



The summer I turned seven, Cindy Crawford moved to the little seaside town where I lived for a bit. New England: saltbox homes with clapboard siding and wood-paneled Jeep Wagoneers that would pass over a long wooden bridge to the beach—the beach my mother painted watercolours of to fundraise for new plants needed to stop its slow erosion, and the bridge Crawford would jog along every morning while everyone else pretended real hard not to care. They were well practised. It wasn't rare to see all of Aerosmith in the convenience store goofing around. As one of the first founded after Plymouth, the town's romanticised character is covetable for a certain type of American elite. The kind of place where it mattered that one's mother descended from eight of the 102 passengers on the Mayflower, a pillar of the United States's creation myth. All of this to say, in the summer of 1992, I was inhabiting a place, living hard in a present-past that rewarded families with a solid track record, and celebrity was nearby.

1992 was peak Crawford time. Her commercial for the newly designed Pepsi can was all over TV. In it, she pulls up to a dusty backcountry gas station in a red Lamborghini Diablo. Doris Troy's 1963 one-hit-wonder, "Just One Look," plays. From behind a fence, two boys watch as Crawford hops out, digs into her tight cut-offs for coins, slots them into a vending machine, extracts a cool Pepsi, and ecstatically guzzles it in one go. Kid One: "Is that a great new Pepsi can, or what?" NEW LOOK. SAME GREAT TASTE. Kid Two: "It's beautiful."

The commercial premiered earlier that year during the Super Bowl when the Washington Redskins beat the Buffalo Bills 37–24. It remains one of the most iconic thirty seconds ever aired. They repeated it verbatim in 2002 for the new Diet Pepsi can, a Land Rover replacing the Lambo and the New England Patriots beating the St. Louis Rams. Crawford, after downing the soda: "Some things never change." SAME CRISP TASTE. NEW LOOK. She opens the back door of the car, and we see a young boy and a baby girl, the first roles of Presley and Kaia Gerber, Crawford's children. Crawford: "Some things do." Presley appeared alongside his mother in a third rehash for the 2018 Super Bowl (Philadelphia Eagles over the New England Patriots). Literally a commercial about Pepsi commercials. CELEBRATING EVERY GENERATION. And so we do.

Cindy, Kaia, and Presley graced the pages of the September 2015 issue of *Vogue* together, and the April 2016 *Vogue Paris* had Cindy and Kaia on the cover. That autumn, Kaia booked her first solo cover, at age fourteen, when Charlotte Wales photographed her for *POP Magazine*. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD? For summer 2018, Wales shot fifty-two-year-old Cindy. SOME GIRL'S MOTHERS ARE BIGGER THAN OTHER GIRL'S MOTHERS ...

What I'm trying to suggest, with my backstory and with Pepsi's and Cindy's and the reciprocal nepotism, is that to talk about Cindy Crawford is to talk about antecedents. Crawford, from the start of her career, has harnessed her own embodiment of a nostalgia free of props. What is she if not a Jackie AND a Marilyn? The iconic brunette walking down the couture runway, and the sex bomb in lowbrow advertisements. Whose beauty mark is that, if not Monroe's? Whose voice on *House of Style* was it, if not Kennedy's showing America the White House? New look, even more taste. Her ability to bridge these divides, ones that are central to the basic sexism of our patriarchal culture, is one aspect of her lasting iconoclasm and market success.

Wales is known for her hazy anamnestic images. Her photographs of Kaia for POP remind one of the eighties Calvin Klein commercials with Brooke Shields, who Wales photographed for the cover of the same magazine in 2017, also at age fifty-two. There, nothing got between Shields and her Raf Simons Calvins. Here, Crawford drinks a Diet Pepsi in a contemporary can. Like everything supposedly new in this spread, it's just slightly updated. We always get the same great taste. There's the heritage print Hermes jacket, the Versace ensemble that's a direct update of Gianni's 1991 Vogue collection, and the Alicia Silverstone-as-Cher Horowitz Alaia skirt suit in faded red. The rest of the main set pieces are decidedly throwback. Venice Beach and the red Lamborghini Countach, the kind of ultra-vintage eighties hard geometric sports car that the Diablo was updated from. Its strong lines do endless compositional overtime in the spread, as Crawford leans on, marches by, feigns sweat over, fills up, rides, rolls under, and ultimately power poses defiantly on top of as its winged doors flank her.

There's a consistency Wales is working with here, and it's one that is masked in altruism. One could easily praise both Wales and POP for their "courage" in placing older women so prominently in their shoots and magazine, but these women are not shown as living in the present. Instead, we are given mausoleums filled with relics of a photographer's memories. Wales is interested in fame and how moments of it stick to a person as time passes. How our memories are shifted around, over and against those who first gave them to us. What does a collective memory look like on the same person three decades later? Everyone here is skilled. Crawford can pose, and Wales can capture, but in the end, what we are fed is Bette Davis as Baby Jane Hudson, curls and all, bound to age physically while the accoutrements of an earlier fame stay the same.

Crawford's skill has always been to look timeless and of a time (think red Versace at the 1991 Oscars). Wales, obsessed with a nostalgic idea of nostalgia, could harness this instead of paying lip service to generational diversity. There's no denying that the assignment, and Wales's booking of it, is rooted in a kind of compulsive throwback reanimation that sprawls through media and society as a whole right now. The legacy-fashion in the shoot is proof enough. But, shouldn't we all demand a bit more? It's easy to do the past, to live and work within a stage set of another era with seemingly settled history guiding the way. What takes real risk, and has the possibility of cultural profit, is to look at today and say or do something about it. I, and a couple hundred million people, saw Cindy do 1992. Wouldn't we like to see Crawford and Wales do now?