

# The Besmirching Of an Image

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New York

IF IT is true that in the U.S., the Kennedy mystique and myth fell once and for all into the pond with the Senator's car and Mary Jo Kopechne, in Europe the shock was even greater. Across the Atlantic, an entire continent once fell hopelessly in love with the Kennedys, back when Jack and Jackie were proclaimed our first uncrowned monarchs.

Then when President John F. Kennedy was killed. Europe was shaken with horror, and to this day, most Europeans believe the murder was not just the work of a solitary assassin, but of a well-organized conspiracy in which either the Mafia, the CIA, the big oil interests, or the extreme political Right or Left, participated.

When brother Robert Kennedy—less loved, but still admired—was also assassinated, Europeans began to talk of America as a wild jungle. Admiration for the Kennedys still remained at a tremendous high.

Jacqueline Kennedy was the first one to really damage the prestige of the family, when she married Greek millionaire Aristotle Onassis. Europeans might



GLORIA COOPER  
Mini, midi, maxi

have understood a love marriage or a wild romance, but they could not see the perfect widow stooping to a marriage for money or power. (Though such unions are usually completely accepted as a practice in Europe.)

Now Senator Edward Kennedy's incomprehensible behavior in the Chapquiddick "mystery" has brought on a nasty reaction in almost every European country. In unison, the European press placed a cross over the young senator's presidential aspirations. And, as in the case of all love affairs gone bad, bitterness follows.

Europeans today are bitterly resentful of the Kennedys—Jackie and Ted being the object of the most vitriolic gossip and criticism. Ted Kennedy may make Americans forgive and forget; but it is doubtful he can ever recapture the affection and admiration of disgruntled Europeans.

The migration of the wealthy nomads to the French and Italian Riviéras and to the isles of Elba, Sardinia, Corsica, Ischia, and Capri is now in full swing. As is usually the case—Monte Carlo, the tiny realm of Prince Rainier and Princess Grace—is crammed with the most ostentatious and wealthy Americans, Germans and Italians. (There are a few British and French here and there.)

These noveaus either are harbored on enormous yachts at the port, or they are set up in the Hotel de Paris, only a stone's throw from the gambling casino. The median age here is 60 or over and you sometimes wonder how some of these ancient and bejeweled ladies and their white-haired escorts can make it up the stairs of the entrance.

Portofino in Italy, St. Tropez in France, and Porto Rotondo in Sardinia are, on the other hand, the places where the young

## Women's World



JACQUELINE ONASSIS  
The first to fall



TED KENNEDY  
Nasty reaction

swinging crowds assemble. The Italian playboys give these spots plenty of tone and they call the tune.

Even St. Tropez is dominated by that famous quartet of Italian musketeers—all tall and handsome and with roving eyes. We mean, of course, Rodolo Parisi, the richest of the lot (last year he created a sensation when he stole the beautiful wife of a prominent German visitor)... Gigi Rizzi, who made the headlines when he captured Brigitte Bardot from Gunther Sachs (taking B.B. away from Germany's richest playboy was a spot of Italian revenge)... Beppe Piroddi, the nightclub entrepreneur, who is the devoted escort of Odile Rubirosa, beautiful widow of the late Porfirio Rubirosa... and Franco Rapetti, a swinger who finds them all attractive. Parisi! Rizzi! Piroddi! Rapetti!—Remember those names

Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper has announced that the new varying skirt lengths—mini, maxi, midi—are all okay with her and signify the beginning of just what fashion should be. Mrs. Cooper, who once shunned the limelight as a shy miss, wrenched about

from the struggles of a celebrated child custody case and as the protagonist in several sensational divorces (Pat di Cicco, Leopold Stokowski, and Sidney Lumet), has become the most publicity prone lady in New York's Beautiful People set. No fashion page or pronouncement is complete without her photo and opinion.

Why? What for, as they say in Brooklyn, does darling Gloria need with all this space? It's a puzzlement... She has, by the way, already given up her chore as book reviewer for Cosmopolitan, a job she held for only two months. Gloria didn't like being edited, they say.

Mae West is still too smart for anybody in Hollywood. Not only did she get the billing and money she demanded for her screen return in Myra Breckenridge, but she refused to experiment with her wardrobe in the person of costume designer Theodora van Runkle.

Miss van Runkle won fame for Bonnie and Clyde, but her costumes since, mainly for Faye Dunaway, have been undistinguished. Mae West, the fabulous pro, picked Edith Head—a many-time Oscar winner.