

Christy Turlington has  
everything but attitude

By Michael Gross

# Model


## Christy Turlington arrives at Industria Superstudio, the photo

factory in Greenwich Village, just after nine one frigid winter morning. Her feline eyes are red-rimmed, her hair is wet and lank, her scrubbed olive face even has a few reddish blotches. Sipping a cup of tea, nibbling on a bagel, she settles easily onto a tall stool before a makeup table in the chilly, barnlike studio and grouses, "I'm not a morning person."

Today is the first day of a three-day job, posing for the Anne Klein fashion label's spring ad campaign. In that time, photographer Stephen Klein will shoot a dozen studied, glamorous black-and-white pictures of Turlington. (The photos began appearing in magazines around the world last month.)

Turlington, 23, was chosen, according to Lisa Stevens, a creative consultant, "to exemplify classic American beauty." For do

# Model



ing that, she will earn about \$60,000 in the

next 72 hours. A sum

**"WE MAKE A RIDICULOUS  
AMOUNT OF MONEY."**

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVEN MEISEL

worth waking up for. Stripping off her mustard-colored jacket, beige Italian jeans, white shirt, printed scarf, white socks, and black suede Chanel ballet flats, she tries on several outfits over a little lacy bra, white bikini panties, and thousands of goose bumps. Between changes, Garren, a hairstylist, gives her a blunt trim, and makeup whiz Kevyn Aucoin works on her face, chattering about lipsticks, movies, and models.

Aucoin does most of the talking. Turlington's task at the moment is to become beautiful. Not that she was so bad to begin with. But three hours after arriving at the studio, she has blossomed, becoming, as Aucoin coos in her ear, "the beauty of the earth."

"Thanks, kid," Christy says, brightening.

"I was gonna say the universe," Aucoin goes on.

Christy spins round in her chair. "Bigger!"

"Bigger!" Aucoin agrees. "The most beautiful anything there is."

**C**HRISTY TURLINGTON IS ONE of that small, special band of young women known as the Supermodels. She and colleagues like Cindy Crawford, Paulina Porizkova, Linda Evangelista, Naomi Campbell, Elaine Irwin, Tatjana Patitz, Yasmeen Ghauri, Karen Mulder, and Claudia Schiffer epitomize modern beauty and grace. And they have splintered the monolithic ideal of classic perfection.

No longer is it necessary to have a body like a washboard or skin as white as snow. More than half of the Supermodels, including Turlington, have dark hair. Some even have dark skin. Crawford has a mole near her lip, Campbell a scar on her nose. Evangelista is scrawny, Schiffer strapping. While Irwin, Patitz, and Mulder are classic blondes, Turlington's look is unspecified ethnic. And in today's global market, that's money in the bank.

A lot of money. Supermodels are rich in more than their fortuitous conjunctions of flesh and bone. Like Crawford and Schiffer, who are Revlon's contract faces, and Porizkova, who represents Estée Lauder, Turlington is an "image" model. She has been the face of Calvin Klein's Eternity fragrance since 1988, and she just signed a new contract to represent Maybelline Cosmetics. Bought in July 1990 by Wasserstein Perella Management Partners, Maybelline will spend \$50 million on advertising pages and airtime over the next sixteen months in an effort to upgrade its image. As the company's face, Turlington will earn about \$800,000 a year for twelve days of work. Escalators in her contract could raise her income: \$1-

million a year is just a lipstick trace away.

Unlike many modeling contracts, Turlington's isn't exclusive. So she can continue to work for magazines, for clothing companies like Anne Klein, Kors, and Chanel, for Calvin Klein Cosmetics, and for any designer who can afford to send her stalking the runway in fashion's seasonal selling rituals. Each of these elite young women can earn anywhere from \$7,000 to \$25,000 per runway show.

All this will bring Turlington about \$1.7 million in 1992, according to a source close to her agency, Ford Models. "We completely reinvented the whole money thing—we make a ridiculous amount of money," Christy admits. But it is more than money that sets Christy apart from the mannequin pack.

"She's not a model—she's a star," says hairstylist Frederic Fekkai. "She's the model of our time," says photographer and commercial director Arthur Elgort. "She can be an Indian or a mulatto or Miss Debutante. Her eyes are not on the clock. She'll drive the Jeep. She'll help with the suitcases. She's never outside herself, looking at herself, saying, 'This'll be good for my career.' You never hear 'Christy got in late' or 'Christy's tired.' She is worth every nickel."

"She's a very rare girl," agrees photographer-director Bruce Weber, who is best known for his Calvin Klein and Ralph Lauren ads. "She can give herself up totally to the situation, whereas a lot of girls say, 'What'll this picture do for me?'" Christy has done more great photos for little money than most models. She wants to be able to look back and say, "I did great work."

Even women fall for Turlington. "She has the ability to look like an adorable girl next door who happens to be the sexiest thing alive," says Helen Gurley Brown,

side her eye, then higher, then lower. "Put it in my ear," Christy says.

"I'll put it on the tip of your tongue," Aucoin threatens.

Finally, at 1 P.M., Christy steps before the camera for the first time. Klein shoots a couple of Polaroids, then has Aucoin change her makeup. Forty-five minutes later, Klein finishes his first shot. "It'll go faster tomorrow," Connie Francis, Anne Klein's ad director, says hopefully.

Turning up her nose at the catered health-food lunch, Christy orders from a Chinese menu. "Kitten kebabs?" Aucoin jokes.

"Shish-ka-dog," Christy says, laughing.

Before her food arrives, the team knocks off another shot and Anne Klein's designer, Louis Dell'Olio, arrives. No surprise, he's another Christy fan. "She's a real person," he says. "No attitude. With models, when you get 'em in a group, they're *not* sweet. But not with her. No matter what, she's sweet."

After Dell'Olio leaves, Stephen Klein puts his 2 cents in: "She has a kind of grace no other model has. It comes from within. And it's effortless with her. That's what makes her a true beauty."

It's no wonder people like her. Christy Turlington is nice. Very nice. Other models may walk the tightrope between insecurity and arrogance, reeking attitude and collecting famous beaux with the same passion they do magazine tear sheets. Christy collects Mission furniture and photographs by Edward Curtis, Irving Penn, Horst, and Hoyningen-Huene. Given a week off, she flies to California, splitting her time between Los Angeles—where she lives with her boyfriend of five years, actor turned screenwriter Roger Wilson, 35—and San Francisco, near where Dwain and Elizabeth Turlington

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who has put Turlington on the cover of *Cosmopolitan* four times. "She's foxy, wildly sexy, cute, delicious, and terrific with other people. She's just a pussycat."

**a**S AUCOIN PENCILS AND shapes the pussycat's eyebrows, Stephen Klein comes into the screened-off dressing area and silently studies her, his baset-hound eyes obscured behind blue-tinted sunglasses. Forty-five minutes are spent positioning a beauty mark—first be-

raised Christy and her two sisters.

"She's very close to her family," says Katie Ford of Ford Models. Christy's SoHo duplex is filled with family pictures. At a party at Rex celebrating the end of the New York fall fashion shows, while the rest of the deadly chic crowd craned and preened for one another, "Christy was on pins and needles," Ford recalls, "waiting for her sister to show up."

Born on January 2, 1969, Turlington grew up in suburban Walnut Creek, California. Though she traveled a lot, courtesy of her Pan Am-pilot father and ex-steward-



THE "UGLY SISTERS"—TURLINGTON, NAOMI CAMPBELL (CENTER), AND LINDA EVANGELISTA—AT A PARTY IN JULY 1990.

ess mother, her first dozen years were quite ordinary. The Turlingtons moved to Coral Gables, Florida, when Christy, their middle daughter, was ten. She never gave a thought to fashion. Her mother had to urge her to look at *Seventeen* magazine to spruce up her look. More interested in the horses her father bought for her and her sisters, she rode competitively, training at a farm every day after school.

She was riding the day she was discovered by a local photographer. Dennie Cody was shooting two of Christy's schoolmates, aspiring actresses, when he spotted the thirteen-year-old and her older sister, Kelly. "Christy was sitting straight and tall in the saddle," Cody says. "I knew right away. You don't run across many girls you know can make it to the top."

Christy was excited. But she already knew to play hard to get. Cody recalls her as "taken aback . . . reticent . . . skeptical." A family meeting and several phone calls ensued. "I had a long talk with Christy's mother," Cody goes on. "I told her the only limitation would be her motivation." Finally, Elizabeth Turlington

agreed and took her girls to Cody's studio.

"He had a couple pictures on the wall, some nudes," Christy says. "I was like, 'God!'" But Cody's wife worked with him, so Christy decided to go ahead. "He took really ridiculous portraits with a lot of makeup. I was really quiet," she says. "He was very positive I was going to be a star." She wasn't so sure. "I'd watched *Paper Dolls* on TV. I thought, This is probably what they all say." She had braces on her teeth and long, curly hair, and she'd always thought her sister was cuter, more outgoing, and more popular than she. Unfortunately, Kelly was five feet six. Christy was five feet eight.

Cody told the Turlingtons how model agencies worked—the big New York firms using local firms as feeders, the equivalent of baseball's farm-team system. "The only one I'd heard of was Ford," Christy says, so she went to see Michele Pommier, an ex-Ford model who was then associated with her former agency in Florida. "I said she was going to be a major star," Pommier recalls. "They laughed. She was so shy. She didn't know what was going on."

That changed soon enough. "My mom must've gotten excited," Christy says. "She started buying me new clothes for testing. I couldn't imagine her making the investment just for the fun of it."

"She immediately hit," says Cody, who never saw the Turlingtons again. After a brief period of testing in 1983—having pictures taken by various local photographers—Christy put together a portfolio and a composite and began to earn back her mother's investment, modeling after school for \$60 an hour. Elizabeth Turlington went everywhere with her daughter, "but she wasn't a stage mom," Pommier says. "I have mothers you could string up. She was just a doll. Always in the background, watching out."

In late 1983, Dwain Turlington had a heart attack and moved his family back to the San Francisco suburbs. Christy would take the subway after school to model for Emporium Capwell, a local store chain. "For \$100 an hour!" she says, laughing. "Which was great."

The next summer, Christy and her mother went to Paris. The trip was fun

but not terribly fruitful. Christy had only a few shoots and go-sees. After modeling her way through her sophomore year in high school, she arrived in New York in the summer of 1985, moved into Eileen Ford's house, and began making the rounds of magazines and photographers. On what was supposed to be her last day in New York, the model editor at *Vogue* saw her and sent her to audition for Arthur Elgort, who was about to shoot a spread for the magazine.

**t**HOUGH SHE DIDN'T know it yet, her new life had begun. "It was *very* glamorous," Christy says. "[Elgort] was shooting Cheryl Tiegs in this big, beautiful studio. They were drinking champagne, opera music was on, and he took a roll of film on me. I went downstairs and called my booker. She said I was booked for a week. I was so excited." So was Ford Models. "They take every fifteen-year-old girl in the country and try her," Turlington says. "I'd room with girls at [Eileen Ford's] house, get to know them for a week, and then they'd disappear. *Vogue* was a big deal. That made it legitimate."

That week, *Vogue* gave Turlington the full treatment. Limousines. Manicures and pedicures. "They don't do that anymore," she says. She met Kevyn Aucoin on that shoot. "It was July," he recalls. "A zillion degrees and no air-conditioning. Girls sweating their makeup off before I could get it on. Christy was a real trouper, excited, into it, and very sweet. I get very concerned about girls that young doing this s---. This business is full of people who'll blow wind up your skirts and two weeks later don't know you. But I could tell instantly—I mean I hoped—she'd keep her sanity and get whatever she wanted."

She went back to school in August, but *Vogue* kept calling. By October, she was back in Paris to shoot the collections. "I was so naïve," Christy says. "That Christmas I sent family Christmas cards to the editors I'd worked with. I sent them letters from school, postcards. Like they were my new friends." Her old friends were blasé. "I hung around with punk-rock kids at home, wore black all the time, this totally anti-fashion thing," she says. "What I was doing was totally ridiculous to my friends."

In summer 1986, she was back at Eileen Ford's notoriously strict house-cum-model dormitory. "I was *wired* in that house," Christy boasts. "I would have to show the new ones around. And I would go out all the time, to Palladium, Area. I'd hide a T-shirt downstairs so that if she woke up, I'd be able to say I couldn't sleep and I'd gone downstairs to

get a glass of milk. I knew every stair that creaked. I used to drink beer and champagne in my room."

That December, just shy of eighteen, she left California for New York and moved into a loft apartment in SoHo that shared an entrance with one occupied by Ford's daughter, Katie. "I got a little kitten, I had a suitcase, and Katie put a bed in my room," Christy says. "That was all I had." A few weeks later, her parents visited and bought her sheets and a TV.

think things didn't work out because he had other things to do and she was used to having this young kid who was home all the time," Turlington says.

Wilson had other troubles, too. His lawyer, David W. C. Clark, was stealing money from his bank account and using it to play the stock market. Clark's machinations were revealed in 1984 when his broker, Peter Brant, was charged with trading on advance information provided by R. Foster Winans, a *Wall Street Journal* re-

**Model Suddenly the three "Ugly Sisters" seemed inseparable and ubiquitous.**

**Model "Not many girls look good together," Christy says. "We happen to."**

**t**HE NEXT YEAR—1987—CHRISTY's career went into overdrive. She shot a beauty spread with Irving Penn for *Vogue* that was so eye-catching it is talked about to this day. She worked with hot photographers like Herb Ritts, Patrick Demarchelier, and Steven Meisel. Her friends were new faces in town like Naomi Campbell, a British teen Christy had met when she was briefly "traded" to an agency in London. Naomi came to New York and moved into Christy's loft.

Her personal life was taking off, too. Though she'd dated in New York, nothing was serious until she met Roger Wilson at a party thrown by a modeling client in Los Angeles. When he came to New York that fall, they got together. Wilson was from New Orleans. His father had been a founder of a major oil-services company. But both his parents had died when he was a teenager, leaving him with a fortune of several million dollars. In the early eighties, while studying law at New York University, he'd married Shaun Casey, an Estée Lauder contract model.

During that marriage, Wilson decided to become an actor, Turlington says, "and he got a movie right away." He made his debut in *Porky's*, the 1982 teen sex comedy. Though critics like *New York's* David Denby derided it as "dirty-minded and coarse . . . stupid and dull," it made a fortune and launched Wilson's career. It also spelled the end of his marriage to Casey. "I

porter. That year, Wilson sued Clark (as well as Brant and his employer, Kidder, Peabody & Company), charging that his lawyer had taken more than \$1 million from his bank account. (Ultimately, Wilson recovered the money. In 1988, Clark, 38, died of chronic alcoholism six days before he was to be sentenced for his role in the trading scheme.)

Meanwhile, Wilson had moved to Los Angeles, dated actress Diane Lane and model Kelly LeBrock, and ended up in a television series, *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*. "He got stuck," Christy says. The show's set was in the middle of

**WITH BOYFRIEND ROGER WILSON.**



Northern California. "He couldn't audition for anything. So five years ago he started writing."

Wilson was a struggling screenwriter when Christy met him, and she knew nothing of his dramatic past. "Most of this stuff I found out afterwards," she says. "I thought he was a cute, sweet, normal guy when I met him."

**t**URLINGTON HAD DONE HER first big-money job—for Calvin Klein—in 1986. Bruce Weber was in the midst of shooting Klein's *faux-orgiastic* Obsession-perfume ads when Turlington flew in for a few days. "The shoot was wild," she recalls. "Tons of people. Guys and girls. The clothes would come off. I was like, 'What's going on?'"

She didn't like the pictures that resulted. But Klein liked her. And during the fittings for his fashion show in spring 1988, he started questioning her closely about her ambitions. Later that day, Klein called her at her next fitting. "I have this really wild idea," she recalls him saying. "I love you so much, I would marry you, but I already got married. So I want you to be the girl for my new fragrance. Just do me a favor. Don't break me."

Turlington starts hyperventilating just remembering the moment. At the time, Eileen Ford tried to talk her out of it. But Christy wanted to spend more time with her new beau, and being a contract model would allow her lots of freedom. "I signed very quickly," she says. "I didn't have a lawyer. When I got home, Roger read the contract. He said, 'You're screwed.'"

Though she was to be paid \$3 million for 80 days' work a year over four years, she was locked up. She couldn't do interviews, editorial spreads, or any other advertising. Early on, that didn't matter. The first

month of her contract was a busy one. She shot photos with Irving Penn, began work with Richard Avedon on Eternity's determinedly obscure television commercials, and then headed to Martha's Vineyard to shoot magazine ads with Weber.

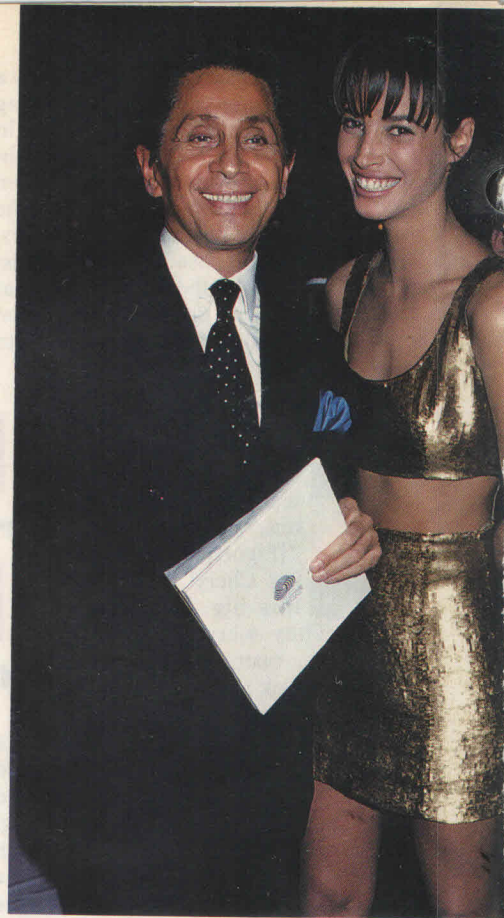
Their first shoot together—inspired by Toni Frissell's photos of Elizabeth Taylor, Mike Todd, and their daughter—went well. At least Weber thought so. Surrounded by children, Turlington "let her ego go completely," he recalls. "Most girls are afraid of not being the star." By giving up center stage to the children, he says, "she was the star of the shooting."

Unfortunately, few of the photos ever appeared. "Calvin never ran that many pictures," Weber says. "You know how it is—you shoot eight dresses, but they really only plan to run two. Christy was used to seeing a lot of pictures of herself. She really felt frustrated, and through that frustration, she lost interest."

Tension developed between model and photographer. Weber admits he didn't give her much encouragement. "She was so magical," he says, sighing. "But I didn't tell her." Christy felt the problem was that Weber hadn't been consulted on Klein's choice. "I think he should have had a voice in who the contract girl was," she says.

After those first shoots, Turlington moved in with Wilson in West Hollywood, enrolled in literature and writing classes at U.C.L.A., and went slowly stir-crazy. On her twentieth birthday, she and Wilson started discussing marriage. "I just wanted to be engaged, but the way men's minds work, once you start discussing it, it was—boom!—let's do it in June," Christy says. "We started to plan, I got really nervous, and then I decided, I'm just not ready."

By then, she was ready for a change in her relationship with Calvin Klein. Though reports a few months later said



she'd angered Klein by getting her hair cut without his permission, the real situation was considerably more complex. "I felt Bruce didn't like me," she admits. "We had a little rivalry. I'm not going to play games, but I'm not going to cower. It would get real uncomfortable on the set. We'd be butting heads without speaking to each other. I tried to tell the people at Calvin. It was awkward. So I felt, Fine, I'll do my couple days' work a year. But I did miss working—a lot."

Her self-esteem was damaged. And watching from the sidelines while other models worked didn't help. She'd kept up with the business through Naomi Campbell and another new friend, Linda Evangelista, whose rapid rise to stardom coincided with Christy's departure from the scene. Evangelista had even taken Turlington's place on jobs she now couldn't do.

The two women had started out wary of each other. "I thought she was a little competitive," Christy says. But by mid-1989, Christy was bunking in Linda's New York apartment in the same building where Campbell lived, visiting sets, "seeing Steven [Meisel] and Arthur and everybody having such a good time," Christy says. She was green with envy. "Then I got a haircut."

She had just finished a lot of Calvin Klein work and was taking a few days off in Woodstock with her friend Oribe, the hairdresser. As they drove in an open Jeep, her hair

WITH EILEEN FORD AT FORD'S TOWNHOUSE, 1986.



Photograph by Frederique Meylan/Sigma.



WITH (FROM LEFT) VALENTINO, GIANNI VERSACE, AND ISAAC MIZRAHI. "SHE'S THE MODEL OF OUR TIME," SAYS PHOTOGRAPHER ARTHUR ELGORT.



got tangled in the wind. "I figured they wouldn't need me for a month or two, so I said, 'Just cut it,'" she recalls. They made a video of the shearing, laughing and joking about how they were going to get sued. Then Klein's minions called with a photo assignment.

"Uh-oh," Christy said.

She'd already hired a lawyer to try to loosen up the ties that bound her to Calvin Klein. Everyone knew it wasn't working out. Unexpectedly, the designer's representatives agreed, and her contract was renego-

hiatus. "She's a horse that's gotta run."

**b**ACK AT THE ANNE KLEIN shoot, Turlington is eating rice and broccoli from a take-out container while getting a pedicure and looking through some old clippings I've brought about her. Right on top are two stories about her famous friendships with Evangelista and Campbell. The articles, which included thoughtless com-

ty had a nightmare about those stories after they came out. "I was on the *Arsenio* show," she says, "covering Linda's and Naomi's mouths with my hands!"

How did a girl so nice come to be called "ridiculously overpaid" and "cynical" by no less an authority than *Vogue* magazine? Fashion insiders and friends of Christy's point to the influence of Steven Meisel, who'd emerged in the mid-eighties as the most exciting American fashion lens. Freed from her contract with Calvin Klein, Turlington naturally gravitated into the photographer's orbit. They, along with Campbell, Evangelista, and the crew of stylists Meisel used on his shoots, quickly coalesced into fashion's inmost in-crowd.

Meisel had been obsessed with models since childhood. He'd taken up and abandoned such models as the transsexual Teri Toyne and the Dutch-Japanese beauty Ariane before hooking up in the late eighties with

**Model** "I was wired in [Eileen Ford's] house," Christy boasts. "I would go out all **Model** the time to Palladium. I used to drink beer and champagne in my room."

tiated. She would remain the Eternity image model (the contract runs through the end of the year) and a star of Klein's runway shows (she and Weber worked out their differences, too). But now she was free to work again, and she did so with a vengeance. Her agency was delighted. "You don't want to stop the momentum of building a star," says Katie Ford.

But it took some time for her to get back up to speed. "She was out of practice," says Arthur Elgort, who was among the first to shoot her after the

ments, made mostly by Evangelista, about the unprecedented sums the three models earned and their feelings about the world of fashion, caused Christy endless grief. "We don't vogue—we are vogue," Linda told *People* in June 1990. To *Vogue* she revealed, "We have this expression, Christy and I. We don't wake up for less than \$10,000 a day."

"I'd never say that," Christy gripes, dropping her fork into the tin of Chinese food. And though she truly believes Evangelista didn't mean to appear crass, Chris-

the trio of Campbell, Evangelista, and Turlington, whom he dubbed the Ugly Sisters. Suddenly, the models seemed inseparable and ubiquitous, dominating runways, appearing together in fashion spreads. "Steven made them the trio by booking them together," says a fashion insider. "He's so brilliant and charismatic, he kind of possessed them." Adds a photo stylist, "Being with them is like being with the cool kids in the lunchroom in high school. Christy got into it for a while, but it never suited her. She was like Cinderel-

la with her two stepsisters. It was a phase. A naughty phase."

Christy got a bit "pushy and rough" at sittings and started staying out late at clubs, the insider continues. "It's not that she was evil, but she was such an angel before." The contrast was striking.

When Ford ended its relationship with the Paris-based agency that handled Christy in France, Turlington signed up for European representation with the Elite agency's branch there, which is run by Evangelista's husband, Gerald Marie. Elite and Ford have been bitter rivals for more than a decade. "It was definitely because of Linda," says Katie Ford. Marie frequently packaged Christy and Campbell, who was also with

They didn't. But Turlington *was* having money arguments with Elite in Paris. Last spring, after Ford opened a Paris branch, Campbell was among the first models to sign up. Christy joined soon after. When Elite's lawyers sent her a letter claiming she owed the agency money, Christy felt that her friend Linda should have said something to her. "She knows everything that goes on with that agency," Christy says. "Nothing was ever mentioned. I felt hurt because of that."

A close friend of Christy's thinks the Ugly Sisters' demise was inevitable: "The infatuation boiled down to real people. They were a neat look, but that doesn't make you best friends." For months after-

says. "I never dread going to work. I can choose the people I work with." Her personal life is also stable. After their "engagement," Turlington and Wilson went through a rocky spell. She'd tattooed his initials on her ankle (over the tattoo artist's objections). "A couple times I've almost regretted it," she says. "I made an appointment for laser surgery once, but I would never. . . ." She lets the sentence trail off.

Then, last June, Wilson and Turlington got married—sort of—while on a trip to Phuket, Thailand. "We had a Buddhist ceremony," she says. "We could have gone to the embassy and made it legal, but we thought that it was such a great thing we'd do it again—legally—when we got home." Conflicting schedules delayed their plans. "Then we started fighting, and we broke up for a month," she continues. "See, that's what weddings do. It just became complicated. It's really hard to have a relationship in this business. But we're together." She's even gotten back together with Evangelista and Meisel, who were shooting ads for Barneys New York down the hall from Christy's Anne Klein set at Industria Superstudio.

## **Model** "People don't want to like you. You're young and beautiful and successful. **Model** They think you don't have a skill. . . . That's just human nature."

the agency, in deals with his wife. "He built some hype around Linda and me," Christy says. "Not many girls look good together. We happen to."

Fickle fashion folk were already tiring of the terrible trio when the *People* article appeared, chronicling a bitchy night on the town with Meisel and the models. "Naomi and Linda really wanted to do it," Christy says. "I didn't at all. It was really tacky. I was really embarrassed. It pissed my mom off. And they didn't even quote the worst things that were said that night."

Turlington knows that a model's public image is a fragile thing. "People don't want to like you," she says. "You're young and beautiful and successful. They think you don't have a skill. So when things go well for you, they aren't happy. That's just human nature." She knew not to rub people's faces in her success. But her new friends didn't. And now, Christy was seeing the downside of her in-crowd. They lived fashion 24 hours a day. "I love fashion, but I'm not obsessed with it," Christy says.

She also started to feel like part of a package deal. "I was successful before I knew any of them," she says. "I'd always been an individual. I wanted to distance myself, not work with anybody else." They all knew they were getting overexposed. "It wasn't our fault," Christy says. "It was a hype. One designer does it, then the next one does. Of course people were bored with us. We were bored with each other. We even thought about staging a fight on the runway."

ward, the models hardly saw one another. The one time the trio was booked together, they didn't want to pose in the same shot. Christy says the models and Meisel all remain friends—but "individually" and at something of a distance. "Hence Shāna Zadrick," says the fashion insider, referring to Meisel's latest face.

Christy couldn't care less. "With Maybeline and Calvin, I feel very secure," she

**"I LOVE FASHION, BUT I'M NOT OBSESSED WITH IT."**



**O**N THE SECOND AFTERNOON of the Anne Klein shoot, Meisel's set is still humming when Christy's shuts down. Evangelista is posing next to a fake tree with stuffed animals arrayed in its branches and around its trunk. "Turlie!" she cries when she sees her friend. "I didn't see you for so long. A squirrel just fell on my head." They make a date to share take-out food that night.

The next afternoon, her shooting completed, Turlington heads next door to say good-bye before flying back to Los Angeles. Lauren Hutton, one of modeling's original contract girls, is also visiting Meisel. The photographer quickly shoots a roll of pictures of the three women. Christy pinches Linda. Lauren screams and mugs. Then Turlington runs for the door, her coat cradled in her arms.

"Bye," she calls to Linda. "I'll call you."

"Really?" Evangelista answers. "Turlie? Aren't you going to be cold?"

"Thanks, Mom," Christy replies.

"It feels like Paris used to feel," Linda says softly as Christy heads out the door.

A silver Cadillac is purring at the curb. Christy glances wistfully up at the windows of Meisel's studio. A strobe light flashes behind the dirty glass. And then she gets into the car and disappears down Washington Street.

Photograph by Wayne Maser/Visages.