

Dim the Lights

DIVALICIOUS **JOAN COLLINS**
DAZZLES ANOTHER DECADE.

Joan Collins is hot. And not just by gay icon standards or to baby-boomers who threw costumed “Dynasty” parties in the ‘80s when she schemed demises, ate scenery like it were so many ounces of Beluga, and took Linda Evans swimming in the lily pond in one of television’s most legendary cat fights.

On a fashion photo shoot, on location at the equally iconic Hollywood Roosevelt hotel, Collins is entrancing, funny, game, and self-deprecating. But more than anything, she is hot.

There is that purr of a voice, both proper English-elegant and boudoir-droll. Despite the augmentations that Old and New Hollywood ultimately succumb to, it is Miss Collins looking at you, not some “creation.” One marvels at the daggers cheekbones, the sultry eyes, the fierce Elvis sneer of her smile, the bust (she is “a size 10 up top, a 4 down bottom”), and gams to there.

The London-born actress is famous now for being famous. But she has not been just lying about in Fendi furs and Harry Winston rocks since “Dynasty” threw its last Ferragamo in 1989. The actress created her own signature lines of both jewelry and sunglasses. They are wearable, chic, costly. She is the face of the upscale cosmetic brand Cellex-C (which just introduced the Age-less 15 Skin Signaling Serum). And the five-times-married provocateur seems quite happy with her younger beau, Percy Gibson.

She will soon be co-starring with Christopher Lee in a delicious sequel to *The Wicker Man* entitled *Cowboys for Christ*. Giddy up, girl! —Steve Garbarino

PHOTO BY GILLIAN LAUB

AFTER ALEXIS
Collins, grand lobby,
Hollywood Roosevelt.