

PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1993 • \$5.95

MIMI ROGERS

*A Rapturous
Pictorial*

ANNE RICE

DEFENDS EROTICA, BOXING
AND VAMPIRES IN A BITING

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

RON RIDENHOUR RECALLS
THE HEROES AT MY LAI

ERICA JONG GETS HOT ABOUT
MODERN LOVE

STRIP CLUBS
GO UPSCALE

**20 QUESTIONS
WITH
LAURA DERN**



"I know what you want, Wang. I can read you like a scroll."



SCREAMING MIMI!

WHEREIN WE SHARE SUSHI, AND MUCH MORE, WITH MIMI ROGERS, THE FUNNIEST, SMARTEST TOTAL BABE IN HOLLYWOOD

By MICHAEL ANGELI

Writers must be willing to go anywhere and do anything to get a story. Where I am, at the moment, is under a table in a Los Angeles sushi bar, surveying Mimi Rogers' lower half. Wouldn't you, if you had the chance? "What are you looking for, a probelly?" Mimi's voice comes from up above, a retrograde drawl, slinky and unheared, like a hand dangled in the water beside a rowboat. We've been swapping life stories. Here is the more interesting of the two, composed of some great movie work (*The Rapture*, notably), hilarious turns on TV (her flirtatious guest shot on HBO's *The Larry Sanders Show*) and a tumble through the gossip mags as Mrs. Tom Cruise. Anyway, there I am with my head under the table. (I am a gentleman and wouldn't have done it had she not been wearing jeans.) I had gone below, I suppose, because I sensed the presence of a secret weapon—face it, she has an arsenal. Although I didn't

really expect to find the weapon under the table, there's no harm in looking. When I am topside again, Mimi has me in her cross hairs. "How much do you really know about me?" she asks with a smile that could draw rivets from the Golden Gate Bridge. "Let's talk honestly about preconceptions. Tell me what you expected." All right. The Mimi I envisioned was the one who shared a bed with Tom Berenger in the 1987 suspense thriller *Sensless Is Watch Over Me*. In that film, she is a static beauty, cool and detached, icy and mannered, elegant and stoic. Her emotional access is metered, her sophistication imposing, having been cured by the hay smoke of privilege, liberated from the heartbreaking associations the rest of us have to make. While she shares the same startling eyes, pupils suspended in pearly angel's plasma, the Mimi presently dangling tempura over her mouth is none of the above. "After that film, there was a

Mimi and Gary Shandling (bottom left) did some serious flirting—on and off the talk-show couch—in a memorable episode of HBO's *The Larry Sanders Show*. Mimi can do hedonism as well, as she proved in a big way in the 1991 cult hit *The Rapture*, with David Duchovny and Stephanie Muzes (center). In an upcoming NBC mystery movie, *A Kiss to Die For*, Rogers pairs up with Tim Matheson (bottom right).







widespread idea that that was who I was," Mimi says. "And other movie roles would come up and directors would pass over me as being too aloof, too patrician. It was terribly frustrating, because I was acting, for God's sake." She changes gears. "But you never answered me. Come on, how much do you know about me? Tell me some stories about me." The fact is, my misconceptions of Mimi are anemic next to the







Rogers folklore coursing through the Hollywood circulatory system. When she laments that she was acting, for God's sake, there are those who would say, Exactly: Mimi is not what she appears to be. Along those lines, there is the "Mimi Rogers, militant scientologia" rumour: Rogers calmly addresses this aspect of her past: "This is the philosophy I grew up with. My parents were scientologists. It was a religious philosophy that I was shaped and formed by, part of my education. So, in that sense, it will always be there." For those fixated on the image of Rogers as a breast-beating *Dianetics* thumper, I suggest a screening of Michael Tolkin's brilliant 1991 film, *The Rapture*. In a rendering remarkable by anyone's standards, Mimi plays a hedonist prowling for group sex who becomes disenchanted and begins (text continued on page 161)





"Hey, Enclosure, is that a brush in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?"



"Just one minute! That's not us up there!"



EN GARDE!

miss march, kimberly donley, makes her point perfectly



A BEAUTIFUL woman is hard to resist. She will pitch your boat, make your compass needle go haywire, have you begging your friends to tie you to the mast. But a beautiful woman with a gift for laughter will put you on the rocks as sure as a Londonderry fog. Here, then, is Kimberly Donley, faithfully demonstrating the fencer's classic stance, balancing her weight

Kim takes a few pointers on thrust, parry and defense from an L.A. fencing master: "Some people have the notion that fencing is for dummies," she says, "but it's really very competitive—all balance and positioning."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARMY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA



"One thing about me that almost bothers me is that I am so sensitive to people. Once I walk into a room, I can feel if people like me or not. What do you call that?" she asks. "We call it somebody with a roomful of friends."





on the coil of her long legs. "I can do the moves, but I don't know their names yet. It's all in the wrist," she divulges with a whisper and a bounce, then cracks up completely. Her laughter is a joyous reflex, hinting at capitulation with the right joke. Prepare to abandon ship. "I laugh a lot," the 27-year-old Aurora, Illinois native concedes. "Maybe I should take life more seriously." Certainly, adult life for Donley started out in a more somber direction.

After completing instruction in computer science, Kim sought high fame in the insurance industry. "Some time ago, I went to a product liability seminar, and that's when I said to myself, 'What am I doing? This is not me. I'm going to die of boredom in the insurance world.'" Swapping her low deductible for a chance to break into modeling and acting, Kim now divides her time between Arizona's painted deserts (she leases a condo in Phoenix) and the shrink-to-fit hysteria of Los Angeles, where her boyfriend has a local following as a guitarist and songwriter. "I come to L.A. to relax, can you believe it?" she asks, laughing again. "All my friends are back in Phoenix and the phone's constantly ringing. Something's always happening. I come here, kick back in Benedict Canyon to visit my boyfriend and watch the crabgrass grow." Perhaps more stunning than her classic Gaelic features is the fact that until her foray with *Plursov*, Kim had no modeling or acting experience. "I don't see myself as the voluptuous Playmate type," says our duelist with a modest shrug. "And I'm probably too short to be a model. I think I have a lot of beauty within me. I did go to charm school—learned how to eat, how to sit, how to answer the phone. All of it has really paid off, can't you tell?" And there's that surrender-yourselves laugh again. But let's not dismiss this woman's charm. After all, her ex-boyfriend remains devoted enough to feed her cats when she's away from home. Just another willing victim of Kim Donley's siren call—her infectious laughter. Hear it once and you're stuck for life.







"My boyfriend was incredibly supportive during the photo shoot," notes Kim. "If I felt I hadn't done my best, he'd advise me to 'do better tomorrow—knock yourself out.'" Consider it a TRG, champ.







MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Kimberly Donley

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kimberly DonleyBUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 115BIRTH DATE: 12/15/65 BIRTHPLACE: Peoria, IllinoisAMBITIONS: Continuing my education, working with children and animals, acting in a thriller movie.TURN-ONS: Having my back tickled, I've been in Sydney, Australia. Dan Wexler, a pro team, sandwich at Dusseldorf.TURN-OFFS: Dirty fingernails, Chewing gum, men who act tall, people who exercise too much, Racism.I'M JUST WILD ABOUT: Wishes being granted, Dreams coming true, Fantasies becoming realities!IF I HAD MORE TIME: I would sleep late, travel the world by sea, air and land, and start a quest for the perfect man!MY TYPICAL DAY: Read the Arizona Republic newspaper, work, watch old Jimmy Stewart movies and spend time with my cats.MY ANTIQUE COLLECTION: I have anything old - dolls, toys, clocks!FENCING IS: An art in itself, romantic, dangerous and fascinating!

Contestant in the
Miss-Illinois Pageant



A Modeling job



Me and Big Bear

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An investigation into the fire that had destroyed Brown's warehouse took almost a year, so when he received word that the case had finally been settled, Brown immediately headed to his lawyer's office to collect the insurance money. Once there, he was shocked to learn just how large a percentage the lawyer was retaining to cover his services.

"Face it, Mr. Brown," the attorney crowed, "I've earned it, haven't I?"

"Jesus," Brown muttered under his breath, "you'd think you started the fire."



Two Irishmen were digging a ditch directly across from a brothel. Suddenly, they saw a rabbit walk up to the front door, glance around and duck inside.

"Ah, will you look at that?" one ditchdigger said. "What's our world comin' to when men of the cloth are visitin' such places?"

A short time later, a Protestant minister walked up to the door and quietly slipped inside. "Do you believe that?" the workman exclaimed. "Why, 'tis no wonder the young people of today are so confined, what with the example clergymen set for them."

After an hour went by, the men watched as a Catholic priest quickly entered the whorehouse. "Ah, what a pity," the digger said, leaning on his shovel. "One of the poor lasses must be dyin'."

Taxes must be worse than we thought. A friend overheard two Wall Street types discussing the economy. One summed up his feelings this way: "Charlie, there ain't no free brunch."

A multimillionaire was so pleased with his broker's expertise that he asked him what he'd like as a token of appreciation. The broker said a set of golf clubs.

"Great," the millionaire said. "I'll get them. By the way, how many clubs are in a set?"

"Oh, eight or ten," the broker replied.

Months went by and the broker was sorry he hadn't asked for a watch. Then he got a call from the millionaire. "Sorry to take so long with those clubs. I've managed to get eight so far," he said, "but only six have swimming pools."

What's the first thing a Hollywood mogul does after rear-ending someone? Hangs up the phone.

After taking his date to a movie and a nice dinner, the smitten young man drove to a quiet spot and parked. The couple began to neck, and when things got steamy, the fellow asked, "How about getting in the back seat?"

"No," she said.

He began to kiss her again and started running his hand up and down her body. "Now will you get in the back seat?" he asked.

"No," she said more firmly.

He went back to kissing and rubbing and finally, between clenched teeth, pleaded, "For God's sake, get in the back seat, will you?"

"No."

"Well, why the hell not?"

"Because," she replied sweetly, "I want to stay up here with you."

How do you define a real music lover? That's a guy who hears a soprano in the shower and puts his ear to the keyhole.



An unsuccessful furniture salesman finally gave up and joined the police force. A few weeks after pinning on his star, he met a friend for a drink. "So, how's the new job?" the friend asked.

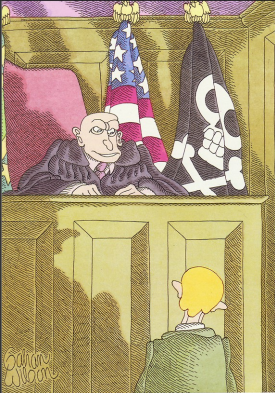
"Oh, just great. What I like best about it," the cop said, "is that the customer is always wrong."

What did the postcard from the blonde say? "Having a great time. Where am I?"

An old man woke up in the middle of the night and found, to his utter astonishment, that his pecker was as hard as a rock for the first time in two years. He shook his wife by the shoulder until she woke up and showed her his enormous erection. "You see that thing, woman?" he happily exclaimed. "What do you think we ought to do with it?"

With one eye open, his wife replied, "Well, now that you've got all the wrinkles out, this might be a good time to wash it."

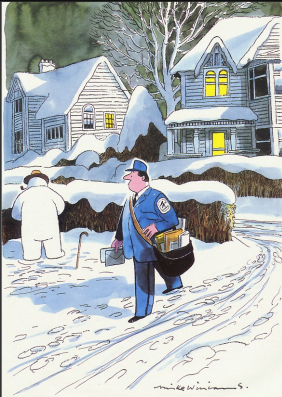
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"The one to the far right happens to be my own personal flag."



"I don't ski. I screw."



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A Club of One's Own

In the contest to coddle the American man, upscale topless clubs are outstripping the competition

article by D. KEITH MAND — Topless has gone Vegas. It's a Bugsy Siegel vision of its former self. What was once just déclassé ranch began to step up in style around 1988. Today the average upscale topless outlet will feature 20 to 30 women you wouldn't mind applying genes with. And it comes with valet parking, with sound systems so tremendous and sophisticated they would reach the cheap seats in the Sky Dome, with three-star food and with someone you gotta tip in the john. As the clubs go for the top of the market—Miami, Atlanta, Detroit, Houston, New York—they're becoming investment-grade businesses. Even in the recession, topless is a go-go stock—more than just respectable, expensive (Visa and Master Card accepted). I predicted this makeover, by the way, while doing research for my novel *Topless*. Since 1982 I've interviewed about 400 of the roughly *(text concluded on page 130)*



It's becoming the nightlife phenomenon of the Nineties: the men's club, where you'll find gourmet food, expensive decor and female entertainment (in unswerving states of undress), mascot looks at six of the hottest clubs, including Solid Gold (top) in Minneapolis and the Men's Club (above) in Houston.





Chanel, Leslie Delahossaye, Jeanne Lemdare, Danica Lynn and J.J. (left to right) re-create the flapper era at the Men's Club in Houston. And what do these ladies do for kicks? Weight lifting, jet skiing, traveling and modeling.



Six bucks will get you into the Men's Club, where Tamara Louise Reed (opposite page) is one of 125 topless dancers. What do your dollars buy once you're in? The club boasts six stages, a swimming pool, a boardroom and a restaurant that serves everything from atomic shrimp (four giant ones) to a 14-ounce kick-ass flat mignon. For dessert, try Sex in the Sock. And for an extra \$25, you'll get entertainment that's up close and personal—that is, a table dance by J.J. (above) or her friends.





The Cabaret Royale in Dallas (below and right) opened in 1988, thereby becoming the granddaddy of the new breed of topless clubs. A cabaret-style throwback to the Folies-Bergère, the club encourages its 305 dancers—including Sharon (left) and Suzanne Mallin (above)—to choreograph elaborate stage productions in eye-pepping costumes.





One year ago Stringfellow's in New York decided that disco was dead and reinvented itself as a topless club. Business has never been better. Melissa Williamson (below and far right) and Beth Ann Marrese (right and opposite page) are two of the club's 150 dancers, who can average \$300 to \$1500 a night in tips. Uncover charge: \$10 to \$20.





Outdoorsmen will feel right at home at the Colorado Bar and Grill (above) in Houston, where over 150 exotic wild-life trophies—from zebras (in the background below) to leopards, lions and bears—adorn the hunting-ledge setting. Answering the call of the wild is Melinda Sanchez (left) and a flowery and fragrant Rebecca André (right).





Mary Ann Hillhouse (above and opposite page) and Cassandra Carl (below) are two of 100 all-nude dancers at Atlanta's Cheetah club. We would like to let Mary Ann know that she can take the bar stool next to ours any day.



Situated in a 100-year-old building with marble walls and a 40-foot domed ceiling, Minneapolis' Solid Gold club has six stages, a restaurant, 50 dancers and a good heating system. Sparks fly when Haley (above) does her electrifying act.



68,000 topless dancers in this country. I have been to dozens what Toulouse-Lautrec was to cancan (only I'm a little shorter), so listen up out there.

Springfield's in New York is a good example of what I'm talking about. The club, which was formerly a motorized downtown disco, is now an *ohé et là femme*. (It's done over in a style known as Euro-Vegas, which sounds like something you might take penicillin for.) Nowhere in its print advertising is the blue-collar weed topless mentioned. Women at Springfield's are, you understand, "partially nude"—and beautiful enough to short your pacemaker. They remind me of Keats' poem, *Ode on a Grecian Urn*.

In December 1991 Peter Springfield licensed the Pure Platinum topless format from Michael J. Peter, the Ray Kroc of go-go. Peter owns or operates 30 top-seeded breast emporiums from Florida to Minneapolis to Honolulu. Recently he took over the El Morocco in New York. His employees cross-pollinate: A dancer at Springfield's might work at the El Morocco location. Next month she could be escaping her costume in Myrtle Beach.

As one would expect, your less well-endowed topless establishments have to compete against Peter with feature acts: Heidi Hoosers, Bobbie Balloons, Candy Cantalopes and, my favorite, Letha Weapons—all 1000000 cup size or bigger. Since mid-1990 or so, New York has been, as they say, pushing the envelope.

Topless chic began with Cabaret Royale in Dallas—an \$8 million establishment that could remind you of the British Museum done over to look like Darth Vader's harem. Upscale go-go had existed before—particularly at the burning (and all nude) Cheetah Club in Atlanta. But with Cabaret Royale and, later, the Men's Club of Houston (now also of Dallas), you get something only America could whip together: a topless shopping mall.

At one joint or the other, or both, you'd find: an aerobic gym, a swimming pool, a fashion boutique, a mixer hair salon, a tanning bed, massage therapy, terrific dining, a conference room, a fax machine, a photocopier—also a seamstress, a laundry, a makeup person and pedicurist for those 90 to 100 women who dance each night.

You may sniff at the topless game, but it is probably funding welfare for a medium-sized town somewhere in Texas. Between them, these two companies sold nearly \$12 million in liquor alone last year. As Teri Jo Nicholson, persuasive marketing director for the Men's Club, told me, "We offer a

unique concept, a next-style club. You just can't spend the night."

All that feels a long way from what I once knew as go-go, not just in rich appointment and fine amenity. Take a look outside the Men's Club door, for instance. Instead of a 400-pound sumo geyt wearing his best Chris Mullin gym rat T-shirt and some sociopathic attitudes, you'll find a polite, trim host in black tie.

From the host on up, the topless playbook has been rewritten. Dancer-owner and dancer-client relationships are in flux. In classic topless, two or three women perform a set onstage—most often one half hour—for G-string tip money. When offstage, the dancer must be fully (if provocatively) clothed. Management will encourage her to socialize with clientele between onstage sets—no groping allowed. And, except for tourist traps (where battery-water "champagne" can cost \$125), Pandora or Gretchen or Kema will spend the entire down set with you for the price of a \$3 tip and one three-back Bud. In classic topless, many women are local—students, actresses, moonlighting office personnel—with B-plus bodies and youth to squander. Most important: Each dancer is a temp employee, receiving some kind of guaranteed run (\$8 to \$10 per set) from management, whether or not you stuff green in her underwear.

With the current incarnation of topless, by contrast, stage time (one song, maybe two) merely constitutes the teaser. Serious business will be taken care of down below. The new topless has refurbished and made acceptable the "table" dance—once confined largely to Canada. For \$20 (more if you're feeling generous), that redhead you just saw on stage—she who could fill a car bra—will bathe you in long orange hair, then dance so close you might easily drink shoosers from her nasal. A real vasoconstrictor, that.

Of course, go-go protocol changes at the state line. Chicago, for instance, is toplessless. In Detroit, though, one gorgeous pop tart began to climb me like her kitchen step ladder. Then she took both church kneeler-size breasts and, using them as a cyrillic set, made my ears go *booooo!* In some sleazy sub-basement? No, at B.T.'s, after I had eaten filet mignon off china and linen. This variation is called "lap" or "couch" dancing. Lap women are referred to affectionately as "tipper polishers."

Club topless is, moreover, a free-market enterprise. Your redheaded friend will receive no minimum take-home pay from management. Hell, most likely she laid out \$30 or even \$50 for the privilege of stripping off checks to check for 19 salivating customers

per night. She must maximize volume and turnover in her fast-dance trade. So must her competition. One result is positive: Only women radiant enough to distract a heat-seeking missile will survive and prosper.

The down side is, well, Robocheek. As first leer, disco topless would seem to be much more intimate than classic topless. After all—look—this spectacular hardbody is grinding away so close to my chair I wanna put on a lobster bib. Yet look again. That dance will most probably be an effective but mechanical event: the generic brand of sex. And small talk means downtime, lost profits, an opening for competition.

In the old days, women were constantly admonished to be sociable. Management was well aware of the built-in tension between good frasser and friendliness. But Robocheek signed up as a mercenary. Often, she's on tour, under contract to some topless chain, just passing through. She's not that kid from SUNY-New Paltz who will dance for teabuck money and know your old neighborhood. As a male-female experience, New Age topless is, given the tab, somewhat less engaging.

Then again, maybe men prefer it that way. I suspect that this latest topless craze is, in part, an oblique response to the radical feminist agenda. Women have liberated virtually all significant male sanctuaries. But they cannot liberate Cabaret Royale because it is already full of entrepreneurial women. I'd reckon that men have come to challenge a venue where the rules are understood up front. Where they can exert control: For \$20 I can make any woman in this room take off her clothing. That's good to know. And if I admire her body, in look or in language, she will accept my male response and won't call a lawyer.

Classic topless couldn't serve this purpose because it was always outside the culture: underground, proscribed by social convention, not respectable. Men who went there were rogue males, unfit for breeding. Yet I confess nostalgia for the uncouth. And I rather resent having respectable sexual habits. The charm of classic topless lay in its social, not its sensual, intimacies. Where some young woman with maybe cellulite, maybe an asymmetrical bust, would update me on her life. And treat me, in passing, as more than just the gross extension of my wallet.

But let not my yearning for traditional values spoil your fun. We live in *la belle époque* of topless. Investigate it, and bring along your wife or girlfriend. You won't want to miss the great American bust boom.

spokes



*"I never knew, Hier Steubrandt, that passport pictures
were done in such detail."*

Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON





**A Light Shower
for This German Flower**

Model ELKE RINSIN has graced the pages and cover of *Playboy Germany*, won a beauty contest, made a movie and appeared on an Italian game show. Now she's ready to tackle *Tinseltown*.

**A Bouquet
for Izzy—
But Hold
the Roses**

IZZY STRADLIN can tell us: There is life after Guns n' Roses. Listen to his solo LP *Izy Stradlin and the As In Heaven* or catch him on tour and then ask yourself who's hitting the mark.



The Tush of the Town

Yes, it's the Divine BETTE MIDLER showing off her labialium gains at a benefit. Look for her face this summer in *Focus Pocus* with Sarah Jessica Parker and Kathy Najim. They play witches. We're already under Bette's spell.



Alana's Next Fifteen Minutes

If Andy Warhol was right and we all have our 15 minutes of fame coming to us, ALANA STEWART, celebs about town and former wife of George Hamilton and Rod Stewart, is dressed for success.

Hot Shot

Actress JENNIFER BARLOW plays Flame, an exotic dancer on Fox TV's new series *Key West*. She also had a starring role in Garth Brooks' video *Thunder Bolt*. Now she dances with us.

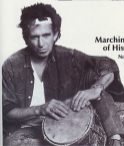
The Q&A on Julie Ann

Who edits the questions and answers for Jeopardy! Who showed up in California Hot Wax and Bachelor Party? And who walked through TV's *General Hospital* and *Superior Court*? The answer: actress JULIE ANN DAVIS.



Marching to the Beat of His Own Drum

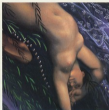
No, this isn't some Sixties hippie escapee. It's KEITH RICHARDS loosening up during the X-Pensive Winsa tour in support of *Main Olfender*. After recorking the Winsa, Keith and Mick start working on Stones music again.



NEXT MONTH



STUDENT SECRETS



VISITING POET



GREEN COMMANDOS



HOT TATTOOS

THE VISITING POET—MURTAUGH SATIATED HIS PONDCHANT FOR BRIGHT, WILLOWY STUDENTS WITH ONE-YEAR STINTS AT SMALL-TOWN COLLEGES. WOULD HIS TRYSTS BE SACRIFICED AT THE ALTAR OF MATURITY?—FICTION BY **MARK WINGGARDNER**

SELLING YOUR SECRETS FOR PROFIT—A WLY PRIVATE EYE REVEALS THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE THAT MAKE THE WORD CONFIDENTIAL A JOKE. BANK BALANCES, CREDIT HISTORIES, DETAILED PHONE BILLS—THEY'RE CHILD'S PLAY FOR THE SMART SNOOP—ARTICLE BY **FRANK SHEPP**

FRANK ZAPPA, PERENNIAL ROCKER AND FATHER OF THE COSMIC TWIST, MOUTHS OFF ON WORLD AFFAIRS, OUTLINES WHAT HE WOULD DO AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND WAXES PHILOSOPHC ON THE BURNT WEENY SANDWICH AND THE FORGOTTEN TRADITION OF DADA IN YOUR BASIC SUBVERSIVE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

THE CONSERVATION CLUB—HELLBENT ON PRESERVING THE WILDERNESS, AMERICA'S RADICAL CONSERVATIONISTS ARE ENGAGED IN A FULL-SCALE ECO WAR AND

THEY'RE TAKING NO PRISONERS. WHO ARE THESE GREEN COMMANDOS AND HOW FAR WILL THEY GO TO PROTECT A FUR OR A FRO?—REPORT BY **DEAN KUIPERS**

CINCY DRAWFORD, SUPERMODEL, VIDEO HOSTESS AND HOMETOWN BEAUTY, DEMONSTRATES HER FAVORITE STUPID-HUMAN TRICK AND TELLS WHY SHE REFUSED TO INTERVIEW MADONNA IN A MODEL 30 QUESTIONS

SPRING CAMPUS BASH—CHECK OUT OUR COAST-TO-COAST ROUNDUP OF THE NATION'S COLLEGIATE CONTRIBUTENT FROM THE BEST PROFS TO THE MOST EXCELLENT STUDENT BODIES. ALSO, DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCES OF REACHING THE PROMISED LAND OF, GASR EMPLOYMENT AFTER GRADUATION

PLUS: THE 1993 PLAYBOY MUSIC SURVEY RESULTS; PLAYMATE **NICOLE WOOD**; A VERY EROTIC PICTORIAL ON TATTOOS; FLIRTING WITH FEMINISTS; **PETE HAMILL** TAKES ON MADONNA IN MARITIME; OUR QUARTERLY AUTOMOTIVE REPORT TAKES A SNEAK PEEK AT THE 1994 MODELS; AND A SPECIAL SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST