

DEAR JILL

Should I Date a Male Model?



ILLUSTRATION: Scott McBee

As this is the issue of the Male Model, I decided to reach deep into the cobweb and skeleton-filled *Tear Sheet* archives—16 issues back (yes, believe it or not, there have been that many)—and resurrect the very first Dear Jill, a delicate and intricate analysis of another male model issue: Should one date a male model? Fortunately, the answer is timeless, and several years of hands-on research have only verified what I suspected all along.

Here's the original version, with a few edits and improvements derived from experience (those passing years do have some value in the modeling world). Read it, clip it, frame it, put it in your next millennium time capsule, and—male models, male model bookers, men—don't be offended, I'm sure *devilish* will continue to be desirable well into the year 3000.

Dear Jill,

I'm a 19-year-old model from Kansas, and I just arrived in South Beach. I met a guy, a big-time model, at a bar last night. He wants to help me out and take me to New York. He's such a hunk! Should I trust him? (He doesn't know I'm only 19.)

—Dorothy, Miami Beach, FL

Oh Dotty. Dotty, Dotty, Dotty. Earth to Dotty.

Okay, I'll skip the "You're only 19; you should be home playing fetch with Toto, not out in bars flirting with the big dogs" spiel. After all, you're probably older than half the girls guzzling beers faster than they can grab for the next free drink pass.

Onto the core issue: the guy. Four years ago my answer would have been simple: NO MALE MODELS EVER! My new answer? NO MALE MODELS EVER EVER EVER, NEVER, NO EXCEPTIONS, ABSOLUTELY NOT, NO, NEVER!!!

And who said he was "big-time"? Him? He's either a conceited liar or a big-time model—both are bad news. Mix the Scarecrow, the Lion, and the Tin Man together; put the mighty scary combination on the yellow brick road walking backwards away from Oz and Gwendolyn and all things good; gradually extract bits of brain, courage, and heart, along with lots of young girls' reputations torn up like tornado-struck towns; and, voila, you've got the path of the male supermodel.

A bit harsh? Maybe, but never mind, it's all irrelevant. You can't keep your age from him forever. As soon as he finds out you're 19, he's going to start looking for someone younger.

—Jill