

# MODERN LIVING

## DESIGN

### Prince of Prints

If Emilio Pucci is not a Renaissance man, he is doing one of the best imitations around. A Florentine marchese with a pedigree dating to Donatello, the designer, artist, sportsman, politician and resort-hopper has etched his name into the fashion lexicon of the decade. With the opening of a one-man show of silk-screens, tapestry rugs and sculptures in New York last week, Pucci, at 54, seems about to do for walls and floors what he has done for fashionable women on five continents—swathe them in splinters and swirls of color.

Color is what Pucci is all about. Whether it be palazzo pajamas, shirts and skirts, or scarves and body stockings, Pucci brands his artifacts with a kaleidoscope of shades and hues. What makes his performance all the more bravura (and saves him nearly \$100,000 a year in samples) is his ability to visualize some 80 different colors in his mind. Like do-it-yourself, fill-in-the-numbers paintings, his designs go off to the factory as line drawings spotted with the numbers of his private rainbow. Invariably, he is pleased with the result. Seeing his Argentine-woven rugs (\$700 to \$1,500 each) for the first time last week, he remarked simply: "I find these rather superb."

Pucci came to the calling by which he is best known almost by accident. His education was more appropriate for a scholar than for a designer: he holds an M.A. in social science from Reed College in Oregon and a Ph.D. in political science from the University of Florence. Pucci joined the Italian air force in World War II and garlanded

himself in medals and citations as a bomber pilot. With the war's end, he settled in Switzerland, living the good life on the slopes. It was at St. Moritz that a roving *Harper's Bazaar* photographer encouraged his sartorial talent by asking to photograph some self-designed stretch ski pants that Pucci was wearing. Lord & Taylor saw the glossies and asked if they could manufacture the pants. The rest is hysteria. In the years that followed, Pucci became the champion of sportswear, the prince of prints and—an important clue to his success—the creator of designs recognizable even to men.

**Electric Complaints.** Everyone knows, of course, that politics and pulchritude don't mix. Everyone that is, except Pucci, who combines them as neatly as he does his colors and patterns. He is a member of the Italian Parliament in the minority Liberal (meaning conservative) Party. At his Palazzo Pucci on Via Pucci in downtown Florence, he spends hours a day sorting through stacks of mail from the worlds of both fashion and politics. "One letter may be a request for an interview as a fashion designer," he says. "The next letter is from a constituent who complains about the electricity service in his village." With his elegant wife Cristina, 31, and two children, Pucci lives the restless life, traveling, speaking, designing, electioneering (he hands out signed scarves with his campaign literature).

His first men's fashion line was presented last week in Houston, featuring collarless suits with wide lapels and lined with his trademark, brightly patterned silk. His next project: modern furniture. "I've done the drawings," he says. "They started out as a joke, a hobby, but they've gotten serious. I try to keep up with the world of tomorrow. I want to keep doing what I've always done, which is the best I can within my own limitations." So far, those limitations—whatever they may be—have been kept pretty well out of view.

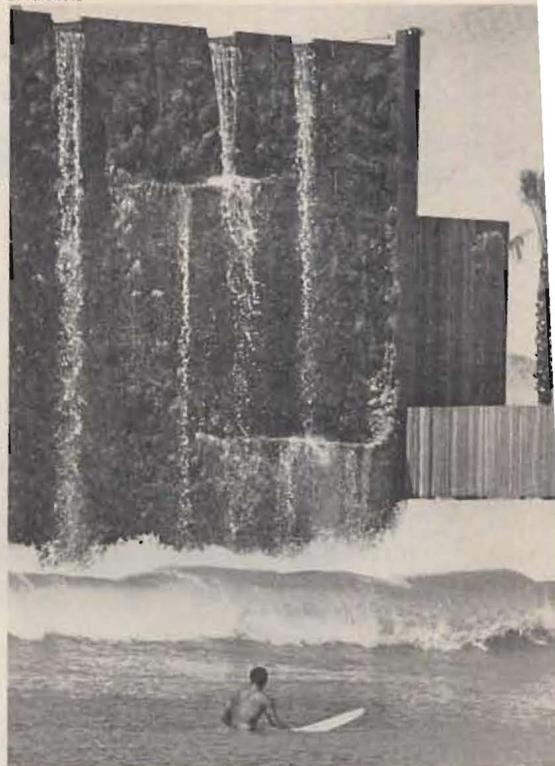
## RECREATION

### Making Waves

"Surf's up!" The cry is universal, both exultation and invitation. It echoes through the meccas of surfdom like a call to battle, from Mar del Plata to Makaha, from Sydney to Tempe, Ariz. Tempe, Ariz.? *Surfing?*

Oh, yes. At Tempe's just opened "Big Surf," the nearest ocean is 350 miles away, the sand beach was trucked in from Phoenix, and the waves are man-made. Yet beyond any doubt, surfing it is. Every 40 seconds, a new wave cascades from one end of the 2½ acre lagoon, carrying as many as 30 boards and bodies on waves up to five feet high. "You don't have to wait for that big one to come along," says Hawaii's Surfing Champion Fred Hemmings Jr.,

DAVE DAVIS



ARIZONA'S "BIG SURF"  
Inland ocean for fun and profit.

head instructor at the facility. "The surf is always up."

The novel idea of making inland waves for fun and profit came to a young Phoenix draftsman after a stay on the California coast in 1965. It took Phil Dexter a year to build his first model—in his backyard—and another year to get it working the way he wanted it. Clairol Inc., which uses surfing as a motif to promote hair coloring, put up the two million for the project. Now, two years later, it includes a 20-acre Polynesia-style complex of palms and high-roofed South Pacific huts housing shops, concessions and picnic areas.

Dexter's wave-making apparatus is fairly simple. Hydraulic pumps force millions of gallons of water per hour into a concrete reservoir at the far end of the lagoon. Underwater gates spring open at intervals, releasing the water and generating the waves. The size of the waves is controlled by the amount of water pumped into the reservoir and no two curls are exactly the same. Riders can climb stairways directly to the waves instead of paddling out from shore. Though the fresh water is less buoyant than seawater, the difference to the surfer is negligible.

The cost for a day's riding ranges from \$1 for children to \$3 for adults. Teams of lifeguards enforce strict safety precautions and instruct landlocked tyros. If inland surfing catches on, a projected Clairol subsidiary may build other such centers around the country, paying a royalty to Dexter and his 30 stockholders. In the meantime, Dexter is practicing his surfing. Though he loves the sport, he has never before found time to get very good at it.



PUCCI & SILK-SCREENS  
Swathed in splinters and swirls.