

# Editor's Call-Time

## Battles Over Bitty Bikinis & Big Guns

Putting together this issue raised a few controversial issues. First, the cover: How much of 17-year-old Raica's flawless flesh should show on a magazine which is read by both doe-eyed pre-teens and their wary parents and edgy editors and their over-the-edge art directors?



Our European readers would probably respond the same way clients responded to my bikini-top tan lines when I was modeling in Europe, "Oh, you Americans." And judging by the relaxed way Raica promenaded about the photo studio in barely-there swimwear, I imagine the body-blessed Brazilians would side with the Europeans. My husband, who had the pleasure of stopping by the cover—or should we say *uncover*—shoot just as leggy Raica strided onto the set in one of those matchbook-size suits Dean mentions on page 30—would probably also cast his vote in favor of less is more (yes, like any prudent newly-wed non-17-year-old wife with nary a single Brazilian gene, I got him out of there faster than he could say...well, he couldn't actually say much, what with all the drooling).

So the battle became very one-sided: the Europeans, Brazilians, Amish-country husband, ex-Mormon art director—even our advertising director's eight-year-old daughter—against Jill, the half-Iowan prude. Then there's the newsstand numbers, which always reveal the same thing: sex sells. I certainly can't deny that this theme runs rampant in the advertising and fashion worlds, and anyone venturing into this seductive industry needs to be aware of that fact. Lately, models are baring more and more in ads and editorials—a trend Nathan Ellis touches upon in *Model Behavior* (p. 92) and will address in next issue. Are models being *over exposed*? Let us know what you think: write to [tearsheet@tearsheet.com](mailto:tearsheet@tearsheet.com).

Art Director Jason and his international forces won this one, but I can't help but think of something he said just as April showers (and big trucks) were bringing May flowers to the Big Apple. "I love having seasons again!" exclaimed the New York transplant from Utah, who spent the last decade in Miami. "All the flowers are out—the sunflowers and peonies and daffodils!"

"Where are you seeing all these floral delights in Manhattan?" I asked the Tribeca resident.

"Well, you know, at the corner deli flower stand," he replied.

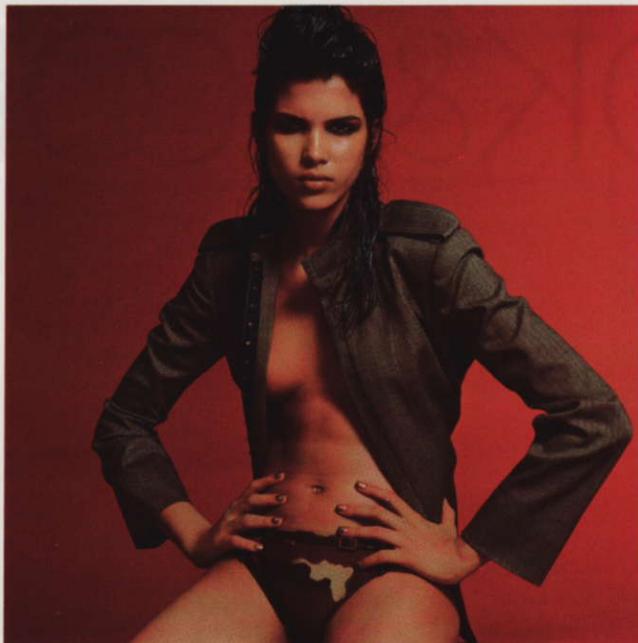
See, we New Yorkers have a funny way of seeing things.

Flowers that have been chopped at the stems, set in buckets, and wrapped in cellophane—awaiting death—seem natural to us and aesthetically pleasing. So, these young beautiful girls—uprooted from their small-town habitats, brought to the big city, stripped down to barely much more than a cellophane cover up, and displayed, blossoming for all to see—are aesthetically pleasing, but are they happy and healthy? The Taco-Bell fan and seasoned Fashion Week star Raica seems to be. She's living her dream (p. 30), so maybe I'll stop and move onto Issue #2.

Guns and gas masks. What? Well, I can't give you a page number to reference on this one because I won the battle. I arrived at one of the beauty shoots to find a military-clad blonde with an immaculately-manicured hand (OK, actually the hand model's immaculately-manicured hand) wrapped around a silver pistol. Don't these people watch the news? No, no, no—military attire may be in, but guns are *not* fashionable. I also removed the gas mask from the lineup, but I wish I had brought it home to wear during my early-summer allergy attacks. What's left? The immaculately-manicured male hand model hand which grasps Gabriela's face on page 41. I pondered, is it bordering on aggressive? I concluded no, because the butch/babe powerful woman of fall 2001 can certainly handle her man—and may even like being man-handled. So, lighten up, I told myself, and give the poor hand model a tear sheet!

Issue #3: How should we shoot all these scantily-clad subjects, traditionally or digitally? One of the world's best photographers, Patrick Demarchelier, recognizes that the digital age is upon us. "Is it an improvement?" I asked him during the interview he so enthusiastically granted. "Yes," he responded without hesitation. (Patrick has, by the way, captured a number of breathtaking

bare bods with his camera; we've included one of the more natural ones—see the three tall fellows on page 21). We tried both approaches in this issue. Shoot Digital, a company that is revolutionizing the photo shoot experience, enabled us to see Michael Zeppetello's beauty shoot develop digitally—in seconds—before our eyes (pp. 36 - 41). The Raica cover story was shot with traditional film (with retouching by Shoot Digital). Can you tell the difference?



Raica is wearing a military jacket by Rebecca Dannerberg and a belted bikini bottom by Plein Sud.