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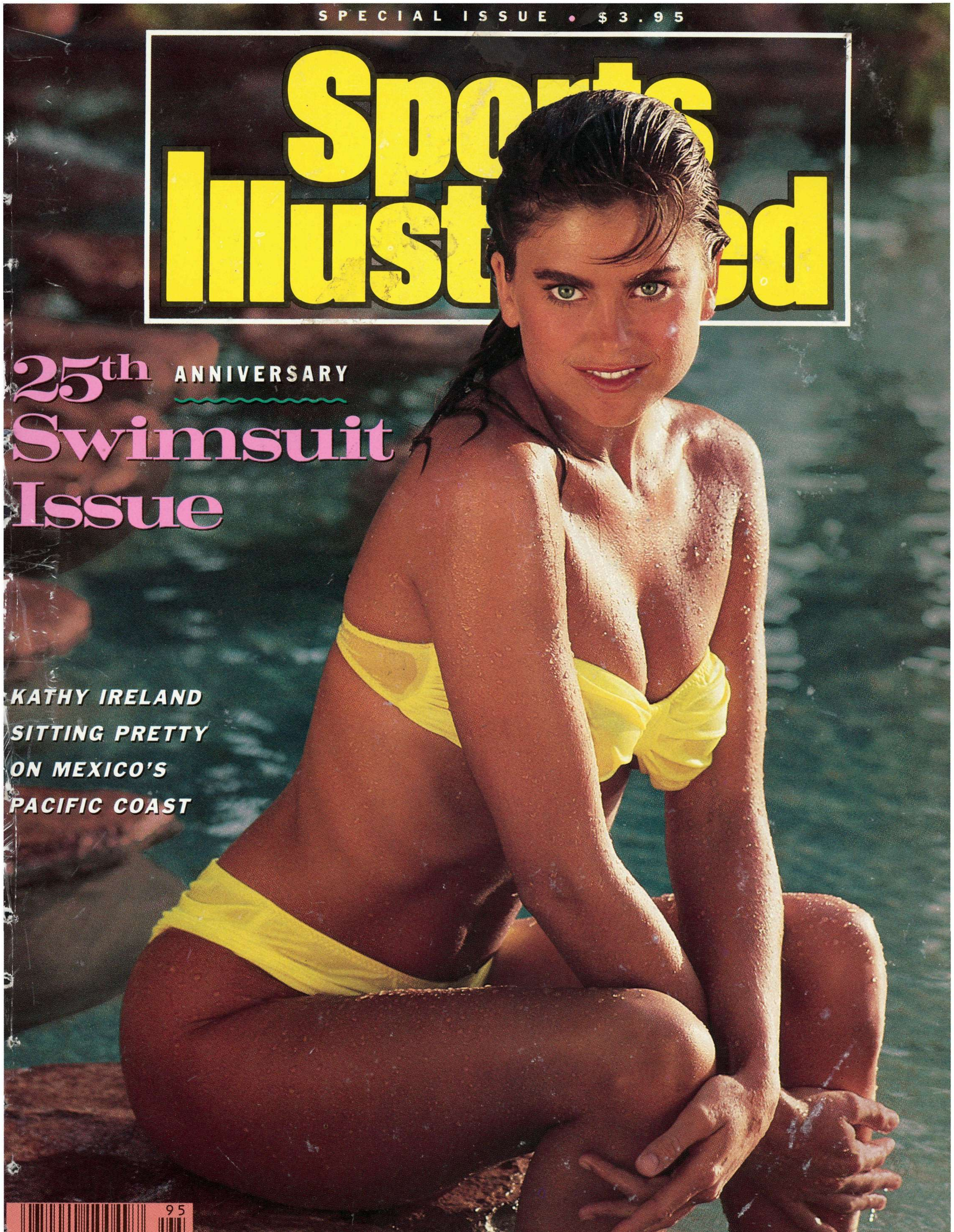
Sports Illustrated

25th ANNIVERSARY Swimsuit Issue

KATHY IRELAND
SITTING PRETTY
ON MEXICO'S
PACIFIC COAST



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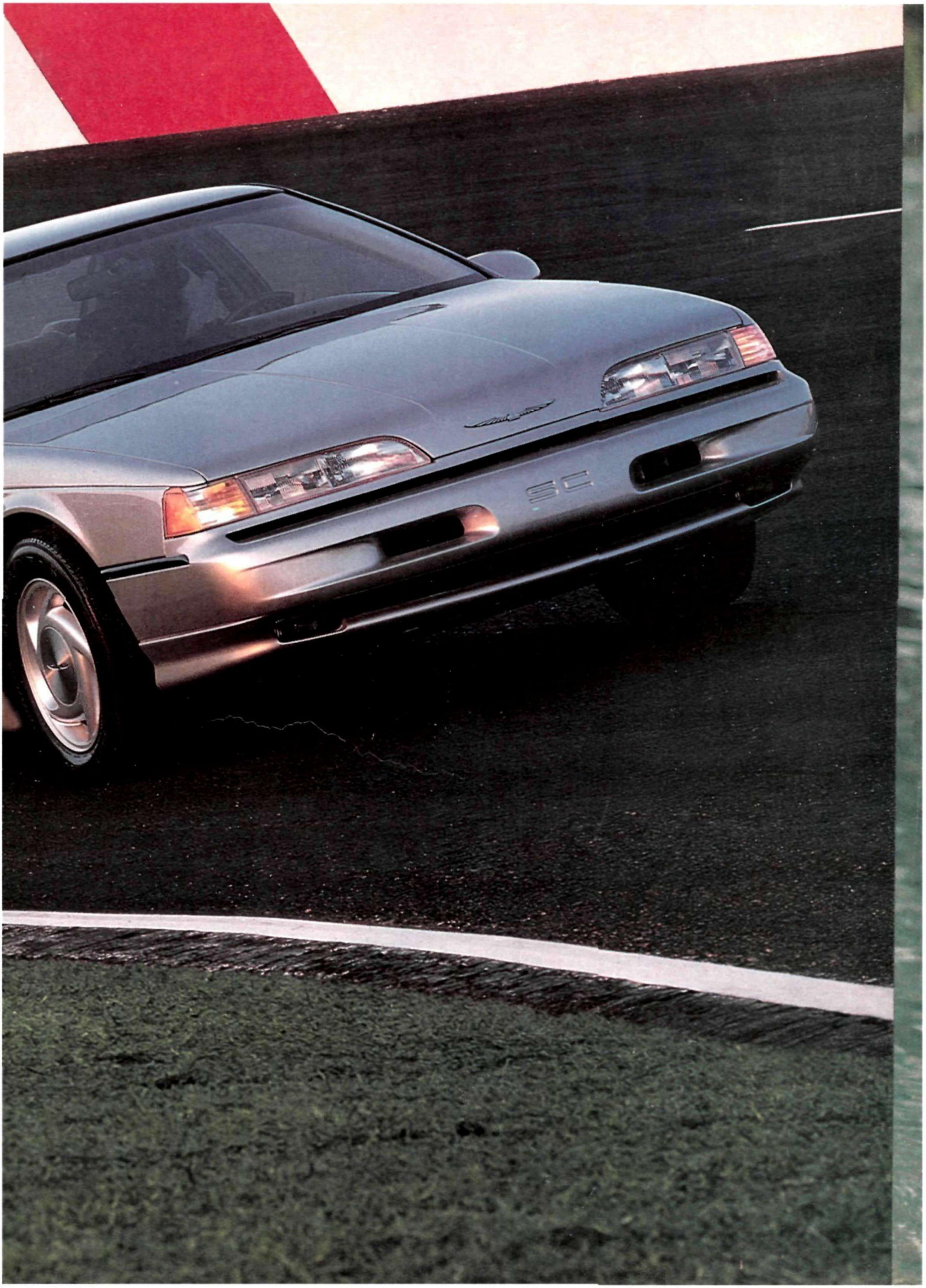
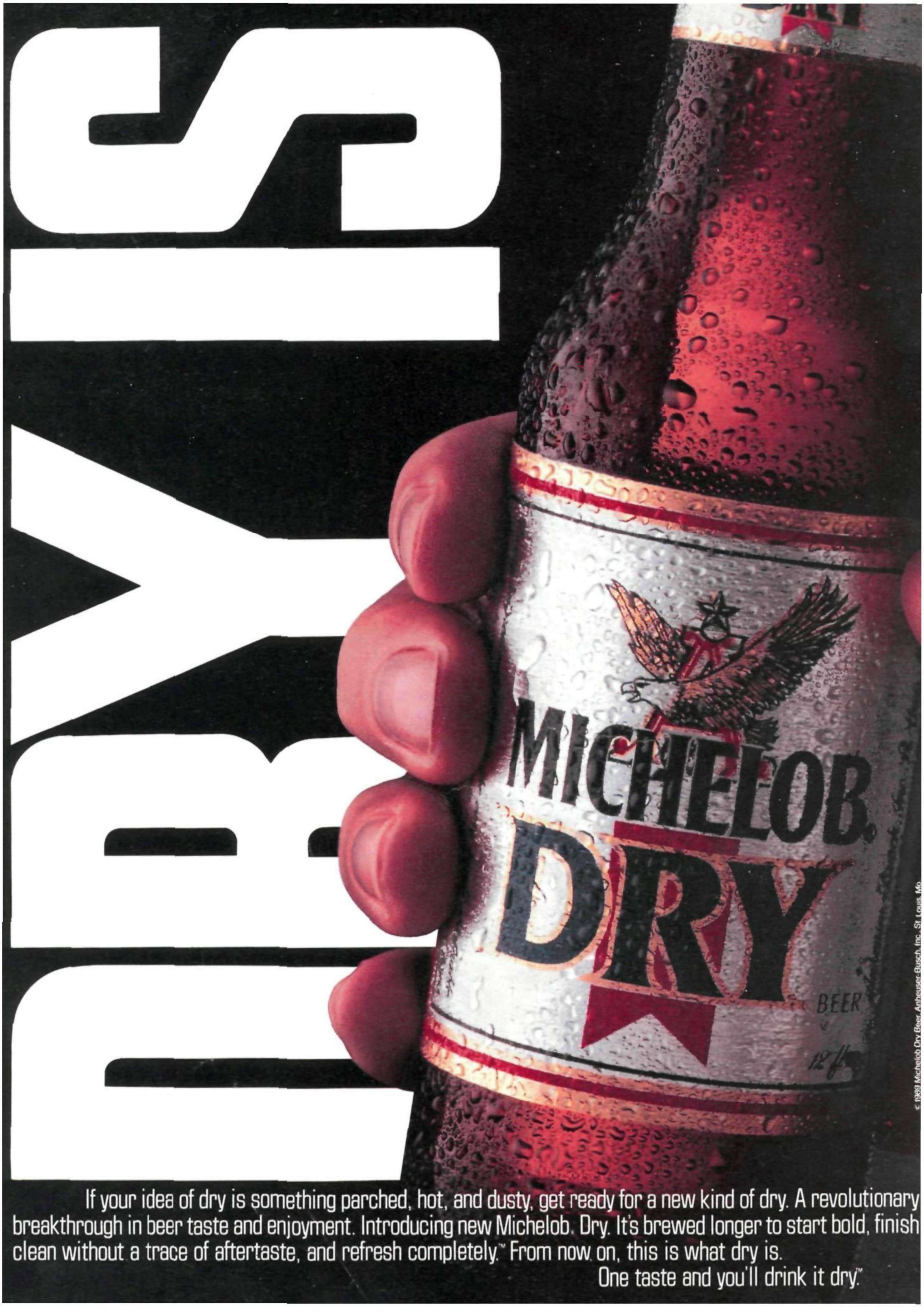

SC



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Sports Illustrated

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAOLO CURTO; SUIT BY LISALOMAS FOR VIEWPOINT ($78)

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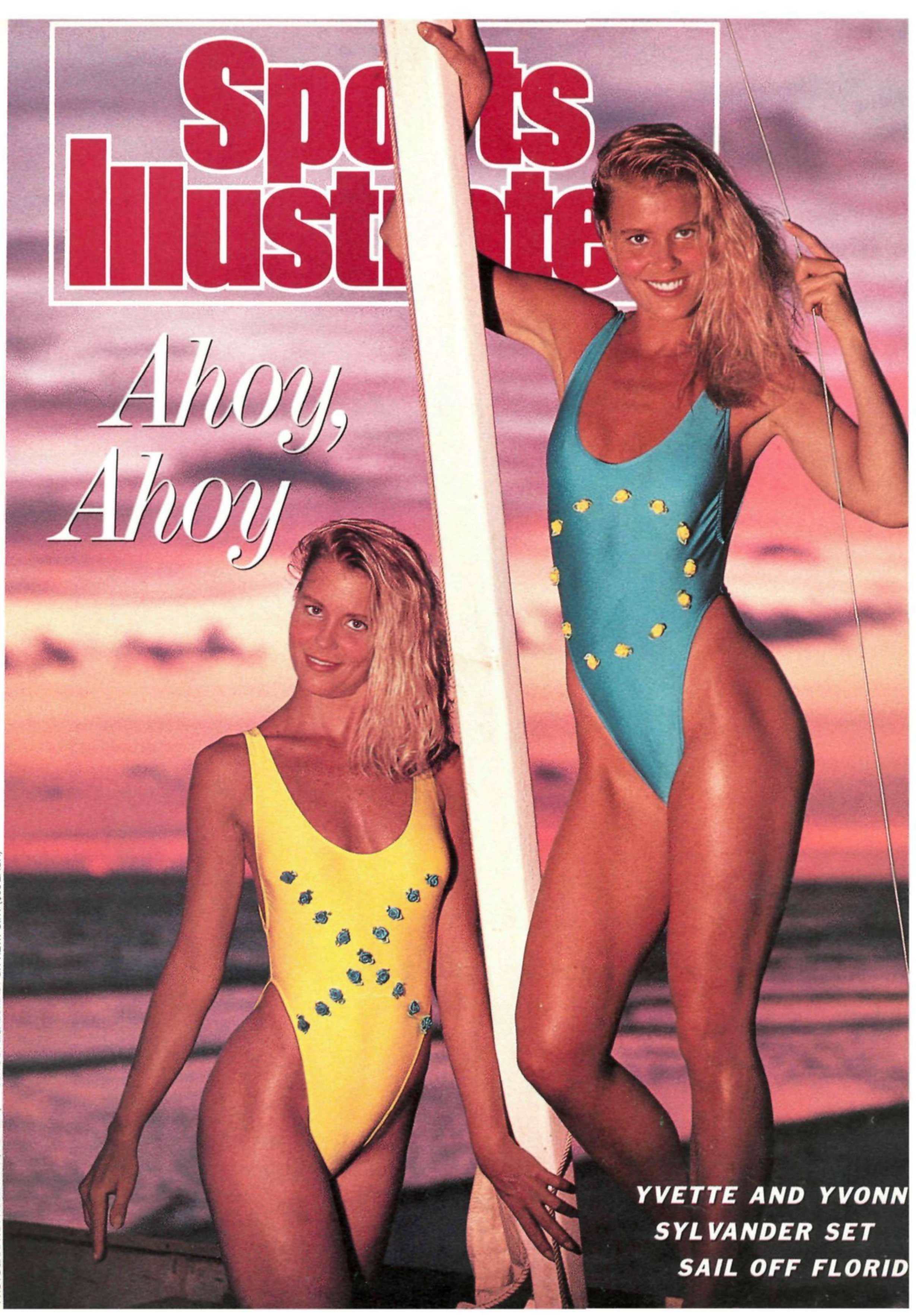
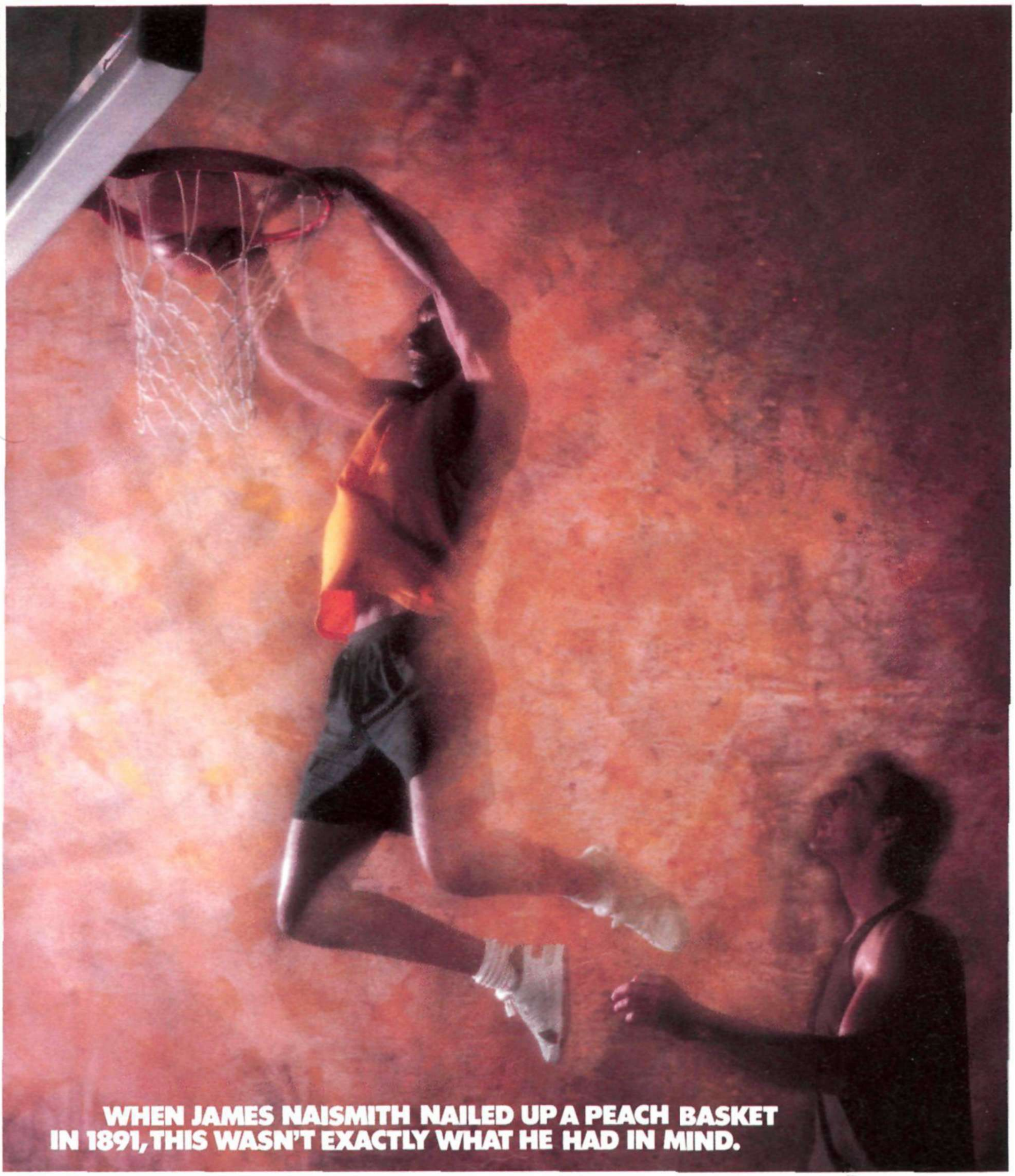


YVETTE AND YVONNE SYLVANDER SET SAIL OFF FLORIDA

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER; SUITS BY LISA ALOMAS FOR VIEWPOINT ($68 EACH)

PHOTO: DAVID LEACH



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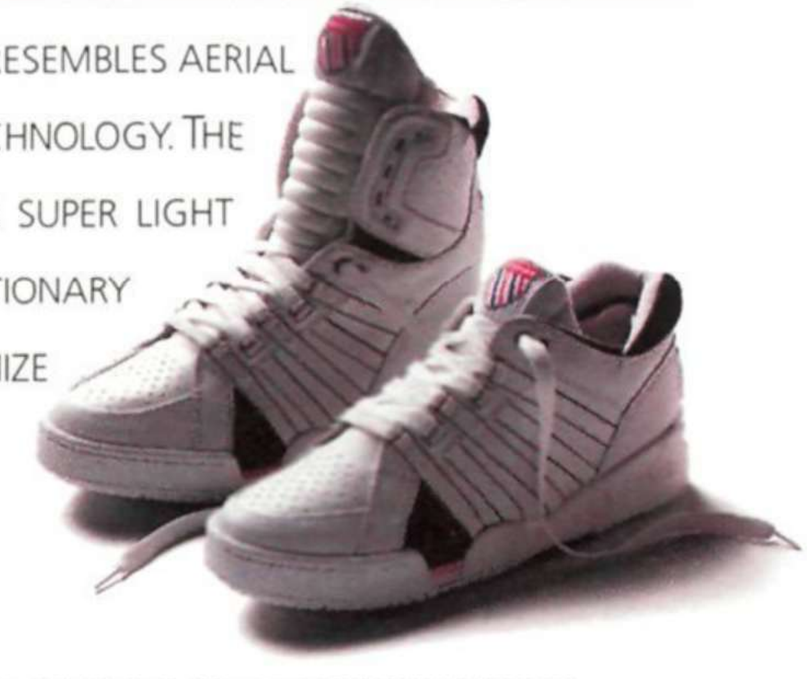

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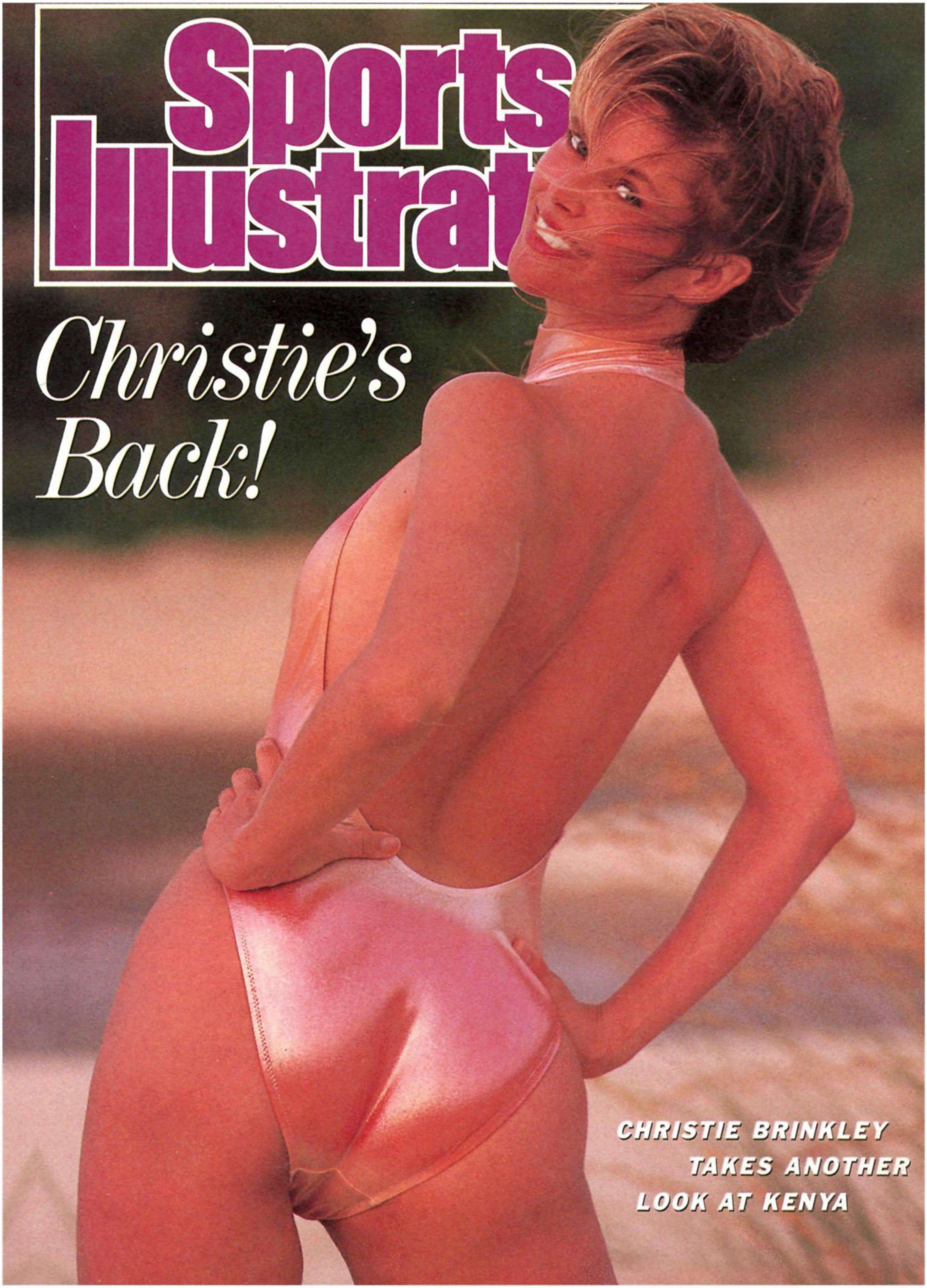
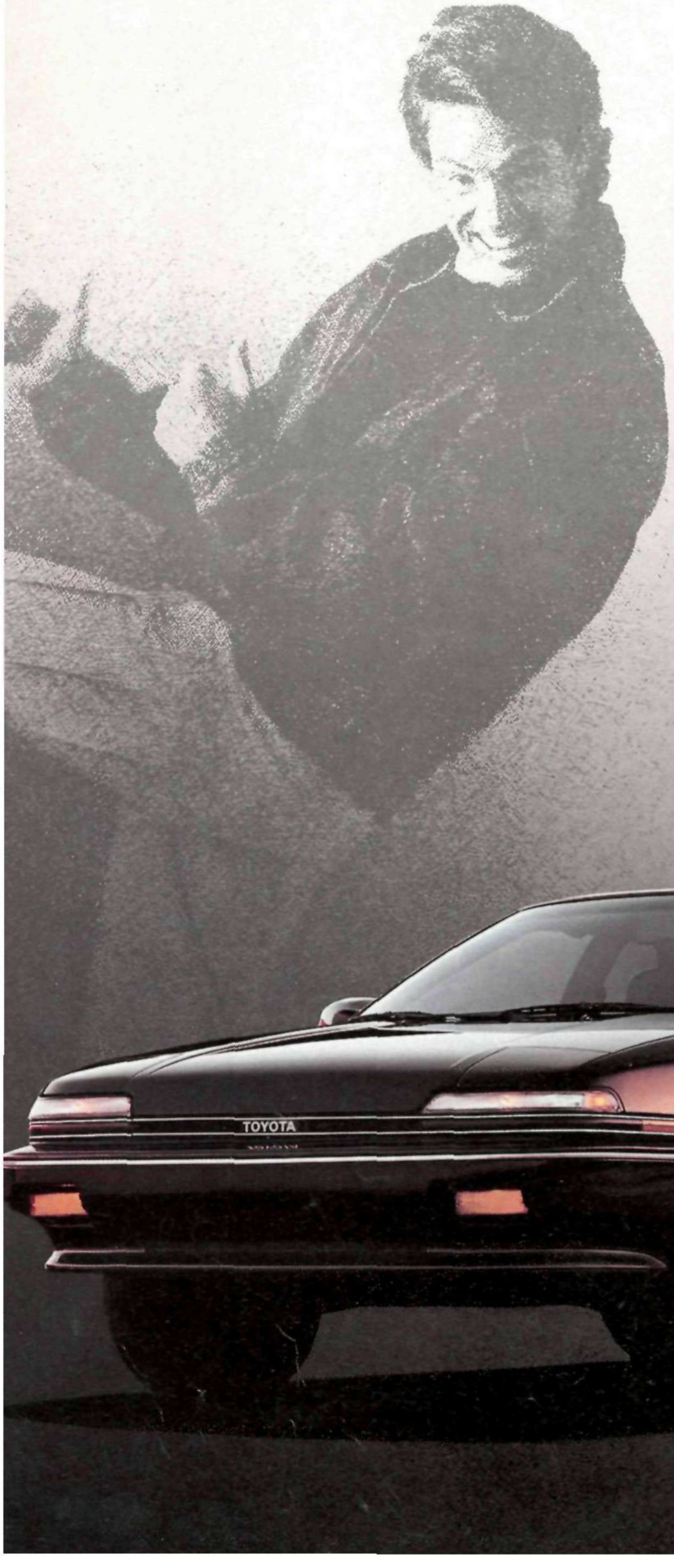


CHRISTIE BRINKLEY TAKES ANOTHER LOOK AT KENYA

TOYOTA COROLLA



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End of the Rainbow

CAROL ALT FINDS TREASURE IN KAUAI

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER IOOSS JR.; SUIT BY RALPH LAUREN ($59)

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MARC HISPARD; SUIT BY KEIKO ($60)

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Sport Illustr

Home, Sweet Home

ELLE MACPHERSON RETURNS TO HER NATIVE AUSTRALIA

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAY MAISEL; SUIT BY KEIKO ($50)

Sports Illustrated

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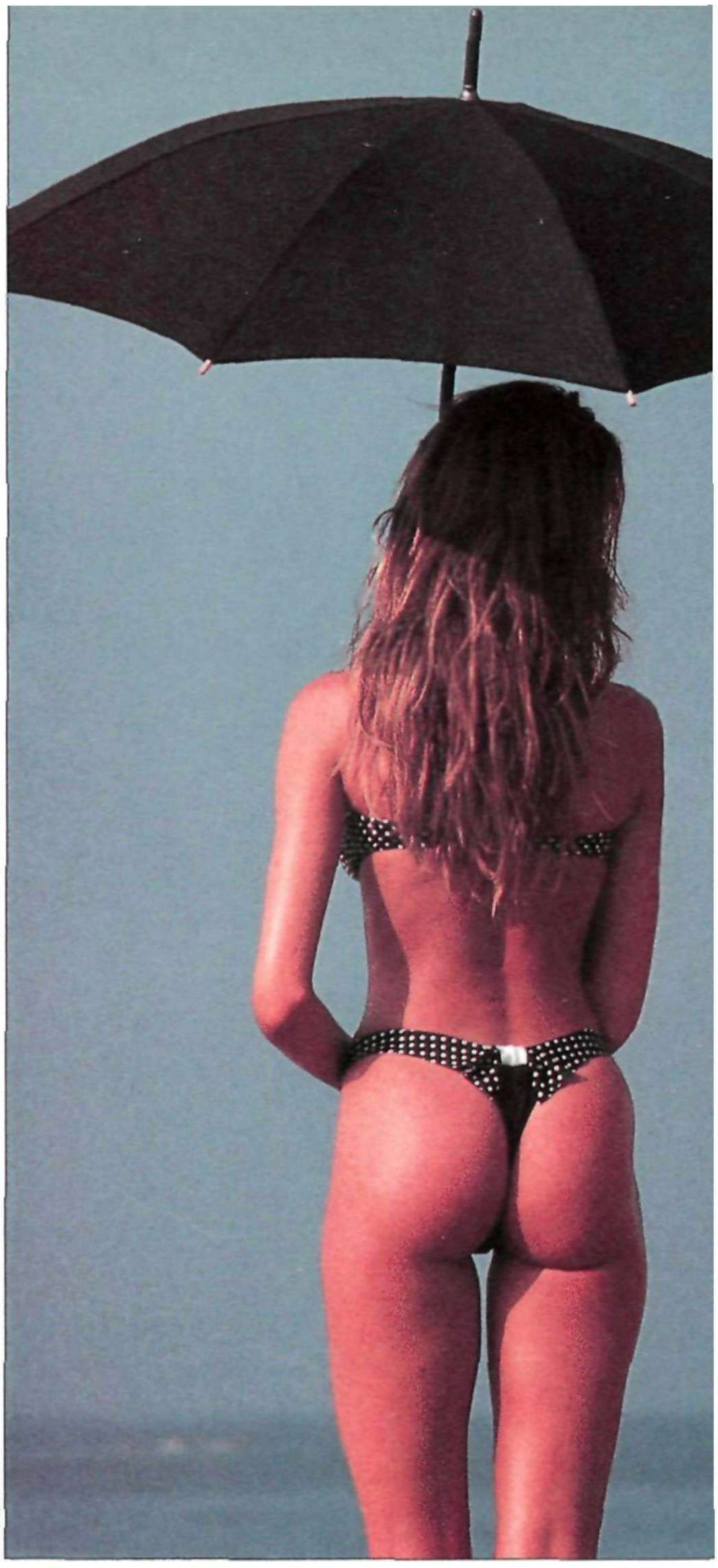

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RACHEL HUNTER, AT RIGHT IN A BIKINI BY STE. JAN MARIE ($52), IS SINGIN' IN THE SUN AS SHE ROMPS WITH A COUPLE OF FRIENDS AT COSTA CAREYES ON MEXICO'S PACIFIC COAST

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How this Roman Gabriel fan finally lost his innocence

On the cover, Kathy Ireland rests in a wading pool at the Hotel Cabo San Lucas on the Baja Peninsula. Her suit is from Half Moon ($52). Cover photograph by Paolo Curto

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

SENIOR EDITOR JULE CAMPBELL IS INDISpensable in producing our annual swimsuit issue, but she freely admits that she often needs a helping hand. This was particularly true with this 25th anniversary special issue, which contains not one but seven swimsuit photo acts, shot in Florida, Hawaii, Utah and five foreign countries.

To organize the far-flung shoots, Campbell and her two assistants, Ann Gallagher and Christy Walker, had to coordinate the comings and goings of 15 models, six photographers, six photo assistants and three hair stylists. They made sure that the right people—not to mention equipment, tickets, passports and visas—were in the right places at the right times. They logged in, packed and obtained customs clearance for 800 suits from 70 manufacturers. Sometimes they had to lug props and camera gear. Yet the 54 swimsuit photos in this issue make their six months of labor look like, well, a day at the beach.

ROB KINMOUTH

CAMPBELL WAS ABLY BACKED BY WALKER (LEFT) AND GALLAGHER

Campbell was on hand for all the shoots but one, and she was always joined by at least one of her assistants. Gallagher, who journeyed to Florida, Kenya, the Seychelles, Hawaii, Utah and Mexico, is a five-year veteran of the swimsuit issue. "This job needs organizational skills," she says. "You get them raising three children."

Walker, who went to St. Barts, Australia, Florida and Mexico, came *to SI from the* LIFE *picture collection* last July. "I was warned that all the travel wasn't as glamorous as it sounds, and I thought, Oh, sure," she says. "But it was really demanding. I found myself in these fabulous places, dreaming of going back to bed."

Everybody knows that photographers and models are essential to a swimsuit shoot, but what about those three hairstylists? One was Didier Malige, who, at Christie Brinkley's request, went to Kenya. Another was Maury Hopson, a friend of Cheryl Tiegs's, who tussled with Tiegian tresses in the Seychelles. Finally, there was Francois Ilnseher, who was along for most of the shoots and who, when he wasn't fussing with the models' hair and makeup, cheerfully held reflectors and rubbed sore necks.

Thus assisted, Campbell put another swimsuit issue safely to bed, then sought some hard-earned R and R. And exactly what does this veteran of so many trips to so many exotic holiday destinations do when she takes a vacation? She goes home to her farm in Flemington, N.J.

Donald F. Barr

Sports Illustrated

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In the Swim

Through the centuries, swimsuits have gone from the ridiculous to the sublime, with a few strange stops in between

PICTORIAL PARADE

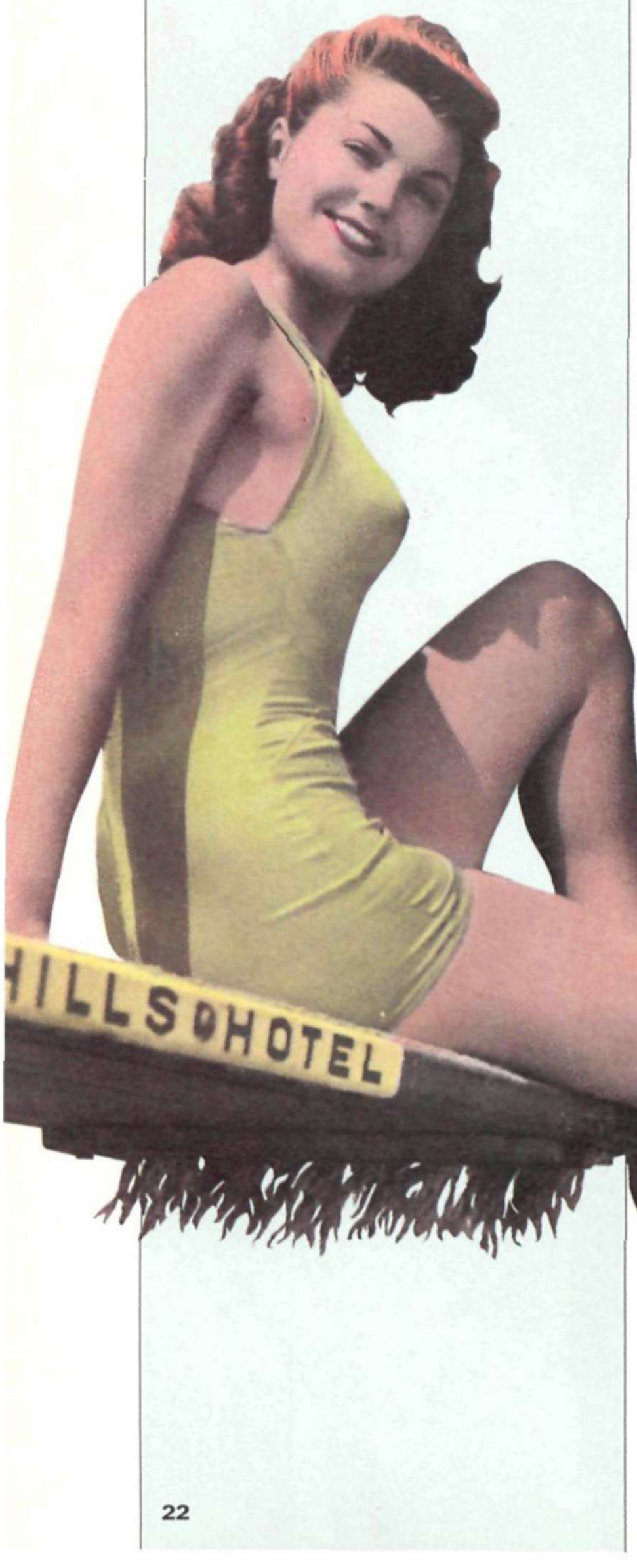
CULVER PICTURES

Beauties and the beach have long been a winning combination. From left: a pair of Mack Sennett lovelies shimmered in the California sun; Fay Lanphier spread her wings as Miss America of 1925; this modest bikini met a chilly reception in the U.S. in 1952; the "King Tut" suit wowed 'em in the '20s; a swimmer in 1910 risked drowning in her cumbersome costume.

RELANG/RAPHO GUILLUMETTE

CULVER PICTURES (2)

CULVER PICTURES (2)



BY WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS WATER, AND OVER THE NEXT COUPLE OF billion years, God proceeded to create fish, fowl, man, woman, the beach, the flannel bathing gown, the one-piece woolen swimsuit, the two-piece Lastex suit, the shoestring bikini, the see-through mesh suit and Cheryl Tiegs. There you have it, a skin-deep history of the evolution of mankind and marine life on earth. For those of you interested only in the Big Picture—in grand schemes and divine designs—this is all you need to know, and you should turn directly to page 232, where the big pictures in this issue begin. For you readers with a penchant for little-known facts, read on to learn how

The bathing machine (top left) was a boon to the modest; Williams (left) portrayed swimsuit pioneer Kellerman; Bardot (right) blazed a trail for the bikini.

the swimsuit evolved from something that had all the grace and charm of a collapsed pup tent into the world's most provocative form of female apparel.

NUDES IN THE MACHINE

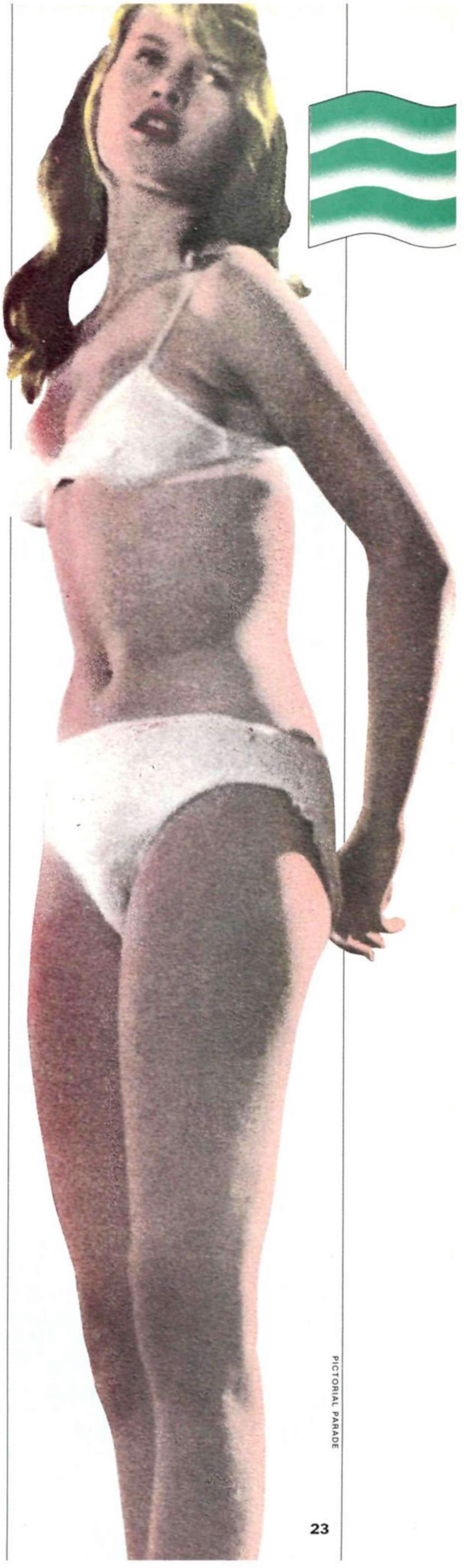
IN THE 17TH CENTURY, bathing—as swimming was known then—was generally a passive activity. Bathers sought the health-giving qualities of water rather than vigorous exercise. Sometimes one immersed oneself in the cold sea and sometimes in the warm, curative springs of spas. But whatever the temperature of the water, rarely was much skin displayed. Following a visit to Bath, the British spa, in 1687, a traveler wrote: "The ladyes goes into the bath with garments made of a fine yellow canvas, with great sleeves like a parson's gown, the water fills it up so that its borne off that your shape is not seen. . . . The Gentlemen have drawers and wastcoates of the same sort of canvas."

A century or so later the bathing machine, a sort of cabana on wheels, was invented. It allowed the psychotically modest to spend a day at the beach in complete privacy. The bathing machine was later improved with the addition of a "modesty hood," an awning that extended into the water. The hood was the brainstorm of Benjamin Beale, a Quaker from England who had been troubled by the sight of women emerging from the sea in soaking-wet flannel dresses. Horses would haul a bathing machine far enough into the ocean so that no one could see the woman inside as she changed from her thick layers of land clothing into her almost-as-thick layers of water clothing.

ODE TO A SKINNY-DIP

GOING NAKED INTO THE WATER was not unheard of among respectable women of the 17th century. An anonymous poem called *The Swimming Lady* spoke of "a virgin lady bright and gay" who appeared on a river bank one day and . . .

With glittering glance,
her jealous eyes
Did slyly look about
To see if any lurking spies
Were hid to find her out:
And being well resolved that none
Could view her nakedness,
She puts her robes off, one by one,
And doth herself undress.



CULVER PICTURES

This astonishing outfit was worn by Luvah Roberts in "Nothing But Love," a musical comedy about a young man who rescues a drowning beauty. It opened at New York's Lyric Theater in 1919.

SPECTATOR SWIMMING

ANY WOMAN WORTH HER WILES KNEW THAT IF properly used, even a 19th-century head-to-toe swimming dress could be more provocative than nudity. In 1856, *The Observer* of London described a day of bathing at the English coastal resort of Ramsgate: "The water is black with bathers . . . the females do not venture beyond the serf [sic], and lay themselves on their backs, waiting for the coming waves, with their bathing dresses in a most dégagée [sic] style. The waves come, and in the majority of instances, not only cover the fair bathers, but literally carry their dresses up to their neck, so that, as far as decency is concerned, they might as well be without any dresses at all . . . and all this takes place in the presence of thousands of spectators . . . the gentlemen come to look at the ladies bathing. . . ."

MILLION-DOLLAR MERMAID

NO PERSON IN THIS CENTURY DID MORE to make the female anatomy a visible—as well as a respectable—element of swimsuit fashion than Annette Kellerman, the swimmer who starred for years in vaudeville as The Diving Venus and whom a goggle-eyed Harvard professor once pronounced "the most beautifully formed woman of modern times." Kellerman was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1888. When she was a child her legs were weak and bowed, and she needed braces to walk. To increase her strength, Annette began to swim at an early age. Soon she could walk, run and even dance some ballet. By the time she was 10, she had grown into a powerful young girl who won swimming races against many of Australia's best competitors.

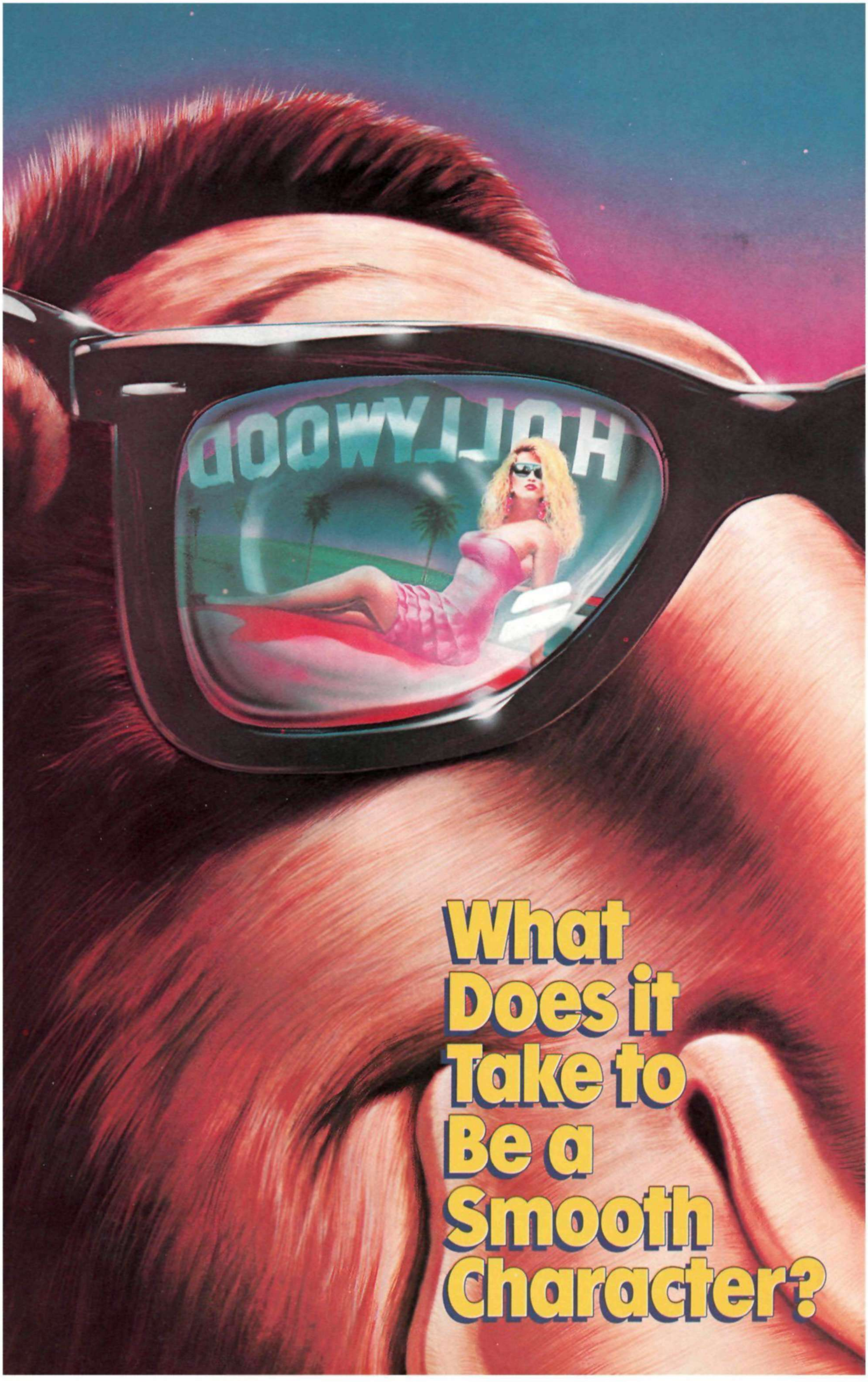
When she was 14, her family moved to England, where her father, Frederick, a man down on his luck, decided that Annette's talent as a swimmer might be used to enhance the family's failing fortunes. He announced to the British press that his daughter would swim the Thames River from Putney to Blackwall, a distance of 26 miles. Such a feat was unheard of for anyone, let alone a teenage girl. He also said that she would train for a very short time and that while in training her diet would consist mostly of bread and milk.

Annette completed the swim, became an international heroine and went on to gain fame (and a small fortune from sponsors) by performing other long-distance swimming feats. Twice she failed to become the first woman to swim the English channel, both times after the tide turned against her. Though Kellerman was not a great beauty, she was not at all shy and was enticed into vaudeville and appeared at the London Hippodrome.

Kellerman was such a hit that she went to the U.S. in the spring of 1907. She began her tour with an unforgettable performance in the outdoor swimming pool at White City amusement park in Chicago during a snowstorm. She entertained the crowd by executing a sensational high dive into a glass-enclosed tank, performing various water ballets and spending long periods of time underwater while eating and reading a newspaper. She went on to do 55 shows a week in Chicago for the next three months.

That summer she was booked into the amusement park at Boston's Revere Beach. One morning she made a brief publicity appearance on the beach—and attained immortality. She was wearing her usual vaudeville costume—a boy's black woolen racing suit that clung tightly to her torso and left her legs, arms and neck bare. Some staid women were on the beach that day in their usual cumbersome swimming garb, which included skirts, long-sleeved blouses and stockings. One of the ladies espied the lightly clad Kellerman and called a cop, who collared her for indecent exposure.

Kellerman went to jail and then to court, where she learned that the legal objections to her beachwear were based not on the form-fitting qualities of the suit but on the amount of skin it revealed. So she sewed a pair of black stockings onto the bottom of the suit, attached sleeves and a neckpiece to the top and returned to Revere—as curvaceous and sexy as ever, but with nearly every centimeter of her skin covered to meet the demands of the law. Thus was born the one-piece swimsuit, which allowed women to look like women and made Kellerman the world's first aquatic glamour girl.


HOLLYWOOD
What
Does it
Take to
Be a
Smooth
Character?

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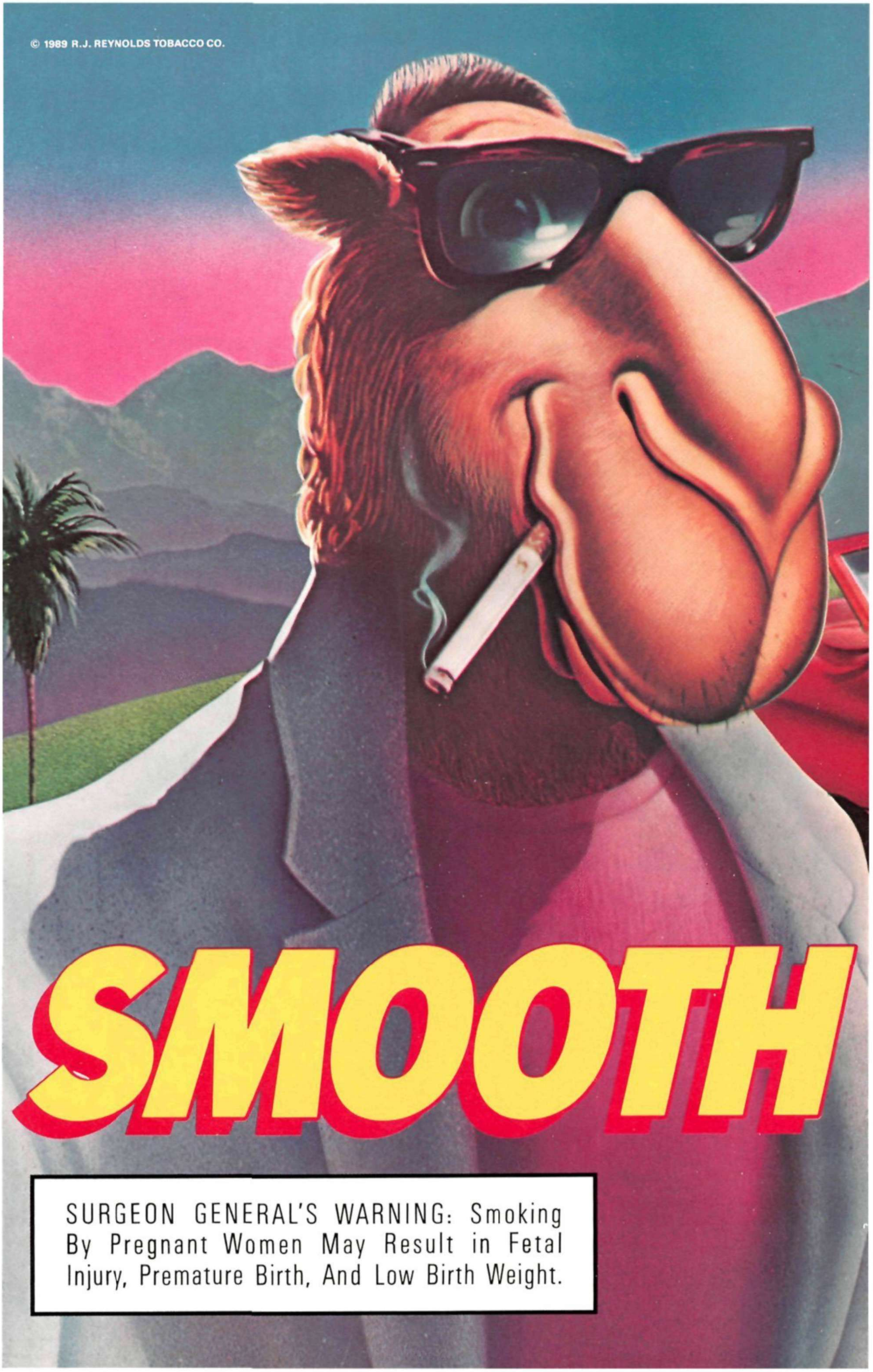
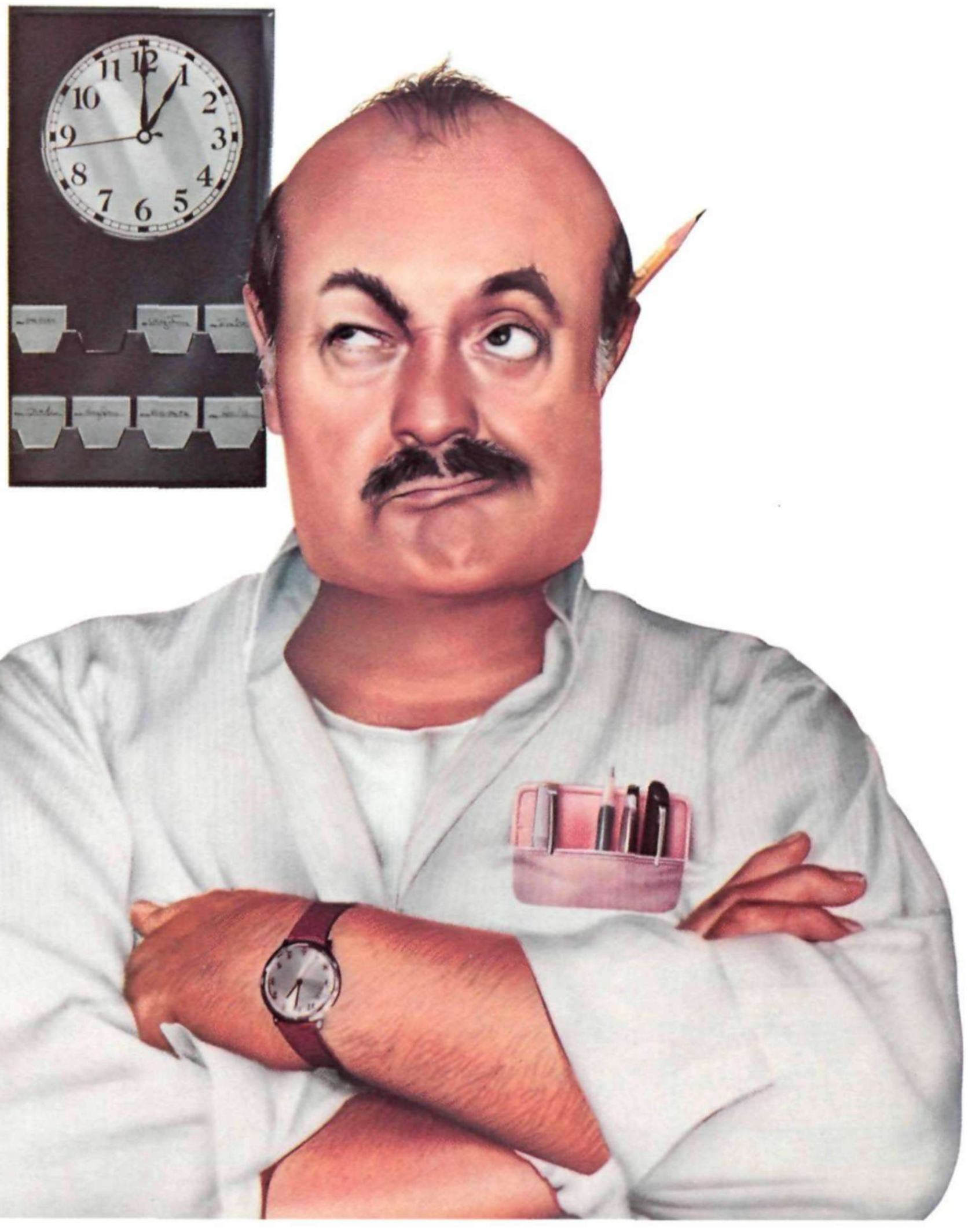


SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

What to tell your boss when you're late for work.

SMOOTH MOVE #313

1. "I was kidnapped by aliens who took me into their space pod for twelve years, but when they returned me to earth it was only an hour later."
2. "My house blew up. But I'm ok."
3. "As long as you're already angry, can I leave an hour early too?"
4. "Before I start, can I get you some Camels?"



How to make a good impression on your future in-laws.

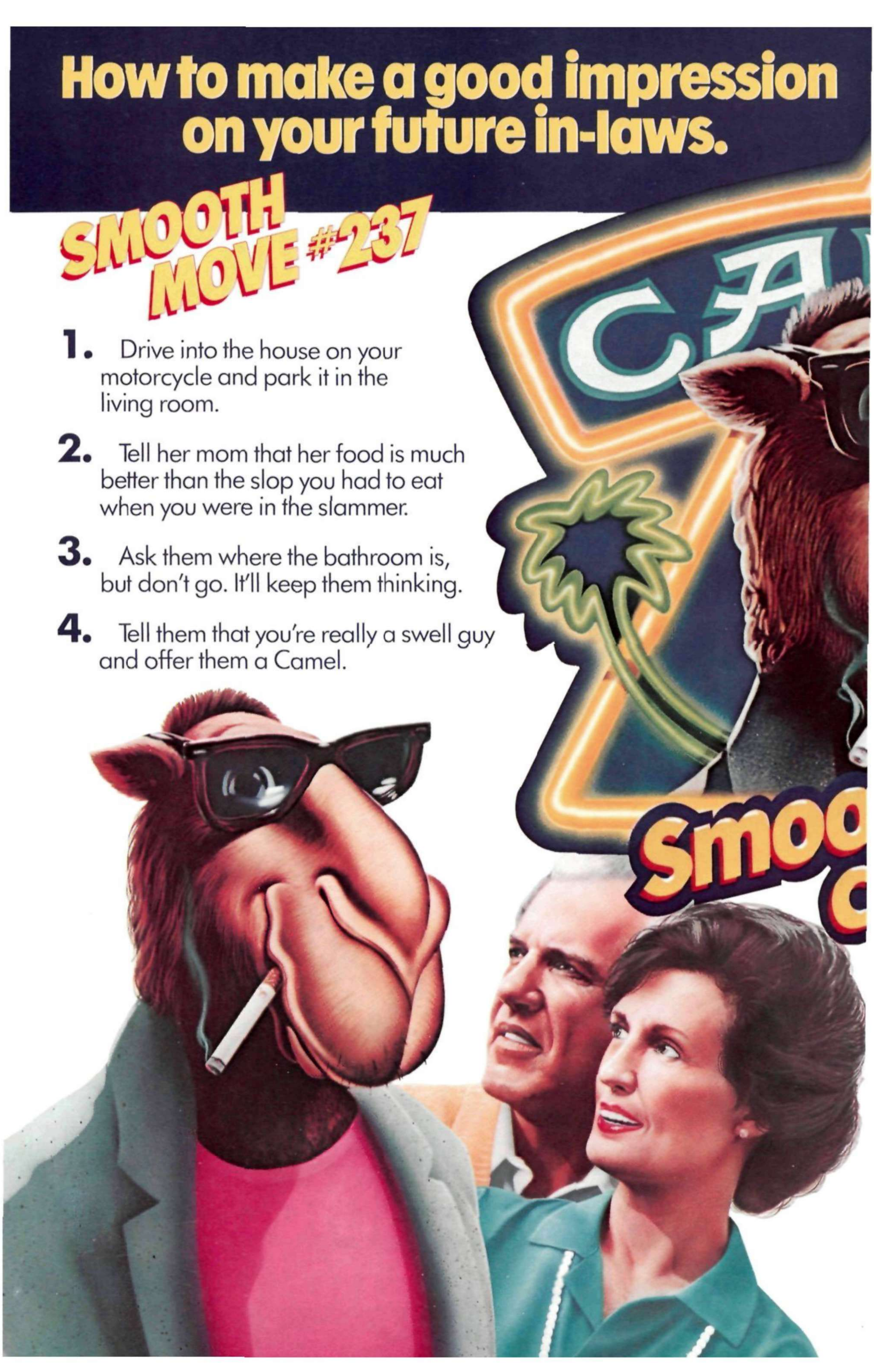
SMOOTH MOVE #237

1. Drive into the house on your motorcycle and park it in the living room.

2. Tell her mom that her food is much better than the slop you had to eat when you were in the slammer.

3. Ask them where the bathroom is, but don't go. It'll keep them thinking.

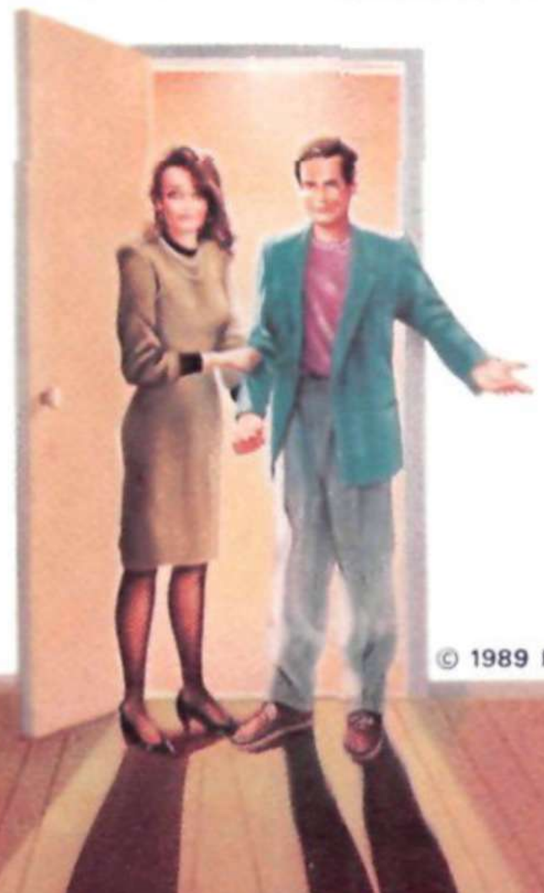
4. Tell them that you're really a swell guy and offer them a Camel.



How to explain why your apartment has no furniture.

SMOOTH MOVE #81

1. "!!!!!!! I've been ripped off!"
2. "It needs a woman's touch. And I think *you* are that woman."
3. "I used to have furniture, but it was too much trouble moving it around every time I wanted to play hockey."
4. "Anyway, relax, pull up a couple of cinder blocks and have a Camel."



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

FREE! A SENSATIONAL NEW CAMEL T-SHIRT.

SMOOTH MOVE #78

1. Call 1-800-4-CAMEL-T
(1-800-422-6358)

2. Order your free T-shirt. (L or XL)
(Offer limited to smokers 21 and older.)

3. Don't make a smooth move without it!

FRONT

BACK

FREE
T-SHIRT
OFFER
INSIDE!
HOLLYWOOD
CAMEL
FILTERS
SMOOTH
TURKISH & DOMESTIC
BLEND
CAMEL
MOVES

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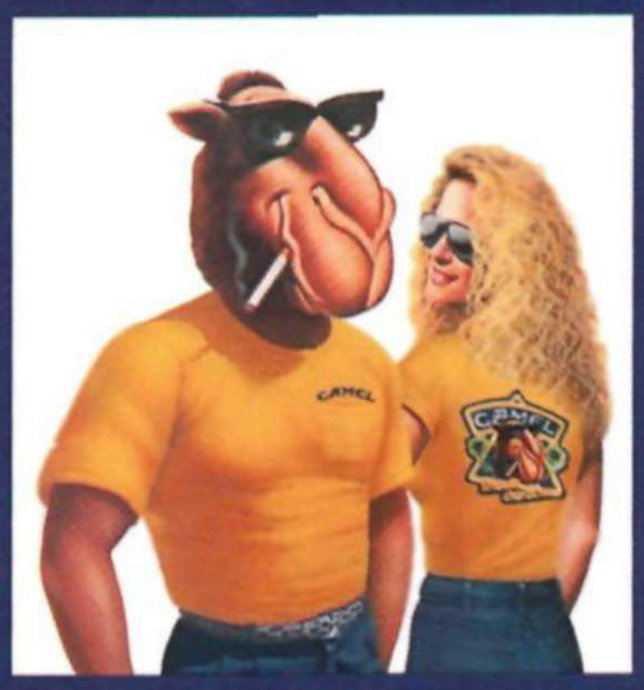
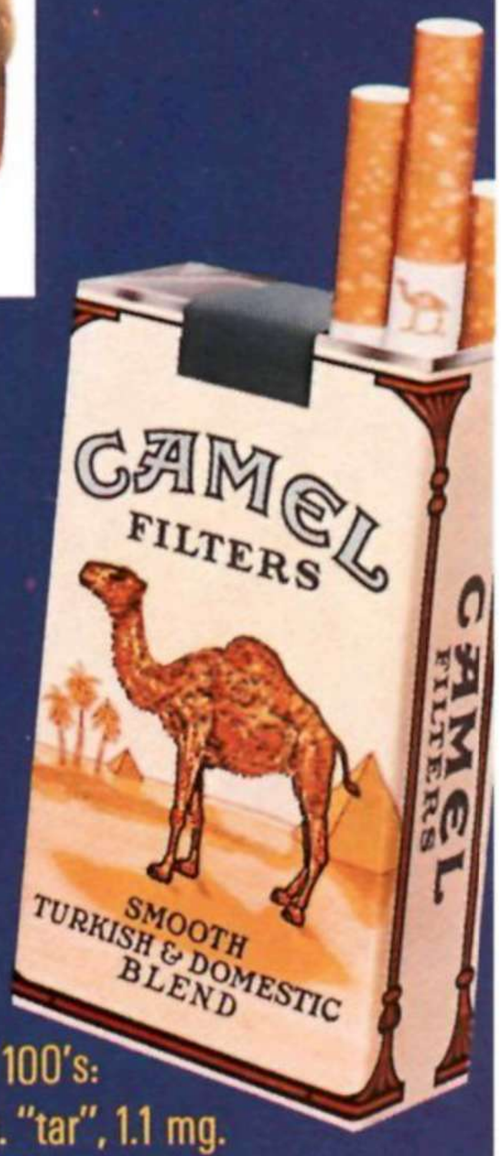
SMOOTH MOVE #79

If you missed the offer on the inside, here's how to order your

FREE CAMEL T-SHIRT

1. Call 1-800-4-CAMEL-T*
(1-800-422-6358)
2. Order the free T-shirt.
(L or XL)
3. Turn back to the inside.
4. Light up a Camel, and enjoy all those Smooth Moves.





LOOK FOR MORE SMOOTH MOVES AND FREE OFFERS COMING YOUR WAY!

***Limit one per household and to smokers 21 years and older.**
Offer good while supply lasts or until May 15, 1989. Offer good only in U.S.A.
All promotional costs paid by manufacturer.

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

LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS HARD PACK: 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, FILTERS: 16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, FILTERS HARD PACK: 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, FILTERS 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, REGULAR: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Jayne Mansfield, attired in provocative polka dots, assumed a classic pose for one of the cheesecake publicity shots that were de rigueur for any starlet or love goddess of the '50s and '60s.

She went on to star in several silent movies, including *Neptune's Daughter*, *Queen of the Sea* and *A Daughter of the Gods*. In the last one, Kellerman played a goddess so full of charm that when she fell into a pool of gnashing alligators, they were instantly transformed into swans. She also played the New York Hippodrome in the early 1920s for the gigantic sum of $5,000 a week and appeared on stage with some of the greatest stars of the day—Charlie Chaplin, Al Jolson, Jimmy Durante, Enrico Caruso, Anna Pavlova and Maurice Chevalier.

In 1952, Esther Williams wore 28 different bathing suits as the star of *Million Dollar Mermaid*, a movie based on Kellerman's life. Kellerman died in 1975 at the age of 87.

JANTZEN GIRLS IN 1913 A LOCAL ROWER ASKED THE PORTLAND (ORE.) Knitting Company to make him a pair of wool trunks to wear while working out on wintry waters in the Northwest. The company's two owners, John Zehntbauer and Carl Jantzen, came up with a knitted garment that was ribbed like a sweater cuff. The rower was delighted, and Zehntbauer and Jantzen decided to manufacture swimsuits of the same material. The suit they designed sold very well for years, despite the fact that it weighed two pounds when dry and eight pounds when wet.

In the early 1920s, not long after Portland Knitting had renamed itself Jantzen Inc., the company created what turned out to be one of the greatest retail-marketing devices of the century—a sticker for car windshields that depicted a girl diving in a red swimsuit. The Jantzen girl was so popular that the company gave out no fewer than 10 million stickers in the '20s. At one point, a number of states, including the relentlessly stick-in-the-mud Massachusetts, refused to grant a driver's license to anyone who carried such a risqué drawing on his windshield. But most of the states had a hard time making the Jantzen rule stick.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? LIKE OWNERS OF YOUNG THOROUGHBREDS, DESIGNers of swimsuits used to search hard and long each year to find new names for almost every model they put on the market, no matter how minor the changes in design might be. In 1954, the reach seemed particularly long for names that would attract customers. That year swimsuits were called Beau Catcher, Double Entendre, Leading Lady, Pretty Foxy, Side Issue, Forecast, Fabulous Fit, Honey Child (designed to maximize small bosoms), Shipshape (designed to minimize large bosoms), Diamond Lil (trimmed with rhinestones and lace), Swimming In Mink (trimmed with fur across the bodice) and Spearfisherman (heavy poplin with a rope belt for carrying a knife to do battle with beasts of the deep).

Perhaps the most provocative name ever coined for a swimsuit was Moonlight Buoy, in 1946. The suit was two pieces of particularly lightweight material—bottom and top together weighed only eight ounces. What made the Moonlight Buoy distinctive was a large cork buckle attached to the the bottoms. If a woman wanted to splash around au naturel, she could tie the top to the cork buckle, which would keep both parts of the suit afloat. LIFE did a photo essay on the Moonlight Buoy and came right out with the naked truth: "The name of the suit, of course, suggests the nocturnal conditions under which nude swimming is most agreeable."

TO BIKINI OR NOT TO BIKINI? NOTHING HAS MADE SUCH AN IMpact on human modesty as the bikini. It was designed in 1946 by Louis Réard, a Frenchman who had trained

CULVER PICTURES

The topless suit by Gernreich received a lot of publicity—as the designer had hoped it would—but how many beachgoers wore this sensation of the '60s?

BILL CLAXTON/GLOBE PHOTOS

as a civil engineer before entering his mother's hosiery business in Paris. The name *bikini* comes from the tiny atoll in the Pacific Ocean that the U.S. pounded to smithereens that same year in a series of atomic tests. Réard never revealed why he chose the name, leaving swimsuit scholars to ponder whether he had in mind the island's small size, the exotic and revealing garb worn by the women who lived on Bikini before it was bombed or the massive power of an atomic weapon, which, like a woman in a bikini, can devastate everything in its path.

When it was unveiled, the bikini certainly devastated everyone who saw it. No fashion model in Paris would pose in it, so Réard had to hire a striptease dancer to introduce it. Esther Williams refused to wear one. The bikini was banned in Italy, Spain, Portugal and Belgium, and Sears, Roebuck and Co. once airbrushed out the navel of a model who wore one of the tiny suits in its catalog.

The bikini finally caught on in the 1950s on the French Riviera, thanks in large part to Brigitte Bardot, who was frequently photographed there in bikinis. But American women avoided the suit for years. As late as 1959, Anne Cole, a major U.S. swimsuit designer, said, "It's nothing more than a G-string. It's at the razor's edge of decency." In July of the same year, the *New York Post* launched a search for bikinis on beaches around New York City and found only a couple. Nevertheless, sales had begun to rise in the U.S., and some deep thinkers, noting that the number of private swimming pools in the country had risen from 2,500 in 1949 to 87,000 in 1959, suggested that thousands of otherwise shy women were buying bikinis to wear in the privacy of their home pools.

By the time Réard died in 1984 at the age of 87, the bikini made up nearly 20% of all swimsuit sales in the U.S.—far more than for any other model.

WATERY WORDS OF WISDOM

OR A FEW MISCELLANEOUS thoughts that have been written and uttered over the years concerning the evolution of the women's swimsuit:

When Rudi Gernreich, who created the topless bathing suit in 1964, was asked why he had designed such a piece of apparel, he said, "It's an abstract idea of what I believed was going to happen."

An anonymous 19th-century poem:

Bathing is a sport
Enjoyed by great and small
In suits of any sort
Though better none at all.

In 1949, LIFE published a story called "The Trouble with the Bikini." One of the photographs was of a 15-year-old girl with an unflattering mark on her tummy. The caption read: "Abdominal scars are revealed. This has caused many women, whose surgeons have left their stomachs looking like old golf balls, to shun the suits." After receiving a letter from the girl's irate father, LIFE printed this embarrassed reply: "LIFE's apologies. The apparent scar was caused by creases on the negative."

In 1972 swimsuit designer Monika Tilley said of that year's revealing styles, "Bareness is the expression of our times."

In 1974, Gernreich invented the Thong, a Ban-Lon string to be worn in the style of a sumo wrestler's strap. When asked to philosophize about his Thong, he said, "Preferably you should have good-looking buttocks."

Style becomes instinct.

FARAH®

DACRON® WOOL BLEND

One Performanc

Be Called On A

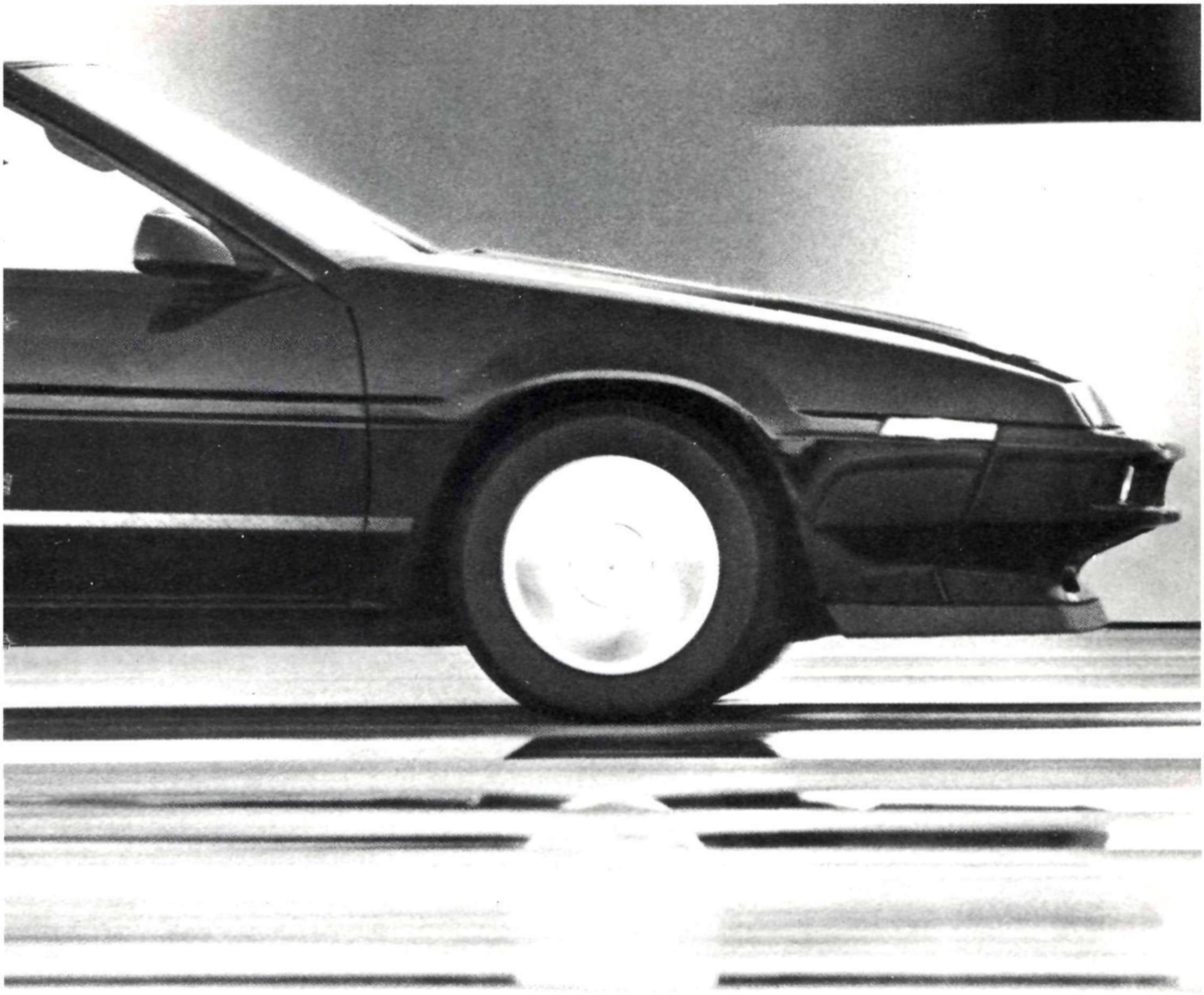
The problem with "hot" sports cars, of course, is that they're not so hot in nasty weather. And they're touchy on tough terrain.

Two excellent reasons why enthusiasts who confine *their driving to the real world* would do well to consider the Subaru XT-6.

The XT-6 offers one of the most aerodynamic shapes ever sculpted for the road. And an inspiring, 145-horsepower, *horizontally-opposed engine.*

But what makes it unique among sports cars is the option of either front-wheel drive or full-time four wheel drive. An option that means high performance

*© Subaru of America, Inc. 1988. *See your local Subaru dealer for details of the warranty.* **Seat belts save lives.***



e That Will Never ccount Of Rain.

motoring is no longer strictly a seasonal sport.

The XT-6 further offers the technological virtues of multi-point fuel injection, the reassurance of a 36 month/36,000-mile bumper-to-bumper limited warranty* and a price tag you'll find highly manageable.

Of course, we could have taken our car, which performs well in bad weather, and made it as expensive as the ones that don't. But it wouldn't have been the sporting thing to do.

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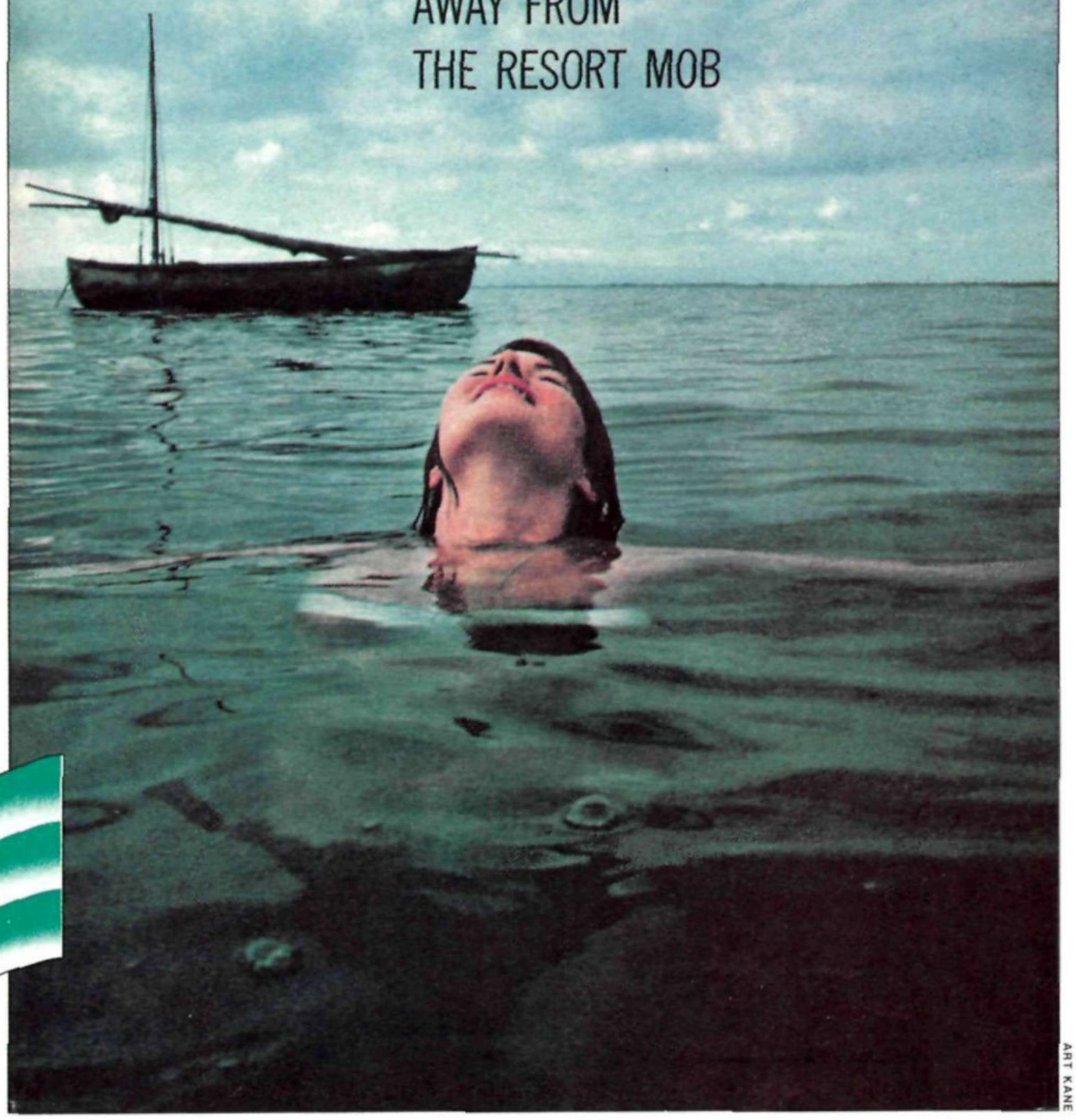
Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 21, 1963 25 CENTS

AWAY FROM
THE RESORT MOB



ART KANE

How It All Began

SI's swimsuit issue was created 25 years ago to fill a midwinter sports gap ♦ by Frank Deford

"FEBRUARY."

—Paul Gallico's reply, when someone asked him why he had left sportswriting.

Ringgg!

It wasn't easy being a career girl at a pressure-packed national weekly magazine in New York back in 1964. Harder still if you were trying to manage a marriage and motherhood too.

Ringgg!

Now, on top of everything else, hems were rising precipitously, and more daring women were actually wearing skirts an inch above their knees. For Jule Campbell, who was a wife and the mother of a five-year-old son as well as a reporter in the fashion department at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, it. . . .

Ringgg!

Campbell reached for the phone. "Hello, Jule," trilled a voice. "Could you come down and see Andre?"

Campbell took a deep breath and clutched at her throat. *Andre!* Andre wanted to see . . . *her*?

Managing editor Andre Laguerre ran SI. Ran it? Why, just that year the mysterious Frenchman had rescued it from financial ruin. Laguerre was born in London of an English mother and spent much of his youth in San Francisco, where his father was the French consul. After returning to France in the late 1930s, he escaped the German army at Dunkirk and eventually became the press secretary and back-channel courier to General Charles de Gaulle, leader of the Free French forces. In Paris, after the war, Laguerre wrote a horse racing column for the *Herald-Tribune* under the nom de plume Eddie Snow and showed a partiality for tall, dark-haired, patrician beauties. Eventually he would marry one and return to the U.S. to become the managing editor of SI, but even his closest friends, trying to match Scotches with him (but rarely succeeding) at Jack's in London or the Three G's in Manhattan, knew little about the man or his past.

Laguerre was at his desk when Campbell walked into his office. Cigar smoke wreathed his head; his heavy-rimmed glasses were pitched precariously forward on his nose. He wore, as always, a white shirt, sleeves rolled up, and a striped tie, Windsor-knotted, loose at the throat. The white stick (it had once been the shaft of a golf club) that constantly accompanied him when he was in the office lay on the desk close to his right hand, at the ready, like a gunfighter's trusty six-shooter.

Now he touched it and bade Campbell take a chair. Nervously, she responded to the pleasantries Laguerre offered. For all his civility and old-world courtliness, Laguerre made most men fearful and most women unsure. He liked it that way.

Laguerre put down the cigar, took the white stick in his hand and looked across the desk. "Jule, my dear," he began.

"Yes, sir?" she said.

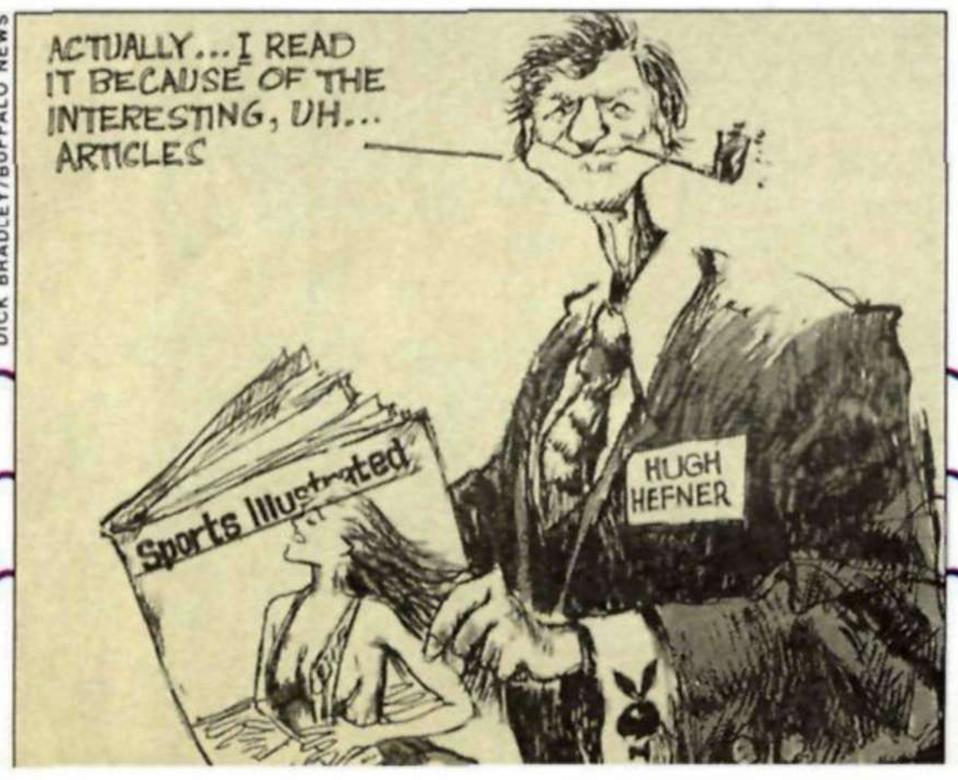
Then he leaned forward and spoke these fateful words: "How would you like to go to some beautiful place and put a pretty girl on the cover?"

If you are actually reading this, and not looking at the pictures of the swimsuit models, you should feel good about yourself. Dick Bradley, a cartoonist for *The Buffalo News*, once drew a cartoon showing Hugh Hefner reading the swimsuit issue and saying: "Actually, I read it because of the interesting, uh . . . articles." SI always runs at least one companion article to the swimsuit photos—compositions about travel, the environment, shortstops from the Dominican Republic, whatever—but the question is, Does anybody out there read them? Or do these stories fall unnoticed, like that proverbial tree in the forest?

In the 25 years of its existence, the SI swimsuit issue—the SI s.i., if you will—has become part and parcel of our culture, like Groundhog Day or spring training. Why, the SI s.i. is so absolutely a bit of Americana that

TED THAI

THE ENIGMATIC LAGUERRE (LEFT) AND THE ENERGETIC CAMPBELL (RIGHT) CONJURED UP AN ANNUAL ISSUE A LOT OF PEOPLE LOOK AT AND SOME EVEN READ



DICK BRADLEY/BUFFALO NEWS

Campbell (who's now a senior editor) has had her photo on the front page of *U.S.A. Today*. And early each February the SI s.i. is mentioned on almost every local happy-television newscast in the U.S.:

Rendition A: *And now, here's Don with the weather.*

Thanks, Cindi Ann, and spring must be on the way because SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s swimsuit issue came out today. . . .*

Looks like a real heat wave, Don, heh, heh, heh.

Rendition B: *One final bit of news is for local school librarians in the tri-state area, Melinda. The annual swimsuit issue of* SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *arrived today, so. . . .*

Randy, I still don't understand what that has to do with sports, heh, heh, heh.

Moreover, as I was about to say before I was interrupted by the news, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Entire magazines, with names like *Swimsuit USA* and *American Swimwear*, are now published (without accompanying articles), and other sports magazines have joined the parade—often after their editors disdainfully declared that they were above such tawdry journalistic sexploitation. Michael Herbert, editor-in-chief of *Inside Sports*, in defending his magazine's descent into swimsuitery after the original concept that it would run, almost exclusively, coverage of baseball, football, basketball and hockey, declared, "I think that people understand now that it's a tradition for sports magazines to have a swimsuit issue."

A tradition!

The American Dream, magazine division: from moral outrage to hallowed tradition in only one generation.

If both SI and the Western World hadn't been in the exact states they were in in the mid-1960s, Campbell never would have been able to seize the beachhead for the SI s.i. As it happened, the '60s, as we now think of them, were just getting under way when Campbell was called to Laguerre's office. At that time, the war babies were just beginning to make a serious dent in adult culture and mores. *Surfin' U.S.A.* was the top song of '63, and then came the Beatles. The stock market was go-go, art was pop and everything else was mod. In the next few years, marijuana would become widely accepted. Pro football would become the hip new American game. Blitz. Discotheque. Relevance. Eng-a-land swings like a pendulum do.

There was revolution in the air too; civil rights protests were growing, and the first misgivings about a place called Vietnam were being heard on campuses across the country. Mr. Conservative said extremism was a virtue. So, suddenly, was outrageousness: Pussy Galore, Andy Warhol, Twiggy, Baby Jane Holzer, Bo Belinsky.

Nowhere was this outrageousness more obvious than in fashion. Hair went long. Women went into pants, even—God forbid—for evening wear. Carnaby Street. For so long, proper young women had dressed like their mothers—pillbox hats, chicken-wire brassieres, girdles. But almost overnight, this changed.

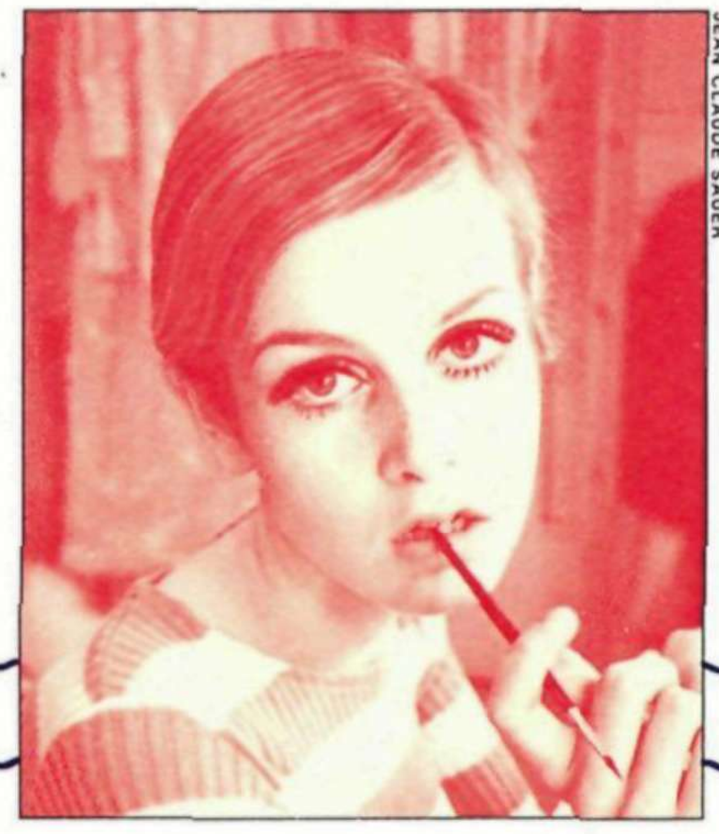
The apostles of daring included Courrèges, a French designer of "the space-age generation" who moved skirts above the knee and put women in vinyl, and Rudi Gernreich, who introduced the topless bathing garment. Even little girls had full-breasted Barbie dolls to play with, and no less an authority than Dr. Joyce Brothers wrote, "We have an unconscious desire to display our bosom."

Meanwhile, a few blocks up from New York's garment district, Laguerre and his minions at SI were following the trends of fashion—the result of a vestigial bit of magazine history. When SI was born a decade before, in 1954, it had been a very muddled, insecure baby. Because the magazine's founders had little confidence that advertisers would buy space in a déclassé jock journal, hard sports stories had been subordinated to carriage-trade divertissements: bridge columns, travel pieces, food and fashion features.

A young editor named Fred Smith was in charge of most of these areas, including what was known as the SPORTING LOOK department. SI catered to fashion in the 1950s and early '60s to the extent that the Sports Illustrated Design Awards for sportswear became the most prestigious in that segment of the industry. "The magazine was schizophrenic," Smith says now. "Sometimes it didn't know whether it was *Holiday* or *The New Yorker*." Still, the food and fashion advertisers didn't bite, SI lost millions, and surely it would have folded except for the fact that Henry Luce, founder of Time Inc., had never had a magazine shot out

IN THE 1960S, WARHOL (BELOW, WITH TRANSVESTITE CANDY DARLING) AND TWIGGY WERE AMONG THOSE WHO SOUGHT TO MAKE EXTREMISM A VIRTUE

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



JEAN CLAUDE SAUER

from under him. In April 1960, Luce gave the managing editor's scepter to the enigmatic Laguerre.

Two hours after he moved into his new office, Laguerre made his first big decision. Summoning Smith, he advised him to cut in half a planned 16-page story on what the well-to-do would be wearing to the Rome Olympics. Laguerre was going to force SI to sink or swim as a sports magazine.

Smith returned to his office fearing his days were numbered, but he was a good journalist—today he's editorial director of East-West Network, the world's largest publisher of airline magazines—and he was clever at figuring out how to continue to get fashion stories into the changing SI. He would remain with the magazine for five more years, overseeing the swimsuit act as Campbell's boss and assigning and editing the travel story that accompanied it.

Laguerre would head SI till 1974 (and live till '79), but in '63, when stuffy old London, the city of his birth, was starting to swing, and his mischievous countryman Courrèges was beginning to conjure up those space-age fashions in Paris, Laguerre was approaching the height of his powers. He turned SI around; in 1964, for the first time, the magazine broke even. The gravy years lay ahead. It was time to have some fun.

Sports in those ancient times were confined to much shorter seasons. Football ended with the New Year's bowl games, and pitchers and catchers didn't report till late February. Basketball—college or pro—was pretty much a lounge act. To help fill the void between Jan. 1 and spring training, Laguerre ordered up a tropical travel story from Smith and featured it on the Jan. 21, 1963 cover, when today Super Bowlians would cavort. The cover of that magazine showed a young female swimmer's head emerging from the waters near Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. No models were used in the issue, and the name of that pioneer cover girl remains unknown. There were no swimsuit photos inside. In those guileless days, it was the travel story that mattered.

The next January, Laguerre ran what can be called the original swimsuit issue. Still, while there was a genuine bathing beauty, a model named Babette *(page 59)*, on the cover, sex remained subsidiary to travel, and the reader had to wade through 13 pages of snorkeling, including a story entitled "A Fish Watcher's Guide to the Caribbean," to find five pages of women in modest suits.

Even that mild display created something of a stir, and the magazine dutifully printed some letters, two of which, in retrospect, are prototypes for all the fevered correspondence that would follow. In the first, two Yale boys took pen in hand to say they "could feel the clouds break up over New Haven" the instant their eyes fell upon Babette. She was, they wrote, "an unbelievably 'shoe' girl." Shoe was a preppy term of the time that meant "fashionably attractive." In the other letter, a horrified gentleman from Columbia, S.C., chastised SI for straying from "legitimate sports" to the moral detriment of "my young teenage son."

Liz Smith, the New York *Daily News* gossip columnist, who would soon become an SI writer and would write three of the early travel pieces for the SI s.i., couldn't believe the commotion. "It all seemed so innocent to me," she says. "Who could possibly care what excited some 14-year-old boy?"

But Laguerre, the Continental, was amused by the provincial reaction. "I honestly don't think Andre had intended to do the issue more than once," says Jack Olsen, Laguerre's favorite writer in the 1960s. The decision to go for a second SI s.i. probably wasn't made until Dick Gangel, the magazine's art director, said to Laguerre that, while he was satisfied enough with the "fun-in-the-sun issue," it could have been a lot sexier. "Oh?" said Laguerre, pushing his glasses back up his nose.

And so it was that Campbell was summoned to Laguerre's office, and the tradition began. "I'm sure all Andre wanted to do was stir the pot a little," Campbell says. "That's all. Just stir the pot a little."

The first decision that Campbell made, with Fred Smith's blessing, was to forgo the use of high-fashion models, whom she calls "cadaverous" and "too forbidding." Instead, she went for young women, preferably from California, whom she euphemistically refers to as "healthy girls."

Laguerre granted Campbell autonomy over the project, and to this day she selects the models and suits and, in consultation with the managing editor, the sites and photographers as well.

NEITHER RICE (BELOW) NOR MAMIE VAN DOREN (RIGHT), SHOWN TWISTING WITH BELINSKY, COULD BE CONSIDERED SI'S TYPE

BRIAN LANKER/LIFE

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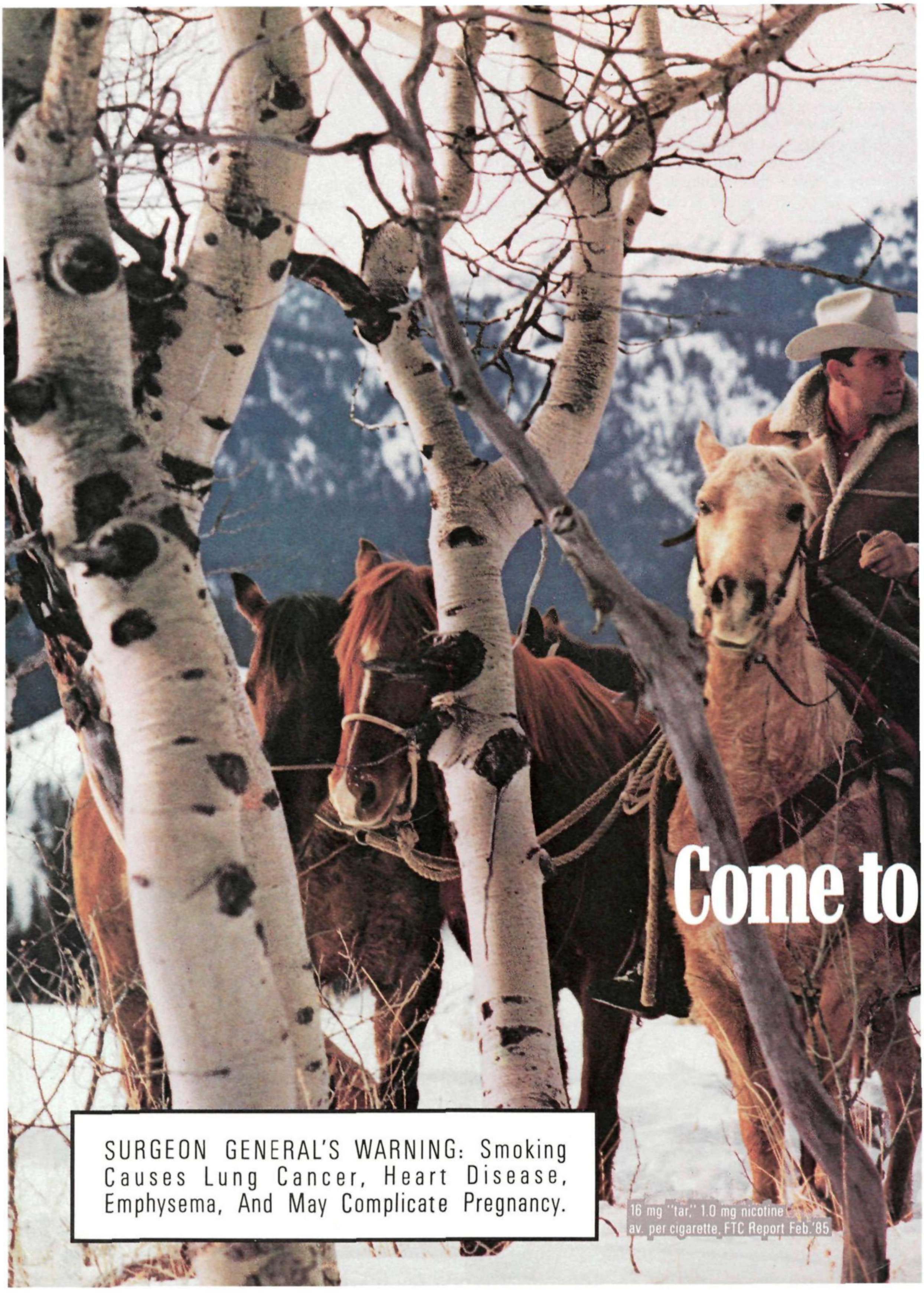
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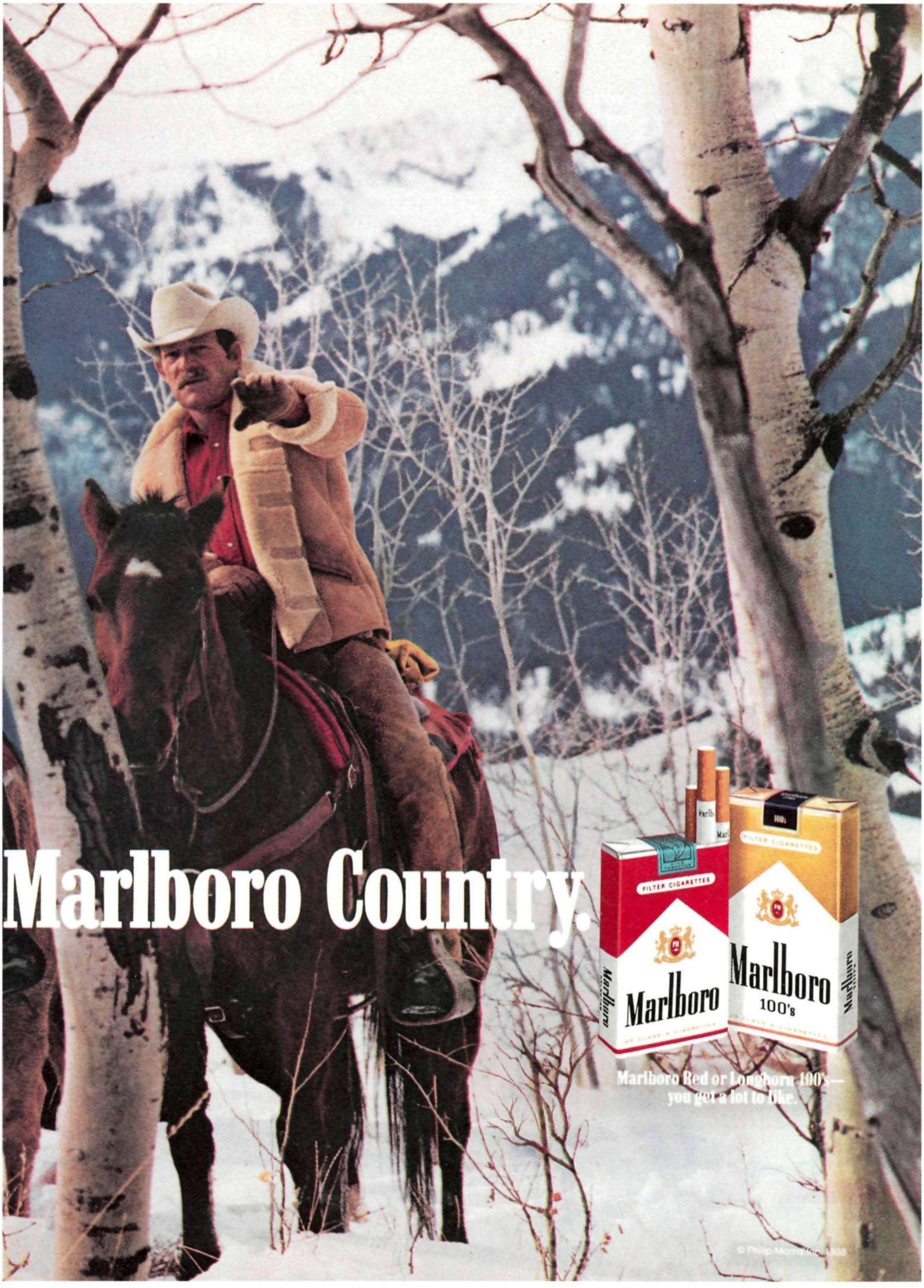
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"You must give Jule credit for perfecting this all," Fred Smith says. "No matter how carefully some other magazines try to imitate what Jule does, the girls look like Donna Rice."

By now, of course, for a model to be chosen by Campbell is like receiving a tap from a fairy godmother's wand. "Everybody's praying Jule will take her," says Eileen Ford, president of the country's most prestigious modeling agency. "Praying." Swimsuit models in general are, as Ford says, "rounder" today because of the SI s.i., and, led by publications such as *Elle*, there's a trend toward using the fresher, more energetic, Campbell-type girl in traditional fashion magazines.

The respect accorded Campbell by the models is critical to the venture. Says Fred Smith, "The girls know Jule will never have them look salacious." Moreover, Campbell has been careful to avoid suggestive captions and double entendres. In 1965, a Liz Smith swimsuit story, entitled "The Nudity Cult," discussed how the practices of skinny-dipping and "dropping tops" were sweeping the nation. Since then, except for a mention in 1974 that SI models sunbathed in the nude, the words have been assiduously asexual.

Campbell, who had a Catholic upbringing and a parochial school education before she majored in journalism (with a minor in art) at the University of Missouri, is often teased that she believes readers of the SI s.i. are primarily interested in the suits rather than in what holds up the suits. But just as only a Red-baiting anti-Communist, like Richard Nixon, could have renewed relations with China, so, too, only an upright, sophisticated woman could have guided the swimsuit issue through a quarter of a century.

In 1980, while Gilbert Rogin was managing editor of SI, he wondered aloud whether the swimsuit issue was on its last gams. That year, he ran 12 pages of swimsuit photos, and the magazine, which then had 2.25 million subscribers, sold a record 180,000 copies at newsstands around the country. Rogin needn't have worried. Last year his successor as managing editor, Mark Mulvoy, ran 34 pages of swimsuit photos. The magazine, which had 3.29 million subscribers, sold another 1.88 million newsstand copies, about 12 times the normal sale.

The sustaining—yea, burgeoning—popularity of the SI s.i. seems inexplicable. At some point won't readers become jaded and bored by it all? What keeps it going?

The late James Laver, a British authority on fashion history, wrote in '61 in *This Week Magazine*: "Woman as a whole is a desirable object, but the mind of man is too weak to take it all in at once." Accordingly, mainstream fashion has emphasized only one part of the female body at any time. In the beginning of this century, for example, the ankles were objects of male passion. Then men swooned over legs, then backs were in fashion, then breasts . . . and then it was time for the miniskirt and the swimsuit issue.

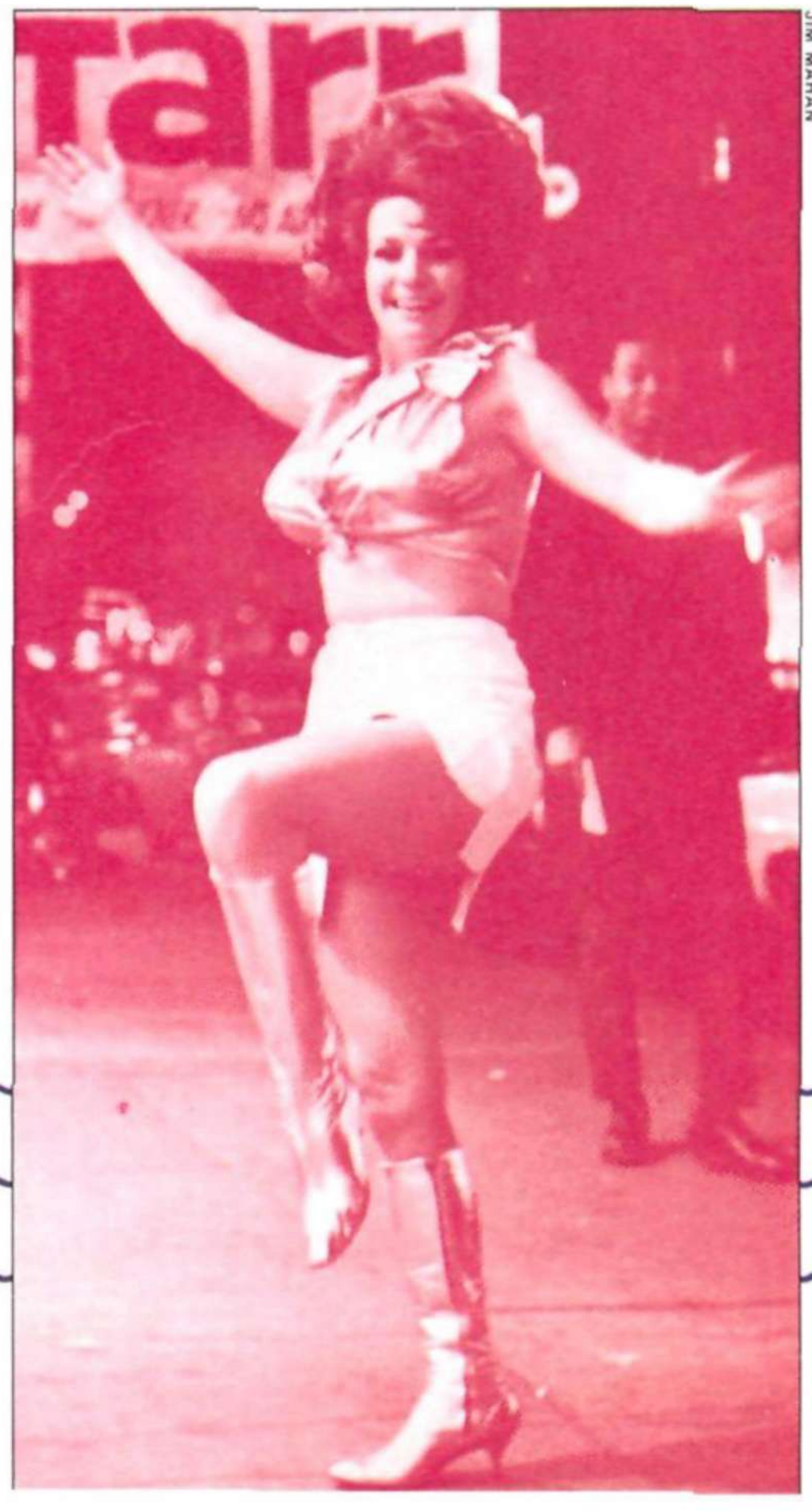
But the trouble with a swimsuit is that it doesn't concentrate attention; there's just too much flesh for the weak mind of man to swim in. Luckily for SI, though, at just about the time Campbell's healthy water sprites started edging their way into respectable American homes, a wave of bare female flesh was descending upon the Republic. By comparison, the SI s.i. was straitlaced and modest—and, at the same time, sexier.

"Men always find the suggestive more appealing than the revealed," Laver wrote, and that sentiment has echoed down through the ages. Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw* magazine, that champion purveyor of nudes, says: "Nudity is boring. The swimsuit issue is far more sensual. I'd rather have one copy of that issue than a thousand issues of the magazine I publish."

Blaze Starr, the famous stripper who almost became first lady of Louisiana, points out that stripping began to decline in the U.S. precisely when X-rated movies and nude bars began to be welcomed by a more permissive society. And when was that, Blaze? "In the mid-'60s." She says, in effect, that the SI s.i. is popular because it's the natural heir to burlesque. "When it comes right down to the bare facts," says Starr, "and I've heard this from men, honey, they don't like to see a totally nude woman unless it's in a bedroom setting. They like to see some parts covered."

It was also crucial to note who brought these neo-strippers to America: a jock periodical. Writes Mary Ann Hogan in the Oakland *Tribune*, "It is bust and thigh. But it is bust and thigh with a Wheaties twist."

Still, the SI s.i. has probably en-



JIM MAHAN

STARR SAYS THAT THE POPULARITY OF STRIPTEASE EBBED WHEN NUDITY WON ACCEPTANCE

countered more emotional criticism than more blatant publications. To many readers, SI is like the wholesome, reliable friend who goes on a toot once a year. Especially when all this started, in the mid-1960s, when the earth was suddenly shifting, the magazine's annual conversion to immorality was a frightening sign to many Americans that the fringes of this mad new world had infected the center.

In the years since, the battlefield has changed, and criticism no longer comes so much from parents and other guardians of youth who think the issue corrupting, as from those who find it sexist. When Cheryl Tiegs wore a fishnet top in 1978, there were more than 340 canceled subscriptions; the generally more graphic 1988 issue netted only about 75 cancellations. This doesn't mean that moral vigilance is in retreat in the U.S. It's just that, unless you've been in a Martian convent lo these many years, you've been forewarned about SI's midwinter wickedness. Today, most of those who feel strongly that the SI s.i. is sexist or indecent have no subscriptions to cancel.

It may come as a shock to younger folks to learn that the word *sexism* (or *sexist*) wasn't even in the dictionary when Babette graced the cover of SI in 1964. Today, the pendulum has swung the other way, and some zealots paint anything sensual with the broad brush of sexism, though it should be noted that not all women agree. "We've run male nudes in *Cosmopolitan*, and we still run male pulchritude, but there's nothing like a picture of a pretty girl," says Helen Gurley Brown, the editor of *Cosmo*. "There's just no comparison. Everybody likes pretty girls."

Says Billie Jean King, "Women should stop screaming about that one issue and start screaming that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED doesn't carry enough women's sports. That's what's important. That's what's sexist."

You probably won't believe this, but some people do actually look at the photos for the bathing suits. These people are called women. An average issue of SI has about 19,000,000 adult readers, roughly 80% of them men. The 1987 swimsuit issue was "read" by 34,000,0000 adults, but only 60% were men. This means that of the additional 15,000,000 readers of the SI s.i., more than seven million, or almost half, were female.

Ironically, the real threat to the swimsuit issue may not be that women's protests will bring it down. No, the threat is that women will co-opt it. Instead of taking offense at the swimsuit models, women may have become more inclined to identify with them and to look like them. A case in point: Bosoms have again returned to fashion—BOUNCE IS BACK read a headline in the Dec. 2 *Wall Street Journal* (Page One, no less); and the December issue of the women's magazine *Self* ran a cover article entitled "Breast Obsessed." And it's women who have led this trend. Cultural anthropologist John Lowe writes in *Self*: "If one looks back at the Fifties, it seemed that men were definitely driving the breast fixation. Nowadays, it's more tied in to women's thinking." More than 400 women a day get breast enlargements, lifts or reductions, and according to *Self*, they tell plastic surgeons that the desire to change—to look more like an SI model—is their own, not some man's, idea.

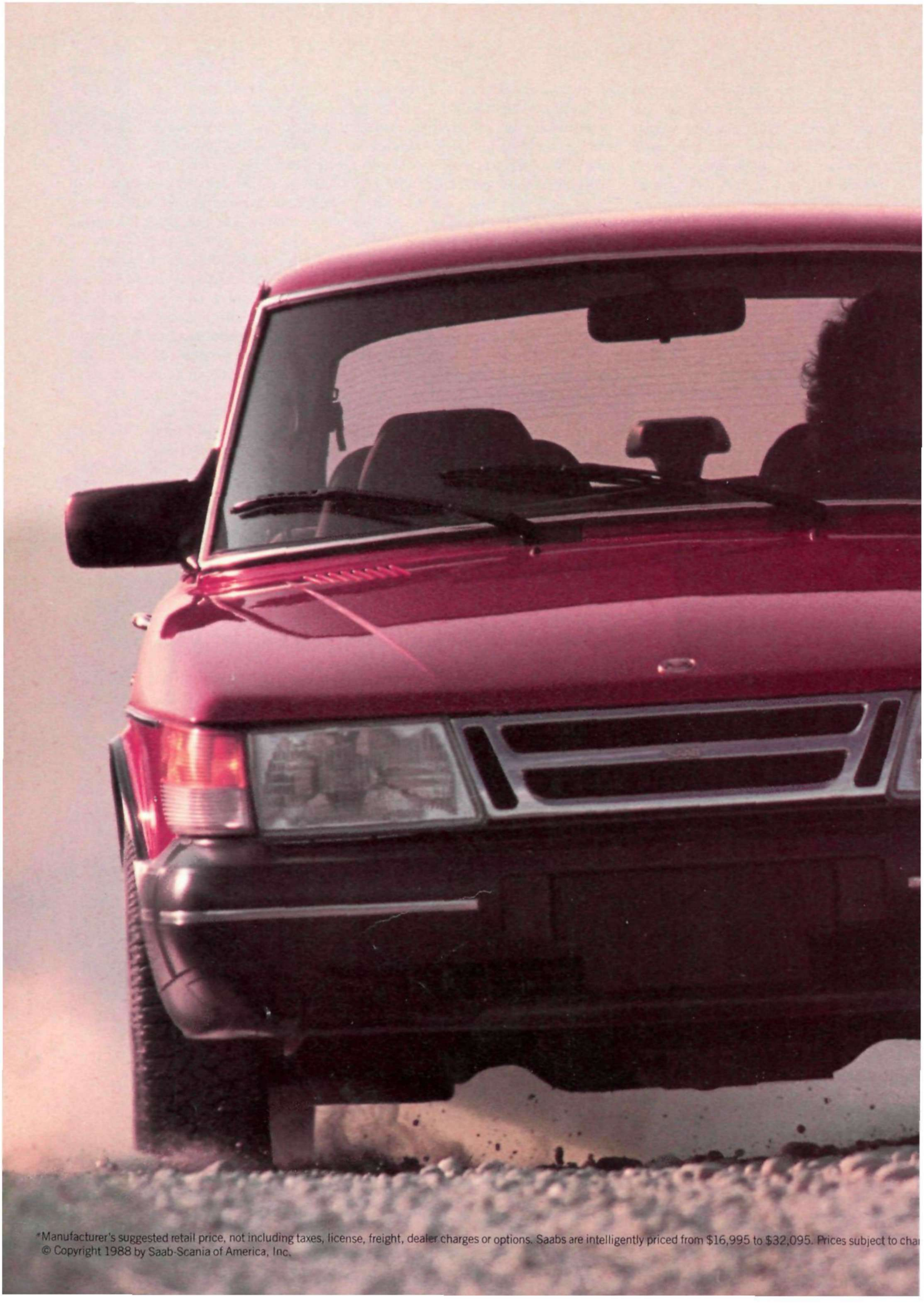
Joan Ryan of the San Francisco *Chronicle* writes: "All the SI bathing suit models are muscular and lean and authentic. They don't mind working up a good sweat. They're proud of the bodies they've worked into shape. There is nothing powdery or gushy about them. In other words, the women in the swimsuit issue are not the worst role models a young girl could have."

Well, there goes the neighborhood. Any day now, SI will get a letter from a father in Columbia, S.C., saying how he had to keep the swimsuit issue away from his teenage daughter.

TIEGS IN FISHNET HAD A COSMIC LOOK OF THE SORT THAT SUITS COSMO'S BROWN

ENRICO FERORELLI

WALTER IOOSS JR.



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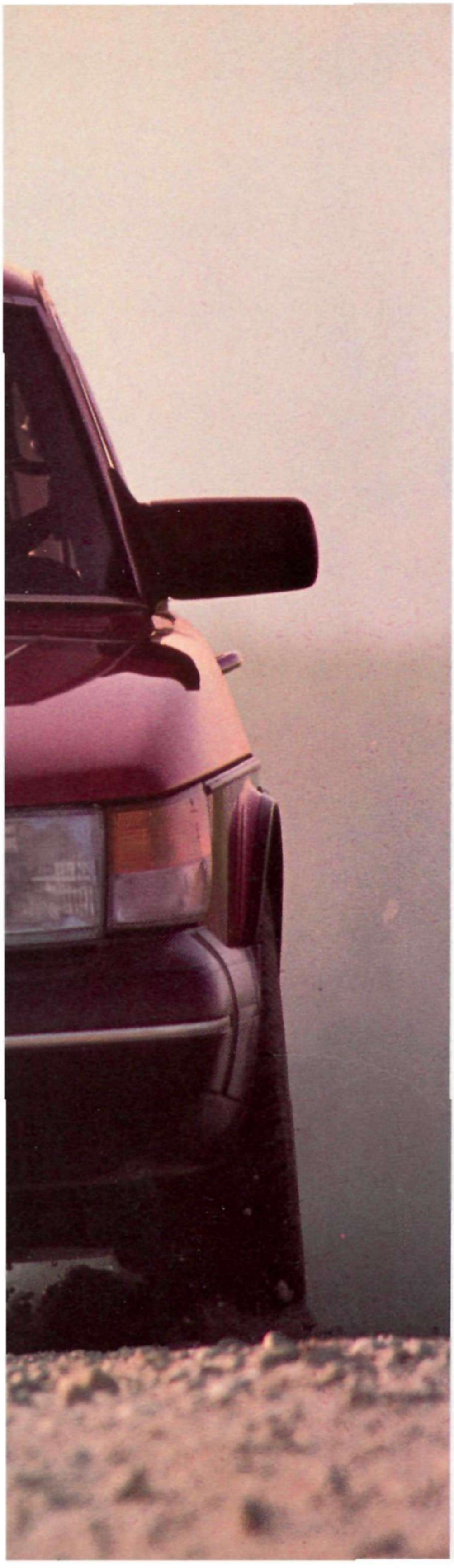

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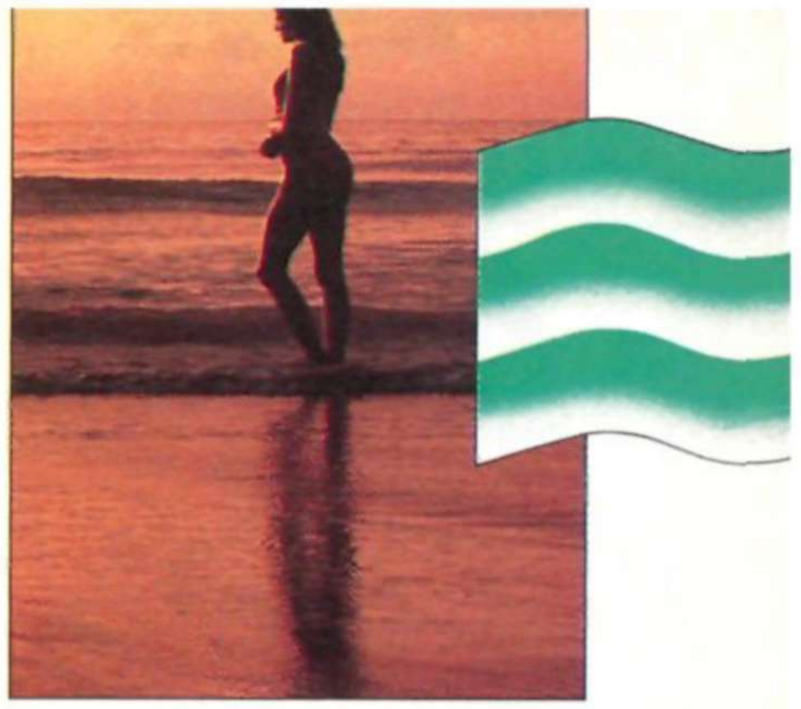


Our master at combining models with swimsuits and scenery ♦ by Frank Deford

PHILIP JACHE (2)

THAILAND '88: FASHION PHOTOG HISPARD JOINED CAMPBELL

LIKE SO MANY endeavors that produce a glamorous result, photographing the models for the SI swimsuit issue is an arduous process that leaves those involved little time to enjoy the romantic surroundings. Indeed, because the work is so intense and intimate, senior editor Jule Campbell takes personalities into consideration when she selects the year's models—and the photographer, for that matter.

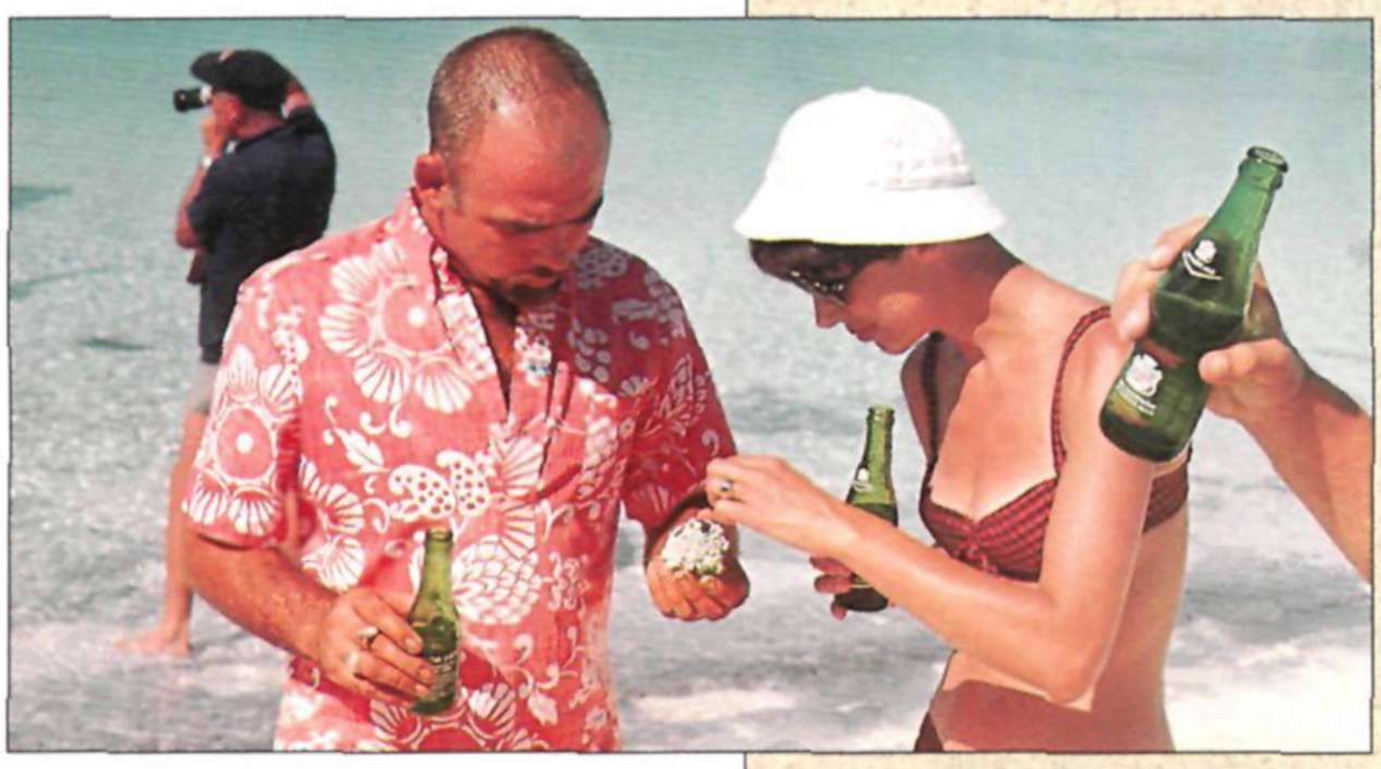
Ideally, an SI swimsuit shoot should take six weeks or so, with each model brought to the location for about a week. Campbell has found through experience that two models sharing one photographer can be an infelicitous triangle. Often one of the women feels she's playing second fiddle. Sometimes both models think the other is being favored. So overlapping is kept to a minimum. And when it's unavoidable, Campbell says, "careful casting helps."

Just as she scouts for models all year long, Campbell also stays in touch with swimsuit designers. And she doesn't confine herself to well-known manufacturers. In 1987 Elle Macpherson appeared on the cover of SI wearing the very first suit that Lisa Lomas, an American designer, had ever made.

Each year Campbell chooses about 700 suits (all of which will eventually be returned to the manufacturers; there are no souvenirs) to bring with her on the shoot. She takes only size 8's, although even among the teeniest of bikinis there's considerable variance in how a garment fits—some 8's are too small and some too large for the standard size-8 model.

ERNST HAAS

PUERTO RICO '69: CAMPBELL FIXED JAMEE BECKER'S SUIT



FRED SMITH

BAHAMAS '66: A PASSERBY'S SHELL CAUGHT CAMPBELL'S EYE. TORTOLA '80: BRINKLEY GOT HELP

JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

The models vary too. "Contrary to what most women think when they look at our models, they're not all perfectly proportioned," Campbell says. "Some have longer torsos and shorter legs, while others have more compact torsos and miles of legs. Some have wide rib cages, which may not sound like much, but it makes it difficult to define the waistline.

"And—women really can't believe this—you must have hips if you're going to look good in a swimsuit. Christie Brinkley has the best hips in the business. Sometimes a very young girl, say 16 or 17, has very slim hips, so we have to photograph her from the side."

Of course, Campbell has her own vision of what constitutes a good-looking swimsuit model, rejecting as she does the emaciated look that used to be de rigueur for high-fashion models. Her first cover girl, Sue Peterson, a California teenager, still had some baby fat on her, and when Campbell found Brinkley, her weight approached 140 on a 5′ 8½″ frame. Campbell has occasionally astonished models (and endeared herself to them) by saying words that these women have never, ever heard before: "I might consider using you if you'll just *put on* about five pounds."

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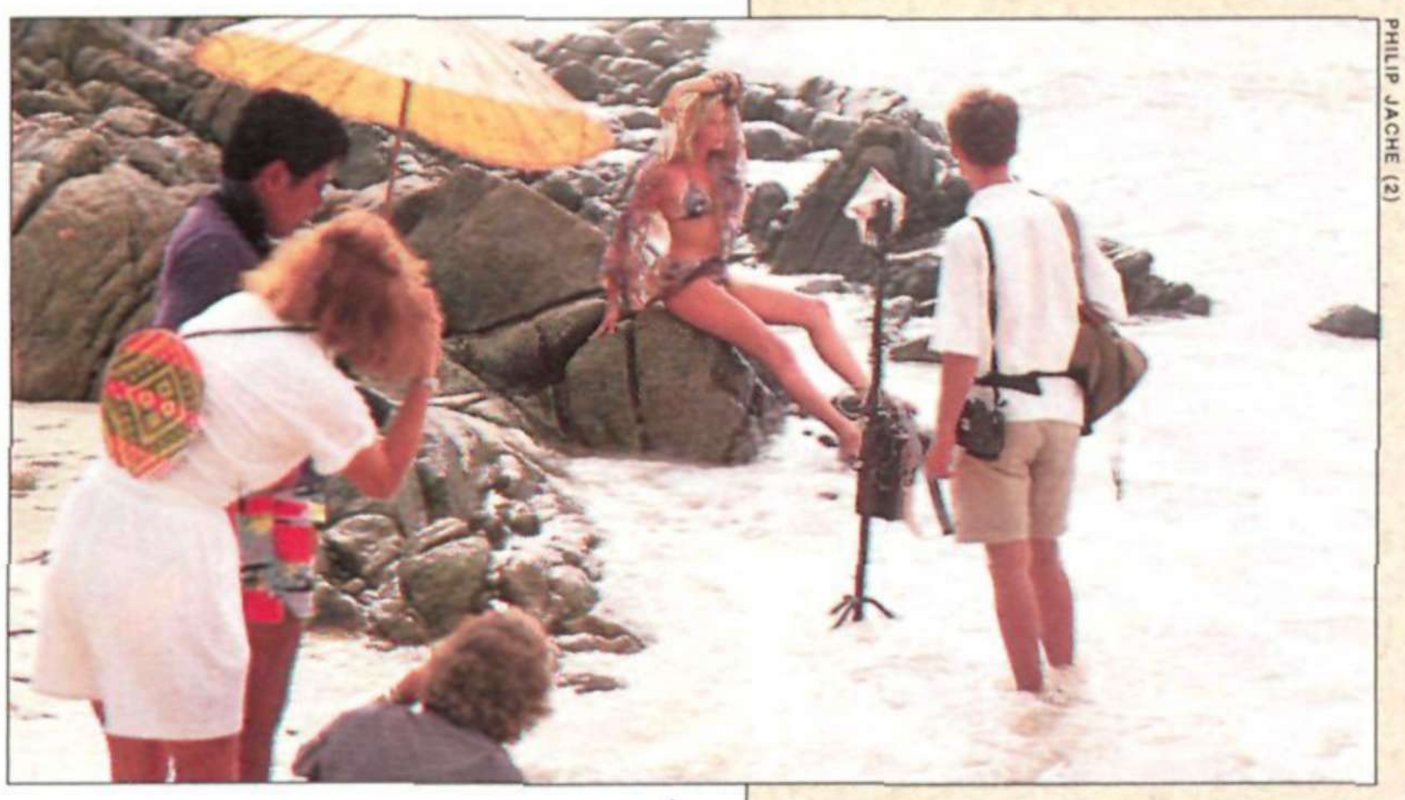


PHILIP JACHE (2)

If the shooting location is a couple of hours from the SI crew's hotel, a day can begin as early as 3:30 a.m., for the first light is the most flattering. Campbell came to SI from *Glamour* magazine, where, at the time, most of the photography was done in studios, and at first she didn't appreciate how important it was to capture the early light. On her first swimsuit expedition, to Baja California in 1965, one of the models dillydallied and the dawn was lost. The photographer, Jay Maisel, turned to Campbell and snapped, "The sun doesn't wait for you. You wait for the sun." Campbell hasn't missed a sunrise since.

By nine or 9:30 a.m., even 8:30 near the equator, the sun is too high, and the soft morning light—silver upon the water—is gone, replaced by a glare that gives the models what are called "nose shadows" and "owl eyes" in the trade. At that point the SI troupe returns to its hotel for a late breakfast, fittings for subsequent shootings, and additional strategy meetings. Campbell & Co. also packs up the used suits and readies the props and the next batch of suits for the afternoon session. Shooting usually resumes around 3 p.m., when the light is warm, with oranges and golds in evidence, and work continues till the sun sets. It's rare for anyone on a swimsuit trip to get more than four or five hours of sleep a night.

Under these circumstances, it's almost incredible that three models have met prospective husbands while shooting the swimsuit issue. Kim Alexis met James R. Stockton III, a Florida real estate developer, in Kenya in 1981; they were married in 1983 and now live in Florida. Libby Otis married a businessman she first encountered in Puerto Rico during the '74 shoot in Palmas del Mar; their marriage ended in divorce. Peterson met and later wed Jack Olsen, the SI writer who was doing the travel story on Baja that would accompany the '65 swimsuit photos, though as a general rule, writers don't tag along on a shoot. The first time a managing editor ever showed up to watch swimsuit pictures being taken was in 1987, when Mark Mulvoy made an appearance.

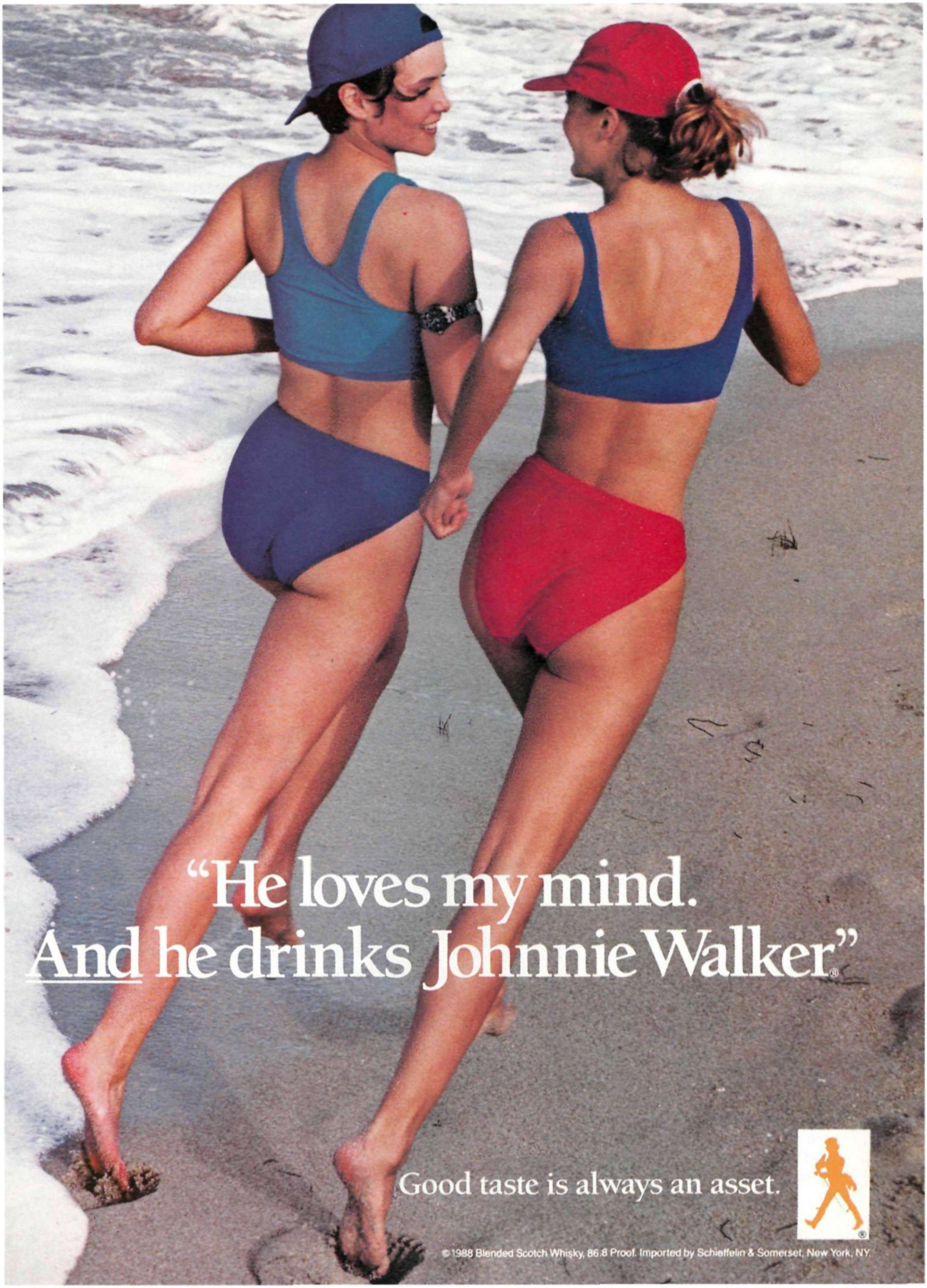
THAILAND '88: ALL EYES FOCUSED ON ESTELLE LEFEBURE

THAILAND '88: ELLE MACPHERSON POSED WITH OUR CREW. AUSTRALIA '85: JULE MET A JOEY

BRIAN LANKER

In fact, in the early years it was rare for anybody but Campbell, the photographer and the model of the moment to be at the shoot. Since strobe lights have come into use, though, photographers have had to bring assistants along, and now Campbell also has an assistant, Ann Gallagher, on location.

During the quarter century of shoots, which almost always take place in the autumn, there have been no major disasters but many minor mishaps: a predictable number of run-ins with spiders and snakes; a van that almost slid off a cliff; a helicopter that crashed—no one was hurt—on Shell Island in Florida. "Tell me if they get too close," said John Zimmerman, a notably intrepid photographer, as he worked waist deep in the waters off Bora Bora with Campbell and a model in 1967. Campbell thought he was referring to some small fish feeding nearby. In fact, the turbulence Campbell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ANN GALLAGHER (3)

saw was created by sharks. Zimmerman coolly got the photo he wanted—it made the cover—and then advised Campbell and the model that they had better hightail it for the beach.

Zimmerman has now shot seven issues, more than any other photographer; Walter Iooss Jr. has worked six. That these two, both regular SI photographers, have shot 13 of the bathing suit issues attests that Campbell likes to use sports photographers: Just as she sought a different type of model, so she thought that using photographers without a fashion background would bring a different look to SI's shots. "A sports photographer probably enjoys the work more than a fashion photographer, because it's a long way from shooting Mike Tyson or the Knicks," says Campbell. Occasionally, though, she mixes in one of her favorite fashion photographers, such as Marc Hispard, who shot last year's swimsuit issue and who has photos in this one.

A photographer will take as many as 25,000 pictures during the six weeks. Campbell and the photographer then winnow this huge inventory down to about 150 "selects," which are shown to the managing editor, who makes the ultimate choices.

In January, after the issue is closed, Campbell cleans up her office, answers stacks of accumulated mail, does interviews on the issue for radio, newspapers and TV, and begins work on the next year's swimsuit calendar. She researches locations, and once she and the managing editor have made a selection, she studies the site closely, looking not just for the obvious—scenic beaches and landmarks—but for indigenous colors and styles. She seldom employs props—except perhaps little boats, which she has a thing for. "Boats identify a particular region of the world," says Campbell. "In Tahiti they have the outrigger. In Kenya there are dhows. Palm trees and beaches look alike the world over."

Predictably, the two questions Campbell is forever asked are:

1) Why don't you use male models?

2) Why don't you use female athletes instead of female models?

Her answers:

1) "Our readers see good-looking males in SI all year long—often in shorts, or without shirts."

2) "As beautiful as many female athletes are, they are precisely that—athletes. They aren't models, and they would suffer by comparison. It simply wouldn't be fair to take them out of the athletic environment, in which they are trained to be graceful, and put them in front of a camera, where they are not trained to be graceful."

Campbell practices what she preaches. Not so long ago, after Cheryl Tiegs finished shooting for the day, she called Campbell over and asked the photographer to take their picture together, just the two of them, old friends of 20 years. Though Tiegs wanted the photo strictly as a keepsake, Campbell expressed some reluctance. "Are you crazy?" she said with a laugh. "Why in the world would I pose for a picture with Cheryl Tiegs?" ●

MEXICO '89: CAMPBELL ADJUSTED RACHEL HUNTER'S HAT

SEYCHELLES '89: TIEGS WENT DRIFTING OFF. MEXICO '89: CAMPBELL SAW TO EVERY DETAIL

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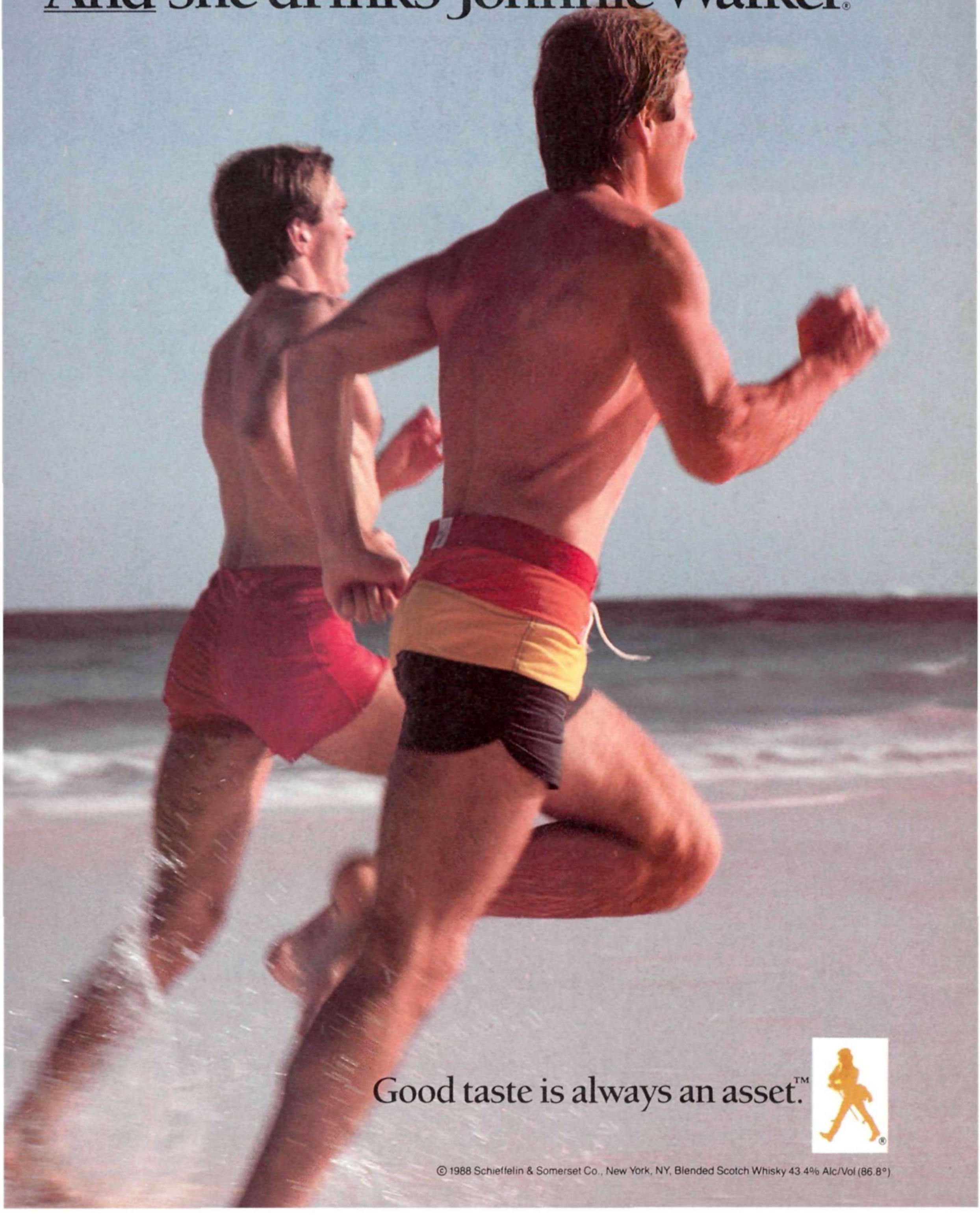

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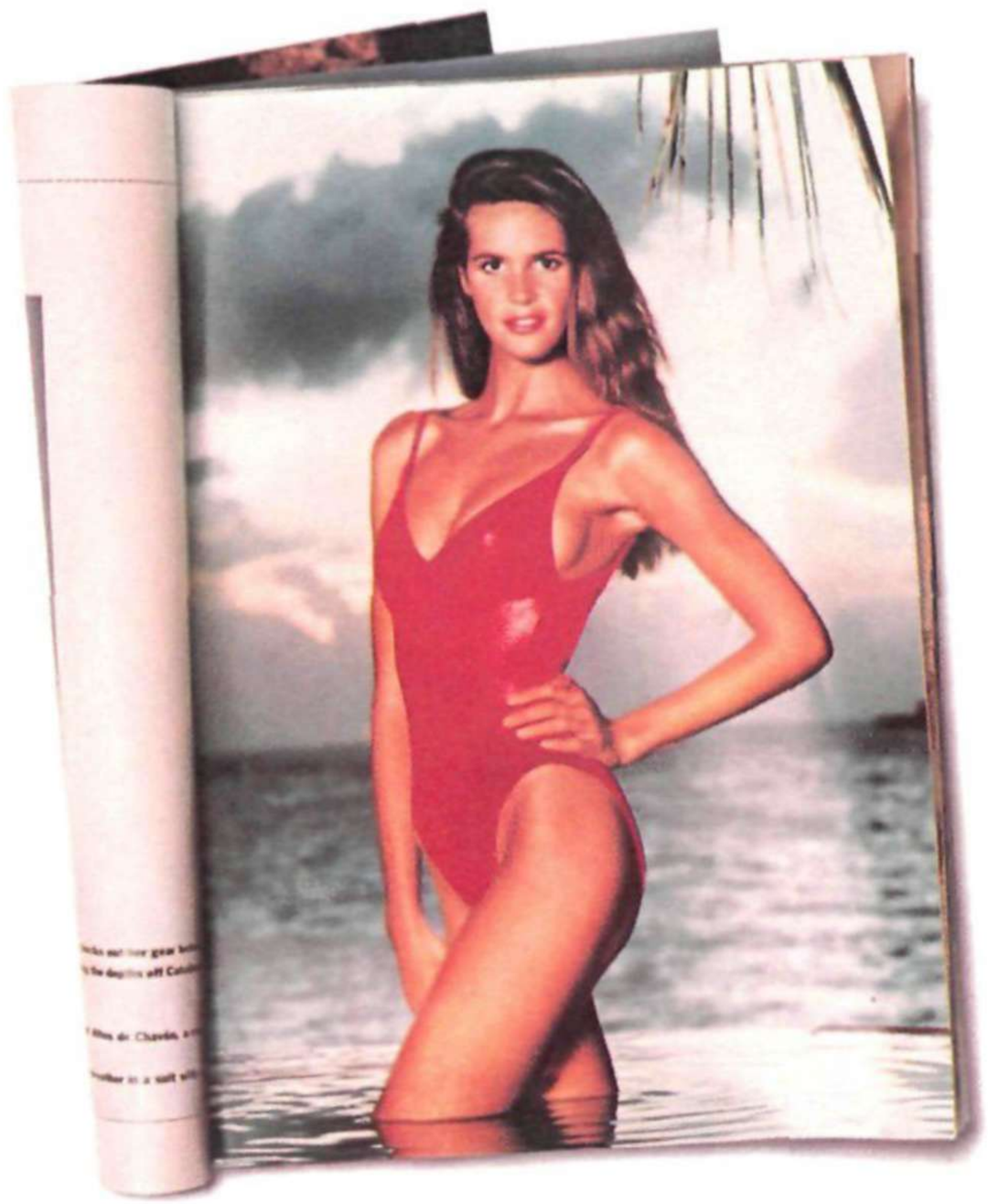
A BEHIND THE SCENES LOOK AT A VERY IMPORTANT ISSUE.



"SPORTS ILLUSTRATED: THE MAKING OF THE SWIMSUIT ISSUE"

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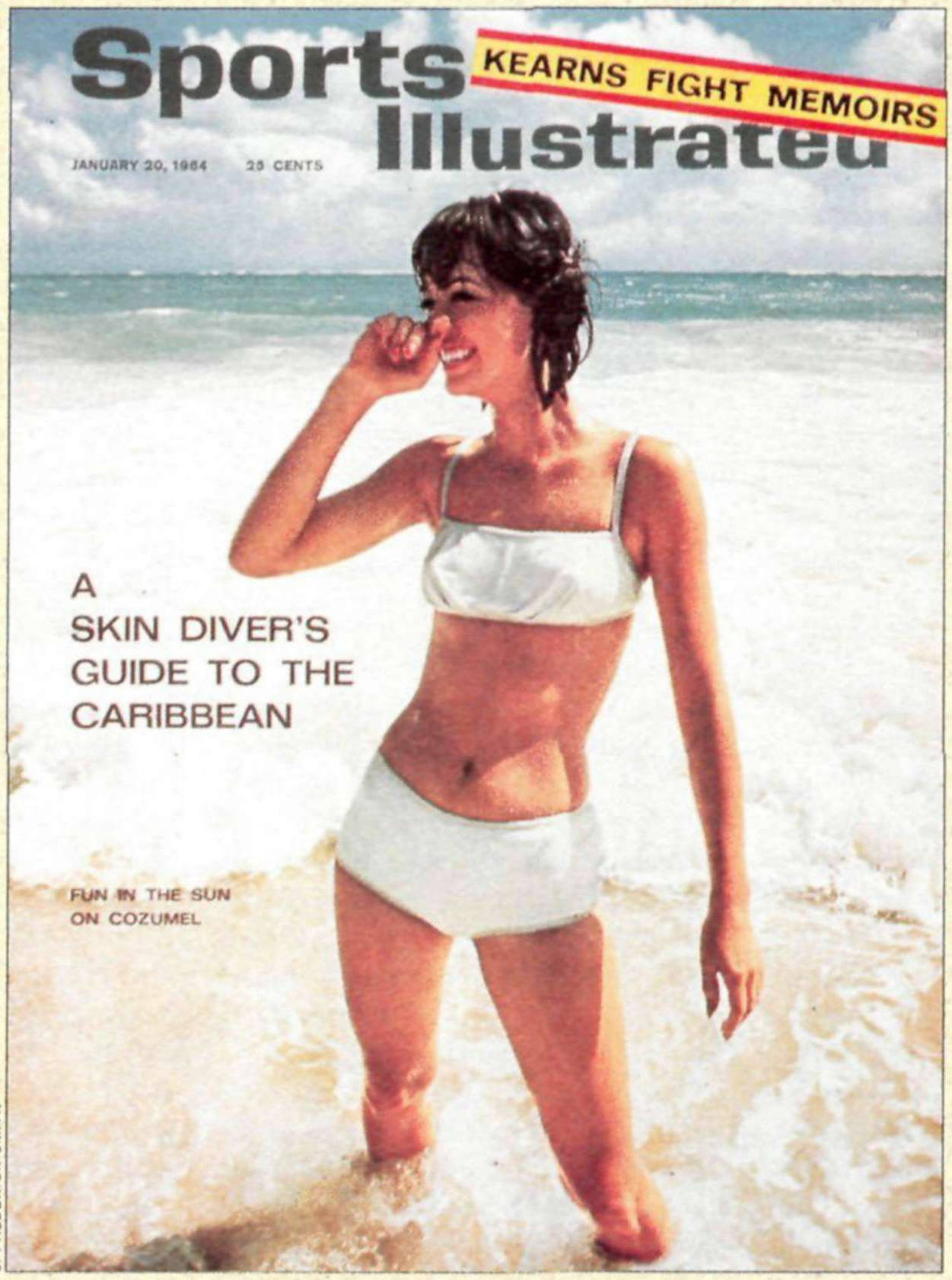
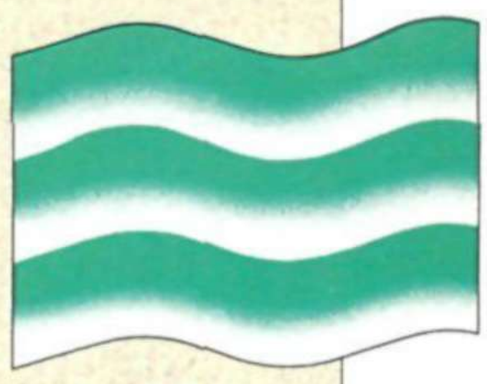
Memories

Meet the 19 women—as you will see,
an amazingly diverse group—who have graced
the covers of the 25 SI swimsuit issues





BABETTE

1964

The Pixie Pioneer

Impish Babette March put on that white bikini and launched an institution ♦ by Franz Lidz

IT'S GETTING ON TOWARD EVENING IN SOUTHampton, N.Y., and Babette March (pronounced Marx) is wearing jeans and a blousy man's jacket. She looks as much the gamine as she did 25 years ago on the cover of SI's first swimsuit issue, shot in the Mexican resort of Cozumel.

She has been called the Sweetheart of the Style Boom, the Queen of the Go-Go-Baby-Doll Era, the Ruby Tuesday of the Round-Legged Girls. Her luminous green eyes, high cheekbones and enchanting elfishness helped define beauty for a generation of American women—and men.

The highest-paid model of her day, Babette, as she became known across the U.S., was as ubiquitous as Beatlemania: a mod princess romping through the world's fashion magazines. She frolicked across tennis courts, lounged on automobile hoods, vamped in black leather miniskirts, leopard-skin pillbox hats and five sets of false lashes. "A lot of it was fun," she says. "O.K., maybe just some of it. O.K., O.K., maybe just a little of it."

She knew the Smart Set and the Beautiful People. "But I never got involved with the drug set or the weird people," she says. "O.K., so I danced all night and met the Rolling Stones. I was still pretty innocent, though."

She was born Barbara Marchlowitz 47 years ago in Berlin. Her father was a mechanical engineer who moved the family to Brazil, back to Germany and then to Canada. At 17 she went to hairdressing school in Toronto, but she had higher ambitions. So Barbara became Babette and, with the help of a photographer friend, she set out to conquer the world of high fashion.

"The trick is to make an impression," Babette says of her assault on the New York modeling agencies. "My gimmick was terrible clothes." She bought Levis, Keds and a sweatshirt and rubbed them on the sidewalk until they looked grungy. Instant bohemian. "I shocked so many people!" she says. To add contrast to her ensemble, she carried a Gucci bag.

"Babette had a wistful, frisky animal spirit, like Leslie Caron in *Gigi*," says photographer Fred Smith, who shot the 1964 SI cover. "She became an instant star. She walked into the Ford Modeling Agency one day and was out working the next."

"I was struck by her impish look, her waifish quality," says Eileen Ford, the doyenne of American modeling and cofounder of the agency. "She looked so engaging and guileless with her huge eyes, the wide mouth and her funny little teeth."

She quit modeling in 1976 and retired to a 54-acre farm outside Montreal. The farm, which was owned by a doting Canadian industrialist ("He was my playmate," says Babette), had nine pedigreed cattle, a milk cow named Buttercup, 40 sheep, 80 chickens and ducks, three horses, 15 dogs and 18 cats. "I played farmerette," she says. "We didn't have any help. I did everything myself." She churned butter, smoked hams and salmon and marketed her own jams, pickles and vinegars. "Babette is a terrific gardener, a great ice skater and the best cook in the world," says Ford. "She's also the most creative person I've ever met. She even painted animals on stones."

Babette now makes a living painting them on clothes. She daubs raccoons and parrots onto T-shirts and denim jackets. Her sweatshirts glow with the light and color and nonchalant playfulness of a sunny morning on a slightly exotic seacoast. "I still get inspired by that swimsuit assignment in Cozumel," she says. "It was as much fun as any assignment I ever had."

Cozumel was a virgin paradise in the fall of 1963 when SI landed its invasion force. "It was wild, wild, wild," says Babette. "There was nothing there but a Mexican air force base and a tiny hotel. When you turned on the shower, salt water came out."

The swimsuit delegation was met by the outpost's chummy commandant,

PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY HEISLER

whose 450 pounds were partially obscured by G-string briefs. He was armed with a bottle of tequila and a roast chicken, and flanked by two shirtless pilots. "In those days, we didn't bring any hairdressers or make-up artists," says Smith. "Models were less inclined to be mannequins. The job required some acting ability, and Babette was up for anything."

That included slipping into a daring white leather bikini for the cover shot. The suit had one drawback—water. "It got horribly heavy and soggy," Babette says. "I hated that bikini. I couldn't wait to get out of it."

Not that she had much left to wear in her Cozumel hotel room. Every day articles of clothing owned by the SI crew disappeared: shoes, shirts, underwear. "The commandant told us not to worry," says Smith. "He said the workers just wanted to maintain their reputations as thieves. He assured us that everything would be returned when we left." Sure enough, on the last day, everything was miraculously back in place. "Folded nicely," Smith says.

The following Christmas, Smith received an envelope from the base commandant. Inside was a half pound of Cozumel sand and the message, BRING BACK GIRLS.

Meanwhile, Babette had become an object of desire. SI readers requested dates and proposed marriage. The boys at the Naval Officer Candidate School in Newport, R.I., asked her to reign at their spring ball.

Babette remains bemused by the furor she created. "I guess I looked all right in a bathing suit," she says.

SAYS BABETTE OF THE '64 ISSUE: "I GUESS I LOOKED ALL RIGHT IN A BATHING SUIT"

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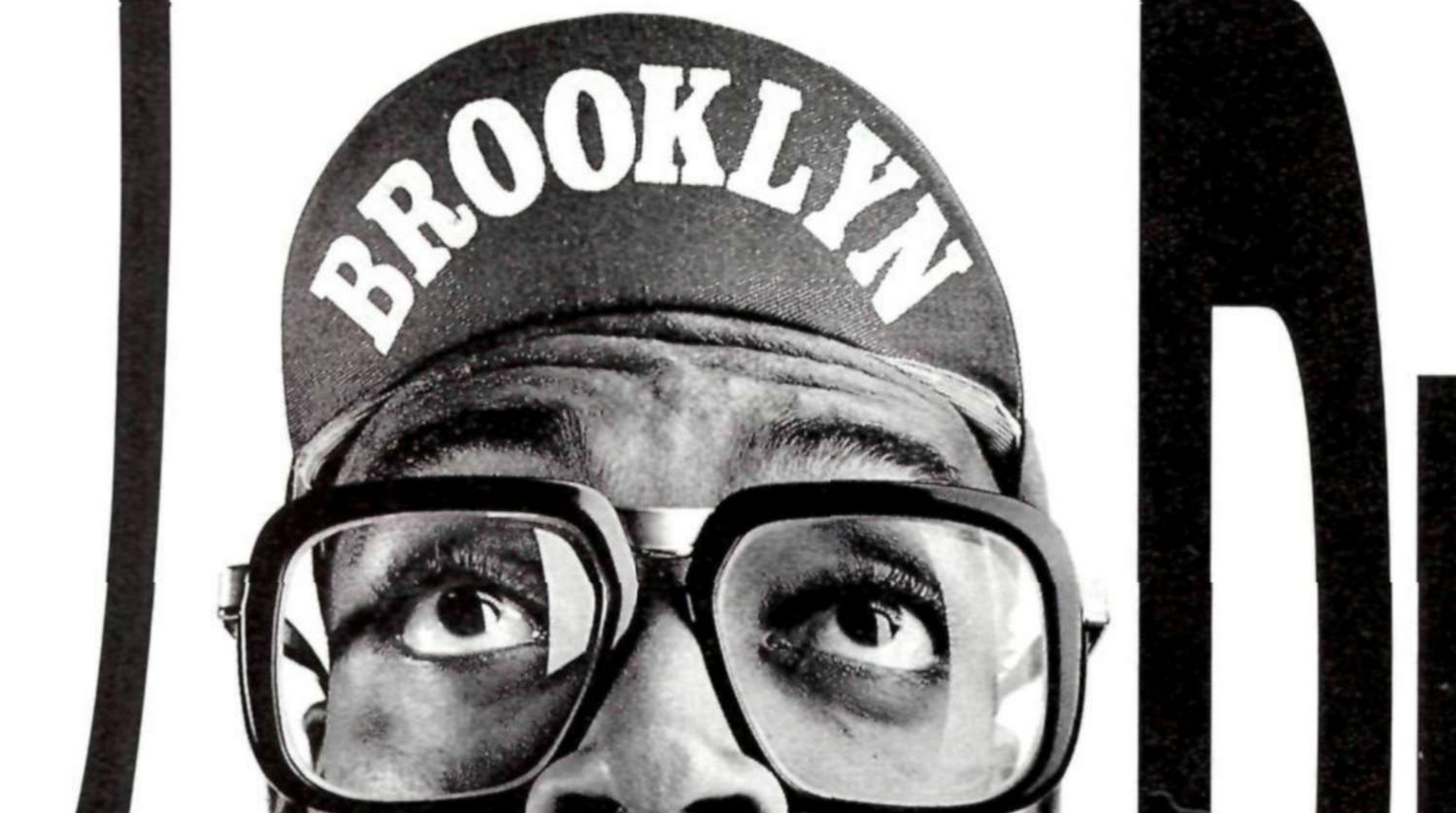

Air Jordan from Nike.

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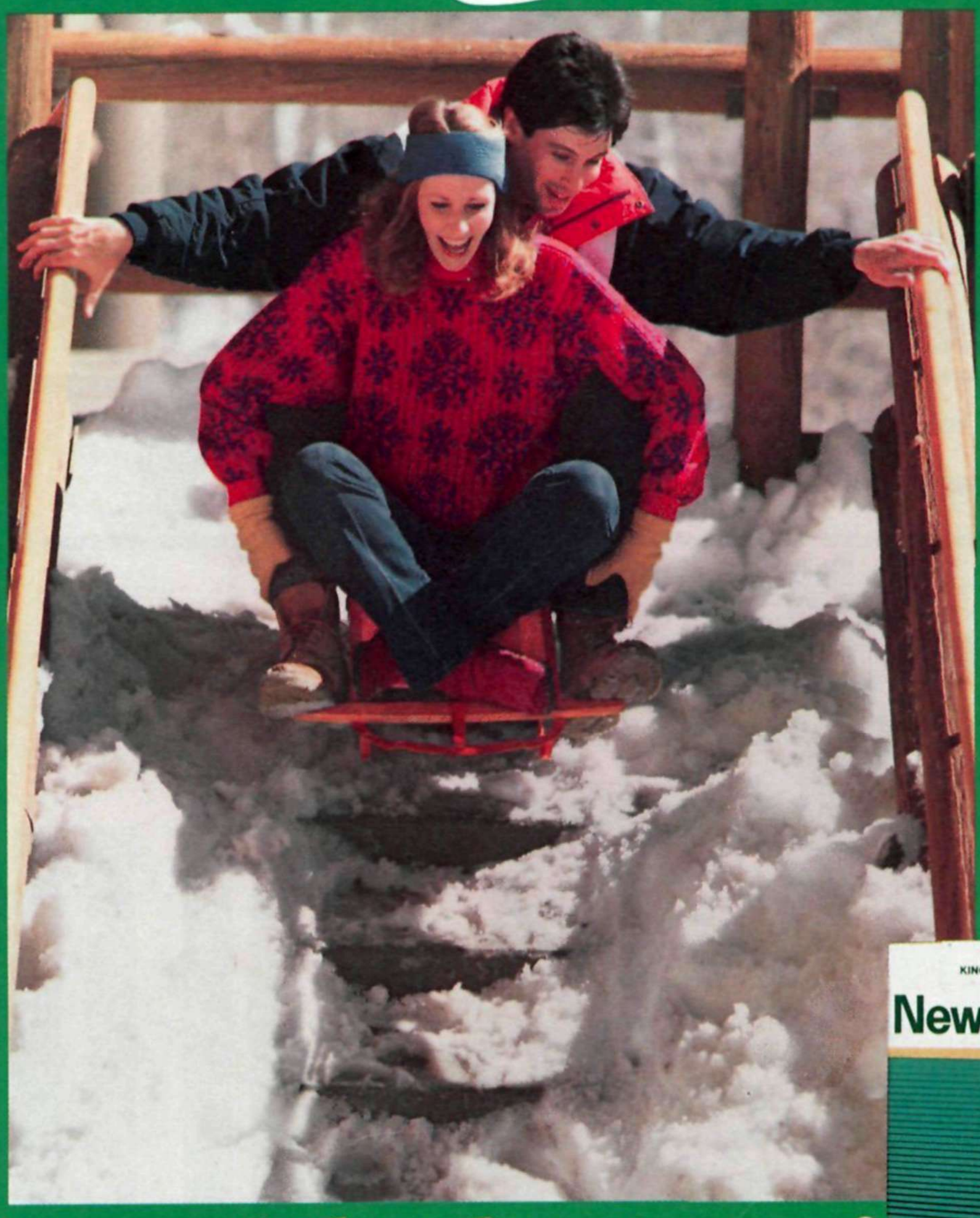
Newport



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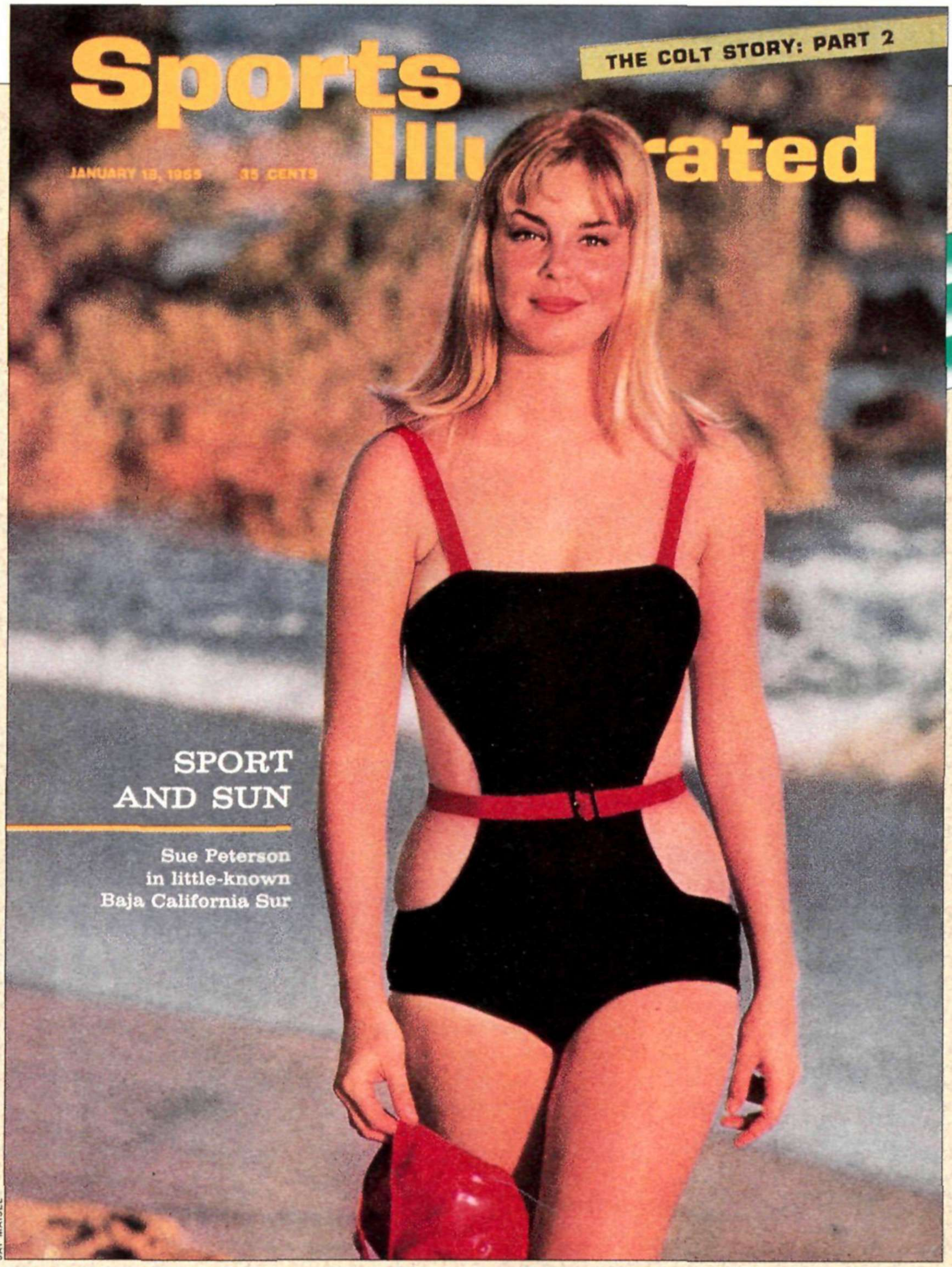

SUE PETERSON

1965

From Baja With Love

Sue Peterson got something better than a cover from her SI swimsuit shoot ♦ by Sarah Ballard

SUE PETERSON WAS 18 YEARS OLD AND A freshman at Los Angeles Valley College when she was picked for the cover of SI's second swimsuit issue. The daughter of a housewife and of a fireman, and herself a Sunday school teacher, Peterson viewed modeling as a lark, an easy way to make a little money and see a bit of the world. She had the sunstruck good looks associated in those days with beaches, surfboards and Gidget movies, and that image made her just what swimsuit editor Jule Campbell was looking for. "I always used California girls in the early days," says Campbell. "They were bigger, healthier and more natural."

The locale that year was Mexico's Baja California. Peterson had never traveled before, even to Mexico, and when Campbell assembled her expedition at the Los Angeles airport for the flight to Cabo San Lucas, Sue's mother's parting words to Campbell were, "Take care of my baby."

Another member of the SI swimsuit team that year was Jack Olsen, a 39-year-old, twice-married writer, who had been assigned to do the travel story that would accompany the swimsuit pictures. Olsen was a man of the world, known for his needle-sharp wit and his prodigious writing talent, but considering his age and his six children, some of them about the same age as Peterson, he hardly seemed the answer to a schoolgirl's prayer.

Nonetheless, romance bloomed in the Mexican sun, and two years later Peterson and Olsen were married. Olsen's pals back in New York City said the marriage would last six months.

Today Sue and Jack Olsen live with their two children, a girl, 12, and boy, 7, amid the cedar forests of Bainbridge Island, which is 30 minutes by ferry across Puget Sound from Seattle. Jack writes nonfiction books, and Sue manages all other aspects of their lives. She is a dedicated parent, a passionate gardener and an all-around accomplished householder whose fervor for her life's work has never waned. Sue's vocation is also her avocation. Her bookshelves are lined with treatises on child rearing and nutrition. When her kids showed symptoms of a predisposition to the allergies that had plagued Jack's youth, she studied the subject thoroughly and tried a number of remedies, including putting the children on a rigid dietary rotation that enabled their bodies to become desensitized naturally. "She is totally committed to being a good wife and a great mother," says Jack.

Nothing Sue does is by halves. When, to her surprise, an arrangement of dried flowers she had contributed to an auction at her children's school sold for $150, she turned her talent into a profitable hobby that earns her as much as $300 an order. "I work in a space I share with 400 pounds of dried flowers," says Jack.

Her Swedish-style Christmases, which sometimes require three months of preparation, are family rituals. Sue travels to Ballard, Seattle's Scandinavian district, to buy the best *potatiskorv* (sausage) and lutefisk (pickled cod). Every year she bakes Swedish cookies to distribute among her Bainbridge Island neighbors, although sweets are forbidden in her own house.

RICH FRISHMAN

During their first 10 years together, before their daughter was born, Sue was Jack's literary aide-de-camp. She was his researcher, travel agent, manager and full-time companion. Now, when Jack is away researching a book, Sue stays at home, but they still find time to hike, fish, hunt wild mushrooms and, now and then, hide out in a cabin in the San Juan Islands in Puget Sound, where, Jack says, they do absolutely nothing.

"Sue is not an adjunct," he says. "If there is an adjunct around here, it's me. She's the imperial potentate of this family, but in a benevolent way. If she had gone into business, she would be the president of a corporation by now. Instead she has put all of that energy

PETERSON KEEPS THE HOME FIRES BURNING FOR HER HUSBAND AND TWO KIDS

into making sure that we have the right soil for making the coriander come up better."

Sue would just as soon forget she was ever on SI's cover. For one thing, she didn't like the photograph of herself on the cover. She keeps no copies of her swimsuit issue as trophies, and she forbids the mention of it outside the family. In 1987 she told *USA Today*, "It was just not one of the big things in my life. I suppose it was a bit of a kick, but it's so long ago I've just put it out of my head."

Sue chose not to be interviewed or photographed for this year's 25th anniversary swimsuit issue (the photo above was taken for *USA Today*), but she allowed Jack to speak for her. "It's just not her thing," he says.

Sue's modeling career lasted a little more than a year. After the swimsuit issue she did commercials in New York. Offers to appear in movies followed, but Sue had other things in mind. While she was working in Manhattan, she lived for five months with Campbell and her husband, Ron, and their young son. "She would make things like tablecloths and lingonberry jam for friends," says Campbell. "We took her to the country with us on weekends, and she fell in love with our farm and planted an herb garden. In the country everybody loved her. She was a ray of sunshine, a very up person. She was pretty and probably had potential—she was quite natural in front of the camera—but she never wanted to be a model. She wanted to be a housewife."

According to Jack, Sue has changed very little physically in the 24 years since she appeared on SI's cover. "She probably weighs four pounds more than she did then," he says. "She takes care of herself."

Jack's only complaint is that Sue's everyday uniform, blue jeans and baggy sweaters, disguises the fact too well. "She still has the same gorgeous figure she did then," he says. "But nobody on Bainbridge Island even knows she has a waist." ●

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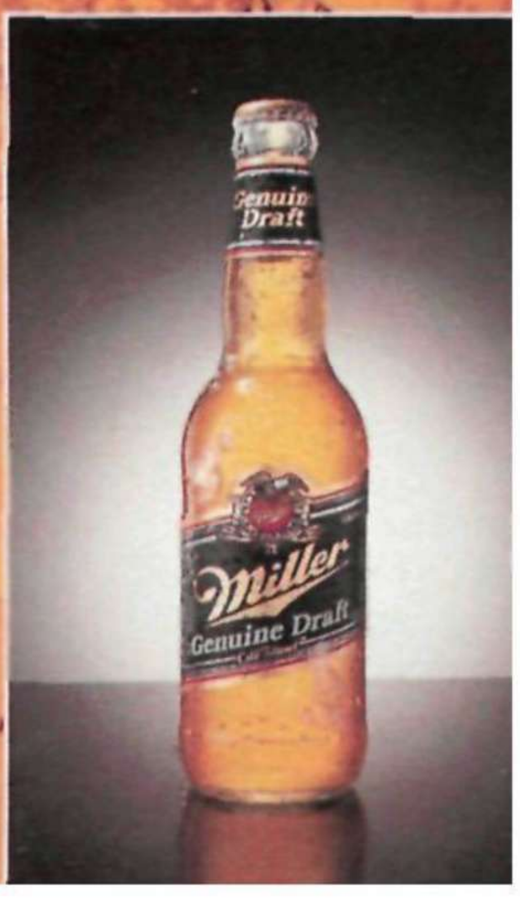

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Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 17, 1966 35 CENTS

BAHAMAS

THE OUT ISLANDS ARE IN

HOWELL CONANT

SUNNY BIPPUS ON NORMAN CAY

SUNNY BIPPUS

1966

Always Fair Weather

It seems that way for Sunny Bippus, whose name reflects her outlook ♦ by Sarah Ballard

EVEN IN HER MODELING DAYS, MARGARET Caroline Bippus, known as Sunny, was more than just a pretty face. The photographers and art directors with whom she worked in the 1960s quickly learned that she was also a good sport. Hence, they threw her from airplanes, submerged her in swamps and perched her on precipices wearing everything from swimsuits to ball gowns.

"I was always knee-deep in something," says Bippus, the 1966 swimsuit issue cover model. "Once I did a commercial in the Caribbean for Bic. The photographers had me underwater with a spear gun for five days. I was to spear a treasure chest, open it, take out a ballpoint pen and write 'Bic' on a board. The last time, I wrote: 'I want out of the damn water.' "

For an SI story on fishing, photographer John Zimmerman was shooting Bippus on an airboat in the Florida Everglades when the boat, going 65 mph, hit a petrified stump. Bippus was thrown from the craft, but as soon as Zimmerman determined that she wasn't badly hurt, he ordered her back aboard for a few more shots "before the bruises come out."

These days Bippus makes her living in a drier and less perilous milieu. With two other women, she operates Kemble Interiors, a decorating firm that caters to the carriage trade in Palm Beach, Fla., where she grew up. Her typical client spends $350,000 to $400,000, demands perfection and expects a lot of personal attention. Fall is the height of the decorating season in Palm Beach—"They all want their houses ready by Christmas," says Bippus—and this autumn Kemble Interiors handled 24 such clients at once. "You're dealing with people who are used to having their way in everything, and it does get to be very, very difficult," says Bippus.

Making sure the paint is dry by Christmas is the easy part. When necessary, the designing women of Kemble Interiors also hire the chef, interview the prospective nanny, stock the larder, trim the tree, turn down the beds and meet the plane. "If you stay organized, you can go through your life without a jumble," says Bippus. "I have a lot of things in my life, but I make sure that everything has a place. I have to live that way for it to work."

Bippus attributes her 48-year-old good looks to frequent exercise, a healthy diet and a No. 30 sunblock. "I put it on the minute I wake up in the morning—on my face, neck, hands, arms," says Bippus. "I've even started putting it on my legs, because I've been in the sun so much." Thus protected, she begins her day with 45 minutes of Rollerblade skating along the edge of Lake Worth. "It's a skate I found last year that helps you with your snow skiing," she says. "It's a cross-country sort of movement that certainly helps your thighs, but all of a sudden even your feet begin to look nice. When you get to be my age, the only things worth looking at are your feet."

As an active member of the Palm Beach tennis set, Bippus plays mixed doubles four or five times a week at the Everglades or Bath and Tennis clubs or on a private court, "if I'm lucky enough to be asked." She attends low-impact aerobics classes three evenings a week, and frequently, after a long, hard day at the office, she swims in her backyard pool. "Even half an hour of that can make you feel wonderful," she says. She also plays golf, windsurfs, shoots quail and, for two or three weeks every January, goes to Aspen, Colo., where, as she puts it, she skis her brains out.

BIPPUS MAY EARN HER LIVING AS AN INTERIOR DECORATOR IN PALM BEACH, BUT AS A VERY ACTIVE SPORTSWOMAN SHE PREFERS TO SPEND HER TIME OUTDOORS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY HEISLER

Recently, Bippus has discovered trout fishing. "I was in Idaho for four weeks last summer and I fell in love with it," she says. "I fished in a stream behind a tiny grocery store called Jerry's. Jerry would say, 'Today I want you to use a woolly worm,' and then he'd walk me out the back of his store and say, 'All right, see that rock over there? Go three feet to the right, and I promise you'll catch the biggest trout you've ever seen.' Then I'd pad off into the stream, and he'd go in the store and cook the best-smelling chili I'd ever encountered."

BIPPUS GETS SET TO SET SAIL: WINDSURFING IS ONE OF HER MANY SPORTS

There have been a number of men in Bippus's life, including, for a six-year stretch in the 1970s, a husband. She speaks well of all of them. Her first love was Peter Revson, the handsome, race car–driving member of the Revlon cosmetics family. She didn't marry Revson because, at 23, she felt she was not yet ready. If she had, she would have been a widow by 35; he was killed in a racing accident in 1974. "Maybe it was a mistake. I loved him a lot," she says. "But I don't think so."

In 1970 she married Thomas Swift Taylor, a Chicago businessman and member of the Swift meat-packing family, also handsome, who had been married five times previously, and moved with him to London for several years. "It didn't last long, but it was fun," she says. "We parted company in the friendliest possible way."

Now Bippus lives alone in a pretty, two-story white frame house on a quiet block in West Palm Beach, the wrong side of Lake Worth in the Palm Beach context. Inside, the house is a showcase for the traditional style that is its owner's professional specialty—English antiques, 18th-century landscape paintings, dainty porcelains and flowered chintz. At the foot of the staircase, however, near the door, is an umbrella stand whose contents are 20th-century Florida—a Prince racket, a Wilson softball bat and an L.L. Bean fly rod.

"My father was a surgeon and his whole life was his medicine," says Bippus. "My mother basically brought us up. She taught us to shoot and fish and play tennis and everything. I think it's very important that parents make sure their children learn sports. We live in a computer age, and we're becoming more and more insular. I've known children who sit in their rooms all day and play with a computer instead of being outdoors learning how to get along with people. That's a mistake."

When Bippus's house was built in 1940, it had a view, over grass and marsh, of the lake. Now that vista is blocked by apartment buildings, and the neighborhood is no longer as tranquil as it was once was. Three attempted break-ins have occurred while Bippus was in the house, which have led her to keep a loaded shotgun beside her bed. She's not terrified, that's not her style; she's merely cautious. "I go out to the shooting range just to keep in practice, and I have a stun gun on my bedside table," she says. "It sends out a 40,000-volt charge. If anybody ever touched me, I'd zap 'em."

Despite her independent nature, Bippus was well into her 30's before she became truly self-sufficient. After her divorce in 1976, she moved to Aspen, where she learned the decorating trade from a friend, established a business of her own and came into contact with other women who were doing the *same things*. "*I met so many fabulous* women who were running their own shops or were lawyers or dentists, and they changed the way I felt. We can do anything we set our minds to. There were about 30 ladies' softball teams in Aspen. Ours was called the Wildflowers, and we were the absolute worst. But we brought wonderful buffet dinners and champagne to the games, and everybody came to watch us play because they couldn't wait for the champagne. And we got so good we won the league title the next year."

Bippus regards her eight years in Aspen as the happiest in an altogether happy life, even though the period ended badly. "I walked into my office one day, and my two partners said, 'We have fired you.' It's worse than a divorce when that sort of thing happens," she says. "I was the godmother *of their children, and after eight years,* Aspen was my life."

Bippus returned to Palm Beach in 1983 and started over, with few regrets and undiminished reserves of energetic optimism. "I've had the best life in the whole wide world," she says. "It's ridiculous to say, because God will probably strike me dead tomorrow, but there's not one year that hasn't been absolutely perfect."

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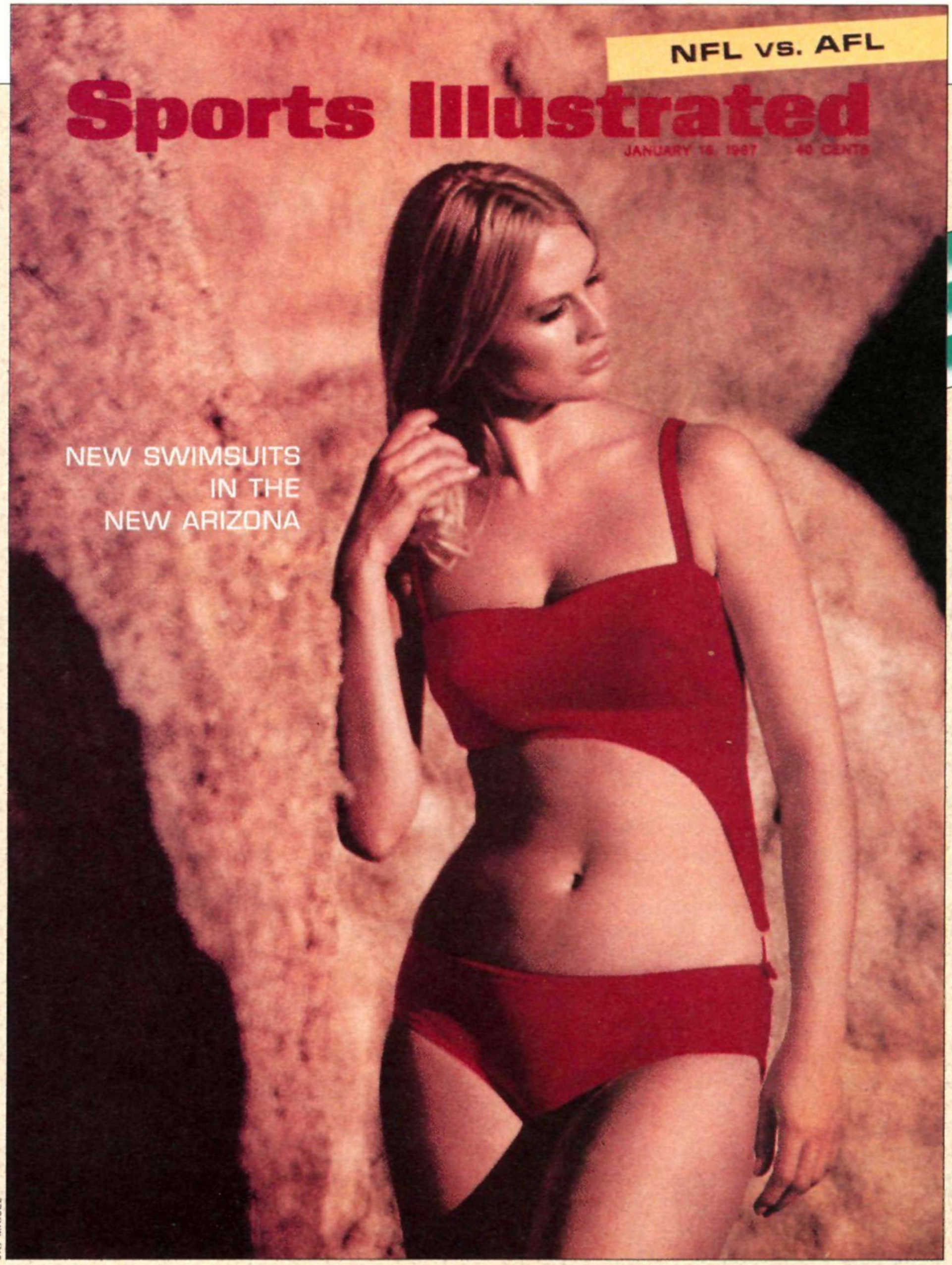
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1967

A Wallflower Blossomed

Marilyn Tindall Percival conquered shyness by entering beauty contests ♦ by Ron Fimrite

MARILYN TINDALL WAS THE TAWNY blonde with the warm "California look" who was framed against the ochre cliffs of Arizona's Apache Lake on the 1967 swimsuit cover. "The water in that lake was free-ZEE-ing," recalls Marilyn, who's now married to Robert Percival, a Newport Beach, Calif., insurance executive. "*It was awful cold.*"

Modeling, for that matter, was not always a comfortable way for her to earn a living. Despite her tall (she's 5′ 8½″), outdoorsy good looks, Tindall didn't always feel at ease in front of a camera. She says the work was a "challenge," a means of overcoming shyness and a lack of confidence.

"I was a late bloomer in both personality and looks," she says, pouring coffee in the living room of her "California-style French country house." She is dressed in a salmon-colored pantsuit. The blonde hair, somewhat darker now, still tumbles in enticing disarray over her shoulders. In her 40's, she is plumper than the stately beauty who appeared on SI's cover, but she is still attractive. "I thought of myself as a skinny little girl, very quiet," she says. "I didn't think I was beautiful, and if you don't think you are, it doesn't matter at all what others say."

Tindall's uncertainty about her looks led to a mild disagreement with SI swimsuit editor Jule Campbell before they began the shoot in Arizona. "We didn't have a makeup person with us in the early years, so the models usually did their own makeup," says Campbell. "When I told Marilyn she *was using too much gooey mascara*, she said she felt too insecure to appear without it." But after getting up at 4:30 or 5:00 a.m. for three days in a row to catch the early light, Tindall was too exhausted to apply her usual makeup. "That was the morning we got the cover shot," says Campbell.

The thought of posing for photographs or entering beauty contests never crossed Tindall's mind when she was attending Hollywood High, even though that school has long been considered the cradle of starlets. Her father, George, even worked at a movie studio, Paramount Pictures, as head of security, but, if anything, this connection only drove away any thoughts of a film career, quite possibly, she says, because "my dad made me aware of the negative side of the business."

Tindall was several years out of high school, working as a secretary for the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, when a friend challenged her with the idea of entering a beauty contest. She remembers thinking, You don't grow if you don't challenge yourself, try new experiences. You gain strength and knowledge from any experience. It's what life's all about.

So in 1962 she entered not one but 10 beauty pageants and won nine of them. Her only miss was the Miss Firecracker competition at Huntington Beach's Independence Day celebration. By the end of the summer, she *was the Miss California entrant in the* Miss U.S.A. contest in Miami (she finished third) and a celebrated bathing beauty. "I came in at the end of a time when it was popular to be really skinny," she says. "I was definitely not that by then. I always weighed in the high 120's, so I never did much fashion work. But I had good coloring, and I guess I did look good in a swimsuit."

So good that she was much in demand as window dressing in any number of 1960s' television commercials. Most of them featured such leering older stars as George Burns (El Producto cigars) and Jimmy Durante (Kellogg's Corn Flakes). These were, in every sense, walk-on parts, though as one of the "Slaygirls" in the Matt Helm movie series with Dean Martin, she was occasionally rewarded with a line or two of dialogue. On the rare occasions she watches these old films and commercials, she will chuckle at their "incredible naiveté."

Somehow, it all seems so distant from her life today as a wife and moth-

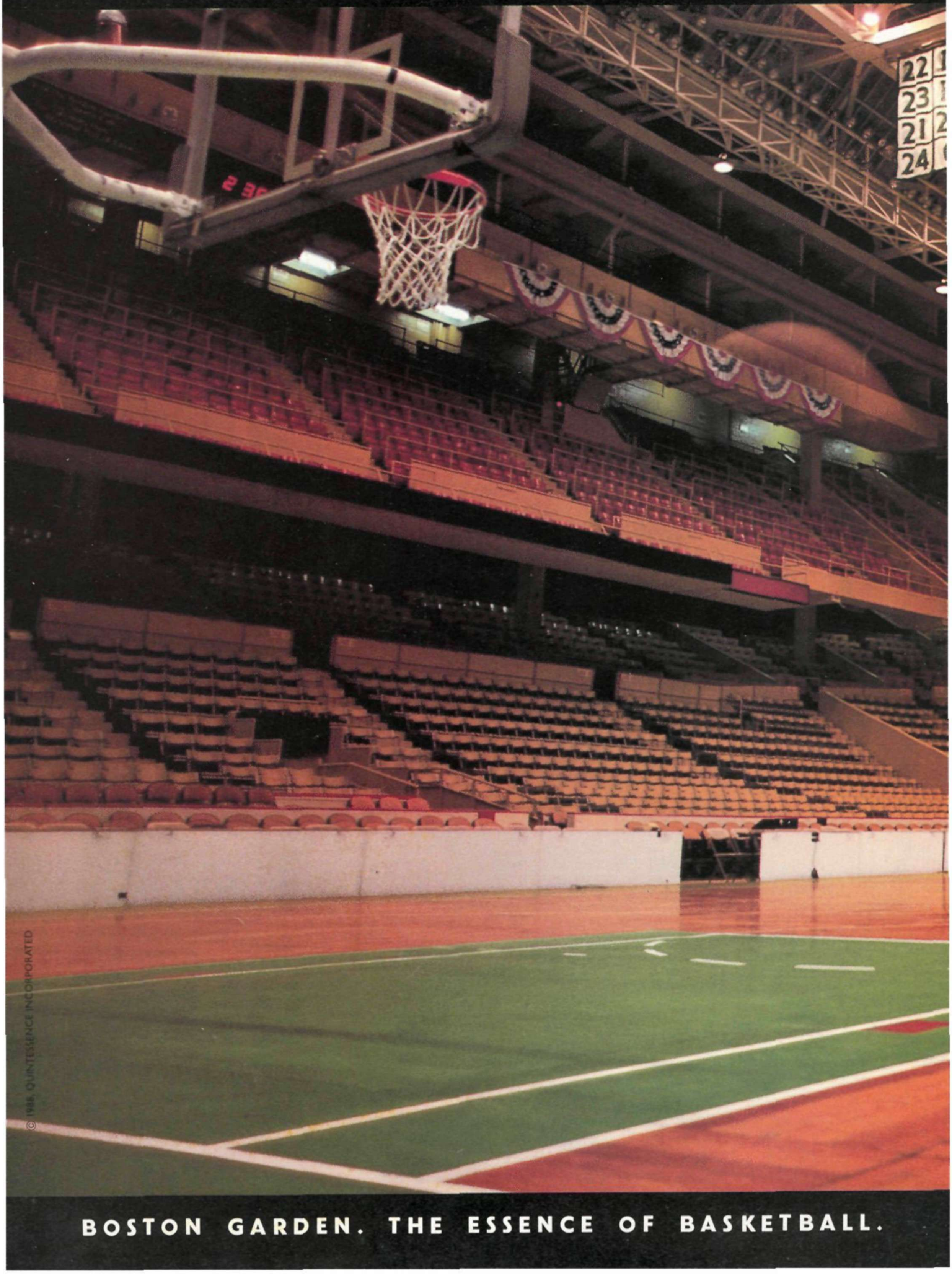
PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY HEISLER

ON NEWPORT BEACH, PERCIVAL GETS SET FOR AN OUTING ON THE FAMILY'S 58-FOOT YACHT

er—the Percivals have a 10-year-old daughter, Chelsea. And if someone refers to her as a Miss Somebody-or-other, she reverts to Hollywood High form and blushes with embarrassment. Recently, the only member of the Percival family who has entered beauty contests has been her fluffy white Bichon Frise, Pumpkin, who, under the registered name of Mademoiselle du Belcourt, was a consistent winner at dog shows. But Marilyn's memories of that other person, the stunning blonde, are a pleasant reminder of a challenge met.

"I did beat that old shyness," she says. "Now when I go to a high school reunion, I march right up to the very same people that I used to back away from. People can't believe I'm the same person, but I am. You are your past, after all."

IF YOU LISTEN CLOSELY, YOU CAN STILL HEAR BLACK



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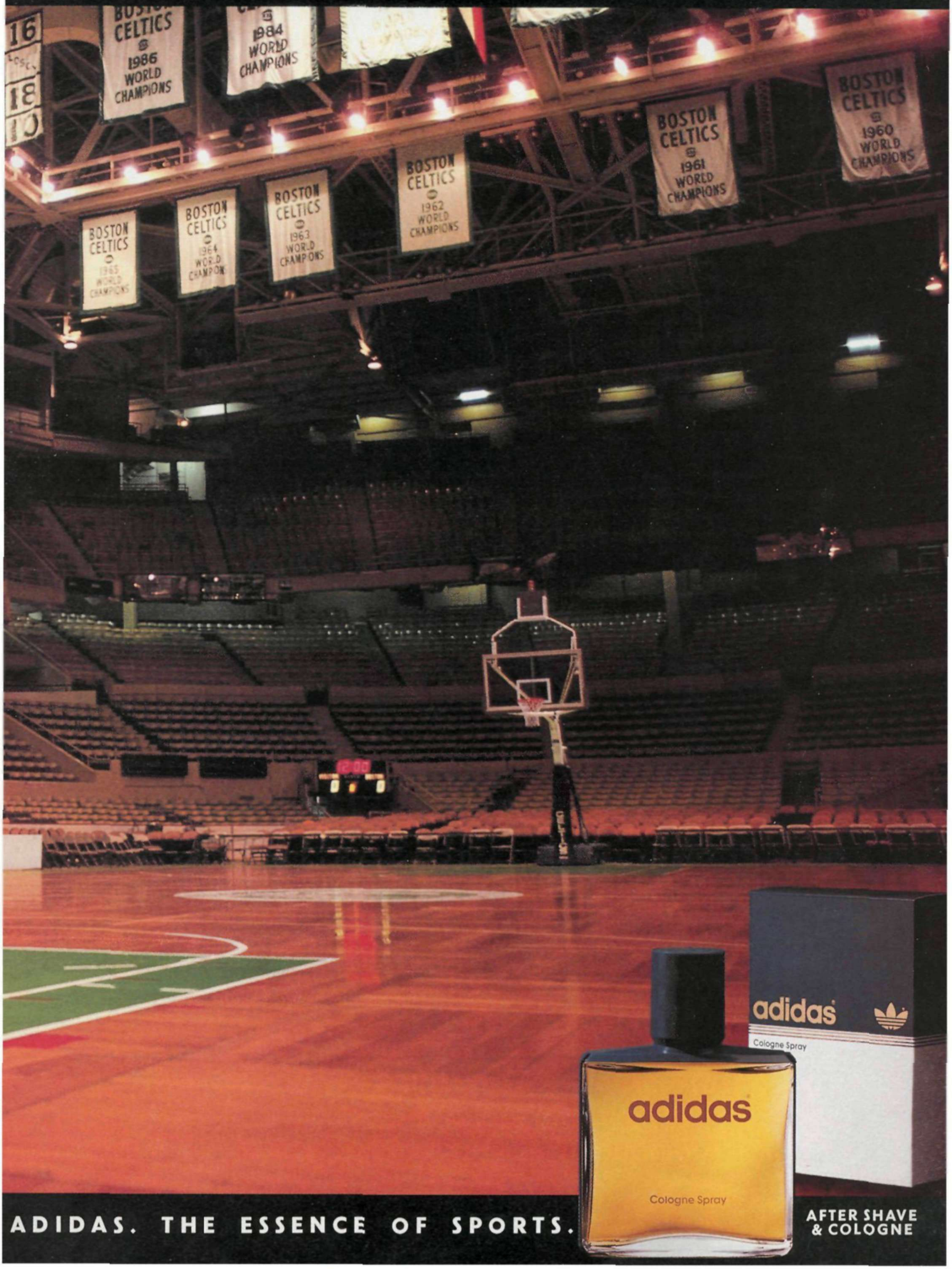

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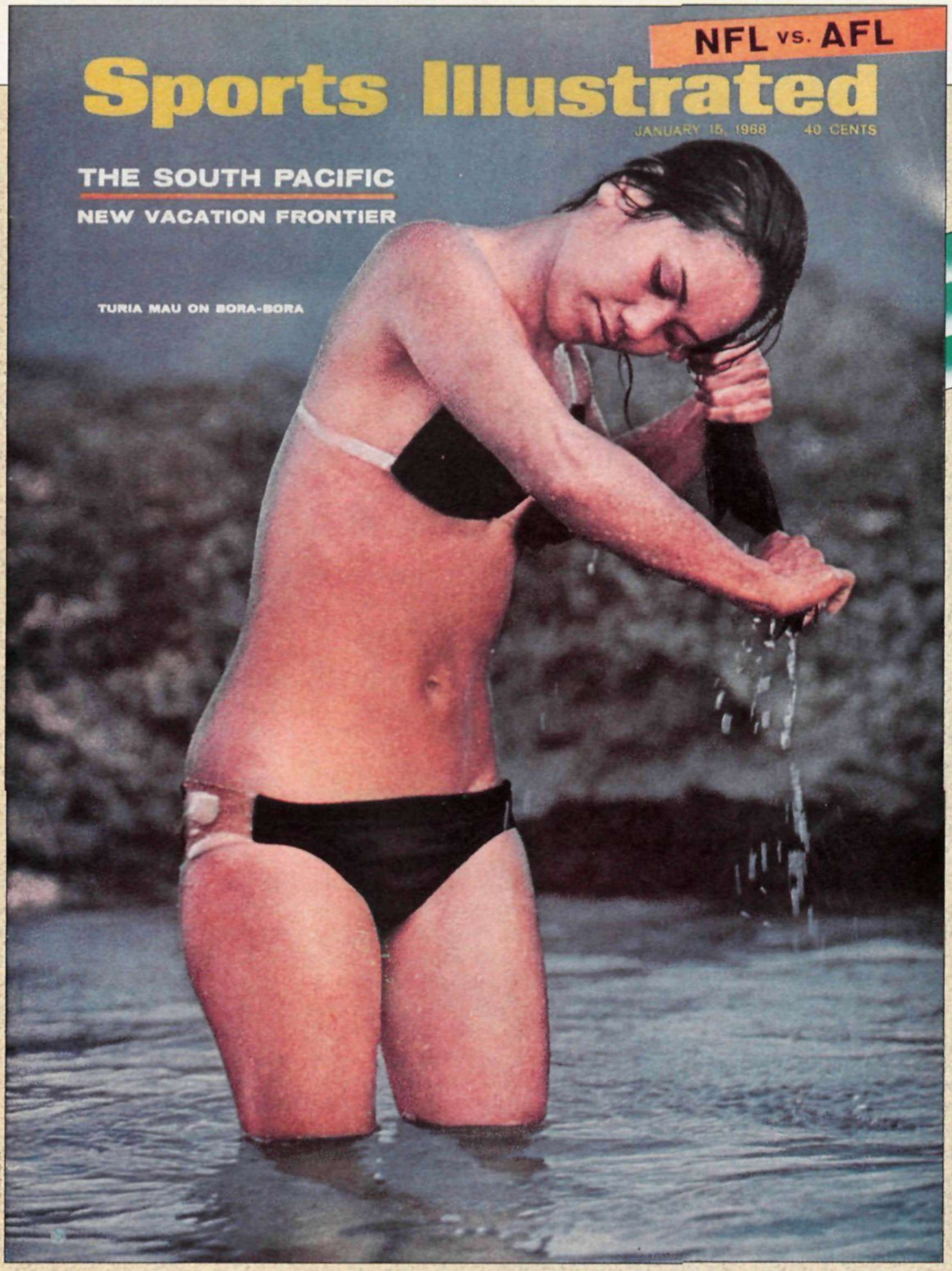

TURIA MAU

1968

Life Without A Problem

That's the way Turia Mau Payot describes her idyllic existence in Tahiti ♦ by Kenny Moore

TURIA MAU PAYOT ENTERS THE ROOM WITH mischievous eyes, easy grin and purring French. She holds up her cheek to be kissed. After giving a moment's passing view of white blossoms in her hair and amused wrinkle *across her brow, she offers the other* cheek. Her fragrance is a complex jasmine-ginger.

Like its women, the French Polynesian island of Tahiti presents itself in a rush of sensual impressions. After only a day or two upon it, you find you have plunged into crystalline freshwater grottoes, delved in the tender flesh of *pamplemousse* and *poisson cru*, and been ruined for earth tones by the impossible colors of lagoon and flower, fish and pareu.

Turia Mau grew up one of 14 amphibious kids on the vanilla and banana plantation of her parents, Terii Terai and Tetu Paiatuiroo, in Tohaotu. She went to school until she was 13, then returned home to look after the younger children. She now has some 64 nieces and nephews, though her hold on all their names is not too firm.

"So many different children by different wives," she says. "That is very Tahitian. The guys' mentality has always been that they can run off because there's always a sister or grandmother around to take care of the kids. That's changing now, with education. But I never liked it, from age 13."

In 1965, Mau was chosen Miss Tiurai (Miss Bastille Day), and that *brought her to the attention of the Ta*hiti tourist promotion people and, ultimately, SI swimsuit editor Jule Campbell, who arranged to photograph Mau in a bikini on Bora Bora. Turia posed for the shoot ("I remember the photographer saying, 'Just present the swimsuit' ") and then forgot about it.

Sometime later, when she was in Hong Kong on a trip to promote Tahiti, some Americans came up to her waving a sports magazine. One asked, "Is this you?"

"Yeah, I guess it is," she said, astonished. In that 1968 cover photo, she is twisting water out of her hair, eyes downcast. Inside there was a more typical photograph of her with a smile and eyes alight. Now, in her scrapbook, the ebbing colors of the photos have the look of Gauguin's primitives, though Turia is more delicate than that painter's thick-limbed Tahitians.

What came of it all? *"Rien."* Nothing. After Bora Bora, she worked in a pharmacy for a year or so. "Then," she says, showing dimples, "I went on vacation. For the rest of my life."

When she posed for the SI cover, she was 26 and unmarried, though she had been keeping company with René Payot for five years. He is a distinguished Swiss public works engineer 17 years her senior. Having worked in Morocco, Mali and Sudan, he came to Tahiti in 1962 and met Mau soon after. *"Beaucoup de chance, eh?"* he says *now, with a courtly air. A lot of luck,* indeed, because she has been with him ever since. They were married in 1976 and their daughter, Vatea, is now 17.

René built them a beautiful open house on a hill south of Papeete. There, on the white deck by the deep-blue pool, with a view of the fairy-tale volcanic sculptures on the island of Moorea, 12 miles across the ocean, she calls her last 20 years, "life without a problem, a beautiful life."

Annually, the Payots ski for two months in Switzerland. Turia has long since become expert. She plays consistent athletic tennis, with the result that her mother-of-pearl toenail polish is always cracked and ridged.

They have traveled widely, and at first Turia's Tahitian ways sometimes caused problems. She couldn't walk around Paris alone because she was so engagingly friendly that men presumed her a hooker. "I got scared," she says. "I didn't know how to turn them down." Necessity has taught her to assume an un-Tahitian shell of ice.

She is intrigued to find that the SI swimsuit issue has had the ability, year after year, to shock, to prompt cancel-

PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY HEISLER

lations. She smiles at that, as would all of Tahiti, where female toplessness on the beach is perfectly acceptable. The native insouciance about dress, of course, stimulated 19th-century moralists either to celebrate the Polynesians as noble savages or—horrified—to attempt to clothe them. The latter was tried in both Tahiti and Hawaii, and the two cultures now stand in some contrast. In Tahiti, women accepted the lengths of missionary cloth and tied them into those revealing wraparound skirts known as pareus. In Hawaii, the fabric became the tentlike muumuus.

The explanation may be that Tahiti was settled by the French, who had a tendency to wink and enjoy. Hawaii, meanwhile, was swamped with immigrants from modest cultures: Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and fire-and-brimstone New Englanders. "Oui," says René. "Puritans. I come from Calvinist Switzerland, and they are very strict on such things . . . the idiots."

At home, the Payots entertain Tahitian society, including French nuclear scientists and generals. "I am not fond of politics," Turia says. "But I know that when you help people, you're doing right." Does she regret not having pursued a modeling career? She bursts into that smile. There is a tiny gap between her front teeth. It is a signature grin. She might have been a Polynesian Lauren Hutton. She draws René and Vatea close.

Between becoming a wealthy model or living the life that befell her, which would she choose? "*La famille*," she says, and kisses her husband and daughter. ●

WITH MOOREA IN THE DISTANCE, PAYOT, AT HOME NEAR PAPEETE, IS AWASH IN VIVID COLOR

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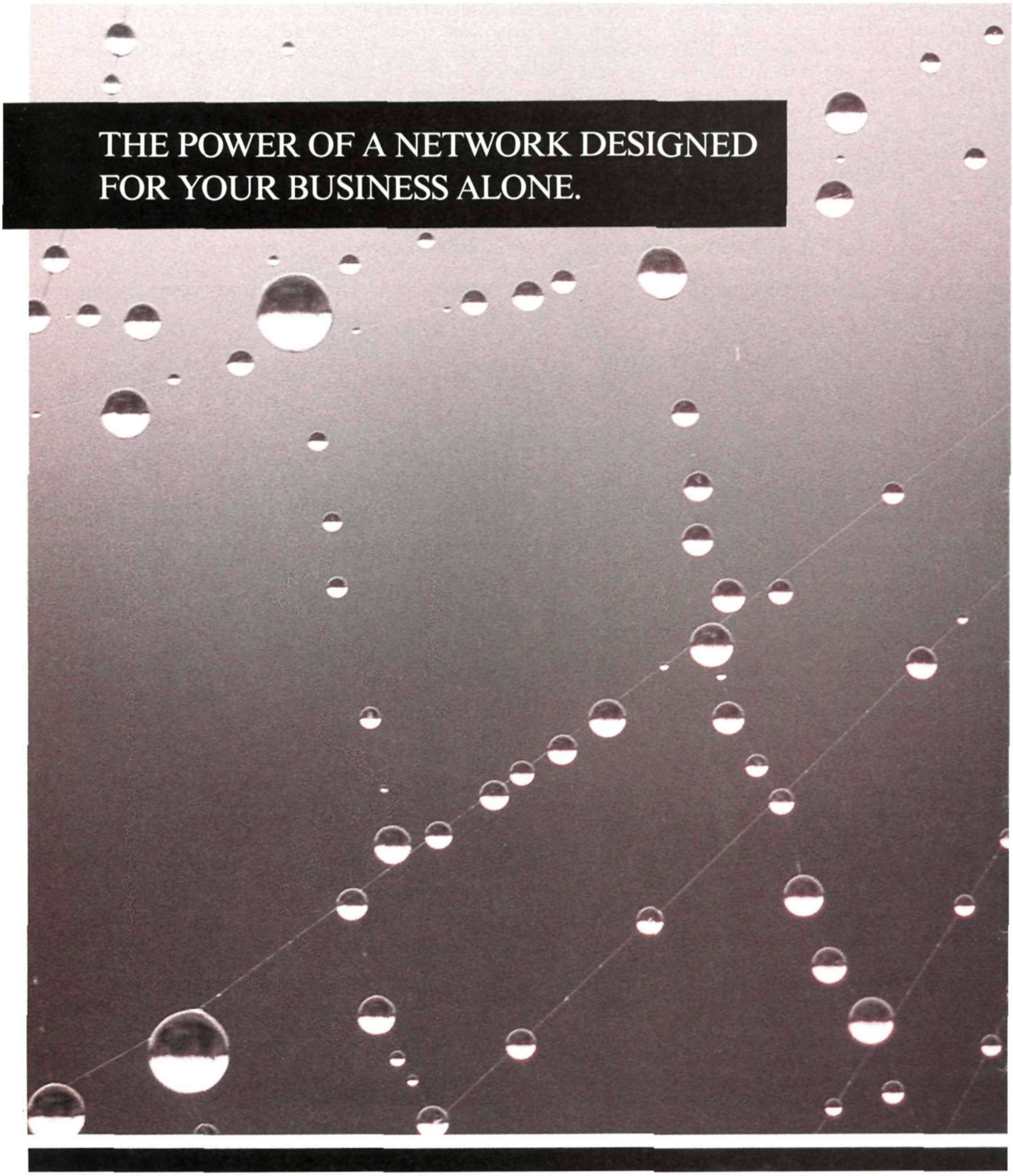

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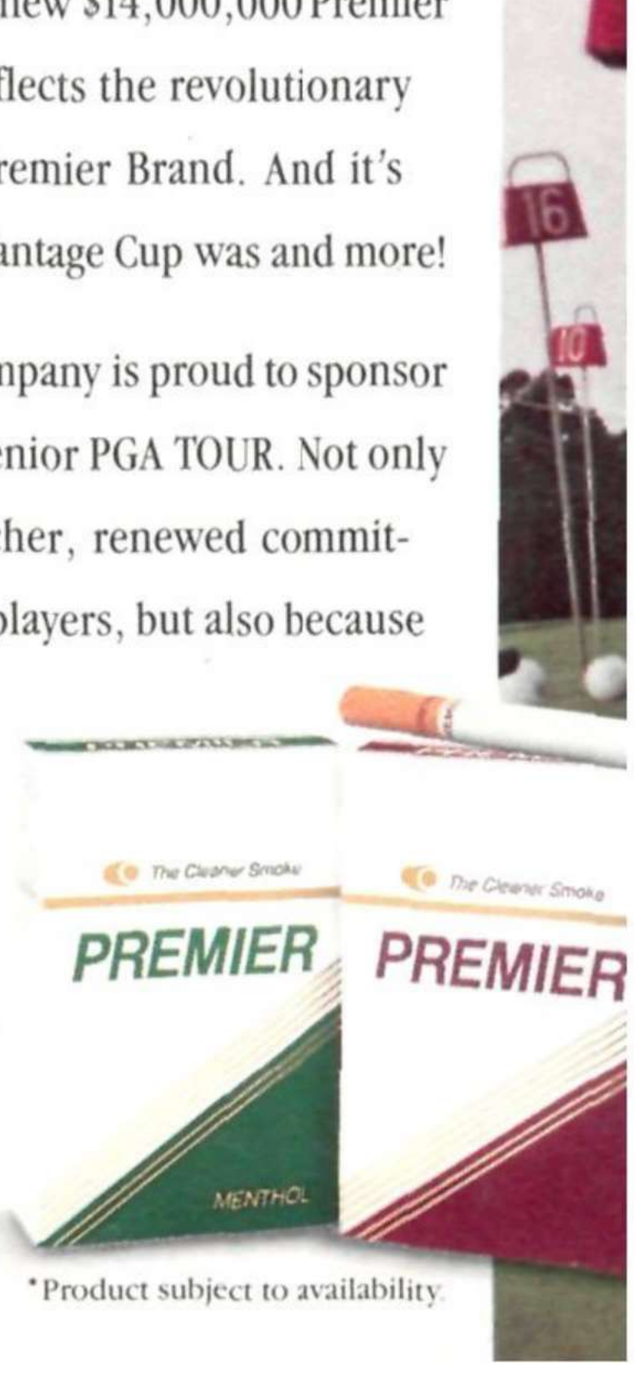

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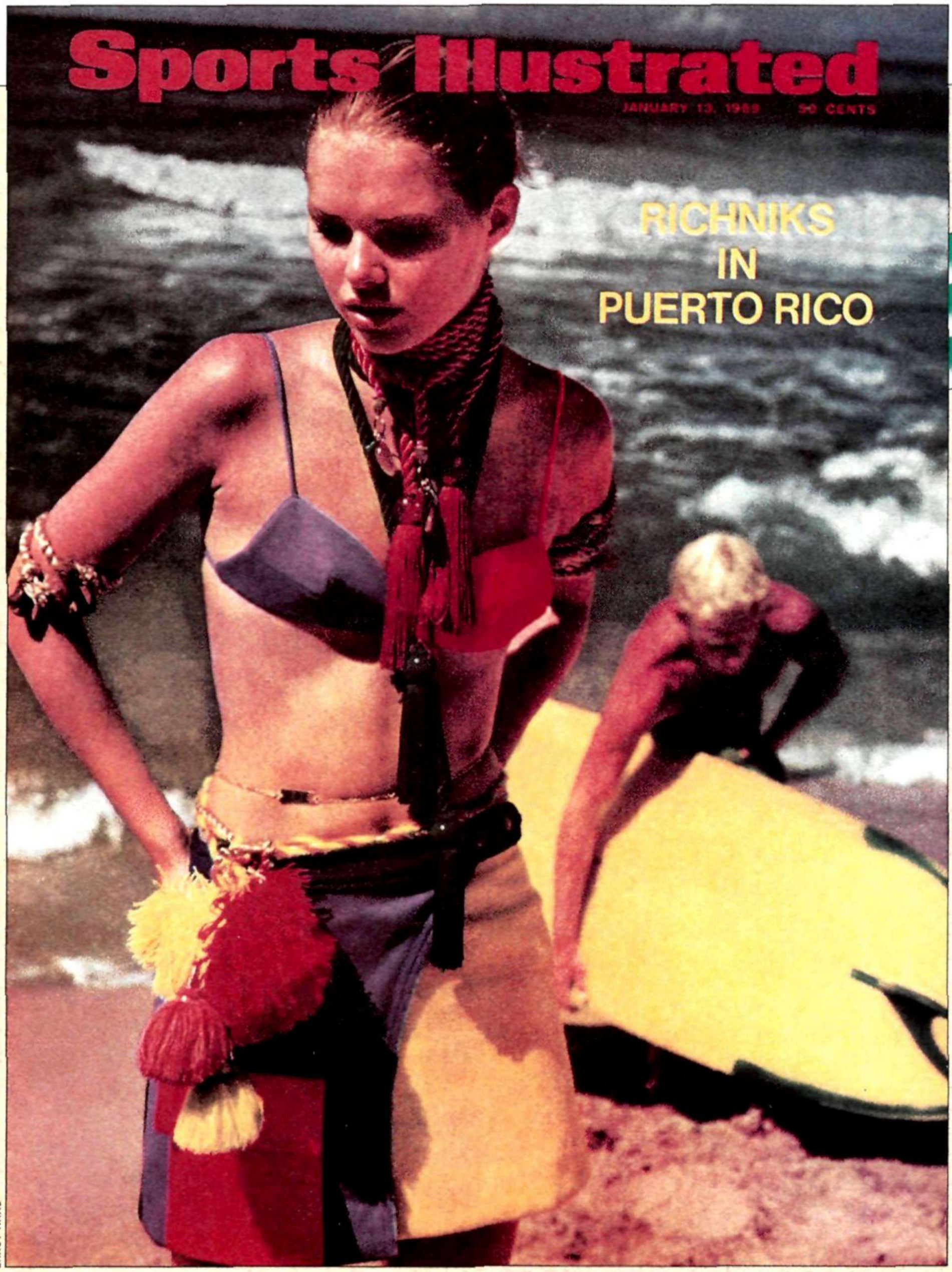


JAMEE BECKER

1969

An American In Paris

Jamee Becker Guilbert now stays busy as a working mother in France ◆ by Jack McCallum

JAMEE GUILBERT MOVES WITH LONG, STUDIED strides through the Christian Dior boutique in Paris, touching a sleeve here and there, running her fingers along a hemline, peering at price tags. The clerks have no way of knowing that she's not there to buy, for Guilbert looks very much like the typical well-to-do Dior customer.

"Whatever you put on Jamee, she looked classy," says SI swimsuit editor Jule Campbell. "You couldn't hide it." What Campbell put on her for SI's 1969 swimsuit cover was a lot of rope necklaces and armbands—"This *was* 1969, after all," says Campbell—as well as a multicolored suit and skirt. *Guilbert looks as good today as she did* then, when she was Jamee Becker. She has the same flawless skin, the same graceful figure (she was 5′ 9″ and 120 pounds then, and she's 120 pounds now), the same sparkling blue eyes, the same casual elegance.

"*Jamee definitely has an upscale* look about her," says Bill Weinberg, president of New York City's Wilhelmina Models, the agency that represented her in the States. "Always did, always will."

Guilbert glides over to the lingerie department and touches something lacy. She converses with a clerk in French and informs her English-speaking companion that the garment is called a *déshabillé*, which translates roughly as "dressing gown." "Now, really," she says, lowering her voice, "could you imagine schlepping scrambled eggs in *that*?"

In fact, Guilbert's morning had begun in the kitchen doing just that, as she got her husband, Philippe, off to his job as a clinical psychiatrist and their daughter, 16-year-old Sydney, and son, 11-year-old Justin, off to school. The Guilbert house, which looks small from the outside, is actually a four-story structure with a ground-*floor area that has a 20-foot-high ceil*ing; it formerly served as the studio of a sculptor. The house is located in the 15th Arrondissement, in the southern part of Paris, well off the usual tourist trails.

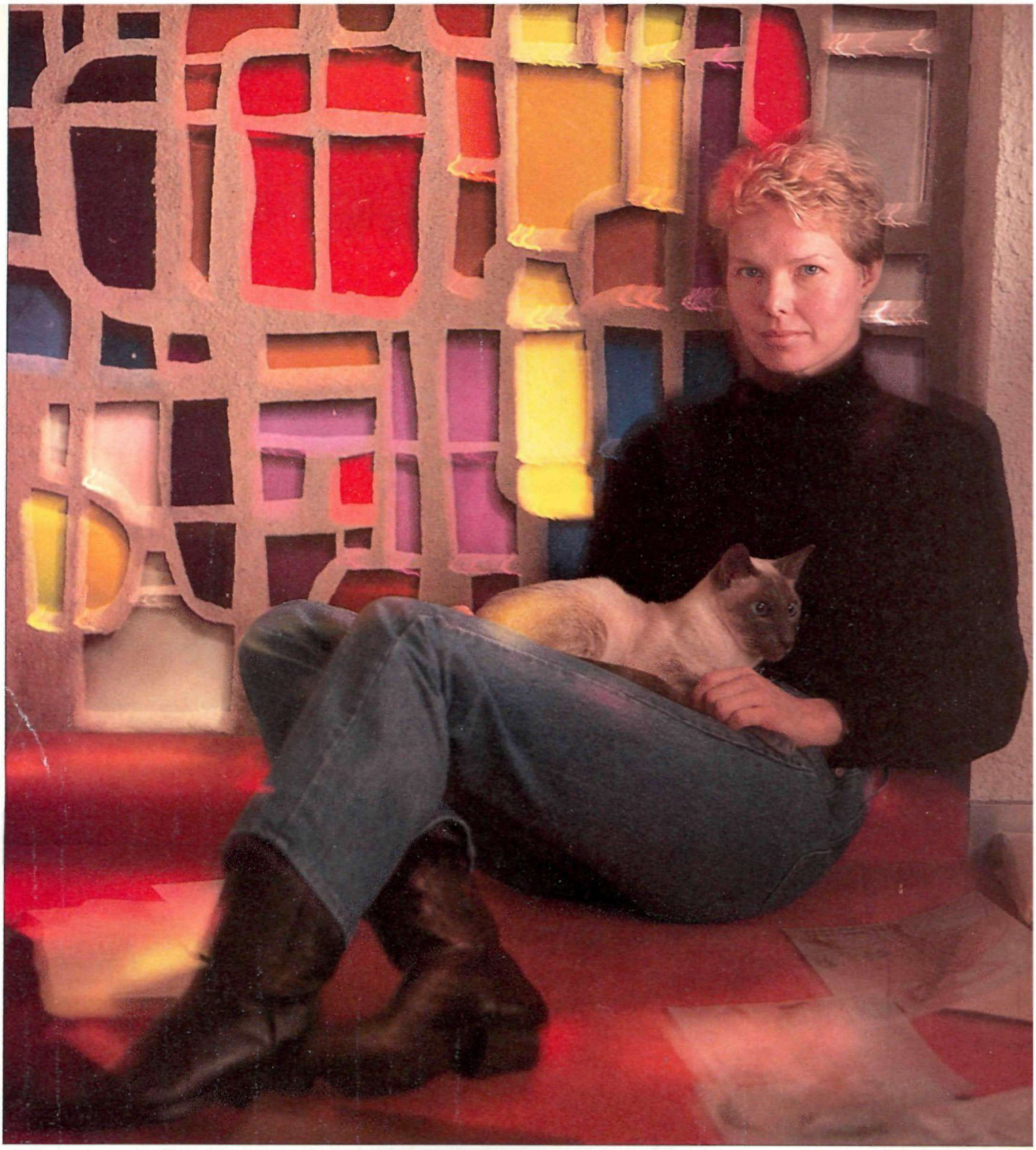
"It takes a certain amount of ma*neuvering," says Guilbert, "but you* can live well in Paris." And she does. The Guilberts are a close and loving family—and an active one. Jamee has hardly a spare moment to herself. Besides being a full-time homemaker, she is European director for the Los Angeles–based Fashion Institute of Design & Merchandising (FIDM), a school of fashion, merchandising and interior design; a volunteer organizer of social affairs for the Franco-American community in Paris; and a vice-president of the United Service Organizations (USO), the group that looks after visiting American servicemen and women, in Paris. Guilbert, who's 41, doesn't look her age. "But believe me," she says with a laugh, "some mornings I feel it."

Modeling is a family tradition. Guilbert's maternal grandmother, Mildred Bolger, was a well-known model in the 1920s, and Guilbert's mother, Sheila Jackson, was a model and a television personality who hosted *The U.S. Steel Hour* in the '50s. Jamee, who was raised in Greenwich, Conn., struck out on her own in New York City as an 18-year-old in 1965. She struggled for a *few months, modeling bridal gowns by* day and working as a waitress by night. Her big break came when she auditioned for a client who needed a model to jump on a trampoline. She had been a gymnast in high school, so she got the job.

Becker's athletic appearance also helped land her the SI cover. "We wanted an outdoorsy, free-spirit type," says Campbell. The cover, which was shot on a beach in Puerto Rico, shows her looking slightly wet, as if she has just jumped off the surfboard being lugged onshore by the man behind her. "Actually I wasn't a bad surfer," Guilbert says. "I could get up gracefully, and I could fall gracefully."

Even after she married Philippe in

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY HEISLER



GUILBERT—WIFE, MOTHER, VOLUNTEER WORKER—DOESN'T GET MANY MOMENTS ALONE

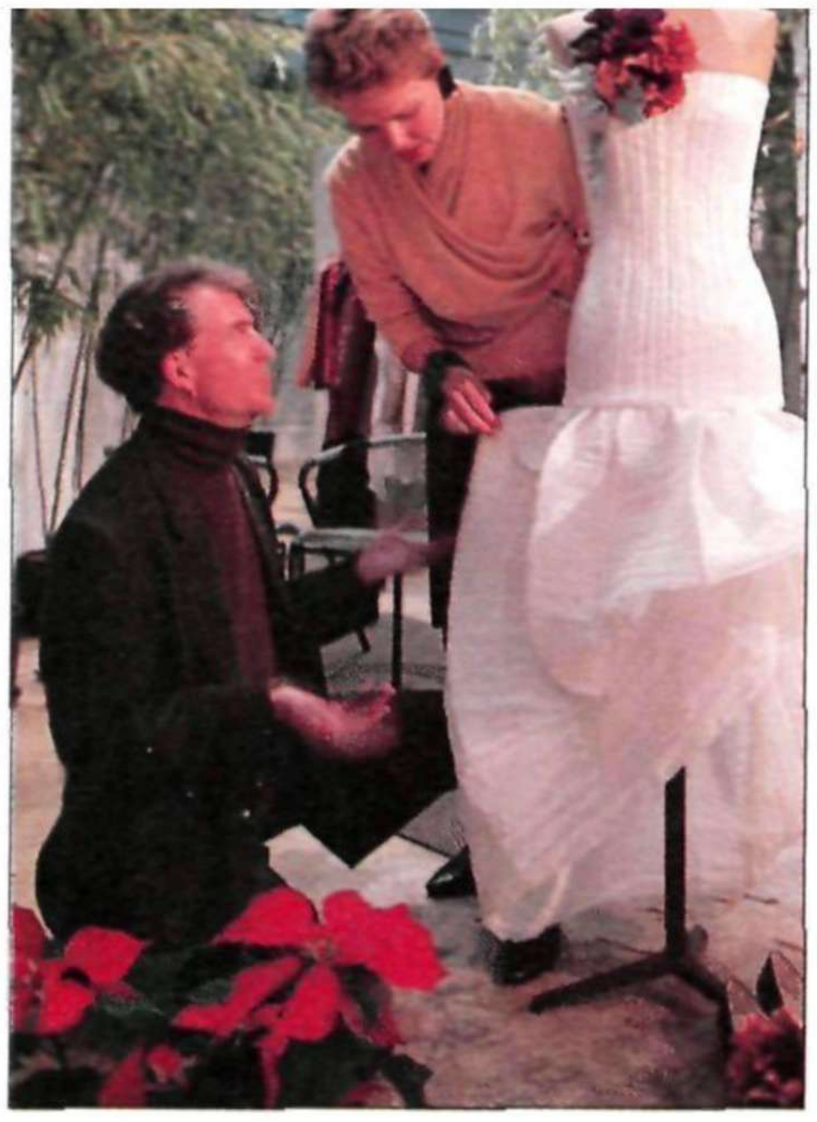
1970, moved to Paris and gave birth to Sydney in 1973, she continued to work as a high-fashion model until 1980. "I wasn't a Twiggy or a Jean Shrimpton," she says, "but I was pretty successful. I lasted a long time. I guess what I had was, well. . . ."

"Versatility," says Philippe. "You can say it. Jamee could do anything." That includes preparing a home version of rabbit rémoulade that Philippe recently had enjoyed in a restaurant. Could there be any more substantive proof that Jamee has earned the dual French and American citizenship that she possesses?

Quiet, intelligent, well-mannered, Philippe is the kind of man you would trust to interpret both your dreams and the entrée selections on a French menu. He and Jamee met in 1970 in

GUILBERT TALKS SHOP WITH FASHION DESIGNER MICHEL LEGER

Los Angeles, where she was taking a fling at acting—her modeling agency had sent her to a drama class in L.A., and the highlight of her brief career came when she auditioned for the role of Hot Lips Houlihan in the movie version of *M*A*S*H*—and Philippe was working at UCLA's Neuropsychiatric Institute. He made a less-than-stirring first impression by showing up for their blind date not only with a white Mercedes that he had borrowed from a French actress, but also with the actress, who was behind the wheel.



Still, within weeks Jamee and Philippe were married. Though Philippe is from Armentières ("As in 'Mad'moiselle from . . .' " he says), they decided to live in Paris, where he could practice psychiatry and Jamee could pursue modeling.

Her work eventually became a strain on the family. Sydney was standing in a train station one day about 12 years ago with Jamee's uncle, Dennis Bolger, when she spotted a poster of her mother, who was in Tunisia on a modeling assignment at the time. The girl burst into tears. Not long after that, Jamee turned down a job that would have kept her away from home for six weeks, and her agency said, in effect, Look, are you a model or a mother?

"Well, that one's easy," Jamee replied, and quit on the spot. She hasn't modeled since.

"I loved the travel and the freedom of modeling, but once I met Philippe, my priorities changed," she says. "The way I looked at it, every time I smiled, we were a little closer to that refrigerator-freezer we needed."

She tends to remember the lighter moments of her modeling career—like the time she tripped over the sword of another model, who was dressed as a West Point cadet, as he escorted her down the runway at a bridal show. Or the time that a security guard refused to let her relieve herself during

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a fashion show because she happened to be wearing a couple hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry. "Finally, I went to the bathroom with the door open and him holding my hand," she says.

The Guilberts are an unpretentious lot. The family car is a rusty, beat-up, 1980 Fiat with a driver's-side door that doesn't open from the outside and an I BRAKE FOR WHALES sticker on the back bumper. Justin, who loves the ocean, supplied the sticker. Jamee attends many fashion shows to collect ideas for FIDM, but she is equally as likely to be struck by examples of what she calls "the peacock world of modeling" as she is by, say, "the vitality of the spring collection."

She's much more serious about her volunteer work in the American community in Paris. She constantly strives to present the best of both French and U.S. culture—"Please don't call me an expatriate," she says—and seems to have taken it upon herself to try to rid the world of the notions that all Parisians are rude and that all Americans are boorish, though she will allow that there are plenty of examples of both. She doesn't just talk a good bicultural game, either. Sydney and Justin attend a bilingual school, and, to ensure that their English stays sharp, Jamee and Philippe speak only English to them.

Jamee became involved in the USO about three years ago through her father, John Becker, an import-export businessman who is a former USO Man of the Year. Her title as vice-president is largely ceremonial, but the workload isn't. For example, in June she helped organize a black-tie benefit for the organization, at the U.S. Embassy in Paris. Pearl Bailey was one of the entertainers.

"Without volunteers like Jamee, the work over here would be very much harder," says Helen Rodgers, the wife of U.S. Ambassador Joe Rodgers. "Jamee has been fabulous. She does everything exactly as it should be done. I didn't see the swimsuit pictures, but I'm sure she's as attractive now as she was then."

Several acquaintances told her the same thing at a recent fashion show she attended to collect notes for FIDM. She was dressed conservatively in a gray suit with blue-rimmed glasses and little makeup. Despite the businesslike garb, one couldn't help but feel that Guilbert could easily step right back into modeling. Indeed, one agency in Paris is currently trying to talk her into doing just that on a part-time basis.

After the show, the nearsighted Guilbert lifted her glasses to scribble a few notes. She looked contemplative. Did she wish she were walking down the runway? She stared directly at the person who asked her the question. "I can't tell you how glad I am that they're up there, and I'm down here," she said.

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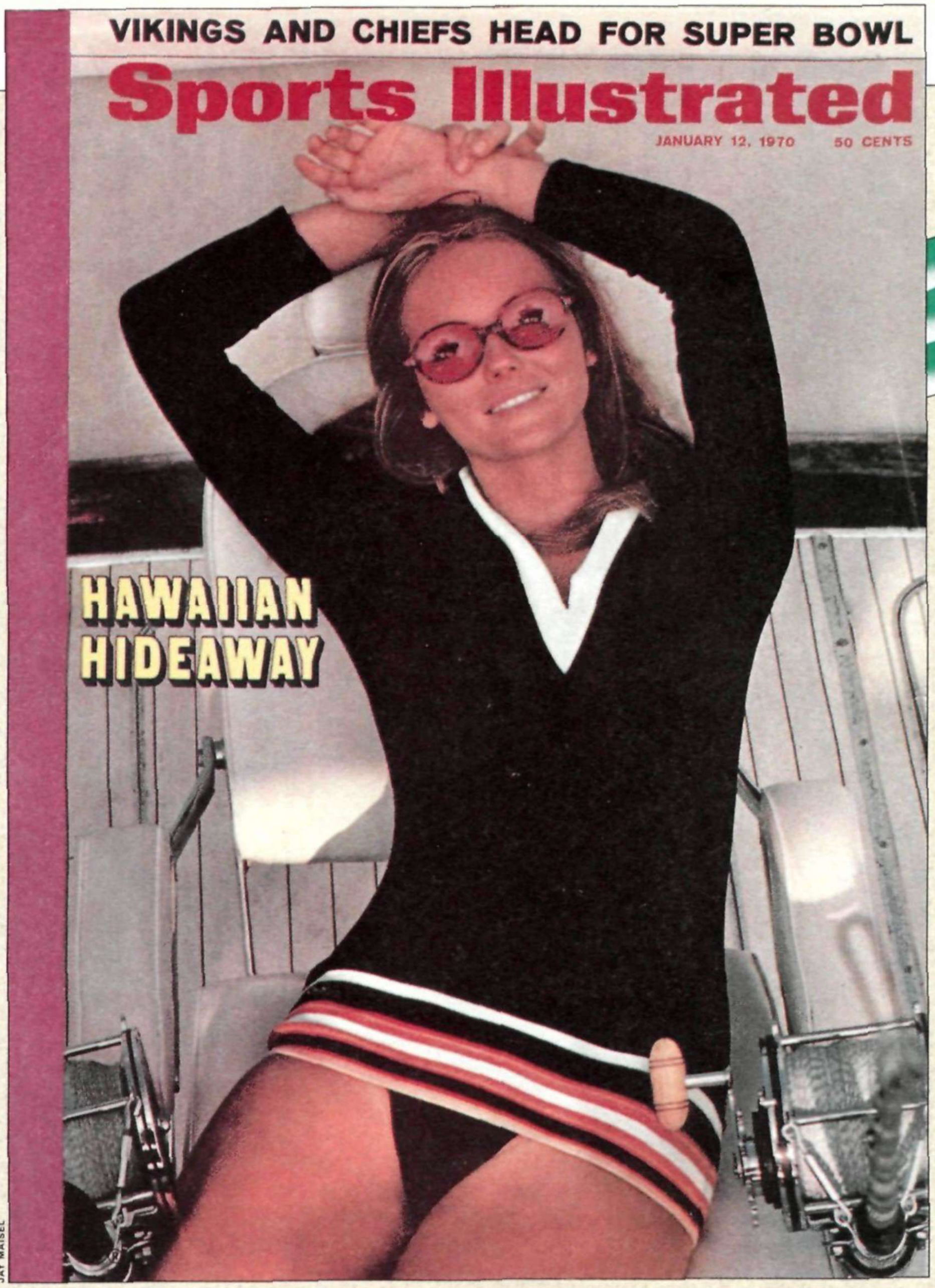

CHERYL TIEGS

1970

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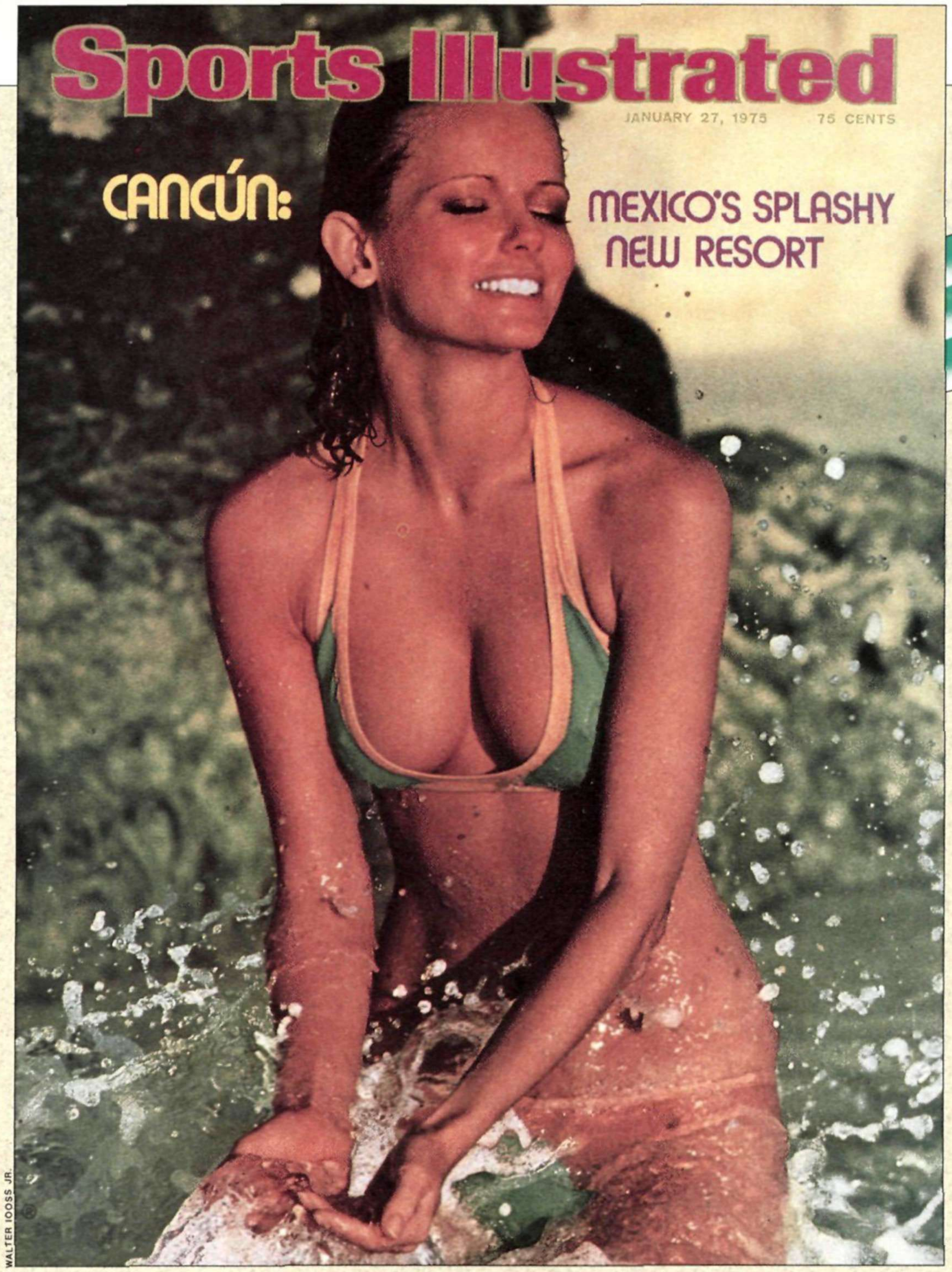
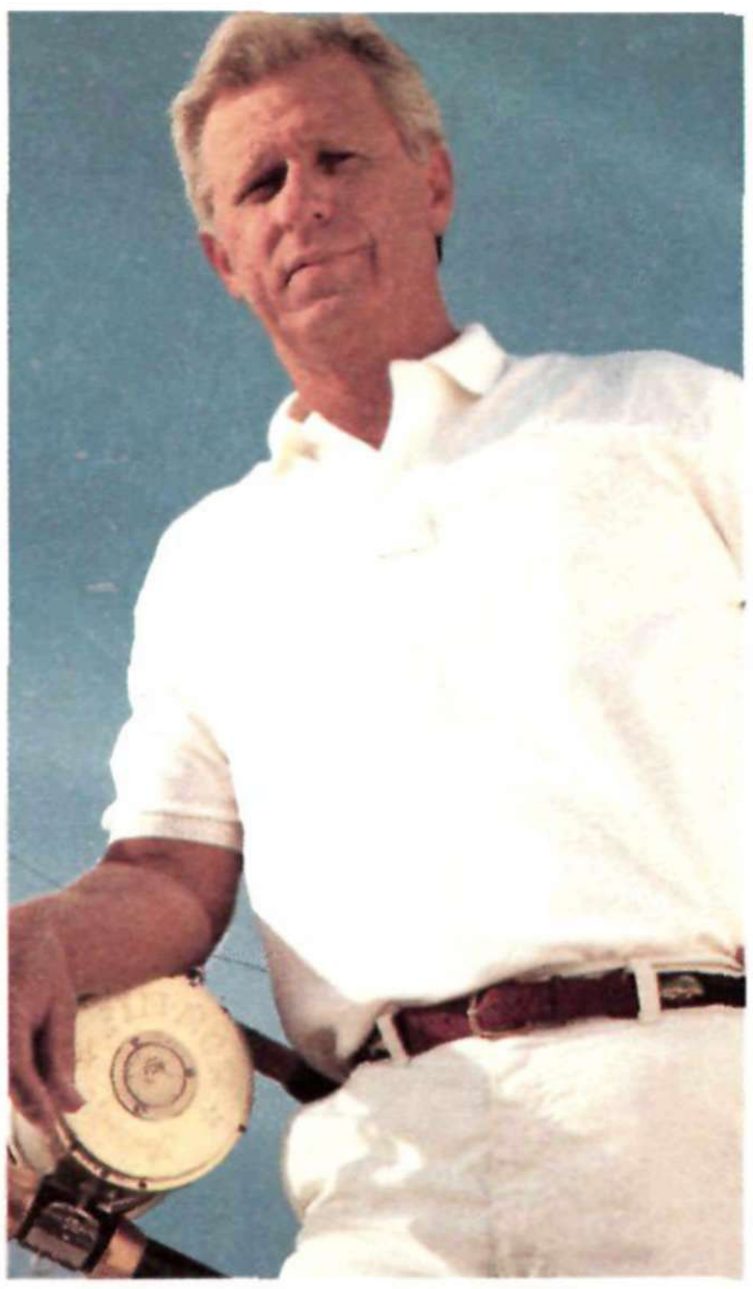


CHERYL TIEGS

1975



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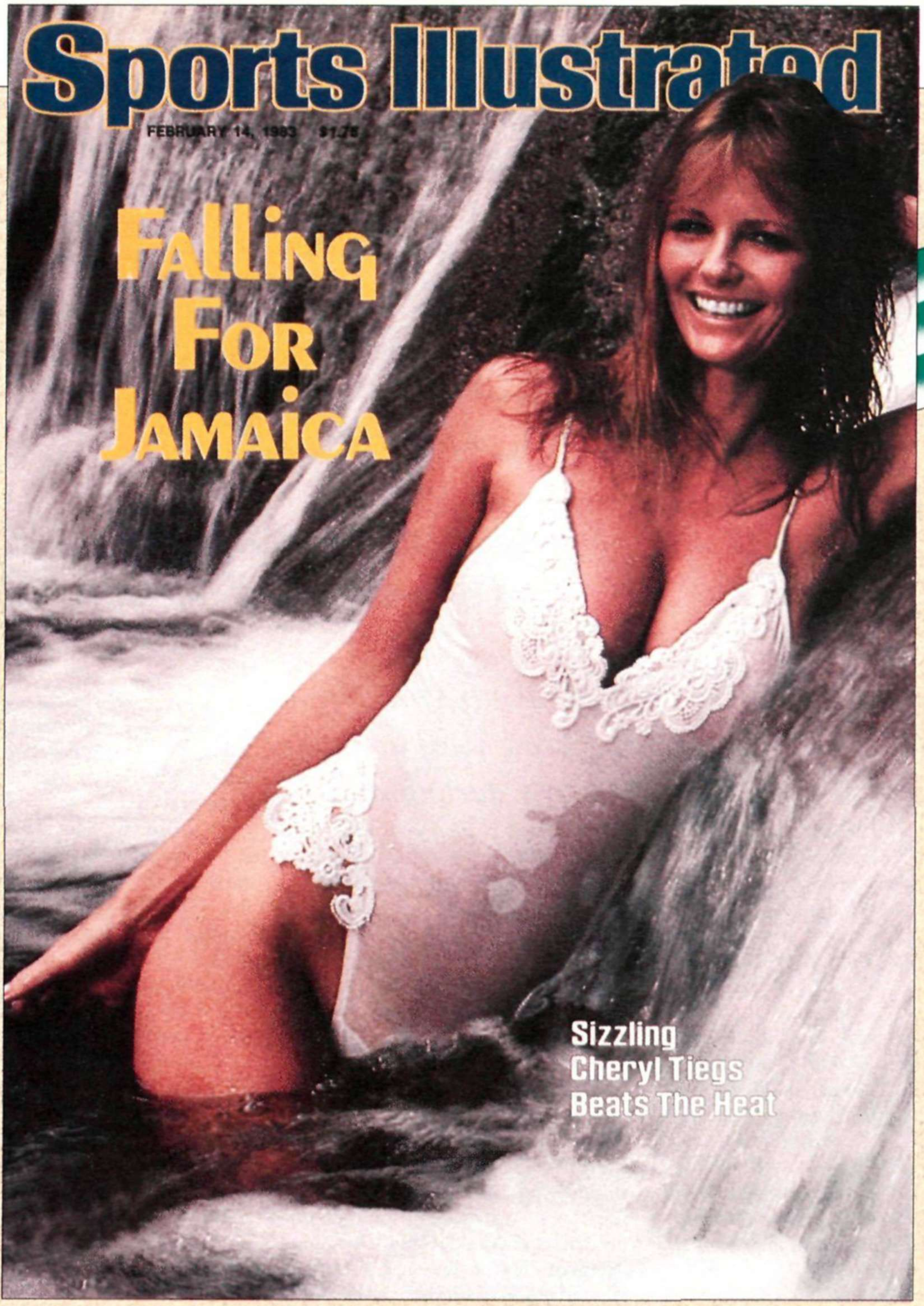


CHERYL TIEGS

1983

Older and Better

So what if Cheryl Tiegs is 41. She looks terrific and is doing just great ♦ by Curry Kirkpatrick

CHERYL . . . AND PETER BEARD, THAT DYNAmite duo, spent the Easter weekend holed up in the Carlyle with only Rory, Cheryl's darling dog, as chaperone . . . For Easter, Peter Rabbit Beard gave Cheryl a soft squeeze-me toy called "Security Bunny," a warm and wonderful crib and traveling companion. Hophophop!

—Suzy, New York Daily News, April 10, 1980

President Carter entered the Blue Room, where the council was meeting, shook Cheryl's hand, shuffled his feet and said, "Oh God, you're so beautiful." In a sincere, not a lustful way. Then he blushed, and then Cheryl blushed. Without further ado, the President addressed the meeting—without notes and without blushing. Just thought you'd like to know.

—Suzy, New York Daily News, Aug. 1, 1980

Cheryl . . . arrived at Xenon the other night on the arm of Sir Gordon White (who used to squire Mary Tyler Moore around town). After dancing with Sir Gordon, the supermodel chatted with Superman Chris Reeve—until she ran into director Stan Dragoti. He remembers her from when she was just a poster girl. She was also his wife at the time.

—New York Post, April 29, 1982

Cheryl Tiegs is alive and swell and coping with the World Beyond Suzy And Studio 54. For an old lady tending to her knitting, she's also in fairly good health. Just thought you'd like to know.

Why, here's Cheryl now, in the midst of a private aerobics workout, walking the back stairs of her new East Side apartment house. Up a couple of flights, down one. Up three more flights, down one. Several different tours of the stairs, just like that. A lot of stairs. Would Tiegs, all sweaty and shimmering in skintight Lycra and rainbow colors, with tiny weights on her wrists and ankles and Elton John wailing in her headphones, be a spectacular vision come to life, or what? Back at her old apartment a couple of dozen blocks south, where she lived until a month ago, Scotty the superintendent, along with the painters and the garbagemen and assorted other maintenance types, just happened to hit the back stairs about three o'clock—"Oh, hi, Miss Tiegs," they would say. "We'll be out of your way in just a sec"—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon when she did her workout. Is Manhattan an isle of joy or what?

"It got to be a joke between me and the workmen," says Tiegs. "Yeah, I guess I look great on the stairs, but I feel like a rat in a maze." (If you're reading this, Minnie Mouse, you're *history.*)

Just pause for a moment. In fact, if you're faint of heart or susceptible to shock, better stop and turn to the Mexico story right now.

Cheryl Tiegs is 41 years old. Four one. F-o-r-t-y o-n-e.

Read it and weep, ladies. Old enough to be your mom, fraternity guys. Head for the hills or at least to the Golden Door, America the non-beautiful. And better hit those exercise tapes a little harder, baby boomers. One of your very own—that pulchritudinous legend off the dormitory walls and the factory engine rooms whose wildly glamorous yet unthreatening, chameleon looks remain in the time capsule of a couple of faded decades—yeah, the fantasy calendar girl, Cheryl Tiegs, is f-o-r-t-y o-n-e. And never looked better in a bathing suit.

TIEGS, WHO WAS ONCE A DENIZEN OF NIGHT SPOTS, FINDS CONTENTMENT THESE DAYS IN QUIETER ENVIRONS, SUCH AS THE BOWER OF HER EAST SIDE APARTMENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY HEISLER

If it seems hardly possible that Cheryl Tiegs is 41, try imagining this: Tiegs, the former dance-all-night disco princess, now low-keys it at home, reading whole shelves of books, taping public service messages for the Wilderness Society and, swear to goodness, practicing needlepoint. Tiegs, the former *belle de gossip* whose life was defined by columnists reporting everything from crazed suitors shooting arrows onto her hotel balcony to a puma biting her bottom during a photo shoot, now attends power lunches with the likes of Gloria Steinem, Betty Friedan and Barbara Walters. Tiegs, the lush, windblown California girl whose ultimate legacy was that she brought the chest back to modeling, has become a monster businesswoman, empress of fashion and the designer of women's wear for the largest retailer in the U.S.

It's amazing what a little fishnet will do.

At the height of Tiegs's modeling career—that is to say, in 1978, when she appeared on everything from the cover of TIME magazine to the lockers of infatuated schoolboys—she was the most recognizable model in all the land. Her demure pose in a simple white (and, um, wet) fishnet bathing suit called forth paroxysms of love, appreciation, fear, loathing and cancellations through the households of SI readers.

"I guess it was sexy . . . in a pretty sort of way," Tiegs says of the famous photograph (SI, Jan. 16, 1978, page 43, for those heading immediately to the nearest library). "But I never thought there would be such a reaction. My breasts didn't even show through when the suit was dry. But then I got soaked in there with the iguanas and. . . . SPORTS ILLUSTRATED had been one of the first publications to use my name. The impact of the magazine was that the male population found out who I was."

Though on the surface a model's existence may seem somewhat frivolous, Tiegs says that in her early days as a teenage model for *Seventeen* and *Glamour*, her working day went from 8 a.m. to midnight. But as she moved inevitably from mannequin to "personality," Tiegs's razzmatazz life-style inspired one writer to predict that she was "about to waft off into celebrity, that peculiar state of matter that is like fame, only without responsibility. Celebrities do not have to do anything." And for a while, apart from looking merely fabulous, nothing is exactly what Tiegs did.

Oh, she tried television. A five-year contract with ABC ended in the early '80s by mutual agreement. She tried acting. "But acting was not in my heart," says Tiegs. "Asking me to act was like a person asking me to watch them make butter. Thanks, but I'm not interested. In my heart I always wanted to be a librarian." She tried being married—twice (to Dragoti and Beard). She tried cooperating with the public perception. "I never wanted my life so . . . so . . . *out there*," she says. "But I left myself open. It was the party era, so I went to the zoos [the discos] just like everybody else. The thing was, they saw my face, but nobody knew what was behind the face. When people dug deep to find out, to dissect me, it was painful. Celebrity, stardom, all that rings a bad bell. I never wanted to be labeled anything."

How about survivor? Though she says she doesn't really model anymore—"I do what we call 'editorial' posing and some other stuff out of loyalty [amen, says SI]," she says—Tiegs has been at the top of her profession for an astounding 23 years. Who else has ever done this? Why, nobody, that's who. For a comparison, not even Kareem Abdul-Jabbar does stairs anymore.

Spurning show business once and for all, Tiegs signed a contract with Sears in 1980 to design a line of women's sportswear. "And I'm still hanging in," she says. "That's what I'm most proud of." At the time, the concept of the elegant Tiegs sharing a catalog with washer-dryers and tractor tires

AT A STAFF MEETING HELD IN NEW YORK'S GARMENT DISTRICT, TIEGS AND ASSOCIATES GO OVER THE DETAILS OF DESIGNS THAT WILL SOON BE PART OF HER SEARS CLOTHING LINE

OVER THE YEARS TIEGS'S VISAGE HAS GRACED THE COVERS OF, IN ADDITION TO SI, "ELLE," "LIFE," "VOGUE," "TIME," "COSMO" AND MANY MORE

seemed bizarre, even tacky. But Tiegs turned out to be a pioneer. Since she wandered full-force into blue-collar mercantilism, Halston signed with J.C. Penney and Jaclyn Smith with K Mart.

"Every day models and actresses, people you couldn't imagine, come up and ask me if there's another Sears out there," says Tiegs. Small wonder. Her signature line has now expanded to include all sportswear and shoes, and her offices cover an entire floor of a building in Manhattan's garment district; projects for the future might include Cheryl's own lines of home furnishings, cosmetics and perfume. For her association with the 800-store chain, Tiegs earns a smooth $4 million a year.

"And it wasn't luck," she says firmly. "I didn't just bob to the surface. I'm German. A Libra. I always planned out my life, organized it both personally and professionally. I'm not one of these people who wake up in the morning and just let things happen." No, from her girlhood, when she would gaze at the pictures of the glorious Jean Shrimpton sashaying through the pages of *Vogue* and glide across her bedroom in imitation, Tiegs knew what she wanted.

"I've always had a brain," she says. "I hung in where others failed. I'm glad that people now know I can run a business."

The Tiegs/Sears business was never really a contradiction, either. Cheryl came from a family of farmers who lived in Olivia, Minn. (pop. 2,800), before moving to California when Cheryl was a child. Her father, Theodore, was a mortician; her mother, Phyllis, worked in a flower shop. "My friends were waitresses and gas station attendants, middle-class people," she says. "I sincerely believe in designing high-quality fashions at low prices. There's no reason to spend a lot of money to look good."

Easy for her to say. Tiegs would glow in curlers and a potato sack. Speaking of which, she often throws down a huge plate of French fries at Les Pleiades, a favorite "luncheonette" near Central Park. With her live-in boyfriend of five years, actor Tony Peck (son of Gregory), 32, and two wirehaired fox terriers named Olive and Martini, Tiegs bicoastals her life between New York and a house nestled in the Los Angeles hills.

"You're coping with this, ah, age thing pretty well," a reporter said to her the other day.

"I've never worried about it. Age has never been a deterrent," Tiegs said. "I've never been in better shape. Never been stronger. Never felt better. I eat soooo well. [Flick. Another fry bites the dust.] Things keep getting better and better. And I keep hanging in. The more years you put on, the more knowledge you obtain, the more fun it is."

Recently Tiegs was riding home with the matriarch of modeling, agent Eileen Ford, from one of those luncheons with influential women—Beverly Sills, Ivana Trump and Susan Sarandon were among the usual suspects who joined the power munching—where she could revel in her hard-won status as, in Tiegs's words, "a substantial part of the community."

"Join me at '21' tomorrow?" Ford asked Tiegs.

"Thanks anyway, Eileen," said Tiegs. Then, referring to an earlier conversation, she said, "But I do want to go to Russia next year."

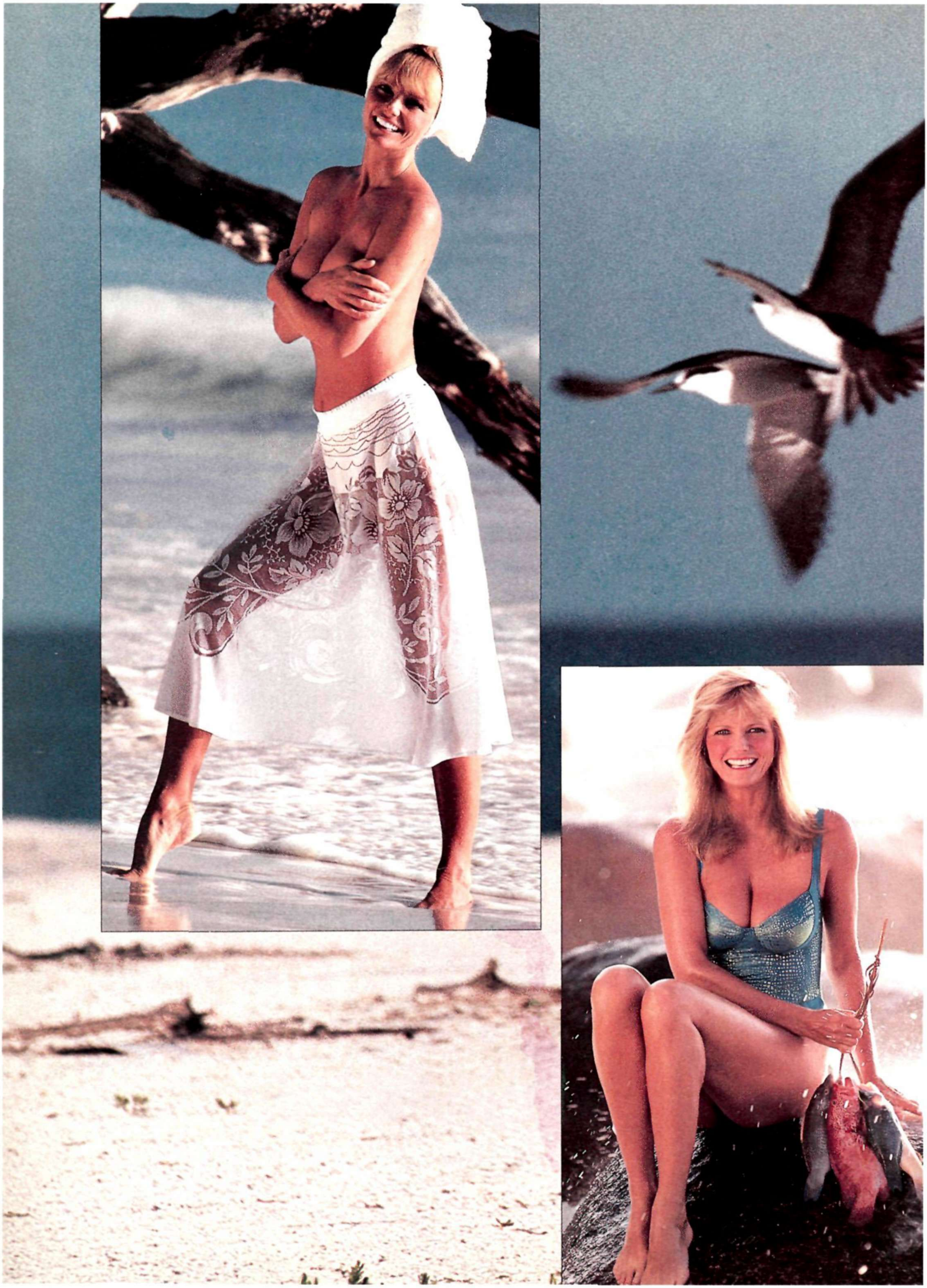
"Russia's premature, my dear. Russia will always be there," said Ford.

In certain respects, kind of like Cheryl Tiegs herself. Implacable . . . gorgeous . . . ageless . . . and still hanging in.

Far, Far Away

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAOLO CURTO

THE MODEL IS FAMILIAR—CHERYL TIEGS—AND SO ARE THE SEYCHELLES, THE INDIAN OCEAN ISLES THAT WERE THE SITE OF OUR 1979 SHOOT. TO BE SURE, THE SUIT, BY LISALOMAS FOR VIEWPOINT ($78), IS DIFFERENT



OUR HEARTS TAKE WING WHEN CHERYL STALKS THE SEYCHELLES' BIRD ISLAND (RIGHT) IN A SUIT BY HALF MOON ($74). A LACE SKIRT BY BILL BLASS ($68) AND A CHAMELEON TANK SUIT BY GOTTEX ($88) ALSO CAUSE A FLAP AMONG THE LOCAL FAUNA

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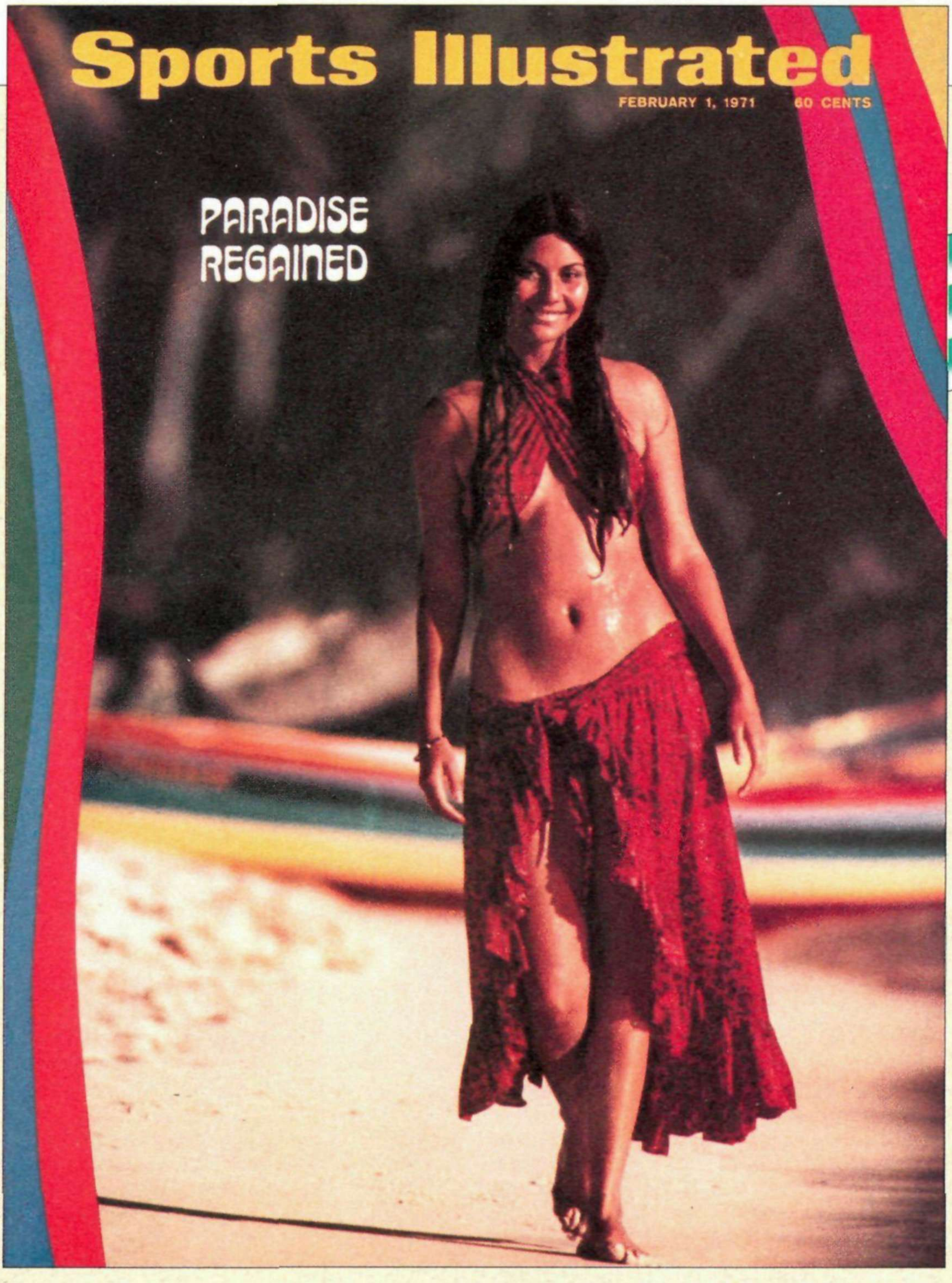


TANNIA RUBIANO

1971

On Top of The World

Multidimensional Tannia Rubiano Hecht has never had it so good ♦ by Demmie Stathoplos

IT'S 8:50 A.M., AND TANNIA HECHT OF BELlingham, Wash., is already well into her day. She arose at 6:30, meditated for half an hour and then took a 15-minute speed-walk up and down the steep hill on which her house sits. Having seen her husband, Emil, off to work and her daughter, Mia, 13, off to school, she's now behind the wheel of her blue minivan, driving her six-year-old son, Avram, to kindergarten. Hecht doesn't carry a purse. Everything she needs—cash, house keys, credit cards—is in her Day Manager, a thick, organize-your-life three-ring binder. On this overcast November day, the Day Manager is, as usual, chockablock with appointments.

When she was Tannia Rubiano, SI's 1971 swimsuit cover girl, she didn't need a Day Manager. She was just a carefree University of Miami student who did some modeling on the side to help pay for her education. But marriage and motherhood and commitments and committees have changed all that. "My life got so complicated, it was either get a Day Manager or take memory pills," Hecht says.

Hecht is no longer the voluptuous young woman who posed on the beaches of the Dominican Republic. Her hair is shorter, and she's in much better shape. "Back then, sports weren't a part of my life," she says. "They are now."

When she married Emil Hecht in 1971, he told her how much sports meant to him. Says Tannia, "He said, 'Babe, join me or stay home weekends.' " She joined him with a vengeance. By 1975, when she and Emil moved to Bellingham, his hometown, she had learned to sail, ski, windsurf, rock climb and scuba dive. She also pumps iron at a health club, and last March, for her 40th birthday, Emil took her mountain climbing in Nepal.

Hecht looks in the rearview mirror of the minivan and speaks to Avram, who's in the backseat: "Avi, I didn't hear your seat-belt buckle click." A *click* comes from the backseat.

After dropping Avram at school, Hecht heads for a yoga class, and by 9:30 she's sitting cross-legged on the floor in a restored Victorian building, her eyes closed, listening to the instructor intone, "Let go of any tightness in the neck and shoulders, let go of every sense of competition and achievement. There's no competition, there's only loving yourself." For an hour the class of six women goes through deep-breathing and stretching exercises. It's soooo relaxing.

Which is why, in spite of that jam-packed Day Manager, Hecht never appears frazzled. "The yoga principle is that breath and stress can't live in the same body," she says. "If you can just remember to stop and take a few deep breaths, it immediately eliminates any stress in your system."

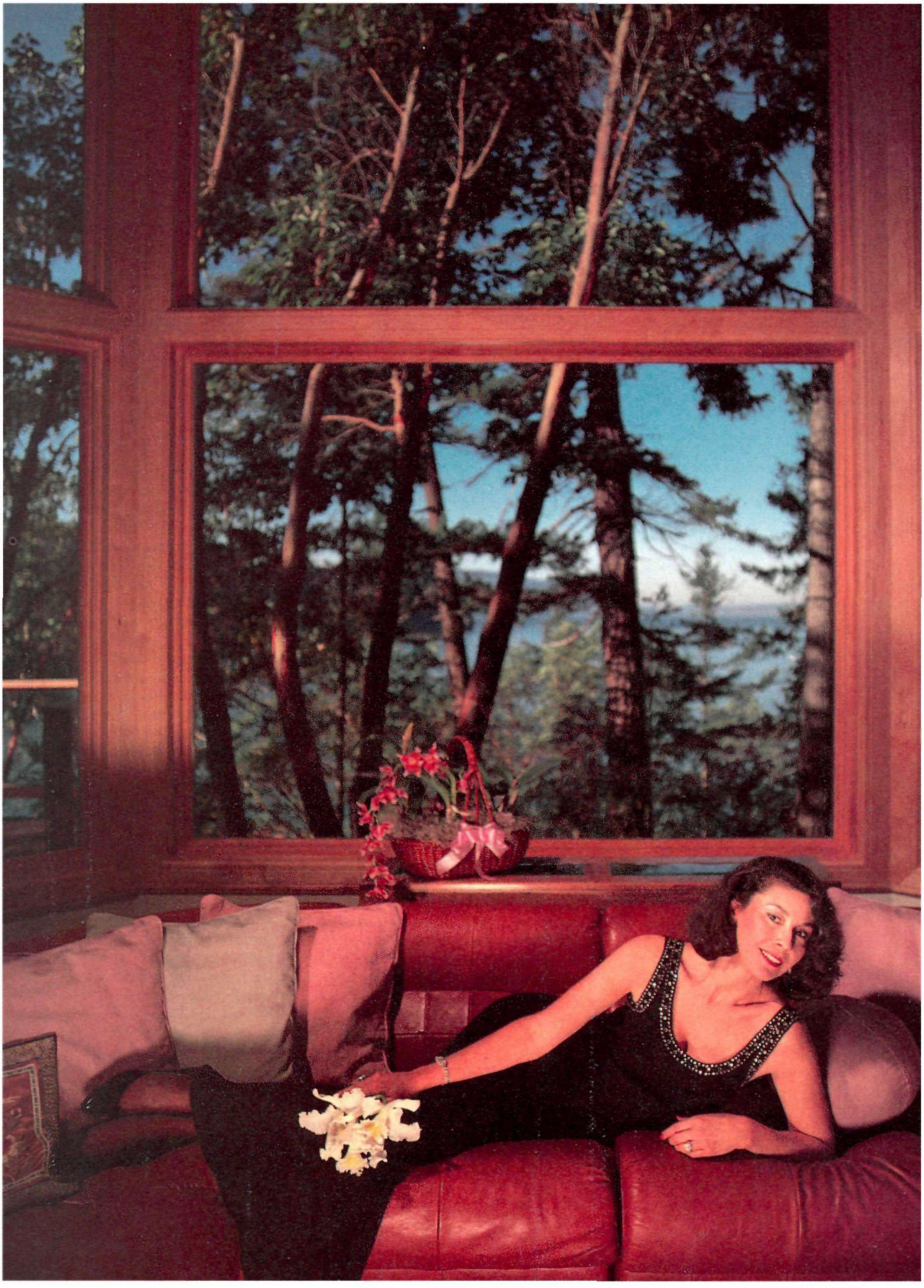
Next on Hecht's schedule is a luncheon to raise money for the restoration of an old theater in Bellingham. She drives home, changes clothes, gets back in the minivan, stops at a bicycle shop to inspect a bike-racing outfit she'll be modeling for a charity fashion show benefiting St. Joseph Hospital the following week and arrives at the Mount Baker Theater at noon, exactly on time. An hour later she's off again, to Emil's office.

Emil is a plastic surgeon as well as an ear, nose and throat man. She's going to consult with him about a patient she'll visit later in the day. Tannia has a master's in speech pathology and often works with patients referred to her by her husband.

Hecht's interest in speech dates back to her adolescence. She spent the

AT THE HOUSE SHE DESIGNED OVERLOOKING CHUCKANUT BAY, HECHT TAKES TIME TO SMELL THE FLOWERS—IN THIS CASE, ORCHIDS SHE HAS GROWN HERSELF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY HEISLER

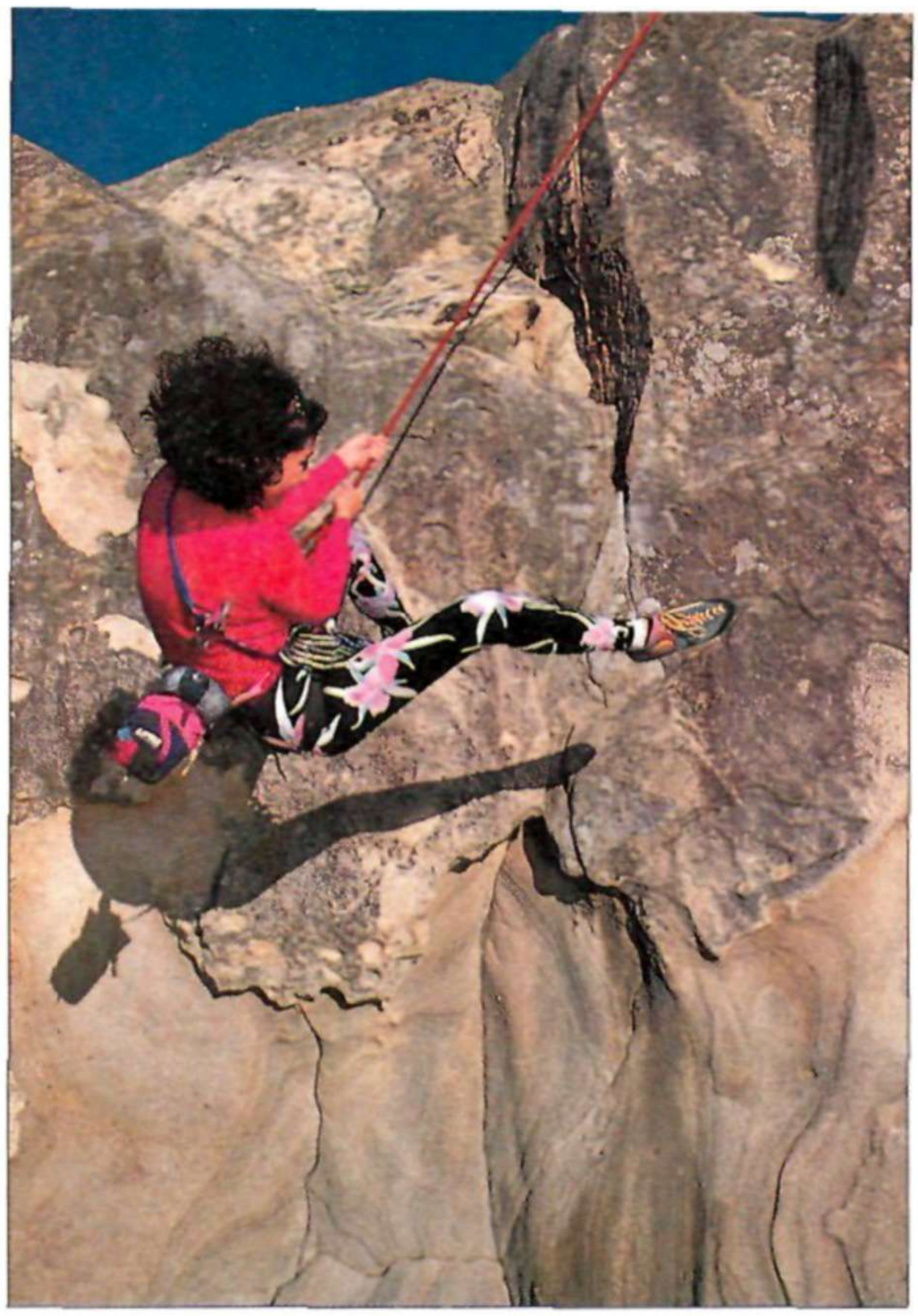


first 12 years of her life in Cartagena, Colombia. It was a time of particular political unrest in Colombia, and she remembers her stepfather and her mother rushing around to get visas to flee the country because "armed squatters," as she calls them, were encroaching on her stepfather's ranch. In 1960 she was uprooted from familiar surroundings and set down in Miami. "I felt like an alien," says Hecht, who became a U.S. citizen in 1969. "There weren't any Hispanics in the neighborhood we lived in, and nobody spoke Spanish in the parochial school I went to." She learned to speak English in six months, but she has never forgotten how an inability to communicate can lead to feelings of isolation.

She leaves Emil's office and drives to a women's clothing store, where she tries on five or six outfits and discusses accessories with the coordinator of the St. Joseph fashion show. Few people know that she once appeared on an SI swimsuit cover. "It's not exactly the sort of thing you bring up in conversation," Hecht says. "What am I supposed to do, say, 'Guess what, I was on SI's cover'? But I still love working with clothes and fashion."

Hecht does about six to eight shows a year, for local boutiques and charities, and people frequently tell her she ought to go to Seattle, a two-hour drive to the south, get an agent and go bigtime. "It's tempting," she says. "But then I think, What's that going to accomplish? A little fame and a little fortune and a lot of stress. It's better to go for a walk." Then she laughs.

She's smiling as she walks into a room at St. Luke's General Hospital to visit a patient on whom Emil performed surgery a week earlier. He had removed nodules that had grown on the patient's vocal chords. Tannia stands beside the man's bed and quietly describes to him how he can avoid further damaging his voice. "Try not to talk above background noise," she says. "Don't talk to your wife over the noise of the TV or dishwasher."



HECHT, WHO IS AN EXPERIENCED ROCK CLIMBER, MANEUVERS HER WAY UP SOME CLIFFS NEAR PUGET SOUND

He also must not clear his throat. "When you speak, your vocal chords are like seaweed, gently undulating, barely brushing each other," Hecht tells him. "But when you clear your throat harshly, your vocal chords are taut and they hit each other at 60 miles an hour." She makes a big impression on the patient, who swears to keep quiet until he consults with her again.

It's 4:15 p.m., and she decides to look in on Avi's taekwando school, where she slips into the back of the room and watches him work out with a dozen other children. Avi has a yellow belt, and he kicks his legs high and punches the air with great enthusiasm. "He likes it when I come watch him," she says.

As busy as this day has been, it pales in comparison with the schedule Hecht used to keep. A year and a half ago she decided she was spreading herself too thin, so she gave up several activities. A convert to Judaism, Emil's religion, she elected to stay on the board of the school at their synagogue but curtailed her work for Hadassah. She still donates time and money to Planned Parenthood, but she has scaled down her participation in the St. Joseph Hospital Auxiliary. "I told myself I can't be everything to everybody," she says. "My family demands a lot of time, and I see how quickly childhood goes. Those days are so precious, when your kids are learning and becoming aware of who they are. You have so much impact on them then."

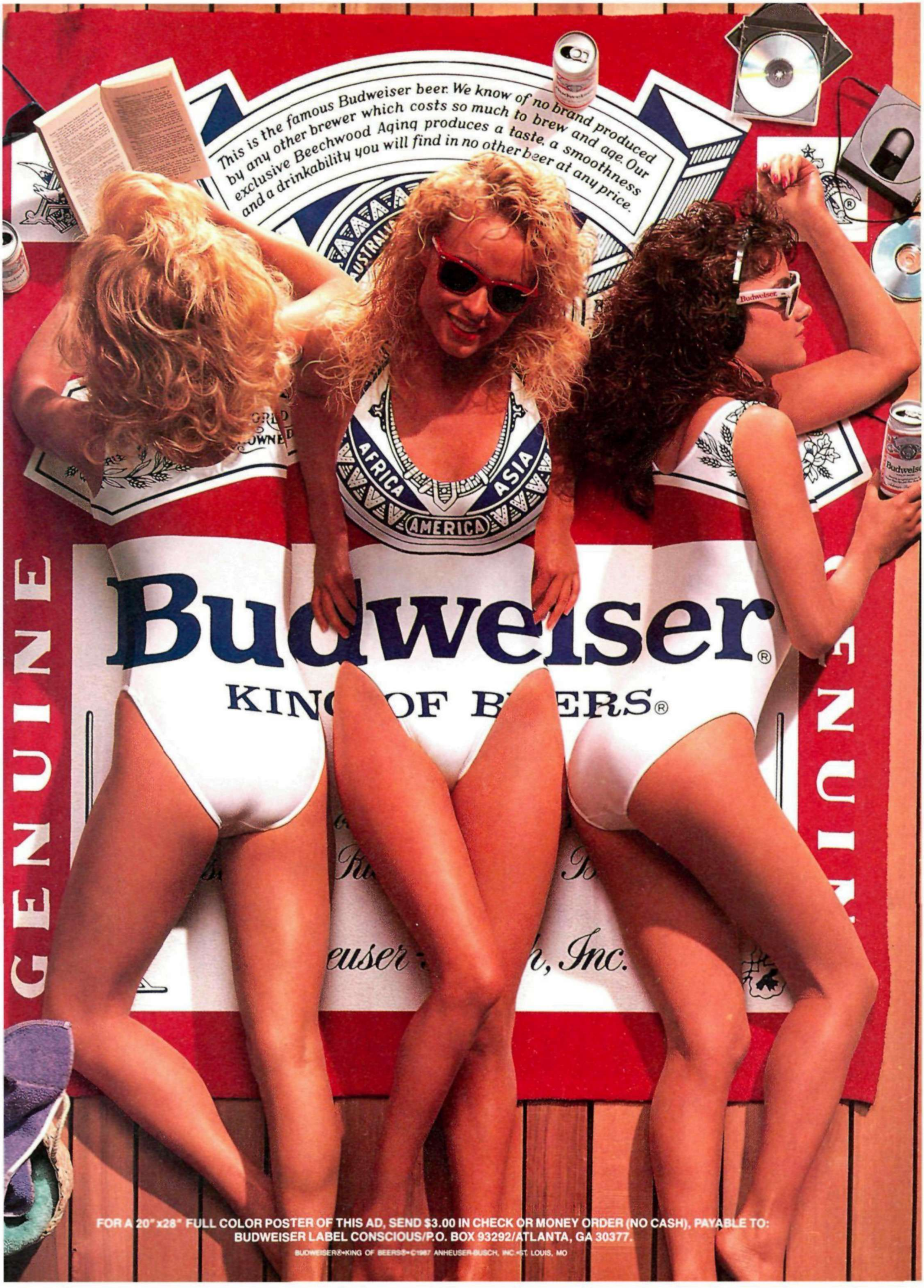
At 4:50 p.m. Hecht is curled up on the huge U-shaped leather sofa in her living room. The house is magnificent, all glass and cedar, perched high overlooking Chuckanut Bay. She designed most of the house herself, with input from Emil and an architect. The Hechts have lived there for two years now. "When we first moved to Bellingham, I felt like a transplanted palm tree in the land of the cedars," she says. "It was a difficult adjustment. It wasn't the heat I missed, it was the light. In this house I provided myself with as much light as I could. That's why there are 30-odd skylights."

Until recently Hecht didn't even own a copy of the SI that featured her on the cover. Then an old friend gave her his copy. As she looks at it, she says, "God, I was so fat then. I weighed 10 pounds less, but I didn't have any muscle tone." She does now, and she looks better than she ever did, a perfect size 8.

As Hecht studies that 1971 cover, she says, "So I don't look 22 anymore, but I like myself a lot better than I did when I was 22. I was confused then; now I'm happy. All my needs are being met and I have a loving husband and family and wonderful friends.

"The aging thing is something every woman has to face. At some point, I remember thinking, This is a no-win situation. But you can look good for your age. So I do what I can to stay fit and healthy. Beyond that, I just accept it."

She checks the Day Manager: dinner tonight with friends. She has an hour to get dressed.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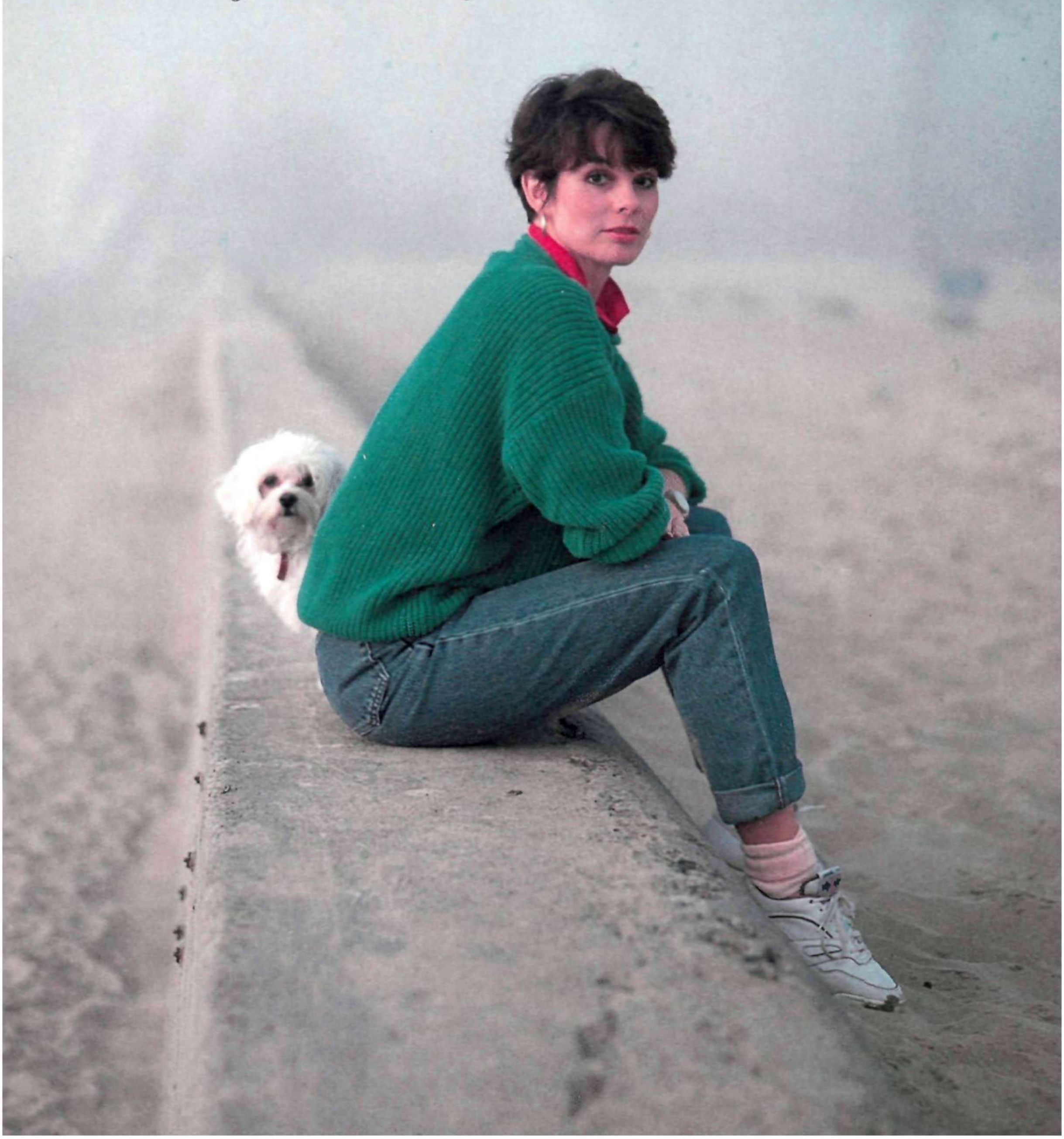
SHEILA ROSCOE

1972

No Prima Donna

Modest Sheila Roscoe still doesn't understand how she ever got to be a model ♦ *by Jaime Diaz*



SHEILA ROSCOE CHECKS HER HAND FOR traces of dark Belgian chocolate, hastily wipes it on an apron and extends it in a firm introduction.

"Hi, I'm Roscoe," she says. A moment later she adds, "Pretty glamorous, huh?"

Well, yes. Roscoe may have sneaked in a few nibbles over the past four years while slathering frosting on chocolate bombes and baking buttery croissants as an assistant manager and executive pastry coordinator at the C'est Si Bon bakery-café in Corona del Mar, Calif., but she has maintained the figure that graced the cover of SI in 1972. Now in what she calls her "late, late 30's," she is still an active model.

"I've tried, but I can't seem to quit," she says. The place is rich with aromas—of rising dough, gourmet coffee and the nearby Pacific Ocean. "I get calls when they need the bank-executive look or the upscale mom—something a little sophisticated. I do it because it's still like being Cinderella."

Roscoe had been modeling for only a year when she got a one-day swimsuit assignment with SI in Marina del Rey harbor. "It was by far the biggest thing I had done," she says. "I remember being worried that I'd have to buy my own lunch."

When she is handed a copy of the issue in which she appeared, Roscoe draws a breath. "Oooh, this is scary," she says with mock foreboding. She winces when she comes upon herself in a white jersey jumpsuit, by topless creator Rudi Gernreich, that featured a softball-sized black circle over each breast. "Thank God people never actually wore that," she says with a laugh. "Of course, it's nothing compared to what the models are wearing now. Me? I'm strictly one-piece conservative. Safe."

The persona Roscoe portrays before a camera is different from that of the genuine article. Though she's an elegant brunette who resembles Audrey Hepburn, she has a relaxed openness that makes it easy to understand why everyone calls her Roscoe. "Roscoe is nothing like the prima donna image of a model—she downplays everything," says Scott Russell, one of the owners of C'est Si Bon.

Russell is the only one of her 30 coworkers Roscoe has told about her interview with SI, but during it her coworkers shoot glances at her. "I'm embarrassed," she says. "I guess I'm not comfortable when I stand out."

She felt the same way as a kid in Hot Springs, Ark., where her father, George, ran a liquor store. "I wasn't exactly Daisy Mae," she says. "But I've never lost those country values."

She remembers wanting to be a stewardess when she grew up, but otherwise, she says, "I don't think I was known for anything in my childhood." She was surprised when she was chosen basketball homecoming queen her senior year at Hot Springs High. "I think it was more because I got along with people than because of looks," she says. "I'm lucky because I'm not overly attractive. I have a good look, but it's not one that intimidates other women." She admits, however, that "other people have always seen more in me than I see in myself."

One of those people was Jack Roberts, then the co-owner of Carson and Roberts, a Los Angeles public relations and advertising agency, who was a passenger on a TWA flight on which Roscoe, who had moved to Los Angeles after high school, worked as a flight attendant. "He said he thought I was very photogenic and told me that he would get me an interview with the Nina Blanchard Agency in Los Angeles," says Roscoe. "It wasn't a line—there were no strings attached.

"Nina looked at me and basically told me I was too short and too heavy. But she could see I had the high cheekbones and a long neck, and something told her I might do all right. And since she had such a high regard for Roberts's instincts, she'd give me a try."

There was no denying the 5′ 7″ Roscoe looked great in a swimsuit. After she had done a series of small jobs, Blanchard recommended her to SI swimsuit editor Jule Campbell. A few months later Roscoe was on the cover.

"My dad cleaned out every newsstand he could find and gave copies to all his friends," says Roscoe. She also became a celebrity in the skies. "The senior stewardess on our flight used to sneak behind me while I greeted passengers, hold the magazine over my head and go 'That's her' with her lips. I could have killed her."

The SI cover led to several modeling contracts, and in 1974 Roscoe quit her job as a flight attendant to become a full-time model. Over the next few years she traveled across the U.S. and Europe, once modeling fur coats in 110° heat in Palm Springs. On another occasion she suffered snow blindness after shooting a cigarette ad in the Alps. "I was never a superstar," says Roscoe, "but I am satisfied. If I didn't get a job, I didn't want to slit my wrists. It was an accident that I became a model, and I've never forgotten that."

By the early '80s, Roscoe's 10-year marriage had ended, and she was looking for a graceful transition from an insecure career. She had moved to Corona del Mar, where she knew the five former Club Med staffers who had started C'est Si Bon. "We became like family," says Roscoe, who has a "good, semiserious relationship" with Russell.

When she is not occupied at C'est Si Bon, she does about 30 modeling shoots a year. Modeling also gives her a chance to indulge the Roscoe most people don't know. "I'm not the same person in front of the camera," she says. "I just take an attitude that says, 'Hey, I've got it all.' I don't know where I picked that up."

Maybe from always having had more than she knows.

ROSCOE'S DOG, TACHE, IS APPARENTLY AS SELF-EFFACING AS HER MASTER

PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY HEISLER

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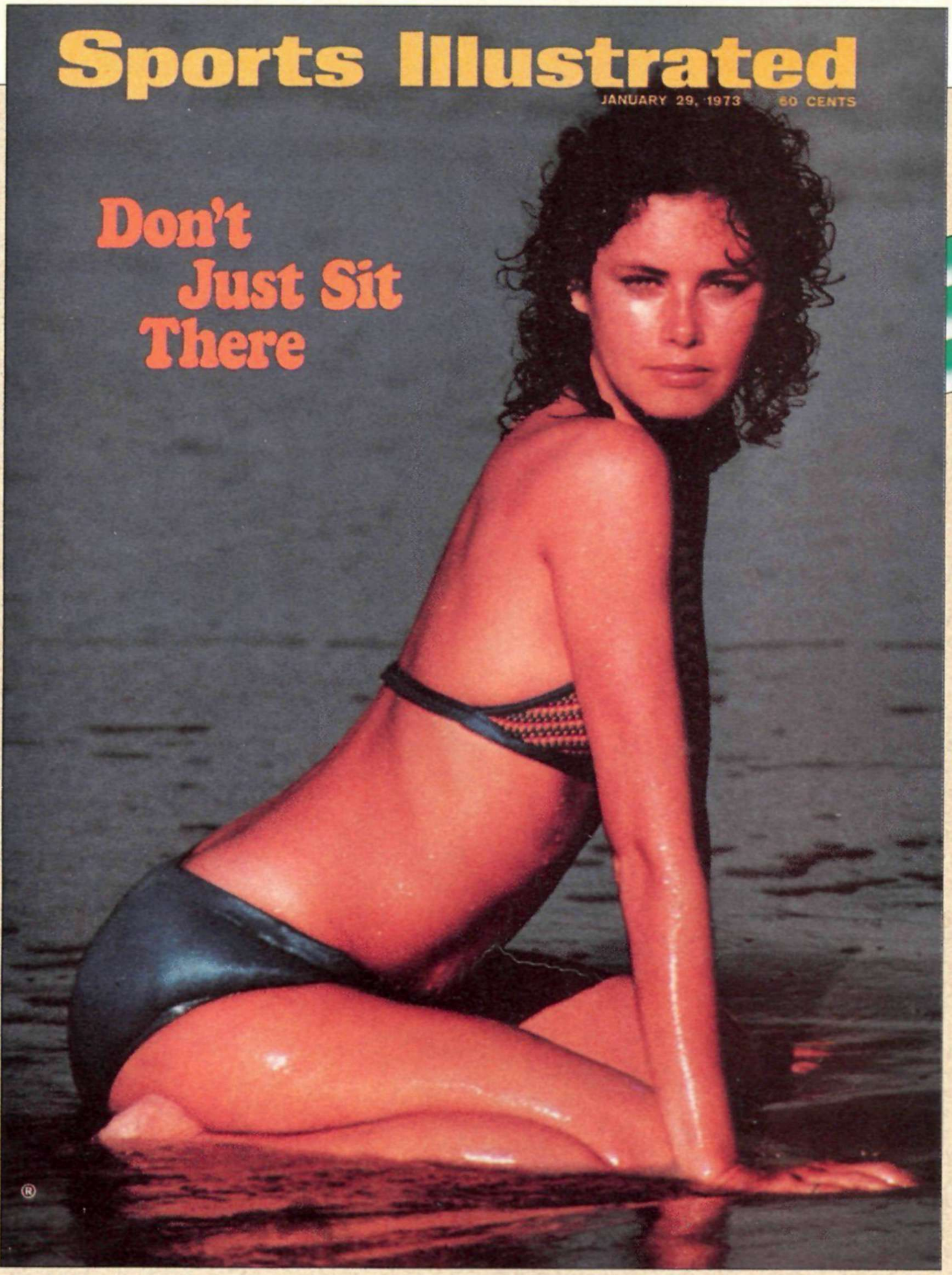
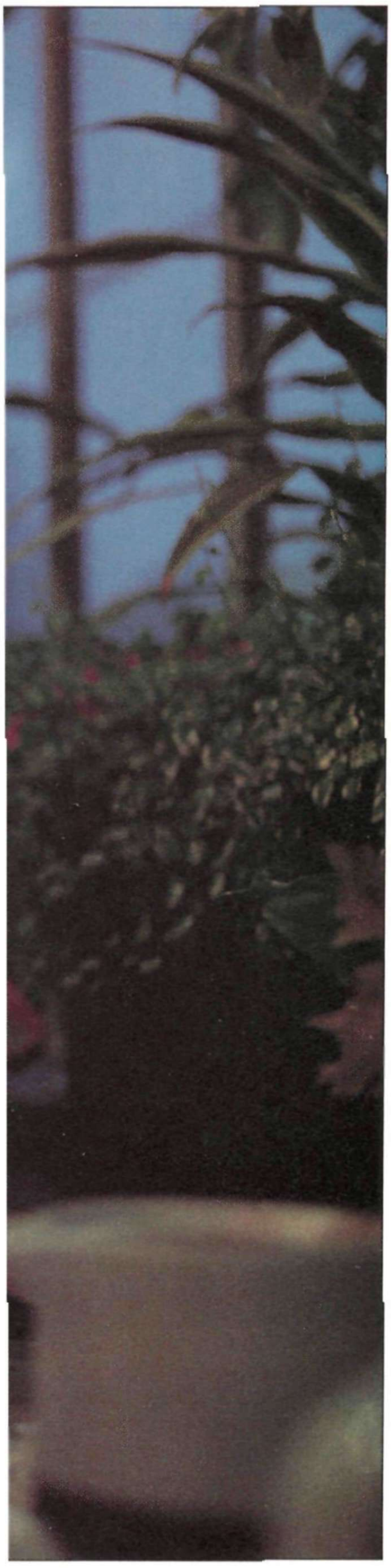


DAYLE HADDON

1973

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY HEISLER



Her Gaze Can Daze

Dayle Haddon's glance could melt glaciers ♦ by Ralph Wiley

DOWN BY THE BOARDWALK AT THE SANta Monica Pier, the mysterious woman in black takes off her very dark sunglasses. Behind her the Pacific Ocean turns gray. Dayle Haddon's eyes—twin pools of jade, turquoise and aquamarine—helped put her on the cover of SI's 1973 swimsuit issue, under the billing DON'T JUST SIT THERE.

These are the eyes that Nick Nolte looked into in *North Dallas Forty*, a film in which Nolte's best line to Haddon's character is, "You've got fantastic eyes." It was a B movie.

Sixteen years have passed since the SI cover, and 10 since *North Dallas Forty*, but Haddon still has the bearing of a young woman. Balancing on a rotting beam by the pier, she doesn't waver as she walks. Her footing is sure, her carriage perfect. She also hasn't let fame throw her.

"I was too young to know what was happening to me," she says of the swimsuit cover. "I was in my teens. I know I'm not as pretty as some other girls. But people would write me and tell me their problems. They said I'd understand. People think I can see their secrets, who they are. And I do."

Haddon got off to a poor start in her native Montreal. She was a fragile, sickly child, but her green-eyed father, Edward, an engineer, and her blue-eyed mother, Terry, willed their little girl to get better. Dayle put up a pretty good fight herself.

"I've been given many things," says Haddon. "But I've had to pay for some of them." Dance, for instance, was painful but worth it. "I did the modeling to pay for the dancing," she says.

She attended a ballet school, L'École Supérieure de Danse de Quebec in Montreal, for a number of years and once danced with the famed Bolshoi company of Moscow during its tour of Canada. "Dance gave me discipline," she says. "It taught me to deal with pain. Dancers cry all the time. Tears have streamed down my face, too. You never know when it can get away from you. Seems like I've been up and down so many times. People want to pin you down. People can hurt you."

Haddon's career as model-actress has been a frustrating one. After that disappointing turn in *North Dallas Forty*, her first major role in an Ameri-

HADDON: "PEOPLE THINK I CAN SEE THEIR SECRETS, WHO THEY ARE. I DO"

can movie, she had few illusions about being an actress. "I hated doing that film," she says. "The movie started without anyone being prepared. There was a lot of explosive energy on the set. We went through some 30 script revisions because they couldn't decide a direction for my character. But no matter what was in the script, she was either reading or doing needlepoint. I played a rich girl who had no life, did nothing."

The critics were not kind to her when the film was released in 1979. "Dayle Haddon's inexperienced playing adds nothing even faintly convincing to the badly written love interest," said TIME. "Haddon is stuck with an underwritten part, and makes the least of it," wrote *Newsweek*. "Amazingly uninteresting," said *The New York Times*.

With her career in Hollywood going nowhere after *North Dallas Forty*, she moved to France, where in six years she modeled, made films in both Italy and France, did photo shoots with Guy Bourdin, who is the top fashion photographer in Paris and whom Haddon compares to Lord Snowden. In 1981, *Harper's Bazaar* named her one of the world's 10 most beautiful women, a list that included some heavy hitters: Susan Sarandon, Victoria Principal, Jacqueline Bisset and Brooke Shields.

She returned to this side of the Atlantic and appeared with Catherine Deneuve in the 1986 Canadian-French film *Love Songs* ("tedious work," said the *Times*) and in a Canadian mystery, *Bedroom Eyes*, in which she played a psychiatrist.

"I haven't always done what I wanted to do, but I've done things," she says now. "I wanted to avoid L.A., but as it turns out, here I am. It can be very subtle, the difference between France and America, Paris and L.A. America is result-oriented. That's good. But what about the doing? Doesn't that count? In France, an actress is like a shopkeeper; she does her job. Here you're either a live actress or a dead actress. To hate someone or be jealous because they've got something I wanted, I can't do that. I like to work, though. Anybody out there?"

In 1986 she even produced and starred in her own picture, *The African Rose*. It was filmed over 10 weeks in the Sahara Desert in Tunisia with heat that reached 120°. The fair-skinned Haddon utilized a No. 33 sunblock, a hat and a parasol. She thought working in the Sahara was hard but worth the effort, even though the movie was never released in the U.S. It was just another disappointment to overcome. "If you love life, you have to be grateful for what you have," she says. "Change is the scariest thing. Most people don't know how to go forward."

Colleen Camp, a highly regarded character actress, is one of Haddon's best friends. They met in 1980, when Camp was playing a country singer in a Peter Bogdanovich movie, *They All Laughed*, which costarred Ben Gazzara, Audrey Hepburn and Dorothy Stratten. "Dayle's values go beyond the business," says Camp. "She doesn't care about beauty and glitz. She's real. She's interested in her own growth. She always sees somebody for more than what they are showing."

When the two women met, Camp was playing a comic role in *They All Laughed* and hiding something about herself. Haddon said to Camp, "There's a beauty in you. You should be modeling."

"So she got me in the Italian *Harper's*," says Camp. "She was always a wonderful friend, even to this day. She got me a lot of work. I'll do anything for Dayle. She has a real heart."

"It's true that production boosts morale," says Camp. "Looking for work can become very personal. It's tough when you're rejected."

Haddon now has work, lots of it. She costars with someone named Jean-Claude Van Damme in a film called *Cyborg*, a sci-fi thriller to be released in April. She plays Pearl Profit, a heroine whose mission is to save the world. Saving the world seems like a stretch for anybody. She has just finished filming *Silence Like Glass*, starring George Peppard and Jami Gertz, in which she plays another psychiatrist, and she has plans to produce two other movies.

Haddon is asked to name her three favorite animals, in order of preference. She mentions a horse, because it's wild, independent and powerful; a panther, because it's mysterious, seductive and wastes no motion; and a puppy, because it's generous, loyal and loving. The first animal, according to a psychological test, is how you see yourself; the second is how others see you; and the third is how you really are.

Down by the Santa Monica Pier, Haddon guns the black BMW 320i away from the curb—acting independent and powerful, looking mysterious and seductive and, somewhere underneath, being loyal, generous and loving.

Cut. Print it. ●

HADDON, WHO JUST SHOT A FILM IN MUNICH, SURVIVED AN INAUSPICIOUS DEBUT IN "NORTH DALLAS FORTY"

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

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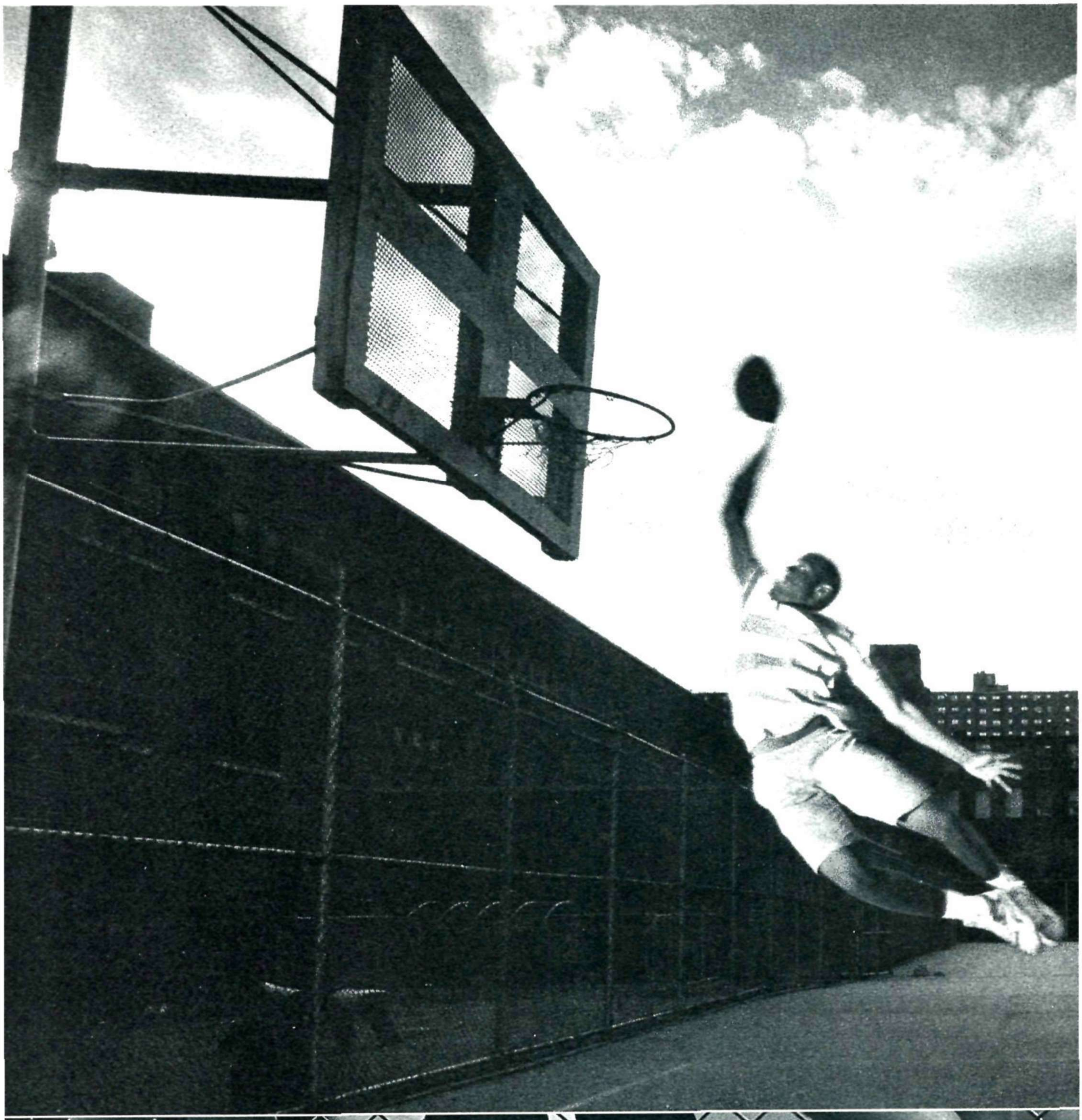
PRESENTS

THE SPORTS CHALLENGE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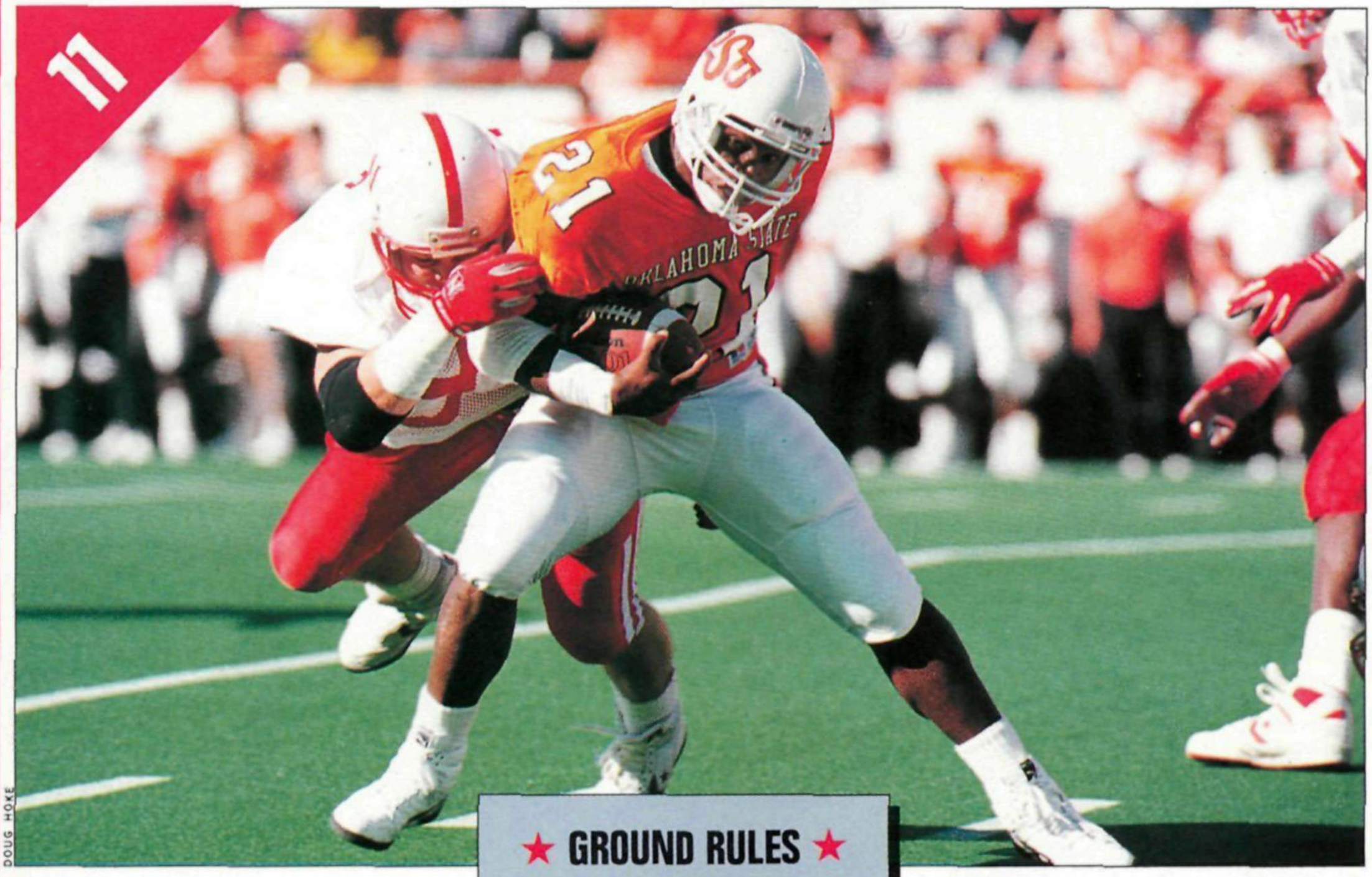

DOUG HOKE

★ GROUND RULES ★

When it comes to sports knowledge, are you an All-America or just an All-For Naught? The 30 questions in this special section will help you find out. Answers are listed on the last page.

1. Who did Sugar Ray Leonard knock-out to win the WBC lightweight and super middleweight titles?

A. Donny Lalonde **C.** Marvin Hagler
B. Thomas Hearns **D.** Iran Barkley

2. Name the Georgia football coach who resigned after going to 20 bowls in 25 years.

A. Bill Dooley **C.** Erk Russell
B. Vince Dooley **D.** Dick Sheridan

3. What thoroughbred won the Breeders' Cup Classic to set an all-time career earnings record of $6,679,242?

A. Seeking the Gold
B. Ferdinand
C. Alydar
D. Alysheba

4. Who won $535,000 at the Nabisco Championships to become the PGA Tour's leading money winner for the third time in four years?

A. Curtis Strange
B. Chip Beck
C. Seve Ballesteros
D. Sandy Lyle

5. What type of championship sporting event did *Miami Vice* TV star Don Johnson win in Florida?

A. Bowling tournament
B. Golf tournament
C. Power boatrace
D. Jai lai tournament

6. Who was the NBA's winningest active coach when he retired this season?

A. Jack Ramsay **C.** Pat Riley
B. K.C. Jones **D.** Frank Layden

7. Which player did Boris Becker defeat in the finals of the Masters tennis tournament?

A. Mats Wilander **C.** Stefan Edberg
B. Ivan Lendl **D.** Andre Agassi

8. Who won the Virginia Slims Championships with a three-set victory over Pam Shriver?

A. Martina Navratilova
B. Steffi Graf
C. Chris Evert
D. Gabriela Sabatini

9. Who finished 11th in his final race of the season to become NASCAR's leading driver for 1988?

A. Rusty Wallace **C.** Bill Elliott
B. Davey Allison **D.** Dale Earnhardt

10. Who won the Big Apple NIT, the nation's best season-opening college basketball tournament?

A. Syracuse **C.** Missouri
B. North Carolina **D.** Indiana

11. Which of these single-season NCAA records did Heisman Trophy winner Barry Sanders of Oklahoma State *not* set in 1988?

A. Most yards rushing
B. Most all-purpose yards
C. Most touchdowns
D. Most yards per carry

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN McDONOUGH

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SPORTS CHALLENGE

12. Marv Levy of Buffalo was the NFL Coach of the Year according to UPI. *Who was the AP's top coach?*

A. Sam Wyche of Cincinnati
B. Mike Ditka of Chicago
C. Bill Walsh of San Francisco
D. Jerry Burns of Minnesota

13. Who did Miami beat 89–88 to end its NBA record season-opening losing streak at 17 games?

A. Charlotte
B. *Sacramento*
C. L.A. Clippers
D. *Indiana*

14. Which network paid a record $401 million to televise the 1992 Olympic Games in Barcelona?

A. ABC
B. NBC
C. CBS
D. ESPN

15. Who won the Outland Trophy as college football's top interior lineman?

A. *Tracy Rocker of Auburn*
B. Wayne Martin of Arkansas
C. Mark Messner of Michigan
D. Frank Stams of Notre Dame

16. Who was the NFL's Most Valuable Player, according to the AP?

A. Randall Cunningham of the Eagles
B. Roger Craig of the 49ers
C. Boomer Esiason of the Bengals
D. Mike Singletary of the Bears

★ TRUE OR FALSE ★

17. Cy Young winner Orel Hershiser of the Dodgers was also the National League's Most Valuable Player.

A. True **B.** False

18. Minnesota's Frank Viola won the American League Cy Young Award.

A. True **B.** False

19. *American League MVP Jose Can*seco and Rookie of the Year Walt Weis both played for Oakland.

A. True **B.** False

20. National League Rookie of the Year Chris Sabo was an outfielder.

A. True **B.** False

Before.

After.

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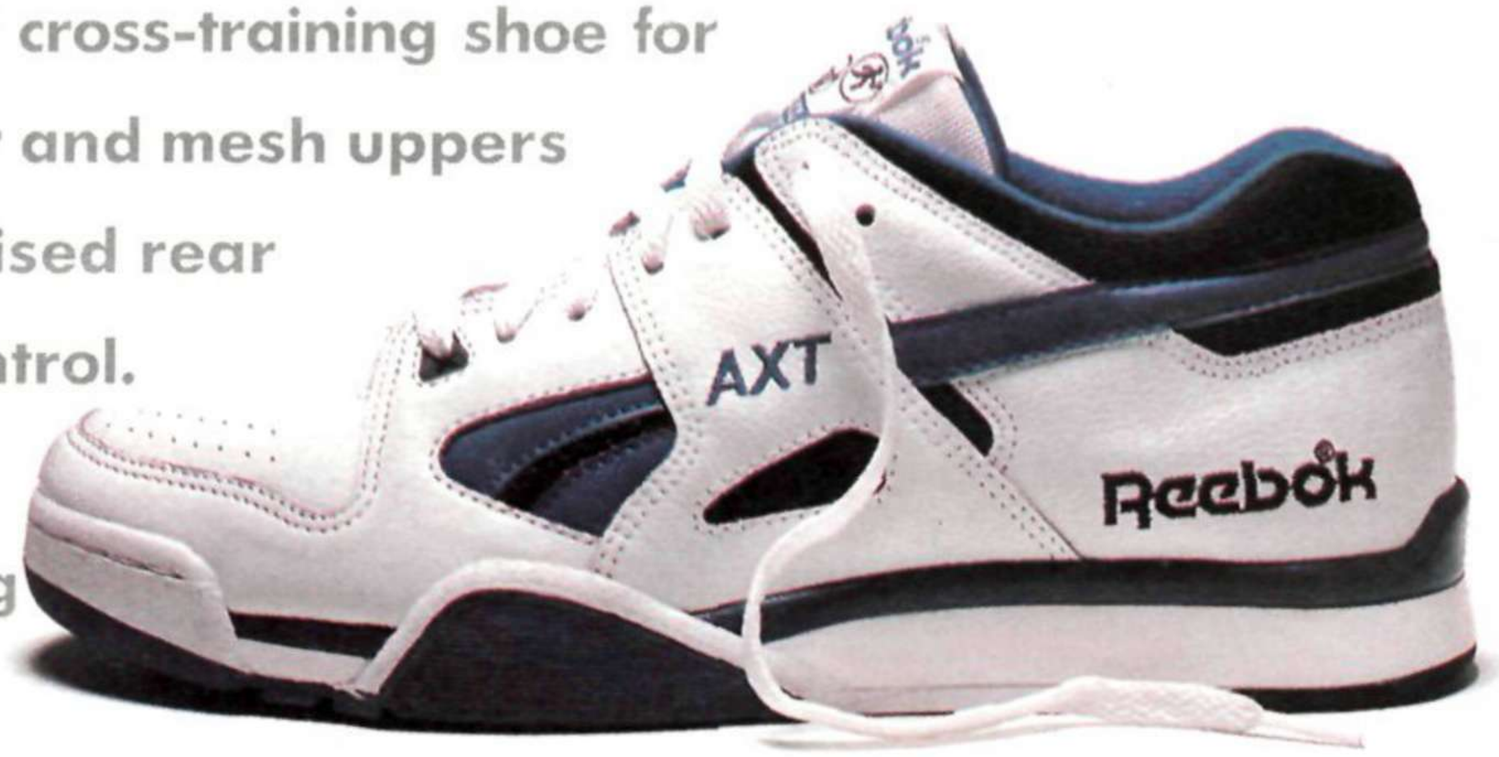

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SPORTS CHALLENGE

21. How many national championships has the women's soccer team at North Carolina won in the last eight years?

A. Eight
B. Seven
C. Six
D. Five

22. Who won the men's NCAA soccer championship?

A. Howard
B. Clemson
C. Virginia
D. Indiana

23. What team obtained first baseman Eddie Murray in a trade with Baltimore?

A. Los Angeles
B. Milwaukee
C. Boston
D. Houston

★ FLASHBACK ★

24. *Who holds the NBA single-game scoring record of 100 points?*

A. Pete Maravich
B. Elgin Baylor
C. Wilt Chamberlain
D. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

25. Which country won the Davis Cup?

A. West Germany
B. Sweden
C. France
D. United States

26. Who was *Sports Illustrated*'s Sportsman of the Year?

A. Greg Louganis
B. Orel Hershiser
C. Florence Griffith-Joyner
D. Steffi Graf

27. While Grete Waitz was winning her ninth New York City marathon, what male runner was winning his first?

A. Mark Nenow
B. Steve Jones
C. John Treacy
D. Salvatore Bettiol

28. Which network paid a record $1.1 billion for TV rights to major league baseball's regular season, All-Star, playoff and World Series games in 1990-93?

A. ABC
B. NBC
C. CBS
D. ESPN

29. By beating West Virginia in the Fiesta Bowl, Notre Dame won its eighth national championship. When did the Irish last finish No. 1?

A. 1983
B. 1981
C. 1979
D. 1977

30. Two NFL teams tied for first in their respective divisions but did not make the playoffs. New Orleans was one. Who was the other?

A. Houston
B. L.A. Rams
C. San Francisco
D. N.Y. Giants

★ SCOREBOARD ★

26-30 All-America
21-25 All-Conference
16-20 All-State
11-15 All-Playground
0-10 All-For Naught

★ ANSWERS ★

1. A	7. B	13. C	19. A	25. A
2. B	8. D	14. B	20. B	26. B
3. D	9. C	15. A	21. B	27. B
4. A	10. A	16. C	22. D	28. C
5. C	11. D	17. B	23. A	29. D
6. A	12. B	18. A	24. C	30. D

ANN SIMONTON

1974

The Woman Warrior

Ann Simonton fights for feminist issues—and against the SI swimsuit issue ♦ by Jill Lieber

LONG, THICK, RED HAIR WAS HER TRADEmark. "Hi, I'm Ann Simonton, and I'm with the Ford Agency," she would bubble when being interviewed for TV commercials. She gladly obliged the creative guys from the ad agencies. Smile. Face the camera and flip around your gooorrrrrgeous hair! "Beautiful," they would say, and they would sign her to pitch products like Adorn hair spray, Vidal Sassoon shampoo or Clairol's Frost & Tip.

Simonton's freckles weren't so marketable. She was repeatedly asked to get rid of them. "Sure," she would chirp, and then she would apply covering makeup.

Simonton vaulted to the top of the modeling world in the early 1970s. In her first year out of Charter Oak High School in Covina, Calif., she earned $30,000. Her homecoming-queen looks appeared in *Glamour*, *Mademoiselle*, *Seventeen*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Bride's* magazines. At 22 she was SI's 1974 swimsuit-issue cover model. She had assignments in Europe and the Caribbean. She partied with the in crowd and lived on the 21st floor of a New York City high rise. A bigshot producer tried to lure her to Hollywood to make movies.

She also had to endure some uncomfortable situations. At the filming of a one-minute Camay commercial, Simonton had to sit in a bathtub for 12 hours while prop men dumped buckets of sudsy water over her. For a lingerie commercial, the ad people scrutinized her buttocks. "There I was, bent over and dressed in a girdle, with a grown man and woman studying my derriere, saying, 'What do you think?' . . . 'I'm not sure, what do you think?' " Simonton says. "All the while, I was thinking, What am I doing here, and why do I keep coming back for more?"

Try fame, fortune and acceptance. Simonton looked at modeling as a game, and she believed that despite the drawbacks of her profession, she was in complete control of her body. While other models wore fancy designer duds to work and caked their faces with makeup, Simonton arrived in bib overalls and sneakers, with only a hint of lipstick. While other models dieted, the 5′ 8″, 117-pound Simonton did it her way, scarfing down bread smothered with butter and honey, or gorging on greasy falafel from street vendors.

"Diet is an important part of a model's life," Simonton says now. "Food is all they talk about. I'd show up at a job after breakfast and hear models say how guilty they felt because they had eaten a whole doughnut or an avocado. When the other girls ordered salads, I'd ask for the same but with a scoop of tuna on top and rolls to go with it."

Then, one summer day in 1979, modeling suddenly became an unacceptable way for Simonton to make a living. Thumbing through the *San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle*, Simonton noticed a department store ad for bed linens in which she was peering seductively from beneath a comforter. Her eyes glanced to the date at the top of the page. It was June 24, eight years to the day since she'd been gang-raped at knifepoint in a New York park on the way to a modeling assignment. Dismayed by the message of the photograph, Simonton's eyes burned with tears. "The connection between what I was doing and my rape hit me full force," she says. The following evening, she had her long red hair cut short. After 11 years, her modeling career was over.

"People still can't understand why I wasn't fulfilled as a model," Simonton says. "The most difficult part of modeling is putting up with the attitude that you're sought after only for your looks—not your brain or what's inside. It's a glamorized form of prostitution."

These days Simonton, 36, is a radical feminist who wouldn't dream of posing in a swimsuit for this issue of SI. She's a writer, a lecturer and the founder of Media Watch, a nonprofit organization based in Santa Cruz,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY HEISLER

Calif., that scrutinizes the images of women as projected on TV and radio and in newspapers, magazines, movies and rock 'n' roll lyrics.

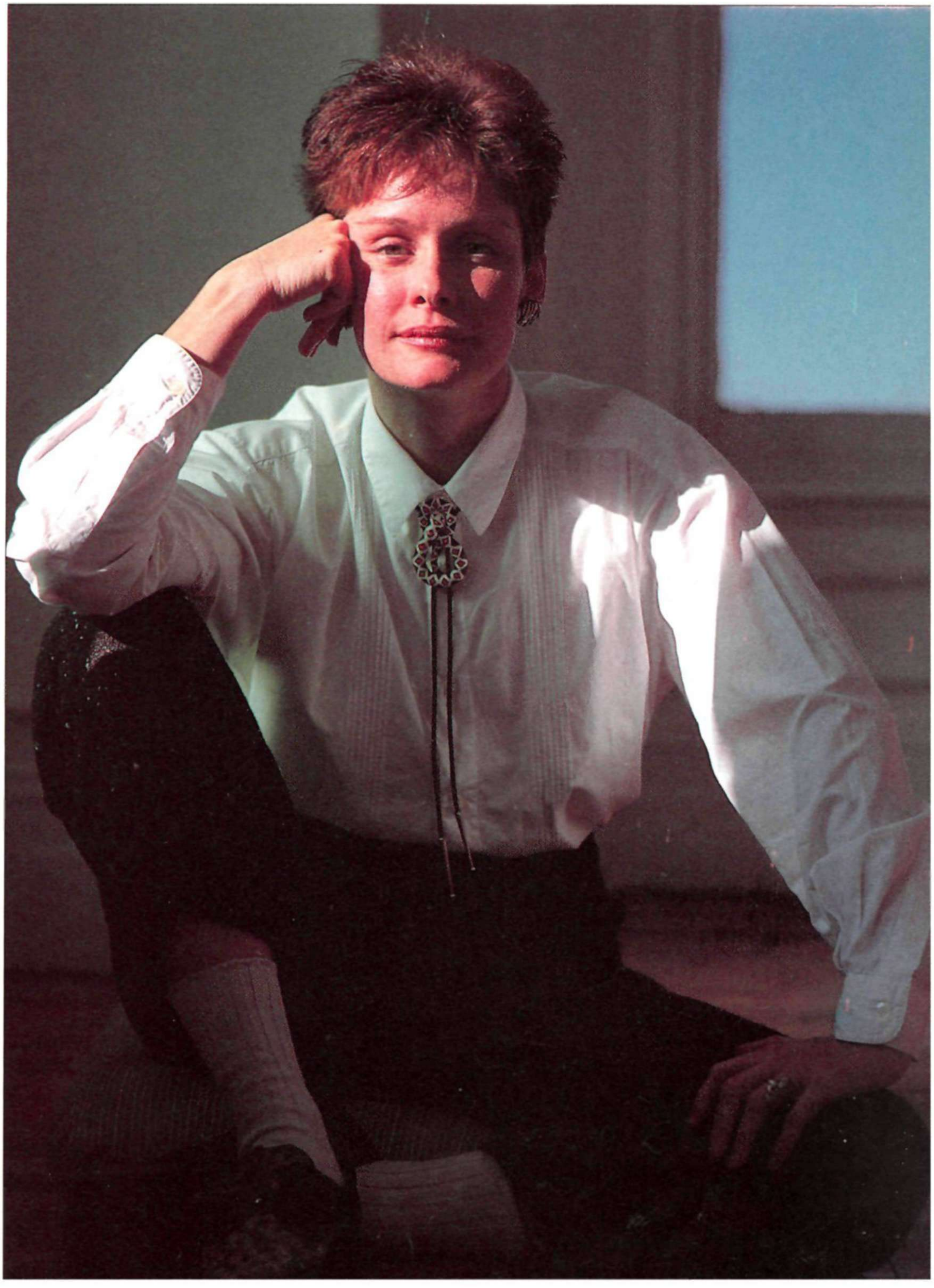
"The main goal of Media Watch is to help people become more critical viewers of the media," she says. "I want to change the fundamental attitudes we have toward women, including women in sports. As a society, we're obsessed with male-dominated sports. We devote too much airtime and too many printed words to football. If long-distance swimming was covered as much as football, then our whole concept of sports might change, because we'd see women outdoing men left and right."

Simonton crisscrosses the U.S. presenting a thought-provoking slide show titled *Sex, Power and the Media*. Her aim, she says, is to destroy "the myth of the American Dream Girl." On average, she speaks four times a month and makes about $8,000 a year.

The presentation begins with a revealing analysis of her life and then addresses demeaning images of women found in advertisements and articles in men's and women's magazines. One of her slides is of an ad that claims a bra gives a career woman much-needed freedom; another shows a ditzy gal who takes control of her life by using the right hair conditioner. This is followed by clothing ads that Simonton believes make light of inhuman treatment of women—a model tied up with belts, a teenager with a hot iron on her stomach. Two hours and some 200 slides later, Simonton reaches a fever pitch with obscene photos of raped and dismembered women. She closes with a plea, asking SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to discontinue the swimsuit issue and replace it with a magazine devoted solely to women athletes.

"The swimsuit issue encourages violence and hatred toward women," Simonton says. "It dehumanizes women, turns them into objects. The ratings start the minute the issue is opened: 'I like her because of her breasts.' . . . 'Look at the gams on this babe.' "

SIMONTON HAS SACRIFICED MUCH FOR THE CAUSE—SHE IS NOW LIVING ON $8,000 A YEAR



Simonton is equally outspoken in criticizing other examples of what she believes are destructive images of women. Here are a few samples:

• Jane Fonda: "Fonda is obsessed with youth and her own physicality. How good she looks will determine her future. That doesn't increase the dignity of women at all."

• *Dynasty*: "The TV show with the greatest misconceptions about women's conditions. *Dynasty* women eat chocolates, wear gorgeous clothes, sit around the house and pick up any man they want in a bar."

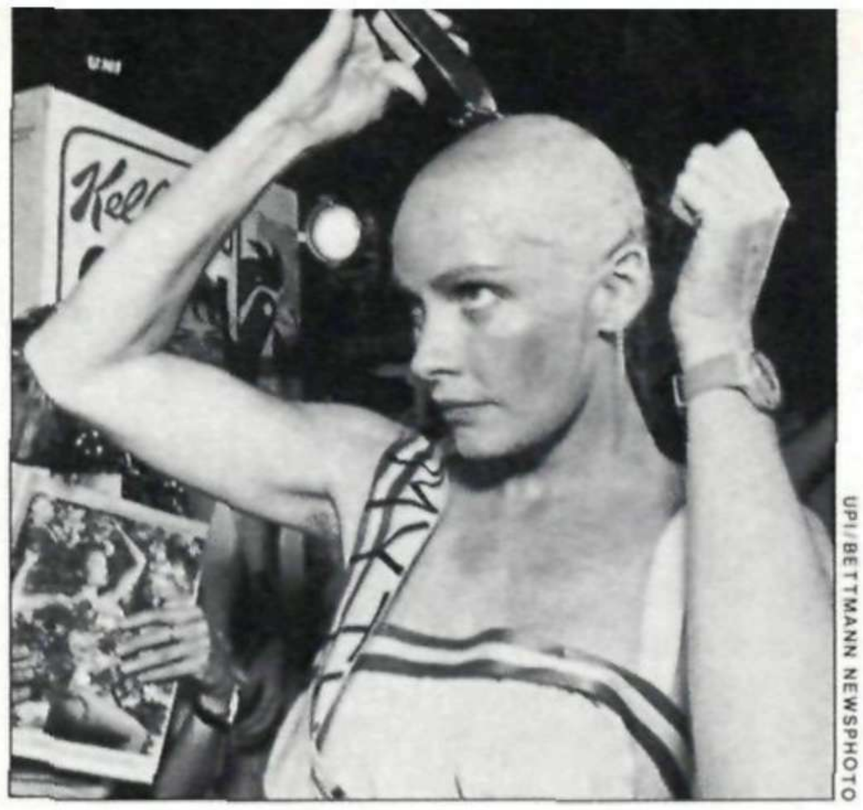
• The NFL cheerleader: "She's a symbol for the role that women are asked to play in all aspects of men's lives. Women are asked to be men's cheerleaders, to pump them up and soothe them on their bad days, to cheer them off to work and be sexually available when they return."

• Florence Griffith Joyner: "A woman athlete shouldn't feel she has to dress *in a way that proves her sexuality.*"

Though it may be hard to believe, Simonton's actions actually are tougher than her words. An advocate of civil disobedience, she has been arrested 11 times for such acts as littering (one of the roses in a bouquet she was carrying fell to the sidewalk during a protest; she sued and got a $10,000 out-of-court settlement), tearing up a copy of *Hustler* magazine (she hadn't paid for it), taking her shirt off at a state beach ("I was challenging a sexually discriminative law"), and pouring a few drops of her blood on a sidewalk as a protest against rape. "I'm not going to stand on a soapbox and hand out leaflets," she says. "I want to make sure a lot of people hear about the issues."

For the past nine years, she and other feminists have protested against the Miss California pageant by staging a Myth California contest, an elaborate bit of street theater. To demonstrate her feeling that beauty pageants treat women as "pieces of meat," Simonton has worn an evening gown made from 30 pounds of bologna and a necklace of miniature wieners. "Bologna is very greasy, and it really smells," she says, laughing. "It was all I could do to fight off stray dogs."

That battle was easy compared with the one she must fight while trying to get across her feminist messages. The enormity of the task is reflected in the mounds of clutter in her garage, which also happens to be the Media Watch office. The walls are plastered with memorabilia: photographs of Simonton and her four sisters as prim and proper little girls in Harlan, Ky.; a swatch of handmade black lace belonging to her maternal grandmother, Mary Dudley Pittman, the first woman registrar of Raleigh, N.C.; crayon drawings by her six-year-old nephew, Charlie Simonton-Bernatowicz.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTO

PROTEST '87: NO HAIR AND A BOLOGNA DRESS

"I live among monied women, who are into their houses, cars, nails and outfits," says Simonton's longtime *friend Susan Nash, the wife of rock* singer Graham Nash. "But they don't have it all, because they forgot to work on their heart and compassion. Annie's heart is wide and encompassing. Her passion is not self-serving. She's 'out there.' But get real. Who wants to hear her message? I don't think she'll ever be accepted."

Adds older sister Meg Simonton: "Undergoing this radical change in her life was psychological torture. Ann grew up wanting everybody to like her. A lot of people think she's a totally ridiculous spectacle. But she doesn't care anymore if they like her, only that they remember her message."

To bolster her fighting spirit, Simonton has competed in rough-water swims off the Santa Cruz wharf, climbed a 200-foot redwood tree with her live-in companion, Joseph Schultz, and gone rock climbing in the Grand Tetons. To clear her mind and get in touch with her heart, she studies African dance and goes on solitary hikes just outside Death Valley.

"I feel blessed to have found my niche in life," Simonton says. "Very few people have a job that's tailor-made for them. This is a new frontier, with thousands of directions. I'm truly happy and fulfilled." ●

TO SPREAD HER MESSAGE, SIMONTON OFTEN GIVES TWO-HOUR PRESENTATIONS

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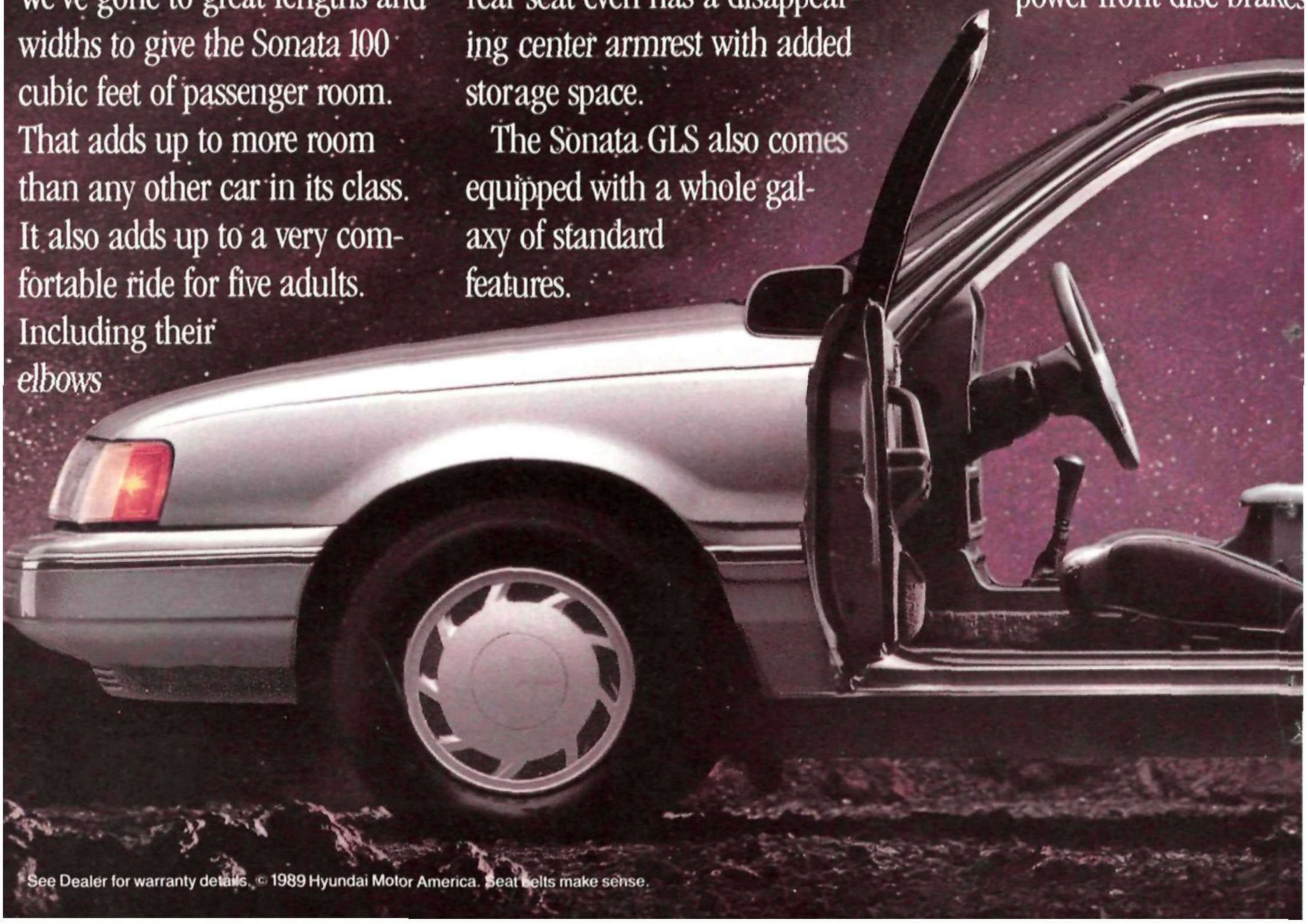

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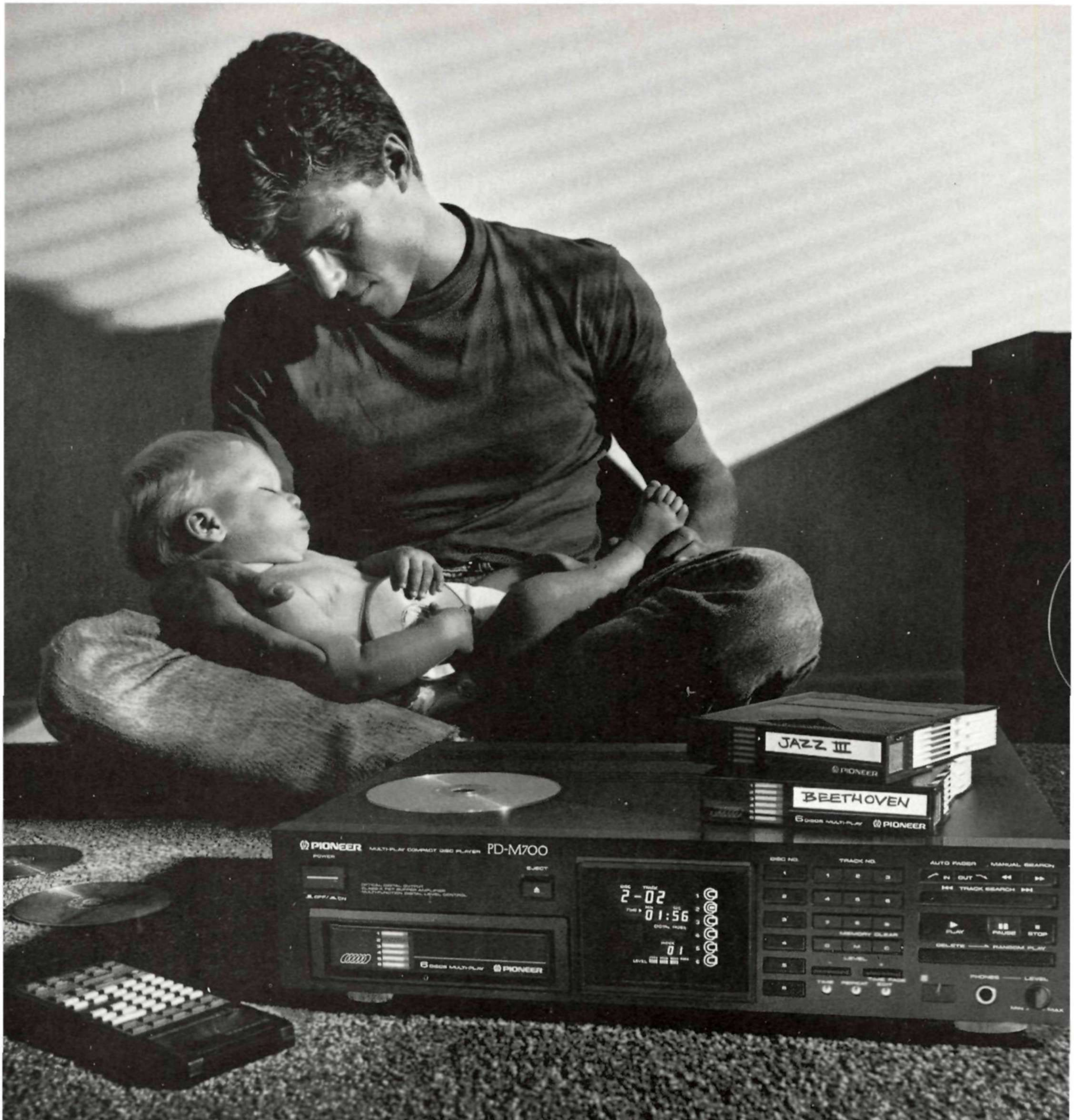

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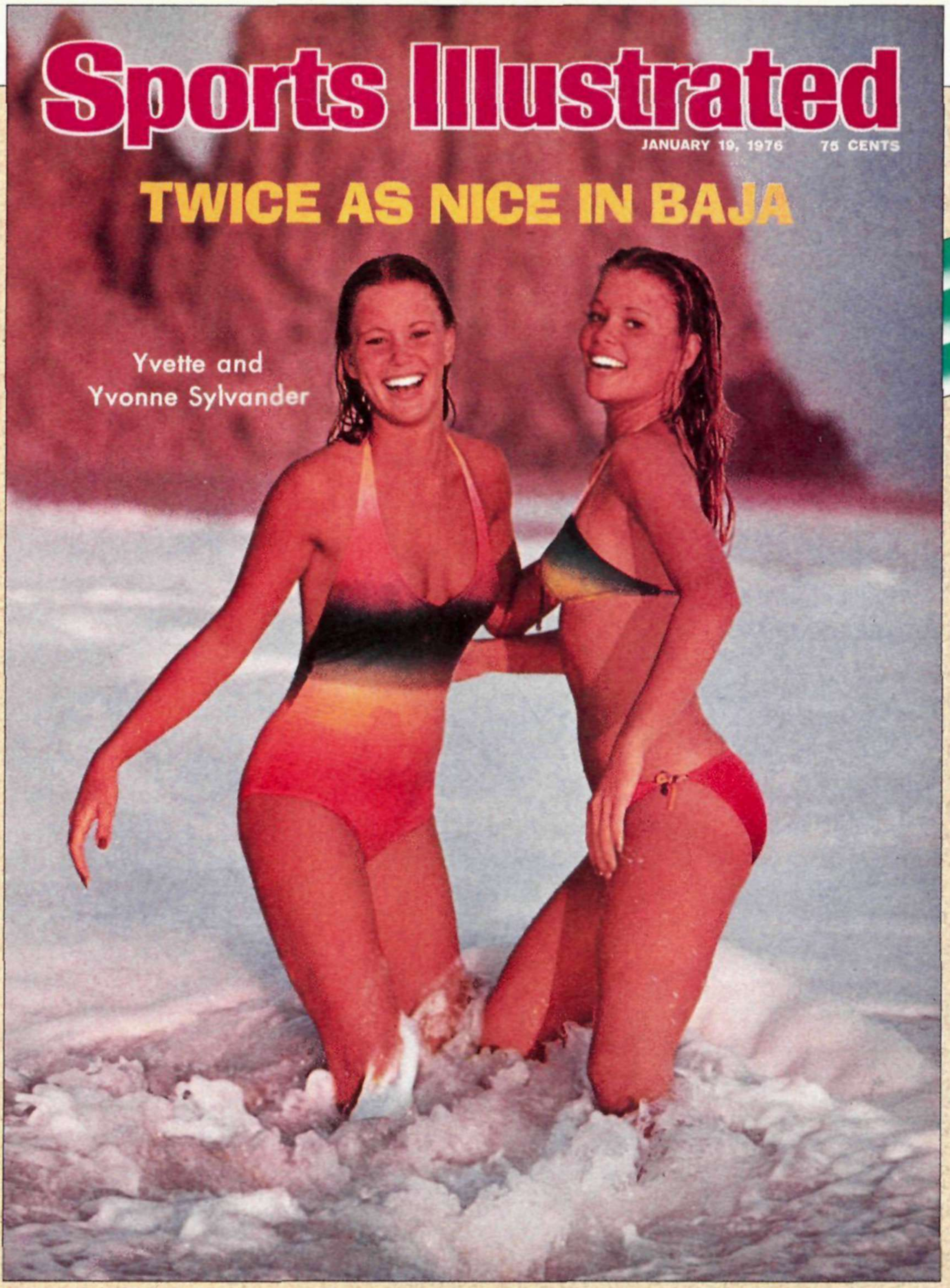


YVETTE & YVONNE
SYLVANDER

1976

Birds of a Feather

Yvette and Yvonne Sylvander have a rapport that is unique to identical twins ♦ by Bruce Newman

YVETTE SYLVANDER HELD THE SMALL SHELL in the flat of her hand so that it caught the afternoon sunlight, and she peered inside the empty chamber. "I have eight more exactly like this one," she said, running her finger along the hard spiral that framed the shell. It pleased her that the sea could duplicate its treasures in this way.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said, and handed the speckled shell to her sister, Yvonne. Yvonne, who's Yvette's identical twin, looked at her sister, and it was obvious that not only were these two bodies from but a single zygote, but they also were two minds with but a single thought. Yvonne held the shell to her lips and whispered, "Are there any more at home like you?"

Yvette and Yvonne were on the cover of SI's 1976 swimsuit issue. Standing in the turquoise surf off Mexico's Baja California peninsula, they formed the perfect bookends for two generations—Yvette on the left in a one-piece bathing suit, Yvonne on the right in a bikini. The daughters of a Swedish ship captain and his mate, Sten and Eivor Sylvander, the twins were 20 and had almost no experience as models when they appeared in SI, yet they are among the most popular of the magazine's swimsuit cover models ever.

"Everybody remembers the twins," says SI senior editor Jule Campbell, who is in charge of SI's annual swimsuit shoot.

The Sylvanders never made a career of modeling after their one appearance in SI. They took a trip to New York after signing with Ford Models, but when the first photographer they encountered told them to take off all their clothes so that he could evaluate their prospects, they said no, thank you, and climbed on the first plane home to Miami. They did some occasional modeling for swimsuit catalogs and boating magazines in South Florida, but most of the time they supported themselves as waitresses in a Miami health food store.

"We got a few jobs from being in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and we always wanted to do more," says Yvonne, "but I think we were too scared or too shy to go for it. We had one book [modeling portfolio] for the two of us, and if we got a call that was for just one person, we would flip a coin to see who would go. A lot of times it would end up being whichever one of us happened to be in the mood that day."

"I don't think at that age we knew what we wanted to do," says Yvette. "People always said we should model, the way they tell boys who are tall they should play basketball, so we just sort of fell into it."

Though the twins' shimmering blonde hair, tawny skin and gleaming smiles would seem to make them ideal for a life in front of the camera, indeed the Sylvanders' egos aren't suited to the job. Modeling requires a well-developed sense of who you are, and as filmmaker David Cronenberg—whose recent movie, *Dead Ringers*, explored the dark side of twins' psyches—told *The New York Times*, it's not always possible to know exactly who you are when there's more than one of you. "I think most of us first feel our identity through our physical uniqueness," said Cronenberg. "But, of course, if there's someone standing next to you who looks exactly like you and is mistaken by everybody for you, then suddenly you have to look elsewhere for your uniqueness."

Many twins grow less alike as they get older, and some even develop a pathological hatred for this duplication of themselves. But as time went

YVETTE (THAT'S SHE ON THE LEFT) AND YVONNE ARE MIRROR IMAGES AS THEY STAND BESIDE THE SWIMMING POOL AT THEIR PARENTS' NORTH MIAMI BEACH HOME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY HEISLER

by, the Sylvander twins kept getting more and more alike.

"If I don't see my sister for a few days, I feel as if a part of me is lost," says Yvonne. "It's like a battery that needs to be regenerated. Separately we're split personalities, and together we're a whole person. It's sort of funny when we go places together. People stop and stare at us. Sometimes they just start laughing. It can make you feel a little insecure. You start to think, Do we look that weird?"

The twins are rarely separated long enough for their personalities to become split, and even when they are apart, they feel a sense of being connected to each other. On March 27, 1985, Yvonne was on vacation with a friend on Treasure Cay, an island in the Bahamas, when she woke out of a deep sleep at 3 a.m. "I didn't know what was wrong," she says, "but I knew something bad had happened." Her father telephoned later that morning and told her that in Miami at 10 o'clock the previous evening Yvette had lost control of her car, slammed into a building and hit her head on the windshield.

Yvette was still unconscious when Yvonne reached North Miami General Hospital, and she remained in a coma for three weeks. "The doctors didn't know if she'd ever come out of it," says Yvonne. "While she was unconscious, I didn't know what to do. I felt lost most of the time. We had a really tough time being separated."

After Yvette finally regained consciousness, for a couple of weeks she spoke only Swedish, the first language that she and Yvonne had learned. "It was like being born all over again," Yvette says now.

Yvonne laid the groundwork for Yvette's rehabilitation. The first thing she did was try to clear the cobwebs from her twin's memory. "I put our pictures from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED on the wall in her hospital room to try to make her remember who she was," says Yvonne. Not until Yvette awoke from the coma did the doctors discover that she had cracked two vertebrae in her neck in the accident. To prevent any further damage to her spine, the doctors had to immobilize her head for three months by putting it in a halo brace, which looks like a medieval instrument of torture: Metal pins are drilled into the patient's skull to hold the metal ring in place, like a headband.

Philip Villanueva, Yvette's neurologist, noticed the SI pictures hanging on the walls around her hospital bed, and when the brace was placed on her, he insisted that the holes be drilled in the sides of her head. "I heard him arguing with another doctor about it, because they usually do the drilling in the front," Yvonne says. "Whenever we get modeling jobs now, Yvette sends the doctor copies of the pictures to thank him for not leaving marks on her forehead."

Yvonne spent hours with her sister every day, helping her learn to walk and talk all over again. Yvette did finger exercises to learn to write, such as forming the letter *A* over and over again, just as she had done in grammar school. To regain her balance and hand-eye coordination, every day she tried to hit tennis balls that Yvonne fed to her.

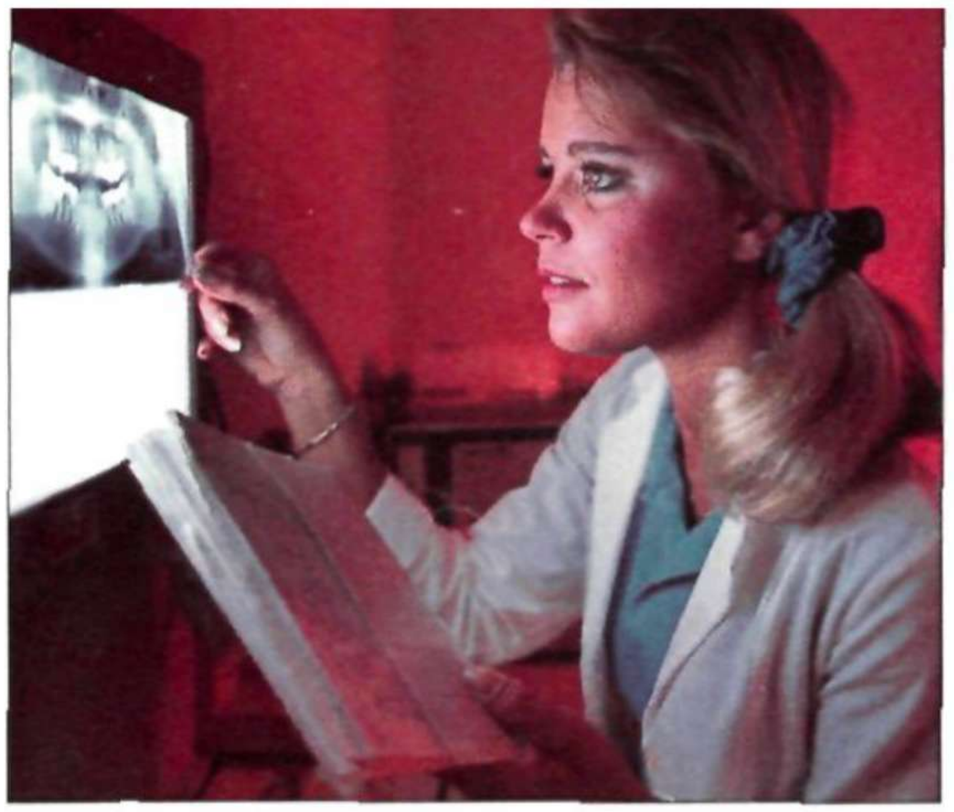
The one thing that Yvette was determined to do without any help from her family was learn to drive a car again. So on the sly she enrolled in a driving school. "I had gotten myself in this fix, and I wanted to get myself out of it," she says. Though Yvette has remarkably few traces of the accident, she must still struggle occasionally to maintain her balance, and she has a bit of a speech problem (she has also acquired a slight Swedish accent). "Everything's sort of a challenge now," she says.

The twins' biggest challenge may be yet to come, for Yvonne has found a young swain and the two have begun talking about settling down. The possibility always existed that one of them might one day leave the other, but until recently the idea of separation had never seemed quite real.

"I had always hoped Yvette would get married first, because I'm more independent than she is," says Yvonne, who works as a dental assistant. "Now that I'm spending a lot of time with my boyfriend, Yvette and I are having a tough time splitting up. It's really hard. I feel like I'm being pulled in two different directions."

Yvette, who occasionally also works as a dental assistant, plans to enroll in a vocational school to become a surgical technologist. ("I think I just like blood," she says. "The gorier, the better.") She considers the transformation that her life is about to undergo yet another form of rebirth.

"Yvonne has always been there for me," says Yvette. "But I want to learn how to be more independent, to have some friends of my own." On the other hand, explains Yvette, "If a guy marries one of us, he marries both of us."



YVONNE (BELOW) TICKLES THE IVORIES; DENTAL ASSISTANT YVETTE CHECKS X-RAYS OF SOME IVORIES

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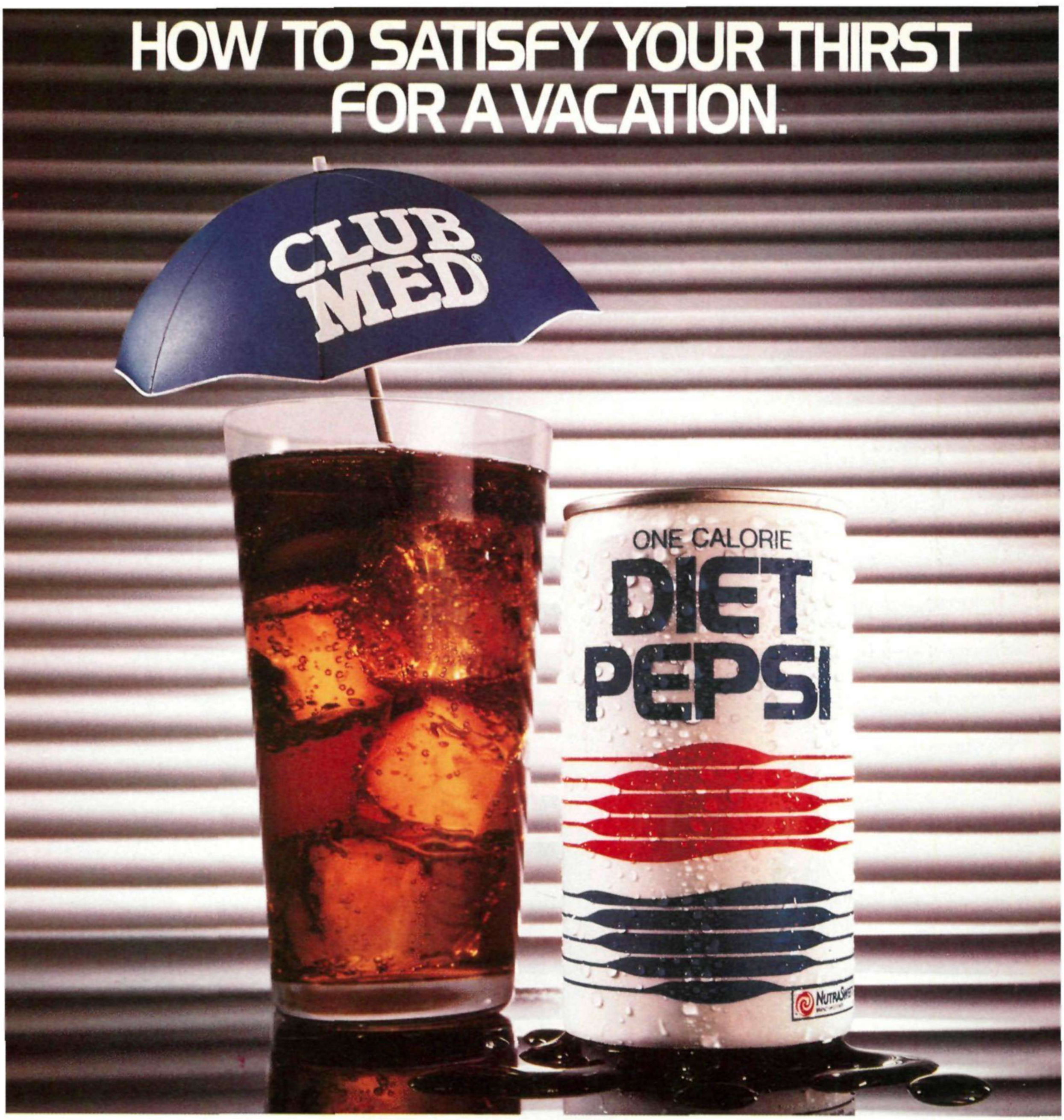

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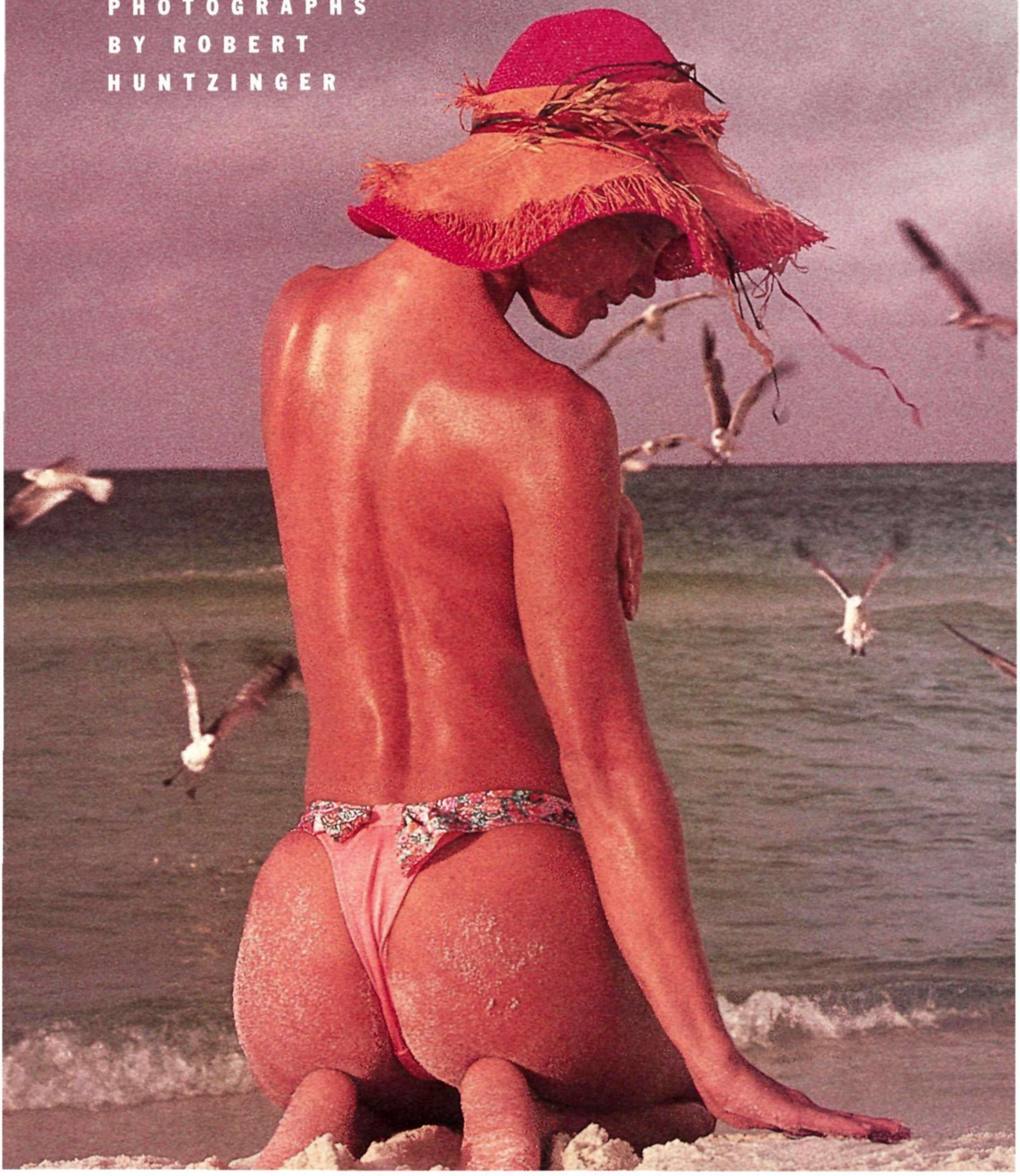
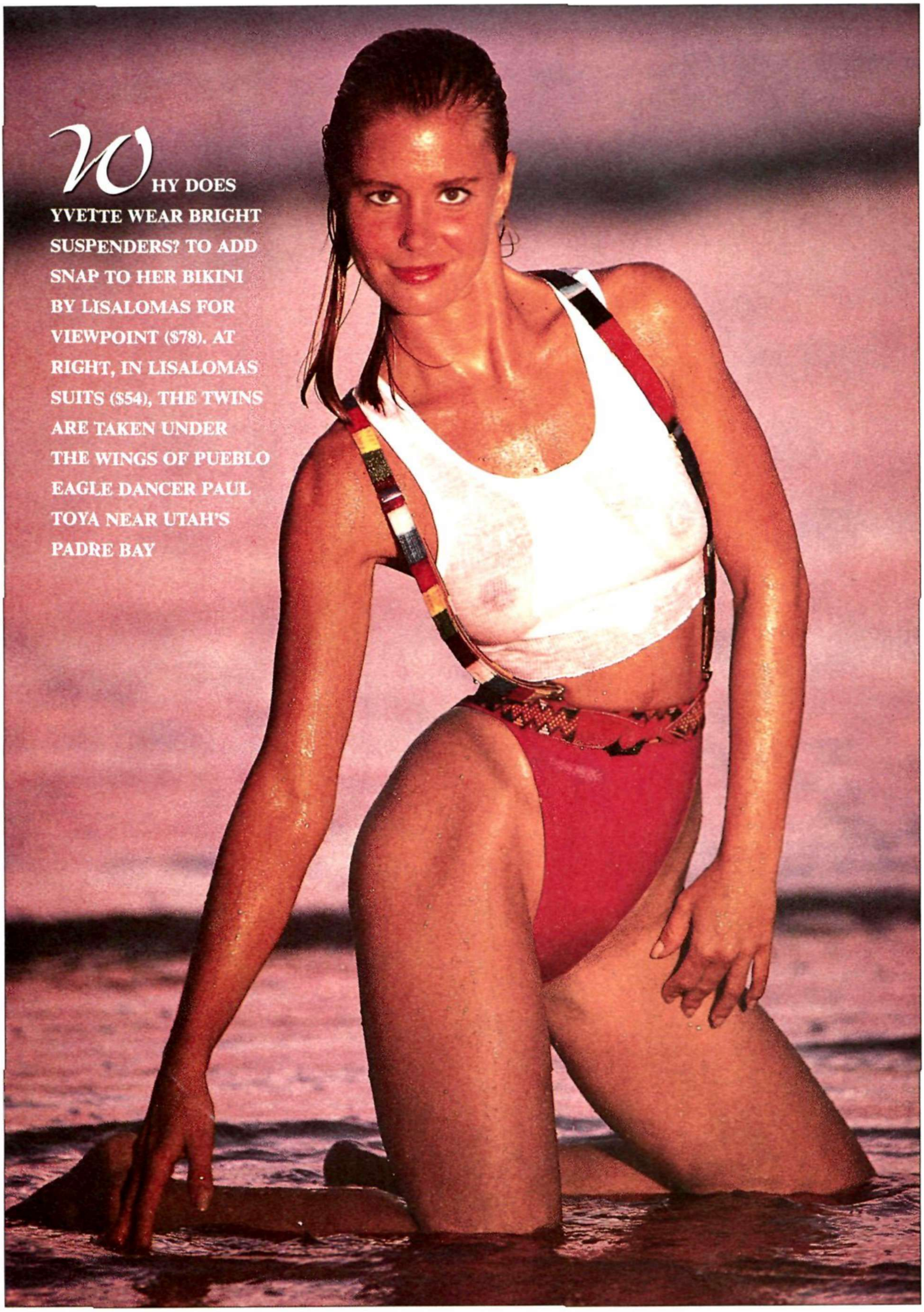


BASKING ON A FLORIDA GULF COAST BEACH, THE SYLVANDERS WEAR SUITS OF A TWIN MOTIF. YVETTE'S BIKINI ($45) AND YVONNE'S MAILLOT ($55) ARE FROM DARLING RIO


WHY DOES YVETTE WEAR BRIGHT SUSPENDERS? TO ADD SNAP TO HER BIKINI BY LISALOMAS FOR VIEWPOINT ($78). AT RIGHT, IN LISALOMAS SUITS ($54), THE TWINS ARE TAKEN UNDER THE WINGS OF PUEBLO EAGLE DANCER PAUL TOYA NEAR UTAH'S PADRE BAY

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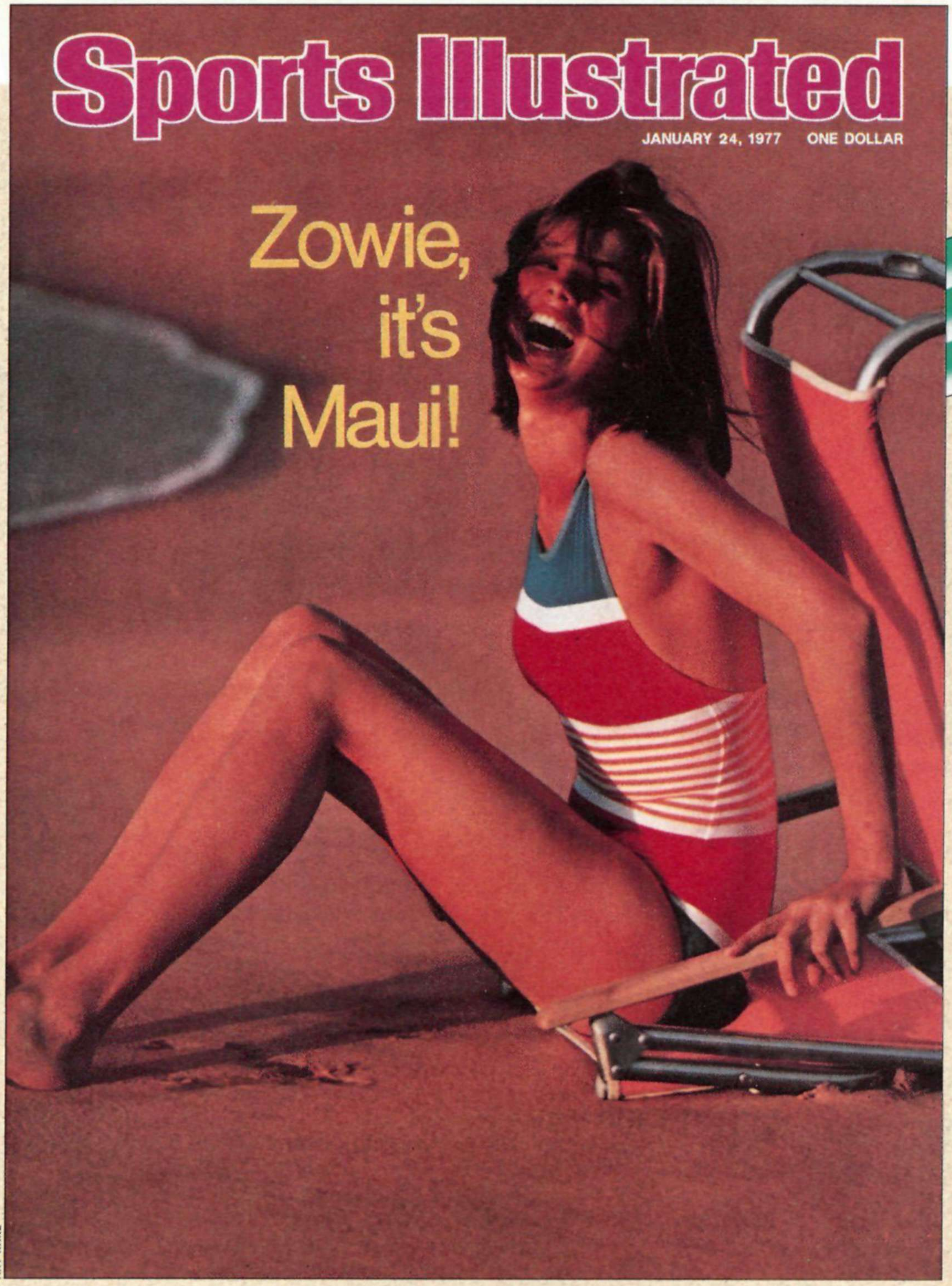


LENA KANSBOD

1977

The Best Of Both Worlds

Homemaker Lena Kansbod wants to get back to modeling ♦ by Jack McCallum

FOR JOHN CASABLANCAS, AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT in Stockholm was Schwab's Drug Store, and a high school girl checking coats was Lana Turner.

"You know, you could be a model," said Casablancas, the founder of Elite Model Management and the firm's chairman of the board, to the tall 17-year-old with long brown hair and piercing blue-green eyes who checked his coat one evening in 1973.

"Yes, sure I could," said the girl, who had learned English in school.

At the time, Lena Maria Kansbod had no idea what she wanted to do with her life, but modeling hadn't even crossed her mind. If she was beautiful, she says, then Casablancas was the first to inform her of it.

"I wore glasses and had two chipped teeth," she said recently in the dining room of the Prince de Galles hotel in Paris. "There were lots of girls prettier than I." Well, maybe—it was Sweden, after all. But Casablancas persisted, and eventually he spoke to Kansbod's father, Sten, a no-nonsense engineer.

"John wanted me to come to Paris and give it a try," she says. "My father thought I'd end up in a harem in Arabia." Where she did end up, after Sten was finally persuaded to turn her loose "with a red suitcase and a return ticket," was on the cover of *Elle*, Europe's leading fashion magazine, just a few months after she got to Paris. "I just don't have many of those desperate-model stories," says Kansbod.

"It came very easy for Lena," says Monique Pillard, president of Elite. "She was a natural."

Kansbod had moved to New York by 1976, the year she answered a call from SI swimsuit editor Jule Campbell to participate in a five-day shoot in Hawaii. "Lena was vivacious, a blithe spirit, a joy to work with," says Campbell. "The best thing about her was that she was nice to the other women. You don't always see that."

On the cover of the 1977 bathing suit issue, Kansbod lounges on an orange beach chair beside the cover billing ZOWIE, IT'S MAUI! "People seem to remember it," she says, "but I don't think it has anything to do with me. It was more the 'zowie' thing. What I remember is that the beach chair I was sitting on kept breaking. I was too heavy, I guess."

She laughs and her face reddens, as it often does. At 32, Kansbod is married to Philippe Paillette, a French business executive, and is the mother of Josephine, a two-year-old blonde—who, Kansbod says, "looks more Swedish than I do"—but she remains a beguiling mixture of child and adult. "That's what gave her her fame," says Pillard. "She had a timeless quality. She was very sexy, with the pouty lips and all that, but there was something childlike about her too."

Kansbod laughs that off, yet she can't really explain, without seeming immodest, why modeling came so easily to her. "I don't know, maybe they took me for an American," she says,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY HEISLER

throwing up her hands. "Everyone likes American girls, you know." She laughs and her face reddens again.

After Maui, Kansbod moved easily into the *Mademoiselle* and *Vogue* world of high-fashion modeling and gained her greatest fame during the four years (1979 through '83) that she was the featured model for Revlon's Natural Wonder campaign. One photo in particular, snapped by fashion photographer Arthur Elgort, captured her essence: She kneels on a beach in a cream-colored silk shirt, her skin shimmering, looking both wise and innocent and, as Revlon desired, both natural and wonderful. "Arthur always said I was a very good 'lounging model,' " says Kansbod, "which was a nice way of saying I looked better when sitting down. The Revlon ads were perfect for me because I was a lousy runway model. I absolutely couldn't walk in high heels."

Actually, she didn't walk much anywhere. She dashed from job to job and from New York to Paris and back again, working and partying with equal intensity, burning the candle at both ends. "Work all day, go out and party, get in at 5 a.m., get up the next day and do the same thing," says Kansbod, sounding weary at the memory. "I never messed up too badly, like some of the other girls, but I wish I would've put on the brakes a little more often." It affected her work slightly, she believes—"Frankly, I was a real bitch to work with at times," she says—but she was always in demand.

Finally, about five years ago, Kansbod did take her foot off the accelerator. She had bought a farm in rural Bucks County, Pa., and she began to spend a lot of time there with Philippe, then her boyfriend, whom she had met in New York. In 1986 they married and moved to Parmain, a small village about 25 miles northwest of Paris from which Philippe could manage his sealing compounds factory.

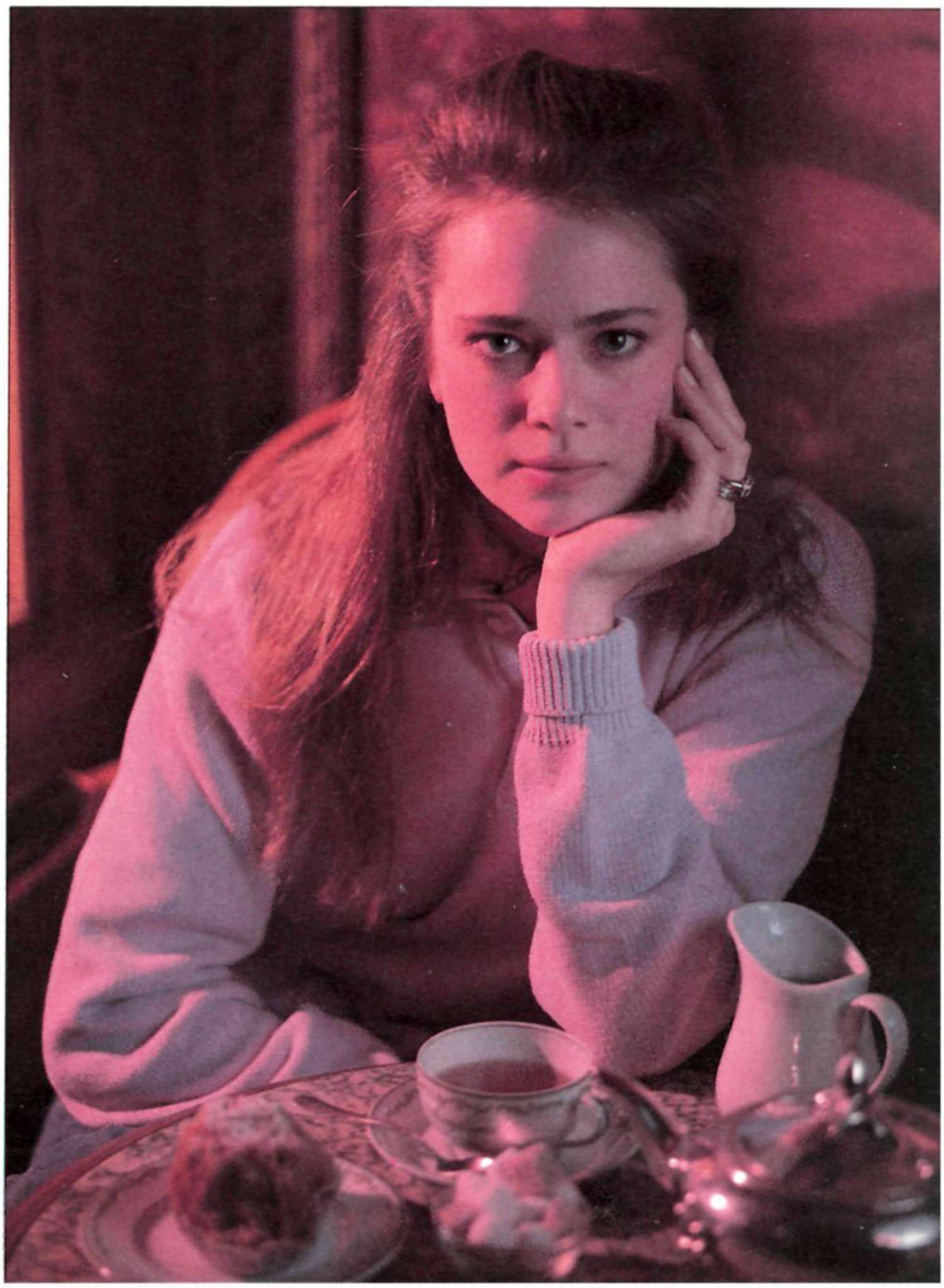
"It was not easy for me at first," says Kansbod. "Sure, I wanted out of the crazy modeling world, but here I was in the country, with a teeny baby and a 12-year-old son [Luduvic, from Philippe's previous marriage] to take care of. I wanted to be Miss Perfect Housewife—you know, singing all day while I ran the vacuum cleaner—and it frustrated me when it wasn't perfect."

What she wants now is a "compromise life-style," one in which she can spend a lot of time "rolling around on the floor with my daughter" and model on a part-time basis. To that end she has been making calls, enduring the go-sees, getting out the word that the Natural Wonder Girl would like to be naturally wonderful again. "I don't want the cat-and-dog race," says Kansbod, tapping ashes off her cigarette, "but what I miss is the teamwork, the new experiences, the excitement, the ambience of modeling. I have to face the fact that I liked it in front of the camera.

"Obviously, I can't do what I did before. I'm too old now. In the modeling world they are always looking for the new name, the new face, the new look. I'm not new. I'd have to do advertising for computers or something like that.

"But that's fine. That's what I want. I'm putting out my tentacles. Listen, you tell them that Lena Kansbod is back!" She laughs, and, once again, her face gets red.

WHILE WAITING TO GO BEFORE THE CAMERA AGAIN, KANSBOD STROLLS ABOUT THE TOWN OF PARMAIN WITH JOSEPHINE (LEFT) AND RELAXES IN A PARIS TEA SHOP



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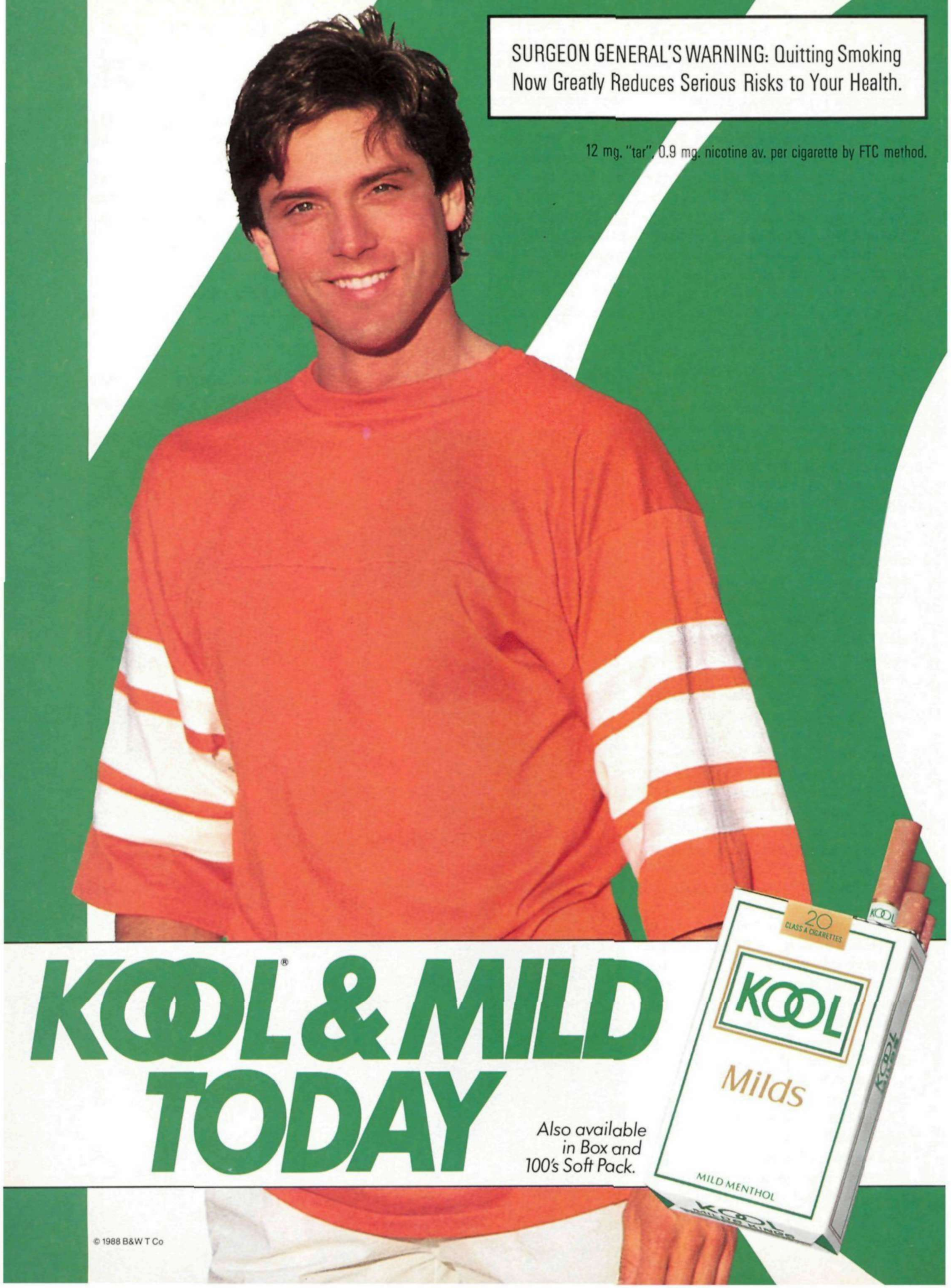

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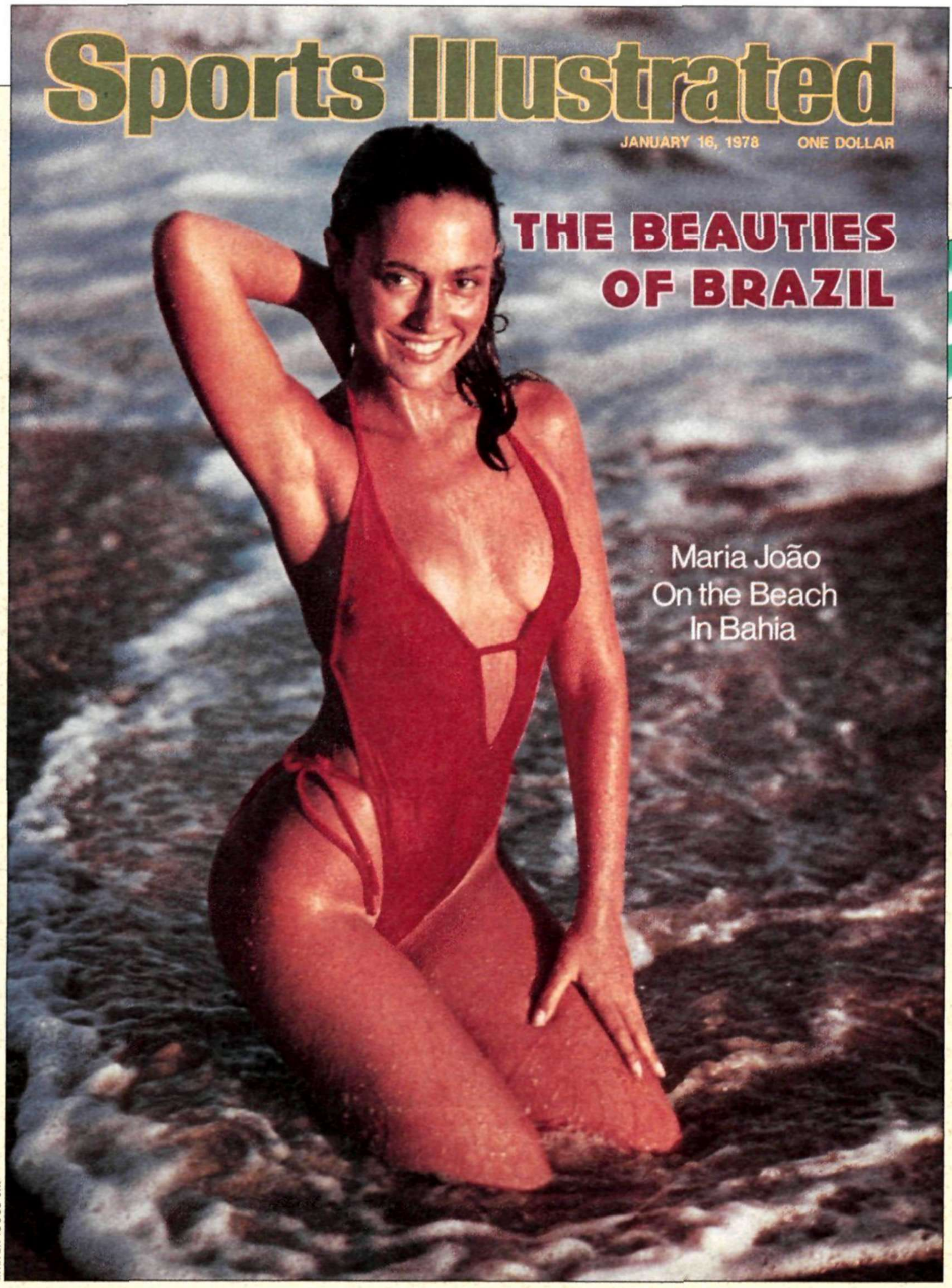
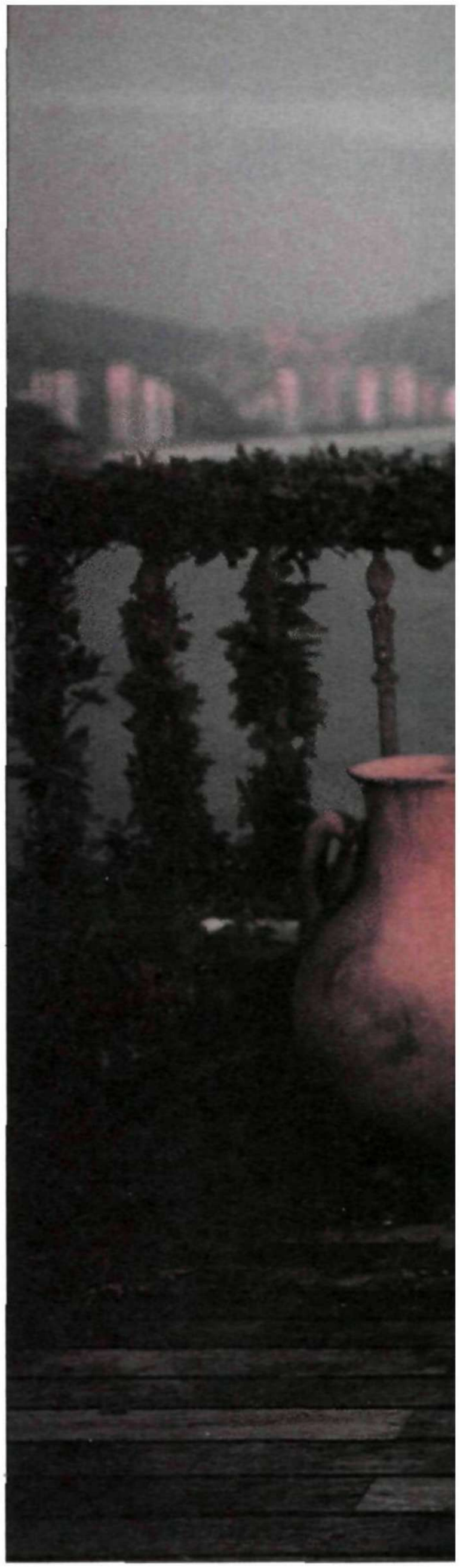


MARIA JOÃO

1978

A Touch Of Magic



Did Maria João use the occult to make the SI cover? ♦ by John Maier

MARIA JOÃO LEAL DE SOUSA AND HER friends watched as the chicken's throat was sliced and blood spurted over a yellowish floury substance in ceramic bowls. Although she found it repulsive and difficult to understand, de Sousa was fascinated by *Candomblé* rituals, Brazilian black magic practiced mostly in the northeastern state of Bahia. As the spiritualists, dressed in white, chanted and danced, their leader began drinking the chicken blood. De Sousa cringed and thought how glad she was that Christie Brinkley, her newly acquired friend and modeling partner, wasn't there. It was long past midnight, and Brinkley and the other SI models were back at their hotels asleep—as de Sousa should have been. They were exhausted from the day's work, and they would all have to be up again at sunrise for a photography session on the beaches of Salvador, Bahia's capital.

So what was de Sousa doing out so late at a *Candomblé* center? "I just wanted to have some fun," she says. And when you're competing with the likes of Brinkley and Cheryl Tiegs for the cover of the 1978 swimsuit issue, a little black magic might come in handy. Besides, the night was still young by Brazilian standards, and as de Sousa didn't have to be up until 5 a.m., she and her pals went on to a popular nightclub for some dancing and a few *batida de coco* (a national drink made with coconut, condensed milk and sugarcane brandy). She returned to the hotel at four, which gave her plenty of time to wash her hair and catch a few minutes of beauty sleep before her wake-up call.

A few *minutes* of beauty sleep? Wasn't this one of de Sousa's first experiences in international modeling? Didn't she want to impress the American visitors? Wouldn't she have dark circles under her eyes for the photo session? Well, no. "If you're happy, your eyes will show it, and you will look just great," she says.

Right. A few hours later, as the sun rose over the Atlantic and warmed the rough sand of Itapoã beach, there was de Sousa, in a one-piece suit, playing in the shallow surf and looking, well, great. "This is the cover shot," photographer Walter Iooss Jr. told de Sousa as he snapped a few frames of her sitting on the beach. "I thought he was joking or just saying that to make me feel good," she says. "Still, I've always been fortunate, and I felt, with my luck, it could just happen."

Whether *Candomblé* spirits made their way to New York and influenced the selection is not known, but when the 15th annual swimsuit issue appeared, the headline on the cover read MARIA JOÃO ON THE BEACH IN BAHIA.

"Sure I was excited," says de Sousa, now Mrs. Alden Brewster. She's standing next to her husband on the balcony of their four-story, cliffside mansion that overlooks the Atlantic Ocean just south of Rio de Janeiro. "I knew it was important, but honestly I didn't think it was that big of a deal. I remember thinking, It's not *Cosmopolitan* or

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY HEISLER

THE BREWSTERS' BALCONY IS A PERFECT PLACE FROM WHICH TO VIEW BEAUTIFUL RIO

Vogue, it's only a sports magazine." Alden—son of the late Kingman Brewster, who had been the president of Yale and the U.S. ambassador to Great Britain under President Carter—laughs. "Only a sports magazine," he says. "She had no idea what the swimsuit issue was all about."

Brewster did. When he was a teenager at the Groton School in Massachusetts, the swimsuit issue was, he says, "the hottest item of the year." School authorities censored the students' mail and banned magazines like *Playboy*. "But they didn't dare touch SPORTS ILLUSTRATED," says Brewster. "That would have been un-American. My friends and I always waited with great anticipation for the swimsuit issue to appear. We used to fantasize about those women. I never in my wildest dreams thought that one day I'd be married to one of them."

Brewster and de Sousa met a few

months after the photos were taken, at a reception at the Brazilian embassy in London, where he was working in a bank and she was modeling. "It was love at first sight," he says. Three months later they married and moved into a flat in Notting Hill Gate. According to Brewster, there was only one drawback to living in England: "There I was, a man whose wife was SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's swimsuit cover model, and nobody knew anything about it. If only my school buddies had been around."

Still, de Sousa's face was familiar to many Britons. Though she never won a beauty pageant, she had become a kind of Miss Brazil in 1977 when Embratur, the Brazilian tourist authority, selected her to represent the country in an international advertising campaign. Billboards and posters showing de Sousa in a white bikini appeared in travel agencies around the world. The image was so successful that only last year did Embratur switch to a new poster model. Says an Embratur official, "That one picture of Maria João probably lured more people, especially men, to Brazil than anything we've ever used. It's hard to find someone with that classic look of Brazilian *sensualidade*: long dark hair, a sculptured body, soft lips and dark, secretive eyes—the Sonia Braga look."

De Sousa has often been compared with, and even mistaken for, Braga, the most famous of Brazilian actresses. When the makers of the Brazilian film *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* were searching for a lead actress, they first offered the part to de Sousa. Only after she turned it down—"because of the nudity and that raunchy sex scene under the kitchen table," she says—did the filmmakers give the role to Braga.

"No regrets," says de Sousa. "I never wanted to be an actress. A movie or soap opera demands a long commitment, and that's not for me. Luckily, I was always financially secure, so I never had to do things I didn't want to, like movies and posing nude."

De Sousa was born in Lisbon and was brought to Rio by her family when she was 18 months old. Her father, Fernando, was a wealthy architect who designed the houses of many of Rio's elite, including the one where the Brewsters now live with their two daughters, a German shepherd, a Persian cat, a turtle and two parakeets. "My earliest memories are of the beach," de Sousa says. "Our apartment was only a few blocks from it, and I lived for the sun and the sand. I became a good Carioca [citizen of Rio]."

The beaches of Rio are the home of the *culto do corpo* ("cult of the body"), where well-muscled men and buxom women in *fio dental* ("dental floss," or string bikinis) spend their lives worshiping bodies, primarily their own. "The Cariocas learn at an early age how to attract looks—what works and what doesn't," de Sousa says. "I've seen beautiful women in New York, London and other cities, but they don't know how to walk or hold themselves. They lack confidence in their bodies."

De Sousa had plenty of confidence. When she was 17 and a freshman communications student at a university in Rio, a friend asked her to pose for some photos. The pictures wound up at a publicity agency, and it wasn't long before de Sousa began doing TV ads and appearing regularly as a fashion model in Brazilian women's magazines. In 1976, the Brazilian *Vogue* named her the country's model of the year. "Then came Embratur, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Alden," she says. De Sousa's modeling career ended when she married. "I wanted to stop so I could devote myself to being a good wife and mother. It was time to change," she says. "I've led a very blessed life and done everything I've wanted. Good fortune just seemed to come my way, professionally as well as personally."

Now it is late in the afternoon, and the sun is setting behind the house in Rio. Alden, who normally works at home as a broker for loans between international banks and Third World countries, has gone into the city for a meeting. The Brewsters' daughters, Jordana, 8, and Isabella, 6, are back from the American School and are leafing through a tattered copy of SI with their mother on the cover. Jordana looks up from a two-page photo of her mother stretched out on a sand dune and asks, "Mommy, will you ever model again?"

Mrs. Alden Brewster smiles. She knows she could. Since the family moved from London to Rio two years ago, she has gotten back into the body cult. When the kids are off at school, she works out at an aerobics center and spends time improving her tan. She's slimmer than she was 10 years ago, and her sensuality has been refined by a touch of elegance. "If a good modeling offer came my way and the conditions were right, I would probably accept it," she says. "But I'm not going to go out looking for that to happen. Still, with my luck, it probably will, as it did with the cover. It's strange: I think or wish for something, and then it happens, like magic."

JORDANA AND ISABELLA PICK UP SOME SWIMSUIT POINTERS FROM THEIR MOM

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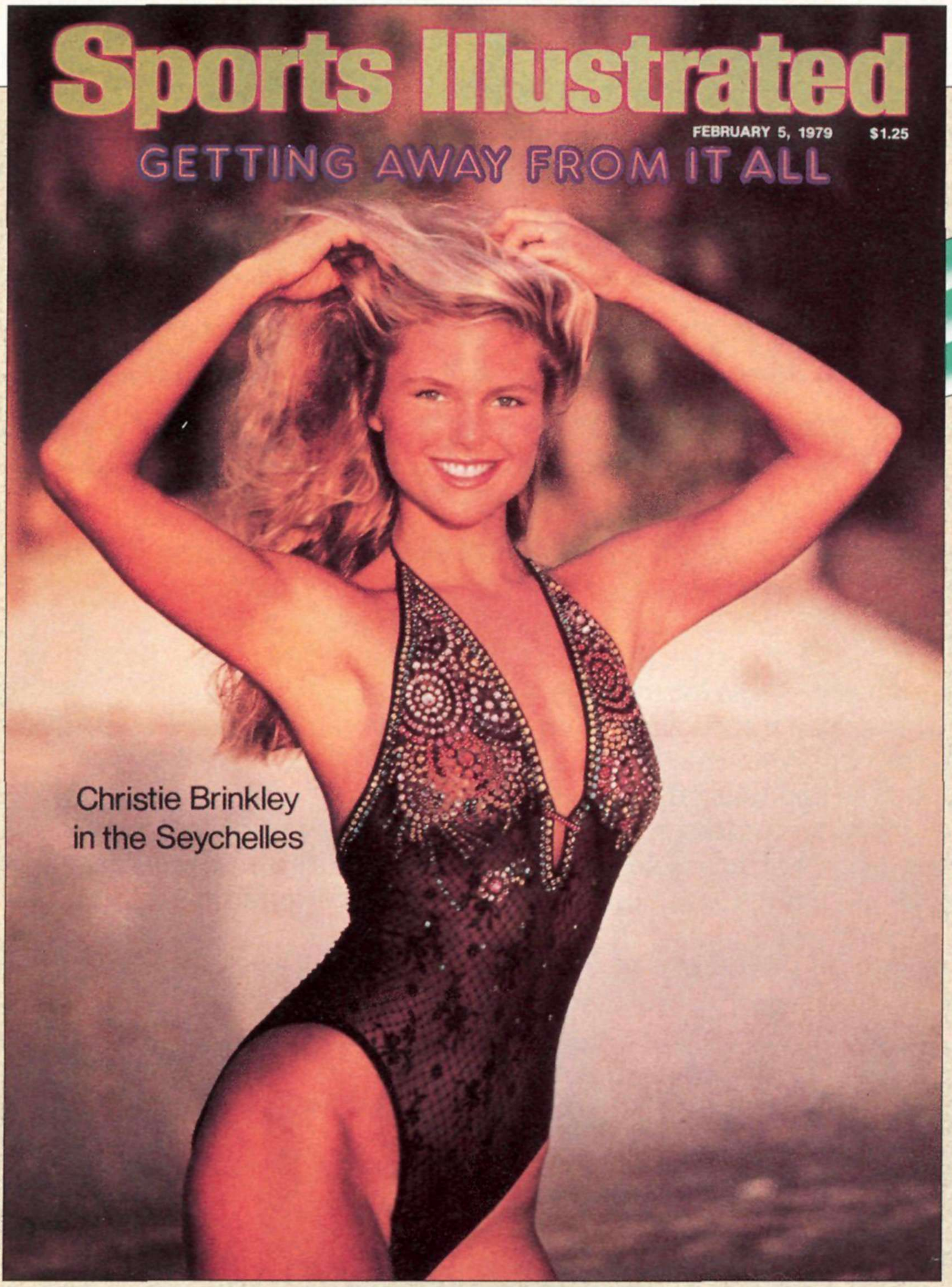

CHRISTIE BRINKLEY

1979

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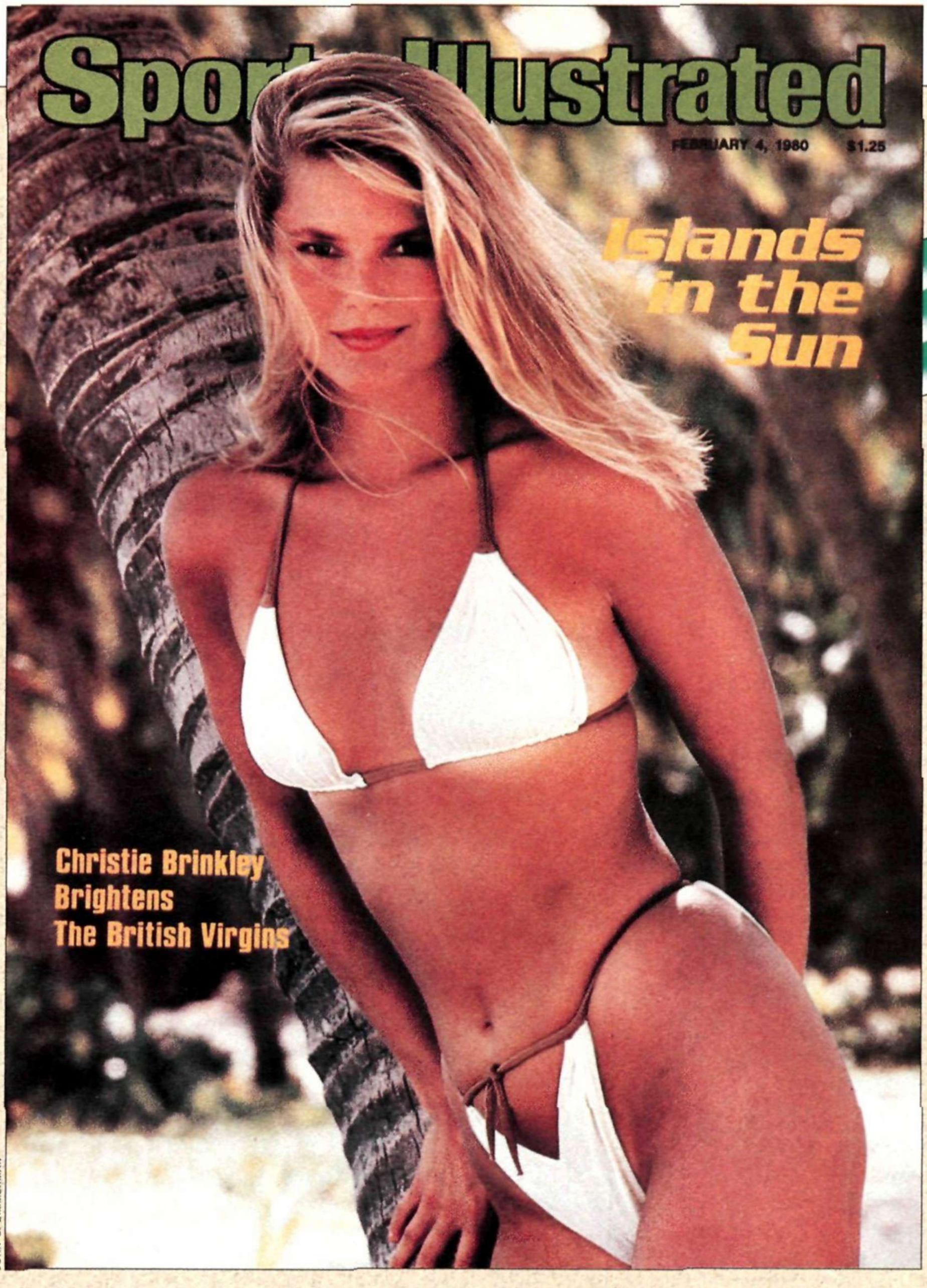
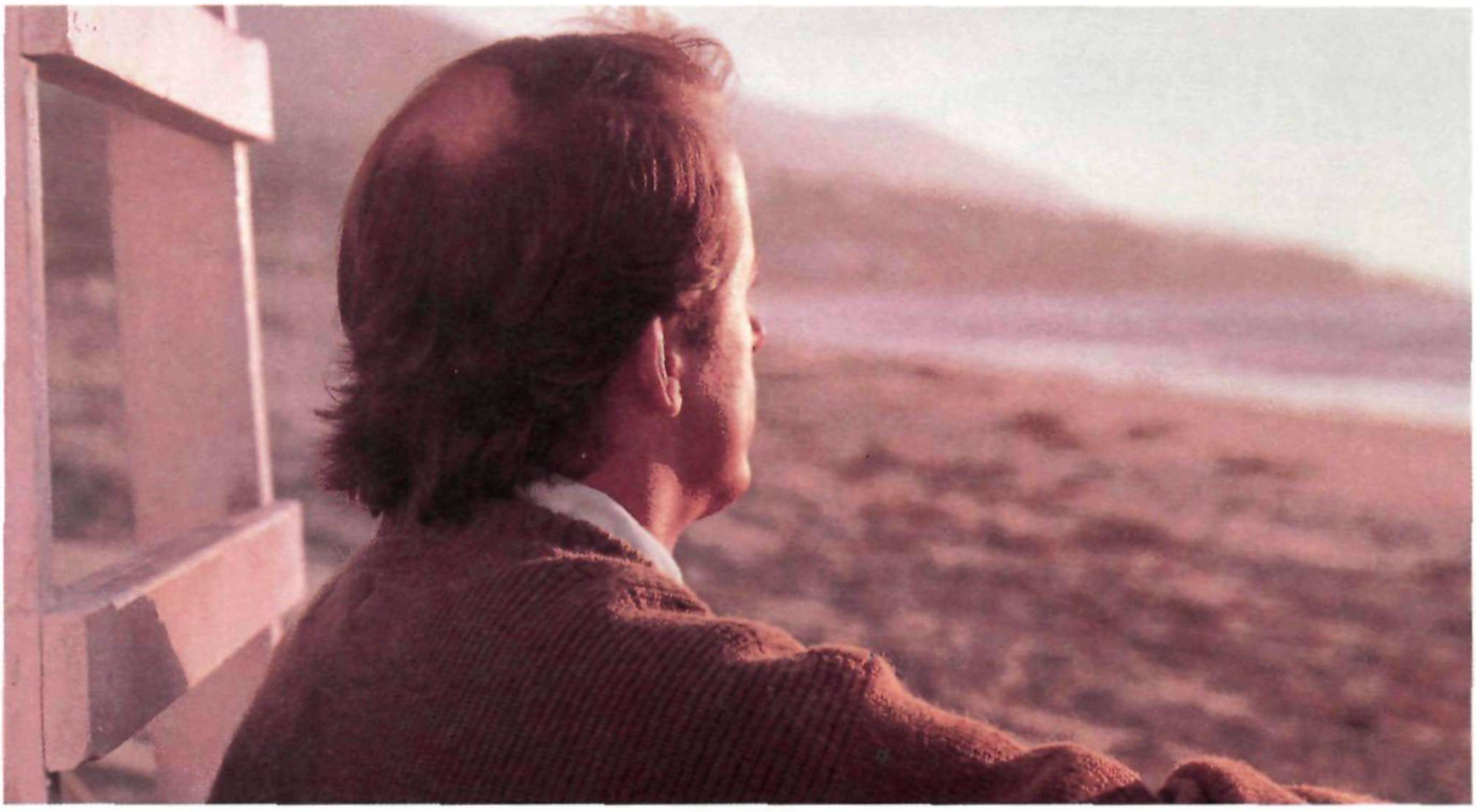


CHRISTIE BRINKLEY

1980

If you're concerned about hair loss...



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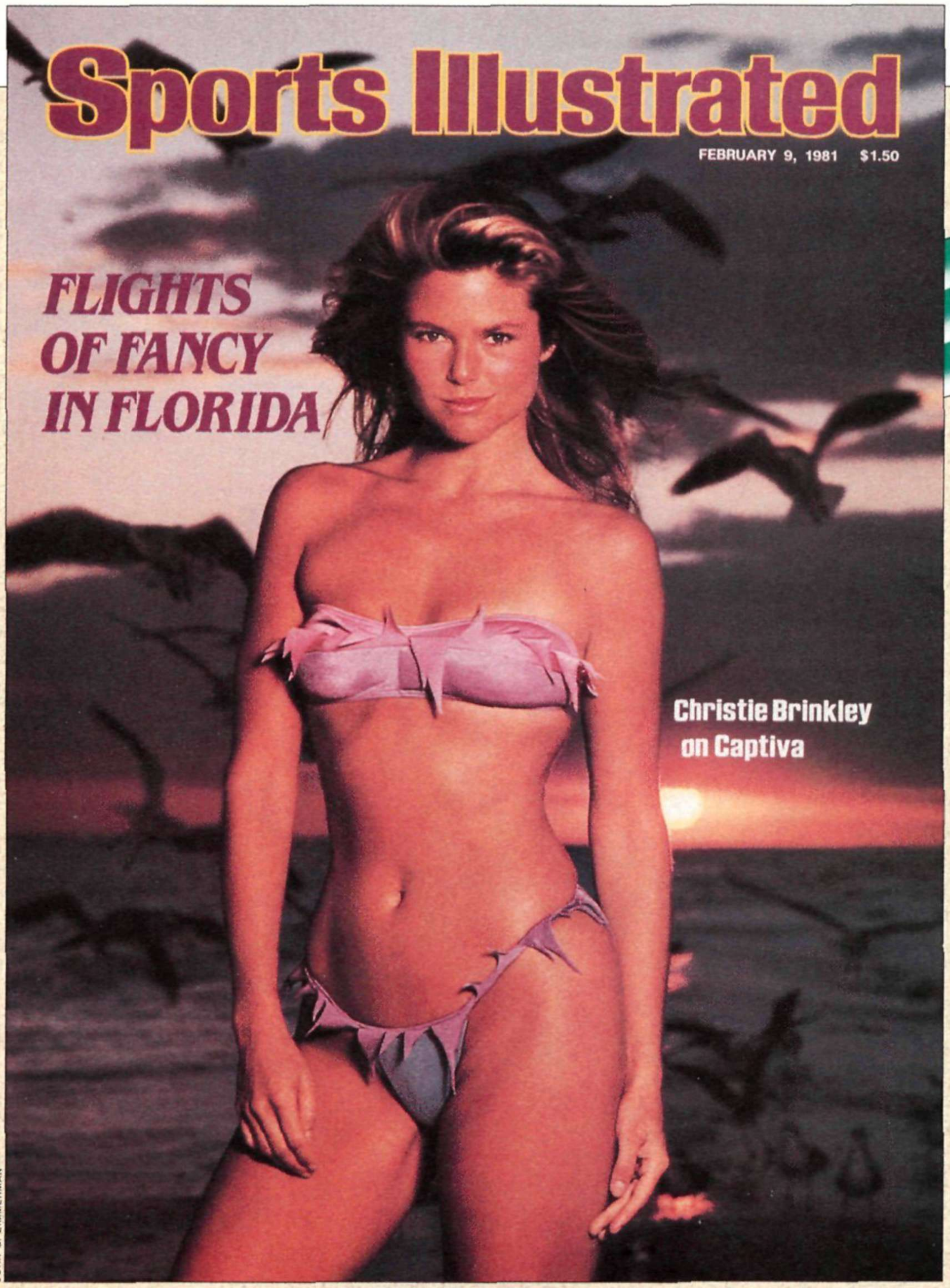


CHRISTIE BRINKLEY

1981

Rich and Famous

That's Christie Brinkley after three SI covers and marriage to singer Billy Joel ♦ by Bruce Newman

"OH, HELLO," SAYS CHRISTIE BRINKLEY, LOOKing up. "We were just talking about our roller coaster ride." This remark seems to puzzle Billy Joel, who has been edging slowly into the room. For a moment he looks as if he might try edging back out again. "Roller coaster?" he says.

"I wish we could have gone on it again," says Brinkley, turning to a visitor, who has been sitting at the other end of the sofa upon which she has curled herself up like a cat. "It was so exciting!"

This is a lie, of course, the kind of thing a wife says in front of her husband to remind him that she is perfectly capable of having adventures without him. The visitor, who took the ride with her, reminds her that when it was over and the safety bar that had held her in the roller coaster stuck for a moment, she began shrieking for someone to let her out. She then stated quite emphatically that she would sooner be found dead in a ditch than spend another second hurtling upside down at 55 mph.

"She's funny about stuff like that," says Joel. And with that he is gone, although not completely forgotten. A piano begins to play somewhere in the enormous duplex apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side where Joel and Brinkley live with their three-year-old daughter, Alexa Ray.

The excursion to the Knott's Berry Farm amusement park in Buena Park, Calif., was conducted for Alexa's benefit while Brinkley was on the West Coast modeling for photographer Bruce Weber. After Brinkley extracted herself from the roller coaster, Alexa wanted to know if her mother had seen her waving from the ground. The matter was of considerable importance to Alexa. Unlike most people, she does not flap her hand up and down when she waves but from side to side, in the manner of someone riding on a parade float. "Alexa has always waved like royalty," says Christie's mother, Marge Brinkley.

The last time Christie had visited Knott's Berry Farm she was the same age her daughter is now. And like Alexa, who refers to her grandmother as *grand-mère*, she lapsed into French whenever it suited her. Christie grew up in the exclusive California beach colony of Malibu. Her father, Don Brinkley, is a well-known television producer and writer. He wrote for such notable shows as *Perry Mason*, *Ben Casey*, *The Fugitive* and *The FBI*, and produced *Trapper John, M.D.*

Christie spent most of her days playing in one of the world's most expensive sandboxes, the empress of the beach coolly appraising the kingdom she would one day rule. "Even when she was a little girl, she always had a womanly body," says Marge. "And she was always singing French songs, even before she actually knew the right words. She always loved the idea of France for some reason. She even had a poster of Charles de Gaulle up in her playhouse." Charles de Gaulle?

After spending years in the thrall of those smoldering beagle eyes and basset ears, it was only natural that Brinkley would one day want to live in France and have a dog of her own. "I envisioned myself living in a garret in Paris, wearing a beret and being an artist," says Brinkley. In 1972, at age 18, she left California for France to enroll in art school, and she stayed in that country for 3½ years. She ended up getting the garret in Paris and the beret, and as for being an artist, she worked as an illustrator while in Paris. She was also married for seven years to French illustrator Jean-François Al-

APPEARING IN SI BROUGHT BRINKLEY, WHO WAS ALREADY AN ESTABLISHED MODEL, TO THE ATTENTION OF A WHOLE NEW SEGMENT OF THE POPULATION—MEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY HEISLER

laux. "We had to run down the street to the public bath if we wanted a shower," she says. "It was a very bohemian life."

Brinkley might have gone on to a life of painting clowns on black velvet if her dog hadn't died, thereby forcing her to become one of the most celebrated supermodels of the '70s and '80s. She had gone to a post office down the street to make a phone call (the garret didn't have a phone) after learning that her puppy, Lucky, had contracted distemper. "I had just been told by the vet to put my dog to sleep, and I was so sad I was walking with my head down," she says.

An American photographer saw Brinkley and asked her if she had ever done any modeling. She said no and told him to go away, but he persisted, giving her his address and phone number before leaving. "I told myself there was no way I was going to go to some stranger's address and let him take pictures of me," says Brinkley. "It was the farthest thing from my mind. But I had spent all my savings trying to get this dog healthy again, and I needed the cash."

The first agent to see her test shots booked her for a job in Morocco. "I always thought modeling was something you did if you couldn't do anything else," says Brinkley. "I discovered that it gave you great freedom." What she still wanted to do most was travel and paint, so on every trip she kept an elaborate journal that included detailed drawings of her surroundings.

"Once I was discovered," she says, "I did a couple of jobs, and that would be all the money I needed to go to Greece or Copenhagen, so I would pack up and leave for a week. I think the fact that I was gone so much created a demand for me.

"It took me a long time to accept that I was going to be a model," she continues. "I kept putting time limits on it. I told myself I would model for six months, earn a lot of money, then quit. When my agents wanted me to come to the U.S., my husband and I decided we would go just for three months, make as much money as we could, then come back to Paris."

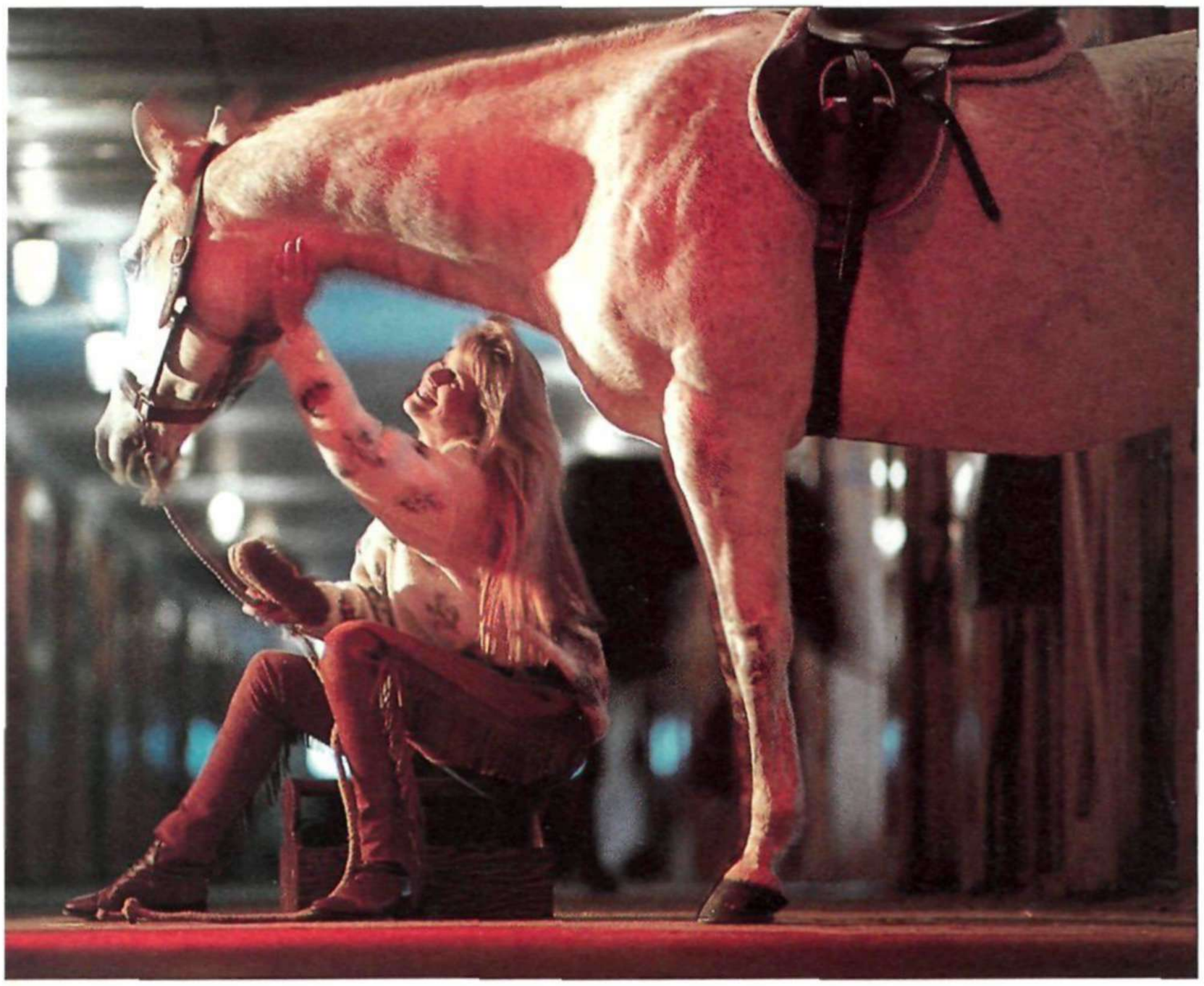
One of the first people she met on her return was SI's swimsuit editor Jule Campbell, who was in the office of Brinkley's agent in Los Angeles. Brinkley strode in wearing her beret on top of a mop of blonde curls. "In Paris they had decided that curly hair was going to be the rage," says Brinkley. "So in Cancún [in 1975, the first year she was in SI], I had this mess of a perm and, of course, the chubby cheeks."

Brinkley would eventually appear in six swimsuit issues and become the first model to have three consecutive covers (from 1979 to '81). "The first year with SI I was so chubby, and I dreaded doing bathing suits because they have no pockets," she says. "I didn't know what to do with my hands, so I was constantly squirming. It ended up being kind of funny because Jule was telling people, 'Look how she moves!' and all I was doing was trying to find a place to stick my hands."

One year she was photographed dangling 40 feet in the air from the spinnaker of a sailboat and skin-diving 35 feet underwater. "You don't get to do that if you're wearing high heels," she says. "There was a lot less cheesecake in SI then than there is now. A high percentage of the poses we did were quite athletic. I remember at the end of the day being really tired."

After her second SI cover, Brinkley, who by then was one of the top fashion models in the world, noticed that people began to treat her less like a mannequin and more like a movie star. "Being on the cover of SI puts a name to your face," she says. "Besides that, it introduces you to a whole segment of the population that doesn't pay much attention to women's magazines, so right away the SI cover doubles your recognition."

Brinkley, who is an avid photographer, got to meet some of her newfound fans in 1980, when Don King Productions assigned her to photograph the second Sugar Ray Leonard–Roberto Duran fight. Before the bout Duran invited her to watch him work out in a penitentiary near his camp in New Orleans. While she was shooting Duran, she was being photographed by *Elle* magazine, which sent her into the cellblock wearing a pair of gold lamé



BRINKLEY FINDS TIME FOR SOME HORSEPLAY AT A STABLE ON LONG ISLAND

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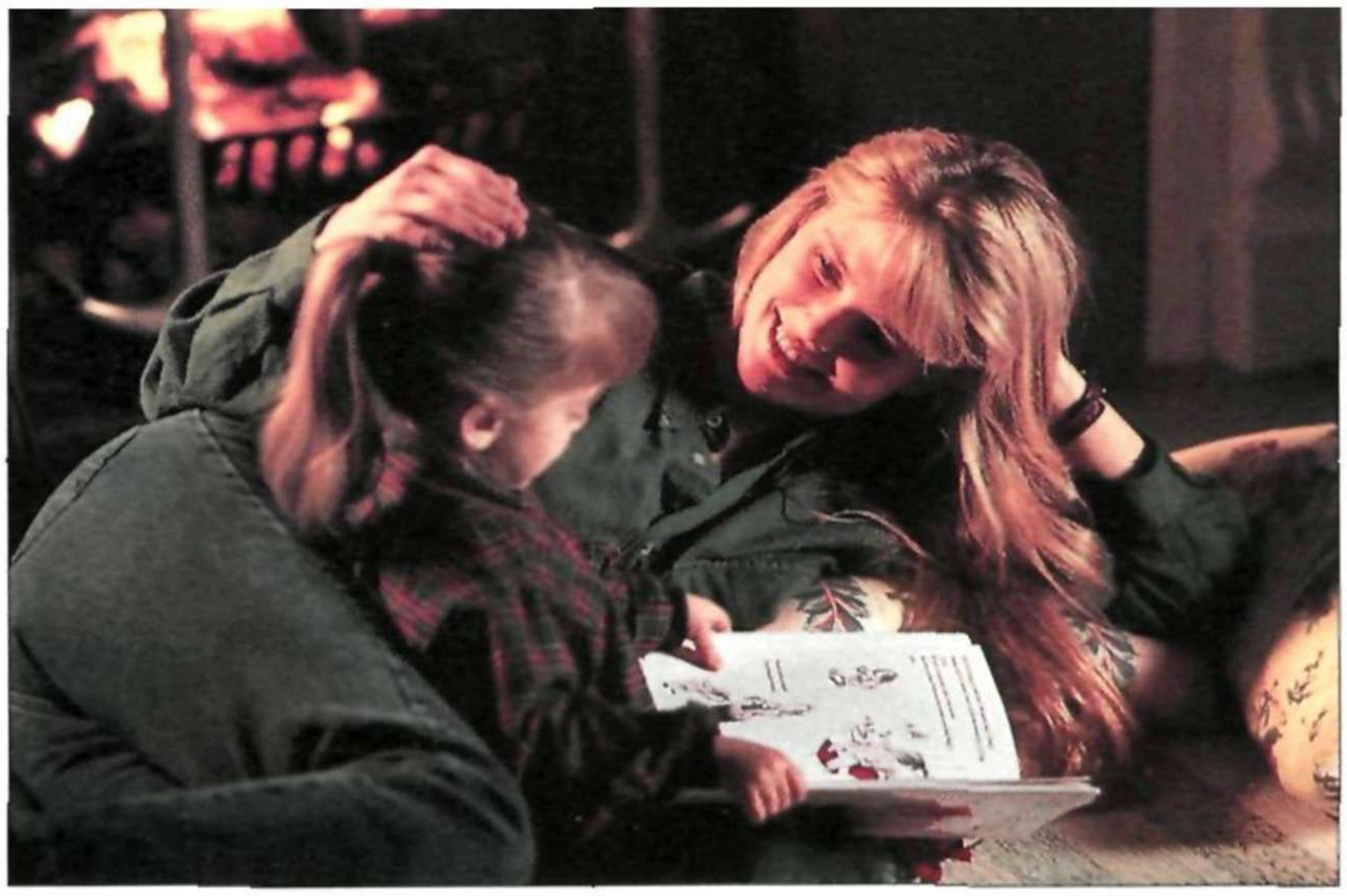
BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.

hot pants. This is what's known as taking a fashion *risk*.

Her interest in boxing started with Muhammad Ali, who got her a ringside ticket for his fight with Larry Holmes in 1980. "I was in tears when the fight ended," she says. "It was such an emotional experience. I was so devastated that Ali lost. When he took that first punch, he was stunned, and he knew from that moment on that he was never going to be as great as he had been."

Brinkley spent several years trying to learn how to photograph boxing, and she frequently found herself attracting as much attention as the fights she was covering. "I could never really be invisible the way a photographer should be," says Brinkley.

Of course, if you have one of the most famous faces in America, marrying Billy Joel isn't exactly the way to go about lowering your profile. Brinkley and Joel met at a restaurant on the Caribbean island of Saint Barthélemy, popularly known as St. Barts, in 1983. Though he was playing a piano when she first encountered him, she did not recognize him until he introduced himself. Even then, she told him she could never take anybody with the name Billy seriously, which is why to this day she calls him Joe.



ONCE QUEEN OF THE BEACHES, BRINKLEY IS NOW QUEEN MOTHER TO ALEXA

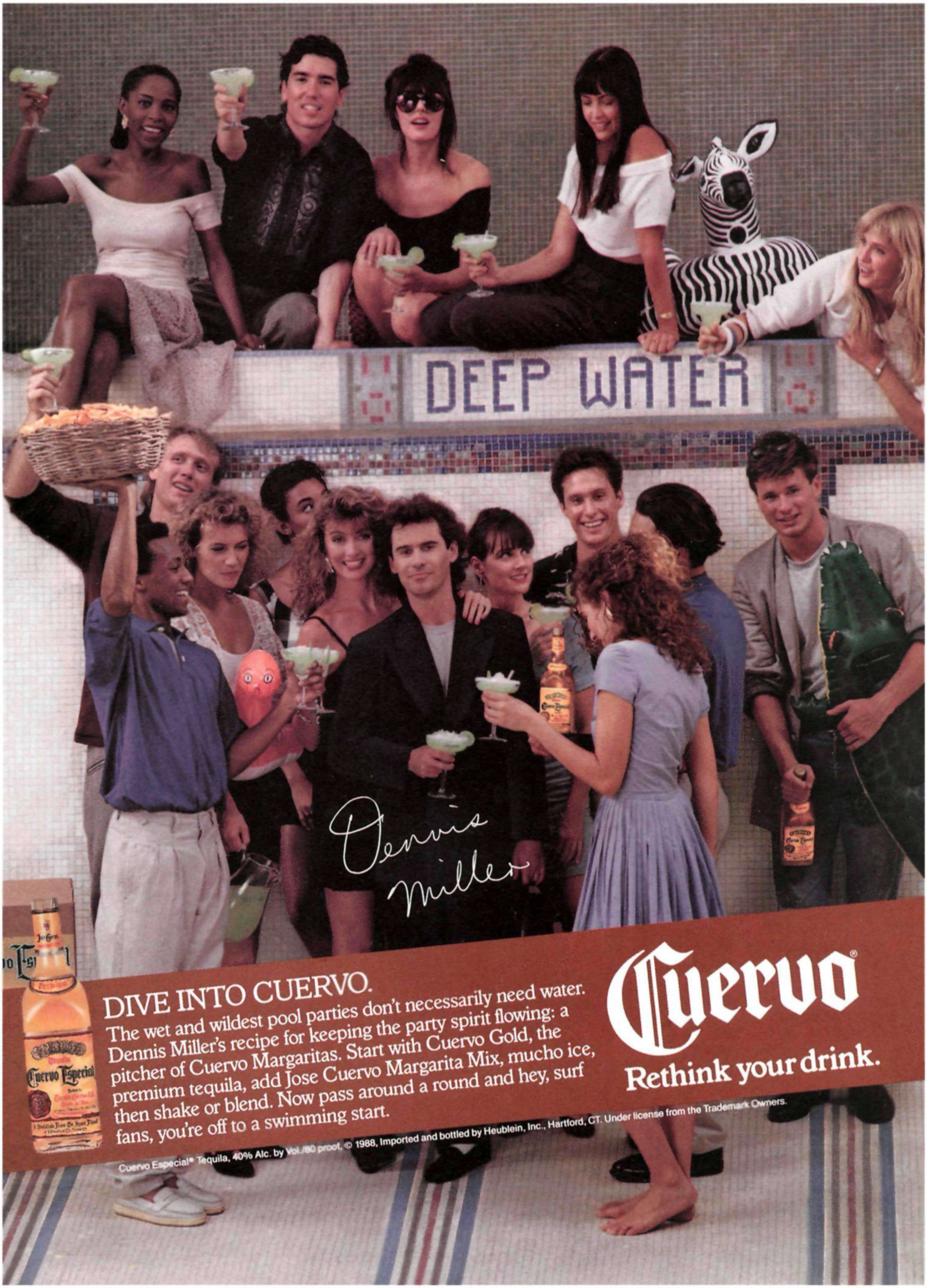
She met Joel shortly after breaking up with Olivier Chandon, the Moët & Chandon champagne heir and a race-car driver, whom someone once described as "the sort of European playboy they invented for American cover girls." Chandon was killed soon afterward, when he lost control of his car in a practice run and plunged into a canal. Within months Brinkley and Joel were such a hot topic in the gossip columns that they began to sign hotel registers under the *noms de plage* Rocky and Sandy Shore. "I had no idea what I was getting into," she says. "People who may have seen us on the street and gone 'Nah, it's not her,' or 'Nah, it's not him,' would see us together and say, 'It's them!' "

Brinkley and Joel were married in 1985. Their first home together was at the water's edge on Long Island, but they were pursued so relentlessly by curiosity-seekers, who sometimes came ashore in boats, that they moved inland. "People think that because you do a job that's public, you become public property," says Brinkley. "When you start to get famous, you need a backyard, a place where you can get away from it all. I told Joe one day that the second-worst thing I could think of would be to be famous and poor, because then you couldn't escape to some island."

SINCE MARRYING JOEL, BRINKLEY HAS AT TIMES FELT LIKE "PUBLIC PROPERTY"

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

Brinkley was once queen of all the islands, sovereign to a vast archipelago that stretched from the Seychelles (the '79 cover) to the British Virgin Islands ('80)—an empire upon which it seemed the sun never set. But the sun has a way of going down, and the world goes around, and one day you find yourself hanging upside down in midair like a bat, and *that* is when it happens. You look down at the ground and standing there is your daughter—not yet three—waving to you in the dignified manner of royalty. That is when you realize you have become the Queen Mother.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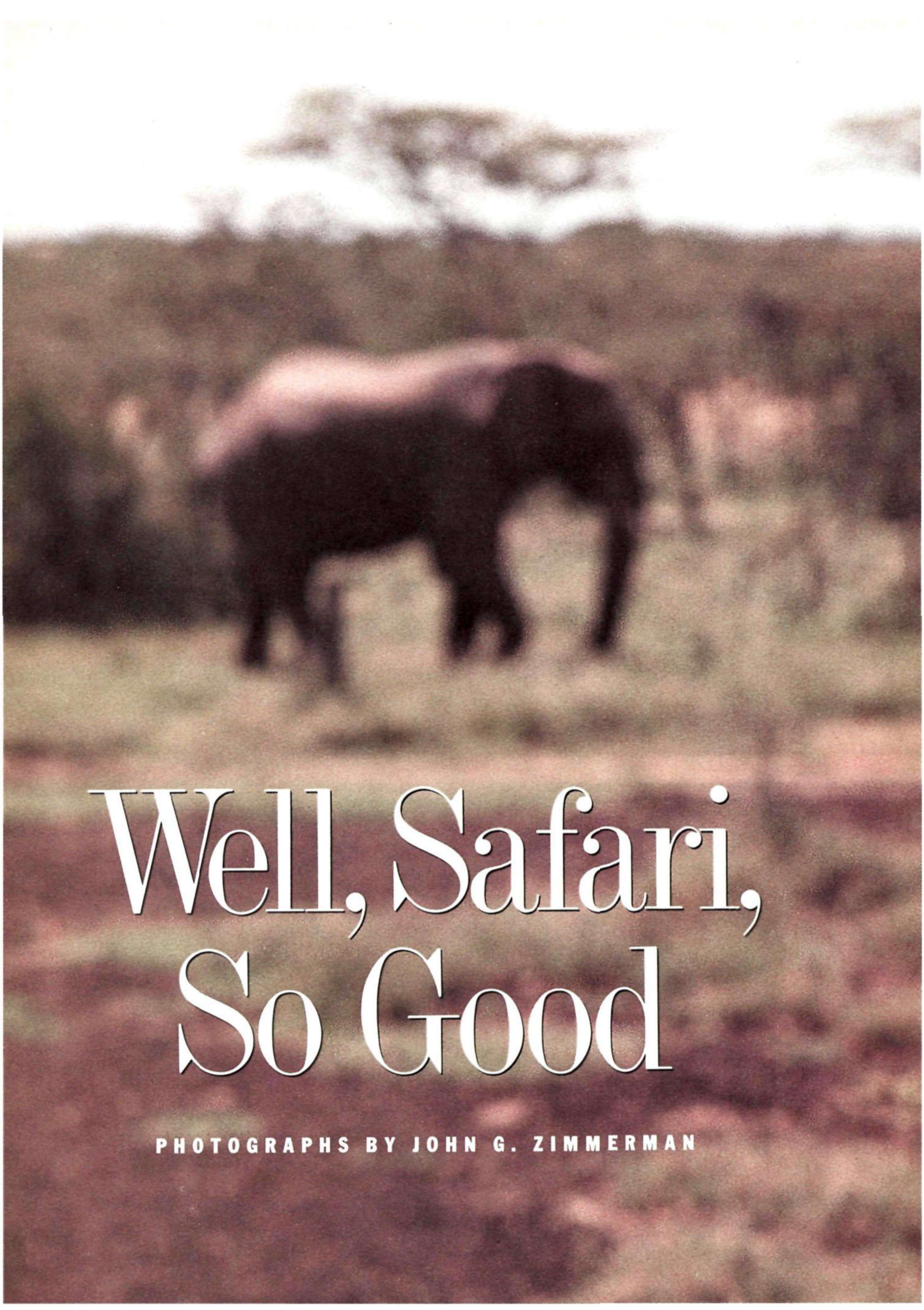
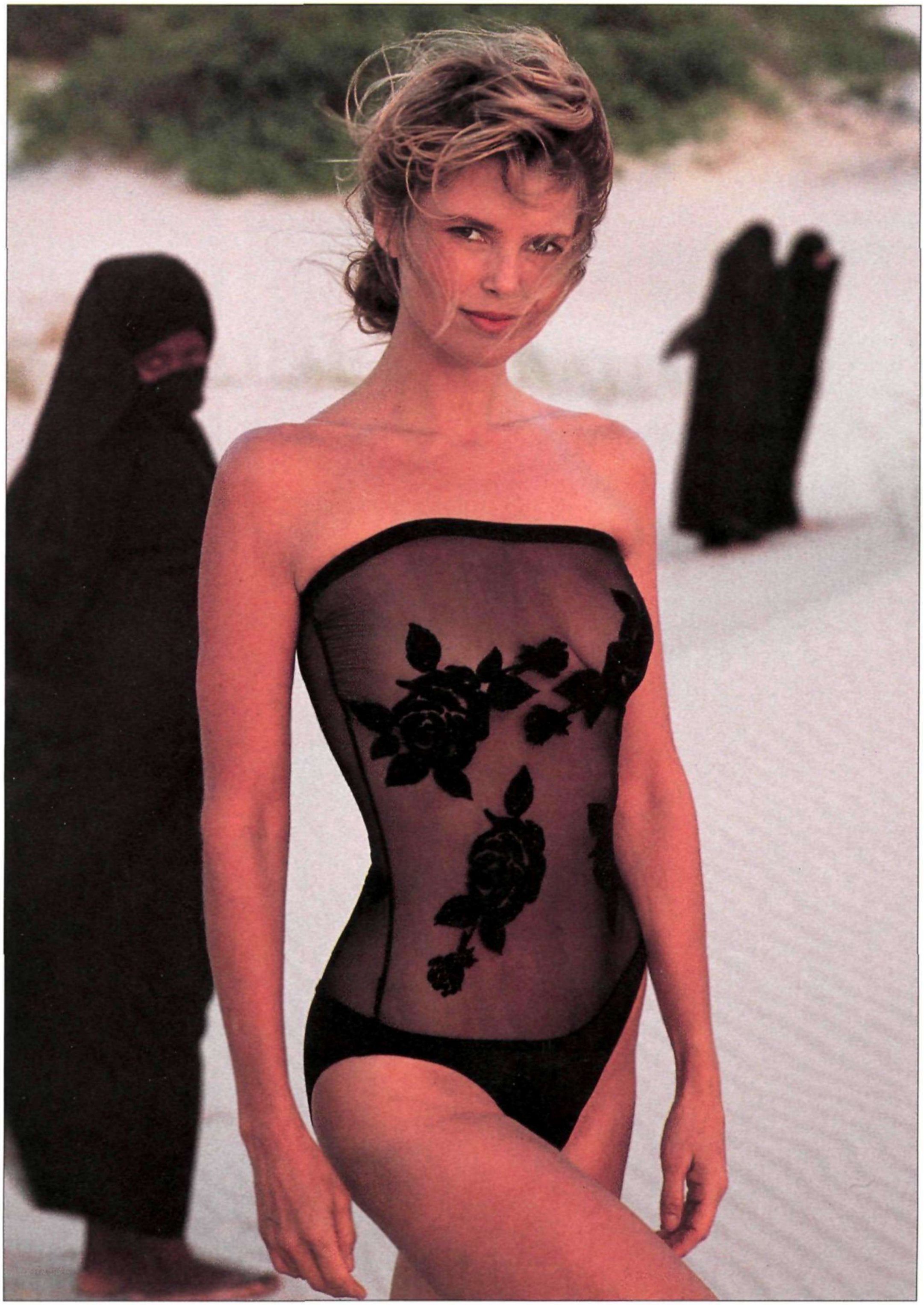


Well, Safari, So Good

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

THE TRIP TO A GAME
PRESERVE IN KENYA IS SO MUCH
FUN WILD ELEPHANTS COULDN'T
BRINKLEY
ARING SHORTS
PUBLIC ($34)

CHRISTIE DRIFTS ABOARD A DHOW OFF KENYA'S MANDA ISLAND IN A BIKINI BY DARLING RIO ($45). AT RIGHT, HER GOTTEX SUIT ($84) IS A REAL EYE-CATCHER



ON MANDA, CHRISTIE EXERCISES IN TIGHTS BY TYR SPORT ($80), WHILE DAUGHTER ALEXA, 3, GOES FOR MINIMAL COVERAGE. A BANDEAU SUIT BY MONIKA TILLEY ($50) *SHOWS CHRISTIE'S* IN FINE FORM

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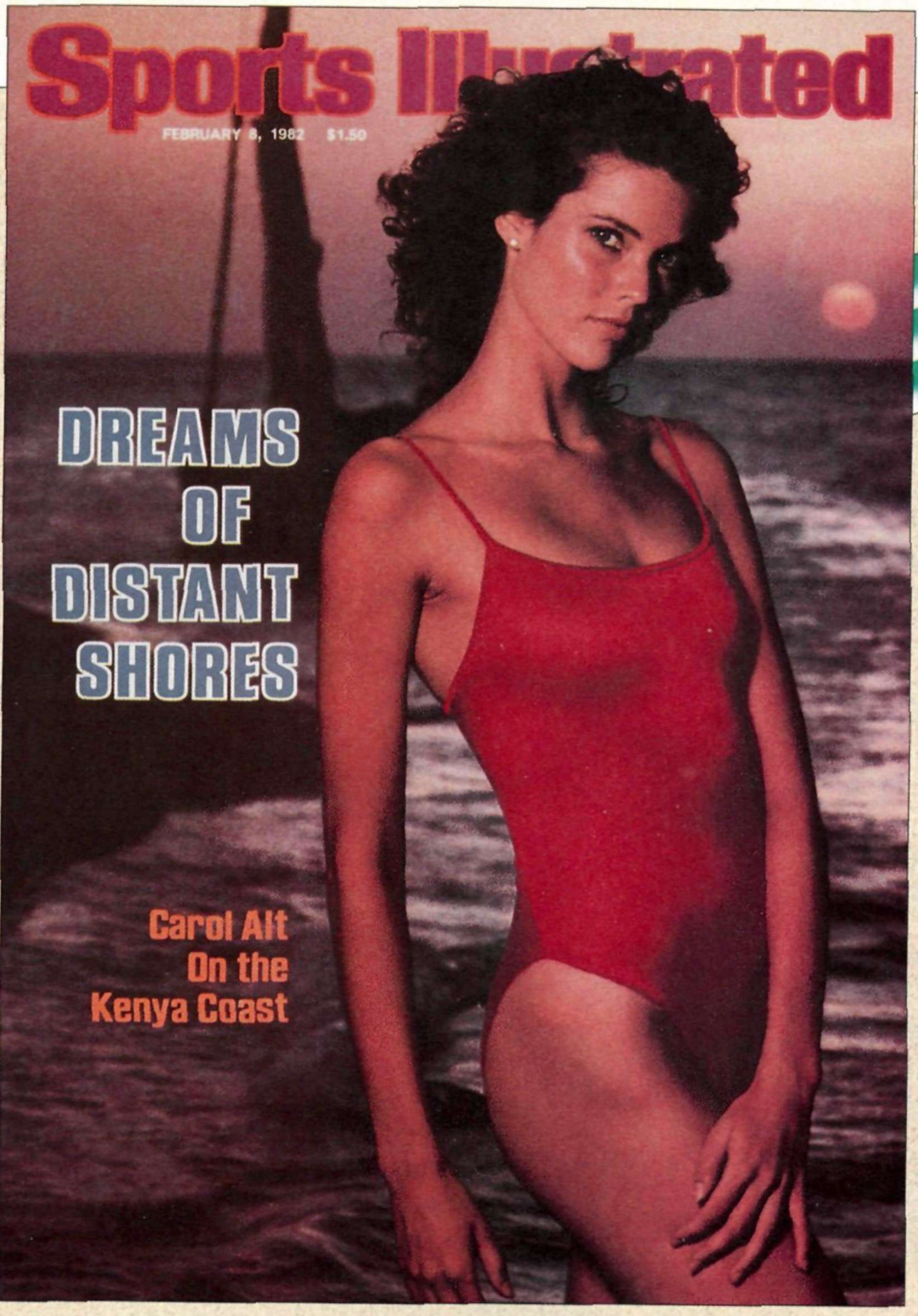
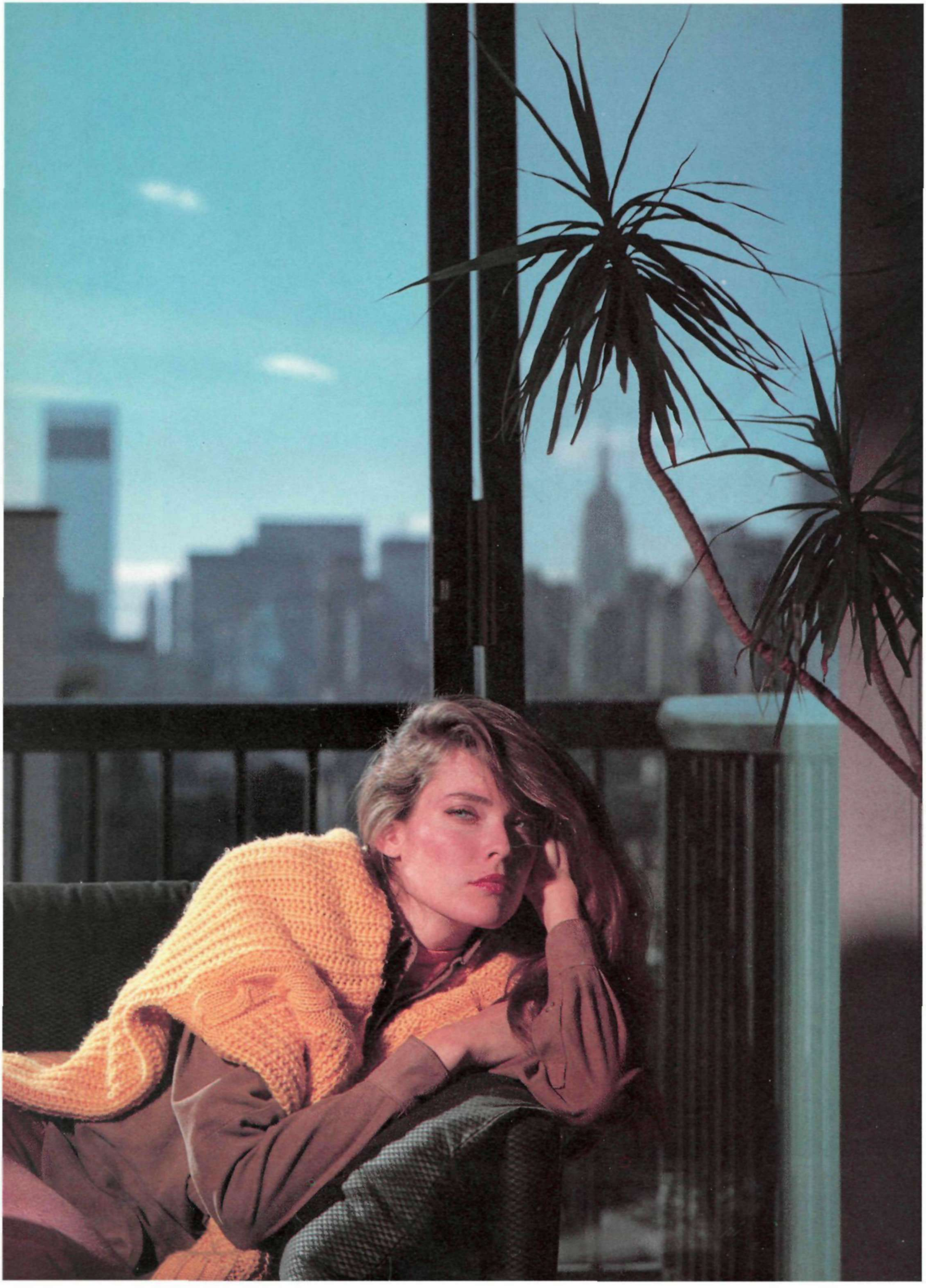


CAROL ALT

1982



Waiting for The Call

Carol Alt is tired of being just a pretty face. She wants to be a movie star ♦ by Austin Murphy

AZURE-EYED CAROL ALT, BESIDE WHOM Helen of Troy might look unkempt, is arguing heatedly in defense of . . . rats. Not all rats, mind you. Only the ones with which she posed on the cover of the May 1988 issue of *Spy* magazine, for a story on New York City's rat woes. The cover depicts a squeamish Alt plucking a handbag-sized rodent from her right calf as another furry fellow begins an ascent of her finely turned left ankle.

They were just stuffed rats, right, Carol? Please tell us you didn't let real rats come in contact with your elegant self. Please.

"Of *course* I did," says Alt in a don't-be-silly tone. "It's not like they were sewer rats. They were domesticated, like hamsters. They were beautiful, until we put oil on them to make them look gross."

After all, what are a couple of rodents to Alt? This is a woman who fearlessly negotiates the aisles of boisterous Madison Square Garden during New York Ranger games, while her defenseman-husband, Ron Greschner, tries to keep the crease clear for the home team. Alt, afraid? Let it be noted that on that fateful night in 1982 when their courtship first flowered, it was Alt who offered to buy Greschner a drink, not the other way around.

This morning, Alt has just returned home from an appearance on *Live: Regis and Kathie Lee*, a syndicated TV talk show. She is fidgeting like a Huck Finn in Sunday school clothes. "Would you excuse me for a moment?" asks Alt, who has appeared on the covers of almost 600 magazines, modeling some of the world's most glamorous clothing. "I'd be a lot more comfortable in sweats." She emerges moments later. Gone is the khaki miniskirt that had showcased her legs to such fabulous effect. In its place are sweatpants that showcase her legs to fabulous effect.

The subject on *Live* had been "million-dollar models." Alt, who commands something more than $5,000 a day for posing, was flattered to have been invited, even though, she says, "I haven't modeled seriously in two years." In that time, Alt has intensely pursued her *new* career. Take a wild guess—is it 1) missionary work in Guyana, 2) neurosurgery or 3) acting?

If you lived in Italy, you wouldn't puzzle long over that choice. There Alt is a big movie star. Over the past two years, she has made six feature films. In 1987, *My First 40 Years*, in which she starred with Elliott Gould, was one of the highest grossing films in Italy. (O.K., so Alt recites her lines in English, and then they're dubbed by someone else in Italian.) The movies never make it to the States.

Her spaghetti phase is now over. Having decided to sink or swim in the U.S., Alt has turned down several offers from Italian filmmakers since returning from work on her most recent movie, *Mortacci*, in which she starred with Malcolm McDowell. So far, American casting directors have not beaten a path to her apartment on New York's Upper East Side. She's a model, they figure, and models aren't supposed to be able to act.

During a recent interview at a New York casting agency, Alt was told she would have to do lots of bit parts before she could hope to land a major role. She bristles when she thinks of that conversation. "I was so polite. I said, 'Yes, yes, I don't care if I have to do 100 bit parts,' but the truth is I do care. I carried six major films—don't they realize that?"

If movie work is scarce at first, Alt is prepared to return to modeling now and then "to pay the bills." Act-

BECAUSE AMERICAN DIRECTORS THINK OF ALT AS A MODEL, THEY HAVEN'T BEATEN A PATH TO HER DOOR, THOUGH SHE HAS MADE SIX MOVIES IN EUROPE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY HEISLER

ing is a risk, and she wouldn't have it any other way. "I've never lived my life safe," she says. "If I don't take risks, I don't have the adrenaline flowing."

"Give her time," says Alt's manager, Steve Gutstein. "The qualities that made people take to her in Italy will make them take to her here. She's got the acting ability, she's obviously got the looks—on the screen you can't take your eyes off her. She's in great shape. No one will outwork her. And she wants it badly. A coach's dream."

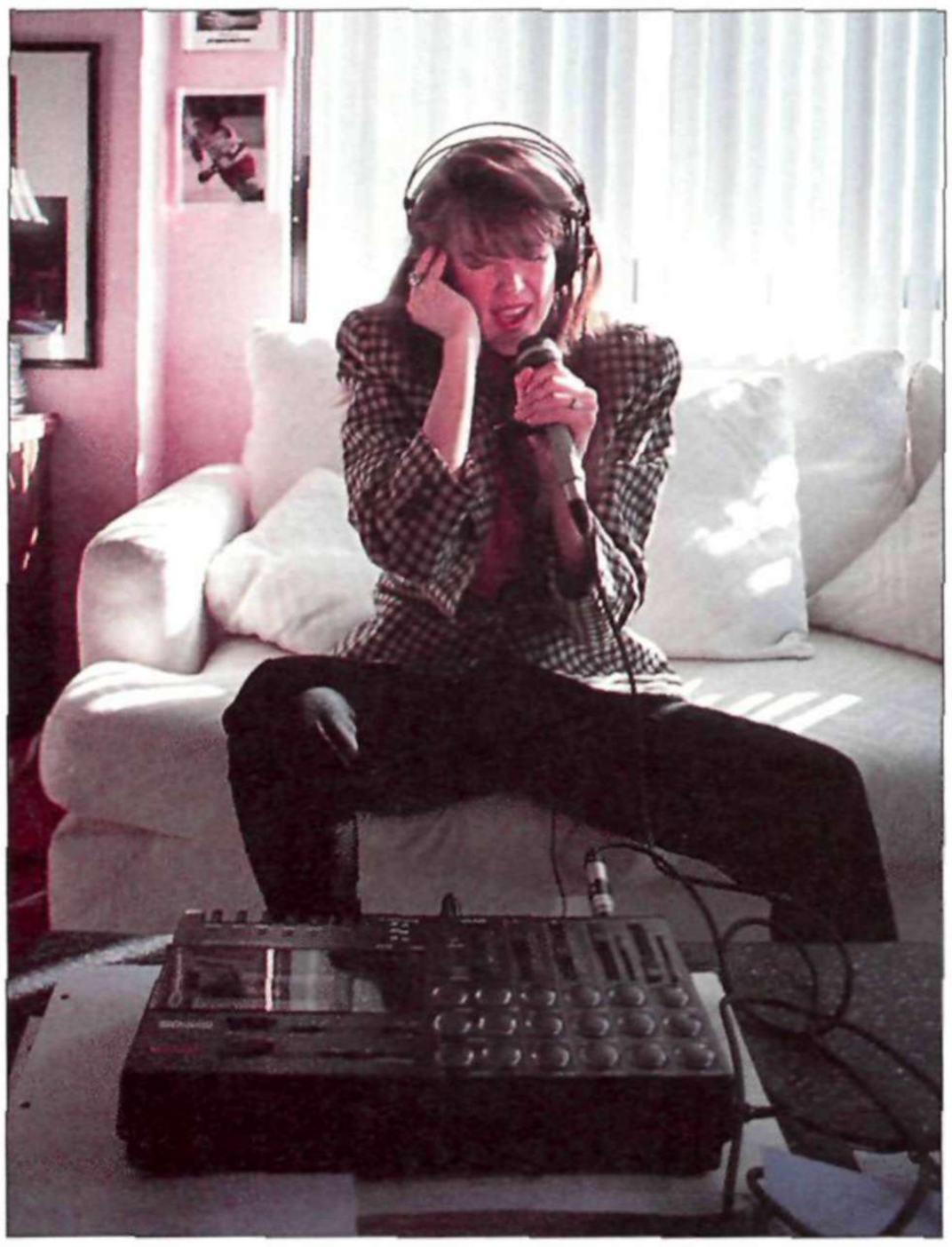
As that analogy suggests, Gutstein is also a sports agent; indeed, he represents Greschner. Today Gutstein's pulling out what little of his hair remains, because tonight the Rangers will attempt to extend a four-game winning streak at the Garden. The phone keeps ringing. Long-lost friends are checking in: "Oh, and by the way, have you got any extra tickets?"

The Rangers are off to one of their best starts ever. "Can you believe Beezer?" says Alt, referring to Ranger goalie John Vanbiesbrouck's extraordinary comeback from wrist surgery. "He wasn't supposed to play until December, and he started at the beginning of the season. And the guys are scoring goals all of a sudden. They won 8–2 the other night!"

It was Alt's acting ability that got Greschner to a chiropractor over the summer, which helped get him back on the ice for a 15th season. Greschner played 51 games last season with a sore shoulder, and just how sore the public never knew. His shoulder continued to bother him, but Alt's attempts to get him to see a chiropractor were unavailing until, as she says, "I reverse-psychologied him."

One day Alt went to a chiropractor because her back was bothering her, and when she got home said, "Geez, I feel the best I've ever felt. I feel great!" This went on for days, until Greschner asked meekly, "Think I could go see the chiropractor?" After getting himself realigned and having his right biceps stretched—atrophy had set in as a result of his shoulder injury—Greschner found he could work out without pain.

"He's in the best shape of his career," exults Alt. "He's laughing out on the ice. No one can get around him." While that might be a slight exaggeration, it's safe to say that Greschner is a leader and a key player in what, when its members are healthy, is the NHL's best defensive corps.



ALT, HERE USING A FOUR-TRACK TAPE SYSTEM TO PRACTICE SINGING, HAS TAKEN ACTING, MUSIC AND DANCING

He and Alt met in 1982, just a month after she appeared on the cover of SI's swimsuit issue. Because of her ability to convey so many looks and moods—pouting, tempting, introspective, victimized by a rat attack—she has been one of the most-sought-after cover girls of this decade.

"I'm like a chameleon," she says. "What I do is create a scene and a character in my head. That's how I can look so different in so many different pictures."

In 1986, when Italian director Carlo Vanzina sought a leading lady for his film *Via Montenapoleone*, he brought a stack of photos to an agent. Each, he thought, could be his star. Virtually all the photos were of Alt.

After Alt agreed to take the part, show-biz types tried to scare her with talk of the hours she would have to work. A waste of breath. A week into the shooting, having worked a series of 14- and 16-hour days, Alt asked the crew, "Aren't you tired?"

"Yes!" they replied.

"Then why didn't you say something?"

"We were waiting for *you* to say something," they said.

To Alt, it isn't work if she enjoys what she's doing. Of the 149 scenes in *My First 40 Years*, she appears in 146. As a high school senior in East Williston, N.Y., she had a 98 average, played three sports and edited the yearbook, but was denied an ROTC scholarship to college for being insufficiently "well-rounded"—the first and last time she has been accused of that, we trust. After getting straight A's in her freshman year at Hofstra University in Hempstead, N.Y., she was awarded the scholarship but chucked it to pursue modeling.

Alt's acting itch was triggered when she made her first TV commercial in 1980. "I had butterflies the first time I went on the set, something I hadn't felt in modeling in a long time," she says. In 1985 she played Ursala, the blonde bombshell, in a Bob Fosse–supervised revival of *Sweet Charity* in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Alt had just 20 lines, but the West Coast critics were nonetheless unkind. "They zapped me," she says, smiling. "But I knew I was going out on a limb."

That's where Alt finds herself today. But, as Gutstein would say, she looks good out there.

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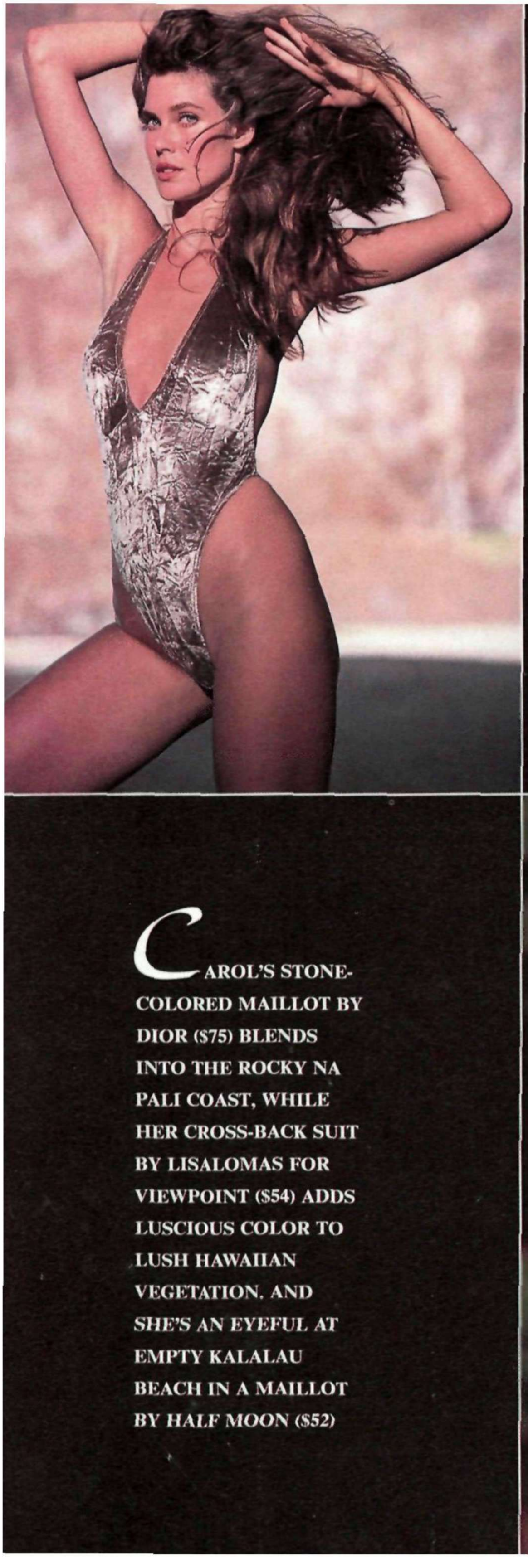
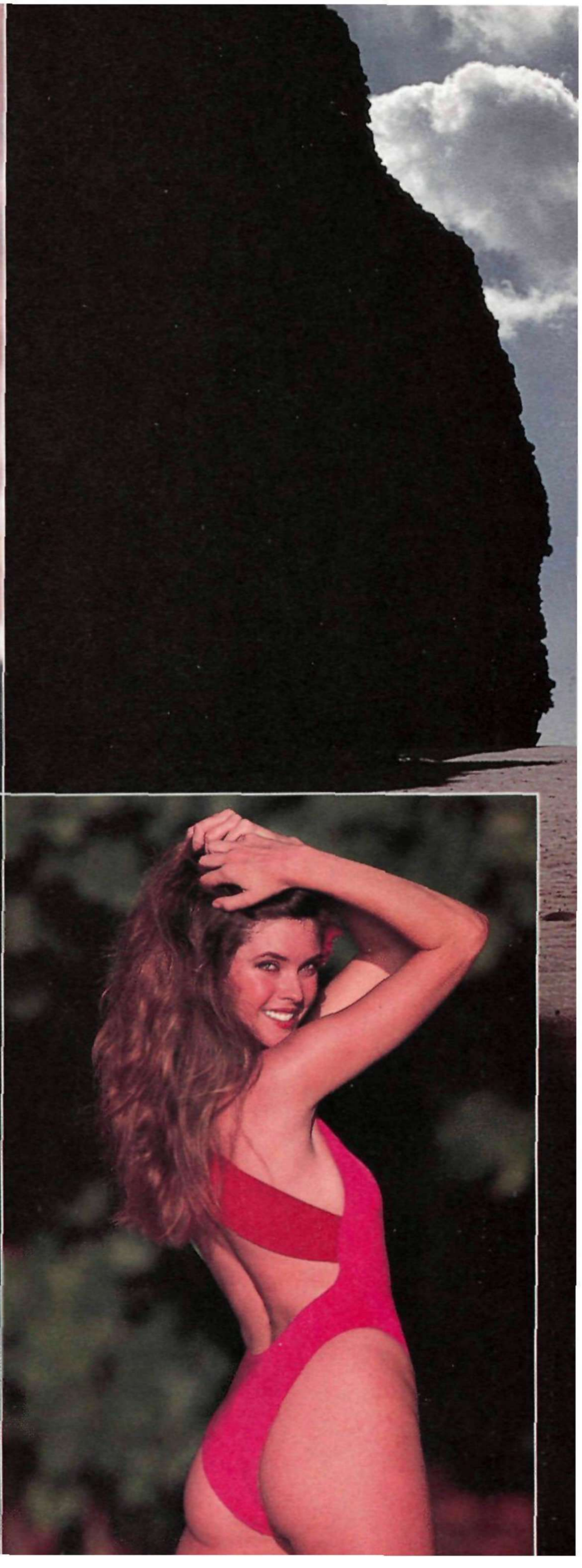
The Queen Of Kauai

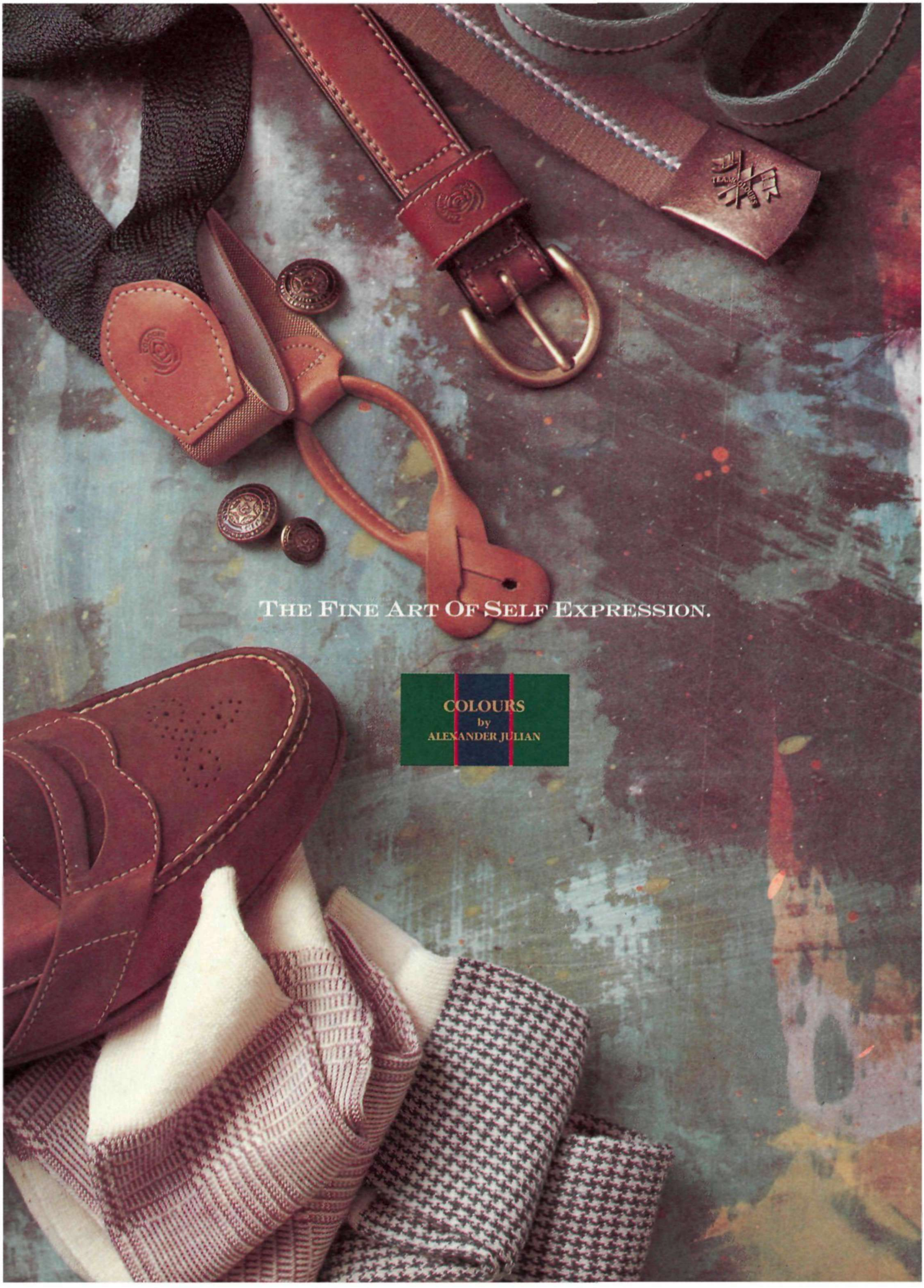
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.

LEAPIN' LIZARDS, HERE'S CAROL ALT RECLINING IN A FRESHWATER POOL AMID THE LAVA ROCKS ON THE NORTH SHORE OF KAUAI, THE EDEN OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS. HER SUIT WITH REPTILIAN MOTIF IS FROM GOTTEX ($66)





CAROL'S STONE-COLORED MAILLOT BY DIOR ($75) BLENDS INTO THE ROCKY NA PALI COAST, WHILE HER CROSS-BACK SUIT BY LISALOMAS FOR VIEWPOINT ($54) ADDS LUSCIOUS COLOR TO LUSH HAWAIIAN VEGETATION, AND SHE'S AN EYEFUL AT EMPTY KALALAU BEACH IN A MAILLOT BY HALF MOON ($52)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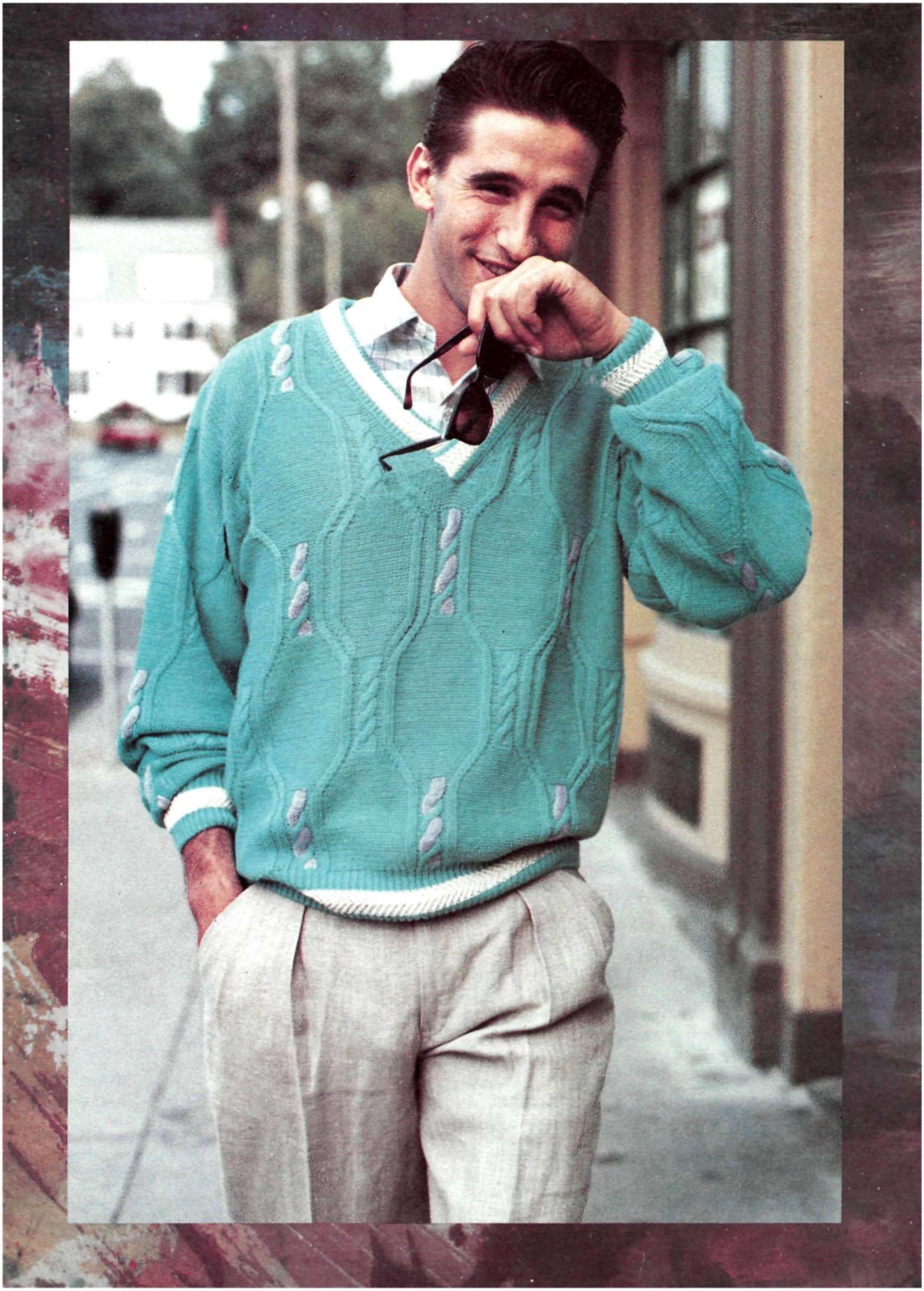

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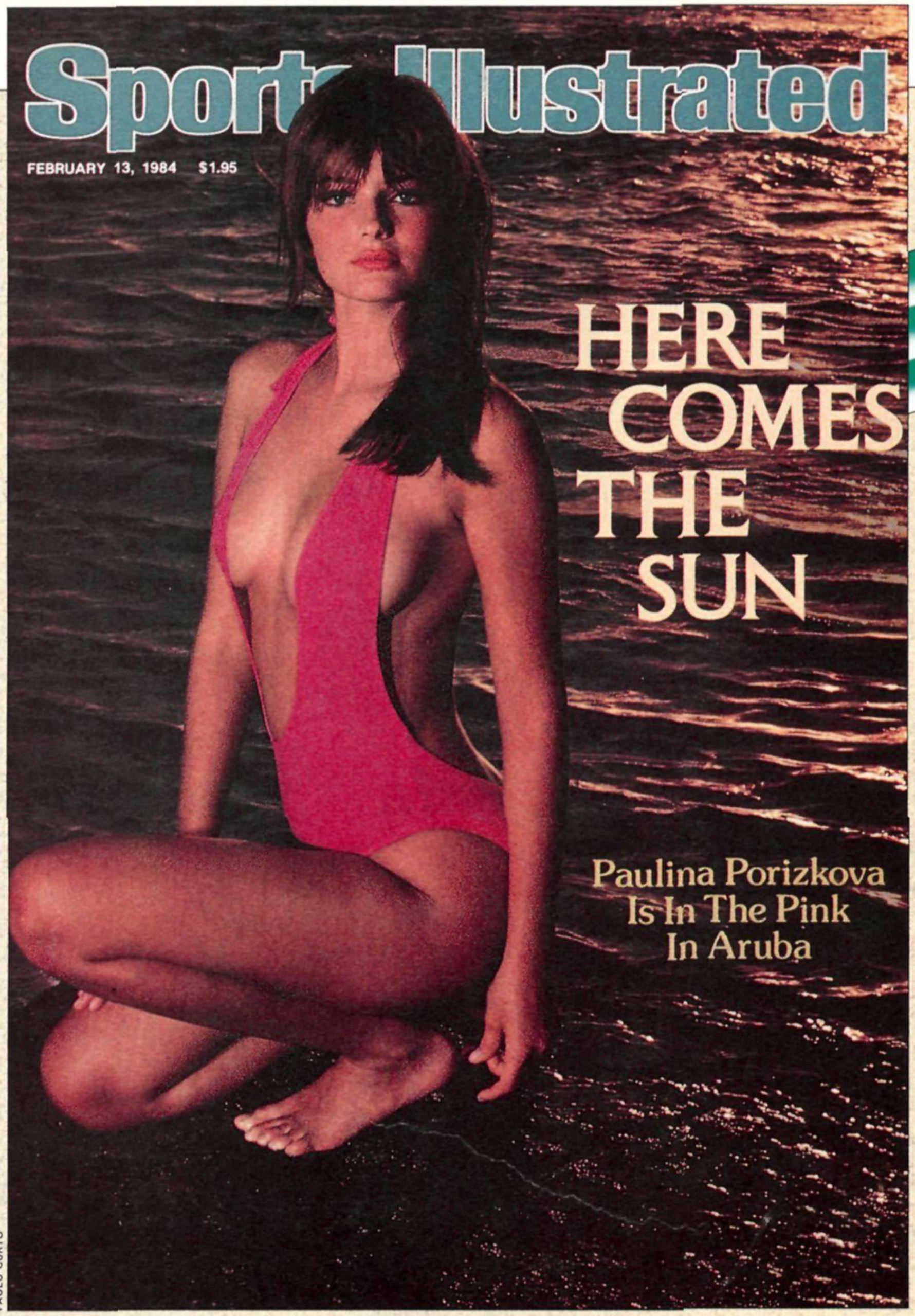

PAULINA PORIZKOVA

1984

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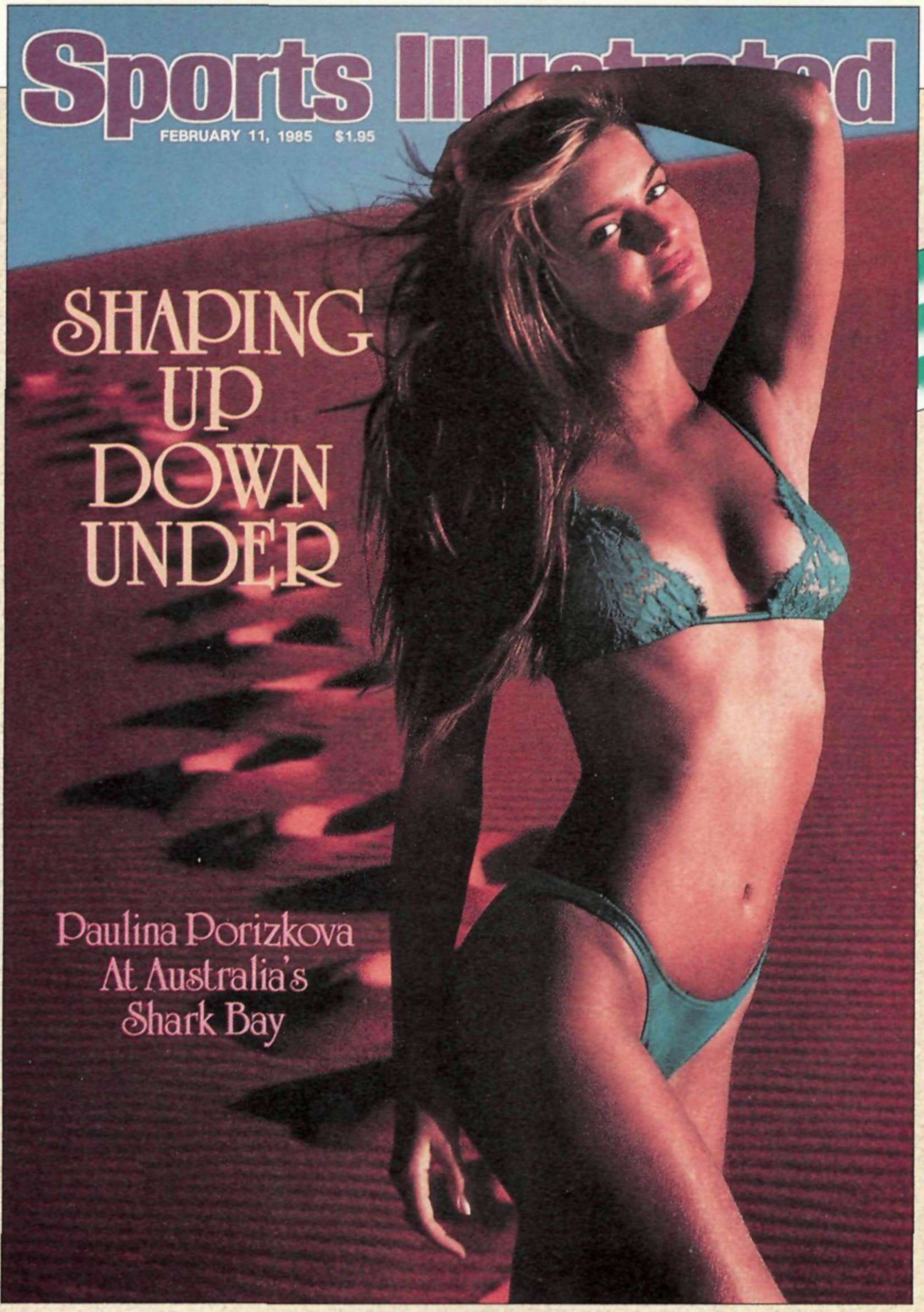


PAULINA PORIZKOVA

1985

The Pearls Of Paulina

Paulina Porizkova is a woman who likes to say exactly what she thinks ♦ by Douglas S. Looney

SOFT CLASSICAL MUSIC WAFTS FROM THE STEreo as the late-afternoon light streams through the windows of the tiny second-floor Greenwich Village restaurant, accenting its faded elegance. A few souls sit in quiet conversation. It's terribly New York. In a corner Paulina Porizkova relaxes over milk and honey and talks of her movie ventures. She offers this opinion of the film industry: "Basically, it's as rotten and corrupt as modeling."

Welcome to the outrageous mouth of Paulina Porizkova. Such candor is jarring, like cymbals in a chamber orchestra, especially in this sedate setting. But while Porizkova has made it to the top of a scratching, clawing profession largely through an accident of birth that gave her excellent bone structure, she has propelled herself to super-duper stardom by the things she says. In her first interviews after she arrived in this country from France in 1983, she announced, "Modeling sucks." Her tone and tune were set. Today, she has no regrets about her choice of words—she never does—and says, "I'm doing modeling to stay alive. I don't enjoy my work. I don't find it creative. You don't need brains, and there are no heavy qualifications. All it takes is not to be shy and to dare to make a fool of yourself. But I shouldn't complain, because I am privileged enough to be overpaid."

How much she is overpaid is a matter of conjecture. The *Ladies' Home Journal* said that her contract as the new face for Estée Lauder gives Porizkova a "reported" $6 million a year. It will be interesting to see if Lauder can put up with Porizkova's sometimes outspoken views. The model shrugs: "They took Paulina, they get Paulina."

Before her exclusive contract with Estée Lauder, Paulina could earn more than $12,000 a day modeling. And a wealthy foreigner once offered to pay her thousands to hold up a sign at an airport, welcoming him to the U.S. Porizkova doesn't do airports. "I have no idea how much money I make or have," she says. "I have a business manager who flashes the red light. Once a year, somebody tells me how I did, and I say, 'Gee, is that all?' or 'Hey, I'm rich now.' I'm totally dumb about money. But what money does is buy freedom. It gives me the freedom to wait for a good movie part. I don't have to do *Sluts in Space*. I don't have to sell out."

In 1987 she starred in her first movie, *Anna*, which caused *Vogue* to lose control: "The most exciting acting debut of a model since Audrey Hepburn in *Roman Holiday*." Her second film, *Her Alibi*, will be released in February. It's a comedy-thriller in which she costars with Tom Selleck. She laments the paucity of good scripts. Because most scripts call for you to jump in bed with someone? "No. Because they call for me to be naked, not speak—and jump in bed with someone."

But understand, we are not dealing with a prude here. After all, she once favored wearing a T-shirt that said, more or less, "I've had too much to drink to consider an intimate relationship." The exact wording was substantially coarser. And she is disgusted with herself for having posed nude for *GQ* magazine: "I did it without thinking. It was a mistake. I'm allowed mistakes. But I learned something. Which is to never do that again."

Porizkova's central charm is her forthrightness. She tucks her legs beneath herself, lights another cigarette, transfixes her questioner with the steady, smoldering gaze seen in a zillion photographs, and says, "I think the way I am is my rebellion against everyone else. I discovered when I was young that I was not like everyone else, and that was great, because it's the people who are different who bring about change and new things."

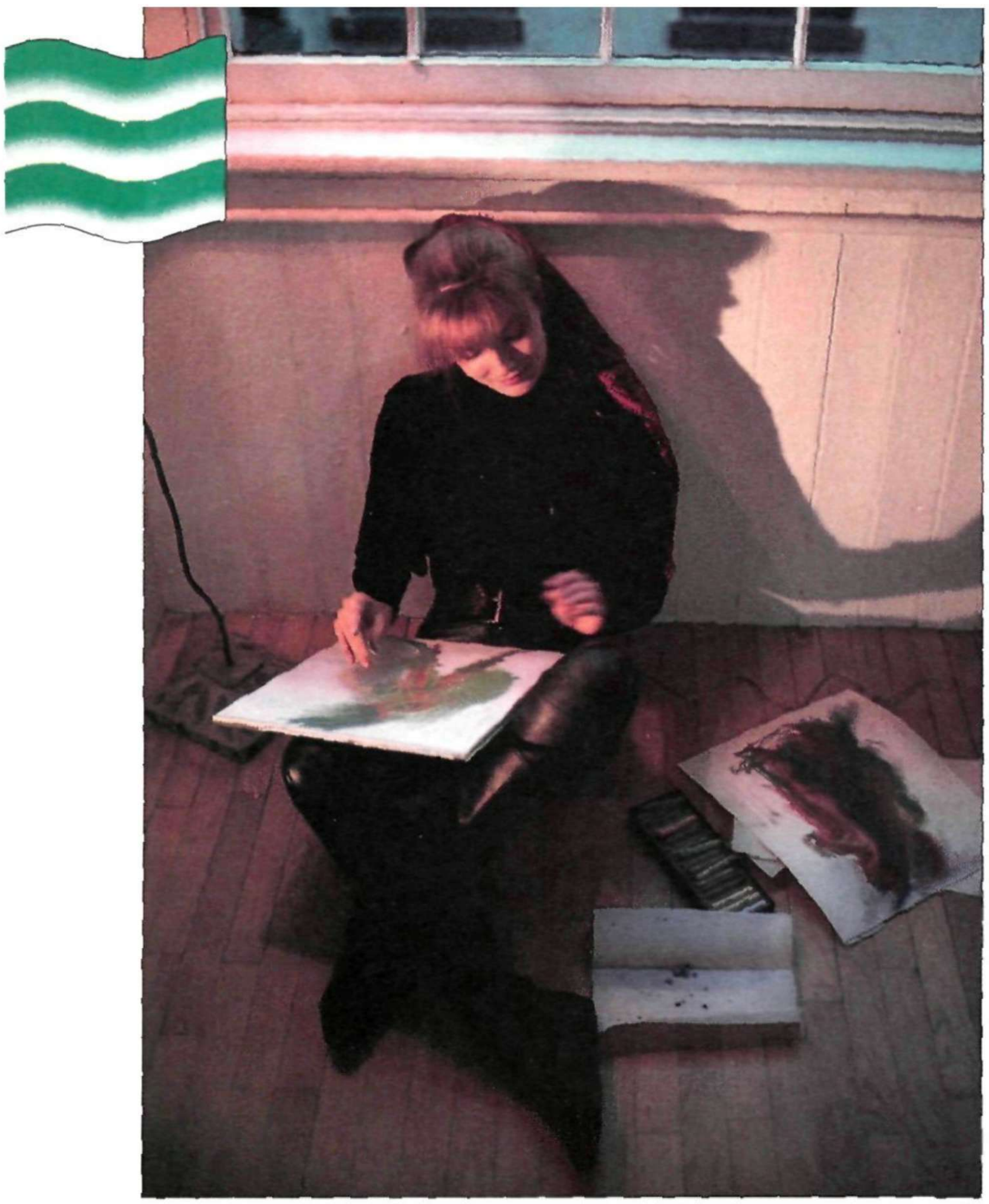
Repeatedly, she has told interviewers that she has appeared on more than 300 magazine covers. But she admits that, in fact, she has no idea if that's true. "I just read where a model

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY HEISLER

A GREENWICH VILLAGE HAUNT SUITS THE COSMOPOLITAN PORIZKOVA TO A T

said she had been on 400, and I figured I had been on about as many, so I said 300," says Porizkova. "It was thrilling—the first time I was on a cover. Now it bores me." She was on SI's cover in 1984 and 1985, but says, "I'm sure it helped my career, but then I don't know what would have happened to me without it."

When asked if modeling is important, she says, "Oh, definitely. That and brain surgery. By spotlighting modeling, we are doing enormous things for world peace." And she is convulsed in derisive laughter. "What we also do is create a complex in every woman in America," she says. "Which is easy because no woman ever feels se-



OF—HARD TO IMAGINE—WORDS SHOULD FAIL, PORIZKOVA CAN ALWAYS DRAW

cure about her own looks." Even Porizkova confesses she wishes she had "wider hips, a bigger chest, a more pouty mouth, better-shaped legs. Is that enough? I don't think of myself as gorgeous. For 23 years I've been looking at this same old face. It's not particularly revolting, but on the other hand, I don't say, 'My, what a beauty.' It's just me. It's like if you live with a bunch of Renoirs on the walls, you don't think they are that special. But there is something comforting about my face. It sort of all hangs together."

It wasn't always that way. Born in the working class city of Prostějov, Czechoslovakia, the three-year-old Paulina was left behind in 1968 when her parents escaped the country on a motorbike just in front of the invading Soviet army. She was cared for by her grandmother while her parents, who had settled in Sweden, campaigned to get the little girl out of Czechoslovakia. Seven years later, after a lot of cloak-and-dagger stuff—and, finally, some successful diplomatic maneuvering—Paulina arrived in Sweden. She was far from cute. "I didn't think I was ugly," she says defensively. "Other people said I was. But I did have a terrible haircut, hideous clothes, glasses. And my ears were a little on the big side. I recall identifying with Dumbo."

When Paulina was 14, a friend in Lund took some photos of her, sent them to modeling agencies, and John Casablancas of the New York–based Elite Model Management saw her promise. So Porizkova moved to Paris, where she modeled by day and ran wild by night, totally unsupervised. Her formal education had ended in the ninth grade. After two years, including her first SI appearance, she moved to New York and lit up that town. Now she lives in Greenwich Village with her boyfriend, whom she steadfastly refuses to name. She has brought her mother and a teenage brother to this country and supports them, along with four other relatives in Sweden. She hopes to open an artist's loft in New York for the use of photographers, sculptors and painters—at no cost. "That's what money is for," she says. "What the hell is the fun of just sitting on a pile of it?"

She dabbles at oil painting and devotes about the same amount of attention to playing her baby grand piano, but swears writing is her true love. She's currently writing a novel about—surprise—a model: "I don't know if anyone else will find what I am writing interesting, but I do." Her favorite pastime: drinking a cup of hot chocolate in front of a fire while reading Bukowski, "which I was doing before he was in PEOPLE." Of her other interests she says, "I am handy at a lot of things but not brilliant at any of them." She insists she moves around New York generally unnoticed, or at least her extreme near-sightedness leaves her with that impression.

She is, in so many ways, disgustingly accomplished (she speaks four languages) and disgustingly normal. For example, she doesn't exercise or diet: "I'm a trash can. I eat whatever makes me happy. I get enough exercise out of life, going to the A & P and carrying those plastic bags home. Besides, making love burns off calories."

She muses over photos of herself: "I don't see me. I see a touched-up version of me. It's the difference between a Christmas tree with the stuff on it and without the stuff on it. I guess pictures are a little bit of a lie."

Then she gathers herself and heads off through the crowds for the A & P. "There are eight million people in New York struggling to survive, to do something with their lives," she says. "I thrive on that energy." A truck driver honks and whistles as she passes.

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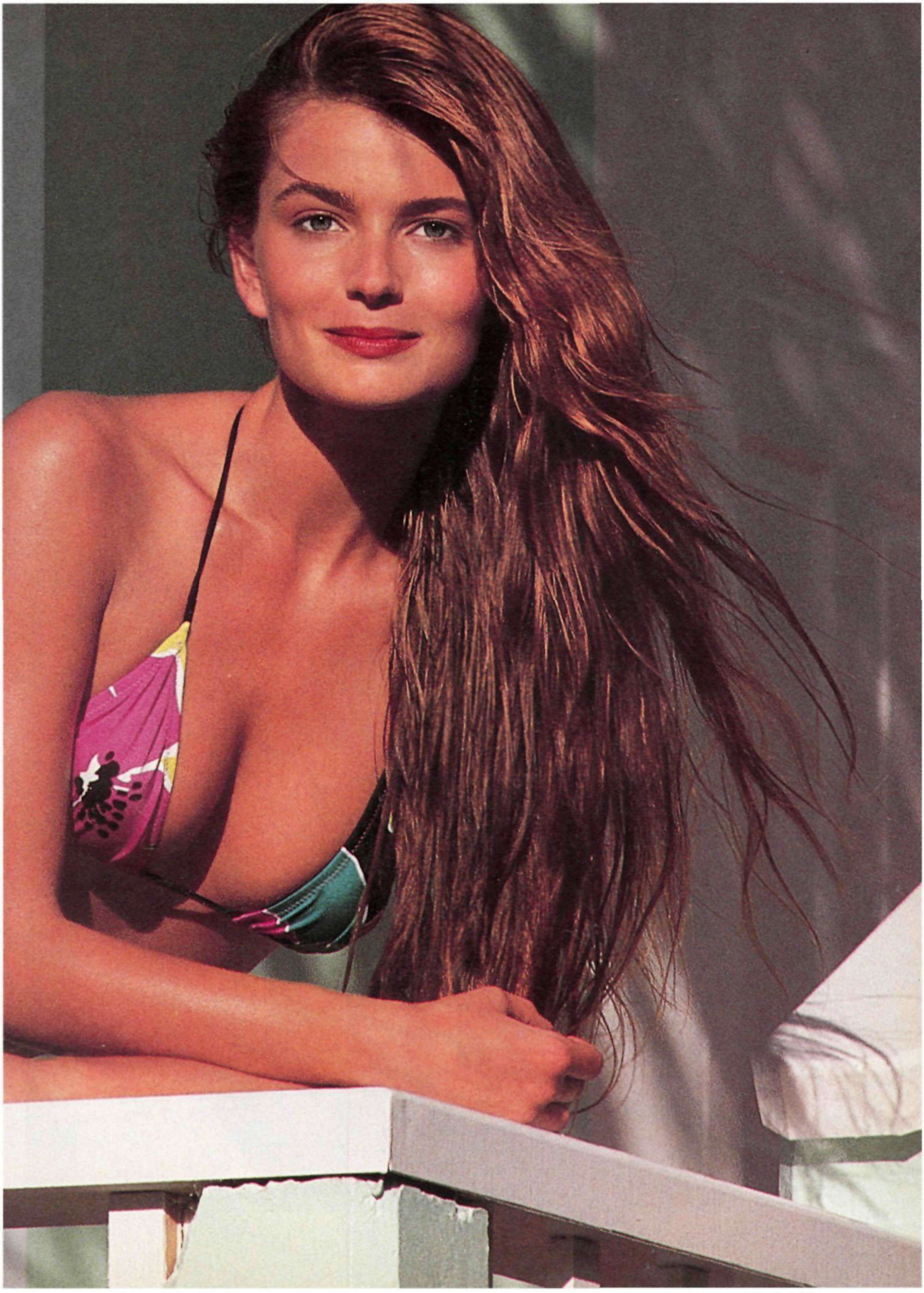
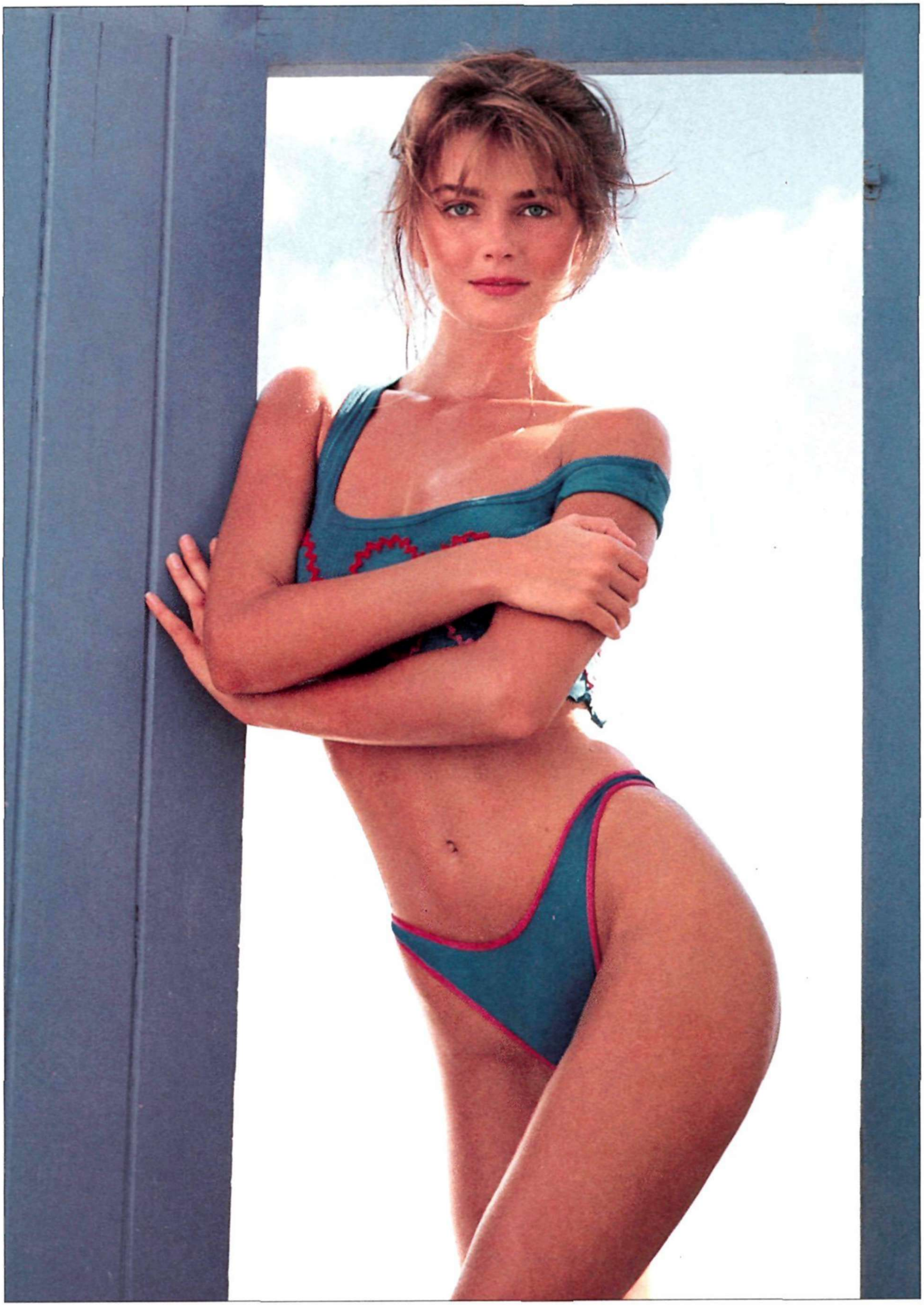
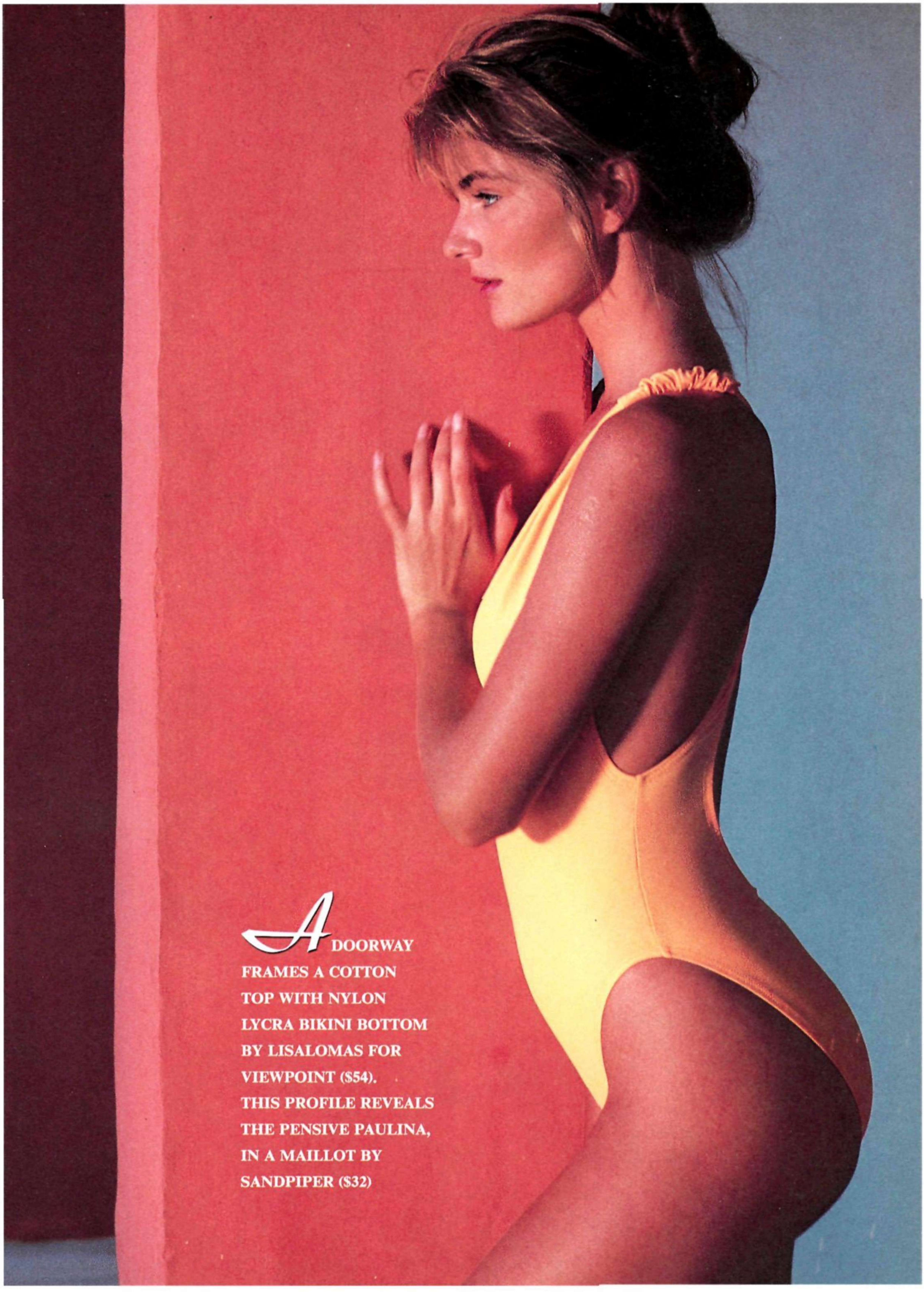
A Visit to St. Barts

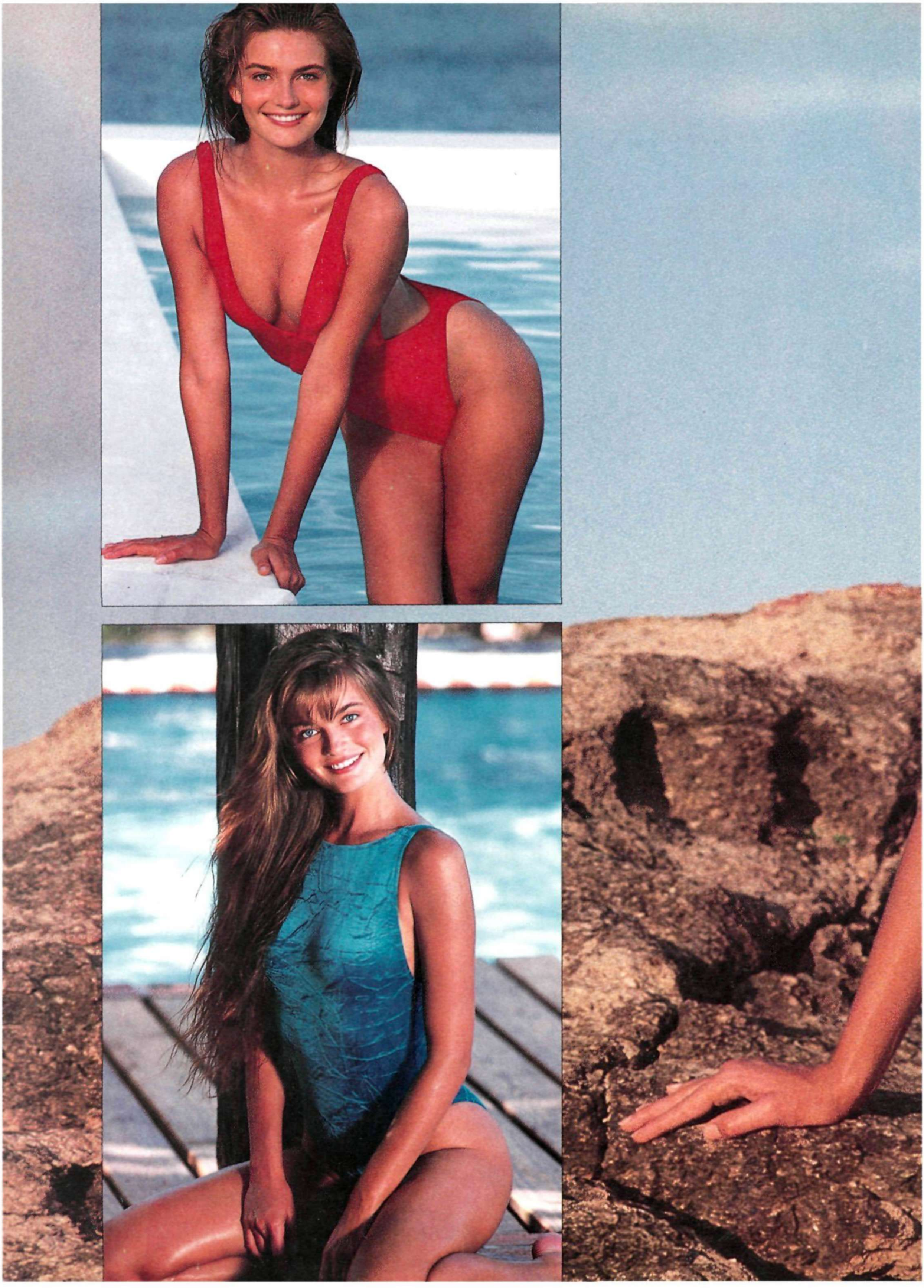
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARC HISPARD

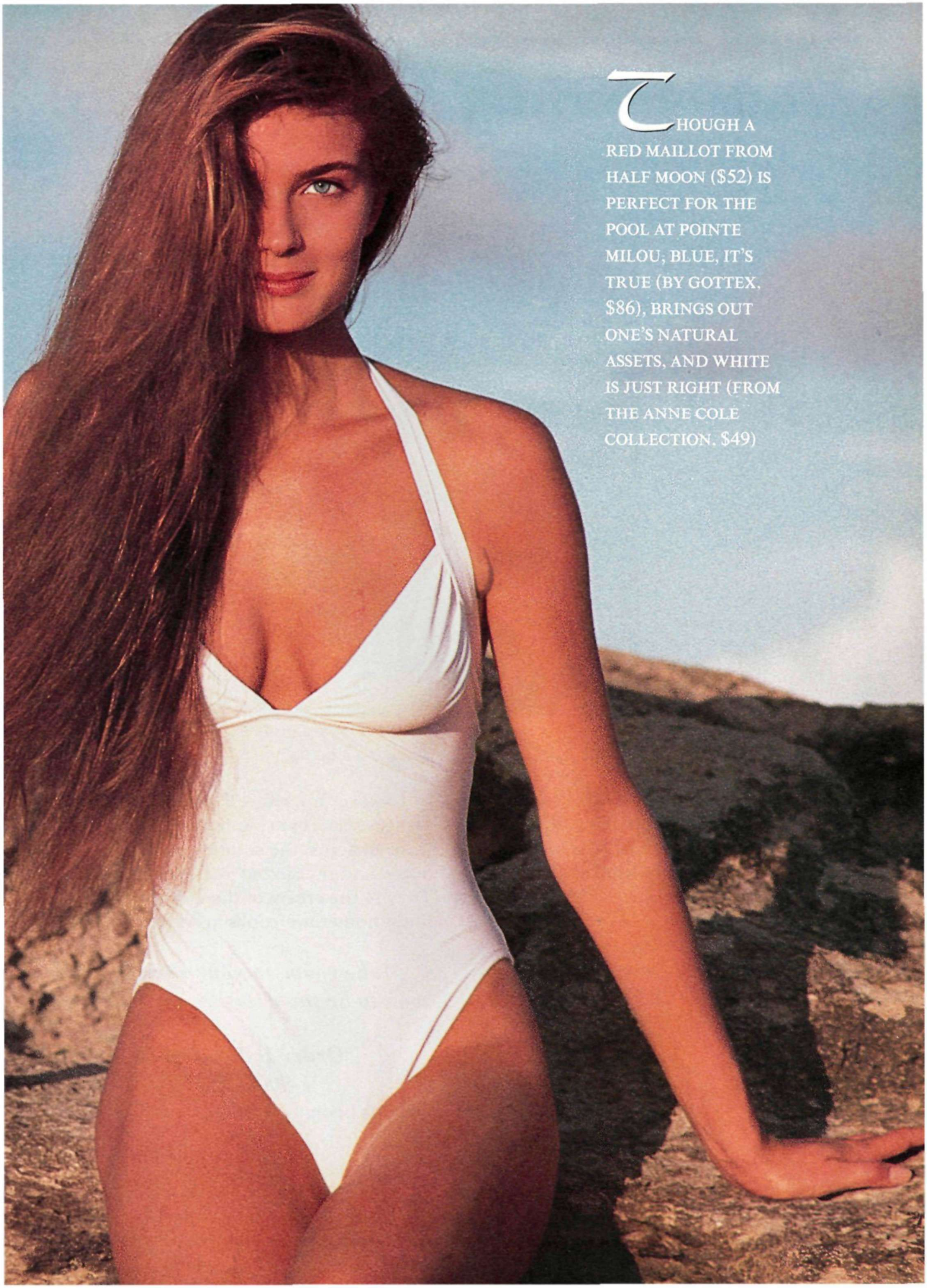
ON THE ISLAND OF ST. BARTS IN THE CARIBBEAN, PAULINA MUSES ON A BALCONY OF THE HOTEL TAIWANA IN A TEENY-WEENY TROPICAL PRINT BIKINI MADE BY DARLING RIO ($40)






A DOORWAY
FRAMES A COTTON
TOP WITH NYLON
LYCRA BIKINI BOTTOM
BY LISALOMAS FOR
VIEWPOINT ($54).
THIS PROFILE REVEALS
THE PENSIVE PAULINA,
IN A MAILLOT BY
SANDPIPER ($32)





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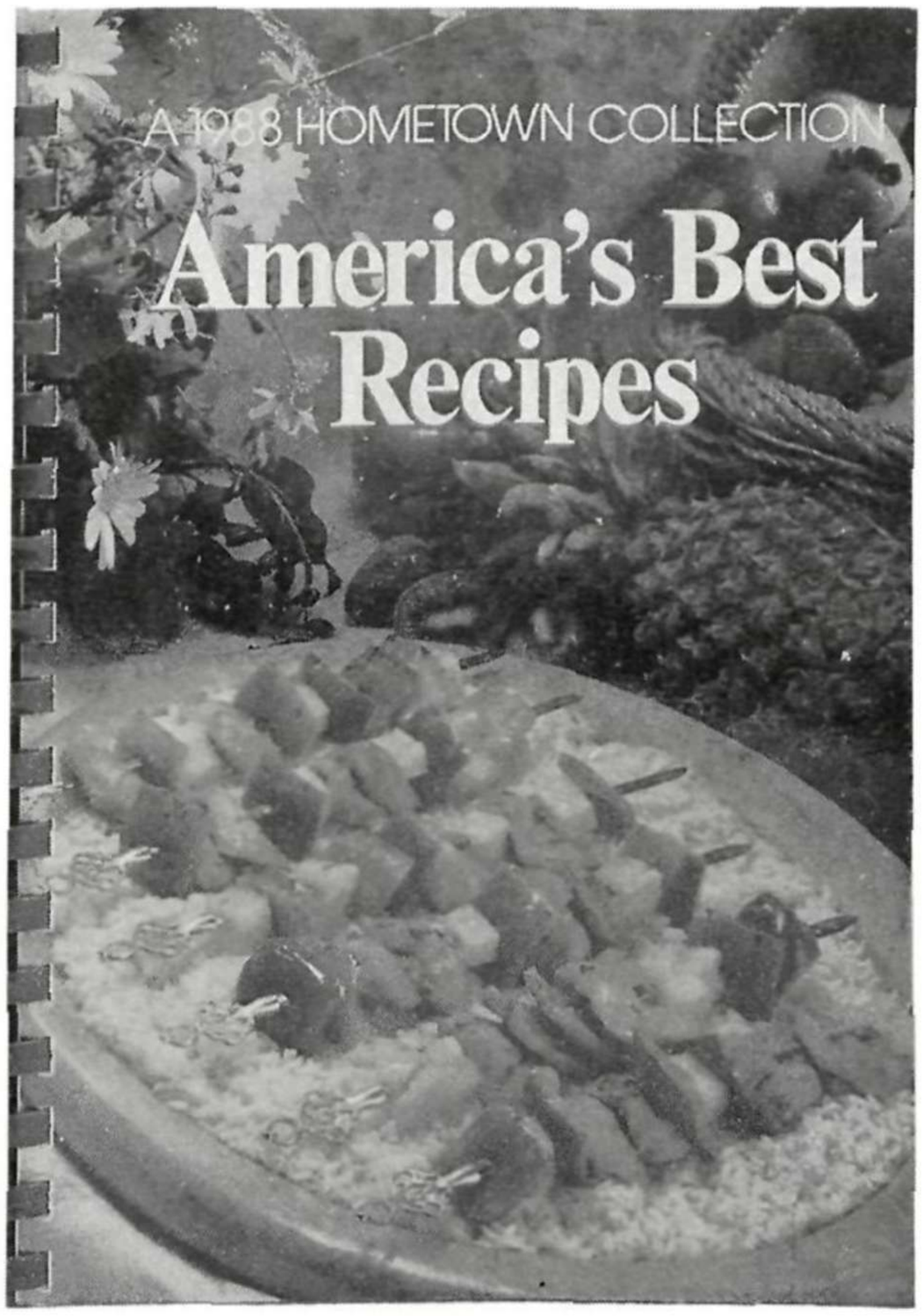

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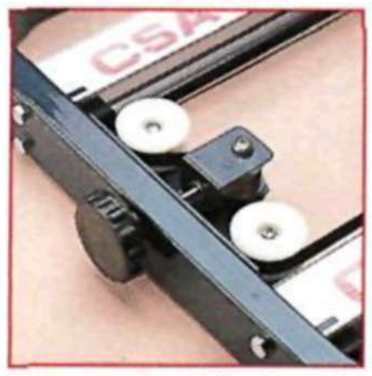

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MASSACHUSETTS
The Fair (All Stores)
Ann & Hope (All Stores)
Colmans (All Stores)
MVP Sports (All Stores)
LAWRENCE
Fesco
SWANSEA
Apex

MICHIGAN
MC Sporting Goods (All Stores)
DETROIT
McCoy, Inc.
FLINT
Stewart Exercise
GRAND RAPIDS
One On One Fitness

MINNESOTA
The Fitness Store (All Stores)
ST. PAUL
Tread-Aerobic Treadmills

MISSOURI
DES PERES
The Fitness Store
KANSAS CITY
About Fitness
ST. CHARLES
The Fitness Store

NEBRASKA
LINCOLN
Body Basics
OMAHA
Body Basics

NEVADA
Big 5 Stores (Selected Stores)

NEW HAMPSHIRE
NASHUA
MVP Sports

NEW JERSEY
BOUND BROOK
Effingers

NEW YORK
Marjax (All Stores)
AUBURN
Bob Nolans
BINGHAMPTON
Dick's Sptg. Goods
HUDSON FALLS
Morans
SYRACUSE
Dick's Sptg. Goods

OHIO
MC Sporting Goods (All Stores)
Health & Fitness (All Stores)
All About Sports (All Stores)
Swallens (All Stores)
Brendamours (All Stores)
AKRON
Clicks
CINCINNATI
Elder-Beerman
CLEVELAND
Exercare
Koenigs
COLUMBUS
America's Fitness Warehouse
DAYTON
Elder-Beerman
The Fitness Store
NEW PHILA.
Sportstown
PARMA
Exercare
TOLEDO
Great Lakes Barbell
YOUNGSTOWN
Natural Health Foods & Barbells

OKLAHOMA
OKLAHOMA CITY
Health Equip. Ltd.

OREGON
G.I. Joe's (All Stores)

PENNSYLVANIA
ALLENTOWN
LeHigh Fitness
ERIE
Koenigs
PHILADELPHIA
The Fitness Store
PITTSBURGH
Koenigs

RHODE ISLAND
Ann & Hope
Apex

TEXAS
Busybody (All Stores)
AUSTIN
Sun Belt & Fitness Systems
DALLAS & FORT WORTH
RX Treadmill
SAN ANTONIO
H.E.T.I.

UTAH
SALT LAKE CITY
ZCMI
Summit Sports & Fitness Systems

VIRGINIA
RICHMOND & WILLIAMSBURG
So. Fitness, Inc.

WASHINGTON
Big 5 Stores (Selected Stores)

WISCONSIN
Wheel & Sprocket (All Stores)

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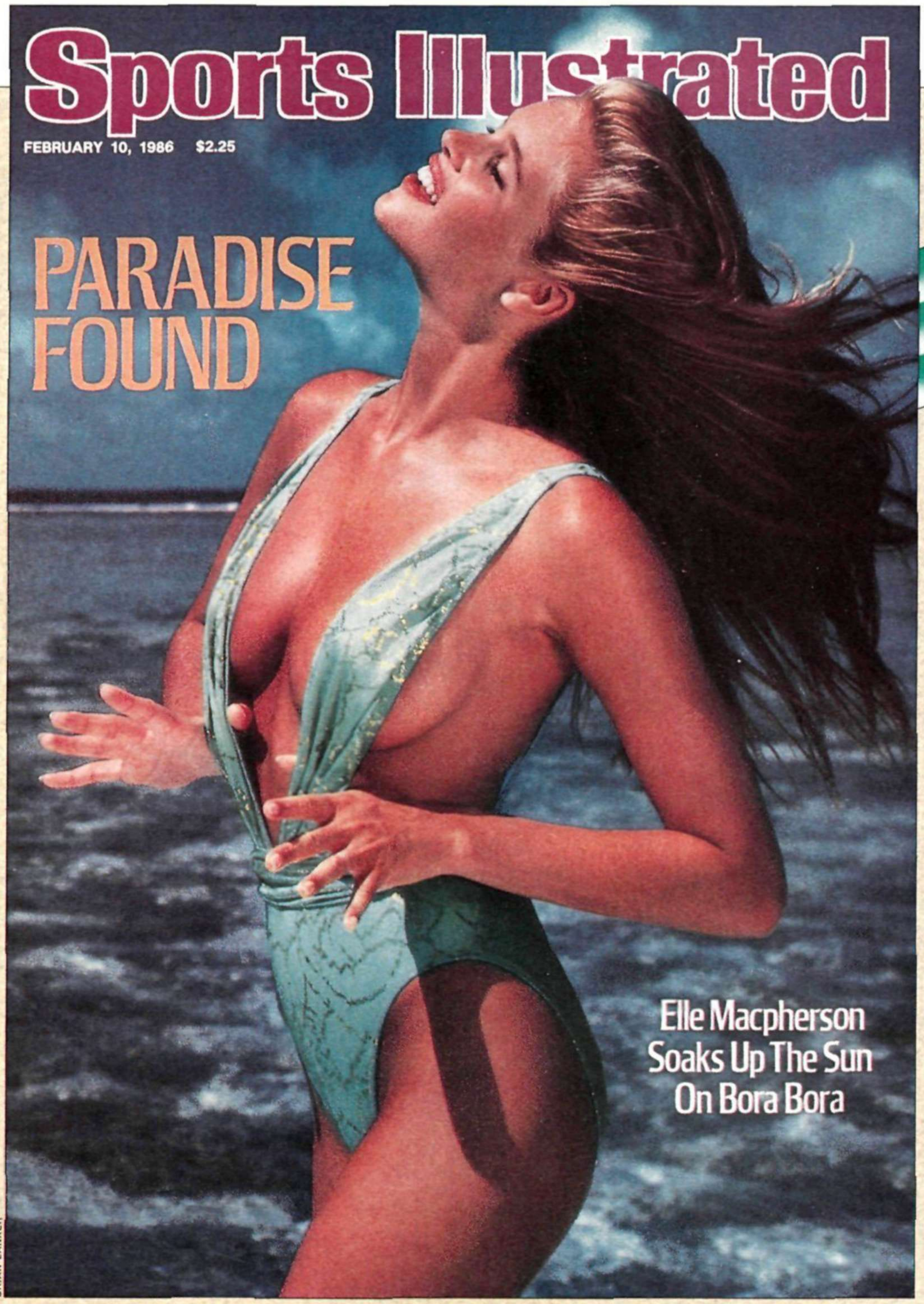
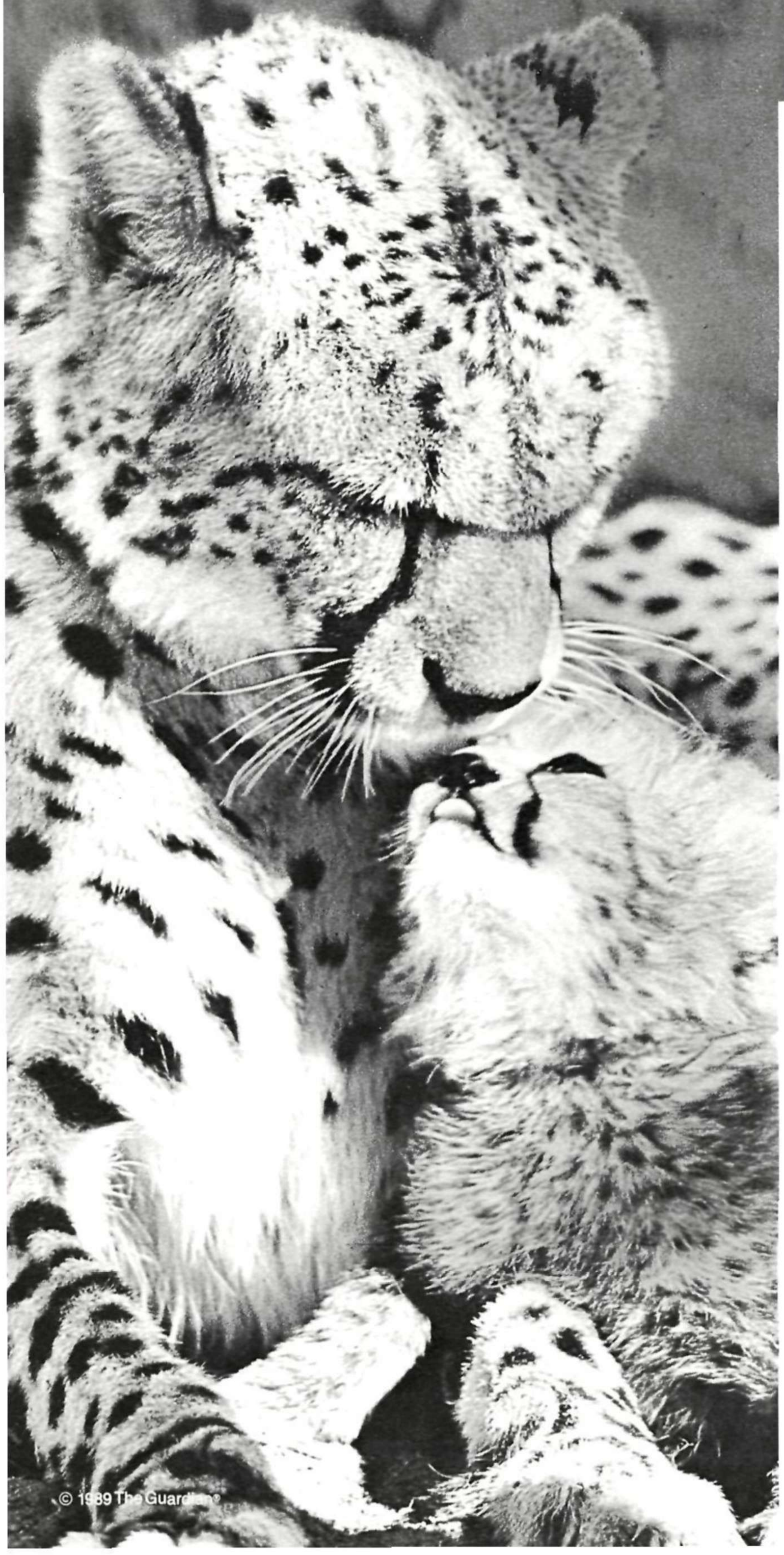


ELLE MACPHERSON

1986

PROTECTION.



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ELLE MACPHERSON

1987

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ELLE MACPHERSON

1988

SAYS ELLE: "IT'S MIND-BOGGLING THAT I AM ABLE TO FOOL HALF THE AMERICAN POPULATION"

What's the Big Deal?

Supermodel Elle Macpherson can't understand what it is that others see in her ♦ by E.M. Swift

TO BE HONEST, SHE LOOKS HARRIED. NOT striking or statuesque or sexy; not adorable or kittenish or breathtaking; and certainly not the way you're used to seeing her in photographs—smiling naturally and about to burst out of one of those spandex or Lycra numbers that have helped make Elle Macpherson a household name. Nope. Harried, as only a New Yorker can look harried. And why not? Car trouble she had while spending a few days in the Adirondacks has forced her to cancel out on a fashion show for the first time in memory; she's a half hour late for another appointment; and she has spent the last seven hours in highway traffic.

"You want something to drink or eat?" she asks, forcing that familiar toothy smile, when you meet her outside her apartment building. She's in jeans, sunglasses, no makeup. There's a blue duffel slung over her shoulder. "Beer? Juice? Soda? There's nothing in the fridge but venison sausage."

Venison sausage? You tell her no, but then follow in the wake of her long-legged stride as she heads to the corner market and watch as she slaps a $10 bill on the counter for a six-pack of Mexican beer and gets a quarter back in change. No one recognizes her. One more harried New Yorker.

Elle rents a fourth-floor walk-up apartment in Greenwich Village, and now she bounds up the stairs like an athlete, despite the duffel on her back, which weighs a good 40 pounds. "I can always tell if I've partied too hard when I make this climb," she says a little breathlessly. You make a mental note to cut back on your own partying, limited though it has been, for the climb has just about finished you. Fourth-floor walk-ups are the domain of the young and slender.

Upon entering the apartment you pass through a hallway lined with framed magazine covers. All of them have her name on them, but they bear the likenesses of women other than Elle, strange women, exotic women, with eyes that speak only to you. Macpherson's husband, Gilles Bensimon, a French fashion photographer, has taken these photographs for the American edition of the French magazine *Elle*. The poor man is never rid of the company of beautiful women. Macpherson tells you he's in Paris now, working. "Please go in and have a seat," she says. "I'm going to slip into something more comfortable."

Of course you are, you sigh. There are men who would slay to hear these words from Elle Macpherson. But you are a professional, and you wander into the living room with ice water in your veins. It's decorated in a sort of postpoverty photo-deco style: functional clutter, overfilled bookshelves, the wall a collage of blown-up snapshots and portraits of Elle, Gilles and friends. Mostly Elle. Mostly clothed in something more comfortable. You resist the temptation to swipe a snapshot and, instead, move to the bookcase, where you remove a paperback that is creased like the face of a farmer. It's *New York on Twenty-Five Dollars a Day*, 1982–83 edition, and it's inscribed from a friend: "To Elle."

"That was my bible," she says, handing you a beer and settling into the corner of the couch, tucking her legs beneath her the way women do. She's wearing her blue silk pajamas. At least you assume they are silk. At the very least, they are shiny. Macpherson takes a deep draft of her beer from the long-necked bottle. You follow suit. She doesn't look as harried as she did. You, on the other hand, feel as if you look more harried. Perhaps, you reason, it was the climb.

Eleanor Gow was born in Sydney in 1965, daughter of Peter Gow, a sound engineer and entrepreneur. Her parents eventually divorced, and when Elle was eight, her mother, Frances, married lawyer Neil Macpherson, and Elle took her stepfather's name. She lived in Sydney until she was 17, was active in sports, particularly aquatic

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY HEISLER

sports—water ballet, sailing, freestyle swimming and backstroke. She did a bit of modeling, but Elle was a good student with very different goals in mind. When she took the Australian equivalent of the College Boards, she tested in the top 5% of her age group. She was accepted at Macquarie University in Sydney and intended to study law.

Neil Macpherson rewarded his stepdaughter for her good grades by giving her a ski trip to Colorado in 1982. She arrived with $2,000 in hand and no plane ticket home, intending to ski for a couple of weeks and maybe travel a bit. On the slopes a modeling-agency representative saw her and invited her to New York for tests. "I thought I'd give it a try, make a bit of money and then go back home," she says. "I wasn't sure about the business of modeling. I thought it was so full of rubbish and, you know, that I was better than that."

With her family's support, Macpherson flew to New York. "My mother's only 17 years older than I," she says, "and her attitude was, Go, see the U.S. She was happy I was breaking out of the middle-class mold."

To her surprise, Macpherson started getting modeling work almost as soon as she arrived in New York. She kept thinking that it was going to end any day. Two weeks went by. A month. She told her parents she'd be home before school started. She told her boyfriend in Sydney to wait. She felt the whole thing was some sort of mix-up, and any morning someone at the agency would hand her a plane ticket home. "I always had a physical-inferiority complex," she says. "I don't see what people see in me. It's still mind-boggling that I am able to fool half the American population into thinking I'm something special."

She found that she liked the work, and enjoyed the travel, the people. She flew back to Australia, gathered her things and moved to New York. She met Bensimon during a shoot in Tahiti in 1984, although it was anything but love at first sight. He was 21 years older, French, a photographer and living with another woman. She's 6 feet tall, he's 5′ 10″. "He was not the Prince Charming that you dream about," she says. "I tried to get rid of him, but he hung around."

They married in 1986, and they now split their time between an apartment in Paris, a house in the French countryside, and New York. "I'm as much Australian as I am French or American," she says. "I try to retain the positive aspects of all three countries. I'm not a women's libber. In France, the man is dominant but with enormous respect for the woman. I love all the privileges and pains that come with being a woman. I love it when my husband stands up when I come into a room. I love to wear makeup, to do my hair. I love clothes. I always wear a dress at night, always, always."

You do not remind her that she's now wearing blue silk pajamas and has not seen a dress all day long. Then again, the night is young. Who knows what lies ahead for Elle? You make a mental note that you have two hours to catch the last shuttle to Boston—to miss this flight would cost you the marital equivalent of your kneecaps—and help yourself to a bit of the thinly sliced venison sausage that has been hand carried from a butcher in France. Macpherson, too, digs in with dignified gusto. A model who approves of beer and red meat. Life with Elle is curiouser and curiouser.

"I try to have a good balance of life," she says. "Not to be too obsessive. If you feel like it, do it. Life should be a bit of this and a bit of that."

The Australian philosophy, all the way. To keep in shape, for example, she goes for 45-minute jogs three to seven days a week, depending on her mood. She swims in the summer, an hour's worth of laps two or three times a week. She skips breakfast, lunches lightly in the U.S., more seriously in Paris, and eats sumptuously in the evening. "I'm not too ambitious," she says. "I don't work nearly as hard as I could. Ambition is fine, but it can also be destructive. Ambition can give you blinders that close the angle of your regard. My goal is to open the angle of my regard every day."

You glance at your watch and realize if you do not get a move on, your personal angle of regard may be severely limited. Time is short. In 2½ hours, you have not even mentioned the word *swimsuits*.

So you ask her. Swimsuits. Which are your favorite swimsuits?

"I practically don't even have any bathing suits," Macpherson says with a laugh. "I haven't been to a beach in America since I don't know when. It isn't worth it. People who recognize me always think I don't look that good in real life." She shrugs. "That's fine with me. Let them deal with the dreams."

You, too, shrug. You say good night and close the door on another day in the life of a sportswriter. Dreams, you know well, are for dreamers and bachelors. You, like Elle Macpherson, are different. You have a plane to catch. ●

MACPHERSON CAN VISIT A GREENWICH VILLAGE SHOP ALL BUT UNNOTICED

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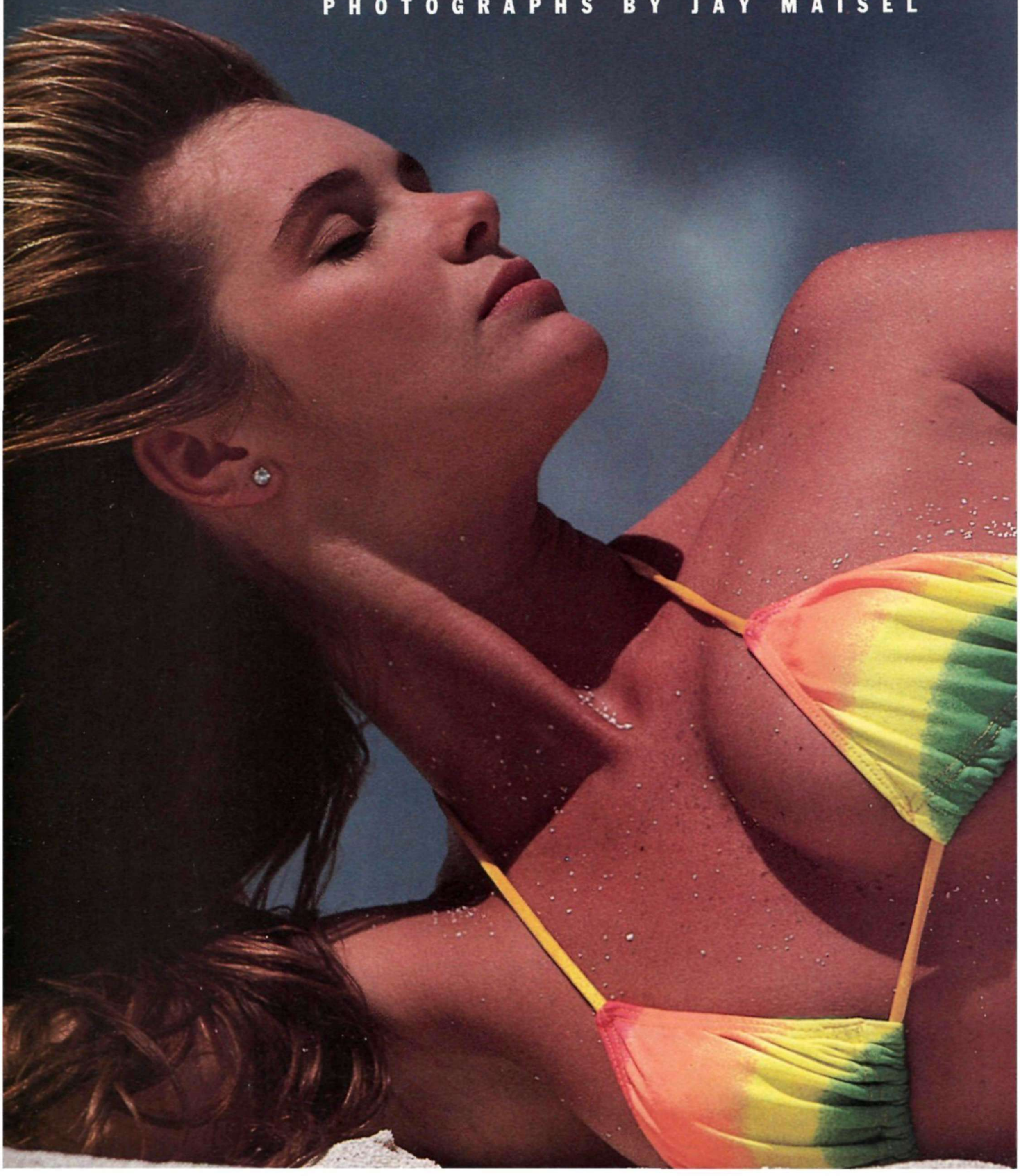
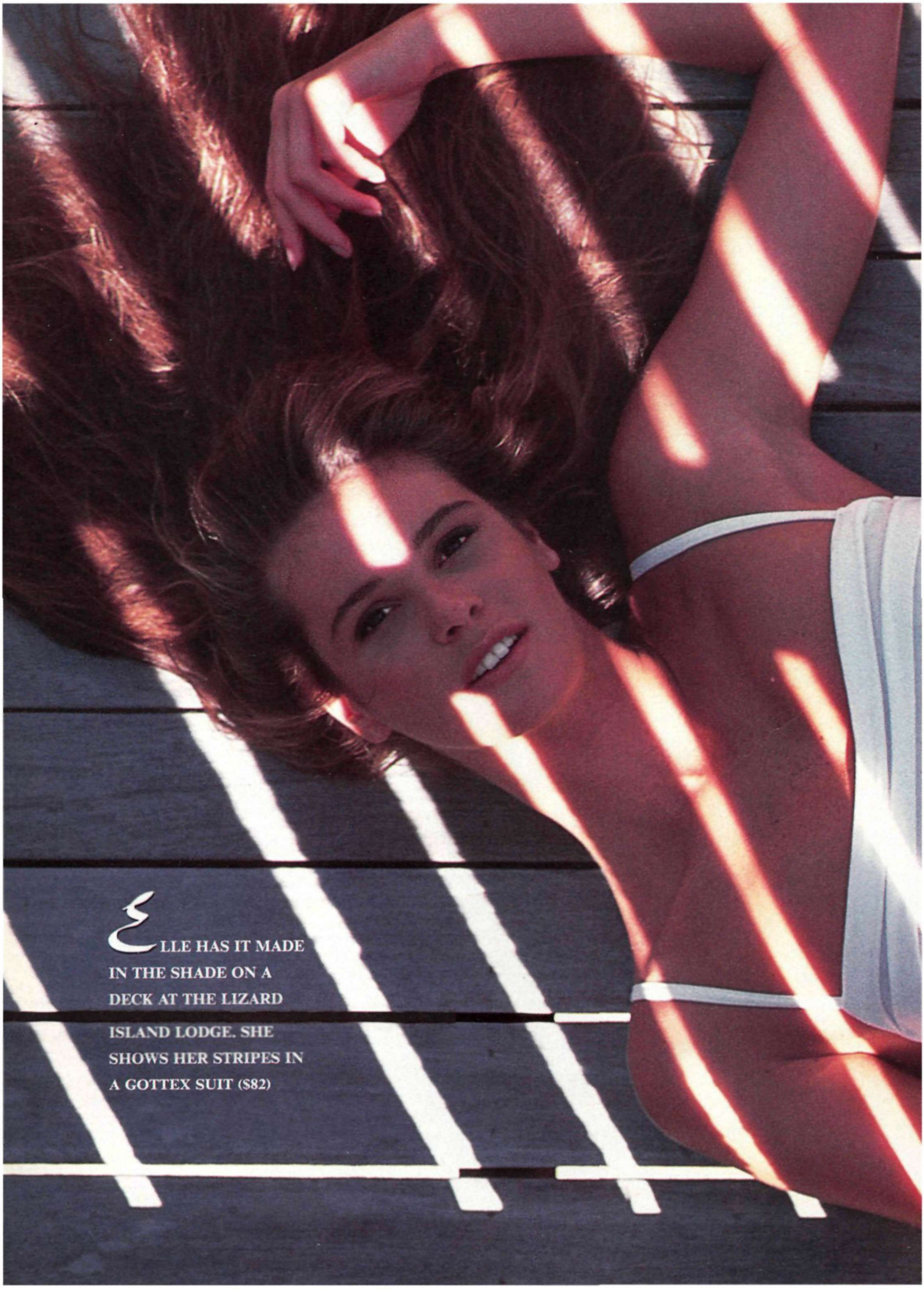
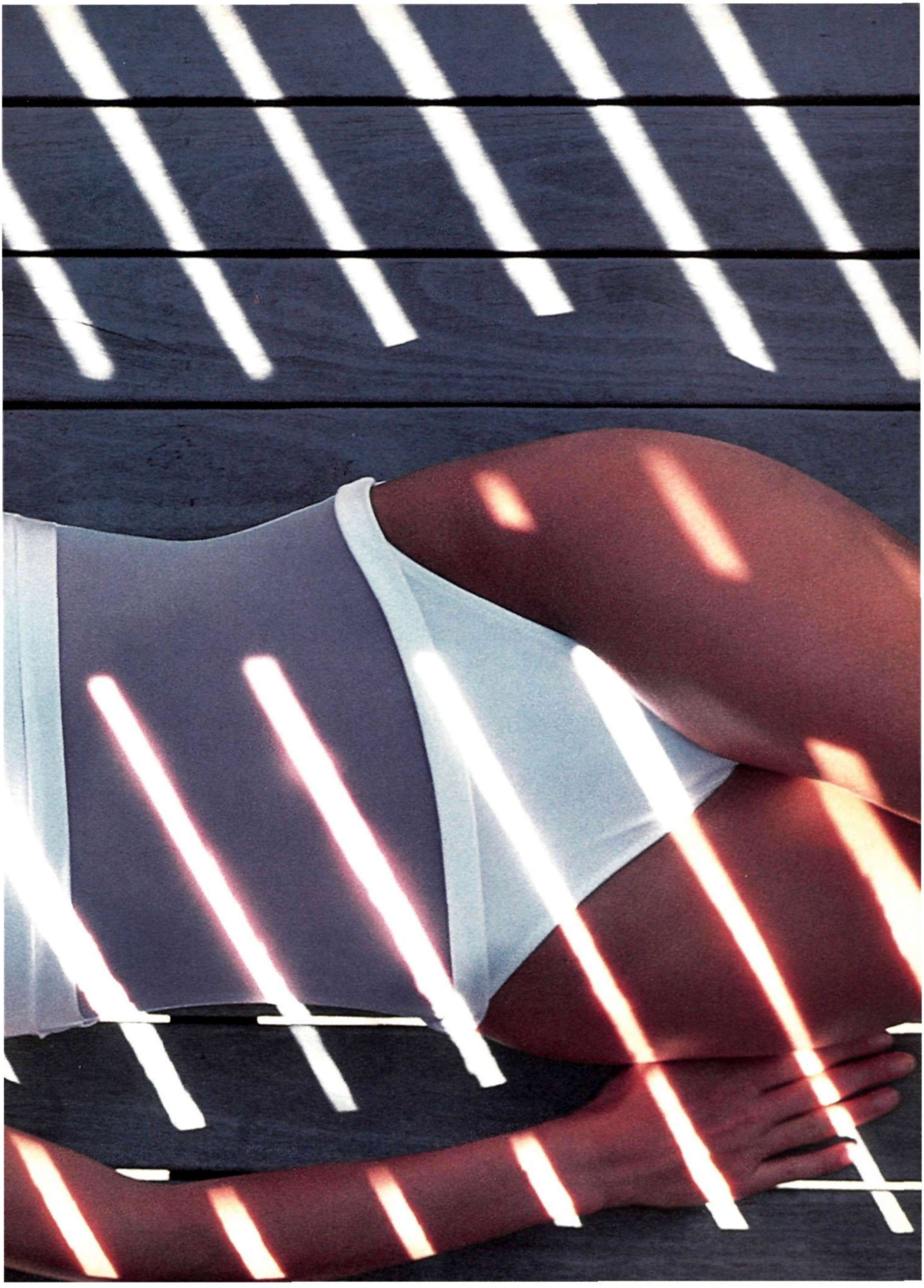
G'Day, Elle

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY MAISEL

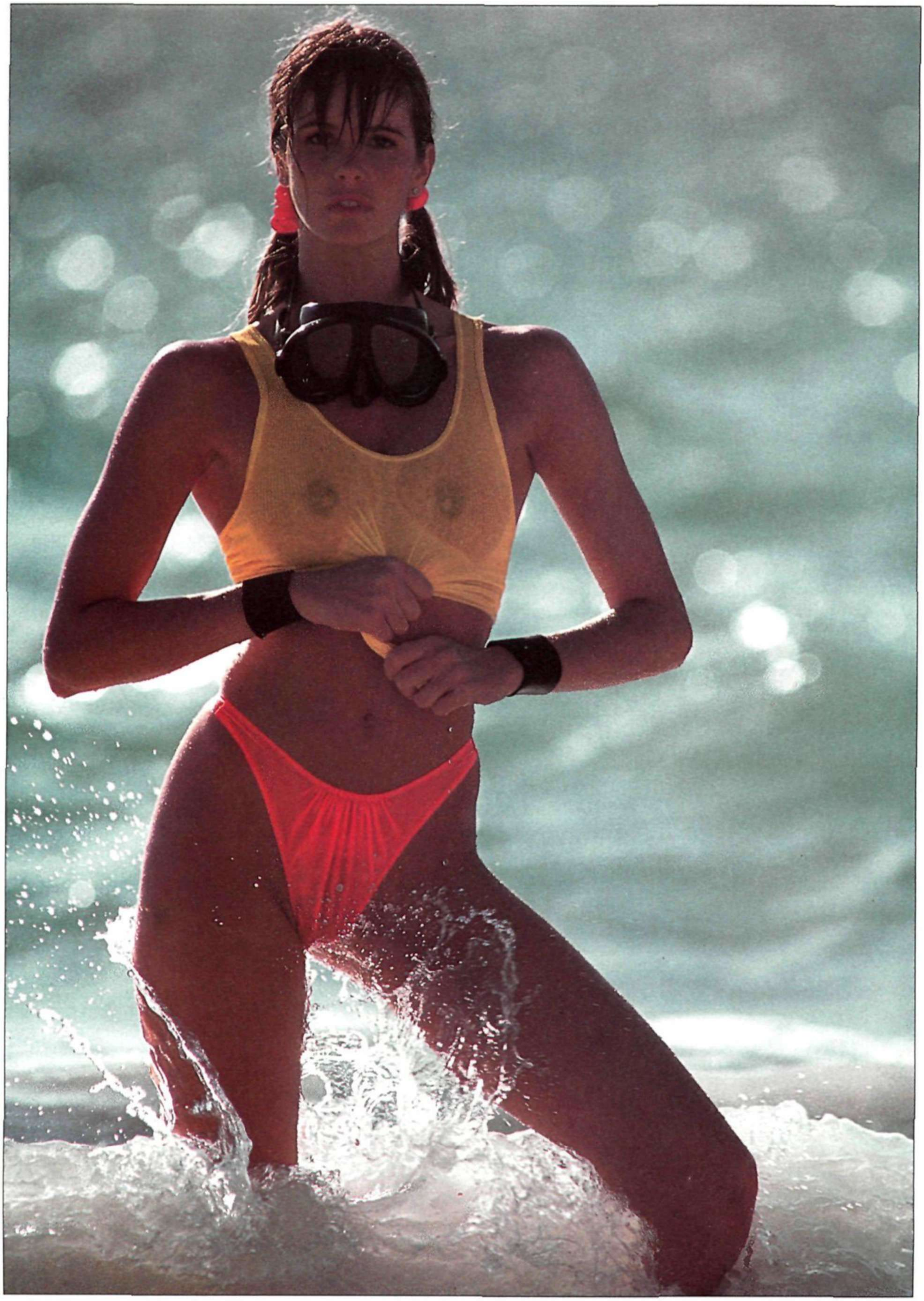


WAS IT THE SANDMAN WHO LIGHTLY DUSTED AUSTRALIA'S OWN ELLE MACPHERSON WHEN SHE VISITED THE GREAT BARRIER REEF? WELL, SOMETHING MADE HER DOZE OFF IN A BIKINI BY IPANEMA WEAR ($40)


ELLE HAS IT MADE
IN THE SHADE ON A
DECK AT THE LIZARD
ISLAND LODGE. SHE
SHOWS HER STRIPES IN
A GOTTEX SUIT ($82)



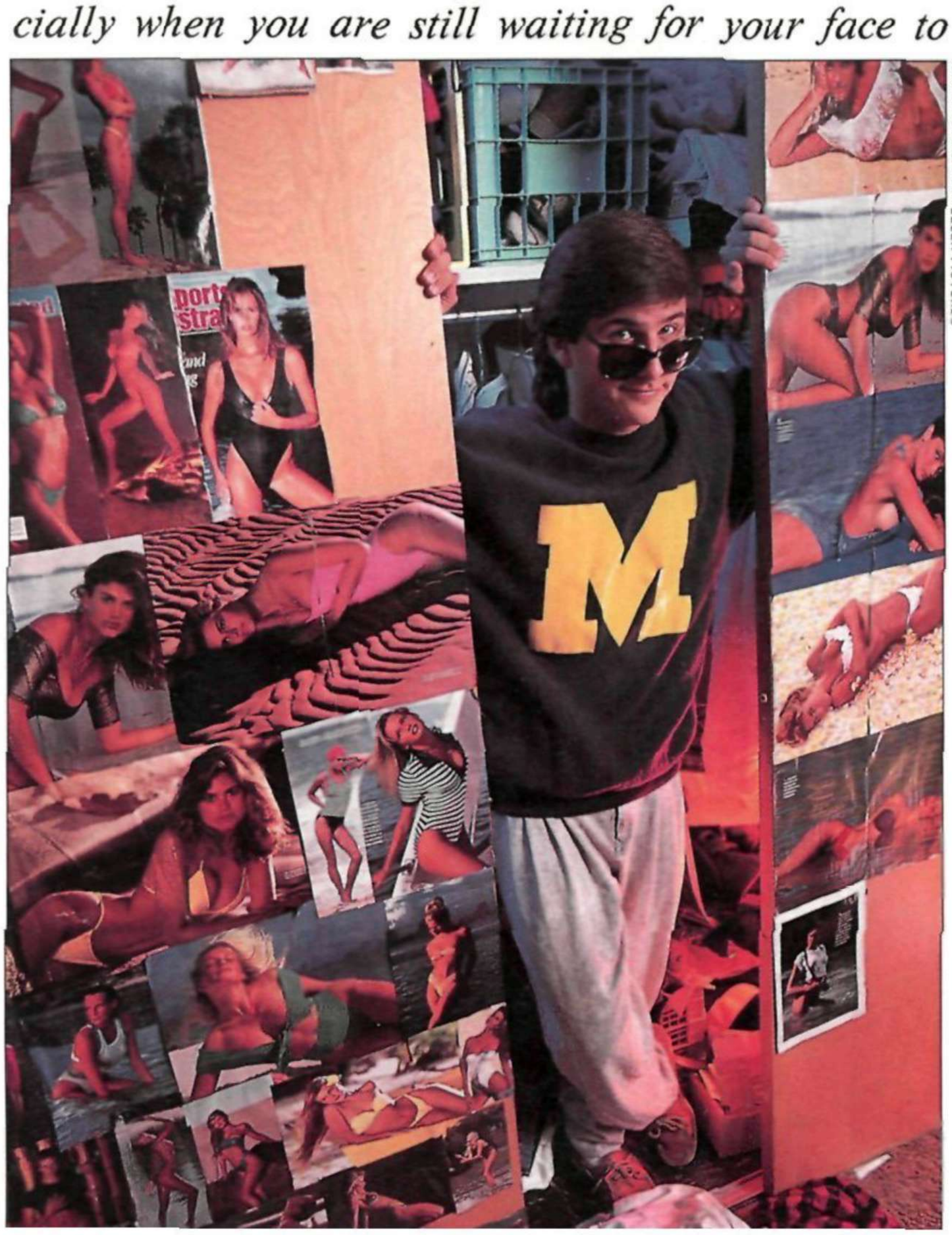
ONE HOPES THIS COCONUT PALM WON'T GIVE ELLE A LESSON IN GRAVITY AS SHE DREAMS IN A SUIT FROM DARLING RIO ($52). ON THE RIGHT, SHE BRAVES THE WARM PACIFIC SURF IN A T-SHIRT BIKINI BY LISALOMAS FOR VIEWPOINT ($56)



Up Against The Wall

For some collegians, swimsuit photographs are the last word in dorm decor ♦ by Bruce Newman

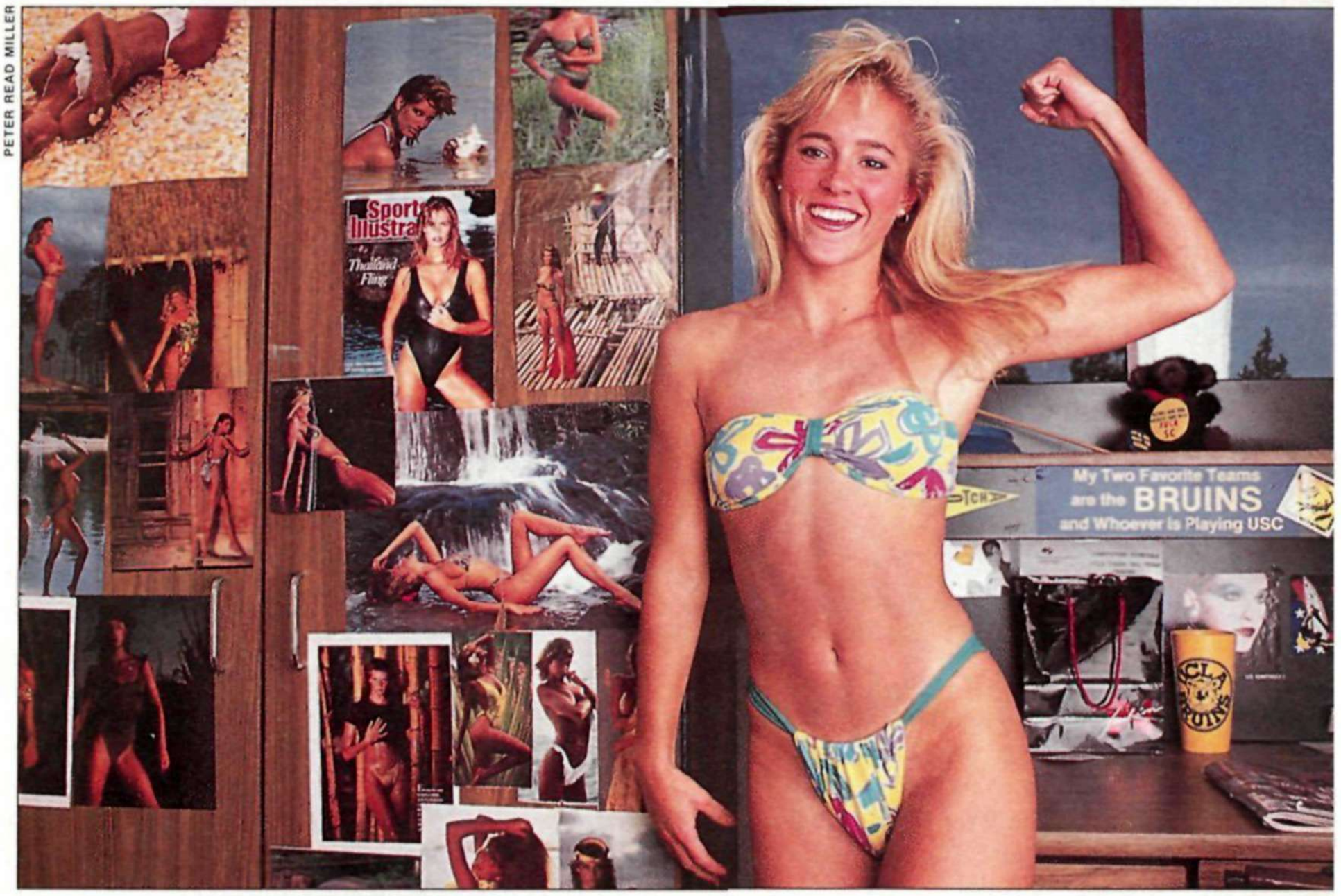
O.K., WAIT. NOBODY HERE IS TALKING ABOUT *marriage, O.K.? Marriage is a very big step, especially when you are still waiting for your face to clear up. On the other hand, nobody is ruling anything out. Is that understood? Admittedly the outlook is bleak. First, Christie married Billy Joel, then Kelly was supposed to marry Rod Stewart. And what's this about Paulina and that guy from The Cars, who aren't even that good anymore? Those girls could have had anybody they wanted, and they chose those toads. Rock stars—how are you supposed to compete with them? O.K., wait, maybe if I started making my bed. . . .*



JAMES SCHNEPF/WHEELER PICTURES

They are the men of McNutt Quad and Delta Tau Delta and Sproul Hall and a thousand off-campus apartments—men whose damage deposits will never be returned. They are the men (and a few women, too) who await the arrival of each year's swimsuit issue with full hearts and empty walls. Many of them sport heavy orthodontic work, and most of them are majoring in undecided, which is pretty much how they feel about life. They see the flawless smiles and the tawny skin, and for a moment they are transported. It will not last, cannot last, but to keep the moment fresh for as long as possible, they take out the scissors and tape and they put the photos on their walls.

MICHIGAN'S SHINGLES TAKES A SCENIC ROUTE TO GET TO HIS CLOTHES



PETER READ MILLER

UCLA FRESHMAN SUNDQUIST, A BEACH MAJOR WHO ASPIRES TO A MODELING CAREER, HAS SURROUNDED HERSELF WITH SWIMSUIT PHOTOS BECAUSE, SHE SAYS, THEY ARE AN "INSPIRATION TO ME"

And while most of them know the names and mole patterns of every model who has appeared in a swimsuit issue since their hormones kicked in, they are still achingly young, and they lack the kind of historical perspective they will have later on. UCLA freshman Maurice Poe, for example, insists that he "mainly" remembers Cheryl Tiegs "because she was one of Charlie's Angels. Wasn't she?" Well, to be fair, there *were* a lot of Angels coming and going toward the end there. Poe may actually be confusing Tiegs—who developed her own fashion line for Sears—with Jaclyn Smith, whose Jaclyn Smith Collection can be seen at K Mart.

While clothes may or may not make the woman, the absence of them—most of them, anyway—can make women, confronted by swimsuit photos cut from a magazine that's *supposed to be devoted to sports*, well, cranky. "Guys come in my room and just stare," says Jon Lunardini, a Notre Dame freshman with a grouping of 15 SI swimsuit pictures on his dorm wall. "Girls come in and say, 'Oh, that's gross.' "

Gross is one of those relative terms, of course. At the University of Michigan, sophomore David Hyman has meticulously mounted the last eight swimsuit covers and hung them in a large frame over his unmade bed. "It helps, because the winters are pretty rough here," Hyman says. UCLA freshman Dave Gwynn, on the other hand, has plastered the pictures over most of his available wall space, as well as his bed frame and even on the plastic cover of his stereo turntable.

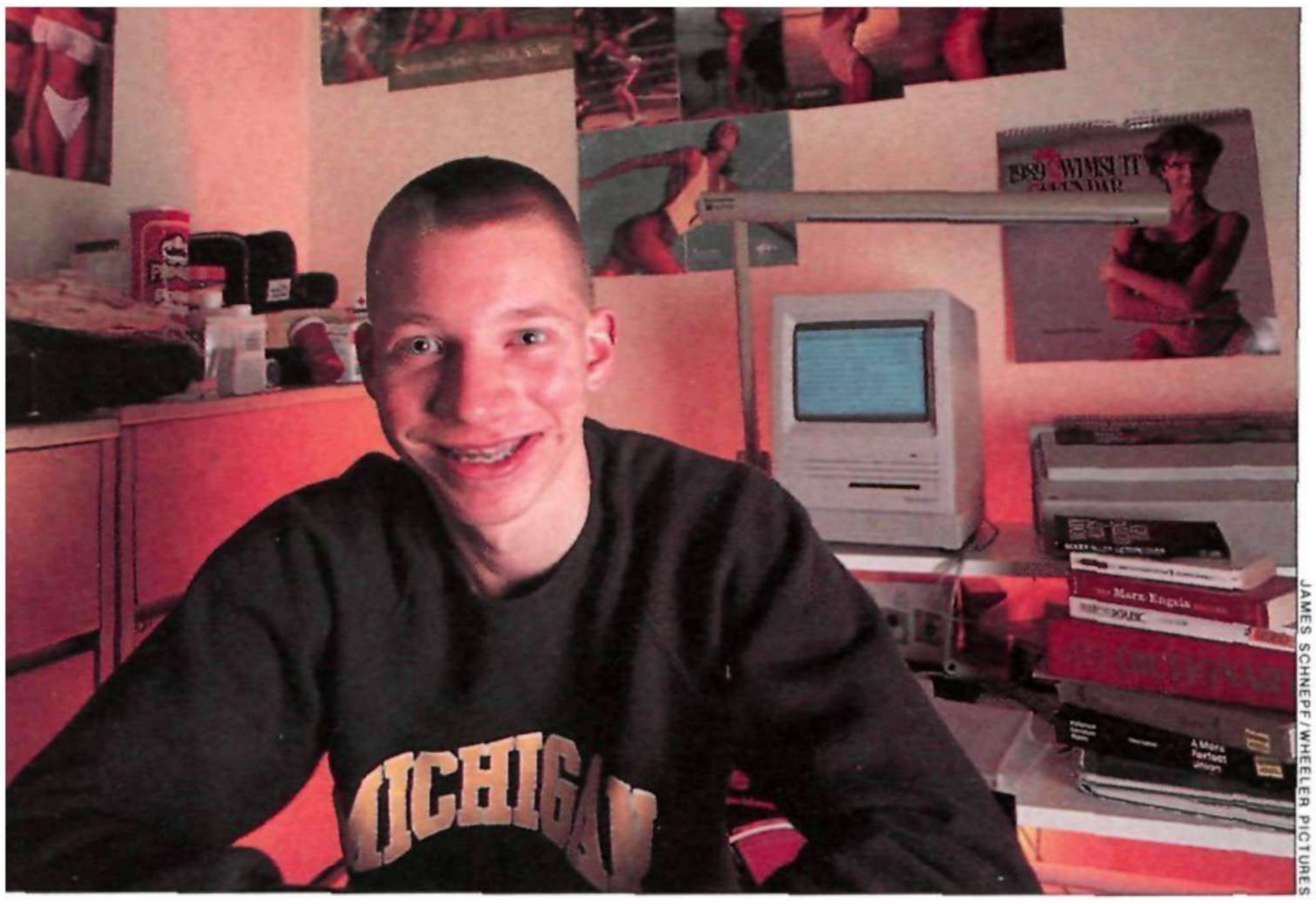
And then there is Jay Lopez, a sophomore at Stanford, who says he first got his hands on a swimsuit issue when he was 12, "but then my mom grabbed it and hid it from me." (Attention school librarians, there is a lesson to be learned here: The forbidden fruit never falls far from the tree. Or something like that.) Lopez says he doesn't even *read* the SI swimsuit issue anymore. "I just buy it for the pictures," he says.

Lopez has an array of both calendar and magazine photos spread over one wall, and on the same wall he has hung a three-man slingshot (designed to fire water balloons over long distances) and Alf underwear. Over pictures of Stephanie Seymour and Kathy Ireland from the 1989 calendar, Lopez has pasted one of those cartoon word-balloons so that it appears Seymour is saying I LUST 4 JAY. The words are written in orange crayon. "It glows when I shine the black light on it," says Lopez.

Many people may feel the display of so many women in so little clothing is frivolous, but Lopez is not one of them. "You *need* pictures around here," he says. "They say nine out of 10 girls in California are beautiful and the other one goes to Stanford. We get a lot of crap about these pictures from the women. They're all feminists around here. I tell 'em if they don't like it, they don't have to stay in my room. But I've got nothing against women. This equal rights crap—let 'em do what they want, I say." Evidently the only thing undeclared about Lopez is his major, which, assuming he lives that long, will probably be economics.

Sophomore Stacey Jessiman lives in the dorm room next door to the Lopez bestiary. She has Monet posters on her wall and is studying international relations and art history. "What bothers me is that he feels the need to put up so *many*," Jessiman says. "I just feel like he's exploiting the female body. There's a lot more to admire about women than just their bodies."

At the other end of the sensitivity spectrum is Dan Fernandez, a second-year graduate student in electrical engineering at Stanford who has an SI swimsuit calendar in his small office in the Durand Building. Fernandez takes a very demure approach. "If I'm going to bring a girl to the office and I don't know her very well, I'll take it down," he says. "I wouldn't want a first date to see my office wall that way. Some women might get offended, or maybe nervous." He does not say why he



JAMES SCHNEPF/WHEELER PICTURES

would want to take a first date to his office, where he studies things like radar scattering, the technique of reflecting electromagnetic waves off an object and inferring from the data the object's size and shape.

Some collectors, like Fernandez, seem to need only a picture or two, while, as indicated above, others go for volume. University of Miami roommates Mark Mautino and Brian Alspector have the photos all over their room—everywhere, in fact, except the ceiling. "They won't let us do that," Mautino says. "They say it's a fire hazard." Mike Shingles, a sophomore premed at Michigan, spent two hours last fall putting together a collage that entirely covers one sliding closet door. Shingles used to have a collage of the Minnesota Vikings on his wall, that apparently being part of the usual cycle for male pre-med students: football players, then girls, then CAT scans of the small intestine. Shingles hopes to laminate his collage so that he can take it with him as he travels down life's *highway*.

The collegians who collect them devote considerable attention to the care and feeding of their swimsuit photos. When construction work begins this spring on UCLA's Sproul Hall, where Gwynn lives, he will painstakingly remove all the pictures from a wall in his room and then transfer them to a large *piece of butcher paper.* "When you take them down you have to keep the tape on," he says. "If you try to take it off, you're liable to rip some of the important parts."

Proper taping technique is crucial. Scott Cohen, a USC sophomore who has been cutting paper dolls out of the swimsuit issue since the seventh grade, has lost some classics due to faulty tape work. "You've got to be careful, very, very careful," he says. "After a lot of years I guess I've mastered the proper technique, so now I don't ruin my precious pictures." Because there are frequently photos he wants on both sides of a page, Cohen always anticipates cutting up the magazine with a measure of dread. "You're always hoping you aren't cutting over one of the girls' bodies," he says. This is the brutal part of the job.

"It happens every *once in a while, but you* just have to make a decision," says Steve Carter, a USC freshman. Carter hangs his pictures with thumbtacks so he can turn them over now and then for a change of pace.

AT MICHIGAN, SOUVA DECIDED AGAINST ZOOMING IN WITH CUTOUTS

Cohen, an SI subscriber, says he looks forward to his copy of the swimsuit issue "all year," although he is sometimes let down at the last minute by the postal service. "Sometimes the issue never comes," he says forlornly. "Or it will mysteriously come a week late, looking like it's been thumbed through."

Assuming the magazine arrives without excessive smudging, convention then calls for a carefully plotted attack on the swimsuit section, with the rest of the issue cast quickly aside. "I *usually look through the pictures* more than once," says Gwynn, who is also a subscriber. "The first time, I'll glance through really quick, then I go back and pick the ones I like best and cut them out. I have to be really selective because they're on both sides of the pages." Would he consider buying another copy to alleviate that problem? "No," says Gwynn, "I wouldn't."

Some of the collectors display an esthetic sensibility. "SPORTS ILLUSTRATED shows the best of the human body week in and week out, and I guess

KEVIN KOLCZYNSKI

MIAMI ROOMMATES ALSPECTOR (LEFT) AND MAUTINO HAVE WALL-TO-WALL COVERAGE. SORRY, GUYS, THE CEILING IS OFF-LIMITS

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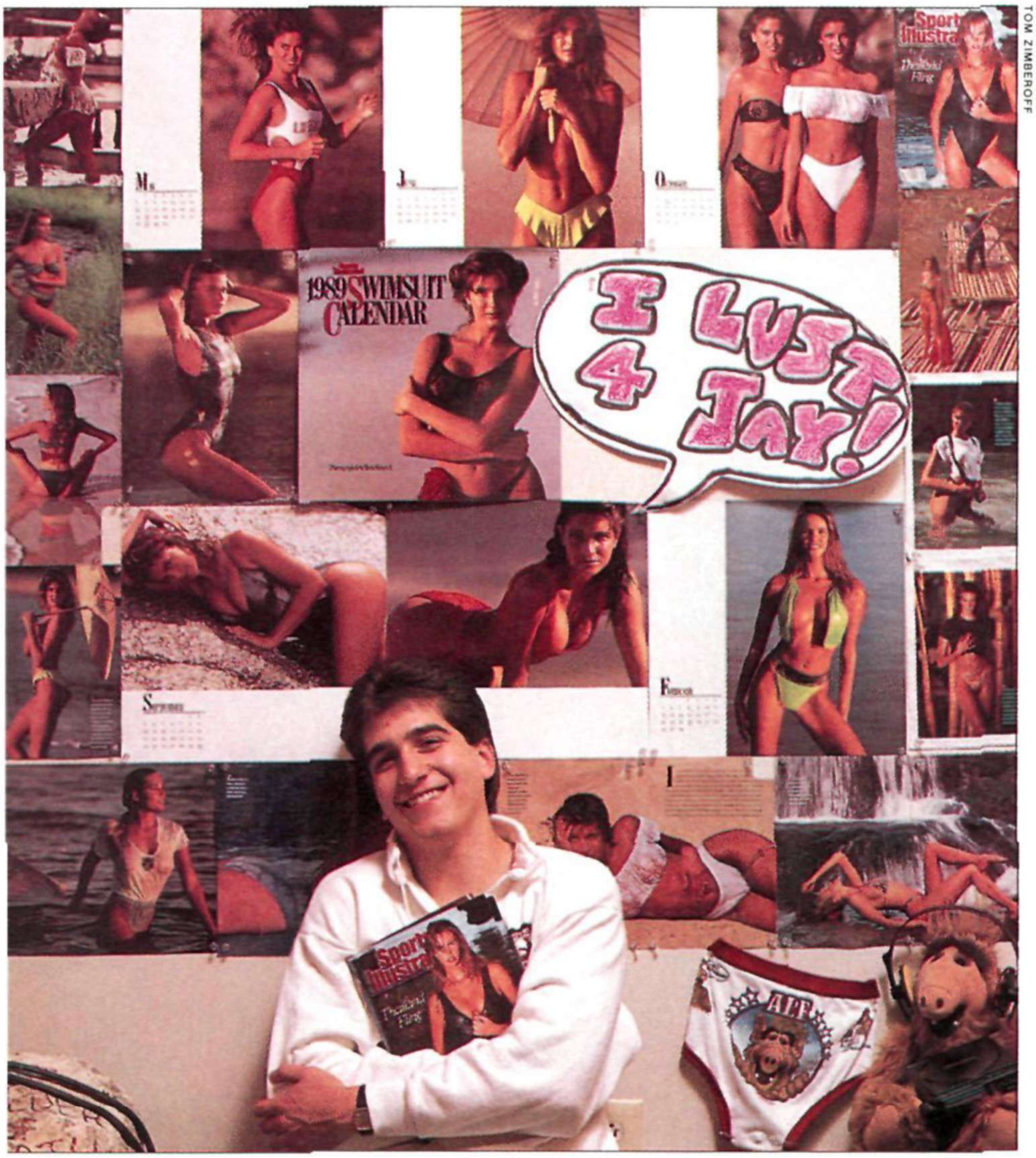

TOM ZIMBEROFF

STANFORD SOPHOMORE LOPEZ GOT IT INTO HIS HEAD TO EMBELLISH HIS IMPRESSIVE COLLECTION OF SI SWIMSUIT PHOTOGRAPHS WITH GRAFFITI AND UNDERWEAR

that's the reason they do the swimsuit issue," says Cohen. And Mark Souva, a sophomore majoring in political science at Michigan, says, "Some of the best parts of these pictures are the backgrounds."

He had considered placing geometric mats over the pictures to highlight the models' faces and body parts. "But then I decided not to because I would have lost the colors, and the pictures as a whole," he says.

Whether it is seen as art or cheesecake, there are a lot of women (and some men) who question the justification for the swimsuit issue; Jennifer Sundquist is not among them. Sundquist, a freshman at UCLA "with a major in beach, minor in party," started putting the swimsuit pictures on her bedroom wall at home a year ago, after her brother gave her several old issues of the magazine, and she now has photos on her dorm-room wall. Her mother, Dorothy, was a model, and Jennifer is hoping for a modeling career too. She has already been in three fashion shows. "My mom encouraged me to get into it because I'm kind of photogenic," she says. "I'm not gay or anything—I just like the way they look," she says. "It's like an inspiration to me." Perhaps fittingly, most of the abuse she has taken over the pictures has come from men. "Guys just don't understand when girls like the way other girls look," she says.

Some collectors follow the swimsuit issue from year to year as if it were a sport unto itself, with each model having her own loyal coterie of fans. Cohen was very enthusiastic about Stephanie Seymour, a promising rookie last year, and speaks of Tiegs as an "aging veteran," the way his father might have talked about Willie Mays. "Carol Alt and Kim Alexis are the two real veterans of the past couple of years," Cohen says. "You sort of wonder if they'll be back with the team this time around."

If there was one thing that particularly troubled Cohen and other aficionados of the swimsuit issue—many of whom volunteered the same complaint without being asked—it was the shocking absence of model Kathy Ireland from the magazine's cover in past years. "She hasn't received nearly enough recognition for her efforts," says Cohen. "She always seems to have the best pictures, but she never gets the cover. She's *just not on the cover.* I don't understand it. It's really pretty baffling."

The most baffled person in America on this subject may be Souva, who has constructed a virtual shrine to Ireland in Michigan's South Quad dormitory. Souva is a fairly sober 19-year-old with braces and an old-fashioned butch haircut that, along with a wall poster of the Stealth fighter plane, is probably an indication of his devotion to the Air Force ROTC, of which he is a member. "I would like to emphasize that I particularly like Kathy Ireland," Souva says. "They're all beautiful, but I have a preference for brown-haired girls. Blondes usually come across as dumb, and I'm somewhat of an intellectual. I definitely think Kathy should be on the cover. Last year's issue was a disappointment to some extent because she was hardly in it. But people move on, I guess."

Souva knows that someday he, too, will have to move on. "I suppose that eventually I'll marry someone and become less interested in Kathy," he says. "But she'll always be special to me, the way Betty Grable was to people in World War II. I'll always remember Kathy."

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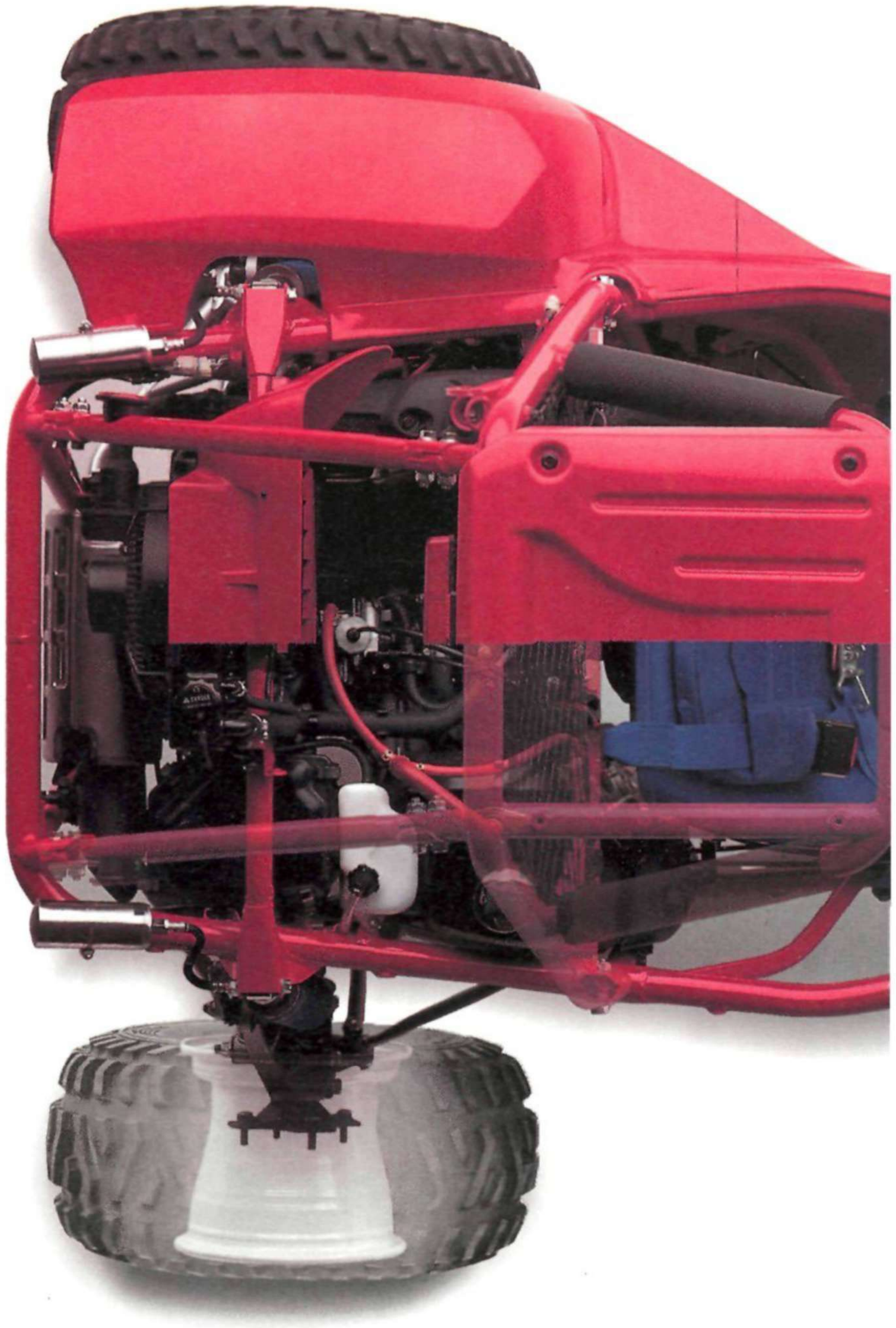

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ASHLEY RICHARDSON IS
POISED FOR TAKEOFF AT CAMINO REAL
IN IXTAPA, IN A DARLING RIO SUIT ($42)

MARC HISPARD

C'mon in, the water's fine along Mexico's Pacific Coast—and so are the swimsuits

Olé

MARC HISPARD

BRING ON the mariachis and break out the guacamole. Our models have packed their suits and settled in to savor the fun and sun of the Mexican Riviera, a 1,000-mile strip of coastline from Cabo San Lucas on Baja to the new resort area of Huatulco near the Guatemalan border. Along the way, our winsome wanderers pause to take in hidden bays, empty beaches, rolling green surf, tiny fishing villages and, of course, luxurious resorts. Rachel Hunter, for instance, has stopped at Costa Careyes in Jalisco to touch up her tan in an Anne Klein Swimwear bikini ($46), silk crepe shirt ($130) and accessories.

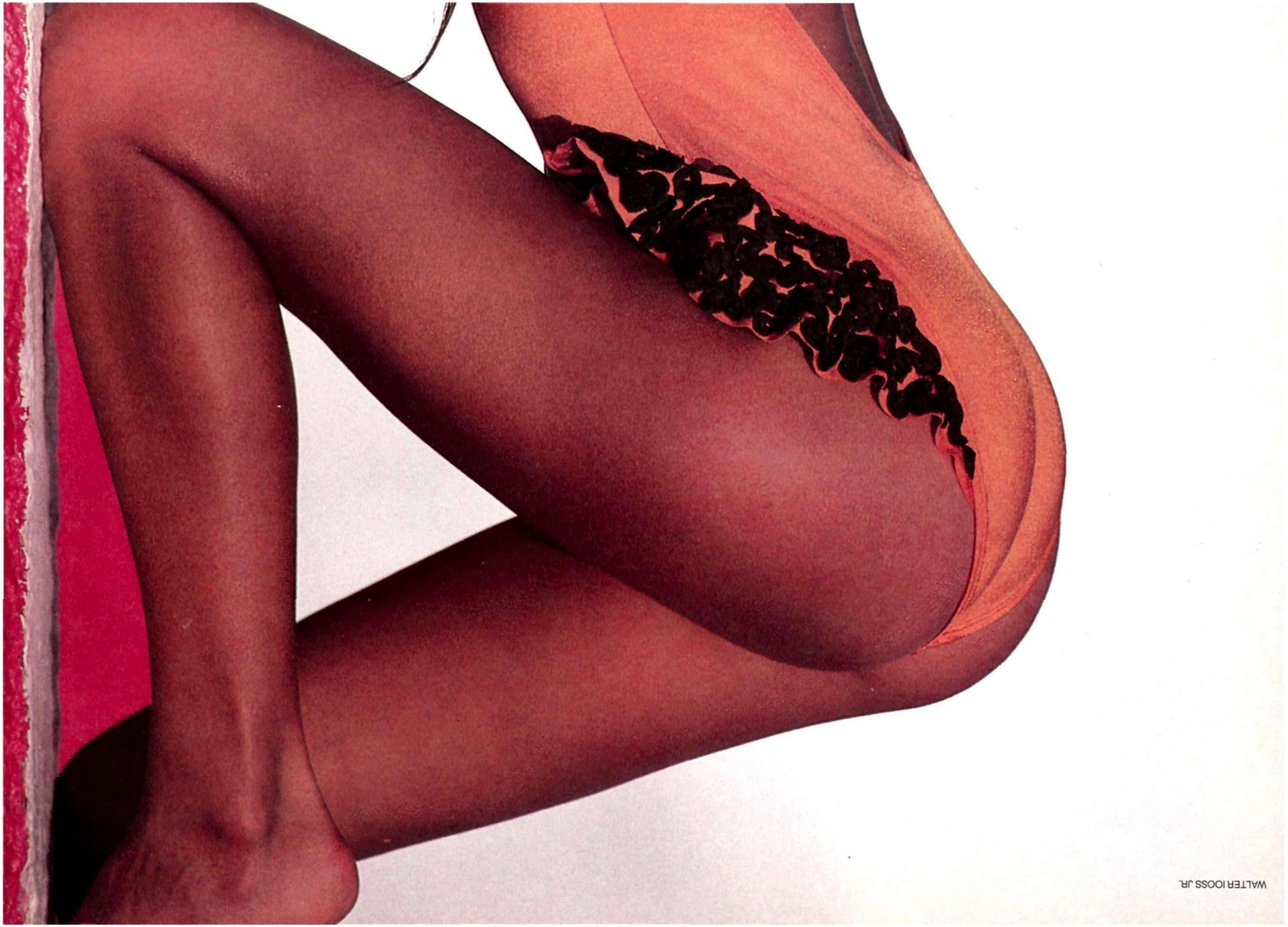
—JULE CAMPBELL

MARC HISPARD

STEPHANIE SEYMOUR, IN FETCHING FISHNET FROM KEIKO ($86), IS SURE TO CATCH THE ATTENTION OF VISITORS TO THE RESORT OF LAS HADAS NEAR MANZANILLO. ON THE RIGHT, ASHLEY TESTS THE SURF AT CAMINO REAL IN A SUIT BY *RALPH LAUREN* ($114)

MARC HISPARD

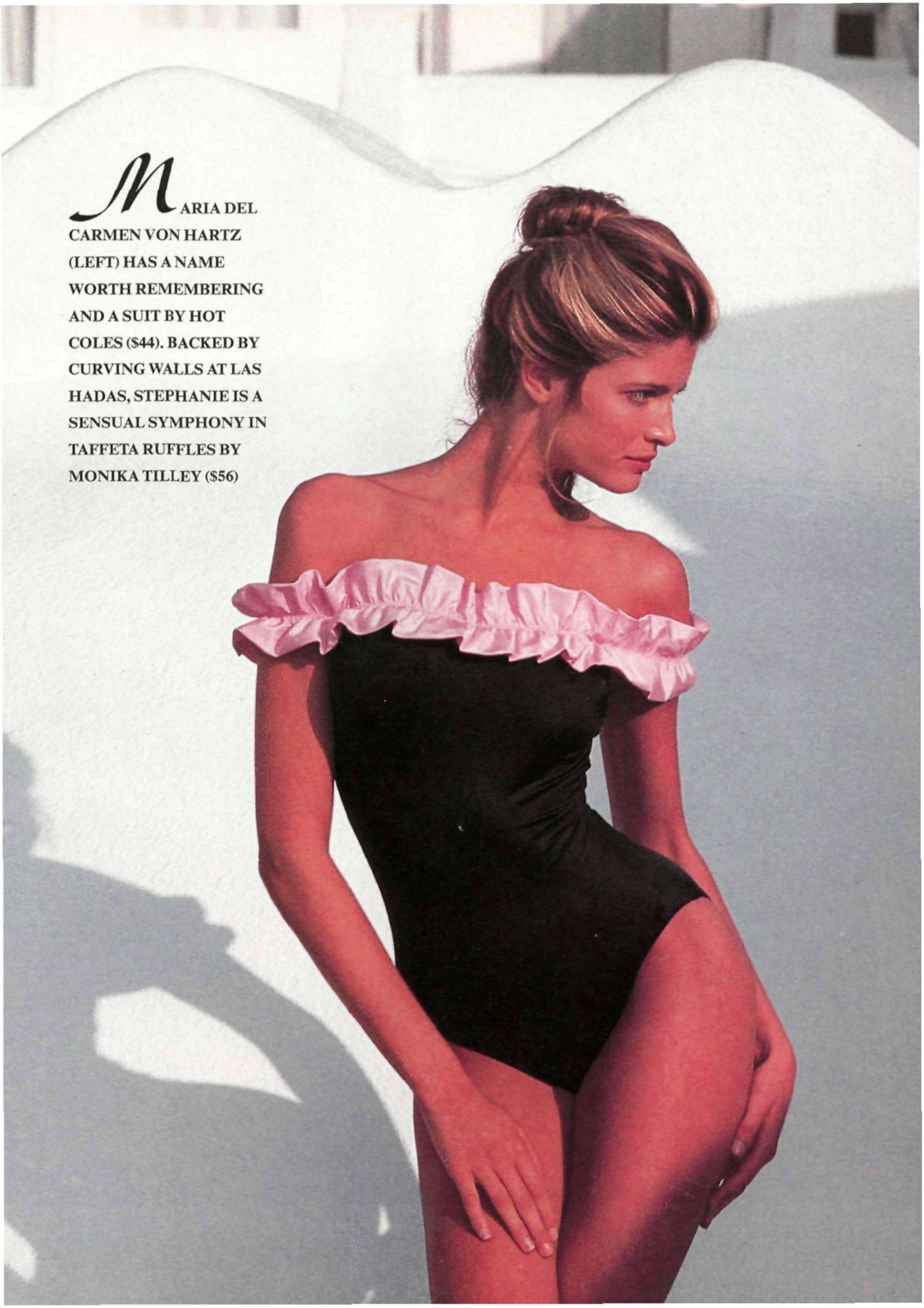
A SINUOUS SABRINA BARNETT SNEAKS UP ON THE SUN AT LAS BRISAS IN ACAPULCO. HER SUIT WITH A FLAMENCO FLAIR IS FROM RANDOLPH DUKE ($72)



WALTER IOOSS JR.

MARC HISPARD

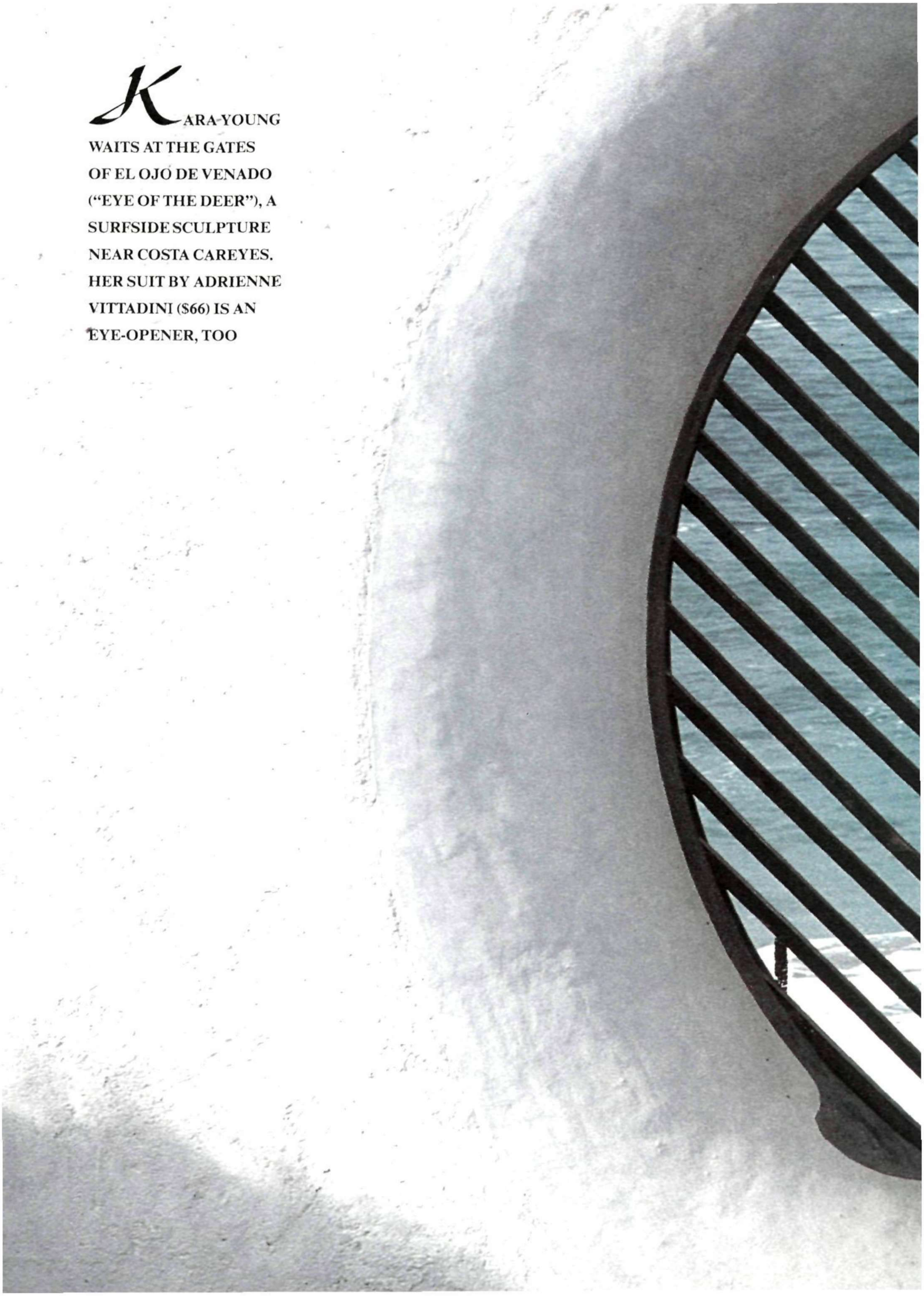
MARIA DEL CARMEN VON HARTZ (LEFT) HAS A NAME WORTH REMEMBERING AND A SUIT BY HOT COLES ($44). BACKED BY CURVING WALLS AT LAS HADAS, STEPHANIE IS A SENSUAL SYMPHONY IN TAFFETA RUFFLES BY MONIKA TILLEY ($56)

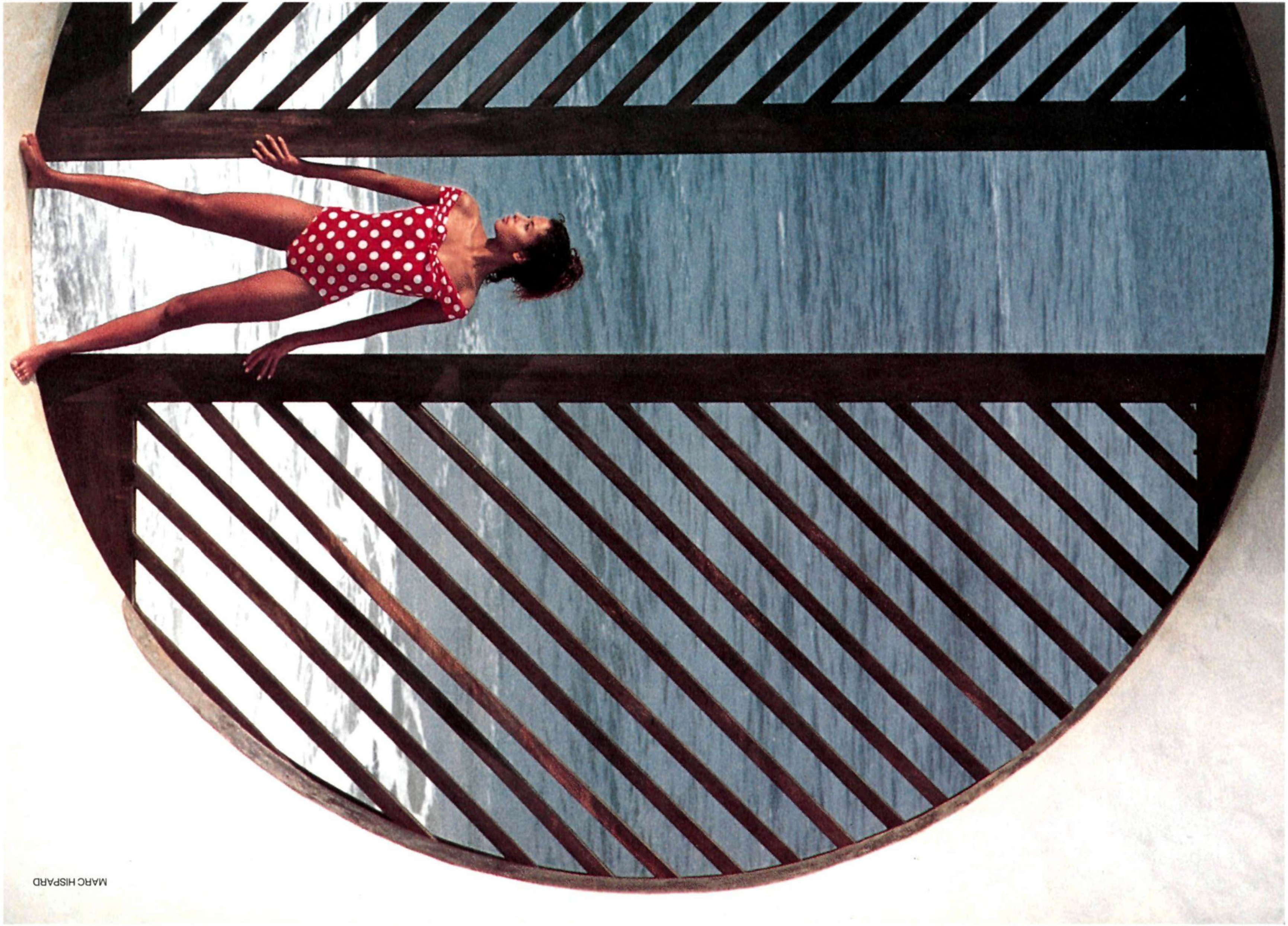


AT THE HOTEL TWIN DOLPHIN IN CABO SAN LUCAS, KATHY IRELAND DRIFTS IN A DREAMY BACKSTROKE IN A SUIT FROM OP BEACHWEAR ($49)

PAOLO CURTO

KARA-YOUNG WAITS AT THE GATES OF EL OJO DE VENADO ("EYE OF THE DEER"), A SURFSIDE SCULPTURE NEAR COSTA CAREYES. HER SUIT BY ADRIENNE VITTADINI ($66) IS AN EYE-OPENER, TOO

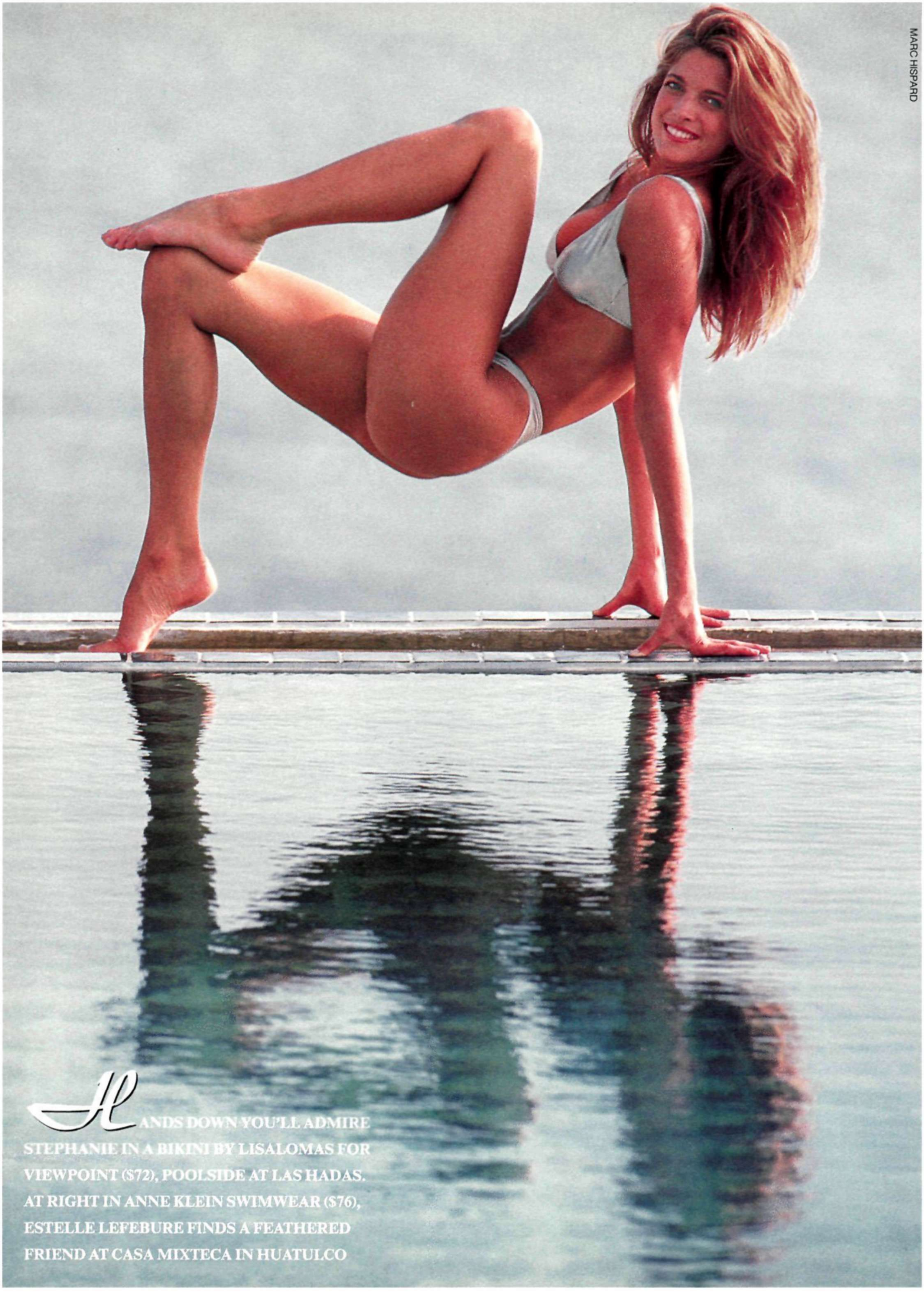




MARC HISPARD

REDHEADED
RACHEL AND HER TEENY,
TAWNY BIKINI FROM
HALF MOON ($48) BLEND
IN PERFECTLY WITH
THE TERRA-COTTA
CROCKERY AT LAS HADAS

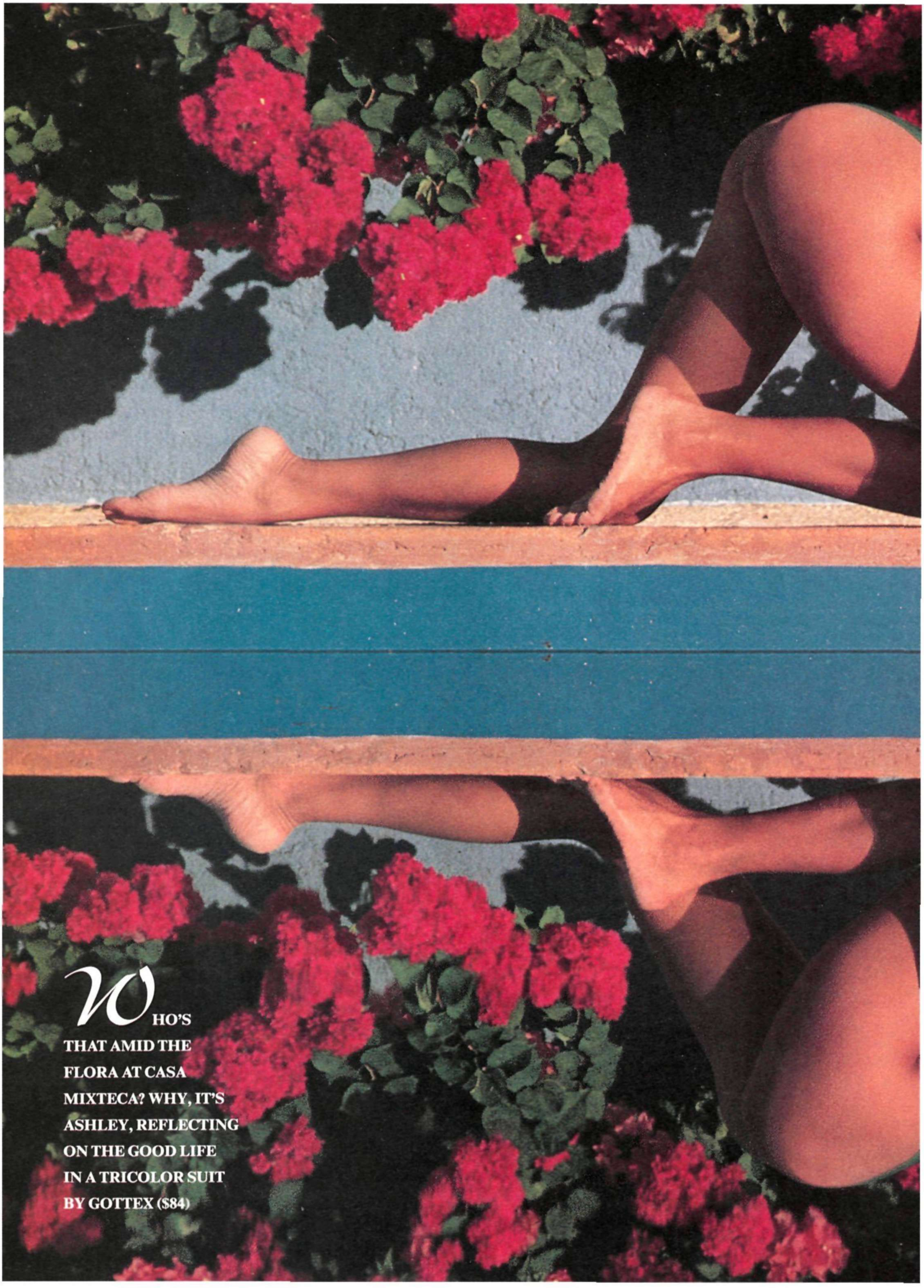
MARC HISPARD



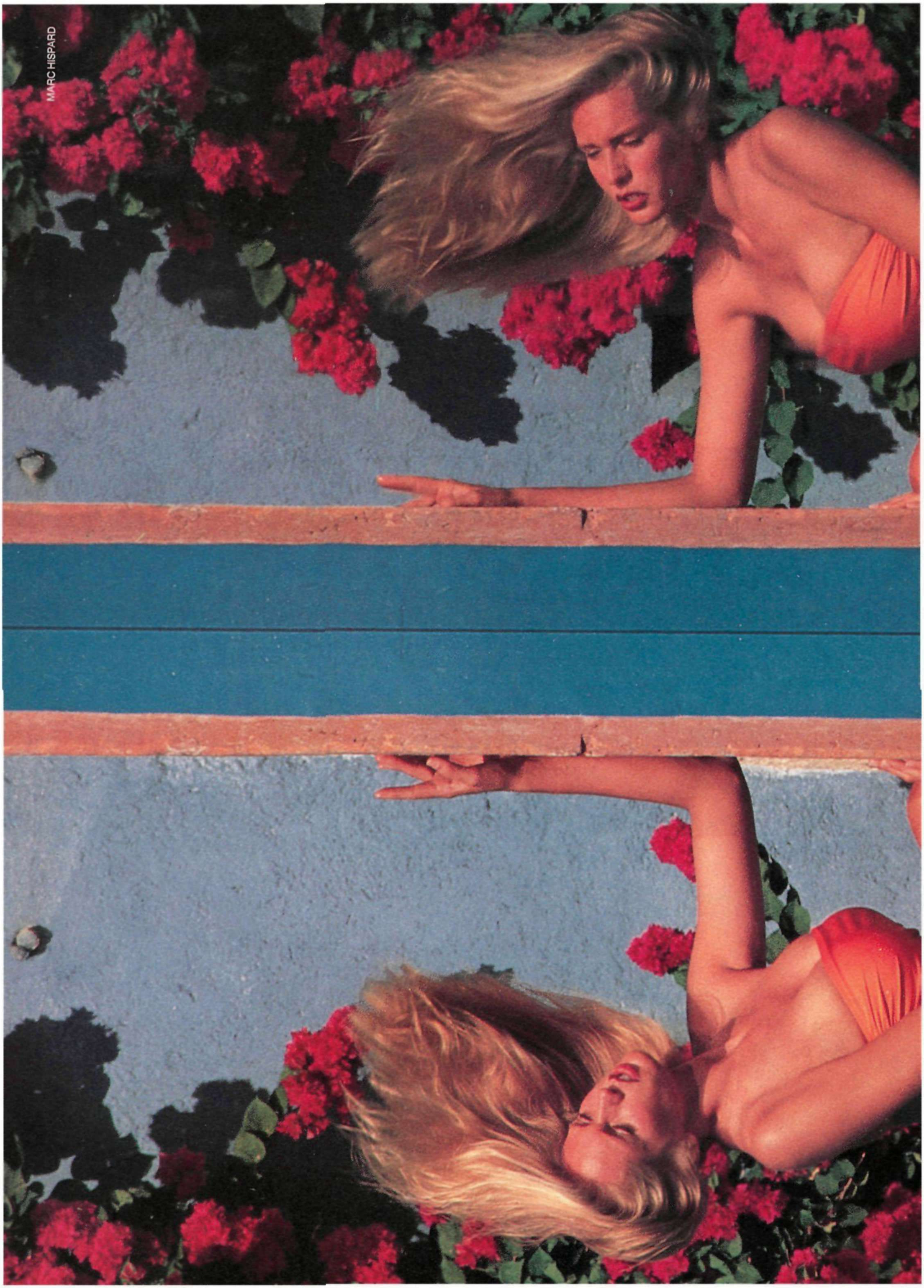
MARC HISPARD

HANDS DOWN YOU'LL ADMIRE STEPHANIE IN A BIKINI BY LISALOMAS FOR VIEWPOINT ($72), POOLSIDE AT LAS HADAS. AT RIGHT IN ANNE KLEIN SWIMWEAR ($76), ESTELLE LEFEBURE FINDS A FEATHERED FRIEND AT CASA MIXTECA IN HUATULCO

MARC HISPARD



WHO'S THAT AMID THE FLORA AT CASA MIXTECA? WHY, IT'S ASHLEY, REFLECTING ON THE GOOD LIFE IN A TRICOLOR SUIT BY GOTTEX ($84)


MARC HISPARD

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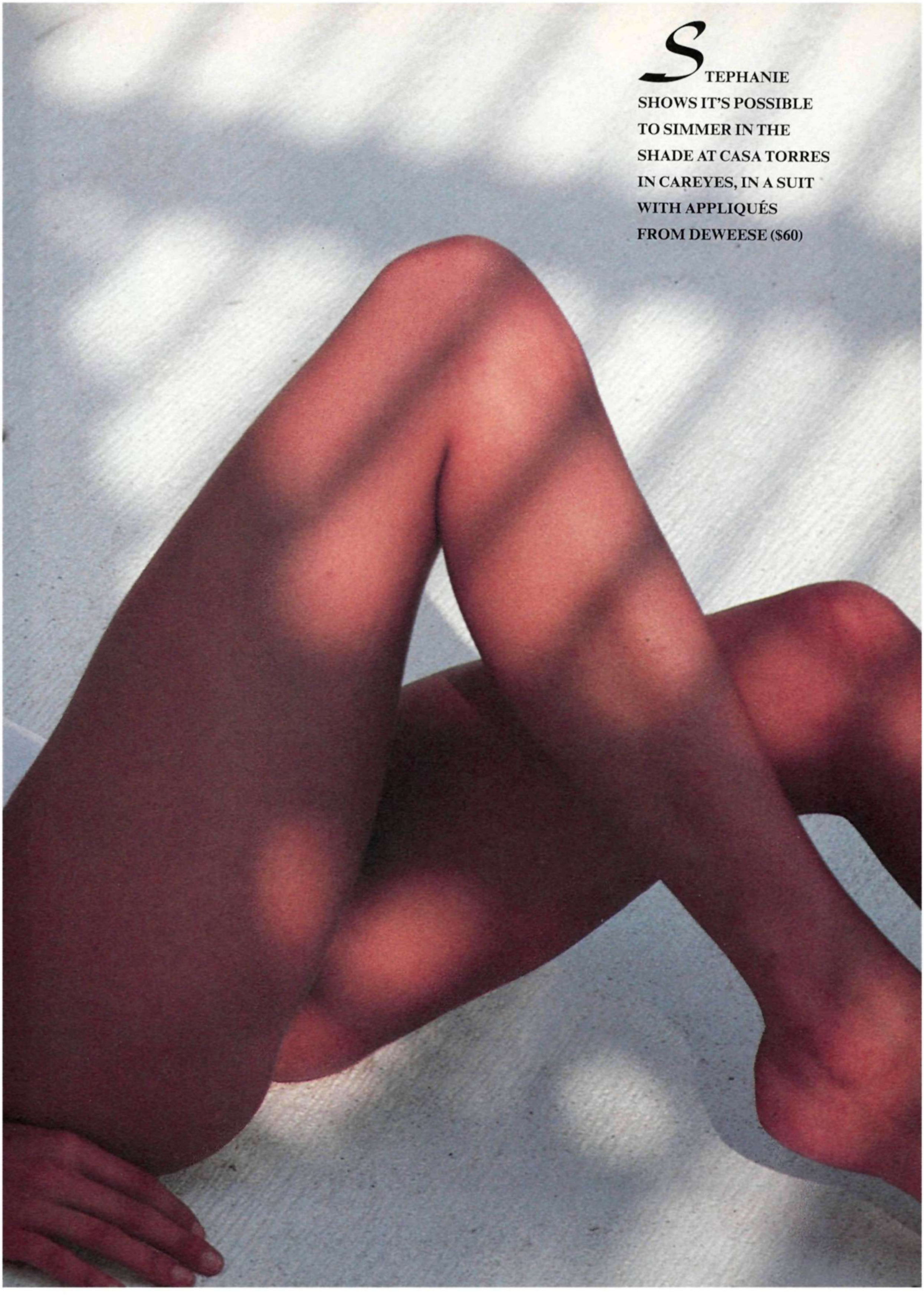


STEPHANIE SHOWS IT'S POSSIBLE TO SIMMER IN THE SHADE AT CASA TORRES IN CAREYES, IN A SUIT WITH APPLIQUÉS FROM DEWEESE ($60)

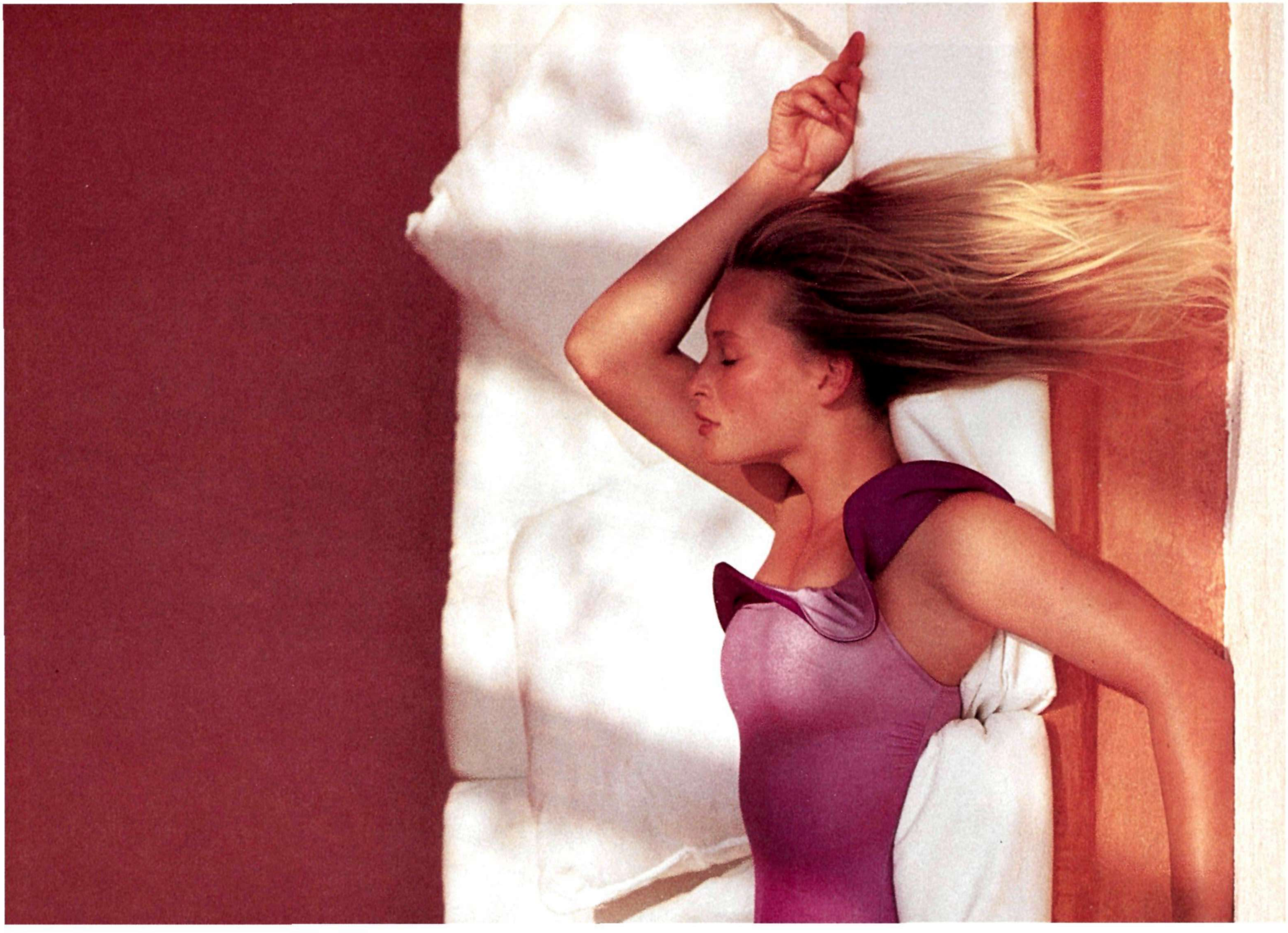
WALTER IOOSS JR.

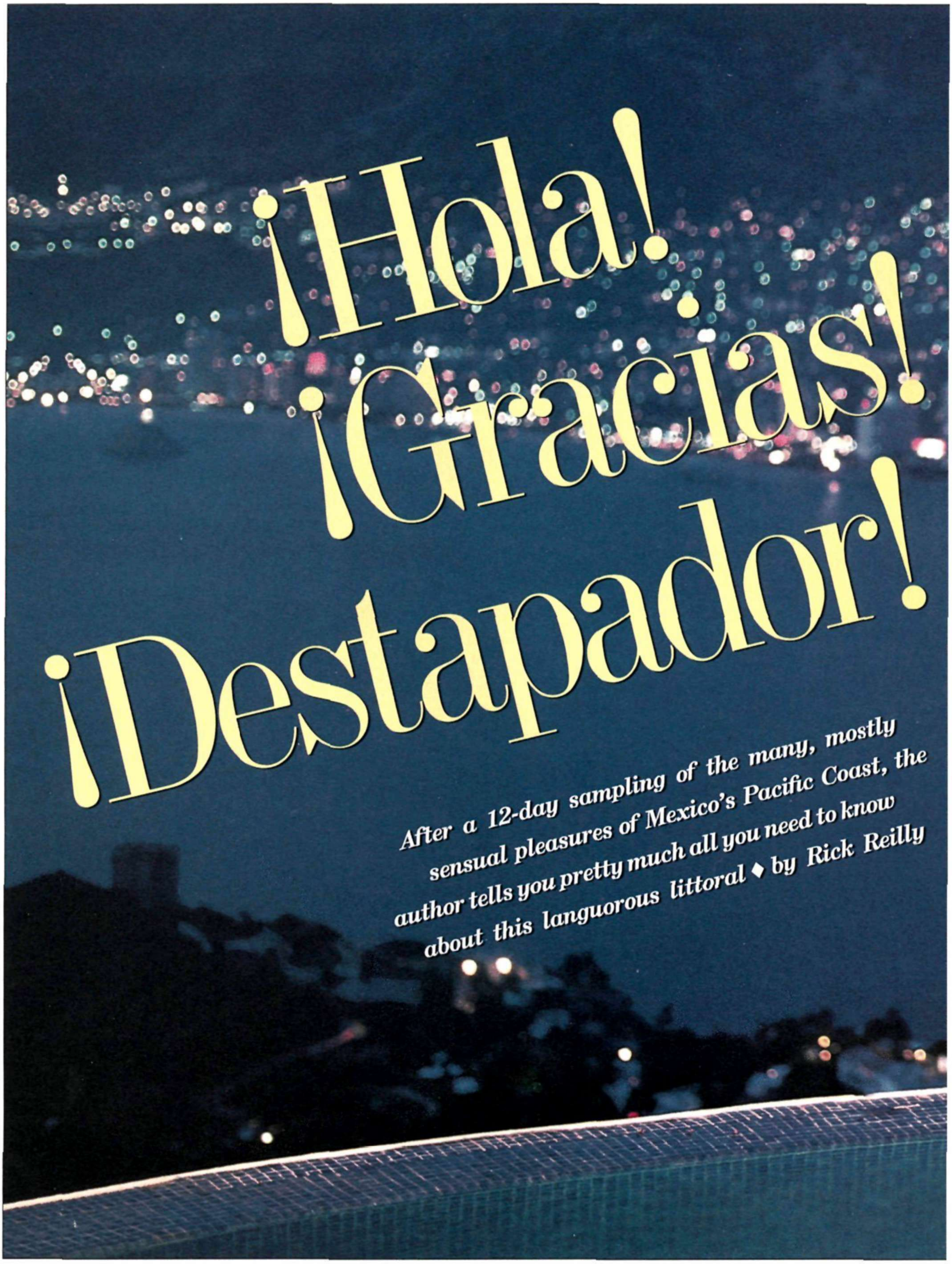
NO RAYS FOR RACHEL, LEFT, WHO WRAPS HERSELF AT LAS BRISAS IN A TENT FLAP AND PLUSH VELVET BY GOTTEX ($94). KELLY EMBERG, IN A SUIT BY ROBIN PICCONE ($68), PREPARES TO PLUNGE AT THE TWIN DOLPHIN

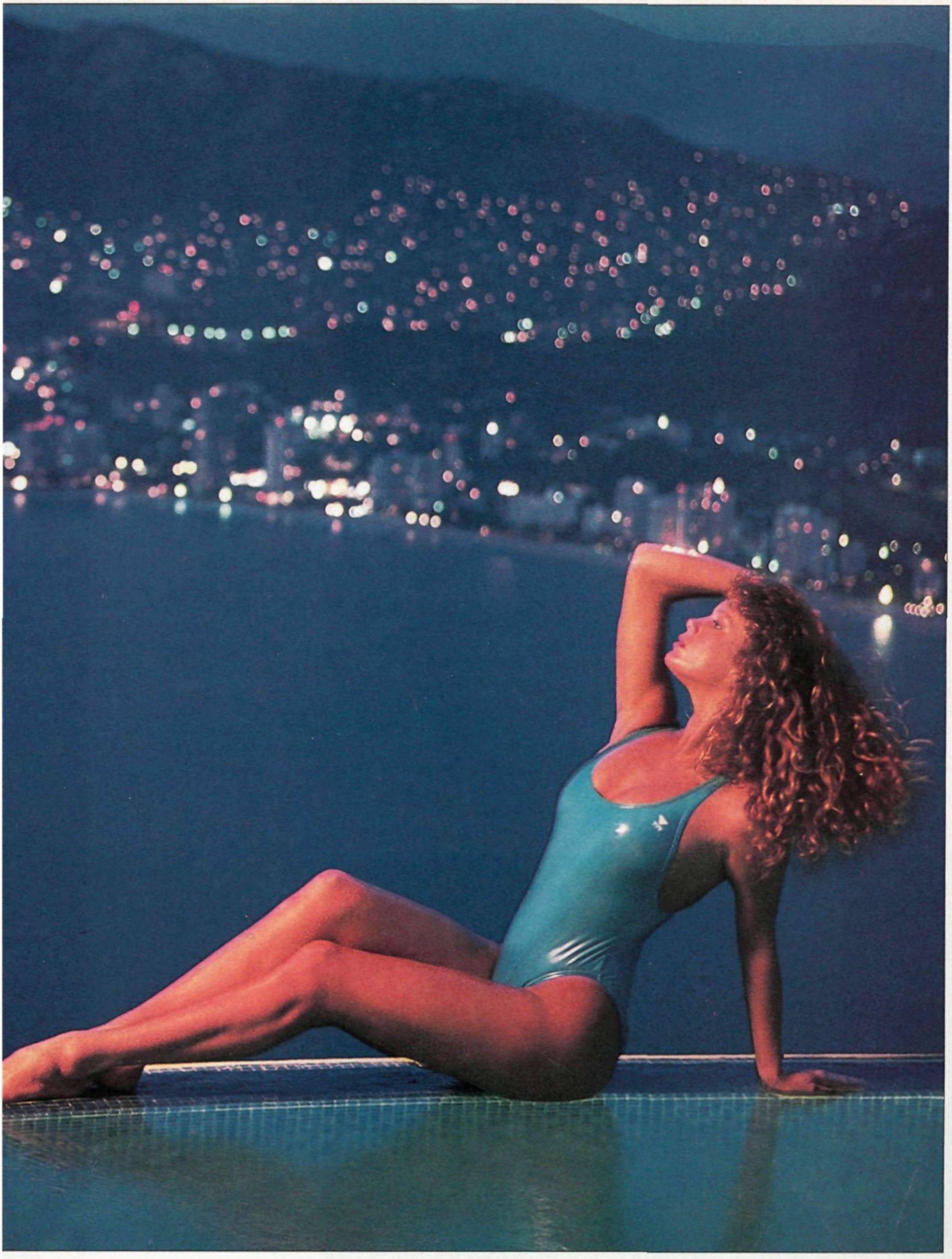
PAOLO CURTO

HAVING PUT IN A HARD DAY AT THE BEACH, ESTELLE MAKES LIKE A COUCH POTATO AT CASA IXTAPA, IN A ONE-SHOULDER LYCRA CREATION FROM GOTTEX ($98)

MARC HISPARD




¡Hola!
¡Gracias!
¡Destapador!
After a 12-day sampling of the many, mostly sensual pleasures of Mexico's Pacific Coast, the author tells you pretty much all you need to know about this languorous littoral ◆ by Rick Reilly



RACHEL, PRECARIOUSLY PERCHED BY ONE OF THE 250 POOLS AT THE LAS BRISAS HOTEL, ENJOYS A SUMPTUOUS VIEW OF ACAPULCO BAY IN A GLISTENING SUIT FROM TYR ($50)

The trouble with the Mexican Pacific is all the stuff you can't get. For instance, you can't get beeped. Or lunch in five minutes or less. Or *Morton Downey Jr.* You *can* get horizontal, bronze, away, refreshed, sand in your shorts, stupified, mesmerized, surf-whipped, down, weak-kneed, stupid and even busted, which happened to me. But you can't get call waiting, microwave *fajitas* (ketchup with that?) or an ulcer.

Believe us, we looked into these things, at great personal sacrifice. Photographer Walter Iooss Jr., his assistant, Dan Jenkins Jr., and your reporter set out with a case of Pepto-Bismol to leave no margarita glass unturned and no sunset unregistered along one of the world's longest, most languorous, laughably low-budget coasts.

We traveled from the blue, blue waters of Cabo San Lucas on the tip of Baja California, across the Sea of Cortés to the mainland of Mexico and the posh jungle seaside resort of Careyes (perhaps the only place in the world where you have to stop your jeep on the way to the polo match in order to let the crocodiles cross the road), down the coast to sunstroked Ixtapa-Zihuatanejo, over the mountains to the shoppers' paradise of Oaxaca (an ancient dollop of Mexico that may not be on the Pacific, but on my map is only an inch away), across the mountains again to Mexico New (Huatulco, the country's latest resort, with its nine traffic-light-green bays) and finally, up the coast again to Mexico Familiar (Acapulco, where a wake-up call for before noon is presumed by the hotel operator to be a hoax). All in all, not a bad 12-day assignment. And no heavy lifting.

Oh, one other thing you can't get along the Mexican Pacific is hotel laundry service. Or at least not without speaking fluent housekeeper. And so when you come home from this discount paradise and you have worn one shirt taco-side-out three times and taco-side-in twice and your bag is starting to smell so ripe that even the gorilla in the American Tourister ad wouldn't go near it, the first thing you do is dump everything directly into the washer—which is what I did. But what you might fail to notice is that all your Pulitzer-potential notebooks are in there too; and by the time the notes have been through the dryer, they are a lot like Dr. Ruth: tiny, wrinkled and a little mixed up.

And so what you get out of notes like that is a story like this, which is sort of disorganized and out of sync. Of course, when you think about it, that's a lot like the Mexican Pacific.

FORTY-FOUR THINGS ABOUT THE PACIFIC COAST OF MEXICO ■ IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER ■ THANKS TO A GUNG-HO MAYTAG

1. The three most important words for the traveler

¡Hola! (hello), *gracias* (thank you) and *destapador* (bottle opener).

2. The worst place to be a grasshopper

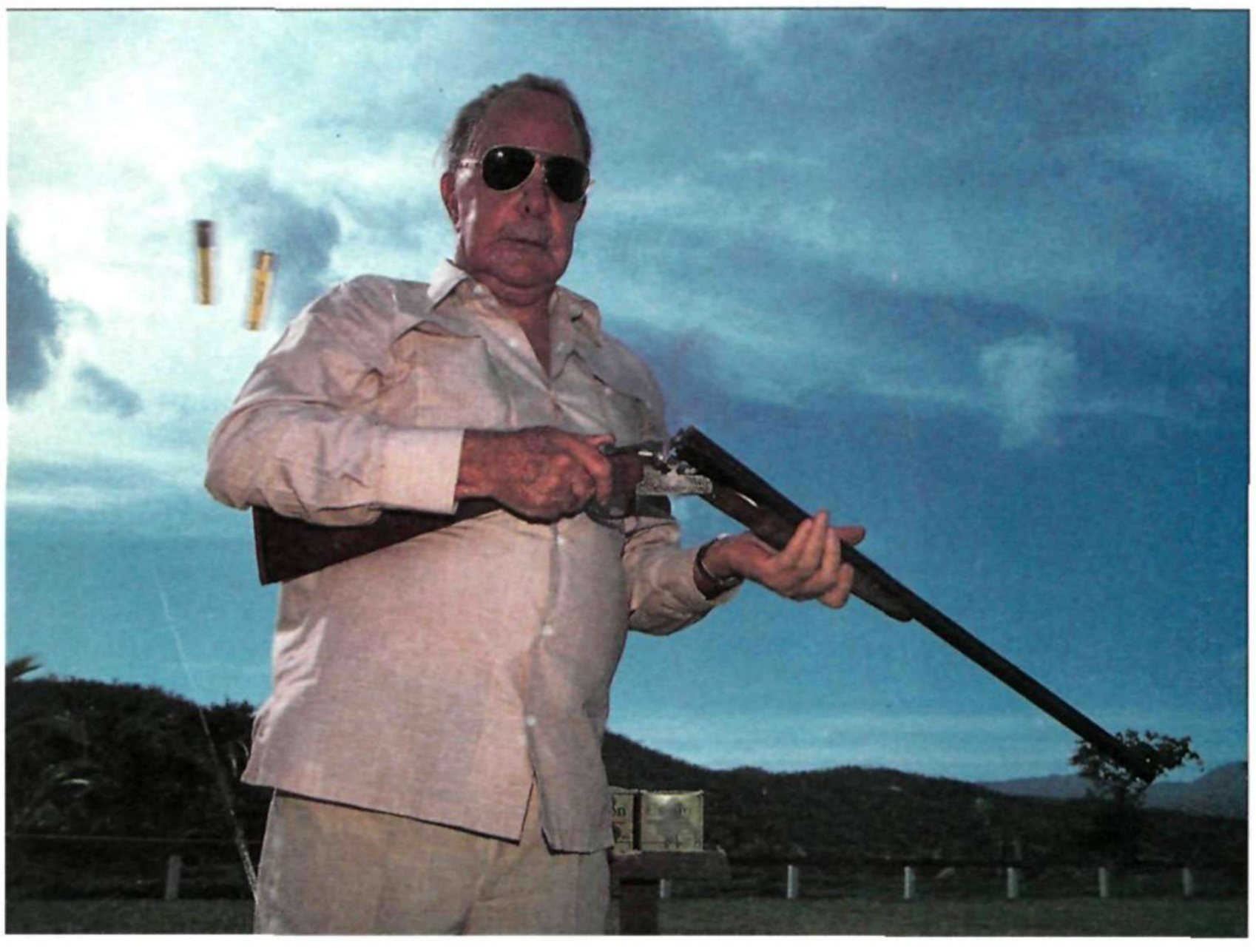
In Oaxaca a certain, tiny variety of grasshopper is sometimes known as lunch. We knew you would want to have the recipe:

Ingredients

About 1,000 grasshoppers (the younger the better)
1 cup guacamole
½ cup chili sauce
garlic
onion
pinch of salt
1 lemon
6 tortillas

Directions: Soak the grasshoppers in clean water for 24 hours. Boil them, then let dry. Fry in a pan with garlic, onion, salt and lemon. Roll up in tortillas *with chili sauce and guacamole.*

Serves six, if you can find six.



THOUGH PARR (LEFT) HAS BUILT A RESORT AT CABO SAN LUCAS, MANY SPLENDID UNDEVELOPED HAVENS, INCLUDING LOVE BEACH (RIGHT), STILL REMAIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.

A COUPLE OF WILD AND CRAZY TOURISTS HANG OUT IN ONE CABO SAN LUCAS BAR PRETENDING TO BE MARLIN

3. Best bar in Mexico

Hussong's in Ensenada has been setting people up and throwing people out since it was a stagecoach stop in 1892. Just about any night you can go into Hussong's and meet dust-drenched locals, saddle-sore cowboys, sun-reddened tourists, wave-bent surfers, and burnt-lipped fishermen. When Ensenada had a casino, legend has it, even Al Capone bent an elbow here. This is a drinking bar, so don't look for any nachos or video games. Just take one of the 60 stools at the 120-foot-long wooden bar and sip Hussong's beer, the house brew. And don't worry about the policeman at the front door. They haven't had a good bar brawl at Hussong's since. . . . What time do you have, anyway?

4. Skimpiest bikinis

La Condesa Beach in Acapulco is further proof that the good folks who design women's swimwear are doing more than their fair share to conserve fabric. And not just on the women. This is also the No. 1 gay beach in Mexico.

5. Best hotel in Mexico

Las Hadas in Manzanillo is very good, but the most romantic, most secluded hotel in the land is Las Brisas in Acapulco, where everything is pink and white: the rocks, the jeeps, the gas station where you fill up the jeeps, the boats, the ballpoint pens, the free drink they give you when you're checking in, ashtrays, hangers, umbrellas, even the dividing lines on the resort's roads. Built into a steep mountainside, the hotel has 300 private bungalows, most with their own hibiscus-filled swimming pools.

In the morning, why order room service? Just open up the "magic box" that is located in the wall of your room and you will find fresh-baked rolls, Danish, plums, mango, watermelon, bananas and coffee, all free. (The box is replenished throughout the day.) Then open up your private refrigerator, pull out a bottle of champagne and some orange juice (both cost extra). Best of all, Las Brisas has a policy made up of the three sweetest words any traveler could hear: "No tipping, please."

6. Toughest Indian in Mexico

Forey (no known first name), an 85-plus-year-old Periclú living near San José del Cabo, walks through the cactus-filled desert without shoes (he drags his feet so as not to step on cactus). A rattlesnake once bit Forey, and the snake died, it is said. He is the only man in Cabo who can smell a hurricane coming. Forey once ran down a deer until it dropped from exhaustion. Now, that's hunting.

7. Worst caddie

Eddie at Ixtapa Golf Course will insist you take a cart so he doesn't have to walk. Eddie will stand so the shadow of his head falls directly on your ball. Eddie will yell at you for hitting with the wrong club. Eddie will call you "pork meat" in Spanish, which, of course, you might be. Luckily, Eddie can't mess up the best thing: The course, a Robert Trent Jones Jr. creation, is gorgeous.

8. Best rule to make sure Eddie reads to you in English

That would be Rule No. 13 at Ixtapa Golf Course: *Precaución: En Los Lagos Habitan Lagartos,* which means "Caution: Alligators live in the lakes." Now, how bad do you *really* want that new Top-Flite?

9. Easiest way to turn your mouth into a blast furnace

Eat an innocent-looking little *habanero,* the hottest chili in Mexico. It is sometimes yellow, sometimes green, sometimes red and always merciless. Too much *habanero*—and a bite is too much—and your eyes start doing the strangling scene in Hitchcock's *Rope*, your nose runs like the Rio Grande, and you dunk your head in the aquarium. People have been known to bite into a *habanero*—called in some regions "crying tongue"—and faint away like Scarlett O'Hara. Luckily, we give you . . .

10. Best way to cure chili mouth after you have drunk every beer at your table and the table next to yours

Try forming an *O* with your lips, then suck in hard. Eat some bread and salt. Sugar works too.

11. How to lie about fishing

More than 40,000 marlin are caught every year off Los Cabos. Here the blue waters of the Pacific meet the green of the Sea of Cortés. People usually have to roll up their yacht windows to keep the fish from jumping in. But if you come to Los Cabos and don't catch a fish, don't despair. Pull the

CAN YOU FIND THE BOTTLE OF MILLER LITE IN THIS PICTURE?

BY THE WAY, IT TASTES GREAT.

old bucket trick: Tie a bucket to the end of your line and drop it into the sea. Then have the captain pull out at three-quarter speed. The bucket will pull your pole until it looks like a marlin is on the line. Quick, get the Instamatic. *"I'm tellin' you, if I'd have caught this baby, I'd have needed two dens to hang it.'*

12. After this, you might wish you had used the bucket trick

When the golden fish, about the size of a bread box, is hooked, it leaps as high as 12 feet in the air and puts on a beautiful battle dance, changing from bright gold to blue to green. This fish can take hours to bring in and, legend has it, can reach speeds of up to 30 miles per hour.

13. Best vision in Mexico

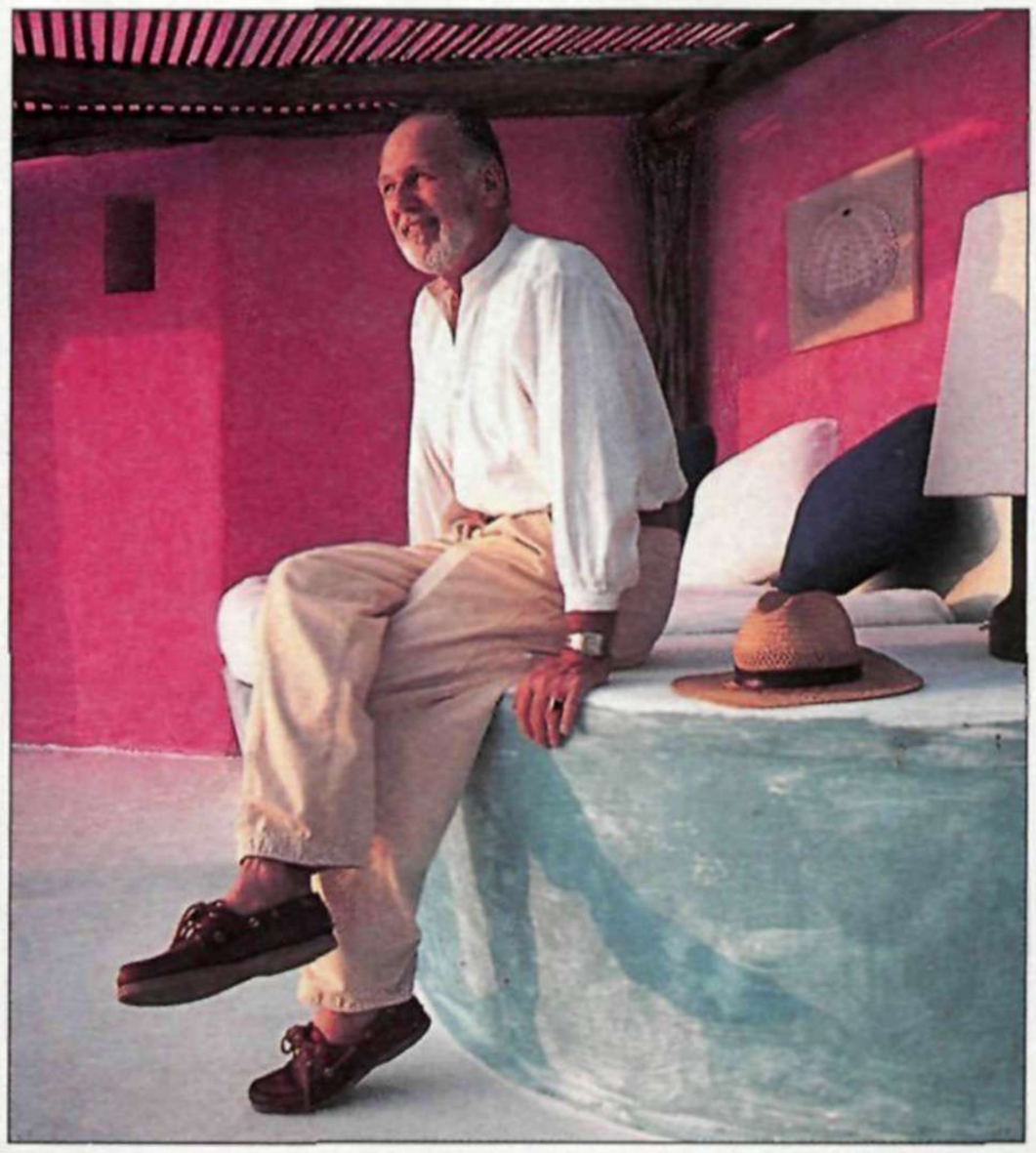
Twenty-one years ago, Gian Franco Brignone, an Italian banker, took a few men and some machetes and hacked his way 30 miles through the jungle to a place he would name Costa Careyes (Turtle Coast), halfway down the Mexican Pacific. Now he has a part-Mediterranean, part-Mexican paradise painted in unforgettable pastels and designed in a style best known as postprimitive luxury.

Two hours south of Puerto Vallarta, one hour north of Manzanillo, Careyes seems like a planet of its own. "European people get here and they say, 'Ahhh, this is Mexico,' " says Brignone, 62. "And Mexican people come here and say, 'Ahhhh, this is Europe.' "

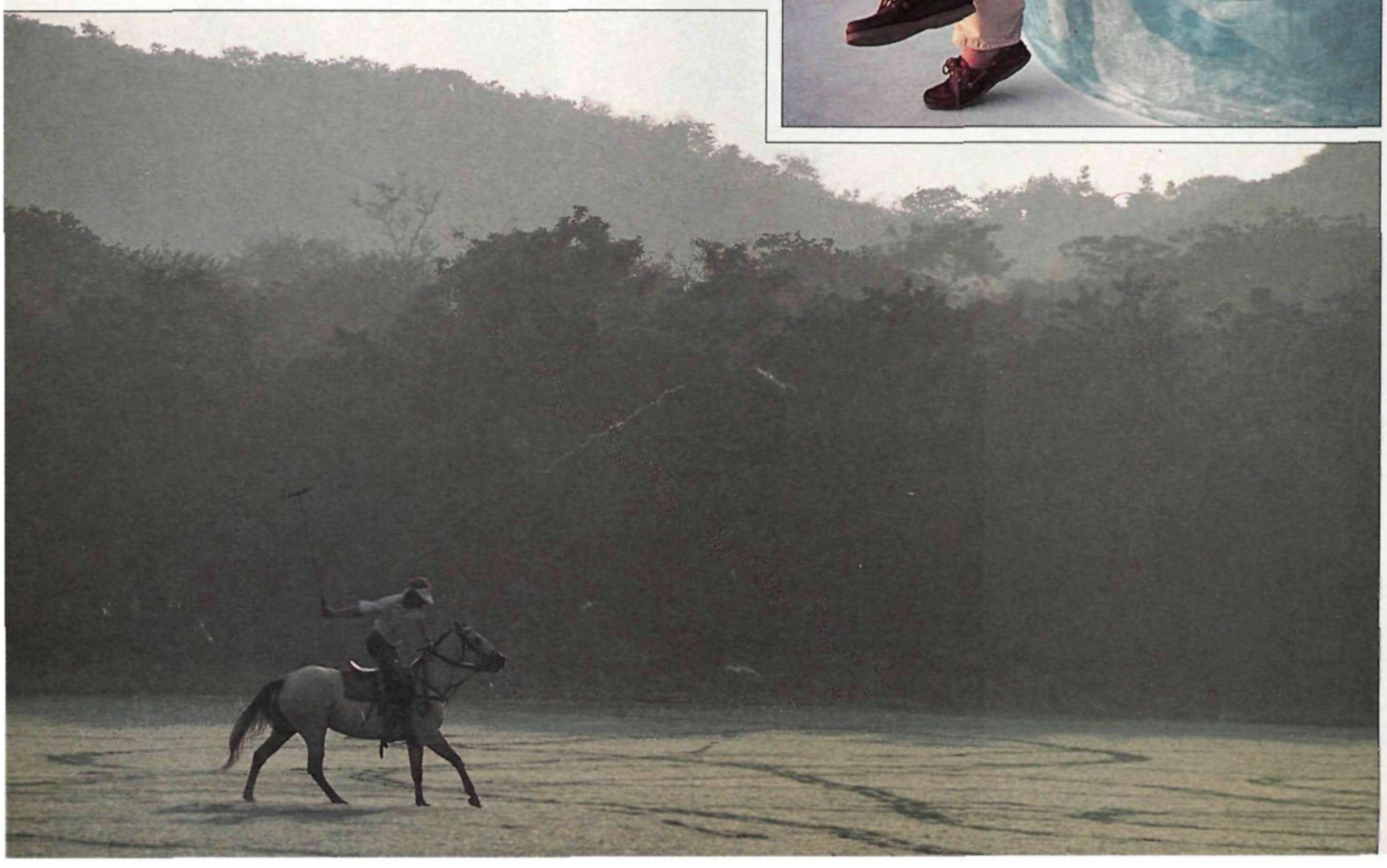
What it is, though, is the most luxurious, tasteful, sensual port in Mexico, a sort of Anti-pulco, where there are no stuffed armadillos, no phones, just gorgeous water, architecture and people. Europe's jet set flits down once in a while for the polo, the Swiss chef and the animal preserve that protects jaguars, turtles, crocodiles and hundreds of varieties of rare birds.

But the most beautiful thing of all in Careyes is the open-air, cornerless villa that Brignone built for himself on a cliff overlooking the ocean. Darryl Dawkins always said he came from "Lovetron," and this may be it. From every room there is a view Donald Trump would kill for. One outdoor couch is so sensual that Calvin Klein came down just to shoot one Obsession perfume ad on it.

Brignone lost an eye while building his villa (a nail flew



GIAN FRANCO BRIGNONE (RIGHT) AT EASE IN HIS VILLA, MI OJO; SON GIORGIO AT PLAY ON CAREYES'S POLO FIELD



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OFFER EXPIRES 2/28/89

into his eye while he was hammering) and so he named the place Mi Ojo (My Eye). He also created a monolith near the beach, a huge white wall that fills a small crevice in the land. In the middle of the wall is a circle with slide-away doors. He calls it *El ojo de Venado* (Eye of the Deer).

14. Best speed-limit signs

When a Mexican is killed in a traffic accident, relatives mark the site with a roadside tombstone.

15. Best Mexican driving joke we know

This was told by Chi Chi Rodriguez: A tourist is riding in a taxi and the driver goes screaming through a red light. The tourist says, "Are you crazy? You just went through a red light!" And the cab driver says, "It's O.K., my brother does it all the time." Then he went flying through another red light and the tourist screams, "C'mon, we're gonna get killed!" And the driver says, "It's O.K., my brother does it all the time." Then he comes to a green light and he stops. And the tourist says, "Why'd you stop? The light is green." And the cabbie says, "My brother might be coming."

16. Best book on Mexico

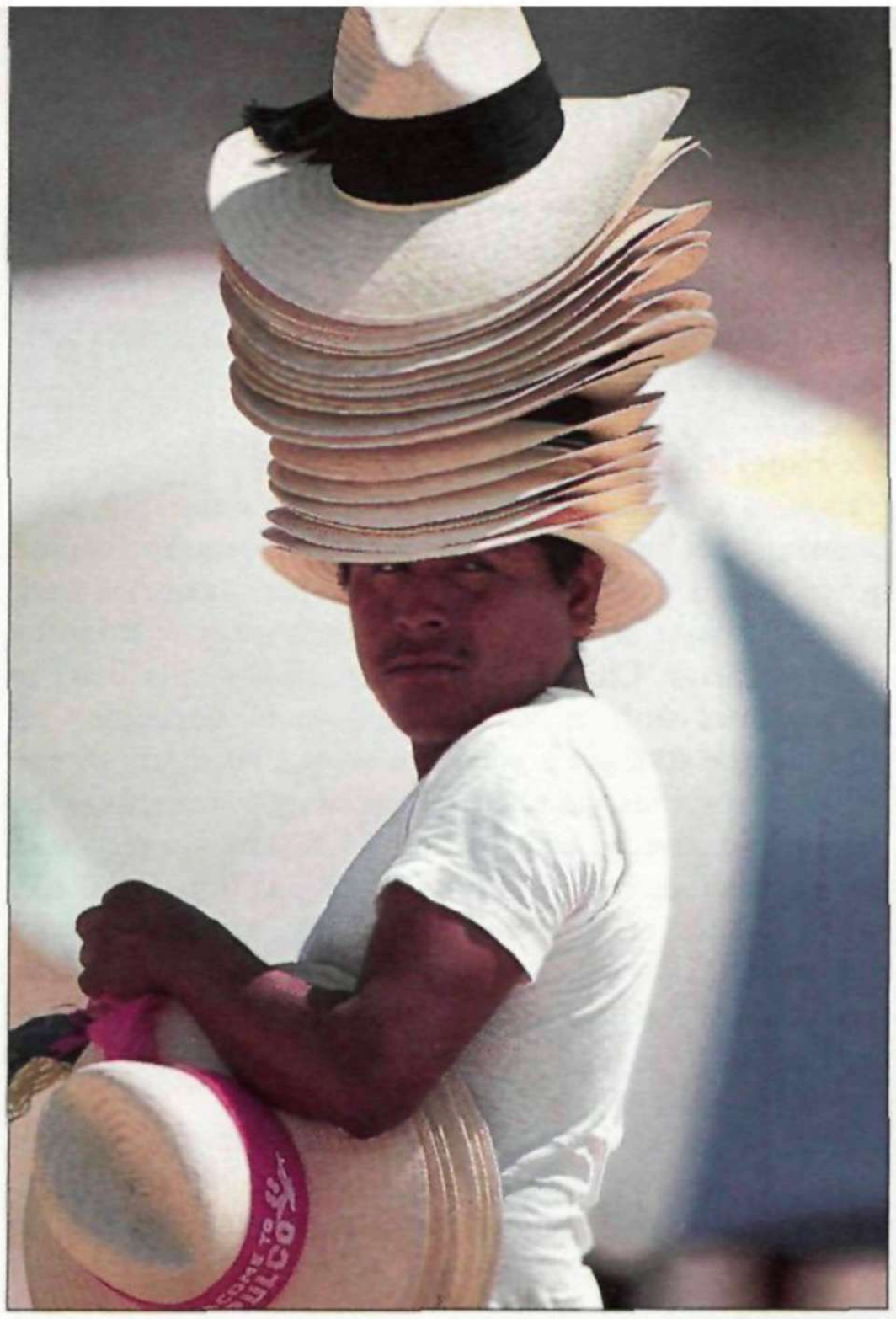
Carl Franz's *The People's Guide to Mexico* costs $14.95 but is really priceless. Among countless nuggets, Franz tells you which is the inside and which is the outside of a tortilla. (The outside is thicker, like the crust on bread.)

17. Maybe you should wish for more plates

At Christmastime along the Pacific, they make *buñuelos*, a thin, crispy pastry covered in honey. After the last spoonful is eaten, you are supposed to smash the plate underfoot and make a wish for the coming New Year.

18. The Corona curtain

Why do Americans drink Mexico's Corona beer like Kool-Aid, when a Mexican wouldn't touch the stuff if he had just crossed the Baja in coonskin pajamas? We couldn't figure it out either, and Corona wouldn't tell us. Some say the wells they use for the domestic stuff are different than the ones used for exported beer. Some say it is



ACAPULCO'S PESKY BEACH VENDORS HAWK EVERYTHING FROM HATS TO STUFFED SNAKES

the different pasteurization standards in the U.S. All we know is, when in Mexico, the beer to drink is *Pacífico.* And don't ask for a lime.

19. Workable Mexican toast besides salud!

Another useful nugget from Franz: *¡Arriba! ¡Abajo! ¡Al centro! ¡Adentro!* (Up! Down! To the middle! Inside!)

20. A word about clocks

There aren't any. Or, at least, many. After all, who has time for clocks? So much sun and surf and beach and beverage. Your average coastal local would no sooner wear a watch than a monocle. In Careyes, it's a policy: No clocks provided. Not in the hotel rooms, not in the restaurants, not at the pool.

At first, of course, we found this quite impossible. One of my companions *begged* for a clock, bugged housekeeping for one, bothered assistant hotel managers—to no avail. He might as well have been at the Gnome Hilton in Zurich asking for Coppertone.

But by the end of our trip almost two weeks later, he had forgotten clocks existed. You could have asked him what time it was and he would have replied, "Friday. Or at least Thursday." He no longer gave a tamale about train schedules or Filofaxes or the 30-seconds-or-less express lane at Wendy's. He had become completely unaccountable to his Seiko.

Hmmmmm. Do you suppose that that's what vacations are for?

21. And that's not counting Chiclets

If you go to Acapulco and don't stay at a hotel with a no-vending zone on the beach, you will not get a good tan. That's because vendors will constantly be hovering over you, blocking the sun, just in case you make a move toward your wallet.

We sat down on the beach in front of the Acapulco Plaza Hotel for 30 minutes just to see how many pitches we would get. Answer: 52, for, among other things, toy parachutes, bracelets, Coronas, stuffed turtles, coconuts, hammocks, dresses, wooden ships, marionettes, ducks, jade, peanuts, congas, waterskiing rides, scary-looking tanning oils and prostitutes. Only the Corona man moved us to make a transaction.

22. Best phrase to know on Acapulco's beaches

¡Lárgate, Bobo! (Scram, Buster!)

23. Two interesting facts about Mexico

The average Mexican chili has more vitamin C than a glass of orange juice. In some places in Mexico, if you get a parking ticket they take your license plates.

24. Best sunset in Mexico

On Playa del Amor (Love Beach), at Land's End on the tip of Cabo San Lucas, the sky lights up baby blue on one side, soft pink on the other, as if divided by a cosmic line—Cortés on one side, the Pacific on the other.

The sun, perhaps knowing that its minutes are numbered, outdoes itself in one last magnificent plume, turning pink clouds blue, blue clouds purple, streaking the windblown wave tops orange, and changing the sand to a glistening red.

25. Best place to be a dog

We met a dog who sees that sunset every night. How he got to Love Beach is a mystery, since the only way to get there is by boat or by climbing a huge craggy mountain that not even Lassie could traverse. But he was there, all by himself, every time we went, emperor of one of the strangest and most beautiful places on earth.

When you walk on most beaches, you eventually reach a parking lot or a street or a taco stand. Here you just come to another, equally glorious beach. All there is at Love Beach is beach, except for the giant honey-colored rocks that poke up through the sand, their bases loaded with caves and their faces dotted with pelicans.

Love Dog, as we called him, was a scruffy black mutt with one white foot and an uncanny knack for seeing a crab, chasing it, catching it on a dead run and eating it in less than two seconds. Love Dog could find a crab two feet into the sand.

We had no idea where Love Dog got water to drink, perhaps in those caves. We worried about him. On our last trip there we tried to get him to come back with us on the boat, but he tilted his head as if to say, Are you crazy? Have you seen this sunset? and trotted off. We suspect he had a surfboard hidden somewhere.

26. Hotel least likely to have HBO

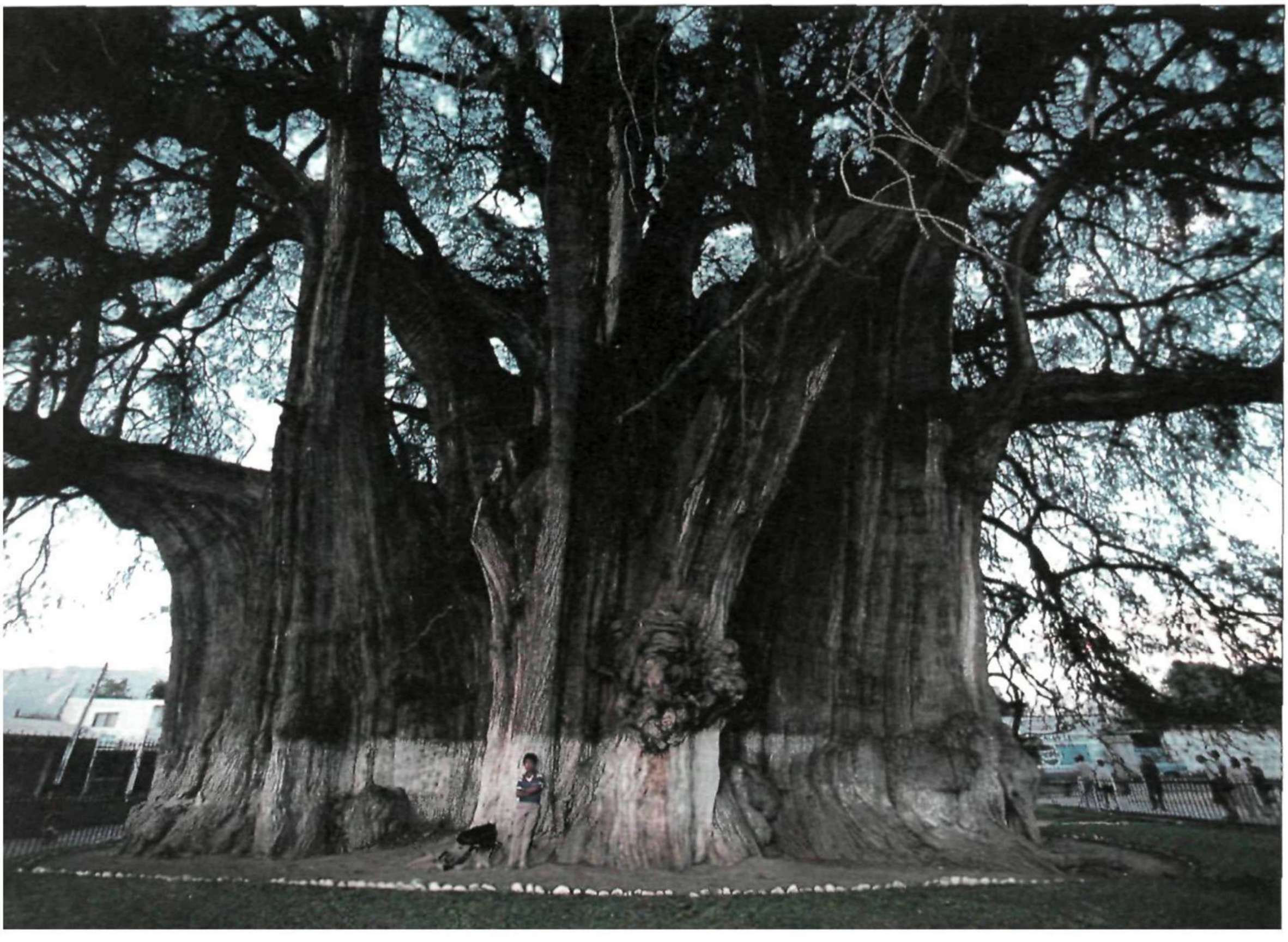
Yelapa is a coastal jungle town without electricity, telephones, street lights or, for that matter, streets. You cannot get to Yelapa by car. It's about a two-hour boat ride from Puerto Vallarta or a half-day ride on horseback from the nearest village, Chiapas. Your room in the only hotel in town comes with or without hot water, depending on whether the staff got a good fire going that morning. Because of scorpions, your bed will probably be hung from the ceiling and covered with netting. In Yelapa, people shake out their shoes before putting them on. But if you like birds—kingfishers, red-headed parrots, white American ibis, imperial woodpeckers, herons—or just the sound that quiet makes, you may never leave.

27. Sorry, still more on scorpions

One night in Careyes, I asked Giorgio Brignone, Gian Franco's son, if there were scorpions there.

"Oh, yes, but it's no problem," he said. "The great thing

OAXACA'S AMAZING TULE TREE IS SO BIG THAT IT TAKES 28 PEOPLE TO GIVE IT A HUG



Ice is more delicious with a touch of Comfort.

Southern Comfort has a distinctive, appealing flavor.
It's a drink that makes any other drink taste that much better.

Comfort on the Rocks: *Pour 1½ jigger of Southern Comfort into a short glass with ice. Garnish with lemon, or lime, or cherry.*

Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 40-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1988

MARC HISPARD

KARA, LOOKING SULTRY IN A BIKINI ($75) MADE IN MEXICO BY MACARENA GUTIÉRREZ, CATCHES SOME AFTERNOON RAYS ON THE VERANDA OF A HOME IN THE POSH RESORT AREA OF CAREYES

about the scorpions here is that if there's one crawling on you as you sleep and you roll over, it will make a *clack!* sound when it hits the floor. That will wake you up."

How comforting. I wasn't sure whether I wanted to hear a *clack* that night or not hear one. What if a scorpion learned to fake a *clack*? I make it a rule never to put anything past scorpions. From then on I reminded myself to roll over a lot.

Once, driving on the road, we saw a scorpion about eight inches long. This scorpion had a small farm animal in its mouth. If that scorpion crawled on you in your sleep, you wouldn't be able to roll over.

Not to worry. Scorpion bites are rarely fatal. First thing you do if you have been bitten is suck on a bag of limes, then treat the bite with some lime juice, some garlic and, of course, some battery acid. Preferably Diehard.

28. Best alltime margarita recipe

Use damiana, a local liqueur, instead of Triple Sec. Damiana, which is made from a shrub, is said to have aphrodisiac powers.

29. Robinson Crusoe would have been happier . . .

. . . if he had known about coco locos. Open up a coconut, drink a good shot of the milk (a good-sized coconut holds about a liter), then retop the drink with tequila or brandy and squeeze in a little lime. Hey, who wants to be rescued, anyway?

30. Toughest gringo in Mexico

Bud Parr, 76, was born in the U.S. but retired to Mexico at 41 and built himself a paradise at Cabo San Lucas. And when we say he built it, we mean he *built* it.

There were no roads then. So he had brush cleared away for a landing strip and from then on traveled in and out of Cabo San Lucas by plane. To build Hotel Cabo San Lucas, Parr had to construct his own electrical plant, manufacture his own plumbing pipe, dig his own wells, make his own furniture and tile, saw his own lumber and grow his own plants for landscaping.

He made that first hotel work and then built two more. Parr has a heroic feel to him; he's a sort of Indiana Baja Jones. He was a friend of Howard Hughes's. When John Wayne needed to recuperate from his 1973 lung operation, he spent four months living in Parr's house. Parr has outhunted and outfished the toughest and most famous of men—Kirk Douglas, Cary Grant, Chuck Connors—and was a pioneer of light-tackle fishing. He has held a number of world fishing records.

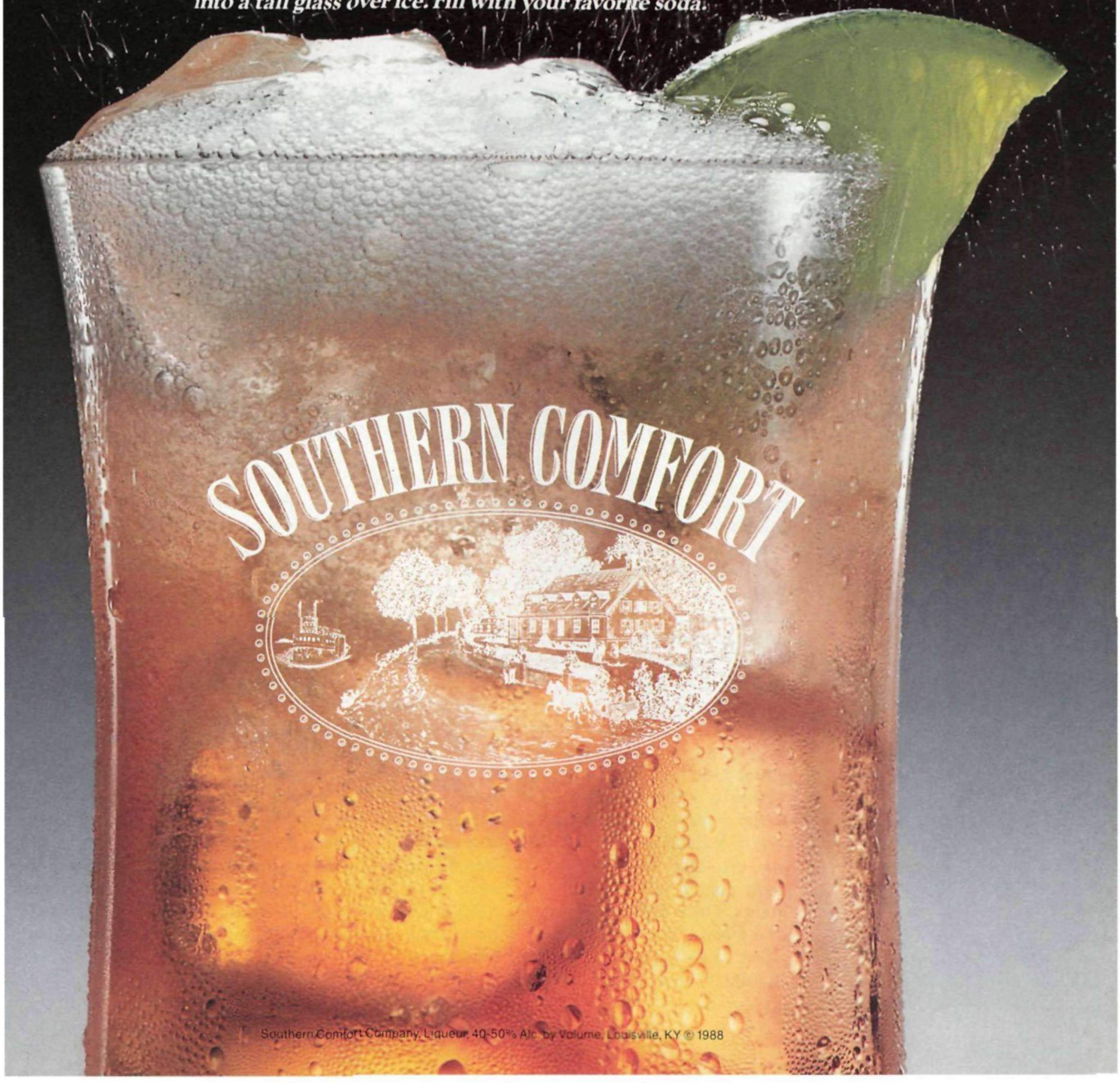
31. Best place to have a whale of a lunch

From the dining veranda of the Hotel Cabo San Lucas, gray whales can be seen hob-bobbing their way south in the late fall and heading north early in the spring. If you happen to see a couple of whales with scratched-up noses, toast them for us.

Soda is more delicious with a touch of Comfort.

Southern Comfort has a distinctive, appealing flavor.
It's a drink that makes any other drink taste that much better.

Comfort and soda: *Pour 1½ oz. of Southern Comfort into a tall glass over ice. Fill with your favorite soda.*



Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 40-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1988

LUCKY LOVE DOG (BELOW) GETS TO TAKE IN THE SUNSETS AT LOVE BEACH (ABOVE)

32. Hurry, our precivilization sale ends soon

The resort-development arm of the Mexican Board of Tourism, FONATUR has a habit of plugging figures into its computer, finding an empty piece of paradise and turning it into a resort. FONATUR did it to Cancún, Ixtapa-Zihuatanejo and Loreto and also had a hand in developing Los Cabos. Now it's going to do it to perhaps the most radiant place of all, a tiny fishing village called Huatulco, about 200 miles north of the Guatemalan border.

Looking at Huatulco from above is like looking at Cancún before 24-hour room service hit. Only Huatulco is more resplendent. It is a necklace of nine emerald bays and shell-brown beaches; none can be seen from another.

Not far from the bays are two islands with their own bays and beaches. Unspoiled isn't the word. Untouched is. At Conejos Beach there are turtle tracks, vultures eating dead fish, manta rays jumping out of the water, porpoises not far behind—but no people and no chaise longues.

In 30 years FONATUR expects two million visitors per year to fill up 26,750 Huatulco hotel rooms, but for now the village is a theater waiting for opening night. There are luxurious hotels full of empty. There are blue-blue swimming pools with nary a swim-up-bar customer. There are waiters standing around, practicing on each other. There are golf courses waiting for grass, beaches waiting for Chiclet sellers, moonlight waiting to dance playfully off somebody's hair. See it before Kentucky Fried Chicken buys a lot.

33. Best wave

Legend has it that in April or May a giant wave comes crashing against the city of Cuyutlán, about 30 miles from Manzanillo. It is known as the *ola verde,* the "green wave," and those who have seen it say the wave is 30 feet tall.

34. Best waves

Puerto Escondido, 150 miles south of Acapulco, has the third-best surfing waves in the world, behind those of Hawaii and Australia. Puerto Escondido is the place that was supposed to be the next Cancún, until FONATUR discovered Huatulco and left Escondido to the dudes, babes and goofy feet. One reason they dumped it is that the undertow is so severe that only experts can brave the water.

How tough is the surfing here? Well, put it this way: They won't rent you a surfboard because they figure you won't be back.

35. Where to surf

Anywhere. Nearly every place we went had very good, head-high surf. The best places we saw were in Puerto Escondido, Ixtapa and just south of Acapulco, but the surfers who showed us the best spots said they would personally wax my teeth to my tongue if I told you exactly where they were. Ask at the front desks. And remember, bring no valuables to the beach. We buried about $600 worth of stuff near Ixtapa one day only to find it gone when we came back.

Bandits live.

Sports Illustrated

THE AUTHORITY

Sports Illustrated's functional activewear worn by "The Old Boys," an A-class flag football team.

YOUR GAME DESERVES OUR COVERAGE.

Sports Illustrated's hard-playing activewear. Workout gear built on pages of experience. Whatever your field, SI apparel gives you the most authoritative coverage in sports.

Pictured above are members of "The Old Boys" flag football team ranging in age from 28-35. (Left to right: Stan Brown, attorney; Chuck Wason, aerospace purchasing mgr.; Kyle Riva, real estate developer; Randy Kidd, public affairs mgr.; Mark "Cowboy" Marshall, financial services principal; Jim Smalley, brokerage firm mgr.; Mike Alley, beverage sales v.p.; Dave "Butch" Vanden Oever, stockbroker; Ken Furth, commercial mortgage broker.) Motto: Never forget the post-game plan.

See the new Sports Illustrated activewear collection, available exclusively at these fine stores:

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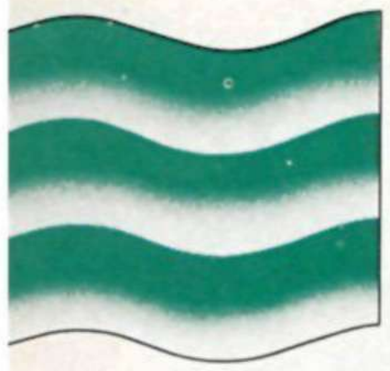


36. Sign least likely to be found in New York

At Hotel Cabo San Lucas: WE DO NOT USE KEYS FOR THE ROOMS. LEAVE THE DOOR UNLOCKED. They haven't had a robbery in five years. There are no bandits here.

37. Best place to get a neckache

The baroque monastery and church of Santo Domingo in Oaxaca took 77 years to build and has two three-story altars made of red cedar and covered with gold leaf. I saw, painted or carved into the ceiling, eight Dominican cardinals, four Dominican popes, 48 Dominican martyrs, 48 all-purpose angels, 12 apostles, the genealogical tree of Saint Dominic and numerous stories from the Bible.

38. Best way to make sure Mexico runs out of fish

The Mexican government, once again, has agreed to allow Japanese and Korean long-line and seine fishing in local waters. The long lines, baited every 30 feet or so, can stretch for 40 miles, catching stuff that even the Japanese don't want. "All the Japanese want is 12 percent of what they catch," says Mike Parr, Bud's son, who has been fishing these waters for 30 years. "The rest they throw away."

39. Best hammocks

The ones slung off the veranda of every room at the Hotel Camino Real in Ixtapa are irresistible. The hammocks are shaded during siesta, so you can crawl into one, gaze out on the delicious bay and go to sleep counting all the important calls you're missing.

40. Do you mind if we talk about tourista?

Tourista is like Mexican pottery. Everybody who goes to Mexico comes back with some. Franz has two suggestions: 1) To prevent Montezuma's Revenge, take a tablespoon of Pepto-Bismol three times a day for several days *before* leaving for Mexico, then two tablespoons a day when you get there. 2) To cure an attack, put eight ounces of fruit juice, half a teaspoon of honey and a little salt in one glass. Put about eight ounces of water (boiled or mineral) and a quarter teaspoon of baking soda in another glass. Drink both of the glasses, alternating sips. Do this about six times a day. You're welcome.

41. How much for the Sears Tower, amigo?

On Dec. 23 in Oaxaca, they have the Night of the Radishes—not a sci-fi movie but a festival in which townspeople set up booths and show off constructions made from radishes—everything from animals to faces to buildings.

42. Biggest coffee-table possibility

The tule tree in Oaxaca is possibly the weirdest tree in the world. The trunk is wider than a street and weighs an estimated 539 tons. The tree is at least 2,000 years old and takes 28 people, touching fingernails, to reach around it.

43. Best place to hang out

Every night at the Acapulco Convention Center, five men dressed in costume climb to the top of a 115-foot pole, to reenact part of an ancient ritual. One man stands on a 1½-foot-wide plate on the top while the other four tie ropes to *their feet and throw themselves off the pole upside down.* The plate stander then begins spinning the men around the pole, gradually letting more and more rope out, until their haircuts sweep the ground. *Now* go see the cliff divers.

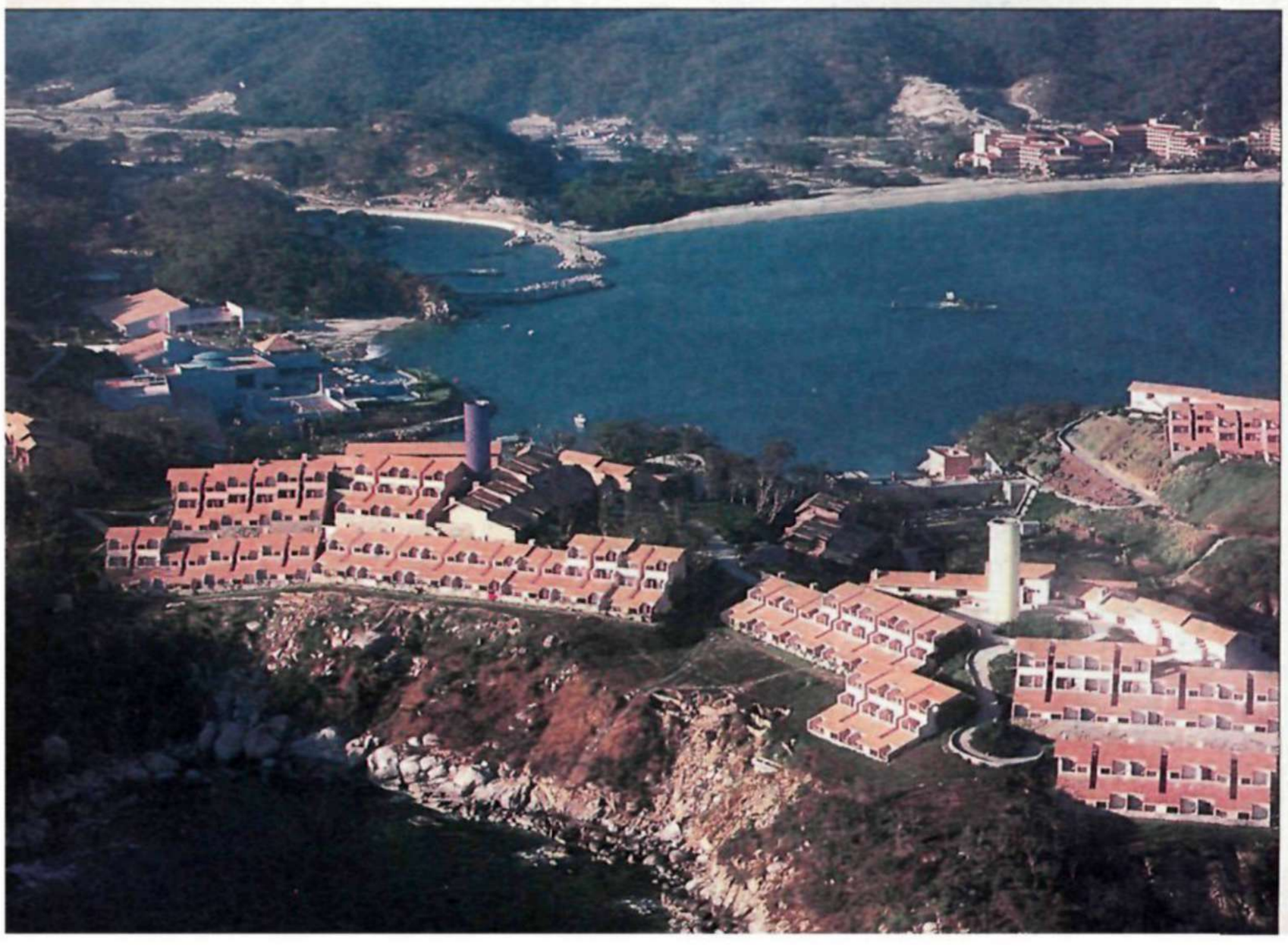
44. Best way to give to the Acapulco policemen's ball

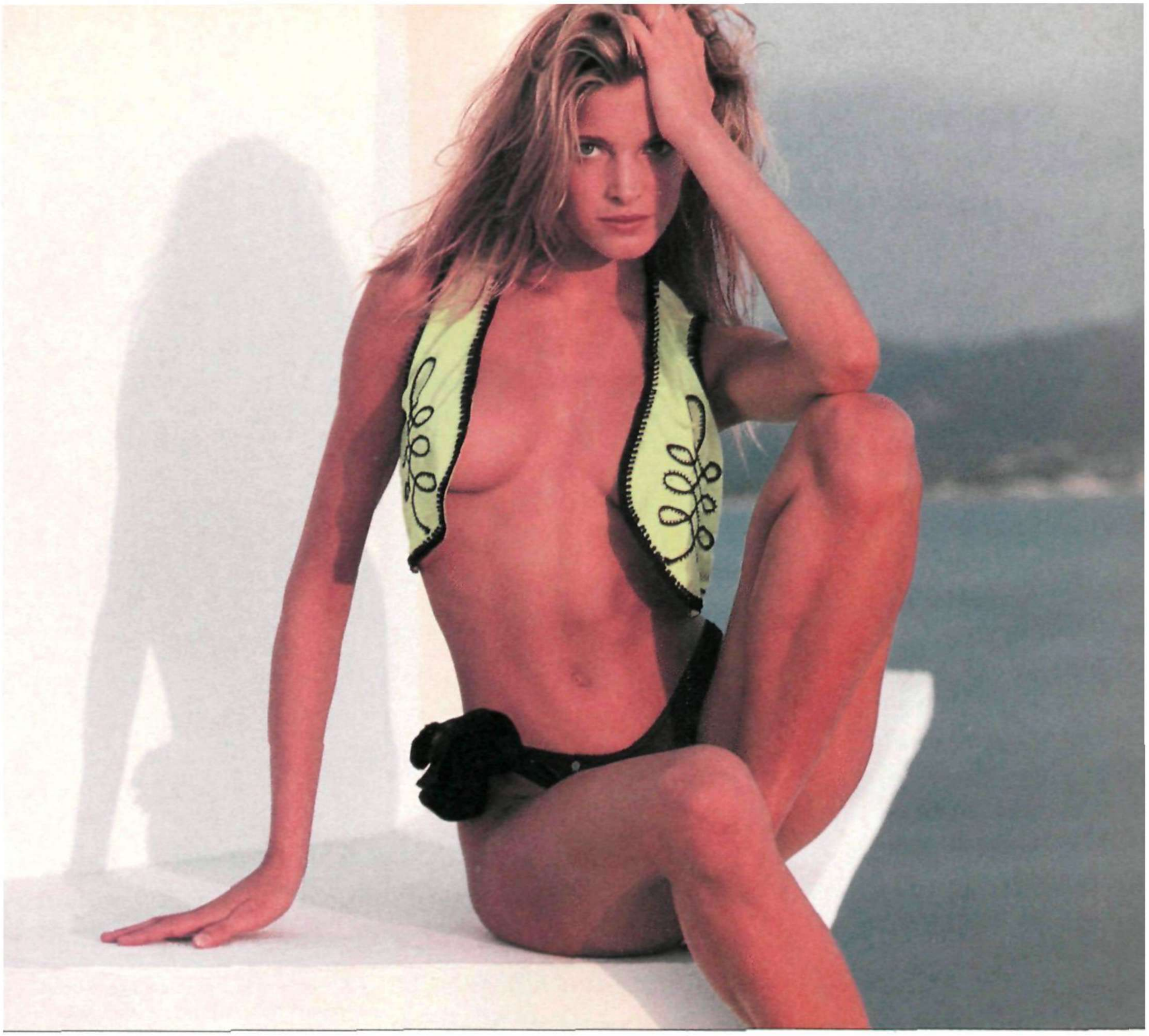
It was my last night in town, so I was saying goodbye to the Mexican moon by cruising up and down the lovely Costera Miguel Alemán Avenue in an open-air, very pink Las Brisas jeep. Because of a serious shortage of clocks (see above), I did not know what time it was. It might have been 1:30 in the morning, but it might have been three. And because speed is a function of time, I think I was doing 30, but it might have been 60. Then again, I didn't care. My only purpose in life was to see how far the clean Pacific air could bend my eyebrows back.

The next thing I knew, a traffic officer had pulled his car up next to me and was screeching something at me over a loudspeaker. It was either "All the boys down at the station wish you a speedy trip back to your hotel" or "Pull over." I pulled over.

In the States, when I have been pulled over, I try a little humor first. I wait until the officer walks over, then I roll down the window and say, "A Big Mac, fries and a Coke, please."

SUN, CLIFFS AND SEA MESH SPECTACULARLY AT CLUB MED IN HUATULCO





AND SO WE BID ADIOS TO THE MEXICAN PACIFIC—AND TO STEPHANIE. WHO APPEARS DOWNCAST BY THE IMPENDING SEPARATION, IN A TWO-PIECE SUIT BY LISALOMAS FOR VIEWPOINT ($56)

I didn't try it this time but quietly handed over my license.

"This is *beeeg* trouble for you, Reeeck." It was not the greeting I had hoped for.

"What did I do, Officer Sir?" I said.

"*Beeeeeg* trouble, Reeeeck. You were speeding."

"Was I? I'm very sorry. I apologize."

"And you went through a red light, too, Reeeeck. This is *beeeeeeg, beeeeeeg* trouble. You might have to follow me down to the station."

I had seen all the movies. I knew what to do next. You either reach for your wallet or go to jail and Dustin Hoffman ends up doing your life story.

"Uh, is there any way I could pay the fine right now, Officer Sir?"

"Well, I don't knooooooooow. . . ."

I began to finger my anorexic wallet, with a please-please-please look on my face.

"O.K.," he finally said. "It will be 150 American dollars."

You could hear me swallow in Tijuana. I dug it out, stuck it in his hand and said, "Thank you, Officer Sir." I had $50 left, enough for breakfast and a cab to the airport in the morning. I started to put the Jeep in gear.

"And another $50 for the red light," he said.

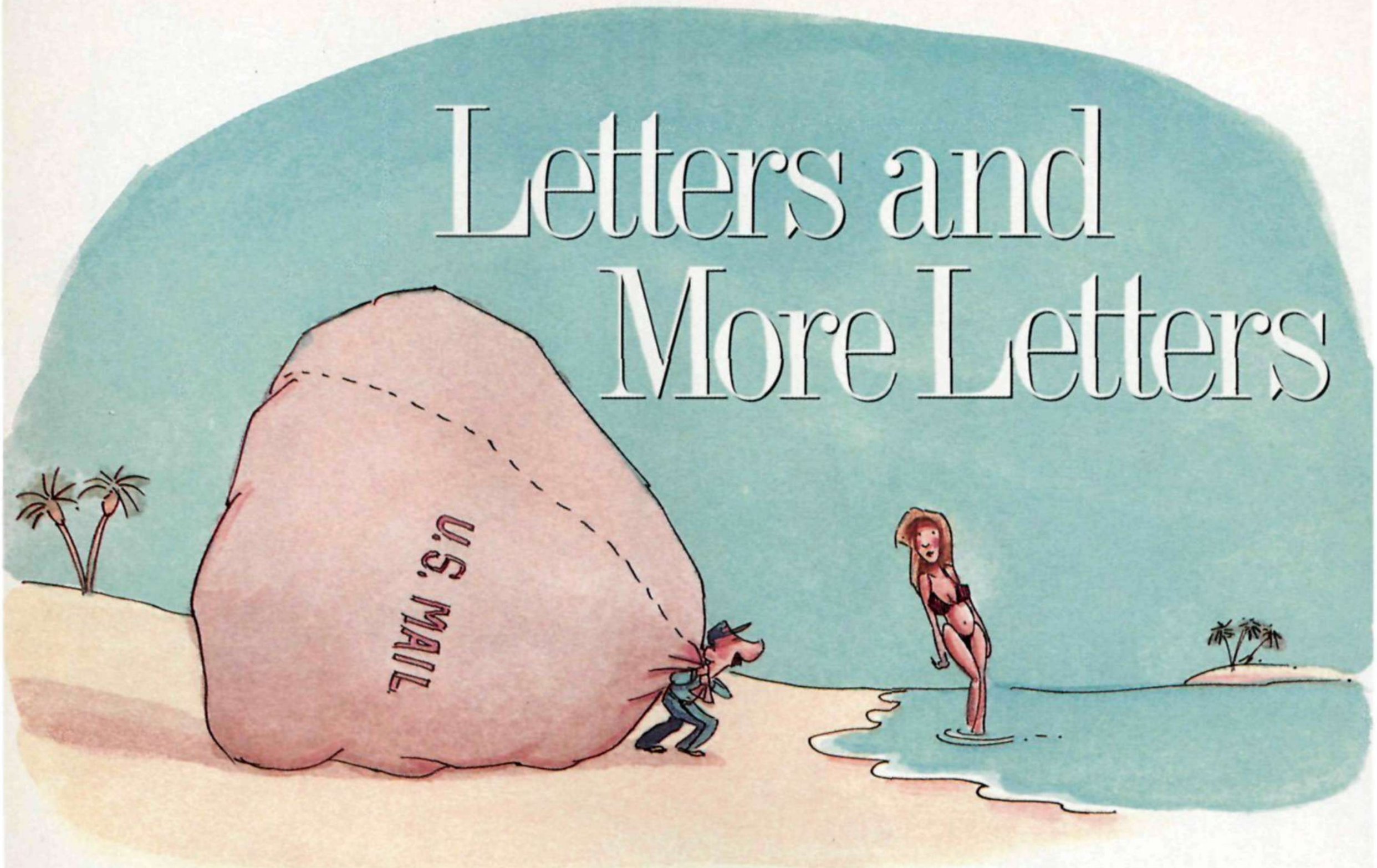
I paid it.

I only bring this up to show you how renewing to the spirit the Mexican Pacific can be. You can fork over 200 zops in bribes and still not feel cheated.

Besides, I know how I can write the $200 off on my expense account.

Hotel laundry service.

Letters and More Letters



What do swimsuits have to do with sports? Well, the mailman gets a workout ♦ by Leigh Montville

SIR:

I AM WRITING TO YOU ABOUT JOSEPH A. LOSCALZO. Do you remember Joseph A. Loscalzo? You published his letter in 1979. Do you remember his letter? He was 11 years old in 1979. He wrote to you about the swimsuit issue, in which the photos that year bore the headline SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS BY THE SEYCHELLES. Christie Brinkley was the cover model who was selling those seashells.

Do you remember?

"I am 11 years old," Joseph A. Loscalzo wrote from Woodbury, N.Y. "I usually enjoy SI, but not the Feb. 5 issue. I don't want to see girls in bathing suits. I want to see sports like football, baseball, etc."

I recently talked with Joseph A. Loscalzo. He is 21 years old now and a senior at Bucknell University. He said the letter was his idea. He complained to his parents, and his father, Joseph Sr., helped him with his writing. They thought it was a good educational experience. He told them that he was almost as upset with all of those pages that were given to the story about the Seychelles as he was about the pictures, but the letter concentrated on the pictures.

"I never realized what a big deal it would be," Loscalzo says now. "I heard about that letter for a long time afterward. Kids at school—kids I didn't even know—asked me about it. Friends of my brothers talked to me about it. Everyone talked about it for a long time."

I am writing to tell you that Joseph A. Loscalzo has had a change of heart. He says he now thinks it is all right to include those pictures of those girls in those swimsuits in his magazine.

LEIGH MONTVILLE
Boston

Sir:

Each year there is a pool in your office on the number of subscription cancellations that will be received after the swimsuit issue appears. Are you aware of this? The winning number last year was 71. The record low of two years ago was eight. The high was 442 in 1975.

I found all of this out when I went to your editorial headquarters in the Time & Life Building in Rockefeller Center in New York to inquire about the people who write you letters. I was asked to join the pool.

"It's a dollar to enter," said Linda

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PATRICK McDONNELL

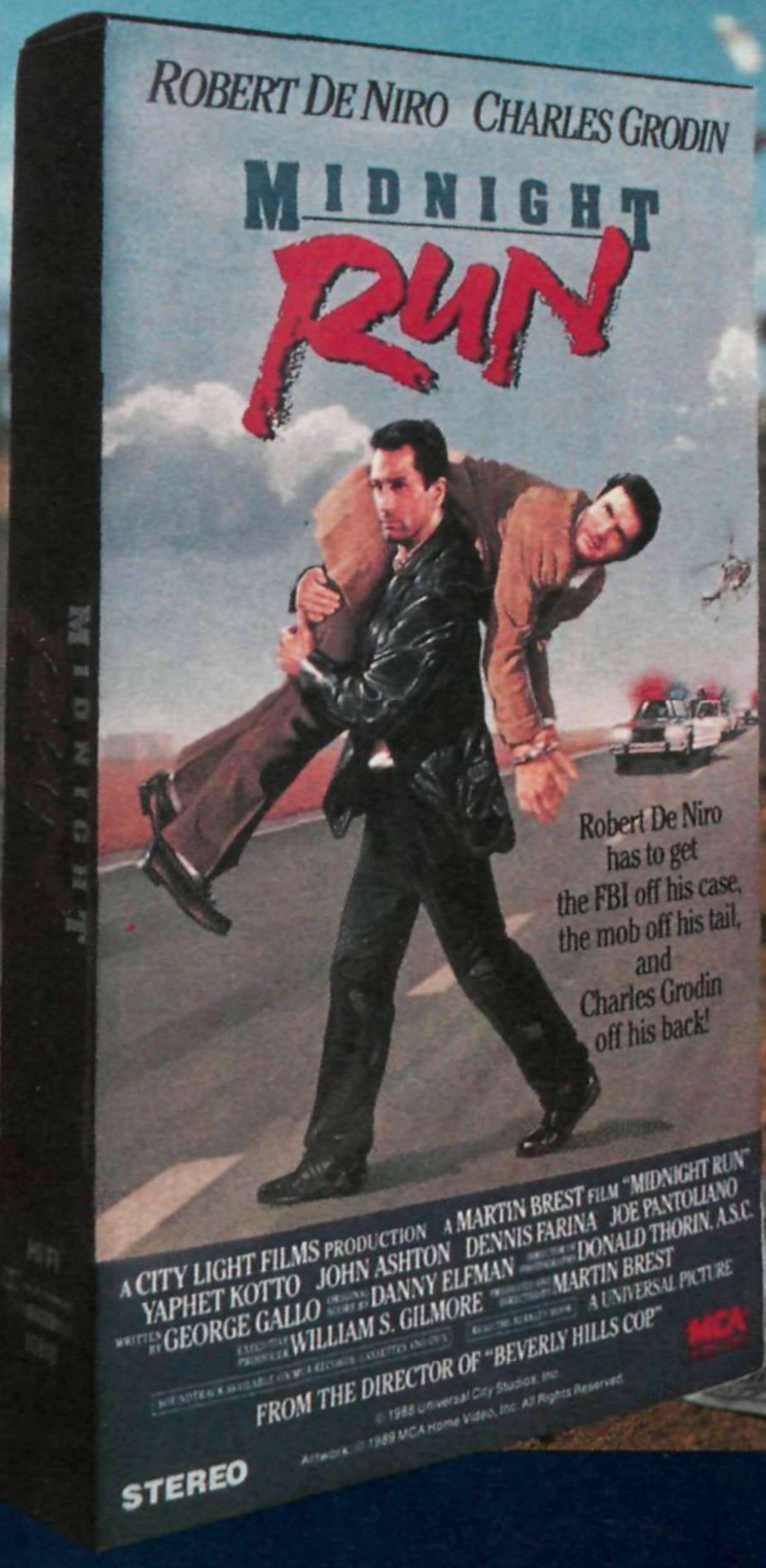
"A terrific run for your money!"

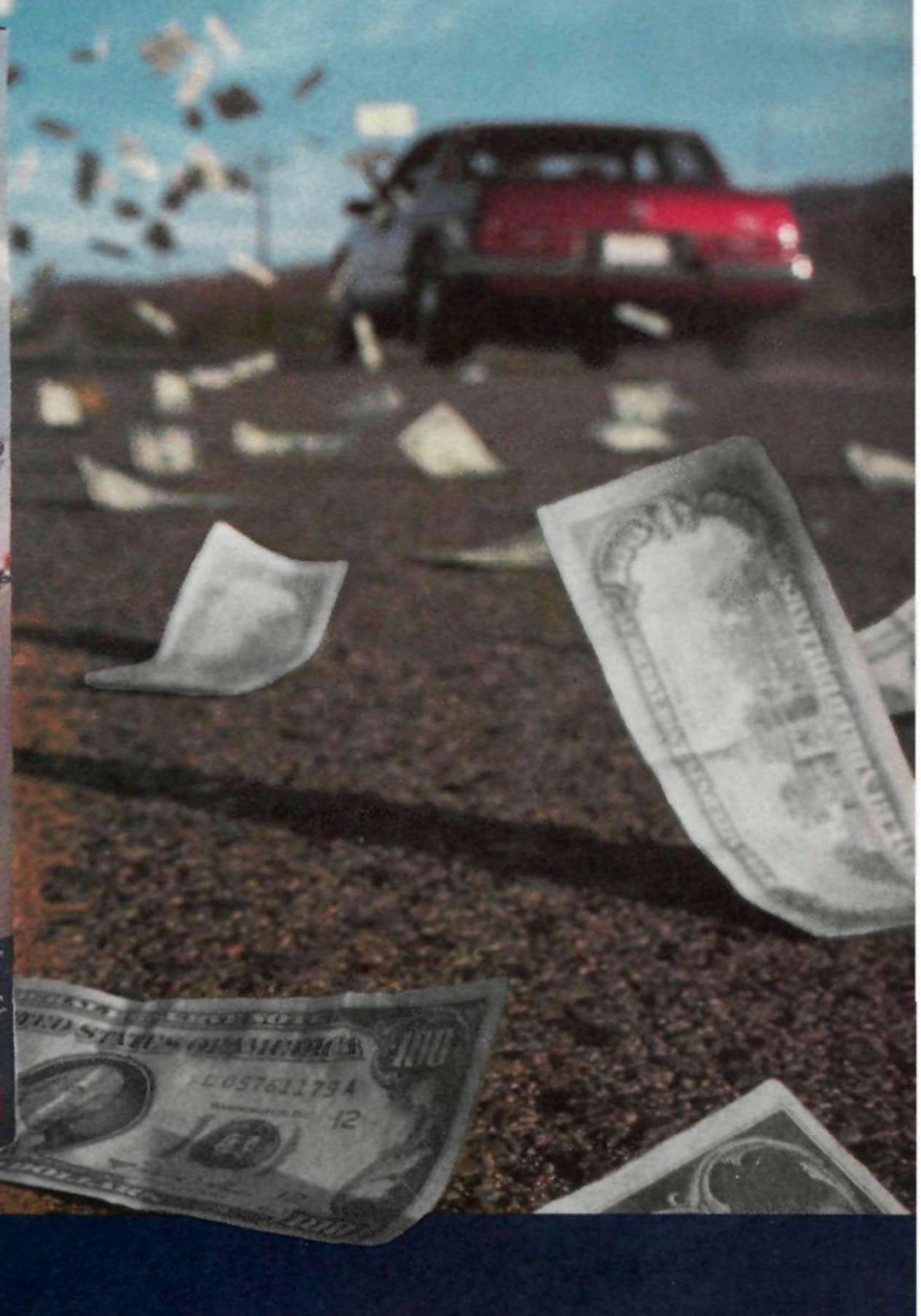
–Gene Shalit, The Today Show/NBC

Robert De Niro has to get the FBI off his case, the mob off his trail, and Charles Grodin off his back!

Jack Walsh (Robert De Niro) is a tough ex-cop turned bounty hunter. Jonathan "The Duke" Mardukas (Charles Grodin) is a sensitive accountant who embezzled $15 million from the Mob, gave it to charity, and then jumped bail. Jack's in for a cool $100,000 if he can deliver The Duke from New York to L.A. on time. And alive.

Sounds like just another **Midnight Run** (a piece of cake in bounty hunter slang), but it turns into a cross-country chase. The FBI is after the Duke to testify–the Mob after him for revenge –and Walsh is after him to just shut up. If someone else doesn't do the job, the two unlikely partners may end up killing each other in this hilarious, action-filled blockbuster from producer-director Martin Brest *(Beverly Hills Cop)*.





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Verigan, the woman in charge of replying to this mail. "You get to look at the issue before you pick your number. The more revealing the bathing suits, the higher the *number of cancellations. That is the* usual rule, although the numbers seem to be lower in recent years."

The letters about the swimsuit issue have become a ritual, a tradition. Are you also aware of this? There are people who swear they enjoy the letters about the swimsuits as much as the pictures of the swimsuits. There now are letters about the letters, which sometimes are about the previous letters, *which. . . . It is a postal tidal wave* that begins soon after the first readers pick up their copies of the magazine.

The swimsuit issue generates the most mail of any issue you publish every year. By far. The cancellations are mixed with the high-hormone exultations of fraternity lads in small schools in cold climates and the condemnations by school librarians in the Midwest and the kidding by supposedly henpecked husbands everywhere and the moral outrage of the easily outraged and the requests, O.K., for that *model's telephone number, the model* in the green suit, O.K. It sometimes seems as though the appearance of the pictures of these women is the start of an annual Great American Theme Contest, same theme every year, same opinions, stated in unique ways.

"The letters come to me in boxes," said Verigan. "Boxes and boxes. There's a three-month period, from February through April, when the *mail to the magazine is especially* heavy, and letters on the swimsuit issue are part of that. But some swimsuit letters actually arrive every week during the year. We keep statistics about it all."

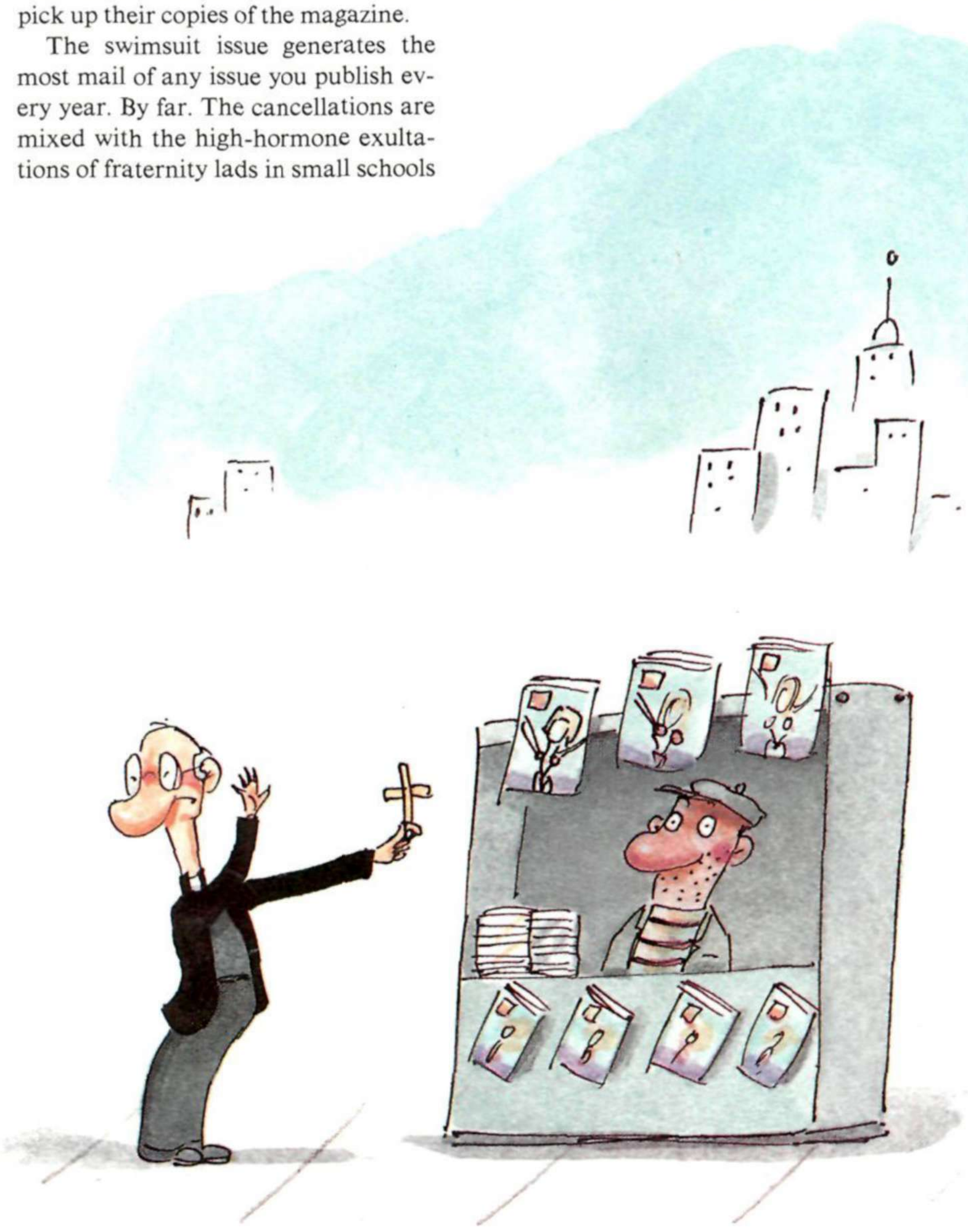
The record rush was 3,658 letters in an eight-week period in 1978. This was *the year Cheryl Tiegs wore that white* mesh bathing suit. Yes, that one. The see-through bathing suit. Cheryl smiled at the sports fans of America, and the sports fans began typing. There were 1,050 letters of praise. There were 1,571 critical letters. There were 578 requests for information about Cheryl or the suit. There were 339 cancellations. There were 120 letters on the swimsuit issue in general. *The previous record was 2,360 letters* in 1975, when Cheryl wore a green bikini and splashed water on the cover. Last year, when Elle Macpherson came out of Thailand's Phang Nga Bay on the cover with a look of wonder and a black neoprene suit, 1,082 letters arrived. In a normal *week, the magazine receives more than 500 letters regarding all stories.*

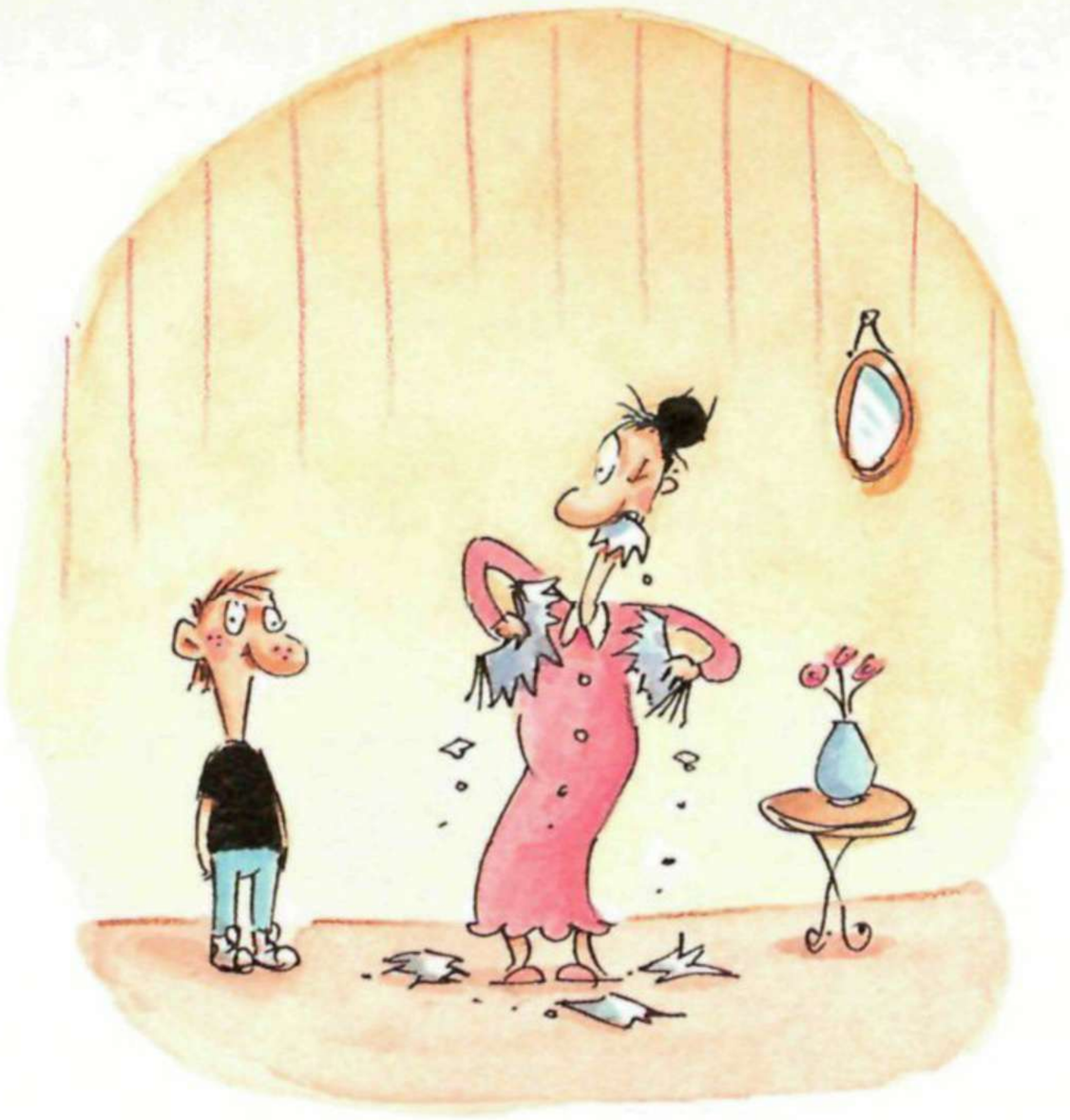
"You wonder how long it can keep going," said Gay Flood, the senior editor in charge of your letters to the editor page. "I sometimes think it's like *Dynasty*—how can this plot stay alive? But it does. It's become an institution. It never dies."

I spent a day in your offices learning these facts. I put a dollar in the cancellation pool, pick*ing the number 128. I re*ceived photocopies of all the letters that have been printed over all of the years. I photocopied that 1978 picture of Cheryl in that fishnet bathing suit.

Research. . . .

Are you familiar with the name of the Rever*end Philodore Lemay*, M.S.? I am sure that you are.





He is 73 years old and he is a priest with the Missionaries of Our Lady of La-Salette in Attleboro, Mass., and he is the champion of all of the swimsuit letter writers. As he often points out, he is "a charter subscriber" to your magazine. He has written letters after virtually every swimsuit issue and has been published six times.

"It's not the swimsuits, themselves, that bother me," Father Lemay said recently in Attleboro. "You can see those any day when you go to the beach. It's the poses. The way the models look. That's what's bad for youngsters. You can see the same stuff on television, but you can turn it off if you don't want to look. The magazine comes right to your door."

Father Lemay said he usually sees trouble on the cover and does not have to look much further. He rips out the offending pages from the middle of the magazine so he can read the rest of the stories. And he begins typing.

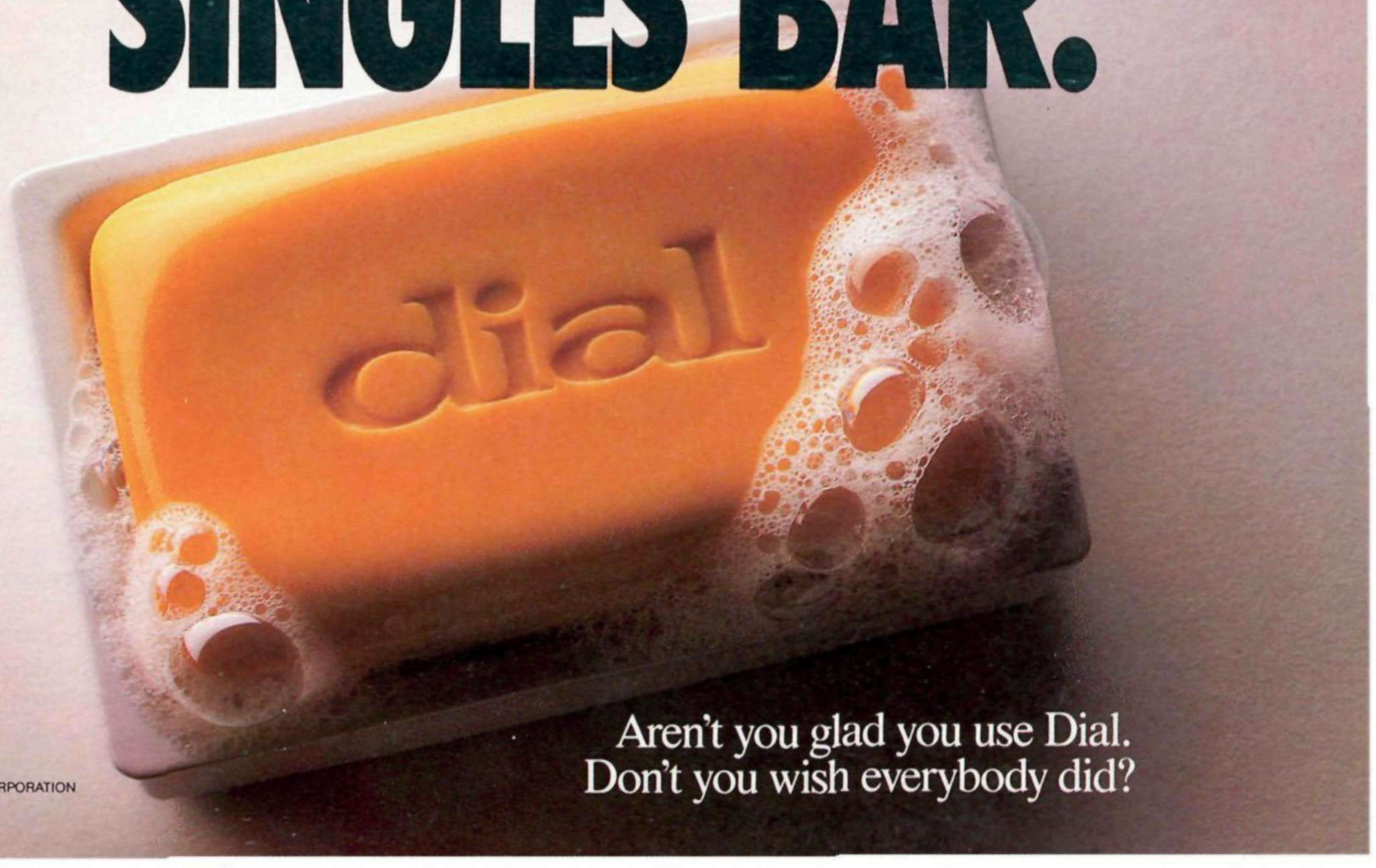
"Why shock your readers with pictures of half-nude dames when you should have put Notre Dame on the cover as No. 1?" he wrote in '74. "We don't need pictures of girls in swimsuits (if you can call them suits) to get over 'the midwinter blahs' when there are so many sports to be illustrated."

"Your swimsuit edition was disgusting, despicable, diabolical, demoniac pornography—to say the least. There's trouble in America!" he wrote in 1981.

"As a charter subscriber I strongly object to your swimsuit edition," he wrote in 1987. "To paraphrase St. Paul's second letter to the Thessalonians 2:9–10, I find it part of the workings of Satan, encompassing all the power and wonder at the disposal of falsehood—or any seduction the wicked can devise—for the ruin of many, spiritually and morally."

I asked Father Lemay if he anticipated writing another letter this year.

SINGLES BAR.



Aren't you glad you use Dial.
Don't you wish everybody did?

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He said he already had noticed the advertisements about this special 25th anniversary issue.

Be prepared.

LEIGH MONTVILLE
Boston

Sir:

There are patterns to these letters. Are there not? I have looked through the bunch of them and have found various schools of swimsuit thought. Have you noticed the same thing?

Example: I have noticed that most of the parental letters you receive mention "a 13-year-old boy." Most of the parents seem to be concerned about their "13-year-old boy." Why are there never comments about a "14-year-old boy" or a "12-year-old boy" or a "13-year-old girl"? This seems to be a trend, a 13-year-old-boy trend.

Example: I have noticed that the frat-house letters always seem to include the word "wow." Half a dozen names are always signed at the bottom. Do these frat-house guys all say "Wow!" at the same time, then sign their names? Or does one guy—the honors student in the crowd—say "Wow!" and everyone else agrees with him? Why is the term "hubba-hubba" never used anymore? Is it out of date?

(My favorite letter came from St. Anselm's College in Goffstown, N.H. "We are students at St. Anselm's College," four students wrote in 1981. "Our patron, St. Anselm, was most notable for originating the ontological argument for the existence of God. After reading your annual bathing-suit issue, we believe." Wow. I tried to reach the four students, now graduated, but officials at the college declined to help, saying "It would be against the interests of the school." Wow.)

Example: I have noticed that the chauvinist-pig letters—written by women—usually ask when you are going to print some pictures of men in skimpy bathing suits, "someone like Jim Palmer." Why is Jim Palmer always mentioned? Is it because he appears in those underwear ads? Do the underwear people receive letters from angry men asking when they are going to print pictures of pretty women in skimpy suits, "someone like Elle Macpherson?" What must it be like to be Jim Palmer?

Example: I have noticed that the school-librarian letters always mention that "I had to take this copy of your magazine off the shelves immediately." Does this really happen? I have wondered what kind of chaos would take place if the magazine were left on the shelves.

I have tried to find answers to all of my questions but was the most successful with the school-library situation. My wife—believe it or not—is a librarian at a middle school.

"Do you take the swimsuit issue off the shelves every year?" I recently asked her.

"Yes, I do," she said.

"What would happen if you didn't?"

"It would disappear. Stolen."

"Stolen? Is this a problem with any other magazine? Or is it just the swimsuit issue?"

"Oh, no," my wife said. "I have this problem every month with *Dirt Bike* magazine as soon as it comes in."

Dirt Bike magazine. Uh-oh. Sounds to me like that 13-year-old-boys thing again.

LEIGH MONTVILLE
Boston

Sir:

I was surprised in the midst of reading all of these letters to find one from a man I know. His name is Mike Grenier, and he is a sportswriter for *The Salem Evening News* in Salem, Mass.

In 1968 he wrote, "My steady girl threatens to cancel my SI subscription if there are any more covers like that." I called Mike to congratulate him on having been ahead of his time.

"I was—the year was 1968?—only 19 years old

when I wrote that," he said. "I can't believe it. I've been married now for 16 years. Same girl. I can't believe it. Same girl and I still get the magazine."

I asked him if those were the first words he ever had published anywhere. He said sure, that it was his journalistic start.

LEIGH MONTVILLE
Boston

Sir:

I think the letters are getting better. I am not sure why that is. I went through all the published swimsuit mail to find a couple of Letters Hall of Fame selections and eventually picked two from 1988 that were as good as any.

I particularly liked the one from Nancy Clarke of Newport, N.Y.: "A friend of ours was greeted by the youngest of his four daughters, the swimsuit issue in her hand. She proudly showed her father how she and her sisters and their mom had colored dresses on every lady in the magazine."

And I liked the subdued exuberance of James Kuznicki of Pittsburgh: "This year's issue is the final straw. My wife and I are considering canceling our subscription. She thought a strong letter reprimanding SI was in order. So here it is: Next year, no swimsuits or else!

"P.S. O.K., she's left the room. Forget everything and keep those issues coming."

LEIGH MONTVILLE
Boston

Sir:

One more thing. I would like to revise my prediction in the cancellation pool and move my number up to, say, 250. I figure that I should come in high since this is an entire issue devoted to the swimsuit business.

Wow. Cancel my subscription only if it affects my performance in the pool.

LEIGH MONTVILLE
Boston

From now on, more will be riding on every shot.

Nabisco Golf. It's raising the stakes and the intensity on the PGA TOUR with three exciting year-long competitions. The $1 million Nabisco Individual Competition. The $2 million Team Charity Competition. And the finale, the $2.5 million Nabisco Championship this fall at Harbour Town Golf Links. With Nabisco Golf, the real winners are charity, fans, and the game itself.

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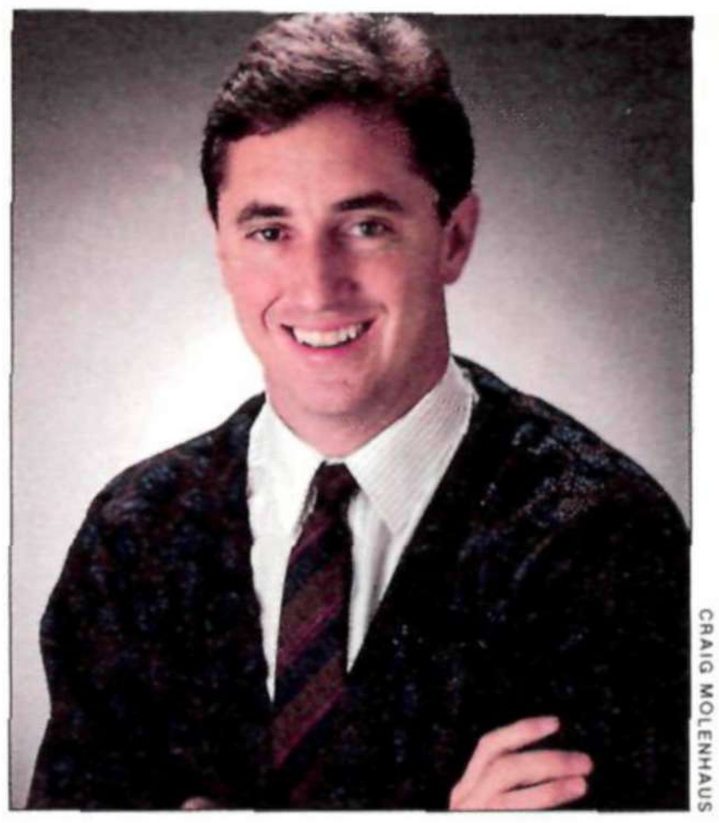
POINT AFTER

Tannia and Me

How a Roman Gabriel fan lost his innocence ◆ by Rick Reilly



CRAIG MOLENHAUS

IT SEEMS TO ME (ABOVE, IN AN OXFORD CLOTH shirt from Arrow, $28) that there is more to reminisce about in 25 years of SI swimsuits than just the historical importance of Lycra. The swimsuit issue is like the kitchen wall your parents used to mark your height against each year. It's there, year in and year out; what changes is not the wall, but you against it.

For those of us under 35, those of us who spent our Wonder years with SI, our voice-cracking, orthodontist-funding, Richie Cunningham years with it, the swimsuit issue was a kind of annual hormonal chart, a libidinal litmus test. For instance, when I was 10, the swimsuit issue meant about as much to me as a plate of liver and onions. It ruined one Thursday a year.

That's because every Thursday, I would run home from school, throw my books inside the house, stand on a milk box to reach the mailbox outside the front door, flop the magazine on the carpet, run and get the scissors, and start cutting out pictures to add to my room's wall decor—especially if the picture chanced to be of the coolest person on earth, L.A. Ram quarterback Roman Gabriel. The pages and pages of swimsuit photos took away space that might have featured him.

But when I was 13, something changed. In 1971, on the day the swimsuit issue arrived in my mailbox, my neck was long, my face splotchy and my pants were running out of hems to let out. As usual, I ran, threw, stood, flopped and had the scissors at the ready when my fingers froze. Something went clank inside me. I was suddenly intensely interested in the price and fabric of this year's tank suits and bikinis.

One piece of merchandise particularly held me. It was attached to a dark-haired, exotic temptress standing hip-deep in a shimmering green lagoon, her back to the viewer, doing something mysterious with her hair, maybe washing it. It was something I had never seen my sisters do. Whatever she was doing with her hair, she had decided, quite prudently I thought, to do it without wearing her suit top. I knew this would have to come up in confession on Friday. I also knew it was worth it.

The caption read: "In such seclusion, tops and cares may be discarded: Tannia does both."

Tannia! Not only had I never seen a topless girl giving herself the old Wella Balsam in a green lagoon, I had never known *anybody* named Tannia.

How old could she be? Eighteen? Maybe even 19. Still, who knew what fate had in store? In two years, if I drank more Nutrament and started lifting weights, I might be on a beach somewhere and run into her and just casually say something clever like "That hair clean yet?" And she might blush and. . . .

"What are you reading?"

You know how whenever you are surprised doing something that maybe you shouldn't be doing, refrigerated blood goes tilt-a-wheeling through your veins? That was what happened to me. It was my mom, calling out from the kitchen, now waiting for my tardy reply.

"Uh, just *Sports Illustrated*, Mom," I said.

"That's nice. How about another sandwich?"

As they say, Eureka! Wonderful worlds were being opened to me and all of them under the scrutiny of my own mother.

Looking back on it, it seems to me that was the day I banged my nose into adolescence. There I was, thinking about Joe Namath and Bob Gibson and Willis Reed, and all of a sudden I looked to the sideline and noticed the cheerleaders. That was the last day sports meant everything in the world to me.

The swimsuit issue must have that kind of life-history hold on a lot of friends my age, for we have powerful memories of it. For instance, I have asked this question of probably 15 friends: "What is the swimsuit picture you remember the most?" Their answer, without delay, has always been: "Cheryl Tiegs. White fishnet one-piece. Late 1970s."

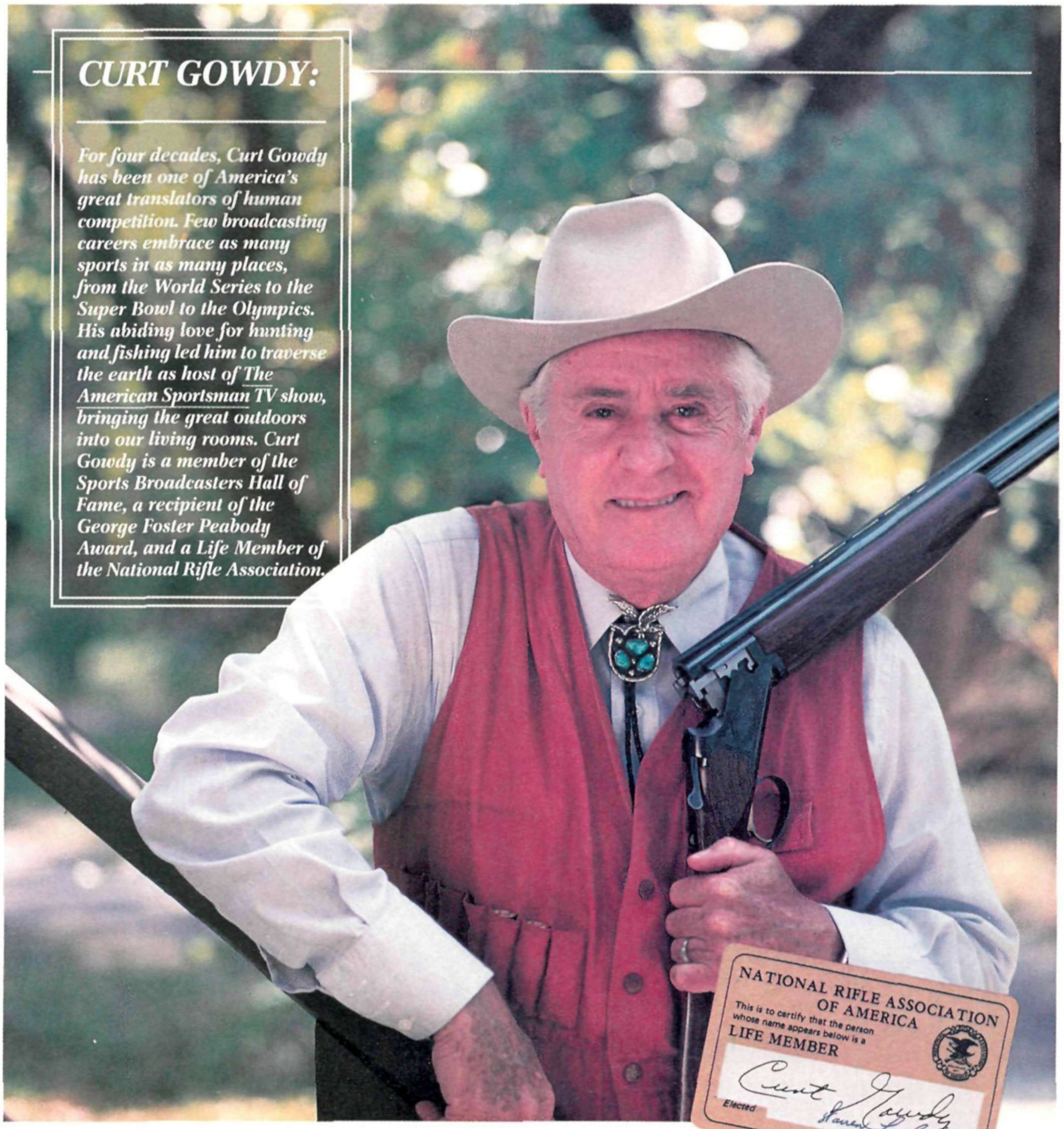
But where most men's SI swimsuit fantasies stop there, mine went one step further this year. In writing the swimsuit issue travel story—traditionally the most unread words in the magazine industry—I met some of the models themselves. I sat down for dinner one night in Careyes, Mexico, with four of them—Stephanie Seymour, Kara Young, Maria von Hartz and Rachel Hunter. Here they were, right before me, my teenage symbols of womanhood itself. Digestion was out of the question.

By the end of the evening, what I had found was that SI models are 1) more stunning, 2) thinner and 3) richer than I had dreamed. Also, younger. Lots younger. A couple were, in fact, very 19. They talked about Guns n' Roses and the latest Depeche Mode video, and you mean Joni Mitchell used to be *good*?

At 30, I suddenly felt old. As I sat there, I thought, Where have you gone, Roman Gabriel?

CURT GOWDY:

For four decades, Curt Gowdy has been one of America's great translators of human competition. Few broadcasting careers embrace as many sports in as many places, from the World Series to the Super Bowl to the Olympics. His abiding love for hunting and fishing led him to traverse the earth as host of The American Sportsman TV show, bringing the great outdoors into our living rooms. Curt Gowdy is a member of the Sports Broadcasters Hall of Fame, a recipient of the George Foster Peabody Award, and a Life Member of the National Rifle Association.



"My dad was an avid outdoorsman. And when he thought I was ready, he took me hunting. Since then, I've hunted with some of the best in the world. I've learned something from each one of them.

"The true hunter is a conservationist at heart. He buys licenses, contributes to management programs, and follows the law because he wants game in the future for his grandchildren. That's why I taught my boys what my dad taught me. It's a fascinating lifetime hobby I want to see preserved.

"So does the NRA. They've done a great job of educating Americans that the right to own firearms is part of the heritage of this country.

And if you think they're not wildlife conservationists, you're wrong. They work to protect and preserve all the great outdoors, as well as the Second Amendment.

"That's why I don't hesitate to tell anyone who loves the outdoors to join the NRA. It's something to enjoy for a lifetime, then pass along."

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CAB AVAILABILITY:

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2.3L I-4 Dual Plug Engine; 5-Speed Manual Overdrive; 4-Speed Column-Mounted Auto. Overdrive (Optional).

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