

# NEW YORK POST



**Liz  
Smith**

June 10, 2001

**S**PEAKING OF "the frenzy," I had an awful lot of frenzy myself in the past year with publication of a memoir called "Natural Blonde."

During the over-attention I received, one of my favorite things was appearing on the cover of **Joan Jedell's** publication, "The Hampton Sheet," which concerns itself with color photos, usually taken by Joan herself, of people at parties all over, not just in Long Island. This month she has the marvelous **Clive Davis** on the cover, a man many counted as down and out in the music business when actually, he was rising to greater heights.

But in this June issue, I want particularly to call your attention to page 15 in which the now super-famous **Denise Rich** is shown almost literally "exploding" from a bejeweled gown as she poses with **President and Mrs. Clinton** while standing next to — in the all-time scariest photo I've ever seen — **Michael Jackson**. Not to particularly single out Ms. Rich — her body may well be all her very own — but

she's shoe-horned into a too-tight dress. Still, let me comment on the phenomenon of the breast implant as an art form. There are many examples in this magazine and in the plethora of other infotainment publications that feature stars and VIPs when they are all dressed up. (Or, underdressed, as the case may be.) In another culture, women with such extra chest adornments might be considered seriously deformed. I've never seen anything like it.

I appreciate a fine *poitrine* as much as the next person and often have wished I had one of my own. But surely these enhancements aren't really sexy. Or am I losing my mind, as Sally asks in **Sondheim's** classic musical "Follies"?

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