

The Fashion Issue!

GLAMOUR

**1,001
Fall Style
Ideas
Inside**

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Beckham**

With Dos, Don'ts,
Steals, Celebs,
Outfits, Updates...

**Let's Get
Dressed!**

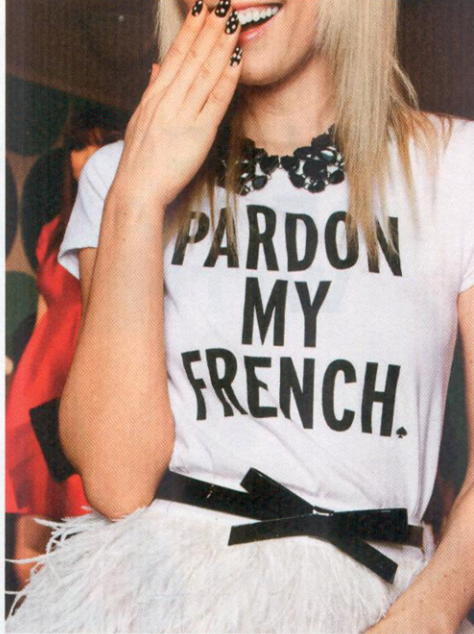
*Love
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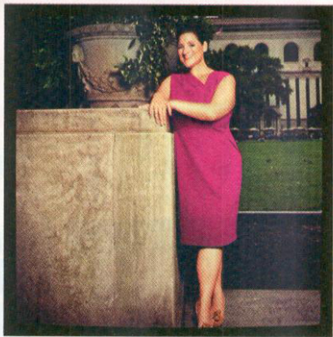
**Out of the
Bath and Into
Fall Fashion!
Bonus Covers
This Way**

all about you/**real life**

What's Your Fashion M.O.?

If you could fit it on a bumper sticker or a T-shirt, what would it say? Here, five writers share *their* mantras—and prove that style is very, very personal.





I Was Raised by Wolves

(OK, a Fashion-Challenged,
Closeted Gay Mom)

BY JENNIFER WEINER

*Tracy McMillan is the author of Why
You're Not Married...Yet.*

The best present I ever got was for Hanukkah in seventh grade, from my friend Rosanne McFarland. It was a plastic tray of makeup, with two discs of blush, six rectangles of eyeshadow, a blush brush, and two tiny foam paddles. They were the first cosmetics I'd owned and, possibly, the first that had ever entered my family's Connecticut home.

My mother did not wear blush. Or eyeshadow. Or lipstick. She did not own high heels; she rarely wore skirts. She spent—and still spends—her days in elastic-waist cotton pants, off-brand Birkenstocks, and loose tees in primary colors. On a good day, the pants would be pink and the shirt green-and-white-striped. On a bad day, the pants would be bright red and the shirt yellow. “You look like ketchup and mustard,” one of my two brothers would say, and Mom would laugh, agree, and head out the door.

all about you/**real life**

So maybe we shouldn't have been surprised when, at 54, she announced that she'd fallen in love with a woman she'd met in the swimming pool of West Hartford's JCC. (In our defense, it's hard to tell a butch lesbian from other New Englanders; short wash-and-wear hair, Subarus, and L.L. Bean anoraks are common to both groups.)

Not only did my mom not care about her clothes; she wasn't interested in ours either, as long as they were seasonally appropriate and not visibly ripped. All four of us wore things from the clearance rack at Marshalls. "This'll fit someone," Mom would mutter, tossing clothing by the handful into the cart.

So by the time I was old enough to care, I was already doing fashion wrong. I quickly had to learn what other girls picked up at their mothers' knees: that eyebrows could be plucked, concealer was your friend, and clothes could serve a purpose other than keeping you from being naked.

Then I met my sister-in-law's BFF, Donna, a stylist. She taught me the value of a knockout dress and how a pair of nude stilettos can make your legs look miles long. Now I have cute sweaters, cuffed jeans, and a black jersey dress that looks

What's *your* fashion mantra? *Glamour* editors answer: "Dress like every day is Coachella!" "WWGW: What would Gwyneth wear?" "Can I get heels with that?" Tweet yours to @glamour_fashion with #stylemantra.

like a potato sack on the hanger but makes me look like Jessica Rabbit when it's on.

When my first baby arrived, I vowed that she'd have every pretty dress a girl could want. But Lucy is her grandmother's child: Pants must be black, gray, or navy, with an elastic waist. Shirts must be cotton, in shades ranging from gray to black. Then

came Phoebe, whose first word was *mama* and whose first sentence was "Add to cart!" She lives in pink and purple, in hair bows and headbands. And I'll admit it: I love how her eyes light up when I come down the stairs in a dress and makeup. "Mommy, you look beautiful!" she cooed one night, pointing at my caramel suede heels. "I will wear those...", she said proudly. My heart melted. Until she finished: "...when I am on *The Bachelor!*"

Perhaps the pendulum had swung too far. "Honey," I said, scooping her up, "I want you to do what you want with your life. But you are *never* going on *The Bachelor.*"

Clearly, the girl needs a weekend with Grandma.

Jennifer Weiner is the author of the best-selling book In Her Shoes. Her most recent novel is The Next Best Thing, out now.