

The bestsellers: 'How I found an' so I could have a baby'

Fashion

Marcia Levin

Making sense of scents

Enfili. Opium. Joy. Chanel 19. Bill Bliss. Charlie. Blue Grass. Shifnal. Arpege. Halston. Ivore. Mague Nove. Este. Lander Private Collection. Fin. Flora Danica. Charlie. Diorese.

Take a whiff.
The scent of all those newly-opened perfume bottles can be sticky to one scent exclusively. And if the gift you received wasn't perfume, then maybe it was cologne, dusting powder, scented body lotion, or possibly the new, tree-fragrant candles.

No matter. Scented presents have traditionally placed high on everyone's gift lists and, it is safe to say, there's something in the air.

According to fragrance experts — yes, Virginia, there are fragrance experts — when it comes to scents, mix and match doesn't work.

Now it's not carved in stone that you stick to one scent exclusively. But do work with fragrances that don't clash. They should complement.

And certain fragrances are better for different occasions — or even different times of the day. A heavy, musky fragrance just doesn't seem right worn at a PTA meeting, but on the other hand, a light, floral splash can get lost in the heavy fragrances found at a night at the opera.

Day scents include citrusy fragrances, (Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass, for example) and sultry, spicy scents for nights (Opium is the most obvious example).

No longer can women get by with a drop of perfume behind the ear. Today's scented situation, a Givency representative told me last year, might involve use of a body lotion first, then dusting with powder or talc, followed by perfume or cologne in the same scent.

This "layering" of scent offers a more long-lasting fragrance. Another option is to start with a scented moisturizer for early morning or daytime appointments and wind up with perfume again the same scent or a similar one — for after-5 meetings.

The strongest form of fragrance is perfume. A Guy Laroche fact sheet notes that "the more concentrated the fragrance (i.e., the more essential oils it contains), the more expensive the product."

For example, perfume is composed of 15 to 20 percent of the finest essential oils, plus alcohol. Eau de perfume has 10 to 13 percent, eau de toilette a 8 percent, and cologne 2 to 3 percent.

Another fragrance expert is Chanel's Jack Mausser, vice president of research and development. He suggests "when testing a fragrance, apply more to than just the pulse points. Apply on the wrists, elbows, back of ear lobes, even arms, and let it 'settle' for approximately 15 minutes before evaluating. This allows the alcohol to dissipate so that the wearer can appreciate the true character of the scent and see how it reacts with one's individual body chemistry."

Scents fall into the following main groupings: Floral, Green Notes, Oriental, or Spicy.

Women make a statement with fragrance. Remember Coco Chanel's famous words, "Perfume is the unseen, but unforgettable, ultimate fashion accessory."

Marcia Levin's fashion column is published Mondays.

N°5 CHANEL PERLUME

Need we say more?

By Ann McFeeters
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Having babies may be one of the world's oldest traditions, but the baby boom generation, torn between career and family, has only recently grappled with it.

This has led to an unprecedented spate of books dealing not just with how-to subjects on pregnancy, childbirth and child care but also with how to decide whether to have a baby and the emotional and lifestyle changes that go with babies.

Linda Lee, a 35-year-old writer, had met friends and a glamorous New York life but no husband and no prospects of one when she was consumed with "baby hunger."

This was the current term for women in the mid-20s to upper 30s who want a baby. She chose a father, a married man, had a baby and has written about the consequences in "Out of Wedlock."

Susan Lapinski and her husband, Michael deCourcy, have set out a his-and-hers diary of their complex, tumultuous feelings from before conception through the first year of parenting in their book, "In A Family Way."

Deborah Insel has written a month-to-month guide, "Motherhood: Your First 18 Months," about the feelings and emotional adjustment to mothering. Her husband, a self-psychiatrist at the National Institutes of Mental Health, wrote the book's forward, arguing, "The process of becoming a parent — that ancient, primal rite — has been almost totally overlooked."

Ms. Lee's experience, still unusual although on the increase, is explicitly and candidly dealt with in her account of defying society. "This book is me," she says, admitting, in an interview that the strong attacks aimed at her have been almost as painful as writing the book.

"It still bothers people that I had an affair," she says.

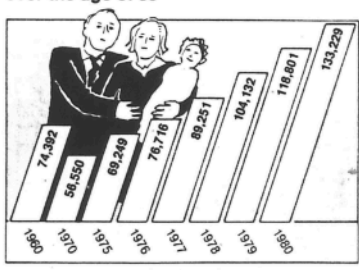
The product is correct but, she says, unemotional upbringing in North Branch, Minn., Linda Lee rebelled, going to New York to write. She wrote a successful novel called "One By One" about super-marital poisonings. Nonetheless, she had an almost hand-to-mouth existence when, after months of planning, she became pregnant.

The father of her child was married, prominent, and lived in a different city, able to see her and her son only on rare occasions. As she specified, he gave her no financial help. He died of cancer when her

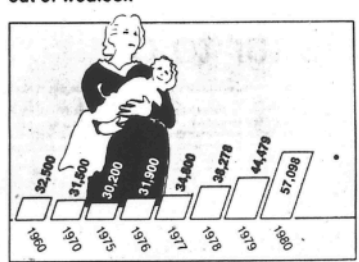
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Number of women having their first baby over the age of 30



Number of women over 30 having a baby out of wedlock



NOTE: Between 1960 and 1980 the number of U.S. unmarried women over 30 has increased substantially and the rate of babies born to such women has doubled. Also, in previous estimates, illegitimacy in states born in California was undercounted.

She wraps 'em up, and they grab 'em up

By William Staff
Special To The Sun-Tattler

CHRISTIANSTED, St. Croix — Twila Wilson is 6 feet tall and has done more for the sarong than Dorothy Lamour.

Tens of thousands of American women now wear the sarong because of Twila.

She is 33, a string bean with a sense of humor, straight blonde hair and a head for business. Five years ago she began importing sarongs from Indonesia. She called her store "Java Wraps" and shared space with a florist in a tiny shop in this U.S. Virgin Islands town. Last year her firm grossed \$2 million. She owns two shops here, one in St. Martin, and supplies her line to stores on 32 islands from Trinidad to Guam, and to about 200 resort shops from Florida to Maine.

"Our gross has doubled every year since we've been in business," she says. "But this year we're conservative. We expect only a 30 percent growth."

Most business people would kill for growth like that.

The net profit isn't bad, either. She says that if a sarong costs \$10 in Indonesia, "you add 40 percent to that for landing it in the U.S. and then double the price." That means a sarong arriving in the U.S. for \$14 sells for \$28.

Twila was born in Missouri and grew up in Security, Colo., where her father was a construction worker. She went to Colorado State University at Fort Collins, Colo., and in interior design "with a concentration in textiles" and got a Denver department store job as a junior designer, her first big-city exposure.

"It was fun going into people's homes to do carpets or upholstery," she says. "And I made good money."

So good that in 1971, after a year on the job, she went to Europe for three months, stopped en route home "and fell in love with New York." She answered the ad for a firm starting to import goods and was sent to Singapore, Indonesia and Africa "to buy and design, taking their motifs and stylizing them for the American market." She held that job more than three years, took another design job in London and then "decided to relax and take a year off in the Virgin Islands. She brought along her collection of antique sarongs "and everybody here wanted to see them."

She cleaned up a room at the rear of a Christiansted nightspot and had a show, pricing the sarongs at \$200 to \$250 a piece. She says:

"A gentleman approached me and asked what I'd do if someone offered me \$1,000 for the entire collection. I said I'd use \$1,000 to pay off my car and the other \$2,000 to go back to Indonesia to buy some more. 'Then the deal's done,' he said, and wrote a check. We put 'sold signs on everything."

She expected sales resistance, especially from men, to the idea of tying on pieces of batik cloth. There was none, though she hastily explains "the concept's been around thousands of years." The sarong is a pareo in South America, a lavolva in the South Pacific, a porsea in French-speaking Africa, and longi in India.

"People from other islands began coming here to buy," she says. "The first were from Tortola (in the British Virgin Islands). It was a young business, we had to dole out the sarongs carefully."

The florist offered to share space and soon was squeezed out because the sarong business was so good. A local lawyer became a partner and helped get bank financing. At a critical moment Twila got a minority loan from the Small Business Administration; her minority was being female.

"We had people lining up to get in the shop," Twila recalls. They wanted matching thights, dresses, bikinis. We were forced into the fashion business."

Working with two New Britain shop owners, Twila set up a sewing village in Java to complement her batik fabrics village. The work is a cottage industry, done at home. The two villages are five hours apart by road.

"Our production has grown by leaps and bounds," she says. "We have 3,000 people working at any given time in Java."

By 1978 she'd produced a full line of batik ready-to-wear — batik is the process of hand-printing textiles by coating with wax the parts not to be dyed. Now, she says, the ready-to-wear volume exceeds that of the sarongs. "We still have a difficult time getting enough sarongs," she says. "We put limits on how many each store can get."

Twila has 54 employees, the majority of her warehouse and office here. She wears a sarong "almost all the time." Each sarong buyer gets an instruction pamphlet in how to tie the 2 yard and 2½-yard cloths. There are instructions for men, too.

"There are about 10 ways to tie them," Twila says. "I adore the fabric. It's so beautiful I can't let it up." But in Java, where she works six to eight weeks each summer, "the people use sarongs as skirts. They can't expose their shoulders because they're Moslems. I wear mine the Tahitian way."

And what happened to her original \$3,000 collection of antique sarongs?

"A year after I began my business the gentleman came to see me and said 'I'd let him keep three of the best, he'd sell me back all the rest at the original price. I did and he did.'"

The 16 Florida outlets carrying "Java Wraps" include Little Haven on Hollywood Beach and Maggie, Osceola's End, The Rack Room and Traver Tom's in Ft. Lauderdale.

son was about 2 years old. She says she mourned him for a year.

Ms. Lee says she never worried about the morality of having a child out of wedlock, only about the practicality of it. When she talks about her son, now 4, her eyes light up and she exults. "He's just wonderful. He's bright in the sense of being intuitive and fun and full of wonder."

She scoffs at the charge from her critics that she is narcissistic and argues that most people have children from selfish reasons.

Her son, she says, knows about his father and thus far seems to be secure and happy and normal. But her mother and her brother have not accepted the situation, she says, her eyes welling with tears.

Ms. Lee says she wrote her story so her son would know about his roots if anything ever happened to her and so she could "reach" other people. Despite her competence at supporting them both and her confidence and happiness at her decision, she admits her yearning for "contact" with others. She dreams of a husband and a house full of children.

About that she is not optimistic. The front end of the baby boom generation, she notes, is short on men. She has dated for two years, finding most men who are eligible to be either boring or gay. At this point, she says, her nurturing instincts are taken up with her son.

Ms. Lapinski, an editor and freelance writer, and her husband, a reporter for The New York Times, were a happily married couple in their early 30s when they slid painfully into the decision to have a baby.

Theirs, too, is a candid book and has left some of their friends and family members upset. Hinds ultimately found that being a father churned up such ferment in him he went into psychoanalysis.

The couple found the whole process of having a child — a daughter, now two-and-a-half — "exhilarating and excruciating."

"Susie and I had a perfect relationship. Until I met her I had a lot of strong self doubts," Hinds says. "She made me feel very good about myself."

Claiming his own good didn't "respond" to him, he found that he acted in strange ways and needed professional help when his own child "suddenly turned our lives upside down and deprived me of a great deal of Susie's healing atten-

tion, the emotional mud began to rise to the surface," he wrote.

His wife found herself unprepared for the "incessant time" being a mother takes as well as the anxieties, physical changes and emotional turbulence. She found herself with undercurrents of tension and resentment mixed with euphoria.

One day she wrote: "This morning I'm proud to say that I packed the diaper bag with all the right stuff, zipped the snowsuit without the zipper going off the track and scraped the cereal spatters off the table, walls and floor — all in 30 minutes flat. I'm still waiting for my gold medal."

In an interview, Lapinski and Hinds say they are now debating whether to have a second child. "The second child decision is almost no different from the first-child decision. Not easy," says Hinds.

Adds Ms. Lapinski, "We're part of the '60s generation, which rejected a lot of our parents' ways but has to examine everything to death before we reinvent the wheel."

Deborah Insel's first child was born just six weeks after her mother died. So she didn't know how much of the emotional lot of becoming a mother was because she had just lost her own. Later, talking to other mothers, she found that for nearly all of them, becoming a mother is a serious passage.

She wrote: "It was stunned by the endless amount of work and time it took to care for a newborn. I had no idea there would be so many sleepless nights in a row or that I would want to be so totally given over to the child."

"It took what I thought was a surprisingly long time to recover physically. And I agonized over feeling that I would never be a separate person again. One moment I resented my son for what I felt was his destruction of me, the next, I was remorseful for blaming this small person I loved so deeply. I felt off-balance and mildly confused for months."

Society may be more accepting of unwed mothers, but carrying children out of wedlock is still a dangerous game. While some unmarried women choose motherhood without marriage and find less resistance than they might have years ago, an unmarried schoolteacher in New York faces possible dismissal for being pregnant and "immoral." Story, 3D.



Twila Wilson/Sun-Tattler photo

Waxed up: Twila Wilson with a few of the sarongs that have brought a little bit of Tahiti to women around the world and success to their producer. Wilson's small business has the happy problem of finding enough orders, not enough buyers.