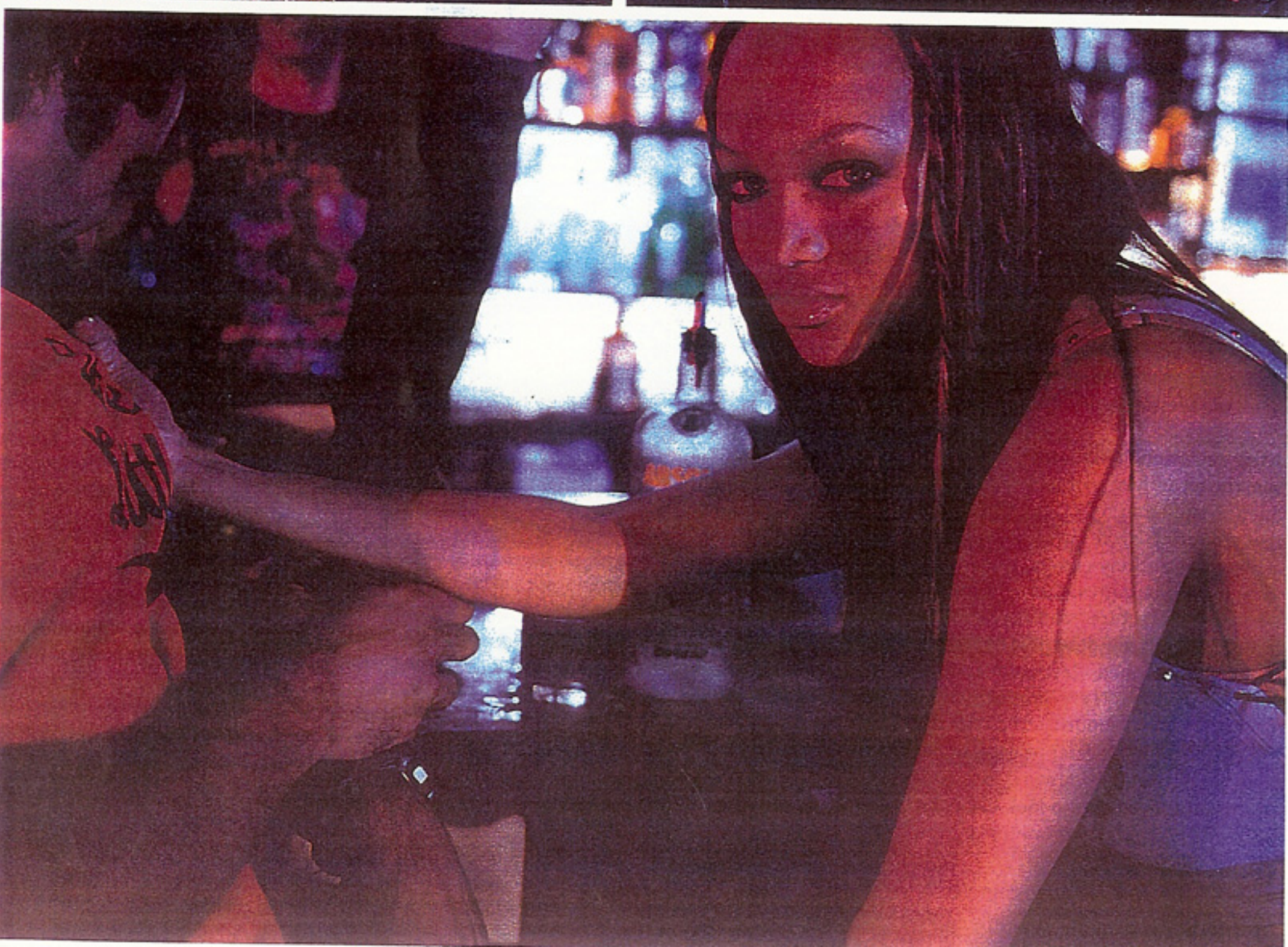
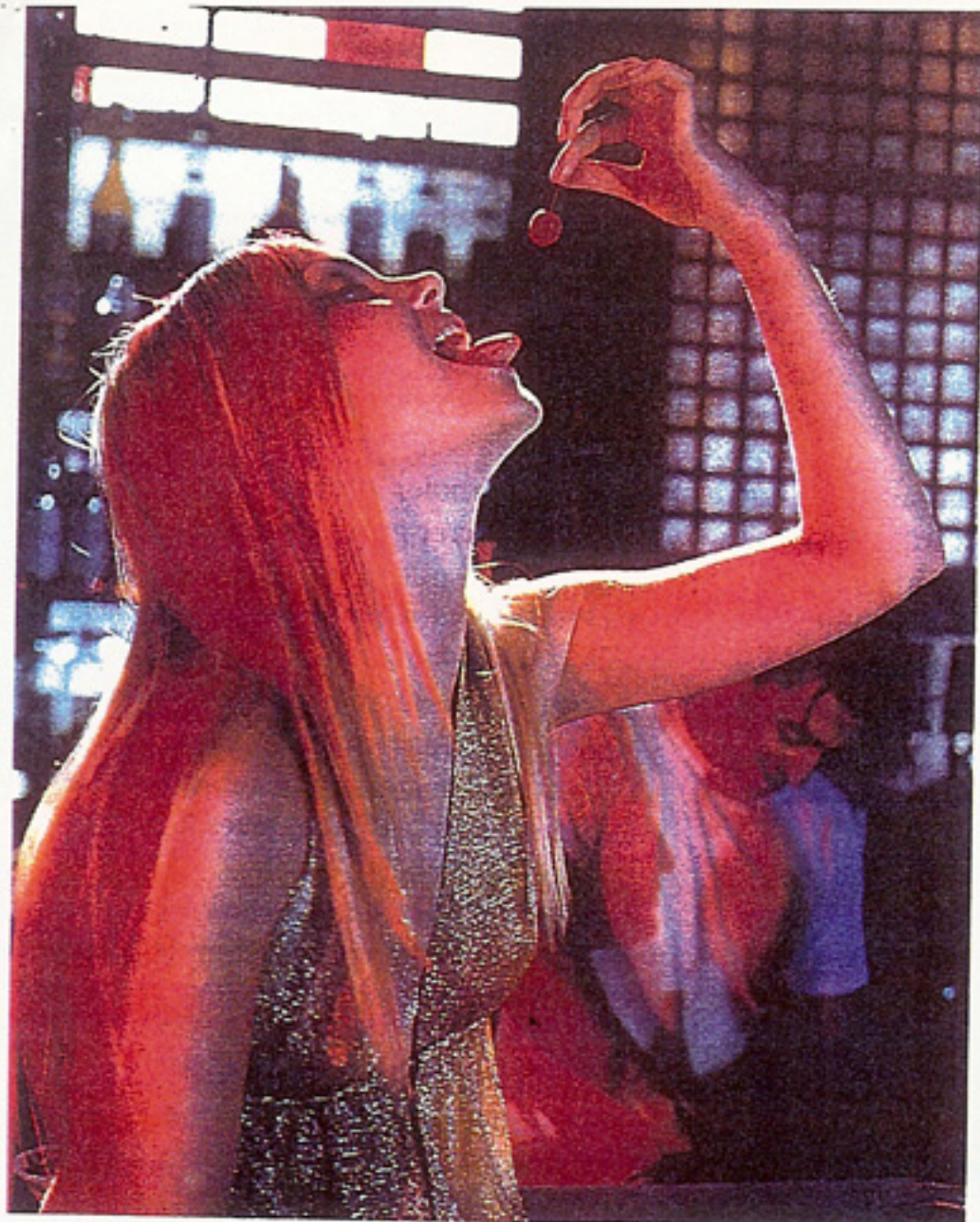




SPECIAL CONVENTION ISSUE

PLUS: 16-PAGE
TV VIEWER GUIDE

George

NOT
JUST
POLITICS
AS
USUAL

AUGUST 2000

WHO WILL
MAKE US
PROUD
AGAIN?



"There is a rich history of depicting our politicians doing humiliating things," says artist Michael Elins about the satiric image he created of George W. Bush and Al Gore for *George's Convention Viewer's Guide* on page 65.



JACQUES LOWE ("Kennedy Led Us to the New Frontier," page 48) served as John F. Kennedy's personal campaign photographer during the then-senator's successful 1960 presidential run. "He would confront audiences in Iowa, Kansas, Wisconsin, and quote Plato or Aristotle or Sophocles," he recalls. "Maybe they didn't

know who those men were, but they did know that this was a politician who was treating them seriously." Some of Lowe's best Kennedy photos, taken over a seven-year period, have been published in *JFK Remembered* (Random House).



KATE BOHNER ("Stiletto Feminists Heel to No One," page 90) conducted more than 100 interviews for her story on the sexy brand of female empowerment practiced by the bodacious characters in the film *Coyote Ugly*. "The enthusiasm of the women I spoke with was amazing," says Bohner, who anchors a financial Webcast for JAGfn.com. "Feminism is still such a passionate topic."

MICHAEL ELINS ("What to Watch Without Dozing Off (Even Once)," page 65) created an apt image for today's often somnolent conventions: Al Gore and George W. Bush, put asleep by their own speeches. "I think in the tradition of political cartoons," says Elins, who counts newspaper cartoonist Patrick Oliphant and the caricatures of Honoré Daumier among his diverse influences.



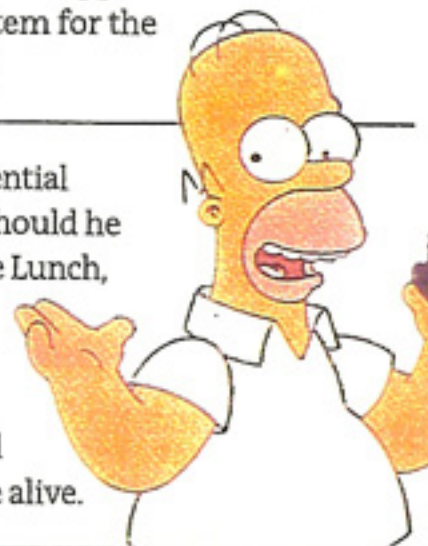
LOU CANNON ("Reagan Radiated Happiness and Hope," page 58) remembers how

Ronald Reagan's sunny outlook inspired voters two decades ago. "In 1980, we were really down on ourselves. The optimism was gone," he says. "Reagan said he wanted to make the country feel good about itself again. And he did." Cannon first met Reagan in 1965, liked him instantly, and went on to author three books about the former president, including *The Role of a Lifetime* (PublicAffairs). He is pictured with his son, **CARL CANNON**, *George's* White House columnist, who wrote "How Clinton Copied Reagan," page 64.



DAVID HANDELMAN ("She's a Super Welfare Mom," page 86) witnessed firsthand the dedication of welfare activist—and soon-to-be GOP convention crasher—Cheri Honkala. "I flew to Pittsburgh to spend the day with her," says the writer, who has contributed to *Rolling Stone*, *Vogue*, and *Inside.com*. "After an hour and a half she got arrested and disappeared into the corrections system for the rest of the day."

HOMER SIMPSON ("Helpful Hints for Potential Presidents," page 40) has a slogan ready should he decide to run for office himself. "It's 'Make Lunch, Not War!'" reveals Jamie Angell, who ghost-authored the Simpsons' political tip sheet. Illustrator Bill Morrison and Serban Cristescu, who handled color and design, helped Angell make Homer come alive.





STILETTO FEMINISTS

Heel to No One

COYOTE UGLY IS ABOUT A GROUP OF SEXY GALS WHO RUN A BAR—AND RULE THE GUYS WHO GO THERE. MEET THE “STILETTO FEMINISTS”—SEXUALLY EMPOWERED WOMEN WHO STRUT THEIR STUFF AND ARE PROUD OF IT. THEY PERSONIFY TODAY’S POWER WOMAN AND—GUESS WHAT?—THEY’RE EVERYWHERE.

BY KATE BOHNER

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY STEVEN SEBRING



It was Saturday night—hip-hop night at Perfect Tommy's saloon—sometime in the early '90s. The bartenders ruled the joint—our customers called us the Perfect Girls. By day, I studied at Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism; by night I opened thousands of longneck beers, poured hundreds of shots, sweated my ass off, and raked in \$400 per. I

worked nine to five—nine at night until five in the morning. The clientele was rough—mostly cops, drug dealers, and hoodlums. There were only two rules: Never, ever charge the cops, and never serve anyone else you think is packing.

Long Island Iced Teas were a big favorite. I got to the point where I could pick up four bottles at once by the necks (white rum and gin on the left, vodka and tequila on the right), add a dash of triple sec, grab the drinks gun, slam the silver cup on top, shake, and pour—all in under five seconds.

On this particular night, I couldn't make them fast enough. I had cut my finger, and every time some moonshine dripped in, I thought I'd faint.

Then I felt someone staring at me. I glanced up to see a man in what looked like a Burberry raincoat hesitantly step down the winding staircase that led to my bar. He never took his eyes off me. I threw the bottles back into the well, began to shake, then looked up again.

It was my father.

"Is this what they're teaching you in graduate school?" he asked.

I just stood there, stunned. He raised his eyebrows and let out a long sigh. "Goodbye, Kate." He spun on his heel and left without another word.

A near replica of this scene is played out in *Coyote Ugly*, a new movie set in a saloon named Coyote Ugly in Manhattan's East Village. (Yes, there is a real bar by that name.) The sign on the door reads TIPS, TITS, OR ASS. NOBODY RIDES FOR FREE. The film tells the story of Violet, a naive girl who dreams of becoming a songwriter but stumbles into a bartending job. The Coyote Ugly girls sport tiny leather halters and tight suede jeans, dance on the bar, and go shot for shot with their awed patrons, but there is never any ambiguity about who owns the joint. The girls do.

The scene begins with Violet dancing on the bar, whooping up the crowd, and setting the place on fire. It ends with her father, just like mine, strolling in to witness the scene—to her shock and dismay, not to mention his.

Over the next few weeks, Disney will spend between \$15 million and \$20 million to promote this low-budget movie and try to make it the *Flashdance* of the twenty-first century. *Flashdance*, remember, was the surprise hit of 1983, grossing nearly \$140 million and launching the careers of its producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer. It also put a new image of unabashed female sensuality on-screen, making a blue-collar heroine in a torn shirt and sweaty leotards look sexy and powerful—"What a feeling!"—at the same time.

Coyote Ugly (also produced by Bruckheimer) features Piper Perabo as

Violet, supermodel Tyra Banks, *Sex and the City*'s Bridget Moynahan, and newcomer Izabella Miko. Unlike the main character in *Flashdance*, who kept a low profile in her career and pursued her dream after hours, the Coyote bartenders make their sexuality work for them on the job. They look after themselves, they look after one another, and they bring home the bacon and fry it up in a pan. The message is not just that these women give great blow jobs and can clock you with a clean uppercut—it's that they say who, they say where, and they say when. And I'm not talking about sex. I'm talking about life.

What we have here is a new kind of feminism. Let's call it Stiletto Feminism—stylish and maybe a little hazardous. My own life has already hit many points along the spectrum of this newfangled feminism. I grew up as Daddy's girl, but stood by my mother when she left my father for my lacrosse coach. I played varsity as a freshman, yet put myself through grad school pouring shots into the navels of random beer bellies. I've been a wife (blessedly briefly), divorcée, and mistress. And I have been, with varying degrees of success and ample doses of humiliation, a fashion model, an investment banker, a magazine columnist, a sometime co-writer, a correspondent for CNBC, and a Web entrepreneur. Not many women have enjoyed the privileges I have, but I'm sure many have followed equally odd paths—without apologies to uncomprehending men or unforgiving women.

And I simply love my clingy Versace pants.

In a Roper poll two years ago, 65 percent of the respondents agreed that "a truly liberated woman should be free to express her femininity by emphasizing her looks and sexuality." In another Roper poll this year, 66 percent of respondents agreed that "women have more choices today than they used to because they can enter many fields and careers that used to be open only to men." In *Coyote Ugly*, these two messages merge behind the bar.

This should strike a chord with a new generation of young women whose idols include Britney Spears and Buffy the Vampire Slayer. For them, the issue is not so much fighting the patriarchy as it is enjoying a new version of female solidarity that embraces easy expressions of sexuality that enhances rather than detracts from women's freedom. Naomi Wolf's 1991 best-seller, *The Beauty Myth: How Images of Beauty Are Used Against Women*—which argued that lipstick, flirty attitudes, miniskirts, and strappy sandals were weapons to keep women down—seems downright archaic today.

American women now appear to be re-embracing their traditional femininity—but without sacrificing their independence. That's been supported in recent conversations I've had with hundreds of women—from the famous to the unknown, from complete strangers on the street to my closest friends, from blue-collar workers to women who don't have to work (but do anyway)—about where they feel we are today. Many said things that sound decidedly un-feminist. They don't mind pornography very much, and they feel that definitions of sexual harassment have gone too far. Yet these same women are powerful in their own right, able to set their own agendas. So they are feminists, too, in a way.

"THEY'RE CHICK-FRIENDLY GIRLS," SAYS CARRIE FISHER, A COYOTE UGLY SCREENWRITER. "THEY'RE WORKING IN A MALE FANTASY, BUT DOING IT THEIR WAY."

IZABELLA ENJOYS THE FRUIT OF HER LABOR; BRIDGET EYES HER VICTIM; TYRA IS TEED OFF.

YOU COULDN'T BE AN UNFORGIVING FEMINIST AND WEAR TIGHT VERSACE SLACKS. BUT NOW THERE'S A NEW ANSWER: OH YES, YOU CAN.

PIPER GIVES IT
HER BEST SHOT, AS
IZABELLA TELLS HER
NEXT QUARRY TO
COME HITHER.

But I was continually bombarded with one refrain: that *feminism*—the actual word—has a negative connotation.

I'm sitting next to actress Julia Ormond at a Greek taverna in Malibu. "In the film industry, if you look across at a producer and tell him you're a feminist," she says, "he looks at you like you have hair flowing out of your armpits."

I tell this to a thirtyish African-American woman in a New York City Starbucks. She laughs loudly enough for the other java junkies to look up. I ask her, "What do you envision when you hear the word 'feminist'?"

"I don't see a black woman, that's for sure," she says thoughtfully. "I see a woman who is probably gay who lives in someplace like Seattle, or something like that."

A woman I meet at the Paula Cooper gallery in Manhattan's Chelsea district says, "I see myself."

Does this mean we're all living happily ever after in a post-feminist world?

Not exactly.

The problem is that too many of us in the past have been unforgiving feminists: If you wear ridiculously tight slacks and bare your pierced belly button in a Cynthia Rowley halter, you can't possibly be one of us. Now there's a new answer: Oh yes, you can. Maybe that isn't exactly the message Bruckheimer is trying to get across in *Coyote Ugly*—but if you look, that's the message you'll find.

A few weeks ago, I talked with Nina Jacobson, the recently appointed president of Buena Vista Motion Pictures, the studio that produced *Coyote Ugly*.

"I wasn't entirely certain this movie was going to be a great moment for me as a woman in film," said Jacobson, a mid-thirtyish self-described socialist with short-cropped, dark hair and no trace of makeup. "Let's just say there were a lot of bare midriffs and dancing on the bar." She smiles, appearing somewhat distracted. "But you can't always tell what a movie is going to look like from the dailies," she adds, pronouncing the final product "wonderful."

Even allowing for Hollywood hyperbole, Jacobson seems most taken with the fact that the lead character gains a greater sense of herself and her relationships, learning not to be ashamed of her sexuality. "Which," Jacobson adds, "is obviously essential to being a modern woman."

Jacobson isn't kidding. She is an "out" lesbian in a long-term relationship with a woman who carried their

first child. We get on the subject of the various forms feminism takes in our society.

"Kate!" she exclaims. "Have we made any progress? Of course! Even lesbians can have children now."

"Like me!"

"You're a lesbian?" she asks.

"No, my mother is," I reply.

"Like me!" she replies.

"Your mother was a lesbian?" I ask.

"No! I'm carrying our second child."

Whew. We share a conspiratorial chuckle.

That lacrosse coach my mother fell in love with when I was about 15 was a woman. Remarkably, it wasn't as jarring as people assume. The experience taught me about a new type of permissive pluralism that I had not encountered before. Today, I am one of those insufferable daughters who says things like, "My mother is my best friend."

I've always thought of my mother as a feminist—even at a time when there was nothing remotely chic about it. I remember her telling me, when I was a little girl, stories about her days at the University of Delaware. She was the captain of the cheerleaders and dated a football player. In 1960, she won a Fulbright Scholarship to study English literature at the University of Edinburgh. When word leaked out that she was off to pursue her dream (and not marry the quarterback) several of the football players lined up in a makeshift gauntlet and flicked aluminum ashtrays at her as she walked through the dining hall.

That didn't stop her then, and no much does now. I guess the most important lesson she taught my sister and me

Continued on page 11

How to control your man—and blow fire out of a bottle of Bacardi 151 at the same time:

For all you gals out there who can't wait to slip into a tank top and step behind a bar, *Coyote Ugly's* technical consultant (and former New York bartender) Jennifer Curran provides a crash course on how to whip a couple dozen guys into gear (and feel awesome, too):

1. LEAPING ON THE BAR:

Strategically place three cases of Budweiser behind the bar so when *that* song hits the jukebox—boom, you suddenly appear...like Wonder Woman.

2. DEALING WITH CUSTOMERS:

Sexual quips are just another excuse for you to show the boys who's boss. Three times a night, some misguided soul reaches for us to educate him and yells: "Hey you, behind the bar, show me your tits!" I reply: "It's obvious that the last pair you saw was your mother's. I don't really wish to compete."

3. FAKE AS MANY SHOTS AS POSSIBLE:

We Coyote girls always chase shots with a bottle of longneck Bud. The trick: Don't drink the beer or the shot. Swill the two ounces of Southern Comfort into your mouth and then spit it back into the bottle of Bud.

4. THE BIG FLIP...BOTTLES THAT ARE ALMOST EMPTY:

Pull a bottle from the well in front of you. Lucky you, it's almost empty! Flip the

bottom away from you, so the bottom turns away and back toward you, and catch it wherever it lands. Hopefully by the neck, and not in your ice. Either way, always make it look effortless.

5. THE LITTLE FLIP: Flip pint glasses like revolvers. It looks great.

6. BLOWING FIRE:

This is a big one. Jump on bar (see #1). Grab a bottle of Bacardi 151. Take long swig and keep liquor in mouth. Use Gene Simmons stance from KISS. Always use a lighter (not a match!). Aspirate out in a steady stream into the lit lighter. Never, ever look up. And don't let your face (or hair) catch on fire.

7. PRACTICE:

It's a must.

8. RESTRAINT:

Never slug a patron, no matter how much he pisses you off. You're in Lawsuit, U.S.A.!

9. COME PREPARED:

This stuff takes its toll. I was always diesel-ed out. My voice sounded like Bette Davis—at the end of her life. And my drawer full of halter tops began to swarm like a nest of vipers every time I looked its way.

10. DON'T KEEP THE JOB FOR LONG:

This is a means to an end, a way to get where you want to go. If you stay too long, your psyche will take a beating.

ever wanted to be in that position."

Webber looks anxiously at the clock. His mother, who's in New York to address the U.N. about poverty, was supposed to meet him here over an hour ago. When she finally arrives, bedraggled, with another KWRU member, he hugs her warmly. Because they're so close in age and have such a tight relationship, Webber and Honkala are sometimes mistaken for brother and sister. "His mother's more like a chum," says William H. Macy. She settles in and joshes him about his vegetarianism, and he joshes her about her cooking. Neither of them is currently attached. "I like relationships," says Honkala. "But me and my kid, we're gonna be single for life. We don't have any time."

Reminiscing about harder times, they recall when Mark was eight and they tried squatting in a nicer neighborhood. People gathered outside, screaming at them. "They spit on my mom," Webber says. As Honkala was being led away in handcuffs, "this one woman has the nerve to come up to me and say, 'You wanna go watch *The Little Mermaid* with me and my daughter? We'll feed you.' Like, no, this is my mom! I chanted, I picked up a sign, I got in their fucking faces."

"I thought Mark was gonna break down and cry," Honkala says. "Instead, he picked up a little sign and started marching between these 200 nasty-ass people. My little boy!"

A few weeks later, Webber joins his mom in Philadelphia for a protest—one on behalf of deaf people. The effect of Webber's celebrity is never so striking as in the account in the next day's *Philadelphia Inquirer*, which breathlessly notes the appearance of "teen heartthrob actor Mark Webber." Later, it says in passing: "His mother, Cheri Honkala, director of the Kensington Welfare Rights Union, also attended."

The next day, Honkala reads the clip to me over the phone and laughs: "Also attended!" Mark's success, she says, "has definitely tested us all the way to the edge. When I'm dealing with several different homeless people, I'm crying my eyes out, and other people are telling me to go to hell and get a real job, it's really hard not to move to New York and have my kid put me up in a house and live happily ever after. I am not Mother Teresa—furthest from it. But I can't leave. Why? The railroad track: I feel like I see a railroad track, and there are children on it, and I see the train coming."

Her son sees it, too. In the spring of '99, just after the filming of *Snow Day*, Mark summoned his mom to her favorite diner, Silk City in North Philly, for what he termed "a serious meeting." Honkala says, "He was like, 'Mom, I've made a decision that I'm gonna donate all of my money to [your] movement, and you don't get to say anything about it.' I cried like a blubbering idiot." Webber got \$100,000 for *Snow Day*, much of which was eaten up by rent, agents, lawyers, managers, and taxes. But because it was a hit, he has another \$25,000 coming that he'll turn over to the KWRU. He says he'll give away "like 80 percent" of his future earnings.

That could buy a lot of black T-shirts. ■

STILETTO FEMINISTS

Continued from page 94

was not to be a woman who is consumed by men, but to try to be the consumer.

"Let's face it," Jerry Bruckheimer says in his loft-like offices in Santa Monica, "independent women are sexy." Bruckheimer decided to make *Coyote Ugly* after reading an article in *GQ* written by Elizabeth Gilbert, a former bartender at the saloon. "This is a film about women who go for what they want," he says. "I like strong women who think—who know—they can have it all."

He has a knack for bringing to the screen female characters whose toughness makes them hot: Kelly McGillis as the flight instructor in *Top Gun*, Nicole Kidman as the brain surgeon in *Days of Thunder*, Michelle Pfeiffer as the dedicated high school teacher in *Dangerous Minds*, and, of course, Jennifer Beals as the welder-by-day and dancer-by-night in *Flashdance*. In doing so, with each hit Bruckheimer has raised the bar for Hollywood success—and created higher expectations for every new film he produces.

So did he worry that, at the end of the process, he'd be left with—*gasp!*—another *Showgirls*, a cheesy movie about women spinning beer bottles on their bellies? "Well, there's a little of that," he says. We crack up. "There's always a margin for error in any film," he says. "You just have to hire talented people, and go out there and do it."

One of his shrewdest hires was Jennifer Curran, the bartending consultant for *Coyote Ugly*, who agrees with Nina Jacobson's view that the women in the film "are certainly not damsels in distress." Curran says of the movie, "It's about a couple of things—spontaneous moments of expression and bonding with the girls."

Curran had wanted to read for a part in *Coyote Ugly* because she had spent three years in New York working at a similar bar. But she found she was too late—casting was closed. After listening to her experiences, though, Bruckheimer brought her on the set to teach the girls how to do things like jump on the bar in motorcycle boots, guzzle Jack Daniels without getting drunk, and breathe fire (see the sidebar on page 94).

"We were almost always tighter with the girls at the bar than the guys," Curran says of her bartending days. "I wanted to communicate that to the actresses."

Almost anyone who came of age in the 1980s would find it natural for women to be comfortable with, rather than competitive about, their sexuality. I remember being at a concert that moved me, along with thousands of other screaming young women, to clap so hard my palms ached. We were sharing the indelible experience of watching a powerful woman with a pink Jean-Paul Gaultier bustier, a thick platinum ponytail, and a black microphone stretched around her sculpted face, prancing on stage and singing, "Don't go for second best, baby."

Today, I realize Madonna paved the way for young women to believe that they could achieve

anything and everything they desired. She was the paradigm of the Stiletto Feminist, the independent woman who embraces her femininity and her economic independence without apologies.

"Stiletto Feminism?" barks Carrie Fisher. "Na Stilettos are too tough on the lower back. I wear rubber shoes."

You remember Fisher as Princess Leia in *Star Wars*. She went on to write the hilarious *Postcards from the Edge*—the book and the film—and is now one of the finest script doctors in Hollywood. Fisher was asked to punch up Gina Wendekov's original script for *Coyote Ugly*. She wanted the *Coyote* women to seduce men by not trying to manipulate them: "These are chick-friendly girls. They're working in a male fantasy but doing it their way."

"Men go to these bars to be teased, mocked, and dominated. And I think that's kind of fun."

Fisher says she has never been attracted to feminism as a concept. "All I know is I don't get paid as much as the men in this business and"—she laughs out loud—"that's all I care about."

As we wrap up, Fisher asks sympathetically, "Defining the new feminism?" Now she's really chuckling. "Let me know when you figure it out."

Maybe she's right, I say to myself. How do you define feminism? It's like trying to define poetry.

"Stiletto Feminism? I'd rather wear high-tops! Hannah Storm is calling me from her cell phone after telling half of New York City about Latrell Sprewell's driving down the baseline for an easy layup. Storm is one of the reigning NBA hosts for NBC Sports, nominated two of the last three years for an Emmy."

Storm has had quite a career since beginning in Texas as a radio sports announcer. She left when she tried to move to TV and was told, "I'll hire a woman over my dead body." So she got a job in Charlotte, North Carolina, where "they thought I would generate some talk," she says, laughing.

She then became the first woman ever on CNN's *Sports Tonight*. "They actually made me take a sports quiz!" she exclaims. "My husband didn't have to take a sports quiz." (Storm is married to NBC golf host Dan Hicks, and they have two children.)

Storm stayed at CNN for three years. "You should have seen the hate mail I got in the early part of my career," she says.

When I was reporting on-air for CNBC, I broke the story that Tina Brown was leaving *The New Yorker* to start a new magazine at Miramax. After my live spot, I thought I would do a bit of a victory lap. Then I saw one of the top guns of the network.

Ugh. One year earlier he had had his wrist slapped after sauntering into the makeup room plunking down in a swivel chair, hands behind his head, and saying, "I thought about you this morning, Katie, and I was fully clothed and not in the shower."

Thinking about this particular man in the shower is not pleasant at any time, particularly at 6 A.M. I then replied: "Can you wait until I've at least had breakfast?"

Now he was walking toward me off-set. "Good t, Katie," he said. "But I told you, girl, you should vays wear red lipstick."

I remember what it was like in my first job, as analyst at an investment bank. Shortly after ning the firm, I realized that there was only one nale partner. Her mantra was succinct: "Kate, rn numbers or die." She taught me that you'd tter know how to explain a pro forma, espe- ally if you want to wear fabulous Christian Dior alk-stripe minisuits (legs, legs, legs). Best advice ot in those three years.

But then came the day I'm in my office and my retary calls me. It's a huge bouquet. I pull out e card while a few colleagues watch. It reads, ou're lovelier than you know," and it's initialed someone who works on the floor. A senior part- r—one of the many who controlled my career. "Who is it?" asks John, my assistant. "My brother," I reply. "What a great guy." Every- e claps.

The only thing I remember feeling is not feel- g anything.

onest to God," Kathleen Turner says. "How long, this age of communication, can men continue pretend that we don't know anything?"

At the time, Turner is living in London, where e hits the stage each night—and briefly, every ght, completely naked—as Mrs. Robinson in the w theatrical version of *The Graduate*. "I've never mpeted with men," she says, "because they can't what I do." True. Michael Douglas could not have yied the character of Matty, who also spends a lot time naked in the movie *Body Heat*.

"I remember a studio head telling me an elligent actress would never be successful," she ntinues. "This was 15 years ago. I think at first en Michael Douglas did not appreciate how ich I could give to a performance—in the *ancing the Stone* series—and because he was o the producer, this was somewhat problem- c for me." Another throaty chuckle. "He now has d me—in the past year or two—that he does not ink that the films would have ever been what ey ended up being with a woman less assured." When I bring up *Coyote Ugly*, Turner is not used. "Oh God," she says. "Typical Hollywood dging. Give women empowerment and a dream, en throw them into halters and leather jeans." Turner's response may have something to do th experience. Another veteran, Shirley Mac- ine, agrees with her. "Hollywood is 15 years be- d the rest of the world when it comes to this a of treating men and women with equality," e tells me. "I just see so many women today gating the feminist energy in themselves." She uses for a moment. "So much of it is about oney, materialism. Women have been so busy t there making money and buying things and oving they could have as many toys as men that as created this terrible lack of harmony."

Stiletto Feminism a privilege reserved for the ung and attractive and successful? I spent a mber of days walking around talking to women

who worked in various jobs: in a lingerie bou- tique, behind a counter at Burger King, as a cab driver. The three African-American women I spoke to at the McDonald's on 14th Street in Man- hattan (they all asked not to be named) told me they didn't care at all about feminism.

"I care about feeding my kids," said one.

The second replied: "I don't even know what feminism is—even after you explain it."

The third: "I have a job, and I have four kids. Do you see that number?" She points to the McDon- ald's cash register, which reads \$25.24. "I don't think about things like...that feminism...young lady."

"It is more about perception," says Carol Marks, the director of the Black-American Studies Program at the University of Delaware. "If you asked these same three African-American women about child- raising, marriage, work, relationships, the economy, they would most likely fit under the umbrella of what we think of as 'feminist.' They probably don't deal with issues like being bored by being a house- wife in a suburban neighborhood. Their issues tend to be more immediate."

Maybe we cannot hope to achieve full equality without seeing the ways that race, social class, sex- ual orientation, and other social hierarchies such as age, ethnicity, and nationality shape the meaning of gender, of womanhood, of feminism. According to Lynn Weber, director of women's studies at the University of South Carolina, women's lives are un- derstandable only in the context of other forces of inequality. So when a single, exclusionary idea of feminism prevails, many women will feel no at- tachment to the movement.

But does this mean that women are doomed to be hopelessly divided? Do race and class and age and culture trump gender? Can women in stilettos join forces with women in rubber shoes? Or will they be just as unforgiving as the earlier gen- erations of feminists they're reacting against?

One of my best friends is sitting across from me at the Cowgirl Hall of Fame in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. "Being black, being biracial, being a woman, being a feminist, being a mother, being a model—it sounds crazy," she says, "but it's not, because it's what I'm living."

I'm quite certain you've seen Kara Young's face, literally thousands of times. There was the 10-year stint as a Revlon girl, four years with Vic- toria's Secret, years of *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit shots, *Playboy*, and, my favorite, the *Vogue* cover where she was covered in teddy bears.

Young was born to a white Navy captain of Irish descent and a black mother with two kids from a prior marriage. Her parents are both five-foot-10, and they wear the same shoe size, too. But not everything they did was the same. "In my house," Young says, "my dad did not even fry an egg."

I ask why her mother waited on her father so.

"You have got to understand one thing," she says. "My mother was not subservient to my fa- ther. It was, and is, true love. I remember my mother, nearly every day, would sing, 'When my soul was in the lost and found, you came along to claim it...' I don't think my mother was thinking

much about being in a biracial marriage or the implications for feminism. She was singing about love."

Christy Turlington experienced a different fam- ily dynamic. "I grew up watching my father go to work every day, and I remember really wanting that," she says. "Which is why I think it is very im- portant for mothers to work—in some capacity—even if it is a few days a week, or a couple of hours a day. My experience tells me your daughters need to see that."

Turlington is best known as a supermodel, but she is also a businesswoman. Her current busi- ness, Nuala, a joint venture with Puma, designs and manufactures fashionable performance- oriented workout clothes. Turlington is also a partner in a holistic skin-care company called Sundari, a joint venture with Prestige Cosmetics.

I chased Turlington down because I always felt she exhibited a quiet dignity. She was never quoted in the press as saying she wouldn't get out of bed for less than \$10,000, or photographed guzzling champagne on rock stars' yachts. After dashing around the world adorning the covers of *Vogue* and *W* and becoming the face of Calvin Klein, she earned a degree in comparative philosophy from New York University. In many ways, Turlington rep- resents a spiritual side of feminism that is rare—and that may point the way to some convergence among the factions. "Your feminism is a private thing," she says. "You don't have to breathe fire to show that you are a woman in charge of your own femininity."

It's a beautiful Sunday afternoon, but I'm inside a dark, grimy saloon in downtown Manhattan. The *Coyote Ugly* actresses are crawling around the bar, pouring bourbon into the mouths of eager extras. It's their second photo shoot for the day, and by the time it ends, the girls look pooped. Booze, empty beer bottles, and cigarette butts are strewn around the bar. The actresses have spent the last two hours under hot lights, and they're sweaty and beat.

I overhear a conversation between two men—a makeup artist and a hairstylist—who had lis- tened to me asking questions all day long.

"I thought it was, like, a fun movie about girls in a bar and stuff. What's this female empowering and bonding stuff? Do you get that?"

"I don't know," the other replies. "But the girls seem to."

My father always wanted me to be a writer. Maybe he'd have forgiven my bartending in stilettos had he known I'd be writing this piece a decade later. He died in 1995.

STILETTO FEMINISTS: STYLING CREDITS PAGES 90-95 GROOMING BY KENDRA RICHARDS FOR CLOUTIER. GROOMING BY KATHY HIGHLAND FOR CLOUTIER. GROOMING BY JOE J. SIMON FOR HARS FOR ARTISTS. FASHION CREDITS PAGES 90-95: HAIR: CARMEL BIANCO FOR LINK; MAKEUP: STEVEN ATURO FOR GLOBAL; STYLIST: ALABAMA FOR MAREK; PROP STYLIST: RICHIE OWINGS FOR MAREK. PIPER PERABO: TOP AND LEATHER COIL BAND AT WANG, NYC; LEATHER ARM BAND BY SHADI, NYC; PANTS BY BUFFALO CHIPS; SHOES BY HELMUT LANG. BRIDGET MOYNAHAN: TOP AND JEANS AT FILTH MART, NYC; BELT AND ARM BANDS BY BUFFALO CHIPS; RING BY VIVIENNE WESTWOOD; BOOTS BY PLEIN SUD. ISABELLA MIKO: HALTER TOP AND SEQUIN UNDERPANTS BY PLEIN SUD SUN; BOOTS BY PLEIN SUD JEANS; SHORTS BY PETRO ZILLIA; GOLD LEATHER BELT BY TROY SOUTH. TYRA BANKS: TOP AT FILTH MART, NYC; PANTS BY PLEIN SUD JEANS; SHOES BY SIEGERSON MORRISON; EARRINGS BY ERICKSON BEAMON; BEADED BELT BY MEGAN PARK.