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**GEORGIA
JAGGER**

Fashion's new
bombshell

Special Issue

**More Dash
Than Cash**



MORE DASH THAN CASH

JAGGER'S EDGE

With her father's famous pout and her mother's golden locks, Georgia Jagger was destined to grace the pages of Vogue. Alex Bilmes meets fashion's new bombshell. Photographed by Mario Testino

ROKSANDA ILINCIC'S
SENSUOUS LINES
REQUIRE SHARP
ACCESSORIES: A
HEAVY BELT AND BLACK
NAIL VARNISH KEEP
THE LOOK FRESH
Silk asymmetric-shoulder
dress, £250, Roksanda Ilincic
for Whistles, at Whistles.
Belt, £12, Dorothy Perkins.
Swarovski-crystal clutch,
£350, Butler & Wilson.
Hair: Marc Lopez.
Make-up: Stephane Marais.
Nails: Brenda Abrial.
Digital artwork: R&D.
Fashion editor:
Lucinda Chambers





DYNASTY GIRL - EMERALD-GREEN SILK AND CRYSTAL-STUDED INDUSTRIAL JEWELLERY MAKE A CLASS ACT

Opposite: silk dress, £190, Whyred, at Urban Outfitters. Belt, £12, Dorothy Perkins. Swarovski-crystal link necklace, £175. Swarovski-crystal tusk necklace, £67, Both Butler & Wilson

Beauty note: how could you not play up the famous Jagger mouth? Yves Saint Laurent's Rouge Pur Lipstick in Sublime Red, £21, is the perfect glossy shade

WORK IT! GEORGIA TAKES HER STYLING CUE FROM ERIC PRYDZ AND JAZZES UP A BODYSUIT TO THE HILT

This page: sequined tunic, £80, Topshop. Bodysuit, £25, American Apparel. Suede belt, £30, Miss Selfridge. Bangles, from £130 each, Alexis Bittar, at Fortnum & Mason and Liberty

MARIO TESTINO



PRESENTING MANGO'S
TWIST ON THE
BALMAIN SPARKLY
STALWART; TOP UP WITH
AN AUDACIOUS PENDANT
Opposite: sequined minidress,
£79, Mango. Perspex and crystal
Lightning Strike necklace,
£315, Erickson Beamon
NOTE THE NEW
UNDERPINNING: AMERICAN
APPAREL'S GOLD BODYSUIT
ROCKS UNDER AN EIGHTIES
COCKTAIL ENSEMBLE
This page: sequined butterfly
top, £55, Miss Selfridge.
Bodysuit, £25, American
Apparel. Sequined miniskirt,
£38, Sequined clutch, £25. Both
Next. Platform sandals, £35,
Asos.com. Studded bangles,
from £180 each, Alexis Bittar,
at Fortnum & Mason and Liberty

MARIO TESTINO





TRASH TALK: GEORGIA FEARLESSLY MIXES SEQUINS, ANIMAL PRINT AND METALLICS WITH A PRECOCIOUS STYLE PROWESS. Sequined blazer, £80. Belt, XS. Both Dorothy Perkins. Cotton T-shirt, £25, River Island. Zebra tights, £13, Celeste Stein, at Mytights.com. Personalised necklaces, £20 each, Punkypins.co.uk. For stockists, all prices, see *Vogue* Information

MARIO TESTINO



h, to be a Jagger! And, OMG, even better to be Georgia May Jagger! To be a model/schoolgirl, with a name that opens doors and a face that parts crowds. To be 17 – 17! – and a total babe, with a whole life ahead of you. To be the latest in a line of Jagger women to grace the cover of *Vogue*, from mum Jerry to half-sister Jade, not to mention the other Mick girls to have distinguished these pages. “I know. It’s really cool!” exclaims Georgia.

And here she is, on a drizzly summer Saturday, underneath a tree on Barnes Common, with her charming boyfriend Django and a jug of Pimm’s; nothing to do but answer my questions (“Next please!”) and saunter round the Barnes Fair, before she heads home to Richmond (where she lives with her mum and her little brother Gabriel, 11) to pack for New York. As fairs go, Barnes is not a bad one, though Wimbledon and Ham are better. They have rides. Shall we have a look at the stalls? There’s a coconut shy here somewhere. More Pimm’s?

Georgia’s a picture and a poem, with Pre-Raphaelite hair and a Chaucerian mouth. The hair’s her mother’s, of course – a static of blonde electricity. And the mouth’s her father’s – full lipped and with gaps in her teeth you could drive a tour bus through. She’s got her dad’s snake hips, too, and some of the poise that comes with privilege – a confidence as lightly worn as a band T-shirt. It’s that, I think, that makes her so unfazed by this interview business. Rather than being hesitant or uncertain, she seems to regard the whole thing as rather amusing. “You don’t seem like you’re from *Vogue*,” she says. Why not? “Well, you haven’t called me ‘darling’ yet.”

Georgia comes from fashion, as well as rock royalty. And she loves clothes. She’s wearing Hudson jeans (she’s the face and body of the brand), brogues, a diaphanous Vivienne Westwood shirt over a black bra, a patchwork tartan hacking jacket (also by Westwood – this one a hand-me-down from her mum), a bracelet encasing a scarab beetle (from a thrift store in New York), and a ring given to her by the Wood family (on a Rolling Stones retreat in Africa, on her birthday last January). “I don’t really have a style,” she says. “I never put myself into one category. I’m a big one for comfort. I go for the stuff that feels nice. I’m always feeling the racks in a shop.” She loves Westwood, and also Alexander McQueen. But she’s not all about the labels. “Most of my designer stuff comes from my mum’s closet. They’re things she

says don’t look good on her any more.” How lovely, to have the pick of one of the world’s most glamorous wardrobes. “Yeah, I’m really lucky,” she says. “My mum gave loads of her clothes to charity, but there are still lots left for me. I wear a combination of her clothes and stuff I buy myself. I shop at Topshop.”

She’s international, too. “I love Williamsburg [in New York], and I love the thrift stores in LA. I like bargains,” she says. “I find some of the best things I own cost, like, \$17. And loads of the stuff that’s given to me that I know costs a lot of money looks awful.” In Tokyo, she and her big sister, Lizzy, dressed up like Harajuku girls. There’s an eight-year age gap between the two, but they are very close.

Shoes are a different story. “I’m so ridiculous!” She’d like to go to Italy to learn to make shoes. “I want to save womankind from their feet. I feel like you can have function and style. I have dreams about shoes. Like, I had a dream about these circus-themed shoes. They were multicoloured and diamond shaped and had cut-out diamond bits on the heels. They were fantasy shoes.”

Georgia is halfway through three A levels at college in west London – art, photography and sociology (the latter chosen because “I want to learn more about people and how the world works”). After that, who knows? “Maybe go to art school,” she says. Or maybe she’ll become a big-shot movie director. Modelling’s fun, but it’s not, like, the only thing she wants to try. “I mean, you might be over in a second.” Anyway, “I don’t think anyone my age should know what they want

“I don’t wear perfume. Eau de Jagger. It comes from my father”

to do. They should only know what they dream of doing. It’s all ideas at the moment. I hate that question: ‘What do you want to do with your life?’ Like, I dunno. Everything?”

By this stage, Django and Georgia are hitting their stride. She’s chummy and plummy and unfailingly polite. He’s more laid-back LA, having lived there for the past four years. They’ve been seeing each other since last autumn (“quite a long time”), but they’ve been friends since they were kids. His dad is Dave Stewart (the former Eurythmic), and he plays in a band, Django James & The Midnight Squires. Not that they only hang out with other famous people’s kids. She doesn’t even know Pixie or Peaches: “It’s just the papers that lump us all together.”

Later, we play the either/or game. Facebook or MSN? “Facebook.” Blackberry or iPhone?

“Blackberry. But I’m not that techie. I don’t even have an iPod.” *Twilight* or *Gossip Girl*? “*Gossip Girl*. Such a guilty pleasure! That probably makes me sound really uncool, but it’s so bad, it’s great.” Favourite city that isn’t London? Copenhagen, “because of the hot dogs and the boys in three-quarter-length trousers.” Starbucks order? “A rocky road, and either a mocha or a caramel Frappuccino. If it’s cold, I don’t want a Frappuccino.” Well, obviously.

There’s more: the best Rolling Stones albums are *Exile on Main Street* and *Goats Head Soup*. The perfect Friday night is watching all three *Lord of the Rings* movies, while eating popcorn and ice cream. “I’m not a party girl. I’d rather stay at home and watch TV, with a cup of tea.” Older music – Motown, Led Zep, the Pixies – beats newer stuff, though Lady Gaga’s “Poker Face” is catchy, and she does like Nineties R&B. She and Lizzy recently demonstrated voguing to Django. He raises a mildly perturbed eyebrow.

Does she play any musical instruments herself? “Yes, the glockenspiel.” (This is a fib. She doesn’t play any musical instruments.) What fragrance does she wear? “I don’t wear perfume. Eau de Jagger. It comes from my father.” Is that a nice smell? “Some might say, others might not.” Django confirms this. He’s partial. His brother, not so much.

Can she name all her pets? “Dogs: there’s Daisy and Poppy, then there’s Star and Guinness in the Caribbean. Cats: Lynx, Spider, Chelsea, Garfunkel, Sparky and Daisy. My bunny’s called Porkchop. And my mum’s

chickens: Tweedledee and Tweedledum and Misty, and another one I can’t remember.”

How will she cope with fame? “I don’t want to be famous. My dad got famous because he’s a musician and people liked his music, not because he just wanted to be famous. It’s great in a way, but it really restricts your life. I think my dad would have trouble on the Tube. And I really wouldn’t want to have to deal with that. I’m not one of those who wants to go out and be photographed.”

So there goes Georgia May, wandering off to take in the rest of the fair: young, beautiful, wealthy, frightfully composed, the world at her dream-shod feet. She’ll be 18 in January. Will she have a drink to celebrate? “I might have a beer,” she purrs. “I’ve never tasted it before, but I hear it’s delightful.”

Alex Bilmes is features director of “GQ”