

# Descending through blue

There was a great Pinkness, and Nora fell from the sky into it. Pastel houses and

coral and teacups and tender sunburned arms; hedges with trumpet-ing flowers, peach and deep fuchsia, that sang in Nora's head: We are smug, we are secure, we are superior—we are Bermuda. British, but not quite; small waves without danger; for the space of a day Nora was lullabied by this satiny, sounding shell of an island.

But now: Dress Nora in her habitual city-girl black and put her down at night in a sea of ivory tables set with wineglasses and shaped napkins. And see on either side of her: Beth, her mother, vulnerable as a buttercup; and a too-young fellow, reckless eyes, unpressed suit, hair down to the collar.

The situation is delicate.

Beth: Nora, this is Sean. Sean, meet my daughter.

Sean (*warmly, with a lilt*): How are you doing, Nora?

Nora (*faintly*): Fine.

Witness the meeting of hands. See how eagerly Sean presses. Nora takes her hand away and lays it on the tablecloth like a tired wing that needs to rest folded for a while. On her left, without looking, she can feel her mother flutter.

Sean has some high, icy drink; Beth's is low and caramel-colored with a cherry in it. Nora asks for one of those foolish cocktails with a parasol and killer rum at the heart. She is only fifteen; she is not allowed to have alcohol. Beth gives a sharp look but does not stop her.

Music starts up, swoony strings piped in through several discreet speakers. They all wince. "Sean plays guitar at the Brown Sugar Club," Beth tells Nora.

"Only temporarily," Sean says.

"Nora plays the cello," Beth tells Sean, and she pauses as if expecting them to produce their instruments from beneath the table and embark on a duet.

"Hey," Sean says, respectful, hoping for a chord. Nora, though, has got her brown head down. Her face is so close to her drink she can stick her tongue out and get a taste, which she does, knowing Beth will object. Nora doesn't care; Nora is angry: The cello is not something to be chatted about to strangers. It is a curved and



BY KATHERINE WEISSMAN

burnished person; Nora fits herself around it, plants her feet fast, and produces fierce lovely sounds.

Sean talks about the Top 40 hits he has to play. He complains like an artiste. Beth pretends to listen, meanwhile trying to apologize to Nora with her eyes.

But Nora is not really there. After several sips of her drink, she has floated back into the ozone and from a chandeliered rosy ceiling looks down on the sedate hotel restaurant. She imagines the other diners staring at the three of them and wondering who goes with who. *Whom*, she corrects herself. Who goes with whom.

A waitress arrives, inquisitive. Nora yawns and stretches like someone who has been fast asleep. Sean and Beth look up. They have been studying the menu as if it contained the most startling news of the day. The air between them, passing through Nora, is thick with embarrassment and urgency.

Nora orders fish. Sean says: "So what have you guys been doing today?" Slumped cool and musical in his chair, undermined by rough pink boyish cheeks and the lack of a tie, he is nonetheless trying to take charge of the occasion.

Nora shrugs. "Lay on the beach."

"Stayed in the sun too long," Beth says, being a mother.

Nora's shoulders do have a reddish cast. Otherwise, she is extraordinarily pale. She shrugs again. She thinks, I would like to get dark, darker—ash almost, like my color is burning up. I would like to be older.

LEAH DEMCHICK



When her fish comes, it is gray and breaded and she lets it slip out of the coating, turn silver and alive, and swim her away from the table, down to the beach.

Everyone there *is* older, over forty at least. Some of them are bent like the palm trees at odd hurricane angles.

Nora is sitting on a canvas beach chair. She wears a black bikini even though there is a racing wind that raises goose bumps on her arms. She watches the horizon from behind sulky sunglasses and beside her, Beth, in her own chair, is wrapped safe in a sweater and scarf, hat, and pants, all mummied up against the sun and cold and any inspection. Nora is glad her mother is not sporting her middle-aged body in a bright bathing suit. She hates the cesarean scar, the loose breasts, the thin legs. She looks away when Beth, without self-consciousness, undresses for bed or comes out of the shower. She

despises sharing a hotel room.

Here at the table, under the kind lights, Beth's arms and neck look smooth and inexperienced. "We took a ferry called *Patience*," she tells Sean as she eats red spicy fish chowder.

"I saw a tugboat named *Power*," Nora says competitively.

Sean's head does a tennis-match swivel between them. His smile is polite and engaged.

Beth observes that Nora is not eating. Nora is rude about the fish. Beth overlooks this, offering alternatives, as mothers feel they must when their children refuse food. No and no and no, Nora says; Beth gives up. She and Sean finish dinner, guilty and quick, while Nora watches. They are all too aware of their appetites.

Nora has had only one drink, but she is unaccustomed to alcohol, and all she has eaten is a roll and butter. ►



**The vacation was supposed to  
be for us. Be cool, Nora tells herself.  
Flat as the ocean, no emotion**



Her face feels hot, full of pink. She doesn't know how to be mannerly to Sean, how to make him notice her. At school they say Nora drifts, fades in class lately. They are right; she isn't a swimmer, coursing swiftly. She floats. She kicks once or twice. She is dead to everything but the calm water and blazing sky.

"Darling." She opens her eyes. Beth is speaking. "Are you all right?"

Nora really isn't. She is queasy. But she commands herself to be steady. "Sure."

Beth clears her throat. "Sean and I are going out for a drink after dinner."

A drink.

"You're welcome to come with us,"

Beth claims.

Beth gets up when Nora does and leans over to kiss her—comes closer and closer like a fish testing the sides of its tank, mouth ready. Sean gets up, too, a minute later. He sketches a small, uncomfortable bow. It could not be clearer that the two of them are ushering Nora out.

She blanks her face and leaves, piloting gracefully through the other tables as if she were the queen touring the colonies and they were admiring crowds on tiny verdant islands. *Power*, she thinks. *Patience*.

**d**ear Mom, Nora's note says, *you and Sean have a good time. I have gone God knows where.*

She is composing it only in her head, but still, she means it. She stalks the hotel room, feeling mean and rangy.

Nora imagines the hot, inky streets of Hamilton, not so benign at night: motorbikes whining by and barroom quarrels and girls walking and men watching under the lights. Nora sees herself in a serious evening dress, leaning beneath a shadow. She is tall and free, there is a white flower in her hair like Billie Holiday, and suddenly she can sing—she gets up there in a crowded shabby café (not a place like the one Sean plays in, but the real thing), and she collars the men, all of them, with her rich rummy voice.

*Dear Mom, Nora starts again, I'm singing nights; don't wake me before noon. Regards to Sean.*

By now they've left the restaurant. Maybe driven off in Sean's low little white car. She tries to believe they are sipping a sweet drink or going in for a slow stroll or carefully observing the moon, but she knows better. Nora glances sidelong at this knowledge, she can't look away. The scene in her mind is all lit up. It hurts.

And here is a migraine announcing itself. Men seem quite literally to give Nora a headache. She gets one each time her father, Sheldon, comes to town from the opposite coast. Last month, he took her to dinner; he told her he was remarried; she remembers the smell of shaving lotion and the taste of rare steak.

Nora hunts in the bathroom for pills. Beth always gives her something strong for these headaches. Divorce pains, she calls them; Beth isn't shy about taking the rap, and,

anyway, it is obvious: Nora's migraines have been coming for five years, and Sheldon has been gone that long.

Rummaging through her mother's plastic travel kit, Nora comes upon a jumble of jars, bottles, mysterious zippered cases containing devices. The mess, she thinks: the complications. *For pain*, she reads on a label. That's it.

The small bitter pill collides with the drink. Nora is pretty dizzy. She can't stand, she falls on one of the twin beds, she sinks into the peach spread. She is scared by the whirl when she shuts her eyes. She had better sit up. She had better get hold of herself.

The trouble is, there isn't much to grip in this room, at this moment. She tries the TV, but there are only two channels in Bermuda and neither comes in very well. She has a book to read for school: Jane Austen. Beth told her she would adore it. Nora believes it to be small, tight, and dull, one of those obligatory exercises you have to get through, like girls' kickball. Scales, on the other hand, are not a chore to Nora. She misses her cello, which she calls Ramona because it was made in Cremona, Italy. (She was ten; forgive her.) The instrument was bought right before Sheldon departed, the year he oversaw the orthodontia of a record number of unsmiling boys and girls; it is old and very precious. That is why Nora couldn't bring it to Bermuda. Beth said no way was she going to buy a seat on the plane for the cello, the only safe method; Nora wasn't Yo-Yo Ma yet, Beth said, nor did she command his income. She laughed while she said it.

Beth is no doubt laughing now. Or something. Nora squirms on the bedspread, picking idly at the tufts, her stomach empty and her head light and a little disorganized. She wishes she had something to eat. Beth has mentioned several times how expensive it is to order from room service and call long distance. But, Nora figures, dinner was on Sean, so they are ahead. She picks up the phone and asks for a chicken sandwich, a diet Coke, and a pot of tea. Waiting, she looks in the bathroom mirror. The red is really starting to come out now, the way things do after sundown. Her cheeks are hot and her shoulders and the tops of her legs are burning. Still, there is a sort of pride in it.

There is a knock. Nora opens the door to a young man in a white coat. He looks startled by Nora's short black skirt, her red arms and legs. "Good evening, Miss," he says, and he sets the tray down on the bureau. He pauses. Nora says, "Oh!" and runs to her purse and rummages through it while he, not wishing to linger obviously, edges toward the door. "Wait!" she says. "Wait!" She gives him five dollars. "Sorry," she says. (Tomorrow, Nora thinks, she will see him working around the hotel and she will greet him properly, as an equal. He will see immediately that she is different, charming, older than he had thought.)

The sandwich is small, all the crusts cut off, and she finishes it in two bites. The soda helps fool her hunger. The tea is too strong but she drinks it anyway, with cream and sugar. It is nine o'clock, but it feels later.

She is filling up with reproach like the bathtub, now brimming with steamy water. She lowers herself carefully into it. It makes her skin sting.

Afterward, wrapped in a towel too small to cover her, Nora calls her boyfriend, Peter. She wishes he would suffer and pine and live for her call, but Peter is more resistant to emotion than most people. His room is tidy. He already possesses several credit cards. He solves vast equations in his head. He is honing his SAT scores. He is a precision instrument, long-lashed and vain and wooed by unscrupulous girls wondering why he wants Nora, hoping he will stop. Nora herself supposes she is a relief to him, dreamy and unpredatory, not scientific.

Peter's younger brother answers the phone tonight. He is lonely and eager to talk and Peter isn't home. Nora is kind enough to stretch out the conversation with him even though he is a child. After that, she turns on the TV and watches a *Miami Vice* rerun. She falls asleep in spite of the tea.

When she wakes up, the TV is in a fit, buzzing. It is eleven-thirty. Beth's bed is empty. Nora is afraid tomorrow morning will come and it will still be empty. Then she will be absolutely alone in this unfriendly pink place. She won't have any money and she will have to stand in the airport hitching rides on the New York plane with wealthy immoral men traveling without wives or kids. Or she'll shack up with the guy from room service, and no one—the school, her mother if she looked, her father if he cared—would ever find her.

*Dear Mom*, Nora actually writes this time, on a piece of hotel stationery that she props up on the bathroom sink, *Please be very quiet. I am asleep.*

Nora brushes her teeth. She crawls under the stiff hotel sheets, hugs the pillow to her stomach as she does at home. She lies awake and quiet, a heat source in the blackest night, watching the green fluorescent hands on Beth's traveling alarm clock—twelve, one, two, and then the key clicks in the door.

Oh, she is a presence. There is a definite sing and swing to Beth's walk as she comes in, stops by Nora's bed, stands there for a moment. Nora can almost smell the romance on her. She hates the smell; she hates the ugly, intimate noises that follow as Beth goes into the bathroom: gush, brush, flush—silly nursery syllables, the language of plumbing and things underground.

Beth comes out in a white nightgown. Nora hears her sink into her bed with a greedy sigh.

**t**he trip was supposed to be for Nora. The trip is not as advertised.

Beth (*a couple of months ago*): Let's go to Bermuda during your spring break.

Nora: Why?

Beth (*brightly*): It's warm, it's pretty. I liked it when I was there before. You could use the rest, Darling.

Nora: I suppose.

Beth: They have good scones. You love scones.

Nora: Okay.



**n**ora might appear unenthusiastic, but that is simply her basic mode of response to Beth's notions. It isn't safe to get too wound up. Sometimes enthusiasms are temporary, and if Nora should pursue a promise (as she used to, when she was younger and more tenacious), Beth would say she had forgotten or there had turned out not to be enough money. Nora had learned not to anticipate.

This trip to Bermuda, though, seems inevitable as soon as it is mentioned. Beth talks about it constantly. She mentions walks down Wreck Road and Pie Crust Lane, up Tranquillity Hill. She recalls high tea at the great pink hotels near Hamilton, and she says the water looks faked with turquoise food coloring, it is that clear.

And secretly, Nora anticipates. She goes on an unnecessary diet, shaves everywhere, buys baby oil and sunglasses. She tells Peter she is going. He isn't understanding.

"I have to keep my mother company," she explains. "She has nobody but me."

"I don't get it," Peter keeps saying. His own mother is well married and reliable; he and his brother never have to think about her: whether she is there, whether she is happy, what she does with their father in the bedroom at night. "I'm not just going to sit around while you're gone," he warns Nora.

He says ominous things like that every couple of months—generally right after he has pressured her again to have sex and she has refused. Nora supposes this is how a lot of boys are: insensitive, impatient, apt to leave. His threats make her feel like crying, but instead she says, "Do what you like," hoping her insouciance will keep him true.

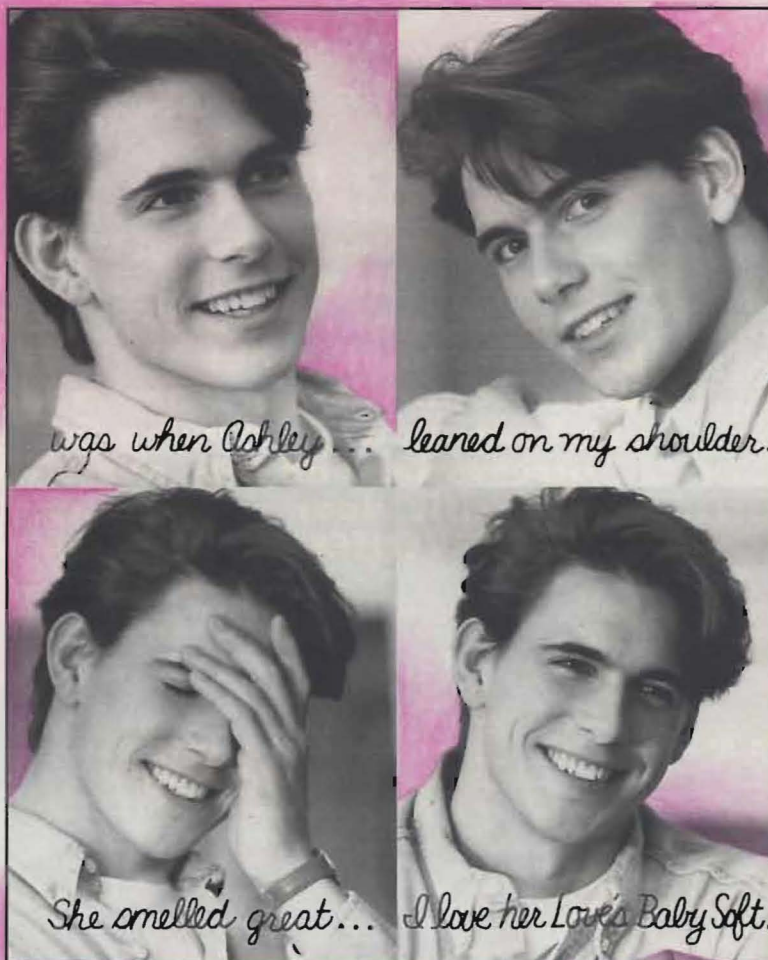
The first Nora hears of Sean is on the plane to Bermuda, when it is too late. It is a short flight; there is just time for drinks and a terrible limp sandwich, and then they start to descend through the different blues: sky, sea. Beth explains the circumstances of her meeting with Sean last year. She was alone in a yellow dress at a table up close to the bandstand at the Brown Sugar Club, and after the set he had asked to buy her a drink, and, well, Beth stops there, being discreet.

"You'll love him," she keeps saying. She doesn't mention Sean's considerable youth. But Nora already suspects he is very far from being husband material, despite Beth's assurances that he is going to record with a major label any minute.

There have been other unsuitable men in Beth's life. There was the short, smart guy who drank and rode a motorcycle, wore a leather jacket that Nora admired, and was unhappily married; also married was the tall, grave man from the suburbs who looked disturbingly like Nora's father. Both of them treated her with dignity, she appreciated that. But when they came to the house, they were always short on things to say to her and in a hurry to leave.

Not that she needed them, Nora tells herself. Not that Beth wasn't entitled. A lot of divorced parents go crazy, dating. They are wild and never home. In the light of this, Nora is rather glad that her father is safely remarried. She (continued on page 249)

## The best part of the movie...



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## DESCENDING . . .

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hasn't met her stepmother yet. After his last visit, Sheldon sent a photograph of the two of them on their wedding day, smiling on a raw silk couch. They looked alike, fair and remote. Nora attributes this blurry quality to California: life with the top down.

Beth, by contrast, is intense, short, easily moved, forgetful, a bad sleeper. That is why, when she and Nora arrive at their hotel room in Bermuda, she takes the bed nearest the bathroom, so if she wakes up a lot she can go in there and read.

There is no sound from Beth's bed. But Nora is determined to stay awake. Nora can't help it, however; she falls asleep and then, when it is still night, she wakes up. The green five glows snakelike and Beth's bed is empty. There is light under the bathroom door.

Nora gets up and knocks. "Mom?" she says nervously.

"Come in." Beth's voice sounds weary but completely rational.

Nora opens the door. Her mother is sitting in a half-lotus position on the peach-colored bath mat; beside her is Nora's copy of *Persuasion*.

"You're all right?" Nora says.

"Just the usual. Can't sleep. You know me." Beth reaches up for Nora's hand. "I'm sorry I was so late."

"Were you? I went to bed."

Beth gives her a serious look.

"I did wake up for a second when you came in."

"Are you angry?" Beth says after a moment. She asks in their private childish voice, the one they use for forgiveness.

Nora hesitates. She knows that she is supposed to say no. "No," she says.

"You are angry."

"No," says Nora, more definitely.

"Did you like him?"

"Mom, I barely said two words to him!" Nora says. "Stop being so—"

She doesn't know what she wants to say, but she does know she hates her mother small and sad there on the floor and herself looming large over her. Pity rises up and she hunches her shoulders and goes off to bed, closing the bathroom door. A few minutes later, she hears Beth get back into her own bed. The clock in the dark, showing five-thirty, gloats like a Halloween mask.

Mornings in Bermuda are shy and damp, with a soft sun at first. It is quite possible to feel it was all a dream and can be tidied up like a bed, sheets smoothed, neat corners. Nora and Beth get dressed and go down to the hotel dining room, where the tables are set with sprigged English china and the toast comes in a silver rack with space for four slices. It is disappointing toast—overbattered, infirm—and the juice is canned, but there is a wonderful decorum.

Nora has on her bathing suit under her shorts and shirt. She is happy to be warm and coatless; she has almost forgotten about Sean and sees no (continued on page 250)

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## DESCENDING . . .

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barrier to a day of long, unbroken hours on the beach, baking her dissatisfactions in the sun.

But Beth insists on going back to the room after breakfast. She lingers up there unreasonably, tweezing her upper lip in the clean morning light that pours through the window, not changing to beach clothes, mislaying the suntan lotion. She won't let Nora go to the beach without her: It's too early, she says, possibly deserted, certainly dangerous. The hotel pool, she says, is okay. But Nora doesn't care for pools. She wants the savory, bracing smell of the sea.

Nora is arguing about her rights when the phone rings. Beth reaches for it as if she had been waiting her whole life for this call. She speaks into the receiver softly. Nora has to look away. She feels like her mother's chaperone, a character out of Jane Austen who knits, waits, watches other women ascend to matrimonial splendors.

Beth puts down the phone, pink.

"What did he say?" says Nora, showing she knows the score.

Beth, to her credit, does not simper and ask who could Nora mean. She shrugs in a good imitation of her daughter. "He wants to go out this afternoon."

"So, will you?"

"I don't know." Casual.

"It's fine. I'll go to the beach."

Beth begins to protest, to scold and caution. After a few minutes, she stops. She senses that for this moment, for these days, she is no longer guardian of her daughter's health and safety, monitor of her time and her morality. She is just another woman.

Nora leaves Beth in the room ironing white linen pants on a towel laid on the bureau. She steps down the path from the hotel, looking back at the entrance buried in roses; she crosses the hard-top, avoiding scooters ridden by people in candy-colored shorts. The way to the beach is a long flight of bleached wood stairs; on either side the sand slopes and rolls like sea. Nora's rubber sandals hesitate at the top.

A man passes her, barely brushing. It is the guy from room service; at first she thinks he is a mirage sent to tempt and mislead her, but no, he is solid, his white coat is sharp as salt. Even holding a tray of glasses he runs the stairs nimbly like Nora's fingers on Ramona's strings. He is headed for the settlement of striped beach umbrellas with the hotel's name emblazoned on them.

Nora hates the idea that he would see her as just another person to be waited on. She examines herself for signs of privilege: all right except for the red straw hat that Beth, in a flush of motherhood, has made her take. She hides it under the towel she is carrying. Then she starts slowly down, shoes slapping.

Below, the waiter is moving from one umbrella to the next, delivering lemonade and iced coffee and, for the early drinkers, Pimm's Cup. Nora doesn't want to be part

of all that. She thinks she will establish herself closer to the ocean, under one of the palm trees. Maybe she will go further. Maybe she will clamber up the skinny trunk, hide in the leaves at the top, hurl coconuts down at those old, spoiled, and fancy people. They will think she is crazy and summon a detachment from the hotel: the manager, chambermaids, desk clerks, Beth and Sean, all hurrying down the wooden steps in their town clothes, getting sand in their high heels and loafers, standing under the tree and begging her to come down. Beth will be particularly abject. And Nora will perch up there like a monkey, cool and self-sufficient, plenty to eat, able to see all.

Now Nora sees the man in the white coat returning to the stairs, coming back up. His tray holds a gathering of empty glasses. The sun is hot, he is climbing tired. As he nears the place where they will pass, Nora takes off her sunglasses, squints. She pulls in her waist to make herself small. She hardly dares to breathe. She wishes she were older.

Katherine Weissman is a writer and editor who lives in New York City.

## WHERE TO BUY . . .

many of the fashions and school accessories seen on the cover and on pages 30, 32, 35, 38-42, 44, 50, 57-58, 60, 62, 88, 106, 188-207, 214-235. All prices are approximate. Many of the fashions are available in department and specialty stores in addition to the ones listed here.

### Cover:

**JouJou** jacket, S-M-L: at department stores.  
**JCPenney** shirt, S-M-L: JCPenney, selected stores.  
**Necessary Objects** skirt, S-M-L: Urban Outfitters, all stores.  
**The Lira Collection at Accessory Resource Gallery** earrings: at department stores.  
**Winky & Dutch** cuff links: Screaming Mimi's, New York; American Rag Cie, Los Angeles and San Francisco; Flashy Trash, Chicago.  
**Liz Claiborne** tights: at department stores.

### Page 30:

**Sam & Libby** loafers: Bloomingdale's, all stores; Burdines, selected stores; Macy's, northeast stores.  
**Bonnie Doon** socks: The Boston Sox, all stores; Pranges, Milwaukee.  
**Kangol** beret: A&S, selected stores; Marshall Field's, selected stores.  
**Bongo** jacket, S-M-L: Jean Country, selected stores; La-Mont's, Bellevue.  
**JouJou** short shorts, S-M-L: at department stores.  
**Pepi at Fred Segal** earrings: Pepi, Beverly Hills; Fred Segal, West Hollywood.  
**The Antique Boutique** vests, S-M-L: The Antique Boutique, New York.  
**Lawman** jeans, 1-15: Dillard's, Jackson, Little Rock, and Memphis.  
**Lizwear** vest, S-M-L: at department stores.  
**Chic** jeans, 1-15: JCPenney, selected stores.  
**Jordache** jeans, 3-13: at department stores.  
**Judy Knapp** vest, S-M-L: at department stores.  
**Gurilla Biscuit** vest, S-M-L: at specialty stores.  
**The Daily Planet/Russian Dressing** vest, one size: For info, write The Daily Planet, Box 1313, New York, NY 10013.  
**Tramp** vest, S-M-L: at department stores.

### Page 32:

**Bellini** boots: at department stores.  
**Chilis** boots: For info, write Chilis Footwear, Box 1658, Santa Maria, CA 93456.  
**Bakers-Leeds** boots: For info, call 1-800-933-9348.  
**E.G. Smith** socks: at department stores.  
**Maine Woods** boots: at department stores.  
**Hue** tights: at department stores.  
**Adrienne Vittadini** socks: at department stores.  
**Esprit Footwear** boots: Esprit, all stores; Macy's, northeast stores.  
**Aerosoles by What's What** boots: at department stores.  
**L.A. Gear** boots: at department stores.  
**Sam & Libby** boots: For info, call 1-800-955-SHOE.  
**Keds** boots: A&S, selected stores; Bloomingdale's, selected stores; Macy's, northeast stores.  
**Payless ShoeSource** boots: Payless ShoeSource, all stores.

### Page 35:

**Addiction by Bolero USA** tie: at department stores.

### Pages 38-39:

**Kenn Sporn for Wippette** coat, S-M-L: Contempo Casuals, selected stores.

**Merry Go Round** catsuit, S-M-L: Merry Go Round, selected stores.

**Top Drawer** earrings: Urban Outfitters, all stores.

**Winky & Dutch** earrings: Anna Z, New York; Goldi, Milwaukee.

**Ricardo Douaihi** pendants: For info, call 1-212-691-3475.

**Ultra Pink** vest, S-M-L: at department stores.

**Esprit** top, S-M-L: For info, call 1-800-777-8765.

**Jumping Joy** leggings, S-M-L: at specialty stores.

**Bonnie Doon** socks: at department stores.

**Sam & Libby** loafers: Bloomingdale's, all stores; Burdines, selected stores; Macy's, northeast stores.

**JouJou** blouse, S-M-L: at department stores.

**Gilda Marx Breathables** Flexatard leggings, S-M-L: For info, call 1-800-876-MARX.

**LaCrasia** gloves: The Accessory Shop, New York; Not Just Accessories, Baldwin; Shauna Stein, Los Angeles.

**Us Two at JHT** purse: Topaz, selected stores; Urban Outfitters, all stores.

**Barganza** box-shaped purse: Robinson's, selected stores; Turning Shoes, Chicago.

**Barganza** circular purse: De Moda, Chicago; M.L. Accessories, Chicago.

**Barganza** bag: Contempo Casuals, selected California stores; M.L. Accessories, Chicago; Turning Shoes, Chicago.

**Sterling at JHT** cap: For info, write Sterling Fashion, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10016.

**Sand & Siman** gloves: at department stores.

**Detente** backpacks: Detente, New York.

**Lip Service** pants, both 26-36: Lip Service, Los Angeles.

### Pages 40-41:

**Benetton** blouse, S-M-L: Benetton, selected stores. For info, call 1-800-535-4491.

**Esprit** turtleneck, S-M-L: Macy's, northeast stores; Robinson's, selected California stores.

**Esprit** shorts, 3-13: For info, call 1-800-777-8765.

**Na Na** boots: Na Na, New York and Santa Monica.

**Betmar** hats: Bloomingdale's, all stores.

**Pat Argenti Sportswear** bomber, P-S-M-L: Lord & Taylor, all stores.

**Bonjour** jeans, 3-13: at department stores.

**Guess by Georges Marciano** jeans, 24-32: Bloomingdale's, all stores.

**New York Transit** loafers: Herberger's, all stores; Lord & Taylor, all stores.

**Candie's by El Greco** loafers: at department stores.

**Esprit Footwear** loafers: For info, call 1-800-777-8765.

**J. Crew** sweater, S-M-L-XL: J. Crew, New York, Chestnut Hill, and Philadelphia. To order, call 1-800-562-0258.

**Sasson** jeans, 3-13: at department stores.

**Benetton** scarves: Benetton, selected stores. For info, call 1-800-535-4491.

**Legends Co. USA** top, S-M-L-XL: Capezio in the Village, New York; Coda, Great Neck; Enertia, Philadelphia; Infinity, Merrick.

**Kmart** necklaces: Kmart, selected stores.

**Kaos by Andy Johns** jacket, S-M-L: Robinson's, selected stores.

**JouJou** blouse, S-M-L: at department stores.

**Querelle** earrings: For info, call 1-201-867-5357.

**Michel** shirt, S-M-L: at specialty stores.

**Warehouse** leggings, S-M-L: Warehouse, Brooklyn, Garden City, Paramus, and Woodbridge.

**Kangol** beret: A&S, selected stores; Marshall Field's, selected stores.

**New York Transit** loafers: Herberger's, all stores; Lord & Taylor, all stores.

### Page 42:

**525 Made in America** purple sweater, S-M-L: Beth's Body Shop, Cincinnati; Brave New World, Point Pleasant; Clothes Minded, Chicago.

**Area Code** mini and short shorts, both S-M-L: at department stores.

**New York Transit** loafers: Herberger's, all stores; Lord & Taylor, all stores.

**525 Made in America** fuchsia sweater, S-M-L: Fred Segal, Los Angeles; Tallulah, Greenvale and Woodbury.

**Whittall & Shon** hat: For info, call 1-212-594-2626.

**Stacey Barker** earrings: Goldsmith's, Memphis and Oak-court; Rich's, selected stores.

**Candie's by El Greco** loafers: at department stores.

**Rodeo** jacket, S-M-L-XL: at specialty stores.

**Guess by Georges Marciano** jeans, 24-32: Bloomingdale's, all stores.

**Benetton** scarf: Benetton, selected stores. For info, call 1-800-535-4491.

**Detente** backpack: Detente, New York.

**Necessary Objects** dress, S-M-L: at department stores.

**E.G. Smith** thigh-highs: at department stores.

**Unlisted** shoes: The Village Cobbler, New York; Kenneth Cole, New York and San Francisco.

### Page 44:

**Gant** shirt, 14½-17½: at department stores.

**The Antique Boutique** leggings, S-M-L: The Antique Boutique, New York.

**Maria Ayala & Alexander** earrings: Patricia Field, New York.

**E.G. Smith** socks: Down Home America, New York.

**Unlisted** shoes: The Village Cobbler, New York; Kenneth Cole, New York and San Francisco.

**525 Made in America** sweater, S-M-L: at department stores.

**Mocha by Deborah Rhodes** hat: Bloomingdale's, all stores.

**Squeeze** jacket, S-M-L: at department stores.

**Lightning Bolt by Ronnie** leggings, S-M-L: at department stores.

**Sam & Libby** loafers: Bloomingdale's, all stores; Burdines, selected stores; Macy's, northeast stores.

**Ginger Propper for Two Blondes** belt: at department stores.

**Sharp Watches** watch: at drugstores and discount stores.

**Courage Accessories** bracelet: G.H.Q., Los Angeles.

**Sam & Libby** flats: Famous-Barr, selected stores.

### Page 50:

**Esprit** bomber jackets, both S-M-L: For info, call 1-800-777-8765.

**Kaos by Andy Johns** anorak, S-M-L: at department stores.

**Spiegel** jacket, S-M-L-XL: To order a catalog, call 1-800-345-4500.