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 $4, 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.

What is Pucci 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 he has done for fashionable life, traveling, speaking, dressing, Lord & Taylor saw the glossies and asked if they could manufacture the pants. The pantyhose, it was, is an illusion. In the years that followed, Pucci became the champion of sportswear, the prince of prints and—what is his name?—the creator of designs recognizable even to non-designers.

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 in 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, electioneering (he hands out signed 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 Pacific, 3600. A $3 million, $20,000,000 spectator aquapark, motleyed in from Phoenix, and the waves are manmade. Yet beyond any doubt, surfing it is. Every 40 seconds, a new wave cascades from one end of the 21 acre lagoon, carrying as many as 30 boards and bodies on top of foaming white froth. "You don't have to wait for that big one to come along," says Hawaii's Surfing Champion Fred Hemmings Jr., 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 or palms and housing

Swell

Inland ocean for fun and profit. 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.