

# The Single GUYS

BY  
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Where do you find free-flowing champagne, a 10:1 guy to girl ratio, and men who are all perfect 10's? Try Boss Models' Men's Fashion Week wrap party. But, sorry girls, you missed it. Not many of us on the 1 side of the ratio made it, and few will forget the experience--as rare as a lunar eclipse and infinitely more breathtaking.

The evening began with an intimate gathering of gorgeous guys, their agents, and a handful of low-key fans

in a penthouse suite at the Royalton. I had a tough time getting into interview mode, what with my jaw dragging on the ground and my knees all weak. I loosened up with a couple of champagne shooters, licked my lips, and surveyed the lovely options. When Joel West approached with pal Marcus Schenkenberg, I decided not to mess around (so to speak) and pulled out my notepad.

(Caution: Read with champagne--at least a few glasses--and a sense

of humor. Much was said in jest; these fine wholesome boys probably figured the journalist get-up was a pick-up scam and their words would never actually be put into print....)

**JILL: Marcus, how are you? (Kiss, kiss...lock the knees) How about that interview? (I had cornered him late one night at Chaos, but the hour of legible writing had passed.)**

MARCUS: Sure.

JOEL: Hi, I'm Joel (shakes my hand). What are you writing, poetry?

JILL: **Yes, would you like to help?**

JOEL: (Charming smile) Of course!

JILL: **Which show was**

**your favorite?**

JOEL: Helmut Lang.

JILL: **Why?**

JOEL: Because.

JILL: **Okay...Marcus?**

MARCUS: Gant.

JILL: **Why?**

MARCUS: Nice clothes, good show--*fabulous*.

JILL: **Joel, aren't you from Iowa? I just happen to remember that because my dad's from Iowa. (Trying not to sound like a groupie.)**

JOEL: Really, where?

JILL: **Ames.**

JOEL: I'm from Indianola, Iowa.

JILL: **Do you go back much?**

JOEL: Yes, I bought a house there two years ago, and I take about ten flights a month so I can spend half my time there.

JILL: **Okay, on to the key question: Are you both single, or...are you a couple?**

MARCUS: (As they embrace) Yes, we're very special to each other.

JILL: **No, seriously, are you single?**

JOEL: Yes.

MARCUS: Yes.

JILL: **Why?**

JOEL: Because we're players.

JILL: **Marcus, do you agree? You do have the right to your own answer.**

MARCUS: No, I like his answer.

JOEL: (Thoughtfully) Also, we can't take girlfriends to strip clubs.

JILL: **Uh huh, and how often do you frequent strip clubs?**

JOEL: Oh, at the most, once a night.

JILL: **Have you dated a stripper?**

JOEL: (Devilish grin) I've never *dated* a stripper.

JILL: **How would you say working as a stripper compares to runway modeling?**

JOEL: (Without hesitation) One and the same.

JILL: **Would you consider stripping once your career fizzles out?**

JOEL: Absolutely. Even before. Hey, they make more in one night stripping than a male model does in one show.

JILL: **How old are you?**

JOEL: 22.

JILL: **How old were you when you first visited a strip club, and don't tell me it was in Iowa?**

JOEL: I was 19. (He confers with Marcus)

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No, it was here at Scores.

JILL: **What's your advice to the aspiring models who read Tear Sheet Magazine?**

JOEL: (No hesitation) Don't do it!

JILL: **Why?**

JOEL: It's tough, really tough.

JILL: **How long have you been at it?**

JOEL: Four years.

JILL: **Marcus?**

MARCUS: Eight years.

JILL: **How long did it take to make it?**

MARCUS: I was really lucky--only a year. I got the Calvin Klein campaign. Remember that? (He looks at Joel.)

JOEL: Sure, sure. (He looks at me) I like your voice.

JILL: (Laughing) **Thanks.**

MARCUS: He says that to all the girls.

JILL: **Do you two dou-**



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**ble-date a lot?**

JOEL: Only once, at the 68th Academy Awards.

JILL: **Whom did you take?**

JOEL: I took a high school sweetheart.

MARCUS: I took Patricia Velasquez.

**(The room has cleared out now. Everyone is heading on to the after-party at Life.)**

JOEL: Are you going to Life?

JILL: **Are you two going?**

JOEL: Yes.

JILL: **Well, you are both single, right? I guess I'm going to Life.**

**(Later at Life, the ratio was still overwhelmingly in my favor, but the crowd had grown. Picture-perfect men packed the place. I zeroed in on a couple**

**of Boss's bigshots from Cape Town.)**

JILL: **You're David Miller, right? I'm Jill from Tear Sheet.**

DAVID: Yes, hi, how are you? (Shy smile, nice handshake).

JILL: **Great. How has your show season been?**

DAVID: Good, I did five shows in Milan and Paris, and a couple shows here.

JILL: **Who is your favorite designer?**

DAVID: That's hard to say. I like all different looks.

JILL: **Where are you based now?**

DAVID: I'm in New York to stay.

JILL: **What do you think of modeling?**

DAVID: It's exciting. I enjoy traveling and meeting people.

JILL: **Are you single?**

DAVID: Yes.

**(David, with the face and disposition of an**

**angel, fortunately was whisked away before I could get into the strip club questions. I moved on to another South African, Malcolm.)**

JILL: **Which was your favorite show in New York?**

MALCOLM: Target, believe it or not.

JILL: **Why?**

MALCOLM: Because it had a really free style.

JILL: **Do they have strip clubs in Cape Town?**

MALCOLM: (Unfazed by the random question) I'm sure they do.

JILL: **You haven't been?**

MALCOLM: No, it's not my cup of tea. Nakedness is sacred, and it should be kept that way. It shouldn't be made public.

JILL: **How old are you?**

MALCOLM: 29.

JILL: **Are you single?**

MALCOLM: Yes.

JILL: **Why?**

MALCOLM: I find I achieve more on my own.

JILL: **So you're deliberately single?**

MALCOLM: Yes. I'm also a Pisces. You can't hold a Pisces; they always slip away.

**(Off he slipped, caught in the undertow of revelry, while I slipped into the bathroom queue to catch my last interview with Louie the loo host of Life.)**

JILL: **Louie, what's the best part of your job?**

LOUIE: Making people happy. I'm like a psychiatrist. Most people who come here need to look at them-

selves in the mirror eight to ten times a night. They're beautiful, but they have complexes.

JILL: **How are their tips?**

LOUIE: This 26-year-old crowd won't even give phone change. I want to know what happened to the 45 to 60-year-olds who will pay twenty dollars for a piss.

JILL: **Who are some of your memorable customers?**

LOUIE: Marla Maples is great. Mel Gibson is also. Mariah gave no tip and didn't wash her hands.

JILL: **What's your advice to those visiting Louie's loo?**

LOUIE: Tip, or I'll let you boogie down on the dance floor with toilet paper stuck to your shoes.

I was sure to leave more than phone change and grabbed a blow-pop--not a male model--for the walk home. While male models may or may not be sweet, blow-pops are a sure thing.

