



**For Reference
Do Not Take
From the Library**

Every person who maliciously cuts, defaces, breaks or injures any book, map, chart, picture, engraving, statue, coin, model, apparatus, or other work of literature, art, mechanics or object of curiosity, deposited in any public library, gallery, museum or collection is guilty of a misdemeanor.

**Penal Code of California
1915, Section 623**

VOGUE

JULY \$3.00

**RIGHT
IDEAS**

GREAT BUYS

HOT HAIRCUTS

LAST GETAWAYS

FIRST LOOK

FALL

THE DESIGNER'S EYE:

HOW FASHION

STARTS

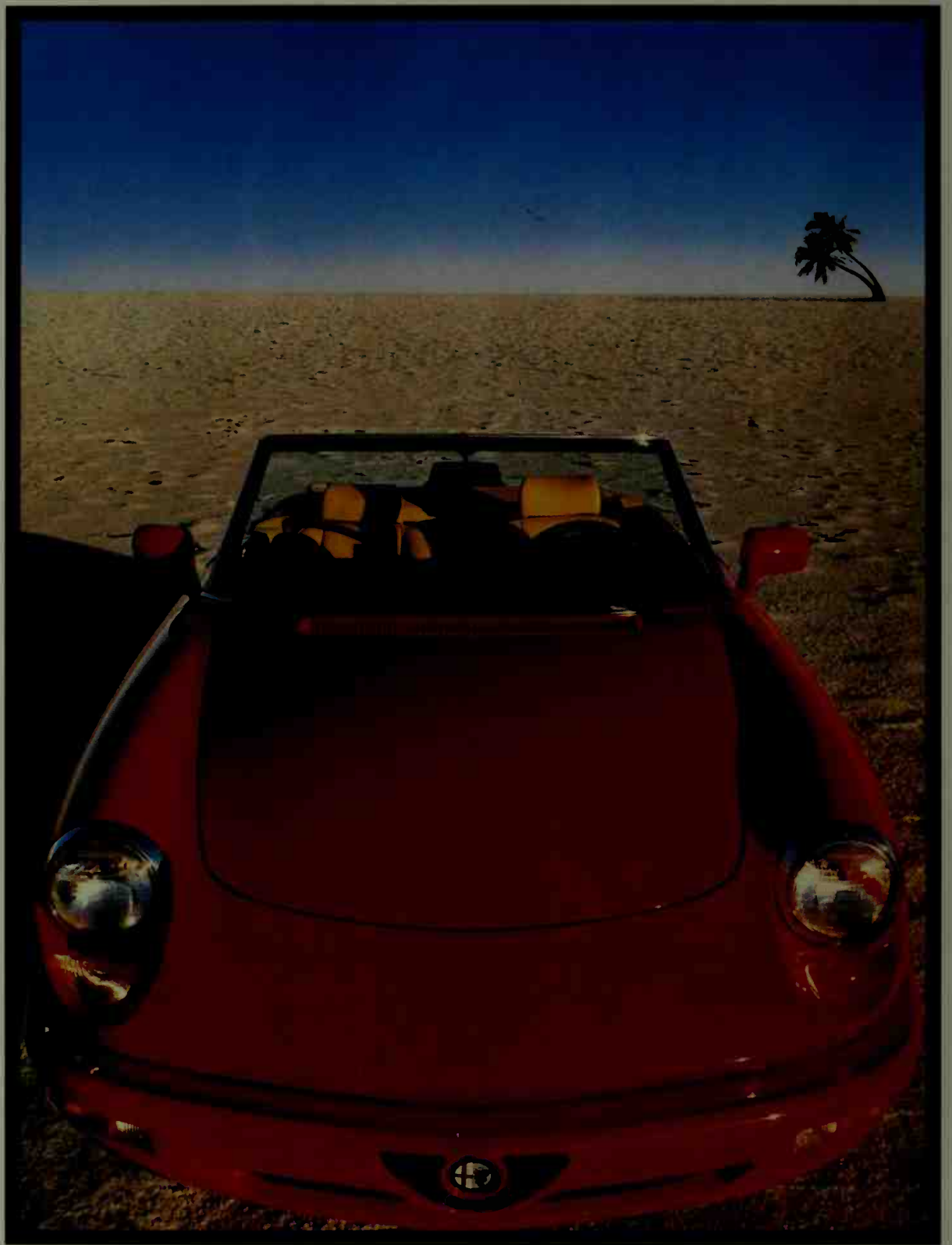
COUPLES

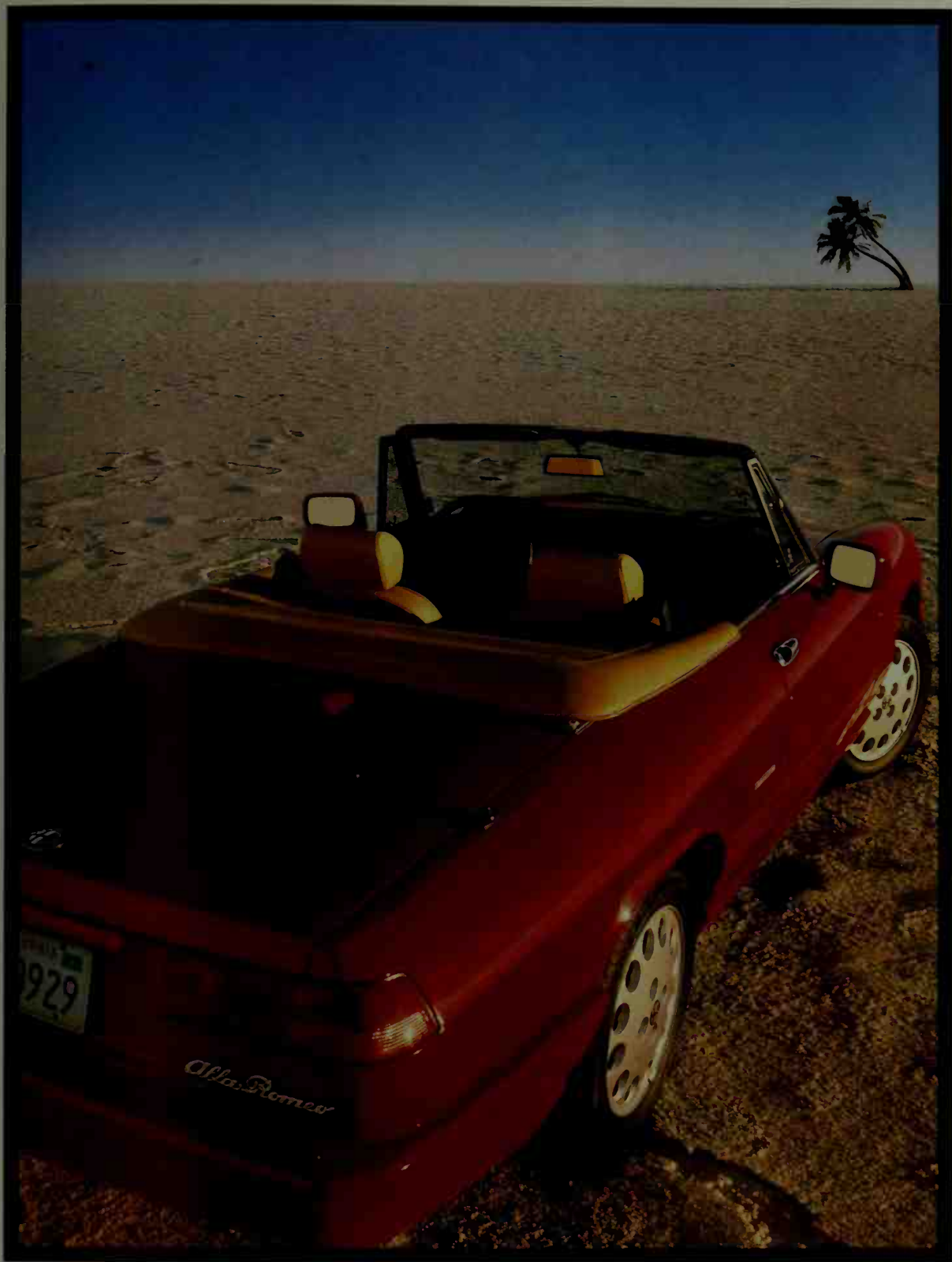
THERAPY:

LOVE WITH

REFEREE







DO YOU REALLY NEED TO KNOW ANYTHING MORE?
THE 1991 ALFA ROMEO SPIDER.

1-800-245-ALFA



The legendary marque of high performance.

© 1990 Alfa Romeo Distributors of North America.

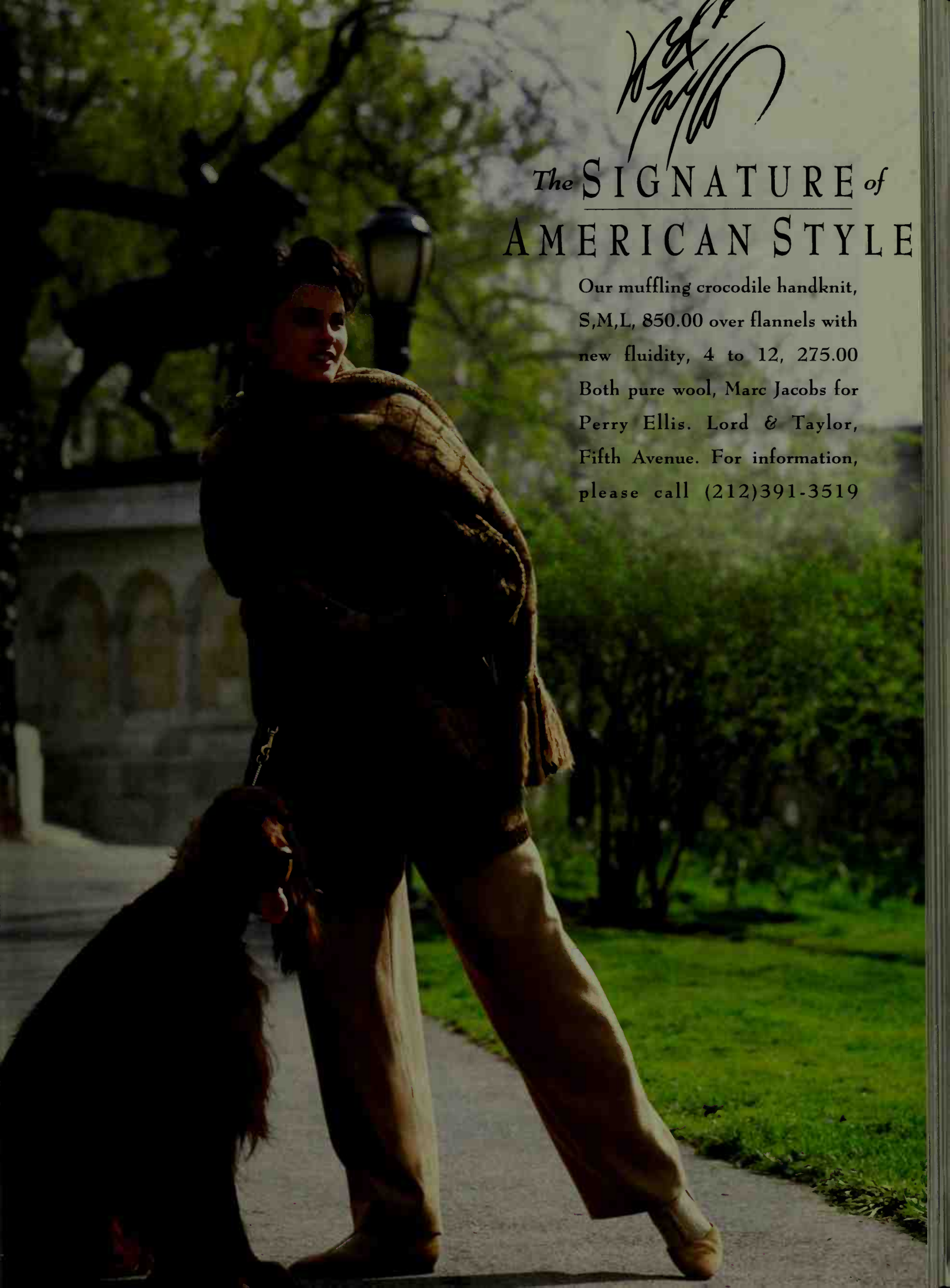


With artful flourish, a piece of suede becomes a masterpiece.

The multicolored all-leather riding boot from Bally; 500.00. In Salon Shoes.

Washington/Oregon/California/Virginia; 1-800-695-8000. Opening August 17 in Santa Barbara.

nordstrom



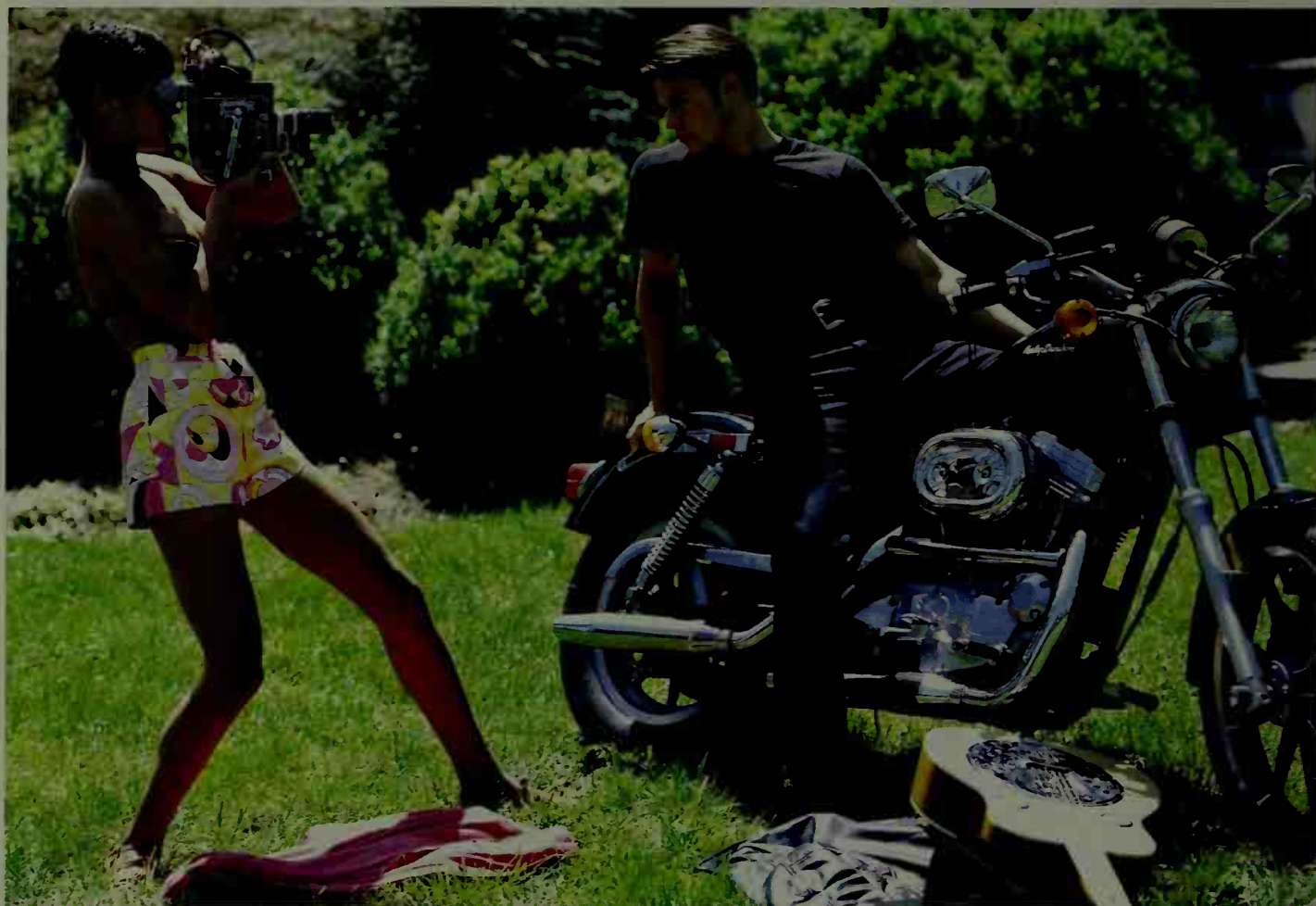
W. J. Perry

The SIGNATURE *of*
AMERICAN STYLE

Our muffling crocodile handknit,
S,M,L, 850.00 over flannels with
new fluidity, 4 to 12, 275.00
Both pure wool, Marc Jacobs for
Perry Ellis. Lord & Taylor,
Fifth Avenue. For information,
please call (212)391-3519

VOGUE

JULY



Bruce Weber captures the easygoing pace of Nashville, page 176.

FASHION

36

Fashion clips

By Page Hill Starzinger

45

Fall shoe report

Feet first: this year, more than ever, the shoe has to fit—the look. Laurie Drake goes on a sole search

62

Halston: 1932–1990

Liza Minnelli and Polly Mellen remember America's most influential fashion designer of the seventies

72

Elements

Take it and weave it: the modus operandi for summer accessories

137

Point of view

138

Fall 1990: design inspiration

André Leon Talley shows where designers from Marc Jacobs to Yves Saint Laurent get their big ideas for the coming season

162

Print it

The new shirt: color and pattern increase dramatically

176

Country goes to town

Bruce Weber photographs a new kind of Nashville, where country is cool and the living is easy. Julia Reed uncovers the city's rhythms and roots

210

Dress for less: the velvet revolution

It took a year for the rest of the world to catch on to what every hip young woman in Paris was wearing. But it did

219–223

Talking fashion

Designers herald the return of the dress, but fashion watchers wonder if it ever went away. . . . As the nineties begin in a blaze of color, Vicki Woods vows she'll no longer fade to black

232

In this issue

Details, prices, stores, more

236

Vogue's last look

The Great Train Case: for the jet set turned train set ▶ 6

A LUXURY HIGH RISE BY YVES SAINT LAURENT

THE YVES SAINT LAURENT
BOOT. LUXURIOUS
ACCOMMODATIONS
FOR THOSE WITH HIGH
ASPIRATIONS FOR FALL
1990. BLACK OR RED
SUEDE WITH BLACK
VELVET TRIM. FROM A
COLLECTION IN OUR
DESIGNER SHOE SALON
ON BOULEVARD
FOUR, NEW YORK.



bloomingdale's



New York artist Pat Steir at work in her studio, page 200

BEAUTY & HEALTH

74

Beauty clips

By Shirley Lord

77-86

Images

History of the hairdresser: Jody Shields discovers the names behind the great hairdos... Hair answers... Beauty answers

112

Health notes

114

Mind health

Couples therapy can help you uncover problems you never even knew you had.

By John Tierney

168

The cutting edge

As hairstylists keep pace with fashion, Page Hill Starzinger tracks down what's new—from flips and wigs to short cuts

206

Hodgson's choice

Harassed by protesters, shunned by peers, most doctors are giving up abortion. Dr. Jane Hodgson holds on. By Laura Fraser

FEATURES

20, 22

Masthead

26, 30

Contributors

34

Talking back: letters from readers

89

People are talking about...

Tree hugging... Belt-tightening...

Eating in... more.

By Julia Reed

90

Music

Will House Party stars Kid 'n Play become the Abbott and Costello of the rap generation? Stay tuned, says Jill Pearlman

94

Art

A new emphasis on frames puts art on the edge. Brooks Adams looks at the border of creativity

100

Dance

The Bolshoi's new star, Nina Semizorova, has emerged, David Daniel learns, under the tutelage of one of the company's legends

108

Books

Tony Hillerman's latest mystery is a window into contemporary Navajo society. It sounds simple, but as Michael Dorris reports, it's very tricky to do

120

Horoscope

By Athena Starwoman

124

Travel

Last-minute summer: for the vacation that you never got around to planning, here are ten great escape routes. By Richard Alleman

133

Living

Decorator Jarrett Hedborg merges Hawaii with Hollywood. Garrett White checks out his style

196

The other Afrikaners

The children of South Africa's white overlords are talking back to their elders with a vengeance. Ivor Powell and Philip Brooks uncover a subculture on the rise

200

Oil and water

In her new paintings, Pat Steir captures the power of waterfalls in a compelling mix of abstraction and representation. Herbert Muschamp reports

224

Talking...

Guessing your age. Is middle age a triumph of matter over mind—or what? By Tracy Young

COVER LOOK For summer: warm shades of makeup take their cue from clothes in tropical colors. Here, Revlon's Moon Drops Lipstick in Orange Flip, on model Cindy Crawford. Dress, Pamela Dennis, exclusive to Barneys New York. Coat, Isaac Mizrahi. Earrings, Dominique Aurientis, Paris. Chanel bag. Details, stores, last pages. Hair, Kevin Mancuso for Oribe, NYC; makeup, Sonia Kashuk. Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitan. Photographer: Walter Chin.



The perfect tan.

Tanqueray® A singular experience.™

For a 20" x 28" poster of ad, send \$5 check or money order (no cash) payable to: Perfect Tan Print/PO. Box 4314 / Syosset, NY 11791-4314.

Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc./Vol (94.6°), 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. © 1990 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., N.Y., NY



Don't be fooled by imitations.

Why settle for another cheesy timepiece when you can have an authentic Swiss original. Swisstime. Starting at \$50. Because fashionably late isn't so fashionable anymore.

swiss
+ time



Macy's Bullock's



Why walk on air
when the height
of sophistication
will suffice?



DONNA KARAN

... elegance so sensuously in touch with this earth... it's a dream that's reality. The Donna Karan Shoe Collection
for fall '90. Shown: high heel, crisscross strap pump, available in black or gray suede. 300.00. Designer Shoe Salon.
Let us do the shopping for you! For more information, call our complimentary service, 1-800-444-2882.

Marshall Field's

Calvin Klein Collections
at



WINTER
WOMAN



THE SAVOY GRILL
LADIES COACHROOM
976
4176

ISLAND BAGS

BALLY®

The difference between dressed, and well dressed

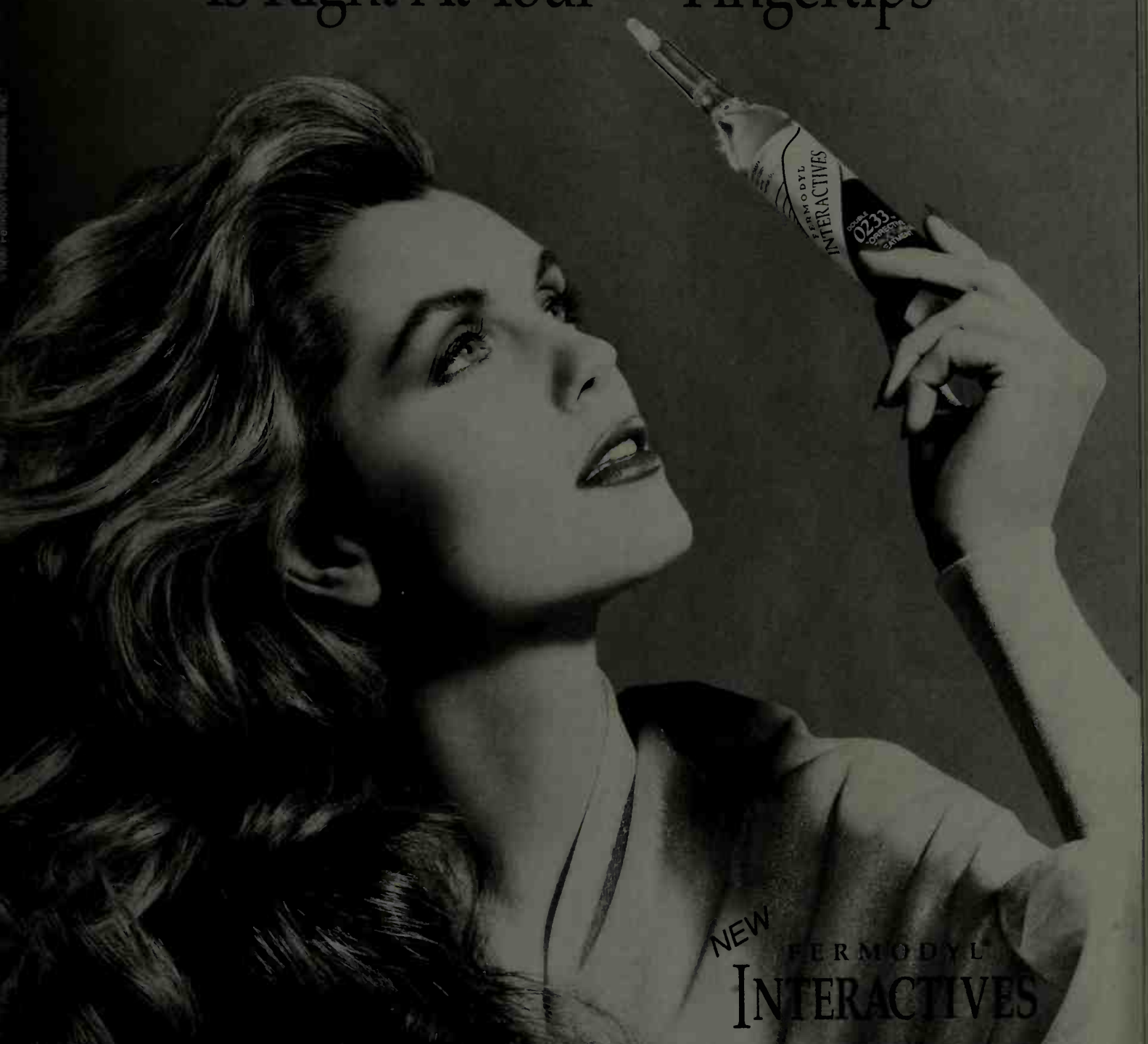
Bracelet: M&J Savitt Surt Coat: Searle

Shoes
Handbags
Scarves
Small Leather Goods
Briefcases

nordstrom

Selected Stores

Now The Most Beautiful Hair In The World
Is Right At Your Fingertips



NEW
FERMODYL
INTERACTIVES

THE DEEP SCIENCE SECRET
TO BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

Inside this ampoule is a scientifically advanced molecular treatment that can instantly strengthen, thicken and improve damaged weak hair.

Bring home Fermodyl Interactives – the haircare regimen professionals trust. Available only at fine salons. To receive your free gift certificate and get the location of the Fermodyl Interactives salon nearest you, call toll free 1-800-284-6456. In Canada call 1-800-37-7980.





For those summer days when the mood is delightfully Dior.

Exclusively ours, Christian Dior suit of domestic wool; 480.00. In Gallery.

Washington | Oregon | California | Utah | Alaska | Virginia; 1-800-695-8000. Opening August 17 in Santa Barbara.

nordstrom



Lilie Rubin®

1990 LILIE RUBIN AFFILIATE

ART DIRECTOR/PHOTO — DANIEL DE AZOLAY

LEATHER BY

Tadmor

THE PALM BEACHES BAL HARBOUR CORAL GABLES DADELAND FT LAUDERDALE HOLLYWOOD PLANTATION BOCA RATON BOYNTON BEACH ST PETERSBURG ORLANDO JACKSONVILLE CLEARWATER TAMPA LA TAMONTE SPRINGS ATLANTA RALEIGH GREENSBORO CHARLOTTE GREENVILLE KNOXVILLE CHATTANOOGA NASHVILLE MEMPHIS BIRMINGHAM MOBILE NEW ORLEANS ARLINGTON MOBILE PITTSBURGH DETROIT CHICAGO COLUMBUS CINCINNATI ST LOUIS MINNEAPOLIS HOUSTON AUSTIN FT WORTH NORTH PARK PRESTONWOOD SAN ANTONIO LAS VEGAS COLORADO SPRINGS DENVER OKLAHOMA CITY TULSA PHOENIX SCOTTSDALE TUCSON SAN MATEO SAN DIEGO WOODLAND HILLS PALM DESERT CORTE MADERA SHERMAN OAKS DEL AMO SOUTH COAST PLAZA SAN JOSE LA JOLLA

First
de
Van Cleef & Arpels
Paris



Second to none

Lazarus • Rich's

BERGDORF GOODMAN

ON THE PLAZA IN NEW YORK

ISAAC MIZRAHI



100% PURE WOOL
Woolmark is a registered trademark of the International Woolmark Organisation. It is a mark of quality and is used to identify wool products that are made from 100% pure wool. For more information, visit www.woolmark.com.

NAPOLI VIA CALABRITTO, 1E - TEL. 081/7644045 * NAPOLI VIA SCARLATTI, 119 - 081/5569888 * FIRENZE VIA ROMA, 6/8/10 R. - TEL. 055/213816 * ROMA PZZA S. LORENZO IN LUCINA, 40 - TEL. 06/6876406 * FIRENZE VIA TOSINGHI, 42 - TEL. 055/298449 * FIRENZE VIA GUCCIARDINI, 15R - TEL. 055/298722 * NEW YORK 782, LEXINGTON AVENUE (61st ST.) - TEL. 212/8328182 * NEW YORK 1321, THIRD AVENUE (75th ST.) - TEL. 212/5356225 * NEW YORK 131, WEST 72ND STREET - TEL. 212/7876550 * NEW YORK 835, MADISON AVENUE (69th ST.) - TEL. 212/6285080 * CEDARHURST 479, CENTRAL AVENUE - TEL. 516/5691713 * GREAT NECK 48, MIDDLENECK ROAD - TEL. 516/4870680 * BOCA RATON 445, TOWN CENTER - TEL. 407/3917001 * SAN FRANCISCO 404, SUTTER STREET - TEL. 415/7810895 * PALM BEACH THE GARDENS, 3101 PGA BLVD. - TEL. 407/6221221 * HOUSTON 2770, GALLERIA II WESTHEIMER - TEL. 713/9613133 * BEVERLY HILLS 9542, BRIGHTON WAY - TEL. 213/2748182 - ONE OXFORD CENTER PITTSBURG (PA.) 15219 - TEL. 412/3914451

CITIZEN



MARAOLO

PRODUCED AND DISTRIBUTED BY: GAP spa
80100 NAPLES IV TRAVERSA VINCENZO JANFOLLA, 14 - ITALY
TEL. 081/7400466 - 7404126 TELEX 710354 - FAX 081/5851719

E L I E V E



Before Sam was murdered
he told Molly he'd
love and protect her
forever.

GHOST

A love story.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS A HOWARD W. KOCH PRODUCTION A JERRY ZUCKER FILM PATRICK SWAYZE DEMI MOORE WHOOP! GOLDBERG GHOST MUSIC BY MAURICE JARRE ASSOCIATE PRODUCER BRUCE JOEL RUBIN EXECUTIVE PRODUCER STEVEN CHARLES JAFFE
PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13
DOLBY STEREO
IN SELECTED THEATRES
WRITTEN BY BRUCE JOEL RUBIN PRODUCED BY LISA WEINSTEIN DIRECTED BY JERRY ZUCKER
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
TM & COPYRIGHT © 1990 BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
A PARAMOUNT COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY



VOGUE

ANNA WINTOUR

Editor in Chief

Fashion Directors GRACE CODDINGTON, JENNY CAPITAIN Creative Director ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

Managing Editor PRISCILLA FLOOD

Fashion Editor at Large CARLYNE CERF de DUDZEELE

Art Director RAÚL MARTINEZ Executive Fashion Editor PHYLLIS POSNICK

Special Projects Editor, Fashion POLLY ALLEN MELLEN

Fashion

Fashion Director, Accessories/Shoes CANDY PRATTS PRICE

Senior Editors GAIL PINCUS, ELIZABETH SALTZMAN

Style Editor LAURIE SCHECHTER Fashion Features Editor LESLEY JANE NONKIN

Bookings Editor PRESTON WESTENBURG

Fashion Copy Editor PAGE HILL STARZINGER Fashion Writer LAURIE DRAKE

Fashion Associates SUSI BILLINGSLEY, JACQUELIN SPANIEL

Assistants JONI COHEN, INGE FONTEYNE, ELIZABETH JONES, NATASCHA LOEB, TRACY SCANLON

Fashion Copy Assistants KAREN BRESSLER, SALLY WADYKA

Paris Bureau Chief SUSAN TRAIN Paris Editor LYSSA HORN Coordinator FIONA DaRIN

West Coast LISA LOVE

Beauty and Health

Beauty Director SHIRLEY LORD Health & Fitness Editor MARGARETTA NORTHROP

Beauty Editor ELIZABETH COLLIER

Health Associate PAMELA KAUFMAN Beauty Associate ELIZABETH BROUS

Features

Senior Editors MICHAEL BOODRO, AMICIA DE MOUBRAY, RANDALL KORAL, NANCY NICHOLAS Senior Writer JULIA REED

Editor at Large TRACY YOUNG Travel Editor RICHARD ALLEMAN

Bookings Editor MAGGIE BUCKLEY

Features Associates ANNE ALEXANDER, GISELLE BENATAR Travel Coordinator DESPINA MESSINESI

Art

Associate Art Director SHEILA JACK

Senior Designer NOËL CLARO

Features Photo Editor ESIN ILI GOKNAR

Design Associate EDMUND WINFIELD Assistant LINA MAK

Production Manager CHARLOTTE BARNARD Associate SUSAN SWENSON HILSGEN

Art Production Manager PAUL KRAMER Associate AMY VAN BERGEN

Copy Production Chief MARJORIE HOLT Editors SHERRY CHIGER, DONNA PERKINSON Assistant LAURA WASHINGTON

Research Editor PHYLLIS RIFIELD Associate SUZANNE GLECKMAN

Reader Information SHIRLEY CONNELL

Editorial Administrative Assistants VIDA GHANI, REGINA MAGUIRE, MARIA MANOLAS

Assistants to the Editor in Chief ORLA HEALY, SUZANNE BRATONE

Contributing Editors ANNE BASS, ROSAMOND BERNIER, JOAN JULIET BUCK, GRAYDON CARTER, ELEANORE PHILLIPS COLT,

GABÉ DOPPELT, TAD FRIEND, CYNTHIA HEIMEL, GEORGINA HOWELL, DODIE KAZANJIAN, STEPHANIE MANSFIELD,

ANNE McNALLY, PATRICIA DUFF MEDAVOY, WILLIAM NORWICH, JED PERL, JODY SHIELDS, JEFFREY STEINGARTEN, RACHEL URQUHART, VICKI WOODS

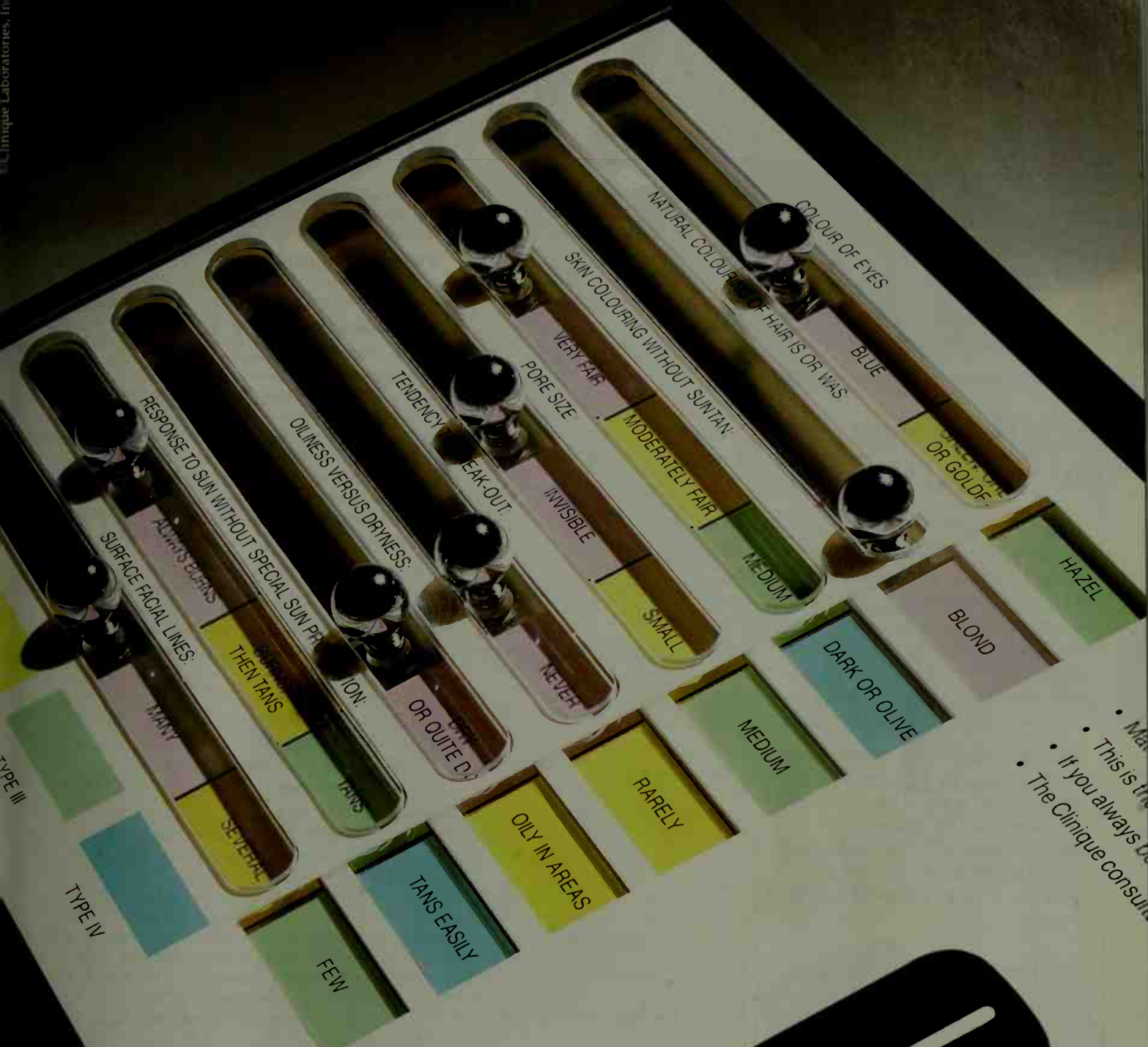
Editorial Business Manager WILLIAM P. RAYNER Associate Business Manager LINDA RICE

Editorial Advisor LEO LERMAN

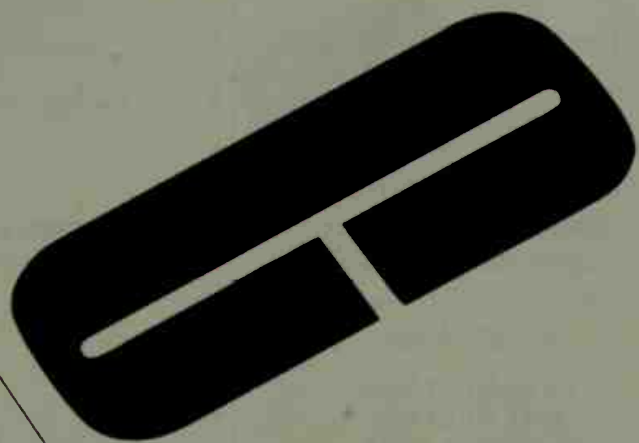
Associate Editorial Director ROCHELLE UDELL

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

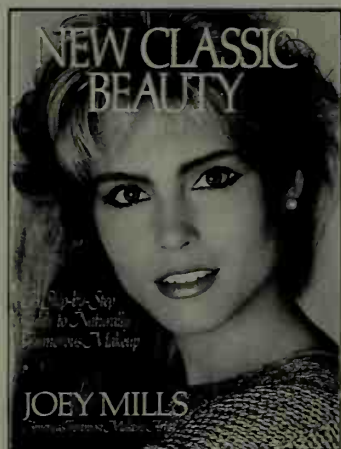
Editorial Director



- Max
- This is the
- If you always be
- The Clinique consu



CLINIQUE
computer



Now, from America's hottest makeup artist

The Secrets of Natural Glamour

NEW CLASSIC BEAUTY. Understated, elegant and natural—it's the look of today that every woman wants. And now, Joey Mills, designer of beautiful faces for more than 500 magazine covers including *Vogue*, *Glamour*, and *Mademoiselle*, reveals the techniques behind today's look in *New Classic Beauty*—a stunning volume of trade secrets that will leave you looking fresh, natural and glowing!

Discover the secrets of looking fresh all day—plus tips on simple day-to-evening transformations. It's so easy to follow that you'll become your own best makeup artist! Now, for a limited time, *New Classic Beauty* is yours for only \$15.95—20% off the retail price of \$19.95! Write or call today for your copy.

The Only Makeup Guide
You'll Ever Need
Now at a 20% Discount

- The Fabulous 8-Minute Makeup
- Your *Personal* Color Scheme
- Sophisticated Color Charts
- 120 color photos, and 27 line drawings
 - 8" x 11", 144 pages

For Credit Card Orders
CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-634-9700

or to order, send check, or money order for \$15.95* (20% discount off the regular \$19.95 price) plus \$2 postage and handling to:

CONDÉ NAST COLLECTION
Dept. 4500049, P.O. Box 10214
Des Moines, Iowa 50336

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery
*Please add sales tax in the following states:
GA. CO. GA. IA. IL. KY. MA. MI. NY

VOGUE

VERNE WESTERBERG

Publisher

BARBARA McKIBBIN Executive Editor NORMAN WATERMAN Associate Publisher

Advertising

Director NANCY LEWINTER

Retail Director WENDY TALBOT

Beauty Manager DIANNE WALLACE Beauty Marketing Manager MIKE GREENBERGER
European Fashion and Shoes KAY CAVENER Furs and Fashion SUSAN SCHWARTZMAN

Health/Fitness Manager LYNNE DOMINICK

Accessories and Home Furnishings Manager MARIANNE BUCHANAN

Marketing Manager ANITA SAVITT

Travel and Beverage Manager SCOTT FORD

Public Relations Director SUZANNE EAGLE

Merchandising

Director DIANE HARRELL

Project Director ELIZABETH GROVES Editor KELLY BEVAN Southwest Editor BEVERLY PURCELL

Coordinator MARIA L. CANAL Services SUSAN HODES O'LEARY

Store Credits Editor DOLLY MORTON Associate DEBORAH MATTIS

Fashion Marketing Editor LAURINDA FINELLI Associate JULIE KELLY

Promotion

Director LYNDA GREENBLATT

Art Director MARCIA WEINBERG

Copy Chief JANE GRENIER

Production Director DAMIAN CARLINO Manager MARY SIRI

Branch Offices

Midwest JOHN KELLY, Manager, 875 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago IL 60611

Detroit PEGGY DAITCH, Manager, 3250 West Big Beaver Road, Troy MI 48084

West Coast JOHN P. DEMOREST, Manager, LIZ MILLER, Acct. Mgr.,

9100 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills CA 90212

CHRISTINE MATHEWS, Manager, 50 Francisco Street, San Francisco CA 94133

New England ELMO ECKER, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017

Southeast MILLER & TILLMAN, Reps., 4651 Roswell Rd., N.E., Suite 201-C, Atlanta GA 30342

Southwest BEVERLY JAMESON, Metro Southwest, 3988 N. Central, Dallas TX 75204

Florida & Caribbean DAVID RUBIN, DBR Associates, 454 Alamanda Drive, Hallandale FL 33009

Canada MPR 3 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5E 1M2

Hong Kong HERB MOSKOWITZ, Seavex Ltd., 503 Wilson House, 19 Wyndham Street, Central, Hong Kong

Europe

GARDNER BELLANGER, Associate Publisher for Europe

284 Boulevard Saint-Germain, 75007 Paris

SYLVIE McKENZIE, Account Executive, United Kingdom, Spain, and France 19 S. Audley Street, London W1

MARVA GRIFFIN, Account Executive, Italy Viale Montello, 14, 20154 Milan

BRITISH VOGUE Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W1R 0AD

FRENCH VOGUE 4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, 75007 Paris

GERMAN VOGUE 44 Leopoldstrasse, 8000 München 40

ITALIAN VOGUE Piazza Castello 27, 20121 Milan

SPANISH VOGUE Serrano 3, 28001 Madrid

VOGUE AUSTRALIA is published by Bernard Leser Publications Pty. Ltd.

BRAZILIAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial Ltda.

MEXICAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial de Mexico

VOGUE is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.,

Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017

Chairman S.I. NEWHOUSE, JR. Deputy Chairman DANIEL SALEM President BERNARD H. LESER

Executive Vice Presidents JOHN B. BRUNELLE, JOSEPH L. FUCHS

Vice President—Corporate Resources FRED C. THORMANN Vice President VERNE WESTERBERG

Vice President—Treasurer ERIC C. ANDERSON Vice President—Secretary PAMELA M. VAN ZANDT

Vice President Circulation PETER ARMOUR

Vice President Manufacturing and Distribution IRVING HERSCHBEIN

Vice President Condé Nast Package NEIL JACOBS

Corporate Marketing Director ECKART L. GÜTHE

celebrate!

Oil of Olay
for sensitive skin.

The **white,**
hypo-allergenic
fragrance-
free completely
compatible
replenishment for your
sensitive skin.



Why grow old gracefully? Fight it.

Jean Louis Davio[®]

HAIRDRESSER



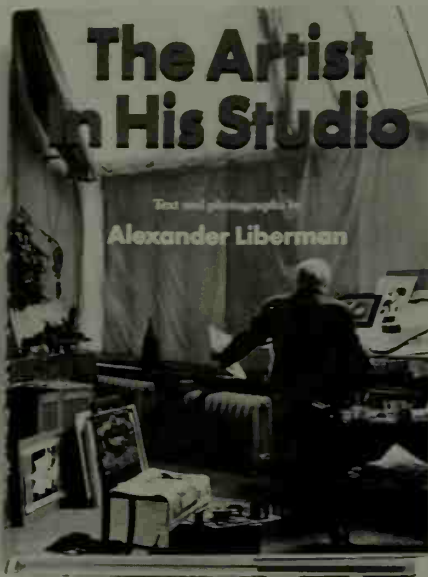
PERMS AND COLOR BY L'ORÉAL
New York Salons: (212) 573-6320



AnnTaylor.

... IS YOUR LIFESTYLE

... exclusively from AnnTaylor Design Studio. The elegantly detailed pump. Black suede with leather pleats and satin toe. Sizes 6-10M. \$118. Available at this time in selected stores. Call 1-800-825-6250. We welcome the AnnTaylor and American Express cards.



enter picasso's bedroom...

Chagall's garden. Bonnard's bath, for the most intimate, revealing look ever offered into the lives of the great European artists of this century, in their own private, seldom-seen worlds, both at work and at play. Alexander Liberman, himself a renowned painter and sculptor, visited modern masters from Giacometti, Dali and Dufy, to Rouault, Braque and Matisse, engaging them in candid conversations as well as photographing their environments. And the book that resulted has established itself as a contemporary classic on art and the act of creation. This newly revised and expanded edition runs 304 pages, 9" x 12", with 138 illustrations in full color and 73 duotones.

The Artist in His Studio usually sells for \$60.00. As a Condé Nast Reader, you can have it for 20% less: \$48.00 plus \$3.50 shipping for each copy.

for credit card orders

**call toll-free
1-800-367-7400**

or send check to Condé Nast
Collection, Dept. 420083, P.O.
Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336

Residents of NY, CA, CO, GA, IL, IA, KY, MI, MA please
add sales tax. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

CONTRIBUTORS

VOGUE



john tierney

John Tierney, who writes about couples therapy in this issue, spent much of the last five years traveling around the world, reporting on science and health. In Samoa he found the model "Type B" executive; in Pakistan he investigated—and debunked—the legend of the long-lived Hunza people. His travels gave him a fresh perspective on the business of couples counseling. "I remember being in an African village during a marital dispute. There didn't seem to be any effort to have the spouses talk things out. Instead the man was brought before the tribal council and paddled. I don't know if this improved his sense of self-esteem or his communication skills, but I imagine he did get in touch with his feelings."

Tierney has contributed both science and humor pieces—"I have one of the odder specialities"—to a number of magazines, including *In Health*, *Rolling Stone*, and *Newsweek*. Now a reporter for *The New York Times*, he is writing a book about environmental crises.

CONTRIBUTORS ► 30

A refreshing touch of oil-free
moisture for your skin.

CLARIFIANCE

Oil-Free Hydrating Fluide

The unique ability to pamper your skin
with moisture...hydrate
without oil. The fresh feeling of cool
water on your skin.

Clarifiance...clear and light, it disappears
into your skin. You feel the
effect, not its presence.

No matter what your skin type,
when skin calls for moisture,
not oil...Clarifiance provides
the welcome response.

*Clarifiance...a new clarity for skin
that wants moisture without oil.*



LANCÔME

PARIS

FASHIONS BY LA LINGERIE

The 1991 Ford Escort. Big thinking in a new small car. The 1991 Escort Sedan, Wagon and GT evolved from a

bringing together and refining some of the best ideas the world had to offer in terms of technology, design, engineering and man-

A new line of thought. A new line of cars.

new line of thinking. A new approach to creating a full line of small cars at Ford. By

facturing, we made a line of cars that will make a difference.



It's designed for performance. From its front fog lamps to rear spoiler, Escort GT's aggressive profile makes it clear that it was born to run.

Its specially designed interior quickly telegraphs the same message. Performance features include easy-to-read analog instrumentation that lets you process essen-

tial information at a glance. Firm sport seat. A special grip steering wheel. And a precise five-speed that's smooth on the shift with short throws for quick response.

And, because this Escort was designed to adhere to the road, its 15x5.5 cast aluminum wheels are wrapped in Goodyear Eagle GT + 4 performance rubber.

It's engineered for performance. This new Escort GT is all GT. The hardware beneath the skin is almost as beautiful as the skin itself, and in some aspects, breathtaking.

For example, take its 16-valve, 1.8 liter, four-cylinder dual overhead cam engine with multiple-port electronic fuel injection.

If all that doesn't take your breath away, the fact that it churns out 127 horsepower at 6500 rpm probably will.

Its exuberance is aptly controlled by a sport suspension system, power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering and 4-wheel power disc brakes. Escort GT. Performance from the word "go."



Buckle up — together we can save lives.

Our goal: Build a car to rival any small car in the world. This Escort is built for strength with stronger stress points for increased structural support. Even the paint is tough, thanks to state-of-the-art finishing and painting processes that provide a more chip-resistant finish.

The final result? A new car with

the level of fit and finish, the quality and the performance that set a new pace for the small GT.

The Next Escort GT

Have you driven a Ford...lately?



PHOTOGRAPH BY AL SZABO



FIELD OF DREAMS.

Most city children only get to dream about wide open grassy fields or cool country streams. But with a gift of \$268 to The Fresh Air Fund, a city kid can actually wake up as a country boy for two glorious weeks this summer.

Please give to The Fresh Air Fund at 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. It could be the dream of his lifetime.



THE FRESH AIR FUND

Because we all have enough to share.

A copy of the last financial reports filed with the Department of State may be obtained by writing to: New York State Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, NY 12231, or The Fresh Air Fund, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.

© 1990 THE FRESH AIR FUND

CONTRIBUTORS

VOGUE



pascal chevallier

Photographer Pascal Chevallier is making his move. After five years of shooting still-life interiors for design magazines (including *Vogue Décoration* and *HG*), the twenty-seven-year-old Parisian is adding people and fashion to his pictures. "I try to keep the same spirit and mix everything—ordinary people doing simple things in the rooms—like *mise-en-scène*." Lucie and Loulou de La Falaise—whom he photographed wearing couture by Yves Saint Laurent for this issue's "Design Inspiration" story—are far from ordinary. "Here we wanted to capture not only the ambience of the country but also the elegance of couture. The de La Falaises were perfect: very elegant, casual, and fun. The real chic."

laura fraser

Laura Fraser, twelve when the *Roe v. Wade* case was decided, was the only feminist in her eighth-grade class. "I wasn't a cheerleader, so I thought I might as well be a feminist," she says.

In her first story for *Vogue*, Fraser reports on the nationwide shortage of doctors who are willing to perform abortions.

"Like most women my age, I grew up taking the accessibility of abortion and contraception for granted. But doing interviews for this story opened my eyes."

Fraser specializes in eye-openers: she's written pieces on botched cosmetic surgeries, feminists in the porn business, and the rites of modern witches. A resident of San Francisco, she is researching a book on the sociology of cosmetic surgery.



Your skin **drinks** it down.
Quickly. Because this fluid
is so wonderfully similar to
the essential fluids your
skin had so much more of when
you were **younger.**
Now give it back.
instantly.

Why grow old gracefully?
Fight it with Oil of Olay.



LINDA EVANS

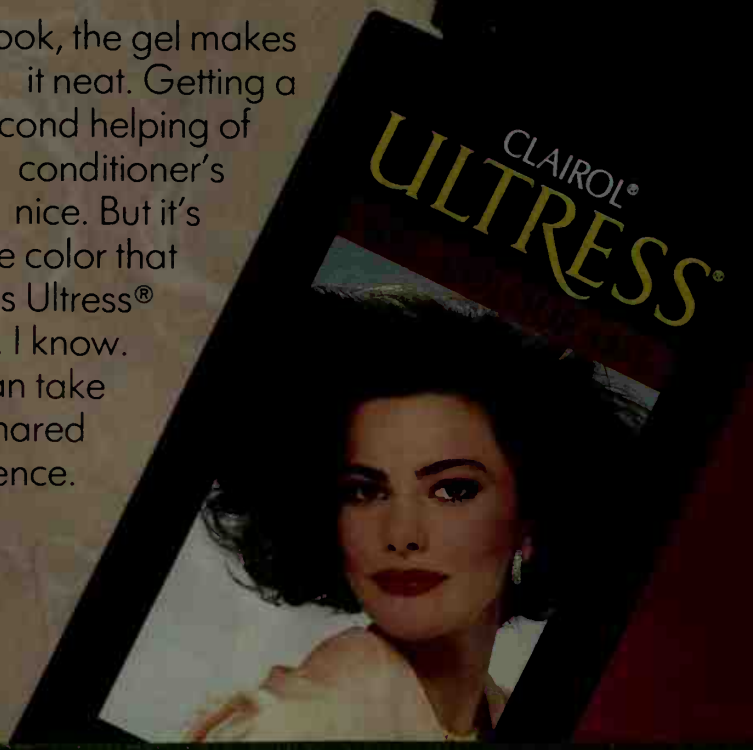
SHARING
Confidences

It's all part of being female,
I guess. Laughing together.
Learning from each other.
So when friends ask me, I say,
"Of course, I use Ultress."

My Ultress blonde does make
me feel a shade more confident,
more beautiful, more "me".

But what really counts is
finding the best shade of you.
Ultress has it. Gorgeous,
glossy brunettes, auburns,
champagne blondes

Look, the gel makes
it neat. Getting a
second helping of
conditioner's
nice. But it's
the color that
makes Ultress®
special. I know.
You can take
it as a shared
confidence.





TALKING BACK: letters from readers

Well done

To the Editors:

Carol Tavis's Mind Health article (April) on children's testimony in sexual abuse cases was clear and informative, and I was impressed with Ms. Tavis's references to scientific research. Rigorous investigation should always be appreciated, particularly when applied to areas such as sexual abuse that affect the lives of both the accused and their victims, and their families. As a New Zealand clinical psychologist currently studying in the United States, I am interested specifically in research on child witness reporting. I should like to point out the danger, however, of getting trapped in a misleading emotional debate if we only try to ascertain whether a child is lying or not. When a child speaks what he or she believes to be the truth, it may or may not always be an objective idea of the truth, or the court's idea of the truth.

Jane M. Rawls
Kansas University
Lawrence, KS

Viva Ivana

To the Editors:

I would like to praise you on your wonderful article on Ivana Trump ("The Real Ivana," by Vicki Woods, May). I think she is very beautiful and talented, and I'm sure she's a great mother. It's about time someone cleared her name from the malicious rumors.

Annie Kerins
Augusta, GA

To the Editors:

Thank you for featuring Ivana Trump in your May issue! As a woman who has been against the ropes and had to bounce back, I admire her fortitude. Viva Ivana!

Tracie C. Flowers
Chicago, IL

To the Editors:

Recently I glanced at the newsstand, noting the magazine covers, and was struck by VOGUE's cover showing a beautiful blond and lots of blue. But it wasn't until I watched a television program later that I found out who it was on VOGUE's cover! That was Ivana Trump? I admired her courage and dignity throughout the much-publicized ordeal with what's-his-name (the one who wants her to look like a twenty-eight-year-old!). The beautiful photographs of Ivana show her strength and optimism. I believe she'll be just fine without... what is his name?

Susan Kerr
Valencia, CA

Young man River

To the Editors:

Vicki Woods's charming piece on River Phoenix ("Tofu Guys Don't Eat Meat," May) made my day. He is indeed a guy

with great natural style—he's unspoiled, self-critical, and deeply concerned about the world at large rather than just his career. And, of course, as his films have demonstrated, he is a terrific young actor who gives me hope for the future of acting as an art—something that many of his fame-seeking, self-centered peers seem to fatally lack. Phoenix is one admirable young dramatic talent worth watching, and Bruce Weber's great photographs are a perfect complement to Ms. Woods's text (and compliment to the actor).

Tom Baglien
New York, NY

Pucci power

To the Editors:

The article "Pucci," by Jody Shields in the May issue, is as smashing and exciting as Pucci fashions. A wonderful job!

I think your readers would like to know that my book, *Pucci*, mentioned in the article, will be published by Abbeville Press in the spring of 1991.

Shirley Kennedy
New York, NY

You say Monet

To the Editors:

I enjoy VOGUE every month and have for years. I believe, and I hope you do too, that the information in your articles should be accurate. That is why I can't imagine how this one got past you.

In the item "Monet's Artful Way with Food" (Food Notes, May) you incorrectly credit Edouard Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'herbe* to the Impressionist Claude Monet. They both helped pave the way for Impressionism and beyond by breaking up their brushstroke, and neither was readily accepted by the academically trained public of Paris. You committed an art-historical faux pas by attributing Manet's most famous work to Monet. Perhaps a little more research is in order.

Elizabeth French
Beaumont, TX

Editor's reply:

In fact, Claude Monet did paint a famous Déjeuner sur l'herbe in 1865-66, and it now hangs in the Musée d'Orsay in Paris. It is similar to Edouard Manet's painting, 1863, with a notable difference—all of Monet's figures are clothed. (The nonchalant nude in Manet's Déjeuner sur l'herbe brought it great notoriety.)

Stars and gripes

To the Editors:

Concerning Athena Starwoman (Contributors, February), are you kidding me? Her great-great-grandmother consigned to Australia because she was clairvoyant? That's a good one. This is the nineties, you

know. Quite frankly, I've read several articles regarding so-called New Age subjects that I find very offensive to most women's intelligence. What it comes down to is that Athena Starwoman is a fortune-teller—nothing more. Any reasonable woman can apply any sign's horoscope to her circumstances—they all fit.

Donna McPheeters
Los Angeles, CA

To the Editors:

I was very interested in and uplifted by the May horoscope for Aquarius in VOGUE. I realize that this material encompassed all Aquarians, but it gave my morale quite a boost at a time when I really needed it and addressed my specific problems perfectly. Kudos to astrologer Athena Starwoman.

Diana W. Hairr
Climax, NC

Films fatale

To the Editors:

I read *Movies in Brief* (March) and noted that Mark Donen writes "Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed" relies heavily on an unlikely conceit; a CEO falls in love with his office cleaning lady, who proceeds to salvage his sagging career." Yet in the review of *Pretty Woman*, in which a corporate raider falls in love with a prostitute, who injects a sense of conscience into his business dealings, Donen calls the scenario a "modern-day fairy tale" that "promises to bring back romance in the nineties." Let's hope that the tired theme of helpless women being rescued by powerful men will not be revived in the nineties.

Karen Ehm
Berkeley, CA

Correction noted

To the Editors:

Thank you very much for the kind mention of my restaurant, the Peak Cafe, in Hong Kong (Food Notes, March). If I do not want to end up in much trouble, I must point out that my partners in Hong Kong are not Japanese, nor are they, as might be surmised, involved in my other restaurants in San Francisco, 690 and Stars.

Jeremiah Tower
Owner: Stars, 690, and
the Peak Cafe
San Francisco, CA

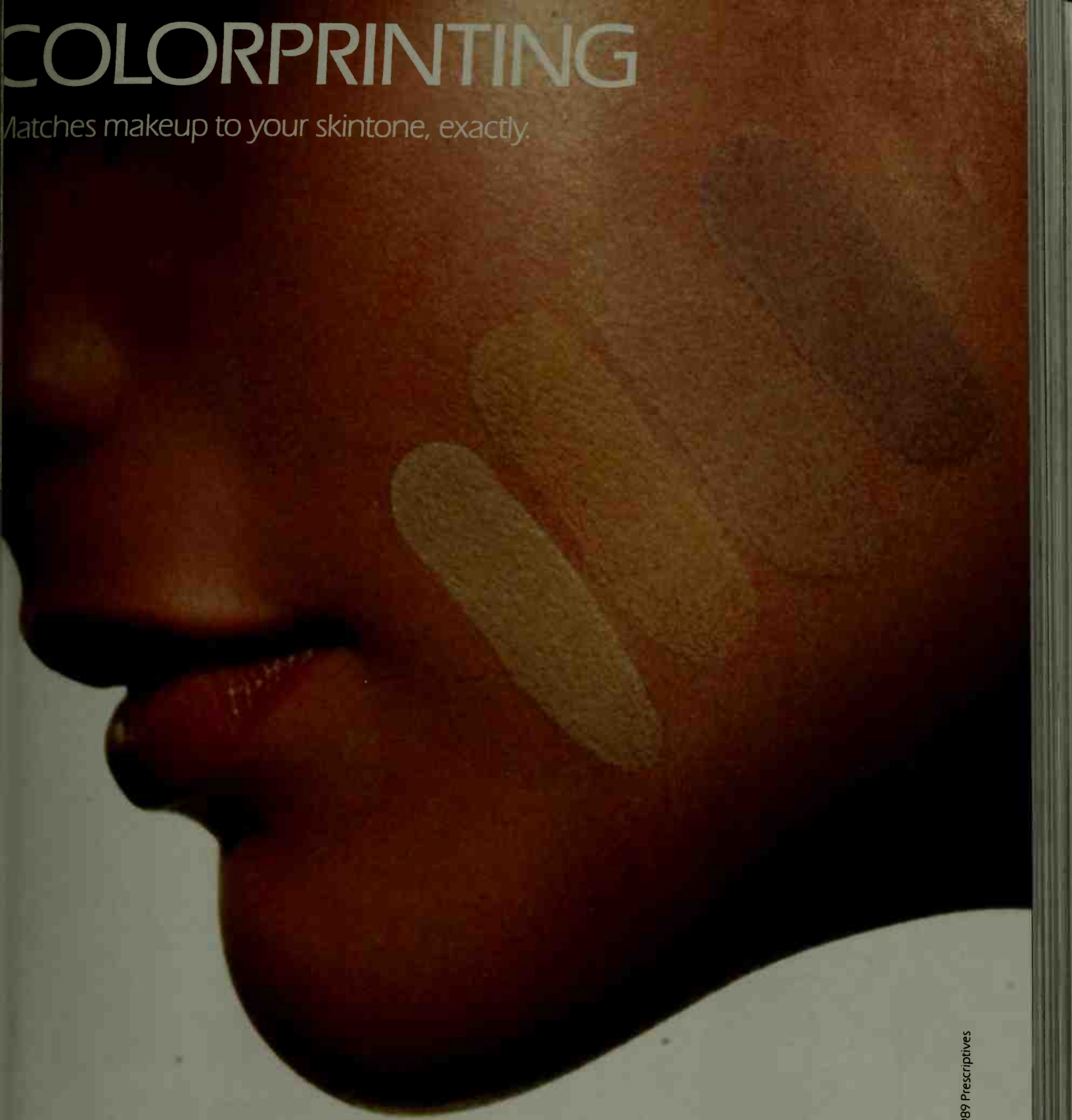
Editor's reply:

We regret the error and offer our apologies to Mr. Tower and his partners.

VOGUE welcomes letters from its readers. Address all correspondence to Letters, VOGUE Magazine, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Please include a daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity.

COLORPRINTING

Matches makeup to your skintone, exactly.



© 1989 Prescriptives

PRESCRIPTIVES

FASHION CLIPS

By Page Hill Starzinger

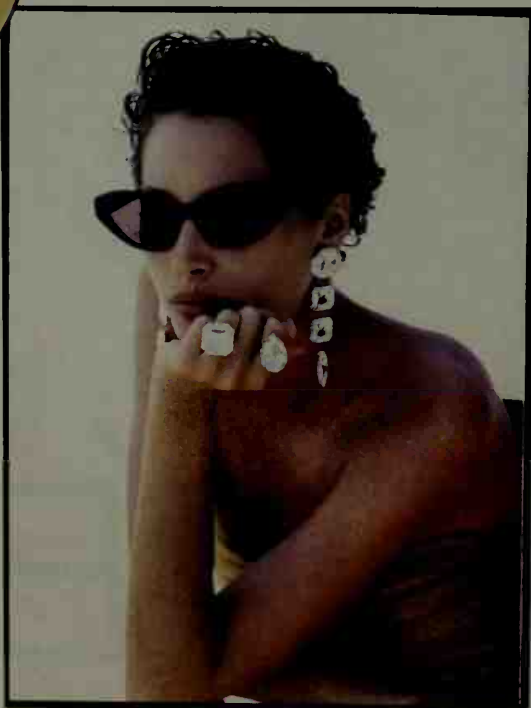
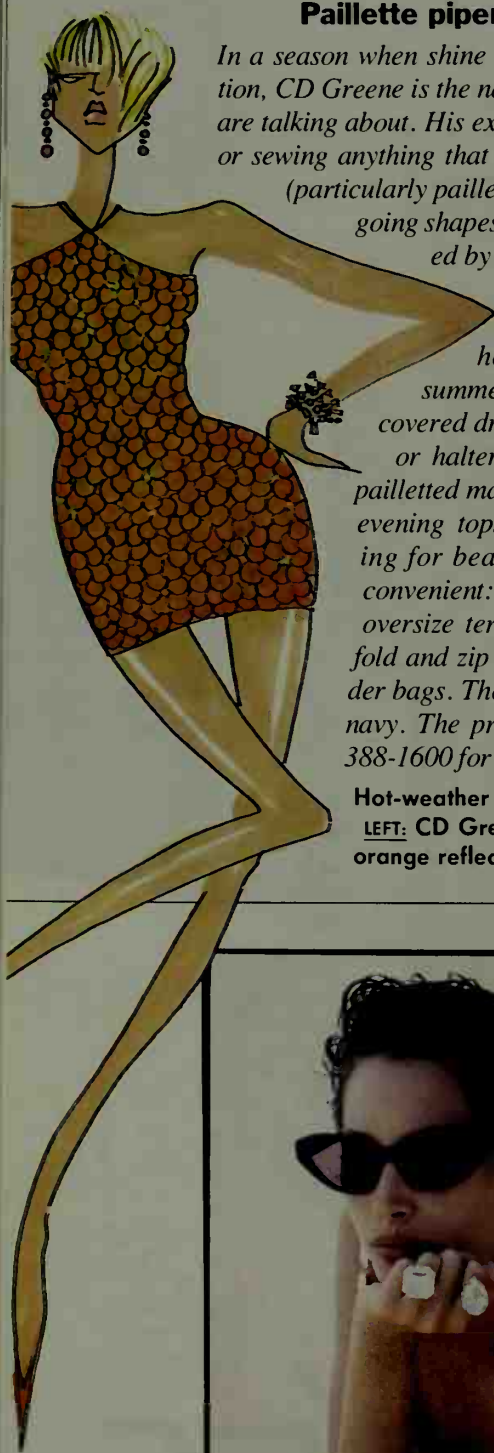
Last-minute summer solutions

The quintessential dressing question in July: where to find cutting-edge hot-weather clothes? One answer: the London-based company Warehouse, with stores in the Northeast (N.J., N.Y.) and a number (516-746-3384) to call to order packable, wear-now stretch dresses, chiffon skirts, unitards.

Paillette piper? CD Greene

In a season when shine is an instant attraction, CD Greene is the name fashion insiders are talking about. His expertise: appliquéing or sewing anything that sparkles and shines (particularly paillettes) on spare, easy-going shapes. "I work surrounded by so much shine that I just about have to wear sunglasses," he jokes. Perfect for summer: bright, paillette-covered dresses in slim T-shirt or halter shapes and white, pailletted maillots that double as evening tops. . . . Making packing for beach weekends more convenient: Ginnie Johansen's oversize terry-cloth towels that fold and zip into over-the-shoulder bags. The cool colors: white, navy. The price: \$38. Call 800-388-1600 for more information.

Hot-weather pick-me-up, **LEFT:** CD Greene's bright orange reflective dress



Color-
by
Blass

Coming for fall: a high-voltage mix of colors

A noticeable change at the collections: the irreverent combination of strong colors. (Many designers banished the black base.) After customers clamored for brights, Bill Blass paired turquoise scarves with chartreuse coats, fuchsia skirts. Isaac Mizrahi, influenced by the Chinese custom of layering bright kimonos, slipped purple coats over lavender blazers and fuchsia shorts.

Natural selection

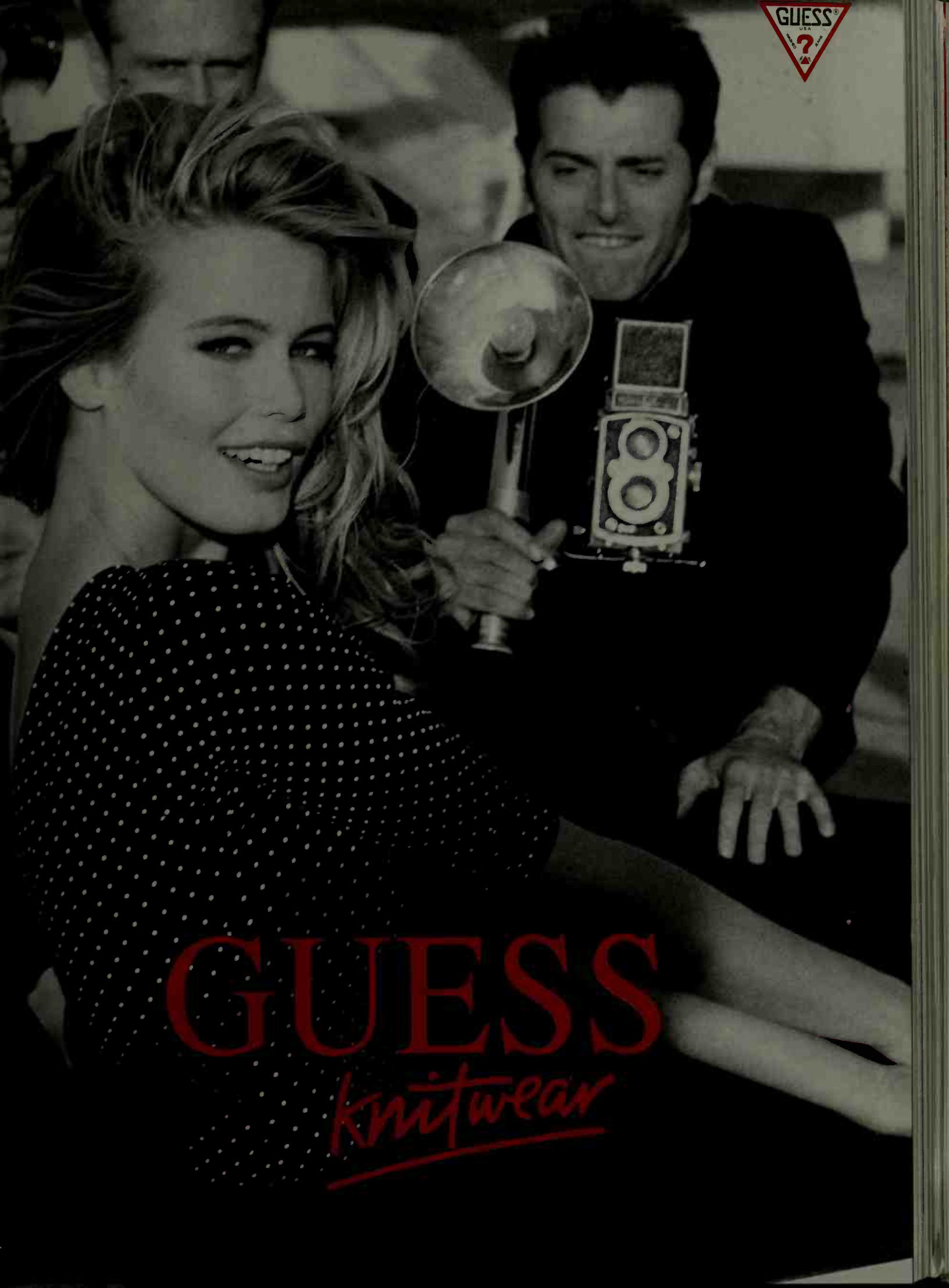
Angela Cummings, long recognized for organically shaped bracelets and earrings, is trying her hand at ecologically inspired belt buckles. And the results are spectacular. **NEAR RIGHT:** hydrangea blooms; **CENTER AND FAR RIGHT:** tropical flowers.



Jewelry: what's new is perfectly clear

Caught dripping from ears or piled on wrists at the summer shows: chunky jewelry made of translucent Lucite, glass, or crystal. The best pieces have texture—and are chipped, carved, sanded, or frosted. Jennifer George says the appeal comes from the bright reflection of light that you see before the actual piece. For that very reason, Charlotte Neville found it the perfect complement to white. "There's a lot of white for summer," she says. "And there's something light and whitened about Lucite that goes with it." . . . When it comes to terrific-looking, perfectly fitted strapless evening dresses, Joanna Mastroianni is an expert. Even Michelle Pfeiffer and Sherry Lansing buy her designs. The secret: elasticized cord laced into the bodices of sexy little sheaths in pearl-embroidered champagne silk or white cotton piqué. ▶ 41

Clear thinking: jewelry from The Bead Shoppe. Details, last pages.

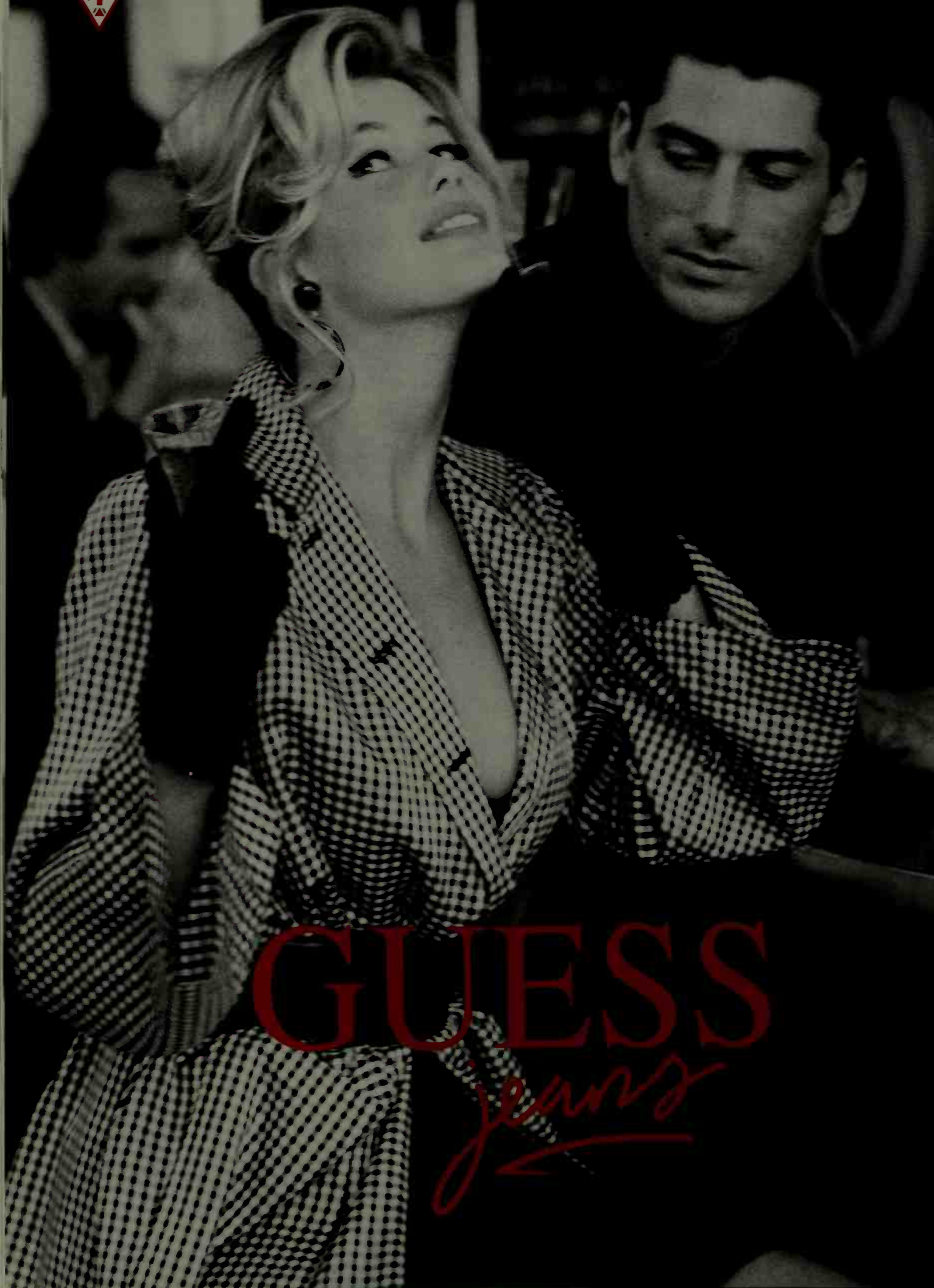


GUESS
knitwear



FRANCAISE





GUESS
jeans



Complementing white or earth-tone clothes: copper accessories tinted with pink. LEFT: Hat, Eric Javits. Scarf around the brim, Eve Reid, New York. Bangles and earrings, Cynthia Rybakoff. Details, last pages.

Not-so-heavy metal

Replacing gold and silver for summer: copper rose. "There's something very sensual about this hybrid color," says hat designer Eric Javits, who creates broad brims in copper straw warmed with a bit of pink. Eve Reid, who's designing iridescent copper rose scarves, agrees. "It's an easier shade to wear than gold because it's softer and reflects a natural blush on the face."...A new store London-bound travelers should check out: World, carrying everything from feather-and-shell-encrusted necklaces made by Amazonian Indians to Brazilian football jerseys. It's a great starting point for those who want to pull off the new mix of Old and New World style coming this fall. (In Soho at 27 Litchfield Street.)

Designers to watch

Long before body-conscious designs and stretch fabrics became the hallmarks of contemporary fashion, Isaia established them as his signature style. Taking up the reins for the late designer: Michael McCollom, an up-and-coming star in his own right, who one-ups the master by adding color and cutouts to the same slinky clothes. McCollom expands the collection to include loose, full-hooded coats and short, sassy drawstring shorts.

Michael McCollom's new look for Isaia

The accessory that fashion watchers are buying up in multiples: wide, sixties-style headbands. The best for summer: Eric Javits's, below. For fall: Chanel's, in quilted velvet or satin.



REDKEN

hair tips

Hair Fashion Fireworks...
Shape, Shimmer and Shine...
Creatif—The Substance of
Summer Style

Casual, layered...softer, shorter, prettier—summer fashion has arrived. "July is the time for a little fireworks display of your own," comments Ann Mincey, Redken corporate spokesperson, adding "The total look is fluid and feminine—swinging shapes and dazzling textural effects, layer upon layer of light and easy, smooth and shimmering style."

For layered summer sizzle, nothing succeeds like Creatif® Styling Products and the 3-Step Styling Method—Foundation, Texture, Finish. Creatif products have a creative answer to every styling need. Each is rich in protective, conditioning and strengthening ingredients—water soluble formulations, special UV sunscreens and heat shielding ingredients...the essential elements of summer style.

Start your style with the perfect foundation—**ACTIVATE™ Volumizing Mousse 5L**. Soft-holding support, a little lift and a lot of volume. Beautiful shine, too.

Add moldable, holdable texture with **TRANSFORM™ Constructing Spray 16S**. TRANSFORM lets you "make waves"—lightly form, shape and separate—as it dries. Create short hair shapes that bounce back. Add soft movement to any style. And for a sleeker summer look, spray on TRANSFORM while blow drying the sides back and up. Shape, shine, sensational!

For light textural accents, **BLUE-PRINT™ Detailing Gel 2L** is ideal for adding soft definition and flair to fringe, pieces or waves. Add style control to longer hair or use it on short hair to separate wisps and fringe. Naturally curly or permed hair? BLUEPRINT controls frizz and eliminates dry-looking ends—no more "bake and flake."



The finishing touch? **DEFINE™ Finishing Spray 20S** is the non-stick, dry-formula aerosol that provides firm hold and lasting support...without weighing hair down. Perfect for layering over those TRANSFORM style creations.

Foundation, Texture, Finish. Strength, personality, panache—with CREATIF Styling Products...the substance of any summer style.

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR TO HAVE YOUR HAIR QUESTIONS ANSWERED—write to Ann Mincey at Redken Laboratories, Dept. A, 6625 Variel Avenue, Canoga Park, CA 91303. For free samples of Redken Classic shampoos, rinses or treatments or the name of the Redken salon nearest you, call 1-800-542-REDKEN.

©Redken Laboratories, Inc. 1990.

David Hayes



in
merino
extrafine
wool



Anglo Fabrics

A V A I L A B L E A T F I N E S T O R E S E V E R Y W H E R E

VOGUE JULY 19



OPIUM
Parfum

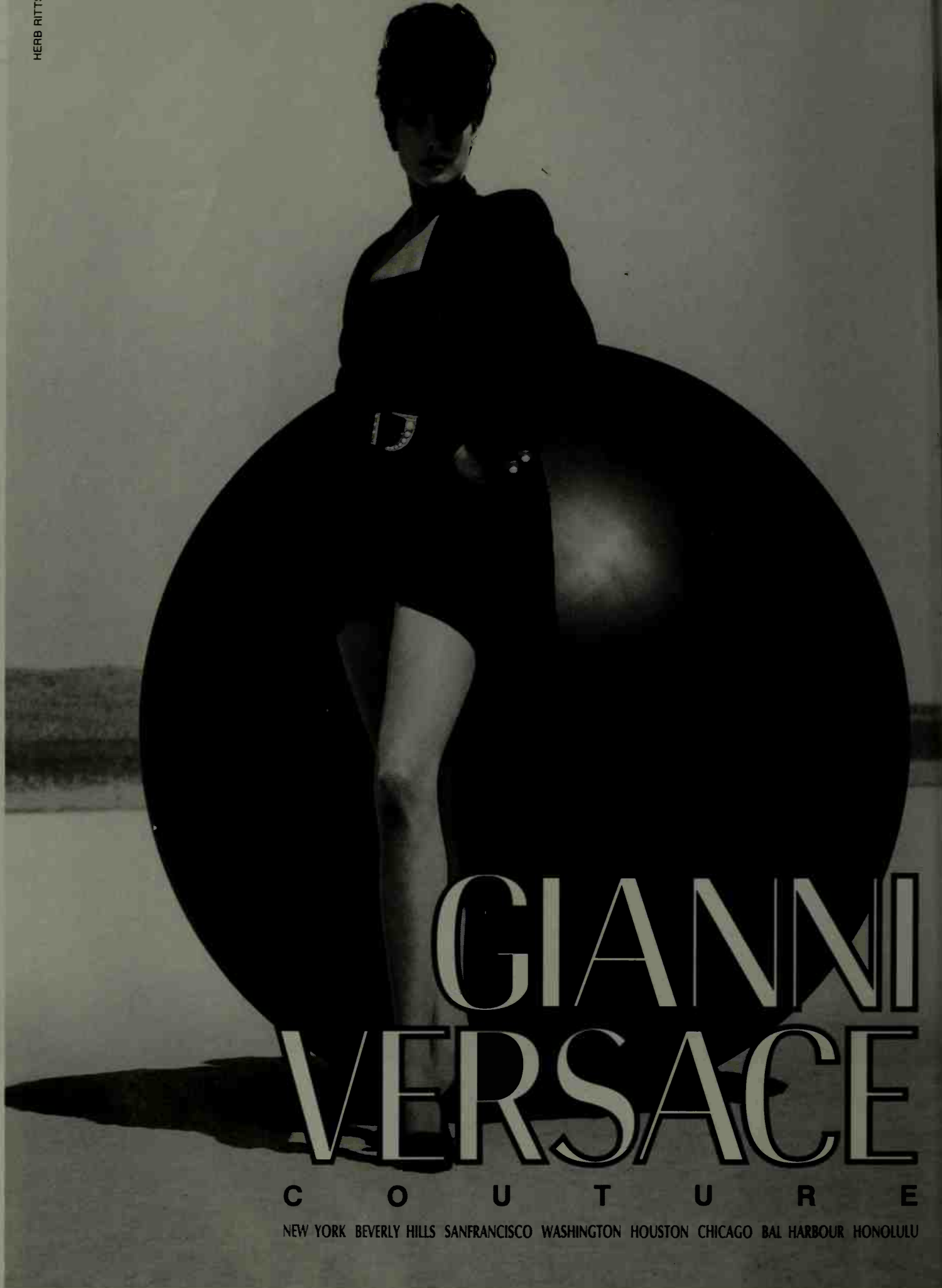


YVES SAINT LAURENT

YVES SAINT LAURENT

I. MAGNIN • NEIMAN MARCUS • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

HERB RITTS



GIANNI VERSACE

C O U T U R E

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS SANFRANCISCO WASHINGTON HOUSTON CHICAGO BAL HARBOUR HONOLULU

Editor: Candy Pratts Price

feet first

This year, more than ever, designers say the shoe has to fit—the look. LAURIE DRAKE goes on a sole search for Beatle boots and daytime satin pumps

'60s Sixties style has reemerged in 1990 as one of the strongest fashion inspirations, with icons like trapeze coats, psychedelic-print shirts, and thigh-baring minidresses turning up on every runway.

At the foot of it all: the sixties-style shoe. Low platforms with chunky heels, patent-leather Beatle boots or those that rise thigh-high, midcalf go-go boots, and flats paved with silver sequins balance the silhouette of big, back-combed hair (remember the flip?) and short A-line dresses. ▶ 46

The rebirth of Beatlemania? 1. Maraolo's low-cut boots in patent leather evoke those famous boots made for walking, here on Nancy Sinatra (2) in 1966. 3. A '60s proportion revived—Thierry Mugler's short coat, high boots. 4. Homage to Piet Mondrian: Adrienne Vittadini's color-blocked tunic sweater recalls Yves Saint Laurent's Mondrian-inspired dresses of 1965. 5. YSL's latest ode to the artist: black and white on a shoe. Details, last pages.



FALL SHOE REPORT

1 PIERRE SCHERMAN, 2 Globe Photos, 3 ROBERT DIADUI



1

1. Ralph Lauren, that inveterate leader of the outdoorsy set, lined hiking boots with fleece. Completing the look, a Navajo-inspired coat, cotton and wool trousers, and a walking stick.

2. Born-and-bred all-American Grace Kelly, shown here in 1954. Her casual personal style brought sophistication to man-tailored khaki pants, boots. 3. The suede lineup: brown buck gillies by Joan & David; men's-style shoes, updated and feminized, in suede by Fratelli Rossetti; classic wing tips—rich gray suede with grosgrain laces—by Calvin Klein Footwear. Details, last pages.

2

I.B.
7



3



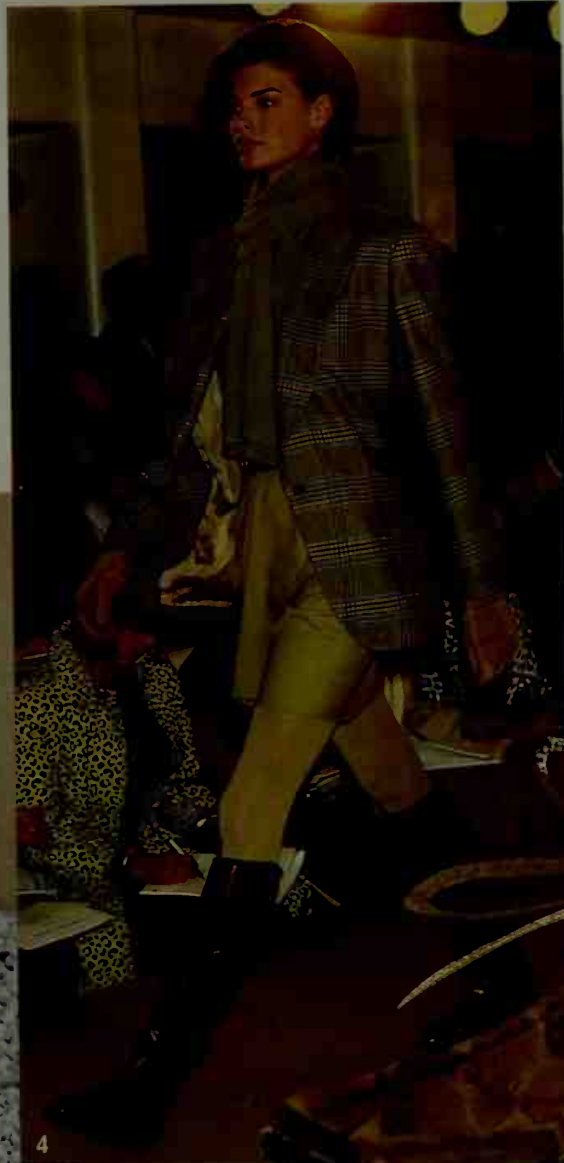


1



2

1. A 19th-century boot—cut narrower for the '90s by Robert Clergerie.
 2. For Mizrahi, Manolo Blahnik's suede "town moccasin." 3. Sam & Libby's "Davy Crockett"—with braided laces.
 4. Calvin Klein's riding boots—an extension of his equestrian theme for fall. 5. Luxurious primitivism: Prada's hand-stitched crocodile lace-ups and slip-ons. Details, last pages.



3



4

country chic

As designers reinvent country clothes—parkas, shorts, riding habits—and make them chic, shoes are getting swept along in the process, in the richest of textures: crocodile, leather, suede. Details like hand-stitching and whipcord abound.

Sam & Libby created the suede "Davy Crockett" shoe "to get women out of sneakers," says codesigner Libby Edelman. "Sneakers don't look good with leggings, and they can't be worn to somebody's house for dinner."

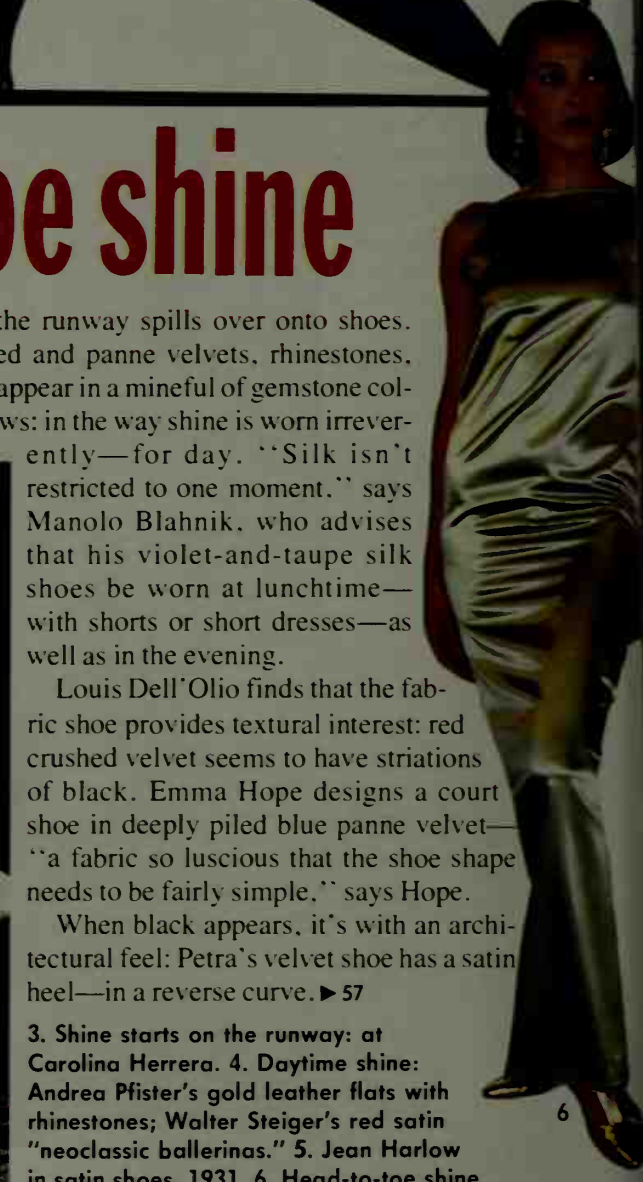
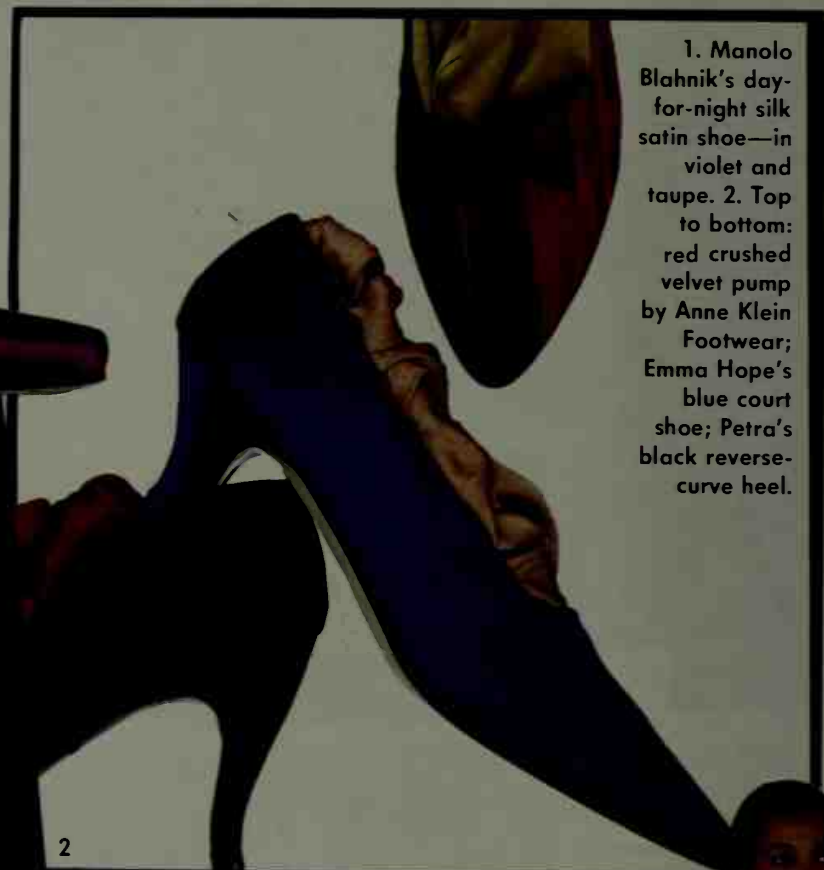
When Isaac Mizrahi asked Manolo Blahnik to design a lounging shoe to go with narrow gold pants, Blahnik came up with a refined version of an Indian moccasin—in suede. "It's very soft, very unconstructed," says Blahnik. "I call it a town moccasin—totally American!" ▶ 48



5

FALL SHOE REPORT

1. Manolo Blahnik's day-for-night silk satin shoe—in violet and taupe. 2. Top to bottom: red crushed velvet pump by Anne Klein Footwear; Emma Hope's blue court shoe; Petra's black reverse-curve heel.



shoe shine

Shine from the runway spills over onto shoes. Satin, crushed and panne velvets, rhinestones, and beading appear in a mineful of gemstone colors. More news: in the way shine is worn irreverently—for day. "Silk isn't restricted to one moment," says Manolo Blahnik, who advises that his violet-and-taupe silk shoes be worn at lunchtime—with shorts or short dresses—as well as in the evening.

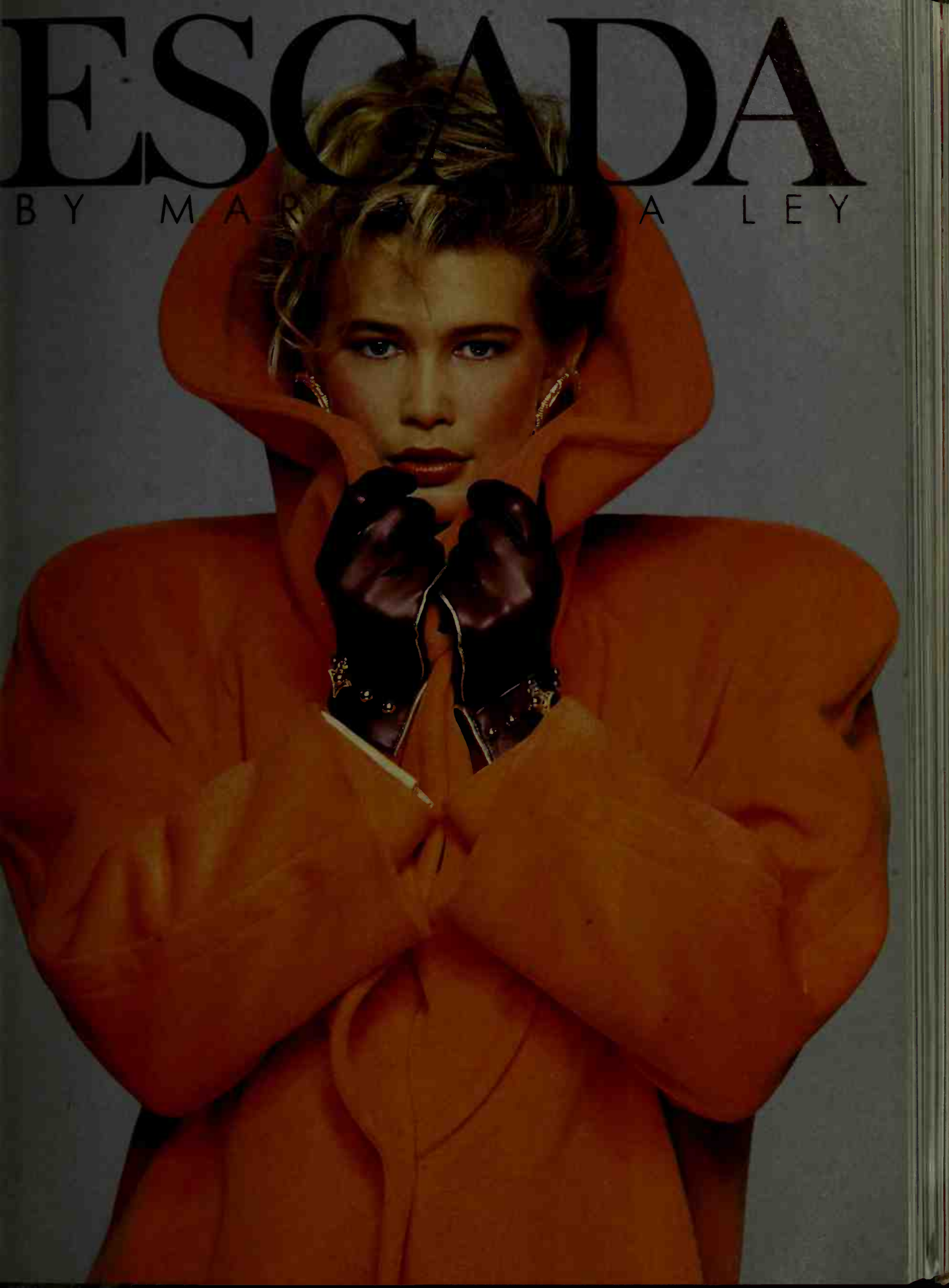
Louis Dell'Olio finds that the fabric shoe provides textural interest: red crushed velvet seems to have striations of black. Emma Hope designs a court shoe in deeply piled blue panne velvet—"a fabric so luscious that the shoe shape needs to be fairly simple," says Hope.

When black appears, it's with an architectural feel: Petra's velvet shoe has a satin heel—in a reverse curve. ▶ 57

3. Shine starts on the runway: at Carolina Herrera. 4. Daytime shine: Andrea Pfister's gold leather flats with rhinestones; Walter Steiger's red satin "neoclassic ballerinas." 5. Jean Harlow in satin shoes, 1931. 6. Head-to-toe shine at Isaac Mizrahi: Blahnik's satin shoe in platinum. Details, last pages.

ESCADADA

BY M A R I A A L E Y



ESCADA BY MARGARETHA LEY



FOUR SEASONS BILTM
santa barba



Pure design

NEIMAN MARCUS



NEIMAN MARCUS



RDSTROM



ESCADA BY MARGARETHA LEY

I. MAGNIN



DONNA INN
luis obispo, ca



ESCADA BY MARGARETHA LEY



escada

ESCADA

BY MARGA LEY

ESCADA BOUTIQUES:

BOSTON
GREAT NECK
PALM BEACH
CHESTNUT HILL
SAN FRANCISCO

Canadian Boutiques:

ONTARIO
QUEBEC
MANITOBA
ALBERTA
BRITISH COLUMBIA

Opening 1991:
NEW YORK CITY
BEVERLY HILLS
SCOTTSDALE

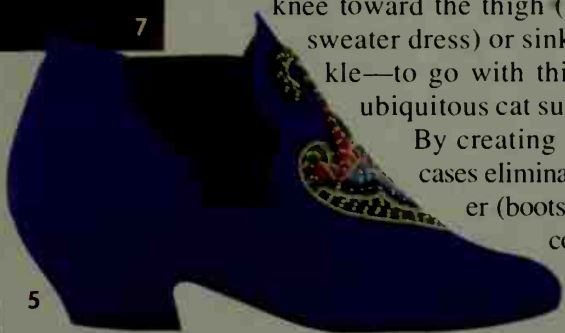


FALL SHOE REPORT



boot camp

History has proven one fashion truism: *après Yves le déluge*. And it holds true this year—especially for boots. Yves Saint Laurent showed his brocade boots last fall, and today stores are filled with them. Also playing a part: the resurgence of sixties mod, country chic, and ethnic opulence. The happy result: boots in suede, brocade, or patent leather; boots that climb over the knee toward the thigh (for a short sweater dress) or sink to the ankle—to go with this season's ubiquitous cat suit.



By creating new proportions and in some cases eliminating the need for pants altogether (boots and textured leggings have become "the new trousers"), boots are changing the way all women dress. ●



1. The new proportion—a yellow thigh-high boot by Perry Ellis Shoes. 2. From Emanuel Ungaro, gold boots with dresses. 3. A suede boot for cashmere leggings and a tunic: with a flame design, by Bally. 4. The matador-style boot by Salvatore Ferragamo. From torso to toe, embellishment is the message: 5. Beading on Charles Jourdan's ankle boot; 6. Russian royalty in embroidered boots, 1903; 7. Chanel's gold standard. Details, last pages.



|| INTRODUCING COMPLEMENTS™ CONTACT LENSES. ||

A NATURAL BREAKTHROUGH IN EYE COLOR CHANGE.

INTRODUCING COMPLEMENTS™ COLORED CONTACT LENSES.

NEW COMPLEMENTS ARE THE MOST NATURAL LOOKING COLORED CONTACT
LENSES YOU CAN WEAR. EVEN IF YOU DON'T NEED VISION CORRECTION.

THE FACT THAT THIS WOMAN DOESN'T LOOK LIKE SHE'S WEARING
COLORED LENSES SHOULD PROVE OUR POINT.

BY BLENDING COMPLEMENTARY SHADES OF COLORS ON THE SAME LENS,
WE'VE CREATED COLOR CHANGE WHICH IS BOTH SUBTLE AND NATURAL.

IN FACT, IT'S THE ONLY LENS COLORED IN THE
SAME WAY AS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF NATURAL EYES.



COMPLEMENTS ARE AVAILABLE IN FOUR DIFFERENT COLORS—



NATURAL
BROWN EYES

BLUE, GREEN, GRAY AND BROWN. EACH ONE
SO BEAUTIFULLY NATURAL, NO ONE MAY KNOW
YOU'RE WEARING THEM. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN
NO ONE WILL NOTICE.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR COMPLEMENTS WITH

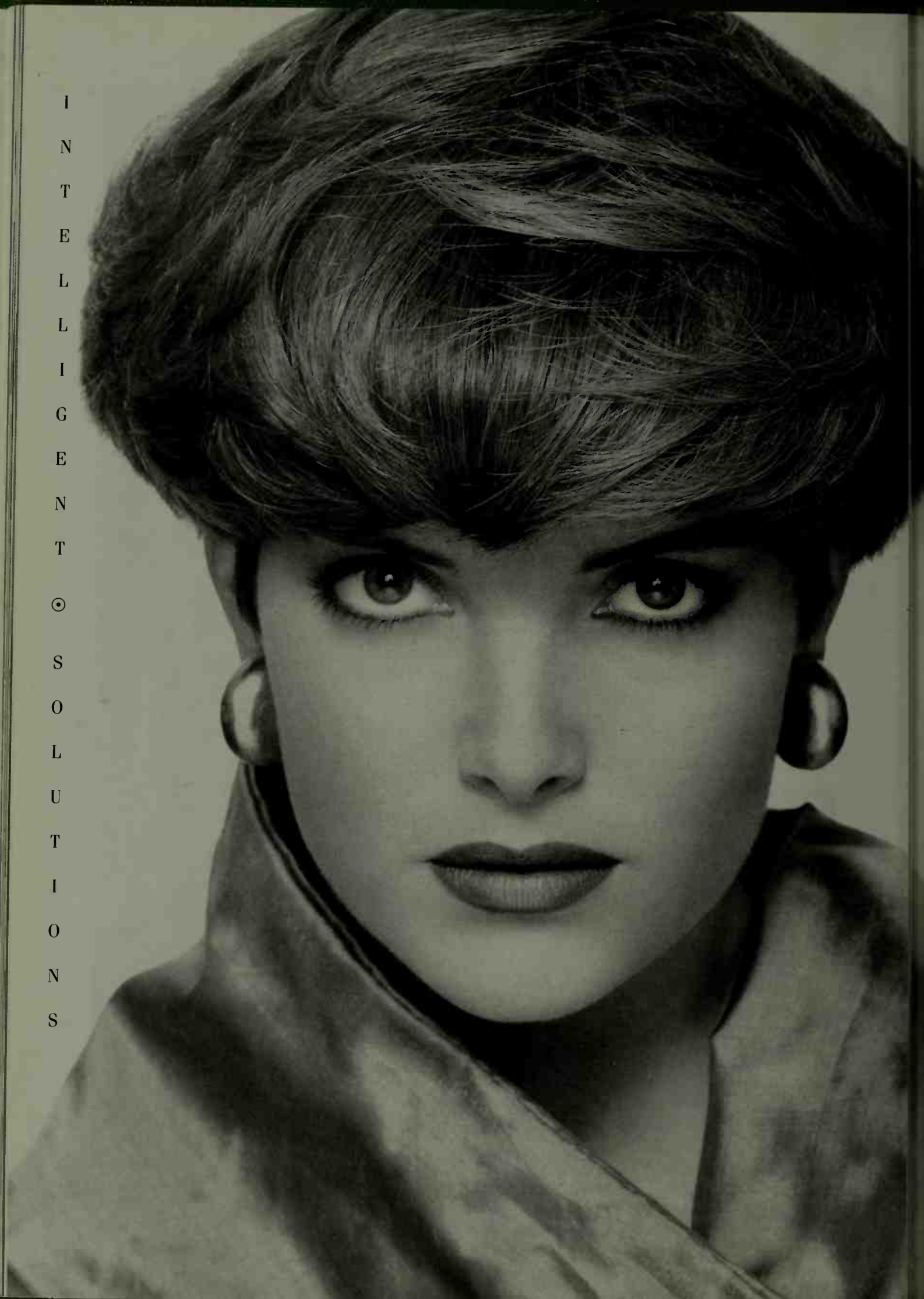
DURASOFT® COLORS SOLUTIONS.



C O M P L E M E N T S™

DuraSoft Colors

I
N
T
E
L
L
I
G
E
N
T
©
S
O
L
U
T
I
O
N
S



End haircare confusion
with intelligent solutions.
Redken. Products that perform
as promised. I guarantee it."



Paula Kent Meehan
Founder Chairman & CEO
Redken Laboratories, Inc.



Have you ever tried a haircare product that just didn't work for you? Has the constant clutter of haircare claims left you confused? Before you contribute one more bottle to your bathroom barrage of miracles that didn't make it, try the intelligent solutions from Redken.

How can we be so sure of ourselves? Because Redken has been pioneering haircare breakthroughs, based on extensive research into the scientific analysis of hair, without testing on animals. We have developed environmentally-safe, protein-enriched products that improve the hair's structure as well as its style. And all our intelligent solutions are recommended by trained professional hairstylists.

We guarantee the performance of each product when purchased from authorized salons. If you are not completely satisfied, return the product with proof of purchase and we will promptly refund your money.



Intelligent solutions from Redken.

Available at Redken Premier and other fine salons. For free samples and the salon nearest you, call 1-800-542-REDKEN.

REDKEN
BEAUTY THROUGH SCIENCE

HALSTON: 1932–1990



Halston with Liza Minnelli in January 1980

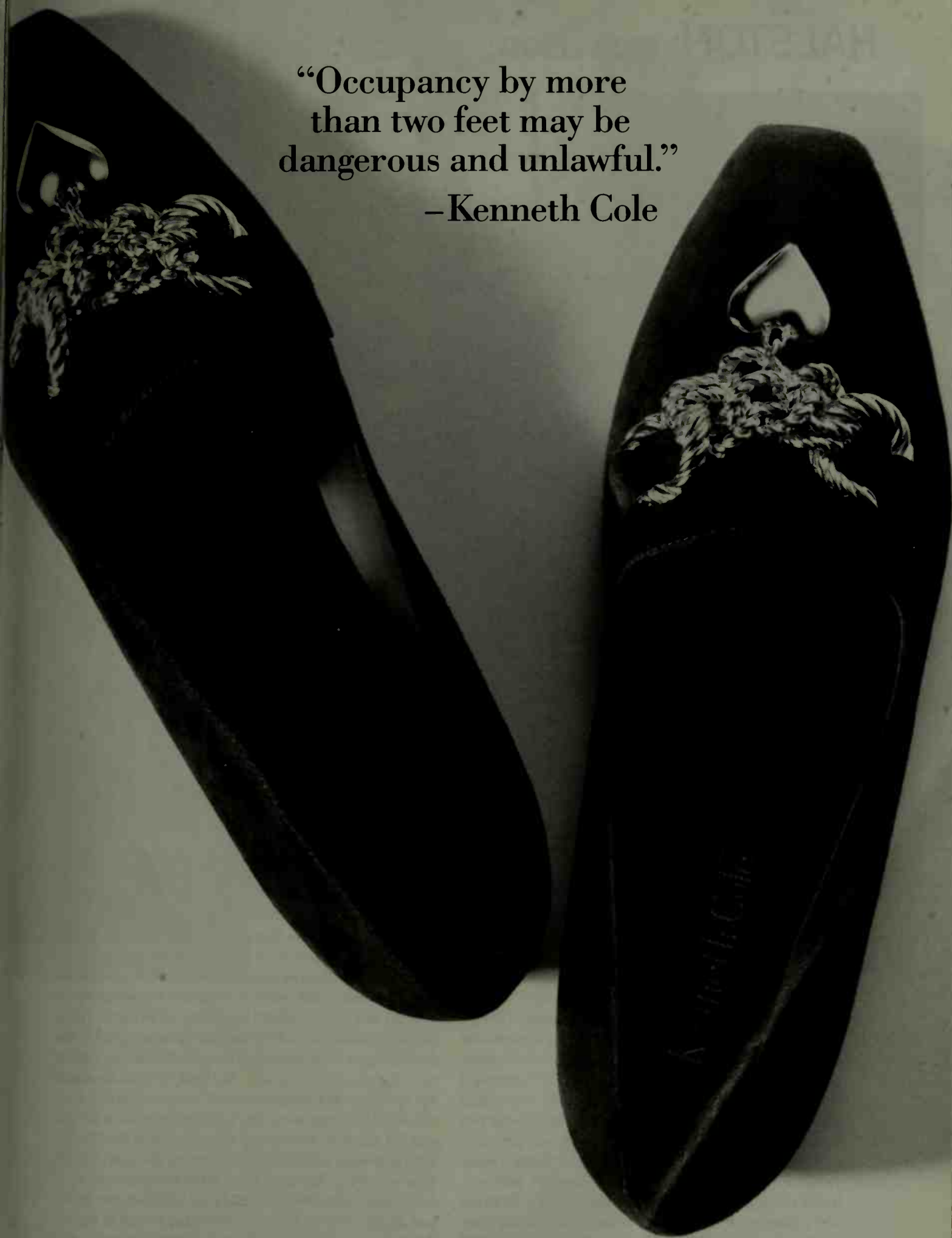
America's most influential fashion designer of the '70s, **Halston** is remembered by two women who loved both the man and his timeless clothes

Liza Minnelli I've been wearing Halston's clothes since I was twenty years old. That's when we met. I didn't really have enough money to get everything I wanted, but the only clothes I ever bought were his. I wore all of his clothes at one point, I think it was 1971, and became one of the best-dressed women in the world. And I didn't have one piece of gold or one piece of jewelry, it was all just that silver he had Elsa Peretti make for me.

The great thing is he was always so practical. I think because he understood what people did in their lives. He was so active himself that he knew. You could go to him and say, I have to go to the opening of Ascot, and he'd just say, "OK," and he'd know exactly what you should be wearing. When I first started to dress properly and dress well, I had to go overseas and I wanted to look great all the time. He said, "Well, what luggage can you afford?" And I said, luggage? "I want you to go to Vuitton," he said, "and you're going to faint at how expensive it is, but I want you to buy what you can afford and bring it back to me and that's what's going to make your wardrobe. Whatever you can fit in, what you can afford, that's what you will wear." So I went and I could afford the set, five pieces and nothing else—for the next three years. And he said fine. Three weeks later, I went in and he had de- ▶ 64

“Occupancy by more
than two feet may be
dangerous and unlawful.”

—Kenneth Cole



NEW YORK
Columbus Ave at 77th
◆
95 Fifth Ave at 17th

*Kenneth Cole Men's and Women's footwear, handbags and small leather
goods are available at fine department and specialty stores.*

SAN FRANCISCO
2078 Union Street
◆
S. F. Centre at Market Street

HALSTON: 1932–1990



1. Halston, Elsa Peretti (standing), and Betsy Theodoracopulos in his New York town house, 1974. 2. Liza Minnelli in a Halston fashion show at Versailles, 1974. 3. Halston with models in Los Angeles, February 1975. 4. Landing with his models in China, September 1980.



signed something to go to the races in, something to be at home in, something to go to the opening of the casino, something to wear to the polo field, and it all worked, it all fit, and it was extraordinary.

He believed in anything to make life easier. The first time I went to his house, I thought, he's going to be one of those men who have the perfect shaving cup and the perfect razor. No. He used Gillette disposable razors because they were easy. He didn't own a car, because it was easier to call the limousine. Anything that would make life simpler and give you the time to do what you were passionate about, which in his case was design.

Halston was all about proportion. His clothes made you look taller and thinner. What he said was, "You can't be tall enough or thin enough or rich enough." And cut was so important, too. I think I watched him cut for practically every one of his shows. Nothing had a zipper if it didn't have to. It would go right over your head, and it would fit like a glove, and there was just one seam instead

of five. He hated it when there were too many darts and things. He'd figure out how to do it a different way.

I have everything he ever did for me. Still. And when I wear it, everybody says, "Where did you get that? Where can I get it?" And I say, sorry. It's twelve years old, and it looks like what everyone is wearing now. He did the bias-cut jersey things first on me, and he called them the movie-star dresses. My God, it revolutionized everything. Because everyone was so tied in and tucked in and paisleyed out, and we were all in fringe and this and that. Everybody wanted to look like Twiggy. He looked at me and said, "What are you doing? You've got a great bust line, you have to celebrate it." And I said, what? Nobody had ever talked to me as if I had any glamour or any style or anything. And he really did give it to me, and continued to give it to me until my latest video. He did all of that. He was extraordinary. He'd figure out what you needed, what was easiest for



5. Naomi Sims wearing Halston in *Vogue*, June 1972. 6. Halston and Bianca Jagger in Tokyo, September 1980. 7. Elizabeth Taylor in Halston with Halston. 8. A Halston tie-dyed chiffon shown in *Vogue*, February 1972. 9. Models in Halston at Versailles in 1974.

was all over the place, but it was always too short or too poufy or it had a thing in the back or it just didn't work, and he gave it this long skinny line and suddenly you're walking around in these clothes that look so American and so nifty and clean-cut.

And then he started to design all my stage clothes. He would make me act out what I was going to do in the showroom. He said, "What do you have to do? What is the movement?" I usually would talk to him before I started because he had such wonderful taste. I'd try ideas out on him. I'd say, Now what do you think if I... It was like a kid saying, we'll put on a show in a barn. It used to make him laugh. I'd show him the act, and he would figure out what the problems were and how to solve them. "It's a thirty-second change, you

have to be underdressed but it can't be bulky." "By this point in the show, you're hot and you're wet, so we'll put you in sequins so the sweat won't show. If you're going to be shiny, you might as well shine all over." That's how all of those mar-

velous sequined gowns came about. There was a practical reason. If my hair is wet, it's going to look stupid if I'm standing there in jersey that shows spots. It was always simple is better, less is more.

And his clothes were so pretty. He dressed everyone, and everybody was thrilled to be in his clothes. It got to the point where you didn't want to go to a party unless you were in one of his things. And you didn't mind if somebody else had on the same thing. The clothes looked different on everybody because of the way they hung. That's the cut. That's where he was such a bloody genius.

I never gave a dinner party or chose an apartment or anything without him. I sang three days after he passed away. I had to sing for the Police Athletic League, and I thought, I don't want to go, for Christ's sake, I'll never make it. I heard this voice in my head saying, well, you have to sing for the police. I thought, OK, but I ▶ 68

CALIFORNIA SUN TOUCHED COLORS



A whole new fashion, a whole new way of light, a whole new look for lips and nails. Brilliant, new, never-before shades of pastel. Crisp, clean beams of color. A spectacular spectrum of sun and sky in Moisture Rich™ Lipstick and Diamond Hard® Nail Enamel.



Shades shown are Rose Parade nail enamel and Sunset Mauve lipstick.



Shades shown are Pink Madison nail enamel and Melonaire lipstick.

© 1990 Max Factor & Co.

MAX FACTOR



HALSTON: 1932–1990

was extremely shaky. A group of six lieutenants came backstage afterwards and said, "We know you just lost your best friend, and we thank you so much for doing this, and we also wanted to tell you how many thousands of lives he saved." And I just stared at them, and they said, "Well, he redesigned our duty jackets. We used to wear those long coats, do you remember, like

in the movies. . . ." And I said yeah. And they said, "Halston redesigned our jackets and made it possible for us to get to our weapons and anything we need, and it's just so practical."

My favorite thing was that whenever anything would go wrong, and I'd complain, he'd say, "Whose fault is it and how can you fix it?" He just focused. You have to make it work. That was his motto. The triumph of his life was that, right until the end, he was still influencing everybody.

Polly Mellen When I first knew Halston, he was doing hats at Bergdorf Goodman and I was at *Harper's Bazaar*. When Dick Avedon and I were doing a sitting, if it was Sophia Loren, if it was Maya Plisetskaya, if it was Rita Hayworth,

any of the gorgeous girls, Gloria Vanderbilt, Marella Agnelli, Christina Paolozzi, whoever. . . off I would go to Halston and I'd say let's have a hat, or a headdress, or whatever. He understood the person, he understood glamour, he loved women with a passion.

He would come to the studio with a box. I remember specifically Maya Plisetskaya's sitting. In the box were incredibly long feathers and burnt ostrich and that wonderful glycerin feather that's black-green. And he started to make the hat. Avedon said, "We only have her for the day and the Russian interpreters are waiting, Polly." Halston said, "Don't worry, Dick," and I'm not kidding, in five minutes we had this picture and it's in Dick's book. It was the most photogenic, theatrical thing. He was a man who understood theater. He understood special effects, he understood extravagance.

He was never anything but strong. I loved him being opinionated. I loved him being strong. He would have conversations with Mrs. Vreeland and I would sit there and they would take off, scream at each other and yell and throw bolts of fabric across the room, and she would say, "Fantastic," and he would throw it at her feet and she would pick it up and wind it around herself. Then he started a business on Madison Avenue and all of us wanted to know what he was going to do. Well, it was fabulous. He made sportswear of the most expensive, beautiful fabrics. He wanted to make clothes for a lifestyle, for a woman he felt he understood best. Now

this was a woman like C. Z. Guest, a very affluent, well-dressed woman. He admired Mainbocher, he admired Charles James. He understood quality across the board. He would design a perfect jacket. First he would make it in black double-faced wool. Then he would make it in a colored satin or velvet, or make it in a colored wool or matelassé and my eye would say, Wait a minute, what's going on here? I want that jacket, and I want it twice.

This was basically sportswear, couture sportswear. Then he moved out of that into real couture, where he had a woman who wanted to pay even more, and he went into furs as well. But he still used the same shape. I could buy it in a little wrap dress, my little black wrap dress with my patent leather belt and my little pumps. Another woman in the couture would have the same dress, but it would be completely sequined. It never worried him. I would say to him, "But Halston, I have that dress and I only paid \$500 for it and she's paying \$3,000." He would say, "There's no problem here, Polly. Yours is a cocktail dress and hers is an evening dress, and hers is to the floor and I'm making it specially for her."

At his shows at the Olympic Tower were Elizabeth Taylor, looking wonderful, Liza Minnelli, Steve Rubell, Calvin Klein, Jane Holzer, Andy Warhol, Bianca Jagger. His friends loved him. They never left his side. He renewed Martha Graham, not only herself but her dancers. Pat Cleveland and Elsa Peretti and Marina Schiano and Joe Eula were inspired by him, and they have a lot to be grateful to him for. If he believed in you, oh my. And he believed in me, and we had a wonderful relationship. Basically, I never thought he was egotistical, he just loved what he designed, and he really didn't like criticism. He'd say, "Why do I have to do something different all the time?" He resented it.

What we counted on from him were things we counted on. He understood a certain woman's way of life, an affluent woman. When we showed his clothes in *Vogue*, other women who weren't so affluent wanted them because they were like status symbols. The best travel clothes. The Peretti jewelry. His double-faced jacket, single-breasted, perfect. His black turtleneck sweater in silk. He wore nothing else. A black turtleneck and his beige double-faced jacket and his perfect black cashmere trousers, his Peretti belt and his black crocodile moccasins.

Because he understood the ballet, he understood the body. Halston was not just a stylist. He could drape, he could design, he could cut. He had done his homework. It was instinctive with his hands. From his head to his heart to his woman. He never, ever joked about a woman who was obese. He said, "I understand women whose bodies aren't perfect." He was the first, and he made them look glamorous. He made my mother's clothes. My mother weighs 250 pounds. You felt beautiful and sleek in his clothes, and you looked beautiful in his clothes. His contribution was enormous and he was an American designer, hooray. He was the first fashion star. Nobody has replaced Halston. ●

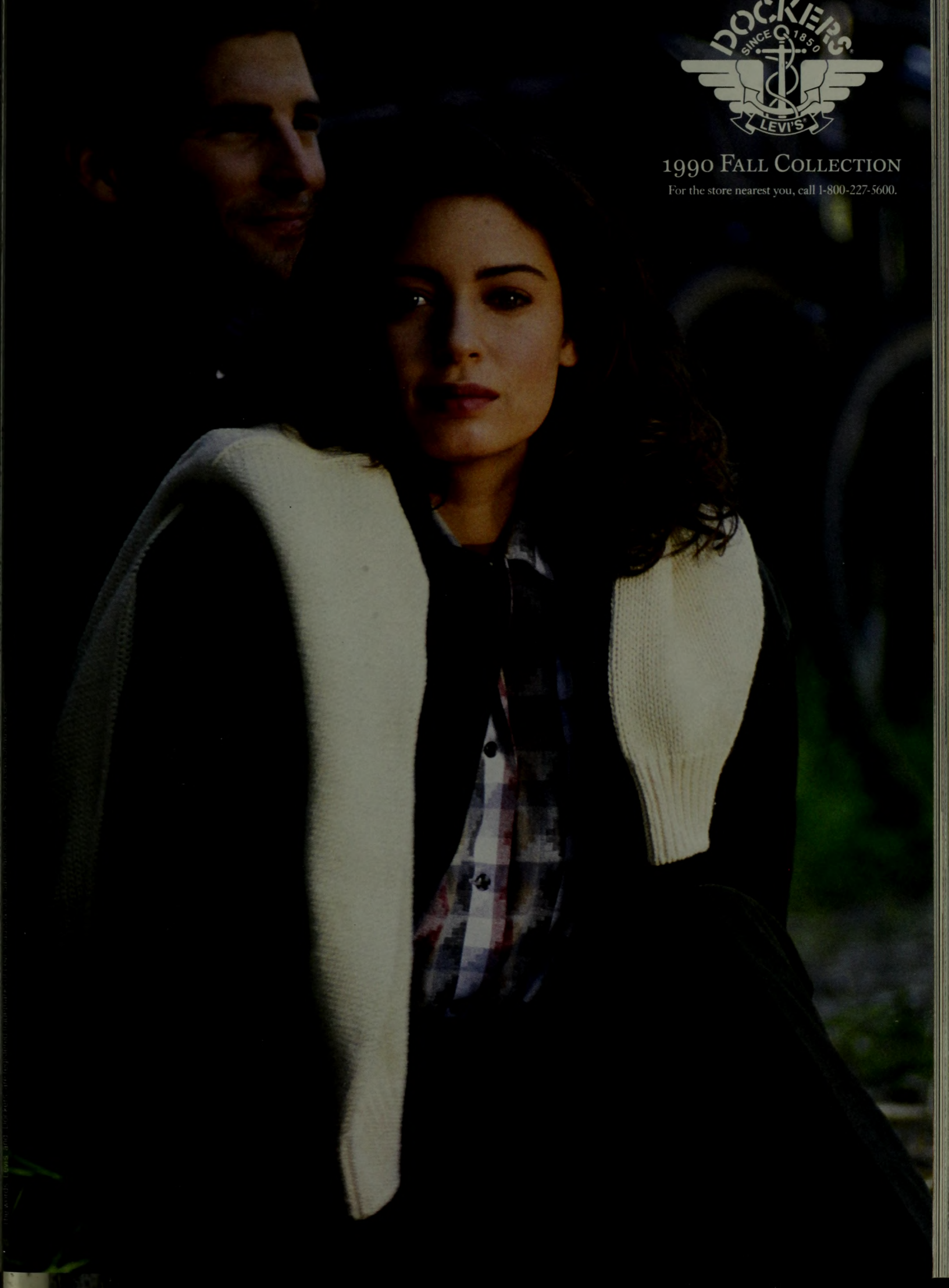


Halston after a fashion show in Tokyo, September 1980



1990 FALL COLLECTION

For the store nearest you, call 1-800-227-5600.



© 1990 Levi Strauss & Co. All rights reserved. Levi's, Dockers, and the Levi's logo are trademarks of Levi Strauss & Co.

You. On

The simple things
make you feel best.

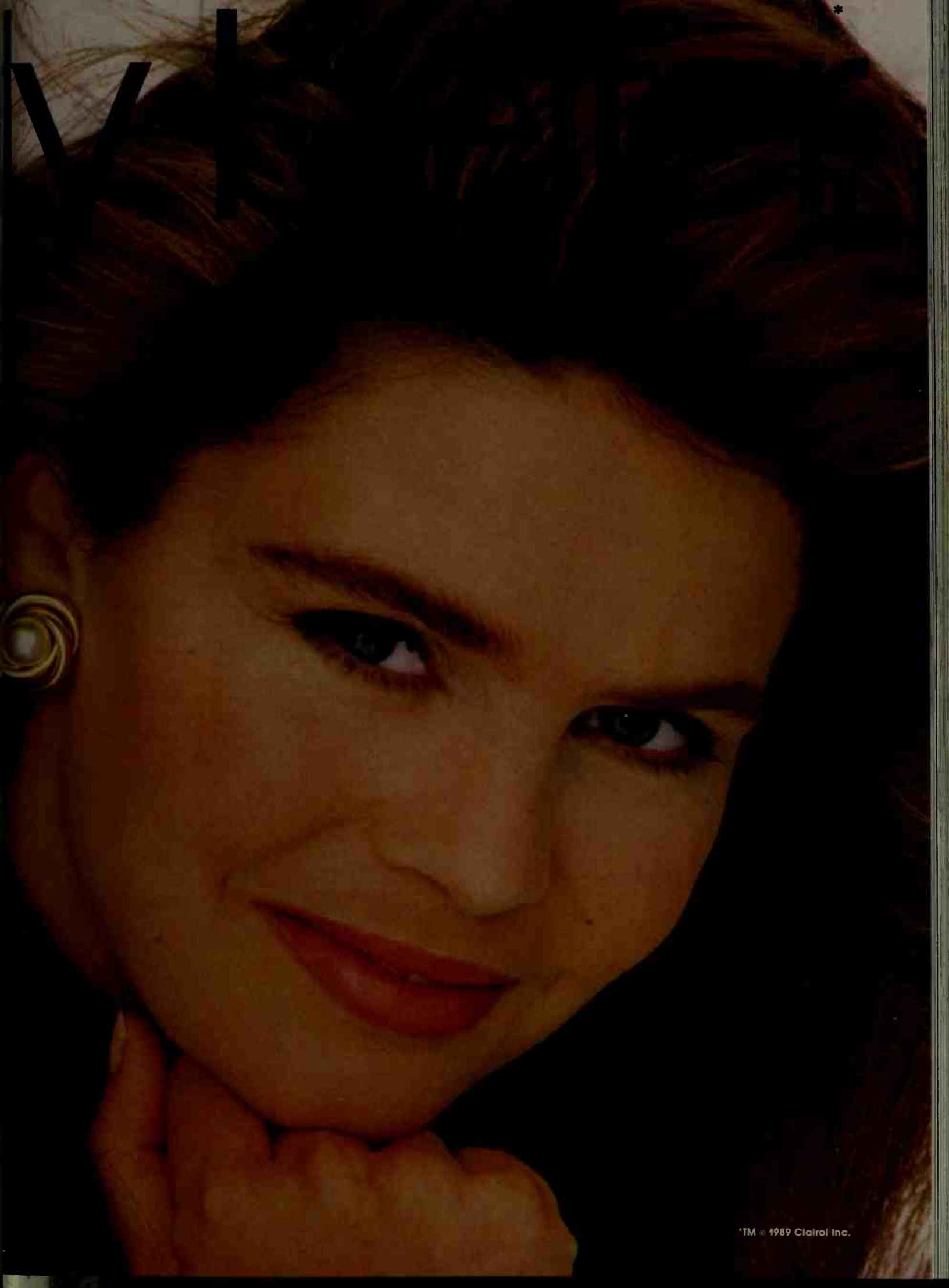
Like the right per-
fume. A drop-dead
dress. Or the feeling
you get when you
color your hair with
Nice 'n Easy.

Because you look
better than ever.

You can go lighter
or darker. Deeper or
brighter. And your
hair will feel soft and
silky too.

Feel good and look
great. With a little help
from Nice 'n Easy.





ELEMENTS

Editor: Candy Pratts Price

Take it and **weave** it: the modus operandi for summer accessories, in metallics and suedes



2. To complement clothing in neutral colors: metal belts, cuffs; straw handbags. Petra slingbacks. Bag, Native Touch. 3. Says Donna Karan: "There is a lightness to wovens that makes them especially appealing for summer." Her drawstring bag is made of woven suede. Hat, Tia Mazza. Shoe (in bag), Robert Clergerie. Shoe (on scarf), Calvin Klein Footwear. Straw handbags, Native Touch. Scarf, Debra Moises Accessories. 4. "Sometimes texture is the only ornamentation," says jeweler José Barrera. Here, his woven hoop earrings. Silver and gold cuffs, Angela Cummings. Large cuff, Chanel. Bracelet, Henry Dunay. Magid bag. Anne Klein shoes. Details, last pages.



"I started out years ago recycling pieces of found wire into jewelry," says Gisela von Eicken. Her most recent accomplishment: a controlled tangle of gold wires (1) that is surprisingly light as a feather.

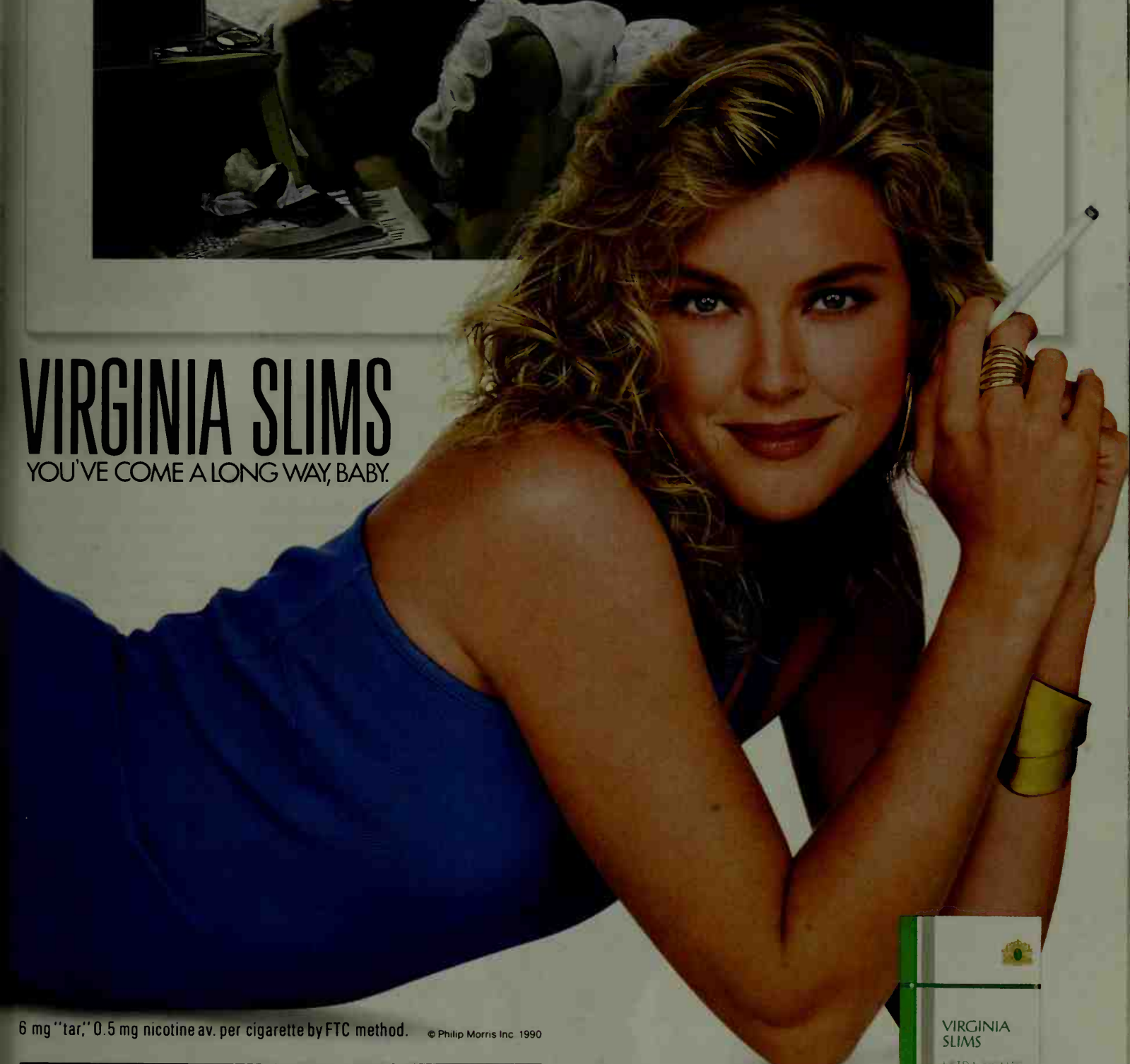


Back in 1967, the sleep women lost to look good would curl your hair.



VIRGINIA SLIMS

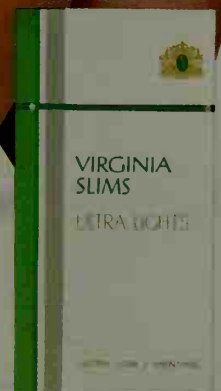
YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY.



6 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. © Philip Morris Inc. 1990

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

A sleek shape. A cool taste.
Clearly a menthol
made with women in mind.



BEAUTY CLIPS

By Shirley Lord

Hairdressers with a conscience

The war against drugs has moved to the beauty salons—160,000 nationwide are hanging posters and distributing brochures bearing a toll-free drug-abuse hot line number (800-662-HELP) to get across the warning dramatized by a new campaign called *STAND* (Salons Tell America No Drugs). The idea comes from the Professional Beauty Industry Partnership for a Drug-Free America, founded by salon-product manufacturer Matrix Essentials.

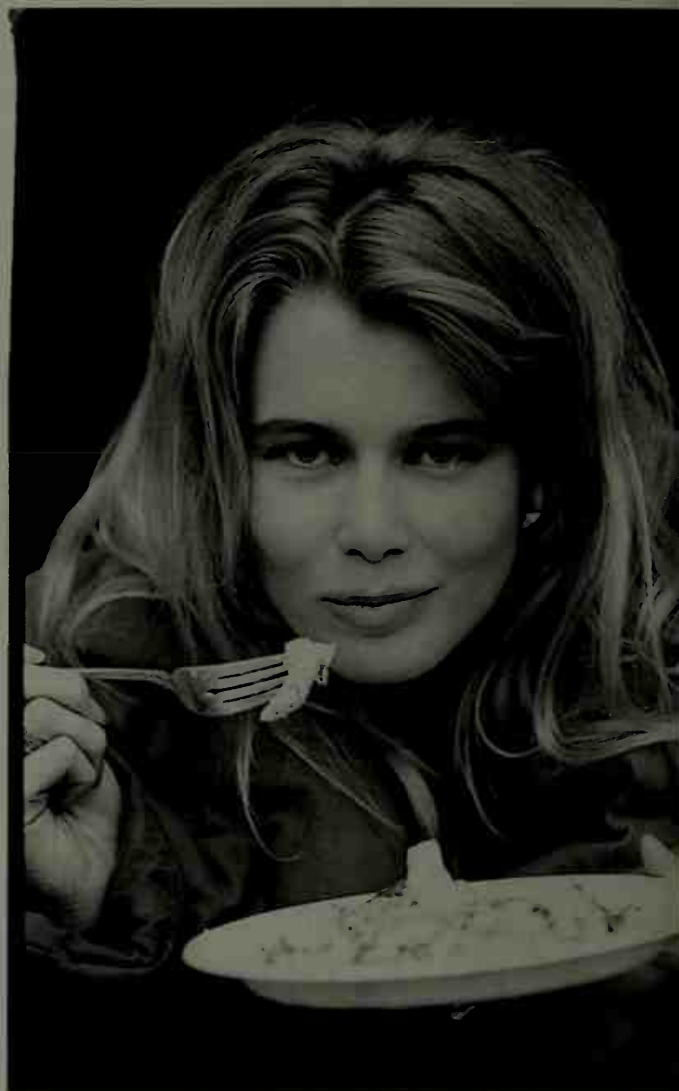
Catch a wave

The latest home-fragrance line, which includes potpourri and even closet liner, seems made for the summer gridlocked/landlocked. It's the Sea collection from Claire Burke, who hasn't spared one splash of the briny.



Short-cut male chic

The difference between a man's and a woman's haircut used to be as big as the one between clothes from a catalog and custom-cut couture. Now there's a change, reflected in a high-summer style in which neither sex can keep away from the scissors. Here, model Christy Turlington, sheared to a little more than an inch all over her head, wields the scissors on hairstylist Oribe. At Manhattan's most famous unisex barbershop, Astor Place, where one hundred cutters snip and style from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M., manager Pasquale Gallo reports that "both men and women are asking for shorter and shorter hair, and parts are basic to the look." Losi, of Oribe at Parachute, believes the very short women's styles have influenced her male clients to think as much about shape as length. "Now they are asking for classic, retro, Cary Grant Hollywood," she says.



Food for the skin

Doing what comes naturally is what many dermatologists like best to promote, so it's not surprising to learn from Lewis M. Feder, M.D., dermatologist and attending physician at New York Doctors Hospital, that "eating sardines and water-packed salmon and tuna, which are high in nucleic acid, can rejuvenate skin cells and thus slow the aging process" . . . and that dermatologists at UCLA Medical Center in Los Angeles are expressing their enthusiasm for sugar cane, full of glycolic acid, which when applied, they say, "appears to regenerate collagen elastin and is less irritating to skin than Retin-A."



The hottest makeup brush of the moment—the peacock-hued powder brushes shown here—a brain wave of Barneys New York, which ordered up a line to resemble exactly in shape and size . . . men's shaving brushes.



Daily Protectant de Pantene

Before you style, even before you expose your hair to the outside world, make sure that you're covered. With Daily Protectant de Pantene.

It can actually help your hair weather the drying effects of the sun, wind, and heat styling.

This protective conditioner works all day long-- because you don't rinse it out.

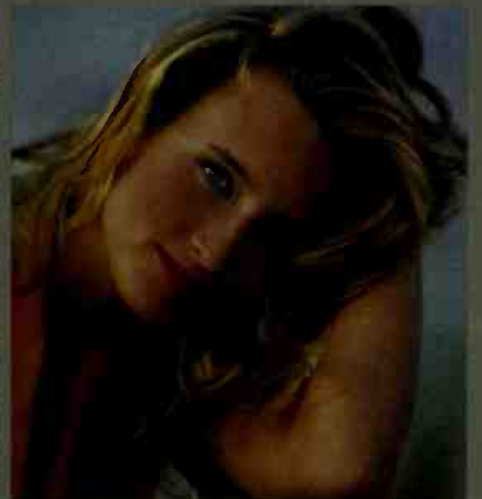
The light, greaseless emulsion helps seal in moisture, shield your hair from the elements, protect it from damage. So your hair has the coverage it needs to survive... beautifully.



TREATMENT DE PANTENE®
SERIOUS CARE FOR BEAUTIFUL HAIR®

©1990 The Pantene Company

Think of it as insurance for your hair.



TAN SAFELY WITHOUT THE SUN.

Award Winning

EFFET du SOLEIL

Self-Tanning Moisture Care
With Non-Ionic Microspheres
For The Face

Lancôme's great discovery...the technology of non-ionic microspheres...gives skin the radiant look of a tan over time with the added benefit of moisturization.

Automatically controlled self-tanning

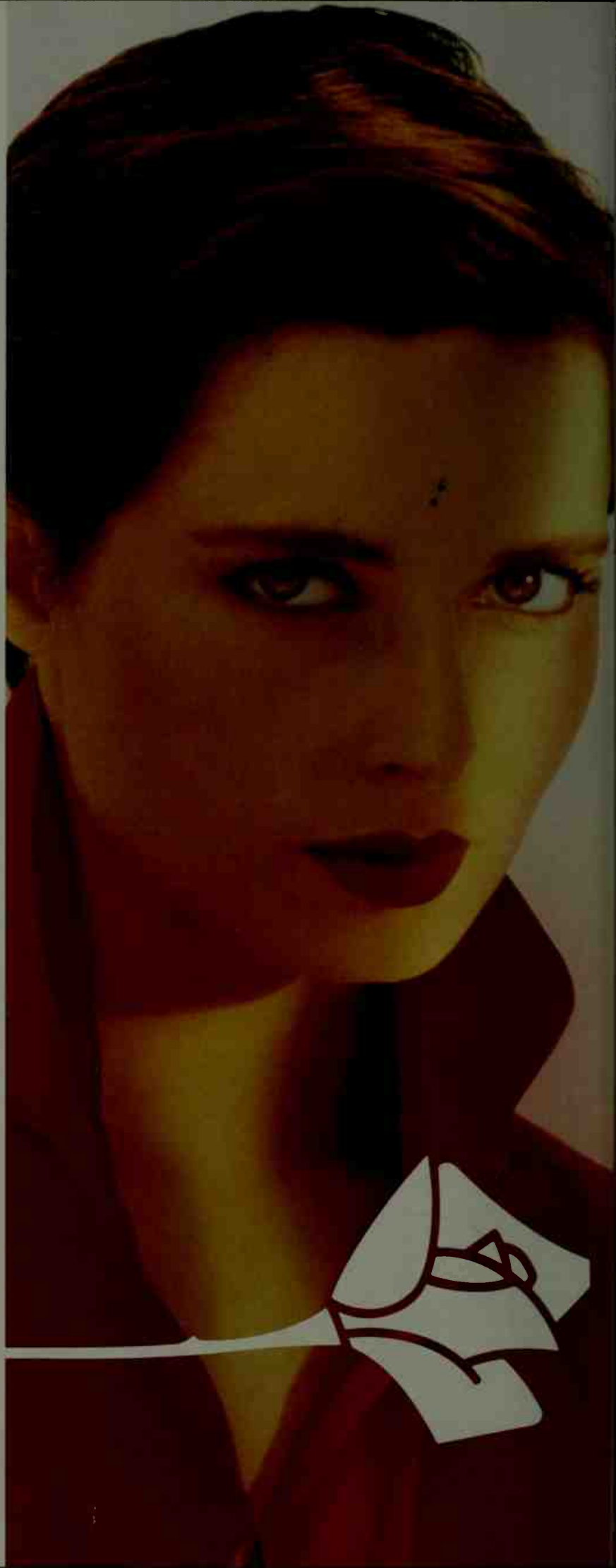
- Patented non-ionic microspheres ensure even coverage and beautiful, sun-true colour that develops and fades gradually, naturally.

Hydration

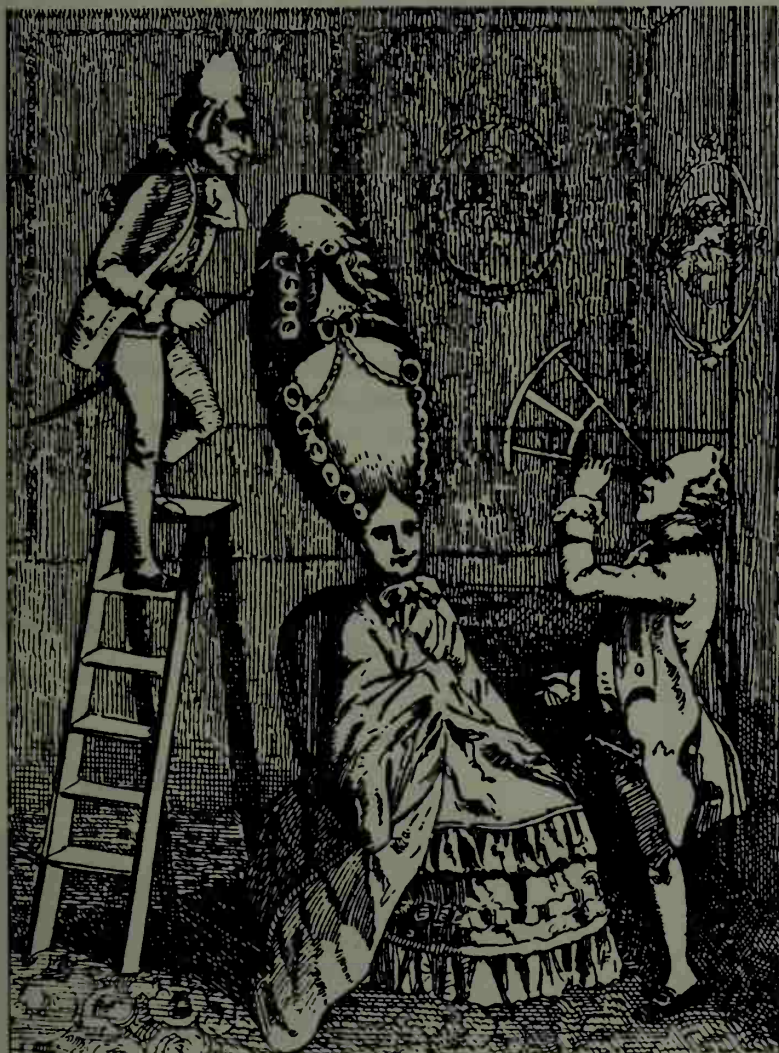
- An exceptional moisturizer with a uniquely fresh, light texture. Leaves the skin softer, smoother, more radiant looking.
- Ideal for every skin type, under makeup or alone.
- Contains sunscreens.

marie claire
P R I X
D'EXCELLENCE
DE LA BEAUTÉ
1989

PAR LE JURY EUROPÉEN DES
JOURNALISTES DE BEAUTÉ



LANCÔME
PARIS



The **hairdresser** has come a long way since the seventeenth century—maybe. JODY SHIELDS discovers the big names behind history's hairdos

CIVILIZATION HASN'T CHANGED THE HAIRDRESSER-client relationship much. "All women are disasters until I get to them," bragged George Masters, one of Hollywood's star hairdressers in the sixties.

Had he worked several centuries earlier, Masters' attitude would have provoked more than a tolerant smile. In ancient Rome, matrons threw things at their hairdressers when they weren't pleased. One woman ordered her hairdresser's assistants stripped to the waist, all the better to see the red marks her thrown objects made on their bodies. Today, there are probably women who would still find this tactic appealing.

While the barber has been employed since ancient times, little is known about the hairdresser. It wasn't until the seventeenth century, when wigs were indispensable for men and women, that hairdressers stepped

into a prominent role. History gives a nod to a Monsieur Champagne, who set up shop in Paris in the early 1600s. Described as "temperamental," Champagne boasted an unusual background: he was formerly a shepherd. Champagne apparently established the tradition of hairdressers going by an abbreviated form of their proper names. Another tradition that began with Champagne: like master chefs, nearly all the master hairstylists have been men.

For women who couldn't command the services of Champagne, there were do-it-yourself manuals, such as *The Ladies Dictionary*, a coiffure landmark published in 1694. By 1772, one French hairdo publication ran to multiple volumes and featured illustrations of 3,744 hairdos to choose from. Women could select their hairdos from a set of model illustrations ▶ 78

Then and now: LEFT: caricature of an 18th-century hairstyle; RIGHT: Christy Turlington's wash-and-wear cut.

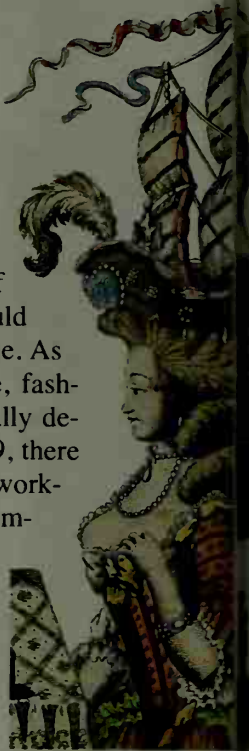
IMAGES: history of the hairdresser

complete with colorful names, such as the "hurluberlu" or the spectacular "drowned chicken."

For those who couldn't wait for the next book of hairdos, hairdressers styled the wigs of tiny dolls, which made the rounds of their clients. The same hairstyle could then be re-created on wigs for people. As styles became dizzyingly elaborate, fashionable men and women were totally dependent on the hairdresser. By 1769, there were twelve hundred hairdressers working in Paris merely to serve the members of the royal court.

The names of only a few star

1. Vidal Sassoon's famous '60s bob.
2. Jacqueline Kennedy's "brioche" hairstyle.
3. Actress Polly Rowles's pin curls, 1936.
4. Jean Seberg's haircut for *Saint Joan*, 1957.
5. Turn-of-the-century pompadour and bun.
6. The "Coiffure of Independence," circa 1789.
7. The 1965 faux chignon.



1



2



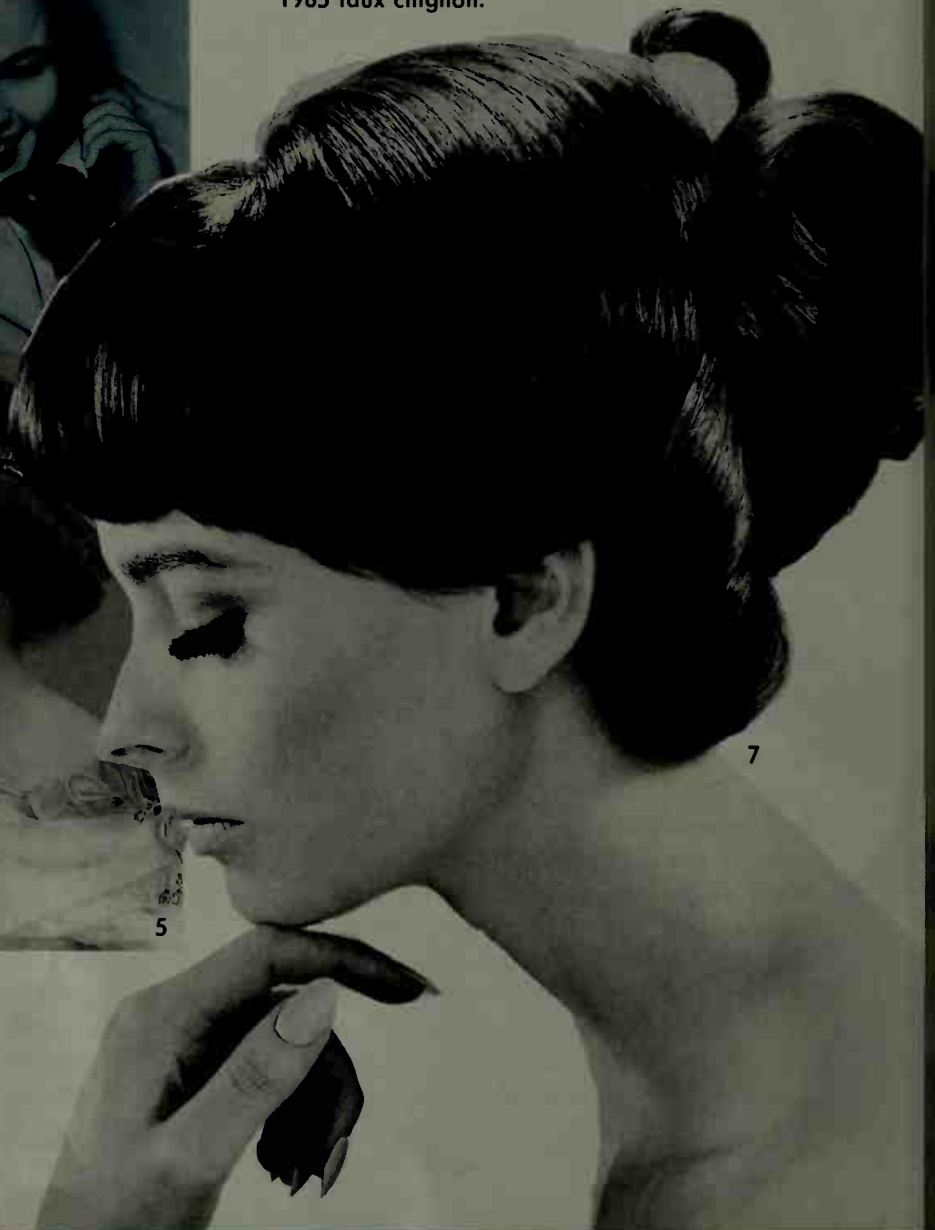
4



3



5



7

hairstylists have survived from the late 1700s, those of Legros de Rumigny of Paris and Peter Gilchrist of London among them. Legros (who worked under his first name only) established a hairdressing academy and published a book of styles. Gilchrist authored a self-help book, *A Treatise on the Hair or Every Lady Her Own Hairdresser*.

By midcentury, high hair had become high art. Satirical cartoonists of the day showed hairdressers perched on ladders, stilts, or stools working on their clients; that scene may not have been much of an exaggeration, since coifs grew up to three feet tall and “rivaled the Alps.”

These mountainous coiffures were heaped over a superstructure of wire and supplemented with a scavenger-hunt list of materials, including bushes of cotton wool and horsehair, shredded rope, bran or straw, and false hair. The mess was cemented over with a paste that hardened; it was then greased and floured. Building this construction required an entire day’s work. The coif rested undisturbed for several weeks.

Decorating these hairdos was the ultimate expression of the hairdresser’s creativity. They were ornamented to look like English flower gardens, scenes from plays, the solar system in motion; a victory at sea was commemorated with a model of a ship and toy sailors. One whimsical widow mounted a miniature version of her husband’s tombstone atop her head.

Because powdering was indispensable for wig-wearing men and women, special rooms were built for the practice and professional powderers did the job. It was no easy task. To keep the bewigged from suffocating in clouds of powder, a cone was placed over the nose, and the body was wrapped in a protective dustcloth.

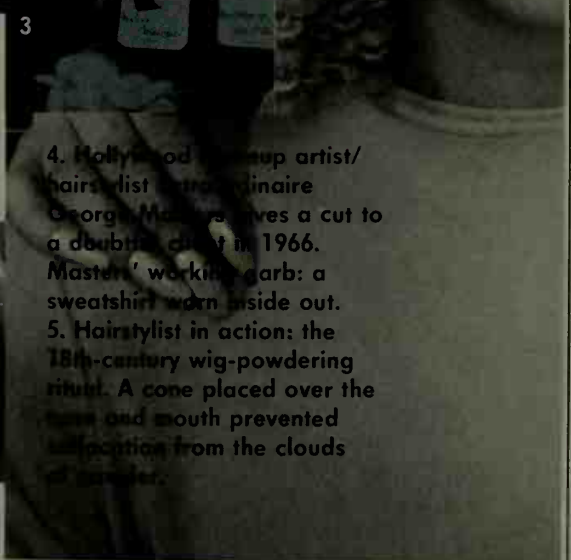
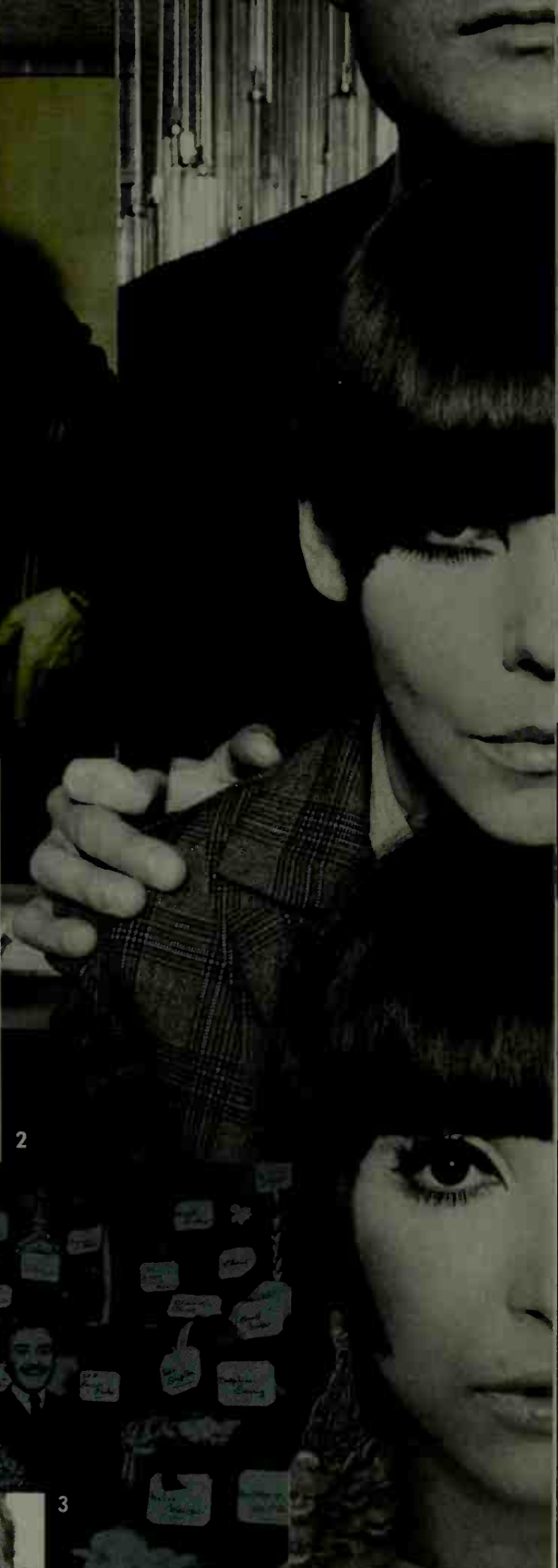
After the French Revolution, men and women wore natural-looking, Grecian-inspired styles: hair was cropped short, unpowdered, sometimes tousled with brilliantine. This was a style women could manage on their own, and by the early 1800s the number of Parisian hairdressers had dwindled to six. ▶ 80



1. The dapper Antoine, one of the earliest superstar masters of the coif.

2. Vidal Sassoon poses with the geometric haircuts that made his name in the 1960s.

3. Alexandre of Paris, surrounded by models of the looks he created for his famous clients.



5

3

4. Hollywood makeup artist/hairdresser extraordinaire George Mason gives a cut to a dubious client in 1966. Master’s working garb: a sweatshirt worn inside out.

5. Hairstylist in action: the 18th-century wig-powdering ritual. A cone placed over the nose and mouth prevented suffocation from the clouds of powder.

IMAGES: history of the hairdresser

The profession was saved from extinction by Croisat, a man tagged a "hairdressing genius." An educated Frenchman, he brought back slightly fantastical styles without resorting to powdered mountains of hair. By the 1840s, the hairdresser—preferably from Paris—had acquired a fashionable cachet. *Godey's Ladies' Book*, reporting on the latest innovations from abroad, helped spread the reputation of the French coiffeur in America. Meanwhile, exotic professionals began to practice in the larger cities, although coiffing was still a luxury familiar only to the wealthy; the majority of women used hairdressers only for very special events such as weddings.

An appointment with a hairdresser was strictly an at-home session; beauty salons for women had yet to be established. In the home, or even in a place of business, the intimate association of a male hairdresser with a woman had a less-than-reputable aura. The hairdresser—as well as other men in professions that catered to women—had a low status. But by the 1870s the hairstylist had left the house and moved into the beauty salon. Newly built department stores offered hairstyling salons with a full range of services.

A little-known hairdresser, Martha Harper, opened her first beauty salon in Rochester, New York, and followed with the first hairstyling franchise, in Chicago in 1892, gradually expanding it into a national empire of five hundred salons. Her accomplishment was impressive, since men attempted to maintain a masculine monopoly and women hairdressers of the day were sometimes arrested for practicing their profession.

The cult of the celebrity hairdresser began with a Frenchman, Marcel Grateau, in 1872. His marcel wave required a hot curling iron, which locked hair into a series of S-shaped waves that stayed in place for weeks. The wave made Marcel a millionaire and an international household word, and a town in France was named after him. Marcel was so in demand he could auction his hairstyling appointments to the highest bidders. Unfortunately, he contracted blood poisoning from a thorn and lost his thumb. Without that tool, his career as a wave setter was over.

Another Frenchman, Antoine, was among the twentieth century's first flamboyant celebrity stylists, and he introduced the modern concept of the salon as the epitome of luxury. In the early 1900s, his salon was on the rue Cambon, just a few doors from Chanel. It was

outfitted with modern paintings (including several by Modigliani), curiosities (electric hair dryers), and thick red wall-to-wall carpeting (there was no salon haircutting at that time, only styling). Antoine also substituted pale blue peignoirs for the sheets that had traditionally been wrapped around clients.

Other Antoine innovations included the first firm-hold, lacquerlike fixative; colored wigs; and the fashion for dyed blue hair, which decorator Elsie de Wolfe made famous in the 1930s. (He tested the color first on his pet borzoi and toured Deauville with his tinted-blue dog beside him.) Witness to history, he also did the

Duchess of Windsor's hair for her wedding to the duke, keeping a lock as a souvenir.

Antoine's trainee and heir to the grandstanding tradition is Alexandre of Paris, still at work today. Alexandre started working for Antoine in his salon in Cannes at sixteen, earning the title "King of the Egg Shampoo." In 1946 he was brought to Paris by the Duchess of



Brandishing a blow-dryer, ABOVE: Warren Beatty does Julie Christie's hair in the 1975 movie *Shampoo*. RIGHT: A beauty parlor scene of the 1930s.



Windsor, and he fixed her hair for the next thirty years. In his salon, a Paris institution, Alexandre has coiffed most of the noble and fashionable heads of Paris.

Throughout the fifties, hairstyles grew increasingly complicated, requiring frequent professional maintenance. The once-a-week appointment became a necessity. For example, maintaining the tightly curled poodle clip was a major salon operation (demanding 125 curlers, a trim every two weeks, and frequent permanents); the teased bouffant of the mid-fifties was also labor intensive. Just as they had a few centuries back, women left their hair teased, sprayed, and set in place between visits to the hairdresser. When wigs, falls, and assorted fake hairpieces supplemented the big-head-of-hair look, there was further need for hairdressers' bob-by-pin engineering.

Star hairdressers began to collaborate with de- ▶ 83

JUST PUMP ON THE PROTECTION.

PURE SPF

UNDER MAKEUP FACE PROTECTION FROM THE SUN'S DAMAGING RAYS.



MAX FACTOR



SPF 12

PURE SPF™

Invisible

Face

Protector

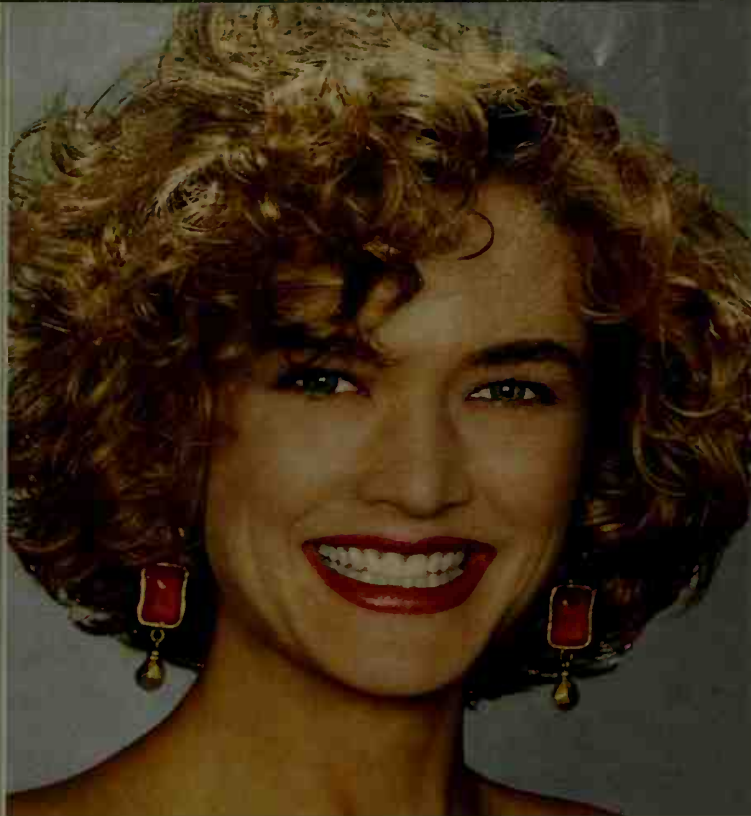
WON'T:

- Leave a heavy, greasy residue.
- Interfere with your makeup or moisturizer.
- Dry your skin with alcohol.
- Irritate your skin (PABA free).
- Clog your pores.

WILL:

- Help protect your skin from sun damage (SPF 12).
- Help prevent premature signs of aging.
- Minimize fine, dry lines.
- Absorb instantly.
- Look invisible; feel weightless.
- Feel cool, clean, refreshing.

MAX FACTOR



Brilliant. Inspired.
Highly desired.
New generation stylers
from condition*.

"I'M INTO CONDITION"



Illuminate. Shine. Glow. With new condition Finishing Shine. Special lightweight ingredients give hair more lustre. But never leave it looking greasy.

Scrunch. Shape. Rejuvenate. With new condition Curl Refresher. Unique alcohol-free formula. Lifts and revives naturally curly or permed hair. Never sticky. Never frizzy.

Strengthen. Enhance. Romance. With new condition Styling Glaze. Soft hold. Impeccable control. For natural-looking fullness and volume.

Style. Design. Refine. With new condition Spray Gel. All the control of a gel. All the convenience of a spray.



New!

condition*

BY CLAIROL®

We take good care of your hair.

IMAGES: history of the hairdresser

signers, creating hairdos made to order for the fashions that premiered on the runway. Vogue began to acknowledge hairstylists by name in the late 1950s, giving them on-page credit.

In the 1960s, with the spare, simple clothing, attention turned to the head and legs. Women spent more time and money on their hair than on their wardrobes. The average woman who made seventy-five dollars a week would spend eight dollars at the hairdresser; the cost of a cut from such stars as Kenneth or Vidal Sassoon soared to twenty-five dollars.

A number of hairdressers achieved celebrity status outside fashion's exclusive circle; in 1962 Vogue noted, "Even men are apt to know that Kenneth does Mrs. Kennedy's hair, a delightful but unruly mop he's made immaculate." Six years later, hairdressers were even more high-profile. *Harper's Bazaar* called them "heroes" and gushed, "Today is the day of the great hairdresser: a social lion with more fame than half his clients." Like top designers, hairdressers could take their place in the spotlight, side by side with their clients. They set their own special code of behavior and even interior decoration.

For example, when Kenneth's New York salon opened in 1963, the palatial decor was a re-creation of Brighton Pavilion, complete with Regency furniture and Porthault towels. The Revlon salon on Fifth Avenue, opened in 1961, had a Pompeian theme. Another star hairdresser, Michel Kazan, reigned in a salon done up with an eighteenth-century French motif. In Paris, Alexandre's headquarters were reminiscent of the Second and other assorted empires, complete with eighteenth-century portraits of royalty.

True to form, celebrity hairdressers displayed their flamboyance in statements for the press. A sample from Vidal Sassoon: "Homely girls have personality with my cut. With curls they were nothing." From Kenneth: "I defy a woman to wear a Courrèges without a really great makeup and hairdo." From George Masters: "My big aim is not to keep up with fashions but to please men, because the men in the long run pay the bills."

While the single, all-purpose salon had flourished until the sixties, there were now two distinct types. Older conservatives went to conservative establishments, such as René, the one the royal family favored in London. Members of the young, hip crowd patronized hairdressers and salons clued in to their sensibility, not their mothers'. Vidal Sassoon's shop in London catered to this development with its casual camaraderie and a decor of glass, chrome, black terrazzo, and stainless steel.

In the 1970s, feminists and working women questioned the dependence on the hairdresser. The semi-unkempt, natural look also loosened the ties. New York City hairstylist Christiaan threw the ball back at women in 1977, grandly proclaiming, "A woman's hair is her own responsibility—not her hairdresser's." So much for the romantic notion of the hairdresser's creativity—and his position.

According to Christiaan's brusquely modern view, the hairdresser is just there for upkeep, take it or leave it. Many women today welcome this hands-off approach: the modern haircut has a low-maintenance construction. However, old-school coif master Alexandre would be unlikely to agree. He views his hair-styling career as a way to preserve the tradition of elegance, "a desperate search for an eternal and fugitive beauty . . . the search for that which will last only for one day." ● IMAGES ► 84

* TM © 1990 Clairol Inc



Introducing new
condition*
Shampoos & Treatments.

A new state of clean.

New balanced, dual-cleansing **condition** Shampoos. *Lipophillic* cleansers gently lift away dulling dirt and oils. *Hydrophillic* cleansers carefully wash away styling build-up and pollutants. Leaving your hair looking healthy, free to radiate a brilliant shine.

A new state of protection.

New **condition** Treatments. Advanced, salon-tested dual protectants leave your hair looking better than ever.

Both available in four advanced formulas, so there's one to match your special needs.

condition*
BY CLAIROL®
We take good care
of your hair.

Make your home work better...



Great ideas are what you need, and you'll find dozens in The Conran Home Decorator Series—ideas to make your home more inviting, more comfortable, more complete. Four books tell how to dramatize and soften with lighting... create an overall feeling with flooring... instill warmth and privacy with window treatments... tackle space shortages with ingenuity. Plus design principles that apply to any budget. 80 pages, 60 color pictures. Pay just \$19.95 for *Better Lighting, Floors and Flooring, and Curtains and Blinds*—receive *Storage Solutions* free! Available separately at \$6.95 each. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed.

...and more beautifully



BUY THREE BOOKS FOR \$19.95 AND RECEIVE *STORAGE SOLUTIONS* FREE.

TO ORDER:

Print CONRAN HOME DECORATING SERIES plus your name and address on a piece of paper and mail to:

The Condé Nast Collection
Dept. 215004/P.O. Box 10214
Des Moines, IA, 50336

Enclose check, money order or credit card information for \$19.95 plus \$2.50 for shipping. Add tax in CA, CO, GA, IL, IA, KY, MA, MI, NY. To purchase books separately, list title(s); add \$1.50 shipping each book. Allow 4-6 weeks delivery.

IMAGES: hair answers

More and more women are staying **brunette** thanks to new hair-coloring techniques

AFTER YEARS OF GOING BLONDER OR REDDER, BRUNETTES ARE opting for what many colorists believe is a much better alternative: going browner with any number of new, richly enhancing shades.

At this year's Academy Awards, actress Jodie Foster set the example: she had traded blond hair for a sophisticated soft brown color, and people took notice.

Many others are going for a girl-next-door brown. Los Angeles-based hairstylist Angelo di Biase recently took Mimi Rogers's auburn hair to a rich brown with deep gold highlights. He also changed actress Lorraine Bracco's dark hair to an allover golden brown with blond streaks for the upcoming movie *Switch*.

What's behind the brown trend? Part of the answer lies in fashion, say the colorists. "Soft brown hair is the perfect complement to the strong color palettes we're seeing in clothes now," says Clay Wilson, co-owner of Los Angeles's Doyle Wilson salon. "There's no chance of clash with brown. In any case, women are saying, 'It's time for something a little more natural looking.'"

The emphasis on ecology has also inspired the earthier tones in hair color. Women don't want anything that's too jarring, too different from what they were born to be.

"Nothing looks prettier than shiny, soft brown hair with natural highlights," says Paul Brown, owner of the Paul Brown salon in Oahu, Hawaii. "Women used to put a lot of energy into trying to look completely different. Just as we've moved away from makeup designed to alter a woman's natural skin tone, so we are getting away from the artificial in hair color."

The vast improvements in application techniques and hair-color shades, which span all the colors in nature, have led many women to have a new appreciation of brown. At Minneapolis's Rocco Altobelli salon, technical director Richard Hudavoni uses a technique called clay stenciling to highlight brunettes horizontally. With a makeup brush, clay is dabbed in circles all over the head to prevent color from being absorbed in those spots. Then four shades—two slightly lighter and two slightly darker than the natural brown—are applied in random circles to give an effect of sparkling sunlight or a pointillist painting.

Other colorists approach brown differently. At Vidal Sassoon in New York City, head colorist Jane Eyre first lightens brown hair slightly, then, working from the underside out, adds back three shades of hair's natural color to boost shine. Joel Warren, of New York's Parallel salon, uses what he calls "movable hair color," highlighting hair's top layers with golden brown tones and applying richer sienna shades to hair's lower layers.

The bonus of the return to brown?

"More women will discover the true test of hair color," says Louis Licari, owner of New York's Louis Licari Color Group and a Clairol consultant. "When you color your hair correctly, you don't have to wear much makeup. The new hair color is enough of a lift." —LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY

IMAGES ► 86



THE SATIN DOWN JACKET
NOW AVAILABLE IN THE OLD WEST.

THANKS TO SPIEGEL, ANYWHERE YOU CAN READ YOU CAN SHOP.

For your copy of the 500-page Spiegel Fall Catalog, simply call (toll-free) 1-800-345-4500 and ask for catalog 822 (\$3.00).

Spiegel

IMAGES: beauty answers

Today's skin-care products give increasingly scientific explanations of their various benefits. Here, how to determine **what's in a moisturizer** and how it works

"THE TERM *MOISTURIZER*, CREATED BY the cosmetics industry years ago, has long been assimilated into everyday American language," says Hillard H. Pearlstein, M.D., assistant clinical professor of dermatology at Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York City. "After all, the original word *moistener* disappeared long ago."

Today, though, there seems to be a reluctance on the part of some cosmetics companies to call a spade a spade, and the word *moisturizer* is often left off a label, edged out by scientific names that can confuse the consumer and may have to be explained at the counter.

Stendhal's *Prévenance* Daily Anti-Time Formula, for instance, is said to help prevent collagen breakdown in

skin through use of SPF, a vitamin B₆ derivative in a protein base. "Our studies show a 78 percent improvement in depth of wrinkles and firmness of skin with the use of *Prévenance*," says Barbara Gydé, Stendhal's executive vice president of sales and marketing. But is it a moisturizer? "Yes, but it does much more," says Gydé.

Jack Mausner, Ph.D., senior vice president of research and development for Chanel, points out, "Moisturizers of old performed one basic task: occluding the skin so moisture couldn't evaporate. They were heavy and could clog pores. Now we know that surface evaporation is but one way that skin becomes deficient in moisture. All the time we're improv-

ing on ways both to increase skin's own moisture retention properties and to slow down the rate at which moisture evaporates from it."

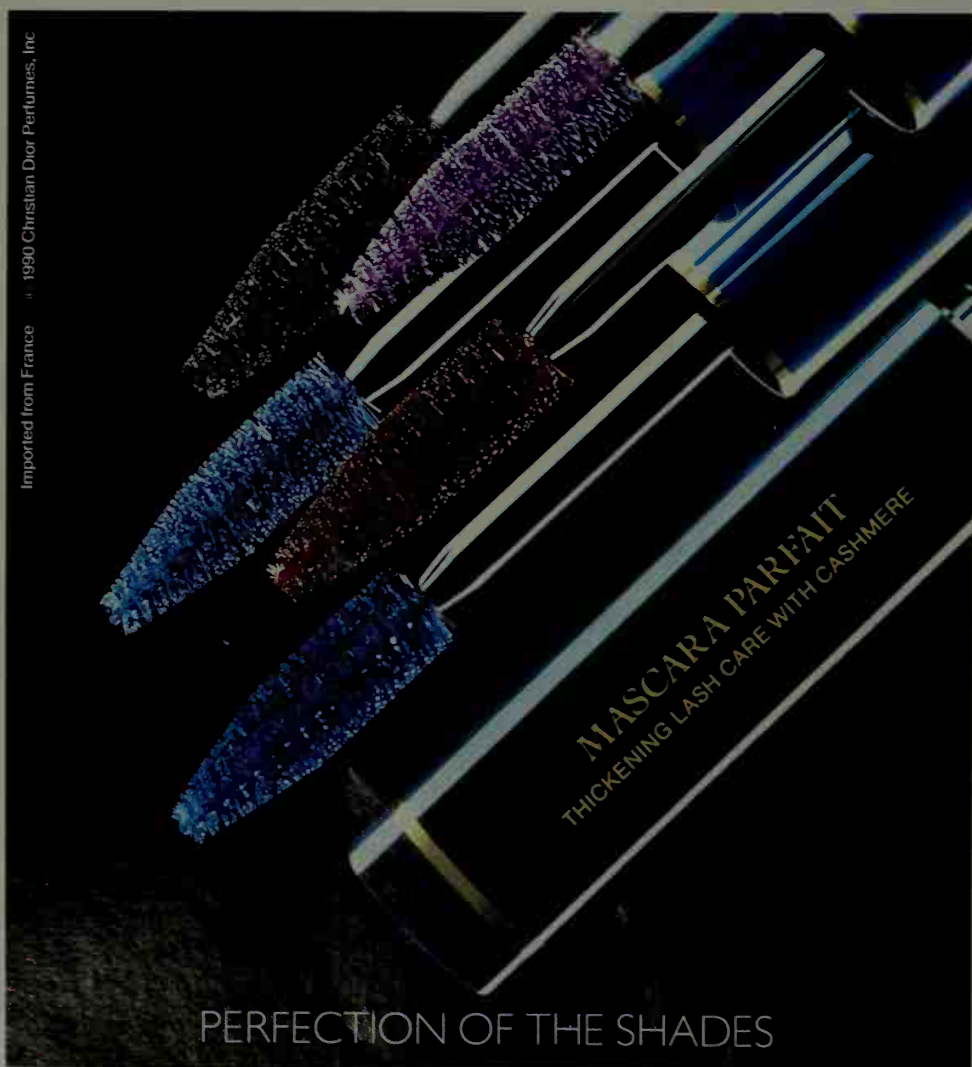
Chanel's *Emulsion* and *Crème* Number 1 (no mention of moisturizer) contain ceramides, lipids present naturally in skin, which Mausner says are "hygroscopic ingredients that attract moisture and physically block its loss from skin's deeper layers to its surface."

Liposomes, tiny lipid sacs said to have a deep permeating action, are highly touted in such new skin-care products as L'Oréal's *Plénitude* Action Liposomes, Givenchy's *Swisscare* Fundamental Care Cream, René Guinot's *Liftosome*, and Candermyl Cream. Are they all moisturizers, even though they don't say so? Yes, with a big advantage. Liposome moisturizers generally feel lighter, less greasy on skin than others. "Liposomes also show promise of being able to permeate skin better than typical moisturizers," says New York City dermatologist Karen Burke, an adjunct clinical member of the pathology department at Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation, La Jolla, California.

"Dry skin is also a buildup of dead cells on skin's surface, so gentle exfoliation—with a facecloth or a once-a-week facial mask—helps keep skin looking plumper and younger," Burke adds.

The more comprehensive approach to moisturization also shows up now in the number of times moisture is added to non-skin-care products. Shiseido's new *Powdery Foundation* comes under the heading of makeup but contains a natural humectant that attracts moisture to skin and leaves a powdery finish. Revlon's *Eterna 27 HydraColor* is a tinted moisturizer; Guerlain's *Subl-crème* and *Purpose Dual Treatment Moisturizer* are also sunscreens.

Of course, we can all spray moisturizer directly on our faces—with Evian's *Mineral Water Spray* or Lia Schorr's *Bio Botanicals Alpine Herb Vitamin Spritz*.—LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY



Christian Dior



MASCARA PARFAIT

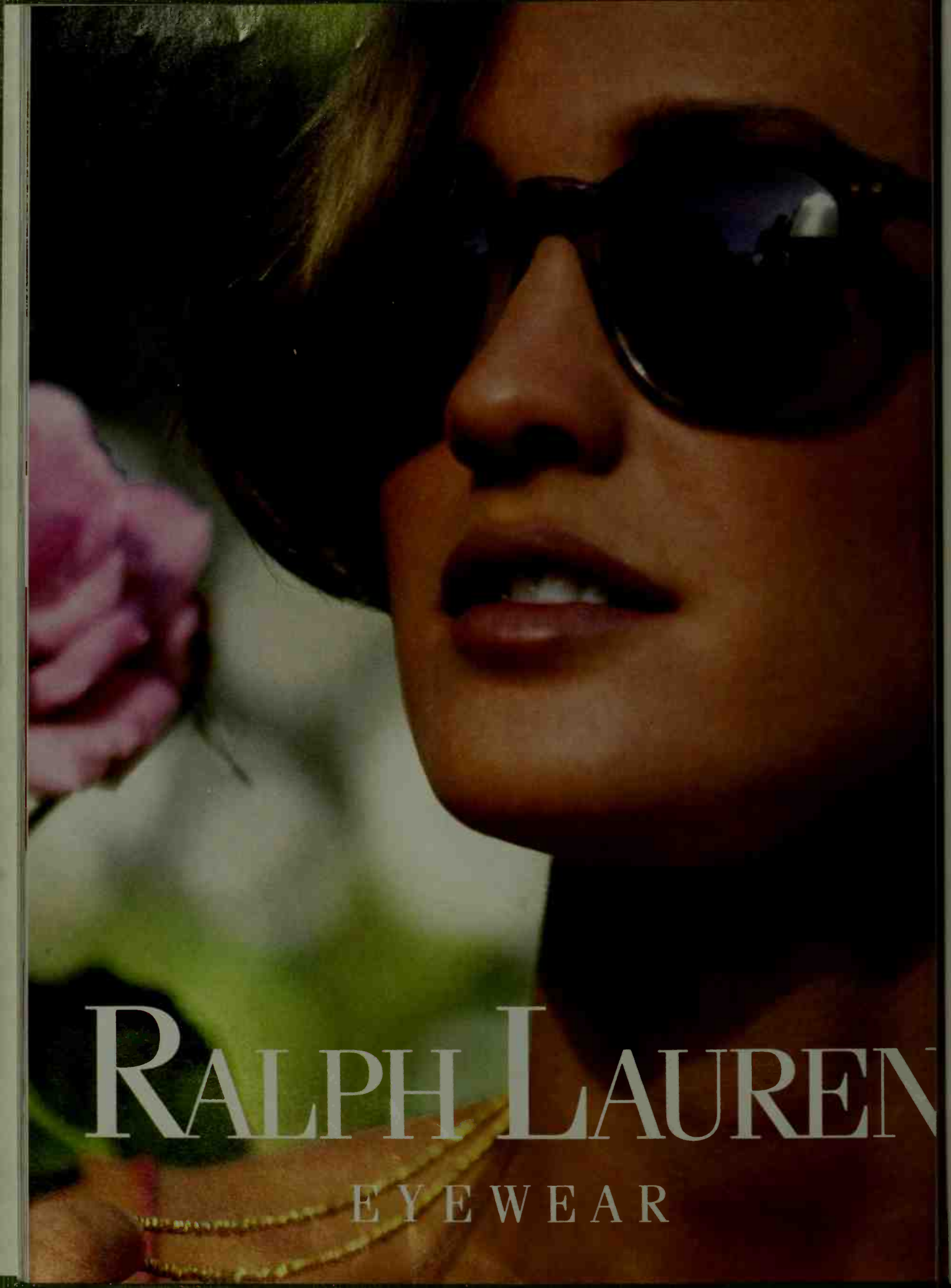
PERFECTION IN THE WINK OF AN EYE

MASCARA PARFAIT
THICKENING LASH CARE WITH CASHMERE

PERFECTION OF THE FORMULA
PERFECTION OF THE BRUSH
PERFECTION OF THE LOOK

Hydrolysed Cashmere. Ophthalmologically tested. Mascara Parfait has been especially developed for sensitive eyes and contact lens wearers.

MACY'S • BULLOCK'S • MARSHALL FIELD'S



RALPH LAUREN

EYEWEAR

tree hugging Will **earth politics** never cease? Gone are the presidential tie clips. Visitors to the White House now receive. . . *trees*. George Bush gave away ten thousand in one day to guests at the White House Easter Egg Roll. He and Maggie Thatcher planted palm trees in Bermuda; he exhorts Americans to plant a billion a year on private land. Exactly what does all this tree planting do, other than improve the prez's image? Not much. Even though trees take in carbon dioxide—which contributes to **the dread global warming**—“the amount stripped out of the atmosphere by this tree-planting program is just a small percent,” says a senior scientist at the Environmental Defense Fund. . . . The Bass family's \$20 million gift to Yale for an Institute of Biospheric Studies is proof, once again, that if you stay weird long enough the world will catch up to you. The donation was presented by **wackiest Bass brother Ed**, who has built adobes in Santa Fe and a solar-operated hotel in Katmandu and who founded the Philecology Trust, whence much of the donation came. While his famous brothers, including Biggest Bass, Sid, made money as usual, Ed was dubbed “different.” Now Sid's the silly socialite, and Ed, solemnly described these days as a venture capitalist, is the forward-thinking man of the moment. . . . It's not enough to clean up your own backyard. Now there's **ecotourism**. An increasing number of travel publishers—including Sierra Club Books—are emphasizing a tread-lightly approach in their guidebooks. Moon Publications not only encourages travelers to respect Mother Earth but also advises against such standard tourist activities as photographing the local tribespeople. . . .

belt-tightening If the art market is any indication, the eighties may finally be over. During auctions at Christie's and Sotheby's last May, many works were left unsold and others, like Willem de Kooning's *Palisade*, sold for as much as \$2 million below estimate. Last fall, de Kooning's *Interchange* set a record by fetching more than \$20 million; this time around the artist's *Woman as Landscape*—expected to sell for \$9 to \$12 million—didn't sell at all. Dealers like **Larry Gagosian** said the auction houses created their own plight by placing the estimates too high. Whatever. Zurich dealer Thomas Ammann says one thing's clear: “The hype feeling—that everything sells at any price—is gone.” . . . One art market may actually be gaining interest. At another recent Sotheby's auction—of Indian, Himalayan, and Southeast Asian art—works did go unsold, but many of the **Indian miniature paintings** went for well *above* estimate. Among the new collectors is **Carter Burden**, who sold much of his collection of contemporary masters last year. . . .

eating in Now that LBO wives and other high-profile Manhattanites are **lying low**, the restaurants have no one to fill them. Metro, one of the city's most luxurious and innovative dining rooms, shut down without warning, and four restaurants on West Broadway alone are for sale. Others, including the august “21” Club, have been forced to lower prices and cut back staff. Metro's brilliant **Patrick Clark**, who was also founding chef at Odeon and Cafe Luxembourg, says, amazingly, that he has no plans. The survivors: bistros and upscale Japanese. . . .

reading women Novelist Jim Harrison writes women's voices better than a lot of women—first in *Dalva* and now in *A Woman Lit by Fireflies* (Houghton Mifflin/Seymour Lawrence), his latest collection of novellas, due next month. The title piece, complete with dirt (as in earth) and irony, is vintage Harrison: a wealthy Detroit woman flees her husband, spends the night in a cornfield, and pulls together her life, sort of. . . . One woman who writes her own voice pretty well is first novelist Dori Sanders, a fifty-five-year-old black peach farmer from South Carolina, whose *Clover* has already been optioned by Disney. The book, published by **the maverick Algonquin Press** in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, is the tale of a black ten-year-old who is left in the care of a stranger—her white stepmother—after her father's death. . . . Last year's hot first novelist, **Amy Tan**, is almost done with her second novel, *The Kitchen God's Wife*, and paperback rights to the as-yet-unseen manuscript have already been sold. No word on how much, but the price is said to be substantially higher than the \$1.238 million paid for similar rights to *The Joy Luck Club*, just out in paperback.—JULIA REED

welcome to the

Will *House Party* stars **Kid 'n Play** become the Abbott and Costello of the rap generation? Stay tuned, says

JILL PEARLMAN

before starring in the movie *House Party*, Kid 'n Play were a rap act with a shtick, plain and simple. Kid had the half-foot-high *Eraserhead* hair, the fish eyes, and the face full of comic possibilities. Play had the smooth Casanovoid style. As a comic musical team they struck gold. Since *House Party*, they've diversified so many times they're looking like a rap conglomerate, with a Fox TV pilot and a cartoon for NBC in the works, and talk of two upcoming films. Kid 'n Play Muppets can't be far behind.

It's one in a million, right? Practically every kid raps, every kid wants to go to Hollywood. But at this moment, rap is on fire, a rebel music going mainstream, and success stories are piling up. This duo from East Elmhurst, Queens, met their future producer at a Sears telephone-sales department (so the story goes). Now the shrewd, talented, funny former law school candidate Christopher Reid (Kid) and Christopher Martin (Play), a high school dropout turned entrepreneur, are leading the way onto the new multicultural terrain.

From *2 Hype*, their 1988 debut album, which sold nearly one million copies, to their recently released second album, *Funhouse*, it's clear Kid 'n Play are entertainers. Rather than shake a death rattle from the streets, they celebrate good times; they dance, mug, trade barbs and witticisms. They give the listener lots of big melodies, the ear candy that makes the charts. They eschew violence; Tipper Gore would starve on

Hairstyle meets substance: vertiginously coiffed Kid, LEFT, 'n Play, RIGHT, manage to act responsibly without losing their cool.

Funhouse

their lyrics.

All this, and they're still, entirely, totally hip. Kid's seven-inch fade, an extravagant, hair-sprayed extension of the popular, typically shorter hairstyle, is literally a derring-do. It's a signpost that Kid 'n Play are about acting out the craziness most kids are too cool (that is, intimidated) to try, about being the odd man out and putting that individual style to work.

"When I met Kid," says Play, "he had these thick prescription glasses, this Afro, freckles, one of those Texas ties, and he wore a jacket from Key Food grocery store, where he worked. I was amused by him; he was a refreshing change. I was hanging out with some real bad people, for peer appeal. But with Kid I could be myself, let my hair down."

Kid is the son of a social worker and a schoolteacher, Play the son of a hustler turned born-again minister and a church secretary. While Kid was at the prestigious Bronx High School of Science, Play was dropping out of various high schools and being wild. "Play went through a punk-rock phase, wearing these leather pants like a girl, looking like Alice Cooper, these big old boots. Girls laughed," says Kid. "They sure ain't laughin' now," says Play.

After graduating from Lehman College, where he majored in English and studied classical bass, Kid was working in a shelter for the homeless and preparing to take the Law School Admissions Test; Play got serious, studying design at the School of Visual Arts. As for *extracurricular* activities... "If you wanted to get respected by your peers and liked by the ladies," says Kid, "you had to be a gangster or an athlete or a rapper." They chose rap.

Soon after they teamed up, around age eighteen, they discovered their voice in their middle-class black experience, once considered too soft for rap. Along with DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, the Jungle Brothers, De La Soul, and neighborhood friends Salt-n-Pepa, Kid 'n Play—once known as Kid Cool Out and MC Playboy—ushered in a new school. It's rap that's



evocative of teen life, full of playful, saucy, sly innocence—in a way, what Motown was to grittier soul.

"All stories have to be told," says Play. "We say you can be very responsible without being corny and still wear the gold chains, still drive a car as good as your local drug dealer's, with a whole lot more security." Adds Kid, "We teach people not to be afraid to be themselves, even if you look different or act different. Run with it."

Their hip, boys-next-door persona paid off—it was nonthreatening enough for the corporate entertainment industry to latch on to. That fact didn't pass Kid 'n Play by. They plotted to develop a recognizable image, move into movies. "We love making records, but we always knew we wanted to make movies," says Play. "Whenever we did a party, they'd always say the same thing: 'You guys are crazy. You ought to be in the movies.'"

It was their nonviolent, slapstick image that attracted Warrington and Reginald Hudlin, producer and director of *House Party*. In the film, Kid plays a good kid with a smart mouth, beleaguered by bullies, cops, and his cool, though protective, single father; he eludes his dad's grounding decree to go to a party and ends up, after a series of comic mishaps, in jail. The party, at Play's absent parents' house, is awash in Dionysian dancing. all ▶ 93

LA DO.



LA COUPE is La Fashion for La Hair.

LA COUPE FOR LA VOLUME.

ALARMING DISARMING LA GETS HAIR

WITH FLAUNT FULL OF VOLUME BODY BOUNCE

LA DO MA / BE ACHIEVED ONLY WITH LA VOLUMATEUR

THE FIRST IN LOW STYLING MIST CREATED SPECIFICALLY

TO ADD VOLUME TO YOUR HAIR

USE IT WHILE DRYING HAIR TO CREATE A STYLE

USE IT WHENEVER, WHEREVER YOU WANT

TO HAVE LA FULL EFFECT

A COMPLETE LINE OF HAIRCARE PRODUCTS

FROM THE MADISON AVENUE SALON



LA COUPE

MUSIC

sweating, jamming, and grinding. This ain't *Beach Blanket Bingo*; it's about acting responsibly in the nineties without being a geek.

While everyone wants to type it, *House Party* departs from the documentary-ish, hard-core rap movies that came before it. *Beat Street* and *Tougher Than Leather* inevitably glistened with feral street anger. *House Party* is friendlier, a pure-fun teen flick: see Kid fumble with his new love's bra hook, see Play strut his stuff on the dance floor. It's a music movie; no, it's a black movie. Hey, America, it's both, probably the first of its kind. It pushes rap into a new arena. "It's really a teen comedy," says Reginald Hudlin. "It's about a day in the life of a typical teenager. If I had to suggest a precedent, I'd say *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* or *Risky Business*."

The marriage of rap and the mainstream is still an uneasy alliance. Elevated as youth heros, Kid 'n Play are plowing ahead while checking behind them. They're wary of being written off as Abbott and Costello meet Public Enemy, of splashing down in the mass media only to be "laughed at more than laughed with."

"The media had to pick its token black film," says Play. "They're like, 'We got two brothers, Harvard and Yale, hum, yeah, let's make it this one. Let's show them we're sympathetic to them.' But you've got to take advantage of that, you can't sit there and go, 'No, I don't want you.' We want to heighten rap to the level of jazz or rock and roll. But hey, we're considered the pioneers, we're gonna open doors for somebody else."

"We haven't gone mainstream; mainstream has come to us." Adds Kid, "You do the music you love, bring the music to the public and broaden their horizons."

It's a tough gig, but somebody's got to be famous. Constantly dealing, phoning, and negotiating, Kid 'n Play take care of business and look after all the details. As Kid says, "A man's got to fix his hair, he can't be looking slovenly." A Saturday morning cartoon, "a new *Fat Albert*," animated by Marvel and based on episodes in Kid 'n Play's lives, will debut on NBC in the fall. They'll be taping a Fox TV pilot, an updated *Laverne and Shirley*, with "Downtown" Julie Brown of MTV fame. They're planning another film, and a sequel to *House Party* is under discussion. Play operates IV Plai, a clothing store in East Elmhurst where he sells his jewelry and clothing designs. And they are touring the country together this summer.

"When I was twelve or thirteen, I thought, What kind of person am I to be scared of the word *no*?" says Play. "That was about girls then. Now I'm quite bold." ●

"We teach people not to be afraid to be themselves, even if you look different or act different," says Kid. "Run with it"



A new emphasis on frames by artists and scholars puts **art on the edge.** BROOKS ADAMS looks at the border of creativity

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A BEAUTIFUL VAN GOGH IN A god-awful fake Louis XVI frame? Or, walking through a thrift shop, have you spotted a wild Victorian frame that looked like a sculpture? Both experiences alert us to the possibility of frames as something more than merely the finishing touches on a picture. In fact, ever since the Renaissance, frames have served as a conceptual window on the world, corresponding to the invention of perspective in Western painting. And to the present day, handcrafted frames have provided an inexhaustible source of whimsy and inspiration for artists and designers alike.

The frame as an image in its own right is the focus of several exhibitions this summer, and the frame is emerging as a potent subject in the work of several contemporary artists.

Frame up: FROM TOP: Frank Moore's *Middle Class*, 1985; Robert Morris's *Untitled*, 1987; a detail of *Dissect*, 1989, of sod, leather, paper, and T-pins in a found frame, by Jeffrey Jenkins; and a carved Venetian mirror frame, c. 1520.

the days when formalist critics could speak of "the anxious edge" in abstract painting. Now the frame has become an art object—eagerly collected, carefully restored, and even touted as a symbol of the nineties. The border has become the cutting edge.

As two shows opening this month at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City indicate, frames are

also becoming a subject of serious scholarly interest. The exhibition *Italian Renaissance Frames* traces the subject from the fourteenth through the seventeenth century; *American Frames* presents examples from the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. In many cases, these treasures have been sitting in

basements and have never before been exhibited. "Looking at the image instead of the frame is a habit we all have," says curator Laurence Kanter, "like reading from left to right. We just naturally look to the center. Frames are usually the first thing taken off a picture and thrown away when they're no longer useful." Thus, few examples survive from antiquity. "In the ► 96



SOME PEOPLE FEAR THE NIGHT
BECAUSE IT LIBERATES
THE OTHER SENSES.



BACARDI BLACK
THE TASTE OF THE NIGHT

ENJOY OUR GOOD TASTE WITH YOUR GOOD JUDGMENT. BACARDI® RUM, MADE IN PUERTO RICO.

© 1990 BACARDI LIMITED, MIAMI, FL. RUM 40% ALC. BY VOL.

Middle Ages, most frames were part of the work of art. Either they were like a book cover or they were carved from the same wood panel. Only in the fifteenth century in Italy did frames begin to be made separately. The



Sandro Chia's *Elusive Insufficiency*, 1989

first we know of is Gentile da Fabriano's *Adoration of the Magi* of 1423, in a Venetian Gothic frame.

"In the Renaissance," Kanter points out, "frames were often more expensive than the paintings because they were more elaborate. Usually the frame was done first and then given to the painter to work within. And it was more common than not for an artist to design frames." Della Robbia modeled brightly colored fruit and foliage borders for his glazed terra-cotta altarpieces, and Brunelleschi may have designed architectural surrounds, known today as tabernacle frames.

Indeed, the "anxious edge" has become an ecological site, and a frame, if it is old or interesting, must be saved. "Until about twenty years ago," says Kanter, "it was common practice at the museum to cut an antique frame in order to make it fit a picture." Kanter cites a famous El Greco in the museum's Lehman Wing "in a great Sansovino frame that was enlarged with two modern scrolls and entirely regilded, obliterating the original surface." Today, however, "the museum won't cut an antique, and most of the best frames are in storage. Robert Lehman collected four hundred old frames. He just coveted them as objects. So did Samuel Kress, except that he bought them on the odd chance that they'd fit his pictures."

In the museum's American Wing, assistant curator Carrie Reborja has unearthed more than fifty period frames, ranging from "very ornate examples of the

1850s and 1860s to tabernacles designed by architect Stanford White," which she characterizes as "among the most exquisite frames you'll ever see." She adds, "Some of the mid-nineteenth-century landscape frames have three, four, and five registers of decoration—twigs and berries, floral and stone patterns that rhyme with what's going on in the painting."

In the late nineteenth century, it was common for artists to handpaint the frames and mats for their canvases: Seurat often stippled the edges of his pointillist works a darker color and painted the frames with dots himself, to give them their own modernist edge and heighten the colors of the painting within. Many of Seurat's painted borders are also slightly curved at the top, which endows them with the feeling of latter-day icons or devotional objects. This is akin to what Stanford White was doing when he put tabernacle formats on modern portraits, making the middle-class sitters appear like Renaissance princes.

The Cubists were known for keeping old thrift-shop frames around, as can be seen in photographs of Picasso's and Braque's studios, where empty frames hang next to Cubist collages. As art historian Robert Rosenblum says, "Clearly Picasso and Braque incorporated the structure of these frames into the pattern of their canvases. Frames, real or mock, are a lively subject in terms of the prehistory of collage. They must have been in-jokes. The problem is that generally these junk frames were thrown away, and the works of art are photographed without any frame on them." For his book *The Dog in Art from Rococo to Post-Modernism*, Rosenblum insisted that Giacomo Balla's famous Futurist painting *Dynamism of a Dog on a Leash* (1912) be photographed in its handpainted frame, on which long brushstrokes echo the movements of the leash.

For any visitor to modern art exhibitions, the variety of frames is definitely part of the show. In the Picasso and Braque show at New York's Museum of Modern Art last fall, there were austere still lifes from 1909 in antique Dutch frames that subliminally conferred the status of Rembrandts on these modern images. There was also at least one 1912 oval Picasso from Prague in a mad, Deco-esque number that made the painting look almost De Stijl. And viewers at the Van Gogh exhibitions in Holland this summer will be struck by the almost Calvinist severity of the simple white-painted Dutch frames, which suggest that modern art is about purity and the elimination of inessentials and that, furthermore, Van Gogh's painting is for the people.

Contemporary artists are playing with a panoply of framing possibilities, from the most baronial and pretentious to the barest enunciations of chain link. The master in this respect is Robert Morris, whose works of the early eighties often featured elaborate sculpted frames that were integral to the image and contained molded forms of plastic skeletons, giving off a gruesome, charnel-house quality. At the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago this summer is a retrospective of Julian Schnabel's ► 98

YO.

It doesn't take fancy, polysyllabic words to describe Merit Ultra Lights. The simplest utterances will suffice. Like "Gee!" for the ultra low tar numbers. Or "Oh, my!" for the unexpected taste. No, when you're one of the fastest growing brands in America you don't need a lot of overblown, overstuffed, self-congratulatory yakyak to impress people. Don't you agree?

Yep.

Enriched Flavor,TM ultra low tar. A solution with Merit.



Merit Ultra Lights

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**

© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Driven to work, but loves to play.

This could be fun. The body looks lean. It's definitely asking to be noticed. Power moonroof. Fuel-inje

ART

works on paper from 1975 to 1988 that includes many magisterially large drawings in elaborate old frames. Schnabel also cuts up old paint-splattered drop cloths to make mats for these drawings, which take on a funky air of mottled relics, lost for centuries in some musty museum storeroom. Even more involved in an art-historical time warp is the recent work of Sandro Chia, who last fall at New York's Sperone Westwater showed large drawings in ponderous frames that he had sculpted and cast in bronze. These Mannerist-looking cadres, with swirling volutes and rich patinas, often have funny little bronze sculptures appended, as if to emphasize that the artist is a protean creator in many media at once. Chia also made his own brightly patterned passe-partout mats. Artist Frank Moore literally uses old books, as well as twigs and treillage, as framing devices for his paintings, seen at the Paula Allen Gallery this spring. Each surround is tailor-made for the subject of the canvas. The cut-up volumes complement Moore's visions of swarming books, first inspired by a fire in a friend's apartment. Tongue-in-cheek renditions of nature are framed in actual birch logs; paintings commenting on industrial pollution are surrounded by copper plumbing pipe; lattice supports the im-

The frame has become an art object, touted as a symbol of the nineties

age of a rosebush being sprayed in an AIDS-related allegory, *Safe Fantasy*.

Many contemporary artists work like Renaissance craftsmen, building their own panels and frames. Robert Helm makes elaborately patterned frames with exotic woods and inlays as a foil for his strange, neo-trecento renditions of rural America. Helm's work, to be seen at Edward Thorp in New York this year, often includes bits of inlay within the image itself, which is then overpainted to fool the viewer and confuse our notions of illusion and reality. English painter Howard Hodgkin seems intent on finding just the right old panel and frame before painting on them in broad dabs that recall Seurat. For Hodgkin, the ritual of painting also involves an act of connoisseurship, and at least one of his recent works is composed of paint slathered over a very expensive-looking Dutch Old Master frame—Hodgkin's way of incorporating time into a contemporary art object.

Younger artists like Hunt Slonem have made a hobby of sleuthing for old frames in flea markets and East Village antique shops. Slonem has paid "anywhere from \$600 down to \$35 for an old frame, and then will



e. Double wishbone suspension. So after work, you want to go out and play? Prelude 2.0 Si **HONDA**

put in another \$200 to \$300 to restore it." Slonem started buying old frames because "modern ones cost a zillion dollars, and antiques were relatively cheap. Now the frame comes first: otherwise you have to injure an antique. Sometimes I do six or seven paintings to get the right one for a given frame. Then someone buys it and doesn't like the frame."

Many neo-Conceptual artists use the imagery of frames to question how we perceive not only the gallery space but the status of art as a commodity. Christian Eckart has made a name for himself by constructing paintings out of abstractly arranged gold moldings, shown at Massimo Audiello in New York. First Eckart appropriated the irregular shapes of Renaissance altarpieces and made abstract panel paintings. Later the moldings became freestanding relief sculptures enclosing nothing but air. Likewise, in February at Lühring Augustine in New York, Los Angeles sculptor Liz Lerner created an installation entitled *Frame* comprising four lengths of chain link fencing stretched from wall to wall and floor to ceiling to make a demarcated vista of the gallery. The look was lean, mean, and vaguely reminiscent of Balla's dog leash. Similarly, photo-Conceptualist Louise Lawler persists in documenting the corners and edges of famous art masterpieces installed in pri-

vate homes and museums, as if to say it's at the interstices of object and setting that we find cultural meaning. Sculptor Joel Otterson recently included an outrageously framed photo-self-portrait in his show at Jay Gorney. Otterson's portrait, a blown-up photo-booth picture of himself in Dutch costume, relates to both Andy Warhol's and Cindy Sherman's endless masquerades as art-historical masterpieces. In its divinely tacky burl frame, it tells a lot about how younger artists choose to view themselves today.

Finally, frames address the way we see the world and often mark the transition between nature and culture. In her video installation *Wilderness*, seen at Greenberg Wilson last fall, Mary Lucier collaged footage of sublimely beautiful American landscape scenery onto filmed stills of gold period frames. This made for bizarre video paintings that further punned on the four-square aspect of the TV set—perhaps the postmodern frame par excellence. The most bizarre packaging of all may be in Jeffrey Jenkins's little paintings, which use unorthodox materials like soil, fur, and sod for both frame and image. Seen at New York's Stux Gallery last fall, Jenkins's strange abstractions, such as *Bound*, which combines a central rectangle of elk fur with a mat of loose sod under Plexiglas, confirmed what I had suspected: frames have become a fetish. ●

DANCE

The Bolshoi's new star, **Nina Semizorova**, has emerged, DAVID DANIEL learns, under the tutelage of one of the company's greatest ballerinas

A VISIT FROM THE BOLSHOI BALLET IS ALWAYS SPECIAL. The company's American debut in 1959 remains one of the high-water marks of recent ballet history. The incomparable ballerina Galina Ulanova in Lavrovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* and the company's gigantic ensemble in *Swan Lake* were just two of the highlights of the season that made so vivid an impression on the public that even now, some thirty years later, the news of an impending Bolshoi tour—like its current one of seven U.S. cities, beginning in New York on July 10—is enough to raise temperatures and expectations.

There is an additional source of excitement about this tour. Since the Bolshoi's last visit three years ago, the radiantly lyrical Nina Semizorova has emerged as the company's de facto prima ballerina and one of the world's leading Swan Queens, a role she will be dancing on this tour. Not at all incidentally, Semizorova is a favorite pupil of the great Ulanova.

That kind of historical symmetry is inescapable when you're around the Bolshoi. In fact, when I meet Semizorova in Moscow on February 20, 1990, it's exactly 113 years to the day since the premiere of *Swan Lake* at the Bolshoi Theater. Semizorova arrives on the arm of her husband, Mark Peretokin, who is also with the company and has danced as both Prince Siegfried and the evil Von Rothbart. They are a handsome couple: she's floating in a cumulous cloud of silver fox; he looks like an Olympic decathlete in his shiny black-and-neon-chartreuse running suit and high-top sneakers. Our talk turns to ballet before the snowflakes on our coats have begun to melt. The day, the city, the company, the conversation: this is ballet heaven.

After studying at the Kiev Choreography School with a teacher from Leningrad, Semizorova graduated at the top of her class and took her first job as a professional dancer at a salary of ninety-eight rubles (a little more than sixteen dollars) a month. The next year she entered Moscow's third International Ballet Competition and walked away with the gold medal. This led to an immediate invitation to join the Bolshoi with the rank of principal. But while she may have been a gold medalist, to the Muscovites she was simply an outsider. She had not trained in the Bolshoi school, had not apprenticed in the corps. She knew no one, and no one, it seemed, wanted to know her. But Galina Ulanova, whom even the Russians call legendary, chose Semizorova as a pupil and began to shape her into an artist.

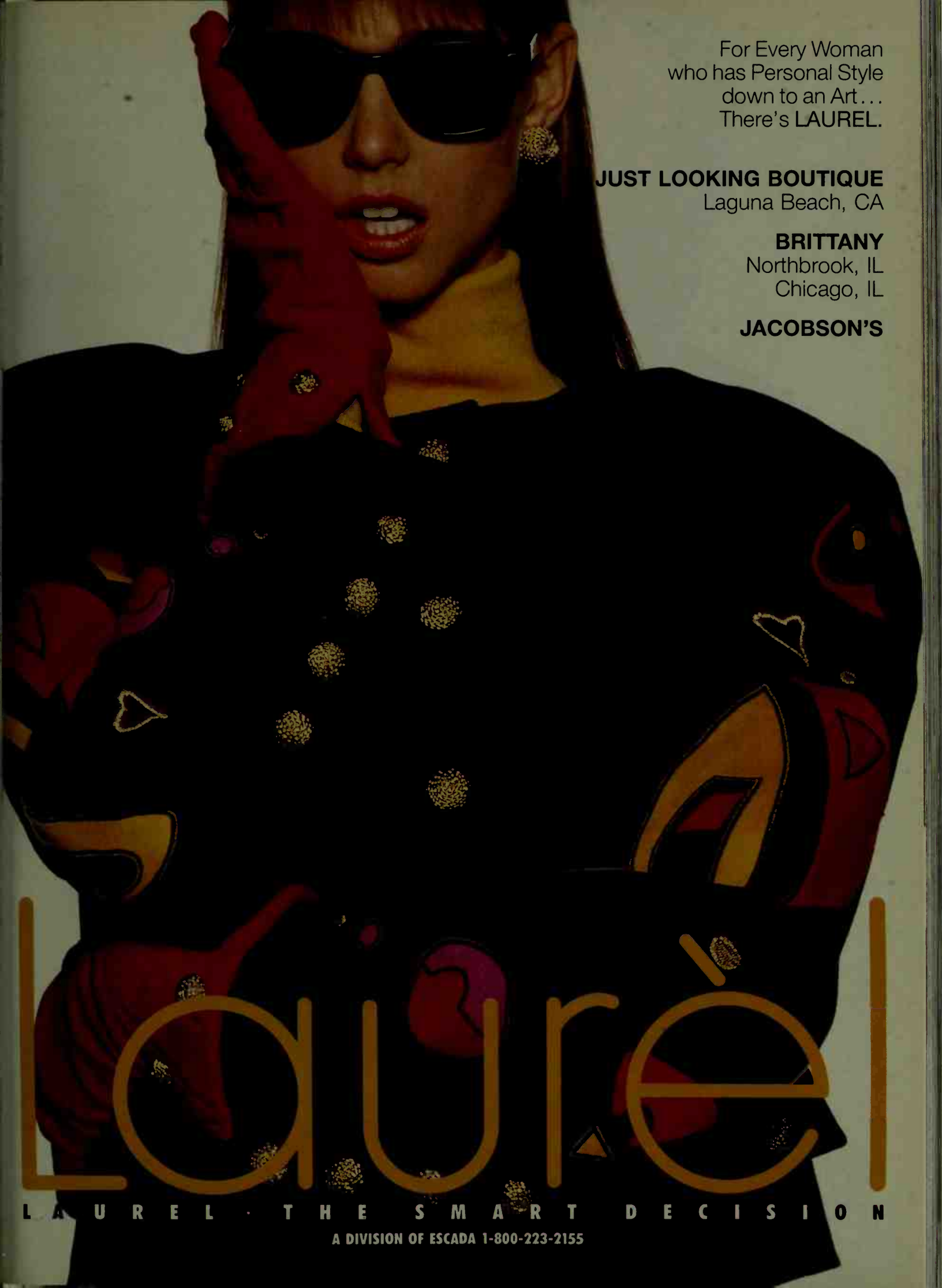
Ulanova could not have failed to recognize Semizorova's enormous talent or her capacity for excoriating discipline. And she may have felt a special empathy with the gifted outsider who had been sent from home at



Bolshoi legends: Nina Semizorova with Galina Ulanova

the age of ten to study ballet. Ulanova herself had begun as an outsider at the Bolshoi. Trained in Leningrad at the Kirov, she danced with that company for more than a decade before moving to Moscow in 1944.

"I don't know what I would have done without Ulanova when I first came to Moscow," Semizorova recalls. "I was scared to death of everybody. And I think they resented me." Under Ulanova's guidance, however, Semizorova began to learn the repertory. Within a year she had emerged as one of the company's leading dancers. "It's never easy to become a ballerina," Semizorova tells me. "But when I joined the company in 1977, the competition was unbelievable. Of course, there were the other women my age. And at the top there were four monumental talents—Nadezdha Pavlova, Natalia Bessmertnova, Lyudmila Semenyaka, and Ekaterina Maximova. What makes things even more difficult for us—besides having more than three hundred dancers to compete with—is the fact that we ► 106



For Every Woman
who has Personal Style
down to an Art...
There's LAUREL.

JUST LOOKING BOUTIQUE
Laguna Beach, CA

BRITTANY
Northbrook, IL
Chicago, IL

JACOBSON'S

LAUREL

LAUREL · THE SMART DECISION

A DIVISION OF ESCADA 1-800-223-2155



LAURE

Cleveland · Boca Raton
Houston · Columbus
Chestnut Hill

CANADIAN

Ontario
British Columbia

OPENING 1981

DIANA'S

Tacoma, WA



Pure new wool

BOUTIQUES

Lauderdale • Short Hills
Minneapolis • Pittsburgh
San Francisco

BOUTIQUES

Quebec
Columbia

Cottsdale

ROSITA'S BOUTIQUE
Anchorage, AK

BOUTIQUE EUROPA
Seattle, WA



LAUREL

LAUREL • THE SMART DECISION

A DIVISION OF ESCADA 1-800-223-2155

DANIEL FOXX
Palm Desert, CA

LAUREL

LAUREL THE SMART DECISION

A DIVISION OF ESCADA 1-800-223-2155



When you get back from King Ranch they'll see why you went.

Spend a week at King Ranch, and you'll rediscover someone special.

The real you.

The person you can be ... once the effects of time and stress and strain are swept away. Once you have the *Art and Science of Wellness* working for you.

Your stay at King Ranch Health Spa and Fitness Resort will make a real difference in your life. We'll care for your body and pamper your spirit in a setting that combines quiet comfort and meticulous care

with the fun and excitement of the world's best spa.

Put an edge on your personal fitness with some of the most experienced instructors anywhere. Relax at the hands of a master of therapeutic massage. Savour the finest in enlightened spa cuisine. And learn from the experts how to better manage your health, your life, and your state of mind.

A week at any spa is an experience. A week at King Ranch is nothing short of a revelation. It

can give you back your poise. Help you smile again. And change the way you look and feel.

Go ahead. Give us a week. We'll give you something to show for it.

1-800-263-3272



KING RANCH
The art and science of wellness.

Membership Has Its Privileges™



King Ranch accepts
only one card -
The American Express® Card

™ & © American Express Company

King Ranch Health Spa & Fitness Resort
King City, Ontario, Canada L0G 1K0
Telephone: (416) 833-8332

DANCE

alternate with the Bolshoi Opera. American dancers get to dance seven or eight times a week. If we're lucky, the most we can dance is seven or eight times a month."

We're fortunate to be able to see Semizorova right now: she's in her physical and artistic prime. Gorgeously tall and slender, she is a virtuoso ballerina in the grandest Bolshoi tradition, but with a cleaner, leaner profile than is customary in that company. She has developed a unique, exemplary style of Russian dancing at its most eloquent. She represents neither the lurid Moscow style nor the effete mannerism of Leningrad but combines the baroque brilliance of the former and the refinement of the latter. This synthesis gives her dancing a steely, glittery fragility, a

**In her physical
and artistic prime,
she's a virtuoso
in the grandest
Bolshoi tradition**

quality that is also present in her conversation, registering on the ear as a touching, girlishly obdurate stoicism. "I liked to dance when I was a child," she tells me. "But it was my mother who fell in love with ballet and insisted that I become a dancer. She enrolled me at the Kiev Choreography School when I was ten. I never again lived with my parents."

She says the latter simply, without apparent regret or longing. "My mother said, 'You would have reprimanded me later. . . . I didn't want you to miss the chance to become a ballerina.'"

Now that she has made it to the top of the largest ballet company in the world, I wonder, is she still hungry for success? What else is there for her to do? "Right now I dance nearly every ballerina role in our repertory. But there is always something to work on. I'm a perfectionist, you see, and I'm always, always working to improve everything." Are there other choreographers whose works she'd like to dance? "Yes," she replies emphatically. "I want to dance Balanchine. There have been several rumors that we were going to do a Balanchine evening, but so far it hasn't materialized." But why dance Balanchine when she already has all the big, full-evening opera-house ballets at her disposal? "I do love all my Bolshoi parts. But dancing them requires me to impersonate someone else—a princess, a swan queen, some character in a fairy tale. When you dance Balanchine you don't have to impersonate anyone else. I could just be me and show my unique abilities as a person and a dancer, instead of just showing my qualities as a professional person of the theater."

Although Semizorova does impersonate swans and princesses, the characters do not overshadow her own dazzling personality as an artist, as we will no doubt see again when she tours this country. For those who want a preview or can't get tickets, Semizorova gives a charming and authoritatively musical account of Aurora in *The Sleeping Beauty* in Spectacor Video's *The Bolshoi at the Bolshoi* (SVV101). You can see her here in all her glory, on the magnificent stage of the Bolshoi Theater. On tour, she'll dance the Swan Queen and Giselle, and most likely the *Don Quixote* pas de deux, the *Dying Swan* solo that Anna Pavlova made famous, and the flamboyant last act of *Paquita*. You never know what other items the Bolshoi may pull out, but you can be certain that anything Nina Semizorova dances is special indeed. ●



FOLLOW THE LEADER.

Jane Fonda's new "Complete Workout" video lets you time your fitness program to your busy schedule. There's a 70 minute whole body program; low impact, high intensity aerobic and stretching routines. So now when you have time for fitness, you can make the most of it.

NOW ONLY \$23.⁹⁵!

(a special 20% savings off the \$29.95 retail price)

**CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-441-2626**

or send \$23.95 plus \$2.50 shipping,
or credit card information to:
Condé Nast Collection, P.O.
DEPT. 070037, P.O. BOX 10214,
Des Moines, IA 50336*

Please allow 4-6 weeks delivery.

*Residents of NY, CA, GA, IL, MA, KY,
CO, IA, MI please add applicable sales tax.

J.F. LAZARTIGUE

revitalize dry and fine hair

J.F. LAZARTIGUE HAS THE ANSWER



Have you ever dreamt about beautiful, shiny, full-bodied hair? Now Jean-François Lazartigue's range of hair-care products can put that dream firmly within your grasp!

1. As a pre-shampoo, SALMON PROTEIN HAIR RESTORER is a light cream which restructures fine, dry hair. Unlike most creams and oils which make fine hair heavy and lank, Salmon Protein Hair Restorer contains active ingredients which moisturize and repair damaged keratin, giving the hair softness and fullness like never before.

2. As a shampoo, HAIR WASHING CREAM WITH COLLAGEN will leave your hair silkier, glossier and more manageable, recovering its natural balance. You will notice an improvement after just one application. With regular use, you will soon be able to say goodbye to dry hair forever.

3. As a conditioner, VITA-CREAM WITH MILK PROTEINS comes in a special formula for fine hair. It gives the hair body without any risk of lankness, and leaves it tangle free. Regular use of this product, rich in Vitamin E, will encourage even the very dry and damaged hair to recover its natural gloss and balance.

Jean-François Lazartigue believes it is the right of every man and woman to have beautiful, healthy hair. With the help of his extensive team of scientists, and the most advanced research techniques, he has created a range of products which are gentle but spectacularly effective.

Jean-François Lazartigue's line of specially formulated hair care products is available for home use at:

BERGDORF GOODMAN

New York, N.Y. 10019

Bruno le Salon, New York, N.Y. 10019

NEIMAN MARCUS:

- **Chicago:** Michigan Avenue, IL
- **Dallas:** Northpark Center, TX
- **Houston:** South Oak Blvd, TX
- **Los Angeles:** Beverly Hills, CA
- **McLean:** Tysons, VA
- **Washington:** Chevy Chase, DC

j.f. lazartigue

HAIR TREATMENT CENTER

764 Madison Avenue

New York, NY 10021

Tel (212) 288-2250

SPECIAL OFFER (valid until 08.20.90) As a special offer, you will be given US \$15.00 off the purchase of all three products exclusively at:

J.F. LAZARTIGUE HAIR TREATMENT CENTER: 764 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021 — Tel.: 212-288-2250 for mail order

(New York State residents only, please add 8.25% sales tax)

(Shipping charges: US \$3.00 for NY, NJ & CT, US \$5.00 on all other states)

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salmon Protein Hair Restorer..... | US \$ 34.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hair Washing Cream with Collagen..... | US \$ 31.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vita-Cream with Milk Proteins..... | US \$ 40.00 |

SPECIAL OFFER FOR ALL THREE PRODUCTS: US \$90.00

TOTAL..... **US \$105.00**

PLEASE PRINT:

Name: _____

Address: _____

Tel.: _____



BOOKS

Tony Hillerman's latest mystery is a window into contemporary Navajo society. It sounds simple, but as MICHAEL DORRIS reports, it's a very tricky thing to do

"I'M A SPINNER OF YARNS," TONY HILLERMAN SAID IN a recent telephone interview from his Albuquerque, New Mexico, home. "During the Depression my dad had an old crossroads store in Oklahoma, and when the WPA wasn't hiring, a line of guys sat on the porch every afternoon telling stories. The ones who were good at it got respect."

Tony Hillerman's very good at it, and he's got respect—in spades. His new novel, *Coyote Waits*, has a first printing of more than 100,000 copies and is a surefire best-seller. Readers of all stripes look forward to the continuing adventures of his two Navajo-reservation policemen: the crusty, sage, about-to-retire Joe Leaphorn and the impatient, smart, medicine-man-in-training Jim Chee. With a string of critical and commercial successes (*Skinwalkers*, *A Thief of Time*, *Talking God*) behind him, the former United Press International reporter and college journalism teacher who once wrote radio jingles for Purina Pig Chow has become a literary window into contemporary American Indian society. His Navajo characters especially are complex creations whose lives blend traditional beliefs with modern everyday concerns, but they are presented in a straightforward prose that renders them both fascinating and accessible.

Hillerman, a non-Indian, grew up around Potawatomis and Seminoles in Sacred Heart, Oklahoma, then served during World War II in Europe, where he was wounded. After returning home, he became a truck driver and one day, while passing through the Navajo reservation in New Mexico, happened upon an "Enemy Way" curing ceremony for disabled veterans. He was so impressed that the experience began what was to become a lifelong interest in and association with the tribe—which has, in recent years, often honored him for his work.

"I write about the Navajos I know," Hillerman states. "The great majority are decent, run-of-the-mill people just trying to get along. I don't ignore the problems—alcohol, unemployment, poverty—I just don't overemphasize them." He regularly asks several old friends on the reservation to fact check his manuscripts, then Marie, his wife of forty-two years, helps with the

final editing. When questioned about the advantages of maintaining a constant cast of characters, book after book, Hillerman replies, "They're getting older, and their personalities are changing. I try to throw a beam of light on that process."

There are some drawbacks, though. Hillerman fans have formed firm ideas about each man or woman they've met in previous installments and have been



Tony Hillerman, "the best sort of cross-cultural host"

known to point out inconsistencies in later books. "I had to hire a grad student to make out a card file on Leaphorn and Chee," Hillerman admits. "What they wore, their opinions on things. It sits on my desk and I consult it all the time."

This process created a concrete fictional place centering on the arid Four Corners border area of New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Utah that's almost palpably real. One of Hillerman's particular talents is the ability to plunk his readers into the middle of an ongoing drama and somehow make them feel at home. Within a few pages, and without ever being tedious or pedantic, Hillerman has given even the most in- ► 110

CASSINI



A love affair that never ends.

Oleg Cassini

Saks Fifth Avenue

sular urbanite a rudimentary grasp of Native American philosophy, a smattering of Navajo vocabulary, and a feel for the expanse of the sweeping southwestern landscape. The best sort of cross-cultural host, Hillerman lets us be at home in an unfamiliar place. We feel intimately connected to his protagonists, ready to laugh at their jokes, worry about their love lives, grieve over their losses, celebrate their insights. And he accomplishes this miracle by treating his people with unpatriotizing, unself-conscious, understated respect.

It sounds simple, but in fact it's a tricky business, an ability that has somehow been beyond most Anglo writers who seek to portray American Indian lives. (Thomas Berger succeeded in *Little Big Man*, but he's the rare exception.) Most well-intentioned novelists try so hard to be respectful that their Native American characters become bloodless paragons, caricatures of nobility superstitiously in tune with nature. Leaphorn and Chee, and all those who surround and are related to them, are fully connected to their tribal backgrounds and to their specific environment, but there's nothing bogus about the link. It makes sense, and so in turn *they* make sense. Their motives don't require a leap of faith in order for us to accept their religious or social conventions as normal, natural, and perfectly reasonable.

Hillerman's books are not didactic, are not vehicles for advancing a political message, but they are strongly moral. His blue-collar characters believe in and abide by "the power of the word"—a spoken promise is every bit as binding as a written contract—and they demand the same of others. Wisdom is not necessarily a function of formal education, and material wealth is no valid measure of worth. Poverty of the spirit is much more to be feared than not having money in a Tuba City bank account.

As readers, we come away from a Hillerman plot satisfied that a respectable mystery has been solved, but also painlessly knowing and caring more about a variety of esoteric areas. *Coyote Waits* is no different. A Navajo cop is killed while investigating graffiti painted on a sacred mountain reputed to be the home of witches. Hosteen Pinto, a frail, elderly, crystal-gazing seer, literally holds the smoking gun, but he's a frustrating suspect, admitting only that he's "ashamed." What could his motive be? An obnoxious Western historian, obsessed with proving that Butch Cassidy robbed a train in Utah a hundred years ago, is missing. The Vietnamese math teacher who apparently lied as to his whereabouts on the night in question is protected from interrogation by the CIA, then is himself murdered.

Chee was drinking coffee at a road stop when his partner died and feels negligent and responsible. And

as the officer who arrested Hosteen Pinto, Chee finds himself at odds with Janet Pete, a sharp defense attorney and an old friend to whom he's undeniably attracted.

"I can be as touchy as you are," is how she explains her mercurial disposition. "I can be a real bitch. . . . But notice how neatly I put you in the wrong. Did you appreciate that?"

"Not much," Chee answers. "Is that something you learn in law school?"

"It's something you learn from your mother," she says.

Leaphorn, now a widower at loose ends, is pushed into the case by the persistence of Louisa Bourebonette, a determined scholar of mythology who insists that the accused must be innocent because "he has a great sense of humor." Even the minor characters have texture, quirks, and urgent agendas that make them distinctive and interesting. A research assistant hates her boss; a linguist collects coins; an insecure Asian teenager pines for an uninterested Navajo classmate. And at every turn old loyalties and traditional cosmologies intrude upon the present. When boy meets girl in a Hillerman novel, for instance, the first issues to be figured out have to do with clan affiliations that might rule out marriage: in marriage as in everything else, kinship is close to destiny. The consequences of past misdeeds cannot be escaped—they eventually catch up and must be put to rest.

Indeed, the metaphysical Navajo notion of Coyote—personified as a trickster who can be anything but funny—is at the heart of this engaging novel. "The old-time Navajo lived hedged in by taboos," Hillerman says. "They're looking for balance in a world surrounded by mine fields." Coyote is fate, bad luck, things out of kilter. Coyote is making a casual turn on the road and then finding yourself at the wrong place at the wrong time. Coyote is discord, the avoidable misstep that is not avoided. And Coyote, like trouble, waits for everyone who isn't careful.

The personalities and circumstances brought to life in Tony Hillerman's books could only occur in Indian country, and to sort them out we are guided on a twisting, unhurried path—with a scenic vista beckoning at every peak. In the end, the unexpected answers emerge naturally from an accumulation of carefully constructed details. There is a pattern to life, the author seems to suggest, but before it can be discerned, the big picture must be viewed from just the right perspective. ●

Michael Dorris is the author of A Yellow Raft in Blue Water and The Broken Cord, winner of the 1989 National Book Critics Circle award for nonfiction.

**We come away
from a Hillerman
plot satisfied,
but also
painlessly
knowing and
caring more
about a variety
of esoteric areas**



Newport Stripes

The latest in pleasure



**Menthol
100s**
Light,
refreshing
new
menthol

**Regular
100s**
Smooth
and delicate
non-menthol
blend

100s, 12 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Why bottled water isn't always better

Perrier—the pricey mineral water that created a scandal five months ago when small amounts of benzene, a carcinogen, were discovered in some bottles—is resurfacing in restaurants, bars, and supermarkets across the country. Source Perrier is undoubtedly keeping an eagle eye on its product for contaminants, but there's no guarantee that other water bottlers are doing the same.

The Perrier incident, in fact, has taught us something that consumer advocates have known for a long time: water that comes in pretty bottles may be tastier than water that flows from the faucet, but that doesn't insure its purity.

While the government mandates that tap water be tested for thirty-four contaminants, most bottled waters are required to pass muster for only twenty-two. Benzene, surprisingly, is not on this short list.

To fill the gap, many states have passed more stringent regulations: Florida, a standout, mandates that all bottled waters pass inspection

for 161 contaminants. The International Bottled Water Association, the industry trade group, claims that its eight hundred members test for many more impurities than they are required to by federal law. Still, a 1987 New York State Department of Health survey found contaminants in more than half of the ninety-three bottled waters sampled. Although nearly all these levels were within state and federal safety standards, the point is clear: bottled water isn't invariably better than water from the tap.

Anxious to protect the reputation of its products, the bottled-water industry has joined consumer advocates in calling for more rigorous federal monitoring. In the meantime, the Environmental Protection Agency can tell you how to find out if your local tap water measures up to its safety standards (call 800-426-4791). That information should help you decide whether it's worth turning off the faucet.

The diet wars: when your body fights back

We've all heard stories about people who lose a hundred pounds on a liquid diet, only to regain a hundred and fifty.

Now researchers believe they have a clue to why this happens. According to a recent study in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the culprit may be an enzyme, called lipoprotein lipase, that facilitates the storage of fat. When obese subjects lose a lot of weight, researchers found, this enzyme becomes much more active—and the heavier the dieters are to begin with, the more active the enzyme becomes. Enzyme overactivity may also explain why the formerly fat often battle intense food cravings: scientists theorize that lipoprotein lipase sends appetite-regulating signals to the brain. Moderately overweight people who lose twenty or thirty pounds probably shouldn't blame lipoprotein lipase if fat comes back, however, says Philip Kern, the head researcher and an endocrinologist at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles: enzyme levels seem to rise only in men and women who have been extremely obese.

Solving the mystery of miscarriage

Eight times out of ten, a woman who miscarries will go on to have a baby the next time around. But about one in every three hundred women suffers one miscarriage after another. Until recently, there were few explanations for a woman's inability to carry a fetus to term. Now developments in immunology and hematology are providing answers—and treatments—where there were none before, giving repeat miscarriers new hope.

Medicine today views a fetus as a type of transplant and miscarriage as similar to organ rejection, says Page Faulk, an immunologist at the Center for Reproduction and Transplantation Immunology at the Methodist Hospital of Indianapolis. Because half of an embryo's genetic material comes from the father, the mother's immune system sees it as a foreign body and sends out killer cells to attack it. In a normal pregnancy, however, this reaction is blocked by an army of other immune cells, called into action by genetic markers that the embryo inherits from the father.

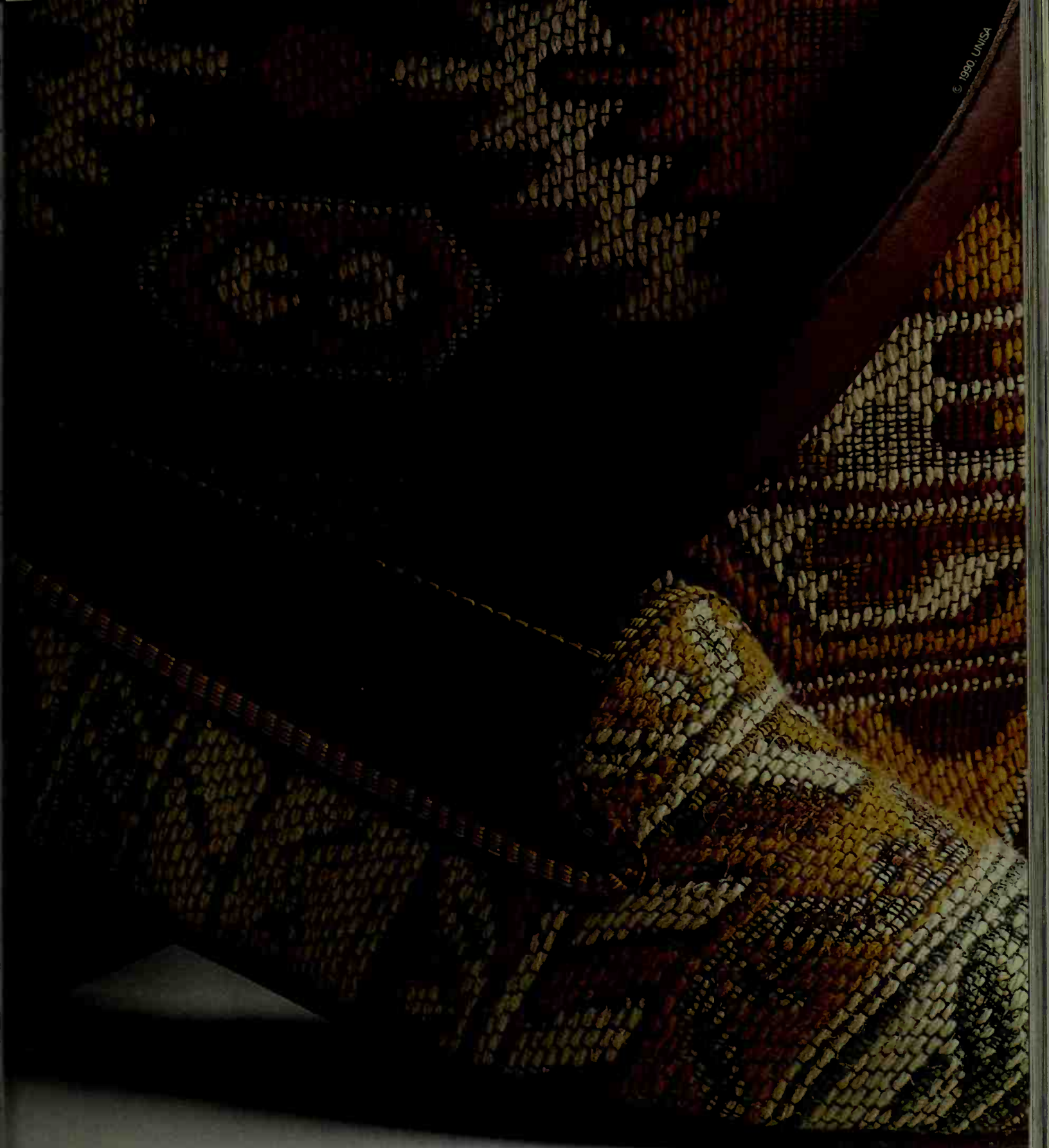
If these paternal markers are too similar to the mother's own, Faulk believes, they will not trigger the mother's protective mechanism. The embryo, undefended, is rejected.

Immunologists can now trick a mother's immune system into action by giving her injections, before and during pregnancy, of foreign white blood cells taken from the father's blood or from the blood of other donors. Faulk reports that such treatments result in success rates of close to 80 percent.

Many other repeat miscarriers may suffer from a newly discovered blood-clotting disorder, says Jonathan Scher, assistant clinical professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the Mount Sinai Medical Center in New York City and author of *Preventing Miscarriage* (Harper & Row). When blood clots form in the placenta, they choke off nourishment to the embryo, causing miscarriage.

An ongoing National Institutes of Health-sponsored study is experimenting with several drugs to treat this disorder, including baby aspirin (which thins the blood) with either prednisone (a steroid) or heparin (an anticlotting agent manufactured in the liver). Both combinations look promising, says Scher. Researchers expect final study results to be available within the next two years.

© 1990 UNISA



U N I S S A[®]

MIND HEALTH

Talk, sculpt, bring the in-laws. Whatever form of **couples therapy** you choose, says JOHN TIERNEY, you may discover problems you never knew you had

NOBODY ASKED ME, BUT NOW THAT THEY'RE WORKING on a sequel to *Gone With the Wind*, I have a small suggestion—something to make the story more relevant to today's audiences. I'd like to see the sequel pick up just after Rhett has stomped out of the house.

Scarlett [shouting out the door]: But you would give a damn if you knew the truth!

Rhett [stopping and looking back]: What truth?

Scarlett: The truth about why you're running away.

Rhett: I'm looking at the reason, you cold—

Scarlett: No, it's not me, Rhett.

Rhett: Who is it then? Mammy?

Scarlett: It's fear of intimacy, Rhett. For a relationship to work—I read about this—both partners have to have all ten toes in the room, but every time I put my ten toes in, you started pulling yours out—

Rhett: You never even let me in your bedroom—

Scarlett: Oh, I was guilty, too, darling. Whenever you stepped forward, I pulled out my toes. But don't you see that sexual problems are always a manifestation of something deeper and more important? If you walk out now, we'll both go out and make the same mistakes again, and you'll just be in another nonintimate partnership—

Rhett: But we can't go on like this. Do you expect a man to—

Scarlett: I expect a man to *communicate* his feelings.

Rhett: But how can I communicate them when I don't know what the hell you're talking about?

Scarlett [shyly]: Darling, I was thinking maybe—

well, you see, I happened to get the name of this marriage counselor. . . .

[*He rushes to her, they embrace, and music rises as words roll across the screen: Tomorrow Is Another Session.*]

Actually, I'm not sure that today's audiences would understand what Scarlett means by "marriage counselor." There is no such profession as marriage counseling anymore. It has been replaced by "couples therapy," a term that reflects a discovery made by the baby-boom generation: you don't have to be married to want to throttle the person you're living with. So now there are specialists in "premarital therapy." There is also "prevention therapy" for newly married couples, therapy for happily married veteran couples who want to enrich their relationship, therapy for couples who have already decided to divorce, and therapy for—well, basically any two people who feel the urge to spend an hour once or twice a week talking together in a stranger's office.

The result is that couples therapy has become one of America's growth industries. Membership in the American Association for Marriage and Family Therapy has more than doubled in the past decade, from 7,500 to 16,000, and the members report that they're treating more and more couples. As you might imagine, therapists consider this a healthy trend. So do I, although I should make a disclosure: I am a veteran of couples therapy, and it didn't meet my initial expectations. I had hoped that my wife and I would go in ► 116

Couples therapy: four approaches

There are four main theoretical approaches to couples therapy—psychodynamic, family systems, behavioral, and cognitive—each of which defines the problems in a relationship very differently. Few counselors adhere to just one perspective, however. Instead, most apply elements of each approach, depending on the couple's needs.

Psychodynamic therapy is based on the idea that a couple's problems reflect unconscious conflicts within the man and woman as individuals. It is their repressed desires and fears—many of which stem from unresolved conflicts with parents—that distort and disrupt the relationship. Psychodynamic therapy attempts to resolve the couple's problems by bringing these hidden tensions to light.

Family systems therapy is concerned with identifying and breaking the destructive patterns that create a troubled relationship. The focus is not on the

man and woman as individuals but on the unspoken rules and agreements that organize their relationship and influence the ways in which they interact.

Behavioral therapy focuses on observable actions rather than unconscious conflicts or tacit rules. This therapy attempts to change destructive behaviors by using very specific, results-oriented strategies. The emphasis is on teaching techniques of negotiation and compromise as well as communication and problem-solving skills.

Cognitive therapy is now emerging as a distinct form of treatment; it analyzes the way men and women think, the way they mentally package information about their partner's behavior. Therapists focus on correcting flaws in this process, such as a tendency to overgeneralize about a partner based on a single incident, which can trigger inappropriate and destructive emotions and behaviors.

INTRODUCING

THE STYLERS



S

OF-THE-ART CONTROL FROM JHIRMACK

Now you can have more hold—even more styling power—whether your look is gravity-defying or soft and natural. The new Jhirmack® Stylers Collection is customized to provide just the right level of hold—no matter what your style.

Like new Fast Freeze™—the unique spray that works instantly for looks that last. And new Ultimate Hold—to keep even the hardest-to-hold styles perfectly beautiful.

The new Jhirmack Stylers with improved hold. State-of-the-art gels, spritzes, mousses and hair sprays that give you precisely the control you need for the styles you love.



NEW
SAVE \$100 ON ANY Jhirmack PRODUCT

Manufacturer's coupon
Expiration date: 9/30/90

CONSUMER: Limit one coupon per purchase of products indicated. Any other use constitutes fraud.
RETAILER: PJ will pay face value plus 8¢ handling for coupons sent to Playtex Jhirmack, Inc., Box #870076, El Paso, TX 88587-0076, provided you comply with PJ Coupons Redemption Policy FP-1. Copy available from PJ, FP-SMD, 700 Fairfield Avenue, Stamford, CT 06904. Cash value 1/100 of 1¢. Jhirmack is a registered trademark of Playtex Jhirmack, Inc. © 1990 Playtex Jhirmack, Inc.

SAVE \$100

201643



5 78300 50000 6

MIND HEALTH

for the first session and tell our stories, and then the therapist would turn to me, smile, shake his head sympathetically, and say, "Well, there's certainly nothing I can teach *you* about kindness and sensitivity and intimacy in a relationship. Why don't you go home and watch *Wheel of Fortune*—I've got a lot of work to do here with your wife."

Instead, the therapist had this odd notion that *both* of us would benefit from paying \$100 an hour. The therapy consisted simply of sitting around and talking—fairly tame stuff, as I've since discovered by interviewing therapists. They told me about couples therapy in which you have to bring in your parents and parents-in-law for a discussion, which to me sounds dangerously akin to tag-team wrestling. In one type of therapy you have to make a sculpture depicting your relationship. In another, you watch videotapes of you and your mate arguing—your very own bloopers tape. But whatever the method, all these forms of couples therapy have one outcome: not only do you see your long-standing problems in a new light, but you also discover problems that you never knew you had.

"It's the most inherently difficult kind of therapy," says Steven J. Goldstein, chief psychologist at the Morrisania Neighborhood Family Care Center in New York City, which is affiliated with Albert Einstein College of Medicine. "When you work with individuals, they have every reason to want to make changes, because it's for themselves. When it's with a family, they're often willing to make changes for the kids. But when it's a couple, they often blame one another or think they're incompatible, and they're not willing to change just for the other's sake. There's no built-in motivation.

"It's also tremendously volatile. You see people at their absolute worst. The fights are not like anything they've ever experienced. I've heard things from 'I hate you' to 'You're awful in bed' to 'You're the most disgusting person I've ever met in my life.' I've seen people hit each other. I've had people who chose to use a session to announce to their partner that they wanted to end the relationship—they were just too frightened to say it without someone in the middle."

Or sometimes it's that someone in the middle who delivers the bombshell. I talked to several couples who had an awful moment in the first session: after going in hopefully, expecting to hear a reassuring lecture about getting over "this little bump in the road," what they actually heard was along the lines of, "Well, we can give therapy a try, but in your case I'm not sure it's worth it. This relationship sounds dead." But when they got over their shock, there was a feeling of relief—as terrible as the decision to break up might be, at least

there was *someone else* there to help make it with them. One woman was so pleased with this idea that after breaking up with her boyfriend and starting a new relationship, she insisted that the man go into couples therapy with her right away.

"I will never," she announced, "be in an unsupervised relationship again."

It's tempting to dismiss this demand for therapy as yet another bit of yuppie self-indulgence: the refusal to do anything yourself if you can hire a high-priced consultant to take care of it for you instead. You could place couples therapy in the category of such other growth industries as gardening services, take-out food, and personal closet organizers—and you could argue that it's a luxury our grandparents did without, by God, and they managed to survive. But then, maybe our grandparents were too busy mowing the lawn, cooking, and cleaning their closets to realize how miserably nonintimate they were.

"Couples today have more time and money to address their issues," says Mindy J. Byer, a psychotherapist in Manhattan. "They marry later, and they expect more out of a relationship. What I'm seeing are a lot more couples who are demanding closeness." Part of this increase has to do with demographics: the baby boomers are hitting those troublesome middle years, the time when they start to reevaluate the it's-my-way-or-the-highway approach to coupledom. "When they were younger," Byer says, "they could just walk away and tell themselves, 'I'm with the wrong person.' But that excuse gets pretty flimsy after you've been in a half dozen relationships. You start realizing that these things you've been blaming on your partner are actually your own issues. So you're more willing to go to couples therapy and try to work them out."

As usual, men have taken a little longer to figure out this emotional fact of life. "Women have traditionally been more willing to go into therapy," Goldstein says, "and that's still true. But men are becoming less reluctant. One reason for the increase in couples seeking therapy is that there's less of a stigma attached to therapy in general. Another is that the women's movement has made it possible for women to voice their opinions more loudly, to say what they want." And these days when they say what they want—"Put down the paper and come to therapy"—women probably have more leverage because they're not so economically dependent on their partners.

The increase in working women has also been good for the therapy business in another way: by leaving couples thoroughly exhausted and confused. "People who are in their thirties now didn't usually have par- ▶ 118

I'd hoped the therapist would turn to me and say, "Well, I certainly can't teach you anything about kindness and sensitivity"



the transparent facial bar

Neutrogena®

original formula

Once a day,
purify your skin.

Think how healthy your face would feel if you could bring back your skin's natural purity. Mild Neutrogena® gently frees the day's accumulation of pollutants, cosmetics, and other impurities, and then rinses off completely. No residue is left behind to dry or irritate your skin. Your face is just as it should be: pure...and radiantly healthy.

Authors... LOOKING FOR A PUBLISHER?

Learn how to have
your book published.

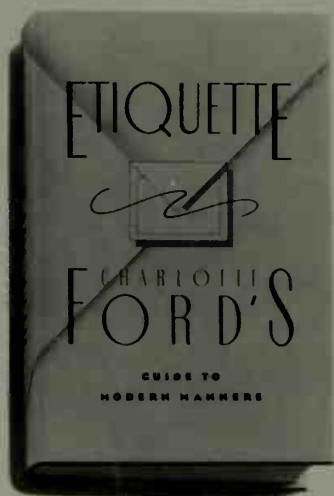
You are invited to send for a free illustrated guidebook which explains how your book can be published, promoted

and marketed. Whether your subject is fiction, non-fiction or poetry, scientific, scholarly, specialized, (even controversial) this handsome 40-page brochure will show you how to arrange for prompt publication.

To the
author
in search
of a
publisher



Unpublished authors, especially, will find this booklet valuable and informative. For your free copy, write to:
VANTAGE PRESS, Inc. Dept. R-20
516 W. 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001



From the squash court to weddings to office politics, you'll know how to handle contemporary situations with Etiquette: Charlotte Ford's Book of Modern Manners. More than 500 pages of entries provide answers for gracefully managing every occasion.

Now available at a 20% savings off the bookstore price of \$19.95. To order, send check or money order for \$15.95 plus \$2 shipping to: The Conde Nast Collection, Dept. 560003, P.O. Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336 or

Call Toll-free 800-542-8200

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Residents of NY, CA, CO, GA, IL, KY, MI, MA, IA please add sales tax.

MIND HEALTH

ents who both worked. That means that an awful lot of the roles are up for redefinition," says Peggy Penn, director of clinical training at the Ackerman Institute for Family Therapy in New York. "What is a wife supposed to do? What is a husband supposed to do? A couple needs to work this out. And the problems are exacerbated by the schedules they both keep. They might both work from nine in the morning until seven at night, go to the gym until nine, get a quick bite to eat, and then it's time for bed. So a lot of couples don't spend much time together. Sometimes therapy is as simple as teaching couples to put themselves first."

**In one therapy
you watch
videotapes of
you and your
mate arguing—
your very own
bloopers tape**

It's hard to measure exactly how effective therapy is. Since couples like June and Ward Cleaver don't generally seek counseling, you're dealing by definition with a biased sample: couples who are more likely to get divorced anyway.

One study that tried to avoid this problem was performed at the University of Denver, where some engaged couples were chosen for premarital counseling and some weren't. Three years later, the couples who had received no counseling reported a significant decline in their marital satisfaction, whereas the counseling veterans seemed as happy as before—possibly demonstrating the positive effects of therapy.

But it's hard to draw any general conclusions about therapy, because you're dealing with so many variables—starting, of course, with the therapist. When I was contemplating couples therapy, I was warned against it by a friend of mine, a thirty-six-year-old fund-raiser from Baltimore. He based this warning on three sessions that he and his girlfriend had attended.

"It just didn't seem to help us at all," he told me. "Do you think it might have been the therapist?" I asked. "Well, maybe," he said, ruminating for a moment. "Yeah, I guess I didn't have a real favorable instinct about this guy."

"What bothered you?"

"Well, for one thing, he fell asleep while I was talking."

"He fell asleep?"

"Yeah—twice."

"I think your instinct was right."

But other veterans of couples therapy that I interviewed seemed generally pleased with it. If nothing else, they said, it can be enlightening just to see someone else react to your partner's complaints: what seems to you like a tired litany of imagined and irrational grievances suddenly acquires disturbing new meaning when you watch an intelligent stranger listening sympathetically and agreeing. Sometimes the enlightenment goes the other way—when you recite your own list of clear, rational, undeniable grievances, and this intelligent stranger looks at you as if you were complaining about messages beamed into your brain by the Venusian Overlords.

And then there are those moments when you think you're saying something innocuous and you *still* get hammered. This happened to Ron, a thirty-three-year-old musician in Los Angeles, when he went in for premarital therapy after suddenly getting

And then there are those moments when you think you're saying something innocuous and you *still* get hammered. This happened to Ron, a thirty-three-year-old musician in Los Angeles, when he went in for premarital therapy after suddenly getting

cold feet and postponing his wedding. The therapist made him and his fiancée, a thirty-two-year-old hairstylist, promise that they would stick it out through three sessions no matter how ugly things got. Then, in the second session, there was a crucial confrontation—or at least it seemed crucial to Ron's fiancée, who told me about it.

"Something came up—I don't even remember what it was—and I told Ron that we should sit down sometime that week and talk about it. 'Fine,' Ron said, 'just figure out a time and I'll be there.' The response seemed fine to me. But the therapist lit into Ron: 'That's so typical of how irresponsible you are. Whenever an emotional issue comes up, you let her handle it. You think all you have to do in this relationship is show up.' We were both shocked. When we left, Ron was furious. He swore he wasn't going back for the last session. I reminded him we'd made a commitment, but I really didn't think he was going to go. But then he did show up, and we both recognized that the therapist was right—Ron was evading responsibility, and I was letting him get away with it. Now that we're married, I look back on that as the turning point in our relationship. The therapy gave us the tools we need for marriage."

Perhaps you're still not exactly clear on what Ron did wrong. I know there was a time when I would have argued with the therapist's verdict: "Give the guy a break! He *said* he'd show up. If *he'd* picked the time and told *her* to show up, you'd probably call him an insensitive bully." But when his fiancée told me the story, I found myself thinking that the therapist had probably been right about Ron, and the only explanation I can offer for my change of heart is the couples therapy I underwent. Whether this is a healthy change, I leave for you to decide. But I'm inclined to think that the therapy was worthwhile. Although it didn't save my marriage, it was enlightening, and I tried to put my newfound knowledge to use when I rejoined the singles scene.

I started dating a woman who was still recovering from a nasty breakup a few months earlier. Then her old boyfriend suddenly reappeared, begging for forgiveness, and she called me up in distress. "I don't know what to do," she said, proceeding to list the pros and cons of her old relationship. Some of the issues sounded a lot like the problems I'd discussed in the sessions with my wife, and I suddenly remembered a valuable insight that I could offer into their relationship.

"You know what it sounds like to me?" I said confidently. "It sounds like you two could use some counseling."

I offered her the phone number of the therapist I'd seen, and she took it with profuse thanks. I never heard from her again, but I consoled myself by thinking of the hours of stories about her boyfriend that I'd avoided. And I realized that the one incontestable argument for couples therapy is its role as a public service. It may not always be worth \$100 an hour to a couple, but it definitely is to their friends. ●

**One woman
was so pleased
with couples
therapy that she
announced, "I
will never be in
an unsupervised
relationship
again"**

Mothers Work®

DRESSES FOR SUCCESS



Photographed by Tom Mares, N.Y.

MATERNITY

Executive suits, elegant dresses, contemporary sportswear, and evening dresses too! For a great image during and after pregnancy.

Catalog with swatches and fit guide \$3, refundable with order. Visit our stores in:

Atlanta, Arlington Hts., IL, Baltimore, Boston, Charlotte, NC, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Fair Oaks Mall, VA, Ft. Lauderdale, Harrisburg, PA, Hartford, CT, Houston, King of Prussia, PA, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Memphis, TN, New Orleans, New York, Orange County, CA, Palo Alto, CA, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Princeton, N.J., Rochester, MN, San Francisco, Stamford, CT, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. Telephone 215-625-0151. 1309 Noble Street, 5th Floor, Dept. VO0G, Phila., PA. 19123.



CAREERS in FASHION

Train at Home in Spare Time

No previous experience needed! Learn at home in spare time! Even beginners learn fast... everything you need to know for an entry-level job that can start you on the road to a fabulous career as a fashion buyer, designer, media consultant or any other exciting fashion job in promotion, publicity, television, publishing, bridal consulting...or even your own business when you have the experience. Plus, just imagine all the "fashion know-how" you can use for yourself!

Experts show you what to do, how to do it!

Everything explained in easy-to-follow lessons with plenty of pictures, diagrams and drawings that even a beginner can follow... how to buy and sell clothes, how to develop fashion campaigns and promotions, how to merchandise for department stores and manufacturers. No need to quit your job or change your daily routine. Learn at your own pace with no time wasted going to class. Here are just a few subjects covered in your course: Principles of Design, Color, Retail Selling, Display, Advertising, Fashion Buying, Fashion Coordination, and much, much more...

33NB

- SEND FOR FREE FACTS! • No Cost
- No Obligation • No salesman will visit!



School of Fashion Merchandising

Dept. WD070, 925 Oak Street, Scranton, PA 18515

Rush me free information and color brochure telling how I can train for a career in the fashion industry at home in my spare time.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

Phone () _____

Ⓜ A Subsidiary of National Education Corporation

**BEFORE
YOU
MAKE
YOUR
MOVE...**

**MAKE CERTAIN
THAT YOUR
VOGUE
ACCOMPANIES
YOU!**

At least 8 weeks
before you move —
send us your new
address (or name
change) and attach
the mailing label
from your latest
VOGUE.

Mail the
information to:

VOGUE

P.O. Box 55980
Boulder, CO 80322-5980

P.S. If you wish your
name removed from

VOGUE

subscriber lists
available for rental,
tell us that, too.

HOROSCOPE

By Athena Starwoman

A highly emotional month lies ahead for most people. Under the impact of this year's rare second new moon in Cancer, on July 21, every feeling will be magnified. Pluto is in motion this month, so for many people (mainly those born under Scorpio, Taurus, and Leo) the real action begins at last. Best days to plan activities: the first week of the month, before the Capricorn full moon on the 7th.

The Myth of Cancer

Moon children can be proud of their astrological heritage. Ruled by the Moon Goddess, the most sacred of ancient deities, Cancers are linked to the more subtle regions of thought. No wonder Cancers are naturally intuitive, psychic, and visionary, particularly as children. In spite of the modern term "the man in the moon," ancient myths depict the moon as the Great Mother. The original creator, destroyer, and sustainer of all life, she was cherished because she provided light to ease the darkness of night.

Cancer

The second new moon in Cancer this year, on July 21, is subject to an eclipse. It offers a unique opportunity to regenerate worn-out aspects of your life. In areas of your life where you are on an all-time high, with several fondest wishes becoming realities, this new moon's force will give you added success. Let old loves, tired habits, and spent attachments go their own ways. You are about to discover a new game to play.

Leo

This is not the month to pull any punches. Seek out discussions, invite meetings, and go on short journeys. Being first with the latest news is vital for success. Mercury (the astrological communication force) is in Leo from July 11 to July 29, making those days an open field for socializing. You can ease a great deal of pressure by meeting with others. Those younger than you who are also ruled by Mercury are likely to play a role in July's affairs.

Virgo

By presenting a brave and positive front in July, you'll find that undecided matters will swing in your favor. If you make the typical Virgo mistake of putting your insecurities on the mantelpiece for the world to see, you'll give adversaries the chance to shoot you down. Your opponents can be won over, however, with a casual approach. When under pressure, from the 14th to the 22nd, fortify yourself with supportive companions before setting out to conquer the world.

Libra

Enjoy basking in this month's limelight, but don't allow July to pass without gleaning some kind of advantage. Too often you are the star. Don't become dazzled by the brilliant illusion, which may disappear with the light of day. To be undecided and complacent is to waste valuable opportunities. It's time to act. If the ideas simmering on the back burner don't seem feasible, start over.

Scorpio

You have been out of phase with your ruler, Pluto, since February 18. During this time you have had the opportunity to linger on life's sidelines. But starting July 25, be warned: you are returning to the game of karmic points and losses. As the month progresses you should sense a new rhythm in your life. Fate is about to return you to center stage. It's time to look great and think big.

► 122



Marlboro Lights



The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

HOROSCOPE

Sagittarius

Holidays, working away from home, testing the commodities market. . . this kind of hustle and bustle typifies the Sagittarian's July diary. Midyear financial reassessments encourage you to take time out for some serious planning of your future. You are right to look before you leap. What appears to be solid gold today may lose its luster tomorrow. Wait until all the facts and figures are in before committing yourself.

Capricorn

With your annual full moon on July 7, this month is anything but uneventful. Perhaps the moon, as it reaches its zenith in Capricorn, will buoy your spirits, too. At the very least, you will be motivated to tackle situations with determination. Full moons often bring unhappy love relationships to a turning point. If you have been living any lies, expect the full moon to disclose emotional shortfalls.

Aquarius

Opportunities abound this month. Travel and financial matters are well aspected, especially in those areas you've been working on for the past few months. Through valuable associations, you will find the strength to grow in leaps and bounds. Women friends are great advisers and companions this month. Listen to anything and everything; even in the most casual conversations, their insights will prove very informative. Diversify your social routine.

Pisces

Recent events made you well aware of errors in judgment you've made in the last few months. They have already cost you much peace of mind. Your efforts to distance yourself from the consequences of misguided actions have put you to severe tests. This month, at long last, the successful outcome of your recent endeavors is manifest in solid-gold reality. You can blaze a trail so bright it leaves others dazzled by your well-deserved success.

Aries

Relationships continue to be fiery, with the power and passion of Mars, your ruling planet, fueling conflict. Mars endorses neither forgiving nor forgetting. Try not to criticize or argue, or a major disagreement will be the ruination of an otherwise upbeat month. Until July 12, Mars is in Aries, motivating you to undertake challenging tasks. If you don't delay, success can be yours. However, volatile emotional situations will dominate your thoughts at the end of the month.

Taurus

Your desire to replace the real world with your fantasy production needs to be held in check this month. You often put up with situations that just won't do. Patience is a special Taurean quality, but it keeps you from making necessary changes. July holds excellent opportunities for Taurus who go out and make things happen. An investment of energy will bring remarkable returns in important affairs. Spend a little, gain a lot.

Gemini

Venus, in Gemini until July 19, encourages romantic adventures and even enables you to combine business and pleasure. However, since recent changes left you disillusioned, you aren't quite ready to make a commitment. A situation that is currently building will culminate in September, with an impact on foreign and financial domains. To insure success, don't waiver; doubts will only create problems. ●



VITA-TRESS
BIOTIN
shampoo for
fine, weak hair,
EPITOME
RECONSTRUCTOR,

and
the complete
line of

NEXUS
products
are available

at

The Styling Salon at
JCPenney

For the
Styling Salon at
JCPenney
nearest you call
1-800-542-5565



Our bodybuilders for weak hair.

VITA-TRESS BIOTIN shampoo a remarkable formulation for fine, weak hair. You'll notice the difference the first time you use it.

Special ingredients thoroughly cleanse the scalp while vitamins, amino acids, nucleic acids, proteins and botanicals are infused into the hairshaft.

Condition with Nexxus EPITOME

RECONSTRUCTOR to bring fine, weak hair to life. EPITOME helps restore strength and elasticity adding more body, bounce and shine.

Stronger, fuller, healthier hair is yours with VITA-TRESS BIOTIN shampoo and EPITOME RECONSTRUCTOR.

Available only at hairstyling salons.



NEXXUS

Where you go for beautiful hair.

Call 1-800-444-NEXXUS (444-6399) for a full-line Nexxus salon near you.

TRAVEL

By Richard Alleman

For the vacation that you somehow never got around to planning... hot tips, fresh ideas on where—and how—to get away now. Here are ten escape routes to the...



Breaking away in Idaho



St. Barts on \$6,000 a week



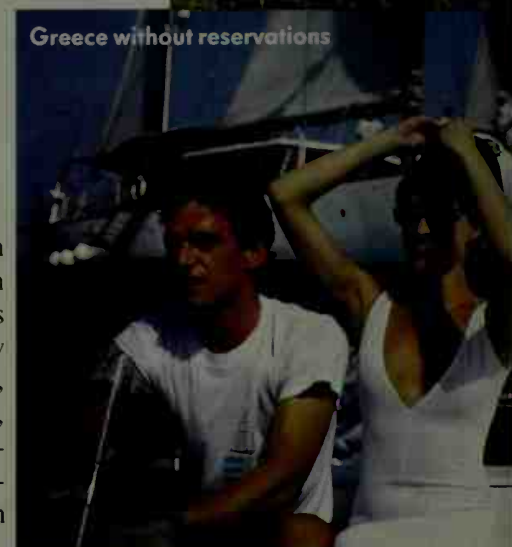
The real A

last-minute summer

A villa on St. Barts There are good reasons why this tiny French island has become a prime winter sun spot for both the genuinely and the wannabe rich and famous: St. Barts has some of the best beaches, arguably the best food, and definitely the best selection of rentable villas in the Caribbean. Really savvy travelers, however, including a large number of French and Italians who have given up on the crowds and craziness of the Côte d'Azur, are now doing St. Barts in summer and finding not only peace and quiet but villa prices that are a hefty 25 percent less than in winter. Sibarth, the main name in island real estate, handles some two hundred properties on St. Barts—from funky one-room

bungalows with big views, which go for as little as \$490 a week (now till December 14), to four-bedroom, four-bath showplaces with private pools, which average \$4,500.

For a detailed color catalog (\$8) as well as for reservations, get in touch with West Indies Management Company at (401) 849-8012.



Greece without reservations

starts on \$500 a week



Jamaican retreat: Sans Souci



off-season oasis: Cap Juluca



Another Aspen

Long after the last private jet has taken off and the paparazzi have checked out of this winter mecca for the chic, a whole other Aspen emerges. A gloriously glitz-free place of mountains, meadows, and alpine lakes,



sunny seventy-degree days and cool nights, Aspen in summer is the great outdoors at its greatest. Surrounded by more than 1,450 miles of trails and boasting sports shops that rent everything from bicycles to wading boots, this Rocky Mountain town is a center for hiking, mountain biking, horseback riding, trout fishing, river rafting, even llama trekking and hot-air ballooning—not to mention golf, tennis, and racquetball. This summer also brings the forty-first annual Aspen Music Festival, with concerts of classical music, opera, and jazz,

from June 29 to August 26; DanceAspen's ballet performances, July 5–August 11; the Aspen Institute's lecture series, June 26–August 21; and the Aspen Writers' Conference, with workshops, July 15–28. And unlike the crowded winter scene, off-season Aspen offers plenty of accommodations (especially midweek) at irresistible rates. While hotel-room prices go down significantly (a mountain-view double at the new, much-talked-about Little Nell drops from the ski-season high of \$400 to \$225, June through mid-September), the bottom literally falls out of condominium and house rentals. Chateau Roaring Fork's two-bedroom, two-bath units with fireplaces and full kitchens are a steal at \$115 a night. Reservations: (800) 22-ASPEN.

Going native in Paris Everyone dreams of living in Paris at some time in his or her life. This summer, why not take the plunge, if only for a week or two, by renting a furnished apartment? It's much easier than you might expect, since corporate business (which makes up the bulk of the short-term rental mar- ▶ 126

MELINDA BERGE/Photographers Aspen, WIMCO

TRAVEL: last-minute summer

ket) slackens in summer. This means that the Parisian apartment of your dreams might be sitting there empty, right now, waiting for you. To make the connection: B&D de Vogüé International, Ltd., a California-based company, has keys to more than three hundred flats all over Paris, including choice locations such as the Ile St. Louis, the Marais, the Latin Quarter, the Champs-Élysées, and



L.A.: back to the beach

avenue Foch. Average rates for a one-week minimum stay: \$770 for a studio, \$1,015 for one bedroom, \$1,610 for two bedrooms, \$2,275 for three and four bedrooms. Rates include linens, weekly maid service. For more information, phone (209) 733-7119 *tout de suite!*

The hidden Aegean There's nowhere on earth quite like the Greek Islands. The sea, the air, the simplicity, the sense of timelessness. But summer in Greece—with package tourists, hordes of backpackers, crowded hotels and pensions—can be a nightmare. On a chartered yacht, however, with the possibility of sailing to islands and deserted beaches that only the locals know about, the Grecian summer becomes an entirely different experience. And since Greece has the world's largest fleet of charter yachts (more than one thousand), it's possible to find one for that last-minute summer sail—even now. A company that will have you in the Aegean in as little as two weeks' time is Valef Yachts. Based in Philadelphia, Valef has over three hundred sailboats, motor yachts, and sailing yachts for hire; they also take care of crew, meals, and custom itineraries. Vessels range in size from 25 to 250 feet and in price from \$125 a day for a bareboat that sleeps four to \$7,000 for a megayacht with seven opulent staterooms and a crew of twelve. Phone Valef Yachts at (215) 641-1624 or (800) 223-3845. For names of other yacht-charter operations, contact the Greek National Tourist Organization nearest you: in New York at (212) 421-5777; in Chicago at (312) 782-1084; and in Los Angeles at (213) 626-6696.

Breaking away in Idaho Many summer bike tours fill up months in advance, but Backroads Bicycle Touring's six scheduled "Idaho Sawtooths" almost always have space for last-minute vacationers. And since mountain biking (off-road cycling on a bike with fat tires, upright handlebars, and a cushioned seat) is *the* hottest sport around, what better way to explore Idaho's pristine wilderness? The Backroads tour begins in the star-studded town of Ketchum, just south of the renowned Sun Valley ski resort, where



Cooking out in Chile

the Sun Valley Lodge serves as a luxurious base camp for two days. After being outfitted with a bike (rentals available at \$99), safety helmet, picnic lunch, and detailed map, cyclists use fire roads and single-track trails to loop through the sagebrush flatlands of Adams Gulch, stopping to swim in Alturas Lake. Throughout the trip, bikers ride at their own pace, following itineraries planned by the tour leaders. Evenings are spent trying the surprisingly urbane restaurants of downtown Ketchum. Mid-tour comes the climb over the Galena Summit, elevation 8,702 feet (van shuttle available), where the reward is the stunning panorama of the Sawtooth Mountain range, the Sawtooth Valley, and the Salmon River. Home for the next three days is the Idaho Rocky Mountain Ranch, a pine lodge on one thousand acres beneath the snow-capped White Clouds; meals are family style, and the long front porch has rocking chairs for elk watching and stargazing. After mornings spent cycling, afternoons are free for more cycling as well as hiking, fly-fishing, and river rafting. Or to simply enjoy a milkshake at nearby Smiley's general store. Five nights' lodging and all meals are included in the \$899 cost, with departures now through early September. Phone Backroads Bicycle Touring at (800) 533-2573.

Ski Chile If you never got to take a ski vacation last winter, why not do it this summer? Most skiers know about the legendary July–August snows of Bariloche in Argentina, and Portillo in Chile. They also know how difficult it is to get to these resorts. But now there's a hot new ski place in the southern hemisphere with world-class runs and accommodations—and it's just an hour's drive from Santiago. Developed with French money and flair, the new resort (called Valle Nevado) currently has nine lifts, a staggering vertical drop of ten thousand feet, and twenty-five runs, including a ten-mile-long trail that's bound to boost any intermediate's ego. The resort also has a heli-skiing program that opens some of the Andes' best slopes to advanced skiers. (Helicopter transfers from the Santiago airport to Valle Nevado can be ar- ▶ 128

VAROOOOM

Dangerous curves ahead. Really racy stuff. Code West. Fuel-injected with enough va-va-varoom to floor it. And anyone who stands in your way.

CODE WEST CODE WEST®

UNSQUARE FOOTAGE™

For the Code West dealer nearest you call 1-800-333-2815

© 1990

GENESCO Company



TRAVEL: last-minute summer

ranged as well.) The Hotel Valle Nevado is *the* place to stay on the slopes, with comfortable rooms and suites—all with private sun decks—and an excellent French restaurant; one-week packages providing room, full board (including afternoon tea), and lift tickets range from \$715 to \$1,715 per person, double occupancy, depending on dates and accommodations. Contact the Latin America Reservations Center at (813) 439-2118. Note: the ski season at Valle Nevado runs through October 15.

Buenos Aires in season Now that democracy appears to be holding in Argentina, Buenos Aires, which gave the world the tango as well as Eva Perón, is being rediscovered by sophisticated travelers. With its grand boulevards, Beaux-Arts architecture, lively cafés and clubs, excellent restaurants and shops, and above all, its time-warp prices, Buenos Aires has the feel of some long-lost European city. Most

Americans who visit B.A. go during our winter in order to enjoy the South American summer. But if you go now, instead of high temperatures you'll find high energy, because like all great cities, Buenos Aires hits its stride in wintertime. So go now (visas are no longer required) and take in grand opera at the legendary Teatro Colón (the season runs from May to November), dine at romantic restaurants like the classic La Cabaña (extraordinary steaks) or the chic El Gato Dumas, catch the tango at clubs with names like La Casa Blanca and El Viejo Almacén, and stay in luxury at the newly refurbished Plaza Hotel. A great deal from Ladatco Tours in Miami is the "Buenos Aires Fly Away" program—it provides bed and breakfast at the Plaza for six nights, airport transfers, sight-seeing, and round-trip flights between the U.S. and B.A. on Aerolineas Argentinas for \$1,205 per person (double occupancy) flying from Miami, \$1,305 from New York, and \$1,376 from Los Angeles; these rates are further reduced after August 8. Phone (305) 854-8422 or see a travel agent for more information. And don't worry too much about the weather, because July-August-September B.A. days are in the fifties and sixties.

The most beautiful resort in the world It may well be Cap Juluca on the Caribbean island of Anguilla. Looking like some Moorish fantasy village of white pavilions and domes, Cap Juluca opened two years ago and has been the buzz among the get-there-first set ever since. Guest rooms are spacious, cool, tiled, and minimally decorated with Moroccan rugs, fabrics, mirrors, and ceramics. The travertine marble bathrooms have enormous deep tubs and separate glass-walled showers that look out on private sunbathing terraces. But best of all is the beach, one of the broadest and whitest anywhere. Not surprisingly, Cap Juluca's luxury doesn't come cheap. In winter, a double room goes for around \$400—that's if you can manage to get a reservation. But now through Labor Day, that same room is a mere \$200 for two, including continental breakfast served on your terrace—and you *can* get a reservation. Contact Flagship Hotels and Resorts at (914) 241-8770.

Resort-hopping in Jamaica This island in the sun is not only one of the lushest in the Caribbean, it also has some of the most luxurious resorts. Three years ago, six of them—Half Moon, Plantation Inn, Round Hill, Sans Souci, Trident, and Tryall—banded together as the Elegant Resorts of Jamaica. For travelers, a useful result of this marketing ploy was the debut of the Platinum Plan, a program that made it possible to stay, dine, and play at as many of the Elegant Resorts as one could fit into three, four, or seven nights. For last-minute summer travelers, the good news is that the Platinum Plan remains in effect off season—at vastly reduced rates: \$1,990 per couple for a week, \$1,165 for four nights, \$890 for three nights. These prices include airport transfers, three meals a day, all bar drinks, beach and pool chairs and towels, greens fees, tennis, taxes, tips, even champagne and flowers! With so much to choose from, the only problem is designing your itinerary. Phone (305) 666-3566 or (800) 237-3237 for additional details.

Los Angeles when it sizzles People forget that L.A. is a beach town at heart. Especially in summer, when the sun always shines, the Pacific is warm enough for swimming, nights are cool, and Angelenos get into a Rio de Janeiro frame of mind. For last-minute travelers, what could be simpler than a week in L.A. (by all means, rent a convertible) spent checking out beaches, restaurants, museums, art galleries, theater, and concerts (plus, new this summer, classic films) at the Hollywood Bowl? Just be sure to stay in a hotel with a good swimming pool. Which in L.A. isn't too hard to do, what with the glamorous swimming scenes at the Beverly Hills Hotel, the Bel-Air, the Four Seasons, the St. James's Club, the new Loews by the beach in Santa Monica, and the Hollywood Roosevelt, where the 1929 Olympic-size pool has been updated by artist David Hockney. For a schedule of L.A. summer events, phone the Los Angeles Convention and Visitors Bureau at (213) 624-7300. ●

—Additional reporting by
ANNE ALEXANDER

travel

G U I D E

Where to Go

- ASPEN, Colorado:** Summer brochure from Aspen Chamber Resort Association, with schedule of cultural and recreational events, and list of lodging facilities.
- Buenos Aires, Argentina:** General information on B.A. from the Argentine Tourist Office Inc. plus details on other destinations in Argentina.

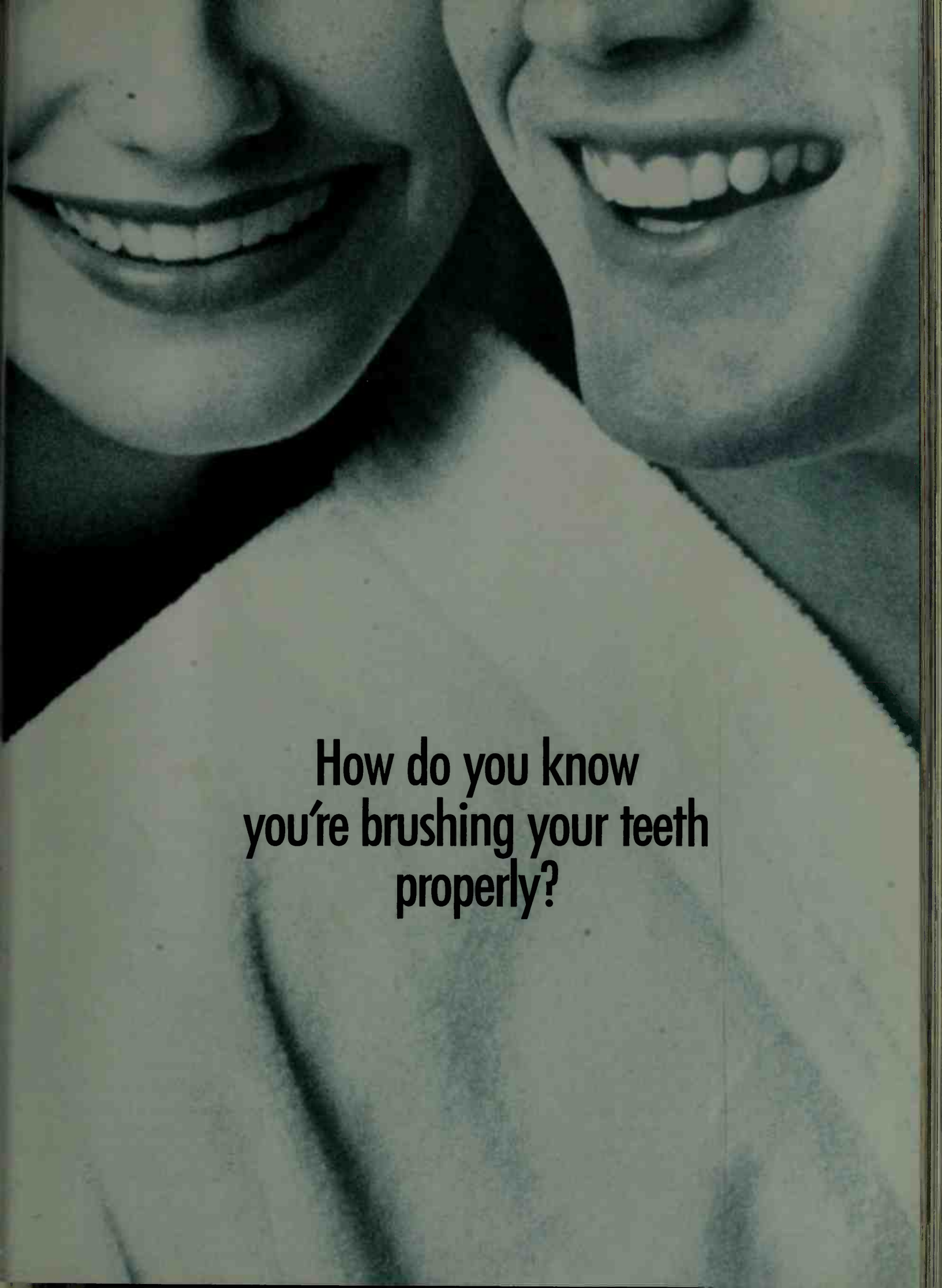
Where to Stay

- CAP JULUCA, Anguilla:** Summer packages.
- KING RANCH HEALTH SPA & FITNESS RESORT:** Complete details and package rates for this new international spa, located twenty minutes north of Toronto, Canada.
- SUN VALLEY RESORT, Idaho:** Comprehensive brochures, including summer recreation packages, village facilities, and rates.

Please check the brochures you would like to receive and return this coupon to **VOGUE, July Coupon, P.O. Box 1606, Riverton, NJ 08077-7206, Before November 1, 1990.** Please enclose \$1.00 check or money order to cover processing. Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada. Allow at least six weeks for processing.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

We're sorry, but VOGUE cannot answer any personal questions or requests.



**How do you know
you're brushing your teeth
properly?**

At last, a toothbrush that's in a position to assure clean teeth and healthier gums.



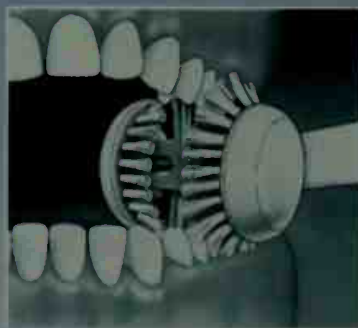
Imagine a toothbrush so advanced, it *automatically* positions its bristles under the gumline. Exactly as dentists prescribe. Every time you brush.

Introducing EpiDent™. A technological milestone that was developed by dentists to clean your teeth properly without relying on precise manual dexterity. Because when you brush your teeth, chances are you're not *thinking* about brushing your teeth.

EpiDent is the only toothbrush that not only positions its bristles correctly, but also has four reciprocating-action brushes that clean six tooth surfaces at once. That means the outside, inside and

chewing surfaces of both upper and lower teeth. So you won't miss a thing. Except maybe gum disease.

What's more, these four interacting brushes



gently remove plaque and food particles with 240 to 300 strokes per minute. Especially from those tough-to-reach places, where plaque and gingivitis start. In no time, you can have cleaner teeth and healthier gums.



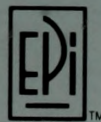
EpiDent is easy to use. Just bite into the brush head. Bristles are automatically positioned under the gumline. The four reciprocating-action brushes massage your gums while cleaning six tooth surfaces at once.

In fact, we're so sure you'll see a dramatic improvement over your last dental visit, we've included a Dental Report Card so that you and your dental professional can monitor the results.

Of course, EpiDent works as part of an overall

oral hygiene program. So keep flossing. And see your dentist regularly.

EpiDent. Now, no other toothbrush is in a better position to properly clean your teeth.



EPI DENT™

A Thorough Change In Toothbrushing.

For the complete dental care system, look for *EpiDent Ultra* at cosmetic counters in fine department stores. For more information, call 1-800-444-5347.

The Designer Smile

INTRODUCING THE WHITENESS YOU CAN MEASURE

There's a cosmetic whitening breakthrough for bonded and natural teeth that can make your smile its most dazzling. EpiSmile,[®] with the whitening agent, CalProx.[™]

At prestigious dental testing laboratories, EpiSmile proved superior at removing stains and the dullness of time from teeth.

So put on an EpiSmile. Because having terrific white teeth is the most beautiful fashion statement you can make.

EpiSmile contains fluoride for good oral hygiene plus plaque-inhibiting ingredients.



With an EpiSmile unique Measuring Device (free with purchase), you can actually see your teeth becoming whiter.



EpiSmile[®]
FOR THE WHITENESS
YOU CAN MEASURE



AVAILABLE AT
FINE DEPARTMENT STORES

P.O. Box 2975 Beverly Hills, CA 90213 For more information call 1-800-444-5
American Society For Dental Aesthetics Approved



Jarrett Hedborg, **ABOVE**, and the living room of his Los Angeles house, **LEFT**, with a junk-store sailfish that inspired its design. A bentwood chair is covered in pigskin; woven mats top sea-grass carpeting.

a style he jokingly refers to as "nouvelle hut." "Maybe it's only in California that we're nostalgic about twenty-five years ago," Hedborg says. "Where other people long for colonial architecture, we long for 1955."

At forty, Hedborg himself exudes the youthfulness and optimism of a fifties beach boy. He grew up in Orange County, near the beach, but he's also half Swedish, maintaining close ties with relatives in Sweden, and he's had a lifelong love affair with Hawaii, all of which adds to his lively eclecticism. Several times a year he travels to Hawaii to forage.

"Other designers go to Stair and Company in New York, or to Portobello Road in London," he says. "I go to the Kam Highway swap meet in Honolulu."

Indeed, everywhere in his house are reminders of the California romance with things Hawaiian that first blossomed during his childhood. The South Seas patterns of pareu fabrics are punctuated with handwoven lahala mats, rag rugs, a faux barometer from an MGM prop auction, California plein air paintings, and nineteenth-century engravings of fish and exotic birds. The predominant color is a deep indigo, most strikingly in the dorsal fin of a magnificent sailfish mounted over the fireplace, a campy middle-class tradition updated. "It was my inspiration for the house," says Hedborg. "I bought it in a junk ▶ 134

Decorator Jarrett Hedborg merges Hawaii with Hollywood.

GARRETT WHITE checks out his style

The more personal I make things," says Jarrett Hedborg, "the more people respond to them. What that means to me is that we live in a very inhuman world. We like anything with a personal feel." That outlook has made Hedborg one of California's best-known decorators, with star clients such as Jack Nicholson, Bette Midler, Anjelica Huston, and Joni Mitchell. But his work isn't about celebrity. It's about comfort and ease and a quirky visual sensibility redolent of southern California.

It's a Hedborg axiom that interior design should be autobiographical, and that's certainly the case with his own house in the hills above Sherman Oaks—part gallery, part drawing room, part Swiss Family Robinson,



In a corner of the living room, **ABOVE**, a 19th-century English table holds an American decoy and Japanese ceramic birds. The wall painting throughout the house is by Nancy Kintisch. The prints and the painting that hang above are 19th century. **ABOVE RIGHT**: In the dining room a gilded chair is covered with a Tahitian pareu and a Hawaiian plaid. Eighteenth-century Japanese wood-block prints contrast with the painted wall pattern. In the kitchen, **RIGHT**, Hedborg's dog, Honey, rests next to a Shaker-style stool by Richard Mulligan, Los Angeles. The chair is covered in a Fortuny fabric.



"Nancy did all of the painting here," he says, "which is funny because she's never been to Hawaii." Hedborg made up for that deficiency by showing her pictures of the islands and playing her old Alfred Apaka records. The green kelp and seaweed pattern she devised for the living room is a riff on a vintage Hawaiian shirt in Hedborg's closet.

The playfulness and humor of Hedborg's work belie a sophisticated knowledge of design. He is less concerned with individual objects than with overall effect. "My rooms better be more than the sum of their parts. They're not about gimp and cord and tassel and welt, but about light and line and feeling." Of his own house he says, "This is about me. There's nothing to

store. Much of this house is a fulfillment of childhood dreams. I always wanted one of those."

On a set of four Louis XVI chairs he replaced the Fortuny fabric with \$1.19-per-yard Hawaiian bark cloth. The Fortuny ended up on a kitchen chair discarded by his upholsterer. Hedborg is eminently practical, especially about floors. "It has got to work for the dog. Once I had a beautiful midnight blue Chinese Ming-style rug, which didn't really go with a golden retriever. My floor coverings here tend toward the golden retriever bouquet of tones. *Very important.*" His preference for handpainted backgrounds has led to frequent collaboration with artist Nancy Kintisch, whom he met through Bette Midler.

impress. No one can pull the wool over anyone's eyes at this point in the game. We're all too clever. I love it when I see some little lady in a fancy New York apartment done up in a sort of commercial English la-di-da. I just giggle and wonder what secret she's hiding." He adds, "I've never gotten anywhere by doing what I thought people wanted me to do. I've tried that a few times, and it's a bad idea. Mix it up, make it work for you; don't buy into all the stuff you read. We're too obsessed with image. Eventually, it's going to disappoint you."

It's not surprising that Hedborg's favorite compliment came from Joni Mitchell when she first saw his new surroundings: "Yup, this really is you." ●

Everything it touches turns delicious.™

Kahlúa

WHITE RUSSIAN

A day gently ending. A mood so unhurried, you can taste it. By mixing 1 ounce of Kahlúa, 1 ounce of vodka and 2 ounces of cream or milk over ice. When it comes to great tastes, we wrote the book: the Kahlúa Recipe Book.

Do send for as many copies as you like. Kahlúa, Dept. A, P.O. Box 230, Los Angeles, CA 90078-0230.

©1998 Kahlúa, Inc. All rights reserved. Kahlúa, the Kahlúa logo and White Russian are trademarks of Kahlúa, Inc., Los Angeles, CA.



Calvin Klein
JEANS

VOGUE

POINT OF VIEW

wear now...and later

Every year at this time it's the same. You're tired of the heat, frustrated by a season that seems to drag on one month too long. And inevitably, invariably, you find yourself fed up with the clothes you've got (yes, even with that splendid new wardrobe of Mizrahi); you wander the stores, looking for a way to be unfaithful to the white suit you've been married to for the past three months. Just the look of those prickly wools on that rack makes you sink deeper into your Chanel sneakers (and it doesn't help that it's usually seventy degrees inside the changing rooms!). But this summer could be different. Both designers and retailers realize their mistake in pushing the fall season and are trying to strengthen the concept of **wear-now clothes**. Buoyed by last year's surprise rush on cotton Lycra ("In late July, when it came in, it sold faster than our heavy tweeds," says Bloomingdale's Kal Rutenstein) and by DKNY's continued buy now/wear now success, they are suddenly thinking "immediate gratification." "Women can't recycle their summer clothes," says Macy's Ellin Saltzman. "They're not like wools. They just look tired and feel tired." With that in mind, we gathered the best **last-minute summer** items from many designers and put them together in a novel way. In Bruce Weber's photographic essay on **Nashville**, you'll find terrific short fitted dresses in an array of wildly colored prints and black-and-white patterns. Boots and bare legs team up with short wrapped coats; the bikini makes a comeback. These are **easygoing clothes** meant not only for the country-western hills of Nashville, but also for all-American weekends on the farm, by the lake. . . . The most important element in wear-now clothes: fabric. And this time there are surprises. Though everyone has grown accustomed to the inherent seasonlessness of cotton Lycra and washed silk, no one expected **stretch velvet** to feel equally practical. But it makes sense. Made primarily of cotton and cut into inexpensive pieces (halter-necked maillots, skimpy dresses, leggings) destined for multiple lives, it's the hit fabric of the season. In bright colors, stretch velvet moves right into fall. . . . Equally seasonless and versatile: **the classic man's shirt**. Swirled with color or decorated with Hermès and Pucci prints, it's a modern alternative to the white shirt everyone owns and loves. . . . But fall will soon be here, and for the inside scoop on what's coming from the collections, André Leon Talley reports on the secret **images that inspire designers most**: Ralph Lauren borrows from the military and the romance of great actresses such as Katharine Hepburn; Donna Karan draws on the style of her TV journalist friends; Isaac Mizrahi looks to Halston. For his ideas, Marc Jacobs even goes undercover, sneaking looks into his grandmother's closet and at the ladies who lunch at the Carlyle Hotel. See the results on the following pages. . . .



Isaac Mizrahi

fall 1990
design in

They borrow T-straps from ladies who lunch, shine from pebbles on the beach. André Leon Talley shows where designers get their big ideas for fall 1990

Isaac Mizrahi Isaac Mizrahi takes inspiration from the not-so-distant past, from the great female style icons of the fifties and sixties, Babe Paley and Millicent Rogers. Of equal importance to him is Richard Avedon, the photographer who during that period defined the cool, classic sophistication of a deliberately unflashy world of rich style. "Avedon created a line, a silent mystery, an art form in fashion photography that never dates," Mizrahi explains. "When he photographed Dovima, Marella Agnelli, or Barbra Streisand, he invented a look that I still find contemporary."

Mizrahi is also influenced by his customers. "I go on those working trunk shows and I listen," says the young designer. The demand? For "clothes for women who dress up to take clothes off"—dresses with naked backs or big brocade skirts with cashmere sweaters. "My critics may hate it, but I don't care. It is the customer who counts."

But no discussion of what inspires Mizrahi could be complete without a nod to Halston. "I try to fuse two elements in my work," says Mizrahi, "a sense of American minimalism as you might think of it done by the great pioneer, Halston, coupled with the sense of power and independence as shown by the character Tina in Spike Lee's *Do the Right Thing*."



OPPOSITE PAGE, far left: Mizrahi borrows minimalism from Halston, here with Anjelica Huston, 1972. **Near left:** from the Isaac Mizrahi fall collection, shimmering evening separates in lamé velvet. **THIS PAGE, near right:** Halston's Ultrasuede coat from 1975; reinterpreted by Isaac Mizrahi, far right. Details, stores, last pages.



spiration



Donna Karan

Donna Karan considers TV journalist Diane Sawyer "the ultimate modern woman"

Donna Karan If there's one thing Donna Karan knows, it's working women, and the working women who inspire her most are her television journalist pals, Diane Sawyer and Kathleen Sullivan, and the fictional Murphy Brown (Candice Bergen always shows up at awards ceremonies wearing Karan's clothes). Karan considers Sawyer (whom she dresses for both day and night) "the ultimate modern woman." Says Karan: "A truly contemporary woman is always on the go. And on the go with confidence. Diane wears the clothes rather than letting them wear her. I find inspiration in her because she is, above all, totally feminine, and she has a great sensuality."

What attracts such high-powered women to Karan's designs are her never-fail style systems: from tone-on-tone coloring (this year amber, ranging from pale blond to deep tortoise in endlessly mix-and-matchable sportswear pieces) to clothes with built-in versatility (cowl necks that act as mufflers or hoods, evening shorts that have tunics embroidered with jet beads). Just slipping into Karan's clothes makes these women feel perfectly color-coded and confident that they are well turned out, dressed for success in the aggressive, competitive world of TV broadcast journalism.

On a more esoteric level, Karan finds inspiration in minerals—in the mystical glint of quartz crystals or in the way pebbles glisten on the beach after a downpour. The most obvious translation of that concept: a short, swingy slip dress covered with matte sequins.

Donna Karan's primary inspiration—the practical needs of working women. **OPPOSITE PAGE**, far left: one of her special easy-to-wear dressing systems, her signature tone-on-tone coloring. Near left, top: simple cuts, texture, and interchangeable pieces designed with the working woman in mind. Center: among Karan's prime-time friends, TV's Murphy Brown (Candice Bergen, who wears Donna Karan in real life). Bottom: Diane Sawyer: the woman on the go whom Donna Karan admires most—for her ability to merge intelligence and sensuality. **THIS PAGE**: Shimmering crystals, above, and pebbles glistening on the beach after a downpour were the inspiration for the beaded dress, right. Details, stores, last pages.





Calvin Klein No one could be more of an inspiration for Calvin Klein than his wife, Kelly. So it is not surprising that it's Kelly's favorite pastime—showing horses competitively (at the annual Hampton Classic; during the winter months, in Palm Beach)—that seems to be the idea behind one of his most confident collections ever. Throughout the entire opening lineup of the show were sure-handed, aristocratic, tailored touches reminiscent of the horsey set: classic earthy tweeds, perfectly colored cashmeres, slim pants, and riding boots. Broad, fringed “throws” draped the shoulders; suede gloves covered the hands. Hair was pulled back into a clean-cut equestrian knot.

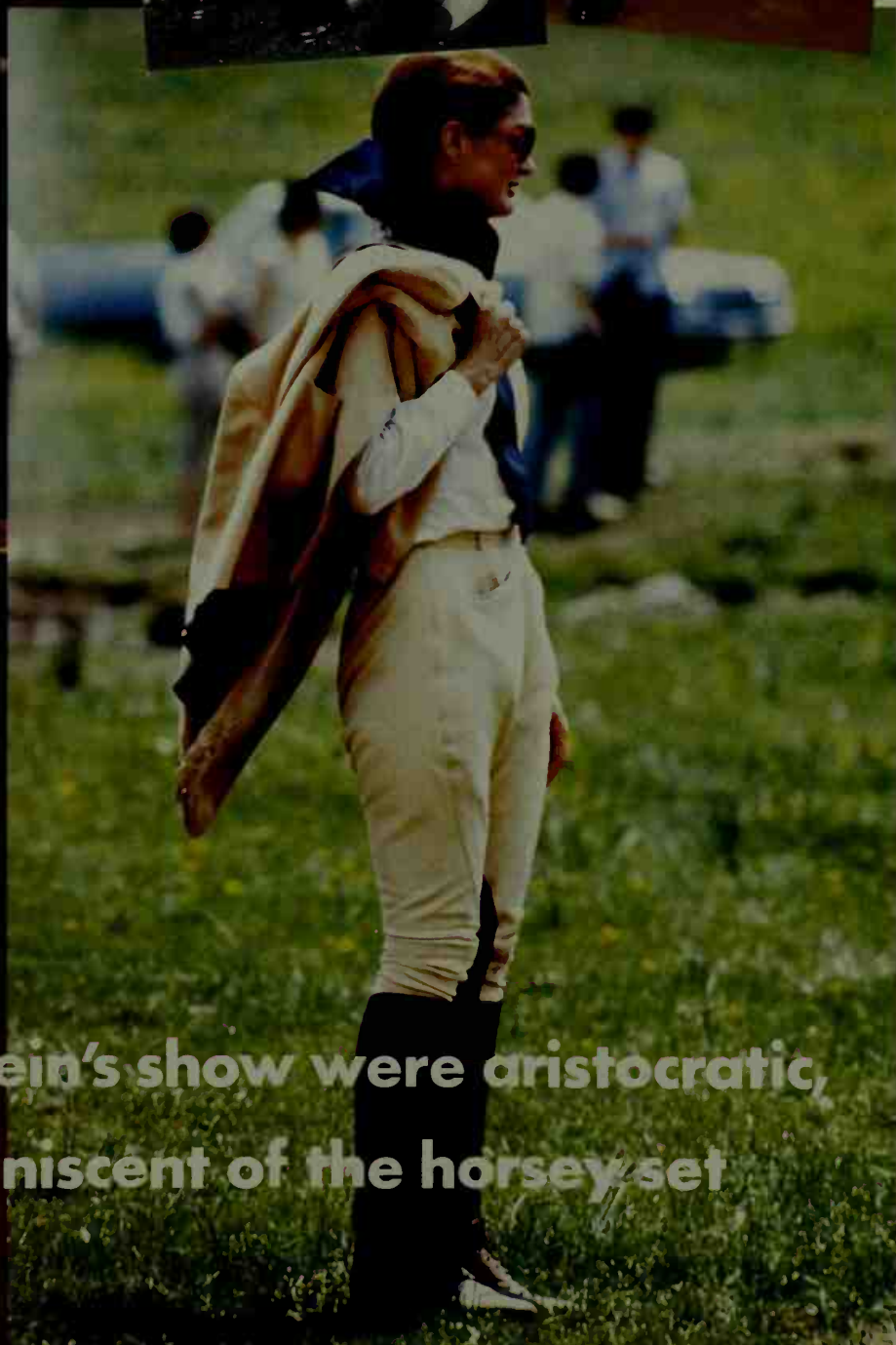
At the same time, Klein finds inspiration in the impeccable cut of tailored men's suits from the fifties. One can only imagine that running through Klein's mind while he designed were old photographs of the smart set hanging out at the Maidstone Club in East Hampton, Long Island.

Calvin Klein, always the master of good taste, proves he is also the master of great tailoring. **THIS PAGE**, left: an unbridled mix of textures—a leather-trimmed coat, plaid wool jacket, knit polo shirt; riding bits for belt buckles. Below: his greatest inspiration—his wife, Kelly, and her riding clothes. **OPPOSITE PAGE**, near right: taking country style to the city—with a mix of cashmere and twill. Far right, bottom: Jackie Onassis—the ultimate extension of the Calvin Klein style. Top center: another inspiration: tailored men's suits from the fifties. Top right: Calvin's modern incarnation. Details, stores, last pages.





Calvin Klein



Throughout Calvin Klein's show were aristocratic, tailored touches reminiscent of the horsey set



Sixties something "I always think Diana Rigg is hiding in my closet," says Charlotte Neuville, who grew up watching Rigg play chic sixties sleuth Emma Peel in *The Avengers*. "You can still see it on late-night TV." Neuville went as far as to get *The Avengers* sound track to use for her show. (She decided not to use it at the last minute.) Rigg is so integral to Neuville's latest collection that when one young assistant announced she'd never heard of Mrs. Peel, she was sent home to the television set. "The sixties is always there for me," the designer confesses. "I just don't take it too seriously or try to make it look 'today.' But I have always loved the Lucite jewelry, the low-slung belts, the Flower Power patterns, and those wonderful low-heeled shoes with pilgrim buckles."

Sixties style, CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: Karl Lagerfeld's models donned wigs reminiscent of those worn by The Supremes, shown here in 1964. Cat-suited Emma Peel of *The Avengers* fame (shown here with Steed) finds her way into Charlotte Neuville's collection—enough to influence this lace chemise. The sexy style of cartoon character Barbarella is re-created in Thierry Mugler's vinyl cat suit. The Emma Peel look also shows up in Chanel's mini shift and a cat suit by Christian Lacroix Prêt-à-Porter. Details, stores, last pages.





"The sixties is always there for me," says Charlotte Neville. "I just don't take it too seriously"



I'M AFRAID THAT YOUR MEN WERE NOT SO LUCKY. THEY FELL IN FIRST... THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO TO SAVE THEM!...

fall 1990

Marc Jacobs

**"It can be Doris Day in a movie
eyeglass smile of Anne Slater"**



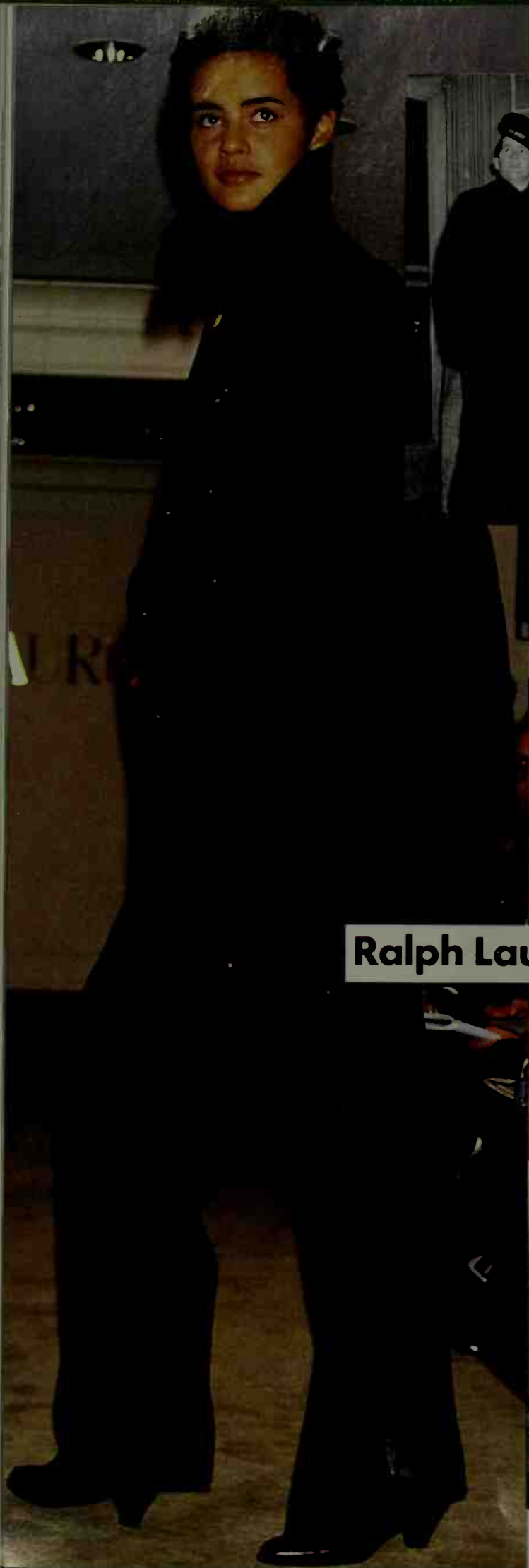
Marc Jacobs Twenty-seven-year-old Marc Jacobs finds the only way to go forward is by looking back. "Doris Day in *Pillow Talk* has a warmth that I find moves me forward," he explains. "That whole white-gloved look offers a great new attitude." Jacobs's entire collection is based on "that Park Avenue idea." He says: "It can be Doris Day as a decorator in a movie or the toothy, blue-eyeglass smile of my favorite Park Avenue socialite, Anne Slater."

For perfect examples of the right, low-heeled/well-heeled look, Jacobs went to his grandmother's closet. "She had sixty-four pairs of Ferragamo pumps," he says. "And she changed her handbag with every shoe. She had the same passion for fashion that you see when, say, Cary Grant is romancing Doris Day and she shows up in a mink coat with a faille overshell."

For ideas, Jacobs even went undercover. "I know this sounds absolutely corny," he says, "but I went to the Carlyle Hotel to watch the Park Avenue set. It's there you see them, having a chicken salad sandwich, wearing the jacket with the perfect dolman sleeve, the headband matching the color of the suit, the T-strap, and the white glove." The look of "the Park Avenue dame" shows up for both day and night in Jacobs's collection, particularly in the "300-carat" pavé cropped top over the white wool crepe evening dress. Says the designer: "The idea is to give a feeling of pure simplicity with a twist, to add a sense of humor to enduring items like the pea coat, the long, fluid sheath dress, or classic slouchy pants."

Give him Park Avenue... **OPPOSITE PAGE**, far left: white Waldorf-Astoria gown, pavé crop top by Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis. Near left: Jacobs's society muse, Anne Slater. **THIS PAGE**, far left: clean-cut basics with snap. Near left: his pea coat: "simplicity with a twist." Above: another of his Park Avenue ladies, Chessy Rayner. Details, stores, last pages.

the blue-
ys Marc Jacobs



Ralph Lauren



Ralph Lauren Ralph Lauren opened his show with a salute to the wildness of America: clothes geared for fishing and camping as well as for spectator sports. But Lauren isn't taking it all dead seriously. His new chic, sportive message hinges on a brilliant send-up of the classic naval pea coat. Lauren walked it down the runway in superlong, but slim, form. He also showed one of the best skirts on the New York runways: long, slim, with a bib front and drawstring waistline. In navy wool, it is as handsome and romantic as

sailor's trousers. Ralph Lauren likes to travel and loves to include a romantic spy look in his collections: short wrapped coatdresses of deer-skin. Also on hand: essential bits of movie-star glamour—a jaunty beret, a military belt, a classic white shirt worn with a cravat.

Karl Lagerfeld for Chanel

The only retro thing that appeared on the Chanel runway was the pair of 1963 Ray-Ban sunglasses perched on Karl Lagerfeld's nose. Lagerfeld had unearthed them the day before the show and decided they looked right. Otherwise, everything in his first Chanel ready-to-wear collection for the nineties looked distinctly modern.

First on Lagerfeld's list of inspirations is the group of women who surround him at lunch, at dinner, at his studio, women who pass through his life, gal pals such as Princess Caroline of Monaco or Victoire de Castellane. "I dress what I see," Lagerfeld says, "and that includes a constant coming and going of very distinctive women of style." The idea for the ski parka with gold buttons came from Susan Gutfreund. "For me, she is a woman with great style. She wore a black ski parka all winter over her day clothes in Paris. So I decid-

Ralph Lauren's send-up of the pea coat, far left, inspired by World War II sailors' uniforms (top). Coat, Collection by Ralph Lauren. Center: romanticized leather-bound double agent. Dress, Collection by Ralph Lauren. Bottom: the secret ingredient: movie-star style like that of Katharine Hepburn in *Christopher Strong*. Details, stores, last pages.

Three versions of the Chanel silk parka, inspired by many of Lagerfeld's stylish women friends, including Susan Gutfreund and Princess Caroline of Monaco (below, right). Details, stores, last pages.



Chanel



ed why not do a Chanel one." Lagerfeld says Diane de Beauvau-Craon's freewheeling attitude toward mixing "inspired the modern mood" of the collection.

For the ultimate "fusion of street smarts and sophistication," however, Lagerfeld turns to Jayne Wrightsman. "What inspires me is her way of talking, which is always full of vitality and curiosity. She has elegance of the spirit as well as an in-tune and perfectly fit body." Victoire de Castellane, who works in the Chanel studio, "is always full of provocative, yet modern, elegance in the way she assembles accessories from Chanel with an edge that comes from the latest street, house, and rap music styles."

Lagerfeld also finds great inspiration in one dress designed by Yves Saint Laurent. "I think Yves's new black-and-white dress with an extravagant train is one of the great contemporary Paris masterpieces of dressmaking," Lagerfeld says. "This is Yves at his finest hour, exactly as he was when he was in his twenties."



Recalling the rich embroidery of the Far East, Oscar de la Renta creates a dazzlingly beaded evening dress.

Right, top: one of the tapestry-like costumes from *The Last Emperor*.

Right, below: Norma Kamali reveals her penchant for woven silk brocade. Details, stores, last pages.



Oscar de la Renta



Norma Kamali



Giorgio Armani



Oscar de la Renta

The opulence of the Far East has always inspired Oscar de la Renta. This year his embroideries get even richer, drawing as they do upon the grace and elegance of the Khmer temple dancers carved into the walls of ruins in Angkor Wat.

Norma Kamali

Norma Kamali's brocade patchworks sewn into long vests, jackets, and pants took their direction from the East as well. "Each piece of silk brocade is as collectible as an antique," she says. "They will soon be crafts of the past. This collection has the kind of richness that has endured through the ages and comes from old-fashioned weaving of extravagant textiles."

Geoffrey Beene Avid gardener Geoffrey Beene ended his show with a series of long, dramatic gowns, one splashed with giant chrysanthemums, a flower that became fashionable in China during the fourth century. "These are my mandarin princess dresses," he says, "all inspired by the exotica of the Far East."

CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE: Giorgio Armani's shearling coat is modeled after those worn by Tibetan pilgrims; flower-loving Geoffrey Beene covers a silk gown with giant chrysanthemums; Ungaro Parallèle's Eastern-style padded jacket. Details, stores, last pages.



Ungaro



Geoffrey Beene

Gianfranco Ferre for Dior What allows Gianfranco Ferre to blend the decorative motif of a Fabergé egg with a wool dinner suit? The wonderful House of Dior, where old-world seamstresses perform fashion miracles. "It is fantastic to work in such a house," says Ferre, who still marvels at the way each garment is put together and hand-finished by a single individual. "This is the only couture house in Paris where 150 men and women actually sew, where there are four full-time people working in the hat atelier." But technique would be nothing without Ferre's imagination, which takes its cues not only from Fabergé's eggs made for the Russian czars, but from the Dior archives, from Christian Dior's robes made for English royalty, from his sweeping floor-length silk shawls with feathers.

Bill Blass Bill Blass's favorite dress was inspired by the mysterious amber room that was once part of the Catherine Palace in czarist Russia. "I'm crazy about that room that disappeared in 1945," he says. "Amber has always been a color I find elegant for late day in luxury fabrics. There is a whole sea of it in this collection." Blass can talk for an afternoon about the tons of eighteenth-century amber that were packed into seventy-two crates and removed from the palace by convoys of Nazi trucks in 1945.

THIS PAGE, left: the amber walls of the Catherine Palace, which inspired Bill Blass's silk satin dress (below).

OPPOSITE PAGE: Gianfranco Ferre incorporates the design of a Fabergé egg (detail, near right) into a suit by Christian Dior Boutique (far right). Details, stores, last pages.



Bill Blass



Christian Dior

Ferre for Dior takes his cues from Fabergé eggs once owned by the czars and from the Dior archives

Gianni Versace Gianni Versace's collections never miss a beat, because he is constantly drawing on rock and roll for an update. And it's not surprising that Versace, heavily connected to the rock world, summers at his weekend house with everyone from Elton John and Bruce Springsteen to Prince. La Toya Jackson was front and center at his last ready-to-wear collection, in March. But Versace also has a roster of celebrity women whose dressing needs influence him. There's Faye Dunaway, Jane Fonda (who wore one of his dresses to the most recent Academy Awards), Princess Di (who likes his jeans silhouette), and even Julie Andrews (who sat in the front row at his couture collection waxing eloquent over his brilliant Pop Art colors and dazzling embroideries).

For color Versace turns to the brilliant hues of artist Sonia Delaunay: leggings have patterns taken from her 1964 graphic designs called court cards. Versace's newest wrap day coat (a mini trench in shearling) borrows the acid greens from Warhol's famous paintings of Marilyn Monroe.

Claude Montana For his women's collection shown in March, Claude Montana simply leafed through reproductions of those same Warhol paintings of Monroe and then matched the fabrics to the plays of shocking

THIS PAGE, right: Gianni Versace's extravagantly beaded rock-and-roll jeans designed for the likes of La Toya Jackson pick up the pattern of Sonia Delaunay's court cards (detail, above). **OPPOSITE PAGE**, Claude Montana (top) and Gianni Versace (bottom) borrow colors from Pop Art for trench coats. Right: Warhol's influential Marilyn Monroes. Details, stores, last pages.



Gianni



Claude Montana



versace



color—acid green, hot fuchsia, violet. Marilyn's blond hair was an inspiration for an array of clothes in vivid yellow.

Christian Lacroix

"A long time ago, I stopped thinking of a specific theme for each of my collections," says Christian Lacroix. "It's artificial." Fashion today, he believes, should be created in the same way that a modern traveler concocts style—"mixing casual shapes that come from exotic places, historic elements gleaned from trips, visits to an exhibition, and even one's favorite flea market."

Two great fall inspirations: the sixties style of Jackie O. and Middle Eastern folklore. An ever-present inspiration: the romance of the bullfight—from the annual La Feria held during the spring festival in Seville to the one in Arles, near Lacroix's birthplace in the South of France. The brilliant *vestido de luces*, or suit of lights, worn by matadors serves as the launching point for his pink matador jacket shown with slim black trousers or over floor-length tulle skirts.

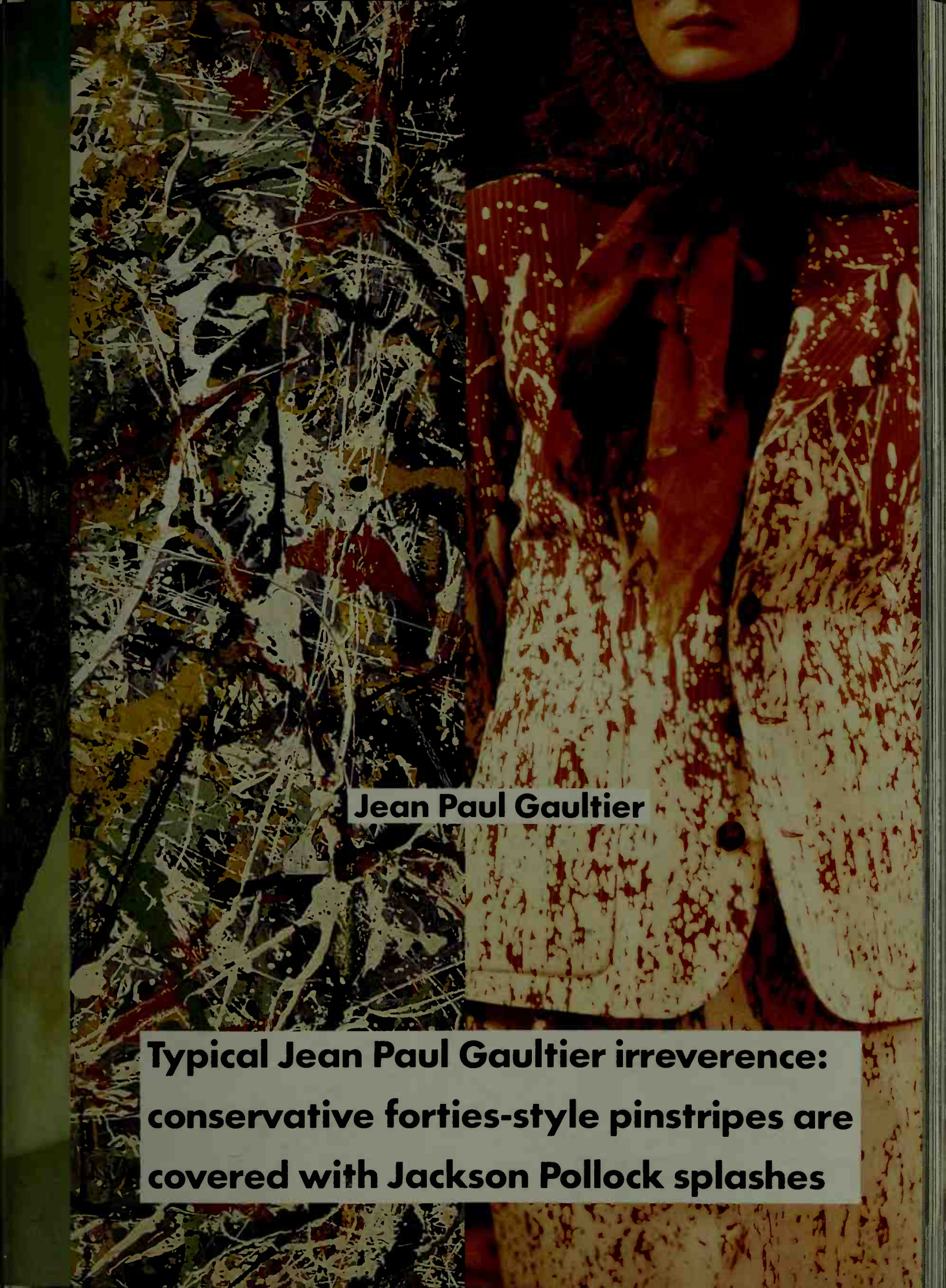
Jean Paul Gaultier

Jean Paul Gaultier got so excited about the splash paintings of the late Jackson Pollock that he invented his own splashes and put them on a polyamide viscose fabric revived from the forties called albene. The splashes first appeared in last fall's collections; by March, he had used subtle chalk stripes for loose, tailored suits for the women's ready-to-wear collection.

THIS PAGE: A richly embroidered antique toreador jacket recalls the bravado of matadors from Christian Lacroix's native Arles. **Inset:** the influence of the bullfight is evident in Lacroix's pink bolero. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Jackson Pollock's colorful splash paintings (detail of one, near right) inspired a suit by Junior Gaultier, far right. **Details, stores, last pages.**



Christian Lacroix



Jean Paul Gaultier

**Typical Jean Paul Gaultier irreverence:
conservative forties-style pinstripes are
covered with Jackson Pollock splashes**



Yves Saint Laurent

For Saint Laurent, fashion inspiration clearly remains all in the family

For Yves Saint Laurent, inspiration is usually a family matter—only in his case it's the de La Falaise family that he looks to. Loulou de La Falaise Klossowski has been a part of his inner circle since 1972, as his design assistant and muse, and now her niece Lucie (age seventeen) has become Saint Laurent's favorite runway model—she's the bride in the finale of his shows—as well as the image for Yves Saint Laurent Beauté.

A new shop on the rue Faubourg Saint-Honoré in Paris features all the YSL Couture accessories that Loulou designs. Because she has worked with Saint Laurent for so many years, she was able, with Anne-Marie Munoz-Yague, to supervise the execution of his fall ready-to-wear collection when the designer fell sick after preparing the sketches and selecting all the fabrics. "It is fantastic to work beside Yves," says Loulou. "We both believe fantasy is such a vital element of fashion. We tend to think of ourselves as gypsies who have just returned with a marvelous caravan of incredible finds from the exotic reaches of the earth. But we have to make the caravan ourselves. Our Orient is our imagination."—ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

Saint Laurent's mix of cultures in his fall *Rive Gauche* collection, THIS PAGE, as worn on the runway by Lucie de La Falaise. OPPOSITE PAGE: Lucie relaxes with her aunt, Loulou de La Falaise Klossowski, and four-year-old cousin, Anna, on the lawn of Loulou's manor house outside Paris. Details, stores, last pages.

Photographer:
Pascal Chevallier



fall 1990



Fall 1990

Yves Saint Laurent's bold style on the runway, **THIS PAGE**, and a more casual country approach on Lucia, **THIS PAGE**. Playing up the color: Yves Saint Laurent's Rouge Intense Lipstick in #3 Sandalwood Pink. **OPPOSITE PAGE**: In a corner of Loulou's bedroom, a reproduction chair sits before an 18th-century wall hanging. The parchment luggage is from the new Yves Saint Laurent accessory shop in Paris. Details, stores, last pages.



**Saint Laurent reinterprets his fantasy
of Scottish tartans, while de La Falaise
supplies the gilding and plumes**





*As black
recedes from
fashion,
color
and pattern
increase
dramatically.
Here, on
the new print
shirt*

Why the print shirt is replacing the classic white shirt for fall: its rich, raucous pattern and kaleidoscopic color. Ode to rock and roll: a sixties stance in a silk crepe de chine shirt worn with sequined leggings—and long hair. English Eccentrics shirt, about \$395. Yoshi, NYC. Jeanette Kastenberg silk and spandex leggings, about \$510. Martha: Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; I. Magnin. Azzedine Alaia boots. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Sonia Kashuk.

Fashion Editor:
Jenny Capitan
Photographer:
Arthur Elgort

print it

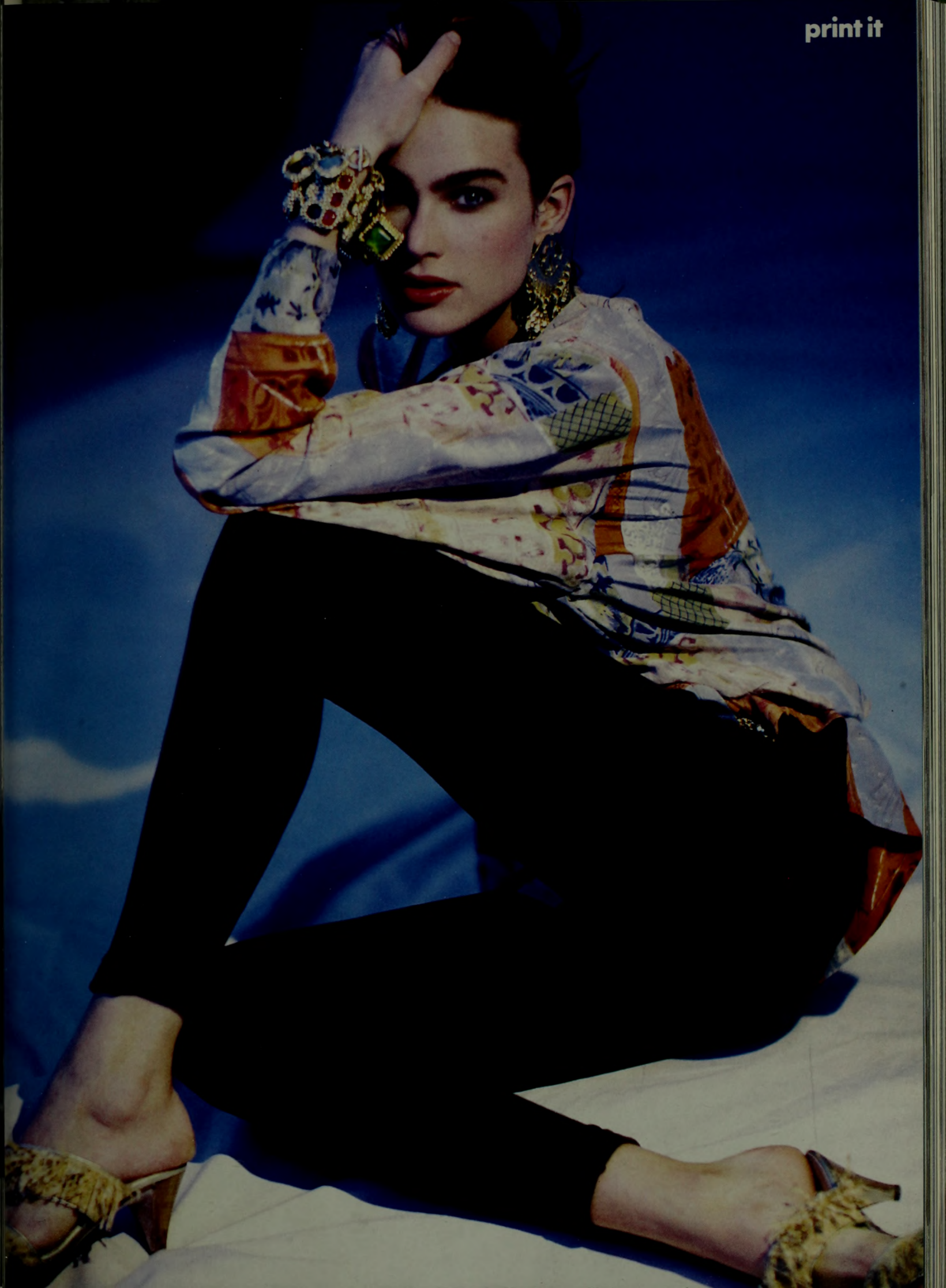


Christian Lacroix's version of the designer print shirt, tailored and worn with a tie, narrow pants, and a fedora. Silk shirt, about \$1,110. Wool and cashmere pants, about \$385. Both, Christian Lacroix Prêt-à-Porter. Barneys New York; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Hair, Orlando for Bumble + Bumble; makeup, Sonia Kashuk. Details, more stores, last pages.

The designer print shirt is one fall item that can be worn when it's purchased— in summer. THIS PAGE

Designers give tartan a sense of humor with pooches on plaid silk. Shirt by Timney-Fowler for Go Silk, about \$200. Bergdorf Goodman; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Go Silk Store, San Francisco. Calvin Klein jeans. An easy way to keep hair in shape for summer: with Sebastian's Systema Laminates Concentrate Gel. OPPOSITE PAGE Real day-for-night dressing. The print shirt (in washed silk) dressed up for evening with brown velvet leggings, baroque jewelry. Shirt by Nicole Farhi, about \$206. Nicole Farhi, SoHo NYC; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Macy's, San Francisco. Leggings by Anvers, about \$92. Anvers, NYC. These two pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, Sonia Kashuk. Details, more stores, last pages.







From the house (Hermès) that practically revived the whole print movement: a multicolor silk shirt and wool jodhpurs. THIS PAGE
Shirt, about \$1,325. Pants, about \$1,250. Both, Hermès. Hermès Boutique, NYC, San Francisco. With vivid prints, subtle color on eyes is best: here, Perfect Finish Eyeshadow Single in Thyme Out, by Charles of the Ritz. OPPOSITE PAGE
There is no other print as distinctive as Pucci's—here on an oversize shirt worn with stretch cotton velvet pants. Silk chiffon shirt by Emilio Pucci, about \$600. Emilio Pucci Boutique, NYC. Pants by Le Manfredi for David Glazer. Scarf by Emilio Pucci. These two pages: hair, Orlando for Bumble + Bumble; makeup, Sonia Kashuk. Details, more stores, last pages.



The Cutting Edge

As hairstylists keep pace with fashion, Page Hill Starzinger tracks down what's new—from flips and wigs to short cuts

Consider this: at Chanel, many of the models were sent down the fall runway wearing long, swingy brunette falls held in place by wide headbands. They were a far cry from the natural, short cuts of Inès de la Fressange, the Chanel symbol of the eighties. And they suddenly gave the lighthearted, high-spirited day suits and satin evening dresses a movie-star glamour. Consider this: Adrienne Vittadini, long a proponent of loose, natural hair for her models, insisted this time on stylized sixties cuts—gel-molded flips, short Beatle cuts. Her sporty white cable-knit sweaters were cast in a whole new role. They looked downtown and hip.

Hair has become as much of an accessory as wildly patterned Pucci tights or thigh-high Barbarella boots. And as easily changeable as a bracelet. "It's fun and not so serious now," says Oribe of Oribe at Parachute, known for always being ahead of the crowd (he was the one who launched short hair by chopping off Linda Evangelista's locks). His latest approach: anything that makes hair "a little more unnatural": wigs, falls, chunky highlights, defined cuts, and exaggerated French twists or topknots that are piled higher than normal.

Taking the edge off these nineties styles: cuts have tapered and rounded ends that move easily, softly; French twists are loose, with strands insouciantly falling out of place.

While wigs are a favorite prop, Oribe admits they aren't for everybody. "It's for someone who views a wig as a hat," he says, "someone who wants to stand out one night when she's feeling like being wild. And you'd be surprised at the women who do look great in something this outrageous. Every woman who cuts her hair off regrets it some days," he adds. The solution: long falls worn with sixties-style headbands. The further a wig or a fall is from a woman's natural hair color, the more it functions as an accessory. Recently, Oribe gave a Marilyn Monroe-type wig to black model Veronica Webb. "Some of our heftiest female icons have had platinum hair," Webb says, "and it really adds glamour when you have it."

"Imagination is the only limit to what goes," Oribe continues. Model Naomi Campbell is proof of that. She owns thirty wigs and cuts her real hair every three or four months. One day this spring, she was spotted on a Paris street wearing a long blond wig. Two months ago, she was seen at a New York City restaurant wearing a red bob. As this story goes to press, she's decided to streak her real hair blond, add a part in the middle, and straighten it into a wash-and-wear sixties 'do. "I like to change," she explains, as if changing her hair is as ordinary as switching the color of her lipstick.

Bruno Pittini of the Bruno Dessange Salon, known for easy-care real-life haircuts designed specifically to flatter the face, dismisses wigs. "Who does it?" he asks. "The young people, not the people who know what looks good on them already." He has a roster of clients who appreciate his down-to-earth approach: Jodie Foster, Jessica Lange, Catherine Deneuve.

As serious and ascetic as Oribe is casual and trendy, Pittini says style is his focus, not fashion. Nevertheless, he approaches hair as an important accessory. "The haircut," he says in heavily accented French, "is like the clothes for the face." Specializing in cuts that are versatile enough to be styled in different ways for different occasions, Pittini is a firm believer in individualized hairstyles. In fact, he views the role of the hairdresser as equivalent to that of a psychologist: "You have to notice everything: her voice, her hair, her makeup, the clothes she wears." He believes that just as accessories set up clothes, hairstyles evoke the different moods of women. Marilyn Monroe has become a modern muse. "She played around with her hair but never lost sight of her real identity," he says. The most versatile lengths: from right above the shoulder to very short. Hair can be slicked back behind the ears, pulled up into a soft French twist, or left loose with the ends flicked up. A vast array of mousses, perms, and gels can be utilized for control and to create astonishingly different looks from one haircut.

Although a woman's fashion sense is just one of many elements Pittini considers when developing a cut, it is still extremely important. "I can't see 'big hair' with the small, skintight fashions of today," he says, referring to the unitards, narrow jackets, and short skirts that are dominating collections. "It would be out of proportion." Instead, he advocates hairstyles close to the head with a definite part "to avoid hair looking too



The look for hair today: above the shoulders, with a definite line. Here, the sixties-inspired flip by Oribe, NYC. Adding sheen: Clairol's Condition Finishing Shine. DKNY shirt. Vintage Rolex watch at Aaron Faber Gallery, NYC. In this story: makeup, Marie-Josée Lafontaine. Details, stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Phyllis Posnick
Photographer:
Walter Chin

the cutting edge

Doubleheader: twin models Lor-Tensia and Dor-Tensia show how much of an accessory wigs can really be.

Updated seventies

Afro wigs.

Descamps

bathrobes. INSET:

Short black- and

apricot-haired

wigs. Calvin Klein

bodysuit.

Descamps

bathrobe. Hair,

Oribe, NYC.

Details, stores,

last pages.



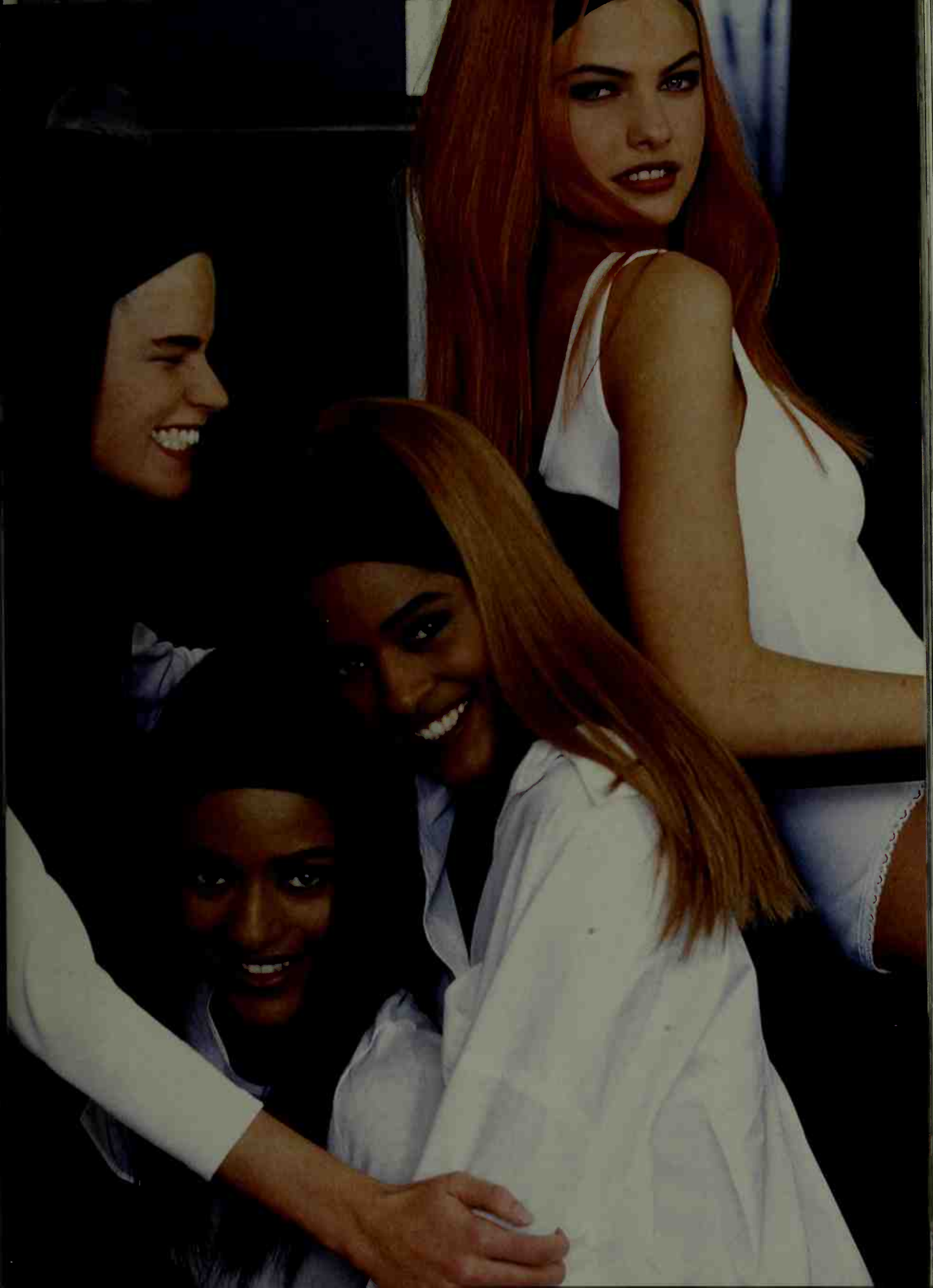


the cutting edge



A change of color and of length from faux falls. **LEFT:** Nadege's short hair peers out from under a long fall. Dress, Azzedine Alaïa. Cartier watch. **RIGHT:** The more obviously fake the color, the more the wig or fall looks like a fun accessory. Dress, Liza Bruce. T-shirt, Hanro. Shirt, Linda Allard for Ellen Tracy. Bodysuit, Donna Karan New York. Hair, Oribe, NYC. Details, stores, last pages.







The key hair silhouette for fall's body-conscious clothes: small, close to the head. Here, by Bruno Pittini for Bruno Dessange. **OPPOSITE PAGE AND ABOVE:** The return of the part. To create a widow's peak, Bruno uses a dab of Jacques Dessange Fixing Gel. **Dress, Michael McCollom for Isaia, NYC. THIS PAGE, bottom:** the cut in process. **Norma Kamali jumpsuit. Rolex watch. Bulgari bracelets. Center:** proof that short can be feminine. **Norma Kamali jumpsuit. Top:** the curly approach. **Dress, Calvin Klein. Jumpsuit, Norma Kamali. Details, stores, last pages.**

flat, like a crepe.”

For Oribe, and many fashion designers, Madonna's quick-change hair artistry—dying her locks blond, then black, cutting them into bobs and pageboys—is a big inspiration. “She's always reinventing herself. I hope that's what I can do,” says Charlotte Neuville, who admits to a secret urge to buy a bleached-blond version of Audrey Hepburn's short cut in *Roman Holiday*. Carolyne Roehm, who recently cut her hair short for the first time since 1985, agrees that variety is important. “The women who wear the same hairstyle all the time usually say, ‘This is how I wore it in college.’ I want to tell them, ‘It's time to consider graduating.’”

Ironically, most of the women who are making hairstyle changes now are probably too young to graduate from high school. But then that's obviously beginning to change, too. ●

THE BEST HAIRCUTS:

New York City: Bruno Dessange, from \$80, easy-care cuts (212) 517-9660; Bumble + Bumble, from \$40, feminine, soft styles (212) 371-4100; Frederic Fekkai Beauty Centre, Bergdorf Goodman, from \$75, subtle shapes, easy maintenance (212) 753-9500; Imo Beauty Salon, the Regency Hotel, from \$50, tailored to the individual (212) 753-2326; René Beauty Salon, the Pierre Hotel, from \$40, smart shaping (212) 838-7950; John Sahag, from \$100, fashion oriented (212) 371-4777; La Coupe, from \$40, sixties influence (212) 371-9230; Oribe at Parachute, from \$50, very short, trendy (212) 769-0950; Pipino Buccheri, from \$44, clean, soft shapes (212) 759-2959; Suga Salon, from \$55, tailored cuts (212) 421-4400; Vidal Sassoon, from \$58, always current (212) 535-9200

Boston: Born 2b Wild, from \$25, natural shaping (617) 536-0303; Vidal Sassoon, from \$50, cut and color combos (617) 536-5496

Washington D.C.: Okyo Salon, from \$40, structured shapes (202) 342-2675; Robin Weir & Company, from \$25, including conditioning hair care (202) 861-0444

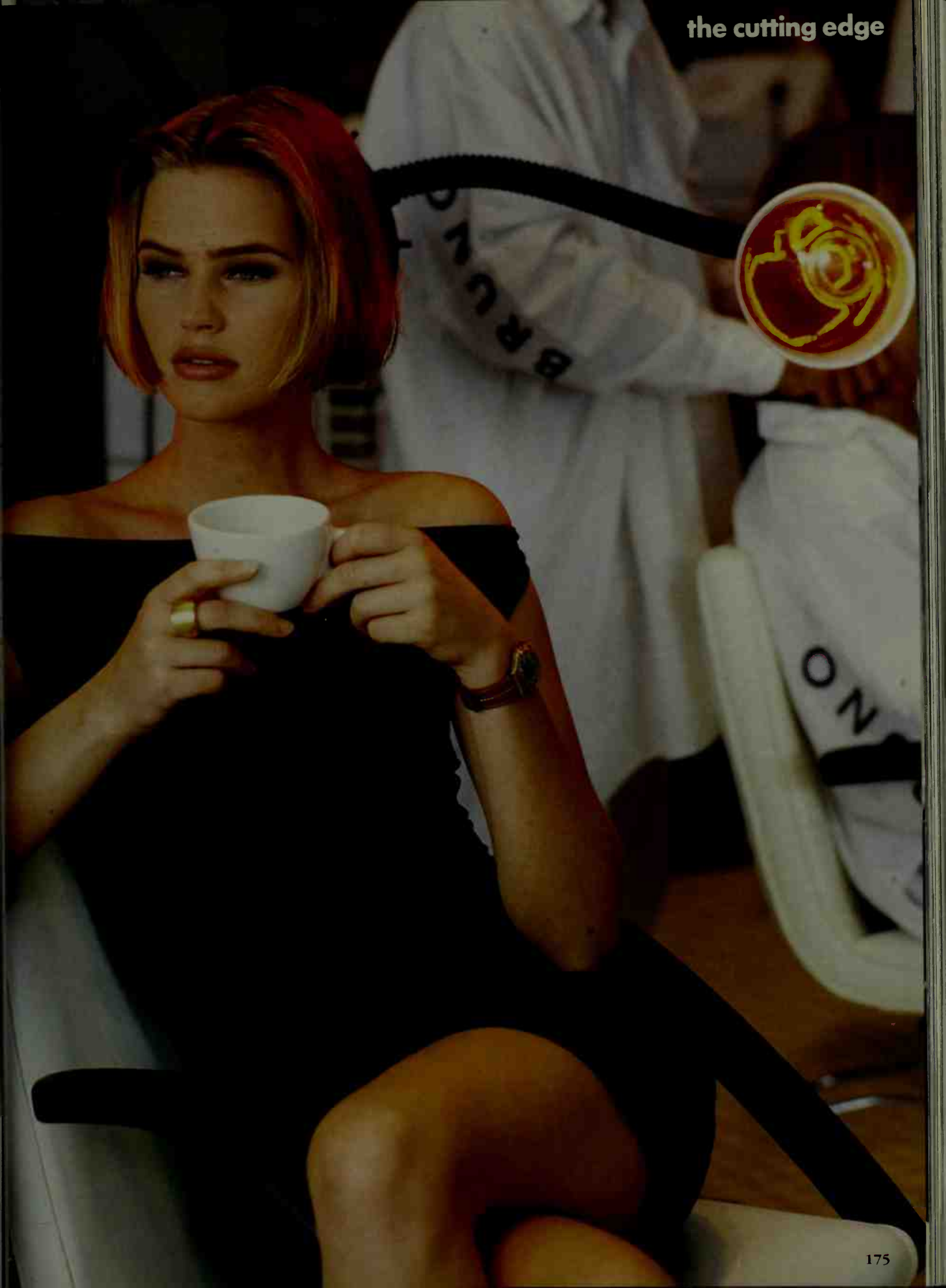
Chicago: Charles Ifergan Salon, from \$50, active lifestyle cuts (312) 642-4484; Mario Tricoci Salon/Spa, from \$40, precision cuts (312) 915-0960

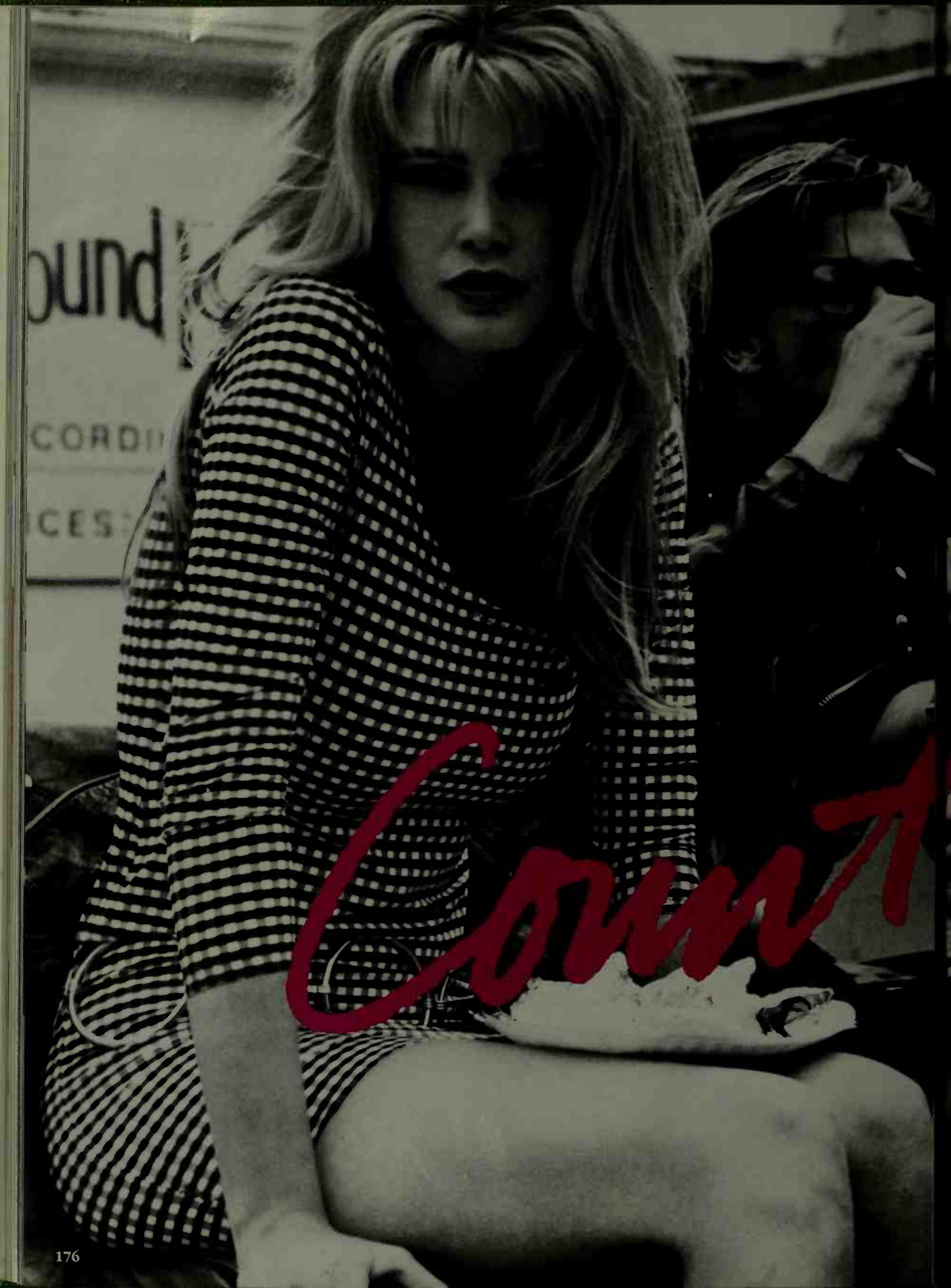
Dallas: Neinast Salon, from \$40, hair weaving too (214) 521-4300; Ric Bishop, from \$20, well shaped (214) 692-5910

San Francisco: Mister Lee Beauty, Hair & Health Spa, from \$35, natural shaping (415) 474-6002; Vidal Sassoon, from \$40, fashion looks (415) 397-5105

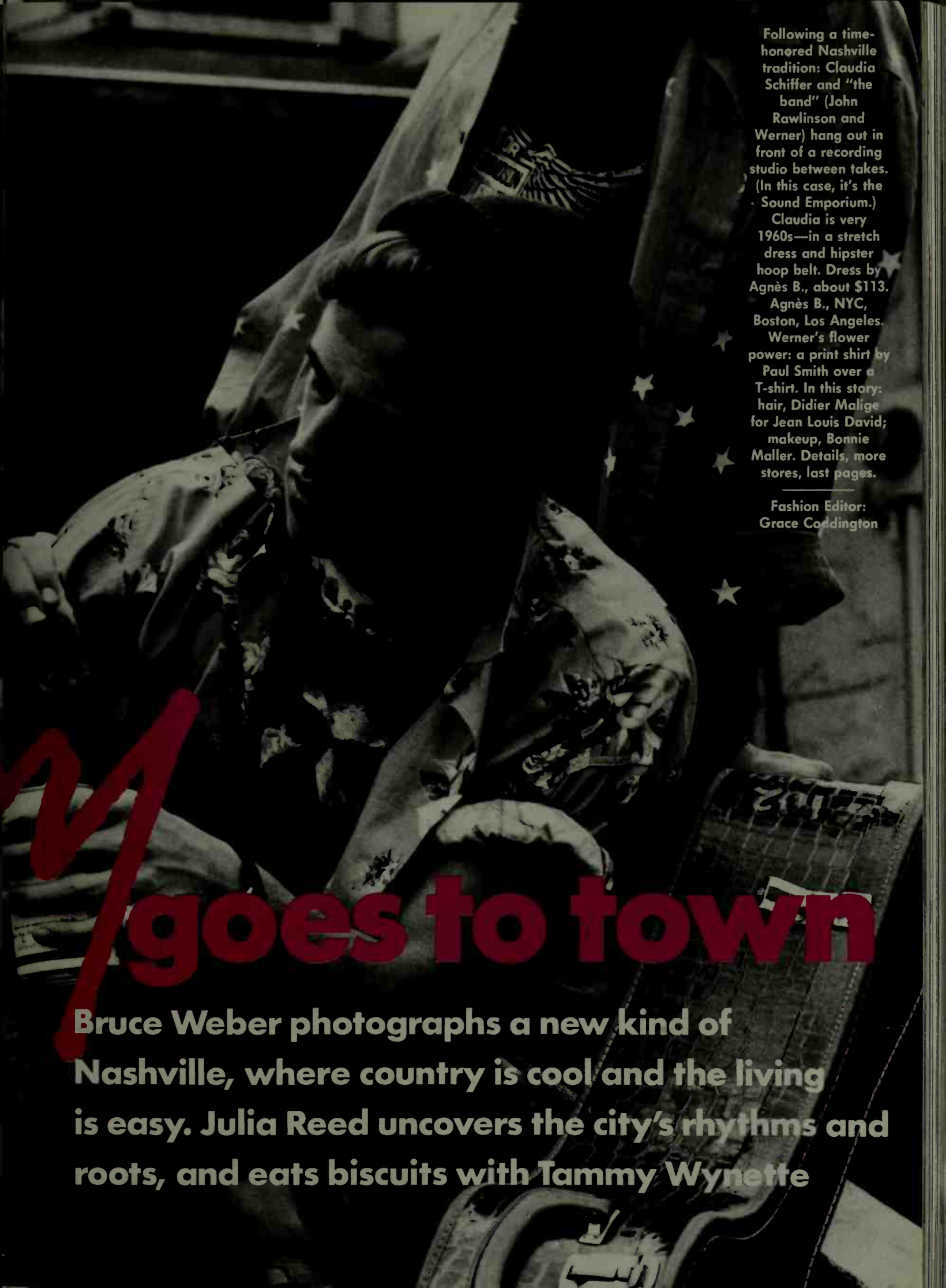
Los Angeles area: Aida Grey Institut de Beauté, from \$50, shaped to lifestyle (213) 276-4681; Allen Edwards Salon, from \$45, face framers (213) 274-8575; Cassandre 2000, from \$35, trendsetters (818) 881-8400; Doyle Wilson Salon, from \$40, contemporary Californian (213) 658-6987; Michael John, from \$50, strong shapes (213) 278-8333; Umberto Salon, from \$50, very personal approach (213) 274-6395

More cities, last pages.





Comment



Following a time-honored Nashville tradition: Claudia Schiffer and "the band" (John Rawlinson and Werner) hang out in front of a recording studio between takes. (In this case, it's the Sound Emporium.) Claudia is very 1960s—in a stretch dress and hipster hoop belt. Dress by Agnès B., about \$113. Agnès B., NYC, Boston, Los Angeles. Werner's flower power: a print shirt by Paul Smith over a T-shirt. In this story: hair, Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup, Bonnie Maller. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Grace Coddington

My goes to town

Bruce Weber photographs a new kind of Nashville, where country is cool and the living is easy. Julia Reed uncovers the city's rhythms and roots, and eats biscuits with Tammy Wynette

country goes to town

nashville's hip. Everybody says so. The city hasn't been so talked about since Robert Altman decided to make it a metaphor for America in 1975. People who never listened to country music before listen to Lyle Lovett and k.d. lang and discuss the *irony* of the lyrics. A German cameraman I know dragged his Chinese fiancée all the way from Hong Kong to get married on the Grand Ole Opry stage. People are buying into Nashville as though it were just another piece of Ralph Lauren Roughwear or a Driza-Bone raincoat. If it's authentic, it must be happening.

Such is the frenzy that those people who have always been devoted to country music feel compelled to reassert themselves with Barbara Mandrell's line "I was country when country wasn't cool." But Nashville has never really had trouble accommodating interlopers, at least where country music is concerned. Kris Kristofferson and Roger Miller were among the first to push the inside of the envelope. They hit town just after the heyday of acts like Hawkshaw Hawkins and Cowboy Copas, and every would-be songwriter in the Western world followed on a Nashville-bound Greyhound. Next came an almost unendurable period of country pop, when everybody from Julio Iglesias to Lionel Richie went western. Now the music is making a much-heralded return to its roots. Randy Travis has become one of the hottest acts around by singing songs the way George Jones and Merle Haggard always have. B.B. King, never a Nashville man, came to town in April to record a duet with him.

But there's a whole other Nashville, a world of old money and subtle class distinctions that existed long before country came to town. Nashville may be best known as "Music City USA," but it also claims the title "Athens of the South," the "city of schools and churches" Peter Taylor describes in his Pulitzer-winning *A Summons to Memphis*—the place where "phrases like 'well bred' and 'well born' were always ringing in one's ears."

Nashville has more colleges and universities than any other city in the country but New York, built on bequests from Yankee millionaires seeking rapprochement after the Civil War. It's a city that so values its past—any past—that for Tennessee's centennial celebration in 1897 the city fathers chose to build a scale replica of the Parthenon. In May of this year a forty-two-foot-high statue of the goddess Athena was unveiled inside. Athena has been missing from the original Parthenon for more than two thousand years; only Nashville felt the need to re-create the statue. And it took a lifelong Nashvillian to do the job—thirty-four-year-old Alan LeQuire, who devoted almost a quarter of his life to the replica.

Not far from the Parthenon is a monument to a less distant past, the Country Music Hall of Fame. Busloads of tourists pile out to see Elvis's "solid gold" Cadillac, Dale Evans's cowboy boots, Porter Wagoner's lime green silk suit. And they pay tribute to their own particular Athenas: Dolly Parton, Loretta Lynn, and of course, Tammy Wynette.

Sometimes it's hard to be a woman,
Giving all your love to just one man.
You'll have bad times,
And he'll have good times,
Doin' things you don't understand

"Stand by Your Man,"

Tammy Wynette and Billy Sherrill

When "Stand by Your Man" catapulted to the top of the country charts in 1968, Tammy Wynette became the undisputed Queen of Country Music. The song, which she wrote with Billy Sherrill allegedly in fifteen minutes, became the biggest-selling country hit ever, until Dolly Parton's 1980 single "Nine to Five" came out, and that had a movie to back it up. Tammy is still the top-selling country artist in Australia, and if in recent years there's been a bit of a Tammy Lull, there has also been the transformation of Tammy into a pop icon. "Stand by Your Man" is on every jukebox in every gay bar in New York City, and Lyle Lovett covers it on his latest album. D-I-V-O-R-C-E has become part of the language. I know people who still spell it out rather than utter the word. Last year Tammy hit the road hard again on a GMC truck-sponsored tour with the white-hot Randy Travis. Now she's back in the studio recording the kinds of "weepers" that made her famous, and last March she did a sellout solo show at L.A.'s Roxy. The two Tammys—cult figure and Great Lady Singer—are about to converge.

At the Roxy she wore a gold-beaded minidress and sang the hell out of vintage hits like "I Don't Wanna Play House." The crowd included everybody from Burt and Loni to Tom Petty. "There's a whole pop awareness of Tammy Wynette," says Joanne Gardner, a former masseuse who runs one of Nashville's top video production shops. "She's almost kitsch, but then you meet her and she's like royalty. She's got that presence. She's so much smaller and so much more fragile than I thought. I'd give her a massage and I'd say, what's this scar?...She looked like Zorro had been after her."

Indeed, Tammy's tough times have been well documented, most notably in her autobiography, titled—what else?—*Stand by Your Man*. The abusive marriages, the crazy years with George Jones, the abduction, the bus burning, the house burning, the surgeries (she's had seventeen operations on her stomach alone), the bouts with pain pills, the subsequent rehab are all part of Tammy Lore. Now she's back in shape under the guidance of husband/manager

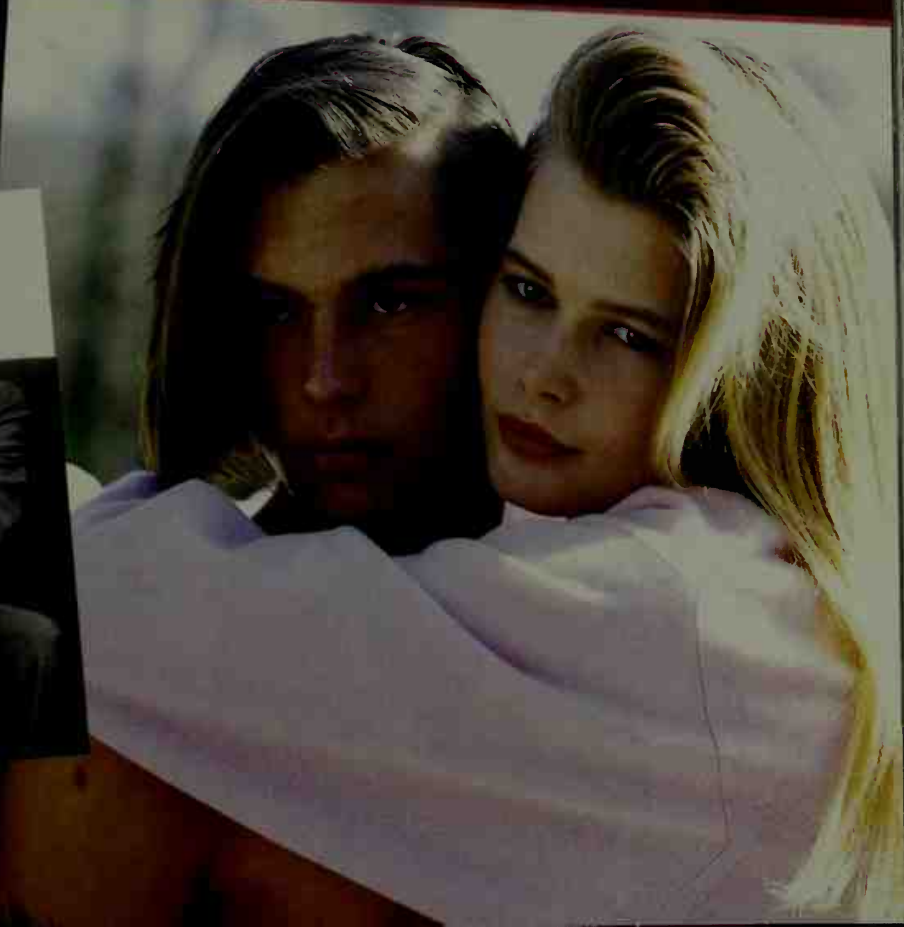
Music City USA meets the Athens of the South (clockwise from top left): vintage poster at Tootsie's Orchid Lounge, where performers at the nearby Grand Ole Opry traditionally repair between sets; Nashville's statue of Athena by Alan LeQuire; singer/songwriter Clint Black; Nashville's own Parthenon, home to the LeQuire Athena; Claudia in a light pink V-neck cardigan by N. Peal Cashmere; blues great John Lee Hooker with his grandson; sidewalk graffiti and a black suede boot from Sidonnie Larizzi for Christian Lacroix; a rural scene in Columbia TN, host to an annual mule day; Judit Masco in sequins by Bob Mackie, and John in leather by Schott from the Antique Boutique, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.

...LING AND THE CREEK
...SATURDAY AT THE

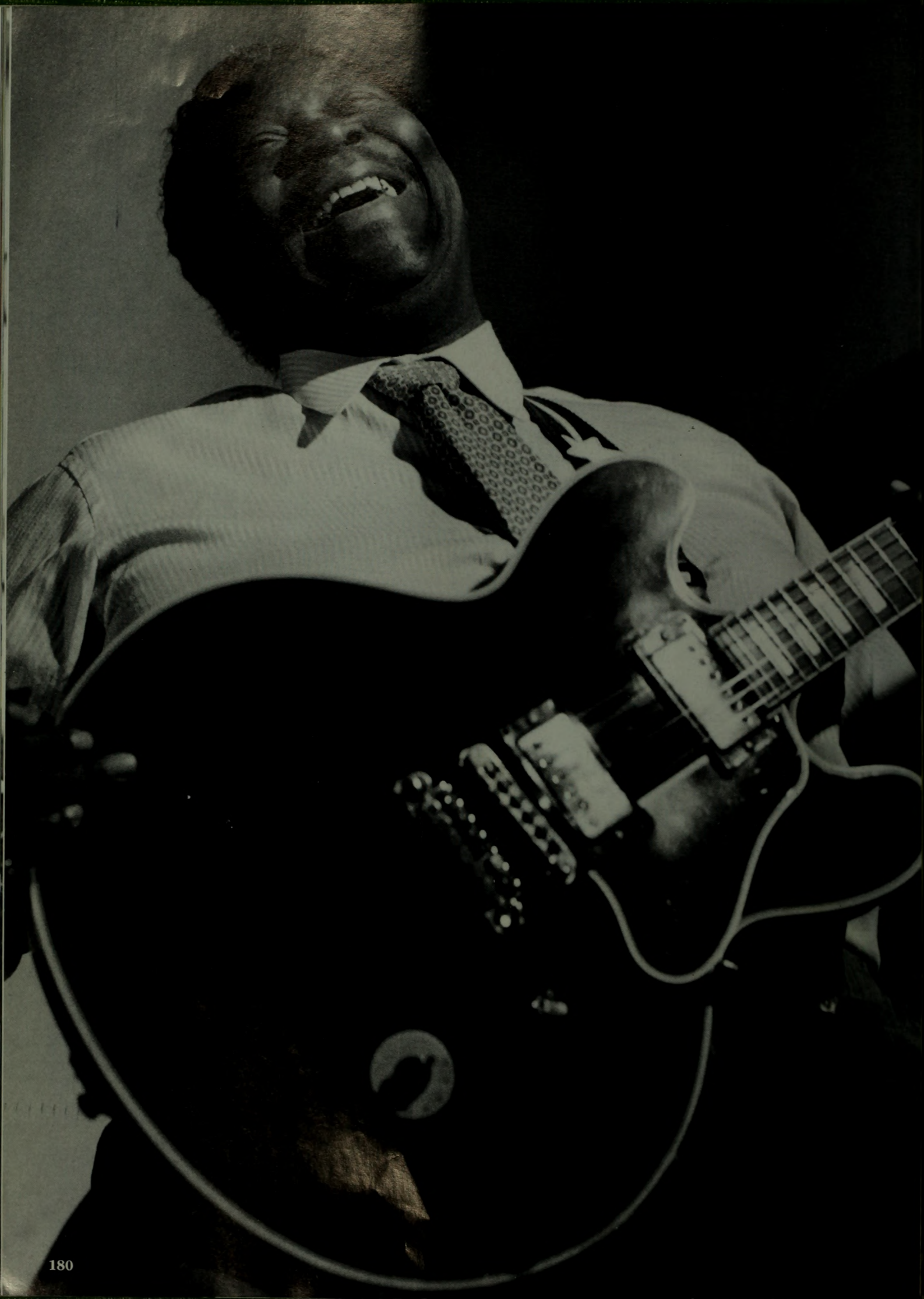
...IANA ...RIDE!

...AL AUD.
...EPORT

*Paul West was here
11-90 golden gate
Toni San Miller*



Handwritten text and scribbles on the bottom left background.





Nadege and Mario Sorrenti take a booth at Tootsie's Orchid Lounge, a Nashville music landmark, **THIS PAGE**. Her outfit is a kind of style landmark: Isaac Mizrahi's coat. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Boots by Sidonie Larizzi for Christian Lacroix. His look is another classic: leather jacket by Screaming Mimi's of New York; T-shirt by Harley-Davidson Sportswear by IXSPA 2000. Levi's 501 jeans. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** The great rhythm and blues legend B.B. King, who just finished recording a duet with country golden boy Randy Travis. Details, more stores, last pages.



The girl, the guy, the bike, and the movie camera: Nadege puts her impression of Mario (with Nashville in the background) on film. Emilio Pucci tennis shorts, about \$150. Emilio Pucci Boutique, NYC. Bikini, Cacharel Maillots de Bain, about \$90. Janet Russo, NYC; Top Drawer, Nantucket MA; Abbe's Place, Philadelphia. On Mario: Guess? T-shirt and jeans. Details, more stores, last pages.



George Richey, who the morning of my visit is making biscuits—"Oh yeah, those are gonna be award winners right there," he says, grinning at the oven. Between them they have six children and four grandchildren, whose pictures occupy almost as much wall space as the gold records. A daughter whom George identifies as "one of my little maggots" streaks frantically through the kitchen—she is cramming for the state cosmetology exam. Another daughter is in law school and plans a career in international music copyrights. George's biscuits are incredibly good. He makes a skilletful of sausage-cream gravy to pour on top. It's business as usual down on the farm.

Except that the farm is really a twenty-thousand-square-foot house called First Lady Acres located right around the corner from the Governor's Mansion. A sign at the gate says "Tour Buses Welcome." Above the sink in the kitchen a largemouth bass is mounted on a plaque inscribed to Tammy from Merle Haggard. The dining room is all black—table, chairs, place mats, even china and stemmed glasses. In the backyard there's a pool, two tennis courts, and a trampoline flush in the ground. In Tammy's book her current bathroom, complete with a marble sunken tub, is pictured alongside her first one, an outhouse. As a child in Mississippi, she picked cotton. Her first husband's first name was Euple.

These days Tammy's clothes are designed by Bob Mackie—protégé Jef Billings. Each beaded extravaganza weighs almost thirty pounds, about a third of Tammy's size-two self. Before the photo shoot, Tammy lets us hang out in her bedroom while she shows us a pile of the dresses. Her makeup assistant asks George what he thinks Tammy should wear. George, not for the first time, says, "I think whatever she thinks is fine."

Before he married Tammy, George Richey was a renowned producer and songwriter in his own right. He is, by all accounts, a funny guy, but today George is nervous. Didier Malige is still putting some much-needed air in Tammy's hair, we haven't started shooting yet, and Tammy is already late for the studio. She has another track to cut for the new album, and then George and Tammy and Tammy's makeup artist and Tammy's band will all pile in the bus and head to Canada for *one* night. Susan Nadler, a public relations executive who has handled Tammy's account for a year now, says, "You tell Tammy two hundred people want to see her in Branson, Missouri, and *boom*, she's on the bus."

Nadler had warned me that Tammy would make me cry and she was right. Tammy Wynette has more humility than anyone I've ever met. "I know what the real thing is," says Nadler, "and Tammy's the real thing. She has that crack in her voice. She touches you when she sings." She even touches you when she talks. Over breakfast she talks us through the lyrics of "Half the Way Home," a classic tearjerker she'd recorded the day before about an old friend who's dying. The whole table dissolved. Mike Martinovich, vice president of marketing at CBS Records, knows what the real thing is too, and he couldn't be happier. In New York he worked with artists like Michael Jackson, Bruce Springsteen, and Barbra Streisand. Still, he always wanted to come to Nashville, and now he's got Tammy. He tells anybody who'll listen that the *Los Angeles Times* called Tammy "an American Treasure." He hands out copies of a tape he's made called *Tammy Time*. In his office Martinovich plays a rough cut of "Half the ► 226

country goes to town



Belle Meade is the kind of conservative Nashville enclave where motorcycles aren't exactly standard equipment. **THIS PAGE.** Mario is the reckless, drive-right-in biker, and Judit plays the debutante daughter with dubious friends. Behind her, Werner (top) and Jahn. Cashmere sweater by N. Peal Cashmere, about \$320. N. Peal, NYC, San Francisco, Canada. Skirt, Christian Lacroix Luxe. Saks Fifth Avenue. Leather jackets by Schott and Screaming Mimi's of New York. T-shirts, Harley-Davidson Sportswear by IXSPA 2000 and Guess?. Levi's 501 Jeans. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Across town, and on the wrong side of the tracks. Details, more stories, last pages.



Tonight down here in the valley
I'm lonesome and oh how I feel
As I sit here alone in my cabin
I can see your mansion on the hill

country goes to town

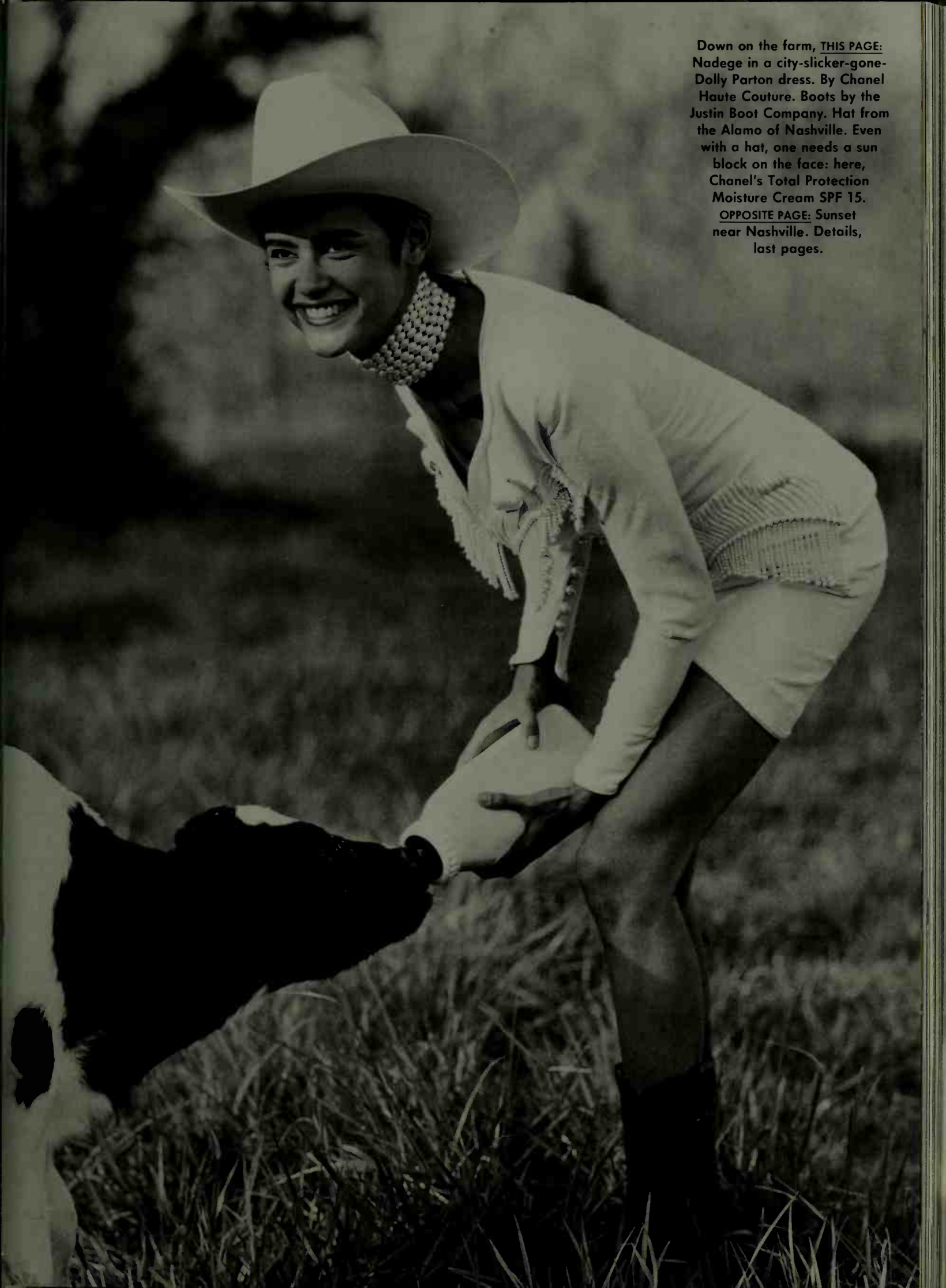




She's with the band,
OPPOSITE PAGE:
Nadege gets carried
away with the guitars.
Cotton gabardine
dress by Emilio Pucci,
about \$325.
Bergdorf Goodman.
Guitar-shaped handbag,
Bella Freud. Manolo
Blahnik mules. Levi's
501 Jeans. Leather
jackets by Schott and
Screaming Mimi's of
New York. **THIS PAGE:**
The guy credited with
the country-western
music revival, Randy
Travis. Details, more
stores, last pages.

Oh, give me land, lots of land
under starry skies above

Don't fence me in
Let me ride through the wide
Open country that I love...

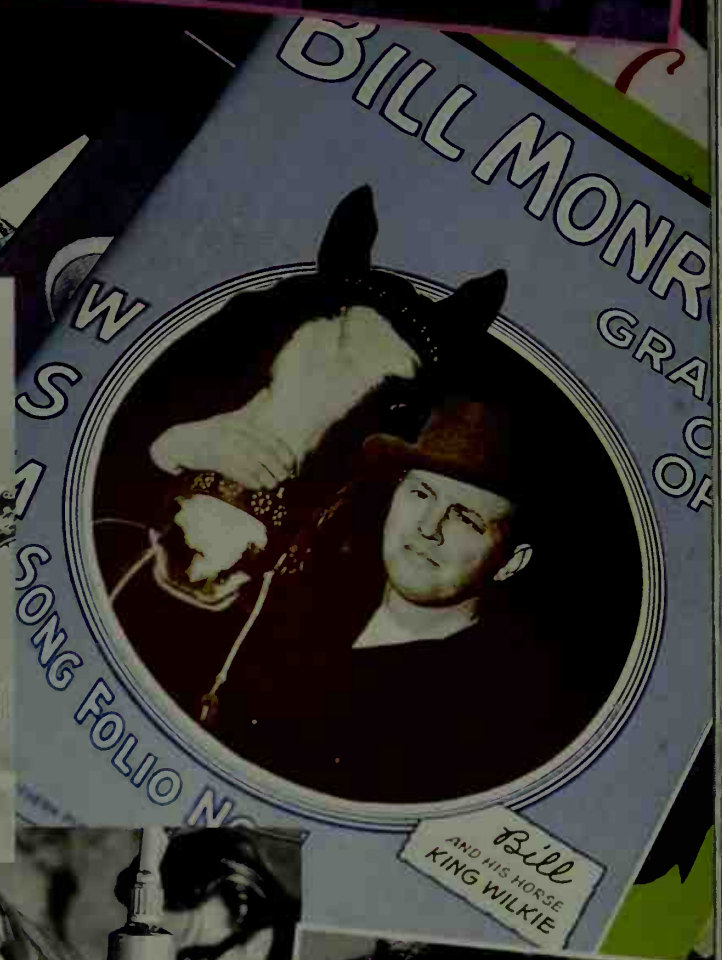
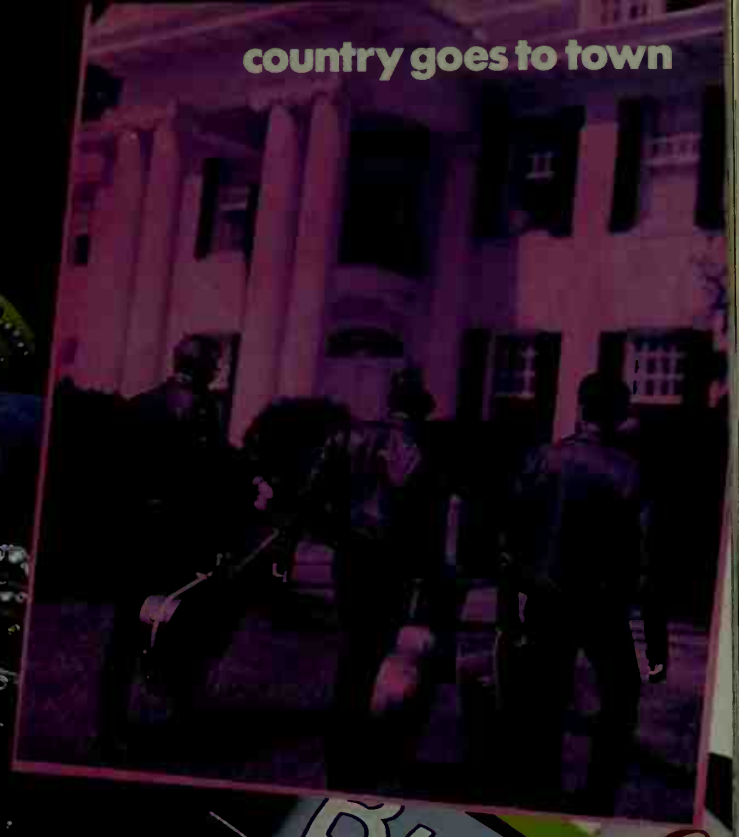


Down on the farm, **THIS PAGE:** Nadege in a city-slicker-gone-Dolly Parton dress. By Chanel Haute Couture. Boots by the Justin Boot Company. Hat from the Alamo of Nashville. Even with a hat, one needs a sun block on the face: here, Chanel's Total Protection Moisture Cream SPF 15. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Sunset near Nashville. Details, last pages.



Two summertime revivals, **THIS PAGE** baseball and the bikini. Swimsuit by Cacharel Maillots de Bain, about \$85. The **Inside Story**, NYC; Liquid Assets, Chicago; Come Rain or Shine, San Francisco. Another revival: the "big hair" look, conditioned here with Nexxus Humectress. **OPPOSITE PAGE** (clockwise from top left): hat and jacket from the Alamo of Nashville haberdasher to the stars; leather jacket by Schott and Screaming Mimi's of New York; sheet music from bluegrass pioneer Bill Monroe; country newcomer, Shelby Lynne; Judith wears a man's shirt from Polo by Ralph Lauren; jamming at Gruhn Guitars; Judith in a Burberrys Limited raincoat and a Bob Mackie dress; Tammy Wynette's tour bus, the Tammy II; Bill Monroe today. Details, more stores last pages.

country goes to town



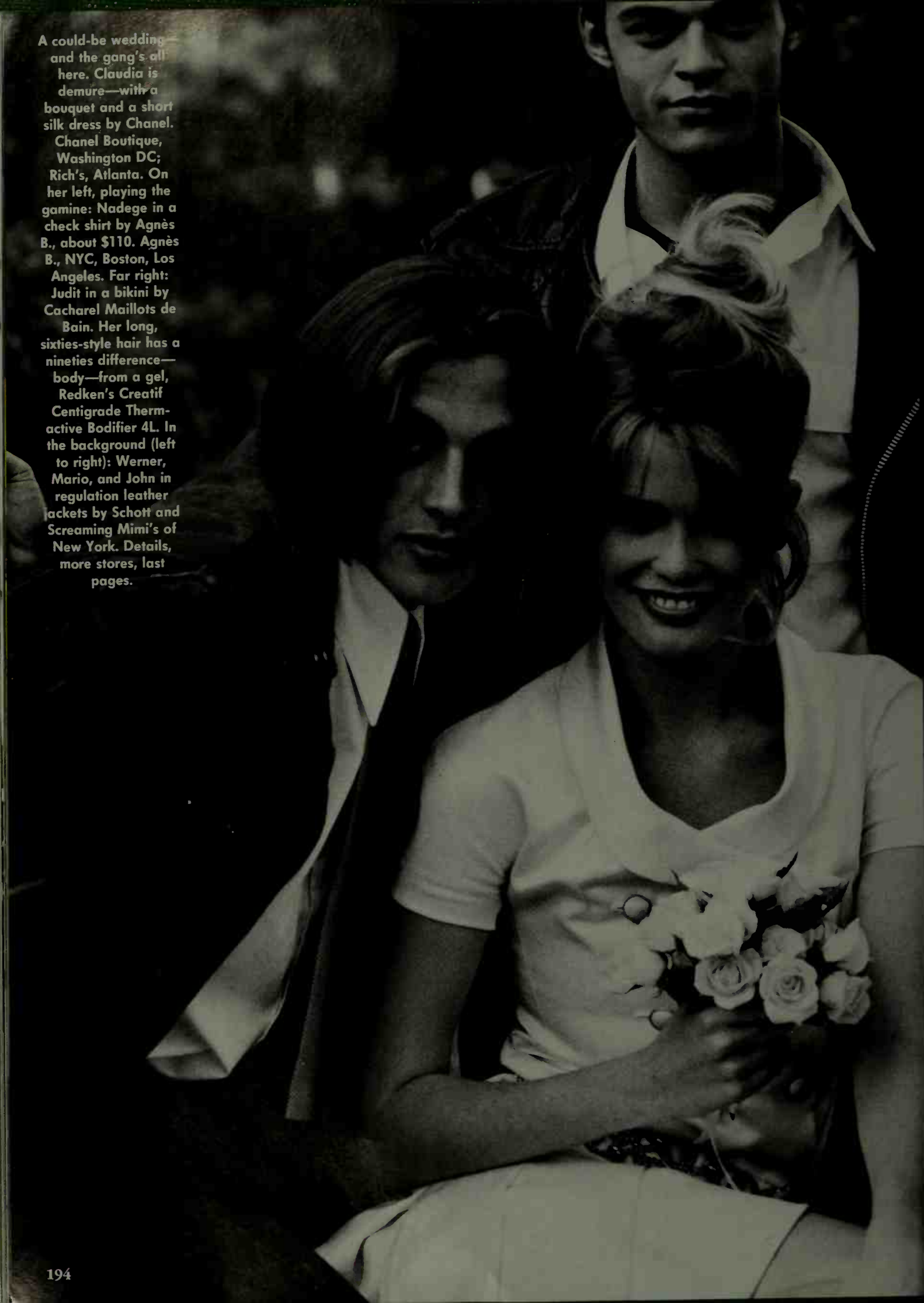
country goes to town

"I don't mind being put in a category," says Tammy Wynette, THIS PAGE. "Country's been good to me." In her bedroom at First Lady Acres, the Country Queen wears one of her stage looks by Los Angeles designer Jef Billings, who creates all of her costumes. OPPOSITE PAGE: Splendor in the grass. Claudia and Werner in a duet, staged just outside Nashville, in Columbia. Her lace dress by Yves Saint Laurent Couture. White stole by Yves Saint Laurent Couture. Jeans, Levi's 501 jeans. Details, last page.

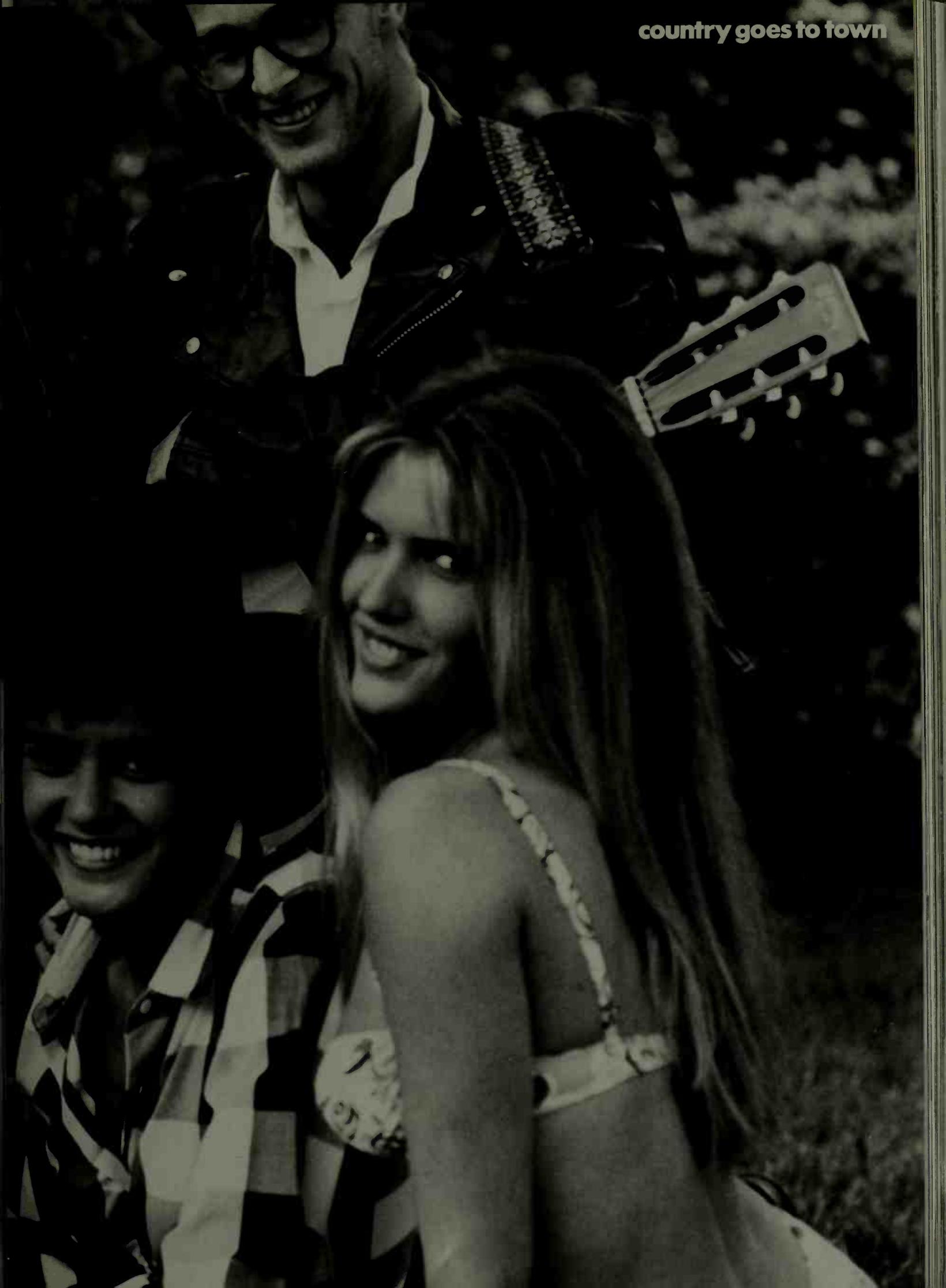




A could-be wedding—and the gang's all here. Claudia is demure—with a bouquet and a short silk dress by Chanel. Chanel Boutique, Washington DC; Rich's, Atlanta. On her left, playing the gamin: Nadege in a check shirt by Agnès B., about \$110. Agnès B., NYC, Boston, Los Angeles. Far right: Judit in a bikini by Cacharel Maillots de Bain. Her long, sixties-style hair has a nineties difference—body—from a gel, Redken's Creatif Centigrade Thermactive Bodifier 4L. In the background (left to right): Werner, Mario, and John in regulation leather jackets by Schott and Screaming Mimi's of New York. Details, more stores, last pages.



country goes to town



THE OTHER

AFRIKA



Study in contrasts: at a "Welcome Home" concert for Nelson Mandela, the multiracial audience, OPPOSITE, cheers as Johannes Kerkorrel rocks... in Afrikaans.

Photographer: Gideon Mendel

ANERS



A new generation of Afrikaners, children of South Africa's ruling class, are talking back to their elders with a vengeance. Ivor Powell and Philip Brooks uncover a subculture on the rise

"The Afrikaner establishment is used to controlling know how to cope when their own people g

Ellis Park rugby stadium, the premier venue for rugby in Johannesburg, is something of an icon for the Afrikaners who make up South Africa's ruling elite. Until a few years ago, the stadium was reserved exclusively for use by whites, and only the most desperate of financial straits prompted the Ellis Park management to allow the primarily black sport of soccer to be played on its hallowed turf. And even then there was a sustained roar of protest from the purists.

So it is some measure of the changes taking place in South Africa that on this early spring afternoon the stadium is playing host to a "Welcome Home" concert for African National Congress (ANC) leader Nelson Mandela. Less than a year before, when Mandela was still in prison, the government decreed that this kind of "human rainbow" concert would be likely to lead to a "breakdown of law and order."

The threat of rain hangs heavy over the crowd. There is a small group of black heavy-metal freaks in leather popping beers and studiously ignoring their white girlfriends. There are township kids in ANC T-shirts chanting slogans and dancing the militant *toyitoyi*. And there are all colors and complexions of kids and hippies and yuppies and workers and bohemians. With the country stumbling toward something approaching democracy, this concert feels like a rehearsal for the future.

Around noon, the rebel Afrikaner act Die Gereformeerde Blues Band (GGB) takes the stage. The band's name, which translates as "The Reformed Blues Band," parodies that of the Afrikaner establishment Dutch Reformed Church. If the concert is the nightmare of a free South Africa that keeps the Ellis Park Afrikaners awake at night, the GGB is one of the demons that haunt their sleep.

Flanking the musicians on the stage are two female backup singers wearing neon minidresses. The band lurches into its anthem, "Ossewa," a song that sends up the Voortrekkers, the pioneers of the nation, who penetrated the South African hinterland during the nineteenth century in ox wagons. In Afrikaner mythology, the ox wagon is a symbol of great potency. But in the GGB version it's reduced to a party van complete with mega-sound system and marijuana-smoking joyriders. The crowd responds with cheers.

This a spectacle that, in some ways, is even more remarkable than the appearance later in the day of Mandela himself. Afrikaners, after all, are the pariahs of the entire human-rights-conscious world; their language, Afrikaans, resonates with tyranny. Within South Africa, the identification of Afrikaners with the oppression of the black majority is so complete that the hated police are universally referred to as *Boere* (Boers), once just an archaic appellation for Afrikaners. In 1976, thousands of young black students died in the Soweto rioting that followed a protest against Afrikaans-language

education. Yet here, at a concert celebrating the leader of the black resistance, Afrikaner musicians are drawing ecstatic applause as they sing . . . in Afrikaans.

As the country begins to move away from total domination by the whites, and more specifically by the Afrikaners, the GGB represents a flourishing Afrikaner counterculture, which regards just about every holy cow in the land as fair game.

Of course, as is the case with nearly every subculture, it is not completely new. There has always been a tradition of rebellion and conscience among the Afrikaner *volk*. There have been Afrikaans-speaking martyrs of the struggle against apartheid—people like the poet Breyten Breytenbach, spiritual father of the new Afrikaners, who spent time in prison for his commitment to the liberation move-



ment, and Beyers Naude, once marked for the highest position in the Dutch Reformed Church, whose dark night of the soul caused him to leave the fold and endure house arrest, attempts on his life, and continual harassment by the security police.

But these were individuals swimming against the stream; for the most part Afrikaner culture has presented a nearly seamless appearance of homogeneity, and to the black majority, the dream of



everything—books, newspapers, TV.... They don't

out of control"



change has meant nothing more or less than freedom from Afrikaner domination. These days, though, Afrikanerdom is not the monolith it once was. As the government, responding to internal resistance and external pressures, has gradually, tentatively stumbled on a path of reform, the *volk* have become increasingly fragmented. On one end of the spectrum are the far-right nationalists who believe in the divinely ordained destiny of the Afrikaner to rule over the darker-skinned peoples. One of their heroes is Barend Strydom, a young former policeman who in 1988 ran amok in a public square in Pretoria, shooting nearly a score of innocent black civilians and killing eight.

In the middle are the supporters of the government, who with little sense of commitment but a strong sense of necessity are trying to keep as much as they can of what they have. In this they are finding kindred souls in the majority of English-speaking South Africans, who make up approximately 40 percent of the white population. Then there are the so-called alternative Afrikaners who reject the wishy-washiness of the middle position as strongly as they do the not-so-subtle fascism of the far right. "Afrikaner rebels are cut from the same cloth as the right-wingers," theater director Chris Pretorius observes. "It's just that we have woken up to the fascist con of Afrikaner history and bounced to the other extreme.

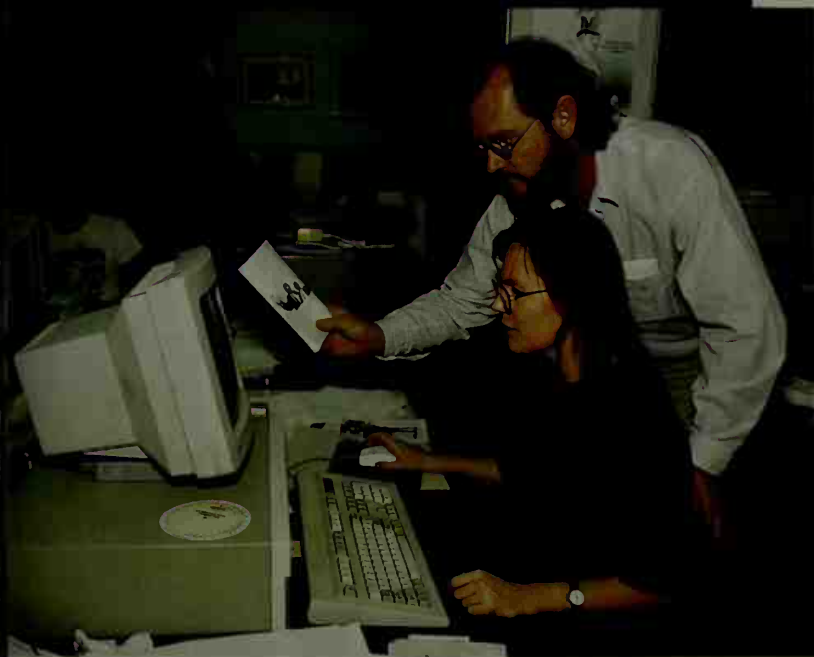
"It's rough being rejected by just about everybody, not having any support base at all," Pretorius notes. "But, you know, that's an interesting creative position, too."

One of the first indications of the Afrikaner rebels' impact was a nationwide tour of rock acts, with the GBB as a headliner, from April through June last year. Loud, drunken, anarchic, and very rude, the Voëlvry (Feel Free) tour swept through the country, shaking the conservative, authoritarian structures of Afrikanerdom.

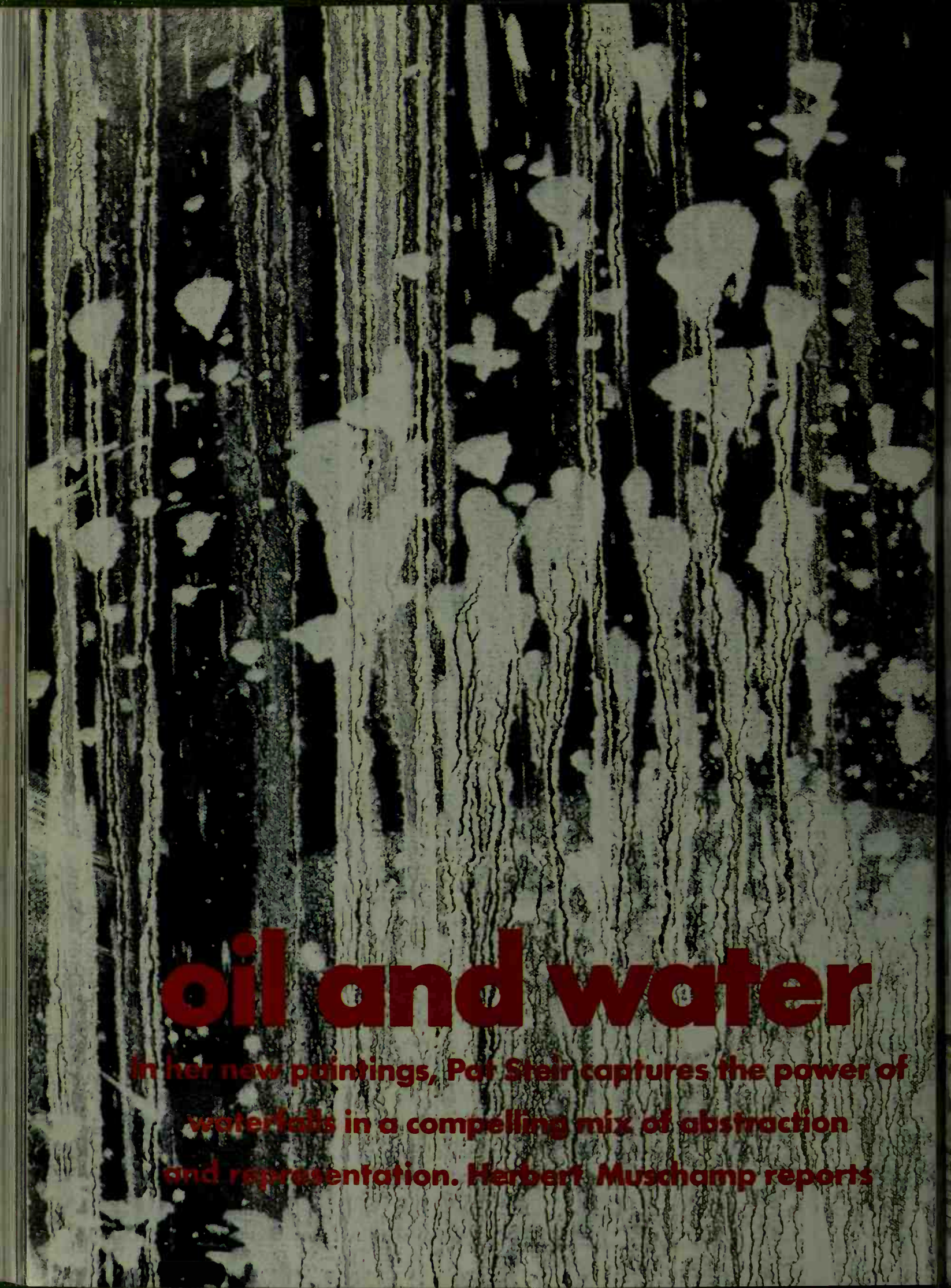
The message of Voëlvry to Afrikaner kids was as subversive as it was simple. There are other ways of being an Afrikaner than those you've been offered so far. You don't have to be a nationalist or a racist, you don't have to be out of step with the rest of the world. And, perhaps most important, you could get laid and party all night on the way.

"We came along at the right time with a point of view that wasn't available to the average young Afrikaner," says the GBB's lead singer and keyboardist, Johannes Kerkorrel, a.k.a. Ralph Rabie. "There were stirrings of rebellion moving through large sectors of the youth as all the lies of apartheid and Afrikaner history began to be exposed. By singing about rebellion in the language of the Afrikaners, we hooked into that anger."

Not surprisingly, the tour, featuring two other bands in addition to the GBB, was banned from nearly every Afrikaans-language university campus in South Africa. Major confrontations developed between students and authorities. In one incident, police in Port Elizabeth were called in ▶ 228



Cultural hijackers, CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: Chris Pretorius uses "disgust" as a catalyst for his art; Braam Kruger, self-described purveyor of bad taste, defaces a military portrait to create an Afrikaner antihero; Marlene Blom and her dancers enact post-Dada sitcoms; Max du Preez works on a layout for the antiapartheid *Vrye Weekblad*.



oil and water

In her new paintings, Pat Steir captures the power of waterfalls in a compelling mix of abstraction and representation. Herbert Muschamp reports



Artist Pat Steir at work in her New York studio.

OPPOSITE: A detail of a painting in progress.

Photographer: Eric Boman



Watching Steir on the scaffold, one marvels at the economy of means with which she achieves her rich effects

an ancient Buddhist legend tells of a hundred-foot waterfall in China called the Dragon Gate. In the pool at the waterfall's base, thousands of carp are always swimming, trying to muster the strength to climb the fall, for it is said that any who succeeds in mounting to the top will be transformed into a noble dragon.

The career of the American artist Pat Steir has also been one of pushing against the current to reach a pinnacle of strength. Now fifty, Steir has spent three decades navigating the treacherous eddies of an increasingly competitive art world, finally reaching a peak of achievement with the series of waterfall paintings that has preoccupied her since 1987.

Legendarily an artist's artist, Steir has managed to gingerly sidestep the movements and factions that have snared so many of her contemporaries, often spending long stretches outside the New York art world. In the 1960s, when the term *commercial artist* was not the redundancy it has since become, Steir supported herself with jobs in publishing, design-

ing book covers and later running an art department at Harper & Row. In the early 1970s, she took off for California and a year teaching at CalArts, where she coached some of those who would become the golden carp of the art world today, including David Salle and Ross Bleckner. A decade later found her living beside a canal in Amsterdam, not far from Rembrandt's studio, soaking up the light—and the dark—from a painter she particularly reveres. Throughout the 1980s, even as demand for her work increased steadily, Steir remained unaffiliated with a New York gallery, preferring to make specially commissioned projects for museums, often European. Only this year has she signed on with the prestigious Robert Miller gallery in New York.

Call Pat Steir a profile in persistence. "Or you could call me dogged," Steir says. "I think tenacious has a nice ring." I'd call it a reminder that genius is largely a matter of sweat. And it's not only painting that taps her perseverance. More than four decades after she began taking piano lessons, she is still dedicated to improving her keyboard skill, though she's

the first to admit that a Steir recital can be something of a trial for anyone within earshot. "When I sit down, I'll play the same piece for seven or eight hours straight. I'm sure it can be torture to listen to, because you can't tune me out with a set of expectations. I always make the mistake in a different place."

In Steir's art, the pressure that has tested her persistence is internal. It comes from her self-imposed refusal to accept easy answers to the elementary questions artists have been asking themselves since the Romantic movement established the self as one of art's central subjects: Who am I? What is art? How do *I* make my mark on *it*? These questions, in fact, could be taken as the points of departure for the three major phases that have marked Steir's work to date.

Pat Steir began studying art in the 1950s. Abstract Expressionism had not yet exhausted the enigma of the artist's identity—Who am I?—but as an established school it only stood in the way of a younger artist's ambition to define herself. Steir's reckoning with the question soon led her far from formal abstraction—far, even, from art itself, at least as abstract painters defined it.

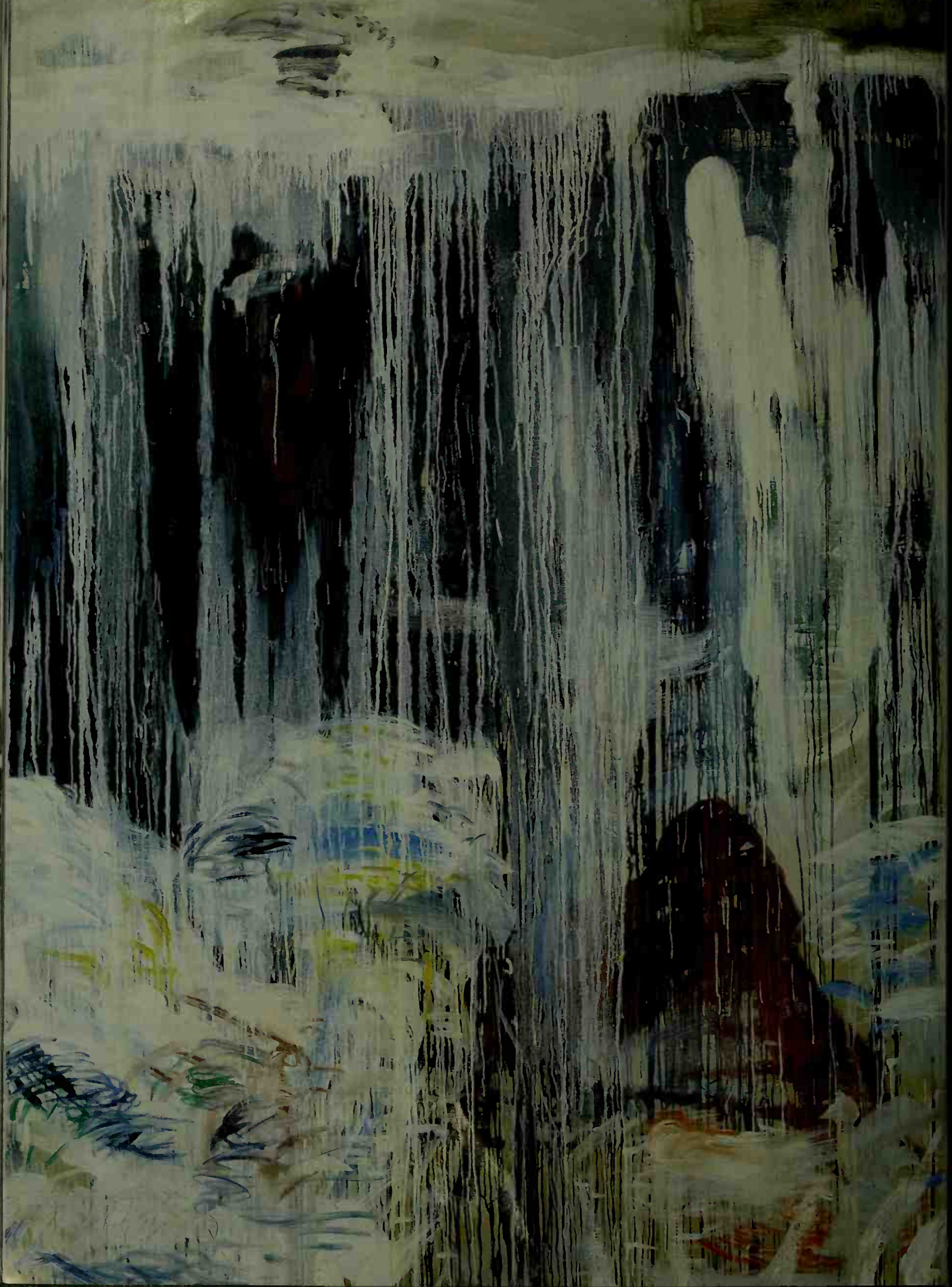
Like other artists of her generation, notably the Conceptualists, Steir was drawn to ideas beyond the visual. She has described her early work as more literary than visual (the great formalist taboo). Incorporating words, charts, grids, and graphs, Steir's early paintings often resembled the teaching aids that might adorn a classroom dedicated to the study of some science yet to be discovered—perhaps a behaviorism concerned with the psychology of hopeless tasks.

By 1975, she came to feel that her paintings had failed to communicate her ideas. Still, they had successfully settled the larger question of defining Steir herself. She was not a writer, a philosopher, or a scientist; she was an artist. Yet this answer invited a second question and a new phase of work.

To ask what is art in the 1970s was to embrace an issue that had nearly swept art away, or at least had prompted many artists to retreat from the art object, which they viewed as a symbol of art's corruption by material values. Steir sought a more affirmative answer. She leapt back to periods when art was less subject to doubt. While art was fragmenting into pluralism, Steir probed the historical mainstream to expose the relativity of style. Her paintings made art of art history, taking themes and styles from Rembrandt, Manet, Courbet, Van Gogh, de Kooning. If it was not OK for an artist to admit publicly a desire to get her work into the Metropolitan Museum, surely there was nothing

The artist in the living room of her SoHo loft, THIS PAGE, and OPPOSITE, several works in progress against the walls of her adjoining studio.

oil and water





wrong with getting the Met into her work.

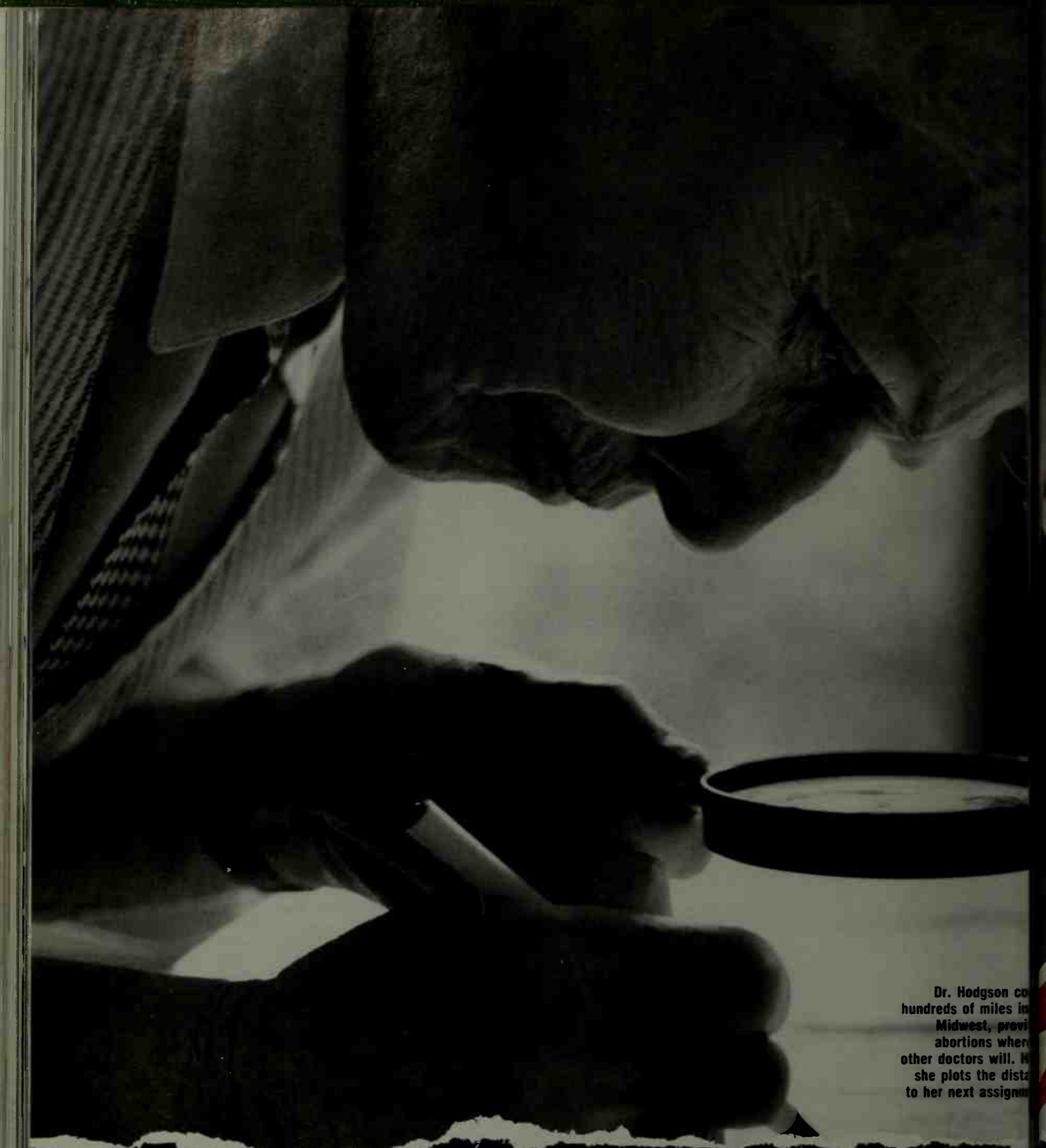
Steir's art history paintings hinted at the reach of her ambitions, but there was nothing cool, ironic, or glibly Postmodern about them. Nor were they merely exercises in acquiring technical skills. Rather, they were Steir's process of learning that an artist is not just someone who makes a mark; she is someone who *is* marked, whose hand is guided by those whose marks have given life to that evolving entity called art. The culminating work of this phase was the 1982–84 *The Brueghel Series (A Vanitas of Style)*, a multipanel re-creation of a flower painting by Jan Brueghel the Elder, rendered in the styles of sixty-four artists and periods. It was the genealogy of a mature painter preparing to give birth to herself.

"I've been famous twice," says Steir, "first as a 'woman artist' in the 1970s and now as an artist, period." But one of the stories that best illustrate her persistence reveals as well her conviction that her art and her sex are closely intertwined. A few years ago when a small malignancy was discovered, she rejected the advice of several doctors that she undergo a hysterectomy. Instead she flew to Holland for a different opinion and a successful minor operation. She tells this story with some hesitation, not because it's too private—she's proud of her determination to take charge—but because she wants it understood that her decision was entirely personal. "I am not a doctor, and I know quite a few women who have decided differently," she says. "But in Europe they let you negotiate your organs. Here they think if there's even a remote risk of ovarian cancer, they should just take everything out. Of course, if you had a growth in your brain, they wouldn't cut your head off just because there was the possibility of developing brain cancer. And I told them, 'I need my ovaries to paint!'"

My friendship with Pat Steir got off on the right foot—and the left—in 1985, not long after she'd finished the Brueghel painting. One evening a man, young but with the kindly face of a fairy godfather, sat down beside me at a party and instead of saying the usual hello, how are you, leaned forward and fixed his twinkling eyes intently on my feet. Hello down there. "Excuse me," he said after a while, in a thick Dutch accent, "but you are wearing the most beautiful shoes I've ever seen. Would you mind if I showed them to my wife?" The man was Joost Elffers, a designer and publisher of art books; the wife, Pat Steir, who sat at my other side, gave me a quizzical, Jeanne Moreau-ish smile, then leaned over ► 226



Perched on a scaffold in a Tribeca studio rented for her most recent project, **ABOVE**, Steir works on a new painting that will be part of a panoramic installation debuting this summer in Newcastle upon Tyne, England. **LEFT:** *Waterfall Series: The Waterfall Painted With the Chinese in Mind*, 1987–88.



Dr. Hodgson covers
hundreds of miles in
Midwest, providing
abortions where
other doctors will. Now
she plots the distance
to her next assignment.

*Harassed by protesters,
shunned by peers, most
doctors are giving up
abortion. Dr. Jane Hodgson
holds on. By Laura Fraser*

Hodgson



It is early morning and Tina Welsh, executive director of the Duluth Women's Health Center, is watching the skies. The fog outside the clinic is thick and grimly gray, and she worries it won't clear in time for the plane from Minneapolis to land.

Out in the waiting room, the patients have already arrived. Although it's only 7 A.M., some of them have been up for hours. They've driven hundreds of miles to reach this isolated town off Lake Superior, from as far away as Wisconsin, Michigan, and Canada, because no physician in their hometowns will do an abortion. Jane Hodgson, a seventy-five-year-old obstetrician-gynecologist who has been a pro-choice crusader for decades, is flying here today from Minneapolis because no doctor in Duluth will do abortions, either.

On other days of the week, doctors from other towns make the trip to Duluth. For some, the Women's Health Center is one stop on their weekly rounds to abortion clinics in Fargo, North Dakota, and Milwaukee and Appleton, Wisconsin. Others come to help out on their days off, without telling their more conservative partners why they've taken up flying. Still, it's hard for Welsh to keep a full roster of physicians to take care of the hundred or so women a month who travel here for abortions. "I'm really worried about the doctor situation," says Welsh, fingering a tiny gold coat hanger she wears on a chain around her neck. "I can count on one hand the doctors I could call on to help."

Welsh's predicament is far from unusual. While few of the recent attempts by states to restrict abortion have succeeded, finding doctors who will perform the procedure is increasingly difficult. More than 80 percent of all counties in the United States have no doctors or clinics that provide abortions. According to 1985 figures published by the Alan Guttmacher Institute, a nonprofit group that conducts research on reproductive health, it was impossible to get an abortion in eighty-two out of eighty-seven counties in Minnesota. There were only three providers in North Dakota, and fewer than ten facilities each in Delaware, Mississippi, Nebraska, Utah, West Virginia, and Wyoming (compared with 571 providers in California and 299 in New York). In Alaska, a woman who wants an abortion after the twelfth week of pregnancy must take a four-hundred-dollar round-trip flight to Seattle. "There are pockets in the country where accessibility is really a problem," says Susan Tew, of the Guttmacher Institute. "Women are traveling great distances, and it contributes greatly to the delay and the expense of the procedure."

Left: Susan Tew; Right: WIN McNamee/Sipa

son's choice

It contributes to the stress too. Sharon, a twenty-four-year-old office manager, drove 250 miles from Rochester over icy roads last night. She sits in the waiting room with her boyfriend, fidgety and fatigued. "It's hard enough having an abortion," she says, "but having to figure out how to get to the clinic makes it a real ordeal."

Claudia, a twenty-five-year-old nurse, drove four hours last night from Canada and will return tonight to work the midnight shift at a hospital. She came to Duluth because in Ontario, as in other Canadian provinces, she would have had to present her case to a committee of doctors and laypeople who would rule on whether she could end her unplanned pregnancy. "I don't know people who've been refused, but I don't want to go through that," she says. Ontario law also mandates that abortions be performed in a hospital, under general anesthesia—an unnecessary risk, Claudia believes. "Abortion is not very well accepted," she explains. "The doctors who do it are known as 'the Knife.'"

A 1985 survey by the American College of Obstetricians

more money." He agrees that confrontations with protesters have taken their toll. "It's easier to avoid them than to stand up for one's convictions," Edelin says.

Harassment has made things difficult for everyone at the Duluth Women's Health Center, particularly in the past few months. The clinic lost its lease in a medical center because neighbors didn't like the constant pickets and trespassers blockading halls and elevators. The center's new building is fortified with door buzzers, video cameras, and off-duty police guards, and the staff has been trained to deal with fires, evacuations, and pandemonium, just in case the bombings Minneapolis clinics have suffered are ever repeated up north.

In her new office, Welsh, a petite fifty-year-old who has headed the center since it opened, displays souvenirs of nine years' harassment. There is a fat file of hate mail, with crayon-scrawled religious admonishments and prayers for her soul. There is a thick notebook with documentation of every harassing phone call, and snapshots of graying men holding garishly reddened crucifixes or counting rosary beads. One of



Doctors prefer to send women to abortion clinics. But clinics are having their own problems

Dr. Hodgson, LEFT, at the Duluth Women's Health Center, where patients come from forty-two U.S. counties and Canada. RIGHT: Operation Rescue demonstration

and Gynecologists found that 84 percent of its members believed abortion should continue to be legal. Yet only a third of them performed abortions themselves, and they did very few. The number of doctors who perform the procedure has been slowly declining throughout the last decade.

Physicians explain that there are few incentives—financial or otherwise—for them to do abortions when their patients can find the service somewhere else. "Abortion, first of all, is not a pleasant procedure," says Warren Pearse, an obstetrician-gynecologist and executive director of ACOG. "Most elective abortions, especially first-trimester abortions, are performed in organized clinics that provide the necessary counseling and services in one place, and physicians tend to refer patients there." There are strong disincentives to change that practice, he says. "Increasingly, there are pressures put on hospitals and physicians not to perform abortions. With repeated demonstrations [by right-to-life groups], they decide it really isn't worth the trouble."

But the abortion clinics that doctors have been sending patients to are having their own problems. "Many of our affiliates are having more difficulty finding physicians who will do not only abortions but also straightforward family planning," says Kenneth Edelin, a gynecologist and chairman of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. "There are other ways in which doctors can expend the same amount of energy and make

these men, Welsh says, was convicted in Oregon of bombing an abortion clinic; now he passes out original antiabortion poetry to people entering the Women's Health Center and tells them that eventually he will close it down too.

Many other staffers have been threatened, but the doctors have borne the brunt of the terror tactics. "I don't know how Jane takes it," Welsh says, describing the many threats Hodgson has received in her long career of speaking out for abortion rights. "The phone calls are so vicious and ugly."

By 10:00 A.M., after the tests, counseling, films, and forms are completed, the thirteen patients in the waiting room are ready to see the physician. Tina Welsh drives to the airport to pick up Hodgson, her headlights cutting through the fog as she creeps along the icy highway. She says we're going to meet someone who could be called a legend in the battle for safe, legal abortion—except that Jane Hodgson doesn't like how old that makes her sound.

Hodgson has been a pioneer in women's health care for fifty-one years, ever since she became one of the few female medical school graduates of 1939. In the 1950s, she gained recognition as the developer of a reliable pregnancy test. But over the years, as she monitored those test results, she saw the unhappy effects they had on many women—including deaths and infection from self-induced and illegal abortions—and

became convinced that abortion should be legalized.

During the sixties, she worked with colleagues to try to change Minnesota's law prohibiting abortions except when necessary to save a woman's life. Then, in 1970, she saw a patient who had contracted German measles during pregnancy and was afraid of having a deformed child. It was a good test case, she decided: the woman already had three children, and the fetus was clearly threatened.

Hodgson tried to get court permission to perform the abortion, but the decision was continually delayed. With time running out, she did the abortion anyway, making it no secret. She was indicted, tried, and became the first U.S. physician convicted of performing "criminal abortion" in a hospital. Her medical license was threatened, and she received a thirty days' suspended sentence and probation.

Personally harassed, with her practice in limbo, Hodgson left St. Paul to accept a job in Washington, D.C., as medical director of one of the country's first outpatient abortion clinics, Preterm. She commuted home on weekends to her surgeon husband and two daughters; while at Preterm, she helped develop practices still in use in abortion clinics, such as extensive patient counseling and follow-up care.

Soon after the *Roe v. Wade* decision, the Minnesota Supreme Court reversed her conviction. Hodgson returned home full-time and got involved in administering abortion clinics (including the Duluth Women's Health Center, which she founded). She has testified against laws restricting abortion in Minnesota, many other states, and Canada. She is the plaintiff in a case now before the U.S. Supreme Court, *Hodgson v. Minnesota*, which challenges a state law requiring a minor to seek permission from both parents before having an abortion, even if her parents are divorced or were never married.

"She's stubborn," says Welsh, who is continually surprised by Hodgson's daily dedication. She recalls one Christmas Eve when Hodgson drove the 150 miles from Minneapolis to Duluth in forty-two-degrees-below-zero weather to perform an abortion on a minor from Wisconsin. On another occasion, when Welsh couldn't schedule anyone else, Hodgson performed fifteen surgeries in St. Paul, flew to Duluth, did eleven more until long past dark, and drove back with Welsh to the Twin Cities that night. "The next morning," Welsh marvels as we make the final turn to the airport, "she served *me* coffee in bed."

In the terminal, people wait for the plane to appear through darkened clouds. The announcer says the plane is circling; Welsh starts to pace. As we wait, she describes the morning's events in the Minnesota legislature: the country's most restrictive abortion bill, which would make all abortions for "birth control" purposes illegal, even in cases of rape or incest, was just narrowly defeated. The announcer says the plane has turned back to Minneapolis. Welsh says she has a headache.

By the time we arrive back at the clinic, Hodgson has called to say she'll make the three-hour trip by bus. None of the patients has rescheduled; the women have come too far to return. "At times like this," says Welsh, "it makes me crazy that I can't call anyone in town to work for me."

Down the street at the Duluth Clinic, James Koberstein, one of nearly a dozen obstetricians in town, explains why neither

he nor his five partners will perform abortions. "Most obstetricians are attracted to babies and fertility, and abortion doesn't fit in," he says. The clinic, which is affiliated with a Catholic hospital, has never offered abortions. And while there is no official policy against the procedure, the doctors' attitudes are not likely to change. "One doctor is totally opposed," he says, "while the majority are pro-choice but against doing abortions." He personally believes abortion should stay legal. "I'm not in favor of changing the legislation again—we'd see more complications. But that's not going to make me change my practice." The only thing that might, he says, is if the French-developed abortion pill became available here. "RU 486 would be less complicated."

Koberstein says his department is unlikely to add any staffers who feel differently. "We prefer not to do them, and we hire like-minded people," he explains. And if there weren't a women's center in town to perform abortions? He shrugs. "It isn't that great a distance to travel to the Twin Cities."

Other physicians in the area have different reasons for keeping abortion out of their practices. A staunchly pro-choice doctor outside Duluth won't do them partly because his partner is opposed, partly because he fears repercussions in his community. "There's the worry that you'll have a cat nailed to your door, and frankly, that has an impact," he says. "Would that it weren't so, but that's the world we live in."

One young obstetrician-gynecologist trained by Hodgson used to come to the Duluth Women's Health Center a couple of times a month. But when the clinic where she regularly works was bought by a health corporation with strong no-abortion and no-moonlighting biases, she took herself off the roster. "There's no question I'd like to be available," she says. "But it would be a ripsnorting hassle."

Doctors who do abortions in spite of such pressures often pay a professional price. Curtis Boyd, whose Dallas abortion clinic was once set on fire, says it can be easier to put up with harassment than with the loss of respect from one's peers. "It's not the kind of thing that gets you honors or elected to posts in medical societies, even though your contribution to health is considerable," he says. "When you walk down the hall of the hospital, your colleagues are not going to say, 'There goes Dr. Boyd, the eminent abortionist.'"

Hodgson finally arrives at the clinic in the late afternoon. Polished and alert despite her day's travel, she slips a lab coat over her houndstooth trousers and immediately begins the task at hand. Moving between examining rooms, she chats pleasantly with her patients—"Scoot down, 'atsa girl. You're from Park Falls? Where's that?"—until the dully whirring machine slows and stops like a sigh of relief.

As an obstetrician-gynecologist in practice a quarter of a century before *Roe v. Wade*, Hodgson knows these young women don't realize how fortunate they are. She vividly recalls counseling her early patients against illegal abortions and seeing them show up again days later, infected and bleeding. She remembers a fourteen-year-old who had her girlfriends insert sharp objects into her uterus, another woman who drank sewing machine oil to abort. "It was such poor medicine we were practicing," she shudders. She has seen such sights more recently, too, working in clinics in Egypt, China, Grenada, and Tanzania. "I worked for a year in ► 228



One of the prime advantages of stretch velvet: it is seasonless. Here, leggings and a top that are equally suited to summer and fall evenings. **Camisole, about \$40**, Butterick Pattern #5740. **Leggings, about \$52**, Vogue Pattern #7733. Fabric by Itam Marimar Textiles. Creating the sexy look for hair: L'Oréal's Studio Line Gelling Curls. Makeup, Mary Greenwell. In this story: hair, Sam McKnight for Daniel Galvin at La Coupe. Details, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitain Photographer: Patrick Demarchelier



What takes velvet into the nineties: tropical brights, stretchy shapes that are sculpted to the body.

OPPOSITE PAGE A sixties-style **maillot**, about \$182, by Gottex. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus.

THIS PAGE **Cat suit**, about \$180, by Melissa Landis for E.R.A. Designs. Max, Denver. On lips, the complementary color: Express Lipstick #549 by Christian Dior. Makeup, Gary Berkowitz. Details, last pages.

Start a revolution.



Diamonds. They ignite the passions. The Diamonds of Distinction Award honors the best in American Design. Check this page each month for the new winners. Or cheat and send for a free booklet showing the entire year's winning pieces, priced from \$2,200-\$7,500. In the U.S. and Canada, call 800 926-2700, ext. 790. A diamond is forever.

July Winners • Diamonds of Distinction

talking fashion

Editor: Giselle Benatar

Designers may be heralding the return of the dress, but astute fashion watchers wonder if it ever went away....



The fringe starts here: 1920

The supreme expression: 1965



1989: Strapless and black, by Pepito Albert



Straight from the ornament: Romeo Gigli, 1990

Inherit the fringe

Feather in one's lap: actress Ina Claire, 1928



Gnome de plume: Geoffrey Beene, 1967

Boa, constricted, as part of a skirt, 1987: Giorgio di Sant'Angelo



Egrets only, 1990: by Bill Blass

Not just another piece of fluff: by Kasper for Joan Leslie, 1971

Always fair feather



Lace everlasting



1960: In beige, in tiers, by Rosalie Macrini

Making a clean breast of it: 1990, Bill Blass

Beginning of the lace age, 1928: a "modern princesse feeling," said Vogue



The Dress of 1988: by Calvin Klein, in silver lace



black is out... or is it?

As the nineties begin in a blaze of color, VICKI WOODS vows she'll no longer fade to black

I LOOK UP FROM MY LUNCH IN A New York restaurant. Outside it's a cold day, but the sun is glorious, and the weather feels springlike. Inside, suddenly there seems to be a rainbow, or little bits of rainbow—little glimmers of bright color beaming out all over the room. Color. Am I dreaming? Sunbeams filter in and light up the room with little patches of color. Here a slash of yellow, there a blaze of red, here a heartwarming dazzle of emerald green, of pink, of blue.

Men's ties.

The only spots of color in this room are the men's ties.

What's happened to the souls of women? Have we forgotten what color looks like? You're in black, I'm in black, she's in black, ► 222



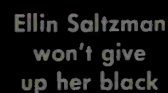
Charlotte Neville: black to basics



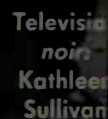
Paloma Picasso: her black phase



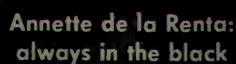
Looking black: Marina Schiano



Ellin Saltzman won't give up her black



Television noir: Kathleen Sullivan



Annette de la Renta: always in the black



Anne Bass's little black dress



Suited to black: Allison Stern



Black-happy
Paul Shays



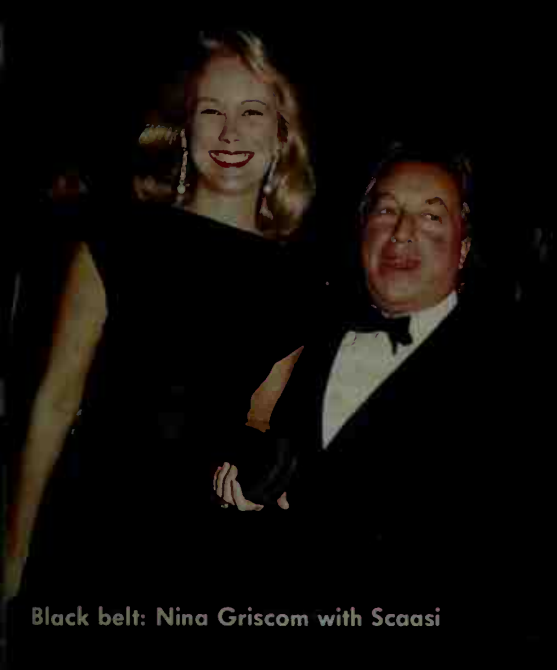
In-black beauties: Blaine Trump and Pat Buckley



Black and white: Bianca Jagger



Black-tie: Pauline Trigère with Bob Mackie



Black belt: Nina Griscom with Scaasi



Black to black: Carrie Donovan and Christian Lacroix



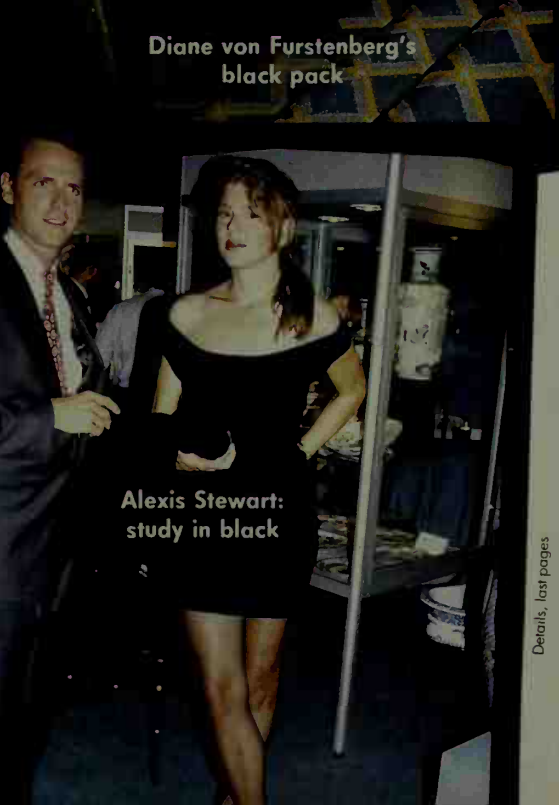
Diane von Furstenberg's
black pack



Designer for the black market:
Yohji Yamamoto



Lady in black:
Princess Laure de Beauvau-Craon



Alexis Stewart:
study in black

talking fashion

the waitress is in black. Every woman in the room is swathed in black. Men are peacocking about with daring little bits of color slung round their necks, and women are black, somber, deep-dyed, monotonic, bound in stygian graveclothes and telling me they love it because it makes them look thinner. Thinner than who? Thinner than me. But everybody in the world is thinner than me, even in horizontal stripes.

It was a dark decade, the eighties. Every decade has its neutral, the color against which other colors are set, the base upon which smart women build a wardrobe. It's not necessarily your favorite color, the neutral—not the color you wear to get yourself excited—but it's the *chic* color, the color you spend the money on. (Your favorite color you can save for "accents" and bring out occasionally, lest people get bored with it and—by association—with you.) The fifties neutral was navy, which went very prettily with a white piqué collar or a flowered blouse. The sixties neutral was white, which began by looking very crisp and clean against the sugar-candy pastels but got very grubby indeed

by the end of the rock festival. . . which is probably why the seventies slid so neatly into earth tones. Ah, earth tones! All those khaki safari jackets that made every woman in the restaurant look as though she were just about to go out and photograph Dian Fossey.

And the eighties neutral—of course—was black. Graphic black, designer black, body-conscious black, sexy black, minimalist black, practical black, working-woman black, day-into-evening black. Never, never, never in the modern history of women's clothing has a neutral color, a color for basics, taken such a hold of a woman's wardrobe as black, black,

black. And for so many unimpeachably good reasons.

Oh, the travelability of black! "I can go from Mortimer's to a meeting in Munich via Heathrow Airport, the Hotel Meurice, and four hours of *The Ring* cycle with just hand baggage, my portable fax, and two spare packs of Donna Karan hosiery!" Well, I'm *bored* with hearing how you made breakfast in Boston on Thursday, and I'm going straight from here to take a little nap before I change for dinner.

Oh, the practicality of black! When it's dirty, even your best friend won't know. "This old thing? It's seven years old!" (Unspoken: "And it's only been cleaned twice.") Well, I'm *bored* with watching you smirk through a spaghetti lunch, and I'm signing up for lessons in hand-washing shell pink crepe de chine.

Oh, the economy of black! Why buy new clothes at all, when you can simply recycle the ones you have? Louis Dell'Olio at Anne Klein is a cheerful soul who adores his customers. But "the buyers come in to see me and I say, 'Uh, fabulous *jacket*,' and they say, 'Oh, this is ancient. Don't you recognize it?'" Louis *does* recognize it, of course he does, now that you mention it, and since he is an urbane guy with a

neat sense of humor, he promptly showed his last collection with *no black in it at all*. "God, I am so bored with black!" he says, very obviously hoping you are too, and that all his customers won't immediately rush off to Donna Karan for a quick hit in the unitard *noir* area. Michael Kors knows about recycling, too. And he also has a sense of humor about women's addiction to black. Says one Kors fan, "I wore a Kors jacket I'd had for years and went to Michael's show, and he said, 'Uh, great *jacket*,' and then he did a double take and stared and said, 'Hey, wait a minute! This is *vintage*!'"

It's vintage, all right, but we're in 1990, and I crave new wine and roses, roses. This year is the first year of a new decade, and it's time the fashionable world throws off its cloak. (In fact, of course, the very fashionable world has thrown off its cloak. Don't look now, but there's an awful lot of robin's-egg blue over there in the funky corner. Don't laugh! That's what you did when you saw your first Issey Miyake!) Black is a deeply powerful color, a color that inks over and masks and blots out all other colors, a symbol of powerful human emotion, of mourning. The queen of England never wears black, never, ever, except on Remembrance Day and when she's in mourning. There's an iconic picture that was taken in 1952 at the funeral of George VI. It's one of the ten most-requested pictures from London's biggest picture library, and it shows three queens in mourning for the dead king: his daughter (and heir), the new, twenty-five-year-old Elizabeth II; his mother, the aged Queen Mary, dressed like Mary Todd Lincoln in practically a bustle; and his widow, Queen Elizabeth, now the Queen Mother. All of them are swathed in black, dripping with black, veiled in black like nuns. They do not look chic. The black clothing both hides their grief and flaunts it; it also symbolizes the ending of an era and marks the brief time before another can begin. The picture is stunning because the royal family just doesn't wear black. Black was for death.

The eighties—the decade of black—devalued the power of black as a symbol of shock and grief. Hmm—what shall I wear to the funeral? A little black suit! *Comme c'est très chic!* Gravesides and memorial services began to look like pretty ritzy places to hang out in the late eighties. (Let's riffle through this black stuff. . . oh my, everything I have is black. . . my Chanel jacket? My Lagerfeld? My Donna Karan unitard? Well, maybe not the unitard.) The etiquette of funeral black was blurred. Some women who went to Diana Vreeland's memorial service wore red as a token of affectionate respect: red was Mrs. Vreeland's favorite color (although she wore mostly black).

Black's other powerful symbolism, which the Dark Decade also managed to smudge and blur, concerns sex. Before sexual liberation, every woman was a man's property. The woman in the black dress was the only one at the hoedown with any sexual leeway at all. What was a man with red blood in his veins to do, as he looked over the dance floor hoping for a little fun? Married women—they're sipping sodas over there in the print sunbonnets—belonged to their husbands. The virgins in white belonged to their daddies. But the widow in black belonged only to herself, and young and attractive widows still looked young and attractive even in crepe and veils. That black dress spelled I Am Experienced. Men may

no longer recognize the symbolism, but an atavistic memory lingers. Think of Scarlett O'Hara's little dancing feet under a widow's crinoline. Think of Rita Hayworth breathily singing "Put the Blame on Mame" in *Gilda*, with one silky white arm out of one long black satin glove, the other glistening against the sheen of her tight black satin dress. Think of Monroe tittupping along the station platform as Sugar Kane in *Some Like It Hot* and Jack Lemmon's eyes popping as she busks through "Runnin' Wild." (Remember this fleshy image when you insist that black makes you look thinner. Black makes *thin* women look thinner.) And finally, from the Black Decade itself, think of Melanie Griffith's creamy white shoulders gleaming out of her off-the-shoulder black gown in *Working Girl* as she slurs appealingly about her head for business and her bod for sin.

The eighties—the Black Decade—devalued the sexual power of black by making it ubiquitous and everyday. The shock of black is gone completely. When every woman in the room, including your waitress, is poured into black Lycra, the only thing you could shock with is a tangerine muumuu. (Excuse me. I'm sorry. It's just the *thought* of you in a tangerine muumuu.) The last person I can remember knocking out a room in a sexy black dress was Princess Diana in 1981. (She wasn't breaking the royal family's never-wear-black rule—but only just, the savvy creature, because it was a few months before she married.) She wore a strapless black dress to the opera. It was her first night out as royal fiancée, so she knew there'd be extensive coverage. Her dress was cut so low against her white bosom that the world's press fell off its ladders in shock. Wow—sexy! It'll be decades before a simple black evening dress has that power again.

I'm sick of basic black. Its edge has been dulled; its potency has dribbled away. I don't think my lunching companion looks sharp and hard-edged and powerful anymore; I think she looks *b-o-r-i-n-g*. I think she looks as though she got dressed in three seconds and hasn't bought anything new since fall 1988, and I'm not impressed. Why should I be impressed with uniformity, speed, and economy? If you want to impress me, show me how you had to track a perfect pair of shoes across two continents.

Black is wearying; I want life and energy and color again. You don't dress babies and children in black; it would press too heavy on their littleness and newness. (Well, I know, I know. New Yorkers *do* dress babies and children in black—I've seen them in strollers in F.A.O. Schwarz—but it's *very silly* of them. The poor wee bairns look like Ceausescu's orphans.)

I don't care how hard it's going to be to crawl out of this black chrysalis, and neither should you. I'm sick of looking like a Greek widow on Good Friday. Fashion changes; it can't stand still or we'd all be wearing print sunbonnets. Charlotte Neville is mixing colors like a pupil of Matisse, Paloma Picasso is cornering the market in Pucci shirts, Isaac Mizrahi is tossing you rainbows, and I'm buying a *purple* suit with little cream buttons on it by Myrene de Premonville, and I'll worry about the hosiery later. Don't look black. ●



Sant'Angelo's rich mix

By color blinded: Bill Blass



Louis Dell'Olio showed no black



Isaac Mizrahi's rainbow



Metallic brights by Charlotte Neville



Mizrahi's true colors

talking...

By Tracy Young

Guessing your age

The youth of America is their oldest tradition.—Oscar Wilde

ONCE UPON A TIME, NO ONE PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO AGE. There was no generation gap. There was no Gap. Given the average life expectancy, there was scarcely time between birth and death to acquire the kind of discretionary income that gets advertisers hot.

Alas, age became important because it became a selling point for products that people wouldn't buy if they didn't have so much time on their hands—not to mention revolving charge accounts. Nowadays cash is short and life is long. This makes Madison Avenue nervous. The man in the gray flannel suit is Michael Steadman and the big consumer market is... aargh! It's fiftysomething!

But is it? When a magazine aimed at this specific demographic target was started, it was called *Harvest Years*, which might have found an audience in the agricultural societies of yesteryear but not among today's savvy upscale seniors. The name was changed to *Retirement Living*. Changed again to *50 Plus*. Now it's called *New Choices for the Best Years*, which I call hedging your bets.

The problem is people of a certain age do not like to be reminded of it on a regular basis. This kind of sensitivity is a dead giveaway that one is, after all, a certain age. In fact, it is one of the few reliable clues. Otherwise, as feisty oldsters argue, age is irrelevant. And experience proves them out. When H. J. Heinz tried to market Senior Foods, a kind of mush, the product was a failure. Should this come as a surprise? If infants did the family shopping they'd buy Charleston Chews instead of creamed spinach, too.

Clearly there's a similarity between extreme youth and quite-old age, but whatever happened to the baby boomers? Or to middle age? Nobody knows for sure anymore what middle age is. Does it begin at forty? At fifty? Right after a heavy lunch?

Let's look at the symptoms. Can you read a 401K statement? (If you can *read* it, you're young; if you can *understand* it, you're middle-aged.) What people resented about being

middle-aged was that their senses were diminished but they weren't far gone enough to really zone out and enjoy it.

Today the physical characteristics of middle age are less revealing than the fashion statements. For example: Remove all of your clothes. Weigh yourself. Get dressed. Weigh yourself again. Subtract the first figure from the second figure. Choose

one of the following:

a. 10 percent of your total body weight is black shoes.

b. 10 percent of your total body weight is accessories.

If you answered (a), you are twentysomething. If (b), you are either a middle-aged woman, a member of a heavy metal band, or Cardinal O'Connor. (Did you say you needed to exercise—or exorcise?)

What's going on here? Are advertisers pigeonholing us by age? Or are we trying to live as if we are the age that is most compatible with our self-image? Conventional wisdom has it that old people want to be young—and young people want to be... Madonna. What do we mean by *young*, anyway? To wit: if you stay out all night club-hopping are you:

a. Twenty years old, or

b. Bianca Jagger.

Actually, to most people *young* means whenever *they* were young—which is why the people who never change their hairstyle don't age as quickly as the rest of us. Being

young has its disadvantages, though. If, for example, you are old, you can stay up late, smoke cigarettes, and read banned books like *Little Red Riding-Hood*. But would you want to? These are legitimate questions, and yet what everyone really wants to know is why can't you have a forty-year-old mind in a twenty-year-old body.

Answer: Because. Life is not fair. Worse, it's confusing. Luckily it's become so confusing that people no longer have to lie about their age. They simply do not understand the question. To that end we have devised a quiz [see box] that may not tell your precise chronological age but will give you something to think about while you're waiting for time to pass. ●

How old are you?

- If a relationship breaks up, you...
 - Kill yourself
 - Go shopping
 - Call your lawyer
 - Sleep with your lawyer
- You would characterize your family as...
 - Fucked up
 - Dysfunctional
 - Dead
 - The Mansons
- You think *Spy* magazine is...
 - Too cool
 - Too mean
 - Printed in too small of typeface
 - For sale
- You shove your head...
 - Because you wouldn't be caught dead in a monogrammed sweater
 - And look more like Frank Perdue than Sinéad O'Connor
 - Because you're losing your hair anyway
 - Because they tie you down and do it
- You take drugs...
 - For fun
 - And regret it the next morning
 - For your lower back
 - You forget why
- You wouldn't dream of eating...
 - Anything with a face
 - Moyonnoise
 - Cycle 3
 - Crow
- Do you think that three decades of feminism have changed the lot of women?
 - I wouldn't really know.
 - Not fast enough.
 - It was just girls' silliness.
 - Don't call me a woman; I am a Vogino-American.

ANSWERS If you answered (a) to most of the questions, you may very well be young. Or you may just be trying too hard. If you answered (b), you have softened, one of the sure signs of middle age. If you answered (c), you're not even trying. If you answered (d), you looked at the answers. You are not young, or old, or middle-aged. You are a cheat.



How to help your color keep its color.

How you treat your new color treatment is critical. Especially during the first two weeks.

That's why Neutrogena® introduces a new Shampoo and a new Conditioner for Permed or Color Treated Hair.

Color Retention Tests prove it superior in preserving your new color. Plus, it gently smoothes each hair shaft, leaving your hair light reflective for a beautiful sheen.

Neutrogena.
Use it first
to make your
new color last.



The New Neutrogena
Shampoo and Conditioner
for Color Treated Hair.

OIL AND WATER

(Continued from page 205)

to join Joost in some small talk with my wing tips. I was so glad I'd remembered to shine them.

I was even more pleased when they walked me over to Pat's Chinatown studio a few weeks later to look at some recent work. She was at work on a large oil, later titled *Autumn: The Wave After Courbet, As Though Painted by Turner Influenced by the Chinese*. Clearly, she was still immersed in history and already up to her eyes in water. But what impressed most on a first visit was the degree of her immersion in paint. Gone were the grids, the words, the diagrams; in their place was a sea of brushstrokes. Steir's mother had recently died, and the painting, which evoked images of a massive tidal wave about to crash down, was associated in her mind with that event. She called it "a wave of death."

In retrospect that tempestuous wave looks more like the convulsive birth of the waterfalls paintings that were to come. Last spring, Steir and I met to talk about this work and the Chinese landscape painting that partly inspired it. "The greatest Chinese landscapes weren't by professional artists. They were a religious ritual for the elite. A Chinese nobleman would go out in the landscape and spend years just looking at it. Not painting a thing. Then after a long time, he'd have an insight about the order underlying the landscape, and a sense of himself as a neutral medium through which this order could express itself. The painting wasn't about the way nature looks; it was about the way life works. Water was central to this vision; in fact, the term for what we call landscape was 'mountain water' painting."

As she spoke, I began to see that Pat Steir has followed a similar course; fine as it often is, her early work was also a preparation. But rather than contemplate landscape, she has meditated on the order of art. She has looked at this subject from the inside, from the outside, its history and its motivation. In the image of water falling she transmits to the viewer a fusion of art and self.

Later, we walked to the Tribeca studio she had rented to work on her newest project, a circular panorama of six canvases, each twelve by fourteen feet, which will go on view this summer in a specially designed structure in Newcastle upon Tyne, England, before touring Europe and, it is hoped, the United States. I watch as she ascends a scaffold and begins to paint, marveling at the economy with which she achieves her rich effects: two oil pigments, white and black; two kinds of strokes. She applies the brush directly to the canvas in short arcs, releasing rivulets of white that stream down the painted black canvas. Alternatively, she flicks her wrist and the paint sprays in a white arc.

I'm tempted to compare her movements to those of a priestess sprinkling holy water, but in truth she more closely resembles a washerwoman spritzing piles of laundry. Her way of painting seems to require no greater expertise than a weekend handyman would need to paint the living room. If this is a ceremony, it's one that calls for nothing more formal than a six-pack. Yet Steir insists that she controls every mark: "It's chance control." The result is a convincing illusion of a waterfall, but the resemblance Steir finds significant is that of process, not appearance. Stand in a high place; take some gravity; add liquid. This is the way a waterfall works.

That her methods and even her marks recall the classic drip paintings of Jackson Pollock suggests that Steir has come full circle to the Abstract Expressionism from which her early work so sharply departed. Yet if this work bears comparison with the masterpieces of the New York School, it is not on the basis of formal resemblance. What distinguishes Steir from a second- or third-generation abstract painter is that she invented an approach to abstraction; she did not inherit one. Chemists call water the universal solvent, and watching Steir at work you have the feeling that all the fascination with thought systems, the forms culled from art history, have been liquefied, melted down. They have become the material she works with, an ingredient as palpable as the pigments that fill her pails.

The moral of the Dragon Gate fable is the difficulty of attaining enlightenment, and there is something very like a Buddha's se-

renity coursing through Steir's cascades. Still, a dragon would not be a dragon if it lacked the capacity to breathe fire. And here is Pat, standing barefoot on the lawn of her country house on Long Island, having a showdown with the local nurseryman over a newly planted tree. A birthday gift from Pat's husband, the tree is huge—it towers over the house—and it is evidently diseased: one side sports several nearly naked branches. The ailment is minor, a few weeks of treatment could correct it, but why should Pat's lawn nurse a sick tree? She wants it replaced. Now. Next weekend at the latest. Pat's hair is flying in a wild mane, her white dress billows, and she knows that she's making a spectacle of herself. This is a theater piece called *Temperament*; you want to invite the neighbors over to watch. Even the gardener is grinning, aware that for his benefit Steir is putting on the kind of performance for which actors walk away with golden statuettes.

She deserves at least a nomination for her appearance in *Inter-view Over Breakfast*. Now and then we all leave the house with wet hair to keep an early-morning appointment. But this morning at Jerry's, a SoHo hangout, I am seated opposite a pair of dark glasses protruding from drenched locks, as though on this fine spring day Pat has courageously weathered hurricanes to keep our date. I sense that she dramatizes her discomfort to dissolve it. Like her art, these displays of temperament are an illusion that projects something altogether real, an artifice that changes reality as she finds it.

Steir's theatricality is the animating force behind the new panorama paintings. "These are not really paintings," Steir insists. "They are stage sets. It's a wedding between two traditions: Chinese landscape, which was for the few, and the painted panoramas that were a popular entertainment in the nineteenth century. They were like movies today. I want to reach viewers who are unsophisticated about art as well as those who aren't." Displayed beneath black lights to accentuate the illusion of depth, the panorama will also have a sound track of running water.

The power of water has remade continents, shaped mountain ranges. Steir's persistence has carved out her place in the international territory of art. Yet water is also passive, adapting without visible resistance to the contours of whatever terrain it flows through. And as I sit watching Steir at work, the question that surfaces is: where is Pat's passivity? I always see the side that's "on." What makes her relax, float, step outside the daily drama? Then I look up and watch her apply the brush with the tenderness of a caress and realize I am staring at the answer. It is painting. ●

COUNTRY GOES TO TOWN

(Continued from page 183)

Way Home," and at the end you can practically hear the gates of heaven open. He knows he's got a winner. While the demo is still playing, a colleague comes in and shakes his head. "He just changed his name to MTM—Mike Tammy Martinovich." Oblivious, Martinovich grabs two of his personal files and holds them up, grinning. One's fat, stuffed with clips, and the other's empty. The empty one says Dolly Parton and the fat one says Tammy Wynette.

You think life is just a bowl of cherries,
You must have been born in Belle Meade

"Belle Meade Theme Song," Jimmy Phillips

The side of Nashville most often found in *Town & Country* rather than *Music City News* encompasses the well-manicured enclave of Belle Meade. Established around 1905, the city within the city is home to the scions of insurance and banking fortunes. Their houses look more Newport than Nashville, their children go to Vanderbilt or one of the Ivies, their social life revolves around the steeplechase and June's Swan Ball. There is a separate language—car pools are called "hookups," hoses are "hosepipes"—and funny food: fruit tea and frozen tomato salad. Everyone eats Sunday lunch at the club, but no one goes to the Grand Ole Opry on Saturday nights.

And while country music stars sometimes perform at the Swan Ball, they are rarely invited.

Typical of the city's social segregation is the fact that the founders of the Grand Ole Opry itself were actually seven rather straitlaced insurance executives hoping to give their salesmen a hook. The legendary WSM, "650 on your radio dial," stands for "We Shield Millions," the slogan of the Opry's benefactor, National Life & Accident Insurance Company. First on the air in 1925, the Opry begat the entire Nashville music industry and is now the longest-running radio show in history, yet few of its founders, most of whom hailed from Belle Meade, ever attended a performance.

Today the only country music star who has truly bridged the gap is Minnie Pearl, who as Mrs. Henry Cannon is a member of the Belle Meade Country Club (membership: \$20,000). Lynn Anderson's OK—she rides English. Everybody loves Barbara Mandrell—she raises money for charities dear to Belle Meade hearts. Like Loretta Lynn, Tammy Wynette, and even Johnny Cash, she has performed at the Swan Ball, which benefits Cheekwood (the Tennessee Botanical Gardens and Fine Arts Center), but unlike them she has actually been invited.

Certainly to most Belle Meade citizens Robert Altman's Nashville of collapsing country queens, hucksters, and corrupt politicians is no more than a celluloid vision. But the community is equally alien to outsiders. Rocker John Hiatt, who has lived in Nashville since 1985, described his son's dismay when his Belle Meade Sunday school class was instructed to pray for good weather for the steeplechase.

He's a poet, he's a picker,
He's a prophet, he's a pusher.
He's a pilgrim and a preacher
And a problem when he's stoned.
He's a walkin' contradiction,
Partly truth and partly fiction,
Takin' every wrong direction
On his lonely way back home

"The Pilgrim: Chapter 33," Kris Kristofferson

When Kris Kristofferson wrote "The Pilgrim: Chapter 33" in 1970, one of the half dozen people he credited for its inspiration was Chris Gantry. He and Gantry had arrived in town at about the same time in the early sixties—Gantry had hitchhiked down from New York in 1963 when he was barely twenty-one. They were lured by the Opry, but unlike the previous generation—which had included Patsy Cline, Jim Reeves, and Loretta Lynn—they didn't care much about performing there. They wanted to live hard, suffer a lot, and get some good songs out of it, and they did.

Gantry wrote "Dear God" for Roy Clark and "Dreams of the Everyday Housewife" for Glen Campbell. Kristofferson wrote "Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down" and "Help Me Make It Through the Night," arguably two of the best country songs ever—Gantry says "Help Me Make It" is *the* quintessential country song. Along with their cronies they represented the first big change in country music, if for no other reason than they expressed themselves freely. Roy Blount, Jr., says Billy Joe Shaver has always been his favorite songwriter because he "takes the way people put things and puts it to music."

That wasn't always possible. Veteran producer Billy Sherrill says that the year before Kristofferson released "Help Me Make It Through the Night," the same studio had turned down a "smash" record because it had the word *skin* in it. "Kris opened up the floodgates," says Sherrill. "Now you can use words like *breasts* and *skin* and *hair*, and situations and shadows on the wall and stuff like that. You couldn't use the word *body* before that, man, unless a body met a body coming through the rye."

Now Nashville's so wide open that Roseanne Cash, Johnny's daughter, and Rodney Crowell, her gifted songwriter husband, released a video in 1988 that *USA Today* dubbed the steamiest ever made. Tanya Tucker just had a baby out of wedlock, and

though she won't reveal who the father is, she does plan to release her own line of baby clothes. Local performers such as Webb Wilder have earned big followings by lampooning the lyrics of the more traditional songs—a typical line from a Wilder tune is "Her daddy was a mobile home magnate." Joanne Gardner's Acme Pictures produces country videos (such as the one for her partner, Roseanne Cash) as well as those for such folk-rock stars as Jill Sobule. "This is not country stuff," she says, "but this is Nashville music." The Sobule video leans toward the psychedelic and features a Rasta drummer and Todd Rundgren. "Boy, I think Porter would blow some sequins if he saw this."

Porter Wagoner, the man who gave the world Dolly Parton, the original rhinestone cowboy who still hosts his thirty-minute segment of the Opry every Saturday night, would definitely blow some sequins if he saw Chris Gantry in his latest incarnation. After a stint writing plays in Key West, Gantry has come back with a vengeance and a new name, Ninja Gomez. His new stuff's Latin, and though he hasn't lost his way with lyrics—among his new songs are a fishing ditty called "Fish Murder" and "Lupe's in a Family Way"—his sound's about as far from country as you can get. He and his new band, the Gringo Dogs, are cutting an album (they haven't found a label yet) and pulling in huge crowds at clubs around the city. Onstage Gantry/Gomez, now forty-seven, wears paisley harem pants, a turquoise tank top, and a black Ninja headdress. During sets that last up to three hours, he leaps and gyrates to the funky Latin beat in a way that none of his wasteful colleagues could ever have done in the sixties.

But the new generation is rarely wasted. Like their fans, they take the music seriously. And they should—it's made them rich. When someone asked Roy Acuff, the "King of Country Music," if he wished he had a dollar for every autograph he had signed during his career, he said, "I have."

These days at the Country Music Hall of Fame gift shop you can buy *The Journal of Country Music*, a scholarly publication that contains articles like "Country Music in Diffusion: Juxtaposition and Syncretism in the Popular Music of Newfoundland." But there are also Elvis refrigerator magnets and baby pictures of the stars. And for every hip cameraman who gets married on the Opry stage, there are generations of die-hard fans who spent their honeymoons there, if not their weddings, and who still fill up the hall.

OK, so rockers like John Hiatt and Steve Winwood live in Nashville now, and country couples like Cash and Crowell bear little resemblance to the tempestuous alliance of George Jones and Tammy Wynette, or to the boldly commercial one of Dolly Parton and Porter Wagoner. And they no longer need the Opry to launch their careers. But they all come from the best of the Nashville tradition, and they still respect their roots. Cash was so honored to be at the Opry that she was, she says, "in a serious altered state." John Hiatt told me with a straight face that his appearance on *Hee Haw* was "the fulfillment of a dream."

There are some small signs that Nashville's insiders, those who inhabit the "other" Nashville, are beginning to embrace the music scene along with the outsiders. The town fathers have recognized the wisdom of the Music City logo for some time—tourism is big business here. The city's many students are so into the music that CBS Records has established a separate college department in Nashville just to cater to them. Belle Meade boys in blazers and ties showed up for a recent Gringo Dogs show, as did a tableful of Vanderbilt professors.

But the two Nashvilles will never really merge. The music world keeps expanding: "People are moving here from both coasts—publishers, agents, executives—because of the life here," says Susan Nadler. Meanwhile, Belle Meade, well, Belle Meade stays the same, pristine and protective of its own. Its citizens are the quiet movers and shakers. They contribute to the hospitals and their old schools. They will never mix with the music, but so what. It was, after all, some Belle Meade boys that gave it to us. And the interlopers will keep coming in to listen. ●

HODGSON'S CHOICE

(Continued from page 209)

Cairo in a maternity hospital, and every day there would be a dozen admissions of women with incomplete abortions," she says. "They'd be bleeding or infected, isolated in a dark, horrible ward, with blood running down on the floor. A lot of them died."

Things have come a long way in this country, to be sure, but Hodgson assumed that by now women's medical care would be much better. "It's been slow," she muses. "I thought it would just be a matter of time until abortion was mainstream medicine, but it definitely is not." A couple of times a week, Hodgson works in high school-based clinics in St. Paul where she sees the effects of poor access to contraceptives and abortions on young teenagers. Last week she saw a child who had come in for birth control. "When I lifted the sheet, I saw that she was twenty-eight weeks pregnant," says Hodgson. "That could be avoided."

She knows she'll see more such patients if the parental consent law she's challenging in the Supreme Court is reinstated (there has been a temporary injunction against the law until a decision is made). "The birthrate went up during the time that law was in effect, and it'll happen again," she says. She's frustrated with colleagues who believe that neither tighter restrictions on abortion nor the dwindling numbers of providers will make a difference. "As long as the service is not accessible, there'll be an unwanted and compulsory pregnancy," she says flatly.

Immediately after finishing her last procedure, she folds her lab coat into a Gucci bag ("Fashion is my one indulgence," she says) and walks to a waiting taxi. The driver knows her; this isn't the first time she has made the \$150 trip back to Minneapolis on a foggy night. Tomorrow morning at seven, she must fly to Wisconsin to address the state's public health association. She is a little weary this evening; at seventy-five, she says, you start to lose a little of your energy.

On the long ride back to the Twin Cities, she tells of how disappointed she is that there are no other doctors to take her place. Over the years she has trained dozens of young residents in abortion techniques, since the procedure is not part of the regular medical curriculum. "Organized medicine has defaulted on providing a necessary service," she says. "Doctors take it for granted that five-hundred-some abortion clinics will keep right on offering the service, but they're running short of providers." Many of the residents she's trained end up in practices where they, too, refer their abortion patients to others.

"They run into problems, they don't want their kids to be harassed in a small community—it's pretty hard." She shakes her head, and her age shows for a moment on her creased brow. "They think it's just one small facet of medicine, that it isn't that important. But it's terribly important to the woman involved. There's nothing more important."

She longs for the day when RU 486, the abortion pill, may make the whole issue moot. Retirement is not in her plans, even though most of her colleagues would have quit ten years ago. "Every now and then I'll say this is my last court case, or my last speech, and then I'll quit."

But then Tina Welsh will call to say she doesn't have a doctor that day, and Dr. Jane Hodgson will make yet another flight. ●

THE OTHER AFRIKANERS

(Continued from page 199)

and used tear gas and riot whips to disperse students protesting the banning of the tour from their campus. In Pretoria, extreme right-wing militants issued death threats.

A number of the songs on the *Voelvry* album, released after the tour, were officially censored by the South African Broadcast Corporation. The others simply did not receive airtime on state-owned radio stations, despite the fact that each edition of the album sold out almost immediately.

"The establishment is used to controlling everything," notes

Kerkorrel. "Books in Afrikaans, newspapers, radio, television, politics, where people live, everything. They don't really know how to cope when their own people go out of control."

The Voelvry tour also succeeded in making at least some Afrikaners acceptable to the black majority of South Africa. Simultaneously identifying with the rising forces of nonracial democracy and attacking the values the *volk* have traditionally held dear, the Voelvry Afrikaners offered a kind of redemption from what Afrikanerdom has meant in the history of this country.

Developing as a dialect during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Afrikaans was essentially a mixture of Dutch, other European tongues (English, French, and German), indigenous African languages, and the Malay spoken by slaves. It was intercourse—both sexual and social—that brought the language into being and made it a kind of lingua franca of the veld. Even today one of the most significant groups of Afrikaans speakers in the country is the so-called Coloureds, people of mixed blood whose ancestors were Dutch trekkers and members of black tribes of the hinterland. But around the turn of the century, white Afrikaners took steps to linguistically disenfranchise their Coloured stepchildren. Groups of white racist ideologues claimed this "kitchen Dutch" as the historical and divinely ordained tongue of the henceforth whites-only Afrikaners.

Now people like Max du Preez see it as their mission to turn back the ideological clock. As editor of the radical Afrikaner newspaper *Vrye Weekblad* (Free Weekly), Du Preez claims he's out to "hijack back the language from the ideologues who stole it away in the first place. We have to remind people that [Afrikaans] is not a white man's language and it hasn't always been the language of oppression in this country."

In the nineteen months of its existence, Du Preez's paper has emerged as public media enemy number one in the eyes of the government. Stridently opposing white domination and aligning itself with the cause of nonracial democracy, *Vrye Weekblad* has also emerged as an authoritative voice in the struggle for a free South Africa. Du Preez counts among his friends many of the ANC's most prominent leaders ("though we don't talk politics that much, just common South African things").

"We Afrikaners have a lot in common with the blacks," Du Preez declares. "We don't come from a left liberal tradition as do most of the English-speaking opponents of apartheid. We're not liberals, we're nationalists—it's just that we define the nation in a different way than the government." His paper makes a sustained effort to reach Afrikaans speakers other than the whites, and he notes with some pride that its largest growth in readership currently is among those the government classifies as Coloureds.

Writer, painter, and theater director Chris Pretorius is a direct descendant of Andries Pretorius, after whom the South African capital is named. Andries, Afrikaner schoolchildren are taught, led the Boers during the greatest moment of their history, the battle at Blood River on December 16, 1838, when a handful of them defeated thousands of Zulus. It was on this occasion that the "covenant" was contracted from which the myth of the chosenness of the Afrikaner *volk* was derived. The Boers had prayed that if God handed them the victory, they would dedicate themselves to His service for all time.

In point of fact, the "covenant" document has been shown to be a fake, written at a later date. Moreover, it's hardly surprising that on the desolate plains of Blood River long-range rifles would cut to pieces warriors armed only with short spears. All this notwithstanding, the Blood River victory has gone down as a miracle in the annals of Afrikanerdom, and to be a descendant of Andries Pretorius is something more than the American equivalent of standing in the bloodline of George Washington.

"When I was at school, the fact that I was descended from old Andries was something that filled me with pride," Chris Pretori-

Decorating with ANTIQUES AND FLOWERS

Barbara Milo Ohrbach
**The Scented
Room**

In two lavishly illustrated volumes, Barbara Milo Ohrbach reveals the decorating secrets that have made her elegant New York furnishing shop, Cherchez, a legendary success.

Antiques at Home shows you how to use small antiques to give a room personality and style, where to look for them, and what to look for. More than 300 full-color photographs show close-up views of beautiful rooms and collections.

The Scented Room is a one-of-a-kind compendium of ideas for scenting and decorating your home with dried flowers and herbs, including tips for growing, gathering and drying plus dozens of recipes for intoxicating pot-pourris, sachets, scent pillows and more.

These volumes may be ordered individually. Or, save 20% when you order both books. Shipping is free.

Barbara Milo Ohrbach
**Antiques
At Home**

THE HISTORY OF THE
OF COLLECTING
AND THE CHARM
WITH ANTS



CALL TOLL-FREE 800-776-1900 for credit card orders, or send order to: The Condé Nast Collection, P.O. Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336

Send _____ copy(s) of *Antiques at Home* at \$25.95. (700039)

Send _____ copy(s) of *The Scented Room* at \$17.95. (700047)

Send _____ copy(s) of BOTH books for only \$35.00 (a 20% savings). (700054)

My check or money order for \$ _____ is enclosed.

Special 20% Savings on Both Books!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY please add appropriate sales tax
Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

630020

THE OTHER AFRIKANERS

(Continued from page 228)

us says. "It was waving the flag and having something to do with a cowboy movie. But then I went in the army and started thinking, started to see what all this *volktrots* [national pride] really means: smug domination of everybody else. I was there when the South Africans invaded Angola in 1975, and I saw the lies and the brutality. I was shaken to the root—all these people you always thought were close to God, now they were revealed as thugs and liars. And I started to wonder about old Andries."

But in the end Andries Pretorius redeemed himself in his descendant's eyes. "I found out later he only agreed to help the Boers at Blood River because they promised to give him some horses and a cart. It was somehow comforting. . . . to discover he was just another shyster."

Pretorius says that his work has been profoundly influenced by his discovery of brutality and oppression within the glorious chronicle that he once believed was true Afrikaner history. "For thinking Afrikaners, what you are not is probably as important as what you are."

Stylistically, Pretorius's work, like that of most of his counterparts, is strongly rooted in the European avant-garde. You can find fleeting echoes of Brecht, Fassbinder, Surrealism, and Dada in Pretorius, but the flavor is always different. "I don't really care about Afrikaans as a language, but I can't get away from it."

Pretorius's dilemma is one typical of the new Afrikaners. On the one hand he says, "I don't think it's important for me to find my Afrikaner roots. What I am trying to do now is to find some kind of citizenship of the world." On the other hand he says, "What is really important to understand is that Afrikaners really and truly see themselves as being part of Africa, and my work is in one sense a sustained attempt to address that problem."

This is the central paradox of the Afrikaner identity: a simultaneous sense of belonging, of being African, yet at the same time being in Africa inside the laager and hearing the drums pounding away in the darkness outside.

In one of his early pieces Pretorius had a whole series of stuffed animals move hypnotically behind a curtain as various white types talked about their lives, their fears and anxieties: Africa the dark continent, the unknown, as that metaphor for the unconscious it has always been in the West, but at the same time an immediate, alien, and threatening presence.

In *Have You Seen the Countryside Around Johannesburg Lately?*, a collaboration between Pretorius and his wife, dancer Robin Orlin, a man and a woman do a traditional Afrikaner dance, the *vastrap*. As with other traditional elements in the piece, the dance—akin to a polka—is grotesquely and dementedly parodied. At the same time, two young male characters act out the conditions of their military service in an equally deranged puppet mode. They are beaten, they beat each other, they have their penises stolen, they shoot blindly at everything in sight.

But if Pretorius's work is largely fueled by his Afrikaner past, his criticism is directed at the whole of South African society. His *Sunrise City*, a piece loosely based on Brecht and Weill's *Mahagonny*, parodies South African sleaze paradise Sun City as a menagerie of brutal caricatures: rural black ingenues, black political stooges, white working-class thugs, Afrikaner puritans. The Publications Control Board cited lewdness, blasphemy, and a general lack of artistic merit as justifications for banning it. (The ban was ultimately overturned on appeal.)

"I think that what drives my work more than anything else is disgust," Pretorius says. "I hate the way things are in this country, and whatever I do, however lyrical I try to be, the disgust comes through."

Choreographer Marlene Blom has established a name for herself in recent years with a series of stage works that find a middle ground between drama and dance proper and tellingly enact the cultural conflicts of South Africa. Her cast is a gallery of South African stereotypes, both black and white, often metonymically

transposed (randy young men become rampant phalluses; suburban ladies, teapots). Largely through playing off rhythm and movement, Blom creates a grotesque post-Dada situation comedy, as unique as it is indescribable.

"There might be a lot of other influences, but actually what I do is very South African. If an audience has never seen a *Boertannie* [Afrikaner matron], then what I do with one onstage might seem strange. But if you have seen these ladies kneading bread, say, you'll know immediately exactly what I'm trying to do."

Blom reflects in her person much of the incongruity she explores in her work. Born to an Afrikaans family, she nevertheless attended an English school and university and also spent a good part of her childhood living among blacks in the Transkei.

"I have an Afrikaans influence," she says. "But I also have an English influence. I was lucky enough to be exposed to more than just the hard-core Afrikaner thing." Though Blom speaks as if she has figured everything out, her work tells another story. It implies that the conflict in South African society is a long way from any kind of resolution.

In Braam Kruger's paintings, that conflict appears right on the surface—sometimes literally.

Asked by an admiral of the South African navy to paint an official portrait, Kruger complied, depicting the officer in full naval regalia, weighed down with medals. But when the picture was done, there was something unmistakably unheroic about the cast of the shoulders, the set of the jaw. The admiral revoked the commission. Kruger went back to the painting and stained the immaculate and exquisitely executed white uniform with a hail of bird droppings.

Later, Kruger again returned to the portrait and introduced a curious kind of palimpsest, layering his own face onto that of the admiral. The piece has now taken its place in a series of peculiar self-portraits, including an especially disturbing one of the artist "in a pretty frock" and several of him as Christ.

"I like filling paintings with pseudomeanings and then nodding wisely when the critics get into deconstruction and God knows what interpreting them. At a playful level, I like to see myself as a purveyor of bad taste."

Kruger paints in the heroic manner, and his subjects usually derive from the great traditions of the Renaissance and the Baroque. But he parodies the grandeur to make his protests. Highways cut through the background of Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*. Ox wagons ford the streams of landscapes stylized according to Renaissance formulas. In one painting Saint Sebastian, as serene and transcendent (despite the arrows piercing his flesh) as in any painting from the quattrocento, is represented as a black freedom fighter wearing a Che-style beret. An equestrian official portrait is transmuted by rendering the horse's snout as a double-barreled shotgun.

"The problem for young Afrikaners," Kruger remarks, "is having to reject their parents—to tell their parents, 'You got us into this shit. You are the ones who tried to convince us that this is a white man's country, but you lied.' Unless young people can take that step, they cannot go any further."

But if this rebellion is a necessary step, it is also the major problem facing many of these alternative Afrikaners. Rebellion, aggressive rejection, a severing of ties with the racist traditions of Afrikanerdom—these are necessary steps toward a cultural reintegration of Afrikaans speakers within the broader mix of South Africa. But they can be as limiting in the long view as they are initially liberating.

Says Max du Preez, while acknowledging a personal rebellious streak only slightly less than a mile wide: "We alternative Afrikaners tend to see it as our duty to be as provocative as possible at every available opportunity. But in the end, you have to get past it. I think we are now at a stage where we as a subculture can look at the next guy and ask where we fit in. We can start building the new South Africa where race is not an issue." ●

What If One Of These Children Were Yours?

If you lived where children are hungry—in the Third World or even in the U.S.A.—chances are that a child like one of these really would be yours. And if you had to live surrounded by poverty and disease, there would be little you could do to change their desperate circumstances.

The girls and boys you see here found CCF sponsors recently through a national newspaper appeal. But there are more than 45,000 other children on our waiting list who need sponsors urgently. Many go to sleep hungry. Or sick. Or unable to attend school.

But you can help change all this. You can reach out to a needy child like one you see here. When you do, you'll be giving the youngster hope. And that's what Christian Children's Fund is all about.

To sponsor a child like one of these, please fill out and return the coupon. Or phone (toll-free): 1-800-776-6767. Just give the operator the number (in the photo's upper left-hand corner) of the youngster most similar to the one you want to sponsor. Within 10 days, we'll send you the child's photograph and family background.

There are so many waiting to be helped. Your \$21 a month (70¢ a day) will go a long way toward improving a child's life. If one of these children really were yours, wouldn't you want that to happen?

CCF Phone Service Center
Open Monday through Friday
8:00 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Eastern time.

1-800-776-6767



Sally Struthers, National Chairperson



Sally Struthers, National Chairperson
CCF, Box 26511, Richmond, VA 23261

- | | | | | | |
|--|------------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|----|----|
| <input type="checkbox"/> I want to sponsor a | <input type="checkbox"/> boy | <input type="checkbox"/> girl | <input type="checkbox"/> either | 1 | 2 |
| similar to the child whose photo number is circled at right. | | | | 3 | 4 |
| Enclosed is my first monthly \$21. Please send photo and Sponsor Kit. (To sponsor more than one child, circle additional numbers.) | | | | 5 | 6 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> I want to learn more about the child assigned to me first. If I accept the child, I'll send my first monthly \$21 within 10 days. Or I'll return the material so someone else can help. | | | | 7 | 8 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> I can't sponsor a child now but I'll give \$ _____ to help poor children. | | | | 9 | 10 |
| | | | | 11 | 12 |
| | | | | 13 | 14 |
| | | | | 15 | 16 |

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

IN CANADA: CCF, 1027 McNicoll Ave., Scarborough, Ontario M1W 3X2
Gifts are tax deductible. Statement of income and expenses available upon request.

OV0G71

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

IN THIS ISSUE

Details, prices, more stores, more . . . on this month's looks

Page 6 (cover): silk georgette dress, \$560. At Barneys New York, Manhasset NY, Dallas (opening in August), Costa Mesa CA. Earrings at Bergdorf Goodman. Bag at Chanel Boutique, New York, Palm Beach, San Francisco. **36:** Inset top: wool coats and skirts, \$4,050 each set. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. Inset left: rayon matte jersey dress, \$800. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin, Beverly Hills. Inset bottom: nylon and Lycra swimsuit, Gottex, \$78. Cedrics, Edina MN. Sunglasses, Alain Mikli, \$180. Alain Mikli Optique, NYC; Accent on Eyewear, Menlo Park CA. Inset center: belts, \$460-\$1,600 each. Saks Fifth Avenue. **41:** Inset top: hat, \$250. Martha International, NYC; Neiman Marcus, Fort Lauderdale. Scarf, \$165. Henri Bendel. Bracelets, \$65-\$165 each. Earrings, \$180. Henri Bendel; Body Sculpture, Boston. Bottom left: cotton and Lycra dress, \$169. Untitled, NYC; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Bottom right: Antron and Lycra swimsuit, \$182. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Neiman Marcus. Headband, \$25, Eric Javits. Martha, Trump Tower NYC, Palm Beach. **45:** 1) Boots, \$235. Maraolo, NYC, Beverly Hills. Nylon and Lycra leggings, \$175. Barneys New York; Gallay, West Hollywood and Melrose CA. 3) Vinyl raincoat, \$1,920. Saks Fifth Avenue; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. 4) Wool sweater, \$220. Macy's Herald Square; Neiman Marcus. 5) Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. **46:** 1) Cotton and wool coat, \$1,130, wool jacket, \$370, cotton shirt, \$175, wool shirt, \$270, and trousers, \$260. Ralph Lauren Country. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills. 3) Left to right: shoes, \$175 a pair. Joan & David store, NYC, Boston. Shoes, \$265 a pair. Fratelli Rossetti, NYC; Silhouette, Chevy Chase MD. Shoes, \$195 a pair. Saks Fifth Avenue; Calvin Klein store, Chestnut Hill MA. **47:** 1) Boots, \$395. Barneys New York; Ecrú, Los Angeles. 2) Shoes, \$345. Barneys New York; Neiman Marcus. Pants, Isaac Mizrahi. 3) Shoes, \$65. Bloomingdale's. Pants, \$230. Paul Smith, NYC. 4) Wool jacket, \$690, wool skirt, \$325, cashmere sweater, \$395, and cashmere muffler, \$345, Calvin Klein. Barneys New York; Alion, Honolulu. **48:** 1) Shoes, \$425. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. 2) Top to bottom: shoes, \$190 a pair. Macy's Herald Square. Shoes, \$240 a pair. Barneys New York; Alan Bilzerian, Boston. Shoes, \$175 a pair. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. 3) Silk and Lurex dress, \$4,900. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Neiman Marcus. 4) Bottom: shoes, \$550. Bergdorf Goodman. Top: shoes, \$275. Walter Steiger, NYC; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. 6) Satin gown, Isaac Mizrahi, \$995. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. **57:** 1) Boots, \$250. Perry Ellis Shoe store, NYC. 2) Dresses, Ungaro Parallèle. 3) Boots, \$435. Bally of Switzerland, NYC, San Francisco. 4) Boots, \$360. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. 5) Boots, \$410. Charles Jourdan, Trump Tower NYC, Bal Harbour FL. 7) Velvet jacket, \$11,335. Chanel Boutique, NYC, San Francisco. **72:** 1) Bracelet, \$110. Macy's Herald Square; White by Herratti, Palm Beach Gardens FL. 2) Silk jacket, \$545. Silk skirt, Zang Toi, \$200. Martha International, NYC, Palm Beach. Leotard, \$26. Bodiform by Ballet Makers. Available at all Capezio stores. Metal belts and cuffs, Jay Feinberg. Straw bag, Native Touch, \$22. Zona, NYC; San Diego Zoo/Wild-



life Park gift shop. Shoes, \$225. Joseph, Northbrook IL; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. 3) Drawstring bag, Donna Karan New York, \$285. Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Hat, \$105. Montmartre, NYC. Fred Segal, Santa Monica CA. Shoes (in bag), \$290. Robert Clergerie, NYC; Ecrú, Los Angeles. Shoes (on scarf), Calvin Klein Footwear. Straw handbags, \$22-\$90 each. Zona, NYC; San Diego Zoo/Wildlife Park gift shop. Scarf, \$600. Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Belt, Ruza Creations. 4) Clockwise from top: bag, \$75. Burlington Bag &

Baggage, Burlington NC; Razook's, Palm Beach. Cuffs, Bergdorf Goodman. Belt, Ruza Creations. Scarf, Debra Moises Accessories, \$300. Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Woven cuff, \$520. Chanel Boutique, NYC, Beverly Hills. Earrings, \$165. Martha International, NYC; Neiman Marcus. Bracelet, \$11,844. Black, Starr & Frost Ltd., NYC. Shoes, \$150. Macy's, San Francisco. **74:** Left: cat suit, Christian Lacroix Haute Couture Collection. Bottom: brushes, \$20 each. Barneys New York, Short Hills NJ, Costa Mesa CA.

“The Great Seducer

of fashion” has triumphed again. Yves St. Laurent has personally supervised a selection of the most ravishing images from his twenty-five years as the King of Haute Couture. The result is the high fashion and photography sensation of the decade: 53 sensuous duotone and 79 extravagant 6-color reproductions of the work of such master photographers as Avedon, Horst, Helmut Newton, Penn, David Seidner,

Snowdon and Hiro, printed on rich, heavy paper and bound in Smyth-sewn boards wrapped in cloth. Dust-jacketed and protected in a silver foil and black slipcase, *Yves St. Laurent: Images of Design* is \$100 in bookstores. As a Condé Nast reader, you may order First Edition copies at just \$70, plus \$5 postage and handling from the Condé Nast Collection Dept. 835058, P.O. Box 10214 Des Moines, IA 50336

or call toll-free:
1-800-453-5000.

Residents of NY, CA, CO, GA, IL, IA, KY, MI, MA please add sales tax. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Multiply-mirrored in an artful photo by David Seidner; double exposure by David Seidner.



YVES SAINT LAURENT
IMAGES OF DESIGN
1958-1988

IN THIS ISSUE

Design inspiration

138: Right: silk and Lurex coat, \$2,300, top, \$595, and pants, \$1,095. Isaac Mizrahi. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Photos: left: Berry Berenson; right: Pierre Scherman. **139:** Large photo right: alpaca, mohair, and wool kimono coat, \$925, wool coat, \$850, wool dress, \$695, cotton and spandex turtleneck, \$130, and tights, \$120. Saks Fifth Avenue; Carol Levitt, Locust Valley NY; Saks Jandel; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Neiman Marcus. Photos: left: Deborah Turbeville; right: Pierre Scherman. **140:** Left: Donna Karan New York cashmere cardigan, \$1,000, bodysuit, \$500, and skirt, \$795. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. Inset top right: shearling coat, \$4,400. Cashmere bodysuit, \$500. Cashmere and Lycra skirt, \$595. Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner, Boston; Miss Baker, Providence; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Photos: left: Pierre Scherman; top right: Pierre Scherman; middle: Frank Trapper/Sygma; bottom: Randy Bauer/Ron Galella Ltd. **141:** Silk dress with sequins and beads, Donna Karan New York, \$4,120. Bloomingdale's; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; The Gazebo, Dallas. Photos: top: Rebuffat/Photo Researchers, Inc.; right: Pierre Scherman. **142:** Left: rubber and cotton trench coat, \$715, wool jacket, \$790, cashmere polo shirt, \$435, wool trousers, \$335. Calvin Klein store, Chestnut Hill MA, Palm Beach, Dallas; Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Evansville IN; Gidding Jenny, Cincinnati; Adaria, Birmingham MI; Tootsies, Houston. Trench coat, jacket, and trousers at Saks Fifth Avenue. Photos: left: Pierre Scherman; right: James Leslie Parker. **143:** Left: wool jacket, \$650; cashmere polo shirt, \$435; wool trousers, \$335. Bergdorf Goodman; Adele Kauff, Great Neck NY; Calvin Klein store, Chestnut Hill MA, Palm Beach, Dallas; Ruth Meyers, Oklahoma City; I. Magnin. Polo shirt and pants at Holt Renfrew of Canada. Inset above, far right: wool and cashmere jacket, \$850. Wool and cashmere polo shirt, \$165. Wool pants, \$335. Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Kaufmann's; Aversa, Milwaukee. Polo shirt and pants at Bloomingdale's. Pants at Neiman Marcus. Photos: left: Pierre Scherman; top middle: Jean Howard; top right: Pierre Scherman; bottom right: Ron Galella. **144:** Large photo, left: wool bouclé jacket, \$1,640. Wool voile skirt, \$725. Henri Bendel; Sara Fredericks, Boston; Grace Jones, Salado TX. Bottom inset left: jumpsuit, to order through Christian Lacroix, Paris. Right: cotton dress, \$1,740. Chanel Boutique, NYC. Photos: clockwise from left: Guy Marineau; Frank Driggs Collection; Henry Gris/FPG; Guy Marineau; Guy Marineau. **145:** Inset above: cotton Austrian lace dress, \$430. Macy's Herald Square; The Front Room, New Orleans; Lee Allen, Jacksonville FL; Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills. Photos: clockwise from top left: Pierre Scherman; © 1964 by Le Terrain Vogue and Jean-Claude Forest, courtesy of Grove Weidenfeld; Guy Marineau. **146:** Wool crepe and sequin top, \$3,000, and wool crepe dress, \$450. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Photos: left: Pierre Scherman; right: Robin Platzer. **147:** Left: wool and cashmere coat, \$1,100, wool sweater, \$200, and silk georgette pants, \$1,200. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; I. Magnin. Right: wool and cashmere coat, \$1,100, wool dress, \$350, and wool leggings, \$225. Saks Fifth Avenue; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore; I. Magnin. Photos:



left and middle: Pierre Scherman; right: Berry Berenson. **148:** Large photo, left: wool coat, \$1,000. Wool pants, \$700. Saks Fifth Avenue. Inset center: dress, \$2,380. Silk shirt, \$530. Bergdorf Goodman; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Palm Beach. Photos: left: Pierre Scherman; top right: FPG; middle: Pierre Scherman; bottom: Photo-fest. **149:** Left and top: parka, \$2,825. Cotton blouse, \$1,045. Polyester and Lycra cat suit, \$1,260. Chanel Boutique, NYC, Washington DC, Palm Beach, Beverly Hills. Large photo right: parka, \$2,825. Silk dress, \$2,315. Chanel Boutique, NYC, San Francisco. Photos: center: Prisma/Photoreporters; others: Guy Marineau. **150:** Large photo, left: dress with embroidered and beaded silk top and rayon and silk velvet skirt, \$10,850. Bloomingdale's. Inset bottom right: jacket, \$1,000, and pants, \$850, Norma Kamali. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Hat, Norma Kamali. Photos: left: Pierre Scherman; top right: Fabian/Sygma; bottom right: Pierre Scherman. **151:** Inset top left: coat, \$5,050. Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. Small inset center: silk and metal jacket, \$3,790. I. Magnin. Dress, Ungaro Parolè. Large photo, right: dress, \$7,550. The World of Geoffrey Beene, NYC; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Neiman Marcus. Photos: clockwise from left: Guy Marineau; Russell Johnson; Pierre Scherman; Guy Marineau. **152:** Dress, \$3,000. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sara Fredericks, Boston. Photos: left: courtesy of the Russian Embassy Department of Cultural Affairs; right: Pierre Scherman. **153:** Left: Murray Alcosser/Image Bank; right: Guy Marineau. **154:** Left: © 1990 ARS/ADAGP; right: Guy Marineau. **155:** Top left: cotton trench coat, \$1,750, wool sweater, \$600. Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills. Bottom left: cotton gabardine trench coat, \$1,520. Gianni Versace Boutique, NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills. Photos: left, top, and bottom: Guy Marineau; right: 20 *Marilyns* by Andy Warhol: Art Resource/© 1990 ARS New York. **156:** Viscose and polyamide shirt, \$1,100. Saks Fifth Avenue. Photos: toreador jacket: Pascal Chevalier; inset: Guy Marineau. **157:** Left: *Number 3* by Jackson Pollock: Art Resource N.Y.; right: Guy Marineau. **158:** Left: Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche wool jacket, \$16,000, wool and taffeta skirt, \$1,630. Bergdorf Goodman. Inset: for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche jacket see information page 160. Wool skirt, Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, \$1,795. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. **159:** Left: for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche jacket see information page 160. Right: wool skirt, Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, \$895. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; I. Magnin. **160:** Cotton velvet jacket, Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, \$2,300. Saks Fifth Avenue; Yves Saint Laurent

Rive Gauche, Washington DC; Martha, Palm Beach; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. **161:** Inset top: Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche velvet jacket, \$2,180, cashmere bolero, \$1,760, silk blouse, \$1,440, and skirt, \$1,410. Bergdorf Goodman; Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Costa Mesa CA. Inset bottom: Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche cotton velvet caraco, \$2,180, and wool skirt, \$1,410. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Washington DC; I. Magnin.

Print it

162: Leggings also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Neiman Marcus, Los Angeles. Earrings by Richard Minadeo, Barneys New York; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Boots at Alaïa New York; Alaïa chez Gallay, Beverly Hills; Gallay, West Hollywood. **164:** Shirt also at Cedrics, Edina MN; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Neiman Marcus; Fred Segal, Melrose CA. Earrings, Gerard E. Yosca. Chisholm Halle, Cleveland. Belt, Stephen Dweck. Bergdorf Goodman. **165:** Shirt also at Sasha Frisson, Atlanta; Marissa Collections, Naples FL; Polly Adams, Laredo TX; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Bill Loya, Salt Lake City; Rafael, Honolulu. Cotton leggings. Earrings and charm bracelet, Edouard Rambaud. Bracelet with colored stones, Richard Minadeo. Barneys New York; Michael Morrison-MX, Los Angeles. Shoes, Andrea Pfister. Mr. Jay, Millburn NJ; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. **166:** Bracelet, Erwin Pearl. **167:** Earrings, Van Der Straeten. Bergdorf Goodman.

The cutting edge

169: Cotton poplin shirt, \$125. Macy's Herald Square; Tootsies, Houston; I. Magnin. **170:** Cotton robe, \$115. Descamps, NYC, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington DC, Miami, Dallas, Beverly Hills. Inset bottom, left: cotton and Lycra bodysuit, \$110. Barneys New York; Bullock's. Top bracelet, Gerard E. Yosca. Middle and bottom bracelets, Karl Lagerfeld Bijoux. Right: for robe information see above. Watch, Bulova. Macy's Herald Square. **171:** For robe see information page 170. **172:** Rayon and spandex dress, \$790. Alaïa New York; Caron Cherry, Bal Harbour and Coconut Grove FL; Gallay, West Hollywood; Alaïa chez Gallay, Beverly Hills. Headband, Eric Javits. Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach. Shoes, Azzedine Alaïa. Alaïa New York; Caron Cherry, Bal Harbour and Coconut Grove FL; Gallay, West Hollywood; Alaïa chez Gallay, Beverly Hills. **173:** Left to right: nylon and Lycra crepe dress, \$185. Barneys New York, Manhasset NY, Short Hills NJ, Westport CT, Chestnut Hill MA, Costa Mesa CA, Seattle. Cotton shirt, \$42. Bergdorf Goodman. Cotton

shirt, \$145. Lord & Taylor; Filene's, Boston; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington DC; Macy's, Atlanta; Marshall Field's, Chicago. Cotton, rayon, and Lycra bodysuit, \$200. Barneys New York; Ivey's, Charlotte NC; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. All headbands, Eric Javits. Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach. **174:** Top left: bracelets, Karl Lagerfeld Bijoux. Bergdorf Goodman. Right: nylon and Lycra jumpsuit, \$115. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman. Center: nylon and Lycra jumpsuit, \$115. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Glasses, Giorgio Armani Occhiali. Bottom: nylon and Lycra jumpsuit, \$115. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Watch, \$900. Aaron Faber Gallery, NYC. Bracelets at Bulgari, NYC. Top right: cotton and Lycra dress, \$150. Giraudon, NYC. Glasses, Michele Lamy. Ring, Simon Sebbag. Additional salons: Atlanta: Claiborne's, from \$35 (404) 256-1995; Palm Beach: Walter's Coiffures International, Colony Hotel, from \$25 (407) 655-0141; Detroit area: Mira Linder Spa in the City, from \$20 (313) 356-5810; St. Paul: Rocco Altobelli Salon, from \$17.50 (612) 690-5491; Boulder CO: Barbara the Barber, from \$27 (303) 449-3061; Seattle: Salon Cardeau, from \$25 (206) 622-1583. **175:** Cotton and Lycra dress, \$150. Giraudon, NYC. Watch, Swatch. Ring, Simon Sebbag.

Country goes to town

176: Polyamide and Lycra dress. Belt, Ian McColl. Trash and Vaudeville, NYC; Gamma Gamma, San Diego. Daljeets, San Francisco. Leather jacket, Schott. The Antique Boutique, NYC. **177:** In background: shirt, Agnès B. Homme. T-shirt, Harley-Davidson Sportswear by IXSPA 2000. **179:** Center: sequined and beaded dress, \$9,000. Saks Fifth Avenue; The Twenty-Four Collection, Bal Harbour FL. Far right: cashmere sweater, \$395. N. Peal, NYC, San Francisco, Canada. **181:** Alpaca, mohair, and wool coat; collar and cuffs in sheared beaver, \$2,350. Also at Auer's, Denver. **182:** Nylon and Lycra swimsuit also at E. D. Pepper, Pittsburgh. Cotton gabardine shorts. **184:** Silk taffeta skirt, \$5,175. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Clockwise from top left: jacket, Schott. The Antique Boutique, NYC. Shirt, Harley-Davidson Sportswear by IXSPA 2000. Jacket from Screaming Mimi's of New York. Shirt, Guess?. Jacket, Schott. The Antique Boutique, NYC. Shirt, Guess?. **186:** Bag at Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Telaio, San Francisco. Her shoes at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Mag-

nin. Men, left and center: jackets, Schott. The Antique Boutique, NYC. Man, center: boots, Harley-Davidson. Other boots, the Justin Boot Company. **189:** Chanel choker. **190:** Nylon and Lycra swimsuit also at Sport Mart, Westport CT; the Upper Deck, Nantucket MA; Baci Da Roma, Miami Beach FL; Swim Quik, Overland Park KS; Beach Street, Boulder CO; Bikini Factory, Summerland CA. On him: shirt, Guess?. Levi's 501 Jeans. **191:** Inset top right: Schott jackets from The Antique Boutique, NYC. Levi's 501 Jeans. Inset, bottom left: cotton, polyester, and elastomer coat, \$495. Burberrys, NYC, Manhasset NY, Washington DC, Chicago, San Francisco. Beading on net dress, \$7,900. Saks Fifth Avenue; Amen Wardy, Beverly Hills and Newport Beach CA. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman. On him: leather jacket, Schott. The Antique Boutique, NYC. Shirt, Guess?. Levi's 501 Jeans. Boots, the Justin Boot Company. **194-195:** Woman, left: dress, \$3,490. Chanel belt. Center: cotton shirt. Right: for stores for bikini see page 190. Man, left: jacket, Schott. The Antique Boutique, NYC. Shirt,



Paul Smith. Levi's 501 Jeans. Center: jacket from Screaming Mimi's of New York. Shirt, Polo by Ralph Lauren. Right: jacket, Schott. The Antique Boutique, NYC. Shirt, Polo by Ralph Lauren. Page 178ff.: song lyric copyrights in order of appearance: "Stand by Your Man," Tammy Wynette and Billy Sherrill, © 1968 Al Gallico Music, a division of Filmtrax Copyright Holdings, Inc. International Copyright Secured. Made In U.S.A. All Rights Reserved. "A Mansion on the Hill," Hank Williams and Fred Rose, © 1948 by MILENE MUSIC, INC. P.O. Box 121900, 66 Music Square West, Nashville TN 37212-1900, and RIGHTSONG, 810 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10019, for USA. World outside USA controlled by: MILENE MUSIC, INC. International Copyright Secured. Made in U.S.A. All Rights

Reserved. "Don't Fence Me In," Cole Porter, © 1944 WARNER BROS., INC. (Renewed). Used By Permission. "The Pilgrim: Chapter 33," Kris Kristofferson, © 1970 RESACA MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. All Rights Controlled and Administered by EMI BLACKWOOD MUSIC, INC. All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured. Used By Permission.

Dress for less: the velvet revolution

210-211: Belt, sculptress Maria Snyder. Henri Bendel. **212:** Bodysuit also at Ralph Davies, San Francisco. Headband, Eric Javits. Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach. Earrings, Gerard E. Yosca. Tootsies, Houston. Bag, Chanel. Scarf, Wendy Gell. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **213:** Earrings, sculptress Maria Snyder. Henri Bendel. **214:** Rayon and polyamide dress. Earrings, sculptress Maria Snyder. Henri Bendel. **215:** Nylon and Lycra dress. Headband, Eric Javits. Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. **216:** Antron and Lycra swimsuit. **217:** Cotton velvet cat suit. Scarf, Fendi-New York. Sunglasses, Marilyn Monroe. Cohen's Optical, NYC. Earrings, Van Der Straeten. Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Shoes, Andrea Pfister. Saks Fifth Avenue; Mr. Jay, Millburn NJ.

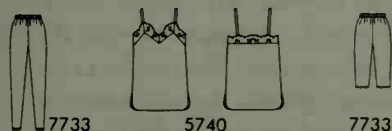
219: Inherit the fringe, the Supremes: Arthur Shay/Life; Albert: Oliviero Toscani; Gigli: Guy Marineau. Always fair feather, clockwise from left: Hoyningen-Huené; Jack Deutsch; Penn; Arthur Elgort; Pierre Scherman. Lace everlasting, top right: Henry Clarke; bottom right: Pierre Scherman; bottom left: Penn. **220-221:** Top row, from left: Mary Hilliard; Roxanne Lowit; Roxanne Lowit; Roxanne Lowit; Roxanne Lowit; Roxanne Lowit. Center row, from left: Roxanne Lowit; Mary Hilliard; Mary Hilliard; Roxanne Lowit; Roxanne Lowit; Roxanne Lowit. Bottom row, from left: Roxanne Lowit; Roxanne Lowit; Mary Hilliard; Roxanne Lowit; Roxanne Lowit; Roxanne Lowit. **236:** Left row, top to bottom: train case, \$869. Lederer, NYC. Train case, \$380. Crouch & Fitzgerald, NYC. Train case, \$953. Goldpfeil Boutique, Boston, Beverly Hills. Train case, \$875. Crouch & Fitzgerald, NYC; Neiman Marcus. Middle row, top to bottom: train case, \$6,200. Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Train case, \$1,100. Fendi-New York; Fendi-Houston. Train case, \$9,750. Gucci, NYC, Beverly Hills. Train case, Louis Vuitton Monogram Collection, \$1,480. Louis Vuitton, NYC, Bal Harbour FL. Right row, top to bottom: train case, \$235. T. Anthony Ltd., NYC, Washington DC. Train case, \$2,050. All Polo/Ralph Lauren stores. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

VOGUE PATTERNS

Page 210. Ankle-length leggings: Vogue Pattern #7733, view B. Sizes 6-16. Size 10: 1 1/4 yds. of 60" fabric. USA \$8.50; Canada \$11.35.

Page 211. Camisole: Butterick Pattern #5740, view B. Sizes 6-22. Size 10: 1 1/2 yds. of 60" fabric. USA \$5.25; Canada \$7.25. Additional info: fit to body.

Page 212. Capri-length leggings: Vogue Pattern #7733, view A. Sizes 6-16. Size 10: 1 yd. of 60" fabric. USA \$8.50; Canada \$11.35.



VOGUE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC., PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION, THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. COPYRIGHT © 1990 BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Vogue ISSN 0042-8000 is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President, Eric C. Anderson, Treasurer, Pamela M. van Zandt, Secretary. Second-Class postage paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as Second Class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Magazine Registration File No. 9013. Subscriptions in U.S. and possessions, \$28 for one year, \$54 for two years. In Canada, \$47 for one year, \$92 for two years. Elsewhere, \$54 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies in U.S., \$3; in Canada, \$3.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder, CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new and old address as printed on last label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. VOL. 180, NO. 7, WHOLE NO. 3300. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Vogue is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury as to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, or transparencies) or any other unsolicited material.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder CO 80322.

SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES: Please write to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder, CO 80322 or call (800) 234-2347. Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to Vogue Magazine, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

vogue's last look

Editor: Candy Pratts Price

The Great Train Case:
the inside track on luggage for
the jet set turned train set



Lederer



Luc Benoit



T. Anthony Ltd.



Crouch & Fitzgerald



Fendi



Polo/Ralph Lauren Luggage



Goldpfeil



Gucci



Wings Embassy Collection



Louis Vuitton Monogram Collection

WITH LUXURY TRAINS now zooming across Europe, America, and even the Soviet Union at up to 186 miles per hour, designers are feeling pangs of nostalgia for that great travel companion, the train case.

No longer merely functional, the train case is suddenly being re-vamped in space-age aluminum, nearly \$10,000 worth of crocodile, or soft-textured ostrich. Traditionalist Ralph Lauren, working in Black Watch plaid, updates the classic shape. His version, like that by Louis Vuitton, recalls the old steamer trunks packed for the Grand Tour. ●

Subtlety Was Never One Of Your Strong Points.

Hot skirts and sizzling stockings. Luscious lipstick and exotic jewelry. They're who you are. ▶ And so is Frost & Tip.™ From the Clairol® Highlighting Collection. ▶ In minutes you'll have big, bold, beautiful highlights that people look at. What's more, regular Frost & Tip has gentle conditioners. And our permed formula has extra conditioners. So your hair not only looks incredibly sexy, it also feels seductively silky.

Frost & Tip.®
Go ahead. Show it off.



From The Clairol®
Highlighting Collection.



GONE FOREVER!



The first eye pencil
that never needs sharpening.
A perfect point every time.

PRO-LINING
PERFECT POINT
EYE PENCILS
Ophthalmologist - tested

Pencil shades left to right: Sterling Blue, Olive, Charcoal, Espresso, Amethyst, Midnight Blue, Ultramarine, Emerald, Sky Blue, Black Onyx.

COVER GIRL®



AMERICA'S LOOK IS COVER GIRL

August

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9042 02350032 2

VOGUE

AUGUST \$3.00

100
DAY
LOOKS
fashion's
NEW
EASE

200+
quick-change
accessories

BURLINGAME
JUL 19 1990
LIBRARY

cast-off kids:
THE ADOPTION CRISIS





**DO YOU REALLY NEED TO KNOW ANYTHING MORE?
THE 1991 ALFA ROMEO SPIDER.**

1-800-245-ALFA



The legendary marque of high performance.

©1990 Alfa Romeo Distributors of North America.



CHRISTIAN LACROIX

BERGDORF GOODMAN

ON THE PLAZA IN NEW YORK



NIGHT
valentino

A dynamic duo: the dazzle of the dress with a cape's dark drama.

Of velvet and satin, from Valentino Night. Imported.

South Coast Plaza, in our Valentino Boutique.

To order, call 1-800-695-8000. Opening September 7 in Paramus, New Jersey.

nordstrom

VOGUE AUGUST 1990

Lord & Taylor

The SIGNATURE of
AMERICAN STYLE

The powerful femininity of red. In two parts: the wool and cashmere scarf swing coat and draped-waist dress. 1180.00
Anne Klein Dresses, Lord & Taylor Fifth Avenue. To receive our fall catalogue, please call 1-800-223-7440



Casual chic: a sporty Chanel parka, in quilted silk. Page 276.

FASHION

102

Fashion clips

By Page Hill Starzinger

111-150

Vogue's view

Vicki Woods talks to Katharine Hamnett, Britain's mother of invention... Europe 1990: designers to watch. France's and Britain's newest kids on the block eschew tradition

152

Elements

Gray has come a long way since the flannel suit

272

Voguestyle... at stores across the country

275

Point of view

276

Fashion's new ease

This fall, designers are lifting pattern and shape from casual country clothes and dressing them up for the city

292

'60s something

Inspiration à la sixties (with a little seventies thrown in) strikes, hitting from the leg on up

300

Getting stoned

Gemstones—the bigger, the brighter, the better

310

Special effects

Accessories are going in for big-time dramatics

332

Le jazz haute

The stars of *Mo' Better Blues*, Denzel Washington and Cynda Williams, show off Giorgio Armani's low-key style

352

Roehm's empire

From a humble beginning designing polyester sportswear to success with her own glamorous couture line, perfectionist Carolyne Roehm has mastered the soft, feminine style women love

360

Strapless

In tweed or other unexpected fabrics, the strapless dress looks better than ever and often serves—with a jacket—as a suit

367-380

Talking fashion

With a waiting list and one size to a store, nabbing a Chanel suit is a major accomplishment, even a fashion rite of passage. Dodie Kazanjian wonders if she's got what it takes... Kevin Allman uncovers L.A.'s kiddie birthday scene

388

In this issue

Details, prices, stores, more

392

Vogue's last look

Whether encrusted with jewels or designed along sleek lines, the cuff has stood the test of time ▶ 6

COVER LOOK The relaxed look of fall: country-inspired city clothes in warm neutrals and, for contrast, makeup with definition—on model Claudia Schiffer. On lips: Smokey Rose All-Day Lipstick. On cheeks: Apple Polish Cheek Shadow Liquid-to-Powder Blush. Both by Estée Lauder. Coat, turtleneck, pants, and gloves, all by Calvin Klein. Details, last pages. Hair, Sam McKnight for Daniel Galvin at La Coupe; makeup, Mary Greenwell. Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitain. Photographer: Patrick Demarchelier.

bloomingdale's



S P O R T S T O R Y

For The Loyal Fans Of Karl Lagerfeld: The opulence of piled black velvet and tissue crepe, humbled by an earthy equestrienne shape. By turns sporty and luxe, Fall 1990 arrives at Bloomingdale's. Let the games begin, on Boulevard Four, New York.



The weekend studio of designer Carolyne Roehm. Page 352.

BEAUTY & HEALTH

154
Beauty clips
By Shirley Lord

169-189
Images

Shirley Lord reports on the penciled face, a sign of the clean, spare nineties. . . Jeannie Ralston searches for a remedy for cellulite. . . Beauty answers. . . Hair answers

191
Fitness

So much for the golf-is-for-old-people theory. Rachel Urquhart learns to respect golf, the sport

236-242
Health

New cancer treatments are saving lives. The problem, reports Vicki Monks, is that insurers won't always pay. Health and fitness notes

324
Cast-off kids

Up to half a million children languish in foster care today. Why isn't anyone paying attention to them? By Joan Smith

344
Eye contact

Elizabeth Collier reports on the new bold look: smoky, sultry, Cleopatra-inspired

346
Hands

From fingernail care to palm reading—Jody Shields has the story in hand

FEATURES

40, 46
Masthead

54, 62
Contributors

72
Talking back: letters from readers

81
Upfront
Things to see, hear, buy, drive, read, and eat in August

209
People are talking about...
The revenge of the nerds. . . The diehards. . . Veepstakes. . . more. By Julia Reed

210-234
Vogue arts

Music: Soul stylist Lisa Stansfield dares us to take her seriously. Nick Coleman rises to the challenge

Movies: As *Air America* replays the CIA's war in Laos, Christopher Robbins supplies the history the film leaves out. Movie brief: Bonnie Bedelia

Television: Adapting a classic can mean boring TV, but Cathleen Schine finds vigor in the modest approach of HBO's *Women and Men*

Art: Charmed lives: merging the magical with the mundane, four young masters create new visions of bohemia. Jed Perl takes a look

Books: Laurie Winer poses the question, will Alice Hoffman's novel *Seventh Heaven* finally establish her as a major novelist?

246-256
Travel

The great train snobbery: travelers are forsaking the skies and turning to trains for the romance, even the speed. Here, four writers hit the tracks.

Travel News. By Richard Alleman

258
Driving

Ten thousand miles in a rented Pontiac: Tad Friend drives in search of America

262
Horoscope
By Athena Starwoman

266
Food

Salt has become a four-letter word. But is the hysteria justified? Jeffrey Steingarten looks at research—and recipes—to crystallize some thoughts on salt

318
Flowers for Violeta

In her Nicaraguan home, Violeta Chamorro welcomes Dennis Covington and speaks candidly about the miracle of her election

328
Weight

A new short story by Margaret Atwood

332
Le jazz haute

Are Spike Lee's trouble-stirring days behind him? His latest film, *Mo' Better Blues*, makes Elvis Mitchell wonder

338
Koons crazy

At the recent Venice Biennale, all the talk was of Jeff Koons and his latest succès de scandale. By Dodie Kazanjian

352
Roehm's empire

Successful designer and high-profile socialite Carolyne Roehm seems to have it all. But as Georgina Howell discovers, for this perfectionist, satisfaction is not guaranteed

382
Talking out of turn

Rotten to the core: seven bad reasons to love New York City. By Tracy Young



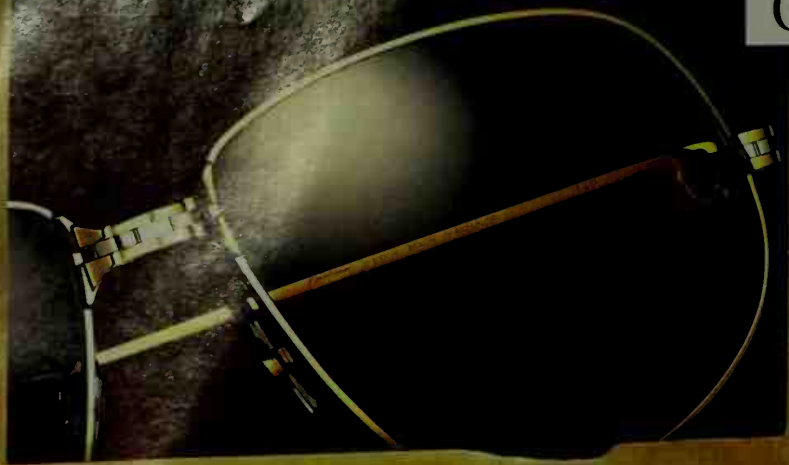
Lacquer bracelets
by Elsa Peretti.

To inquire: 800-526-0649.

TIFFANY & CO.

CARTIER. EYEWEAR

LIKE JEWELRY SETTINGS
FASHIONED OF GOLD
AND LIGHT,
CARTIER PRESENTS
EYEWEAR DESIGNED TO
ENHANCE THE EXPRESSIVE
BEAUTY OF THE EYES.
PURE, CONTEMPORARY
LINES DELICATELY
TRACED IN GOLD,
LACQUER OR STEEL.
FASCINATING CREATIONS
TO DELIGHT THE EYE.



must de Cartier
Paris

© 1999 CARTIER, INC.



Cartier

THE ART OF BEING UNIQUE

AVAILABLE AT ALL CARTIER BOUTIQUES.

BAL HARBOUR • BEVERLY HILLS • BOSTON • CHEVY CHASE • CHICAGO • COSTA MESA • DALLAS • FORT LAUDERDALE • HONOLULU • HOUSTON • LAS VEGAS
LOS ANGELES • MONTREAL • NEW YORK • PALM BEACH • SAN FRANCISCO • SAN JUAN • ST. THOMAS • TORONTO • VAIL • VANCOUVER • WASHINGTON, D.C.

ALSO AVAILABLE AT THE FINEST OPTICAL STORES. FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION, PLEASE CALL 1-800-447-7405



**IANFRANCO
FERRE**

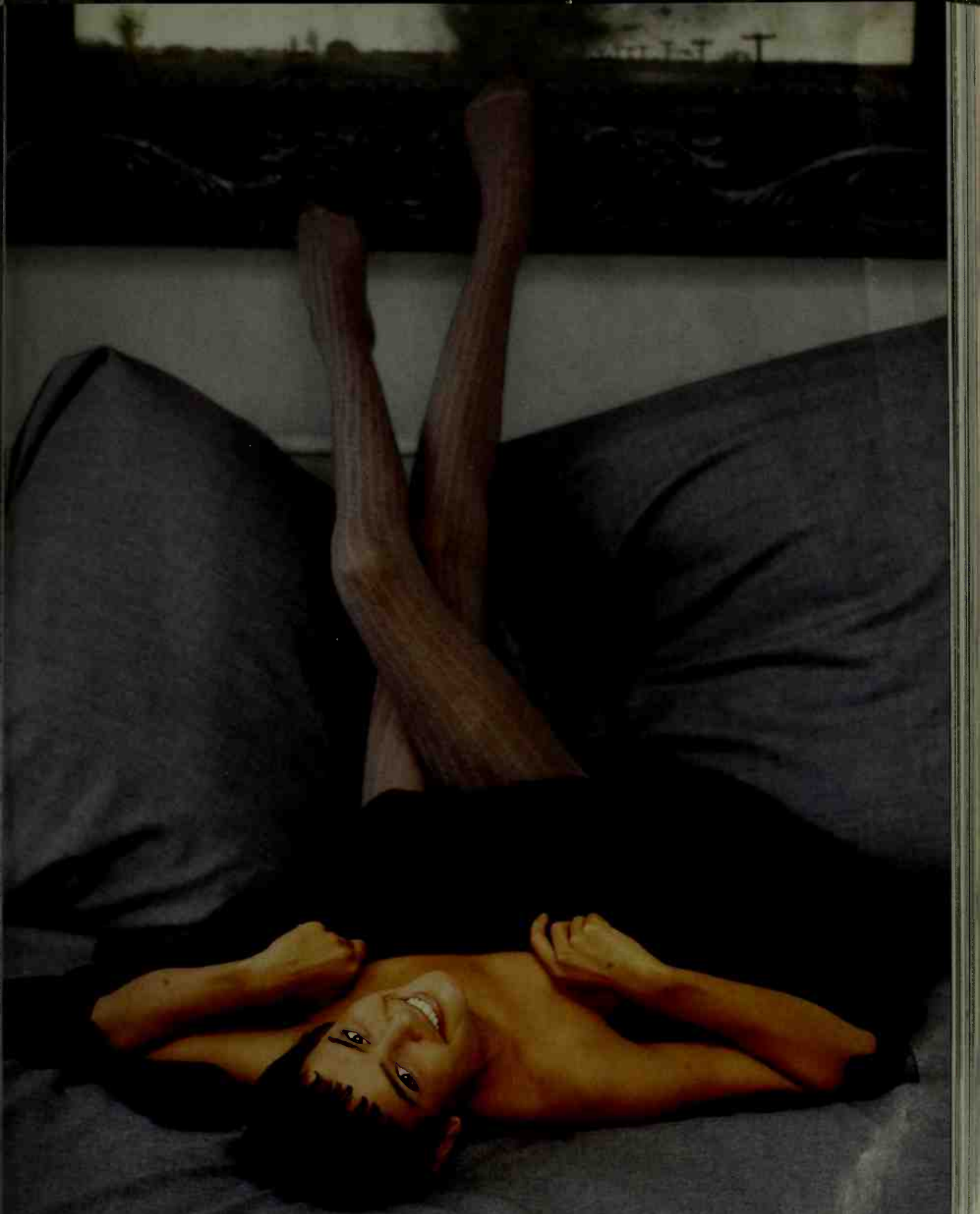
Catapulted into
the catbird seat.

Live on the edge . . . do the catwalk in the pure wool, charcoal catsuit. Back in full swing . . . the swing back shearling coat, stunningly adorned with a graceful shawl collar and cuffs in muskrat fur. Designer Sportswear. **Let us do the shopping for you!** Call our completely complimentary service, P.S. Field's, 1-800-444-2882.

Marshall Field's

Louis Dell'Olio for
Anne Klein & Co.
at





PERRY ELLIS HOSIERY

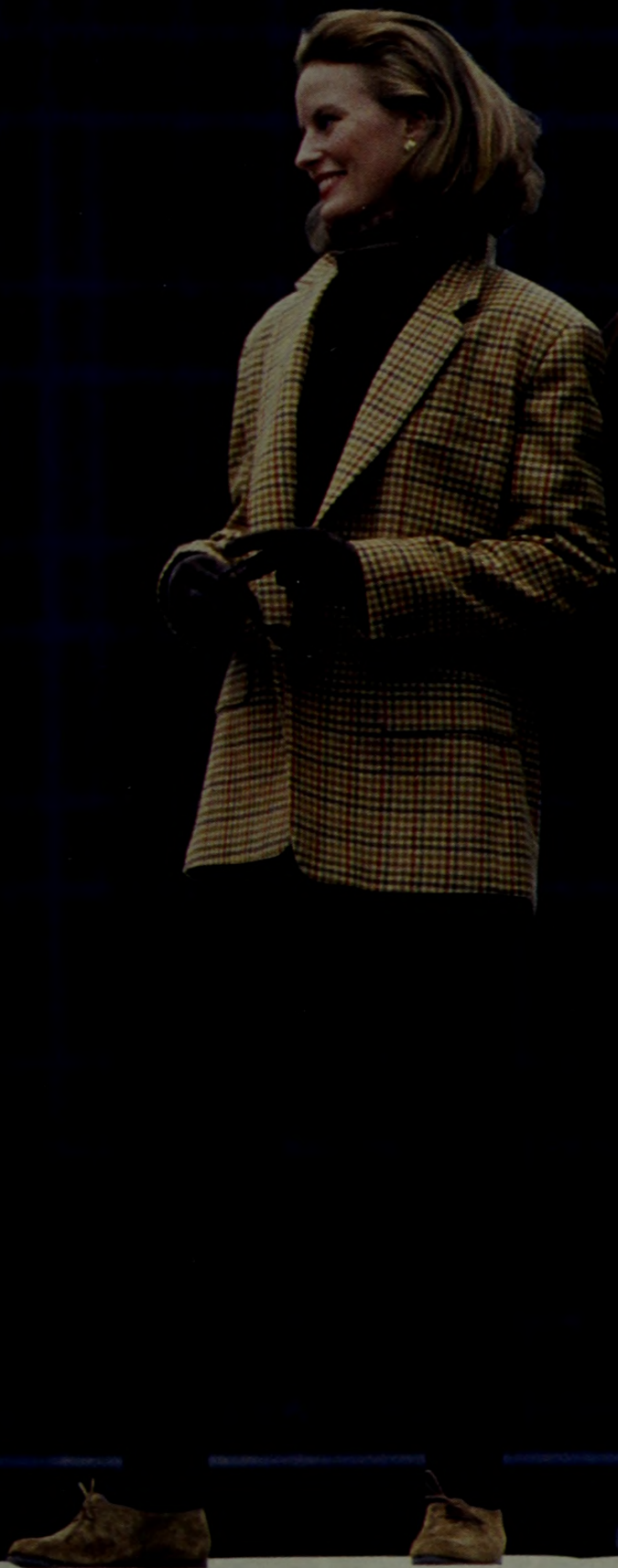
VERY SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

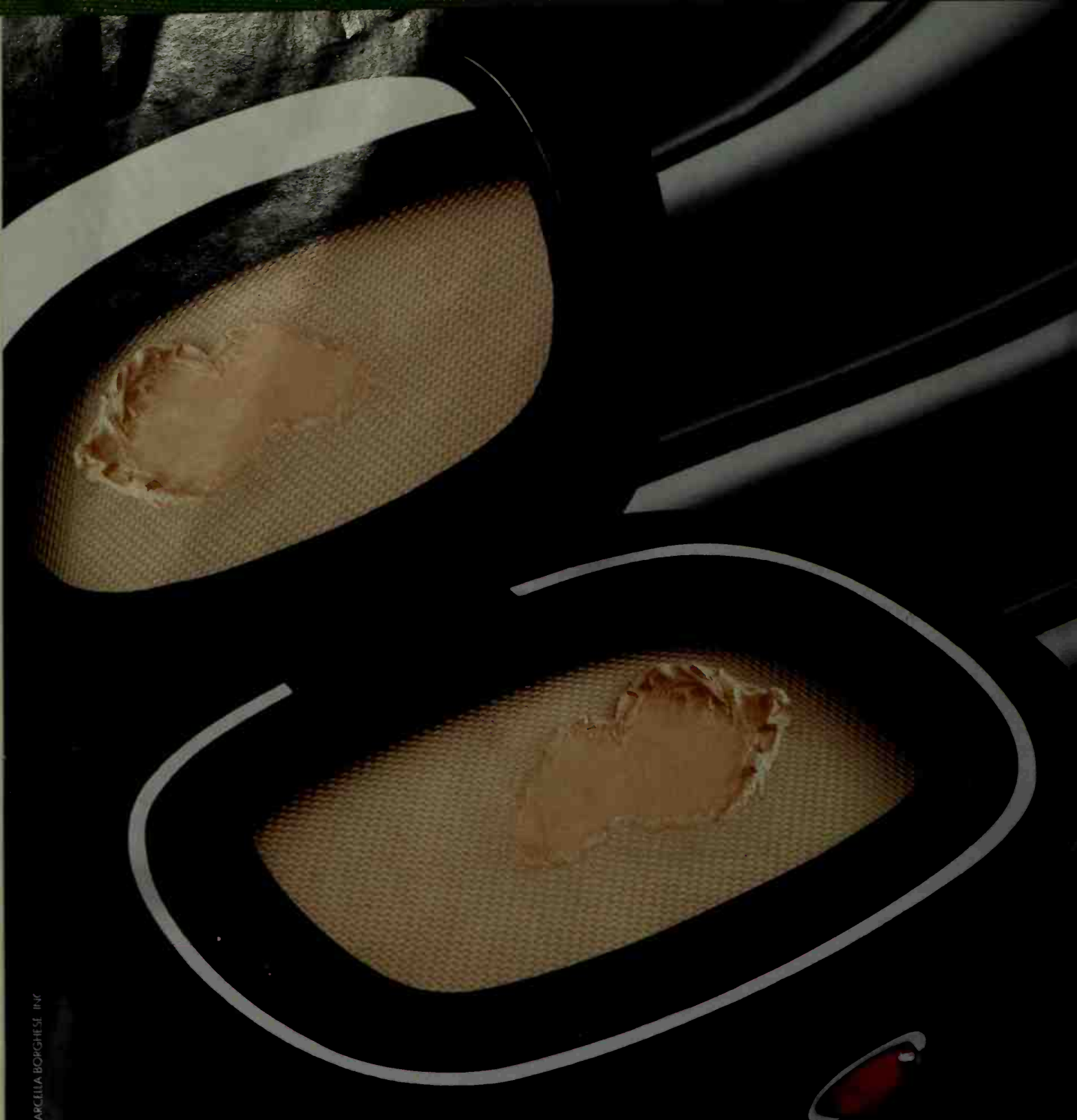
EXPANDING FALL'S FASHION HORIZONS, IT'S THE NEW DKNY COLLECTION IN DESIGNER SPORTSWEAR AT SAKS. **LEFT:** CAMEL COTTON PARKA WITH MELTON COLLAR, \$325 (95-606); MULTI COLOR WOOL TURTLENECK SWEATER, \$475 (95-604); COGNAC SUEDE SKIRT, \$375 (95-603). **CENTER:** CAMEL CHECKED WOOL JACKET FOR 2 TO 14, \$410 (95-609); NAVY CABLED WOOL BODYSUIT, \$185 (95-607); NAVY COTTON STIRRUP PANTS FOR 2 TO 14, \$235 (95-608). **RIGHT:** MULTI COLOR WOOL BLANKET COAT, \$555 (95-600); COGNAC TURTLENECK BODYSUIT, \$175 (95-601); COGNAC WOOL/LYCRA® LEGGINGS, \$155 (95-602). ALL FOR P,S,M,L UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED. ALL ACCESSORIES AND SHOES BY DKNY. TO ORDER BY PHONE, CALL 1-800-345-3454; BY FAX, 1-914-337-5900. TO RECEIVE A COMPLIMENTARY COPY OF OUR LATEST FOLIO CATALOGUE, CALL 1-800-322-7257. WE ACCEPT ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS.

® REGISTERED DUPONT TRADEMARK.



*Saks
Fifth
Avenue*





© 1990 PRINCESS MARCELLA BORGHESE, INC.
PATENT PENDING



PRINCESS MARCELLA

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

A FIRST EVER...
LIQUID IN THE COMPACT.
POWDER ON YOUR SKIN.

MOLTO BELLA™
LIQUID POWDER MAKEUP

SKIN IS PERFECTED.
PROTECTED.
PAMPERED LIKE NEVER BEFORE.

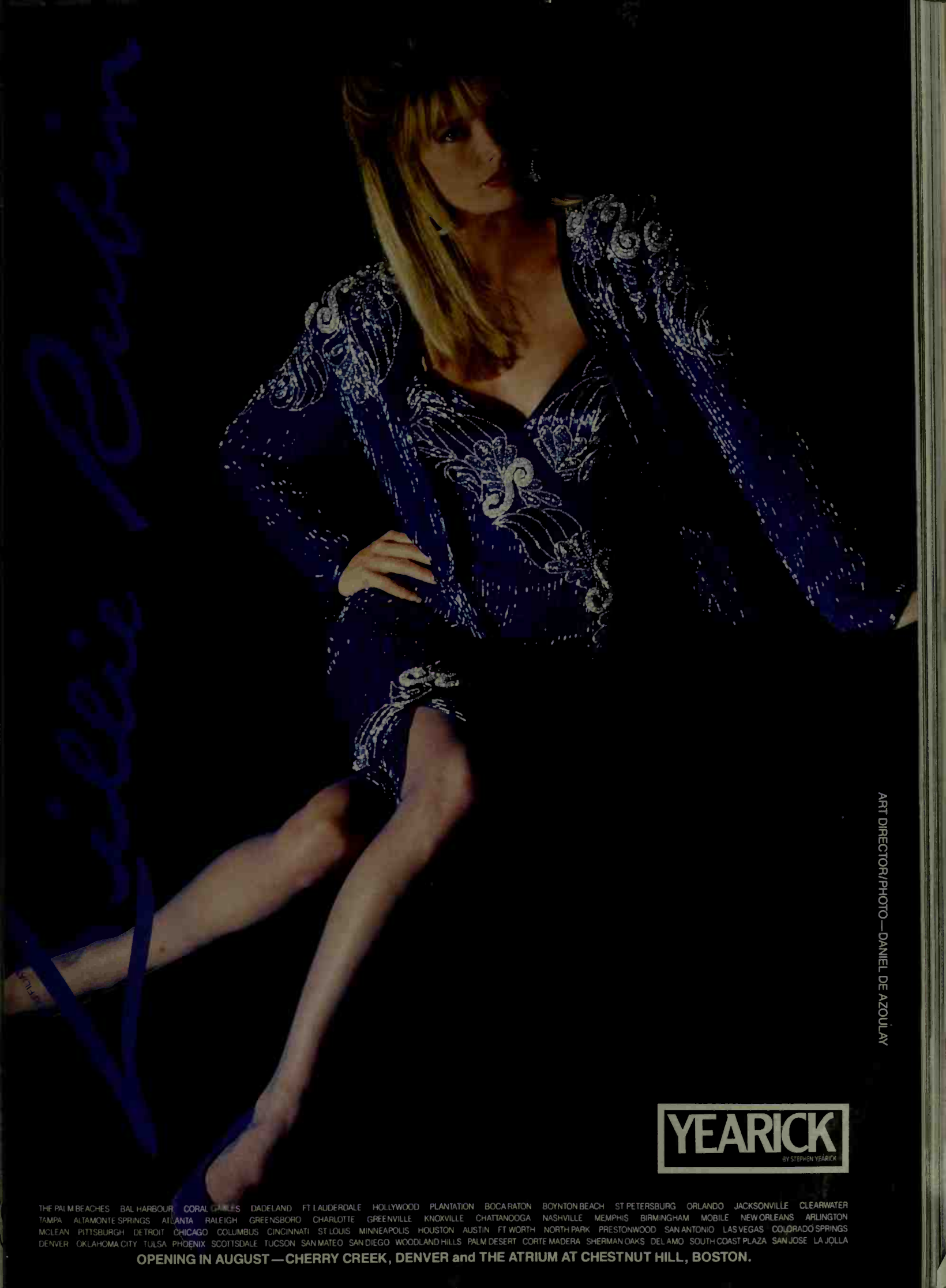
CELLA BORGHESE



GIORGIO ARMANI
Le Collezioni

At ease. A new, softer tailoring. The longer, looser, knee-length plaid cardigan jacket over the slim wool crepe, herringbone skirt. In the Little Shops on Third, Herald Square and selected Macy's. For details call the fashion consultants at Macy's By Appointment, 212-560-4181. Outside New York State call 1-800-343-0121. Use your Macy's charge.

macy's

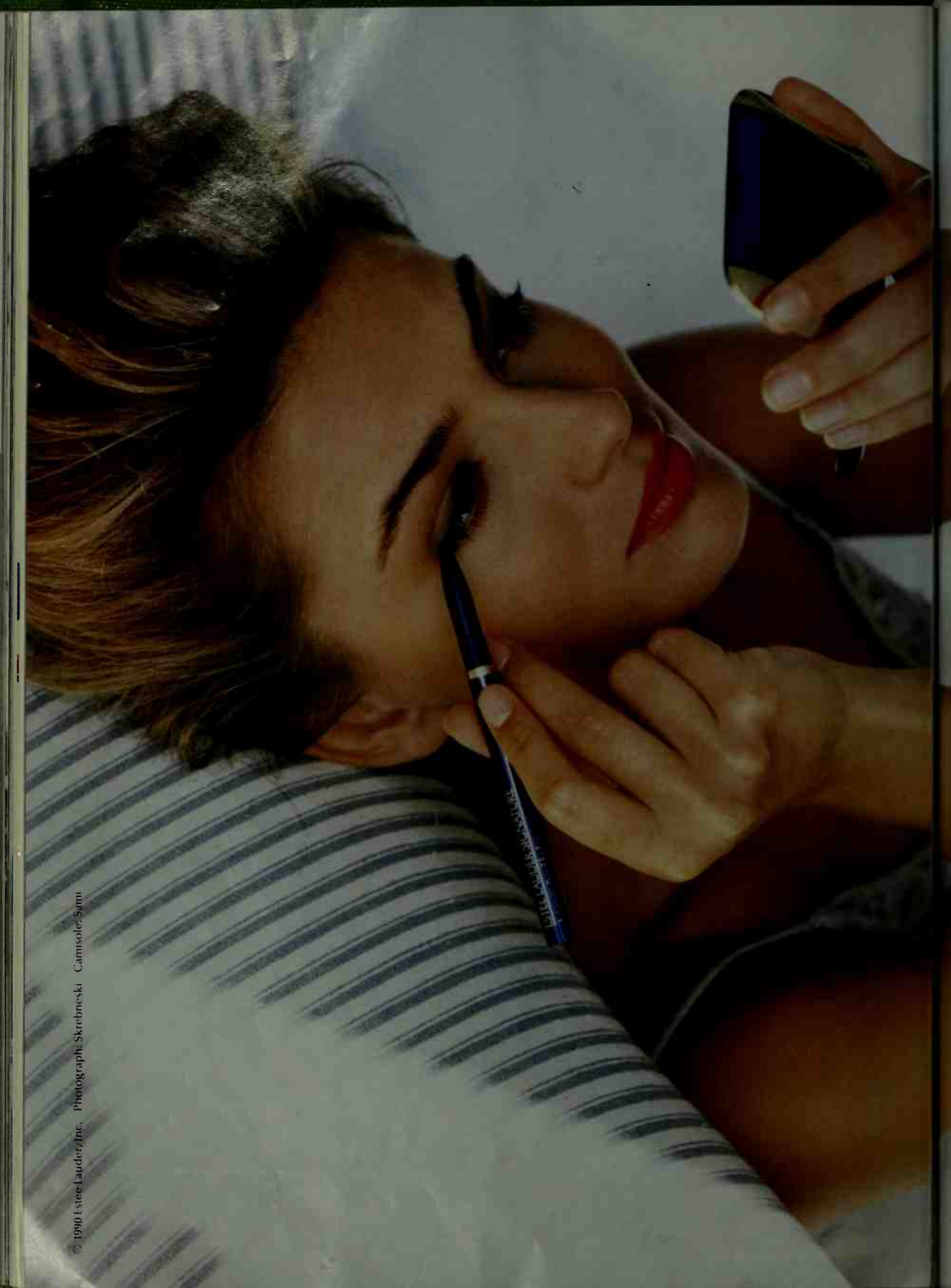


ART DIRECTOR/PHOTO — DANIEL DE AZOULAY

YEARICK
BY STEPHEN YEARICK

THE PALM BEACHES BAL HARBOUR CORAL GABLES DADELAND FT LAUDERDALE HOLLYWOOD PLANTATION BOCA RATON BOYNTON BEACH ST PETERSBURG ORLANDO JACKSONVILLE CLEARWATER
TAMPA ALTAMONTE SPRINGS ATLANTA RALEIGH GREENSBORO CHARLOTTE GREENVILLE KNOXVILLE CHATTANOOGA NASHVILLE MEMPHIS BIRMINGHAM MOBILE NEW ORLEANS ARLINGTON
MCLEAN PITTSBURGH DETROIT CHICAGO COLUMBUS CINCINNATI ST LOUIS MINNEAPOLIS HOUSTON AUSTIN FT WORTH NORTH PARK PRESTONWOOD SAN ANTONIO LAS VEGAS COLORADO SPRINGS
DENVER OKLAHOMA CITY TULSA PHOENIX SCOTTSDALE TUCSON SAN MATEO SAN DIEGO WOODLAND HILLS PALM DESERT CORTE MADERA SHERMAN OAKS DEL AMO SOUTH COAST PLAZA SAN JOSE LA JOLLA

OPENING IN AUGUST — CHERRY CREEK, DENVER and THE ATRIUM AT CHESTNUT HILL, BOSTON.



Get the point, automatically.

With Estée Lauder's

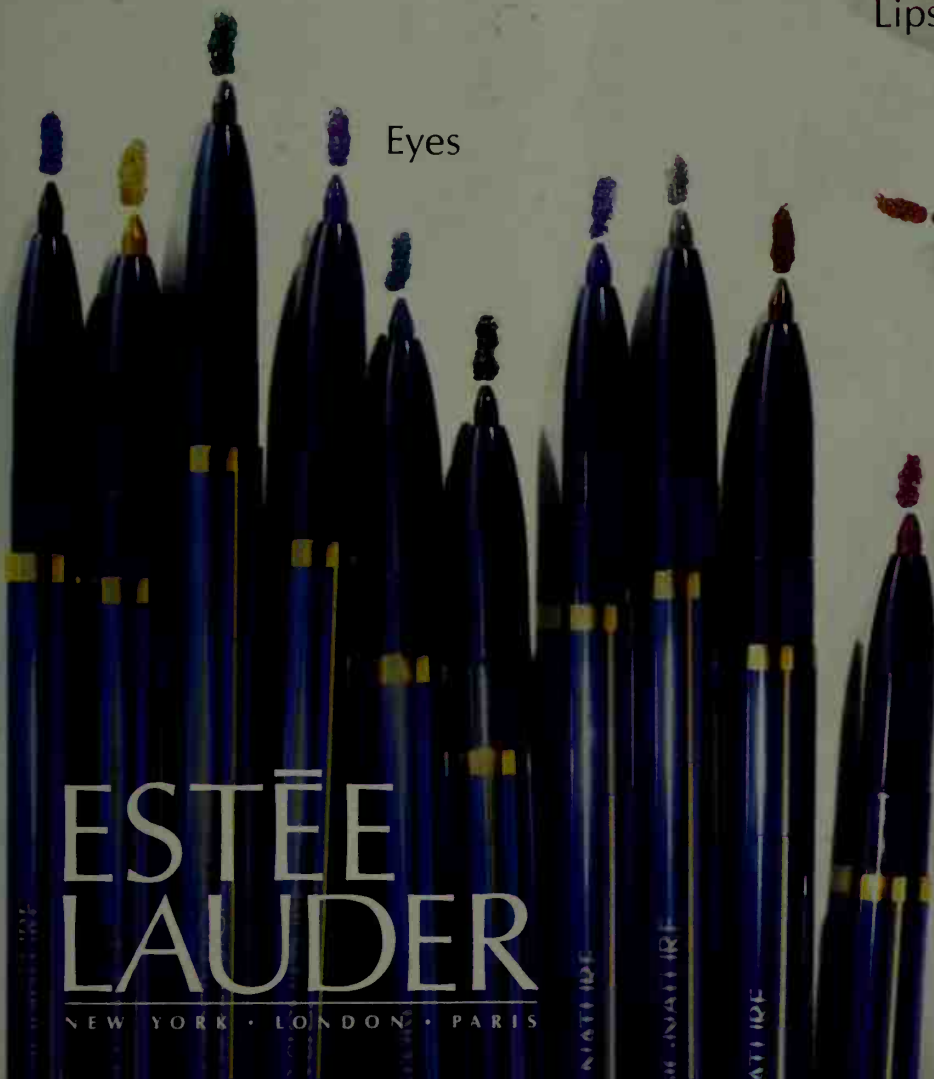
Signature Automatic Pencils

A beautiful line for eyes, lips and brows that never, ever needs sharpening.

It's an automatic luxury. Pencils that emphasize. Color and define. And keep their shape to line. Every time. They're retractable. And come with a refill. In a line-up of colors so perfectly—and beautifully—wearable, you'll want to collect them all. Automatically.



Lips



Eyes



Brows

ESTÉE
LAUDER

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

SIGNATURE

SIGNATURE

SIGNATURE

BALLY®

The difference between dressed, and well dressed.

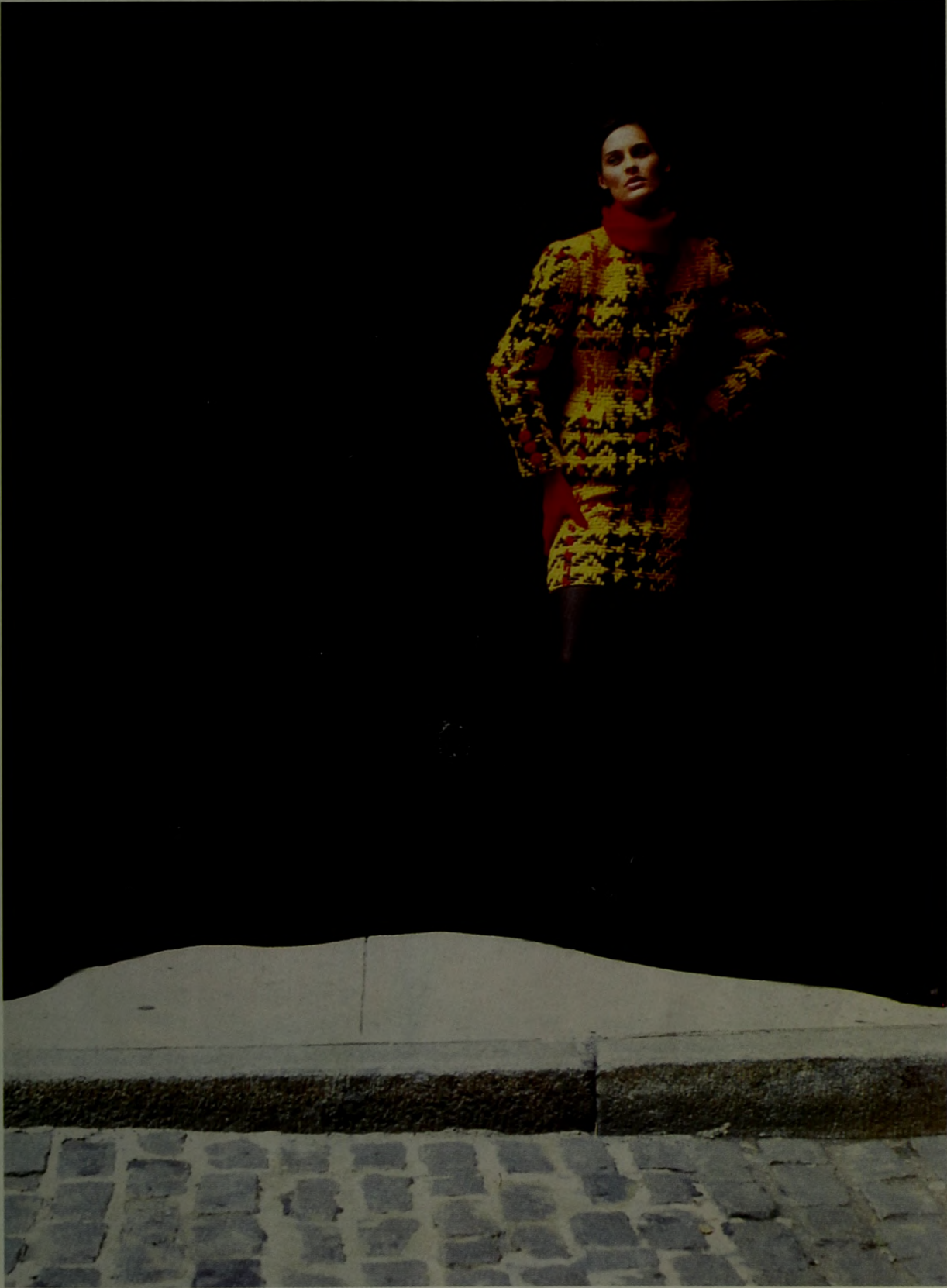
Jewelry David Webb Hat Whittell & Shon Pants Basile Yaks Baccarat

Shoes
Handbags
Scarves
Small Leather Goods
Briefcases

nordstrom

Selected Stores

DAVID SEDNER



Bill Blass

Naturally Glamorous Blush-on
**Glamour at
its cheekiest.**

Our very chic line of blushing colors has just been reformulated for the 90's.

Not only do we upstage the rest with rich, radiant colors that last and last—but now they're more **Unforgettable** elegant and luxurious to the touch.

Our new texture is outrageously silky. Unbelievably soft.

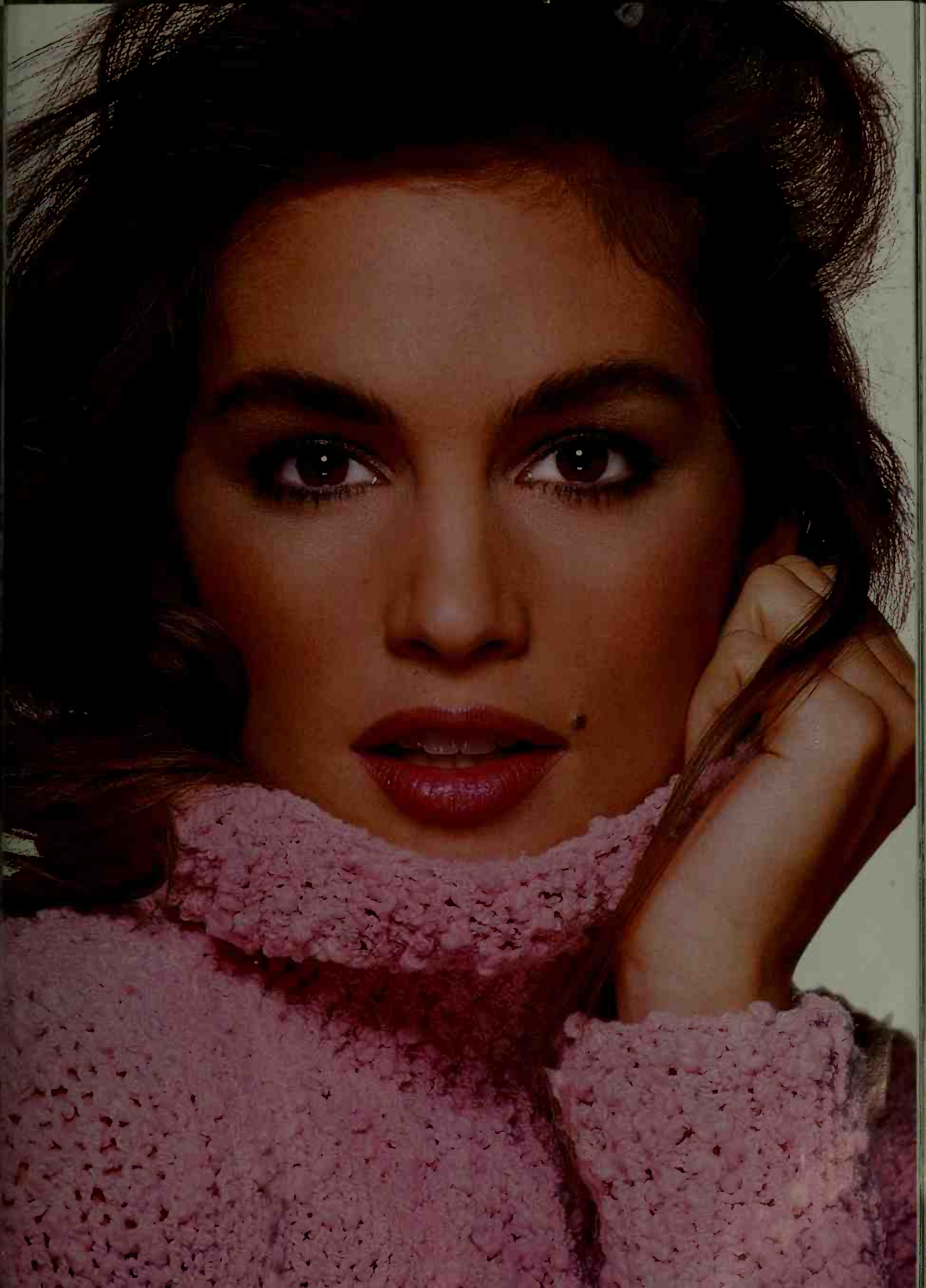
So, now you can feel as glamorous as you look.



Cindy is wearing Naturally Glamorous Blush-On in "In The Pink" © 1990 Revlon, Inc

The most unforgettable women in the world wear

REVLON



L

O

R

I weep
when I laugh.
But
my mascara
never goes
with the flow.

É

A

L[®]
NEW YORK

New
L'ORÉAL
SPLASH OUT.

The
Waterproof
Lash-Extending
Mascara.

At last,
L'Oréal Splash Out.
The brand new
kind of mascara
that waterproofs
and makes your
lashes a mile long.
Splash Out
never runs or
smudges.
Now you can
sob at movies.
Cry at
weddings.
And still
be beautiful.

L'ORÉAL



CLINIQUE

CLINIQUE



Twice a day.



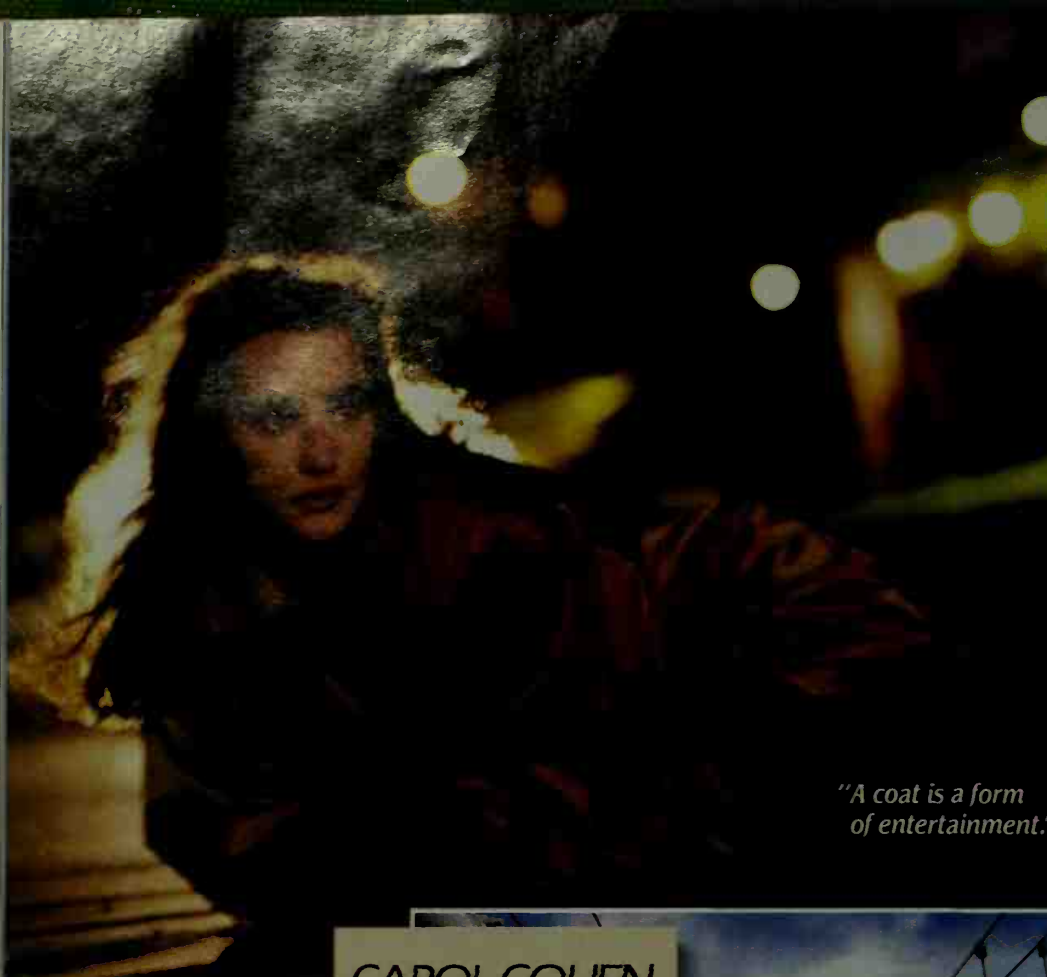
Famous. Because it works. Clinique's 3 product, 3 step method of skin care. Simple, effective, systematic. Use it twice a day. Like your toothbrush. Because it's the best thing going for the job. Photographed for Clinique by Irving Penn.



UMBERTO

GINOCCHIETTI

TEL. 805/9654030

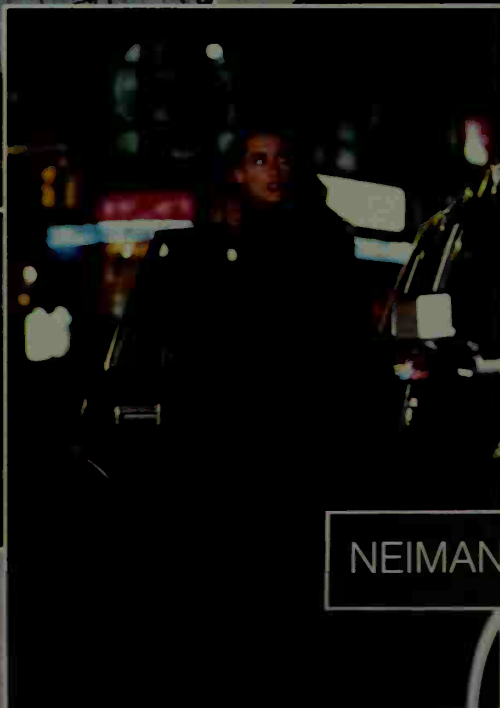


"A coat is a form of entertainment."

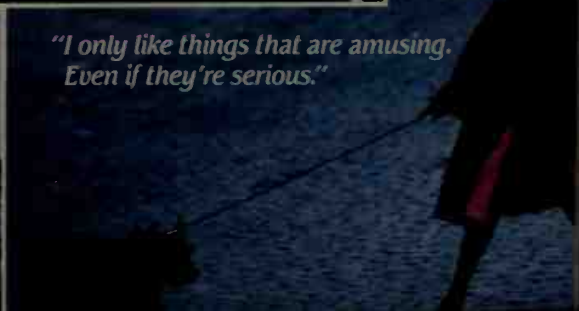
CAROL COHEN



"Clothes matter."



NEIMAN MARCUS



"I only like things that are amusing. Even if they're serious."



WHICH CAME FIRST?

THE SHOWER OR THE
BATH...

BIJAN EGG-SHAPED
SOAPS FOR WOMEN ARE
PERFECT FOR BOTH !

GENTLY SCENTED
WITH **BIJAN** PERFUME
FOR WOMEN, THIS
PRIMITIVE EGG-SHAPE
IS NOT ONLY WONDERFUL
TO THE TOUCH, BUT ALSO
LEAVES YOUR SKIN
SENSUOUSLY CLEANSED.

- **BIJAN PERFUMED SOAPS**
... \$40.



AVAILABLE BY THE 1/2 DOZEN !

1-800-99-BIJAN



In praise of woman.



AVA GARDNER

Macy's

THE ART OF PERFORMANCE



Susan Jaffe as Odette in *Swan Lake*

1990 marks the 50th Anniversary of one of the world's preeminent dance companies: American Ballet Theatre. Its first half-century was highlighted by performances by the most accomplished names in ballet. The 1990 season features many of the time-honored classics of the company's repertoire since 1940...ballets that have established American Ballet Theatre's renown.

The Movado Watch Corporation, maker of the Movado Museum Watch, is proud of both its long term commitment to the arts and its role as a principal benefactor of American Ballet Theatre.



From the Movado Museum Watch Collection,
the Sports Edition (SE) Watch with diamond bezel. \$1,995.

MOVADO®

The Museum® Watch.

The Movado Museum dial is a registered trademark of The Movado Watch Corporation.

LORD & TAYLOR

JORDAN

S T D

© 1990 Jordache Enterprises, Inc. Photographs Alberto Taler

MISSY APPAREL

A C H E[®]



may
BY LOVE

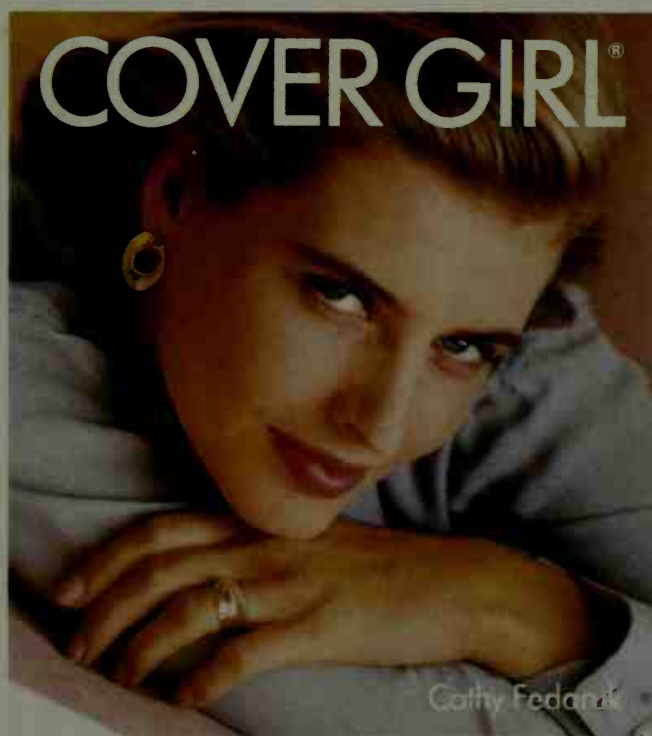
INTRODUCING SKIN ENHANCEMENT
INTRODUCING SKIN ENHANCEMENT



ITS LIGHTEST FORM
IN ITS LIGHTEST FORM

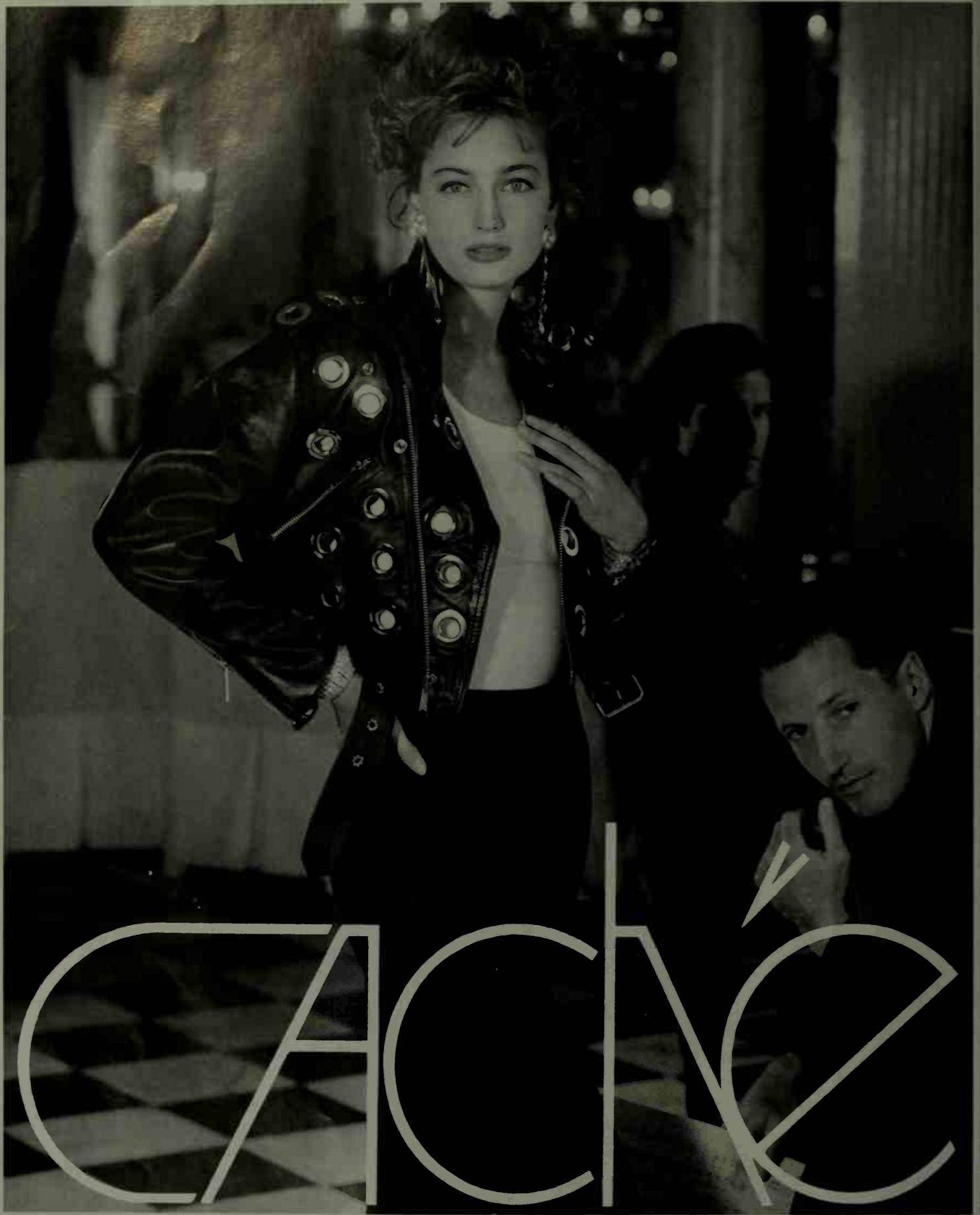


NEW
PERFECTING MAKE-UP



A notch above transparent.
A nuance of color.
Perfects your skin tones, yet never clouds
your complexion.
And so weightless, it feels like you're wearing
no make-up at all.
Perfecting Make-up. New from Cover Girl.

AMERICA'S LOOK IS COVER GIRL



STORES FROM COAST TO COAST.

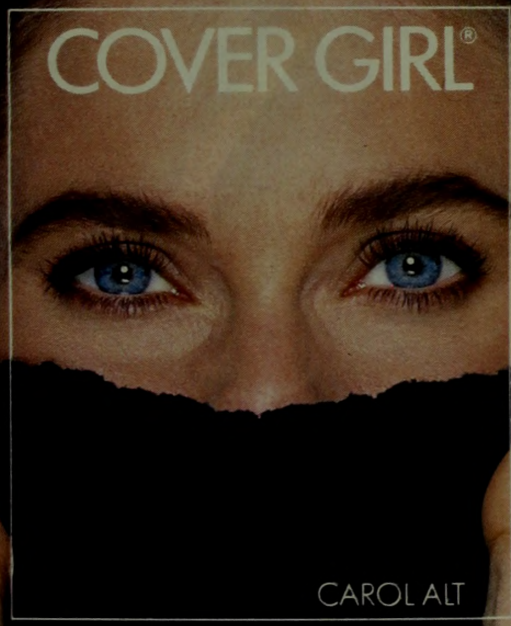
At Caché by Body Armor. AL: Birmingham Riverchase Galleria CA: Beverly Center, Brea, Palm Desert Town Center, Sacramento Arden Fair, San Diego-Fashion Valley, San Francisco Centre, Santa Clara-Valley Fair, Sherman Oaks Fashion Square, Southcoast Plaza, The Village at Carte Madiera CT: Stamford Town Center FL: Bal Harbour Shops, Dadeland Mall, The Falls, Galleria at Ft. Lauderdale, Omni International, Orlando-Altamonte Springs, Palm Beach Worth Avenue, Palm Beach Gardens, Boca Town Center, Plantation-Fashion Mall GA: Lenox Square, Perimeter Mall IL: Michigan Avenue, Northbrook Court LA: Canal Plaza MA: Burlington Mall, Copley Place, The Mall at Chestnut Hill MD: Owings Mills, White Flint Mall MI: Somerset Mall MN: Minneapolis Gaijidae Camman NV: Las Vegas NC: Charlotte-Southport Mall NJ: Atlantic City-Trump Taj Mahal, Bridgewater Commons, Riverside Square, The Mall at Short Hills, Willowbrook NY: Buffalo-Walden Galleria, Manhasset OH: Beechwood Place, Cleveland-Tower City PA: Philadelphia-Walnut Street, King of Prussia, Willow-Grove, Pittsburgh-Oxford Center, Galleria at Southpointe TN: Memphis-Oakcourt Mall, Nashville-The Mall at Green Hills TX: Dallas-Galleria, North Park Center, Houston-Galleria 1, Town and Country, San Antonio-North Star VA: Arlington Fashion Center at Pentagon City, Tysons II WA: Seattle-Westlake Center WASHINGTON DC: Georgetown Park **New This Fall—CA: Glendale Galleria, Northridge Fashion Center OH: Cincinnati-Kenwood Towne Center PA: Ardmore Suburban Square**

**THE
SMUDGE
STOPS
HERE.**

COVER
GIRL

ANTI
SMUDGE

Rich color.
Stand-out definition.
And, not
a smudge in sight.
For knock-out lashes.
All day.
This mascara doesn't
mess around.



CAROL ALT

NEW ANTI-SMUDGE MASCARA

Ophthalmologist tested.

AMERICA'S LOOK IS COVER GIRL

VOGUE

ANNA WINTOUR

Editor in Chief

Fashion Directors GRACE CODDINGTON, JENNY CAPITAIN Creative Director ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY
Managing Editor PRISCILLA FLOOD
Fashion Editor at Large CARLYNE CERF de DUDZEELE
Art Director RAÚL MARTINEZ Executive Fashion Editor PHYLLIS POSNICK
Special Projects Editor, Fashion POLLY ALLEN MELLEN

Fashion

Fashion Director, Accessories/Shoes CANDY PRATTS PRICE
Senior Editors GAIL PINCUS, ELIZABETH SALTZMAN
Style Editor LAURIE SCHECHTER Fashion Features Editor LESLEY JANE NONKIN
Bookings Editor PRESTON WESTENBURG
Fashion Copy Editor PAGE HILL STARZINGER Fashion Writer LAURIE DRAKE
Fashion Associates SUSI BILLINGSLEY, JACQUELIN SPANIEL
Assistants SUZANNE BRATONE, JONI COHEN, BROOKE DOUGLASS, INGE FONTEYNE, ELIZABETH JONES, NATASCHA LOEB, REGINA MAGUIRE
Fashion Copy Assistants KAREN BRESSLER, SALLY WADYKA

Paris Bureau Chief SUSAN TRAIN Paris Editor LYSSA HORN Coordinator FIONA DaRIN
West Coast LISA LOVE

Beauty and Health

Beauty Director SHIRLEY LORD Health & Fitness Editor MARGARETTA NORTHROP
Beauty Editor ELIZABETH COLLIER
Health Associate PAMELA KAUFMAN Beauty Associate ELIZABETH BROUS

Features

Senior Editors MICHAEL BOODRO, AMICIA DE MOUBRAY, RANDALL KORAL, NANCY NICHOLAS Senior Writer JULIA REED
Editor at Large TRACY YOUNG Travel Editor RICHARD ALLEMAN
Bookings Editor MAGGIE BUCKLEY
Features Associates ANNE ALEXANDER, GISELLE BENATAR Travel Coordinator DESPINA MESSINESI
Features Assistant ELIZABETH STEINBERG

Art

Associate Art Director SHEILA JACK
Senior Designer NOËL CLARO
Features Photo Editor ESIN ILI GOKNAR
Design Associate EDMUND WINFIELD Assistant LINA MAK

Production Manager CHARLOTTE BARNARD Associate SUSAN SWENSON HILSGEN
Art Production Manager PAUL KRAMER Associate AMY VAN BERGEN
Copy Production Chief MARJORIE HOLT Editors SHERRY CHIGER, DONNA PERKINSON Assistant LAURA WASHINGTON
Research Editor PHYLLIS RIFIELD Associate SUZANNE GLECKMAN
Reader Information SHIRLEY CONNELL
Editorial Administrative Assistants VIDA GHANI, MARIA MANOLAS
Assistant to the Editor in Chief ORLA HEALY

Contributing Editors ANNE BASS, ROSAMOND BERNIER, JOAN JULIET BUCK, GRAYDON CARTER, ELEANORE PHILLIPS COLT,
GABÉ DOPPELT, TAD FRIEND, CYNTHIA HEIMEL, GEORGINA HOWELL, DODIE KAZANJIAN, STEPHANIE MANSFIELD,
ANNE McNALLY, WILLIAM NORWICH, JED PERL, JODY SHIELDS, JEFFREY STEINGARTEN, RACHEL URQUHART, VICKI WOODS
Editorial Business Manager WILLIAM P. RAYNER Associate Business Manager LINDA RICE

Editorial Advisor LEO LERMAN
Associate Editorial Director ROCHELLE UDELL

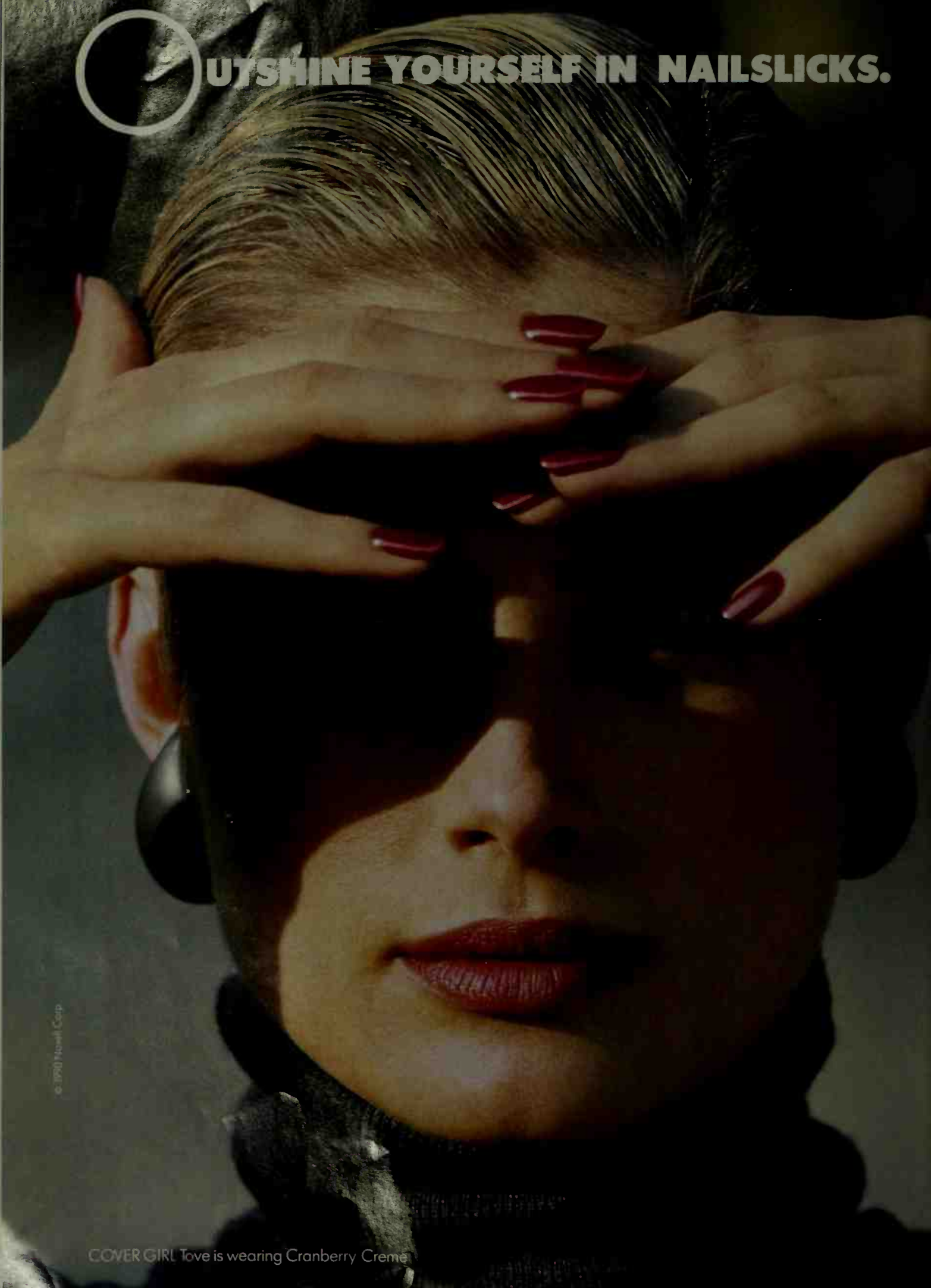
ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

Editorial Director





OUTSHINE YOURSELF IN NAILSLICKS.



© 1990 Howell Corp

COVER GIRL Tove is wearing Cranberry Creme

SHINY-WET COLOR, EVEN WHEN IT'S DRY.™

NailSlicks® has a built-in topcoat,

to keep the color fresh.

So, Satin Mauve,
Shimmering Shell,

Ming Rose,

Classic Red,

Honey Glaze,

and every NailSlicks
shade stays shiny-wet.

Long, long after it's dry.

What a way to shine.

COVER GIRL®

Cover
Girl
NailSlicks
BUILT-IN TOPCOAT

Cranberry Creme

AMERICA'S LOOK IS COVER GIRL

Available in 55 shiny-wet shades.

MARIO VALENTINO



645 FIFTH AVENUE
AT 51st STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
(212) 486-0322

PARIS ZÜRICH MILAN ROME
FLORENCE VENICE NAPLES CAPRI
HONG KONG SINGAPORE TAIPEI

PARFUMS

PARIS



I. MAGNIN • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE • NEIMAN MARCUS

VOGUE

VERNE WESTERBERG

Publisher

BARBARA McKIBBIN Executive Editor NORMAN WATERMAN Associate Publisher

Advertising

Director NANCY LEWINTER

Retail Director WENDY TALBOT

Advertising Manager JENNIFER COLE

Beauty Manager DIANNE WALLACE Beauty Marketing Manager MIKE GREENBERGER
Fashion and Footwear Manager KAY CAVENER Furs and Fashion SUSAN SCHWARTZMAN
Health/Fitness Manager LYNNE DOMINICK
Accessories and Home Furnishings Manager MARIANNE BUCHANAN
Travel and Beverage Manager SCOTT FORD
Marketing Manager ANITA SAVITT
Public Relations Director SUZANNE EAGLE

Merchandising

Director DIANE HARRELL

Project Director ELIZABETH GROVES Editor KELLY BEVAN Southwest Editor BEVERLY PURCELL
Coordinator MARIA L. CANAL Services SUSAN HODES O'LEARY
Store Credits Editor DOLLY MORTON Associate DEBORAH MATTIS
Fashion Marketing Editor LAURINDA FINELLI Associate JULIE KELLY

Promotion

Director LYNDA GREENBLATT

Art Director MARCIA WEINBERG Senior Designer LORI NERO

Copy Chief JANE GRENIER Copywriter SUSAN BORNSTEIN

Production Director DAMIAN CARLINO Manager MARY SIRI

Branch Offices

Midwest JOHN KELLY, Manager, 875 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago IL 60611

Detroit PEGGY DAITCH, Manager, 3250 West Big Beaver Road, Troy MI 48084

West Coast JOHN P. DEMOREST, Manager, LIZ MILLER, Acct. Mgr.,
9100 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills CA 90212

CHRISTINE MATHEWS, Manager, 50 Francisco Street, San Francisco CA 94133

New England ELMO ECKER, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017

Southeast MILLER & TILLMAN, Reps., 4651 Roswell Rd., N.E., Suite 201-C, Atlanta GA 30342

Southwest BEVERLY JAMESON, Metro Southwest, 3988 N. Central, Dallas TX 75204

Florida & Caribbean DAVID RUBIN, DBR Associates, 454 Alamanda Drive, Hallandale FL 33009

Canada MPR 3 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5E 1M2

Hong Kong HERB MOSKOWITZ, Seavex Ltd., 503 Wilson House, 19 Wyndham Street, Central, Hong Kong

Europe

GARDNER BELLANGER, Associate Publisher for Europe

284 Boulevard Saint-Germain, 75007 Paris

SYLVIE McKENZIE, Account Executive, United Kingdom, Spain, and France 19 S. Audley Street, London W1

MARVA GRIFFIN, Account Executive, Italy Viale Montello, 14, 20154 Milan

BRITISH VOGUE Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W1R 0AD

FRENCH VOGUE 4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, 75007 Paris

GERMAN VOGUE 44 Leopoldstrasse, 8000 München 40

ITALIAN VOGUE Piazza Castello 27, 20121 Milan

SPANISH VOGUE Serrano 3, 28001 Madrid

AUSTRALIAN VOGUE 170 Pacific Highway, Greenwich, N.S.W. 2065

BRAZILIAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial Ltda.

MEXICAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial de Mexico

VOGUE is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.,

Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017

Chairman S.I. NEWHOUSE, JR. Deputy Chairman DANIEL SALEM President BERNARD H. LESER

Executive Vice Presidents JOHN B. BRUNELLE, JOSEPH L. FUCHS

Vice President—Corporate Resources FRED C. THORMANN Vice President VERNE WESTERBERG

Vice President—Treasurer ERIC C. ANDERSON Vice President—Secretary PAMELA M. VAN ZANDT

Vice President Circulation PETER ARMOUR

Vice President Manufacturing and Distribution IRVING HERSCHBEIN

Vice President Condé Nast Package NEIL JACOBS

Corporate Marketing Director ECKART L. GÜTHE

Perfect Take.

Tanqueray®
A singular experience.

Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc/Vol (94.6°), 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.
© 1990 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.



**LONG-LASTING
CREMEPOWDER
PLUS
MOISTURE RICH
TOPCOAT**

LIP COLOR THAT LASTS,

At last. Real breakthrough news in lip color only from Cover Girl. Clingy, cremepowder

AND LASTS,

color plus a silky-feeling topcoat. For a luscious look and feel that really lasts. It's a look you can't eat, drink or talk your way out of. **AND LASTS.**

NEW LIP ADVANCE lasting lipcolor

AMERICA'S LOOK IS COVER GIRL

COVER GIRL®

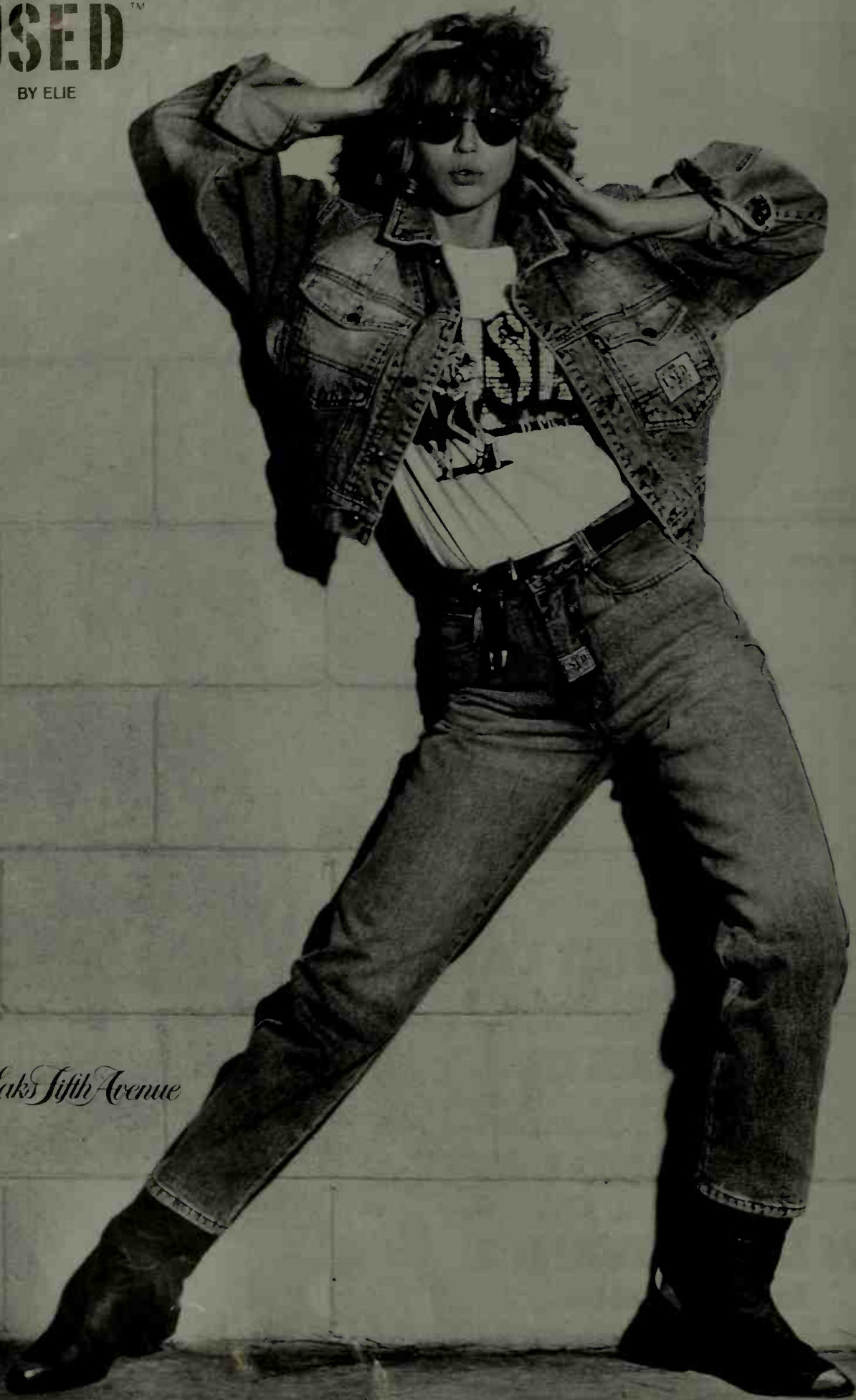


CHRISTIE BRINKLEY

Christie is wearing Snapdragon.

GET
USEDTM
BY ELIE

© 1990 GET USED BY ELIE



Saks Fifth Avenue



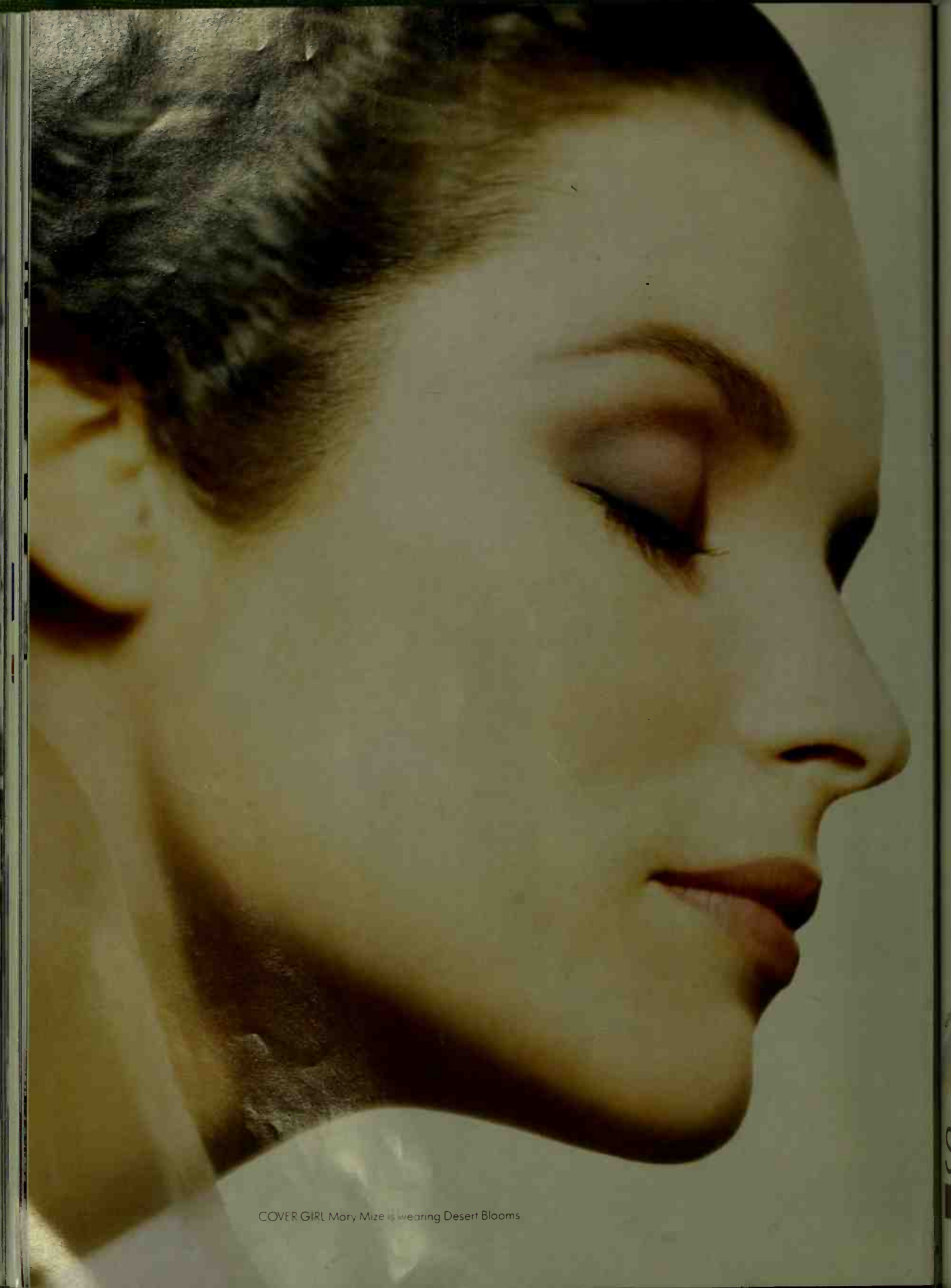
FENDI.

The Latest Roman Masterpiece

Swiss Made Timepieces From \$250 to \$750 • Water Resistant to 5ATM (165ft) • Quartz

Macy*s

BULLOCK'S
WE'RE A PART OF YOUR LIFE



COVER GIRL Mory Mize is wearing Desert Blooms

SHEER MATTE COLOR. NOW LESS IS MORE.

Think. Chiffon-sheer color that's flawlessly matte. Feel. Color that's so smooth, it slides on just like silk. Experience. Color so soft, it never over-shadows you.

COVER GIRL®



Desert Blooms



SOFT RADIANTS EYE SHADOW

AMERICA'S LOOK IS COVER GIRL



JAEGER

For the Jaeger store nearest you, call 1-800-7-JAEGER.



AnnTaylor.

... IS YOUR LIFESTYLE

... exclusively AnnTaylor. The sculpted coat dress, newly softened with a shawl collar and curved hem, in midnight blue wool gabardine. Sizes 2 to 14. \$238. Call 1-800-825-6250 for the store closest to you.

CONTRIBUTORS

VOGUE

THE RALPH LAUREN FOOTWEAR
COLLECTION IS AVAILABLE AT:
POLO/RALPH LAUREN STORES

ARIZONA: Phoenix

CALIFORNIA: Beverly Hills, Carmel, Costa
Mesa, La Jolla, Palo Alto, Sacramento, San
Francisco, Santa Barbara, Stanford, Valley Fair

COLORADO: Denver

CONNECTICUT: Stamford, West Farms

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Washington

FLORIDA: Bal Harbour, Boca Raton, Coconut
Grove, Ft. Lauderdale, Miami, Palm Beach
Gardens, Sarasota, Tampa, Winter Park

GEORGIA: Atlanta

HAWAII: Honolulu

LOUISIANA: New Orleans

MASSACHUSETTS: Boston/Copley Place,
Chestnut Hill

MARYLAND: Annapolis

MICHIGAN: Birmingham

MINNESOTA: Minneapolis

MISSOURI: Kansas City, St. Louis

NEW JERSEY: Hackensack, Princeton, Short Hills

NEW YORK: Manhasset, Manhattan

OHIO: Cincinnati, Columbus

OKLAHOMA: Tulsa

PENNSYLVANIA: Mt. Lebanon, Philadelphia,
Pittsburgh

SOUTH CAROLINA: Charleston, Hilton Head

TENNESSEE: Memphis

TEXAS: Austin, Dallas, Ft. Worth, Houston

POLO COUNTRY STORES

CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa

NEW YORK: East Hampton

PENNSYLVANIA: Willow Grove

UTAH: Salt Lake City

DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

BELK: Charlotte/South Park,
Winston-Salem/Hanes Mall, NC

BERGDORF GOODMAN, New York, NY

BLOOMINGDALE'S: Stamford, CT; Boca
Raton, Miami, FL; Chicago, IL; Chestnut Hill,
MA; White Flint, MD; Bergen County, Short
Hills, NJ; Garden City, New York City, White
Plains, NY; King of Prussia, Willow Grove,
PA; Tysons Corner, VA

BULLOCKS: Beverly Center, Costa Mesa, Palm
Desert, Pasadena, Westwood, CA; Scottsdale,
Sherman Oaks, AZ

DICKINSON'S SHOE SALON, Des Moines, IA

FILENE'S, Chestnut Hill, MA

FOREST BOOTERY, Lake Forest, IL

FREDERICK & NELSON: Bellevue,
Downtown Seattle, WA

GLASGOW WOMEN'S WEAR,
Springfield, MO

GODFRY'S, Worthington, OH

HAROLD'S, Dallas/Highland Park, TX

HERON SPORTSWEAR, Amelia Island, FL

JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia, PA

LORD & TAYLOR, New York, NY

MACY'S: Stamford, CT; Atlanta, GA; Palm
Beach Gardens, FL; Bridgewater, NJ; King of
Prussia, PA; Dallas Galleria, Houston Galleria,
TX; Tysons Corner, VA

MACY'S CALIFORNIA: Birdcage, Corte
Madera, Sacramento, San Francisco, Stanford,
Valley Fair, CA

NEIMAN MARCUS, Dallas/NorthPark, TX

NORDSTROM: Corte Madera, Los Angeles/
Westside, CA; Paramus, NJ; Bellevue, WA

RUTH KISHLINE, Evansville, IL

SANDPIPER LOFT: Key Largo, Marco Island,
Naples, FL

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: Chicago, Skokie, IL;
Minneapolis, MN; New York, NY

SPORTS TAHOE, Tahoe City, CA

SWANSON'S, Kansas City, MO

THOROUGHBREDS, Middleburg, VA

VON MAUR, Davenport, IA

WOODWARD & LOTHROP: Washington, DC;
Tysons Corner, VA



margaret atwood

Margaret Atwood, author of *The Handmaid's Tale* and *Cat's Eye*, says a friend who works with battered women inspired her to write "Weight," the short story that appears in this issue. Born in Ottawa, Canada, Atwood spent most of her early childhood in the wilderness of northern Quebec and didn't attend a full year of school until the eighth grade. In the sixties she graduated from the University of Toronto, attended graduate school at Harvard, traveled, and simultaneously taught English to engineering students in a Quonset hut in British Columbia and completed her first published novel, *The Edible Woman*.

Since then she has written more than twenty novels, books of poetry, short stories, critical essays, and children's stories, and lived on a farm for eight years as well as in various other places, including England, Scotland, Texas, Alabama, New York, and Berlin, before settling in Toronto. She still travels a good deal—novelist Game Gibson, the father of her thirteen-year-old daughter, "regularly drags me into snake-filled jungles and swamps for the purpose of bird watching." **CONTRIBUTORS ▶ 62**

Lancôme enters the world of Chrono-cosmetology.

NOCTOSÔME

SYSTÈME RÉNOVATEUR de NUIT

Renewal Night Treatment

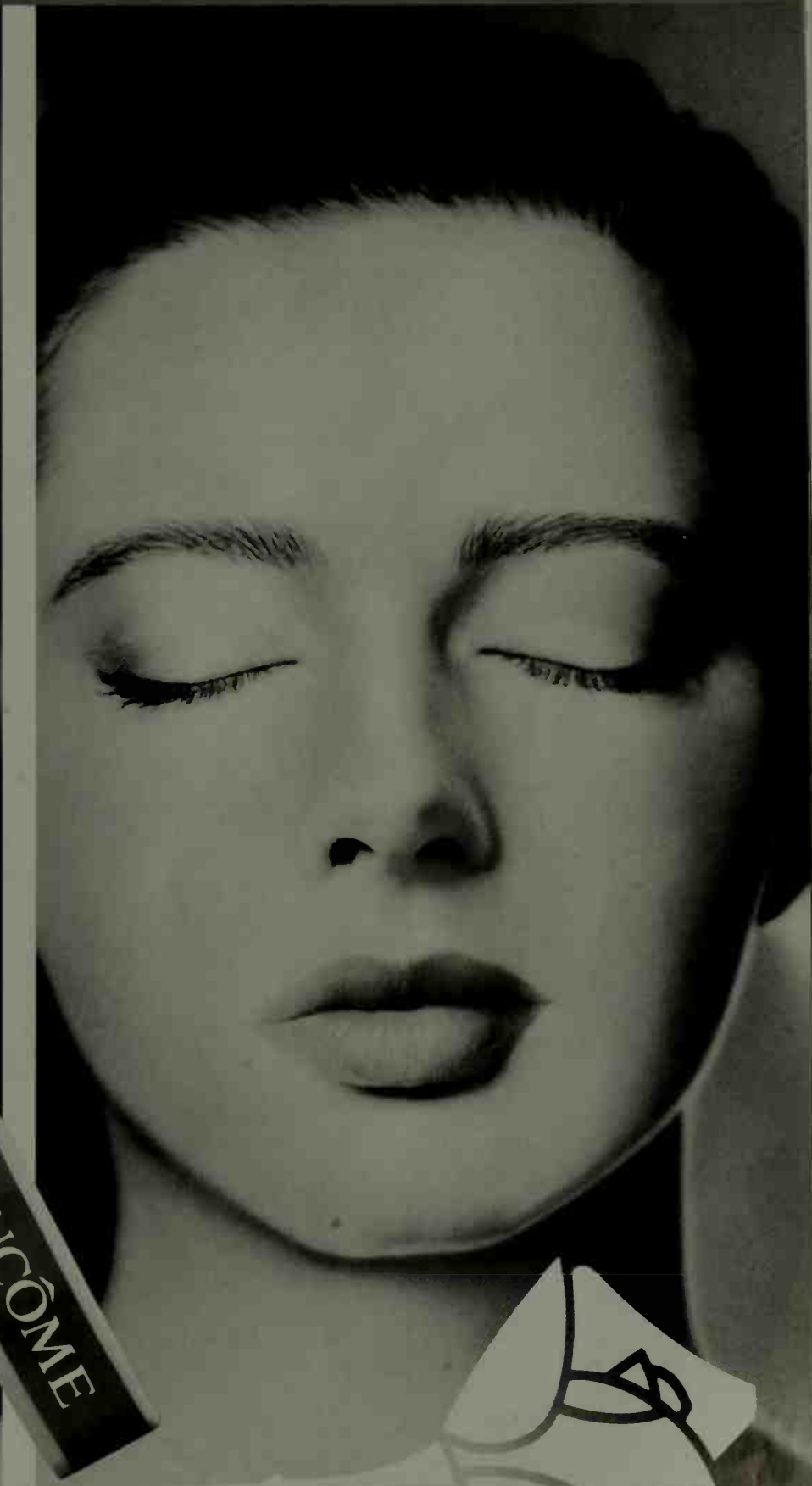
Wake up to more beautiful-looking skin.

At night, after facing the day's aggressions, the skin's natural biological rhythms turn to its renewal activities. At the same time, Noctosôme... with its unique time-released Niosôme System Technology:

- provides for the accumulation of a precious nightly reservoir of "Niosôme" microspheres containing specific elements
- allows accurate, targeted and gradual transport of its special ingredients in this time-released fashion to surface layers of the skin
- unlike traditional nighttime formulations... combines the qualities of an extraordinary texture that is both light and luxurious in its feel

The result... a definite beauty action every night... fresher, clearer, more beautiful-looking skin every morning.

NOCTOSÔME RENEWAL NIGHT TREATMENT... Isn't it comforting to know that while your body takes care of you on the inside, Lancôme takes care of you on the outside?



LANCÔME
PARIS

© PIRELLA GÖTTSCHE LOWE PHOTO ANELLI AD ANELLI





GILLIAN

Available at Lord & Taylor



For the upcoming season, elegant opera coat of imported cotton,
from the Carol Cohen Collection by Sanyo Fashion House; 590.00. In Gallery.

Washington/Oregon/California/Utah/Alaska/Virginia; 1-800-695-8000.

Opening September 7 in Paramus, New Jersey.

nordstrom

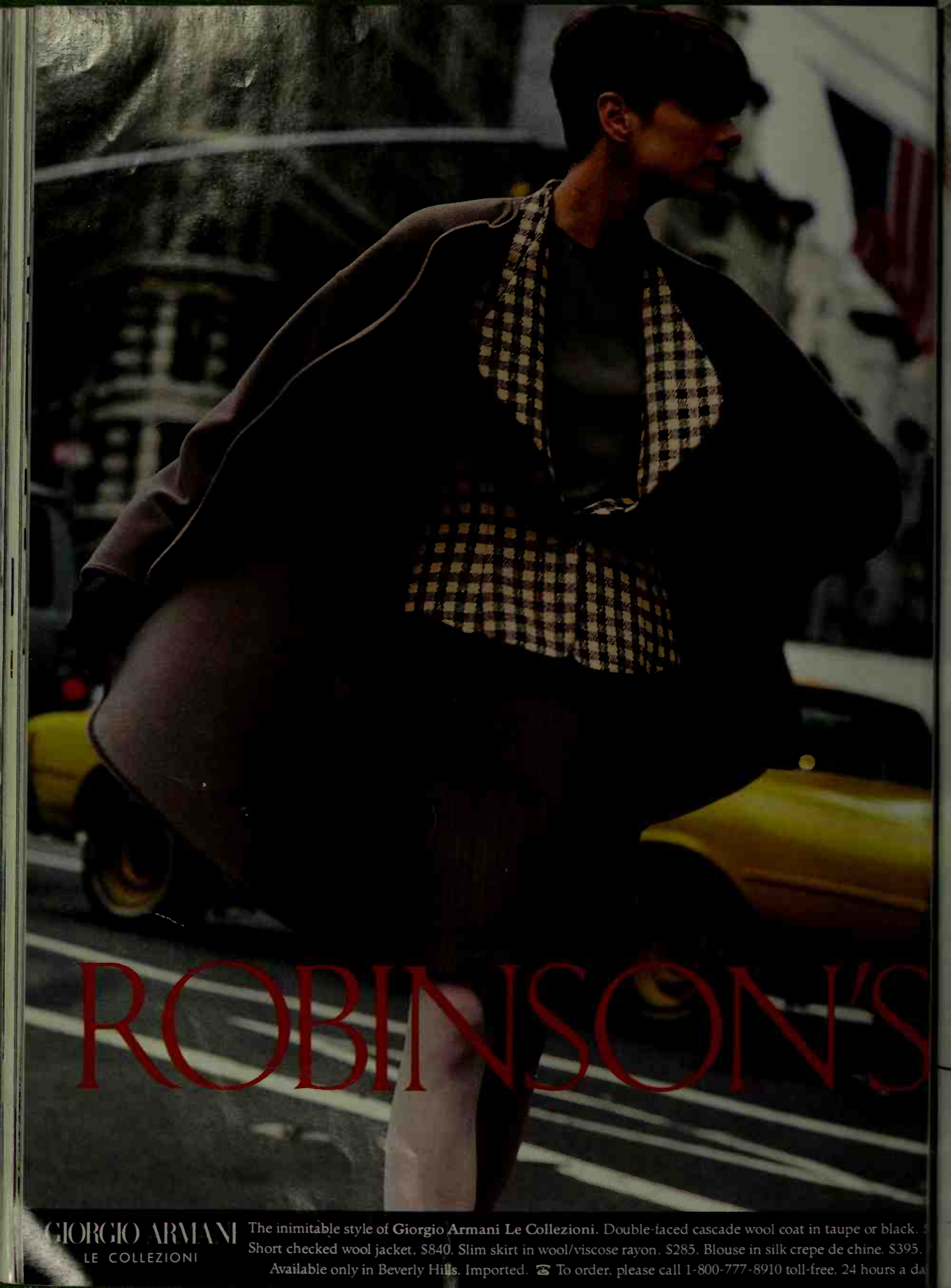


MASCARA VITALISANT

A TREATMENT FORMULA THAT LENGTHENS THE LASHES AND GIVES NEW SPARKLE TO THE EYES

YVES SAINT LAURENT

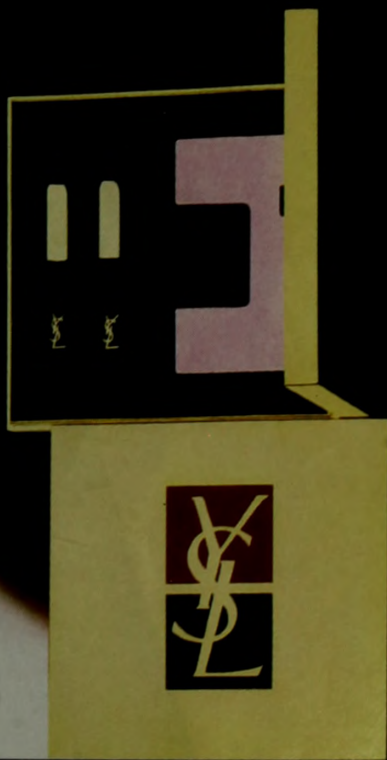
I. MAGNIN • NEIMAN MARCUS • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



ROBINSON'S

GIORGIO ARMANI
LE COLLEZIONI

The inimitable style of Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni. Double-faced cascade wool coat in taupe or black. \$1,240. Short checked wool jacket, \$840. Slim skirt in wool/viscose rayon. \$285. Blouse in silk crepe de chine. \$395. Available only in Beverly Hills. Imported. ☎ To order, please call 1-800-777-8910 toll-free, 24 hours a day.



OMBRES MAGIQUES

TWO NEW TEXTURES THAT OFFER AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF MAKE-UP EFFECTS.

YVES SAINT LAURENT

I. MAGNIN • NEIMAN MARCUS • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

PHYLLEIS POLAND

CONTRIBUTORS

VOGUE

karl lagerfeld

"Taking photographs is as much fun as designing a dress or sketching a collection. It's not the same, but I approach it in the same way," says designer—and photographer—Karl Lagerfeld.

"I never hesitate. I love the unexpected. I love to do personalities I have never met, such as Jeff Koons and Ciccilina," whom he photographed at the Venice Biennale for this issue.

Attributing his nostalgic style to the early memory of a large black-and-white portrait of his father's first wife, Lagerfeld explains, "She wore a big turn-of-the-century hat and veil. As a

child, I was at once fascinated and afraid of this photograph." What lies ahead for Lagerfeld (in addition to designing his collections)? "A movie, why not? Also, I would love to photograph the queen of England and Arnold Schwarzenegger—but not at the same time."



dennis covington



"Like most writers, I'm attracted to trouble," says Dennis Covington, whose profile of Nicaraguan president Violeta Chamorro appears in this issue. His journalism in the Scripps-Howard and Newhouse newspapers, the product of a dozen trips to Central America since 1983, has focused on the personal cost of war. Covington teaches fiction writing at the University of Alabama at Birmingham. He also practices what he teaches; his short stories appear in literary magazines, and his first novel, *Lizard*, will be published next spring by Delacorte. Just outside his hometown of Birmingham, Covington lives with his wife and their two young daughters.

212 974-1920

THINK OF IT AS A STEEL BIKINI.




A 16-valve, dual-overhead-cam, fuel-injected ragtop with front-wheel drive, power steering, brakes, windows and mirrors. Call 1-800-446-8888 for lots of thick reading material.

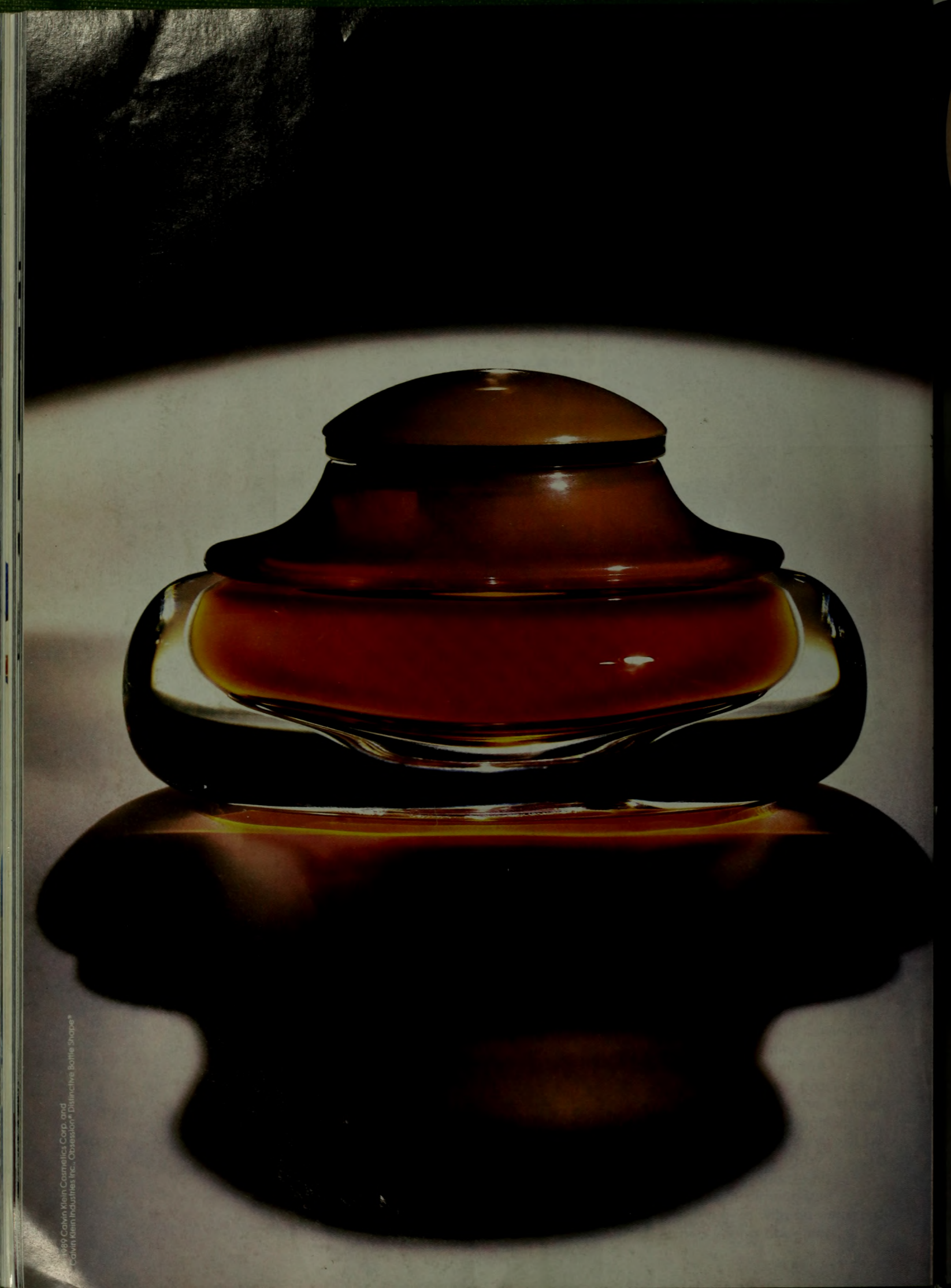
\$12,588*

*M.S.R.P. Prices higher in New York. Taxes, title, destination charges extra.



LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION 

Buckle up—together we can save lives.



© 1990 Calvin Klein Cosmetics Corp. and
Calvin Klein Industries Inc. "Obsession"® Distinctive Bottle Shape®

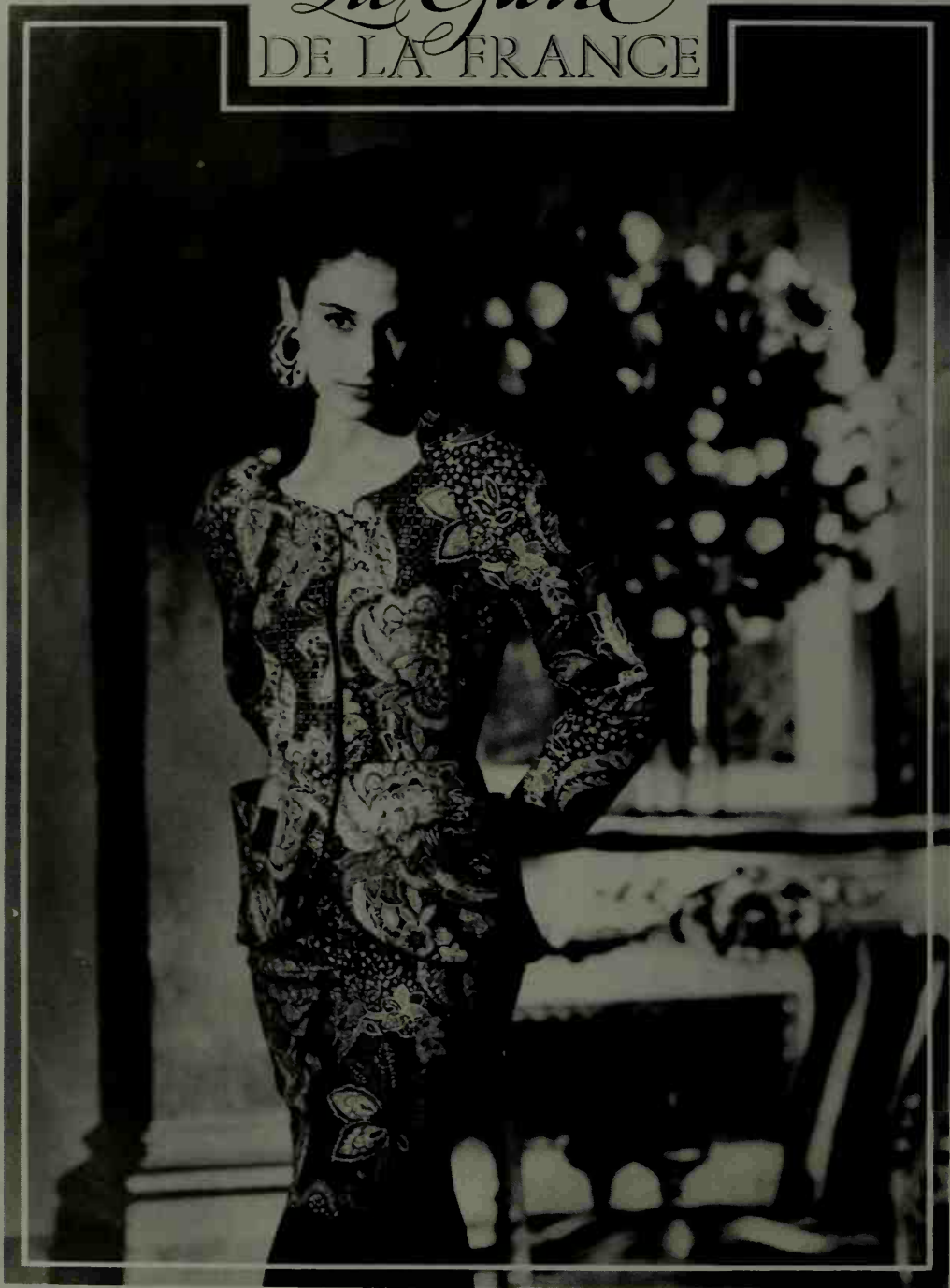
OBSESSION

Calvin Klein

PERFUME



La Gloire
DE LA FRANCE



LA CREME DE LACROIX

*Christian Lacroix sets the scene for our grand celebration of France.
From the colorful Côte d'Azur to the finesse of Paris,
Liberty House salutes "La Gloire de la France,"
September 9-30 at our Ala Moana store.*

LIBERTY HOUSE

A • T R A D I T I O N • I N • H A W A I I



OPIUM
Parfum

YVES SAINT LAURENT

YVES SAINT LAURENT

I. MAGNIN • NEIMAN MARCUS • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

ELIZABETH



© 1990 Elizabeth Arden Co

DAYTON/HUDSON

HARDEN

Never Say Dry

Introducing
serious lipcare. In color.

LUXURY MOISTURE LIPSTICK

Gleaming. Luscious. Moistureful.

Drop by precious drop
its special hydrating complex
softens the look and feel of your lips.

In 12 glorious colors.



TALKING BACK: letters from readers

Credit given

To the Editors:

Although I was delighted to find the article in VOGUE praising PBS Mystery's Inspector Morse series (Television, by Cathleen Schine, May), I was surprised that the writer did not mention Colin Dexter.

Colin Dexter is the prominent British author who has written all the Inspector Morse mysteries adapted for the series. Dexter is the sole creator of the ingenious chief inspector of whom Ms. Schine writes so fondly. As the author of these fascinating, top-selling British mysteries, he deserves some credit.

Elizabeth C. Bartels
Short Hills, NJ

Good dog

To the Editors:

I read the May issue of VOGUE and noticed with much interest the fashion spread shot on location in Kenya ("Tropical Whites"). In several of the photos, a large, attractive dog was featured but not identified. This breed, which is native to South Africa, is the Rhodesian Ridgeback, sometimes referred to as the African Lion Hound. The breed was admitted into the American Kennel Club registry in 1955 and in a comparatively short time has won many admirers. Owners like myself appreciate the dog's heritage, his adaptability, and his gentle, obedient nature.

Debbie Morrison
Mitchell, SD

Not all fun and games

To the Editors:

Vicki Woods's article on River Phoenix and the Phoenix family ("Tofu Guys Don't Eat Meat," May) was a grin, but it greatly shortchanged the wisdom of the Phoenix family's move to Gainesville and did not do justice to the University of Florida.

The University of Florida is not the cheapest university in the nation. It is, fortunately, inexpensive for Florida residents, but not for out-of-state students. It is a member of the Association of American Universities, the most prestigious organization in higher education. Universities are admitted only if they are preeminent in graduate and professional education and research. Only fifty-six public and private universities are members. The incoming freshman class of 1987 had an average grade point average of 3.5 on a 4.0 scale and an average SAT score in excess of 1100, more than 200 points above the national average. The University of Florida ranks fifth in the nation among public universities in the number of National Merit and Achievement scholars in attendance.

As you can see, there is more to the University of Florida than alligators, frat houses, and fun.

Arthur Ginsburg
Alumnus, University of Florida
Sarasota, FL

The bronze age?

To the Editors:

The article "Tanning Addiction," by Michael Pertschuk (June), was very thoughtful. Unfortunately, the choice of photograph was the kind of paradox Dr. Pertschuk was referring to when he said that "the fashion industry needs to promote pale skin as attractive." The gorgeous bronze woman opposite the story was not suffering from wrinkles or skin cancer. Her dark tan makes those with fair skin feel inferior. The story was on target, but the photo serves as a disclaimer. We can't take your advice seriously until you do.

Nancy S. Bercaw
Scottsdale, AZ

To the Editors:

Thank you, thank you for your article on tanning addiction. Now if you could just take the last paragraph and expand on it. If you take a stand and promote pale-skinned models in your summer issues, maybe other magazines will follow suit. Show them in bikinis, show them being active and athletic. Show that you can be healthy without being tan.

All my life I've heard "Casper the Ghost" jokes during the summer. Everybody else was out in the sun slathering on the baby oil, while I sneaked out in the early morning or waited like a vampire for the sun to go down.

My sun habits haven't changed. But now, at thirty-three, people I haven't seen since high school stop me and say, "Don't you ever age?" Saleswomen in cosmetics departments look at me admiringly, as if their products had anything to do with my youthful, pale glow. That doesn't come from a bottle—it comes from common sense.

Susan Kaplan
Macon, GA

A salute

To the Editors:

I read your June issue and was so pleased with the article "Queen of the Beasts," by James Gordon Bennett. As brigade commander of West Point, Kristin Baker certainly does represent the real women so often missing from fashion magazines. Her achievements speak of great strength of character, and her position as the first woman to lead the "bastion of male bonding" sets her apart. But Kristin Baker is only one of the many American women who rise every day to the challenge of breaking down the lingering gender barriers in our society. Bennett's insightful article managed to paint a realistic and flattering portrait of Kristin Baker without being patronizing. He revealed the essential non-nonsense (some might say grim) quality in Kristin Baker that has brought her to national attention as the most famous of the many women who serve in our country's military.

Emmie Taber
Birmingham, AL

High tide, low blow

To the Editors:

I read the article by Jeffrey Steingarten on the seafood of the Pacific Northwest (Food, June) and was disappointed with his estimation of the fishermen of that region. As the daughter and sister of Pacific Ocean-going fishermen, I feel qualified to respond to the otherwise informative and entertaining article.

Shame on you for allowing this statement: "If the Columbia River were in New York City... it would have been choked with boats... all vying with each other to catch the first and fattest salmon of the season and rush it to my table. Pacific fishermen are fair-weather sailors..." Out here we have a healthy respect for the dangers of the Pacific Ocean, no matter who wants a taste of our Chinook salmon or how much they are willing to pay. Only someone unfamiliar with the Columbia River Bar and the number of lives lost on and around it could have been so glib.

Steingarten should have done his homework by talking to local fishermen or with the Coast Guard.

Alene Cordas
Portland, OR

Jeffrey Steingarten responds:

I reluctantly concur with your harsh criticism of the editors for letting me say what I did.

As for my part in this affair: homework is my middle name. I did speak to two local fishermen on Sunday morning, February 11, when the skies were brilliantly clear and the surface of the Pacific was like a silvered mirror. This was possible only because they weren't fishing.

The spring Chinook season is for gillnetting, not for ocean troll-line fishing. Gillnetting is conducted entirely on the river inside the bar, not in the ocean. When the tide is high, the main danger to gill-netters occurs during the ebb, when the water that has piled upriver for eighty miles decides to flow out to the ocean again. But according to Lieutenant Don Neptune of the Coast Guard, the tide on February 11 did not turn until two-fifteen in the afternoon. This means that the water—and the juicy, rich Chinook salmon in it—were flowing into the river all morning.

However, I did make an error in assuming I would be able to see the fishing boats on the Columbia from my vantage point near the Ilwaco lighthouse on the aptly named Cape Disappointment. Pot Heenan, patrol boat coptain for the Washington Department of Fisheries, tells me that the river was choked with fishing boats that morning. If I hadn't lost patience, a fine salmon feast would have been mine.

VOGUE welcomes letters from its readers. Address all correspondence to Letters, VOGUE Magazine, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Please include a daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity.

EXACT COLOR

Making the right choices for lips, cheeks and eyes.



COLOR WHEEL

© 1990 Prescriptives Image Tcherevkoff

PRESCRIPTIVES

I PELLETTIERI D'ITALIA S.P.A. SHOW-ROOM VIA MELZI D'ERIL 30 MILANO - TEL. 02/33105700 FAX 02/33105530 - ART DIRECTOR MANUELA PAVINI



NEW YORK 45 EAST 57TH STREET 3082332 - BEVERLY HILLS 9521 BRIGHTON WAY 276

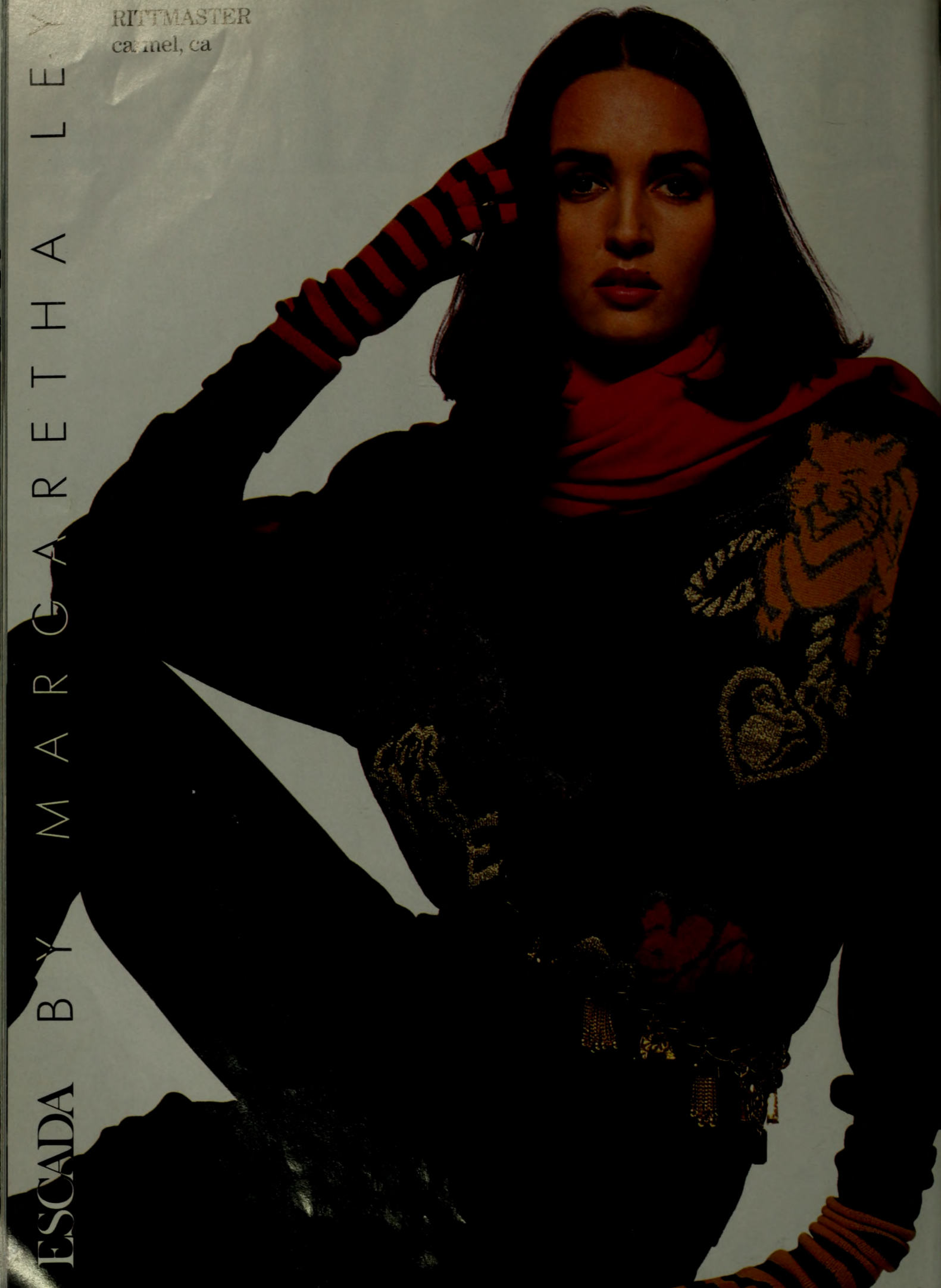
ESQUADA

BY MARGARETHA LEY



ESCADADA BY MARGARETHA LEY

RITMASTER
carmel, ca



JUST LOOKING BOUTIQUE
laguna beach, ca



ESCADA

BY MARCO THALEY



ESCADA BOUTIQUES:

BOSTON
GREAT NECK
PALM BEACH
CHESTNUT HILL
SAN FRANCISCO

Canadian Boutiques:

ONTARIO
QUEBEC
MANITOBA
ALBERTA
BRITISH COLUMBIA

Opening 1991:

NEW YORK CITY
BEVERLY HILLS
SCOTTSDALE

Ca'd'Oro 549

Finest net-lace pantyhose with golden side pattern of pure embroidery.

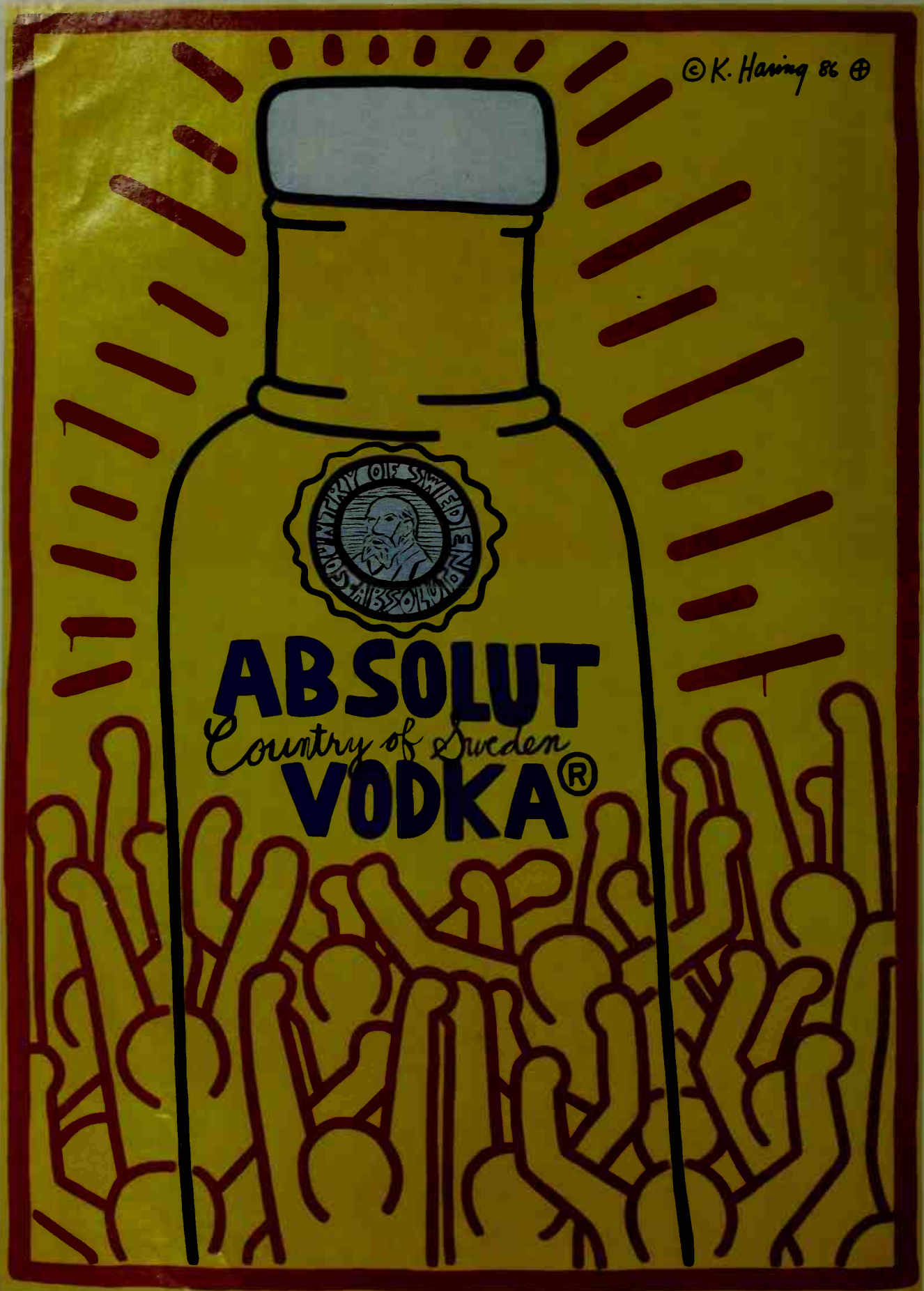
Scam



fogal
for your legs only

New York/510 Madison Ave., 53rd St., 680 Madison Ave.,
61st-62nd St. and at Saks Fifth Avenue,
Chicago/900 N. Michigan, Houston/Galleria I,
San Francisco/208 Grant Ave., Beverly Hills/439
Rodeo Drive, Canada/Ontario,
Washington/The Galleria at Tysons II, Mail Order:
San Francisco (415) 986-1486, Houston (713) 621-8658,
Beverly Hills (800) 423-7979, Ontario, Canada (416) 960-1133.
London, Paris, Rome, Milan, Bologna.

Turin, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Osaka, Taipei, Singapore,
Munich, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Berlin,
Dusseldorf, Cologne, Stuttgart,
Wiesbaden, Mannheim, Vienna, Brussels, Antwerp,
Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Reykjavik, Lyon,
Dublin, Glasgow, Madrid, Barcelona, Lisbon,
Athens, Budapest, Zurich, Basle, Geneva, Lausanne,
Lucerne, Lugano, Berne, Winterthur, St. Gall,
Pfaffikon, Neuchatel, Chur, Glatt.



© K. Haring 86 ⊕

ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA®

ABSOLUT HARING.


FOR GIFT DELIVERY ANYWHERE OR LITHOGRAPH OF ABSOLUT HARING ART (POSTER COST: \$150), CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW).
80 AND 100 PROOF / 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS (ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN™) © 1986 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.

UPFRONT

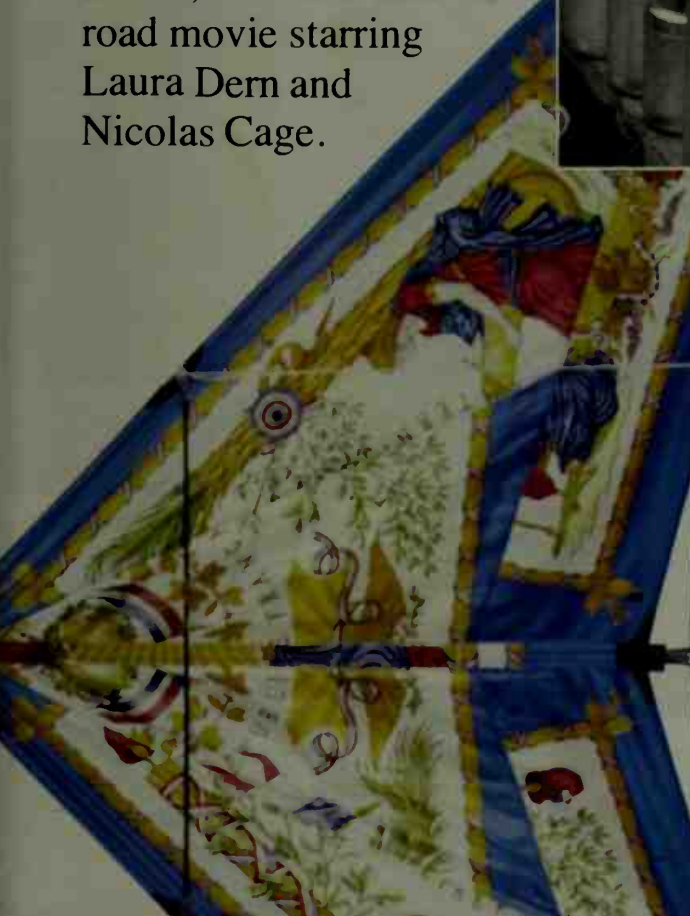
Things to see, hear, buy, drive, read, and eat in August

Editor: Lesley Jane Nonkin


Chic fleas "The Twenty-sixth Street flea market [at Sixth Avenue] is one of my favorite places in New York City," says Donna Karan. "I get lots of ideas there." She's not the only one. The market, **BELOW**, is where young designers such as Todd Oldham stalk fabrics and antique buttons. On Sundays Oldham hits a second market across the street. "That one's the best," he says.



Lynch mob **ABOVE:** Director David Lynch beckons his *Twin Peaks* audience to follow him down still kinkier canyons of the American Dream. Those who got off on the voyeuristic *Blue Velvet* will want more than a peek at *Wild at Heart*, a slice-and-dice road movie starring Laura Dern and Nicolas Cage.



Gift rap From the sublime to the ridiculously sublime. From a \$25 one-pound box of cookies (chocolate hazelnut, classic nut, butter, and coconut sables all tied up with a pretty napkin and packed in a chic little shopping bag), courtesy of 1022, Christopher Idone's Manhattan restaurant... to the weightless Hermès kite, **LEFT**, \$995, to order in any print, of course.



Spies like us, says London's Swain, Adney, Brigg, and Sons—and so does James Bond, who uses this firm's gadgets in his movies. It is the source of cases that conceal swords, spritz poison (or perfume), and shoot bullets. This briefcase, concealing a tape recorder, is the perfect accessory for fall's foreign intrigue trench coats and sunglasses.



Summer reading

On the beach: *The Texas Garlands: Born to Be Rich*, by Sarah Gallick (Pinnacle), the first in a proposed series. Along with the usual—greed, lust, and the other five deadly sins—it also has great humor. A nervous anorexic wonders if Quaaludes are more fattening than Thorazine.

Under a tree: *Bird of Paradise*, by Vicki Covington (Simon & Schuster). A genuinely lovely novel about the pleasures of old age in a small Alabama town. It's also about angels.

On the porch: *Not That Kind of Place*, by Frances Fyfield (Pocket). A newcomer in the ranks of smart British women writing psychological mysteries featuring appealingly cranky characters.

Shop talk L.A. Oddiyana (4323 Melrose Avenue) is a repository of rugs from Tangier, French furniture re-covered in Guatemalan stripes, and original Turkish towels collected by Sharon Simonaire, **RIGHT**, on her trips around the world as celebrity stylist for photographer Herb Ritts. These things that have "spirit, personality, age, character, history, and quality" include hooked rugs, favored by Richard Gere, and Bolivian textiles, collected by Tina Turner.



Go see American Cinematheque's giant-screen version of the classic *Singin' in the Rain* with 17,799 of your closest friends at the Hollywood Bowl, **BELOW**, August 17 and 18. Call (213) 850-2000.



Made in the shade?

Marketing studies may prove women no longer buy a car just for its color, but that won't stop fashion insiders (of both sexes) from ogling Porsche's 1991 Rubystone Red 911 Carrera, **LEFT**. In the color war, Mazda unleashed its toy blue Miata. Porsche one-ups: \$2,134 buys paint matched to a swatch of fabric, "even a lipstick."

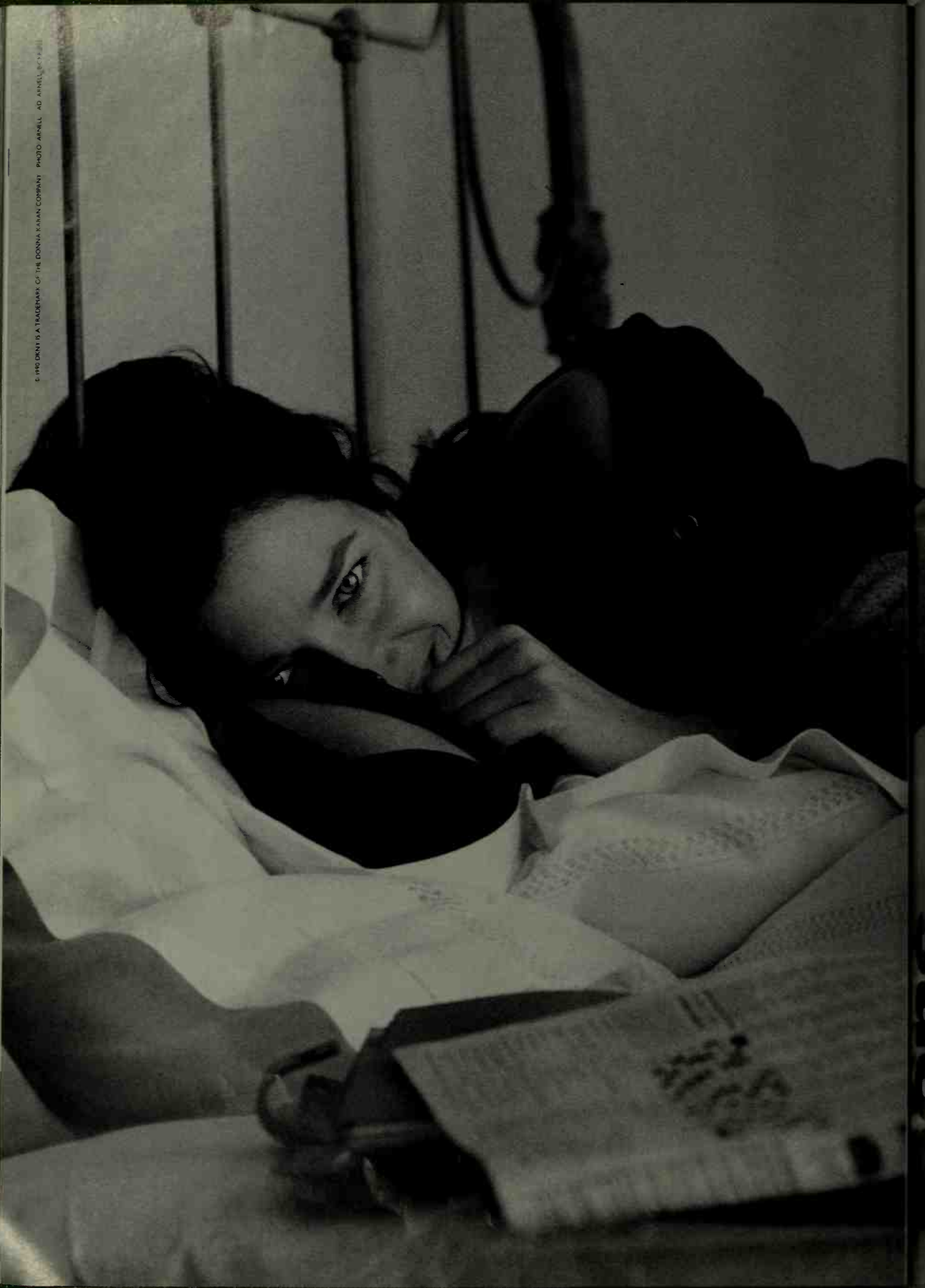
UPFRONT ► 86

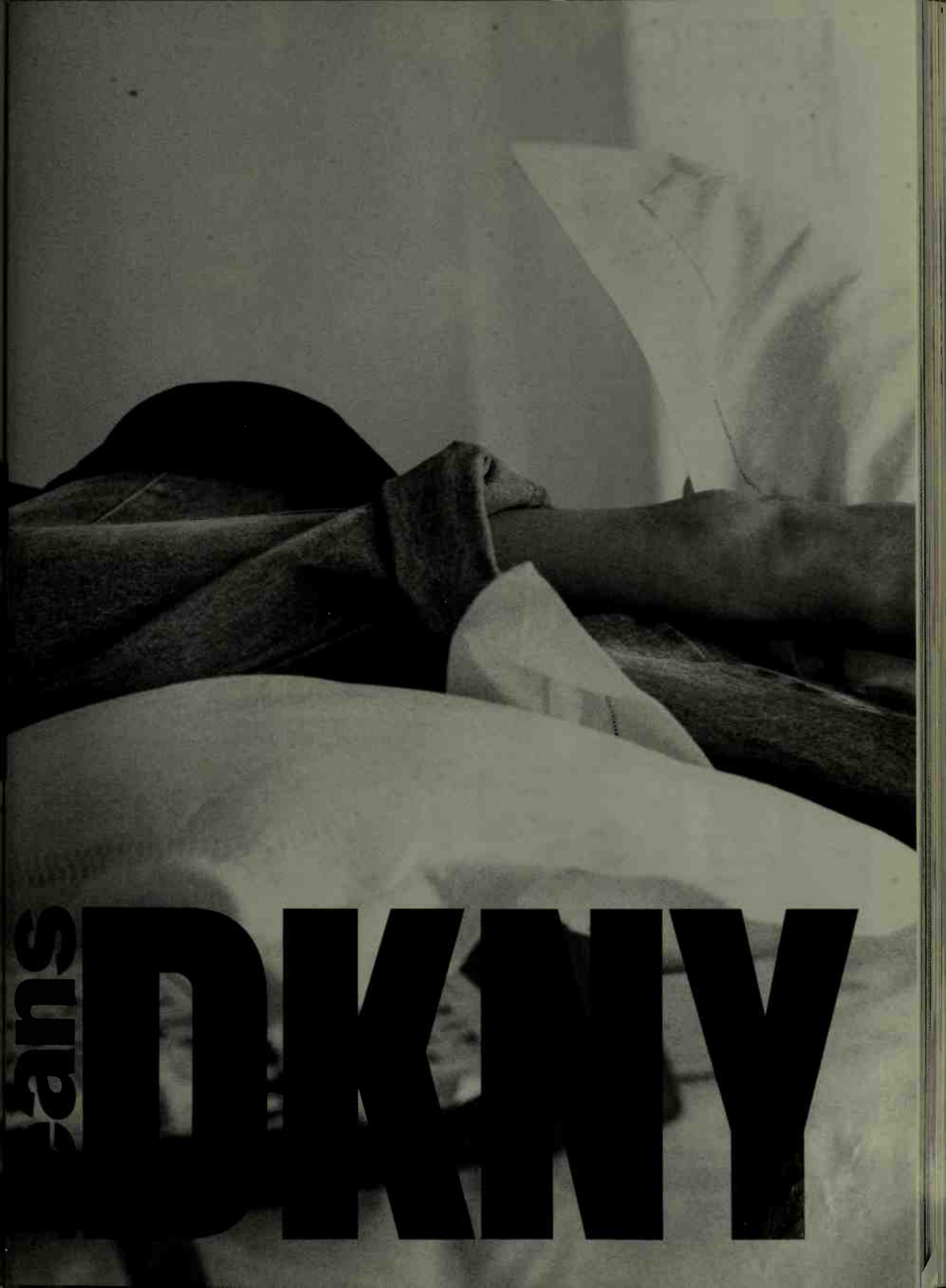


CHANEL

CHANEL BOUTIQUES: NEW YORK, BEVERLY HILLS, CHICAGO,
SAN FRANCISCO, DALLAS, PALM BEACH, HONOLULU, WASHINGTON, D.C.

© 1990 DKNY IS A TRADEMARK OF THE DONNA KARAN COMPANY PHOTO: ARNELL AD: ARNELL (8/19/90)





ans
DKWY

Back to the fifties In the art world, with Pollocks going for millions, dealers and collectors are frantically searching for forgotten—and underpriced—contemporaries, and museums are happily obliging. The Whitney has a Hans Hofmann show up, with one on Burgoyne Diller opening next month. The Indianapolis Museum of Art will have a Richard Pousette-Dart retrospective in October, and the Yale University Art Gallery is currently featuring a show of American Geometric Abstraction since 1945. But Landau Fine Art gallery in Montreal has gone farthest afield, resuscitating the career of the late Michael Loew (his *Interior*, 1948, **RIGHT**). The market aside, these shows are a potent reminder of just how lively the postwar art scene was.



British, reserve!
Now taking reservations for its November opening: London's Dorchester,



RIGHT. The dowager hotel has been closed for nineteen months and 115 million dollars' worth of face-lifting, **ABOVE,** by the Sultan of Brunei. Renovations include air-conditioning, a luxurious oriental restaurant, a health club, and a private-membership nightclub expected to give Annabel's a run for its money.

Pet of the month Most beauty pageant contestants would bristle at being called a pig. Not this one. Arnold, **RIGHT,** is one of the six thousand or more pot-bellied pigs being adopted as pets across the country. Though not recommended for apartment dwellers (pigs need sunlight and are banned in NYC and Berkeley), these mini-pigs, ranging in weight from 70 to 150 pounds, can be trained to use litter boxes and walk on leashes. Catch them at the California State Fair in Sacramento, August 26–30; at the February Valenswine's Day Pageant in Fort Lauderdale.

Last year's paper-whites (which arrived standing, only to flop in a matter of days—calling for string and bondage expertise) have given way to robust zinnias. One way to order them: from NYC's Madderlake, in freshly cut bunches, in traditional yellow.

Soul to go Jazzie B was a DJ with a mission. Tired of spinning records at London warehouse parties, he created Soul II Soul in the early eighties—first a record store/fashion boutique in Brixton, then one in Camden, then, last year, the hit record *Keep on Movin'*. Now Jazzie B has a new album (*Vol. II—1990—A New Decade*), a road show touring the U.S. this summer, and plans to open a Soul II Soul boutique in L.A.



It's Assuredly Adrienne Vittadini Sport

Sport chic says it all for Fall. A brushed fleece blanket coat tops winter white corduroy trousers and turtleneck from Adrienne Vittadini Sport. Pull it all together at Woodward & Lothrop and John Wanamaker with the American Express Card. For information call the American Express Shoppers Service, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week: 1-800-421-5100.

WOODWARD & LOTHROP
and
JOHN WANAMAKER

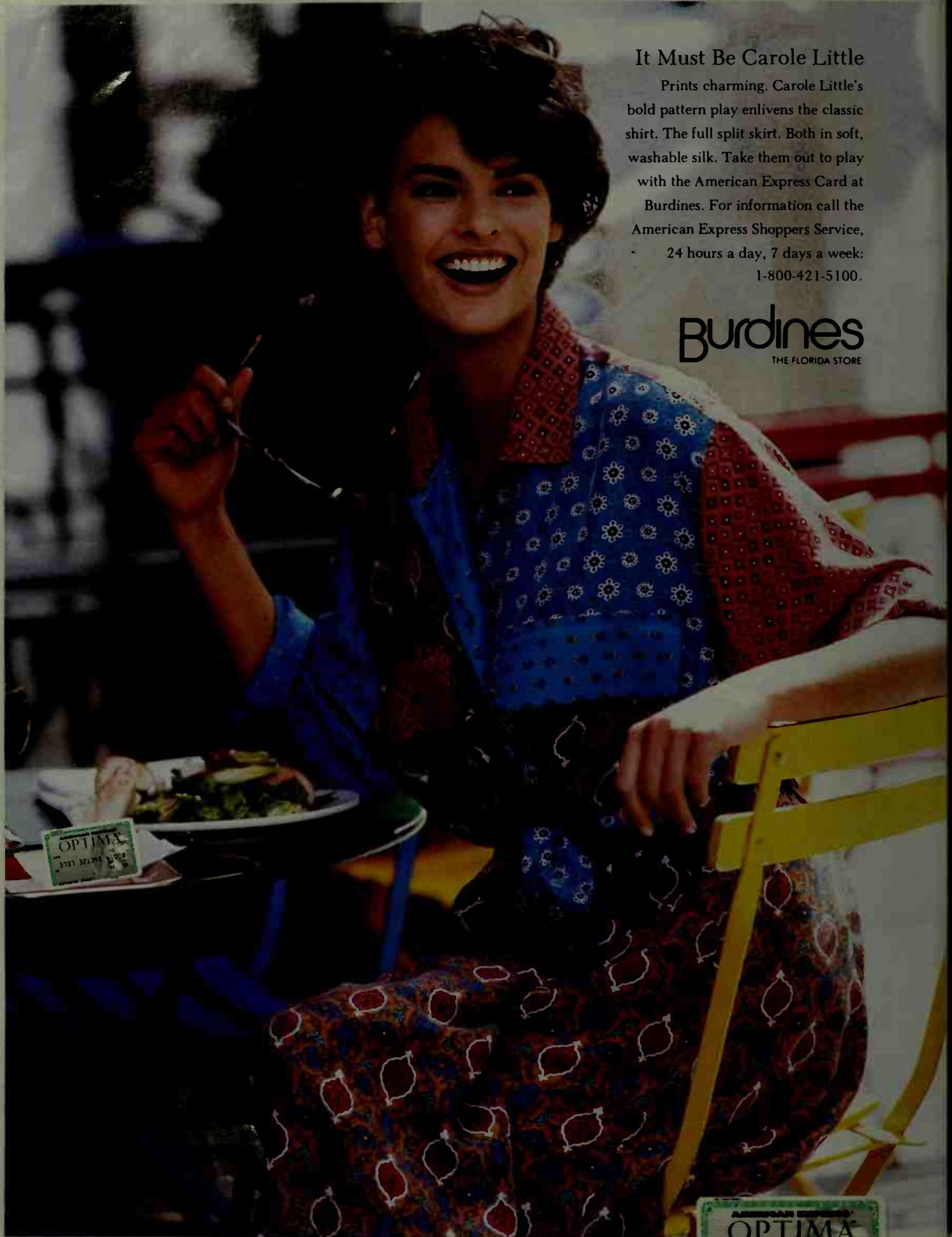
It's Yours With The American Express® Card



It Must Be Carole Little

Prints charming. Carole Little's bold pattern play enlivens the classic shirt. The full split skirt. Both in soft, washable silk. Take them out to play with the American Express Card at Burdines. For information call the American Express Shoppers Service, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week: 1-800-421-5100.

Burdines
THE FLORIDA STORE

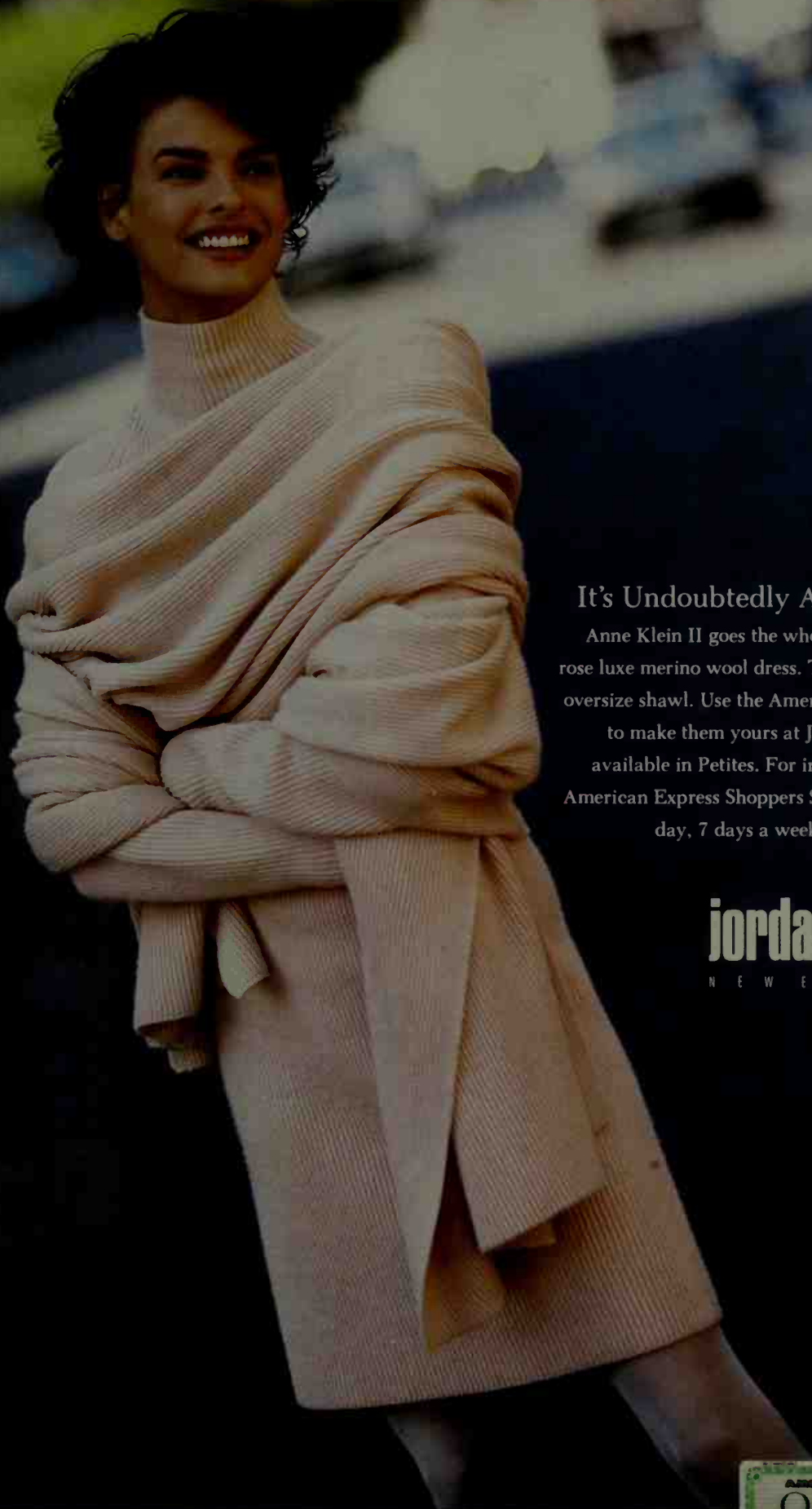


Cards

It's Yours With The American Express® Card

Membership
with The Privileges®






It's Undoubtedly Anne Klein II

Anne Klein II goes the whole nine yards. The rose luxe merino wool dress. The matching cozy oversize shawl. Use the American Express Card to make them yours at Jordan Marsh. Also available in Petites. For information call the American Express Shoppers Service, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week: 1-800-421-5100.

jordan marsh
NEW ENGLAND

It's Yours With The American Express® Card





It Can Only Be Samsara By Guerlain

Inspired by the East where sandalwood and
jasmine reign in confidence and harmony.

Samsara. The essence of serenity. Make your
scent with the American Express Card. For
information call the American Express Shoppers
Service, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week:

1-800-421-5100 .

Marshall Field's



Cards

It's Yours With The American Express® Card

Membership
Plus Its Privileges.®



Ilie Wacs



IR

in
merino
extrafine
wool



Anglo Fabrics

AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE 93

Bastion
Rumson NJ

Collage
St. Louis MO

Shari's Place
Kings Point NY
Woodbury NY

Photograph Just Loomis

Lou Lattimore
Dallas

Tom & Linda

Sophy Curson
Philadelphia PA

PLATE

L.H. Rogers
Salem MA

Creative John & Diane Lynch

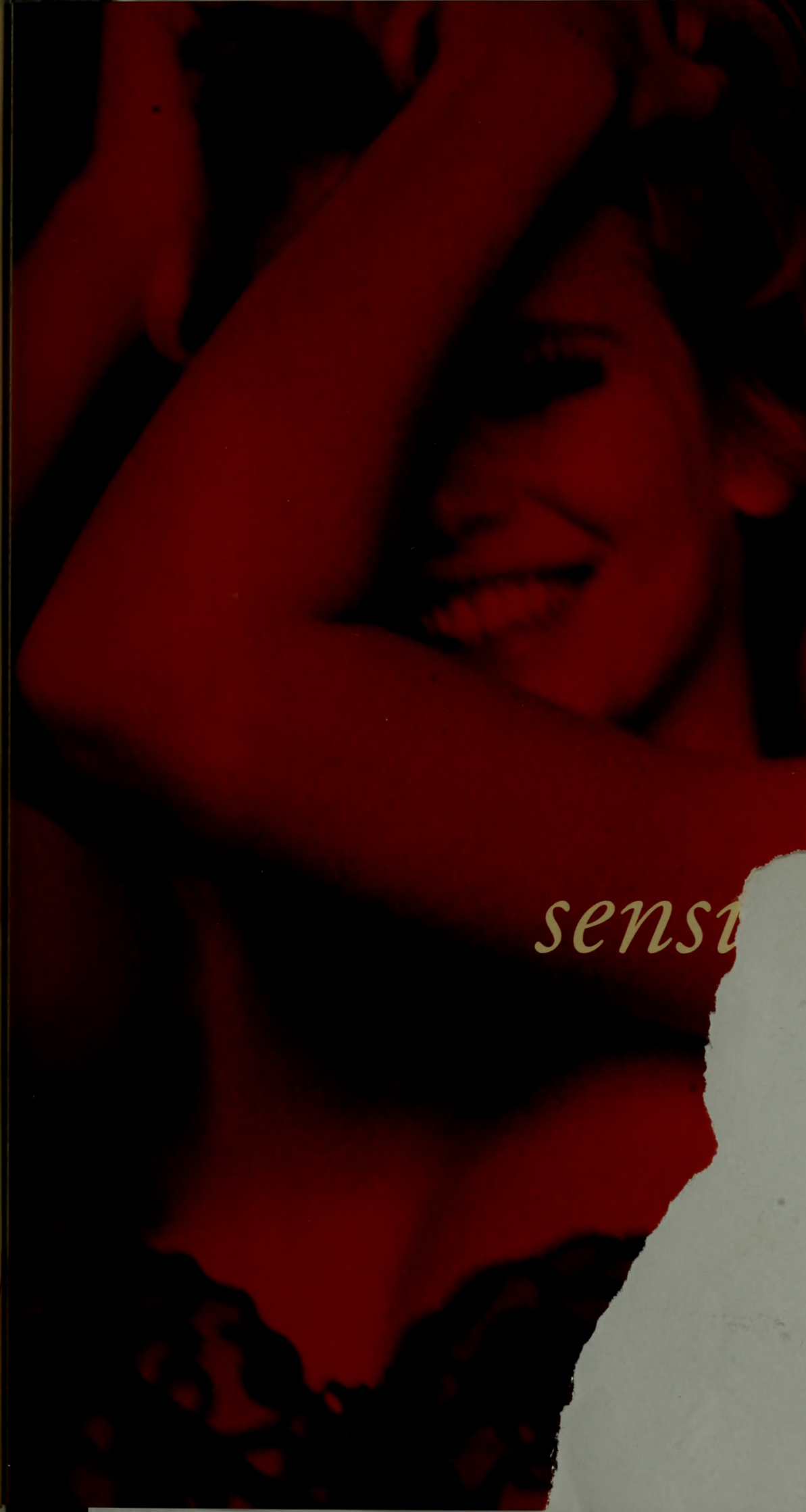


a fragrance of

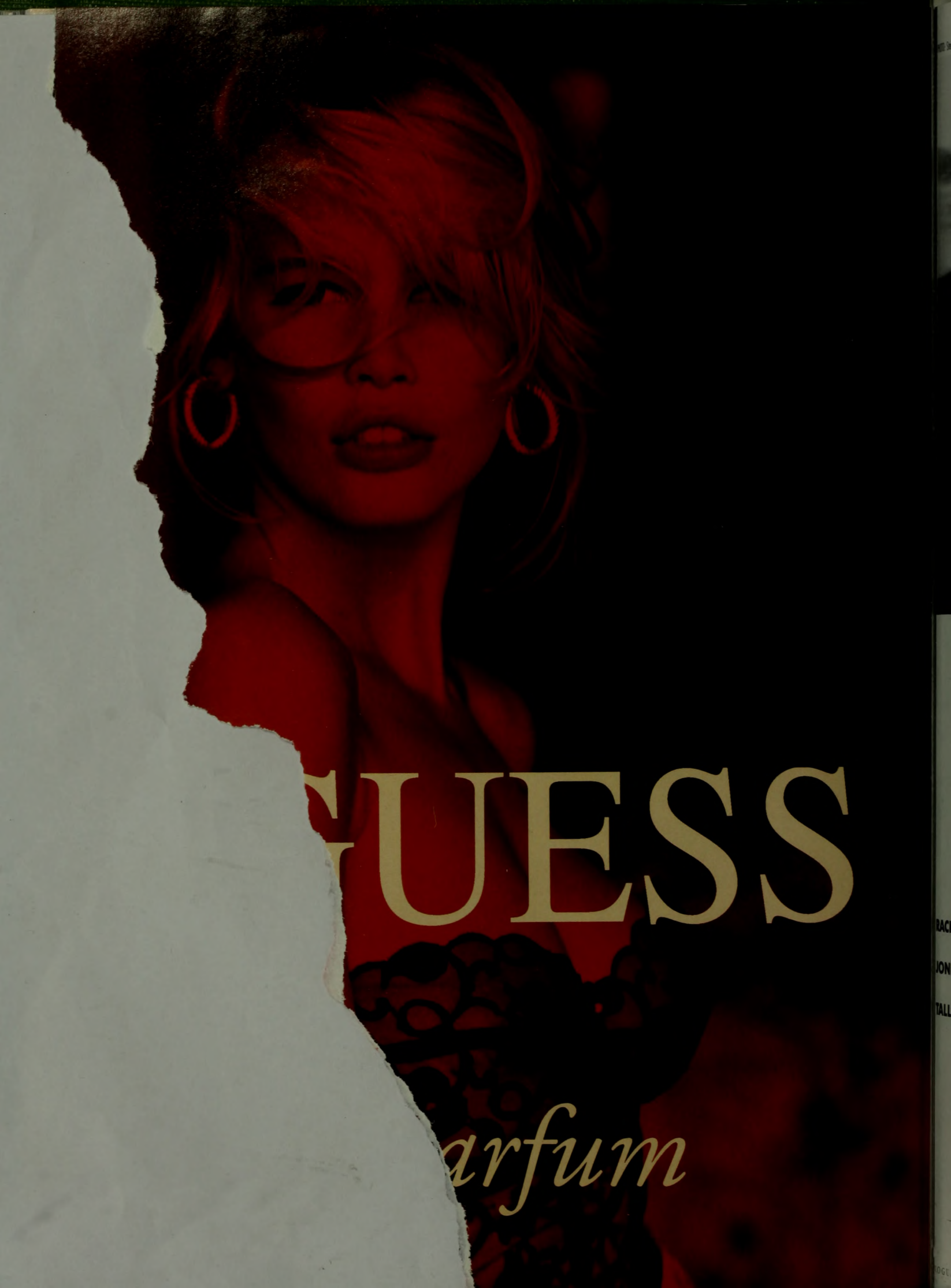
pure



rau



sensu



GUESS

parfum

RAC
JON
TALL

OGU



HELEN
HSU

Helen Hsu Inc.

214 West 39th Street

New York, NY 10018

212•221•7242

RACKES *Columbia, SC • Charlotte, NC*

JONES & JONES *Baltimore, MD*

TALLULAH *Woodbury, NY • Greenwale, NY*

!



Karl Lagerfeld AT

HIRSHLEIFER'S

THE AMERICANA AT MANHASSET

A woman with dark hair, smiling and looking towards the camera, stands in a garden at night. She is wearing a white, sleeveless, knee-length dress with a subtle pattern and a small pocket on the side. Her right hand is raised to her forehead, and her left arm is crossed over her chest. She is wearing dark high-heeled shoes. The background features a stone wall, a dark doorway, and trees with some leaves illuminated by a warm light source, possibly a lantern.

FIRENZE

SANTA BARBARA

MACY'S
SELECTED STORES

CANADIAN'S

CHARLOTTE RUSSE
CALIFORNIA

FASHION CLIPS

By Page Hill Starzinger

Basco: good sports

One of the best fall collections is Basco's, designed for the first time by Ann Ogden, formerly of Shamask. It's full of great-looking, perfectly proportioned sportswear with a street-smart edge. And that's not all: the quality is equal to that of top designers, but the prices are lower. Check out the motorcycle jackets—cut long (over the hips) and clean (no epaulets or metal doodads); the "jean" jackets and skirts—in cashmere and wool, in beautiful colors (powder blue, moss green); and the long, fitted crewnecks.

Basco Collection's chic sportscast, LEFT

People are talking about: Gucci

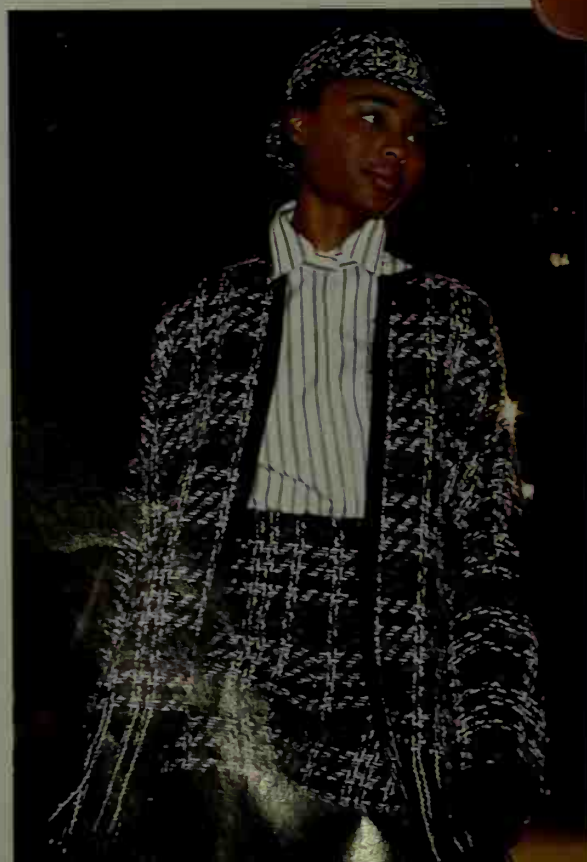
Jackie O. Grace Kelly. Sophia Loren. Name any glamorous "name" from the sixties and it's safe to say that her closet was stuffed with Gucci. Now the accessories that created the look are back, and Gucci store phones are jammed with callers placing orders for the famous wood-handled handbags and classic status-symbol loafers.



At Chanel, YSL, and Ungaro shows, fashion watchers raved over new model Helena Christensen, ABOVE. She brings to clothes a soft, feminine quality that insiders say will make her the big star of the nineties.



Gucci's new, larger take on the bamboo-handled bag; the updated loafer with a matte (instead of shiny) gold buckle



The new glitterati

In the disco seventies, Lurex was a glitzy yarn used for flashy evening clothes. Today it turns up in less brassy tones, and top designers such as Bill Blass, Christian Lacroix, and Ronaldus Shamask combine it with wool, mohair, and silk for day. "It's all part of the concept of mixing up evening and day fabrics," says Rebecca Moses. "Lurex brings tweeds or plaids out of the masculine and into the feminine." . . . For fans of highly ornamental shoes: Diego Della Valle's new collection of couture pumps and sling-backs—encrusted with semiprecious jewels and embroidered in gold—are some of the most lavish shoes around. Available through the NYC store (212-420-8419). ▶ 107

The new approach to Lurex: subtle.

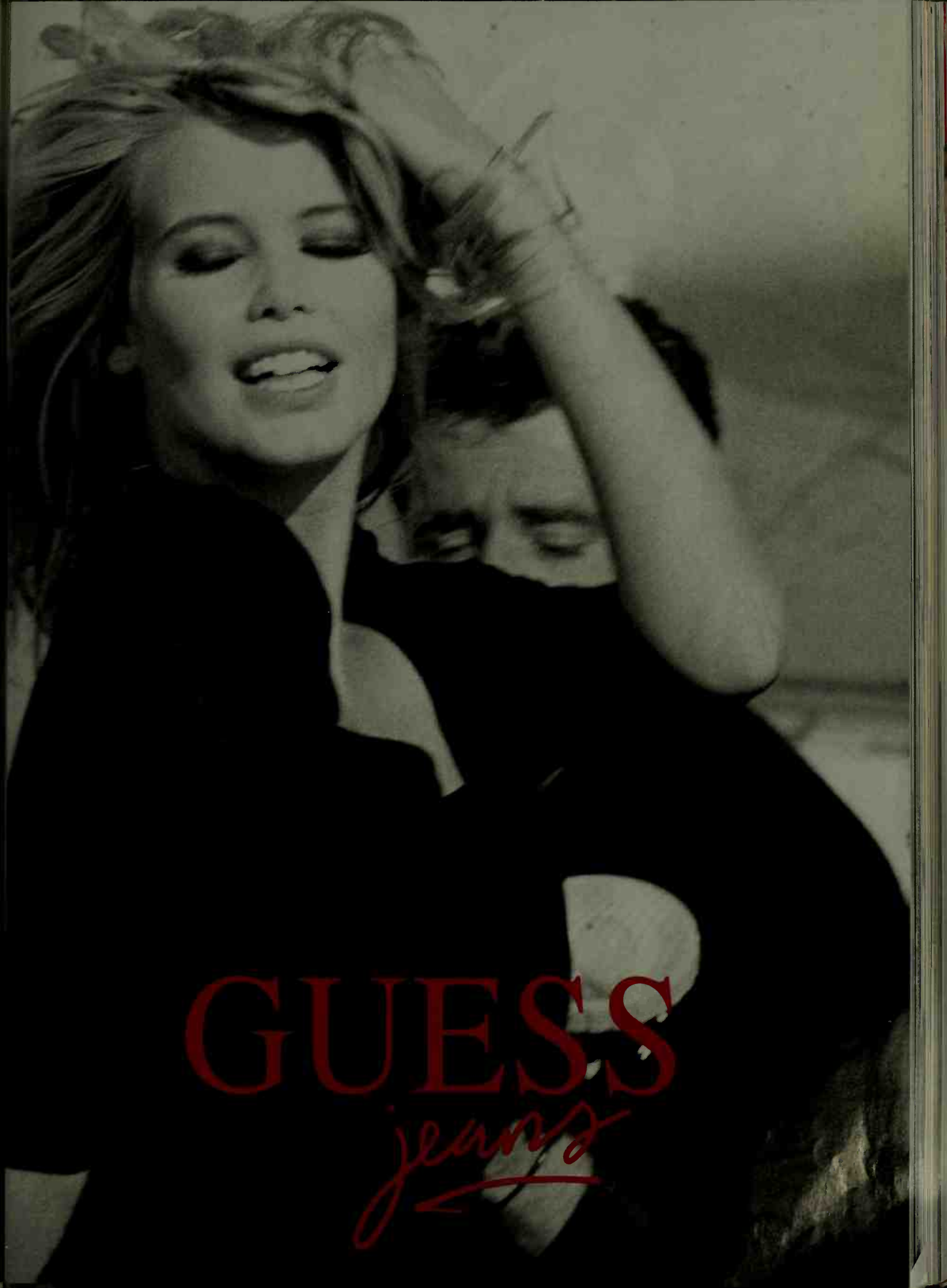
LEFT: A hint of silver in a dark tweed.

By Rebecca Moses. Details, last pages.

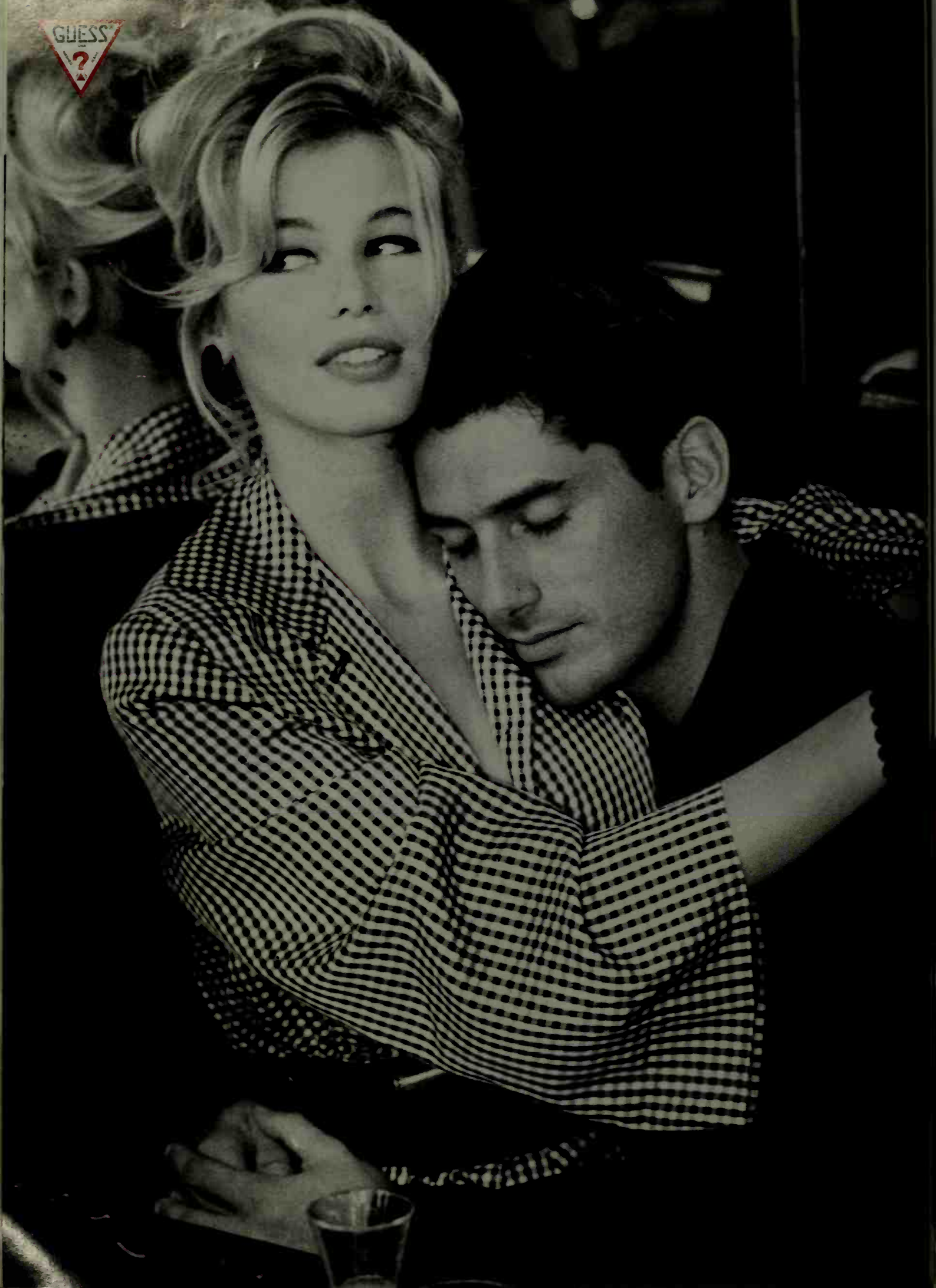


GEORGES MARCIANO





GUESS
jeans



FASHION CLIPS



Bright lights, big cities

For designer Marc Jacobs, the skyline is the limit. An appropriate finale to his fall collection, based on different facets of New York City life, was his black evening dress—which carefully outlines Manhattan's skyline in sequins. Available at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Look for the Dallas version at Neiman Marcus; a San Francisco view at I. Magnin. . . Move over, Pucci and Hermès: Paul Smith is introducing a new concept in designer prints. Smith electronically transferred the colorful photographs he took while on vacation in Jaipur onto fabric. The result: amazingly supple cotton shirts covered with his own kind of "designer print."



After four years in business, Austrian Helmut Lang has quietly built a reputation for simple but inventive clothes. Unlike those of most minimalists, Lang's designs have glamorous twists: short wool coats are trimmed with ostrich feathers, sequined dresses peek through semi-opaque overlayers.

High-quality, low-key designs, RIGHT: Helmut Lang's cotton gabardine coat, stretch jersey unitard

The best cat suit

Cat suits are coming wildly patterned (Lacroix), brightly colored (Sant'Angelo), and ornamented with rhinestones (Hamnett), but the one fashion watchers are going for is simple, black, and in stretch velvet, by Donna Karan, LEFT. It's the easiest one to work into a wardrobe. "It's a building block for everything," says Karan, who moves it for different looks under a big organza top, a sequined skirt, or a velvet jacket.

The ecological tote

While environmentally conscious designers attempt to incorporate recycled materials into their designs, former model Renée Günther has come up with a chic alternative to plastic shopping bags. Nylon, water-resistant, and in a range of attractive colors, Günther's washable totes are a modern take on the European tradition of bringing a basket to the market. Details, last pages.

REDKEN

hair tips

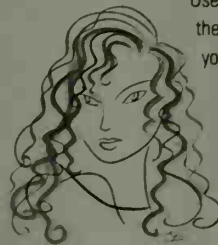
Fade Out? *Shade In...*
Shampoo-In Color and Condition...
End-Of-Summer Hair Fitness
Solutions

A hhhh-gust...when the heat is on, the look is bold, body-conscious and colorful. The word from Ann Mincey, Redken Corporate Spokesperson? "Fitness from top to toe is the fashion for summer and beyond. Sports style, short-shorts and swing shapes are hot...and color is even hotter. Dazzling eco-shades and vivid, candy-colored brights accent and impact." Summer's signature hairstyles? Sleek, shaped, and shining.

• • • • •

But summer can take the sleek, shape and shine right out of your hair. Don't submit to too much of a good thing by over-coloring. A simple solution to keep your color alive...add freshness and vitality with **INTERVALS™ Color-Enhancing Shampoo**. **INTERVALS** adds just a hint of color to natural or tinted hair as it washes back in what the sun fades away—without stripping.

• • • • •



Use it as often as you like to bring out the real "hue," then alternate it with your regular Redken shampoo for lasting intensity and maximum manageability. And **INTERVALS** is now available in 4 glorious colors—Red/Auburn, Ash Brown, Grey/White/Blonde and Golden Blonde. Fade out to shade in with **INTERVALS**.

• • • • •

For end-of-summer hair recharging, Redken's got the solution—**CLIMATRESS® Moisturizing Treatment**. When your hair is dry and brittle...when it's had enough of sun, heat or thermal styling...massage in **CLIMATRESS**. Leave it on for 5, 10 or 20 minutes, then rinse. The result? Body-building moisture relief from the ravages of sun, sea and wind—no matter what shape your hair is in.

• • • • •

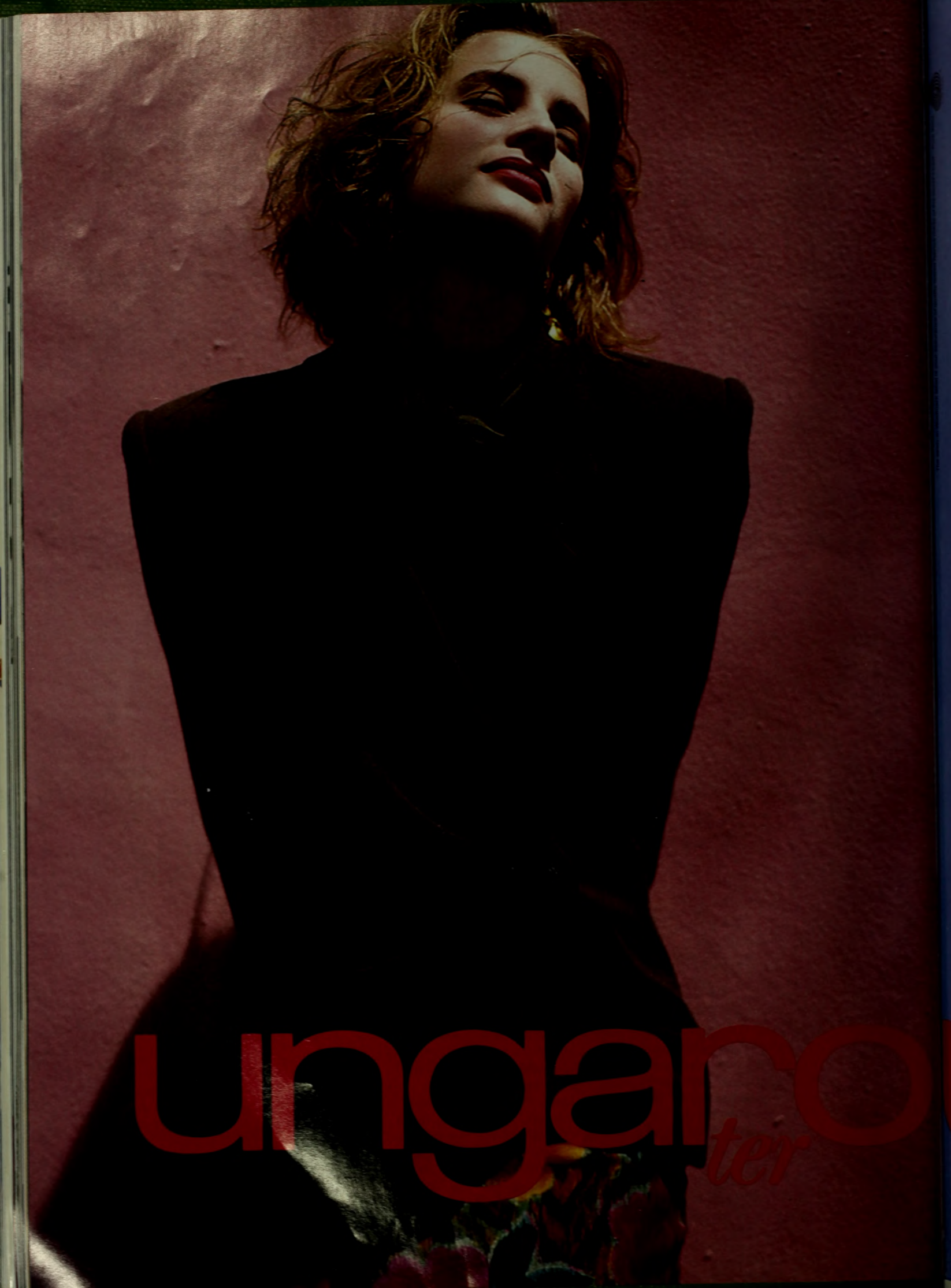
When naturally wavy or naturally curly hair feels coarse, tangles easily and behaves badly, try the "wave tamer." Mix equal parts of **CLIMATRESS** and Redken **EXTREME® Pak Treatment**. Leave it on for 5 minutes and rinse. Or put the balance back into permed or color-treated hair with 2 parts P.P.T. "S-77"® **Protein Treatment** and 1 part **CLIMATRESS**. Renewed strength and shine are yours in just 10 minutes.

• • • • •

Beat the heat with end-of-summer color and condition. **INTERVALS** Color Enhancing Shampoo and **CLIMATRESS** Moisturizing Treatment—your hair fitness prescription...from Redken.

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR TO HAVE YOUR HAIR QUESTIONS ANSWERED—write to Ann Mincey at Redken Laboratories, Dept. A, 6625 Variel Avenue, Canoga Park, CA 91303. For free samples of Redken Classic shampoos, rinses or treatments or the name of the Redken salon nearest you, call 1-800-423-5369.

©Redken Laboratories, Inc. 1990



ungarco
ter

Produced and Distributed by GRUPPO GFD

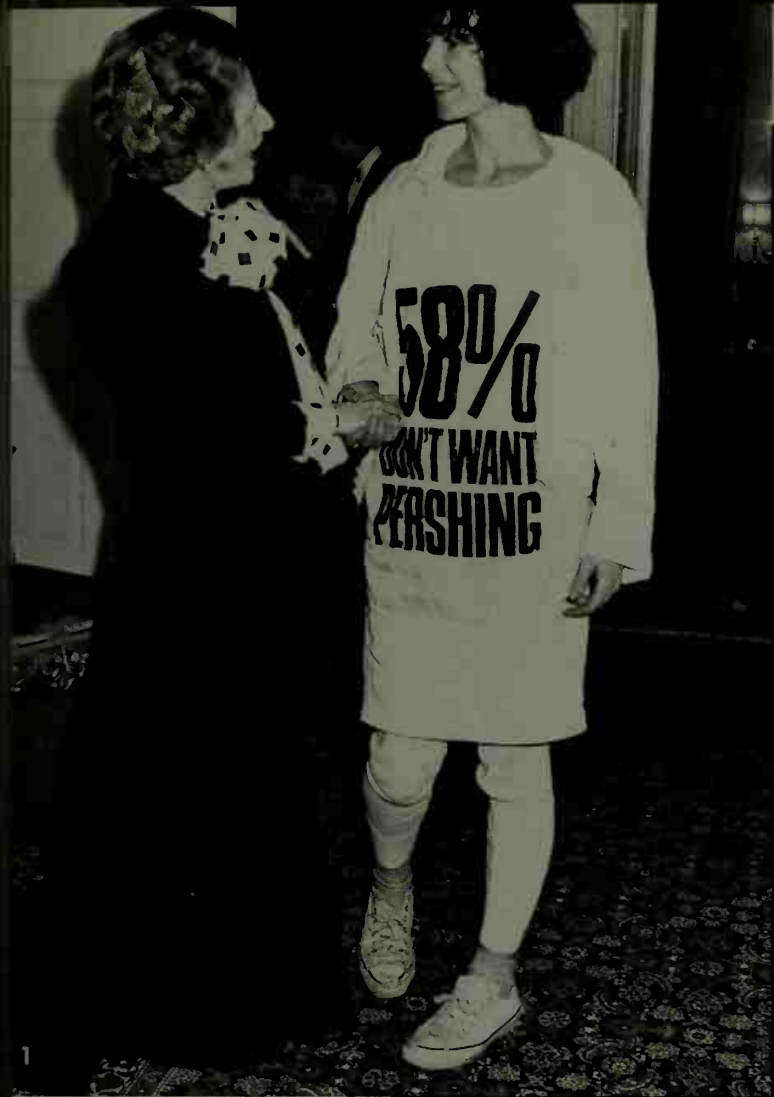
Ungaro
ter



GIANNI VERSACE

P R Ê T - À - P O R T E R

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS SANFRANCISCO WASHINGTON HOUSTON CHICAGO BAL HARBOUR HONOLULU



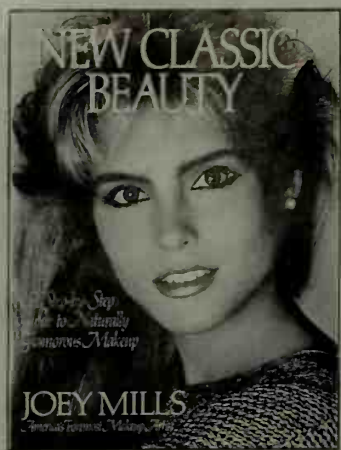
For years a fashion renegade, **Katharine Hamnett** still designs for the young at heart. VICKI WOODS talks to Britain's mother of invention

KATHARINE HAMNETT IS AS GREEN AS THEY GET: SHE can lecture on the state of the planet long enough to make your head ring. She lounges around her ritzy offices just off London's Bond Street in flowered cutoff shorts, with messy hair and no makeup, talking about the dilemmas facing an ecologically friendly clothing manufacturer, and one by one flatly damning the textiles that are the tools of the trade. "Cotton. It's highly pest-prone. Viscose. It's extracted from wood pulp, mostly in the Third World, by highly toxic methods.

And they're stripping the forests of Alaska for the pulp. Fur. I wouldn't use it. It's really rather revolting. Leather. . . I have a problem, because I'm a Buddhist, and while they say don't kill, they also say don't waste, and leather's made from the outsides of cows and ► 114

1. Margaret Thatcher gets a taste of Katharine Hamnett's political theory in 1984. 2. Hamnett in 1989: her collections always make a statement. 3. Hamnett's clothes—like this jacket and these slim stirrup pants—are sexy yet wearable. Details, last pages.





Now, from America's hottest makeup artist

The Secrets of Natural Glamour

NEW CLASSIC BEAUTY Understated, elegant and natural—it's the look of today that every woman wants. And now, Joey Mills, designer of beautiful faces for more than 500 magazine covers including *Vogue*, *Glamour*, and *Mademoiselle*, reveals the techniques behind today's look in *New Classic Beauty*—a stunning volume of trade secrets that will leave you looking fresh, natural and glowing!

Discover the secrets of looking fresh all day—plus tips on simple day-to-evening transformations. It's so easy to follow that you'll become your own best makeup artist! Now, for a limited time, *New Classic Beauty* is yours for only \$15.95—20% off the retail price of \$19.95! Write or call today for your copy.

The Only Makeup Guide You'll Ever Need Now at a 20% Discount

- The Fabulous 8-Minute Makeup
- Your *Personal* Color Scheme
- Sophisticated Color Charts
- 120 color photos, and 27 line drawings
 - 8" x 11", 144 pages

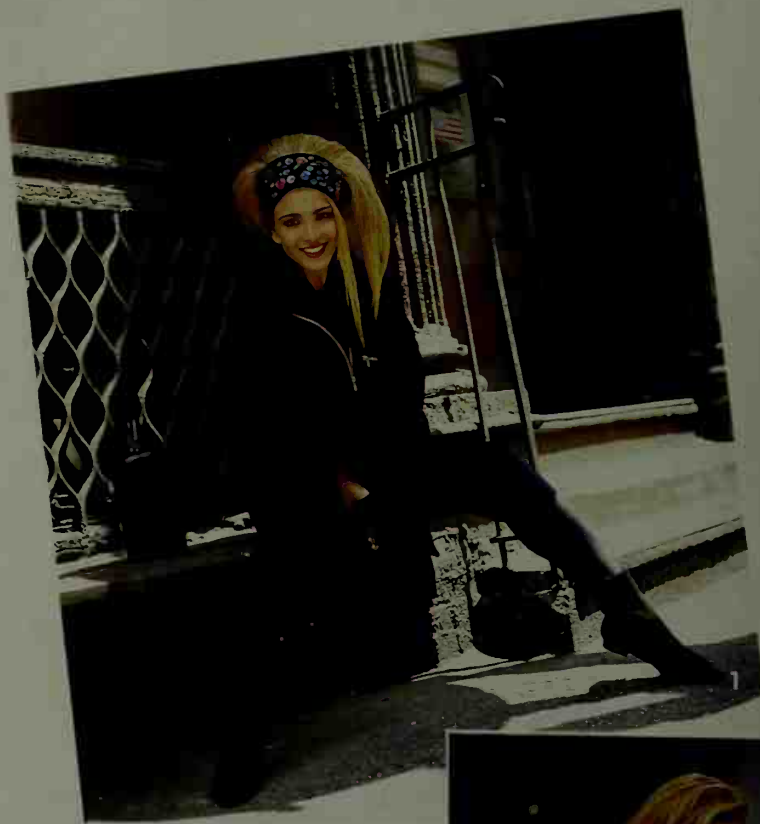
For Credit Card Orders
CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-634-9700

or to order, send check, or money order for \$15.95* (20% discount off the regular \$19.95 price) plus \$2 postage and handling to:

CONDÉ NAST COLLECTION
Dept. 4500049, P.O. Box 10214
Des Moines, Iowa 50336

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery
*Please add sales tax in the following states:
CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY

VIEW: katharine hamnett



1. Bold motorcycle-jacket zippers add funky detail to a velvet coat.

2. Hamnett's sophisticated and "eco-friendly" fake-fur wrap. Details, last pages.

sheep that are killed for their flesh, but that raises problems in itself because it takes far more land to raise beef than to grow food. . . . We cast about for eco-friendly fabrics. Cashmere? "Well, yes. You don't have to kill the cash." Silk? "Mmmm. . . it's rather cruel to the silkworms, isn't it? Boiling them alive?" We gaze at racks of clothing and shoes, cottons, silks, leather. . . . Oh, dear. But in the washroom she keeps phosphate-free toilet cleaner.

Hamnett got political in 1983, launching her CHOOSE LIFE T-shirts, each with an inarguable message. STOP ACID RAIN; PRESERVE THE RAIN FOREST—and (during London's 1984 collections, when she was photographed meeting Margaret Thatcher, a picture that ran round the world) 58% DON'T WANT PERSHING. La Thatcher, clearly on the side of the Pershing-loving minority, smiled in an abstracted, motherly way as she shook Hamnett's hand. Hamnett smiled too, but her knees were shaking.

"I had no idea how much publicity they'd get, those T-shirts," she says, lurching on some healthy fruit while chain-smoking. "They were copied everywhere. I didn't mind—they were meant to be copied. I got reports from all over the world: I saw your T-shirt at the Pyramids, I saw it in Argentina. . . ."

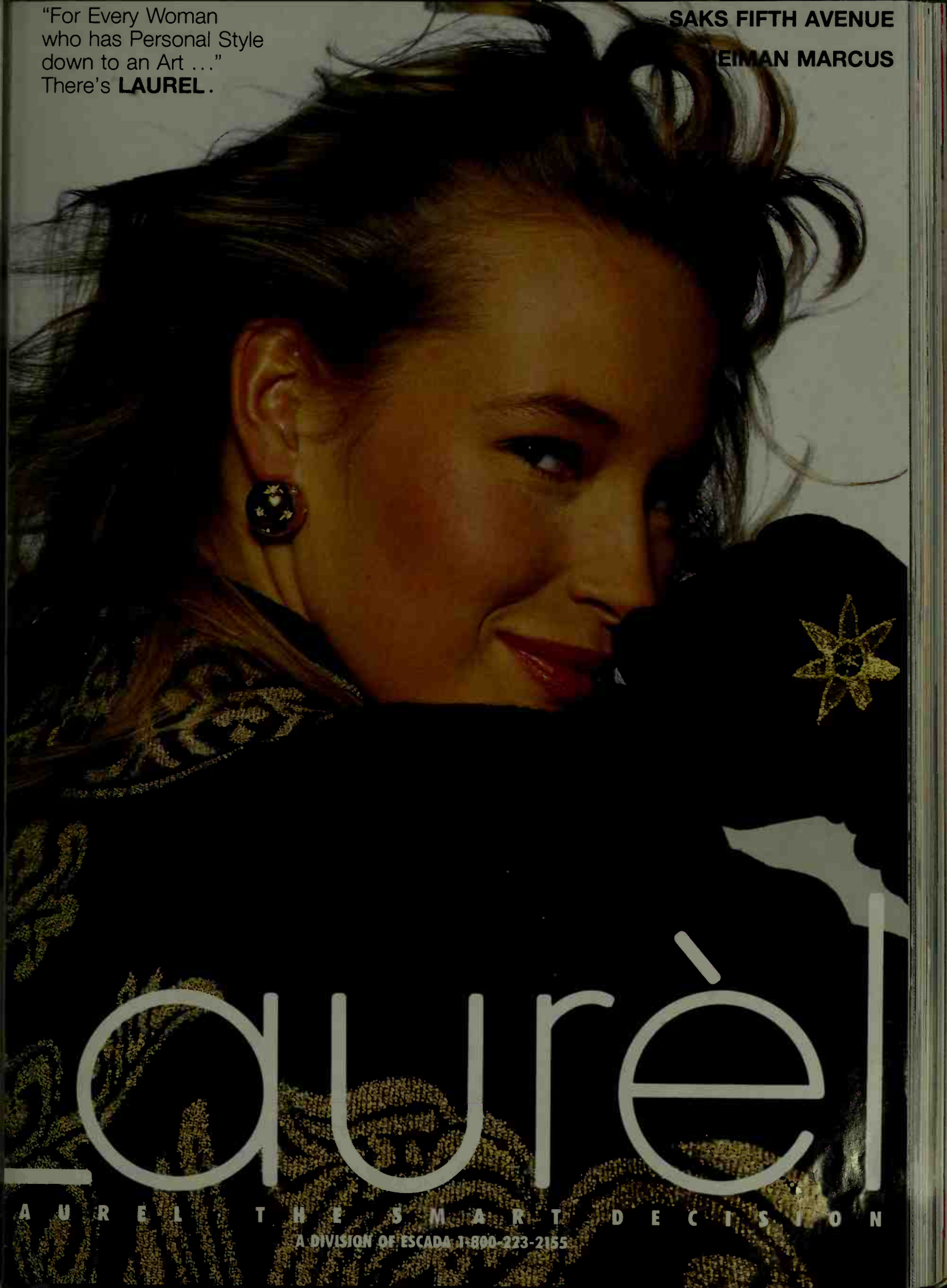
Since then she's launched collections called Stay Alive in '85; World Peace Now (1988), Clean Up or Die (1989), and for the fall of 1990, Cancel the Third World Debt. "I started worrying about the state of the world when I had children," she says. "You ▶ 120



"For Every Woman
who has Personal Style
down to an Art ..."
There's **LAUREL**.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

HEIMAN MARCUS



laurel

A U R E L T H E S M A R T D E C I S I O N

A DIVISION OF ESCADA 1-800-223-2155

DILLARD'S

I. MAGNIN



Woolrich blends

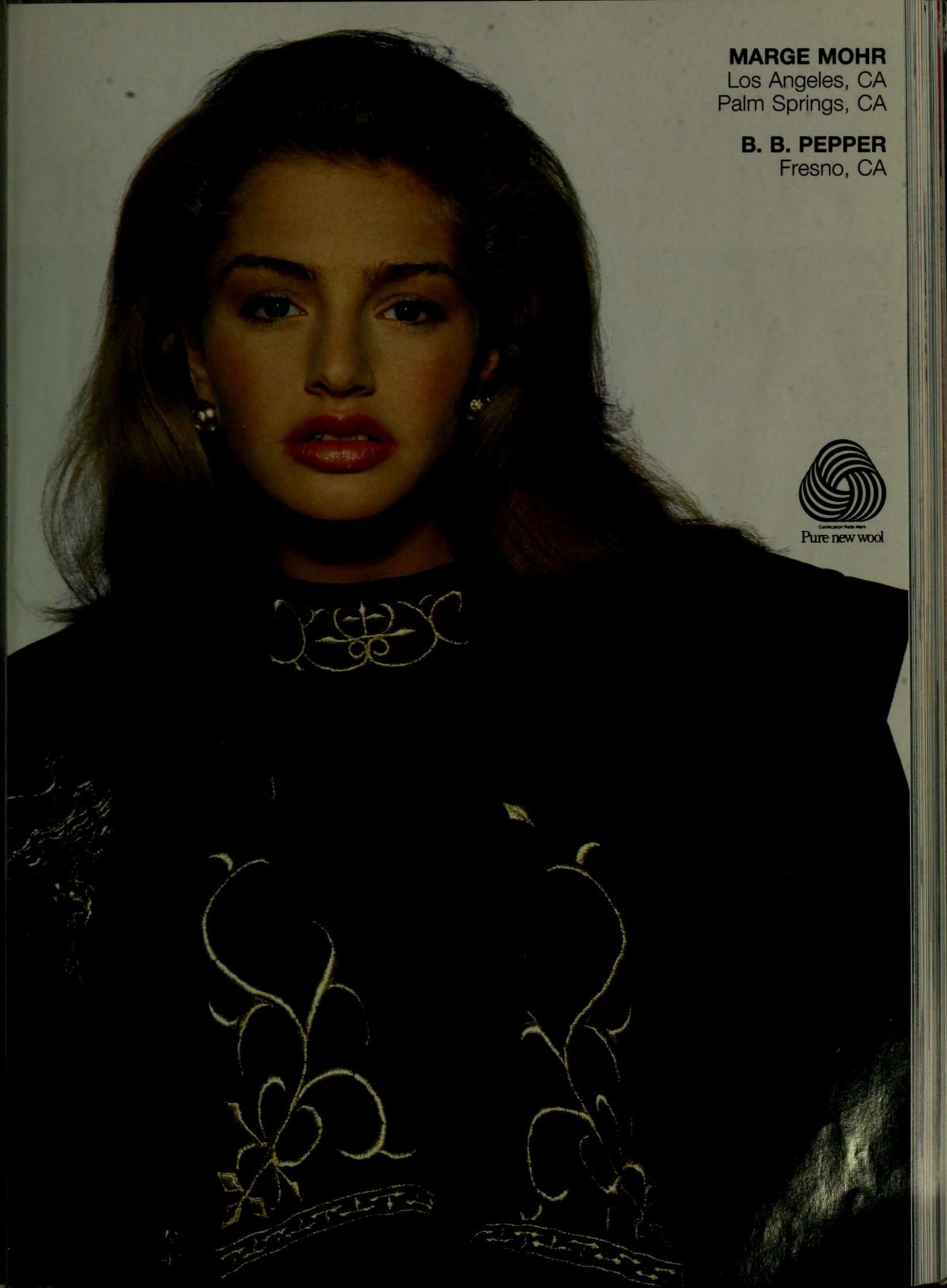
Laurè

L A U R E L · T H E S M A R T D E C I S I O

A DIVISION OF ESCADA 1-800-223-2155

MARGE MOHR
Los Angeles, CA
Palm Springs, CA

B. B. PEPPER
Fresno, CA



LAUREL BOUTIQUES

Cleveland
Boca Raton
Ft. Lauderdale
Short Hills
Houston
Columbus
Minneapolis
Pittsburgh
Chestnut Hill
San Francisco
Ontario
Quebec
British Columbia

Opening 1991:
Scottsdale



Certification Trade Mark
Pure new wool

LAUREL

LAUREL THE SMART DECISION

A DIVISION OF ESCADA 1-800-223-2155

SHOW OFF THE ART OF RAISING EYEBROWS



“It is where the real beauty of the eye begins. At the brow. Eyebrows beautifully arched to open the eyes wide as never before with Brow Control from Visage Beauté. A sleek eyebrow wand that softly lifts, holds and fills in brows as needed, while adding a beautiful hint of color. In clear, blonde, brown, auburn, slate gray and black.”



Roy Karrell

Roy Karrell, Creator
Visage Beauté Cosmetics

Bullock's • Nordstrom • Macy's • Dillard's • Goldsmith's • Marshall Field's • Jordan Marsh
Bloomingdale's • Lazarus • Dayton Hudson • Rich's



Visage Beauté Cosmetics, Inc., Beverly Hills, CA • (800) 847-2431. In California (800) 451-5079.

The Custom Color Company

VIEW: katharine hamnett

know—mother to one, mother to all.” The thing about Hamnett is that her collections, while running out under these stern thematic titles, are in fact clever, sexy, and wearable—always some of London’s best clothes: lithe stretch velvet bodysuits with high-cut leather bikini pants on top; spangled maillot tops for evening in waterfalls of aqua platelets; tiny, shiny black dresses with the bodices scooped out and filled with color. She does the *best* denims, now washed without bleach. “I design as though I’m dressing my friends up: clothes should be like a present, to make you feel good. I let my boys dress themselves, wear what they want.”

Katharine Hamnett is English to the bone. She epitomizes that curious British mix of drawling, seemingly careless amateur messiness combined with sheer talent, a head for business, and a killer instinct for publicity (as with the Thatcher photocall). She attended Cheltenham Ladies’ College, an upper-class boarding school where the uniforms were dreary, the exam results were first-rate, and the girls had to wear *two* pairs of bloomers at once. You might leave this sort of school a rule breaker—but you never forget what the rules are. “Clothes are like armor,” she says. “They make you feel secure, knowing you’re wearing the right thing, the right thing for a board meeting, the right thing for a party. What would I wear for a wedding this summer? I expect I’d try to get out of it. Oh, God, what would I wear? Umm. . . something amusing. But not ridiculous.”

Hamnett left the British fashion establishment aghast last year when she decided to show in Paris instead of London (“that tent is in a tatty street surrounded by billboards”) and moved her manufacturing base to Italy to improve quality. She sells in thirty shops in the United States, but she is poised to expand with a deal she has spent a long time getting right. Her company looks set to turn into a serious international presence.

But Hamnett’s essential Englishness remains. British women cannot talk about clothes without a) shrugging and pulling faces (implying that there are more important—and amusing—things to talk about) and b) tugging at loose bits of their clothing (implying that they got dressed in the dark). They tend to roll their eyes at the *price* of everything, too. Hamnett does all this: shrugging, eye rolling, and fiddling. She doesn’t spend any of the interview time trying to sell her clothes or ideas: she talks about her garden in North London; the need for a world environmental protection agency; London’s scandalously high business property tax; the ruinous development of Istanbul and the Brazilian national debt. “I have lots of things to think about apart from clothes,” she says.

Well, you don’t get that from American designers, that’s for sure. Take Donna Karan on her latest collection: her new fabrics, her new textures! Cashmeres and furs that are so-oo-oo light and soft, soft, soft as a sweater! and the colors! ombrés of brown from palest, palest blond to a deep, deep, bitter brown, and a black velvet stretch to die for. . . Karan’s New York urgency and love of her work sing out like an aria, and five minutes of it is enough to have me hurtling toward the nearest store like a heat-seeking missile, desperate to touch, to feel, to throw off everything I’m wearing and let her dress me.

Whereas two hours with Katharine Hamnett leaves me quite relaxed about what I have on today but worrying like crazy about nitrates in the water table.

And what shall I wear for that big wedding this summer? Oh, I’ll find something, I guess. Something amusing. ● VIEW ► 124

Guy Laroche

Paris

NEW YORK

36 East 57 street. N.Y. 10022.
(212) 759.23.01.

ATLANTA

Lenox Square
3393 Peachtree Rd N.E.
Ga, 30326.
(404) 231.13.32.

BOSTON

32 Newbury Street
Mass, 02116.
(617) 262.06.10.

CHICAGO

Water Tower Place 3rd Level.
835 N. Michigan Av.
IL 60611.
(312) 337.06.06.

DALLAS

94 Highland Park
Shopping Village.
Texas, 75205.
(214) 522.29.10

HOUSTON

S.C.F.
1800 South Post Oak Rd.
Texas, 77056.
(713) 961.40.01.

LOCUST VALLEY

Maison Posh II
2, Birch Hill rd.
N.Y., 11560.
(516) 676.22.66.

NEW ORLEANS

365 Canal St-Ste 108.
La, 70130.
(504) 522.70.28.

WASHINGTON DC1

“The Watergate”
600 New Hampshire Ave.
DC, 20037.
(202) 333.87.02.
Saks Jandel
5510 Wisconsin Ave.
Chevy Chase, MD 20815.
(301) 652.22.50.

CANADA

When in Canada
QUEBEC - ONTARIO



Guy Laroche
Paris



Don't you love fall when the colors change?

Look for new Keds® Camp Oxfords at your favorite store.
Because shoes like this don't grow on trees.



nordstrom

They Feel Good.™

© 1990 The Keds Corporation



Beautiful hair is a sure thing.

With Nexxus ENSURE, you get tangle-free softness, body and a beautiful shine.

No tangles, no static. Ever.

ENSURE is an extraordinary grapefruit-based conditioner. Its unique, oil-free formulation smooths and protects your hair without weighing it down.

And the gentle, cleansing botanicals in Nexxus ASSURE Shampoo are a perfect complement to ENSURE. Shampoo with ASSURE. Condition with ENSURE.

Two sure things for beautiful hair. From Nexxus.

Available only at hairstyling salons.



NEXXUS

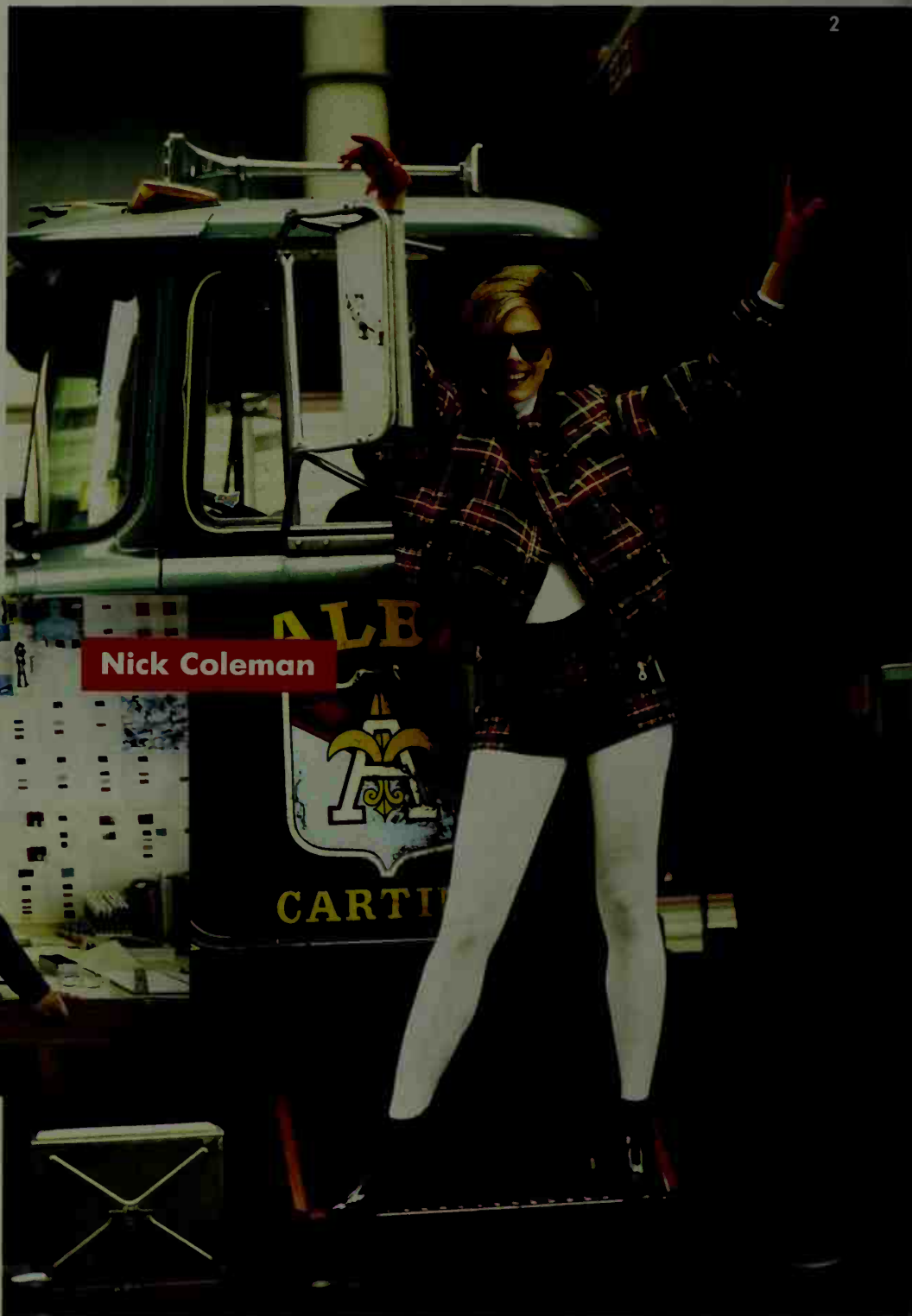
Where you go for beautiful hair.

Call 1-800-444-NEXXUS (444-6399) for a full-line Nexxus salon near you.

Europe 1990: designers to watch. They're eschewing tradition—creating everything from evening dresses that transform into handbags to handbags that look like houses

Nick Coleman Nick Coleman peers through his Elvis Costello glasses at the samples hanging on the shiny racks. He is an unhappy boy: the clothes are just too crammed together, he complains, for the press to look at properly. And the hangers: "Have the proper hangers arrived?" he asks the assistant who comes bearing a tray of tea. "No," she says, nervously, "not yet." Despite Coleman's laid-back attitude, he has a ruthless passion for detail. His most notorious piece of tailoring in the past was a dandy coat smothered in eighty horn buttons of three different sizes, "All of which I sewed on myself," he says, raising his eyebrows in self-mockery.

Coleman is one of the new Lon-



Nick Coleman

don realists. Graduating in the mid-eighties from London's famous St. Martins School of Art, he shone brilliantly when British anarchists such as Vivienne Westwood, and Stevie Stewart and David Holah of Bodymap were in demand, but fizzled out when the vogue was for a more serious grown-up style. His new collection, *Kimota Returns*, is meant for a generation with New Age attitudes but who are still happy to buy designer clothes in which to go out and be seen.

"The only way I can get my ideas across is for everything to be something special," he says. That means designs ▶ 128

1. Attempting to design pieces that are "something special," British designer Nick Coleman incorporates sportswear themes, round-the-world finds, and nostalgia for past decades. 2. Tartan update: Coleman gives the classic plaid a modern twist, cutting it into a cropped jacket, short shorts. Details, last pages.



DONNAKARAN

NEW YORK

accessories

handbags belts shoes hosiery jewelry hats scarves eyewear gloves small leather goods



O V E R N I G H T
D E T O X I F Y I N G
C R E A M

W O R K N I G H T S



Detoxify, defend, destress your skin by night with anti-oxidant vitamins that fight free radicals. And sphingoglycolipid to retain moisture.

Overnight Proof: Tests showed that moisture content within skin increased by 98% after 21 nights. After just one night, skin's surface moisture increased by 48%, softness by 26%.

You'll like what you see so much, you'll never give it a night off.

Intelligent Skincare
COSMETICS, INC.

bloomingdale's



BERGDORF GOODMAN - NEW YORK
ICE - LOS ANGELES, CA
MISS BAKER - PROVIDENCE, RI
NEIMAN MARCUS
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
SCARBORO FAIR - GLENCOE, ILL
WHEN IN CANADA VISIT;
BACCI'S - VANCOUVER, BC



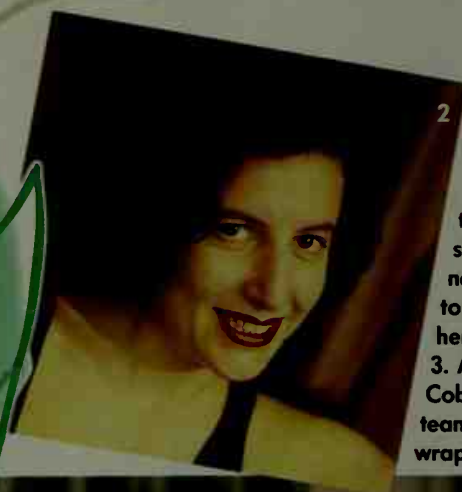
PURE WOOL

Genny

GENNY

GENNY MODA SPA - S.S. ADRIATICA 16 - ANCONA - TEL. (071) 8717
GENNY USA INC. - 650 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK - NY - TEL. (212) 2454860

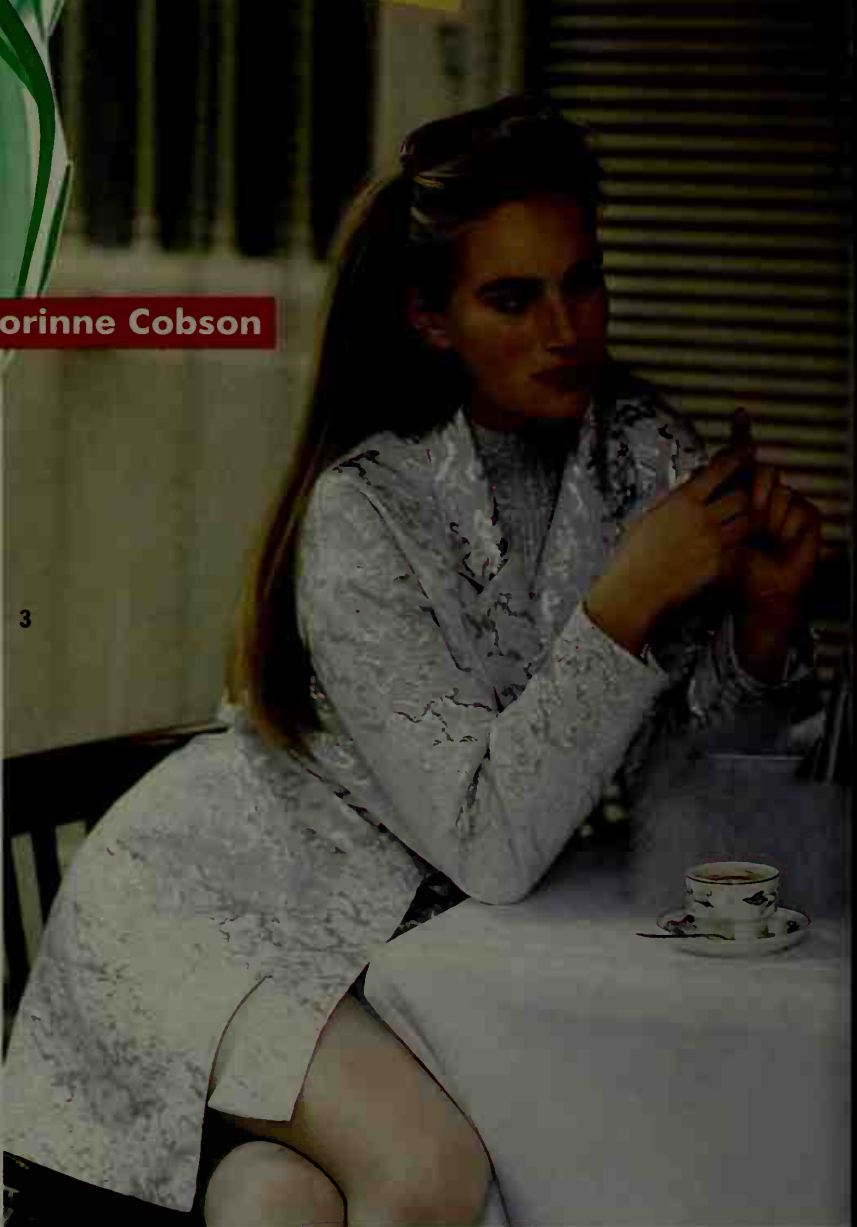
VIEW: european designers to watch



2 1. A classic jacket and trench that Corinne Cobson would pair with shorts for an unexpected twist. 2. Cobson shrugged off her family's name and business to establish her own brand of fashion. 3. A ribbed sweater, Cobson's year-round basic, teams up with an elegant wrap coat. Details, last pages.



Corinne Cobson



culled from radical sportswear (puffy jackets in gabardine, track pants with a suit jacket); world fashion (graphics and colors from different tribes of Africa); nostalgia for punk anarchy (tartans, skirts worn over trousers); and sixties hedonism (flared and belted white leather raincoats). Coleman's imagination isn't likely to get stuck in a groove. His ear is tuned to change (he runs London's popular one-night club Solaris), and he knows from experience that all new things in Britain are a reaction to the status quo. "People will go back to dressing up, but less theatrically than in the past. Ideas will not be borrowed from history or film but will be more to do with individual style."—CHARLOTTE DU CANN

Corinne Cobson "Please don't mention my parents," groans Corinne Cobson, creamy bosom heaving behind the deep V of her black jersey tank top. She rolls her eyes and draws her crimson lips into a pout: "I'm so tired of it." Cobson's clothes are very different from those of her parents, Elie and Jacqueline Jacobson—founders and designers behind the French label Dorothee Bis—but she can't ignore the influence of the family enterprise created just a year after she was, in 1962. "I was rocked in a knitwear cradle," she finally admits. "Everybody says that I always wanted to be a designer but me; I don't remember." Whatever Cobson's initial ambition, after working as a "you-name-it, I-did-it" for seven years in the family company, she simply dropped the first syllable of Jacobson and created her own fashion house. That was five years ago.

After a first collection that was "an ugliness—it didn't resemble me at all because I was so afraid"—Cobson quickly defined her style and staked out the woman she hoped to dress. "She's *parisienne*, but not in the narrow-minded sense," says the diminutive designer, swaying around her place du Marché St.-Honoré boutique in sexy pointed-toe ankleboots and tiny black shorts. "She's elegant and witty and bent on seduction." Although such notable Gallic ▶ 132

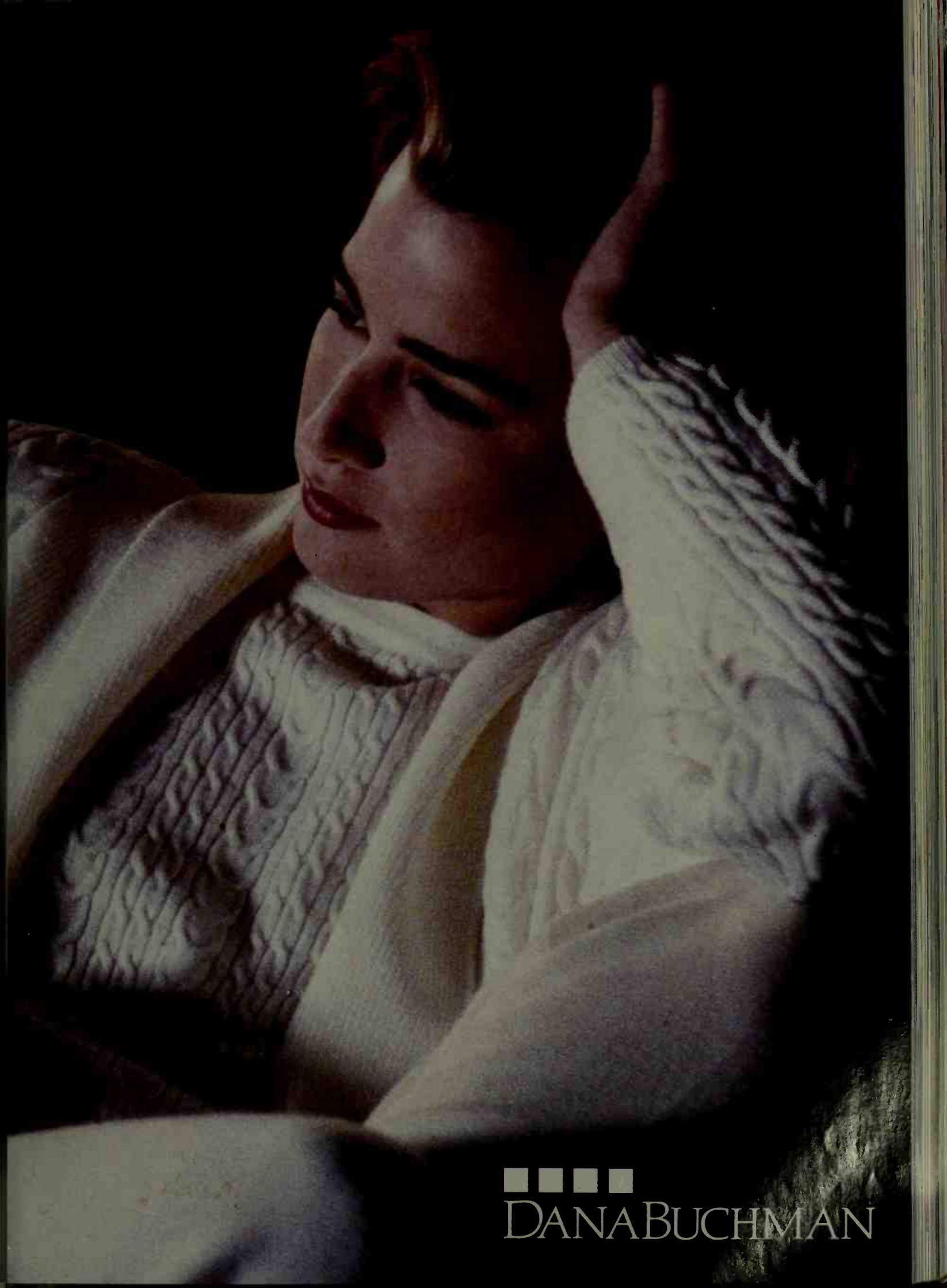


DANA BUCHMAN



The iconic Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-treated fabrics made of the world's best - Pure Wool.





DANABUCHMAN

VIEW: european designers to watch

beauties as Isabelle Adjani and Catherine Deneuve shop chez Cobson, she insists her ideal client needn't be French. "Audrey Hepburn for me is *très parisienne*."

The women who strode down Cobson's fall runway were more James Bond girl than Holly Golightly, however. In Cobson's words, "They were like characters in a Grade B movie." Black vinyl hot pants were paired with fishnets and rib-knit sweaters (a Cobson "basic"). Sequined maillots and satin bra tops, as well as a silver brocade crisscross-back sundress, were worn over body-hugging knits because Cobson doesn't believe in "summer versus winter." Also, modern dressing should be "like a striptease—things you add and take off." A hot pink wool blouson that reverses to hot pink marabou provided the perfect cover-up for Cobson's favorite blue-sequined fishnet minidress. ("I'm going to go out like that at night all winter!") Cobson asserts that there are less flamboyant pieces in the collection, too. "There are classic jackets that I would put with a pair of shorts that another woman would wear with a straight skirt," she says. "But remember, even a vulgar T-shirt can become elegant. It's all in the attitude."

Zucca The man thronged by African-print-clad models and gray-suited *garçons* ducked his dark head once, smiled timidly, and vanished amid deafening applause. Japanese designer Akira Onozuka—better known by his label, Zucca—had just presented his second-ever collection in Paris, and the verdict was thumbs-up. The following day the fashion press proclaimed "A Designer for the Nineties" and "The

Akira Onozuka, known to the fashion world simply as Zucca, has brought Japanese innovation (à la Issey Miyake) to Paris fashion. 1. The designer, often influenced by real uniforms, sports his own "uniform" cap. 2. Zucca's clothes are simple yet provocative. Unexpected touches, like a fringed belt, add a feminine, body-conscious appeal. Details, last pages.



New Japanese Has Arrived!" Zucca's third fall collection, shown in Paris last March, confirmed fashion pundits' optimistic predictions. His clothes are refreshingly un-gimmicky, even sober: crisp collarless white cotton shirts are tucked into tailored black wool trousers. Cropped plaid shirt jackets button up over calf-length kilts. A gabardine pantsuit is reminiscent of a boarding-school uniform.

Uniforms are, in fact, a key influence for this playful designer, who rarely appears in public without his own "uniform": a French beret, captain's cap, or a hat of his own creation pulled down over his ears. Onozuka has designed the work suits for Japanese service station employees of Esso Sekiyu. "I like the idea of interpreting fashion through uniforms," he explains. "I love work clothes." Another

influence is Issey Miyake, with whom Onozuka worked as an assistant for over ten years and shares a penchant for man-style tailoring. And also like Miyake, he often includes more body-conscious pieces with an ethnic feel.

Dressing women is a novel undertaking for Onozuka, who has been providing Japanese men with his Odds On collection of menswear since 1986. Though his runway models with fresh-scrubbed faces sport androgynous close-cropped hair and flat lace-up oxfords or leather sneakers with everything from a skinny chocolate brown jersey suit to black satin pajamas, the overall effect is surprisingly feminine. Onozuka considers Tracy Chapman and her "honest beauty" an ideal "Zucca woman." "Just as I want my fashion to resemble flowers in a field rather than showy hothouse blooms, I want the woman ► 140



THE SYMBOL OF
YOUR STYLE



MASTERWORKS FOR WOMEN WHO WORK

By Paloma Picasso®

FOR LOPEZ CAMBIL LTD.

ROBINSON'S

AVAILABLE AT
MILNE'S

Jean Louis Davio[®]

HAIRDRESSER



• 367 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, NY 10007

• 1385 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, NY 10018

• 303 PARK AVENUE SOUTH
NEW YORK, NY 10101

• QUEENS SHOPPING CENTER
90-15 QUEENS BLVD.
ELM HURST, NEW YORK 11376



EREZ

LILLIE RUBIN
MARSHALL FIELD'S
TANNERY WEST



EREZ

NORDSTROM

525 7th Avenue, 12th Floor, New York, NY 10018 (212) 869-2980

ALBERTA FERRETTI

ALBERTA FERRETTI - S. GIOVANNI IN MARIIGNANO - TEL. 0541-955354 - SHOW ROOM: VIA MONTENAPOLEONE, 14 - MILANO

BOUTIQUE:
Via Montenapoleone, 21/A
Milano

MODA & COMPANY
745 Fifth Avenue, Suite 604
New York, N.Y. 10151
Tel. 212/2233223

VIEW: european designers to watch

who wears my clothes to be simple and natural, like a wildflower."

Irié When Suelo Irié unlocks the door to his Left Bank boutique, he's wearing an oversize white T-shirt with a bright red Campbell's "Soup-er Mom" can on the front, the bottoms of a track suit, and Nikes. "My closet is full of American T-shirts and jogging pants," he confesses.

The clothes hanging in neat rows by color on the shop racks are equally easy sportswear shapes—with a twist. A skirt is straight and made of wool—but in bright orange. Stretch velour

tights look just like a dancer's—but they come with an exuberant rust-and-olive paisley pattern. Man-style shirts are classic and button-front, but in transparent silk chiffon stamped with vibrant tropical flowers.

"I like simple shapes that individual women can adapt the way they want," says the Osaka-born designer who left Japan twenty years ago to experience for himself the Paris—particularly the Saint-Germain district—of Jean Cocteau and Visconti. ("They weren't there anymore," he admits, "but the atmosphere was still thick at the café Flore.") A movie buff, Irié often uses film references to explain his emotions and define his fashion: "I came to Paris to find the quotidian depicted in Godard and Truffaut's Nouvelle Vague films," he explains, "the Cinzano ashtrays, *A bout de souffle's* sidewalk cafés, Jean Seberg's T-shirt." After ten years working as Kenzo's right-hand man in Paris, Irié decided to move to New York, "for Diane Keaton, Woody Allen's SoHo, and weekends in Long Island." The move never came about: relocating his collection of antiques proved daunting. So Irié created his own line instead. A stuffed zebra and tiger are "lucky charms" that look on benignly as shoppers browse in his two side-by-side shops. And Irié always works an animal motif into each collection: this fall there is a postcard print of lions, elephants, leopards, and penguins on stretch velour two-button jackets and matching waistcoats.

"My philosophy is to provide women with clothes they can wear every day, from the office to dinner if they have



1

Zucca



3

Irié

to," Irié says, shaking his bob of black curls for emphasis. The formula must be working. In Paris, an Irié Lycra mini has become as generic as an Yves Saint Laurent blazer. Irié's eyes crinkle at the corners. "My clothes are to be worn, not put in a museum." ▶ 142

1. From Zucca, who at one time designed work suits for Esso employees in Japan: a man-tailored cotton shirt and trousers.
2. Dancer-style leggings and other sportswear staples get unconventional treatment in the hands of Paris-based Japanese designer Suelo Irié.
3. Irié with the stuffed animals he keeps in his design studio. Details, last pages.

1990

Salvatore Ferragamo



STUDIO POLI

717 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK - 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK - 200 WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH
FIRENZE MILANO ROMA NAPOLI GENOVA TORINO BARI CAPRI LONDON ZÜRICH BARCELONA HONOLULU VANCOUVER TOKYO OSAKA HONG KONG SINGAPORE KUALA LUMPUR SEOUL TAIPEI SYDNEY

VIEW: european designers to watch



Irié

Pascale Risbourg The poised brown-haired girl dangles a tiny black evening purse from a silken cord and announces, "Here's one of my dresses." In less time than it takes to comprehend the notion that an evening bag is, in fact, a cocktail dress, Pascale Risbourg has unzipped the sequined ball and cupped a shimmering mound over each breast. Attached is a black skirt of shiny shirred Lycra that she smooths over her hips. "Voilà!" she says with a magician's flourish. "A little evening bag becomes a little evening dress!"

Twenty-six-year-old Risbourg entered her first "Fête

Express" transformable dress-bag two years ago (she was still a student at the Paris fashion school Esmod) into a young-designer competition at the Galeries Lafayette, and won. "There were plenty of big shots on the jury," she recalls. "I decided that for them to notice me, I had to surprise them. The challenge was to turn a garment into a bag without taking away any of its function." Rising from her apartment couch, Risbourg drags a suitcase around her flea market fifties suede chairs, skirting her musician-boyfriend's guitars that stand in the middle of the floor. She opens it and pulls out a group of handbags in jewel-toned stretch velour and lace-trimmed Lycra. Whether they hang

from the shoulder or strap to the waist, each unzips or unlaces into a skintight mini or a skimpy shorts suit. "Once these are worn," she remarks, "nobody knows they were ever bags. So they must be beautiful dresses first, and easy to transport second."

Risbourg's manufacturer (which also produces knits for Sonia Rykiel) is swamped with orders. Her dress-bags are getting pages of press. But she isn't sure she'll be designing them forever. "I've recently applied for a job developing the idea for a Madrid theme park. Why not?" She plops down on a leopard-print swivel chair and flashes a grin. "Pursuing art can take you in a lot of directions. After all, when I was twenty, I hadn't even heard of Alaïa or Jean Paul Gaultier." ▶ 146



Pascale Risbourg

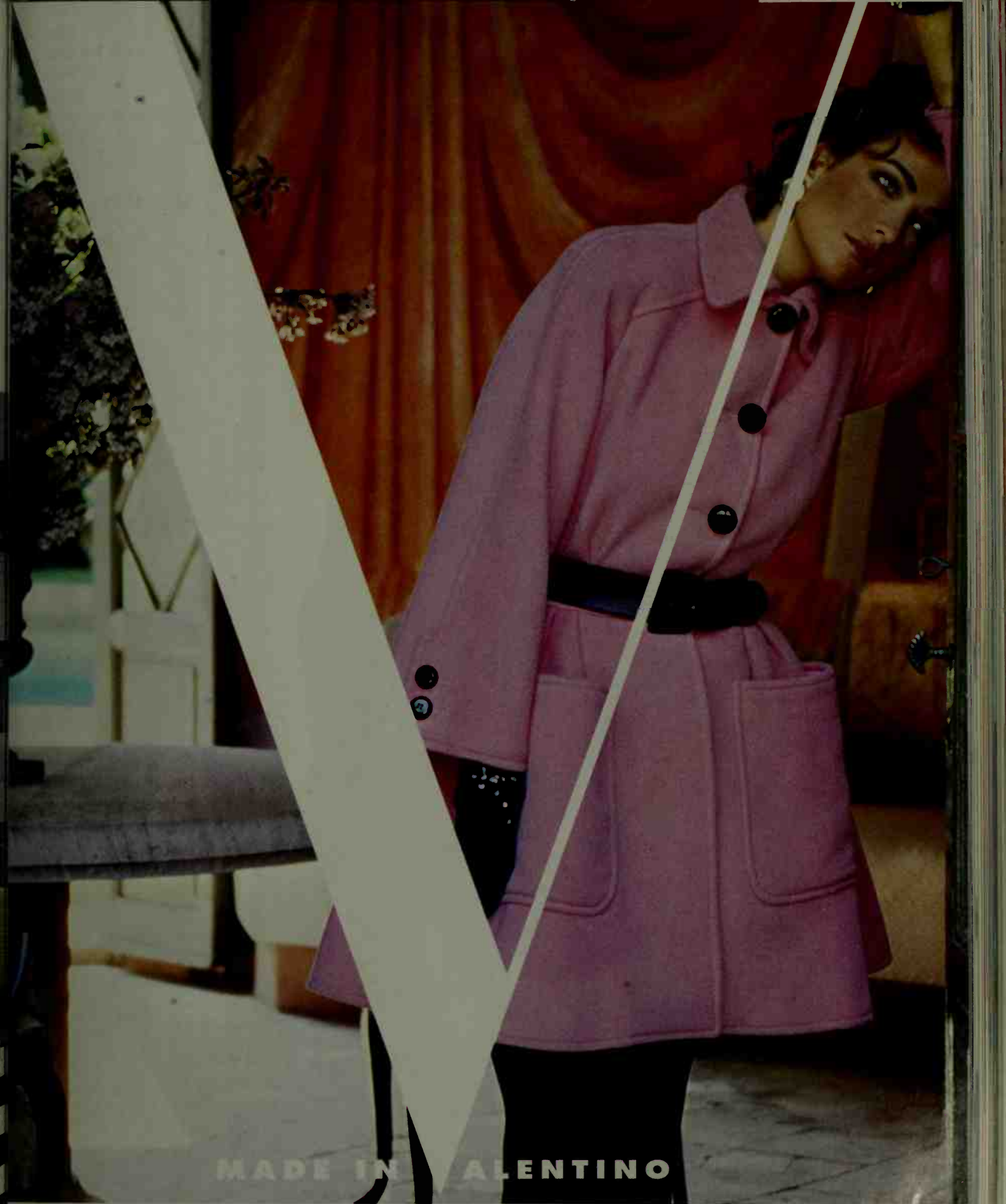


2

1. Irié's animal fetish carries over onto a stretch velvet blazer. 2. Pascale Risbourg gained recognition two years ago with her "Fête Express" bags that transform into dresses. 3. Traveling light: a sequined waist pouch that converts into a bare jumpsuit (4). Details, last pages.



3



MADE IN VALENTINO

TON SLIGH,
ONVILLE, FL
OBSON'S,
INGHAM, MI
E POINTE, MI
NAPOLIS, IN
WANAMAKER,
DELPHIA, PA

DANIEL FOXX,
PALM DESERT, CA
FREDERICK & NELSON,
SEATTLE, WA
PANACHE,
MILLBURN, NJ
SARA FREDERICKS,
BOSTON, MA

NAN DUSKIN,
BALTIMORE, MD
PHILADELPHIA, PA
ROMANOFF COUTURE,
COCONUT GROVE, FL
SAKS JANDEL,
CHEVY CHASE,
WASHINGTON D.C.

NEIMAN MARCUS,
BEVERLY HILLS, CA
CHICAGO, IL
DALLAS, TX
HOUSTON, TX
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
SAKOWITZ,
HOUSTON, TX


valentino
BOUTIQUE

Boutique
SAN FRANCISCO
175 Post Street
TORONTO
131 Bloor Street West
TORONTO
1525 Yonge Street

Showroom
MAX MARA USA, INC.
NEW YORK
530 Seventh Avenue



MaxMara



Max Mara

VIEW: european designers to watch

1. Julien Anryon creates ornate miniatures with huge impact. 2. Anryon's dollhouse furniture-style earrings decorate a handbag by 31 Février. 3. Design team Helene Nepomiatzi and Marc Gourmelen of 31 Février creates unusual, often surreal, handbags. 4. Chandeliers for the ears by Claire Devé. Details, last pages.



Julien Anryon

Julien Anryon Tiny Oriental carpets embroidered with bugle beads. Miniature gilt grandmother clocks. Ornate mirrors only four inches tall. Visitors stumbling across Julien Anryon's boutique think they've discovered a manufacturer of dollhouse furniture. "I've always liked making miniatures," admits this twenty-six-year-old with darting brown eyes and an easy smile. But Anryon's small-scale furnishings are, in fact, pieces of jewelry.

Five years after graduating from a prestigious Paris fashion design school, Anryon discovered the contents of his mother's jewelry box. "I stopped designing dresses for girlfriends and began destroying my mother's necklaces instead." For three years the only clients for his reassembled bits and pieces of jewelry were those same girlfriends. Then a year ago his sister left Paris to return to the family's native South of France, leaving Anryon her now-empty storefront and upstairs apartment. "This time last year I was still working on a table in my living room," he comments. Today he has three full-time artisans assembling away in a back room, all trying to keep pace with a sales volume that has more than doubled in the last twelve months. All Anryon's pieces are handmade, often from old embroidery supply stock he finds at flea markets. It takes three to four hours to fashion the house best-seller, a pair of handblown glass drop earrings shaped like an elaborate eighteenth-century chandelier. "I really must try to come up with some less-complicated designs," Anryon sighs. "But I have such a hard time abandoning *le baroque*. I just don't know how to do simple things!"

31 Février They make you think of an improbable cartoon couple: Dennis the Menace and Olive Oyl. Helene Nepomiatzi's willowy beauty is actually more pre-Raphaelite



31 Février

seemed the logical alternative—at least for this madcap pair whose idea of a good time is combing trade fairs in search of offbeat materials to use in their creations. Their first, five-piece collection of faux tortoiseshell vanity cases was snapped up by Barneys New York three years ago. Karl Lagerfeld heard about them and asked the couple to design a carrying bag for his terrier. The result was a miniature straw cottage with a striped roof and battery-powered lighting. 31 Février's handbags *are* on the surreal side. "Jaws," an otherwise demure leather handbag, opens to reveal a gaping set of horn teeth; "Come, Cutie-Pie" is a pale pink box-shaped bag skirted with powder-puff pink swansdown. Aside from the odd pair of gloves, Gourmelen and Nepomiatzi are, for the moment, happy making just handbags. "There's a mysterious quality to a bag with its 'hidden' interior," muses Gourmelen. "People ask us if we ever run out of ideas. Our problem is what to do with our forty thousand ideas when we can only produce twenty!"

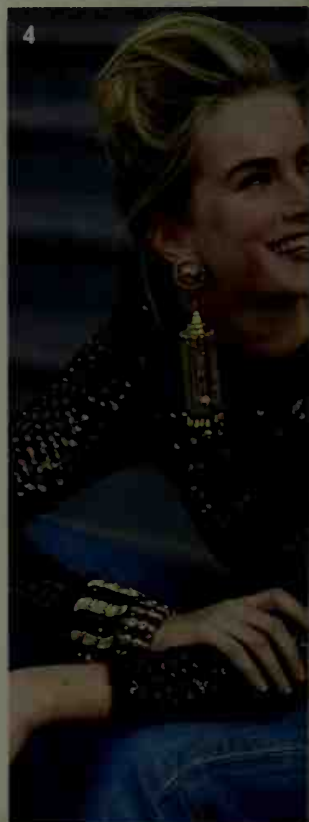
Claire Devé The story goes something like this: boy meets girl in a ski shop in the French Alps. ► 150



3

than Olive Oyl, but Marc Gourmelen's freckle-spattered face and blond crew cut are disarmingly boy-next-door. Together, they're the design talent behind 31 Février's wacky handbags. Why February 31? "Because," says Gourmelen with a flick of his ever-handy yo-yo, "February 31st doesn't exist."

Nepomiatzi and Gourmelen met six years ago at a concert. Gourmelen was a saxophone player, Nepomiatzi had just entered Paris's Studio Berçot school of fashion design. "We wanted to create something together," explains Gourmelen, "like a child—but we didn't want a child." Making handbags



4



1990 FALL COLLECTION

For the store nearest you, call 1-800-227-5600.

SAM "We're spending a fortune to run this Ad." LIBBY "Are you crazy? You're not supposed to tell people things like that." SAM "Why not? We put our house on the line to start this company. Sometimes, you have to go for broke when you believe in what you're doing." LIBBY "You don't have to convince me. I'm in



© 1990 SAM & LIBBY, INC.

*Shoes available at Belk, Dillard's, Macy's
For the store nearest you, call (800) 955-SHOE*

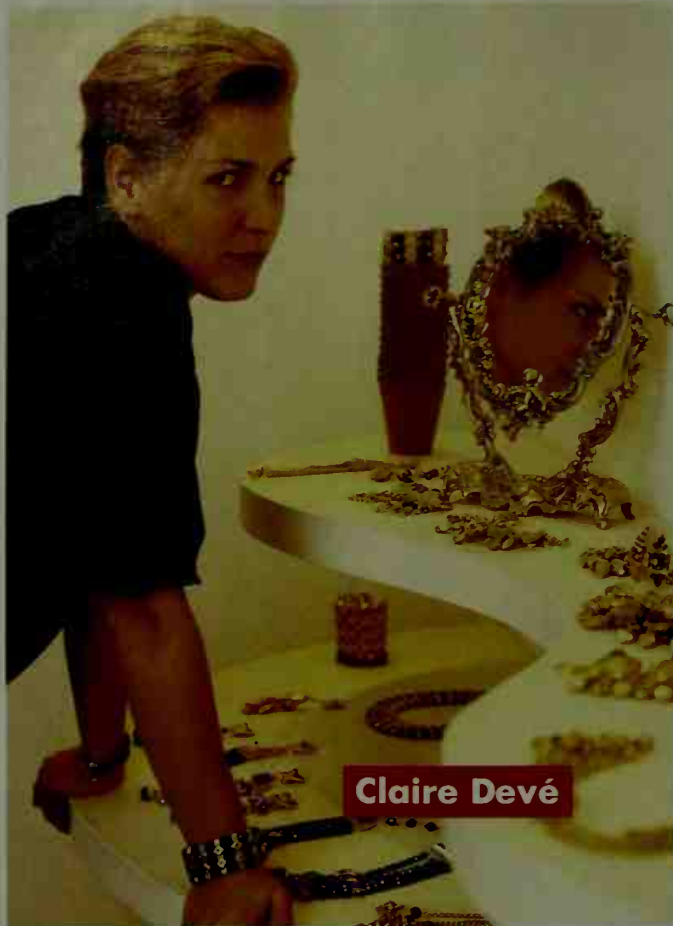
love with you. Plus half the idea behind designing great looking, affordable shoes for women like me is mine.” SAM “I guess life’s not as romantic as this picture of us looks.” LIBBY “Oh, but it is, Sam. With you. And don’t worry. If we lose the house, we can always live in a...” SAM “Don’t say it.”



SAM & LIBBY

*We make shoes for people who
have other things to spend their money on.*

VIEW: designers to watch



Devé's elaborate jewelry falls somewhere between Renaissance and Baroque.

They marry, have two children, buy and renovate a rambling old house in the country, where they proceed to live in pastoral splendor and, almost incidentally, build a phenomenally successful costume jewelry business. Not only do Cesar Pupat and Claire Devé seem to have done everything right, but on top of it, "all in the very best of spirits!" Pupat insists.

Devé designs; her husband supervises accounts and marketing. That's been the scheme ever since Pupat decided to gather up the sculptural Plexiglas jewels his wife was piling up and trundle them around town to sell. Since that day in 1984, the couple has never looked back. In the past three years, Claire Devé's annual sales figures have soared from a respectable \$175,000 to nearly \$2 million. In addition to her own exquisitely wrought pieces—bronze chain necklaces strung with pearl-and-bead-studded medallions; gilt cuffs dangling clusters of daintily etched pinecones or bronze beads—Claire Devé is also the hands behind the jewelry licenses for Jean Paul Gaultier and Claude Montana.

Working with two of Paris's most exciting fashion designers has encouraged Devé to "forget about the commercial side of things and throw [herself] headlong into an idea without asking questions." Now, restraining her extravagant impulses seems to be more the problem. Devé's handmade pieces have lately become so elaborate (and costly) that Pupat compares them to *haute joaillerie*—the real thing. For summer 1991, the couple expect their jewelry to take a turn toward "purer, ultramodern forms." There is only one cloud to threaten their fairy-tale existence. "We've tried to get the kids [Thibault, nine, and Gauthier, four] involved in the family business," Devé laments. "But so far, they've only succeeded in breaking everything in the atelier."—CHARLA CARTER

ROBIN MALIETE, hair and makeup, Karen Bensimon.

byblos

BYBLOS BOUTIQUE
Chevy Chase, MD

BYBLOS BOUTIQUE
at BERGDORF GOODMAN
New York

CHARIVARI
New York

THEODORE
Beverly Hills, CA

TOBY LERNER
Philadelphia, PA

When in Canada visit:

BYBLOS BOUTIQUES:

Montreal, Quebec

Toronto, Ontario

Vancouver, BC



2

PAIR
PACK

(ONE TO WEAR, ONE AS A SPARE)

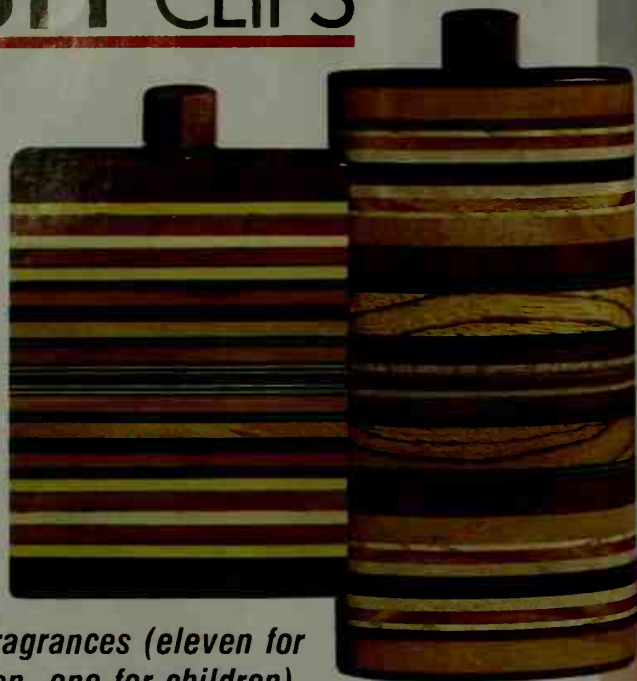
DKNY



BEAUTY CLIPS

By Shirley Lord

*Fast and fresh thinking from French perfumer Annick Goutal: her new containers, **RIGHT**, made of different exotic woods and in different shapes and sizes, can be filled on the spot with any one of her unusual fragrances (eleven for women, five for men, one for children).*



Color Confidence

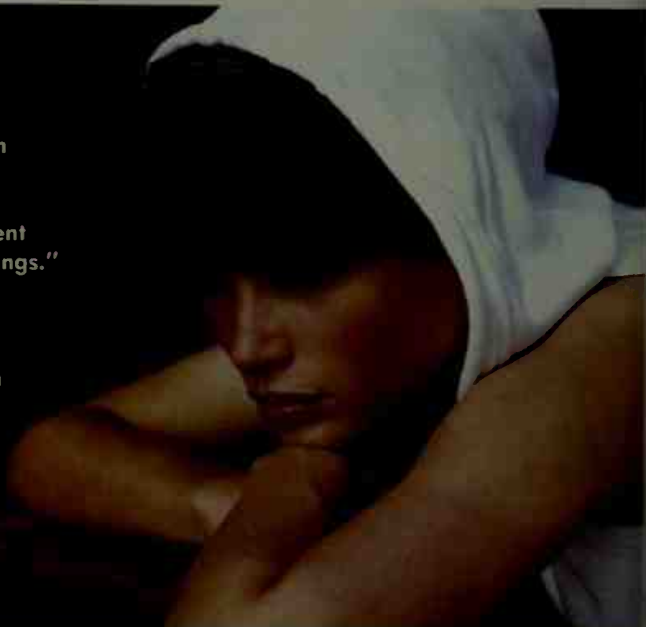
To coordinate makeup and fashion colors, Chanel, not surprisingly, is the company that now offers real help at its cosmetics counters. Its latest fabric swatches, a unique Intensity Analyzer that computes natural coloring (including hair and eye shades) numerically, and a huge Makeup Color Tester (to which the numbers relate) direct the customer to shades that work best for looks and wardrobe choices.

For Stressed-out Skin

From rejuvenation to maintenance, from protection to prevention, the skin-care crusade of the nineties is far, directed toward stress, with a marked increase in products that promise to guard skin against it (Princess Marcella Borghese's La Dolce Cura Anti-Stress Restorative Facial, Elizabeth Arden's Micro-2000 Stressed-Skin Concentrate). Almay, one of the few companies that produce fragrance-free, hypoallergenic cosmetics, has created not only Stress Care (for face and body) but also a Stress Information Council with a well-qualified medical board to explain how and why everyday aggravations cause skin problems (800-99-ALMAY). In Encino, California, experienced staff at the new Skin Spa focuses on Executive Stress Therapy with nerve-calming Oriental massages and botanically based skin creams that act as buffers.

High-heeled "sneakers" are no longer a contradiction in terms—Easy Spirit has designed one-, two-, and two-and-a-half-inch-heeled walking pumps with "sneaker" cushioning in soles and heels for those whose only exercise is walking to and from a job where looks count from top to toe.

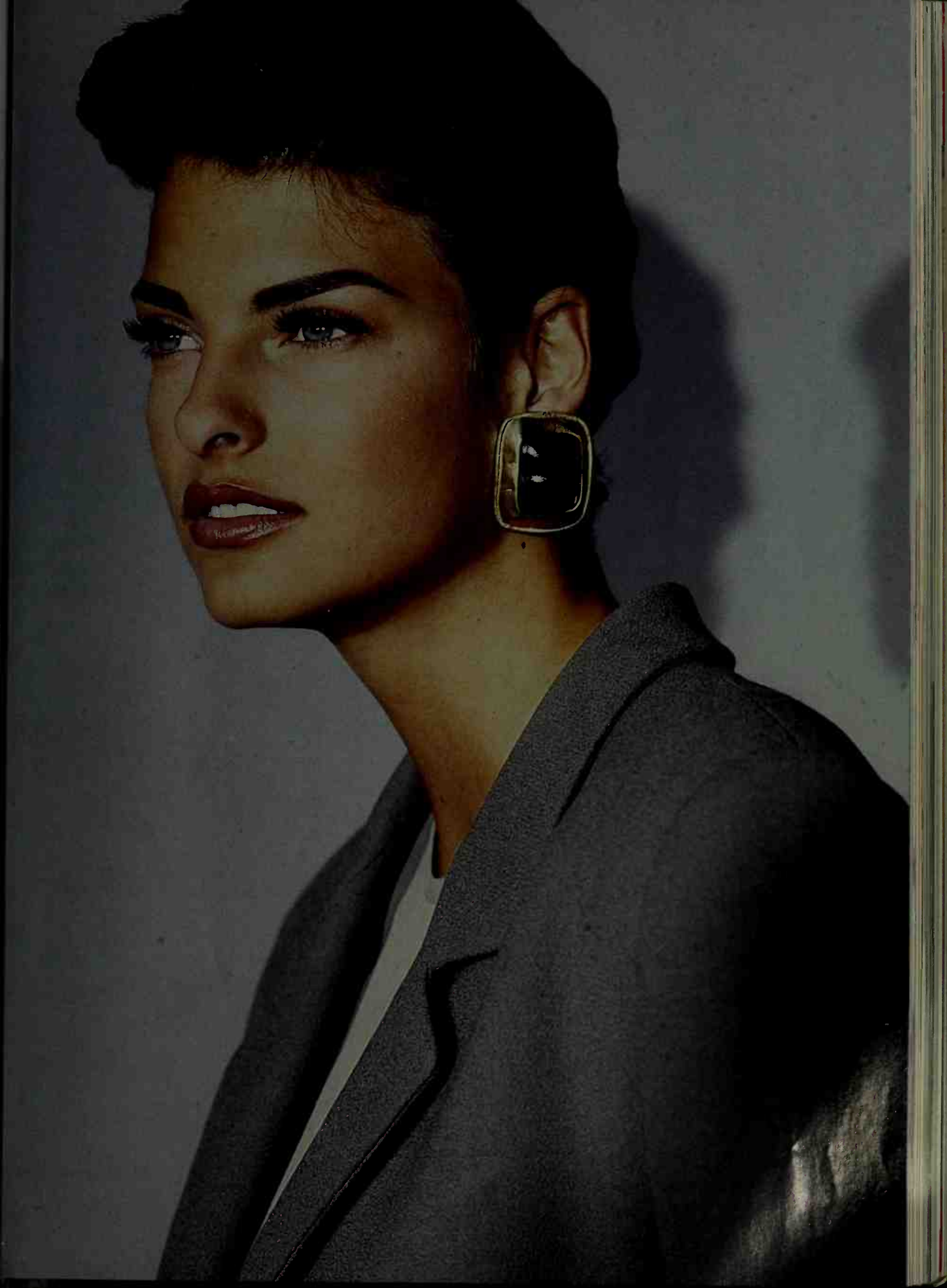
The hood is returning as a fashion accessory this fall, in velvet from Romeo Gigli, cotton knit from Rifat Ozbek, **RIGHT**, silk from Yves Saint Laurent. To complement the look: "hooded bangs." Geri Cusenza of Sebastian cuts hair in layers that can be brushed forward from the hood for the fullest, heaviest look. Bareheaded, the top layer can be slicked back with a headband to reveal a shorter fringe below.



LOUIS DELL'OLIO
FOR
ANNE KLEIN® & CO.

Art Direction: M&P





Anne Klein® Gloves for Aris Isotoner



ANNE KLEIN™ GLOVES

Anne Klein® Small Leather Goods for St. Thomas



ANNE KLEIN® SMALL LEATHER GOODS

Anne Klein® Jewelry for Swarovski®

ANNE KLEIN® JEWELRY

Anne Klein® Coats for Bromley Coats

ANNE KLEIN® COATS



Anne Klein® Belts & Bags for Calderon

ANNE KLEIN® BELTS & BAGS

*LOUIS DELL'OLIO
FOR
ANNE KLEIN® & CO.*

*ANNE KLEIN® GLOVES
ANNE KLEIN® FOOTWEAR
ANNE KLEIN® WATCHES
ANNE KLEIN® SMALL LEATHER GOODS
ANNE KLEIN® JEWELRY
ANNE KLEIN® COATS
ANNE KLEIN® BELTS & BAGS*



PURE WOOL®
The sewn-in Woolmark label
is your assurance of quality-
tested fabrics made of the
world's best. Pure Wool.

ANNE KLEIN

T H E S T O R E

Gaviidae Common, 651 Nicollet Mall, Minneapolis, MN 55402 ■ Americana Mall, 2072 Northern Blvd., Manhasset, N.Y. 11030

Nothing can replace your favorite shampoo. But something can improve it.

There's a reason your favorite shampoo became your favorite. Maybe it was the way it made your hair feel. Or how it gave your hair body.

Unfortunately even the best shampoos can stop working, because over time they leave a residue build-up that makes your hair dull and lifeless.

Don't give up on it, though. Just use Neutrogena® Shampoo for a while.

It gently removes the build-up that other shampoos leave behind. So all you're left with is hair that's clean and healthy. Then you can go back to your favorite shampoo.

And it'll be your favorite shampoo again.



A refreshing touch of oil-free
moisture for your skin.

CLARIFIANCE

Oil-Free Hydrating Fluide

The unique ability to pamper your skin
with moisture...hydrate
without oil. The fresh feeling of cool
water on your skin.

Clarifiance...clear and light, it disappears
into your skin. You feel the
effect, not its presence.

No matter what your skin type,
when skin calls for moisture,
not oil...Clarifiance provides
the welcome response.

***Clarifiance...a new clarity for skin
that wants moisture without oil.***



LANCÔME
PARIS



FASHIONS BY LA LINGERIE

IMAGES

Editor: Shirley Lord

Drawing attention with stroke, not shade; shape, not color—the **penciled face** is very much a sign of the clean, spare nineties.

SHIRLEY LORD reports

PENCILS THAT PROPEL PIGMENT onto the skin like guided missiles and never need sharpening; obese crayons that, for all their size, deposit exactly the right kind of blur that will never be mistaken for a smudge—these 1990 tools of beauty are indeed works of art. Double-ended, double-colored, melt-resistant, refillable, sun-screened, weatherproofed, and waterproofed, today's pencils are “all a woman needs to color her face,” says makeup artist Linda Mason, but then she knows exactly how to use an orange pencil

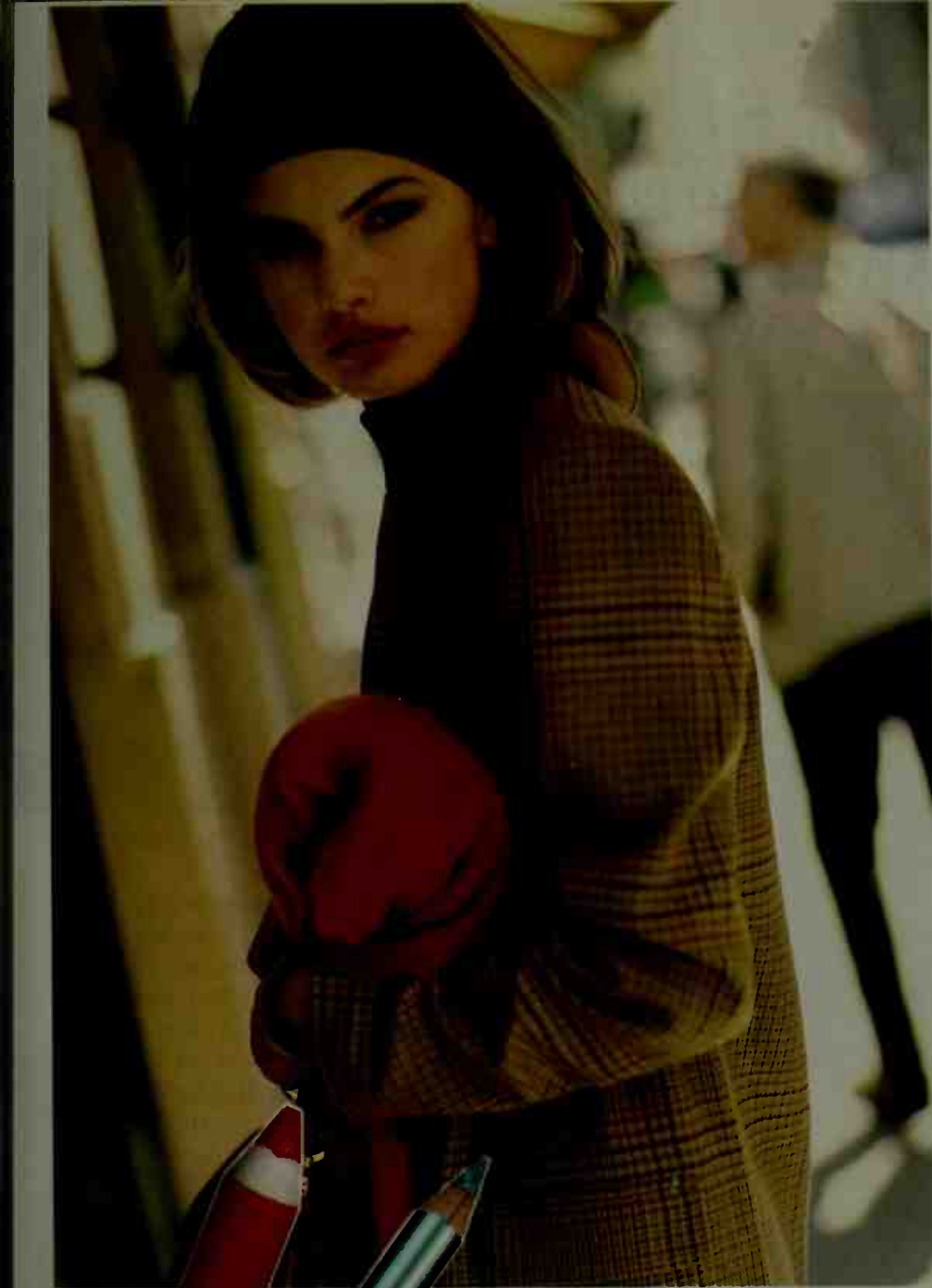
with a pink or brown one to “make” cheekbones or temples or just enormous eyes, without a trace of orange or pink or brown showing.

At Geoffrey Beene's fall show, makeup artist Kevyn Aucoin used the same brow and lip pencils on all the models, no matter what their coloring, and achieved highly dramatic looks for all, perfect with the neutral taupe, gray, and dark tones of the Beene clothes. On the eyes Aucoin used only black mascara—no eye shadow, no eyeliner—and then deliberately defined, darkened, and arched brows with Lancôme's Le Crayon Brow Definer in Brunet.

On the lips he used Yves Saint Laurent's deepest, darkest Lip Liner, #1 in Wine, first to outline, then to stain the lips. Says Aucoin, “The interesting—and surprising—thing is the results were equally dramatic on fair, dark, and black skin, although I used exactly the same pencils on everyone.”

Mason believes the pencil has really come into its own because of the ongoing desire for the natural look. “When you define lips with a muted pink lip pencil—I particularly like Chanel's Tawny Lip Liner—it strengthens and adds the right shape to a mouth in the most natural way. When you use a heavily pigmented, soft but not crumbly black eye pencil and dot it along the lower lashes, you can create whatever eye shape you want gently, naturally, without making anything obvious. There's no doubt in my mind that the pencil is one of the most important makeups of the nineties.” ●

IMAGES ► 170



The latest pencils deliver light, shade, matte, gloss, color, and protection and, above all, are easy to apply. Among the best, shown here: Cover Girl's two-ended SunSweeps Lip Pencil, Shu Uemura's fine-line Make Up Pencil, Intelligent Skincare's Powder Eyeshadow pencil. Jacket, cashmere scarf by Michael Kors; Philippe Model handbag.

IMAGES

Women have been trying to get rid of cellulite ever since the problem was given a name. JEANNIE RALSTON reports on some of the **new cellulite remedies**



THE DIMPLES WE LIKE AND WANT COME SINGLY OR IN A pair, one on either side of a smile. Unfortunately, too many of us have the other kind, the kind that comes in great numbers on other parts of the body, particularly the thighs. The kind we've spent a good amount of time (and money) trying to get rid of—cellulite.

Many women have been worrying about cellulite ever since the word was first introduced in the United States from Europe, back in the early seventies. The attention paid to dimply dermis lessened somewhat during the early eighties, when women believed they could aerobicize their ripples away. Now it's heating up again, as well-established European companies introduce their anticellulite treatments here, trying to reach women who are frustrated that StairMaster sessions and diets haven't erased their problem.

Along with the new targeted products, salons are developing or expanding cellulite therapies, and a new surgical procedure is being used to reduce the condition.

There's still a big difference in how cellulite is perceived in Europe and the United States. Unlike many of their American counterparts, many European doctors believe it is a medical condition characterized by diseased tissue caused by water and toxins trapped in fat cells, which puts pressure on blood vessels in the area.

But the American medical community looks at this bumpy business dubiously. Neither the American Medical Association nor the Food and Drug Administration recognizes cellulite as a medical problem; many doctors claim it's just a fancy name for plain old fat.

There is agreement on both sides of the Atlantic regarding what actually causes skin to dimple. Cellulite is formed by a collection of fat cells around the fibrous cords that attach skin to muscle. As fat cells accumulate, they push up against the skin, causing a bulge, but because the fibrous cord holding skin doesn't stretch, a dimple is created. "It's the same theory as a button on a leather sofa holding the leather down," says Zaki Ftaiha, M.D., chief of contouring surgery at Mount Sinai Hospital, Philadelphia. "The stuffing puffs up around the buttons."

Cellulite is cruelly partial to women for several reasons. The fibrous connective cords are formed in a different pattern in women than in men. In men the cords are crisscrossed; in women they run parallel, which allows pockets of fat to develop between them.

In addition, women tend to accumulate fat ► 174

Not her problem: Christy Turlington in Gianni Versace's belted swimsuit; terry robe, Ralph Lauren At Home Wear by Boutique Industries; suede slingbacks, Calvin Klein Footwear. Details, last pages.

3-Minutes to Healthy Skin

Take advantage of your natural ally. Put nature to work to nurture skin's healthy appearance with CLARINS plant-based beauty treatments –to gently cleanse, tone and moisturize. Formulated with botanicals selected for their specific actions – skin-softening aloe, soothing licorice, pore-tightening gentian and nourishing hazelnut.

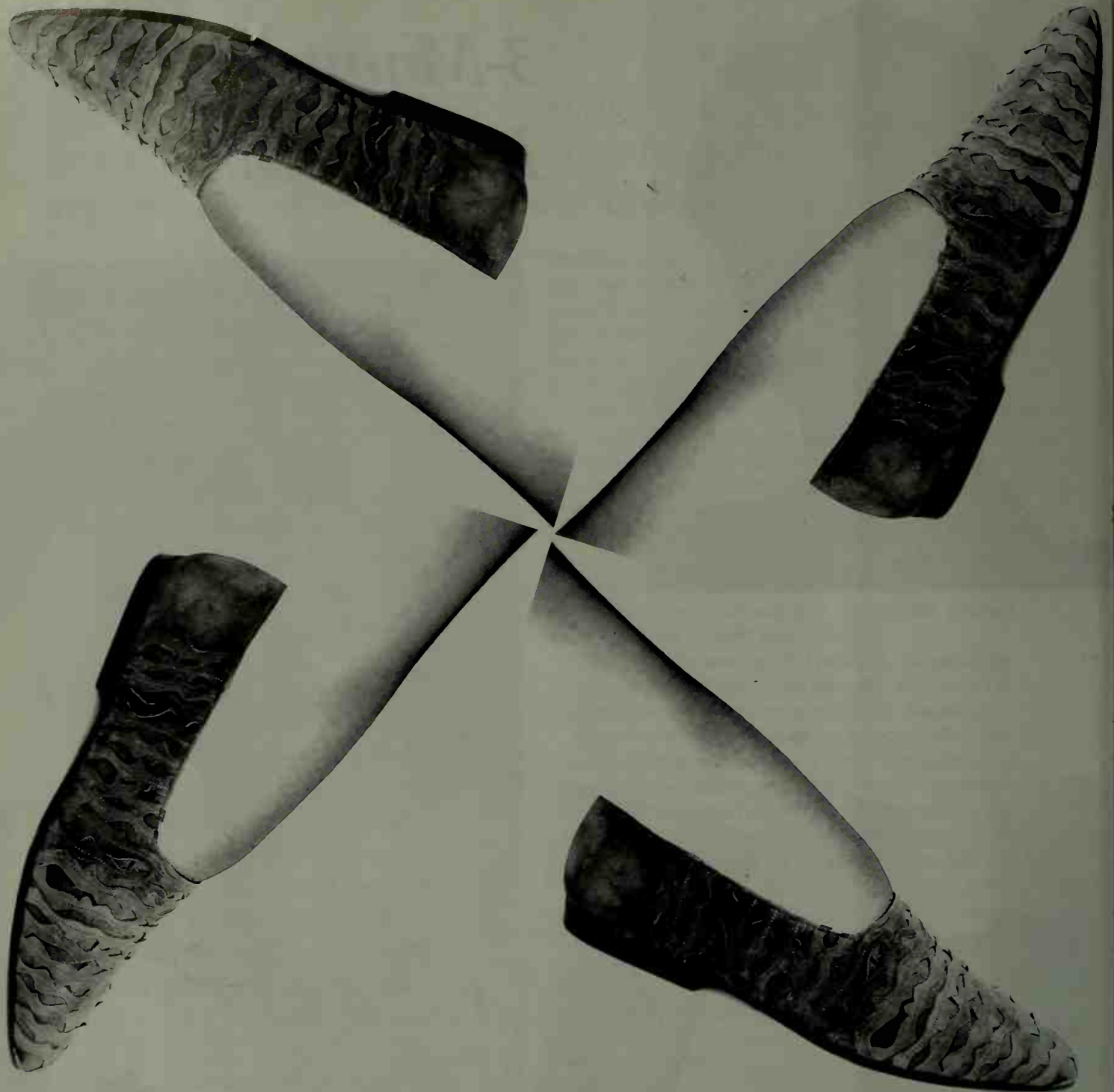
Start each day with CLARINS 3-minute beauty prescription. First, gently cleanse and lift surface impurities with Cleansing Milk. Next, apply alcohol-free Toning Lotion to refresh skin, tighten pores. The final step provides the moisturizing care of Multi-Active Jour. Its time release, climate control benefits provide day-long care.

Let CLARINS natural beauty prescription bring visible health and radiance to your skin.



CLARINS
PARIS

Neiman Marcus



TF
FARRUTX®

456A West Broadway, Soho, NEW YORK 10012
Tel. 212 473 43 49

MADRID DÜSSELDORF BRUSSELS LISBON PALMA DE MALLORCA PUERTO BANUS SEVILLA IBIZA



Diminish Puffy Eyes. Soften Fine Lines.

Eyes talk. Don't let them tell of late nights, stressful days. Keep your eyes looking their best with special care. CLARINS Eye Contour Treatments diminish the appearance of puffy eyes, dark circles and expression lines in three easy-to-follow steps.

- **A morning must** to reduce puffiness and dark circles: CLARINS Eye Contour Gel. Formulated with soothing camomile, and calendula.
- **Come evening**, gently remove eye makeup with CLARINS non-oily Eye Makeup Remover Lotion. Contains a protein derivative to strengthen lashes.
- **Minimize lines** with CLARINS Eye Contour Balm. Light in texture, rich in nourishing plant extracts. Proven to smooth and soften expression lines.

Eye Contour Treatments,
from the Specialist
in Skin Care.
CLARINS,
naturally.



CLARINS
PARIS

nordstrom

SELECTED STORES

IMAGES: cellulite

nearer skin's surface, which gives the skin a more uneven look. "When men gain weight they gain it in the deeper fat layers," says Ftaiha. "Women are also more likely to have dramatic weight gains and losses—due to dieting and childbirth. This causes skin to sag, but the fibrous bands don't give as skin loosens; they pull in, so skin looks even more dimpled."

In Paris, Jean-Pascal Billot, Ph.D., director of research and development for the pharmaceutical giant Pierre Fabre, which manufactures the Elancyl MP 24 body products, explains, "The extra pressure fat cells put on blood vessels inhibits circulation, which in turn contributes to the hardening of skin cells."

The cell walls and connective fibers are transformed, Billot continues, from supple collagen and elastin material to a stiffer substance called mucopolysaccharide—and this deterioration causes a leak in skin-cell walls, enabling a build-up of water outside the cells.

Doctors here respond that there is no scientific evidence that cellulite causes a decrease in circulation because of pressure on the blood vessels. Joseph P. Bark, M.D., chairman of dermatology at Saint Joseph Hospital, Lexington, Kentucky, states, "So far no one has shown that there is any damage to cells in the cellulite area. The fat cells are in wonderful health." He adds, "This is not a water problem; this is a fat problem."

No one argues that exercise and a balanced diet play a crucial role in helping to control cellulite, and no respectable company promises here-today-gone-tomorrow miracles, but can the various new treatments cropping up help in any way? That's what we with the bumps want to know.

Topical ointments: "Invisible stockings" is how Yveline Duchesne, Clarins's training director, describes the effect of the company's new product, "Cellulite" Control Gel, which arrived in the United States from France this spring. (On the label *cellulite* is in quotation marks because the c-word is not officially in the FDA's vocabulary.) Like other anti-you-know-what ointments, the Clarins product promises to tone, firm, and smooth out bumpiness—like a steamroller in a tube. "We suggest a customer stand nude in front of a mirror and pull up the skin from the top of the buttocks to show how the orange-peel look disappears when skin is smoothed out," says Duchesne.

With constant use, the gel is supposed to create this look—or something approximating it. Even on the first application, the skin *feels* tight, although a check in the mirror reveals the same old cellulite. According to cosmetics companies making control-type products, visible changes take anywhere from ten days to a month (or more) of daily applications. Duchesne notes that maximum benefits depend on the following elements: "a well-balanced lifestyle,

good nutrition, exercise, fresh air, drinking a lot of water—and good skin care."

Vitamin E, collagen, and extracts from plants such as butcher's-broom and ivy (purported to be natural toners) are among the ingredients used in some of these antibulge ointments. Another ingredient is caffeine or a caffeine extract. Billot points out that caffeine is known to regulate an enzyme that cuts down the fat in a cell and reduces the cell's size. "The pressure on blood vessels is less, and possibly it is able to improve blood circulation and improve skin tissue."

Many American doctors, however, doubt that anything applied topically can have this effect. "If the substances are really penetrating into these areas," says Bark, "then there should be logical testing before the Food and Drug Administration."

The FDA considers any compound that purports to alter the living portion of the skin to be a drug, and as such in need of FDA approval. "In order to le-

gally market the new drug, the company would have to demonstrate the product's safety and effectiveness to the FDA," says Heinz J. Eiermann, director of the division of colors and cosmetics at the FDA.

The cosmetics companies haven't sought FDA approval to date for cellulite-reducing creams, although it could quell skepticism, because they say they want to market these products as cosmetics, not drugs. "It's a matter of marketing, not a matter of science," says Billot, who reports his company would be willing to publish in medical journals test results of Elancyl MP 24's effectiveness.

Surgery: Besides the fat, the main culprits of dimply skin are the fibers that attach skin to muscle. With this in mind, Zaki Ftaiha has developed a surgical procedure as an adjunct to liposuction that breaks the connective fibers to release the skin and redistribute the fat. (Liposuction alone is not necessarily effective in treating cellulite since it sucks out fat much deeper than the area where cellulite-causing fat collects.)

Ftaiha compares the procedure to "taking the buttons out of a stuffed sofa to eliminate the dimples." Over the past two and a half years, Ftaiha says, he has performed more than one hundred of these operations, often in conjunction with liposuction. He says there is a 30 to 50 percent improvement.

Luiz Toledo, M.D., a leading plastic surgeon in São Paulo, Brazil, claims to get a 70 to 90 percent improvement by adding another step to Ftaiha's procedure. After breaking the fibrous attachments, Toledo injects a very thin layer of fat superficially to give the skin a more even look. "We add exactly the amount of fat needed for smoothness," Toledo says.

So far Toledo's procedure has not been performed in the U.S., and neither Ftaiha's nor Toledo's ▶ 179

**Doctors here
claim cellulite
is just a fancy
name for plain
old fat. European
medics disagree**

© Levi's & Co. © 1990

The words "Levi's" and "900 Series" are registered trademarks of Levi's & Co.



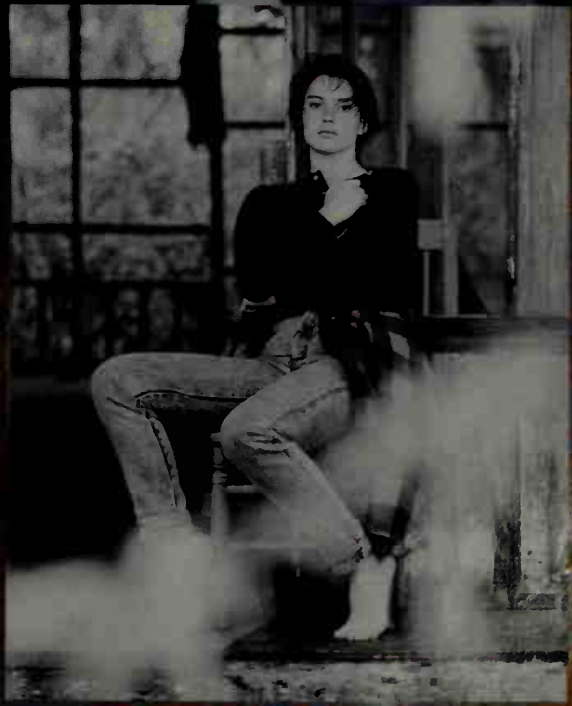
GOIN' HOME.
COMIN' BACK,
NEVER LEFT,
WHAT THE HECK.

900 SERIES

REAL LIFE WEARS REAL JEANS.™

Levi's

For store nearest you, call 1-800-227-5600.





FOR STORES NEAR YOU, WRITE: COLE HAAN, DEPT. RB, NORTH ELM ST., YARMOUTH, ME 04096-5002.



Country.

Partly Place and

Partly Attitude.

COLE · HAAN
C O U N T R Y

FINE FOOTWEAR

AND ACCESSORIES FOR MEN,

WOMEN, AND CHILDREN.



LA NIGHT.

LA COUPE is LA Fashion for LA Hair

LA COUPE FOR LA TOUCH.

TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT FOR HAIR TO GO BARE

SOTAKS SPECIAL CARE

WITH SHAMPOOS THAT ARE ESPECIALLY LIGHT

CHOOSE OUR GENTLE-FOR-EVERY-DAY FORMULA

FOR BEAUTIFULLY CLEAN, TOUCHABLE HAIR

BY SHAMPOOING HYDRATING TO RESTORE MOISTURE

AND BALANCE TO HAIR THAT REALLY NEEDS IT

ALL SHAMPOOS ARE BOTH SO GENTLE AND KIND

CREATING LA NIGHT, A LOOK SO SUBLIME

A COMPLETE LINE OF HAIRCARE PRODUCTS

FROM THE MADISON AVENUE SALON



LA COUPE

IMAGES: cellulite

method has been endorsed by the Lipoplasty Society of North America, an organization of plastic surgeons specializing in liposuction.

Peter Fodor, M.D., president-elect of the Lipoplasty Society, says Toledo's procedure cannot be endorsed until there is convincing research showing that the layer of fat injected isn't reabsorbed into the body. "The premise of the surgery is that the fat will stay," Fodor states.

"The best we can say is that even with small injections, we've found fat remains only temporarily."

Salon therapies: Herbal massages. Seaweed wraps. Paraffin masks. The menu of cellulite relief offered at salons around the country is a striking one. Aida Thibiant, a respected skin expert in Beverly Hills, treats about one hundred cellulite patients a month with massages and creams containing seaweed extract.

"The body needs the massage as well as the special creams," she says. "By stimulating the blood and lymph flow to the area blocked by cellulite accumulation, the oxygen supply is restored, the amount of fat is reduced, and toxins are flushed away, dispersing trapped water molecules."

Thibiant recommends this massage twice a week until the cellulite decreases—usually in about six weeks—then once a week. "But," she warns, "you have to continue treatments; cellulite comes back if you stop."

At New York City's Suzanne de Paris salon, paraffin masks—paraffin wax poured over vitamin oil—are applied to cellulite areas every day for fifteen days. According to de Paris, the oil and heat improve circulation and help melt away fat and extra water.

Many doctors believe that massages, paraffin masks, and other salon techniques bring temporary change by squeezing fluid out of an area.

This decreases bulging, but not permanently. The paraffin wax masks in particular can increase circulation and cause slight swelling that evens out bumpiness somewhat, but again there are no lasting effects.

One device that is supposed to battle the bumps through a combination of massage and cream therapies is the EpiSsage Ultra, a sleek, hand-held shower head with three tiny brushes that flail away with the water pressure, exfoliating, cleansing, and toning. It feels so refreshing you almost don't care if it fights cellulite or not. EPI Products says clinical tests show it does, but again doctors are skeptical. This is one of the latest devices to arrive to fight the good cellulite fight, but you can bet it won't be the last. As long as women believe they have cellulite, people will keep trying to find ways to get rid of it.

"Someday someone may come up with a solution, like something to stretch the connective fibers—or release them," says Joseph Bark.

We're waiting. ●

**Vitamin E, caffeine
butcher's-broom
and ivy extracts
are now used in
antibulge products**

IMAGES ► 180

IMAGES: beauty answers

For many women, the number one “don’t leave home without it” cosmetic is still **lipstick**. Now there are new benefits making it really indispensable

LIPSTICK CAN GIVE AN INSTANT LIFT TO a tired face and is the one product most women won’t go without.

Lipsticks have also steadily become viable treatment products for what is, after all, the most vulnerable of the body’s skin.

“While skin is protected by the pigment melanin and by keratin, which helps it thicken when damaged, normal lips, like any mucous membrane, contain no melanin or keratin,” says Charles Zugerman, M.D., associate professor of clinical dermatology, Northwestern University Medical School in Chicago, and consultant to the skin-care company Blis-tex. “Because lips protrude, they get maximum exposure to all kinds of weather and can easily become inflamed by salt

water, sweat, and sun and become prone to bacterial infections.” So keeping lips protected with lip products or treatment lipsticks can really help prevent these problems.

Because lips are surrounded by tiny oil glands, some lipsticks tend to “bleed” or “feather,” since the natural sebum can act as a solvent, reports Walter Smith, Ph.D., Estée Lauder’s senior vice president of research and development. The oilier a woman’s skin, the more likely lipstick will bleed. In older skin, fine lines in the area can act as reservoirs for oil, compounding the problem.

Using a lip liner with one of the new powder-based lipsticks helps minimize this flaw (Charles of the Ritz Powerful Lipstick; Cover Girl’s new Lip Ad-

vance, which is both powder and gloss in a compact; L’Oréal’s new Colour Suprême LongWearable Lipstick, with a special anti-feathering ingredient).

“Because many lipsticks now include ingredients such as moisturizers and preservatives, that can create a clash of concerns,” Smith continues. “Well-moisturized lipsticks don’t always wear well, while those that are very long-lasting tend not to moisturize enough. New approaches provide for better adherence to lips, a more even distribution of color, and a good moisturizing base. For instance, in Lauder’s Perfect Lipstick, the use of micronized pigment particles brings about this result.”

Germaine Monteil’s Couleur Continuelle Treatment Lipstick uses an acrylic matrix to entrap color pigments, and a complex of vitamins, shea butter, and panthenol for continuous release of color and emollients throughout the day.

Lips also need protection from the sun, so more and more lipsticks contain sunscreen (Clarion’s New Precision Lipcolor, SPF 15, is the latest). The alternative is to wear sunscreen beneath lipstick. Using petroleum jelly or any other sheer, glossy product without a sunscreen is not a good idea. “The gloss can act as a lens to intensify and direct the sunlight, causing lips to burn more easily,” says Zugerman.

The best news is that lipsticks are the least likely cosmetics to cause allergic irritations. Oils used in lipstick strongly resist bacterial growth, so most lipsticks don’t contain preservatives as potent as those in other makeups, thus precluding preservative allergies. Some women, however, are allergic to the lanolin often used; when ingredients are listed, labels should be checked.

Lipsticks should be replaced at least every two years or whenever they look discolored or “separated,” indications that bacterial contamination might have occurred.—LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY

IMAGES ▶ 189

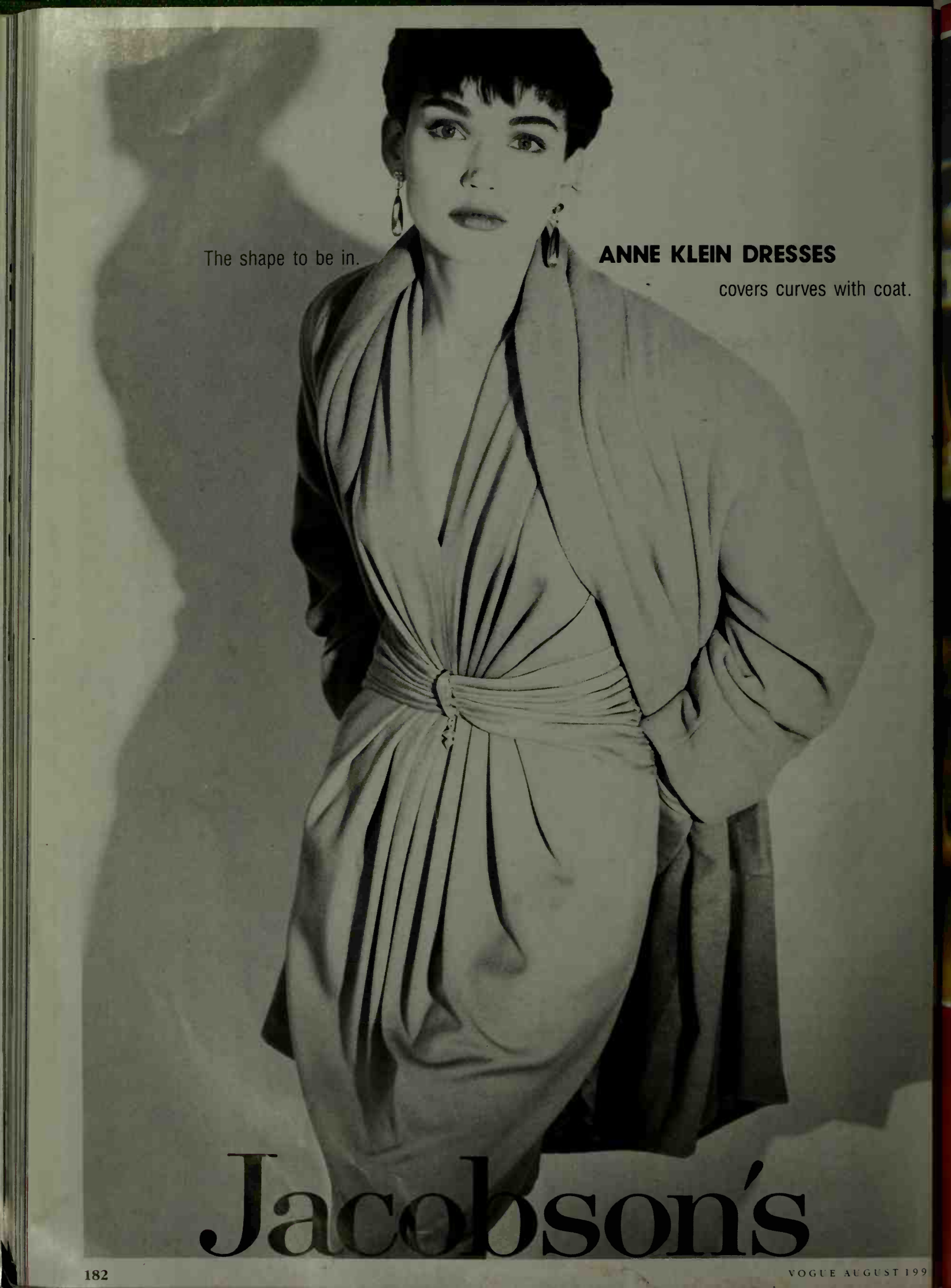


© 1990 Christian Dior Parfumes, Inc.

Christian Dior



nordstrom



The shape to be in.

ANNE KLEIN DRESSES

covers curves with coat.

Jacobson's



E·N·C·O·R·E

ALFRED SUNG

PREVIEWING AT
nordstrom

ENCORE

2
1

THE ESSENCE OF STYLE



SUNG

PARFUM

ALFRED SUNG

EAU DE TOILET

BLOOMINGDALE'S • BULLOCK'S • DAYTON HUDSON
MARSHALL FIELD'S • FOLEY'S • MACY'S • NORDSTROM • EATON'S



EVAN-PICONE



EVAN-PICONE





The search for Woolmark starts
in your wardrobe of quality
Woolmark is the mark of the
world's best. Pure Wool.



EVAN-PICONE

For information and the store nearest you call (212) 536-9

IMAGES: hair answers

Going from **short to longer** doesn't have to be a hairstyle trauma anymore. Here, the latest expert tips and tricks

MANY WOMEN WHO TOOK THE SHORT-HAIR PLUNGE LAST YEAR are now trying to grow their hair back to a slightly longer length. And they're discovering it doesn't necessarily have to look as if it's between styles.

"The transition period can be a look in itself," says Gordon Nelson, artistic director of Saks Fifth Avenue's Regis Salon in New York City. "I often intentionally cut in longer lengths to give a haircut a softer, less defined shape."

Nelson continues, "Many women rediscover how useful some styling products can be when growing out short cuts. For instance, gels help sweep unwanted bangs to one side, which also adds volume and movement. And gels keep longer layers of bangs back, leaving just a few short wisps for softness."

Going from an extremely short cut to a one-length bob was a recent challenge for actress Sherilyn Fenn (who plays Audrey Home in *Twin Peaks*) and her stylist, Arthur Luna, director of the David Dru Salon in Los Angeles. "She has wavy, very thick hair and had layers everywhere," Luna recalls. The solution: Luna advised her to grow her hair for two months, at which point he cut it short at the nape, then trimmed around the ears every six to eight weeks to get to her current one-length 1940s bob.

Accessories are another Luna solution to help hair look its best as it's growing out. Sleek headbands can keep back all but the wispiest bangs. "Scarves, too, tied from the nape up to knot on the top of the head," says Luna, "add height, color, and a bit of whimsy to hair."

Stylists agree the most common mistake women make when going from short to longer hair is thinking a stylist can't help the situation, that they just have to let hair grow for several months before any kind of style can be achieved.

"Growing it out without trimming can have the opposite effect, making hair look shaggy and thin," says Graham Webb, who owns several salons in England and who with the backing of Robert Taylor (the marketing expert who launched Calvin Klein's fragrances) has just introduced a complete line of hair products to the United States. "Regular trims and minimal re-shaping every six weeks can give the illusion of more length by keeping hair looking full," Webb continues. "To grow out bangs, angle them softly and thin them a bit to leave just a little fringe. This prevents hair from looking straggly and gives a softer hairline."

For women trying to grow out very fine hair with many layers, spot perms are another answer. Many stylists perm just the longer layer of bangs or just the top layers of short hair to add volume and direct the hair off the face.

"You don't have to change hair more than ten degrees to have a more modern look," says Webb. "Today, growing hair from short to longer can create a style just as interesting as the one it replaces."—LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY

* TM © 1990 Clairol Inc



Introducing new
condition*
Shampoos & Treatments.

A new state of clean.

New balanced, dual-cleansing **condition** Shampoos. *Lipophillic* cleansers gently lift away dulling dirt and oils. *Hydrophillic* cleansers carefully wash away styling build-up and pollutants. Leaving your hair looking healthy, free to radiate a brilliant shine.

A new state of protection.

New **condition** Treatments. Advanced, salon-tested dual protectants leave your hair looking better than ever.

Both available in four advanced formulas, so there's one to match your special needs.

condition*
BY CLAIROL®
We take good care
of your hair.

All you have to be is you.



Liz Claiborne The Fragrance



So much for the golf-is-for-old-people theory.

RACHEL URQUHART, lofting sod into the air with every stroke, gains respect for **golf**, the sport



When in the rough, some resort to driving.

I attribute the insane arrogance of the later Roman emperors almost entirely to the fact that, never having played golf, they never knew that strange chastening humility which is engendered by a topped chip-shot. If Cleopatra had been outed in the first round of the Ladies' Singles, we should have heard a lot less of her proud imperiousness.

—P. G. Wodehouse, *Golf Without Tears*

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN MY UNINFORMED OPINION OF golf was that it wasn't even a sport. Golf was an activity for old people with faces the color and texture of a suede change purse, people who didn't like exercise but—inexplicably—*did* like wearing salmon-colored pants with kelly green shirts. Golf, to quote the British writer G. K. Chesterton, was simply “an expensive way of playing marbles.”

That was before I went to golf school—before terms like *hosel* and *waggle* and *mashie* started creeping into my vocabulary. It was before I learned to give proper attention to club-face alignment, lateral hazards, and downhill lies. It was when *bogey* was still an actor, *putt*

was the sound a sick car makes, and a *fried egg* was something you ate on toast.

It was definitely before I owned a pair of banana-colored shorts.

The shorts—and my subsequent three days of intensive instruction at Amelia Island Plantation, a picturesque resort just outside Jacksonville, Florida—were precipitated by a National Golf Foundation study estimating that 22 percent of the golfing population as a whole and 40 percent of all new golfers are women. Because of golf's longtime status as a business game, many women are donning plus fours and spikes and thrashing through underbrush for more than just the fun of it. As one of my classmates put it (despite the premise of this article, they were in fact all men), “There's a lot you can find out about a client from the way he plays golf. Like, does he pick the ball up and move it when he thinks you're not looking? Is he relaxed? Is he competitive? Does he get frustrated easily? Golf brings things out in people that you might not otherwise see.”

Another, slightly less liberated, golf mate of mine thought there was a more personal reason for women to learn golf. “At this point,” he told me quite seriously, “I won't date a woman unless she agrees to learn golf.

I don't care if she's terrible, but it's something we can do together, and that's important.” Visions of a *Diner*-style premarital golf quiz flashed before me as I thought, with some pity, of his future fiancée. That was before I heard several women tell me that a golf course is the best place for a single woman to find an eligible man.

As a complete golf Neanderthal, I had a lot of preparing to do before I got anywhere near a course. Clubs could be rented at the resort, but there was the matter of proper golf attire. Having determined that nothing in my black-white-gray wardrobe could pass even remotely for a golf outfit, I spent an afternoon flipping through racks of searing madras prints, unearthly greens, and violent pinks before finally settling on a pair of pale yellow shorts and a few shirts to match. Buying shoes was more traumatic. I opted for a white pair that—despite the salesman's assurances that they were quite elegant—looked like footwear for a particularly sadistic nurse. Finally, I bought a single, rather sinister-looking leather golf glove for my left hand, and a visor. I was ready. Or so I thought.

As it turned out, no amount of pastel clothing ► 192

FITNESS

could have prepared me for the first few early-morning hours on the driving range, where most of our instruction was to take place. When I looked into my rental bag, I saw that each club was numbered—for good reason, I was sure, but they looked identical to me. And whereas I scarcely knew which end to grip the clubs by, my classmates were capable of generating a series of impressive whipping noises with theirs before sending the ball soaring into the sky with a satisfying *thwack*. My few successful attempts to connect with the ball during the prelesson warm-up period were usually overshadowed by the large clumps of sod I managed to loft through the warm Florida air. Minutes into the first morning of school, it was woefully clear that I was the only beginner in our eight-person class.

As I discovered later in discussions with women who had taken up golf in adulthood, I wasn't alone in my initial feelings of utter foolishness. "When I started three years ago," says Vera

Wang Becker, a New York designer and store owner who took up golf so she could spend more time with her husband, "I couldn't even hit the ball. Now I'm beyond that—not much beyond it, but I can have fun on the course. It's not a sport you can conquer quickly. It requires coaching, but you're always improving, and in that respect it's really a sport for a lifetime."

Joan Hulse, a North Carolina woman who enrolled in a golf school after years of trying to pick up the game from watching her former husband play, says, "It's a game you can play with other people but against yourself. It can be frustrating, but it's also soothing. There's something almost magnetic about it."

I had to take it on faith that golf would eventually be compelling enough to merit my feeling as silly as I did that first morning. But once my instructor, Tim Schaaf, and his assistant, Regan O'Rourke, started teaching, even those in the class who had been playing for

decades regressed to golf infancy. Everyone had to relearn the basics, from the proper grip and stance to the backswing, downswing, and follow-through. Schaaf explained each stage, assigning drills to ingrain the motion, and for the better part of the next three days our mornings were filled with swing drills, our middays with putting and chipping practice, our afternoons with instruction on the course, and our evenings with golf videos and a two-hour seminar.

It was during the afternoon sessions on the course—of the three at Amelia Island, we played Long Point, a rolling course designed by Tom Fazio that winds through a series of marshes—that everyone relaxed slightly and attempted to duplicate what they'd learned on the range. O'Rourke played several holes with each group of four people, demonstrating specific shots for everyone to try and for me to miss—in a sand trap, on an uphill lie, on the fringe of a putting green. Then the groups were free to play the remaining holes on their own.

The pressure of having only one chance to hit a ball proved too much for me to handle, and I missed nearly every shot, whether we were hitting from a tee or putting. Nonetheless, my partners were patient and endlessly encouraging. At one point, when a ball I was attempting to putt went precisely in the opposite direction of the hole, one of my classmates thought for a moment and then enthused, "You know, you had that ball rolling *really* well!"

At least that particular stroke wasn't memorialized on videotape. Others, unfortunately, were (shots of me looking more like I'm hacking weeds than playing golf come to mind). Schaaf uses videos of each student as well as tapes of pro golfers to help people differentiate between what they are doing and what they should be doing. Also, each student is videotaped in a short lesson with an instructor as a reminder of what can be worked on at home. "You're learning golf in the best possible way," I was told repeatedly by my schoolmates, "especially for a beginner with no bad habits to break." I suppose that only time spent whacking at balls on a driving range will tell if they were right.

Weeks later—now that the blis- ► 200

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



Do your Christmas shopping at home with our new 144-page full-color catalogue of unusual and distinguished presents, *the majority of which are available only from the Museum*. The many wonderful gifts include jewelry, decorative works of art, sculpture, Christmas cards and Christmas ornaments, note cards, posters, and prize-winning art books priced from less than \$10 to more than \$100. There is also a special selection of presents for children.

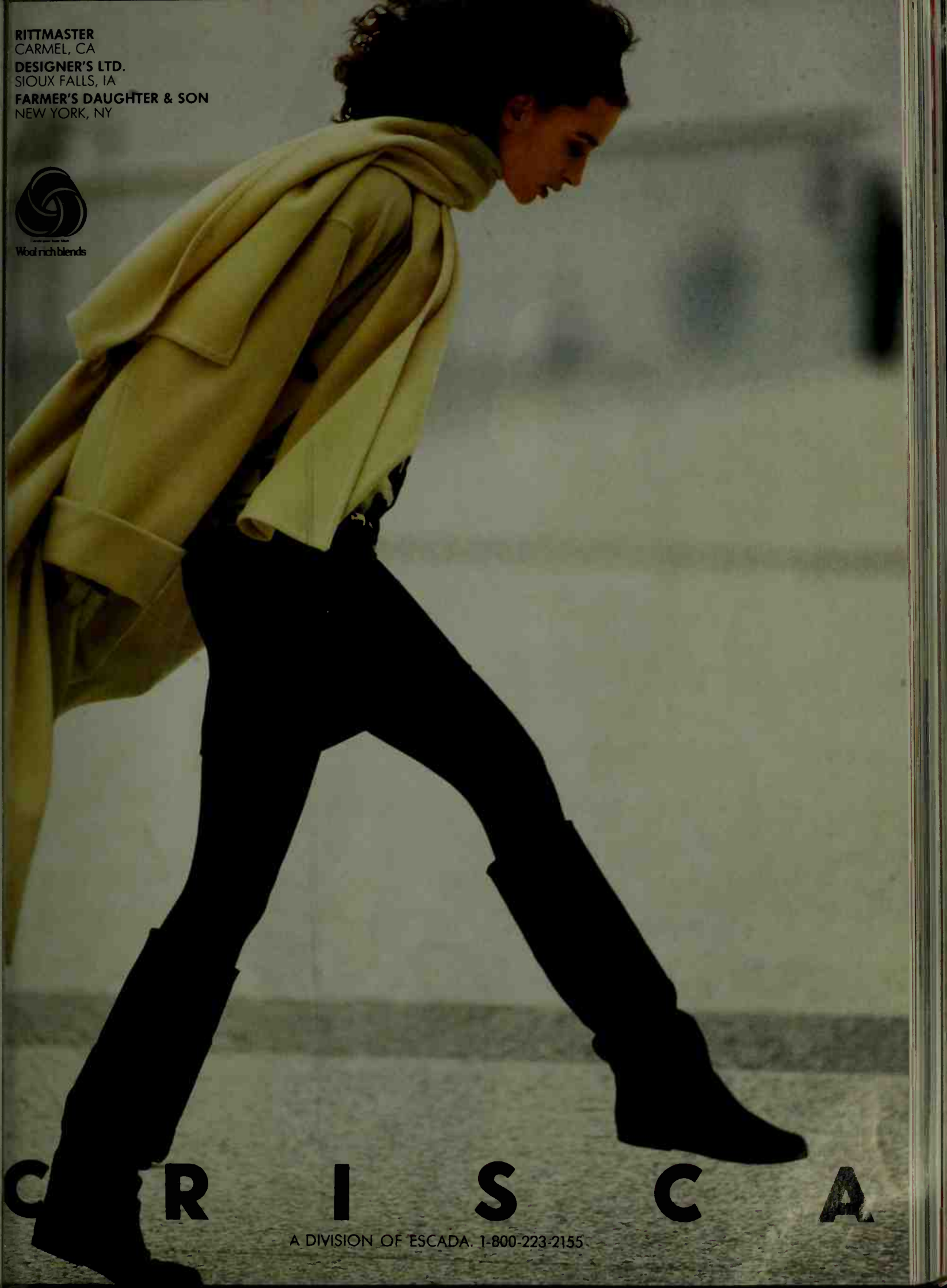
The new Christmas catalogue will be mailed to you. Please send \$1.00 to cover postage.

THE METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART
255 Gracie Station
New York, NY 10028

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

1391

RITTMASTER
CARMEL, CA
DESIGNER'S LTD.
SIOUX FALLS, IA
FARMER'S DAUGHTER & SON
NEW YORK, NY



C R I S C A

A DIVISION OF ESCADA. 1-800-223-2155

S. BERKOWITZ
PHILADELPHIA, PA
SPAULDING'S
OAK PARK, IL
WILMETTE, IL
BEE FRANK
APPLETON, WI



Pure new wool



C R I S C A

A DIVISION OF ESCADA. 1-800-225-2155

BALLIET'S
OKLAHOMA CITY, OK
GOLDEN BEAR
VAIL, CO
PRESENCE
CAMP HILL, PA



Woolrich

CLAIRE DRATCH
BETHESDA, MD
LORETTA BLUM
DALLAS, TX
COPLON'S
CHARLOTTE, NC
COLUMBIA, SC
FINE'S
SAVANNAH, GA

C R I S C A

A DIVISION OF ESCADA. 1-800-223-2155

J.F. LAZARTIGUE

revitalize dry and fine hair

J.F. LAZARTIGUE HAS THE ANSWER



Have you ever dreamt about beautiful, shiny, full-bodied hair? Now Jean-François Lazartigue's range of hair-care products can put that dream firmly within your grasp!

1. As a pre-shampoo, SALMON PROTEIN HAIR RESTORER is a light cream which restructures fine, dry hair. Unlike most creams and oils which make fine hair heavy and lank, Salmon Protein Hair Restorer contains active ingredients which moisturize and repair damaged keratin, giving the hair softness and fullness like never before.

2. As a shampoo, HAIR WASHING CREAM WITH COLLAGEN will leave your hair silkier, glossier and more manageable, recovering its natural balance. You will notice an improvement after just one application. With regular use, you will soon be able to say goodbye to dry hair forever.

3. As a conditioner, VITA-CREAM WITH MILK PROTEINS comes in a special formula for fine hair. It gives the hair body without any risk of lankness, and leaves it tangle free. Regular use of this product, rich in Vitamin E, will encourage even the very dry and damaged hair to recover its natural gloss and balance.

Jean-François Lazartigue believes it is the right of every man and woman to have beautiful, healthy hair. With the help of his extensive team of scientists, and the most advanced research techniques, he has created a range of products which are gentle but spectacularly effective.

Jean-François Lazartigue's line of specially formulated hair care products is available for home use at:

BERGDORF GOODMAN

New York, N.Y. 10019

Bruno le Salon, New York, N.Y. 10019

NEIMAN MARCUS:

• **Chicago:** Michigan Avenue, IL

• **Dallas:** Northpark Center, TX

• **Houston:** South Oak Blvd, TX

• **Los Angeles:** Beverly Hills, CA

• **McLean:** Tysons, VA

• **Washington:** Chevy Chase, DC

j.f. lazartigue_{PARIS}

HAIR TREATMENT CENTER

764 Madison Avenue

New York, NY 10021

Tel (212) 288-2250

SPECIAL OFFER *[valid until 09.17.90]* As a special offer, you will be given US \$15.00 off the purchase of all three products exclusively at:

J.F. LAZARTIGUE HAIR TREATMENT CENTER: 764 Madison Avenue,

New York, N.Y. 10021 — Tel.: 212-288-2250 for mail order

(New York State residents only, please add 8.25% sales tax)

(Shipping charges: US \$3.00 for NY, NJ & CT, US \$5.00 on all other states)

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salmon Protein Hair Restorer..... | US \$ 34.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hair Washing Cream with Collagen..... | US \$ 31.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vita-Cream with Milk Proteins..... | US \$ 40.00 |

SPECIAL OFFER FOR ALL THREE PRODUCTS: US \$90.00 **TOTAL..... US \$105.00**

PLEASE PRINT:

Name: _____

Address: _____

Tel.: _____

SUZELLE[®] REGISTERED TRADEMARK - 1411 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY 10016 (212) 944-1480





Suzelle

AVAILABLE AT
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



RECREATIONS MATERNITY

The latest fashions you can wear early, late and after your pregnancy.

Send \$3 for color catalogue to ReCreations, Dept. V-890, Box 091038, Columbus, OH 43209. Or call

1-800-621-2547



Train to **Be a model.** (or...just look like one)®

**NOBODY DOES IT BETTER
THAN BARBIZON!**

You've dreamed about it...NOW you can do it! Barbizon gives you a privileged glimpse at modeling and model's training in this free 32 page booklet, "Train To Be A Model Or Just Look Like One." Barbizon models have earned worldwide fame...maybe you can too! For your booklet, send coupon today or CALL

(212) 371-4300

• Children's program also available •

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL, Dept. V
950 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022

name _____
age _____ phone (____) _____
address _____
city _____
state _____ zip _____

FITNESS

ters on my hands have healed and my upper body has stopped aching (so much for the golf-is-for-old-people theory)—I no longer feel, as Mark Twain did, that “golf is a good walk spoiled.” I have a certain admiration for its absurdly specific rules, for the peace of its manicured beauty, for the patience it requires and the exactitude it demands from such a strange medley of body contortions. In fact, if I could determine where in the high hundreds my handicap lies and get used to dressing in candy colors, I might even say that I actually like it—and I mean golf, *the sport*. ●

What you really need to know about golf

In golf, perhaps more than in any other sport, a certain mastery of obscure terms is not just helpful—it is necessary. Idle clubhouse talk tends to be scholarly: you may be expected to debate the great square-grooves controversy, for example, or analyze the way a certain pro golfer twists her wrists at impact. What follows is a small glossary of golf slang and trivia to help you talk as good a game as you play.

Casual water: water that seeps up over your shoes when you take your stance on a particularly marshy part of the course.

A gzinta: any shot that “goes into” a pond, the woods, et cetera.

An Oral Roberts: a low drive off the heel of the club, otherwise known as a *healer*.

The artificial-ice ruling: an official United States Golf Association rule, made in 1988, stating that if a ball lands in ice that has been dumped onto the course from a discarded drink, the player can retrieve the ball, wipe it dry, and drop it in an area where there is no ice.

The square-grooves controversy: the debate over whether to allow the use of square grooves on club heads, which many people feel put too much spin on the ball.

The home-of-a-burrowing-animal rule: an official USGA rule stating that if a ball falls into an animal hole on the course, the player may retrieve it and drop it nearby without penalty.

A fried egg: a plugged ball in a sand trap.

Old golf joke: What do you do if you're caught in a thunderstorm while you're out on the golf course? Hold up your one-iron and run for the clubhouse, because even God can't hit a one-iron.

Golf legend: Because most golf courses in the northern United States use a type of grass called bent grass, which is said to grow toward the setting sun, some golfers believe that a ball will always break toward the setting sun on a northern course. —R. U.

The course the author took is held in various locations and is instructed by Tim Schaaf (415-391-1571). For a list of golf schools in the U.S., write to the National Golf Foundation, 1150 South U.S. Highway One, Jupiter, FL 33477, or call (407) 744-6006 and ask for the membership department.



Elizabeth Taylor's Passion For The Body And Soul.

Solitude. Serenity. A sensuous body and bath ritual.

Silkening and soothing the body.

Freeing the soul to its most beautiful imaginings.



ELIZABETH TAYLOR'S
PASSION
Body Riches

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

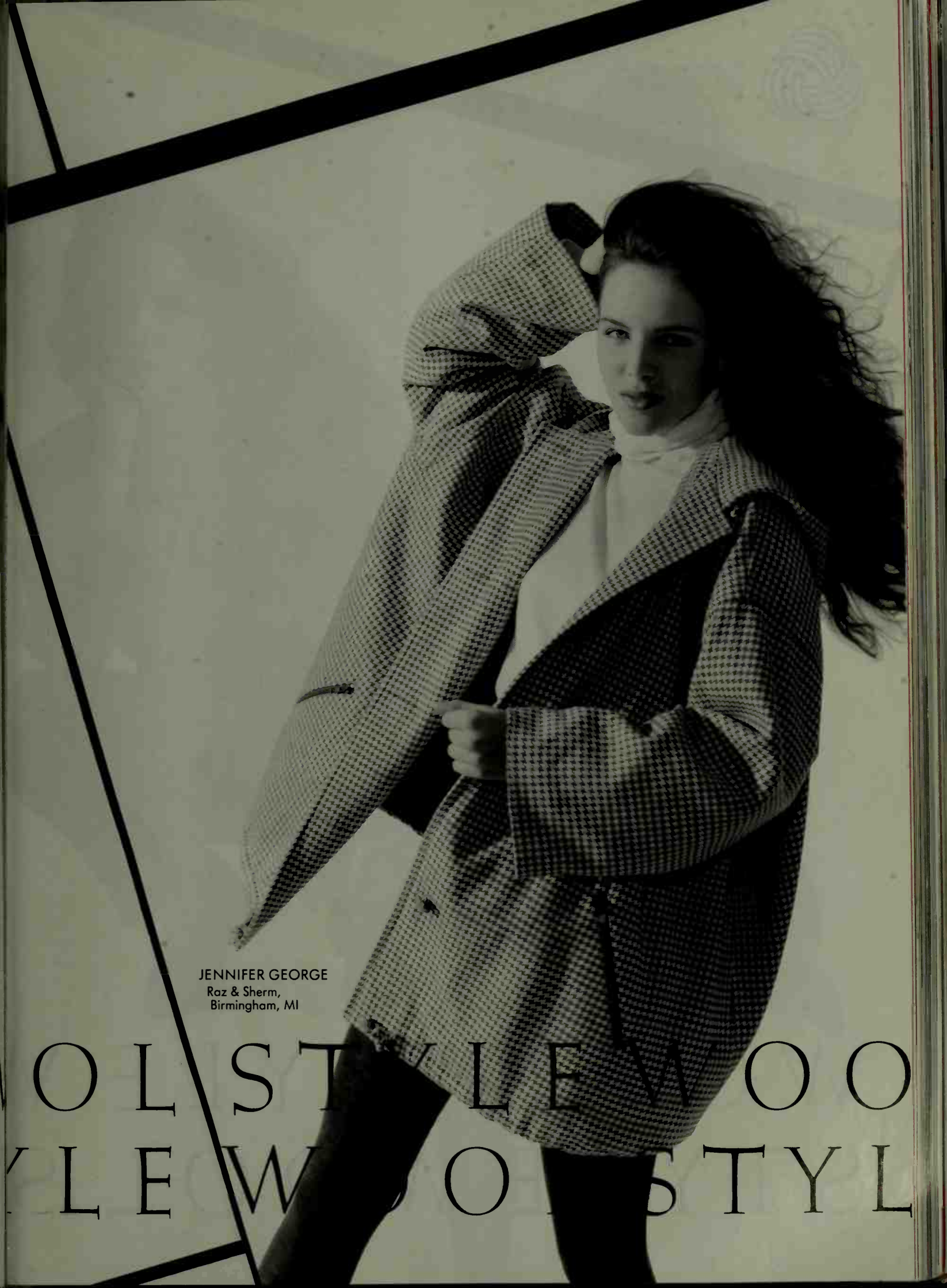


The sewn-in Woolmark label
is your assurance of quality-
tested fabrics made of the
world's best... Pure Wool.



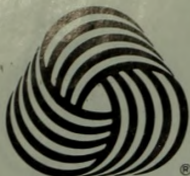
BADGLEY MISCHKA
I. Magnin

WOOLSTLEW
STYLEWOOLS



JENNIFER GEORGE
Raz & Sherm,
Birmingham, MI

OL STY LE WOO
YLE WOO STYL



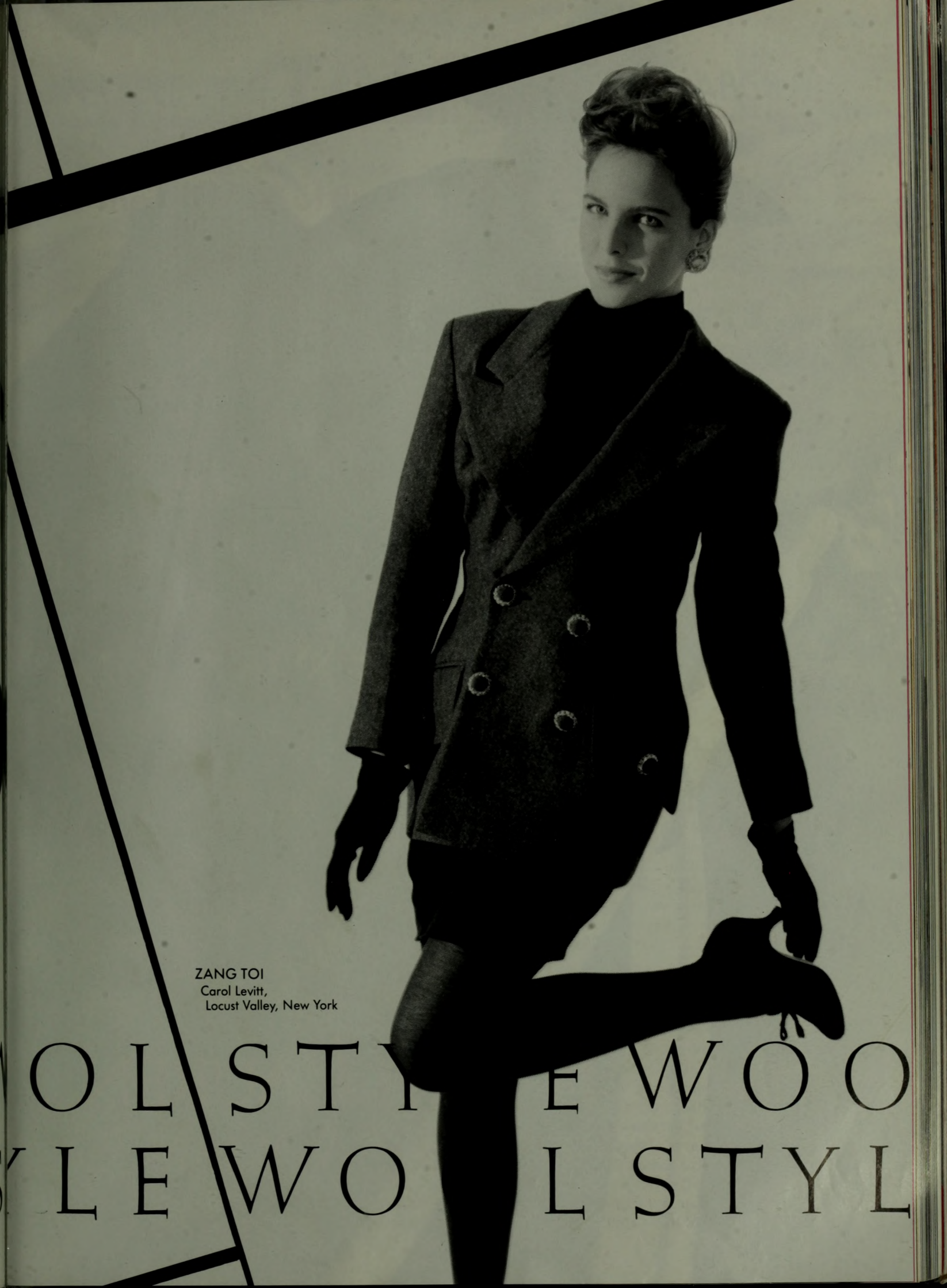
The sewn-in Woolmark label
is your assurance of quality-
tested fabrics made of the
world's best...Pure Wool.

PURE WOOL®



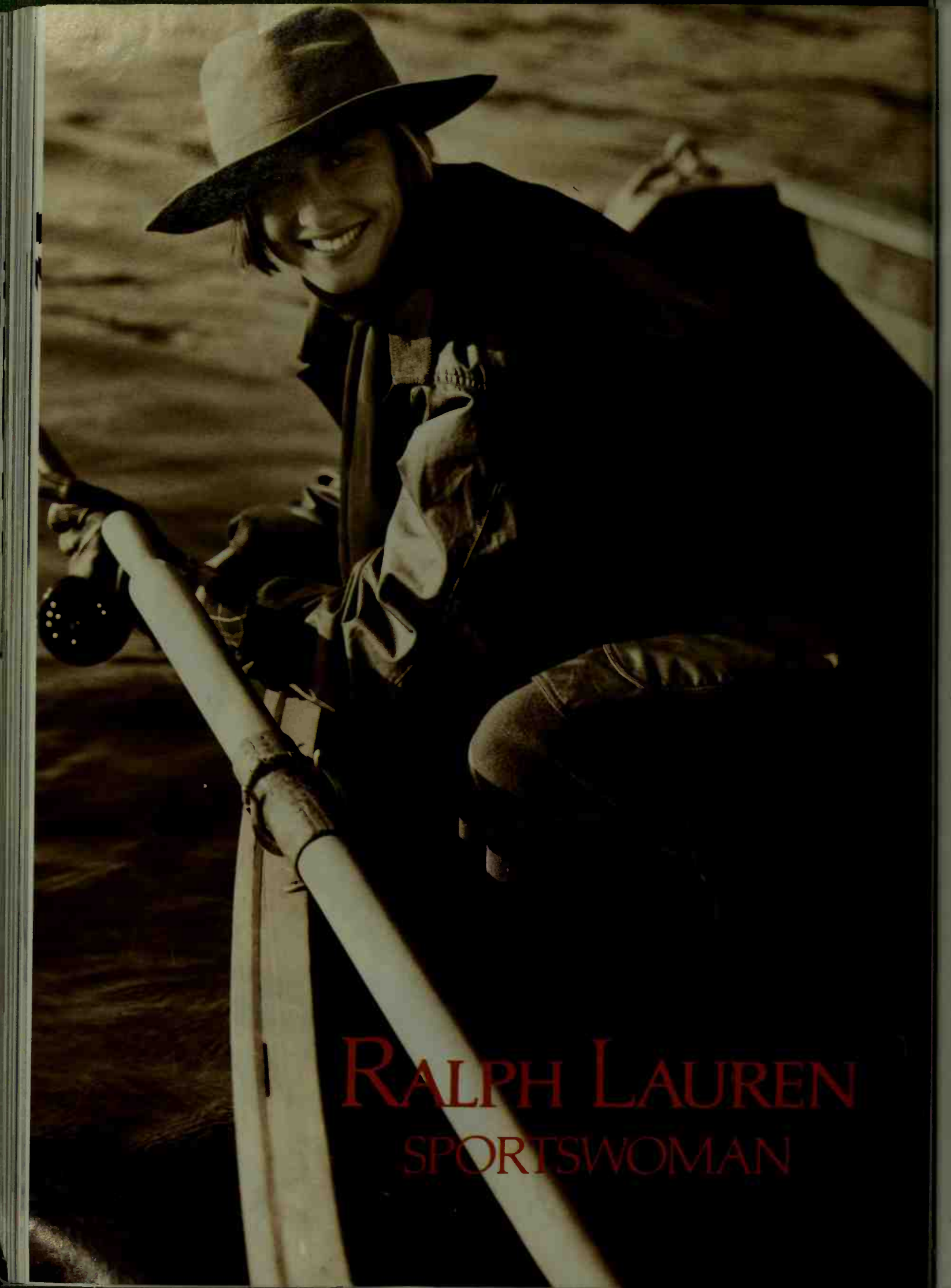
GEMMA KAHNG
NEW YORK
Greta, Beverly Hills

WOOLSTYLE
STYLEWOOL



ZANG TOI
Carol Levitt,
Locust Valley, New York

OLSTYEWOO
LEWOLSTYL



RALPH LAUREN
SPORTSWOMAN

PEOPLE ARE **TALKING** ABOUT

the revenge of the nerds Nothing for me, thanks. The Culture of Narcissism has been replaced by the Culture of **Non-ism**. In the new nonalcoholic, nonfat, nonsmoking, drug-free and caffeine-free nineties, no one has sex anymore or even sunbathes. We are becoming, says one psychiatrist, a society of **"pleasure anorexics."** . . . The Health and Human Services secretary's next target is cigarette vending machines. OK, that makes sense, but now even Little Red Riding-Hood has been banned by school officials in Culver City, California (naturally)—in a version of the story published by Houghton-Mifflin, a bottle of wine lurks in Red's basket for Granny. And we thought Robert Mondavi was paranoid last year when he predicted prohibition. . . . What happens in a world where morality is defined by what we do *not* do? Nothing. In 1974 one in every four Americans donated time to civic, religious, educational, or other groups. Today, says the Bureau of Labor Statistics, it's one in five. . . . The Non-ist's safest addiction? Technology, of course. Newly approved digital networks of cellular phones will allow call capacity to increase by three times the current number. Soon the mobile phone will be the **Toy for Everyman**. Industry analysts predict ten million subscribers by 1993, twenty million by the year 2000. . . .

the diehards Somebody out there still likes caffeine—and Coke knows it. Not only does the soft-drink giant run **"Coke in the Morning"** ad campaigns in some markets, it's developing a canned iced coffee drink. . . . The Japanese show no signs of giving up anything—not art, not real estate, and certainly not cholesterol. San Diego-based Hamilton Beef Company supplies **rib-eye steak vending machines** in the country. . . . Legendary high roller James Bond seems intent on keeping the faith. When asked how he stays fit, current Bond-man Timothy Dalton said, "Cigarettes, coffee, late nights, and booze occasionally." . . . A more spiritually correct high—floating—is back. Or take a shortcut to cranial nirvana at London's new **Mind Gym**. Three machines stimulate your brain into alpha and theta states—guaranteed to be accompanied by vivid memories, sudden insights, and feelings of serenity and **oneness with the universe**, no less. . . .

veepstakes Poor Dan Quayle. Despite mega PR efforts to boost his popularity, it holds steady at a slim 29 percent, and almost everybody's more popular—even people we can't vote for. A recent *Wall Street Journal*/NBC News poll showed that 59 percent of the voters love Gorbachev and 44 percent are happy with Secretary of State James Baker. Not only that, more people would rather have Baker as veep by a margin of almost two to one, which seems to be fine with him. More than two years before the election, Baker is already hosting **suspicious prayer breakfasts** for reporters and responds to the veep poll in classic double-speak: "I really don't think it's productive to measure the political popularity of members of the same team at any given point in time." Hmmm. . . . Even if Quayle hangs on, we won't hear from him much—especially not on the news. A recent study concluded that the average time of the vaunted TV **"sound bite"** fell from 42.3 seconds in 1968 to 9.8 seconds in 1988. No wonder Bush sounds so funny when he talks. . . .

the serious season Forget barbecues and trash novels. This summer politically correct denizens of the Hamptons have forsaken softball for seminars. When veteran journalists Clay Felker and Gail Sheehy inaugurated the trend with one on the Soviet Union, East Hampton neighbor and *U.S. News & World Report* owner Mort Zuckerman kicked in his two cents, along with *Time* editor Walter Isaacson and moderator Lesley Stahl. Fellow Hamptonite **Peter Jennings** is said to favor the more casual but equally illuminating discussion format of "Drinks in the Round." Better bone up. . . . Meanwhile the Soviets are doing some boning up of their own. John Le Carré's *The Russia House* is scheduled to have a print run of one million copies for its Russian translation. Russian readers who love the author's ridicule of the CIA and his accurate portrayal of Soviet life snapped up the serialized version earlier this summer. In a gesture befitting **the first post-glasnost spy novel**, the Soviets will not censor the translation, and Le Carré will get royalties previously unavailable to foreign authors. —JULIA REED



the lady's



9 mg "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© The American Tobacco Co. 1990

Not available in some areas



Today's Slim.

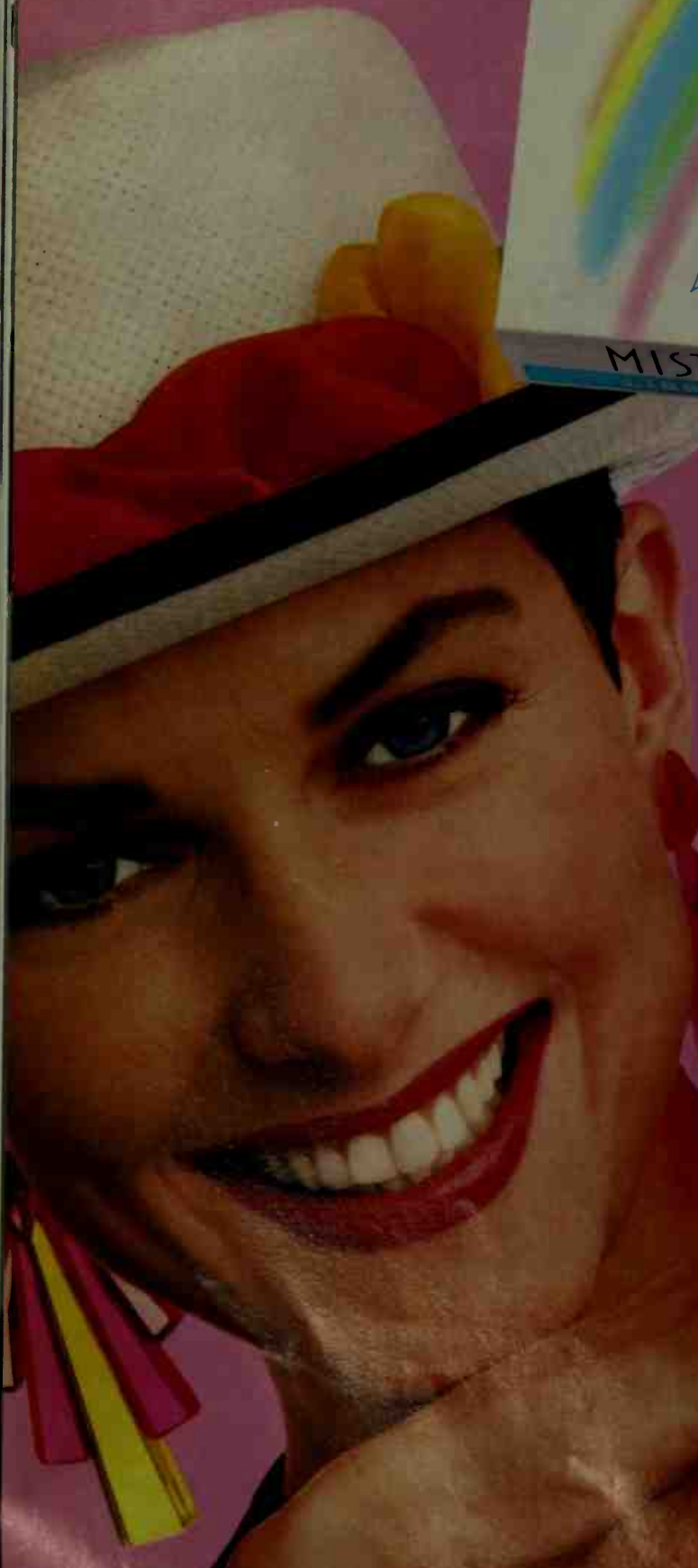
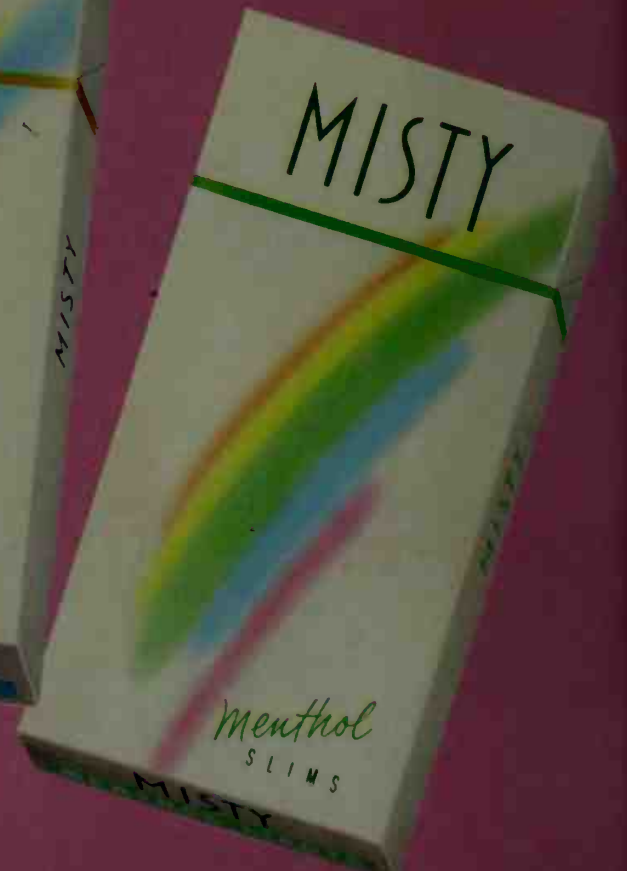
Designed
with taste.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© The American Tobacco Co. 1988

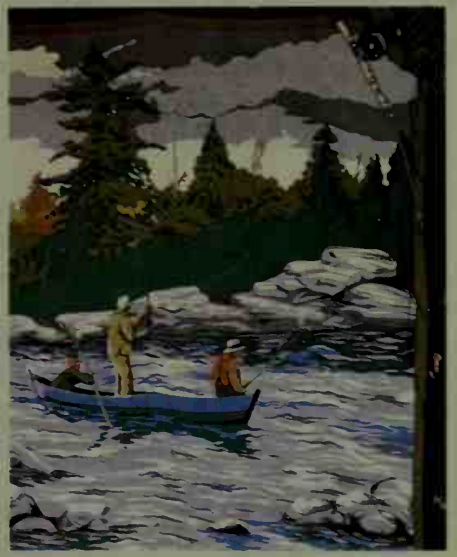
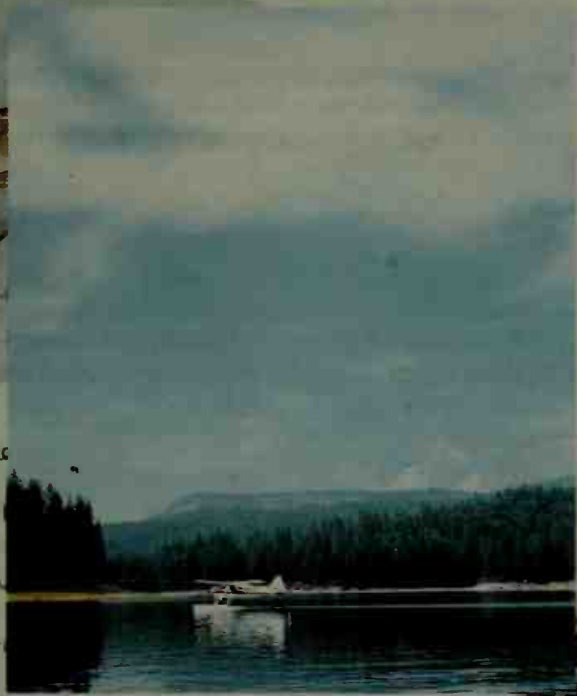
Not available in some areas.



Today's Slim.

Designed with
taste.

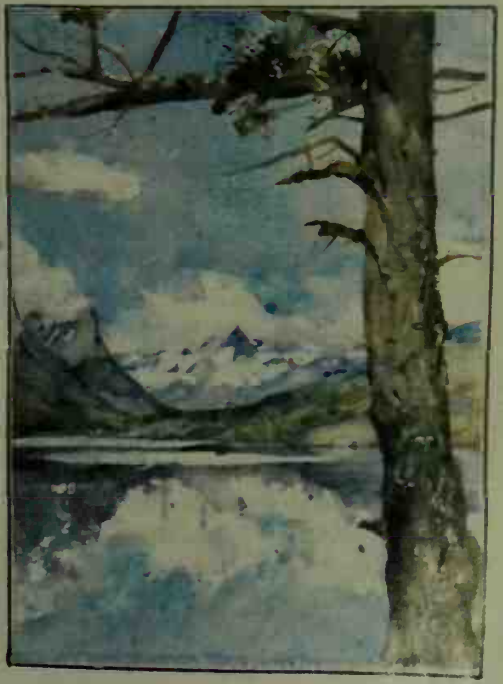
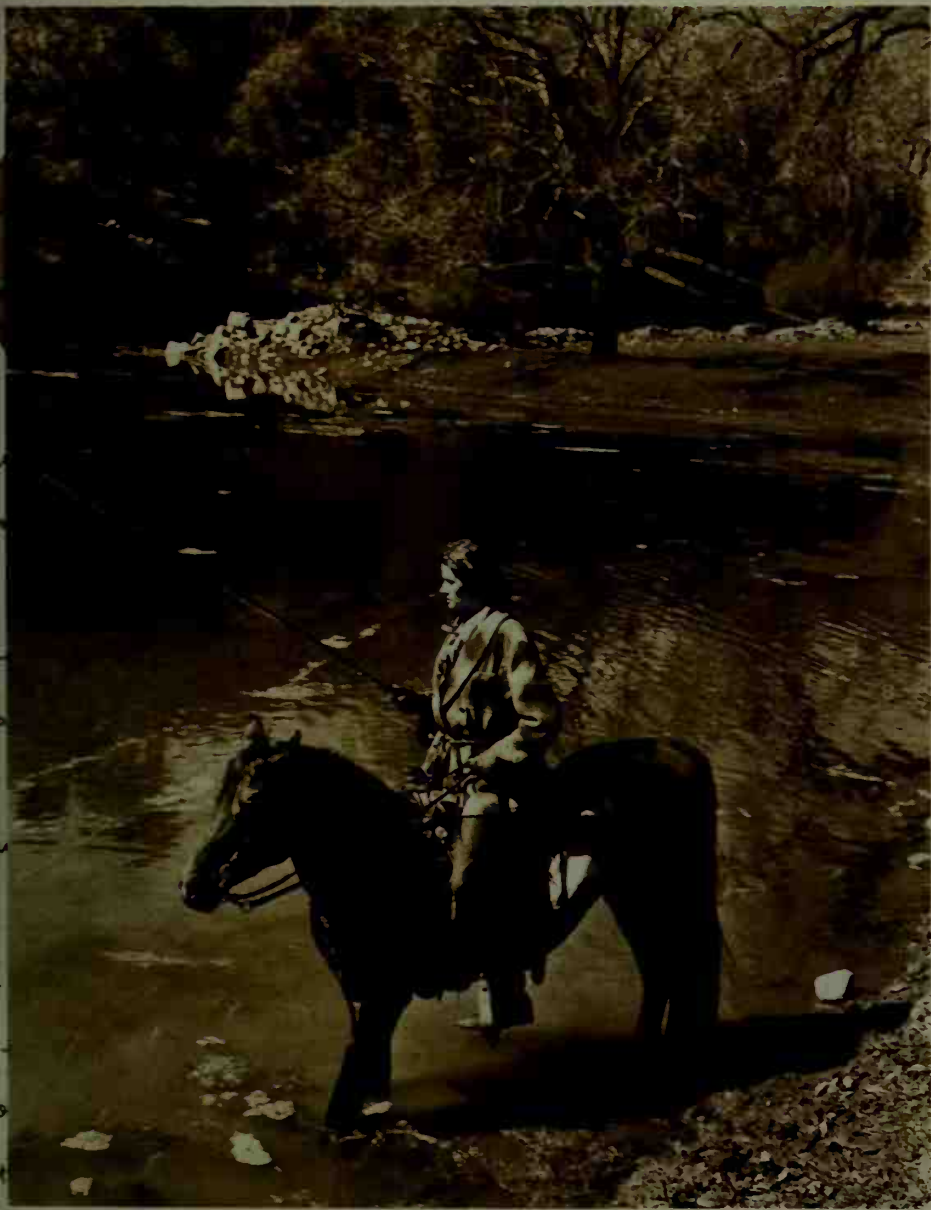
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



- teal/res
 ranch
 chestnut
 yellow t
 small bar/orange neck
 6-12 White Mountain (wet)



1 lb 12 ozs bro
 1 lb 9 ozs ran
 1 lb 12 ozs ran
 1 lb 4 ozs bro
 2 lbs 4 ozs ran
 6 lbs pik
 6 lbs per
 1 lb 6 ozs ran
 1 lb 10 ozs ran



Pale Evening Dun
 8 Dark Olive



Royal Coachman (dry)

Mickey Finn

MUSIC

tically artificial in texture as a sequin and every bit as bright. It is def, chillin', safe, and as a *Village Voice* review put it, "primo retro-nuevo."

The bafflement shows on Stansfield's face. "Oh yes, I read that," and her upper lip curls to meet her eyebrows, which are sinking fast.

Well might this good citizen of Rochdale, Lancashire, look zonked by such a fancy classification of her sturdy soul-pop. Stansfield is a straight talker, and "primo retro-nuevo" is a curvy way of saying something simple: that she, with her baggy shanks and daft hat, is an embodiment of all the solid virtues, done up in the latest swanky togs. A right little new-fangled real deal, and no mistake.

Rochdale is a mill town tethered to Manchester in England's troubled northwest. What was once a hive of cotton manufacture, the nineteenth-century home of the Cooperative Movement and the working man's flatcap, is now steeped in deep postindustrial malaise. The Rochdale of the 1990s can boast England's most bulbous politician and the "flat-back four" of the town's less-than-scintillating Fourth Division soccer team, but only the English language's flattest vowels serve as an audible reminder to outsiders of the region's great heritage.

"What's Rochdale got?" Stansfield asks mournfully. "Not much, but it's got my heart. Oh, and Cyril Smith, M.P., who's very, very fat. He takes up most of the fuckin' town, actually."

Like Rochdale, Stansfield has a vanished past. And though the future looks bright, the present is her only concern. For the past two months, Stansfield has been in her Manchester studio writing and recording her new album, breaking off only to contribute a fifty-five-minute set in Prince's Manchester show. She has style, charm, and cheek, and she sings with the rhythmic verve and subtle restraint of a true soul contender. And if she is not yet possessed of the grit and depth of such primo retro-nuevo divas as Anita Baker, then time will tell. She is merely twenty-four years old and has yet to live life.

Which might seem an odd thing to say of one who hosted a kids' TV show in her teens and has since paid most of the usual dues in pop's thickening ledger. Yet Stansfield's freshness is her biggest asset. You've seen the videos. Here is flirtation on the grand scale, flirtation conducted with fragrant, actressy chutzpah. And seldom have the ramifications of street style been parlayed into such a singular (and readily identifiable) image of personal sass. The floppy cap, the meat-hook kiss curl, the short, baggy jeans, the clumpy shoes, the insouciant gaze that hunkers, "I *dare* you to take me seriously." This is a dream package. As Mick Jagger never ceases to remind us, there's nothing Englishmen like more than to dress up as women. And in Lisa Stans-

field, those Englishmen have their perfect thigh-slapping pantomime fantasy foil.

"Well, really, it's just what makes me feel comfortable. I don't like crammin' meself into clingy dresses; they're just not me. I've got a horrible body, and whatever I wear has to hide things." She makes "things" sound unsavory.

"I mean, just 'cause I'm curvy people tend to think of me as some kind of sex goddess, which I'm not. The clothes I wear, my image, it's a bigger version of me, an exaggeration. Me, but more flamboyant, more of what I am already."

And there's more to the Stansfield phenomenon than post-Freudian laughs for the lads. With Neneh Cherry and a burgeoning multitude of all-girl rapping crews, not to mention the formidable array of women who at different times front the Soul II Soul agglomeration, Stansfield is riding a sea change in the affairs of British-based dance music.

While the Jazzie Bs and Coldcuts of this world conduct their business from behind bulwarked twin decks and mixing desks, the women of the all-conquering British soul patrol are a surging vanguard. The images that predominate are feminine, tough, self-possessed, the sounds that underpin them more so. Stansfield is typically forthright: "Yeah, women have got more sense of being true. When they talk or try to put a message across, they *sound* more truthful than men, who think too much about what they're saying and therefore sound more self-conscious. Women just jump in and get on with it."

Stansfield continues to work with cowriters and producers Ian Devaney and Andy Morris, her collaborators from the days of Blue Zone, her previous, ill-fated (though underrated) vehicle of entry to soul's pantheon. She regards the Zone's only album as a compromise, however—the black music they love fudged by pop expediency. The group itself vetoed the album's British release.

"Learning to sing, for me, was like learning to speak, really," she says, her Rochdale vowels spreading like milk. "You develop an accent because your mum and dad have got an accent, and you're copying how they speak, parrot fashion. I suppose that's what happened when I started singing. Imitating voices, imitating sounds, digesting influences, so much that they all got mixed up and came out as my voice." She shrugs in theatrical wonderment. "Sometimes I listen to my voice and I feel like it can't possibly have come out of my mouth, and then at other times it's like listening to a twelve-year-old singing. I can hear qualities in my voice I had when I was twelve, and nobody else can hear that apart from me. When I look in the mirror sometimes I *look* like a child." She smiles her pantomime smile. She will stay close to her roots. ●

**"I don't like
crammin' meself
into clingy
dresses; they're
just not me"**



1983 Car and Driver Ten Best List



1984 Car and Driver Ten Best List



1985 Car and Driver Ten Best List



1986 Car and Driver Ten Best List



1987 Car and Driver Ten Best List



1988 Car and Driver Ten Best List



1989 Car and Driver Ten Best List

We could go on and on.



1990 Car and Driver Ten Best List

In the eight years *Car and Driver* magazine has presented its Ten Best list, only one car has been chosen every time. The Accord.



MOVIES

made them connoisseurs of the ironic, it was rich.

"Hell," one of them growled into his salty dog, "so that's where we went wrong. We should have had James Bond up-country."

Belatedly, that prayer has been answered. Carolco, the film company that brought you *Rambo*, now offers *Air America*, a \$30 million extravaganza-action movie that also bills itself as a comedy.

The CIA's secret war in Laos certainly provided enough rich material for a number of great films...but a comedy? Are we ready to laugh at this war yet? Of the hundreds of *Air America* personnel I met over the years, most displayed a dry sense of humor, but the daily routine was nothing more comic than keeping an army at war and feeding the refugees the war created. "Bomb 'em and feed 'em" was how one pilot described U.S. policy at the time.

Before this caper becomes the last word on this unhappy conflict, a few facts:

All the able-bodied Hmong males were killed early on in the war, so the army was made up mostly of children. Sometimes *Air America's* chopper pilots were called on to haul stacks of these kids' corpses in nets slung beneath the plane. The smell was so bad they had to stick Tiger Balm up their noses to keep from gagging.

Nobody bothered to keep rigorous statistics when it came to toting up the dead and wounded of this "native" ally, but conservative estimates put the figure at around 100,000 killed. As there were only about 500,000 Hmong to start with, the equivalent would be if America had lost 50 million dead in its war in Vietnam.

Then there was the bombing. Unleashed on the Ho Chi Minh Trail in this small, insignificant country were more than a million tons and a further half million tons here and there. More bombs were dropped on Laos by the United States than were dropped on North Vietnam and Cambodia combined, or during the whole of the Korean War, or even on Germany throughout World War II. *Air America* pilots experienced firsthand the effects of all that destructive power. A ► 220

© 1990 Diane Freis International



LIMITED EDITIONS

BY

Diane Freis

Available At The Diane Freis Boutiques

BEVERLY HILLS

450 North Camden Drive
(213) 273-3451

HOUSTON

Galleria II
(713) 621-0081

LAS VEGAS

Caesars Palace
(702) 734-7588

NASSAU, BAHAMAS

Prince George Plaza — Bay Street
(809) 322-7365

PALM BEACH

Worth Avenue — Via Mizner
(407) 655-9070

PALM DESERT

73-III El Paseo
(619) 773-4472

SAN FRANCISCO

120 Maiden Lane
(415) 397-3165

Call 1-800-869-0559 for Diane Freis Tour Dates, August 1990



Annick Goutal[®]

GARDENIA-PASSION

A fragrance has never been more natural and so sophisticated.



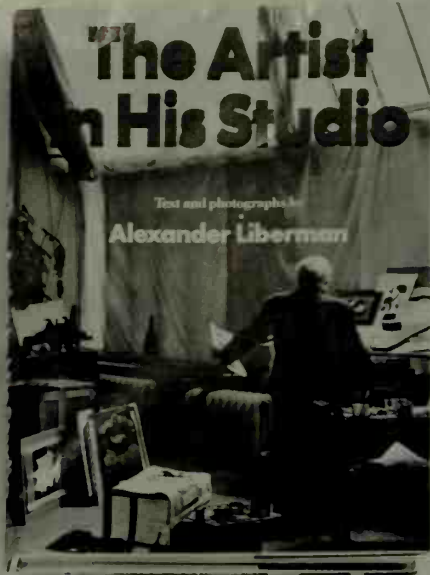
*Annick Goutal Parfums • 1414 Avenue of the Americas, Dept. P1 • New York, New York 10019 • (212) 759-0650
Write for our catalogue & a pair of complimentary vials. Please, \$3.50 for postage & handling.*

BARNEYS
NEW YORK

Imagnin

CASTNER  KNOTT CO.

MOVIES



enter picasso's bedroom...

Chagall's garden, Bonnard's bath, for the most intimate, revealing look ever offered into the lives of the great European artists of this century, in their own private, seldom-seen worlds, both at work and at play. Alexander Liberman, himself a renowned painter and sculptor, visited modern masters from Giacometti, Dali and Dufy, to Rouault, Braque and Matisse, engaging them in candid conversations as well as photographing their environments. And the book that resulted has established itself as a contemporary classic on art and the act of creation. This newly revised and expanded edition runs 304 pages, 9" x 12", with 138 illustrations in full color and 73 duotones.

The Artist in His Studio usually sells for \$60.00. As a Condé Nast Reader, you can have it for 20% less: \$48.00 plus \$3.50 shipping for each copy.

for credit card orders

**call toll-free
1-800-367-7400**

or send check to Condé Nast Collection, Dept. 420083, P.O. Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336

Residents of NY, CA, CO, GA, IL, IA, KY, MI, MA please add sales tax. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

The war certainly provided enough material for a number of great films... but a comedy?

constant mass of refugees had to be moved and fed, and on every up-country strip the pilots would be surrounded by gangs of smiling tots, the war's orphans. It could be heartrending work.

When the U.S. military went home, Air America pilots felt their country had cut and run. Tiny Laos had not even been a negotiating party in the "peace" agreement.

After the war an even higher price was exacted from the Lao for befriending America. When the Communists finally took over, twenty thousand people were sent to "reeducation" camps. A further three hundred thousand Hmong duly left the country, fearing for their lives, to exist as refugees in camps surrounded by barbed wire. "War is difficult, peace is hell," the Hmong leaders were led to conclude.

If Air America pilots sounded like cynics to outsiders, it was only because at heart they were disillusioned romantics. They wanted as little responsibility as possible outside the cockpit and made their way to the Far East to escape the dullness of home—

speed limits, the mortgage, walking the dog . . . the wife. In Laos an Air America pilot could have servants and a beautiful house on the Mekong, and he could commute to the war, returning at night to a dry martini served by an adoring and replaceable girlfriend. The war did have its compensations.

Almost to a man, Air America personnel despised journalists. They certainly told us tall stories. I once listened to some pilots recount how they dropped Hershey bars on villages and then swooped down in their choppers, laughing maniacally as kids scurrying to pick up the candy were cut to ribbons by the rotor blades. Those tales weren't true, of course, but the guys liked to create a mythology of evil to shock people they thought of as bleeding-heart, rubbernecking pinkos. Nobody mentioned the Air America pilots who spent their spare time working in the orphanages, and imported diapers and baby food paid for with their own money.

Air America's much-vaunted drug connection has been greatly oversimplified. Opium was the Hmong's cash crop. Air America planes certainly carried opium during harvest time, but the international drug trafficking was conducted by high-ranking Lao military officers, particularly in the air force, in cahoots with Corsican gangsters. In the midst of a war, the CIA turned a blind eye to its ally's dealings—with disastrous consequences. But the few pilots accused of making drug runs out of Laos were despised by their colleagues and treated by Air America as criminals.

The handful touched by evil were mostly CIA paramilitary types who used Air America purely as cover for their real activities. They were the men who had been in the jungle and at war for so long that they had gone "bamboo" and maybe a little mad. These were the agents who had trained the soldiers and cheerfully sent twelve-year-olds to their death; who kept the heads of particular foes pickled in glass jars; and who strung together severed ears like chitlins and displayed them on the porches of their jungle huts.

Only a very small percentage of Air America pilots flew the supersecret spook missions. These included supply drops ▶ 222

What flavor looks like.

Flavor comes in a package with three stripes.
The stripes are brown, an orangy gold, and yellow.
Flavor has a name—it's Merit. Flavor is extremely difficult to find
in a low tar cigarette. So make a mental note of what it looks
like, or just light up a Merit. You'll get the picture.

Enriched Flavor,[™] low tar. A solution with Merit.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

MOVIES

over Tibet, spy teams in Red China and North Vietnam, high-flying U-2 spy flights over the Soviet Union, and so on. The pilots used for these missions were never the swaggering, swashbuckling types portrayed in the movie, but quiet, retiring men who did not stand out in a crowd. The barroom blowhards and Walter Mittys, who liked to play the airline's spook connection to the hilt, almost always proved to be lower-echelon personnel.

Some moviegoers may be relieved to know that *Air America* is largely unencumbered by ugly details, or by any real degree of historical accuracy. Instead, an *Animal House* sensibility is brought to bear as Mel Gibson and Robert Downey, Jr., stroll from exploding aircraft and fall hundreds of feet from crashing choppers unscathed. They are always cool and never at a loss for a world-weary wisecrack. The other characters are "toons": there's a Silly Senator, an Evil CIA Man, a Bad-guy Pilot, a Corrupt, Drug-peddling Gook General, who naturally speaks "hilarious" pidgin English and has quaint Oriental ambitions, like wanting to see Dairy Queen in his country and owning a Holiday Inn franchise in southern California.

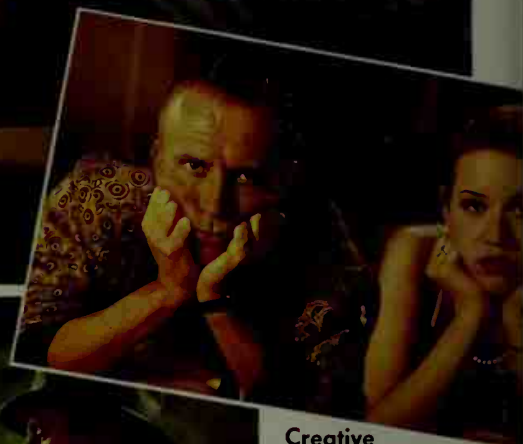
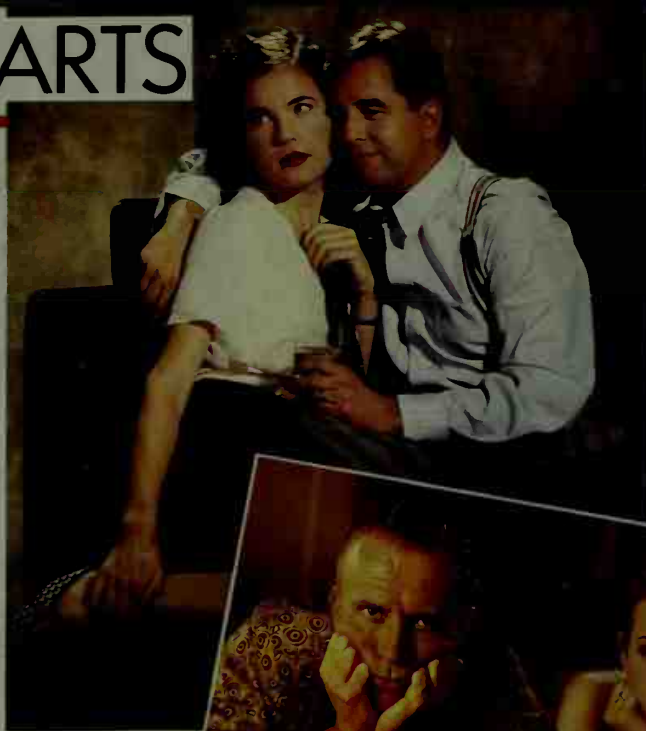
In between all the action and jokes, the film takes a position in the form of Hollywood-style moral outrage at U.S. conduct in Laos. Fair comment, perhaps—if the makers of the movie had attempted to give some real feel for the war. Lacking this authenticity, Gibson's adventures are played out in a vacuum, and *Air America* becomes like an overblown episode of *Miami Vice*.

Talk about mixed genres. There are so many genres in this movie—buddy, comedy, action, war—that they cancel each other out. *Good Morning, Vietnam* was a comedy, and it worked because it took seriously the war beyond the jokes. *Air America* is like watching *Beverly Hills Cop* cut into *The Killing Fields*, and the result turns the laughter sour.

The script settles for a half-baked, ill-informed, and muddled conspiracy theory: the whole rotten war was fought to gain control of the poppy fields—and thus the heroin business—to keep funding the whole rotten war. This is just plain wrong, like suggesting World War II was fought for the Mercedes franchise.

Not surprisingly, the real *Air America* pilots balk at being portrayed as gunrunning, drug-smuggling weirdos—even by such a highly paid (a reported \$7 million for this caper) and sexy superstar as Mel Gibson. "All I know is I hauled more rice than grows in China, carried God knows how many thousands of refugees, and got shot at for my trouble," one *Air America* pilot told me recently. "There were hard rice [ammo] drops, too, but the heroin smuggling and private gunrunning is bull . . . And I never met no damn Australian in *Air America*, neither." ●

British journalist Christopher Robbins is the author of Air America, upon which the film is based.



Creative coupling gives new life to classic tales, TOP TO BOTTOM: McGovern and Bridges in *The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt*; Weller and Ringwald in *Dusk Before Fireworks*; Griffith and Woods in *Hills Like White Elephants*.

TELEVISION

Adapting a classic can mean boring TV, but CATHLEEN SCHINE finds vigor in the modest approach of HBO's *Women and Men*

With *Women and Men*, adaptations of three classic short stories, HBO has dared to be modest. And so have the distinguished casts, directors, and screenwriters. This is not artistic daring—it's not *Twin Peaks*; the half-hour films, premiering this month, are quite conventionally constructed, but there's something invigorating, astonishing about modesty on TV.

An adaptation of a "classic" on TV usually means the kind of dutiful, prosaic homage found on, say, *American Playhouse*. But these classics, by Er- ▶ 224



If you're
looking for
lean,
you're in
Luck.



I'd like to tell you a juicy story. A story everyone in Luck, Wisconsin knows. It's about herb marinated

calories. Round tip, for example, hardly tops 149 calories. That's an inspiration to anyone holding a menu. Or following a diet. You know,



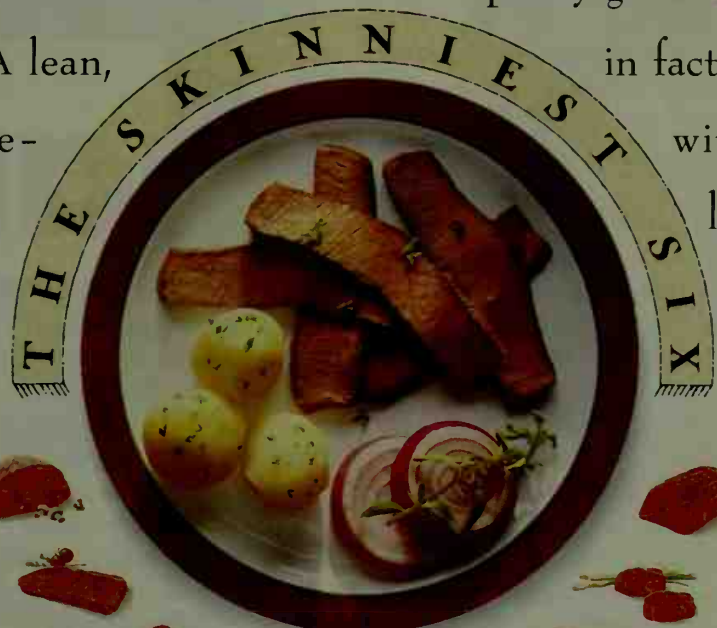
It's about braised steak provençal and broiled steaks with company potatoes. But most of all, it's about good fortune. Because many cuts of beef are surprisingly low in calories. Lower than

ing to legend, the town of Luck was named by Dan Smith, an early logger. Having faced much adversity in life, he solved the problem by always being "in Luck." Today, our luck is still pretty good — delicious,



most people think. A lean, trimmed three-ounce serving averages less than 200

in fact. Where would we be without beef? Out of luck, I'd say. See you in the next town.



ROUND TIP 149 calories
5.0 gms total fat* (1.8 gms sat. fat)

TOP ROUND 169 calories
4.3 gms total fat* (1.5 gms sat. fat)

TOP LOIN 168 calories
7.1 gms total fat* (2.7 gms sat. fat)

EYE OF ROUND 141 calories
4.0 gms total fat* (1.5 gms sat. fat)

TENDERLOIN 175 calories
3.1 gms total fat* (3.0 gms sat. fat)

TOP SIRLOIN 162 calories
5.8 gms total fat* (2.3 gms sat. fat)

Beef.
Real food for real people.

*Source: USDA Handbook 8-13 1000 Rev. Figures are for a 3 oz. cooked serving. Beef trimmed before cooking. 4 oz. uncooked yield 3 oz. cooked. For a beef recipe booklet, write the B.I.C., Dept. T, 444 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611. Please enclose 50¢. ©1990 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board

TELEVISION

nest Hemingway, Dorothy Parker, and Mary McCarthy, all from the thirties and forties and all about sex, are treated as vibrant texts to be interpreted, played with, and brought to life.

Melanie Griffith and James Woods star in Hemingway's perfect short story *Hills Like White Elephants*. "Star" is perhaps misleading—they act, and with tremendous intelligence and restraint, in this story of a couple waiting at a Spanish train station, sadly recognizing the limits of their love as they discuss whether or not the woman should have an abortion. Tony Richardson directs the film as if it were an idyll, but of course it's not, and so the calm is heartbreaking.

In dramatically filling out the original story, screenwriters Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne seem to suggest that Hemingway's life is of more interest to a popular audience than his work, for they have tarted up the stark lines of the tale by making the young man a Selfish (for the sake of his art) Writer.

Indeed, all the stories have the mark of their modern screen adapters upon them, which can both recharge and distort the original meanings. Hemingway à la Didion and Dunne becomes a feminist. Frederic Raphael, who wrote and directed the adaptation of Mary McCarthy's still-shocking story of an adulterous night on a train, reduces McCarthy, a cold-blooded, omnivorous observer, to nothing more than a razor-tongued chronicler of sexual warfare.

Screenwriter Valerie Curtin and director Ken Russell are more faithful to Dorothy Parker's story, the most dated of the three, but what they are drawn to is exactly how badly it has aged. The faults of *Dusk Before Fireworks*—a sour account of a smooth lover boy, his jealous girlfriend, and his constantly ringing telephone—are celebrated by Russell as camp. But such dour camp! Russell displays out-of-date phrases with the fringed lampshades—so much bric-a-brac in a polished glass display case—while the actors are left to fend awkwardly for themselves. He's more a curator than a director. Peter Weller slides aimlessly about in his silk bathrobe. And poor goofy little Molly Ringwald looks like a mall child dressed up in Great-grandma's high heels and pearls.

Elizabeth McGovern fares much better in McCarthy's *The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt*. Raphael has liberally added his own too-clever-by-half but still entertaining chitchat to the story. (When the girl remarks on the coming struggle of revolution, the man replies, "Why struggle when you could be coming?") Amid all this learned vulgarity, Beau Bridges turns himself into a perfectly ordinary businessman, while Elizabeth McGovern makes herself sarcastic and seductive in one narrowed glance or pucker of her lips.

The three episodes of *Women and Men*—pleasant, uneven, surprisingly unpretentious—suggest a whole new vein for television to tap. Short stories usually make terrible movies. But on the small screen, with big talent, they're a perfect fit. ●



ART In the work of four eccentric young masters, contemporary life becomes a colorful fantasia. Merging the magical with the mundane, they create new visions of bohemia. JED PERL takes a look

charmed

Only an artist with a magician's mastery of sleight of hand can turn contemporary life into a beguiling fantasia. And when an artist with even a bit of that magic appears on the scene, people feel an attraction to the work—they love its effervescence, its wayward charm. Robert Greene, Trevor Winkfield, and the team of David McDermott and Peter McGough can't be said to compose a school; far from it. They're not even all aware of one another's work. But a dandyish strain runs through the varied reflections on how we're living now that they've been exhibiting the past couple of years. The artists may look at life through rose-tinted glasses, but there is also something tonic and even acerbic about their devil-may-care attitudes. Greene, Winkfield, and McDermott and McGough give a lift by transforming our tastes and pastimes and foibles into a kind of picaresque legend. ► 228



From top to bottom: courtesy of Massimo Audelli Gallery, JOSEF ASTOR, JOSEF ASTOR, courtesy of Edward Thorp Gallery

ives



TOP LEFT: A crayon drawing, *Untitled-1980* (David & Peter Fighting with Kenny Scharf & Keith Haring), 1985, by David McDermott and Peter McGough. **TOP:** The artists in their Brooklyn studio. **ABOVE:** Trevor Winkfield in his New York apartment, and, **LEFT,** his 1987 painting *Divinity Meadow*.

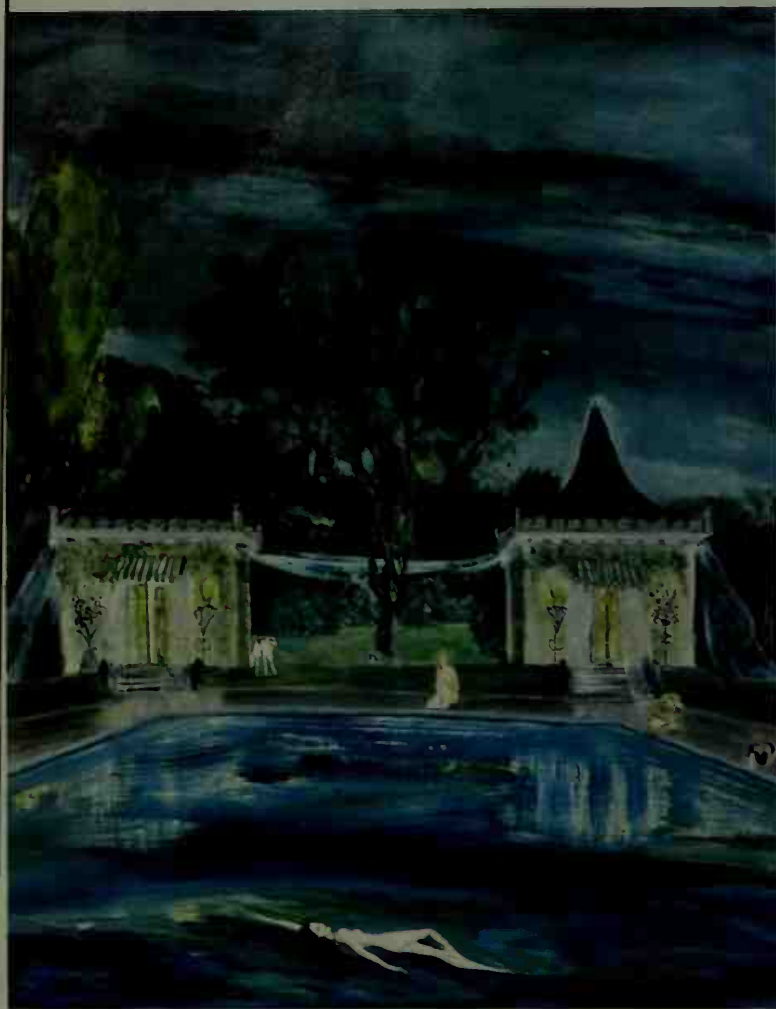
LIMITED RELEASE
CELLARS
1989
VINTAGE

RESERVE CELLARS OF
Ernest & Julio Gallo
RESERVE
White Grenache
CALIFORNIA

It will change the way you think about Gallo.



ART



Robert Greene's 1985 *Overnight*, oil on masonite

What a range of stuff they toss into their brimming compositions. The references can be gossipy and glamorous, as in Greene's paintings of slender lovers wandering in twilight parks, or formalized yet pleasantly wacky, as in Winkfield's playing card-like arrangements. Winkfield's paintings are elegant jumble shops in which we encounter fragments from the nurseries and dime stores of our younger days. Meanwhile, McDermott and McGough give us a sardonic account of their adventures in the metropolis. Their series of childlike yet ever-so-knowing drawings chronicles a rise from the nerd purgatory of middle-class suburbia to the neo-nerd heaven of downtown New York. The drawings are cleverly done in colored crayons on brown wrapping paper—a combo we all remember from elementary school.

Taken together, this work adds up to a cosmopolitan roundelay. Contemporary controversies and tastes, from the clothes we wear to the things we eat, are mixed together in unexpected ways. The work is quirkily related to life as we know it: the artists take their cues from deliriously artificial moments. When Robert Greene paints stylish New Yorkers in a paradoxically paradisiacal Central Park, he zeroes in on fantasies that many people have as they walk through the park. Greene and Winkfield and McDermott and McGough take real ex-

perience and give it a nostalgic yet surreal quality: they take us beyond the here and now. David McDermott may have touched on something these artists share when he exclaimed, "We wish we could live in all periods of history simultaneously."

One artist who looks to be a spiritual ancestor is New York's jazz age eccentric Florine Stettheimer. Stettheimer came from an upper-crust family, and the salon that she and her sisters presided over, frequented by Marcel Duchamp, Virgil Thomson, and Carl Van Vechten, epitomized a mix of high society and high bohemia that remains a model for some New Yorkers half a century later. Stettheimer's brilliant paintings, with such titles as *Cathedrals of Fifth Avenue* and *Cathedrals of Art*, knit the gifted and prominent of her day together into bright, flat, iconographically elaborate compositions. Stettheimer's sense of pleasure and fun, her unpredictable combination of knowingness and naïveté, are echoed, consciously or unconsciously, in the work of Greene, Winkfield, and McDermott and McGough. Like her, they are determined to transform the very mixed bag of urban life into a Disneyland for the bright and beautiful.

McDermott and McGough, the artist duo who caught on about a decade ago by going everywhere in full-scale Edwardian garb, take fantasy life to near-pathological extremes. In part because of the spectacle they've made of themselves, this up-from-the-East Village pair are now enjoying great recognition and respect. Their amazing studio, in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, fills most of a bank building from the 1860s. The overscaled rooms are painted in shades of peacock blue and deep terra-cotta that would look just right in a Stettheimer painting, and the place is full of busy studio assistants. Even while supervising them, the megalomaniacally talkative David McDermott, thirty-eight, still has lots of time to regale visitors with his off-the-wall theories about God, vegetarianism, and the population explosion. He sports a bottle green velvet frock coat with his hair pulled back in a black velvet ribbon. Peter McGough, thirty-two, is the quiet half of the duo. Dressed in a white brocade vest, his blond hair parted in the middle, he leans back odalisque-style on a Victorian couch throughout McDermott's spiel.

Some of McDermott and McGough's wit does get into their larger works. A recent series of men's heads, shown in the cross-section style of Victorian phrenology diagrams, becomes an ebullient homage to gay liberation: the gigantic craniums are filled with the names of boys rather than an icy analysis of mental states. And a few of the blue-toned photographs that McDermott and McGough began making about a year ago have a melancholy charm. But so far it's the crayon-on-brown-paper drawings that stand out. These have the sharp immediacy of the most vivid memories. McDermott and McGough recall the strange lady in the harlequin glasses who drove the school bus; a first sexual encounter in a forest pond; a downtown loft on a rainy night, with water pouring ▶ 230

YSATIS



G I V E N C H Y

MAGNIN

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEIMAN MARCUS

CUSTOM CURL BRUSH!

GREAT LASH[®] MASCARA



New Custom

Curl Brush

lifts lashes.

Curls lashes.

No clumps.

No globs!

Now itty bitty

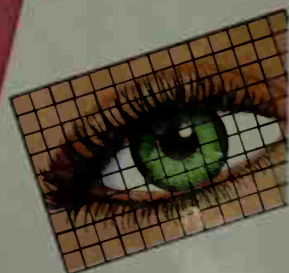
straight lashes

curl big and

beautiful!

smart.beautiful.

Maybelline



© 1990 Maybelline Co

VOGUE ARTS

ART

through the leaky ceiling into buckets on the floor; the parties where they ran into Keith Haring and Kenny Scharf. There's a directness to these drawings. They give a loving yet biting picture of the artists' coming of age. And the humor recalls the attitude we often take when we contemplate past experiences, smiling indulgently at things that were once the occasion for very strong emotions.

Those crayon drawings have a satirical interest more often associated with fiction than with the visual arts. As a story of kids from the hinterlands who come to New York City to discover art and life and fun, McDermott and McGough's narrative echoes the 1940s and 1950s novels of Dawn Powell, several of which have recently been reprinted by Yarrow Press and Vintage. Robert Greene's work also has a novelistic dimension. Greene's suave parties and luxurious estates recall the world of F. Scott Fitzgerald, or a minor jazz age novel such as Carl Van Vechten's 1930 *Parties: Scenes from Contemporary New York City Life*. Greene's figures have the same distanced, stylized refinement as the aristocrats, artists, and pretty boys who slide through Van Vechten's pages. Greene, thirty-seven, achieves that distance by giving his oil paintings a clever, curious sense of scale. The landscape settings have the overwhelming proportions of operatic stage sets, so that the figures—lovers out for a stroll, bare-chested young men, revelers in commedia dell'arte costumes—are absorbed in an atmosphere that's pervasive and mysterious, like a strange perfume.

Greene's theatrical style is full of recollections of European art-house movies of the 1960s: Resnais's *Last Year at Marienbad*, Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* and *Juliet of the Spirits*. This artist often uses friends as models. When I spoke to him in Amsterdam, where he went to live not long ago, he told me, "I'm like a director, casting my friends in roles." His paintings, full of pearly off-whites and dissonant harmonies of blue and orange or purple and green, have the charm of wall murals in some perfect little old-world hotel. Though they're being concocted right now, Greene's scenarios convey the lost elegance we associate with a turn-of-the-century artist such as Giovanni Boldini, or Leonid and Eugene Berman, neoromantic painters of the 1930s. Greene's universe is both all too worldly and very much out of this world.

Trevor Winkfield, who was born in England in 1944 but has lived in New York since the end of the 1960s, is out of this world in a very different way. Winkfield is a late-modern Surrealist. His keyed-up colors and sharply angled forms suggest a view of life in New York City as joyfully manic—the ultimate caffeine jag. The figures in his paintings aren't like anybody you've ever seen. They're comic confabulations, high-art cartoons. A man can have a clothespin for an arm, a flower for an eye. And he'll undoubtedly be caught in a Rube Goldberg universe that's both treacherous and humorous. In these puzzlelike paintings you never know what you'll encounter next: an anchor or a cocktail glass, a weird animal, a clown, a careening vehicle, a beehive. The rush of images suggests poet Gerard Manley Hopkins's famous lines: "Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how)/ With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim"—lines, incidentally, that Florine Stettheimer's friend, art critic Henry McBride, once used to describe *her* work.

Winkfield's painting doesn't relate to contemporary life in any obvious way. And yet somehow it does. His strange brew of pop culture, nineteenth-century physiognomics, and quotations ► 232

Doubles Doubles! *lashes lashes!*

Great Lash[®] Mascara



Look. Look again.

Great Lash doubles doubles

your lashes. Makes it look

like you've got twice as many.

Extraordinary lash building

formula plumps up lashes.

No clumps. No globs.

Just big, beautiful lashes.

smart.beautiful.

Maybelline[®]

ART

from classic abstract art takes us all the way into the overstocked imagination of contemporary New York City. When Winkfield talks about the mechanical-looking forms in his paintings, he says, "As a child, I knew reproductions and advertisements long before I ever saw a painting." Yet he loves paintings, passionately: when I met him for lunch, he'd brought with him reproductions of the Pisanello fresco that he was going off to Italy to see. Winkfield's mix suggests an autobiography in the form of free-associated images. Like that great American Surrealist Joseph Cornell, Winkfield is an eccentric anthologist—and anthropologist—of his times.

Winkfield, Greene, and McDermott and McGough

picture life as a brilliant harlequinade. Looking at their works, which have the immediacy of daydreams, you get the impression that this quartet has always been obsessed with images of the artist's life. By now that artist's life, with its days in the studio, its nights with friends, out at theaters and openings, with its endlessly turning seasons, is an artificial paradise they've made their own. Winkfield, Greene, and McDermott and McGough are sending us postcards from the upscale end of *la vie de bohème*. Their works say, "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here." And they mean it. And we find we want to join them in those ever-so-familiar never-never lands of theirs. ●

BOOKS

LAURIE WINER poses the question, will **Alice Hoffman's** novel of magic realism on Long Island finally establish her as "a major novelist"?

In *Seventh Heaven*, Alice Hoffman works on a broader canvas than ever before. She sets her eighth novel in a Long Island housing development at the precise moment when the conformity of the 1950s gave way to the social anarchy of the 1960s, when everything was scary and yet anything was possible.

This is the book in which Hoffman, a gifted storyteller, perfects her own blend of magic realism and detailed emotional journalism—a voice as unlike Gabriel García Márquez's as it is Tom Wolfe's.

Putnam will publish *Seventh Heaven* in August. On the prepublication bound galley, this quote (culled from a *Newsweek* review of Hoffman's controversial last book, *At Risk*) appeared:

"A major novelist . . . certain to join such writers as Anne Tyler and Mary Gordon."

Just what Hoffman is certain to join these best-selling authors in is left unclear. Did *Newsweek* refer to literary achievement, celebrity status, or more practically, to the number of books the author can be counted on to sell? (Actually, it was a combination thereof.) But



whatever that quote was meant to convey, its appearance denotes a tumultuous if terribly common backstage publishing drama that might be titled "A Star Could Be Born." Like most dramas it has been enacted with deliberation, ingenuity, and yet with inevitable miscalculation in the career of the thirty-eight-year-old Hoffman, who with the publication of *Seventh Heaven* might become a Major Novelist and who then again might not.

In her comfortable, rambling house in a Boston suburb, where she lives with her husband and two small sons, Hoffman seems detached from the workaday worries of building a major literary career.

"I've never even known how many of my books have been printed. What's the point of knowing?" she asks, with the wavering conviction of one not yet fully resigned. "If it's not enough, you're depressed, so what's the point?"

With her husband, Tom Martin, Hoffman also writes screenplays, a profession more lucrative than novel writing whether or not the scripts get made (her one produced screenplay, 1983's *Independence Day*, with Dianne Wiest and Kathleen Quinlan, Hoffman wrote solo). So Hoffman doesn't depend on book sales to put food in her children's mouths; it's just that writing books is what she cares most about. "I worry just in terms of continuing to be published; the climate in publishing is not very good now for a lot of writers."

In 1985, just after she published *Fortune's Daughter*, her fifth novel, that climate threatened to be ► 234

Blend In, Stand Out.

Blooming Colors® Eyeshadow



Call attention to
your eyes... not your shadow.

With Maybelline Blooming
Colors. Fine, micro-milled
colors to blend subtly,
perfectly. In soft, natural
shades that go together
beautifully. Outstanding!



smart. beautiful.

Maybelline®



BOOKS

fatal. "She wasn't building; her sales had pretty much reached a level, around ten thousand, more or less," recalls Faith Sale, Hoffman's devoted editor. "Then she turned in a new novel that I loved. My boss said to me, 'You can publish this one more, but that's all.' I said, 'I just can't let go yet.'"

That new novel proved to be the breakthrough Sale had been hoping for. In *Illumination Night*, Hoffman crystallized her voice and several of her recurring concerns and images (she often documents families in extremis in a universe where mystical or fabulist forces float benevolently throughout) in an uncluttered, shimmering, wholly confident prose. The novel particularly showed off Hoffman's eye for transforming an ordinary moment into an unpretentious, transcendent metaphor, a talent much in evidence in *Seventh Heaven*.

While *Illumination Night* did not sell dramatically more than *Fortune's Daughter*, reviewers sat up and took note. "There's no need to feel illiterate if you can't name Ms. Hoffman's five previous books," wrote Raymond Sokolov in *The Wall Street Journal*. "This is a fine place to start."

And so her publishers must have smelled a best-seller when Hoffman turned in *At Risk*, the "aggressively topical" (as *The New York Times* put it) story of an eleven-year-old girl who contracts AIDS from a blood transfusion.

Perhaps because of the inherent sentimentality of her subject, Hoffman reined in her concise, journalistic prose until it became almost deflated. "It's true that I drew back a bit; otherwise it would have simply been too devastating," says Hoffman, who admits she was rankled by the several scathing notices the book inspired. "Its opening sentence is not, though it should be, 'What do you say about an eleven-year-old girl who dies?'" quipped *The Washington Post's* Jonathan Yardley in his snide pan. "One can only conclude that one of Alice Hoffman's particular hopes regarding this book was that the subject of AIDS would sell," wrote Donna Rifkind in *The Wall Street Journal*.

"I was surprised that people were upset by it, although it was more critics than people, if you know what I mean," says Hoffman while chain-smoking in her cozy kitchen littered with toys and children's drawings. "David Leavitt wrote a very nasty piece where he implied that I got a six-figure advance—as if that's something he didn't get—and he took issue with the fact that I had chosen a so-called innocent AIDS victim. It was as if he were saying, 'As a gay person, I own this disease.' As if anyone would want to own this disease."

And so the book that Putnam hoped would put Hoffman on the commercial map was caught in the cross fire of what the author calls a political situation. Without the critics' approval (the *Newsweek* review was one of the

few raves), the book's sales didn't measure up to the expectations implied by a large printing, but it did dramatically increase Hoffman's readership.

"In a certain sense we're publishing *Seventh Heaven* as if it's the book after *Illumination Night*—we're not blowing our horn too loudly," explains Faith Sale. "I think this one will be a selling book, and this is the one I love the best. It's a much deeper book; it will satisfy her old fans."

Seventh Heaven opens in the summer of 1959. At night, writes Hoffman, the women "sneaked cigarettes while sitting on the rims of the tubs, which they had scrubbed with Bon Ami earlier that day. Then they faced the mirror and took the bobby pins out of their hair and combed out their pin-curls, but by the time they went back to their bedrooms their husbands were already asleep, and the fireflies were hidden between the blades of grass on their own front lawns."

Into this ordered and passionless paradise drives Nora Silk in a sputtering Volkswagen, her two young children in tow. Curtains are pulled back and neighbors whisper the scandalous truth: Nora is a divorcée.


Nora is in fact a herald of the coming era, and not only because she wears black patent-leather boots and advises one of the neighborhood teenagers to let her hair go natural. Before Nora, husbands and wives lived together in secure, if sexless, units, and the worst that could happen was that their teenager was picked up for shoplifting at the local mall. After Nora, the community experiences a series of increasingly alarming crimes, as well as illicit and unconventional sexual yearnings.

But Nora is not an evil presence, as the neighborhood wives at first suspect. She's a braver, freer spirit. Once she enters their lives, some families splinter. Husbands leave wives, wives leave husbands, siblings have irrevocable arguments, best friends grow apart. But the characters come to find themselves on a more solid foundation, built this time on the knowledge that the world is a dangerous place, that security is a fragile bubble, and that it's possible to lose things you thought you'd always have.

For Hoffman, a child of divorce who grew up in a similar Long Island housing development, the book was "a joy to write. I don't think I'm too articulate, I don't think of myself as an intellectual writer, it's more like I write from the gut," she says. "And I get a lot of letters, really wonderful letters, that I often don't answer. I hope people understand that it's either writing my book or writing back to them. In a way I feel like the book is my communication to my audience. It's my letter back."

Ultimately, it's those faithful readers who will make Hoffman the Major Novelist that the quote on the galley promises she will be. *Seventh Heaven* may just be the one that puts her over the top. ●

**"I don't think
of myself as an
intellectual
writer—I write
from the gut"**

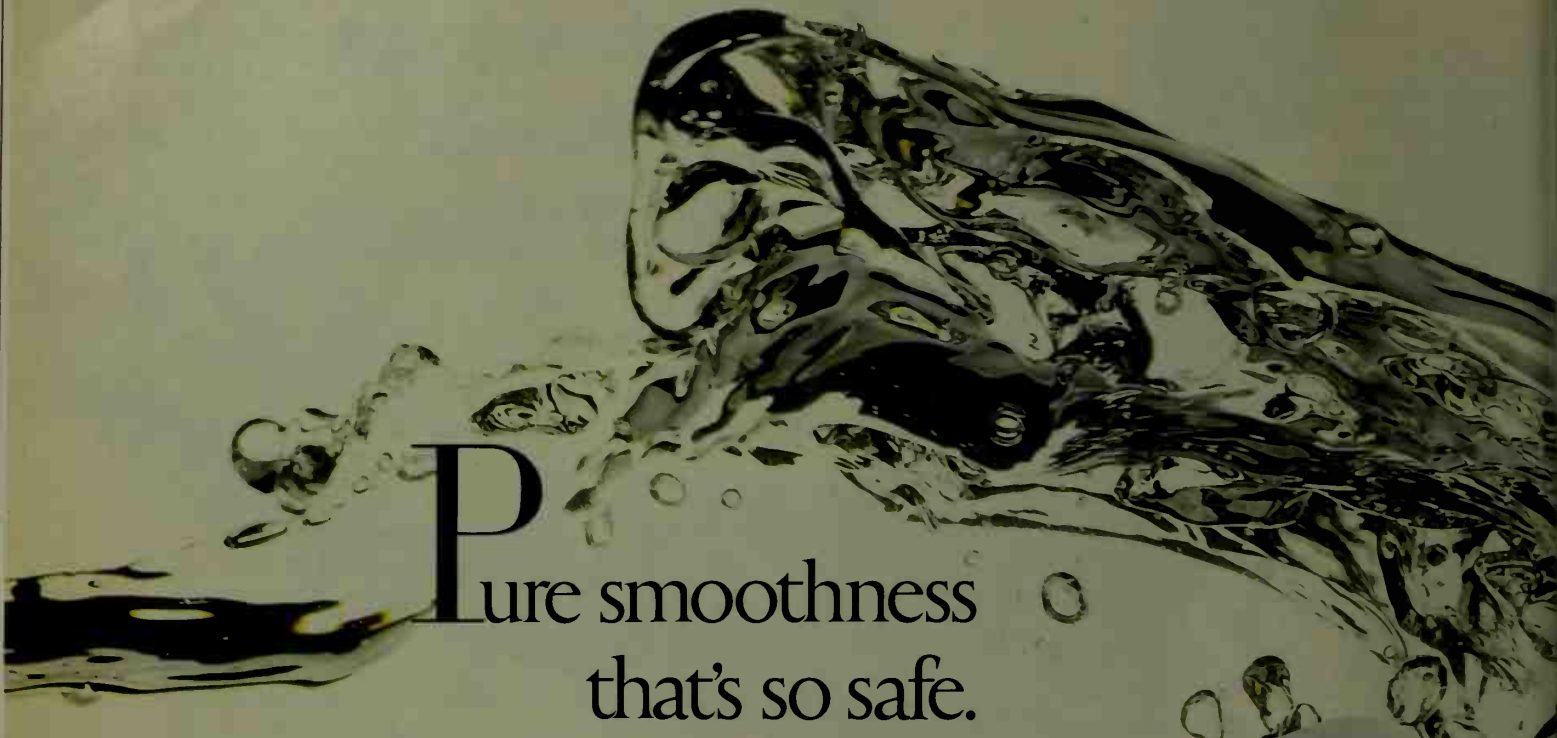
A black shower head is positioned at the top left, spraying a stream of water onto a tilted orange product box. The water creates a dynamic splash with many bubbles and droplets. The background is a light, textured surface.

Pure refreshment
in your shower.

How quickly an ordinary shower turns into a special time that leaves you feeling like new.


Neutrogena®

rainbath®
shower
and
bath gel




Pure smoothness
that's so safe.

Your face is problem-free with a pure, water-based
moisturizer that's non-comedogenic (won't clog pores).



Neutrogena
Moisture®
non-comedogenic
facial
moisturizer



Pure cleansing
that's extra-mild.

Imagine your face feeling cleansing-cream soft
and Neutrogena® clean all at the same time.

Liquid
Neutrogena®

facial cleansing
formula



Pure silkening
with a touch
of luxury.

It vanishes into shower-wet skin
in seconds, but the pampered,
pleasurable feeling goes on and on.

Neutrogena®
body oil
natural
sesame
formula

INTRODUCING THE STYLERS



STATE-OF-THE-ART CONTROL FROM JHIRMACK

Now you can have more hold—even more styling power—whether your look is gravity-defying or soft and natural. The new Jhirmack® Stylers Collection is customized to provide just the right level of hold—no matter what your style.

Like new **Fast Freeze™**—the unique spray that works instantly for looks that last. And new **Ultimate Hold**—to keep even the hardest-to-hold styles perfectly beautiful.

The new Jhirmack Stylers with improved hold. State-of-the-art gels, spritzes, mousses and hair sprays that give you precisely the control you need for the styles you love.



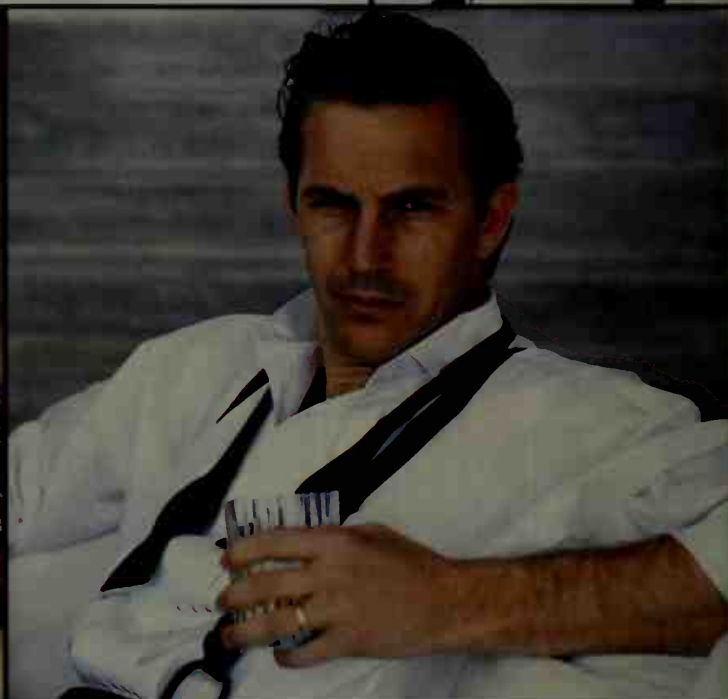
Jhirmack®



YOU GOT IT...
 YOU *flaunt* IT
 AND
 VANITY FAIR'S
 GOT IT!



JUST
 \$1 AN ISSUE!



All photos by Annie Leibovitz unless otherwise indicated.

Photo by Helmut Newton

A NATURAL BREAKTHROUGH IN EYE COLOR CHANGE.



INTRODUCING COMPLEMENTS™ CONTACT LENSES.

NEW COMPLEMENTS ARE THE MOST NATURAL LOOKING COLORED CONTACT LENSES YOU CAN WEAR.



NATURAL
BROWN EYES

THE FACT THAT THIS WOMAN DOESN'T LOOK LIKE SHE'S WEARING THEM PROVES OUR POINT. BY BLENDING COMPLEMENTARY SHADES OF COLORS ON THE SAME LENS, WE'VE CREATED THE ONLY LENS WITH THE COLOR PATTERNS OF



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL NATURAL EYES. AND YOU CAN WEAR THEM

EVEN IF YOU DON'T NEED VISION CORRECTION.

COMPLEMENTS ARE AVAILABLE IN BLUE, GREEN, GRAY AND BROWN. EACH SO NATURAL, NO ONE MAY KNOW YOU'RE WEARING THEM. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN NO ONE WILL NOTICE.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR COMPLEMENTS WITH DURASOFT COLORS SOLUTIONS.



C O M P L E M E N T S™

DuraSoft Colors



THE NEW YORKER

*****CAR-RT-SORT**CR19
*c1990, THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.
580004 MRR 04563094 04 X JAN 28
1991
ROBERT LEE MORRIS 05*EM
READS THE NEW YORKER IN
NEW YORK NY 10012

THE BEST-WRITTEN, BEST-READ MAGAZINE IN AMERICA.

TRAVEL


Travelers are forsaking the skies and turning to trains—for the romance, the beauty, even the speed. Here, four writers hit the tracks

Rachel Urquhart and George Kalogerakis do the American-European Express He didn't, technically, materialize out of a puff of engine steam on a cold winter morning, but the effect was the same: the Chef de Train of the American-European Express, uniformed and smiling, stepped smartly through Penn Station's afternoon rabble and beckoned. We followed, down the staircase to Track 13 and along the platform to where four refurbished cars (two Pullman sleepers, a dining car, and a club car) stood ready to begin a fifteen-hour, first-class journey to Chicago.

It was no use denying that the striking blue-and-white luxury cars—built in the forties and fifties and reappointed with mahogany paneling, brass trim, and Art Deco furnishings—were attached to the tail end of the comparatively pedestrian Amtrak Broadway Limited. There, in plain view, was the modern engine, and there, behind it, sixteen stainless-steel coaches that smacked dismayingly of an era nowhere near bygone. But by averting our eyes judiciously, we could almost—almost—hold the image, manufactured with effort on the way to the station, that we were in fact boarding the Côte d'Azur Rapide, in the Gare de l'Est, between the wars, our conversation alternating seamlessly between French and, oh, Italian. Yes, our minds were made up: the engine that would pull us to Chicago would remain, as long as we could ▶ 248



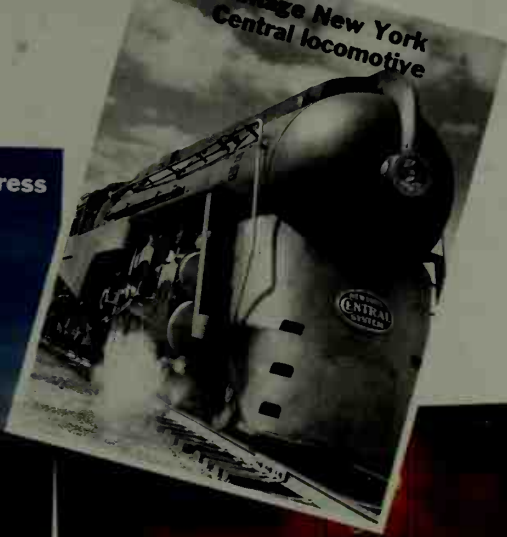
Pullman domed car, c. 1952, **ABOVE**, reborn as the California Sun Express, **BELOW**



The engine that pulled the Super Chief; crossing in Canada, **BELOW**; Orient-Express emblem, **RIGHT**

the great train

Spain—as seen from the Andalusian Express

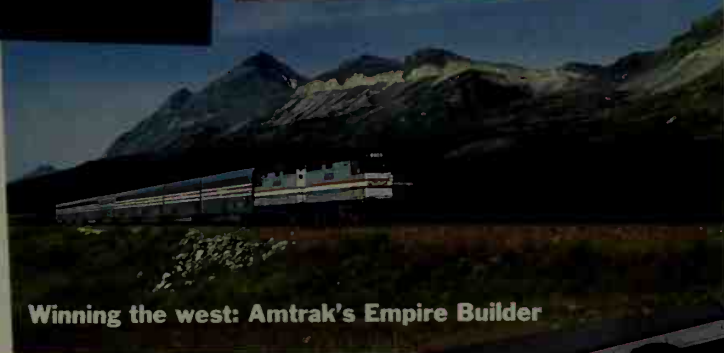


George Washington
Central locomotive



American-European Express stateroom

California Deco: L.A.'s Union Station



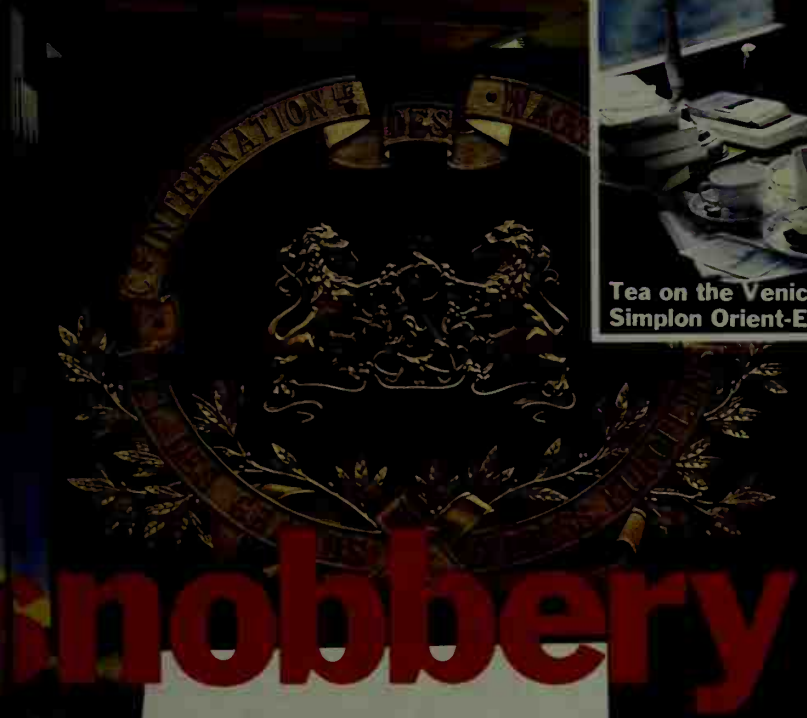
Winning the west: Amtrak's Empire Builder



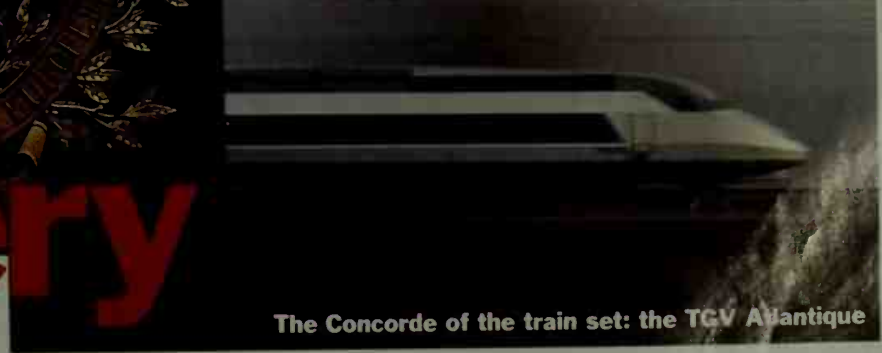
Tea on the Venice
Simplon Orient-Express



Romancing the rails: Cary Grant woos Eva
Marie Saint in North by Northwest.



snobbery



The Concorde of the train set: the TGV Atlantique

TRAVEL

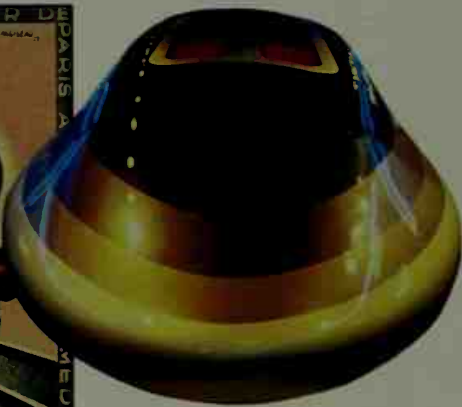
manage to keep it out of sight, antique, coal-fired, and shrouded in a pale plume of steam.

The American-European Express—which runs between Washington, D.C., and Chicago and between New York and Chicago—is a delightful incongruity. Riding it is a bit like putting on faultless evening dress at midday: you know something isn't quite right, but you still feel pretty good.

The trip begins with some fifteen passengers (the total will climb to twenty-two in Philadelphia) assembling in the sumptuous club car for champagne. Men

and women, mostly in their forties and well dressed—this mode of transportation does not call for leisure wear—settle into overstuffed armchairs. Two couples from Brooklyn are on their way to a Chicago art fair. A Danish journalist scribbles quietly at a corner table. A couple of eighty-seven-year-old newlyweds, on their way to vacation in Wisconsin, toast each other and the journey. Beaming, they tell us they were high school sweethearts who “stayed in touch.” In the middle of the club car, a baby grand piano stands quiet for the moment, but Benny Goodman's clarinet is audible ▶ 250

the new, the fast, and the lovely



The **Pendolino** is Italy's answer to the TGV. Maxing out at 155 mph on its run from Turin to Naples and taking curves at a nearly imperceptible tilt, the “little pendulum” is a big hit with Milanese and Roman business travelers—it links

their two cities in under four hours. Information: (212) 274-0591. . . . With its 1982 debut, the **Venice Simplon Orient Express** was the train that made rail travel fashionable again. Today, the VSOE—with its three restaurant cars and exquisite sleeping cabins—offers twice-weekly service between London and Venice (sometimes Vienna) from February to November. The thirty-two-hour trip costs \$1,300, double occupancy, including meals. Shorter segments are also available, such as Paris–Venice for \$1,190. Hot news for 1991: the VSOE adds Budapest to its Vienna runs! Call (212) 938-6830. . . . Not to be confused with the VSOE, the **Nostalgie Istanbul Orient Express** is a private luxury train specializing mainly in summer tours with overnight sightseeing stops along the Zurich–Istanbul route of the original Orient-Express. The train has beautifully restored carriages as well as special itineraries such as next May's five-day London–Moscow run, stopping in Paris, Berlin, and Warsaw. Phone (312) 782-1633. . . . For glorious scenery, the **Royal Scotsman** heads to the Scottish Highlands, offering leisurely six-day tours that leave Edinburgh every Tuesday, April through November. Stops are made for excursions to castles, private estates. Accommodations are lavish: bathrooms with showers; full-length wardrobes, lower berths. Meals are superb: big Scottish breakfasts, three-course lunches, and four-course dinners, some of them formal. Six-day packages cost \$4,500 per person; three- and four-day trips may be booked for \$1,800 and \$2,700. Phone Abercrombie & Kent at (708) 954-

2944. . . . The **Andalusian Express**, Spain's most luxurious train, has everything from suites with private showers to a bar car with a parquet dance floor. Right now, the AE is on its new northern route: a three-day jaunt from Barcelona to Santiago de Compostela in the green Galicia region. Price: \$950, double occupancy. In September and October as well as May and June, the train is based in Seville, offering two- or three-day swings through Córdoba, Granada, and Málaga; \$1,090, double

occupancy; (800) 992-3976. . . . News from the USSR: Abercrombie & Kent has acquired the **Anna Karenina**, a

private railcar with three bedrooms, dining lounge, and full bath (with tub). Staffed by a chef, stewards, and an Intourist guide, it's ready for hire for trips between Leningrad and Moscow. Or go Trans-Siberian. Contact A & K at (708) 954-2944. . . . Back in the USA, consider hiring a private railcar from **Royal Rail's** impressive fleet. Cars come with twenty-four-hour staff, TV, CD player, VCR, telephone, fax, stereo system, and enough bedrooms to sleep from six to twenty-two. Itineraries are flexible: depart from—and travel to—any major Amtrak station. The most popular car to charter—**Fantasia**—has floor-to-ceiling windows and an open-air observation deck; it can carry six to eight people in style from New York to Miami in twenty-four hours at a cost of \$7,500. Phone (516) 944-6671. . . . Meanwhile, looking ahead, keep your eye on the Japanese. Already **Shinkansen** (bullet trains) whiz at up to 148 mph from one end of Japan to the other. However, these bullets are yesterday's news compared with the **Linear Express Maglev**, set to come on-line in 1991 and travel three times as fast. Using superconductive magnets to levitate above the tracks, the Maglev is designed to “fly” silently between Tokyo and Osaka in less than an hour, with first-class passengers seated in Buck Rogers-style chairs with personal satellite televisions and cellular phones. . . . Also in Asia, there's excitement over the **Venice Simplon Orient-Express's** two-day service between Singapore and Bangkok, expected to roll by 1992. The **Malaya–Siam Royal Mail** will have luxurious batik and silk interiors; French as well as Thai, Malay, and Singaporean cuisines. . . . And in North America, taking over from where Canada's beloved, but bankrupt, VIA rail left off, the double-decker **Royal Canadian** will debut in March 1991 with four trips a month between Toronto and Vancouver. On the three-day journey, watch the Canadian Rockies from the glass-domed dining car (with food planned by France's Michelin three-star L'Auberge de l'Ill), or better yet, from your private domed suite! The cost—including meals, wine, champagne—is from \$1,975, double occupancy. For details, phone (212) 265-9600. —ANNE ALEXANDER

B A I L E Y S



THE BAILEYS
DREAM SHAKE.

ONE PART BAILEYS BLENDED WITH
TWO PARTS VANILLA ICE CREAM.



on the sound system. As the champagne flutes are filled and refilled, conversation comes easily. Long train rides do that to people.

If a cozy, timeless atmosphere has begun to envelop one and all, it doesn't yet extend to the other side of the rain-spattered picture windows, where the industrial plants and power lines of northern New Jersey whiz by.

But never mind that—*have some more champagne*. At Newark the pianist installs himself and somewhere in the vicinity of "Our Love Is Here to Stay"—or rather, Metuchen—the scenery starts to prettify. The rain beats down soothingly, and we hurtle toward Trenton, getting looped.

Fortunately, champagne turns to tea before all motor coordination is lost. The porters wrest away our flutes, cover the top of the baby grand with trays of sandwiches, cakes, and sliced fruit, and offer a choice of a dozen teas. Outside, the heavy rain makes the rolling Pennsylvania pastureland look as if it were woven in raw silk—a bumpy, linear bolt of Amish farms, weather-beaten depots, flowering apple orchards, and swollen brown rivers. The twin nuclear reactors at Three Mile Island, when they come unexpectedly into view, bring us back to reality—if only briefly.

We dress for dinner. There is one sitting, so the dining car—with its wood-paneled walls, faux-marble ceiling, and crisp white linens—is full. With the night falling, it no longer seems to matter what's beyond the brass-rimmed windows. That way, Altoona lies. Inside the warmly lit car, a bottle of good wine has been uncorked, and the steward shuttles from the kitchen to our table with a steady stream of courses—spinach soup with saffron yogurt garnish, grilled mahimahi, sherbet, veal medallions, assorted cheeses, and dessert—all superb. During one of the later courses, a horseshoe-shaped turn in the tracks gives us a glimpse of the long-forgotten Broadway Limited snaking out in front of us. It might as well be another train.

One [kick!] singular sensation, every little step she takes... Several passengers have decided that clustering round the club-car piano to listen to (and sing) show tunes beats turning in early. And so the AEE shoots through the dark Pennsylvania night—three quiet cars and one full of music, cognac, and general bonhomie. If it weren't for the occasional neon Rite Aid sign, we could almost be in... well, Ohio.

Which, as it turns out, we miss entirely. The three Ohio stops—Canton-Akron, Crestline-Mansfield, and Lima—are all reached in the small hours, by which time even the musical-comedy contingent has called it a night. But no matter when people turn in, they find their compartments transformed into bunk-bedded sleeping quarters complete with mints on the pillows. Only two decisions remain: window shade up or down (how early do you want to greet the dawn?) and washbasin drain

open or closed (does the sound of wheels on rails keep you up or lull you to sleep?).

The sun seems to rise faster over Indiana's flat farmland. Mostly, civilization shows us its back: the cars people have abandoned, the yards they no longer weed, the walls no one has bothered to repaint. Even the billboards face the other way, out into the heartland. This early-morning contemplation of silos, barns, and harvesters has given us an appetite, which the dining car is well equipped to satisfy: tropical fruit, bread and muffins (baked fresh the night before on the train), scrambled eggs with ham or baby lamb chops, and pots of strong coffee.

It is nearly nine when we arrive at Chicago's Union Station—perhaps twenty minutes behind schedule, but no one seems in a hurry to leave the train. The staff lines up on the platform to bid the passengers goodbye as they disembark. Inside the enormous vault of a station—all Corinthian columns, smooth marble, and echoing footfalls—there is surprisingly little to jerk us immediately back to 1990. Hazy morning sun fills the main hall; travelers sit quietly on broad wooden benches. Only the occasional crackle of a morning newspaper and a disembodied voice announcing departing trains break the stillness. With a little imagination you can practically choose your decade. When two young sailors in white caps and navy stovepipe pants appear at the luggage-check window and wait, smoking, to unburden themselves of their peacoats and duffel bags, you can guess their story in an instant: Iowa farm boys, twenty-four-hour leave, Pearl Harbor still seven years away. In town, no doubt, to catch Sidney Bechet at the French Casino. **American-European Express reservations: (800) 677-4233. One-way New York-Chicago fares begin at \$517; Philadelphia-Chicago and Washington-Chicago, \$492.**

Alan Jolis flies the TGV The newest generation of French high-speed train, the TGV Atlantique, is quite a beautiful beast. It sleeps in its Montparnasse lair: blue skin, thin barracuda mouth, swooping silver nose, red eyes. The station is still being redone. By 1995 it will be the largest rail terminal in France—a showplace of pink granite and glass that will handle some sixty million passengers a year. But for now cement towers rise out of nowhere, with enough loose wires to make you wonder if this is the proverbial France of nonworking toilets, of fists shaken at the concierge, of endless strikes and uppity waiters. Only once I am seated in the TGV does it become clear, without anything being said, that this is the Europe of tomorrow.

Ta-daa! We pull out of Montparnasse. Slowly we pass the cemetery where Samuel Beckett is buried. Beckett had a hard time crossing the square, wrote entire books about it. What would he think? Would Godot travel on this train?

► 252

The rain beats down soothingly, and we hurtle toward Trenton, getting looped



GIANFRANCO
FERRE

TRAVEL

At first, the TGV doesn't go faster than other trains, but it is immeasurably quieter and smoother. Ultimately, I find comparing trains tedious. All have their particular charm and beauty. The old Spanish coal-furnace RENFE rattaps that you could jump off, pick a sunflower, and jump back on—now there was magic! Still, every Frenchman will tell you that his TGV—which travels commercially at 186 mph and has reached over 300 mph with no sweat—is faster than the Japanese bullet train.

The Atlantic TGV connects Paris to the west and southwest of France. It took me to the Cathédral de Saint-Julien in Le Mans in just fifty-nine minutes. In 1993 it will do Paris-Bordeaux in an hour and ten minutes and the Spanish border in just over an hour and a half. Why fly to London when the "Chunnel" TGV will soon get you there in two and a half hours? By the year 2000, flying in Europe should be something of an anomaly.

But the best remains unchanged: the

French countryside is lush and green this season. No one would dare try to improve on these poplars all in rows along the road, hay rolled in fat round tufts awaiting Monet's eye to reinvent them. This is speed at its best. Colza fields spreading like bee pollen, yellow as far as one can see; fallow fields as thick as brown corduroy; scarecrows. The TGV makes you want to stop and walk around.

Since that's not possible, you walk around the TGV. There are no doors between cars, so you can move about freely. First class is all grays and luxurious chairs. Now into second. No compartments—it looks like the interior of an airplane, except that it has a play space for children and a nursery for changing diapers. This train is so damn fast, one no longer has time for a sit-down meal on a white tablecloth. The bar serves... American-style sandwiches and has stand-up counters! OK, I've seen enough! Back, quick, to the club car. With compartments seating four, intimate and comfortable, and a small reading light on the table, this is the ne plus ultra for serious business.

Like the Concorde, the glass pyramid at the Louvre, or the arch at La Défense, the TGV is a modern accomplishment of which the French are justly proud. In the movie theaters, glossy ads portray the TGV as clean and efficient with a sort of 1960s innocence about the future. Television commentators boast of the technological miracle this train represents: the air-cushion suspension, the millimeter precision of the tracks. But at what price? I know people in Provence who have started a letter-writing campaign protesting the TGV's destruction of the countryside, asking why TGV tracks cannot be built next to the old ones so as to spare villages and farms.

I can't see the telephone poles go by anymore. Everything close to the window gets sucked away and disappears. Have we entered the tenth dimension? Crystalline light and wind. Streaks of rain on the window form quarklike dots that become smashed and spread out as in a particle-physics experiment. I am not a passenger with his face to a rain-streaked window. I am a scientist studying the moccasin-print

path of how life began.

Is it an illusion, or are we slowing down? At 60 mph, it appears as if we have almost stopped. I notice the wind in the trees, and litter swirling in devil eddies. There is a dream quality here too, to all the movement of this paralyzed world. Have we arrived? Bees are tasting flowers. And Godot is just around the corner. **For further information on traveling the TGV, see your travel agent or below.**

Richard Alleman on the California Sun Express Nine A.M.—Union Station in downtown L.A. Completed in 1939, this was the last great passenger rail terminal built in America. And the grandeur is still here—from the tall palms that flank the main entrance of this Art Deco take on California Mission architecture to the vast cathedral-ceilinged waiting rooms with their tiled walls in neo-Navajo patterns and their massive wooden armchairs that look as if Frank Lloyd Wright designed them. This is the station where the glamorous Super Chief made its final stop, disgorging moguls and movie stars in the 1940s and 1950s.

Today the crowds and great trains that Union Station once boasted have dwindled, but somehow the place has managed to survive. As has train travel. Witness the California Sun Express. Billed by its promoters, Seattle-based Princess Tours, as proof of California's "Second Golden Age of Rail Travel," the new train is actually a private, glass-domed double-decker club car attached to, but totally sealed off from, Amtrak's L.A.—Oakland Coast Starlight. Built in 1952 for the now-long-gone Olympia Hiawatha line, which once took passengers on a Rocky Mountain-studded route between Chicago and the West Coast, this reborn railcar promises great views from its glassy upper deck and good food in its lower-level diner.

As we creep out of Union Station at 9:55, however, the vista of scruffy freight yards and the waterless, cement-banked Los Angeles "river" leave much to be desired—especially when accompanied by the wails of Anita Baker on the sound system. But the coffee offered by Nancy, our enthusiastic hostess, is hot and fresh—and the ▶ 254

travel

G U I D E

Transportation and Tours

- 1 **AMERICAN-EUROPEAN EXPRESS:** "Travel Plans" detailing rail/air packages and arrangements with American Airlines.
- 2 **ANDALUSIAN EXPRESS:** 24-page brochure with specifics on traveling through Spain.
- 3 **ANNA KARENINA:** Private rail tours in Russia.
- 4 **CALIFORNIA SUN EXPRESS:** Full-color brochure on dome-car train service between Los Angeles and Oakland.
- 5 **FRENCHRAIL INC:** Rail passes and information on service throughout Europe, including France.
- 6 **MOUNTAIN TRAVEL:** 1990/91 travel planner, including Hawaii hiking tours.
- 7 **NORWEGIAN CRUISE LINE:** 3-, 4- and 7-day cruises to the Bahamas, Caribbean, and Mexico.
- 8 **ROYAL SCOTSMAN:** Luxury railroad travel in Scotland.
- 9 **BULLET TRAINS:** Rail pass information and timetables from the Japan National Tourist Organization.
- 10 **VENICE SIMPLON ORIENT-EXPRESS:** Facts on European and Asian service, plus schedule and rates.

Please check the brochures you would like to receive and return this coupon to **VOGUE, August Coupon, P.O. Box 1606, Riverton, NJ 08077-7206, Before December 1, 1990.** Please enclose \$1.00 check or money order to cover processing. Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada. Allow at least six weeks for processing.

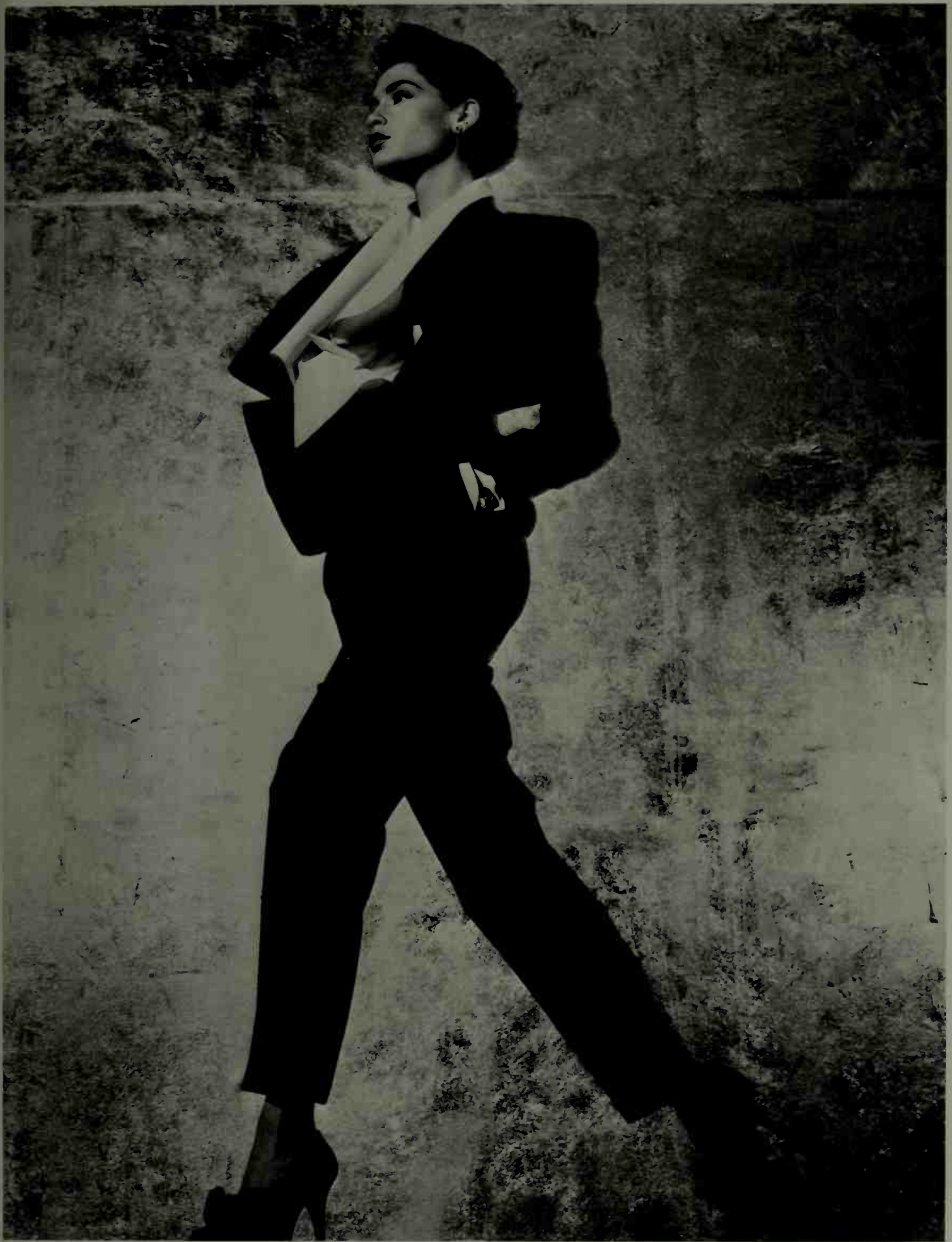
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

We're sorry, but VOGUE cannot answer any personal questions or requests.



GIANFRANCO
FERRE

TRAVEL

spunky old woman sitting across from me tells poignant stories of how glorious southern California once was. Orange groves, exhilarating air, the Red Cars that took you everywhere you wanted to go long before freeway days.

"Detroit killed us," she shrugs as we come upon Burbank's shopping malls and decide to have brunch.

Downstairs in the diner, my *Chinatown* frame of mind starts to lift. White tablecloths, heavy flatware, fresh orange juice, hot croissants, made-to-order egg-white omelets, blueberry pancakes. And around Chatsworth the scenery starts to perk up, too. A long tunnel shoots us into a landscape of gigantic boulders, rugged hills, and ranches. It all looks strangely familiar. No wonder—the area has been used as a location for Hollywood westerns ever since the days of D. W. Griffith.

But it is back up in the domed lounge, over dessert—an espresso ice cream truffle—and revised background music—low-volume Andreas Vollenweider—that the scenery starts getting really spectacular. Suddenly the Pacific pops into view, and for the next three hours it won't leave our side. Sometimes the train is literally on the beach; other times, we are rolling along on a steep ridge just above the surf. The sights flash by: the backyards of posh Santa Barbara beach estates, the white cliffs of Gaviota, fields of pink, purple, and yellow wildflowers near Point Conception, and, my favorite, the long stretches of totally deserted beaches and semitransparent, inky blue ocean. You have the feeling that California might still have a chance. But there are warnings, too. Lurking out in the mist, offshore oil rigs look like giant mechanical sea spiders. If the oil-industry lobby gets its way, these monsters will flank much of the California coastline.

Detroit is killing us.

Of all the private views we have aboard the California Sun Express, perhaps the most extraordinary is the thirty-mile ride through Vandenberg Air Force Base. With most of it off-limits to outsiders, this top-secret compound—satellite disks, launch towers, and stark white radar globes dotting smooth, barren hills—can only be seen from the train. "No pictures allowed," our hostess jokes over the microphone as she points out the silo of an active Minuteman missile.

It feels good to get beyond the base and back onto civilian territory, even if it means that my journey is almost over. I'm getting off the train midway at San Luis Obispo (in order to see nearby Hearst Castle) and won't be on board for the Santa Lucia Mountains or the rich Salinas Valley so often written about by local hero John Steinbeck. I'll also miss seeing the sunset from the train—not to mention dinner. Smoked salmon, black-lobster ravioli, maybe a nice Simi chardonnay. . . . It may not be the Second Golden Age of Rail Travel, but for one who missed out on the first, it's not such a shabby way to go. **For California Sun Express information, contact Princess Tours at (206) 728-6033. Daily service in both directions between L.A. and Oakland for \$179, not including meals. ●**

**The Pacific pops
into view, and
for the next
three hours
it won't leave
our side**



OCTOBER 5-9, 1990

MILLA

DONNA ITALIA - STUDIO

NOVE

ALL INTERNATIONAL FASHION TRENDS

NDEM

MILAN FAIR GROUNDS

ODA 43

ORGANIZED BY EXPO-CTS

TRAVEL NEWS

By Richard Alleman

To stay in Madrid

The big hotel news in Madrid is the Villa Real. Five minutes from the Prado museum and Retiro park, this luxurious 115-room property is the creation of two of Spain's top architects, Fernando Chueca Goidia and José Ramos. Public areas have a formal, neoclassical feel (see lobby detail, RIGHT), whereas guest rooms are more relaxed. All rooms have separate sitting areas, satellite TV, fax lines, three telephones, and twenty-four-hour room service. Rates start at about \$265 for a double. Currently, the Villa Real has no U.S. reservations agent, so guests or travel agents must book directly with the hotel. Address: 10 Plaza de las Cortes, Madrid 28014, Spain; phone: 420-3767; fax: 420-2547; telex: 44600.



For serious sightseers, Chronicle Books has just published three excellent Architectural Guides: *Islamic Spain*, *Classical Turkey*, and *Mughal India*. The guides—each with over one hundred photographs, floor plans, maps, and illustrations—cost \$14.95 and are available at travel bookstores across the U.S.

Europe via the fast lane

Anyone planning a self-drive trip in Europe should know about Auto Exclusiv, a German firm that rents latest-model Porsches, BMWs, and Mercedeses by the week. Besides glamorous cars, Auto Exclusiv provides its clients with tips on routes, hotels, restaurants, and sights. Prices range from \$1,478 a week for a Mercedes 300 coupe to \$2,722 for a Porsche 930 Turbo; rates include third-party insurance, 250 miles a day, and VAT and are based on pickup at the Frankfurt airport. Cars can be delivered to other cities for an additional fee. Call (813) 526-6191.

With the renaissance in golf and golfing vacations, the designer golf bag is taking to the links.

Witness, CLOCKWISE

FROM TOP RIGHT,

Aquascutum's

plaid, \$275;

Fendi's

stripes,

\$2,500;

Hermès's

blond

beauty,

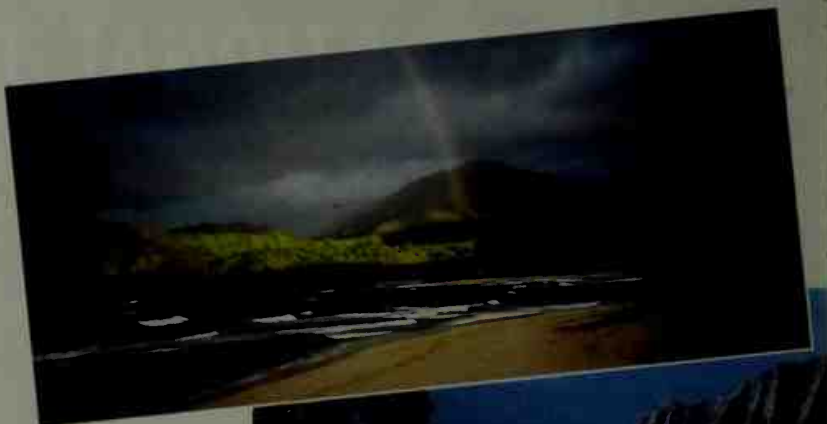
\$6,100;

and

Gucci's crocodile,

\$17,500. Details,

last pages.



A beach at Hanalei with rainbow on the Hawaiian island of Kauai, ABOVE; the view down the mountain-backed Na Pali coast on Kauai's north shore, RIGHT.



Hidden Hawaii

To see the Hawaii most tourists miss, consider one of Mountain Travel's Hawaii hiking weeks. Three itineraries are offered: one targets the volcanos, waterfalls, and beaches of the Big Island; a second takes in Maui's stark moonscapes and lush valleys; a third features Kauai and its spectacular Waimea Canyon and Na Pali coast.

Accommodations are a combination of low-key hotels, beach camps, and state park cabins. Trips depart year-round and often can be dovetailed to include two or three islands; \$890—\$990 covers all land expenses for a week. Phone (800) 227-2384 for details.

BACARDI Breezer

Bright. Light. Refreshing.



Breezer's the taste.

It's cool. Sparkling. And so special, it's unlike anything you've ever tasted. A splash of BACARDI® rum, a touch of sparkle, and luscious natural fruit juices, for taste as light as an island breeze.

BACARDI Breezer, in four inviting flavors, each with its own touch of paradise: Calypso Berry, Caribbean Key Lime, Island Peach, Tropical Fruit Medley. Available in convenient 4-packs.

Enjoy our good taste with your good judgment.

DRIVING

Ten thousand miles in a rented Pontiac: TAD FRIEND **drives across the U.S.** in search of America and finds himself on a lonely strip of Arizona highway



THERE ARE MANY BRAVE FORMULATIONS OF THE American urge to motor—one thinks of Kerouac, *Easy Rider*'s Captain America, Roger Miller belting out "King of the Road"—but perhaps the bravest was voiced by a mouse. E. B. White's Stuart Little, setting out to conquer America in his tiny car, felt that "as he peered ahead into the great land that stretched before him, the way seemed long. But the sky was bright, and he somehow felt he was headed in the right direction."

Even if you are more than two inches high, the way is indeed long. The first rule when writing about trans-American travel is that you have to drop some big numbers. Manifest destiny kind of numbers. Sea to shining sea kind of numbers. Here are mine: 7 weeks, 22 states, 10,000 miles, 61 burgers, 85 Cokes, 400 gallons of gas. Impelled by a restless, notional desire to see what was out there, what I was missing, I rented a Pontiac Sunbird and drove from Philadelphia south to New Orleans, west to

San Diego, north to San Francisco, down to Las Vegas and the Grand Canyon, across to Graceland, up to Niagara Falls, then back to Philadelphia, clocking sometimes 600 miles a day. American travel means going and going. Americans drive big cars on huge interstates and never go to the bathroom. Whereas the French, say, scoot around on their mopeds for a while and then go eat some brioche.

The danger is you become addicted to speed for its own sake and end up strung out after too many days on I-80 and its Shoney's-Wendy's-Motel 6-burdened service roads. The big interstates are fungible: traveling them is like roaring endlessly around a huge mall parking lot, only you're in a pointless race with a caravan of RVs nicknamed Odysseus. Glassy-eyed, you are roused only by the weird and colossal: the world's largest granite quarry (Mount Airy, NC); the world's largest insane asylum not located in Chicago (Milledgeville, GA); the ▶ 260



Ford Probe. It doesn't just follow the straight and narrow.

While most automobiles seem to travel a well-beaten path of look-alike design and performance, Ford Probe moves along different lines.

Inside and out.

Take the different lines, for example, that make up its sleek exterior. Probe cuts a figure as dynamic as it is aerodynamic.

Probe's interior also gives us plenty of room to talk. Intelligently laid out, with easy-to-reach controls and considerable interior space (for both front *and* rear seat passengers), it's one sports coupe that won't leave you cooped up.

Up and gone.

And with Probe LX's newly available Buckle up—together we can save lives.

3.0 liter V-6, you'll find it easy to move out on the road. Quick, responsive, and coupled with a tight-handling suspension, Probe turns corners as well as it turns heads.

The unique exhilaration of Ford Probe. Because middle-of-the-road is not where you want to be.

Transferable 6/60 Powertrain Warranty.

Covers you and future owners on major powertrain components for 6 years / 60,000 miles. Ask to see a copy of this limited warranty at your Ford Dealer.

Have you driven a Ford...lately?



DRIVING

world's largest nondowntown skyscraper (Transco Tower in Houston, TX); the world's largest rosebush (Tombstone, AZ); and the world's largest adobe structure (again, Tombstone, AZ, town of big things).

You have to get off the main roads and onto the blue highways to encounter the small, the local, the authentic. Signs that are handwritten are good guideposts. The sign in a Fresno barbershop that said, "Why not come to Don for prescriptions? He's not a doctor but he wears a white coat and he'll give you medical advice whether you want it or not." The sign in New Orleans that promised "French Situations! Female Imperatorators—Beautiful Men-Girls!" The one just past Chief Yellowhorse's souvenir stand at the Grand Canyon that said, "Nice Indian Behind You"; the carefully lettered one by the roadside near Macon, Georgia, that said, "Kenneth Lawrence, when are you going to return my chain binder and \$20?"

But after a while, about the time that I'd accumulated a small mountain of Coke cans and apple cores on the floor of the backseat and was thinking of nicknaming my car Odysseus, I tired of simply amassing authentic moments. I began looking for something that would encapsulate my idea of the American quest: a mythic locale where I'd want to live if I didn't need friends and a job. I found it on a 52-mile stretch between Valle and Flagstaff on Arizona's Highway 180.

On the map it looks unremarkable, a meandering tendon between Flagstaff and the Grand Canyon. The highway shadows the old stagecoach route, and the scenery looks much as it must have one hundred years ago. In *On the Road* Jack Kerouac wrote of this area: "Then we swung north to the Arizona mountains, Flagstaff, cliff towns. I had a book with me . . . but I preferred reading the American landscape as we went along. Every bump, rise, and stretch in it mystified my longing."

Leaving Valle, I turned east on 180 and followed its sinuous bankings through the desert scrub and piñon juniper. On the horizon ahead were the San Francisco peaks. They rise up more than 12,000 feet: old volcanoes that haven't erupted in nine hundred years, now only dimly threatening. There is tundra up there too, fragile and queer here in Arizona.

The two-lane road, black and smooth as oil, torqued upward into the Coconino National Forest, and the trees changed. Birch thickets surged toward the eye like an Ansel Adams exposure, and there were mournful and intermittent aspens. At the top of the windshield, on the dry north slope of the mountains, Douglas firs rose stiff and hardy. But the characteristic tree—Coconino has the world's largest stand—is the ponderosa pine, whose tidy bustles cocooned the car in dark green silence.

Midway along I hit a wide clearing, Kendrick Park, a good place to stop. There were mountains in the distance, pines in the middle distance, and a few cabins scattered on the plain. A golden retriever bounded out of one, barking furiously. In the shadow of the forest there was a long-deserted gas station, mute, lonely, iconically American. Its rusting pumps were rounded and gentle, falling, like old tombstones, into the surrounding meadow. The Arizona fescue grass was the color of hot butter, and the field seemed to drop off the horizon, giving me the heady sensation of striding a plateau at the top of the world.

With some reluctance, I returned to the swooping road as darkness gathered, heading toward Flagstaff, where the road dead-ends into old Route 66. I drove slowly, in no hurry, attentive to the oncoming headlights that disclosed the shadowed clearings. Highway 180 hasn't the majesty of Virginia's Blue Ridge Parkway or Highway 1 at Big Sur, but it has a dreamy sweetness. I felt safe and happy, as I did when I was young and dropping off to sleep in the backseat while my parents drove back from a party. And I began to wonder whether all this driving wasn't just a roundabout approach to taking the long way home. ●

Going cross-country

Driving across the country requires both mental and practical preparation. Since 1957, Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* has been inspiring beatniks and others to search for the meaning of life along highways and back streets; reading its wild tales of crisscrossing the U.S. is an excellent way to slip into a rambling frame of mind. Another source of folk wisdom is *Blue Highways*, by William Least Heat Moon, who traveled 13,000 miles of back roads, taking readers to places like Dime Box, TX, and Nameless, TN.

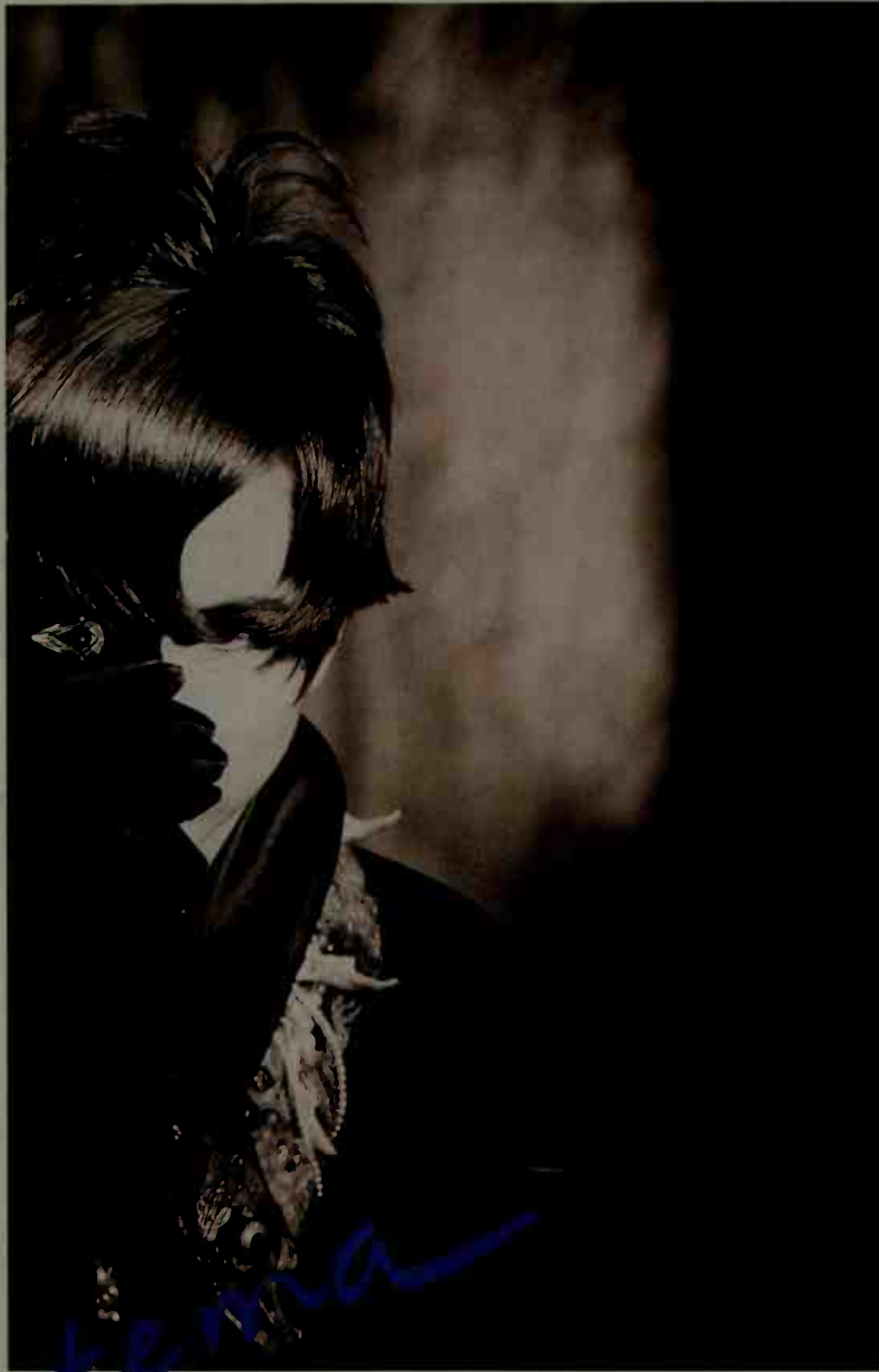
As important as the right mind-set is a reliable set of wheels, ready for high trans-America mileage (NYC to L.A. is 2,794 miles). Renting a car is an excellent option for long round-trips. Hertz offers unlimited mileage, daily and weekly rentals (a midsize Ford Mustang costs from \$189 per week, a luxury Cadillac Seville from \$319); for reservations, call (800) 654-3131. For one-way trips, consider signing up with a drive-away service. Transporting a car coast to coast restricts your route, and dates are



subject to car availability, but the cost is low—you pay only for gas and tolls—and the cars are notoriously top drawer. All America Auto Transport (800/CAR-SHIP) has twenty-two offices nationwide. Dependable (800/626-2505) has delivered over 75,000 cars since 1954. If an RV nicknamed *Odysseus* is your ideal, check with Cruise America (800/327-7778) about renting a motor home.

When plotting your route, Jane and Michael Stern's *Roadfood and Goodfood* restaurant guide (Knopf) is as indispensable as the *Rand McNally Road Atlas*. With mouth-watering details and amusing anecdotes, the Sterns lead you on an erratic and out-of-the-way course through the Lower 48. For even wackier detours, explore *Roadside America* (Simon & Schuster), a catalog of bizarre tourist attractions, from Einstein's brain to Elvis-A-Rama, and *A Field Guide to Interstate 95* (Madison), which highlights highway trivia and history from Maine to Florida.

With over 250 titles—including Anne Tyler's *Accidental Tourist*, read by John Malkovich, *Russia House*, read by the author, John Le Carré, and *Fast and Easy Japanese*—Random House's Audiobooks entertain or educate drivers for three hours at a time. Cassettes (\$7.95–\$14.95) are sold in bookstores and at truck stops.—ANNE ALEXANDER



© 1990 Sebastian International, Inc. Organza Coat by Jasper Conran • Jewelry by Simon Costain • Gloves by Cornelia James.

LAMINATES™ CONCENTRATE GEL. MEMORIZE YOUR HAIR.

Total recall for your hair begins with **LAMINATES CONCENTRATE GEL**. It's *the* light body styling gel with soft hold, smooth shine and the ability to remember how your hair looked yesterday. Memorize your hair today! Available at: LA COIFFE, Pavilion/Beachwood, OH and at fine salons everywhere. For the one nearest you, and a free gift,* call **800-829-SEBASTIAN**. In California, call **800-347-4HAIR**. Sebastian International® and our affiliated salons are committed to the fight to save the world's rain forests. **Because at Sebastian, it's more than how you look.™**

*At participating salons.

All retail Systema products are environmentally friendly and all packaging is recyclable. Sebastian International does not test on animals. Beware of counterfeit products. Quality guaranteed only when purchased in a salon.



NEW

Systema

BEFORE YOU MAKE YOUR MOVE...

MAKE CERTAIN
THAT YOUR
VOGUE
ACCOMPANIES
YOU!

At least 8 weeks
before you move —
send us your new
address (or name
change) and attach
the mailing label
from your latest
VOGUE.

Mail the
information to:

VOGUE

P.O. Box 55980
Boulder, CO 80322-5980

P.S. If you wish your
name removed from

VOGUE

subscriber lists
available for rental,
tell us that, too.

HOROSCOPE

By Athena Starwoman

This month's planet on the move is Jupiter, which visits each sign only once every twelve years. On August 18 it moves into Leo, where it will remain until September 12, 1991. Jupiter in Leo is bound to quicken flagging heartbeats, and individual and collective creativity will hit an all-time high. Confidence and energy are renewed. Highlight days: the first two weeks of August are a potential minefield—the full moon in Aquarius on the 6th is derailed by an eclipse, signifying revolutionary times ahead.

THE MYTH OF LEO

Throughout history all images of the Great Goddess as well as associated goddesses have been replaced by male figures or animals. The lion of the zodiac sign Leo is a flagrant example of her dethronement. The ancient symbol for Leo was a regal goddess walking before a lion, which followed obediently at her heels. This image symbolized her control of the lion's fierce power and the ability to direct it to a higher purpose, which is the ultimate goal of all Leos.

LEO

Yours is definitely the sign of the month as Jupiter, offering infinite possibilities, moves into Leo. Pleasure-seeking Venus joins Jupiter from August 13 to September 7, ensuring an entertaining and successful time ahead. But there's a catch. Past emotional conflicts are reignited by the Leo new moon on August 20, causing trouble in the family. Interesting times, aren't they?

VIRGO

This month you'll have great advice for others (Virgos make marvelous psychiatrists) and even some fine matchmaking in mind. But if you become a partner to anyone else's scheming and dreaming, you'll be sorry. Try to remain inconspicuous to avoid the certain devastation that will result from playing emotional games. This month, power lies in the unspoken word. Health problems are on the mend.

LIBRA

This year has been a time of learning and discovery for you. Experiences, both good and bad, have shown you the error of your assumptions about what you want and need from life. In August, expect these illuminations to continue. Problematic events are telling you in no uncertain terms that some relationships, financial setups, and business proposals aren't right. How do you go about resolving these problems? One step at a time.

SCORPIO

It is the Scorpio way to be a rebel with a cause and stand alone against overwhelming odds (your favorite kind!). Because of your independent demeanor, you may be labeled an unfriendly, unapproachable person. But it is important to tolerate other people's eccentricities. This month, collaborating with friends and colleagues will turn out to be a masterly personal and profitable business touch.

SAGITTARIUS

The ambiguous nature of your current circumstances may not engender any confidence. You are, however, actually making progress. The time has come to seek out people, entertain a wide variety of relationships, and explore business opportunities that will create extraordinary events and thrust you into the action. The success that has eluded you still lingers in the future. Stay on course.

HOROSCOPE ► 264

A woman with dark hair, wearing a black and white lace dress and long gloves, is smiling and holding a cigarette. The background is a plain, light color.

"Decisions are easy. When I get to a fork in the road, I eat."

VIRGINIA
SLIMS
MENTHOL

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY.



Also available
in Regular.

15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av.
per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

HOROSCOPE

THE BON MARC

FOLEY'S

L.S. AYRES

CAPRICORN

Your well-intentioned but misguided efforts at making everybody happy have revealed too late that it is impossible to fulfill all expectations. Caught up in arrangements that can't be altered, all you can do at present is keep a distance and try to maintain objectivity. If you become involved in the moral dilemmas of others, you'll once again end up with the bill, the blame, and the inconvenience. Don't waver.

AQUARIUS

The Aquarian full moon and eclipse in August are part of a yearlong cycle that creates turmoil this month. Taking definite steps, perhaps toward compromise, will ease your inner confusion and untangle contradictory emotions. Others are poised to run away from their obligations, but think twice about joining them—you'd be operating with muddled motives. You are feeling pressed to perform. The good news: the more problems you face, the more you will be rewarded.

PISCES

The events of the past months have made you question your assumptions about the people and circumstances in your life. Although beauty and passion are always of prime importance for any Pisces, this month you can't allow your romantic nature to alter your resolve to be strong. Your recent disillusionment means that others must double their efforts if they wish to touch your heart. Second-rate romance will no longer do.

ARIES

You have faced many a weird and wonderful crisis this year, yet you are not daunted. You have become battle-hardened and resilient, proving that you can't keep a good Aries down! Although there are more such character-enhancing incidents before you, this month's will mostly be the better sort. During the third week of August you must run an obstacle course of fate—be careful not to damage important relationships!

TAURUS

This month your sign is ascending and Mars, the single-edged-dagger planet, is in Taurus throughout. With the fiery drive of Mars, you have the courage to face the world and claim the riches you deserve. Seize this rare opportunity and make improvements all around. But be cautious with your comments—don't fall prey to your pushy tendencies. Life should take on meaning and make progress, not become a battleground.

GEMINI

The astrological forces behind Gemini in August are unhappily timed to undermine your present endeavors—unless you resolve issues before the 26th, when Mercury goes retrograde. Should you remain indecisive, uncertainty and peevish disagreements will arise. To counter the effects of your ruler being off the cosmic wall, dispense with sloppy planning and outmaneuver any opposition prior to the 26th (embark upon trips before then, too).

CANCER

The recent two new moons in your sign have created a batch of mixed blessings (probably highlighting the best and worst features in your relationships). You are confused about the future just when important decisions must be made. To muddle matters more, Venus, the love-struck planet, is in Cancer until the 13th, stirring your emotional desires. Watch out for those who will not pull their own weight. Don't take on their responsibilities. ●



LASPATA/DECARO STUDIO



capezio bags

Salt has become a four-letter word. But is the hysteria justified?

JEFFREY STEINGARTEN looks at research—and recipes—to crystallize some thoughts on salt

THE YANOMAMO INDIANS OF northern Brazil have the most famous blood pressure in the world because it is the lowest. You can hardly read an article about blood pressure these days that doesn't drag in the Yanomamo Indians of northern Brazil. I am amazed that the Yanomami can stay so calm surrounded by giant bugs, snakes, and investigators forever taking their blood pressure, which at last report averaged an amazingly low 95 over 61. The average blood pressure in the United States is 120 over 80—halfway between the Yanomami and hypertension, which means exactly the same thing as high blood pressure and starts at 140 over 90. A fifth of all Americans are hypertensive, but none of the Yanomami are. This is lucky for the Yanomami because high blood pressure multiplies your chances of having a heart attack, kidney disease, or a stroke.

The Yanomami eat incredibly tiny amounts of salt, and we eat lots of it, which has led some doctors to imagine that eating salt causes hypertension. The Yanomami consume about 87 milligrams of salt a day, which occurs naturally in their food and equals two shakes from a standard saltshaker. Americans eat 12,000 milligrams of salt, about 266 shakes, a day, most of it added in cooking and processing. (The weight of an average shake has, to my knowledge, never before been published. To compute it, I loaded my saltshaker with 15 grams of salt, counted 330 shakes before it was empty, did it again for accuracy's sake and reached the same result, divided 330 shakes into 15 grams and arrived at 45 milligrams per shake.)

Does eating salt cause high blood pressure? Mankind has a great deal riding on this question, because—no matter what some people may tell you—salt is indispensable to good food and good cooking. It sharpens and defines the inherent flavors of foods and magnifies

their natural aromas. Salt unites the diverse tastes in a dish, marries the sauce with the meat, and turns the pallid sweetness of vegetables into something complex and savory. Salt also deepens the color of most fruits and vegetables and keeps cauliflower white. Salt controls the ripening of cheese and improves its texture, strengthens the gluten in bread, and preserves and transforms meat and fish. Cooked without salt, most dishes taste dull and lifeless. That's why in a recent issue of *Cook's* magazine, America's leading chefs lined up on the side of salt.

There are thirty-five low-salt cookbooks on the market today. Most of them substitute mountains of herbs, spices, garlic, and onions for salt. When it is cooked, the food tastes mainly of herbs, spices, garlic, and onions instead of what you wanted for dinner in the first place, like a nice plump four-pound chicken rubbed with a tablespoon of poultry fat and then a teaspoon of salt and roasted at 425 degrees for ninety minutes until the skin is golden and crackling and the juices run rich with flavor. Be sure to baste every ten minutes.

We are probably the first generation since the beginning of the world to be paranoid about salt. We would all die without salt. It is the only mineral we eat straight out of the ground. Salt was venerated in primitive cultures and exchanged as money where it was ► 268

Primal flavor: Salt-and-Pepper Shrimp and New Potatoes Baked on Sea Salt





Announcing Cathy Hardwick's
new sportswear collections featuring her
striking gold cotton swing jacket, \$64.00,
striped funnel-neck cotton stretch tee, \$26.00,
and short black cotton/lycra skirt, \$26.00.

CATHY HARDWICK

SEARS

Now something for everybody.

scarce. Our blood and our bodies are as salty as the seas from which life emerged, which may explain cannibalism in places where salt is in short supply. The earliest roads were built to transport salt, the earliest taxes were levied on it, military campaigns were launched to secure it, and African children were sold into slavery for it. Salt gave Venice its start in the sixth century as the commercial capital of Europe, caused the French Revolution, nearly defeated Mao Tse-tung, and helped Gandhi bring India to independence.

Because we need salt to live, we are genetically programmed to crave it starting four months after we are born. Salt phobics argue that since only a fifth of a gram of salt a day—200 milligrams, or a medium-large pinch—is absolutely essential to our survival, anything more than that must surely be excessive. Isn't that silly? How much music or poetry a day is essential for our survival? How much sex do we absolutely need to propagate the species? How much salt must we eat to survive, and how much do we need to have a nice day? Every human society with easy access to salt eats forty times the minimum, and the reason is simple. Salt gives us pleasure by making food taste better. Then, after dinner, our bodies eliminate the salt we don't need. That is why God gave us kidneys.

If salt caused high blood pressure, the average American would be hypertensive, which is not the case. I eat all the salt I want, much more than the Yanomami do, and my blood pressure is slightly below normal. My wife's is even lower, and she eats what I do because I do all the cooking. Vegetarians generally have lower blood pressure than carnivores, yet both take in about the same amount of salt.

It was while contemplating the vacuous taste of an unsalted potato chip that I decided to read through the medical research about salt and hypertension from the past decade or so and find out why America's public-health establishment gets so steamed up about it. Having done so, I still can't understand what the fuss is all about. The animal studies are completely inconclusive—some animals are sensitive to salt, others are resistant, some get high blood pressure when they are stressed, others do not. One research group managed to raise the blood pressure of healthy laboratory rats only by feeding them an 8 percent salt diet, the equivalent of two cups a day for you and me. Clinical studies with human beings have never shown that salt can cause hypertension in healthy people.

Nineteen eighty-eight was the year of the great salt showdown, the massive Intersalt study. Fifty-two centers were established in thirty-two countries around the world, from Argentina to Zimbabwe (the Yanomami were of course included, along with three other isolated Stone Age cultures), and 10,079 subjects in all were tested. The results were extremely distressing to those

who had hoped to prove a link, once and for all, between salt and blood pressure. The four isolated cultures did show extremely low salt excretion and extremely low blood pressure. But the researchers could find no significant link in the rest of the world between salt and blood pressure.

The Yanomami eat bananas and starchy roots all day; you need to go to such extremes to lower your blood pressure through diet. Nearly everybody in the modern world eats between two and five grams of sodium a day (1 and 2½ teaspoons of salt). Tinkering with your salt intake in this range will not affect your blood pressure. As the Harvard Medical School Health Letter concluded about the Intersalt study: "It seems unlikely that salt intake is a major influence on the development of hypertension in most of the world's populations."

Obesity and alcohol intake *are* strongly associated with high blood pressure, and you can do yourself a great favor by losing weight and drinking less. And Intersalt did show that the more salt people eat, on average, the more sharply their blood pressure increases as they grow older. But the numbers are unimpressive. If everybody in America slashed his or her salt consumption from eight grams a day to two, the average blood pressure would go down by only 2 percent.

Some people *are* extremely sensitive to salt; their blood pressure goes way up when they eat it and down when they don't. Of the 20 percent of Americans who develop hypertension, between one-third and one-half of them are salt-sensitive—no more than a tenth of the population. They should avoid it, as should people with congestive heart failure, liver disease, or kidney disease. If you have high blood pressure, you probably know it already; ask your doctor to find out whether you are salt-sensitive.

But the other 90 percent of us can handle just about all the salt we feel like eating. Why public-health officials would want the entire population to act as if we were allergic to salt is beyond me, especially since nobody has ever been able to demonstrate that moderate salt restriction makes much of a difference to anyone. It's like making everybody wear eyeglasses just because a few of us need them. Yet that's what most government health authorities urge. They never bother to calculate the profound benefits that scrumptious food can bring to our otherwise desperate lives. In a thousand-plus pages of federal nutrition reports I was unable to locate any instance of the words *delicious*, *delectable*, *savory*, or *yummy*. And the committees that wrote the reports did not include one noted chef, even though they are devoted to telling America, in the most heartbreaking detail, how it should eat.

The Yanomami may win popularity contests in the blood pressure industry, but they really have nothing to tell us about how to live. Their hormone systems ► 270

**We are probably
the first
generation ever
to be paranoid
about salt**



**The problem with illiteracy is it's
so contagious.**

In America, illiteracy is spreading like the worst kind of disease. At least 23% of American women are functionally illiterate. And since women are still the primary caretakers of children, the cycle continues to be passed down, from generation to generation.

Coors would like to help you get involved in our nation's fight against illiteracy. Call 1-800-228-8813 and we'll send you information about volunteer and adult learning opportunities in your community. Do it now.

And help us give women and their children a healthier future.

Literacy. Pass it on.



**Coors Foundation
For Family Literacy.**

are in a constant and unusual state of alertness against the loss of any sodium at all, almost as though their condition were an illness; injury and bleeding can be disastrous for them. And you would be appalled to read how the Yanomami behave when they're not having their blood pressure taken: *almost half of all Yanomamo men have killed someone, and a third of Yanomamo deaths are the result of violence!* Most of these homicides are part of an endless cycle of revenge between warring villages. Killers enjoy high social status and get many more wives than men who have not killed. (I think the Yanomami consider more wives a good thing.) All Yanomami live in constant terror of violent death. They also take psychedelic drugs.

To be perfectly frank, the Yanomami are a bunch of blood-thirsty maniacs who make Abu Nidal look like a scoutmaster. Personally, I wouldn't be at all surprised if their tasteless behavior is caused entirely by their tiny consumption of salt. But I doubt that the blood pressure industry is looking into this.

Growing up in a hysterical anti-salt environment, a whole generation of America's future homemakers lacks the slightest notion of how to cook with it and how the various types of salt taste and behave. My young friends Jennifer and Lydia, who claim to have graduated from elite eastern colleges, didn't even know until I told them that the water for pasta must be vigorously salted before the pasta goes in (a tablespoon for each quart and four quarts of water for a pound of pasta) or the noodles themselves will taste bland no matter how well you salt the sauce. The same goes for potatoes. But peas and legumes should be salted at the end of their cooking or their skins will harden and split. Usually, salt added at the table becomes the dominant flavor, doesn't bind the other tastes together, and leaves you with a salty aftertaste. But sometimes you love the feeling of salt crystals against your tongue, as on pretzels, crackers, and chips.

When you cook a meat broth or a sauce, salting at the beginning draws the meat's flavors and body into the liquid; salting at the end leaves them in the meat. Don't salt fried foods before you cook them or they will become soggy in the fryer, but be sure to salt them as soon as they are done. Food eaten cold needs more salt in cooking than food served hot. Add salt to your salad at the very last minute or the greens will wilt; tossing coarse salt into a salad immediately before serving it (not into the dressing) will add a sparkle and a crunch.

I have prescribed two terrific high-salt dishes for Jennifer and Lydia, to help cure their salt paranoia, and you might want to try them too.

NEW POTATOES BAKED ON SEA SALT

(adapted from Paula Wolfert's *World of Food*)

Paula has a wonderful recipe for new potatoes baked on a bed of sea salt. The hot salt radiates an aromatic steam that imbues the potatoes with a soft hint of sea air. Their texture is creamy perfection, neither gummy nor waterlogged nor flaky. The method is three hundred years old and calls for *fleur de sel*, the pink crystals produced in the first skimming of salt from the flats of the Ile de Ré on the Charentais coast of France. "Gourmets come to the Ile de Ré from all over the world to taste this salt on fresh fish," Paula writes. I've already made my airline reservations, but in the meanwhile several tries with various readily available brands of sea salt ▶ 272

PURE PENDLETON.®

Petites available at these
and other fine stores.

ALASKA

Brewsters Pendleton, Anchorage

ARIZONA

Arizona Pendleton, Mesa: Fiesta Mall
• Tucson: Tucson Mall
Desert Pendleton, Phoenix: Metro
Center

CALIFORNIA

Brea Pendleton, Brea
Buffalo Shirt Co., Half Moon Bay
Bullock's, Southern California Stores
Campbell's, Stockton
Carmel Pendleton, Carmel
Circa, Mendocino
Country Classics, Claremont
Crystal Court Pendleton, Costa Mesa
Emporium, San Francisco: Bay Area
Locations
Ford's, Pacific Grove
Henshey's, Santa Monica
The Highlander Shops, San Bernardino
Liebergs', Alhambra
Moore's Department Store, Lompoc
Nordstrom, Hillsdale: Hillsdale Mall
• Palo Alto: Stanford • San Jose:
Oakridge Mall • San Francisco: San
Francisco Centre, Stonestown
Galleria • Santa Clara: Valley Fair
Rileys, San Luis Obispo County
San Diego Pendleton, San Diego
San Francisco Pendleton, San Francisco
San Gabriel Valley Pendleton, San
Marino
Santa Barbara Pendleton, Santa Barbara
The Smart Shop, Lancaster
South Bay Pendleton, Torrance
The Sport Shop, Laguna Hills
Sullivan's, Bakersfield
Walnut Creek Pendleton, Walnut Creek

IDAHO

Snake River Pendleton, Twin Falls:
Magic Valley Mall

NEVADA

Bullock's, Las Vegas

OREGON

1893 Shops, McMinnville
The Clothes Tree, Albany • Corvallis:
Downtown
Frederick & Nelson, Beaverton:
Washington Square
Griffith's Dept. Store, Grants Pass:
Grants Pass Shopping Center
Jennie's, Coos Bay
Made in Oregon, Beaverton: Washington
Square • Portland: Airport • Salem:
Downtown
Meier & Frank, Beaverton: Washington
Square • Clackamas: Clackamas
Town Center • Eugene • Portland:
Lloyd Center
The Portland Pendleton Shop, Portland
Reed & Cross, Eugene

WASHINGTON

Bellevue Pendleton, Bellevue
Frederick & Nelson, Bellevue • Everett
• Olympia • Seattle: Downtown,
Southcenter • Spokane: Downtown,
Northtown, University City
• Tacoma: Lakewood, Tacoma
Mall
Rottle's, Auburn
Seattle Pendleton, Seattle

PURE WOOL. PURE PENDLETON.®

PETITES

Modern romance:

weaving country appeal with city finesse. Perfectly petite shaping, thoroughly bred in an authentic Baird Tartan of exclusive pure virgin wools. Prices appeal too, at about: velvet-accented jacket, 160.00; skirt, 98.00;

Country Sophisticates® blouse, 68.00. At fine stores. Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, OR 97207.



PURE VIRGIN WOOL

Fashion in a new light...
and VOGUE leads the way to
a bright season with VOGUESTYLE.
An exclusive in-store event hosted
by a VOGUE Merchandising Editor,
VOGUESTYLE features the last word
on fall fashion...the most
important new accessories...the
latest beauty trends. Plus, receive
VOGUE's exclusive gift bag and
special fall fashion booklet.
Check VOGUE's September issue
for additional stores near you.

NORDSTROM
Bellevue, WA

VOGUESTYLE Fashion Show
Tuesday, August 28
6:30 p.m. Reception
7:00 p.m. Fashion Show

Hyatt Regency Bellevue
900 Bellevue Way N.E.

Nordstrom Bellevue Concierge
(206) 455-5800 x490

FOOD

have met with great success. Sea salt is expensive, but you can freshen it with a little new sea salt and use it again.

1½ lbs. small new potatoes
1½ cups coarse sea salt

Preheat the oven to 450°. Wash the potatoes and dry them. Line the bottom of an enameled cast-iron pot (between eight and ten inches in diameter) with the salt and lay the potatoes on it in one layer. Cover tightly and bake for forty-five minutes to an hour or until a small knife slides easily into the potatoes. Let stand outside the oven for five minutes with the cover askew. Brush off the salt crystals that adhere to the potatoes and serve with or without butter.

SALT-AND-PEPPER SHRIMP

The Yun Luk Rice Shoppe on Doyers Street in Chinatown was among the best Cantonese restaurants in New York ten years ago when Henry Hugh was chef, and I recently tracked Henry down to see if he would part with the recipe for his delicious shrimp. Salt is the main flavoring, and it seems to bind the sweet juices of the shrimp to the surface of the shells, where they caramelize and take on an almost smoky taste. The dish uses three teaspoons of salt, about 15,000 milligrams, which is the average salt ration of a Yanomamo family of four, if they have families of four, for six weeks. (But unless you swallow all the shells, you will consume only a fraction of the salt.) The recipe serves two as a main course or four as an appetizer.

1 lb. medium-large shrimp (14–16 per pound), shells on
3 tsp. salt (15,000 mg.)
4 cups peanut oil
2 tsp. cornstarch
1 garlic clove, minced
1 fresh red hot pepper (an inch or two long if very hot, longer if milder), chopped finely without removing the seeds or internal membranes
1 tsp. dry sherry
3 scallions, white part only, finely shredded

With heavy scissors cut all along the back of each shrimp through the shell and halfway down into the flesh; devein and rinse well under cold water. Soak the shrimp for ten minutes in one teaspoon of the salt dissolved in a cup of cold water. Drain and pat dry in paper towels without rinsing.

In a wok slowly bring the oil to about 400°. (If you prefer, use two cups of oil instead of four and fry the shrimp in two batches.) Just before frying, sprinkle the cornstarch over the shrimp through a sieve and toss to coat evenly. Fry the shrimp for one minute, tumbling them in the oil. Empty the contents of the wok into a large strainer set over a bowl to collect the oil.

Return ½ tablespoon of oil to the wok, heat, add the garlic and chopped pepper, cook for ten seconds without browning, add the shrimp and 2 teaspoons of salt, toss a few times, sprinkle with the dry sherry, toss, cover for ten seconds, uncover, toss a few more times for about ten seconds, remove to a serving plate, and garnish with the scallions. Eat the shrimp with your fingers or with chopsticks, sucking the burnished salt and juices from the shells before discarding them. Or you can eat the shells too. ●

U N I S S A[®]



© 1990 Calvin Klein, Inc.



Calvin Klein

Boston

Palm Beach

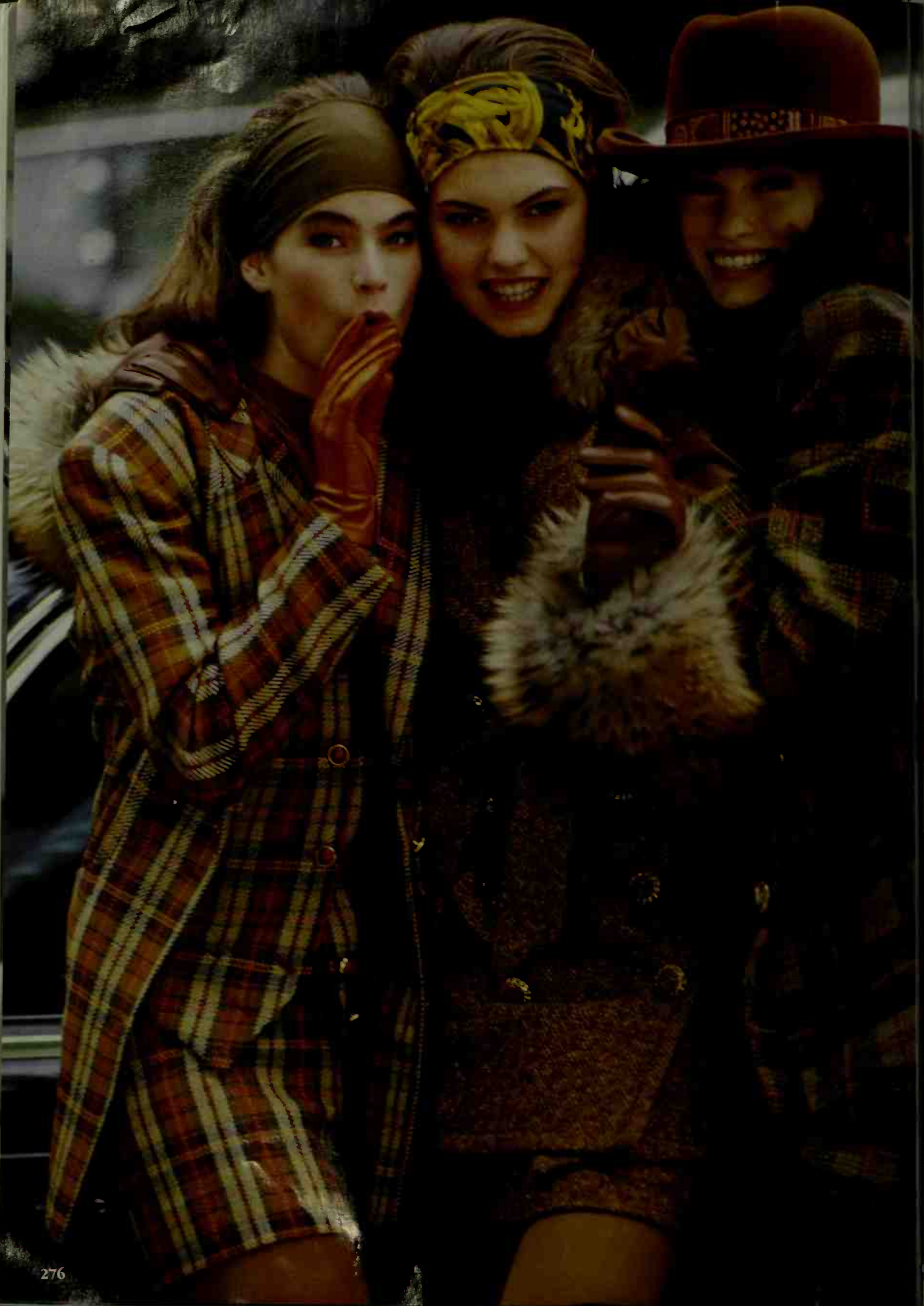
Dallas

VOGUE

POINT OF VIEW

first look at fall

Call it the puritan ethic, a hangover from the days of neat white collars and severe black suits. Call it an economic awareness that puts **practicality** first. But no matter what fashion shenanigans designers send down the runway, what ends up on women's backs is always something, well, sensible. Let French women stalk their lovers in shoes with Eiffel Tower heels; levelheaded Americans will opt for **low pumps**. Let Italian women drag bolts of chiffon behind them at night; quick-witted Yankees grab **the body-hugging dress** that hops into a cab. And as you'll see, nowhere has that penchant for practicality taken a bigger hold than on **day fashion** for fall. There's a barrage of refreshing looks that borrow inspiration from **casual country living**—three-piece suits in colorful country checks, jackets in bright **hunting plaids** trimmed with leather. Slim pants and riding boots hit the city sidewalks as well, making way for the refined parka in silk or taffeta—**the overcoat of the season**. Even the most humble backpack gets an uncommon dressing-up in alligator. "Women want to choose things they know and love," says Manolo Blahnik, who created a collection of chic country shoes (such as patent-leather moccasins) for the city this fall, "and emphasize the quality." . . . Continuing the country-in-the-city idea: the **strapless dress**, which suddenly appears in all manner of thick, colorful wool tweeds and knits. Slipped under a daytime jacket, it's the perfect **alternative to a suit**. At night it goes out with nothing at all on top. . . . Practicality also has a hand in the current attraction of **accessories**. Now the key players in fashion, they extend the life of any wardrobe and give it that **personal twist**. "It may have to do with economics," says Paloma Picasso. "Until a few years ago, women would buy anything new, then end up looking like a fashion plate for the designer. Now they know that everyone can wear an accessory differently." . . . More news comes from a group of rebel designers. Running as a deliberate crosscurrent to designers enamored of country chic, these young turks are reviving **the spirit of the mod generation** with legs in layers, legs that shine and twinkle. Short boots are paired with white tights and miniskirts; harlequin diamonds dance their way between satin boots and paisley tops. Shoes lace up the leg or team up with lace stockings. . . . And that's not all. There are heaps of **giant faux jewels** to scatter across the most basic little black dresses, to add glint, dazzle, and shine to the neck or wrists, to push an already heavily beaded and embroidered evening dress to the limit. . . . There are also **legions of shoes and boots**—some with beaded fringe, with jeweled clips, with embroidery and rhinestones. . . . "The great thing about accessories," says Picasso, "is that there is **no right or wrong**. Everyone wears them her own way."



This fall, designers are lifting pattern and shape from casual country clothes and dressing them up for the city. Style boundaries blur, and what was formerly weekend wear hits weekday streets. A new hybrid—the urban sport—is born.

The result is sportswear as rich and

fashion's new ease

sophisticated as it gets: fur-trimmed tweed, a taffeta parka, suede leggings,

velvet oxfords, the knapsack in alligator.

Now every designer—European and American—is breaking the old rules, as casual chic becomes international law

An urbane harvest of color and texture. OPPOSITE PAGE: Two- and three-piece plaid and tweed suits with a real sense of finish. Left to right: long plaid jacket (about \$750), vest (about \$470), and short skirt (about \$275) by Salvatore Ferragamo. Salvatore Ferragamo Women's Boutique, NYC; Swansons on the Plaza; Neiman Marcus. Wool tweed jacket with raccoon collar and cuffs (about \$1,510), merino wool turtleneck (about \$250), and wool skirt (about \$230) by Zang Toi. Martha International, NYC; Carol Levitt, Locust Valley NY; Neiman Marcus. Plaid wool jacket (about \$1,545) and wool skirt (about \$360) by Christian Lacroix Prêt à Porter. Martha. Fall color scheme: a makeup palette of rich neutrals. Far left: on eyes, Barcelona Eyeshadow and Light, from Prescriptives' Trends 91 line. Center: on cheeks, Maquiriche Blushing Powder in Gilded Bronze, from Lancôme. Near left: on lips, Givenchy's Beauté Lipstick #7. In this story: hair, Stephen Rose for Faces, Paris; makeup, Michel Delarue. Details, more stores, last pages.



Chanel's newest signature quilting? On a parka. OPPOSITE PAGE. Over a white shirt, black cat suit. Parka, shirt (about \$785), and cat suit (about \$1,260) by Chanel. Jacket and cat suit at Barneys New York. Jacket at Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. THIS PAGE:

Double duty: Mario Valentino's cotton cocoon coat that reverses to fake fur; wool stirrup pants. Jacket (about \$900) and pants (about \$300). Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC; Neiman Marcus. Details, last pages.

A woman with blonde hair pulled back, wearing sunglasses and a large, voluminous white fur coat with a wide collar and cuffs. She is walking on a paved path that curves through a green lawn. She is wearing white stirrup pants and white high-heeled shoes. The background is a soft-focus green lawn with some trees in the distance.

Beyond the pale: ecru, one of the most important colors in every collection

fashion's new ease

Athletic prowess: conventional sportswear pieces reworked in the most luxurious fabrics. THIS PAGE From one of Calvin Klein's best sporty-yet-elegant collections, his camel-hair coat, riding pants and boots. Coat, about \$1,275. Lamb's-wool-and-cashmere turtleneck, about \$165. Wool pants, about \$335. Barneys New York; Calvin Klein Store, Chestnut Hill MA; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. New neutral on eyes: from Estee Lauder's fall 1990 color collection. Camel Beige Signature Eyeshadow Single OPPOSITE PAGE Fall's strongest proportion—the short quilted parka, long slim stirrup pants, Claude Montana's suede parka, wool-and-elastic pants (about \$565). Both at Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills. Details, more stores, last pages.





Newly citified
sporting goods—
riding pants,
ski leggings





As city weeks move into country weekends, the only coat you need to bring.

OPPOSITE PAGE Gianfranco Ferré's opossum-trimmed silk jacket over his shirt, sweater, and narrow suede pants. Jacket, sweater, and pants at Romanoff Boutique, Coconut Grove FL. Jacket and sweater at Neiman Marcus. Jacket also at Jimmy's, Brooklyn.

The city-right lip color:

Revlon's Super Lustrous Lipstick in Sahara Rose. **THIS PAGE:** This year's city suit—still big on plaid in bold colors and on fabric with nubby texture (wool bouclé).

The added difference: fringe. Bill Blass suit. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Montaldo's. Details, more stores, last pages.



A more subtle way to wear fur, THIS PAGE. Fendi's taffeta parka lined with golden sable. Jacket, leggings, turtleneck, gloves, and headband by Fendi—New York. Fendi—New York, Bal Harbour FL; Neiman Marcus.

OPPOSITE PAGE. Perfect companion to the new slim pants: ankle boots, here recalling gentlemen's spats. Boots (about \$395) by Robert Clergerie. Barneys New York; Neiman Marcus; Ecrú, Los Angeles. Suede trousers (about \$790) by Michael Kors. Bergdorf Goodman; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; The Gazebo, Dallas. Details, more stores, last pages.



Country comes to town: the ultraluxurious
parka, the short boot

fashion's new ease





thinking mink, THIS PAGE: Calvin Klein takes
humble duffle coat and makes it chic—in
The same revisionist thinking: Hermès's
enim here, in button-front jeans. Coat,
Calvin Klein for Alixandre. Revillon at Saks
5th Avenue; The Fur Salon at Nan Duskin,
Philadelphia; Saks Jandel, Washington DC.
weater with detachable print cuffs (about
\$1,100), jeans (about \$325), scarf (about
\$195), and gillies (about \$525), all by
Hermès. Pullover and jeans at Hermès, NYC,
Manhasset NY, Chicago. Scarf and gillies at
Hermès, NYC, Chicago. OPPOSITE PAGE Just
how dressed up country flats can get—with
monochromatic tights or pants, they're the
perfect alternative to city heels. Far left:
lace-ups by Calvin Klein Footwear, about
\$25. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's. Fogal
Switzerland tights. Parka, jacket, and skirt,
Calvin Klein. Center: shoes by Fratelli
Rossetti, about \$250. Fratelli Rossetti, NYC;
Silhouette, Chevy Chase MD. Tights by Hot
Sox, about \$15. Barneys New York; Sox
Appeal, Denver. Jacket and skirt, Zang Toi.
Far left: Joan & David oxfords, about \$160.
Joan & David, NYC, Boston, Los Angeles.
Socks by Ralph Lauren Hosiery, about \$31.
Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Birmingham MI.
Jacket and pants, Michael Kors. Details,
more stores, last pages.




fashion's new ease

Weekday or weekend: a casual plaid jacket dressed up with a cashmere polo sweater, silk scarf, THIS PAGE.

Hermès jacket (about \$1,795), sweater (about \$1,595), and jeans (about \$325). Hermès, NYC, Manhasset NY; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. A crisp fragrance for fall days: Amazone Eau de Parfum by Hermès. OPPOSITE PAGE: Urban renewal—country

accessories done up to the nth degree. Clockwise from top left: no longer just for the horse set—an Hermès scarf tied into a headband. The oxford in cosmopolitan velvet, from Escada. Leather bucket bag and gold-studded suede bag by Paloma Picasso; plus the ultimate knapsack—Chanel's—in alligator. In from the cold:

black riding boots with deep burgundy cuffs, Calvin Klein Footwear. A parka as rugged as L.L. Bean's but with a lot more finesse: Jean Paul Gaultier's. A blaze of color—not-so-country gillies by Hermès. Color and texture mix: Renaud Pellegrino gauntlets. Sunglasses, Christian Lacroix. Details, more stores, last pages.



The A-line appears almost everywhere; one of the best. THIS PAGE Jaeger's wool coat About \$625. At all Jaeger stores. The chicest schoolbag in town: by Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. OPPOSITE PAGE: Three easy pieces—a short coat, jacket, and skirt—in tweed. Coat (about \$1,460), jacket (about \$990), skirt (about \$375), and sweater (about \$460); all, Collection by Ralph Lauren. Bloomingdale's: Polo/Ralph Lauren, Birmingham MI. Details, more stores, last pages.

fashion's new ease





*Inspiration à la sixti
(with a little seventi
thrown in) strik
bitting from the leg on u
The black leg switches
a wild palette of patter
color, even glitt*

**'60s
something**



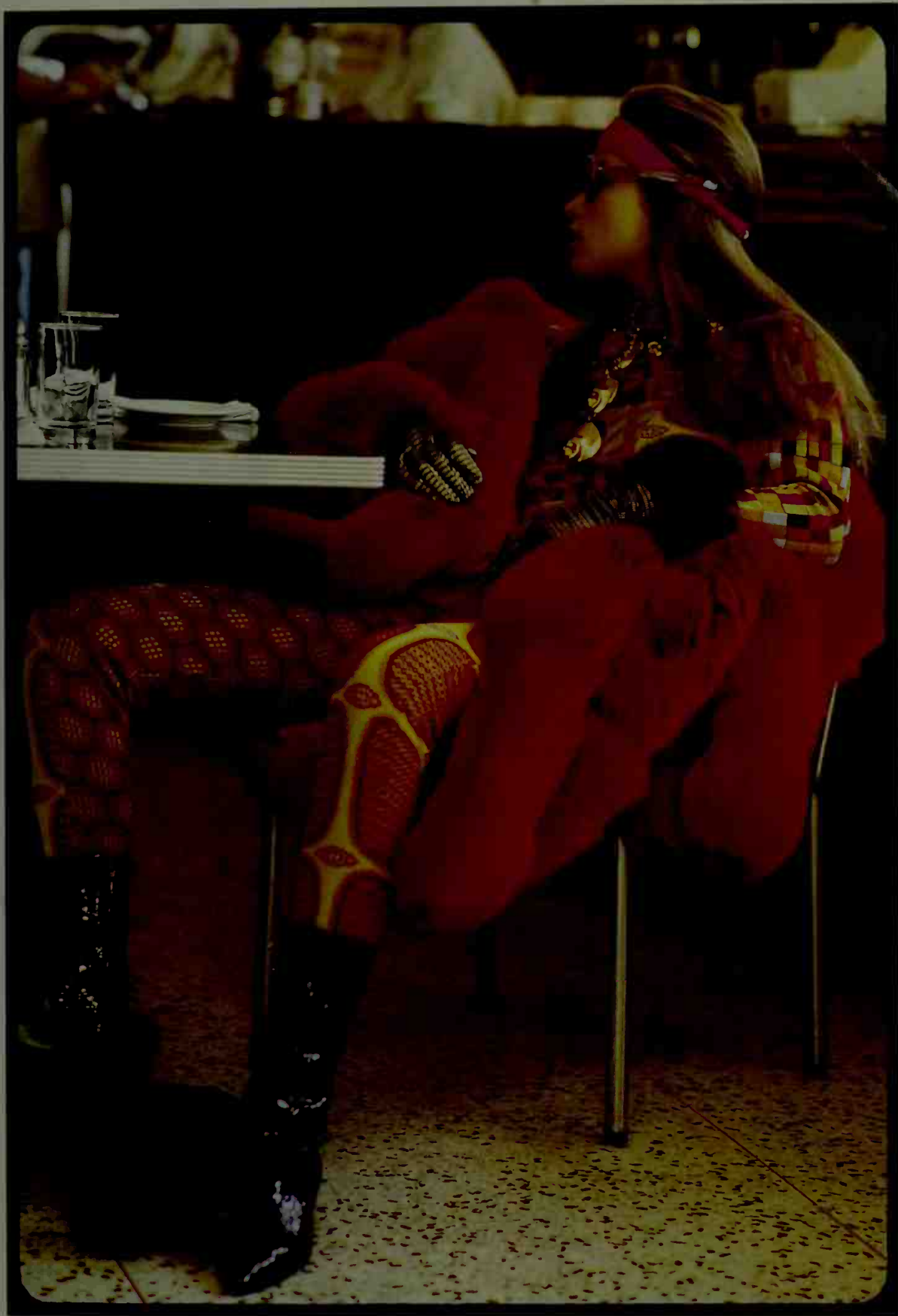
Going to new lengths: stockings and leggings layered one over the other; shoes go from the ankle to over the knee.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Shoe by Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Windowpane leggings, Hue, over Danskin tights. Red boots by Jungle Shoes for Patricia Field. Black Stephane Kélian boots. Hue leggings. Red shoes, Claude Montana for Stephane Kélian. Hue sequined stockings. Boots by Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Harlequin stockings by Dolci Calze. These pages: location, the Coffee Shop, NYC; hair, Mitch Barry; makeup, Marie-Josée Lafontaine. Details, stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Polly Mellen
Photographer: Walter Chin

Solidly gold, **THIS PAGE**, far left: pumps, Sidonie Larizzi for Christian Lacroix. Mesh stockings by Pierre Mantoux (about \$30). Barneys New York; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Near left: thigh-high, neospace-age boots by Maud Frizon (about \$1,225). Maud Frizon Boutique, NYC. Cotton and Lycra leggings by Isaac Mizrahi (about \$120). Barneys New York; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Charles Sumner, Boston. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Head-to-toe graphics in a rough knit, set off with shiny faux-croc boots. Wool and viscose leggings (about \$740) by Christian Lacroix Prêt-à-Porter. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Harriet Kassman, Washington DC; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Maud Frizon Club boots (about \$615). Maud Frizon Boutique, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.





*Gold stockings and an uninhibited
scramble of pattern that
boasts inspiration from the sixties*

The sixties was the last time in living memory that legs had any real fun. Skirts were short, so legs could show off ankle bracelets. Legs wore stockings in dizzy Op-Art patterns, fishnet. Legs had their very

own bronze makeup. Vogue, with a straight face, even encouraged readers to put blush on their kneecaps.

Nothing amusing in what came next: in the seventies stockings were enriched with punk's signature rips and holes. Then came the eighties, which boasted ankle-length or leg-baring skirts—but in either case gams were clad in glum black opaques. Today sixties legs are back, prodded by the monochromatic recycling of sixties fashions in clothes. There's a resurgence of the "little nothing" shift, beloved by Jackie O. and the tribe of ladies who lunched back then. Lacroix does the cat suit. Roehm picks up on such fine period details as leather trim and welt stitching. Pucci has made a wildly heralded comeback. Kamali, bless her, has put patchwork back on the map.

Even those designers who were still in diapers in the swinging sixties have come out with their versions. Mizrahi does the turtle-neck and the wrap skirt. CD Greene likes the paillette-plated trapeze dress. Christian Francis Roth's collection this season featured bright, plain colors, clean and simple lines, and graphic, Pop Art-ish takeoffs of Crayola crayons.

While they are borrowing bits and pieces of sixties looks, designers are also including a fresh emphasis on the leg. There's a richer stocking wardrobe available. Leggings are layered over tights; see-through stockings contrast with plain; 3-D textured stockings are something to consider. A new shoe attitude is afoot, too, everything from shoes with rococo decoration to thigh-high glam-rock boots.

Back in the Twiggy-powered sixties, the *New York Herald Tribune's* Eugenia Sheppard thoughtfully described the period's ideal leg as "a round little pole." She added, "Actually, it looks as much like a forearm as a leg. Legs and arms seem to match, as they do with a child." While today's leg is shapelier than a starved, skinny pole, there is a shred of an idea to copy: the leg can be accessorized with the same kind of care as the arm. —JODY SHIELDS

Last seen in the sixties and seventies, the white leg is back—plain, patterned, and sequined. **LEFT TO RIGHT:** Boots (about \$500) by Mario Valentino. Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC. Stockings (about \$11) by Danskin. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's. Suede boots, Robert Clergerie (about \$330). Bloomingdale's; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Neiman Marcus. Sequined stockings by Hue (about \$300). Bloomingdale's, NYC. Philippe Model pumps (about \$535). Neiman Marcus; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Hue stockings (about \$23). Bloomingdale's; Macy's, San Francisco. Details, more stores, last pages.





Whimsy to match a wildly printed at suit, **THIS PAGE**, two contrasting-colored shoes to create a single pair. Shoes by Manolo Blahnik. Each pair, about \$430. Bergdorf Goodman. Sleek sixties hair: the return of the fall, anchored by a wide headband. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Two kinds of patterns—lace-up shoes and lace stockings. Far left: shoes (about \$235) by Fratelli Rossetti. Fratelli Rossetti, NYC; Silhouette, Chevy Chase MD. Dolci Calze stockings (about \$18). New York Socks, NYC; The Broadway, Los Angeles. Near left: Robert Clergerie shoes (about \$318). Barneys New York; Neiman Marcus. Calvin Klein Hosiery. Details, more stores, last pages.



getting **stoned**

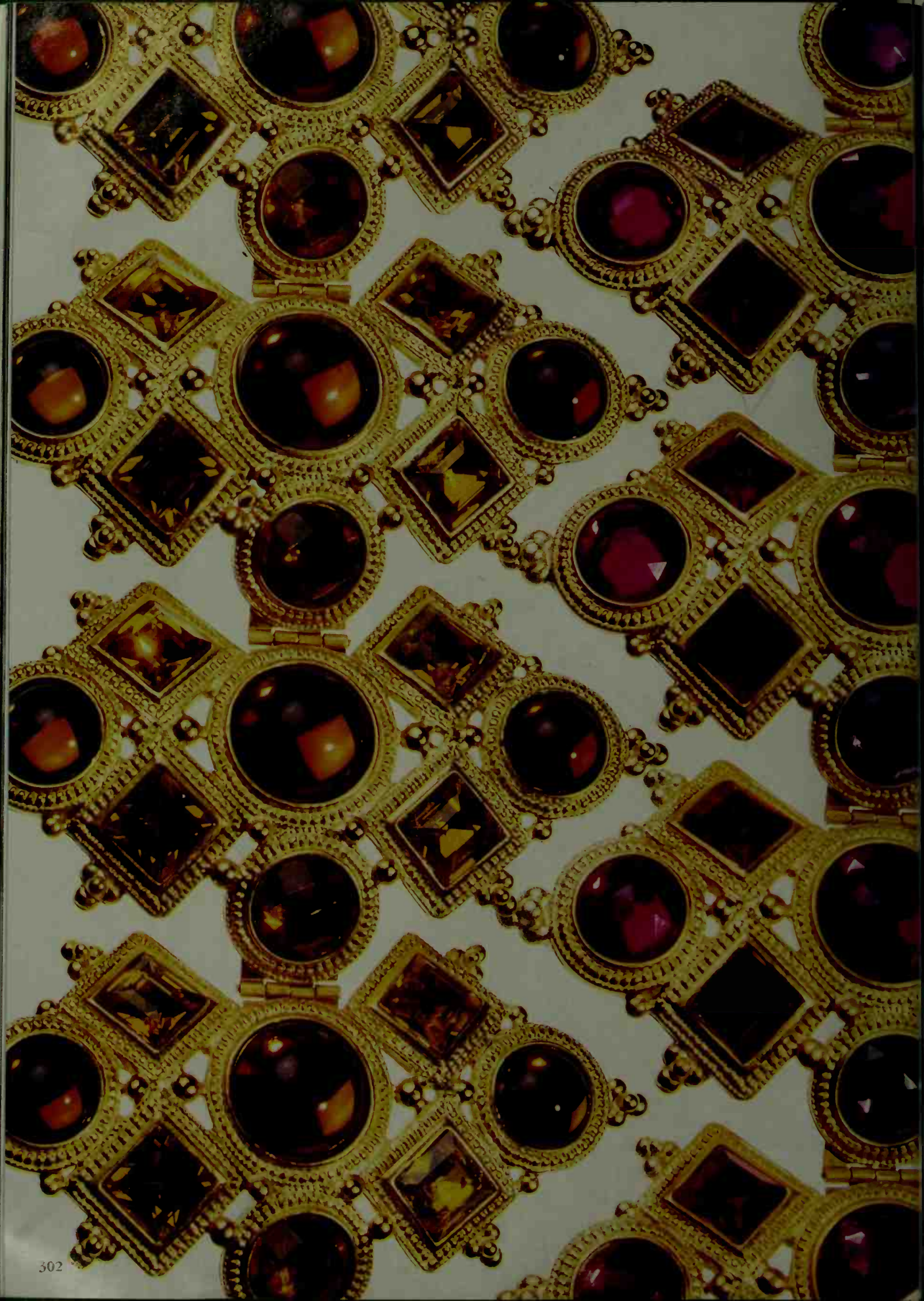
Gemstones: the bigger, the
brighter, the better.

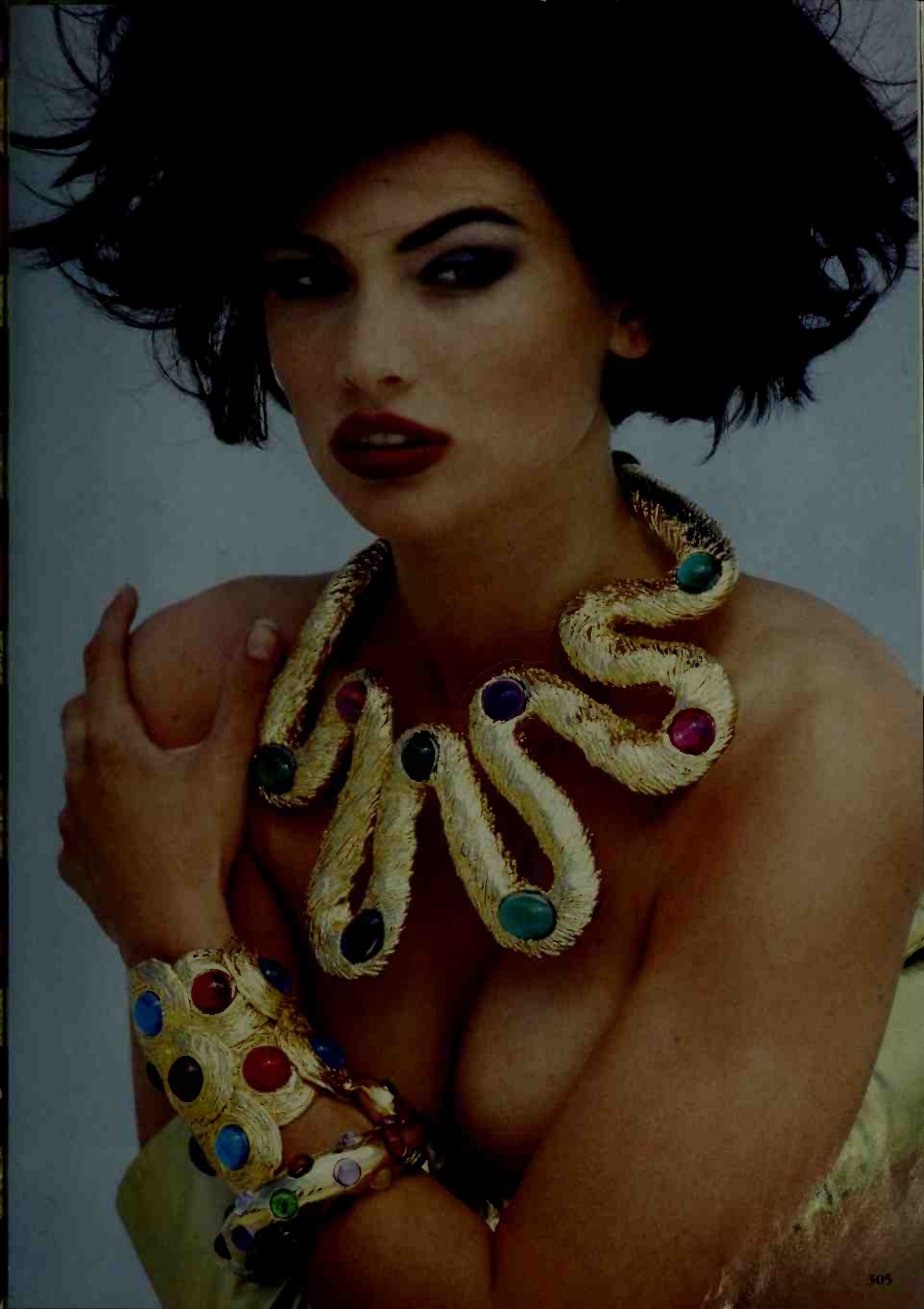
When it comes to faux jewels,
designers can't hold back,
scattering them on everything
from evening dresses
to handbags

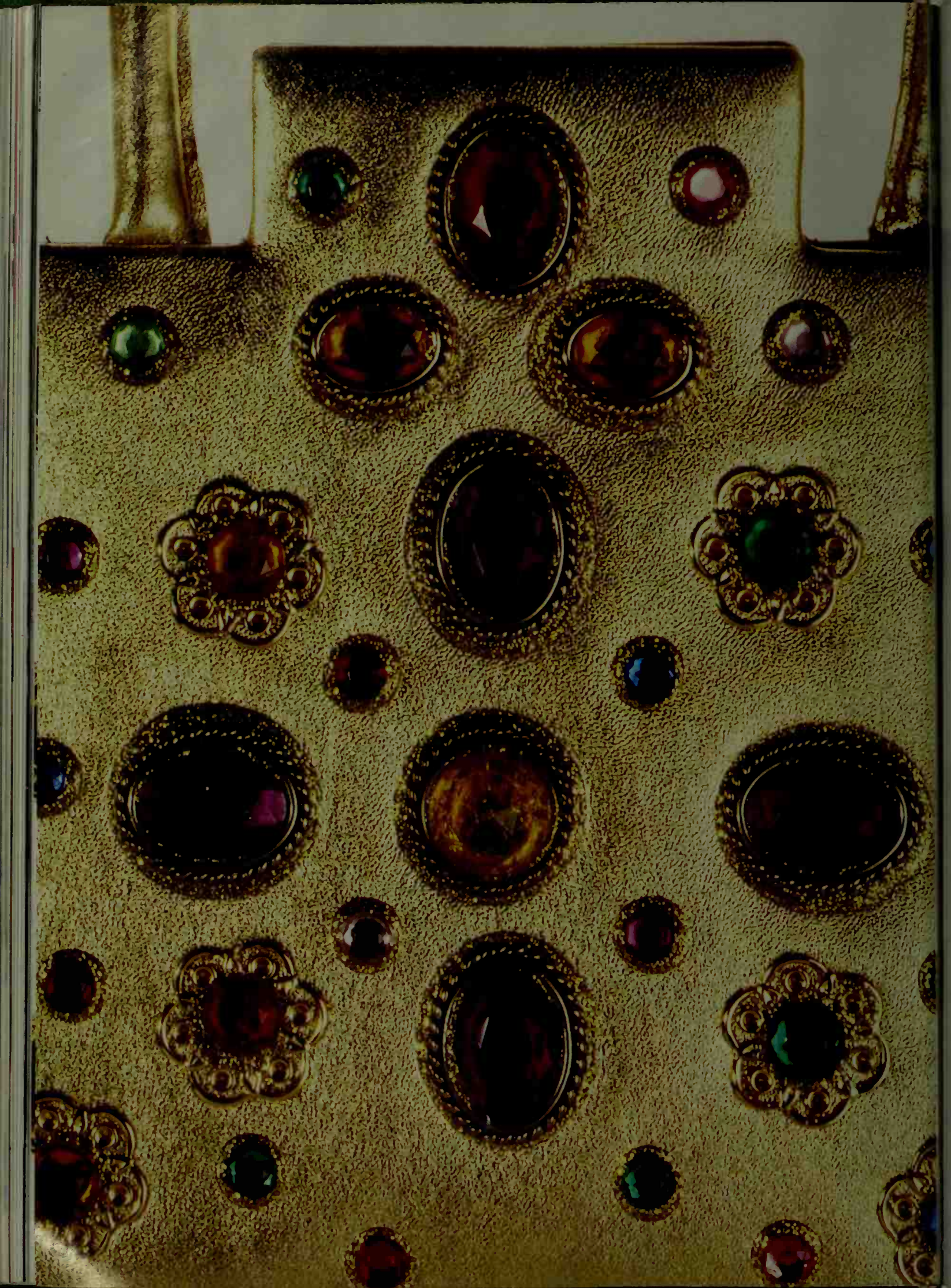


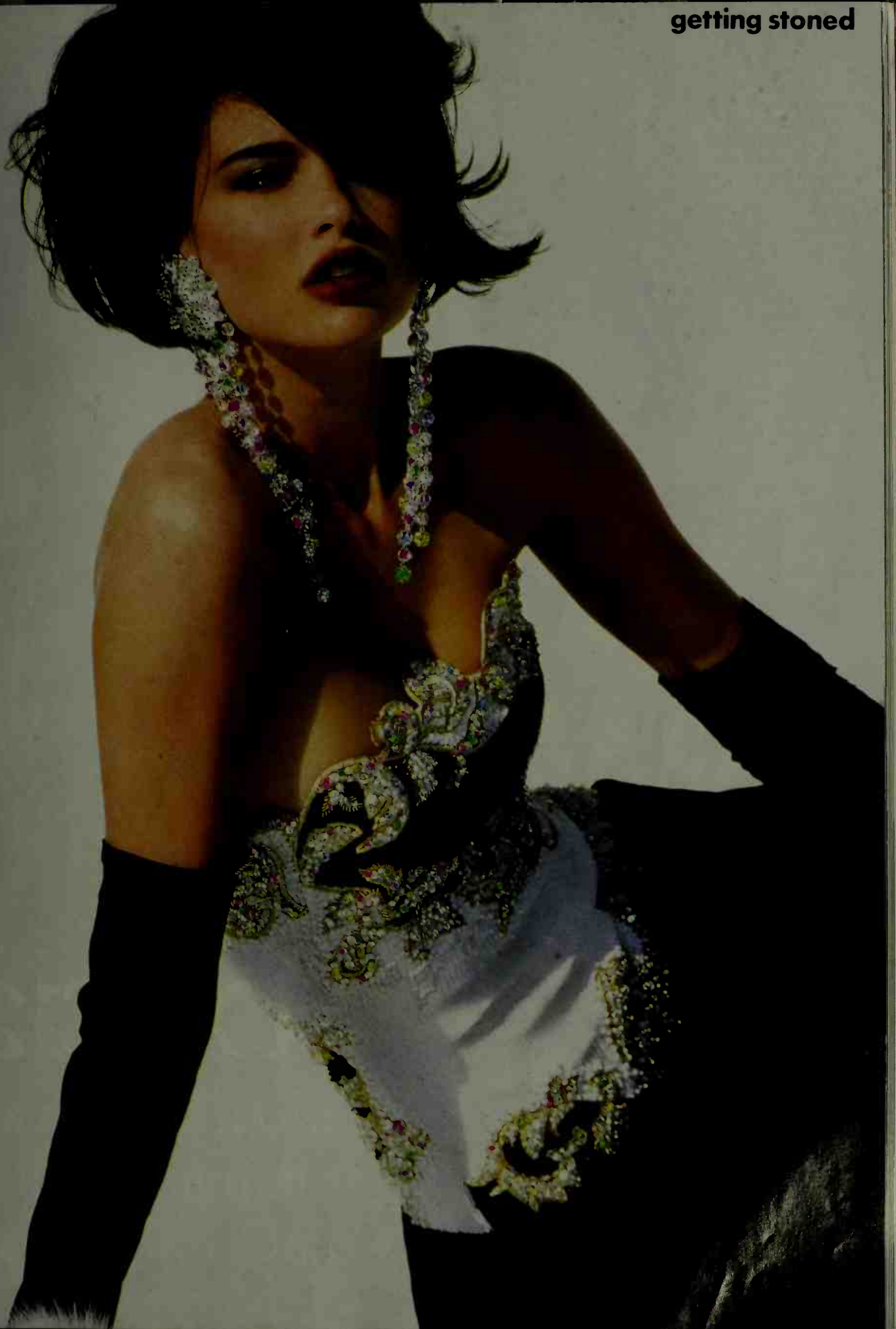
Causing a riot of color: earrings and bib necklace of multicolored stones by José & María Barrera. Earrings about \$200, necklace about \$750. Martha International, NYC; Neiman Marcus. On wrist, Wendy Gell's cobblestone cuff, which she calls "a tiny mosaic, because the entire surface is covered with stones." About \$650. Saks Fifth Avenue. Crown-pattern cuff by Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. About \$560. Francesca Girard, NYC, Manhasset NY; Jest Jewels, San Francisco. Hat, Christian Lacroix. Sunglasses by Mercurà, about \$250. Churchill's, NYC; Theodora, Chicago; Glitz, Los Angeles. The fragrance equivalent of riotous color: Christian Lacroix's *C'est la vie!* In this story: hair, Sam McKnight for Daniel Galvin at La Coupe; makeup, Mary Grenwell; brunette wig from Theresa's Wigs, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.


Fashion Editor:
Carlyne Cerf de
Dudzele
Photographer:
Patrick Demarchelier











What do slingback shoes and a Napoleon III chair have in common? In this case, the same decorative effect: fringe. The pearl strands on Manolo Blahnik's satin slings, however, were actually inspired by the fringe on a lampshade at the Hotel Sacher in Vienna. Shoes, about \$510. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Neiman Marcus. Adding another kind of gleam: legs upholstered in solidly sequined pants. By Val Piriou, about \$1,500. Yoshi, NYC; Caron Cherry, Bal Harbour FL; Tiziana, Los Angeles. Stockings by Berkshire Hosiery. Chair courtesy Marie-Hélène et Guy de Rothschild. In this story: most photographs taken on location at Château Ferrières. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
André Leon Talley
Photographer:
Pascal Chevallier

special
about this season
dramatics. All th
are enriched wit



ffects

Nothing shy
cessories: they're going in for big-time
d-ons— from boots to gloves—
old, nearly Byzantine ornamentation

Classic leather and suede ballerina flats get a shoeshine with rhinestones and tiny gilt-framed mirrors.

All by Andrea Pfister. In shoes: silk chiffon scarves by Charvet. More sparkle plenty: Christian Lacroix's jeweled gloves; suede gloves with napa design by Paloma Picasso. Parchment trunk, Yves Saint Laurent Boutique, Paris. Details, more stores, last pages.







Call it rackin' racaca,
OPPOSITE PAGE: elaborate
touches go where they're
least expected. Gold balls
and faux cabachon jewels
punctuate a fur scarf; suede
gloves sprout gold foliage
and feathers. Scarf by Yves
Saint Laurent Faurrere.

Jacket by Yves Saint Laurent
Rive Gauche. Gloves by
Yves Saint Laurent Haute
Cature. Another jewel—
Yves Saint Laurent's Fard a
Lèvres Lipstick #71 in Ruby
Red. Hair, James Bradshaw
for Jean Louis David.

THIS PAGE: Nothing's sacred.
Prompted by the

ornamental impulse, boots
take on a rich look. By
Manala Blahnik, about
\$850. Bergdorf Goodman;
Neiman Marcus. Bodysuit
and skirt by Azzedine Alaïa.
Bodysuit, \$1,335. Skirt, \$510.
Alaïa Boutique, NYC. Hair,
Stephen Gauld for Faces,
Paris. These two pages:
makeup, Emmanuelle Strich
for Jean Louis David.
Details, more stores,
last pages.



Even when they're covered up, legs are the center of attention. Here, decorated boots that really go over the top; some even go over the knee. **NEAR RIGHT:** Thigh-high fabric boots sprinkled with rhinestone-and-bead snowflakes, by Adrienne Vittadini. About \$800.

Adrienne Vittadini Boutique, Beverly Hills. **CENTER:** Velvet boots patterned with beadwork plus a pair of brooches. By Maud Frizon, about \$965. Maud Frizon Boutique, NYC. Brooches by Dominique Aurientis.

FAR RIGHT: Satin boots by Yves Saint Laurent Footwear, about \$375. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. Here, they are wound around with velvet ribbon and studded with rhinestones.

Yves Saint Laurent Footwear, Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. Gobelins tapestry by Galerie Chevallier, Paris. Details, more stores, and more boots on the last pages.








flowerst

Photographer: Eric Boman



**Violeta Chamorro,
in her Nicaraguan
home, welcomes
Dennis Covington
and speaks candidly
about the miracle
of her election**

For violeta

flowers for violeta

a clean, clear light pours down on Las Palmas Park and the avenue in front of Violeta Chamorro's house. The wind, which has been off the lake for days, is from a different quarter now. It sends the blue-and-white Nicaraguan flag in Violeta's front yard slapping against its pole, and the air is filled with the peculiar smell of Managua in March—woodsmoke, bus exhaust, and a vaguely floral scent from the lavender blossoms that swirl along the street. My own flowers for Violeta did not appear at the hotel desk as promised, so I have arrived at her gate like an empty-handed suitor—embarrassed but on time.

From the outside, Violeta's house is unremarkable. Inside, though, it opens onto a gracious, sun-filled courtyard, off which lies a narrow sitting room with jalousied windows cranked open to let in the breeze. Against one wall is a spinet with yellowed keys; against another, a couch. Between them, a reclining chair, convenient to an antique telephone on a marble base. Also within reach is a canister of Danish butter cookies. The end tables hold a planter of flame red geraniums, a bird-of-paradise flower, and two books—*Emily Post's Etiquette* and *Introducing Japan*.

Among the photographs that line the walls and piano are several of Violeta and her late husband, Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, in a launch on a river, perhaps the San Juan. In sunglasses and a wide-brimmed hat, she leans back confidently into his arms. But most of the photographs are of the Chamorro children—all in their thirties now, all handsome, all public figures, though not all on the same side in the treacherous game of Nicaraguan politics.

The oldest, Pedro Joaquín, Jr., is an affable journalist who once sided with the Contras and is now one of his mother's closest aides. The youngest, Carlos Fernando, edits *Barricada*, the official voice of the Sandinista party. In photos, Carlos often affects a brooding, dramatic pose. The dark-haired daughters are also split politically. Cristiana is an editor of the anti-Sandinista newspaper *La Prensa*. Her older sister, Claudia, serves as a Sandinista diplomat in Spain. To many outside Nicaragua, the family is a metaphor for the divided country itself, but the public position of the Chamorros has been that family transcends politics and always will.

A rooster crows, and from the courtyard comes the tap of Doña Violeta's famous crutches, depicted most recently in a political cartoon as wrapped around Daniel Ortega's neck.

"My aunt's a bit eccentric," one of her nieces has warned me.

But when Violeta Chamorro enters, *eccentric* is the last word that comes to mind. She is the girl your mother wanted you to marry, sixty now but looking much younger, dignified, and with enough passion in her eyes to convince you your mother was right.

After the customary pecks on the cheek, she leans her crutches against a chair and, tucking a pillow behind her neck, lies back in the recliner. Sunlight through the jalousies falls on her silver hair.

"What do you want to know?" she asks in Spanish.

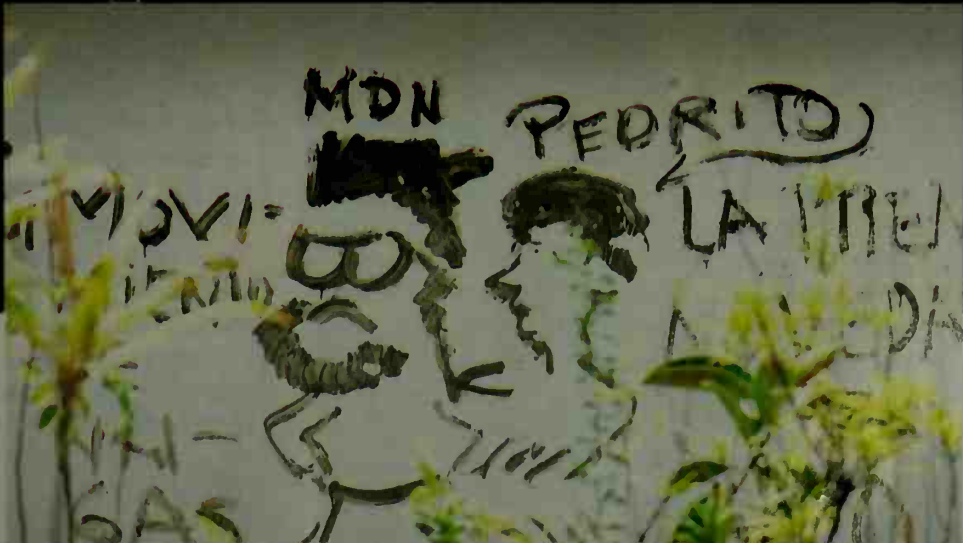
"Tell me what you remember about growing up."

She smiles. Violeta's smile is singular, an invitation to pleasure rather than irony. "I remember everything," she says. "Thank God, I don't have arteriosclerosis yet."

She was born in Rivas, a dusty town 109 kilometers southeast of Managua on Cornelius Vanderbilt's old transit route to the Pacific Ocean. Her father was a rancher, and her mother came from a commercial family. "That's her there," Violeta says, pointing to a sepia print of a slightly startled-looking woman and three children. The two boys are looking at someone off to the side. The baby girl, Violeta, is sitting in her mother's lap, wise and well fed. The inscription is to Violeta's grandmother: "For our mother with



PREVIOUS PAGES, LEFT: Photograph of Violeta and Pedro Joaquín as newlyweds. ABOVE: Violeta has transformed what was once her husband's study into a shrine to his martyrdom. The glass-fronted cabinet contains artifacts such as his bloody shirt.



RIGHT: Political graffiti referring to Violeta and her son on the outside of the Chamorro house. A surrounding wall has been built to preserve it.

all the affection of her children, Amalia.”

“That’s my mother’s name,” Violeta explains.

Altogether there were seven children in the Barrios family. They lived in a house fronting the central square, but the family *finca* (land) was some distance away. Violeta says she had an unfettered childhood. She attended the public school in Rivas until the third grade, when her parents decided she should go to a private boarding school in Granada, on the northwestern shore of Lake Nicaragua.

Because the road between Rivas and Granada was in poor repair, Violeta made the all-day journey by boat. “Every time I made that trip,” she says, “it was like taking a transatlantic voyage. But the ship was nothing more than a steamboat loaded with cargo and passengers and cows. Sometimes the engineer would have to stop in the middle of the lake to make repairs, and we’d drift on the water, leaning over the rails, lost in talk.”

In Granada, Violeta’s older brother Carlos pointed her out to his school friend Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, son of the editor of *La Prensa*. Pedro Joaquín would remember Carlos’s sister only as a dark little girl with braided hair. But she had clearly had an effect on him. “Years before anything started between us,” Violeta says, “Pedro called Carlos by the nickname *Cuñado*, which means ‘brother-in-law.’”

When she was fifteen, after three years at a Catholic high school in Managua, Violeta was sent to San Antonio, Texas, to learn English. Her father had been educated at MIT, and he wanted all his children, not just the boys, to study abroad.

“The school was called Our Lady of the Lake,” Violeta says. “I didn’t learn a thing there.” She told her father as much, writing him, “Stop wasting your money.”

But her father, whom she describes as a beautiful person, honest and hardworking, wrote back, “Make an effort to learn *something*. You’re not coming home.”

“So I stayed,” she says.

Until this moment, the house has been silent except for Violeta’s strong, clear voice. But the household is beginning to stir: voices in the courtyard, the padding of maids’ feet. Violeta’s willowy daughter Cristiana pauses at the door of the sitting room and moves on. Cristiana’s husband, Antonio Lacayo, a key adviser to his mother-in-law, is leaving this morning on a mission to Honduras to negotiate the demobilization of the *Contras*. Before his marriage, Antonio studied for the priesthood. The joke in Managua is that he preferred Cristiana to Christ.

“You have to have a sense of humor to live in a country like Nicaragua,” Violeta reminds me in a different context.

The cock crows once more. Someone has set glasses of water on the coffee table’s lace doily.

“I finally learned some English at Blackstone College in Virginia,” Violeta continues. But formal education ended in 1948 when her father died suddenly and she returned to Nicaragua.

The following year her brother Carlos ran into his school friend Pedro Joaquín Chamorro at a restaurant in Managua and invited him to go hunting at the Barrios *finca*. On the way there Carlos told him, “I need to circle back by the house in Rivas and pick up my little sister,” and Pedro had in mind the dark child with braided hair. When he saw Violeta, he was shocked. In short, she says, he fell in love.

Violeta offered up a part of a dream of what Nicaragua

The telephone rings, but instead of answering, Violeta lifts the receiver and places it in her lap.

Pedro Joaquín, she continues, was an ardent suitor. Despite his responsibilities as editor of *La Prensa*, he rode his bicycle from Managua to Rivas, about a hundred kilometers, every weekend to see her. For a year, Violeta resisted his proposal of marriage. “I regret wasting that year now,” she adds.

Their marriage would become the stuff of Nicaraguan legend. “Pedro said he didn’t care for politics, but he led an intensely political life.” On several occasions his needling of the Somoza dictatorship landed him in prison or under house arrest. Their four children were born during this chaotic period, and Violeta remembers shuttling between her household responsibilities and prison, taking messages and food to Pedro. Together they suffered exile in the remote town of San Carlos and then, after their escape from Nicaragua by rowboat down the Río Frío, in San José, Costa Rica. When an attempted invasion of Nicaragua, which Pedro was instrumental in organizing, failed, he was jailed again. Eventually granted amnesty, he returned to *La Prensa*, where he continued a vigorous campaign of words against the dictatorship. Violeta and the children, meanwhile, tried to resume normal life in Managua, although life for the Chamorros under a Somoza could never have been considered routine.

On January 10, 1978, Violeta was in Miami with her brother-in-law Jaime Chamorro and his wife, Hilda. Jaime had flown to Miami for a medical appointment, and Violeta was taking the opportunity to shop for Cristiana’s wedding dress. She was browsing in the Omni, a shopping center on Biscayne Boulevard, when Jaime and Hilda found her.

“There’s been an accident,” Jaime said.

“Is he dead?”

Jaime paused. “We just don’t know yet.”

That morning, Pedro Joaquín’s Saab had been intercepted on a Managua street as he was driving alone to *La Prensa*. Gunmen fired shotgun blasts through the windshield, and although word hadn’t arrived yet in Miami, Pedro had died on the way to the hospital or shortly after arriving. Violeta flew back by way of Guatemala, arriving in time to receive Pedro’s body from the hospital. It had been accompanied by a procession of forty thousand grieving Nicaraguans. Many of them lit candles and camped all night in Las Palmas Park.

“He had been crucified for his country,” Violeta says.

As widow of the martyred newspaperman, Violeta was one of the most visible symbols of Nicaraguan resistance to the Somoza regime. After the revolution of 1979, the FSLN, a small militant faction within the broader revolutionary front, seized the popular mood and asked her to serve as one of five members of a ruling junta. As a tribute to her late husband, she accepted, although she quickly became disillusioned by the Sandinistas’ disdain for democratic principles.

After slightly more than nine months on the junta (“I was pregnant with the junta,” she jokes), she resigned and took over her husband’s newspaper, where she learned everything, she says, “except how to run the presses.”

of rectitude and courage, might someday be

While many other Nicaraguans fled to Miami or took up arms alongside the Contras, Violeta stayed in Managua, becoming one of the principal voices of opposition to Sandinista rule. Her editorials in *La Prensa* were often censored. Sandinista mobs vandalized her home. In June 1986, the newspaper itself was closed down by the Sandinistas for more than a year.

Despite her personal struggle against Sandinista rule, Violeta was startled by her nomination last fall as candidate of the fourteen-party UNO coalition and by her landslide victory in the February 25 elections. "I would never have imagined that this would happen to me. I would never have imagined that this is how democracy would come to my country."

During the campaign, Violeta was criticized for not having a specific political platform. She had pledged to end the military draft and decrease the size and political orientation of the Nicaraguan armed forces. Otherwise, though, her platform had contained few specific proposals and was mostly the sort of general hopeful stance of any politician running for office. Although advocating more freedom in the marketplace, she had not, for instance, detailed the short-term economic sacrifices her government would ask the Nicaraguan people to make. Violeta's themes, instead, centered on peace and national reconciliation. (And in a bold move that surprised both her critics and her supporters, she announced after inauguration that she was retaining Humberto Ortega, brother of the defeated Sandinista president, as head of the army.)

The voters had seemed to respond to her out of rarely articulated human needs. Perhaps they wanted to be her, or one of her children. They certainly wanted to live under her roof. She had offered up a public life of rectitude and courage, had maintained decorum within a divided family, and had kept a house that was simple and orderly, humming with purposeful energy, a dream of what Nicaragua might someday be.

"It's not that I wanted the position," she says. "The people asked me to accept, and I did so gladly because the need in this country is so great."

She places the telephone receiver back on the hook, and it immediately rings again, a distraction she tries to ignore. "I hate phones," she says.

At just that moment, we hear the clatter of footsteps on the courtyard tile. "Ah," she says, "my vice president."

Virgilio Godoy enters the room and sits with a sigh. A genial, meticulous man, he is at the center of a scandal the papers are calling Godoygate, and his expression seems proof that it is the universal plight of vice presidents to suffer indignity.

"I'm being interviewed," Violeta says.

"Oh, well, I'll come back later," Godoy says.

"No. Stay. Someone called from the Honduran embassy. They need papers signed for Antonio's trip." And she turns to me. "You see that things are getting hectic around here. Everyone has problems to talk about." She asks if I can ▶ 386

Out in the garage Pedro Joaquín's motorcycle rests on blocks in front of a blown-up photograph of its erstwhile rider. The same photo is on the wall in the office of *La Prensa*.





SHARE YOUR HEART

WITH A CHILD

cast-off kids

Up to half a million children languish in foster care today. Why isn't anyone paying attention to them?

By Joan Smith



At adoption fairs, parents look over some of the children—like five-year-old Marie Moore, **OPPOSITE**—available for placement. Frank Swensen, **THIS PAGE, LEFT**, was abandoned by his drug-addict mother at four. Now thirteen, he is being adopted by Michael Lawson, a single lawyer.

Photographer:
Jock Sturges



Yolanda Brown, with her husband, Randal Roberson, found Kimberlee two years ago at an adoption fair. Kimberlee's mother was an alcoholic, and social workers said the child might be hyperactive or retarded. "So far," Yolanda says, "nothing they warned me about has happened."

haley is still wise enough at five to prefer having fun to talking about it. He has ducks to feed, a giant trampoline to conquer, hot dogs to eat, goldfish to catch—and only today to do all of it. So Haley dashes off, and you'd never guess that he's here in this lush suburban park just south of San Francisco to find himself a permanent family.

Not that Haley is looking. He doesn't quite realize that the people he calls Grandpa and Grandma, who took him home from the hospital where he spent the first fifteen months of his life, are his foster parents. He does sometimes ask about his mama. But Grandpa, Elgin Frye, never tells what he knows, that Haley's mother abandoned him when he was born, that she was a drug addict and the last he heard of her she was in jail. The Fryes would like to keep Haley, but they worry about his future. They are in their sixties and figure he needs someone younger, someone likely to be there for him when they're gone.

So Haley doesn't know that this upbeat event, so festive it could be a circus come to town, is really an adoption fair, a place for people who want to adopt to look over a few of the children who need parents. People have been asking about Haley all day; he is a burst of kinetic energy, solemn with enormous brown eyes. A small crowd has surrounded Flora, an alert fourteen-month-old with a beautiful face and a seemingly endless capacity for affection, and DeShawn, the twelve-month-old boy she's been raised with. Yolanda Brown walks her two-year-old child, Kimberlee, whom she found as an infant at a similar fair, into the throng around Flora. "Kimberlee, honey, this is your sister," she says. Flora

The law says that all children on their way to adoption w

and Kimberlee, who've never met, examine one another with interest. Eventually Kimberlee gives Flora a little hug, and Flora kisses her sister on the wrist.

There are ninety-five children here today from seven northern California counties. And you'd never know that they are all "special needs" kids, a growing and rather broad category that includes just about any child who isn't a white baby, as well as children with emotional and physical problems, brothers and sisters who need to be placed together, kids who've been in foster care so long and rejected so many times they've become emotionally disturbed.

Haley, for instance, has three strikes against him. He was born with breathing problems and excess fluid around his brain, for which he still has a thin implanted tube running from his head into his abdomen. He is black. And he's now more than three years old, the magic age at which children become less desirable to adoptive parents. DeShawn is black, a crack baby his foster parents nursed through months of sleeplessness, diarrhea, and retching. Flora is also black and, like Kimberlee, was exposed to alcohol in the womb. "Flora is a little slow," says her foster mother, Patricia Balding. Kimberlee and her sister are the sixth and seventh offspring of a mother who's given up all her children for adoption.

Lisa Burleson, one of the social workers who organized this event to find black families for black and biracial children, says she used to hate the whole idea of adoption fairs. "It felt like a slave auction," she says. "One year they even walked the kids across the stage." The social workers kept it up because the fairs seemed to work. "We've been bringing kids to this fair for four years," says Karen McCord, another organizer, "and we've found homes for about half of them."

"People have to see these kids to realize how beautiful they are," says Haley's foster father, Elgin Frye. "That's why the fairs are a good thing, to show people that just because you've had problems or been in foster care doesn't mean you aren't a great kid."

So the prospective parents, armed with inspiration and advice ("Play with the kids, talk to them, but don't ask them about their parents or why they're here"), stop to cuddle a baby or to watch the older kids play. Some drift into the recreation center to browse through the big photo albums each county uses to catalog its children up for adoption or to watch videotapes of kids playing as their name, age, race, and county flash across the screen. Some of the tapes are of children who are here today, others are of older kids who stayed home this year.

"We limited the age to about eight this time," says Burleson. "It's just too painful for them. I brought a ten-year-old boy last year and he definitely didn't want to come back. The adults were paying a lot of attention to the younger kids and he just stared—a lot of the older kids do—as if to say, 'Isn't anyone going to pay attention to me?'"

No one really likes adoption fairs, any more than they like the idea of newspaper columns and TV spots promoting the "fos-

en foster care should be back with their parents or eighteen months. That simply isn't happening

ter child of the day." But such tactics have become increasingly common around the country. There are parties for children with physical disabilities; fairs like the one in California to match minority children with parents of the same race; events to peddle older children. Together they are the measure of how desperate the situation for children in foster care has become.

Infertile white couples are meeting their desire for children in increasingly creative ways—bringing home 9,000 infants a year from Korea, Brazil, and other countries and using lawyers to arrange the independent adoption of 25,000 offspring of young, mostly white, teens. Meanwhile, 360,000 to 500,000 children languish in foster care in the United States. Most have been taken from their parents by child-welfare workers because of neglect, abuse, or exposure to drugs and alcohol. A disproportionate number are minority children. More than half have physical or emotional problems that qualify them as special-needs kids.

The number of children pulled into the system as a result of abuse and neglect has tripled since 1976. From 1986 to 1989 alone, there was a 29 percent increase in the number of children in foster care. No one knows how many children are in emergency shelters, waiting for a foster home.

In theory, and by law, all of these children should be on their way to adoption or back with their parents within eighteen months of entering the system. That isn't happening. Some cities are simply gridlocked: social workers are so busy investigating new reports of abuse and neglect they don't have time to follow up on the kids who are already in foster care or temporary shelters. In Los Angeles social workers handle as many as seventy-eight children at a time. The only way some manage to make the mandatory monthly visits to these children is by calling foster parents and asking them to put the kids out on the curb for a quick drive-by. "You never really catch up," says San Francisco child-welfare worker Randy Roebuck. "You're always putting out fires."

President Bush has made a point of promoting the adoption of such cast-off children. But the message from the White House has been anemic at best. Bush is offering a small one-time tax credit to people who adopt physically and developmentally handicapped children, but his administration has done nothing to restore the massive funding cuts his predecessor made in the child-welfare system that makes most adoptions happen. In 1981 the Reagan administration cut the federal block grant that funds child-protective services by 21 percent. The Children's Defense Fund estimates that federal funding for child welfare is now about half of what it was in 1975, once the figures are adjusted for inflation.

The crunch means that only thirty-six thousand children—less than 10 percent of the kids in foster care—have made their way to the last stop in the system's pipeline and been freed for adoption in court hearings to terminate their parents' rights. "Social workers are too busy to prepare for termination hearings," says Joe Kroll of the North American Council on Adoptable Children, a coalition of adoptive-parent sup-

port groups. Judges, in turn, are reluctant to end the relationship between parent and child permanently, and for good reason. Once a child has been taken from home, parents are supposed to have up to eighteen months to do whatever it takes to correct the problem—find an apartment or get into drug treatment or get counseling for abusive behavior. The trouble is that housing, drug treatment, and counseling for poor parents are virtually nonexistent.

"There is nothing to refer these parents to because there are no programs," says Bernardine Dohrn of the Cook County Public Guardian's Office in Chicago, which represents abused and neglected children. "You have to see these court orders to believe them: 'Mother shall get adequate housing.' You can imagine what it's like to find adequate housing in Chicago. 'Mother shall go to drug-treatment program.' There are virtually no drug-treatment programs for poor women. You can go on and on."

So thousands of children remain in a sort of limbo, rendered invisible by confidentiality laws. "There's nobody to fight for them," says Kroll. "It's virtually impossible to even find out who they are."

Children who are finally released for adoption face other obstacles. Interracial adoption is discouraged by most adoption experts, who believe that a child is best prepared to face the culture's undeniable racism by a parent of his or her own race. But no one agrees what to do if a parent of the same ethnic background isn't immediately available for a child. Black people are four times as likely as members of other ethnic groups to adopt, but it's hard to imagine how they can keep up with the need: in Massachusetts, where 5 percent of the population is black, 60 percent of the waiting kids are black. In Maryland, 26 percent of the population is black and 85 percent of the kids are black. As the controversy rages, the children wait.

States are relaxing other rules for special-needs children, considering adoptive parents they never have before—older parents, single men and women, gays, low-income parents, and people with disabilities. Still, children most often bounce from foster home to foster home. The older they become, the more scars they are likely to bear and the harder it is to find parents willing to take a chance on them. Only a third of the relatively few children with special needs who are freed for adoption ever do find a home.

The children at adoption fairs are, in a sense, the lucky ones: their chances are fifty-fifty. A toss-up.

Ginny Lawrence, director of a California foster program called Children's Garden, tells a story about a child who moved into one of her group homes after being kicked around in foster care for years: "He just walked into the house, plunked down his things, and said, 'OK, who's my mom and who's my dad?' These are not your average kids with average childhood experiences."

Frank Swensen is one of those kicked-around kids. An articulate and attractive thirteen-year-old who looks six- ▶ 387

WEIC

She was tired of using her body and her wits to get men to pay—no matter how worthy the cause

A STORY BY MARGARET ATWOOD

I am gaining weight. I'm not getting bigger, only heavier. This doesn't show up on the scales: technically I'm the same. My clothes still fit, so it isn't size, what they tell you about fat taking up more space than muscle. The heaviness I feel is in the energy I burn up getting myself around: along the sidewalk, up the stairs, through the day. It's the pressure on my feet. It's a density of the cells, as if I've been drinking heavy metals. Nothing you can measure, although there are the usual nubbins of flesh that must be firmed, roped in, worked off. *Worked*. It's all getting to be too much work.

Some days, I think, I'm not going to make it. I will have a hot flash, a car crash. I will have a heart attack. I will jump out the window.

This is what I am thinking as I look at the man. He's a rich man, that goes without saying: if he weren't rich, neither of us would be here. He has excess money, and I'm trying to get some of it out of him. Not for myself; I'm doing nicely, thank you. For what we used to call charity and now call good causes. To be precise, a shelter for battered women. Molly's Place, it's called. It's named after a lawyer who was murdered by her husband, with a claw hammer. He was the kind of man who was good with tools. He had a workbench in the cellar. The lathe, the vise, the buzz saw, the works.

I wonder if this other man, sitting so cautiously across the tablecloth from me, has a workbench in the cellar too. He doesn't have the hands for it. No calluses or little nicks. I don't tell him about the claw hammer, or about the arms and legs hidden here and there about the province, in culverts, in wooded glades, like Easter eggs or the clues in some grotesque treasure hunt. I know how easily frightened such men can be by such possibilities. Real blood, the kind that cries out to you from the ground.

We've been through the ordering, which involved the rueful production of the reading glasses, by both of us, for the

scanning of the ornate menu. We have at least one thing in common: our eyes are going. Now I smile at him and twiddle the stem of my wineglass, and lie judiciously. This isn't even my thing, I tell him. I got sucked into it because I have a hard time saying no. I'm doing it for a friend. This is true enough: Molly was a friend.

He smiles and relaxes. *Good*, he's thinking. I am not one of those earnest women, the kind who lecture and scold and open their own car doors. He's right, it's not my style. But he could have figured that out from my shoes: women like that do not wear shoes like this. I am not, in a word, *strident*, and his instinct in asking me to lunch has been justified.

This man has a name, of course. His name is Charles. He's already said: *Call me Charles*. Who knows what further delights await me? *Chuck* may lie ahead, or *Charlie*. *Charlie is my darling*. *Chuck, you big hunk*. I think I'll stick with Charles.

The appetizers arrive, leek soup for him, a salad for me, endive with apples and walnuts, veiled with a light dressing, as the menu puts it. *Veiled*. So much for brides. The waiter is another out-of-work actor, but his grace and charm are lost on Charles, who does not reply when ordered to enjoy his meal.

"Cheers," says Charles, lifting his glass. He's already said this once, when the wine appeared. Heavy going. What are the odds I can get through this lunch without any mention of the bottom line?

Charles is about to tell a joke. The symptoms are all there: the slight reddening, the twitch of the jaw muscle, the crinkling around the eyes.

"What's brown and white and looks good on a lawyer?"

I've heard it. "I'll bite. What?"

"A pit bull."

"Oh, that's terrible. Oh, you are awful."

Charles allows his mouth a small semicircular smile. Then apologetically: "I didn't mean woman lawyers, of course."

"I don't practice anymore. I'm in business, remember?"

But maybe he meant Molly.

HIT

Would Molly have found this joke funny? Probably. Certainly at first. When we were in law school, working our little butts off because we knew we had to be twice as good as the men to end up with less than the same, we used to go out for coffee breaks and kill ourselves laughing, making up silly meanings for the things we got called by the guys. Or women in general got called: but we knew they meant us.

“*Strident*. A brand of medicated toothpick used in treatment of gum disease.”

“OK! *Shrill*. As in the Greater Shrill. A sharp-beaked shorebird native to the coasts of . . .”

“California? Yes. *Hysteria*?”

“A sickly scented flowering vine that climbs all over Southern mansions. *Pushy*?”

“*Pushy*. That’s a hard one. Rude word pertaining to female anatomy, uttered by drunk while making a pass?”

“Too obvious. How about a large soft velvet cushion . . .”

“Pink or mauve . . .”

“Used for reclining on the floor while . . .”

“While watching afternoon soaps,” I finished, not satisfied. There should be something better for *pushy*.

Molly was pushy. Or you could call it determined. She had to be, she was so short. She was like a scrappy little urchin, big eyes, bangs over the forehead, tough little chin she’d stick out when she got mad. She was not from a good home. She’d made it on brains. Neither was I, so did I, but it affected us differently. I for instance was tidy and had a dirt phobia. Molly had a cat named Catty, a stray of course. They lived in cheerful squalor. Or not squalor: disorder. I couldn’t have stood it myself, but I liked it in her. She made the messes I wouldn’t allow myself to make. Chaos by proxy.

Molly and I had big ideas, then. We were going to change things. We were going to break the code, circumvent the old boys’ network, show that women could do it, whatever it might be. We were going to take on the system, get better divorce settlements, root for equal pay. We wanted justice and fair play. We thought that was what the law was for.

We were brave, but we had it backwards. We didn’t know you had to begin with the judges.

But Molly didn’t hate men. With men, Molly was a toad-kisser. She thought any toad could be turned into a prince if he was only kissed enough, by her. I was different. I knew a toad was a toad and would remain so. The thing was to find the most congenial among the toads and learn to appreciate

their finer points. You had to develop an eye for warts.

I called this compromise. Molly called it cynicism.

Across the table, Charles is having another glass of wine. I think he’s deciding that I am a good sport. So necessary in a woman with whom you’re considering having an illicit affair; because that’s what this lunch is really about. It’s a mutual interview, for positions vacant. I could have made my charity pleas in Charles’s office, and been turned down shortly and sweetly. We could have kept it formal.

Charles is good-looking, in the way such men are, though if you saw him on a street corner, lacking a shave and with his hand out, you might not think so. Such men always seem the same age. They were longing to be this age when they were twenty-five, and so they imitated it; and after they pass this age they will try to imitate it again. The weightiness of authority is what they want, and enough youth left to enjoy it. It’s the age called *prime*, like beef. They all have that beefy thing about them. A meaty firmness. They all play something: they begin with squash, progress through tennis, end with golf. It keeps them trim. Two hundred pounds of hot steak. I should know.

All of it swathed in expensive dark blue suiting, with a thin stripe. A conservative tie down the front, maroon with a little design. This one has horses.

“Are you fond of horses, Charles?”

“What?”

“Your tie.”

“Oh. No. Not particularly. Gift from my wife.”

I’m putting off any renewed mention of Molly’s Place until dessert—never make the heavy pitch till then, says business etiquette, let the guy suck up a little protein first—though if my guess is right and Charles too is concerned for his weight, we’ll both skip dessert and settle for double espresso. Meanwhile I listen to Charles as I dole out the leading questions. The ground rules are being quietly set forth: two mentions of the wife already, one of the son at college, one of the teenage daughter. Stable family, is the message. It goes with the horse tie.

It’s the wife who interests me most, of course. If men like Charles did not have wives they would have to invent them. So useful for fending off the other women when they get too close. If I were a man that’s what I’d do: invent a wife, put one together from bits and pieces—a ring from a pawnshop, a photo or two snuck out of someone else’s album, a three-minute sentimental drone about the kids. You could fake phone calls to yourself. You could send postcards to yourself, from Bermuda, or better, Tortuga. But men like Charles are not thorough in their deceptions. Their killer instincts are directed elsewhere. They get snarled up in their own lies or give themselves away by shifty eye movements. At heart they are too sincere.

I on the other hand have a devious mind and little sense of guilt. My guilt is about other things.

I already suspect what this wife will look like: overtanned, overexercised, with alert, leathery eyes and too many tendons in her neck. I see these wives, packs of them, or pairs or teams, loping around in their tennis whites, over at the Club. Smug, but jumpy. They know this is a polygamous country in all but name. I make them nervous.

But they should be grateful to me for helping them out. Who else has the time and expertise to smooth the egos of men

like Charles, listen to their jokes, lie to them about their sexual prowess? The tending of such men is a fading art, like scrimshaw or the making of woolen-rose mantelpiece decorations. The wives are too busy for it, and the younger women don't know how. I know how. I learned in the old school, which was not the same as the one that gave out the ties.

Sometimes, when I have amassed yet another ugly wristwatch or brooch (they never give rings; if I want one of those I buy it myself), when I've been left stranded on a weekend in favor of the kids and the Georgian Bay cottage, I think about what I could tell and I feel powerful. I think about dropping an acerbic, vengeful little note through the mailbox of the wife in question, citing moles strategically placed, nicknames, the perverse habits of the family dog. Proofs of knowledge.

But then I would lose power. Knowledge is power only as long as you keep your mouth shut.

Here's one for you, Molly: *menopause*. A pause while you reconsider men.

At long last here come the entrées, with a flashing of teeth and a winsome glance from the waiter. Veal scaloppine for Charles, who has not evidently seen those sordid pictures of calves being bleached in the dark, seafood en brochette for me. I think: now he'll say *Cheers* again, and then he'll make some comment about seafood being good for the sex drive. He's had enough wine for that by now. After that he'll ask me why I'm not married.

"Cheers," says Charles. "Any oysters in there?"

"No," I say. "Not a one."

"Too bad. Good for what ails you."

Speak for yourself, I think. He gives a meditative chew or two. "How is it that you never got married—an attractive woman like you?"

I shrug my shoulder pads. What should I tell him? The dead fiancé story, lifted from the great-aunt of a friend? No. Too World War I. Should I say, "I was too choosy?" That might scare him: if I'm hard to please, how will he manage to please me?

I don't really know why. Maybe I was waiting for the big romance. Maybe I wanted True Love, with the armpits airbrushed out and no bitter aftertaste. Maybe I wanted to keep my options open. In those days I felt that anything could happen.

"I was married once," I say, sadly, regretfully. I hope to convey that I did the right thing but it didn't work out. Some jerk let me down in a way too horrible to go into. Charles is free to think he could have done better.

There's something final about saying you were married once. It's like saying you were dead once. It shuts them up.

It's funny to think that Molly was the one who got married. You'd think it would have been me. I was the one who wanted two children, the two-car garage, the antique dining table with the rose bowl in the center. Well, at least I've got the table. Other women's husbands sit at it and I feed them omelets, while they surreptitiously consult their watches. But if they even hint at divorcing the wife I have them out the door so fast they can't even remember where they left their boxer shorts. I've never wanted to make the commitment. Or I've never wanted to take the risk. It amounts to the same thing.

There was a time when my married friends envied me my singleness, or said they did. I was having fun, ran the line, and they were not. Recently though, they're revising this view. They tell me I ought to travel, since I have the freedom for it. They give me travel brochures with palm trees on them. What they have in mind is a sunshine cruise, a shipboard romance, an adventure. I can think of nothing worse: stuck on an overheated boat with a lot of wrinkly women, all bent on adventure too. So I stuff the brochures in behind the toaster oven—so convenient for solo dinners—where one of these days they will no doubt burst into flame.

I get enough adventure right around here. It's wearing me out.

Twenty years ago I was just out of law school. In another twenty I'll be retired and it will be the twenty-first century, for whoever's counting. Once a month I wake in the night, slippery with terror. I'm afraid, not because there's someone in the room, in the dark, in the bed, but because there isn't. I'm afraid of the emptiness, which lies beside me like a corpse.

I think: what will become of me? I will be alone. Who will visit me in the old-age home? I think of the next man as an aging horse must think of a jump. Will I lose my nerve? Can I still pull it off? Should I get married? Do I have the choice?

In the daytime I am fine. I lead a rich full life. There is of course my career. I shine away at it like an antique brass. I add onto it like a stamp collection. It props me up: a career like an underwired brassiere. Some days I hate it.

"Dessert?" says Charles.

"Will you?"

Charles pats his midriff. "Trying to cut down," he says.

"Let's just have a double espresso," I say. I make it sound like a delicious conspiracy.

Double espresso. A diabolical torture devised by the Spanish Inquisition, involving a sack of tacks, a silver bootjack, and two three-hundred-pound priests.

Molly. I let you down. I burnt out early. I couldn't take the pressure. I wanted security. Maybe I decided that the fastest way to improve the lot of women was to improve my own.

Molly kept on. She lost that baby-fat roundness, she developed a raw edge to her voice and took to chain-smoking. Her hair got dull and her skin looked abraded and she paid no attention. She began to lecture me about my lack of seriousness, and also about my wardrobe, for which I overspent in her opinion. She began to use words like *patriarchy*. I began to find her strident.

"Molly," I said. "Why don't you give it up? You're slamming your head against a brick wall." I felt like a traitor saying it. But I'd have felt like a traitor if I hadn't said it, because Molly was knocking herself out, and for peanuts. The kind of women she represented never had any money.

"We're making progress," she'd say. Her face was getting that rosy look, like a missionary's. "We're accomplishing something."

"Who is this *we*?" I'd say. "I don't see a lot of people helping you out."

"Oh, they do," she said vaguely. "Some of them do. They do what they can, in their own way. It's sort of like the widow's mite, you know?"

"What widow?" I said. I knew, but I was exasperated. She

was trying to make me feel guilty. "Quit trying for sainthood, Molly. Enough is enough."

That was before she married Curtis.

"Now," says Charles. "Cards on the table, eh?"

"Right," I say. "Well, I've explained the basic position to you already. In your office."

"Yes," he says. "As I told you, the company has already allocated its charitable donations budget for this year."

"But you could make an exception," I say. "You could draw down on next year's budget."

"We could, if—well, the bottom line is that we like to think we're getting something back for what we put in. Nothing blatant, just what you might call good associations. With hearts and kidneys, for instance, there's no problem at all."

"What's wrong with these battered women?"

"Well, there would be our company logo, and then right beside it these battered women. The public might get the wrong idea."

"You mean they might think the company was doing the battering itself?"

"In a word, yes," says Charles.

It's like any negotiation. Always agree, then come at them from a different angle. "You have a point," I say.

Battered women. I see it in lights, like a roadside fast-food joint. *Get some fresh.* Sort of like onion rings and deep-fried chicken. A terrible pun. Would Molly have laughed? Yes. No. Yes.

Battered. Covered in slime, then dipped into hell. Not so inappropriate, after all.

Molly was thirty when she married Curtis. He wasn't the first man she'd lived with. I've often wondered why she did it. Why him? Possibly she just got tired.

Still, it was a strange choice. He was so dependent. He could hardly let her out of his sight. Was that the appeal? Probably not. Molly was a fixer. She thought she could fix things that were broken. Sometimes she could. Though Curtis was too broken even for her. He was so broken he thought the normal state of the world was broken. Maybe that's why he tried to break Molly: to make her normal. When he couldn't do it one way he did it another.

He was plausible enough at first. He was a lawyer, he had the proper suits. I could say I knew right away that he wasn't totally glued together but it wouldn't be true. I didn't know. I didn't like him very much, but I didn't know.

For a while after the wedding I didn't see that much of Molly. She was always busy doing something or other with Curtis, and then there were the children. A boy and a girl, just what I'd always expected, for myself. Sometimes it seemed Molly was leading the life I might have led if it hadn't been for caution and a certain fastidiousness. When it comes to the

crunch I have a dislike for other people's bathtub rings. That's the virtue of married men: someone else does the maintenance.

"Is everything all right?" asks the waiter, for the fourth time. Charles doesn't answer. Perhaps he doesn't hear. He's the sort of man for whom waiters are a kind of warm-blooded tea trolley.

"Wonderful," I say.

"Why don't these battered women just get a good lawyer?" says Charles. He's genuinely baffled. No use telling him they can't afford it. For him that's not a concept.

"Charles," I say. "Some of these guys *are* good lawyers."

"Nobody I know," says Charles.

"You'd be surprised," I say. "Of course, we take personal donations too."

"What?" says Charles, who has not followed me.

"Not just corporate ones. Bill Henry over at ConFrax gave two thousand dollars." Bill Henry had to. I know all about his useful right buttock birthmark, the one shaped like a rabbit. I know his snore pattern.

"Ah," says Charles, caught unawares. But he will not be hooked without a struggle. "You know I like to put my money where it's doing some real good. These women, you get them out,

but I've been told they just go right back and get battered again."

I've heard it before. They're addicted. They can't get enough of having their eyes punched in. "Give it to the Heart Foundation," I say, "and those ungrateful triple bypasses will just croak anyway, sooner or later. It's like they're asking for it."

"Touché," says Charles. Oh good. He knows some French. Not a complete oaf, unlike some. "How about I take you out for dinner on, say—" he consults his little book, the one they all carry around in the breast pocket—"Wednesday? Then you can convince me."

"Charles," I say, "that's not fair. I would adore to have dinner with you, but not as the price of your donation. Give first, and then we can have dinner with a clear conscience."

Charles likes the idea of a clear conscience. He grins and reaches for his checkbook. He is not going to look cheaper than Bill Henry. Not at this stage of the game.

Molly came to see me at my office. She didn't phone first. It was right after I'd left my high-class flunky company position and set up on my own. I had my own flunkies now, and I was wrestling with the coffee problem. If you're a woman, women don't like bringing you coffee. Neither do men.

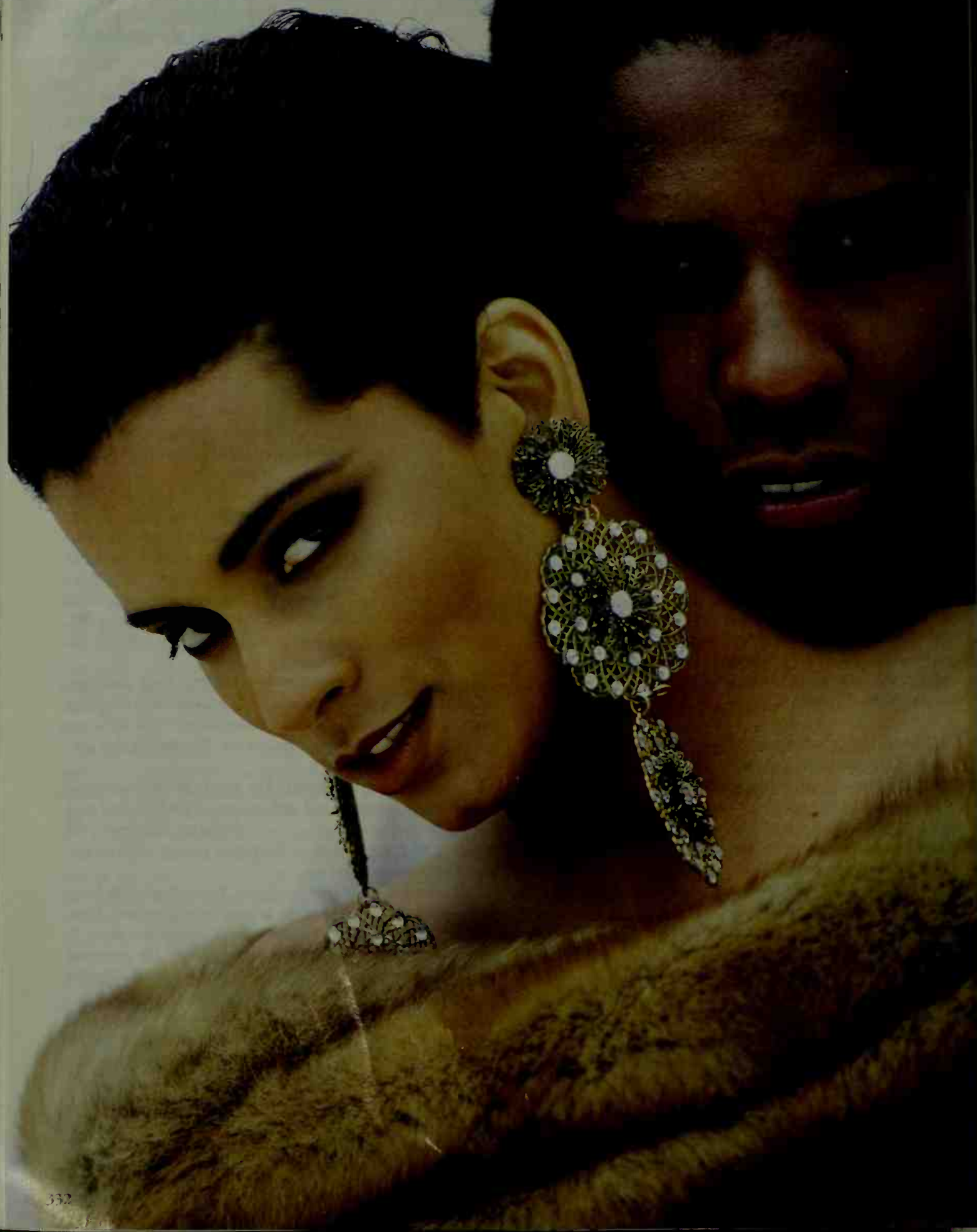
"Molly, what's wrong?" I said. "Do you want coffee?"

"I'm so wired already I couldn't stand it," she said. ▶ 384

**Molly thought any
toad could be turned
into a prince if he
was only kissed enough,
by her. I knew
a toad was a toad**

Getting into the fall, OPPOSITE PAGE, Giorgio Armani—
style. On D of Washington: suit (about \$1,750), shirt
(about \$250). Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC, Los
Angeles. On Cynda Williams: top, Giorgio Armani
Boutique, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles. THIS PAGE: A
close-up of the stars. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Carlyne Cerf de Dudzele



le jazz haute



**Denzel Washington and Cynda Williams,
stars of *Mo' Better Blues*, dance
away the heartache for Patrick Demarchelier**

Are Spike Lee's trouble-stirring days behind him? His latest film makes Elvis Mitchell wonder

Let's get one question out of the way immediately. Straight up: does Spike Lee like to cause trouble? "Hmm," he says, sighing. "Yeah, I guess you could call me an instigator." This summer, however, writer-director-producer (and, yes, performer) Lee is apparently surrendering his status as cinema's official agent provocateur. (Or, perhaps, as the avatar of the provoc-auteur school of filmmaking—Lee's bank of media rain clouds includes last summer's troubling cumulonimbus *Do the Right Thing* and 1988's drizzly comedy *School Daze*.) His current film, *Mo' Better Blues*, promises to be virtually scandal-less.

Late last year the picture caused some small amount of media body slam: the original title, *A Love Supreme*, was protested by John Coltrane's widow, a religious woman who didn't want her husband's most spiritual work connected with a possibly profane movie. But Lee quickly conceded that battle, changing the title to the doom-oriented mouthful *Variations on the Mo' Better Blues*, a name that seemed to dare anyone to show some interest. "People finally convinced me that one was too long," he says with a shrug.

"The Mo' Better? Yeah," Lee says, "I have a friend from D.C., Patty Hailes, and that was her phrase for 'the nasty'—the mo' better; 'the mo' better makes it mo' better.' A lot of that causes trouble in the movie—the blues."

The title does happen to summarize the movie rather neatly. It is a love story, and the film does run a hot poker through the hearts of many of its characters. Initially, *Mo' Better's* protagonist, self-possessed and single-minded jazz trumpeter Bleek Gilliam (Denzel Washington), seems like a carrier; he gives the blues to others. He runs his band, the Bleek Quintet, the way he wants, banging heads with his equally ego-rooted saxophonist, Shadow (Wesley Snipes), who wants the band to move into broader audience acceptance.

Because Bleek is devoted to his horn and the purest jazz he can fire up on stage, all of his other relationships suffer. He keeps the two women in his life—Indigo (Joie Lee), a quiet, warmhearted teacher, and Clarke (Cynda Williams), a singer who wants to explode on the jazz scene as badly as he does—at a distance. Because he refuses to focus on the progress of his band as a commercial entity, Bleek lets his boyhood friend, the well-meaning but ineffectual Giant (played by Lee), manage the band, which leads to Bleek's downfall and comeuppance.

The movie's theme seems to be trust; in fact, many of the characters mutter seductive variations on "trust me" throughout. "Yeah, that's part of it," Lee considers. "I didn't structure it that way, but Bleek doesn't know where to place his trust, because he won't listen to anybody except his music. It comes down to relationships, too. Bleek has to learn that he can be driven and still have a normal life. And I knew that Denzel was the person for the part. I wrote the movie for him because I wanted to use the rapport he has with the female audience. Women love him."

Mo' Better Blues is Washington's chance to carry a movie, and he gives what is undeniably a complex and mature movie-star performance; he manages to be both supple and brittle, with the muscle and weight to move into the leading-man

power base, perhaps the first black man to be taken seriously as an earthy and sexual presence on-screen. His hot-blooded charisma shows up in flashes



of arrogance, lightning on the horizon—his Bleek knows that sheer talent gives him the right to be a stone-hearted punk. Washington places himself squarely in the center of things rather than removing himself from the milieu. "What can I say?" Washington offers during a photo shoot. "Working with Spike was the first chance I had to work with a contemporary, in the first movie that was written for me. Being in this setting just made me comfortable like I'd never been before. And," spotting his director out of the corner of his eye, Washington shifts, "and he was always a lot of trouble to work with."

"Maybe we should talk about *Heart Condition*," Lee counterpunches.

Upon seeing Cynda Williams, the poised and polished young tenderoni who makes her film debut as the clear-eyed and ambitious jazz singer Clarke, one's first response is amazement—she has the calm and composure of a veteran and the compelling bone structure of a natural camera subject, her hair a dark, sleek helmet smoothed back to conform to her perfect head. "For this movie, for Clarke, we wanted to find someone from the Midwest," Lee says, "because we'd stuck to the talent pools in L.A. and New York before. But my casting person, Robi Reed, called me up and said, 'Clarke just walked in.' As it turned out, Cynda's from the Midwest. I think she was working in an accounting office here in New York. Yeah, I think Cynda's the second coming of Dorothy Dandridge. I saw her and said, 'That'll work.'"

Actually, Williams worked as an accountant at a Manhattan restaurant. "They were really good about letting me keep flexible hours. I continued to work during the movie, sometimes getting to work at 5 A.M.; it helped keep me centered. Especially when I auditioned for the sixth time and started to lose my confidence. It was like, 'God! When will he know if he wants me or not?' Besides, I'm from the Midwest and I don't like being bored."

Mo' Better Blues captures the hypnotic, contradictory aspects of jazz. (Lee admits that the \$10 million budget, his biggest yet, made his job a lot easier.) But the complete

Playing it cool, **LEFT:** In *Mo' Better Blues*, trumpeter Bleek Gilliam (Denzel Washington) confers with his well-intentioned yet bumbling business manager (Spike Lee). **FAR LEFT:** Ambitious Bleek meets his match in the equally driven Clarke (Cynda Williams), a jazz singer with her own agenda for stardom.

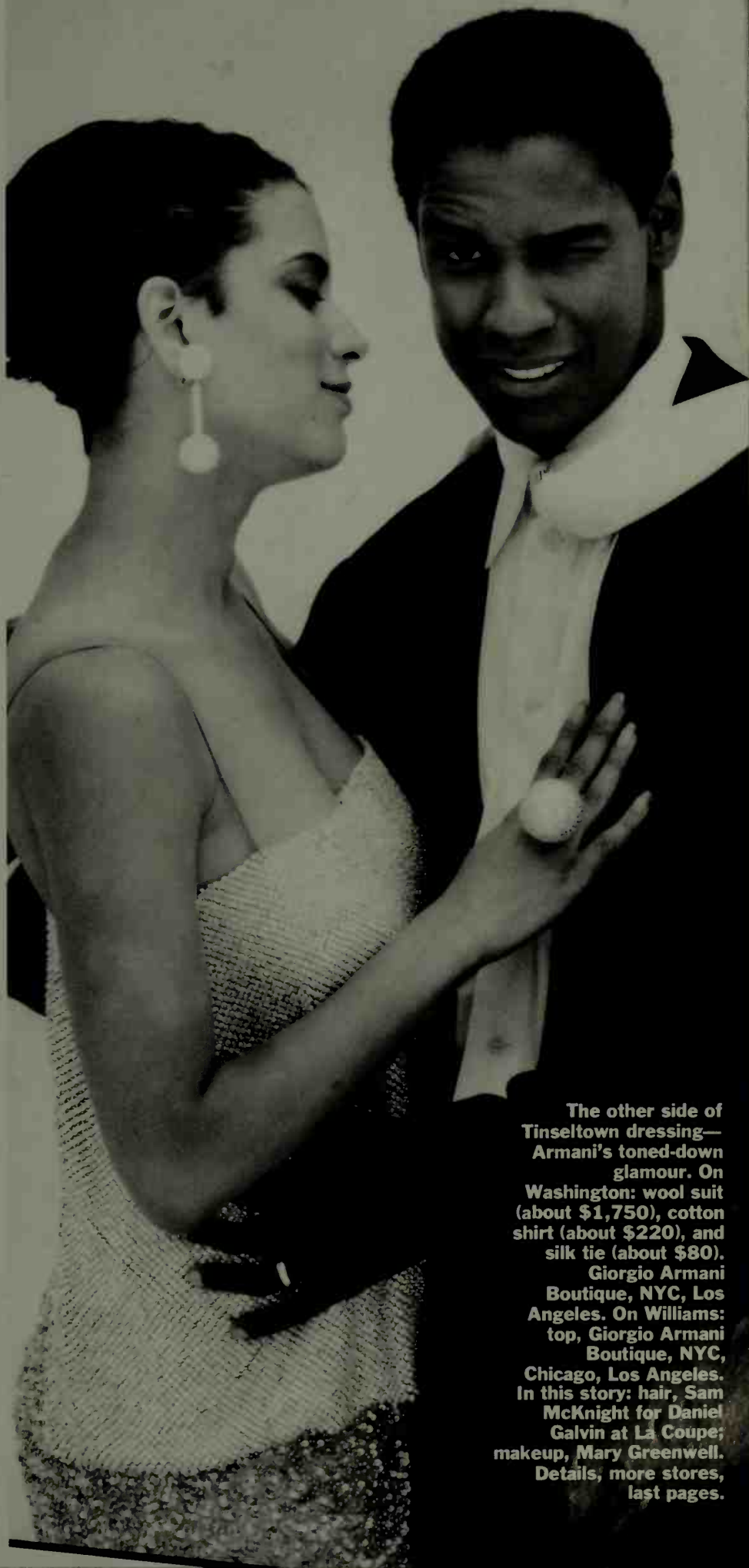
immersion in the jazz milieu (the nightclub in which Bleek's group does its onstage work is called Beneath the Underdog, after the odd and entertaining Charles Mingus autobiography) might serve to scare potential audiences away.

"I know," Lee says. "I wanted jazz to be a very important part of the film, but at the same time, I didn't want it to be a jazz film per se. But also at the same time, I didn't want jazz to just be a backdrop either. It doesn't really bother me if people even call it a jazz film.

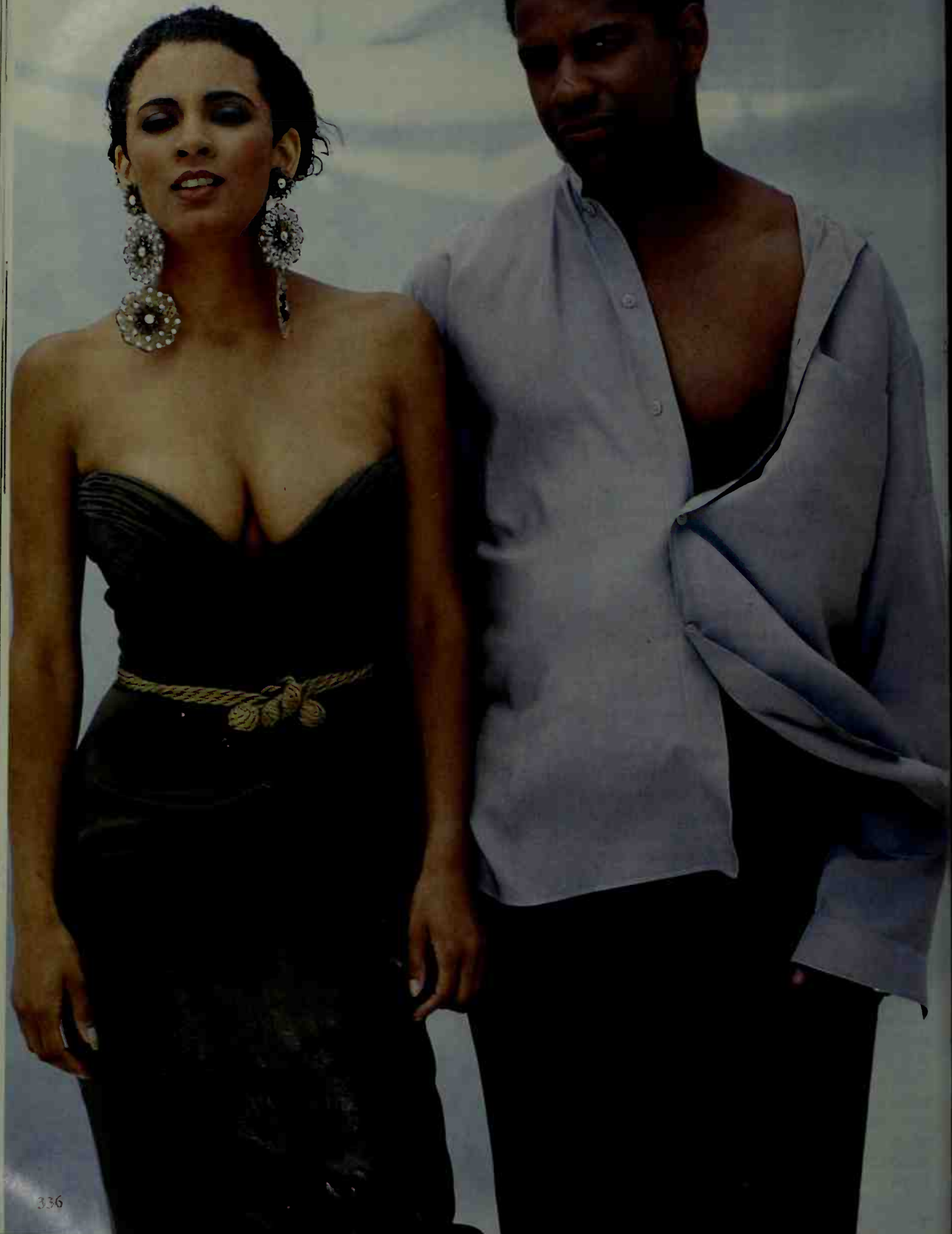
"The thing about that, though, with the way jazz has been perceived in the marketplace, is that people think they're not gonna like it. You know, they figure they'll be gettin' something like *Bird*," he says, shaking his head somberly, "which didn't even light black people right, let alone tell the story right. It would've been horrible if, with the background I have, I'd gone out and done the same thing that [*Round Midnight* director Bertrand] Tavernier and [*Bird* director Clint] Eastwood did. We went out of our way to involve great musicians—Branford Marsalis, Terrence Blanchard, Donald Harrison—and to get them to work with the actors who play Bleek's band, so they'd be as authentic as possible."

And suddenly there he is, reflexively stepping in the puddle and splashing controversy everywhere. The heavy-lidded indifference that sometimes masks his feelings dissolves, replaced by a crooked grin and a knitted brow. Lee no longer looks like the media point man for the black experience. Devilry gleaming in his eyes, he's warming to the bum's rush he's giving the bastardized genre known as the jazz film.

"You know, it was seein' *Bird* that made me want to do a jazz film after *Do the Right Thing*. I didn't really want to follow *Do the Right Thing* with another angry, antagonist thing. I needed a break, too," he says, laughing. "But if we're lucky, people'll go out and see *Mo' Better Blues* and a whole new audience will be exposed to jazz. Because people who are exposed to the music do like it. That would be the really great part—if after seeing this movie they bought 250,000 Coltrane records." That would make it mo' better, at that. ●



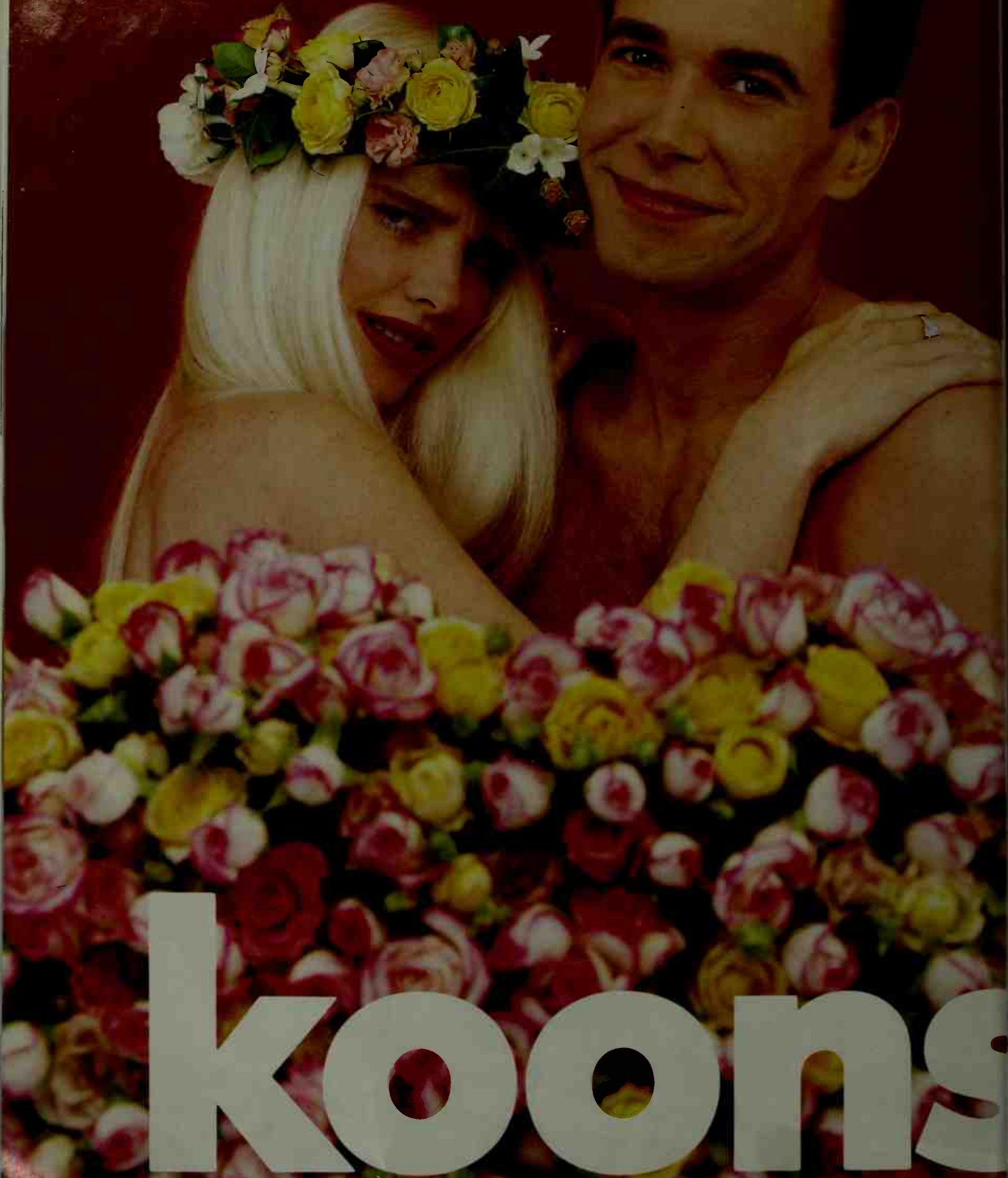
The other side of Tinseltown dressing—Armani's toned-down glamour. On Washington: wool suit (about \$1,750), cotton shirt (about \$220), and silk tie (about \$80). Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC, Los Angeles. On Williams: top, Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles. In this story: hair, Sam McKnight for Daniel Galvin at La Coupe; makeup, Mary Greenwell. Details; more stores, last pages.



Always fascinated by the movies, Armani has designed costumes for *American Gigolo* and *The Untouchables*. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** His nineties film-star look. Her gown, Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles. His shirt (about \$610) and pants (about \$850). Barneys New York; Giorgio Armani Boutique, Chicago, Los Angeles. **THIS PAGE:** Fast becoming the uniform for the Oscars, Armani clothes that are well suited for celebrating. On Washington: suit (about \$1,750), shirt (about \$220), and tie (about \$80). Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC, Los Angeles. On Williams: top, Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles. Details, more stores, last pages.



Jeff Koons is shown
with his wife and
fiancée, including
a pop star and
a member of the
Italian Parliament.
ON SITE: Koons's
Rabbit, 1986, of
cast stainless steel.



koon

At the recent Venice Biennale, all the talk was of Jeff Koons. Dodie Kazanjian spoke to him about his latest scandal, and Karl Lagerfeld captured the artist and his muse on film

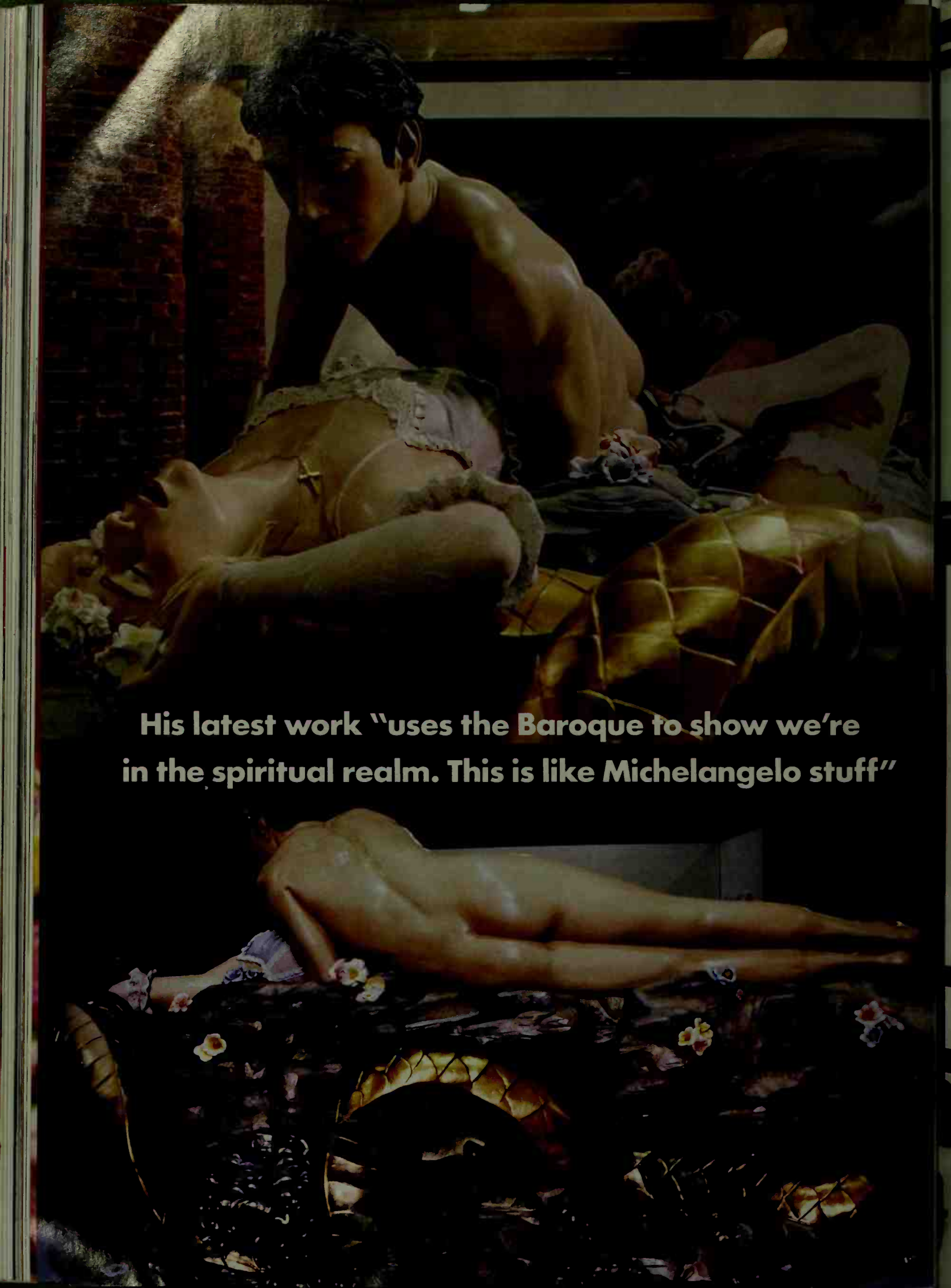
Like a *motoscafo* cutting through the choppy waters of the Grand Canal, Jeff Koons and Ilona Staller make their way down the tremendous corridor of the Arsenale in Venice. Koons, thirty-five, is the most provocative young American artist of the moment. Staller is Cicciolina, the ultrablond Italian porn star who is also a deputy in the Italian Parliament. Together they are the media sensation of the 1990 Venice Biennale. Wherever they appear in public, autograph seekers besiege her and paparazzi trample over one another in a rush to record their every move. Today is the official opening of the Aperto, the Biennale's off-Broadway exhibition of more than eighty artists thirty-five and under from around the world, and Koons's new work is the *succès de scandale*.

As they proceed along the endless straight corridor built more than eight hundred years ago for the braiding of ropes for Venice's maritime empire, Cicciolina's four-inch clear plastic spike heels keep getting wedged between the floorboards, temporarily interrupting their progress. She is wearing a skintight, iridescent, white-sequined creation that leaves her midriff bare and hugs her calves, mermaid fashion. Beside her, Koons looks thoroughly American in spite of his Italian white dinner jacket and open-neck Italian sport shirt. (His Italian is limited to *sì*, *scusi*, *bella*, and *ciao*; his translator, Marina DeNardo, is always nearby.) Jeff's arm encircles Cicciolina's nude waist. "Are you the new Romeo and Juliet?" a television reporter yells out. Jeff replies calmly, "We are the contemporary Adam and Eve."

Toward the end of the two-thousand-foot-long



crazy



His latest work "uses the Baroque to show we're in the spiritual realm. This is like Michelangelo stuff"

hall, having paused frequently while Koons pointed out works by other artists in square bays on either side, they arrive at last at the Jeff Koons space. Television lights cast a hot glare on the packed, buzzing crowd, which parts slightly to let Jeff and Cicciolina enter. And what is this they see? A vast, larger-than-life-size, polychromed, fully realistic sculpture of Jeff and Cicciolina in the Garden of Eden, recumbent, passionately embracing, he nude and she somewhat less so, while a huge serpent coils around their bed of love. Behind and around this arresting image, three walls display giant photo-derived paintings of Jeff/Adam and Cicciolina/Eve in variations of the ultimate embrace. "*Bella, bellissima,*" coos Cicciolina, throwing her arms around him.

A television interview takes place:

Question: What do you want to achieve?

Jeff: To show that everyone can achieve their desire, and Ilona is my desire.

Question: What is Cicciolina's role in your work?

Jeff: Ilona is one of the greatest artists in the world. She is a great communicator, a great liberator. Other artists use a paintbrush. Ilona uses her genitalia.

Question: Are you more entertainer than artist now?

Jeff: I want to have impact in people's lives. I want to communicate to as wide a mass as possible. And the way to communicate to the public right now is through TV and advertising. The art world is not effective right now.

There's something peculiar going on here. Although Koons's images are sexually explicit, the mood is romantic, sentimental, greeting-card Victorian. Flowers, butterflies, and overly sweet colors are everywhere. Koons talks a lot about the moral conflicts he has gone through in order to liberate us viewers from guilt and shame. And the fact is, although I usually feel extremely uncomfortable with explicit sexual details, I'm not uncomfortable here. Either Koons has taken away my guilt

Jeff Koons's *One Ball Total Equilibrium Tank*, 1985. OPPOSITE: Two views of the polychrome wood sculpture *Jeff and Ilona: Made in Heaven* unveiled by Koons at the Venice Biennale in May.



"Ilona and I were born for each other. She's a media woman. I'm a media man. We are the contemporary Adam and Eve"

and shame, or else this particular work doesn't carry much of an erotic charge. Is it pornographic? Would Jesse Helms close it down? "Pornography is alienation," says Koons. "I'm not worried about any of the perceptions, because this work has absolutely no vocabulary in alienation. It's about using sexuality as a tool to communicate."

Koons has always been a great communicator. As a clerk at the membership desk of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, he doubled the membership rolls in a year. He supported his artwork for a while after that by becoming a highly successful commodities broker on Wall Street. Some critics sneered at the businesslike attitude and promotional skill of Koons and other artists of his generation, but Koons

has made mass-produced commodities and our attitudes toward them the basis of his art. He emerged in the eighties with aggressive, ready-made sculptures that involved commercial products wrenched from their context and presented in a new light: vacuum cleaners in Plexiglas vitrines, basketballs suspended in aquariums full of water, corny statuettes and other kitschy stuff that you might find in airport gift shops, reproduced at large scale in porcelain, wood, and stainless steel.

The first Koons objects I saw were his submerged basketballs in 1985. They were the most intense and aggressive objects I'd seen in a long time. They fascinated and irritated me—like those tunes you can't get out of your head. His silver rabbit in the 1986 Neo Geo group show at the Sonnabend

Gallery in New York was even more irritating and indelible; a stainless-steel cast of a child's balloon bunny, it was dumb, weird, and lovable in spite of itself. Everything he does has this strange, off-the-wall energy. Like Warhol, he seems to find images that grab us and don't let go.

He has always worked with commodities, using images that are instantly recognizable to millions of people through mass production, advertising, and the media—the title of his last show was *Banality*. He wanted his viewers to embrace these images instead of rejecting them in favor of something more sophisticated; this is what the bourgeois really likes, he was saying—so relax and accept it, and feel no guilt and shame about doing so. This work, made in editions of three and shown at Sonnabend and a number of other blue-chip galleries worldwide, has made him rich. "I've made what the Beatles would have made if they'd made sculpture," he says. "Nobody ever said that the Beatles' music was not on a high level, but it appealed to a mass audience. That's what I want to do."

Koons's success has given him the independence and power to shoot for bigger game, and to transcend the art world. Now he is out to remove the guilt and shame of all classes, on a global level, so that we can all return to the Garden of Eden. Oddly enough, Koons's extracurricular art world ambitions have wowed many art world cognoscenti. "If I were to make an award for the Artist of the Eighties, it would be . . . to Jeff Koons," Ned Rifkin, chief curator of the Hirshhorn Museum, said last April.

His Biennale work, Koons says, is just a preview of the "world exhibition" he plans for the spring of 1991. This will include more paintings, sculptures, and a feature film called *Made in Heaven*, financed, produced, written, and directed by Koons, starring him and Cicciolina; it will focus on what Koons calls their spiritual and physical "oneness."

To prepare himself for *Made in Heaven*, Jeff Koons has spent the last two years transforming himself. He has honed his 5'10 3/4" body through a program designed for him by Arnold Schwarzenegger, in daily two-hour workouts that have taken him from 170 pounds to his current, somewhat nondescript 143 pounds. (A Schwarzenegger he is not.) He does six hundred sit-ups at a clip. He takes ▶ 384

Koons's large-scale porcelain *Pink Panther*, 1988. **OPPOSITE:** Artist and model in the flesh in their Venice hotel room.



eye contact

Designer Isaac Mizrahi confesses he's an unabashed fan of smudgy, charcoal eyes. He's not alone. This season eye makeup has grown darker—whether seen on the runways at the Paris and New York fall fashion shows or in “real life” in London and Los Angeles, where extra layers of mascara thicken upper lashes, and kohl pencils make lids smoky, mysterious.

At the Chanel show, Claudia Schiffer (made famous by ads for Guess? jeans) appeared with noticeably rimmed and dramatically dark shadowed eyes. Strong eyes go well with the clothes that have a younger feel this season, and the look is easy to show on Schiffer “because her hair is so blond and her skin is so light,” explains Chanel's national makeup director, Guy Lento.

Chanel wasn't the only house enthralled with mysterious eyes: the models showing clothes for Emanuel Ungaro, Jean Paul Gaultier, and Thierry Mugler were on the same wavelength. At Mugler's show, makeup artist Jasmine used Shiseido's black liquid eyeliner, eye pencil, and mascara to create a look influenced by cabaret, Marilyn Monroe, and Brigitte Bardot.

Mizrahi, who began using false lashes on his runway models last fall, now advocates individual artificial lashes with “lots of mascara” in the blackest black for a butterfly-lash look. Short-hair trendsetter Linda Evangelista is furthering the dark, smudged-eye look; she was spotted at New York's Red Zone with enough black eyeliner to put Twiggy to shame.

In Los Angeles at Bar One and Small's, eye makeup is reminiscent of Elizabeth Taylor, Bardot, and the sixties, with even the palest blonds

wearing black mascara and the darkest eyeliners drawn along top lashes, or having eyes entirely circled. Lucienne, a Los Angeles-based makeup artist who makes up Julia Roberts and Geena Davis, uses a dry lip brush with dark eye shadow to line lids. She prefers to use a concentrated eye shadow, one that contains mineral powders (which make the shadow opaque), such as Yves Saint Laurent's Fard Soulgneur from the Ombres Magiques Eyeshadow line.

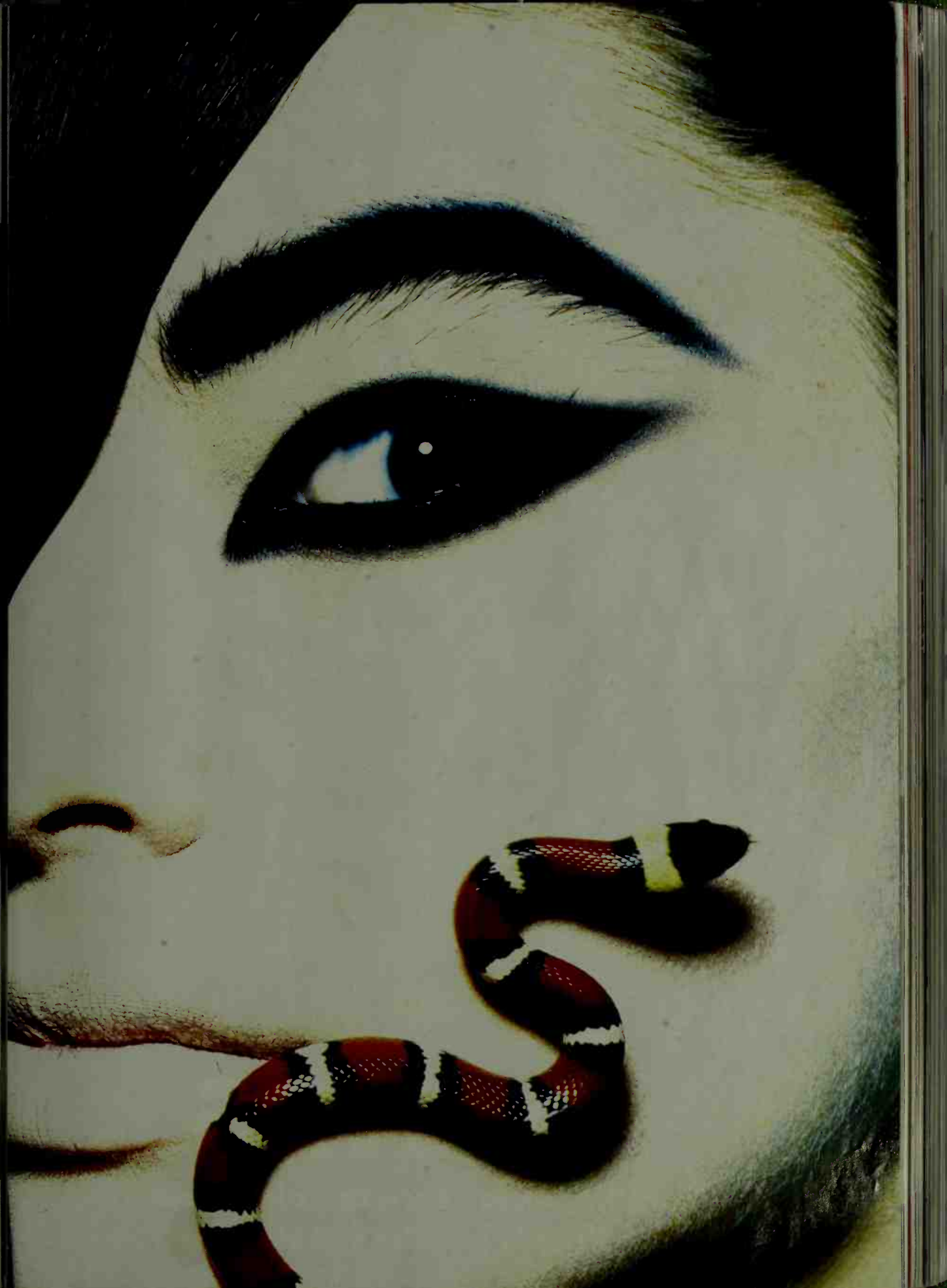
Paloma Picasso considers the move toward such dark eyes a reaction to the brighter fashion picture. “There were so many bright colors, prints, and patterns in the fall collections, a totally natural face would look washed out,” she says. “With strong colors, the face needs a strong focus,” hence the resurrection of strong black liner to rim the eyes. Try Picasso's own Black Kohl Pencil and Black Mascara.

At night, the best technique involves slightly smudging eye shadow or black pencil, according to makeup artist Linda Mason, responsible for Linda Evangelista's black-ringed eyes in Revlon's “Unforgettable” ads. Use a wet brush and dry eye shadow, suggests makeup artist Grey Zisser. Either Prescriptives' Coal Eyeshadow or Christian Dior's Steel Grey from Dior's summer palette works well.

Liquid eyeliners are more likely to give a harsh look. “The best look is Cleopatra-like,” says makeup artist Kevyn Aucoin, who creates the makeup for the Mizrahi shows. The way to get the look is to circle eyes with a black pencil, blending in black eye shadow from the pencil line out.—ELIZABETH COLLIER

Photographer: Penn

The new bold look: smoky, sultry, Cleopatra-inspired



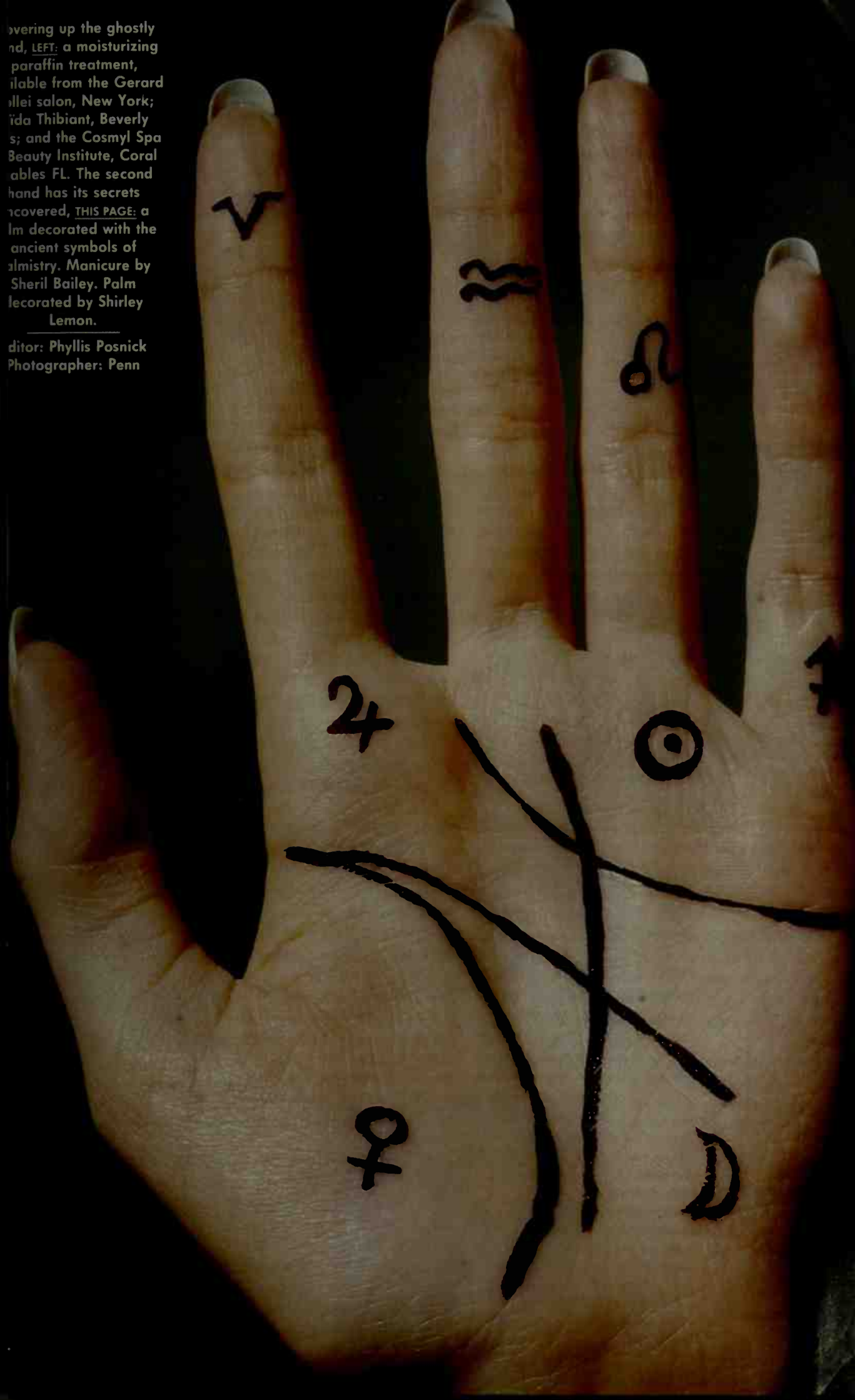


hands

From fingernail care to palm reading—
Jody Shields has the full story in hand

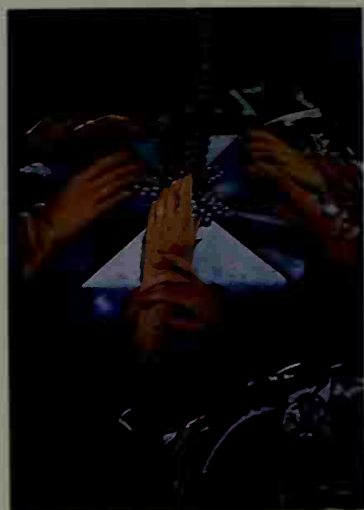
covering up the ghostly
and, LEFT: a moisturizing
paraffin treatment,
available from the Gerard
Jilley salon, New York;
Tilda Thibiant, Beverly
Hills; and the Cosmyl Spa
Beauty Institute, Coral
Gables FL. The second
hand has its secrets
discovered, THIS PAGE: a
palm decorated with the
ancient symbols of
Wicca. Manicure by
Sheril Bailey. Palm
decorated by Shirley
Lemon.

Editor: Phyllis Posnick
Photographer: Penn



In their quest for perfection, the Greeks used the hand as the measure for the ideally proportioned body. One of the earliest written formulas, followed by classical Greek artists for centuries, had the hand, the foot, and the face all the same length, the neck twice the circumference of the wrist, and the wrist twice the thickness of the thumb. Finally, the ideal body measured eighteen thumbs tall.

As a piece of working equipment the hand stands alone. No other part of the body has so much packed into such a small package. The hands command two of the largest spaces in the motor cortex of the brain—a measure of their importance. Just to wriggle the fingers, the brain sends thousands of message impulses to contract



The pampered hand, by Horst, 1941

and relax the forearm muscles and then the fingers. The hand is surprisingly strong—the average woman can exert a grip strength of about forty-five pounds—and enormously sensitive, with thousands of nerve endings to detect pain, pressure, heat. Most of the nerve endings are concentrated in the fingertips, where the sense of touch is so finely tuned that each minute whorl and ridge plays a part. A vast network of capillaries also increases the hand's sensitivity. While the rest of the body might be comfortably warm, the hands can be chilly; because of the distance from the heart, the blood cools down by the time it reaches the fingertips. In fact, the fingertips are so hypersensitive that even smoking a cigarette constricts the blood vessels, lowering the hand's temperature five to fifteen degrees. Pain, fear, and anger can have the same effect.

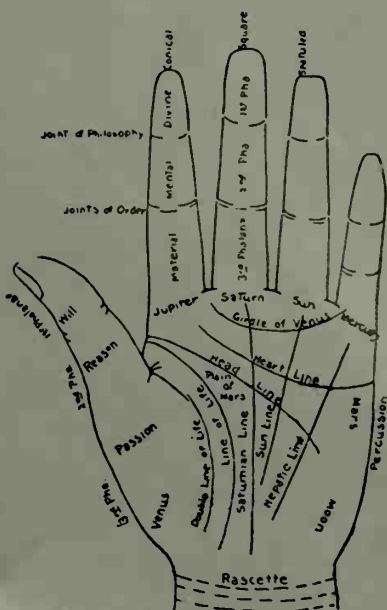
and relax the forearm muscles and then the fingers.

The hand is surprisingly strong—the average woman can exert a grip strength of about forty-five pounds—and enormously sensitive, with thousands of nerve endings to detect pain, pressure, heat. Most of the nerve endings are concentrated in the fingertips, where the sense of touch is so finely tuned that each minute whorl and ridge plays a part.

A vast network of capillaries also increases the hand's sensitivity. While the rest of the body might be comfortably warm, the hands can be chilly; because of the distance from the heart, the blood cools down by the time it reaches the fingertips. In fact, the fingertips are so hypersensitive that even smoking a cigarette constricts the blood vessels, lowering the hand's temperature five to fifteen degrees. Pain, fear, and anger can have the same effect.

hand care Hands are as vulnerable to damage caused by the sun, age, and the environment as the face is. Hands also deal with special horrors: detergents and cleansers that often can make the skin on the

The palm, according to the ancient art of palmistry. The names for the markings of the parts of the hand date from premedieval times. A quick read from Shirley Lemon, who created the palm on the previous page: a short lifeline means a dull—not a short—life; faint lines hint at a frail body type; good communicators have a long pinky.



A Kirlian electrophotograph, studied as a diagnostic aid. The corona is caused by electricity, which exposes the image on a sheet of film.

hands look about ten years older than skin on other parts of the body.

Hands tend to be dry because they have very few oil glands and the skin has only a slight cushion of subcutaneous fat to support it. As hands age, skin becomes even thinner, drier, and less supple, and veins become more pronounced. There's no miracle product, yet, to hold back the aging process. The best "rule of thumb": treat the hand as tenderly as the face. New York City dermatologist Diana Bihova has a list of don'ts to help preclude early signs of wear and tear: *Don't* overwash hands. *Don't* wash with hot water—only lukewarm. *Don't* use highly alkaline soaps. Also, apply a moisturizer while hands are still slightly damp, massaging it well into

the cuticles. Something to remember: one can never moisturize hands and nails too much.

the fingernail Fingernails, made of the tough protein keratin, are chemically similar to hair—neither has any living cells. The cuticle (also composed of dead cells) protects the lunula, the half-moon at the base of the nail. Beneath the lunula is the matrix, where the soft, gel-like fingernail cells form. Though fingernails grow continuously, they grow slowly—an average of 1/8 inch a week, with a new nail taking five to six months to reach the fingertip. Growth is also inconsistent: the fingernails on the dominant hand and on the middle fingers seem to lengthen more rapidly—and about four times faster than toenails. Growth is quickest during daylight, hot weather, pregnancy, and just before menstruation. Old age, illness, and malnutrition slow the process. The fingernail is actually whitish in color; it only looks pink because of the capillaries visible below on the nail bed.

The fingernail can pick up color from sources other than nail polish—bleach, garlic, suntan lotion, cigarettes, tea, dye, and printer ribbon can all make a visible impression.



An idyllic manicure, photographed by Horst, 1943

manicure history One of the earliest manicurists worked in mid-eighteenth-century London, making house calls in a carriage. Women devoted several hours a day to hand grooming; a number of specialists made their living at this delicate task.

The modern manicure started in the 1830s. Citizen King Louis Philippe's foot doctor, a certain Monsieur Sitts, removed a hangnail from one of the royal fingers. From this Dr. Sitts went on to create a new system, based on treat-



Revlon's landmark red nails and lips, 1952

ment with an orange-wood stick, which he adapted from a dental tool. Before this innovation, manicures were rather brutal: metal tools were used to clean the nails, and cuticles were loosened and removed with acid and scissors.

Sitts's niece inherited his practice, and she was key to the feminization of the profession. In 1892 Madame Sitts could still claim a royal clientele for the family manicure business as well as the inflated title "artiste of the hand."

By then the Sitts method had been introduced to the United States, and in a relatively short time business was booming. In the 1890s establishments such as Riker's Manicure Parlour in New York City occupied several floors in a building, each floor catering to women of different incomes. The staff was mostly female. According to Victorian standards, hand-holding by a male manicurist was taboo—it was too intimate an association. However, the reverse was not true: women manicurists could work in barbershops.

As the beauty industry grew so did the number of manicuring parlors. In 1903 a beauty writer noted that they were "almost as thick on New York streets as the saloons." In the 1920s manicurists lost their top position in salons to hairstylists as hairstyles began to require more attention.

By 1938 there were more than a hundred thousand salons in the country offering a combination of beauty services. Manicures cost from twenty-five cents to three dollars and fifty cents. The reason for the difference in cost—nails painted with color!

nail-product history Dye injection, used in the Orient in the seventeenth century, can go on record as one of the most painful nail treatments. Organic dyes were injected into the matrix just under the cuticle. Fingernails grew out "precolored."

Removable nail colors weren't well accepted until this century. Early in the 1900s "nail rouge" was the term for nail-coloring products, and a recipe was published with the dour observation that nail coloring "is considered a bad practice and is looked upon as vulgar by the community." The ingredients were harmless enough: an alkanet root soaked in alcohol. For a colorless gloss, "nail varnish" concocted from a tropical tree resin was painted on with a camel-hair brush. Varnish gave the fingers only a fleeting beauty, wearing off after one day.

Conservative women buffed their nails with cake, paste, or polish first commercially produced by Cutex in 1917. It wasn't until 1925 that the first liquid pol-

ish, called nail lacquer, arrived on the scene. A triumph over colorless conservatism, the polish was made up in a sheer rosy pink and was applied to only the center of the nail, leaving the tip and the half-moon bare. The style stayed popular for the next ten years. More short-lived was polish with perfume, introduced in 1929. Nail lacquer was cooked up from dissolved celluloid plastic; acetone and ether had to be used to remove it.

In 1932 a young man named Charles Revson turned the making of nail polish into a real industry when, with the help of chemist Charles Lachman, he created a more durable and opaque polish based on pigments rather than dyes, which made a wider range of colors available. It caused a sensation and led to the creation of a company called Revlon. Revlon was also the first company to give shade names, instead of numbers, to the many colored enamels that followed. In the 1930s another idea came from Revlon: that lips and nails should match each other.

Women didn't stop at coloring their fingernails: they tinted their fingertips with rouge and rubbed a powder on the backs of the hands to make them appear as white as possible.



Long, faux nails, 1939 version

Sometime in the early 1930s the nail-whitening pencil was introduced. Another nail whitener, now extinct, worked somewhat like dental floss: little strings saturated with whitener were pulled back and forth under the fingernails.

In 1938 technology created a base coat, which led to the entire nail surface being polished, not just the center. By the end of the 1940s products like Dura-Gloss and Lustre-Coat, transparent helpers brushed under and over nail enamel, further extended its life. Base coats weren't without their problems. In 1948 one contained ingredients "akin to Bakelite" that caused fingernails to turn white, buckle, and fall off. In the 1950s technology made another advance: aerosol hair-spray dispensers, which led to spray-on nail-polish dryers.

Since then, nail polish has grown increasingly versatile.

This year *Nouveau* nail enamel by Quintessence was introduced: the polish comes in something that resembles an oversize felt-tip pen, the flow controlled by a push button so it never drips. As for nail care, there's now even a moisturizer with a fungicide (Heal, by Creative Nail Design).

The time needed for polish to dry has decreased, too. Last fall, according to Jill Scalamandre, a creative marketing vice president at Revlon, polish-drying time was cut twenty percent over the previous



Nails in technicolor, 1941



Josephine Baker favored gold fingernails; Coco Chanel wanted to paint only her toenails red

year. However, the ideal development has not yet been achieved: a polish that dries *instantly* and stays on without chipping for weeks—or until boredom sets in.

the long and short of it Although extralong fingernails would seem to be a particularly useless and affected accessory, courtiers in seventeenth-century Europe put them to practical (and peculiar) use. According to court etiquette, using the hand to knock on a dignitary's door was noisy, so ill-mannered and inconsiderate.

A delicate, doglike scratch was preferred, and the long nail of the little finger was the perfect tool for the job. In China, both men and women of the aristocracy wore their nails incredibly long to show they performed no manual labor. Women's nails reached such lengths they were sheathed with gold or silver to protect them.

The "filbert" nail was the ideal in the nineteenth century, moderate in length and slightly pointed. Anything

less than this standard was considered unacceptable. "A broad, flat nail cut very short... denotes a vulgar nature," declared the Marquise de Fontenoy in her book on beauty.

Imagine the marquise's thoughts about one of the twentieth century's innovations: a nail-growing contest, begun in Hollywood in the 1920s. In the 1939 contest, the winner was a girl with six-inch nails on all ten fingers.

Superlong nails were only for the few, those who were endowed with naturally strong nails and a lifestyle that allowed them to stay that way. In the 1930s *Women's Home Companion* suggested that a quart of milk a day would produce luxurious fingernails. Gelatin, gulped for decades as a nail booster, was finally exposed as a folkloric remedy



made this long-clawed look their signature.

Acrylic nails replaced the porcelain fake nails in the mid-sixties. Though thinner, they were still difficult to wear and brittle. It wasn't until the late 1970s that most of the kinks had been worked out of fake nails. At last, art managed to imitate nature: faux nails could pass for real. Because these nail extensions were flexible, color stable, and could be worn without polish, the white-tipped French manicure—created in America—became popular.

A still more flexible alternative was the nail wrap, in which the fingernail was wrapped with paper, linen, or sometimes reptile skin, then sealed with nail polish or glue.

By the 1980s nail lengths—like hemlines—took on more of a regional identity. According to Jan Bragulla, president of Creative Nail Design, while West Coasters favored square, long nails, as one traveled east fashion demanded shorter nails. Nail tips, which covered just part of the nail, replaced the one-piece sculpted nail, and silk-wrap fake nails became popular.

Although today "well-groomed" nails mean *shorter* nails (which can now be engineered with fiberglass nail wraps), enduring dragon-lady nails are still lurking.

One showplace for this look is the Annual Fantasy Total Look Artistic Nail Exhibition. At last year's show, which took place in New York City, the nails that won first place were embellished with a lace-and-floral appliqué that took months to prepare.

On a more realistic note, more than seven million dollars was spent on manicures last year, and a professional manicure is considered a practical choice today; an essential beauty investment that is definitely a time-saver—no longer a luxurious indulgence. ●

Nail-Care News

In this age of specialization, products for the hands are as fine-tuned as those for the face. To smooth skin and remove calluses: Pumice Cream by Max Factor. Special moisturizing hand treatments: Clarins's Hand and Nail Treatment Cream; Sally Hansen's Hand & Nail Therapy Moisturizing Lotion; Nexus's Velvet Hand Emollient; Caswell-Massey's Almond Hand Cream. Nail moisturizers: Nail Resilience Cream by Clarion; Intensive Nighttime Nail Renewal by Barielle; Eight Hour Cream by Elizabeth Arden. Cuticle treatments: Christian Dior's Crème Abricot; Estée Lauder's Nail Perfecting Treatment.

Gentle polish remover: Cutex Vaseline Intensive Care Lotion Moisturizing Polish Remover. For weak nails: Nail Saver Calcium Fiber Fortifier by Cutex. To extend enamel longevity: L'Oréal's Grow Strong! Base Coat; Chanel's Ridge-Filling Base Coat also "fills in" nail surfaces to add a smoother finish to polish. Top coat, to protect nail polish from chipping and add a glossy finish: Maybelline's Long Wearing Nail Color Glossy Base & Top Coat. Other nail-enamel savers: Revlon's Stainguard Anti-Stain Base Coat; Lancôme's Laque Protecteur (prevents polish from fading from the sun).



Left M

9. Left



ection is so
histicated
ay that
erprints can
n be picked
from
mpact discs
d Styrofoam.
o fingernail
er
veillance
ars
ybelline's
ulgent Red
italizing
lor for Nails
h Keratin-A.
nicure by
ril Bailey.

Roehm's



Successful designer and high-profile socialite Carolyne Roehm seems to have it all. But as Georgina Howell discovers, for this perfectionist, satisfaction is not guaranteed

Empire



At Weatherstone, the Connecticut house she shares with husband Henry Kravis, Carolyn Roehm takes her favorite horse through his paces in the new outdoor riding ring. OPPOSITE: Roehm pauses in the greenhouse, one of the oldest buildings on the property.

Fashion Editor:
Polly Mellen
Photographer:
Eric Boman



Carolyn Roehm, serene in green satin and emeralds, elbow on an eighteenth-century Russian table of brass and marquetry, one slim shoulder jostling a Fabergé egg and a bunch of pink roses—proper garden roses with dew and a ladybug from her Connecticut cutting garden. Carolyn Roehm, brisk in lint-covered pants and her husband's cotton shirt, smilingly helping her staff to goulash or salmon mousse in aspic before the all-night preparations for her fashion show. Carolyn Roehm, dashing in hacking jacket and boots, dancing her horse through the intricate steps of dressage. Carolyn Roehm, radiant in a bustling evening dress of blue-and-white chintz, on the arm of her husband, leveraged-buyout king Henry Kravis, at the entrance to the PEN dinner, walking the red carpet for the third time for the benefit of the paparazzi. Carolyn Roehm, calling goodbye to Henry while playing a Chopin nocturne on the 1851 Erard piano, trying to concentrate on piano teacher Rosi Grunschlag's pencil note—*Don't rush!*—aware of the Bentley running, poised to deliver her to Seventh Avenue by 8:30 A.M.

And Carolyn Roehm, totally pooped, lunching in her Park Avenue apartment under paintings by Sargent, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Joseph Wright of Derby, suddenly laying down her soufflé fork on the vermeil plate, head bent, cornflower eyes welling, a tear dropping onto the Venetian crystal. "Ignore it!" she says immediately. "I'm always like this after the show."

After they taken off for Spain a few days later, Henry Kravis rang from the private jet. These were to be their first few days together for as long as either could easily remember, and he was still remonstrating with his wife for bringing a briefcase of her music on board in case she found a piano on which to practice.

"She's driven," said the man who pulled off the biggest financial deal in history, the leveraged buyout of RJR Nabisco. "She's terribly hard on herself. I keep telling her she doesn't have to be a perfectionist."

Henry Kravis frequently muses on his wife's prodigious talent and capacity for hard work. "I sometimes wonder if she's held back because of me. Don't put that. Okay, put that. Whether, with all her gifts, she is not taken quite so seriously because she happens to be married to me."

Carolyn Roehm talked in her office the day after the presentation of her fall collection. The

Roehm at work in her weekend studio, which she designed with architect Ilsa Reese. Her sweater, blouse, and pants available at Bergdorf Goodman. **OPPOSITE:** Tapestry-covered sofas and chairs provide an appropriate background for the selection of fabrics for her resort collection. **INSET:** Roehm as a high school majorette in St. Louis. In this story: hair, Stephen Knoll; makeup, Margaret Avery. Details, more stores, last pages.



“It floors me when people ask why I do this job when I’m married to a wealthy man.... Where were they when I was designing polyester sportswear?”



roehm's empire

"We never had to worry about her," says her mother. "She intended to be quite perfect"

walls are lined with her graphic fashion sketches, each scribbled with her bold, dramatic signature. Through the trellised windows the barrage of police sirens and frenzied shouting tends to drown out her light voice. She sits, as she does in her advertisements, close to extraordinary flowers—bowls of sweet peas, waxy hothouse bowers, and rich painterly arrangements like Dutch still lifes. At thirty-nine, she looks, as she does in those photographs, as fresh as an old-money debutante who's been beautifully finished in Paris: dreamy sapphire-lensed eyes, black lashes, a clear pale skin, tilted nose, crisp dark hair. She wears a Prince of Wales suit with a sharp waist and short tight skirt. Her snowy cravat sparkles with an amber-and-diamond pin. Her thin wrist clatters with an amber-and-gold charm bracelet.

"Because I'm seen in an evening gown, people don't believe the other side exists," she says.

It does. She designs and runs her couture business with its four collections a year, fifty-six employees, twenty-two key retailing accounts, and three licensees (with eight more under discussion). She makes personal appearances across America and fits in hours of preliminary trials in the search for a Roehm fragrance. As the extremely efficient president of the Council of Fashion Designers of America, she is committed to modernizing and redirect-

Candid moments, **TOP TO BOTTOM:** Carolyne Roehm as a runway model for Oscar de la Renta in Japan in 1976; with her parents in St. Louis at age five; with her mentor, Oscar de la Renta, last year; and in Tangier with Henry Kravis at Malcolm Forbes's seventieth birthday party.

ing the image of the fashion industry and has been immediately, unanimously reelected for another year. She is currently organizing with Vogue a spectacular Seventh on Sale event by which the fashion industry intends to raise one million dollars for AIDS research and care. She debuted on the charity scene as mastermind of the 1986 New York City Ballet gala that raised \$750,000; she has since become chairman of the Metropolitan Opera benefit and now serves as a trustee of the New York Public Library and a member of the steering committee of Carnegie Hall. And don't forget the lessons she periodically takes in French, cookery, wine, riding, exercise, and music. With all of this, she never shouts or forgets staff birthdays, I am reliably informed, and her hair is always clean and shiny.

She is also her own house model for fittings and her own advertising model for photographs taken in the Kravises' \$5.5 million Park Avenue apartment. She can do this because she is a sample-size 4-6 and five feet nine inches tall.

It's a pity she doesn't also design skiwear, because she looks so great skiing from the door of her chalet lodge at Vail—the house she and Henry designed with a local mountain architect after they sent him on a tour of their favorite French and Swiss mountain resorts. And it's a pity she doesn't design swimwear, because she looks neat in a big raffia hat and sunglasses (Carolyne Roehm for Classic Optical) on the deck of their Southampton house right on Shinnecock Bay, the big front room done in blue-and-white Portuguese tiles, and Henry's Boston Whaler bobbing alongside in the sparkling water. And it's a terrible pity she doesn't make sportswear, because Weatherstone, the house in Connecticut, is just made for shots of Carolyne in a weekend tweed jacket and pants, supervising the sixth year of the garden project.

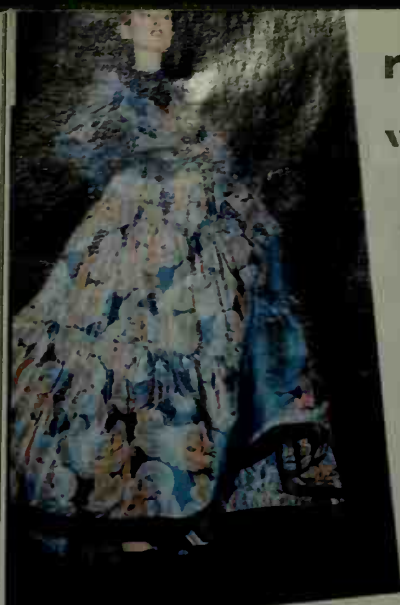
"Carolyne is the best-organized woman I know," says Henry Kravis. This is a woman who buys her Christmas tinsel in April—last year, in April in *India*. When she gives you a present, say, a beautifully bound and illustrated nineteenth-century household almanac, she hides it under a packet of homemade sand-dollar cookies in a wicker basket threaded with pine and holly and tied up with a ribboned wreath.

Henry Kravis has his own novel way of wrapping his presents to her. Once he presented her with a pair of tennis shoes. Late for a dinner, dressed in a red lace flamenco dress, she asked if she could try them another time. He insisted. She found a diamond earring in each toe. And then there was the necklace of emeralds she wore to a CFDA cocktail party.

"Where did you get that?" asked a friend. "Under my pillow." "Where have you been sleeping?" "In the right bed."

All through the eighties, long before her husband's net worth shot up to a reported \$330 million, Carolyne Roehm was the very emblem of what journalist Jesse Kornbluth labeled the Working Rich. Equal amounts of print were dedicated to her husband's business coups, her shows, her front-row lineups of friends, and her dinner parties and galas.

The society weddings of the eighties were working partnerships often founded on second marriages. While the men shuffled companies and dealt themselves fortunes, the wives





At La Goulue restaurant in New York, Carolyne Roehm wears one of her own flannel slip dresses. Available at Saks Fifth Avenue. **FAR RIGHT:** On the runway, designs from her fall collection. Top: jumpsuit at Bergdorf Goodman. Center: skirt and blouse at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bottom: dress at Bergdorf Goodman. Details, more stores, last pages.



Roehm in Roehm: at play with her dogs, Pookie and Christy, **ABOVE**, she wears an alpaca-and-silk sweater of her own design. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Roehm at the stables, **LEFT**, in a double-faced melton jacket and leggings. Jacket at Saks Fifth Avenue. **OPPOSITE**: Roehm in one of her taffeta evening dresses with a bateau neck and V back. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Details, more stores, last pages.

translated money into visual pedigrees—guided the charity checks, chose the houses, planned the decor, planted the rose gardens, and steered the art collections. *Le style Rothschild* took root in Manhattan. Mostly the wives accepted the invitations and the men went along. Wasn't this showing them?

"We could have been out 365 days a year, four times a night," she says. "And if you're a couple, people always assume it's the woman who's keen. Actually, I want to stay home. But Henry's the most gregarious man on earth."

She counted the benefits in publicity for her business. As yet she didn't fear the consequences of being branded a society queen. She simply lived the dressed-up life most Americans would love to have, and she was her own best advertisement.

"Actually, I wasn't so gung ho on the idea of being in my ads. I thought it would be perceived as egocentric. I was told

it could be a tremendous advantage. That if others could, they would. There's been a very good response." She pauses. She is one of very few people who stop to think. "Also, people wonder if you have to be as tall and thin as I am to wear my clothes. And of course you don't. Our sizing is scrupulously scaled. But why don't women say the same thing every time they see a professional model wearing the clothes?"

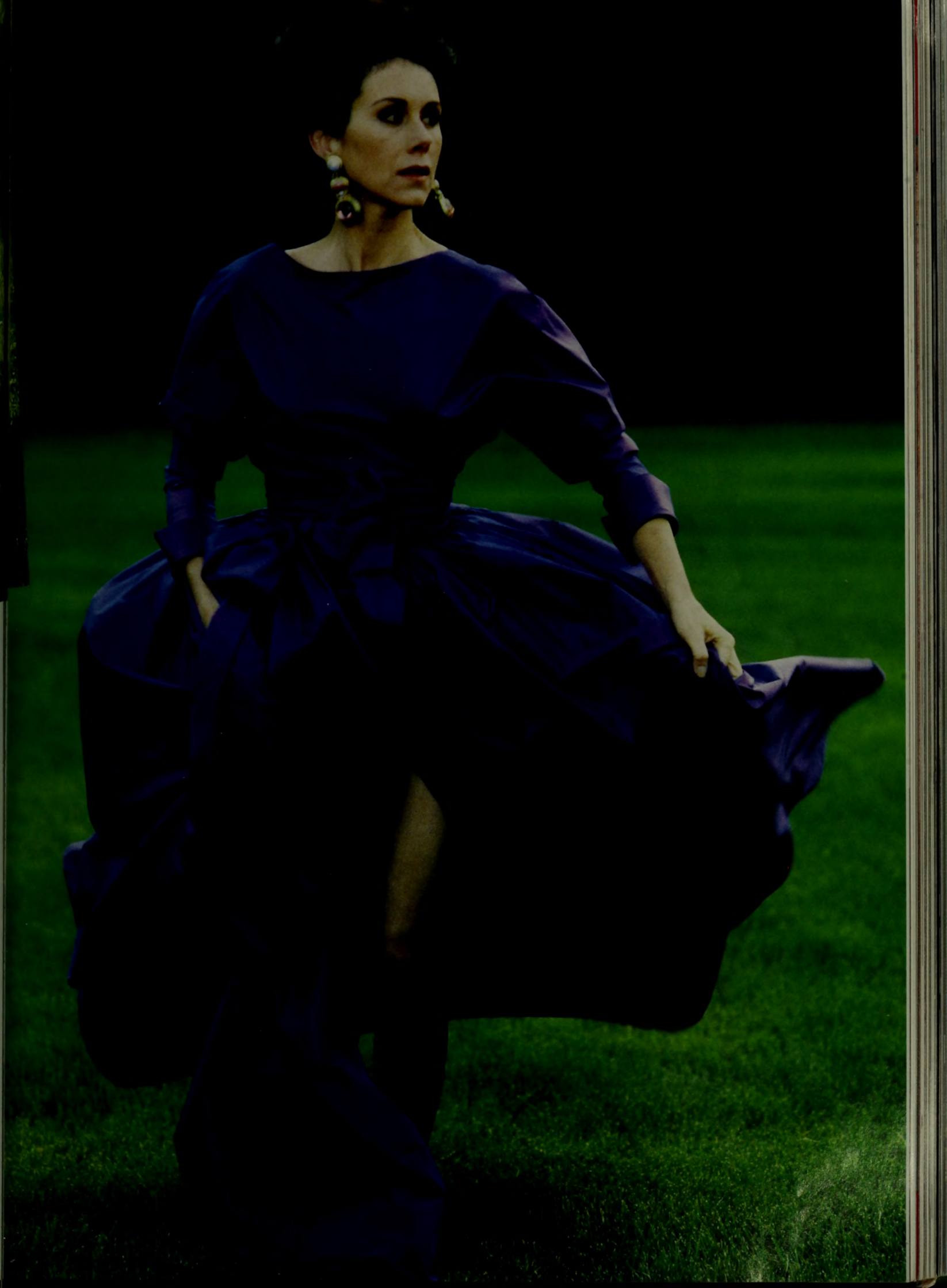
The Carolayne Roehm advertising campaign is neither a Paloma Picasso flaunt nor a Ralph Lauren daydream. Hovering somewhere between the two, the ads project a suggestion of a society princess dabbling in fashion. Which is neither true nor fair.

"Those ads feature a concubine," says a friend. "I've spent whole days on Seventh Avenue with the real Carolayne Roehm. She's not draped across a sofa in a ball gown. She's usually working through the lunch hour for the sixth day in a row, with a cold beer and a bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken."

Roehm's friends are always asked, "Is she for real?"

Such a question moves this normally sunny personality to perturbation. Not to histrionics. Perplexity, yes. Anger, no. "They can't get past the bloody candelabra!" she sighs.

"It floors me when people ask why I do this job when I'm married to a wealthy man. Where were they when I de- ▶ 385



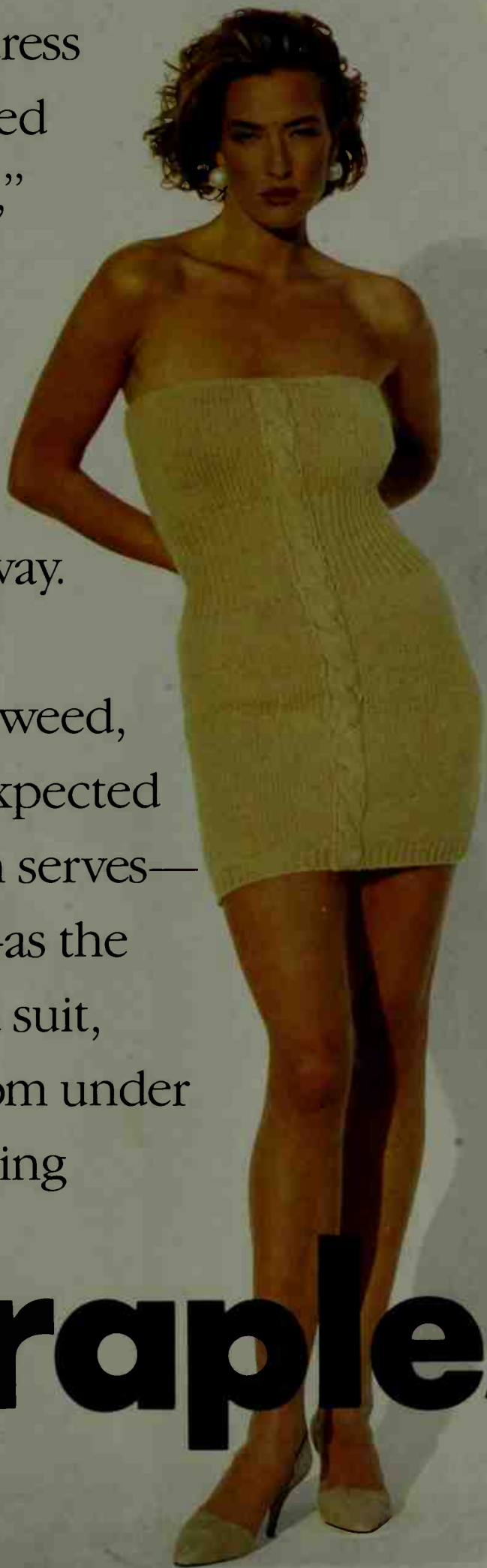


Strapless dresses before dark? "Why not?" asks Gordon Henderson. "It's a fun way to refresh daytime dressing." OPPOSITE PAGE: Henderson's wool knit dress is also "a great way to layer." The designer showed it on the runway over a white blouse. Dress, about \$128. Barneys New York. THIS PAGE: Really a knockout—a short sheath. Vogue Pattern #2470. Wool fabric from Jerry Brown, NYC. Another knockout comes from Enhancing Blush in Terra Cotta, Precision Lipcolor in Hazelnut with SPF 15. Both by Clarion. In this story: hair, Sam McKnight for Daniel Galvin at La Coupe; makeup, Mary Greenwell. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Cartyne Cerf de
Dudzele
Photographer:
Patrick Demarchelier

The strapless dress
has never looked
like this before,”
declares
Bill Blass, who
sent a barrage
of them
down the runway.
And he’s right.

In camel hair, tweed,
and other unexpected
fabrics, it often serves—
with a jacket—as the
equivalent of a suit,
moving out from under
right into evening



strapless



"How many women own a strapless dress in a heavy tweed or wool?" Blass asks. "I don't believe many do." **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Here, the softest wool against bare skin. Wool plaid dress, Bill Blass. About \$1,700. **Martha.** Upping the look of bare skin: Bill Blass Body Lotion. **THIS PAGE:** One that can replace the ubiquitous little black dress—a tweed sheath in beige. Dress, Bill Blass. About \$1,700. **Martha.** Details, more stores, last pages.

strapless



strapless



"The nineties working woman needs to move easily from day to evening," says Zang Toi. Toward that end: a dress that's substantial enough for day (with a jacket or cardigan) sexy enough for night, OPPOSITE PAGE. In wool tweed, about \$520. Martha International, NYC. THIS PAGE: Trying to fulfill a woman's desire for "clothes that slide into many different slots," Michael Kors created a strapless dress in gray camel hair. About \$560. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Saks Jandel. Makeup that's equally versatile: Luxury Cheek Color Trio in Rich Coral by Elizabeth Arden. Details, more stores, last pages.



Everything else pales.



Diamonds. So perfect with a tan: The Diamonds of Distinction Award honors the best in American Design. Check this page each month for the new winners. Or cheat and send for a free booklet showing the entire year's winter pieces, priced from \$2,200-\$7,500. In the U.S. and Canada, call 800 926-2700, ext. 890. A diamond is forever.

August Winners • Diamonds of Distinction

TALKING FASHION

Editor: Giselle Benatar



With a waiting list and one size to a store, nabbing a **Chanel suit** is a major accomplishment, even a fashion rite of passage. DODIE KAZANJIAN wonders if she's got what it takes

I'VE NEVER HAD A CHANEL SUIT. A CHANEL SUIT IS something my mother wore, and I always thought I wasn't old enough, or grown-up enough, or tall enough to

have one. But I always thought I'd have one when I was in my thirties, which is where I am now. It's one of those big events in a woman's life, like getting married or ► 368

having a child. I got married last year for the first time. We're discussing the child. And I find myself thinking more and more about a Chanel suit.

Anyway, I finally decided to dare it.

It's eight o'clock on Thursday morning, February 15, and I'm getting dressed to go shopping at Chanel. What should I wear? My four-year-old blue YSL coatdress is the ticket—it's authoritative, it has a name, and it's not my usual black.

I arrive at five minutes of ten, five minutes before they open. The big glass doors are not locked, to my surprise, so I walk in. They're vacuuming inside. One of the women in the Chanel salesgirl's uniform—black Chanel sweater and skirt, white blouse, ropes of pearls, and beeper—invites me to sit on the sofa while they take the last few moments to primp the store for its opening. At ten on the dot, "Can I help you?" asks the same Chanelmaiden. She is friendly and casual, an Italian girl from the Bronx who puts me immediately at ease.

"Yes, please. I've never worn Chanel, and I'd like to try."

Going upstairs is part of the Chanel ritual. A stairway has drama, and Coco always had one at her famous rue Cambon shop in Paris.

This one is Coco—New York. It's not a bit old-world. It has glitz, with vertical strips of cut mirror to your left as you ascend. At the top of the stair, I ask if I've come at the wrong time of year—between seasons or something like that. "It happens you've come just at the right time. My name is Patricia," she says, giving me her hand.

Does she mean the right time, literally, because it's that rare moment when I'm the only shopper in the store? No, she means that the spring/summer collection was shown in Paris last week, and the new line has just started to arrive. She points to a rack of clothing set into the far mirrored wall. I ask about a white Chanel suit with a long fitted jacket I had seen in a magazine last summer. Is it still available? "Forget that suit," she says, authoritatively. "Just forget it. That was last year's." She walks me over to the suit rack and shows me a couple of little suits—one is a vanilla yellow color with a raglan sleeve, and the other is navy.

"OK, I'll try these on."

"No-no-no," she says. "I don't have any in your size. These are all size 40s and 42s." The line has just started to come in, she explains. Then she walks me over to a countertop, asks me if I've seen the collection, and shoves a huge black binder in front of me before I can answer. On the left-hand page, there's a Polaroid of a model wearing a suit with a very short skirt; on the right, there's an entry for each size, with space after it for the names of customers who have placed orders. If the size is highlighted in yellow, it means it's in stock. Patricia asks if

I'd like to see the collection on video. "Sit over here," she says, planting me on a brown suede settee and offering coffee or orange juice. The video theme song, "Better Than Ever," fills up the audio space. "We're better than we've ever been before. . . ." Models sashay across the screen in Chaneles that don't look like the ones my mother wore. Thanks to Karl Lagerfeld, these are tighter, with thigh-high skirts and brighter colors. I'm a little worried that now I may be too old for Chanel.

Fifteen minutes later, as the video is winding down and the theme song is beginning to get on my nerves, people have begun to block my vision of the screen. There are more Japanese than you see bidding on paintings at Sotheby's or Christie's. Patricia comes over and asks me what I like. "There's a little white V-necked bouclé jacket that seems to go with everything that. . . ." Before I can finish my sentence,

she's sitting next to me with the book on her lap opened to the page with the little white jacket that's shown with everything from a chiffon evening dress to a bikini.

"Forget that jacket. That's the jacket of the season. You'll never get it. ▶ 370

Thanks to Karl Lagerfeld, these suits are tighter and have thigh-high skirts. I'm a little worried that now I may be too old for Chanel





Photograph: Herb Ritts Produced and distributed by Luxottica

GIORGIO ARMANI
OCCHIALI

And besides, the press has made a big deal about it, and there's an unbelievable waiting list. See?"

Waiting lists for Chanel suits? I know I'm on Fifty-seventh Street, but I thought that was art gallery lingo. "What do you mean, waiting list?" She shows me. On the right-hand page, there are hundreds of names—names in tiny print cramped in after each size.

"How many people will get this jacket?" I ask.

"Oh, one in each size, perhaps, sometimes two. But no promises." (This little jacket isn't cheap. It's \$1,665.)

All right. Let's give it another try. I tell her I like the light yellow-beige suit with white piping and relaxed-looking shoulders. She opens the book to just the right page, and we study the line for size 34. There is no yellow horizontal line, which means the suit hasn't arrived from Paris yet, but the line is already full of names. She manages to squeeze mine in and puts a 9 next to it. I'm number nine in line for this one, behind two Japanese names. Her beeper beeps, calling her to the telephone. All over New York, women are paging Patricia for Chanel suits. What chance have I got?

"What else did you like?" she wants to know.

"Well, there was a wonderful beige suit that reminded me of the one I liked last summer—the jacket is long and fitted and the model had her sleeves pushed up." Patricia finds it in the black binder. For this one, she writes my name in with a six next to it; the same two Japanese names are in front of me. My heart sinks. Maybe I'm not Chanel material. I've never flown to Marrakesh for the weekend with a grand duke, or been presented at court. Patricia senses my anxiety.

"While you were watching the video, I was able to pry some suits away from other salespeople for you to try on. You can't buy them, because they're reserved for other people, but at least you can see how they fit."

The dressing room is ample, not threatening, with fawn Ultrasuede walls, a settee and one chair, a countertop, and a three-way mirror. We start with a cropped fuchsia jacket and a chiffon skirt. The chiffon skirt is the latest style for evening, she informs me. I'm after a suit for daytime, but what is interesting is that a Chanel 34 fits me perfectly. Next, she shows me a black bouclé suit with a jewel neckline, gold buttons, and the matronly look I always associated with Chanel when I was a child.

"This is a 34?"

She assures me it is. When I get into it, sure enough, the jacket is boxy, not fitted, and I feel it's wearing me. She agrees. (There's no such thing as high pressure at Chanel.) But the skirt is a great fit. "Leave the skirt on and try on this little white jacket," she suggests. As I'm doing so, there's a knock on the door. It's my thirty-something friend Lucy, English and pregnant, who like me has never worn Chanel but feels it's about time. She likes the little white jacket, which I can't buy because

umpteen people are already waiting for it. Patricia brings in two more suits—both navy. No go on either. The top pockets on the long jacket hit at just the wrong spot—exaggerating me where I don't want to be exaggerated. The tunic is too overpowering. Out they go, and back she comes with a black cotton suit loaded down with gold buttons. Lucy shakes her head no as I snap the big gold belt buckle shut. "I still like the white jacket best on you," she says, heaving herself out of the settee to go to her eleven o'clock appointment. Thanks, Lucy. She tells Patricia she'll be back in May after she delivers.

After trying on a few more suits I can't buy, I ask Patricia, "Now what?" We sit on the settee with the black binder. She recommends that I get on the waiting list for a suit that she doesn't have but that she is sure will be "the suit of the season," a pastel yellow bouclé with a silk satin bow at the neck. "It's a tiny suit. Not everyone can wear it," she says. "But you can." I'm number four on the list for this one, but she notices that nobody has reserved it in pastel blue in size 36, so she puts me down for a 36, too.

"I hate to buy clothes that are too big and need lots of alterations," I protest.

"Trust me. We have a great seamstress."

Flipping through the black binder one last time, she spots "a classic little suit" like the white jacket, she says, that comes in black or white, and nobody has reserved the black in my size. I'm number one for this one. Hooray!

It's twelve fifteen and I'm late for an appointment. Patricia tells me that a shipment may already have arrived, and I should check with her in the morning to see if any of my selections have come in. "It could take a week or three weeks," she says. She takes my telephone number and I ask for her last name. "Oh, everybody calls me Fish," she says with a laugh, pushing a card in my hand. Her name is Patricia Pesce.

"I'm going away for a week," I say. She looks anxious and takes the number where I'll be. "I'll call you there," she says. "But you have to be ready."

The next morning at ten I call Patricia. I ask what the procedure is if something does arrive while I'm out of town. "There's a three-day grace period given to everybody," she says. "I'll worry about it when it happens. I'll do some juggling, but let's not worry till the time comes." She's reassuring but seems in a hurry to get off the phone.

The week passes. Should I call? Meanwhile, I notice that hot little white jacket in the *Sunday Times* magazine. Also, a long fitted black jacket that looks like bouclé, over a chiffon skirt.

It's ten thirty Monday morning, a week and a half after my visit to Chanel. When I call and ask for Patricia, I'm told she's at lunch. She's what? I hang up. At twelve fifteen, Patricia calls me back. "Nothing has come in yet," she tells me right off. "But did you see *it* on the ► 372

**Waiting lists for
Chanel suits? I
know I'm on
Fifty-seventh
Street, but I
thought that was
art gallery lingo**

IRI BENDEL
New York City, NY

MAN MARCUS
Dallas, TX

ARANTE
Boston Centre, MASS

WOMEN IN CANADA VISIT;

ANDY CHERRY
Toronto, Ontario

BOOLI
Vancouver, BC

PRADA MODA SPA
VIA VENEZIA 16
MILANO - TEL. (02) 8717

PRADA ROOM
VIA SANT'ANDREA 21
MILANO - TEL. (02) 792398

PRADA USA INC.
200 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK - TEL. (212) 2454860



ANNE KLEIN II
AT YOUR SERVICESM

Get the most
out of
fall

◆
Order a videotape
of Anne Klein II's
New York Show.
Experience for
yourself the richness
of this season's
colors and fabrics.
The cost is only
\$16. Call toll free
and learn how our
look can improve
yours. Advice and
answers are only a
phone call away.
1-800-451-6900
Monday through Friday
10AM — 7PM EST
PETITE SIZES ARE
ALSO AVAILABLE.

TALKING FASHION

cover of Vogue?" See what? (Of course I didn't. I only write for Vogue. I'm the last to see it.) "Our suit. Remember I told you it would be the suit of the season?"

I'm a little out of focus but then catch on. "Oh, yeah. The little one with the satin bow at the neck."

"Yes. Yes."

"Oh, now I'll never get it, now that the press has a hold of it—and the cover of Vogue."

"Not everyone can wear it," she says, just as she did before, bucking up my spirits. "And besides, you're already number four for this one."

Would it make sense for me to try to get it at another Chanel boutique? "No," she assures me. "I'm doing everything for you. I'm not permitted to fax until it gets into the stores."

Fax? What does faxing have to do with this? She explains that once a particular suit arrives, she can then fax Beverly Hills or one of the other Chanel boutiques for it—like putting out an all-points bulletin.

February 28, 10:40 A.M.: my phone rings. "This is Patricia from Chanel. I've got my hands on a chiffon skirt."

"Chiffon? But I wasn't waiting for chiffon."

"I thought you might like to have a little separate."

"I don't think so. What I really want is a suit. You won't forget me?"

"Of course not. I'll call you the minute something comes in."

March 3, 10:30 A.M.: the phone rings. "I got the black suit in," says a now familiar voice, excited this time.

"Great. I'll try to get in this afternoon."

"Fine. I'll hold it for you."

Patricia has become my protector at Chanel. I change my plans and go that afternoon. I arrive at two fifteen. Since it's a Saturday, the place is busier than ever. After about five minutes, I find Patricia. She goes into a back room and returns with my suit bagged in plastic. Lifting the plastic very carefully and slowly, she says, "Isn't it beautiful?" Before I can answer, she tells me that it's going to take a few minutes for a dressing room to free up. "Make yourself comfortable."

Time passes. I hear the insistent sound track of the video starting up again: "It's better than ever, we're better than ever. . . ." It's now 2:55, and I've been waiting forty minutes for a dressing room. Patricia notices me looking at my watch and rushes over. "It'll only be another five minutes." A couple of minutes later, she signals to me that a room is becoming free. "Wait just a minute while I get the suit." As she goes to get the suit, another salesperson starts to claim the dressing room. "That's mine," Patricia says very clearly. She tells me to come on in. As soon as I try on the black suit, which I never even had the chance to see before getting on the waiting list, I know it's not for me. It doesn't have that young Lagerfeld look. It's more of a Chanel from the past. But do I dare let it go? It may be the only chance I'll have. All I can afford is one suit. Patricia senses my dilemma. "You can let me know on Monday morning."

March 5, 10:20 A.M.: I call Patricia and tell her that the black suit isn't what I want. "All right," she says. "I'll call you when one of your others comes in."

Time is passing and I'm wondering whether I'll ever get a Chanel suit. Not only is my Chanel on the cover of March Vogue, but I just received the April *Vanity Fair* today, and Madonna is on the cover wearing a white chiffon Chanel ▶ 376

ANNE KLEIN II.®



© 1990 ANNE KLEIN II. PHOTO MATTHEW ROUSTON BAG BOTTEGA VENETA

One less thing to worry about

Now the look of summer doesn't
have to end with the season.

Enjoy sun-swept beauty without
the dryness and damage

that can be caused
by exposure to the
sun's harmful rays.



TERRACOTTA by Guerlain
is your sun — all year long.



TERRACOTTA Bronzing

Powder goes on sheer
and smooth, ensuring
the perfect natural tan.

Original TERRACOTTA...for a rich,
golden glow. TERRACOTTA DORE...

for a touch of warm highlights

on fair skin. TERRACOTTA

POUR HOMME with a built-in

brush...the first powder bronzer

created for men who want

the outdoor

look of a
sun-lover's



tan. Its matte finish

makes it a favorite with

women, too! Sweep on

TERRACOTTA and soak up

the compliments —

instead of the sun.


GUERLAIN
PARIS

Available at Neiman Marcus
or through the Guerlain Boutique
by Mail at 1-800-882-8820.

bronzed



beauty

TALKING FASHION

dress. It's true that you see much more of Madonna than of her Chanel, but at least she's got one.

March 14: I call Patricia. "Nothing's come in yet."

March 15: one month since I first went to Chanel.

March 16: I call Patricia from out of town, a touch of desperation in my voice. "Nothing yet, dear," she says.

March 26: I call at 1:30. Patricia can't come to the phone; "She's with a customer." Patricia calls me back at 5:40. "Nothing yet." She pauses, then adds, "One of the suits *is* here, but

**As I slip into it, I
feel as though
I'm becoming a
different
woman—
sophisticated,
immaculate,
possibly Parisian**

we're number four for it." My mind does some quick arithmetic. That means I could wait nine more days before I can even try it on. "That's all I can say at this point. We have to wait for the three in front of us."

"But I'm going away for a week on Sunday."

"Call me on Friday."

"Is it time to start faxing?" I ask.

"Not yet. But think positive."

March 28: there's a message on my machine—"This is Patricia from Chanel. Please call me. I've got very good news for you."

I call her immediately.

"I've got it for you," she says triumphantly.

"Which one? The little pastel? In yellow?"

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Size 34."

"What happened to the three people in front of me?"

"They're all out of town till next week or the week after." So they've all lost their turns—only three days of grace, you know. Very democratic. "I can't get in till four tomorrow, is that OK?"

"See you tomorrow."

March 29, 4:00 P.M.: Patricia is waiting for me by the cosmetics counter at the door. We climb the stair and go into the same dressing room. She goes to get the suit. The tension is building. What if I don't like this suit? Once again, I think maybe I'm not meant to have a Chanel in this life. A minute passes, then another. Where is she? Suddenly, I see Patricia at the doorway carrying something covered in plastic. She stops to answer a saleswoman's question. I'm straining my neck to catch a glimpse of the suit, but she's holding it with her right arm, away from the doorway. Finally, she comes in. She hangs it on a hook, lifts the plastic, and steps back.

It's such a pale yellow bouclé, much paler and softer than I had imagined, like Devonshire cream, and it's piped in the silkiest white satin I've ever seen. The whole thing is lined with silk satin, and the lining is channel-quilted (a straight up-and-down quilting, as opposed to the average crosshatched kind), just like the old Chanel suits used to be, and the jacket even has a gold chain sewn all around the inside hem, a signature detail Coco invented to make her jackets hang evenly. It has the right Lagerfeld look. As I slip into it, I feel as though I'm becoming a different woman—sophisticated, immaculate, possibly Parisian. Patricia claps her hands. We both know it's a success. "It's gorgeous," she says, smiling and jumping up and down. I can hear the video's music starting up outside—"Better than ever, better than ever, we're better than ever, now."

And so am I. ●

TALKING... ► 378

issima eyesérum

exclusively at

BERGDORF GOODMAN
New York

MARSHALL FIELD'S
State Street, Chicago
Water Tower, Chicago
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I. MAGNIN
Union Square, San Francisco
Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles
Beverly Hills
Palm Desert

NEIMAN MARCUS
Houston, Texas
Atlanta, Georgia

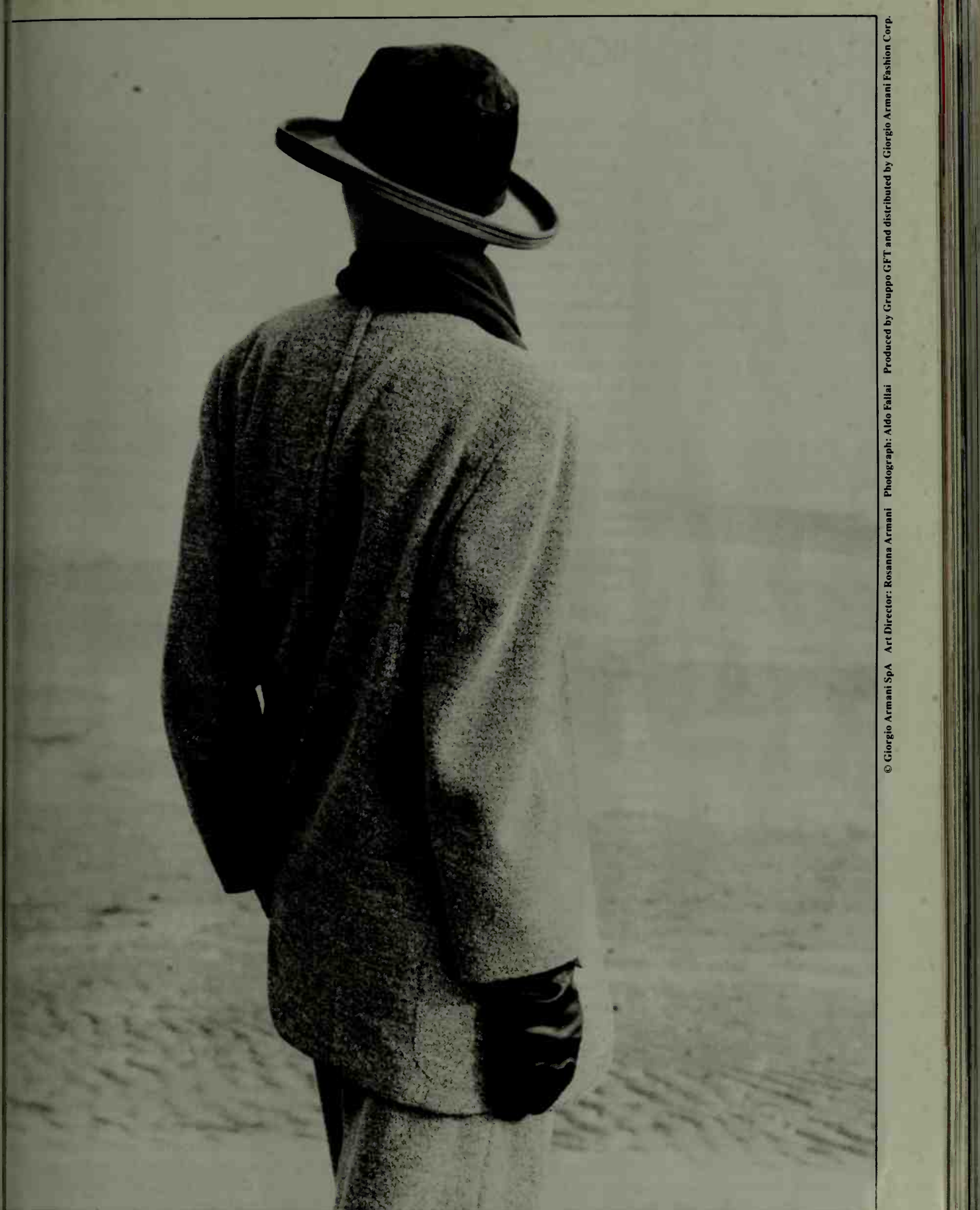
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
Chevy Chase, Maryland
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Dadeland, Florida
Bal Harbour, Florida

DILLARD'S
Scottsdale, Arizona

LIBERTY HOUSE
Waikiki, Honolulu

CALL
1-800-882-8820
FOR NEW BOUTIQUES OPENING
IN YOUR AREA.


GUERLAIN
PARIS



© Giorgio Armani SpA Art Director: Rosanna Armani Photograph: Aldo Fallai Produced by Gruppo GFT and distributed by Giorgio Armani Fashion Corp.

GIORGIO ARMANI

LE COLLEZIONI

TALKING FASHION

When these diversions began to pall, there was always the chance to interact with the characters that roamed the grounds, one for every three children: Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Big Bird, Cinderella, Annie, Superman, and Nancy Kissinger. Actually, Nancy Kissinger was one of a select group of adults who were privileged to attend; they repaired to the adult buffet while nannies and au pairs looked after the kids. A wonderful time was had by everyone, leaving the children to go home and undergo sugar withdrawal while their parents racked their brains as to how they could possibly top this particular saturnalia for their own children.

For those attempting to scale what passes for a social ladder in Los Angeles, grandiose kiddie birthday parties have become a must. Private establishments like the St. James's Club and upscale restaurants all over the city routinely play host to parties for kids from one year old on. Florists, caterers, and invitation specialists have also gotten in on the act. These days, parents willingly shell out \$250 a head to ensure Junior's happiness—although the sky (or the depths of Daddy's bank account) is rapidly becoming the limit.

In Beverly Hills, the tales surrounding some of these parties have attained the status of myth, bandied over Friday lunch at Jimmy's or the Bistro Garden. To celebrate his son's first birthday, L.A. lawyer Mark Greenfield reportedly brought an entire circus—complete with real lions—to the tented parking lot of the chic west side restaurant Valentino. Not to be outdone, disc jockey Casey Kasem and his actress-wife, Jean (in her seventh month), staged a fifties-theme power

shower in the ballroom of the Regent Beverly Wilshire for their much-anticipated first child. More than 450 guests chowed down on meatless burgers and tofu dogs while giant stork sculptures bedecked in leather motorcycle jackets looked on. Still, reports of these lavish events pale in comparison with tales of the party Judy Paley threw for her one-year-old, at which airplanes trailing "Happy Birthday" banners repeatedly buzzed over the birthday crowd.

Staging a toddler's version of a dinner at Versailles has its own set of problems that have confounded more than one social climber. Since each party has to be more lavish, more exorbitant, more top than the last, L.A.'s lords and ladies bountiful are presented with a rather sticky catch-22—and party planners are kept busy as they desperately seek new, more extravagant forms of entertainment.

Members of the Beverly Hills brat pack at a lavish birthday party for Stephanie Wagner in 1949. At that time the gilded lifestyle of a privileged movie-star kid included an entourage of private instructors for sports and etiquette. For girls, the unofficial toy count started at fifty dolls.



Some parents are solving the problem by moving party competitiveness into other, related arenas, like elaborate invitations. Those preprinted cards with Snoopy or Garfield are strictly . . . Valley, darling. One generous entertainment-industry family got its two-year-old's party off to a good start by sending fairy-tale-theme invitations to more than 330 of the toddler's closest friends. Each invitation cost more than twelve dollars and was hand-delivered by a woman dressed as Mother Goose. (That particular touch pushed the tab into the twenty- to thirty-dollar-a-child range before the first streamer was ever hung.)

Among the hyperrich the current trend in children's parties is . . . adult parties. The city's top caterers and event planners (Rococo, Along Came Mary, Parties Plus) all stage kiddie parties in addition to their usual work load of lavish premieres. According to representatives of Parties Plus, mock adult parties are likely to include club-caliber DJs, palm readers, the latest arcade video games, and a professional make-

your-own-rock-video service. Refreshments of choice include virgin daiquiris and margaritas—though it's not clear whether this is because the kids are too young to drink or because, like their parents, they're struggling to stay clean and sober.

Such excesses, of course, underline what these parties are all about: impressing the adults, who usually stay on the pretext of watching young Jennifer or Justin "have fun." According to the owner of one of the top kiddie-party agencies in L.A., "The parents stay, but they don't want to deal with their kids. They want complete supervision while they talk. It's a big 'What are you wearing, who does your hair?'"

This party planner remembers arriving at one Beverly Hills mansion to be confronted with an unsupervised group of fifty ten-year-olds in one room, all dressed in faux-adult Buggy Malone cocktail garb. Nothing, it seems, could please the birthday child, who was singularly upset at the lack of attention she was receiving from the opposite sex. "I was playing dance music, rock and roll, when this completely jaded little ten-year-old girl came over, teeth clenched, hands on her hips, and hissed at me, 'I want to do a slow dance.'"

In fact, *jaded* is a word that comes up over and over again, whether used by the party planners or the parents themselves. One unsubstantiated rumor that made the rounds earlier this year concerned Candy Spelling and the party she had lovingly thrown for one of her children's birthdays. As the story went, Candy had hired a Michael Jackson impersonator to entertain at the event. All well and good. But the rub, according to several sources, was that the hostess neglected to mention to the children that the man they watched preen, spin, and grab his crotch was not the real Gloved One.

One can hear the cries of every child from Santa Monica to San Marino now: "Mommy, the Spellings had Michael Jackson. I want Paula Abdul!" ●



© Giorgio Armani SpA - Art Director: Rosanna Armani - Photograph: Aldo Fallai - Produced by Gruppo GFT and distributed by Giorgio Armani Fashion Corp.

GIORGIO ARMANI

LE COLLEZIONI

TALKING *out of turn*

By Tracy Young

rotten to the core

THE NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO STOP A PARTY DEAD IN ITS tracks, just stand in the middle of the crowded room and shout, "I love New York!"

I didn't do it, although I was tempted, because I didn't know many people at the party. Many of the people with whom I am accustomed to socializing have moved away from New York. To Seattle. To Denver. To San Francisco. To *Philadelphia!* If you're a wallflower at the exodus, it pays to keep your mouth shut.

Even when loving New York was not considered heresy, it was conditional. Oh yeah, people would say, the streets are filthy and the crime rate is staggering, but there's the theater, the ballet, the opera. . . . Nowadays a typical New York City subway station resembles nothing less than a footnote to Dante's *Inferno*: the River of Piss. Crime is so bad that everyone who had a copy of the Zapruder film in his VCR library wants to move out west, somewhere law-abiding citizens are allowed to carry guns. Montana Montana Montana—it's the urban exile's mantra.

So why hasn't everyone left? The culture? Get real. *The New York Times Arts & Leisure* section is a more powerful narcotic than heroin. Besides, a New Yorker's idea of a cultural experience is getting a walk-on in a Woody Allen film.

Obviously, what people really like about New York are the very things they complain about. For example:

Complaint Number 1: Cabdrivers in New York do not speak English.

This is a problem? Neither do cabbies in Paris. Moreover, if cabdrivers do not speak English, chances are they do not understand it either and thus are less likely to eavesdrop on your conversations or, worse, talk to you.

Complaint Number 2: New York is cold and impersonal.

True. But in an age that worships celebrity, New York City is one place where you can, if you choose, remain anonymous. Even if you are the mayor.

On the other hand, New York's famous residents make it a mecca for autograph hounds, although they are no longer content to catch a glimpse of Djuna Barnes squeezing grapefruits at the Jefferson Market. Celebrity spotting has turned into celebrity safari. Fans across the country move into celebrities' houses or hole up in their bathrooms and threaten suicide. In New York they expose them as homosexuals in the new sport of the fame-disenfranchised called "outing."

"Outing"? Wasn't that a family trip? Wasn't it a noun? Anytime a noun becomes a transitive verb—as *incest* has—you can be sure foul play is afoot. And Manhattan gossip is so refined that people "out" their pets. Like my fixed female cat, who has taken to mating with my arm, which makes her not only a lesbian, but a lesbian with delusions of grandeur. A role model for the Burmese community. But enough about her. . . .

Complaint Number 3: New York is too expensive.

Also true. And life is too short for bargain hunting.

Several months ago, a Manhattan weekly called *7 Days*

folded. Now, this may not interest anyone who lives outside Manhattan. (See Complaint Number 4.) It may not even be of interest to most of the people who do live in Manhattan—which could explain why it went out of business, although I tend to think it was because it reported on the city without whining—and was the only local publication that didn't get your hands dirty.

Complaint Number 4: People in New York are chauvinistic about the rest of the country.

First of all, this is not true, although it should be. What's so great about Middle America, anyway? It's wall-to-wall Simpsons. Anyone with a grain of sense has fled. And a *vrai* New Yorker who moved there would be run out of town in a 4 x 4 with a beer caddy between the seats. But most New Yorkers care desperately about Middle America because they are busy trying to understand it—the better to sell to it.

Complaint Number 5: New Yorkers have no civic pride.

This is not true either. Ten cabdrivers were murdered in the Bronx in ten weeks earlier this year, but local pols protested the filming of *The Bonfire of the Vanities* because they thought it would paint an unflattering portrait of their borough. No one raised a stink when the book was published, so one can only assume that Bronx pols are illiterate and proud of it.

Complaint Number 6: New York is falling apart.

New York *has* fallen apart. Several years ago, in this very magazine, an Indian writer compared New York unfavorably to Calcutta. But she was rich. And rich people love to visit Third World countries, so why shouldn't they get a kick out of living in one? Poor people prefer New York because the panhandling is better. And for the middle class, New York offers a kind of *Outward Bound* experience. One survives. One feels virtuous.

Complaint Number 7: New York is livable only if you have a second home.

But the Hamptons are even more expensive than New York. The traffic is worse. Only the people are the same, although they tend to dress in rural costume, hoping not to be recognized as down-home parvenus. "Which is," a friend confessed, "exactly why I like it there."

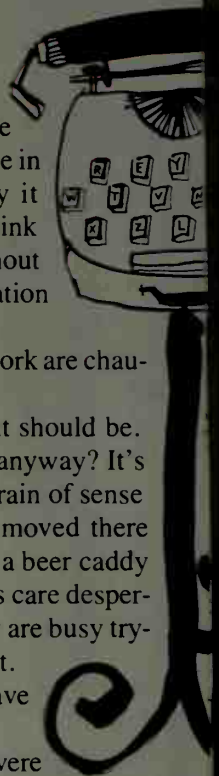
New York is a guilty pleasure. It's the Andrew Dice Clay of cities, the perfect antidote to the read-my-lip-service of the kinder, gentler nineties. What's good about it is that it's not good for you, like New York City tap water.

You can't smoke. You can't drink. You can't eat red meat. You're too tired to have sex. What's left?

New York.

Who's left?

Just the chickens. ●





© Giorgio Armani SpA Art Director: Rosanna Armani Photograph: Aldo Fallai Produced by Gruppo GFT and distributed by Giorgio Armani Fashion Corp.

GIORGIO ARMANI

LE COLLEZIONI

VOGUE FICTION

(Continued from page 331)

She looked it. There were half circles under her eyes the size of lemon wedges.

"It's Curtis," she said. "Could I sleep over at your place tonight? If I have to?"

"What's he done?" I said.

"Nothing," she said. "Not yet. It isn't what he's done, it's how he is. He's heading straight for the edge."

"In what way?"

"A while ago he started saying I was having affairs at work. He thought I was having an affair with Maurice, across the hall."

"Maurice!" I said. We'd both gone to law school with Maurice. "But Maurice is gay!"

"We aren't talking rational here. Then he started saying I was going to leave him."

"And were you?"

"I wasn't. But now, I don't know. Now I think I am. He's driving me to it."

"He's paranoid," I said.

"Paranoid," said Molly. "A wide-angle camera for taking snapshots of maniacs." She put her head down on her arms and laughed and laughed.

"Come over tonight," I said. "Don't even think about it. Just do it."

"I don't want to rush it," said Molly. "Maybe things will work out. Maybe I can talk him into getting some help. He's been under a lot of strain. I have to think about the kids. He's a good father."

Victim, they said in the papers. Molly was no victim. She wasn't helpless, she wasn't hopeless. She was full of hope. It was hope that killed her.

I called her the next evening. I thought she would've come over, but she hadn't. She hadn't phoned either.

Curtis answered. He said Molly had gone on a trip.

I asked him when she'd be back. He said he had no idea. Then he started to cry. "She's left me," he said.

Good for her, I thought. She's done it after all.

It was a week later that the arms and legs started turning up.

He killed her in her sleep, I'll give him that much credit. She never knew. Or so he said, after he got around to remembering. He claimed amnesia, at first.

Dismemberment. The act of conscious forgetting.

I try not to think of Molly like that. I try to remember her whole.

Charles is walking me to the door, past white tablecloth after white tablecloth, each one held in place by at least four pinstripe elbows. It's like the *Titanic* just before the iceberg: power and influence disporting themselves, not a care in the world. What do they know about the serfs down in Steerage. Piss all and pass the port.

I smile to the right, I smile to the left. There are some familiar faces here, some familiar birthmarks. Charles takes my elbow, in a proprietary though discreet way. A light touch, a heavy hand.

I no longer think that anything can happen. I no longer want to think that way. *Happen* is what you wait for, not what you do; and *anything* is a large category. I am unlikely to get murdered by this man, for instance; I am unlikely to get married to him either. Right now I don't even know whether I'll go so far as dinner on Wednesday. It occurs to me that I don't really have to, not if I don't want to. Some options at least remain open. Just thinking about it makes my feet hurt less.

Today is Friday. Tomorrow morning I'll go over-walking in the cemetery, for the inner and outer thighs. It's one of the few places you can do it in this city without getting run over. It isn't the cemetery Molly's buried in, whatever of her they could put together. But that doesn't matter. I'll pick out a tombstone where I can do my leg stretches, and I'll pretend it's hers.

Molly, I'll say. We don't see eye to eye on some things and you wouldn't approve of my methods, but I do what I can. The bottom line is that cash is cash, and it puts food on the table.

Bottom line, she will answer. What you hit when you get as far down as you're going. After that you stay there. Or else you go up.

I will bend, I will touch the ground, or as close to it as I can get without rupture. I will lay a wreath of invisible money on her grave. •

KOONS CRAZY

(Continued from page 343)

acting lessons. His hair is done by David Bowie's stylist. He is establishing a new base of operations in SoHo in a studio as large as a city block, where Jeff Koons Productions will be backed up by Jeff Koons's own advertising agency, Lambert-Koons, opening this summer. He has a fourteen-room apartment in Munich, where he goes to get away from the New York art world—also to be near Josef Fux, the Oberammergau woodcarver who makes Koons's sculptures. ("He is the best," says Koons, "the master Baroque carver in Germany.") The craft side of art is not for great communicators like Koons; he employs "the best people" in every field to execute his pieces.) He is thinking about a place in Rome, where Cicciolina lives—currently they are together mainly on weekends. He commutes regularly to Hollywood, where the best people are helping him realize his film. This Warholian activity is all part of Jeff Koons's process of becoming. "My art and my life are totally one," he says. "I have everything at my disposal, and I'm doing exactly what I want to do. I have my platform; I have the attention, and my voice can be heard. This is the time for Jeff Koons."

Koons often seems to think of himself in messianic terms. His Biennale sculpture, he says, "competes with the Vatican. It uses the Baroque to show the public that we're dealing in the realm of the spiritual, the eternal. This is like Michelangelo stuff. The church uses the Baroque to manipulate and seduce, but in return, it does give the public a spiritual experience. My work deals in the vocabulary of the Baroque."

Listening to Jeff Koons talk, it's sometimes hard to believe what you're hearing. This is partly a matter of personality. Can such exalted and often quite incomprehensible ideas really be coming from the mouth of this earnest, non-Catholic naïf from York, Pennsylvania, the son of a furniture salesman and a quiet housewife? His language is often stilted: "His rhetoric," as one well-known curator says, "is straight from Mars. He is sort of an idiot savant." But this same curator echoes many other art world voices in declaring that Koons must be taken seriously. There is a consensus that his work is strangely disturbing, undeniably powerful, and unlike anything else being done today. A prominent collector visiting the Biennale, not a fan of Koons, said with some irritation, "If you say you like him you sound stupid, and if you say you don't like him you sound stupid too." At the Biennale, where Jenny Holzer represented the United States and won the prize for "best pavilion," the talk was all about Koons. A great many people felt that this time he'd gone too far. He was way out on his own tangent, absurdly fearless, an acrobat without a net.

"I went through moral conflict," he says. "I could not sleep for a long time in the preparation of my new work, to be able to go to the depths of my own sexuality, my own morality, and to be able to remove fear and guilt and shame from myself. And all of this has been removed for the viewer. So when viewers see it, they are in the realm of the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

The Sacred Heart of Jesus?

"Si. Yes. *Jeff and Ilona: Made in Heaven* to me is the contemporary Sacred Heart of Jesus. It's an icon. I'm very interested in icons, and the Sacred Heart is one of the greatest icons in the world. I don't understand every theological aspect of it, but I'd like to think I've been able to transform this icon. To represent it so that the seduction and manipulation of the church can still partici-

pate in the real world. It's not that I believe in the message of the church. I don't. But I do believe that it's very important to have a spiritual side in life. I believe totally that I'm in the realm of the eternal, now, with Ilona. Through our union, we're aligned once again with nature. I mean, we've become God. That's the bottom line. We've become God."

The key to his new project is Cicciolina, whom he discovered in a skin magazine two years ago. (He was looking for skin colors for his Banality sculptures.) Cicciolina is the third of four children of a middle-class family in Budapest. Her father worked for the Ministry of Interior and her mother, a doctor, wanted Ilona to become a doctor too. But she was "too squeamish." Fifteen years ago she moved to Rome, where she modeled, had a radio call-in show (her fans gave her the nickname Cicciolina, a rather vulgar term for pinchable plumpness), and eventually blossomed into a porn star. Three years ago, she was elected to a five-year term in the Italian Parliament. She attends every session and has introduced legislation to fund "love parks" for teenagers; to provide sexual activity for prisoners; and to replace brothels with houses where people can go to make love. She also supports Green Party environmental issues.

Cicciolina still does at least twenty-five of her own live "spectaculars" a month, in which she sings, presents her tiny but succulent body, and in Koons's words, "seduces and manipulates" audiences in order to liberate them. Her act sometimes involves a docile snake, whose intimate contacts have aroused the consternation of Italian animal-rights activists. Like Jeff Koons, she's often accused of going too far. "We're the same," he says. "She's a media woman. I'm a media man." In January 1989, Koons sat in the front row for one of her spectaculars and afterward went backstage with his interpreter. The rest is history.

When Karl Lagerfeld flew in on his private jet to photograph Cicciolina and Koons at the Biennale, I was a little worried. Koons wanted to be photographed in his hotel suite, in bed with Cicciolina. Koons is nude in all his photographs with Cicciolina. Moral conflict on my part. How would this go down at Vogue? The hotel was quite worried too. The Lagerfeld entourage included eight assistants and twenty bags of equipment and props; Cicciolina's reputation led the manager to suspect all manner of unseemly goings-on. Lagerfeld, however, was able to get them both into his signature black turtle-necks. He was much taken with Cicciolina's "baby body" and camera-seducing presence. "The camera loves her," he said approvingly. The famous couturier, who has recently added photography to his quiver of achievements, also managed to set aside her mermaid and other equally inventive, self-designed costumes and pour her into a Chanel wedding dress. He brought real flowers for her hair, peach satin sheets, and a makeup artist who pared down the wide-body, Cadillac red Cicciolina mouth. Who knows? She may turn up as the bride in Lagerfeld's next Chanel collection.

Lagerfeld saw a sweetness and softness in her, which his photographs reflect. The same quality infuses Koons's work at the Biennale. But Koons showed me some photographs of himself and Cicciolina for his next show that were graphic enough to bring back my quota of shame and guilt. Although he claims his film *Made in Heaven* will be "most beneficial" for children, he may have to put himself through more sleepless nights in order to remove the shame and guilt for the rest of us. Koons, however, has no anxieties. The film, he insists, is about love and oneness. "Ilona and I were born for each other," he says.

The morning after the Lagerfeld shoot, Koons asked Cicciolina to marry him, and she accepted. "It's real," he told me. "It's not artificial. We find pleasure in very simple things. We're getting married in the fall, as soon as we finish the film."

Jeff Koons, whose life and work are totally at one, is "making some of the greatest art being made now," according to Jeff Koons. "It'll take the art world ten years to get around it. . . . In this century, there was Picasso and Duchamp. And now I'm taking us out of the twentieth century."

This is not entirely a put-on, dear reader. I swear it.

Says Koons in his most earnest tone of voice, "I respect Jeff Koons more and more every day." ●

ROEHM'S EMPIRE

(Continued from page 358)

cided on my career at thirteen? Where were they when I was designing polyester sportswear? Where were they during the eleven years I worked in the industry before I had my own company? Where were they when I had a small high-rise apartment and didn't live this life at all?"

Carolyn Roehm pauses to receive another jumbo bouquet at her desk, reads the card, and says, "Sweet" and "I'm thrilled." This one is a toppling herbaceous border from Saks, which liked her show so much it reorganized the budget and extended her in-store floor space. She moves a box of jewelry onto the window ledge to make a gap and we peer at each other through the foliage.

"Tell you one thing—I don't want to go to very many of those gala events anymore. They're too tiring," she says, straightening up and pouring a glass of spring water. "Last year I started noticing how the charity circuit is managed very skillfully by women who don't work. I was heading the grouse pack." When she laughs, her voice is deeper and louder. "Me and the men, grumbling, 'It's past midnight and they still haven't served the last course.'"

This morning her husband asked her what she wanted to do come summer, and she said stay home in her houses with the dogs and the horses. "The era of acquiring and traveling, to me that's all over. I've got quite enough to deal with already."

She evidently has trouble saying no. Fast-forward a week and she will be getting on a plane for Madrid and Salzburg.

"I feel differently about many things. I've been thinking about the fall of Michael Milken and the demise of Drexel Burnham, which stood for the junk bonds and the quick money. I read all the criticism in the press. I thought about Donald and Ivana's divorce and Malcolm Forbes's death. I thought about the nineties and the Bush administration. And I vowed to stay home."

Quite a decision for someone who has founded her \$20 million business on couture evening gowns.

She took stock of the depressed retail climate and the changes in Japan. She asked why women were buying fewer dresses and more curtains. She remembered to remember what men like women to wear. Then she put her conclusions to work in her fall collection, with more short evening dresses and a change of silhouette—softer shoulders and wider skirts. She made easy shirtwaists and long sweater dresses for dining at home—your apartment or mine. She cut billowing skirts in tissue taffeta you can screw up and push into an overnight case. She produced an entire collection with no black.

Born talented, she has expanded her scope since Henry Kravis set her up in business shortly before they were married in 1985. That April she launched her label in a nightclub called the Latin Quarter. It was an elegant, confident collection, and the press and buyers, led by her friends in the front rows, gave her a standing ovation. Carolyn cried, Henry cried, everyone cried. She was an overnight celebrity and immediately ran into problems of sizing, quality, and shipment.

She is impatient with herself for making any mistakes and generous in admitting them now that she has battled her way through to establish the promising company that Henry Kravis demands. "I can finally say we are now shipping a quality product of the standard I've been aiming for," she says.

But she still needs time to build in the profit-making structure—the fragrance line and the licensees required by a company with dress prices of up to \$6,000. "I thought, I'm a quick study, maybe it will take two years to get the machinery rolling well. I was wrong. Ideally I wanted a Pierre Bergé to handle the business side. I didn't find him."

Last year produced new setbacks. "I had collections stolen, there were queries about honesty within the company. Fabric I desperately needed got stuck in customs. It hurt to see company morale so low. One night I told Henry I didn't think I could do it anymore. I said, 'This year has beaten the joy out of me.'"

ROEHM'S EMPIRE

(Continued from page 385)

Her friend Francesca Stanfill Tufo watched events with concern. "Henry's a once-more-unto-the-breach sort of person," she said. "I imagine he gave her the Saint Crispin's Day speech."

He backed the pep talk with action. He fed a corporation trouble-shooter into the system and swept his wife off for a holiday. She weighed glamour and business values and is now fully integrated into all parts of the company. America has proved it likes her clothes. The press hasn't been half bad. She has expanded over an entire floor on Seventh Avenue.

Hard as it's been, she is still as dedicated to glamour as ever. She brought it with her to New York when she was twenty-three, plain Jane Carolyne Smith, B.F.A., a daughter of schoolteachers from Missouri with five suitcases of clothes and a head full of Audrey Hepburn movies. In her childhood she was given to entering rooms on the pointes of her ballet slippers, wearing a tutu and the \$4.95 rhinestone tiara she chose from a mail-order catalog when she was six. Her loving and sometimes critical mother, Elaine Bresee, remembers the more docile family pets maneuvered into flower-trimmed bonnets and embroidered kerchiefs.

"And her father and I always noticed she enjoyed the meal more if it had a French name."

Mrs. Bresee thinks that only children, like her daughter, tend to pit themselves against the world rather than against a brother or sister, and demand particularly high standards of themselves. She describes her daughter as a good student, an almost staid collegian, and a life-long Republican. "We never had to worry about her. She intended to be quite perfect. And she was a very nice, polite child. I don't think she ever wore jeans during the sixties or seventies, and on campus she went right on wearing wool skirts and knee socks and crisp white blouses with Peter Pan collars."

Roehm's ideals took a few knocks in New York's garment district, but she looks back with pride to her stint designing ladies' sportswear for Kellwood, a company that supplies Sears. The president of Kellwood still attends her shows. Tiara time began again the day she took a job at Oscar de la Renta, a junior only too eager to accept a cut in salary. It took de la Renta a little time to realize how bright she was: Miss Perfect from St. Louis, a novice so awestruck that she never spoke or stirred from her seat until he turned round one day to ask, "Don't you ever eat?"

"Oh yes, I like to eat, Mr. de la Renta," she said humbly. "I think I'll go get a sandwich."

"I thought," says Carolyne Roehm, laughing, "if he doesn't notice me, he won't fire me."

Rising to the ultimate compliment of de la Renta dinner invitations, she learned French and cooking, read everything, boned up on art exhibitions and music.

"She's a superb girl," says Oscar. "She became like my own daughter."

A third of the way through the Oscar years she married Axel Roehm, the wealthy head of a German chemical company, and briefly became a Darmstadt hausfrau. He didn't want her to work and the marriage didn't take, but years afterward Carolyne Roehm would still be shaking her head and saying with wonder, "I couldn't believe I could fail." She was divorced in 1981 and returned to Oscar de la Renta to design his lower-priced Miss O line. Then, at a pre-Christmas party, she ran into Henry Kravis.

The Connecticut house came first, a refuge where they could be together and away from New York, and it is still her favorite. Then marriage and the duplex, home to a treasure-house of ravishing paintings. A hundred and one people came to lunch on the wedding day, and life has gone on like that, really, ever since.

Back in Missouri, Mrs. Bresee is worrying about her daughter in the "awful, awful world" of New York. She is not particularly impressed by the stupendous lifestyle. She says, "I don't think my daughter takes the time to smell the roses. She'll have to learn to do that, or she'll be missing a lot." What she would really like is for Henry and Carolyne to move to Montana and raise sheep.

Even Mrs. Bresee does not think this very likely. ●

FLOWERS FOR VIOLETA

(Continued from page 323)

come back the next morning.

I tell her of course, and as I leave I glance at the spot on the piano where I have imagined my flowers would have been and then at the face of Virgilio Godoy.

"Look at him," Violeta says to Godoy. "How patient this man is with me!"

The next morning the flowers arrive in time. The arrangement consists of two red roses, several others of a murky, improbable shade, and one that has ceased altogether to be a rose, though it is unclear what it might be instead. The greenery is not actually green, and the strip of tinsel draped across the whole resembles the sash of a defrocked beauty queen.

I take the arrangement into the sunlight, thinking the hotel's lighting is bad. The tinsel shimmers; the roses themselves seem to shrink. But on the way to Las Palmas Park, with the flowers on the seat beside me, I realize they are beautiful in the way that every act of civility is. When I arrive, another niece, a young woman named Clarisa, places the flowers on the piano, exactly where I had imagined them. They are modest but correct.

Violeta is stunning in navy and white, although her voice is softer, less animated. The pain from her knee surgery has been excruciating, she tells me. Not even ice packs have helped.

"Do you believe in miracles?" I ask.

She looks at her hands. She runs the tips of her fingers over the delicate veins of her left forearm.

"Yes," she says, a bit guardedly. "As a Catholic, I believe in miracles. I've visited Fátima, for instance. There's even a town in Nicaragua where a girl once claimed to have seen the Virgin. I believe she did. But my beliefs in this regard are normal."

"I was thinking of the miracle of your election."

"Yes. That, too, is a miracle," she says, smiling. "The miracle is that the people believed in me. The miracle is that the vote was secret and fair. The miracle is that the people fought for a change instead of just giving in to despair."

And now the question I have been saving seems appropriate.

"Are you aware that some people call you the Virgin of Nicaragua?"

She seems amused, but then a serious look crosses her face. "I think I know what you mean."

"Are you aware, for instance, that some poor Nicaraguans think if they touch your dress they'll be healed?"

She leans forward in her recliner. "Yes, during the campaign I would go through the streets of the small towns, dressed in white, holding my arms aloft and saying, 'Have no fear. Your vote is secret.' I said it over and over: 'Have no fear.' It was my message of peace and hope. And yes, I know what you're talking about. I felt the people touch my dress and saw them make the sign of the cross. And quite frankly, it terrified me."

"Doña Violeta?" a voice calls from the courtyard.

"What? What is it now?"

Clarisa appears at the door. "I'm sorry, but she must go."

"My crutches, please," Violeta says, and when she has lifted herself out of her chair, she turns to me. "Perhaps you could come back this afternoon, for just a moment?"

"I'd be delighted."

"Very well, then," Violeta says to me. And she adds, "I was terrified when they touched me, and all I could do was pray, 'Mother of God, don't let me fail.'"

In the weeks immediately following her inauguration, Violeta Chamorro resolved a strike by government workers and negotiated the final disarmament of the Contras. The date promised was June 10. By June 9 most, if not all, had turned in their weapons, and in the remote town of El Almendro, President Chamorro declared that the ten-year-old Nicaraguan civil war had come to an end. ●

CAST-OFF KIDS

(Continued from page 327)

teen, he is at the California adoption fair with his father-to-be, Michael Lawson, who has been asked to speak to other prospective parents about his experiences. Lawson is a kind of reality check for the other parents, proof that despite the best intentions, adoption can be a hard road.

Frank doesn't remember much about life with his mother, an alcoholic and drug addict. He and his half-sister were taken from her when he was four and she was six. There were a lot of foster homes, but the one Frank remembers best was that of a family in Lodi. "I took to the parents right away. Right out front when the dad came home I said, 'Hi, Dad.'"

Frank and his sister, who are biracial, were eventually adopted by a white family, but Frank ran away a lot. He says the family didn't like him. When his parents agreed to dissolve the adoption and let him go, Frank's caseworker contacted Michael Lawson, a single Oakland attorney who'd been invited to one of the black adoption fairs by a friend and decided he was ready for a child. Lawson has been working to adopt Frank ever since.

"When I first saw Frank I couldn't understand what the problem was," says Lawson. "He is so wonderful, so verbal, so nice and quick-witted. I didn't see his dark side."

Frank destroyed things—his toys, his clothes, and himself. He'd stick himself with pins, deliberately fall down the stairs. Lawson was scared and started taking him to family therapy. One of the first things Frank told him was that if Lawson didn't accept him the way he was, he'd kill himself.

One night during therapy Frank repeated the threat and ran out the door. A police officer found the boy on the edge of the roof of an office building and tackled him before he could throw himself over the side. "That's when I realized the situation was more than I could handle," says Lawson. "Frank needed help."

So for the last four years, Frank has been in residential treatment and gone home to Lawson on holidays and weekends. Lawson's confidence was shaken, but after a lot of therapy for both of them, things seem to be working out. This summer, Frank moved in full-time.

"After a while group homes do get to you," he says. "People ask where you live and you say Sacramento Children's Home. It's not like saying I live in Oakland with my dad."

Frank's case is the extreme; reports show 85 to 90 percent of adoptions of special-needs kids work out fine. But parents still worry about the problems that might hit down the line.

Yolanda Brown first met Kimberlee at the Northern California Black Adoption Fair two years ago. Just a baby, Kimberlee seemed healthy enough, but Brown was told that the infant could develop a host of problems, from hyperactivity to severe mental retardation, because of her mother's alcoholism. "So far, nothing they warned me about has happened," says Brown. "Kimberlee is actually brighter than average. But they say the problems might not show up until adolescence. So there's always that fear in the back of your mind."

The future of the new generation of children born to crack-addicted mothers—and the government estimates there may be half a million to four million such children by the year 2000—is even less sure. Like the victims of fetal alcohol syndrome, crack-exposed infants show a wide range of behaviors once they have gone through withdrawal, from no apparent problems to irritability, an inability to concentrate, difficulty switching from sleep to wakefulness or from one task to another, and delayed development of coordination and other physical skills. It's unclear how many of these effects stem from crack and how many from the abuse of other drugs or lack of adequate nutrition and prenatal care—both of which are at least as important to the birth of a healthy child as is a drug-free mother. Whatever the cause and effect, the unknowns tend to scare off prospective parents.

Experts agree that the most successful adoptions are by parents who are realistic about what they can expect from the child they've

chosen. Down's syndrome babies, for instance, are among the easiest special-needs kids to place because, says Joe Kroll of the North American Council on Adoptable Children, "parents know what they're getting. By far the toughest to place are older emotionally disturbed kids, because you don't really know what's going to happen. They can be time bombs, or they can recover quite well."

In several states, parents have sued adoption agencies when their apparently normal preschoolers became disturbed or even violent teenagers requiring expensive psychiatric care. "You have to level with parents who are adopting these children," says Gloria Hochman of the National Adoption Center in Philadelphia. "That's why we have to find out the truth about the long-term effects of drug exposure in utero as soon as possible."

Researcher Richard Barth of the University of California at Berkeley's School of Social Welfare says that studies of crack-exposed children do offer hope: most of these children are not mentally retarded, he says, and they seem to do well if they are raised in a nurturing and very structured environment. Early intervention seems to be the key, he says.

De Lois Black is a firm believer in early intervention. A foster mother for "medically fragile" infants—drug-exposed and HIV-infected babies, and children with serious birth defects—she has nursed a dozen crack babies through their first months of painful withdrawal. She walks the floor with them at night because they can't sleep; she feeds them hourly because they can't keep anything down.

Black has decided to adopt Jay, a four-year-old who has been living with her since he was just a few months old. "He had the usual symptoms—diarrhea that just wouldn't quit, vomiting, the shrieking, the extreme sensitivity to touch—until he was about a year old. I never slept." Today, she says, Jay is healthy and happy, very bright and keeping up with his preschool class. He shows no signs of hyperactivity or the other behavior problems associated with crack cocaine.

"His teacher loves him," she says. "I think these new studies make a lot of sense. In my experience at least, these babies seem to do very well if they get good, loving care."

"You just have to get them early. You have to get them out of that drug environment."

Last spring, government drug czar William Bennett suggested that children in drug-infested homes and neighborhoods be rounded up immediately and moved into orphanages. "We may just have to find some way to get children out of the environment they're in, to go to orphanages, to go to Boys Town, to expand institutions like that, where they will be raised and nurtured," he told drug experts gathered in Orlando, Florida.

But like De Lois Black, child-welfare workers argue that children need individualized care and a permanent home in order to thrive. They need parents, not just when they're young but also when they're in college or launching a career. If we really cared about children, says Mary Lee Allen of the Children's Defense Fund, we'd spend whatever it takes to find them families or, better yet, to support the families they were born with. The North American Council on Adoptable Children says it costs more in some cities to kennel a dog than it does to place a child in foster care.

There are people who do care enough—and are loving and realistic enough to take a chance on these kids. People like Michael Lawson, who says that despite the problems, Frank "touches a part of me I never even knew existed." People like Yolanda Brown, who continues to fight her way through red tape to finalize Kimberlee's adoption and is willing to go through it all again. "My husband and I could have children of our own, and we talk about it, but I think we're leaning toward adopting another child."

"We know what needs to be done," says social worker Lisa Bursleson. "We know what it takes. We've just got to find the heart—and the money—to do it." ●

IN THIS ISSUE

Details, prices, more stores, more... on this month's looks

Page 4: For information on cover see page 280.
Upfront 81: Gift rap: to order Christopher Idone's cookies, call Idone's Manhattan restaurant, 1022: (212) 737-1022. The Hermès kite can be special-ordered from the New York Hermès boutique: (212) 751-3181. Allow three months. Spies like us: Swaine, Adeney, Brigg, and Sons, 185 Piccadilly, London: (071) 734-4277; in U.S., 434 Post Street, San Francisco: (415) 781-4949.
82: Shop talk: Oddiyana: (213) 664-1826. For Hollywood Bowl reservations call (213) 850-2000, or charge tickets through Ticketmaster. Prices range from \$3 to \$64. **86:** British reserve: for reservations call the Dorchester: (071) 629-8888, or Preferred Hotels: (800) 323-7500. Pet of the month: for more information call the Pig hot line: (415) 879-0061. **Fashion clips 102:** Sketch: alpaca wool coat, \$611, wool crepe jacket, \$385, merino wool pants, \$189. Barneys New York; Masque, Chicago. Top right: wool coat, Christian Lacroix Prêt-à-Porter. All accessories, Christian Lacroix. Center: bag, \$1,000, and shoes, \$255 a pair. Gucci, NYC, San Francisco. Bottom: wool jacket, \$610, cotton blouse, \$230, wool skirt, \$240. Saks Fifth Avenue; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia. **107:** Sketch: dresses, \$1,700 each, Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis. "New York" dress also at Ruth Shaw, Baltimore. Bottom: Donna Karan New York viscose, nylon, and spandex cat suit, \$730. Saks Fifth Avenue. Center: coat, \$670, un-itar, \$360. Bagutta, NYC; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI. For information on environmental tote, write Industrial Wear, P.O. Box 1349, Dept. V, Studio City, CA 91614. **View 111:** 3) Wool jacket, \$835, wool and polyester pants, \$338. Barneys New York; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Sunglasses, Christian Roth for Optical Affairs. Pildes Optical, NYC; Classic Eyewear, Portland OR. Earrings, Yves Saint Laurent. Bracelets, Karl Lagerfeld Bijoux. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Gloves, Naomi Misle, NYC; Glove Me Tender, Winnetka IL. Bag, Prada. Prada, NYC; I. Magnin. **114:** 1) Velvet jacket, \$1,030. Bagutta, NYC; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Headband, Eric Javits. Henri Bendel; Neiman Marcus. Gloves, Paloma Picasso. Harriet Kassman, Washington DC. Bag, Prada. Prada, NYC; I. Magnin. Boots, Robert Clergerie. Barneys New York. 2) Polyester and cotton coat, \$1,375. Bagutta, NYC; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. **124:** 2) Wool jacket, \$1,765, wool hot pants, \$560. Bagutta, NYC; Roppongi, Los Angeles. Isaac Mizrahi cotton and Lycra turtleneck, \$130, cotton and Lycra leggings, \$120. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. Sunglasses, Cutler & Gross, London. Charivari, NYC; Nelly Stallion, Seattle. Gloves, Naomi Misle, NYC. Boots, Robert Clergerie, \$340. Robert Clergerie, NYC; Bob Ellis, Atlanta. **128:** 1) Sketch: wool jacket, \$1,069. 3) Vinyl jacket, \$1,404, Lurex turtleneck, \$242. All at Georgina, Hewlett NY. Sunglasses, Scooter Paris. Bag, 31 Février, \$825. Yoshi, NYC; Fred Segal Couture, Santa Monica. **132:** 2) Cotton jacket, \$715, wool jersey top, belt, \$380, wool pants, \$250. All at Serenella, Boston. **140:** 1) Cotton shirt, \$190, wool pants, \$380. Serenella, Boston. 2) Viscose and polyamide top, \$545, plastic pants, \$185. Charivari, NYC. Boots, Robert Clergerie, \$330. Robert Clergerie,



Can You Find The Drug Pusher In This Picture?



We all know what drug pushers look like. We've seen them often enough on television. But the frightening thing is, a kid is more likely to be pushed into drugs by some innocent-looking classmate.

Studies show that kids are eight times more likely to use drugs if their friends use drugs. As a parent, how do you beat odds like that?

First, realize that your preteen children *are* at risk. Then, find out everything you can about drug abuse. Next, talk to your kids. Let them know how you feel about drugs. Find out how they feel. Then, and this is very important, get to know your kids' friends – and their parents.

In other words, if you're in the picture, chances are a pusher won't be.

Partnership for a Drug-Free America

IN THIS ISSUE

NYC; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. **142:** 1) Velvet jacket, \$700, cotton and Lycra jumpsuit, \$375. Charivari, NYC. Boots, \$355, Stephane Kélian, NYC, Beverly Hills. 3, 4) Bag that converts into a jumpsuit, \$900. People, Los Angeles. Headband, Eric Javits. Shoes, Philippe Model. Shauna Stein, Los Angeles. **146:** 2) Bag, \$575. Yoshi, NYC; Fred Segal Couture, Santa Monica. Clock earrings, \$185. Bergdorf Goodman; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami. Stained-glass earrings, \$135. Ylang-Ylang, NYC, Los Angeles. 3) Bag, 31 Février. 4) Sequined top, Corinne Cobson, \$352. Georgina, Hewlett NY. Earrings, \$195. Ylang-Ylang, NYC, Los Angeles. Bracelets, \$295 each. Ylang-Ylang, NYC, Los Angeles. **Elements 152:** 1) Donna Karan New York jacket, \$1,000, top, \$325, silk chiffon skirt, \$3,395. Saks Fifth Avenue; The Gazebo, Dallas. 3) Shoes, \$630. Bergdorf Goodman. 4) Silk dress, \$1,390. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. Cuff, \$695. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Bag, \$750. Bloomingdale's; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. 5) Wool jacket, Anne Klein II, \$434. Anne Klein, The Store, Manhasset NY, Minneapolis. Lurex and cotton turtleneck, Claudia Jungkunst, \$216. Henri Bendel; Savannah, Santa Monica. Wool pants, Michael Kors. Headband, \$25. Henri Bendel; Goldi, Milwaukee. Earrings, \$225. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. On model's left arm: bracelet, \$350. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. On model's right arm: cuff, \$585. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. Gloves, \$75. Off Broadway, NYC; Avenue Ltd., Omaha. Bag, \$840. Chanel Boutique, NYC, Washington DC. **Beauty Clips 154:** Top right: sweater (around model's neck), Ballantyne Cashmere, \$405. Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. Silk dress, Pamela Dennis. Earrings, Stuart Freeman Design, \$120. Patricia Field, NYC; Cattlebone, Los Angeles. Left: suit, hat, and earrings, Chanel. Bottom right: cotton jersey top, O for Ozbek, \$110. Emphatics, Pittsburgh; Neiman Marcus. **Images 169:** For jacket see information page 286. **170:** Cotton robe, \$182. Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. Lycra swimsuit, \$198. Gianni Versace Boutique, NYC, Beverly Hills. Earrings, José & María Barrera. Martha International, NYC; Neiman Marcus. On model's left arm: bracelet, sculptress Maria Snyder. Henri Bendel; Marshall Field's. On model's right arm: bracelet, Christian Dior Bijoux. Saks Fifth Avenue. **Travel News 256:** Clockwise, top right: plaid golf bag, Aquascutum, NYC. Striped golf bag, Fendi, New York, Houston. Brown leather golf bag, Hermès, NYC. Green golf bag, Gucci, NYC.



361

Fashion's new ease

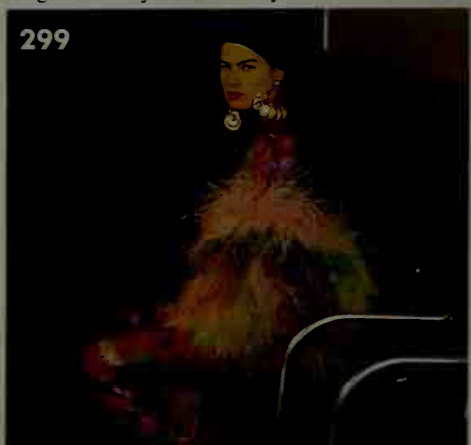
276: Left: wool and silk jacket, skirt, and vest also at Rich's, Atlanta. Headband, Eric Javits. Bloomingdale's; Tabandeh, Washington DC. Shalimar Gloves. Center: outfit also at Ruth Shaw, Baltimore; Park Avenue Boutique, Canada. Scarf, Hermès, NYC, Chicago. Gloves, Fownes Ultraturals. Right: wool jacket, sweater, and skirt. Hat and bag, Christian Lacroix. Gloves, Prada. **278:** Silk parka, \$2,825. Also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore. Cotton shirt and wool cat suit also at Chanel Boutique, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco. Hat and gloves, Chanel. Boots, Calvin Klein Footwear. Bloomingdale's; Calvin Klein store, Chestnut Hill MA, Palm Beach, Dallas. **279:** Sunglasses, Christian Roth for Optical Affairs. Optica, NYC; City Optix, San Francisco. Shalimar Gloves. Rocsil, Oakland. Boots, Gianfranco Ferre. Available at Gianfranco Ferre boutiques. **280:** Outfit also at Molly Moses, Pittsburgh; Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Calvin Klein store, Palm Beach, Dallas; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Calvin Klein Gloves. Boots, Calvin Klein Footwear. Bergdorf Goodman. **281:** Scarf and blanket, Hermès, NYC, Palm Beach, Dallas, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. Boots, Claude Montana for Stephane Kélian. **282:** Jacket, \$4,870. Also at Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Amen Wardy, Beverly Hills and Newport Beach CA. Wool, polyester, acrylic, and cotton sweater, \$825. Also at Harriet Kassman, Washington DC; Amen Wardy, Beverly Hills and Newport Beach CA; Pino's, Seattle. Earrings, Gianfranco Ferre. **283:** Suit, \$4,100. Also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Swansons on the Plaza; Miss Jackson's, Tulsa; Neiman Marcus. Sunglasses, Christian Lacroix. Bag, Paloma Picasso. Bergdorf Goodman. Gloves, Renaud Pellegriano. Stockings, Trimfit. Boots, Fendi, New York, Washington DC, Bal Harbour FL, Houston. **284:** Jacket, \$45,000, wool leggings, \$275, and headband. Also at Fendi, Cleveland, Houston. **285:** For information on pants, see information page 286. **286:** Left: polyester and nylon parka, \$975. Wool jacket, \$850. Suede skirt, \$575. Bloomingdale's; Kaufmann's; Scarborough Fair, Glencoe IL; Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Evansville IN; Neiman Marcus. Parka and jacket also at Marshall Field's. Gloves, Calvin Klein. Bag, Prada. Barneys New York; Prada, Beverly Hills. Center: for information on jacket and skirt, see page 276. Right: wool and cashmere jacket, \$800, suede pants, \$790. Bergdorf Goodman; The Dress Circle, Pittsburgh; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; The Front Room, New Orleans; The Gazebo, Dallas. Gloves, Calvin Klein. Shoes also at Joan & David, San Francisco. **287:** Coat, \$12,500. Also at Dayton's, Minneapolis. Cashmere and silk sweater. Cotton jeans also at Hermès, Boston, Houston, Dallas, Beverly Hills, San Francisco; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Earrings, cuff links, and gloves, Hermès, NYC, Chicago. Glasses, Christian Lacroix. For information on bag see information page 289. Tights, Fogal of Switzerland. **288:** Top row, left: scarf, \$195. Hermès, NYC, Chicago. Right: Calvin Klein Hosiery. Escada shoes, \$340. Neiman Marcus. Center row, left: earrings, Hermès. Right: backpack, \$7,445. Chanel Boutique, NYC, Washington DC, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. Far right: bucket bag, \$695, suede bag, \$720. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Bottom row, left: hosiery by Fogal of Switzerland. Shoes, \$525. Hermès, NYC, Chicago. Center: cotton coat, \$1,755. Hirsh-

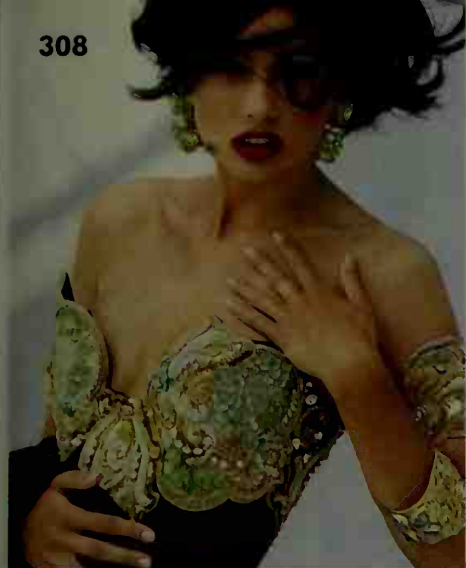
leifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Right: boots, \$600. Bloomingdale's; Calvin Klein store, Chestnut Hill MA, Palm Beach, Dallas. **289:** Wool jacket with leather trim. Cotton denim jeans. Cashmere polo shirt. All also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Hermès, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. All accessories, Hermès, NYC, Palm Beach, Chicago, Dallas, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. **290:** Hat, Philippe Model. Bloomingdale's. Scarf, Christian Lacroix. Shalimar Gloves. Tights, Hot Sox. Barneys New York; Sox Appeal, Denver. Shoes, Escada. Neiman Marcus. **291:** Wool coat, jacket, and skirt. Cashmere sweater. Hat, Philippe Model. Bloomingdale's. Gloves, Prada, NYC, Beverly Hills. Tights, Calvin Klein Hosiery. Shoes, Hermès, NYC, Chicago.

'60s something

292-293: Left to right: leggings, \$23. Bloomingdale's; Macy's, San Francisco. Tights, \$11. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's. Ozbek acetate and rayon jacket, \$1,600, cotton velvet hot pants, \$260. Jacket and pants at Theodore, Beverly Hills. Jacket also at If, SoHo NYC; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA. Earrings, Stuart Freeman Design. Patricia Field, NYC; Cattlebone, Los Angeles. Gloves, Carolina Amato. Lulu's, NYC; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Hepburn's, Prairie Village KS. Boas, Adrienne Landau. Jimmy's, Brooklyn; Cattlebone, Los Angeles; I. Magnin. Boots, \$95. Patricia Field, NYC. Nylon and cotton faux fur coat, \$1,060. Dayton's, Minneapolis. Red and fuchsia leggings (sold separately), \$15 each. Bloomingdale's; Macy's, San Francisco. Boots, \$335. Stephane Kélian, NYC, Washington DC, Los Angeles, Ontario. Wool melton coat, \$2,500. Bergdorf Goodman; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI; The Gazebo, Dallas. Gloves, La Crasia. Bitz of Glitz, Youngstown OH; Glove Me Tender, Chicago and Winnetka IL. Stockings, \$300. Bloomingdale's, NYC. Shoes, \$295. Stephane Kélian, NYC, Washington DC, Los Angeles. Beaded jacket, \$3,635. Norma Kamali. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Earrings, Designs by Paula. Cassiopia, NYC. Rings, Renee Gamine, \$29 each. Suzy Wong, NYC. Tights, \$16. New York Socks, NYC; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Boots, \$375. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. Bag (on floor), Paloma Picasso. Bergdorf Goodman. **294:** Left: rayon matte jersey dress, CD Greene, \$1,150. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Hirschleifer's, Manhasset NY; Jimmy's, Brooklyn; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills. Earrings, Prince Kamy-Yar. Bag, Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills. Gloves, Na-

299





omi Misle, NYC. Right: Isaac Mizrahi cotton turtleneck, \$130, wool skirt, \$190. Barneys New York; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Charles Sumner, Boston; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; The Gazebo, Dallas; I. Magnin. Leggings also at Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; The Gazebo, Dallas; I. Magnin. Hat, Isaac Mizrahi. Bracelet, Stuart Freeman Design. Patricia Field, NYC. Gloves, Naomi Misle, NYC. **295:** Fox jacket, Perry Ellis by Marc Jacobs for Birger Christensen. For information on wool and viscose sweater see page 295. Both also at Serenella, Boston; Amen Wardy, Beverly Hills. Headband, Eric Javits. Bloomingdale's; Tabandeh, Washington DC. Glasses, Cutler & Gross. Necklace, sculptress Maria Snyder. Gloves, Naomi Misle, NYC. **296-297:** Left: snakeskin jacket, \$1,740, shorts, \$650, wool gabardine vest, \$230. All, Norma Kamali. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Gloves, Daniel Storto. Julie: Artisans' Gallery, NYC; Wittenborn & Hollingsworth Ltd. Gallery, Los Angeles. Bag, Arto for Christiane Paine. Toto, NYC. Center: leather jacket, \$1,500, velvet lamé shorts, \$200, Moschino Cheap & Chic. If, SoHo NYC; Neiman Marcus; Roppongi, Los Angeles. Bracelet and belt, Erwin Pearl. Armstrong's, Cedar Rapids IA. Gloves, Paloma Picasso. Elizabeth Arden The Salon, NYC; Harriet Kassman, Washington DC; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Glasses, Ted Lapidus Paris. Ted Lapidus, Bal Harbour FL. Boots also at Weathervane, Santa Monica. Right: cotton and viscose jacket and skirt (priced with shell, not shown), \$2,890. Arnold Scaasi for Scaasi Boutique. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Kane's, Chicago. Sunglasses, Christian Roth for Optical Affairs. Morgenthal-Frederics, NYC; Mr. I's Optical, Miami; Optica, Chicago. Bag, Renaud Pellegrino. Bloomingdale's, NYC. Gloves, Daniel Storto. Julie: Artisans' Gallery, NYC; Wittenborn & Hollingsworth Ltd. Gallery, Los Angeles. Far right: gloves, Fownes Ultratural. **298:** Left: Jean Paul Gaultier hat, \$275, boa, \$440, wool and cotton coat, \$1,310, wool and cotton skirt, \$595. Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Linda

Dresner, Birmingham MI; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Bag, Arto for Christian Payne. Shalimar Gloves. Right: nylon and neoprene hood, \$48. Betsey Johnson, NYC. Wool coat, \$1,310, Michael Kors. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Neiman Marcus; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills. Gloves, Philippe Model. Bag in bag, Prada. Prada, NYC, Beverly Hills; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Tote bag, Barneys New York, Manhasset NY, Chestnut Hill MA, Westport CT, Dallas; Prada, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. **299:** Lycra cat suit, \$460, Christian Lacroix Luxe. Bloomingdale's; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. Jacket, \$1,300, Adrienne Landau. Martha International, NYC; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. Headband, Eric Javits. Bloomingdale's; Tabandeh, Washington DC. Earrings, Eric Beamon. Charivari, NYC; Madeleine Gallay, Los Angeles.

Getting stoned

301: Sunglasses also at McClure Mayo, Nantucket MA; Wow Gallery, Dallas. **303:** Silk taffeta dress, \$5,950. **304:** Sequined and jeweled top (priced with satin skirt, not shown), \$1,160. Earrings also at Chanel Boutique, Palm Beach, San Francisco, Honolulu. Belt also at Chanel Boutique, Chicago, San Francisco, Honolulu. **305:** Gloves, \$675, Carlos Falchi. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. **307:** Chenille dress. Earrings also at Chanel Boutique, Palm Beach, Dallas, Honolulu. Gloves and bracelets, Chanel. **309:** Polyester satin bodice, silk skirt, \$4,400. Earrings, James Arpad. Gloves, Naomi Misle, NYC.

Special effects

310-311: Polyester and elastic pants also at Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL. Shoes also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; I. Magnin. **312-313:** Shoes, \$550 a pair. Bergdorf Goodman. Yellow shoes also at Neiman Marcus. Gloves with stones at Adaria, Birmingham MI. Glove with gold design, \$285. Bergdorf Goodman; Auer's, Denver. **314:** Viscose and spandex bodysuit and skirt. **315:** Jacket and scarf, made to order. **316-317:** Center: Christian Dior Legwear. Macy's, Northeast; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. Right: stockings, Body by Caroline. Patricia Field, NYC.

Le jazz haute

332: Earrings, Jay Feinberg. **333:** On her: rayon top, \$11,150. Earrings, James Arpad. Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. **334:** Movie still: Universal/David Lee. **335:** Rayon top, \$11,150. Earrings and ring, James Arpad. Earrings at Berg-

dorf Goodman. Movie still: Universal/David Lee. **336:** Silk dress, \$2,255. Earrings, Jay Feinberg. On him: cotton shirt, wool pants. **337:** Rayon top, \$11,150. Sunglasses, David Salvatore for Headmaster. Parisian, Birmingham. Earrings and ring, James Arpad. Earrings at Bergdorf Goodman. On him: wool suit, cotton shirt, silk tie. Sunglasses, Persol.

Roehm's empire

354: Carlyne Roehm wool and cashmere sweater, \$865, silk blouse, \$825, flannel pants, \$825. Also at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. **356:** Roehm and Oscar de la Renta: Anthony Savignano/Ron Galella Ltd. Roehm and Henry Kravis: Ron Galella. **357:** Large photo: dress, \$1,050. Coat, Carlyne Roehm for Alixandre. Far right, top to bottom: reembroidered lace jumpsuit with silk overskirt, Carlyne Roehm, \$8,400. Silk chiffon blouse and silk faille skirt, Carlyne Roehm, \$2,500. Wool dress, Carlyne Roehm, \$1,825. Neiman Marcus. Runway shots: Pierre Scherman. **358:** Top: Carlyne Roehm, \$550. Also at Jacobson's. Inset: wool jacket, Carlyne Roehm, \$1,400. Also at Horne's, Pittsburgh. **359:** Taffeta dress, \$2,190. Also at Neiman Marcus.

Strapless

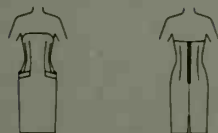
360: Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. **361:** Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Shoes, Anne Klein Footwear. Lord & Taylor. **362:** Wool dress. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Shalimar Gloves. Shoes, Anne Klein Footwear. Lord & Taylor. **363:** Bill Blass cashmere sweater around neck, \$990. Martha. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Shalimar Gloves. **364:** Dress also at Adele Kauff, Great Neck NY; Scarboro Fair, Glencoe IL. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. **365:** Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Shalimar Gloves. Anne Klein Footwear. Lord & Taylor.

Vogue's last look 392: Marina B. Marina B, NYC. Patricia von Musulin, \$750. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. Herve Van Der Straeten, \$450. Bergdorf Goodman; Sasha Frisson, Atlanta. Henry Dunay Designs Inc. Black, Starr & Frost, NYC; Neiman Marcus. Henryk Demner. Henryk Demner, NYC. Denise Solay Special Collection, NYC. Christian Dior Bijoux, \$250. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Arthur Koby, \$375. Ann Crabtree's Accessoire, NYC; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Kleinberg Sherrill, \$700. Martha, NYC; Kleinberg Sherrill, Atlanta. Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills. Robert Lee Morris, \$450. Robert Lee Morris, NYC. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

VOGUE PATTERNS

Page 360. Dress: Vogue Pattern #2470, view B. Sizes 6-16. Size 10: 1 1/4 yards of 60" fabric. USA \$12.50; Canada \$16.50.

Additional info: matching shawl, 36" by 36" square; fray all edges.



VOGUE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC., PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION, THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. COPYRIGHT © 1990 BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Vogue ISSN 0042-8000 is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President; Eric C. Anderson, Treasurer; Pamela M. van Zandt, Secretary. Second-Class postage paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as Second Class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Magazine Registration File No. 9013. Subscriptions in U.S. and possessions, \$28 for one year, \$54 for two years. In Canada, \$47 for one year, \$92 for two years. Elsewhere, \$50 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies in U.S., \$3; in Canada, \$3.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder, CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new and old address as printed on last label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. VOL. 180, NO. 8, WHOLE NO. 3301. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Vogue is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury as to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, or transparencies) or any other unsolicited material.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder CO 80322.

SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES: Please write to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder, CO 80322 or call (800) 234-2347. Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to Vogue Magazine, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

VOGUE'S LAST LOOK

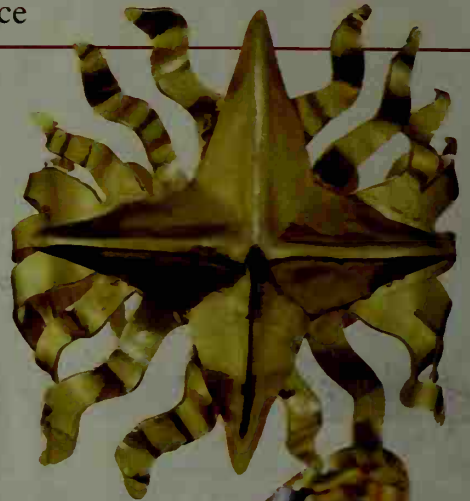
Editor: Candy Pratts Price



Marina B



Patricia von Musulin



Van Der Straeten



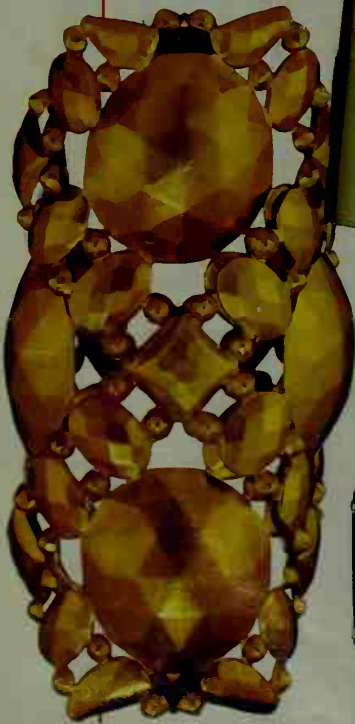
Henryk Demner



Denise Solay



Henry Dunay Designs



Arthur Koby



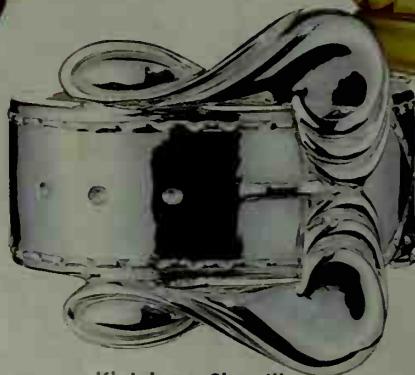
Paloma Picasso for Tiffany & Co.



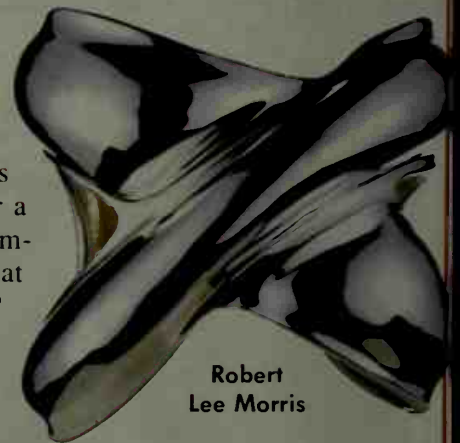
Barry Kieselstein-Cord



Christian Dior Bijoux



Kleinberg Sherrill



Robert Lee Morris

Whether encrusted with precious jewels that recall the grandeur of the past or designed along the sleek lines of modern sculpture, **the cuff** has stood the test of time

PALOMA PICASSO prefers wearing two at a time. Robert Lee Morris recommends "one on each arm for a balanced look that commands attention." What are they talking about? The cuff. And it's as popular now as when Beaton photographed Nancy Cunard laden with African bangles. What's interesting this time around, however, are the various inspirations behind the designs. Patricia von Musulin and Robert Lee Morris, for instance, look to modern sculpture for their sleek silver twists, while Barry Kieselstein-Cord glances back at Gaudí's "amazingly organic" Church of the Holy Family in Barcelona. ●

September

3 9042 02350278 1

VOGUE IN RUSSIA

SEPTEMBER \$4.00

LARGEST
FASHION
MAGAZINE

THE NEWS IS COLOR

BURLINGAME
AUG 23 1990
LIBRARY

500+ CHOICES FOR FALL

09
757 984 3

*Mon Parfum
Mon rouge*

Paloma Picasso

Saks Fifth Avenue

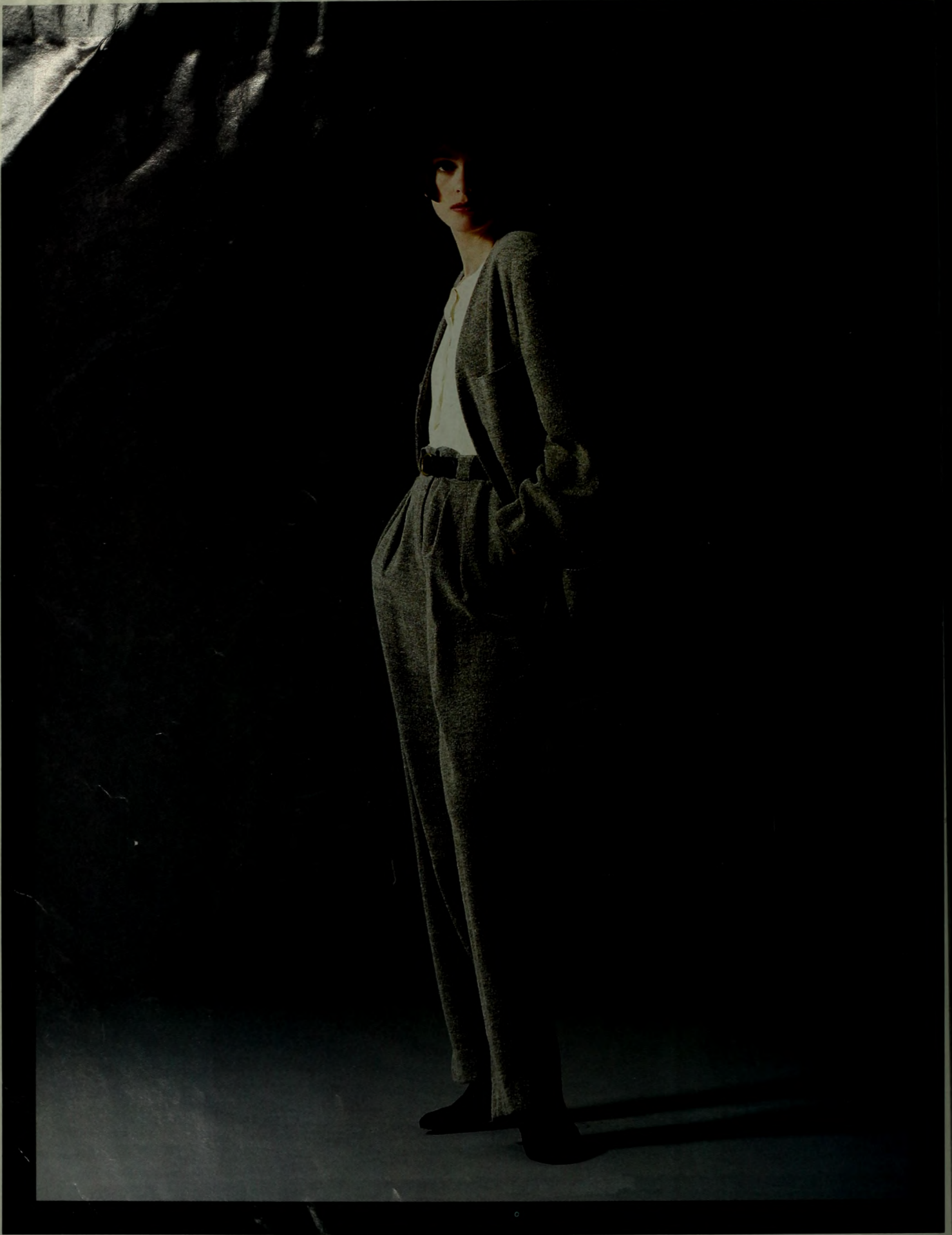


BERGDORF GOODMAN

ON THE PLAZA IN NEW YORK



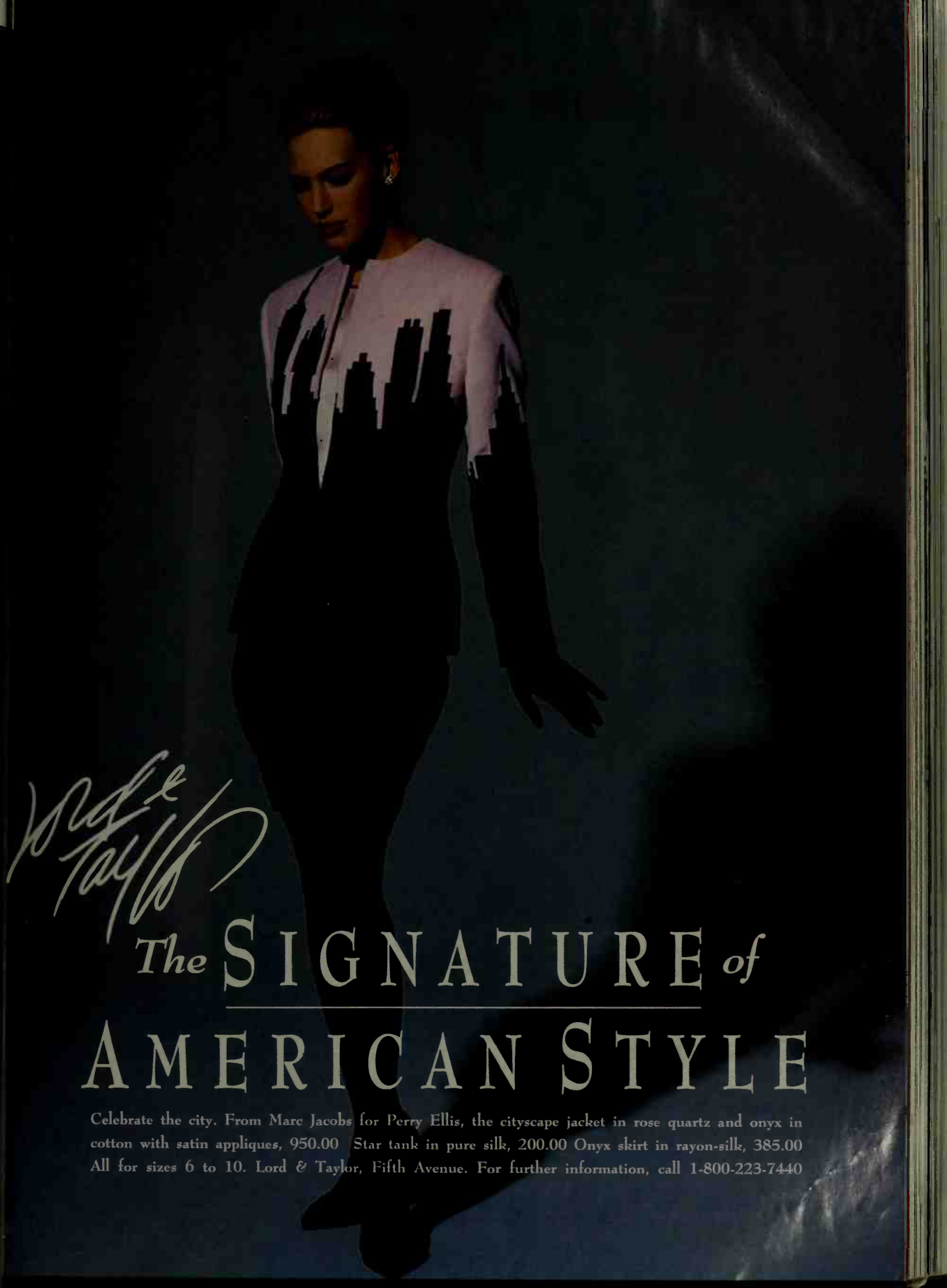
GIORGIO ARMANI



At ease with the rich texture of marbled chenille. Wool blend pantsuit and silk crepe de Chine blouse, from Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni.

In Collectors. Washington/Oregon/California/Virginia; 1-800-695-8000.

nordstrom



Lord & Taylor

The SIGNATURE *of*

AMERICAN STYLE

Celebrate the city. From Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis, the cityscape jacket in rose quartz and onyx in cotton with satin appliques, 950.00 Star tank in pure silk, 200.00 Onyx skirt in rayon-silk, 385.00 All for sizes 6 to 10. Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue. For further information, call 1-800-223-7440



Color runs riot this season. Here, a marigold cardigan coat and jade wool skirt by Bill Blass. Page 515.

FASHION

122

Fashion clips

By Page Hill Starzinger

137-218

Vogue's view

Vincent Boucher checks out today's young fashion movers and shakers...Metallic brocade embellished boots, suits, coats at the Paris couture last year; now, evidence of the trickle-down effect...*Twin Peaks*'s rising star, Joan Chen, reveals her secret style desire: to design furniture. Julia Reed talks with her about ambition

224

Fur report

Drenched with color and worked like fabric, fur is suddenly becoming a major player in the wardrobe

290

Elements

Designers have become color courageous, venturing into accessories with Op Art color schemes

354

Voguestyle...at stores across the country

513

Point of view

514

Seventh on sale

The Council of Fashion Designers of America joins forces with Vogue in a special AIDS benefit that is also a unique shopping opportunity

515

The news is color

Electric, almost Technicolor: the hot tropical shades usually reserved for summer now appear for fall—in crazy-quilt patterns or pileups of solids

532

The kings of color

Four star designers—Mizrahi, Ozbek, Versace, and Lacroix—all masters of color, find inspiration in everything from Chinese kimonos to MTV. André Leon Talley on Isaac Mizrahi; Stephanie Mansfield on Rifat Ozbek; Julia Reed on Gianni Versace; Georgina Howell on Christian Lacroix

552

Reds

As far as fashion goes, better red than almost anything else...The season's hottest color travels to Moscow and Leningrad, where it's photographed by Arthur Elgort—and where Richard Alleman reports on the new revolution

574

Solid sister

Janet Jackson shows off Azzedine Alaïa and her own streetwise style

600

Shine

It's the other big story besides color. It comes from silver, gold, kid, or sixties-inspired patent leather and turns up in different degrees of brightness for night

620

Faking it

Ironically, just as real furs are beginning to look fake, faux furs are beginning to look real

631-662

Talking...

Overseeing eight supplements and fifty-two Sunday sections each year, Carrie Donovan is style at *The New York Times Magazine*. Jonathan Van Meter talks to this quintessential Fashion Person...In wild colors and textures, with more spangles than a show girl—stockings have come out of the closet. Vicki Woods reports...It's the great fake out, as false eyelashes, hairpieces, and beauty marks dot the fashion landscape...Talking out of turn...Parties

668

In this issue

Details, prices, stores, more

674

Vogue's last look

Investment strategy for the nineties: the deliberately untrendy handbag



I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT ●

JUST ME ▲ AND MY SHADOW...

CASTING POLKA DOTS AND MOONBEAMS...

■ TILL THE MIDNIGHT HOUR...

IN MY GEOFFREY BEENE. ●

dancing
to *A*
Different
DRUMMER

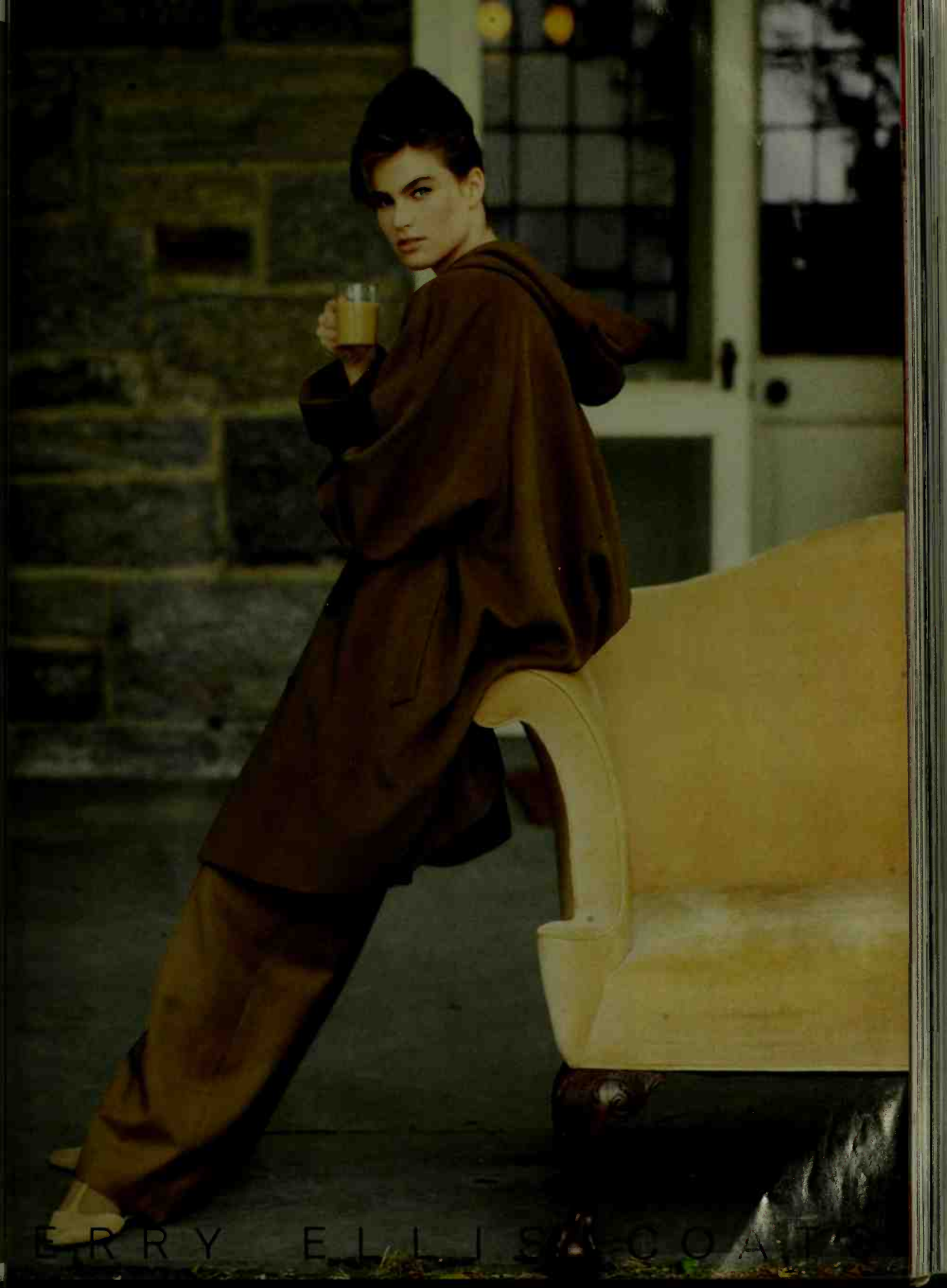
Marshall Field's

Short, beaded taffeta dress with illusion top and sleeves, and a daring flounce of skirt. 28 Shop? Let us do the shopping for you!
Call our complimentary service, P.S. Field's, 1-800-444-2882.

Searle at



Vivienne Westwood



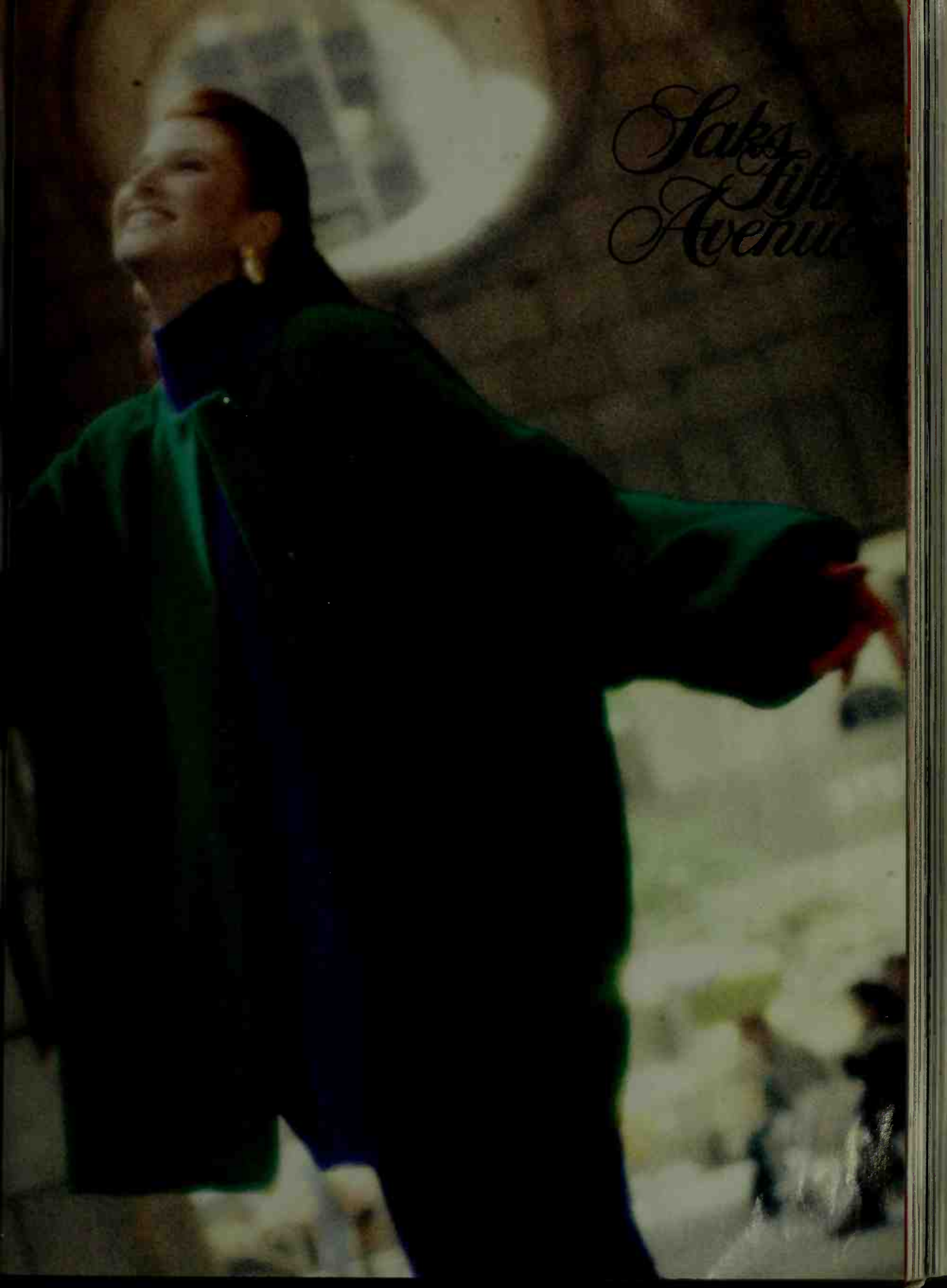
ERRY ELLISA COATS



VERY SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

IT'S ALL IN THE SWING BUT COLOR MAKES THE IMPACT. RICH, SOFT TO THE TOUCH, SIMPLY SMART. FROM MAX MARA, THE EMERALD WOOL VELOUR SWING COAT, FOR SIZES 4 TO 14, \$480 (95-700), THE SAPPHIRE MERINO WOOL TRAPEZE TUNIC TOP FOR SIZES S, M, L, \$298 (95-701), AND THE SAPPHIRE MERINO WOOL PULL ON SKIRT FOR SIZES S, M, L, \$153 (95-702). TO ORDER BY PHONE, CALL 1-800-345-3454; BY FAX, CALL 1-914-337-5900. TO RECEIVE A COMPLIMENTARY COPY OF OUR LATEST FOLIO CATALOGUE, CALL 1-800-322-7257. WE ACCEPT ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS.

*Saks
Fifth
Avenue*



FOR.

**ONLY REVLON HAS THE
UNFORGETTABLE TOUCH.**

85 tones of

REVLON NAIL ENAMEL.

SUPER LUSTROUS™ LIPSTICK

in 60 perfect picks.

No one colors your imagination
like Revlon because no one has
so many colors.

Colors that last so long,
stay so true.

Every shade of meaning,
every point of hue.



The most unforgettable women



Donna Dixon and Dan Aykroyd
Ontario, Canada

...n the world wear **REVLON**

Willie Ruben

1990 LITTLE RUBEN AFFILIATES, INC.



Julie Duroch
for after five

THE PALM BEACHES BAL HARBOUR CORAL GABLES CADELAND FT LAUDERDALE HOLLYWOOD PLANTATION BIKA HATON BOYNTON BEACH FORT LAUDERDALE ORLANDO WASHINGTON CLEARWATER TAMPA ALTAMONTE SPRINGS ATLANTA RALEIGH GREENSBORO CHARLOTTE GREENVILLE KNOXVILLE CHATTANOOGA NASHVILLE MEMPHIS BIRMINGHAM MOBILE NEW ORLEANS ARLINGTON MCLEAN PITTSBURGH DETROIT CHICAGO COLUMBUS CINCINNATI ST LOUIS MINNEAPOLIS HOUSTON AUSTIN FT WORTH NORTH PARK PRESTONWICK SAN ANTONIO LAS VEGAS COLORADO SPRINGS DENVER OKLAHOMA CITY TULSA PHOENIX SCOTTSDALE TUCSON SAN MATEO SAN DIEGO WOODLAND HILLS PALM DESERT CORTE MADERA SHERMAN OAKS DECATUR SOUTH COAST PLAZA SAN JOSE LA JOLLA

VISIT OUR NEWEST SALONS—CHERRY CREEK, DENVER and THE ATRIUM AT CHESTNUT HILL, BOSTON.

DESERT SPICE



In the desert, it's sizzling in the shade.
Especially these shades,
Revlon's sultry, sun baked spices.

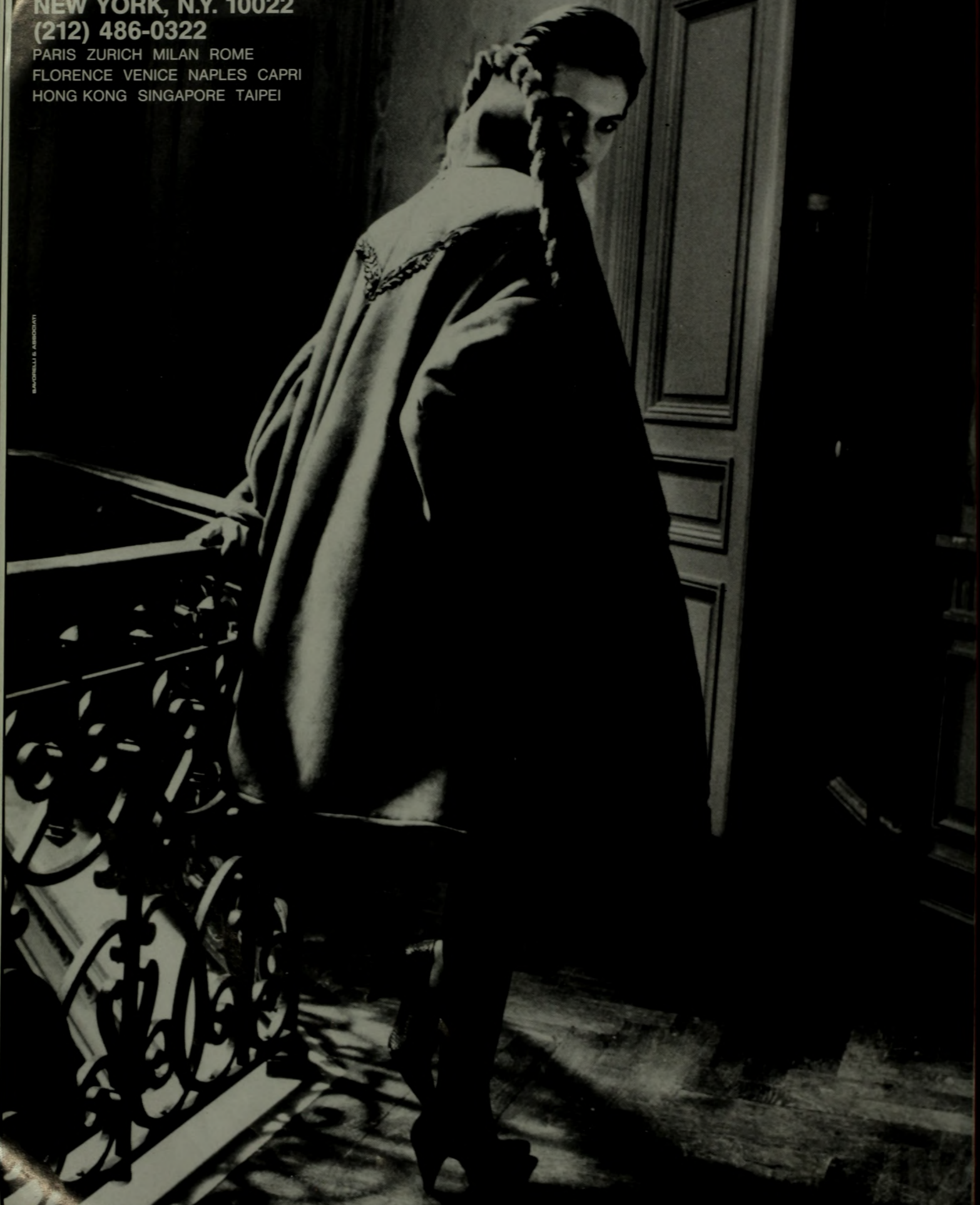
REVLON
UNFORGETTABLE

MARIO VALENTINO

645 FIFTH AVENUE
AT 51st STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
(212) 486-0322

PARIS ZURICH MILAN ROME
FLORENCE VENICE NAPLES CAPRI
HONG KONG SINGAPORE TAIPEI

M. FORTINELLI & ASSOCIATI



When

It

Feels

Good,

You

Want

It

To

Last.

O

R

When it
feels good,

you want
it to last.

É

A

L[®]
NEW YORK

New L'Oréal
COLOUR SUPRÊME
Long Wearable Lipstick.
It feels good.
And it lasts.



Oh, yes,
it really lasts.
But doesn't feel dry.
Really.

L'Oréal's cutting
edge technology
now fashions color
with minimal stain
and an anti-feather
complex to bond
with your lips.

Breakthrough
color that stays
vibrant and true.
For hours.

While specially
engineered
emollients soften
beautifully.

Such a
smart way to help
prevent caking.

L'Oréal
Colour Suprême
lasts so long.
Feels so good.

And you're so worth it.

L'ORÉAL[®]

The difference between dressed, and well dressed

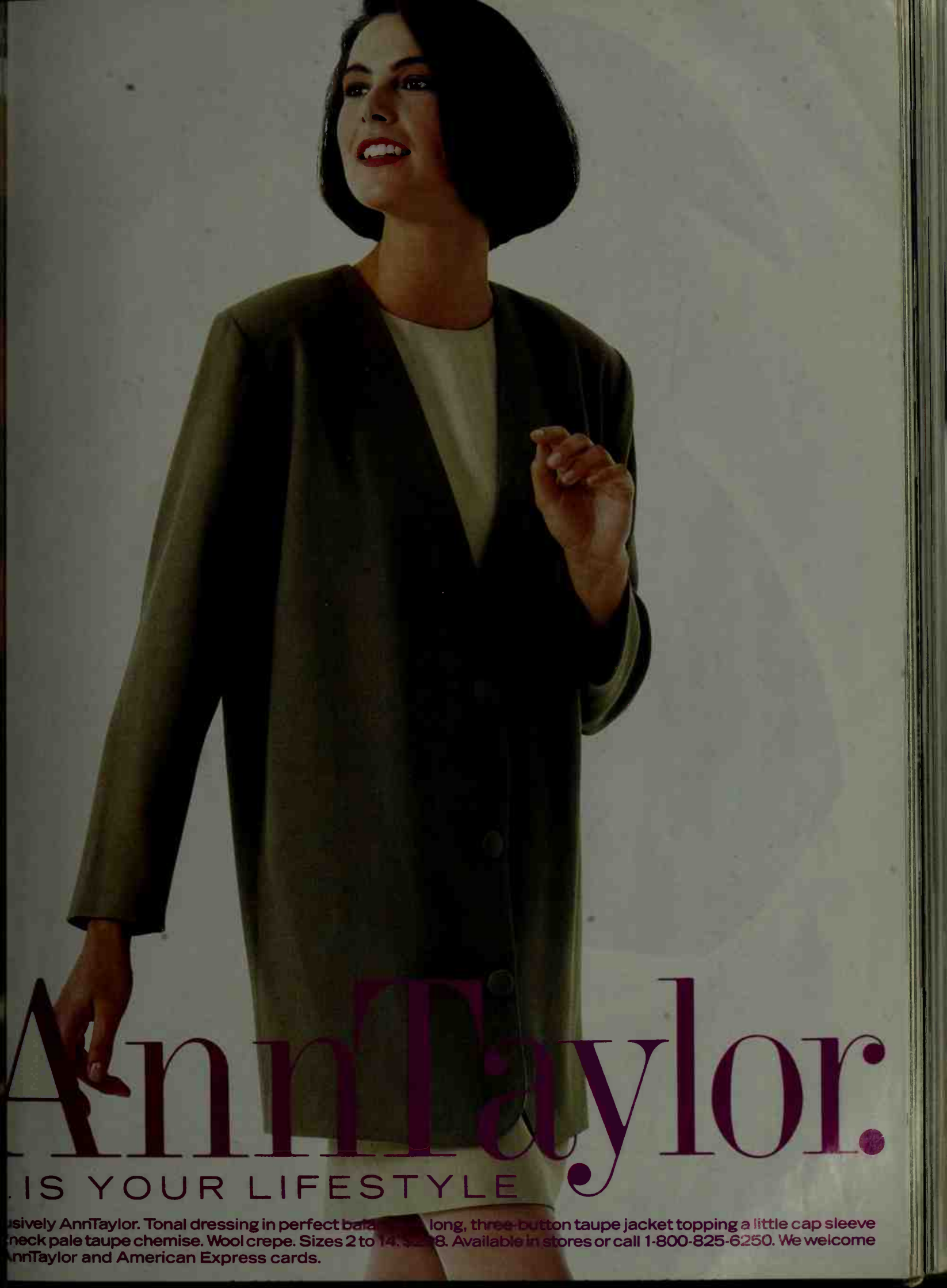
BALLY®

Handbags
Scarves
Small Leather Goods
Shoes

Vicki Taylor

Selected Stores





AnnTaylor.

IS YOUR LIFESTYLE

...sively AnnTaylor. Tonal dressing in perfect balance. Long, three-button taupe jacket topping a little cap sleeve
neck pale taupe chemise. Wool crepe. Sizes 2 to 14. \$298. Available in stores or call 1-800-825-6250. We welcome
AnnTaylor and American Express cards.



BVLGARI

730 FIFTH AVENUE
HOTEL PIERRE - 2 EAST 61ST STREET
TEL. (212) 315 90 00 - NEW YORK

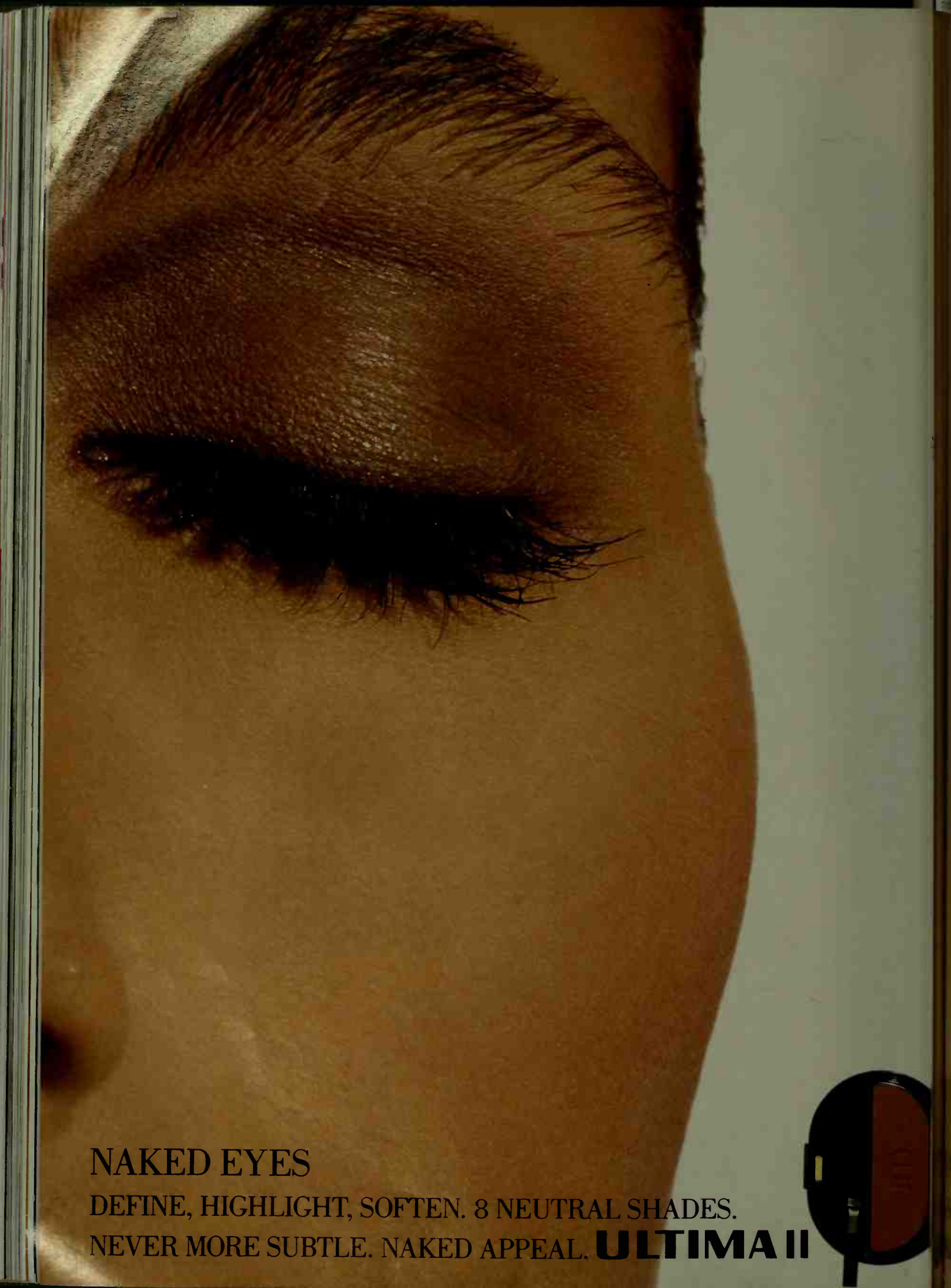
ROMA - GENEVE - MONTE CARLO - PARIS - MILANO - TOKYO - HONG KONG - SINGAPORE - OSAKA - LONDON - MÜNCHEN - ST MORITZ



THE NAKEDS.

NAKED LIPS 6 BARE-TO-BROWN LIPCHROMES TO WEAR
ALONE OR BLEND. MOIST, NAKED COLOR. **ULTIMA II**





NAKED EYES

DEFINE, HIGHLIGHT, SOFTEN. 8 NEUTRAL SHADES.

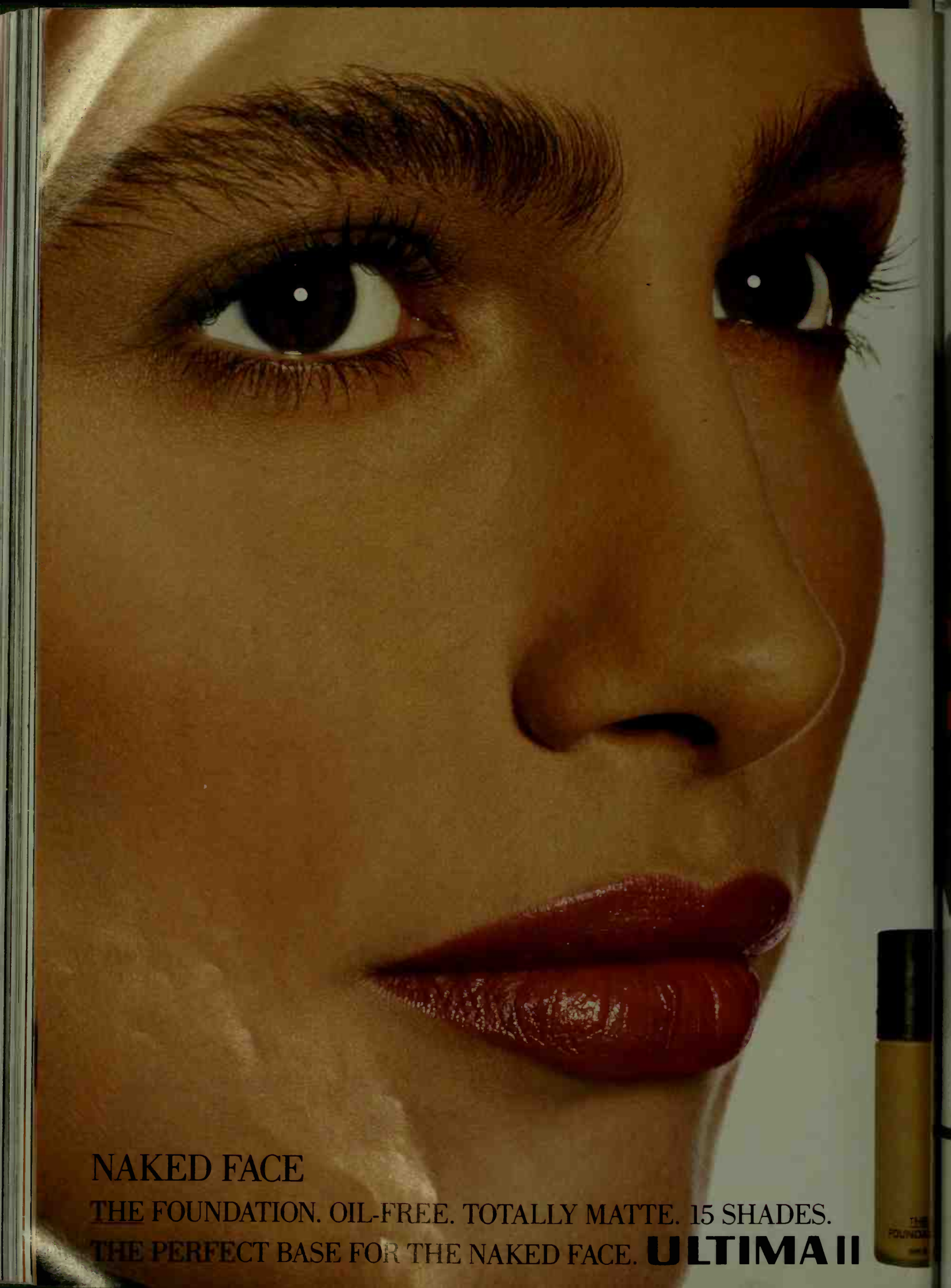
NEVER MORE SUBTLE. NAKED APPEAL. **ULTIMA II**



NAKED CHEEKS

SHADES THAT GO ON LIGHT, WEAR ON LONG. JUST
THE NAKED SUGGESTION OF BLUSH. **ULTIMA II**



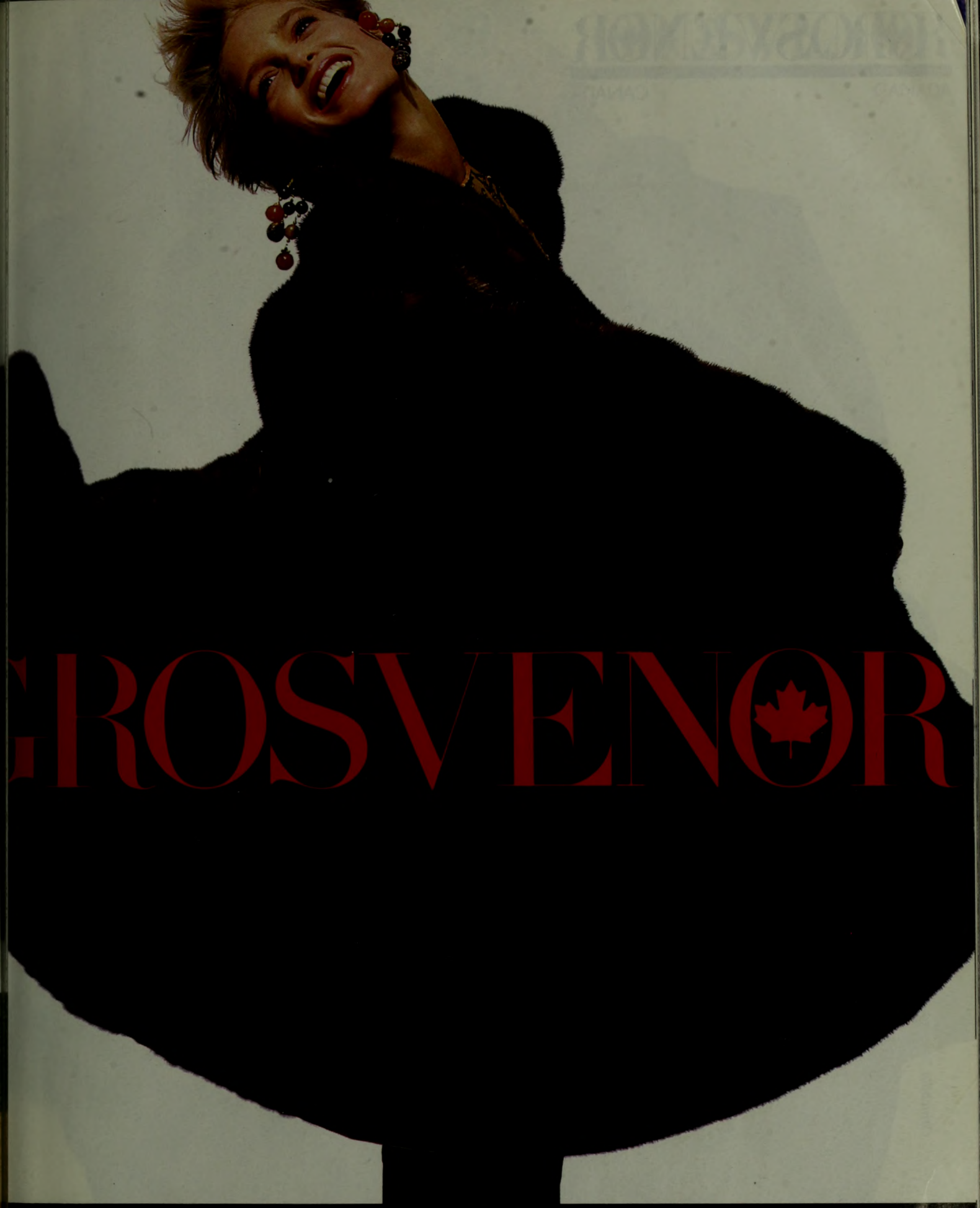


NAKED FACE

THE FOUNDATION. OIL-FREE. TOTALLY MATTE. 15 SHADES.

THE PERFECT BASE FOR THE NAKED FACE. **ULTIMA II**





CROSSEVENOR

1990/91 International Fur Collection Exclusively at

Roberts Furs

San Francisco · 415-362-6608

GROSVENOR

CANADA



Chinchilla 7/8 Coat



GROSVENOR
CANADA

Exclusively at

Roberts Furs

San Francisco · 415-362-6608

Custom Eyes.
The silkiest shadows,
beyond the shadow
of a doubt.

Only Custom Eyes® Shadows
slide on this smoothly. Blend this
beautifully. Wear so long.

Revlon's rich and creamy
Color Release Formula makes the
shadows silken.

40 pop-in color
choices give you real color control.

Every fabulous frost, plus the
new matte tones that matter now.

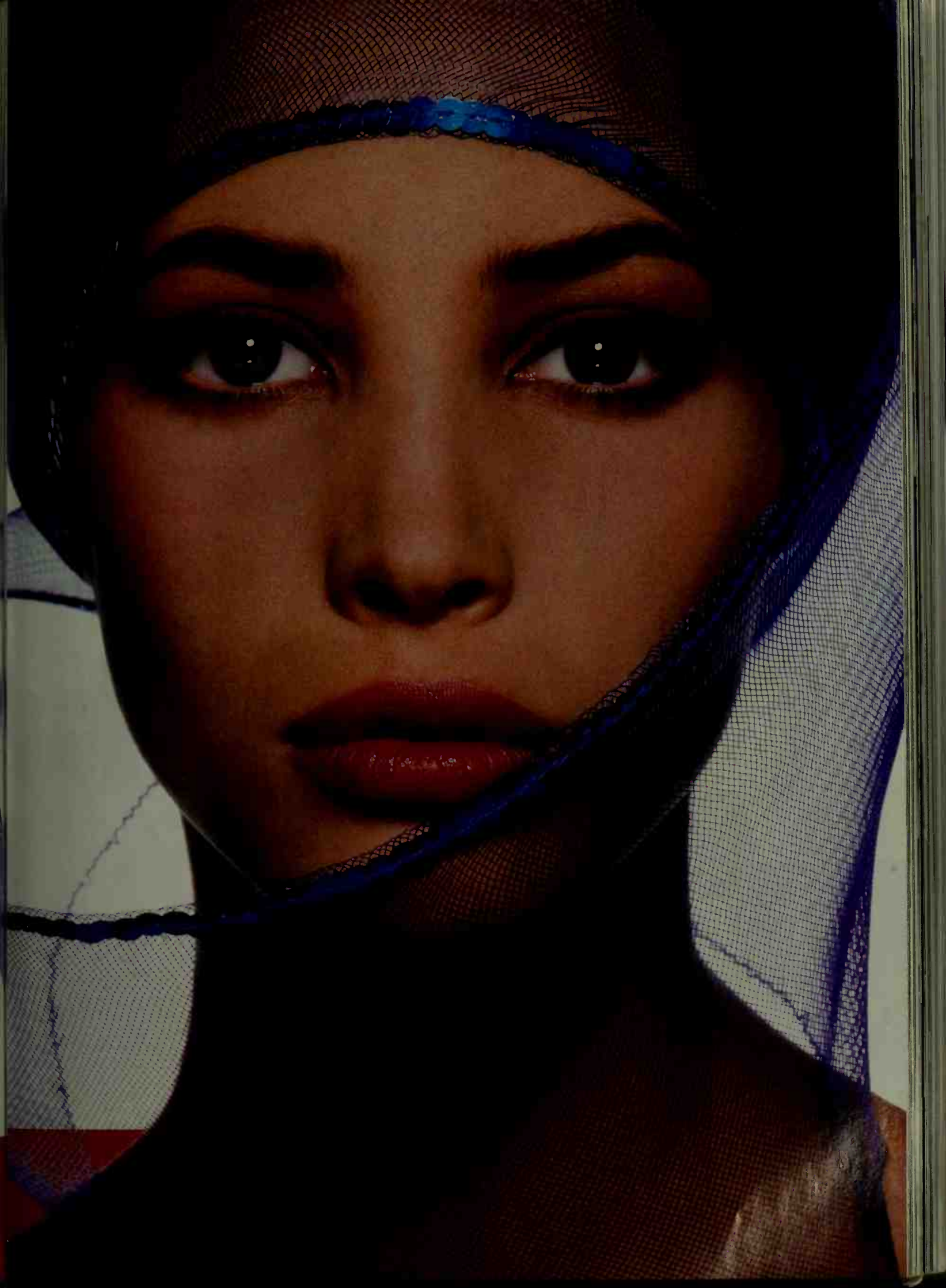
Always in combinations perfect
for you because you pick
the mix yourself.

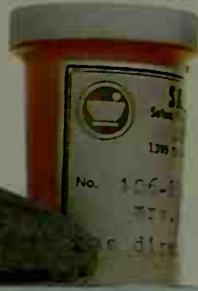
Unforgettable

The most unforgettable women in the world wear

REVLON

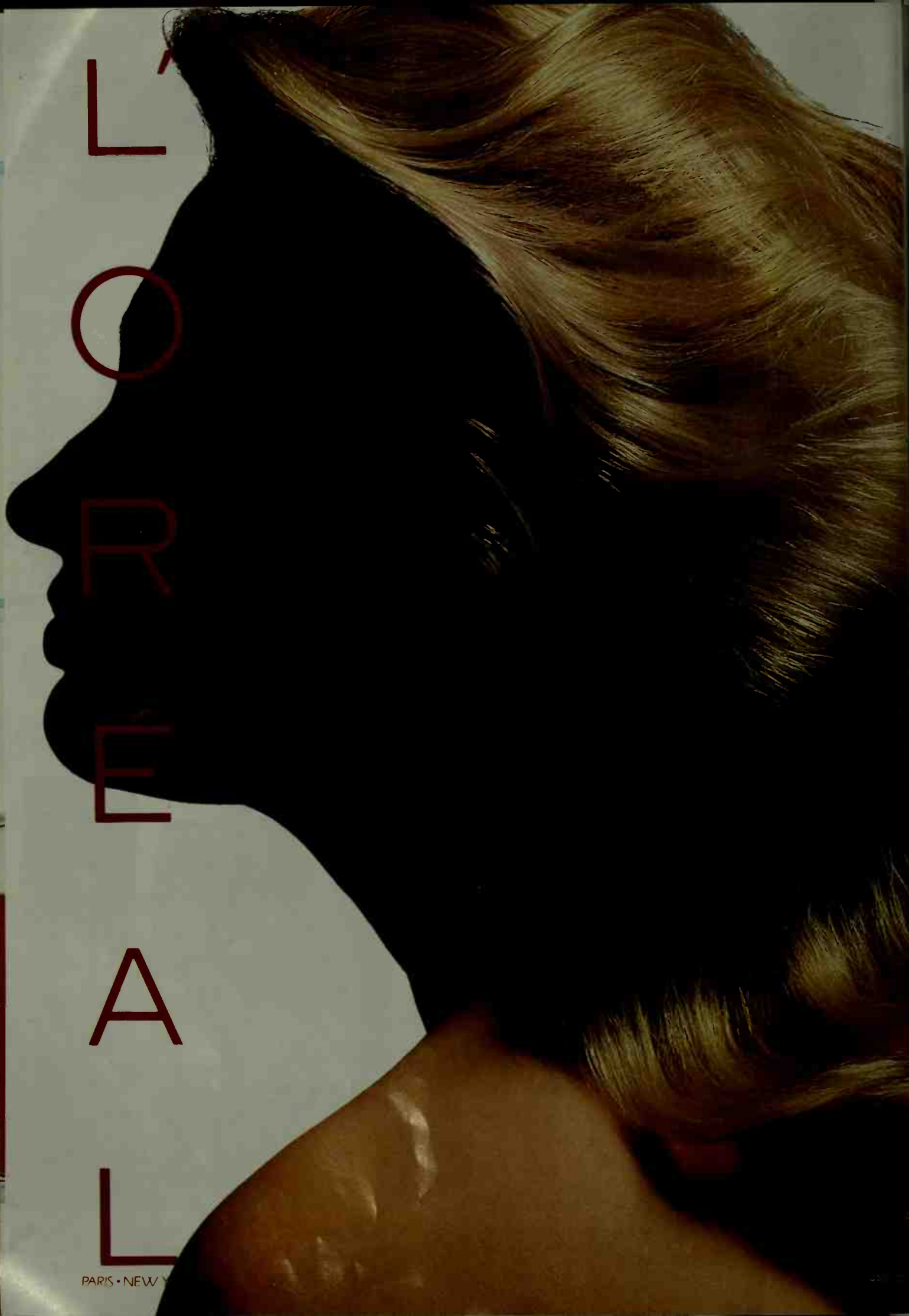








Clinique Skin Supplies for Men is a complete skin care system. Allergy Tested. 100% Fragrance Free.
You'll find it in selective medicine cabinets—and at Clinique counters across the country.
Photographed by Irving Penn for Clinique.



L
O
R
É
A
L

PARIS • NEW YORK

L'Oréal's New Discovery That Keeps First-Day Color Alive.

COLORVIVE TECHNICARE CREME CONDITIONER

THE DAY YOU COLOR YOUR HAIR, YOU LOVE THE COLOR, THE FEELING.

AND TO KEEP IT, NOW THERE'S COLORVIVE TECHNICARE.

- PATENTED ULTRAVIOLET FILTER PROTECTS EACH HAIR SO COLOR STAYS TRUER LONGER.
- PROGRESSIVE CARE REVITALIZES SHINE.
- DERMATOLOGIST TESTED.



HAIR BEFORE
TREATMENT.



WITH UV FILTER,
MAGNIFIED.



L'ORÉAL®

COLORVIVE™
TECHNICARE™

Keeps First-Day Color Alive.

KNOWING IS ALL.



KNOWING

THE FRAGRANCE FROM

ESTÉE
LAUDER

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

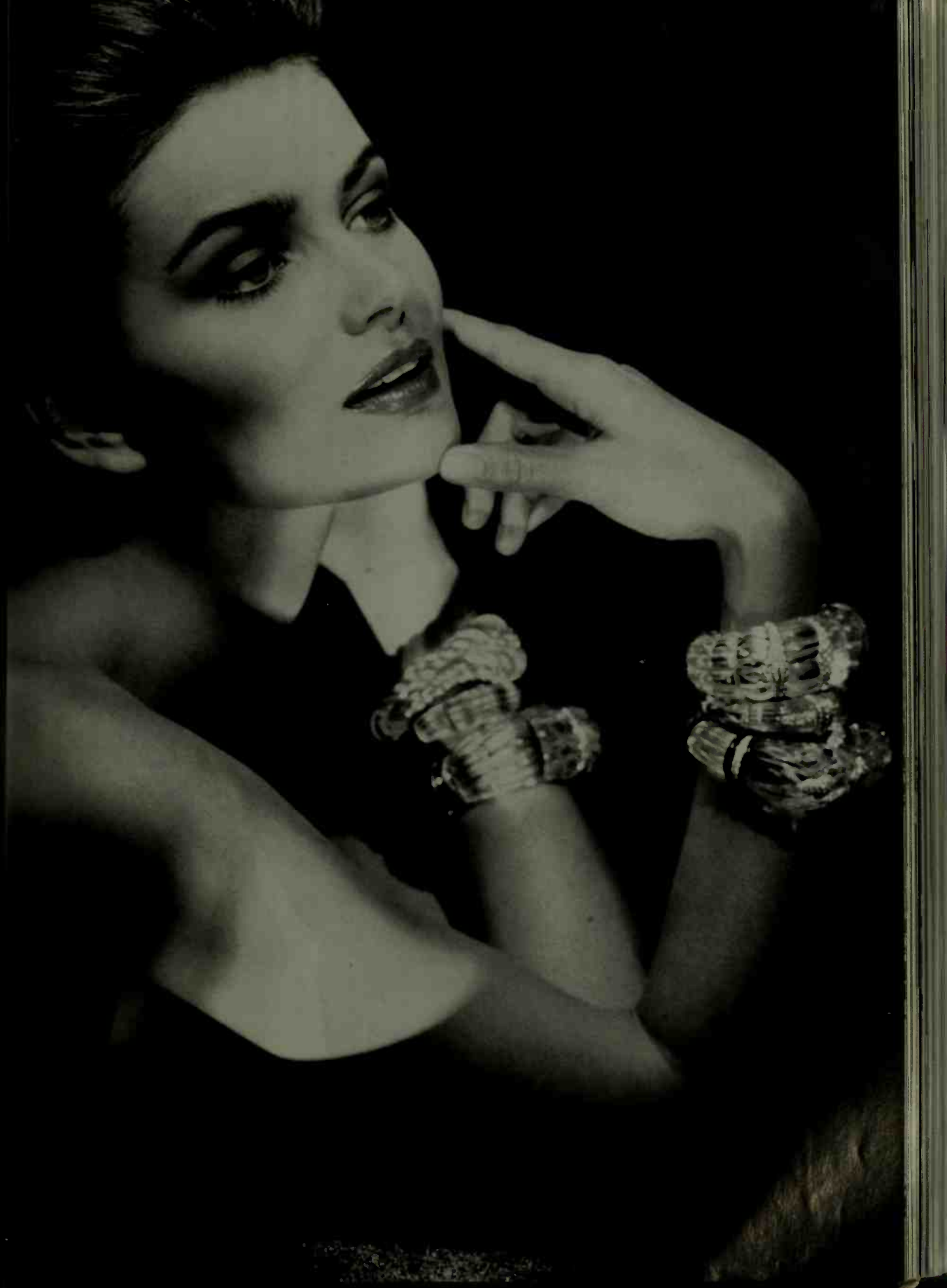





PHOTO: GIDEON LEVIN



While we have
all the great designers
under one roof,
it's our customers
who get all the attention.

SAKS JANDEL

Chevy Chase, Washington, DC

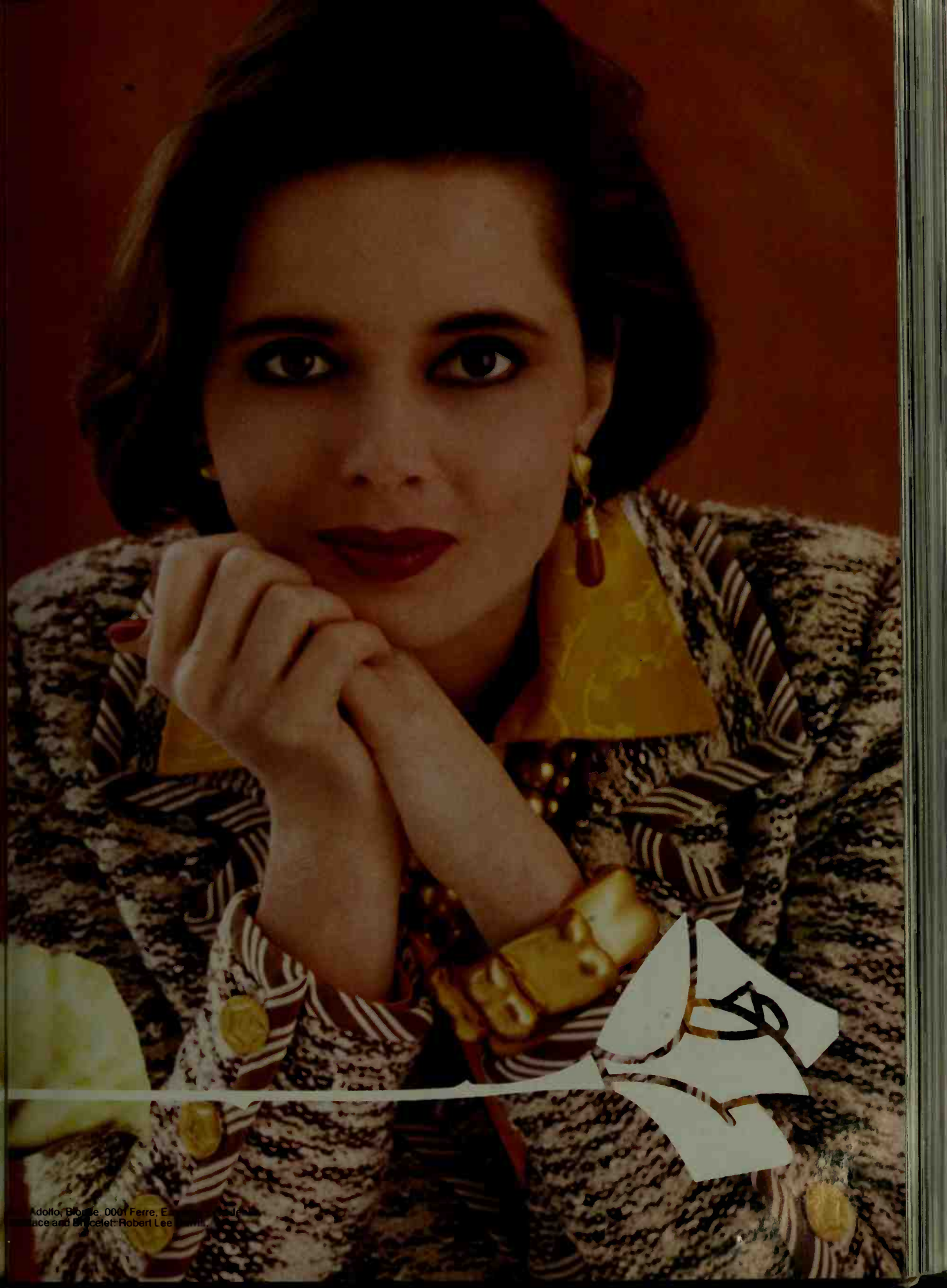
Left to right: Dior Boutique, Valentino Furs, CHANEL Boutique, Yves Saint Laurent rive gauche. CHANEL and  are registered trademarks of CHANEL, Inc.

Café Couture

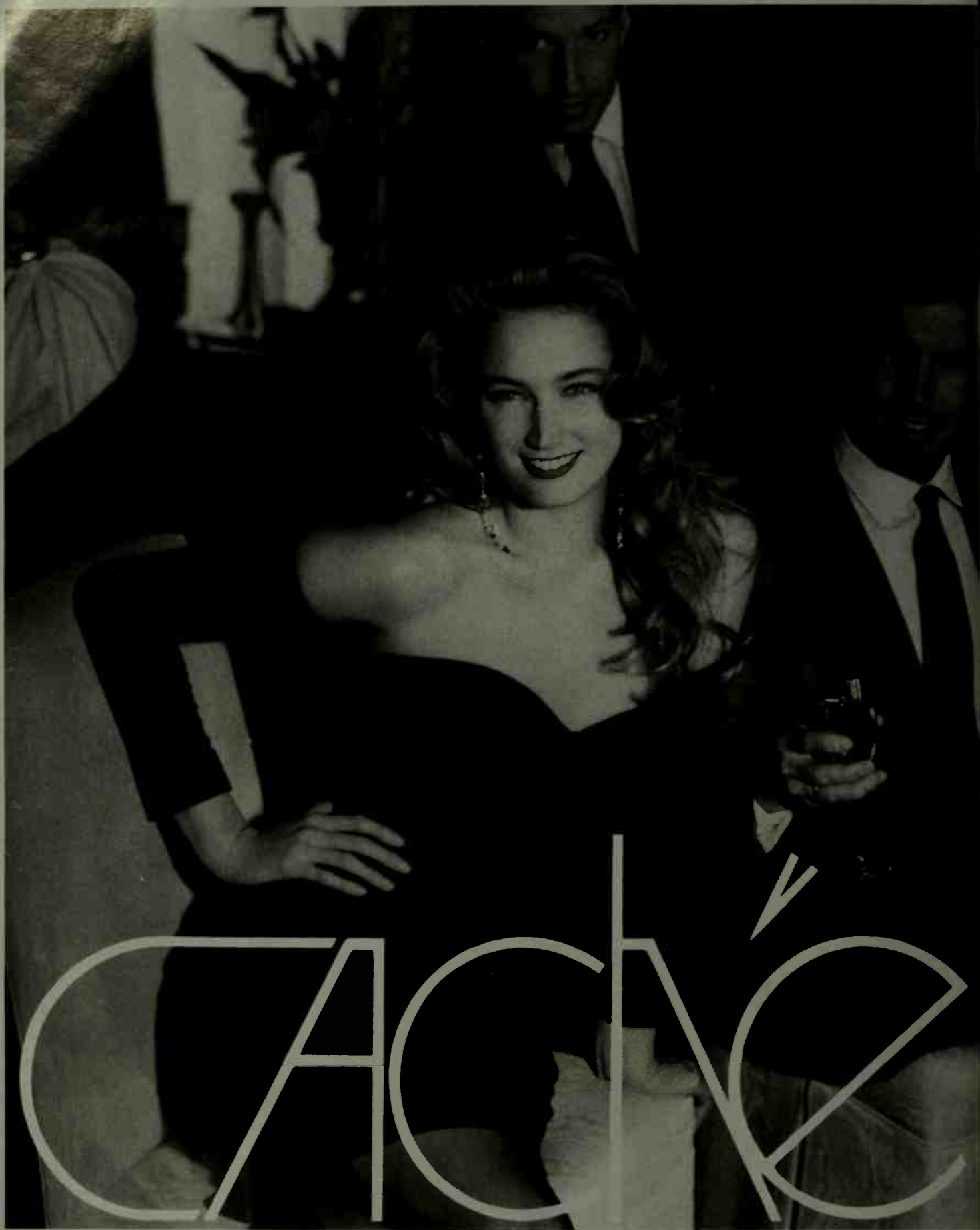
Colours that move in the very best circles.



LANCÔME
PARIS



Adolfo Boni, 0001 Ferre, E
lace and bracelet: Robert Lee



STORES FROM COAST TO COAST.

At Caché by En Francois - A. Birmingham Riverchase Galleria, CA Beverly Center, Brea Palm Desert Town Center, Sacramento Alder Fair, San Diego Fashion Valley, San Francisco Centre, Santa Clara Valley Fair, Sherman Oaks Fashion Square, Southcoast Plaza, The Village at Corte Madera, CT Stamford Town Center, FL Bal Harbour Shops, Dadeland Mall, The Falls Galleria at Ft. Lauderdale, Ohio International, Orlando-Altamonte Springs, Palm Beach Worth Avenue, Palm Beach Gardens, Boca Town Center, Plantation Fashion Mall, GA Lenox Square, Perimeter Mall, IL Michigan Avenue, Northbrook Court, IL Lombard Plaza, MA Burlington Mall, Copley Place, The Mall at Chestnut Hill, MD Owings Mills, White Flint Mall, MI Somerset Mall, MN Minneapolis Gateway Commons, NV Las Vegas, NC Charlotte Southpark Mall, NJ Atlantic City Trump Taj Mahal, Bridgewater Commons, Riverside Square, The Mall at Short Hills, Willowbrook, NY Buffalo-Walden Galleria, Manhasset, OH Beechwood Place, Cleveland Tower City, PA Philadelphia Walnut Street, King of Prussia, Willow Grove, Pittsburgh Oxford Center, Galleria at Southpointe, TN Memphis-Oakcourt Mall, Nashville-The Mall at Greer Hills, TX Dallas-Galleria, North Park Center, Houston Galleria, Town and Country, San Antonio North Star, VA Arlington Fashion Center at Pentagon City, Tysons I, WA Seattle-Westlake Center, WASHINGTON DC Georgetown Park. **New This Fall**-CA: Glendale Galleria, Northridge Fashion Center, OH Cincinnati-Kenwood Towne Center, PA: Ardmore Suburban Square

KS FIFTH AVENUE

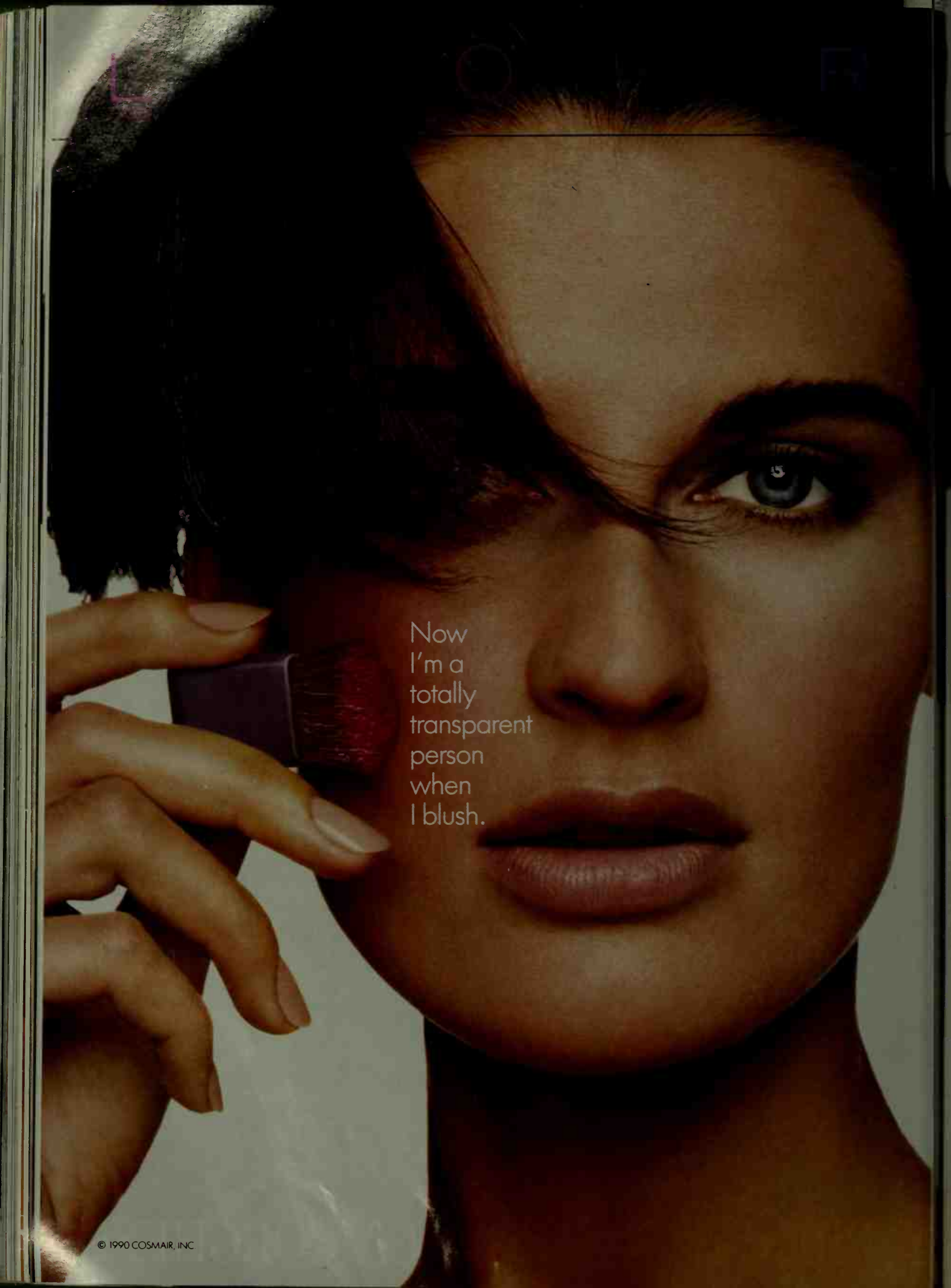
A FIRST EVER...
LIQUID IN THE COMPACT.
POWDER ON YOUR SKIN.

NEW JULY
FROM THE POWDER MAKEUP

SKIN IS PERFECTED.
PROTECTED.
PAMPERED LIKE NEVER BEFORE.



PRINCESS MARCELLA BORGHESE



Now
I'm a
totally
transparent
person
when
I blush.

É

A

L[®]
NEW YORK

L'ORÉAL
Invents
MICROBLUSH!

A New Kind
Of Blush
So Transparent
It Allows Skin
To Show Through.

We caught
you thinking all
blushes
were the same.
Not true.
L'Oréal
Microsphere
technology
created a new
form of colour...
so light and airy
it looks like
your own skin.
Only brilliant.
Just touching it
will give you
goose bumps
of pleasure.

L'ORÉAL



VOGUE

ANNA WINTOUR

Editor in Chief

Fashion Directors GRACE CODDINGTON, JENNY CAPITAIN Creative Director ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

Managing Editor PRISCILLA FLOOD

Fashion Editor at Large CARLYNE CERF de DUDZEELE

Art Director RAÚL MARTINEZ Executive Fashion Editor PHYLLIS POSNICK

Special Projects Editor, Fashion POLLY ALLEN MELLEEN

Fashion

Fashion Director, Accessories/Shoes CANDY PRATTS PRICE

Senior Editors GAIL PINCUS, ELIZABETH SALTZMAN

Style Editor LAURIE SCHECHTER Fashion Features Editor LESLEY JANE NONKIN

Bookings Editor PRESTON WESTENBURG Associate ELIZABETH WEINSTEIN

Fashion Copy Editor PAGE HILL STARZINGER Fashion Writer LAURIE DRAKE

Fashion Associates SUSI BILLINGSLEY, JACQUELIN SPANIEL

Assistants SUZANNE BRATONE, JONI COHEN, BROOKE DOUGLASS, INGE FONTEYNE, NATASCHA LOEB, ANNE WARNOCK

Fashion Copy Assistants KAREN BRESSLER, SALLY WADYKA

Paris Bureau Chief SUSAN TRAIN Paris Editor LYSSA HORN Coordinator FIONA DaRIN

West Coast LISA LOVE

Beauty and Health

Beauty Director SHIRLEY LORD Health & Fitness Editor MARGARETTA NORTHROP

Beauty Editor ELIZABETH COLLIER

Health Associate PAMELA KAUFMAN Beauty Associate ELIZABETH BROUS

Features

Senior Editors MICHAEL BOODRO, RANDALL KORAL, NANCY NICHOLAS Senior Writer JULIA REED

Editor at Large TRACY YOUNG Travel Editor RICHARD ALLEMAN

Bookings Editor MAGGIE BUCKLEY

Features Associates ANNE ALEXANDER, GISELLE BENATAR Travel Coordinator DESPINA MESSINESI

Features Assistants ELIZABETH STEINBERG, LYDIA LONGSHORE

Art

Associate Art Director SHEILA JACK

Senior Designer NOËL CLARO

Features Photo Editor ESIN ILI GOKNAR

Design Associate EDMUND WINFIELD Assistant LINA MAK

Production Manager CHARLOTTE BARNARD Associate SUSAN SWENSON HILSGEN

Art Production Manager PAUL KRAMER Associate AMY VAN BERGEN

Copy Production Chief MARJORIE HOLT Editors SHERRY CHIGER, DONNA PERKINSON Assistant LAURA WASHINGTON

Research Editor PHYLLIS RIFIELD Associate SUZANNE GLECKMAN

Reader Information SHIRLEY CONNELL

Editorial Administrative Assistants VIDA GHANI, MARIA MANOLAS

Assistant to the Editor in Chief ORLA HEALY

Contributing Editors ANNE BASS, ROSAMOND BERNIER, JOAN JULIET BUCK, GRAYDON CARTER, ELEANORE PHILLIPS COLT, AMICIA DE MOUBRAY, GABÉ DOPPELT, TAD FRIEND, CYNTHIA HEIMEL, GEORGINA HOWELL, DODIE KAZANJIAN, STEPHANIE MANSFIELD, ANNE McNALLY, WILLIAM NORWICH, JED PERL, JODY SHIELDS, JEFFREY STEINGARTEN, RACHEL URQUHART, VICKI WOODS

Editorial Business Manager WILLIAM P. RAYNER Associate Business Manager LINDA RICE

Editorial Advisor LEO LERMAN

Associate Editorial Director ROCHELLE UDELL

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

Editorial Director

É.

A

L

YORK

The
new
eyes.
The
new
lips.
The
new
fingertips.
Quick.
Or
you
might
fall
out.
Tendre
Rose
lips,
nails.
Taupe Pêche
eyes.

Fall In.

L'ORÉAL



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN FREEMAN ART DIRECTION BY JUDY WATSON

MANOLO BLAHNIK



15 WEST 55TH STREET NEW YORK 49-51 OLD CHURCH STREET LONDON SW 3 5BS BERGDORF GOODMAN NEW YORK

Followers or leader...



BAUME & MERCIER

GENEVE

MAÎTRES HORLOGERS DEPUIS 1830



Riviera®

BEYOND PERFECTION.

BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE



Philadelphia (215) 564-6200 • Atlanta • Boston • Charlotte • Chicago • Ft. Myers • Kansas City
Las Vegas • Memphis • Pittsburgh • San Francisco • Short Hills • Tulsa • Washington, D.C.

O

R

PARIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY MANN FOR COSMAIR INC. STYLING BY JENNIFER WILSON

DISCOVER FRANCE'S #1 SKINCARE
FOR REDUCING THE SIGNS OF AGING.

© Cosmar Inc. 1990

É

A

L[®]
NEW YORK

DEFEND YOUR SKIN EVERY DAY
AGAINST THE SIGNS OF AGING.

PLÉNITUDE ACTIVE DAILY MOISTURIZER

Now from the Skincare Laboratories of L'Oréal, a multi-action formula that excels beyond traditional moisturizers. Specifically, it:

- nourishes the skin with natural oils
- hydrates its uppermost layers throughout the day
- protects against environmental extremes that contribute to the signs of aging
- contains UVA and UVB sunscreens

Plénitude Active Daily Moisturizer ...
the soft, supple, radiant look of skin that thrives...not just survives.



L'OREAL
PLÉNITUDE

Reduces the signs of aging.

L
PARIS

O

R

DISCOVER FRANCE'S #1 SKINCARE
FOR REDUCING THE SIGNS OF AGING.

É

A

L[®]
NEW YORK

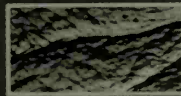
NOW THE SOLUTION FOR REDUCING
FINE LINES AND WRINKLES.

PLÉNITUDE WRINKLE DEFENSE CREAM

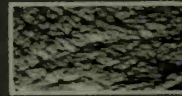
Instantly, you can challenge the signs of aging with this enriched, silky-textured formula from the Skincare Laboratories of L'Oréal. The results:

- fine lines and tiny wrinkles disappear instantly
- deep wrinkles diminish visibly, with continuous use
- skin's appearance is revived, resilient...with renewed elasticity...a luminous, soft, supple tone

Plénitude Wrinkle Defense Cream...
the feel of skin that is rested, relaxed...
a look that defies the challenge of time.



Skin that has not been treated.



Skin treated with Plénitude after 4 weeks.

L'OREAL[®]

PLÉNITUDE

Reduces the signs of aging.

VOGUE

VERNE WESTERBERG

Publisher

BARBARA McKIBBIN Executive Editor NORMAN WATERMAN Associate Publisher

Advertising

Director NANCY LEWINTER

Advertising Manager JENNIFER COLE Retail Director WENDY TALBOT
Beauty Manager DIANNE WALLACE Beauty Marketing Manager MIKE GREENBERGER
Fashion and Footwear Manager KAY CAVENER Furs and Fashion SUSAN SCHWARTZMAN
Health/Fitness Manager LYNNE DOMINICK
Accessories and Home Furnishings Manager MARIANNE BUCHANAN
Travel and Beverage Manager SCOTT FORD
Marketing Manager ANITA SAVITT
Public Relations Director SUZANNE EAGLE

Merchandising

Director DIANE HARRELL

Project Director ELIZABETH GROVES Editor KELLY BEVAN Southwest Editor BEVERLY PURCELL
Coordinator MARIA L. CANAL Services SUSAN HODES O'LEARY
Store Credits Editor DOLLY MORTON Associate DEBORAH MATTIS
Fashion Marketing Editor LAURINDA FINELLI Associate JULIE KELLY

Promotion

Creative Services Director MARCIA WEINBERG

Production Director DAMIAN CARLINO Projects Director MARY SIRI Senior Designer LORI NERO
Copy Chief JANE GRENIER Copywriter SUSAN BORNSTEIN

Branch Offices

Midwest JOHN KELLY, Manager, 875 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago IL 60611
Detroit PEGGY DAITCH, Manager, 3250 West Big Beaver Road, Troy MI 48084
West Coast JOHN P. DEMOREST, Manager, LIZ MILLER, Acct. Mgr.,
9100 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills CA 90212
CHRISTINE MATHEWS, Manager, 50 Francisco Street, San Francisco CA 94133
New England ELMO ECKER, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017
Southeast MILLER & TILLMAN, Reprs., 4651 Roswell Rd., N.E., Suite 201-C, Atlanta GA 30342
Southwest BEVERLY JAMESON, Metro Southwest, 3988 N. Central, Dallas TX 75204
Florida & Caribbean DAVID RUBIN, DBR Associates, 454 Alamanda Drive, Hallandale FL 33009
Canada MPR 3 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5E 1M2
Hong Kong HERB MOSKOWITZ, Seavex Ltd., 503 Wilson House, 19 Wyndham Street, Central, Hong Kong

Europe

GARDNER BELLANGER, Associate Publisher for Europe
284 Boulevard Saint-Germain, 75007 Paris
SYLVIE MCKENZIE, Account Executive, United Kingdom, Spain, and France 19 S. Audley Street, London W1Y
MARVA GRIFFIN, Account Executive, Italy Viale Montello, 14, 20154 Milan
BRITISH VOGUE Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W1R 0AD
FRENCH VOGUE 4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, 75007 Paris
GERMAN VOGUE 44 Leopoldstrasse, 8000 München 40
ITALIAN VOGUE Piazza Castello 27, 20121 Milan
SPANISH VOGUE Serrano 3, 28001 Madrid
AUSTRALIAN VOGUE 170 Pacific Highway, Greenwich, N.S.W. 2065
BRAZILIAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial Ltda.
MEXICAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial de Mexico

VOGUE is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.,

Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017

Chairman S.I. NEWHOUSE, JR. Deputy Chairman DANIEL SALEM President BERNARD H. LESER
Executive Vice Presidents JOHN B. BRUNELLE, JOSEPH L. FUCHS
Vice President-Corporate Resources FRED C. THORMANN Vice President VERNE WESTERBERG
Vice President-Treasurer ERIC C. ANDERSON Vice President-Secretary PAMELA M. VAN ZANDT
Vice President Circulation PETER ARMOUR
Vice President Manufacturing and Distribution IRVING HERSCHBEIN
Vice President Condé Nast Package NEIL JACOBS
Corporate Marketing Director ECKART L. GÜTHE

*Remember your Pappagallos
from college? Think again!*

Pappagallo
MODERN CLASSICS

HAYLEY in black suede with gold nailheads.
About \$69.

For the retailer nearest you call,
1-800-22-PAPPA (1-800-227-2772)
In Canada call, 1-416-481-1161.

**THE
SMUDGE
STOPS
HERE.**

COVER
GIRL

ANTI
SMUDGE

Rich color.
Stand-out definition.
And, not
a smudge in sight.
For knock-out lashes.
All day.
This mascara doesn't
mess around.



CAROL ALT

NEW ANTI-SMUDGE MASCARA

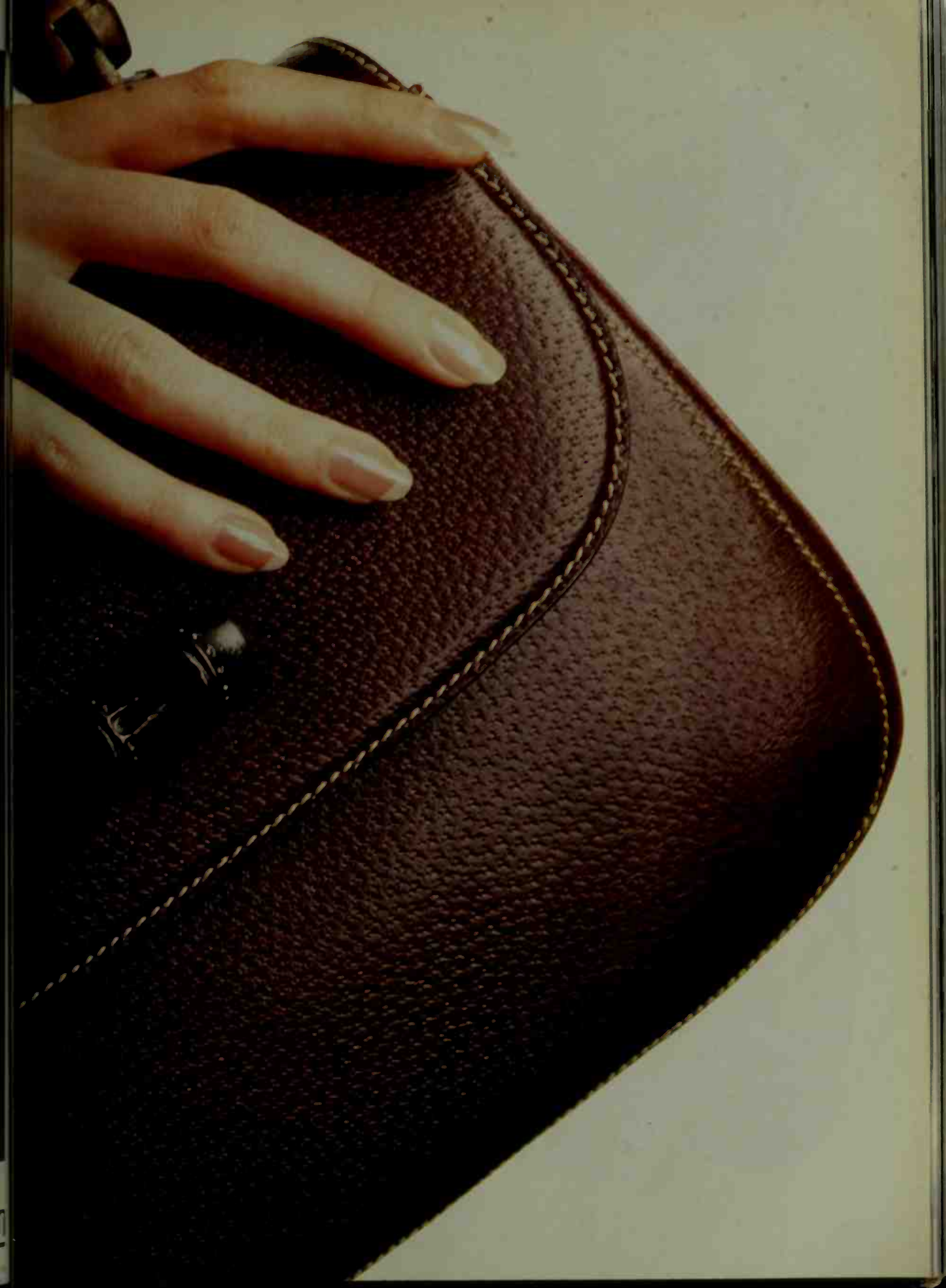
Ophthalmologist tested.

AMERICA'S LOOK IS COVER GIRL



A new wave of excitement stirs the night. Black velvet and white taffeta from Julie Duroché for After Five, 4-14; 698.00. In Special Occasion. Washington/Oregon/California/Utah/Alaska/Virginia; 1-800-695-8000. Opening Sept. 7 in Paramus, NJ.

nordstrom



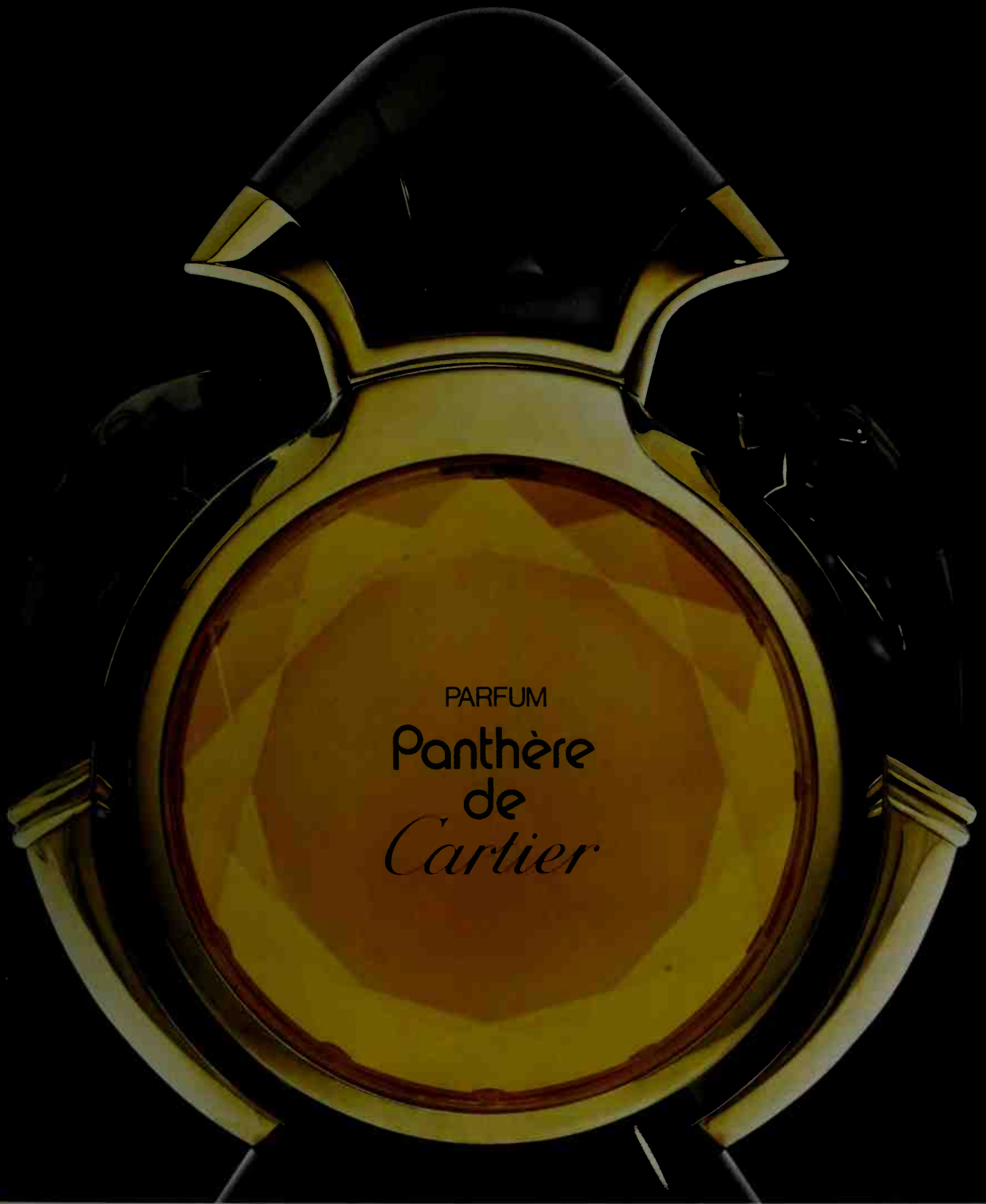




THE RANGE OF **GUCCI**



CARTIER JUSQU'AU BOUT DES GRIFFES



PARFUM
Panthère
de
Cartier

© CARTIER, INC


PARFUMS
Cartier
Paris

Lilli Ann

C O L L E C T I O N S



l. magnin



must: Name created and registered worldwide by CARTIER since 1973. Has now become the synonym for an essential step towards a privileged lifestyle.

must de Cartier: A perfume launched by CARTIER in 1981 at the château de Versailles. Oriental tendencies, with subtle notes of Mandarine, Jasmine, Rose, Sandalwood and Vanilla. Exclusively feminine... "It uses no other perfume than *MUST DE CARTIER*."

98



CARTIER INC

PARFUMS
Cartier
Paris

Mark Sanchez



FIRENZE

SANTA BARBARA

JUDYS

CANADIAN'S

T. EDWARDS

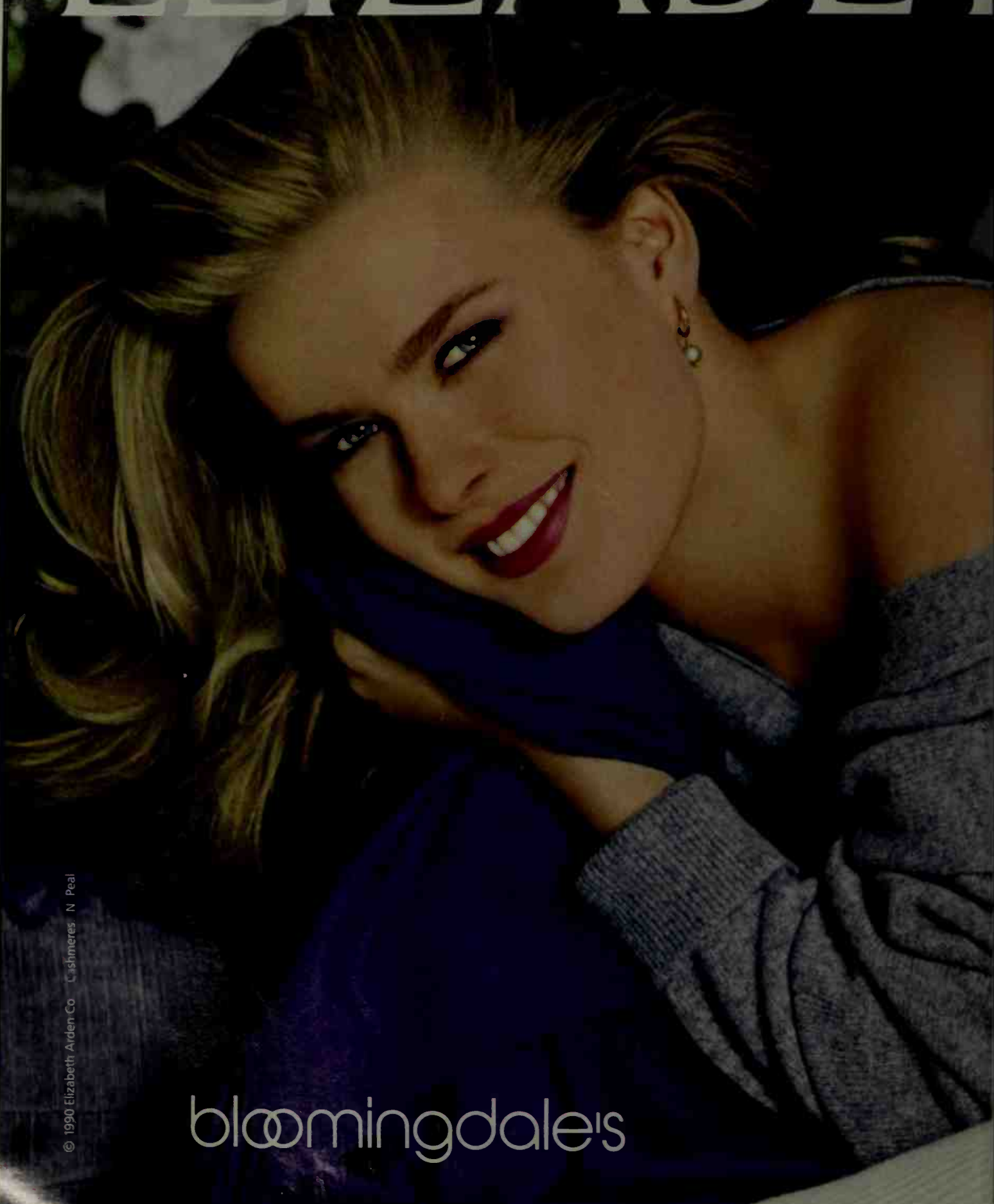
SOME MEN ARE MADE OF STEEL AND GOLD



CARTIER, INC

PARFUMS
Cartier
Paris

ELIZABETH



© 1990 Elizabeth Arden Co. Cashmeres. N Peal

bloomingdale's

HARDEN

Cashmere C O L O R S

The most luxurious
collection of the season



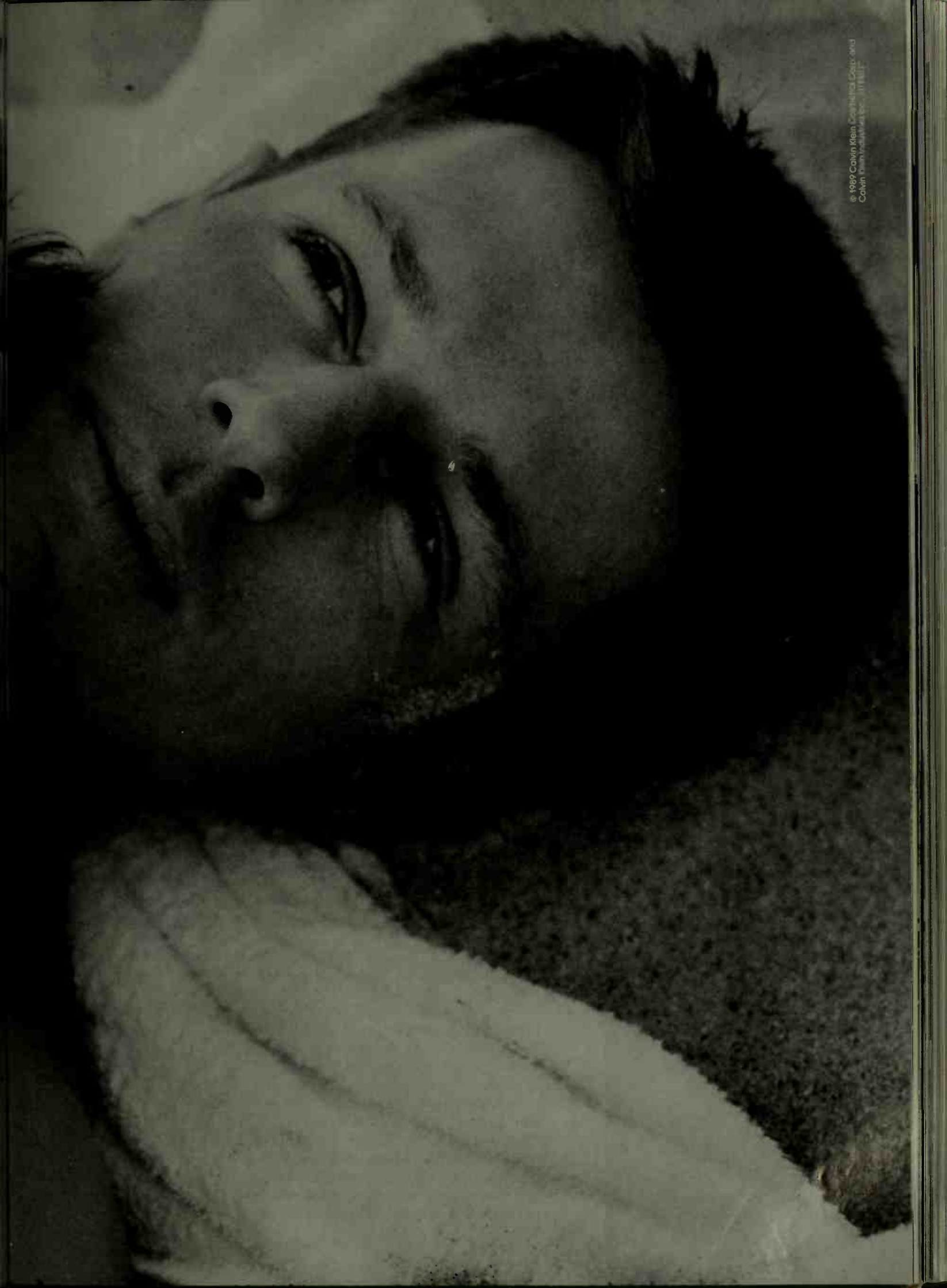
ETERNITY

FOR MEN



Calvin Klein

COLOGNE



© 1989 Calvin Klein Corporation
Calvin Klein Inc. New York, NY 10017

CONTRIBUTORS

VOGUE



At last,
perfection in a vodka.
Tanqueray Sterling

Imported Vodka, 40° and 50° Alc. Vol (80° and 100°),
100% Grain Neutral Spirits.
© 1990 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.



vogue in the ussr

This month Vogue travels to Moscow and Leningrad for "Reds," a twenty-two-page feature with fashion and personality photographs by Arthur Elgort and text by travel editor Richard Alleman. A key player in Vogue's USSR team of eight, fashion director Grace Coddington found the country very different from the one she had visited fifteen years ago on a shoot for British Vogue. "Before, we were not allowed to move out of our hotel without permission. This time, it felt as if we could go anywhere."

And they did—from inside the Kremlin to backstage at the Bolshoi to the threshold of a Red Army barracks. For model Christy Turlington—who wore red, from Chanel to North Beach Leather—it was a privilege "to meet so many important people in the arts" and a surprise "to find a scene in Leningrad that was more 'downtown' than New York's." For photographer Arthur Elgort, the Soviet shoot erased his "fears of Russian strangeness . . . you realize when you go to a place that the whole thing is human."

Pictured getting into the spirit of glasnost at the Leningrad restaurant Fortesia, Vogue's team and new Soviet friends. **SEATED:** Grace Coddington, Arthur Elgort, Leningrad model Irina Kuksenaite, her husband the artist Afrika, rock star Zhanna Aguzarova, Richard Alleman; **STANDING:** photographer's assistant Chris Bierlein, guide Jaimie Sanford, Christy Turlington, guide Wladislav Kostin, makeup artist Sonia Kashuk, hair stylist Oribe, fashion assistant Anne Christensen.

CONTRIBUTORS ► 88

Lancôme enters the world of Chrono-cosmetology.

NOCTOSÔME

SYSTÈME RÉNOVATEUR de NUIT
Renewal Night Treatment

Wake up to more beautiful-looking skin.

At night, after facing the day's aggressions, the skin's natural biological rhythms turn to its renewal activities. At the same time, Noctosôme... with its unique time-released Niosôme System Technology:

- provides for the accumulation of a precious nightly reservoir of "Niosôme" microspheres containing specific elements
- allows accurate, targeted and gradual transport of its special ingredients in this time-released fashion to surface layers of the skin
- unlike traditional nighttime formulations... combines the qualities of an extraordinary texture that is both light and luxurious in its feel

The result... a definite beauty action every night... fresher, clearer, more beautiful-looking skin every morning.

NOCTOSÔME RENEWAL NIGHT TREATMENT... Isn't it comforting to know that while your body takes care of you on the inside, Lancôme takes care of you on the outside?



LANCÔME
PARIS



TRADITION FROM A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

POINTELLE HOOD PULLOVER, \$118.
GEORGIA JEAN JACKET, \$68.



EBEL

The Architects of Time



The Mini in stainless steel and 18 kt. gold* Versatile, thin, elegant.
Water resistant. Extremely accurate, very Swiss.
Five year international limited warranty. Intelligently priced from \$1,950 to \$4,550.
Also available in all 18 kt. gold.

BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE



SHARE THE HERITAGE

Philadelphia (215) 564-6200 • Albuquerque • Atlanta • Baltimore • Boston • Chicago • Kansas City
Las Vegas • Los Angeles • Memphis • Miami • Nashville • New Orleans • Orlando • Pittsburgh
San Francisco • Seattle • Short Hills • South Coast Plaza • St. Louis • Tampa
Washington, D.C. • West Palm Beach

*Stainless steel with 18 kt. gold bezel, crown, case screws and interlinks.

W

Refreshing news for a smooth, healthy face

ater-based moisturizers.

When it comes to replenishing its natural moisture, your skin just can't get enough of the clean, cool softness of fresh water. Which is precisely the reason to consider the water-based moisturizers from Neutrogena®. Non-comedogenic* (won't clog pores), fragrance-free and so pure, they actually work with your skin to leave your face looking soft and healthy-smooth.

Safe even for contact lens wearers, Neutrogena® Eye Cream smooths the appearance of lines in the extra-sensitive eye area.

Neutrogena Moisture® helps your skin maintain its natural moisture, leaving your face softer, smoother, healthier looking.

While your mind and body are at rest, Neutrogena® Night Cream provides a moist, revitalizing environment for your skin, so it feels softer, more thoroughly refreshed in the morning.

You'll find Neutrogena® water-based moisturizers at your drug store.



LESLIE
FAY
WOMEN





LESLIE FAY WOMEN



At fine stores or call 1-800 LF FASHION (1-800-533-2744)

LESLIE FAY WOMEN



LESLIE FAY DRESSES



LESLIE FAY SPORTSWEAR



LESLIE FAY OPTIONS



LESLIE FAY GIRLS



LESLIE FAY EVENINGS



LESLIE FAY FOOTWEAR



LESLIE FAY COATS

Most styles available in Misses, Petite and Large sizes.
At fine stores or call 1-800 LF FASHION (1-800-533-2744)

HOW TO DEFINE AN EXCEPTIONAL PERFUME

BY JEAN PATOU

The difference between an *exceptional* perfume and one that's merely *expensive*, lies less in the nose of the beholder than it does in pedigree.

It's what goes into a creation, after all, that distinguishes what comes out.

The same is true of thoroughbred Arabians and perfect cheese soufflés.

Nowhere is this principle more gloriously realized than in "1000" de Jean Patou.

In this scent-strip world we live in, "1000" de Jean Patou remains aloof.

Exotic. Soignée. Redolent with *rare flowers* and precious fragrant oils. Nightblooming jasmine, rose centifolia, mysor santal and the rarest of the rare, *Osmanthus* from China. *Osmanthus* blooms for a short time each Spring, and it can be found at a market in Canton.

More than *seven million flowers* are picked to produce a single kilogram of the jasmine essence used in "1000". Little wonder this marvelous fragrance is known as the essence of extravagance.

But wait, the luxury continues! Just look at the

gold-leafed flacon. Each is filled and sealed *by hand*. No two are quite the same.

The glass stoppers are ground to fit the neck of the individual bottle. (Baccarat uses a similar technique in the crafting of crystal decanters.)

The golden cord you find binding the neck is tied and knotted by hand. (Each knot identifies the woman who tied it —Marie's half-hitch is distinct from Jacqueline's square knot; Jacqueline's square knot bears no resemblance to Jeanine's bowline, and so on.)



Each bottle is registered and accompanied by a numbered card

"1000" de Jean Patou is a *limited edition* fragrance. The year's harvest dictates the quantity produced. And as is the case with

etchings and limited edition books, each bottle is *registered* and accompanied by a numbered card.

True, "1000" de Jean Patou won't find its way to every dressing table. *Elusiveness* is part of its charm. But to those who secure this exceptional fragrance, a gentle word of warning:

An introduction spells certain addiction. For "1000" de Jean Patou is one in a million.

T H E E S S E N C E O F E X T R A V A G A N C E

AT

n o r d s t r o m

SELECTED STORES

WALKING BACK: letters from readers

June pride

To the Editors:

Your June issue—what a delight, what fun! I enjoyed it thoroughly, everything from the beautiful cover model to "The Country Girl" by André Leon Talley. And the great warm-weather fashions and locations certainly put me in the mood for summer.

Kim Packer
Escondido, CA

Supermarket of style

To the Editors:

I would like to commend you on the well-written article about The Gap's sky-rocketing success ("Fast Fashion," Jonathan Van Meter, June). As an economical and fashion-conscious consumer, I experienced this great transformation firsthand and have been a loyal customer ever since. It was refreshing to catch a glimpse of the creative, intelligent, and organized network of the Gap family.

Pamela M. Csipo
Trenton, NJ

To the Editors:

The Gap's logo T-shirt says "Twenty Years: An American Classic Since 1969." Don Fisher started with the idea of American classic, and now Mickey Drexler has turned The Gap into an American way of life. Everywhere you look you see people in Gap clothing. Drexler has definitely made The Gap hip again.

Sarah Wortmann
The Gap, Store #750
Poughkeepsie, NY

She saves seashells

To the Editors:

As a shell collector, I had mixed emotions about the "Shell Game" layout in the June issue. At first I was pleased to see shells used so beautifully. Then I thought about my experiences as a collector, which have taught me that most shells on the market were collected when they were still alive. In this day of environmental devastation, I find it unacceptable that some shell collectors have so little regard for conservation.

Few people truly understand coral reefs, which are delicate ecosystems. They are equivalent to the rain forests in their importance and the diversity of life that they sustain. The animals that inhabit the seashells are part of the coral-reef system.

Many perfect abandoned shells can be found on the beach. I hope fashion designers take this into consideration when buying shells to use in their designs.

Lisl Voigt
Baltimore, MD

Short cuts

To the Editors:

Thank you for your cover of Linda Evangelista (June). I must say it is long overdue.

She has proved that short hair can be sexy and feminine. She has women all over the world cutting their locks, women who probably should have done it years ago!

Florette Simpson
Atlanta, GA

Alternatives

To the Editors:

Accolades for your June article on hysterectomy (Health, Lynn Payer)! As a gynecologist and reproductive endocrinologist and microsurgeon, I am one of the few doctors who have been offering laser myomectomies for the past ten years. Most physicians still opt for hysterectomy.

There are three points on which I differ from Payer:

1. Fibroids should be dealt with as early as possible (at approximately ten-week size). Waiting until they grow and cause problems diminishes the quality of a woman's life.

2. One doctor's comment that fibroids that are causing ureter, kidney, and bladder problems are not a reason to rush treatment is incorrect. There is a need to rush if the genitourinary tract is to be spared damage and women are not to endure unnecessary pain and stress.

3. The "watch and wait" management method for uterine fibroids is the number one reason women will wind up with hysterectomies, because fibroids will grow. For women over thirty-five, few gynecologists will offer myomectomy because by then the woman probably has many and/or large fibroids.

Martin D. Greenberg, M.D.
New York, NY

Lynn Payer responds:

While there is controversy over how to manage uterine fibroids, I believe that a woman is still best equipped to judge when and whether fibroids are diminishing the quality of her life.

As to the fear that fibroids may "silently" cause damage to the kidneys and urinary tract, several kidney specialists and internists I consulted agreed this was a rare complication. In any case it is possible to monitor for such damage with ultrasound and other tests. A woman whose main reason for having a fibroid operation is to prevent damage to her kidneys should seek a second opinion from a nephrologist or internist.

As for Dr. Greenberg's third point, as I pointed out in the article, fibroids indeed have a tendency to grow back. But again I believe that a woman, after consulting with her doctor, should have the option of choosing a second myomectomy over hysterectomy.

To the Editors:

Women often seem reluctant to talk about the effect of hysterectomy on sexuality. Lynn Payer's otherwise informative article was a case in point.

For many doctors, it remains standard

practice to remove healthy ovaries along with the fibroid uterus to eliminate the 1 percent risk of ovarian cancer. Women replace the estrogen most effectively by wearing a skin patch, which is unsightly. Many women must use vaginal estrogen to prevent dryness during sex. There is no replacement on the market for the sex hormones that are peculiar to women. Some women manage on the testosterone they produce like men, only in smaller quantities, even without ovaries. Other women have to take testosterone pills, which may produce signs of masculinization, in order to restore their sexual drive.

Nancy J. Wulwick
Red Hook, NY

Uncovered

To the Editors:

"The Gene Screen" (David Beers, June) was a frightening account of a very real and increasingly widespread case of discrimination against handicapped, chronically ill, and now genetically predisposed to be handicapped or chronically ill individuals. If health insurance is not made available to the "disabled, very ill, or very old," as Dr. Pokorski, chairman of the American Council of Life Insurance's genetic testing committee, states, then what's to become of them? Without health insurance, these individuals will not be able to maintain their health, thus becoming reliant on the state and federal government for the same services they simply wish to pay for in the first place. It is apparent in the article that many of these "uninsurable" individuals want to, and can, purchase health insurance but are not permitted to because the health insurance industry only wants to insure the healthy.

The cost to all of us will be so much greater if we buy into the myth that by insuring the ill, elderly, or handicapped, the health care costs for all of us will rise. On the contrary, by not allowing these individuals to purchase what it is their human right to have, we all pay dearly through soaring taxes. Most especially, though, the sick, elderly, and handicapped pay the highest price because they cannot obtain the care they need.

The Health Insurance Equity Act, if passed, will prohibit companies like Lincoln National Life Insurance from discriminating against individuals due to a preexisting medical condition and will set reasonable guidelines for costs. We need to let our senators know that we don't support discrimination and that we don't pay for the insurance industry's greed.

Gina D'Annunzio
West Milford, NJ

VOGUE welcomes letters from its readers. Address all correspondence to Letters, VOGUE Magazine, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Please include a daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity.

LINE PREVENTOR

The future is in your hands. Reach for it.



PRESCRIPTIVES

LINE

PREVENTOR

PRESCRIPTIVES

© 1989 Prescriptives

You can't stop all lines for all time, but Line Preventor helps stop future visible signs of aging.

NAN DUSKIN AND

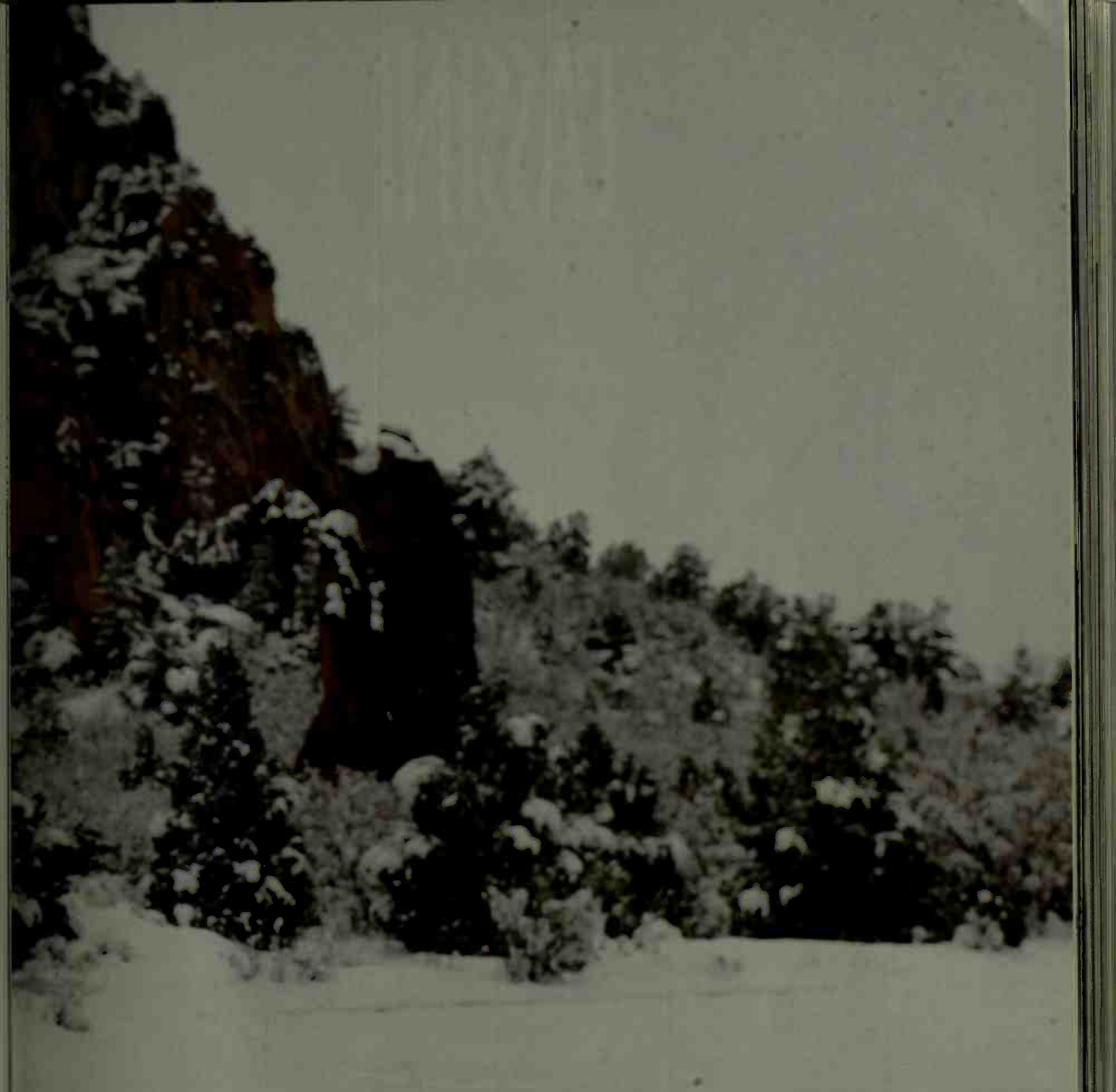
BILL BLASS...

CAUTION:

CURVES AHEAD



Nan Duskin
THE RITTENHOUSE, PHILADELPHIA



Linda Allard for
ELLEN TRACY

CASSINI



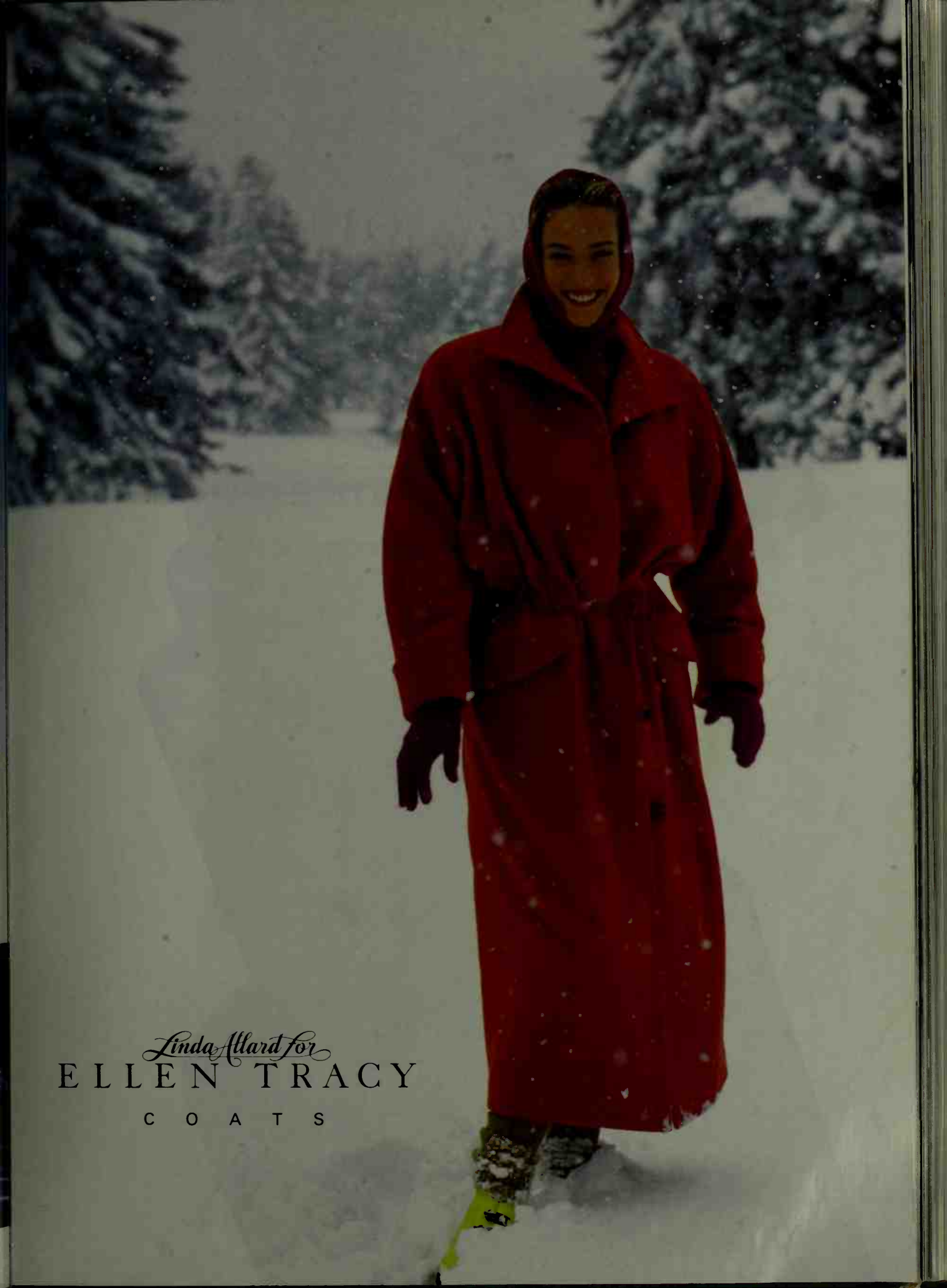
A love affair that never ends.

Oleg Cassini

© 1990 Cassini Parfums Ltd.

nordstrom

SELECTED STORES



Linda Allard for
ELLEN TRACY
C O A T S

INTRODUCING SKIN ENHANCEMENT
INTRODUCING SKIN ENHANCEMENT

© 1990 Noxell Corp.

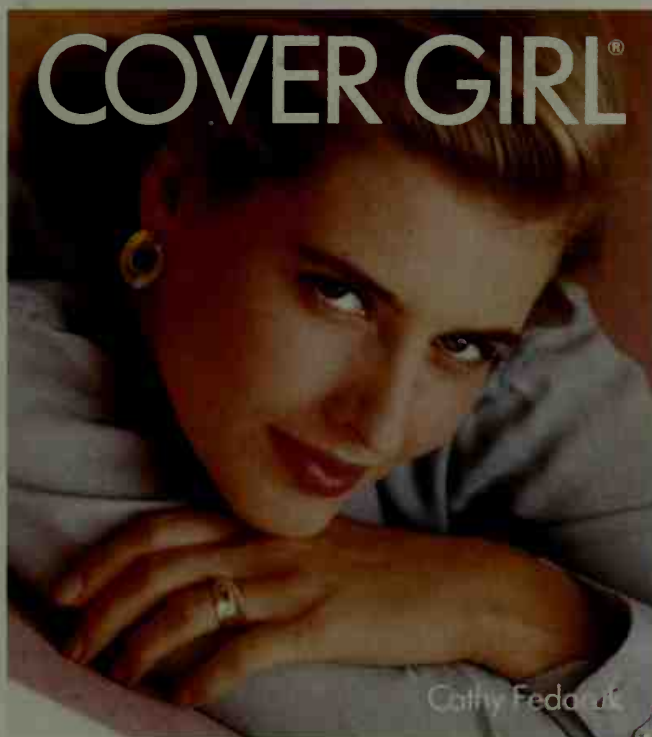
PERFE



ITS LIGHTEST FORM
IN ITS LIGHTEST FORM



NEW
PERFECTING MAKE-UP



A notch above transparent.
A nuance of color.
Perfects your skin tones, yet never clouds
your complexion.
And so weightless, it feels like you're wearing
no make-up at all.
Perfecting Make-up. New from Cover Girl.

AMERICA'S LOOK IS COVER GIRL



GIORGIO ARMANI

815 Madison Avenue, New York • 436 No. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills • 150 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach



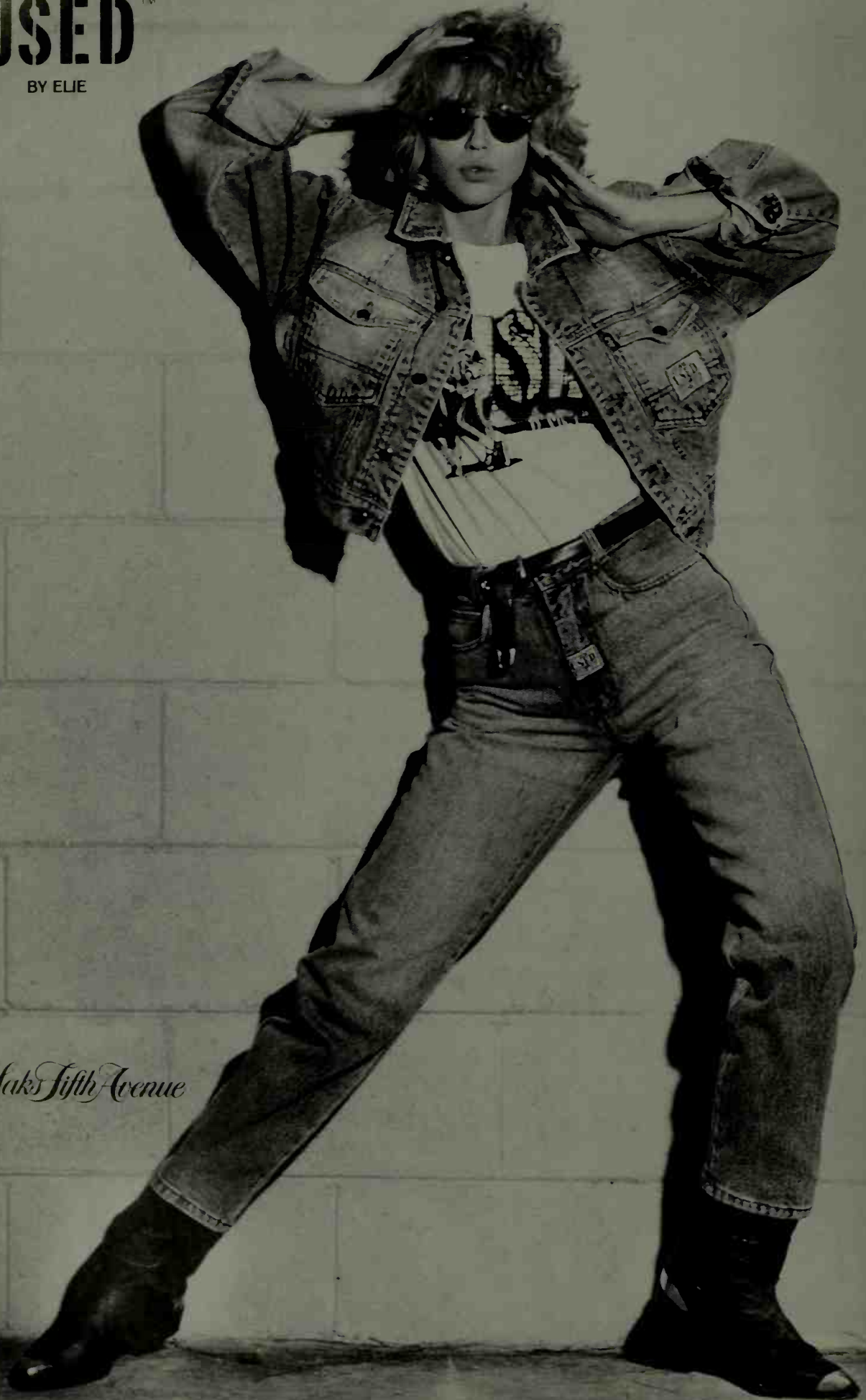
© GIORGIO ARMANI SpA • Photographs: Aldo Fallai

GIORGIO ARMANI

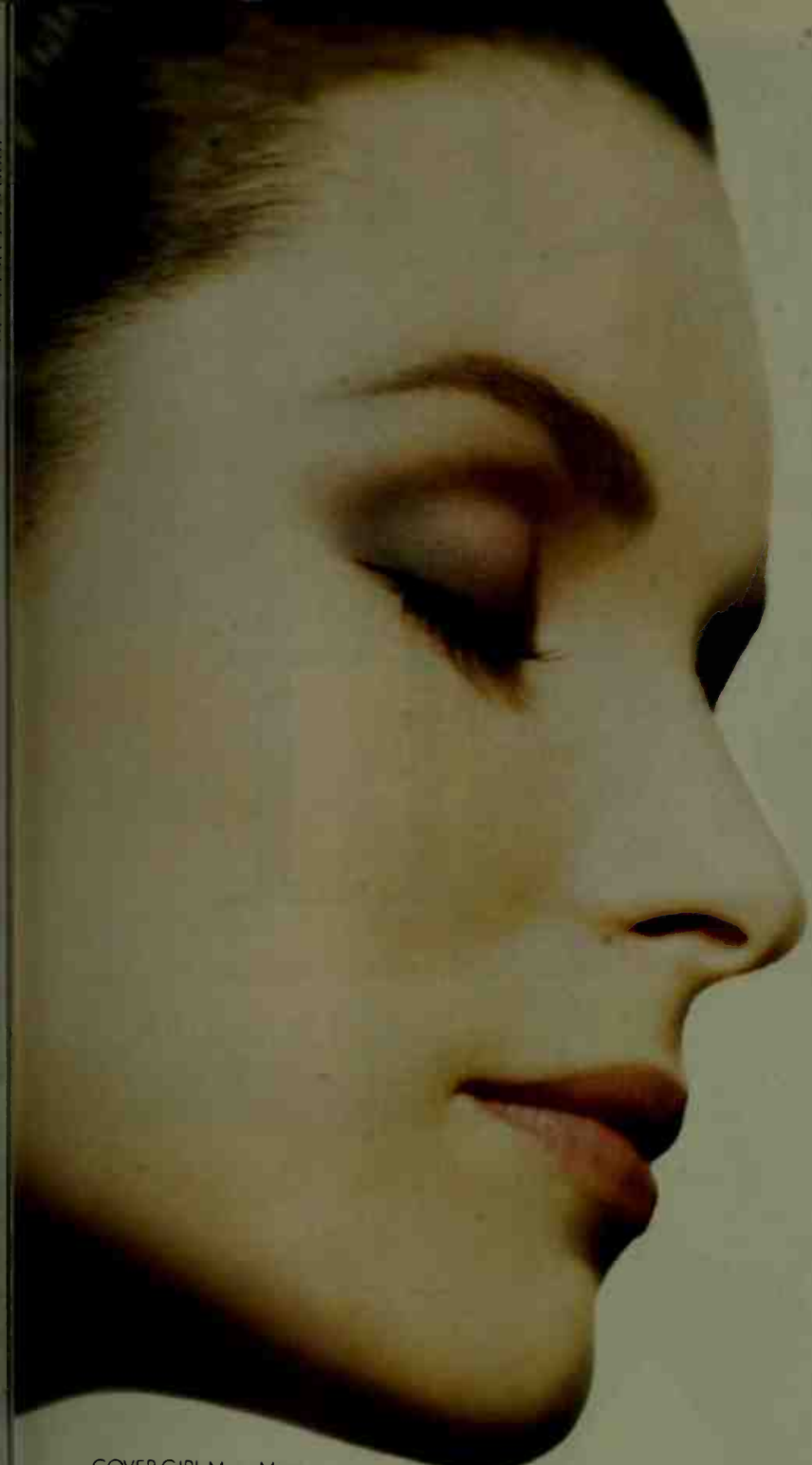
815 Madison Avenue, New York • 436 No. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills • 150 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach

GET
USEDTM
BY ELIE

© 1990 GET USED BY ELIE



Saks Fifth Avenue



SHEER MATTE COLOR. NOW LESS IS MORE.

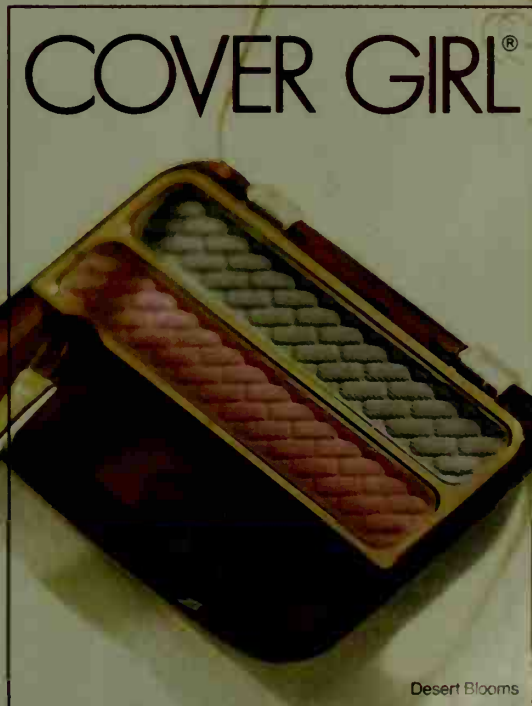
Think. Chiffon-sheer color that's flawlessly matte. Feel. Color so beautifully smooth, it slides on like silk. Experience. Color so soft, it never over-shadows you.

COVER GIRL Mary Mize is wearing Desert Blooms.




SOFT RADIANTS EYE SHADOW

AMERICA'S LOOK IS COVER GIRL



Desert Blooms



Focus:
Fall '90

**Calvin Klein's
strong suit . . .
long over short.**

*The suit of
the season. Soft,
balanced and
moving in new
directions.*

*Featuring a long and
lean 5-button jacket
in oatmeal. \$935.
Perfectly fitting over
a matching slim wrap
skirt. \$340.*

*Both in a wool and
rayon blend.*

*Jewel-neck silk
georgette blouse in
parchment. \$435.*

*Sizes 4-14. From the
Calvin Klein Fall '90
Collection. From
\$155 to \$1,975.*

*Chestnut Hill Collections —
Chestnut Hill.*

FILENE'S

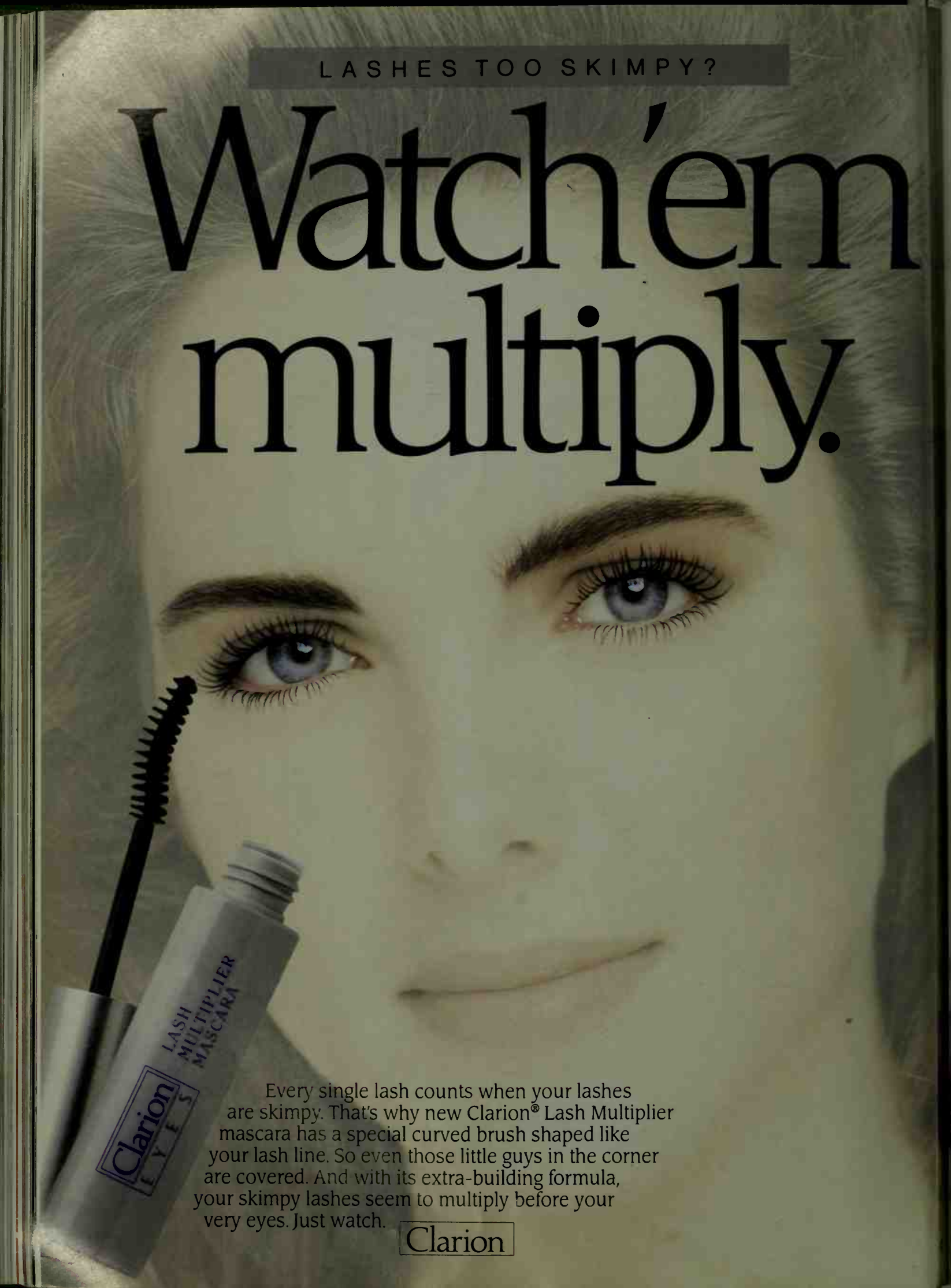
Lash flash:

Someone finally discovered that different types of lashes
need different types of mascara.



LASHES TOO SKIMPY?

Watch 'em multiply.



Every single lash counts when your lashes are skimpy. That's why new Clarion® Lash Multiplier mascara has a special curved brush shaped like your lash line. So even those little guys in the corner are covered. And with its extra-building formula, your skimpy lashes seem to multiply before your very eyes. Just watch.

Clarion

LASHES JUST AVERAGE?

Give 'em a boost.



New Clarion Lash Booster mascara gives average lashes lots of extra oomph. The luxurious keratin protein formula actually extends lashes. While the precision brush pays individual attention to every last lash for extra fullness. And that takes lashes as far from average as you can get.

Clarion

FULL LASHES THAT CLUMP?

Set 'em apart.



Even full lashes need extra help to keep mascara from clumping. So new Clarion Lash Magnifier mascara has a combing action brush that separates and defines each and every lash. And a full-lash formula that lengthens and thickens. Without clumping. Long division was never so easy.

No matter what your lashes need, now there's a mascara made just for them. (There's even Perfect Waterproof for lashes that take the plunge.) Which one is personalized for you? The Clarion Computer has the good news.

Clarion
Lash Magnifier Mascara



Looking great. And knowing it.

The sewn-in waterproof label is your assurance of quality-tested fabrics made of the world's best... pure wool.



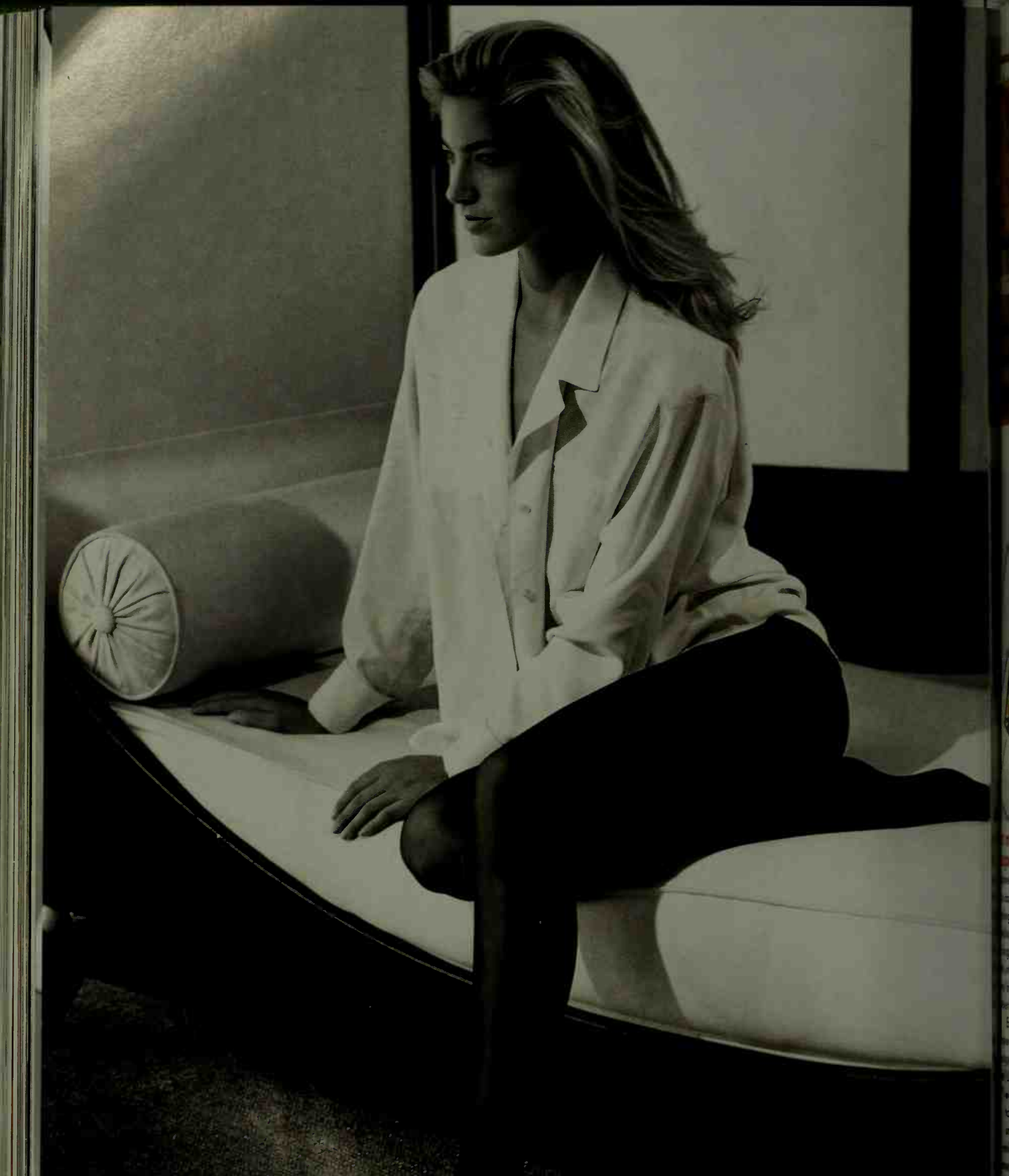
PURE WOOL
PURE
ESCADA
BY
MARGARETHA LEY

I. magnin



PURE WOOL

Global fashion in luxurious pure wool. Created by the acclaimed European designer who will receive the 1990 Mary Ann Magnin Award for Fashion Excellence at the San Francisco Ballet Auxiliary and I. Magnin Luncheon on September 12.



Calvin Klein

HOSIERY

UPFRONT

Editor: Lesley Jane Nonkin

What's hot to buy, read, hear, see, and visit in September



Outside in More fashionable than hugging a tree? Bringing the tree indoors for winter. Timothy Mawson, New Preston, CT (TOP AND ABOVE), favorite haunt of Bill Blass and Oscar de la Renta, offers floral chandeliers, fruit-shaped bookends, antique gardening books. Mawson, who experiences a rush on indoor topiary each fall, says, "The way I display things seems to excite people."

If Maurice Chevalier had grown up listening to the Clash, he might've fronted Mano Negra (RIGHT) or Les Nègresses Vertes, two Parisian bands currently touring the U.S. Could this be the beginning of a French Rock Invasion? Let's hope so.



Paramount importance Socializing in restaurants is out; hotel lobbies are in, claims Ian Schrager, whose Paramount hotel, designed by Phillippe Starck, has just opened in NYC's louche theater district. No gaudy neon sign to guide the way, just a laser. Inside: food by Dean & DeLuca and enough modernity to soothe the chicest soul. With guest rooms (LEFT) starting at \$100, cutting-edge style can now be a universal experience. ▶ 110

t made Japan The Japanese are so crazed that getting private pools are now bringing kids with lots of exclusive items from young American and European designers. Of his design (ABOVE), Mel Leva says, "I wore those itchy, nerdy uniforms in junior high. I remember the designer been thinking of me."



Debbies do malice? Is the me-first generation beginning to examine itself critically? When the taffeta-choked debutantes in *Metropolitan* (ABOVE) sit around lockjawing about the UHB (Upper Haute Bourgeoisie) with their escorts, it's just another night on the Park Avenue Christmas party circuit. But through writer-director Whit Stillman's lens, the scenario becomes a comedy of manners that socialists and socialites alike will relish. Stillman shows his own impeccable manners by thanking both Bachrach Photography Studios and the Spence School in the film's credits.

Pool room

J. R. Ewing may be forced to pay his dues in the slammer while Donald Trump begs for billions in loans from haughty bankers, but the luxurious lifestyles of the (slightly less) rich and (still) famous go on. At the Beverly Hills Hotel (RIGHT), the just-completed pool at bungalow #5, already a favorite with Elizabeth Taylor, Andrew Lloyd Webber, and Walter Annenberg, has made it the pit stop in L.A.



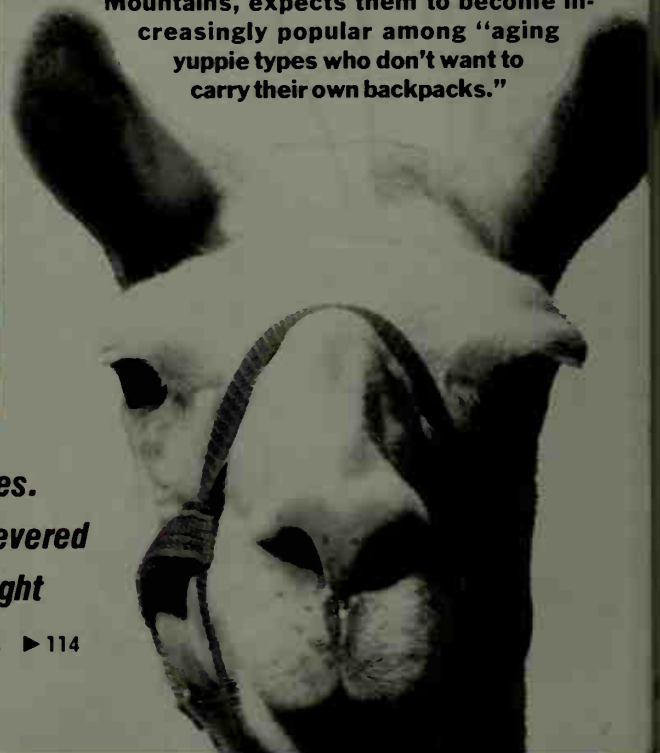
DJs come and go but only a few acquire disciples. NYC's Clark Kent, a gentle-looking man, is so revered for spinning tough tunes that fans follow him night after night from Powerhouse to MK... wherever. ▶ 114



Sets back When people talk about what's on the TV, they don't usually mean a vase. But that may change after September 14, when *From Receiver to Remote Control: The TV Set* opens at NYC's New Museum of Contemporary Art. With more than one hundred television sets—from huge wooden boxes (ABOVE) to sleek contemporary units—the show proves that the tube reshaped not only our minds but our living rooms. After this reappraisal, antique sets could become as hot a collectible as Bakelite radios.

Da-a-h-ling llamas

Praised for surefootedness in the rocky Andes, llamas (BELOW) are now replacing horses as pack animals here. Pete Jensen, owner of the Lucky Dog Retreat (208/558-7455), who uses llamas on two- to five-night trips through Idaho's Centennial Mountains, expects them to become increasingly popular among "aging yuppie types who don't want to carry their own backpacks."

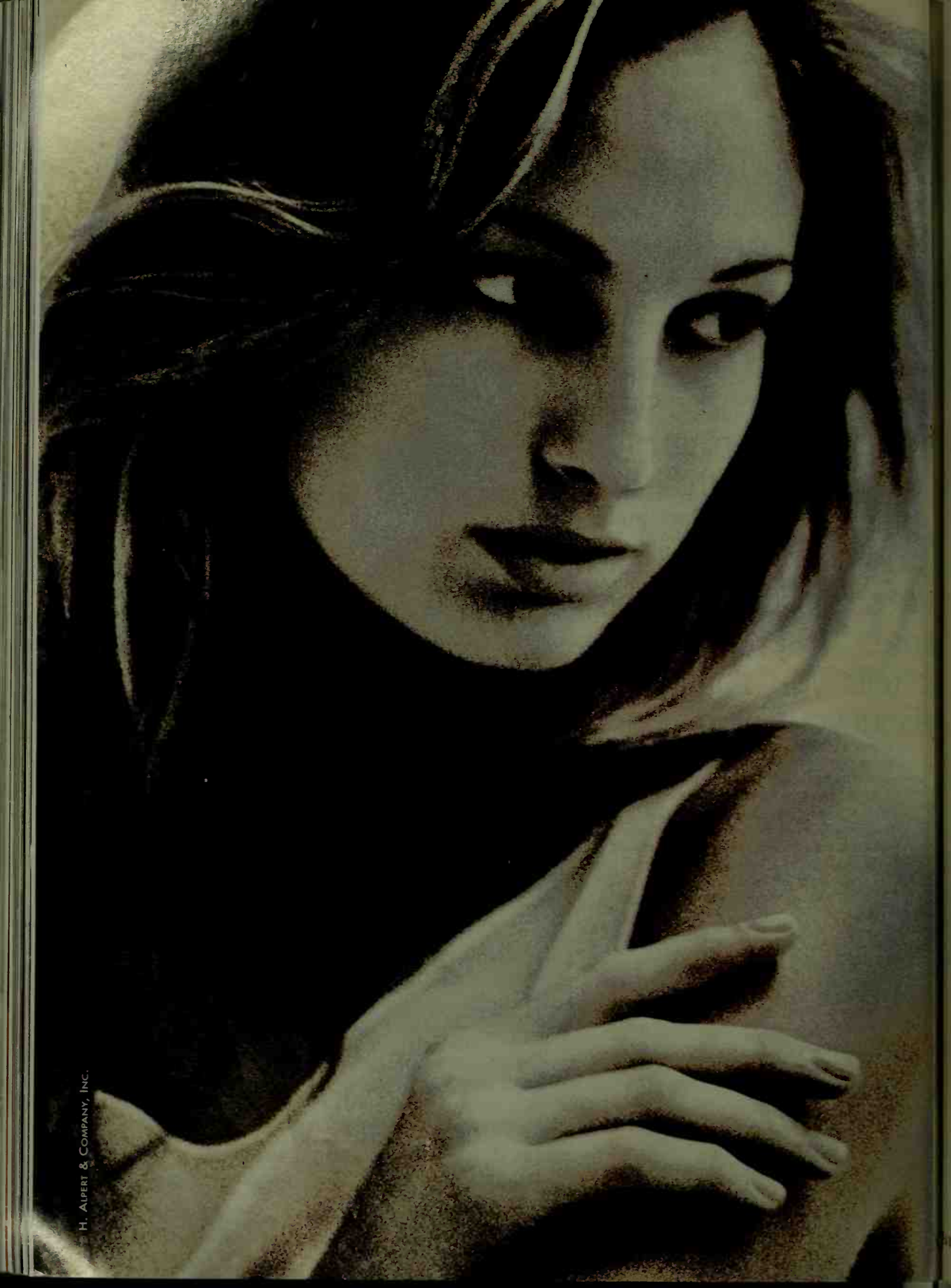


A watch by Patek Philippe goes beyond measuring hours. The sheer quality you sense when you first place it on your wrist will be a memorable experience. The elegance and beauty of its design are sure to enhance any occasion. Even the simple joy of owning one can add something to your day. That's because a Patek Philippe doesn't just tell you the time. It tells you something about yourself.



PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

For current informative brochures please write to
Patek Philippe, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, Suite 629 (V), New York, NY 10020.



H. ALPERT & COMPANY, INC.

Listen  [®]

LISTEN AND ALL THE WORLD WILL HEAR YOU.

PARFUM · EAU DE PARFUM

BLOOMINGDALE'S · MACY'S · WOODWARD & LOTHROP

UPFRONT



Winning loser Many musicians who finished at the top of the international piano competitions of the '80s have retired into oblivion. But Christopher O'Riley (LEFT) took fifth place and ran with it, establishing himself as one of his generation's most formidable pianists. He's funny, too. Last year when a stage crew pushed his grand piano into the orchestra pit he watched in slack-jawed horror, then turned to the conductor and said, "I hate it when that happens."

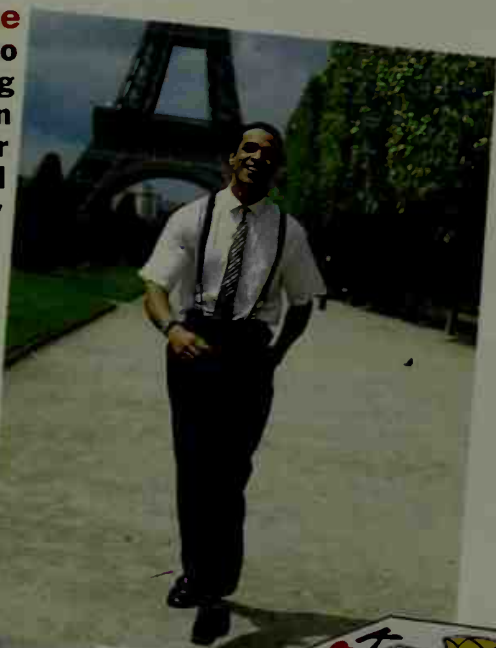
Albany Records has just released a new album. Next month he tours with flutist James Galway, plays chamber music, and appears as a concert soloist. He's worth, as the travel guides say, a detour.



As our world becomes more surreal, the time is ripe for a retrospective of Man Ray's fashion photography (ABOVE), starting the 7th at NYC's International Center of Photography Midtown.

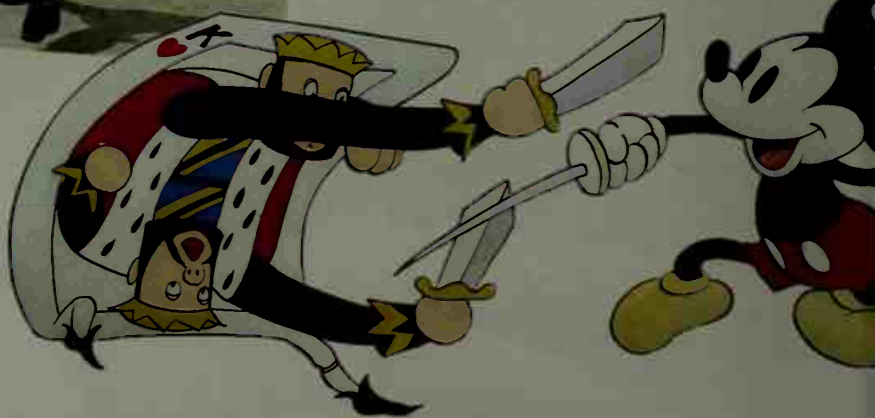
Home on the range

Cocooning trendies are so plugged in to being unplugged that even when they go out to eat it's for home-cooked food. Fried chicken, strawberry shortcake, and a staff of young, style-conscious actors and models (maitre d' Malik, RIGHT) draw everyone from Karl Lagerfeld (rarely spotted in a restaurant) to Thierry Mugler to the new Paris branch of Jezebel's, 7, rue St. Benoît (BELOW).



Better than truth

While the media is being criticized for "factional" recreations, novelists are making minor bits of history relevant. In *Raven's Bride* (Texas Monthly Press) Elizabeth Crook takes Sam Houston's first wife, Eliza Allen, as her central character and uses the scandal of their separation to create a touching psychological *Portrait of a Marriage*... In *The Light Years* (Pocket) Elizabeth Jane Howard, known for her acerbic women's fiction, captivates with a group portrait of a country family in the mid-thirties... The hero of Mark Childress's *Tender* (Harmony) is a dirt-poor Depression baby from Memphis who becomes the white-hot rocker girls faint over. In the novel his name is Leroy (get it?)... And Fred Marcellino illustrates *Puss in Boots* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), placing him in the court of the Sun King.



Before Smurfs and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles turned Saturday morning into toy commercials, cartoons were an art form (ABOVE). Those days live again as the Philadelphia Art Alliance hosts *A Salute to Disney Animation Art: The Early Years 1931-1942*.

1990

Salvatore Ferragamo

STUDIO POLI



717 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK - 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK - 200 WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH
FIRENZE MILANO ROMA NAPOLI CAPRI LONDON ZÜRICH BARCELONA HONOLULU BRITISH COLUMBIA TOKYO OSAKA HONG KONG SINGAPORE KUALA LUMPUR SEOUL TAIPEI SYDNEY



A THEATRICAL PRODUCTION

YVES SAINT LAURENT

I. MAGNIN • NEW YORK

R
-
T
M
U
L
L



MAGICAL COLORS


LAURENT

CUS • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

A V-COMPANY ALL ABOUT QUALITY APPAREL © 1999 VANITY FAIR FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 1-800-368-1639

Satin
indulges
the spirit
and
the body
comes
to its
senses.

Vanity Fair
Lingerie



OPIUM
THE FRAGRANCE RITUAL
FOR BODY AND BATH

OPIUM

Élixir Parfumé pour le Corps
Perfumed Body Oil Spray

OPIUM

Voile Parfumée pour le Corps
Perfumed Body Cream

OPIUM

Parfumé pour le Corps
Perfumed Body Cream

OPIUM

Parfumé pour le Corps
Perfumed Body Cream

OPIUM

Poudre Pressée
Perfumed Pressed Powder

YVES SAINT LAURENT

I. MAGNIN • NEIMAN MARCUS • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

FASHION CLIPS

By Page Hill Starzinger

As everything from swimsuits to evening gowns gets ornamented with "jewels," accessory designers achieve the look for less with clip-on button covers made of colored stones. The price: about twenty-four dollars for six. The best: Nony New York.



Turning back to the spare, brightly colored styles of Pierre Cardin (who created this coat, **NEAR RIGHT**, in 1958): designers such as Guy Laroche, who are sewing up similar looks (**FAR RIGHT**, his wool jacket). Hat, Eric Javits. Gloves by Shalimar Accessories. Details, last pages.



What's next after the sixties revival? Could be the late fifties—when "ladylike" colors were combined with clean, hard shapes. Designers go all the way, with white gloves, pastel suits, matching handbags and coats. Catch them at Valentino, Chanel, Blass.



Small is big

Oversize and bulky, handbags of the eighties were as tough-looking as power suits. No more. The latest designs are small, structured, feminine. What's hot: on the classic side—Fendi's perfectly proportioned circles or squares that are color blocked in red, black, or emerald. More whimsical: those by Anya Hindmarch, a twenty-two-year-old London designer who is inspired by antique perfume bottles (**LEFT**, her satin version) and flea-market steamer trunks.

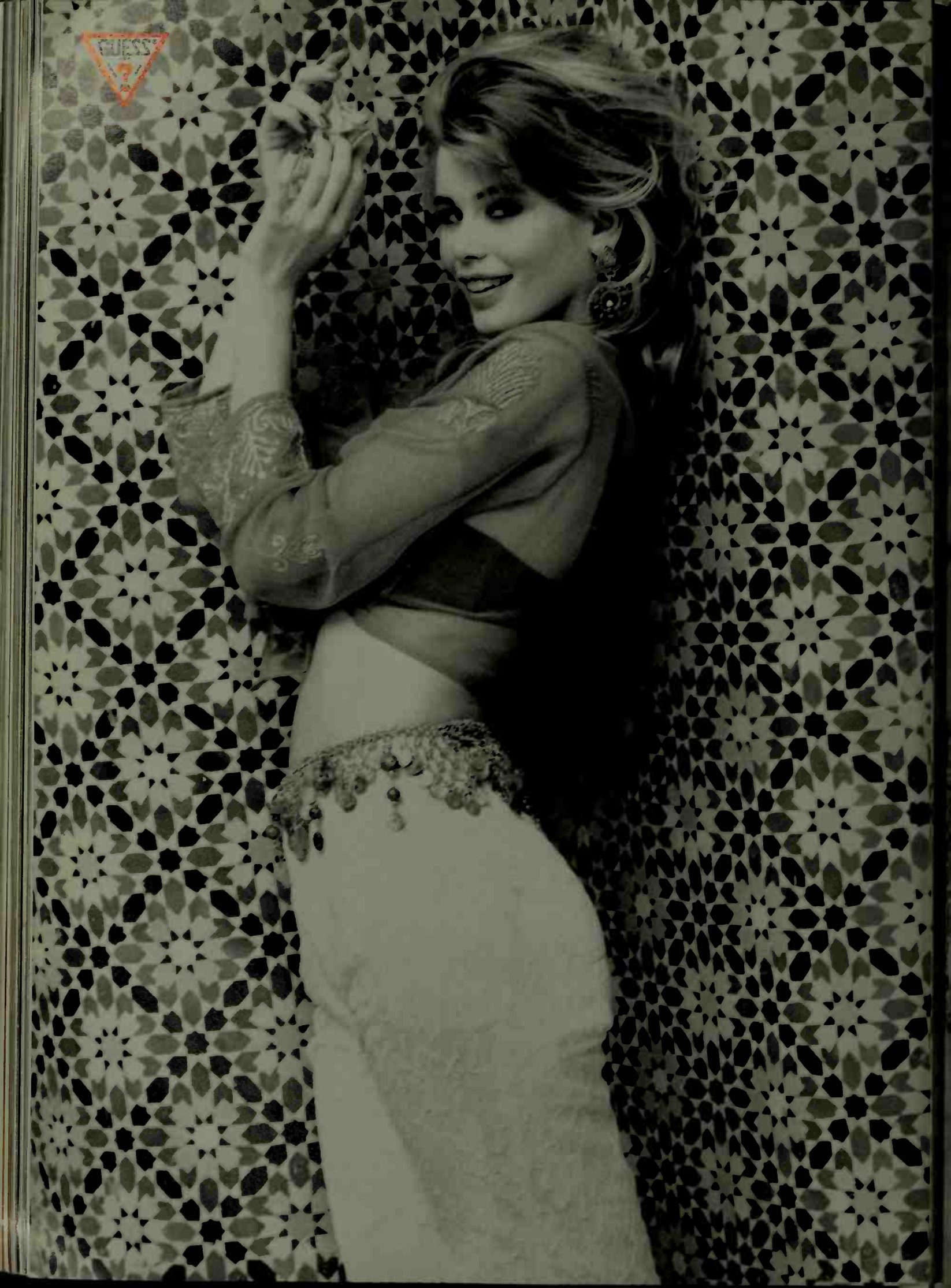
L.A. news: the celebrity designer

Janet Jackson, Daryl Hannah, and Julia Roberts are just a few celebrity superstars who are dressed by L.A. designer Richard Tyler, one of the owners of Tyler Trafficant (7290 Beverly Boulevard). His forte: the superbly constructed, body-conscious jacket that looks like it's straight out of *Dick Tracy*. With wide, notched lapels, big shoulders, cinched waist, it's the rage in L.A., where it works onstage as well as on the street.





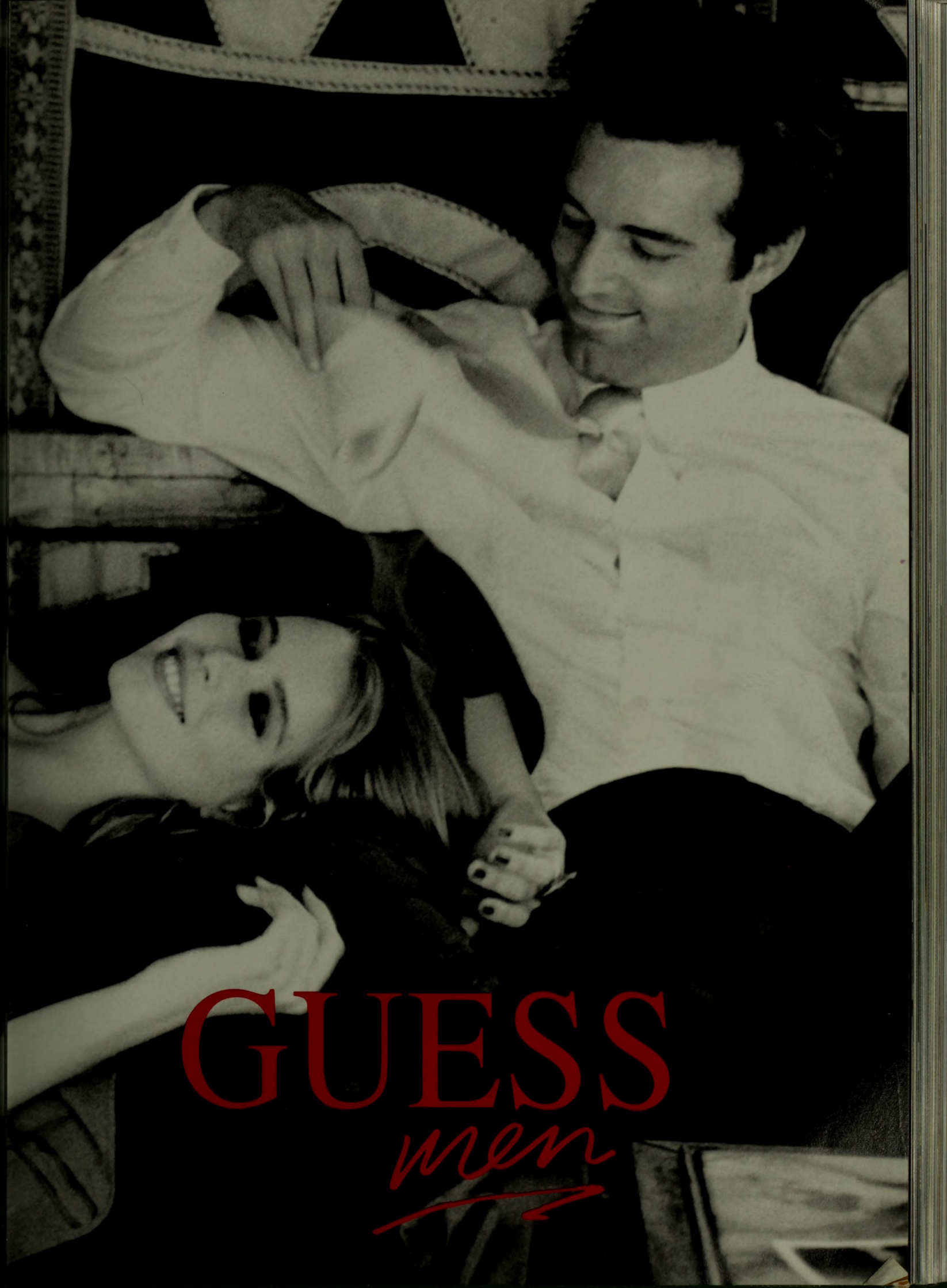
GEORGES MARCIANO





GUESS





GUESS
men



GUESS
jeans



FENDI.

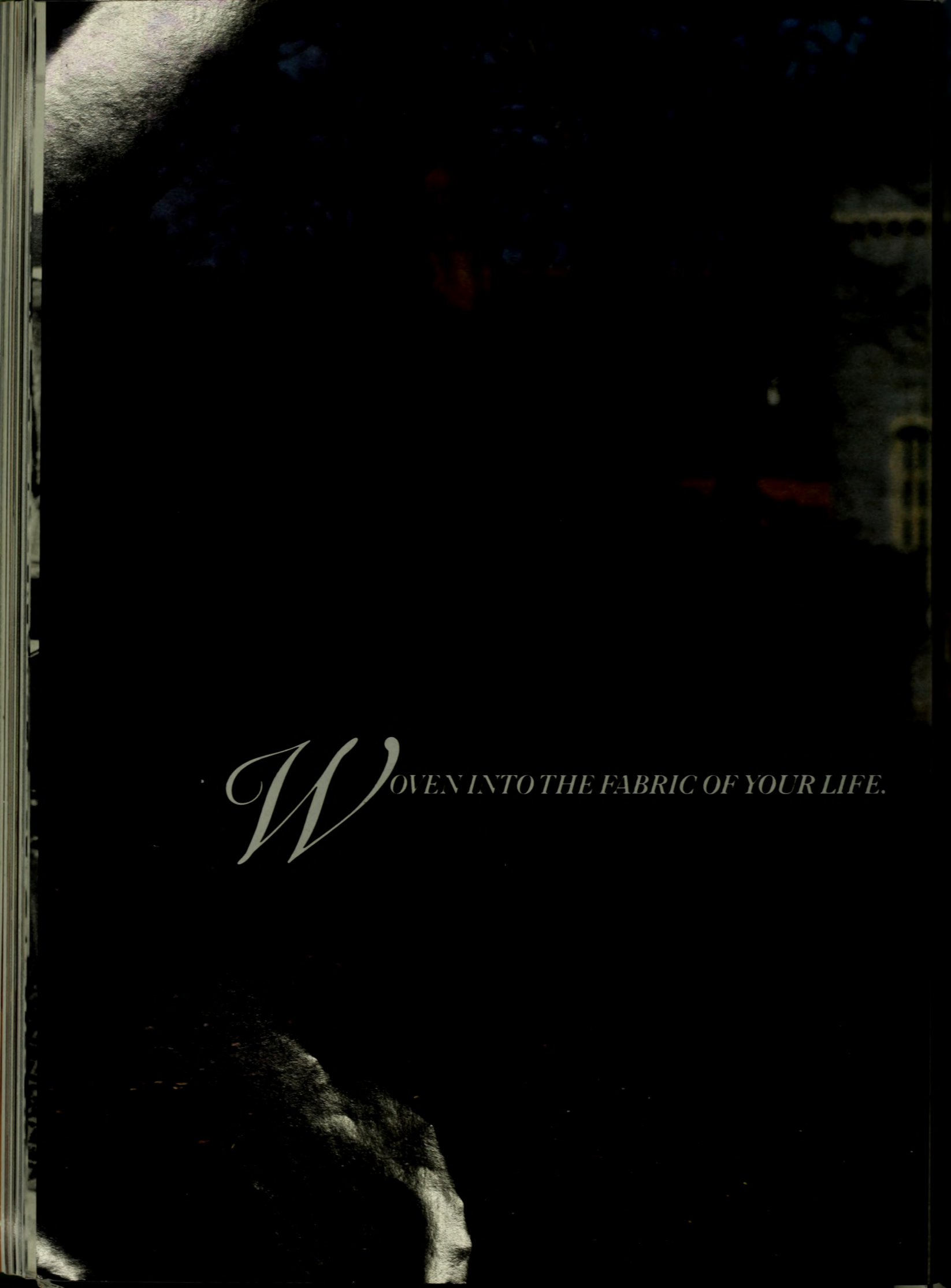
The Latest Roman Masterpiece

Swiss Made Timepieces From \$250 to \$750 • Water Resistant to 5ATM (165ft) • Quartz

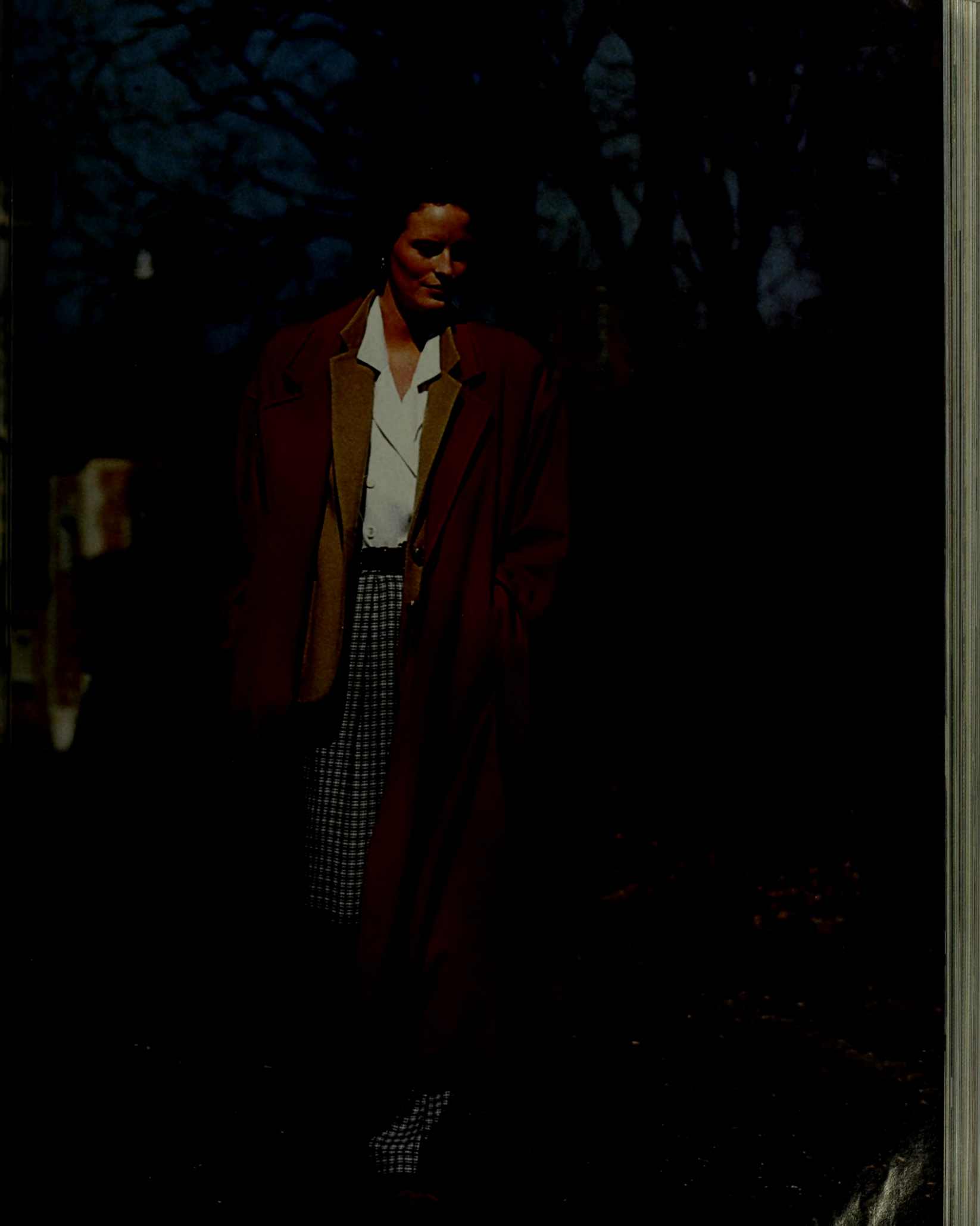
bloomingdale's

DAYTON

HUDSON



*W*OVEN INTO THE FABRIC OF YOUR LIFE.



JAEGER

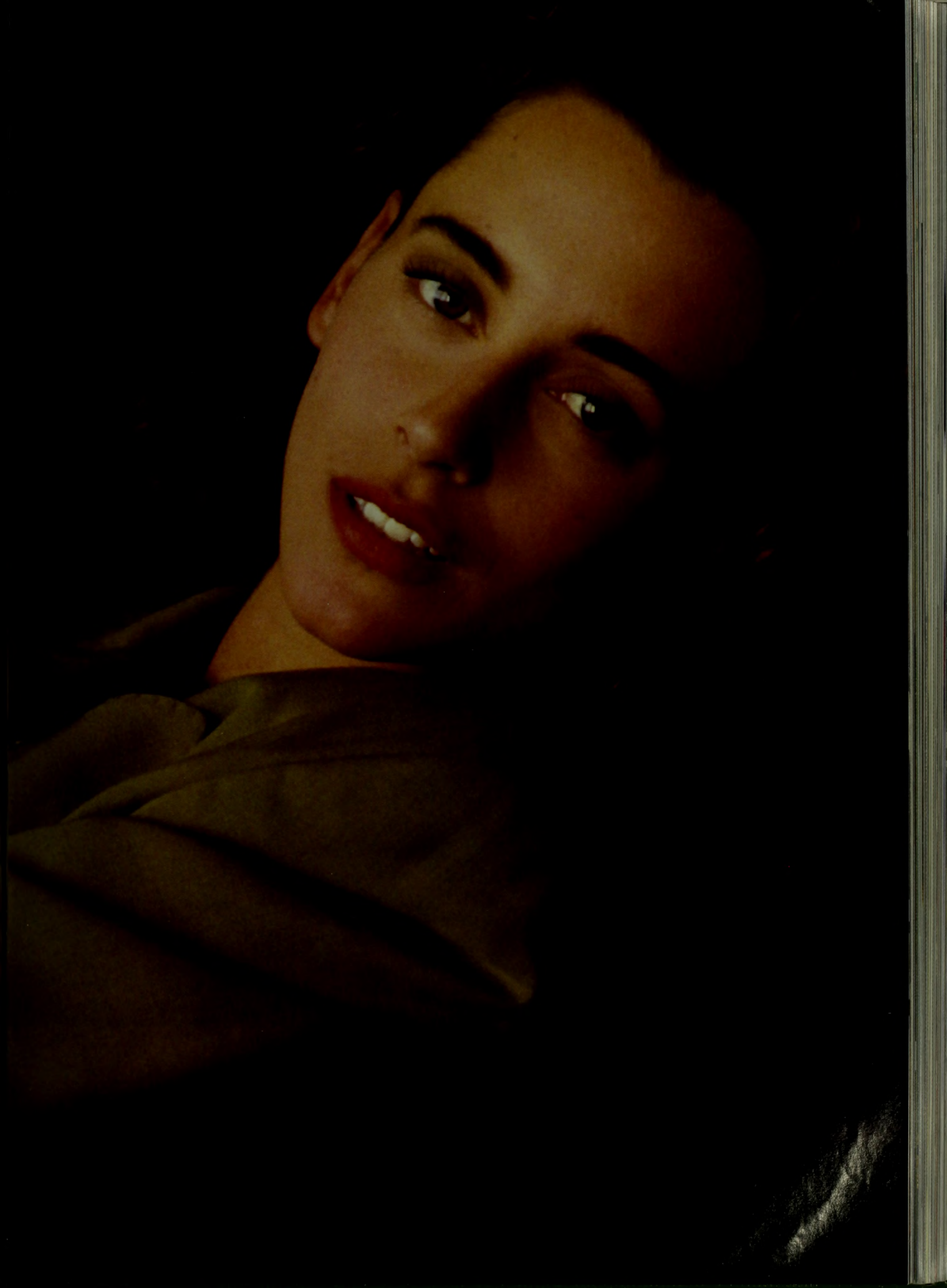
For the Jaeger store nearest you, call 1-800-7-JAEGER

there's a part of me that says,
oh just grow old gracefully.

then there's the real me
that says, WHY?

Oil of Olay is so like the fluid in young skin
it penetrates in a flash--
softening, smoothing,
encouraging the look of healthy-glowy-young-skin.
Twice a day. Every day. Oil of Olay.





© 1990 CHANEL, INC.



CHANEL

CHANEL BOUTIQUES: NEW YORK, BEVERLY HILLS, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO



NEEL

LAS, PALM BEACH, HONOLULU, COSTA MESA, WASHINGTON, D.C.



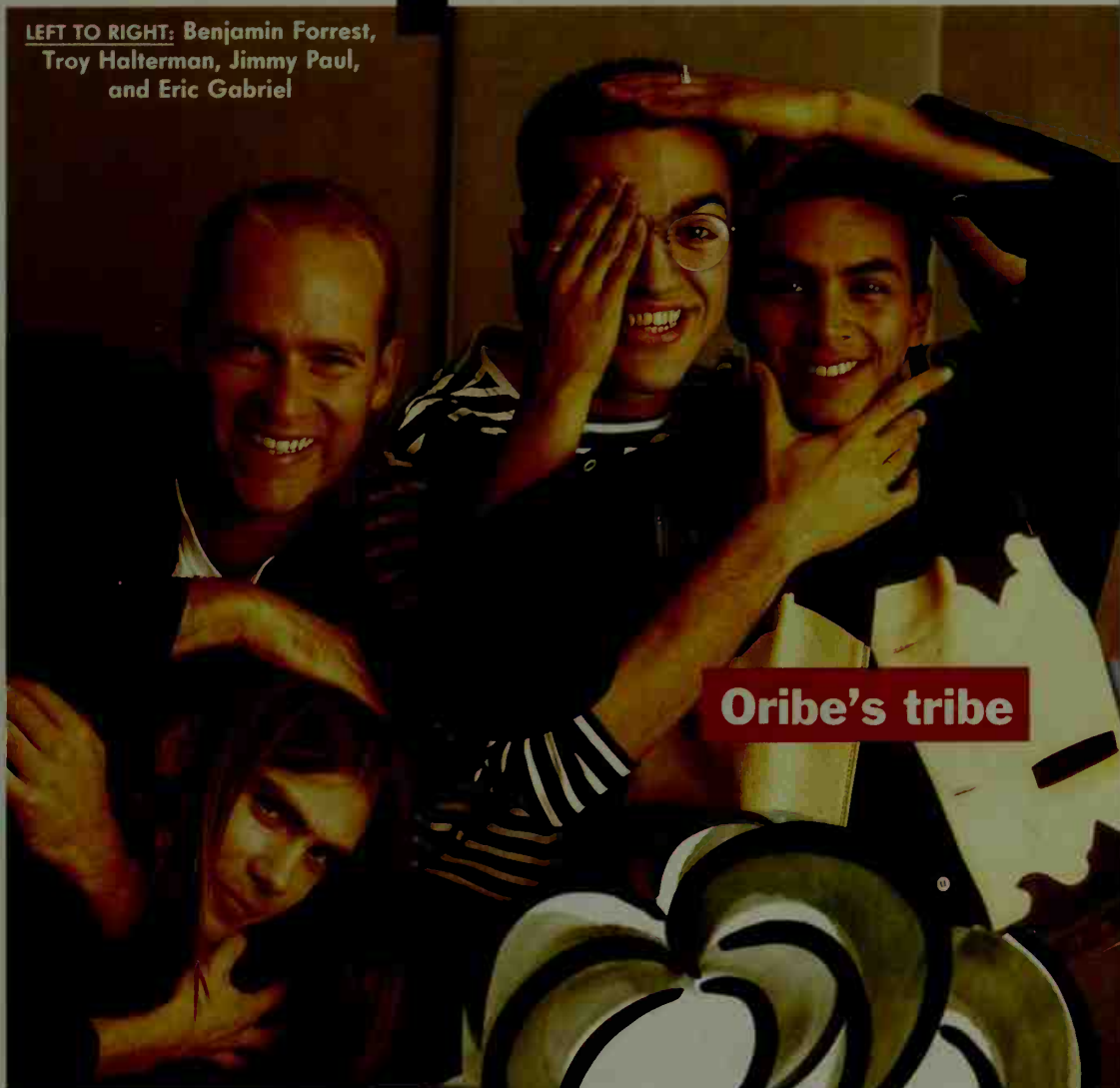
GIANNI VERSACE

P R Ê T - A P O R T E R

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON D.C. HOUSTON CHICAGO BAL HARBOUR HONOLULU

the new youthquake

LEFT TO RIGHT: Benjamin Forrest,
Troy Halterman, Jimmy Paul,
and Eric Gabriel



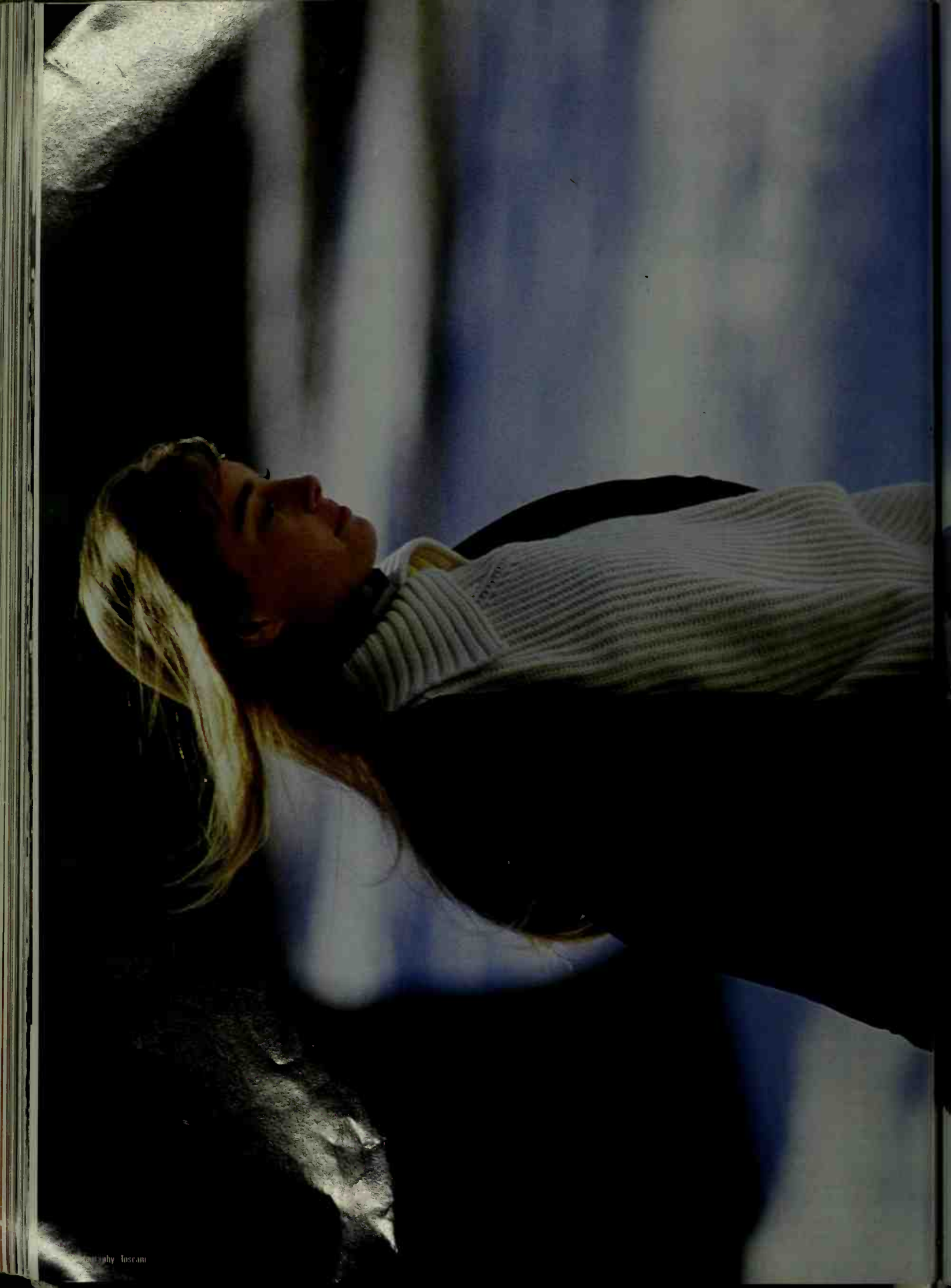
Oribe's tribe

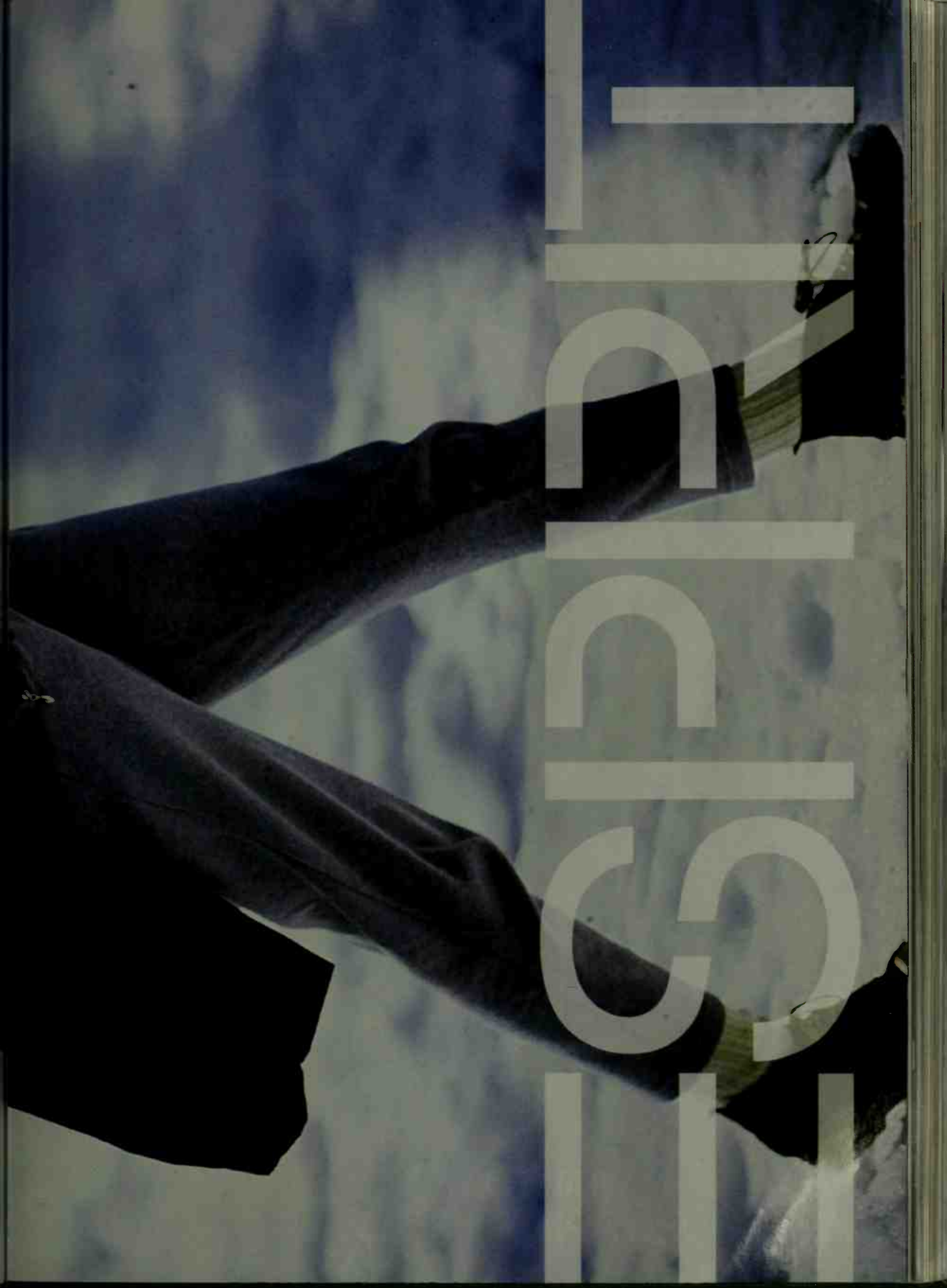
Today's hottest fashion movers and shakers—many of whom are too young to remember the sixties—have started their own style revolution.

VINCENT BOUCHER checks out the kids who are reinventing high style

All under thirty, they make up the baby-faced tribe that's cutting, curling, and coloring up a storm for Manhattan's reigning beauty guru Oribe. They are also the brains behind the hair and makeup on the runways at Calvin Klein and Marc Jacobs, in front of the cameras for Steven Meisel, Kurt Markus, and David Bailey, and on such style-setting beauties as Christy Turlington and Naomi Campbell. **Designer genes:** Two are sons of hairdressers, one a frustrated musician: "I moved to New York to pursue a singing career," says Benjamin Forrest. "I sort of slid into hair color." **Retro-active:** What they all have in common—a sixties beat. "I love women in false eyelashes," says Eric Gabriel. Says Troy Halterman: "I like teasing hair into a bubble with the roundness of the sixties but messier." **Off the coil:** And they'll do anything just for the excitement of it. Says Forrest: "I love solid hair color now—it's striking and sexy. I like to see highlights stronger and thicker, so you really see them." Gabriel: "Hairpieces! Women shouldn't be afraid of wearing wiglets or falls or full wigs." Halterman: "We have new ways of getting oomph. It's the way we finish the hair, so it isn't set-looking even though it's teased." Jimmy Paul: "I think the way hair is done is important. It should have a look. The other day I gave a woman a French twist. I loved it and she loved it. It made my day." ▶ 162

One of the tribe's creative coils



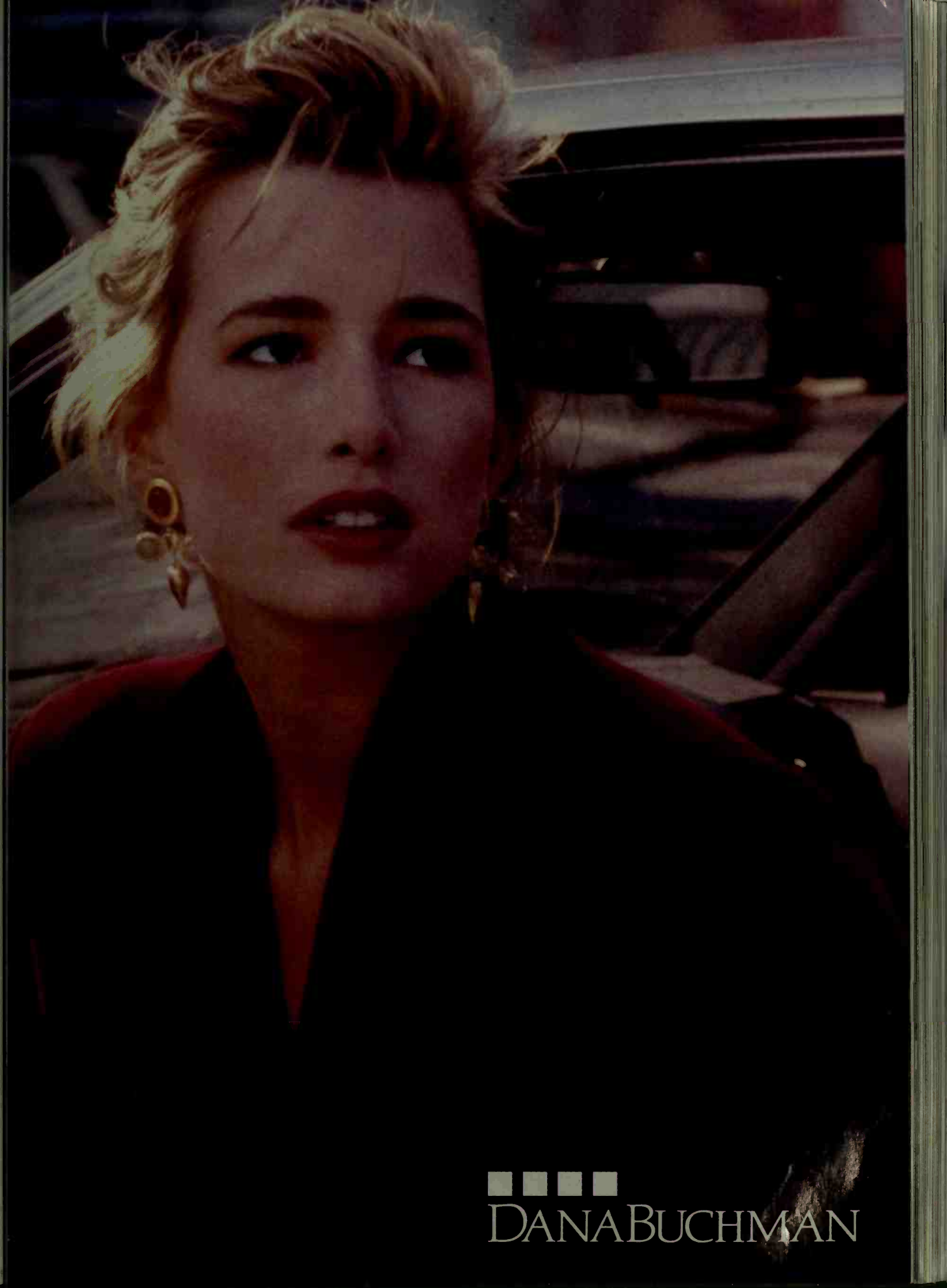




THE ART OF SALVATORE FERRAGAMO

*A masterpiece of embellished elegance.
Ferragamo's "Galea," 237.95, from our
Women's Shoe Salon, Ala Moana.*

LIBERTY HOUSE
A • T R A D I T I O N • I N • H A W A I I

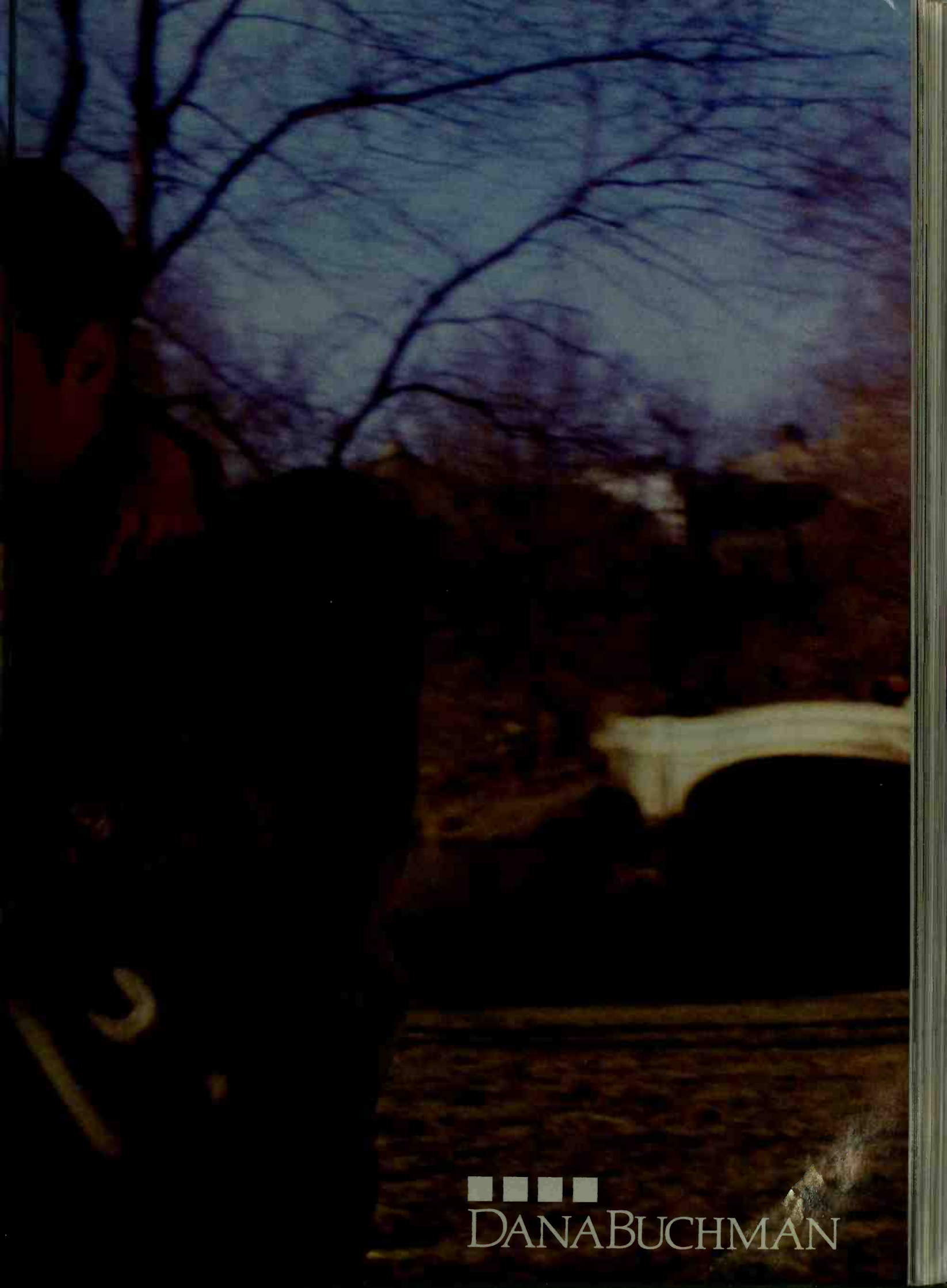


DANA BUCHMAN



The seam in Woodmark label is your assurance of quality-tested fabrics made of the world's best... Pure Wool.





DANABUCHMAN

marc buchanan

pele pellé



CIGNAL
coast to coast

DONNA SACS
michigan

EFREM
long island

Lagerfeld

PHOTO

a man. a woman. a c

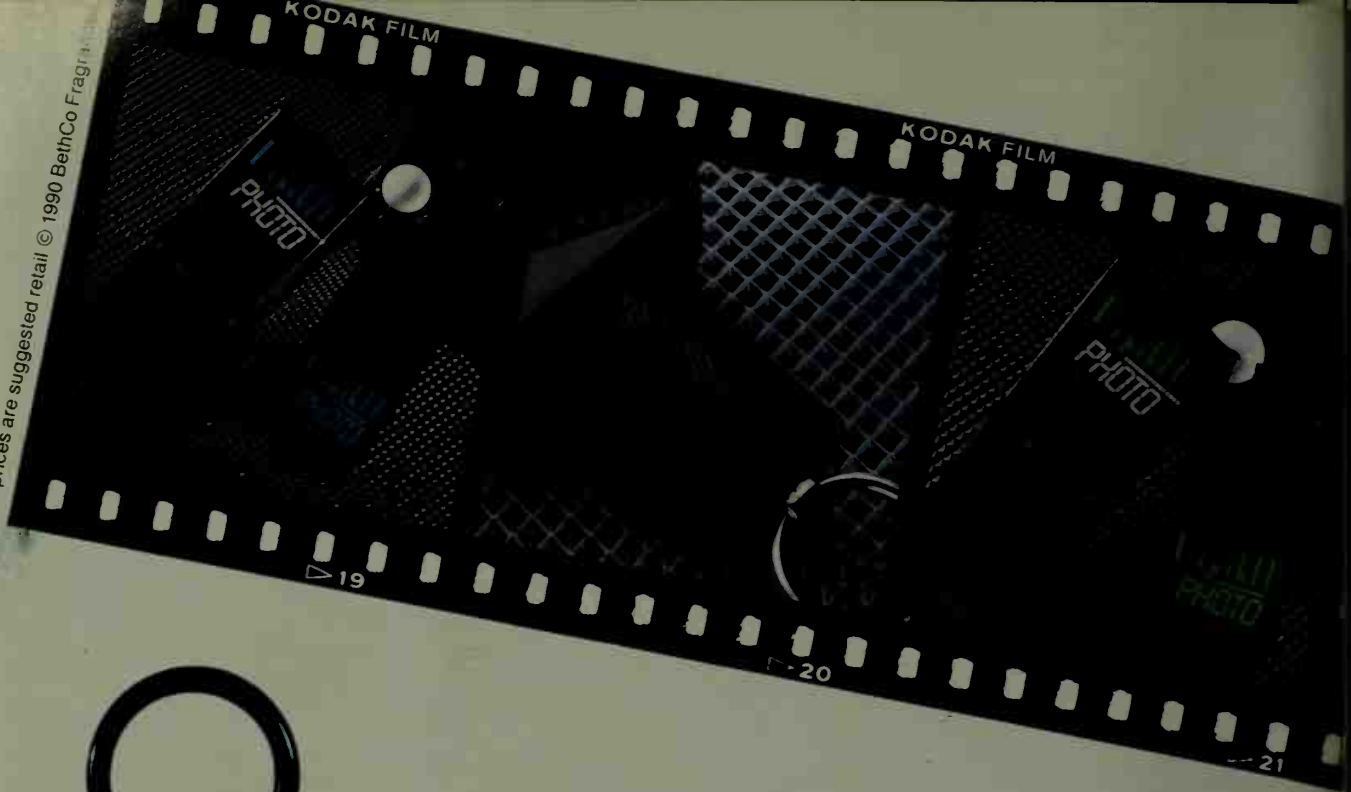
KODAK FILM

Lagerfeld
PHOTO

▷ 20

▷ 21

All prices are suggested retail © 1990 BethCo Fragr



Lagerfeld PHOTO...

the sexy new men's fragrance of the nineties.

Lagerfeld PHOTO is the new fragrance that zeros in on a man, a woman, and a camera. A relationship charged with sensuality and excitement. It has the dash and daring to match the man who wears it, move for move...a flash of sparkling grapefruit, rich woods and sensuous leathery accents...from first exposure to last, Lagerfeld PHOTO makes all the right moves.



Available at **macy's**

To order call 1-800-44-MACY'S
Ask for item #899149

ARDEN

ELIZABETH

BOB MACKIE



THE SALON



Karl Lagerfeld

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, NY

NEIMAN-MARCUS
BEVERLY HILLS, CA

HIRSHLEIFER'S
MANHASSET, NY

LOU LATTIMORE
DALLAS, TX



Karl Lagerfeld

HENRI BENDEL
NEW YORK, NY

HOLT RENFREW
QUEBEC, CANADA

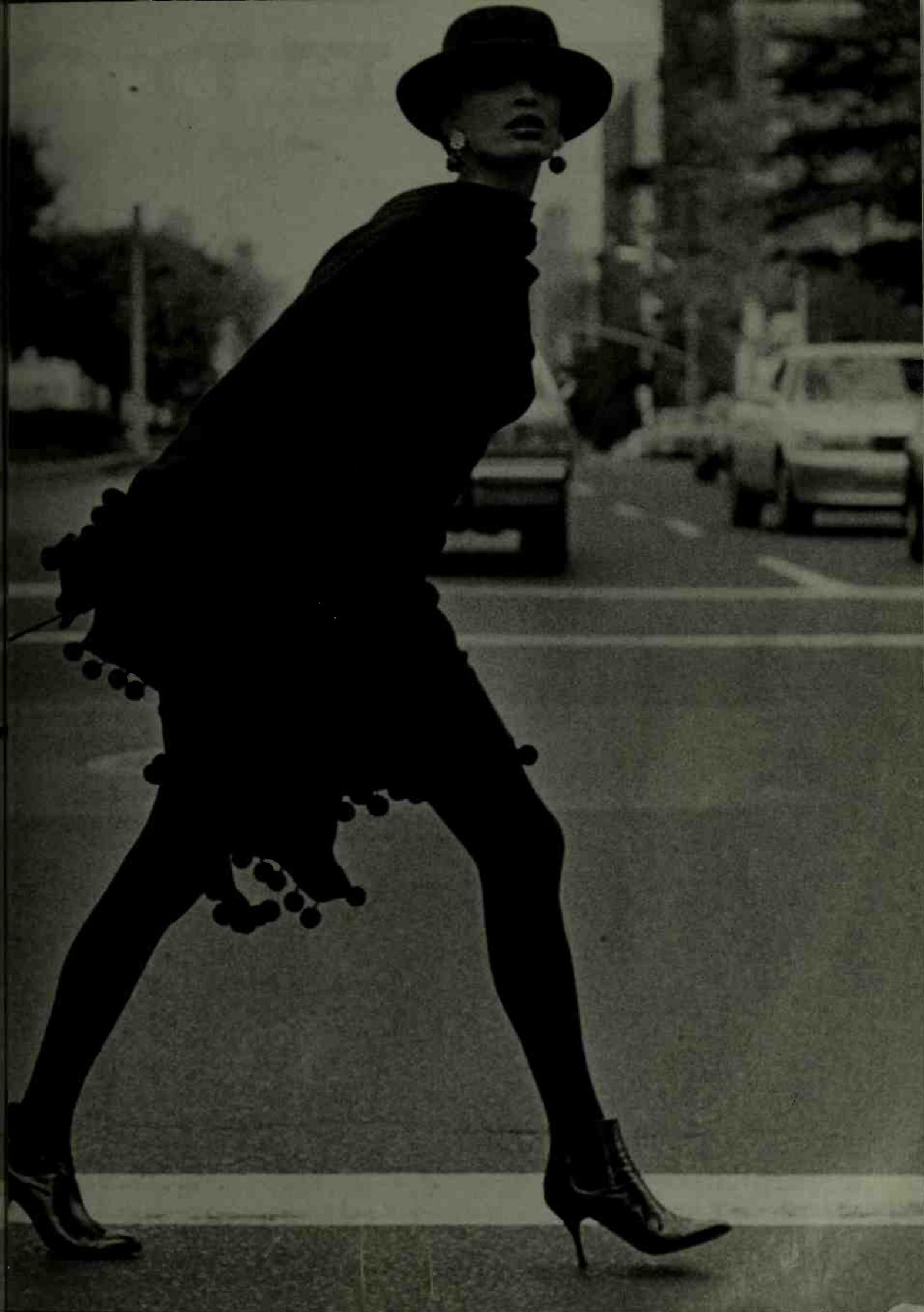
SAKS-JANDEL
CHEVY CHASE, MD

WILKES BASHFORD
SAN FRANCISCO, CA

MARCUS

andrea jovine





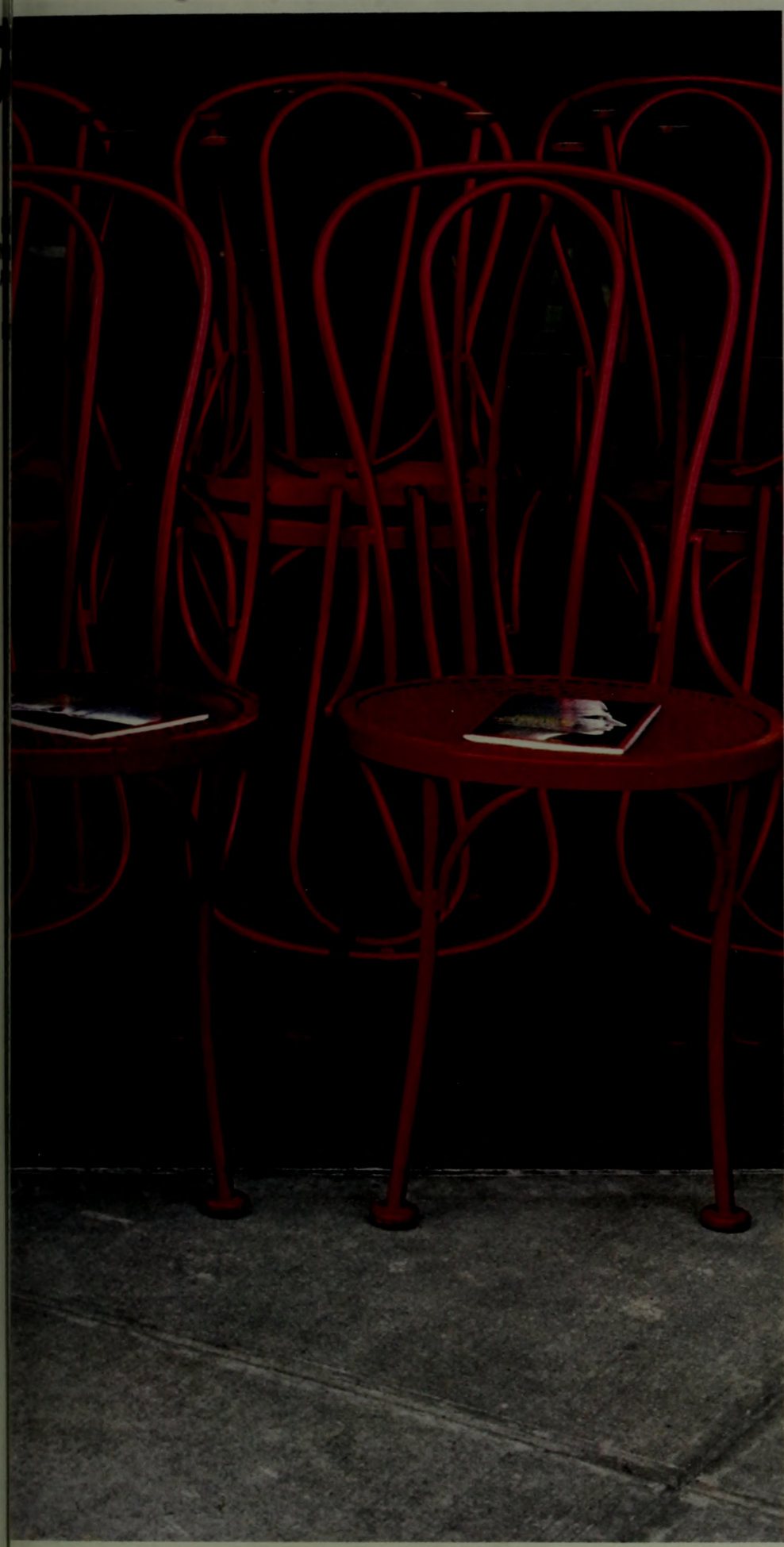
ICERBERG

© 1990 GILMAR SPA MODELLO DEPOSITATO - GILMAR S.P.A. - VIA MALPASSO 663/665 - 47048 S. GIOVANNI IN MARGINANO (FO) - ITALY - TEL. 0541/956656
SHOW ROOM MILANO - VIA S. ANDREA 21 - 20121 MILANO - TEL. 02/76000713-76001439 - GILMAR U.S.A. INC. - 745 FIFTH AVENUE - SUITE 3000 - TEL 212/7555530 - TELEFAX 212/7555538



BUFF LAGRANGE - CARMEL, CA
CARDUCCI - CEDARHURST, NY
GRETA - BEVERLY HILLS, CA
POMPIAN - CHICAGO, IL
SILHOUETTE - WASHINGTON, DC

away my next apartment will have an elevator."



REAL LIVE LEGS
Liz Claiborne
H O S I E R Y




© 1990 LIZ CLAIBORNE INC.

swear my next apartment will have an elevator."



REAL LIVE LEGS
Liz Claiborne
H O S I E R Y



EMPIRE

© 1990 LIZ CLAIBORNE INC.

"I heard dinner. I never heard diner."



REAL LIVE LEGS
Liz Claiborne
H O S I E R Y

VIEW: the new youthquake

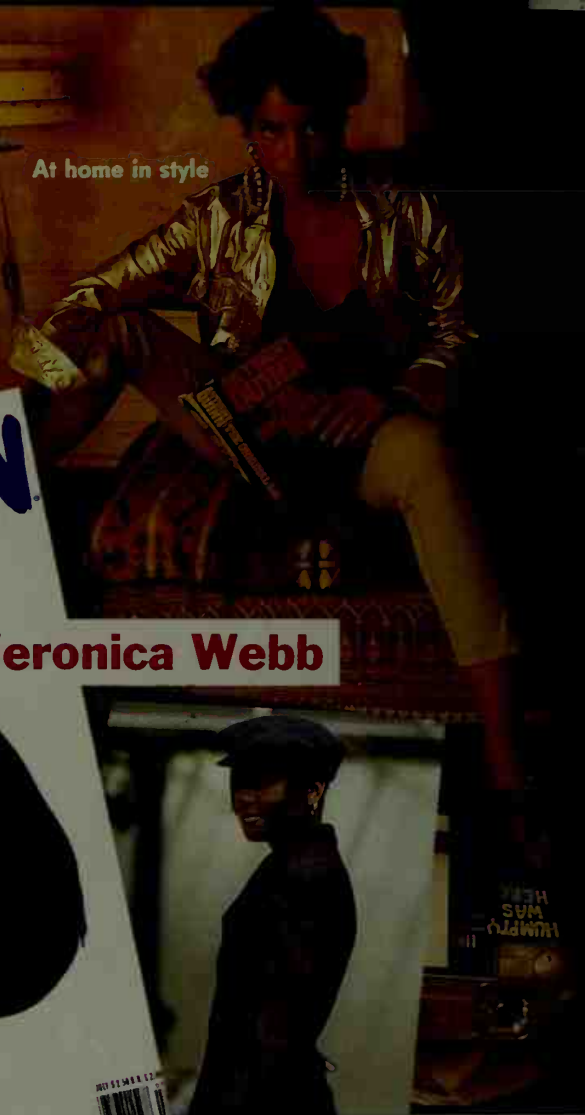
fashion model **Veronica Webb**, twenty-two, is also a contributor to New York's downtown tabloid *Paper*, to *Interview*, and to *Details*. **In the beginning:** "I was born right before the riots in Detroit. Growing up in the inner city is very inspiring. It makes you want more." **Educating Veronica:** Webb learned independence early: "I went to a very progressive school. It was on the other side of the tracks—and for a long time I was the only black kid. That was rough." **Cashing in:** One day while Webb was working as a \$150-a-week cashier at a store in SoHo, a French makeup artist walked in and told Webb she should try modeling. On November 9, 1986, she flew to Paris on a one-way ticket with \$100 in her pocket. "I was going to stay three weeks and I ended up staying two years." **Model model:** Webb became a favorite model for designers Karl Lagerfeld and Azzedine Alaïa. "It was a Pygmalion story—I was just this little kid from Motown. They used to call me *Gamine de la Rue*." **Her mentor/his muse:** Then she decided to board with Azzedine—and it was design around the clock. Today Webb continues to inspire designers with her personal style—a mix she calls "international urban combat gear. It's part James Bond, part James Brown." **Divine aspirations:** "I may write a book. I may head up a movie studio." For now she's playing Spike Lee's wife in his upcoming film *Jungle Fever*.

Interview



One of her first articles for *Interview*

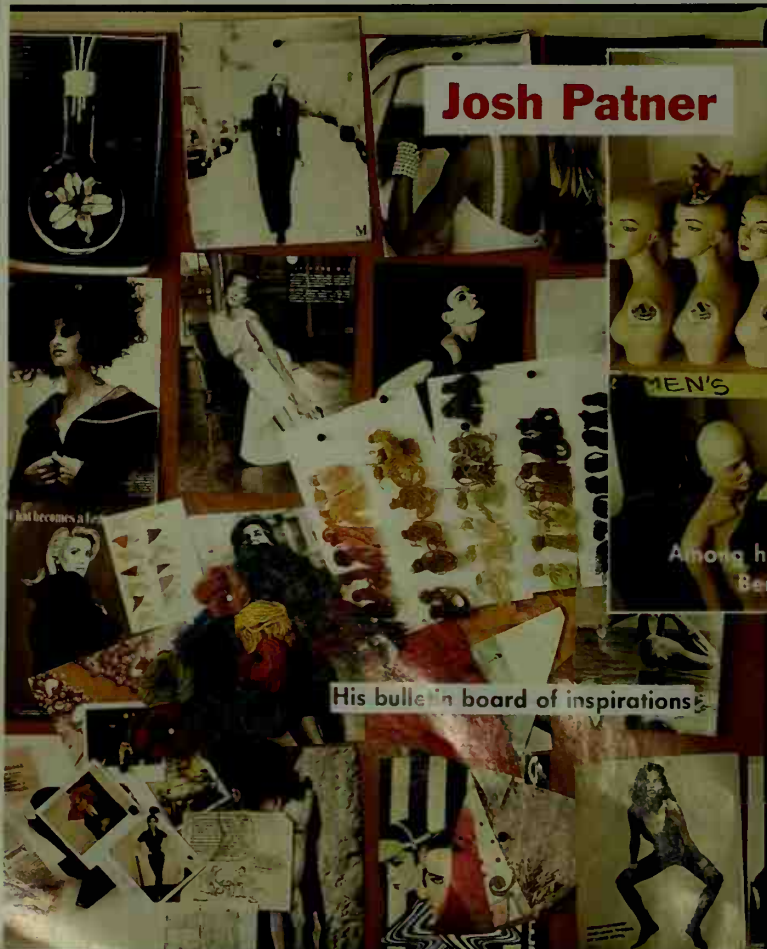
At home in style



Veronica Webb



As model and muse for Azzedine Alaïa



Josh Patner

His bulletin board of inspirations



Among his mannequin friends at Bergdorf Goodman

Josh Patner, twenty-eight, fashion coordinator for women's sportswear, Bergdorf Goodman. **Screen play:** He was originally inspired by the romance of the silver screen: "I always wanted the credits to roll—'Gowns by Josh.' But they don't do that anymore." **Josh the zipper:** Patner's first job in New York after he graduated from Oberlin College was dressing models in the Donna Karan showroom. "I just never left—I was so ecstatic to be there I tried to make myself indispensable." Karan moved him into PR, then design. "Then she fired me—in a very gracious way—to push me out of the nest, I think." **Karan's karma:** When the offshoot DKNY

line was launched in 1988, Patner was back on board, as coordinator for all the licensees. "Donna taught me to demand the best of myself and others, and not to accept an easy no. And she really teaches you to see—to use your eyes." **Gut reaction:** Patner joined Bergdorf's in January 1990. Though most of his days are spent reviewing young designers' work, he also directs window dressers on the correct coifs for the Chanel mannequins. "I respond from the gut. But my gut has been very well educated." ▶ 171

SEXY!



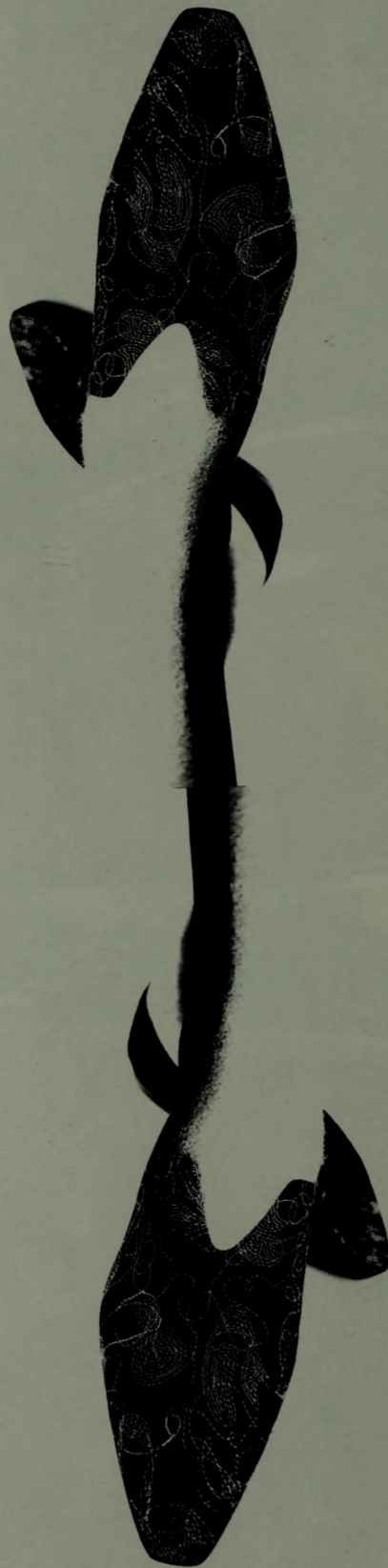
GALE HAYMAN
GAVE YOU
THE FRAGRANCE
OF THE '80S.
NOW SHE
BRINGS YOU
BEVERLY HILLS,
THE PERFUME
FOR THE '90S.



BEVERLY
HILLS
GALE HAYMAN®

FOR MORE INFORMATION
CALL 1-800-FOR-GALE

BLOOMINGDALE'S



TF
FARRUTX®

456A West Broadway, Soho, NEW YORK 10012
Tel. 212 473 43 49

Ph. Joseph Hunwick Estudio Lara Ubago

MADRID DÜSSELDORF BRUSSELS LISBON PALMA DE MALLORCA PUERTO BANUS SEVILLA IBIZA



ANNE
KLEIN
DRESSES



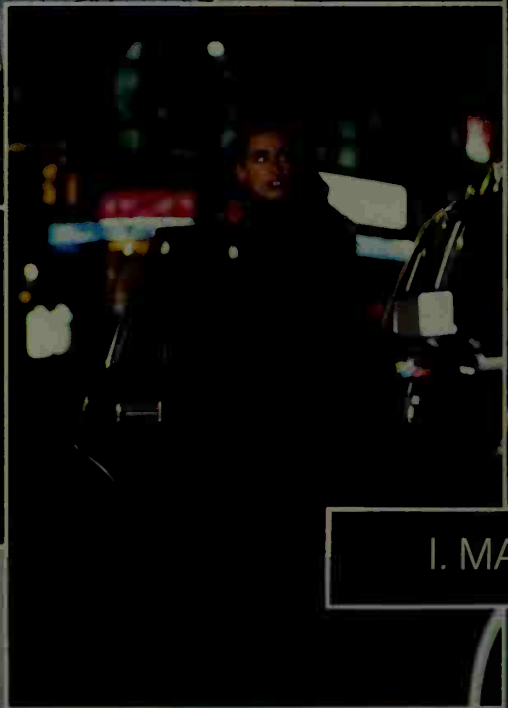
"A coat is a form of entertainment."

CAROL COHEN

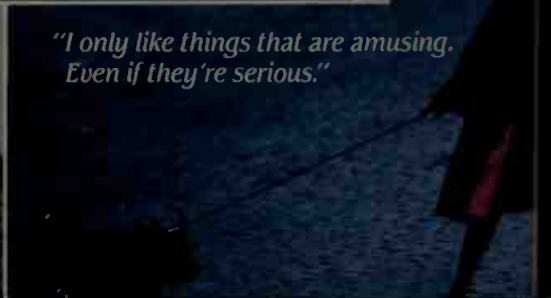
SANYO



"Clothes matter."



I. MAGNIN



"I only like things that are amusing. Even if they're serious."

*"Outerwear is important.
It's a house. A cocoon.
Your packaging."*

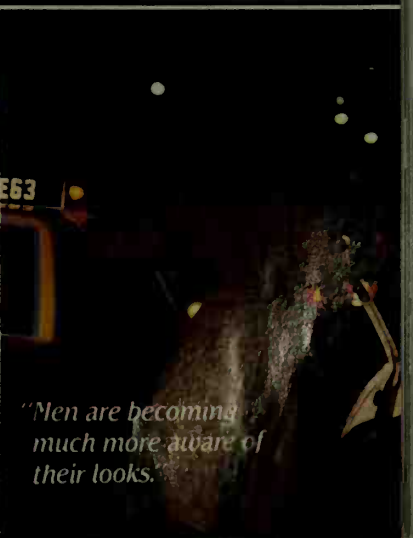
SAK'S Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. © 1992 Saks Fifth Avenue, Inc.
Saks Fifth Avenue, Saks Fifth Avenue, Saks Fifth Avenue, Tokyo, Japan. Photo: Ken Nakamura



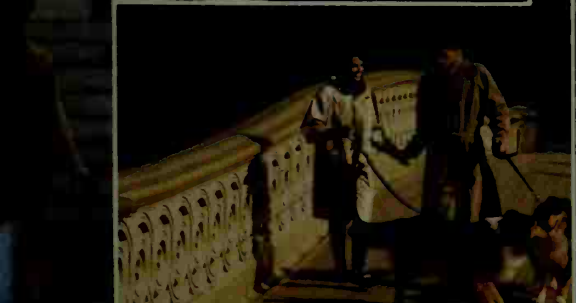
*"Women are different from men.
I like to recognize that."*



SAK'S FIFTH AVENUE

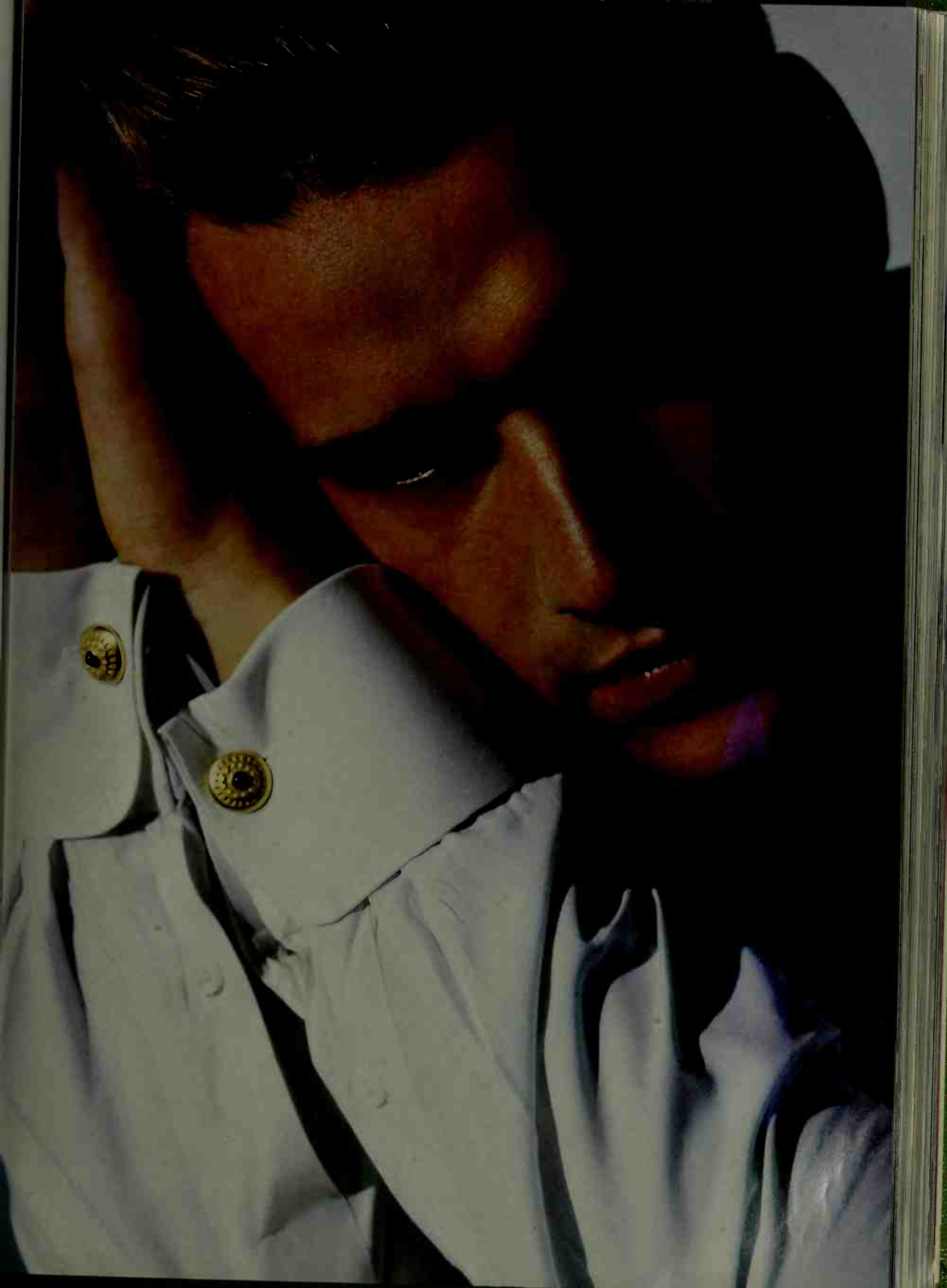


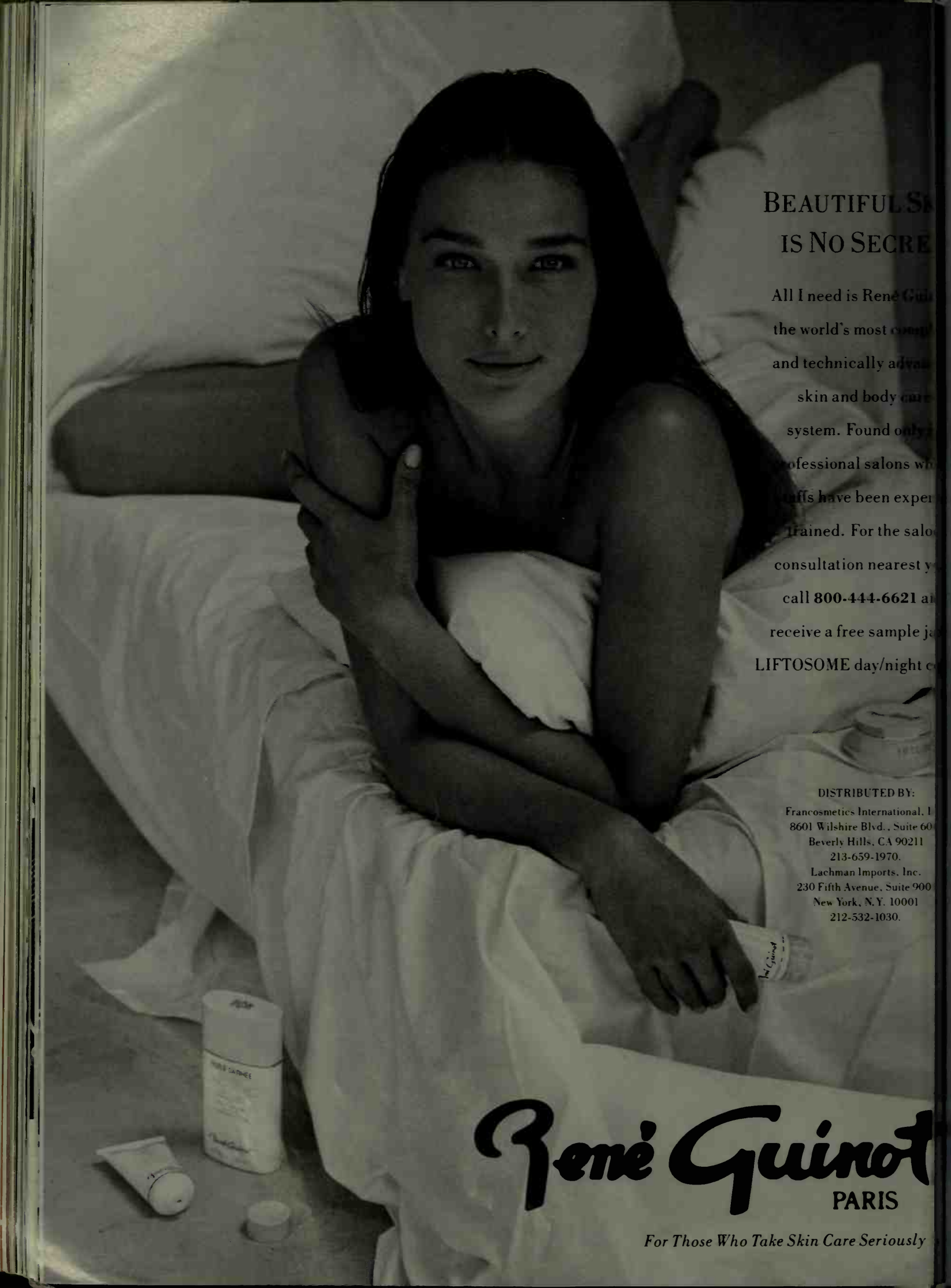
*"Men are becoming
much more aware of
their looks."*



AKM

ANNE KLEIN MEN
ACCESSORIES





BEAUTIFUL SKIN
IS NO SECRET

All I need is René Guinot,
the world's most complete
and technically advanced
skin and body care
system. Found only at
professional salons where
treatments have been exper-
imentally trained. For the salon
consultation nearest you,
call 800-444-6621 and
receive a free sample jar of
LIFTOSOME day/night cream.

DISTRIBUTED BY:

Francosmetics International, Inc.
8601 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 600
Beverly Hills, CA 90211
213-659-1970.

Lachman Imports, Inc.
230 Fifth Avenue, Suite 900
New York, N.Y. 10001
212-532-1030.

René Guinot
PARIS

For Those Who Take Skin Care Seriously

© 1987 Anne Klein & Co. / Photo: M. M. M. / M. M. M.

LOUIS DELL'OLIO FOR ANNE KLEIN & CO.

SPLENDIDLY SLIM SILHOUETTE...

SHAPED, DRAPED

AND ABSOLUTELY DRAMATIC



B L A S S D R E S S



BILL BLASS

PRESENTS THE

ESSENCE OF

SIMPLICITY IN

A FITTED CREPE

BUSTIER

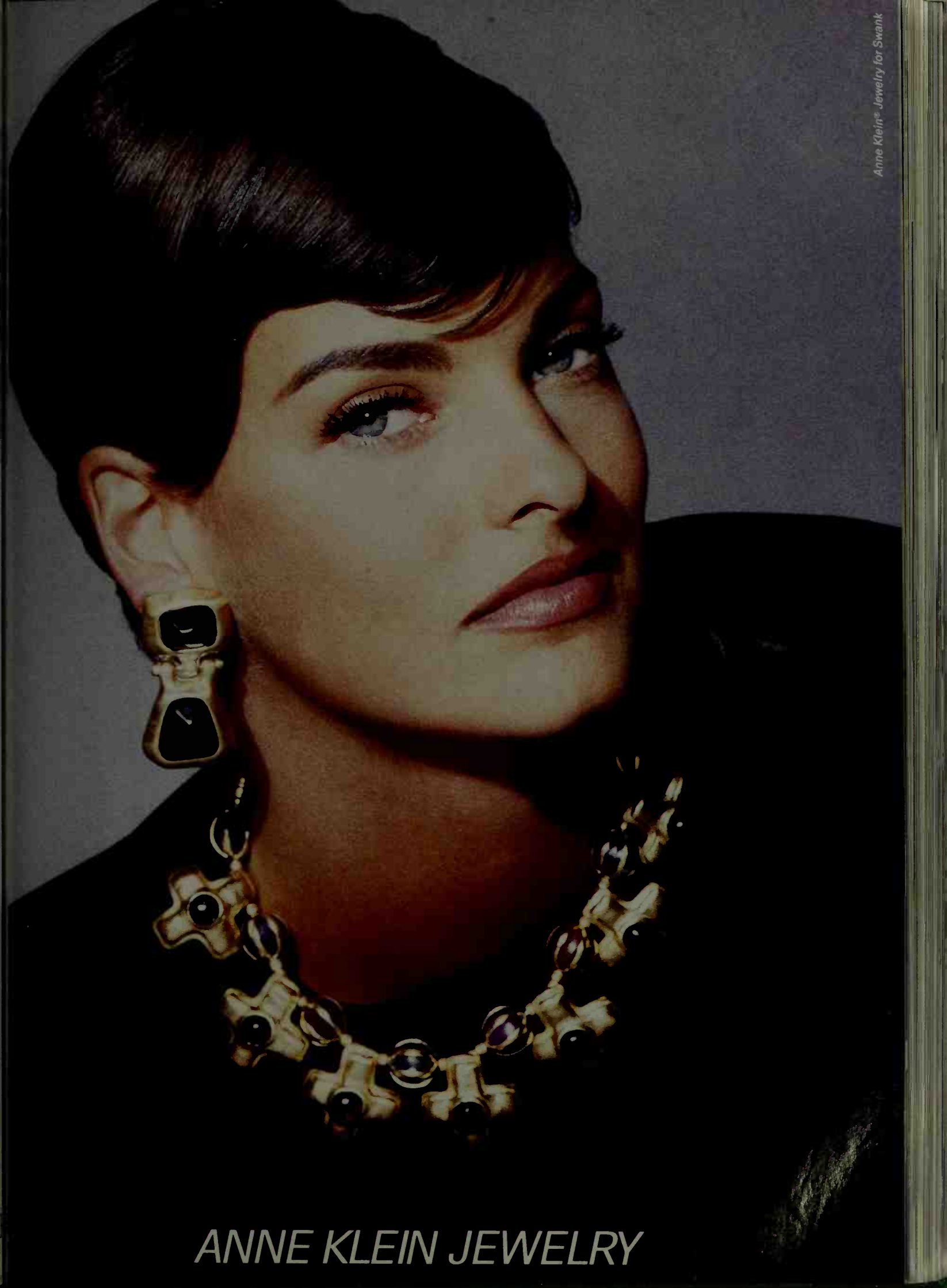
BALANCED

OVER A CHIFFON

SARONG SKIRT.

FAMOUS • BARE
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Anne Klein® Jewelry for Swank



ANNE KLEIN JEWELRY

© PIRELLA GÖTTSCHE LOWE PHOTO AGENCY





GILLIAN

Available at Lord & Taylor

VIEW: the new youthquake

Masha Calloway, thirty-two, nightclub hostess, photographic stylist, and all-around fashion arbiter.

Globe-trotter: Born in Japan to a Japanese mother and a father of African-American, Native American, and Irish descent, Calloway grew up in California but bolted to Paris upon graduation from UCLA.

There she worked as everything—from seamstress to designer's helper to bartender at Les Bains Douches. **New York story:** Returning to the United States for good, she landed a job as a waitress at Indochine, Brian McNally's celebrity-stocked café. "I didn't know what I

was doing," she admits. "I lied and said I'd been a waitress in L.A. They told me the restaurant would open in three weeks. After one month, Brian said, 'Why don't you help us paint?' and I did." **Main entrée:** A friend asked her to host his new East Village place, Flamingo East. "I felt it was the future."

Second course: Calloway now eyes the crowd and sets the style pace for fashion groupies, fledgling designers, and club kids. "I'm not really looking at whether they look awful or good; what I'm asking is 'Do they look comfortable?'" Her own attire now centers on stretch pink or orange panne velvet and Nikes without socks. This fall she's opening a lounge upstairs "for people who want to have a quiet conversation."

The nightclub queen at home in Flamingo East



Masha Calloway

Her inspirational "altar"

Jewelry designer for Artwear, **Jordan Schlanger** twenty-five. **Atomic art:** Words and phrases like *particle physics*, *molecular concepts*, and *hydrogen bonds* pepper his conversation as he discusses the fine quill-like shapes and the various patinas (copper-based black, silver, and gold) of his handmade metal jewelry. The son of two artists ("My parents were kind of hippies—we lived in a commune outside Florence at one point"), Schlanger completed his own art degree in sculpture in 1988 at New York's Cooper Union. **First impressions:** "When I was a kid, someone walked into my parents' house wearing one of Robert Lee Morris's knuckle rings—it had such an effect on me." **The ring cycle:** In high school, Schlanger did a ring for a music teacher. "It was gold with a fire opal, and he said, 'Just go wild.' I showed the ring to Jonathan Strauss at Nemesis, and he told me to come up with a collection and he'd put it in the window."

Collective thinking: He's just

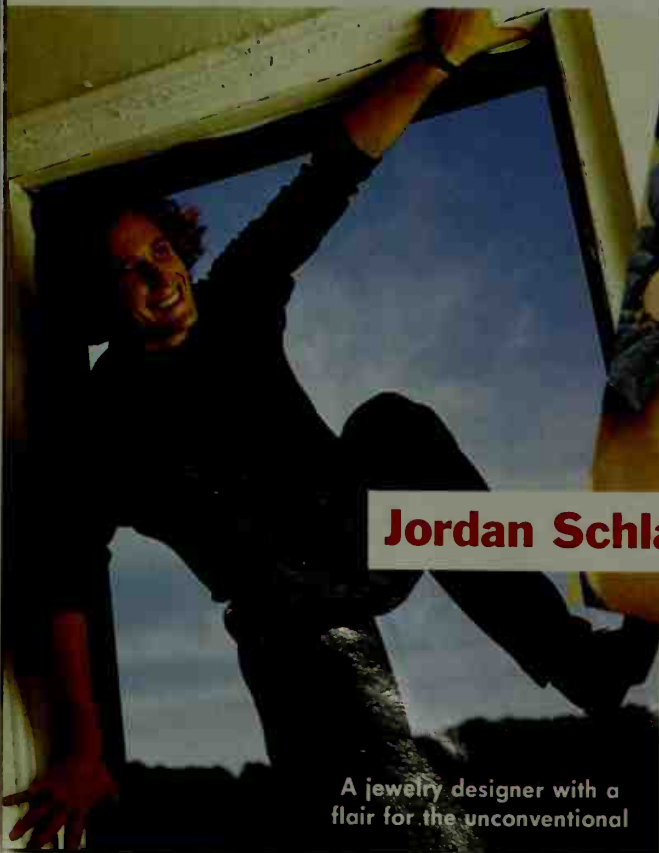
joined Morris's Artwear gallery. The noncompetitive group spirit motivates him: "There's none of the pettiness of the craft world, because Robert is an artist himself." **Inspirational art:** Victorian lace, a bookmark showing just the veins of a leaf, and "things that live in the sea: shells and spiky creatures."

▶ 196

Wire mesh spun into a bracelet and necklace

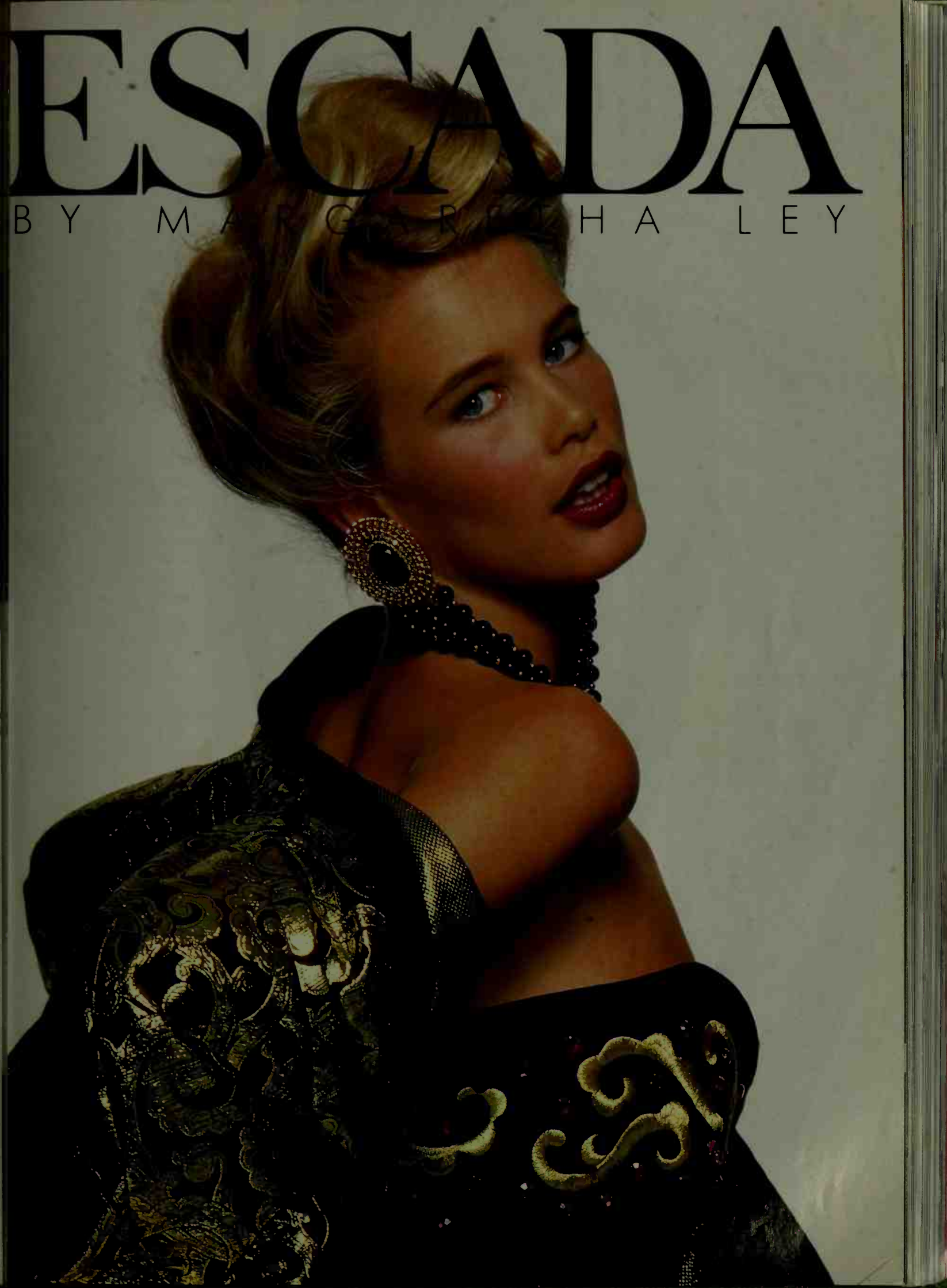
Jordan Schlanger

A jewelry designer with a flair for the unconventional



ESCADADA

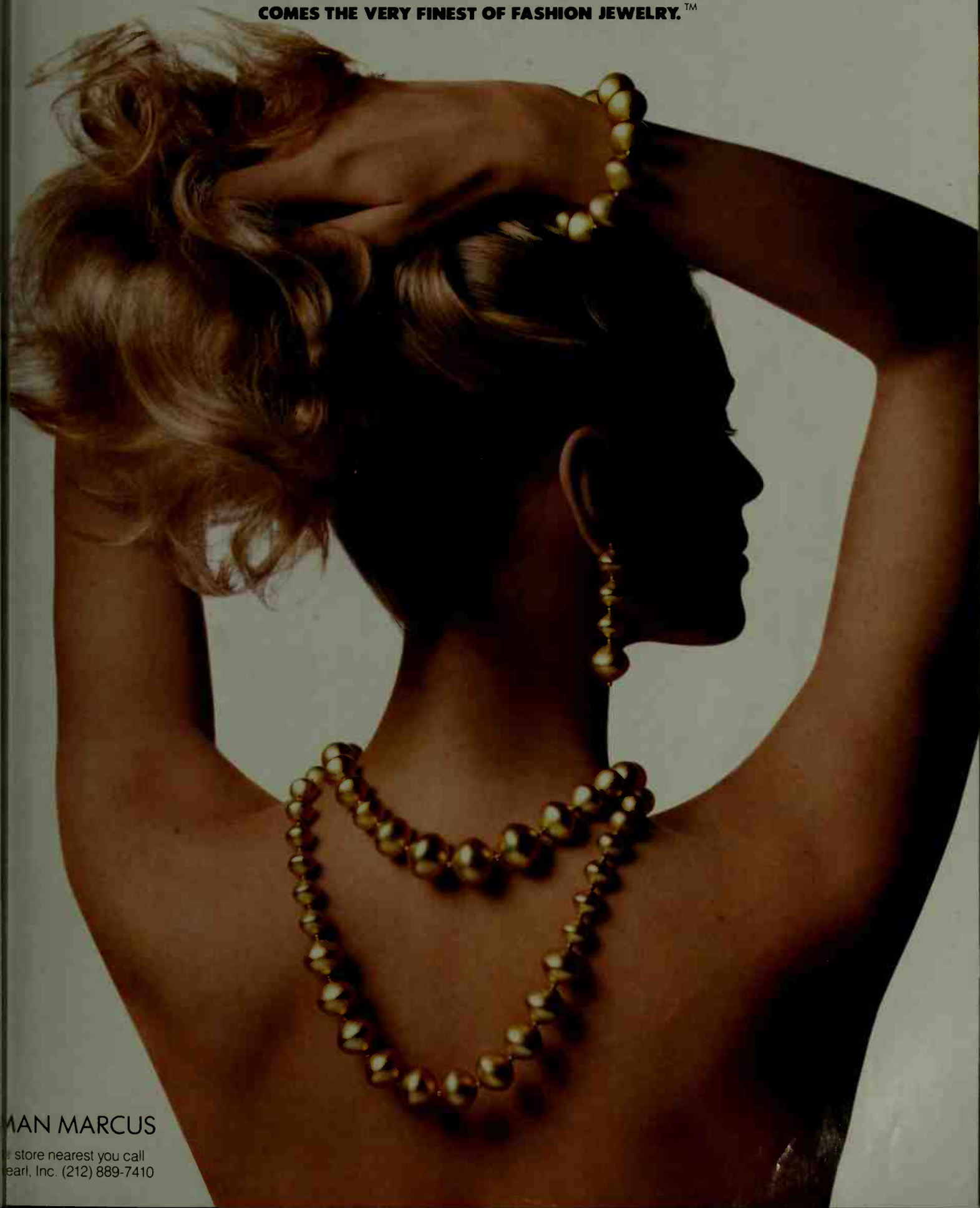
BY MARGARETHA LEY





ERWIN PEARL

FROM THE AWARD WINNING DESIGNER OF FINE JEWELRY
COMES THE VERY FINEST OF FASHION JEWELRY.™



MAN MARCUS

store nearest you call
pearl, Inc. (212) 889-7410

ungaro

parallèle

paris

Points de Vente

BARTON SLIGH'S, Jacksonville, FL
DAYTON'S MARSHALL FIELD'S, Chicago, IL
Minneapolis, MN
FREDERICK AND NELSON, Seattle, WA
JACOBSON'S, Birmingham, MI Columbus, OH
JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia, PA
LIBERTY HOUSE, Honolulu, HA
SARA FREDERICKS, Boston, MA

Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques

USA

NEW YORK, 803 Madison Avenue
BAL HARBOUR, Bal Harbour Shops, 9700 Collins Avenue
BEVERLY HILLS, 317 North Rodeo Drive
DALLAS, 4268 Oak Lawn Avenue
HOUSTON, The Pavilion, 1800 Post Oak Blvd
LAS VEGAS, Caesars Palace
PALM BEACH, The Esplanade, 150 Worth Avenue
PHOENIX, Biltmore Fashion Park, 2576 East Camelback

CANADA

MONTREAL, 1430 Sherbrooke Street West
TORONTO, 45 Bloor Street West

FRANCE

PARIS, 2 avenue Montaigne
PARIS, 58 rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré
AIX-EN-PROVENCE, 5 rue de la Masse

HONG KONG

HONG KONG, 135 Edinburgh Tower, The Landmark

S. KOREA

SEOUL, 78-12 Chong Dam Dong, Kang Nam Gu

SINGAPORE

SINGAPORE, The Paragon, Orchard Road

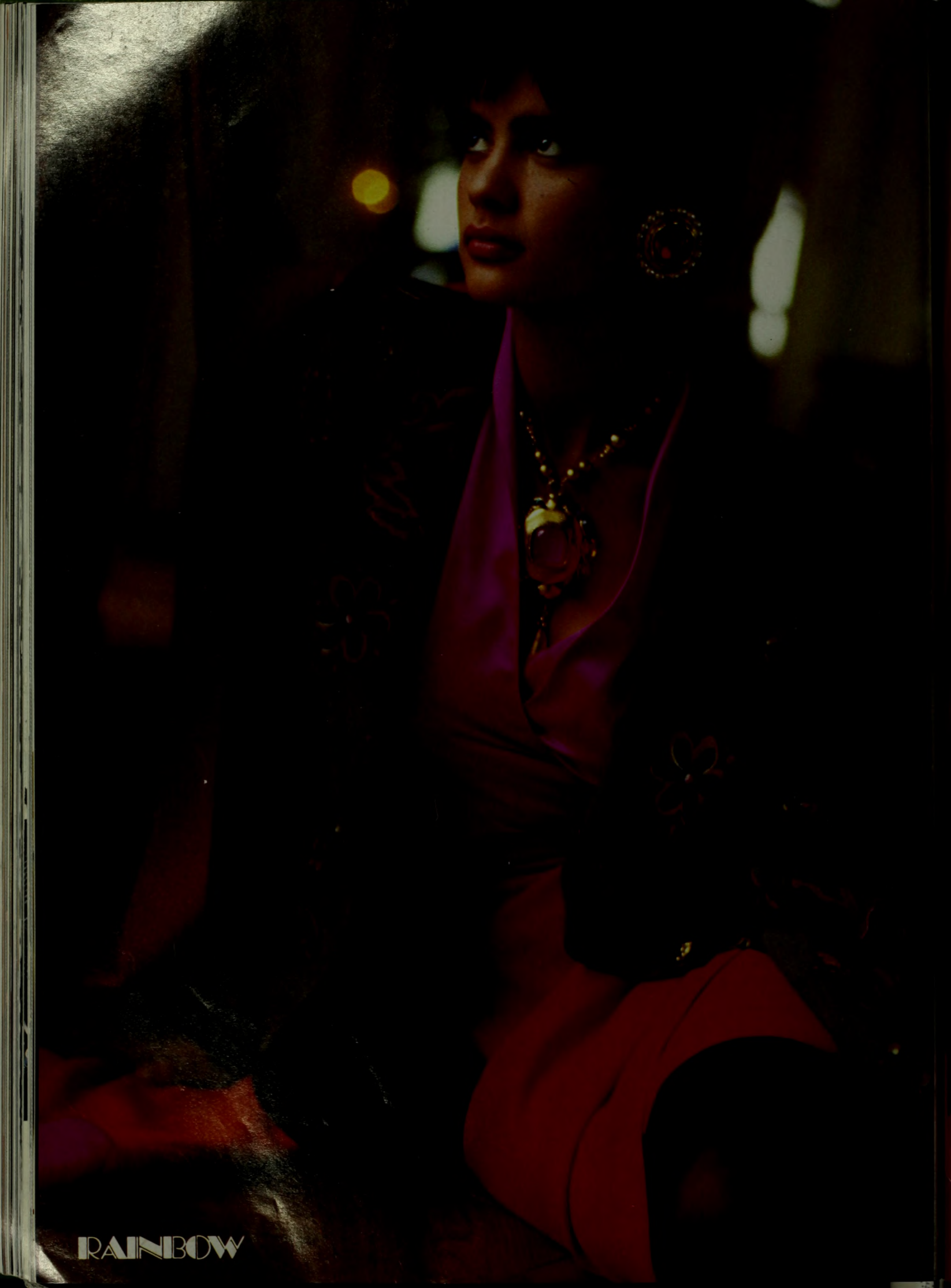
TAIWAN

TAIPEI, N° 447, Section 4, Jen Ai Road



Ungaro
parallèle

ETRO



RAINBOW

A fashion advertisement for Ungaro. The image features a woman in the foreground wearing a black jacket with a vibrant green lapel and a black choker. She has large, ornate earrings and is looking towards the camera. In the background, a man is shown in profile, wearing a white shirt and a dark tie. The overall lighting is dramatic and low-key. The brand name 'Ungaro' is written in a large, stylized, red-outlined font at the bottom, with the word 'parallèle' in a smaller, cursive font underneath it.

Ungaro
parallèle

BACCI'S
British Columbia, Canada

JANE SIMON AT GUS MAYER
Birmingham, AL

LOU LATTIMORE
Dallas, TX

MARTHA INTERNATIONAL
New York • Palm Beach

ROMANOFF BOUTIQUES
Bal Harbour, FL

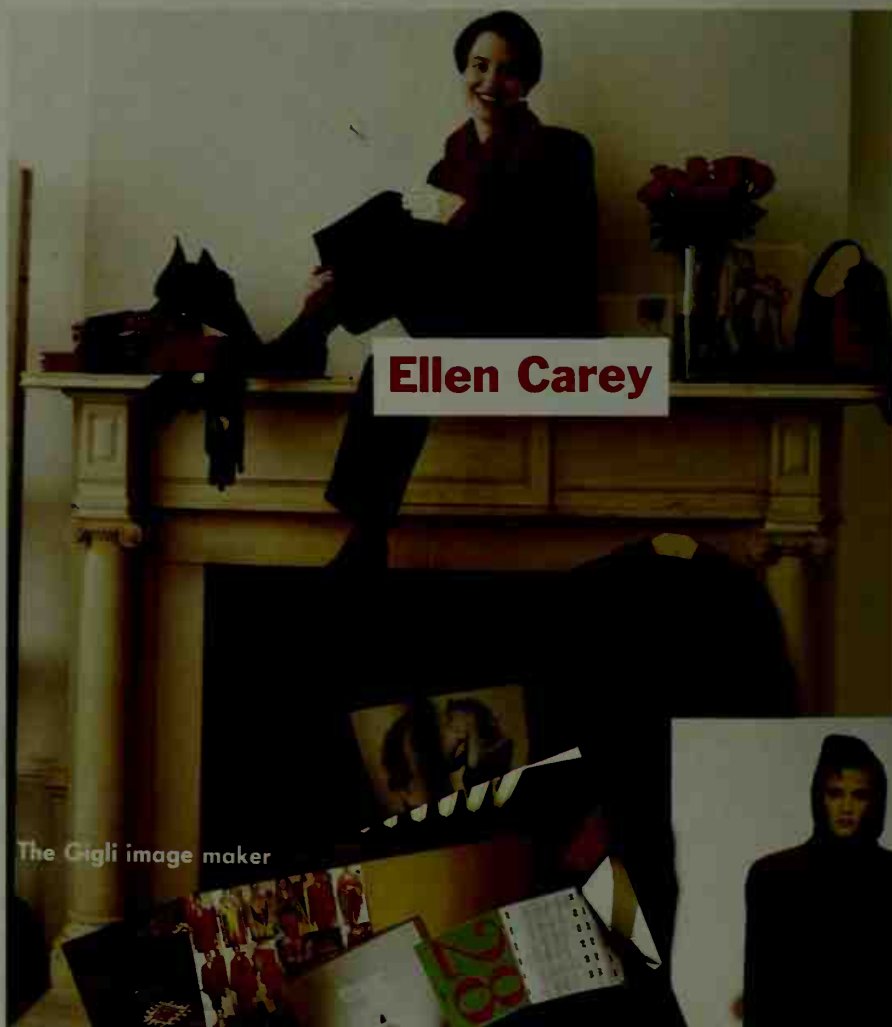
SERENELLA
Boston, MA

SHAUNA STEIN
Los Angeles, CA

SILHOUETTE
Washington, DC
Chevy Chase, MD

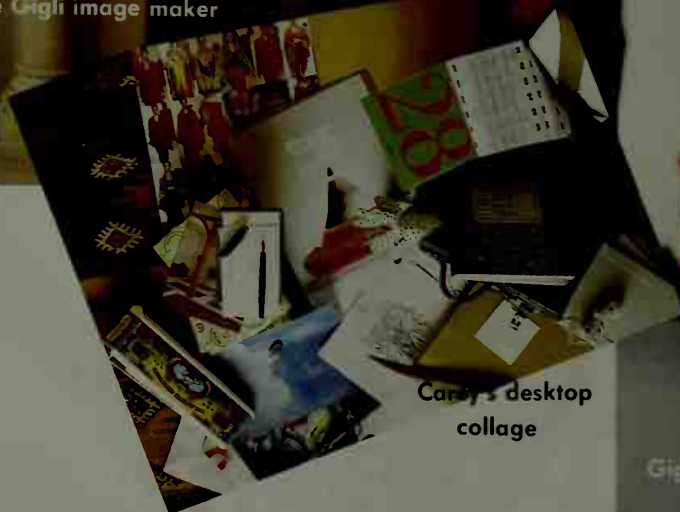
TOBY LERNER
Philadelphia, Ardmore PA

VIEW: the new youthquake



Ellen Carey

The Gigli image maker



Carey's desktop collage



Gigli's looks are easy to promote.

Couture!

USA Agent:
MODA & COMPANY

745 Fifth Avenue - Suite 604
NEW YORK, NY 10151
Tel. 212/2233223

U.S. image director for Romeo Gigli, **Ellen L. Carey**, twenty-eight, started her fashion climb on Wall Street, watching retail stock prices. "Just imagine me carrying my little purses when everyone else was carrying a big briefcase," Carey laughs. "They all thought I looked strange. Of course, I thought they all looked strange." **Early sign of talent #1:** Carey spent her teen summers as a social director at a camp in the Adirondacks—planning the entertainment, writing the weekly newsletter. "I loved doing it, and that got me thinking publicity was the right avenue." **Early sign of talent #2:** Though Carey grew up on a dairy farm in upstate New York, "there was one year when I would cry every day over what I was going to wear to school." **Incubation:** Three and a half years in the press office at Barneys New York—"I was thrown into things whether I was ready or not." It was there that she and Gigli met. "I came up with the idea of using real people—all with red hair—for his show, and he liked it." **His bodyguard:** Anyone in the United States who wants to contact Gigli must pass by Carey first. She is known to be tough and fiercely protective. "Gigli is still a hot new designer," she says. "And there will be more years of tremendous growth. I'll get to see the world through the eyes of this incredible man." In November Carey will preside over the opening of Gigli's first U.S. boutique, in Manhattan. • VIEW ► 205



Foto Pandini Art. Moschino

SIRONI&P

MOSCHINO



NOT
BUSINESS
AS
USUAL.

BLOSSOM ROSEN

Maison Blanche, Macy's and selected Dillard's Stores

175, Boulevard Saint-Germain

SONIA RYKIEL

PARIS

New York, NY
792 Madison Avenue

Chicago, IL
106 East Oak Street

Los Angeles, CA
1000 Wilshire Drive

Boston, MA
The Heritage on the Garden

Houston, TX
The Pavilion 1800 Post Oak Blvd

Manhasset, NY
The Americana 2106 Northern Blvd

Miami Beach, FL
150 Worth Avenue

Honolulu, Hawaii
Royal Hawaiian Shopping Center

Montreal
1320 Sherbrooke Street West

Toronto
45 Bloor Street West

Vancouver
199 Water Street





Fidelio collection

Triumph In Dignity And Styling.

Stunning Swiss Handcrafted.

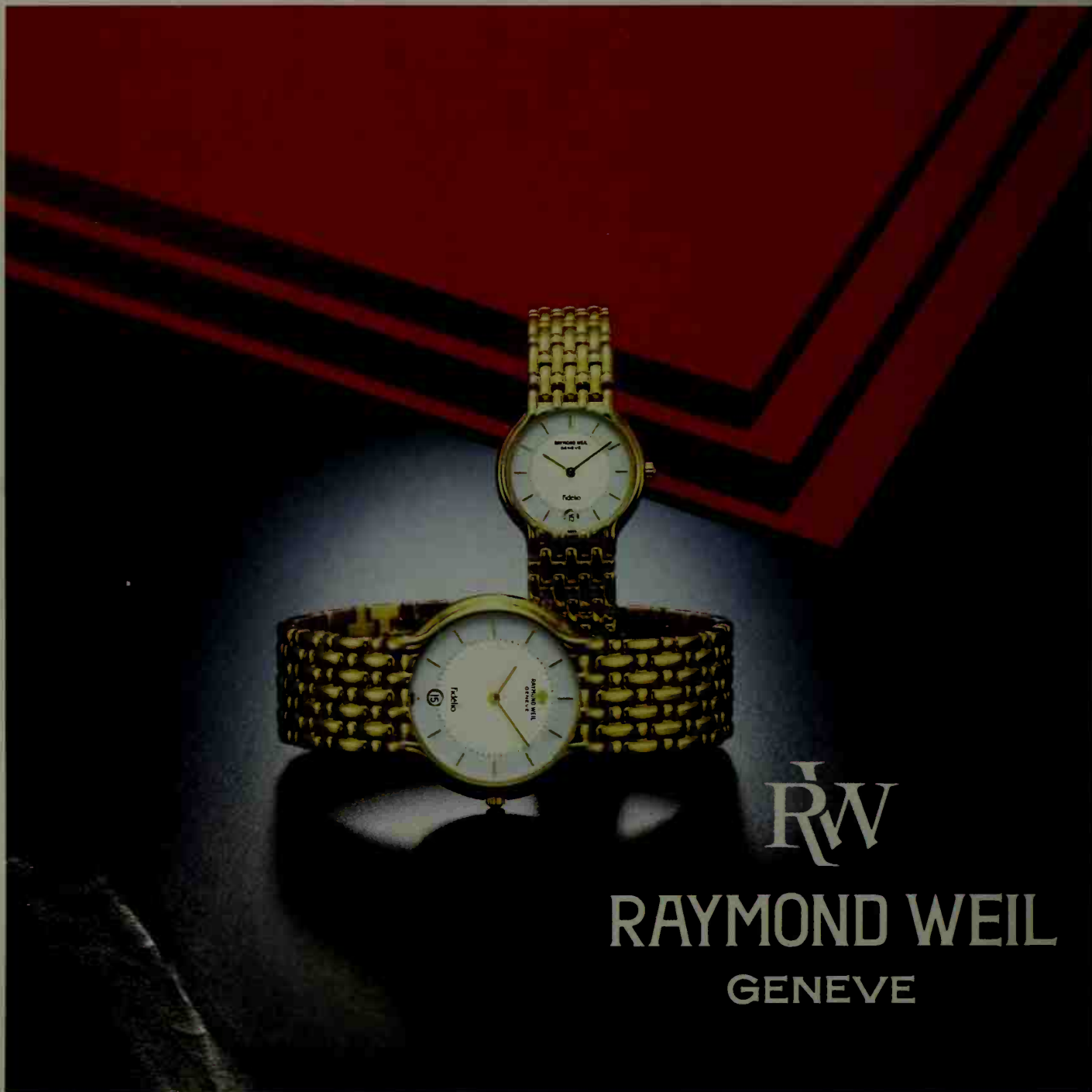
Masterpiece 18 K Goldplated.

Expansion Clasp.

Water Resistant To 90 ft.

Quartz Accurate To Within 60 Seconds A Year.

bloomingdale's



RW

RAYMOND WEIL

GENEVE

 Swiss Made

For a brochure write to: Raymond Weil, Dept. AD, 587 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10017



As gold and silver weave their way into day and evening wear, the medium—metal-shot fabric—is the message.

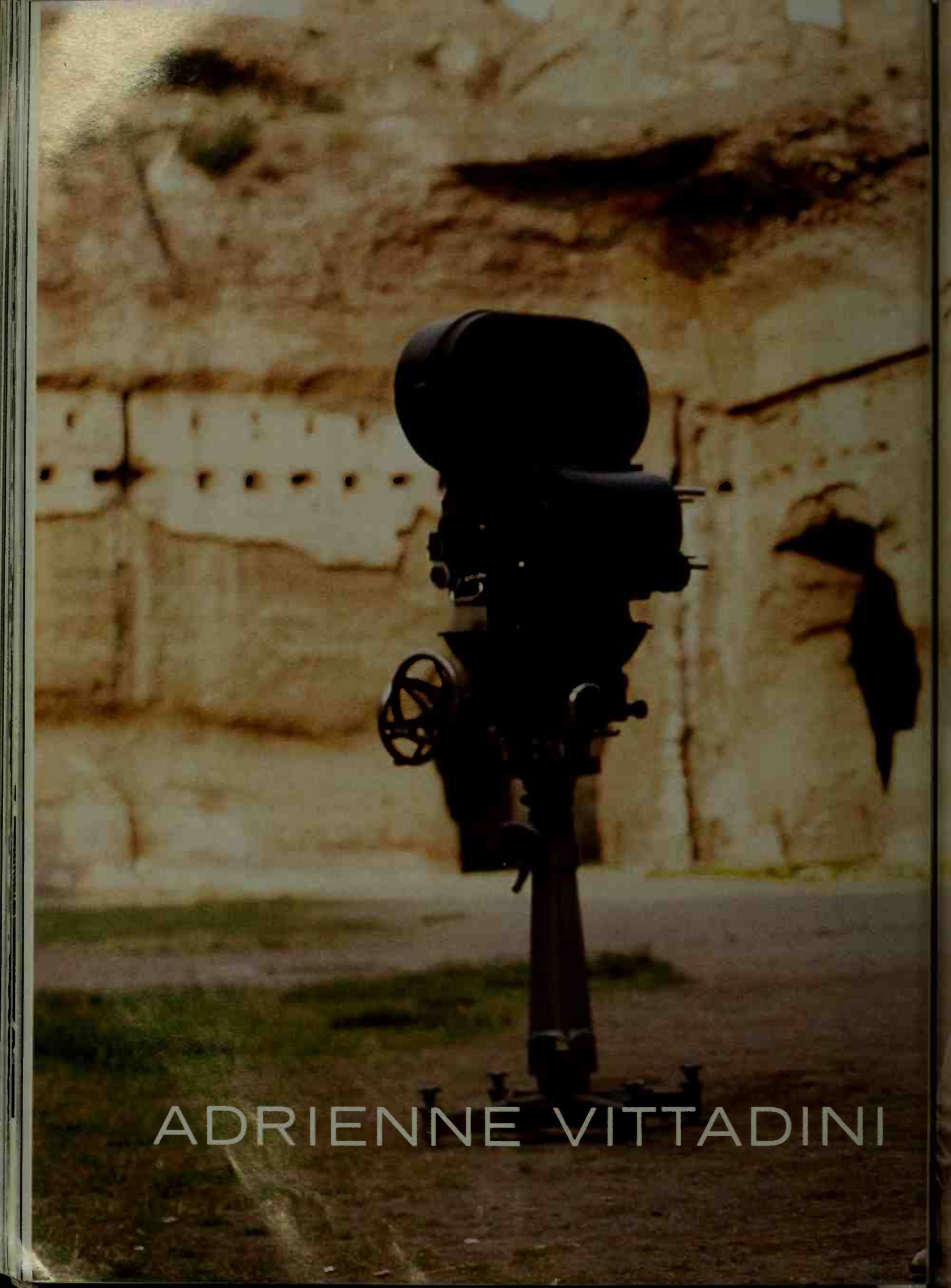
1. No accessories needed: a dress is its own embellishment. By Geoffrey Beene.
2. A little bit of shine goes a long way. Dress, by Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique.
3. Carolina Herrera in the abstract: gold-patterned jacket and dress.
4. Eve Reid's pleated gold scarf—to wear with a tweed suit or brocade evening jacket.
5. Taking a sixties-style pump into the nineties: silver-sequined fabric "gives color an iridescent perspective," says Patrick Cox.
6. The new thread in town: Lurex—when it's in a jacket and skirt by Bill Blass. Details, last pages.

VIEW ► 214



After the gold rush: last year **metallic** brocade embellished boots, suits, coats at the Paris couture. Here, evidence of the trickle-down effect

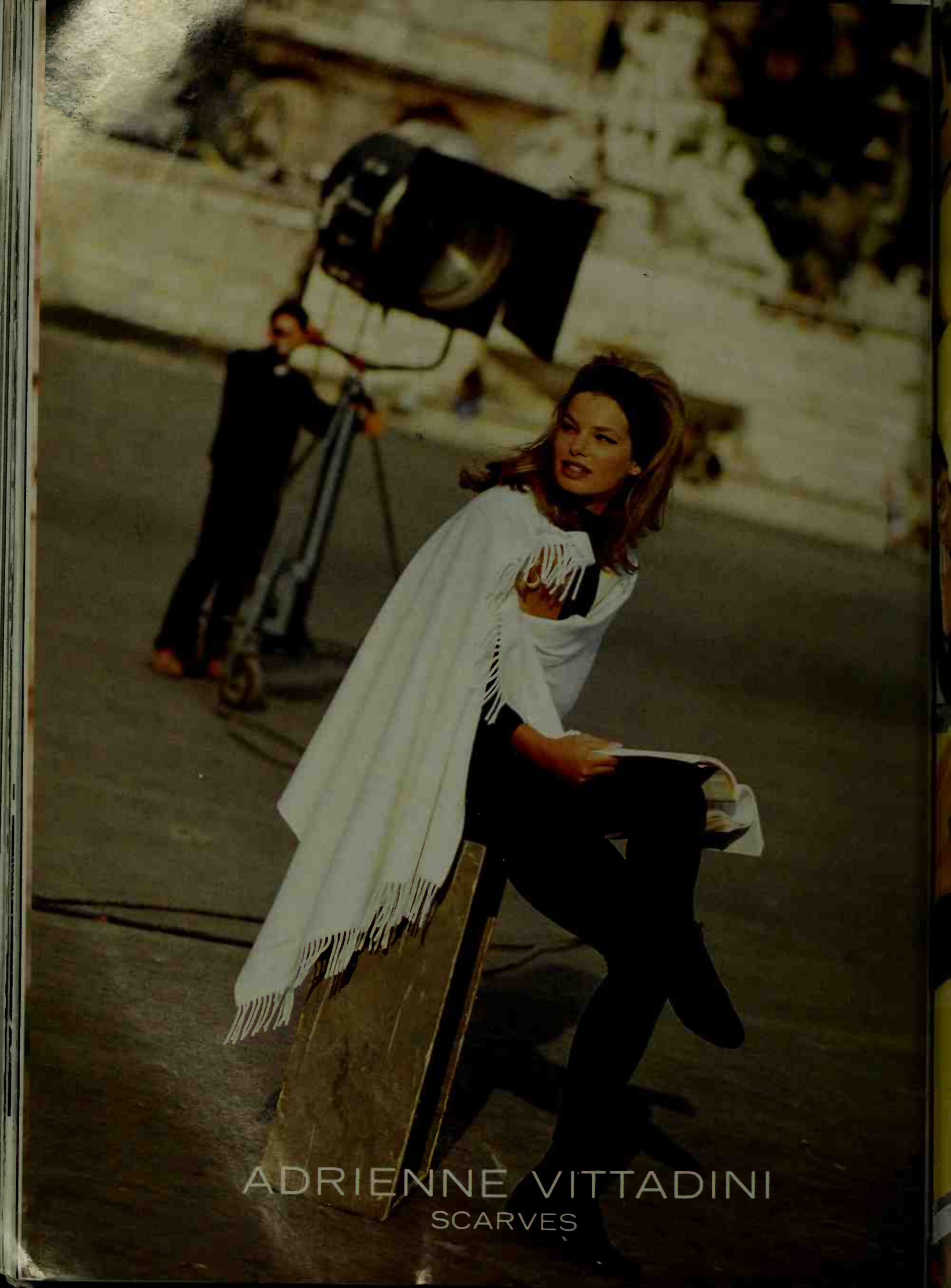




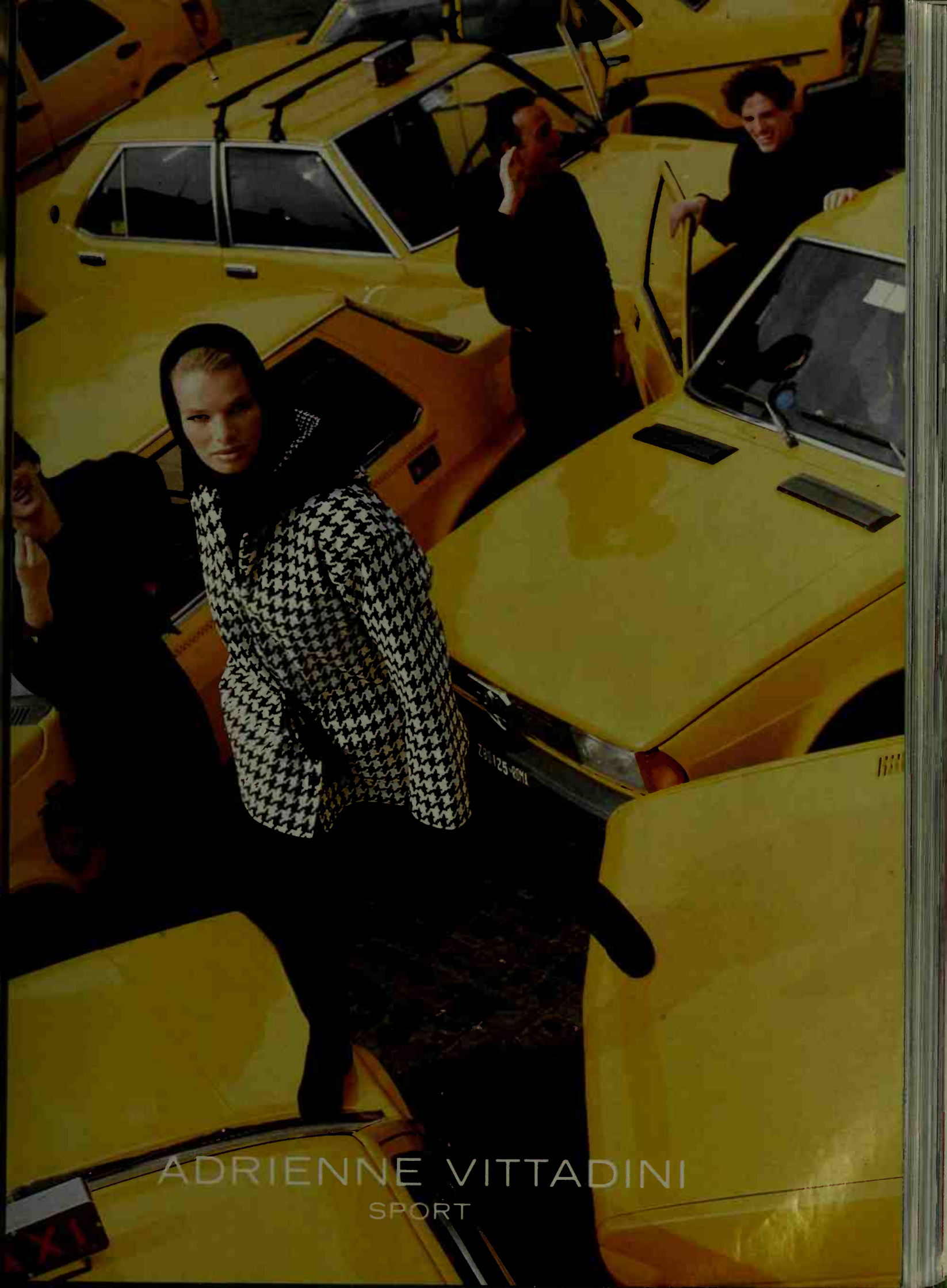
ADRIENNE VITTADINI



MAC italia



ADRIENNE VITTADINI
SCARVES



ADRIENNE VITTADINI
SPORT



ADRIENNE VITTADINI
DRESSES

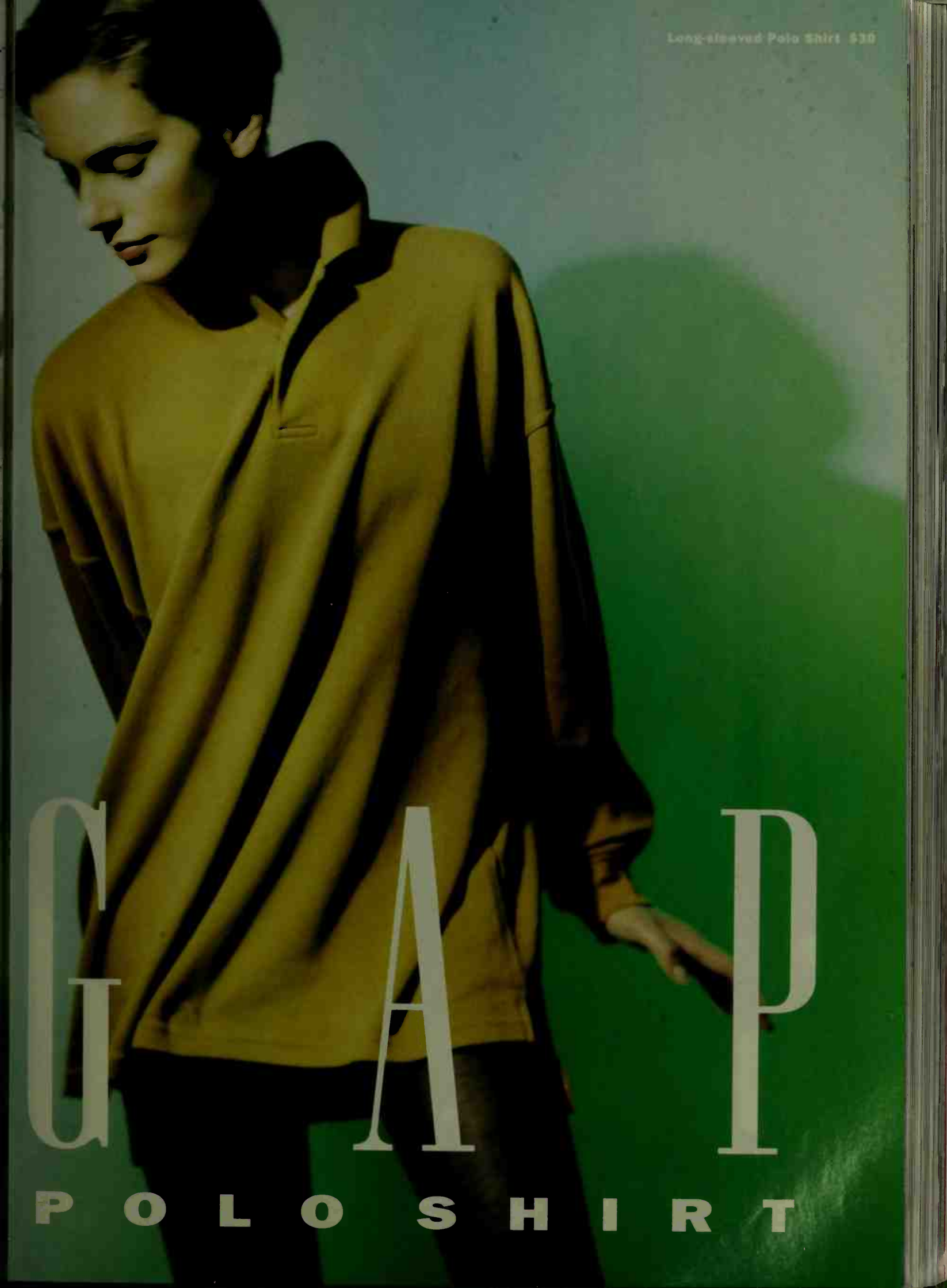


ADRIENNE VITTADINI
FOOTWEAR



ADRIENNE VITTADINI
HANDBAGS

Long-sleeved Polo shirt \$36



GAP

P O L O S H I R T

"JACQUELINE"

IMPO

INTERNATIONAL

INC.

SANTA MARIA

CALIFORNIA

93456

1.800.367.4676



impo

Suede Baseball Jacket \$195

GA
S U E D E

VIEW: joan chen

It seems as if Beene had Chen in mind when he designed this collection (1, 2).

3. Perfect pairing: Chen, who played the charmingly naive empress in *The Last Emperor*, and Beene's "Mandarin princess" dress. Details, last pages.

2



Also like Josie, she leads a dual life. Although she recently became an American citizen, Chen travels freely between the United States and her

homeland. Last spring she completed a miniseries for Chinese TV, "a wartime romance during the Japanese invasion." She was "extremely disheartened" by last summer's events in Tiananmen Square, "but feelings for a country or a culture have nothing to do with government. Luckily I don't have to deal with the government anymore."

Chen left school at fourteen to act but later enrolled in a radio/TV/film program at California State University at Northridge. "I started working too young and I felt a bit empty, especially in a family that's very intellectual." She can't imagine acting forever, but she does want to be in a Woody Allen film. For now it's back to *Twin Peaks*, but after that she doesn't know. "There are so many choices in this country—I get so distracted. Maybe I'll start my own line of furniture." ●



Nylon Bike Bag \$10.50



GAP
B I K E B A G

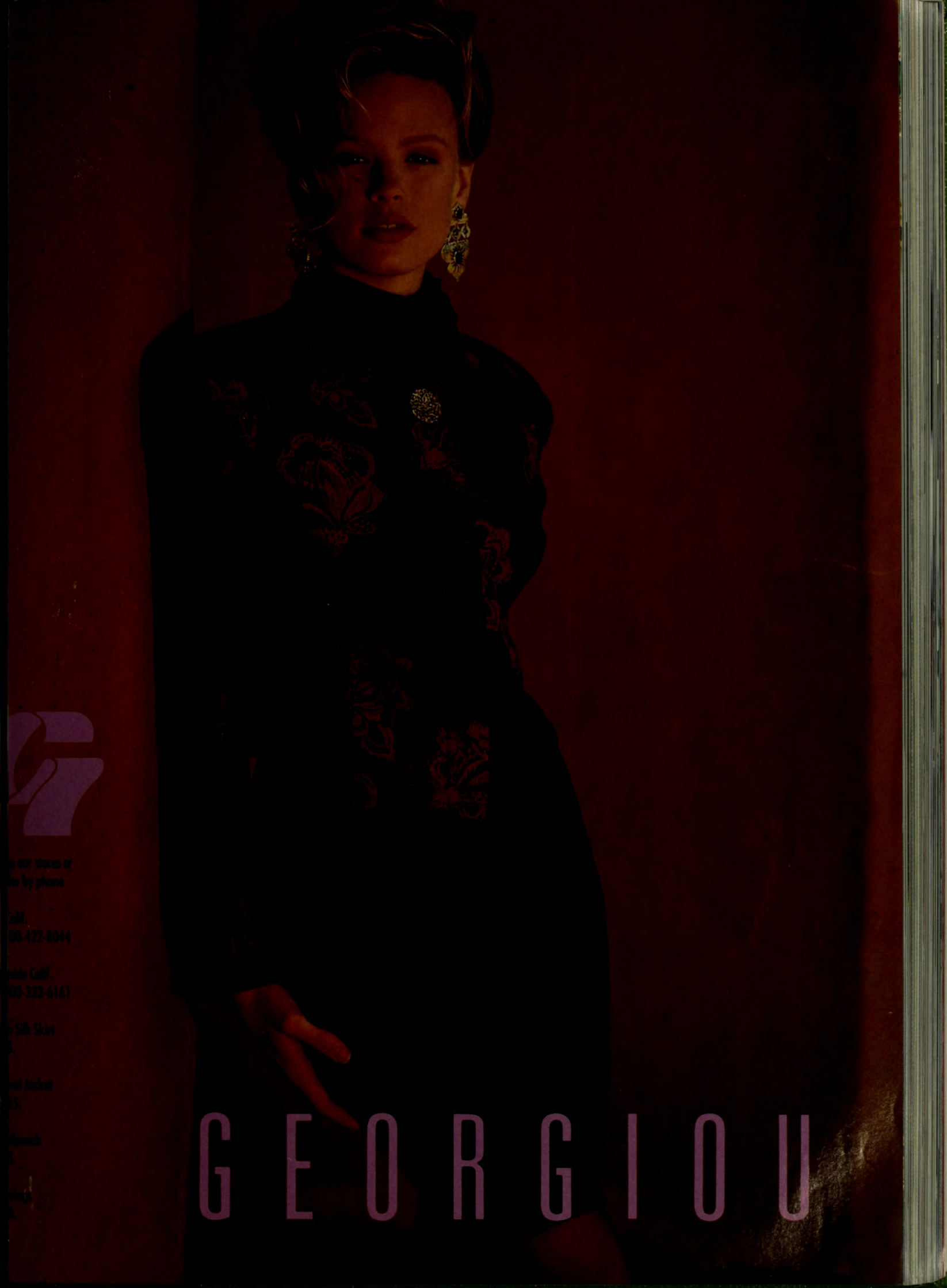
How to pass the test of time.

Over the course of a lifetime, your skin will be put to the test by the harsh realities of nature. That's why there's Ligne Specifique. A facial and body regime created by Fernand Aubry. From the most beautiful city in the world. For the most beautiful women in the world.




fernand aubry[™]
paris

JCPenney
At most large stores



to our stores or
order by phone

Call
800-422-8044

Inside Calif.
800-332-6161

Silk Skirt

Leather Jacket

U.S.

Brand

&

Design

A

G E O R G I O U



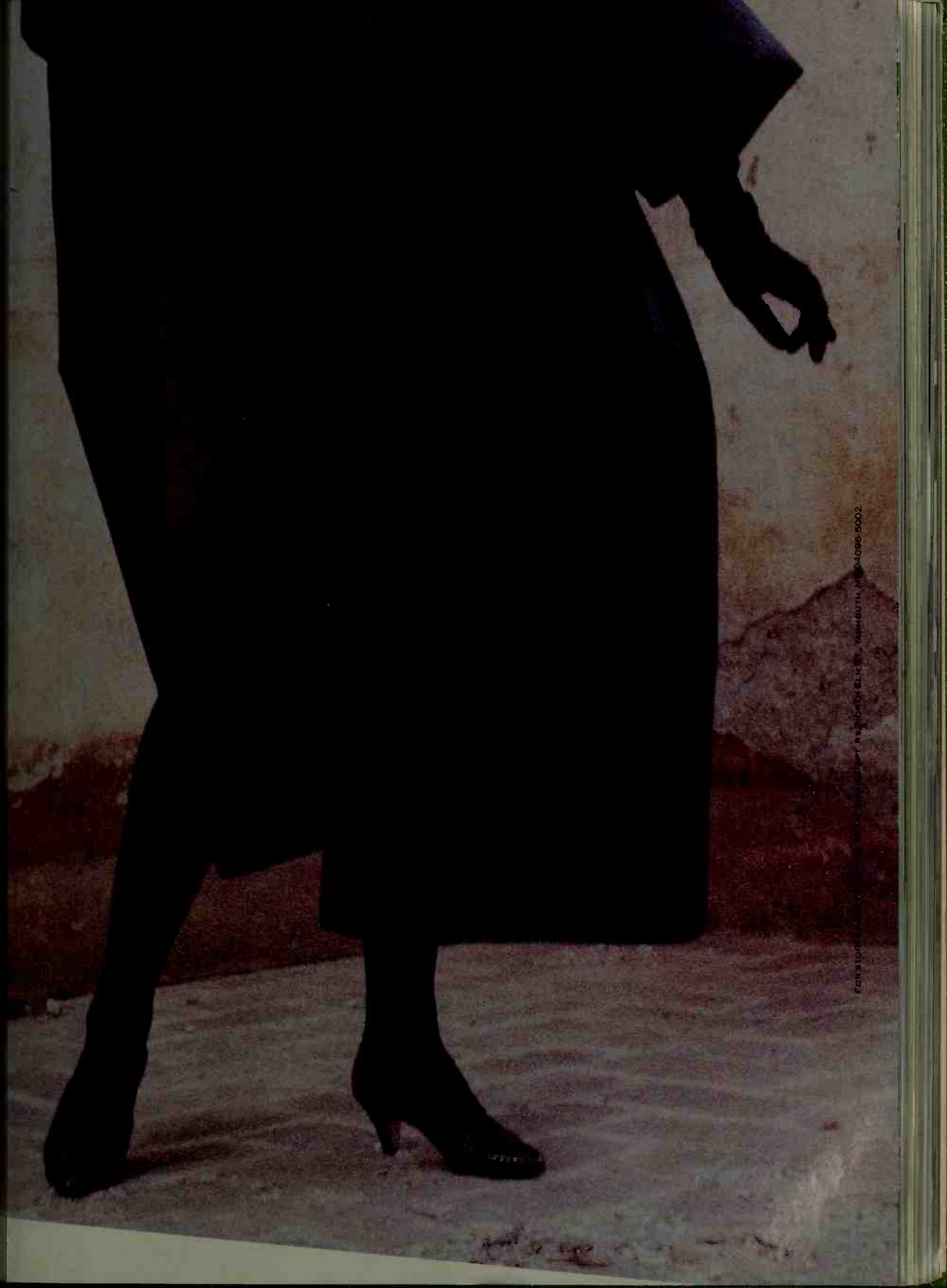
Beauty
Captivates,
But Style
Endures.

COLE · HAAN

WOMEN'S FOOTWEAR

ACCESSORIES FOR MEN

SHOES AND CHILDREN



FOR STORE INFORMATION CONTACT: 1-800-451-1111, DEPT. RB-NORTH ELM ST., YARMOUTH, ME 04096-5002.

FUR REPORT



Transforming the look of fur: the color red. By Geoffrey Beene for Goldin-Feldman. Details, stores, last pages.

fur for all **Drenched with color and worked like fabric, fur is suddenly becoming a major player in the wardrobe**

AS THE LINE BETWEEN READY-TO-WEAR AND FUR BEGINS TO blur, the “serious” mink reefer is being supplanted by short, snappy motorcycle jackets in sheared mink, by parkas and anoraks in muskrat. *Casual* and *sporty* are quickly becoming the new buzzwords used by a generation of inventive young designers, from Carmelo Pomodoro to Rebecca Moses, who are translating their street-inspired looks into fur for the first time. “Status is what got fur in trouble,” explains Karl La-

gerfeld, who started this fur-as-fun revolution when he sent fur as supple—and as well tailored—as fabric down the Fendi runway two years ago. “Houses with only ‘traditional’ furs have trouble today.” Mary Jane Marcasiano, who after a hiatus of four years has begun turning out beaver anoraks and short silk trenches lined in mink, says, “Especially for the thirtysomething generation who’ve never worn anything so unabashedly glamorous, fur is suddenly fun.” ▶ 240

TECHNI

Colors

ings to rave about. The cool colors of precious stones
mbine with the fire of diamonds, set in 14K gold. Choose emeralds
ith diamonds or sapphires with diamonds. \$999 Each

We offer a 100-day money-back guarantee!

Littman
Jewelers Since 1885

Connecticut • Delaware • Florida • Georgia • Maryland • Massachusetts • New Jersey
• New York • North Carolina • Pennsylvania • Virginia

Over 100 fine stores located throughout the United States
Littman and Major Charge Cards Accepted

For the location nearest you call (201) 248-4713

ALBERTA FERRETTI



BOUTIQUE:
Via Montenapoleone, 21/A
Milano

MODA & COMPANY
745 Fifth Avenue, Suite 604
New York, N.Y. 10151
Tel. 212/2233223

FOTO: STEVEN METZ

STYLING: C. GREGORIO, M. MARCONI, T. G. 0041 958 154, 9900 8009, VIA MONTENAPOLIONE 14, MILANO



K E N A R

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
I. MAGNIN
BLOOMINGDALE'S

FASHION JEWELRY COLLECTION © BEN-AMUN 1990 246 WEST 38TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10018



Who wouldn't take note?

BEN-AMUN
BY ISAAC MANEVITZ

Unpredictable Elegance

I. MAGNIN

NEIMAN MARCUS

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



K E N A R 2

DAYTON-HUDSON
MARSHALL FIELD'S
I. MAGNIN
BLOOMINGDALE'S

FUR REPORT



Minks that pass with flying colors, ABOVE: Perry Ellis by Marc Jacobs for Birger Christensen. RIGHT, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: Fabulous for Leonard Gorski; Grosvenor Canada; Giorgio di Sant'Angelo for Robert Sidney Furs. Details, stores, last pages.



color From Arnold Scaasi's peach mink jackets and boleros that could have walked off a Hollywood set to Claude Montana's neon brights borrowed from Warhol paintings, color explodes in fur, just as it does in ready-to-wear. Every hue of the rainbow (and Day-Glo chart) shows up, particularly in mink, which takes to almost any shade without losing its shine. The hands-down favorite turns out to be red—with purple (last seen in the sixties) showing up at every house from Giorgio di Sant'Angelo to Birger Christensen to Bob Mackie. Brights and neons offer another nod to the sixties and a totally new color palette for fur, enticing even the grand-master designers (tangerine at Oscar de la Renta). From the other side of the color chart: rich jewel tones, at Valentino, Sant'Angelo, with bottle green, from Christie Brothers, Valentino, Scaasi, making a play for the classic position black once held.

Designers find customers aren't shy about color, either: women who already own classic furs are choosing colorful fur for a second coat; first-timers are going bold to begin with. ▶ 248

Top left: PATRICK DEMARCHELIER, hair; Sam McKnight for Daniel Galvin at Lo Coupe; makeup, Marie-Josée Lafontaine. Center: CHRISTOPHE JOUANY; hair, Edward Tricomi; makeup, Teresa Pemberton

GIVENCHY

GIVENCHY NOUVELLE BOUTIQUE
AVAILABLE AT

GIVENCHY BOUTIQUE, NEW YORK

BLOOMINGDALE'S

DANIEL FOXX

EUGENIE

HIRSHLEIFER'S

NEIMAN MARCUS

NORDSTROM

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



Andrew Marc

COLUMBUS AVE NYC ■ TO ORDER JACKET OR CATALOGUE CALL 800-252-6373



Spend your days ankle-deep in Keds.

A classic look reaches new heights with these suede boots.
The look is Keds®, the quality is Keds, and, best of all, the feel is Keds.

AVAILABLE AT

bloomingdale's



They Feel Good.™

J.W. ROBINSON
LA CA

JUDY'S
USA

YES
CLOTHING CO.®



EPISODE™

23 FINE STORES LOCATED IN: SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • COSTA MESA • SAN DIEGO • NEW YORK
SHORT HILLS, NEW JERSEY • DALLAS • HOUSTON • NEW ORLEANS • ATLANTA • MIAMI • BOCA RATON • CHICAGO • BOSTON
WASHINGTON, DC • COLUMBUS, OHIO • TROY, MICHIGAN • NEW YORK SHOWROOM (212) 768-7566

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR A FREE COPY OF OUR SEASONAL BROCHURE, CALL 1-800-782-7507



Bring out your finest silver.

Nexxus Simply Silver Shampoo is formulated to make silver, gray and white hair absolutely glisten.

Just one use and you'll see the difference.

The gentle botanicals in Simply Silver cleanse and

moisturize your hair adding shine and lustre, enhancing your natural color.

Your silver hair will sparkle every day with Simply Silver Shampoo.

Available only at hair-styling salons.



NEXXUS

Where you go for beautiful hair.

all 1-800-444-NEXXUS (444-6399) for a full-line Nexxus salon near you.

FUR REPORT

Fur that looks like everything but fur. **LEFT:** "Corduroy" mink by Donna Karan for Birger Christensen. **BELOW:** Plaid sheared beaver from Scaasi for Mohl Furs. **RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM:** Fendi's Persian lamb lapels; sheared mink, Perry Ellis by Marc Jacobs for Birger Christensen. Details, stores, last pages.

Fur as fabric Even jaded fashion watchers are straining to tell the difference between fur and fabric as designers quilt, stencil, and bead everything from mink to raccoon. The most successful ideas? Sheared mink—in amazingly light weights and textured like velvet (at Anastasi) or corduroy (at Donna Karan). Other trompe l'oeil effects: sheared beaver that looks like wool plaid and beaver that resembles cloth decorated with swirls. The most sophisticated looks: those by Karl Lagerfeld for Fendi; he works Persian lamb so well it resembles delicately crocheted chenille. ▶ 262





Endowed with the power to defy time.

Like an ancient hieroglyph, the Noblia Sapphire reduces time to its barest, most beautiful symbols. Gilded hands. A circle of black. Futuristic design touched with the age-old spirit of exquisite craftsmanship. The waferthin movement, is quartz accurate,

and is encased in a sleek water-resistant black surface harder to achieve than gold. Even the war-

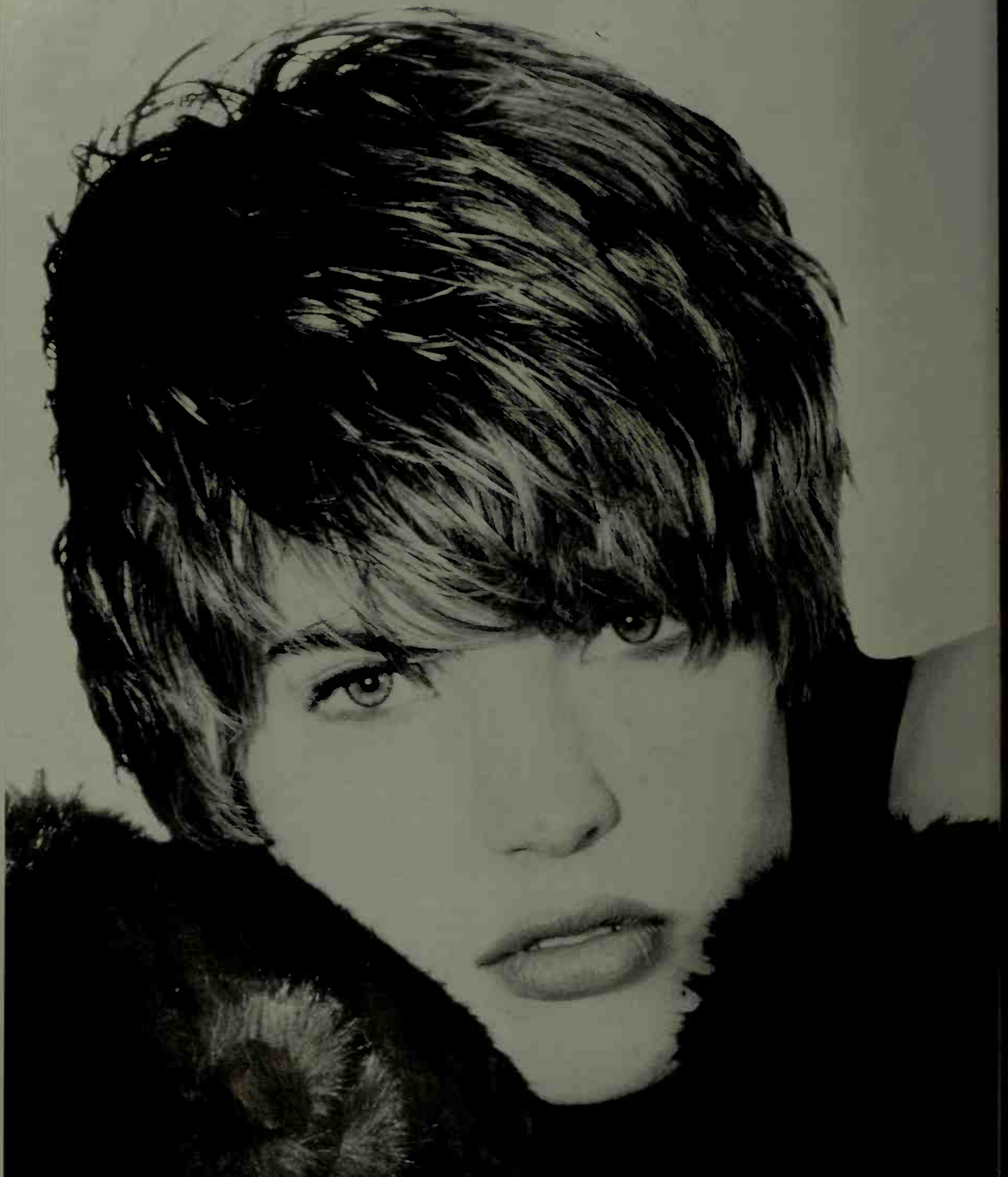
ranty extends to the year 2001, giving the Noblia Sapphire Collection a magical power to remain forever ageless.




NOBLIA[®]
SAPPHIRE
COLLECTION

MARSHALL FIELD'S

Jean Louis Davio[®]

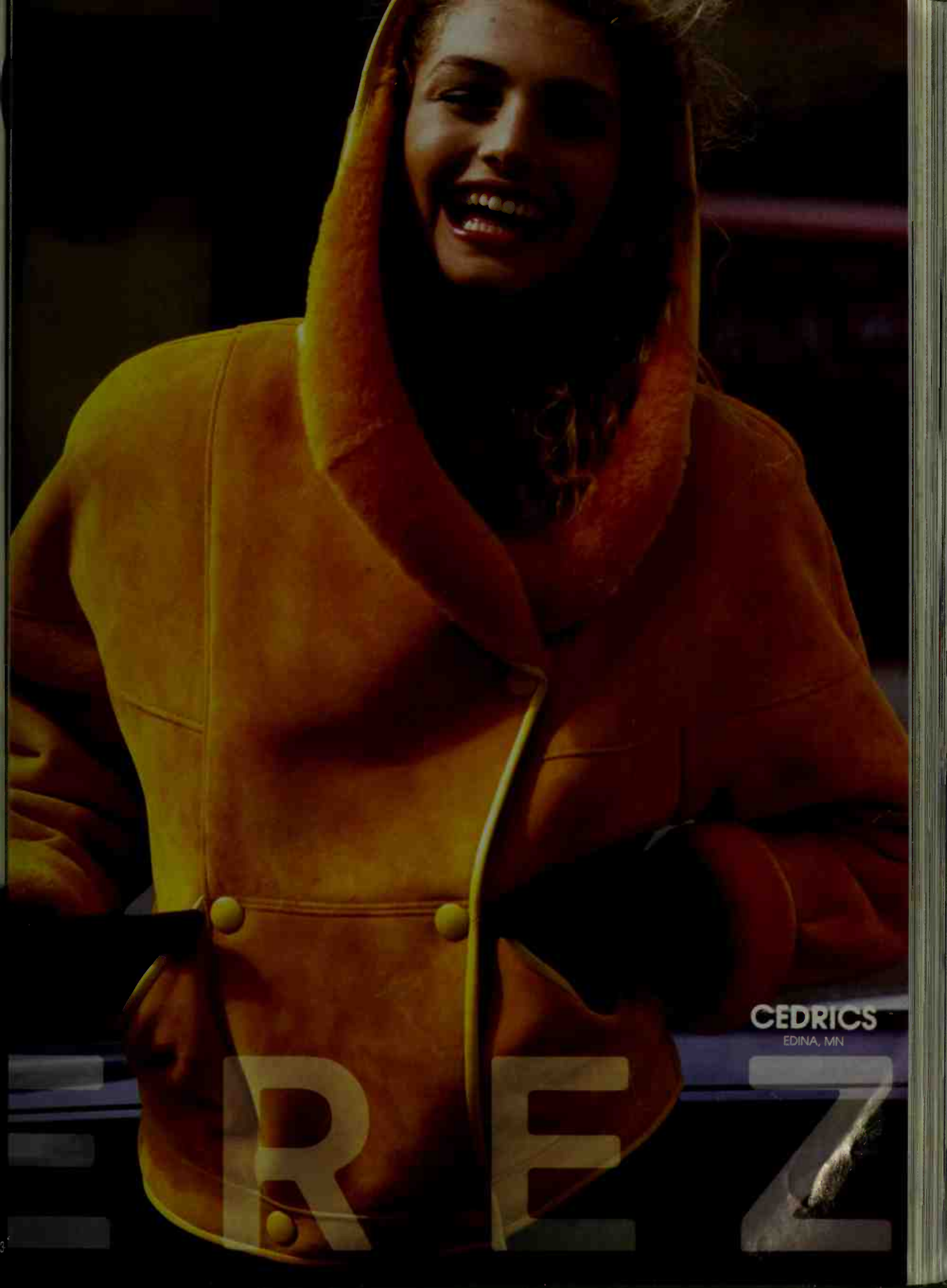


• 367 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, NY 10007

• 1385 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, NY 10018

• 303 PARK AVENUE SOUTH
NEW YORK, NY 10101

• QUEENS SHOPPING CENTER
90-15 QUEENS BLVD.
ELM HURST, NEW YORK, NY 11373



CEDRICS
EDINA, MN

PREZZ



SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

ERREZZ



APROPOS II
SANTA ANA, CA

AUER'S
DENVER, CO

CACHET FASHIONS OF CARMEL
CARMEL, CA

CHANTILLY PLACE
RIVERSIDE, CA

DeMILLE'S
SACRAMENTO, CA

HELEN'S OF COURSE
BEAVERTON, OR

JOE BRAND
LAREDO/McALLEN, TX

MARGO
NEWHALL, CA

TANCREEDS
MEDIA, PA

FERRERZ

525 7th Avenue, 12th Floor, New York, NY 10018. (212) 869-2980

BONWIT TEL

BINNS FASHION S
WILLIAMSBURG, V

CIRQUE
DEL MAR, CA

EFREM
LONG ISLAND, N

JUST LOOKING
LAGUNA BEACH, C

NORA'S
DENVER, CO

SCOTT GREGO
SOUTHFIELD/DEARBOR

THE ICING

TOP DRAWER
FORT MYERS, FL

VILLAGE SET
SKOKIE, IL



L I C K - I N

S E L E C T O R I



The ingenious lift-up, slide-out **Selector I** puts a drawerful of makeup in your hand. Click into endless combinations for lips, eyes, cheeks and flawless skin.

Allergy-tested, Dermatologist-tested, Fragrance-free.

Intelligent Skincare

COSMETICS, INC.

n o r d s t r o m

SELECTED STORES IN CALIFORNIA

M I C H A E L K O

R S

B E R G D O R F G O O D M A



FUR REPORT

linings and shells As Coco Chanel once said, "Real luxury is hidden, as in the precious lining of a coat," and today it holds true more than ever. Reversible fur coats lined with silk and velvet are as

good-looking on the inside as they are on the outside, offering the practicality of two-for-one with great style. Some are even waterproof: paisley silk lines nutria at Basile; silk faille lines mink at Valentino.

Not since 1962 has the shell—a loose-fitting sheath that slips over fur—looked so good (remember Doris Day in *That Touch of Mink?*): it's the perfect way to "change" mink coats by adding color and texture. The standouts: Carolyne Roehm's iridescent silk shell over gray mink and Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's sapphire organza over blue sheared mink. ▶ 274



The fabric mix is what matters, **CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE:** Silk gazar jacket with dyed fox trim, Perry Ellis by Marc Jacobs for Birger Christensen; mink-trimmed silk at Christian Lacroix Luxe; from Fendi, kolinsky coat with scarf of printed taffeta and velvet trimmed in kolinsky; sheared mink-lined foulard jacket with fox trim, Perry Ellis by Marc Jacobs for Birger Christensen. Details, stores, last pages.



MaxMara



Max Mara



MaxMara

Not for wallflowers,

not for fainthearts,

not for shrinking violets,



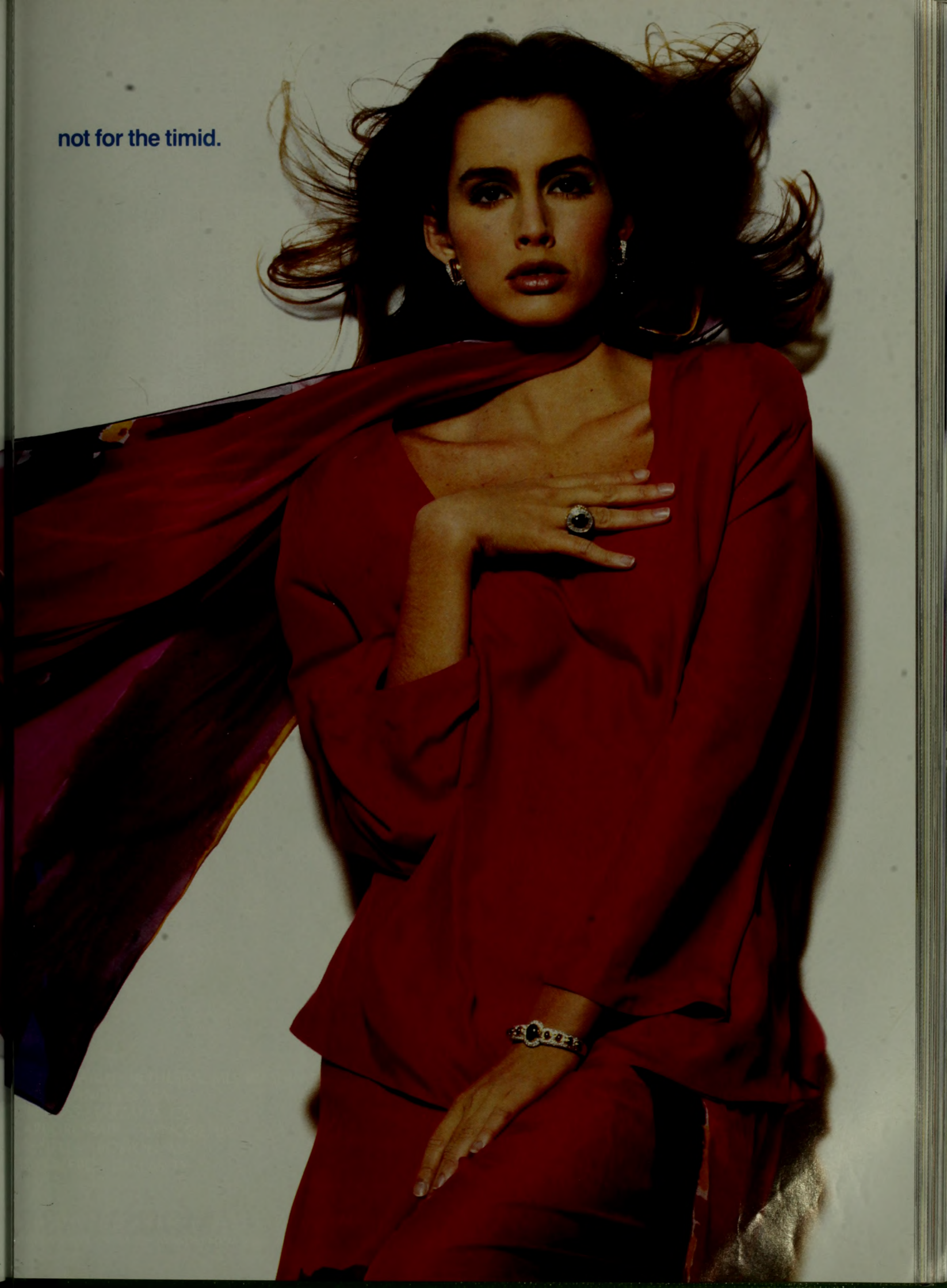
gene ewing

C O L L E C T I O N

Neiman Marcus

For further information call
1 (800) 458-4363

not for the timid.



THE FINE ART OF THE EVENING

CAPTURED IN LUXURIOUS FORM,

DETAILED FOR DRAMA



LOUIS DELL'OLIO FOR
A N N E K L E I N



AN EXQUISITE

COMPOSITION

DEFINED BY THE

RICH METALLIC

TEXTURE OF

THE JACKET


PERFECTLY POISED

OVER

WOOL CREPE

SLIM PANT

FAMOUS • BARR
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI



LAIRE DRATCH - BETHESDA, MD, WASHINGTON, DC
E - LOS ANGELES, CA
ON ROSS - TARZANA, CA
CARBORO FAIR - GLENCOE, IL
RENELLA - BOSTON, MA
HE GAZEBO - DALLAS, TX

ENNY MODA SPA - S.S. ADRIATICA 16 - ANCONA - TEL. (071) 8717
ENNY USA INC. - 650 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK - NY - TEL. (212) 2454860

GENNY



Martama

DAYTON'S OVAL ROOM MINNEAPOLIS, ONE CLUB PITTSBURGH, PA.

PRODUCED AND EDITED BY
GRUPPO



Mothers Work®

DRESSES FOR SUCCESS



Photographed by Tom Muro, N.Y.

MATERNITY

Executive suits, elegant dresses, contemporary sportswear, and evening dresses too! For a great image during and after pregnancy. Catalog with swatches and fit guide \$3, refundable with order. Visit our stores in: Atlanta, Arlington Hts., IL, Baltimore, Boston, Charlotte, NC, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Fair Oaks Mall, VA, Ft. Lauderdale, Harrisburg, PA, Hartford, CT, Houston, King of Prussia, PA, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Memphis, TN, New Orleans, New York, Orange County, CA, Palo Alto, CA, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Princeton, N.J., Rochester, MN, San Francisco, Stamford, CT, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. Telephone 215-625-0151. 1309 Noble Street, 5th Floor, Dept. V001, Phila., PA. 19123.

Just For You
PETITE
Fashion

FOOTWEAR

Sizes 1½ to 5

One hundred styles to choose from



Send for **FREE**
 32 page catalog:
 Dept. VF-90
 P.O. Box 7110
 Canoga Park, CA 91304

(818) 709-1133

SHOE SIZE: _____
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FUR REPORT

in country Parkas, duffles, and bomber jackets prove that fur looks best—younger and less staid—when it's cut into sports-wear shapes. What's moved out in front: the drawstring-waist parka. The practical cut, the urban fabrication make it the natural replacement for last year's ubiquitous shearling. One of the best (and most rugged): Carmelo Pomodoro's muskrat-lined poplin anorak to wear over anything, day or night. Of course, many designers are pushing the look still farther away from its field-and-stream origins: Basile, turning it out in black quilted velvet trimmed with black fox, and Oscar de la Renta, choosing bronze taf-



Park Avenue parkas, **CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE:** Muskrat-lined cotton poplin by Carmelo Pomodoro for Revillon; natural Russian sable-trimmed silk satin by Rebecca Moses for Revillon; raccoon-hooded by Basile for Goldin-Feldman. Details, stores, last pages.

feta that reverses to claret-dyed sheared mink. Even traditionalists like Christie Brothers are joining the parka pack—doing it up in champagne mink with a silk-cord drawstring.

For fans of the duffle: it's gaining universal ground—in mink—at Perry Ellis, Calvin Klein, Birger Christensen, Scaasi, Louis Dell'Olio, Valentino.

▶ 283

nce I decide
go with something,
re's no turning back."
AUREL.
e Smart Decision.

KITTY B
Beverly Hills, CA

▲
aurel

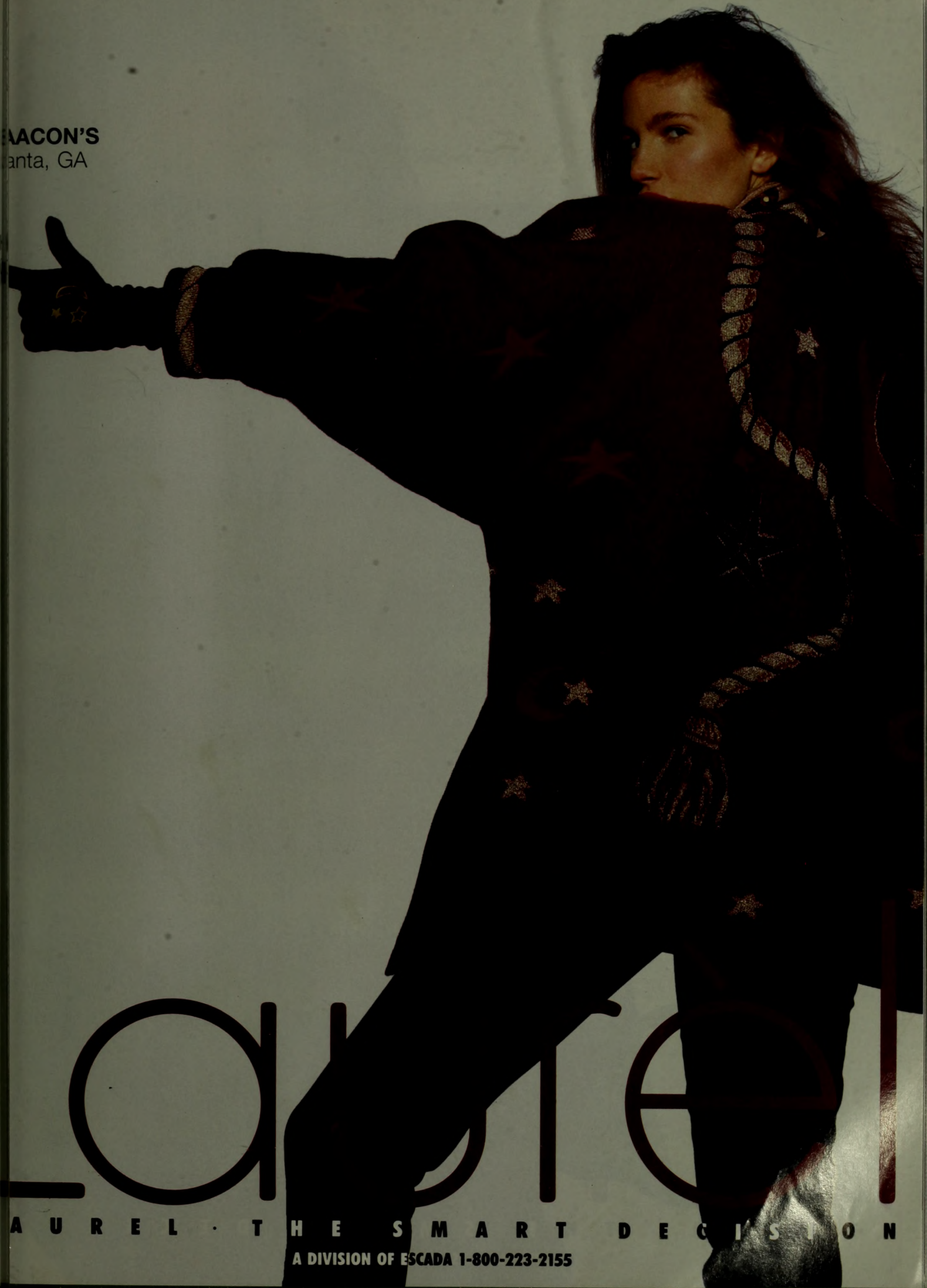
A U R E L . T H E S M A R T D E C I S I O N

A DIVISION OF ESCADA 1-800-223-2155



GORSUCH
Vail, CC

MACON'S
anta, GA



LOAN

A U R E L . T H E S M A R T D E C I S I O N

A DIVISION OF ESCADA 1-800-223-2155



DANIEL FOXX
Palm Desert, CA

LAUREL BOUTIQUES

Cleveland
Boca Raton
Ft. Lauderdale
Short Hills
Houston
Columbus
Minneapolis
Pittsburgh
Chestnut Hill
San Francisco
Ontario
Quebec
British Columbia

OPENING 1991:
Scottsdale

LAUREL

LAUREL · THE SMART DECISION

A DIVISION OF ESCADA 1-800-223-2155

Sometimes there's only one way to do things...



HANDCRAFTED
HCL
LEATHERGOODS

nordstrom

Nord & Taylor

Christian Dior



GREY

Bergdorf Goodman, Grace Jones, I. Magnin, Marshall Field's, Panache,
Saks Jandel, Saks Fifth Avenue

Christian Dior



Collection Prêt-à-Porter et Accessoires Boutique Automne-Hiver 99-01
Christian Dior Boutiques: Beverly Hills, Honolulu, New York



THE SYMBOL OF
YOUR STYLE.



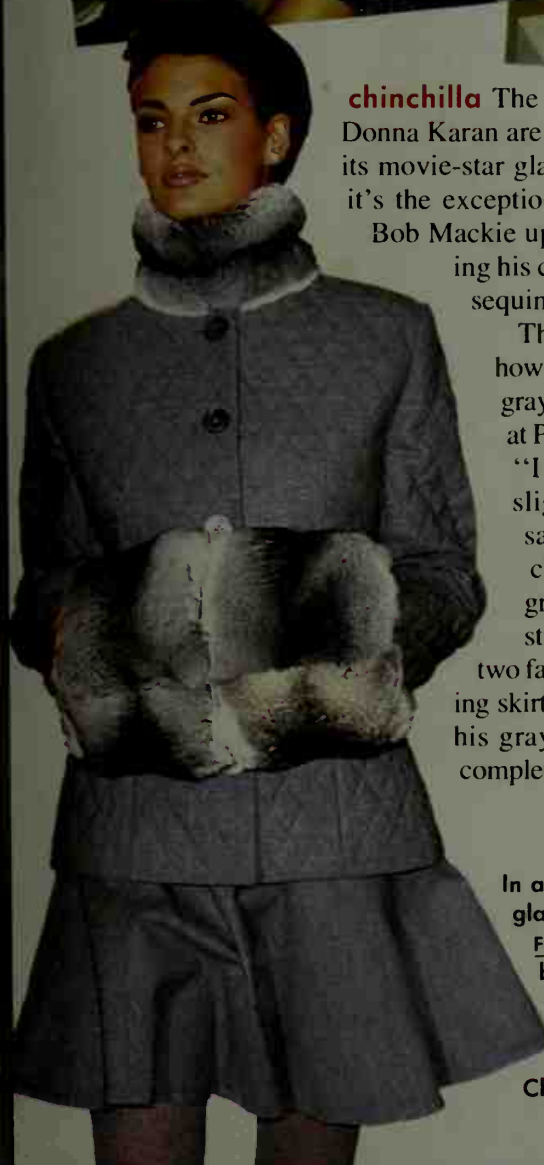
MASTERWORKS FOR WOMEN WHO WORK

AVAILABLE AT
I. MAGNIN

By *Paloma Picasso*[®]
FOR LOPEZ CAMBIL LTD

AVAILABLE AT
SAKS FIFTH AV

FUR REPORT



chinchilla The sunglasses on the models at Donna Karan are the indicator: chinchilla—and its movie-star glamour—has never gone away; it's the exception that proves the sporty rule.

Bob Mackie ups the luxury quotient by pairing his cropped chinchilla jackets with sequined dresses.

The most winning combination, however, is chinchilla mixed with gray flannel—the way it turned up at Perry Ellis and Claude Montana. "I wanted to give the fur a modern, slightly aggressive approach," says Montana, who shows chinchilla over studded and ribbed gray flannel suits. In a masterful stroke, Marc Jacobs combines the two fabrics in a jacket and adds a skating skirt. Or the luxury may be hidden: his gray flannel wrap jacket is lined completely in chinchilla.

—PAGE HILL STARZINGER
AND LAURIE DRAKE

In a season of sporty furs, the one glamorous note: chinchilla. **CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT:** collar and muff, Perry Ellis by Marc Jacobs for Birger Christensen; short jacket by Bob Mackie for HBA; blanket coat, Donna Karan for Birger Christensen. Details, stores, last pages.

See selections from the designers on the following pages, as well as other exciting fall fashions, at these fine stores:

ALABAMA
PAPPAGALLO Tuscaloosa

ARIZONA
ROCHELLE K Tucson

CALIFORNIA
ANDREA'S FASHION Los Angeles
CLASS ATELIER Santa Monica
LE BEAU MONDE Corte Madera

COLORADO
OXBOW OUTFITTING COMPANY
Aspen

CONNECTICUT
L'ARMOIRE New Canaan

GEORGIA
POPPY'S Atlanta
SNOOTY HOOTY Atlanta

ILLINOIS
VILLAGE SET Highland Park

LOUISIANA
RFD Baton Rouge

MASSACHUSETTS
MARTHA & MASON Chatham

MICHIGAN
MARK KELLER Birmingham

MISSISSIPPI
PAPPAGALLO Jackson

NEW JERSEY
BOUCHE Red Bank
FLORENCE BARUFKIN Cherry Hill
HAMRAH'S Cresskill
HARTLY Westwood

NEW YORK
JANET FURS Great Neck
RARE NECESSITIES LTD. Manhasset
STEVEN E. Merrick, Great Neck
TALLULAH Woodbury
YASO New York

PENNSYLVANIA
e. b. PEPPER Pittsburgh
PUBLIC IMAGE Lafayette Hill

TEXAS
ACCENTÉ Houston, Dallas
LOU LATTIMORE Dallas
MS. Houston

UTAH
CHALK GARDEN Salt Lake City

LYN KOHLS

N E W Y O R K

ANDREA'S FASHION
Los Angeles, CA

FLORENCE BARUFKIN
Cherry Hill, NJ

HARTLY
Westwood, NJ

L'ARMOIRE
New Canaan, CT

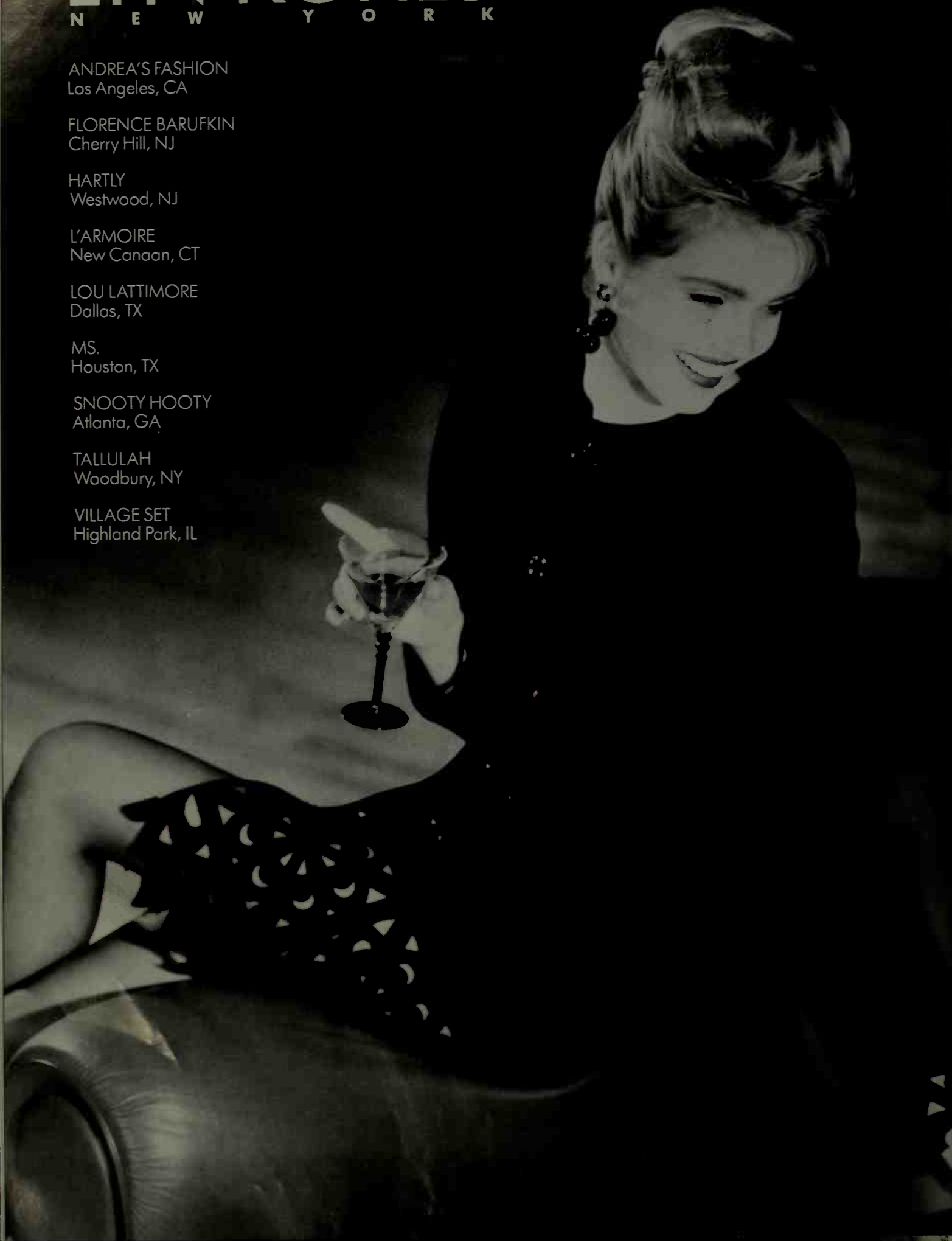
LOU LATTIMORE
Dallas, TX

MS.
Houston, TX

SNOOTY HOOTY
Atlanta, GA

TALLULAH
Woodbury, NY

VILLAGE SET
Highland Park, IL





CHALK GARDEN
Salt Lake City, UT

CLASS ATELIER
Santa Monica, CA

LE BEAU MONDE
Corte Madera, CA

RARE NECESSITIES LTD.
Manhasset, NY



**MARK
EISEN**

We are the Trustees of the future.

MICHAELS SIMON

ACCENTÉ
Houston, Dallas, TX

BOUCHE
Red Bank, NJ

e. b. PEPPER
Pittsburgh, PA

HAMRAH'S
Cresskill, NJ

MARK KELLER
Birmingham, MI

MARTHA & MASON
Chatham, MA

PAPPAGALLO
Tuscaloosa, AL & Jackson, MS

POPPY'S
Atlanta, GA

RFD
Baton Rouge, LA

ROCHELLE K
Tucson, AZ

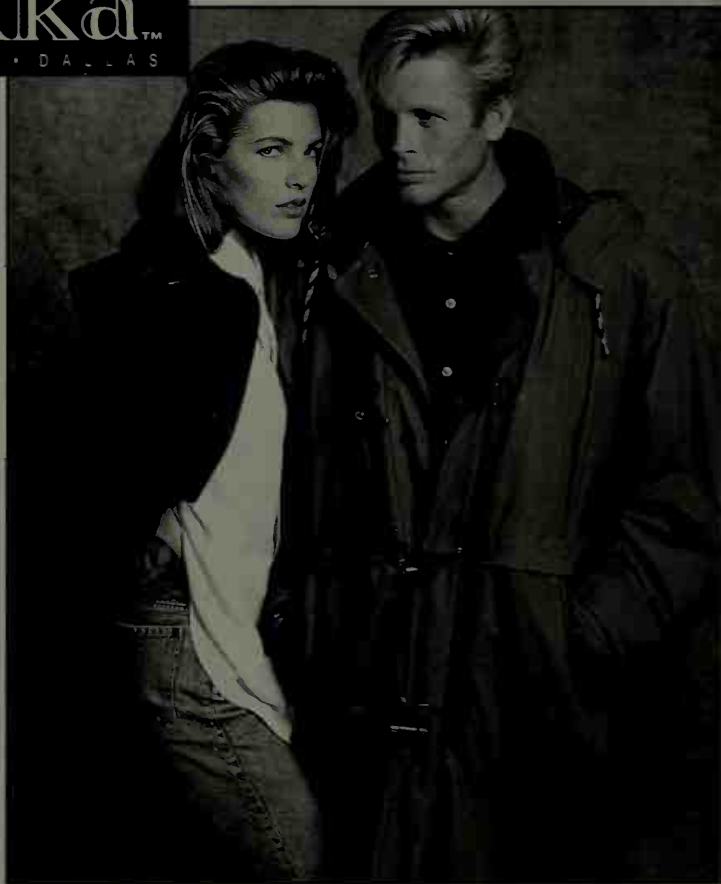
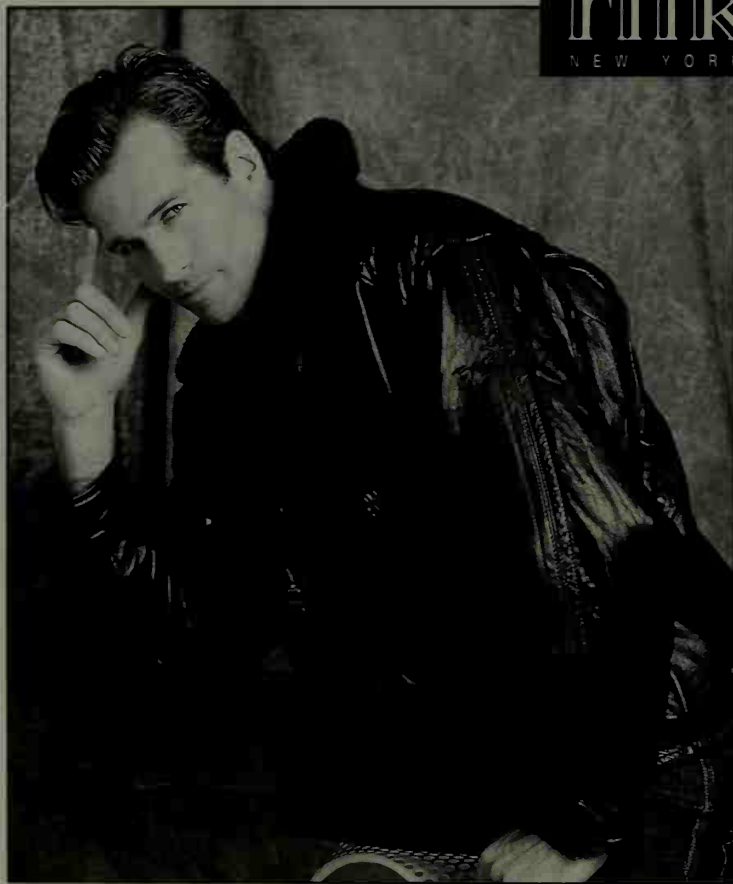
STEVEN E.
Merrick & Great Neck

YASO
New York, NY





riikka™
NEW YORK • DALLAS




Designed and handcrafted in Finland, riikka men's and women's leather outerwear sets new standards in fashion and workmanship.

FRED SEGAL MELROSE
W. Hollywood, CA

JANET FURS
Great Neck, NY

OXBOW OUTFITTING COMPANY
Aspen, CO

PUBLIC IMAGE
Lafayette Hill, PA



SUSAN **BENNETT** SVAARREN **EDWARDS**

FROM THE WOMEN'S COLLECTION
"TALL STORIES" AND "RETRACTION II."

AVAILABLE ONLY AT
22 WEST 57TH STREET, NYC 10019
1-800-634-9884 N.Y. STATE 212-755-4197

FALL/WINTER CATALOG FOR WOMEN
AND MEN, FIVE DOLLARS.

ELEMENTS

Editor: Candy Pratts Price

Designers have become color courageous, venturing into accessories with **Op Art** color schemes that really mix it up



1



2



3

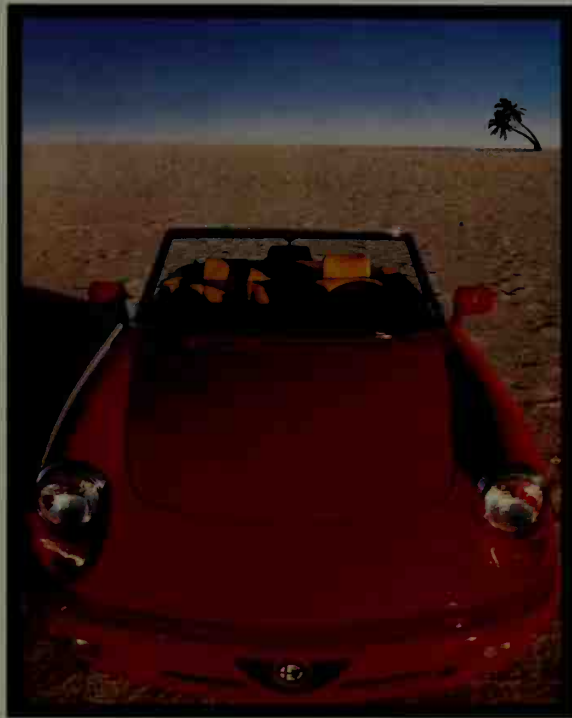


Color-blocked accessories to wear with black—or to wear tone-on-tone. 1. The stained-glass effect. Hat, Stephen Jones. Daniel Storto gloves. 2. Eric Javits's patchwork hat. Belt by Yves Saint Laurent Collection. Anya Hindmarch bag.

5



3. The colors Mom said never to mix. Here, Christian Lacroix carries it off. 4. Over the knee and covered with color—suede boots by Mario Valentino. 5. A bright forecast for fall: slingback sandals by Mario Valentino. Details, last pages.



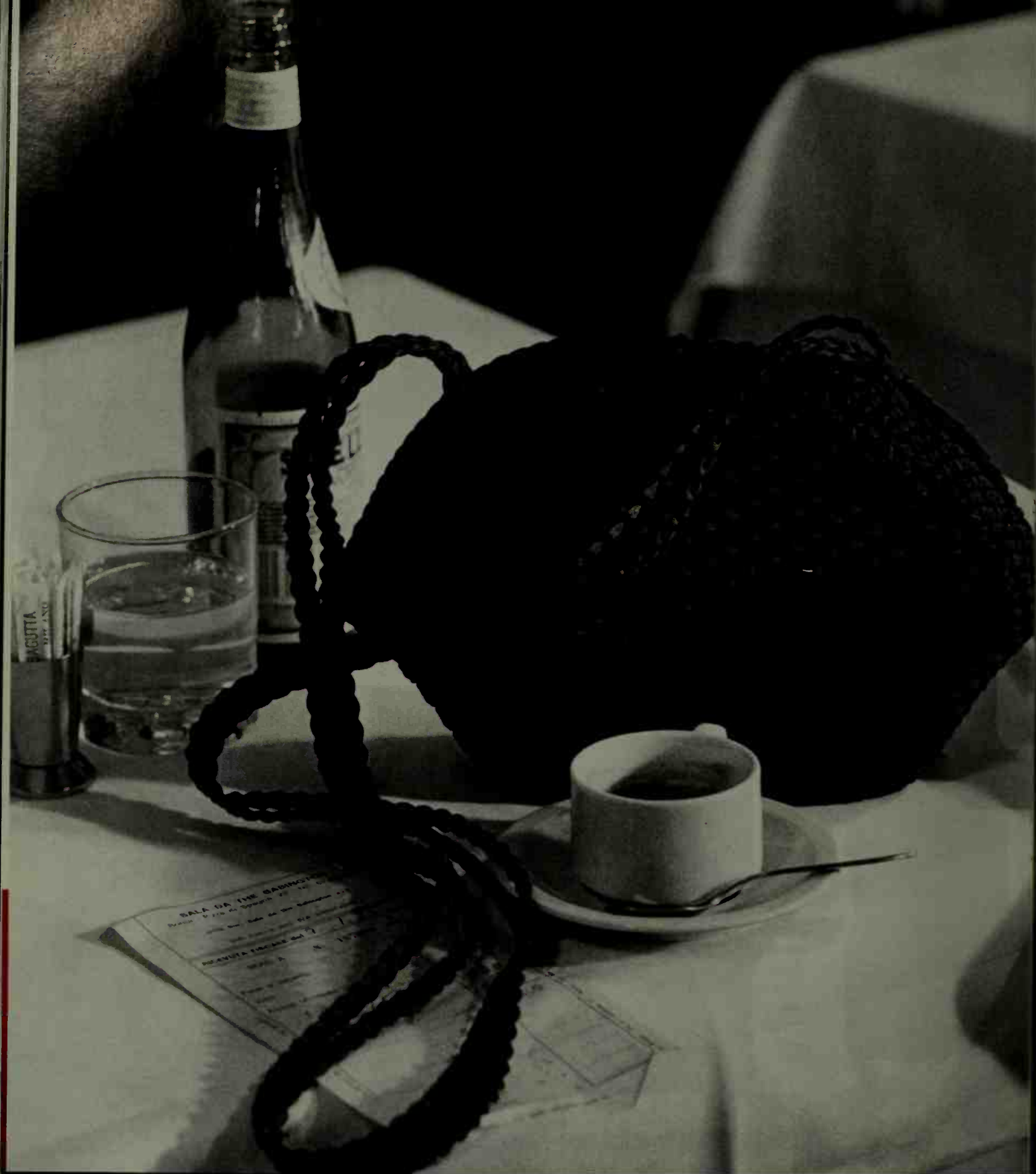
DO YOU REALLY NEED TO KNOW ANYTHING MORE?
THE 1991 ALFA ROMEO SPIDER.

1-800-245-ALFA

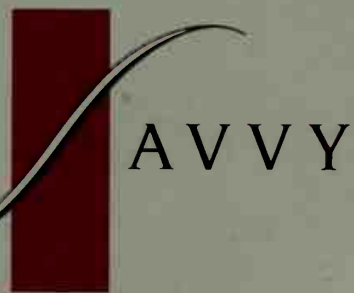


The legendary marque of high performance.

© 1990 Alfa Romeo Distributors of North America.




DE
VECCH
BY HAMILTON HODG
NEIMAN MARCU



ski Jewelry U.S. Limited.
on Rhode Island. 02920. U.S.A. 800-624-0971

Available at Macy's/Bullock's and other fine department and specialty stores.

IN THIS HARD, HARD WORLD
FILLED WITH HARD-NOSED BOSSES,
HARD-SELL SALESMEN,
HARD-BALL POLITICS,
HARD-HEADED CO-WORKERS
AND HARD-HEARTED LOVERS,
THE LEAST YOU DESERVE
IS A PAIR OF SOFT SHOES.



N A T U R A L I Z E R .

THE SOFT SHOE COLLECTION HAS EXTRA SOFT LEATHER, EXTRA FLEXIBLE SOLES AND EXTRA PADDED INSOLES.
SO THE ONLY THING HARD ABOUT SOFT SHOES IS FACING A DAY WITHOUT THEM.

SHOES THAT DON'T CRAMP YOUR STYLE.

If you have questions about the Naturalizer line, call the Naturalizer Line: 1-800-766-6465.



WHAT IS FASHION?

ASK 10 PEOPLE. GET 10 DIFFERENT ANSWERS.

BECAUSE FASHION IS PERSONAL. VERY.

ONLY YOU BRING A LOOK TO LIFE.

YOU PUT IT TOGETHER. AND MAKE IT WORK.

WE KNOW THAT.

AND WE'VE GOT WHAT YOU NEED

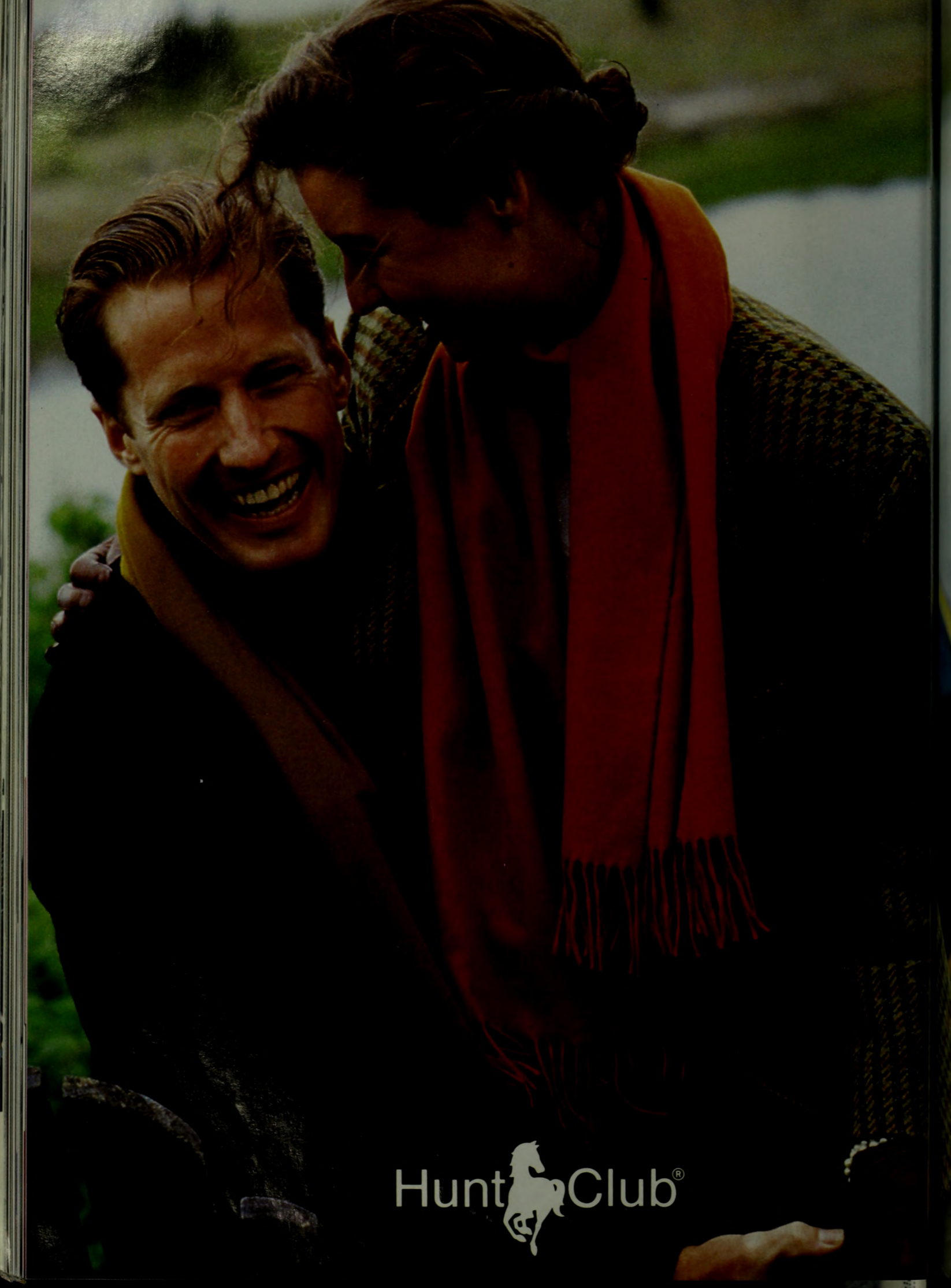
TO DO IT WITH.

THE CLASSICS. THE UNEXPECTED.

THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

SEE FOR YOURSELF.

JCPenney
Fashion comes to life



Hunt  Club®



Fashion comes to life
IN PATTERNS

CLASSIC AMERICAN PATTERNS,
FULL OF COLOR AND TEXTURE
CREATE A COMFORTABLE, QUIET
ATTITUDE FOR FALL.

JCPenney



A woman with long, wavy brown hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark-colored sweater with a complex, multi-colored geometric pattern in white, brown, and gold. She is looking off to the side with a thoughtful expression. The background is softly blurred, showing what appears to be a window with a yellow frame.

Fashion comes to life
IN WOOL

DISCOVER THE RICHNESS AND TEXTURE
OF THE NEW BOILED WOOLS. THEY'RE
THICK, NUBBY AND DRENCHED IN COLOR.

Hunt  Club®

Fashion comes to life
IN SILK

THE BIG NEWS IS TEXTURE. AND
SEPARATES IN THE NEW SUEDED SILK
BRING A LUXURIOUS, SOFTER FEEL
TO THE LIGHT OF DAY.

JCPenney

Jacqueline Ferrar™



Fashion comes to life
IN SUEDE

SLIP INTO YOUR SECOND SKIN—SOFT,
SUPPLE SUEDE FASHIONS IN THE RICH HUES
OF AUTUMN. PERFECT!

Fashion comes to life
IN LEATHER

SOPHISTICATED OR DARING,
YOU MAKE THE CHOICE. IT'S WHAT YOU
WEAR WITH LEATHER THAT MAKES IT
RIGHT FOR DAY OR NIGHT.

JCPenney

jacqueline ferrar™



Fashion comes to life
IN ACCESSORIES

OVERSIZED STONES MATCHED WITH
UNEXPECTED METALS CREATE
THE NOUVEAU ETHNIC LOOK.
AN ELEGANT "MUST" FOR FALL.

Jacqueline Ferrar™

JCPenney Fashion comes to life

Available at most large JCPenney stores. Prices higher in Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico. © 1990, JCPenney Co., Inc.



ROB VAN PATTEN

ALPINA
USA
Exclusive Eyewear



SUN SHADE
OPTIQUE

EYEWORLD

BEAUTY CLIPS

By Shirley Lord



Soviet scent

From Russia with more hope than love comes a unique collection of seven fragrances, available only at Barneys New York. All totally natural blendings, the two shown here are *Krasnaja Moskva* (Red Moscow) and *Ogni Moskv*y (Night Lights of Moscow), \$90 each.

Having it all

To cut or not to cut is a question hairdressers around the country have been answering for the past year. Now Minardi Minardi Image Makers, NYC, has come up with a solution for the undecided: the "double design line," **RIGHT**, in which the underlayer of hair is cut short all around the hairline—front, sides, and nape—giving the illusion of short hair when the top layers are pulled into a topknot or chignon.



Her name isn't even on the label, yet model Claudia Schiffer drew a crowd of 2,500 people when she arrived at New York's Macy's to promote the new Guess? scent. It was the best-attended launch since 1988, when Cher attracted 5,000 people—about the same number that turned out a year earlier to meet Elizabeth Taylor for *Passion*.

hair "chef"

Cooking up a storm with a delicious array of fruits, flowers, and herbs is Mauro Spino, an Italian-born hairdresser who studied in England and now practices his own brand of aromatherapy for the hair in his new Los Angeles salon. His herbal massage is very relaxing (**RIGHT**, model Tatjana

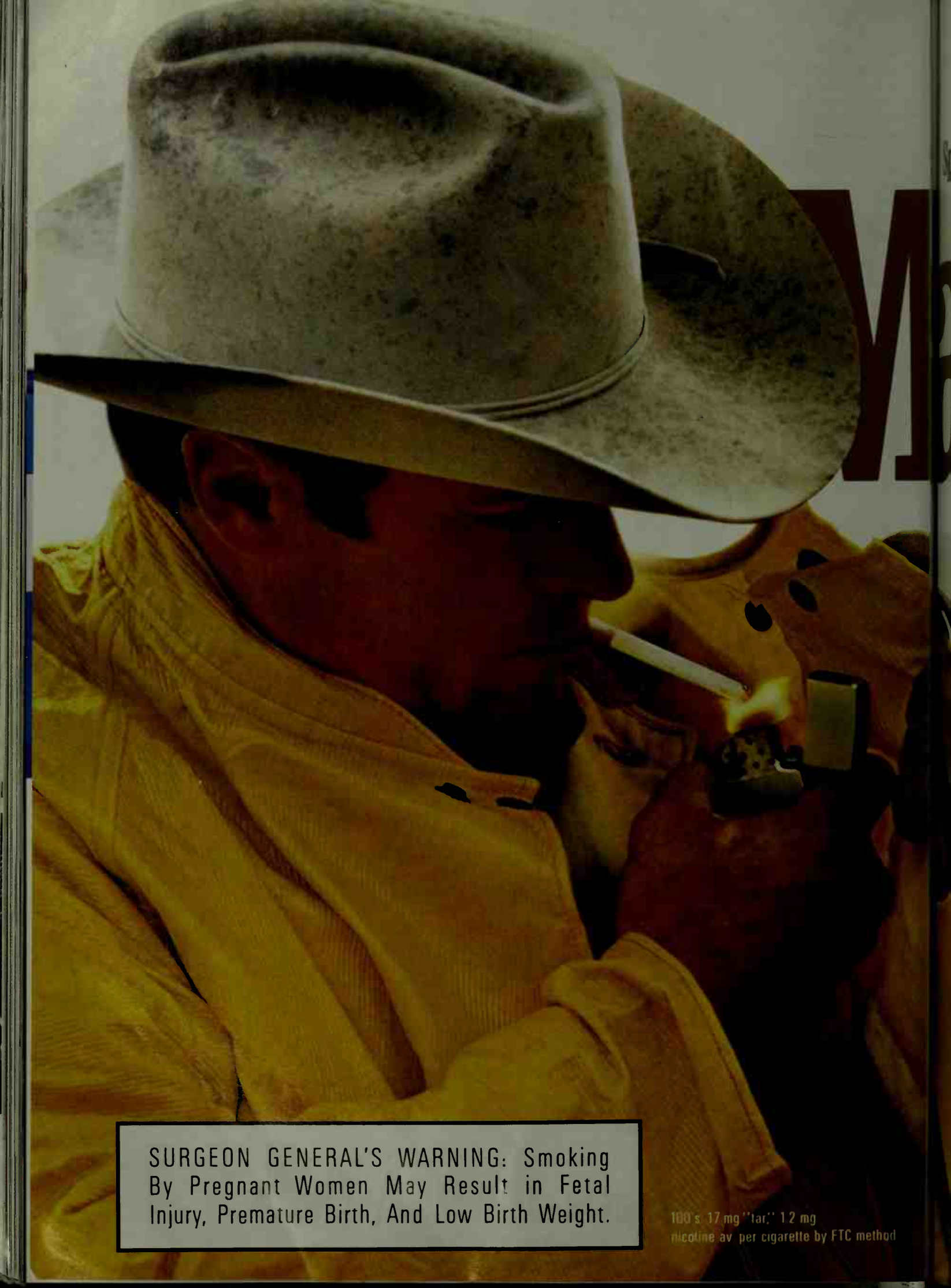


Patitz at Mauro's), and each treatment is individually prepared based on the client's needs—two excellent reasons in the celluloid city that Mauro's has already become the latest "must" date on the calendars of actresses like Jennifer Jason Leigh, Talisa Soto, and Lesley Ann Warren.



GIORGIO BEVERLY HILLS

Giorgio Beverly Hills, New York.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

100's, 17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

Spend a little more time in Marlboro Country.

Marlboro 100's



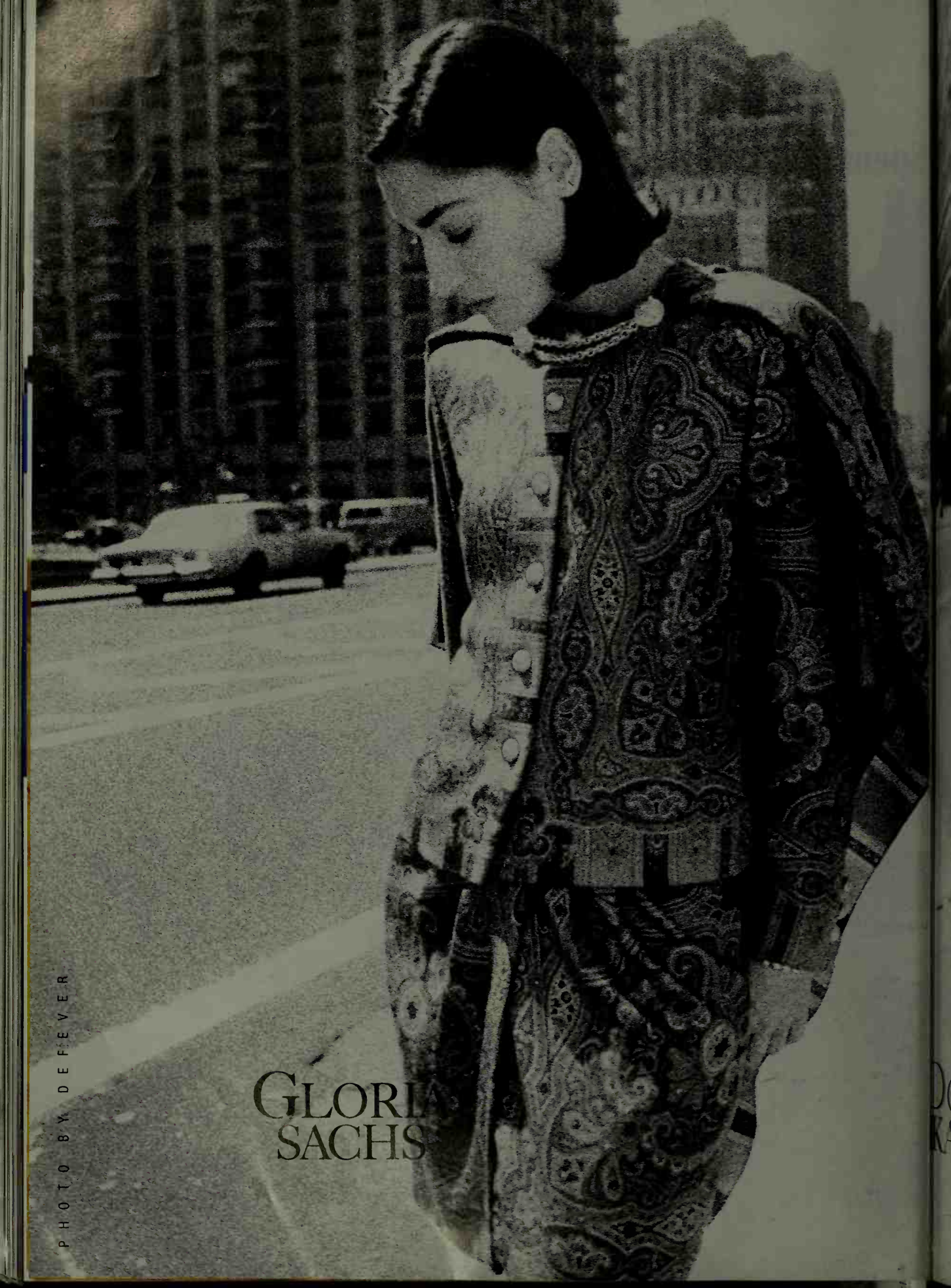
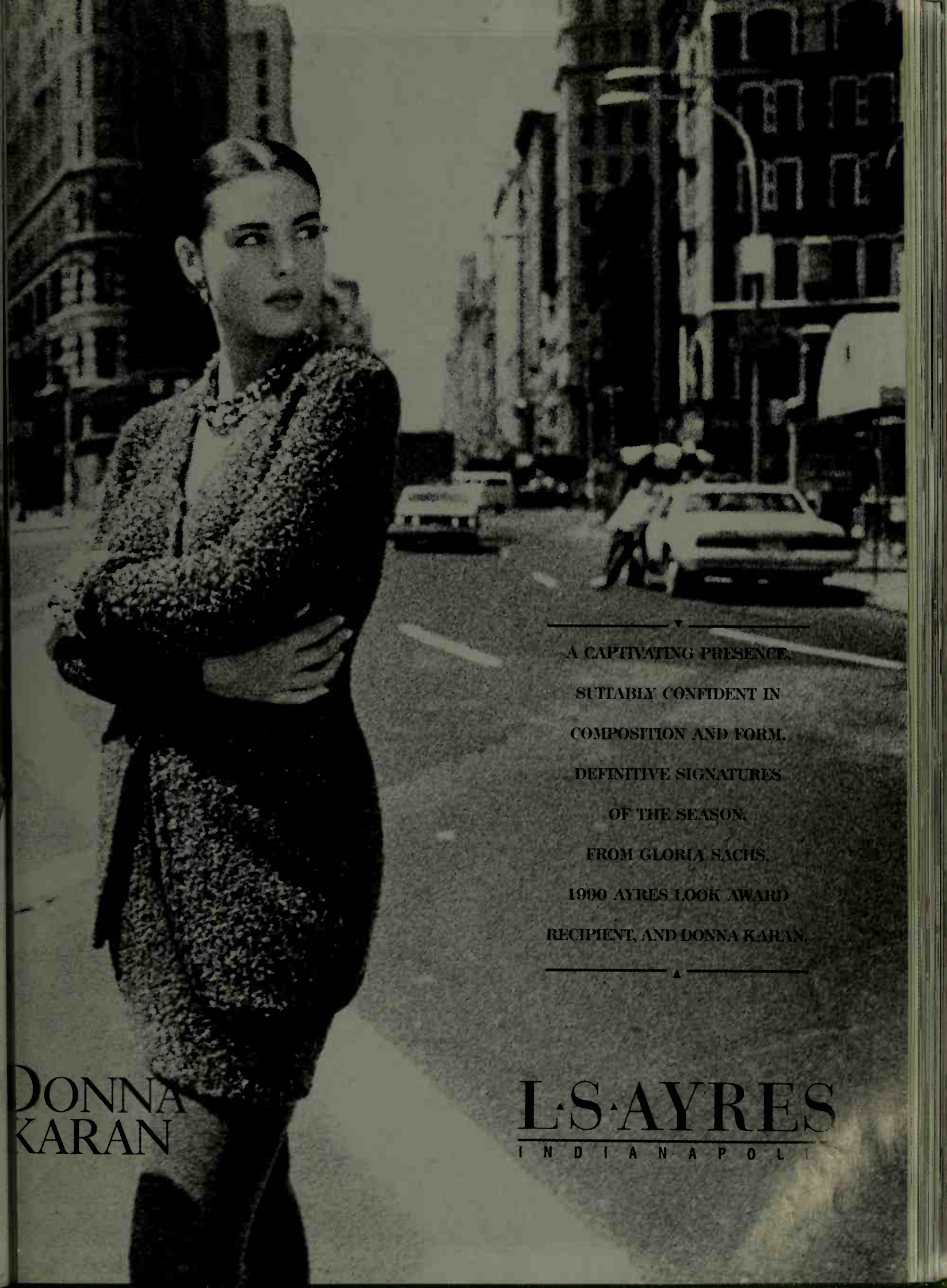


PHOTO BY DEFEVER

GLORIA
SACHS



A CAPTIVATING PRESENCE.
SUTEBLY CONFIDENT IN
COMPOSITION AND FORM.
DEFINITIVE SIGNATURES
OF THE SEASON.
FROM GLORIA SACHS,
1990 AYRES LOOK AWARD
RECIPIENT, AND DONNA KARAN.

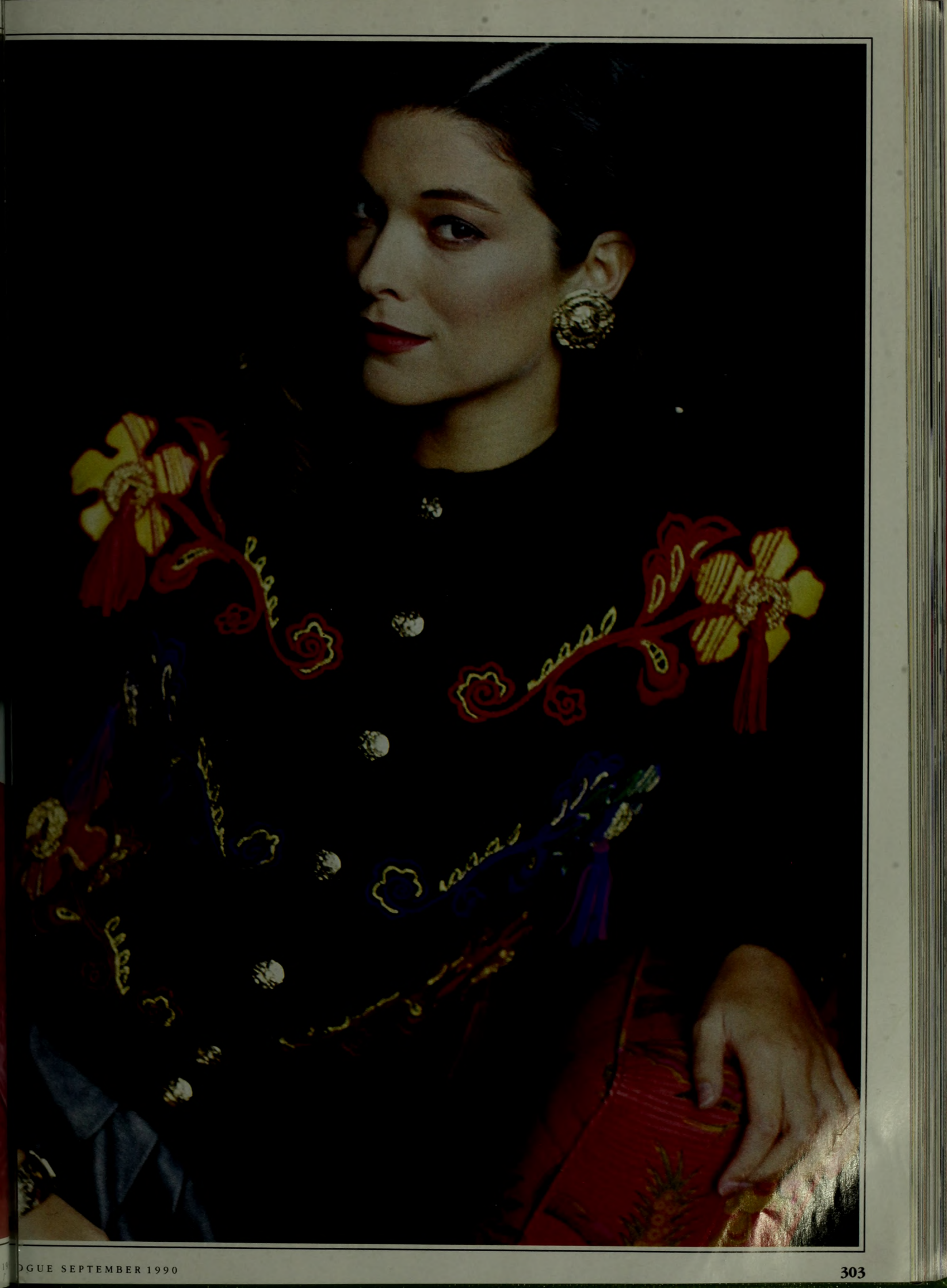
DONNA
KARAN

LS·AYRES
INDIANAPOLIS

SUZELLE® REGISTERED TRADEMARK • 1411 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY 10018 (212) 944-1480

Suzelle

AVAILABLE AT
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE





NORDSTROM

BODY DRAMA

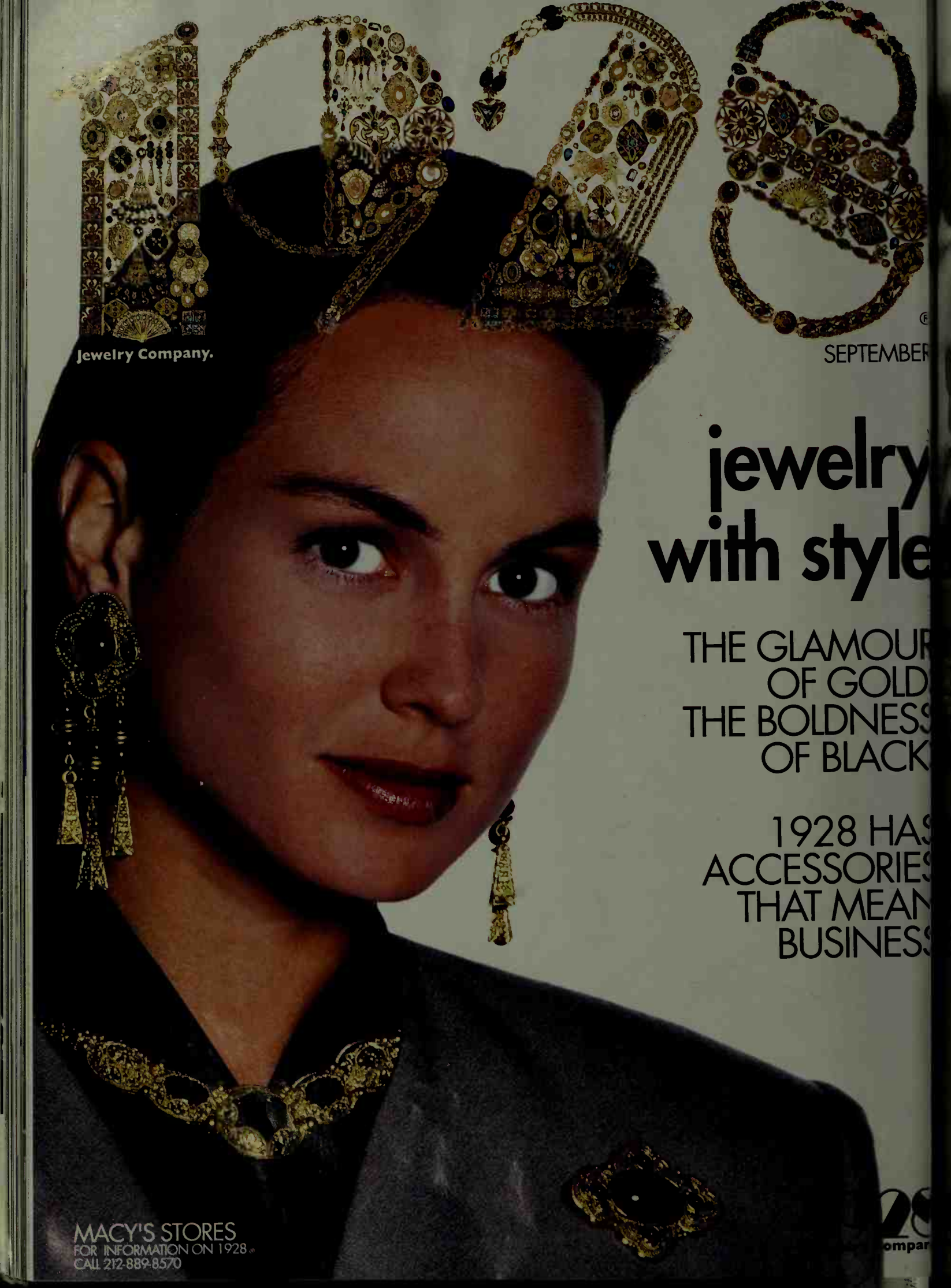
Lingerie

Sometimes seen at the Carnegie Deli,
Sometimes seen at Carnegie Hall,

Partyhose made with Nylon and Lycra® Spandex. Lycra is a registered trademark of DuPont. Givenchy S.A. 1990. Made in U.S.A. Shown Style 272 Petite Baguette.

...but always seen in G I V E N C H Y
H O S I E R Y

Lord & Taylor, The Broadway



Jewelry Company.

SEPTEMBER

jewelry with style

THE GLAMOUR
OF GOLD
THE BOLDNESS
OF BLACK

1928 HAS
ACCESSORIES
THAT MEAN
BUSINESS

MACY'S STORES
FOR INFORMATION ON 1928[®]
CALL 212-889-8570

28
ompar

VERSACE L'HOMME



VIRILE E ROMANTICO

GIANNI VERSACE PROFUMI

bloomingdale's 1-800-777-4999



LANCÔME
INSTITUT de BEAUTÉ
The place for beautiful
brides-to-be.

At the Lancôme Institut de Beauté, experts take care of one special detail of your wedding... the bride.

Your skin is analyzed, stimulated and rejuvenated with specialized treatments for your specific skin type, whether it's dry, normal or oily.

With Lancôme's unique French massage, your skin will experience a new radiance, so important for the beginning of your new life. Your skin is further enhanced with our French honey-waxing treatment to leave it smooth and silkened to the touch.

The art of makeup: what a perfect place for a makeup lesson and application personalized for your wedding day. There's even time for a color coordinated makeup consultation for your bridesmaids, to eliminate the last minute guesswork with these crucial finishing touches.

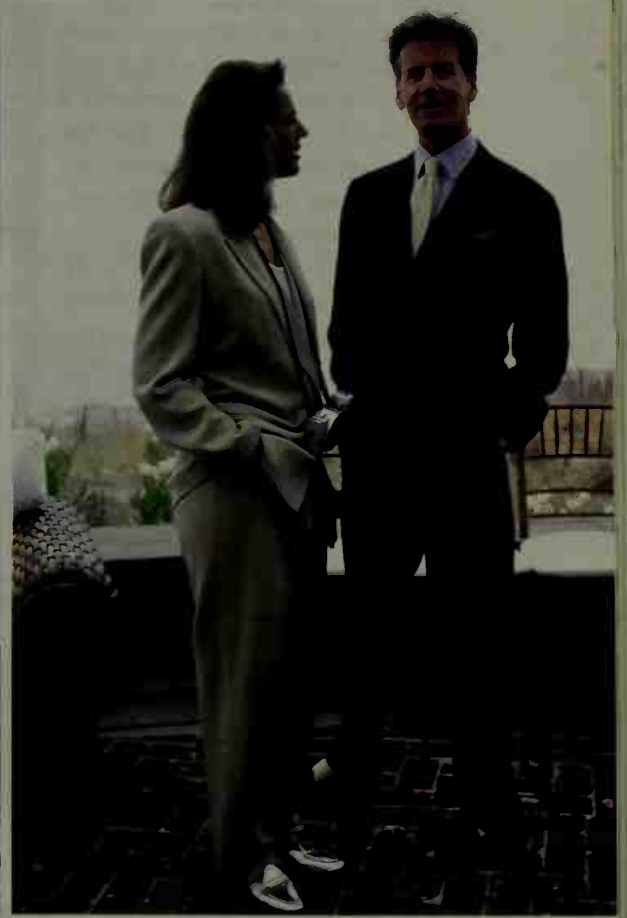
The Lancôme Institut de Beauté. The first step to being the bride you've always wanted to be.

For the institut nearest you
CALL 1-800-LANCÔME

LANCÔME
PARIS

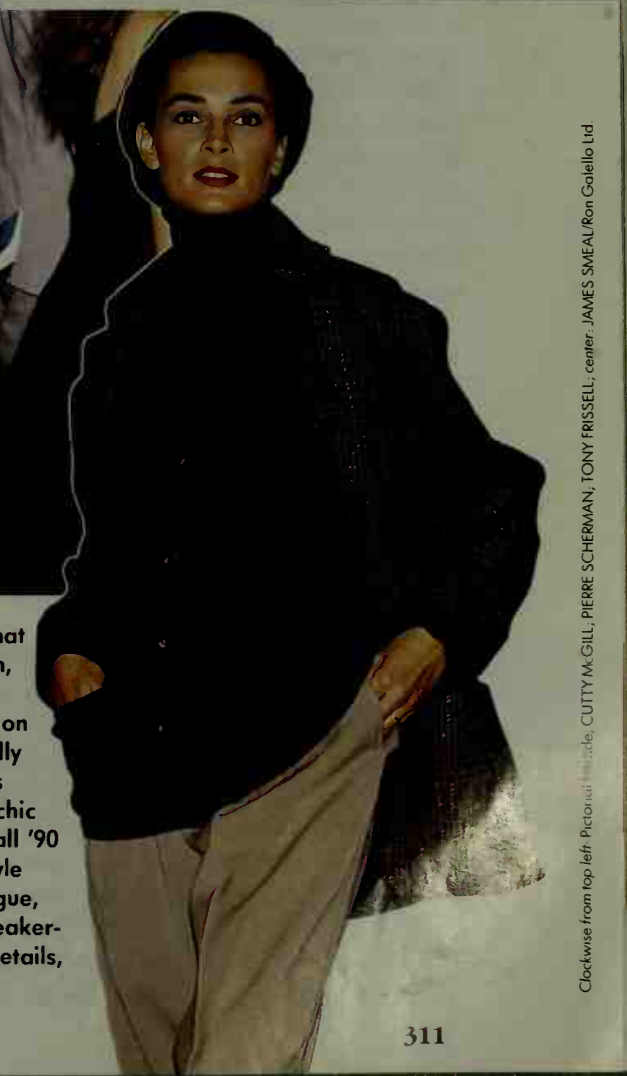


INSTITUTS LISTINGS—**Bloomingdale's**: New York City and White Plains, NY; Hackensack, NJ; White Flint, MD. **The Broadway**: Los Angeles and Sherman Oaks, CA. **Bullock's**: Costa Mesa, Palm Desert, Sherman Oaks and Westwood, CA. **Burdines**: Boca Raton, Dadeland and Palm Beach Gardens, FL. **Dillard's**: Oak Park North-Kansas City, MO. **Filene's**: Boston and Chestnut Hill, MA. **Foley's**: Preston Center-Dallas, TX. **Frederick & Nelson**: Bellevue, WA. **Goldsmith's**: Memphis, TN. **Gonzalez Padin**: San Juan, PR. **Harris'**: Redlands and Palmdale, CA. **John Wanamaker**: Wynnewood, PA. **Lazarus**: Columbus, OH. **Liberty House**: Honolulu, HI. **Macy's**: Herald Square, Roosevelt Field and Smith Haven, NY; Houston, TX; Santa Clara, San Mateo, and Union Square-San Francisco, CA. **Maison Blanche**: New Orleans, LA. **Nordstrom**: Anchorage, AK. **Plaza Hotel**: New York, NY. **Rich's**: Lenox Square-Atlanta, GA. **Robinson's**: Santa Barbara, CA. **Saks Fifth Avenue**: Beverly Hills and Costa Mesa, CA; Beachwood, OH; Oakbrook, IL. **Trump Tower**: New York, NY. **Spa**—**Safety Harbor Spa**: Safety Harbor, FL.



There's more to **American style** than clean hair and good teeth. JOAN JULIET BUCK reveals why the puritan ethic survives in our idea of beauty

AMERICANS ARE, IN MANY WAYS, BEYOND STYLE. While some might argue that Americans are beneath style, or behind style, or styleless, the pleasant truth is that we have something else on our minds besides making an impression. It's as if our sense of sight were replaced by a sense of comfort; this to the delight of easy-going types, who know to what extent foot pain can ruin a day, and to the horror of foreign observers and local aesthetes, who think all running shoes should be recycled into car tires. We know that the way we feel is more important than the way we look; this has had vast ramifications, from the popularity of psychotherapy to the prevalence of divorce and the rise of feminism, and it ► 312



What Americans do that no one else can match, **CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT:** clamdiggers on Grace Kelly, 1955; Kelly and Calvin Klein in his classic suits; outdoor chic from Ralph Lauren's fall '90 collection; sporting style from the pages of *Vogue*, 1941. **CENTER:** Windbreaker-clad Winona Ryder. Details, last pages.

Clockwise from top left: Pictorial; Citty McGill; Pierre Scherman; Tony Frissell; center: James Smeal/Ron Gagliello Ltd.

IMAGES: american style

doesn't do a whole lot for image.

But there is, in America, a deeply held conviction that what is private is true and what is public is a kind of collective service, like the army, that we enter into after college and can only leave with retirement and death.

The emblems of American style are honest and simple and clean. They are part of private life: terry-cloth towels, dental floss, Listerine and Vicks VapoRub, Lanz of Salzburg nightgowns and Fruit of the Loom T-shirts, and, of course, jeans and shoes with all manner of rubber soles.

We are admired for items of an even greater simplicity—Shaker boxes and Amish quilts and Adirondack chairs—but these items function mainly as proof of American good taste. Tupperware and La-Z-Boy recliners are, respectively, *more* practical and *more* comfortable, but you have to be truly American, and shameless about it, to buy yourself a La-Z-Boy, even if it is a triumph of function over form.

The visual impact that Americans make is weakened by our penchant for comfort and also by our taste for gimmicks. My first impression of Americans, from the vantage point of a small, snotty child in Paris, was of an odd mixture of practical close-cropped hair, shiny drip-dry shirts, astonishing space shoes with sand that moved inside the soles, and tiny pins in the shape of ladybugs that wandered over the collars of people who otherwise had nothing in common.

When I was seven I was sent a dress from America that had cuff links made of pink silk rosebuds. French children's clothes had neither cuff links nor rosebuds, and America seemed like a fun place, what with rosebuds and ladybugs. By the time I got here the gimmick was health, so it was rose hips instead of rosebuds, and there was an unpleasant implication at college that you were supposed to do your own laundry. I don't think I owned anything apart from underwear that was supposed to go in a washing machine. In America, everything authentic can survive the hot cycle.

That is foremost because we are not a finished country with a history of maintenance behind us, but a fairly rural place where services are improvised, methods of making windows and the sides of houses are simple, almost to the point of do-it-yourself, so that even the least skilled can build themselves a home. Things arrive in kits. Contact paper temporarily panels a room. Real people wear red plaid work shirts. There's an authenticity and a playfulness that make for a deep distrust of business suits, male or female. Which is why the whole public-presentation, business-suit side of things is given over to big names—Brooks Brothers in the past, Lauren, Klein, Armani, and Saint ▶ 316



Down-to-earth dressing, **TOP TO BOTTOM:** SoHo street chic, 1990; an outdoorsy Lauren Hutton, 1975; de rigueur foul-weather footgear; Gayfryd Steinberg and Carolyne Roehm kicking back in style at the late Malcolm Forbes's birthday bash in Morocco, 1989.





Diminish Puffy Eyes. Soften Fine Lines.

Eyes talk. Don't let them tell of late nights, stressful days. Keep your eyes looking their best with special care. CLARINS Eye Contour Treatments diminish the appearance of puffy eyes, dark circles and expression lines in three easy-to-follow steps.

- **A morning must** to reduce puffiness and dark circles: CLARINS Eye Contour Gel. Formulated with soothing camomile, and calendula.
- **Come evening**, gently remove eye makeup with CLARINS non-oily Eye Makeup Remover Lotion. Contains a protein derivative to strengthen lashes.
- **Minimize lines** with CLARINS Eye Contour Balm. Light in texture, rich in nourishing plant extracts. Proven to smooth and soften expression lines.

Eye Contour Treatments,
from the Specialist
in Skin Care.
CLARINS,
naturally.



CLARINS
PARIS

nordstrom

SELECTED STORES

FIRMING HOW-TO'S

*from CLARINS,
the Specialist
in Skin Care.*

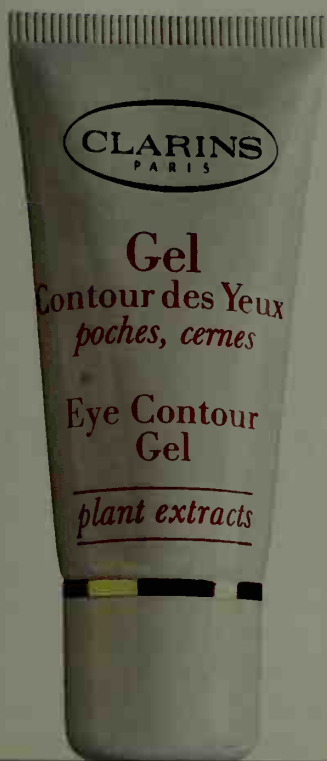


Firming skin's appearance is made easy with Multi-Tenseur. The concentrated formula acts on skin's surface to promote immediate tightening benefits. Natural extracts including ginseng and condurango act to lift, tighten and tone. See visible results with each application.



FRENCH BEAUTY LESSONS

Time-release. Climate-control. Continuous day-long care. These are the benefits of Multi-Active Jour. Rich in moisturizing and firming natural extracts that act with precision as skin demands. Impressive test results support the claims—visibly softer, smoother, more radiant skin. All day. Every day. Ideal under makeup. Non-comedogenic, dermatologically tested.



Delicate eye contours require special care—especially in the morning when puffs and circles are most noticeable.

Instantly refreshing Eye Contour Gel comes to the rescue with soothing camomile and cornflower. It's a morning must to help reduce the appearance of dark circles and puffiness.



CLARINS
PARIS

Saks Fifth Avenue

Laurent today—so that the names themselves can take care of the business, and the suits are driven about much like a new car.

This is why American women are on better terms with their sweatpants than with their party dresses. Ask the question, "Whose dress is that?" of a Frenchwoman, she'll say, "Mine." An Englishwoman will probably say, "Mummy's." An Italian will say, "My little woman in Prato." An American will tell you, "It's Christian Lacroix from Bergdorf's. Do you think it fits?" Ownership rights don't seem to extend to the formal; on the streets of the big cities, at dinners, functions, and events, American women hardly ever seem to be wearing their own clothes, but outfits borrowed for the occasion, most often from someone a little taller or a little shorter, a little fatter or a little thinner, with a wider set to the shoulders and an utterly alien taste in colors. Things must have been different when many women made their own clothes; at present they apparently don't even run clothes by the alteration departments of the big stores where they have obtained their latest outfits.

Nor do they abuse them enough. In America, cheap clothes are meant to be worn and warped and wrinkled, and are, but expensive items are preserved with a kind of manic intensity, rather the way some people cover living-room suites with clear plastic slipcovers.

We are a rural people, at ease with simplicity and with houses where you enter past the washing machine, the rubber boots, and the dog dish. The process of living in cities and learning the frivolous carelessness of true sophisticates has yet to come upon us. You don't see old leather coats or ancient Hermès scarves or discolored cashmeres or twenty-year-old handbags on any but members of the grandest and most decadent families, but lest you should imagine these to be signs of true class, remember these are also the ladies who wear strapless dresses at an age when European women no longer even show their knees.

The stuff Americans can do that no one else can match looks best on a sunny day in a stiff wind: sweaters slipping off tanned shoulders, clean hair whipping in the wind, tennis shoes—tennis shoes, I said, not any other kind—with bare feet, slightly-too-large cotton shirts, skinny-legged jeans with concha belts, cheap antique Mexican straw hats kept on by an immaculate hand with perfect nails; Babe Paley on the dunes. Isaac Mizrahi speaks with longing of "a beautiful American woman with no makeup and a simple skirt and sweater in low heels."

Within the new "classicism"—or whatever they are calling it this season—of expensive basics, which is no more than the aping of a putative careless, happy existence in a large house on a lot of land by the sea some fifty years ago, there are items appropriated from the British television series on the Edwardian era and photo books about the Duke of Windsor and photos from the

Seven Sisters yearbooks. Ralph Lauren has reconstituted the wardrobe for the inhabitants of that house, revived the plain oxford shirt, the basic argyle socks, the tweed jackets. Calvin Klein makes their coats.

Besides the nostalgia, there is a definite American style to be found in the work of original designers such as Geoffrey Beene and Isaac Mizrahi, and it is in the simplicity, the unlined garment, which, being finished as well inside as out, has no public and private side, but exists only as a *whole*, like the kind of character we aspire to have.

The puritan ethic survives in our idea of beauty, which, plastic surgery and cosmetics notwithstanding, is based on health and hygiene. We have the best teeth and the cleanest hair of any people on earth, and they make us stand out wherever we go. We would like, with the unlined garment, to wear an unlined face, and sometimes suddenly do, to the

confusion of contemporaries, who do not enjoy suddenly looking ten years older.

Americans exercise. Even when they don't, they like to look as if they do, which explains the overwhelming popularity of leotards and sweatpants and running shorts among people who are only thinking of exercising. Sweatpants are to women what cowboy boots are to men, a badge of hard work, of physical exertion, worn to prove that one has sweated, just as the boots are worn to prove one has been near a horse, a prairie, or that esteemed symbol of reality, the great Southwest.

The insistence on physical participation in one's appearance—biceps, glutei, calves, ankles, bellies, and such—is doubtless a revolt against the unbelievable profusion of goods to be found in malls across the country. There seems to be a commercial plot to paint everyone the same color each season; to annihilate individuality under oceans of pink or verdigris or whatever is being produced. Which is why an American woman in a new outfit looks a little embarrassed, as if she has gone over to the enemy, while an American woman in some old pieces of interlock and canvas becomes, if the body is good enough and the smile open and the hair newly washed, the emblem of American beauty: simplicity, goodness through and through, good values (not a spendthrift), honesty, self-sufficiency, and truth.

Put a pair of falsely antique Oliver Peoples sunglasses on her, the ones with the fake tortoiseshell frames and the metal stems that cost about two hundred and fifty dollars, five times the cost of the rest of her costume, and you have an icon of beauty. The shape of those glasses suggests that the past is still alive, that sentiment and memory exist in this perfect body.

In this country where everything is available, the determination to choose very little is the only defense. Economy is the best revenge. ●

IMAGES ► 324

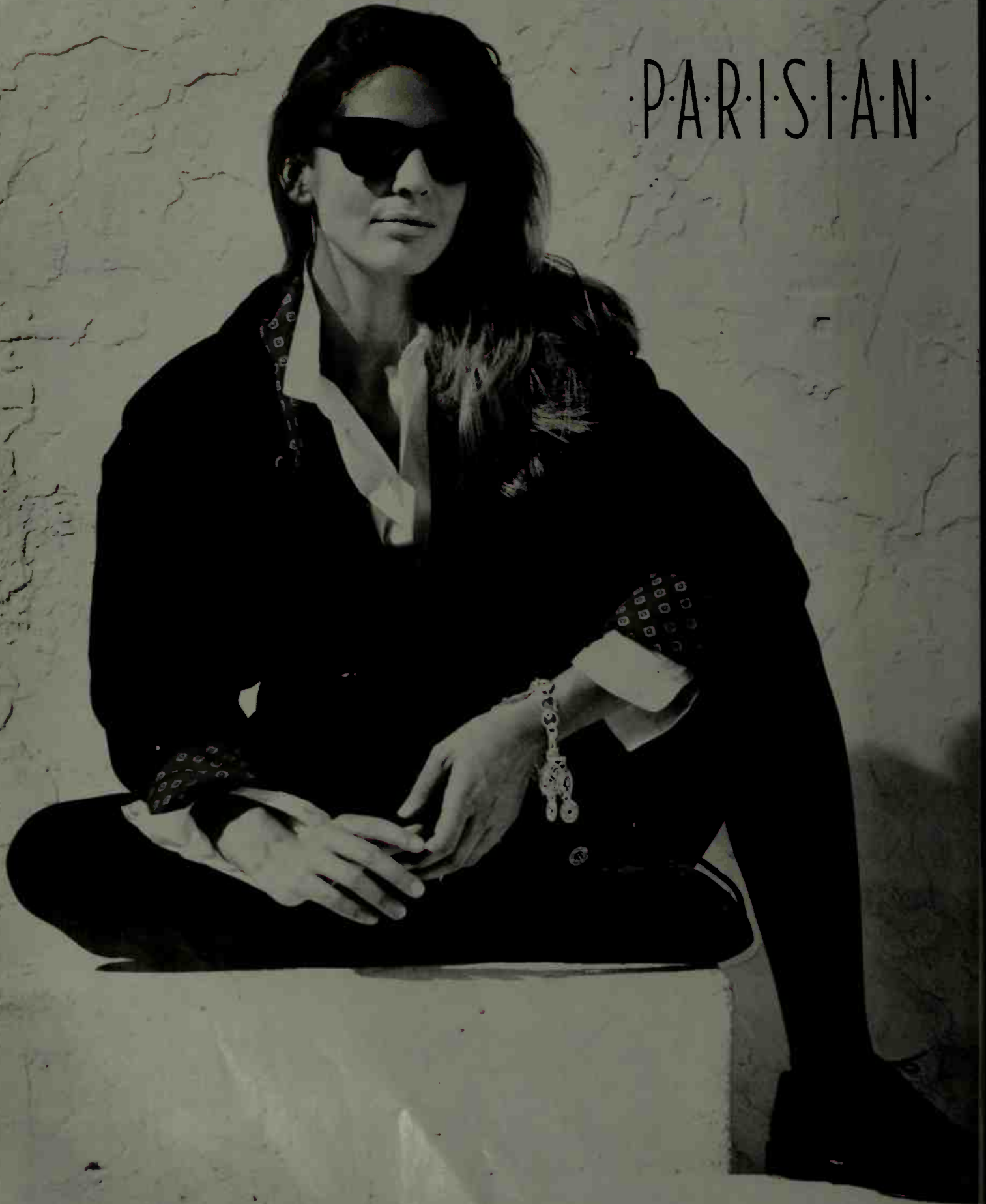


1990 FALL COLLECTION

For the store nearest you call 1-800-227-5600.

Karen Kane

·P·A·R·I·S·I·A·N·



Shown from our 100% cotton "Navy Blue" collection: jacket, 158.00; blouse, 68.00; unitard, 138.00.
ORDER BY PHONE DAY OR NIGHT, Call toll-free 1-800-424-8185. In Birmingham, Alabama, call 780-1142.
Use your Parisian; Visa, MasterCard or American Express Card.



© 1990 Some pieces enlarged to show detail. Others shown actual size.

Steel & Gold Cats From Carrera y Carrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrera.

In the fashion jungle, nothing rivals the style of Carrera y Carrera's Puma Collection. In 18 karat gold and steel.

To preview these and other fine pieces, call 1-800-321-1885 for the exclusive Carrera y Carrera jeweler nearest you.



Puma Pendant



Puma Earrings

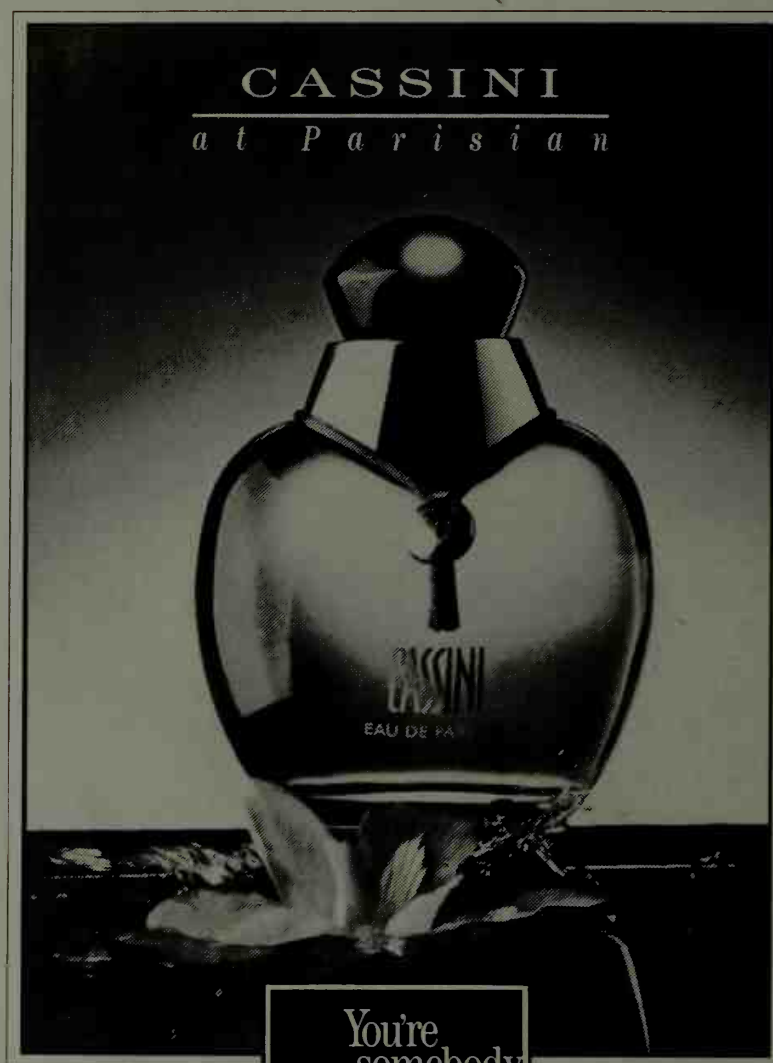


Carrera y Carrera

Art and craftsmanship in 18 karat gold and steel.
Corporate Offices • Coral Gables, Florida

Carrera y Carrera Boutique, San Francisco
Cellini, New York • Liljenquist & Beckstead, McLean, VA

Puma Watch



You're
somebody
Special
◆
PARISIAN

Discover Oleg Cassini's newest creation for yourself, at Parisian. A most compelling bouquet: jasmine, Bulgarian rose, and oakmoss make Cassini a distinctively different fragrance. Lavishly seductive. And unforgettably you. Perfume, 1 fl. oz., 195.00; Perfume Purse Spray, 1/3 fl. oz., 60.00; Eau de Parfum Pour, 1.7 fl. oz., 35.00, 3.4 fl. oz., 50.00; Perfumed Body Creme, 6.7 oz., 67.00.

VISIT A PARISIAN STORE IN BIRMINGHAM, DECATUR, DOTHAN, FLORENCE, HUNTSVILLE, MOBILE, MONTGOMERY, OR TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA; PENSACOLA OR SARASOTA, FLORIDA; COLUMBUS, GEORGIA; CINCINNATI, OHIO; COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA; OR CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

ORDER DAY OR NIGHT: CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-424-8185; IN BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, CALL 780-1142.

USE YOUR PARISIAN CARD, MASTERCARD, VISA, OR AMERICAN EXPRESS.



CHRISTIAN
LACROIX

Prêt-à-Porter

Boutique CHRISTIAN LACROIX 73, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, Paris 8^e - Tél. (1) 42 65 29 08



19__



19__



19__



19__



19__



19__



19__



19__



19__



19__



19__



19__



19__



199

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



19__



19__



19__



19__



19__



19__



19__



19__



19__

These models need dates.

In the 22 years that Virginia Slims has been around, fashions have definitely come a long way. And to celebrate our anniversary, we have a challenge for you. If you're able to match each of these Virginia Slims fashions to the year they first appeared, you'll be eligible to win \$22,000 for your own shopping spree. And in addition to over \$100,000 worth of other prizes, everyone who enters can request a valuable coupon for Virginia Slims cigarettes.

If you'd like to give it a try, write for clues and an entry form to: Virginia Slims Match-Up Contest, P.O. Box 1270M, Grand Rapids, MN 58745. Then think back to the days of platform shoes, rickshaws, and hip huggers. \$22,000 might even make the disco look worth remembering.



THE VIRGINIA SLIMS 22nd ANNIVERSARY MATCH-UP.

No purchase necessary. Contest limited to smokers 21 years or older. All entries must be received by 12/31/90.

Are the free makeovers at cosmetics counters too good to be true?

JEANNIE RALSTON searches for signs of **counter intelligence**

SHE HAD ME PEGGED AS A willing victim from the start. "You're oily, Jeannie, very oily. And clogged," said Susan Karnabe, only moments after luring me off Bloomingdale's bustling main-floor aisle to offer me a facial at the Janet Sartin skin-care counter. Apparently saddened by my clogged state, she pressed down on my shoulder and pressed me back until I was sitting on her white stool.

For the next half hour, she extolled the virtues of the Sartin line and chided me for a host of skin-care sins as she cleaned and creamed my face. At the end she pushed a mirror toward me. "Are you flawless?" she asked. "Look. Are you flawless?" I had to admit I'd scrubbed up pretty nicely; my "expression" lines were a little less expressive and, well yes, I looked a little less clogged. But *flawless*? Well, if she insisted. I nodded happily, and faster than I could say "AmEx," I was the proud new owner of the whole Janet Sartin Corrective Skincare regimen.

This is typical of what can happen to me when I walk through a cosmetics department. I get intrigued by a line, a look, a color, and the next thing I know I'm having a "quick" facial or makeover and walking out with a stuffed-full shopping bag.

I share this weakness with hundreds of women who are also seduced by the plethora of (relatively) free pampering available at retail outposts. It's the sense of potential that gets to me: maybe a splash of this, a stroke of that could make all the difference. Maybe all that separates me from Claudia Schiffer is that she knows how to apply eyeliner and I don't. (We all have



our fantasies.) Of course, I know the customer is expected to buy something in exchange for the how-to. It's part of the deal, and at the time, \$35 doesn't seem much to drop for a swift transformation or a midday lift.

Many women don't mind parting with much more. For example, the average Revlon makeover customer nationally spends \$60; at Lancôme, the figure is nearer \$100 during special promotions.

Recently, on behalf of *Vogue*, I undertook a grand tour of the cosmetics aisles to discover how to get the most out of a consultation.

In both New York City and Houston, I made the rounds from store to store, bravely offering my face as a canvas to be zapped with computerized sensors and pushed in front of magnifying mirrors before being scrubbed, rubbed, splashed, sprayed, dusted, patted, and finally colorized.

Most of the beauty consultants I encountered were well trained and knowledgeable, but their analyses varied widely. I was never *asked* what kind of skin I thought I had but was forever being told. At one counter I had oily skin; at the next, I was dry or a combination of the two. (Combination is correct.) With my yellow-undertoned skin I was told I should wear eye colors in the brown and rust family; moments later, another ► 336



FAMILY LIFE...

More than you and me, all of us. We are a Family. Each day another step through life's journey. Tradition passed from generation to generation. Together we chase our dreams and create our futures by weaving together the anecdotes of our lives. Gitano, from our Family to yours:

GITANO 

GITANO ≡



SOCKS

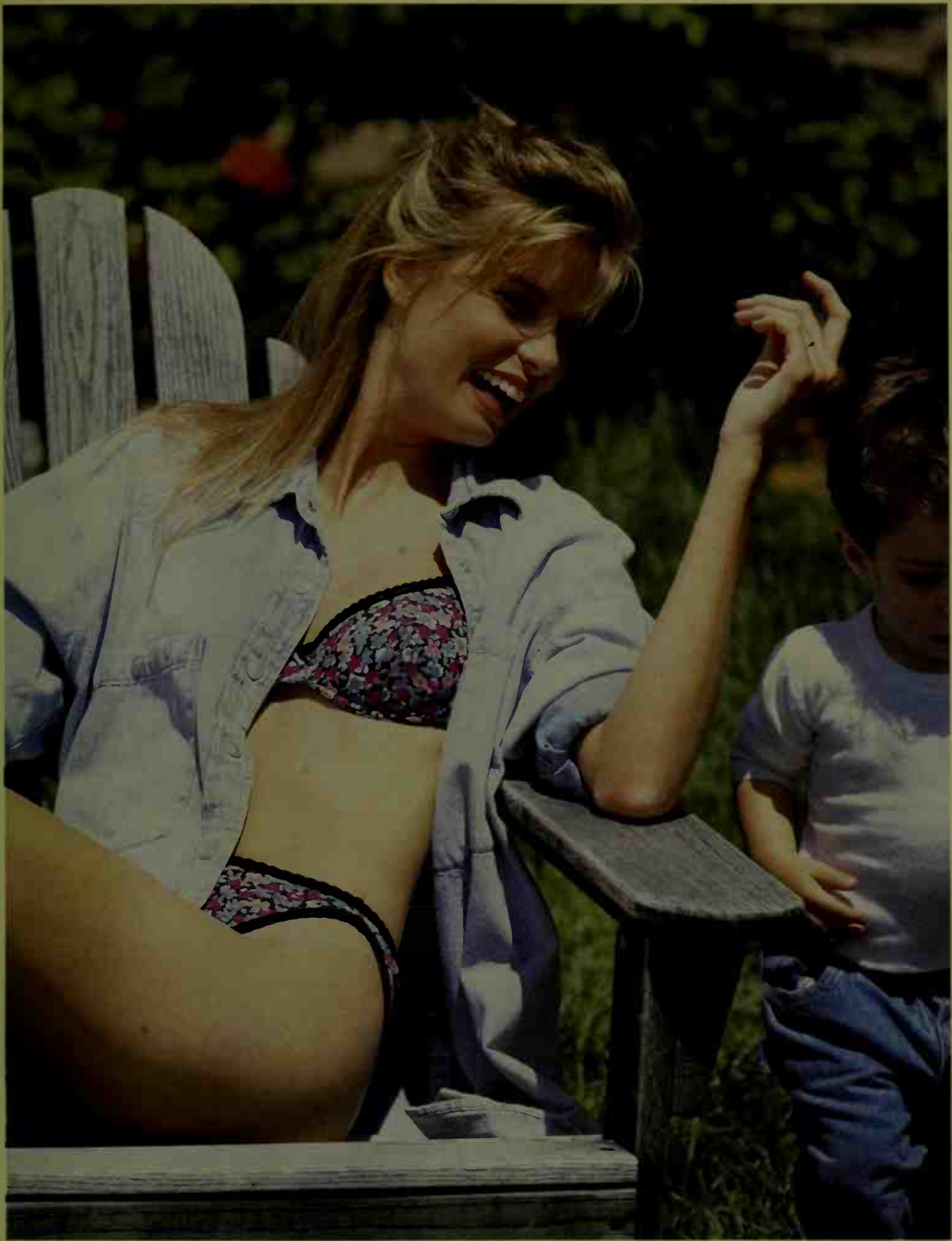


the spirit of family™

GITANO ≡



handbags



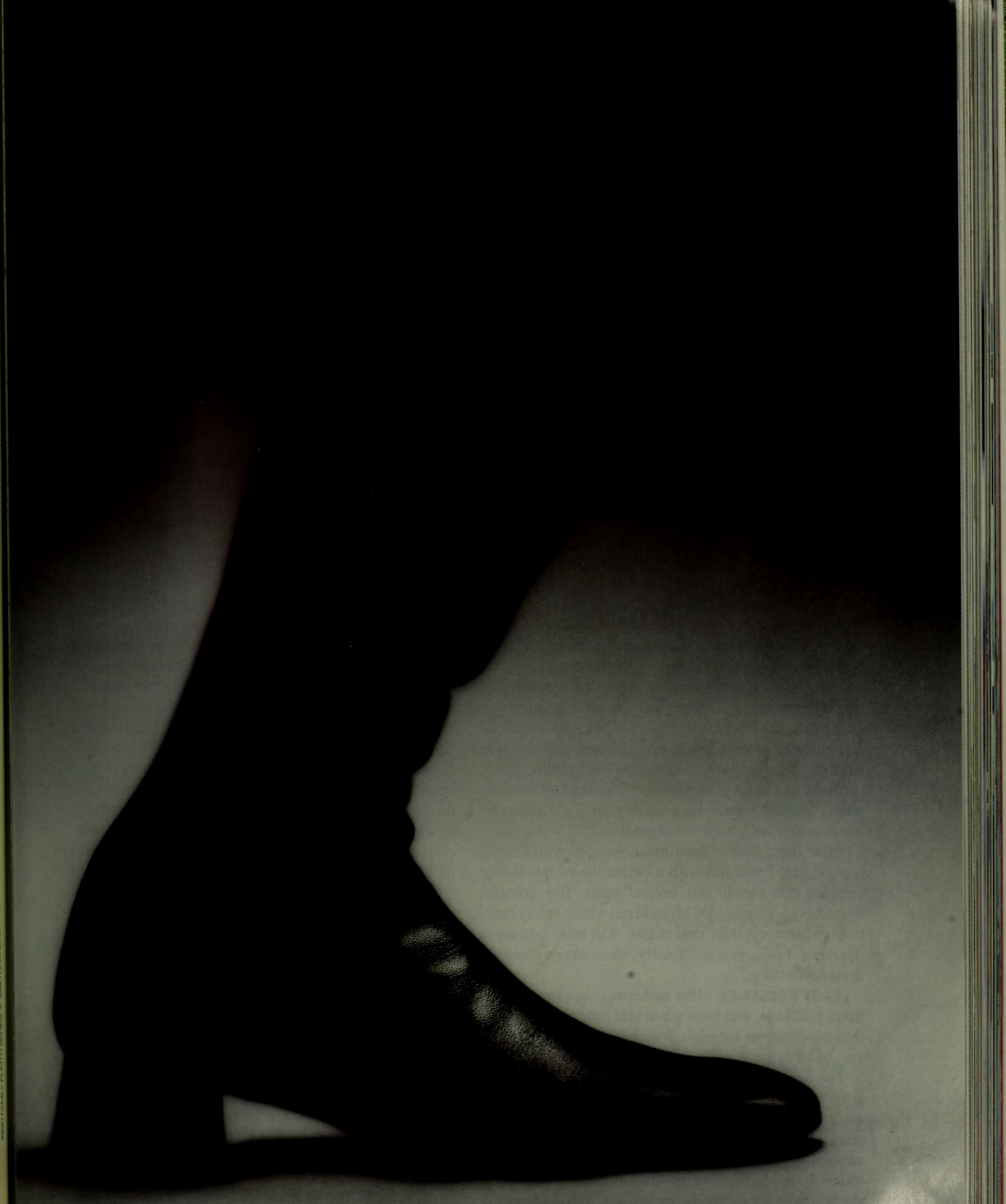
intimate apparel

GITANO ≡



PERIO FAMILY PHOTO SERIES © 1980 GITANO GITANO S.p.A. FAMILY AND THE SPIRIT OF FAMILY ARE TRADEMARKS

Wosiery



Robert Clergerie

Tokyo

Nagoya

Londres

Bruxelles

Genève

Madrid

Barcelone

41 EAST 60 TH STREET, NEW YORK 10022

IMAGES: counter intelligence

company suggested that violets and greens were best to accent my green eyes.

After a few days of counter-hopping, I learned that consultants often suggest makeup conspicuously similar to what they wear, and I learned to stay away from the ones who managed to squeeze the entire color spectrum onto their eyelids. A Clinique consultant at Bloomingdale's, New York, who was wearing very light, neutral tones told me, "A lot of down-to-earth professional women come to me; after going by the counters a few times, they shop where the consultants are wearing a look they like."

I found the most objective advice came from free-lance makeup artists giving makeovers for cosmetics companies in stores. These free agents weren't afraid to break from the party line to recommend a product from a rival company. For instance, one told me the best eyeliner for people like me, who have trouble drawing a straight line, was Lancôme's Liner Plume. At another counter an artist raved about Clarins's eye creams, suggesting it was best to keep them refrigerated.

At each counter I visited, I asked what were the most important beauty products for me. Eye cream and concealer were both top contenders for the distinction. Of course, products of all sorts were pushed, but the general opinion among the salespeople, who are closer to cosmetics consumers than any other beauty professionals, was that women's biggest skin-care problem was neglect. "I see a lack of commitment to skin care," confided one beauty consultant. "Women will take one step or another but not use a whole plan. That's like trying to bake a cake with one ingredient."

After more than fifteen makeovers, consultations, and facials, I was left with a collection of travel-size samples that should last several years, five colorful drawings of what shades I should put where on my face, two swollen eyelids, one major skin rash (attention overload, I believe), and finally, some major observations and advice.

LEAST PRESSURE Most makeovers require a minimum purchase, and even when told otherwise, I found that expectations are high, which means so is the pressure to buy.

The company that applied not a pinch of pressure was The Body Shop. "Free," the consultant declared before she started making me up with the company's own line, Colourings by Barbara Daly. "It's absolutely free." I decided to test her, no matter how much I liked the results, and sure enough, after spending thirty minutes on my face, she did nothing but smile goodbye when I walked away empty-handed. Free it was.

GENEROUS WITH SAMPLES "We all like to get goodies, don't we?" the consultant at the Princess Marcella Borghese counter chimed as she stuffed my

bag with a handful of samples following a purchase. Borghese certainly did not disappoint. I walked away from that counter with a travel size of the foundation I'd just bought (Milano 2000 Makeup), a tube of Lumina Luxuriant mascara, and a pot of Revitalizing Eye Cream and a bottle of Skin Revitalizing Extract, both from the Hydro-Minerali line. Some booty, and it wasn't part of a promotional campaign but simply due to the largesse of a consultant who'd been trained to think that way. Also demonstrating generosity to anyone who bought a product was a Biotherm consultant who filled a bag with bottles of the skin-care regimen she'd just showed me. Revlon wasn't skimpy either, throwing in Elimina Wrinkle Correcting Cream samples and a full-size Creme Nail Enamel along with my purchase.

BEST EXTRAS "This is your fifteen minutes in the spotlight," the photographer shouted as he was ready to shoot my picture, part of a special Lancôme makeover-then-portrait campaign.

I sat in Macy's Herald Square with my fuchsia polo shirt pulled off my shoulders so it wouldn't show in the photo. The shirt had to go because the artist who did my face before the photo wouldn't match the lipstick to my shirt. "Why are you wearing that color?" he'd asked. "With your yellow undertones, you should be in mustards or browns." He'd pointed to a photo of Isabella Rossellini in a rust blouse. I couldn't believe my longtime love of fuchsia had been so wrong and appreciated the correction. As for the portrait, it turned out beautifully and was certainly worth the \$40 in products I bought. Another appreciated promotional bonus: at Revlon's Color Studio in Bloomingdale's (and at other major department stores), you can get a free haircut during special makeover promotions.

BEST SALES ACCESSORIES When I stuck my head through a silver curtain covering the skin analyzer at an Estée Lauder counter, I cringed at what I saw. Inside the Dermascan machine, under black lights, I looked like a Ninja Turtle with a rash. My face was covered with brown spots and white flecks—respectively signs of sun damage and dead skin. My credit card was out before I pulled my head out. Even my male companion bought Lauder For Men's Face Scrub after the horror of seeing his face covered with orange dots—a sign of clogged pores. "You're not looking at a picture," said the Estée Lauder salesperson solemnly. "You're seeing the truth."

Gadgets and computers seem to be the best means of teaching customers—or scaring them—into skin care nowadays. Shiseido uses a skin sensor that takes a magnified black-and-white picture of the skin. A gunlike contraption is aimed at the cheek, and a little piece of paper spits out, faxlike, carrying the ▶ 340

**I was never
asked what kind
of skin I thought
I had, but was
forever being told**

transparent facial bar

Neutrogena®

original formula

Once a day, purify your skin.

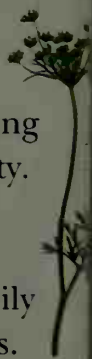
Think how healthy your face would feel if you could bring back your skin's natural purity. Mild Neutrogena® gently frees the day's accumulation of pollutants, cosmetics, and other impurities, and then rinses off completely so no residue is left behind to dry or irritate your skin. Your face is just as it should be: pure...and radiant healthy.

NEW

*24-Hour Oil-Control
from CLARINS, naturally.*



Stop surface shine.
Avoid breakouts.
Put an end to oily skin
problems without causing
irritation/skin sensitivity.
CLARINS new 24 hour
oil-control care gently
balances and clarifies oily
skin prone to breakouts.
Five plant-based formu-
lations provide a soothing,
non-aggressive response
to cleanse and refine skin,
normalize surface oils - -
visibly tighten enlarged pore
CLARINS Oil-Control Beaut
Treatments work in syner-
gy to keep skin clear, matte
and oil-free 24 hours a day.
Dermatologically tested.
Non-comedogenic.



BREAKOUT BREAKTHROUGH

Daily care is essential for oily skin with breakout tendencies. Oil-control begins gently, naturally with CLARINS Oil-Control Cleansing Gel, concentrated with purifying botanical extracts. To maintain a clear, matte complexion all day, apply Oil-Control Moisture Lotion, the perfect under make-up base. Balancing Night Gel works while you sleep to freshen skin, visibly tighten enlarged pores.



CLARINS specialized Oil-Control Treatments deep-cleanse skin and calm blemishes. Absorbant Mask instantly lifts surface impurities and absorbs excess oil. Should breakouts occur, have Blemish Gel at hand. Spot application provides immediate care to help calm and diminish redness. Contains soothing Vitamin A and Tea Tree extract.

CLARINS
PARIS

bloomingdale's

IMAGES: counter intelligence

picture. Mine looked frighteningly like a shot of a lunar surface beamed back by *Voyager 2*. There were a lot of black craters (indicating oily, clogged pores) and white, parched lines (indicating dryness). Dismayed, I bought the recommended Shiseido solutions at once.

BEST FACIAL Behind the Adrien Arpel counter at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, is a white leather reclining chair in which I lay, listening to the sounds of after-work crowds milling through the store and enjoying the best cosmetics-counter facial so far. In a thirty-minute version of Arpel's usual one-hour facial, the aesthetician cleansed me with honey-and-almond scrub, applied a nature-based facial mask and cooling eye compresses, then spritzed me with a lemon-lime freshener. The cost: \$29.50, which also included a thirty-minute makeover and a case packed with blush, lipstick, base, and a host of eye and lip pencils. At approximately fifty cents a minute, this makes Arpel the winner in the time-to-money ratio category.

BEST MAKEOVERS For me, three cosmetics lines stood out for providing the most wearable looks, for teaching me how best to do it myself, and last but not least, for awareness of hygiene: Clinique, Colourings at The Body Shop, and Lancôme (they all refused to apply mascara for sanitary reasons).

The basic philosophy of the three was summed up by Clinique's consultant: "Makeup shouldn't compete with or change what you already have. It should 'frame' it."

BEST SUGGESTIONS To make a foundation go on lighter, The Body Shop makeup artist recommended applying the product to a wet sponge, squeezing it out on a tissue, then using that to apply to the face. An Estée Lauder consultant insisted foundation color should always be tested along the jawline rather than on the hand, which is where, she said, most people mistakenly try out colors.

At the Lancôme counter in Lord & Taylor, Houston, a consultant advised against wearing waterproof mascara every day. "I recommend it only for special occasions because people don't use a special remover, so they don't get it all off. That's hard on the lashes."

According to a Christian Dior beauty consultant at Macy's Herald Square (who had great-looking lips), there are four steps to making lipstick last: 1) Apply foundation over lips. 2) Use a lip liner. 3) Fill lips in with a lip brush rather than the lipstick itself—to put on a thinner coat, just as a thinner coat of nail polish will last longer than a thick coat, which chips more easily. 4) Blot with pressed powder.

MOST PROFOUND MAKEOVER My last stop on this makeover marathon was the Chanel counter in Barneys New York. By this time I was craving something different. "Make me look French," I commanded, with an eye on the makeup artist's pale skin, red lips, and dark eyebrows. And she did. I got a look almost identical to hers, plus an extra: inspirational instruction. "Part of looking French is attitude," said she, who wasn't French herself. "Whatever looks they have, they're glad to be themselves. If you present yourself as beautiful, people will accept you as beautiful."

Well, I thought, remembering the makeup I hadn't unpacked at home, that can't be *all* there is to it. ●

IMAGES ► 342

EVAN-PICONE

BUSINESS
SHEERS

"The biggest skin-care problem is neglect," confided one beauty consultant



Dillard's

Available at selected stores



Fashion, fragrance, and **bottled fantasy**— JONATHAN VAN METER talks to Bill Blass and Karl Lagerfeld about the connection

IN A UNIVERSE WHERE NEW FRAGRANCES MATERIALIZE seemingly every other hour (there are probably several scented strips in this very magazine, wafting up into your nose, distracting you from your reading), it should come as no surprise that this month there are four more new scents to be sprayed, sniffed, and reckoned with.

Karl Lagerfeld has launched Lagerfeld Photo for the boys. And Bill Blass—laughing in the face of a very crowded market—is introducing simultaneously three fragrances for women: Basic Black, Nude, and Hot (more on those names later).

But these aren't just fragrances for fragrance sake. No, ma'am. It's not that simple anymore. Since the fictional Krystle and Blake Carrington crept dangerously close to our nonfictional lives with their own scents—scents that can be bought in very real stores—the fragrance industry has gone loopy with marketing strategies. As things stand, no properly-fixated-on-the-media consumer would need that much prodding to buy Bart Simpson cologne.

Of course, *designer* fragrances are nothing new. That idea—a respectable, logical one—is about ten minutes older than dirt. It's very simple. Fashion—fragrance. Fashion—fragrance. Yes! There's a connection here. We all see it. But now that any celebrity who's been on the cover of the *Star* can have his or her own perfume, designers have to go clever on us to compete in a market clogged with the musks of Misha and Julio Iglesias.

Consider Ralph Lauren's Safari. It isn't simply a fragrance with the Lauren name on it, it's much more than that. It's bottled fantasy, tied to a collection featuring the same fantasy, inspiring one of the most vague and bizarre TV ad campaigns of all time. Storyboard goes something like this: fly plane to Africa, have cocktails, scare birds, read mail, laugh. Does this have anything to do with fragrance? Of course it does.

Karl Lagerfeld's new men's cologne, Lagerfeld Photo, is, like Safari, fragrance with an angle. Lagerfeld, you see, has had this interest in photography for about four years. In fact, his first book of portraits and fashion photography is being published just in time for Photo's launch. Though the connection between photography and cologne may seem a little remote to you, it doesn't to Lagerfeld.

"You know," he says during a visit to New York to promote the new scent, "a camera is one of the few toys that men are allowed to play with. And it's a beautiful object. In fact, a perfume bottle and a camera are nearly the same thing to the touch. For me there was a kind of relationship. All men today have their fragrance, and

all men have their camera. So I thought there was a connection."

It's a stretch, but why not? The Photo campaign was photographed by Lagerfeld himself, and the photos feature a man photographing a young woman in various stages of dress. "It's all about a kind of voyeurism," says Lagerfeld, "a very important part of people's lives today." The bottle itself is black and vaguely evocative of camera equipment. The lid is rubbery, like the focus grip on a zoom lens. And the smell? Grapefruit, with a spicy afterscent. "I like grapefruit," he says, sipping from a glass of grapefruit juice. "And in the eighties, perfumes were a little too heavy. So I think for the ▶ 344

Lagerfeld, top, introduces Lagerfeld Photo for men; Blass has three new women's scents





BAREFOOT
MORNINGS,
SWEET DREAMS
IN AN
UNREAD BOOK.

900 SERIES

REAL LIFE WEARS REAL JEANS.™

Levi's

For store nearest you, call 1-800-227-5600.



The words "Levi's" and "900 Series" are registered trademarks of Levi Strauss & Co. © 1990



Chantelle
PARIS

HIDDEN PLEASURES . . .

From France . . . Slip into the absolute luxury of Naturel and support yourself, beautifully. Elegant embroidered tulle combines with the coolness and comfort of cotton. Seductive, sophisticated—lingerie to live in.

Underwire bra available in white and ivory. Sizes 32 to 40 B, C and D cup.

Matching bikini in S, M, L and XL. Another from the collection of elegant underdressings by Chantelle.

For more information write Chantelle,
7105 S.W. 47th Street, Suite 406, Miami, FL 33155

BERGDORF GOODMAN

IMAGES

nineties it's time for something a little fresher, a little greener." (And citrusy Drakkar Noir is said to be one of the best-selling men's colognes worldwide at the moment.)

Bill Blass's three new scents are also perfumes with a hook, but the hook is a little more subliminal, and perhaps more complicated from a marketing standpoint than that of Photo.

The idea here (which, incidentally, has been tried before, most notably by Adrian in the forties with two perfumes—Saint and Sinner) is to offer not one, but a collection of fragrances.

"It was always my idea that one could come out with more than one fragrance at a time," says Blass. "Because it is my firm belief that women don't wear only one scent, I thought, Why not *wardrobe* them in perfume as we do in clothes?"

The result is three fragrances with nearly generic, though slightly awkward names: Basic Black (sophisticated, for nighttime), Nude (clean and flowery), and Hot (wildly potent). Same box. Same bottle. Simply the stoppers for each will be a different color. It is, Blass admits, an ambitious idea coming at a time when there is so much competition. In fact, he says he was surprised that Revlon, which markets the Blass name in fragrances, went for it. In his opinion, the optimistic thinking behind their endeavor goes like this: "Ultimately, consumers will come up with one that they like out of three, which is better than having only one fragrance that they may *hate*."

Perfumes have always been, of course, part of a designer's image. If Elizabeth Taylor has a fragrance that is a flop, she becomes no less of a legend because of it. (In fact, her fragrance has been an enormous success from the beginning.) But for designers, perfume can—and has helped—create their legend.

Blass agrees. "You're not going to go down in history for your designs," he says. "We can count on one hand the American designers whose names really went on for any length of time after their death. But a perfume can keep a name alive. Properly marketed, properly kept in the public's eye, it's probably our only hope for immortality." ● IMAGES ► 356

WE MAKE COLOR.
ANY COLOR.

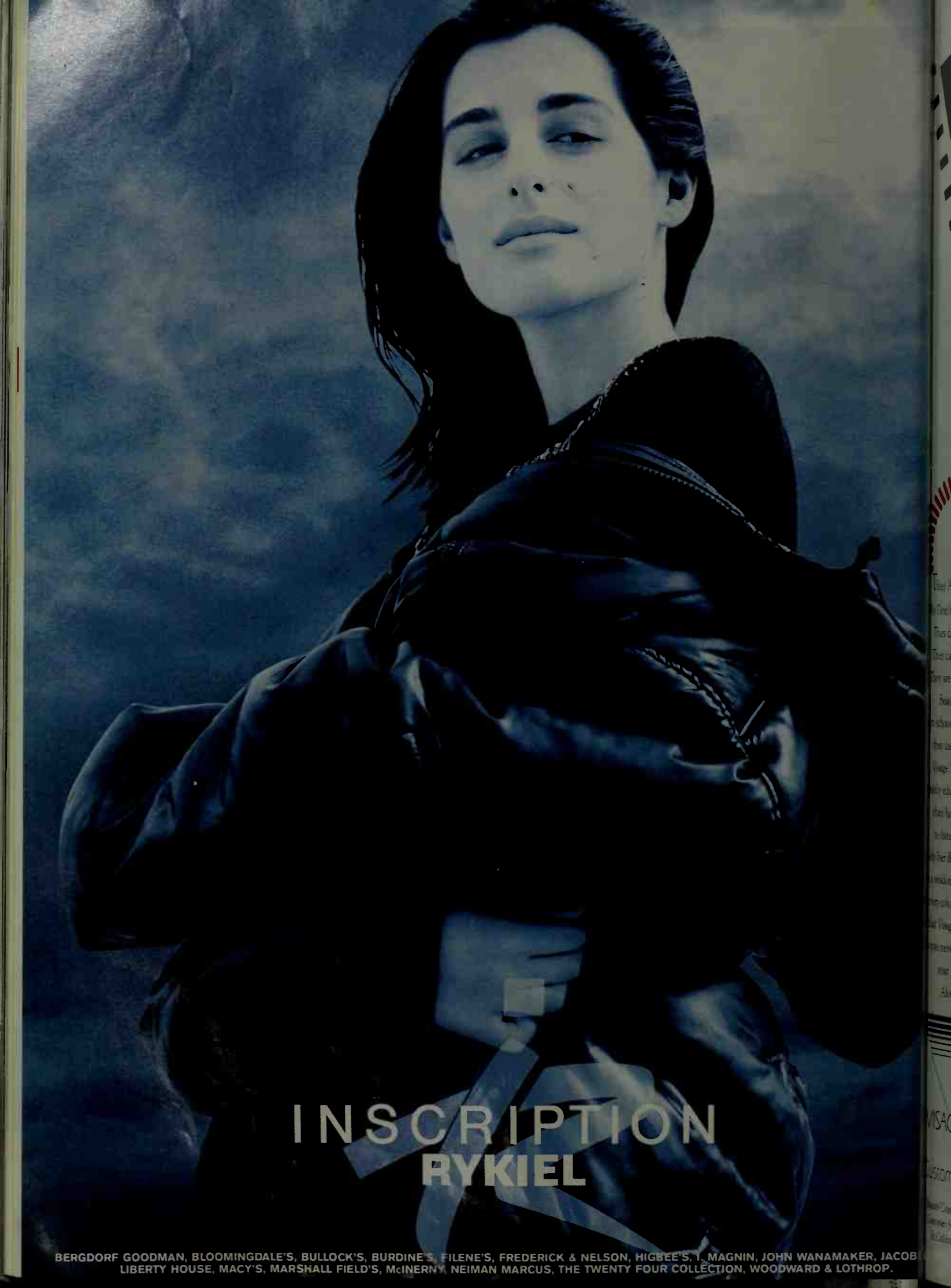
Foundation • Shadow • Lip Color • Blusher • Face Powder



The Custom Color Company

Bullock's • Nordstrom • Macy's • Dillard's • Goldsmith's • Marshall Field's • Jordan Marsh
Bloomingdale's • Lazarus • Dayton Hudson • Rich's

Visage Beauté Cosmetics, Inc. Beverly Hills, CA 1 (800) 847-2431 In CA 1 (800) 451-5079



**INSCRIPTION
RYKIEL**

BERGDORF GOODMAN, BLOOMINGDALE'S, BULLOCK'S, BURDINE'S, FILENE'S, FREDERICK & NELSON, HIGBEE'S, I. MAGNIN, JOHN WANAMAKER, JACOB LIBERTY HOUSE, MACY'S, MARSHALL FIELD'S, McINERNEY, NEIMAN MARCUS, THE TWENTY FOUR COLLECTION, WOODWARD & LOTHROP.



WAYNE POLLARD-BERGDORF GOODMAN



ROY KARRELL-CREATOR, PRESIDENT



ANITA SMITH-NORDSTROM



SNEJANA BERNAUER-BULLOCK'S



KIMBERLY KLIMER-MARSHALL FIELD'S



YOLANDA HERNANDEZ-NORDSTROM



KIM ENGELBERG-DILLARD'S



TANJA WELLER-NORDSTROM



PARVIN FARYVAN-NORDSTROM



JULES PINADA-BULLOCK'S



PAM DAVIDE-LAZARUS



ANITA HOFMEISTER-NORDSTROM

They Are The Ingredient
 e Don't Put On Our Label.
 They cannot be bottled.
 They cannot be imitated.
 They are the Visage Beauté
 Beauty Specialists.
 schooled in art and fashion,
 they can be found at all
 Visage Beauté counters.
 tely educated by Visage Beauté
 they have been taught
 to listen to a woman.
 lp her discover her own beauty.
 a wisdom that is taken home
 very color and care for the skin
 at Visage Beauté creates.
 you never have to discover
 your own beauty.
 Alone. Again.



VISAGE BEAUTÉ™
 Custom Color Company

beauté Cosmetics, Inc., Beverly Hills, CA
 Customer Service (800) 847-2431
 In California (800) 451-5079



A timeless meeting of beauty, comfort and craftsmanship.
The tradition continues.

Allen *For her*
Edmonds

NEW YORK WASHINGTON, D.C. CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES MUNICH BRUSSELS TOKYO

ALLEN-EDMONDS SHOE CORPORATION PORT WASHINGTON, WI
For your complimentary catalog, call 1-800-782-9932

THIS COLOR WILL NEVER BECOME EXTINCT.



Thousands of women every day reach the end of their favorite lipstick color only to find it's been discontinued. Today, Visage Beauté will custom blend you a new one. Right at our counter. In front of your eyes. Our Color Artists will blend any color you want. A lipstick. A blush. A shadow. In a color you know or a color you have never seen before. Custom blended color from Visage Beauté. The most magnificent idea in colors for your face since the idea of beauty began.

Roy Karrell, Creator and President
Custom Color from Visage Beauté

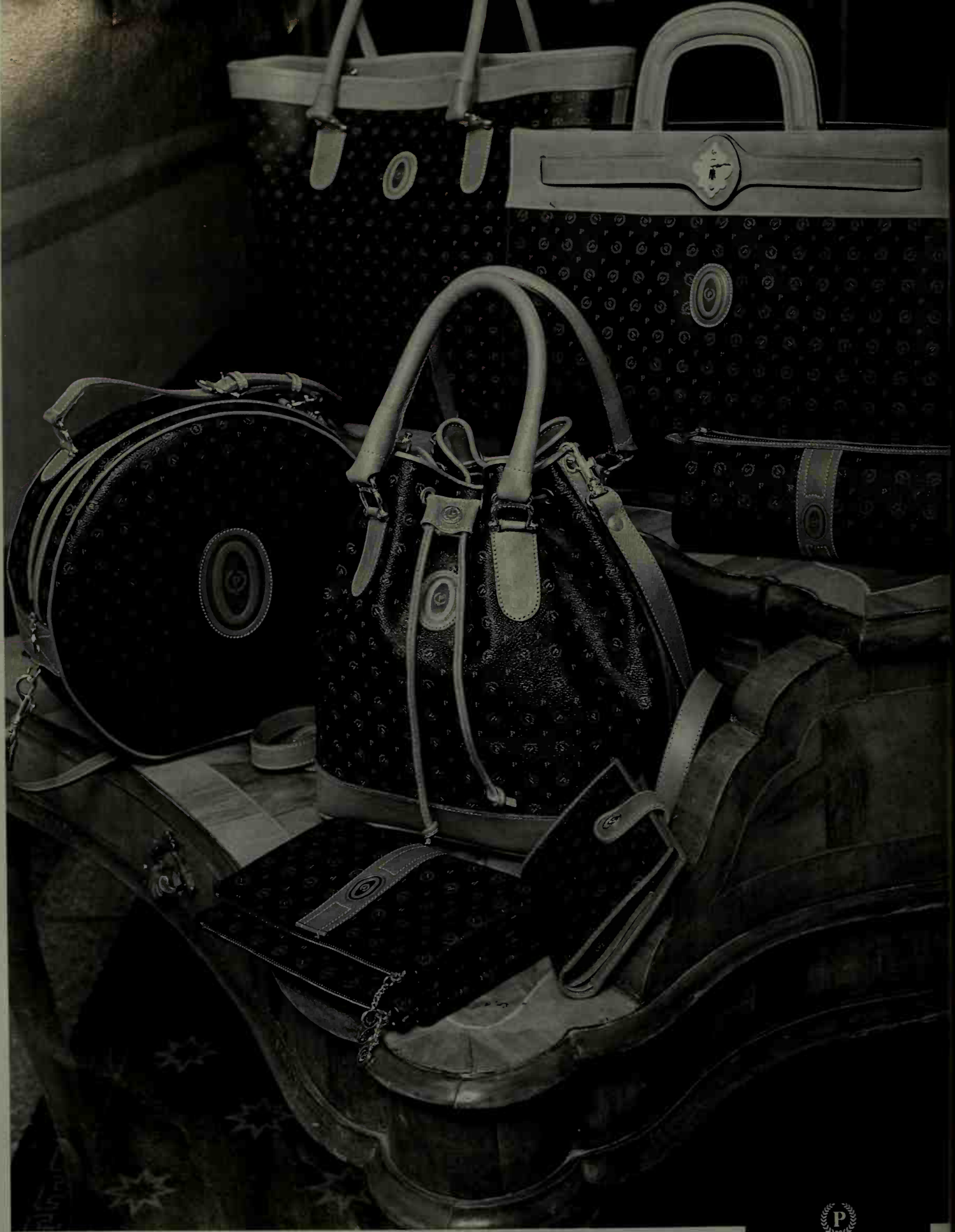
I want what I want and I get it from Visage Beauté.

VISAGE BEAUTÉ™

The Custom Color Company

Bullock's • Nordstrom • Macy's • Dillard's • Goldsmith's • Marshall Field's • Jordan Marsh
Bloomingdale's • Lazarus • Dayton Hudson • Rich's

Visage Beauté Cosmetics, Inc., Beverly Hills, CA • Customer Service • (800) 847-2431. In California (800) 451-5079.



LIBERTY HOUSE
A TRADITION IN HAWAII

PARISIAN

THE BROADWAY
IS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



POLLINI

THE LEATHER.



Bullock's

Macy's

Burdines

Bloomingdale's

Dejāiz

Merry Go Round

Canadians

Maison Blanche

Madigan's

Chess King

Z. CAVARICCI

Style that moves you

IMAGES: beauty answers

Thanks to new technology, the **beauty mask** has never been more versatile, easier to apply, or faster working. Here, a report on some of the best and how to use them

AS THE NUMBER OF SPAS AND SKIN salons increases around the world, so does the number of masks. Mask treatments are an integral part of every spa or salon beauty regime, but they are also the focal treatment for at-home facials.

The reason for their popularity? New York City skin-care specialist Trish McEvoy says, "A mask is always a treat no matter what its objective. In order to achieve anything, a mask has to be applied while a woman is relaxing and giving some time to herself. Masks are natural de-stressers."

Diana Bihova, M.D., clinical instructor of dermatology at New York University Medical Center, says, "Masks can genuinely make a difference in the way skin looks, through ex-

foliation, which smooths skin, and through stimulating blood flow to skin's surface to give a real glow.

"They can't, however, work miracles," Bihova continues. "Masks will not cure acne, erase wrinkles, eliminate body toxins, or shrink pores. They work on skin's surface, so their effect, while visible, is superficial."

The latest masks fit into one of two categories: hydrating, for dry or sun-damaged skin (with gelatin, collagen, or peelable synthetic polymer bases), or oil-absorbing, for acne-prone or oily skin (usually with clay or mud bases).

Others contain ingredients for "special effects." For instance, Redken's Firming Facial Mask contains peppermint to provide a cooling, tingling sen-

sation, but it still falls into the hydrating category, as does Kao Sofina's new peel-off Refining Mask, which uses jojoba and castor oils to soothe and moisturize. Some hydrators, like Sebastian's Cellular Moisture Masque and La Prairie's Moisture Mask, contain cellular extracts to further moisturize the skin. To help specific areas, masks like Visage Beauté's new Line Smoothing Eye Masque contain botanicals to soothe and smooth the extradelicate skin around the eyes.

Natural ingredients are more and more the big draw of mask treatments at spas. At the Decleor Beauté Day Spa in Greenwich, Connecticut, for example, one body treatment followed by a seaweed mask uses mud and seaweed imported from Europe. The Doral Saturnia in Miami offers facial and body masks of thermal plankton and fango mud from Italy. At the Repêchage Skin Treatment Center in New York, some hand treatments include a mask of papaya enzymes to help lighten age spots.

To get the most out of any mask, don't overdo it—either by using one too frequently or leaving it on for too long, both of which could irritate skin. "More damage can be done to skin when removing a mask than when applying it," McEvoy cautions. "Masks should be removed by splashing warm water onto skin, then very gently going over the face once with a facecloth. Makeup can be applied immediately, but don't apply sunscreen for at least an hour, to give skin time to calm down and to avoid irritation."

Bihova advises women with serious acne problems or very sensitive skin to avoid masks. "The mask's stimulating effect and the massage that usually accompanies facials may lead to acne mechanica, a worsening of an acne condition, or increase the tendency some women have toward broken blood vessels." —LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY

IMAGES ► 362



1996 Christian Dior Parfumes, Inc.

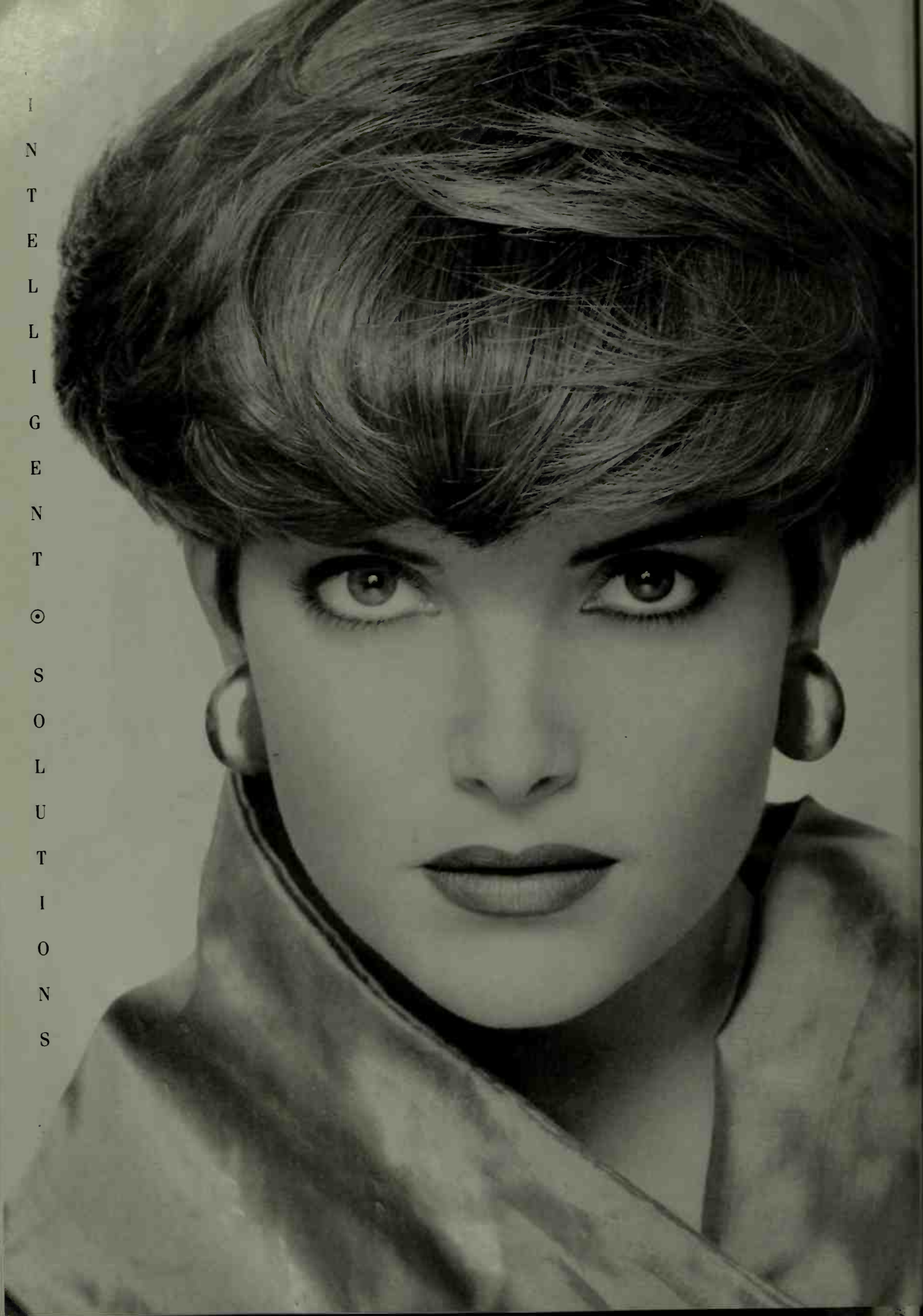
Christian Dior



Robinsons

LORD & TAYLOR

I
N
T
E
L
L
I
G
E
N
T
©
S
O
L
U
T
I
O
N
S



End haircare confusion
with intelligent solutions.
Redken. Products that perform
as promised. I guarantee it."

Paula Kent Meehan

Paula Kent Meehan
Founder Chairman & CEO
Redken Laboratories, Inc.



Have you ever tried a haircare product that just didn't work for you? Has the constant clutter of haircare claims left you confused? Before you contribute one more bottle to your bathroom barrage of miracles that didn't make it, try the intelligent solutions from Redken.

How can we be so sure of ourselves? Because Redken has been pioneering haircare breakthroughs, based on extensive research into the scientific analysis of hair, without testing on animals. We have developed environmentally-safe, protein-enriched products that improve the hair's structure as well as its style. And all our intelligent solutions are recommended by trained professional hairstylists.

We guarantee the performance of each product when purchased from authorized salons. If you are not completely satisfied, return the product with proof of purchase and we will promptly refund your money.



Intelligent solutions from Redken.

Available at Redken Premier and other fine salons. For free samples and the salon nearest you, call 1-800-542-REDKEN.

REDKEN
BEAUTY THROUGH SCIENCE

TSE

con m a e

171 post street
san francisco

stanford center
palo alto

south san jose
chico mesa

market square
santa fe

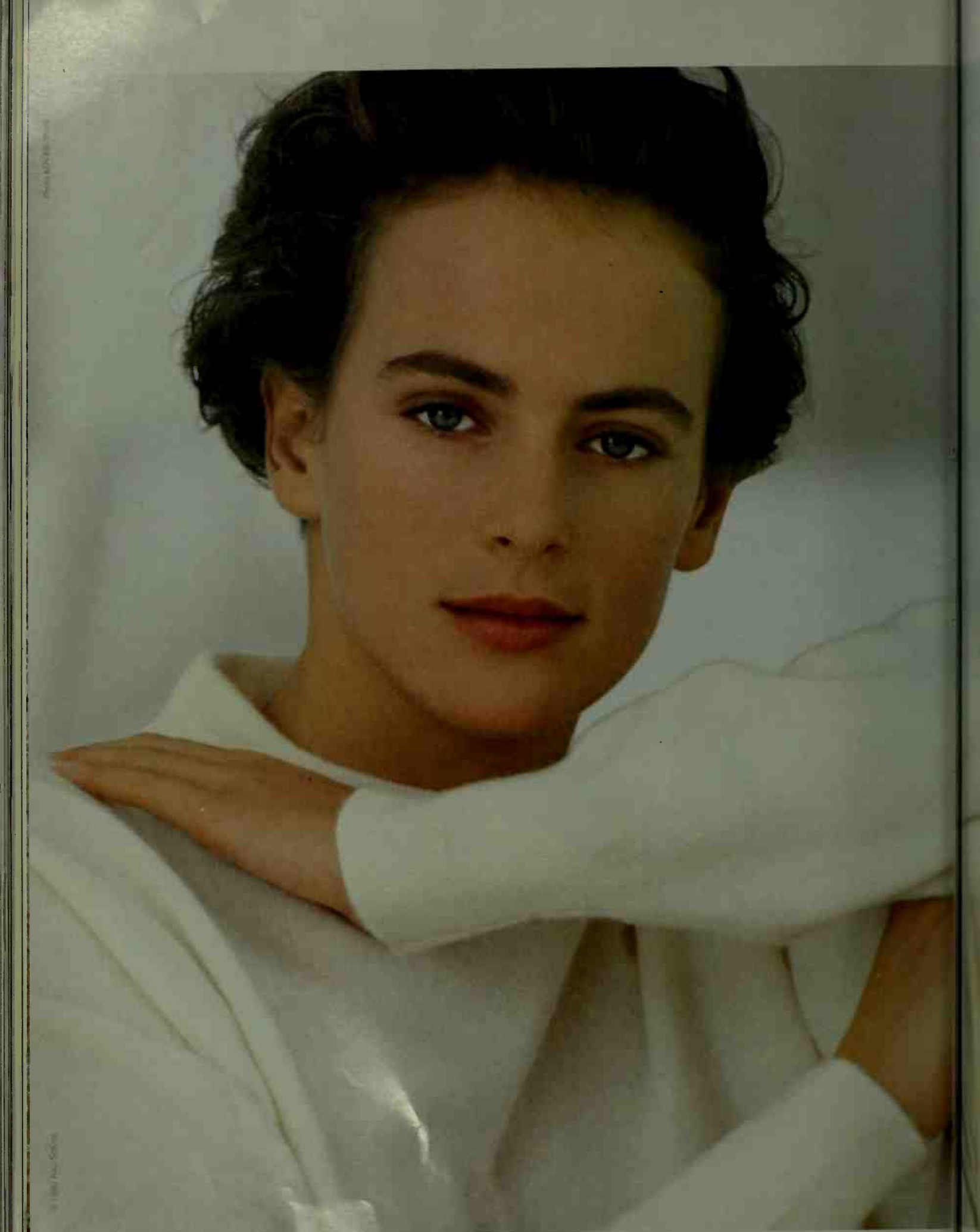
for all other
1-800-223-48



SINCE 1929



THE BEAUTIFUL
ENDURES



© 1994 MACYS

© 1994 MACYS

Come in for a complimentary computerized skin analysis at:

MACY'S Northern California
Union Square • Stanford • Corte Madera •
Valley Fair • Concord • Hillsdale

BULLOCK'S
Southern California
At Select Locations

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
Woodland Hills • South Coast Plaza

For inquiries
1-800-833-1338



Kao Sofina

restores your skin's natural moisture balance over your entire face to visibly improve the condition of your skin.

Your skin is moisture-balanced. All over.

Dry cheeks ? Oily forehead ? Finally, a moisturizing system that acts on the areas that need help. No matter what particular problem areas you have - no matter what your skin type - Kao Sofina helps restore your skin's moisture balance and normalize its condition over your entire face. Dry cheeks and eye areas are hydrated without increasing oiliness on the forehead, nose or other susceptible areas. The result ? Your skin regains firmness and vitality, and a healthy radiant glow. Day after day.

Kao Sofina works with your skin to enhance the intercellular lipids, the skin's most important moisture retaining element. Your skin's natural moisture balance is gradually restored, creating soft, supple, even-textured skin.

■ On first application you'll see how quickly Kao Sofina is absorbed.

■ The next day, your skin feels rejuvenated.

■ Continued use results in a beautifully moisture-balanced, even-textured skin condition.



Kao Sofina. Works with your skin. Not just on it.™

FITNESS

If you're convinced that stretching isn't real exercise, better loosen up.

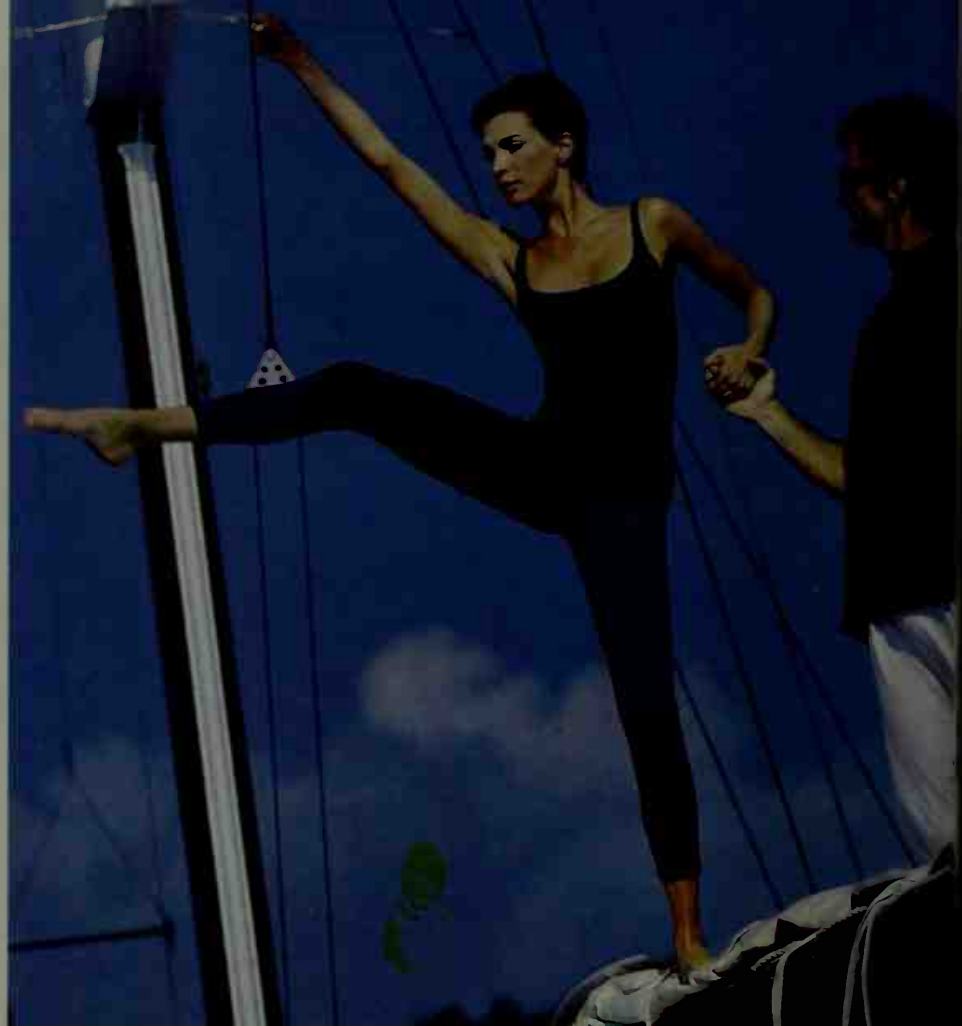
PAMELA KAUFMAN reports on **flexibility**, the newest (oldest) fitness goal

THINGS HAVE A FUNNY WAY OF coming full circle. Think back, for instance, to a time before StairMasters and Lifecycles; before exercise videos and the burn; before jogging. Fitness was simpler before people found out about the benefits of aerobic exercise and started tossing around phrases like target heart rate and VO₂ max. In the pre-aerobic past, men focused more on building big, "manly" muscles. Women gravitated toward ballet and other activities that showed off their "feminine" flexibility.

In 1968 Kenneth Cooper, a specialist in preventive medicine, came out with his book *Aerobics*, and things began to change. First women discovered the joys of sweat. Later they found out about weight training, too, and learned to view their flexed biceps with astonishment and pride. They still stretched—a little—but in a bored, impatient way: it was a duty, a chore, something they sped through in order to get to the "real" exercise.

Today, however, women (and some men, too) are rediscovering the importance of limber bodies. "Your heart and muscles may be strong, but if you're not flexible your body is limited in what it can do," says Kate Gyllenhaal, director of Homebodies, a New York City personal training company.

In technical terms, flexibility refers to a joint's ability to move freely through its full range of motion. Genetics plays a large role in determining how much of this movement is possible. There's nothing you can do to change the shape of your joints, for instance; and if your thigh bone sits a little to the front or to the side of your hip socket, you may never be able to do a split. The ligaments that attach bone to bone also influence flexibility. If you were born with tight ligaments, chances are you'll never be able to fold yourself into human origami. Still another genetic variable involves



Flexibility plus strength means control—even in precarious situations.

the connective tissue that encases each muscle. This tissue is composed of collagen fibers (which don't stretch much) and elastic fibers (which do): if you've got lots of the first kind of fiber and only a little of the second, you will never be as supple as a Slinky, no matter how diligently you stretch.

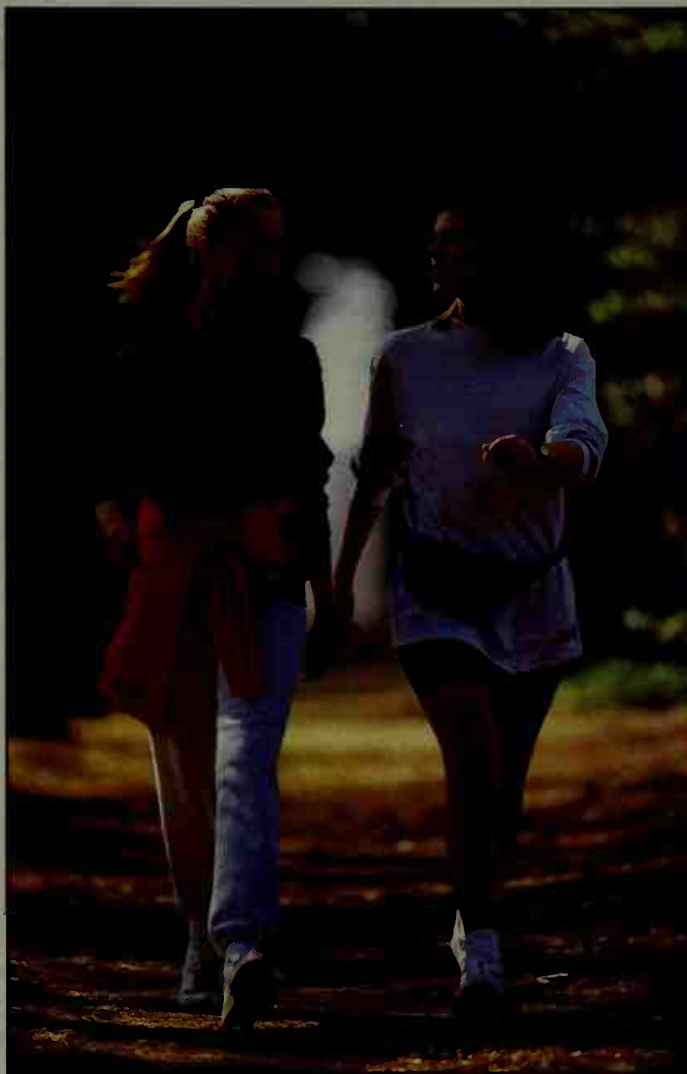
Of course, being born a little on the stiff side doesn't mean you should resign yourself to life as a walking surfboard. According to Werner Hoeger, director of the Human Performance Laboratory at Boise State University, stretching for just twenty minutes three times a week can, over time, improve range of motion a whopping 30 percent. And don't think that being born flexible means you can coast on your genetic luck, because even people blessed with loose bodies tighten up if they don't stretch. Stretching preserves the microscopic spaces that separate the connective tissue fibers. If you don't stretch, these fibers grow together and put a stranglehold on your muscles, choking up your range of motion. Combine inactivity with the natural stiffening that accompanies aging, and the limbo star of today may find herself being carried off the dance floor on a stretcher tomorrow.

A caveat: if you're one of those rare people born with abnormally loose ligaments—if, for example, you feel as if your arm might pop out of its socket when you rotate it too far back—you probably shouldn't stretch. Instead, focus on developing muscle strength, which helps stabilize hypermobile joints.

For most of us, though, flexibility exercises can do an astonishing amount of good. Stretching, for ► 368




The Mission County High Aggies, Women's Volleyball Team.



Annette McCrory and Mary Beth Brady, the Monday-Wednesday-Friday walking team.

Russell Athletic EveryWear.™
**WORN BY AMERICA'S
FAVORITE TEAMS.**



**RUSSELL
ATHLETIC**

WORN BY AMERICA'S
TOP TEAMS
42
MACHINE WASH SEPARATELY
USE WARM WATER • GENTLE
CYCLE • DO NOT BLEACH
TUMBLE DRY • LOW HEAT
WPL 7232 MADE IN U.S.A.

Found In Fine Department Stores And Sporting Goods Stores Everywhere.





RECREATIONS MATERNITY

The latest fashions you can wear early, late and after your pregnancy. Send \$3 for color catalogue to ReCreations, Dept. V-990, Box 091038, Columbus, OH 43209. Or call

1-800-621-2547

**SIZES
10 to 13 Only!**
**FASHION
FOOTWEAR** TALGA'S

FAMOUS BRANDS
Fashion dress shoes,
sandals, sport
shoes
& flats.
All in
sizes
10 to 13 only.

Hundreds of styles and colors.
Satisfaction Guaranteed!

Send for FREE catalog!

To qualify, you must give your shoe size.

Shoe size _____

Shoe width _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Shoecraft Corp.
Box 129 Dept. 1420
Accord, Mass.
02018

FITNESS: flexibility

one thing, is a great way to relieve muscle tension. When muscles are habitually tense, they tend to cut off their own circulation, leading to a decrease in the amount of oxygen and a slight buildup of carbon dioxide and other metabolic wastes in the tissues, which results in achiness and fatigue. There's evidence, too, that slow, sustained stretching after a workout may help ward off the next-day muscle soreness that often plagues people just beginning an exercise program. Flexibility also plays a role in good posture, since tight chest muscles can cause shoulders to slump.

Surprisingly, the benefit of flexibility that exercise instructors talk up with the most enthusiasm is the one that's most difficult to prove. While it's obvious that some joint mobility is needed to prevent strains and sprains, researchers have found no evidence that exercisers with maximum flexibility have fewer injuries than people whose flexibility is about average.

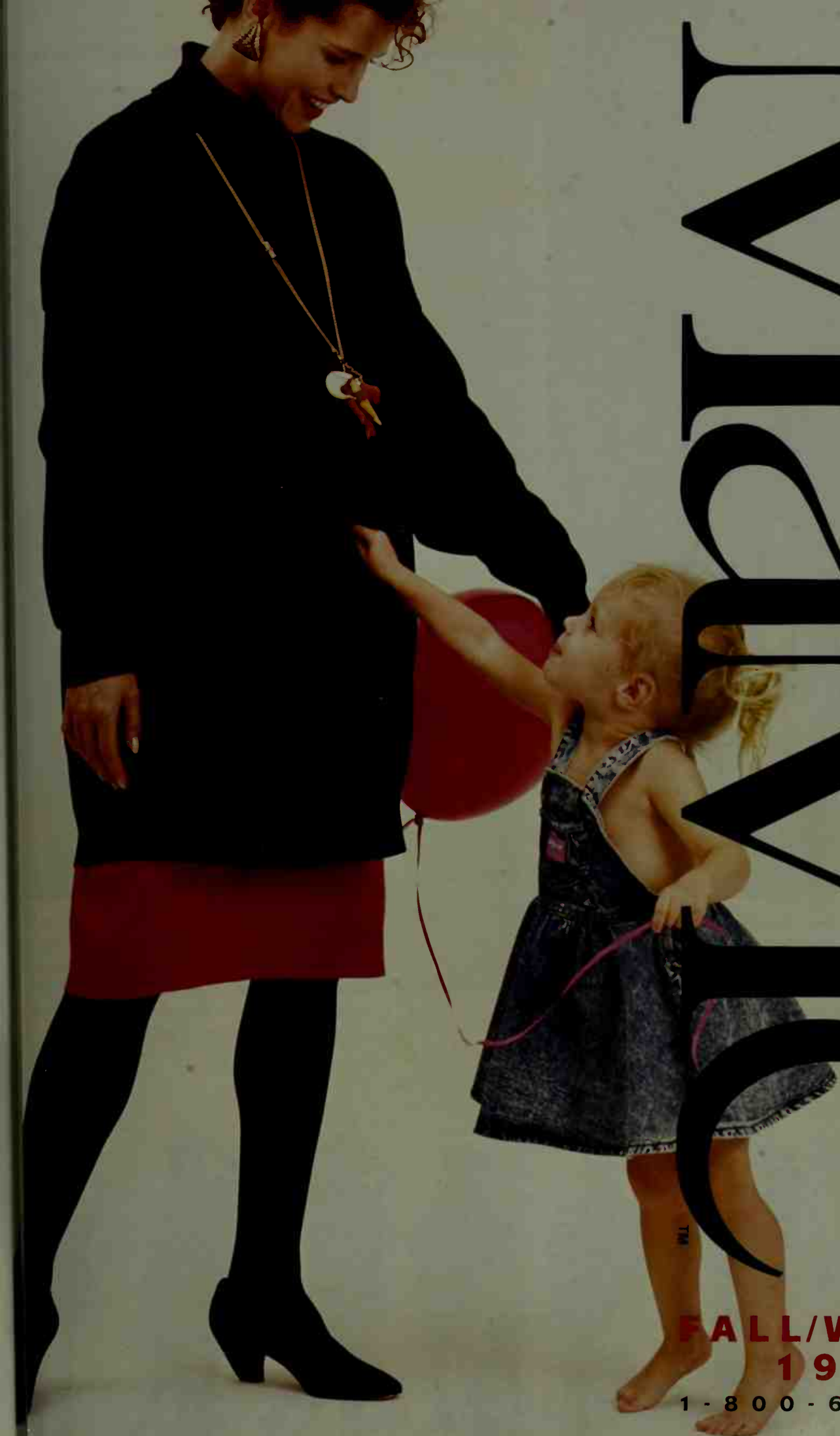
What is clear is the relationship between poor flexibility and lower back pain, a problem often caused by weak abdominal and stiff lower back muscles. Distance runners are particularly at risk: because their hamstring and lower back muscles get so tight, many of these athletes can barely reach down past their kneecaps. Stretching and strengthening exercises can stave off back pain, saving you and even your country a lot of grief (according to one estimate, back pain costs American industry more than \$1 billion each year in lost productivity and services).

The biggest plus of flexibility training may be something less easily quantified. "A lot of my clients tell me, 'I want to feel freer, more in control of my body.' They don't realize that what they're asking for is better flexibility," says Kate Gyllenhaal. There's a grace, an ease about women who stretch regularly: they seem comfortable in their skins. It's a kind of body awareness that's as much mental as physical. "When you do aerobic exercises, the movements are too quick to teach you anything about how your body moves. Stretching, though, gives you a chance to listen to your body and feel its internal workings," says Gyllenhaal.

Lots of people would agree that stretching, in the abstract, is a good thing. But when it comes to actually getting down on the floor and *doing* it, they're not sure how or when or even what to stretch. For instance, people often confuse stretching with warming up. Warming up before strenuous exercise is crucial—it pushes your heart and metabolic rates up, increases blood flow to your muscles, and otherwise helps your body make the shift from rest to work. But the way to warm up is by jogging or riding a stationary bike for a few minutes—*not* by stretching. Stretch while your body's cold, in fact, and you're likely to pull or tear muscle fibers. The best time to work on flexibility is immediately after your main workout and cooldown, when the muscles are warmest and most pliant.

What's the best way to stretch? We all know that jerky "ballistic" stretching is bad news. It can tear muscle fibers and overstretch ligaments, leading to dislocated joints. Moreover, ► 374

**By stretching
regularly you
can improve
your range of
motion a
whopping 30
percent**



STAN

FALL/WINTER
1996

1-800-638-1986



The full-fashioned, three-quarter length, tapered, crewneck tunic in pure cotton knit is ribbed at the wrist and hem. It is accentuated with a center seam trim which is repeated on the front of the long slender skirt. The shaped cotton knit skirt also has a ribbed hemline, and our elastic, adjustable button-thru waistband. Both are shown in luscious dyed-to-match GRAPE. (1., 6.)



The long-sleeved, drop shoulder, three-quarter length turtleneck top in smooth, pure cotton knit is ribbed at the cuffs, neck and hemline. It is featured with the short, shaped, center seamed cotton knit skirt which repeats the ribbed detail, and has our elastic, adjustable button-thru waistband. Both pictured above in dyed-to-match ROSE. (3., 7.)



OK. IT'S WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS. YOU'RE JUST LUCKIER THAN MOST. Mămē WAS MADE FOR YOU, AND AS YOU'LL DISCOVER: Mă



Mămē'S EXCLUSIVE
 BUTTON-THRU ELASTIC
 WAISTBAND GUARANTEES
 PURE COMFORT AND PER-
 FECT FIT. ALL SKIRTS AND
 PANTS FEATURE WAIST-
 BANDS WITH HIDDEN
 BUTTONHOLES AT EVERY
 INCH SO YOU CAN ADJUST
 AS YOUR SIZING NEEDS
 CHANGE.



The three-quarter length, cotton knit crewneck tunic has ribbed details and a center seamed trim. It is paired with slender fitting, cotton knit tapered pants with our elastic, adjustable button-thru waistband. Both are shown in unmistakably elegant BLACK. (1., 5.)

The classic turtleneck is elongated into a delicately tapered, soft cotton knit dress. It is designed with drop shoulders, and ribbed at the neck, cuffs, and hemline. This dress is pictured above in versatile OATMEAL. (4.)



(1., 8., 7.)

(1., 6.)

(2., 8., 7.)

(8., 5.)

(1., 7.)

(2., 4.)

(3., 5.)



The jewel neck, three-quarter length cardigan jacket is in soft cotton knit. It is fashioned with patch pockets, and ribbed at the cuffs and hem. The long, shaped, cotton knit skirt is also ribbed at the hem, and accentuated with a center seam trim. The skirt features our button-thru elastic, adjustable waistband. Both are shown in dyed-to-match deepest EVERGREEN. (2..6.)



(1., 8., 7.)

(2., 8., 7.)

(3., 5.)

Mā Mē IS DESIGNED FOR VERSATILITY. ALL OF THE TOPS AND BOTTOMS ARE INTERCHANGEABLE TO SUIT YOUR TASTE. YOU CAN COLOR MATCH FOR A SLIM LOOK, OR COLOR MIX FOR A FASHION FORWARD LOOK. (SEE THE COLOR CHART ABOVE FOR OUR SUMPTUOUS FALL SELECTION.)

Mā Mē IS DESIGNED TO FIT. THERE ARE TWO SIZES FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE. GENERALLY, SIZE A FITS 5'5" IN HEIGHT AND UNDER; SIZE B, 5'5" AND OVER. ALL OF THE BOTTOMS HAVE ELASTIC WAISTBANDS WITH OUR UNIQUE BUTTON-THRU FEATURE. BUTTON-HOLES EVERY INCH ALLOW YOU TO ADJUST AS YOUR NEEDS CHANGE.

PLEASE CALL US FOR ASSISTANCE WITH THE MANY POSSIBLE VARIATIONS IN FIT AND COLOR. EVERYONE ON OUR STAFF IS A MOTHER AND AN EXPERT IN ANSWERING YOUR QUESTIONS.

GRIP-ON SHOULDER PADS DO WONDERS FOR YOUR SHAPE. CURVED FOAM FITS THE SHOULDER AND CLINGS TO ALL KNIT FABRICS. IN NATURAL. ONE SIZE. ONE SET. \$10.00



1. Three-quarter length tapered crewneck top. Heavyweight, soft cotton knit. All colors. Size A, length: 32 inches. Size B, length: 34 inches. **\$80.00**



2. Jewel neck cardigan jacket. Heavyweight, soft cotton knit. All colors. Size A, length: 32 inches. Size B, length: 34 inches. **\$90.00**



3. Tapered, three-quarter length turtleneck top. Heavyweight, soft cotton knit. All colors. Size A, length: 32 inches. Size B, length: 34 inches. **\$80.00**



4. Turtleneck dress. Heavyweight, soft cotton knit. All colors. Size A, length: 48 inches. Size B, length: 50 inches. **\$95.00**



5. Slim-fitting, tapered pants. Button-thru adjustable elastic waistband. Heavyweight, soft cotton knit. Black only. Size A, length 48 inches. Size B, length: 50 inches. **\$80.00**



6. Long, shaped skirt with front seam detail. Button-thru adjustable elastic waistband. Heavyweight, soft cotton knit. All colors. Size A, length: 34 inches. Size B, length: 36 inches. **\$70.00**



7. Short, shaped skirt with front seam detail. Button-thru adjustable elastic waistband. Heavyweight, soft cotton knit. All colors. Size A, length: 24 inches. Size B, length: 26 inches. **\$65.00**



8. Washed silk shirt, button front. Three-quarter length. Pure silk, ecru only. Size A, length: 32 inches. Size B, length: 34 inches. **\$120.00**



9. Special occasion, scooped yoke dress with adjustable back sash. Imported rayon crepe. Black only. Size A, length: 49 inches. Size B, length: 50 inches. **\$175.00**



WE CARE HOW YOU LOOK



Larry Freeman and the Freeman family hair and skin treatments combine science with natural ingredients.

Freeman Botanical Therapy Shampoo & Botanical Humectant Conditioner created with Chamomile and natural moisturizers to condition and nourish. Your hair will look and feel fuller, livelier and be more manageable. **Botanical Treatments for healthier looking, more beautiful hair.**



FREE SAMPLE
Botanical Therapy Shampoo
Send name, address, zip code and \$1.00 for postage and handling to: Freeman Care, 196 Box 4074 Beverly Hills, CA 90213
OFFER EXPIRES DECEMBER 31, 1990
Offer Available only in the U.S.A.



The full-fashioned, three-quarter length, tapered, crewneck tunic in pure cotton knit is ribbed at the wrist and hem. It is accented with a center seam trim which is repeated on the front of the long slender skirt. The shaped cotton knit skirt also has a ribbed hemline, and our elastic, adjustable button-thru waistband. Both are shown in luscious dyed-to-match GRAPE. (1.. 6.)



The long-sleeved, drop shoulder, three-quarter length turtleneck top in smooth, pure cotton knit is ribbed at the cuffs, neck and hemline. It is featured with the short, shaped, center seamed cotton knit skirt which repeats the ribbed detail, and has our elastic, adjustable button-thru waistband. Both pictured above in dyed-to-match ROSE. (3.. 7.)



BABY, IT'S YOU.

UNTIL MăMē, YOU COULD BE FASHIONABLE OR YOU COULD BE PREGNANT. YOU COULDN'T BE BOTH. UNTIL MăMē, FASHION ENDED WITH PREGNANCY. THINGS HAVE CHANGED. MăMē INTRODUCES A REVOLUTIONARY AND STUNNING NEW CONCEPT IN MATERNITY WEAR: STYLE. NO BOWS, NO RUFFLES, NO FRILLY PRINTS—JUST BASICS THAT TRANSLATE INTO A CLASSIC AND COMPLETE WARDROBE FOR DURING AND AFTER PREGNANCY. MăMē IS CAREER, LEISURE, AND SPECIAL OCCASION DRESSING WITH NO FUSS AND ABSOLUTE COMFORT.

For all your special occasions—the perfect long sleeved, jewel-necked black dress in imported rayon crepe. Accented by a slimming scooped yoke front and back and an adjustable sash.

MāMē™

BABY, IT'S YOU.

Because you are expecting—the best! MāMē is maternity wear that does what you want it to do. It looks great and feels great. Designed in washed silk, imported rayon crepe, and the softest feeling, smooth pure cotton knit, this is dressing that is guaranteed to fit the life you lead.

There is one thing we knew you could live without: excessive cost. For a moderate price, you can have fashion and quality.

So you don't have to worry about what you're going to wear. You already know MāMē is the name that fits you perfectly. In every way.

ORDER BY PHONE 1-800-638-1986

CALL FREE, WITHIN THE UNITED STATES, TO PLACE NEW ORDERS, INQUIRE ABOUT PREVIOUS ORDERS, REQUEST CATALOGS, OR FOR INFORMATION AND ASSISTANCE. OUR HOURS ARE 9:30 A.M.-5:30 P.M. CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, MONDAY THROUGH SATURDAY. MAJOR CREDIT CARDS, CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS ARE ACCEPTED. (SORRY, NO C.O.D.s.)

OUR FRIENDLY STAFF CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF MOTHERS WHO WILL HAPPILY GIVE YOU ALL THE TIME YOU NEED TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT SIZE, PROPORTION, COLOR COMBINATIONS, ETC.

DELIVERY

WE USUALLY SHIP VIA UPS, THE DAY AFTER WE RECEIVE YOUR ORDER. ALLOW 8 DAYS FOR DELIVERY, ALTHOUGH UPS OFTEN DELIVERS MORE QUICKLY THAN THAT. IF YOU ARE IN A SPECIAL HURRY, DELIVERY BY FEDERAL EXPRESS IS AVAILABLE.

SHOULD AN ITEM BE OUT-OF-STOCK, WE WILL INFORM YOU OF THE EXPECTED DELAY. (NOTE: ALL SHIPMENTS TO P.O. BOX ADDRESSES ARE SENT VIA PARCEL POST.) ITEMS ORDERED TOGETHER ARE NOT ALWAYS SHIPPED TOGETHER. HANDLING CHARGES INCLUDE POSTAGE, INSURANCE, AND PACKING AND ARE NOT REFUNDABLE.

RETURNS

WE WELCOME THE RETURN OF ANY ITEM THAT DOES NOT SATISFY YOU COMPLETELY. JUST RETURN IT WITHIN 3 WEEKS WITH THE SALES SLIP, AND INDICATE THE REASON FOR RETURN. SEND THE PACKAGE SECURELY WRAPPED, INSURED, AND PREPAID. (SHIPPING CHARGES ARE NOT REFUNDABLE.) WE WILL PROMPTLY HANDLE AN EXCHANGE, CREDIT YOUR CREDIT CARD, OR SEND A REFUND CHECK.

GIFTS AND CATALOGS

SEND GIFTS ANYWHERE IN THE COUNTRY. JUST CALL 1-800-638-1986. WE WILL INCLUDE YOUR GIFT MESSAGE AND WILL GIFT WRAP AT NO EXTRA CHARGE.

IF YOU CAN'T DECIDE WHAT TO GIVE, WE'LL SEND A GIFT CERTIFICATE ALONG WITH OUR CATALOG IN A SPECIALLY DESIGNED ENCLOSURE. CERTIFICATES CAN BE SENT DIRECTLY TO THE RECIPIENT OR TO YOU.



Gently washed pure silk shirt with the rich, soft feel of suede. Buttoned front, drop shoulder, perfect, all-purpose piece for lei office, or evening.



WE CARE HOW YOU LOOK

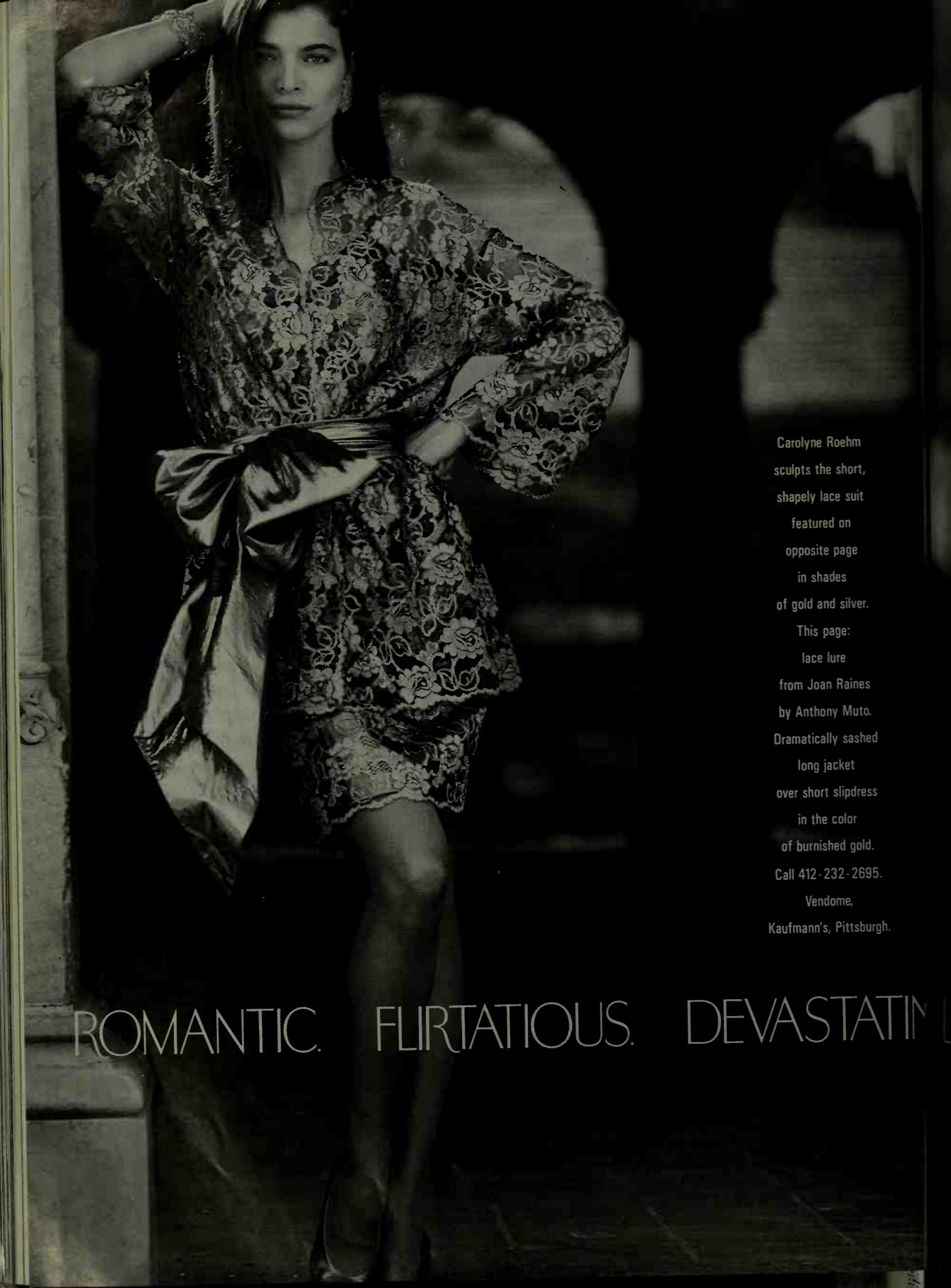


Larry Freeman and the Freeman family hair and skin treatments combine science with natural ingredients.

Freeman Botanical Therapy Shampoo & Botanical Humectant Conditioner created with Chamomile and natural moisturizers to condition and nourish. Your hair will look and feel fuller, livelier and be more manageable. **Botanical Treatments for healthier looking, more beautiful hair.**



FREE SAMPLE
Botanical Therapy Shampoo
Send name, address, zip code and \$1.00 for postage and handling to: Freeman Care, 196 Box 4074 Beverly Hills, CA 90213
OFFER EXPIRES DECEMBER 31, 1990
Offer Available only in the U.S.A.



Carolyne Roehm
sculpts the short,
shapely lace suit
featured on
opposite page
in shades
of gold and silver.

This page:
lace lure
from Joan Raines
by Anthony Muto.
Dramatically sashed
long jacket
over short slipdress
in the color
of burnished gold.

Call 412-232-2695.

Vendome,
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh.

ROMANTIC. FLIRTATIOUS. DEVASTATING.



LACE.

KAUFMANN'S



If you don't take care of the inside



How can you be beautiful outside?

It's elementary.

Beauty comes from within. It's a glow... a liveliness... a radiance. You can't hide it. And you certainly can't fake it. But there is something you can do: You can use Pantene.

Pantene's provitamin B5 complex[™] actually strengthens your hair inside. And helps make it lively, radiant outside. So get Pantene. And give your hair the chance to be beautiful.

PANTENE[™]
SERIOUS CARE FOR BEAUTIFUL HAIR[™]

FITNESS: flexibility

the sharp motion triggers a reflex that causes the stretched muscles to actually tighten up—not the response you're looking for.

The antithesis of this brutal bouncing is a technique called PNF (proprioceptive neuromuscular facilitation), originally devised for use in physical therapy. The theory behind PNF is that after you contract a muscle against isometric (nonmoving) resistance, it becomes extra-relaxed and you can stretch it more deeply. In one "contract-relax" exercise for the hamstrings and lower back muscles, you sit on the ground with one leg extended in front of you and lean as far over it as you can, keeping your back straight and your toes pointed up to engage the target muscles. Then, for about six seconds, you push against the resistance of a partner kneeling behind you (to contract the back muscles) and press your extended leg against the floor (to contract the hamstring). After releasing the tension you slowly lean forward again, with your

partner pushing gently but firmly on your back to help you down.

PNF enthusiasts call it state-of-the-art stretching. But because the technique requires contracting and stretching muscles with some force, it can lead to pulls or tears if performed too quickly or with too much power. And since most PNF exercises are designed as partner stretches, they can be inconvenient to do.

For many people, the easiest and safest way to build flexibility is the static method, in which you slowly stretch a muscle until you feel tension or mild discomfort (not pain) and hold the position for anywhere from ten to sixty seconds. "If you patiently sit with a stretch, after a while you'll feel the muscles relax and give a little. That's when you know you're doing it right," says Gyllenhaal. Exhaling as you stretch will help. Some people claim that visualization—thinking about hard taffy softening or warm honey oozing—also relaxes their muscles into a stretch.

Static stretching, controlled breathing, visualization—these all come together in yoga. "Yoga used to have such weird connotations. People thought you twisted yourself up, sat around, and chanted. Now more and more Americans see it as simply an intelligent way to get fit," says Denise DuBarry, owner of the Malibu Yoga studio, where celebrities such as John McEnroe and Olivia Newton-John go for their yoga fix.

All-American blond Kathy Smith, the star of several best-selling exercise videos—her newest focuses on toning the stomach and thighs—seems an unlikely yoga enthusiast. In fact she's been practicing yoga for at least fifteen years and now takes classes twice a week. "It's a wonderful complement to the rest of my fitness routine," she says. "It combines strength, flexibility, and balance in a way that no other exercise does. There's a real sense of achievement, too, in mastering difficult postures and seeing how much your body can improve."

If you're turned off by the mystical aspects of yoga, says Smith, you shouldn't have trouble finding a class that's less meditative and more athletic. "But you shouldn't be closed-minded to the spiritual side of yoga," she says. "After a yoga class I always feel an incredible sense of contentment."

The greatest benefit of any type of stretching program, in fact, may be that by relieving some of the tightness in your body you can somehow free your mind from its own tensions and make your attitudes more flexible, too. "After you hold a stretch for forty-five seconds or so, your mind begins to relax, and you sense the muscle beginning to elongate," says Smith. "When you go back to your everyday life, instead of fixating on things that cause stress, you find that you can let go there, too."

And who couldn't benefit from that kind of loosening up? • FITNESS ▶ 382

It's best to stretch after aerobic exercise, when muscles are warmest and most pliant

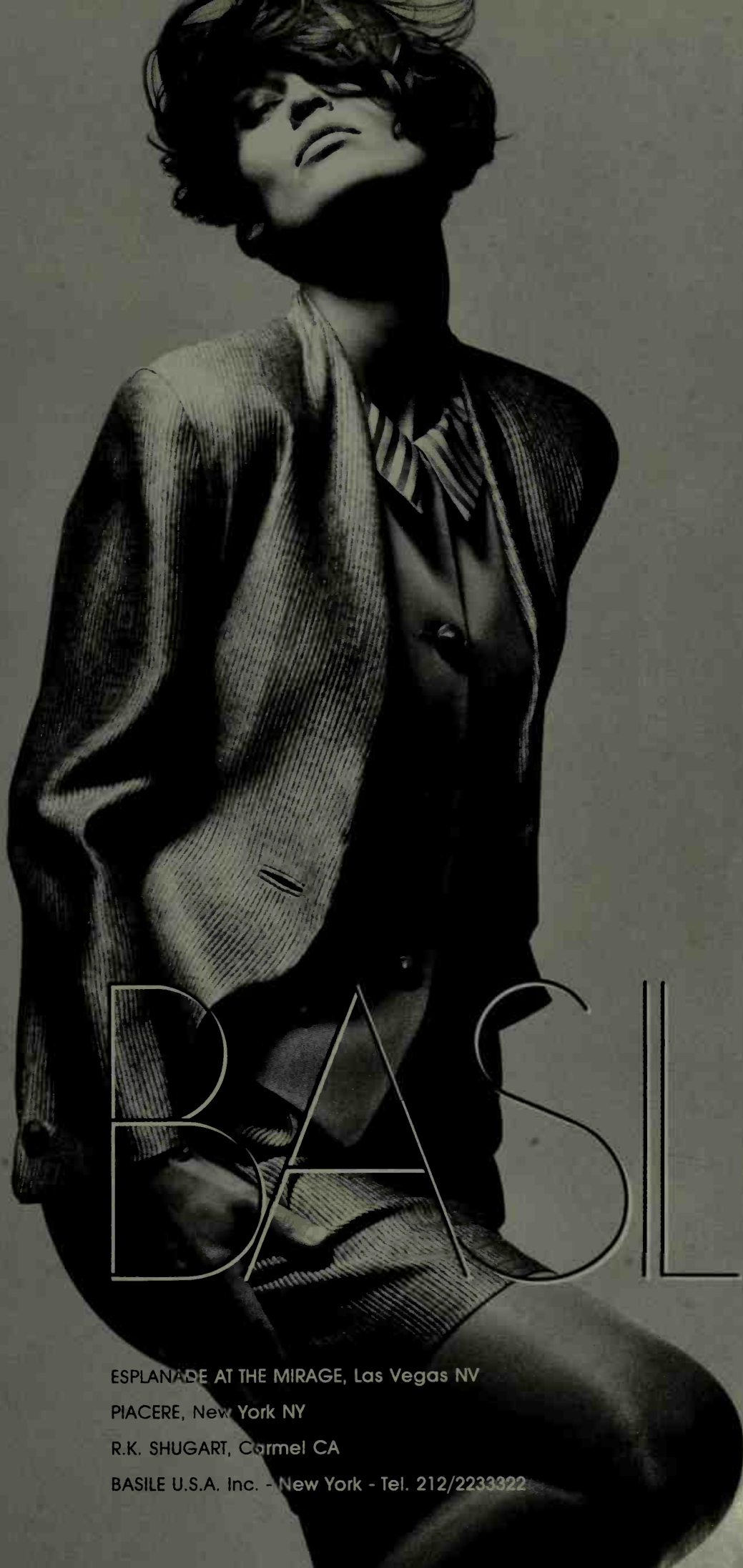


Too beautiful to hide. Too alluring to resist. Imported French lace, lustrous poly satin and Lycra in shades of sensuality. white, antique, black and pink with beige lace.

Eve Stillman
LADY MARLENE

Available at
Saks Fifth Avenue stores.

LYCRA



BASILE®

ESPLANADE AT THE MIRAGE, Las Vegas NV

PIACERE, New York NY

R.K. SHUGART, Carmel CA

BASILE U.S.A. Inc. - New York - Tel. 212/2233322





H u r r y

UP



GET

D r e s s e d



Photos: Frank Franca Design: Stephen Niedzwiecki


Boild Shrimp
Crabs

arryaway
order
here





meet
me **in**
miami

D I A L  1 - 8 0 0 - M I A M I - 5 7

FITNESS NOTES

If your secret couch-potato plan is to put off starting an exercise program until you're too old for it to make any difference, better think again. A recent study in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* examined the effects of resistance training on

Exercise pays off, whenever you start

ten men and women in their eighties and nineties who did forty-five minutes of lower-body weight work three times a week. After eight weeks, researchers were surprised to see a *Cocoon*-like transformation: on average, the old people had become three to four times stronger. More proof that exercise pays off no matter when you start.

Running has become as much a symbol as a sport: to many of us it represents independence, vitality, the willingness to take action, the courage to move ahead. Perhaps that's what makes the September 30 running of the Berlin Marathon such a powerful metaphor for the political changes happening throughout Eastern Europe. This year, for the first time in its sixteen-year history, the marathon course will go through both West and East Berlin—and a record-breaking crowd of twenty-five thousand runners, representing more than fifty countries, will be there to bear witness.

New for women: outdoor gear that fits

More and more women are rising to the "macho" challenge of Mother Nature: about two million will rock climb this year, four million will canoe, eleven million will hike, four million will go wilderness camping. In the past these women were completely ignored by equipment manufacturers and had to struggle along with gear designed to fit a man's bigger body. And while most companies still tend to envision the typical outdoor adventurer as 6'2" and 200 pounds, that's slowly changing. Today women are demanding—and getting—equipment designed especially for them.

While most canoes meant for solo paddling are too big and heavy for most women to lift onto and off their cars, much less maneuver well in the water, Sawyer Canoes of Oscoda, Michigan, manufactures a number of boats that weigh less than thirty-five pounds and are better suited for smaller physiques (517/739-9181). And Extrasport in Miami, Florida, produces several life vests designed specifically for women that are snug around the waist yet roomy in the chest (800/633-0837). For women who've discovered the gentler joys of fly-fishing, the Orvis company of Manchester, Vermont, recently introduced the Mary Orvis Marbury rod, with a smaller grip that's more comfortable for female casters (800/548-9548).

Some women prefer tramping through woods to sloshing through water; for them, Camp Trails of Binghamton, New York, manufactures a number of internal- and external-frame women's backpacks for hiking and camping (416/335-8861). The backpack frames are contoured to fit the curves of a woman's torso, and the shoulder straps are closer together and taper outward to prevent slipping. And since a woman has a lower center of gravity than a man, an extra set of holes drilled into the frame allows her to carry the pack farther down on her back.

Health clubs pile on the perks

Home gyms may be hot these days (a recent Gallup poll found that 36 percent of exercisers prefer at-home workouts), but health clubs aren't giving up their customers without a fight. Almost every health club now offers massage, fitness testing, personal training, nutritional counseling, and a host of other extra services that you just can't get from the cross-country ski machine tucked under your bed. And a growing number of clubs have begun to offer special perks, ranging from the sensible (child care, workout clothes, laundry and dry-cleaning services) to the offbeat and extravagant, in hopes of proving that membership does, indeed, have its privileges.

Setting the gold standard is The Sports Club/LA, which is famous for its outrageous amenities. Leave your Lamborghini with the valet

at the door: while you're inside sweating it out alongside Hollywood's movers and shakers, your car will be cleaned from ashtray to engine. Yearn for adventure? The Sporting Clubs of America, with facilities in Atlanta, Denver, and seven other cities, offer members-only trekking, mountaineering, and river-running excursions to places like Machu Picchu, Mount Everest, and Río Bio-Bio in Chile.

Those who prefer to stay in touch with the "civilized" world should check out the Westin Fitness Center in Washington, D.C. Lifecycles at the Westin come equipped with private phones, and there's an individually controlled, headphone-accessible TV in front of each piece of cardiovascular equipment. In New York City, where finance and real estate are everybody's twin obsessions, the New York Health & Racquet Club offers a low-interest Visa card and a no-fee apartment-finding service. The Manhattan Plaza Health Club provides something that the average New Yorker needs even more desperately than a generous credit line or a two-bedroom duplex with a doorman and a view. In keeping with its focus on psychological and emotional well-being, the club has a dimly lit, heavily carpeted room called the Silent Space, where talking is forbidden.

New

Ultra Care

Three Benefits—One Bottle

Shampoo

Ultra Care is a gentle salon shampoo to give you incredible shine.

Conditioner

The protein-enriched conditioner gives you softness and superior manageability.

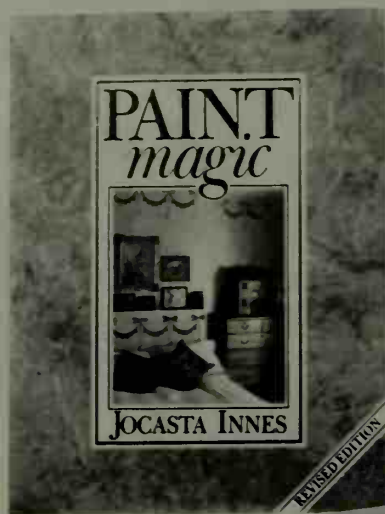
Finishing Rinse

You even get the final protective benefits of a finishing rinse—to help seal and protect your hair from styling stress.
Brilliant!



© 1990 RICHARDSON V.

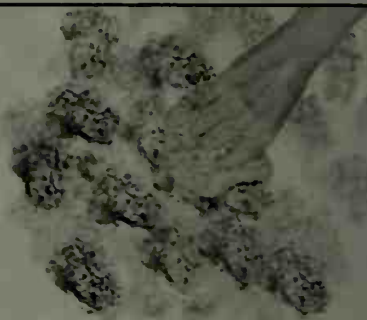
Outconditions, outprotects, outperforms other salon shampoos.



It's as easy as abracadabra! The quick-change magic of paint. Use it to define a doorway, texture a wall, stencil a floor. Create finishes and flourishes that transform flat surfaces into fantasy!

Learn the secrets of sponging, lacquering, marbling and more. From tortoiseshelling to *trompe l'oeil*, glazing to graining. Once practiced only by masters of illusion, these techniques are revealed in terms every do-it-yourself decorator can understand.

Paint Magic takes you room-to-room, walls to woodwork, furniture to floors. Lavishly illustrated, with 120 full-color photographs, it's the most complete guide to the special effects of decorative paint and finishes. Easy and inexpensive techniques guaranteed to add a magic touch to any home. Soft cover, 240 pages.



Discover the simplest ways to add texture, pattern, color to flatpainted walls, woodwork, furniture.



Nothing transforms a room more magically than fabric! Draped elegantly over windows, swathed simply over a favorite chair, suspended softly from the ceiling, fabric instantly changes the character of everything it touches.

WORK MAGIC IN YOUR HOME!



Whether your decorating style is traditional or minimal, subtle or lavish, you'll find inspiration on every page! *Fabric Magic* is a sourcebook of ideas for windows, bedrooms, furnishings, walls and ceilings. Techniques, trade secrets, and sewing tips are explained in easy-to-understand language. Anybody can do it! Hard cover, 215 pages.



A step-by-step guide to shade construction, cornices, curtain headings, and hardware. Special effects you can do!

To order your set of *Paint & Fabric Magic* for only \$28.00 (a savings of 30% off the regular bookstore price of \$39.90) plus \$4.00 for postage and handling, send your check or money order to:

The Condé Nast Collection
Dept. 845107
P.O. Box 10214
Des Moines, IA 50336

for Credit Card orders Call Toll-Free
1-800-453-9000

Books are also available separately for \$16.00 each (a 20% savings off the regular price of \$19.95) plus \$2.50 postage and handling. Be sure to specify which book you would like.

Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY please add applicable sales tax. Please allow up to four weeks for delivery.



Nº1
LAURA ASHLEY



The Classic Fragrance
from
LAURA ASHLEY

INGRID'S
ST. LOUIS, MO
DANIEL FOX
PALM DESERT, CA
EXIT SHOES
MIAMI, FL
BOCA RATON, FL



MONIES
PANAMA CITY BEACH, FL
BIRMINGHAM, AL
BEATON'S
PHOENIX, AZ
DAYTON'S OVAL ROOM
MINNEAPOLIS
HUDSON'S OVAL ROOM
NORTHLAND

C R I S C A

A DIVISION OF ESCADA. 1-800-223-2155

JIL SANDER HAMBURG · JIL SANDER DÜSSELDORF · JIL SANDER BERLIN
JIL SANDER FRANKFURT · JIL SANDER MUNICH · JIL SANDER SYLT · JIL SANDER
GENEVA · JIL SANDER GSTAAD · JIL SANDER ST. MORITZ · JIL SANDER ZÜRICH
JIL SANDER BASEL · JIL SANDER BRUSSELS · JIL SANDER HONG KONG
BROWNS LONDON · WARDROBE LONDON · DE FANO BARI · MARISA MILAN
PUPI SOLARI MILAN · CLUB 21 SINGAPORE · BARNEYS NEW YORK NEW YORK
JANET BROWN PORT WASHINGTON, NY · CREEDS ONTARIO · RALPH DAVIES
MEN AND WOMEN SAN FRANCISCO · DAYTON'S OVAL ROOM MINNEAPOLIS
LINDA DRESNER NEW YORK, BIRMINGHAM, MI · GEORGINA HEWLETT, NY
GRETA BEVERLY HILLS · CAROL LEVITT LOCUST VALLEY, NY · LOUIS BOSTON
NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHESTNUT HILL, MA · MAXFIELD LOS ANGELES
GWEN RANEY PALO ALTO, CA · C.M. ROMANOFF COCONUT GROVE, FL
SAVANNAH SANTA MONICA, CA · GERLO SCHERER DALLAS · LILY SIMON
QUEBEC · GORDON STUART OKLAHOMA CITY · ULTIMO CHICAGO

PRESENTATION OF COLLECTION SPRING/SUMMER 1991 · OCTOBER 6-14,
1990 · VIA DE TOGNI 4 · MILAN · PHONE 02/8056529 (TANDEM)
JIL SANDER AG · OSTERFELDSTRASSE 32-34 · 2000 HAMBURG 54
PHONE 040/553020 · TELEX 2164023 · TELEFAX 040/5533034

JIL SANDER



PURE NEW WOOL





RALPH LAUREN
COLLECTION

the year of the dolphin You've heard the ads: "They live in communities, they talk to each other, mothers nurse their children for about a year." No, it's not a documentary on a **higher breed of human**. Starkist is selling tuna fish as usual—they just want you to know they're not netting dolphins, and now all their cans bear the "dolphin safe" symbol to prove it. . . . It's not enough that Starkist and its competitors are selling tuna on the backs of these innocent creatures. A new biz book from Fawcett is actually called *Strategy of the Dolphin: Scoring a Win in a Chaotic World*. Forget *The Art of the Deal* and *Guerrilla Marketing*, this book's jacket touts a theory that "proves you don't have to be a shark to stay on top." . . . More dolphinlike behavior is coming from Sebastian International, the hair-care people who now ship all their merchandise in real popcorn instead of the **Styrofoam imitation**. And Liz Claiborne has created an environmental foundation to benefit such projects as a Tibetan wildlife preserve. Says her husband, Arthur Ortenberg: "These have considerably more significant implications than the manufacture and delivery of apparel." Oh. . .

mandela to a tee Mandelamania has extended into fashion. During the African Nationalist leader's summer tour, fans everywhere took to the streets in dashikis and kinte cloth (once reserved for Ghanaian royalty) mixed with good old American blue jeans and T-shirts. Bergdorf Goodman's Andrew Basile calls it a "breakaway look" that his store will not carry ("too young"). But Brooklyn's Primitive and D.C.'s African Eye both hawk clothes that merge African influence with European styling for upscale customers. And the catalog Daily Planet offers a full line of "**South African inspired**" frocks as well as tees with "Zulu Nation" and "Mandela Released" logos. . . . The official Mandela tee (\$15) has been licensed to ProServe, the same folks who handle John McEnroe and Michael Jordan. The company's job: deciding which items make the cut. So far car decals and satin tour jackets are OK, tank tops are a definite no. "The first thing," said a ProServe rep, "was taste. I think he's the closest thing to a saint walking the earth today, with the possible exception of **Mother Teresa**—and we don't represent her." . . .

film flam Fresh from his triumph at Cannes and the auspicious return of *Twin Peaks*, David Lynch may soon tackle yet another medium: advertising. And who better to film spots for Calvin Klein's *Obsession* than a man with a few of his own. . . . Lynch's British counterparts are not faring nearly so well. In a five-hour meeting with Margaret Thatcher, such esteemed filmmakers as Sir Richard Attenborough and **David Puttnam** pleaded for a much-needed injection of government cash to save their flagging industry. They came away with £8 million—a lot from **the Iron Lady** but, insiders say, probably not enough. Apparently *A Fish Called Wanda* and *Shirley Valentine* can't quite offset the fact that private investment in the industry has dropped by half, to £50 million. . . .

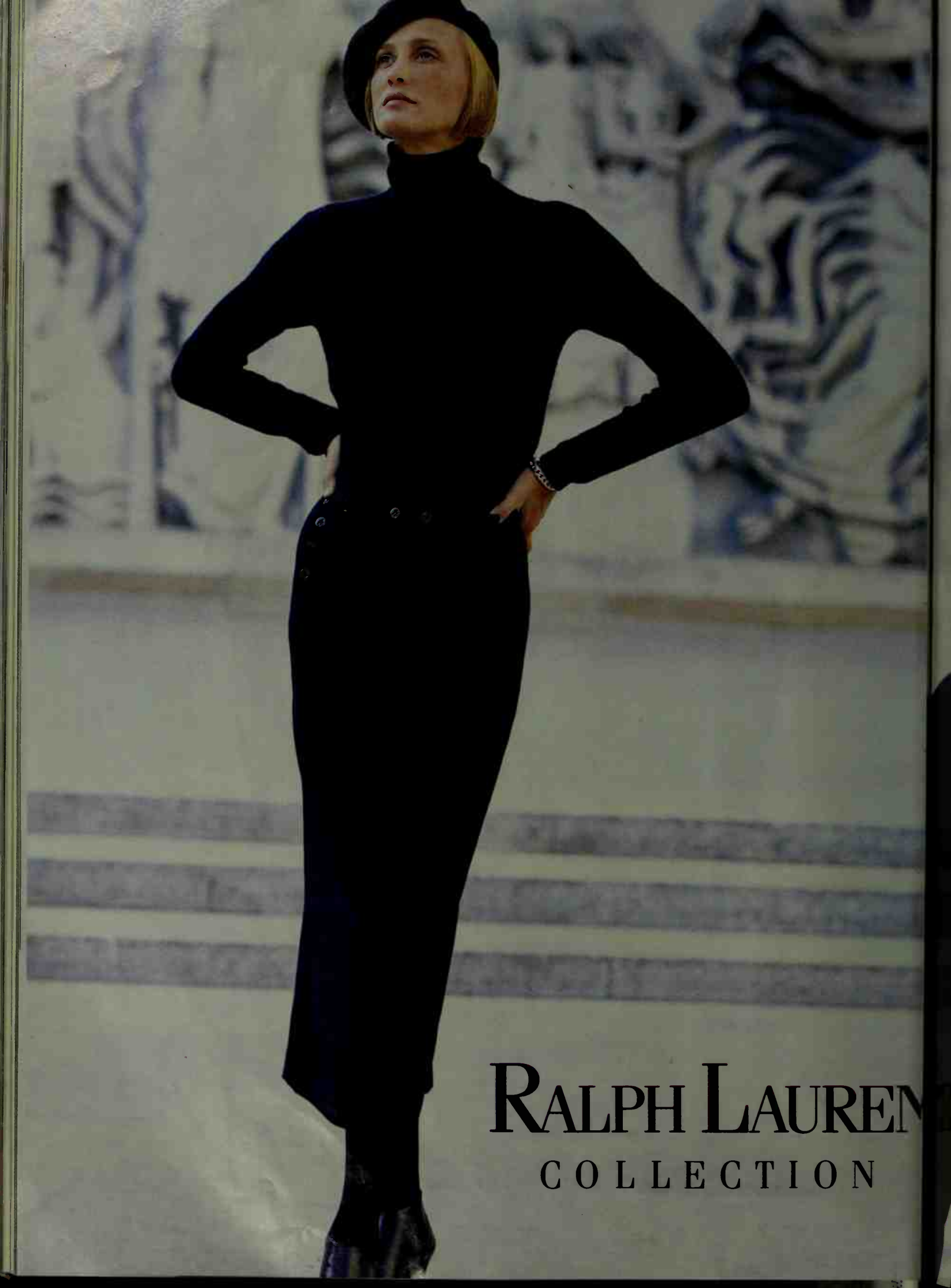
soccermania??? For reasons no one understands, the next **World Cup**, in 1994, will be held in the United States—despite the pertinent fact that almost no one in this country has actually ever *seen* a soccer game unless they played in prep school. (One of the few Americans to attend last summer's World Cup finals in Italy was Gordon Getty—and of course, soccer-mad **Henry Kissinger**, but he was born in Germany.) NBC has already declined coverage and predicts that ABC and CBS will do the same—along with Ted Turner's TNT, which lost money on this year's games. Whoever gets the contract, it is unlikely anyone will cover the games in the inimitable manner of the BBC: the British network opened and closed each broadcast with Pavarotti doing **Puccini's "Nessun dorma"** (No one may sleep). While the maniacal Brit fans ensured that no one did sleep, they nonetheless managed to get some culture—"Nessun dorma" held steady at number two on the charts all summer. . . .

painting the town red Not only has the new policy of openness between the United States and the Soviet Union brought such treasures as Matisse in Morocco to our shores, we are also seeing brand-new art, the kinds of works that until recently were painted in secret. Last summer American museums as diverse as the Tacoma Art Museum and D.C.'s Corcoran devoted shows to **contemporary Russian artists**. Now the Soviet government itself—not one to miss out on a trend—has sent a thousand recent Russian paintings to a new gallery in London to drum up foreign currency. The swank Mayfair gallery is a joint venture between Moscow's Ministry of Culture, which takes a large percentage of each sale, and British property developer David Harrington. Prices of the works range from £500 to £60,000, and Harrington says a gallery in Los Angeles may soon follow.—JULIA REED



RALPH LAUREN
COLLECTION





RALPH LAUREN
COLLECTION





CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE:
 Maria de Medeiros (left) and Uma Thurman in *Henry & June*; Martin and Gary Kemp (right) in *The Krays*; Gene Hackman and Meryl Streep in *Postcards from the Edge*; Joseph D'Onofrio (left), Robert De Niro, and Christopher Serrone in *Goodfellas*; Sean Penn (left) with Gary Oldman in *State of Grace*; Matthew Modine and Melanie Griffith in *Pacific Heights*; Jeff Bridges and Annie Potts in *Texasville*.



fall movie m



VOGUE ARTS

MOVIES Twisted romance, gangland intrigue, tenants from Hell: Hollywood's mood turns serious as filmmakers seek to woo back the grown-ups.

DAVID DENICOLO previews fall's most promising fare

Summer is not the best time to be an adult. It seems every movie revolves around a cartoon character or an android from outer space and is advertised on places like the backs of cereal boxes with an intensity you're not sure should be legal. Autumn is a much more civilized season all around and,

this year at least, a good time to go back to the movies.

Gangs and gangsters seems to be the most popular theme this fall, perhaps satisfying our need to recall a time when all the criminals weren't Wall Street traders or bankers from the local savings and loan. *Miller's Crossing*, made by Joel and Ethan Coen, the brothers who produced and directed *Raising Arizona* and *Blood Simple*, opens this year's New York Film Festival, the first American film to do so since *Down by Law* in 1986. The honor is well deserved. This story of a 1929 gang war in an unnamed eastern city makes you think you've never seen a shoot-out before; it is a film of great wit and ravishing technique. The Coen brothers' invention is reinforced by a cast that includes Albert Finney, John Turturro, and the magnetic Irish-born actor Gabriel Byrne.

Reggie and Ronnie Kray, twin brothers, ruled London's East End underworld in the sixties with a violently flamboyant style and the philosophy "Glamour is fear." *The Krays*, a film starring Gary and Martin Kemp from the pop group Spandau Ballet, explores the twins'

twisted, violent lives and their relationship to their doting mother, Violet, played by the legendary Billie Whitelaw. While it has been a hit in the United Kingdom, American audiences without knowledge of the Kray legend may find the film sketchy. But at least the Spandau Ballet boys have the brother act down.

Finishing out the gangster trend are *State of Grace*, a realistic, hard-driving film starring Sean Penn, Ed Harris, and Gary Oldman, about the demise of an Irish gang; and *Goodfellas*, Martin Scorsese and Nick Pileggi's adaptation of the Pileggi book *Wiseguy*. Ray Liotta plays the real-life Brooklyn gangster Henry Hill; Robert De Niro and Lorraine Bracco are his boss and wife.



From violence to . . . sex. Set in Paris circa 1931, by all accounts a libidinous place and time, *Henry & June* traces the relationship of diarist Anaïs Nin to novelist Henry Miller and his hypnotizing wife, June, with whom both writers were obsessed. Maria de Medeiros and Fred Ward are Nin and Miller, with Uma Thurman as (surprise) the object of desire.

Love seems to disintegrate rather than grow in Bernardo Bertolucci's long-awaited adaptation of Paul Bowles's haunting novel *The Sheltering Sky*. The film of the same title stars Debra Winger and John ▶ 400

ndup

MOVIES

Malkovich as wife and husband, with Campbell Scott as their traveling companion—three American expatriates adrift in northern Africa in the 1940s. The movie is an epic of dislocation and dissatisfaction, of people set adrift, as, indeed, was Bertolucci's last great film, *The Last Emperor*.

The yuppie couple played by Melanie Griffith and Matthew Modine in *Pacific Heights* are dissatisfied too, but for a slightly more understandable reason: it seems their new tenant's former address was Hell. The brilliant British filmmaker John Schlesinger (*Sunday, Bloody Sunday; Midnight Cowboy; Marathon Man*) directs this thriller. With Michael Keaton as the Evil One.

A series of family dramas rounds out the season. Mike Nichols has gone to great lengths to argue that his film of Carrie Fisher's best-seller, *Postcards from the Edge*, is not the real-life story of Carrie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds. In the movie, Meryl Streep plays a young cocaine-addicted actress (not Carrie ▶ 424

Growing Up Dangerous: Updating *The Last Picture Show*

In Peter Bogdanovich's *The Last Picture Show*, set in 1954, the teens of Anarene, Texas, groped toward sexuality, aping the antics of their parents, sleeping with whomever, betraying confidences where they fell. In *Texasville*, Bogdanovich takes us back to Anarene, thirty years down the road, where we find those former teens still doing as they've been taught, with a vengeance. As Genevieve Morgan (Eileen Brennan, one of nine cast members reprising their *Picture Show* roles) says, "The older we get, the more dangerous."

Things are indeed dangerous in Anarene in the eighties. Duane Jackson (Jeff Bridges), after making a lot of money in the oil business, is now \$12 million in the hole, thanks to the energy crisis and OPEC. Lester Marlow (Randy Quaid) has become a banker whose misappropriation of funds might land him in jail; Sonny Crawford (Timothy Bottoms) is the mayor now and is losing his mind, becoming both town leader and village idiot; and Jacy Farrow (Cybill Shepherd), the much-lusted-after homecoming queen of *The Last Picture Show*, is an actress whose return to Anarene is supposed to provide some sort of catalyst for the events in *Texasville*.

But what really drives the film is the chemistry between Bridges and Annie Potts, who plays Duane's wife, Karla. Karla's a harried housewife with too much time and money on her hands; Potts plays her with a lot of spunk, giving each line a funny, unexpected reading. And Bridges is the picture of benevolent, befuddled midlife distress, driving around in his state-of-the-art pickup with his dog, marveling at each new pairing in the town's game of marital musical chairs.

After a summer of robo-retreads, it is a pleasure to see a sequel that is really a sequel. As bitchy as the characters of *Texasville* can be, they can still surprise us with a small, human gesture. After Sonny is rescued from a near suicide, Duane's daughter asks what's wrong with him. "Oh, he's just tired in his mind," says Duane, and the little girl (heretofore a candidate for exorcism) climbs onto Sonny's lap as Duane suggests they all go out to breakfast. That's as close as you'll find to a solution in Anarene.—SEAN ELDER

PURE PENDLETON.®

Town Clothes™ available at these
and other fine stores.

ALASKA

Brewsters Pendleton Shop, Anchorage

ARIZONA

Arizona Pendleton, Mesa: Fiesta Mall

• Tucson: Tucson Mall

Desert Pendleton, Phoenix: Metro
Center

Dillard's Southwest

CALIFORNIA

Brea Pendleton, Brea

Buffalo Shirt Co., Half Moon Bay

Bullock's, Southern California Stores

Campbell's, Stockton

Crystal Court Pendleton, Costa Mesa

Gottschalk's, Fresno

Harris', Riverside County • San

Bernardino County

Henshey's, Santa Monica

The Highlander Shoppes, San

Bernardino

Jud Green, San Mateo

Nordstrom, Corte Madera: The Village

at Corte Madera • San Francisco:

San Francisco Centre, Stonestown

Galleria

San Diego Pendleton, San Diego

San Gabriel Valley Pendleton, San

Marino

Santa Barbara Pendleton, Santa Barbara

South Bay Pendleton, Torrance

The Sport Shop, Laguna Hills

Sullivan's, Bakersfield

Walnut Creek Pendleton, Walnut Creek

Weinstock's, Sacramento: Downtown,

Sunrise

IDAHO

Creighton's, Moscow

Harvey's, Coeur d'Alene

Snake River Pendleton, Twin Falls:

Magic Valley Mall

NEVADA

Bullock's, Las Vegas

NEW MEXICO

Dillard's Southwest

Santa Fe Pendleton, Albuquerque

• Santa Fe: On The Plaza

OREGON

Frederick & Nelson, Beaverton:

Washington Square

Made in Oregon, Beaverton: Washington

Square • Portland: Airport • Salem:

Downtown

Meier & Frank, Beaverton: Washington

Square • Clackamas: Clackamas

Town Center • Portland: Lloyd

Center • Salem

Pacific Crest, Gresham • Sunriver

Reed & Cross, Eugene

WASHINGTON

Bellevue Pendleton, Bellevue

Country Classics, Leavenworth

Frederick & Nelson, Bellevue • Everett

• Olympia • Seattle: Aurora Village,

Downtown, Southcenter • Spokane:

Downtown, Northtown, University

City • Tacoma: Lakewood

Harvey's, Spokane: Northtown,

University City

Kraff's, Toppenish

Nordstrom, Vancouver: Vancouver Mall

Seattle Pendleton, Seattle

Village Clothier, Edmonds

PURE WOOL. PURE PENDLETON.®



TOWN CLOTHES™

A new richness: elegant in texture, graceful in style. It's an exclusive signature statement in a opulence of pure virgin wools. Gracefully priced too, at about: boucle jacket, 154.00; worsted skirt, 90.00; Country Sophisticates® blouse, 60.00. At fine stores Pendleton Woolen Mills Portland, OR 97208

ington
em:
ton

retr
llage.
kane:
ersity

Mall

UNITED COLORS
OF BENETTON.





MOVIES

Fisher) who lands in a drug clinic and, as part of her struggle to return to normal life, moves in with her mother, an aging show-biz trouper (not Debbie Reynolds), played by Shirley MacLaine.

In *Class Action*, a father and daughter, both lawyers, meet on separate sides of the courtroom in a familiar conflict of sixties idealism and nineties careerism. Gene Hackman (who also has a role in *Postcards*) stars with Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio.

Director John Amiel's comfortably quirky adaptation of the Vargas Llosa novel *Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter* features a splendid performance by Barbara Hershey as the eccentric aunt opposite Keanu

Reeves, her aspiring-novelist nephew who falls in love with her. Peter Falk, as the aphorizing, mischievous radio scriptwriter, encourages the unconventional liaison and delights in the turmoil he leaves wherever he goes.

Danny Glover is a mischief maker of a different sort. *To Sleep with Anger* is a strong-minded drama about the upheaval endured by a contemporary black American family in Los Angeles when a sweet-talking but malevolent old acquaintance, Glover, returns from their distant southern past. The story interweaves black history and folklore to an almost surreal effect. Glover is terrific, and director Charles Burnett is clearly an important new voice in American movies. ●



Shedding light: Joseph Wright of Derby's 1766 painting *A Philosopher giving that Lecture on the Orrery, in which a lamp is put in place of the Sun*.

To look at Wright's pictures is to enter a world of wonder, a realm of invention and discovery where everything appears charged with a strange intensity, an alluring iridescence that informs every object and illuminates every face. His characters seem possessed by the spirit of inquiry and are most commonly found staring at or examining some object, be it a book or a piece of sculpture or a mechanical apparatus whose functions are being demonstrated and explained. Deeply immersed in observation, fascinated by the act of philosophic speculation, each looks as if on the verge of grasping the meaning of some profound mystery. In a sense, each of Wright's scenes is a

contemplation piece, a pictorial meditation on scientific investigation in which clarity of mind is reflected in every eye and in the artist's handling of paint.

This sense of heightened awareness pervades even Wright's landscapes, where the world is imbued with a slightly disconcerting, hyperreal edge. Colors burn brighter here. There's an eerie, hallucinatory quality in the air. And again, that mix of perfect clarity and absolute mystery reminds us that Wright's universe is no ordinary territory, but a visionary's terrain.

Until recently Wright had always been something of a well-kept secret, the preserve of a small number of devoted critics who read his art as if it were the work of a natural philosopher or a secular mystic. They disagreed with the prevailing academic assessment that Wright was little more than an eccentric, a lowly illustrator of scientific scenes and a minor portrait painter. Instead, they saw the artist's curious blend of science and fiction as a premonition of the Romantic, Realist, and Symbolist traditions. Today these views are gaining ground, and a reviv- ▶ 426

ART An obscure English painter, says DOUGLAS BLAU, was among the **most enlightened** of the eighteenth century

Why has it taken so long for Joseph Wright of Derby (1734–1797) to find his way onto the list of great English painters of the eighteenth century?

While his contemporaries Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Gainsborough, and George Romney have been thus enshrined for nearly 250 years, Wright, whose candlelight scenes and moonlit landscapes were well known and highly praised in his day, has remained relatively obscure. He has been better known to readers of books on the history of technology than to students of art.



DORABELLA
Autumn-Winter Collection

B E A U T É

G I V E N C H Y

- EIMAN MARCUS
Northpark,
Dallas
- I. MAGNIN
Union Square,
San Francisco
- SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
Fifth Avenue, New York
Bal Harbour, Florida
Beverly Hills, California
- NORDSTROM
Tyson's Corner, Virginia
South Coast Plaza, Orange Co.
- MARSHALL FIELD
Water Tower Place,
Chicago
- LIBERTY HOUSE
Kala Mo'ana,
Honolulu

ART

A presence still, **RIGHT:** Olivier Richon's 1989 *Imitatio Sapiens* (after Joseph Wright of Derby's *The Indian Widow*). **BELOW:** *Untitled*, 1990, by Oliver Wasow.



al of Joseph Wright is well under way: a new generation of picture makers, including Troy Brauntuch and Jack

Goldstein, Mark Tansey, John Bowman, and Oliver Wasow, sees its own fascination with the technological sublime reflected in Wright's work. And now, with a major

exhibition of eighty paintings and thirty drawings by Wright at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art from September 7 through December 2, the public will finally have an opportunity to discover this artist of peculiar genius.

In many ways, Wright has only himself to blame for his long-standing position on the margin. Rather than living in London and running with the fashionable pack, who chased after commissions from aristocrats, he chose to work in the provinces in the company of his family and peers—men of science, men of ideas, many of whom are remembered today as the pioneers of the Industrial Revolution. Always one to follow

an independent's path, Wright further isolated himself by refusing to join the Royal Academy, for he considered its members a cliquish group of pedants and myopic hacks. This opinion did little to advance his career in the politically self-serving art world, where a premium was placed on artists' connections rather than on their sense of invention, and where freethinking provincials were about as welcome as radicals from the colonies in America.

It turns gasoline into adrenaline.

The Prelude 2.0 Si is no ordinary sports coupe. You can feel it in your veins.

Right away, a 16-valve, twin-cam engine lets you know. Programmed Fuel Injection



Wright might have been forgiven for his social indiscretions. But unfortunately these were not his only mistakes. While other artists idealized courtly pomp and worshiped the paintings of Raphael, the solidly middle-class Wright was preoccupied with Dutch art and with the problem of rendering the minute particulars of the physical world. Like the progressive industrialists of his Midlands circle, he believed his work should advance the ideals of the Enlightenment. While Gainsborough was busy transforming his patron's wife into the goddess Diana, and Reynolds, president of the academy, was flattering Mrs. Siddons by comparing her to Melpomene, the Muse of tragedy, Wright was painting commoners and the gentry engaged in acts of physical industry and intellectual labor. Rather than accepting the academic formulas of the day, he was intent on elevating the "commonplace" and the everyday to a level usually reserved for the lofty genre of history painting.

One can't help being mesmerized by his haunting images of blacksmiths at work in the middle of the night, forging a part for some mechanical device under the silver-white light of the moon. The illusion is so convincing, the information so intriguing, that it lures a viewer in, to a place that seems a marvelous crystalline

dream in which everyone is completely absorbed in a meaningful task or is transfixed by dramatic events unfolding before them. In *A Blacksmith's Shop* (1771) and *An Iron Forge viewed from without* (1773), as in much of Wright's work, the drama consists of the interplay between fire and the night, between the light of scientific progress and the darkness. In heavier hands, this might have taken the form of a morality play (simply black versus white or night against day), but with Wright's light touch and his repertoire of chiaroscuro effects it appears as something of a debate, a subtle give-and-take, a respectful interchange between powerful, complementary forces. Like Wright himself, the characters are natural philosophers, probing the shadows and studying light in the hope of finding Illumination.

The phenomena of light and the metaphor of Illumination were Wright's obsessions, his true fields of investigation. He spent his life trying to describe light's effects and saw each canvas as an opportunity to experiment with its countless manifestations and sources. He painted candles and torches and lamps and hearths; lanterns, ovens, embers, sparks; full moons, half moons, and an occasional crescent; rainbows, lightning, planets, and stars. He painted the faint flickerings of the aurora borealis and the soft green glow of ▶ 428

© 1991 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

helps pump out 135 horsepower. While the
ace-inspired, four-wheel double wishbone
suspension puts the energy to good use.
Sometimes you can get more out of your

automobile than you put into it. Especially
if it's a Honda and the tank is full.

The Prelude 2.0 Si **HONDA**

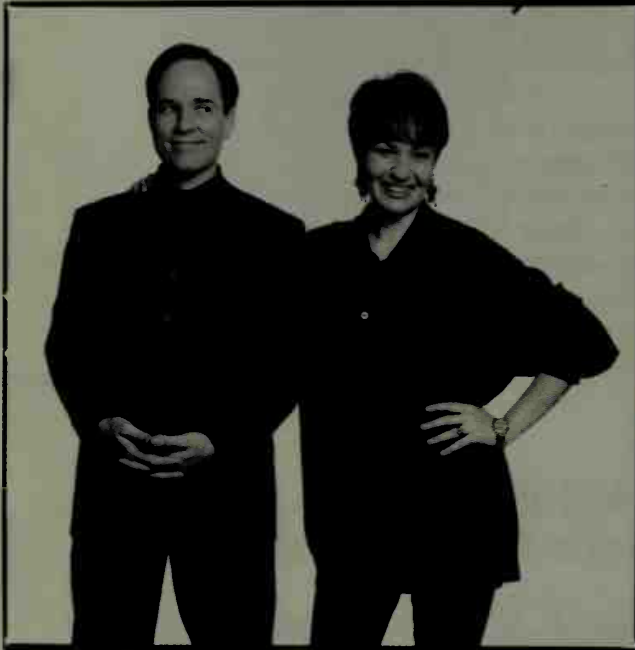


ART

phosphorus in an image featuring an alchemist. One wonders what Wright would have made of electricity but is nonetheless content to settle for his depictions of the blinding, white-hot light of fired metal. His landscapes, whether nocturnes, twilights, sunsets, or dawns, are all warmed by fire in some form: cannons flash in the distance; fireworks cascade over Rome; a Gothic castle burns; Vesuvius explodes. Wright had a tendency to romanticize these scenes, and each looks as if it were a combination of direct observation and selective memory. Nowhere is this editing clearer than in his pictures of local mills and factories, which sparkle like

diamonds in their setting, the luminous shires of an otherwise unenlightened England.

Judging from the concentration of his vision and the diversity of his output, Wright appears to have been an enlightened man fascinated by the complexities of his world and the complex mechanics of perception. Strange that the art community, supposedly devoted to observation, and which claims to see the eye as a tool for intellectual investigation, has consistently consigned this lover of light to the shadows. But with the opening of this important and beautiful show, Joseph Wright of Derby will finally have his day in the sun. ●



Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens, ABOVE, with a scene from the sold-out Playwrights Horizons production of *Once on This Island*, RIGHT, their soon-to-be-on-Broadway musical.



THEATER

They aren't Rodgers and Hammerstein yet, but ALEX WITCHEL analyzes the chemistry that is making **Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty** the hottest new duo on Broadway

Do you ever look at a couple and wonder how they managed to find each other? What could they possibly have in common, or why does either one stay? You might ask a similar question about Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty. She's forty-one, Jewish, verbal, and perfectly accessorized. He's twenty-nine, Catholic, a little shy, and needs coffee. (And Ahrens is married. Flaherty is not.) They found each other at Manhattan's BMI workshop, a place where composers and lyricists make their best ef-

fort to become Rodgers and Hammerstein. Though this couple haven't managed that—yet—they have become Flaherty and Ahrens, the theater's newest darlings, the year's hot team with two shows opening this season. *Once on This Island*, a huge hit at Playwrights Horizons last spring, opens at the Booth Theatre on Broadway next month, and their stage adaptation of the film *My Favorite Year* will be part of the New Musicals program at the State University of New York at Purchase in January. ► 432

PHOTO ARTHUR ELGORT



YVES SAINT LAURENT

■ *rive gauche* ■

PHOTO ARTHUR ELGORT



YVES SAINT LAURENT
■ *rive gauche* ■

PHOTO ARTHUR ELGORT



YVES SAINT LAURENT

■ *rive gauche* ■

THEATER

What's the secret of their success? Temperament. "We complement each other in every way," says Ahrens. "Though we lead different lives, we have similar sensibilities. We're both optimistic people who enjoy each other's humor. Of course, my tendency is to leap forward without thinking, and Stephen's instinct is to pull back and think first. He saves me from making mistakes, and at the same time, I drag him forward."

That's the way the pair began *Once on This Island*. Ahrens was browsing at Barnes & Noble and came across *My Love, My Love* by Trinidad-born novelist Rosa Guy. "I read it in an hour, called Stephen, and rushed it to his house," she remembers. "He had reservations—did we know enough about this world, could we really do it? Because of him we worked out those concerns carefully during the project—but we leapt into it because of me."

Their gamble paid off. *Once on This Island* works its primal magic on just about everyone who sees it. Set in the French Antilles, the show tells the story of Ti Moune, a black peasant girl who falls in love with Daniel, a mulatto aristocrat who crashes his fancy car and is kept alive only by Ti Moune's insistent care. But Daniel's father, protecting his family's heritage, forbids the couple to marry. Ti Moune dies of her love (when Daniel marries a "society girl"), and the gods transform her into a tree; rooted in the courtyard of Daniel's home, she watches over the following generations of his family.

Collaboration was a new experience for Flaherty, who had always worked alone. Teaming with Ahrens, he says, gives him "an excuse to put on a clean shirt in the morning." The two never start work before 11 A.M. (Flaherty's not awake) and always end by 4 P.M. (Ahrens falls asleep). Though they work in each other's apartments, Flaherty prefers Ahrens's because "there's more pacing room there." But don't mention that to Ahrens. "He paces like a maniac!" she says, laughing. "At one point I grabbed him and said, 'Stop it, I'm getting dizzy.'" And what does she do that bugs him? "I tend to be a little bossy," she admits. "But I do try to temper it a bit."

Flaherty doesn't seem to notice. "We work in the same room at the same time, and it's okay. She sits two feet away from me honing a lyric. We improvise around character and situation. She'll ask for a musical ambience, which I'll give her, then that will give me an idea for a bridge. It's like a ball game, tossing it back and forth."

One of Flaherty and Ahrens's biggest fans is André Bishop, artistic director of Playwrights Horizons. He had worked with them before on a musical called *Lucky Stiff*, about an English shoe salesman who takes a corpse on vacation. Bishop says, "They are both extremely gifted. Stephen has a melodic gift for theater music, and Lynn is open to a wide range of ideas. They're also very nice."

Bishop was generous with *Once on This Island*, giving it workshop space months in advance of the opening. But ▶ 434

**"He saves me
from making
mistakes, and at
the same time,
I drag him
forward"**

—Lynn Ahrens

NEW YORK

36 East 57 street. N.Y. 10022.
(212) 759.23.01.

ATLANTA

Lenox Square
3393 Peachtree Rd N.E.
Ga, 30326.
(404) 231.13.32.

BOSTON

32 Newbury Street
Mass, 02116.
(617) 262.06.10.

CHICAGO

Water Tower Place 3rd Level.
835 N. Michigan Av.
IL 60611.
(312) 337.06.06.

DALLAS

94 Highland Park
Shopping Village.
Texas, 75205.
(214) 522.29.10

HOUSTON

S.C.F.
1800 South Post Oak Rd.
Texas, 77056.
(713) 961.40.01.

LOCUST VALLEY

Maison Posh II
2, Birch Hill rd.
N.Y., 11560.
(516) 676.22.66.

NEW ORLEANS

365 Canal St-Ste 108.
La, 70130.
(504) 522.70.28.

WASHINGTON DC1

"The Watergate"
600 New Hampshire Ave.
DC, 20037.
(202) 333.87.02.

Saks Jandel
5510 Wisconsin Ave.
Chevy Chase, MD 20815.
(301) 652.22.50.

CANADA

When in Canada
QUEBEC - ONTARIO



Guy Laroche
Paris

THEATER

time is one thing at a nonprofit theater, money another. "We really needed a fifth musician," Flaherty recalls, "but we were economically limited. I told André that he was saving money on shoes [the cast goes barefoot], so he really could afford to give me a flute player." Bishop did.

Money is no longer a problem for *Island*. Within a week of the opening, the show's run sold out. Hollywood scouts headed east (though movie talk abounds, nothing has been signed), and a cast album was recorded this summer on RCA. Not even Flaherty and Ahrens could get into the tiny 147-seat house to see their show—they watched the lobby monitor.

Recently the pair have been finishing *My Favorite Year*, which as a film starred Peter O'Toole as a drunk-

en movie star and Mark Linn-Baker as a young writer who struggles to keep him on track—a very different project from *Island*. The libretto of *My Favorite Year* is by Emmy Award-winning *thirtysomething* writer Joseph Dougherty. "It's a snappy 1954 musical comedy," Flaherty says, "more traditional in structure. I'm having a ball writing 'show tunes' for the first time." Ahrens says, "Every show we've done till now had something of the fantasy to it. But this show will be flesh and blood."

Getting *Once on This Island* ready for Broadway while finishing the other show makes for a hectic schedule. "It gets schizoid," Flaherty says. But that is something these two should be used to. After all, it's part of their charm. ●

TELEVISION

Cop Rock bursts TV conventions as its cops, crooks, and jurors burst into song. CATHLEEN SCHINE sings the show's praises

In *Cop Rock*, a judge calls a crack addict a scumbag, and the mayor accepts a bribe by leaping on a table to lead her bow-tied aides in a rap song. A harsh and masterful example of the hysterical urban realism Steven Bochco helped introduce to television, *Cop Rock* is also a musical. The jerky, hand-held camera style of *Hill Street Blues* is exaggerated and stylized, creating an almost neurotic sense of threat. And then come the songs—sweaty prisoners break into contemptuous rap, an overweight coroner raises his voice in a wry show-biz ballad.

This new Bochco series on ABC could have been dreadful—an overfed, overdressed "concept" con. Instead the pilot feels almost classical, a shining example of a familiar genre—but what genre? That good old Gritty Variety Drama?

In Randy Newman, producers Bochco and William M. Finkelstein have found the perfect composer. The songs, written for the series by Newman, are surprising simply because they exist. But Newman's stuff is so deceiving—so comfortable, as if you'd heard it before—that you quickly forget to be surprised. The sense of fun, of parody, in the gently derivative songs is ideal for this show. A more earnest songwriter would



Cop Rock's officer Quinn (Anne Bobby) aims to please.

have been unbearable, dragging the show into a pond of murky pop meaning. A colder cynic would have been too pretentious. But Newman, a good-humored subversive, makes songs that are so easy, so satisfied with fooling around, that they seem inevitable.

Unlike a traditional musical, the show was not written around the music. In *Cop Rock*, the songs are in whatever style makes the most sense at that moment. In one courtroom scene, the jury is suddenly wearing blue choir robes, banging tambourines, and hollering out a gospel tune ("He's guuuiilly, he's guuuiilly...") as the defendant sings, "I was abused as a child!" And there's no mistaking the joy of retribution.

The pilot features a likable crack addict who wants to keep her baby and a female cop who wants to help her. Bochco is brilliant at expanding TV conventions without ever giving them up. This, like *Hill Street Blues*, is a remarkably sentimental show, and it indulges shamelessly in the cliché of the policeman's angst. But ► 436



MADE IN VALENTINO

NEW YORK
25 MADISON AVENUE

BEVERLY HILLS
2 RODEO DRIVE

PALM BEACH
204 WORTH AVENUE


valentino
BOUTIQUE

TELEVISION

the show is also very funny, since so much of that angst comes from the policemen's own incompetence. Criminals smirk while cops blow the bust. "You guys are morons," says one detective to his men, who have entered a house without a warrant. "He's in there laughin' his ass off because he knows more about the law than you do."

Like the music styles, racial and sexual stereotypes have been all mixed up. One minute a black cop cries for his white buddy murdered by a black. Later a black judge

sentences a white dealer to jail. And the mayor who so gleefully accepts that bribe is a white woman. Bochco and Finkelstein, who also wrote the pilot, just chuck everything into their cynical melting pot and stir vigorously. They have created a multiracial street world of chaos populated by flawed humans. "This isn't one of your hairs," says the mild-mannered, unflappable coroner as he examines an officer's lapel in the urinal. "Female. Not your wife's." On *Cop Rock*, domestic and forensic details meet and make oddly beautiful music together. ●



MUSIC Dmitri

Hvorostovsky is making the move from Siberia to opera stardom, finds DAVID DANIEL

When Dmitri Hvorostovsky sings, his voice, technique, and personality all conspire to make you think he isn't doing anything especially difficult or unusual. Of course, that's a dead giveaway that he is doing everything a performer possibly can. In a few seconds he convinces you he has about the most beautiful and accomplished baritone voice you've ever heard and that he may be the handsomest man onstage today. His performance is so transparent and gracefully integrated that you cannot isolate a single one of its effects and ascribe it to his talent, his training, or the air of danger that envelops his physical presence. He is equal parts artist and star, both of the first brilliance. At twenty-seven, an age when most people have barely attained

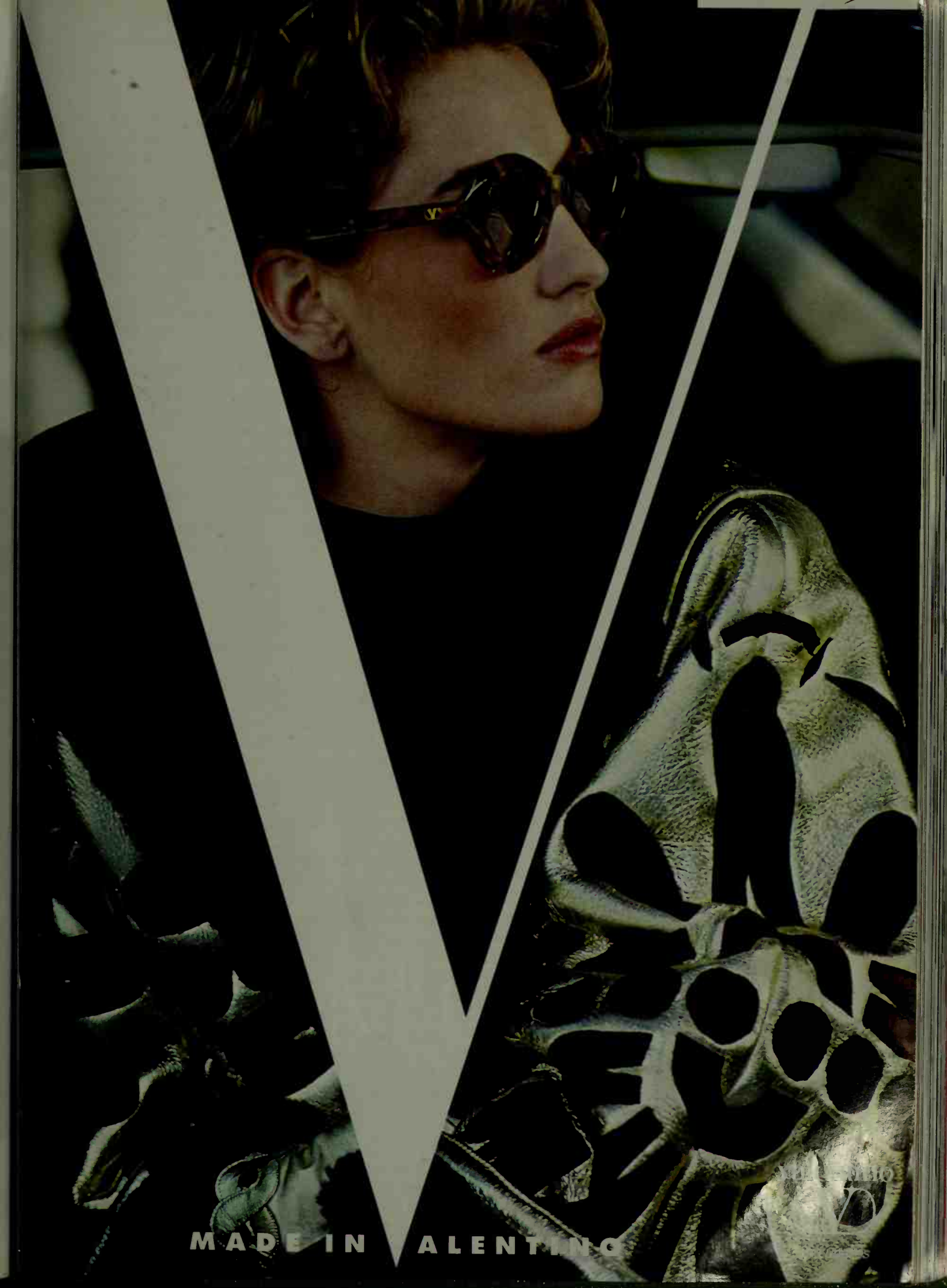
a set facial expression, he is the hottest ticket in opera.

Hvorostovsky was born and reared in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, where he studied music from childhood with his father and at the local music school. At twenty he went to the conservatory, where he studied with Jekatherina Yofel. In 1986 he joined the Krasnoyarsk Opera as a soloist. Although he won important prizes in 1987 and 1988 and had appeared in New York earlier in 1989 as a member of a group of Russian singers, it was not until June of that year, when he won the BBC's Cardiff Singer of the World Competition, that he became widely noticed in the West. The Wales competition was broadcast on television in the British Isles, and a videotape found its way to New York. The tape—or a copy of a copy of a copy—circulated and circulated and circulated within New York's music world; it was even written about twice as a noteworthy phenomenon.

When Hvorostovsky made his New York debut at Alice Tully Hall in March, he did not employ—did not need—a press agent to publicize his concert. By the time he appeared, the grapevine publicity generated by that videotape had escalated to proportions not seen since such debuts as Franco Corelli's and Luciano Pavarotti's. Hvorostovsky not only fulfilled the expectations roused by gossip, he raised new ones.

You can never predict from someone's public persona what his offstage personality will be. But when I met Hvorostovsky and his wife, Svetlana, a ballet dancer, for lunch the day after his Alice Tully Hall debut, I was even more surprised than I'd expected. He had looked immense onstage, but he's not quite six feet tall. He's a big guy but not at all imposing; indeed, he's as wide-eyed as a Little Leaguer just in from the suburbs for the first time. (Which is not as surprising as you might think. Despite his recent success and fame, Soviet bureaucrats have not yet permitted him a home in Moscow or Leningrad. He still lives in his little hometown in Siberia.) When I congratulate him on the success of his recital, he shrugs and says, "*Spasiba bolshoi*," in the manner of a rodeo cowboy digging his heel in the dirt and saying, "Aw, shucks."

I ask what was the most difficult thing for him to overcome on his path to a career. Immediately he replies, "Giving up women. By the time I was in my teens I only ever thought about two things—sing- ▶ 438



MADE IN ALENTINO



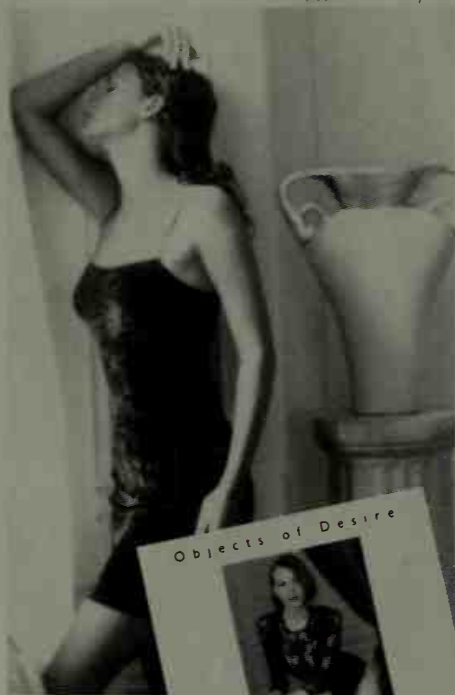
LE MYSTÈRE

Very Elegant. Very Exclusive.



Fleur Underwire Bra by Lejaby

Velour Mini Dress by Huit



EUROPEAN LUXURY

The only catalog featuring an extensive collection of the finest bodywear, leggings, lingerie and hosiery from Huit, Selene, Lejaby, Le Bourget & others. Pamper yourself with something special from Le Mystère.

Send \$3 for the latest issue. (applied to your first purchase). Check Money Order

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Le Mystère—Dept: V-90, P.O. Box 1413
New Milford, CT 06776

MUSIC

ing and women, not necessarily in that order. My mother used to call me the Rooster." Was that, I ask, because of his obsession with women? "No," he says. "She called me that because they could never shut me up. She said I was always crowing at the top of my lungs. Drove everybody crazy." Hvorostovsky explains that when he was seventeen, one of his voice teachers took him aside and told him what was what. "He said it was time to get serious. Said I couldn't stay on the prowl twenty-four hours a day and still have the time to develop as an artist. But I'm happily married now, so I'm a lot calmer."

I ask if he's short-tempered. "You could say so," he says. "When I'm on the stage, I have to rein everything in and keep it under control for the expressive purposes of the music. But off-stage, sometimes, when things bother me a lot, I might just look

"By the time I was in my teens I only ever thought about two things—singing and women"

for a fellow human being to take a swing at." He laughs. That last remark, he adds, was a joke.

Since his career is only a few years old, I wonder if he still has fears about going onstage. "I love performing," he says, "and I trust my voice and my technique. But I do worry about forgetting the words. Thank God I've never forgotten the tune. When I was in the competition in Wales, I was singing a Rachmaninoff piece and just suddenly forgot every single word. Well, I thought, nobody here knows Russian, so I'll just keep on vocalizing, as if I know what I'm doing. I'm very nearsighted—can't see more than a foot ahead. But to my horror, all of a sudden my vision sharpened and I could see sitting right there in the middle of the judges' row the famous Bolshoi diva Irina Arkhipova. She was looking straight at me, and her face turned into a slab of granite. I felt like someone in one of those single-engine airplanes flying straight into a cliff." His face darkens as he tells this story. Then he brightens and laughs, "But I got away with it."

Obviously. His first recording of Tchaikovsky and Verdi arias on the Philips label has just been released and can scarcely fail to be a hit. He's making his Carnegie Hall debut on November 4 and will sing again on November 11 in Alice Tully Hall as part of a gala in celebration of Richard Tucker. Then he begins a string of operatic debuts: in Venice and Paris as Eugene Onegin, in *War and Peace* in San Francisco, *I Puritani* at Covent Garden, and as Rodrigo in *Don Carlos* at La Scala.

Now that he's on the threshold of major international stardom, does he wonder how his life might change? "I worry about losing my freshness," he says, "my spontaneity. I love singing, and I always sing straight from the heart. I always want to feel I'm bursting to sing. But you can't operate on that emotional level day in and day out. You have to let technique and skill take over or you'll be wrung out every night like a damp dishcloth. I just want to stay fresh and eager to sing." Hvorostovsky pauses. He cuts off a three-inch slab of steak, munches awhile, then washes it down with a swig of Heineken. I tell him I don't think he needs to worry about anything just yet. ● VOGUE ARTS ► 448

RENAISSANCE REFLECTIONS

*Opulent echoes
of splendor from the past...
ebony velvet graced
with sapphire regal and
quietly radiant, rarefied by
the merest touch of
Jessica McClintock,
the Fragrance.*

SCOTT MCCLINTOCK

DRESSES

Jessica McClintock for Gunne Sax
Child's Dress Approx. \$80.00

Scott McClintock Dresses
Dress Approx. \$183.00

San Francisco CA • Santa Clara CA • Costa Mesa CA • Chicago IL • Minneapolis MN • McLean VA • Seattle WA
415-397-0987 408-243-5531 714-557-0888 312-944-2025 612-338-7831 703-790-0016 206-467-1048

Opening in August in Copley Place, Boston, MA
Jessica McClintock, Inc., San Francisco, CA
Also available in fine stores everywhere.

RENAISSANCE REFLECTIONS

*Lavish simplicity.
An extravagance of
goldwork artfully wrought
upon jet velvet...
supremely suited
for little evenings
celebrating romance
enhanced by
Jessica McClintock,
the Fragrance.*

SCOTT MCCLINTOCK

SPORTSWEAR

Jacket Approx. \$148.00

Skirt Approx. \$63.00

San Francisco CA • Santa Clara CA • Costa Mesa CA • Chicago IL • Minneapolis MN • McLean VA • Seattle WA
415-397-0987 408-243-5531 714-557-0838 312-944-2025 612-338-7831 703-790-0016 206-467-1041

Opening In August in Copley Place, Boston, MA
Jessica McClintock, Inc., San Francisco, CA
Also available in fine stores everywhere.

RENAISSANCE REFLECTIONS

*Magnificence unequalled.
Precious garnet blossoms
intertwined with golden
tendrils...a brilliant drama
daring a kiss inspired
by the enchantment of
Jessica McClintock,
the Fragrance*

JESSICA MCCLINTOCK

Dress Approx. \$283.00

San Francisco CA • Santa Clara CA • Costa Mesa CA • Chicago IL • Minneapolis MN • McLean VA • Seattle WA
415-397-0987 408-243-5531 714-557-0888 312-944-2025 612-338-7831 703-790-0016 206-467-2628

Opening in August in Copley Place, Boston, MA
Jessica McClintock, Inc., San Francisco, CA
Also available in fine stores everywhere.

RENAISSANCE REFLECTIONS

*Grandeur sublime.
Ruby etched with onyx velvet
in a magnificent cascade
reminiscent of Medici treasure...
adorned by an ethereal jewel,
Jessica McClintock,
the Fragrance.*



JESSICA MCCLINTOCK

THE FRAGRANCE

Dress Approx. \$278.00

San Francisco CA • Santa Clara CA • Costa Mesa CA • Chicago IL • Minneapolis MN • McLean VA • Seattle WA
415-397-0987 408-243-5531 714-557-0888 312-944-2025 612-338-7831 703-790-0016 206-467-1044

Opening in August in Copley Place, Boston, MA
Jessica McClintock, Inc., San Francisco, CA
Also available in fine stores everywhere.



 **Gedars**



Cedars

GANTOS
LEW MAGRAM

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
STRAWBRIDGE AND CLOTHIER

EVEN THIS CLOSE

THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE.

OUR PENETRATING FORMULA

DELIVERS MOISTURE,

AT NIGHT,

TO THE DELICATE SKIN

AROUND YOUR EYES

EASING FINE LINES

AND WRINKLES.



THE RESULTS OF CONCENTRATION

EYE WRINKLE CREAM CONCENTRATE

SHISEIDO

BECAUSE BEAUTY IS TIMELESS

NOT AGELESS.

Dillard's

BOOKS **Bob Colacello's** *Holy Terror* gives the lowdown on Andy Warhol; GRAYDON CARTER gives the lowdown on the book

From the Warhol circle: **RIGHT, Bob and Andy;** **BELOW, Elsa Peretti** celebrating an award from the Rhode Island School of Design in 1981.



Listen! Can you hear it? Had you found yourself in New York in the 1970s and 1980s but stayed clear of Andy Warhol's petty, hellish court, that whizzing is the sound of being missed by a bullet. Bob Colacello took a slug straight between the eyes but lived to tell about it in *Holy Terror: Andy Warhol Close Up* (Harper & Row), his memoir of those years with Andy and the gang.

Colacello joined *inter/VIEW*, as it was then called, in 1970 and stayed until early 1983. So he missed the early Factory, but he was there for the Studio 54 years and the onslaught of the Reagans. He started reviewing films, scribbling profiles of filmmakers, and acting as general dogsbody but soon ascended to editorship of *Interview* and principal huckster of commissioned Warhol portraits. Through it all, life was really exciting. Or as Colacello explains in one memorable paragraph, "Parties, parties, parties, all winter, all spring, all night."

His title may have given him heft around the office, but it was the gossip column Colacello wrote for the magazine that put him on some of New York's "A" lists. Colacello had envisioned a column called "Excerpts from the Diary of Andy Warhol," but Warhol "crossed out his own name and scrawled 'BC' over it," says Colacello. "That's how my column, 'OUT:

Excerpts from the Diary of Bob Colacello,' was born." But why call it "OUT," Bob? "Because the whole thing was so 'In' it was ridiculous." Ah.

Under Colacello's stewardship *Interview* became the house monograph for the Studio 54 set. It was never heady, but in its brainless visual elegance and diverting Q & A simplicity it achieved a kind of transient perfection. Colacello recalls a cover session in 1975 that he says was pivotal to the magazine's future. Colacello, Warhol, and Fred Hughes, the Factory's natty éminence grise, were hashing out who to put on the next cover when lightning struck. Colacello: "Looking over the sales figures for the previous year, we realized that our best-sellers were also our best friends. . . . It was a breakthrough. . . . We were sitting on the most exclusive scoop of all: the opportunity to document life among the rich and famous from the inside." No doubt about it, in the pantheon of great magazine moments: Addison and Steele create the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*; Luce and Hadden invent the newsmagazine; Colacello and Hughes decide to document life among the rich and famous. But from the inside.

Colacello's cast of characters is made up largely of those in, or on the periphery of, the Factory—people like Gerard Malanga, Paul Morrissey, Jed Johnson, Pat Hackett, Victor Hugo, Sylvia Miles, Brigid Berlin. They are given pretty rough treatment by someone they once considered a friend, collaborator, and intimate. Swells and socialites fare considerably better—Colacello palpably swoons over the honor of drinking out of Jackie Onassis's very own Perrier bottle at her 1978 Christmas party. The portrait of Fred Hughes, arguably Colacello's closest colleague at the Factory aside from Warhol and inarguably the marketing and business wizard behind the Warhol industries, is particularly unkind. Hughes (called "Dr. Jekyll and Mrs. Vreeland" behind his back) is depicted as a boozy, erratic harridan given to fits of fey, aristocratic delusions. Hughes's outbursts *do* prove amusing, however, noticeably the night at the Turf Club in London when he wept uncontrollably that "all his great friends from the nineteenth century had died."

As the book's title would suggest, Warhol takes the brunt of the abuse. Colacello portrays himself as a victim of battered wife syndrome—devastated by Warhol's indifference to his talents yet unable to pull himself away. Warhol is childish, depraved, manipulative, and something of a victim himself—of, among other things, repressive Catholicism.

Depending upon your appetite for Warhol curiosa, there are some tidbits worth mentioning: that on one of Warhol's first illustration assignments (for *Glamour*) it was a credit writer who dropped an **▶ 452**



Available at selected stores of Macy's, Nordstrom and Woodward & Lothrop.



Wendy Gazelle, *actress*.



seriously casual shoes

i.e.

BOOKS

from Warhola; that when Warhol's name appeared on Nixon's enemies' list in 1972 (he had done limited-edition posters for McGovern) he fretted that he was going to be audited by the IRS. And he was, from 1972 until he died. This presumably accounts for the "(Cab \$5.50; papers \$3.25)" tax receipt notations on almost every page of *The Andy Warhol Diaries*.

Writing about himself, Colacello is by turns self-effacing and self-aggrandizing. Each is delightful in its own way. "I went to a party full of fashion models and rich kids," he writes. "A new arrival from California approached me and asked, 'Do you know Andy Warhol?' 'He's my boss,' I said. 'His new friend Alan?' Not so well. 'Alan's old friend Steve?' Barely. 'Well,' said the Californian, puffing out his peccs, 'I just broke up with Steve.' And that's what it came down to: some kid getting off on being the ex of the ex of the ex of a star, while the star [Warhol] went home alone."

Then there is this: at a dinner party, Colacello is telling Salomon Brothers chairman John Gutfreund about Warhol's money worries. "Tell Andy," Gutfreund says, "I'll give him a mortgage. With *Interview* as collateral. No, I take that back. With *you* as collateral." Or this: after *Edie* came out, Pat Buckley and Shirley Clurman take Colacello to lunch. "It's time you got yourself out of that unspeakable place," Buckley advises. "You're too good for that pack of creeps and sickos."

He heeded their advice but not without a lot of soul-searching. "How much longer was I going to let Andy and Fred slap me down, as if I were a child with nowhere to go? . . . I was going to show him once and for all who my real friends were. . . . [I was] sick of my boss's pushing me into a rich social life and then mocking me for it. Sick of his putting down my Republican connections and then expecting me to get him invited to the White House. Sick of being made to feel guilty because the success of *Interview* led to my own success."

In Colacello's version of the breakup, Colacello, now a contributing editor to *Vanity Fair*, wanted to show Andy that his rich friends liked him for *himself* and not just because *he had a gossip column and was editor of a magazine*.

So. How does *Holy Terror* stack up against *The Andy Warhol Diaries*? If the *Diaries* were like spending ten minutes every day for a decade with a retentive voyeur, *Holy Terror* is like being in high school and receiving a twenty-four-hour-long phone call from an overemotional, not-very-close friend who has just broken up with his girlfriend, with everything that such a sob story entails. Don't look for embarrassing anecdotes about your favorite seventies icons here—Bianca, Halston, Rubell, Jagger, and the like—they're all in the *Diaries*. On the other hand, unlike the *Diaries*, *Holy Terror* has an index.

Ultimately, though, *Holy Terror* is only partly a remembrance of Colacello's years with Warhol. It is also a memoir of his years with himself. And as such, it is hobbled with the same shortcomings of many I-was-this-close-to-greatness-once books: too much author, not enough subject; too many trees, not enough forest. ❀

André Leon Talley, LEFT, with Steve Rubell and Warhol



Growing up at the Factory

When I first met Andy Warhol, in 1975, I liked him even though he and Fred Hughes didn't hire me. It took Diana Vreeland's pushing and pulling me toward Fred until, at a Halston party, he asked me to meet him at his office. There he offered me a job and a salary of fifty dollars a week.

My big duty was to answer the *Interview* telephone at a very grand desk in front of a giant Jean Dupas poster. I was only asked to sweep the floor once, when Diana Vreeland came in for lunch in her flamenco-heeled boots. I was delighted to discover while reading *Holy Terror* that Jed Johnson, the man who lived with Warhol for ten years, had arrived at the Factory as a Western Union messenger and begun his association sweeping the floors.

Everyone worked late on *Interview*, served as janitors, messengers, or receptionists, for no overtime pay. Andy and Fred felt an invitation to tag along to dinner was compensation enough. And they were right.

After I had been at *Interview* about five months Michael Coady saw my clippings and hired me. Andy was going to raise my salary to \$150 a week, hours nine to dawn and all the dinner-invitation perks. Had he matched my *WWD* salary I would have stayed. Instead he simply said, "If you don't like it, come back."

Even after I had left *WWD* Andy would beg me to come back. He would shower me with his highest compliments, boosting my ego. But the moment salary was discussed he would gaze off into space, change the subject.

Bob Colacello's book is really about what it is like to collaborate with an artist like Andy. I realized reading it that all his relationships deteriorated. I liked Andy as a boss and think he liked people like me and Fran Lebowitz who didn't allow themselves to be manipulated. Andy taught me about the importance of work, but he carried it to an extreme, sacrificing human feelings to gain the distance he needed to be an artist. I had to quit my job with him to become an adult. He was a great teacher and the Factory was a great school, but at some point I had to graduate.—ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY



If you're
looking for
lean, ^{© Luck}
you're in
Luck.



I'd like to tell you a juicy story. A story everyone in Luck, Wisconsin knows. It's about herb marinated

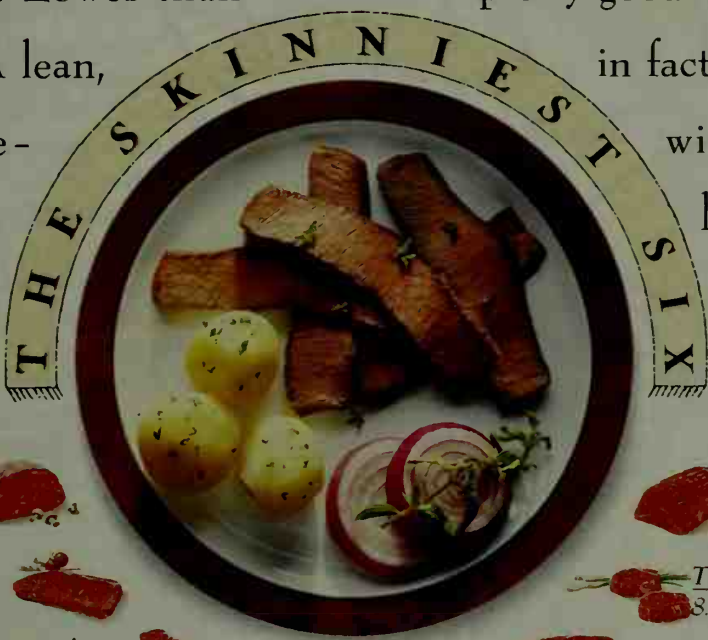
calories. Round tip, for example, hardly tops 149 calories. That's an inspiration to anyone holding a menu. Or following a diet. You know,

braised steak provençal and broiled steaks with company potatoes. But most of all, it's about good fortune. Because many cuts of beef are surpris-

ing to legend, the town of Luck was named by Dan Smith, an early logger. Having faced much adversity in life, he solved the problem by always being "in Luck." Today, our luck is still pretty good

Lower than most people think. A lean, trimmed three-ounce serving averages less than 200

in fact. Where would we be without beef? Out of luck, I'd say. See you in the next town.



ROUND TIP 157 calories
5.9 gms total fat* (2.1 gms sat. fat)

TOP ROUND 153 calories
4.2 gms total fat* (1.4 gms sat. fat)

TOP LOIN 176 calories
8.0 gms total fat* (3.1 gms sat. fat)

EYE OF ROUND 143 calories
4.2 gms total fat* (1.5 gms sat. fat)

TENDERLOIN 179 calories
3.5 gms total fat* (3.2 gms sat. fat)

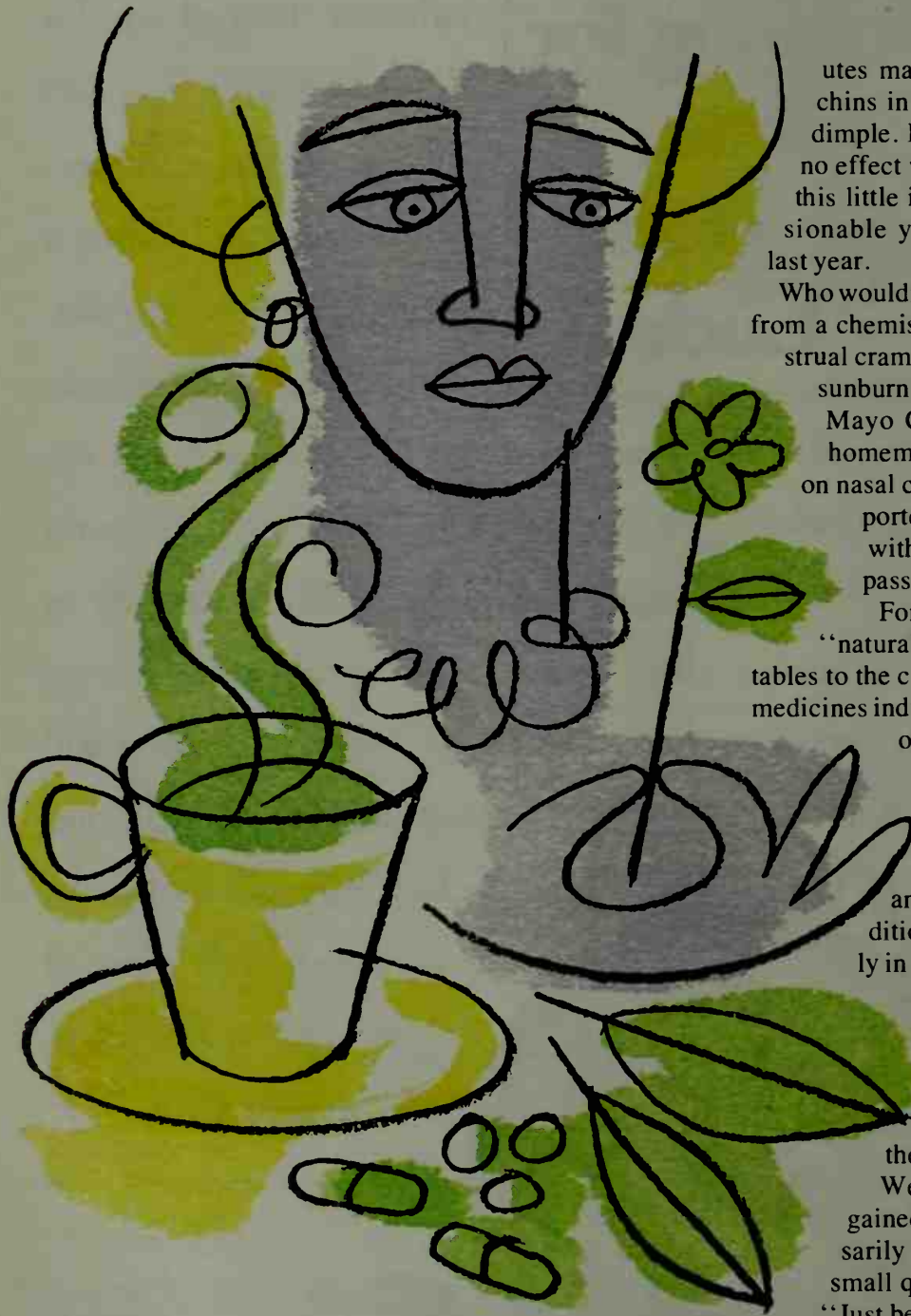
TOP SIRLOIN 165 calories
0.1 gms total fat* (2.4 gms sat. fat)

Beef.
Real food for real people.



*Sources: USDA Handbook 8-13 1000 Rev., U.S. RDA National Research Council 1980, 10th Edition. Figures are for a cooked and trimmed 3 oz. serving. 4 oz. yield 3 oz. cooked. For a beef recipe booklet, write the B.I.C., Dept. T, 441 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611. Please enclose 50¢ ©1990 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board.

Herbal tonics now share drugstore shelves with Dristan. Some of them even work. But as AIMEE LEE BALL reports, we can't always trust Mother Nature



utes massaging the middle of our respective chins in the spot where Kirk Douglas has the dimple. I regret to report that the treatment had no effect whatsoever. I also regret to report that this little incident took place not in my impressionable youth or flower-child days but only last year.

Who wouldn't prefer a cure from nature rather than from a chemistry lab, whether the problem is menstrual cramps or motion sickness, a headache or a sunburn? And after no less an authority than the Mayo Clinic upheld the healing powers of homemade chicken soup (even more effective on nasal congestion than other hot liquids, it reported), who's to say you can't cure acne with a nettle brew or sleeplessness with passionflower tea?

For those of us conditioned to seek out the "natural" in everything from the dinner on our tables to the clothes on our backs, a thriving herbal-medicines industry has emerged from the back rooms of health-food stores. Celestial Seasonings' teas are sold right next to Lipton's at the A&P; herbal powders share pharmacy shelves with Dristan. The market is growing along with an increasingly common feeling that traditional medicine has failed us, particularly in treating petty grievances and ailments.

Herbal cures offer reassuringly homey relief for less than life-or-death matters, and we buy into the sense of history and lore that accompanies an old-fashioned treatment from the garden.

We may be getting more than we bargained for. Herbal remedies are not necessarily benign, and those that are harmless in small quantities can be toxic in larger doses. "Just because something is genuinely 'herbal'

THIS PROBABLY FALLS INTO THE CATEGORY OF MORE Than You Really Need to Know About Me, but I bring it up as a useful benchmark for gullibility: a friend and I were sitting around reading a charming book on folk and herbal remedies and decided to try the cures for constipation. First we drained a can of sauerkraut, threw away the kraut, and drank the liquid—warmed—followed immediately by an equal amount of grapefruit juice. Then we sat for five min-

or 'natural' doesn't mean it's good for you," says Varro E. Tyler, a plant-drug specialist at Purdue University and author of *The New Honest Herbal*. "Poisonous mushrooms are all-natural too." Sassafras was once reputed to cure venereal disease and, tangentially, to "purify" the blood—little old ladies drank sassafras tea as a spring tonic every year. But it is a proven carcinogen: the Food and Drug Administration took it out of root beer thirty years ago. ► 456

late & secretly... me a map to your place Box 42
 SF seeks BM Me Tall, gorgeous & loving... You taller, handsome & loving... I'm a one man woman who wants to settle down. Send photo & letter Box 42
 COUNTRY GIRL - wants country boy... Loves blue jeans, horseback riding and camping out. If you've got a pack B...
 CU... looks, no bad habits, wa... & marry man who's understand... ing, romantic & financially stable Box 676
 SWM - seeks SWF for tennis, jogging, bridge partner. Draw a picture that describes you & your life. Box 324
 HERE HAVE YOU BEEN - all my life? insiderate Love or choco...
 bankrolls... heart Write soon Box 48
 SBM - Lawyer & lover likes to rhumba... From fine dining to take-out treats, I like it all. Are you the match who will light my fire? Box 987
 SHY ATTRACTIVE FEMALE - wants to meet honest, sincere man 25+ for theater & music. All Average
 SINGLE - seeks same to smart, female. Gets occasional praters, intelligent conversation. Do you speak my language? Box 89
 ATTRACTIVE WIDOW - seeks sincere gentleman caller for walks in the park, movies & meal companion. Send # PQ Box 34
 needs independent, educated man
 SWF - blond beautiful... nel shirt to... Would you... your favor
 SEEKING - You've I... wasting... fro

The Search is Over. New No Problem™ Mascara.



You've got it.

No clumps. No globs.

No smears. No smudges.

Just long, full lashes.

It's no mistake.

It's know-how.

Maybelline.

smart. beautiful.

Maybelline

HELP! - Desperately seeking ideal mascara. Fed up with smears and smudges. Desire long, full lashes without the usual hassles. Typical mascaras need not apply.
Signed, Unlucky at Lashes.

SBM - Lawyer & lover likes to rhumba. From fine dining to take-out treats. I like it all. Are you the match who will light my fire? Box 987
SWM - seeks SWF for tennis, jogging bridge partner. Draw a picture that describes you & your life. Box 324
ATTRACTIVE FEMALE - wants to meet honest, sincere man 25+ for theater & music. All Average

NON-SMART - smart occasional intelligent conversation? E speak my language? Box 89
ATTRACTIVE WIDOW - gentleman caller for walks in the park, movies & meal companion. Send phone # PO Box 34
TAURUS LADY - need passionate & 30+. Must have good hair. Send me your photo.
SEEKING - You've I... wasting... fro

FREE! - Sample No Problem Mascara. Just send your name and address plus 75c postage/handling (check or money order) to: P.O. Box 420678 El Paso, TX 88542 Circle One: Black or Brownish-Black. We'll put an end to your mascara problems.

© 1995 Maybelline Co.

Comfrey was thought to help mend broken bones and to heal wounds and is still sold as a digestive aid. It contains alkaloids shown to cause serious liver damage and has been banned from sale in Canada. "It's utter folly to take these things on a regular basis," says Tyler.

Tyler points out that some of the healing herbs now in fashion were once listed as official drugs in the *U.S. Pharmacopeia*. But as drug companies never spent the time or money to prove them safe or effective, they were dropped from reputable medicine and picked up by herbalists, some of whom added legendary claims to the herbs' reputations. A purified alkaloid of goldenseal was used (legitimately) in eyedrops and as a balm for cold sores and cracked or bleeding lips. Then the herb became known as a panacea for digestive problems and heavy menstrual flow. Lately it's developed a cult following among those who believe it can mask the presence of marijuana and cocaine if swallowed before a urine test. "It doesn't do that," says Tyler. Goldenseal does work as an astringent on the skin, he says, but it has no real internal effects—except in toxic doses. Taking it for long periods or in too big a dose can raise your blood pressure, cause nausea and vomiting, induce miscarriage, or even cause death.

Anyone who peruses a local Chinatown for sesame oil and soy sauce may be tempted by the colorful and

seemingly innocuous oriental medications with names like Madame Pearl's Cough Syrup and Po Ying Tan Baby Protector. But the Food and Drug Branch of the California Department of Health Services warns that Madame Pearl is actually pushing codeine, and the Baby Protector is 20 percent camphor. One drug, called *chuiifong toukuwan*, smuggled in from Asia and distributed in this country under such names as Miracle Herb, is purported to relieve arthritis and rheumatism. Depending on the manufacturer, it can contain powerful prescription pain relievers, tranquilizers, steroids, and potentially toxic amounts of lead.

Most of the herbal preparations around—at least, those that *are* actually herbs—are more dangerous to fiscal than physical health, according to Andrew Weil, author of the new book *Natural Health, Natural Medicine*. Weil is a Harvard-trained physician with a degree in botany who now practices in Tucson, Arizona—a maverick in his profession because he writes forty times as many prescriptions for herbs as for pharmaceutical drugs. Weil says that loose herbs sold in bulk or powdered in capsules are likely to be worthless from exposure to air, light, and moisture; they may also carry residues of pesticides and molds. (He uses only freeze-dried herbs and tinctures in carefully measured doses.) But, like Tyler, he warns against ingesting comfrey and decries the pop- ▶ 458

The Herbal Medicine Chest

Aspirin, morphine, and the heart drug digitalis all came from plants—a fact worth remembering when you're dosing yourself with herbal remedies. Herbs can be very potent in small quantities, and it's not easy to determine effective dosages. For guidelines on using herbs safely, refer to a book by a reputable authority, such as Varro E. Tyler's *The New Honest Herbal* (Lippincott, 1987) or Andrew Weil's *Natural Health, Natural Medicine* (Houghton Mifflin, 1990).

Other commonsense caveats: don't take prescription and herbal medications at the same time without a doctor's OK. Never give strong herbal medications to children. And be especially careful if you are pregnant or suffer from severe allergies.

Herbs that can help

Herbalists could add dozens of remedies to this list, but here are some that devotees actually agree on.

Aloe gel from the inner leaves of the aloe plant eases the pain of burns. Can sometimes cause rashes.

Chamomile tea, which relieves stomach upset, heartburn, and indigestion, also acts as a mild sedative. May trigger reaction in people with ragweed allergies.

Feverfew tea is a cold, flu, and migraine-headache remedy. Can cause allergic reaction in some people.

Garlic can counteract blood clotting and lower cholesterol. A mild diuretic, it also lowers blood pressure and helps relieve menstrual cramps. When eaten raw, it acts as a mild antibiotic.

Gingerroot tea can counter motion sickness. A possible side effect: mild heartburn.

Peppermint and spearmint tea can alleviate heartburn, indigestion, nausea, and cold and flu symptoms.

Raspberry leaf tea helps alleviate diarrhea and menstrual cramps. May cause mild indigestion.

Herbs to avoid

You won't find belladonna in a health-food store, but you may run across these. (Be forewarned: this is not an exhaustive list.)

Calamus is reputed to increase stamina, quiet nerves, and clear skin problems. The common Jammu variety is a carcinogen.

Coltsfoot, a cough suppressant, contains suspected carcinogens.

Comfrey, reputed to aid digestion when brewed in tea and heal wounds and sores when used in a poultice, can cause liver damage when taken internally.

Ginseng, sold as an aphrodisiac, leads to nervousness, insomnia, and high blood pressure with prolonged use.

Goldenseal is known as a digestive aid and a remedy for heavy menstrual flow; large doses can raise blood pressure and cause nausea, vomiting, miscarriage, or death.

Licorice, a cough suppressant, can raise blood pressure and affect the heartbeat when ingested in large amounts.

Sassafras, a blood "purifier," is carcinogenic and can damage the liver.

Senna is a potent laxative. Large doses have sent people to emergency rooms. It can also cause miscarriage.

Better than bare.

Sheer Essentials™ Make-Up



Someone finally figured it out!

Sheer Essentials makes skin feel deliciously bare, while making it

look better than bare:

more naturally fresh, naturally

beautiful. How simple!

Thanks to nine essential ingredients that indulge and nourish your skin.

Plus it's non-comedogenic, non-acnegenic and water-based.

When make-up can do all this,

it's better than bare.

It has to be Sheer Essentials.



smart. beautiful.

Maybelline®



ularity of senna, a violent herbal laxative. "It's easy to become dependent on senna," he says. "The fact that it's herbal doesn't mean it's any better than Ex-Lax."

If herbs can be as powerful as drugs—and if the wrong dose can produce such frightening results—it would seem reasonable that their sale should be regulated by the government. But the FDA classifies an herbal formula as a drug only if its supplier makes a medical claim. Otherwise the preparation is considered a food, subject to less stringent standards, even if most consumers buy it for medicinal purposes.

That's why at the Integral Yoga Natural Apothecary in New York City you can spend a small fortune on "nutritional herbs" with such enticing names as Women's Creativity, Post-Workout Recovery, Luminous Spirit, and Emotional Rescue. There is a Stress Free formula (made of dragon bone and skullcap) and a Female Cy-

cle Tonifier (with cramp bark and false unicorn—I swear I'm not making this up). Mindful of the rules, few come right out and promise physical or emotional well-being, although one line of products is "guaranteed to create positive energy in mind, body, and spirit or your money back." But the shelves of herbal lotions and potions sit cheek by jowl with shelves of books detailing the miracle properties of everything from anise to "zombi cucumber," with endorsements from Dr. Feelgoods of other centuries. (If even a fraction of the extensive list in *Herbal Aphrodisiacs* proved reliable, we'd never get out of bed.)

It's alarming to think that someone with a genuine muscle, skin, stomach, tension, or menstrual problem might look for an herbal panacea among these products. But the one that really scares me is the bottle labeled Calm Child—Children's Nervine. I have images of some ingenuous parent pushing these pills on an overactive kid—pills that

contain hawthorn (a diuretic) and gota kola (a stimulant), neither of which has any business being in a formula for children, according to Weil.

The government's position on monitoring herbal remedies is a variation on locking the barn door after the cows break free: action is taken against potentially dangerous remedies only when enough people complain about them. The FDA does keep a list of herbs considered unsafe, but that hasn't necessarily kept them off the market. The inherent flaw in government policy became painfully obvious last year in the case of L-tryptophan, an amino acid popularly used to treat insomnia, jet lag, depression, and obesity. L-tryptophan supplements were recalled from stores after they were linked to more than 1,500 cases of a rare blood disorder, twenty-one of which were fatal.

On the other hand, the government is not totally indifferent to the potentially good properties of herbs: there actually is a Natural Products Grants division at the National Cancer Institute, headed by chemist Matthew Suffness. "A tremendous percentage of compounds used in medicine can trace their origins back to nature in one way or another," says Suffness. "All the antibiotics are pretty much natural. People realize there are potential drug leads out there."

But drug discovery, for the most part, is in the hands of industry, explains Suffness, and the drug companies aren't that interested in traditional therapies. "By and large, these are less potent kinds of materials, used for minor complaints," he says. "And that's not what the pharmaceutical industry is looking for."


It may be instructive to know that despite his enthusiasm for research in nature's garden, Suffness says, "I wouldn't go near a natural apothecary myself." The truth about herbs probably lies somewhere between the outrageous promises of the herbal industry and the conservative warnings of mainstream medicine. The consumer can get caught in the middle—sometimes sheepishly rubbing the Kirk Douglas dimple in her chin. ●

HEALTH ► 462



Couture Hair Pieces & Wigs

By Appointment Only

Call Carolyn Scott at  Louis Feder / Joseph Fleischer

14 East 38th Street, New York, NY 10016 212-686-7701

Women's Catalogue \$10.00 • Men's Video \$30.00

Wear something sexy.

Slim Elegance[®] Lipstick

The lingerie? Unimportant. The shoes?

Yawn. The dress? Honey, forget it!

Accessorize what *really* matters with Slim Elegance Lipstick. In 12 smooth, sensuous colors that make lips sizzle.

A smart gold case that looks elegant everywhere. Want still more emphasis?

That's what the bevel tip is for.

To shape and define. Divine!

What a hot little number!

smart.beautiful.

Maybelline[®]

**THE BEAUTY OF
PAUL MITCHELL**

NOBODY ELSE CARES FOR THEIR HAIR
QUITE THE WAY YOU DO. AND
NOBODY UNDERSTANDS THAT BETTER
THAN PAUL MITCHELL.

WITH OUR GENEROUS COLLECTION OF
PROFESSIONAL HAIRCARE PRODUCTS
YOU CAN CLEANSE, MOISTURIZE,
SCULPT, SHAPE AND HOLD YOUR HAIR
TO CREATE THE LOOK THAT WAS
MEANT TO BE YOURS.

IT'S A SYSTEM THOUSANDS OF
HAIRDRESSERS AROUND THE WORLD
HAVE COME TO DEPEND ON. AND
RECOMMEND FOR THEIR CLIENTS TO
USE AT HOME.

JUST ASK YOUR HAIRDRESSER TO TELL
YOU WHICH PRODUCTS ARE PERFECT
FOR YOU.

VERSATILITY. IT'S JUST ONE OF THE
BEAUTIFUL THINGS YOU'LL DISCOVER
WHEN YOU USE PAUL MITCHELL.

**PAUL MITCHELL.
YOUR STYLE DEMANDS IT.**

AVAILABLE AT

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Beauty Salon



JOHN PAUL MITCHELL SYSTEMS

FOR THE PAUL MITCHELL SIGNATURE SALON NEAREST YOU
CALL 1-800-321-JPMS

PAUL MITCHELL PRODUCTS ARE NOT TESTED ON ANIMALS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. WE CANNOT GUARANTEE THE AUTHENTICITY OF THESE PRODUCTS
IF SOLD BY ANY SUPERMARKET, DRUG STORE OR UNAUTHORIZED RETAILERS
GUARANTEED ONLY WHEN SOLD BY A PROFESSIONAL HAIRSTYLIST

© 1990 JOHN PAUL MITCHELL SYSTEMS, P.O. BOX 88345, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94188-3697



Panic is a normal response to fear—except, as PETER JARET reports, when it takes over your life

"IT CAN HAPPEN ANYWHERE. ANYTIME," SAYS JEANNE Lawyer. Suffocating panic clutches at her throat. Her arms and legs feel numb, and sweat breaks out across her forehead. Her heart pounds, and she can't catch her breath. For a terrifying minute or two, she is sure she's going to die.

Then, as inexplicably as it came, the feeling passes, and she finds herself behind the wheel of her car or pushing a cart down the grocery aisle, the world intact.

These sensations would be perfectly normal if Lawyer faced immediate, life-threatening danger. "Panic is the mind's way of readying the body for fight or flight in the face of emergency," says M. Katherine Shear, director of the Anxiety Disorders Clinic at New York Hospital's Payne Whitney Clinic. But Lawyer's fight-or-flight response has somehow gone haywire. "What makes panic attacks so puzzling is that they seem to come out of the blue," says Shear. "There's nothing to be afraid of. No external threat. Only the overpowering sensation of fear."

The experience of unexplained panic seems to be universal. In a study of fourteen countries—including Denmark, Brazil, Mexico, and Canada—researcher Heinz Katschnig of the University of Vienna found that panic attacks occur in diverse cultures. In Greenland, Eskimo men experience kayak angst—sudden anxiety, dizziness, and fear of dying—when alone in ocean kayaks. In Southeast Asia, the word *koro* describes the irrational fear that one is suddenly about to die. In most instances, a panic attack is a single, isolated incident. But according to a study led by Columbia University psychologist Myrna Weissman, up to eleven million people in the United States experience recurrent, unpredictable fear, sometimes as often as several times a week. Approximately four million of those are affected severely enough to be termed sufferers of panic disorder.

Panic disorder can be so terrifying that people will do almost anything to avoid another attack. "If an attack occurs in the car, panickers may begin to avoid driving," says Jennifer C. Jones, a research psychologist at the Phobia and Anxiety Disorders Clinic of the State University of New York at Albany. "If an attack strikes during a movie, they begin to avoid theaters—or any crowded places. Eventually many victims of panic disorder develop agoraphobia, fear of being in places where escape might be difficult or embarrassing."

Jeanne Lawyer often goes miles out of her way to

avoid driving on the highway. "Part of me knows it's irrational," she says. "But what if an attack hit me while I'm traveling sixty miles an hour? What would I do then?"

Recurring attacks have made it tough for the forty-six-year-old mother of two to hold down a job; she's had twelve in the past two years. Still, she's luckier than some. According to Weissman, one out of every five victims of panic disorder attempts suicide, and nearly half report feeling so desperate that they've considered taking their lives.

The Anatomy of Fear

When scientists began to study panic disorder, it seemed that finding its causes might be easy. Psychiatrists discovered that a drug called imipramine dramatically reduced or eliminated panic attacks in most patients. If a single chemical could cure the disorder, the cause seemed likely to be some chemical imbalance in the part of the brain that triggers or controls panic responses. But then researchers demonstrated that behavioral therapies—some as simple as teaching patients to control their breathing rate—could also prevent panic attacks, and the picture became much more complicated.

For the last two decades, researchers have wrangled over whether the cause of panic attacks is in the mind or the body. Now a growing number of researchers suspect that the answer is neither—and both. "Thoughts and feelings, we're learning, have a biochemical basis," explains Jack Gorman, a psychiatrist at Columbia University and author of *The Essential Guide to Psychiatric Drugs*. "Traumatic stress can alter brain circuitry. Thoughts of fear and panic touch off complex physical reactions. In many ways, mind and body are one. There may be no better example of that than panic disorder."

Panic disorder appears to run in families, suggesting that some physiological predisposition may be inherited. Researchers have also discovered that many panickers suffer from mitral valve prolapse, a common and relatively harmless defect in one of the four valves of the heart that can cause the heart to flutter and race. No one has yet been able to suggest why such a link exists, or how the mild defect might trigger full-scale panic.

There is also speculation that panickers have a hyperactive autonomic nervous system—the sys- ▶ 467

**Panic attacks
may be triggered
by a biochemical
imbalance or
stress. Whatever
the cause,
treatments are
remarkably
simple**



**GROUP THERAPY
FROM NIKE.**

Just do it.



tem that regulates involuntary action, such as heart rate and respiration. Stress that would leave others merely tense might trigger dramatic physical responses in panickers. Studies show that many panickers also have a built-in tendency to hyperventilate, perhaps because of a neurochemical imbalance in the brain's respiratory center. Hyperventilation upsets the balance between carbon dioxide and oxygen in the bloodstream, resulting in light-headedness, tingling in hands and feet, breathlessness—many of the very symptoms that begin an attack.

Because breathing is controlled by both body and mind, it is of special interest to researchers looking for causes and treatments for panic. "The brain normally controls breathing rate automatically, by sensing levels of carbon dioxide in the bloodstream," explains Gorman. "But we can also decide to increase or decrease our breathing rates at will. People can learn to control their breathing. That way we can use the cortex, the conscious part of the brain, to affect the brain stem, which controls the automatic systems of the body."

Whatever physical factors may predispose people to panic, however, they alone probably aren't enough to trigger panic disorder, argues Jack D. Maser, acting chief of the Mood, Anxiety, and Personality Disorders Research Branch of the National Institute of Mental Health. "More likely, some stressful event comes along. Panic attacks often seem to follow the stress of a serious illness or to occur after traumatic emotional events, like divorce or the loss of a loved one."

Jeanne Lawyer, for instance, began having panic attacks in her twenties, around the time that she gave birth to her first child. "I thought I was just nervous," she says. Only after her husband died two years ago did she seek treatment for her attacks—which by then were occurring as often as eight to ten times a day.

One scenario of how mind and body might interact to induce a panic attack goes like this: psychological stress triggers the normal physical sensations of anxiety, perhaps including a racing heart and breathlessness. Already prone to hyperventilation, the panicker begins exhaling much more carbon dioxide than she needs to. Suddenly she feels light-headed, and her hands and feet begin to tingle.

In most people such sensations might be worrisome, but not frightening. Studies show that panickers, however, may have a tendency to misinterpret physical sensations—to jump to the conclusion that something terrible, even life-threatening, is happening to them. Immediately they become fearful. In turn their hearts beat faster, they breathe even faster, the sensations of panic increase. "Very quickly they find themselves caught in a vicious cycle that rapidly spins into panic," explains Shear.

Breaking the Cycle of Panic

If the causes of panic disorder are complex, treatments have proved to be remarkably simple. By now, researchers have identified nearly a dozen drugs that control or eliminate the symptoms of panic—including sedatives such as diazepam (better known as Valium) and antidepressants such as imipramine, now one of the most widely prescribed drugs for panic disorder. The latest psychiatric "miracle" drug, the antidepressant fluoxetine, or Prozac, is also proving effective in controlling panic.

Even the most effective drugs can have drawbacks, however. Antidepressants can produce unpleasant side effects, including dry mouth, light-headedness, excessive sweating, and insomnia—sensations that may themselves create anxiety or even trigger panic attacks in some patients.

Panic sufferers may be unusually sensitive to any medication's side effects, according to psychologist Michael J. Telch of the University of Texas at Austin. During clinical trials of new drugs, he says, between 25 and 40 percent of panic patients drop out, simply because they are fearful of taking drugs.

Those who don't want to take drugs do have other options. One technique,

called exposure or desensitization therapy, works much like an allergy shot. Panickers are carefully exposed to the physical sensations or external situations that usually induce their attacks—they may be instructed to spin around in circles, for instance, until they begin to feel light-headed or to ride a stationary bike until their heart starts to beat quickly. Over several weeks, patients learn to isolate and dampen these sensations before their panic can spiral out of control. Lessons in breath control—for example, learning to breathe from the abdomen rather than high in the chest—can also help panickers correct a tendency to hyperventilate.

Using a combination of behavioral approaches, researchers at the Phobia and Anxiety Disorders Clinic at the State University of New York at Albany have eliminated panic attacks in 87 percent of patients for up to a year. A multicenter study is now under way to compare the effectiveness of medication and behavioral therapies; meanwhile, many doctors are combining medication with psychotherapy.

For people like Jeanne Lawyer, all of this is good news. Over the past several years, drugs have helped reduce the number and severity of her panic attacks; she now plans to begin a program of behavioral therapy. "For fifteen years, my life has been dominated by fear, never knowing when another attack might occur," she says. "If I can change that, if I can gain control, I can have my life back again." ●

**"In many ways,
mind and body
are one. There
may be no better
example of that
than panic
disorder"**

Panic is a normal response to fear—except, as PETER JARET reports, when it takes over your life

"IT CAN HAPPEN ANYWHERE, ANYTIME," SAYS JEANNE Lawyer. Suffocating panic clutches at her throat. Her arms and legs feel numb, and sweat breaks out across her forehead. Her heart pounds, and she can't catch her breath. For a terrifying minute or two, she is sure she's going to die.

Then, as inexplicably as it came, the feeling passes, and she finds herself behind the wheel of her car or pushing a cart down the grocery aisle, the world intact.

These sensations would be perfectly normal if Lawyer faced immediate, life-threatening danger. "Panic is the mind's way of readying the body for fight or flight in the face of emergency," says M. Katherine Shear, director of the Anxiety Disorders Clinic at New York Hospital's Payne Whitney Clinic. But Lawyer's fight-or-flight response has somehow gone haywire. "What makes panic attacks so puzzling is that they seem to come out of the blue," says Shear. "There's nothing to be afraid of. No external threat. Only the overpowering sensation of fear."

The experience of unexplained panic seems to be universal. In a study of fourteen countries—including Denmark, Brazil, Mexico, and Canada—researcher Heinz Katschnig of the University of Vienna found that panic attacks occur in diverse cultures. In Greenland, Eskimo men experience kayak angst—sudden anxiety, dizziness, and fear of dying—when alone in ocean kayaks. In Southeast Asia, the word *koro* describes the irrational fear that one is suddenly about to die. In most instances, a panic attack is a single, isolated incident. But according to a study led by Columbia University psychologist Myrna Weissman, up to eleven million people in the United States experience recurrent, unpredictable fear, sometimes as often as several times a week. Approximately four million of those are affected severely enough to be termed sufferers of panic disorder.

Panic disorder can be so terrifying that people will do almost anything to avoid another attack. "If an attack occurs in the car, panickers may begin to avoid driving," says Jennifer C. Jones, a research psychologist at the Phobia and Anxiety Disorders Clinic of the State University of New York at Albany. "If an attack strikes during a movie, they begin to avoid theaters—or any crowded places. Eventually many victims of panic disorder develop agoraphobia, fear of being in places where escape might be difficult or embarrassing."

Jeanne Lawyer often goes miles out of her way to

avoid driving on the highway. "Part of me knows it's irrational," she says. "But what if an attack hit me while I'm traveling sixty miles an hour? What would I do then?"

Recurring attacks have made it tough for the forty-six-year-old mother of two to hold down a job; she's had twelve in the past two years. Still, she's luckier than some. According to Weissman, one out of every five victims of panic disorder attempts suicide, and nearly half report feeling so desperate that they've considered taking their lives.

The Anatomy of Fear

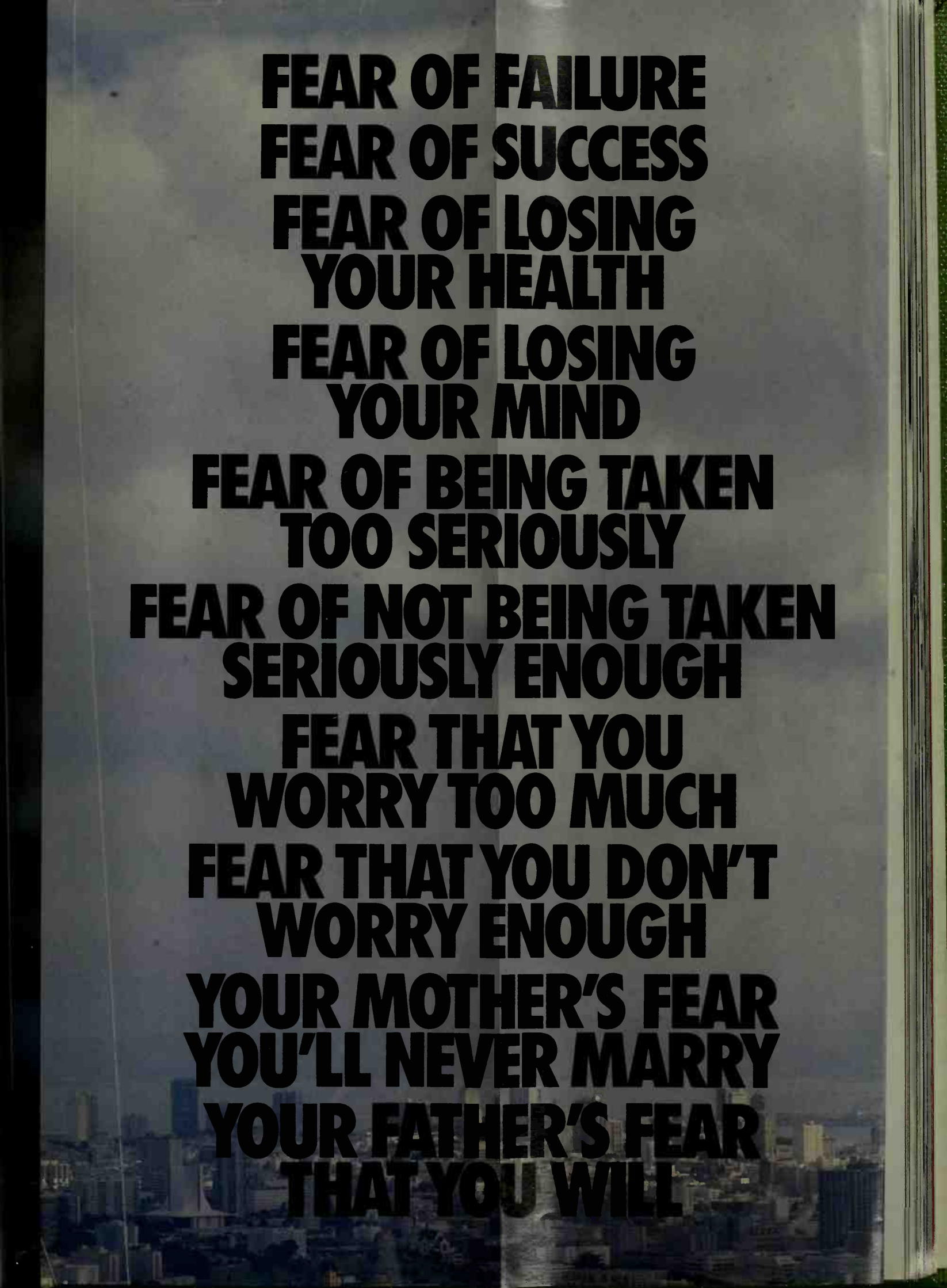
When scientists began to study panic disorder, it seemed that finding its causes might be easy. Psychiatrists discovered that a drug called imipramine dramatically reduced or eliminated panic attacks in most patients. If a single chemical could cure the disorder, the cause seemed likely to be some chemical imbalance in the part of the brain that triggers or controls panic responses. But then researchers demonstrated that behavioral therapies—some as simple as teaching patients to control their breathing rate—could also prevent panic attacks, and the picture became much more complicated.

For the last two decades, researchers have wrangled over whether the cause of panic attacks is in the mind or the body. Now a growing number of researchers suspect that the answer is neither—and both. "Thoughts and feelings, we're learning, have a biochemical basis," explains Jack Gorman, a psychiatrist at Columbia University and author of *The Essential Guide to Psychiatric Drugs*. "Traumatic stress can alter brain circuitry. Thoughts of fear and panic touch off complex physical reactions. In many ways, mind and body are one. There may be no better example of that than panic disorder."

Panic disorder appears to run in families, suggesting that some physiological predisposition may be inherited. Researchers have also discovered that many panickers suffer from mitral valve prolapse, a common and relatively harmless defect in one of the four valves of the heart that can cause the heart to flutter and race. No one has yet been able to suggest why such a link exists, or how the mild defect might trigger full-scale panic.

There is also speculation that panickers have a hyperactive autonomic nervous system—the sys- ▶ 467

**Panic attacks
may be triggered
by a biochemical
imbalance or
stress. Whatever
the cause,
treatments are
remarkably
simple**



**FEAR OF FAILURE
FEAR OF SUCCESS
FEAR OF LOSING
YOUR HEALTH
FEAR OF LOSING
YOUR MIND
FEAR OF BEING TAKEN
TOO SERIOUSLY
FEAR OF NOT BEING TAKEN
SERIOUSLY ENOUGH
FEAR THAT YOU
WORRY TOO MUCH
FEAR THAT YOU DON'T
WORRY ENOUGH
YOUR MOTHER'S FEAR
YOU'LL NEVER MARRY
YOUR FATHER'S FEAR
THAT YOU WILL**



The best therapy can come from within. Or, it can come in the company of others. So for one hour a day, three days a week, forget your inhibitions. Lose that fear. And learn how to walk all over again.

Because when you walk, you don't hit the ground like a runner. So although you still need cushioning for the impact, you must also have flexibility for the way your foot bends. Which is why you need the Nike Air Healthwalker Plus, with superior cushioning, flexibility, and fit.

Fear of the unknown? Forget it. Fear of too many roads and not enough time? Maybe. But go ahead, put one foot in front of the other. And just do it.



The Nike Air Healthwalker Plus. One of the entire line of walking shoes from Nike, for women. Now available in widths. Call 1-800-344-NIKE for more information on Nike women's product. In Canada, call 1-800-663-1AIR.

tem that regulates involuntary action, such as heart rate and respiration. Stress that would leave others merely tense might trigger dramatic physical responses in panickers. Studies show that many panickers also have a built-in tendency to hyperventilate, perhaps because of a neurochemical imbalance in the brain's respiratory center. Hyperventilation upsets the balance between carbon dioxide and oxygen in the bloodstream, resulting in light-headedness, tingling in hands and feet, breathlessness—many of the very symptoms that begin an attack.

Because breathing is controlled by both body and mind, it is of special interest to researchers looking for causes and treatments for panic. "The brain normally controls breathing rate automatically, by sensing levels of carbon dioxide in the bloodstream," explains Gorman. "But we can also decide to increase or decrease our breathing rates at will. People can learn to control their breathing. That way we can use the cortex, the conscious part of the brain, to affect the brain stem, which controls the automatic systems of the body."

Whatever physical factors may predispose people to panic, however, they alone probably aren't enough to trigger panic disorder, argues Jack D. Maser, acting chief of the Mood, Anxiety, and Personality Disorders Research Branch of the National Institute of Mental Health. "More likely, some stressful event comes along. Panic attacks often seem to follow the stress of a serious illness or to occur after traumatic emotional events, like divorce or the loss of a loved one."

Jeanne Lawyer, for instance, began having panic attacks in her twenties, around the time that she gave birth to her first child. "I thought I was just nervous," she says. Only after her husband died two years ago did she seek treatment for her attacks—which by then were occurring as often as eight to ten times a day.

One scenario of how mind and body might interact to induce a panic attack goes like this: psychological stress triggers the normal physical sensations of anxiety, perhaps including a racing heart and breathlessness. Already prone to hyperventilation, the panicker begins exhaling much more carbon dioxide than she needs to. Suddenly she feels light-headed, and her hands and feet begin to tingle.

In most people such sensations might be worrisome, but not frightening. Studies show that panickers, however, may have a tendency to misinterpret physical sensations—to jump to the conclusion that something terrible, even life-threatening, is happening to them. Immediately they become fearful. In turn their hearts beat faster, they breathe even faster, the sensations of panic increase. "Very quickly they find themselves caught in a vicious cycle that rapidly spins into panic," explains Shear.

Breaking the Cycle of Panic

If the causes of panic disorder are complex, treatments have proved to be remarkably simple. By now, researchers have identified nearly a dozen drugs that control or eliminate the symptoms of panic—including sedatives such as diazepam (better known as Valium) and antidepressants such as imipramine, now one of the most widely prescribed drugs for panic disorder. The latest psychiatric "miracle" drug, the antidepressant fluoxetine, or Prozac, is also proving effective in controlling panic.

Even the most effective drugs can have drawbacks, however. Antidepressants can produce unpleasant side effects, including dry mouth, light-headedness, excessive sweating, and insomnia—sensations that may themselves create anxiety or even trigger panic attacks in some patients.

Panic sufferers may be unusually sensitive to any medication's side effects, according to psychologist Michael J. Telch of the University of Texas at Austin. During clinical trials of new drugs, he says, between 25 and 40 percent of panic patients drop out, simply because they are fearful of taking drugs.

Those who don't want to take drugs do have other options. One technique,

called exposure or desensitization therapy, works much like an allergy shot. Panickers are carefully exposed to the physical sensations or external situations that usually induce their attacks—they may be instructed to spin around in circles, for instance, until they begin to feel light-headed or to ride a stationary bike until their heart starts to beat quickly. Over several weeks, patients learn to isolate and dampen these sensations before their panic can spiral out of control. Lessons in breath control—for example, learning to breathe from the abdomen rather than high in the chest—can also help panickers correct a tendency to hyperventilate.

Using a combination of behavioral approaches, researchers at the Phobia and Anxiety Disorders Clinic at the State University of New York at Albany have eliminated panic attacks in 87 percent of patients for up to a year. A multicenter study is now under way to compare the effectiveness of medication and behavioral therapies; meanwhile, many doctors are combining medication with psychotherapy.

For people like Jeanne Lawyer, all of this is good news. Over the past several years, drugs have helped reduce the number and severity of her panic attacks; she now plans to begin a program of behavioral therapy. "For fifteen years, my life has been dominated by fear, never knowing when another attack might occur," she says. "If I can change that, if I can gain control, I can have my life back again." ●

**"In many ways,
mind and body
are one. There
may be no better
example of that
than panic
disorder"**

Where to Go

- 1 **RUSSIA:** Rates and information on tours throughout the Soviet Union, including Black Sea vacations and cross-country skiing, from Intourist-USSR Company for Foreign Travel.

Where to Stay

- 2 **BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL**
Beverly Hills, California
- 3 **HOSTELLERIE DE CRILLON LE BRAVE**
Vaucluse, France
- 4 **SAVOY HOTEL**
Moscow, USSR

Tours and Transportation

- 5 **AMTRAK:** Up-to-date information on rail travel packages including the Coast Starlight from L.A. to Seattle.
- 6 **FINNAIR:** Details on USSR tours and business class services.
- 7 **MGM GRAND AIR:** Brochure on upgraded service on New York-L.A. flights and schedules.

Please check the brochures you would like to receive and return this coupon to **VOGUE**, September Coupon, P.O. Box 1606, Riverton, NJ 08077-7206, Before January 1, 1991. Please enclose \$1.00 check or money order to cover processing. Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada. Allow at least six weeks for processing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

We're sorry, but VOGUE cannot answer any personal questions or requests.

Birth control: new and approved

Only one pharmaceutical company in the United States is actively investigating new birth-control methods; the rest, frustrated by the exacting FDA approval process and fearful of lawsuits and right-to-life boycotts, have walked away. Carl Djerassi, one of the scientists who invented the pill thirty-nine years ago, has even suggested that researchers turn their focus back to the rhythm method. (He envisions a simple at-home saliva or urine test that could tell a woman whether she was ovulating.) "Given the present political climate in America," he writes in the journal *Science*, "emphasis on fertility awareness rather than birth control may be the best strategy."

But things aren't completely grim. Here, an update on some new birth-control options:

- FDA approval is expected by the end of this year for a device called Norplant, which consists of six matchstick-size capsules inserted under the skin of a woman's upper arm. The tubes slowly and steadily release a synthetic progestin, levonorgestrel, which suppresses ovulation and thickens the cervical mucus, preventing sperm penetration. Inserting Norplant requires a minor surgical procedure, performed under local anesthesia; once in place, it's effective for five years. Some women may experience side effects, including irregular bleeding. But Norplant, which has been approved in fifteen countries and used by an estimated half million women, has a failure rate of less than 1 percent per year (even better than the pill, which is 98 percent effective). Also in the works: a levonorgestrel-releasing IUD, now in clinical trials, which appears to have a failure rate of less than .5 percent.

- Vasectomy is the method of choice for about 16 percent of couples using birth control. A new device for performing the procedure, called a Vasocclude, could make it even more popular. In traditional vasectomy, a doctor makes an incision into the scrotum with a scalpel, then cuts and sutures the vas deferens (the tubes that carry sperm to the penis). The Vasocclude, which contains a stapler-like mechanism at the tip, allows a doctor to make a small puncture into the scrotum and clip the vas deferens from inside, a procedure that's expected to be quicker, easier, and safer than the traditional approach. Some doctors in the United States already offer a more complicated version of no-scalpel vasectomy using tools and techniques developed in China; Vasocclude vasectomy should be available here within five years.

Can surgery replace eyeglasses?

Women who hate wearing glasses have been eagerly awaiting reports on a new surgical technique for correcting nearsightedness called radial keratotomy. In this procedure an ophthalmologist uses a diamond-bladed surgical knife to make a series of spokelike incisions around the cornea, microscopically flattening it so that it focuses images on (rather than in front of) the retina. While hundreds of thousands of these operations have been done in the last ten years, scientists have just completed their first long-term study of the procedure. Their conclusion: don't throw away your glasses yet.

Although radial keratotomy is safe—no one's vision became significantly worse than it was to start with, and there were few serious complications—the results of the expensive surgery are still too unpredictable. The study, published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, found that four years after undergoing the operation, about one-third of the 323 subjects with both eyes operated on still needed glasses, in some cases because their vision had been overcorrected and they had become farsighted. And the operation was least successful in those who had the worst vision to start with.

The newest
method goes
beyond smile
boosters. And
it's safe!

WHITER TEETH

If you think tooth whiteners are disappointing or risky, think again. The new Rembrandt® Whitening System outshines those glitzy smile boosters and has no scary side-effects. The gentle whitening gel and special toothpaste start whitening your teeth in just one to ten days, yet they aren't gritty or acidic.

What makes Rembrandt so safe and effective? The magic's not just in the ingredients, it's in the very capable hands of your dentist. That's the key. Your dentist customizes the Rembrandt Whitening System, monitors your progress, and makes any necessary adjustments along the way. Try getting that kind of help at a cosmetic counter or on TV! For all the details, call your dentist or call 800-422-2445 for a dentist near you who specializes in the Rembrandt Whitening System. Whiter teeth in ten days. Safely. Now, that's something to smile about!



REMBRANDT®
WHITENING SYSTEM

WHITENING IN THE HANDS OF AN ARTIST.™

HOROSCOPE

By Athena Starwoman

The past six months have been trying for those affected by a planetary imbalance in our heavens causing restrictions and discord. On September 15 the energy from these planets returns to normal, putting more zing in the zodiac. Unfortunately, confrontations that have been brewing will now come to a head. From September 1 to 7 it is wise to keep busy; the 17th to the 21st are good days to avoid pressure and spend time with friends.

THE MYTH OF VIRGO

Virgos have a powerful zodiac symbol, a female form called the Virgin—most of the other signs (apart from Aquarius, Libra, and Gemini) have animals as symbols. This solitary figure is the Great Mother of the Universe, worshiped before the advent of Christianity. Her name does not refer to purity of body, but to a mind that is pure and receptive to higher learning. Her protection gives Virgos a compassionate nature and contributes to their reputation for being perfectionists.

VIRGO

The coming year is gift wrapped and filled with opportunity. If your sign's current astrological phase has made its full impact on your life, you already have plenty to consider as this month gets under way. After September 17 anything is possible; make travel plans, set up meetings, and sign contracts. Before that date, bide your time. All month, unusual conditions will call for strange tactics, so summon your courage and prepare to go out on a limb.

LIBRA

Your life is certain to have gone through a major transition since the year commenced. Toward the end of this month a new phase for your sign begins. Out of this year's earlier mayhem some semblance of order will soon emerge. Many Librans will breathe sighs of relief as they recover an inner calm. But before this occurs, you still have the tricky early days of September to negotiate, so tread carefully.

SCORPIO

This month, with your senses keenly primed, you can let your instincts be your guide. For problems with relationships, exhibiting a fraction more detachment will prove successful. Let others explore their own horizons (or illusions) if they are so inclined, but don't assume responsibility for them. This is very much a time to consolidate and work on your own well-being. Happiness lies close at hand.

SAGITTARIUS

Many Sagittarians' greatest problem is that too much is usually not enough. Some exhibit a tendency toward overindulgence. This month you must be more discerning about your conduct, preferences, and companions, as there is much to be gained or lost. Prepare to firmly say no when tempted to do things or spend money you know you shouldn't. To be efficacious in business you need the approval and acceptance of others.

CAPRICORN

These are strange times for Capricorns. Your options are broader than ever before, and depending on the way you set the scene you will either achieve phenomenal success or suffer disenchantment—there are no half measures. You can rectify mistakes as long as you don't accept what you already have as your lot. The astrological tug-of-war heats up noticeably, pulling on your moods and desires. Your behavior might surprise even you. **HOROSCOPE ▶ 472**

byblos

BYBLOS BOUTIQUES:

British Columbia, Canada

Chevy Chase, MD

Ontario, Canada

Quebec, Canada

at BERGDORF GOODMAN
New York

BETSEY BUNKY NINI
New York

ESTHER WOLF
Houston, TX

HARTLY
Westwood, NJ

R.K. SHUGART
Carmel, CA

TOBY LERNER
Philadelphia, Ardmore, PA



PURE WOOL

BYBLOS USA INC TEL 212 2456789

SOME CLOTHES HELP YOU LOOK THE PART.
OURS HELP YOU LIVE IT.



Some outdoor wear looks great, but falls short in one important area – warmth and comfort. That's never been the Woolrich way. Because when the weather turns, you better have a lot more going for you than looks.



AMERICAN EAGLE OUTFITTERS

NATURAL SELECTION

FREE BOOK

WHEN YOU ORDER YOUR FAVORITE CATALOGS FROM THIS AD TODAY!

This fabulous full-color book is filled with 100's of wonderful catalogs from the U.S.A., Europe, Canada and Asia. Discover the direct source for anything you want... fashions, collectibles, gifts, tableware, jewelry, furs & more. You'll save money too! Don't wait, order your catalogs today and receive this book FREE. 840



THE WORLD'S BEST CATALOGS

ONTARIO — CANADA

WHITTINGTON'S... THE CAT STORE

Everything for cat lovers. The elusive feline adorns T-shirts, sweat shirts, socks, ties & a complete line of gift items — boxes, jewelry & bookmarks. Also toys and grooming accessories for your favorite kitty. The Cat-Along. \$2.00. 461

CAT-ALOGUE

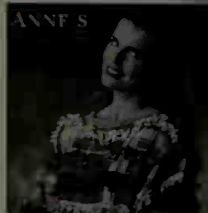


WHITTINGTON'S The Cat Store

OHIO — U.S.A.

ANNE'S COLLECTION

Fashions & accessories to set you apart from the crowd day & evening. Dresses, separates, jewelry, handbags, belts & shoes. Top designers from Bally to Anne Klein. Handcrafted treasures & lots of exclusives. Great gift shopping! Catalog \$2. 70



CALIFORNIA — U.S.A.

JOYCE HOLDER SUNWEAR '90

Exclusive designs (not available in stores). The latest in bikinis, one-piece swimwear & sportswear. Finest fabrics. Separates with perfect fit—they guarantee it! Tops: A-B-C-D-DD-E. Bottoms: 5-7-9-11-13-15. Color catalog & "How To Fit Guide" \$2, refundable 1st order. 902



CALIFORNIA — U.S.A.

THE DISNEY CATALOG

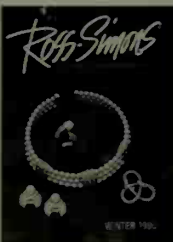
Enter the magic world of Mickey Mouse & his pals. Delightful catalog is filled with Disney collectibles—adorable plush toys, baby clothes, fun T-shirts, linens, watches, jewelry, videos & records & more. Something for everyone to treasure & enjoy! \$1. 912



RHODE ISLAND — U.S.A.

ROSS SIMONS

They are known for prices as special as their gifts, whether it's gifts for the home or fine jewelry. Their catalogs dazzle with diamond, gold and silver jewelry, pearls, watches, crystal, flatware, china and lots of collectibles. Order today. Catalog \$2.00. 062



HOLLYWOOD — U.S.A.

FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD

Full color fashion catalogs. Exclusive designs—glamorous dresses, sportswear, sexy lingerie, unique bras, hosiery, swimwear, shoes, menswear & accessories. Send \$2.00 for a 1-year subscription (10 issues). First catalog includes \$10 in gift certificates. 374



MICHIGAN — U.S.A.

OKUN BROS. SHOES

Famous brand name shoes at fantastic savings! Fast delivery on Soft Spots, Rockports, Hush Puppies, Reeboks, Nike, Dexter & more. Send \$1.00 for their color catalog to begin convenient in-home shopping for all your footwear needs. 593



NEW YORK — U.S.A.

EXPRESS MUSIC

Shop at home for any CD, tape or LP. 45,000 titles, 200 pages of Rock, Classical & Jazz. The world's most complete source. Everything from Basie to Wagner, The Beatles to U-2. \$50 in merchandise credits. One year \$3.00, refundable. 483



PENNSYLVANIA — U.S.A.

CONCEPTS

A total concept for today's women. A well-edited collection of lifestyle clothing for the savvy working woman. They offer sportswear dressing with a real sense of style — at prices that mean real value. You'll love shopping their color catalog \$1.00. 585



ILLINOIS — U.S.A.

SPIEGEL COLLECTION 1990

The latest fashions & quality home furnishings. Over 500 pages of exciting choices. Discover shopping as it was meant to be! Send \$3.00 for their catalog and receive a \$3.00 coupon redeemable on 1st purchase. 928



INTERNATIONAL

WHAT ON EARTH

T-shirts & more from famous places around the world... Give yourself a well-traveled look. T-shirts & sweatshirts with over 150 authentic, hand-silkscreened emblems from Nations, Universities & Pubs around the world. Plus, gifts & collectibles. Catalog \$1. 131



CORNWALL — ENGLAND

PAST TIMES

Beautiful & useful gifts from every period of British history. The Stone Age to Victorian. Also Art Nouveau, classical Greece & ancient Egypt. Chess sets, jewelry, scarves, books, sculptures, spoons, toys, thimbles, frames, tableware & more. \$2.00. 765



DROGHEDA — IRELAND

IRELAND DIRECT

Truly fine hand-loomed woolen shawls, sweaters, capes, hats, scarves & other fashionable looks so important this season. You'll find beautiful colors and textures to complement your wardrobe. Also linen tablecloths and towels, placemats and more. Excellent values. \$2.00. 099



CALIFORNIA — U.S.A.

DANCING DRAGON DESIGNS

Do you like dragons? The dragon: symbol of wisdom, power and good fortune, is elegantly portrayed on belt buckles, wall plaques, rubber stamps, T-shirts, stationery, posters, jewelry; in books, sculptures & more. Color catalog \$2.00. 922



NORTH CAROLINA — U.S.A.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

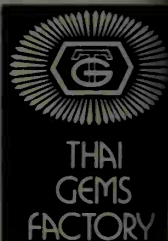
Handcrafted gifts & home accessories from North Carolina. Collectible fabric dolls, shadow boxes, painted plaques, florals, miniatures, animal & country themes. Plus unique holiday decorations. Beautiful 48-page color catalog \$2.00. 753



BANGKOK — THAILAND

THAI GEMS FACTORY

Fine hand-made 14k gold jewelry with gemstones at attractive prices. Bracelets, rings, necklaces, cufflinks & more. Their wide selection features rubies, sapphires, emeralds, topaz and other gems. Styles for women and men. Fine catalog \$2. 309



NEW YORK — U.S.A.

FREE GOVERNMENT MONEY!

Find out how to get money from the Government! If you're a legal resident of the U.S., you could get money for education, medical care, career advancement, starting a business, mortgages & more. Complete guide to 100's of grants & loans. \$3.00. 354



CALIFORNIA — U.S.A.

MELLOW MAIL

Join over a million customers who love incredibly sexy lingerie, super dresses, unbelievably funny T-shirts, hot menswear, sizzling swimwear and much more! Values and laughs guaranteed! Colorful, fun catalog, \$1.00. 3



VIRGINIA — U.S.A.

A.J. VALENCI

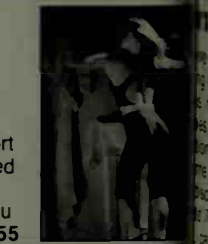
Designer footwear at 25%-40% off retail. 140 internationally designed styles for today's fashionable woman. From glamorous heels to fun-loving flats. Widths AA-D, sizes 5-12. \$10 off your 1st purchase! A.J. Valenci color catalog \$2.00. 3



CALIFORNIA — U.S.A.

UJENA BODY PRO

Exercise wear designed to help you lose weight faster. Styles feature revolutionary "Calorie-Burning Support Panels" that provide support & control & give you a toned trim appearance & work to help burn calories when you exercise. Catalog \$2.00. 855



TAKE YOU ON A WORLDWIDE SHOPPING SPREE

WINNIPEG — CANADA

WINNIPEG FUR EXCHANGE

You'll discover the lowest possible prices on fur coats, sweaters, collars, rugs, leather jackets, fur & leather boots, handbags & muckluks. Sports equipment & equipment too. Discover pelts & hides to make your own items. \$3.00. 414



CALIFORNIA — U.S.A.

VIENNA CASUALS

For the most fashionable and functional clothing for your active lifestyle. Sensational dresses, skirts, jackets, sweaters and pants at very affordable prices. All these clothes wash & wear beautifully. Come in a host of exciting colors. Catalog \$2. 839



KENTUCKY — U.S.A.

BERKSHIRE GENERAL STORE

You'll think you're shopping in the early 1900's. The biggest assortment of new & old antiques-to-last items from kitchenware & woodstoves. Free wood-scented sample of fresh-air woodstove with your over 275 page catalog. \$3.00. 078



MASSACHUSETTS — U.S.A.

RECOVER WEAR

Beautiful designer lingerie for the woman of the 90's. A color fashion album only \$10. Includes a \$3.00 gift certificate. Discover how RecoverWear fits your lifestyle. 852



HONG KONG

PRINCE FASHIONS

Direct and save a fortune. Beautiful jeweled necklaces \$23 to \$32—diamond blouses \$18. Also pure silk dresses, suits, blazers, sweaters, hand bags & amazingly low priced gold jewelry with rubies & diamonds. In business for 30 years. \$2.00. 219



ILLINOIS — U.S.A.

SECRET COVENTRY

Experience the beautiful world of fashionable jewelry, home decor & accessories in this catalog. For over 35 years, Secret Coventry has created handcrafted, fashion-right jewelry at very affordable prices. Discover the quality, value. \$1.00. 311



CALIFORNIA — U.S.A.

RAINY'S JEWELRY

Choose from 14k gold, sterling silver, genuine pearls, necklaces, earrings and a variety of beautiful fine jewelry. Every item discounted from 20% to 70%. Full color catalog. Price \$3, refunded on first order. 445



ONTARIO — CANADA

AMAZING THIRD PLANET

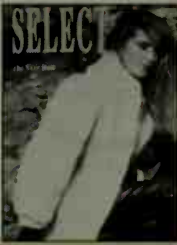
Experience an exciting collection of Artifacts of Pop Culture. Vintage movie posters and classic reproductions, Hollywood celebrity watches, stand-ups & old toys, plus a galaxy of memorabilia & collectibles. Catalog is \$3.00, refundable 1st purchase. 870



NEW YORK — U.S.A.

SELECT

The very best of Greece. This catalog offers fabulous furs, luxurious leather handbags, shoes & accessories, handcrafted pottery & 14k gold jewelry in the styles of ancient Greece. Also a collection of designer lingerie. Very reasonable prices. \$3.00. 498



CALIFORNIA — U.S.A.

RAGS TO RICHES

Thousands of men & women have become independently wealthy owning their own business. This whopper of a book contains information on many businesses you can start, some with little or no investment. \$3 now could make you a "fat-cat" with your own money making business. 047



CALIFORNIA — U.S.A.

J. ROBERTS LEATHER

Indulge yourself in this sumptuous collection of leather fashions made for the discriminating shopper. Soft, supple skins feel great to wear. Choose from dresses, bustier tops, mini-skirts & women's & men's jackets in original styles & colors. Catalog \$2.00. 411



VIRGINIA — U.S.A.

DESIGNER DIRECT

Successful dressing begins with their internationally inspired exclusive designer fashions, footwear and accessories for career, casual & evening. Shop their catalog for savings of up to 40% off retail stores. \$10.00 off your 1st purchase! \$2.00. 824



NORTH CAROLINA — U.S.A.

SECRET PASSIONS

Beautiful lingerie! Elegant hosiery! Fabulous oils and lotions! Enjoy the luxury of shopping at home with every item guaranteed. 50% discount on first order, FREE gifts with EVERY order! Treat yourself to this delightful color catalog \$1.00. 819

LONDON — ENGLAND

CAMELOT LONDON COLLECTION

Treat yourself to the American debut of the most alluring European lingerie, dresses & bathing suits found anywhere! The finest quality garments at remarkable savings. Catalogue features over \$130 worth of FREE GOODS. \$1. 042



MASSACHUSETTS — U.S.A.

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS BOSTON

You'll discover unique gifts reproduced from their renowned collections. Find jewelry, scarves, glassware, sculpture, posters, notecards, books, children's educational games & more. 96-page Fall catalog & year's subscription \$2.00. 536

STOCKHOLM — SWEDEN

CASSELRYDS GLAS & PORSLIN

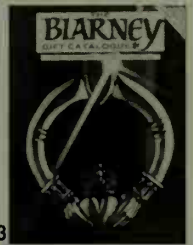
Bargains on crystal! Kosta Boda, Rorstrand, Swarovski & Mats Jonasson at up to 50% less than U.S. retail. Stemware, serving dishes, crystal animals, vases. Knives & dinnerware too. They ship all over the world. Color catalogue \$3. 566



BLARNEY — IRELAND

BLARNEY GIFTS

The best of Ireland can be yours at low, duty free prices. A wonderful selection of Royal Doulton, Waterford, Belleek, Wedgwood, Spode, Dresden, gold jewelry, ceramic cottages & more. Plus hand-loomed shawls, Aran sweaters, toys & games. Fast delivery. \$3. 453



CALIFORNIA — U.S.A.

UJENA SWIMWEAR

They've got the hottest swimwear fashions of the 90's. Check out their one-of-a-kind bikinis, one-pieces and casual clothing—all designed to give your body a slimmer, sexier shape. All pieces are sized and sold separately to ensure the perfect fit. \$2. 913



FREE • FREE • FREE • FREE

* FABULOUS BOOK A \$6.00 VALUE FREE When you order your catalogs today!

Circle numbers, fill in the information below and enclose the proper amount for your requests, plus the \$1.00 service & handling charge.

042-\$1.00	354-\$3.00	536-\$2.00	840-Free*
047-\$3.00	370-\$2.00	566-\$3.00	852-\$3.00
062-\$2.00	374-\$2.00	585-\$1.00	855-\$2.00
078-\$3.00	411-\$2.00	593-\$1.00	870-\$3.00
099-\$2.00	414-\$3.00	701-\$2.00	902-\$2.00
131-\$1.00	445-\$3.00	753-\$2.00	912-\$1.00
219-\$2.00	453-\$3.00	765-\$2.00	913-\$2.00
309-\$2.00	461-\$2.00	819-\$1.00	922-\$2.00
311-\$1.00	483-\$3.00	824-\$2.00	928-\$3.00
350-\$1.00	498-\$3.00	839-\$2.00	

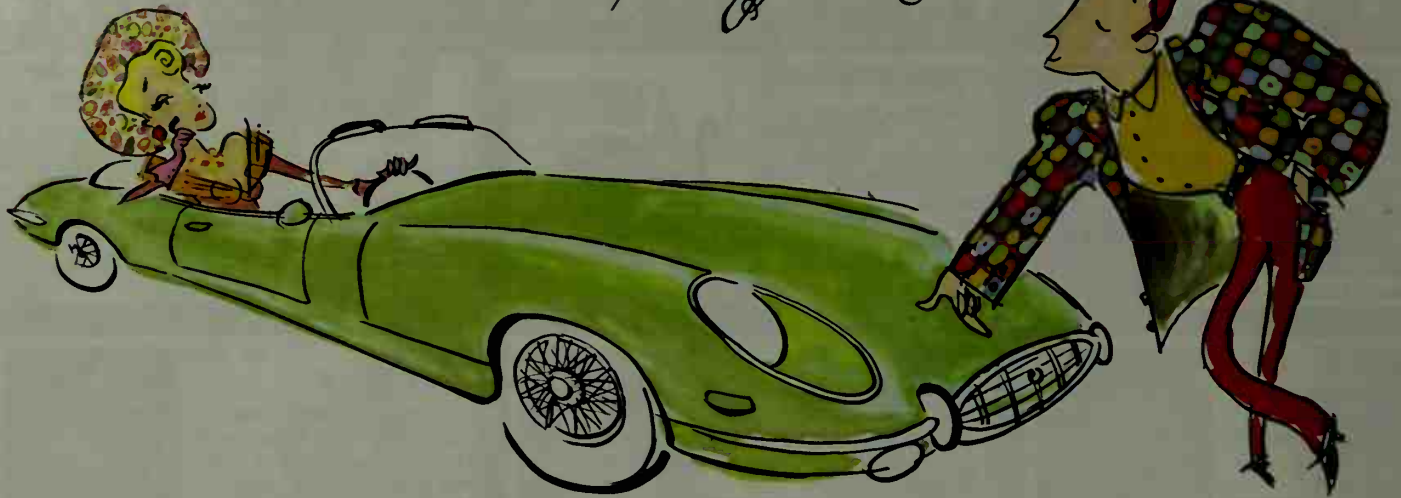
Total for catalogs requested \$ _____
 Service & handling Add \$1.00 \$ _____
 Total enclosed \$ _____

CHECK
 CASH
 MONEY ORDER

0608

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____
THE WORLD'S BEST CATALOGS* 1990
 144 S. FIRST STREET DEPT. 800989
 P.O. BOX 4507, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA 91503

hey babe



In Los Angeles, a city on wheels, **the right car**, CYNTHIA HEIMEL discovers, is a woman's most potent fashion accessory

I'M DRIVING DOWN SUNSET IN A SHINY RED BMW 325 and I'm feeling mean. Some sucker in a Honda tries to cut me off. I slam my foot on the accelerator, and she's a speck in the mirror. I sneer at pedestrians and accelerate under the palm trees. I want to leave everyone in my dust.

Yes, I am an obnoxious pig. But don't blame me, blame my car. In Los Angeles, you are what you drive.

I'm not used to this. I'm used to New York, where the design of your jacket defines your social status. Here everybody wears torn jeans and lets her car do the talking.

I'm staying at the Beverly Hills Hotel, in a bungalow. The hotel is gorgeous, the grounds smell like flowers, the staff treats me as if I were at least Joan Collins. I feel like Elizabeth Taylor. Budget Rent a Car of Beverly Hills (Car Collection) has a desk right in the lobby, where they will rent you what are not necessarily budget cars. They first gave me the keys to a navy blue Jaguar XJ12 convertible.

I settled into the car, put the top down, took a left out of the hotel, and stopped at a traffic light.

"How do you like it?" someone yelled.

I looked over at a glossy, smiling man in a Mercedes. "I just ordered one myself," he continued. He wanted to know if I'd had any trouble with it, how many miles I had on it, and could he have my phone number so we could discuss this some more. This kind of man has never flirted with me in my life.

"Sounds great!" I said as the light turned green and I sped past a dusty and bedraggled girl holding up a sign: Work for Food. The car hummed expensively, reproachfully.

As I cruised down Robertson, someone yelled, "What a babe!" Wow, I thought.

It was just my friend Alan, with whom I was having lunch at the Ivy, a hot movie-industry place. Alan pulled up to valet parking first. Two valets ran right past him to me, opened my door with a flourish, and bowed. *Bowed*. Alan sat in his Jeep as another valet escorted a couple to a Ferrari. He kept sitting until he finally got sick of it, climbed out, and yelled, "Hey!" They grudgingly took his keys.

At lunch Alan told me there was a waiting list for the new limited-edition Corvette, that people were trying to buy them now for \$66,000 so they could sell them in a few months for \$125,000. He told me that vintage Ferraris were going for a million and a half now that Enzo had died. That Spielberg had given out Mazda Miatas for Christmas, that everybody wanted ▶ 484

dream machines

Budget of Beverly Hills—with its Car Collection of more than 1,500 exotic, sports, convertible, and luxury cars—is the quickest way to rent four fabulous wheels in L.A. Daily rates range from \$99 for a Mazda Miata to \$500 for a Rolls Royce Corniche; mileage costs extra. Call (800) 729-7350. The Car Collection's fifteen locations include the mezzanine of the ultimate L.A. landmark, the Beverly Hills Hotel. For a taste of outrageous Hollywood glamour, book one of BHH's pink bungalows and a Ferrari, then fishtail between

the palm trees onto Sunset Boulevard. Reservations: (213) 276-2251. A southern California secret—spread by word of mouth, not advertising—Road and Show Cars rents more than 600 super cars (including a collection of fifties convertibles and a \$3,000-a-day Testarossa) and has a twenty-four-hour staff of tuxedoed drivers to deliver and pick up cars from any L.A.-area location. Memorize R&S's name and number, because you won't see them on a billboard: (213) 301-2121.—ANNE ALEXANDER

THINK OF IT AS A STEEL BIKINI.




A 16-valve, dual-overhead-cam, fuel-injected ragtop with front-wheel drive, power steering, brakes, windows and mirrors. Call 1-800-446-8888 for lots of thick reading material.

\$12,588*

*M.S.R.P. Prices higher in New York. Taxes, title, destination charges extra.



LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION 

Buckle up—together we can save lives.

TEST YOUR FALL FASHION & BEAUTY I.Q.
CALL 1-900-370-2112
 What's coming? What's going?
 What's in? What's out?
 Is it hot? Or is it not?
 What's your score? Find out more.

ALSO CALL 1-900-370-2112 FOR BEAUTY TIPS
 (\$.95 per minute)



RACHEL PERRY'S "TRIAL AND TRAVELER" KIT

From the wonderful world of Rachel Perry's Natural Skin Care Products, eight effective Natural Skin Care Beautifiers utilizing Aromatherapy and Color Therapy, in zip-up travel bag. Special \$9.95 + \$2.50 shipping. To order call 1-800-624-7001. (VISA/MC accepted) (CA, HI 1-818-888-5881) or send check or money order to Rachel Perry, 9111 Mason Ave., Department GL, Chatsworth, CA 91311 (CA res. add 6.75% sales tax). For Beauty Tip from Rachel call 1-900-370-2112 **CODE 811.**



WORK YOUR BUNS OFF!

Through an effective series of exercises, **Buns of Steel Video** is devoted to strengthening, tightening, toning and shaping your buttocks (buns), thighs and upper legs. Remarkable results can be obtained by following Olympic Pole Vaultier, Greg Smithey's amazing routine. Order today and get in shape fast! **It works!** \$19.95. To order, call Toll free 1-800-767-7300. For info and Beauty Tip call 1-900-370-2112 **CODE 836.**



NO-SHED MAKE UP PADS. DEMAK'UP

Innovative cosmetic pads from France are 100% pure cotton and extra gentle. Extra absorbent and they won't drip or shed. **Special offer.** "Six Pack" and 4 free travel packs. Only \$12.95. To order call Toll free 1-800-767-7300. For info and Beauty Tip call 1-900-370-2112 **CODE 817.**



MONTAJ

The all-new cosmetic line especially created for Women of Color, introduces their new spokeswoman, Motown's latest superstar, **Rebbie Jackson**, (yes, another member of the Jackson family). **MONTAJ** is available at cosmetic counters at selected Wallgreens, Peoples and major drug and discount stores. To hear Rebbie's own personal beauty advice call 1-900-370-2112 **CODE 839.**



New from CABOODLES! NAIL CARE ORGANIZER.

This portable convenient container keeps all your nail accessories dust free and ready to use. Special compartments hold up to 20 bottles of polish and all the nail care implements you need. It's a fun and easy way to keep your whole fashion look together. For info and Nail care Beauty Secret call 1-900-370-2112 **CODE 832.**



UNIQUE DEODORANT PROTECTION.

Made of mineral salts from France, **LE CRYSTAL NATUREL**, the natural body deodorant, lasts and lasts! At fine cosmetic counters. For stores near you call 1-800-829-ROCK. French Transit Ltd., 1745 Adrian Road, Burlingame, CA 94010. For info and Beauty Tip call 1-900-370-2112 **CODE 816.**

FRAGRANCE SAMPLER



GIORGIO BEVERLY HILLS EXTRAORDINARY PERFUME.

Made famous in Beverly Hills and worn by the world's most celebrated women. Floral. Provocative. One ounce of Giorgio Perfume is \$170. Or experience this Extraordinary Perfume in a special limited edition 1/8 oz. size. Valued at \$28.50, it's yours for only \$15.00. Limit 6 per customer. To order toll free call 1-800-767-7300. **CODE 640.**

Scents influence how we feel, work, experience romance, handle stress, attract others and even combat fatigue. These prestigious, top selling fragrances can enhance your life. Try them at special value prices! Order Toll free 1-800-767-7300.



RED EXTRAORDINARY PERFUME By Giorgio Beverly Hills.

An unexpected fragrance, as distinctive as our famed original, yet slightly softer and dramatically different in style and expression. One ounce of RED is \$175. Or experience RED in a limited edition 1/8 oz. size. Valued at \$32.50, it's yours for only \$15.00. Limit 6 per customer. To order toll free call 1-800-767-7300. **CODE 670.**



PHEROMONE

from Marilyn Miglin. The world's most precious perfume is \$400.00, the ounce. It's more than a fragrance. It's an experience. Created for the woman who makes life an Adventure. With love. This very special purse flacon in an elegant gold lame pouch, a \$50.00 value, is yours for just \$12.50. To order toll free call 1-800-767-7300. **CODE 672.**



REGINE'S

Experience the glamour, elegance of Regine's. An exclusive new fragrance which celebrates the night life. 1 oz. of Regine's Parfum is \$125.00. Now a limited edition 1/6 oz. deluxe collectors flacon is yours for \$15.00. Limit 3 per customer. To order call 1-800-767-7300. **CODE 671.**

ORDER BY MAIL

SEND name, address & phone # along with check/money order or credit card information to:
Looking Grrreat!, 1801 Avenue of the Stars, Suite 230, Los Angeles, CA 90067
Please add \$3.50 shipping and handling. (CA residents add 6.75% sales tax.)

CASSINI

by International Fashion Designer Oleg Cassini. A romantically feminine floral chypre that is elegantly pervasive, with style and presence. Sensual, seductive and unforgettable. Its sophisticated bouquet of naturals feature: Jasmine, Bulgarian Rose, Tuberosa Enfleurage and Oakmoss, heightened by fruity accents and blended with amber. Distinctively different and simply irresistible. Limited edition \$15.00. To order call 1-800-767-7300. **CODE 668.**



273. Fred Hayman Beverly Hills.

The sexiest women in Beverly Hills have Fred Hayman's number. Wealthy. Elegant. Wildly seductive. You are about to be seduced by Beverly Hills' hottest number! **273.** The 1 oz. Exceptional Perfume is \$175. Special 1/8 oz. premier presentation is \$12.50. Limit 4 per customer. To order toll free call 1-800-767-7300. **CODE 673.**

ANTI-WRINKLE STRATEGY

HOW MANY STEPS DOES IT TAKE TO STOP NEEDLESS AGING?

The evidence is overwhelming that even minimal sunlight ages your skin faster than birthdays. And it's no secret that daily moisture loss makes every little line more visible.

That's why skin specialists say: "Use a good moisturizer and an SPF 15 sunblock every day of the year." But...*two layers?* Won't they irritate? Clog your pores? And if you do wear a total sunblock all year round, won't you end up pale as a ghost?

You'll be happy to know that a leading skin care company asked the same questions, and developed one product with all the right answers: Neutrogena Moisture® SPF 15 Formula with a sheer tint.

First, it's an effective daily moisturizer, guarding your skin against moisture loss and helping to "plump up" dry lines. But it's also a PABA-free SPF 15 sunblock.* So it stops needless aging without irritating even sensitive skin. Then to chase away the pales, it's tinted with a sheer, sheer hint of healthy color. Very subtle, perfectly natural alone or under makeup.

More good news: Neutrogena Moisture SPF 15 Formula is hypo-allergenic and non-comedogenic, so it won't clog your pores. And it feels as fresh and light as moisture itself.

Neutrogena Moisture SPF 15 Formula is available at drug stores and sold with a satisfaction-or-your-money-back guarantee.

*Experts say SPF 15 is a total block and higher numbers just put unnecessary chemicals on your skin, not more protection.

Now you can fight wrinkles in one safe step. Without PABA. Without irritation. And without looking "sunblock pale," even when you're not wearing a bit of makeup.

Now also available untinted.

ADVERTISEMENT

DRIVING

Wolfgang Puck's new car, although no one knew what it was.

I drove around all afternoon thinking I was cool.

At dinner at Maple Drive, the newest Tony Bill-groovy place, I learned that movie stars, no matter what they're driving, get more attention from the parking valets.

Next I had a red convertible Rolls Corniche. I didn't get out of the lot before a man actually stopped my car with his body. He just stood there with his arms held in front of him, then told me I was so gorgeous he just had to talk to me. "Are you an actress? A model? A producer? A ballerina?"

"Come off it," I said.

He literally begged me to have lunch with him, just because I was so gorgeous. He gave me his card. A real estate agent.

I cruised around feeling like a million bucks until I noticed that everyone wanted me dead. Drivers scowled if I signaled to turn left. If I tried to park they gave me the finger. I was suddenly not just another person, I was the enemy. I felt as if I were driving a weapon. I saw my friend Teri Garr on Melrose Avenue and said hi. "Oh," she said, "I wondered who the asshole in the Rolls was." We drove around and everyone pointed at us. When she got out she said, "Thank you, and I hope I never have to be in this car again as long as I live."

Later everyone told me that because it was red, and a convertible, people probably thought I was a hooker. Well, it was big and heavy and a bitch to drive.

Then I got a fab pink '59 Cadillac from Road and Show Cars, where they are nice and friendly and will send a guy in a tux to bring you your car and pick it up again. "You're lucky," they told me. "Bruce Springsteen wanted this car." I let Bruce have the Caddy, which was like driving a boat anyway. I took a black Mercedes 560 SL convertible and drove around like I owned the town. Then Woody Guthrie came blaring on the tape deck:

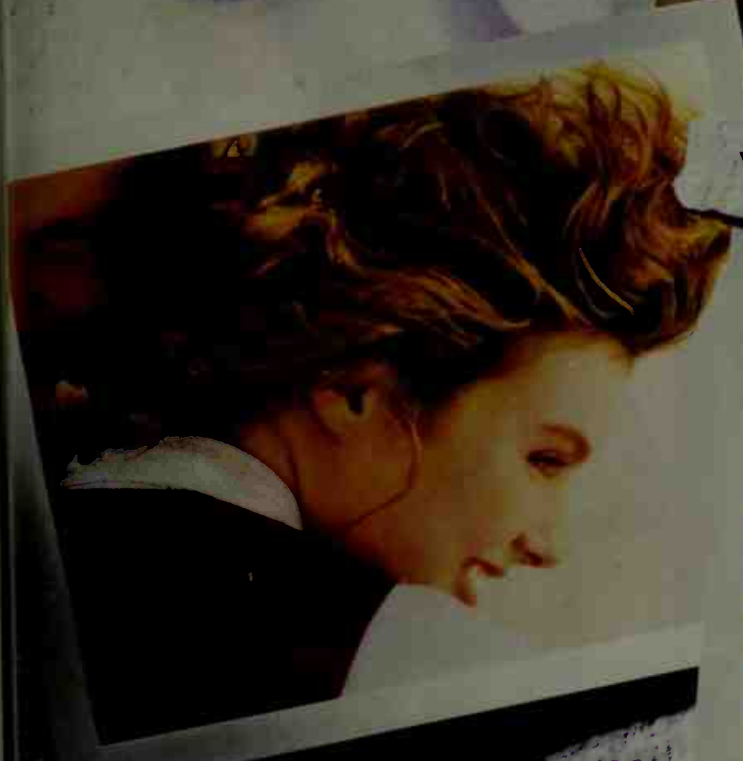
California is a garden of Eden,
a paradise to live in or see,
but believe it or not,
you won't find it so hot,
if you ain't got the do re mi. ●

© 1990 DgviBrands, Inc. Minneapolis, MN 55437

Don't you wish getting a perm



was as easy as caring for one?



Perming your hair can be torture. Caring for it shouldn't be. All Perma Soft® products are specially formulated to keep hair soft and shiny without relaxing the curl. It's so easy.

ANYTHING ELSE IS UNTHINKABLE

FOOD

Surveying
New York's
volatile
restaurant
scene, amid the
trends and constants,
JEFFREY STEINGARTEN
discerns some good food

"From too much business it didn't close."

—A waiter at Ratner's dairy restaurant
on the Lower East Side explaining
why its main competitor, Rappaport's,
had gone out of business

TWO HUNDRED AND four new restaurants opened in Manhattan in the first six months of this year, starting with **Chez Peking** and finishing with **Gascogne** and **Ah! Chihuahua**. About the same number went out of business. Of the 4,967 restaurants in Manhattan, 10 percent go out of business every year and 10 percent spring up to take their place.

These figures have been roughly constant for over a decade. But they conceal the cataclysm that has struck the New York restaurant scene these past twelve months. At first it looked like the perennial game of musical chairs in which chefs vanish from one restaurant and rematerialize at another. But this time, when the music stopped, most of the chairs ▶ 490


New York's latest and a classic favorite, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM: Halibut at TriBeCa Grill; Lucky Strike's fresh-baked bread; the menu on the mirror at Lucky Strike; a John's Pizza pepper and anchovy special; preparing the day's dough at John's Pizza.





A GRAND REIGN.

To send a gift of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©1989 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.



Menthol, 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine;
Regular, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

CAPRI

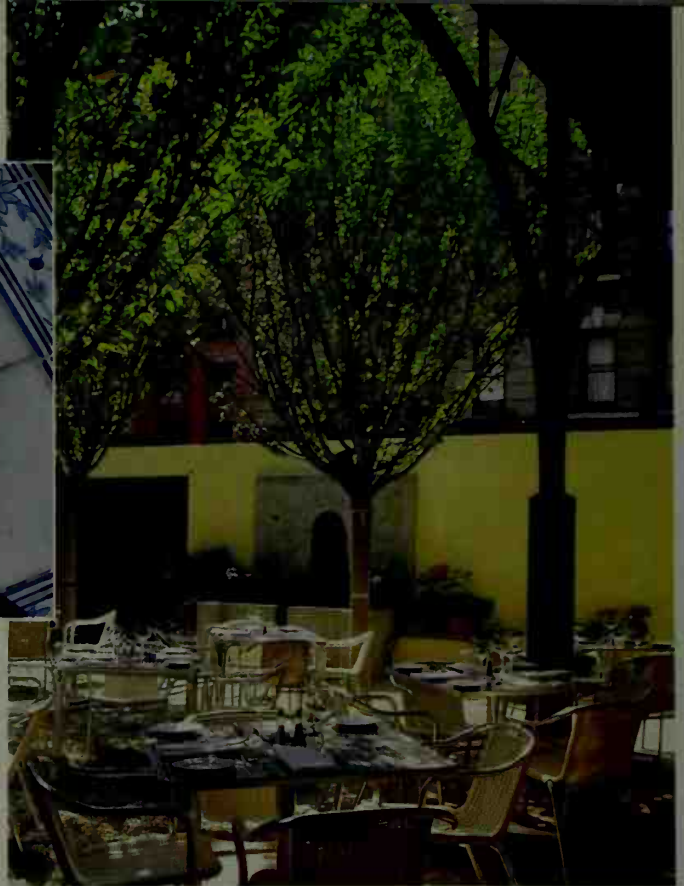
S U P E R S L I M S

Low
Tar.
Rich
Taste.



Only 9 mg tar. Regular and menthol.

FOOD



The garden at Barolo, **ABOVE**, and **TOP**, a Focaccia specialty, flatbread filled with *stracchino*. **LEFT**: At Time Cafe, a clock runs backwards above the bar near the entry, and **BELOW**, one of Time Cafe's fruit tarts.



were smaller, some were rickety and wobbly, others had been painted silly colors, and some had just plain disappeared.

Gerard Pangaud, who had left his two-Michelin-star restaurant in France to run the kitchen at Joseph Baum's Aurora, quit to start his own **Gerard's Place**, where David K's Cafe had been. The food was delicious and dinner cost \$50 a person. On one Saturday night in May the place was half full; in June, Gerard's Place went out of business. Patrick Clark, one of our most gifted modern American chefs, fresh from triumphs at Odeon and Cafe Luxembourg, founded the gorgeous and expensive **Metro** in 1988, with decor by star restaurant designer Adam Tihany. In April, Metro cut its prices by 10 percent to attract more customers in off-hours; in May, Metro closed its doors. Robert Pritsker, talented chef-owner of the expensive and well-received **Brive**, closed for summer vacation in 1989 and never reopened. Bryan Miller's (undeservedly) devastating review in *The New York Times* kept the customers away.



Brendan Walsh left **Arizona 206** with plans for a Hudson Street restaurant, settled a year later for **Coyote Grill** in Island Park. **Georgine Carmella** the restaurant disappeared from Mulberry Street in Little Italy, though after a year's hiatus Georgine Cavaiola the chef has reappeared, at **Sofi** on lower Fifth. Seppi Renggli vanished from the **Four Seasons**, Jonathan Waxman is working in Aspen, Ali Barker was divorced from **150 Wooster**, Michel Attali quit **Petrossian**, Geof- ▶ 492



Presenting Cathy Hardwick's career collection including this acrylic/lycra ribbed knit jacket, 44.00, cotton knit skirt, 26.00, and cotton turtleneck, 24.00.

CATHY HARDWICK
SEARS
Now something for everybody.

frey Zakarian and his top staff fled **44** in the Royalton, Terrance Brennan left the **Polo**, Thomas Keller had no interest in a more modest **Rakel**, and Alain Sainiac of the **Plaza** up and went to France.

By my count, that's a third of all the New York chefs whose names you might recognize. Until 1987, the streets of Manhattan were paved with easy money; for tens of thousands of Wall Street professionals, two \$60 meals a day was no big deal. Then came the 1987 stock market crash, the end of hostile takeovers, the 1989 junk-bond collapse and the intermission in leveraged buyouts that resulted, the real estate slump, and the 1990 credit crunch.

The restaurant industry reacted by going downscale, downsize, downmarket, and downriver to the suburbs. What's called "casual table service" is now the fastest-growing segment of the business nationwide, edging ahead of fast food. Menus have become simpler, service less formal. In New York, **Melrose** reorganized as **Barrow Street Bistro** and reduced prices by 40 percent. **Huberts** cut its tariffs three times in six months and is rumored to be up for sale. **Rakel** transmuted into **Cafe Rakel**, where entrées are held under \$20. **Chez Louis's** David Liederman opened the **Broadway Grill** in the theater district with pizzas, baby chickens, you know the rest, and made it possible for two to eat for under \$50. **David Keh** cut his prices, and **Polo** has dropped its prix fixe menu from \$55 to \$40. **Chantrelle** has opened for breakfast and lunch, presumably to amortize the decor. "**21**" **Club**, **Aurora**, **Hudson River Club**, and **Windows on the World** are testing discounted pre- and post-theater specials. Other restaurants have been divided into a formal room and a café, or offer simplified menus in the bar: **The Sign of the Dove**, **Cafe Rakel**, **Smith & Wollensky's Grill**, the sadly defunct **David K's Cafe**, **Shun Lee West**, the **Grill at La Cité**, and the café at **Arizona 206**. The bar at the new **Tropica** in the Pan Am building was designed from the start as a casual place to eat.

Why Eating Out in New York Costs \$60 a Person Except When It Costs Even More

A celebrated chef explained it to me this way: take an entrée of Skate with Brown Butter. Fourteen ounces of skate costs \$1.31 wholesale. The ingredients for the quart of *nage* in which it is poached cost \$1.92. The sauce requires four ounces of butter (\$.44), an ounce of capers (\$.26), two ounces of fish stock (\$.22), salt and pepper (\$.04), and a half-ounce of vinegar (\$.01). Total cost of these ingredients is \$4.20, plus a 5 percent allowance for waste and spoilage, or \$4.41.

The restaurant lists every dish at five times the cost of its ingredients to cover rent, labor, and interest on bank loans and yield a profit. *This is the key*. This is why what sells for \$25 in a New York restaurant sells for \$8 in the suburban Midwest, if you can find it. The customer is renting an extravagantly decorated twenty square feet in Manhattan for two or three hours.

So the Skate with Brown Butter will be priced at \$22. The cost of an appetizer, dessert, and coffee approximately equals that of the entrée, say another \$18. Half a modest \$25 bottle of wine is \$12.50; half a bottle of sparkling water is \$2.

The total so far is \$54.50. Tax adds \$4.50, a 15 percent tip another \$8.85. Grand total: \$67.85.

And it all started with \$1.31 worth of skate.

The Bar-and-Grilling of Gotham

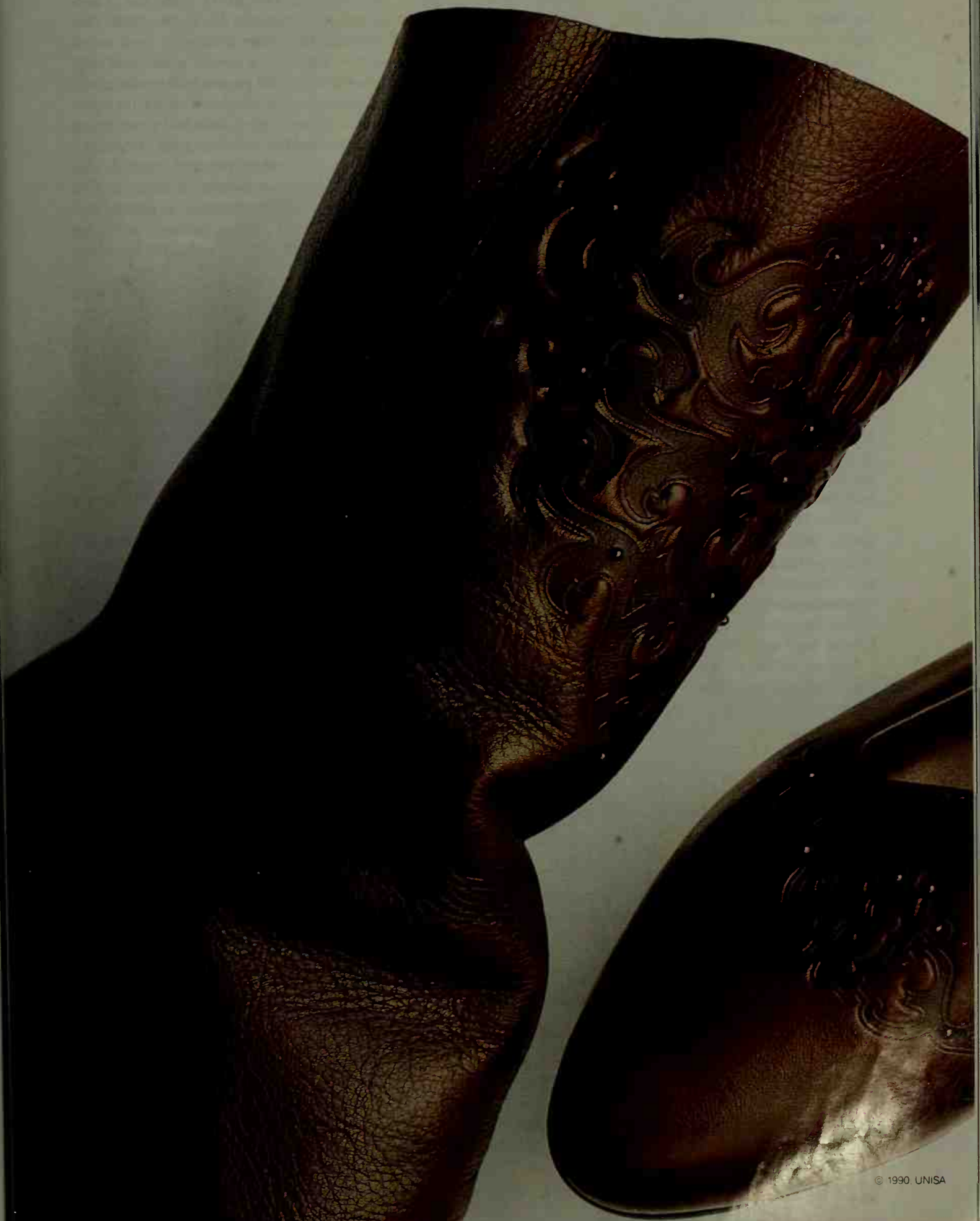
Wood-oven pizzas and grilled everything are now pandemic. Some may call it **bistromania**, but it has nothing to do with bistros. A bistro is not a restaurant that has slashed its prices. A bistro is not a place that has fired its \$90,000 chef and hired a \$40,000 one. A bistro is not an expensive hamburger-and-chicken joint with shoestring potatoes, red-pepper puree, and five French words on the menu. A bistro is not a bar and grill. (In New York, a bar and grill is not a bar and grill. The **Gotham Bar and Grill**, for example, is no more a bar and grill than I am.) If there are no more than, say, thirty true and honest bistros in Paris, how many would you expect to find in New York? Five? The real mania since 1985 has been **trattoriamania**, the proliferation of informal Italian restaurants specializing in pasta, pizza, salads, and insouciant decor. (Nationally, over the past five years the number of Italian restaurants has grown 50 percent, more than any other category.)

Bistromania was always just a muddled slogan. What's really happening now is the Grilling of Gotham. In 1989, according to the National Restaurant Association, *nearly half of all restaurant entrées nationwide were broiled, charbroiled, or grilled*. Frying, the favorite cooking method five years ago, has been demoted to a weak second. Simmering, poaching, baking, braising, boiling, steaming, and roasting—every one of these classical cooking techniques is now history. New York, for over a century the great center of cosmopolitan cuisine, has finally succumbed to the suburbanization of the kitchen. This is the food of the fifties, of the Eisenhower years, of the nuclear family and the single-family house, of Dads grilling steaks and chickens in backyard America on Moms' well-deserved day off. It is a democratic kind of cooking that needs no professional training, teeny amounts of hand-eye coordination, a few moments of *mise-en-place*, even less time upon the flames. The little booklet that came with the grill tells you how to do it. Just don a silly, floppy grease-stained toque and pour a can of kerosene over a pile of charcoal briquettes. Everything tastes terrifically the same—the acrid tang of burning fat and blackened muscle fiber, the haunting scent of the gas station.

Now fish has been added to the grill and sometimes vegetables; potato chips have grown into pancakes, shoestrings, and hash browns. That is how far we've come in thirty years.

But amid this charred and wasted landscape, some bright patches are visible: ▶ 494

U N I S S A[®]



Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette Street at Great Jones (533-7000): in just one edifice you will find a bright and handsome restaurant with promising food; an ecologically advanced grocery store (featuring a memorable cashew and Brazil nut brittle called Rainforest Crunch); a discotheque with pool table, pinball machine, and bar; and a separate barroom of vast proportions decorated in a melancholy 1950s style that made me want to get weeping drunk.

The restaurant is an airy space with a green-and-white mosaic floor and plastic booths, all dominated by a forty-foot black-and-white photomural of Joshua Tree National Forest. Calamari has become obligatory at today's nouveaux bars and grills; this version was dredged in white cornmeal and skillfully fried. Crab cakes were savory and sweet, dotted with tiny chunks of peppers and cilantro, and an organic skirt steak tortilla was deliciously beefy. Vegetables are taken seriously here; the generous garnish of cooked fresh peas, sweet corn, spinach, and tomato that accompanied my nicely cooked salmon made me want even more, quite the reverse of my usual response. Everybody seems to order a huge pile of very crispy shoestring potatoes, cut up and fried unpeeled; the baked dark red azuki beans are less popular because they are dry, grainy, gritty, and choked with cumin.

Desserts are simply terrific. I can still taste the day's special pear turnover on a dark caramel pool and the delicate little berry tart; I wish that I could no longer taste the burned coffee. I should have spent \$4.50 on the special plunger pot of Kenya AA or Sumatra. Milkshakes and fresh juice are available for customers below the legal age for drinking coffee.

Several waitresses are spectacular, including one of my favorites from 150 Wooster and another with a deservedly bare middle. I didn't notice the waiters, including our own, but my wife approved. Personally, I have never liked guys who wear their baseball caps backwards or sideways. Entrées are \$12 to \$16, and a full dinner costs \$40 to \$50 a person. No reservations. A limited menu is available until 3:00 A.M. Thursday through Sunday.

What are the chances of finding memorable food in a frantically promoted downtown restaurant owned by Robert De Niro, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Christopher Walken, Bill Murray, Kiefer Sutherland, JFK, Jr., and Sean Penn?

One hundred percent at the **TriBeCa Grill**, in the old Martinson's Coffee building at 375 Greenwich Street (941-3900).

What are the chances of actually catching a glimpse of Robert De Niro, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Christopher Walken, Bill Murray, Kiefer Sutherland, JFK, Jr., or Sean Penn?

Seven and fourteen-hundredths percent. Bill Murray was sitting at the next table on one of my visits, but I'm not sure I'd recognize Kiefer Sutherland.

By their third week, chef Don Pintabona (Charles Palmer's apprentice at **The River Cafe** and **Aureole**) and master of ceremonies Drew Nieporent (the wizard of **Montrachet**) were producing food worth coming back for: a definitive lobster consommé with sea scallops and favas; moist pigeon with tender lentils in a mild vinaigrette; a veal rack (really a chop) in tomatoey beef broth with deep-fried leeks and sweet string beans; a roasted halibut full of flavor (each of the day's five fish species can be ordered poached, roasted, sautéed, or grilled); and accompaniments of savory stuffed vegetables and Vonnas potato pancakes (a faithful rendition of George Blanc's famous version—never my favorite—from La Mère Charles in Burgundy, where Pintabona once worked).

As for negatives, the kitchen's tendency to undersalt could not always be corrected at the table. The butter tasted of onion, which is the fault of the refrigerator, the knives, or the meadow in which the cow grazed. The green-painted pipes and radiators, the gray-and-white mosaic floor, the lifeless hue of the brick—all are too dull to fulfill the exuberant promise of the gorgeous mahogany bar at the center of the room, preserved from Maxwell's Plum. Designers have spent fifteen years learning how to activate the lofty ground-floor brick factory spaces around lower Manhattan; until now I thought they had succeeded.

There were rumors abroad before it opened that TriBeCa Grill would offer simple-hearted food at bargain prices. These have proved unfounded; entrées are \$15 to \$26, so plan on spending \$55 apiece for three courses and a modest drink. The service was chaos during the restaurant's shakedown period, but with Nieporent at the controls, TriBeCa Grill should keep getting better until its dining room can compete with Montrachet; Pintabona's kitchen is practically there.

Lucky Strike, 59 Grand Street (941-0479): here is good simple food, inexpensive but honestly prepared (all breads and desserts are baked in-house), and an attractive crowd of neighborhood types and girls with skinny arms in rolled-up white T-shirts. The obligatory calamari was crisp and full of taste, as were the lentil salad, steamed mussels, and fennel salad among the appetizers. The mandatory pizzette for \$5 was cute, the roast chicken was juicy within and crispy where it should be (a rare accomplishment at the nouveaux bars and grills), and the sea bass was steamed with ginger, thus demonstrating the use of four cooking techniques in this kitchen. The Franco-American cafeteria decor is fun, and you don't feel you're paying off the architect's bill with each bite. Service was gracious if harried. Appetizers average \$5.50, entrées \$12.50, desserts \$5.25; our bill came to \$25 a person. Open every day from noon to 4:00 A.M.; no reservations. As part of a dramatic trend that is gaining fashion around town, Lucky Strike actually leaves the wooden pepper mill *on your table*; no longer is your plate menaced by a waiter wielding ► 496



GIANMARCO VENTURI

BOUTIQUE - 820 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021 (212) 472 5083
GIANMARCO VENTURI U.S.A. CO 30 WEST 57 TH STREET NEW YORK N.Y. 10019 (212) 757 8391

a cudgel-size pepper mill even before you have had a chance to taste the food.

Man Ray, 169 Eighth Avenue (627-4220), has sadly shed its Art Deco finery, but in exchange we get lower prices and the extremely good soups (lobster-corn chowder, celery root and chicken), sandwiches, pastas (creamy *maccherone* with duck confit and tomatoes), and fish (perfectly seared giant scallops and homemade potato chips on a mound of greens) of Matthew Tivy, who has more than landed on his feet since the demise of Canal Bar; \$30 a person for three courses.

Live Bait is over but **Coffee Shop**, at 29 Union Square West (243-7969), is hot—half pickup bar, half casual restaurant with a bustling mix of up- and downtown customers, interestingly attired waitstaff, Brazilian glimmers in the inexpensive food, and deafening nonstop music. Open till 2 A.M. for food and 4 A.M. for alcohol; plans afoot to stay open twenty-three hours a day starting this month.

Manhattan's Upper Crust

The New York courts have been clogged with lawsuits about who has the right to call itself Original Ray's Pizza. The answer is immaterial to discriminating gastronomes because the best pizzeria in New York is **John's Pizza** at 278 Bleeker Street (243-1680). Neither John's creditable toppings nor its hideous murals of Naples matter. With pizza it's the crust that counts. Pizza is a flabbergasting food: a yeasty flatbread of freshly stretched dough baked in special ovens just when the customer orders it. The crust should be neither crisp throughout like a cracker nor soft like pita bread. It must be browned and crusted on the very bottom for perhaps one thirty-second of an inch and then turn chewy for about a sixteenth. The thicker edges must be bubbly and charred, crisp and fragile on the surface but chewy underneath. A pizza crust should be neither sweet nor bland but taste honestly of hard spring wheat and yeast and salt.

After a recent binge I can attest that this is achieved four times out of five at John's Pizza. Half the credit goes to Steve Grant, the pizza man, and half to his coal-burning oven, one of the few left in the city, installed by the eponymous John Sasso in 1934.

Early one morning I watched Steve mix two hundred pounds of dough as Bob Vittoria, the manager, built a fire of wood and rough blue-black chunks of anthracite in a crater in the oven's brick floor. After an hour the coal burned with an intense blue flame, the coal gases had disappeared up the chimney, the air inside the oven reached eight hundred degrees, and the brick floor was nearly as hot—all was ready for Steve to slide in a pizza alongside the burning anthracite. The fashionable wood-burning beehive pizza ovens all over town do not burn nearly so hot. Their pizza may be topped with morels and moulard duck, but their crust comes nowhere close to John's.

The city's building department does not keep track of coal-burning pizza ovens, but word of mouth has it

that only six others remain—fewer than one for every million people in New York: **Arturo's** on Houston Street, pizzerias in Coney Island, downtown Brooklyn, and 110th Street in Harlem, and, it is believed, a restaurant somewhere in the Bronx. Leave the Bronx and you'll have to drive seventy-five miles to the immortal **Frank Pepe's** in New Haven to find another.

My other favorite Italian flatbread is the *focaccia* of Recco, a fishing village on the Ligurian coast, where the dough is rolled out in two paper-thin layers and filled with a savory, unctuous cow's cheese called *stracchino*. This is the specialty of **La Focaccia**, at 51 Bank Street in Greenwich Village (675-3754), which imports its *stracchino* directly from northern Italy. The little storefront with its wood-burning oven set into a wall of pale blue-and-white tiles was designed by Studio Morsa, the firm that brought modern Italian design to Little Italy fifteen years ago at Il Cortile and Cafe Biondo on Mulberry Street and to fifty-seven other restaurant and food projects since, including the striking Arqua and Giuliano Bugialli's cooking school.

Has New York's restaurant slump devastated its architects? This was the pretext for my lunch with Morsa's two partners, Antonio Morello and Donato Savoie (no relation to the House of), behind the stunning steel, bronze, and glass facade of **Barolo**, their newest concoction at 398 West Broadway near Spring (226-1102), in a brick building that was a farmhouse in 1780.

As long as God creates rich lawyers with an urgent need to become restaurateurs, they assured me, restaurant designers have nothing to worry about. They also told me that Spring Street was once a rushing stream and the car wash on Sixth and Broome still gets its water from a well, right in the heart of Manhattan!

Barolo is named for the noblest red wine in all of Italy, and its wine list offers a hundred different bottles. Antonio and Donato have planted nine cherry trees in the large garden behind the restaurant and run a water channel through them with fountains at both ends. The kitchen needs time to develop, but there is no better place in New York for sharing a bottle of wine in the gathering twilight than the cherry orchard built by Studio Morsa.

Pastrami Update

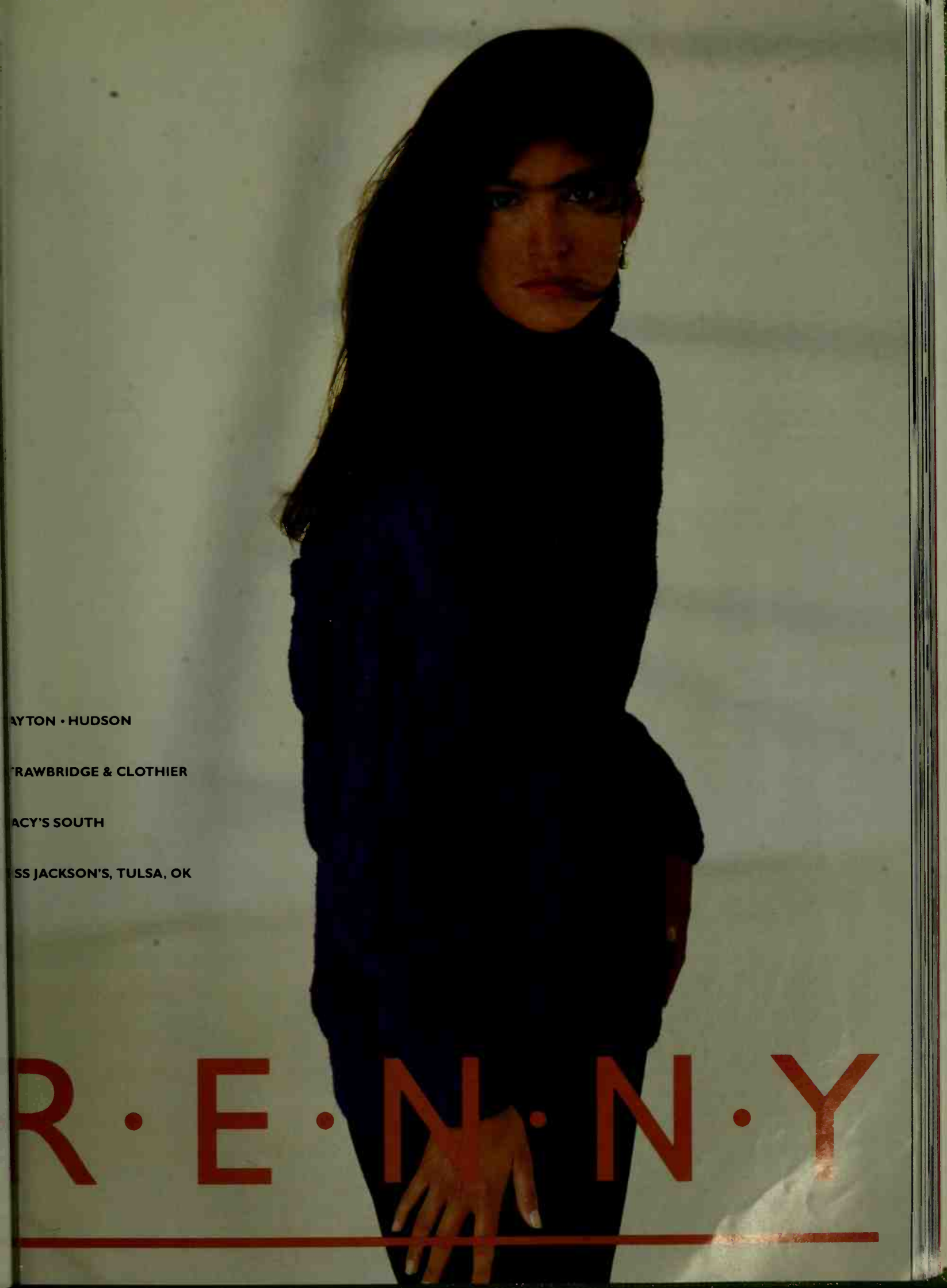
The pastrami situation is forever fluid, but as of this writing:

Best Pastrami South of Houston Street—**Bernstein-on-Essex**, 135 Essex Street (473-3900).

Best Pastrami North of Houston Street—**2nd Avenue Delicatessen** (no, not the Carnegie), 156 Second Avenue (677-0606); fax: 477-5327.

And Tell Me What Street Compares with Mott Street in July

New York's Chinatown is the largest Chinese enclave outside Asia, and with more than two hundred places to eat it is also New York's great treasury ▶ 498



AYTON • HUDSON

RAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

ACY'S SOUTH

SS JACKSON'S, TULSA, OK

R • E • N • N • Y

of budget gastronomy. Since the late sixties Chinatown's population has multiplied eight times and its boundaries have pushed far beyond Canal Street on the north and Bowery on the east. Now some of the best restaurants are branches of Hong Kong establishments or manned by Hong Kong chefs. Most restaurants hide the specialties of the chef and of the seasons on their Chinese menu (either printed or on the walls), and you will become extremely hungry in the eleven years it can take to learn the language. The three ways around this problem are:

- Point to the most succulent-looking dishes you see around you in the restaurant and ask the waiter what the other customers are eating, especially if they're Chinese. Though this appears rude and gluttonous, it always yields one or two scrumptious successes.

- Stick to dim sum, literally "heart points," the wonderful procession of dumplings, pastries, noodles, and rice that the Cantonese eat between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M. and refer to as "having tea." Carts piled high with bamboo baskets and covered plates are wheeled among the tables, and you can choose your food by how it looks: delicate wheat or rice dough and bean curd skin wrapped around vegetables, shrimp, or meat and steamed or fried; flaky little cakes filled with bean paste or sweet pork; pancakes of turnip and ham. When you are finished, a waiter counts up the empty plates on your table or the tiny rubber stamps pressed on your bill. The restaurant scene in Chinatown ceaselessly shifts like the course of the Yellow River. But at this writing, you can have a massive tea-lunch at any of these excellent places for \$12 or less; prices for dinner, when dumplings are not served, are double:

Triple Eight Palace, the largest and glitziest of the Hong Kong-style dumpling houses; the staff uses walkie-talkies for crowd control; 88 East Broadway (941-8886).

Golden Unicorn, which some believe to be the best restaurant in Chinatown; a branch of a Hong Kong establishment; 18 East Broadway (941-0911).

Oriental Pearl, 103 Mott Street (219-8388).

20 Mott Street (964-0380).

Nice Restaurant, 35 East Broadway (406-9510).

98 Mott Street, formerly the Oriental Palace, until it was closed down by the Drug Enforcement Administration, now owned by the Silver Palace (226-6603).

- Ask a Chinese gastronome to help you out. My friend Henry Hugh recently ordered a meal of seven courses at the excellent **69 Mott Street** (the Chinese characters over the door translate as Chrysanthemum House Seafood Restaurant). Every dish came from the Chinese menu or was suggested by the proprietor, Paul Chu. Six of us feasted to satiety for \$20 each including tax and tip. I asked Henry to write our menu on a little card so that I—or any of you—can eat just as well without him. Please read the rest of this article at least once before tearing out these Chinese characters and heading down to 69 Mott.

鐵板黑椒鱸魚球
籠仔荷葉田雞
椒絲腐乳通菜
南乳吊燒鵲(2只)
羌蔥軟壳蚧
咸魚火鴨茄瓜煲
椒鹽白飯魚

Seven-course dinner, 69 Mott Street

Reading vertically from right to left:

Salt and Pepper Deep-Fried Silver Fish (Whitebait)
Salted Fish with Roast Duck and Eggplant in Casserole
Ginger and Scallion Soft-Shell Crab
Crispy Squab with Red Fermented Bean Curd Sauce
Hollow Vegetable with Fermented Bean Curd
Bamboo Steamer with Frog and Ham on a Lotus Leaf
Iron Plate Black Pepper Grouper with Eggplant

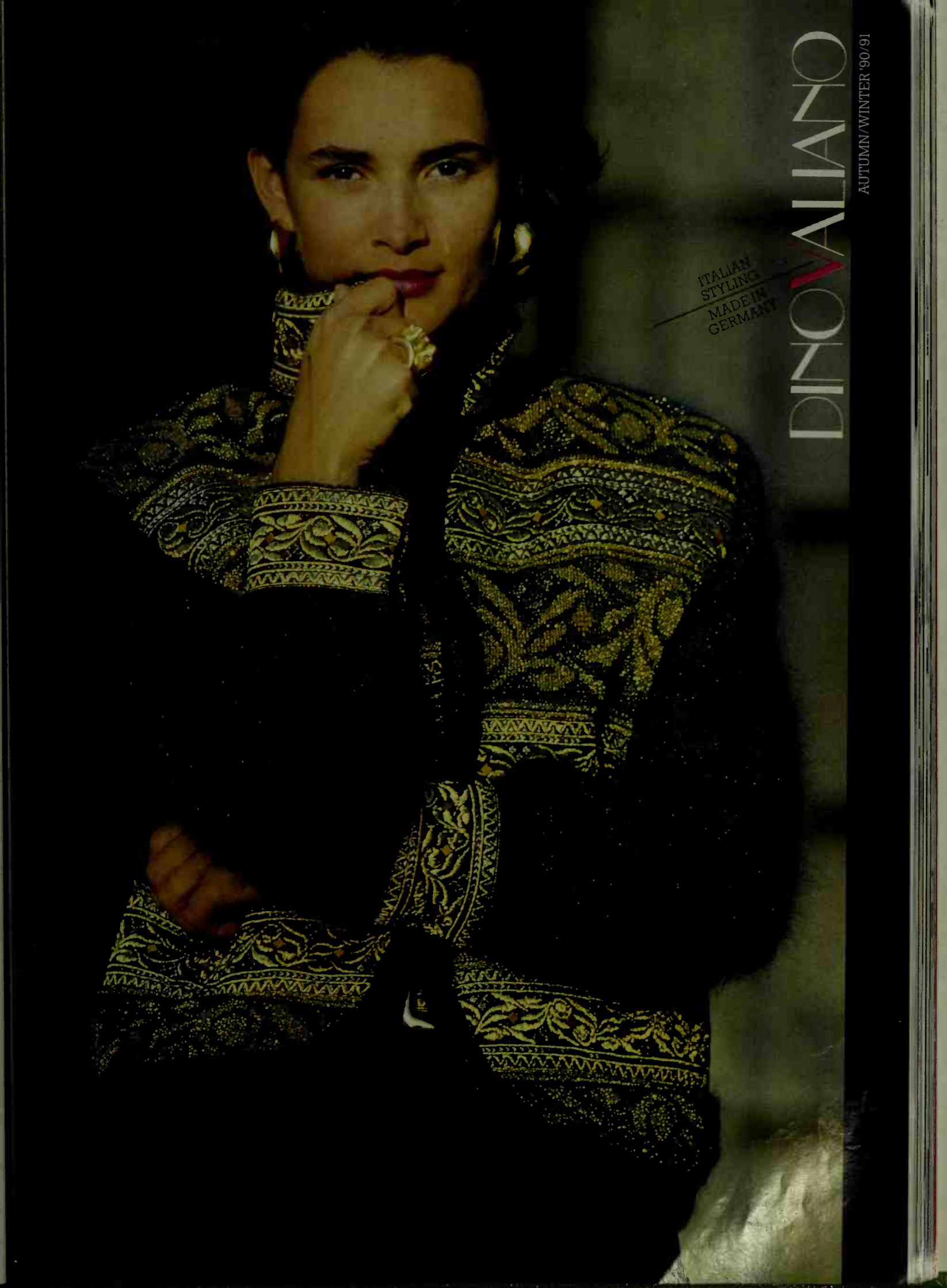
If any of these is out of season, try the Deep-Fried Bean Curd with Conch, the Half-Dry Squid (flown in from Kowloon Bay in Hong Kong), or the Fish Stuffed into Its Own Skin.

An Unsurprising List of My Nine Best New York Restaurant Meals of 1990

A Louis Harris survey shows that Americans believe their leisure time has shrunk from twenty-six to sixteen hours a week, and they do not want to spend them eating. They want restaurant meals to last one hour instead of three. In this, they are extremely misguided. Are they reading more? Going to the ballet? Inventing clever things to compete with the Japanese? Working for world peace? No, they're probably watching basketball.

I have nothing more lofty to do with my leisure time than eat, and neither do they, especially when the eating happens at any of my Top Nine, in the company of animated friends. The order is not definitive, only suggestive:

1. **Le Bernardin**, 155 West 51st Street (489-1515).
2. **Aureole**, 24 East 61st Street (319-1660).
3. **River Cafe**, 1 Water Street, Brooklyn (718-522-5200).
4. **Park Bistro**, 414 Park Avenue South (689-1360).
5. **Alison on Dominick**, 38 Dominick (727-1188).
6. **Bouley**, 165 Duane Street (608-3852).
7. **Montrachet**, 239 West Broadway (219-2777).
8. **Gotham Bar and Grill**, 12 East 12th Street (620-4020).
9. **San Domenico**, 240 Central Park South (265-5959). •



ITALIAN
STYLING
MADE IN
GERMANY

DINOVALLIANO

AUTUMN/WINTER '90/91

DINO VALLIANO





VALIANO.
coordinates and
series. A fashion name
representing exquisite Italian
made in Germany.

IA S
ANGELES · 213 476-9330
LOOKING BOUTIQUE
NA BEACH · 714 494-8208
B
RLY HILLS · 213 879-3800
A BENTLEY
PORT BEACH · 714 548-7444
ALLERIA
N · 714 544-6340
E'S
UITA · 619 753-0870
IMO
NDO BEACH · 213 543-5540
BETH SIMMONS
EL · 408 624-4696
ILLY
LY HILLS · 213 278-2473

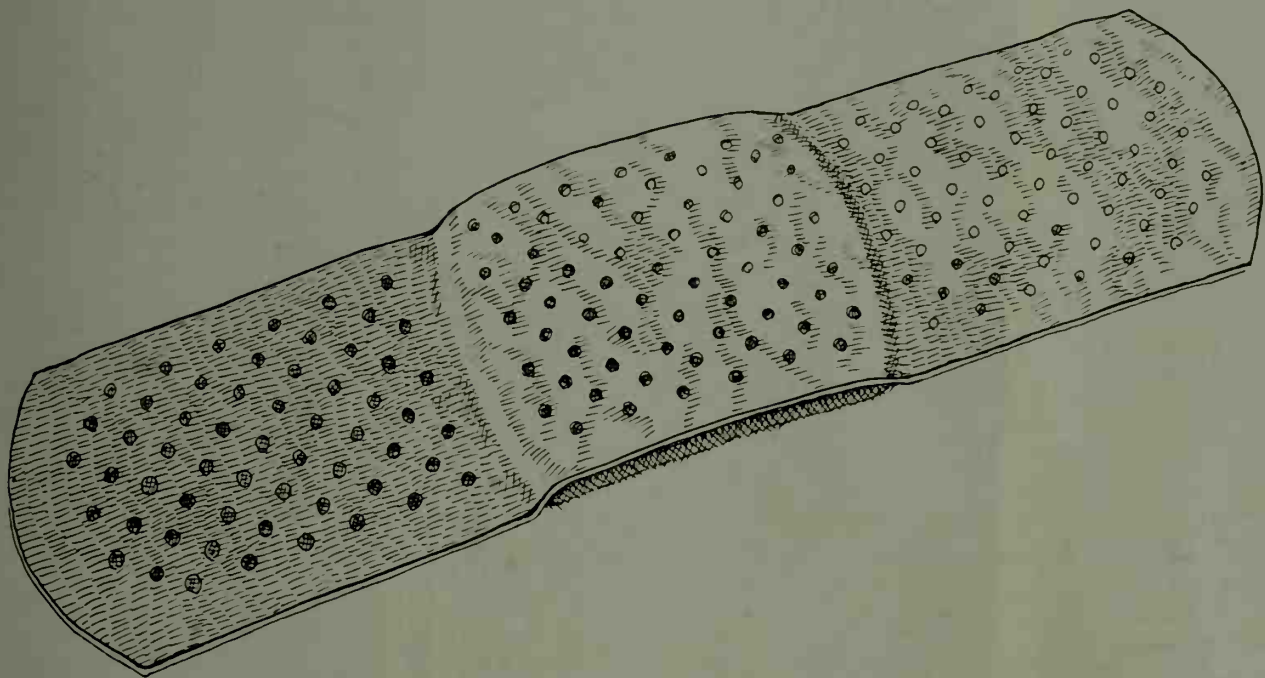
ROCKING BOUTIQUE
MIRAMAR BEACH · 714 494-8208
MARCE MOHR
LOS ANGELES · 213 278-4174
GLORIA S
LOS ANGELES · 213 476-9330
NORDSTROM
SAN FRANCISCO · 415 243-8500
TROY
PALM DESERT · 619 346-1096

DINOVALIANO FASHIONS INC.
1466 BROADWAY SUITE 804
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10036
PHONE (212) 302.2407/08/09/16
TELEX 4971785 DINO N.Y.
TELEFAX (212) 3021161

DINOVALIANO



Regrettably,
most foreign aid programs are not much better
than this.



Foreign aid is a complex problem.
One that superficial answers will never fix.
People of the third world may need food today, but only *knowledge*
will help feed them tomorrow.
Twenty years ago, we at Technoserve began
to help the hungry in Africa and Latin America,
by teaching them how to plan, manage and harvest for themselves.
We're proud of our success.
But until the third world can feed itself, there's still so much to do.
Please help us help them. They need us and we need you.

TechnoServe

A working solution to world hunger.

148 East Avenue, Norwalk, Connecticut, USA 06851.
Call 1-800-99-WORKS



les must[®] de *Cartier*
Paris

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

The touch is pure Cartier



Cartier Vendôme pearl-tipped cigarettes.
Available only in the finest establishments.

For an Exclusive Subscription, call
1-800-CARTIER.



4800

The Hottest Show in Town

Get your ticket to upbeat, offbeat variety at \$1 an issue.

The hottest show in town is not in a theater. It's between the covers of a magazine called *VANITY FAIR*. And your half-price ticket is already waiting for you.

Why is *VANITY FAIR* so hot? Because it's brimful of exciting people. Alive with fascinating ideas. Rich in spectacle, color, and beauty. A vital chronicle of what's happening onstage in the world—and *backstage*, too. With choice tidbits you'll really relish (and might otherwise miss).

Here is a showcase where the brightest can present their best. And where intellectual pursuits can abide in



perfect harmony with fashion, talent, taste, and *fun*—even slightly wicked, slightly scandalous fun.

In *VANITY FAIR*, we've turned our probing spotlight on Elizabeth Taylor, Dustin Hoffman, Princess Di, Madonna, and Sly Stallone. Brought you the writing of Joyce Carol Oates, William Styron, John Updike, and Norman Mailer. The photographs of Annie Leibovitz, Snowdon, Horst, and Helmut Newton. Yes, you'll discover a lot to like in today's *VANITY FAIR*. And you'll receive 12 issues for only \$12. (That's 50% off the newsstand price of \$24.)

VANITY FAIR. It's a true original. Take this opportunity to subscribe at half-price.

Call toll-free **1-800-247-2160**

Or write to: *VANITY FAIR*
P.O. Box 5228, Boulder, CO 80322

VANITY FAIR

*Only they can reveal
the extraordinary secrets of his past.*

The Women in His Life

BARBARA
TAYLOR
BRADFORD

AUTHOR OF A WOMAN OF SUBSTANCE

A MAIN SELECTION OF
THE LITERARY GUILD



Photo courtesy of Lord Lichfield

ALSO AVAILABLE ON
AUDIOCASSETTE
FROM RANDOM HOUSE

R A N D O M H O U S E



Grand idea™



KAHLÚA & CREAM

It's a prrrfect taste: 1½ ounces of Kahlúa to 4 ounces of fresh cream or milk over ice. Kahlúa, of course, wrote the book on delicious delights. The Kahlúa Recipe Book. We'll freely send you as many copies as you like. Kahlúa, Dept. K, P.O. Box 230, Los Angeles, CA 90078-0230.



LIVING

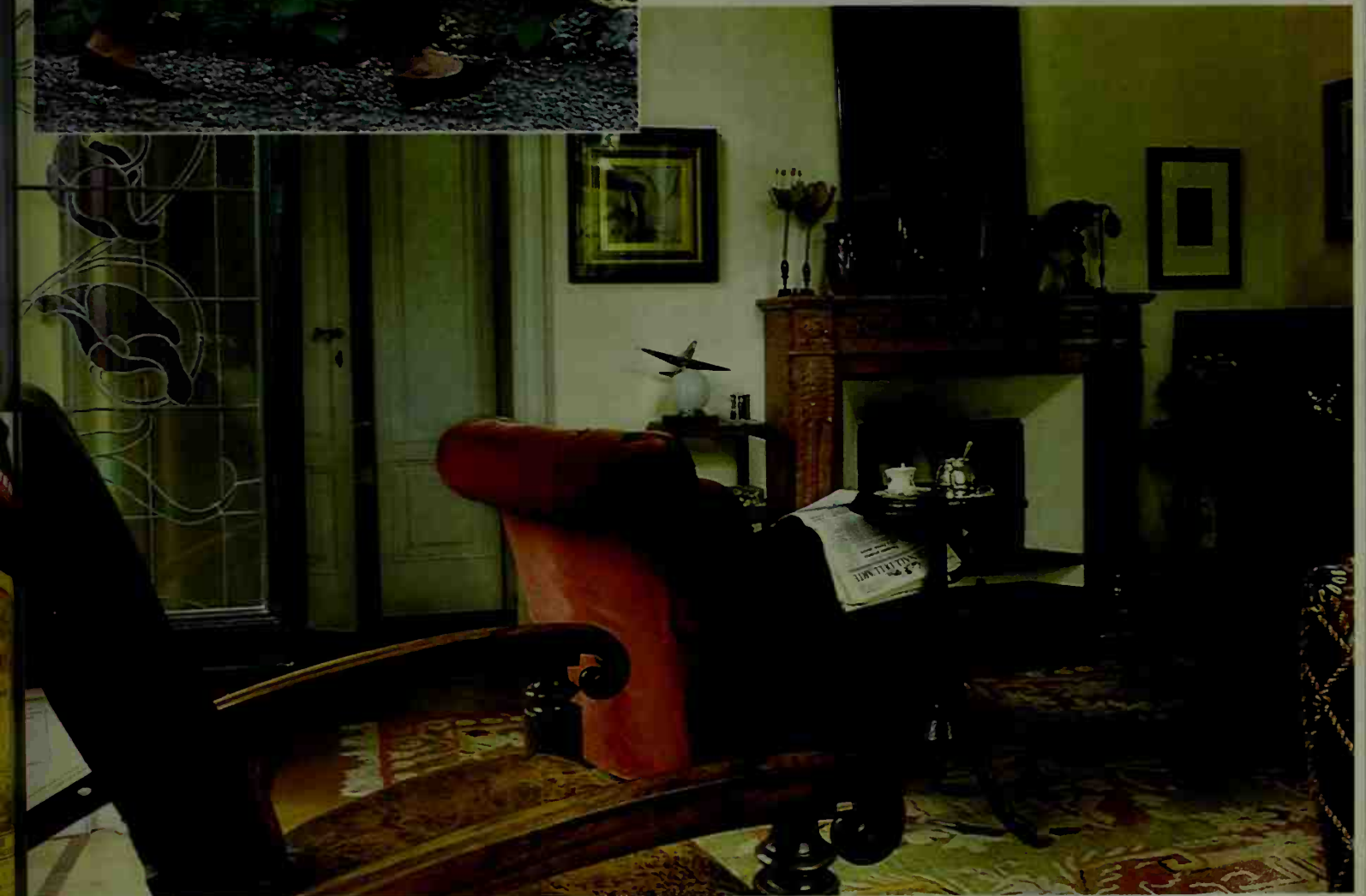
Editor: Laurie Schechter

A couple in Milan gives a personal twist to Art Nouveau, throwing old-

world style a **'60s curve.**

CHARLA CARTER visits

FOUR YEARS AFTER MILANESE JEWELRY DESIGNER Donatella Pellini and linen manufacturer Vittorio Solbiati met at an exhibition of Napoleonic memorabilia, they decided to move in together. "OK," said Pellini, "but the place has got to have a garden." Her rambunctious Airedale, Tais-toi (Shut up), needed space to frolic. But houses with gardens in the middle of urban Milan are few and far between. It ▶ 502



Jewelry designer Donatella Pellini, TOP, in the garden surrounding the Milan apartment she shares with linen manufacturer Vittorio Solbiati. INSET: The glassed-in salon and the stairway to the garden.

ABOVE: In the library, velvet armchairs are paired with a Victorian leather chair found in a London antiques market. Italian artisans restored the original Art Nouveau stained-glass sliding doors. On the mantelpiece are Daum crystal and 1940s Murano glass vases; an English painting hangs above.

LIVING



wasn't until a year later that Pellini found herself peering through the darkened ground-floor rooms of a belle époque town house bordering the tree-filled Parco del Castello Sforzesco in the city's historic center.

The duplex apartment hadn't been touched in forty years and, in its most recent incarnation as a photographer's studio, hadn't seen the light of day for the past twenty. Still, Pellini "sensed magic." The garden, too, was in a state of abandon bordering on disaster. But it was vast—nine thousand square feet—and boasted an improbable palm tree that immediately won Pellini's heart: "I love it. It gives the house a Côte d'Azur quality, don't you think?"

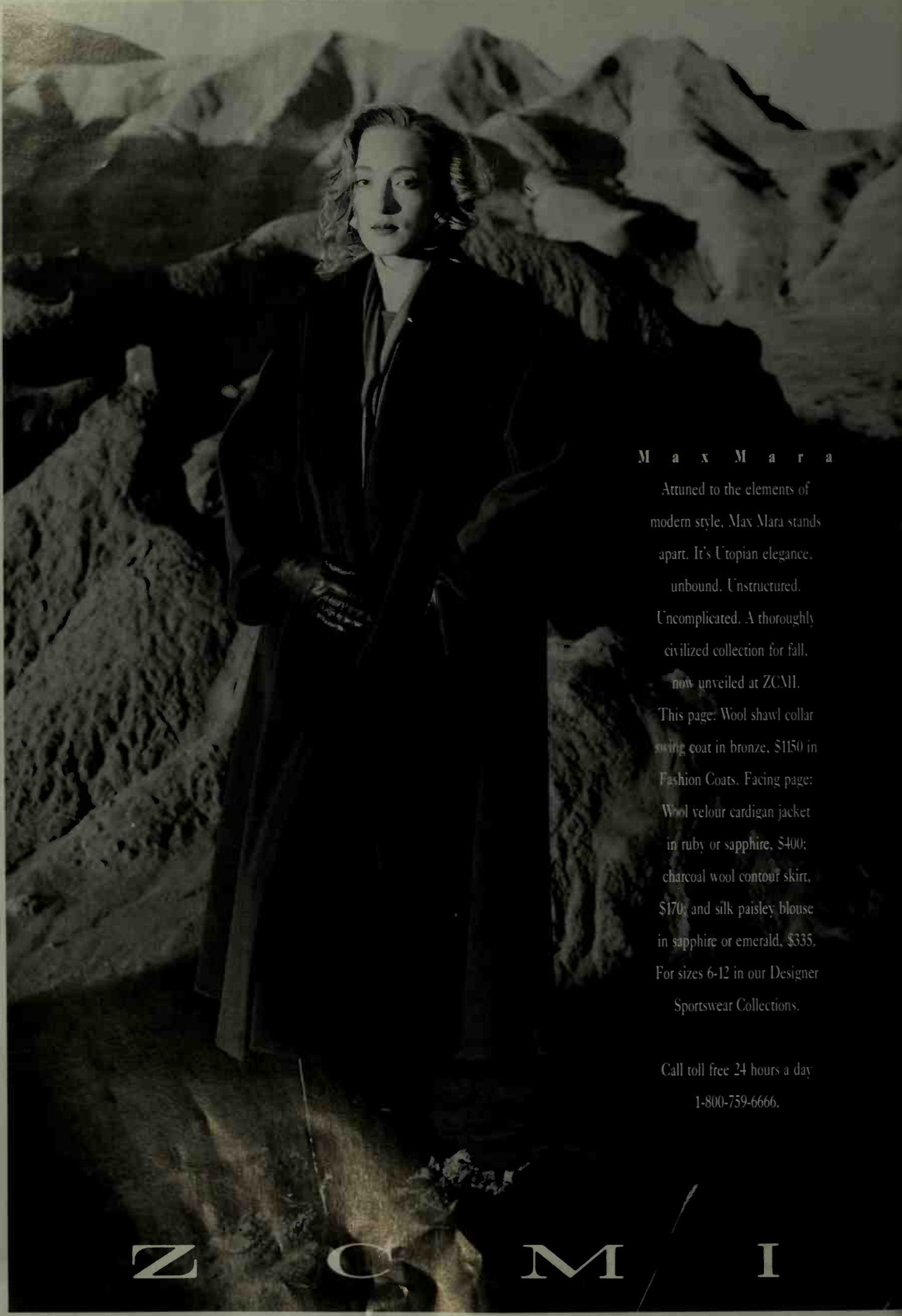
After two years of extensive renovation, the couple finally moved in a year ago. They began decorating, Pellini insists, "without any particular plan." The re-



In the living room, **LEFT**, 1960s couches are covered in felt. On the Louis XVI marble mantel, another sixties touch, a chrome-and-glass lamp, is combined with a glass piece from contemporary designer Borek Sipek and a marble profile found at a St. Germain antique. A 1933 late-Cubist painting from Alicia Halicka hangs above. **BELOW:** Antique English suitcases serve as Pellini's bedside table; a velvet armchair by Italian architect Gio Ponti holds a tray with Pellini's collection of Murano glasses, Christmas presents from her mother. **OPPOSITE:** In the couple's dressing room, glass-fronted cabinets from a defunct children's store hold Solbiati's wardrobe; a brass wire cuff from Bijoux Pellini's 1990 winter collection.

sult is a glorious jumble of decorative styles. Offbeat flea-market and auction finds inhabit the gracious, high-ceilinged rooms like quirky relatives in a bourgeois household. "Vittorio and I like to mix," explains Pellini. "Vittorio knows a lot about art and prefers *meubles d' époque*"—like the imposing Victorian leather armchair, affectionately dubbed Shakespeare, that presides over the library, and the kilim-covered Napoleon III couch and chairs that endow the bow-windowed entry with the air of a turn-of-the-century salon. Pellini's tastes tend to be more "fanciful" and more contemporary. The pair of curving couches in the salon are pure sixties kitsch—particularly when covered in Pellini's choice of royal purple felt. But the couple has also acquired pieces by an important Italian designer of the forties and fifties, Carlo Mollino, ► 506





M a x M a r a

Attuned to the elements of modern style, Max Mara stands apart. It's Utopian elegance, unbound. Unstructured. Uncomplicated. A thoroughly civilized collection for fall, now unveiled at ZCMI.

This page: Wool shawl collar swing coat in bronze, \$1150 in Fashion Coats. Facing page: Wool velour cardigan jacket in ruby or sapphire, \$400; charcoal wool contour skirt, \$170; and silk paisley blouse in sapphire or emerald, \$335. For sizes 6-12 in our Designer Sportswear Collections.

Call toll free 24 hours a day
1-800-759-6666.

Z C M I

Z C M I



M a x M a r a

LIVING



A pair of turn-of-the-century chaises, **ABOVE**, hold cotton bolsters from Milanese designer Lisa Corti in what will become Pellini's studio. The painting against the wall, discovered in a Milanese antiques shop, is English. **RIGHT:** The 1949 glass-topped table and the 1939 wrought-iron chair in the unfinished dining room are by Carlo Mollino; the steel candelabra is by Italian designer David Palterer. Pellini found the paintings in Milan.

and contemporary glassworks by Borek Sipek.

Pellini, the chief designer and image shaper of her family's fifty-year-old costume jewelry company, Bijoux Pellini, and Solbiati, who spearheads Solbiati Sasil, his own family's hundred-year-old linen-manufacturing firm, travel frequently together in Italy and to Paris, London, and New York for trade shows and to keep an eye on the competition. But one gets the distinct impression that forays to the St. Ouen flea market, the Left Bank *antiquaires*, Portobello Road, and the Camden Lock market are an equally important part of the Pellini/Solbiati itinerary.

For a couple whose professional lives are unavoidably *moda*, their home is conspicuously free of fashion's iconography. There are no stacks of glossy style books by the bed, or copies of *Vogue Italia* lying on a coffee table (there are no coffee tables). Instead, rows of pastel-tinted paperbacks by Pellini's favorite women authors grace the shelves of the Louis XVI *bibliothèque cum headboard* in her bedroom.

Downstairs, the basement houses the kitchen and dining area, as well as Solbiati's bedroom, salon, and the Turkish-style mosaic bath where Pellini installed twin showerheads "so we can chat with each other in the mornings before work." In the couple's dressing room, hanging in glass-fronted cabinets salvaged from a defunct children's clothing store, is crumpled evidence of Solbiati's public passion: suits, jackets, shirts, trousers, all fashioned from linen. "Vittorio buys a lot of shirts and ties for fabric research,"



In Pellini's bedroom, **LEFT**, a Louis XVI *bibliothèque* holds paperbacks, antique perfume bottles, photographs, and gilt-framed drawings of Solbiati as a child. The Indian silk, cotton, and velvet throws on the bed are from Lisa Corti. **BELOW**: A detail of Pellini's bathroom. **BOTTOM**: Solbiati's bedroom with an antique brass bed and a fifties lamp.



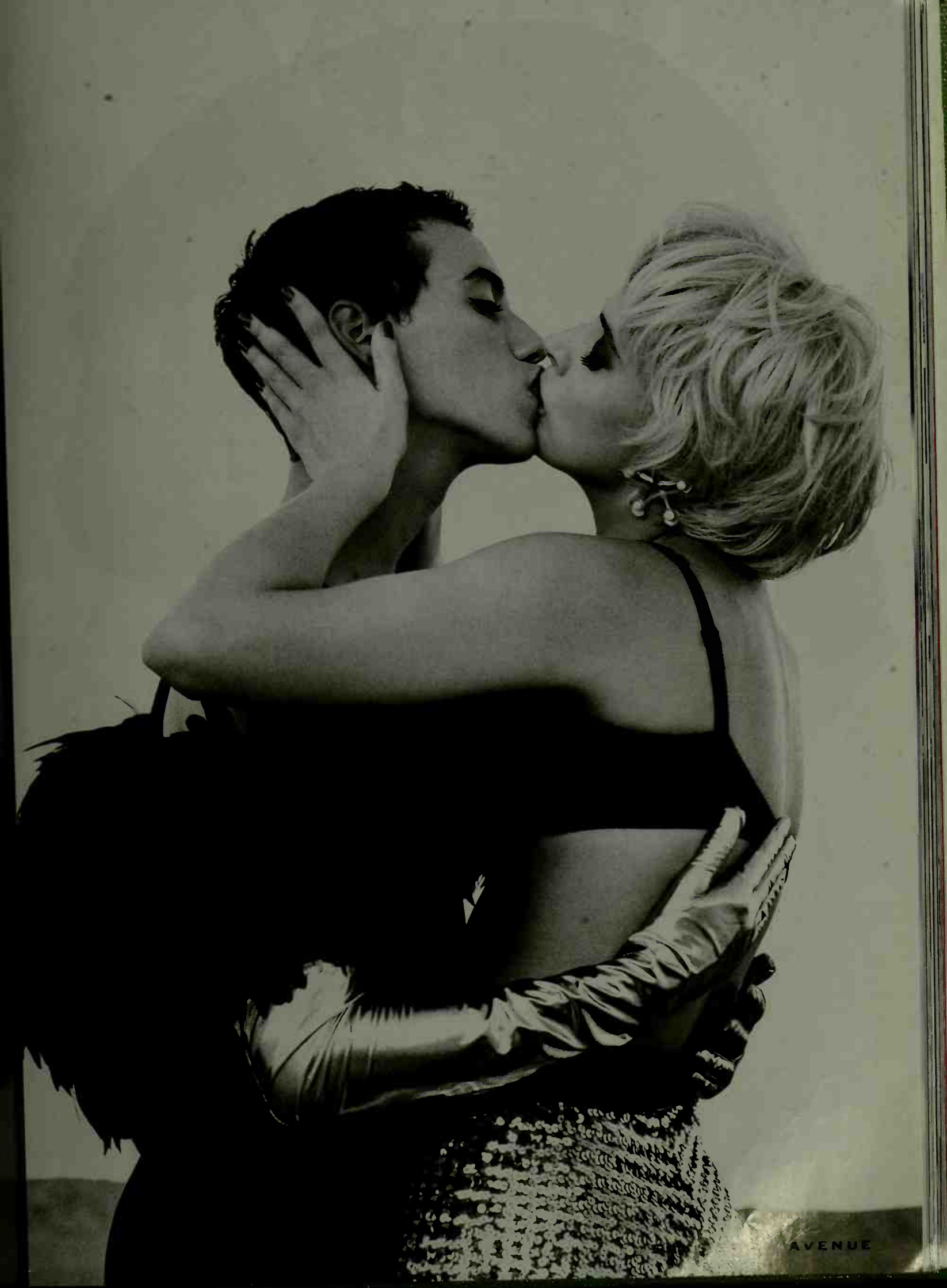
Pellini explains with an amused smile. She runs her fingers through a sheaf of patterned linen ties: "I think he has forty thousand of them!" Solbiati is depicted in photographs and in drawings around the apartment as a dandyish, bespectacled figure with a shock of unruly, graying hair ("a little Einstein, or Mad Maestro" is how Pellini describes him).

The couple spend most of their time down the corridor in Solbiati's salon, an airy room furnished with unpretentious taupe-and-white-striped canvas couches, Solbiati's collection of twenties and thirties drawings, and shelves containing "only a fraction" of his vast library of books on theater, art, jazz, cinema, and Russian and Italian literature. "When we have friends over, we use all the apartment's rooms," Pellini observes, "but when we're alone together, we usually choose this one. Until I was thirty-six I'd always lived

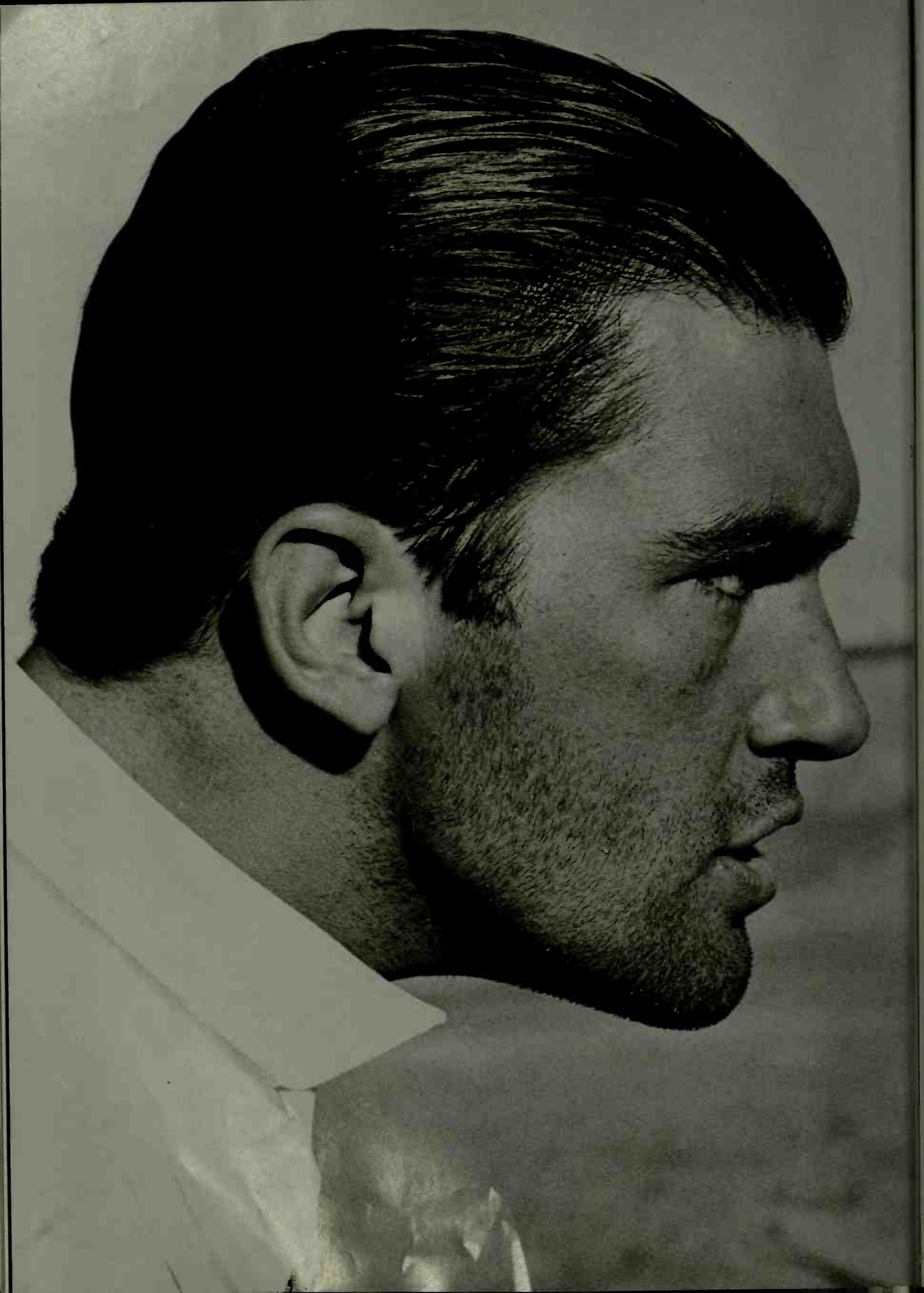


with my family, so when I first moved in it was something of a painful break for me. Doing up a new house is exciting—but agonizing too." She groans in exasperation. "And it's *still* not finished!" ●

KK



AVENUE



VOGUE

POINT OF VIEW

global fashion

Oscar de la Renta announces that he plans to show his collections in Paris; **Galleries Lafayette** signs a deal that will bring a branch to New York City in 1991. Black Americans rallying in New York City for Nelson Mandela turn up in a street-savvy mix of **African prints** and baggy pants. Estée Lauder products are now marketed from L.A. to Moscow. As political barriers between countries begin to disintegrate, so do style barriers—and fashion becomes increasingly **international**. No longer do the eyes of the fashion world look only to the Europeans for inspiration: ideas generate, germinate around the world—at once. Such is the case, this fall, with **color**. What started out several years ago as a personal mission for a French designer named **Christian Lacroix** has become a worldwide avalanche. Dresses, suits, and coats that fashion editors only last year felt “really looked better in black” stand on their own in shades of **fuchsia**, coral, orange, or **yellow**, and we have pages of them brought to you by the quartet of designers we call the **Kings of Color**. “Color is the new **luxury** item,” says **Isaac Mizrahi**, whose subtle layers of cherry and yellow are already flying out of the stores. Says Bloomingdale’s Kal Rutenstein: “At the Madonna concert, I discovered every woman in America already owns a stretchy black dress. The Pucci explosion has given retailers the courage to go forward with color.” Bloomingdale’s will fill its windows with Lacroix’s “powerful brights.” . . . More color appears in the form of **red—for our trip to Russia**, where Christy Turlington dances her way through the streets of Moscow and Leningrad. For day, for night, in silk or sequins, red is the easiest beginning for those addicted to black. . . . The evening alternative to color? **Shine**. Of all types and dimensions. What we mean: the **metallic** shine of intricately beaded skirts, racy fringed dresses, silver knitted sweaters, satiny-looking raincoats. Shine that comes from **leather**: from the soft look of black kid (in coats, suits) to the sixties pop of patent. There are motorcycle jackets, over-the-knee boots, geometric tote bags, moccasins for the city. This is dressing at its most lighthearted. . . . And for **environmentalists**: a whole series of plushy, soft teddy-bear coats that have become the perfect warm alternative to fur.



7th
on sale

7th
on sale

7th
on sale

7th
on sale

NOVEMBER

A bene



MBER 2

AVOGUE

"This photo represents America's major designers pulling together to combat AIDS," says Carolyn Roehm, president of the Council of Fashion Designers of America. The CFDA, founded as an honorary society to promote American fashion, has shifted its focus to fighting AIDS. Says Roehm, "We have a responsibility as leaders in an industry that's been devastated by the disease. And my hope is to raise money—and awareness—not only in the fashion world but in the country at large."

Seventh on Sale, an unprecedented fund-raising effort of the CFDA and this magazine, is headed by Roehm, designer Donna Karan, and Vogue editor in chief Anna Wintour. The benefit will be held November 29 to December 2 at Manhattan's cavernous New York State Armory (Lexington Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street) and will be a consumer's dream store of new (and vintage) designer clothing from every fashion category for men, women, and children. With all merchandise donated by the designers, all sales help volunteered, and all costs underwritten by Vogue, Seventh on Sale aims to net more than \$1 million to benefit the New York City AIDS Fund, a nonprofit umbrella group that grants money to community programs for AIDS prevention and outpatient care, pediatric care, counseling, and housing for people with AIDS.

The kickoff begins at the armory on November 29 with a star-studded dinner for five hundred (a \$1,000 ticket also guarantees first dibs on shopping). Says dinner cochairman (with Oscar de la Renta) Bill Blass: "In the past the fashion industry's approach to AIDS has been fragmented. This is a marvelous way to bring the younger designers and the established designers together in an outburst of merchandising—and enthusiasm." For those whose pocketbooks can't quite stretch for the dinner, \$150 will buy dessert (plus cocktails and dancing).

Seventh on Sale "really marks a moment in history," says Isaac Mizrahi. "AIDS is finally being reckoned with by the design community. And the effort we're putting into the sale is proportionate to the dear losses we've felt."

For further information and tickets, phone (212) 880-6835. Readers who are unable to attend the benefit dinner or sale but who would like to make a donation may send a tax-deductible contribution to the Council of Fashion Designers of America Foundation, c/o Time Inc. office, 1412 Broadway, New York, NY 10018. Checks should be made payable to the CFDA Foundation.

◀ LEFT AND OVERLEAF: CFDA members gather on Seventh Avenue. For identifications, see last pages.

Photographer: Patrick Demarchelier

7th on sale

There's strength in numbers, as the Council of Fashion Designers of America joins Vogue to fight AIDS. Coming up: a sale of designer fashions at bargain prices—as Seventh Avenue proves that charity begins at home



What's making
irreverent color
combinations work so
well, each tone is of
the same intensity.

OPPOSITE PAGE:
Christian Lacroix's
jacket, scarf, and
earrings. Suit,
Christian Lacroix Prêt-
à-Porter. The intense
eye makeup by
Christian Dior: Black
Eyeliner Pencil #090
on lids and brows,
Café/Crème 2
Eyeshadow Palette
#808, and Black
Onyx Mascara Parfait
with Cashmere #090.

THIS PAGE:
Sometimes one burst
of color is all that's
needed. Wool coat by
Valentino. Valentino
Boutique, NYC.
Details, last pages.

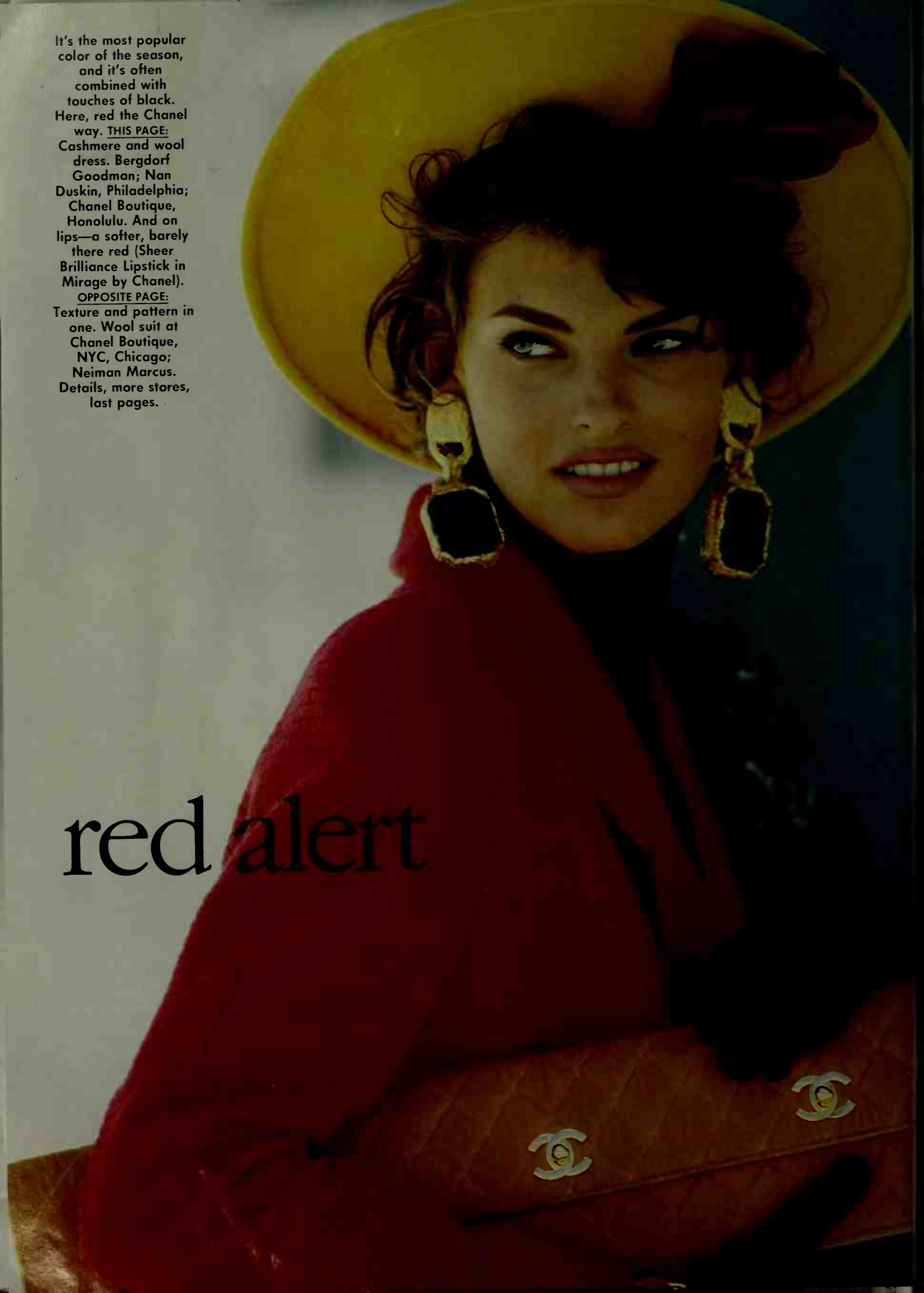
It's the most popular color of the season, and it's often combined with touches of black.

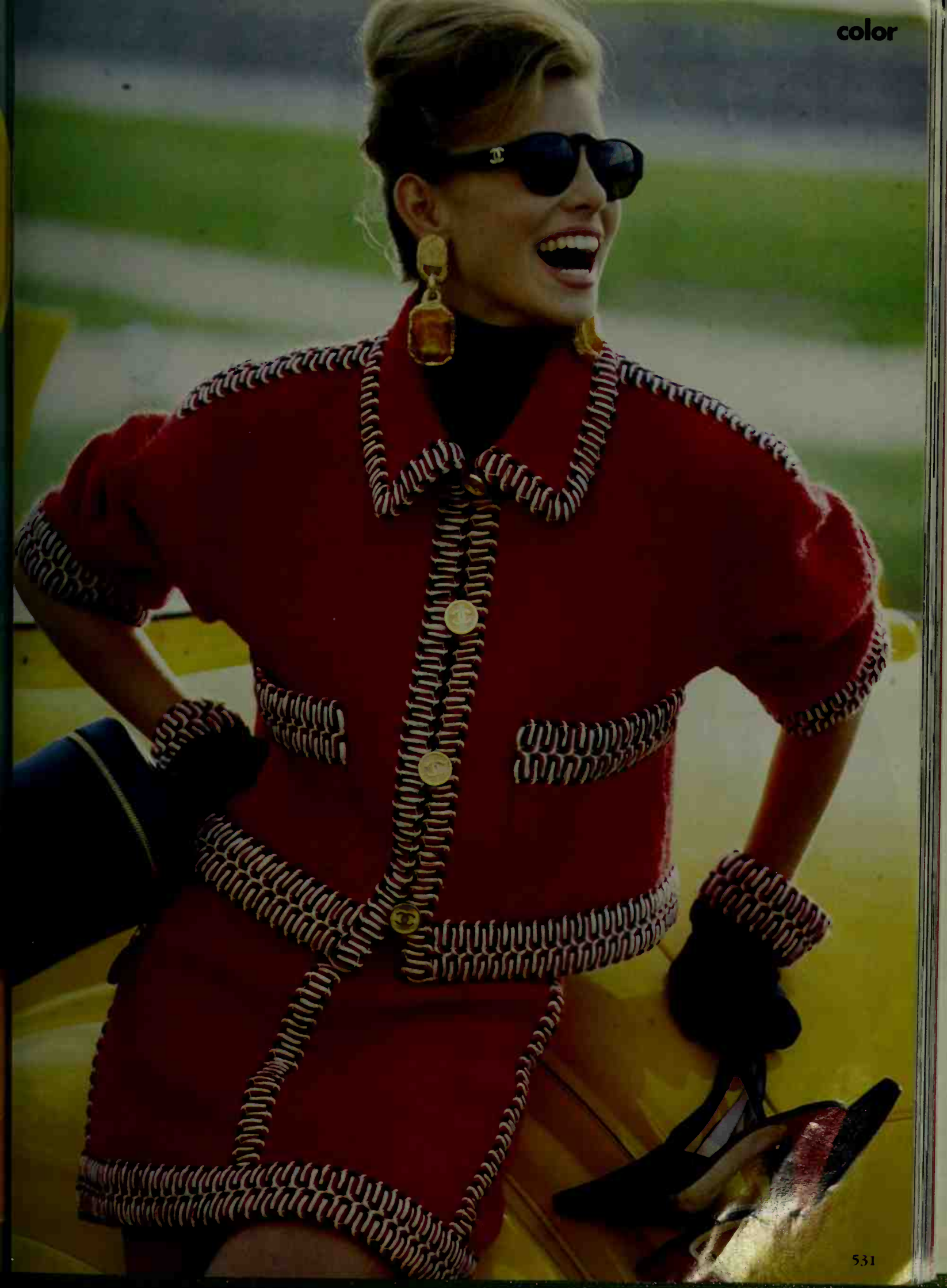
Here, red the Chanel way.

THIS PAGE: Cashmere and wool dress. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Chanel Boutique, Honolulu. And on lips—a softer, barely there red (Sheer Brilliance Lipstick in Mirage by Chanel).

OPPOSITE PAGE: Texture and pattern in one. Wool suit at Chanel Boutique, NYC, Chicago; Neiman Marcus. Details, more stores, last pages.

red alert





the kings of COLOR

Four star designers—Mizrahi, Ozbek, Versace, Lacroix—all masters of color, find inspiration in everything from Chinese kimonos to MTV

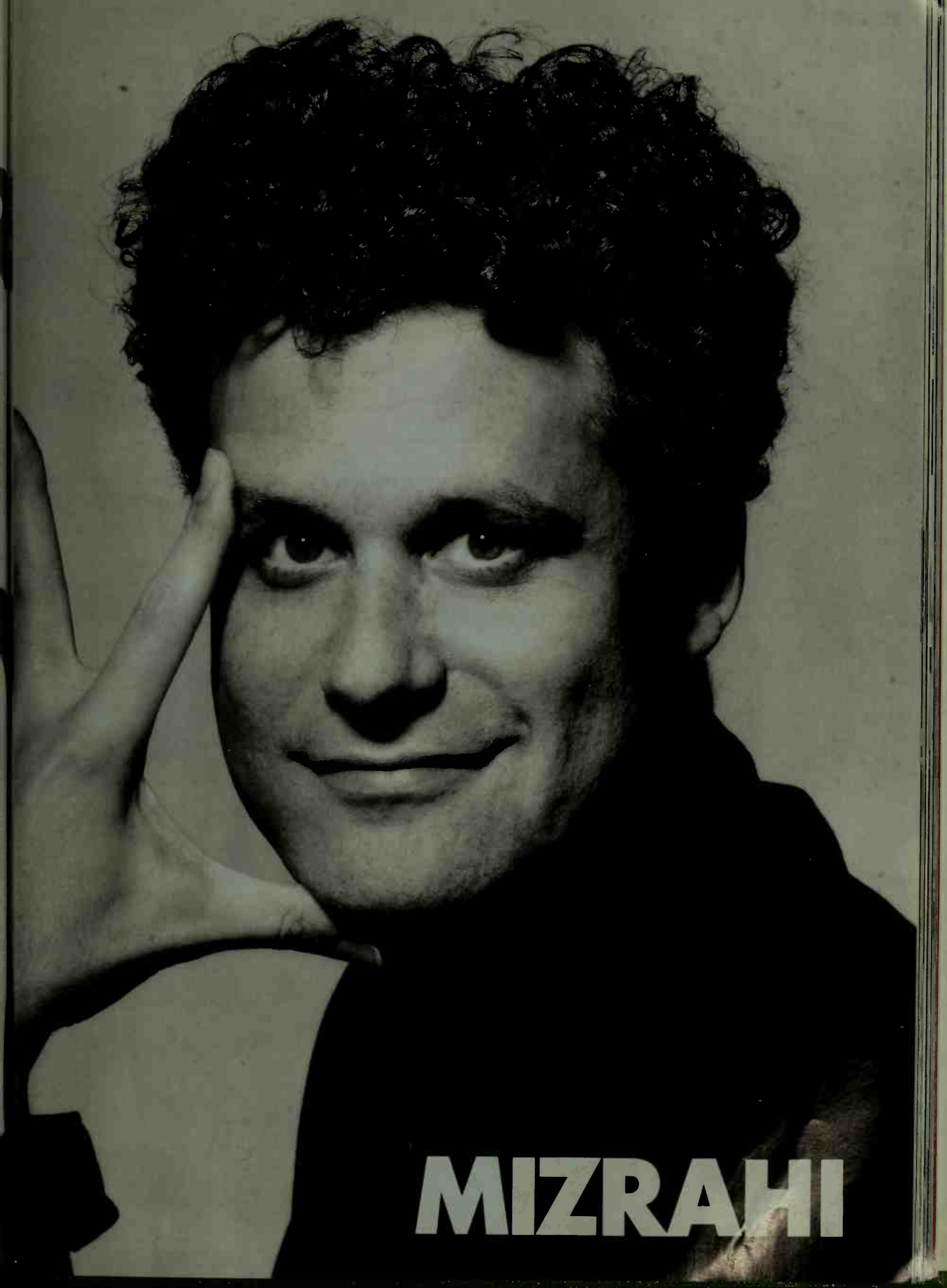
Isaac Mizrahi is only twenty-eight and has already won two Council of Fashion Designers of America Awards. He counts Liza Minnelli, Candice Bergen, and Sandra Bernhard among his best customers. Designers twice his age follow his lead (though they'd never admit it). And he owes it all, he says, to one key ingredient: sensual fabrication. "The feel of luxurious fabrics and a sense of humor are always the beginning of a collection," he explains.

Mizrahi looks back to the simplicity of such great American designers as Norman Norell, Halston, and Claire McCardell. A master of ebulliently layered colors, he shows his place-mat skirt worn with vanilla tights, a poorboy sweater, and the brightest coat. His mission: to deliver the best sportswear shapes rethought in fine fabrics and colors.

Another key to his collection: merging looks for day and night. "I like layers of coats in kimono weights because a woman often has to stay in one look right through midnight—yet be insanely glamorous." Practicality is the leitmotif. "That is what inspires me the most in this collection," he says, "the modern context of cashmere—ribbed like a stadium sweater—worn with a brocade skirt to a fabulous dinner at home. I think the new mood for the decade is to just miss the gala. If it's a charity, send the check, get dressed up, and stay in."—ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

Isaac Mizrahi, **RIGHT**, thinks "it's sportier to have a lot of colors insouciantly mixed." **LEFT**: He layers colors on a base of white "to make them look lit from within." Coat (about \$560), dress (about \$460), and leggings (about \$120) by Isaac Mizrahi. Bergdorf Goodman; Femina, Phoenix. Hair, Orbe at Elizabeth Arden The Salon; makeup, Laura Mercier. Details, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Carlyne Cerf de Dudzele
Photographer: Penn



MIZRAHI



There was hardly any black in Mizrahi's fall collection; instead, a range of pastels—such as the "cherry ice," **THIS PAGE.** Coat (about \$975), skirt (about \$190), and turtleneck (about \$130) by Isaac Mizrahi. Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Neiman Marcus.

OPPOSITE PAGE: More color. Wool jacket (about \$850), wool dress (about \$495), cotton-and-Lycra turtleneck (about \$130), and cotton-and-Lycra leggings (about \$120) by Isaac Mizrahi. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Saks Jandel. Both pages: hair, Oribe at Elizabeth Arden The Salon; makeup, Laura Mercier. Details, more stores, last pages.





Rifat Ozbek, OPPOSITE PAGE, has put himself through every fashion craze from disco camp to the Boy George look. THIS PAGE: Designer to rock stars from Neneh Cherry to Keith Richards, Ozbek is the perfect choice for Jade Jagger (daughter of Mick and Bianca). Cat suit by O for Ozbek, about \$302. Untitled, NYC; Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Theodore, Beverly Hills. Sneakers, Ozbek. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Carlyne Cerf
de Dudzeele
Photographer:
Patrick
Demarchelier
Portrait: Penn

the kings of color

A black and white photograph of a man from the hip-hop group OZBEEK. He is wearing a dark bucket hat and a dark hoodie with a single button at the collar. He has his right hand on top of his hat and is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

OZBEK



With music his muse,
Rifat Ozbek takes MTV
fashion and gives it a
colorful beat. Stephanie
Mansfield listens in;
Jade Jagger shows off
his dazzling designs

he has a beak like Ali Baba and eyes the color of Turkish coffee, two tiny silver hoops in his large ears, and feet the size of shovels encased in black velvet Moroccan slippers. If you haunt certain nightclubs in London or Amsterdam, he's a lanky, familiar sight, weaving through the crowd, puffing on his Silk Cut cigarettes, writhing to the chill-out hip-hop beat in retro-psychedelic swirling hues. "This season," says Rifat Ozbek, whose last outing was an all-white spring collection, "I've gone back to color with a vengeance."

England's acid-house music movement is responsible for the shift. "It completely changed my life," Ozbek says. He scrapped the traditional runway show in favor of a twenty-minute video directed by John Maybury, who lists Boy George, Neneh Cherry, and Sin-éad O'Connor among his clients. Vogueing to the beat of Snap's "The Power," Ozbek's mannequins wear bright knit caps with dreadlocks, rainbow-colored sequined cat suits, boleros, flirty miniskirts. Skimpy, sexy, they reflect Ozbek's sensual aesthetics.

Born in Istanbul, bred in the London art crowd, the thirty-six-year-old Ozbek has won Britain's prestigious Designer of the Year award and says his career is a "fun pastime. I'm definitely not a workaholic," he says, easing back into a fat white sofa in a friend's Manhattan apartment. "I like working. I like partying. I balance it. I don't go for the burn."

Ozbek believes in reincarnation, refuses to learn to drive, and has been known to stop women on the street and thank them for buying his clothes. There is an ethereal Eastern quality to him. "He speaks English but thinks in Turkish," says Robert Forrest, his right-hand man.

Ozbek decided to make the video as much for his own comfort as for his clients'. "I hate to come onto that catwalk. I get very nervous." Looking over his shoulder at the Manhattan skyline, Ozbek is suddenly pensive. "I guess I'm insecure. Every time I do a collection, I think it'll flop."

His long legs are swaddled in the pants from an eggplant-colored tracksuit, and his dark hair is shaved GI close on both sides of his head, leaving a mass of bangs slicked with pomade. What does his mother back in Istanbul think? He laughs. "It's like having a preppy son to her. The looks I've been through!" In the seventies, he says, "we used to wear Lou Reed black nail varnish, tons of glitter and eye makeup, platform shoes, sequins. It was absolutely *genius*." He glances over. "I think I look really normal. Don't you?"

Looking normal has never been Ozbek's signature. This might explain why Madonna, Jody Watley, Michelle Pfeiffer, Susan Sarandon, Tracey Ullman, and other high-profile performers wear his clothes. "My husband especially loves the colors for stage wear," says model Patti Hansen, also known as Mrs. Keith Richards. Hansen says her spouse often borrows her Ozbek jackets to wear on tour with the Rolling Stones. (Mick Jagger and Jerry Hall are also Ozbek fans.) "Cher came into the showroom in London and I missed her," says Ozbek. "I think she's genius. For me, she's like Meryl Streep."

Ozbek has also been asked to come up with unusual items. "I did one personalized jacket for Madonna when she went to meet then Mayor Jacques Chirac in Paris. It had stained-glass kinds of sequins embroidered on the back in the image of the Madonna. I've seen her in it, so she must have liked it." Musicians who buy his clothes "want to portray a more sexual image. They're tight, sexy clothes. And they're glitzy." He pauses, dragging on his cigarette. "They're not vulgar. I think they're sensual." Says Hansen: "He's gotten me out of black."

Ozbek, the elder of two boys, grew up on the shores of the Bosphorus. The family is Muslim, but Ozbek says life was not strict. "We ate pork at home. My parents were very modern." At eighteen he left Turkey and went to Liverpool University to study architecture. He soon quit and headed for London and the fashion crowd. He studied at St. Martins School of Art and after graduation took a job designing for the London chain Monsoon. In 1984 he started his own label.

Though Ozbek grew up in the sixties, he says he "never got into the hippie movement. I was a seventies teenager, more the disco generation. So when the acid-house movement came, it was wonderful! They're hippies for the nineties. All these kids are into love and peace and drugs. Pot and Ecstasy and acid. Not like heroin or crack. They show affection, hug each other." The new acid-house hues replaced the white of his previous collection, which Ozbek says was a "purification" of the late eighties. He says he wanted to cleanse his mind and prepare for the neon brights of the nifty nineties. "They're not for shrinking violets," says Robert Forrest. ●

It's easy to see why high-profile performers like Madonna and Whitney Houston stock up on Ozbek: the high-energy style is built in—and poured on. Here, Jade Jagger in a rainbow-sequined cat suit, Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. For the Ozbek story (except portrait): hair, Sam McKnight for Daniel Calvin at La Coupe; makeup, Vincent Longo for Pipino-Buccheri. Details, last pages.



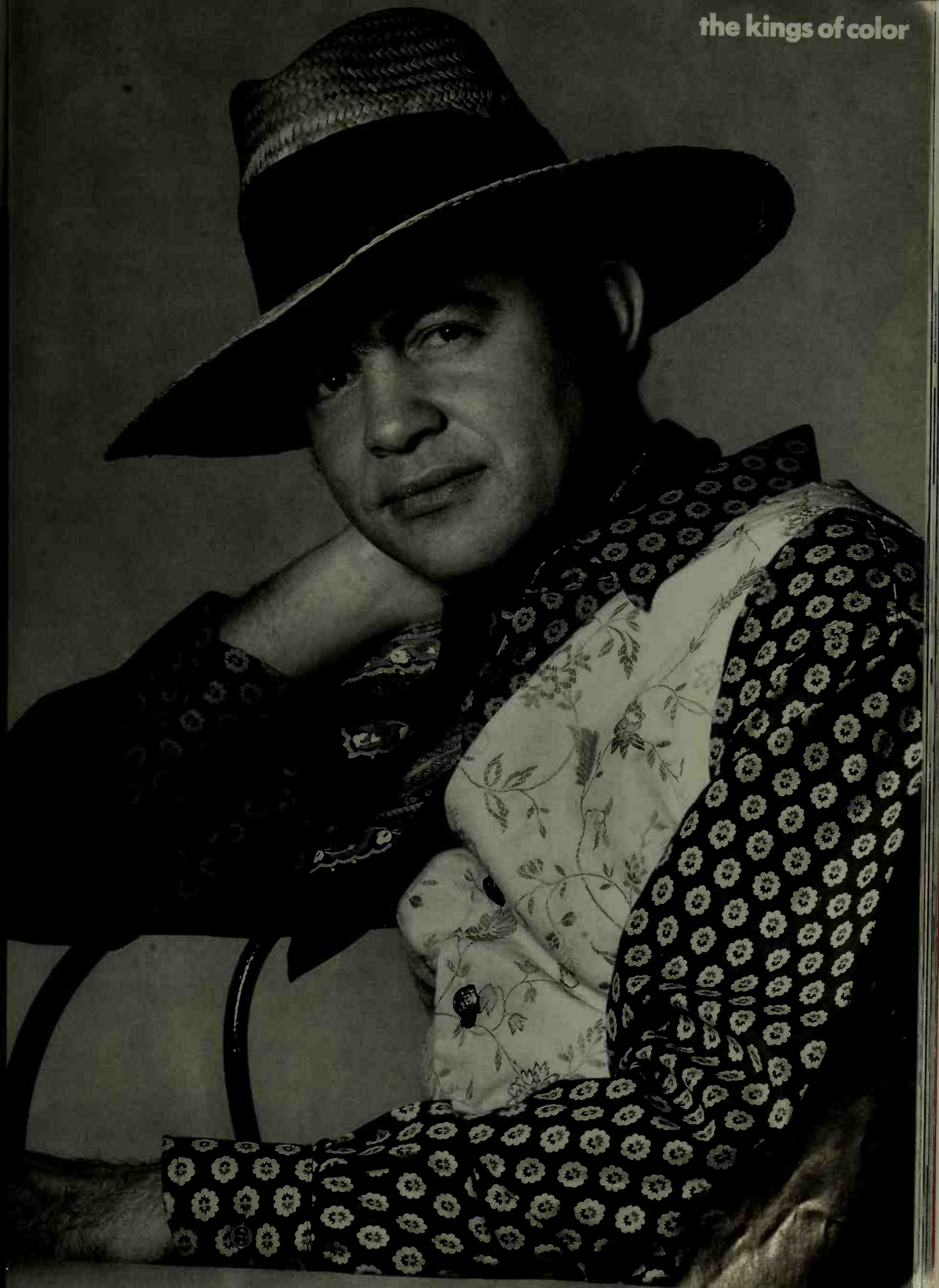
Not for the camera shy,
OPPOSITE PAGE: a velvet bra with rainbow paillettes by Ozbek, about \$390. Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Neiman Marcus; Madeleine Gally, Los Angeles. THIS PAGE: When it comes to color, Ozbek throws all the punches: here, bomber by Ozbek. Romanoff Boutique, Coconut Grove FL; Neiman Marcus; Theodore, Beverly Hills. Velvet cat suit by O for Ozbek, about \$302. Untitled, NYC; Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Theodore, Beverly Hills. Details, more stores, last pages.



The Kings of Color

VERSACE

the kings of color



lacroix

The designer goes back to nature: here, Sylvie Guillem in a cat suit inspired by the colors and patterns of exotic fish and butterflies. Of Lycra, about \$450, by Christian Lacroix Luxe. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Saks Jandel. Details, more stores, last pages.



With joie de vivre and an explosion of color, Christian Lacroix continues to delight and astonish.

GEORGINA HOWELL VISITS the couturier in Paris

Press the rewind button three years to July 26, 1987. Fashion belongs to the working woman. Black. Beige. Classics. The power suit. The blazer. The waistcoat. The gym and the office. The world's fashion press is assembled in a baroque hotel salon off the place Vendôme to witness the fashion event of the generation, the debut of the first new couture house in twenty-five years. At 3:25 the outer doors are locked, the noise subsides, and spotlights beam down on the scarlet runway.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is with great emotion . . ."

Choirs of convent girls sing the regional song of his hometown, and backstage the designer bows his head and makes the sign of the cross as the first Christian Lacroix couture collection gets under way. There follows, spilling across the crimson runway to the stamping beat and hoarse cries of the Gypsy Kings, such an explosion of color and theater and doll-like glamour as the audience will never forget. Southern sunshine floods the catwalk in the shape of crinolines, poufs, bustles, and shepherdess fichus and panniers, print on print, and all ending in a riot of applause. Christian Lacroix has put the oh-la-la! and olé! back into fashion. Over the top? Certainly. A generation that has used up all other fashion options thrills to the theatricality of the event, the parody element of comic opera and farce, and the coquetry of his favorite model, Marie Seznec, as she puts her feathered head to one side and a finger on her chin and kicks up one glittering heel. Confident new money is on the road, hungry for high visibility, humor, and sexuality. We all know where Bette Midler, Madonna, and Princess von Thurn und Taxis will be buying their gala ball gowns. This is amazing fun, but is it costume or real clothes?

"We are all in the lifestyle game now," Christian Lacroix explains. "So much contemporary art and design is a joke, and full of allusions to the past. It's like that because it is the end of an era. Everything must be a kind of caricature to register, everything must be larger than life. Design now has to be on the second level."

Now see the new Christian Lacroix collection at 73, rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré, on March 18, 1990.

In an azalea pink tent that turned the hot southern

colors of the clothes electric, the press was treated to the visual fireworks of an already classic Christian Lacroix Luxe and Prêt-à-Porter collection—matador jackets in high-voltage pastels encrusted with embroidery, printed cat suits, sombreros winking with trinkets, tiny dresses concealed behind brilliant outsize bows of shot taffeta, gaudy ruffles and frills bursting from sober vents, legs in skintight watered silk. Velvet hoods framed fabulous spiky gems, probably created by throwing items from Schiaparelli, Dali, and a maharaja's jewel chest into a boiling cauldron and chanting incantations.

Doll-like naïveté banished, the collection was seen by fashion editors as a sophisticated exercise in Parisian frivolity, bearing the stamp of the long-distance runner—wearable fashion for grown-ups, but with the color, excitement, and humor intact.

Lacroix's couture is still the laboratory of ideas he promised, but he has moved on. He says that after his debut he touched down in reality. "Now it was time to be a businessman."

When you hear that gentle voice perpetually on the point of extinction into laughter or gesture, it's hard to remember that this is a very tough performer, a fighting Taurus with Leo in the ascendant. Nobody understands the business better or sees more clearly how the powerful fashion statement of the couture acts as an umbrella for the money-making ventures created under its name and aura. He will soon be adding boutiques in five countries, a men's collection, and a range of cosmetics to his couture, Luxe, and Prêt-à-Porter lines. There's also a new perfume, launched this month, C'est la vie! This heady scent is appropriately personified by the ravishing Sylvie Guillem, the great twenty-five-year-old French ballerina who wears knee-high laced leather boots, cat suits, and a bowler hat—and that's offstage.

Lacroix has changed perceptibly since his first collection. For one thing, he speaks far better English. For another, his hair is short. Since he used to cut his hair only on the eve of a collection, has he capitulated and become a true bourgeois?

"That is still the only time I meet my barber, but now I have four collections a year!" He has a whole repertoire of laughs from the "tee-hee-hee" of the geisha behind the fan to a stuttering "to-to-to-to" to this full-blooded "ha-ha-ha" that fills the air now.

With his heavy southern features and mobile, expressive face, he looks more like a French radical than a couturier. He sits at the heart of his couture house, a classic stone-and-marble *hôtel particulier* near the president's palace, wearing a quiet Ralph Lauren suit and a radiant tie in hot acid colors that strikes gaudy visual chimes with an adjacent bouquet of Day-Glo velvety rosettes and wildflowers, while the salon reels about him like the background of a comic strip—a carnival of fuchsia, black, and citrus yellow; androgynous chairs and horned changing cabins under the lewd grin and rude noses of Venetian wall masks. The house of Lacroix is not

a *monument historique*, say its designers, Garouste and Bonetti. It's a *monument hystérique*.

Like Karl Lagerfeld, Lacroix is cool about the architecture of clothing, dismissive of the restrictions of taste and fashion. But only Lacroix plows his own origins and background back into every aspect of his work.

"Today the design content is not enough," he says. "You have to add the personal touch, the emotion, the part of you that is in your past and in your mind. I protect myself by being faithful to my life and past. I am my roots." He brings out a clutch of family photographs taken in his hometown, Arles, in the Midi, with its sun-bleached, bull-dotted landscapes. He sorts childhood photographs on the table in front of him—bullfights, little girls whose dark eyes and round faces peer out from lace mobcaps, teenage picnics in the sand and drift-

wood. It is a privileged glimpse into a private, strictly bonded provincial society in which neighbors become honorary family only after three generations of social and business proximity. Christian, a merry, dark child in a knitted cap, was the adored only son of a family of irrigation and rice-culture engineers for the Camargue. Shuffling his past, he brushes aside a photograph of himself as a naked baby with a "To-to-to! No comment!"

"This is my grandmother, a coquette at seventy-five. She wore white from May to September, would not allow you into her room until she had on her makeup and jewels.

"My father, very handsome and cold, from the Protestant area of Cévennes." He compares this cool and stylish figure to the thirties and forties idols of the French movies. "Very Charles Trenet, very Raimu, very Jules Berry!" He smiles. "And very, very fashion-minded. When he introduced my mother to his family, he abandoned her at the door of the drawing room because he had a fitting with his tailor."

Trained in the history of art at the Université Paul Valéry in Montpellier, intending to become a curator of fashion, Lacroix has a knowledge of style that is not only academic: he is steeped in the cinema and has total recall of all the postwar music and fashion crazes that flourished in the provinces and on the fringes of Paris.

"This is me in Provence in '71, twenty years old. Proving an effect!"

With a "woof!" of alarm he hands over a photograph of a ▶ 664



1. A Lacroix costume sketch for a production of *Carmen*. 2. In the kitchen of Christian Lacroix's Paris apartment, flag decals cover the refrigerator, and the wall is hung with fanciful heads of bulls. 3. Lacroix's marketing director, Jean-Jacques Picart.

4. Sunflower dishes on a tiled kitchen table. 5. A collage portrait of Lacroix, made by a friend, hangs above Françoise's dressing table. 6. Lacroix fitting Inès de La Fressange for her wedding dress in June 1990. 7. A Lacroix inspiration: the traditional costumes of Arles. 8. Lacroix with his models in Kuwait, May 1990. 9. In the library, Françoise covered a banquette with an American flag, antique kilims, and cashmere shawls. 10. Isnard's *Les Arlésiennes*, one of Lacroix's favorite paintings, bought recently in Paris by Françoise. 11. A Picasso lithograph, 1970. 12. Françoise Lacroix in New York in October 1989. 13. A festival last year in Arles. 14. Lacroix in his native countryside. 15. A bullfight in Arles in April 1990. Details, last pages.



3



4



5



8



10



11



14



15

...in the
wide-open space in
front of
Leningrad's
Winter Palace is
the stage for a
show of reds
and legs. A
zippered jacket
with oversize
sleeves, topped
off with a
newsboy cap.
Jacket by
Complice, about
\$825. Henri
Bendel;
Silhouette, Chevy
Chase MD; Greta,
Beverly Hills. In
this story: hair,
Orbe at Elizabeth
Arden The Salon;
makeup, Sonia
Kashuk. Travel to
the Soviet Union
provided by
Finnair. Details,
more stores,
last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Grace Coddington





REDS

As far as fashion goes, better red than almost anything else.... Here, the season's hottest color travels to Moscow and Leningrad, where it is photographed by Arthur Elgort—and where Richard Allenman reports on the new revolution



the new

a
f
c
to
m
re
th
an
Th
thi
(T
for

A
me
b
Gr

For decades, nothing seemed to change inside the USSR. Now things are happening so fast that it's impossible to keep up with the headlines

You've been told to take chewing gum, Marlboros, dollars, blue jeans, even condoms—to use as currency, tips, bribes. You've been told to take peanut butter, tuna fish, toilet paper, sink stoppers, towels—to survive the hotels, the restaurants. You've been told to expect drab from Moscow, splendor from Leningrad, and the Party line from your Intourist guide. You have visions of the KGB in every corridor, a bug in every wall, because you grew up in the USA in the 1960s and you remember the Berlin Wall going up, the Cuban Missile Crisis, *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, Prague, Afghanistan. It's hard to shake all that. Glasnost or no, going to the USSR for the first time is still a bit like going behind enemy lines.

So when you arrive at Moscow's Sheremetyevo International Airport, it's somewhat anticlimactic. You breeze through customs, get into your hotel's waiting Volvo, and find that instead of drab, Moscow in late May is lush, green, and blooming with pink, purple, and white lilacs. You're not ready for the architecture either. Granted, there are the massive apartment projects on the outskirts of the city, but as you reach the center of town, Moscow becomes a pastel hodgepodge of Greek-temple palaces, exotic Russian imperial-style fortresses, and wonderfully eclectic Art Nouveau. Even Stalin's "wedding cake" high rises have an appealingly whimsical quality, once you get beyond the politics. And by

center and a restaurant with gilded columns, a muraled ceiling, and Russian waiters who play with French. The food is good—especially the borscht, the caviar, and the *pelmeni* (a kind of Russian ravioli) in mustard sauce. The bill comes in rubles (to let you know you're in the USSR) followed by the U.S. dollar equivalent at the outrageously high official rate. You pay in dollars or some other hard currency. No rubles—nicknamed wooden money by the locals, who are forced to get by with them—ever change hands at the Savoy.

Few Soviets therefore can afford to hang out at this hotel. Nevertheless, the Savoy's Hermitage Bar constantly buzzes with Germans, Finns, Swedes, Japanese, Brits, and Americans—all in the USSR to pull off joint ventures in the new, free, wide-open Soviet market. "It used to be that nothing ever changed here. Now things are happening so fast that the *Time* and *Newsweek* correspondents are in despair because they have three-day lead times," says Eileen O'Connor, a correspondent for the Cable News Network who has been based in Moscow for more than three years. Sitting under the Hermitage Bar's huge fake Fabergé clock, she's talking about her stint in the USSR. It's been an exciting time, although the bloom is clearly off the rose as the economic and political problems uncovered—some say caused—by glasnost continue to mount. "Where it all will lead, nobody knows," she says. "One thing is clear: you cannot be a Soviet expert and live in the U.S. In fact, I don't think there are any experts on this country right now—not even Soviets. It's too unpredictable. But I wouldn't want to be anywhere else."

And as I spend more time in Moscow, I begin to understand what she means. Call it a revolution; call it anarchy; something *is*

revolution

happening here. In the English-language edition of the controversial *Moscow News*, you can't believe your eyes: *everything* is laid bare—the lies of Chernobyl; perestroika's credibility crisis; the need for a new constitution that "must make human rights real and immutable"; the results of a poll that finds the two organizations most trusted by Soviet citizens are the Russian Orthodox church and the Green movement (the Communist party finishes a distant sixth). On the radio, Gorbachev compares the changes now taking place in his country to those of the 1917 Revolution—while his nemesis, Boris Yeltsin, the new president of the Russian republic, declares Russia's laws to be above those of the Soviet Union. In between this history in the making, a Moscow language school advertises courses in Russian specially designed for foreign joint venturers, and the ministry of Foreign Economic Relations gives out its telex number for further information on doing business in the USSR. ▶ 560

the time you come up on Red Square and get that first flash of St. Basil's, with its intense polychrome onion domes, you think you've died and gone to Disneyland.

You check into the Hotel Savoy. Now advertised as "Decadent Western Luxury in the Heart of Moscow," the Savoy first opened in 1912 during the reign of Czar Nicholas II, changed its name to the Berlin in 1958, and was closed and completely done over in 1988 in a joint venture between Intourist and Finnair, the Finnish airline. Open barely a year now and steered by a competent Finnish general manager, the reborn Savoy is currently *the* place to stay in Moscow, although a number of other joint-venture Western-style hotels are set to open in the near future in Moscow and Leningrad. The Savoy's eighty-six rooms have marble baths, plenty of thick towels, movies in English, CNN, phones that work. (The only thing that doesn't work in my room is the stopper for the bathroom sink!) The hotel also has a serious business

happening here. In the English-language edition of the controversial *Moscow News*, you can't believe your eyes: *everything* is laid bare—the lies of Chernobyl; perestroika's credibility crisis; the need for a new constitution that "must make human rights real and immutable"; the results of a poll that finds the two organizations most trusted by Soviet citizens are the Russian Orthodox church and the Green movement (the Communist party finishes a distant sixth). On the radio, Gorbachev compares the changes now taking place in his country to those of the 1917 Revolution—while his nemesis, Boris Yeltsin, the new president of the Russian republic, declares Russia's laws to be above those of the Soviet Union. In between this history in the making, a Moscow language school advertises courses in Russian specially designed for foreign joint venturers, and the ministry of Foreign Economic Relations gives out its telex number for further information on doing business in the USSR. ▶ 560

At Moscow's number-one tourist attraction—Red Square, OPPOSITE PAGE—a visitor from Central Asia shows off his war medals. The other visitor, an American tourist, shows off shoulder-spanning lapels on a wool wrap jacket. Underneath, a barely visible stretch skirt. Jacket (about \$1,695) and skirt (about \$435) by Claude Montana. Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills. Coat at Bloomingdale's. Bodysuit by Donna Karan New York, about \$280. Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY. Details, more stores, last pages.





Out on the streets, it's just as bizarre. The lines at McDonald's are longer than those outside Lenin's mausoleum on Red Square. (To think that a revolution could be lost to a Big Mac.) There is also much talk as to when the Pizza Hut is really going to open. At the same time, there are terrible shortages. Lines are everywhere. It is estimated that the average Soviet housewife spends a total of three hours standing in line every day. People are losing faith in perestroika. Clearly, something's got to give.

For journalist Vitaly Korotich, editor in chief of *Ogonyok*, the progressive Soviet weekly magazine, the only way out of his country's suffering is perestroika, which he translates as "the way back to humanity." "For years this country was full of expectations," he says. "We had decades of nothing but dreams; we built citizens who had only dreams. Now we must change the rules. We have no choice." Korotich speaks almost matter-of-factly, sitting on his desk drinking a cup of espresso at the *Ogonyok* offices in Moscow. He is about to leave for Israel to participate in an international conference on hatred in the twentieth century organized by Elie Wiesel. Named International Editor of the Year in 1989 by *World Press Review*, Korotich has turned a "terrible right-wing conservative magazine" with a circulation of 260,000 ("People bought it in airports because it published good puzzles," he jokes) into a freethinking, innovative journal that takes on everything from his country's inflated defense budget to its old-fashioned socialist textbooks. *Ogonyok*, now with a weekly circulation of 4.6 million (it would be even larger were it not for paper shortages), is also known for having published behind-the-scenes reports on the war in Afghanistan, exposés of Stalin's crimes, the memoirs of Khrushchev's son. Recently, it serialized *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*. But beyond the success of his magazine, Korotich longs for the success of the Soviet Union, which he sees as "the day when this will be a normal country." "All my life, I've felt as if we've been the guinea pigs of some great social experiment," he explains. "Now we're in the middle of yet another one... but after years of living in the trenches, it's not a problem for us to start over again. We don't have much to lose."

The search for a normal life is a central motif in forty-two-year-old Viktor Erofeev's underground novel, *Moscow Beauty*, which after numerous samizdat versions will be officially published in the USSR this fall and will later come out in French, German, and English editions. Set in pre-glasnost Moscow, Erofeev's surreal book follows the sexual adventures of a striking, well-meaning young woman named Irina. In her naive quest to save her coun-

Time out for the Torpedos—one of Moscow's hottest soccer teams—and for Christy Turlington. Her outfit: quilted and in silk, by Frank Fiore. Top, about \$320.

Skirt, about \$210. Martha International, NYC; Panache, Millburn NJ. Chanel gloves. On-the-ball color: on lips, Stendhal's Rouge à Levres #R68. Details, last pages.







“Russia is a paradise for writers: a

try, Irina shares her bed with a sizable cross section of Soviet society, writes about it openly, and ultimately finds herself in big trouble. “Irina’s search for a normal life is the search of a whole society,” Erofeev explains over a quick lunch in the Savoy dining room. “Before perestroika, this was impossible to find. It always led to trouble.” He credits Gorbachev with making reform possible but isn’t surprised that the president’s popularity is waning. “In every revolution, the people who initiate it ultimately become the targets. It’s a pity, but

it’s normal.” Erofeev, whose father had been a high-ranking Soviet diplomat, says that he enjoyed “a happy Stalinist childhood” that included everything from limos to dachas. But when he edited a collection of works by dissident writers and refused to sign a letter refuting his action, his father, who supported his decision, lost his job and his privileges. Like most of his countrymen, Erofeev won’t predict how his country will emerge from its present turmoil. “Even if it is a bad future, it will be better than our bad past,” he says. At the same



At the bar at Leningrad's legendary Vaganova Choreographic School, **LEFT**, under a portrait of Sergei Prokofiev. **ABOVE**: Ogling Impressionists at the Hermitage, in *Complice*. Details, last pages.



Moscow taxi driver and a saxophone player. In so doing, it addresses a variety of themes: anti-Semitism (the musician is Jewish), alienation, loneliness, and ultimately what perestroika means to the little man. Louguine, who lives in his parents' ancient, cluttered apartment, which he describes as "a little Jewish castle," is a roly-poly man with a big smile and a terminal stutter that doesn't stand in the way of the excitement he feels about his film. "Here the little man was always told he was a hero. 'You're suffering but you're a hero.' But today simple people are discovering that they are little people with no future." Still, Louguine insists that *Taxi Blues* is not a pessimistic film. "It doesn't have a happy ending—there are no happy endings in life. At the same time, the people in this film find great passion...love...life. They discover that they are alive—and it hurts. Before, we had some kind of lethargy. A week, a month, a year would go by and nothing happened. Suddenly we're experiencing real life, real feeling for the first time. And it hurts."

The more time you spend in the Soviet Union, the more you see—and feel—the hurt Louguine is talking about. It goes beyond the lines and the poverty. It has more to do with a loss of pride and idealism. "Before, no matter how bad things were, the people were proud of their country," Eileen O'Connor tells me. "Today they no longer have that." Journalist Len Karpinsky, in a scathing article in *Moscow News* titled "'Socialism' Awry," takes the argument even further: "Glasnost has shown people some of the truth, and the truth revealed the outrage done to their dream, the unprecedented historical swindle. People had believed in the Revolution and were assiduously 'digging a pit' in the belief that they were

e plots are here"

time, he finds today's USSR "a paradise for writers... because all the conflicts are open. You don't need to invent anything. All the plots are here."

Paradise not just for novelists—but for filmmakers as well. Witness *Taxi Blues*, a little Soviet movie that dazzled audiences at this year's Cannes Film Festival and won the best-director award for Pavel Louguine. The film, which will be released in the United States in October, tells a simple story of the relationship between two very different characters: a



A leggy lineup at Leningrad's Vaganova Choreographic School, which gave the world Nijinsky, Nureyev, and Baryshnikov, THIS PAGE. The nondance attire—Donna Karan New York's full wrap jacket. Jacket at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis. Leggings, Body by Caroline Lewkovitz, about \$110. Detour, NYC; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Arté, Houston. Shirt from Agnès B. Details, more stores, last pages.



Student ballerinas at the Vaganova
Choreographic School



Backstage at the Bolshoi—in Gianni
Versace—with Lyudmila Semenyaka



Taxi Blues's director, Pavel Loungine,
and star, Natalia Koliakanova



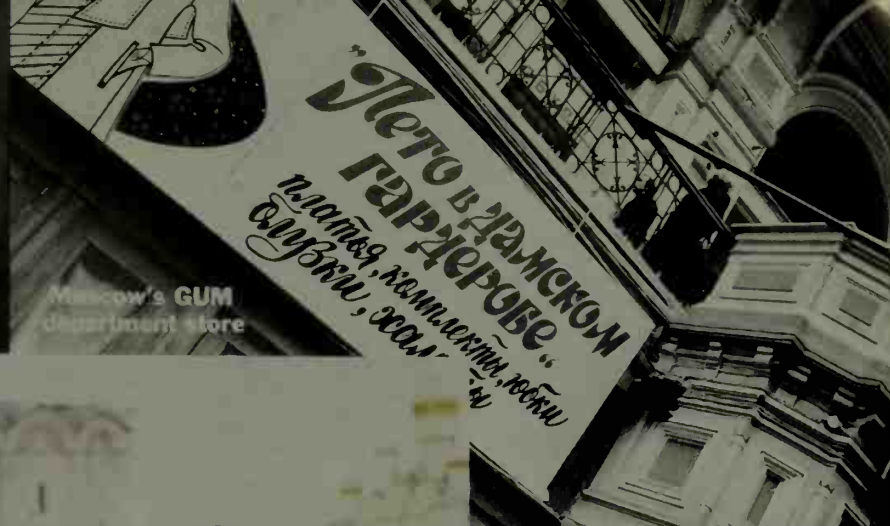
In a Jean Paul Gaultier cat suit, with
Moscow Classical Ballet's Vladimir
Malakhov



Red and rockin', THIS PAGE: a red leather dress that's cut to curve. It's a perfect foil for Russia's most famous pop star, Valery Leontiev. Dress by Michael Hoban for North Beach Leather, about \$500. North Beach Leather, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles. Details, more stores, last pages.



Korotich, editor of the Soviet weekly magazine *Ogonyok*



Moscow's GUM department store



...the Kremlin—in Katharine Hamnett



Soviet barber shop sign



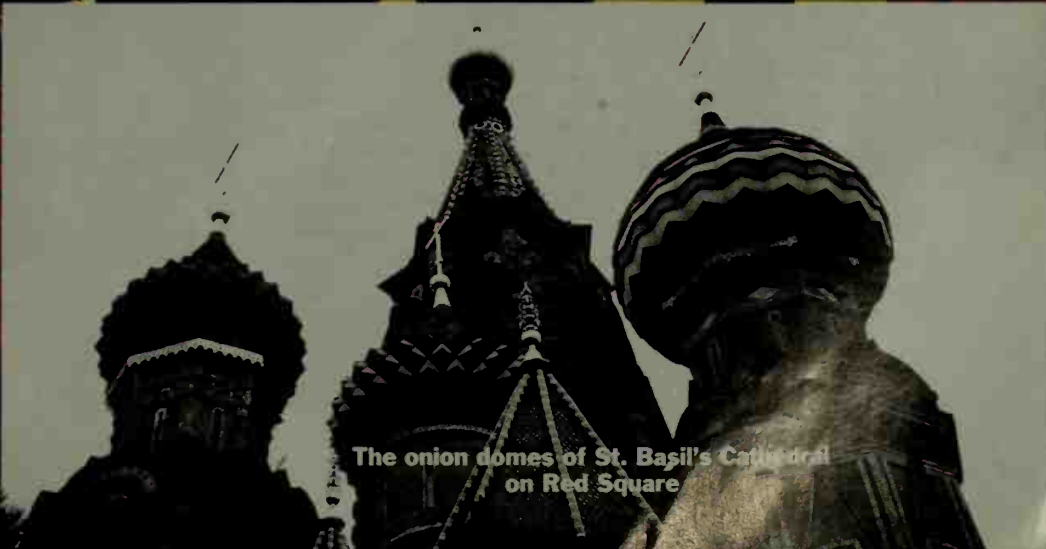
In Red Square with a copy of *Ogonyok*



On the runway with designer Viacheslav Zietsev—here, with a Chanel suit and his own creations



Beaux-Arts Leningrad



The onion domes of St. Basil's Cathedral on Red Square



'reaching for the skies.' . . . The tragedy of empty shelves pales before the tragedy of the devastated ideal.'

One night, while driving around Moscow with a Russian friend, I ask to stop by a huge wedding-cake apartment building erected alongside the Moskva River in the early 1950s. Called the Kotelnicheskaya, this Stalinist extravaganza with its massive marble columns and classical friezes is amusing by day but creepy at night. The babushka guarding the door at first refuses to let us into the lobby, but my friend says that I am an architect from America and would like a quick look if possible, *pozhalsta*. She acquiesces and we enter an outrageously outsize space of marble floors and boiserie-ornamented ceilings. But it is not all this grandeur that gets ▶ 666

Night on the town, RIGHT, at Moscow's traditional Russian restaurant Rasgulyai, with a gypsy orchestra. Adding sparkle to the evening: the glittery decorations on the lead singer and on a short wool and silk dress. Dress, by Genny. Charivari, NYC; Neiman Marcus; Greta, Beverly Hills. INSET BOTTOM: On one of the many catwalks at GUM, Moscow's spectacular triple-arcaded department store: a dress by Chanel. About \$1,740. ABOVE: Drama provided by the golden griffins on Leningrad's Bank Bridge and by Isaac Mizrahi: a silk taffeta blouse (about \$460), cummerbund (about \$250), and brocade pants (about \$695). Details, more stores, last pages.

“Suddenly we are experiencing re

A standout against a couple of standing colossi at the nineteenth-century Little Hermitage Palace in Leningrad, **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Gianni Versace's trench coat—silk on the outside, faux fur on the inside. Coat, about \$1,517. Gianni Versace, NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills.

THIS PAGE: A more contemporary Soviet monument—the hammer-and-sickle insignia decking a fur cap. The Western way to keep warm: Norma Kamali's padded rayon and silk coat. About \$700. DMO Norma Kamali, NYC. For dramatic eyes: More Than Mascara in Rich Black, by Estée Lauder. Details, more stores, last pages.



solid

Sister

Growing up in a dance-pop dynasty, Janet Jackson has hit terra firma with a streetwise style all her own. By Stephanie Mansfield

Janet Jackson is giggling.

"They brought in this snakeskin bra and they wanted me to wear it, and I said, 'OK, this looks nice,' and I tried it on. I looked in the mirror and I looked like Dolly Parton! It had pads in it!" She cups her full breasts with her palms. "I couldn't tuck my boobs in! They kept poppin' out! So they took the pads out of the bra. It fits better now. Janet, who does my hair, said, 'You're gonna shock your mom. I'm callin' her up right now.'"

But Jackson's mother must be immune by now. Her baby girl, her darling dumpling, her snookums in the snakeskin bra has been smoking up the charts with *Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation 1814*, her funkily erotic MTV videos, and her sold-out cross-country tour featuring grinding dance routines, fireworks, and a black panther.

Twenty-four years old. Michael's youngest sister. Prince's alter ego. The kind of girl who likes to be in control but who still defers to a high-powered board of advisers and image makers. Janet Jackson may be the unlikeliest heroine of the nineties: a rich kid from California in thigh-high boots and a black hacking jacket, wearing a trademark hoop earring with a dangling key, she has taken her anti-drug, antibigotry, anti-illiteracy anthem to the streets, espousing a new black nation with a social conscience and a nasty jackhammer beat.

Get the point? Good. Let's dish.

"The first night of the tour was the worst," she says, sitting in a Los Angeles dressing room before a photo shoot

recently. (Warren Beatty had stopped in the day before to meet her. Arsenio Hall was expected.) "Everything went wrong that night. *Everything*. The cat! He peed on the stage. I slipped in it. The other dancers slipped in it. The sound guys had this echo going on that would not stop. I mean, everything that could possibly go wrong went wrong." She is not whiny. Or spoiled. She says all this with a shy little-girl voice.

The reviews did not make her feel so g-g-good. Her success had largely been based on the tightly controlled image of her videos, and the show scored higher on visual appeal than on audio. But four months into the tour, by midsummer, the reviews got better and Jackson seemed to hit her groove.

She has spent years preparing for this moment. She remembers how she felt when her brother Michael released his best-selling album *Thriller*. He had been famous as a member of the Jackson Five, but that album put him into hyperspace. Janet was nineteen. "I was like, God, why can't that be *me*? I want to do that."

Janet did borrow from Michael (not only some of the dance moves

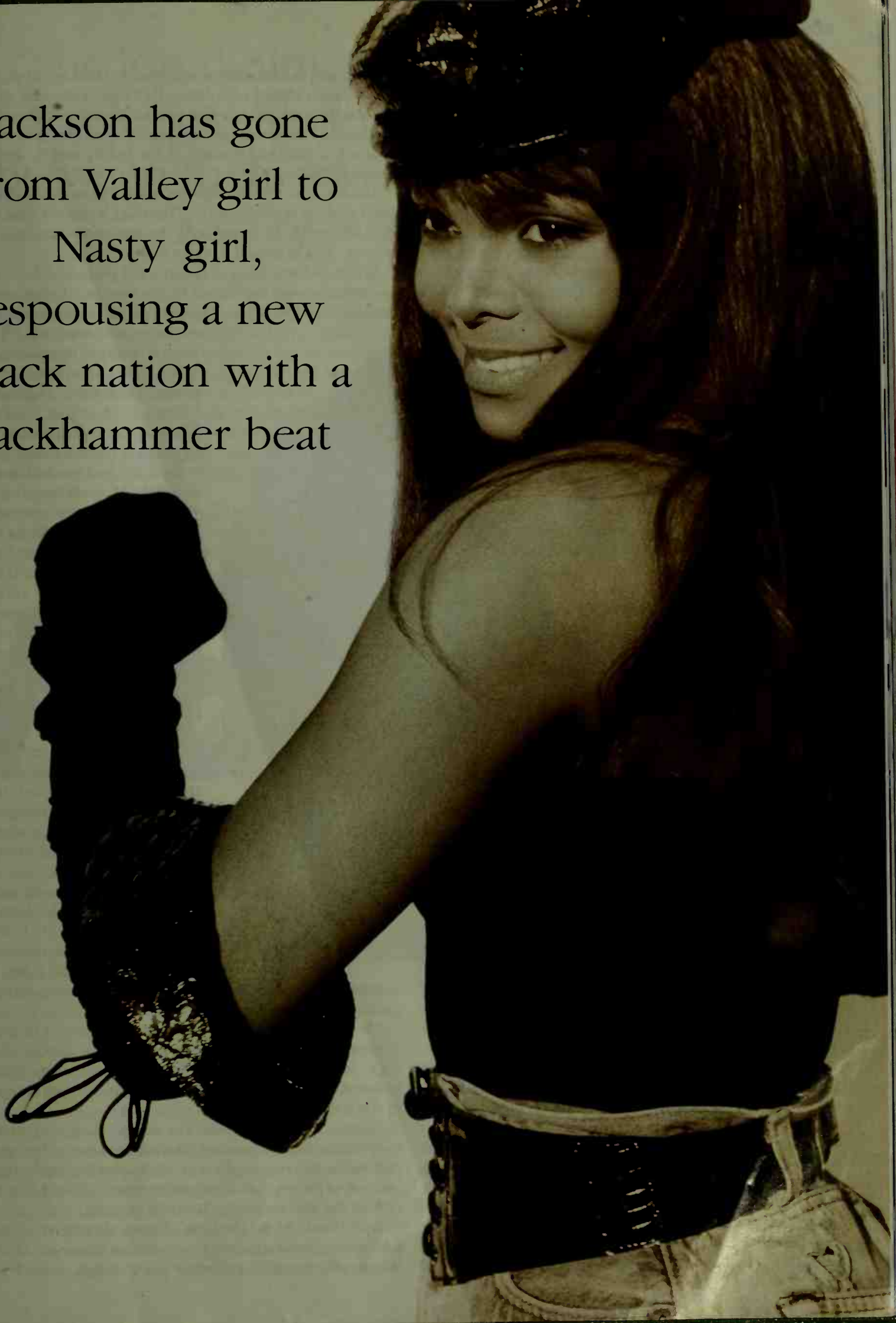
but also the breathy soul bedroom ballads), but she is not his clone. With her baggy blue jeans hiply ripped at the knees, and her heavy black Clockwork Orange boots, she seems more substantial and more earthy than her ethereal brother. Yet her visage, down to the demure cleft chin, is disarmingly similar to Michael's. Both appear to be very expensive, very fragile baby dolls. Janet just looks newer.

Asked how her siblings are handling her supernova status,



Janet Jackson's pleasure principle, **THIS PAGE**: The black cat takes control—in Azzedine Alaïa. Ribbed wool and spandex dress, about \$820. Alaïa New York; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills; Gallay, West Hollywood. **THIS PAGE AND OPPOSITE**: Topping the sleek look, a cap of shiny black python. Details, last pages.

Jackson has gone
from Valley girl to
Nasty girl,
espousing a new
black nation with a
jackhammer beat



Jackson says, "There's no jealousy, there's no rivalry." She takes a bite of salad and flashes a self-satisfied kid-sister smile. "I'd say there's envy."

Professionally managed by her father, Jackson had had small roles in two television sitcoms (*Good Times* and *Diff'rent Strokes*) and recorded two "kiddie soul" albums by the time she was seventeen. One former teacher describes her singing voice as "weak" and says Jackson never pushed herself. Exposed early on to the strong family work ethic, Jackson had vamped for Vegas audiences at the age of seven in feather boas and cha-cha heels, doing a throaty Mae West impersonation and singing "Love Is Strange" with brother Randy. She was raised as a Jehovah's Witness but says, "I don't study anymore. They say Randy and I are the rebels in the family."

Janet was closest to Michael (they share a fondness for animals) but was overshadowed by other family members, especially older sister La Toya. "She used to say, 'I'll never be as pretty as La Toya,'" recalls school director Marjory Van Valkenburg, director of the Valley Professional School, Jackson's alma mater.

At the age of fourteen, Jackson had her nose bobbed. "It was a big thing. A lot of kids were getting their noses done," says Van Valkenburg. Four years later, it was again reshaped. The entire Jackson family, she notes, "has gone through a lot of plastic surgery."

For the 1984 Valley Professional School graduation, the seniors were requested to wear white. Jackson went to the principal and begged to be an exception to the rule. She said she looked awful in white and broke into sobs. On graduation day, Jackson showed up in a flaming red Scarlett O'Hara strapless ruffled gown. She was the only one not in white.

Jackson grew up a tomboy and still feels more comfortable in Yamamoto and Gaultier high-necked shirts and jeans and the quasi-military *Rhythm Nation* garb than in dresses. "When I was growing up, I'd always sit with my legs open. I guess that was part of being a tomboy. My mother would slap my thighs, saying, 'Close your legs!' We'd be in church on Sunday and she'd always be slappin' my legs."

She leans back and giggles. "I bought a few dresses for the summer. I wore one the other day and I'm sittin' down like this." Her legs fall open. "I was talking to a friend. I had my hand right here, up my dress." Her left hand rests on her upper thigh. "And she goes, 'What are you doin'?' I'm just not used to wearing dresses."

But wearing dresses wasn't the biggest adjustment. It

was learning to deal with the real world. At the age of eighteen Jackson eloped with James DeBarge, a member of a popular singing group. Her parents found out through the press. The marriage was quickly annulled, and she returned to the strict cocoon of the family and its well-guarded mansion.

Jackson does feel that she lost several years of her childhood working in the industry. "The thing is, I don't think I'd do it differently. Growing up in this business you mature so quickly. You're around so many adults."

While Jackson sings of bigotry and prejudice, her own experiences were cushioned by the kind of lifestyle most people—black or white—never experience. She acknowledges her elite standing. "The thing is, being in this business, things are different." The power. The money. The clout. "Yeah." She nods. "I feel like you're accepted a lot more by being in entertainment."

By 1987 Jackson had abandoned the Motown sound in favor of the Prince-inspired Minneapolis funkadelic groove of Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, who coproduced the resulting best-selling album *Control*. Janet Jackson, former Valley girl, had successfully reinvented herself, accompanied by coolly shot videos that promoted her new, raunchy persona.

"With the videos we've done, they've been my concepts. Not actually trying to create an image but something that's already there. Bringing that to everyone else's attention. That no one else would have known was in me."

Her romantic liaison with Rene Elizondo has also been a creative spark. The son of Hollywood actors, Elizondo (now living with Jackson) has a part in

Jackson's latest video, "Come Back to Me," and is said to be a guiding force for her "visuals."

"We're living in a very visual time right now," Jackson explains. "That's why videos are so important. Before, they really weren't. They play such an important part in the music business. The next is the live show. But the first they ever see of you is the video."

Touring has been a strain. She doesn't sleep well on the road and the work is grueling. She has licensees and product endorsements to worry about (T-shirts, watches) and examines a shirt prototype in the dressing room. "I don't like the color," she says brusquely. It will be changed.

While Paula Abdul (Jackson's former choreographer and her brother Jackie's former girlfriend) is a better dancer and Whitney Houston has a better set of pipes, Janet ▶ 667



She loved him. She loved the house. Was it possible that what was coming between them was a wall in the kitchen?

A story by Mary Morris

When Meg moved in with Zachary, he said she could do anything she wanted to fix the place up, except paint the wall. She liked the house well enough. It was colonial-style, white with green shutters, and most of what she didn't like Zachary said she could throw out. There was the accumulated junk—the old roller skates in the basement from children who wouldn't be caught dead in them now, the three-legged ping pong table, newspapers from terror-stricken Sundays, the foreign coins from too many business trips, napkins stained with the assorted sauces Lucinda made that never came out right and never turned things around.

Meg scrutinized this house of dead plants that drooped like eavesdroppers in the living room, and dreary cacti that would never bloom, of burnt-down candles and cat-clawed sofas,

Wall

the paint-chipped ceilings that fell on Meg like the sky on Chicken Little, and the closets filled with Lucinda's clothing—the clothing of a flower child of the sixties. All this debris, Zachary said, she could do away with. "You can do whatever you want," he told her as they carried in her boxes. "You just can't paint the wall."

The wall, which was in the kitchen, was quite large and was covered with a mural. It had an angel rising out of a cloud, grasping a lightning bolt, standing in the Urubamba Valley amidst Aztec burial mounds, the Pyramids of Egypt, and the oracle at Delphi, in the shadow of the Taj Mahal, encircled by the Great Wall, protected by a moat where snakes and lizards swam, beyond which rabbits, birds, buffalo, and squirrels scattered as if before a brushfire across a field of giant sunflowers that covered the ceiling.

The first time Meg saw the wall was the morning after she'd first stayed with Zachary. She hadn't seen it the night before when he'd brought her home in the dark, snuck her upstairs, and wildly pulled every piece of clothing off her before carrying her to the king-size former marital bed that hadn't been used in this capacity, he told her in the midst of his passion, in almost a decade. It was a rare weekend when Lucinda had the kids, and Meg had tiptoed down in the morning to

make coffee, feeling relaxed, her body at peace. When Zachary came down a few minutes later, he found her staring, not knowing what to say. Finally she was able to speak. "Why sunflowers?" she asked.

"Because Lucinda liked sunflowers," Zachary replied.

Meg loved all the rooms of the house, except the kitchen. She loved their old-fashioned feel. She could deal with the modern built-ins in the colonial house, the pale oak against the walnut floors. She could live with the mysterious fact that all the furniture was nailed down—that beds and tables and sofas could not be moved. Or with the fact that the bed was so big she woke up sometimes feeling confused about where she was, the way she did in foreign countries.

What she could not deal with was the wall. It had been painted by a friend of Lucinda's, an artist named Mona. Mona had felt a profound connection to Lucinda and Zachary, to their children, and she had painted this mural, Zachary told Meg, as guardian and safekeeper of home. She wanted to depict the enduring spirit of man in the face of the rise and fall of civilization. Zachary admitted it wasn't the best thing Mona had ever done, but "as long as we live in this house, until we get a place of our own, we'll just have to live with it."

"Out of loyalty to whom?" Meg had asked, concerned that somehow he could not move on to the next phase of his life.

"To Mona," Zachary had replied. "To a friend."

Examining the closet where some of Lucinda's rejects still hung, Meg said, "I'm not sure I can sleep in another woman's bed."

Zachary assured her that he hadn't been in love with Lucinda for as long as he could remember. They had hardly ever made love in that bed, hardly even touched in that bed. The entire romantic part of their marriage had taken place in the first two years, when they were in the Peace Corps in India. "We stayed together for the kids," he told her. "I knew it was over," he said, "when she moved to pillow 4."

The king-size bed had four pillows, which Meg and Zachary referred to affectionately as pillows 1, 2, 3, and 4. Their bodies always lay close, on pillows 2 and 3, though at times Meg felt as if she might teeter onto the edge of pillow 4 and float away. In the back of her mind, she told herself, when the time was right, they'd get a smaller brass bed where there'd be no danger of drifting onto the pillows at the extremes, then off into the world.

"With you," he said, "it is different. You're easier to talk to. I can get close to you. We really are friends."

She'd met Zachary on a commuter train riding into Manhattan a month after he'd signed his divorce papers. She loaned him her business section. They met again on the train

going home that night and from then on rode the train together. It took him a week to ask her to dinner. "I've just gotten out of something," he told her. "I can't rush right in."

She wasn't in a hurry either. Her marriage had ended a year before. A terrible, bitter ending in which her ex-husband and she called each other names neither could believe. How could people sink this low. She'd taken a vow and been alone for a year. She'd learned to enjoy living out of the city, spending Sundays taking walks in the woods. But soon Zachary and Meg were taking autumnal walks, buying baskets of apples upstate. They carved pumpkins like kids. Still they took it slowly. They didn't hop into bed. They spent weeks kissing in movie theaters, dancing close at clubs. They dreamed of each other in their separate beds. It was two months before they made love. They'd been seeing each other over a year before Meg moved in.

Zachary's son, Bennett, thought there was a spirit in his room that wanted to destroy him. Bennett was sixteen and he had a crucifix in his ear. He sang in a rock band called the Retards that played bar mitzvahs and school dances. He took the crucifix out when he played the bar mitzvahs but thought for now that the crucifix would keep the spirit away. He was concerned about what would happen when its power wore off. One night over dinner he said he could hear the spirit rumbling through his closet. "I think it likes my clothes," he said.

Bennett lived half the week with Lucinda and half the week with Zachary. Their daughter, Tracy, lived the opposite half of the week with each parent. It was what the kids wanted. "We each want all your attention," they said.

Meg found the arrangement tedious. Zachary and she had no time to themselves. There was always an adolescent around, always the bass of heavy metal and the ringing of phones. But Zachary said, "I'm a package. Take it or leave it." And Meg had replied, "I'll take it."

While Zachary wondered if Bennett was on drugs, because of the spirit, which he'd named Tronka, in his room, Meg was on Bennett's side. She wasn't sure what it was but at night she felt things. A movement, a trembling. She woke to the pounding of hooves, of things gone wild. When Bennett complained about the rumbling, Meg would say, Yes, I've heard it too.

Meg called a decorator. Her name was Lizzie and when she came over, Lizzie handed Meg her card. It read, "A rainbow in every room."

"A rainbow?" Meg asked, concerned.

Lizzie laughed. She was a slightly anorexic woman with limp brown hair and an extremely nervous manner. "It just means if you want a purple ceiling, I'll give you a purple ceiling. But I'll also give you mango throw pillows. If you want a turquoise floor, I'll give you a turquoise floor, but with lemon yellow chairs."

"Oh," Meg said, wondering if this was a good or bad sign.

"I believe in color. Fuchsia, tangerine, chartreuse. Lots of it. Brightness. And I can work around anything."

"Anything?"

Lizzie smiled smugly. "Anything!"

Meg directed her to the kitchen. "Can you work around this?"

Lizzie skipped only a beat. "No problem," she said, her mouth slightly agape before the wall. "I mean, if this is what we've got to work with, we'll make it work. I say we bring more color into the kitchen. More reds and yellows. Pick up what's in the mural. Oranges. And sea green." She wanted to look at the rest of the house.

"I see," she said, opening the closet that contained Lucinda's things. "This is what I call a house in transition. A family in flux." Downstairs Meg watched as Lizzie, a large, frail woman who reminded her of a twig about to snap, shoved the sofa with a bony hip. "It's nailed down," Meg said. Lizzie looked at the sofa in disdain. She made a note on her pad. They wandered back into the kitchen.

"How do you get along with your stepchildren, Mrs. . . .?"

"Miss," Meg said. "We aren't married."

"Uh-huh." Lizzie made a note. "Do the children mind your redoing the house?"

"Well, we hadn't exactly. . ."

"Which child do you feel closer to? The boy or the girl?"

"Oh, the girl. I don't know. There are good things with each one."

"And you and Mr. Payne, are you very close. . .?" Her lips trembled as she spoke.

"Excuse me, but what does this have to do with decorating?"

"Oh, everything." Lizzie ran a nervous hand through her hair. "You'd be surprised. The whole family dynamic is the decorator's responsibility. The way you all integrate with one another—it all has to do with my big scheme. It's not just throw pillows and wall hangings, you know." Her eyes scanned the wall. They stopped at the inscription, which read, "To Zachary, Lucinda, Tracy, and Bennett in peace and love, Mona."

"Lucinda?"

"The Ex." They both gazed, transfixed for a moment by the wall. "I can't do anything about that."

"Maybe you could just paint her name out," Lizzie said. "Stick your name in."

That night the heat rose, the boiler churned even though they'd lowered it. Bennett came downstairs twice, shouting, "Hey, Dad, quit turning the heat up." And Zachary shouted back how he'd just turned it down. The house creaked like a lonely cat and Meg felt the dark coupling of objects in the night—toaster to blender, chair to table. Appliances stirred. In the morning she woke as if she had not slept at all.

meg hired Lizzie and the process began. The long-haired brown rug that lay like a dead animal on the floor was pulled out, the floors buffed smooth. The bright architectural lights that made the bed more a place for police investigation than lovemaking were removed and soft amber spots installed. New blue-green carpet was laid and with the amber spots, the bed looked like a raft, drifting on a gentle sea. The nailed-down furniture was unnailed, the walls painted off-white. An obstructing wall in the living room knocked out. Light came in.

Late at night in the construction site that was to be their home, the phone would ring. "Zachary, please," Lucinda

would say, and then Meg could hear her scream. "Your son has blond streaks running through his hair. He's becoming a fairy, a creep."

One night rather sleepily they were making love when the phone rang. "Don't get it," Meg said. "She'll call back."

"I have children," Zachary reminded her, as if she had forgotten.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you," Lucinda said. "I just called to say that it's one in the morning and your daughter has not come home."

Zachary went over to calm her down. Then he found Tracy at a friend's and took her back to her mother's to discuss her truant behavior. Tracy had a new hole in the top of her ear and a pink feather dangling from it. When he came home, he ate a DoveBar and watched a late-night horror movie on cable. Bennett came into the bedroom, where Meg sat alone. "What's up with the oral sturgeon?" This was how he referred to his oral surgeon father who liked to fish. Actually Zachary was renowned for the invention of a movable plastic replacement for the human jaw, and he traveled all over the world, presenting his invention. "He's concerned about your sister, that's all," Meg said.

"I was gonna talk to him about the thing in my room, you know, Tronka, but maybe this isn't a good time."

"Maybe not."

She went downstairs and saw Zachary taking out a box of bills he'd been putting off paying since they'd begun seeing one another. "Zachary," she called from upstairs, "don't you want to come to bed?"

"I think I'll read," he said. "Don't wait up for me."

It was morning when his body eased its way into bed and Meg reached for his hand. But he was too far away to find. She sat up and found him hovering close to pillow 1. "What is this? You come to bed at five in the morning and don't even kiss me good night."

"I didn't want to wake you," he said.

"Next time wake me."

In the morning as Meg had her coffee, she noticed that the sun in the mural had slipped behind a cloud. The sunflowers had turned away from the sun. She was about to mention it when Zachary bent down and kissed her. "I'm sorry," he said. "About last night. I've had so much on my mind lately. The kids and all."

"Oh," she said, "I understand. It's all right." When she looked back at the wall, the sun had returned as if it had never gone away.

Meg got some cartons from the store and began to pack away Lucinda's things. First she went to the closet near pillow 4 and took out Lucinda's dresses and skirts, her shirts and sweaters. Meg put them into neat piles on the bed. Then she took out the shoes and from another closet the coats and underwear.

She took out the kaftans and dashikis, the leftover floral prints. The peasant skirts, the suede shoes, the lace-up boots,

the cowgirl jackets. She laughed as she folded them on the bed. How could anyone have dressed this way, she asked herself. But instead of packing, she began to put the clothes on. She put on a purple halter top and an embroidered Mexican shirt with puffy sleeves. A bulky alpine sweater, boots, a jacket. She dressed herself in layer after layer.

Lucinda was an ornithologist, an expert in the language of birds. Zachary had told her this. Birds, he said, spoke in dialects, and they had intonations that were as distinct as people from the north and the south. Whisper, nuance, secret murmurings. Lucinda knew them all. An educated bird could be told from an illiterate, a wise from a stupid, a cosmopolitan from a hick, a savage from a lamb. Her specialty was owls. Those creatures of the night, princes of darkness. Lucinda had journeyed, before the kids were born, to the wilds of Peru, the backwoods of Wisconsin, just to glimpse a snowy white.

Meg put on the clothes and stood before the mirror. She

The house creaked like a lonely cat and Meg felt the dark coupling of objects in the night

was thrilled when the peasant skirts fastened around her waist, when the pants zipped, the blouses buttoned. She was amazed at their eerie fit. She told herself, "I'll keep these clothes. I'll wear them." But she packed them. It took hours. The packing, the labeling—shoes, floral-print blouses, Guatemalan sashes—but when she was done, Meg congratulated herself. There, it's over, she said. She's gone.

A few weeks later, Zachary had to go to Nairobi for a two-day conference to present his jaw. Meg didn't mind having time to herself. She liked to sit up in the middle of the bed reading as if she were queen of a small republic. Or she'd review the checklist of decorating changes she'd made, of the new ones she wanted to incorporate into her scheme. She looked over the list often because sometimes she had no idea what changes she'd made. At times she thought that nothing was different at all.

One evening Bennett walked into her room. A razor blade hung from around his neck, his hair had blue streaks running along the sides. "My parents aren't my parents," he said.

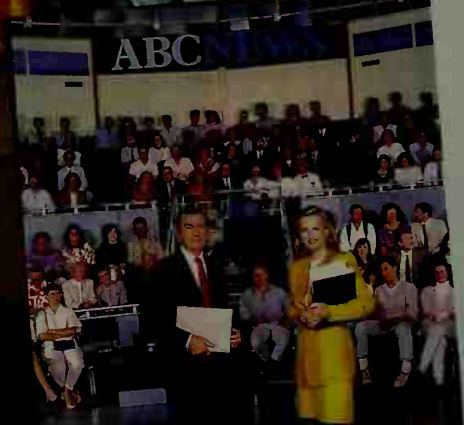
She sat up, closing the book. "Of course they're your parents, Bennett."

"I read a story once," he told her, "about these parents who were replaced by robots of parents. Sometimes I think that's what happened to my parents. Like extraterrestrials live in their bodies. Like they're not there at all."

"Have you tried telling them?" she said, suddenly concerned.



David Clennon



China Beach
Dallas



PrimeTime Live

Signs of Life

Lenny Clarke

Can network television live up to David Lynch? Tracy Young looks at the best of TV—the hits and the hot properties for fall

television has always been a guilty pleasure. If you made a fetish of *The Golden Girls*, you kept it pretty much to yourself. But last spring, the most remarkable thing happened: television became intellectually fashionable. Not in a PBS kind of way—PBS is too virtuous (and too English) to get a rise out of anyone—but in a hip way. Suddenly people were talking about TV. The kind of people you'd find arguing about Bergman in a Woody Allen film (before Woody Allen began thinking he was Bergman). The kind of people who were the first on their block to understand Jenny Holzer. Even ordinary people. And what they all were talking about was *Twin Peaks*, David Lynch's arty soap opera that sent critics scrambling for metaclichés and made the rest of us wonder if maybe, just maybe, television was a whole lot more intriguing than the movies. (You didn't hear much heated debate over *Pretty Woman*, now did you?)

If TV has become interesting again, it should come as no surprise. TV goes in cycles. *The Smothers Brothers*; *Laugh-In*; *M*A*S*H*; *All in the Family*; *An American Family*; *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*; *Miami Vice*—all were considered daring at the time.

Here and on the following pages we offer a brief guide to this fall's prime time. Some shows are familiar, others are new. Sometimes the show stinks but the music is great. Sometimes the star of the show is the casting director. Or the executive producer.

Whatever else can be said about TV, you have to admit the options are multitudinous—and there's no one with big hair sitting in front of you.

Additional research: Giselle Benatar, Rochelle Levy, Lydia Longshore, Emily Ormand, Jennifer Pierce, Laurie Schechter, Elizabeth Steinberg, Sally Wadyka



The Simpsons

turned-on tv

STAY TUNED

The good, the good-bad, and the otherwise noteworthy, all of which suggest that no one goes out on Saturday night

(New programs appear in red.)

Saturday

- 8 PM **CBS THE FAMILY MAN**—Tom Miller and Bob Boyett (*Happy Days*) will have an unprecedented six series on the air this season, half of which have the word *family* in the title—including this one, about a widowed fire captain raising four kids (see also *American Dreamer*). The Miller/Boyett oeuvre includes *The Hogan Family*, *Full House*, *Perfect Strangers*, and *Family Matters*.
- NBC PARENTHOOD**—Ron Howard's movie of the same name played like a sitcom—and only a real snob could resist it—so the sitcom should work, especially if they can pull together an equally talented cast. So far they've got Jayne Atkinson (*A Year in the Life*, *Shannon's Deal*) in the part created by Mary Steenburgen, and Ed Begley, Jr., in the Steve Martin role. Begley may not be as out-there as Martin, but he's not as smarmy either. Besides, he's ecologically correct.
- 8:30 **NBC WORKING IT OUT**—Jane Curtin should always have a series; it's her destiny. And now she does again. Five-time Emmy winner Bill Persky (*The Dick Van Dyke Show* and *That Girl*) was a major force behind *Kate and Allie*. Now he's come up with "an urban comedy that explores the relationship of two divorced people as it evolves in the pressure cooker of life in the nineties." In short, *Kate without Allie*. (Or is it the other way around?)
- 9 PM **ABC CHINA BEACH**—As well written as *thirtysomething*, as well acted as *Hill Street Blues*, and capable, from time to time, of wonderfully surreal effects, *China Beach* is also the apotheosis of the entertainment industry's enduring love/hate relationship with Vietnam. Say *zeitgeist*. Gesundheit!
- 9:30 **FOX AMERICAN CHRONICLES**—After *Twin Peaks* what else do David Lynch and Mark Frost have up their sleeves? How about *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* meets *On the Road with Charles Kuralt* narrated by Richard Dreyfuss? Your guess is as good as ours.
- 10 PM **ABC TWIN PEAKS**—If you don't know by now...
- 10:30 **NBC AMERICAN DREAMER**—A widower (Robert Ulrich) abandons his career as a TV foreign correspondent to settle in Wisconsin, raise his two kids, and write a human-interest newspaper column. Sounds like a surefire loser but for one critical element: Gary David Goldberg, who made a zillion dollars cooking up *Family Ties*.
- 11:30 **NBC SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE**—Andrew Dice Clay is a pussycat compared with Michael O'Donoghue. Reruns only.

Sunday

- 7 PM **ABC LIFE GOES ON**—Much has been made of Christopher Burke, the young actor with Down's syndrome—and he certainly is a charmer. But we also think Patti LuPone, who plays his mom, is the greatest.
- FOX TRUE COLORS**—Billed as the first sitcom about an interracial couple, it's from the pen of Michael Weithorn (*Cheers* and *Family Ties*), so there's a chance for some genuine humor.
- 8 PM **FOX IN LIVING COLOR**—Producer, writer, and star Keenan Ivory Wayans (*I'm Gonna Get You, Sucka* and *Hollywood Shuffle*) has put together a loose mix of house music, hot dancing, and more-sweet-than-savage satire that works best when it mugs the hardest: for example, a parody of *The Love Connection* with a goony Mike Tyson and Valley girl Robin Givens.
- NBC SIGNS OF LIFE**—Television is a hypochondriac's medium, but this promises to be more ambitious than your average disease of the week—something more akin to *Illness as Metaphor*. Examining disease from the patient's perspective, *Signs of Life* will get into the spiritual and moral implications of illness.
- 9 PM **FOX MARRIED... WITH CHILDREN**—You'd have to live in Cincinnati to find the beery, blue-collar Bundys shocking, but a sitcom that can enrage the Moral Majority deserves your affection, if not your attention.

Monday

- 8 PM **CBS UNCLE BUCK**—In one of a handful of this season's movie spin-offs (*Big*, *Look Who's Talking*, *Ferris Bueller*, *Steel Magnolias*, and, get this, *The Witches of Eastwick*), Kevin Meaney tries to outdo John Candy as the slob.
- NBC FRESH PRINCE OF BEL AIR**—A street kid from West Philly turns up in Bel Air to live with his wealthy L.A. relatives. Produced by Quincy Jones and starring Wil Smith of the rap group DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince.
- 8:30 **NBC FERRIS BUELLER**—Obviously based on the John Hughes movie, but now filtered through John Masius, a *St. Elsewhere* veteran.
- 9 PM **CBS MURPHY BROWN**—*Murphy Brown* isn't terribly clever or riotously funny, but you can't help loving a gorgeous woman who's willing to make a fool of herself. Well, Diane Sawyer's the exception.
- 9:30 **CBS DESIGNING WOMEN**—These gal's are the real *Steel Magnolias*, belles

with balls. And if the plots are as contrived as a beauty pageant, the actresses are truly hilarious, especially Dixie Carter and Annie Potts.

- 10 PM **CBS FACE TO FACE WITH CONNIE CHUNG**—With more celebrities and fewer issues Connie Chung may survive the ratings, but in a genre that rewards obnoxiousness, can she be offensive enough to give Baba Wawa a run for her money?

Tuesday

- 8:30 **ABC BABY TALK**—A spin-off of the John Travolta film *Look Who's Talking*—but under the guidance of sitcom superscribe Ed Weinberger who wrote some of the funnier *Mary Tyler Moore Show* episodes.
- 9 PM **ABC ROSEANNE**—Never much of an actress, Roseanne Barr was easier take before she became an icon. How about before she married that baboon? Still, she's been a breath of fresh air in an era when motherhood is synonymous with sainthood. And the supporting cast is great, especially John Goodman as Roseanne's chubby hubby, Laurie Metcalfe as her sister, and Sara Gilbert as her tomboy daughter, Darler.
- 10 PM **ABC THIRTYSOMETHING**—The show you love to hate, *thirtysomething* has become the ethical tuning fork of a generation raised on moral relativism. As the company enters the fourth year of its five-year contract, this season offers some interesting developments. Will Michael and Elliot die in Miles the Evil One? Will Nancy die? Will Hope finally have an affair? Will we see the return of David Marshall Grant as the gay friend? Will Melanie Mayron get her own spin-off series? Will we care? Stay tuned, but don't admit it.
- NBC LAW AND ORDER**—Created by Dick Wolf (*Hill Street Blues*), *Law and Order* attempts to reinvent the wheel. It's a crime show split in half: the first part follows a team of detectives (George Dzundza and Chris North) as they pursue the bad guys; the second focuses on a DA (Michael Moriarty). Could be good. Could be much ado about paperwork.

Wednesday

- 8 PM **CBS LENNY**—Roseanne redux. Comedian Lenny Clarke plays a blue-collar wise guy. What will give it an edge is that it's the brainchild of Paul Junger Witt and Tony Thomas (*The Golden Girls*, *Empty Nest*, and *Beauty and the Beast*).
- 9:30 **ABC MARRIED PEOPLE**—Three generations of couples share a New York brownstone. May not sound like much, but neither did *Who's the Boss* at first. Married couple Rob Sternin and Prudence Fraser, who were Ted Danza's bosses for that show's first two years, are hoping to shepherd this one through sickness and through health.
- NBC THE FANELLI BOYS**—Four *Golden Girls* scribes—Kathy Speer, Te Grossman, Mort Nathan, Barry Fanaro—concocted this sitcom about an Italian widow who orders her four adult sons to move back home to Brooklyn. In other words, one golden girl and four tarnished boys.
- 10 PM **ABC COP ROCK**—Producer Steven Bochco has the most enviable track record in the business, so *Cop Rock* has been generating all sorts of preseason interest, but you have to wonder about a musical *Hill Street Blues* played as a rock/rap opera. The affiliates, meanwhile, are not thrilled.
- CBS WIOU**—Kathryn Pratt and John Eisendrath, a married couple who once worked together at a Chicago TV station, have created a twelve-character drama set in a struggling Chicago TV station. With John She and Mariette Hartley.

Thursday

- 8 PM **FOX THE SIMPSONS**—Cartoonist Matt Groening's family from hell. For every viewer who embraced Bart Simpson as the spokesman for the nineties ("Eat my shorts"), there was another one who couldn't get over a prime-time cartoon that mentioned Diane Arbus, Helmut Newton, and Patsy Cline in the same breath. Some media mavens have predicted that the show will run out of steam, but anyone familiar with Groening's comics knows the guy has more weird characters than one suburban family.
- 8:30 **FOX BABES**—Fox has a well-deserved reputation for taking risks, but 11 sisters, each weighing more than two hundred pounds, is a slim prospect for a series. Life in the Optifast lane?
- 9 PM **ABC GABRIEL'S FIRE**—A sixties radical, sprung from jail by a socialite lawyer, accepts a job as a private eye for a defense attorney. Starring James Earl Jones, it's got to be worth a try.
- FOX CLASS OF BEVERLY HILLS**—What separates this Aaron Spelling drama—about a midwestern family relocated to Beverly Hills—from h

usual lowbrow fare is the participation of Tim Hunter, best known as the director of *River's Edge*.

- PM **CBS PRIMETIME LIVE**—Some shows are gratifying because you get to feel superior to the hosts; this one is gratifying because it proves you can't have everything. With Diane Sawyer and Sam Donaldson.
- NBC L.A. LAW**—Like *thirtysomething*, this is a show yuppie-bashers love to hate, but it has its amusing characters. This season, the despicable Douglas Brackman (Alan Rachins) will see more of his even more hateful ex-wife, played by Rachins's real-life wife, Joanna Frank; and Benny (Larry Drake), whose romance with Alice Hackett (Amanda Plummer) was one of the highlights of last year, will have more to do as well.

Friday

- PM **CBS EVENING SHADE**—Burt Reynolds as a pro football player who returns to his hometown (Evening Shade, Arkansas) as a high school football coach. Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, who designed *Designing Women* (and wrote nearly every episode herself!) might put this one on the map.
- FOX AMERICA'S MOST WANTED**—There's something deeply gratifying about a TV program that reenacts unsolved crimes and then reports when the perps are apprehended thanks to the show. Think of it as the soldier of fortune's Home Shopping Network.
- NBC QUANTUM LEAP**—Time travel is one of those gimmicks like talking cars, but Dean Cain is worth watching in anything.
- PM **CBS OVER MY DEAD BODY**—Created by William Link, an industry legend (*Columbo*), and supervised by Rick Okie (*Major Dad*) and Scott Shepherd (*Miami Vice*). But a burnt-out crime novelist with a partner who writes obituaries? If any actor can pull this off it's Edward Woodward, late of *The Equalizer*.
- FOX D.E.A.**—Don't you love the way television makes a distinction between fiction and "reality based"? Anyway, this brainchild of Richard Dillello (*Midnight Caller*) uses fiction and documentary footage to explore the drug wars. How about Dana Carvey as George Bush?
- NBC NIGHT COURT**—Confession: we love John Larroquette.
- 30 **ABC GOING PLACES**—Created by the prolific Miller/Boyett team and starring Heather Locklear as the head of a Chicago improv troupe that moves to L.A. to work on a new candid video series. Best of all, it costars the wonderfully gifted Holland Taylor (*Bosom Buddies*), who was so great onstage last year in A. R. Gurney's *The Cocktail Hour*.
- PM **CBS DALLAS**—If you want to know how foreigners view America, this is the show to watch. And this season, Larry Hagman gets to go *mano a mano* with *All My Children's* Susan Lucci.

LOOK WHO'S WATCHING

CAROLYNE ROEHM

"My schedule is so hectic I really don't have time to watch TV. The handful of times I have turned it on, I'm dumbfounded by how idiotic it is. I've never even seen an episode of *Twin Oaks*. Isn't that the show everyone's talking about?"

T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE

"I am technically—and crankily—a TV virgin because, of course, TV is my enemy. It has lobotomized my public and they no longer know how to read.... I have not seen a network show since 1972—that's right, no *M*A*S*H*, no *Hill Street Blues*, nothing. I do, however, watch old movies on the AMC channel—and I am a pro football addict."

MICHAEL LEVA

"I almost never watch TV. I've even only seen two episodes of *Twin Peaks*. All my friends watch *thirtysomething* to justify their existence. I watch *Murphy Brown* to see what Candice Bergen's wearing and to justify mine."

JOHN SCHER

"I watch really tacky old movies like *Attack of the Killer Cheerleaders*. They're great fashion inspiration."

SORRY WE ASKED

"TV is our favorite piece of furniture. Our favorite light source. It calls fiction 'the truth,' and we believe it because we're all watching the same station. TV lulls us to sleep and begins its dictations. Like a mad hypnotist of global proportions it elects presidents, conducts diplomacy, and makes history." —Barbara Kruger, artist and TV critic for *Artforum*.

the write stuff

If network executives have learned anything recently, it's that the popularity of a series can depend directly on its scripts. Memorable dialogue, captivating characters, engaging story lines, clever plot twists—these are what separate *thirtysomething* or *The Simpsons* from typical prime-time sludge. And so TV writers, once universally scorned, have become some of the most valuable players in Hollywood.

David Milch taught creative writing and literature at Yale before he won an Emmy writing for *Hill Street Blues* and created *Capital News*. David Kelly graduated from Yale, got his law degree from Boston University, and actually practiced law before he got signed to the writing staff of *L.A. Law*, which he now supervises. As Steven Bochco's protégé, he also cocreated *Doogie Howser, MD*. Steve Kronish was a golf pro before he wrote TV scripts for Alfred Hitchcock. He's since piled up credits on *MacGyver* and *Wiseguy* and is now developing for CBS *The Commish*, about a harried police commissioner. Michael Berlin was a psychotherapist in New York before moving to Hollywood in 1979; his work included psychological consultation to Rikers Island staff and inmates. (Once Berlin crossed paths with a TV writer who had also spent time in prison—on the other side of the bars.) He has written with Eric Estrin, a former TV critic, for *Miami Vice*, *Hunter*, *Cagney & Lacey*, and *Beauty and the Beast*. Bill Braunstein assiduously wrote and pitched TV scripts during his eight-year stint as an editor at *Los Angeles* magazine, peddling just enough to get signed to a hit sitcom, *Empty Nest*. Morgan Gendel graduated from his job as a *Los Angeles Times* entertainment reporter into an executive slot at NBC. Last year he was hired by Steven J. Cannell Productions to write for *Hunter*, *Top of the Hill*, and *Wiseguy*.

And it's not bad work if you can get it. The Writer's Guild minimum for a one-hour script (about fifty pages, triple-spaced with wi-i-i-de margins) is about \$20,000, then you get at least half of that again for no extra work when your episode reruns. If you're hired as a staff writer your starting salary will be about \$1,800 a week. You can double that after a season (and a promotion to story editor) and go as high as \$25,000 per episode if you rise to executive producer. Sam Simon, who started as a cartoonist, began submitting scripts for *Taxi* and *Cheers*. As a Jim Brooks protégé, Simon ascended to the twin peaks of executive producer on *The Tracey Ullman Show* and *The Simpsons*. When Brooks moved from Fox to Columbia, he took Simon, who is now thirty, at an annual salary in excess of \$3 million. And that's nothing compared with what the creator of a hit show makes after five years, when and if the series goes into syndication. Gary David Goldberg (*Family Ties*), Tom Werner and Marcy Carsey (*The Cosby Show*, *Roseanne*), and Glen and Les Charles (*Cheers*) are easily in the same financial league as, say, Steven Spielberg. Given the tens of millions they reach every week, they also have considerably more clout and cultural influence.

Forget the stars and the plots; true TV connoisseurs can deduce more about a series from the creative forces (read: executive producers) behind it. Where those forces have been is a far more accurate (though not foolproof) gauge of whether the show stands a chance of surviving past Halloween. ●

MALEVICH

S
8 F

8:

9

9

1

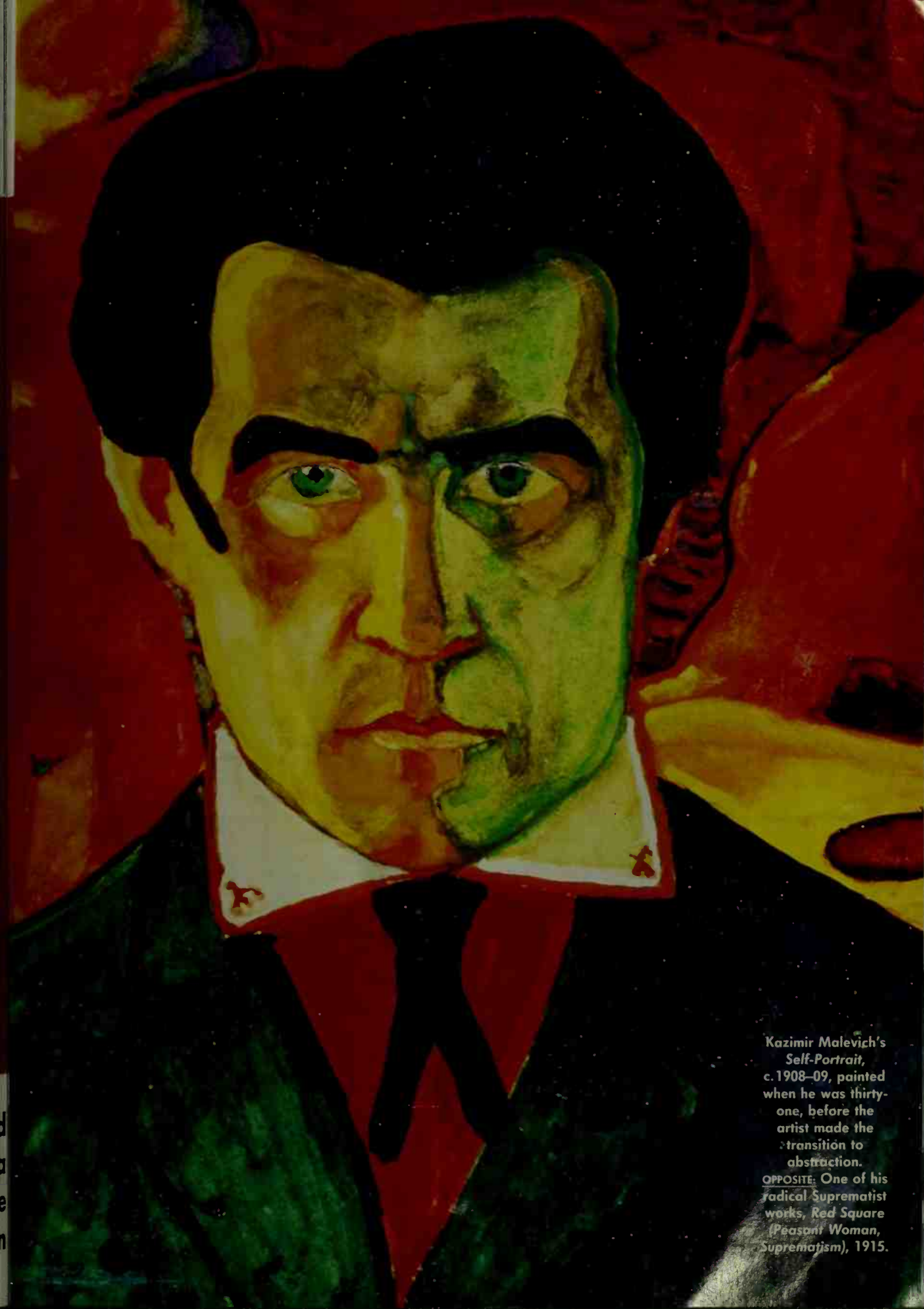
1

1

(

:

Kazimir Malevich, the visionary who first pushed abstract painting as far as it would go, was in part a rebel, an idealist, a proselytizer, and a politician. He was also, reports Rosamond Bernier, entirely Russian



Kazimir Malevich's *Self-Portrait*, c. 1908–09, painted when he was thirty-one, before the artist made the transition to abstraction.

OPPOSITE: One of his radical Suprematist works, *Red Square* (*Peasant Woman, Suprematism*), 1915.

ЗАСТЫЖНОЕ

ЗАТМЕНИЕ



ПЕРЕДЕТСЯ КВАРТИРА

в Москве

Малевич

As painter, stage designer, art politician, teacher, theoretician, friend and ally of composers, and spokesman for a higher and purer world, Kazimir Malevich (1878–1935) was a key figure in the development of the pre- and postrevolutionary avant-garde in Russia.

Already in 1913, by his own account, he was within sight of the mode of abstract painting for which he is best known—Suprematism was his name for it. With its overtones of the ultimate, its soaring implications, and its claim to a literal supremacy over all other forms of painting, it was the correct name for an art that was to operate in terms of flat, weightless planes in an unanchored, borderless, and infinite space.

“At present,” Malevich wrote in 1919, “man’s path lies across space—across Suprematism, the semaphore of color in its fathomless depth.” He went on, “I have conquered the lining of the colored sky. I have plucked the colors, put them in a bag that I made for myself, and tied it with a knot. Sail on! the white, free depths—eternity—lie before you.”

Plucking those colors, making that bag, and sailing on into that whiteness was not the work of a day, a month, or a year, as is immediately made clear by the comprehensive survey of Malevich’s turbulent career that opens on September 16 at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., and then travels to the Armand Hammer Museum in Los Angeles and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. To arrive at a form of statement that is among the most influential of our century, Malevich had to battle his way through all the other isms (many of them now known only to the specialist) then current in the Russian avant-garde.

One by one, he tried them for size. Sometimes they were a very bad fit. In 1906, in a belated, wispy Impressionist painting of a family member sitting in a garden, Malevich was simply not Malevich. Of his formidable presence in life—burly, outspoken, contentious—there was not a trace.

A few years later the filtered and fractured sunlight and the genteel, unoccupied family member were banished in favor of huge, heavy-limbed figures who went about their daily business at the front of the pictorial stage. Sometimes they stumped around in gardens thickly brushed in red, yellow, and green. Sometimes they dropped in at the public baths and had their feet looked after. Sometimes they polished the floor in unison on gigantic shoes with brushes attached. Sometimes a woodsman laid about him with an ax as if the whole world could be chopped into red and yellow cylinders of wood. Once there was a swimmer who headed for the water with a rolling walk that prefigured the cartoons of James Thurber.

In all of these paintings there were echoes of the primeval Russia then finding its way into the high culture of prerevolutionary Russia. Blunt, rough, and monumental, using a gamut of colors distinctly Russian, they stood for an instinctual leap contrary to the painstaking, low-keyed realism that was an important part of Russian painting in the late nineteenth century. They were also contrary to the cultivated distillations of French art prevalent in Saint Petersburg before 1914.

Composition with Mona Lisa, 1914, brings a Russian twist to Cubism. The words under the Mona Lisa translate as “changing apartments.”

But it was not Malevich’s way to get stuck with any one idiom, and

all the more so if it was a borrowed one. When Cubism first became known in Russia, no one adapted to it faster or more wittily than he. (His *Englishman in Moscow* of 1914 makes that quite clear.) In his Cubist paintings there is an element of cosmopolitan teasing, of raiding the manners of western Europe while remaining instinctively Russian. But what Henry James might have called “the real right thing” had not yet come his way.

Before the fateful Revolution of 1917, Malevich lived in a hyperstimulated state, with poets, composers, playwrights, and visionaries of every kind around him. He was surrounded by friends, followers (male and female), and potential enemies (some as tough as he was). Theirs was a world in which a decisive turning point—political, economic, aesthetic, and moral—was approaching. To stand aside was the act of a failure, a coward, a weakling. Malevich was none of those.

The compulsion to do something completely his own brought Suprematism into being. Those flat planes in a nonreferential, uncharted space were to be the instruments of revelation. They would not suggest anything. They would not refer to anything. They would not define anything. They would not be anywhere in particular. Weightless and incorporeal, those planes would be harbingers of a new age in which worn-out conceptions of the world would be discarded.

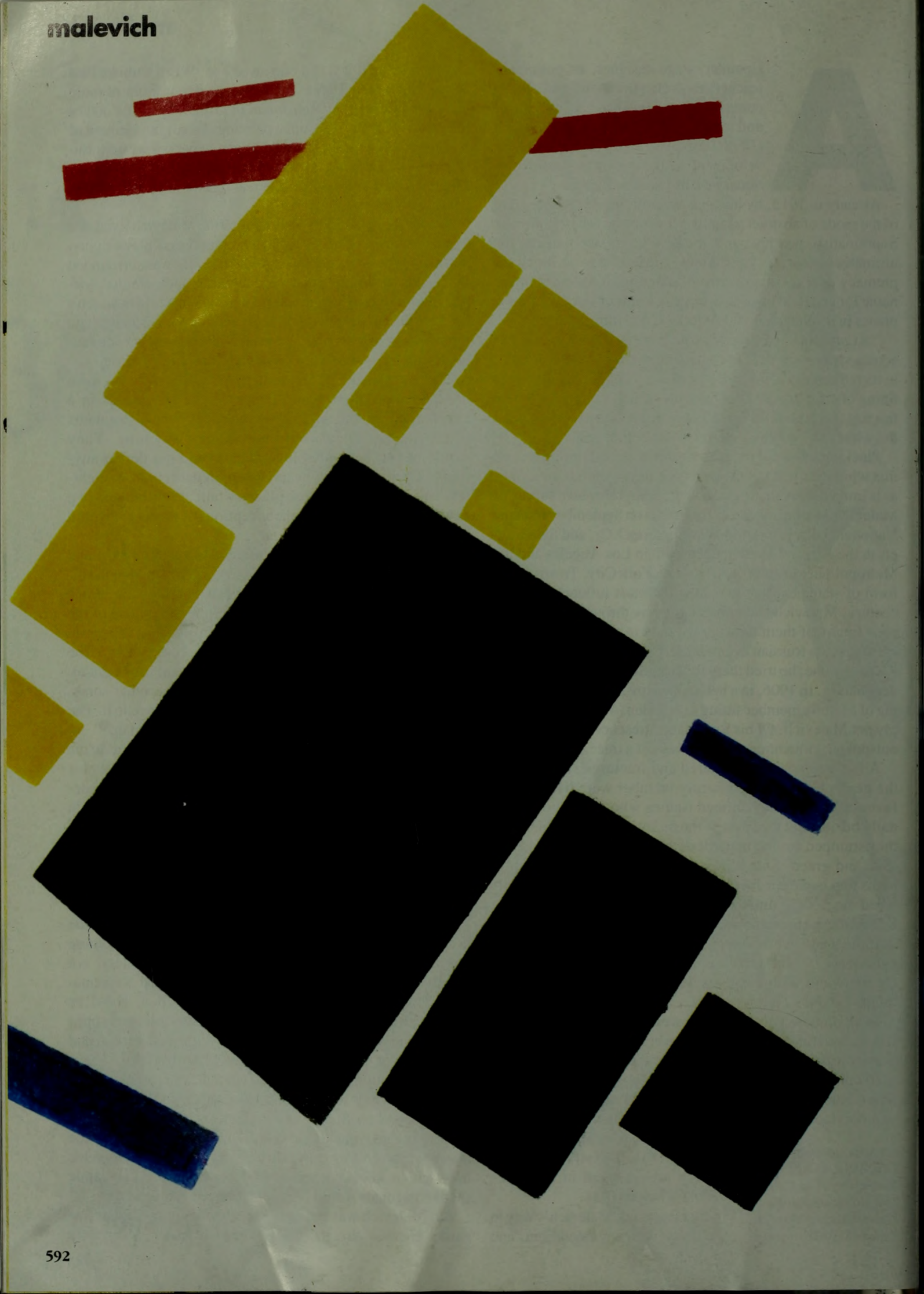
In the matter of abstract painting, Malevich in 1914 and 1915 had already gone as far as anyone will ever go in the direction of a sovereign plainness. With paintings like *Black Square*, *Black Cross*, and *Red Square*, he turned one of the crucial corners of art history. In 1986 the Dutch art historian R. H. Fuchs put it as concisely as anyone could wish: “The *Black Square* of Malevich canceled previous art in one grand, abrupt statement of conviction—the conviction that something was over and that there was no need to hang onto it. The *Black Square* slapped the face of history, to wake it up.”

No one could go further than that black square. It was to the art of the future what the cross had been to the art of the past (and by the way, Malevich was no mean hand at the non-denominational cross, either). The black square was to be with him for the rest of his life, as mascot and talisman, and it was to be at the head of his funeral procession in Leningrad in 1935 and imprinted on his tombstone.

With the black square, the red square, and the large flotilla of Suprematist paintings he launched between 1916 and 1919, Malevich secured for himself a permanent place in the history of the human imagination. His intention was nothing less than the transformation of human consciousness, not merely by Suprematist paintings but by applied Suprematism. Utilitarian Suprematism, as it was called, could be taught in school. Once taught, it would have universal application. Every department of life would be the better for it, and the wisdom of the past would fall away like dead skin.

In this ambition, Malevich had wholehearted admirers and supporters. They saw nothing extravagant in the idea of a world reborn on Suprematist principles. Malevich in that sense was the white knight of the Russian avant-garde—the man who soared above all paltry concerns, toward a universe in which (to quote Alexander Rodchenko in 1920) dynamic spatial diagonals would replace outmoded geometries.

But Malevich was not only the white knight of the avant-garde. He was also its black prince—a leader, a driver, a





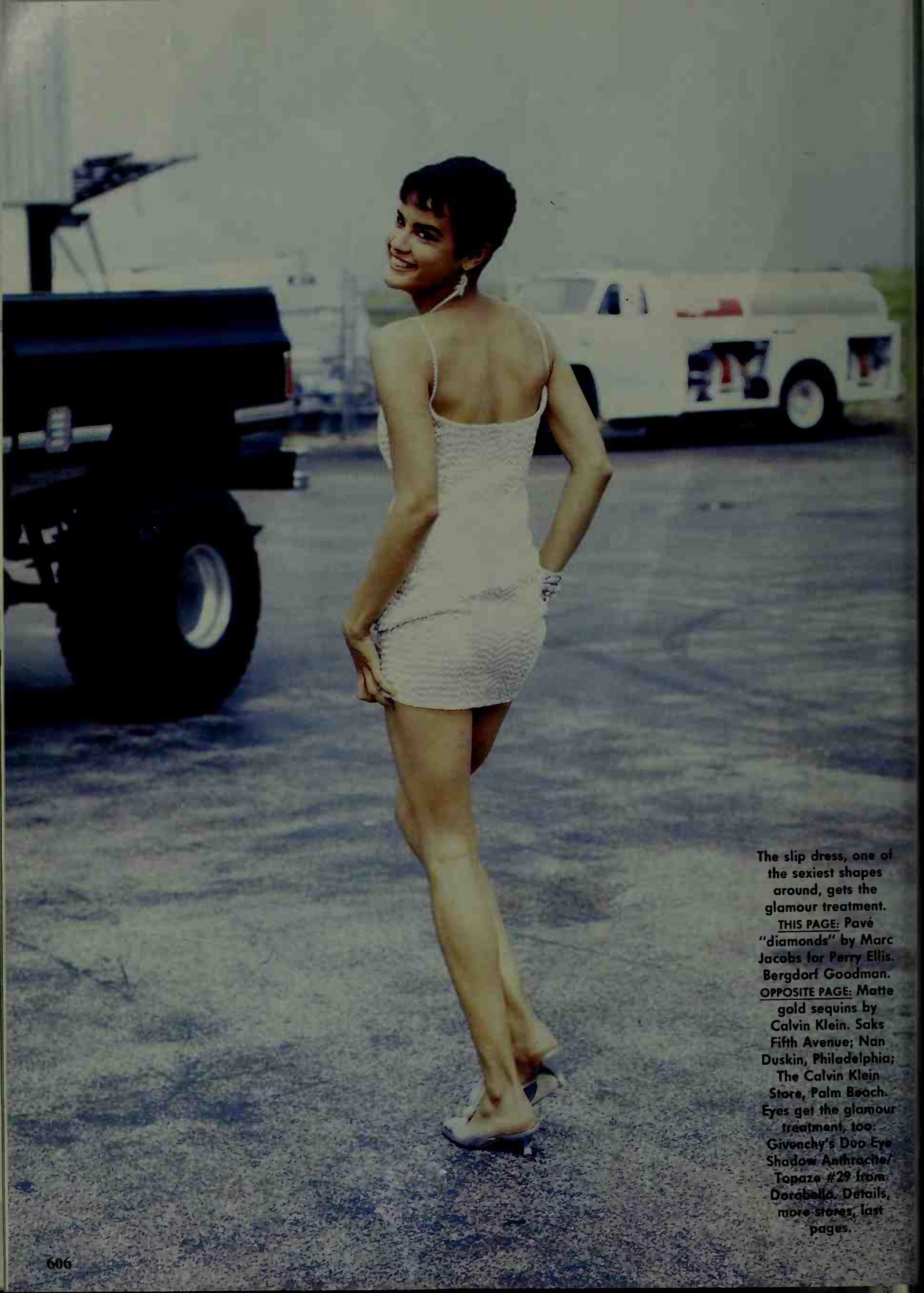
Setting the new
golds and silvers
apart: more detail,
more texture. THIS
PAGE: "Liquid
mercury" tights by
Hue, about \$300.
Neiman Marcus.
Rayon sweater by
DKNY, about \$425.
Saks Fifth Avenue;
Parisian,
Birmingham;
I. Magnin. Style
maker: for hair,
Clairol's Condition
Freezing Formula
Style Spritz.
OPPOSITE PAGE: A
lethal weapon?
Gunmetal beaded
dress by Krizia.
Details, more stores,
last pages.

Line: metallics



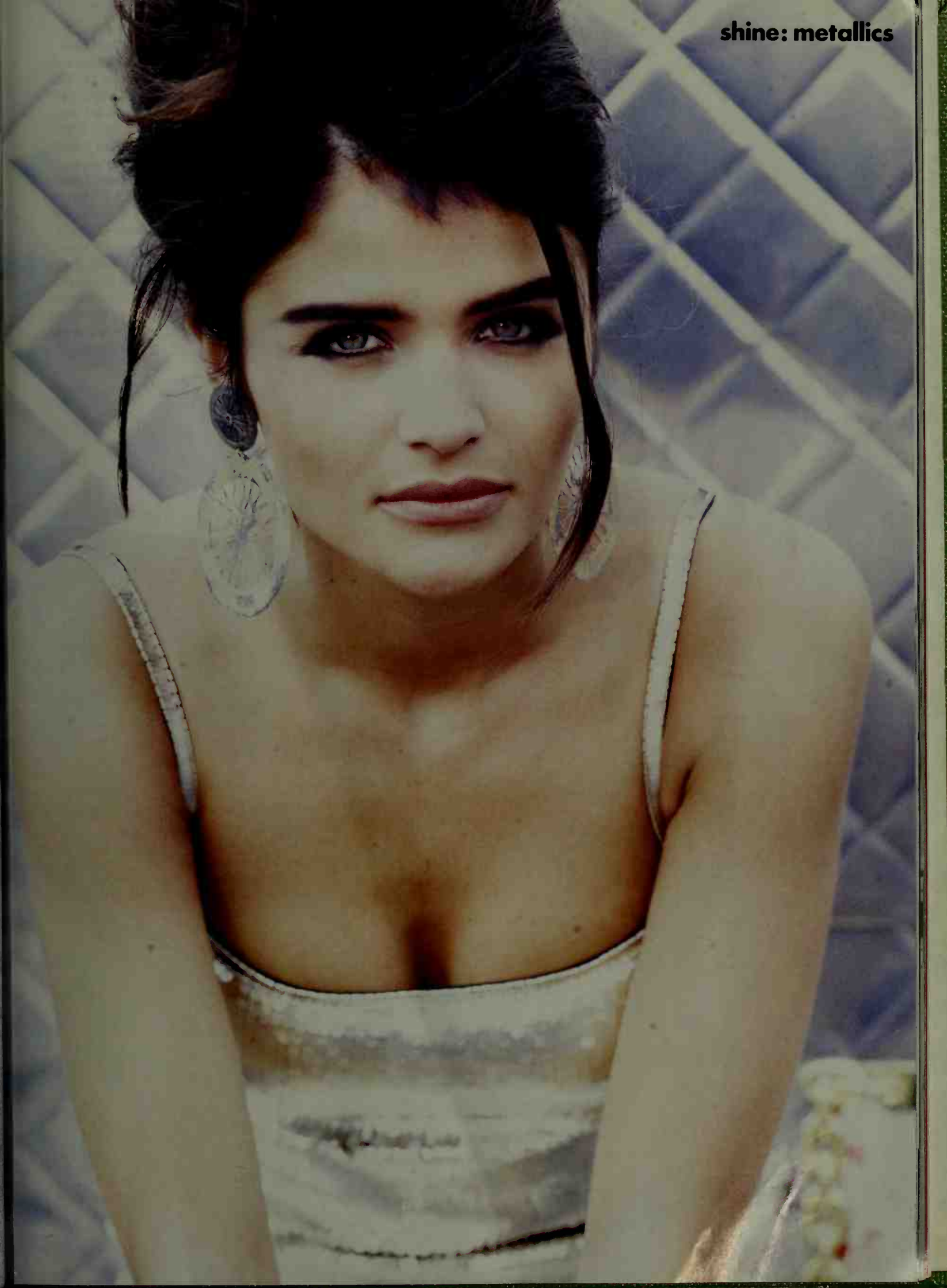


Silver is making the nightly news. THIS PAGE: The best raincoat—by DKNY. About \$360. Bloomingdale's; Parisian, Birmingham; I. Magnin. OPPOSITE PAGE: Donna Karan's latest take on her sarong dressing. This time, the sarong is sequined and beaded. Donna Karan New York. Saks Fifth Avenue. Scarf, Heron's. Details, more stores, last pages.



The slip dress, one of the sexiest shapes around, gets the glamour treatment.
THIS PAGE: Pavé "diamonds" by Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis. Bergdorf Goodman.
OPPOSITE PAGE: Matte gold sequins by Calvin Klein. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; The Calvin Klein Store, Palm Beach. Eyes get the glamour treatment, too: Givenchy's Duo Eye Shadow Anthracite/Topaze #29 from Dorabella. Details, more stores, last pages.

shine: metallics



Mixing it all up, **THIS PAGE:** Gold and silver—with opossum. Top, about \$1,500. Leggings, about \$600. Both by Gianfranco Ferre. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Nordstrom, Costa Mesa CA. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Clearing the runway, Chanel's bronze silk lamé dresses—with trains. Chanel Boutique, NYC, Washington D.C., San Francisco. Details, more stores, last pages.



Why choose one metal when you can have them all? This season, anything goes—from matte gold to burnished bronze





shine: leathers

Azzedine Alaïa,
virtuoso of
skintight chic,
highlights
the body with
brilliant shine

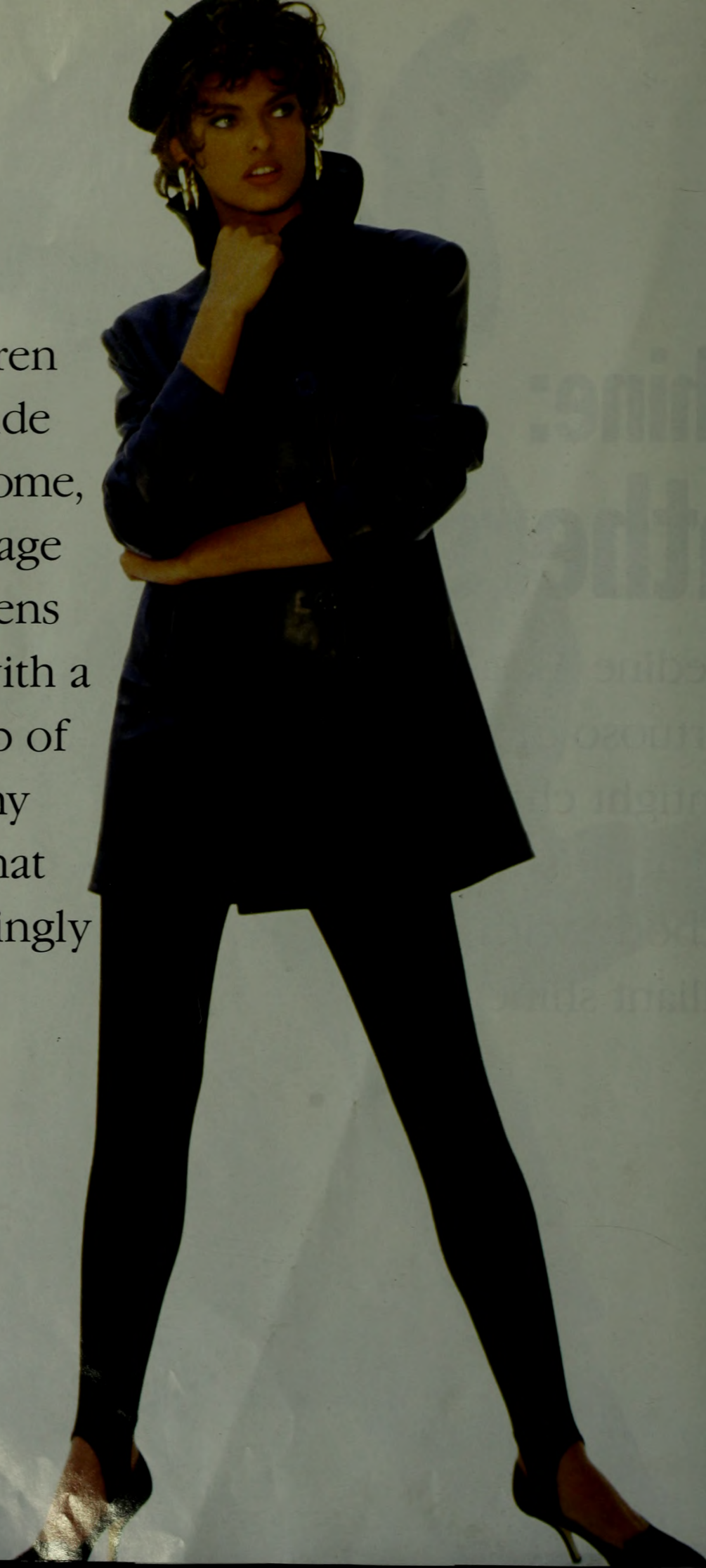


High-voltage shine and a mix-up of textures, **OPPOSITE PAGE.** Patent leather trench coat, python cap, and suede gloves by Azzedine Alaïa. Coat at Alaïa New York; Alaïa chez Gallay, Beverly Hills; Gallay, West Hollywood.

THIS PAGE: A motorcycle suit that could only be Alaïa's. The notable detail: the A-line skirt. Patent leather jacket (about \$1,860) and skirt (about \$950). Alaïa New York; Alaïa chez Gallay, Beverly Hills; Gallay, West Hollywood. These two pages: hair, Sam McKnight for Daniel Galvin at La Coupe; makeup, Mary Greenwell. Details: more stores, next pages.

Fashion Editor:
Carlyne Cerf de
Dudzele
Photographer:
Patrick
Demarchelier

Ralph Lauren
throws aside
his wholesome,
preppy image
and toughens
up his act with a
small group of
sexy, shiny
leathers that
look surprisingly
French



Taking his cue from the sailor's classic peacoat, Ralph Lauren substitutes black leather for navy wool, OPPOSITE PAGE. Cashmere stirrup pants (about \$640) and coat at Bloomingdale's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Beverly Hills. Coat also at Dayton's, Minneapolis.

THIS PAGE: The curvy top (about \$1,680) and skirt (about \$955). Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Birmingham MI, Beverly Hills.

Accentuating the eyes: L'Oréal's Couleur! Couleur! 8 Hour Eyeshadow Quad in New Desert Stone. These two pages: hair, Oribe at Elizabeth Arden The Salon; makeup, Laura Mercier. Details, last pages.



is the "Barbarella meets Drugstore Cowboy effect," says designer Patrick Cox of his thigh-high boots, OPPOSITE PAGE. About \$814. Barneys New York.

Naomi Misle gloves, about \$225. Bergdorf Goodman; Gitobet, Edgewater N.J. Belt by Genius Dilettante. THIS PAGE:

A bit of shine—gloves by Naomi Misle. About \$225.

Bergdorf Goodman; Bottega Contessa, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles.

Equally strong makeup: Shiseido Powdery

Foundation in Natural Light Ivory, lipstick in Vermeil.

Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Polly Mellen
Photographer: Oberto Gili



shine: accessories

With references to the
sixties (to Op Art
and *The Mod Squad*),
patent leather
makes a comeback



ng it

Ironically, just as real furs are beginning to look fake (with bright colors, wild patterns), faux furs are beginning to look real





Move over, leopard spots. What's dominating fake-fur collections now: solid tones of caramel and beige. **THIS PAGE:** By Byblos, about \$750. Bergdorf Goodman; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Byblos Boutique, Chevy Chase MD. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** By Norma Kamali, about \$1,350. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. In this story: hair, Kevin Mancuso for Oribe at Elizabeth Arden The Salon; makeup, Giorgio for Suga Salon, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.

faking it



Fake fur is quickly becoming an integral part of every designer's collection. Sonia Rykiel's tailored version, **THIS PAGE.**

About \$560, by Inscription Rykiel. Bergdorf Goodman; Filene's; Marshall Field's. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Comfort that gets piled on. By Randolph Duke, about \$650. Martha International; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA. Details, more stores, last pages.



“It’s plush like a teddy bear,” says Randolph Duke of his three-quarter-length faux fur coat, “and envelops you like a cocoon”





Sporty shapes done up in faux fur are glamorous enough for evenings uptown, casual enough for breakfast downtown. **THIS PAGE:** Coffee and a roll at Dean & DeLuca's in New York City's SoHo. Jacket by Krizia. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Randolph Duke's reinterpretation of the blouson. About \$595. Martha International, NYC; I. Magnin, Beverly Hills. Details, last pages.



BURGERS

**HOT
DOGS**

FEMALES

great style is never out of place.



© WILLIAM CLAYTON © 1990 BARNEYS

BARNEYS
NEW YORK

stnut hill dallas manhasset manhattan seattle short hills south coast plaza westport

Don't play it safe.

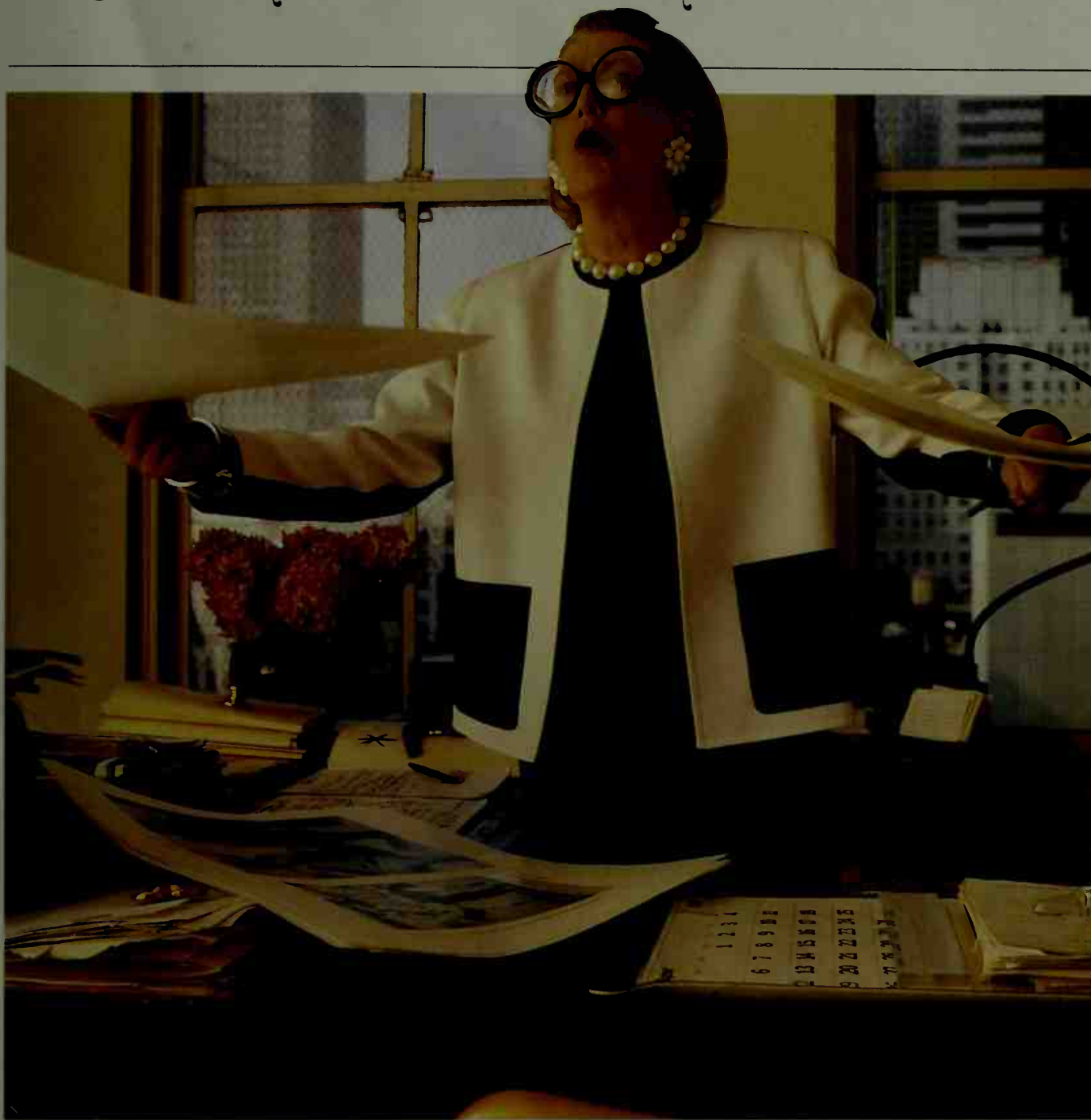


Diamonds. Catch them off guard. The Diamonds of Distinction Award honors the best in American Design. Check this page each month for the new winners. Or cheat and send for a free booklet showing the entire year's winning pieces, priced from \$2,200-\$7,500. In the U.S. and Canada, call 800 926-2700, ext. 990. A diamond is forever.

September Winners • Diamonds of Distinction

C
RIGHT
of my
the de
her tw
YOGU

Fashions of The Times



Overseeing eight supplements and fifty-two Sunday sections each year, **Carrie Donovan** is style at *The New York Times Magazine*.

JONATHAN VAN METER talks to this quintessential Fashion Person

RIGHT FROM THE GET-GO CARRIE DONOVAN TOOK CONTROL of my life. Immediately after our first phone conversation, the deputy editor for style of *The New York Times* had one of her two assistants type up a month-long itinerary of social en-

agements and work-related appointments to which I would accompany her. There were a couple of days of back-to-back meetings, an advertising luncheon at Le Cirque, a dinner for Karl Lagerfeld, a fashion benefit at Carnegie Hall, ► 634

*Chloé 60, rue du
Fg Saint-Honoré
Paris*

*Elizabeth Arden
New York*

*Bridal House
Carlyle Hotel
New York*

Chloé

*Patricia Morange
Beverly Hills*

*Ingénue
Fort Lee*

*Indiana
Palm Desert*



TALKING FASHION

Practicing what she preaches: (1) the coat Donovan wore everywhere; (2) as seen in *Vogue*, 1966.



lunch in *The New York Times* cafeteria, a tour of the *Times* building, a trot down to "the market" to visit with two designers, lunch with Isaac Mizrahi, a dinner for Christian Lacroix. More parties, more lunches, more meetings.

Donovan had her assistants call me with daily reminders of my appointments, had the *Times* historian show me a *CBS This Morning* segment in which she was featured, and had someone fetch her obituary file from the *Times*'s morgue.

A month later, when the whirl finally ended, Donovan had one of her assistants dictate a list of twenty people to interview, including a woman who lives in her building who she thought might offer an interesting "civilian" perspective on this quintessential Fashion Person. She even tried to think of some enemies: "Oh, there's got to be plenty of people who loathe me. Don't you think?"

From what is surely the only office in *The New York Times* building with leopard-print pillows, sixty-two-year-old Donovan, the most powerful and influential newspaper fashion editor in America, perhaps in the world, has been running a tarring circus for thirteen years. Fifty-two times a year she edits the fashion, men's style, home design, food, and beauty sections of the *Times*'s Sunday magazine. Eight times a year she oversees special magazine supplements. At least four times a year she reports on the American and Paris collections. And every Tuesday, Donovan writes

a chatty fashion advice box on whatever strikes her. "Those boxes are *soooo* popular," she says in her hyperbolic way. "*Noooo*body in the civilian world knows what goes into putting picture layouts together. But it's those bloody little boxes that I write in two *seconds* that people are going to remember me for."

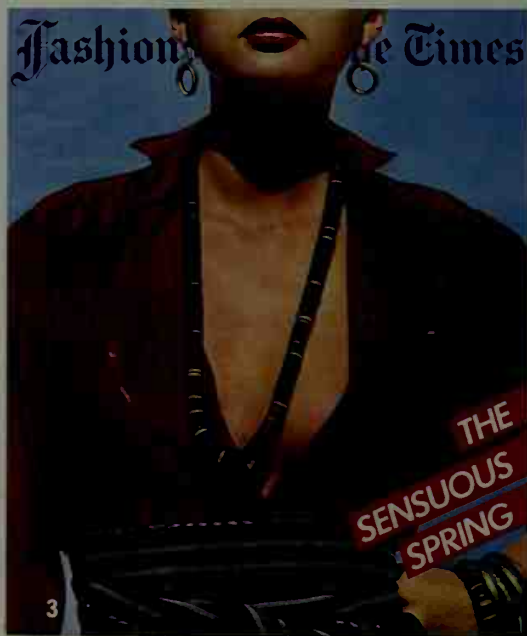
"It's a one-man band up there on the eighth floor," says Harriet Mays, a stylist who works with Donovan regularly. "She controls all of it. But there's a real heart to her dictatorial ways." Bernadine Morris, senior writer for the daily *New York Times* who has been with the paper for more than thirty years, has a historical perspective. "Before Carrie, there were fashion editors, a food editor, a home editor, and one supereditor over it all. Carrie took on all of those positions. She will be replaced by four or five people should she prove mortal like the rest of us." Says Kal Rutenstein, the fashion director of Bloomingdale's and a longtime friend of Donovan's, "She's created a power base that is unprecedented."

It is for that reason that Carrie Donovan is one of the few universally courted people in the fashion business. She is invited, it seems, to everyone's party, to everyone's house, to everyone's table. She is always front and center at the fashion shows.

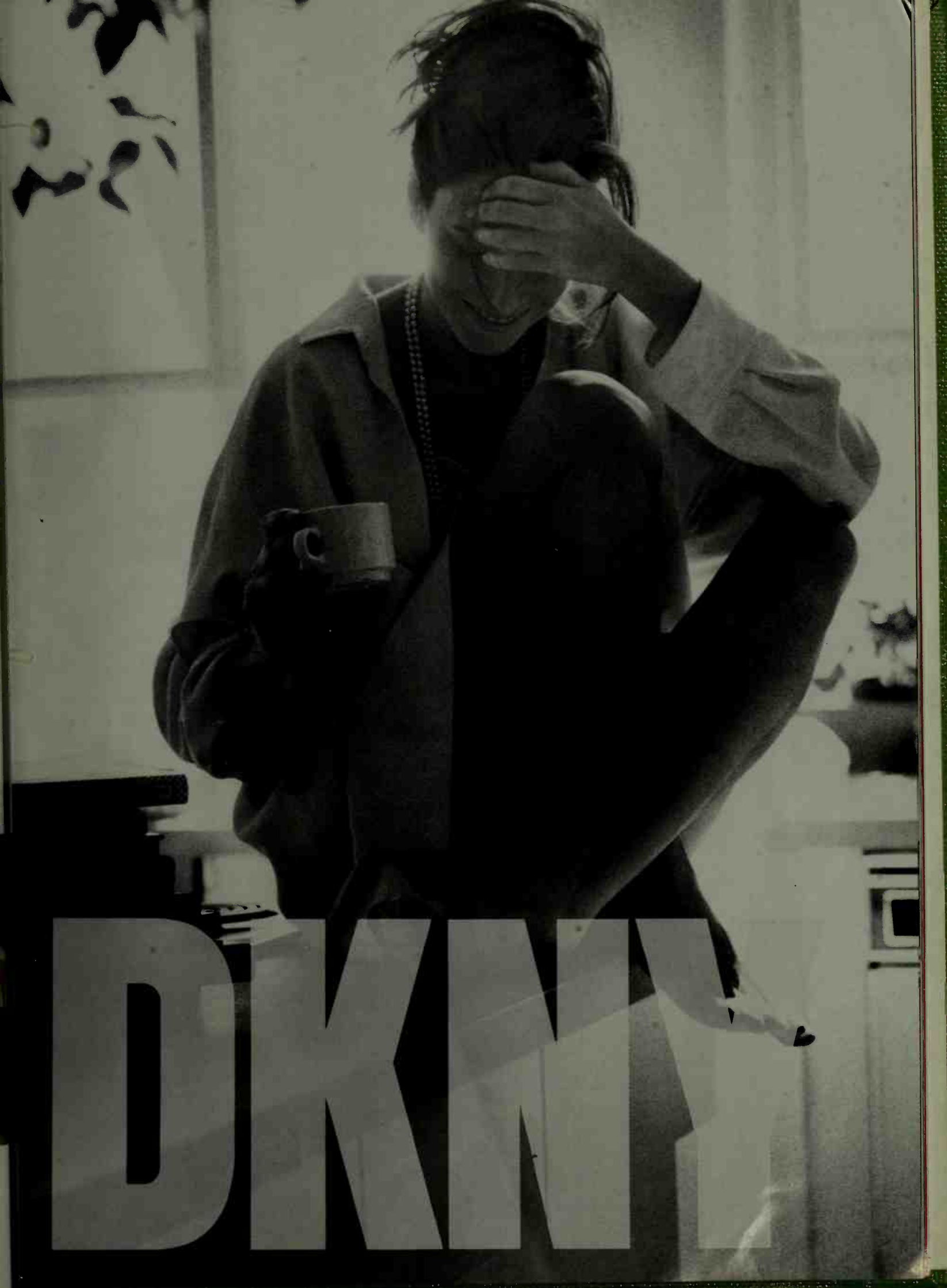
"I made this suit a few seasons ago that none of the buyers bought," says Donna Karan. "I was stuck with five thousand suits. Carrie loved it and decided to shoot the piece for the magazine. The minute the editorial came out, I sold out of it. Is that incredible? *The next day.*"

But it's not just visions of dollar signs that motivate designers to pander to Carrie Donovan. "I remember one season," continues Karan, "she wrote, 'Well, maybe we expected too much from Donna.' I didn't live up to her expectations, which was absolutely terrifying to me. Because I wanted to. I think we all want to please Carrie." Many designers crave Donovan's approval so much that they solicit precol-

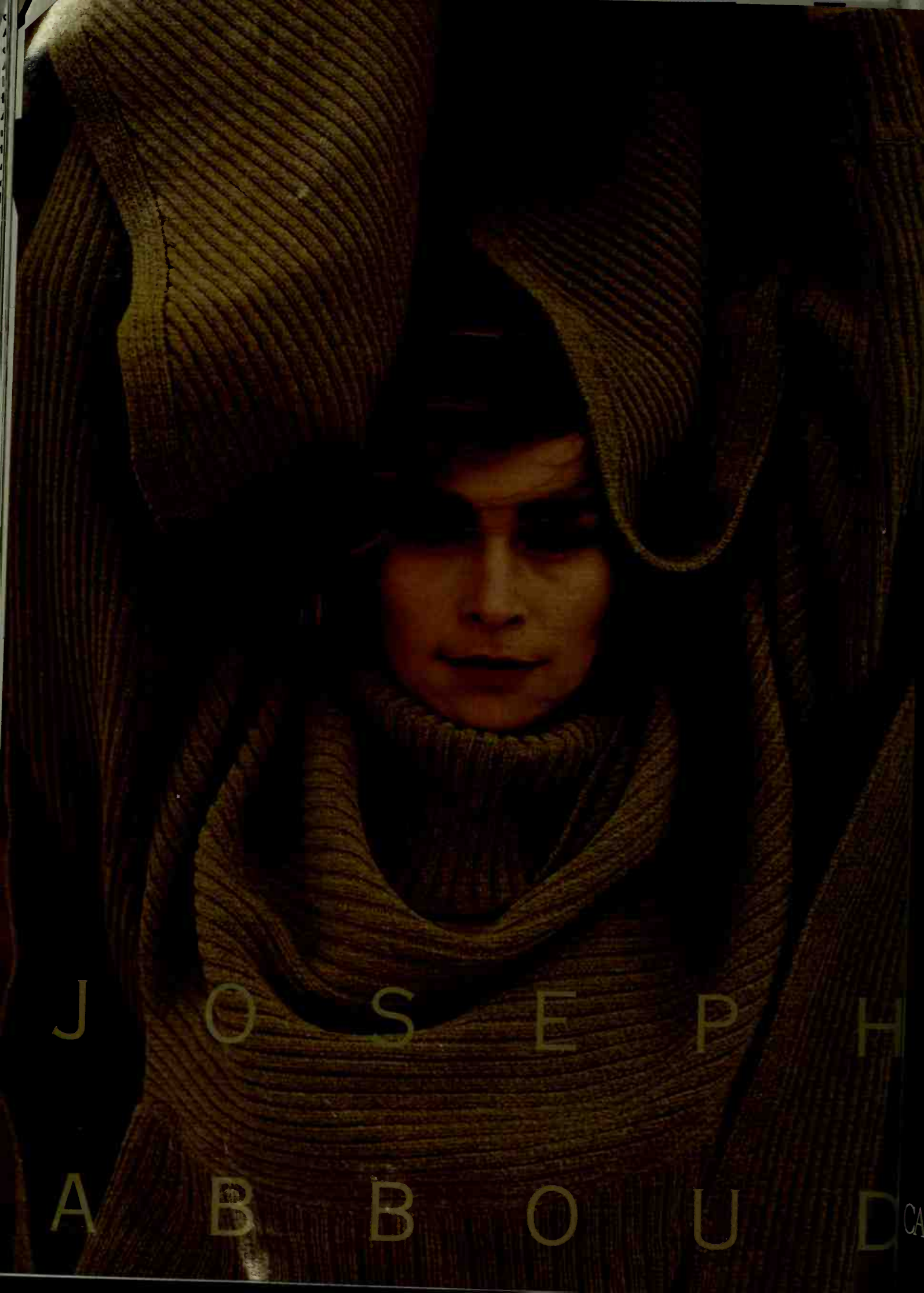
▶ 638



Everything about Donovan is big. Big hair, big accessories, and always a "big look." Her favorite seventies look (3) on the cover of *Fashions of The Times*, 1979, and (4) on Donovan.



DKNY



J O S E P H

A B B O U D

CA

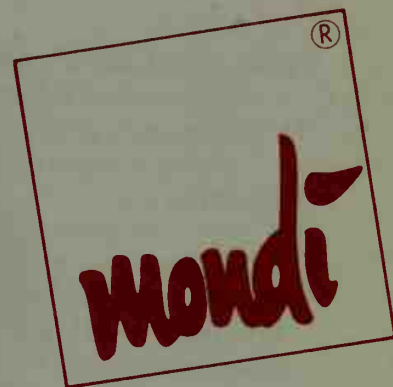


CAROLYNE ROEHM

THE ART OF



CREATING FASHION



MONDI STORES USA:
LOS ANGELES, CA, BEVERLY CENTER
CENTURY CITY • RODEO DRIVE
WOODLAND HILLS
NEWPORT BEACH, FASHION ISLAND
LA JOLLA • PALM SPRINGS, THE DESERT PLAZA
CARMEL • SANTA ANA, MAIN PLACE
CORTE MADERA, THE VILLAGE AT CORTE MADERA
SAN FRANCISCO, CROCKER GALLERIA
SAN FRANCISCO CENTER
PALO ALTO, STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER
SACRAMENTO, THE PAVILIONS
PHOENIX, AZ, BILTMORE FASHION PARK
SCOTTSDALE, THE BORGATA
LAS VEGAS, NV, THE FASHION SHOW PLAZA
DENVER, CO, CHERRY CREEK MAIL
BAL HARBOUR, FL • BOCA RATON, TOWN CENTER
FORT LAUDERDALE, GALLERIA
SARASOTA, ST. ARMAND'S CIRCLE
PALM BEACH, WORTH AVE.
PALM BEACH GARDENS, THE HARBOUR
NAPLES, FL • ATLANTA, GA, LENNOX SQUARE
DALLAS, TX, HIGHLAND PARK VILLAGE
NORTH PARK CENTER • HOUSTON, GALLERIA III
ST. LOUIS, MO, PLAZA FRONTENAC
BOSTON, MA, CHESTNUT HILL • COPLEY PLACE
CEDARHURST, NY
MANHASSET, AMERICANA SHOPPING CENTER
NEW YORK, TRUMP TOWER
HACKENSACK, NJ, RIVERSIDE SQUARE
THE MALL AT SHORT HILLS
OAKBROOK, IL, OAKBROOK SHOPPING CENTER
NORTHBROOK, NORTHBROOK COURT
CHICAGO, MICHIGAN AVENUE
TROY, MI, SOMERSET MALL
BEACHWOOD, OH
CINCINNATI, HYATT REGENCY
HILTON HEAD, SC, THE MALL AT SHELTER COVE
PITTSBURGH, PA, ONE OXFORD CENTER
THE GALLERIA AT SOUTHPOINTS
EDINA, MN, GALLERIA
NASHVILLE, TN, BELLEVUE CENTER
STAMFORD, CT, TOWN-CENTER • SEATTLE, WA
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION
PLEASE CALL 1-800-247-8960



CERTIFICATION TRADE MARK
PURE NEW WOOL

TALKING FASHION

Yves Saint Laurent's appears on the screen, she peers at Greenfield over the top of her glasses and deadpans, "This was not a good collection."

"Are you going to say it was not a good collection?" Greenfield asks.

"Yes. I am going to. It was terrible. *Terrible.*"

Or so she says. Carrie Donovan is a lot more opinionated in person than she is in print. She would never write that any collection was terrible. She's far too humane—and perhaps too close to most designers—to be that brutally honest. But she will tweak them when she sees fit. Or ignore them for a while if she doesn't like their work. And she is smart enough to know that in order to be considered good at what she does, she must have at least *one* person mad at her at all times. Ralph Lauren was "furious" when she wrote that his "women's clothes are not so slickly made. In fact . . . they seem to be made by the local dressmaker, and not by knowledgeable craftsmen . . ." And Donovan's relationship with Calvin Klein (once her constant companion) is now "prickly" because of things she's said about his collections. Once Bill Blass, one of her oldest friends, didn't speak to her for a year.

When Donovan returns to her office, she finds her assistant Mary holding a huge, tacky shoulder bag. "What is that *ghastly*-looking thing?!" she asks.

"It's a sample for our review."

"Well . . . I see," says Donovan. "Don't you think we've reviewed it?"

"We've reviewed it."

Everything about Carrie Donovan is big. Big bones. Big face. Big hair. She wears big bracelets, big pearls, *huge* glasses. And she always wears a big look. In the early fifties it was black Mainbocher (complete with falsies and white suede gloves). In the late sixties she went through her Rive Gauche period, with short bright knit Yves Saint Laurent dresses, Gucci loafers, and link belts. The early seventies was her Halston period—turbans, black silk pajamas, and tunic pants. In the eighties she had a "love affair" with Calvin Klein's black jersey turtlenecks and crepe de chine shirts with plunging V necks (showing plenty of bosom), always with lots and lots of pearls. Of late it is black cashmere crewneck sweaters, short leopard-print skirts, black pumps, and a leopard trench coat.

Even Donovan's voice is big, swooping up and down the scale, full of *wooo-hooos*, giggles, and proclamations. Her speech—peppered with fractured, demented French—is composed largely of Carrie Donovanisms. And lots of Diana Vreeland quotes.

Donovan is one of the last living editors of the Vreeland school of fashion journalism. Having worked with and idolized her for so many years, Donovan can hardly help but do an inflection-perfect imitation of Vreeland. Donovan, who writes all her copy longhand and then has

one of her assistants type it into the computer, attributes the habit to Mrs. V. "She used to say, 'Now, *Carrie*. You must never let a *machine* stand between you and creativity.'" Donovan also pays tribute by sharing Vreeland's fixation on leopard prints and the color red. "I loved Mrs. Vreeland," she says. "We were *really* good friends. God, she understood *soooo* many things. She taught me everything I know."

"Like Vreeland, Carrie understands vulgarity and surprise," says Joel Schumacher, a film director who's known Donovan since the early sixties, when he was doing windows at Bendel's. "She understands the street as well as the highest end of sophisticated couture."

Indeed she does. In one day she gave a narrated tour of Seventh Avenue, complete with an eloquent history of all the important buildings; pulled into Perry's Snack Bar, stood at the counter and put away a couple of "wienies" while

discussing with Harriet Mays—rapid-fire—business of the day and future photo shoots; then took the subway home. In for the night, she curled up in the bed of her small one-bedroom rental on Sixty-fifth Street with Chinese takeout, a glass of wine, and MTV. A couple of nights later, in a white sequined Bill Blass jacket and Karl Lagerfeld dress, she took a limo to a benefit at Carnegie Hall and sat in a box with Oscar de la Renta, Nancy Kissinger, and some foreign aristocrat. At the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel reception afterward, she kissed and fussed over Ivana Trump, Jerome Zipkin, and Adrienne Vittadini, sat down to dinner, and plucked asparagus off a plate with her hands long before anyone was seated.

"She's a diva," says Mays. "An old marvelous glam fashion lady. And they don't really make them like her anymore."

Carolyn Gertrude Amelia Donovan was born in Lake Placid, New York, in 1928. She never met her father: "He was removed from the household by the time I arrived." She and her older sister were raised by their grandparents. When Donovan was thirteen, her mother ("quixotic Margaret") moved her two daughters to Queens. Unhappy with the high school there, Donovan chose one in Manhattan and enrolled herself. A year later she entered Parsons School of Design, eventually ending up in the Paris division. By 1950 she was making the rounds of Manhattan's junior houses, designing dresses. Chessy Rayner, then a fashion editor at *Ladies Home Journal*, ran a full-page editorial on one of her dresses, "a black rayon crepe sheath with a black-and-white houndstooth bolero." It was Donovan's only realized moment as a dress designer—and more significantly, her first exposure to the fashion press.

"Even when I was a child," Donovan says, "I always knew I was going to be a dress designer. There was nothing, I mean *nothing* in our life that could have led ▶ 646

**Carrie Donovan
is a lot more
opinionated in
person than she
is in print**



OBOLI
British Columbia, Canada

MATTINA
Mexico City, Mexico

A DIFFERENCE
New York City

OUR TOI
New York City

VENDY CHERRY
Ontario, Canada

PRADA MODA SPA
VIA ADRIATICA 16
MILANO - TEL. (02) 8717

SHOW-ROOM
VIA SANT'ANDREA 21
MILANO - TEL. (02) 792398

PRADA USA INC.
860 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK - TEL. (212) 2454860



PURE WOOL

COMPLICE



BOJ

McSuzara



joan vass usa®

Neiman Marcus

Women
are the
inspiration...

Beauty,
the dream...

Integrity
the reward.

Eli T...

macy's



TOLEDANO
BELTS

TOLEDANO BELTS, ACCESSORIES & HANDBAGS
330 FIFTH AVE., SUITE 604 NEW YORK, NY 10001 TEL: 212-911-9122

TALKING FASHION

me to this. We really lived like farm people, upstanding poor people." When Donovan was in second grade her great-aunt Hattie introduced her to the *Daily News*. "I was all of seven or eight," says Donovan, "and I was following this story of the Duke of Windsor and this American woman in the paper. I knew it was glamorous, you see. So I designed a trousseau for the Duchess of Windsor on my paper-doll paper."

She also had a "glamorous" uncle Craig. "He married a South American woman named Jackie and they lived in Palm Beach. The first time he brought her home to meet the family, she had just gotten off the boat from Europe, and they came with her steamer trunk. That was my first glimpse of anything luxurious. She had furs, and everything smelled of perfume, and she had satin lingerie. She had these wonderful charm bracelets." Donovan clasps both her hands to her chest. Breathing deeply, she closes her eyes and lets out a big sigh. "Ahhh. Right then, I knew this was going to be my life."

After several days of prodding, Carrie Donovan finally invites me to her apartment. Like Donovan, the apartment is odd, charming, cozy, and very, very busy. The foyer is painted red, and the entire place is carpeted in leopard. The living room is choked with pillowy furniture, a forest of plants, and an orange tulipy print fabric that covers nearly everything: the furniture, the walls, even the tables. Though the sun is beaming outside, the shades are pulled, and we sit in strange, artificial darkness.

The phone rings. It is Carrie's sister reporting that their mother is in the ground. "Mother's ashes are now in the family plot," says Donovan after she hangs up. "Margaret cooled in January." Not two seconds later, the phone rings again. It is a friend named Todd. "First of all," she says into the receiver, looking at me, "I've allowed him in my house. Now you know what that means. You know how few people are allowed in my house."

Carrie Donovan is famously private. "I grew up in a real New England family," she says, "and you did not display your emotions. You did your job, you went through whatever tortures or pleasures you went through, and you didn't carry on about them." Donovan is probably one of the only editors in New York who does not have an answering machine—partly because she hates machinery, partly because she never takes her work home, and partly because she doesn't like to talk on the phone. Perhaps that is why there is barely a word of gossip circulating about Donovan: she herself dishes very little. One editor tells a story of Donovan going under the knife for a face-lift and, half-way through the surgery with only one side lifted, her heart stopping. (Carrie laughs at the gossip and explains that she "died" on the table.) Helen Gurley Brown, the editor of *Cosmopolitan* and a famous gossip, speaks only of one affair that Donovan had (to which Donovan freely admits). "She is *not* known," says Brown, "to have her toes in the air."

"She's married to her work," says Joel Schumacher, with whom she's been extremely close for several years. "But she's always been in love. She's a very passionate, romantic ▶ 650

**Her speech—
peppered with
demented French—
is a language
made up largely
of Carrie
Donovanisms**

*Women
are the
inspiration...*

*Beauty,
the dream...*

*Integrity,
the reward.*

Eli Tolédano



macy's
BULLOCK'S



TOLÉDANO
HANDBAGS

HANDBAGS, BELTS & ACCESSORIES 330 FIFTH AVE, SUITE 604, NEW YORK, NY 10001 TEL: 212-971-9122



KAHN & PARTNERS Ph. Veronique Vuif

FRANCINE BROWNER

T H E S P I R I T O F S T Y L E

PARISIAN

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT

MAISON BLANCHE

Women
are the
inspiration...

Beauty,
the dream...

Integrity,
the reward.

Eli Toledano

Eli Toledano

**FOLEY'S
ROBINSON'S**



TOLEDANO
ACCESSORIES

TALKING FASHION

person. Just because someone hasn't been married doesn't mean she's led a loveless life."

Carrie Donovan never married because "it just never happened. Oh, I went through a long period of time, as all women do, of wanting to be. Then I didn't want to. Today I certainly wouldn't want to be married. I'm too independent."

Donovan's most important friend died a few years ago of lung cancer. "He was a very funny Irish guy. I used to say to him, 'You can't have this. We are going to grow old together.'" More recently she's endured another loss. "My friend Robert was the center of my life for the last few years," she says. "But since his death, I've been in transition again. Now there is no center."

On her own for so many years, Donovan has forced herself to find that center—again and again. "I am not an insecure person," she says. "Never have been. Perhaps it would have done me some good. I remember Joel said to me once, 'I just wish we both hadn't been born with this idea that we're the elite. Our lives, Carrie, would be so much simpler if we didn't think we were better than other people.' And God, I am so impatient. I can't bear people who don't do what they're supposed to do or toe the line. And I'm very demanding—I expect people to do what I do. I'm not interested in them if they don't."

Carrie Donovan—who works twice as hard as people half her age—continues to take on more and more as she gets older. Greenfield, her boss, wants her to write as much as she's willing to. So she does. "He loves my opinion," she says. "And I love that. I have all these things to say, so I might as well say them."

Still, writing at length does not come easy. "Layouts, editing, that's catnip. But *writing* . . ." It is the hardest part of her job because Donovan is, at heart, a designer. A Fashion Person. "I am intensely visual," she says. "In an eight-minute subway ride I have life stories invented for three people." Beautiful things, pictures, fashion—that is what thrills Carrie Donovan. That is what keeps her going.

"I keep thinking that Vreeland was able to go on as long as she did because her mind was so fertile. Oh, God, I hope I'm like Vreeland. I have all of this that goes on inside. I dream every single time I go to sleep. I dream wonderful dreams, always in Technicolor. They're *marvelous* adventures. People who dream are wildly creative people. Dreams are my blessing."

It is near midnight, and as I leave Donovan's apartment so that she may dream her dreams, I feel, for the first time in a month, out of her clutches. But not for long. In a few days she is on the phone, suggesting angles for the story, telling me things she forgot to mention, and more insistently, art directing the layout as if it were her own. Right up to the last minute and down to the last detail, Carrie Donovan wants to have her finger in the pie, trying always to remain in control. ●

**Diana Vreeland
convinced
Donovan to toss
out her
typewriter:
"Now, Carrie.
You must never
let a machine
stand between
you and
creativity"**

TALKING... ► 652



See
Eyewear Designed
by

Cheryl King

for
The TotalLook®

Available at these fine stores:

- OPTICAL WORLD**
Stamford, CT • Bridgewater, NJ • Rockaway, NJ
- SINGER/SPECS DISCOUNT VISION CENTERS**
DE • NJ • PA 20 locations
- VISION LAND/ONE HOUR VISION CARE**
Jensen/Port Lucie, FL (407) 692-1188
Stuart, FL (407) 286-7788
Vero Beach, FL (407) 770-2020
- BRAINTREE VISION ASSOCIATES**
Braintree, MA (617) 848-2020
- MAINE PROFESSIONAL OPTICIANS**
All Maine locations (207) 622-5751
- BANGOR OPTICAL CENTER**
Bangor, ME (207) 947-3200
- MARK S. VARNUM, O.D.**
Fort Fairfield, ME (207) 473-7569
- AMERICAN LIFESTYLE OPTICS**
Dover, NH (603) 749-2094
- AMERICAN EYECARE EXPRESS**
Laconia, NH (603) 527-1100
- POWERHOUSE OPTICAL**
W. Lebanon, NH (603) 298-9775
- HIGGINS OPTICAL**
All North Jersey Locations (201) 839-1865
- PROGRESSIVE VISION**
Clinton, NJ (201) 735-0911
- DR. DENNIS BRUDER, O.D.**
Elizabeth, NJ (201) 352-2186
- HILLSBORO OPTICAL SHOPPE**
Hillsboro, NJ (201) 874-3537
- NORTH JERSEY EYECARE**
Lakeland Plaza • Newfoundland, NJ (201) 697-8100
- LEVINSON EYE CARE CENTER**
Montville, NJ (201) 263-8000
- COHENS FASHION OPTICAL**
Quackerbridge Mall • Lawrenceville, NJ (609) 799-8380
- COHENS FASHION OPTICAL**
Rockaway Mall, NJ (201) 366-2072
- COHENS FASHION OPTICAL**
Call for location nearest you. (212) 586-6295
- WAVERLY PLAZA VISION CENTER, INC.**
Patchogue, NY (516) 475-4426
- KEVIN S. GUILFOYLE OPTICIANS**
Vernon, NJ • Warwick, NY (914) 986-7766
- SOUTHERN PINES OPTICIANS**
Statesville, NC (704) 872-6369
- EAST COAST OPTICAL USA**
PA 4 locations (717) 757-5632
- TOTAL VISION CARE**
Eastern and Central PA (215) 670-5560
- SUGERMANS OPTICAL DEPARTMENT**
Eynon, PA (717) 876-4372
- VISION WORLD**
Harrisburg, PA (717) 657-7717
- WEBER EYE ASSOCIATES**
Harrisburg, PA (717) 652-7710
- DRS. RAWDIN AND SZYMALA, O.D.'S**
Pottstown, PA (215) 323-8007
- VISION WORLDS**
Douglas Drug, RI (401) 463-6696
- TRI-CITY OPTICIANS**
All TN locations (615) 282-1932
- TRI-CITY OPTICIANS**
All VA locations (800) 572-6244
- DR. B. DANIEL JASON, INC.**
Danville, VA (804) 793-2020
- DRS. DOCTOR AND BESSEL O.D.'S**
Norfolk, VA (804) 461-3101

WELLING INTERNATIONAL
65 BIC DRIVE, MILFORD, CT 06460

VOGUE SEPTEMBER 1990

The TotalLook[®]
by
Cheryl Tiegs[™]



**At
Work**
CT41 CLASSIC

**And
Play**
Cheryl Tiegs #36

PROFESSIONAL OPTICIANS
All Maine Locations

HERN PINES OPTICIANS
Statesville, NC



TALKING FASHION

Wild colors, textures, and more spangles than a show girl—**stockings** have come out of the closet. VICKI WOODS tries the new offerings, checks her seams, and tells us which “have legs”

UNTIL THIS FALL, I COULD HAVE SWAPPED THE contents of my stocking drawer with those of any woman in America who isn't over six feet and built like a linebacker. Matte black Lycra, glossy black Lycra, and sheer black Lycra: who needed anything else to get her through the day? And the evening? It was very restrained and severe and modern, my stocking drawer. All that black rolled up in neat balls like baby seals and as uniform as the Red Army.

Not anymore. Perestroika has finally hit panty hose, and you, like me and President Gorbachev, are going to have to come to terms with the effects of individualism and free choice. My, there'll be some colorful headaches ahead: I'm gazing at lilac, fuchsia, peacock, periwinkle, scarlet, silver.

I've divided the new stockings into half a dozen categories. *Sheer wisps of blush* are the newest of all. Your legs will look as though there's nothing on them but

your own silky porcelain skin with a brushful of translucent powder fluffed on top. These stockings are the most revolutionary. In the packets, they look unflatteringly like your grandmother's bloomers, but when you put them on, you'll skip and dance because they're *so* pretty. I tried Ralph Lauren's Lycra Ultra Sheer in Soft Beige (\$11), which are sheer perfection. They feel as soft as kid gloves, cling like a spider's web, and shine very, very slightly, so the effect is like dipping your finger in a pot of face powder. Hanes Ultra Silk in Soft Peach are far cheaper at \$5.95, and almost as nice, but don't have quite such a brilliantly silky texture. Best of all, and as delicious-looking as an almond cookie, are Fogal Louvre 227 in Visage—a pale, pale baby's fingernail pink. These are eight-denier lace-top stockings that stay up without a garter belt (delicate bands of stretchy plastic nestle under the lace tops), and they achieve that goal pretty well all day.

► 654

For some people, the fun of driving a Ford Mustang extends above and beyond its classic performance. Enter the Ford Mustang LX Convertible. We topped it off with a power convertible roof that's as exhilarating to open up as its feisty 2.3L engine. While standard features like power windows, power locks, and power mirrors make this the ideal car whether you're unwinding roads or just plain unwinding.

Ford Mustang LX Convertible. It's an open invitation to raise the roof.

Best-built American cars.

The best-built American cars are built by Ford.

This is based on an average of consumer-reported problems in a series of surveys of all Ford and competitive '81-'89 models designed and built in North America. At Ford, "Quality Job 1."

All 1990 Mustangs are equipped with a driver air bag supplemental restraint system.

Ford Mustang LX Convertible

For those who like to raise the roof every now and then.



Buckle up—together we can save lives.

Have you driven a Ford...lately?



TALKING FASHION

ETIQUETTE
CHARLOTTE FORD'S
GUIDE TO
MODERN MANNERS

From the squash court to weddings to office politics, you'll know how to handle contemporary situations with Etiquette: Charlotte Ford's Book of Modern Manners. More than 500 pages of entries provide answers for gracefully managing every occasion.

Now available at a 20% savings off the bookstore price of \$19.95. To order, send check or money order for \$15.95 plus \$2 shipping to: The Conde Nast Collection, Dept. 560003, P.O. Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336 or

Call Toll-free 800-542-8200

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Residents of NY, CA, CO, GA, IL, KY, MI, MA, IA please add sales tax.

PAGE BOY
MATERNITY

Exclusive maternity designs featuring natural fibers and innovative styling for this Fall and Holiday season. Send \$2.50 for catalogue, or charge by calling 1-800-225-3103.

From Texas call collect 214-951-0055.
8918 Governors Row, Dallas, Texas 75247

•NOW OPEN IN MANHATTAN•
229 East 60th at 3rd
(212) 755-2011

•NOW OPEN IN PALM BEACH, FLORIDA•
The Gardens Mall
(407) 775-0040

Texture is another category: you'll have tweedy-looking tights, fishnets, lace, schoolgirl ribs. I tried Calvin Klein Ribknit (\$12) in Sable, a rich dark brown; they are deeply unprepossessing in the packet but wonderful on, clingy and cozy to wear and svelte and velvety to look at. These are the kind of expensive matte stockings that you see on the fur-clad fashionable *signore* of Milan. I expected similar results from Giorgio Armani's shades-of-brown tweed pattern tights (\$22) but was disappointed. They looked puzzlingly cheap on and felt like a hair shirt. Hue's Net Tights (fishnet, \$18.50) are horrid. Fishnet is bad enough, but fishnet with a crooked seam is worse.

Gloss is either sheer, in flesh tones, or in shades of gray, barely black, or almost-solid color with a polish to it. Many of the glossy stockings have lots of Lycra for fit—which can lead to the one disadvantage: most feel rather constricting, like a wet suit. Givenchy's Body Gleamers, which have a very high gloss, also have an ugly control top and a comfortless feel; but then again they are only \$6. I like Fogal's Ronda 525 in Sable (actually pale beige), and so should anybody for \$79 a pair. The fit is fabulous, the cling is second skin, the gleam is lustrous, and the well-tailored seams stay in place.

Metallic shimmer is achieved by a mass of brilliant sequins, Lurex mesh, or nylon delicately shot with gold or silver. This is when you'll have to remember what English nannies always say when they comb their little charges' curls: pride's painful. There is nothing cozy about knitted metal. Accept that and you'll be the belle of the ball. Caroline Glitz in Lurex panty hose (\$23) are prosaically called Blue, but they're actually a dazzling peacock color that glitters fabulously. For knitted metal (actually, it says 100 percent nylon on the packet) they fit over the ankle pretty well, too. E. G. Smith Socks' silver Lurex tights are clingier over the knee and ankle, but uncomfortable. And as for Hue's slither of scarlet sequins! Well, I was desperate to get these on: they were the most exciting things I'd seen since I came out of short socks. But they are like a Marine assault course to pull up and were *seamed up the back* after the fabric was sequined, so all down the seam there are little half circles of sequins pressing into your flesh like fingernails. When I took them off after only a half hour my legs looked as though I'd been dragged through a hedge backward.

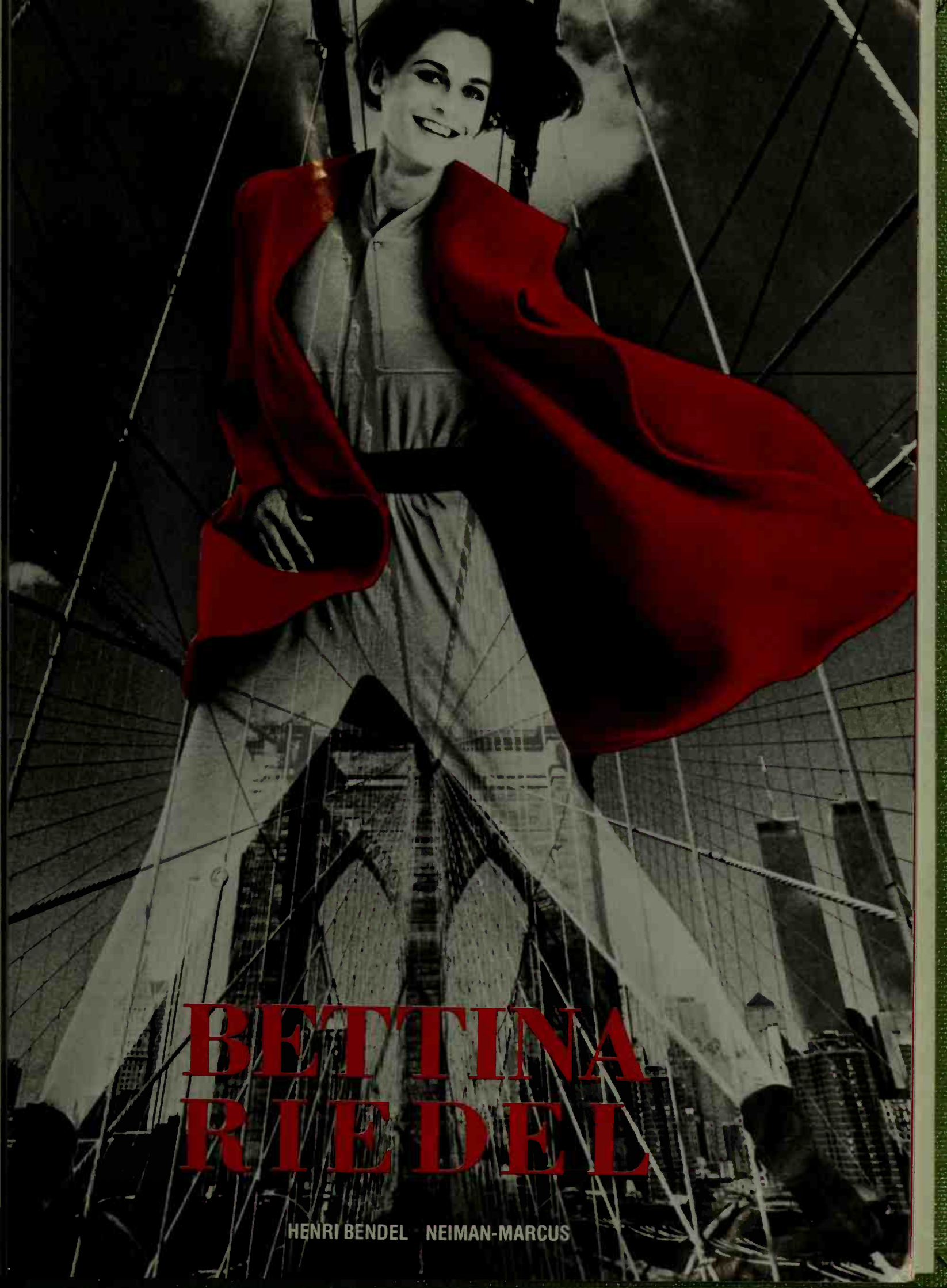
Matte color is as near as you're going to get this fall to that drawerful of black Lycra basics. How do you feel about lilac? In matte colors nobody holds a candle to Donna Karan. Her DKNY Opaque Coverage tights (\$10.50) come in grown-up colors; they're so cozy you want to sleep in them.

And finally, *spangles*. Hue's Jet Tights in rich, russety brown covered with tiny jet beads made my mouth water. Once I had them on, they made my eyes run: there are spangles under the soles of the feet! Tiny spangles, it's true—so it's not as bad as walking around with dried peas in your shoes. Only *nearly* as bad. Whereas Fogal's San Remo 500, sprinkled with little rhinestones, are properly designed to leave the spangles off the soles of your feet and inner thighs (so you can cross your legs in comfort). But it'll cost you \$150 for such forethought.

One thing is certain. You'll need a bigger drawer. ●

**Pride's painful:
there is nothing
cozy about
knitted metal**

TALKING...▶ 656



BETTINA RIEDEL

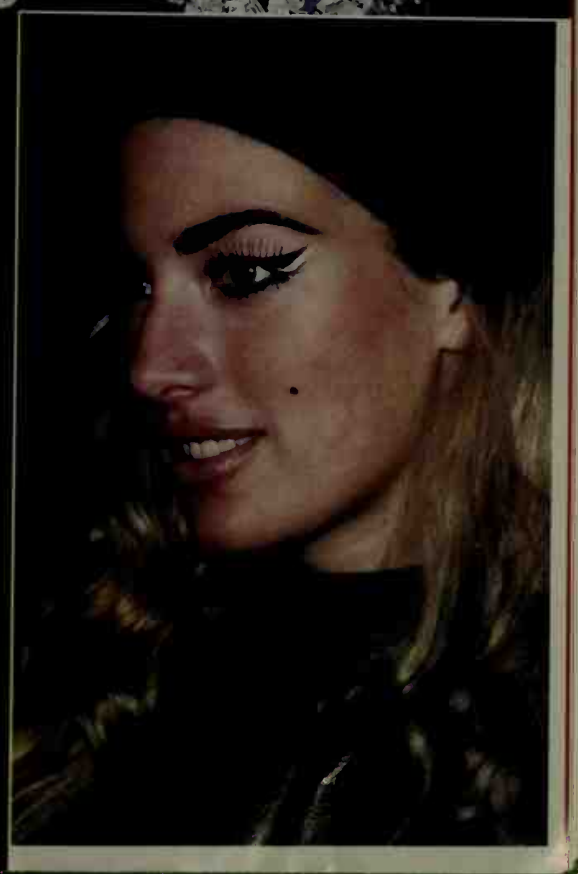
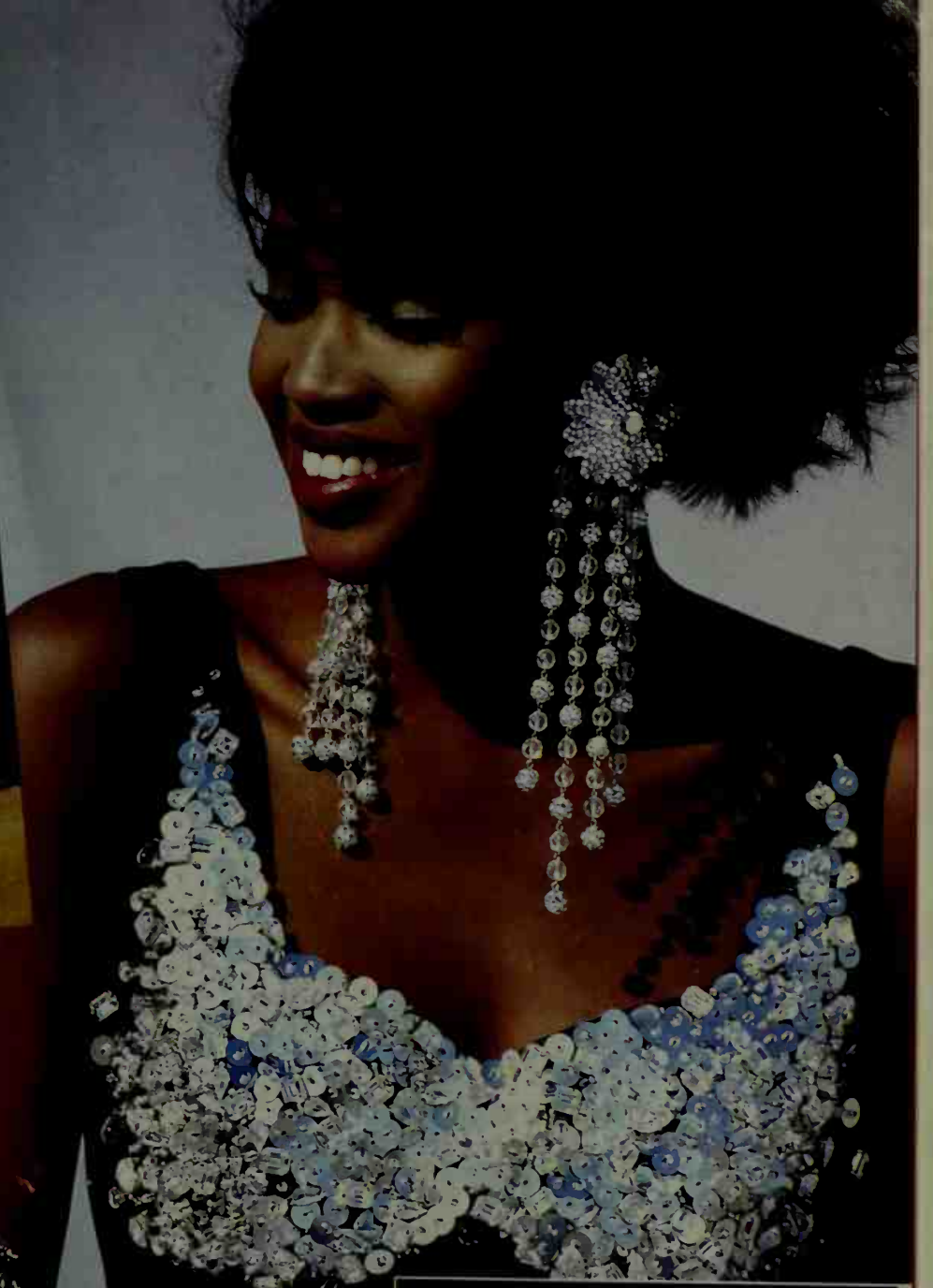
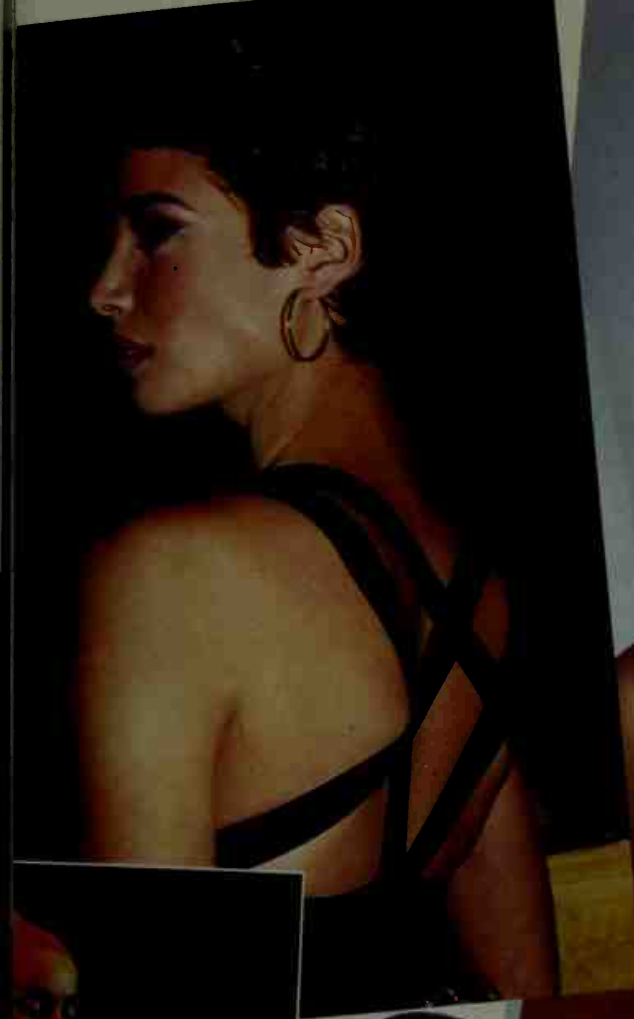
HENRI BENDEL NEIMAN-MARCUS

TALKING FASHION

Calling all Marilyn and Madonna wannabes . . . it's the great **fake out**. False eyelashes, hairpieces, and beauty marks dot the fashion-landscape— as models and celebs give the high-drama look mass appeal



Everybody's faking it, from Azzedine Alaïa—who chose outré lashes and a tousled wig for Linda Evangelista, **LEFT**, to wear on the runway—to Chanel, whose models, **ABOVE**, wore long falls at the ready-to-wear collections. Did Madonna start it with her looks in perpetual motion? **CLOCKWISE FROM CENTER RIGHT:** Madonna with her *Blond Ambition* fall; extra lashes and a beauty spot for model Christy Turlington; larger-than-life lashes, a wig, and knockout earrings on Naomi Campbell; spiderlike lashes and a phony spot for Elaine Irwin; Daryl Hannah with counterfeit bland fall; Thierry Mugler's model with sixties-influenced wig; Dianne Brill transformed with a false blond bob. TALKING . . . ▶ 658



frock around the clock

I CAME OF AGE AT A TIME WHEN FASHION AND NONFASHION were like church and state—although no one could decide which was which—and because I was a writer, I was rigorously nonfashion. It just went with the territory. In fact, a photographer friend once asked why I wanted to be a writer, since they were the least cute, and the worst dressed, of all creative types.

Now fashion is the rock and roll of the nineties. Look at Madonna: lip sync on her collar. Her Gaultier bra as big a star as she is. And writers who thought fashion infra dig are hustling invitations to the fashion shows. Which is how I found myself amid the kind of mob I'd last seen at a Grateful Dead concert. A little better dressed. A little worse behaved.

The show itself was not unlike a Dead concert. You fought to get a seat, then stood up—not dancing in the aisles but wriggling for a better view of the celebrities. (I had my eyes peeled for Susan Sontag.) Then you waited. And waited some more. Editors from rival publications avoided each other's basilisk gazes, and I was reminded of Roland Barthes's remark "Boredom might be my form of hysteria."

Finally it began. Loud blaring music. Sandra Bernhard screaming. Dozens of outfits whirling down the runway, each, like a Dead tune, virtually indistinguishable from the next, yet each capable of inspiring a reaction, be it stony silence or a wild flap of applause. Like a Dead concert, it seemed to go on forever.

Making my escape, I ran into a friend who had a knowing smile on her face and a notebook of sketches. "Help," I said. "I have no idea what I was looking at. Why was the pink coat great—the blue one awful? I didn't know when to clap."

"You should have been in Paris a few seasons back," she sighed. "A simple black dress had grown men weeping."

I had long suspected that the new male sensitivity had its roots in Seventh Avenue. But weeping? Over a dress?

"Not for the dress," she said, only a soupçon impatiently. "For the seamstresses who put in thousands of tiny stitches." I pondered this aspect of worker solidarity for a moment.

"You're not a Fashion Person," pronounced my friend, who is.

This was not the first time I had been thus dismissed. It is the put-down of the moment. So I was eager to know exactly what defined a Fashion Person. I mean, I've yet to meet a dress that made me cry. Hoping my friend could deconstruct the evening, I offered to buy her a drink, and we walked up-town a few blocks, she canting forward on her high heels in that precipitous gait peculiar to people with too much style and too little time.

"I never took drugs," Fashion Person said demurely when we'd settled ourselves, "but it's like taking drugs."

"Well, I'd never been to a fashion show," I riposted wittily, "but I have taken drugs, so that much I understand."

"Fashion is about constant change."

"You mean like 'Brown is the new black'?"

Fashion Person rolled her eyes.

"I recently learned that jewelry is seasonal," said I, eager to get with it. "And here I've been, month in and month out wearing the same old watch, the same three rings."

Maybe fashion is less like drugs than, say, French-kissing. An acquired taste. But looked at objectively, it's ludicrous. I was about to mention this insight to Fashion Person, but I was distracted by the group at the next table gesturing excitedly.

"That hat . . . and those flowers . . ." A young man waved his hands, then looked annoyed when a waiter appeared.

"Something other," one woman said.

"Something other than," said the other.

"Yes," said the man. "Yes."

This I recognized as the language of fashion. A normal sentence. Hold the verb. Clearly a Fashion Person can do without certain parts of speech as easily as a Nonfashion Person can do without seasonal accessories. But what else? I had much to learn, and it would take more time than afforded by a few glasses of mineral water. Besides, one reason writers like covering fashion is that fashion magazines have nice expense accounts.

"It's like," Fashion Person said through a mouthful of broiled chicken, "you can take a person and . . . and . . . totally change her image. It's like a blank canvas."

This I could relate to. My first job was at a fashion magazine, answering reader queries from mothers who thought that their daughters (see photo enclosed) had what it took to be a model. It was up to me to ruin their lives by explaining that one thick eyebrow might work for Frida Kahlo but . . . Or answering calls like the one from a lady who said, "I'm in a phone booth in Saks, and I can't decide whether to buy the brown pumps or the blue ones." I'm kind of sorry I put that lady on hold for twenty years. But I'm paying for it now—

"What is the difference," I asked Fashion Person, "between a Chanel addict and a Hell's Angel in full colors? Why is it that when someone on the street wraps rags around her head she's a vagrant—and when a sittings editor does it she's a Fashion Person? And when," I said, smirking, "is Ralph Lauren going to be 'inspired' by the Hasidim?"

"Fashion," she replied, stony-faced, "is about the relationship between status and the status quo."

But I was on a roll. Enigmatic remarks meant nothing to me. I had finally realized what Fashion People are: a freaky combination of the sentimental (weeping? over a dress?) and the brutal. Like theater people. Or alcoholics. And so, emboldened by caffeine, I asked the question that preys on the nonfashion mind: "Do you laugh at us behind our backs?"

Fashion Person pulled at the knees of her Pucci tights while her eyes darted, quick as a serpent's tongue, to my shoes.

"Yes," she said.

I suppose it's only fair. Writers have become the presidents of various emerging countries. Until a Fashion Person is elected, I rest my case. ●

**The
latest
in
pleasure**



**Menthol
100s**
Light,
refreshing
new
menthol

**Regular
100s**
Smooth
and delicate
non-menthol
blend

TALKING PARTIES



Wedding belle: Inès in Saint Laurent with Luigi

Former supermodel Inès de La Fressange walks off the runway and up the aisle



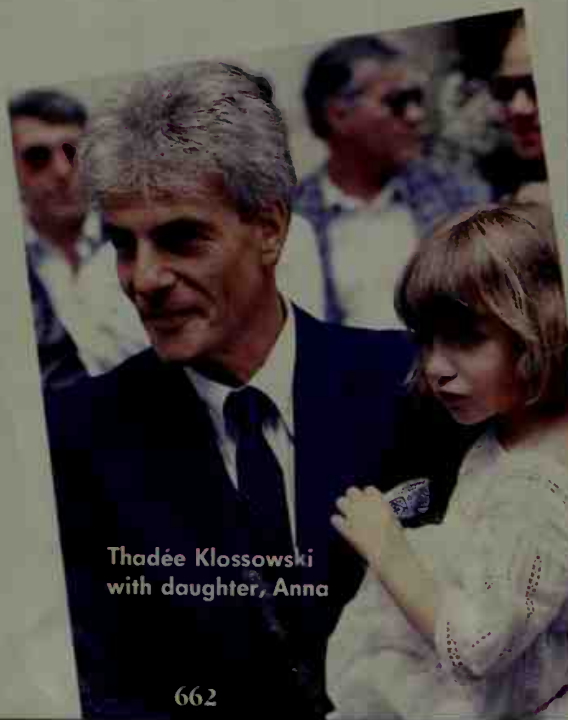
Christian and Françoise Lacroix



Princess Caroline of Monaco



Suitable the chic



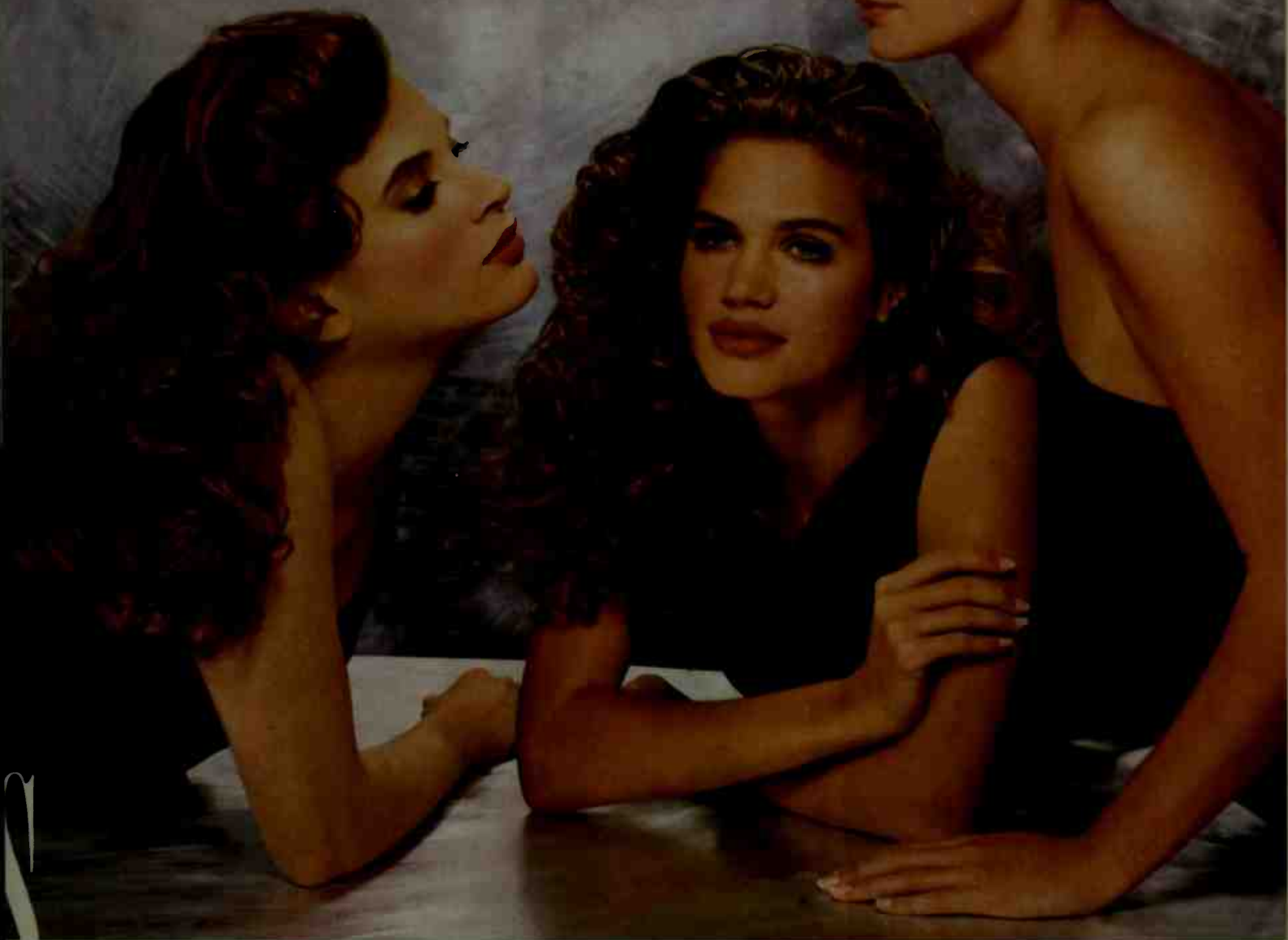
Thadée Klossowski with daughter, Anna

At her Paris nuptials to financier Luigi d'Urso, the bride was a one-woman fashion show: she greeted guests before the ceremony in Lanvin, was married in an Yves Saint Laurent suit, and later danced at the reception in a poufy floor-length dress designed especially for the occasion by Christian Lacroix. ●



Louisa de La Falaise Klossowski with bridal attendants

INTRODUCING THE STYLERS



STATE-OF-THE-ART CONTROL FROM JHIRMACK

Now you can have more hold—even more styling power—whether your look is gravity-defying or soft and natural. The new Jhirmack® Stylers Collection is customized to provide just the right level of hold—no matter what your style.

Like new **Fast Freeze™**—the unique spray that works instantly for looks that last. And new **Ultimate Hold**—to keep even the hardest-to-hold styles perfectly beautiful.

The new Jhirmack Stylers with improved hold. State-of-the-art gels, spritzes, mousses and hair sprays that give you precisely the control you need for the styles you love.

Jhirmack®



VERSACE

(Continued from page 545)

and customer Elton John. One of his idols is Tina Turner. "She has such verve. She made me crazy when I saw her."

Clearly, he loves the stars—and they love his house. Collins, Clapton, George Michael, and Don Johnson are among those who have stayed there, but Versace says, "More than the house is the way we talk at it. We spent the night talking with Sting, all the night talking about things, who is moral, who is not, about literature and things like that. I like to have artists as guests. You know, I need new vision, new emotion."

When he can't find vision at Lake Como, Versace hits the road—to Turkey, to Japan, to the Sudan, to Vietnam. "Vietnam was one of the greatest trips. I stayed there twenty days. I went to Saigon, to Hanoi, to where the old capital is like the Forbidden City in China. It is an unbelievable place—the culture of these people, the simplicity, I adore." In America Versace took a month and drove from New York to Los Angeles "in a big American car." "I did the really simple western cities. I slept in a motel. I saw all the faces of America, the Indians. I went to Aspen, Colorado, Las Vegas. Let's get lost sometimes—I need that."

But it is in the desert, in Egypt, he says, where he really gets lost. "I spent sixteen days sleeping in the temple—I built my little tent close to the pyramid. You know, in the night in the moonlight we danced rock and roll in the middle of the desert, and no one could see us. If I could make a suggestion to friends, I'd say go there, please. You really cannot believe how free you get."

The travel, the friendships, the almost frenzied soaking up of the culture—any culture—are what Versace says enables him to do his craft. "You need a life. Inspiration is something you have to have inside. If not it can be dangerous." He scoffs at designers who "put a Picasso jacket on a woman," who dress women "like Russian peasants. What I hate about designers is when they get inspiration from a Greek vase, they just put the vase on you. That is ridiculous and I think women who accept that are stupid. I think women need respect from a designer. And I really don't like designers who put men's clothes on women. I think women who wear that have some sexual problems."

Some people say it's Versace who has the sexual problems. His clothes are often skintight, low-cut, slit high, and siren bright. He was among the first to revive the cat suit, to bring back the miniskirt, to show tights worn as pants, to bring the bustier out at night and bead it. Versace says he's not consciously designing sexy clothes, he's just being direct. "You have a wonderful body, women. I like curve, I like the softness in women. I like masculine things on men."

At any rate, he points out that the clothes people write—or complain—about are those featured in his shows or behind the podium at the Academy Awards. In his studio there are the beautifully tailored pants and simple cashmere T-shirts Diana Vreeland lived in, the low-key frocks suitable for Princess Di, but they do not make it to the runway. "A lot of people show sweaters and simple things, but people don't need to fly to Milan or Paris just to see a lot of things you can buy in the Ballantyne store." The show, he says, should be "the way to talk to people, to express your creativity. It should become more and more short. When you have nothing to say to the people, don't show it. A true designer must go ahead, break the barrier, give direction." He loves Lacroix because he is "funny," Gigli and Alaïa because they are "young" and love the body.

His own direction will continue up the thigh. Modern, he says, "is what you feel is in accordance with the life of today. Who can wear a long skirt and cape with the car we have today or the plane we have today? Modern is what women want, what moves well with their bodies. You can move well in a short skirt or pants. You cannot look modern in a long skirt."

Versace will introduce a fragrance called Ve—"very flowery with a touch of the exotic"—in a year or so, and he plans to open

nine more American boutiques in cities as far-flung as Houston, Palm Springs, and Aspen. He is looking forward, he says, to working in the nineties. "I think this time is for women. The eighties was for the women's revolution, the women's establishment. Now women can go back to dressing like women, to be less competitive with the men and more winning. When you don't compete, that means you are sure of yourself, you are proud of yourself, and that is what I like. My work can be very easy now. How nice it is to work with women who are free. I hate women who are afraid." ●

LACROIX

(Continued from page 550)

solemn figure with a drooping mustache in a Peruvian sweater and shoulder bag, taken the summer he spent documenting the archives of Louis Jou for the widow of that famous French engraver and printer. At Les Baux, Madame Jou sheltered a disappearing bohemia, and under her roof the provincial art student met established artists and their consorts: Picasso's widow; Pablo Casals, the cellist; and Alexander Schneider, the violinist.

Between the earnest student and the celebrated couturier stretch seventeen years of Parisian life. After being a free-lance shoe designer, a design assistant for Hermès, and then for Guy Paulin, he entered the couture as style director for Jean Patou at the invitation of Jean de Moüy. A once-great landmark in Paris couture, Patou was by 1981 a somewhat dusty name. In five years Lacroix revamped Patou and tripled the sales, but in January 1987 he designed his last collection for the house. Within weeks, at the invitation of Bernard Arnault, he began work on his first own-name collection. Patou was devastated to lose its new star, has had no collection to show since, and sued Lacroix for 85 million francs for *concurrency déloyale*. It has been Patou's misfortune to become the discarded cocoon of a brilliant butterfly. Acrimony has increased in due proportion to the success of the new house. Lacroix has lost the first two rounds of the legal battle but plans to appeal to the French equivalent of the Supreme Court.

With a lugubrious look, the designer pushes over a Polaroid of a confused office. "My studio that I left at Patou. I had an appointment with my lawyer, and he advised me that it would be better to walk straight out. So the room was sealed up, with everything left as it was on the evening of a certain day in January '87. Dead flowers on the table, my pen, my CFDA Award." He grimaces. "When the lawsuit is over it will be like the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb!"

The house commenced as it meant to continue, with a notable absence of pomp. The first orders, begun in a suite at the Hôtel Crillon where the staff assembled before the new atelier was ready, were a pink wedding dress for the niece of Giscard d'Estaing and a cape for Paloma Picasso's bulldog.

Appropriately enough, when Lacroix was searching for a face to identify with his perfume, his choice fell on a star who had leapt into the limelight with a similarly dramatic entrance midstage. Just as the couturier had emerged from Patou amid recriminations and libel actions, the spirited Sylvie Guillem broke free from the Paris Opéra and the control of her patron and director, Rudolf Nureyev, to demand, and receive, total freedom and more money from Covent Garden's Royal Ballet.

There is, in the wings, another woman who personifies the provocative charm of the Lacroix style. "C'est la vie!" would be said by her with irony and in quotation marks, a shrug of brown linen shoulders, a flash of sunglasses, and a shout of smoky laughter. Yin to Lacroix's yang, Françoise Rosenthal, Madame Lacroix, adds a persistently detectable stamp. Ostensibly not part of the fashion house, she sees every sketch, filters much of the Lacroix style through her own critical and prejudiced eye for design, and acts as disc jockey, greeter, and hostess. The house is a network of relationships with its nucleus in the Christian-Françoise-Jean-Jacques Picart triangle. Lunching together, Christian murmurs and laughs,

marketing director Jean-Jacques clowns in striped shirt and braces—wearing above his spectacles a bride's tiara from the fitting room—and Françoise undercuts and parries, injects a stream of asides and private jokes, a cigarette between her crimson lips.

When Lacroix arrived at the Sorbonne in 1973 to write his thesis on eighteenth-century clothing, he met the exuberantly opinionated young press assistant who would become the catalyst for his talent. Six years older, she dazzled him with daringly sophisticated attitudes beyond her years.

"So funny, elegant, and naughty at the same time!" exclaims Christian Lacroix. "Always spirited, feminine, and funny—not sexy so much as a coquette, like Arletty, or the young Shirley MacLaine."

Provincial Clean Slate meets Street-smart Parisienne. She punctures his reverent attitudes, shocks him into laughter, marches him to every film and exhibition, deluges him with Verdi, Mozart, and Puccini, and finally introduces him to her bespectacled Eurasian boss, Jean-Jacques Picart, who will help Christian land his first jobs with Hermès and Guy Paulin. With reckless extravagance they take a box at the Opéra in order to have a showcase for the show-stopping dress Christian makes for Françoise for each gala. They finagle invitations to every collection, attend each private view. Françoise leads Christian and Jean-Jacques, complaining, to tacky midnight dives where they scrutinize new bands. The two become a unit: Françoise and Christian love and hate in unison. They adore hippies, Issey Miyake, and the peasant collection of Yves Saint Laurent. They loathe the neat, cerebral seventies fashion. They vow to wear only their parents' old clothes and finds from flea markets. They take the boat train to London to spend a whole day at the Biba boutique. They draw parallels between Angus McBean, Man Ray, Christian Bérard, and Oliver Messel. They ransack dusty boutiques for fabrics created by Dufy for Schiaparelli and by Matisse for Poiret. In Pandora de Luxe, three hands simultaneously rummage through fabrics in an unexplored drawer. Christian and Françoise look up and are face-to-face with Karl Lagerfeld.

Today Lacroix has little more to learn from the byways and backwaters of fashion and design. His well-aired Arles background tells only half the story. The rest has to do with the fertile mixing of the provincial and the Parisian, the rough and the smooth, the rustic and the refined. In the main window on the rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré, an antique console table is piled high with coral, quartz, mother-of-pearl shells, and shell boxes. A gold-and-bougainvillea shoe is half-buried in the sand next to a scent bottle with a branch of coral in the stopper. At home, in the elegant, brilliantly colored new Lacroix apartment in the rue des Beaux-Arts, is a collage of elements from his childhood and from secret shops: high-wattage pastels; mosaics of tiles and broken pottery; a bull's head; grandly draped damask curtains; Left Bank iron chairs upholstered in a leopard print; a star-lined niche full of religious figures from Provence.

"Our métier has evolved into a matter of climate and way of living," says Lacroix. "For the last decade all important collections have been based on ideas that could be translated equally well into clothes, furniture, or objects."

"The fascination of this work, for me, is the whole atmosphere about the woman I dress, her landscape, her paintings, her mood. All the work of a couturier is with the client, for her, speaking with her to find out how she lives. You dress the actress for the part she plays. It's all about theater!"

He spreads the photographs. Years concertina together. Family, publicity tours, frocks, ferias, weddings, collections, countries, bullfights, society galas collide.

"The key word is *mode*. *Mode de vie*, *la mode*, *modish*, from *modus*, Latin for the way of being or doing something. It means the gesture, the attitude, the way of existing with our body and our mind in this era we are living in." He indicates the kaleidoscope of color. "It's all there. That's it!" ●

VOGUE FICTION

(Continued from page 583)

"The thing in my room, Tronka, I think that's my real parents. These people are from another place."

"Have you tried being open with them?" Meg felt oddly happy that Bennett had chosen her to confide in.

"Oh, they wouldn't listen to me at all. They'd just say, 'You're nuts, kid, see a shrink. There's no sense telling them a thing.'"

Later, as she drifted to sleep, the phone rang. A voice crackled at her from thousands of miles away. "I can't talk," he said. "I'm in a terrible rush."

Meg stared at the receiver in the darkened room. "You call from halfway around the world to say you can't talk?"

"I just want to make sure everything's all right."

"Everything's fine," she said. Then added softly, "We miss you, darling."

"Miss you too, honey," he replied. "Gotta run."

Meg went downstairs to make herself a cup of tea. As the water boiled she glanced at the wall. The Aztec temples shimmered, the pyramids stood high. But in a corner a woman wept on an unmade bed. A man about to leave stood faceless in a doorway.

When Zachary returned from Nairobi, Meg followed him around the house. "Please," she said, "let me paint the wall. If I could just paint it, I think I could live here as if this were my house."

Zachary sighed, bored with all of it now. "It would break Mona's heart," he said.

"I don't even know Mona," she cried. "I don't care about Mona."

"It would break her heart," Zachary said.

So break my heart then, she thought, but instead she said, "You were unfaithful to Lucinda, weren't you? You saw other women and she knew."

Zachary looked at her stunned. "Who told you that?" he asked. "How do you know?"

Lizzie came by to check on the construction and saw that it was going well, but Meg was dejected. "It's not working," she said. "It still feels the same. I mean, there's more light. The furniture's unnailed. But it's still her house. It's their house."

Lizzie listened, a kind look on her face. "Let me just ask you one more thing. I can work around anything . . . I really can . . ." They were walking back downstairs and she hesitated, leaning closer to Meg as if she were about to whisper a very big secret. "But have you considered moving?"

That night they lay in bed, reading, the soft amber lights Meg had installed warming their faces. She looked at him. He had such gentle eyes, such long, strong hands. She loved his hands. Loved the way they turned the pages of books, they chopped vegetables. Loved the way they glided over her body when he felt like making love, which she was beginning to notice wasn't that often. At least not when they were in the house. When they went away for weekends to country inns or on business trips, he hardly took his hands off her. Or when the kids weren't around, they made love on the new carpeting or in the TV room on the new sofa. But in this bed, though it had happened slowly, almost imperceptibly, they made love less and less.

"I think we should move," she said to Zachary that night in bed. "The decorator thinks so as well."

"Oh, I think we'll do fine here," Zachary said. "A little more paint, a few more things. You'll see."

"But, look, could we just think about it?"

"I don't want the kids to have to make a big change at this point in their lives. You know, they've been through so much."

"We wouldn't have to move far."

He leaned over and kissed her, put his mouth to her ear. "Let's change the subject," he said.

"Then let me paint it," she pleaded. "Let me paint the wall."

VOGUE FICTION

(Continued from page 665)

The next night they went to a Chinese restaurant and ran into Mona. She was a large, flamboyant person who wore a Tibetan amulet around her neck. "Zachary," she said. "It's been so long. . . ."

"This is Meg," Zachary said. "I've wanted you two to meet."
"Oh, you're the one who did the wall."

Mona waved her pudgy hand. "Oh, that thing?" She stared at Zachary, scolding him with her finger. "Is that still up? That's from an old cycle. Zachary, you should get rid of it. Get a fresh start."

First Meg photographed the wall as a record for Mona.

Then one weekend, when Zachary had gone fishing, she bought the white acrylic paint. With a sweep of the brush, the Aztec empire came down. Next she took out the lightning bolt and half the angel's wing. She wiped out the Indian nations, several animals on the endangered species list, a significant chunk of tropical rain forest, and assorted rare birds. She let it dry and then applied the second coat. But later that evening she saw that the paint barely covered the wall and the images continued to shine through. Meg phoned Lizzie. "Try yellow paint," she said.

"I don't want a yellow kitchen," Meg said.

"You can paint white over it," Lizzie advised.

Meg had a plan for the kitchen wall. She and Zachary would go out to the country and buy baskets, dried flowers, old prints of flowers and birds. They'd make a country kitchen for themselves. On Sunday morning she bought yellow paint and tried two coats but the wall still shone through.

She called Lizzie again. "What about black?" Lizzie said. "Black is very chic. Can you live in a black kitchen?"

"Black?"

"Well, if yellow doesn't cover it. After all, Bloomingdale's is black. It's stylish."

"It's a kitchen."

Meg was contemplating going out to buy black paint when the doorbell rang. A woman stood there in a soft pink angora sweater and brown slacks. Her hair was pulled back in a bun. She looked like the kind of person who would be handing out *The Watchtower* or collecting for the retired firemen's fund. "I've come for my things," Lucinda said. "I hope you don't mind."

Then she walked into the rooms that had once been her home. She looked at the light coming in, the new sofas and chairs, the tables against the wall. "You've made some changes, I see," Lucinda said.

"Yes," Meg spoke cautiously.

"You've unnailed everything."

"Yes." Meg was pleased she'd noticed. "Why did you nail it all down?"

"To keep it from moving," Lucinda said.

Meg cast a nervous glance around the room. "It was moving?"

"No," Lucinda said, "but everything else was."

They went down to the basement, where Meg had put her things. Lucinda appreciated the fact that Meg had folded her clothes, stored them carefully away. "It was nice of you to do this," Lucinda said. Meg was surprised at how kind she seemed. They carried the boxes outside and Meg helped put them in the car. The last time Lucinda walked through the house, she went into the kitchen. She glanced at the wall. Then she gave Meg an odd look and Meg couldn't tell if it was anger or praise. When they put the last box into the car, Lucinda said, "Thank you." Then added as an afterthought, "And good luck." Meg went back into the house. From the living room window she watched Lucinda sit in her car, head resting on the wheel, staring at the house. It was a long time before she drove away.

Then Meg went back to the kitchen. With one more coat of yellow paint, the wall was done.

When Zachary came home, he kissed her on the cheek, then car-

ried the fish he'd caught into the kitchen, where he stood staring at the yellow wall, a blank look on his face. "It's your favorite color," Meg said.

"What have you done?" he asked, his body trembling. "What have you done?" Then he said nothing. All through dinner he was silent. That night it was a long time before he came to bed. When he finally did, he turned his back to her, his head on pillow 1. "Zachary," she said, "we can scrape the paint off if it matters that much to you."

"I needed it, Meg," was all he would say. "I needed that wall."

Beside him Meg tried to sleep, wondering when the gentle curves of their arms had changed to the harsh bend of spines. This night even their backs didn't touch. Still, Meg felt herself press against something hard. But when she turned there was nothing there. She lay awake, listening to the rumblings. Craters exploding, animals trying to claw their way out. The earth split; paint chipped. Downstairs the wall pulsed like a heart. ●

REDS

(Continued from page 568)

me; rather it is the simple relief in the elevator area that depicts the perfect socialist family—a little boy holding a toy airplane, a blond girl with a schoolbook, their mother, father, all arm in arm, smiling, hopeful, facing the future in a setting of beautiful trees and flowers. Who was the artist who created this idyllic scene? Did he or she believe any of it. . . all of it?

The same night, I wind up in Red Square, resting on the steps of a monument across from the fantastically floodlit St. Basil's. It's a warm night, and the square has a pleasant, relaxed feel. In front of Lenin's tomb, small groups of Soviet and foreign tourists are checking out the changing of the guard and having their pictures taken. Others are simply enjoying the lovely night. A couple of roller skaters traverse the sidewalk alongside the GUM department store. A half-moon hangs over the yellow, white, and green roofs of the imperial buildings inside the Kremlin. A teenager tries to sell me a Soviet military watch but doesn't persist when I smile and point to the one I'm wearing. Another flashes a Gorbachev T-shirt, also for sale, followed by others featuring Lenin, "Perestroika," and "From Russia with Love." I'm not in a shopping mood, however, as I look over at the Kremlin wall edged with pine trees and track three soldiers marching slowly from the Kremlin gate toward Lenin's tomb. It's all very peaceful—and beautiful. The word for *red* in Old Russian also meant "beautiful," which is how this vast czarist parade ground got its name. At twelve-fifteen the Kremlin bells chime, and I find myself feeling strangely hopeful. For almost five hundred years, the square has witnessed sieges, bloodbaths, and revolutions. It has watched Ivans, Stalins, and Brezhnevs come and go. It will undoubtedly survive this latest upheaval. Who knows? Maybe in its next incarnation it will be used for son et lumière presentations—or even rock concerts.

The next day I fly to Leningrad. It is another world. Built by Italian and French architects for Peter the Great at the beginning of the eighteenth century, Leningrad was conceived as a capital to rival any in Europe. Still splendid, Leningrad on the surface appears to be better off than Moscow. The lines seem less long, the people more upbeat. Perestroika has been especially good for Leningrad's artists, rock musicians, and filmmakers in that they have been freer to come into their own, independent of both government censorship and the Moscow art establishment. As a result, Leningrad has become the Tribeca of the USSR, with its own maverick, decidedly downtown art scene.

A key figure on the Leningrad landscape is twenty-four-year-old painter, film actor, and rock musician Sergei Bugaev, better known in both the Soviet Union and the West by his professional name, Afrika. With his beautiful Lithuanian model/actress wife, Irina Kuksenaite, and his hip friends—artists Timur Novikov and Denis

Egelsky, avant-garde fashion designer Konstantin Goncharov, rock star Zhanna Aguzarova, and Marilyn Monroe—transvestite/singer Vladik Mamishev—Afrika turns up at all the gallery openings, pop concerts, and floating underground clubs. His spacious apartment overlooking the Fontanka River is not just his studio but a prime hangout for his gang. In some ways he is more an Andy Warhol—officiating over the scene in his stage-set city—than an artist passionately involved in making art. Ironically, like Warhol, Afrika often has fun with the sacred symbols of his society. Instead of using Campbell soup cans, Afrika incorporates such socialist staples as the Red Star and Lenin's mausoleum in his paintings. Also like Warhol, Afrika—in his clip-on Oliver Peoples sunglasses and his black proletarian cap with hammer-and-sickle emblem—knows how to work the media. He's figured out that at this very special time it's much more cool to be a Soviet artist working in the USSR than just another émigré in Paris, New York, or L.A. He is, in the words of Russian art consultant Galina Main, "a perestroika phenomenon."

Another perestroika phenomenon is Alexander Nevzorov, superstar anchor of Leningrad's most popular television program, *600 Seconds*. Handsome, arrogant, self-possessed, Nevzorov—in black leather jacket and jeans—orders his scruffy video crew all over Leningrad seeking to expose and document the corrupt, the bizarre, and the lurid for his nightly show, which can flash through as many as fifteen segments in its ten-minute time slot. This unbridled aim-shoot-and-air television makes *Hard Copy*, *A Current Affair*, and *Geraldo* look positively tame. And Leningrad and Moscow are eating it up—especially after decades of access only to "official analysis" rather than hard news. *600 Seconds* bypasses news and heads straight for real life at its most raw. "What are you working on now?" I ask Nevzorov in the one minute I have been granted to talk to him. "Fighting with Communists," he answers. "Who's winning?" I ask. "We are." Before I can say any more, he's off, calling another shot.

My guide in Leningrad does not approve. Not of Nevzorov nor of Afrika and his pals. Call her Svetlana; she is an attractive young woman who laments, "I am an old Communist and I do not like all these changes." She misses, if you can believe it, certain aspects of what is now known as the Brezhnev Period of Stagnation. "There weren't all these lines . . . there wasn't all this confusion," Svetlana says. Her father, who has a car and driver and is obviously well connected to the Party, doesn't like what's happening either. "He has never had to stand in a line before in his life, and now he must." But, and here's the 1990s twist, Svetlana is especially angry about the visa lines at the U.S. embassy. "All these people who can travel now—it's disgusting. Every time I go in, I wind up leaving because the lines are so long." Still, Svetlana wants to visit some new American friends in California, and lines or no lines, she plans to do so in the fall.

Some old Communist! Lenin is probably turning over in his tomb. But nobody's there to see; they're all over at McDonald's. ●

MALEVICH

(Continued from page 593)

magnificent and spacious villa for the sake of three mad monks who are indulging in artistic self-defilement or counterrevolutionary propaganda that no one needs."

Well aware that worse might follow, Malevich left his country in 1927 for a short visit to Poland and Germany. In Berlin he had a major exhibition. When the time came for him to go back to Leningrad, he arranged that his paintings should stay behind in safekeeping. Fundamentally, and despite losses attributable to terrible times, what is now in the permanent collections of the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim Museum in New York, and elsewhere in the West is the cache that Malevich left behind.

To see what is now in the West reunited with what was known to be in museums in Leningrad and Moscow had been until lately an impossible dream. Then, toward the end of the 1970s, there were signs of a thaw in the official USSR attitude to the Soviet avant-garde. In 1979, taboo after taboo was broken in an exhibition called Paris-Moscou, shown first at the Pushkin Museum in Moscow and later at the Pompidou Center in Paris. Not long thereafter, it began to seem as if the long-projected joint show of Malevich would be held in Moscow, in Leningrad, and in Amsterdam. In the changed climate, the Soviets were as eager to see the show as we were. And no sooner had it been seen in Amsterdam in 1989 than plans were begun for the forthcoming U.S. tour.

Thanks to a hefty contribution from the United States, the present show, though not ideally comprehensive, will be substantially richer and fuller than any previous survey of Malevich's career. The choice of works was made by Angelica Rudenstine, who is in such matters a paragon of rigor and discrimination. Working with a new generation of Soviet scholars as well as with experts from the West, Rudenstine has made some progress with the tricky problems of chronology that have always bedeviled the study of Malevich. These arise from the fact that Malevich sometimes backdated his work and also because certain key works were painted more than once.

The exhibition ends with the late self-portrait of 1933. It is a remarkable image. Malevich has aged—as who would not, given what he had lived through?—and he wears a costume suggestive of a medieval guildsman. But in the bottom right corner he has added, in miniature, the black square that, close to twenty years earlier, had "slapped the face of history, to wake it up." ●

SOLID SISTER

(Continued from page 578)

Jackson has become a one-woman syndication. Her ambition is boundless, her energy unflagging. She is a well-bred racehorse, carefully groomed and expertly handled. "There's so much more inside me that I still have to do. I've got a ways to go. But I don't want to be doing this at forty."

In escaping her parents' control, Jackson has come under a new kind of protection: bodyguards. She rarely ventures out without security. "We were in Japan and we went to Disneyland there for my birthday and we couldn't walk around the park because of the kids. Those are some of the things that come with success. Having to sacrifice certain things. Sometimes I sneak out of the house. Sometimes it works. Sometimes it doesn't.

"I go out to a restaurant and people start talking, and the next thing you know, by the time you sit down at your table there's a line for autographs. You have to learn how to deal with that. It gets difficult, but I have security with me all the time. Sometimes," she says in her breathy voice, "you get so tired of someone always looking over your shoulder watching every little thing."

But Mizz Jackson, uncaged, can take care of herself.

"I did something really, really . . ." Her voice trails off. She seems embarrassed. "I won't ever tell you what I did. It was really nasty. I just couldn't take it anymore! I was sitting in a restaurant and this guy kept *staring at me*. That's fine once in a while, but he would not stop. And he starts talking to his friends and they start looking, and I was going crazy and I did something really nasty."

Did she make an obscene gesture?

"Noooooo."

Moon him?

"Something close to that. I can't tell you what I did. It's too nasty. I was with my friends. They all went '*Jaaanet!*' I said, 'I'm tired. They're driving me crazy. I'm giving them something to look at.'"

It might have had something to do with that snakeskin bra. ●

IN THIS ISSUE

Details, prices, more stores, more... on this month's looks

Page 6 (cover): Bill Blass wool suit, \$2,300. Martha; Neiman Marcus. Gloves, Bergdorf Goodman. **Upfront 109:** Timothy Mawson: Main Street, New Preston, CT 06777 (203) 868-0732; Paramount: 235 W. 46th Street, New York, NY 10036 (800) 225-7474. **110:** From Receiver to Remote Control: The TV Set: at the New Museum of Contemporary Art, 583 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, through November 25, 1990 (212) 219-1222; the Beverly Hills Hotel: Sunset Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90210 (213) 276-2251. **114:** Man Ray/Bazaar Years: at the International Center of Photography Midtown, 1133 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036, through November 25, 1990 (212) 860-1783; Jezebel's: 011-331-4260-3093; A Salute to Disney Animation Art: The Early Years 1931-1942: at the Philadelphia Art Alliance, 251 South 18th Street, Philadelphia, PA, through November 3, 1990 (215) 545-4302. **Fashion clips 122:** Top left: button covers, \$20-\$35 for a set of six. Yoshi, NYC; Le Chateau, Beverly Hills. Top right: bag, \$950. Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. Bottom right: wool jacket, Guy Laroche Prêt-à-Porter, \$470. Guy Laroche Boutique, NYC, Boston. Hat, the Irish Secret, NYC; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood. Earrings, Valentino, NYC, Beverly Hills. Gloves, Jacobson's. **View 162:** Center right: Azzedine Alaïa wool jacket, \$1,500, and skirt, \$1,220. Alaïa New York; Alaïa chez Gallay, Beverly Hills; Gallay, West Hollywood. **171:** Top: Wool dress, Christian Francis Roth, \$1,250. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. Headband, Eric Javits. Henri Bendel. Gloves, Fownes Ultratural. **186:** Bottom right: Jordan Schlanger necklace, \$950, bracelet, \$350. Artwear, NYC. **196:** Inset right: Romeo Gigli wool and silk jacket, \$1,725, cashmere sweater, \$955, silk blouse, \$1,355, cotton and metallic pants, \$7,150. Bergdorf Goodman. **205:** 1) Silk gown and jacket, \$7,150. Geoffrey Beene-His World, NYC. 2) Wool and polyester metallic dress, \$4,050. Givenchy Boutique, NYC; Daniel Foxx, Palm Desert CA. Cashmere cardigan, \$395. N. Peal Cashmere, NYC, San Francisco. Earrings, José & María Barrera. Martha International, NYC; Neiman Marcus. Watch, Baume & Mercier. Tourneau, NYC; Bailey Banks & Biddle. 3) Silk jacket, \$5,000, silk, velvet, and lace dress, \$2,000. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. 4) Organza scarf, Eve Reid NYC, \$95. Henri Bendel, NYC, Columbus OH. 5) Shoes, \$290. Barneys New York. 6) Cashmere sweater, metallic, wool, silk, and Lurex jacket and skirt, \$6,100. Martha. **214:** 1) Silk dress, \$4,200. Elizabeth Arden The Salon, NYC; Marshall Field's. **218:** 1) Geoffrey Beene silk jacket and skirt, \$4,200. Geoffrey Beene-His World, NYC; Swansons on the Plaza, Kansas City MO. 2) Geoffrey Beene wool jacket and skirt, \$4,000. Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Neiman Marcus. 3) Silk gown, Geoffrey Beene, \$4,000. Bergdorf Goodman; Rizik Bros., Washington DC. **Fur report 224:** Red dyed mink jacket, \$7,000. Maximilian at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Earrings, Valentino. Bracelet, Chanel. Bag, Paloma Picasso. **240:** Top inset: sheared mink jacket, Perry Ellis by Marc Jacobs for Birger Christensen, \$3,600. Dayton's, Minneapolis. Skirt, John Scher. Photo right, clockwise from top: dyed sheared beaver, Fabulous for Leonard Gorski, \$4,500. Neiman Marcus; Eaton's, Canada. Hat, Eric Javits. Neiman Marcus, Fort Lauderdale. Dyed sheared mink, Grosvenor Canada, \$3,500. The Fur Galleria, Cedarhurst NY; Thomas E. McElroy Furs, Chicago, Indianapolis. Stockings, Body by Caroline Lewkovitz. Detour, NYC; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Arté, Houston. Shoes, Donna Karan New York. Bloomingdale's. Red dyed sheared mink jacket, Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, \$8,750. Maximilian at Bloomingdale's; Foley's, Houston. Wool and Lycra unitard, Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, \$1,250. Martha International, NYC. Glasses, Christian Roth for Optical Affairs. Necklace, Chanel. Gloves, Naomi Misle. **248:** Top left: honey dyed sheared mink, Donna Karan for Birger Christensen, \$8,995. Neiman Marcus. Bottom left: black-and-white plaid dyed sheared beaver, Scaasi for Mohl Furs, \$7,500. I. Magnin, San Francisco. Sunglasses, Alain Mikli. Alain Mikli Optique, NYC; Eyewear, Cupertino CA. Necklace, Erwin Pearl. Bracelets, Eric Beaumont. Gloves, Daniel Storto. Bag, Prada, NYC. Top right: Persian lamb



IN THIS ISSUE

jacket, \$12,000. Fendi, New York, Cleveland. Bottom right: black-and-white sheared mink, Perry Ellis by Marc Jacobs for Birger Christensen, \$11,500. Neiman Marcus. **262:** Top left: cotton jeans, Esprit Jeanswear, \$50. Bloomingdale's. Earrings, José & María Barrera. Martha International, NYC; Neiman Marcus. Gloves, Naomi Misle. Bloomingdale's; Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI. Top right: wool crepe dress, Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis, \$4,100. Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings, José & María Barrera. Martha International, NYC; Neiman Marcus. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. Bottom left: kolinsky coat, Fendi, New York, Houston. Kolinsky scarf, Fendi, New York. Bottom right: earrings, Christian Lacroix. Gloves, Fownes. Macy's Herald Square; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Hudson's, Detroit. **274:** Clockwise from left: coat with sheared muskrat lining, Carmelo Pomodoro for Revillon, \$4,750. Maximilian at Bloomingdale's; Carol & Irwin Ware Fur Collection at I. Magnin, Chicago. Jacket, Rebecca Moses for Revillon, \$9,750. Maximilian at Bloomingdale's; Jacques Ferber, Philadelphia. Cotton twill coat, \$7,000. Maximilian at Bloomingdale's; Bullocks. **283:** Top left: jacket, Bob Mackie for HBA natural chinchilla, \$23,750. Neiman Marcus. Top right: natural chinchilla coat, Donna Karan for Birger Christensen, \$55,000. Neiman Marcus. Bottom left: Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis wool flannel jacket, \$500, and skirt, \$200. Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. **Elements 290:** 1) Hat, \$410. Bergdorf Goodman. Wool crepe dress, \$425. Nicole Miller, NYC. Cashmere turtleneck sweater, \$250. Cashmere Cashmere, NYC, Chicago. 2) Hat, \$475. Henri Bendel; Neiman Marcus, Fort Lauderdale. Belt (as bracelet), \$180. Yves Saint Laurent Accessory Store, NYC; Tootsies, Hous-

ton. Bag, \$950. Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. Tunic, Adrienne Vittadini. Merino wool turtleneck sweater, Jennifer George, \$265. Bergdorf Goodman; Jamie, Nashville. Tights, Trimfit. 3) Wool coat, Christian Lacroix Prêt-à-Porter, \$4,250. Martha; Neiman Marcus. Hat, earrings, Christian Lacroix. 4) Boots, \$400 a pair. Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC. 5) Shoes, \$280 a pair. Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC. **American style 311:** Bottom right: Collection by Ralph Lauren wool jacket, \$970, cashmere turtleneck, \$460, cashmere cardigan, \$800, wool trousers, \$640. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Chestnut Hill MA. **Counter intelligence 324:** Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun.

The news is color

515: Bill Blass suit, \$3,000. Also at Neiman Marcus. Sunglasses, Ray Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Earrings, Gerard E. Yosca. Gloves by Shalimar Accessories. Octavia, Baltimore. Bag, Salvatore Ferragamo. Saks Fifth Avenue. Stockings, Christian Dior Legwear. Lord & Taylor; Neiman Marcus; Macy's, San Francisco. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Bergdorf Goodman. **516:** Bill Blass suit, \$3,990. Scarf, Chanel. Gloves, Carolyne Roehm. Bag, Victor Costa. Stockings, Christian Dior Legwear. Lord & Taylor; Neiman Marcus; Macy's, San Francisco. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Bergdorf Goodman. **517:** Carolyne Roehm wool melton suit also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Montaldo's; Marshall Field's; Neiman Marcus; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle and Bellevue WA. Earrings, Erwin Pearl. Lord & Taylor. Gloves, Carolyne Roehm. Stockings, Christian Dior Legwear. Lord & Taylor; Neiman Marcus; Macy's, San Francisco. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Bergdorf Goodman. **518:** Dyed mink coat. Earrings, Chanel. Bracelet, Isabel Canovas. Isabel Canovas

Boutique, NYC. **519:** Coat and dress also at Julian Gold, San Antonio; Sharon Batten, Canada. Earrings, Antigona. Short necklace, Frances Patiky Stein. Bergdorf Goodman. Longer necklace, Butler & Wilson, Los Angeles. Right arm: cuffs, Chanel. Left arm: bracelet, Roxanne Assoulin. Stockings, Fogal of Switzerland, NYC. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Barneys New York. **520:** Wool and cashmere jacket and skirt also at Adele Kauff, Great Neck NY; Mary Jane Denzer, White Plains NY; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Molly Moses, Pittsburgh; Saks Jandel; Neiman Marcus; Nordstrom, San Diego. Cashmere and silk sweater. Earrings, Gerard E. Yosca. On model's right arm, wrist to cuff: bracelet, Isabel Canovas. Isabel Canovas Boutique, NYC. Bracelet, Edouard Rambaud. On model's left arm: bracelet, Isabel Canovas. Isabel Canovas Boutique, NYC. Gloves by Shalimar Accessories. Octavia, Baltimore; Glove Me Tender, Chicago and Winnetka IL. Bag, Christian Lacroix. Heart belt, Christian Lacroix. Chain belt, Chanel. **521:** Jacket sold with purple wool skirt not shown, Albert Nipon, \$895. Cashmere and wool shawl, Calvin Klein, \$850. Bergdorf Goodman; Miss Jackson's, Tulsa; I. Magnin. Gloves, Gianni Versace. Bag, Salvatore Ferragamo. Salvatore Ferragamo Women's Boutique, NYC. Stockings, Christian Dior Legwear. Lord & Taylor; Neiman Marcus; Macy's, San Francisco. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Barneys New York; Neiman Marcus; Bloomingbird's, Aspen. **522:** Mink jacket, \$7,000. Maximilian at Bloomingdale's; Neiman Marcus; Bullock's; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Wool suit with scarf, \$2,600. Also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Neiman Marcus. Earrings, José & María Barrera. On model's left arm: bracelets, Scooter. On model's right arm: bracelet, Edouard Rambaud. Gloves by Shalimar Accessories. Bag, Salvatore Ferragamo. Salvatore Ferragamo Women's Boutique, NYC; I. Magnin. Stockings,



Seventh on sale: see gatefold at page 514.

(Designers' names are alphabetical.) **19** Adolfo; **91** Akira; **27** Linda Allard; **26** Richard Assatly; **59** Bonnie August; **44** Jeffrey Banks; **82** Jan Barboglio; **75** Jhane Barnes; **6** Geoffrey Beene; **41** Alvin Bell; **33** Susan Bennis; **84** Becky Bisoulis; **70** Bill Blass; **99** Sherrie Bloom; **2** Eleanor Brenner; **79** Donald Brooks; **98** Brian Bubb; **45** Albert Capraro; **73** Zack Carr; **65** Salvatore Cesariani; **81** Ron Chereskin; **94** Malee Chompoo; **24** Patricia Clyne; **97** David Cohen; **13** Kenneth Cole; **66** Kathryn Conover; **54** Oscar de la Renta; **50** Louis Dell'Olio; **35** Pamela Dennis; **101** Henry Dunay; **48** Warren Edwards; **22** Fabrice; **64** Steve Fabrikant; **104** Carlos Falchi; **96** Jay Feinberg; **92** Andrew Fezza; **93** Alfred Fiandaca; **88** Alan Flusser; **68** Jennifer George; **102** Bill Haire; **3** Cathy Hardwick; **55** Gordon Henderson; **40** Stan Herman; **36** Carolina Herrera; **31** Tommy Hilfiger; **94** Kazuyoshi Hino; **1** Marc Jacobs; **56** Eric Javits; **5** Betsey Johnson; **95** Wini Jones; **28** Andrea Jovine; **29** Alexander Julian; **8** Norma Kamali; **52** Donna Karan; **61**

Herbert Kasper; **85** Michael Katz; **17** Randy Kemper; **62** Alexis Kirk; **9** Kelly Klein; **83** Nancy Knox; **37** Michael Kors; **11** Adrienne Landau; **38** Kenneth Jay Lane; **7** Ralph Lauren; **57** Michael Leva; **60** Brett Lewis; **74** Bob Mackie; **15** Isaac Manevitz; **32** Mary Jane Marcasiano; **69** Mary McFadden; **71** Isaac Mizrahi; **18** Robert Lee Morris; **34** Rebecca Moses; **89** Leo Narducci; **39** Josie Natori; **20** Charlotte Neuville; **77** Roland Nivelais; **14** Danny Noble; **100** Peter Noviello; **51** Paloma Picasso; **42** Linda Platt; **43** Tom Platt; **23** Carmelo Pomodoro; **46** Mary Ann Restivo; **53** Carolyne Roehm; **78** Jackie Rogers; **12** Gloria Sachs; **87** Don Sayres; **21** Arnold Scaasi; **16** Michael Seroy; **47** Ronaldus Shamask; **90** Marcia Sherrill; **105** Eric Smith; **80** Cynthia Steffe; **63** Marieluisa Stern; **58** Robert Stock; **10** Pauline Trigère; **72** Patricia Underwood; **30** Kay Unger; **76** Koos van den Akker; **25** Joan Vass; **4** Adrienne Vittadini; **67** Diane von Furstenberg; **49** Patricia von Musulin; **103** Ilie Waes; **86** Gerard E. Yosca.



594

Fogal of Switzerland, NYC, Chicago, Houston. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Bergdorf Goodman. **523:** Sheared mink jacket with mink scarf, \$6,000. Earrings, Bijoux Terner. Gloves by Shalimar Accessories. Scarf in pocket, Gianni Versace. Stockings, Fogal of Switzerland, NYC, Chicago, Houston. **524:** Coat also at Escada Boutique, Great Neck NY. Gloves at Octavia, Baltimore. Bag, Salvatore Ferragamo Women's Boutique, NYC. Stockings, Christian Dior Legwear. Lord & Taylor, Neiman Marcus; Macy's, San Francisco. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Bergdorf Goodman. **525:** All accessories, Christian Lacroix. **526:** Mohair and wool coat. Also at Guy Laroche Boutique, Atlanta. Wool suit, \$1,500. Price includes jacket not shown. Earrings, Gerard E. Yosca. Bracelets and bag, Isabel Canovas. Isabel Canovas Boutique, NYC. Stockings, Fogal of Switzerland, NYC, Chicago, Houston. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Bergdorf Goodman. **527:** Wool and cashmere coat. Cashmere sweater. Angora and cashmere skirt. Earrings, Dominique Auriennis. Bracelets, Gerard E. Yosca. Belt, Chanel. Stockings, Fogal of Switzerland, NYC, Chicago, Houston. **528:** All accessories, Christian Lacroix. **529:** Coat, \$2,500. Gloves by Shalimar Accessories. Gidding Jenny, Cincinnati. **530:** Dress, \$2,315. Also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore. Accessories, Chanel. **531:** Suit, \$3,465. Also at Chanel Boutique, Washington DC, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Honolulu. Accessories, Chanel. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Barneys New York; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin.

The kings of color

Mizrahi 532: Wool coat, rayon dress, cotton and Lycra leggings. **534:** Outfit also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Nordstrom. Hat, Isaac Mizrahi. Belt, Tom Binns for Isaac Mizrahi. **535:** Wool coat, cotton and Lycra turtleneck, wool skirt, cotton and Lycra leggings. Gloves, Isaac Mizrahi for Portolano. **Ozbek 536:** Rayon and polyester cat suit. Gloves, Naomi Misle. Bergdorf Goodman; Grand View, Nyack NY; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA. Bicycle pouch around waist, Ozbek. Silhouette, Washington DC, Chevy Chase MD; Coco, Coconut Grove FL. Sneakers at Theodore, Beverly Hills. **538-539:** Rayon and Lycra unitard, \$5,900. Sneakers at Theodore, Beverly Hills. **540:** Velvet jacket, \$2,465. Also at Romanoff Boutique, Bal Harbour FL; Fred Segal Couture, Santa Monica. Hat, World for Ozbek. Bicycle pouch, Ozbek. Silhouette, Washington DC, Chevy Chase MD. Coco, Coconut Grove FL. Black gloves, Naomi Misle. Bergdorf Goodman; Grand View, Nyack NY; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia. Sneakers, Ozbek. Theodore, Beverly Hills. **541:** Bra also at Coco, Coconut Grove FL; Nuages, Aspen; Fred Segal Couture, Santa Monica; Les Createurs, Quebec. Earrings, José & María Barrera. Martha International, NYC; Neiman Marcus. **Versace 543:** Earrings, José & María Barrera. Martha International, NYC; Tabandeh, Washington DC;

Neiman Marcus. Shoes, Gianni Versace. **544:** Dress also at Gianni Versace, Coconut Grove FL. Earrings and shoes, Gianni Versace. **545:** Dress also at Gianni Versace, Chicago. Earrings at Martha International, NYC; Tabandeh, Washington DC; Neiman Marcus. **Lacroix 546:** Jacket, \$2,985. Also at Jimmy's, Brooklyn; Daniel Foxx, Palm Desert CA. Nylon and Lycra cat suit. Christian Lacroix hat. **548:** Cat suit also at Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Marshall Field's; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. **550:** 1) Collection of Harriet Weintraub. 2) Pascal Chevallier. 3) Private collection of Christian Lacroix. 4, 5) Pascal Chevallier. 6-8) Private collection of Christian Lacroix. 9-11) Pascal Chevallier. 12, 13) Private collection of Christian Lacroix. 14) Sylvain Bergère. 15) Private collection of Christian Lacroix.

Reds

552: Wool, mohair, and polyamide jacket also at Silhouette, Washington DC; La Befana, San Marino CA; Boboli, Vancouver, British Columbia. Hat, Fred Hasson. Barneys New York; Roz &

Reds: the Finnair connection

To photograph "Reds," Vogue's team flew to the USSR via Helsinki on Finnair, the national airline of Finland. Finnair has been flying to the USSR longer, and offers more flights, than any other Western airline. Finnair flies nonstop to Helsinki every day out of New York's JFK in a little over seven hours. From Helsinki, Leningrad is a fifty-minute hop and Moscow is about an hour and a half. The same easy USSR connections are available to passengers on Finnair's twice-a-week Helsinki nonstops out of Los Angeles and Toronto.

Besides its excellent air routes to the Soviet Union, Finnair is justly proud of its role in restoring the Hotel Savoy in Moscow. A joint venture between the airline and Intourist, the eighty-six-room Savoy is currently the most deluxe hotel in the USSR and compares favorably with any top-notch European hotel. Rates range from \$225 for a standard double to \$375 for a Club room to \$600 for a suite, with Finnair transatlantic business-class passengers to Moscow receiving booking preference. For information on the Savoy as well as on Finnair USSR schedules and tours, call (800) 950-5000; in New York City (212) 889-7070.



Sherm, Birmingham MI. Tights, Capezio by Ballet Makers. Capezio, NYC; Taffy's, Cleveland. Shoes, Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC, or call toll free: (800) 634-9884. **554:** Cotton ottoman jacket. Wool and Lycra skirt. Both also at Caron Cherry, Bal Harbour FL; B. Barnett, Little Rock; Susan, Burlingame and San Francisco. Merino wool and Lycra bodysuit, \$280. Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY. Beret, Carolina Amato. **557:** Dress and turtleneck also at June Blaker, Chicago; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. Headband, Eric Javits. Henri Bendel; Neiman Marcus. Wolford tights. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Barneys New York; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Bloomingbird's, Aspen. **558:** Jacket and skirt also at Sara Fredericks, Boston; Grace Jones, Salado TX; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills. Headband, Eric Javits. Henri Bendel; Neiman Marcus. Earrings, Gerard E. Yosca. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. Gloves, Chanel. Bag, Prada, NYC, Beverly Hills. Tights, Fogal of Switzerland. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Barneys New York, Manhasset NY; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. **559:** Stretch wool and elastic bustier, sleeves, and trousers all also at Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. **561:** Stockings, Fogal Legwear of Switzerland, NYC. **563:** Coat, Complice. For details and stores see page 552. **564:** Angora and wool jacket, \$2,395. Also at Nordstrom, Seattle. Cotton shirt, \$100. Agnès B., NYC, Boston, Los Angeles. Nylon and spandex leggings. Gloves, Chanel. Boots, Donna Karan New York. Barneys New York; Holt Renfrew of Canada. **565:** Top right: silk jacket, \$2,855. Silk skirt with feathers, \$2,192. Gianni Versace. Gianni Versace, NYC, Chicago, Coconut Grove FL, Beverly Hills. Shoes, Gianni Versace. Bottom right: cat suit by Jean Paul Gaultier. **566:** Dress also at North Beach Leather, Boston, Bal Harbour FL, Houston, Dallas, Las Vegas, San Francisco, Honolulu. Earrings, Gerard E. Yosca. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. **567:** Inside the Kremlin: Katharine Hamnett wool jacket, \$1,040, and pants, \$375. Barneys New York; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. On the runway: cashmere, angora, and wool suit, Chanel, \$4,945. Chanel Boutique NYC, San Francisco; Dayton's, Minneapolis. Hat, earrings, and gloves, Chanel. In Red Square: for information on jacket and beret see page 554. **568-569:** Far left: blouse, silk cummerbund, and silk, viscose, and wool pants. Saks Fifth Avenue (Cummerbund and pants, Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC only.); Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Neiman Marcus. Center: dress, \$2,860. Also at Harriet Kassman, Washington DC; Grace Jones, Salado TX; Daniel Foxx, Palm Desert CA. Earrings, Brett Lewis Couture Jewelry. Jack David Ltd., NYC; Cookie M., Beachwood OH. Inset, bottom right: velvet dress. Chanel Boutique, NYC. **570:** Stockings, Hanes Ultra Silk. Macy's Herald Square. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman. **571:** Cotton and polyester dress. Earrings and bracelet, David Salvatore for Headmaster. Mon Petit Chou, Atlanta; Bill Loya, Salt Lake City. Bag, Jill Stuart. Bergdorf Goodman; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; Bill Loya, Salt Lake City. Donna Karan Hosiery. Saks Fifth Avenue. **572:** Trench also at Gianni Versace, Coconut Grove FL, San Francisco, Ontario. Stockings, Hanes Ultra Silk. Macy's Herald Square. Shoes, Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC, or call toll free: (800) 634-9884.

Solid sister

575-579: Hair, Janet Zeitoun at Umberto's. Makeup, Phyllis Cohen at Joy Goodman, London.

IN THIS ISSUE

Turned-on TV

584: Clockwise from top left: Steve Fenn/ABC; courtesy of CBS; Daniel Watson/ABC; Bonnie Colodzin/ABC; Paul Drinkwater/NBC; Bonnie Colodzin/Warner Bros. TV; courtesy of CBS; Mark Fellman/NBC; courtesy of ABC; Brian D. McLaughlin; Movie Star News; Tony Costa/Outline; courtesy of ABC. *The Simpsons'* Marge, TM & © Twentieth Century Fox Film Corp. 1990. TV set, Petrified Films.

The seductive face

594: Hat, Barneys New York; Nelly Stallion, Seattle. **596:** Sunglasses, Alain Mikli Optique, NYC; Optik Images, Boston; Eyeworks, Cupertino CA. **597:** Top right: earrings, José & María Barrera. Martha International, NYC; Neiman Marcus. **598:** Dress also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Martha, Palm Beach; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin.

Shine

Shine: metallics 601: Silk and viscose turtle-neck. Silk skirt with rhinestones, \$3,450. Stockings, Wolford. Leggiadro, NYC. Shoes, Gianni Versace. **602:** Earrings and bracelets, Donna Karan. Earrings at Saks Fifth Avenue; Gabby, Great Neck NY; The Gazebo, Dallas. Bracelets at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Bergdorf Goodman. **603:** Sweater also at Marshall Field's; Neiman Marcus; Liberty House of Hawaii. Earrings, DKNY. Stephen Paul, NYC. Boots, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **604:** Silk chiffon skirt, \$3,395. Earrings, DKNY, a division of Erwin Pearl. Stephen Paul, NYC. Scarf, Hermès, NYC, Chicago, San Francisco. Bracelets, Donna Karan. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. Christian Dior Legwear. Shoes, Donna Karan New York. Bloomingtondale's. **605:** Rayon and polyurethane coat also at Marshall Field's; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Neiman Marcus. Earrings, Hervé Van Der Straeten. Bergdorf Goodman; Madeleine Gally, West Hollywood. **606:** Wool crepe dress, \$3,500. Earrings, Michael Dawkins. Barneys New York, Manhasset NY, Dallas; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Bracelets, Donna Karan. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **607:** Silk dress, \$2,650. Also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore. Earrings, Jordan Schlanger. Artwear, NYC. **608:** Cotton, nylon, acrylic, and polyester shirt and leggings. Also at Jimmy's, Brooklyn; Neiman Marcus. Necklaces and shoes, Gianfranco Ferré. **609:** Dresses, \$2,140 each. **Shine: leathers 610:** Coat, \$2,500. Tights, Calvin Klein Hosiery. **611:** Patent leather skirt. Gloves, Azzedine Alaïa. Tights, Calvin Klein Hosiery. Shoes, Azzedine Alaïa. Barneys New York; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI; Caron Cherry, Bal Harbour FL; Alaïa chez Gallay, Beverly Hills. **612:** Coat, \$2,120. Earrings, Tacque. T. Edwards, NYC. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **613:** Leather top and skirt. Earrings, Tacque. T. Edwards, NYC. **Shine: accessories 614:** Lycra crepe bodysuit, Liza Bruce, \$138. Barneys New York; Caron Cherry, Bal Harbour and Coconut Grove FL. Sunglasses, Christian Roth for Optical Affairs. **615:** Wool shirt, Agnès B, \$142. Agnès B., NYC, Boston, Los Angeles. Nylon and Lycra unitard, Capezio by Ballet Makers, \$38. Capezio, NYC. **616:** On model's left leg: Lycra crepe leggings, Liza Bruce, \$145. Bergdorf Goodman; L'Animale, Englewood NJ; Shauna Stein, Los

619

Angeles. Socks, E. G. Smith Socks, \$10. Bloomingtondale's. On model's right leg: Lycra crepe unitard, Liza Bruce, \$285. Barneys New York; Neiman Marcus, White Plains NY; Silhouette, Washington DC, Chevy Chase MD. Tights, Hue, \$12. Bloomingtondale's. Black bag, \$225. Robert Clergerie, NYC; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. White bag, \$450. Jacomo, NYC; Maximilian, Boston, Palm Beach. **617:** Silk skirt, Valentino. Valentino Boutique, NYC, Los Angeles. Earrings, Tom Binns, \$230. Barneys New York; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. **618:** Polyester and polyurethane raincoat. Stockings, Wolford. **619:** Wool mock turtleneck, Azzedine Alaïa, \$340. Barneys New York. Wool flannel pants, Charlotte Neuville, \$290. Neiman Marcus. Socks, Dolci & Calze.

Faking it

620: Model on left: acrylic jacket. Also at Flashbacks, Sag Harbor NY. Polyester and cotton shirt, \$29. OBR for The Limited. Available at select Limited stores. Cotton and Lycra leggings, Isaia NYC, \$84. Fertility, NYC; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Luna, Bal Harbour FL; Charles Gallay, Los Angeles; Gerhard, Del Mar CA. Belts, Erwin Pearl. Milady Shop, Mishawaka IN; Les Magnifiques, Canada. Bag, Salvatore Ferragamo. Bloomingtondale's; I. Magnin. Boots, René Caty. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Rousso, Las Vegas. Model on right: acrylic and polyester jacket. Also at Anne Klein, The Store, Manhasset NY; I. Magnin. Cotton and Lycra unitard, Dance France, \$50. Capezio in the Village, NYC; Bodyline, Bethesda MD; The Physical Fit, Austin TX; And Apple Pie, Santa Monica. Hat, Fred Hasson. Yoshi, SoHo NYC; Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI. Boots, Donna Karan New York. Barneys New York; Holt Renfrew of Canada. **621:** Acrylic

and cotton top. Wool pants with crystals, Adrienne Vittadini, \$1,150. Adrienne Vittadini Boutique, Beverly Hills. Glasses, Shady Character. Patricia Field, NYC. Gloves, Naomi Misle. Bergdorf Goodman; Maxfield, Los Angeles. **622:** Acrylic, viscose, and polyester coat also at Toby Lerner, Ardmore PA. Leggings, Isaia NYC. Fertility, NYC; Luna, Bal Harbour FL; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Charles Gallay, Los Angeles; Gerhard, Del Mar CA. Boots, René Caty. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Rousso, Las Vegas. Bag, Robert Clergerie. Robert Clergerie Shop, NYC. **623:** Acrylic and cotton coat. Hat, Eric Javits. Bloomingdale's. Sunglasses, Scooter. Donna Karan Hosiery. Saks Fifth Avenue. Shoes, Diego Della Valle, NYC. **624:** Acrylic and cotton coat also at Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Silk shirt, Todd Oldham, \$375. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Weinstein's, New Orleans. Options cotton, polyester, and Lycra pants, \$220. Barneys New York; Coco, Coconut Grove FL; Kilgore Trout, Cleveland; A'marees, Newport Beach CA. **625:** Acrylic coat. Wool leggings, Todd Oldham, \$220. Barneys New York; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Boots, Andrea Pfister. Amen Warty, Beverly Hills and Newport Beach. **626:** Skirt, Krizia. Tights, La Leg. Dayton's, Minneapolis; Hudson's, Detroit. Boots, Andrea Pfister. **627:** Acrylic jacket. Cotton sweater, Benetton, \$45. Available at select Benetton stores. Wool and acrylic stirrup pants, \$218. Barneys New York; Anne Klein, The Store, Manhasset NY; Filene's. Necklaces, DKNY, a division of Erwin Pearl. Stephen Paul, NYC; Embry's, Lexington KY; Les Magnifiques, Quebec. Gloves by Shalimar Accessories. Octavia, Baltimore. Bag, Luc Benoît for Searle. Searle, NYC; Choices of Shadyside, Pittsburgh; Frances Kahn, Lynchburg VA. Boots, Genny.

Talking fashion 656: Left: wool jacket, \$1,580, and skirt, \$510. Alaïa New York; Alaïa chez Gallay, Beverly Hills; Gallay, West Hollywood. Both photos: Guy Marineau. **657:** Large photo, right: cat suit, Katharine Hamnett. Earrings, James Arpad. Clockwise from top left: Roxanne Lowit; Patrick Demarchelier; hair, Sam McKnight for Daniel Galvin at La Coupe; makeup, Mary Greenwell; Elizabeth Saltzman; Ralph Dominguez/Globe Photos; Guy Marineau; Alex Oliveira/DMI; James Smeal/Ron Galella Ltd. **Vogue's last look 674:** Luc Benoît, \$8,000. Saks Fifth Avenue; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, \$5,000. Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC. Loewe, \$2,045. Loewe, NYC. Giorgio Armani, \$1,350. Giorgio Armani, NYC, Los Angeles. Gucci, \$8,000. Gucci, NYC, San Francisco. Polo/Ralph Lauren, \$5,400. At all Polo/Ralph Lauren stores. Tiffany & Co., \$3,200. Tiffany & Co. Paloma Picasso, \$2,400. Bergdorf Goodman. Kleinberg Sherrill, \$3,100. Martha; I. Magnin. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

VOGUE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC., PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION, THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. COPYRIGHT © 1990 BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Vogue ISSN 0042-8000 is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President; Eric C. Anderson, Treasurer; Pamela M. van Zandt, Secretary. Second-Class postage paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as Second Class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Magazine Registration File No. 9013. Subscriptions in U.S. and possessions, \$28 for one year; \$54 for two years. In Canada, \$47 for one year, \$92 for two years. Elsewhere, \$50 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies in U.S., \$3; in Canada, \$3.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder, CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new and old address as printed on last label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. VOL. 180, NO. 9, WHOLE NO. 3302. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Vogue is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury as to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, or transparencies) or any other unsolicited material.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder CO 80322.

SUBSCRIPTION, INQUIRIES: Please write to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder, CO 80322 or call (800) 234-2347. Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to Vogue Magazine, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

