte ontslag bij *Vogue*, werkte Vreeland voor het Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York als organisator van kunsttentoonstellingen die door haar onconventionele aanpak alle records braken. Met Vreelands tentoonstellingen, zoals *The Glory of Russian Costume* die meer dan een miljoen bezoekers trok, wist zij als een der eersten mode tot kunstvorm te verheffen.

# LISA IMMORDINO VREELAND

Hoewel Lisa Immordino Vreeland haar schoongrootmoeder nooit heeft ontmoet, heeft ze in ieder geval één ding met met de modelegende gemeen: *she never takes no for an answer*.



Deze vastberadenheid kwam goed van pas bij haar debuut als auteur en filmmaker.

Lisa was bekend met de familiegeschiedenis en had ongelimiteerde toegang tot het enorme archief van Diana Vreelands werk, maar ze had geen eerdere ervaring met schrijven of regisseren. Haar volharding won uiteindelijk.

Het viel Lisa op dat de legende van Vreeland niet altijd goed begrepen werd en wilde daarom jongere generaties informeren over meer dan de publieke persoonlijkheid van het mode icoon. “Ik had het gevoel dat ze verkeerd begrepen werd. Iedereen kent de buitenkant van Diana Vreeland,” legt Lisa uit. “Wanneer mensen over haar praten, hebben ze het altijd over haar uiterlijk en haar manieren. Ik wilde haar serieuze kant tonen, het karakter van de vrouw.”

Een ander punt wat Lisa gemeen heeft met de altijd stijlvolle D.V. is een lange carrière in de mode. Lisa begon haar carrière als PR manager voor het Italiaanse Polo Ralph Lauren en heeft daarna

verschillende modebedrijven gelanceerd — ze stond aan het begin van de wereldwijde sportmodelijn van Fabrizio Ferri, de sportmode van Pratico en een eigen kasjmier modelijn.

Tijdens het schrijven van het boek **DIANA VREELAND: THE EYE HAS TO TRAVEL** raakte Lisa geïnspireerd om een documentaire te maken die nog meer zou laten zien van Vreelands veelzijdigheid. Lisa woont in New York met haar man Alexander Vreeland en haar 8-jarige dochter Olivia, de achterkleindochter van Diana Vreeland...









When discussing tastemakers of the 20th century, few names conjure "style" with the zest of Diana Vreeland, and docu "The Eye Has to Travel" gets the zing just right. As editor at Harper's Bazaar and Vogue in the glory years of couture, Vreeland

had an enormous impact on the way people looked at clothes and the aura they conveyed, and while some poked fun at her image, it was always done with respect. The same can be said for helmers Lisa Immordino Vreeland, Bent-Jorgen Perlmutt, and Frederic Tcheng, whose docu will thrive at fests, on smallscreens and in ancillary.

Though the pic is a tie-in to Immordino Vreeland's forthcoming book on her grandmother-in-law (whom she never knew) and an exhibition opening in Venice in early spring, this isn't a mere promo piece, though it is a celebration.

Born Diana Dalziel in Paris in 1903 to expat socialite parents, she grew up in a household where the Belle Epoque's leading luminaries made frequent social calls. From there to New York, and the delirious freedom of the 1920s when hemlines rose, necklines descended and the freedom embodied by Josephine Baker swept up the young Diana.

Marriage to Reed Vreeland in the 1920s (it lasted 46 years) led to a London sojourn and then back to New York. In 1937 the stylish D.V. (as she self-styled her autobiography) was recruited by Carmel Snow, the legendary editor of Harper's Bazaar, and Vreeland remained with the trend-setting magazine for 25 years until she decamped to Vogue. Both magazines offered far more than fashion; they presented a lifestyle of glamour with a pride in chic eccentricity. "You learn from exaggeration," claimed Vreeland, and she lived up to her precept.

Vreeland's flair and uncanny ability to gauge the moment earned her the admiration (and fear) of all around her. Ali McGraw, an assistant fresh out of Wellesley, talks of her imperious manner, yet like everyone else, she does so with a strong element of admiration. The helmers bring together a who's-who of designers (Givenchy, Oscar de la Renta, Manolo Blahnik), models (Veruschka, Polly Tree, China Machado) and photographers (David Bailey, Richard Avedon, Lillian Bassman) who testify to Vreeland's exactitude and verve. She was the woman who discovered Lauren Bacall, advised Jackie Kennedy, celebrated Twiggy.

When Vogue let her go, Vreeland was hired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where she revolutionized the Costume Institute and influenced generations of visitors who began looking at clothes and their display as more than merely cunningly stitched fabric but representatives of an era's spirit and wellsprings of creativity. She may not have been the mother most children want (as testified by her two sons), but the relish with which she championed creativity, from Yves Saint Laurent to Mick Jagger, made her the oracle of style.

Along with talking heads, the helmers re-create recordings made during George Plimpton's interviews of Vreeland; though Annette Miller's voice isn't as deep, she captures the cadences and, best of all, the emphases Vreeland gave to such words as "pizzazz" and "divine," always with extra exclamation marks. Her gnomic memos deserve a book in themselves.

Pacing moves at a great clip but doesn't overwhelm the subject; nothing really could. Tech credits, Vreeland would be happy to know, are flawless



# The Devine Mrs. V.

Diana Vreeland -- tastemaker, magazine editor, Costume Institute institution -- was perhaps the city's most recognizable fashion icon. A look at a life of high style -- and high drama.

By Eleanor Dwight



**STEP LIVELY:** An image of Vreeland that appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* in 1936. She had just begun her 26-year reign at the magazine.

(Photo: Martin Munkacsi; Copyright Joan Munkacsi/Diana Vreeland Archives.)

In the early spring of 1936, Carmel Snow, the legendary editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, watched as a young, dark-haired woman glided across the dance floor at the St. Regis hotel. She wore a white Chanel lace dress with a bolero and roses in her jet-black hair; her high cheekbones were heavily rouged. Snow was entranced and offered the woman -- a wife and mother of two just returned with her husband from six years abroad -- a job. And the rest is fashion history.

"I'd only been here for six months," Diana Vreeland later recalled. Though her husband, Reed, had been working at a bank, she also needed a job, badly. "I was going through money like one goes through . . . a bottle of scotch, I suppose, if you're an alcoholic." Thus began a tenure at *Bazaar* that would last 26 years, launching Vreeland as an American fashion icon.

She stood out from the start. Readers were introduced to her signature epigrammatic style with the typically colorful "Why Don't You?" column, which she began writing in August of 1936. "Why don't you . . . Turn your child into an Infanta for a fancy-dress party?" she asked readers. "Why don't you own, as does one extremely smart woman, twelve diamond roses of all sizes?" The theme repeated over and over in Vreeland's column was a personal credo: Don't just be your ordinary dull self. *Why don't you* be ingenious and make yourself into something else?

This maxim had served her well in the past. Raised in New York by her American mother, Emily Key Hoffman, and English father, Frederick Young Dalziel, little Diana -- with her dark, curly hair, deep-set eyes, and aquiline nose -- had to contend with being the plain girl in a family of beauties. Her mother, a free-spirited socialite who ran with a bohemian crowd, was dubbed the "Society Carmencita" after John Singer Sargent's popular painting of a Spanish dancer; her younger sister, Alexandra, was blonde and angelic. As a child, Diana was told by her mother, "It's too bad that you have such a beautiful sister and that you are so extremely ugly and so terribly jealous of her. This, of course, is why you are so impossible to deal with." Vreeland later summed up, with her typical aplomb: "Parents, you know, can be *terrible*."

For her part, Vreeland found her mother's flamboyance embarrassing. She claimed Emily came to Mother's Day at Brearley in "a *bright* green tweed suit and a little golden-yellow Tyrolean fedora with a little black feather, gilt at the end, that was short but sharp -- I'm talking *sharp* -- and she was very made up." In her teenage journal, she confided that "Mother and I agree on practically nothing." Instead, Diana emulated her classmates in how to dress; she



worked on becoming tidy, enlarging her vocabulary, improving her manners. For the rest of her life, Vreeland would refine this ability to reinvent herself. "For years I am and always have been looking out for girls to idealize because they are things to look up to, because they are perfect," she wrote in her diary. But since she had never discovered "that girl or that woman," she announced, "*I shall be that girl.*"

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At *Bazaar*, Vreeland set about reinventing the job of fashion editor. She chose the American clothes to be featured in the magazine, oversaw the photography, and worked with the models. "I know what they're going to wear before they wear it, what they're going to eat before they eat it," she announced. "I know where they're going before it's even there!"

Photographer Richard Avedon credits Vreeland with starting "a totally new profession." Before her, the fashion editor was a society lady putting hats on other society ladies. Vreeland, on the other hand, felt that "to-day only personality counts . . . I do not believe we should put in [the magazine] so-called society, as it is *démodé* and practically doesn't exist . . . but ravishing personalities are the most riveting things in the world -- conversation, people's interests, the atmosphere that they create round them -- these are the things that I feel are worth putting in any issue."

When Avedon first met Vreeland, he was standing at the doorway of her long, narrow office, at the far end of which stood a model in a stiff wedding dress. "Mrs. Vreeland never looked at me. She cried, 'Baron!' Beside her stood Baron de Gunzburg, the only male fashion editor in the world, a pincushion hanging like a Croix de Guerre from a ribbon at his throat, and she cried, 'Baron! Baron, the pins!' She took one pin and walked swinging her hips down to the end of the office. She stuck the pin not only into the dress but into the girl, who let out a little scream. Vreeland returned to her desk, looked up at me for the first time and said, 'Aberdeen, Aberdeen, doesn't it make you want to cry?' Well, it did. I went back to Carmel Snow and said, 'I can't work with that woman. She calls me Aberdeen.' And Carmel Snow said, 'You're going to work with her.' And I did, to my enormous benefit, for almost 40 years."

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Vreeland's home life was just as dramatic. When the war began in Europe in 1939, Reed moved to Canada, while Diana stayed in New York in order to keep her job at *Bazaar*. "Reed was living in Montreal through the war, working for British interests," Vreeland wrote in her memoir, *DV*. "It was a very vivid period in my life. For seven years, I was by myself." She was devoted to her dashing husband, whom she had met in 1923 and married the following year; she was so smitten, on their first meeting, that when he asked her to play golf, she jumped at the chance, although she barely knew how to play. She showed up at the first tee with a bandaged arm and announced that she could only walk around the course with him.

And yet the relationship was far from perfect. There had always been rumors about Reed's liaisons, but Diana had looked the other way. Now people said that Reed had left his wife and was living in Canada with another woman. It was even rumored that Diana went to Montreal and confronted his girlfriend. She sat her down in front of a mirror and said, "Look at you, you are young and beautiful, and you have everything ahead of you. I am getting older and I have only my wonderful husband."

## The Divine Mrs. V



**STYLISH PAIR:** Diana and Reed Vreeland--her stylish, urbane husband with whom she had two sons, and whose death in 1966 devastated her--on the steps of the Southampton Bathing Corporation in the late forties.

(Photo: Pragoff Cantor, Diana Vreeland Archives.)

After the war, Reed returned to Manhattan, and the couple resumed a schedule filled with chic parties animated by their coterie of society friends -- C. Z. Guest, Cecil Beaton, Cole Porter. By 1955 the crowd was dining at the Vreelands' new apartment at 550 Park Avenue. The living room was bloodred; as Diana announced: "I want this place to look like a garden, but a garden in hell." Scarlet chintz covered with brilliant Persian flowers cloaked the room. Red carpeting spread over the floors of the living room and hallway. As Vreeland pointed out, "Red is the great clarifier -- bright and revealing. I can't imagine becoming bored with red -- it would be like becoming bored with the person you love."

To 21-year-old Ali McGraw, the apartment represented a world filled with enticing possibilities. In 1960, McGraw, a recent Wellesley graduate, was Vreeland's assistant. Picking up her boss's portfolio every morning, she was greeted by the scent of Rigaud candles, good oatmeal, and bath soap: "I would drink in the sight of things, the Persian miniatures, the photographs of everyone I had ever heard of, the Scottish snuff horns." She realized, she says, that she "had everything to learn."

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By the end of the fifties, Vreeland herself was itching to take on new challenges. As Carmel Snow prepared to resign her post at *Harper's Bazaar*, Vreeland was keen to get her job. Hearst executives had other ideas. According to Adrian Allen, art director Alexey Brodovitch's assistant, Snow warned *Bazaar's* higher-ups that Vreeland "was a brilliant fashion editor who should never, *ever*, be editor-in-chief of a magazine." In late 1957, they chose to bring in Nancy White, Carmel Snow's niece. When Vreeland learned of White's appointment, she said, "We needed an artist and they sent us a house-painter."

Though she stuck it out for four more years, by early March 1962, the rumor began circulating that Diana Vreeland was leaving *Bazaar*. Sam Newhouse had bought Condé Nast, and, as one story has it, he hired Vreeland as a present to his wife, who wanted the best editor in the business for *Vogue*. In January 1963, Vreeland became *Vogue's* editor-in-chief.

Vreeland's humor and enthusiasm for the job immediately filled the nineteenth floor of the Graybar Building. According to former accessories editor Nuala Boylan, "A limousine would arrive, in the late morning or at lunchtime, and the door would snap open, and she would step out dressed in her usual head-to-foot black -- cashmere sweater, black wrap skirt, the pointed shoes, now famous, that were polished on the bottoms. The hands were beautifully manicured, the hair just so. It was a helmet -- once when her maid bumped into it by mistake with a tray, it clinked. And waiting at the curb, there would always be one assistant. . . . We would hear the clicking of feet and her loud voice over her shoulder dictating memos at a mile a minute."

Her secretary from 1964 to 1969, Felicity Clark, remembers an urgent memo, "a two-liner saying, 'Bring me shoes with chains on them.' Someone would come in swearing, saying, 'What's she on about now? There's no such thing as a shoe with a chain on it!' But you know, in six months' time everybody was wearing a shoe with a chain on it!" Another of Vreeland's memos stated that the *Vogue* staff should all wear bells at the office, according to fashion editor Carrie Donovan: "You know the sort of bells. Bells little kittens wear so they don't get lost in closets." So all the young women bought little bells, draping them around their necks and waists. "By the time she came in, we were all walking around with bells on. She pretended she didn't notice anything."

Donovan was always impressed with the abundance of Vreeland's ideas, and the intuitive sense she had for her readers. When Donovan planned to do a presentation using long skirts, which she had just seen in the French ready-to-wear, Vreeland admonished her. "'Oh, no, Carrie, modern women aren't going to go for that. They have to drive kids to school.' She never went anywhere except in a chauffeur-driven car; still, she understood all that."

Vreeland loved the sixties; her eclectic style fit right in with the times. "The idea of beauty was changing," she said. "If you had a bump on your nose, it made no difference so long as you had a marvelous body and good carriage. You held your head high, and you were a beauty. . . . You knew how to water-ski, and how to take a jet plane fast in the morning, arrive anywhere, and be anyone when you got off."

Vreeland's enthusiasm about the jet plane propelled her into producing fantastic, far-flung -- and wildly expensive -- fashion stories. Photographers went with models to Asia, Africa, the Middle East. But Vreeland, a perfectionist, was not always happy with the results. Model Penelope Tree remembers: "In England one time, David Bailey and I worked really hard on some photographs -- three days and three nights. We flew to America and triumphantly slapped them down on her desk. She got out her white gloves and she looked through the light box.

" 'Bailey, they're great!' Then there was a long pause. 'But we can't use them.' "

" 'You fucking old bag! Why not?' "

" 'There's no languor in the lips!' " "

"We were furious, but we had to laugh," continues Tree. "She rather liked being called an old bag by Bailey."

One inspired shoot was Vreeland's assignment for Norman Parkinson in Tahiti in 1965. With a team of two models and 200 pounds of gold and silver Dynel -- false plastic hair -- Parkinson was sent off with the boss's instructions: "I wish you to select the finest Arab stallion that you can find in Tahiti -- check with some Veterinarian -- and caparison him in the manner of the Grand Epoch. I want to see an illustration, as this one here, where the horse's mane and tail are plaited to the ground. Use all the Dynel you want -- you don't have to bring it back." As Parkinson later remarked, "Mrs. Vreeland was always in there punching for the impossible and the unattainable. When her ideas succeeded, they were triumphant." If not, "there were no postmortems."

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The sixties also brought unwelcome change. On June 6, 1966, Reed checked into New York Hospital, and the doctors discovered that he had cancer of the esophagus. Diana didn't discuss her husband's illness with anyone.



When he died on August 3, 1966, at the age of 67, she was devastated. She drew a little heart in her date book with an arrow through it.

Susan Train, then a fashion editor at *Vogue*, remembers seeing Vreeland when she came to Paris for the collections the following January. "She adored him, and she grieved deeply. We were at one of the couture houses. She always ordered herself two or three things. She found an evening dress she liked. The vendeuse said, 'Do you want it in black?' 'Certainly not. In red. I don't want to remind anyone that I'm in mourning. That's my business.' Although she loved black, that winter she did not have anything in black."

After Reed's death, young men like photographer David Bailey and jewelry designer Kenneth Jay Lane filled the void in Vreeland's life. Lane met Vreeland when he first came to New York in the mid-fifties. Lane remembers: "She made me realize the importance of positive thinking. She would say, 'Don't look back. Just go ahead. Give ideas away. Under every idea there's a new idea waiting to be born.' " Lane accompanied Vreeland to movies and parties. Vreeland, he says, "wanted youthful energy -- Halston, occasionally Jack Nicholson. She didn't want to go to Brooke Astor's dinners anymore."

Soon, there was more bad news. By the end of the sixties, the powers at *Vogue* were becoming more critical of Vreeland's performance. When Carrie Donovan tried to warn her boss that the businessmen at Condé Nast were finding Vreeland's editorial style too costly and her message out of touch with the times, the older editor replied, "'Oh, I'm used to it. . . I know how to handle those men. When they get this way, you just give it to them back.'" She was wrong. In the spring of 1971, Vreeland was fired.

When they realized Vreeland was leaving, her devoted editors were distraught. Polly Mellen hid in the bathroom, weeping. "Her office had always been wonderful. When you came in to see her, there she was in the bright red office with the leopard-skin rug. . . The next morning the office was beige, the rug was beige, and *Vogue* was beige."

Vreeland began a frantic trip around Europe. One night, Kenny Lane joined her in the dining room at the Ritz in Madrid. As the orchestra played "Fascination," "she started to bawl," Lane recalls. "She couldn't stop. It all came out. No Reed, no job."

Money had always been a problem. After her marriage, Diana became the parent whose income could be depended on. Although Reed always worked -- in banking, in investments, for Rigaud candles, for Pucci -- his jobs didn't bring in much money. By keeping up appearances -- she clothed by Paris couturiers, Reed in Bond Street apparel, each smoking cigarettes, both using a holder -- they managed to hide their financial situation from all but their closest friends. Now Vreeland dealt with this latest financial crisis by using her ingenuity once again.

In the spring of '72, Vreeland's lawyer, Peter Tufo, approached Ashton Hawkins, counsel to the Metropolitan Museum, about her working with the Costume Institute. When curator Ted Rousseau met with C. Z. Guest to discuss improvements at the Institute, he asked, "What do you think about Diana Vreeland?" She replied, "Well, if you don't have her, don't bother to open it. Nobody else can even do it." At 69, Vreeland was about to begin the most successful act of her career.

Ostensibly, Vreeland had been hired to persuade people to give their high-fashion wardrobes to the museum: She could get, the reasoning went, a lot of people to open their trunks. It soon became clear, however, that she would

also orchestrate the exhibitions in a whole new way. She once said, "The trouble with this country [is that] they want to give the public what it wants. Well, the public wants what it can't get, and it's up to the museum to *teach* them what to want."

While the staff members wanted the costumes to appear as they would have in the time period they represented, Vreeland wanted the clothes to look *now*. When a mannequin was being dressed for a historical show, Vreeland might say, "Oh, no, those shoes are wrong," and insist on better-looking shoes. The curator would reply that "these" shoes hadn't existed then. Mrs. Vreeland would say, "Well, if this woman looked like this mannequin . . . she would have thought of them."

In her off hours, Vreeland was living very much in the present. Although she had a string of male companions to escort her around town, she was particularly fond of Fred Hughes, a prominent member of Andy Warhol's crowd whom Warhol described as "one of the only young people around who insisted on Savile Row suits."

When Fred had flings with young women, Vreeland became jealous. Warhol, too, felt some jealousy; he complained that when Fred was drunk, he would "talk like Mrs. Vreeland." In 1986, long after Vreeland and Andy had stopped seeing each other regularly, Warhol wrote in his diary: "I told Fred that the kitchen was dirty and he looked at me and said, 'Well, I'm not going to do the dishes.' Diana Vreeland has been a really bad influence on him. I should've broken that up."

Although Vreeland enjoyed the Studio 54 culture, she didn't become part of it. As art critic John Richardson recalls, "Diana drank quite a bit" and preferred vodka and scotch to drugs. One night, while having dinner at his house on 38th Street, Kenny Lane said to her, "You're always talking about mara-ju-wanna" -- which was how she pronounced it -- "I think it's about time you smoke some." He gave her a "joint," and she lit up. "Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, and then she became trancelike. "Mmmmmm. Ohhh. Ohhh. I feel so strange, so wonderful." And, as Lane remembered, "she finished the performance and I said, 'Darling, I'm afraid it's not marijuana. It's a joint made with regular tobacco put back in.' 'Oh, no! How could you have done this to me?' " Vreeland's nonstop social life included older friends as well. As fashion executive Boaz Mazon remembers, there were two places you wanted to go in the seventies: the parties of "the Paleys and the de la Rentas, and Vreeland was always there, naturally."

In the winter of 1976, Vreeland visited her old friend Kitty Miller in Palm Beach. Her friend Lou Gartner remembers sitting with Vreeland at a large party. When dinner was over, at about 10:30, guests started to get up. Vreeland said, "What the hell is this, Scarsdale?" She said, "I want to go dancing." Gartner took her to a club in West Palm Beach. Gartner recalls, "I was talking to her and this shadow came across the table. And I looked up and there was the biggest black man I have ever seen in my life and he said, 'Do you want to dance?' Vreeland looked up and smiled at him, and he said, 'Not you, him.' And I said, 'I don't dance, but she's wild, she's great.' " Diana got up and, Gartner continues, "I've never seen anything like the two of them on the dance floor. I mean, you talk about dirty dancing, it was unreal." When she finally sat down, Vreeland said, " 'He's the most marvelous man. He's just out of prison. He needs help and support.' I said, 'We're going home.' "

After 1984, Vreeland started coming to the museum less and less, and as the eighties wore on, her health forced her to retire to the privacy of her red Park Avenue apartment, where she received only family and very close friends.

Although she had a good salary from the Met and a pension from Condé Nast, Vreeland's expenses still exceeded her income. In 1987, she decided to sell some of her costume jewelry and called Kenny Lane to ask what her "junk" jewels might bring at auction. He replied, "More than they're worth. Thirty or forty thousand dollars." Astonished, she replied, "That much? My God!" Vreeland's friends and acolytes packed themselves into Sotheby's for the event. The sale of the jewelry brought in \$167,000, well over Lane's estimate. As he recalled, "When I told D.V. over the phone what the results were, she said, 'Is that all?' And I said, 'Well, I'm glad /*m* sitting down.' "

As her emphysema worsened, Vreeland secluded herself in her bedroom and refused to let anyone see her. When she invited people to dinner, she'd call her guests on the telephone in the dining room, where the meal was served, and conversation would proceed over the wire. Very good friends, like Lane, Oscar de la Renta, André Leon Talley, and Jacqueline Onassis, would come and read to her.

Several times an ambulance was called for her, only to have Vreeland revive -- once, famously, she shot straight up on the stretcher and ordered herself returned. In Vreeland's last hours, her household manager remembered, "she was hallucinating, talking to her mother. From what she was saying now, she was young again, dancing at a party, enjoying herself." Suddenly she cried out in her strong voice, speaking to the bandleader, "Don't stop the music or I'll tell my father!" These were her last words. She sank into a coma and did not revive again. Diana Vreeland died on August 2, 1989, in the New York Hospital. At the apartment, in the nurses' register, the last entry read "Mrs. Onassis called."

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