Sports Illustrated

SPECIAL ISSUE
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NOTHING BUT BIKINIS

tyra banks

TOM

HILF

TOMMY HILFIGER

TOMMY HILFIGER

M Y

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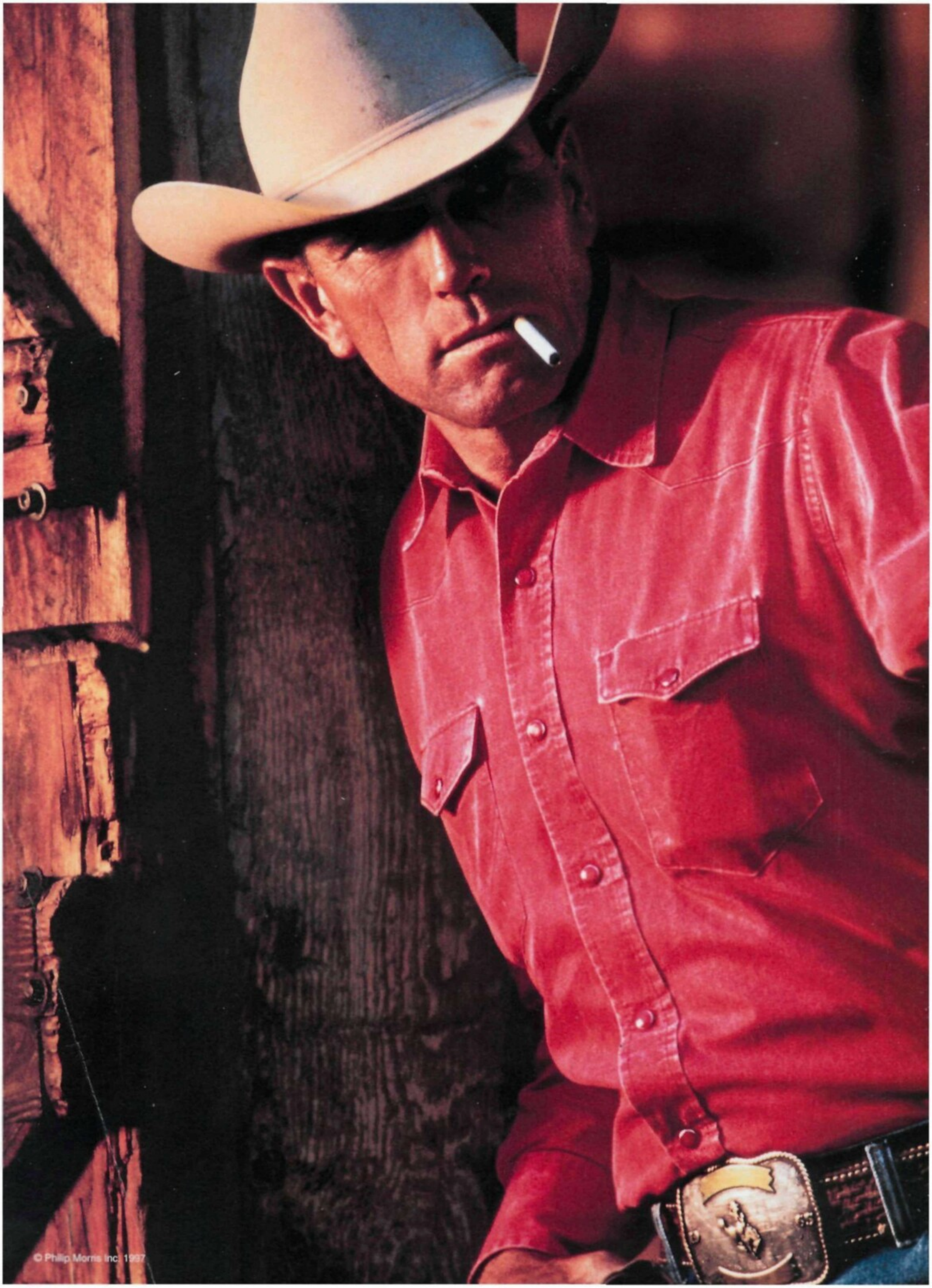
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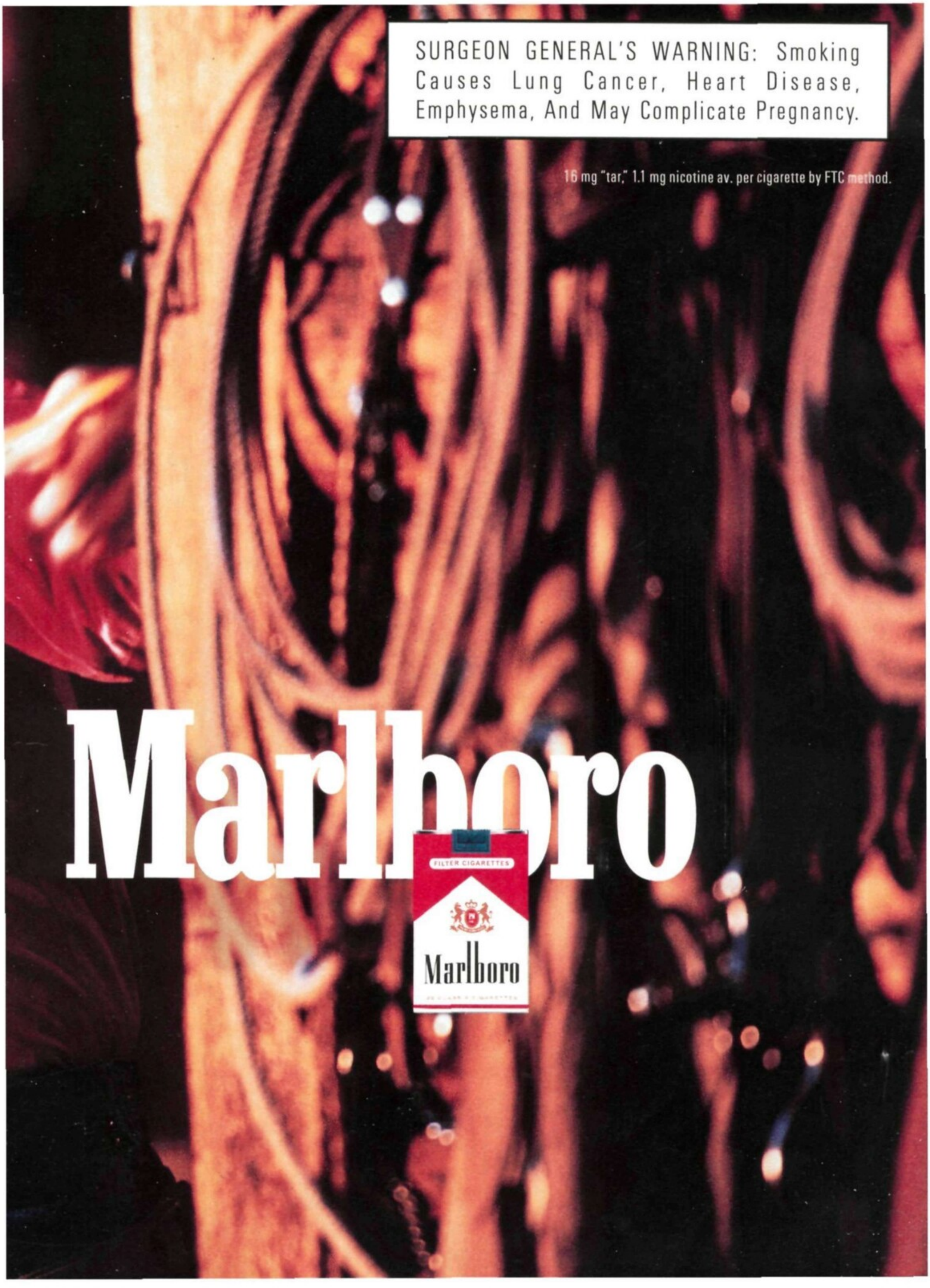
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contents

12 **bikini waxing**
From ground zero to grass, here's the skinny on the two-piece
by steve rushin

36 **money co.**
Sports are a defining element in the bikini mecca of Monaco
by alexander wolff *photographs by andre rau*

58 **niki**
On exotic Los Roques, Niki Taylor presents a striking figure
photographs by sante d'orazio

76 **strip!**
That's what Niki Taylor did perfectly while stalking bonefish
by e.m. swift

92 **naomi**
In Venezuela, Naomi Campbell falls for the waterfalls
photographs by sante d'orazio

100 **vendela**
Amid surreal Mexican scenery, Vendela is a knockout on the rocks
photographs by walter iooss jr.

114 **stacey**
Take a cue from Stacey Williams: Old Mexico can be a ball
photographs by walter iooss jr.

134 **eva**
On gray days in the Bahamas, Eva Herzigova brings sunshine
photographs by russell james

146 **valeria**
At a Baja resort, Valeria Mazza lends a bright splash of color
photographs by walter iooss jr.

158 **tyra**
Bare and bikinied, Tyra Banks heats up Bahamian beaches
photographs by russell james

170 **banks shot**
Lifelong Lakers fan Tyra Banks takes in a game at courtside
by richard hoffer

178 **steffi**
Steffi Graf is as dazzling off the tennis court as she is on it
by austin murphy *photographs by walter iooss jr.*

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192 *the future . . .*
Five designers dream up visions of the bikini at 100
photographs by tiziano magni

200 *I, cabana boy*
In Malibu, three beauties ignore their proud towel-fetcher
by steve rushin ***photographs by dewey nicks***

216 *beauty and the beach*
What role should sex appeal play in women's volleyball?
by michael silver ***photographs by guzman***

232 *bikini mania*
This suit has launched a thousand flicks—not to mention controversies, TV shows, fashion lines and lengthy careers

248 *point after*
A sporting look at the bikini in many and varied guises
illustration by arnold roth

(page 246 for where-to-buy details)

Come On In, the Water's Fine

Yasmeen Ghauri casts an inviting look back from the St. Tropez surf
photograph by andre rau

bikini bottom by DOMANI
hair by BRUNO WEPPE FOR THE CAROLE AGENCY
makeup by THIBAULT VABRE FOR LANCÔME

on the cover
TYRA BANKS
photograph by
RUSSELL JAMES

bikini by SALINAS FOR PISCES SWIMWEAR [$82]
hair by MICHEL ALEMAN FOR FREDERIC FEKKAI
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TO OUR READERS

In the eight dizzying months since she left *Glamour* to become our swimsuit editor, Elaine Farley has often thought about the big shoes she's had to fill. "Following in Jule Campbell's footsteps is nearly impossible," says Farley. "She had this job for 32 years—she's the only other person ever to have it. Her legacy is overwhelming."

So rather than imitating Campbell, Farley decided to make some changes. For starters, this year's issue features swimsuit photos of professional athletes, including Steffi Graf. When Graf arrived on location in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, Farley could instantly see why she has won 21 Grand Slam titles. "Steffi's a perfectionist," says Farley. "And when she plays tennis, she's used to feeling that she controls her destiny. Here, she seemed to feel she was at the mercy of the camera. That was difficult for her. But she was spectacular. She excels at what she does, and she also looks amazing."

This year's swimsuit issue also stands on its own—subscribers are receiving it in addition to their weekly issue—and it contains 152 edit pages, roughly three times the number in our regular issues. Farley chose to fill those pages with photos shot at seven locations on three continents and to use the bikini to tie the sites together. "I wanted to use classic places around the world that represented the bikini, this icon of cool," explains Farley. "Last year marked the end of the bikini's first 50 years, so this is a salute to 50 more years of the bikini. Sort of, 'Let's keep it going!' "

MARC JOSEPH

FARLEY IS WELL-SUITED TO HER NEW ROLE

Fortunately, Farley loves to travel, since she has had to keep it going from Venezuela's Angel Falls, the world's tallest, to a rented Malibu beach house; from trendy Harbour Island in the Bahamas to the sleepy Mexican village of Todos Santos, where she and model Stacy Williams spontaneously concocted a shoot centering on "the bikini in the pool hall." In each locale Farley strove to illuminate a different side of women. "I've always loved images, putting pictures together," says Farley, who graduated with a degree in painting from New York City's School of Visual Arts and enjoys "hanging out at bookstores," where she browses through photography, art and design books for inspiration. At one extreme was the Monte Carlo shoot, in which Farley aimed for an "over-the-top glamorous" look inspired by a photo book of Riviera scenes from the 1930s. At the grittier end were the shots of professional beach volleyball players, taken on the Hawaiian island of Kauai, where the women were competing in a tournament. "They'd play, then come to us for an afternoon shoot," says Farley. "They were excited about promoting women as serious athletes and seriously sexy. Theirs are beautiful, beautiful photos."

As are they all. So here's to our new swimsuit editor and to 50 more years of the bikini.

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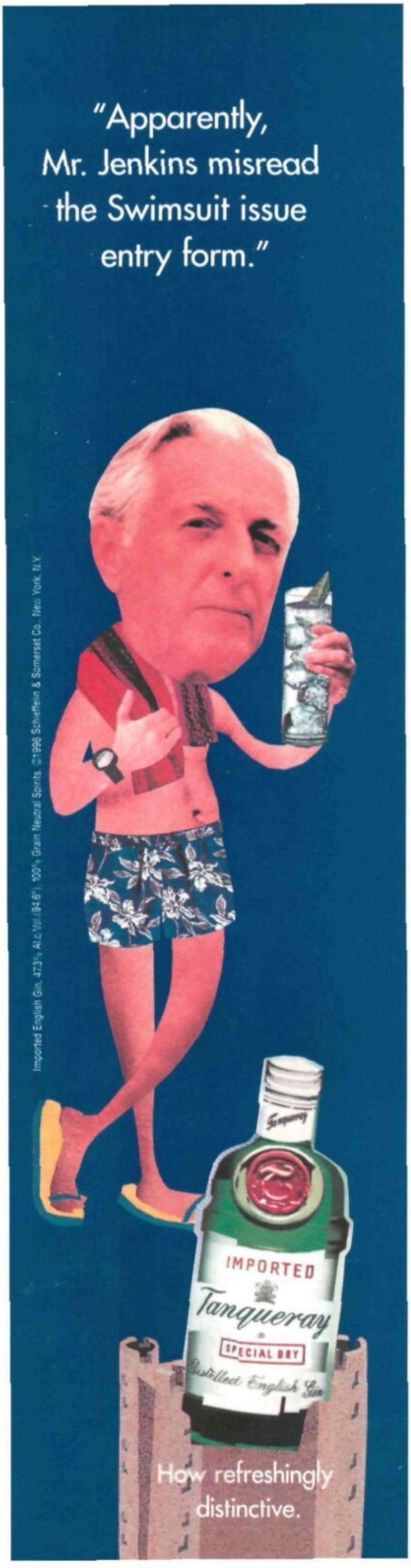
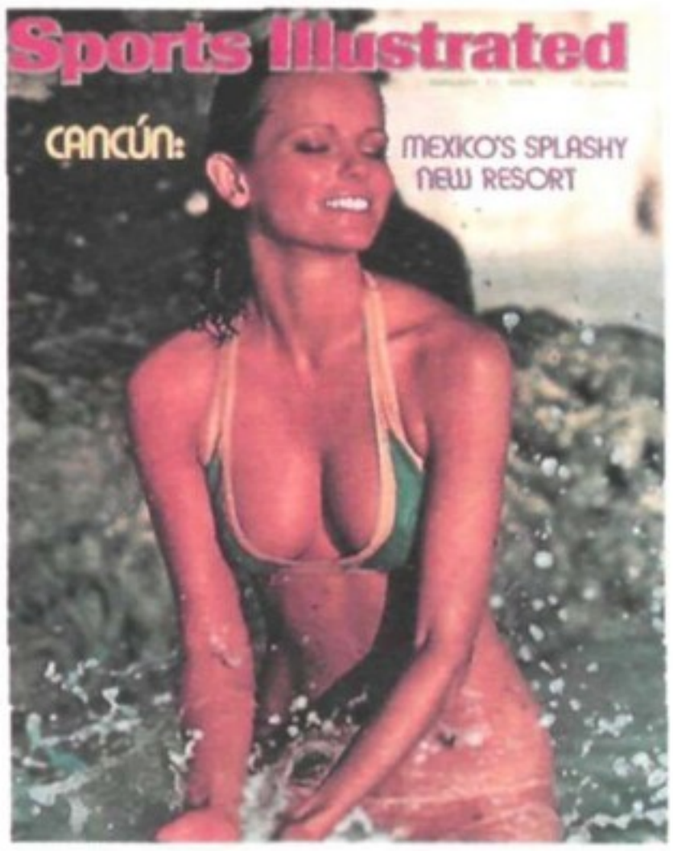
"Apparently, Mr. Jenkins misread the Swimsuit issue entry form."



catching up with. . .

Supermodel Cheryl Tiegs · JANUARY 27, 1975



IT MAY have been intended as a visual reminder that despite their 12-inch height difference, former Secretary of Labor Robert Reich and model Cheryl Tiegs see eye to eye on the sweatshop issue. Last summer the 4' 10" Reich invited the 5' 10" Tiegs to address the Fashion Industry Forum. At a press conference with Tiegs, Reich stood on an apple crate to appear her equal in stature. Tiegs, a pioneer of celebrity-endorsed apparel, appreciated the gag, but, like Reich, she didn't consider the subject they were addressing to be a laughing matter. Since first agreeing to an apparel contract with Sears in 1980, Tiegs has vigilantly monitored the production of her signature lines. Referring to price-conscious consumers who don't want to pay the price for clothing guaranteed to be sweatshop free, she said, "They may have to accept that they'll pay more than rock-bottom prices. They can't have their cake and eat it too."

That sort of public advocacy was a rare gesture by Tiegs, who these days usually casts herself as a work-at-home mom. With her name attached to lines of hosiery, eyewear and watches, she is financially secure. Recently divorced from third husband Anthony Peck (son of Gregory), she is remodeling a California home that she will share with the five-year-old man in her life, son Zack. And, at 49, she still smolders in a bikini. "When I don a swimsuit," says Tiegs, who did so in 10 SI swimsuit issues from 1970 until '95, "I still wear a bikini. It always feels so good."

Bikinis and Tiegs have long been a perfect fit. A 1978 poster of her in a pink two-piece made her a widely studied subject in college dorms across the nation. Three years earlier she had pranced in the Cancún surf at dawn and come away with a cover *(above)*, even though only six frames were taken during that shoot. "That shot looks warm and inviting, but the water was cold, and it was too early," says Tiegs, who also graced our cover in '70 and '83. "I've never been a morning person."

Until she became a mom. "Zack has definitely altered my sleep schedule," says Tiegs. "I don't mind. He's the love of my life." But Zack seems to have eyes for one of mom's younger colleagues. "He absolutely has the biggest crush on Kathy Ireland," says Tiegs. "By his bed is a picture of her that she signed, 'To Sweet Zack, I adore you.' "

A lot of us feel the same way about Zack's mom. —JOHN WALTERS

WALTER IOOSS JR.

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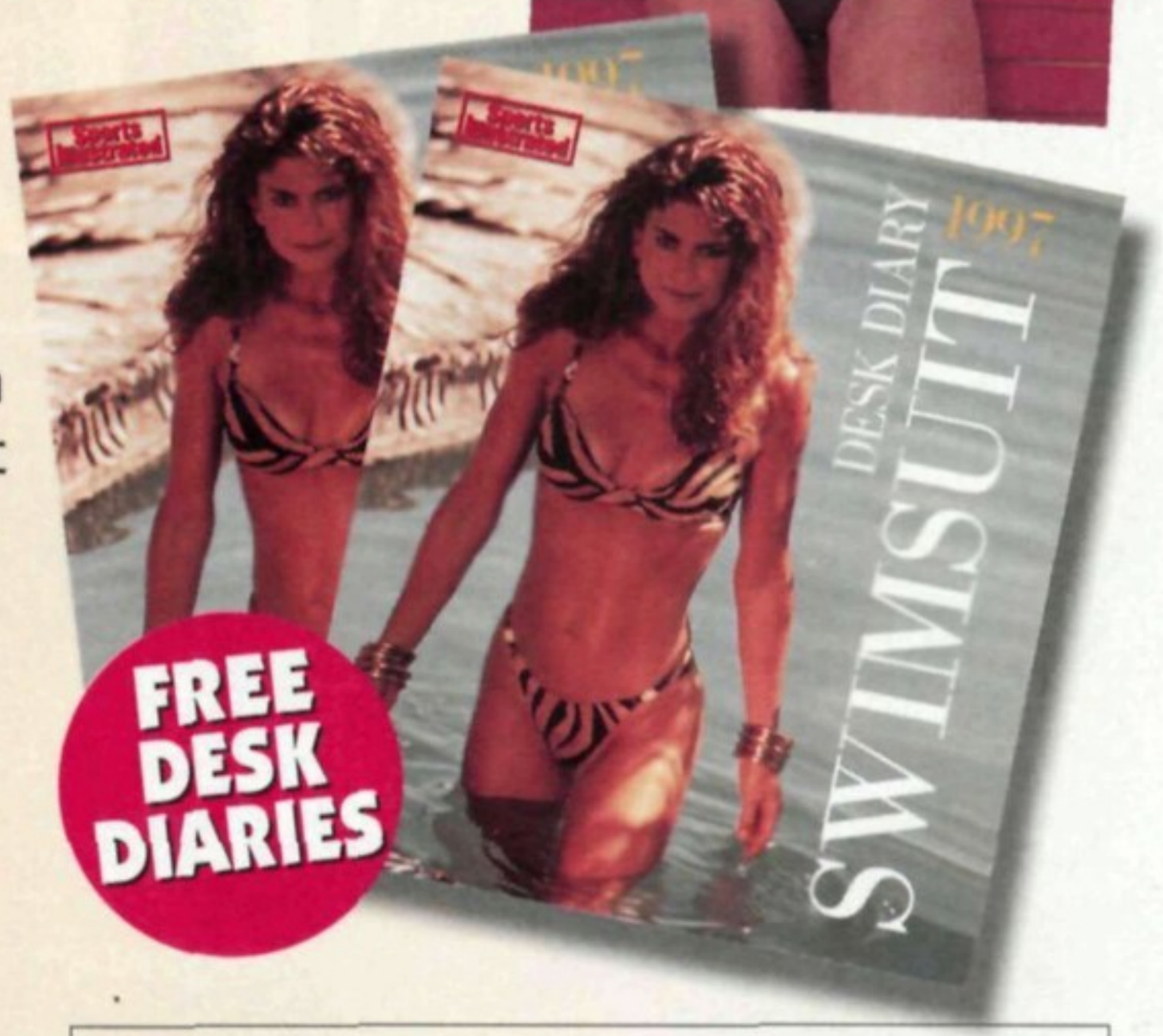

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FOR A 1957 LIFE PHOTO SHOOT, JAYNE MANSFIELD WAS AS BUOYANT AS A BEVY OF BIKINIED WATER BOTTLES

waxing

FROM BARDOT TO GRAF,
FROM GROUND ZERO TO GRASS, HERE'S
THE SKINNY ON THE TWO-PIECE

by steve rushin

ALLAN GRANT/LIFE MAGAZINE (PAGE 12); COURTESY OF LOUIS K. MEISEL GALLERY

you are not reading this.

And if you happen to be the kind of person—let's face it, if you happen to be the only person—who really does read the articles in the swimsuit issue, then you already know that last year witnessed the 50th anniversary of the invention of the bikini (from the Latin *bi*, meaning "two," and *kini*, meaning "square inches of Lycra").

What you may not have considered is this: We now stand poised at a historical crossroad, a crucial cleavage in the history of the swimsuit. Nineteen

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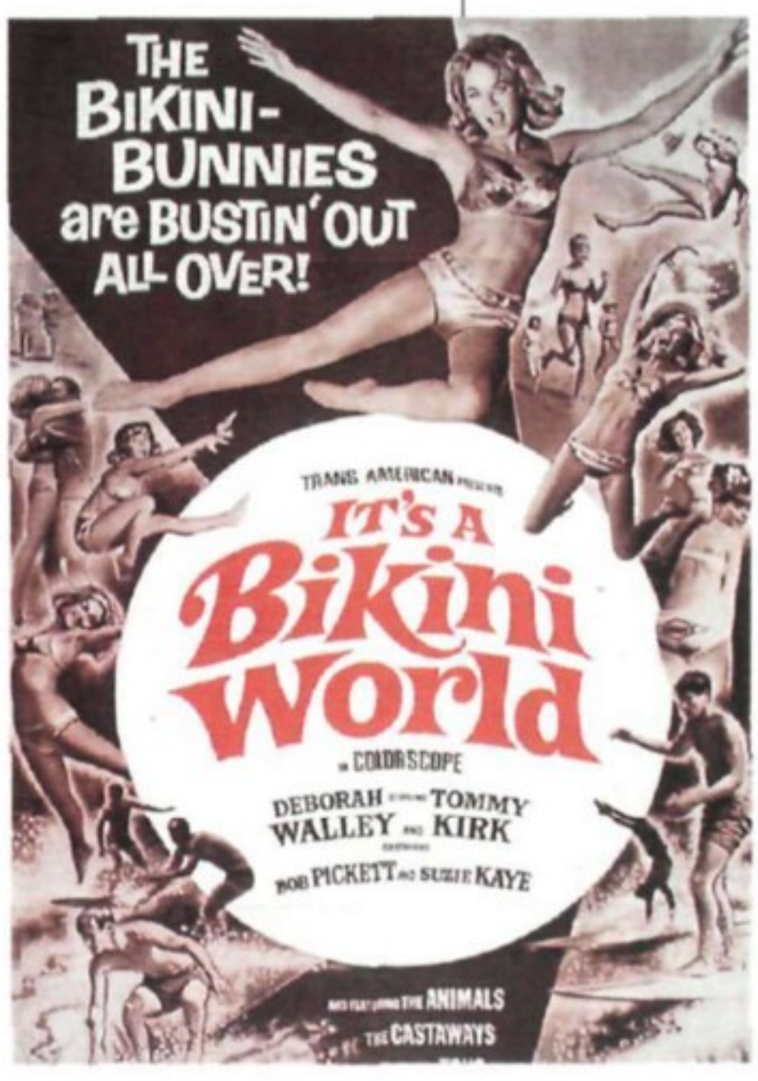
A SUIT THAT HAS MADE A HUGE SPLASH ON THE SILVER SCREEN: FRANKIE AVALON AND ANNETTE FUNICELLO HUNG 20 IN THE FIFTH OF THEIR BIKINI MOVIES, "BEACH BLANKET BINGO" (1965); FRANCE'S BARDOT BECAME AN INTERNATIONAL STAR IN THE '50s WHEN SHE WORE A TWO-PIECE (AND, ON OCCASION, NO PIECES AT ALL); THANKS TO THE FORMULA OF SURF, SONG AND SKIN, IT WAS STILL A BIKINI WORLD IN '67



ninety-seven is the dawn of a new age, the first year of the second half of the Bikini Century. This raises several vexing questions, not the least of which are, Where is the bikini heading? Can I follow it there? And if so, will I have to wear sunglasses and pretend I'm not looking?

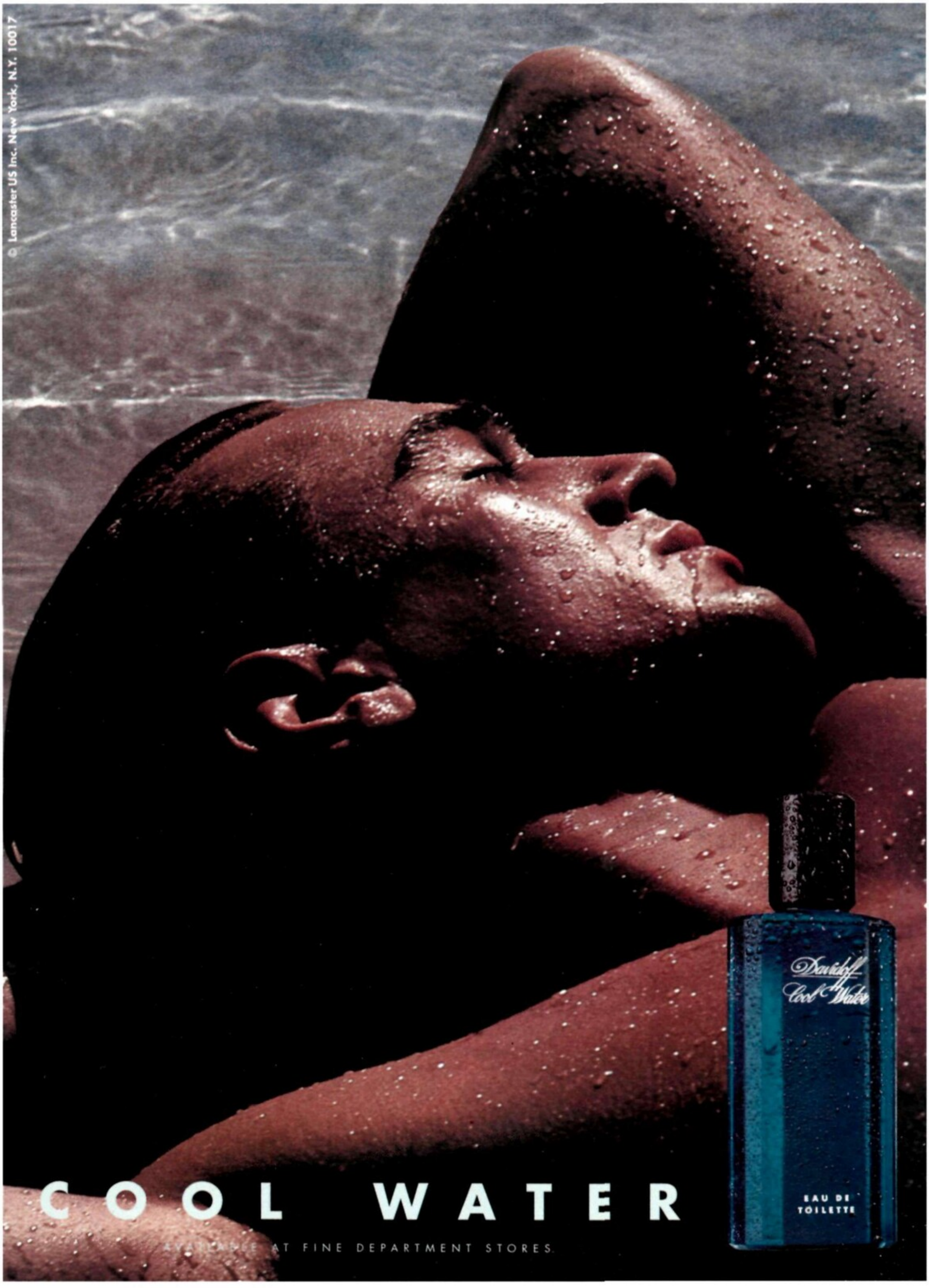
With so much at stake, I was asked to compose the following bikini lines, to offer these bikini waxings. Please—allow me to bikini brief you.

I am eminently qualified to do so, having just screened the actual motion pictures *Bikini Beach*, *Bikini Squad*, *Bikini Drive-in*, *The Ghost in the Invisible Bikini*, *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*, *Stocks and Blondes* (um, it had a bikini on the box) and *It's a Bikini World*. To which the following pages will wholeheartedly attest: It certainly is a Bikini World.

In this issue you will circumnavigate that world on a navel expedition more epic than Magellan's. Since last September, SI has endeavored to visit every important port in Bikinidom, or to burn-and-peel trying. I was appointed Official Bikini Researcher, which only *sounds* as if it belongs on a T-shirt sold in truck stops, next to those declaring I'M WITH STUPID or TAKE ME DRUNK, I'M HOME. In fact, my work would address some serious swimsuit issues and require exhausting excursions to centers of swimwear scholarship. Which is to say, St. Tropez.

St. Tropez is home to Club 55, a bistro frequented by bikini icon Brigitte Bardot, who helped bring the suit to prominence, as did pinup girl Diana Dors, who in '55 sported

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES (TOP); EVERETT COLLECTION (MIDDLE); COURTESY OF JOE RUSSO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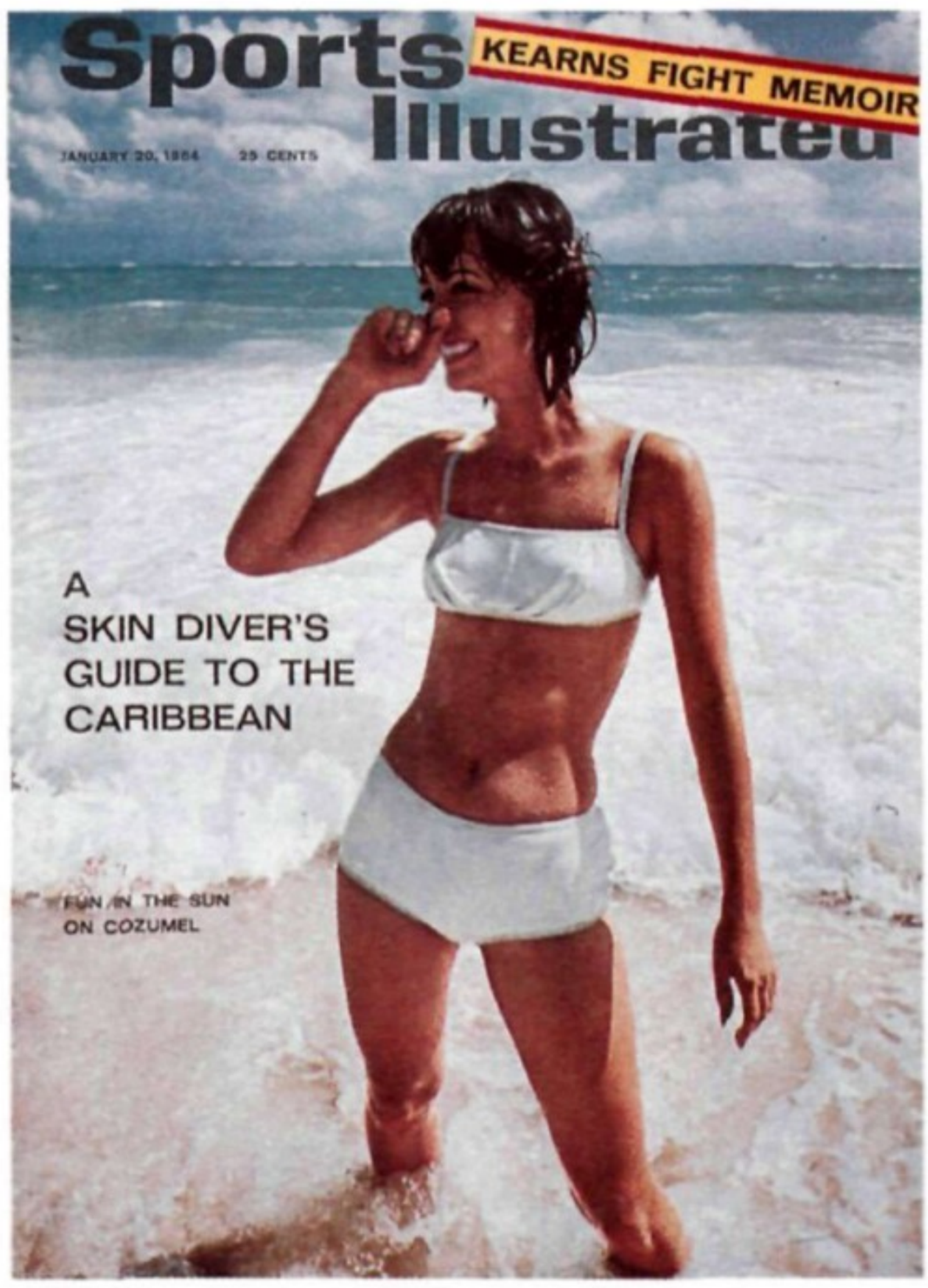

THE EARLIEST MODEL OF THE BIKINI APPEARED IN A FOURTH-CENTURY MOSAIC AT THE PIAZZA ARMERINA IN SICILY; IN 1964 THE TWO-PIECE BECAME A FIXTURE ON DORMITORY WALLS AROUND THE COUNTRY WITH BABETTE MARCH'S APPEARANCE ON SI'S FIRST SWIMSUIT COVER

a mink number at the Venice Film Festival. "Nineteen fifty-five was to the bikini what '54 was to black school children and '56 was to Hungarian freedom fighters," says my colleague Alexander Wolff, whose story on Monaco begins on page 36 and whose company-mandated psychiatric examination begins on Tuesday. Good luck, Alex!

Though close, the French Riviera is not quite ground zero in Bikini World. That distinction belongs to the actual ground zero itself: to Bikini, the Pacific atoll on which A-bombs were tested in 1946. That year, Louis Réard, a French automotive engineer who was running his mother's lingerie business, named his new two-piece, atom-sized swimsuit for the test site, and the rest is (revisionist) history: The bikini was born.

In fact, mosaics found in the fourth-century villa at Piazza Armerina in Sicily are festooned with women wearing bikinis. And cavewomen wore fur bikinis (and mascara) as early as the Stone Age, if the appearance of Raquel Welch in *One Million Years B.C.* hews to prehistorical fact. And who's to say it doesn't? But that is neither here nor there.

Bidding adieu to the Riviera, we next dropped anchor off the coast of Venezuela, spending several *buenas noches* on Los Roques. There, E.M. Swift went fishing with supermodel Niki Taylor *(page 76)*. This, too, was an epochal event: The first time in swimsuit issue history that a fishnet was used for—get this—*actual fishing*.

I likewise spent some time angling, though this regrettably had nothing to do with fish. It happened in Malibu at the rented beach house of three swimsuit models. In accordance with the restraining order filed against me in California, what occurred

ZANFI EDITORI/COSTUMI DA BAGNO (TOP); J. FREDERICK SMITH

HOWARD STERN

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there can be recounted only in a fictionalized form, and I do so on page 200. All parties are forbidden to comment further. Can we just move on?

Very well. You will notice that this issue is peopled with professional athletes, as well as models in various stages of undress. (By the way: *Undress* is believed to be a contraction of *Ursula Andress*, who as a Bond girl named Honeychile Rider wore history's most memorable bikini in *Dr. No*. It was accompanied by a hip holster that held a hunting knife and generally looked more in keeping with J.R. Rider than H. Rider. But I digress.)

In Hawaii, for instance, we photographed members of the women's beach volleyball tour *(page 216)*. They are among the few professional athletes to actually compete in bikinis, including, of course, the mysterious Swedish Bikini Team members, whose "sport" was about the only thing never made explicit by those beer commercials in which they starred.

Of course, Hawaii itself is not so much associated with bikinis as it is with grass skirts. So we commissioned a designer to combine the two concepts. The result is worn on page 194 by Chandra North (in a grass bikini, by Mother Nature, $5 a square foot). We believe it is the future of swimwear. But seriously: "Who did design the grass bikini?" I asked swimsuit issue editor Elaine Farley. "Monsanto?"

"Moschino," she corrected me.

I am not making this up. The suit was "grown" by the Italian clothing design firm of Moschino, which suggests that you wash on gentle cycle and lay flat to dry.

SIPA (TOP); MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

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IN
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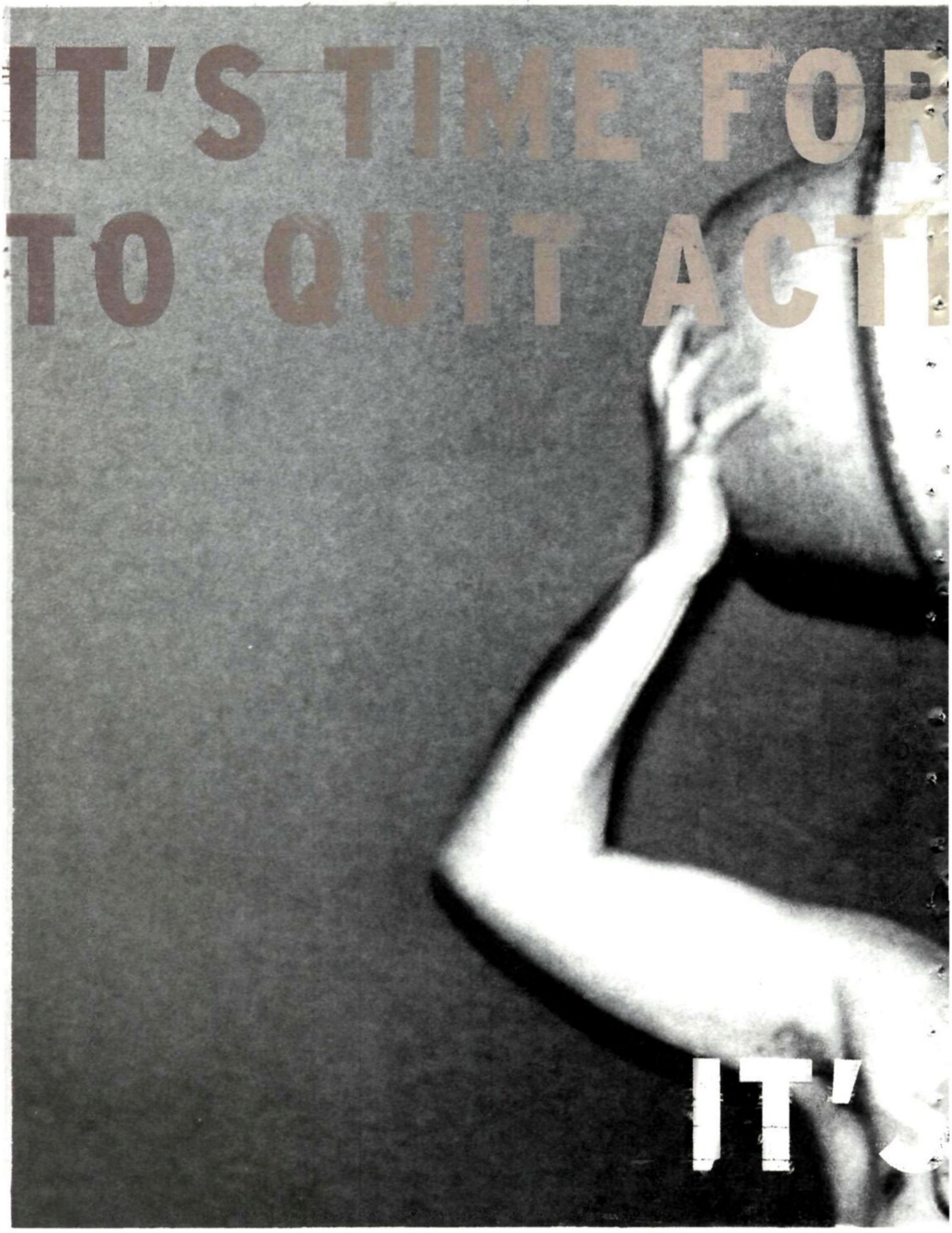
IT'S
THAT TIME
AGAIN.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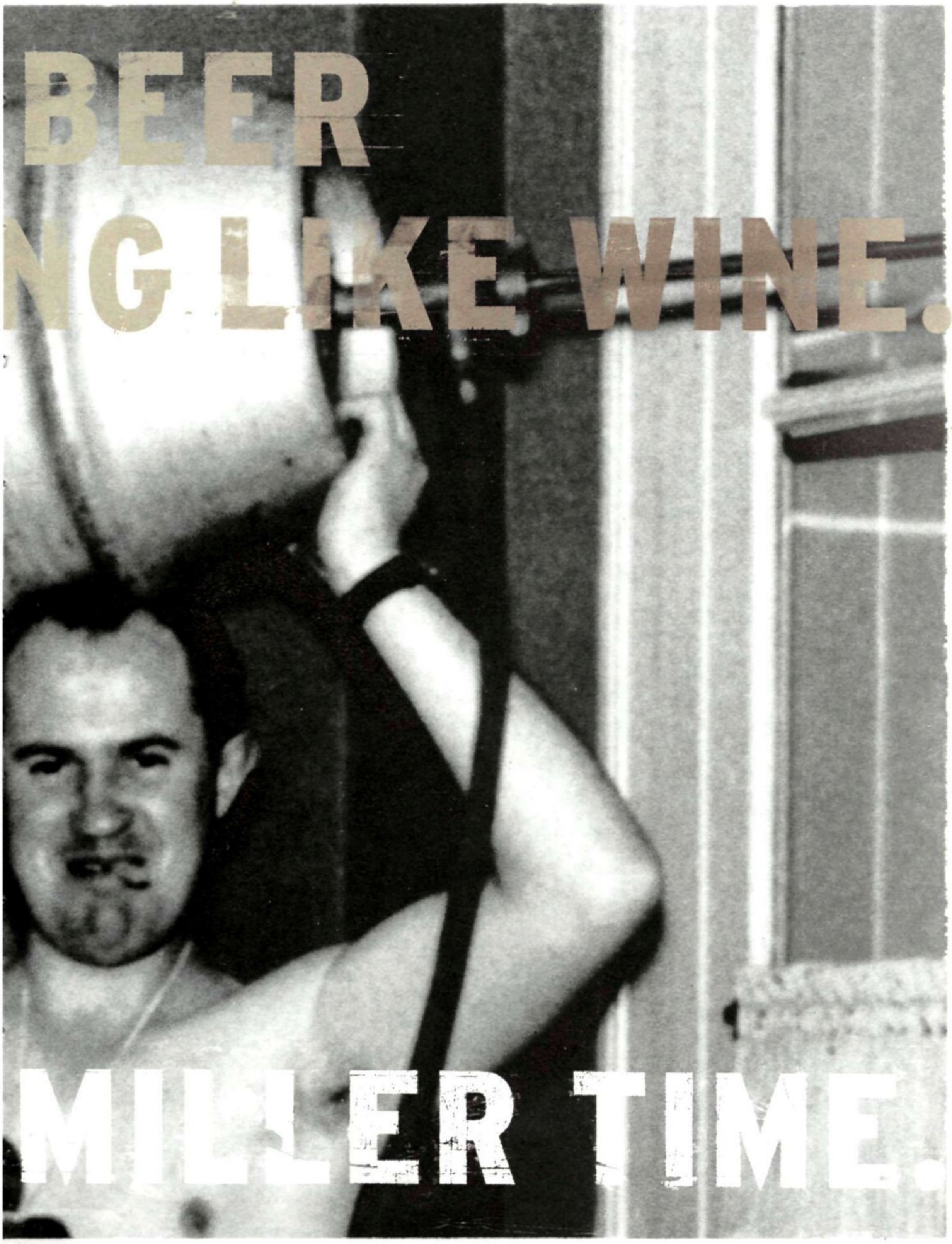
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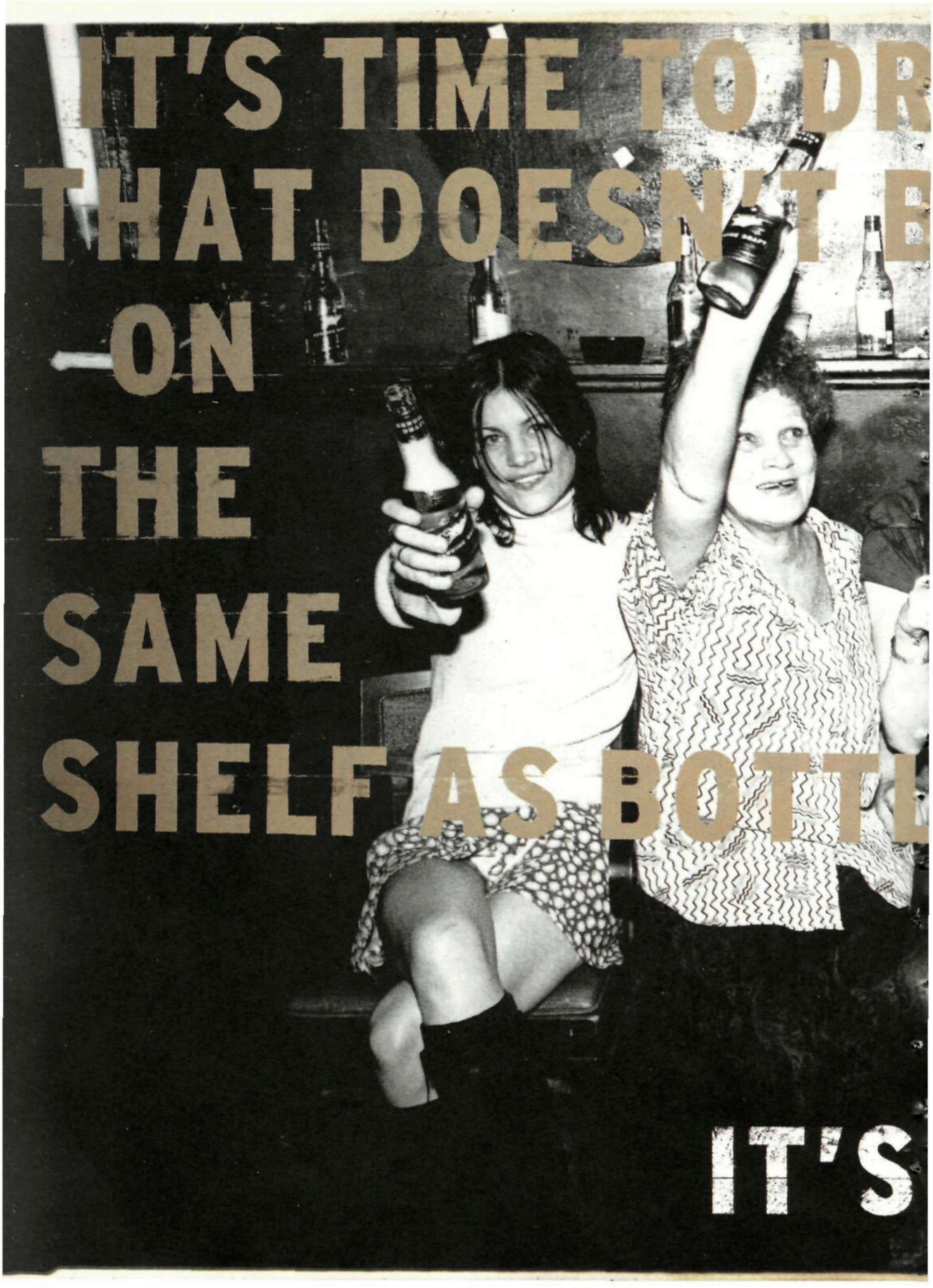
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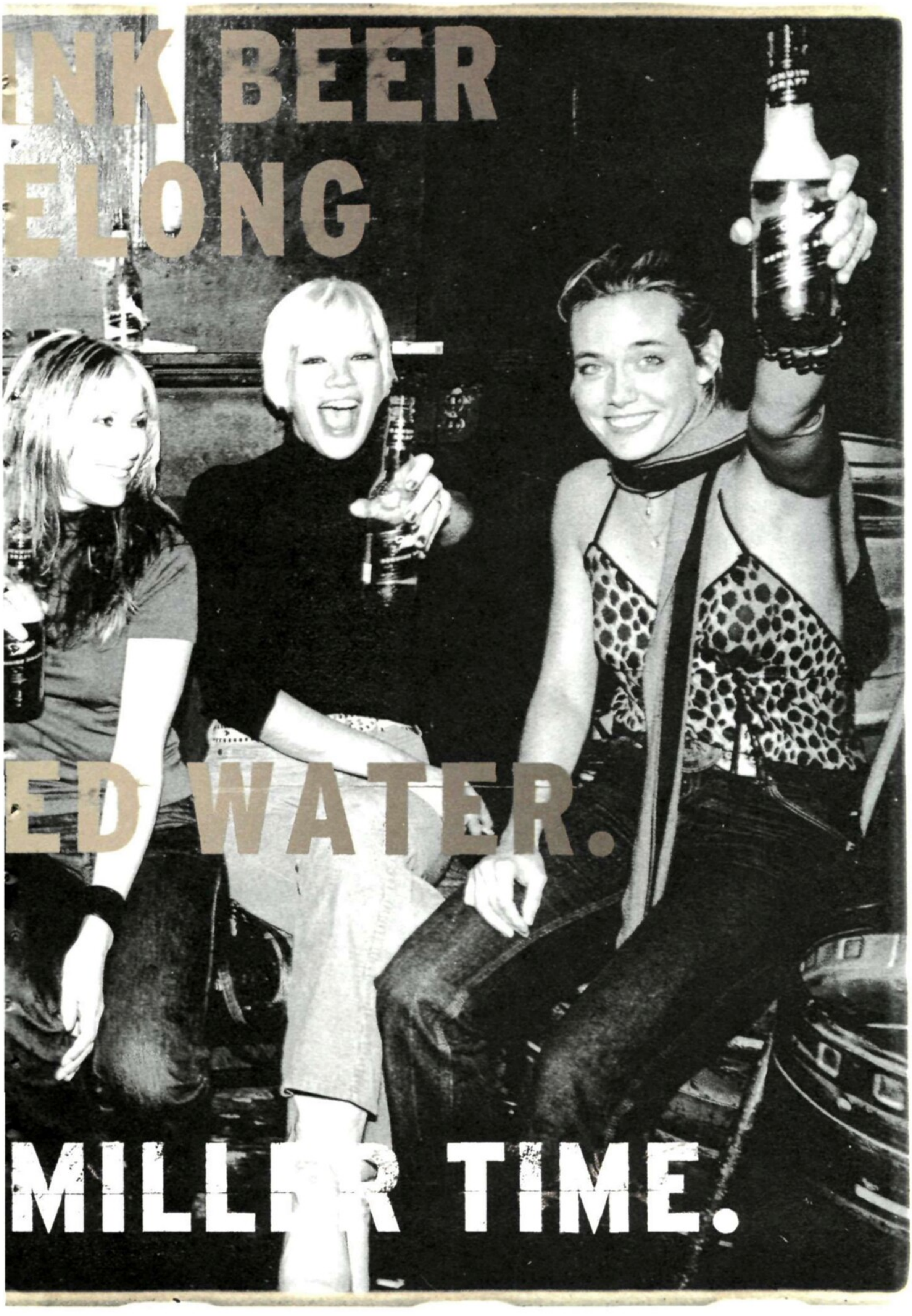
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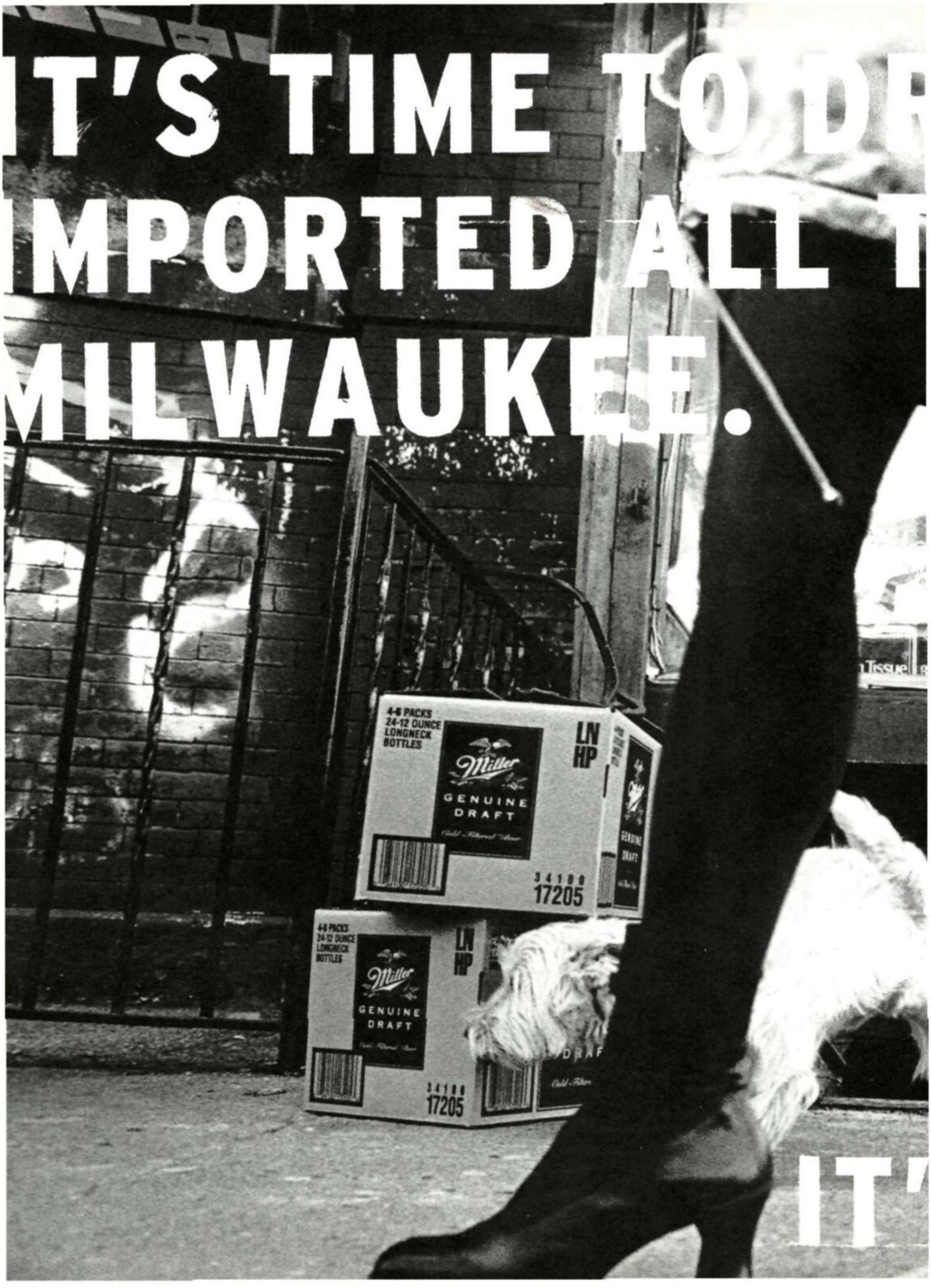
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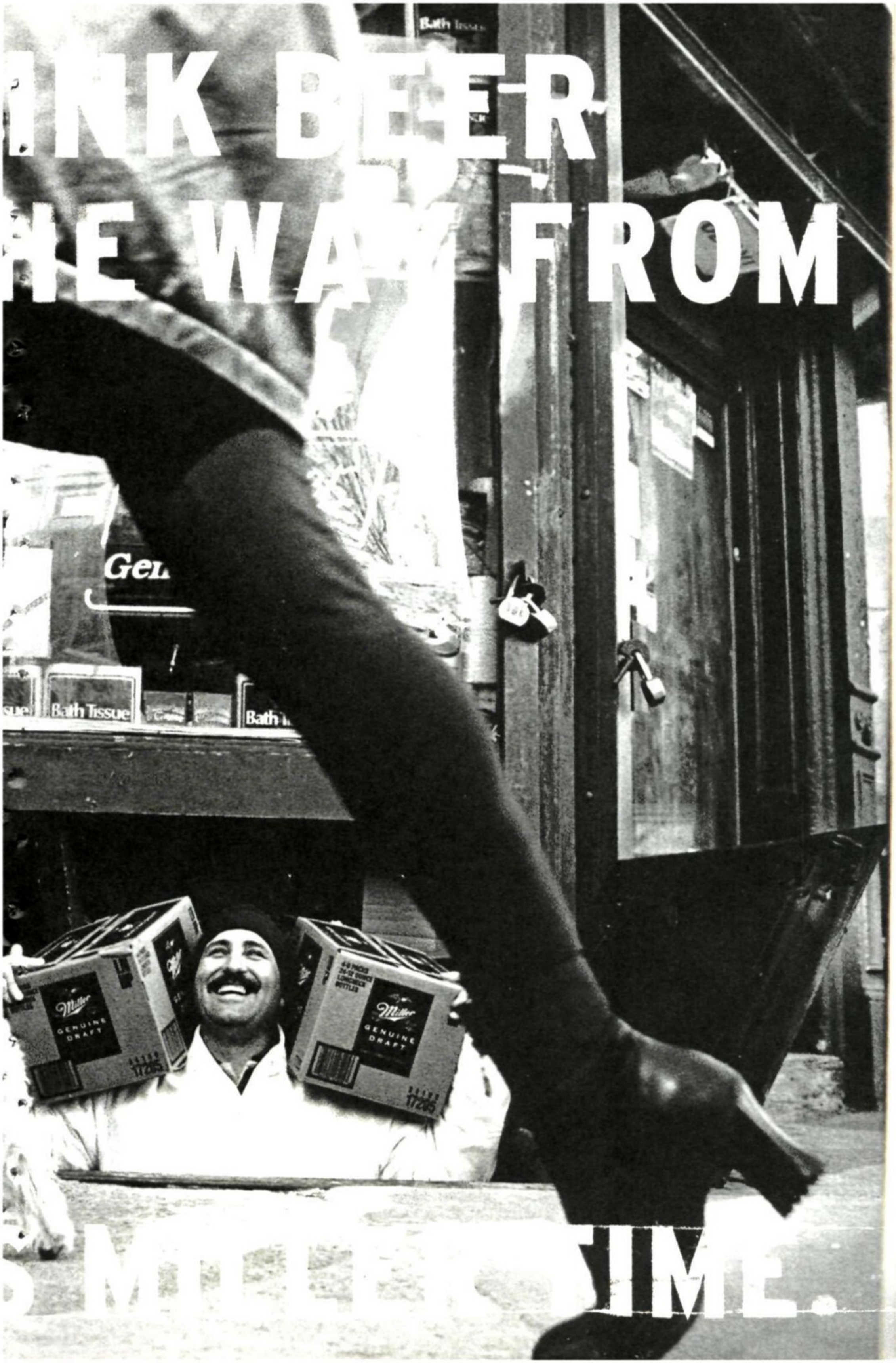
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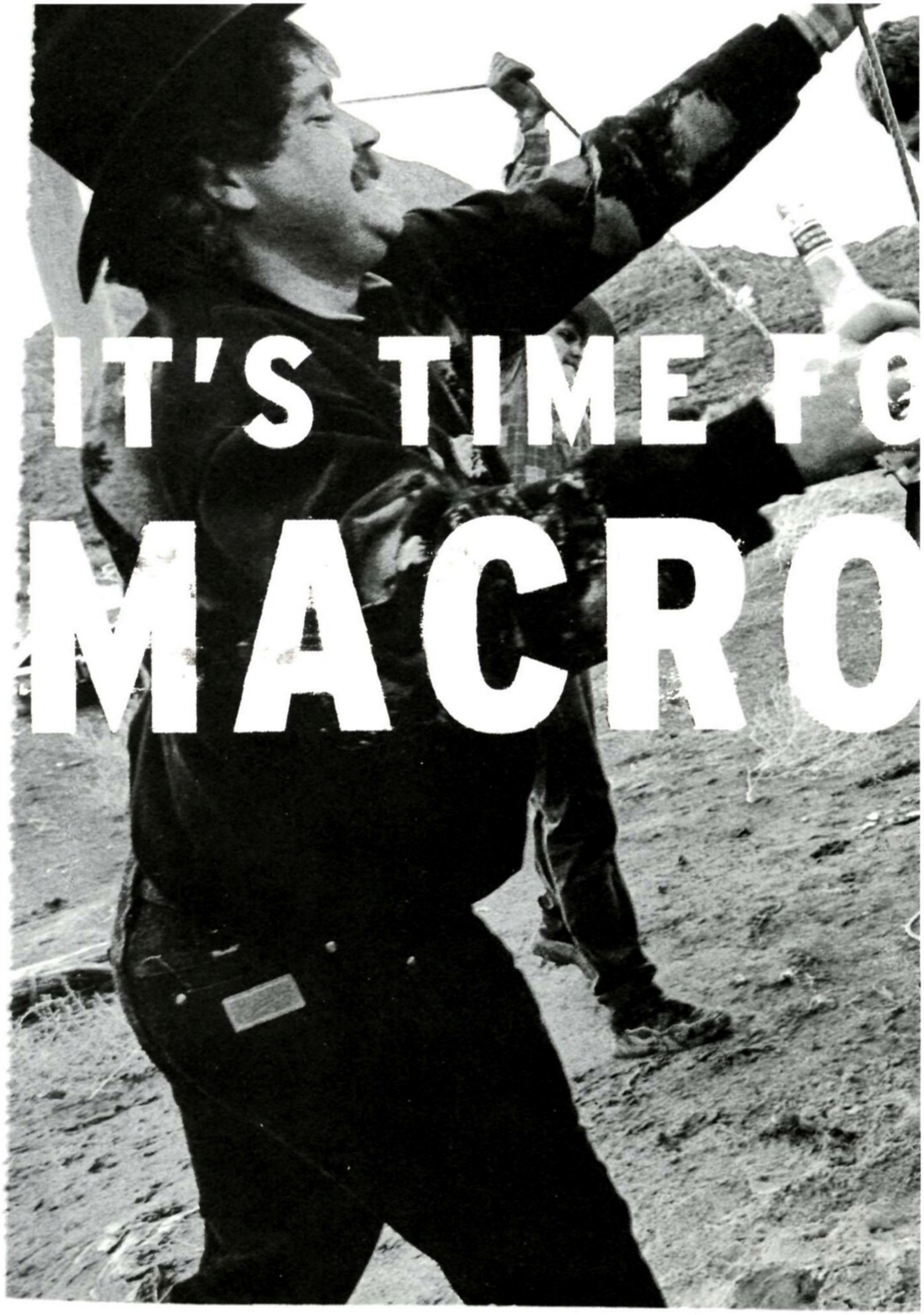
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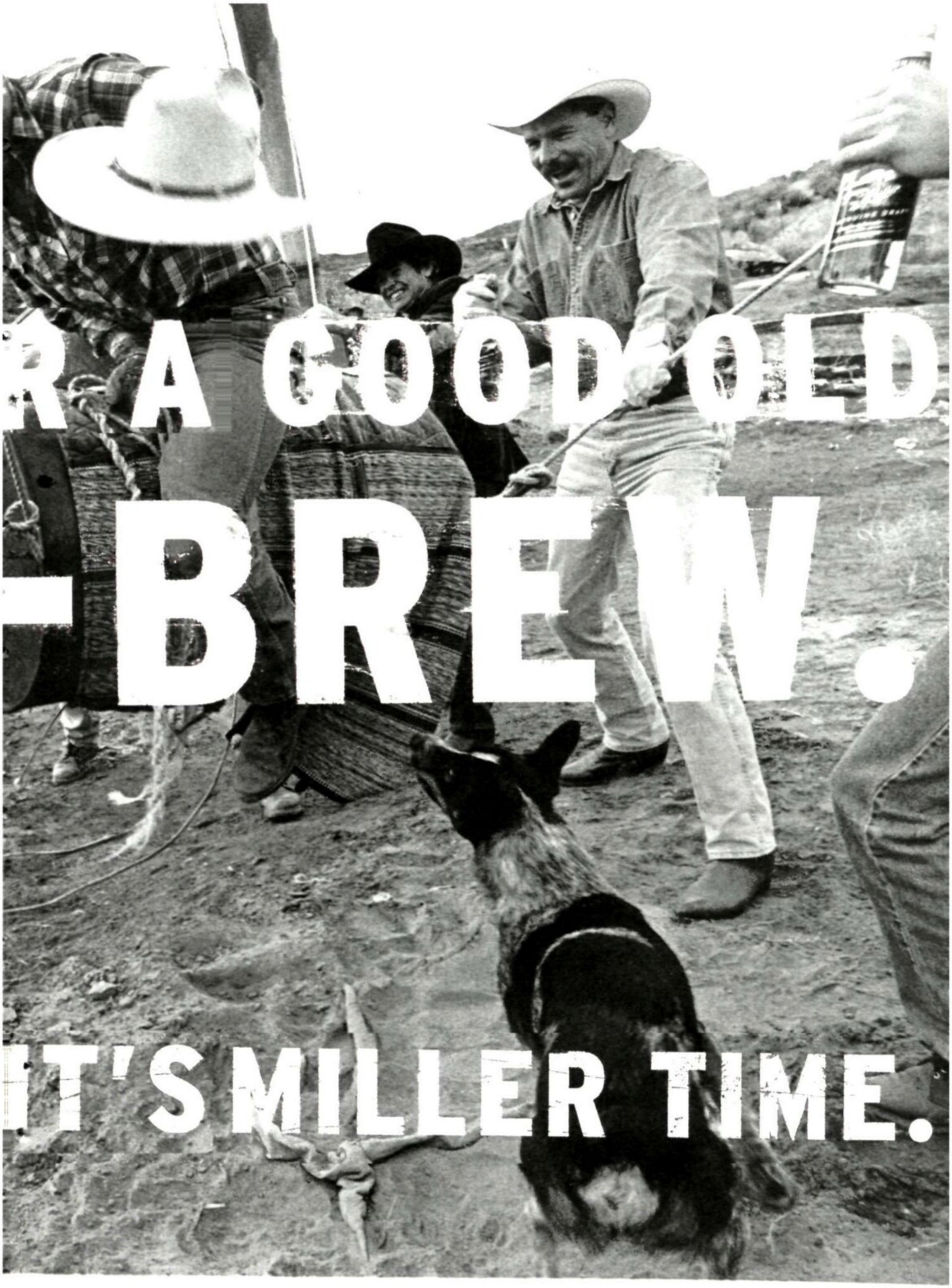
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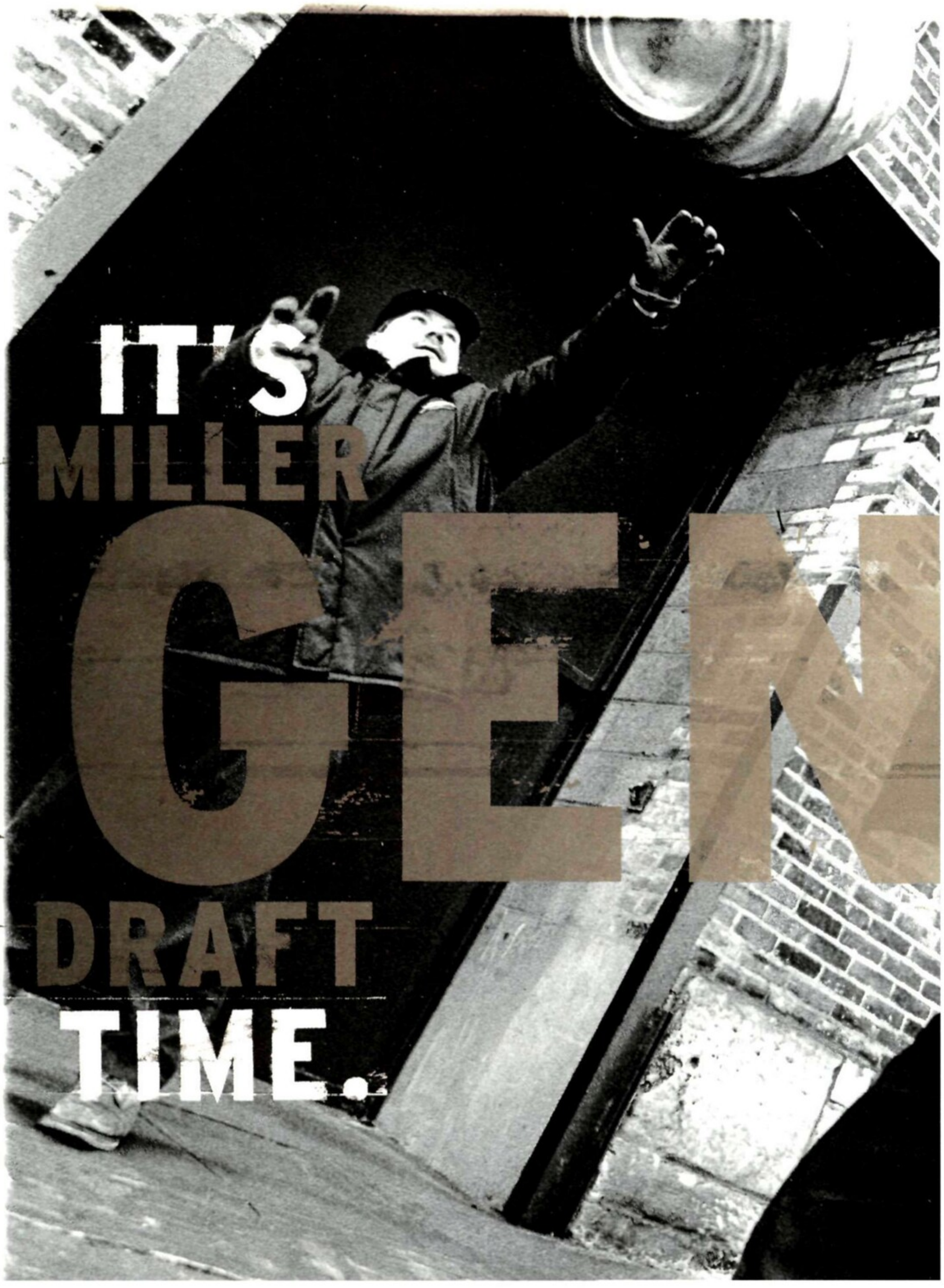
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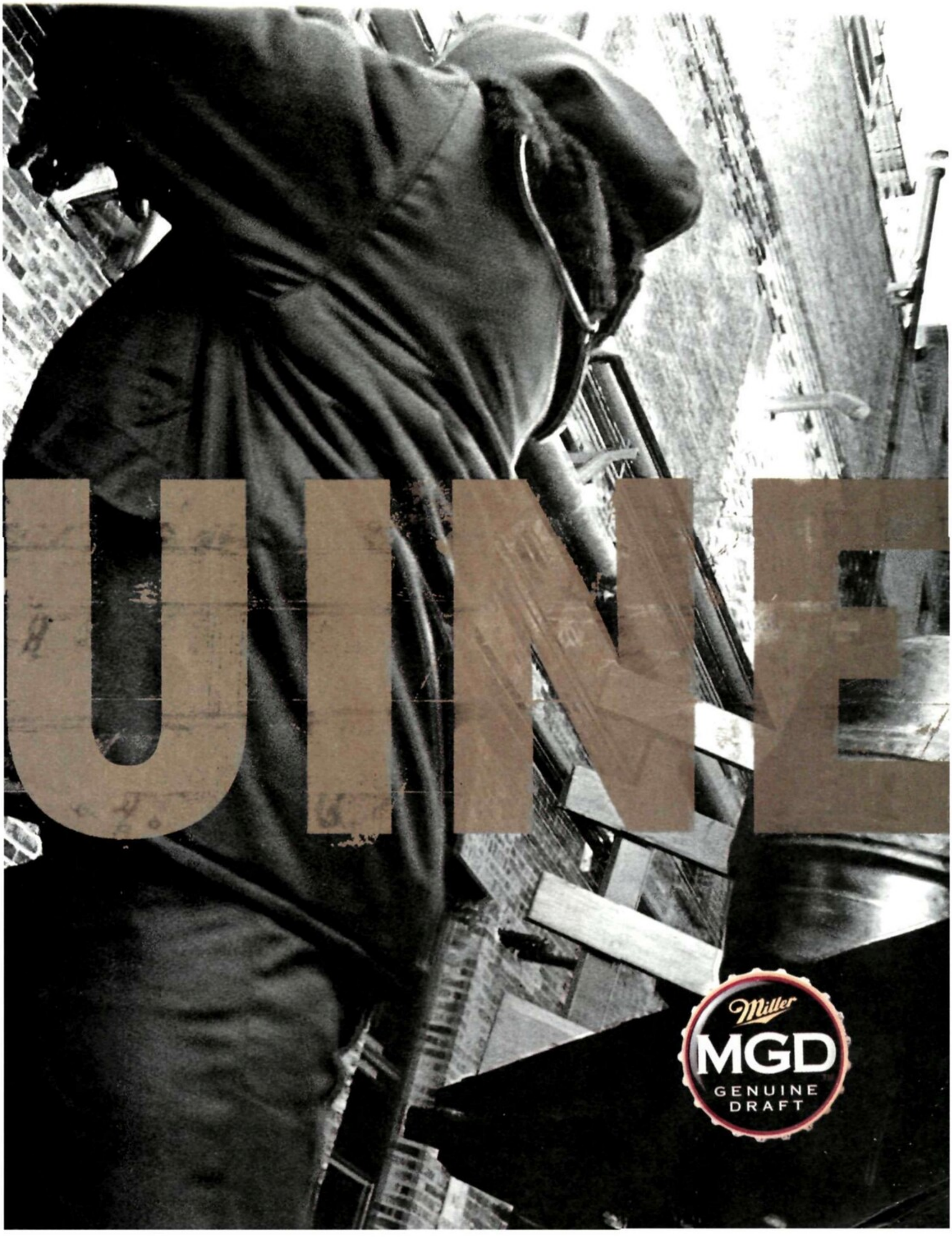
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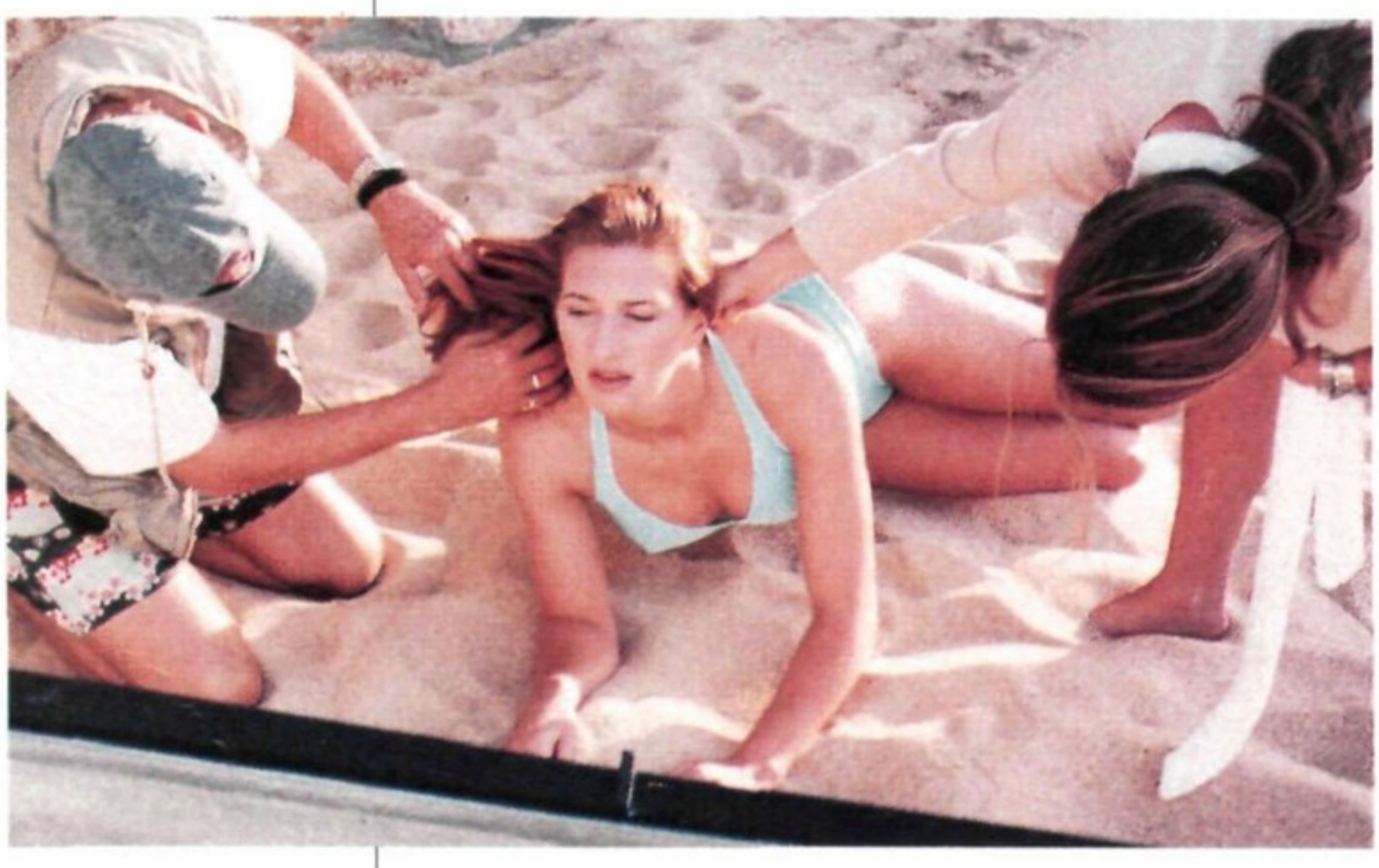
While looking into bikinis, as it were, I happened upon the seaweed bikini, macramé bikini, vinyl bikini, string bikini, mink bikini, rubber bikini, monokini, Brian Hyland's *Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini*, Chanel's infamous "eye-patch" bikini and the irrepressible tanga, "thong" or "dental-floss" bikini, responsible for the crack epidemic on Brazilian beaches. But none were so intriguing as the grass bikini, and I for one think we blew a rare opportunity in neglecting to have Steffi Graf pose in her best surface, rather than on it.

That's right. Now it can be told: Graf is our Fräulein February, having been photographed in a double-secret-probationary shoot in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, last December *(page 178)*. Everyone agrees that she looks *wunderbar*, which reminds me: Wonderbra model Eva Herzigova also helps us pay homage to Bikini Atoll by barely wearing a bikini atall, on page 134.

How's that? You say you'd like to turn to those photos straightaway? Then I'll cut my remarks short. I had so much more to tell you about swimsuits, but it's obvious we're not on the same page here. (Probably in the most literal sense of that phrase. You turned to Tyra Banks 10 minutes ago, didn't you?)

What's the use? You say, "Moschino"; I say, "Monsanto." You say, "Wonderbra"; I say, "*Wunderbar*." Moschino, Monsanto, Wonderbra, *wunderbar*: Let's call the whole thing off. ■



ELAINE FARLEY (TOP); STEVEN HOFFMAN

THE DESIGNER MOSCHINO HAS A VISION OF THE BIKINI'S FUTURE, AND IT IS GRASS (WATERED HERE BY SI'S BONNIE STÖRMER). DESPITE HER SUCCESS ON THAT SURFACE AT WIMBLEDON, GRAF DONNED A MATERIAL THAT DIDN'T REQUIRE MOWING FOR HER PHOTO SHOOT

TOMMY HILFIGER

tommy

HILFIGER

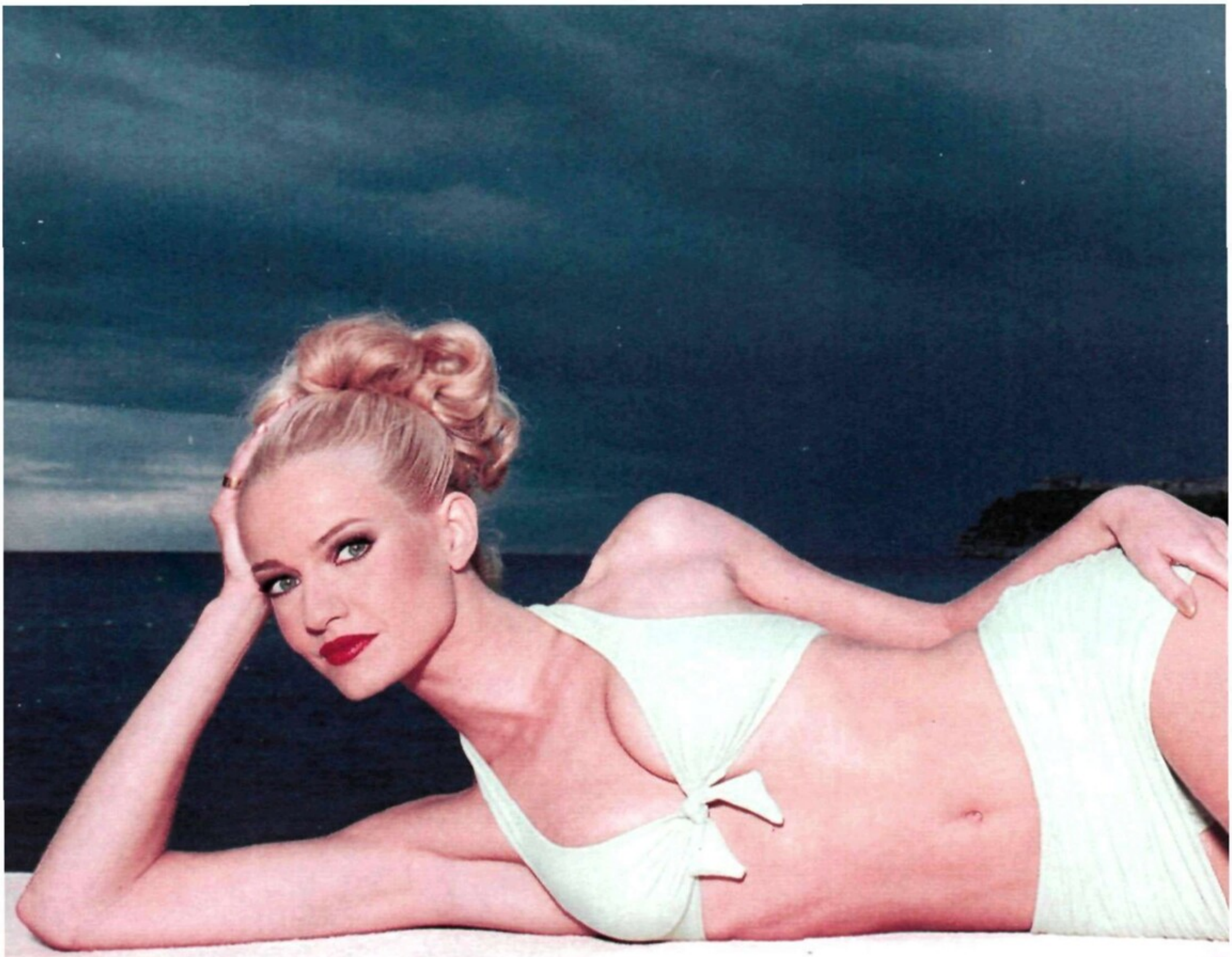
money co.

FROM THE RULING FAMILY TO THE RESIDENT JOCKOCRACY, SPORTS ARE A DEFINING ELEMENT IN THE BIKINI MECCA OF MONACO

by alexander wolff

photographs by andre rau

KAREN MULDER
bikini by
DELFINA SWIMWEAR [$130]
hair by
BRUNO WEPPE
FOR THE CAROLE AGENCY
makeup by
THIBAULT VABRE FOR LANCÔME

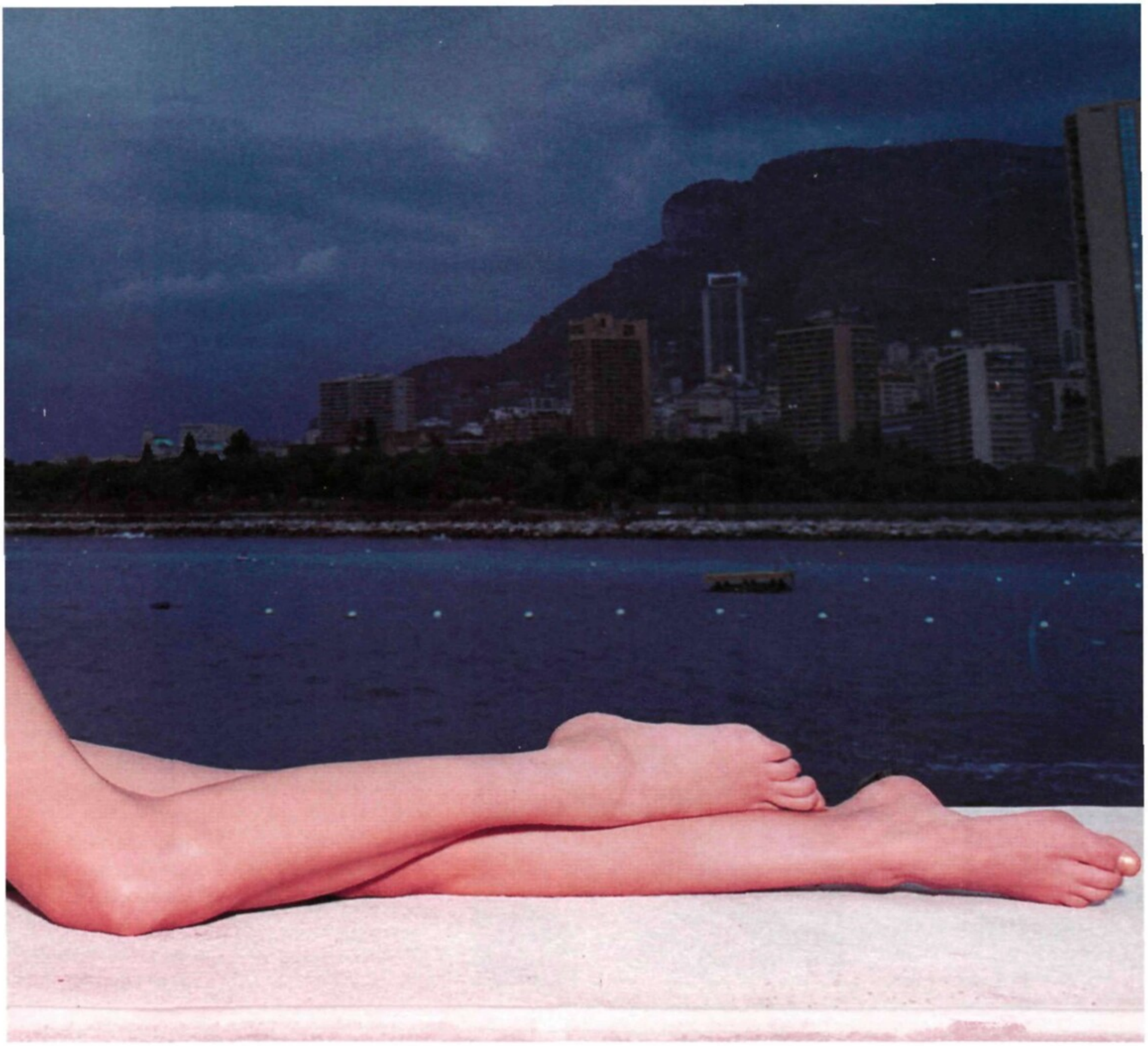


Once you learn that Gunnar Everhed is Swedish, two things about him don't surprise you: that he has intimate knowledge of the confiscatory tax codes of northern Europe and that he regards the recent travails of German tennis star Steffi Graf and her father, Peter, with an abundance of Hammarskjöldian compassion. "Such a pity," says Everhed, whose business is advising foreign nationals, primarily athletes, on how to establish and maintain residency in the Mediterranean tax haven of Monaco. "And so unnecessary."

If only the Grafs had come to him a dozen years ago, Everhed says, they might have avoided all the unpleasantness now besieging them, from the tax-fraud charges to the embarrassing revelations of sexual indiscretions, to Peter's humiliating prison sentence of three years and nine months. Actually, Everhed says, "to come to me is not enough. A client must also listen to me. And the client must do as I say."

The Grafs could have easily cleared the first hurdle of tax-free residency in Monaco: a bank account of 500,000 French francs (or roughly $100,000). But telling them that they should have made the move today is like telling Mary Lincoln that she and Abe should have rented a video instead of going to the theater. Still, Gunnar's admonition bears repeating so long as there remain sportsmen and sportswomen who haven't yet read the chapter in *The Pro Athlete's Primer* that falls somewhere between Keep Your Eye on the Ball and It Ain't Over Till It's Over: Get Thee and Thy Sweat-Gotten Millions to Monaco.

Once a playground for tycoons, courtesans and nobility, Mona-



KAREN MULDER
bikini by
BACHATA SWIMWEAR [$145]

co has been a company town for the jockocracy ever since tennis players Bjorn Borg and Mats Wilander bivouacked there during the 1970s and '80s, seeking refuge from Sweden's compulsory military service, a marginal tax rate upwards of 85% and public disclosure laws. Now tennis's Richard Krajicek and Thomas Muster count themselves among Monaco's 30,000 residents, as do athletes from such other sports as track (pole vaulter Sergei Bubka, sprinter Merlene Ottey and hurdler Mark McKoy), auto racing (Gerhard Berger and Jacques Villeneuve), rally driving (Colin McRae, Carlos Sainz) and cycling (Toni Rominger). Together they're exerting outsized influence on the principality's economy, social life and international image.

Indeed, this location, location, location—it's where Suzanne Lenglen served and Johnny Weissmuller swam; where Princess Grace's lady-in-waiting was Virginia Gallico, widow of sportswriter Paul; where Prince Rainier keeps his private collection of 85 vintage automobiles—seems perfectly matched with vocation, vocation, vocation. The offices of the International Amateur Athletic Federation (the world governing body of track and field), the General Association of International Sports Federations, the International Association Against Violence in Sport and the European operations of tennis's ATP Tour can be found in Monaco, as can three of the highlights of the sporting calendar, the Monte Carlo Grand Prix track meet, the Monte Carlo Open of tennis and the Monaco Grand Prix. Every May sidewalks morph into grandstands and parking garages into pits so that Formula One drivers might travel the 78 earsplitting circumnavigations that make up the race. With September comes the World Push Championship, in which two- and four-man

teams turned out in shorts push a wheeled bobsled on rails down the long quay of the port, then hop in like common hobos to see how far they can coast. "It does look kind of funny," concedes Prince Albert, the second of Rainier's three children, who has represented his country as a bobsledder in three Winter Olympics and never misses the Monaco event.

Monaco takes its name from Portus Herculis Monoeci, the legendary port of Hercules, so there was muscularity in the place's heritage even before a Genovese swashbuckler named François Grimaldi, posing as a monk and concealing a knife beneath his habit, seized it for

Albert's forebears in 1297. For most of the seven centuries after that bit of derring-do there wasn't much to rule over, just penury and bleak rock. But in 1858 the principality felt the first stirrings of the gaming industry that would be its salvation. Prince Charles III ordered the erection of a casino on an outcropping that came to be known as Monte Carlo, and the first gambler there was a winner, pocketing two francs. Unfortunately, it had cost him more than 50 francs for the four-hour coach ride from Nice and the perilous mule-borne descent to Monte Carlo itself, and the casino soon went bust. Only after the French government extended the railroad to Monaco in 1868 did the suckers start streaming in so steadily that the Grimaldis could abolish all taxes.

The casino is where Dick plied Liz with diamonds, where Mata Hari was revealed to be a spy and where to this day few pilgrims enter without rubbing for good luck the statue of the French king Louis XIV in front of the adjacent Hôtel de Paris. Earlier in this century, in what might be characterized as an attempt to diversify the economy, Monte Carlo introduced cabaret-style entertainment, enlisting a number of showgirls, including one American who, legend has it, was sunning herself on a balcony at the Hôtel de Paris one afternoon with a towel draped just so. Suddenly a wolf whistle cut the air, and she discovered to her horror that a rogue gust of wind had rearranged her concession to modesty.

"I see you're no gentleman!" she said indignantly, glaring at her admirer and clutching her *serviette.*

"I see you're no gentleman, either," he called back. His riposte so disarmed her, the story goes, that the two were eventually married.

Romance like that was of a piece with Monaco's gambling trade and, after Rainier married American movie star Grace Kelly in 1956, its international glamour. But the image of cash and cachet has been gradually recast over

THE NIGHTLIFE: SOPHIA LOREN HEADS OUT (1969); PRINCE RAINIER AND PRINCESS GRACE ENTER THE CENTENNIAL BALL (1966); BLACKJACK DRAWS THE BLACK-TIE SET

SOCIETE DES BAINS DE MER/EDITIONS ASSOULINE (LOREN); SIPA PRESS (BALL)

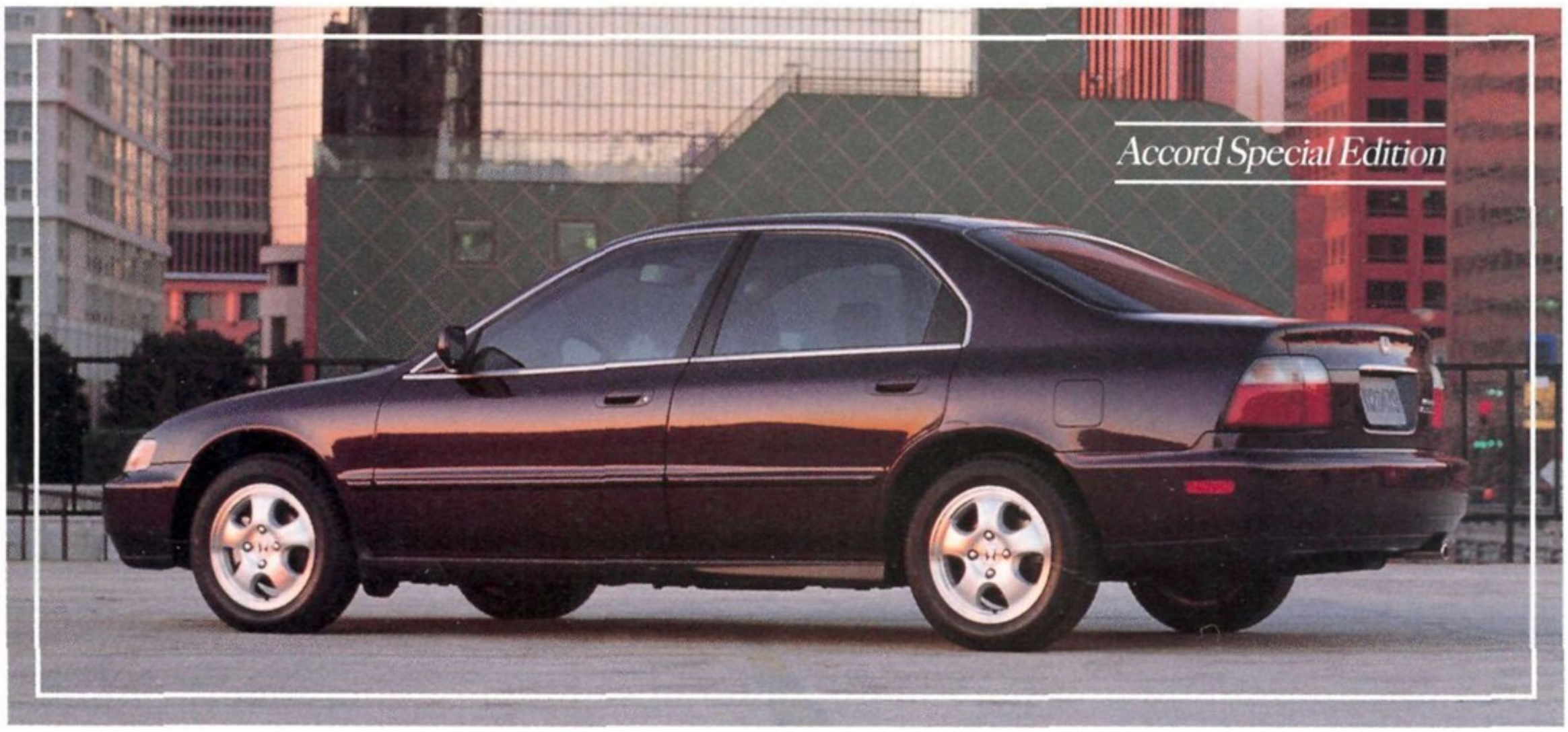
A 500-foot home run.

A 102-yard kick-off return.

A hole-in-one.

Nothing but net from mid-court...

...and other rare occurrences.



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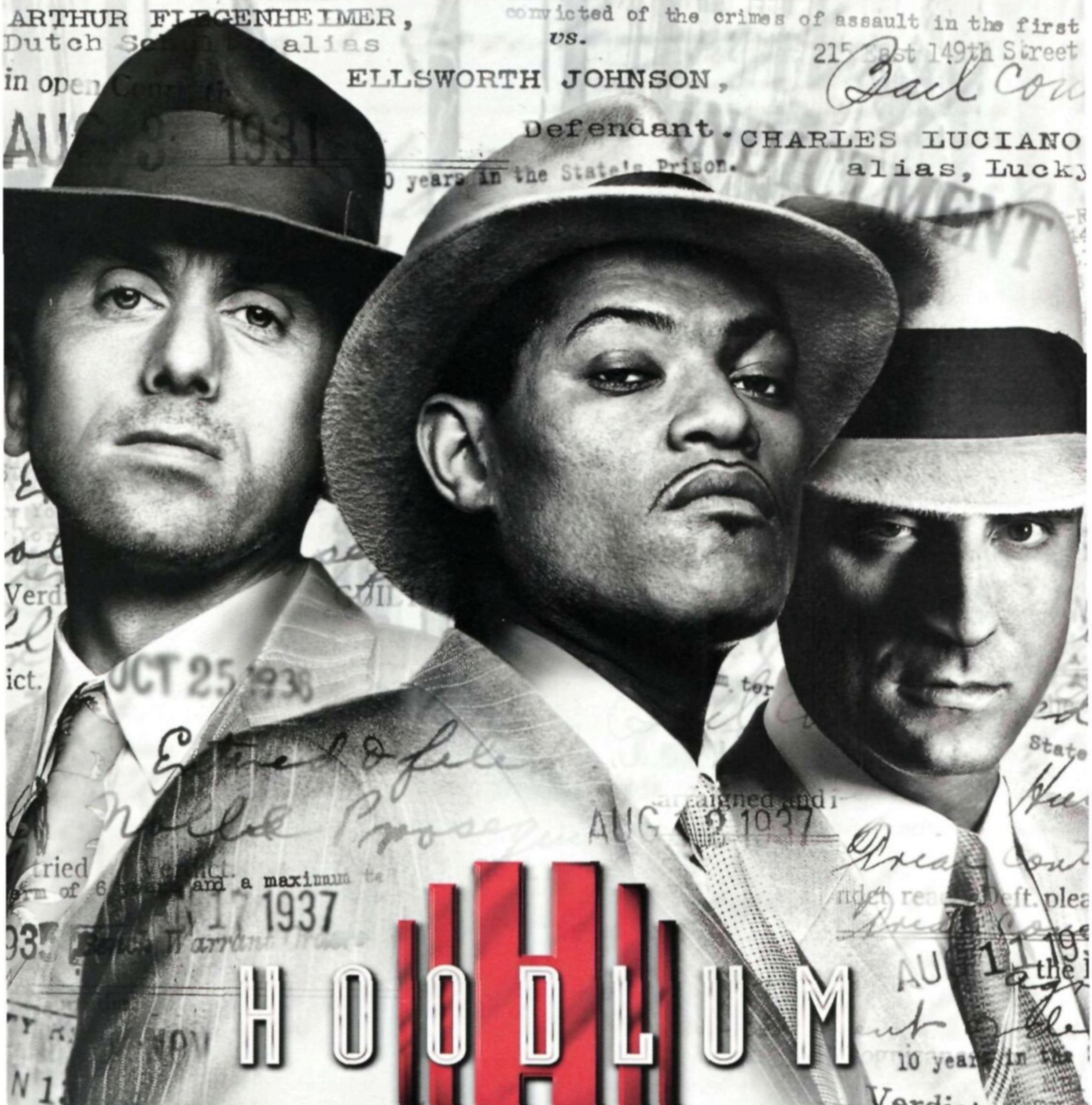
the past two decades. While the Grimaldi gilt has been tarnished by tragedy and scandal, the industries of banking, communications and trade have grown so much in the principality that gaming now accounts for only about 4% of Monaco's economy. In deference to this new order, in which financial status counts as much as social rank, it's no longer appropriate to describe residents as "the idle rich." They're now "high-net-worth private individuals." Nor is Monaco a "tax haven" or, worse yet—this is Somerset Maugham's phrase—"a sunny place for shady people." It *is*, according to the government, "a tax-efficient center of commerce." Clean, mercantile and international, sports fit in with the palace's vision of the principality's future while retaining a whiff of the storybook aspect that has been missing in Monaco since 1982, the year that Grace died.

KAREN MULDER
bikini by
CALVIN KLEIN [$80]

In this place that for so long staked its livelihood on the losses of others, the first family has recently suffered profound losses of its own: Rainier, his wife, who was killed in a car accident; Princess Caroline, her second husband, Stefano Casiraghi, who died in a

DUTCH SCHULTZ BUMPY JOHNSON LUCKY LUCIANO



THE GRAND PRIX: AFTER 78 SCENIC LAPS, THE WINNER GETS A ROYAL RECEPTION (GIUSEPPE FARINA, 1948)

powerboat accident eight years later; and Princess Stephanie, her ex-husband, Daniel Ducruet, whom she divorced last October after he was photographed poolside flagrante delicto with a former Miss Nude Belgium.

Prince Albert, the heir to Rainier's throne, is the one happy exemption from this sad streak, and sports may be part of the reason. Not that he has won much of anything in the can of his bobsled; he never placed higher than 25th in his three Winter Games. But there's something winning about the extent of his appetite for athletics: He is president of Monaco's yacht club and of the principality's swimming, track and bobsled federations. His influence was also instrumental in helping Monaco lure the aforementioned international sports bodies along with such events as the Special Olympics, the World Monopoly Championships and the Dream Team's 1992 pre-Barcelona training camp.

How much of a sporting omnivore is the athlete formally known as Prince? He has a weight room in the palace, and in the morning, if the sea is calm, he'll jog down to the port of Fontvieille and take his sea kayak out on the Mediterranean. He frequently joins moonlighting resident athletes—Bubka, McKoy, Sainz and Rominger—on Monaco's Star Team for the Children, a soccer troupe that travels around Europe to play benefits for charity. Of the 17 sports accommodated by Monaco's Stade Louis II sports facility, Albert has partaken of judo (he's a black belt), boxing (workouts, not bouts), gymnastics, soccer, swimming, volleyball and weightlifting.

In addition, at Lycée Albert I, he rowed and captained the handball team. At Amherst College he played four years of soccer, swam until he caught the flu during his sophomore season, played a little volleyball and jayvee tennis and threw the javelin. While attending language school at Cambridge University, he gave rugby a try. And one summer, at age 17, as a waterfront counselor at Camp Tecumseh on New Hampshire's Lake Winnipesaukee, he coached the 10-and-under boys to a dual-meet victory so sweet that if you ask him about it today, the prince will triumphantly enunciate every syllable of the vanquished camp—Pe-mi-ge-was-sett. "I just can't see myself being inactive," he says. "Sports are so much a part of my life and my character, and they're a way to escape. I had to travel pretty far to find a bobsled track. It got me into a completely different environment with completely different people and allowed me to be in the Olympics, which is the greatest thrill of my life."

Albert has had his share of sporting mishaps: During the cycling portion of a minitriathlon in Monaco four years ago, he swerved to avoid a camera crew, skidded and ruptured a tendon in his wrist. And he has twice essayed the Paris-Dakar rally, neither time with much success. "Broke down both years on the same day in

PAT BEHAR/TEMPSPORT, PARIS (RACE); PIERO SAPORITI

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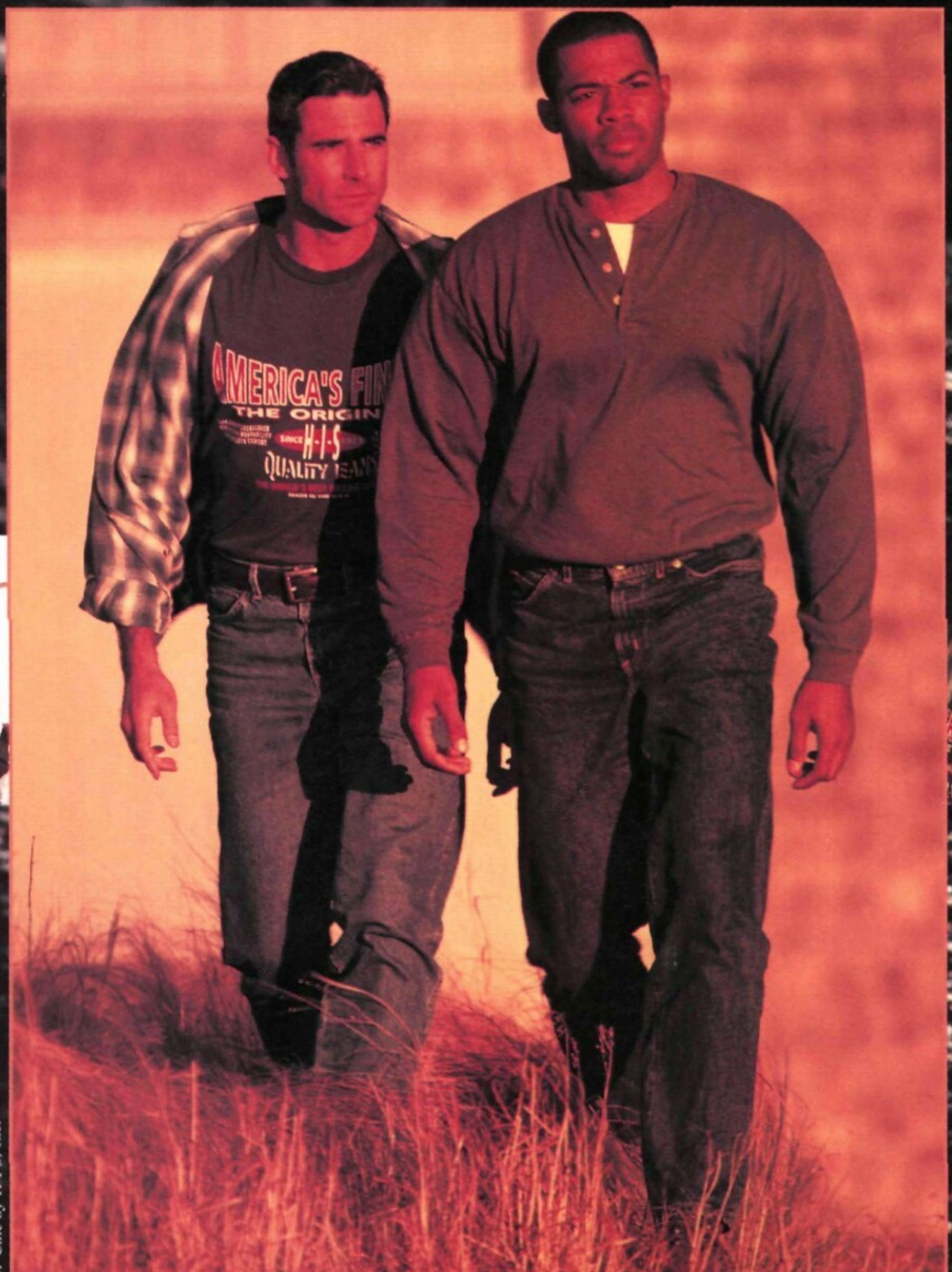
It's a guys' thing.



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KAREN MULDER
bikini by
ROSA FERRER [$122 FOR SET]

pretty much the same place in Niger," he says, vowing not to enter the race again. "Someone was trying to tell me something."

But he *is* an Olympian. In addition to his participation in the Winter Games, he's a member of the International Olympic Committee—in fact, the only member of that sclerotic body to actually compete in Lillehammer, where he lived quite unceremoniously in the athletes' village, and his credential read ALBERT GRIMALDI. He also served as the IOC observer for modern pentathlon in Atlanta. "It's the one sport that probably would have been perfect for me," he says. "I was a pretty good fencer, and I rode a lot as a kid. And shooting and running and swimming, you can always work on."

Albert turns 39 on March 14, and when he succeeds the 73-year-old Rainier he will be the 33rd Grimaldi to rule. In keeping with a deal his father hammered out with French president Charles De Gaulle in 1962, Monaco will revert to France if the as-yet-unmarried *prince héréditaire* should fail to produce an heir—page through this issue, Albert; page through it carefully, my man—though Albert has the option of designating his successor as well.

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TO CATCH A THIEF: WHILE FILMING HITCHCOCK'S 1955 CLASSIC WITH CARY GRANT, GRACE MET HER PRINCE

Only 5,000 of Monaco's residents are citizens, and, in part because they are so few, the palace can treat each with paternalistic solicitude. No Monegasques, not even the Grimaldis, are permitted in the casino where the depredations of gaming might touch them. "It is as if the prince is saying, 'This is not good for the family,' " says Jean-Pierre Viale, the Monaco native who played the sleazy nightclub emcee in *Blue Velvet.* "He is like the bartender who chooses not to drink or the surgeon who will not operate on his own family."

But Monaco is a place small enough so that a commoner might show a prince reciprocal concern. Growing up with a front-row seat for the Grand Prix, Rainier developed a taste for fast cars that, while suiting his pre-Grace life as a heedless playboy, landed him in several auto accidents. Viale tells how a number of Monegasques, including a great-grandfather of his who worked in the palace, pleaded with the young Rainier to give up racing for the good of the country and ultimately prevailed on him to be a collector of roadsters rather than a pilot of them.

Find the switchback curve over which Grace's Rover 3500 plunged, and you have located Monaco's grassy knoll, the place to which the principality's loss of innocence might be fixed. According to Robert Lacey's biography *Grace*, only days before the accident, at the Grimaldis' weekend house high above the Mediterranean in Roc Agel, she still thought Stephanie would soon be going to Paris to study fashion. But her younger daughter's boyfriend, Paul Belmondo, planned to learn how to drive race cars, and Stephanie told her mother that she was going to race car school too. Agitated and perhaps arguing with Stephanie, who was a passenger in the car, Grace is believed to have suffered a stroke as she tried to negotiate the serpentine descent into town. Couple that tragedy with the 1990 death of Casiraghi, then 30 and the defending world offshore champ, the day after his announcement that he would "soon" give up the sport, and the instinct to keep Rainier—and Albert, who as a boy wished he were Jackie Stewart—out of fast conveyances looks to be a sound one.

As a teenager backpacking with buddies along the Riviera, I never breached the borders of Monaco. The place was prohibitively expensive, and the casino required a coat and tie, which we hadn't packed. So to lash Monaco to my imagination I had always

When I'm not
giving
mouth-to-mouth
or consoling
a fellow
lifeguard
with
sun-damaged
hair,
I worry about
real-life
things like
getting
osteoporosis
when I'm older.
You know,
men
and women
are both
at risk when
they don't
get enough
calcium.
That's why
I drink
lots of
milk now.
1%.
And
depending
on how
much I drink,
I wait
a half hour
before
saving a
life.

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KAREN MULDER
bikini by
DOMANI [$228]

run string through two geographical grommets, one on either side of the principality: Cap d'Ail, the place where Grace's Rover came to crumpled rest and where we stayed in a villa turned youth hostel and chilled the evening's *vin blanc* in the Mediterranean; and Menton, where we unfurled our sleeping bags in a schoolyard, only to be chased out by a fussbudget prefect at sunrise.

Upon first glimpsing Monaco two decades after getting run out of Menton on a Eurail, I was struck by how easy it is to tell the residents from the tourists. Whether staring slack-jawed at the Cartier windows or hopefully ascending the casino steps, the sojourners are all palpably in search of something. Residents, by contrast, all look hunted: the men by revenuers, the women by cellulite, the poodles by the gendarmes (there is one for every 60 residents) ready to impound them if they should deliver themselves of so much as a single *crotte*. In Monaco, the society chronicler Taki once observed, "One does not choose friends. It's a bit like being in prison. You talk to the people you're thrown in with."

So it is that baseliners coexist alongside hurdlers alongside time-trialers. To become tax-free residents they had to produce bank records establishing the filth of their richness; to renew that residence card they must prove either that they have lived in Monaco for at least six months of the previous year or that the principality is "the center of their interests"—in other words, that be-

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THE MONTE CARLO OPEN: PRINCESS CAROLINE PRESENTS THE CHAMPION'S TROPHY TO A RESIDENT OF MONACO, BJORN BORG (1979)

BJORN BORG (1979)

tween tournaments or races they routinely alight at their soulless studio apartments. (Someone who has actually visited Krajicek's digs describes them as little more than a mattress on the floor, a stack of CDs and a mass of dirty laundry "that looked like it had been dropped from a great height." This is the habitat of a guy who, you'll recall, called female tennis players "pigs.")

Resident status is so prized that, once granted, athletes will do almost anything to retain it. There are slapstick tales of their rushing into Monaco, turning on the taps and flicking on the lights, trying to run up meter readings so their documentation will look more impressive when their permits come up for renewal. Australian tennis pro Mark Woodforde unavoidably missed the Monte Carlo Open last April when a sister in London fell ill, so he wrote an abject letter of apology to the authorities, lest his absence be held against him when he renewed his residency. "It doesn't work anymore simply to have an address and never be here," says a Monaco-based American lawyer with many international clients.

But what wealthy and healthy athlete wouldn't *want* to be here? "It's not exactly a great hardship," says Marcos Romagosa, an agent in International Management Group's Monaco office. Residents must cope with a negligible crime rate; the Nice–Côte d'Azur International Airport's being a six-minute chopper flight away; breakfasts of *socca*, a crepelike delicacy made from beaten garbanzo beans, served fresh off the griddle down at the market; and with the choice of clay or hard courts at the country club. There also looms the likelihood that they will bump into such resident lovelies as Helena Christensen, Claudia Schiffer and the herein-pictured Karen Mulder at jock commissaries like Stars 'n' Bars, a sports bar where a framed cover of this magazine, signed by the depicted, one Jus d'Orange Simpson, graces the doorway. In florid script J.O. reassures the owners, "I'm rooting for you!"

And if they should feel just a bit hemmed in by Monaco's paltry 473 acres, the residents can always hop into their Testarossas and head 90 minutes into the Alps to ski, or cruise the Riviera's littoral, or explore the Provençal backcountry with its mile after Peter Mayle of terra-cotta-roofed villages and parasol pines. To a Swede or a German or a Dutchman there is much to be said for life lived at a pace that should be unlawful for its languor and in weather so reliably satisfying that the local paper integrates an all-purpose forecast into its name, *Nice Matin*.

There is, of course, even more to be said for not being taxed at all, and that is where Gunnar Everhed comes in. He has one more

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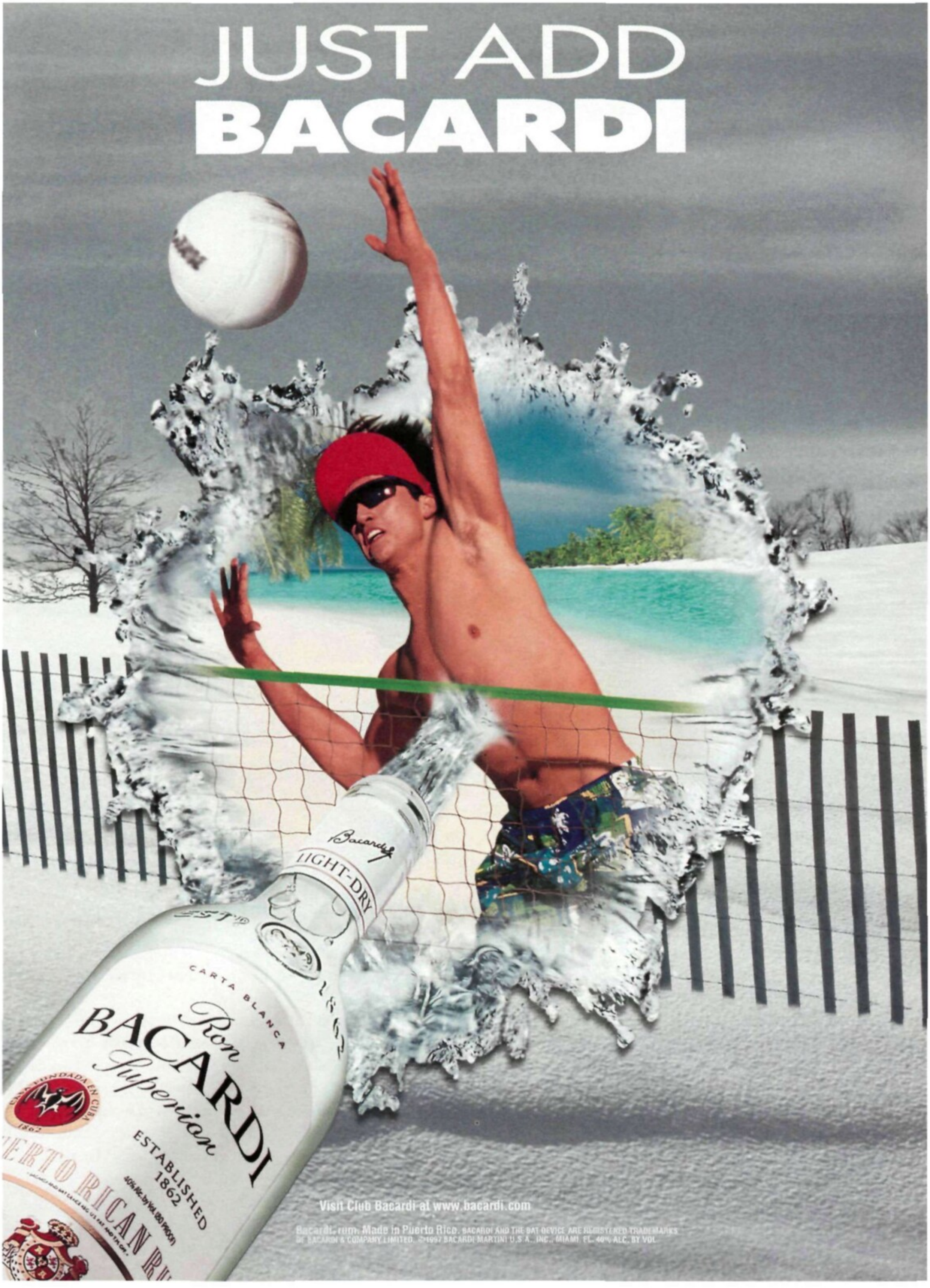
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KAREN MULDER
bikini by
DELFINA SWIMWEAR [$130]

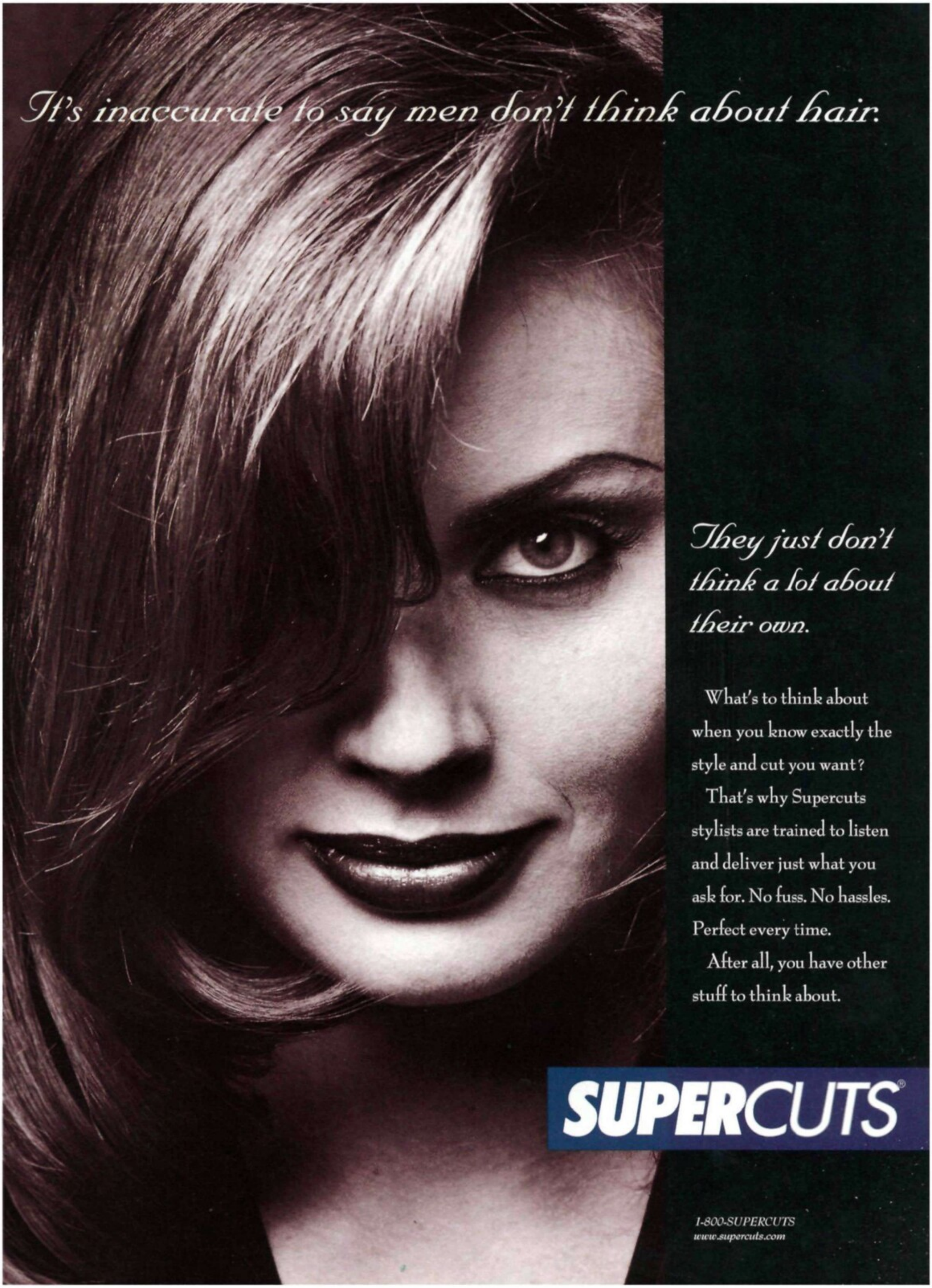
cautionary tale to tell, about Michael Schumacher, the two-time Formula One world champion driver from Germany, and a former client. "He lived in Monaco, but wanted a second residence, in Italy or France," Everhed says, getting all rueful at the retelling. "I recommended Italy because it is so much easier to dodge the fiscal authorities, and there are lower taxes. While if you have a house in France, you are taxed again and again."

Though he had gone to Gunnar, though he had listened to Gunnar, Schumacher did something very stupid. He didn't do as Gunnar said. His manager went ahead and bought that villa in France anyway. Then Schumacher moved in, not very inconspicuously, with his dogs and cars and girlfriend. "Aha!" said the Clouseaus of the French tax police. "You are *ici*, nooooet in Monaco!" And the same German IRS, *da Finanzamt*, that turned the Grafs' world into a living hell wanted to know the provenance of every one of those 17 million francs Herr Schumacher's manager plunked down for that villa. All because he didn't stick by his principality.

"I tell all the clients that they must play the game," says Everhed.

Last year Ferrari paid Schumacher $25 million to drive for its Formula One team. He made another $8 million in endorsements. Of all athletes worldwide, only Mike Tyson and Michael Jordan outearned him. But ask Everhed what has become of his former client, and it is as if this international superstar who routinely stares down death has dropped off the face of the earth. "Last I heard, he was living in Switzerland," he says. "Or suddenly moved to Portugal."

Such a pity. And so unnecessary. ■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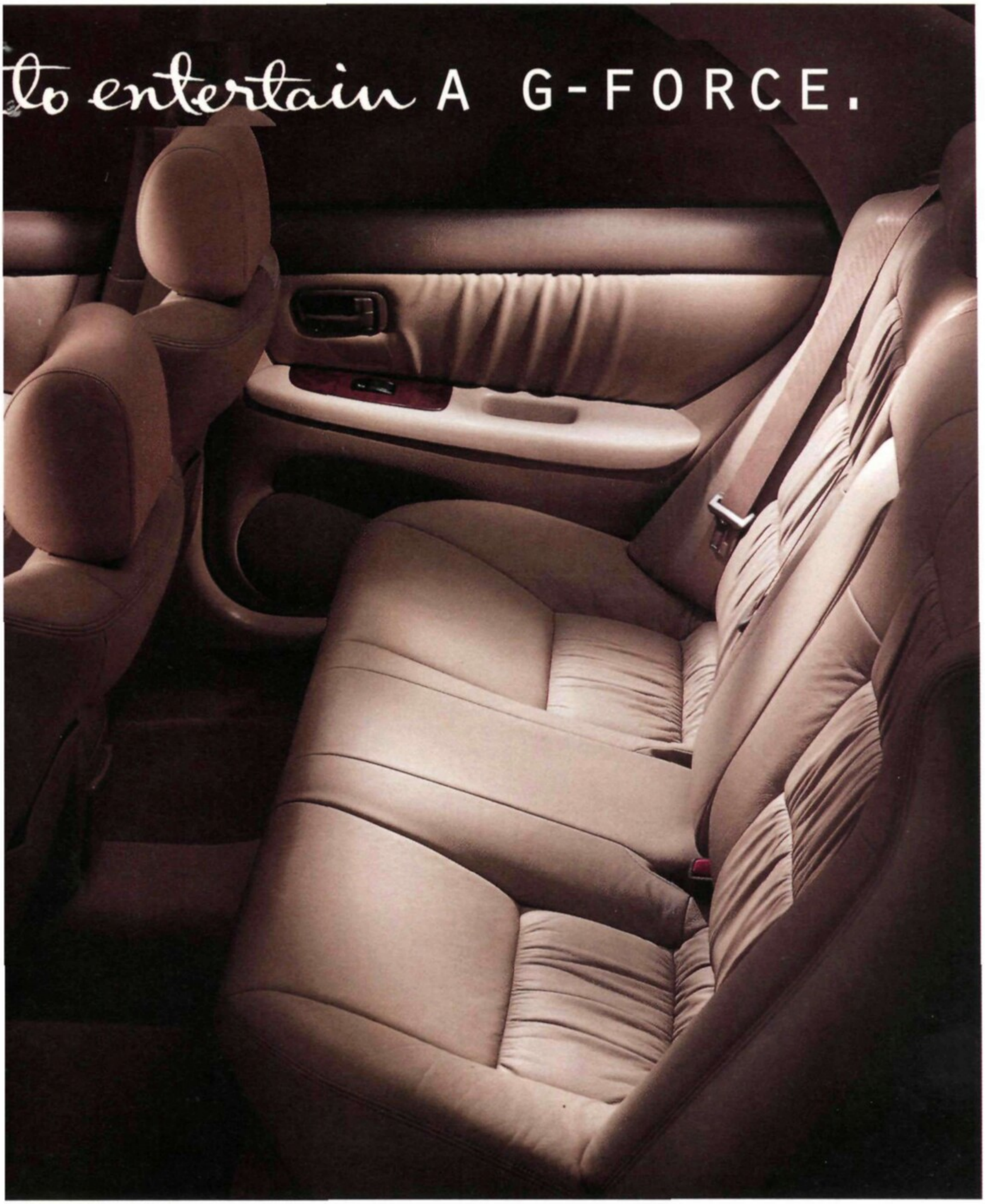

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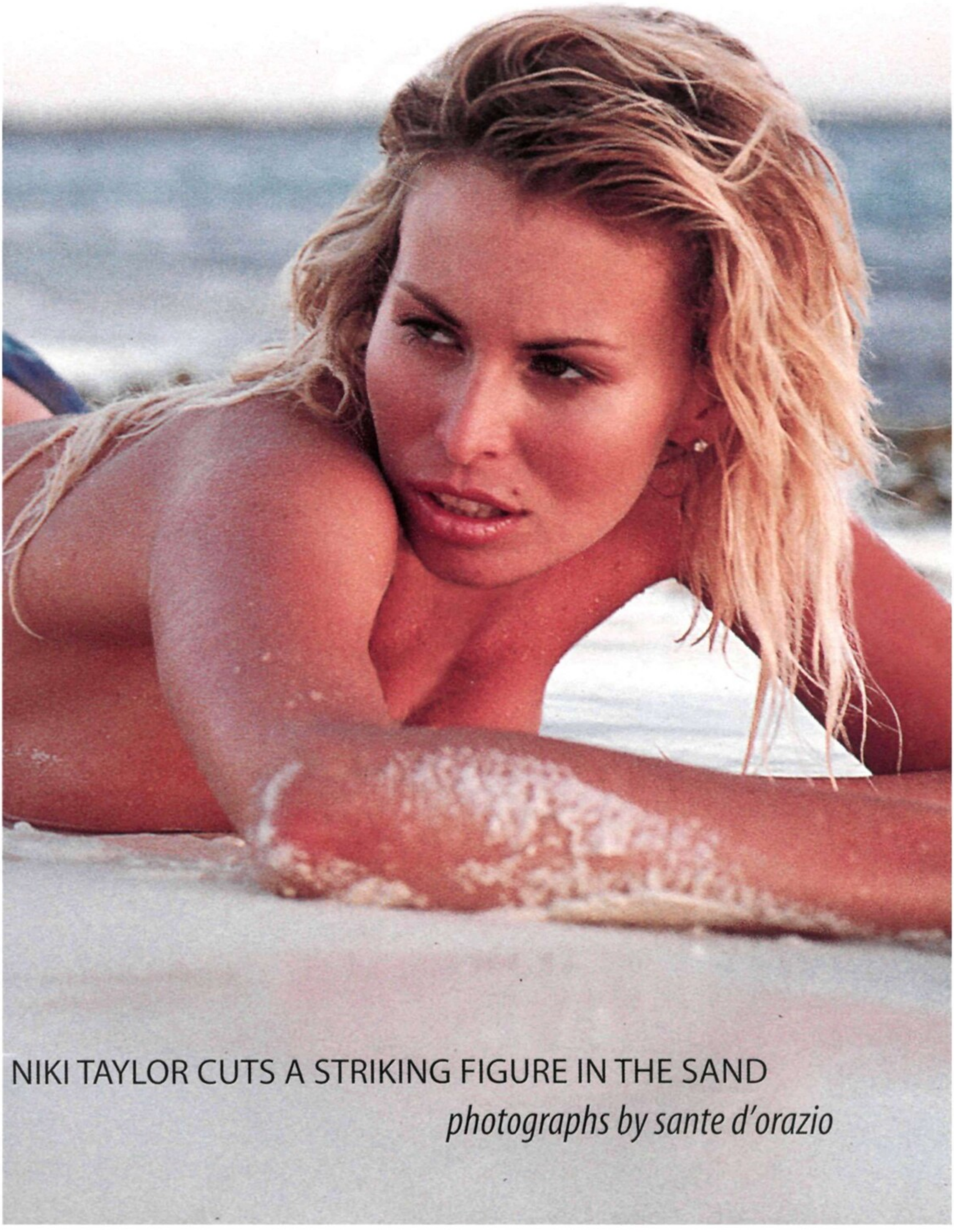

NIKI TAYLOR CUTS A STRIKING FIGURE IN THE SAND

photographs by sante d'orazio

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top by
HELENA STUART
FOR ONLY HEARTS [$32]

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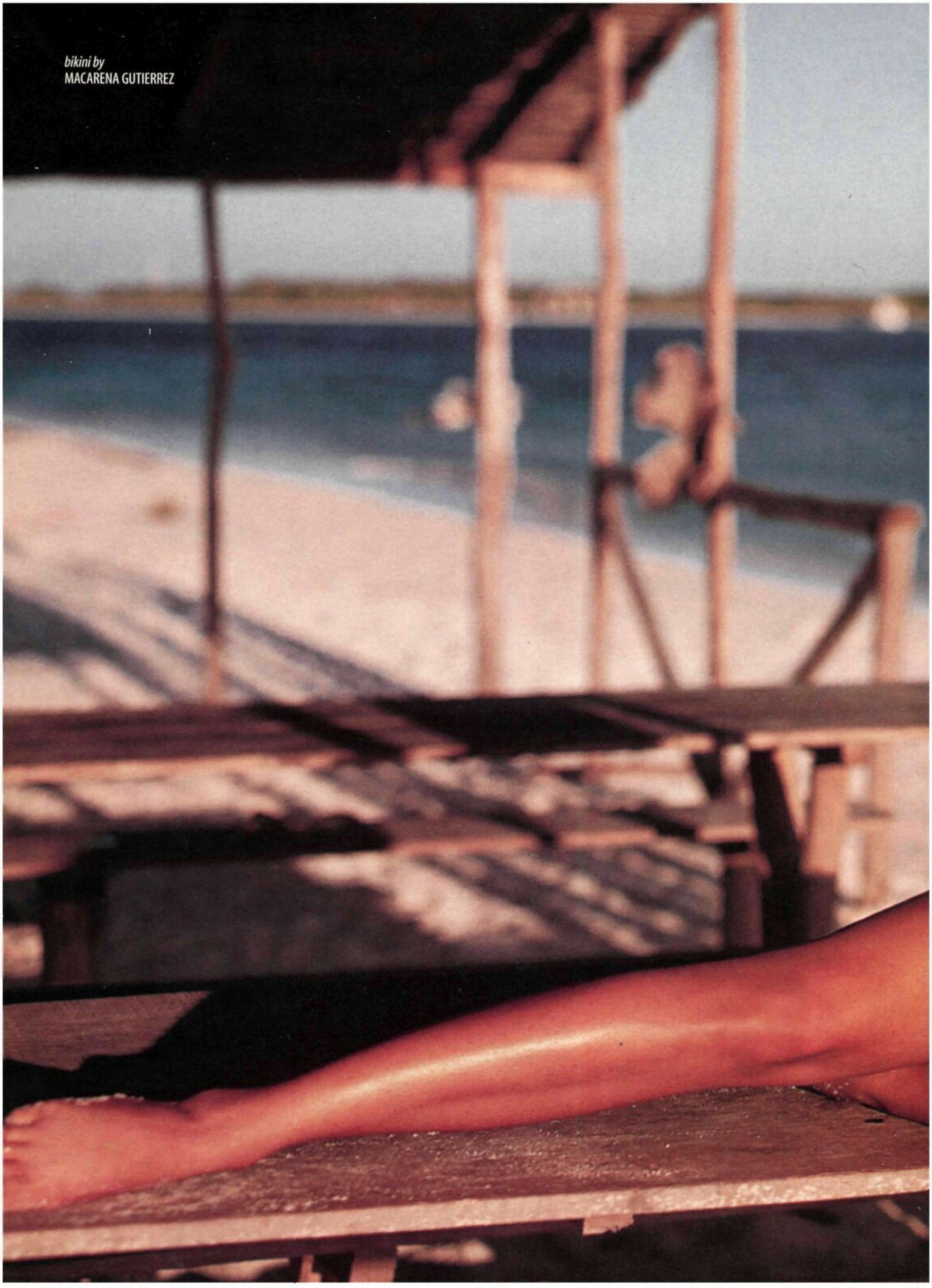

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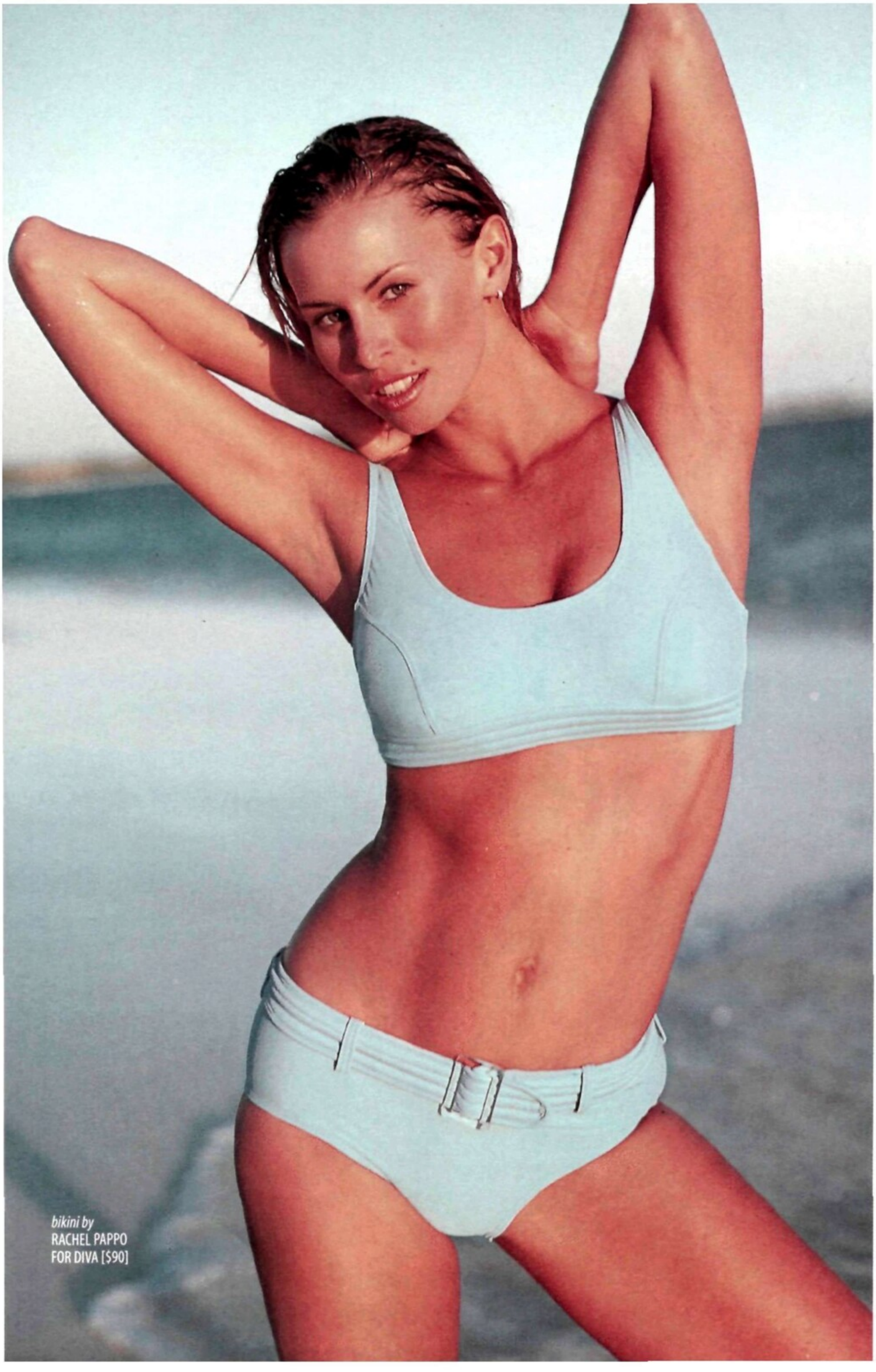

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RACHEL PAPPO
FOR DIVA [$90]

DEAR EDITOR (of Sports Illustrated).

I've decided to put "pen to paper" because your secretary doesn't connect me to you when I call. Anyway, my name is Dick, and I'm the man who created the current MILLER LITE campaign

Before I get to my point, let me compliment you on a truly excellent publication: Content and design are superb. The photography is O.K. too, although it seems to me that you've always had a few "SNAGS" with the photos in your swimsuit issues (I know you guys specialize in sports 'n' stuff!) DO YOU WANT ME TO GIVE YOU A HAND?!?

I'm no stranger to swimsuit photography. I am on first-name terms with many (in my opinion) "top models". I feel comfortable. And they feel good when they're around me, too. These ladies recognize my skills. I have a waterproof camera. I know CPR. I am available for hire on a freelance basis and since I got my MillerTime campaign strategically figured out for the next 10 to 12 years, it would be great to get on with another "first class" job. For you and your mag.!!!

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P.S. If the models read this, let them know that I "just loved their work" and that they are all invited to a special "Miller Time" in LA. Tx.

Happy to help, Dick

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strip...

THAT'S WHAT OUR SUPERMODEL DID TO PERFECTION IN STALKING THE WILY BONEFISH

by e.m. swift

IT HAPPENED so fast there was no time to weigh the consequences; no time to wonder if my wife, standing on the shore, would see me sweep 21-year-old supermodel Niki Taylor out of the warm Caribbean and into my arms. It was one of those moments when a man does what he has to do. And as it turned out, my instincts were correct, for Niki didn't resist. Far from it. As I lifted her, she put her arms swiftly, wordlessly around my neck and clung to me as if to discourage any notion I might have about setting her back down. The look in her eyes told me all I needed to know. She would have remained there, happily suspended, the rest of the day and on into the velvet night if necessary: however long it took for that goddam barracuda to swim back into the deep, calling off its sudden and terrifying assault.

That I should remember Los Roques, that barren, rocky archipelago 80 miles off the Venezuelan coast, not for the bonefishing paradise that it is, with miles of sandy-bottomed, wadeable flats; not for the shocking turquoise of its waters lapping silkily against the white beaches of its islets and cays; not for the island children playing baseball, with driftwood bats, in the square; nor even for its luscious, steamy evenings, cooled by iced rum and overhead fans . . . but, rather, for a primal intruder devoid of romance or loveliness; for a slab-sided streak of silver, mouth agape; for five feet of savagery and slashing teeth leaping around our naked legs . . . well, it reflects on the black humor of Neptune. It simply isn't right.

But such is the nature of life. Terror makes a more lasting impression than beauty. Particularly unexpected terror: the monster barging into paradise. Who or what unleashed that monster, and what message the gods of the sea were trying to impart, I'll leave for others to decide. But this much I know. The next time someone asks me to take a supermodel fishing—Claudia, Elle, Naomi and Chandra take note—I'm going to have the good sense to decline.

I had no such prejudices when this trip was being planned. It may even have been my idea: Let's take Niki Taylor fishing to prove that a novice, with the help of expert guiding, can catch a bonefish on a fly. That seemed like a reasonably stiff challenge, even given Los Roques' reputation as a bonefishing El Dorado. True, Niki had once modeled while holding a fly rod. And her zodiac sign was Pisces. But she'd never actually fly-fished. Throwing a fly line is a

photographs by steven hoffman

THE AUTHOR SHARED HIS PRICELESS FISHING TIPS WITH NIKI, WHO HAPPILY IGNORED THEM

tricky proposition for a raw beginner under any conditions. Doing so while wading on a windblown flat, with two cameramen at your elbow and a sound boom waving over your head, with only one morning free on your schedule and with an entire rack of swimsuits waiting to be photographed back at the lodge—that's another matter entirely. Especially when you're throwing that fly line toward bonefish.

They're not the easiest creatures to spot. That's the first hurdle. Streamlined and silver-sided, bonefish have such an uncanny ability to blend into the greens and grays of the turtle grass that fishermen call them the ghosts of the flats. They are skittish from a lifetime of being hunted by barracuda, spooking wildly at the slightest splash or shadow thrown by a wayward cast. And they can be finicky eaters, preferring shrimp when you're offering crab, minnows when you're offering shrimp.

Bonefish are not large; at Los Roques they range from two to 13 pounds, averaging about five. But they are strong and fast. No fish that size will rip line off a reel faster than a bonefish, and zigzagging runs of 100 yards or more are not uncommon. During these mad dashes, fly lines have a knack for wrapping themselves around anything handy—guides, ankles, reels, rod butts, mangroves or stands of coral. Then *ping!* goes the leader. The whole experience is like hooking a frightened cat.

So Niki would have her work cut out for her. We had done her no favors by booking our trip to Los Roques in late October. The peak bonefishing season runs from March through September, and June and July are the most productive months, according to our guide, Frank Ibarra. The wind is calmer then, and the water is low. The problem from October through December, he explained, is that while the wind is tolerably light, the water in Los Roques rises as much as two feet, allowing large barracuda to cruise the flats. "Usually the water here is only knee-deep," Frank said. "Bonefish get very, very spooky when it's this deep. Or maybe they don't come onto the flats at all."

Fortunately, we'd given ourselves four days to scout the area before Niki would join us, and there were dozens of places to try. Los Roques is made up of 44 small coral islands and more than 325 islets and rocks, plus the big island, El Gran Roque, which towers, like the Rock of Gibraltar, above the rest of the archipelago. Eight hundred people live on El Gran Roque year-round; so do about 500 dogs—40 of whom seemed to live in our hotel, the Vistalmar. They slept on the roof, conversing (ceaselessly, relentlessly) with their canine pals around the island.

Hey! Listen up, curs! It's Lop-ear. Let's bark.

Say what?

Let's bark our lungs out.

Cool. Everybody ready?

Louder! Can't hear you on this end of town!

We're gonna bark our lungs out for Lop-ear. Anything in particular we're celebrating?

Some sweat-soaked human is trying to get some shut-eye downstairs, and I want to bark about it.

Awwright. All night?

Why not? I'll start. Yap-yap-yap-yap.

Give 'em tongue, boys.

By day, I worried about the success of our mission. Frank had been a guide at Los Roques since 1988, the first year that tourists began to pour in for bonefish. Born in Caracas, he had played shortstop at Tennessee in the mid-1970s, but his dreams of a professional baseball career ended when he broke his finger on his first day of

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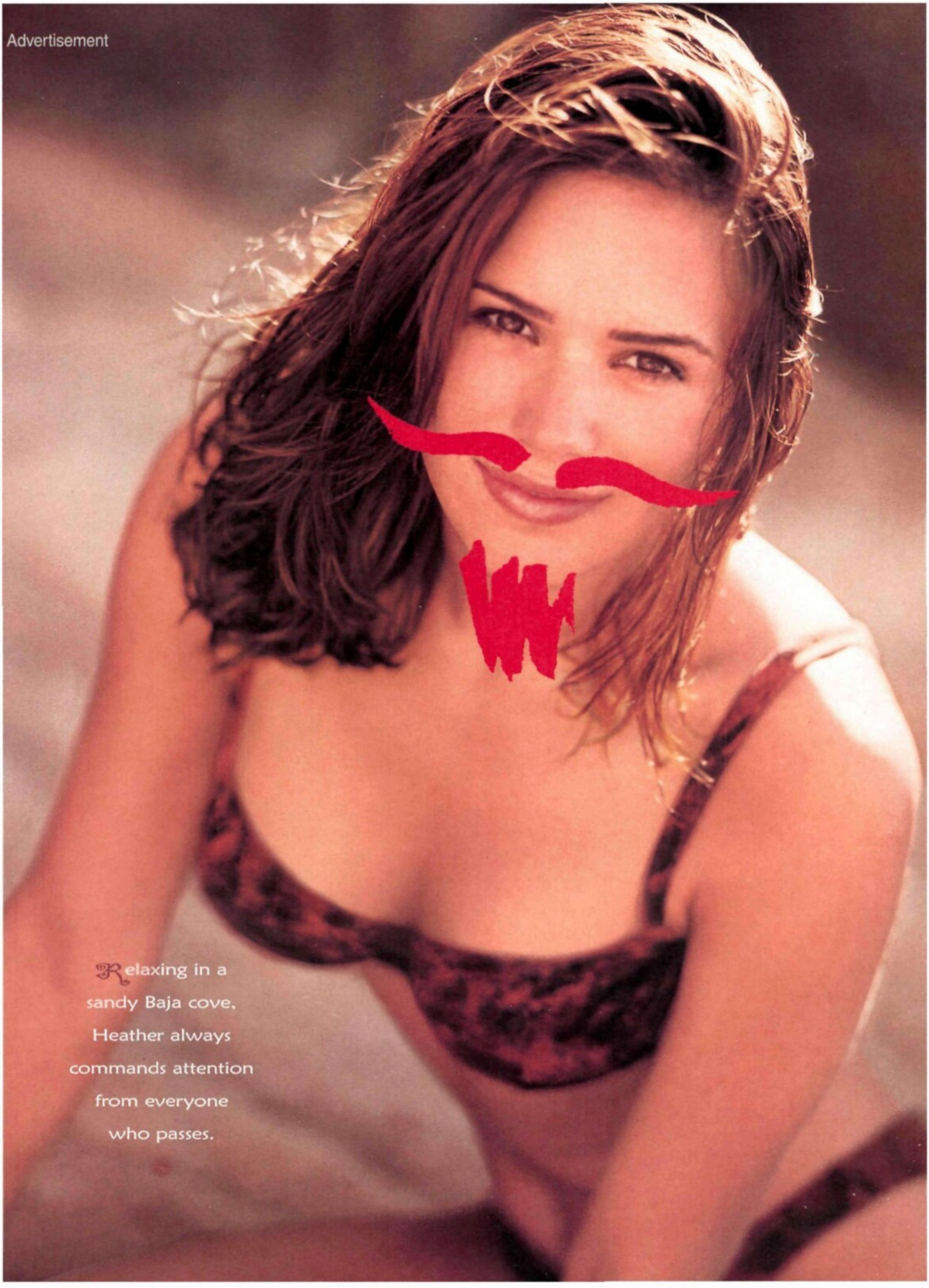

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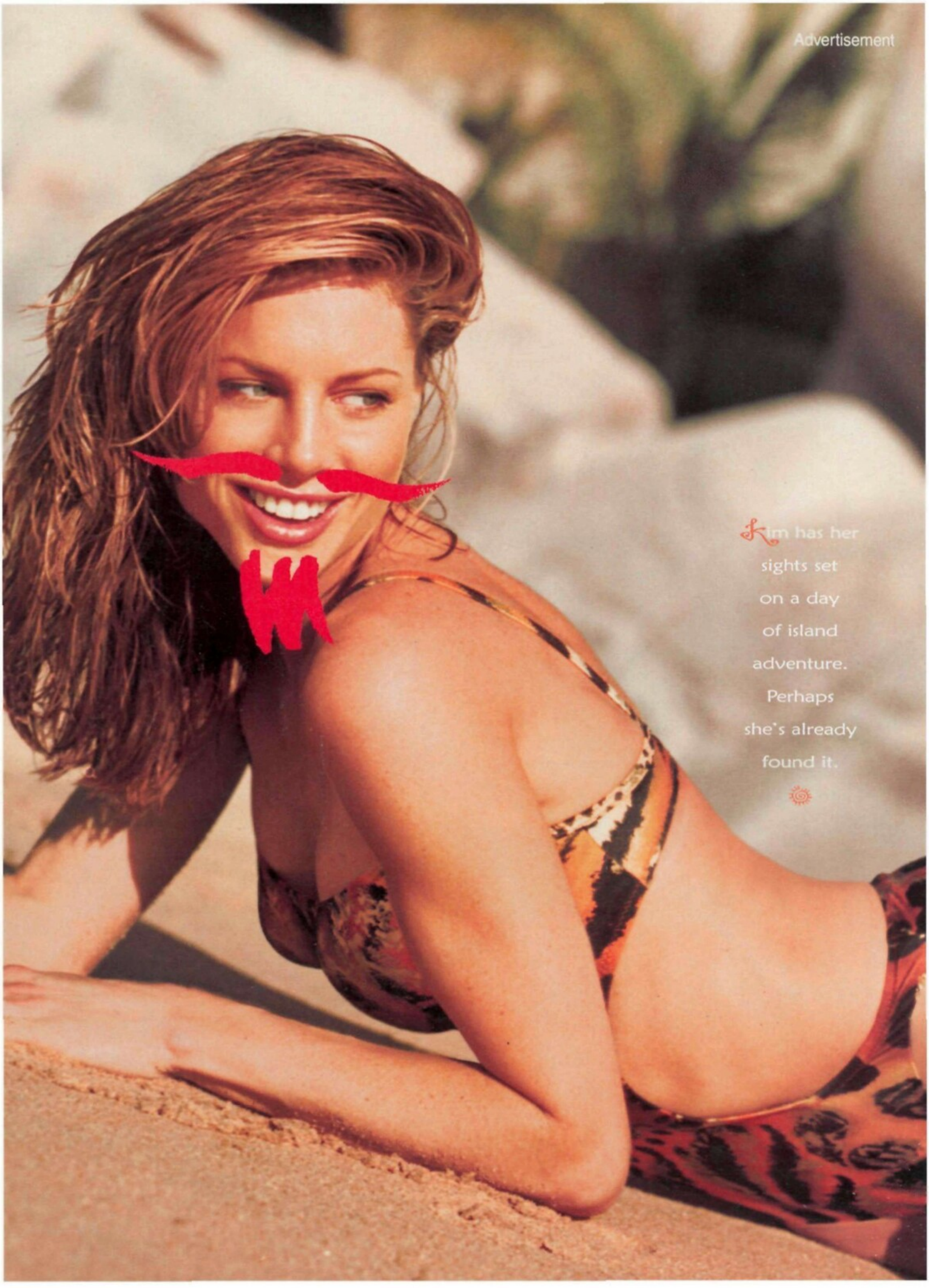

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A NATURAL ATHLETE WITH NO SHORTAGE OF CONFIDENCE, NIKI DEVELOPED HER OWN ODD BUT EFFECTIVE CASTING STYLE

minor league tryouts. "Any chance we'll get our supermodel a bonefish?" I asked him. "Niki's not going to be much of a caster. We'll need a trailing wind."

"I have a spot in mind for Niki," Frank said. "I'm saving it."

The places where we were seeing bonefish were very challenging: Long, quick casts were required across the wind; lots of experimenting with different flies; lots of rejections. We'd had the most success with Clouser patterns, and we were running out of those. And the bonefish were bigger than I'd expected, which meant they were smarter. Plus there was the ever-present threat of barracuda. In the span of five minutes, my wife, Sally, and I had both lost hooked bonefish to one monster, who chased them down and snatched them crossways, like a man eating an ear of corn.

While a bonefish can swim about 24 miles per hour, a barracuda travels 27 mph, Frank said. He assured me, however, that they never attack humans, at least not on purpose. He'd known a couple of conch fishermen who had been sliced up pretty badly by barracuda while cleaning shells in the sea. And there was a thumbless guide who'd had the misfortune of trying to release a bonefish by hand while a barracuda was cruising the area. Barracuda teeth are not to be believed. We got a close view of them courtesy of Antonio, the boatman. One day he rigged up a hand line with a needlefish impaled on a heavy hook. When he spotted a barracuda, he flung the needlefish, lariat-style, in its vicinity, and the barracuda attacked. Moments later the barracuda was flipping around on shore, and Antonio was braining it with a piece of driftwood. He had to hit it 15 times. The barracuda was some 4½ feet long, 30 to 35 pounds, with large, pointed teeth like stilettos. Inside, the roof of its mouth was studded with spikes angling backward, the better to grip its prey. There was something evil about its eyes. Its entire aspect was hideous.

"We better not let Niki see this," I said. We'd be fishing with her the next morning.

But this, as it turned out, was the very spot Frank had been saving for Niki. La Pelona (the Balding Island) is a small, mostly treeless cay that was nearly an hour away by boat. We met at our hotel at 8 a.m. sharp. Niki was wearing a floppy hat and a long-sleeved turquoise shirt.

"Orvis?" I asked.

"Gucci," she said.

I asked if the barking dogs were keeping her awake at night.

"No. We have roosters."

The swimsuit crew was staying at a new hotel on the town square. It abutted a house that raised fighting cocks, a legal pursuit in Los Roques. The cockfighting season had recently ended, but that did not prevent the roosters next-door to the hotel from crowing at all hours of the night. These were no farmyard, crack-of-dawn roosters. They were night owls. It was so annoying that Elaine Farley, the swimsuit issue editor, had gone outside in her pajamas at 2 a.m., determined which house owned the crowing cocks and knocked on the door. When an elderly woman answered, Elaine asked if she spoke English. She did not. So Elaine put her index finger to her lips and said, "Cock-a-doodle-doo . . . *shhh!* Cock-a-doodle-doo . . . *shhh!*" Then she went back to bed.

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The astonished woman thought she'd had a vision. In the morning Elaine sent an assistant over to see if the cocks couldn't be purchased and slaughtered on the spot. The woman politely refused to sell her roosters but talked about the dream she'd had the night before, in which a beautiful American woman appeared at her door in pajamas and began crowing like a cock. It was a very good omen, she thought, for her prized fighters.

On the way to La Pelona, Niki told me about her athletic background. These days she gets most of her exercise chasing her twin two-year-olds, Jake and Hunter, around the house. But she assured me she was coordinated. At Cooper City High in Pembroke Pines, Fla., she had competed in a local softball league, while swimming and playing water polo for fun. Her fishing experience was limited, but she picked things up quickly. And she was lucky. She was confident that catching a bonefish would not be a problem.

It is an amazing thing, confidence. Far more valuable than skill. When we arrived, Niki selected an eight-weight rod that was to her liking and received about five minutes of casting instruction from me. I would share these priceless tips with you, except that, for the most part, they were ignored. Niki employed her own unique casting style—there was sort of a hitch in the middle—and with the wind behind us, it worked. The fly, a bonefish special, flew out fine.

Frank took over. He led us far out into the blue water until we were wading up to our chests. "Don't worry, I'll drown first," Frank said. The 6-foot Niki had a couple of inches on both of us. "Cast there," said Frank.

We'd been sight-fishing all week, casting only to fish that we'd spotted. This seemed more like cast-and-pray fishing. But Frank must have seen something to have led us out here. Niki took the rod back, the line kind of curled up behind her in a giant *C*, then as she came forward—*fwwooossh*—the wind straightened it out as sweet as you please, and the fly landed 30 feet away. Perfect. "Now strip," Frank said.

Niki looked at him warily.

"The line," I said. We hadn't covered that part. I showed her how to bring in the line with her left hand. As promised, she picked it up quickly, an impressive feat considering the length of her nails. The truth was she had a wonderfully relaxed style of stripping that must have perfectly mimicked a swimming shrimp because on her second cast a huge bonefish—one of the largest we'd seen all week, perhaps 13 pounds—rose up from the deep and followed her fly. Looking from the fish to Niki's manicure to the handle of the reel, which he could envision spinning like a propeller the moment that big bonefish started its run, Frank undoubtedly thought, There go the nails. But Niki was distracted by something and stopped stripping in the fly. The bonefish, seeing its quarry go dead in the water, veered away and departed.

"Strip, strip, strip," Frank told her. "Don't stop."

"Oh," Niki said with a smile. "All right." She cast again.

Strip, strip, strip. Suddenly there was a bend in the rod. "I've got something," she said coolly. She did, too, but it wasn't taking out line the way a bonefish would have. Niki brought in a small yellowtail snapper. She held it up, we posed for pictures, then we let it go. At least we weren't going to be skunked.

Niki cast again. Strip, strip, strip. This time, the bend in the rod was followed by an insistent *zzzz-zzzz-zzzz* as a bonefish began running out to sea. Frank and I hooted. Her fourth cast. I couldn't believe it. The rest of the swimsuit crew, watching from the shore, cheered. Niki calmly held the rod tip high, let the bonefish finish

FRANK (LEFT) HAD ONE SPECIAL SPOT IN MIND FOR NIKI, WHO IN A FEW HOURS TURNED IT INTO A BONEFISHING PARADISE

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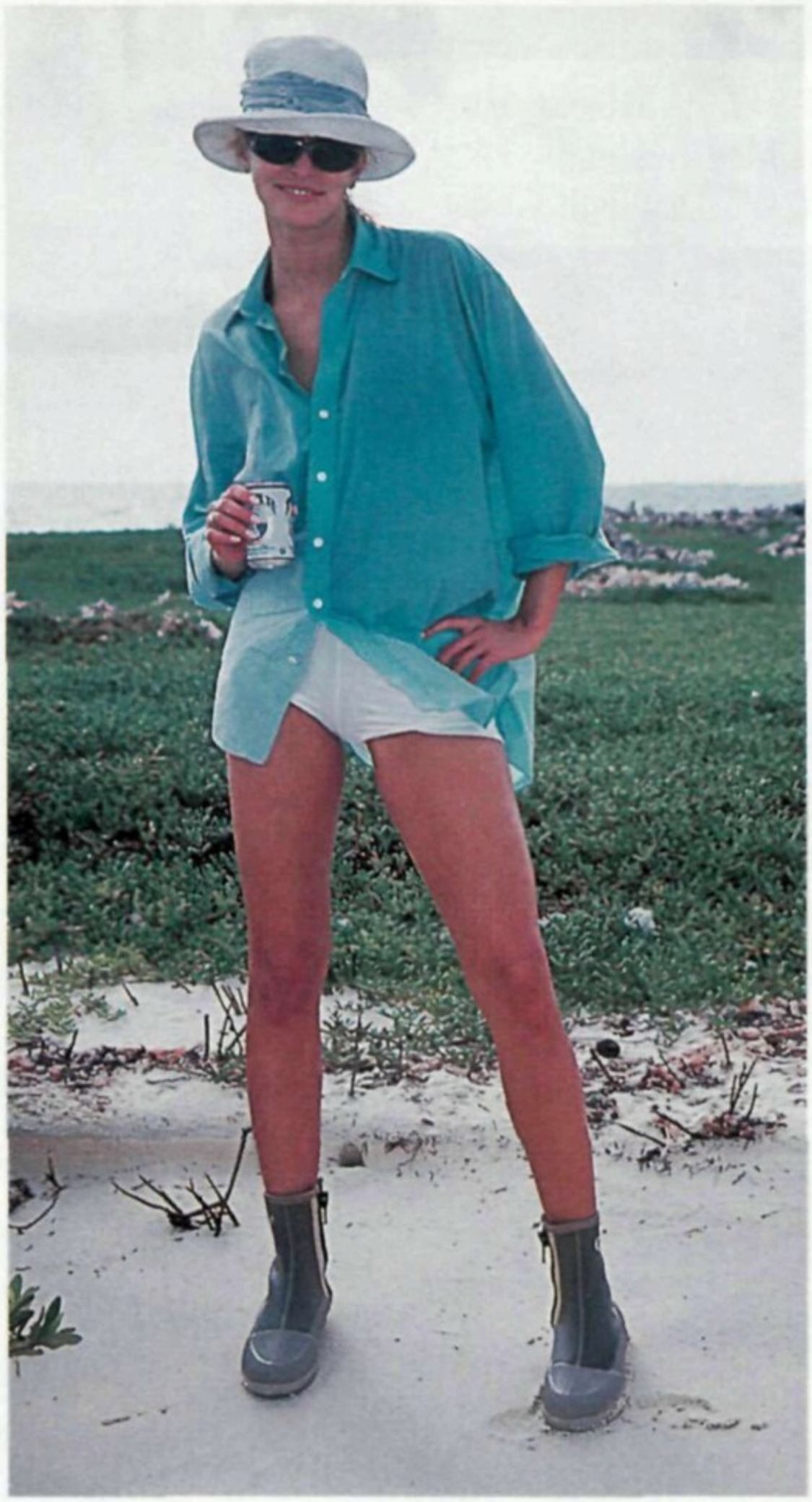
its first run, then reeled. She digested our frenzied instructions, weathered a couple more short runs and calmly brought the 2½-pound bonefish to hand. Never a doubt.

"That was fun," she said after letting the fish go. "Let's catch some more."

I told her not to get her hopes up, that the school of bonefish—if it were a school—had surely been spooked. Niki smiled at me benignly and kept casting. A few minutes later she caught a second bonefish.

More hooting, more pictures, more backslapping. Niki took it all in stride. Her technique was getting better, so why shouldn't she keep catching bonefish? She moved closer to shore and caught two more. The photographers had taken all the pictures they needed, and they began putting down their cameras and picking up their fishing rods. They spread out along the shore and commenced catching bonefish as if they were bluegill. "I can't wait to teach my kids to fish," Niki said.



NOTHING BEATS A BREW AFTER FACING DOWN A BARRACUDA

"Frank?" I asked. "How the hell did you do this?" It was by far the most action we'd seen all week. Everyone was having a ball.

Johnson McKelvy, the producer of SI's TV show on the swimsuit issue, was fishing beside us. Somehow, in the midst of all those feeding bonefish, he hooked a pompano about the size of a pancake. He was skittering it in along the surface, laughing. "Look at this!" McKelvy said. "Can you believe it?" The fish was flipping on top of the water in an effort to escape, about 10 feet in front of him.

I saw a streak in the water, and before I could even think, a barracuda—bigger than the one Antonio had killed—leaped out of the water for the pompano. Its mouth was wide open, its teeth exposed. The pompano jumped too, toward McKelvy, who stumbled backward, flicking his rod tip in horror as he fell. The pompano flew in the air, away from him, with the barracuda still in pursuit. Unfortunately the pompano landed a few feet from Frank. The barracuda leaped again, and I saw Frank spin sideways like a bullfighter. The barracuda flew past his chest. If he hadn't moved, it would have hit him square. I watched, frozen, as the barracuda landed between Frank and me, then leaped a third time, veering sharply in my direction. I remember that its mouth, still agape, looked completely unhinged. It landed no more than three feet from my leg and disappeared beneath the surface. The water was cloudy with sand. I braced myself, expecting a collision. None came, and I turned to see Niki backing toward the shore, alarm all over her face. I took two steps and lifted her into my arms.

She was surprisingly light. We scanned the water. "Want to switch?" I asked, reconsidering my predicament. No one could find the barracuda. The pompano was still flipping on McKelvy's line.

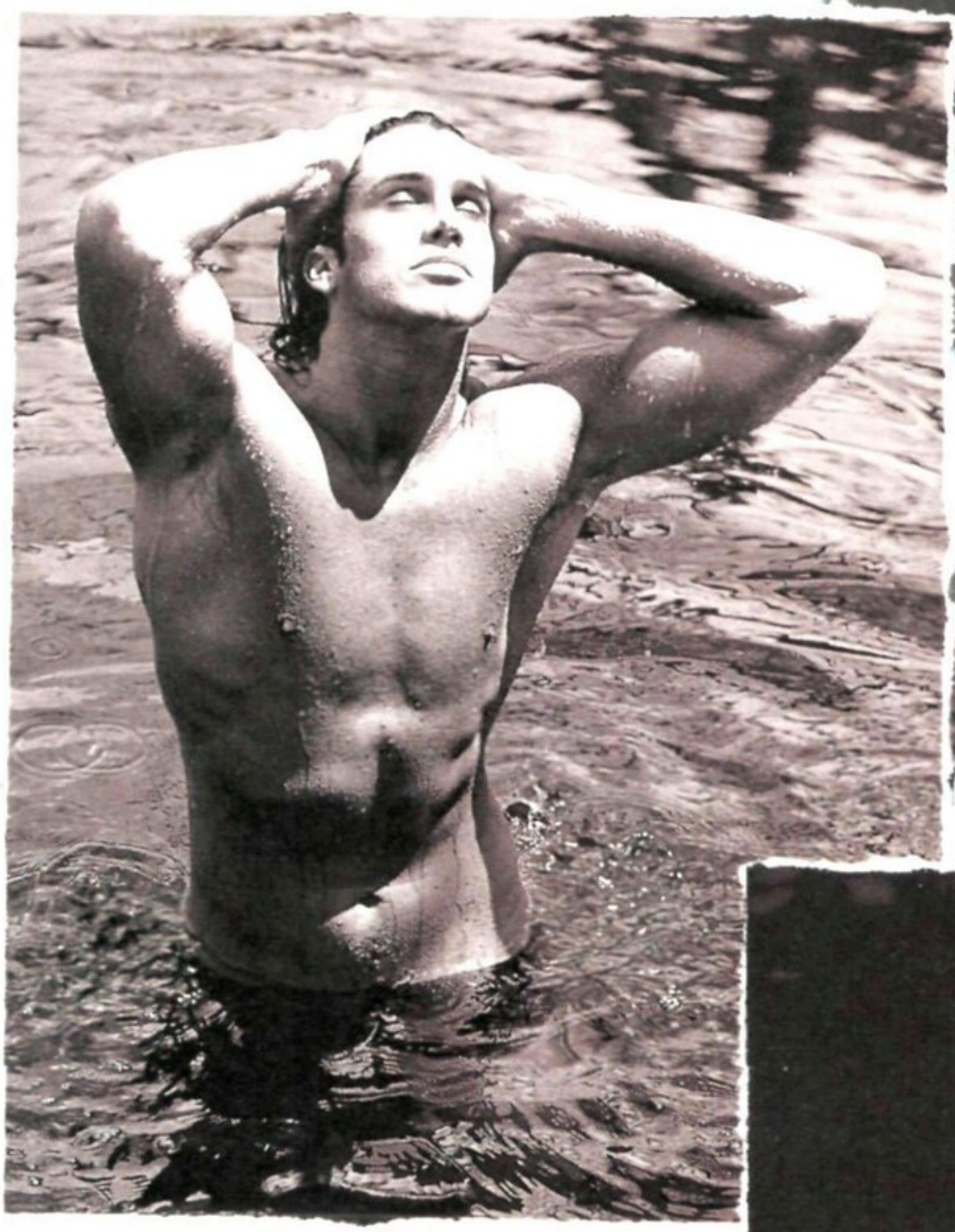
I started walking toward the shore, hoping someone would pick up a camera and take a picture. No one did. "I think it's gone now," Niki said, and I put her down. Then, to my astonishment, she waded right back to where she'd been standing and resumed casting. "I just want to catch one more," she said.

That is the kiss of death. How many times had I heard *just one more* instantly kill the fishing for the day. Everyone else had had enough after the fright with the barracuda and was waiting safely on the shore, reliving the incident. Not Niki. In three more casts the rod tip bent and we could hear the *zzzz-zzzz-zzzz* of the reel. When she brought the bonefish in, Frank took about one third of a second to unhook it. In less than two hours of fishing, novice Niki Taylor had hooked six bonefish, each two to three pounds, and landed five. We popped a beer on the shore and toasted her success.

"That's why they call them supermodels," McKelvy said.

Winking behind her sunglasses, Niki smiled and said, "I am woman. Hear me roar." ■

IN THE RAW



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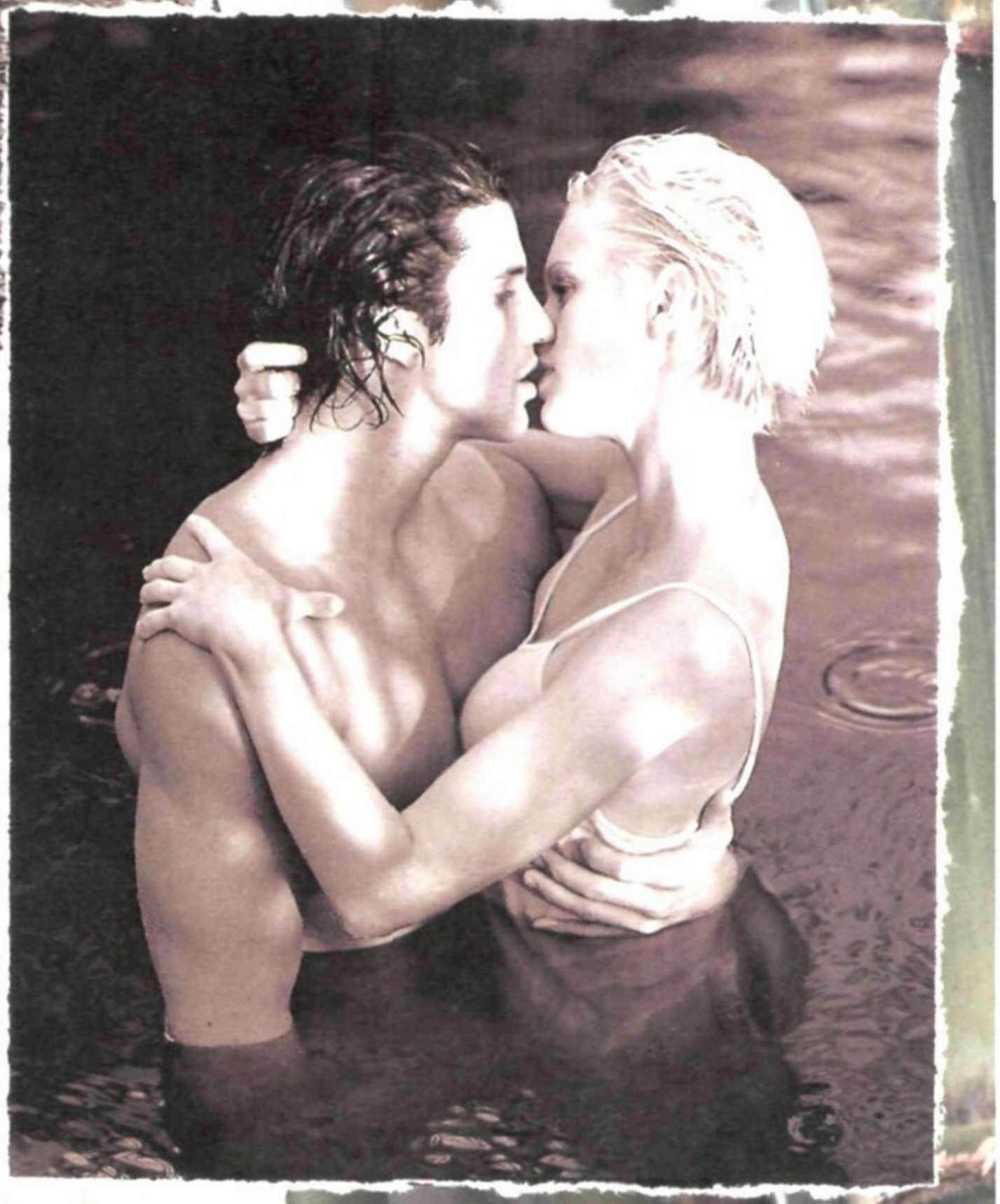

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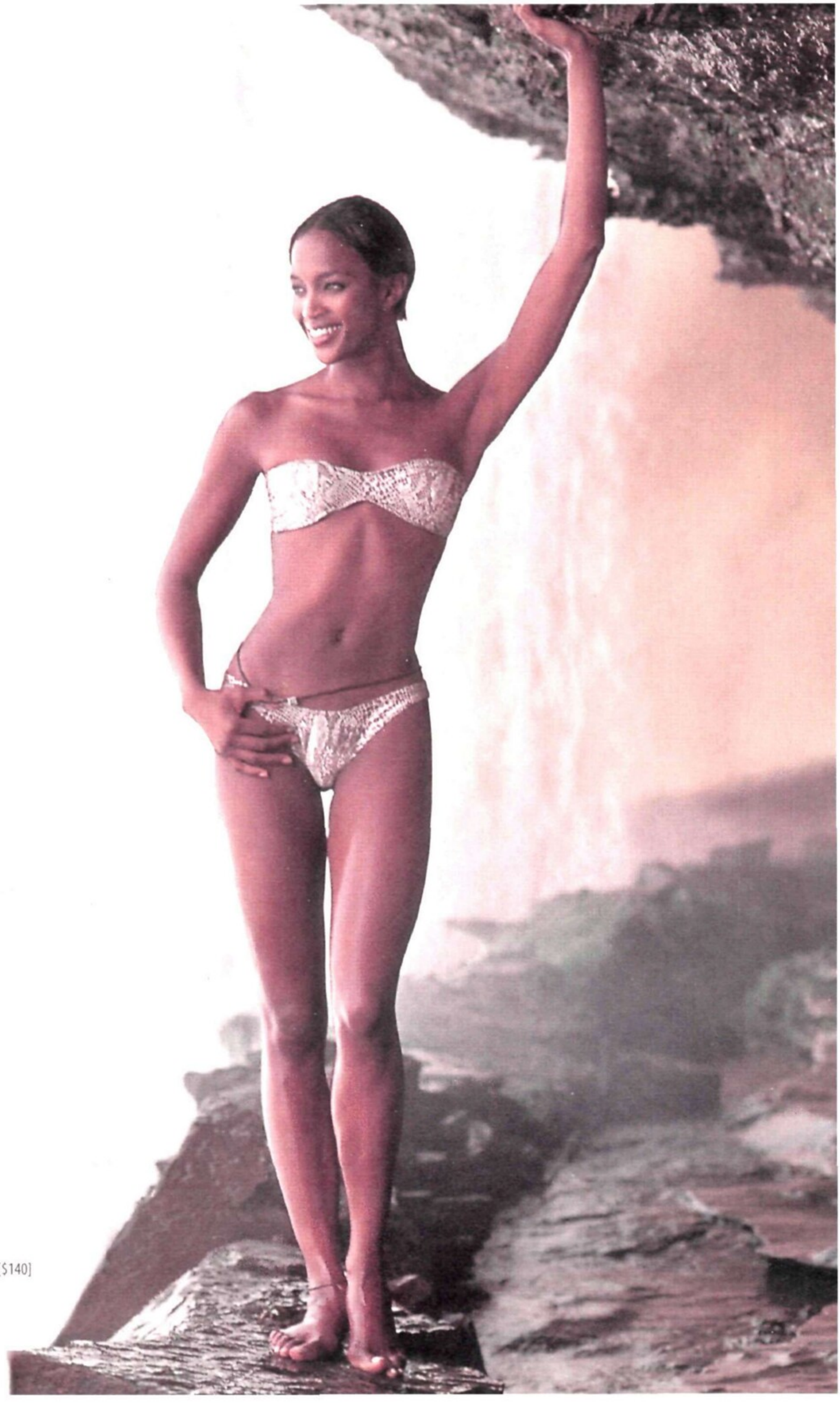
NORMA KAMALI [$150]

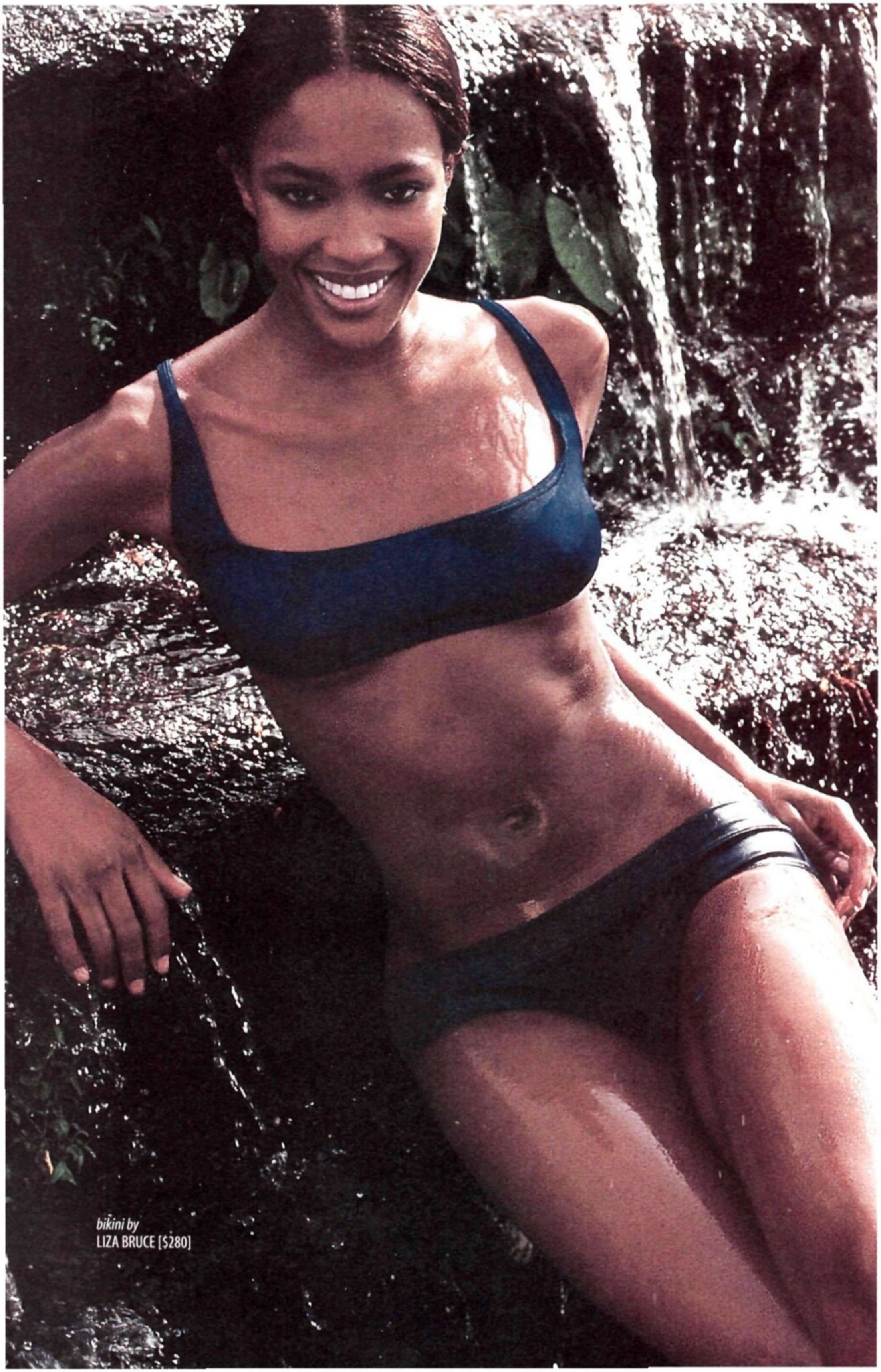
hair by
PETER SAVIC FOR PAUL MITCHELL
makeup by
LAMAR FULLILOVE FOR NARS

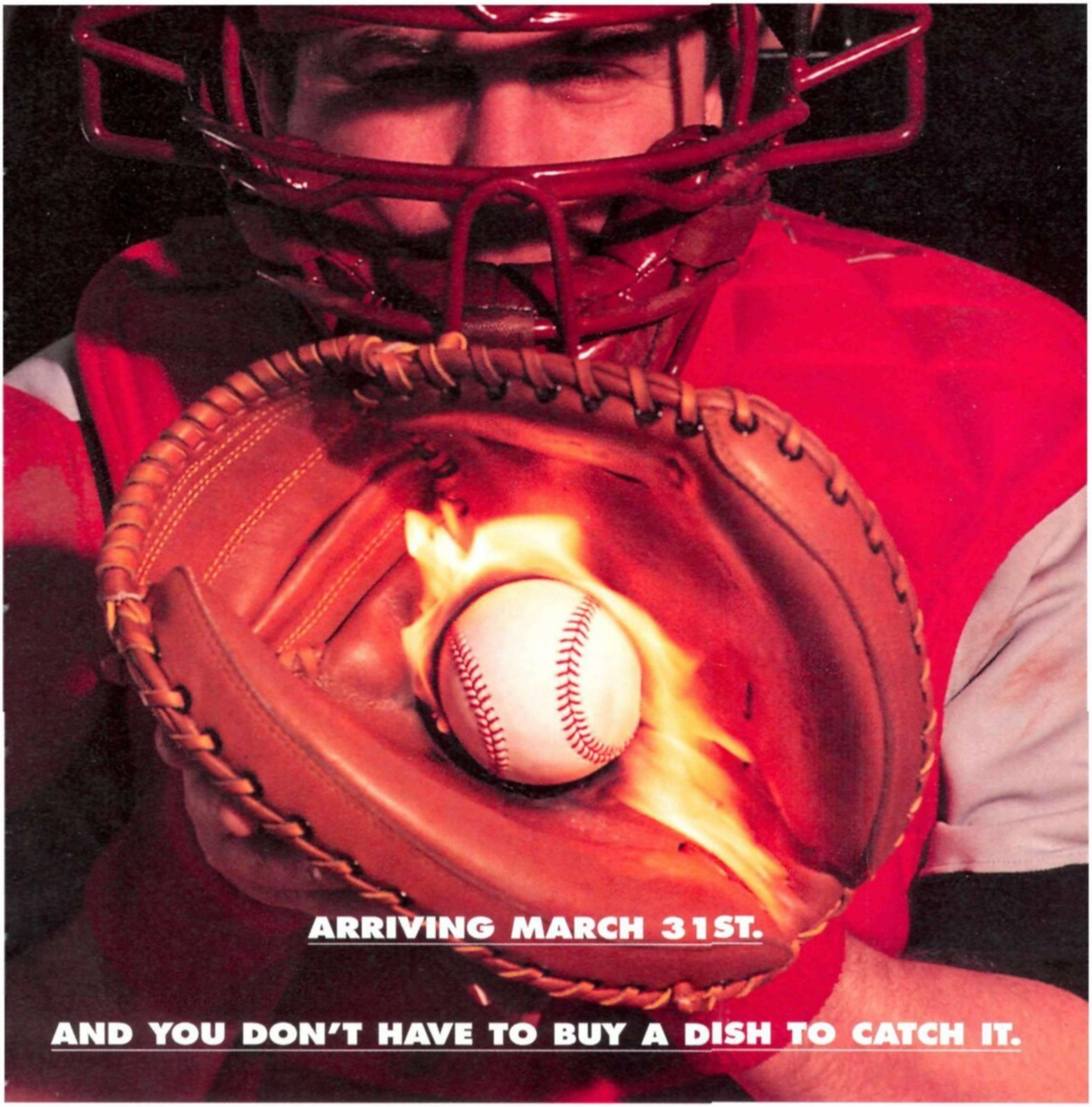
FALLS AT CANAIMA NATIONAL PARK, VENEZUELA
photographs by sante d'orazio



bikini by
NORMA KAMALI [$140]

cover-up by
ADRIENNE VITTADINI SWIM [$450]


bikini by
LIZA BRUCE [$280]



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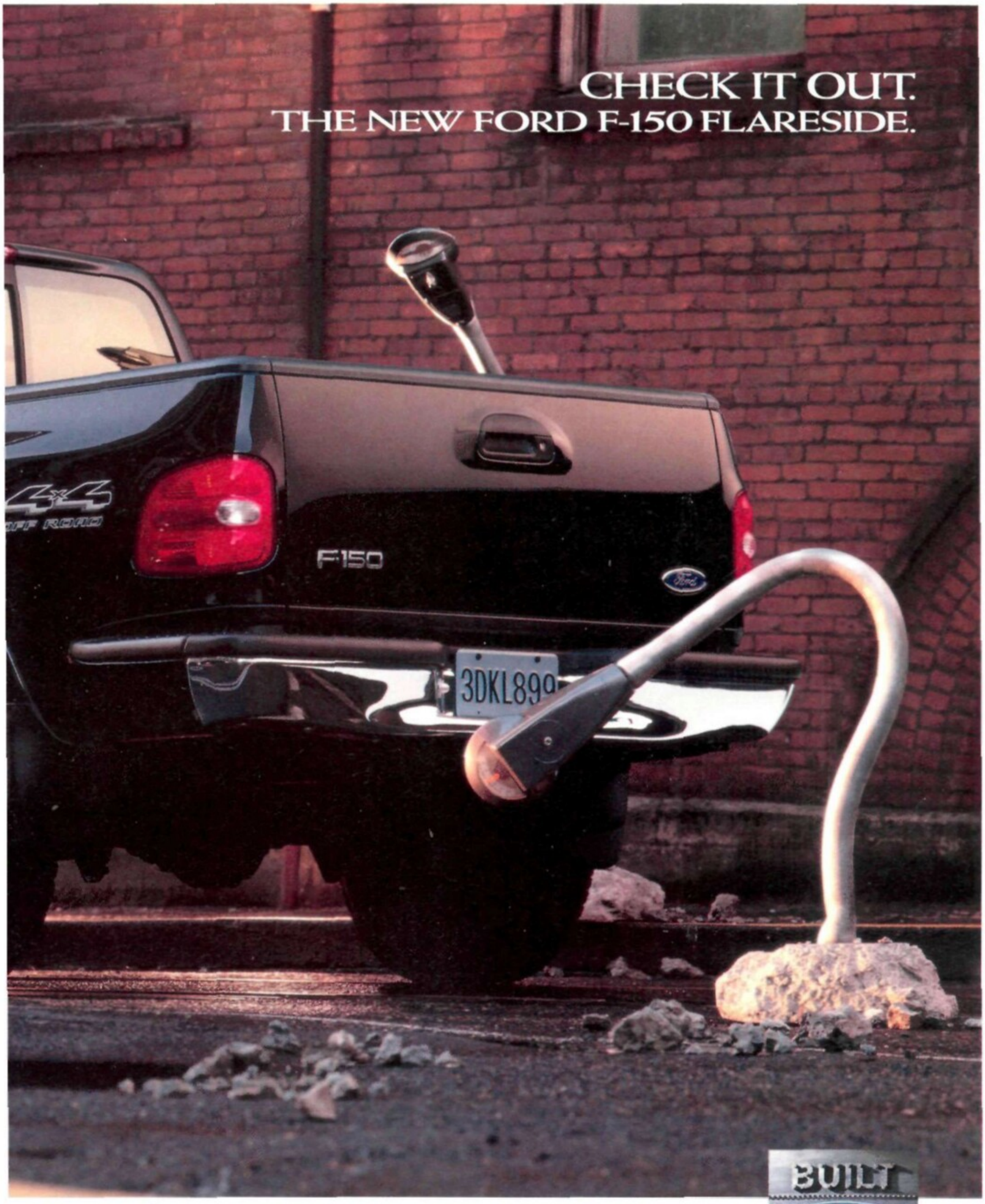

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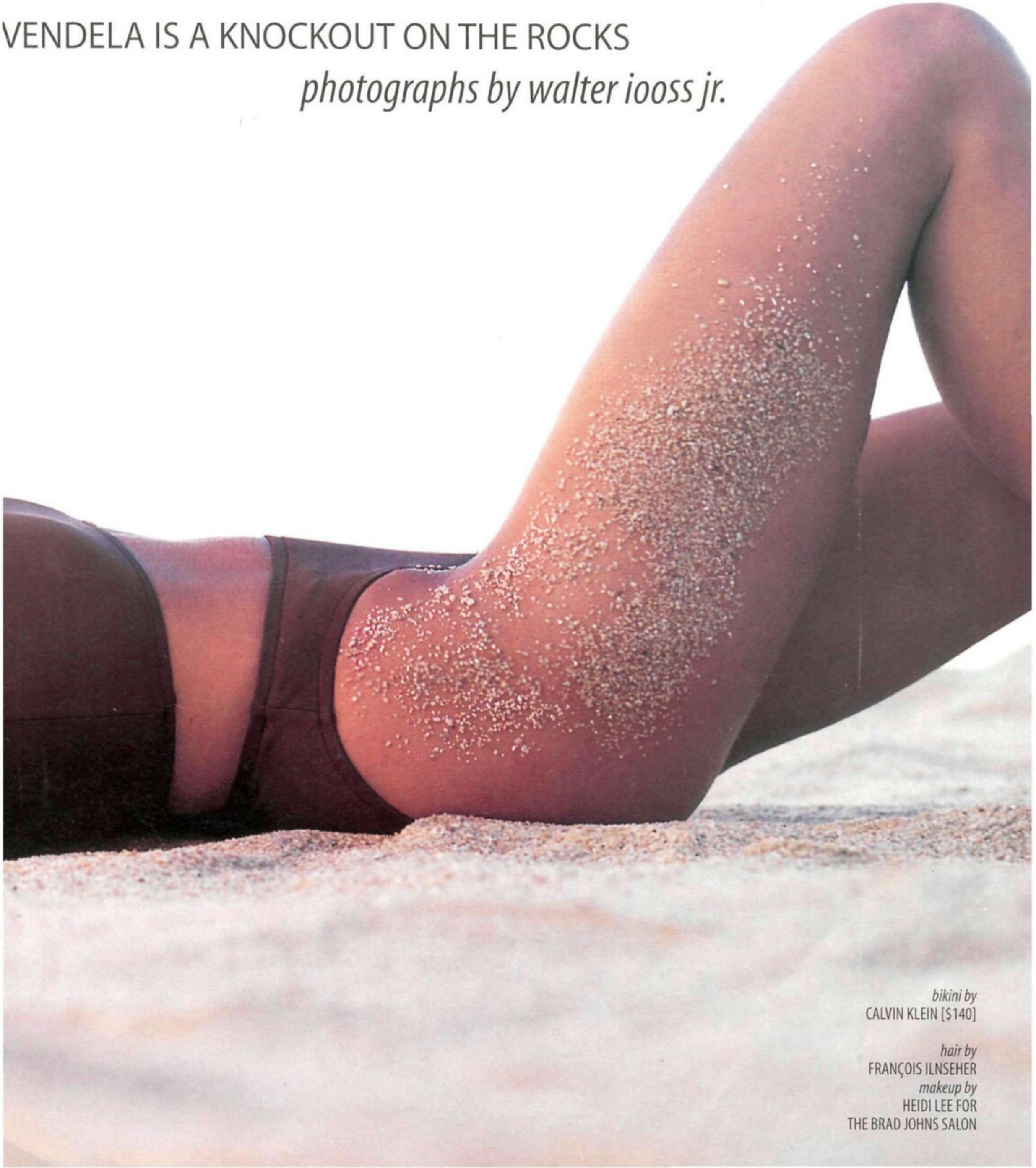

bikini by
CALVIN KLEIN [$140]

hair by
FRANÇOIS ILNSEHER
makeup by
HEIDI LEE FOR
THE BRAD JOHNS SALON

bikini by
RACHEL PAPPO FOR DIVA [S92]

bikini by
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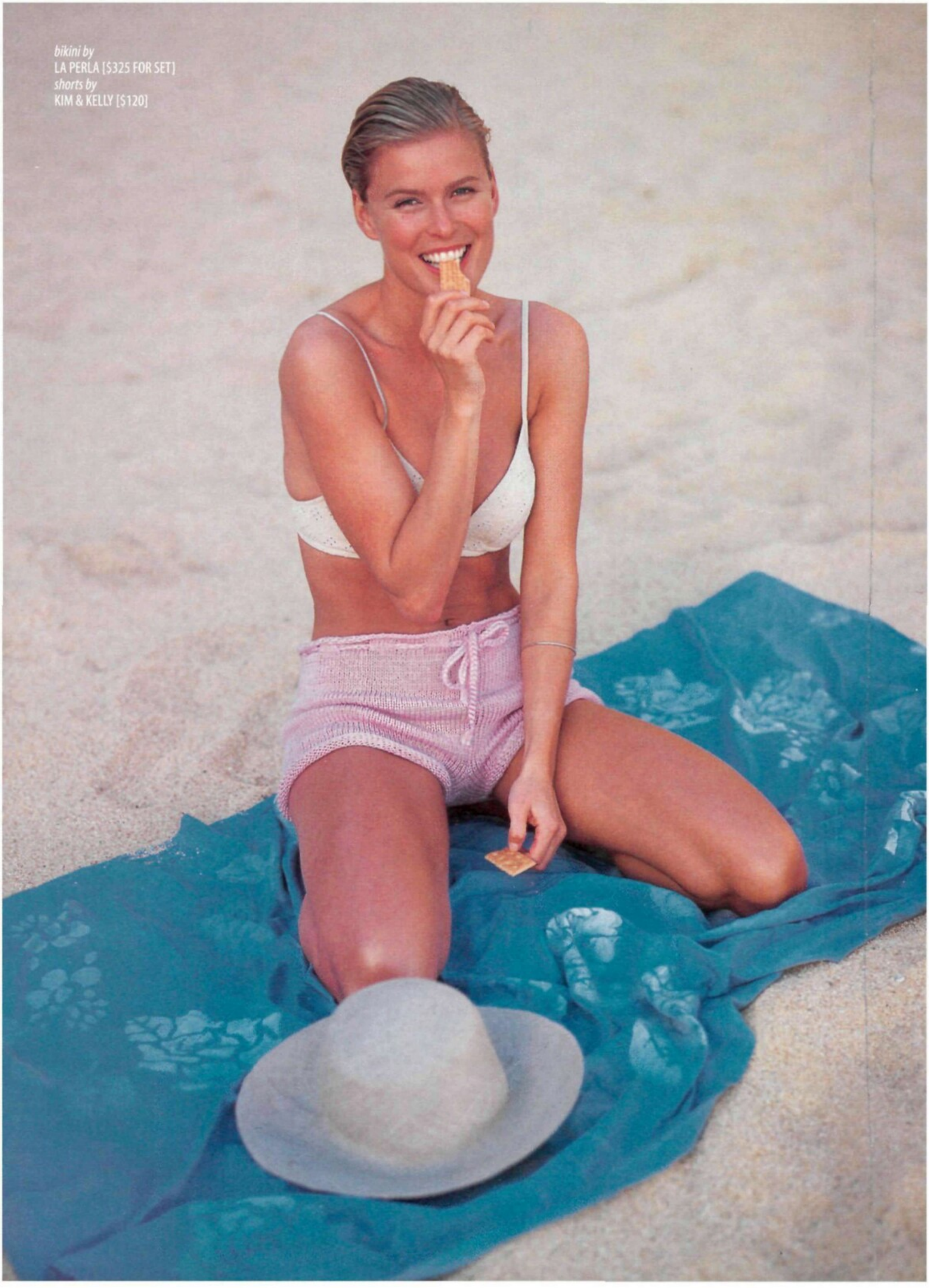
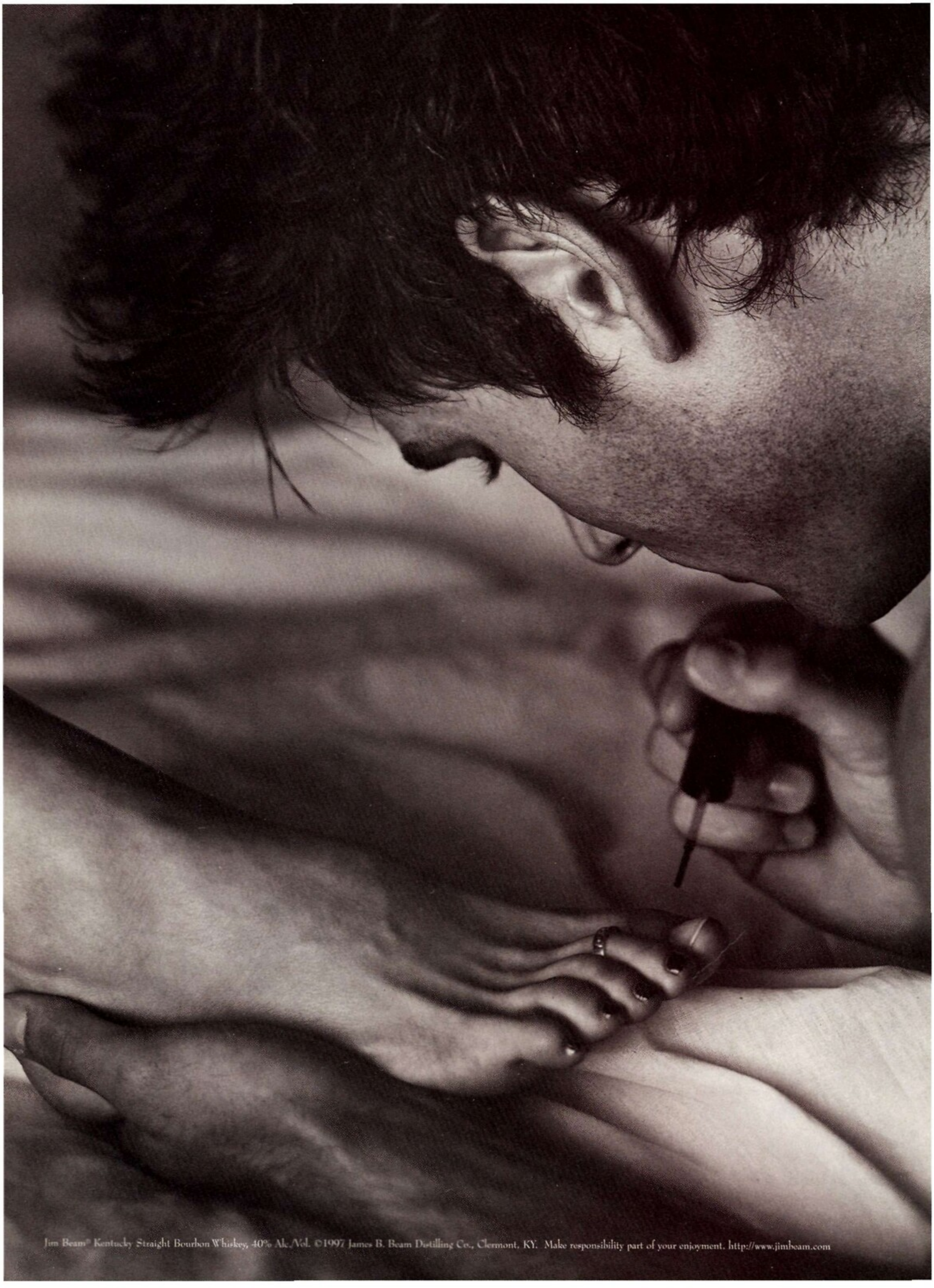


bikini bottom by
CALIFORNIA PROLINE [$26]
cardigan by
J.CREW [$78]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1. You wouldn't think of starting any sport without first being shown how to do it. Shouldn't it be the same with buying a diamond?

2. So relax. Take a deep breath. And read on.

3. Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago, diamonds are found in the most remote corners of the world. De Beers, the world's largest diamond company, has over 100 years' experience in mining and valuing. They sort rough diamonds into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be sure you know what you're buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.

4. Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4 C's.* They are: *Cut,* not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets, or flat surfaces, are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color,* actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity,* the fewer natural marks, or "inclusions," the better; *Carat weight,* the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.

5. Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Many people use the *two months' salary guideline.* Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more and they'll rave.

6. Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.

7. Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust, to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Joe's Mattress and Diamond Discounters.

8. *Learn more.* For the booklet *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give,"* call **1-800-FOREVER,** Dept. 22.

9. Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. *Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?*

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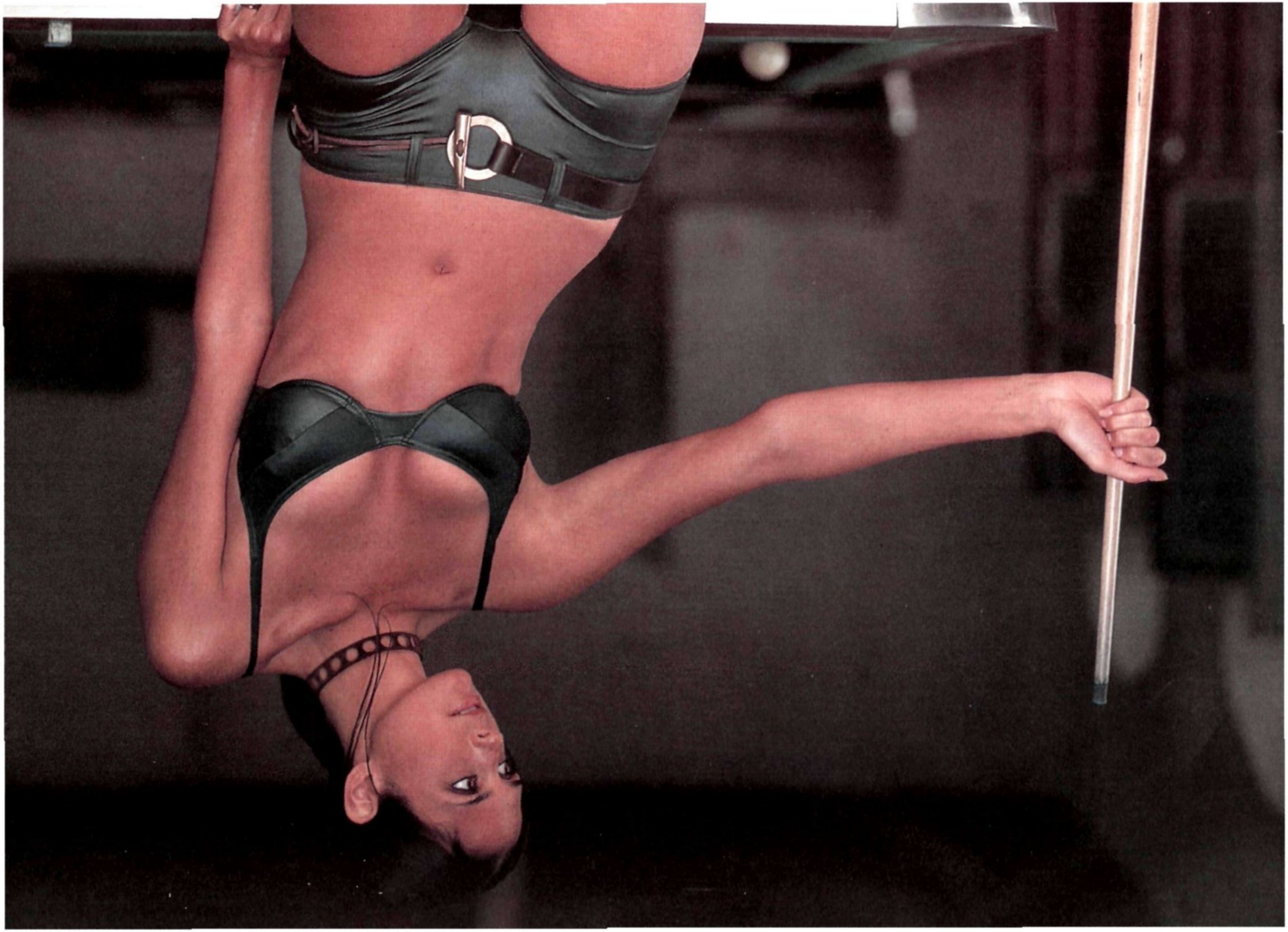
TAKE A CUE FROM STACEY WILLIAMS: OLD MEXICO CAN BE A BALL

photographs by walter iooss jr.

bikini by
NIKI WIOR
FOR HAZEL [$62]

hair by
FRANÇOIS ILNSEHER
makeup by
HEIDI LEE FOR
THE BRAD JOHNS SALON

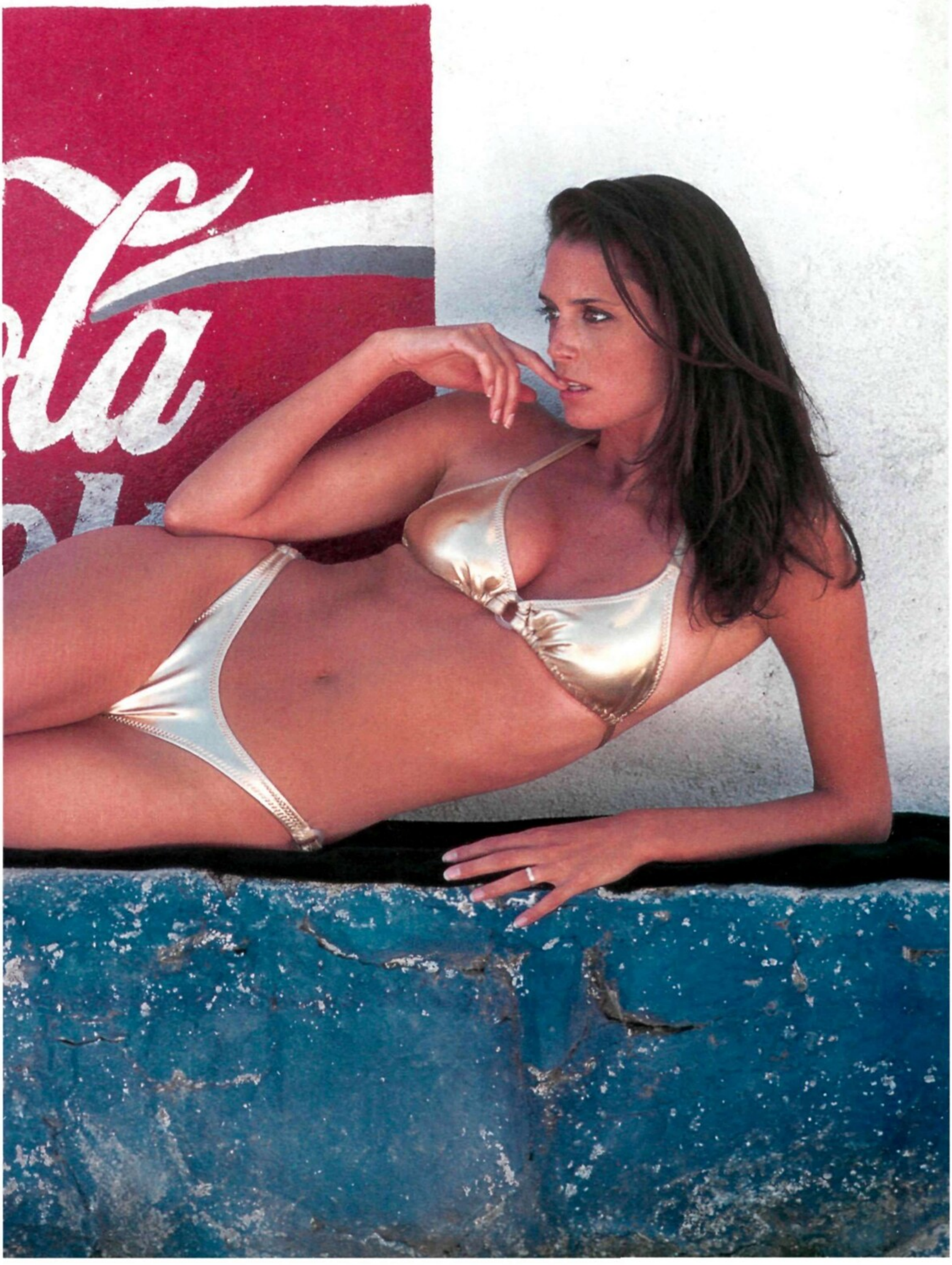


bikini by
KATHERINE HAMNETT ACTIVE [$105]

Disfruta

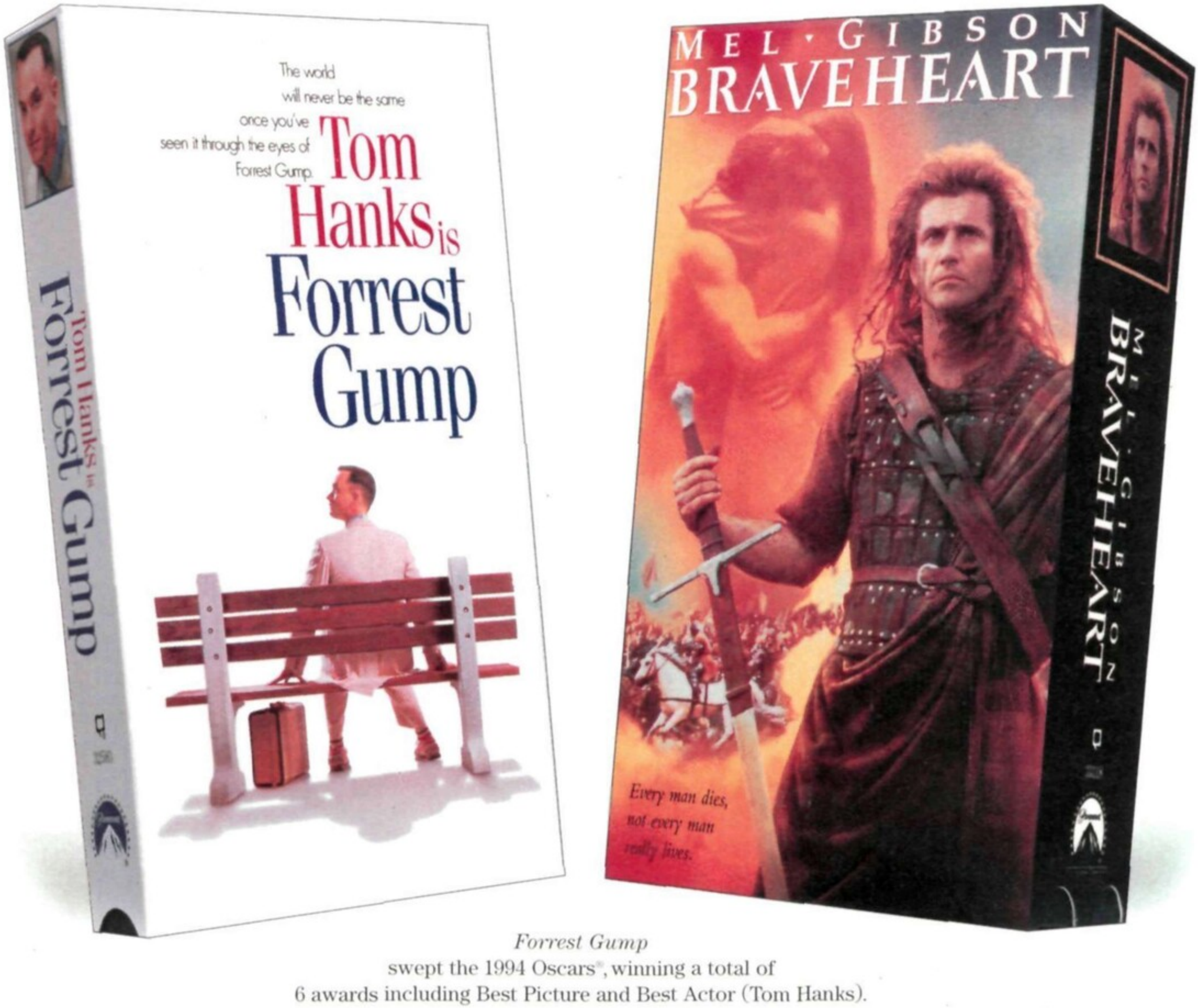
Coca-Cola

bikini by
JAMAICAN STYLE [$60]



bikini by
DARLING RIO [$55]

Take a Look at *Our* Top Models



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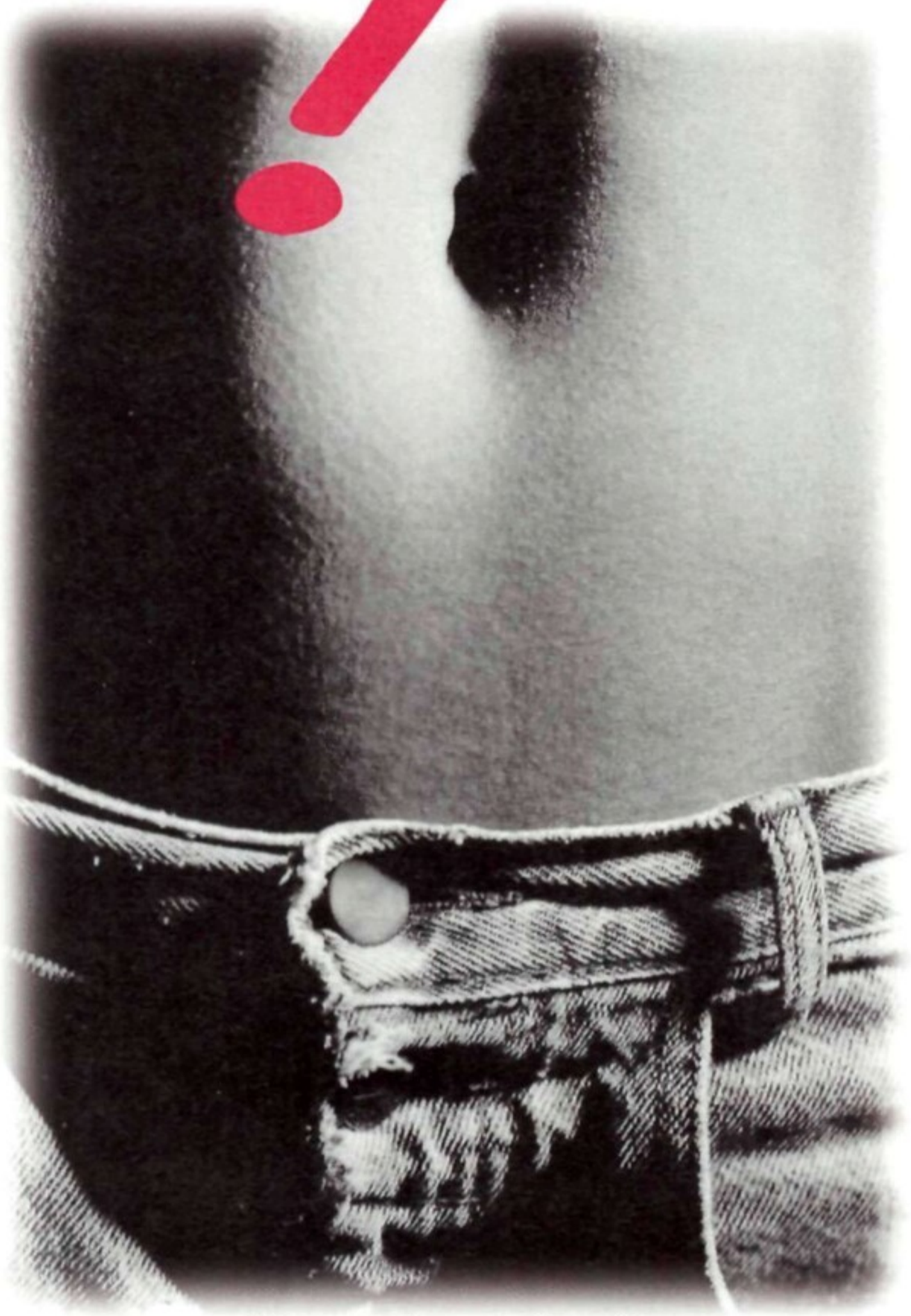
☐man ? ☐woman



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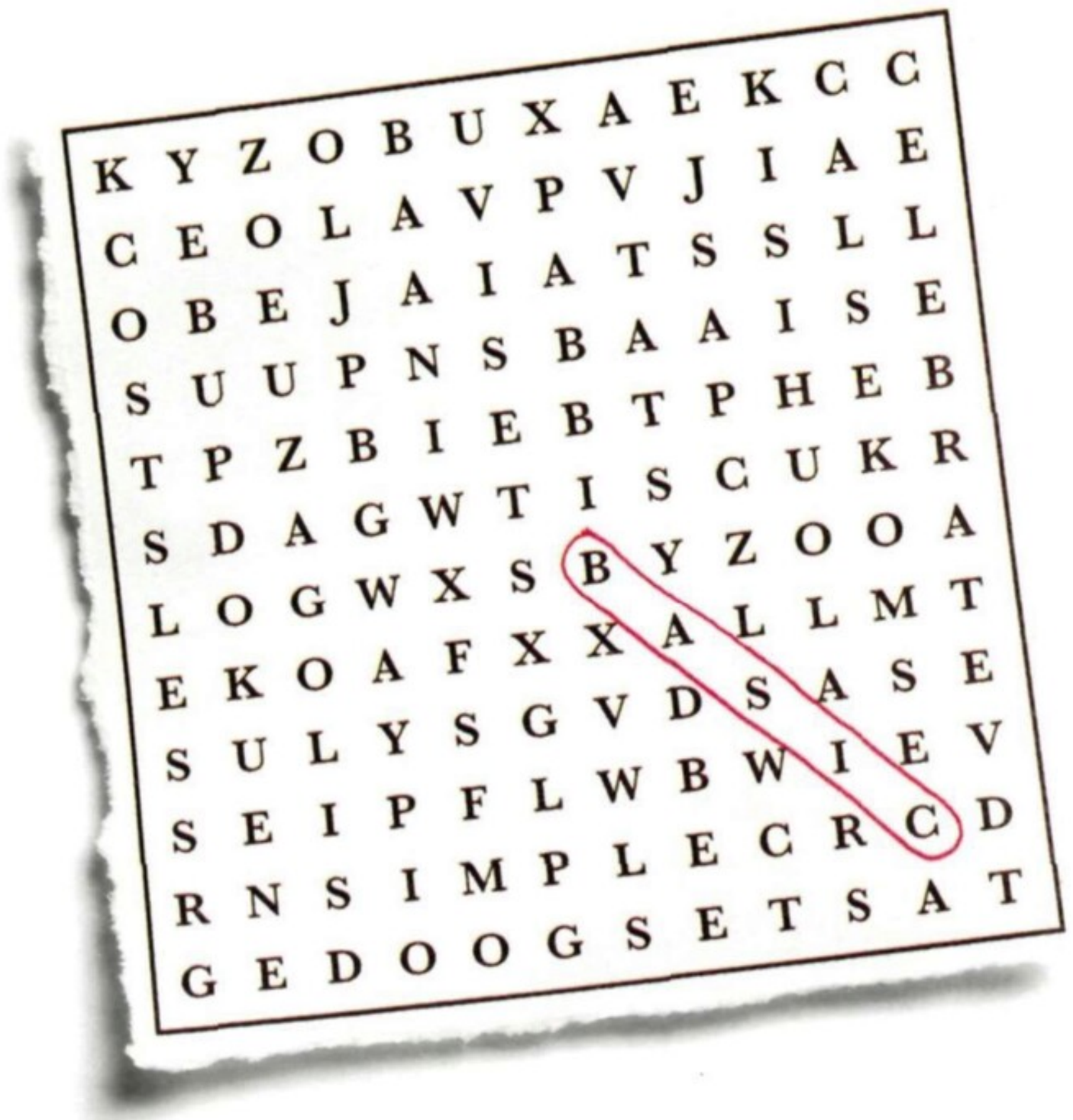

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bikini by
DELFINA SWIMWEAR [$130]

hair by
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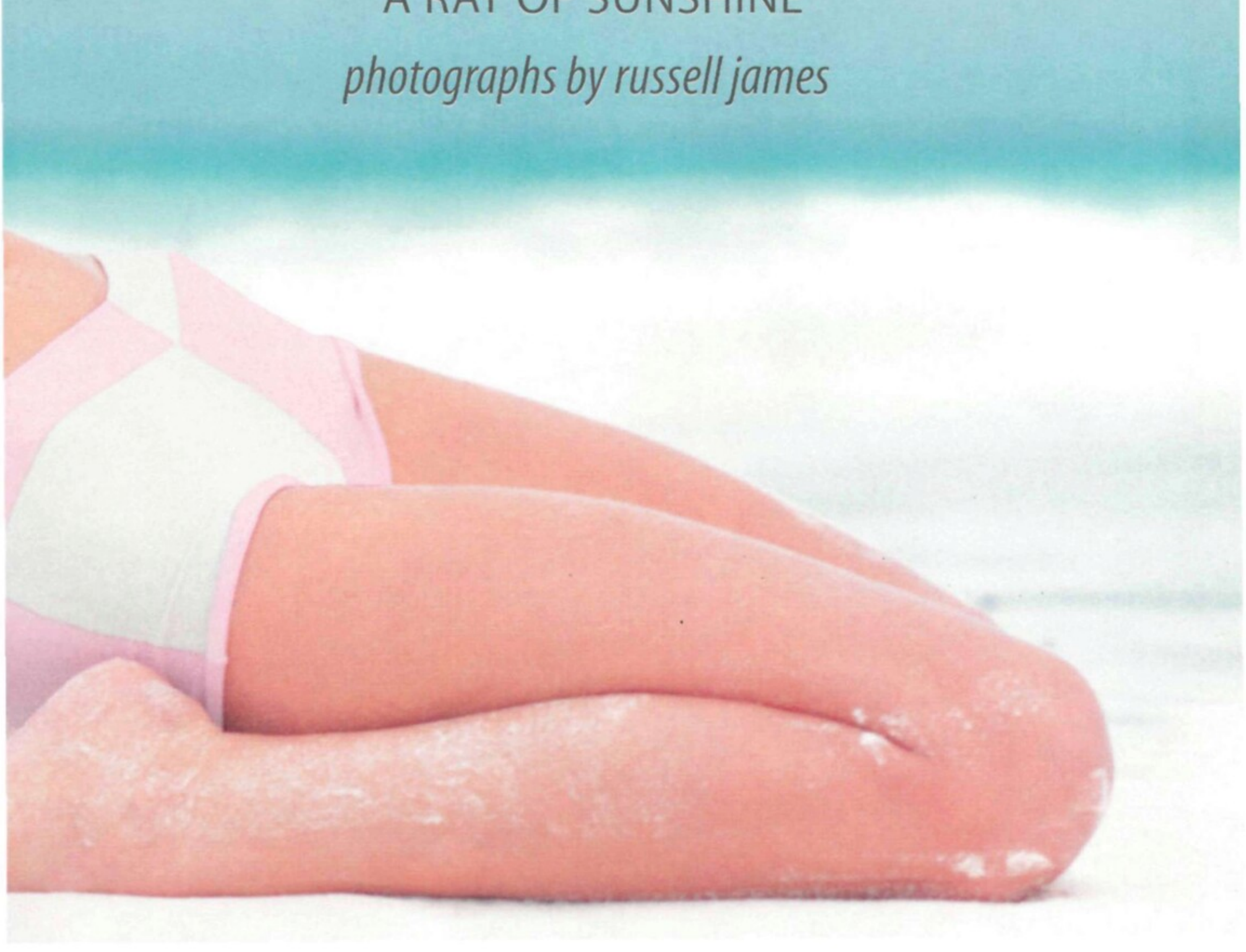
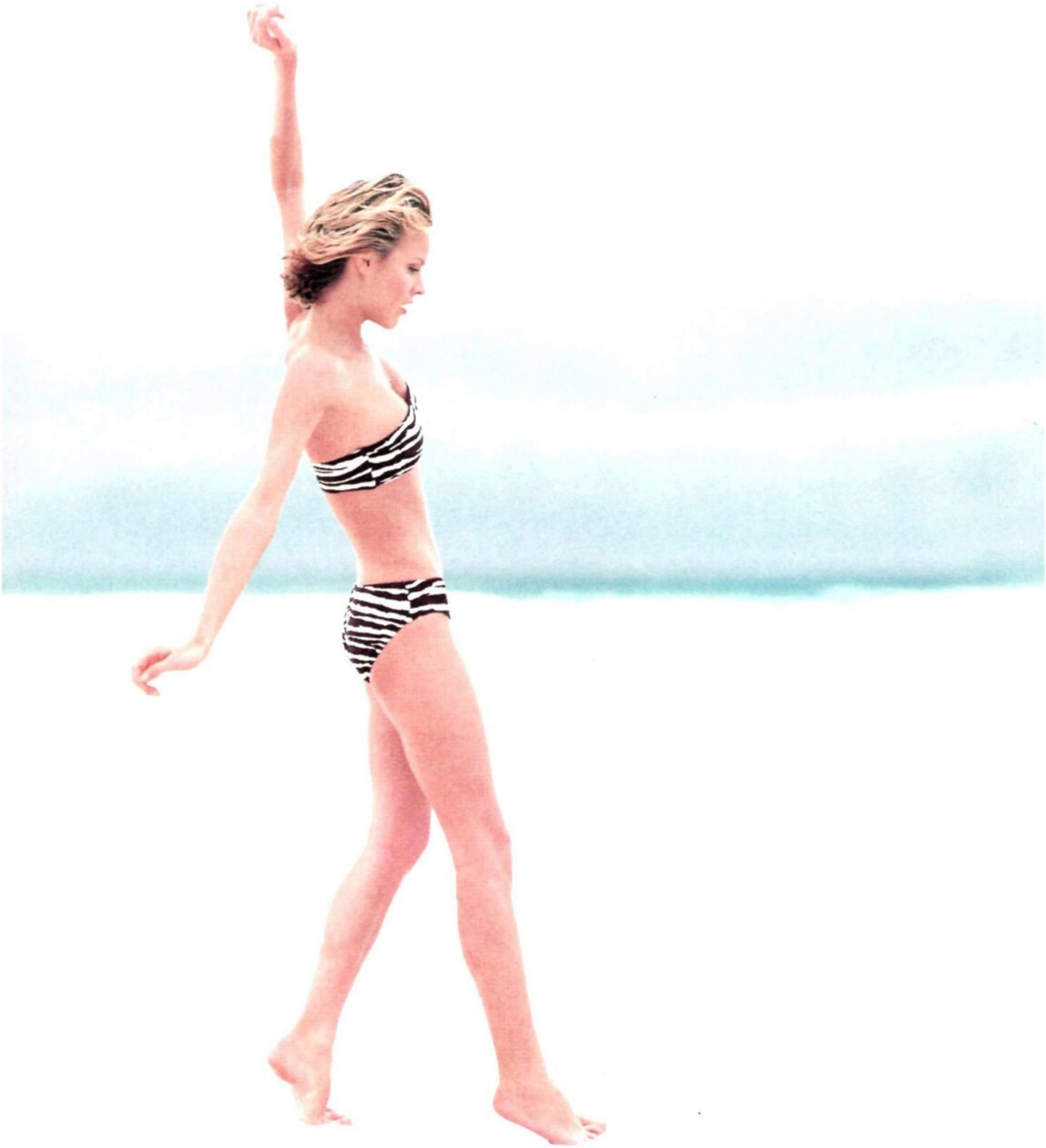
FOR FREDERIC FEKKAI
makeup by
CHRISTY COLEMAN
FOR JED ROOT

eva

DURING SOME GRAY
DAYS ON HARBOUR ISLAND
IN THE BAHAMAS,
EVA HERZIGOVA
BRINGS WARMTH AND
A RAY OF SUNSHINE

photographs by russell james

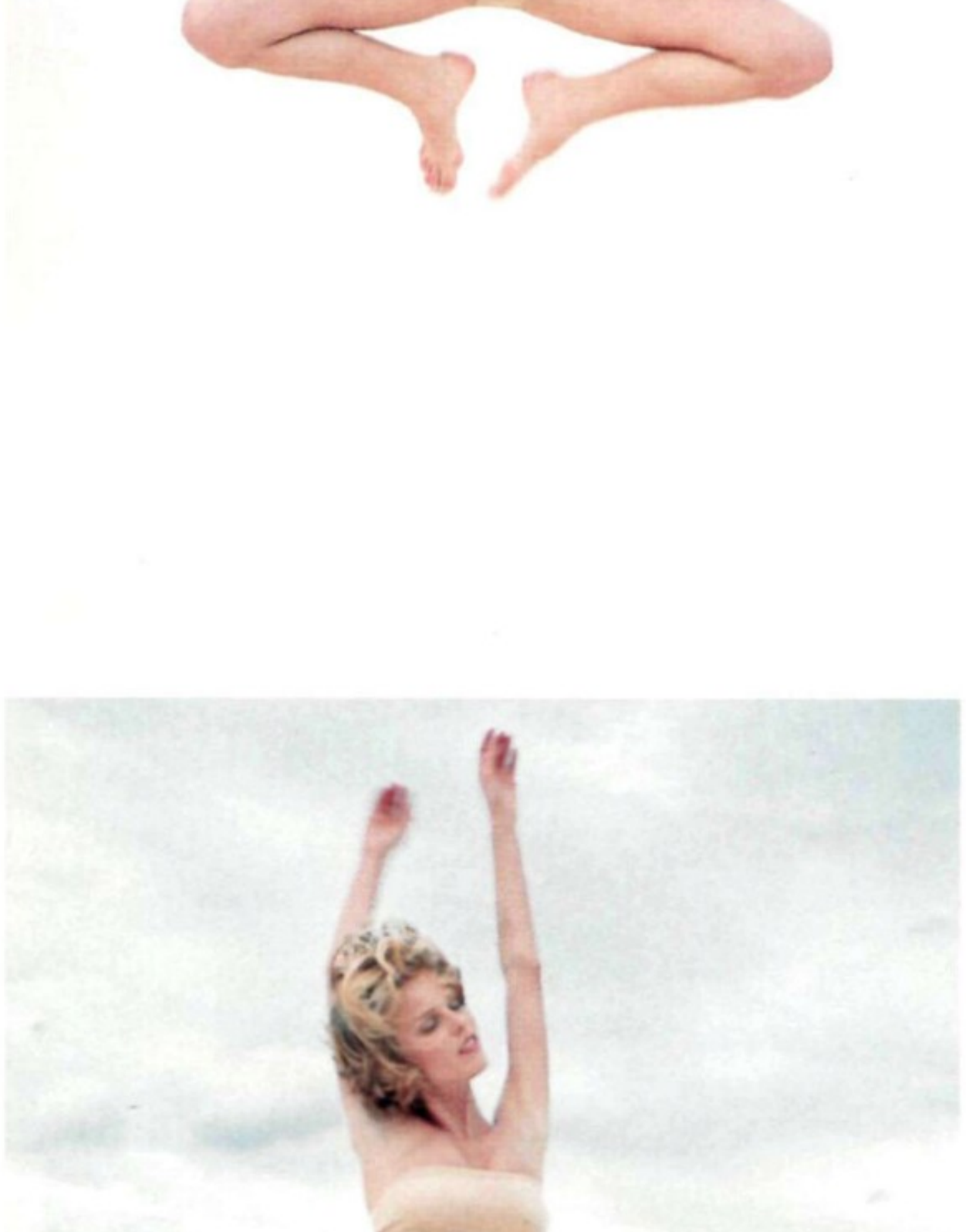




bikini above by
ADRIENNE VITTADINI SWIM [$79]
bikini opposite by
NORMA KAMALI [$150]

bikini at left by
DELFINA SWIMWEAR [$130]
bikini above by
TSE [$295]

shorts by
PEOPLE USED TO DREAM ABOUT
THE FUTURE [$130]
boa by
LA MAISON DE LA FAUSSE
FOURRURE [$65]



bikini by
LIZA BRUCE [$280]

bikini by
DELFINA SWIMWEAR
[$130 FOR SET]
top by
NORMA KAMALI [$350]

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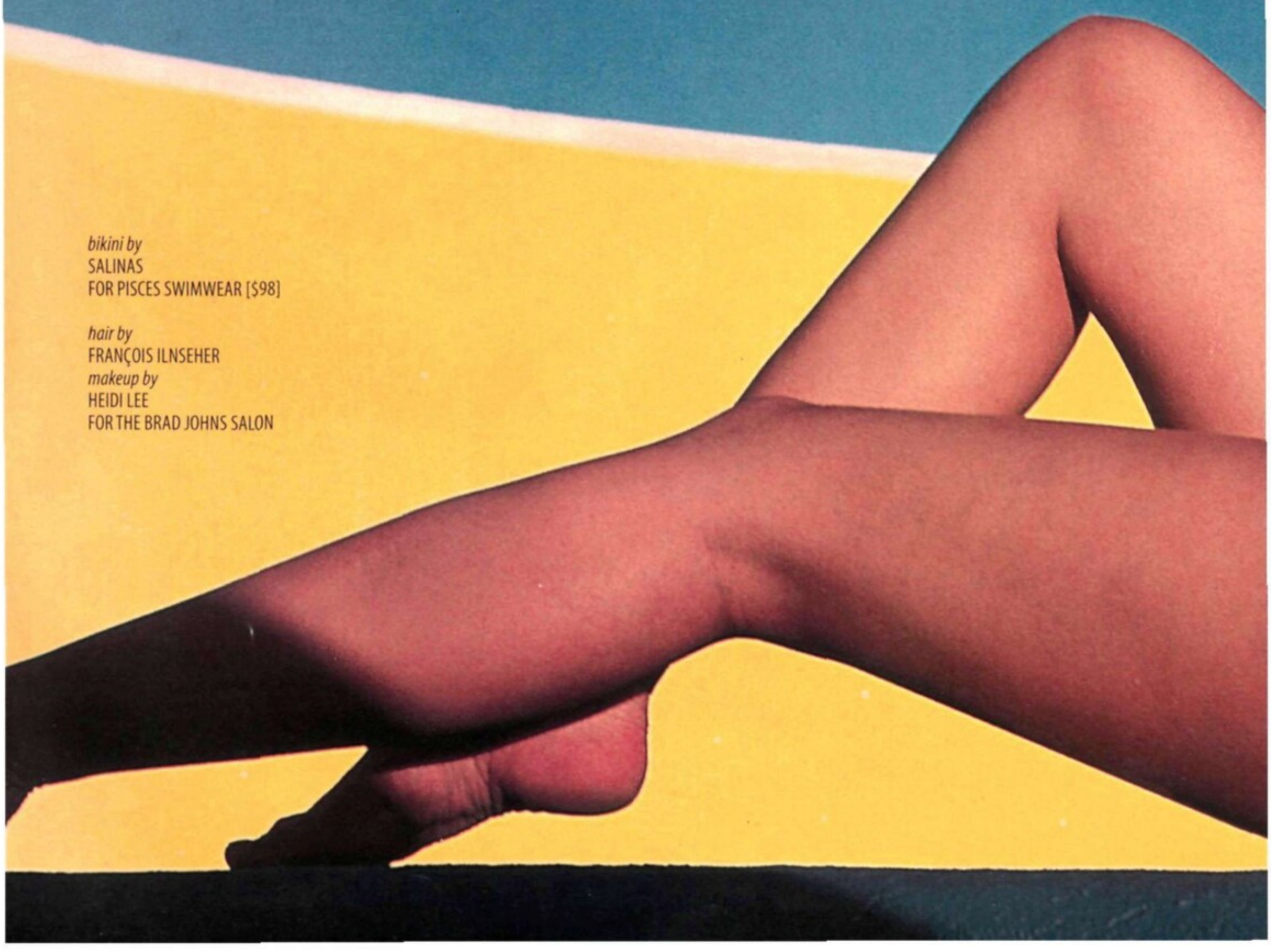
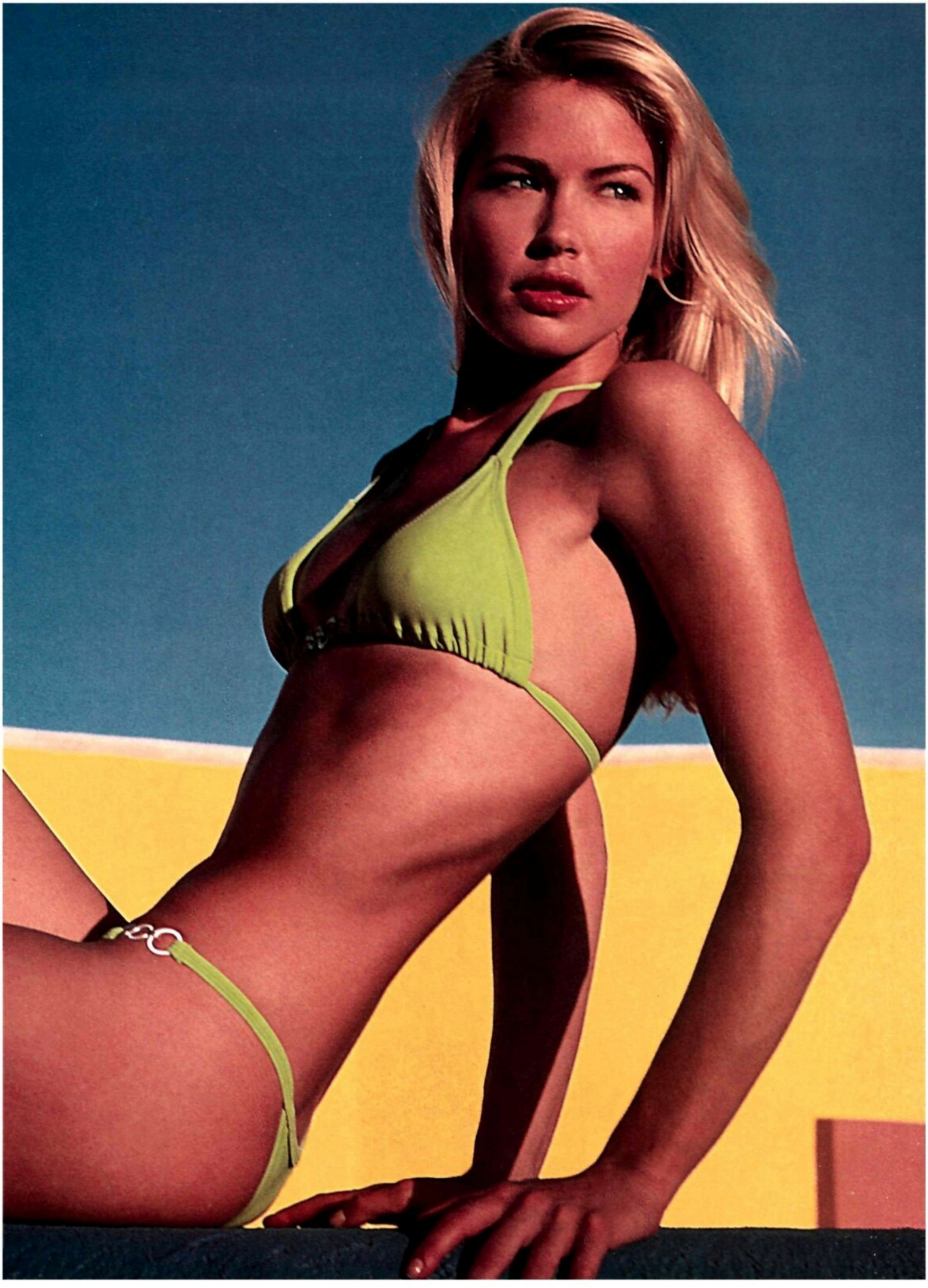
VALERIA MAZZA PROVIDES A SPLASH OF COLOR
TO THE POOLSIDE SCENE

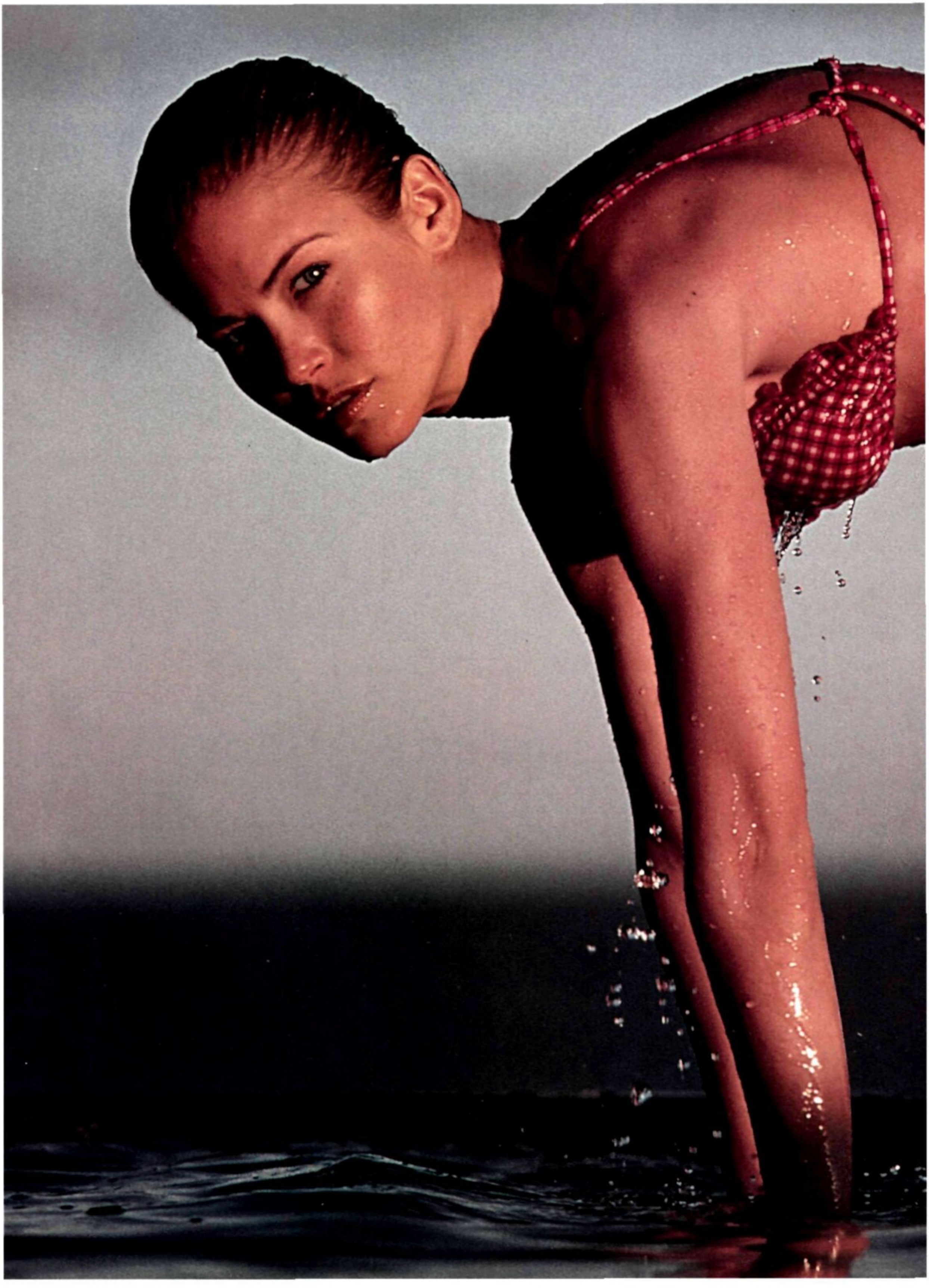
photographs by walter iooss jr.



bikini by
SALINAS
FOR PISCES SWIMWEAR [$98]

hair by
FRANÇOIS ILNSEHER
makeup by
HEIDI LEE
FOR THE BRAD JOHNS SALON





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VIEWPOINT
FOR GOTTEX [$82]

bikini by
LAURA URBANATI [$135]

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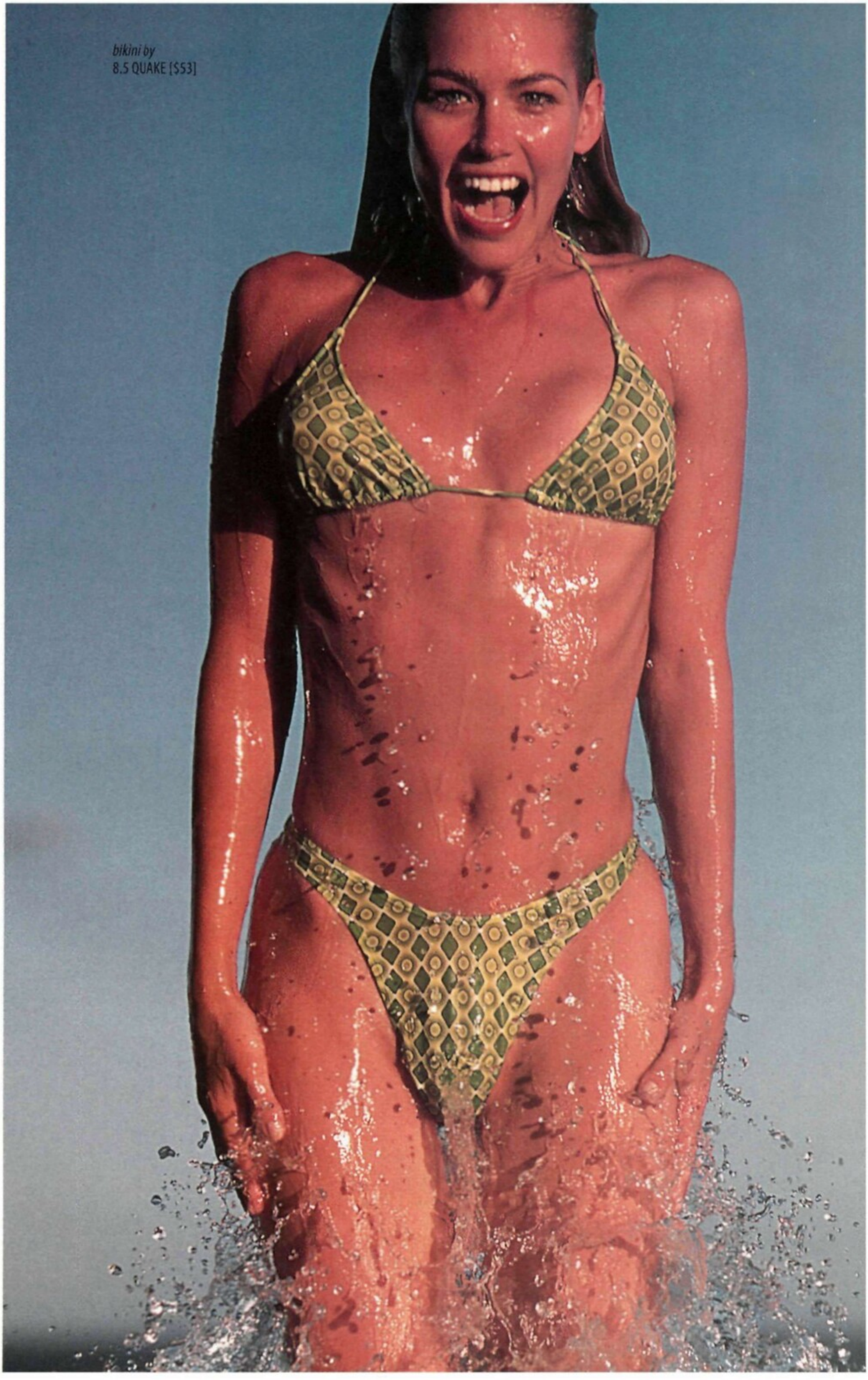
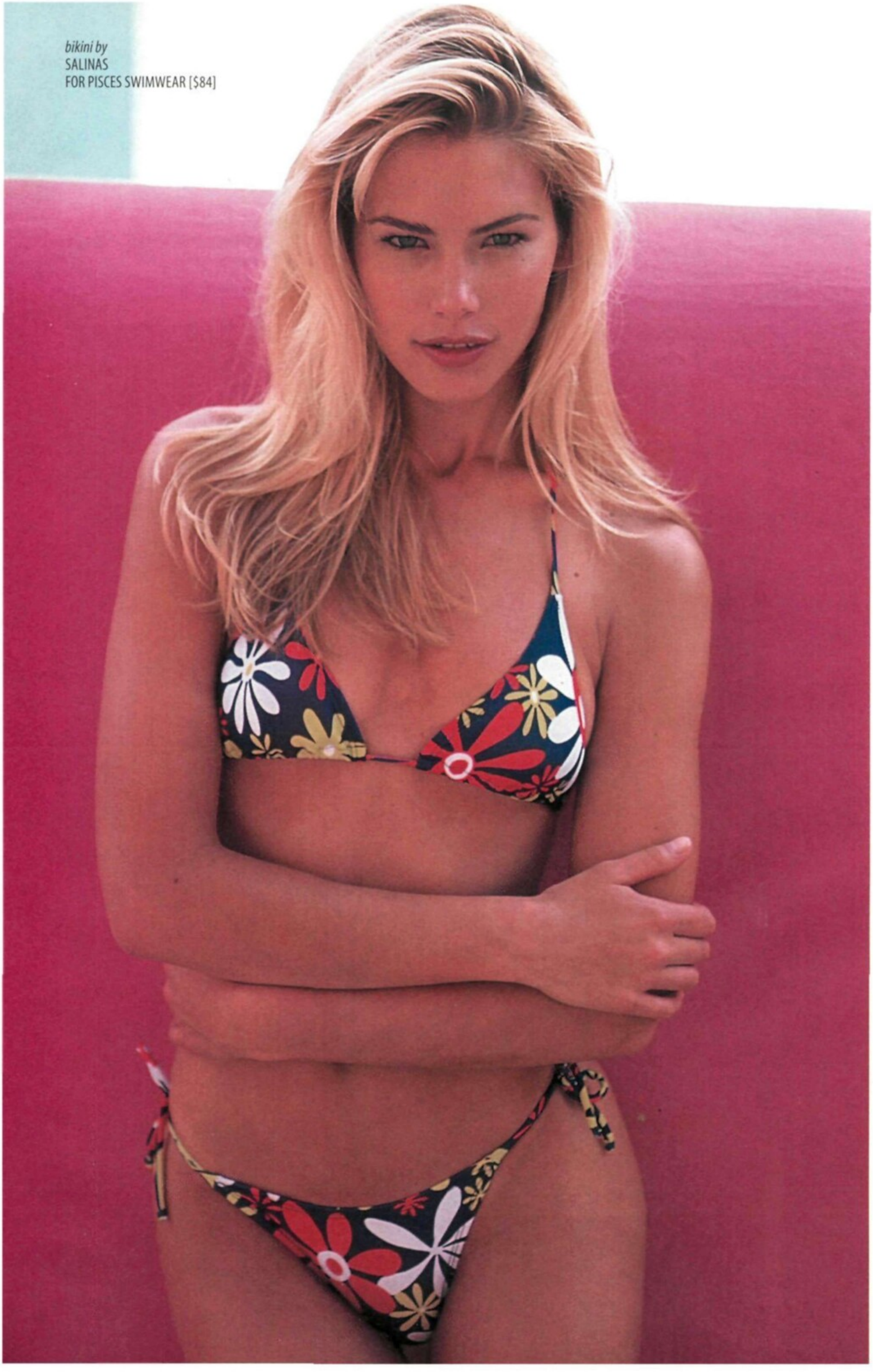

bikini by
8.5 QUAKE [$53]

bikini by
SALINAS
FOR PISCES SWIMWEAR [$84]



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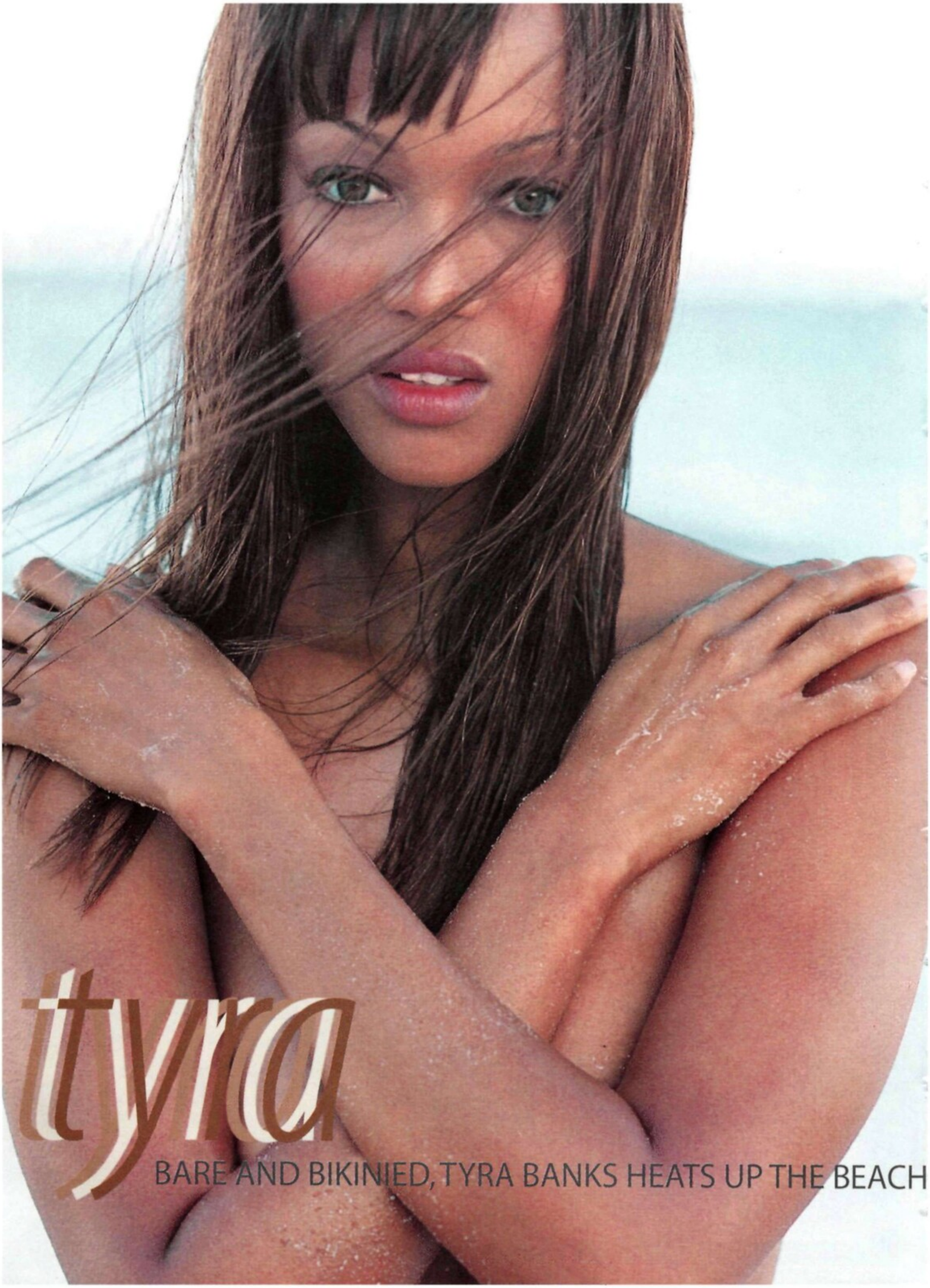

BARE AND BIKINIED, TYRA BANKS HEATS UP THE BEACH

bikini by
PISCES SWIMWEAR [$78]

hair by
MICHEL ALEMAN
FOR FREDERIC FEKKAI
makeup by
CHRISTY COLEMAN
FOR JED ROOT

IN THE BAHAMAS

photographs by russell james

bikini by
SALINAS FOR
PISCES SWIMWEAR [$80]

bikini at left by
DELFINA SWIMWEAR [$130 FOR SET]
bikini at right by
NORMA KAMALI [$135]

bikini by
OCEANO [$153 FOR SET]

bikini below by
NORMA KAMALI [$160]
bikini opposite by
OCEANO [$153 FOR SET]

bikini by
ANISE SWIM [$72]

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the measurements

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banks shot

A LIFELONG LAKERS FAN, OUR COVER GIRL MADE HER PRESENCE FELT AT THE FORUM

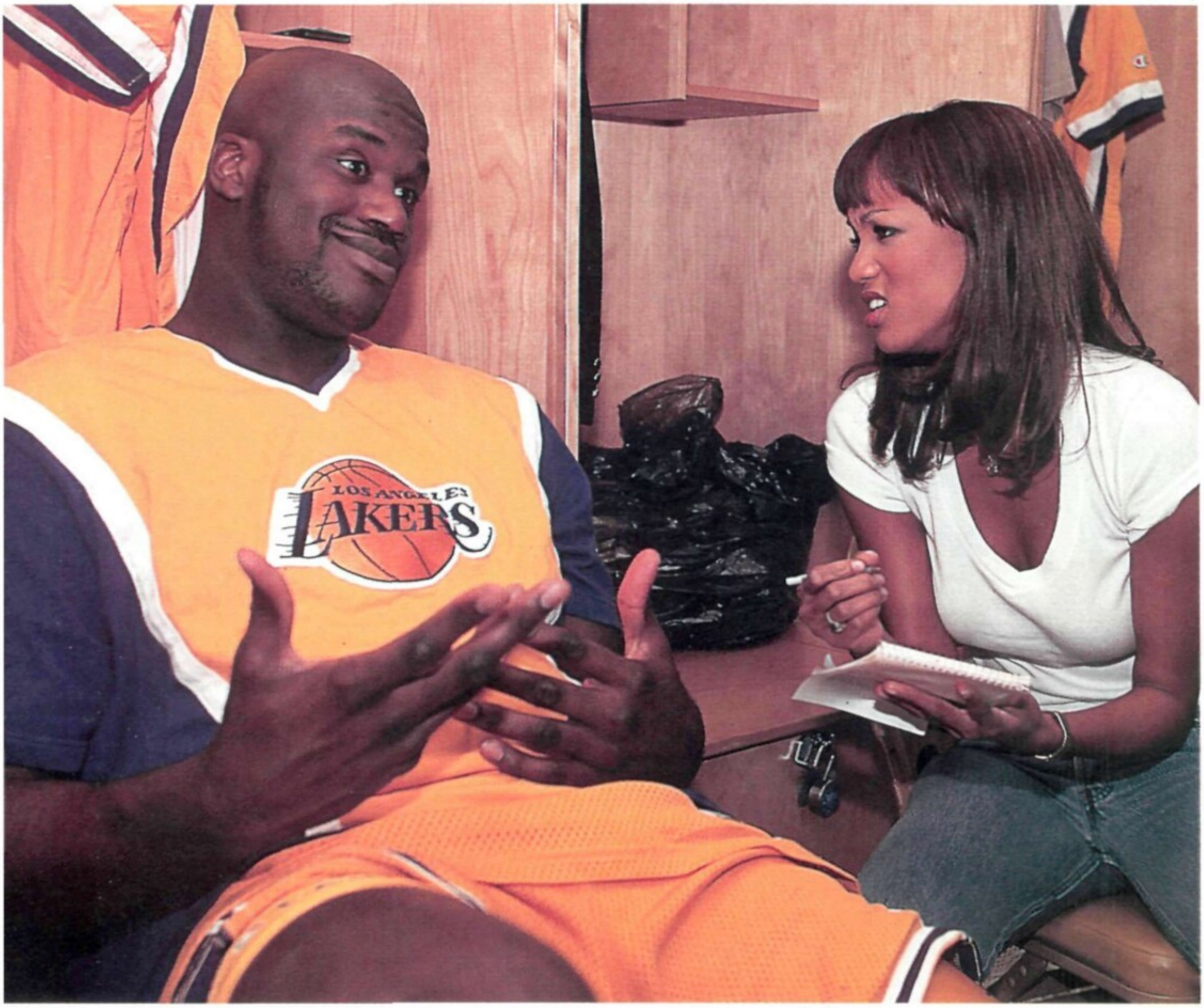
by richard hoffer

MAYBE YOU'D be rattled too if Tyra Banks walked in while you were putting on your shorts, but, really, would it reduce you to a puddle of flop sweat, a trembling, dry-mouthed candidate for CPR? Yes? Well, of course it would. Reading this, just the *mention* of Tyra Banks unnerves you. But what if you were a Los Angeles Laker, wealthy and cool, suave and sophisticated, at ease in the world of glamour? Still yes?

O.K. In that case we won't belabor (too much) Nick Van Exel's apparent medical condition, which, upon meeting our swimsuit cover gal, bore more than a passing resemblance to cardiac arrest. Most of the Lakers took it in stride when Banks, out for an evening to catch her favorite team courtside, flashed an SI press credential and swooped through their dressing room at the Great Western Forum before a Saturday night game with the Pistons. Shaquille O'Neal seemed all right with it and, for a photo op, even pretended to be interviewed by her. Nor did Shaq seem nervous when she called for some moisturizer and they slathered up their arms together—surely the first time a scribe and an athlete swapped skin cream.

Other Lakers were cool too. Maybe supermodels don't show up all the time, but there's always a certain amount of celebrity traffic through their room, in their

photographs by v.j. lovero



BEFORE SHARING SOME MOISTURIZER WITH O'NEAL, BANKS SOFTENED HIM UP IN A MOCK INTERVIEW SESSION

house, and it doesn't pay to come unglued every time Dyan Cannon or Sharon Stone swings by. A man who could say "Hey, Tyra" as he adjusted his socks was being belligerently blasé, but blasé all the same. Such a man was a pro's pro.

Yet here was Van Exel, a fourth-year player on the cusp of stardom who presumably has seen a thing or two in his travels, hiding in the trainer's room. "Come out here, Nick," a teammate yelled. Banks, who used to attend Lakers games with her father when she was an eight-year-old growing up in Inglewood, had gone from player to player, posing, chatting, having a fan's great time. But where was Van Exel? She had been told he was an admirer of hers, and yet he had gone and disappeared, like some . . . little kid.

Because she is a woman of spunk, Banks marched right into the normally off-limits trainer's room and confronted Van Exel, who retreated, quivering, into a corner. As her beauty is unique and startling, she may be accustomed to having a profound effect on the men she meets (in an entirely unrelated incident, the writer of this piece left the keys locked in his car and the engine running when he arrived to meet her for the game), but she admitted later that nobody had ever held a cushion in front of his face by way of introduction.

Poor Nick. The photographer and Banks coaxed him into an upright position, and though he was sweating visibly, they talked him into putting his trembling arm around her. Someone said to coach Del Harris, who was watching, amused, that we'd all know why if Van Exel shot bricks later that night. "Ah," said Harris, dismissing the whole scene, "he's *been* shooting bricks." Still, it couldn't have been comforting to see your point guard falling apart before your eyes just minutes before a big game.

Nor was it all that reassuring—from the Lakers' point of view,

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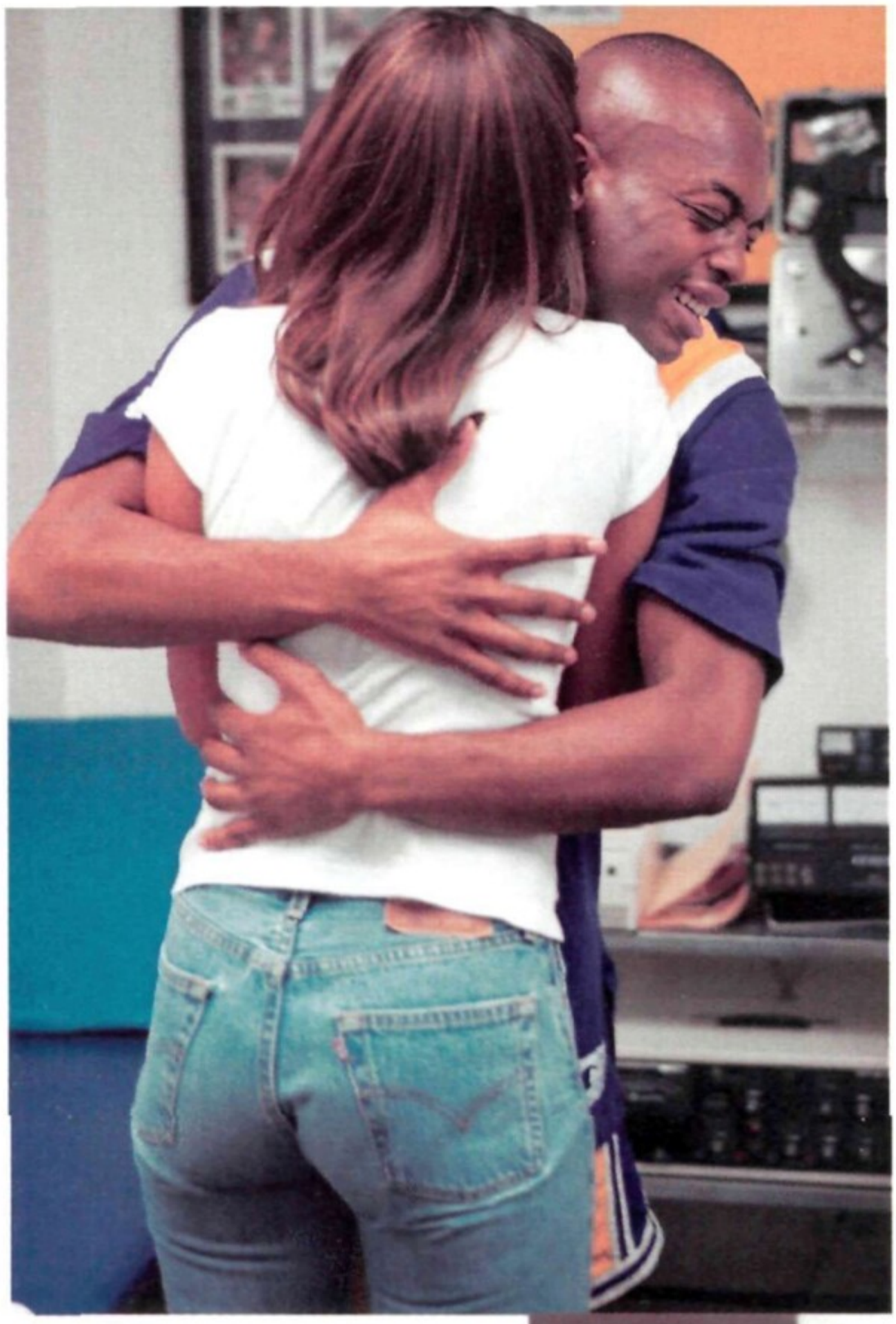
ASPEN

FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

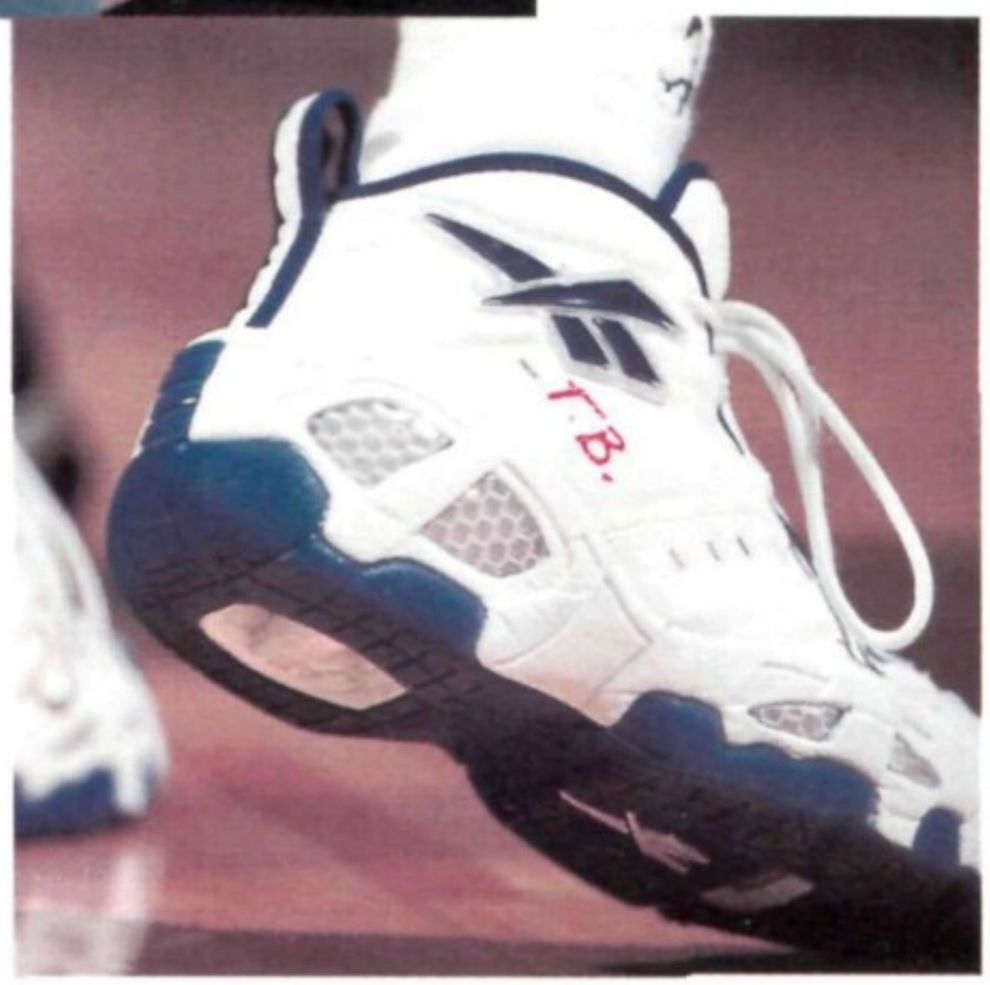
Live the Life



VAN EXEL CAME OUT OF HIDING LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE BANKS A HUG, THEN PAID HER TRIBUTE WITH A FOOT NOTE

anyway—to see Van Exel come out for the tip-off with Banks's initials on his sneakers. A red TB on each shoe. Oh, boy. Nothing good could come of this. Banks was obviously worried, but she tried to put a good spin on her Lakers makeover, all the same. "Don't you think Shaq's skin looks nice and supple?" she asked, hopefully. In fact, his skin didn't seem the least bit dry.

For all that, she was as excited to be at the Forum as certain Lakers were to have her there. She's a huge basketball fan, a sometime player and a known consort of Li'l Penny in Nike ads. Because most of her modeling work is in New York, she's more likely to be seen courtside at a Knicks game, true, but her heart is with the Lakers. And getting to watch them from courtside, about a hundred rows closer than when she was a kid, sweetened the deal. "Oh," she said, surprised at her view, "you *can* see my initials."



Banks, having sprouted to 5' 8" by the time she was just nine years old, had a natural interest in the center play. "That's an awful lot of shoving around, don't you think?" she said. But as a one-time bench warmer, she was also intrigued by the reserve players. She said that her grade school coach would employ her for the center jump and then set her right down until garbage time. "I had no self-esteem," she said. With that in mind, she took notice of rookie guard Derek Fisher, demoted to third string that day, as he reclined on the floor, the farthest Laker from the coach. "Do you think you could play in the NBA for like three years and not get in for even a minute?" She seemed concerned about the possibility of sustained humiliation.

Banks, being a true fan, knew that things wouldn't get really exciting until the final minutes and so spent the early going doing what everybody else in the Forum was doing—looking around. "Jack Nicholson. Just look at him," she said, pointing to his courtside seat. "He looks like a star just sitting there." She must have wondered if she looked like a supermodel just sitting there, so she struck a few provocative poses in her seat, throwing her long legs about. A few camera flashes may have gone off.

She was also interested in the Laker Girls, at least by way of comparison with the Knicks City Dancers. This troupe looked a little too tame for Banks. "The Knicks girls are buff," she said. "They come out with nose rings and knee pads. These girls . . . look, that one looks just like Claudia Schiffer." Just like her? "Well, not *just*. Claudia's four feet taller." It was speculated that the look-alike was engaged to a magician too. "Maybe the kind that does children's parties," she decided.

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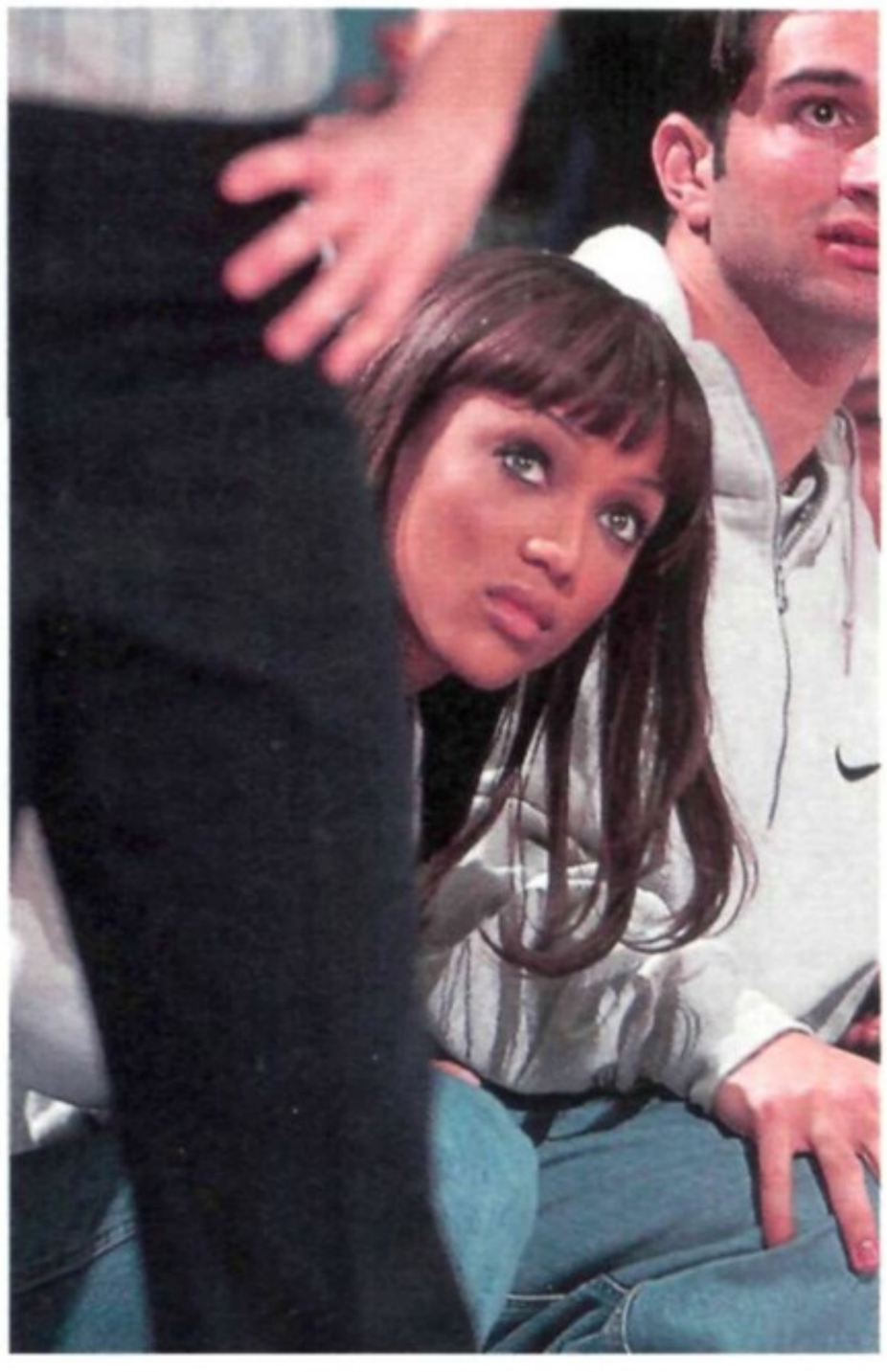
She also thought the Forum Club, which she had visited before the game, was tame in comparison with The Club at Madison Square Garden. She had seen Magic Johnson and Tiger Woods pass through but otherwise thought it was a little light on glamour. Although, Banks did admit, she wasn't exactly in the swirl herself. When her swimsuit calendar came out last September, the publisher asked for a list of her celebrity friends to invite to the party. She couldn't think of one. "I'm such a stay-at-home," she said. The publisher wound up inviting Scottie Pippen and a few other NBA players, and Banks was in heaven.

Finally the game got interesting, which is to say the Pistons pulled to within three points with 2.2 seconds left, their ball. Banks was smug in anticipation of a victory. "What could happen?" she said. Well, Detroit's Grant Hill bounced one off the glass—a Banks shot—from 30 feet to tie the game and send it into overtime. "A three-pointer," she cried in surprise. "I forgot. Have I been talking like a girly-girl here or what?"

It took two overtimes and some missed free throws by the Lakers, but the Pistons went on to win 100–97, perhaps inevitably. As the crowd made its way out, Banks wondered if there had been anything she could have done, except not be there. Although Shaq had a good night—18 points, 19 rebounds and noticeably soft skin—Van Exel continued in his shooting slump, hitting only 3 of 11 from the floor. Who's to say it wouldn't have happened anyway? Two nights later, with zero supermodels courtside, Van Exel recovered his touch and led the team with 24 points. On the other hand, Shaq's skin looked a little dry. ■

WHILE SHE RELISHED HER COURTSIDE VIEW, BANKS DIDN'T SEE HILL'S THREE-POINT SHOT COMING



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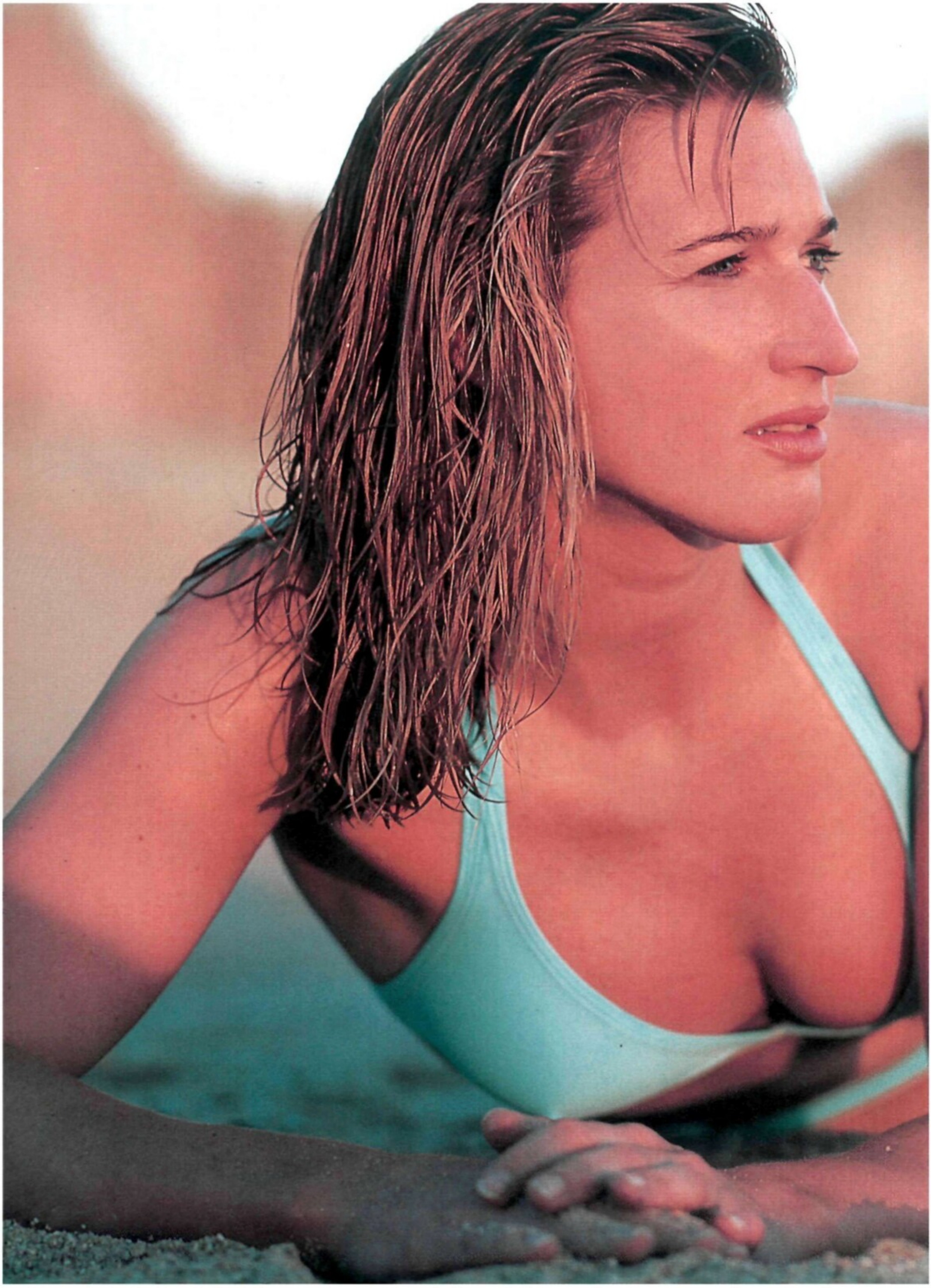


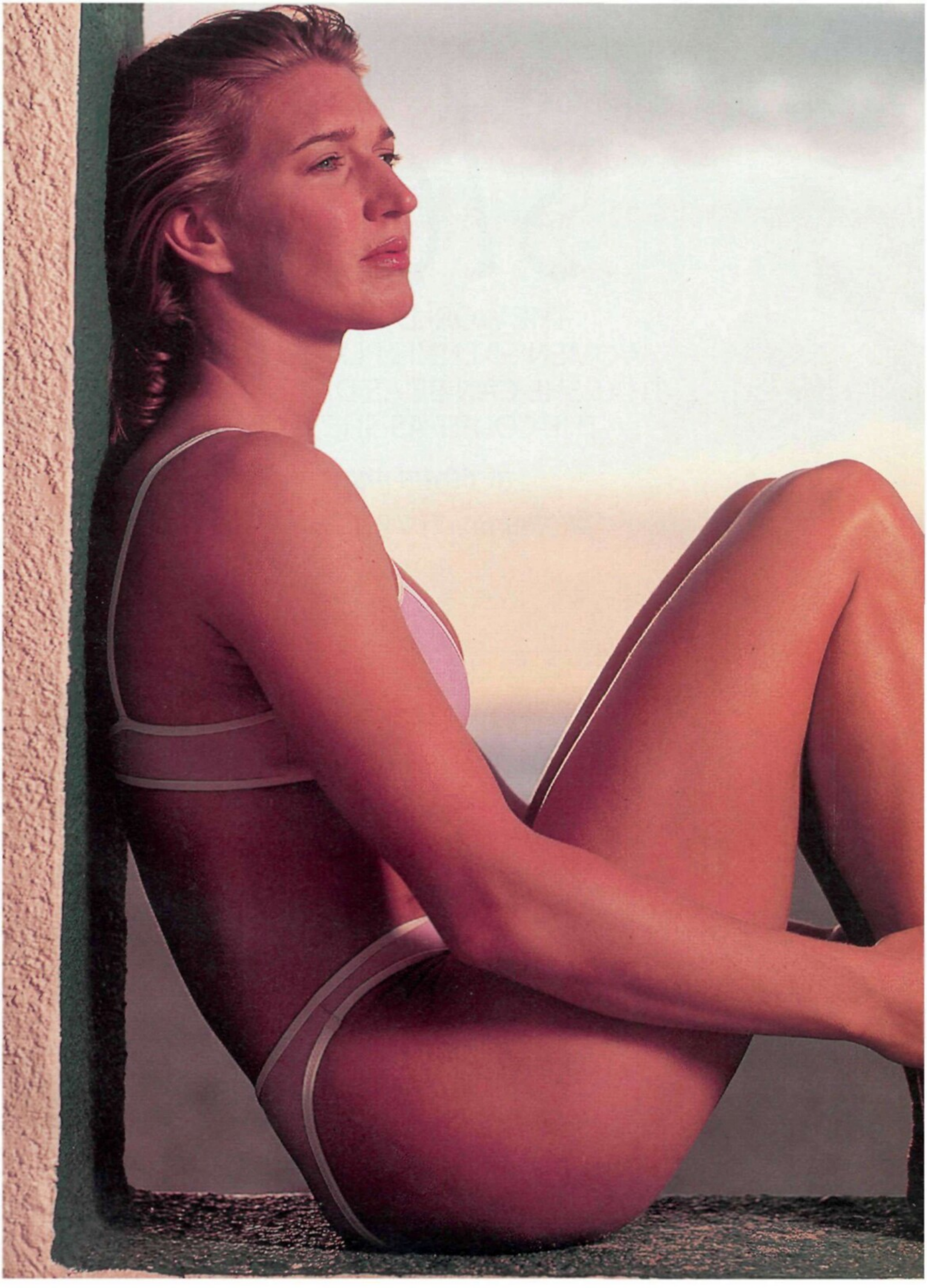
steffi

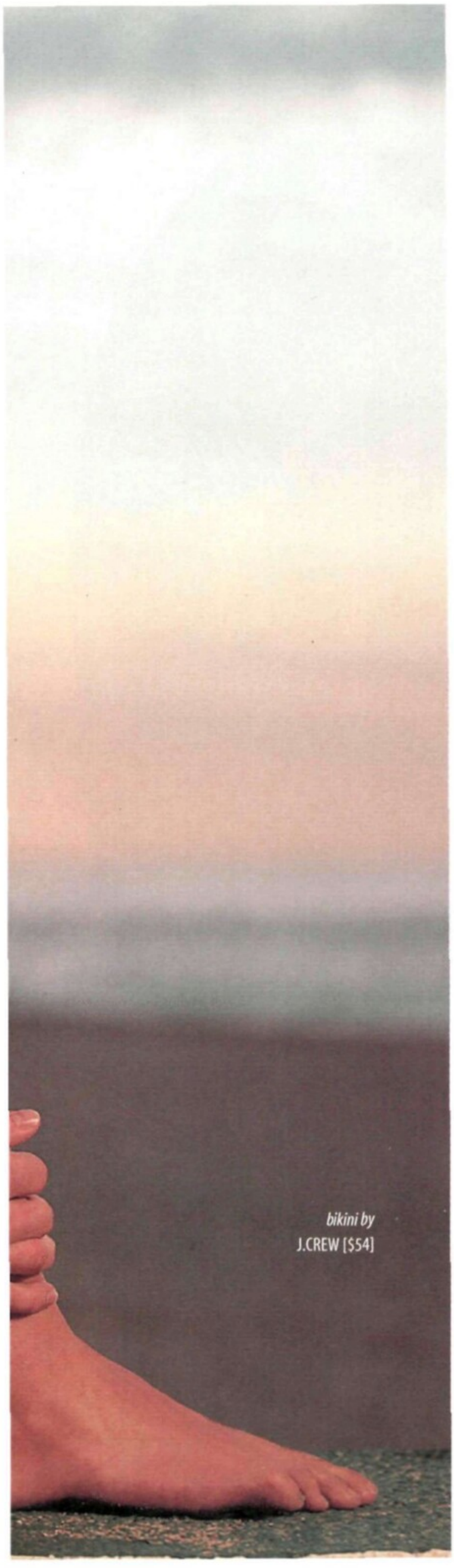
THE WORLD'S PREMIER WOMEN'S TENNIS PLAYER SHOWS THAT SHE CAN BE AS DAZZLING OFF THE COURT AS SHE IS ON IT

by austin murphy

photographs by walter iooss jr.

bikini by
BACHATA SWIMWEAR [$139]
hair by
FRANÇOIS ILNSEHER
makeup by
HEIDI LEE FOR
THE BRAD JOHNS SALON



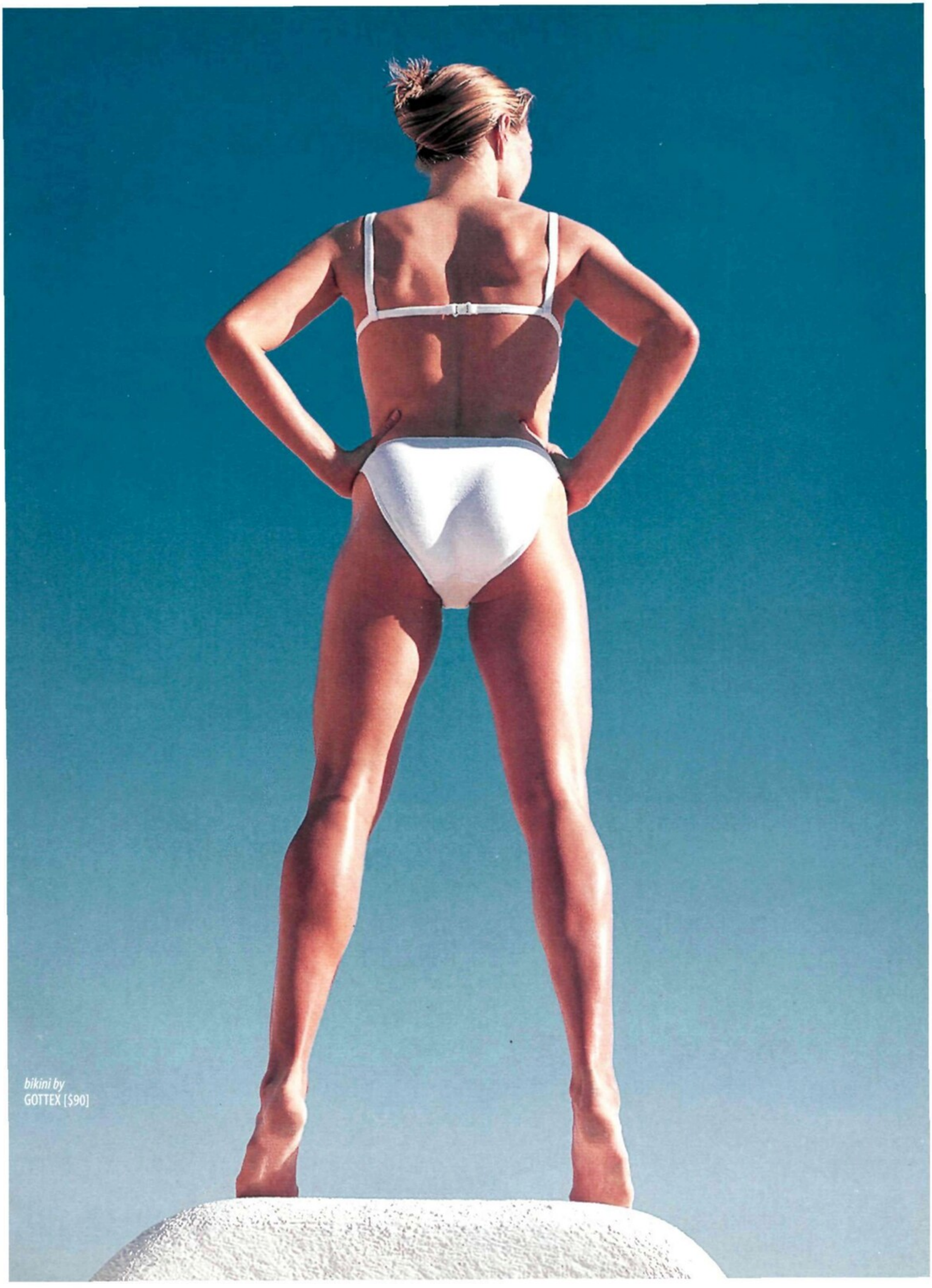


Norina and Robert Nuchereno of Buffalo are minding their own business, lounging poolside at their hotel in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, one afternoon in December when the invasion occurs. The Nucherenos are thinking about what to do for dinner, wondering how many degrees Fahrenheit it is back in upstate New York, when SI photographer Walter Iooss Jr. arrives, bearing cameras and attitude, casing the pool as if he owned the place. He is followed by cell-phone-wielding swimsuit editor Elaine Farley, who is to this operation what Norman Schwarzkopf was to Desert Storm. In their wake come a retinue of assistants and a honey-haired, hard-bodied woman who seems, to the Nucherenos, vaguely familiar. The brevity of her costume—she sports a white bikini that, wadded up, would fit easily into an airplane ashtray—calls attention to her terrific . . . assets. She is extraordinarily attractive, muscular but not in an overdone, Hans and Franz way.

"She's beautiful," says Norina, who sells pharmaceutical products and is not tough on the eyes herself. "I know I've seen her. I think she's the tennis player." Robert, a commercial real estate broker, shoots his wife a patronizing look, a look that says, I don't think so. Though I have been sworn to secrecy, I have to vindicate the grievously wronged Norina. Gazing straight ahead, moving my lips as little as possible, I say, "It's Steffi."

The Nucherenos look at me, then at Steffi Graf. "I thought so," says Norina.

By now Graf has climbed atop a stucco wall 10 feet from us. She is looking out on the Sea of Cortés, her back to the camera, her clenched fists on her hips, a la Wonder Woman. "Legs a bit farther apart," says Iooss. "Now stand on your tippy toes." As Graf rises, her calves and quads quiver. "God, that's powerful," says Iooss, clicking away.


bikini by
GOTTEX [$90]

WE WERE DELIGHTED WHEN GRAF SAID SHE WOULD LIKE TO MAKE A SPLASH (*bikini by* OSCAR DE LA RENTA SWIMWEAR [$60])

"I don't mean this in a bad way," says Robert, "but Steffi's better looking in person."

I know what he means: On the court Graf, 27, is all scowls and grimaces. Watching her dismember some hapless foe in 44 minutes, you don't reflect on how attractive she is. You reflect on what an efficient predator she is.

This afternoon there's no escaping the fact that Graf is also a knockout. That turns out to be less surprising, to me, than the revelation that she is, in addition, a kind, authentic, grounded person. During a break Graf hops down from the wall and suggests to Robert that he apply some sunscreen.

"Am I red?" he asks.

"Very red," she says in an English that has the barest hint of a German accent.

"Do you want us to get out of your way?" Norina asks.

"Oh, no," replies the best women's tennis player in the world. "We hope we're not bothering you."

We hoped we wouldn't be bothering Graf when we asked her to pose for this issue. She said she'd be happy to. Earlier that morning, while her hair was being blown dry, brushed, sprayed and teased by hairstylist François Ilnseher, Graf discussed her reasons for deciding to appear in SI in swimwear rather than her usual tennis whites. "I like photography," she says, "and the pictures in your swimsuit issue are always incredible. I mean, you can always find a nice girl in a nice suit, but what makes SI so special is the aesthetics. The background, the light, the color, the composition is always so good. That's why I am looking forward to this."

I nod knowingly, as if Graf and I are in complete agreement on this one. The truth is, if I have ever given any thought to the composition of one of our swimsuit photos, that thought was something like: Nice clamshell bikini on Jasmeen there—too bad they couldn't have found some smaller clams. If some topless supermodel is photographed behind a strategically placed palm frond, I do not, to my discredit, admire the way the flora brings out the green in her eyes. I'm thinking, I'd like to be a beetle on that leaf.

Graf is here to make art, not strudel. It is for the sake of art that she has flown into this resort town at the tip of the Baja peninsula, arriving at 9:30 the previous night and then arising at five this morning to submit to the twin ordeals of having her hair done and her face made up. We are on the beach by 6:15. Trudging through the sand on our way to the first location, I fall into step alongside SI design director Steve Hoffman. Just because Hoffman has brought his golf clubs to Mexico doesn't mean his presence isn't vital to the operation. He explains to me why in hell we're up at this hour—something about the oblique angle of the sun, the special qualities of morning light.

Nice to see Iooss again. Here is a man who clearly has cut some sort of Faustian bargain: handsome guy, hugely talented, spends half his life taking pictures of the world's most beautiful women. But every shoot isn't a day at the beach. I last watched him work

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a decade ago, when I sat in on a Hulk Hogan cover shoot. The Hulkster was as petulant as the most difficult swimsuit model: He refused to be photographed from the right (his left arm was the more buff, he insisted) and frequently interrupted the proceedings to do push-ups (the better to maintain a pumped-up state).

Things with Graf begin more smoothly. Soon Iooss has her striking a variety of poses. "Bring the body this way. . . . Shoulder up a little more. . . . O.K., do that again with just a glint of a smile." During breaks she dons a white terry-cloth robe. At the end of one such break, Iooss commands, "Take off your robe."

"That should be the title of his autobiography," says Hoffman.

By now Graf is in her third bikini of the morning; it is black with white piping that makes me think (forgive me, Lord) of icing. From a construction site adjacent to the hotel, a half-dozen laborers are leering down at her. Hey, Stef, I say, you want I should go teach those guys some manners? Realizing the insincerity of my offer—these hombres have tattoos and claw hammers—Graf properly ignores me.

I'm getting a lot of that this morning. Everyone else is scurrying around with something important to do. I'm taking the odd note, trying to make it look as if I'm working, but no one's buying it. When makeup artist Heidi Lee, who is wearing excruciatingly hip purple stretch pants—and who, frankly, intimidates me—applies something to Graf's lips, I ask, lamely, "A little lip liner?"

"Lip gloss," says Lee.

So I was close, I say. "You were," she replies, as if to a third-grader. "You knew it had something to do with lips." Like the Carolina Panthers, whose dressing room I was working 36 hours earlier, I feel as if I'm not getting enough respect.

Time to rattle a few cages. Time to ask the tough questions. For four years Graf has been dating Michael Bartels, a German race-car driver. Stef, I say, your decision to appear in the swimsuit issue—did you discuss it with Michael?

"What is there to discuss?" she snaps.

"Nothing, of course," I say, backpedaling furiously. "I just wondered, you know, since so many people will see it and since you will appear somewhat scantily clad, if. . . ."

Mercifully, she cuts me off. "I mean, if it were *Playboy*, that would be another thing."

That would be cheesecake. What we're doing here is obeying the swimsuit muses. We're making art. It was her concern with aesthetics, in fact, that led Graf to ixnay several of the

GRAF GAMBOLED AND WON (*bikini by* OSCAR DE LA RENTA SWIMWEAR, *top by* DELFINA SWIMWEAR [$180])

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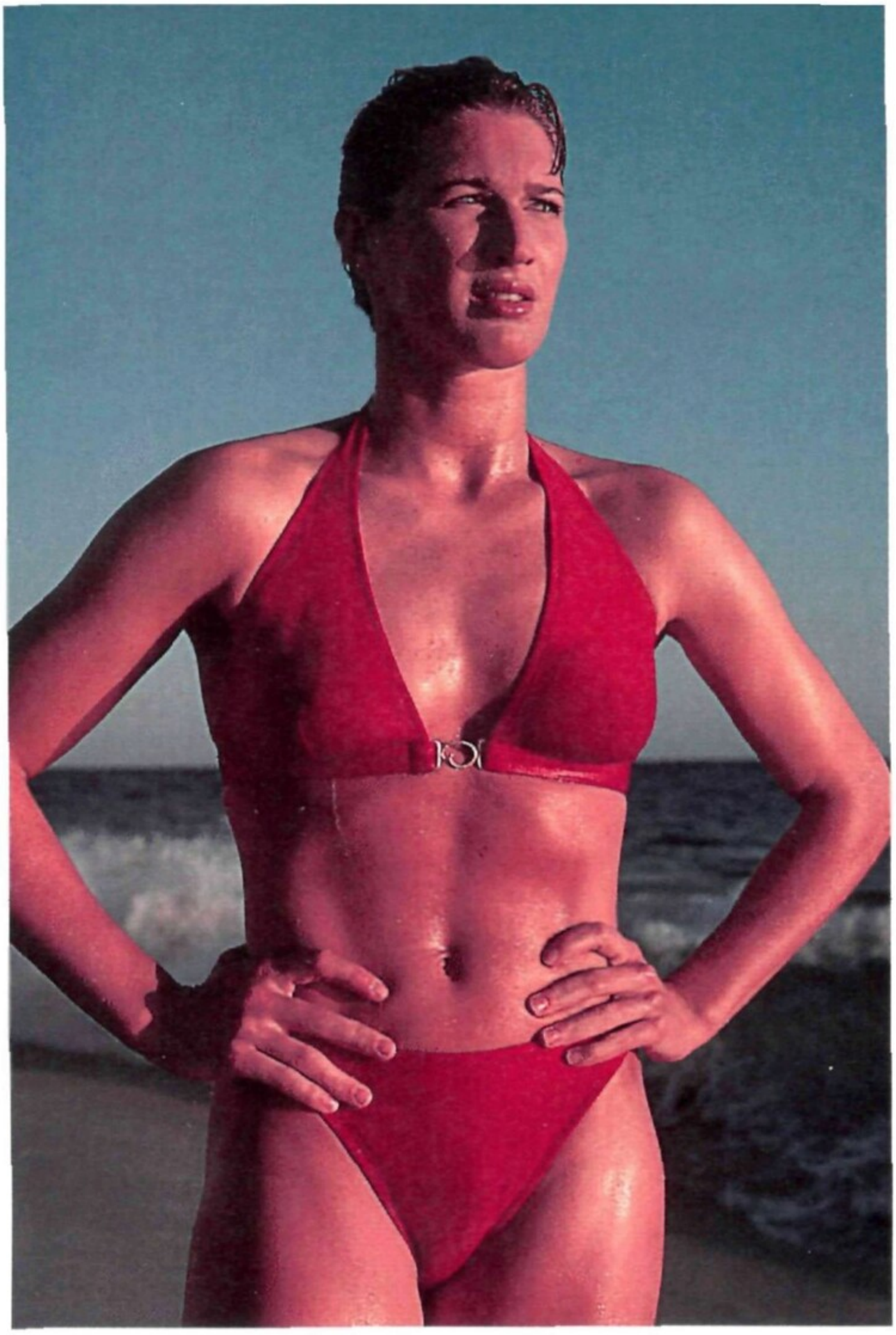

AT THE END OF A LONG DAY OF SHOOTING, GRAF WAS IN A ZONE, CAPTURED BY THE SWIMSUIT MUSE

bikinis Farley had picked out for her. The black Lycra one and the leopard one spring to mind. Like any intelligent person, Graf has a good idea of what will look good on her and what will look preposterous.

Iooss has his own ideas. Graf is not happy when he insists on taking a series of shots of her profile. During our break, from 10:30 to 1:30, Farley receives a call from Graf's agent, who's phoning from Arlington, Va. Would SI please stop asking Steffi to assume poses that make her uncomfortable?

Of course, SI would. Before we head out into the hot afternoon sun, Graf talks about how far she has come since earlier in her career, when she was plagued by an epic shyness. "It took me seven years to go on Letterman," she confides.

So you did eventually go on the show with him?

"Two times," she says. "They tell you not to touch him."

Some traces of tension remain when shooting resumes. After the Wonder Woman poses, a half hour is devoted to getting some of those gamboling-in-the-sand shots without which the SI swimsuit issue would be a pathetic husk of itself: pictures that suggest the models had been strolling on the beach when they were overcome by the desire to practice the triple jump.

After 15 minutes of performing, over and over, the same leap, Graf seems to be getting a little cranky. She is not alone. Ilnseher, the hair guy, keeps spritzing her with water. The water, atop her sunscreen, produces a slight sheen that is disturbing to Lee, the makeup artist. Chill out, I say. I kind of like that look.

"I'm sure you do," says Lee. "But I'm the makeup artist. I'm the one responsible if she looks like a stripper."

Harmony soon is restored. Everyone goes down to the water, where Graf has a blast frolicking in the surf. Iooss seems particularly jazzed about the last few rolls he has shot. Graf, clad in a Valentine-red bikini, sits in the sand, bathed in the day's final rays of sun. She and Iooss are in a zone.

And then they aren't. Two middle-aged couples stroll past. Upon recognizing Graf, one of the women succumbs to the unfortunate psychosis which overtakes many of us in the presence of celebrities. "Henry! Henry! C'mere! Ya gotta see this!" she screeches. "It's Steffi! Steffi, can we have your autograph? Can we get a picture with you?"

Graf would eventually pose with Henry and his excitable spouse. Just now, however, she is a bit brusque. "We're a little busy here," she says. "Now is not a great time."

The swimsuit muse is upon her. ■

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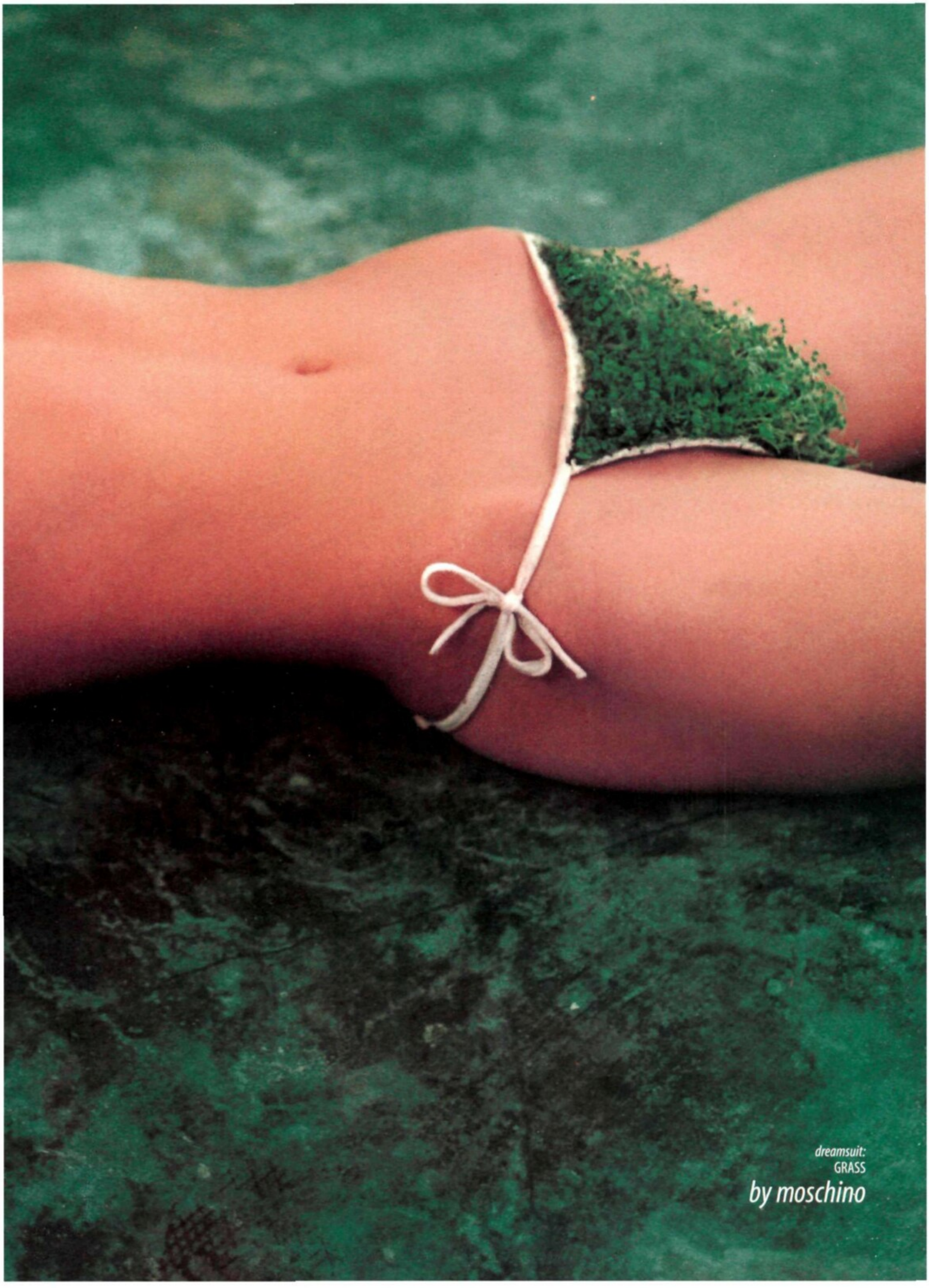
photographs by tiziano magni

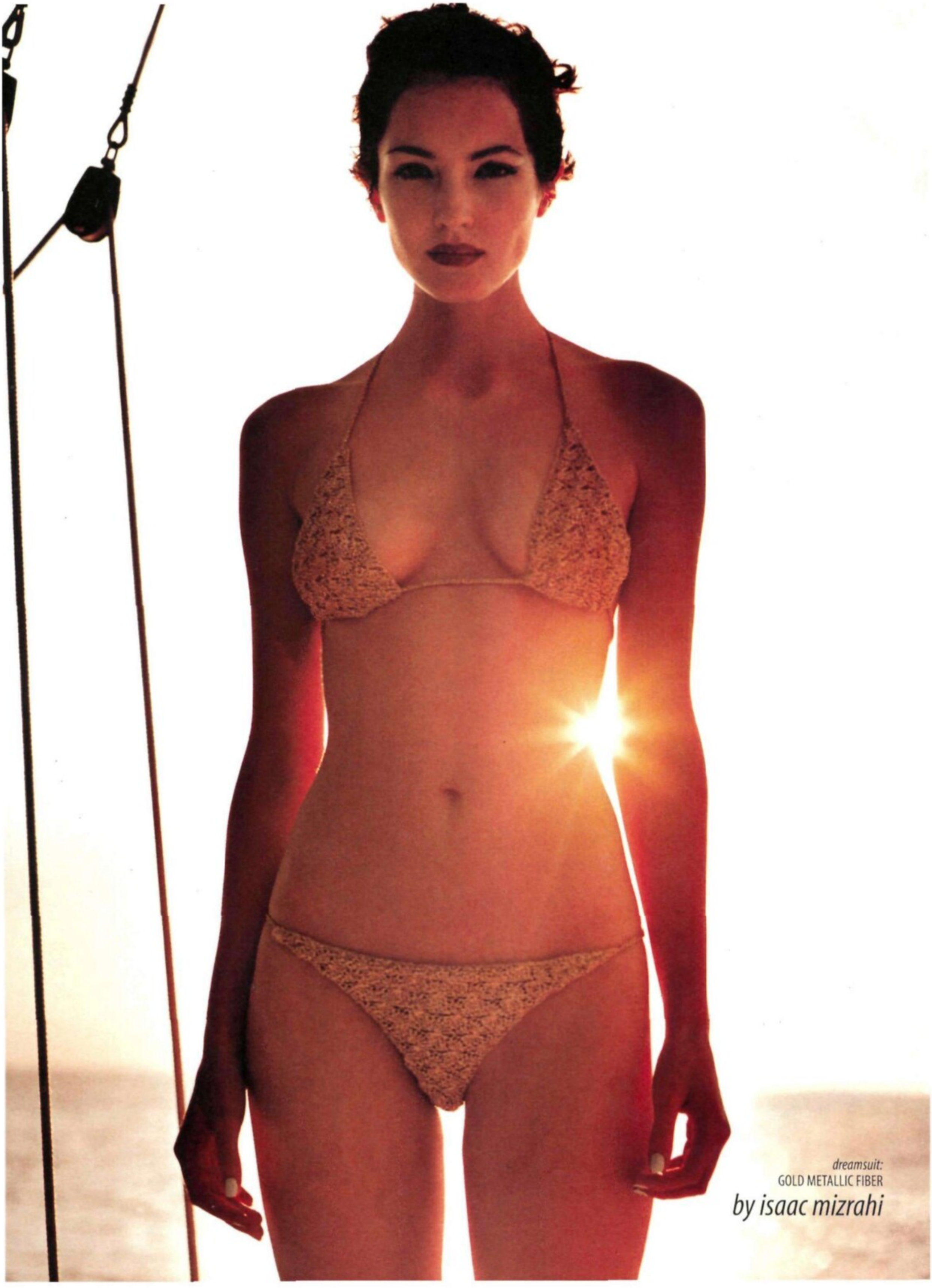
dreamsuit:
NUDE LYCRA WITH GOLD STUDS
by todd oldham

hair by
RECINE OF RECINE, NYC
makeup by
TRACEY GRAY FOR CALLISTE


dreamsuit:
GRASS
by moschino

by donna karan

dreamsuit:
LEAF WITH GOLD CHAIN



dreamsuit:
GOLD METALLIC FIBER
by isaac mizrahi

dreamsuit:
OYSTER LYCRA
by norma kamali

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l, cabana boy

LAETITIA CASTA
bikini by
MALIA MILLS SWIM WEAR [$142 FOR SET]
CARDIGAN BY PRATICO

hair by
WARD FOR BUMBLE AND BUMBLE
makeup by
PATI DUBROFF FOR SMASHBOX

WHAT KEEPS THREE BEAUTIES IN MALIBU FROM CAVORTING WITH THIS PROUD MEMBER OF THE CABANAERO? THE ANSWER IS IN HIS GENES

a screenplay by steve rushin
photographs by dewey nicks

FADE IN:
EXT. A PRIVATE BEACH - DAY
The Pacific Ocean is Sani-Flush blue, lapping gently at Gap-khaki sands. Seagulls reel, movie stars frolic. And vice versa. From a distant hi-fi somewhere off-camera, Sinatra sings: "The summer wind/Came blowin' in/From across the sea . . ."

NARRATOR (VOICE-OVER)
I didn't fit in. Not at first. Not in Malibu . . .

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:
The full panorama of the tan-o-rama that is Malibu. In a single, sweeping, wildly expensive helicopter shot, we race northbound just above the Pacific Coast Highway, surveying Westec Security signs that stand like steel daffodils in front of every beachfront home, luxury sedans with license plate frames that read I BRAKE FOR AUDITIONS, the MTV summer house near Zuma Beach and the sun-dappled set of Baywatch. Finally, the camera swoops back southbound above the glorious PCH . . .

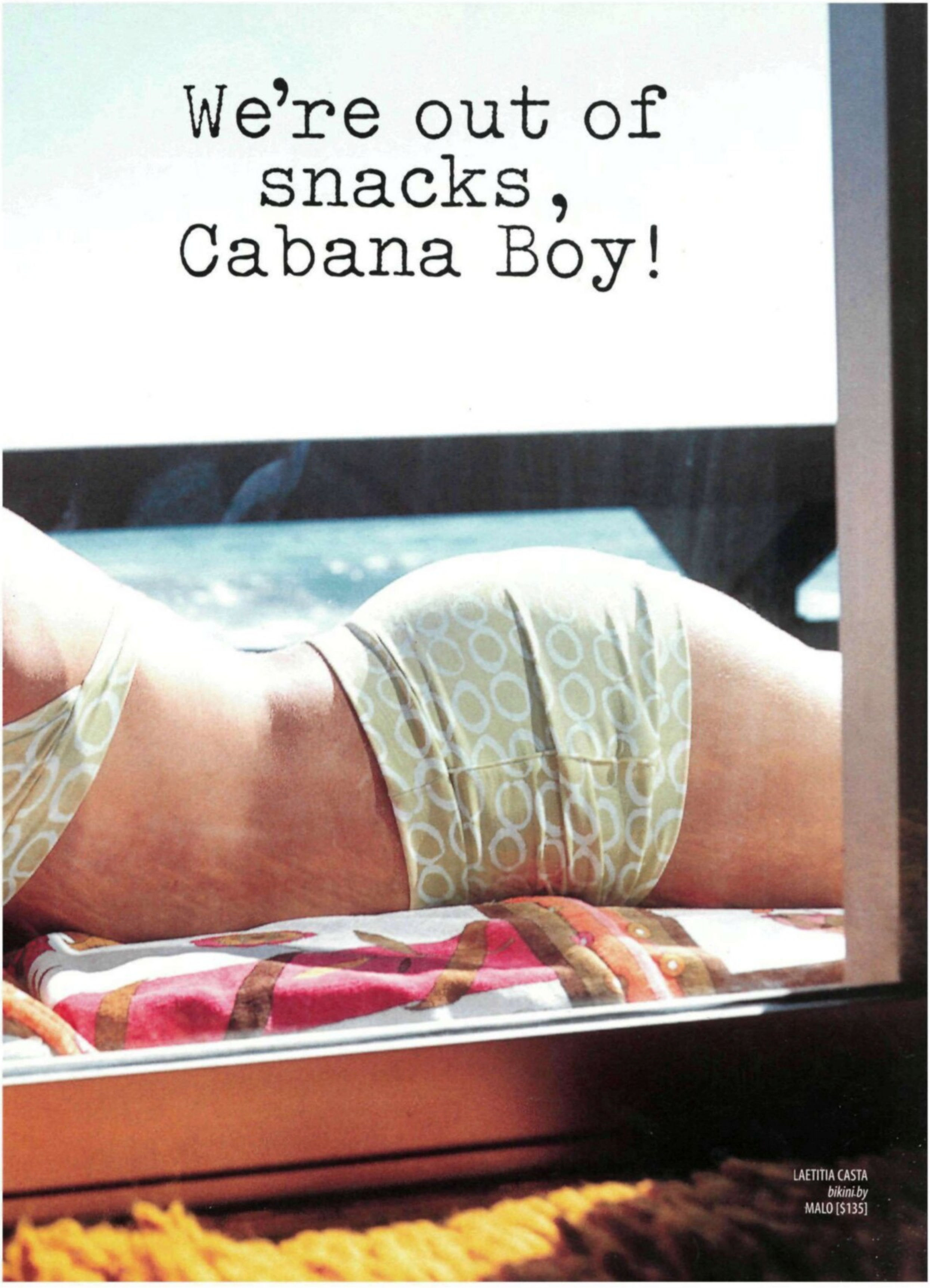
NARRATOR (V.O.)
You've heard of the Beverly Hillbillies?
I belonged to the Malibu-geoisie:
A hopelessly middle-class slug, interloping among the impossibly rich . . .

CUT TO:
EXT. THE SUNDECK OF A $3 MILLION BEACH HOUSE
Looking up from the private beach, we see lavender-bikinied LAETITIA, 18, dancing on the sundeck. She is slowly grinding, like the teeth on a mental patient, to the music drifting out from the hi-fi in the house.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
. . . and beautiful. All the people here are beautiful: Malibu Ken and Malibu Barbie . . .

Seeing that she's being watched from the beach, LAETITIA raises her hands in protest, removes a stiletto-heeled shoe and throws it at the camera. The camera

We're out of snacks, Cabana Boy!



LAETITIA CASTA
bikini.by
MALO [$135]

pushes up past LAETITIA, still dancing, and the screen is now filled with the deep-blue sky above her. Up with Sinatra belting, "The world was new/Beneath a blue/Umbrella sky . . ."

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BEACH
An aging CABANA BOY is squinting as he looks up at the sundeck. When he speaks, we discover that he is the NARRATOR we have been listening to. Blood trickles from a wound in the center of his forehead. He is holding a stiletto-heeled shoe.

CABANA BOY
(DABBING AT WOUND, TO CAMERA)
What can I say? She's head over heels for me.
I am Cabana Boy. At least that's what my roommates call me. All summer I have shared this beach house with three vacationing swimsuit models. Right, somebody has to. People say my life is a Bud Light commercial. Or Three's Company. Except there are four of us . . .

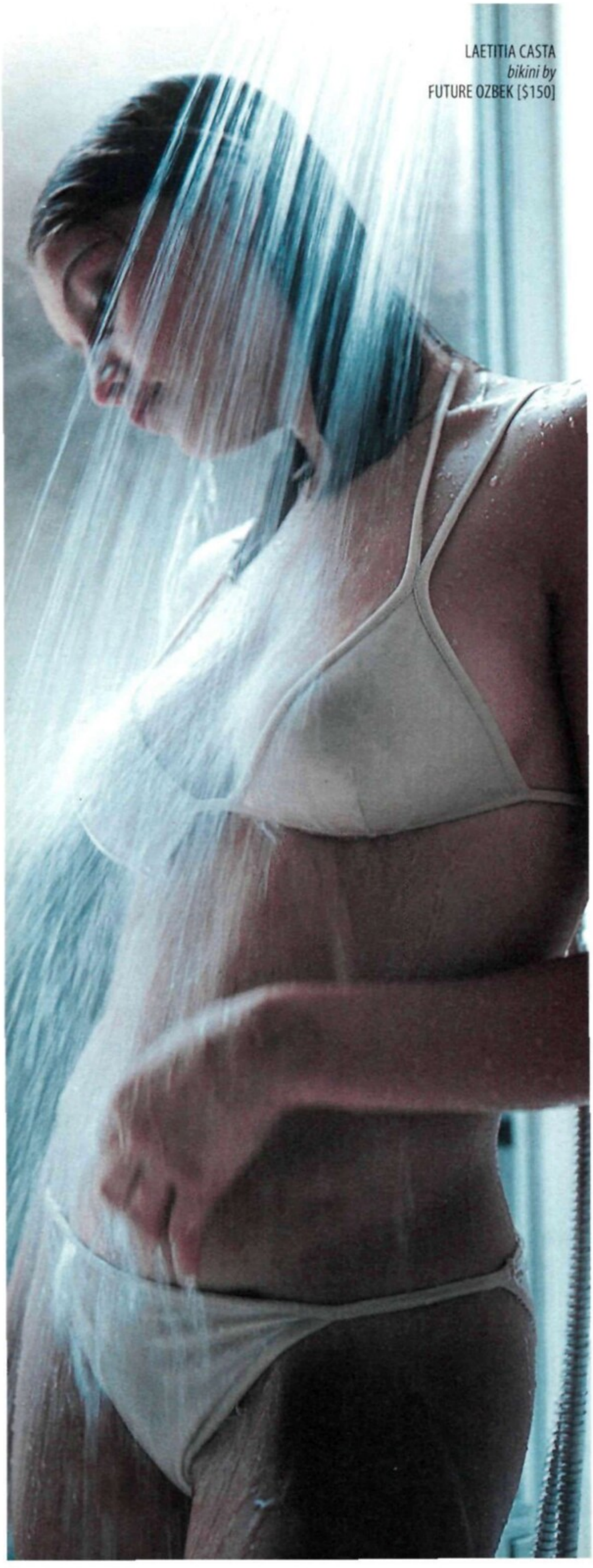
CUT TO:
NAVIA, 24, slides open the deck door and pops her head into the living room, while BRANDI, 19, addresses the lazy, vain, stupid CABANA BOY below. She is clearly fed up with him. Her tone and the camera angle call to mind Mussolini speaking from the balcony.

BRANDI
Cabana Boy! We're out of towels!

CABANA BOY
(TO CAMERA)
O.K., so I'm not so much their roommate as their manservant, a professional cabana boy, beach lackey to the beautiful. My life is really like The Flamingo Kid, except I'm no Matt Dillon. No, I'm far better looking. Oh, and I'm old enough to be their oldest brother. Though that's clearly impossible, because while these ladies do come from the deep end of the gene pool, I, Cabana Boy, am . . .

You,
Cabana Boy,
are
something
foul!

LAETITIA CASTA
top by
MALO [$145]
bottom by
MALO [$135]



CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT - LAETITIA is on the sundeck and CABANA BOY is on the beach.

LAETITIA
(IN FRENCH, WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES)
You, Cabana Boy, are something foul, skimmed off the surface by the guy who cleans the gene pool.

CABANA BOY
(BEAMING)
I never know what she's saying, but it always sounds wonderful.

CABANA BOY goes back to his work, planting tiki torches on the beach.

CABANA BOY
I'll admit, this is the hardest time of year for a member of the Cabanaero, the brotherhood of cabana boys: the last day of summer. So tonight, we have the ritual last hurrah--the farewell blowout clambake!

CUT TO:

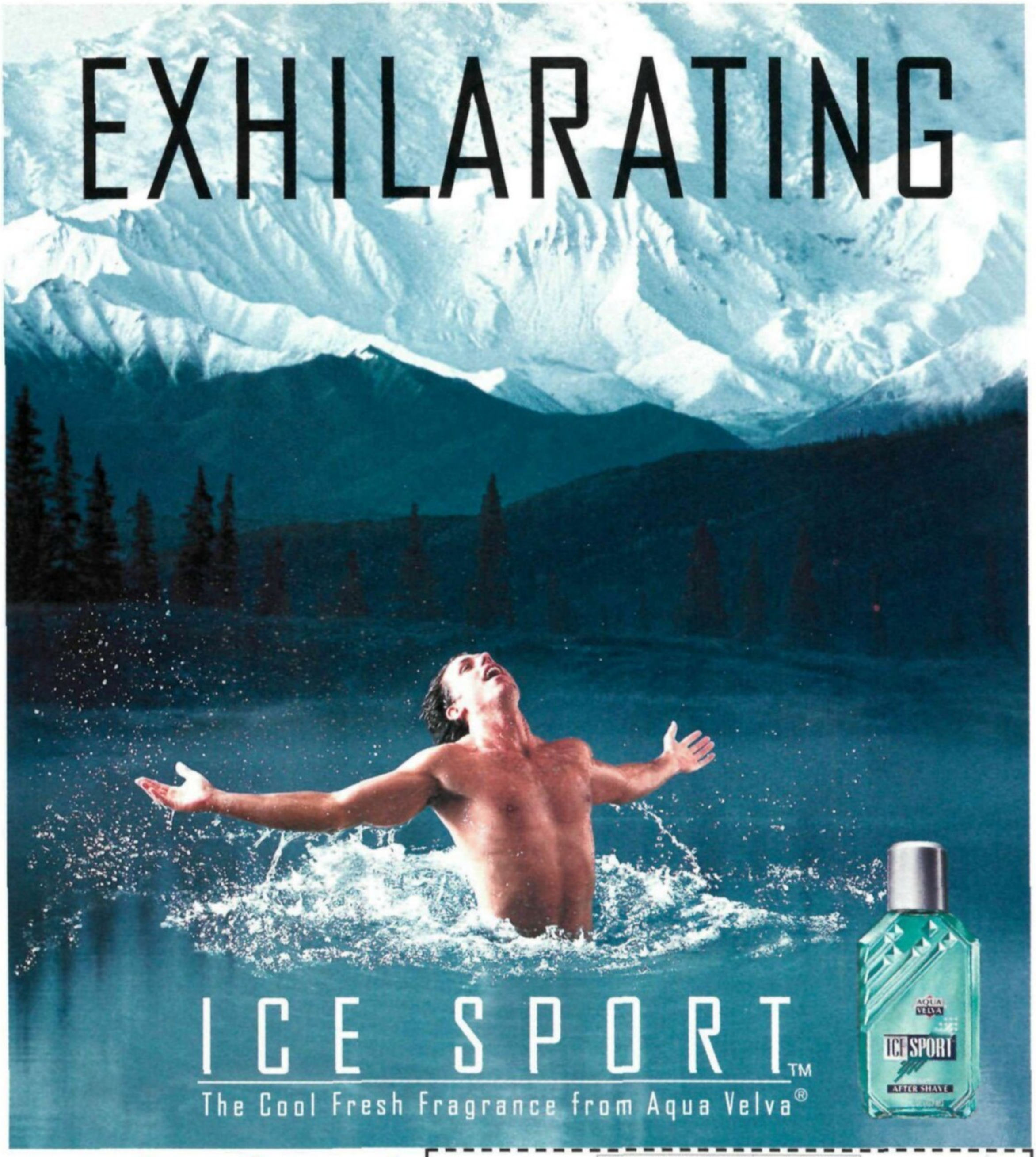
LAETITIA, leaping from the sundeck and diving into the surf. She emerges after a moment and rolls onto the beach, so that she now resembles a Shake 'n Bake chicken. She sunbathes for a bit, then walks past the over-heated CABANA BOY. As she passes, the tiki torch he is holding sponta-neously bursts into flame. A Steadicam follows LAETITIA onto the sundeck, into the beach house and finally to the shower, where she de-sands.

CUT TO:

CABANA BOY, sitting on a love seat in the living room, addressing someone who is just out of the frame . . .

CABANA BOY
She won't leave me any hot water. She never does. You notice that? Cabana Boy has taken nothing but cold showers this summer. Perhaps it's just as well. You know, sometimes I think you're the only one in the house who understands me . . .

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:
A golden retriever yawning impas-sively on the love seat next to CABANA BOY.



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BRANDI (LEFT)
LAETITIA CASTA (CENTER)
NAVIA
(page 246 for details)

LAETITIA
We're out of snacks, Cabana Boy!

EXT. GROCERY STORE AT THE MALIBU COLONY PLAZA
CABANA BOY is shopping for the clambake. He lowers a whole pig into his shopping cart, a pineapple, 30 bottles of Evian water. The wheels of the cart go squeak, squeak, squeak . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT
We still hear the squeak, squeak, squeak, but now the sound is made by crickets. On the soundtrack, Elvis Presley sings "Clambake."

BRANDI
Cabana Boy, now that the summer is over, I think we can finally tell you: You've made each one of us . . .

CABANA BOY
No, don't say it. His eyes mist. Brandi, you're a fine girl. What a good wife you would be. But my life, my love and my lady is the sea . . .

BRANDI
. . . sick. I was going to say, you've made each one of us physically ill with your presence.

But CABANA BOY doesn't seem to hear her. We now view the clambake campfire through his misting eyes. Everything goes blurry, and CABANA BOY gets lost in a pleasant, nostalgic reverie. The entire glorious summer passes before his eyes in flashback . . .

DISSOLVE TO:
A quick-cut montage of happy scenes from the summer. As CABANA BOY remi-

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LAETITIA CASTA (LEFT)
NAVIA (RIGHT)
(page 246 for details)

nisces, the soundtrack plays "We had joy/We had fun/We had seasons in the sun . . ."

CUT TO:

The music stops abruptly, with the sound of a needle scratching across a record. CABANA BOY snaps out of his daydream. He begins to weep for the summer that is now over. His falling tears extinguish the dying embers of the campfire.

EXT. THE BEACH - THE NEXT AFTERNOON

A horse's hooves trample over the blackened remains of last night's campfire.

CUT TO:

LAETITIA, riding her beloved white Arabian steed on the beach. Slowly, the camera pulls back to reveal . . . CABANA BOY, following with a shovel. He is yakking, but LAETITIA is not listening.

CABANA BOY

It hurts to say goodbye, ma chere, but we must be strong. It's Labor Day, when all the cabanaero head south--to Brazil, Argentina, the Caribbean--to find another gig, another guesthouse. Me, I'm making for Mexico: Cabo, Cozumel, Ixtapa. Doesn't really matter. A cabana boy makes his home wherever he hangs his hairdo.

CUT TO:

A long shot of LAETITIA, standing alone on the beach, her hands interlocked as if in prayer, a look of ineffable sadness on her face. This is goodbye. Slowly, the camera recedes into the distance.

CABANA BOY (V.O.)

When last I saw Laetitia, she wore a yellow bikini. And a heartbreaking look of immeasurable loss. I knew that look. I'd

HIGH CLASS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

POLICE

SUNGLASSES

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LAETITIA CASTA
bikini by
DOMANI [$180]

seen it so many times before. It was a look that said . . .

On the soundtrack, Dusty Springfield sings "The Look of Love," from the motion picture Casino Royale. Up with the music as we . . .

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHBOUND 405 FREEWAY - DUSK

CABANA BOY is riding LAETITIA's horse at full gallop for the Mexican border. He is pursued at low speed by 12 black-and-white Los Angeles police cars.

CABANA BOY
. . . a look that said, "I can't believe that guy stole my horse!"

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD SQUAD CAR

COP
(INTO RADIO)
Suspect is fleeing on a white bronco!

The COP's radio squawks back indecipherably. The audio dissolves into a cacophony of frantic radio voices as we . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PITCH-DARK ROOM

We see nothing and hear only a single manic voice on the radio. We can now make out a hand in the dark, reaching to silence an alarm clock radio. CABANA BOY rises slowly from bed, picks up a tumbler of Tums from the nightstand, steps over an empty pizza box and pulls up his window shades, flooding the room with white light. Wearing only boxer shorts, he looks out the window and rubs his eyes. A heavy snow falls outside his Minneapolis apartment. There is whiteout as we . . .

FADE OUT:

THE END

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beauty and the beach

GABRIELLE REECE AND HER VOLLEYBALL COLLEAGUES DEBATE WHAT ROLE SEX APPEAL WILL PLAY IN EXPANDING THE POPULARITY OF THEIR SPORT

by michael silver *photographs by guzman*

The morning sunlight caressed her bronzed face, the warm wind tossed her blonde hair, and the lesson she was getting opened her green eyes. Gabrielle Reece, an 18-year-old sophomore volleyball player at Florida State, sat in the passenger seat of a black Chrysler LeBaron convertible while an older, shorter and soon-to-be richer schoolmate gave her a lecture she will never forget. The place was Tallahassee, the year was 1988, and the driver was senior Deion Sanders, an All-America football player in the process of remaking himself.

Reece remembers the scene vividly: "We were on our way to speak at a Say No to Drugs function, and he looked very ordinary—no jewelry, no flash. He said, 'Gabby, there are a lot of brothers out there more talented than me, but I'm going to go higher in the draft, and you know why? Because I'm giving people what they want. They may make fun of me and call me a dumb n-----, but they won't realize it's all a show, and I'll be laughing all the way to the bank.' He kept talking about how sports are entertainment, and as he was doing this, he was putting on gold chains and rings and touching up his hair. He transformed himself into Prime Time before my very eyes."

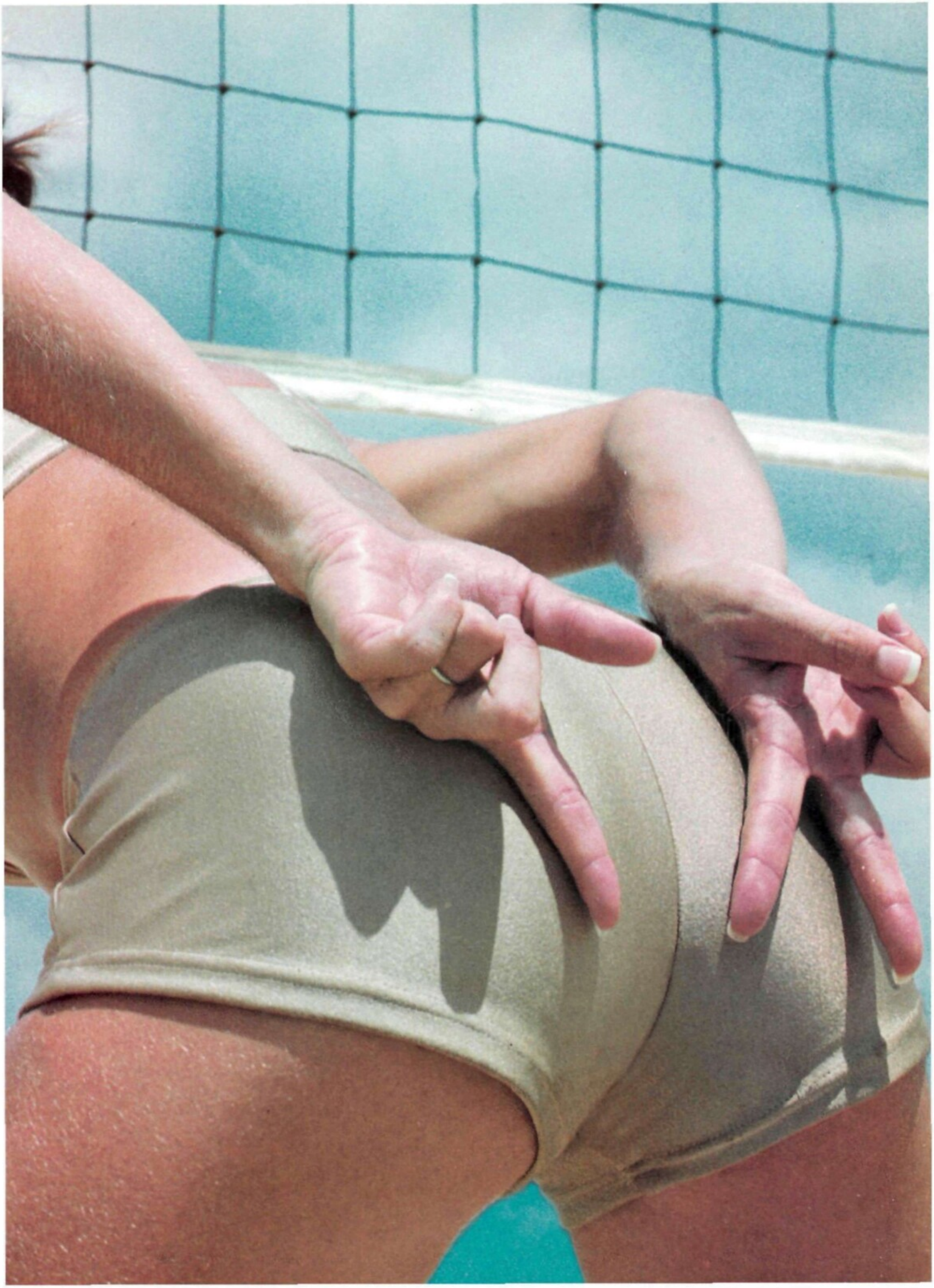
As she recounts that conversation eight years later, Reece is once again battling the wind while riding in a convertible, this time one driven by her boyfriend, big-wave surfing icon Laird Hamilton, along the Kamehameha Highway on the Hawaiian island of Kauai. Reece, 27, is heading to a photo shoot at Polihali Beach on a paradisiacal September morning. The world's most recognizable women's volleyball player because of her work as a top fashion model, Reece protects her hair by using a T-shirt as a babushka. Like Sanders, she has created a persona that transcends her athletic achievements while still retaining the respect of most of her fellow players.

"Deion taught me the importance of selling yourself and your sport, and he also taught me that, while it's O.K. to have fun along the way, it's definitely a business," Reece says. "That's sort of where we're at with beach volleyball. Though no one can deny the athleticism, beach volleyball has nothing to do with sports; it has to do with entertainment. Our challenge now is to market it, to get it to the next level."

Whatever level it eventually attains, few sports in modern times have ascended as improbably as beach volleyball, which 15 years ago was mostly a California phenomenon whose top players battled for beer money, surf-shop T-shirts and mythical king-of-the-beach status. Now, it's an Olympic sport that drew sold-out crowds in Atlanta last summer and whose competitions appear more often on American TV than soccer's, gymnastics' or even indoor volleyball's. And while the men's Association of Volleyball Professionals (AVP) tour is by far the richest on domestic sands, the women are gaining ground. A 1995 study showed that the Women's Professional Volleyball Association (WPVA), which is to start its 11th season in April, ranked behind only the pro tours of tennis, golf and bowling in

KARRI POPPINGA
calls the play

hair by
DICKEY FOR DEBBIE WALTERS
makeup by
MATHU ANDERSON
FOR DEBBIE WALTERS
(page 246 for details)



GABRIELLE REECE
dives for a dig

purses for female athletes in the U.S. And the less lucrative Women's Beach Volleyball League (WBVL), which has teams of four players, rather than the WPVA's two, has also increased exposure for women in the sport, largely on the strength of Reece's participation.

What, exactly, is the appeal of women's beach volleyball? For starters its games are fast paced and exciting, played by graceful, well-conditioned athletes. Because the women use a net that is eight inches lower than the one used on the men's tour, there's no apparent drop-off in athleticism from the men's game, the way there is in, say, women's basketball. Like NASCAR, the beach volleyball circuit has proven adept at courting corporate sponsors without alienating the rank and file. Fans get a casual atmosphere and free admission.

> *IF PEOPLE WANT TO COME CHECK US OUT BECAUSE OF OUR BODIES, I DON'T HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THAT*

Oh, and one other thing: Tanned, well-toned, scantily-clad women are on display. And though Reece is the only one who has been named "one of the five most beautiful women in the world" by *Elle*, there are plenty of prominent players who look terrific in a bikini.

Sex appeal is women's beach volleyball's greatest selling point; it is also its biggest headache inducer and its greatest source of debate. Some players believe the sport should succeed strictly on its athletic merits, while others view its sexiness as a welcome means of attracting viewers. "If people want to come check us out because they're scoping our bodies, I don't have a problem with that, because I guarantee they'll go home talking about our athleticism," says Holly McPeak, an Olympian who was the WPVA's top-ranked player in each of the past two seasons. "It's not such a

KARRI POPPINGA
takes a breather

▲

[Second Place, Cold War]

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bizarre notion. Does Michael Jordan look good in his basketball uniform? Definitely. The sex appeal is unavoidable, but it's not the basis of the sport."

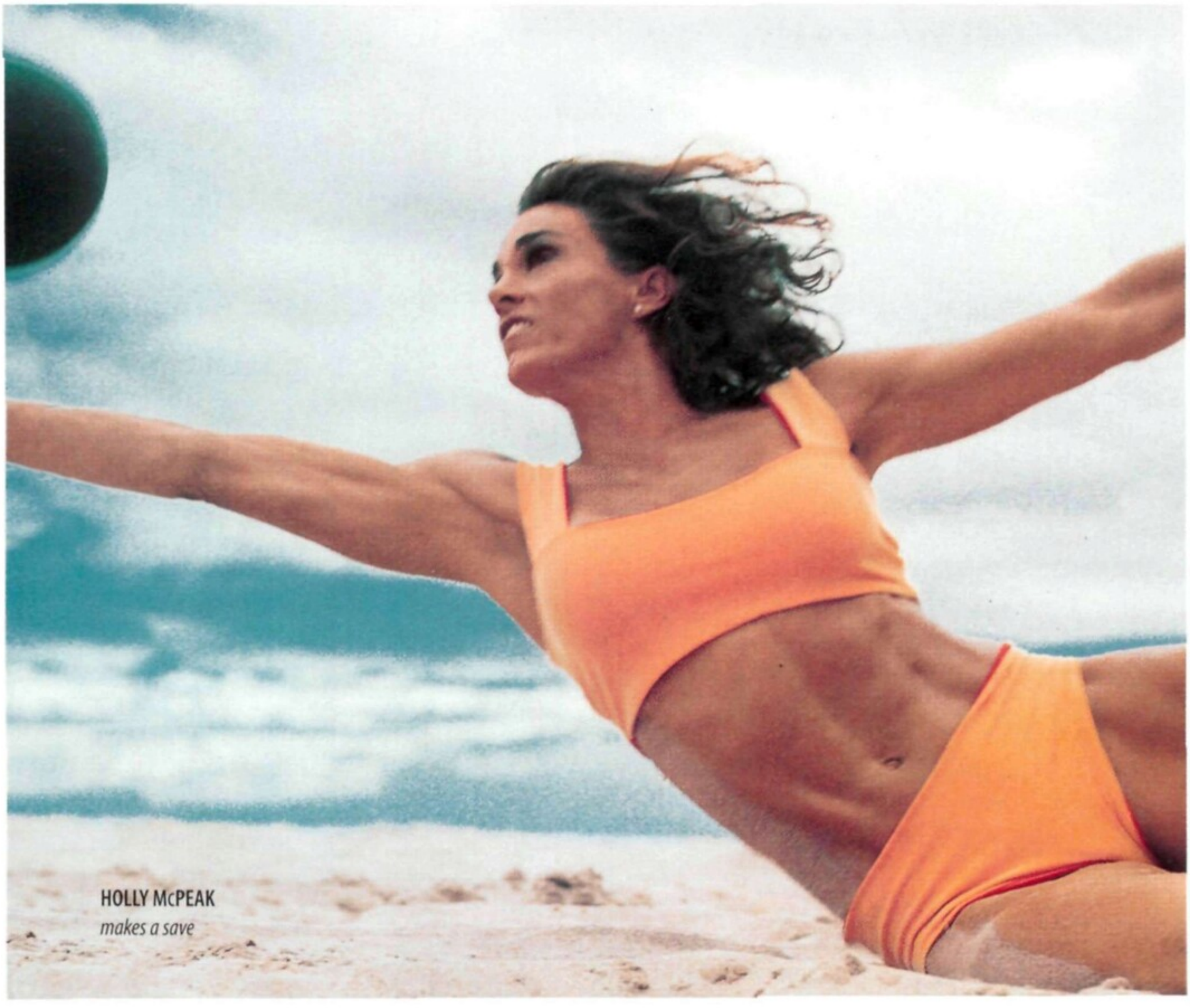
"Why does it have to be about sex appeal at all?" counters Angela Rock, another of the WPVA's top players. "To me it's more of a lifestyle appeal. I think people model themselves after the fitness, the youth, the energy, the playing outdoors and the freedom of beach life. Other sports have attractive women in skimpy uniforms, but ours is the one that gets stereotyped as a skinfest, and that's not the image we're trying to project."

> *OTHER SPORTS HAVE ATTRACTIVE WOMEN IN SKIMPY UNIFORMS, BUT OURS GETS STEREOTYPED AS A SKINFEST*

If some players object to their sport's being portrayed as *Baywatch with Balls*, they can partly trace that reputation to the early years of the men's tour. There's nothing inherently sexist about beach culture—generally, people are comfortable in their bathing suits, and men and women tend to admire one another without gawking. But until five or six years ago, the AVP tour seemed to be saddled with a beer-commercial mentality. "They were still doing the bikini contests between matches," says Olympian Linda Hanley, a 36-year-old mother of two. "We've been fighting the image that the only reason our sport is selling is because we're wearing the skimpiest possible uniforms. But think about it—if you're at the beach, you wear a bathing suit. This is my office, and it's a little tough for me to play in pumps and panty hose."

Perhaps because the topic is so loaded, the WPVA has been careful not to cultivate a beach-babe image. As a result the spectators at matches have been much less boisterous. "The men's tour still has more of a party atmosphere," McPeak says. "People drink beer and rock out to loud music. You have women in the crowd who get all dolled up to impress the guy players, and then guys who come out to check out the women. Our crowds are much more sedate, and that's a shame."

McPeak is quick to point out that at the 1996 Olympics the atmosphere at the beach volleyball venue, which was used by both women and men, was rowdy and festive. But again, there



HOLLY McPEAK
makes a save

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SWISHER SWEETS

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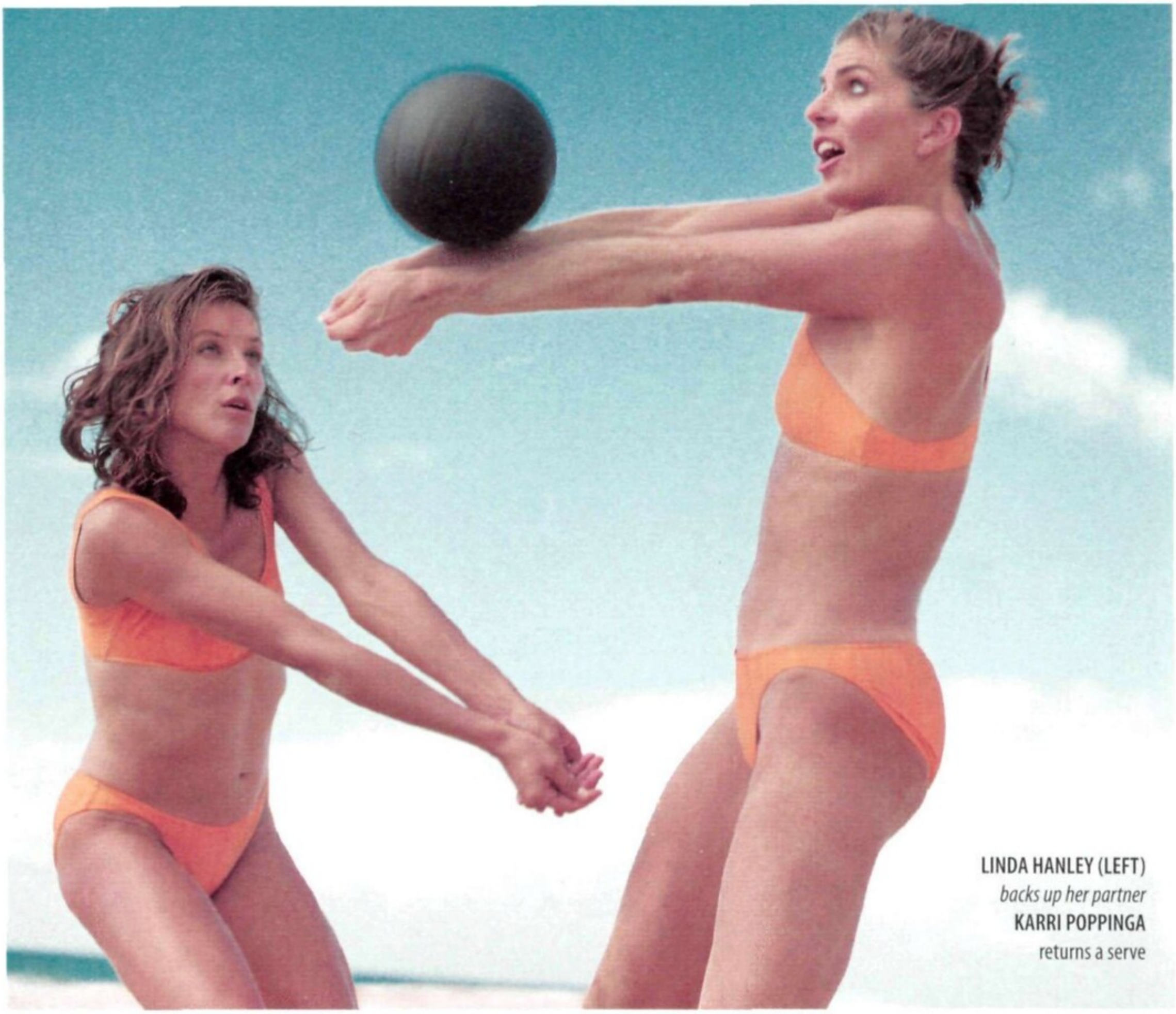


LINDA HANLEY (LEFT) *backs up her partner* **KARRI POPPINGA** returns a serve

were *Baywatch* overtones. Much of the U.S. media coverage of women's matches focused on reports that McPeak, a 27-year-old with a perfectly sculpted build, had received breast implants, and on the nasty feud between then partners McPeak and Nancy Reno, who make Pamela Anderson Lee and Gloria Steinem seem compatible. Formerly the world's No. 1–ranked team and a favorite for the gold in Atlanta, McPeak and Reno struggled to a fifth-place finish, and all three U.S. women's teams failed to medal.

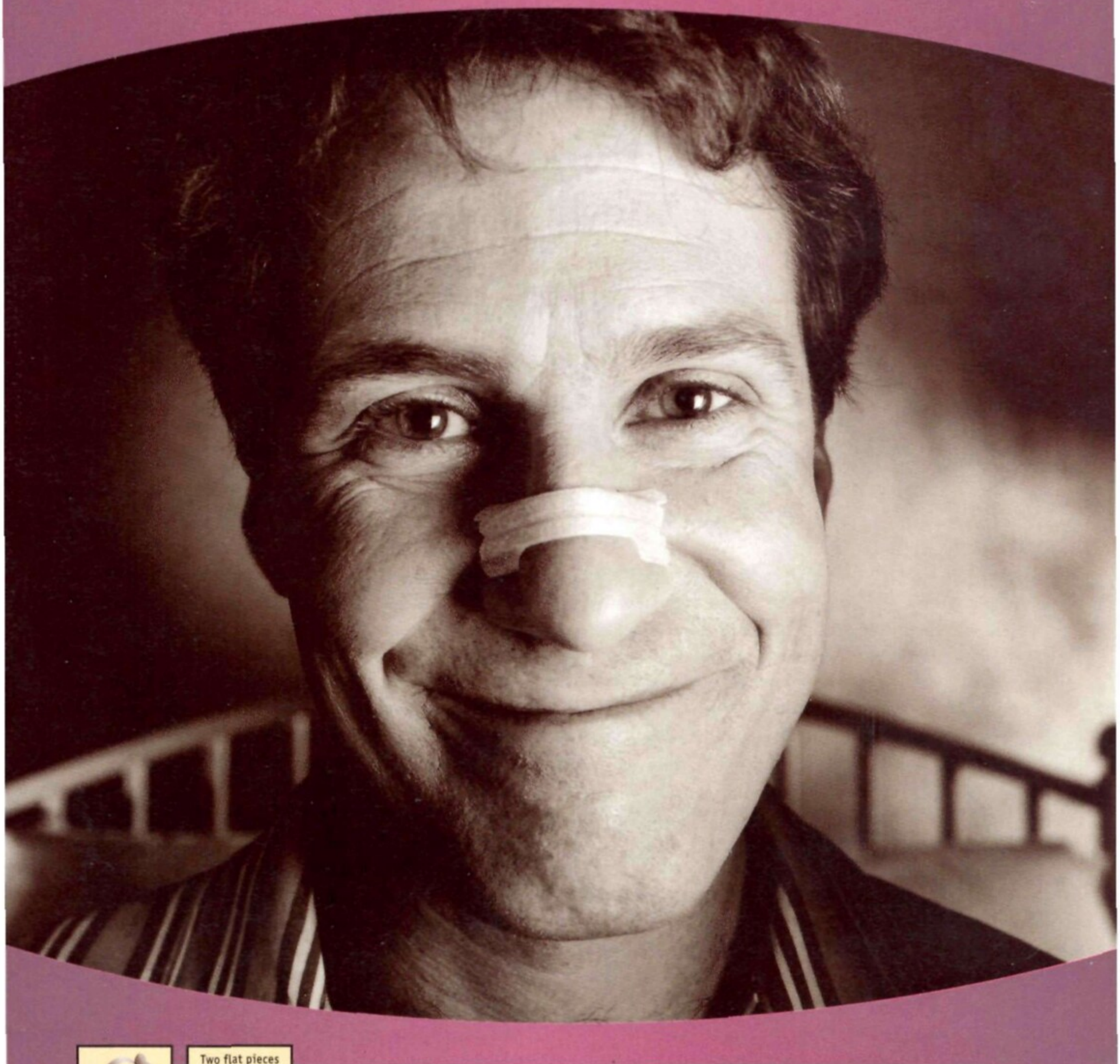
But the U.S.'s loss was the world's gain: Two Brazilian teams, Jackie Silva–Sandra Pires and Adriana Samuel–Monica Rodrigues, won the gold and the silver, respectively, becoming the first women from their country ever to medal in the Olympics. It made them cult heroes in Brazil, where even prominent U.S. players have long been besieged by autograph seekers. "You need bodyguards to walk from the arena to the hotel," says U.S. Olympian Barbra Fontana Harris, who six years ago put a career as a civil-defense lawyer on hold to play on the WPVA tour. "And Jackie Silva is like Madonna there." Samuel, a former indoor player who has extensive modeling experience, says Brazilian audiences are more comfortable with the idea of athletes clad in revealing uniforms. "People in Brazil are a lot more at ease with showing their bodies," she says. "Women walk the streets in bikinis or skimpy outfits. It's an accepted part of the culture."

The U.S. women players would gladly settle for the same degree of acceptance their male counterparts enjoy. "Of course men's beach volleyball is sexy," says WPVA player Patty Dodd, who should know—her husband, Mike Dodd, is a longtime AVP star who won a silver medal in Atlanta. "Ninety-five percent of the guys have great bodies, and they're wearing the minimum." Interjects Hanley, "Well, not quite the minimum."

> *MEN'S VOLLEYBALL SELLS SEX, AND IT DOES IT EFFORTLESSLY, WHEREAS OUR GAME IS MUCH MORE SHY ABOUT IT*

"Men's volleyball sells sex, and it does it effortlessly, without being judged, whereas our

MAKES BREATHING SO EASY, YOU CAN DO IT IN YOUR SLEEP.



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PATTY DODD
sets up her teammate

game is much more shy about it," McPeak says. "That has to do with societal differences between the sexes. Men aren't uncomfortable being perceived as sexy, because no one questions their legitimacy as athletes. With women athletes, there's always the question of whether we're sex objects who aren't being taken seriously."

While McPeak, who grew up playing on Manhattan Beach's fabled Marine Street courts, is hardly shy about showing her body, the 6' 3" Reece is surprisingly self-conscious. She plays in a jogging bra and men's running tights. "That way," she says, "I can dive, spread my legs and not worry about it at all." The majority of players wear sporty two-piece bikinis or one-piece suits.

Reece has a marketing acumen that rivals that of Sanders, who is still a friend and a fellow Nike client. In addition to her modeling stardom, she became a hero to the extreme-sports crowd as the host of two TV shows, *MTV Sports* and *The Extremists*, on which she performed gonzo activities such as whitewater kayaking, drag racing, skydiving and road luging. She has sponsorship agreements with Oakley sunglasses and Coppertone and has helped design five lightweight cross-trainer shoes for Nike. A book on her career, *Big Girl in the Middle*, is due out later this year.

That's quite a portfolio for someone who has yet to prove herself on the more prestigious WPVA tour, though her attainments in the four-person game cannot be disputed. She has led the WBVL in kills in each of the past four seasons, was the Offensive Player of the Year in 1994 and '95 and was the leader in blocks in '93. Though there is a small streak of jealousy toward Reece, most players regard her commercial success as a blueprint for what the sport must do to increase its popularity. "There doesn't have to be such a complete division between 'You're beautiful and sexy' and 'You're athletic and strong,' " Hanley says. "The Reeboks and the Nikes are starting to realize that the athletic body is sexy, and Gabrielle Reece has a lot to do with that." Even Rock, one of the more staunch feminists on the tour, says, "It's good that the most recognizable name in volleyball is a woman. Unfortunately, she's not a three-time gold medalist, like Karch Kiraly is. She's fashion model Gabrielle Reece. But it's a start."

Because of her modeling, Reece hardly needs the income that beach volleyball provides. But she is committed to promoting the sport and is even interested in assuming a leadership role in it when her playing career ends. She has some strong opinions on how to improve women's volleyball, beginning with consolidation of the two tours into a single, larger one. A few years ago, the WPVA survived a two-year war with the AVP, which had launched

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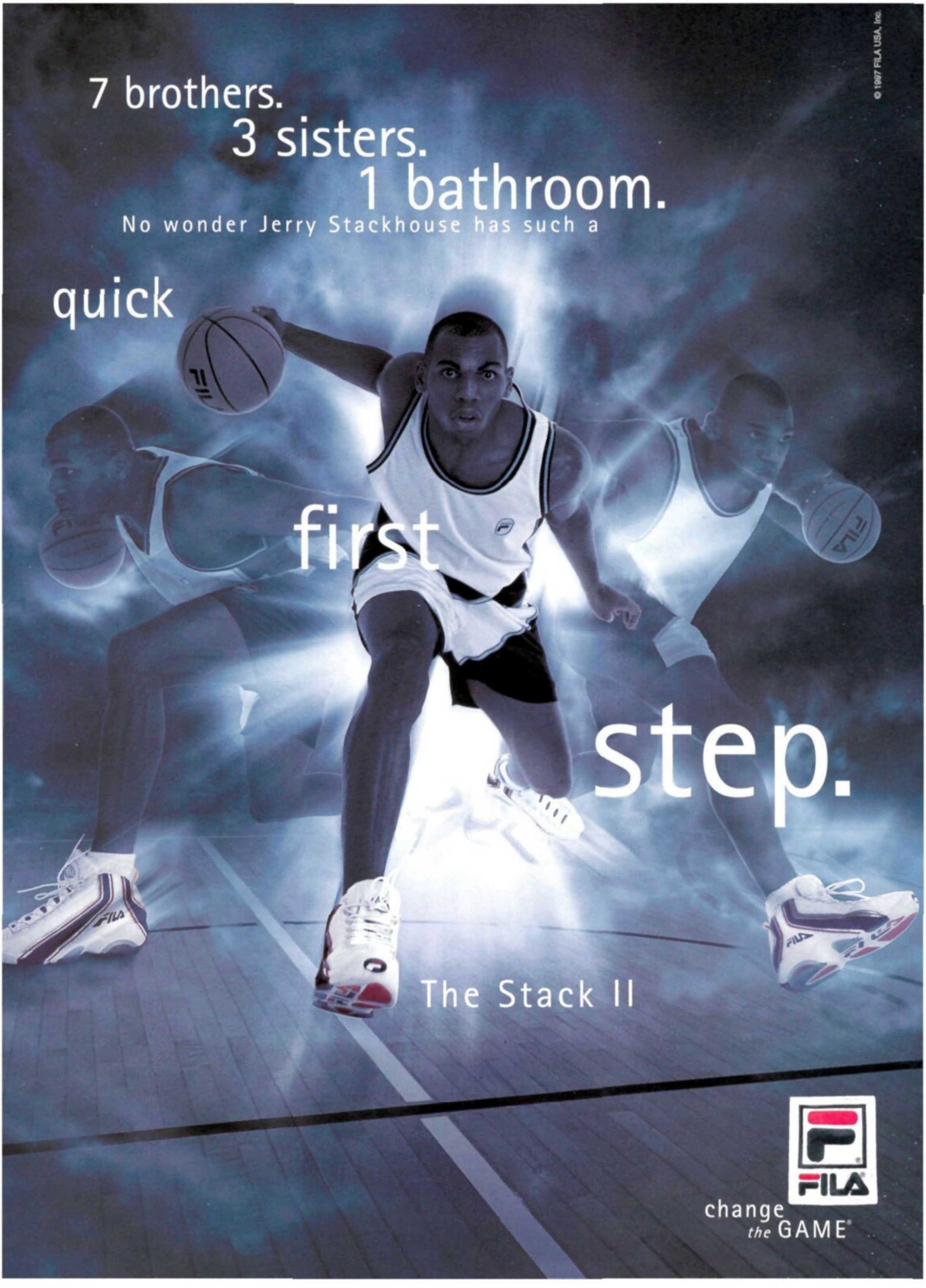
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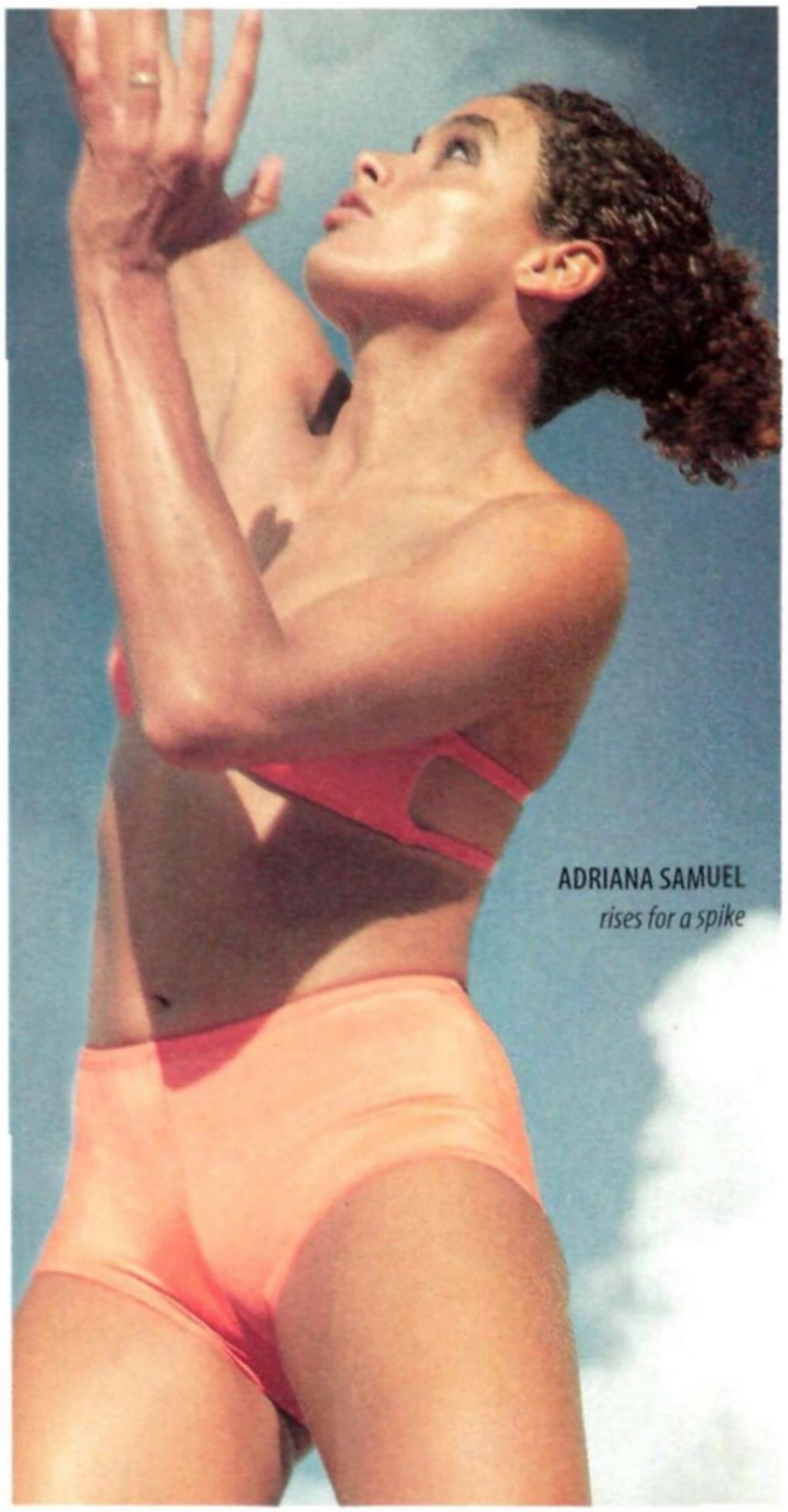
a competing women's tour. Now Reece says, "We should be set up like tennis, because neither tour is strong enough alone to get to the next level. We could have twos and fours at the same event, just like tennis has singles, doubles and mixed doubles." By the same token, she and other players would like to see the creation of grand-slam-caliber tournaments at which the men's and women's tours would converge, a concept that WPVA tour director Le Valley Pattison says is in the works. And Pattison says that an admission fee, another change advocated by Reece, is likely to be instituted in the next couple of years, though probably for the center-court matches only. "Part of a sport's appeal is that it's a little bit unattainable, and we need to create that aura," Reece says. "People believe that if you pay for it, it's worth something. Sometimes beach volleyball is still sort of backyard."



ADRIANA SAMUEL *rises for a spike*

Of all the players on the WPVA, Hanley understands why. A protégée of fabled beach player Nina Matthies, who along with Kathy Gregory dominated the pre-WPVA game, Hanley remembers playing matches mostly for pride. "The losing team of the previous game had to ref the next match," Hanley recalls. "I'd play for dinners at The Charthouse and T-shirts, and I'd have a crowd of friends hanging out for the finals, because they knew if I won $500, I'd buy the beer. Now that we're bigger, I want to reap some of the benefits."

The question now, as Reece says, is how to grow the sport and what role sexuality should play in doing that. Rock, Reno and others identify more with the Title IX generation of women who had to fight for equality in the sports world and believe sexiness should be an afterthought. Many younger players, such as Reece and McPeak, are more inclined to market whatever is attractive. But rather than drawing a line in the sand, the two factions now seem willing to tolerate one another's excesses—such as players posing for sexy photo spreads—in pursuit of a common cause. Says Hanley, "Angela and I will have heated discussions about this, but we always come back to the final goal of selling the sport, and that's the truly important thing."

"Look," Reece says, "men's basketball has the great fortune that all the players have to do is go out and play and that's enough. Women's sports need something else to sell, and if that's women who are incredibly fit and attractive, so be it."

The convertible is charging ahead to the photo shoot, and Reece squints her eyes into the wind as she ducks down in the backseat. She applies mascara as she speaks, beginning a transformation as complete as the one Sanders treated her to eight years earlier. "There's this whole dichotomy of strength and beauty that we're playing on," Reece says as Hamilton pulls into a parking place at the beach. "The game is very balletic, and the beach players are evolved *women*. You get the feeling these women have a real defined sense of themselves. The athleticism overrides the sexuality, but then the athleticism makes them sexier. Women normally are looked at as objects, and the moment the object is functional, it becomes threatening—and that can be very sexual."

She smiles, punches Hamilton in the shoulder for effect and prepares to go frolic on the beach. ■

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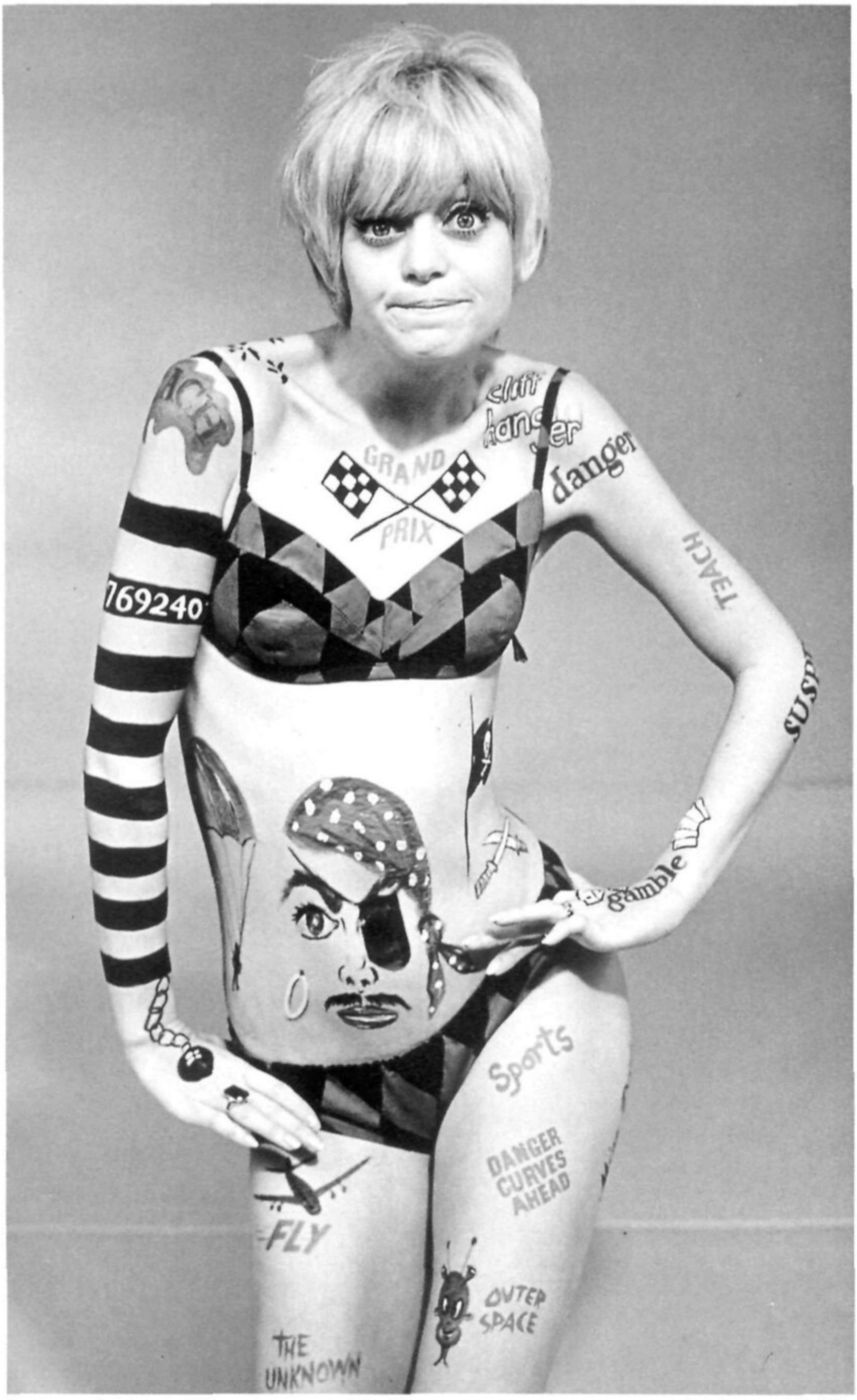

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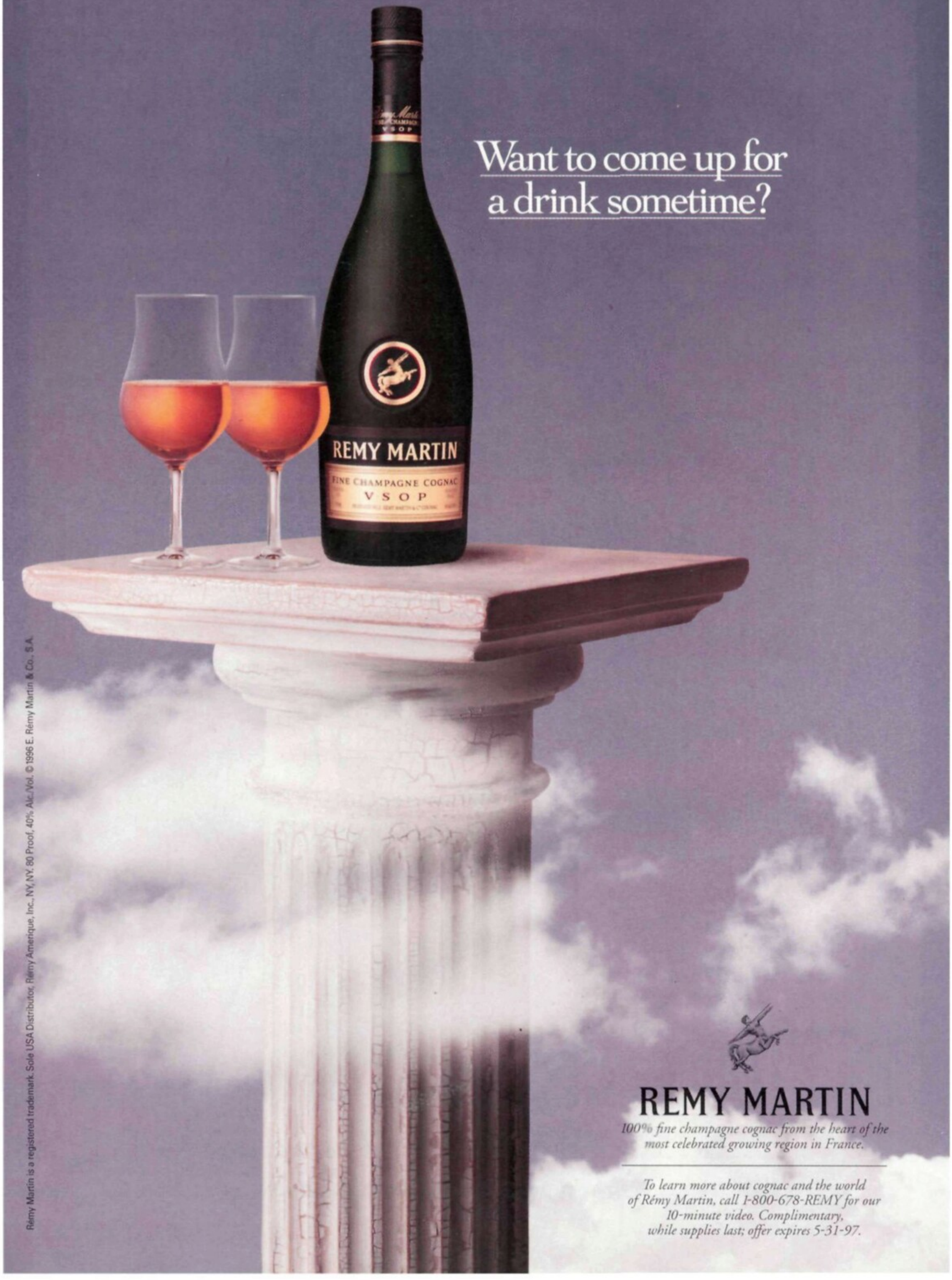
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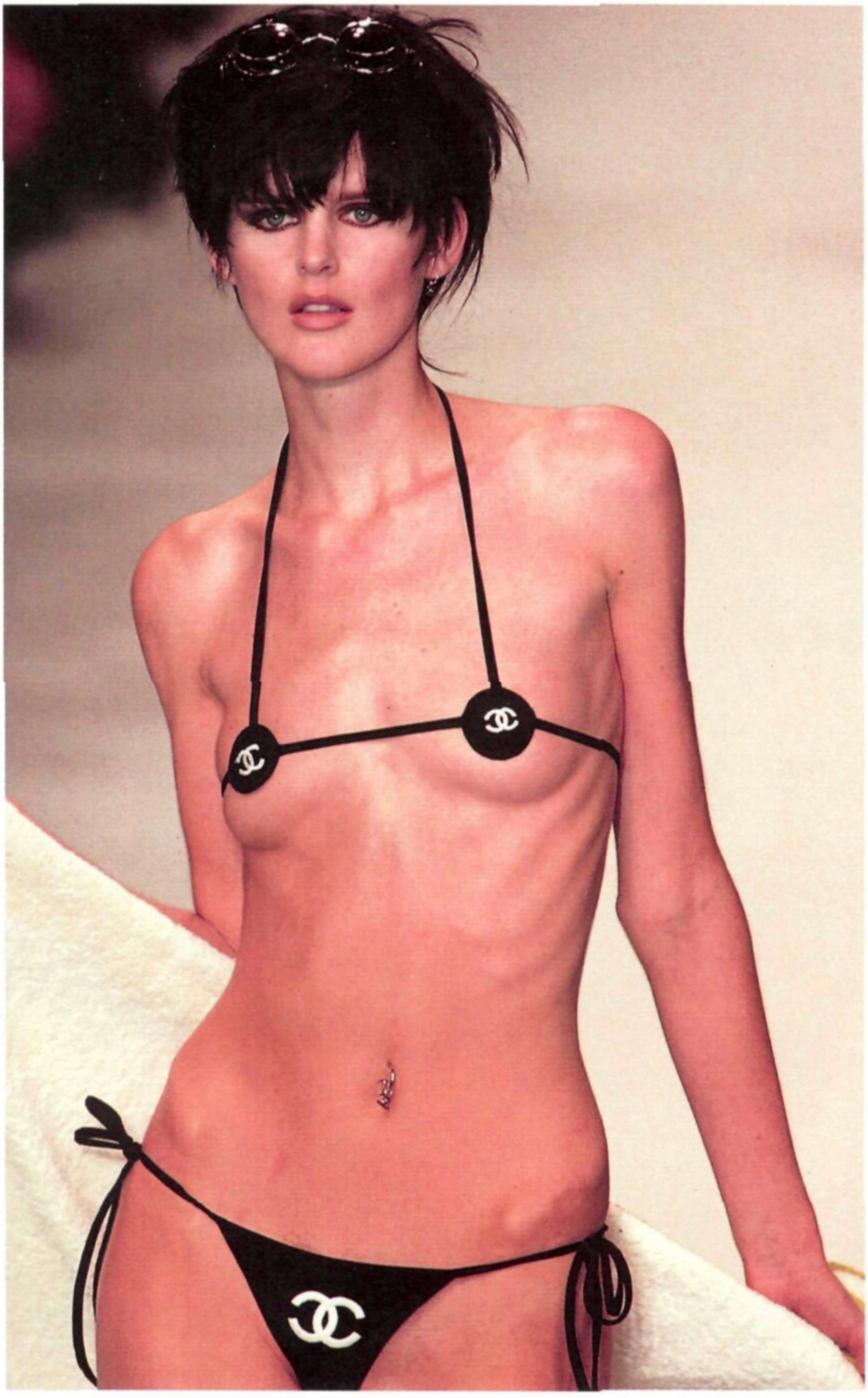

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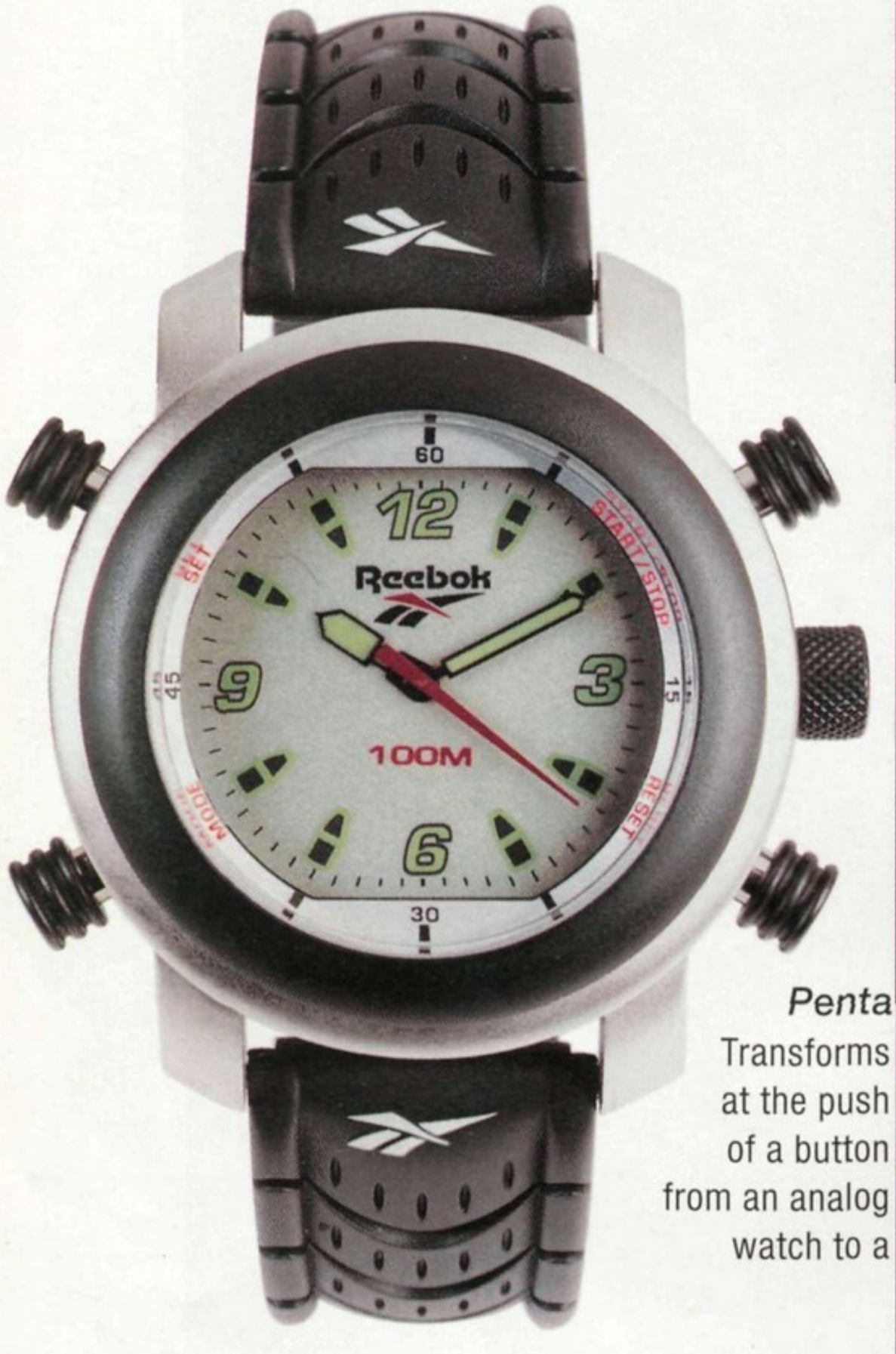

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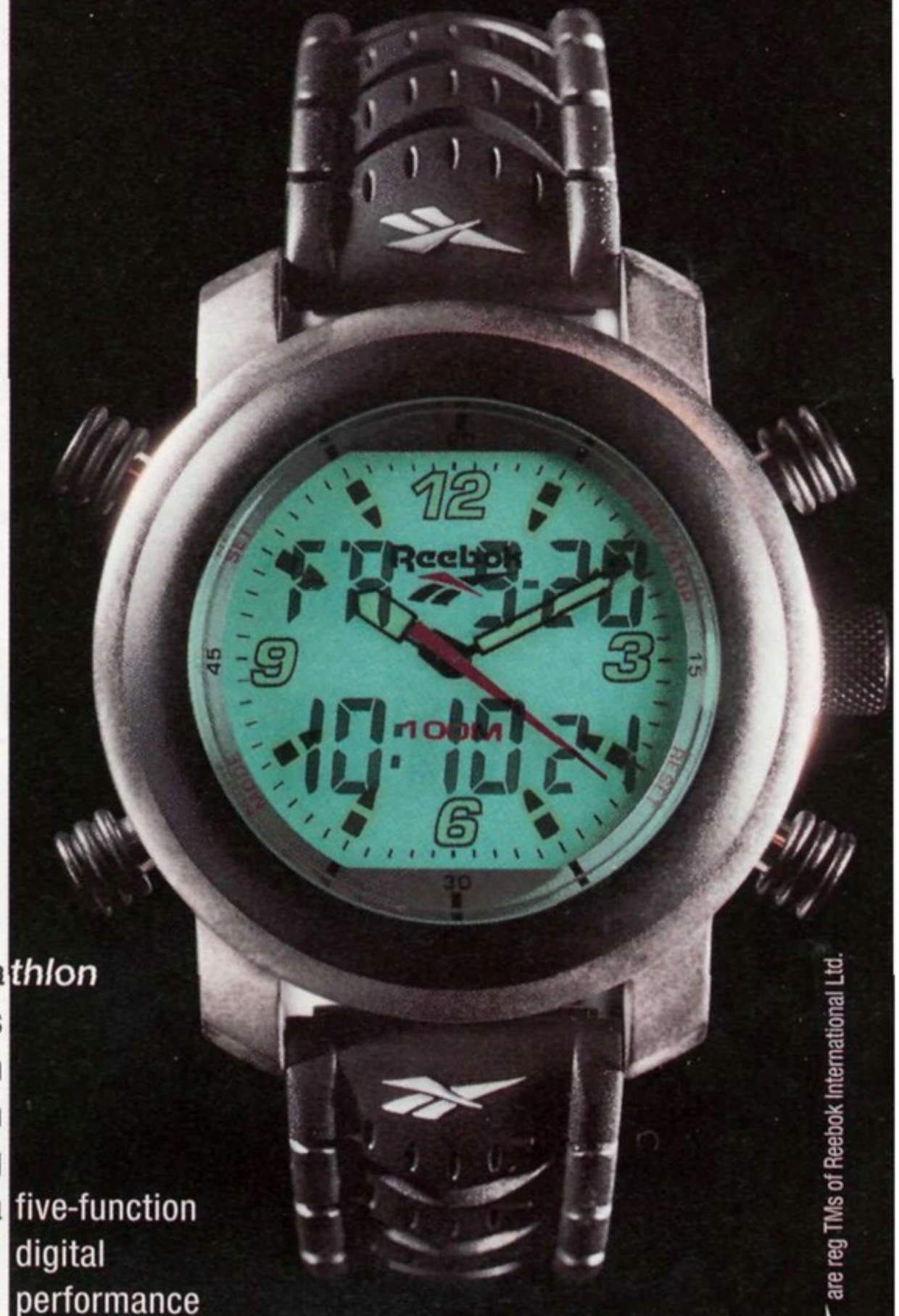

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page 50: Jewelry by Cartier. Shoes by Stuart Weitzman.
page 54: Cardigan by TSE [$395]: TSE, N.Y.C., San Francisco and Costa Mesa, Calif. Shoes by Chanel [$395]: Chanel Boutiques, nationwide. Luggage by Louis Vuitton: 800-285-2255.

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page 60: Hat by Patricia Underwood [$175]: Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Neiman Marcus, select stores.
pages 62–63, 66, 74–75: Ring by Me & Ro [$98]: Saks Fifth Avenue, select stores; Barneys New York, select stores; Steven Allen, N.Y.C.
pages 74–75: Hat by Smylonylon [$15]: 212-431-0342.

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page 94: Belly chain by Louis Hill at Apropo [$120]: Nordstrom, regional stores.
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page 126: Shoes by Ombeline for Nicole Miller [$250]: 800-780-0523.

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page 152: Hat by Patricia Underwood [$400]: 212-268-3774. Shoes by Calvin Klein [$210]: Calvin Klein, N.Y.C.; Macy's West; Nordstrom, South Coast Plaza, Orange County, Calif.

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page 207: Earrings by Michael Bromberg at Supplements New York [$40]: Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; Felissimo, N.Y.C.; ICE, Boca Raton, Fla. Shoes by Stuart Weitzman: 212-582-9500.
page 208: Necklace by Me & Ro [$125]: Barneys New York, select stores; Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. and San Francisco; Twist, Portland.
page 209: Sweater on Brandi by Pratico [$490]: Nuage, Aspen, Colo.; Amaree's, Newport Beach, Calif.; Louis, Boston. Bikini top on Laetitia by Sauvage Swimwear [$36]: Everything But Water, nationwide; See the Sun, Fort Lauderdale; Gone Bananas, San Diego. Shorts on Laetitia by Laura Urbanati [$75]: Fred Segal, Santa Monica, Calif.; Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; Barneys New York, Beverly Hills, Calif. Bikini on Navia by Niki Wior for Hazel [$52]: Urban Outfitters, select stores; Patricia Field, N.Y.C.; The Groove Tube, Florida and Virginia.
page 212: Bikini on Laetitia by Kiwi Swim [$72]: Atlanta Beach, Atlanta; Next Authentic, South Beach, Fla.; Nordstrom, select stores. Bikini on Navia by Niki Wior for Hazel [$60]: NYSE, Los Angeles; Everything But Water, select stores; Beyond the Beach, select stores.

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pages 216–217: Bikini on Gabrielle Reece by Macarena Gutiérrez.
pages 218–219: Bikini on Karri Poppinga by Bolero for Jantzen [$92].
pages 220–221: Bikini on Gabrielle Reece by Macarena Gutiérrez.
page 222: Bikini on Karri Poppinga by Rosa Ferrer [$100].
page 224: Bikini on Holly McPeak by Macarena Gutiérrez.
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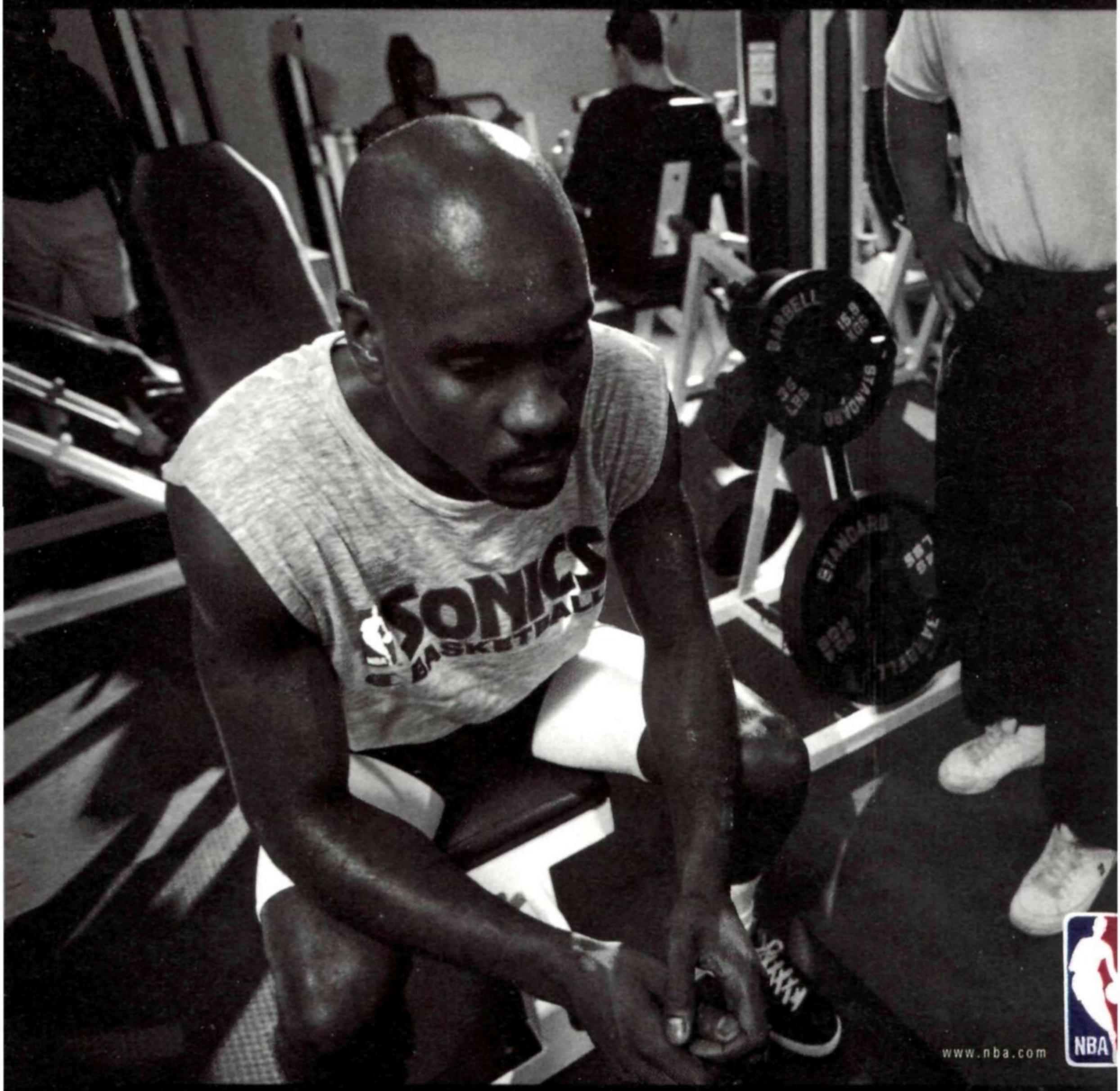

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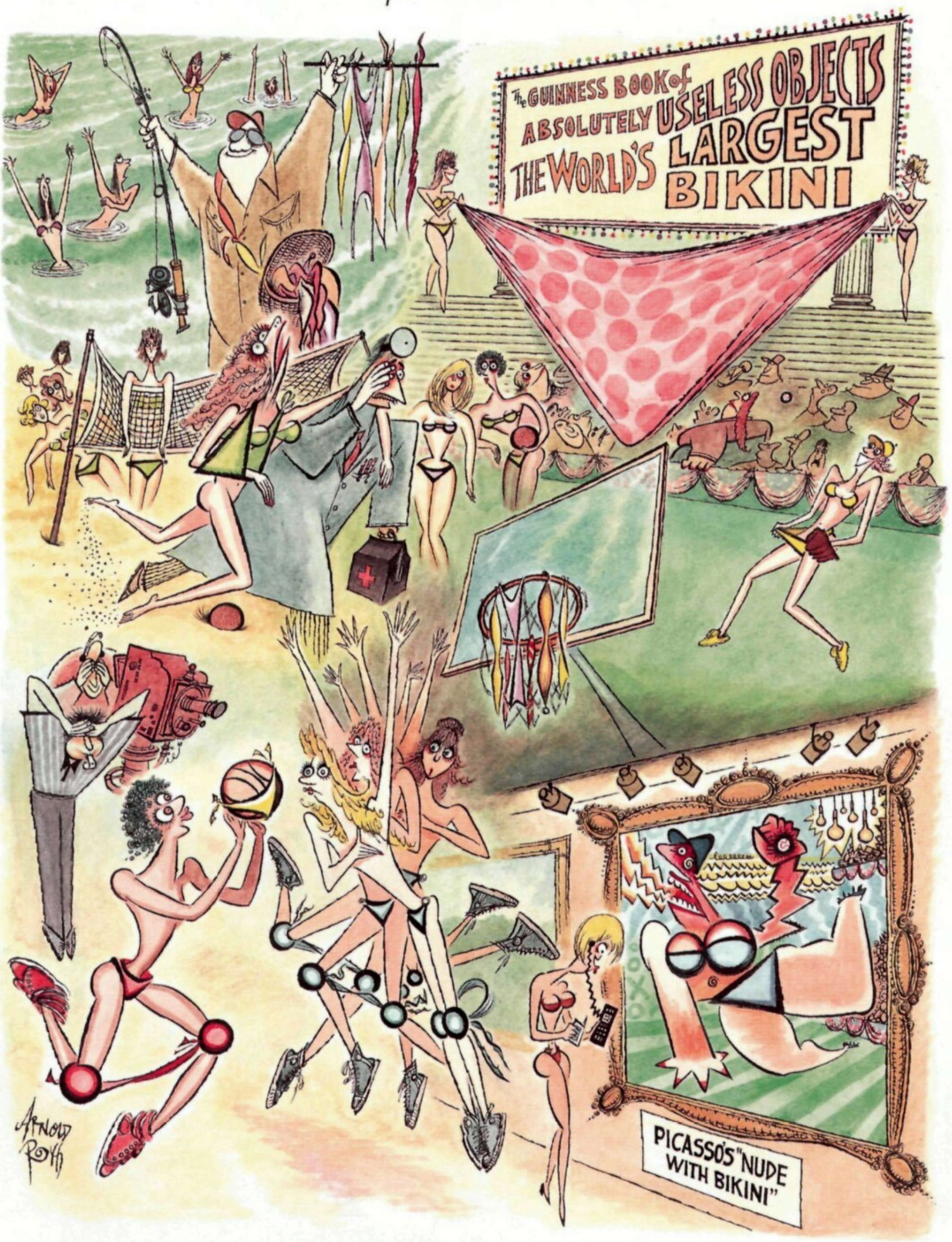

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