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—Elizabeth Martin



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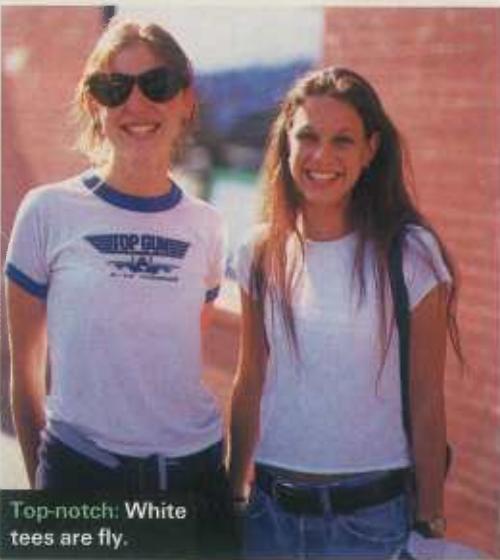
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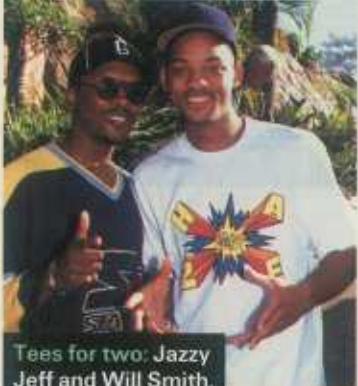
Say anything:
Love this
cropped top.

Whether it's **shrunken**, solid, or boasting a **brand name**, the T-shirt is **tops** this summer.

Batgirl: the movie logo to go for.



Top-notch: White
tees are fly.



Tees for two: Jazzy Jeff and Will Smith.

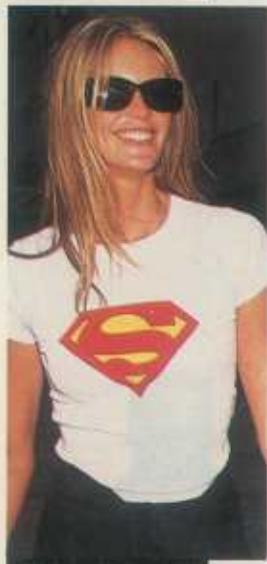


Boss Moss:
See Kate in CK.

tee time



Brand stand: two
loyal Baywatchers.



Give 'em Elle:
the supermodel's
superstyle.



Tee party: Brian and Tiffani get casual.



Fowl play: It's chic to
be a fashion chick.



Heart nouveau: better
than a tattoo.



Star search: Her top
gets top billing.

Street photos: Shawn Mortensen, Jeff and Smith, Dave G. Morgan/Globe Photos, Moss, MacPherson, Bill Davila/Retna, Baywatch, P. Chomphuwan/Cliche Photo, Green and Thiessen, Callehrin, Photon, Model I, Leonardo Casali, Chick T-shirt, Blanc Noir. \$16. Stores, last pages.

cat
cat

mix it up

For a high-energy, tasty snack, gobble down gorp. An acronym for Good Old Raisins and Peanuts, gorp is perfect (i.e., no mess, no fuss) for days spent bumming at the beach or trailblazing mountains. Here are some quick-fix recipes:

Beachin' Gorp

3 cups banana chips or honey-graham cereal
3 cups thin pretzel sticks, broken in half
1½ cups raisins
1½ cups M&M's (plain or peanut)

Combine ingredients. Store in tightly sealed container or bag.

Sweet Chex Gorp

4 cups Rice Chex (and/or Wheat, Corn)
½ cup dried fruit bits
½ cup raisins
½ cup yogurt-coated peanuts
½ cup candy-coated peanut-butter pieces

Combine ingredients in a large, resealable plastic bag. Shake until well-mixed. Store in bag.

—Marlien Rentmeester

what a melon!

veggin' out: Watermelons are cousins to cucumbers—that's right, those jolly green giants are *veggies*, not fruits.

spit it out: The world's record for watermelon seed-spitting is 68 feet, 9½ inches—that's like five and one-third Mazda Miatas lined up bumper-to-bumper!

sweet goodness: Not only are watermelons low in sodium and in calories (45 per cup), they are also fat- and cholesterol-free, and a great source of vitamin A, vitamin C, and potassium.

all in a name: The juicy nonfruit is 92 percent water—a tasty way to rehydrate on a hot summer day.

pretty weird: Speaking of rehydrating, Russians make beer out of watermelon juice.

summer sippers: Cut watermelon flesh into chunks and remove seeds. Use a blender or crush with a fork to liquefy. Drink cold, or freeze in ice-cube trays to add to your favorite drink. You also can substitute watermelon juice for water when preparing frozen limeade or lemonade concentrate—voilà, instant melonade.

—Menina Boyle

world's fare

New Orleans

Grab a guy, pack a basket, and follow the Cajun credo: *Laissez les bons temps rouler* ("Let the good times roll")! New Orleans cuisine combines two French-influenced cultures—Creole and Cajun—then adds dashes of Caribbean, African, Spanish, Native American, and Italian.

pralines: You've been drawing PRAY-leens all your life, but the correct pronunciation—PRAW-leens—is what separates the natives from the tourists. Made with sugar, butter, pecans, and milk or cream, this is the Crescent City's most popular souvenir.

po' boy: Created during the Depression as a meal big enough to fill stomachs but cheap enough for the poor, this sandwich ain't just another hero. Always made with French bread, it can be filled with roast beef, fried shellfish (crawfish, soft-shell crabs, shrimp) and mayonnaise, or sausage (*andouille*) and potatoes.

beignets: Light, square doughnuts sprinkled with powdered sugar. These are best when served with café au lait—half hot coffee, half hot milk (poured over ice for a picnic).

Muffaletta

1 loaf round Italian bread, sliced in half lengthwise
olive oil, oregano, garlic (crushed or powdered)
ham and salami, cheese (provolone and mozzarella)
pickled mixed veggies (in the pickle aisle at your grocer)
green and black olives, chopped

Pile ingredients on bread (in order of recipe).

Cut into quarters. Dig in.

—Melanie Mannarino

the scoop on sorbet

Sorbet is so cool that it's hot. Scrumptious dairy-free flavors like passion fruit, cappuccino, and baked apple will help you chill this summer without the major fat grams you get in ice cream and

fro-yo. Sorbet is made from real fruit and fruit juices, and a half-cup serving weighs in at less than 100 calories. After rigorous taste tests (rough, huh?), *seventeen*'s favorite flas are Friuli's Tangerine, Mango, and Passionfruit; Coconut and Wild Berry from Sharon's Sorbet; and Häagen-Dazs' Chocolate.

—M.R.

what's in that?

Ever wonder how **marshmallows** manage to be light as a cloud, yet durable as Play-Doh? These spongy wonders are made of corn syrup, sugar, dextrose, and water, but it's tetrasodium pyrophosphate that gives them their chewy, cushiony texture, and gelatin that holds them together. That puffy-as-a-pillow, powdery quality comes from whipping the ingredients with air, forcing the mixture through a tube, and then dusting each 'mallow with cornstarch (that weird white stuff that rubs off on your fingers). One regular serving of **marshmallows**—about five—has no fat and about 110 calories, which makes them a good treat if you're craving something sweet. But since that serving also has 20 grams of sugar and zero nutrients, most people (like, say, dentists) probably wouldn't recommend scarfing an entire bag by the campfire.

—Aimee E. Bartol

Photos: Mikki Duisterhof, Beachin' Gorp recipe, M&M/Mars, Hackettstown, NJ. Sweet Chex Gorp recipe, © Ralston Foods, Inc., 1995. Muffaletta, Louisiana Community Bar and Grill, New York City. Muffaletta recipe, *The Louisiana New Guide* (Great Chefs Publishing); by Nancy Ross Ryan.

stars

Capricorn 12/22 to 1/20

You've got the wandering spirit this month—consider joining your friend on that three-mile wilderness hike she's been so jazzed about. If you haven't written any letters lately, bust out that homemade stationery and your friendship pen, and go to it. Thank-you notes, I'm-still-alive letters, and missives to Gram and Gramps could reap major rewards. Beware of a group of friends who try to persuade you to do stuff that could get you into a lot of trouble. Think carefully before you pool-hop.

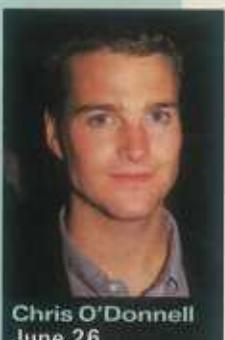


You say it's your birthday: Cancer

6/22 to 7/23

You will branch out this month, and a new group of friends will change the way you see everything (so there is a world outside the clique you've been in every summer since second grade). There is definitely romance in your near future—you should give that guy

who's been stealing your fries an extra glance (he has a major crush on you). One of your friends, or possibly even a parent, turns you on to a type of music you never thought you'd like (Beethoven, anyone?). On your birthday, wearing a flower in your hair will bring you good luck.



Chris O'Donnell
June 26

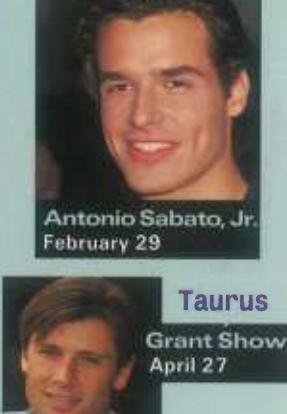
Cancer's best lovematches

Pisces

Scorpio



Ethan Hawke
November 6



Antonio Sabato, Jr.
February 29



Taurus
Grant Show
April 27

Aquarius 1/21 to 2/19

You can again see all the great qualities in a friend who was just starting to annoy you—who else would listen to an entire play-by-play of the fight you just had with Mr. Wrong? Yellow is your color this month. If you don't have any lemon tiny tees or canary platform sandals, at least carry around something yellow—perhaps a Mr. Happy knapsack?

Pisces 2/20 to 3/20

Several friends keep warning you about a guy you're interested in (as in, they hate him). Heed the Yiddish proverb: If three people tell you you're drunk, go home and lie down. It's a good month to save some dough, even though you feel like spending every last dime on a flashy new CD-dual-cassette boom box *avec* remote control.

Aries 3/21 to 4/20

Stop beating yourself up over that mega-insensitive thing you said a long time ago (of course you *meant* that green was merely not your friend's best color). Everyone makes mistakes, and everyone (except you) has probably already forgotten yours. If you're going out with a guy, there's something you're forgetting. Is it his birthday? His dog's birthday? Better try to find out—consider asking his mom (when he's out of earshot). And it's okay if you hate his friends—even if they do like you more than you think.

Taurus 4/21 to 5/21

You might feel ready for a serious relationship with a guy, but it's probably better to wait awhile—at least until next month—before you etch his name on your shoes in indelible ink. Something really cool will happen to you at your job this month ("Why, yes, I do think I deserve a huge raise, thank you"). Try not to brag—too much, that is—about your great fortune. You'll know you haven't succeeded in masking your pride if your mere appearance empties out a room faster than you can say "rabid skunk."

Gemini 5/22 to 6/21

You'll feel full of energy this month (can you say "summer fever"?), so use your newfound spunk to clean out your room. Anything that looks like a relic from first grade should be tossed. Other good outlets for your energy include (but are definitely not limited to): cultivating a major crush, planting a tree, and starting a club or team.

Leo 7/24 to 8/23

You're feeling gutsy. If you're a musician, you are ready to play in front of other people for the first time. If you're a literary Lion, think about sending your prose or poetry to a lit journal, or even just to your best friend. And remember, it's not too egotistical to hang your own masterpiece (*Collage de la Bubble Gum*) on your wall. (You can bet Picasso had Picassos on *his* walls.)

Virgo 8/24 to 9/23

You may need a little extra mental space this month, so if you feel like canceling plans and just hanging out with a novel or making it a Blockbuster night, do that—you're entitled. You can finally forgive your mother for humiliating you in front of the coolest girl at the mall ("Honey, do you want a supertrainer or a minibrain?"). Don't make a big deal out of it by holding a summit meeting; just forgive ol' Ma, then get over it.

Libra 9/24 to 10/23

Competition with a close friend will heat up this month. If you *tell* your friend that you feel competitive with her (rather than simply trying to outswim, outdress, and outdate her), you two will be able to work things out. Watching the news or reading the paper will help you feel more in touch this month (and every month). Check out the community pages for stuff going on in your town—a local bake sale might turn out to be more fun than you think.

Scorpio 10/24 to 11/22

Go to a party if you can find one, and wear your favorite ripped jeans, stretchy shirt, and barrettes. That guy leaning against the wall pretending to read CD covers might turn out to be interesting. If an ex-boyfriend calls to try to make another go at a relationship with you, tell him you're *over* it ("Later!"). Then quickly get on the phone with your best friend so that your ex gets a busy signal.

Sagittarius 11/23 to 12/21

Driving could pose a problem for you this month, so if you have your license, steer carefully or you'll be in for a fender bender. You're feeling techno-savvy these days, so it could be a good time to hone your computer skills. And if you haven't indulged in a video game since *Ms. Pac-Man*, remember that guys love arcades.

—Annie Zimmerman



living with dying

continued from page 103

drugs. "I may experiment with drugs at some point, but nothing major. That just scares me too much." In her measured way, Sinead has finally broached what is hardest for both of them to talk about: how Mary got AIDS.

"When Sinead was littler, she asked me why I don't tell certain people how I got AIDS. I decided to show her instead of tell her," says Mary. "I had two doctors' appointments one day, and she came with me. The first doctor got around to asking me how I got it—as if that would change the fact that I have it—and I told him I had used IV drugs. He immediately turned very brusque, rushing me out. At the next doctor, I just said meekly, 'I'm not sure. Maybe from my husband,' and he patted my arm. He couldn't have been nicer."

"I'm not proud of the fact that I used drugs," Mary continues. "But I did. I was fully functioning, so nobody ever knew. I got clean because I didn't want Sinead growing up in that environment. I was clean six months before I was diagnosed with HIV. I've been clean twelve years."

A lot has happened in those 12 years. She and Sinead have both grown up, and they've grown together. Their love for each other is unspeakably deep. You can sense that Mary is as sad to know that she won't get to see how Sinead will change and grow, to see what kind of woman she'll become, as Sinead is to know that her mother will in two years, maybe three, be dead. Both are bracing for what's ahead, the ravages of AIDS: the constant infections, the pain, perhaps blindness, cancer, and—what scares Mary most—dementia. It's an excruciating way to live and an ugly way to die.

What Mary will leave behind is a community of people who dearly care for her and a support system for Sinead that spans the whole country. Surely a part of Mary must now be relieved, must feel the hard part is over, her job as a mother done as well as it can be.

Sinead is not ready for her mom to die—she'll never be. "I know it's going to hurt," she says. "I don't even know what I'm going to feel." But she's not afraid that she'll be uncared for or alone. She knows it's up to her now to make her life good. And she'll always be thankful her mother has shown her how. ■

cotillion

continued from page 119

of the latch on the sliding-glass door that led from the backyard deck into her room. It was Eileen.

"What are you doing here?"

"Your father brought me."

She shrugged and crossed over to the dresser, where she extracted a package of cigarettes. She looked me over in the reflection of the mirror above her bureau. "Are those new shoes?"

"Yes," I said.

"Where'd you get them?"

I couldn't very well say Kinney's. "I can't remember."

She shrugged again. "Sorry my dad came and got you. I just couldn't deal with cotillion tonight."

"That's okay."

"Look, I need to go. There's someone outside waiting for me. I'd ask you to come, but it's a guy."

Before I could tell her not to worry about it, she was gone. Without her, the room was whiter and emptier than it had been before. I couldn't stand to be there. I got up and walked out, down a long hallway lined with mirrors, marbleized gold so I could watch my face crack into pieces as I moved soundlessly over the carpet. I wanted to hide. I wanted to die and pollute this house with my rotting carcass—then they would be sorry. They could come to my funeral and bring Bruce Springsteen, who would know, somehow, that they were to blame. I pushed open the door to what I hoped was a bathroom, but when I turned on the light, there was a redhead boy, much older than me, lying in bed without a shirt. "Oh, my God," I said, and hit the switch again.

I knew Eileen had a brother, but she'd only mentioned him once. "He's a loser," she had said. "He's 16 years old and for fun he collects cans."

I stood for a while in the dark.

"Hello?" he said.

"I'm a friend of Eileen's."

"I figured."

"I'm sorry. I thought this was the bathroom."

"That's okay. What is it, eight o'clock? I have to get up anyway."

"Oh."

"So, if you want to stay in here, maybe you should leave the light off because I've only got underwear on."

I heard the bed creak as he stood up. For a while he moved around in the dark, but we didn't say anything.

"So how do you know Eileen?"

"We go to cotillion together."

"No kidding. Do you hate it, too?"

"I guess so. I don't know."

I imagined him nearly naked and my face suddenly felt hot.

"Would you like to turn on the light and show me how you dance?"

"Really?" I said.

"It's okay. I'm dressed."

I turned on the light. He was wearing jeans and a sweater. With his hair combed forward and his face full of freckles, he wasn't that cute. Still, my heart was hammering.

"What do you think of my costume?" he said, holding out his arms.

"What are you?"

"The handsomest guy in the world," he laughed. He put his arms down. "Do you think that's funny or am I trying too hard? You can be honest."

"I don't know," I said, grinning. "I kind of like it."

"Good. I'll do it then. So, do I get to see you dance?"

"I need a partner," I said.

"Oh, well," he said, stepping closer to me, and holding out one of his hands. "How about the handsomest guy in the world?"

I put my hand in his. All this time, I'd never danced with a boy. "You put your hand up and I hold onto your thumb," I said.

He did.

"Then you put your other hand on my waist and I do this." I put my hand on his shoulder. "Then we make a triangle with our feet."

And then—I couldn't believe it—he knew how to waltz. We moved around the room without any music, in perfect rhythm with each other. He pressed his fingers against my back and steered me with the pressure. We didn't say a word. We kept our eyes up and continued moving. Finally, I whispered into his ear, "You've been in cotillion."

"Yep," he said, "for three years."

"Did you like it?"

"Actually, I kind of did."

My heart exploded. "So do I," I said.

He laughed and we kept moving, one triangle after another, around the room. His hand on my back softened

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attention shoppers

Where to buy many of the fashions and accessories seen on the cover and on pages 5, 21, 22, 24, 73, 91-93, 94-99, 104-107, 108-111, and 132. All prices are approximate. Most fashions are available at department and specialty stores in addition to the ones listed here.

Cover:

Vivienne Tam shirt, P-L: Bloomingdale's, selected stores.

Juicy pants, S-M-L: Patricia Field, New York; Ron Herman/Fred Segal Melrose, Los Angeles; Toshio, Chicago; Urban Outfitters, selected stores.

Page 5:

Ank NY shirt, S-M-L: For info, call 212-647-1093.

Page 21:

Bella oxfords: Allston Beat, Boston; Shoe Biz, San Francisco; Shoe Zoo, Costa Mesa and San Clemente.

Esprit Footwear Maryjanes: For info, call 800-777-8765.

Anxiety dresses, both S-M-L: at department stores.

Bakers shoes: Bakers/Leeds, selected stores.

Two Girls N.Y.C. pins and hat: For info, call 212-481-3559.

K. Bell socks: at department and specialty stores.

Nine West Maryjanes: Nine West, selected stores.

Ultimate Hairwear headbands: For info, call 516-733-4621.

Betsey Johnson dress (with slip), P-L: Betsey Johnson, selected stores.

DKNY T-strap shoes: at department stores.

Esprit handbag: For info, call 800-777-8765.

The Honey Collection scarves: at department and specialty stores.

Glentex for The Honey Collection scarf: at department and specialty stores.

Necessary Objects dress, S-M-L: Rich's, selected stores.

Airwalk Footwear sneakers: For info, call 800-AIR-WALK.

Page 22:

Guess? jacket, S-XL: Macy's, New York; Bloomingdale's, selected stores; Burdines, selected stores.

Nisha Knits cardigan and shell, both S-M-L: Precision, New York.

Planet Claire T-shirt, S-M: Antique Boutique, New York.

Built by Wendy halter top, one size: Rocks In Your Head, New York; TG170, New York; Three Jills and Jack, New York; X-Girl, Los Angeles.

Lee Jeans jeans, 3-15: For info, call 800-453-3348.

Duo Fashions belt: at department and specialty stores.

Sabrina Dress Co. by Marcia dress, 8-16: Botwinicks, Jenkintown; Jacobson's, Winter Park; Nordstrom, selected stores; Teens N Up, Stevenson.

8.5 Quake swimsuit, S-M-L: Dianes, San Diego; Good Vibrations, Altamonte Springs; Surf & Skate, Sacramento.

Sam & Libby sandals: Bloomingdale's, selected stores; Gayfer's, all stores; Maison Blanche, all stores.

Moe Clothing Co. skirt, 3-13: The Broadway, selected stores; Canadian's, selected stores; Contempo Casuals, selected stores.

Creations by Alan Stuart bag: For info, call 212-719-5511.

Page 24:

PNB Nation dress, S-M-L: Union, New York; Compulsion, Chicago; Props, Orlando. For info, call 800-851-4304.

Chippie sneakers: Bloomingdale's, selected stores.

Warner Bros. Studio T-shirt, S-M-L: Warner Bros. Studio Store, all stores.

Necessary Objects dress, 3-13, and bag: Macy's West/Bullock's, selected stores.

Sondra D. Definitely top and skirt, both S-M-L, and bag: For info, call 800-3-SONDRA.

Nava Belts belts: For info, call 212-967-7700.

Ian Sane backpack: Allston Beat, Boston; Blue Moon, San Antonio; Junkman's Daughter, Atlanta; Moda, Dallas; Villains, San Francisco.

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Page 73:

Steve Madden shoes: at department and specialty stores.

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Page 91:
XOXO dress, 3-13: at department stores.

Pages 92-93:

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Wendy Mink necklace: Macy's, New York; Anthropologie, Rockville, Wayne, and Westport; Ice, Los Angeles.

Pages 94-95:

André Assous shoes: at department stores.

Greed Girl dress, S-M-L: Antique Boutique, New York.

O.K. Originals necklace: Avalon, Chicago; Right-On Casuals, selected stores.

Berry Jewelry bracelet: Urban Outfitters, selected stores.

Guess? Jewelry bracelet: at department stores.

Pages 96-97:

Contempo Casuals dress, S-M-L: Contempo Casuals, all stores.

Necessary Objects shirt, S-M-L: Macy's, selected stores.

Daffy Waterwear bikini, 5-13: California Sunshine Shops, selected stores; Canyon Beachwear, selected stores; Everything But Water, selected stores;

More on page 125

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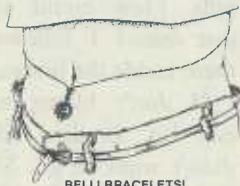
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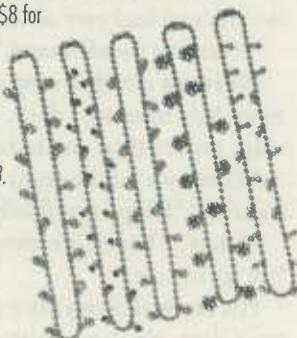
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beautiful and mysterious, content in a way that would forever elude me, but by all indications, her life was as empty as mine—the only thing interesting to her was cotillion. “Look, if nothing else, the guys will all be older and more sophisticated,” she said, “not idiots like the ones we know.”

I loved that she included me as if I were one of her friends. “Great,” I said.

“They’ll probably have their driver’s licenses. We can go out afterward.”

“Wow.”

The next day, while my mother was driving me to school, I told her about cotillion. She eyed me suspiciously. She taught at UCLA’s law school and liked to encourage logical thinking. “When will you ever need to know ballroom dancing?”

“Lots of times,” I told her.

“For what?”

I stared at her hard, unblinking. She was right, of course. In Los Angeles there were no debutante parties, no black-tie affairs, no coming-out balls. “Bar mitzvahs,” I finally said.

She laughed. “They don’t ballroom-dance at bar mitzvahs.”

“How would you know? You’ve never been to one.” Neither had I, though this was the year they would all be starting. “I think they do and I need to know,” I said quietly, sadly enough that she reached over and held my hand.

For the first night of cotillion, Eileen’s mother drove. I sat in the backseat and Eileen sat up front, staring straight ahead. When we pulled up to the building, the sign above the door said CHRISTIAN WOMEN’S COMMUNITY CENTER, which surprised me, but Eileen didn’t say anything; nor did her mother. When we got out of the car, I saw that under her coat, Eileen was wearing a slinky black dress, black spangly nylons, and velvet pumps. Her hair was styled high and sprayed into a stiff S-curve down her shoulders. She looked like she was going to the Academy Awards. “Wow,” I said. “You look great.”

Next to her I looked like Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm in my sweater-and-skirt set, the best outfit I owned. She thanked me and told me my bracelet was pretty.

Inside, we got in line behind a girl dressed as badly as I was. She turned around, studied Eileen’s dress with some dismay, and turned back. For the first time it occurred to me, Maybe these people weren’t going to be older. If they had their driver’s license, why would they use it to drive here? Surely they would go to Dunkin’ Donuts or one of the other places high school kids hung out at. I looked over at Eileen, but her face revealed nothing. We waited in silence until an old woman took our checks and looked over a list for our names. She found mine, but not Eileen’s.

“Schinto,” Eileen said. “Eileen Schinto.”

The woman’s wrinkled finger flew over the two columns of the computer printout. “Are your parents members, dear?”

“No,” Eileen said. Now she was mad. “We’re Jewish.”

“Ah, yes! Here you are: S-c-h,” the woman said. “I wasn’t spelling it right.”

Thirty seconds after walking into the main room, my worst fears were realized. Everyone was more or less our own age. The boys all wore khakis and joke ties—rainbow trout, Daffy Duck—while the girls sat nervously in coordinated outfits not unlike my own. I couldn’t help but feel this was somehow my fault—my presence a pheromone for disaster, the mating call to all misfits. Eileen and I found two empty seats and folded our arms across our chests.

Finally, Mrs. Dunphy, the woman who had taken our checks at the door, got up in front of the group and started with the rules. “First,” she said, “everybody has to dance every time. If there aren’t enough partners to go around, girls will dance with girls.” She smiled over to the wall of girls. “Secondly, you must switch partners. Dancing is mingling!”

Beside me, I felt Eileen stiffen.

“Rule number three,” she said. “Be friendly! Introduce yourself. Ask your dancing partner what school he goes to.”

Instead of imagining myself asking such questions, I tried to imagine Eileen doing it. Some of these boys were so short that, sitting, their feet barely seemed to touch the ground.

The first dance, nobody asked us. Nobody even looked *tempted* to ask us. The music started and Mrs. Dunphy clapped her hands. “Girls, partner with each other! Everyone dance!”

I stood up. Eileen stayed where she was and stared down at her feet. Everybody was on the floor now, except us. They were learning the dance position: three phone books apart, hands on shoulders and waists.

“We have to dance, Eileen,” I whispered.

“What’s the point?”

Six other girls were partnered with each other. They were laughing and carrying it off. Eileen didn’t want to dance because it would mean dancing with *me*.

“Please,” I whispered.

“Oh, fine,” she said finally. “Let’s get this over with.”

Later that night, the telephone rang, and I jumped out of bed and ran to the kitchen. “My dad won’t let me quit,” Eileen whispered. We hadn’t talked about quitting cotillion; we just assumed we would. “He says I have to learn how to stick with something for once in my life.” I tried to imagine her famous father taking time out of his television scheduling to make a rule about cotillion. “So, do you think that maybe you want to not quit, too?”

“Sure,” I said, too quickly, then added, “My parents said the same thing.”

cotillion

We took dancing lessons together. Wearing the perfect black dress, Eileen was glamorous and sophisticated. Wearing a sweater-and-skirt set, I was anything but. So guess who ended up waltzing with "the handsomest guy in the world"?

by Cammie McGovern

I was standing in front of the vending machines studying a display of bruised fruit when the invitation came. "So, you think you'll do this cotillion thing, maybe?" I turned around. It was Eileen Schinto, the most popular acquaintance I had. Her father was a vice president of ABC and a distant relative of Bruce Springsteen's. Because we were 13 and living in Los Angeles, we knew things like this about each other, but we didn't discuss them. For instance, no one ever asked what Bruce Springsteen was like. You waited and hoped Eileen would volunteer something. My first thought was that this had something to do with him.

"What's that?" I said, surprised she was talking to me at all. "That thing where you learn to dance. Ballroom. Waltzes. Stuff like that."

"Oh." I turned around and bought an apple.

"Supposedly the guys are really polite. They ask you to dance and afterward they hold the chair for you."

"Wow." Now I understood this had nothing to do with Bruce Springsteen.

There was a dreaminess in her eyes. "They get dressed up. You get dressed up. It sounds nice."

"Yeah," I said. "It sounds really nice."

The last time I'd had an extended conversation with Eileen was in the sixth grade, when we both played wagon-train pioneer wives for a class project. We each had seven lines, which we delivered bouncing up and down on a bench, holding the reins to an invisible team of horses. I let her wear the cuter bonnet, and later she hooked her arm through mine and introduced me to her famous father. Since then, Eileen and I had been "hi-bye" friends, except for the one time she called and asked for a ride to a party I hadn't been invited to. When I told her, she said, "Oh, sorry," then a moment later, "How's everything else?"

She turned to me now, eyes wide. "So, you want to sign up?"

"Sure," I said. What else could I say? Of course I wanted to sign up. This was Eileen.

Eileen wore an S-chain necklace with a gold Jewish star that lay on her tan chest where, if she had breasts, her cleavage would be. Looking at it made me wish I were Jewish like everyone else here and could wear a Star of David or a gold charm with my initials in Hebrew. When I was much younger and we lived in Indiana, I used to go to Sunday school, a fact that embarrassed me now because nothing here connected to it. Here in Los Angeles, everyone was Jewish. On Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, I was one of three or four students in some of my classes. Usually there were so few of us, the teachers gave up and passed out crosswords.

Eileen's hair was bright red, long enough to wear barretted back on one side. She dressed with a flair uncommon in junior high school: wide belts and scarves, accessories I would never have had the courage to wear except in front of a full-length mirror, where I could keep a careful eye on them. Ever since the sixth grade, I had been watching her the way I watched all the popular people, to see what would happen to them, who was going to like whom, who would get together, who would break up. One thing I had noticed from my silent observations was that Eileen Schinto had no boyfriends. In my estimation, she was the prettiest girl in our class, and yet more than once I had seen her at lunch sitting at the popular table, staring off into the distance, as if there were someplace else she'd rather be.

That night, Eileen called me and we talked for an hour. She told me her worst class was earth science; she was getting a D because the teacher hated girls. "Or else he just hates me." She told me she wasn't going to try out for cheerleading. "I hate that crap," she said. I had always thought of Eileen as ►

Illustration by Ellen Thompson

kept going, driven by the vague hope that my body would somehow change into a nicer, not just thinner, shape. I wanted a narrower and longer rib cage, a flat stomach, and a rounder butt. In short, I wanted a body I could never have.

Sound familiar? It's not like you just want to look *better*. It's more like you want to look *perfect*. You imagine that if you did, you'd have a kind of power that you don't have now. Everyone would want to hang out with you, guys would drool over you, and you'd effortlessly get whatever you wanted. Of course, this is an illusion. No one effortlessly gets what she wants. Just ask a model if she feels carefree in a world where five pounds can be as much of a threat to her job as any one of the hundreds of incredibly long-limbed, incredibly photogenic girls she competes with each day. Then ask her if she's always lucky in love. Or if she never feels ugly.

Not only is the idea that perfect-looking girls enjoy free rides to love and exciting lives unrealistic, it's destructive. It's pointless to believe that the only way to be desirable is to change your physical self to fit

a certain look—particularly when that “look” is impossible for 99 percent of the female population. I mean, it's great, even essential, to be fit and at a healthy weight, but it's not so great to feel compelled to force your body to resemble Kate Moss'. At least if you're valued for your wit, or your intellect, or your voice, or your way with people, you can be productive and work on developing and enhancing your *real* life, not killing yourself for a fantasy.



girl on the run For the sake of being **thin**, I ate almost nothing and ran five, six, seven miles a day. I **stopped** only after I realized what I was trying to **run away from: myself.** by Katharine Greider

The summer I turned 16, I came home from a vacation and realized that, somehow, I had grown fat. I couldn't fit into boys' Levi's anymore. I felt heavy with new soft flesh. I felt panic and dread, as though everything I knew was slipping away from me. As a child, I had thought being pretty was like having straight hair, an immutable fact of only middling significance. But now I knew that beauty was not natural-born. It was something I had to starve for—and so I did. I ate cucumber slices with mustard. I exercised in the shower. I started running, at first just a few laps around the schoolyard. Within a year it was five, six, seven miles a day.

When older people talk about what teenage girls do to be beautiful, they often shake their heads as if to say, "Those poor, mixed-up girls. Where do they get such ideas?" But the things I did, and what a lot

of girls do—exercise relentlessly, eat no fat or sweets—are widely encouraged practices that pass for health consciousness. I never stopped eating or made myself vomit, and at my skinniest I was only 10 or 15 pounds below my natural weight. But I understood all along that I wouldn't be able to keep it up. Only I knew how physically taxing it was for me to stay so thin. I knew because of the dark spots in my vision when I climbed stairs. I knew because I was tired. I knew because I stopped getting my period.

But the surest sign that something was wrong was in my mind: At 17, I was a reasonably smart, well-liked girl who spent too much passion obsessing over what I saw in the mirror, too much energy trying not to eat, and far too many days thinking of little else.

I did this for a reason, of course. By being skinny, I won the status and approval I so

The good news is that you now have more chances than ever to be valued for all of those things. As a girl today, you can be a rock star or a rocket scientist. In a world increasingly populated by female athletes, lawyers, producers, doctors, stockbrokers—you name it—looking a certain way just isn't as essential to your success and survival as it used to be. You can be (and will probably *need* to be) a lot more than just a sum of body parts waiting around to attract a guy who'll take care of you.

Unfortunately, this doesn't mean that the pressure to obsess about your looks is gone. It isn't. In high school, where unenlightened attitudes prevail, looking like a model can still seem like the best way out. But realizing that you can get what you want by using your brain and your talents can help you move beyond that pressure and those attitudes. In reality, only one in a million of us looks like a supermodel, but it doesn't mean the rest of us are limited in any way. There are infinite routes to getting the exciting guys, cool

"Every time I look in a mirror, it's like a slap in the face."

—Tanja, 15, Maple Ridge, British Columbia

jobs, fabulous party invitations, and undying admiration that we imagine fill the life of a perfect-looking girl. The challenge is finding them.

So what does this mean to you, on the fifth day of your diet-Coke-and-carrots diet? Maybe a picture-perfect figure isn't the answer to your woes. As Anne Kearney-Cooke, a psychologist in Cincinnati, puts it, "Real power is not looking out at the girl on TV, but looking within yourself." So

longed for; I secured the basic respect that I feared I couldn't get if I were heavier. At least it seemed that way to me. When I first lost weight, the compliments surprised me: Had I looked that bad before? I remember a guy friend telling me it was a good thing I ran so much because I had hardly any fat on my thighs. My body was really supposed to have that fat, but to let him know that would invite his loathing, which I couldn't bear. A teacher once remarked when I didn't eat lunch that I looked like I would blow away. But I heard admiration mingled with her concern. An obstetrician/gynecologist told me all I had to do was gain 15 pounds and my period would begin again like clockwork. I stared at the grotesque bookends on the doctor's desk—miniature ceramic delivery rooms—and I thought, This man has no idea how proud I am to have resisted those 15 pounds. The power I felt, the

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white t-shirt and light-colored shorts, stands in a doorway. She is looking down at her body, specifically her legs and feet, with a contemplative or distressed expression. The background is a soft-focus interior space.

body

**Sick of agonizing over your
less-than-perfect body?**

**You're hardly alone. Here's
how to stop—or at least
keep it from ruling your life.**

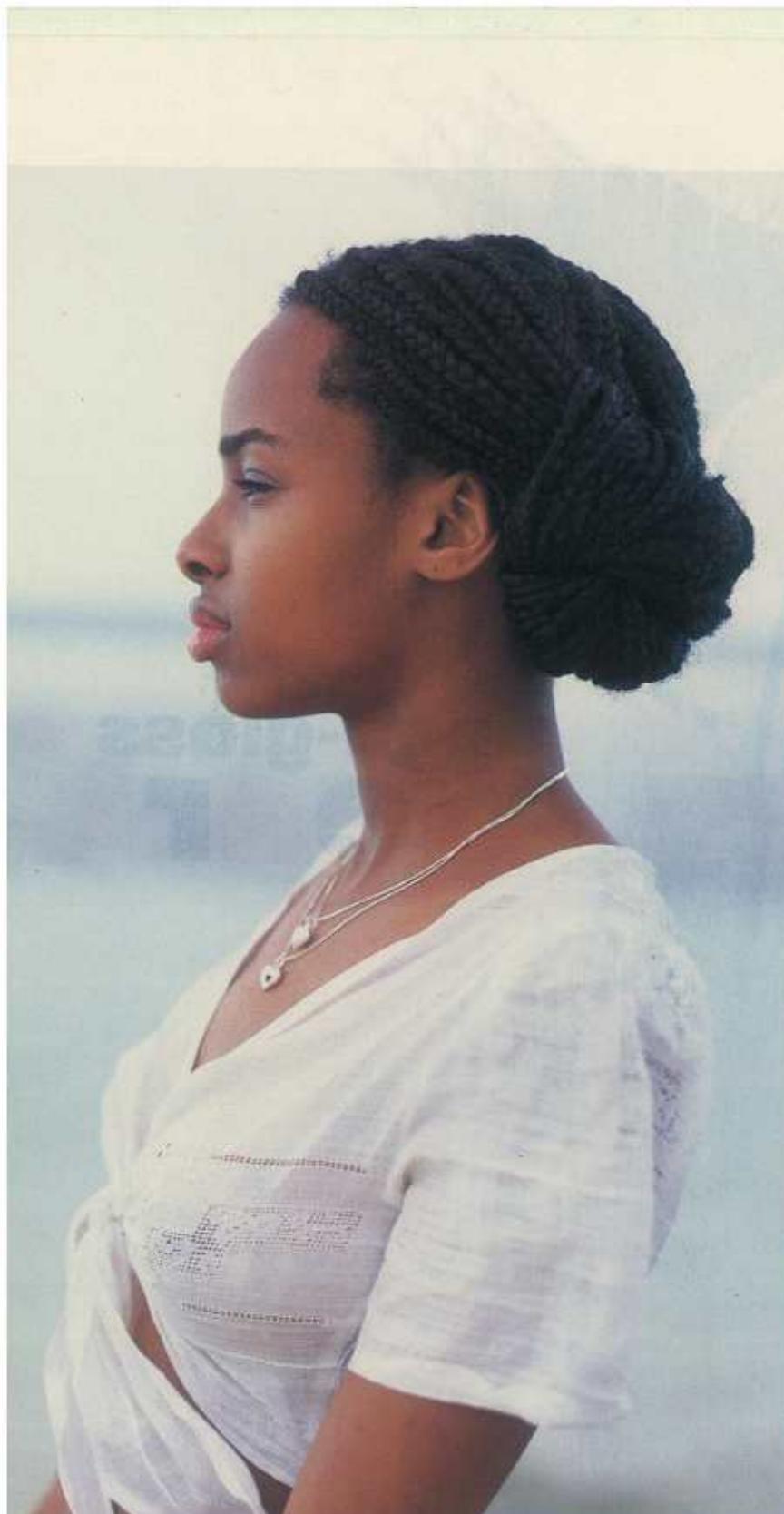
obsessed



**Plaits du jour: brightly
beaded dreads, zigzagging
pigtales, and spiky,
silver-strewn braids.**



Forget about the fancy French kind: The coolest braids on the beach are loose, breezy—and easy. To get Kim's dreadhead (above), alternate baby braids with colorful clip-on locks. Give low pigtales (right) a little zigzag action by fastening them every inch or so with colored bands and tugging on hair so it curves out in between the elastic loops. If you're starting out with a headful of little braids like Kristine's (opposite page), create a new shape by gathering small sections from each side and tying them together on top of your head. Secure with pins and leave the ends loose. (For a spikier look, tie more than one knot.) Trim braids with tiny silver earrings.



It's hot. It's humid. Your hair feels like it's permanently glued to the back of your neck, and you find yourself envying Sinéad O'Connor. But before you do anything drastic, check out these long hair lifesavers.

Knots are a great option because they work with thick hair (like Kristine's, left) or fine hair (like Kim's, opposite page). To get Kristine's Princess Leia-like 'do, part hair down the middle while it's damp and fasten it into two low ponytails, one behind each ear. Starting at the base (near the elastic), twist each ponytail until it starts to coil. Use bobby pins to secure each twist against your head, and tuck the ends in (you may need a few more pins to keep them in place). For Kim's figure-eight knot, start with damp hair. Make one ponytail at the nape of your neck, twist it like a rope, and let it coil. For a breezeproof bun, pin hair as you coil it instead of waiting until your masterpiece is finished. Decorate with hairsticks (they'll also help anchor your 'do) and let the ends blow in the wind.

COOL

waterproof base, you can add color with a tinted foundation or a wash of mineral makeup. Opt for waterproof mascara and eyeliner (\$14), and a waterproof pencil (\$12). *—Kathy Lippman, beauty director*

splashy colors

Hot crayon colors give this vinyl apron dress a little extra cool. Dress (\$92) and green bikini top (\$22), Ian Sane.

Like a shiny mini, a splashproof face can weather everything from humidity to the 100-meter crawl. On sticky days, stick to waterproof, sweatproof foundations (Clinique Almost Makeup SPF 15). Lock in your lip color with water-resistant liners (Lancôme Le Lipstique Lip Colouring Stick, Prestige Waterproof Lipstick-Liner) and shimmery sun-protective sticks (Bonne Bell Sun Sheers Lipstick SPF 15). Another lip tip: Seal in your favorite shade with a waterproof lipstick protector (Lipchic).

train or Shine

Summer's slickest look: a mix of bright plastic playclothes and glossy, splashproof makeup.

When you want to make a splash, pink vinyl reigns—especially when you pair it with an iridescent bikini top.

Windbreaker, US Boys; \$22. Metallic string-bikini top, Too Hot Brazil; \$52 for the set. Pink vinyl skirt, Funkeessentials; \$79. Socks, Zephyrs Australia; \$5. Boots, DKNY. Blow-up chair, Air Market; \$88.



Photographs by
Dominique Palombo

mom to the city when she was about three, after her parents divorced. In San Francisco, Mary met the love of her life, Billy Corwin, whom she married when Sinead was five. Billy, who tested negative for HIV at the time, knew that Mary was infected. Both Mary and Sinead took Billy's last name, and their lives, says Mary, "were perfect." Billy and Sinead adored each other, Mary had a good job as an analyst for a brokerage firm, and they lived well, traveled often, and gave Sinead everything she wanted. "Mom used to always ask me, 'Don't you wish you had a brother or sister?' No way," says Sinead. "I loved being an only child. I got all of the attention." She also got a wide berth to figure out who she'd be. "When she was about six, she went off to the hairdresser's with her Uncle Tommy," says Mary. "Tommy had a mohawk, so I knew, I just knew, the kid was going to come back with all of her beautiful hair gone. I thought about it, and I just said to her, 'Sinead, whatever you do with your hair is your business, but remember, it's going to be on your head.'" Sure enough, it was shaved up the sides, save the long purple tail. Sinead grew up with just three simple rules: You can't hurt other people; you can't hurt yourself; and you can't lie. Mary says, "I don't say no to things I think she has a right to. It's her body." (And her room: It's painted dark red.)

As Sinead got older, she got as much information about her mother's illness as Mary felt she could understand. "I wasn't going to lie and say, 'Oh, Mother's going to the Caribbean' every time I went into the hospital," which, on average, was about three or four times a year. Sometimes she'd go in for a few days, sometimes a few weeks, but they'd always talk on the phone, and Sinead had an army of support. There was Billy, and Mary's good friend Carla, and a host of neighbors, all happy to make a meal or drive Sinead to school.

And there was Jennifer Akfirat, Sinead's "AIDS buddy." Sinead was six when she met Jennifer through Shanti Project, an AIDS service organization.

At first, Jennifer came over once a week to watch *The Simpsons* and "take

me off my mom's hands," says Sinead.

"Sinead tested me a lot," says Jennifer. "I think she wanted to make sure I wasn't going to leave her. She wanted to know I was going to stick around. I did." Over time they became close. "Jennifer wasn't, like, my mom's old



Sinead knows that most of the time she'll have with her mother is already gone.

friend, so I could confide in her," Sinead says. Then *Beverly Hills, 90210* was born, and Jennifer switched nights; now she's practically part of the family.

It wasn't until Billy found out that he had HIV in 1992 that Mary really started to think hard about who would take care of Sinead in the future. Billy died quickly (in December 1994), and his withdrawal from Sinead and Mary during his illness was almost as painful as his death. "I made my peace with him before he died," says Sinead, but that's about all she'll offer on the subject. Mary says, "It was devastating."

Mary's mother and sister Erin, who up until then had pretty much opted to ignore the reality of Mary's AIDS, flew in from New York. And Jennifer was there, too. Sinead is still dealing with Billy's death, but credits her friends with helping her get this far. Her close friends came to the funeral, and they held a prayer vigil for him at school. "They acted exactly right," she says. Mary agrees: "I do not want Sinead to be afraid to grieve. She's had a lot of loss in her life. When I die, she's going to be one pissed-off kid. I don't want

the people around her to make her bury it before she's done talking about it."

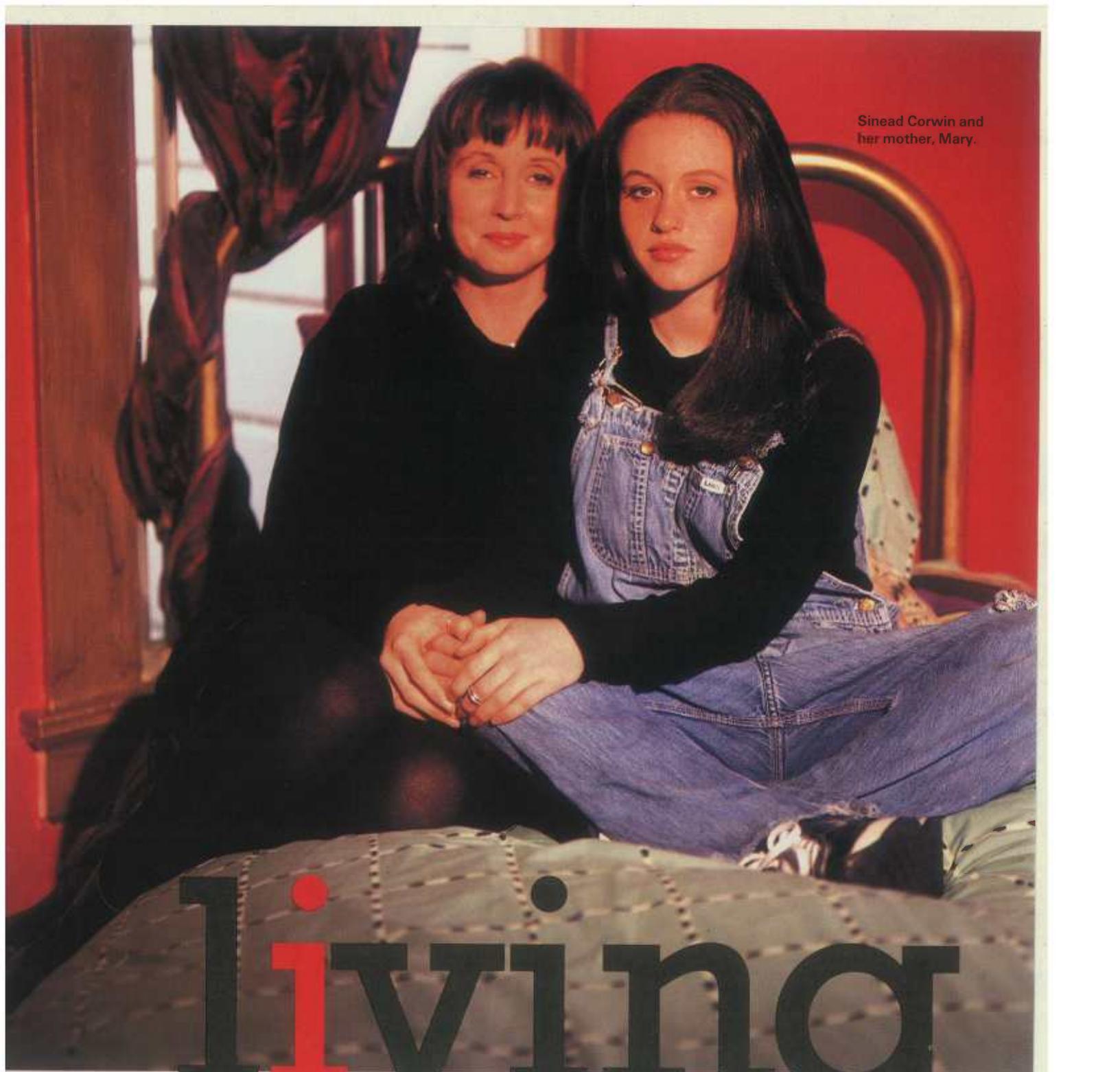
The fact that Jennifer understands this is one reason she seemed like the best person to become Sinead's guardian. Jennifer has watched Sinead go from being a little kid to a teenager. She knows Sinead's secrets, her vulnerabilities, her—that she loves to cook Italian food; she wants to be a fashion designer; she prefers techno to country and *Melrose Place* to anything. But guardianship is a tricky thing. Only three states—California, New York, and Florida—allow for coguardianship, which enables the child to remain living with her parent until the parent's death. Mary says, "I'm not willing to just turn over the most precious thing in my life with the wave of a pen." She wants Sinead with her as long as possible, and she doesn't want Sinead to have to leave San Francisco, her school, her friends, her home.

While the legal details were being

ironed out, Jennifer, Mary, and Sinead spent six months in counseling, dealing with the emotional issues. A week before they were to sign the papers, Jennifer backed out, which sent them all reeling. Though Jennifer said no to the guardianship, the fact that they were able to remain close testifies to the strength of their bond. "I was upset," Sinead explains. "And my mom took it really hard. But Jennifer was trying to give me the best life possible, and she realized she couldn't be there for me all the time, emotionally and financially."

The question was, who could? Sinead's natural father was never seriously considered: He's also dying, and their relationship has been mostly one of summer visits and phone calls. Since Billy's death, though, Mary has grown closer to her mom and sister Erin. "They are really supportive," Sinead says. "Now."

After a trip to New York to see them last Christmas, "My mom asked me, 'What about Aunt Erin?' Like, as my guardian. At first I was a little iffy," Sinead says, "but we do really like each other and she totally understands my



Sinead Corwin and
her mother, Mary.

living with dying

Photographs by Ken Probst



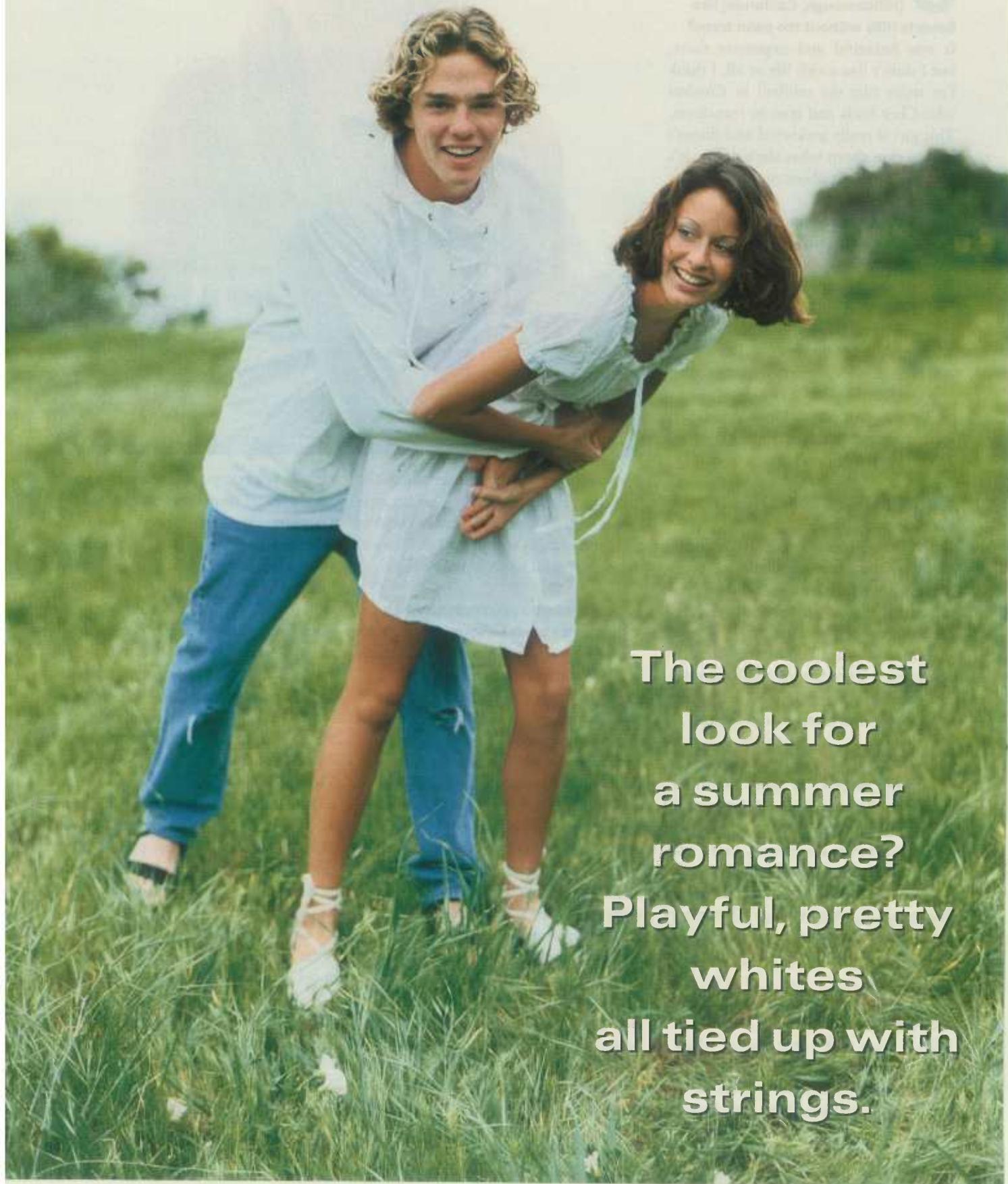
A butterfly tee meets sailor-laced shorts.

Keep things light in a baby-doll dress.



This page: Dress,
Contempo Casuals; \$26.
Bracelet, Boma. Opposite
page, on her: Lace shirt,
Necessary Objects; \$40.
String bikini, Daffy
Waterwear; \$48. Belly
bracelet, Thai Magic; \$10.
On him: Denim shirt,
Antique Boutique. White
jeans, CK Calvin Klein
Jeans. Stores, last pages.

White heat



**The coolest
look for
a summer
romance?
Playful, pretty
whites
all tied up with
strings.**

"My teachers said I was dangerous. They told my parents, 'Alicia knows too much **for her age.**'"



"He's doing it again! I'm warning you, it's gonna stink!" After I convince her I've smelled worse, she turns toward the mirror again, then twists her face into a magnificent frown. This time it has nothing to do with her dog's indigestion. The source of her angst happens to be two itsy-bitsy, superstretchy things that some people call thigh-highs. Unlike her *Clueless* character, a girl so sophisticated she wears Gaultier to the gym, Silverstone is the lo-fashion kind. Things like thigh-highs are enough to make her reconsider her day job.

1 So, I guess you're like me—a fashion disaster waiting to happen?

I'm the worst. I mean, I'm insecure enough as it is, and things like thigh-highs make me feel self-conscious. I just like to wear sweats or something. I can't even shop for clothes. I get dizzy if I go near a mall.

2 Speaking of dizzy, like, hello, you've just done four movies and you're now working on a fifth.

Do you have a favorite?

Well, I thought *Hideaway* was amazing. When I saw it, it scared me to death. My knuckles were white. In *True Crimes* [with Kevin Dillon] I play this strict Catholic girl who wants to be a cop. That was funny because I'm actually Jewish. And I did this French movie [*Le Nouveau Monde*, about a French boy obsessed with all things American, including Alicia], which was amazing, but I really did it so I could go to Paris.

3 That's only three. What about *The Babysitter*?

That one is really cool. It's kind of an artsy film, and it was great because they let me rewrite my character. I crossed out all the nudity and the sex—and, trust me, there was a lot of nudity. It's about a girl who everybody fantasizes about and what happens when people can't separate fantasy from reality.

4 What's up with your character in *Clueless*?

Is she in touch with reality?

Cher is smart but only in her little world—a world in which she can have anything and everything she wants. But then she

Sometimes

even

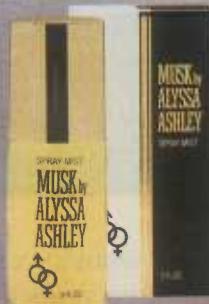
good

girls

want

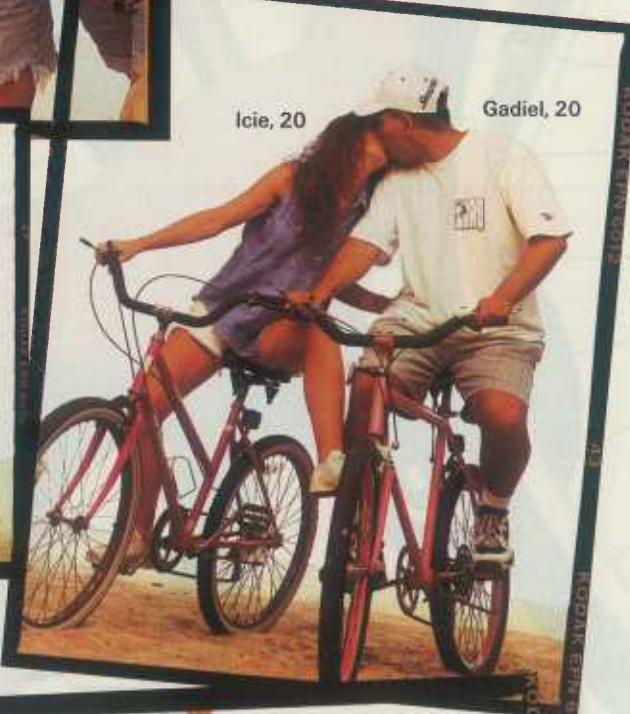
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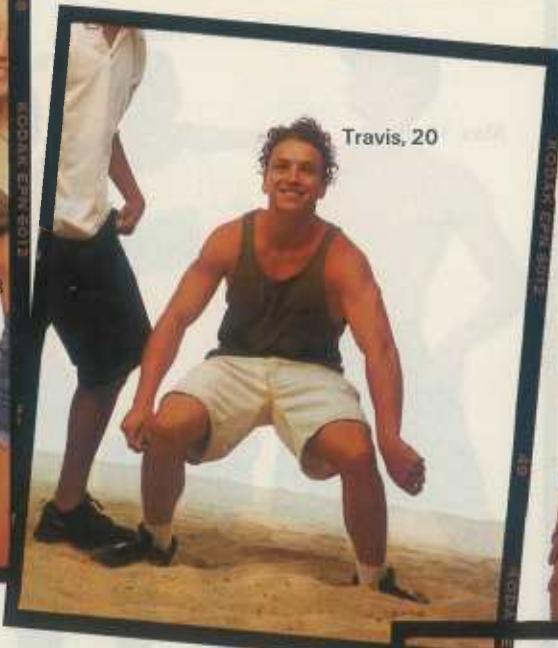
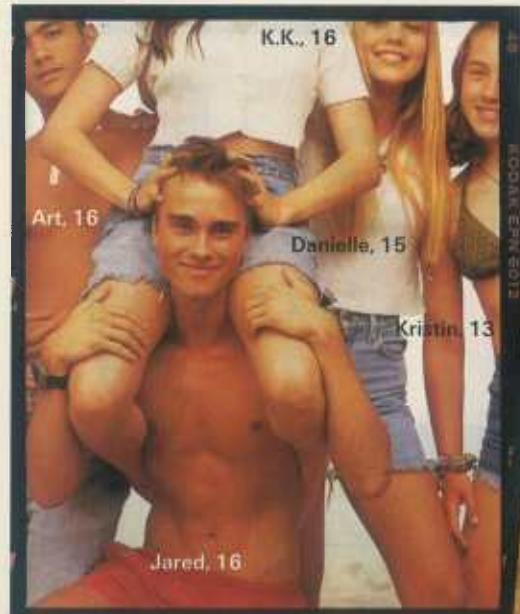
bad.



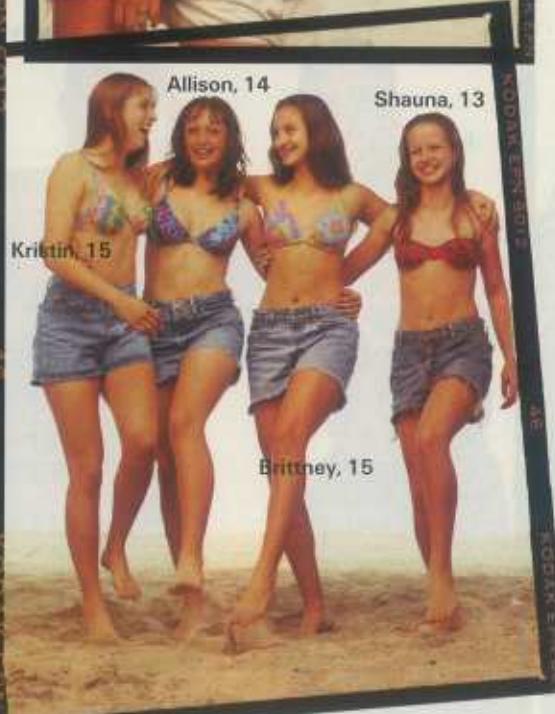
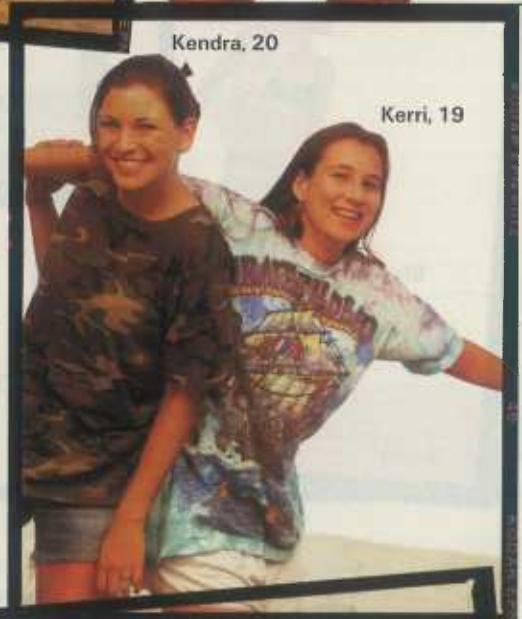
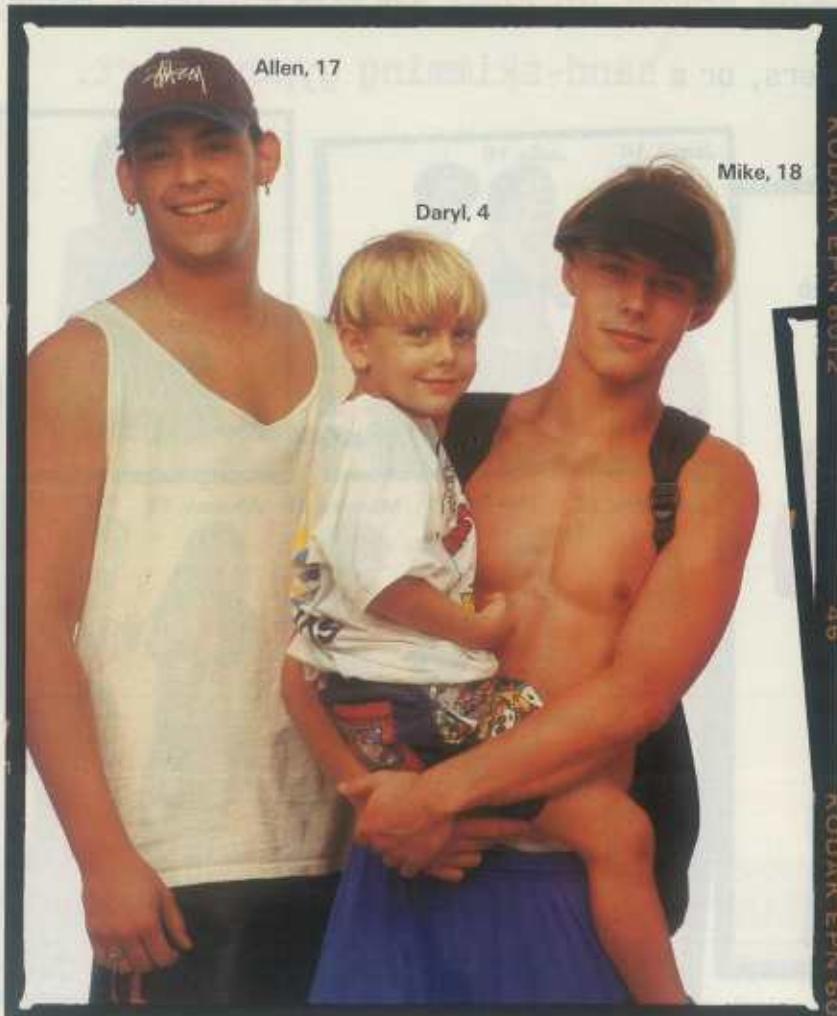
MUSK
by
ALYSSA
ASHLEY

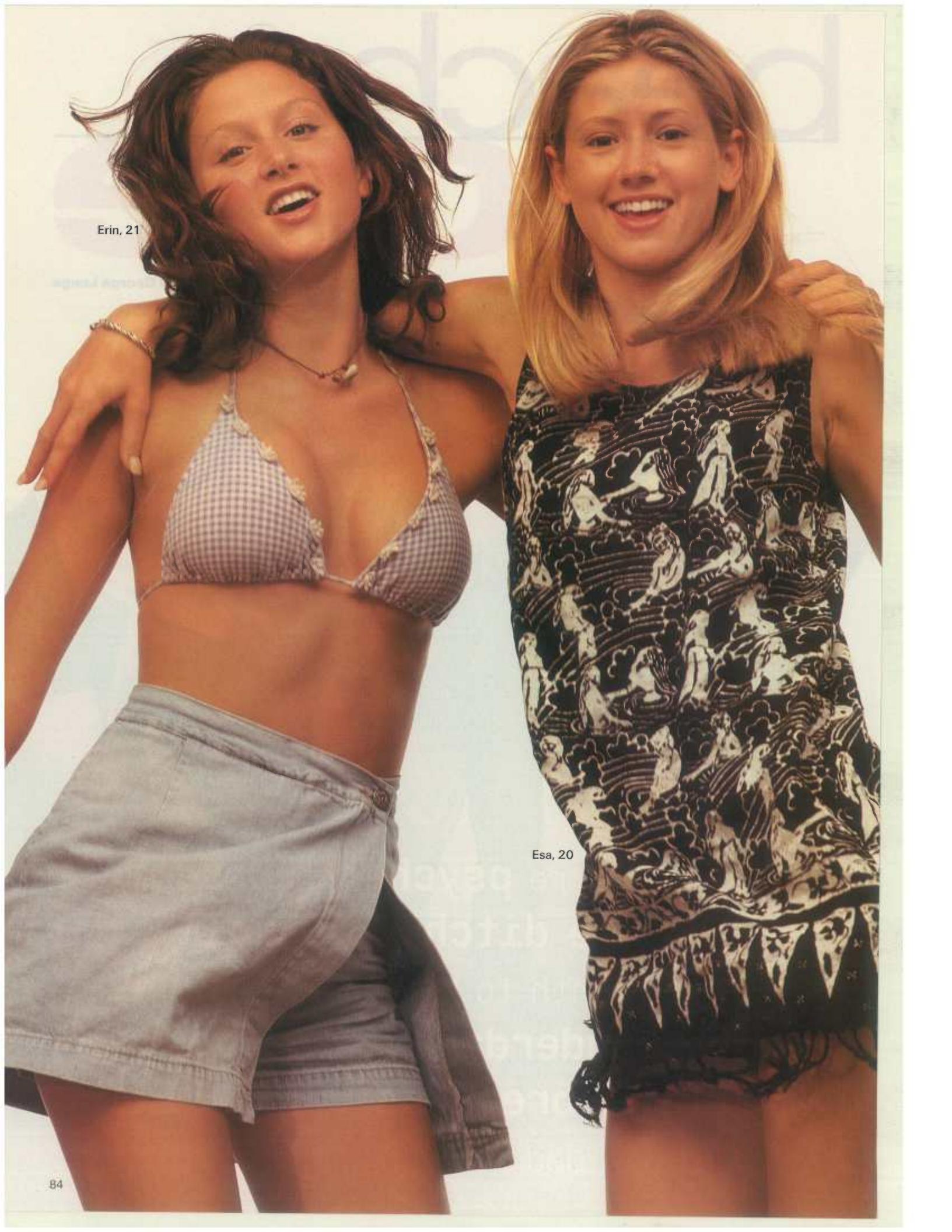
At the beach the **sun is scorching**, the sand **is warm**, and the guys are **hot**. All you need are **good friends**, **amazing tunes**, and at least two **homework-free** months to **hang out**.





Beachin' chic: jean cutoffs, bikes,
long hair, blades, tank tops, backpacks,
dogs, beepers, shades, baseball hats . . .
and even little brothers.



A color photograph of two young women, Erin and Esa, posing together against a white background. They are both smiling and appear to be in a playful mood. Erin, on the left, has dark brown hair and is wearing a light-colored, patterned bikini top and grey shorts. Esa, on the right, has blonde hair and is wearing a dark, ornate patterned top and matching shorts.

Erin, 21

Esa, 20



THERE'S HAIR. AND THERE'S HAIR WITH STYLE.



TO GET IT, YOU NEED THE RIGHT ELEMENTS.

For her fine, dry hair, Jenny combines

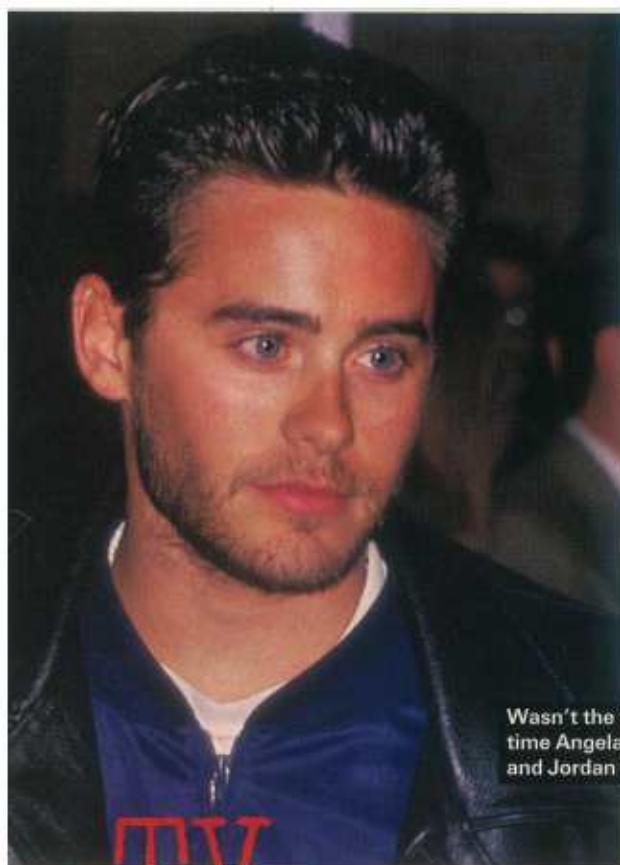
Salon Selectives Extra Moisturizing Shampoo **4**

Body Building Conditioner **B** and Bodifying

Mousse **15** Select your elements of style.



SALON SELECTIVES THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE



TV titans

I watch TV...
when something good is on.

75%

all the time.
22%

when I'm allowed.
3%

You can have one
high-tech item.
You choose:

TV/VCR

57%

CD player

33%

computer

10%



Favorite TV Show

1. *My So-Called Life*
2. *Beverly Hills, 90210*
3. *ER*

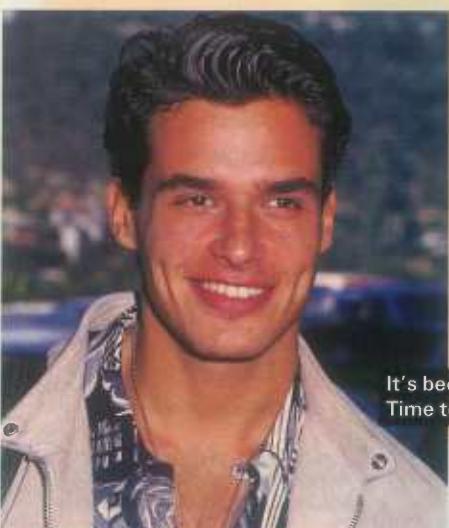
Which TV show most mirrors your life?

- My So-Called Life* 77%
Blossom 16%
Beverly Hills, 90210 7%

Hottest Soap Guys

1. Antonio Sabato, Jr.
2. Patrick Muldoon
3. Joshua Morrow

It's been, like, forever since *GH*.
Time to reconsider your day job?



Tom and
Nicole:
our royal
family.

Favorite Celebrity Couple

1. Tom Cruise/Nicole Kidman
2. Tiffani-Amber Thiessen/Brian Austin Green
3. Winona Ryder/Dave Pirner

... just the sexiest thing
you've ever seen?

Favorite TV Actor

1. Jared Leto
2. Jonathan Brandis
3. Will Smith

Favorite TV Actress

1. Claire Danes
2. Helen Hunt
3. Mayim Bialik



Saturday Night Live is
sorta funny. 52%
very funny. 25%
funny? It's supposed to be funny? 23%

Which cast of characters has the highest IQ?

- Melrose Place* 51%
Baywatch 40%
Models Inc. 9%

Hair Club
for Mensa.





who do you love?

Favorite Kind of Music

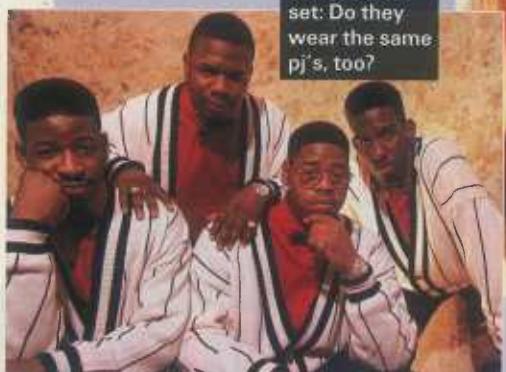
Alternative 61%

Rock 20%	R&B 9%	Rap 4%
Dance 3%	Heavy Metal 2%	Country 1%

Best Band

1. Green Day
2. Boyz II Men
3. Pearl Jam

The sweater set: Do they wear the same pj's, too?



Which concert was better?

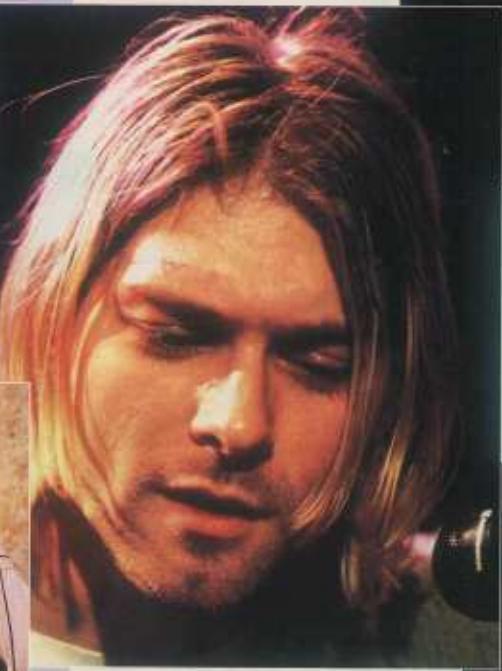
Woodstock 51%
Lollapalooza 49%

Best Video

1. "Buddy Holly," Weezer
2. "When I Come Around," Green Day
3. "On Bended Knee," Boyz II Men

Happy Days are here again, thanks to Weezer.

Green Day won Best and Worst Band? Go figure.



Kurt Cobain's death made you feel

1. depressed.
2. nothing.
3. like he wasted his life.

Oh, Niki, you're so fine. You're so fine, you blow our minds.



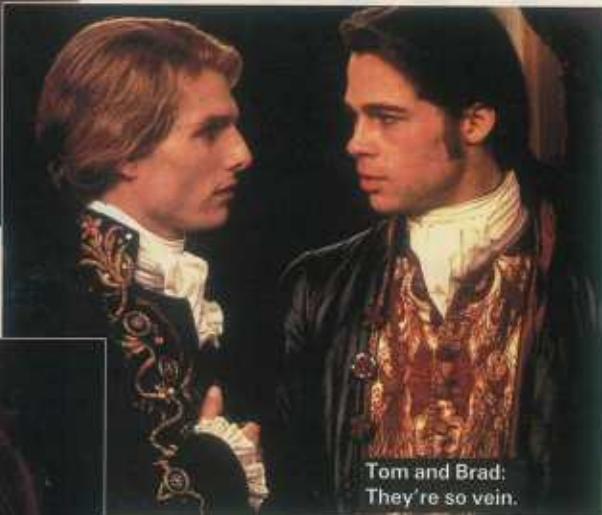
Favorite Supermodel

1. Niki Taylor
2. Cindy Crawford
3. Claudia Schiffer



If you could change the world, you would

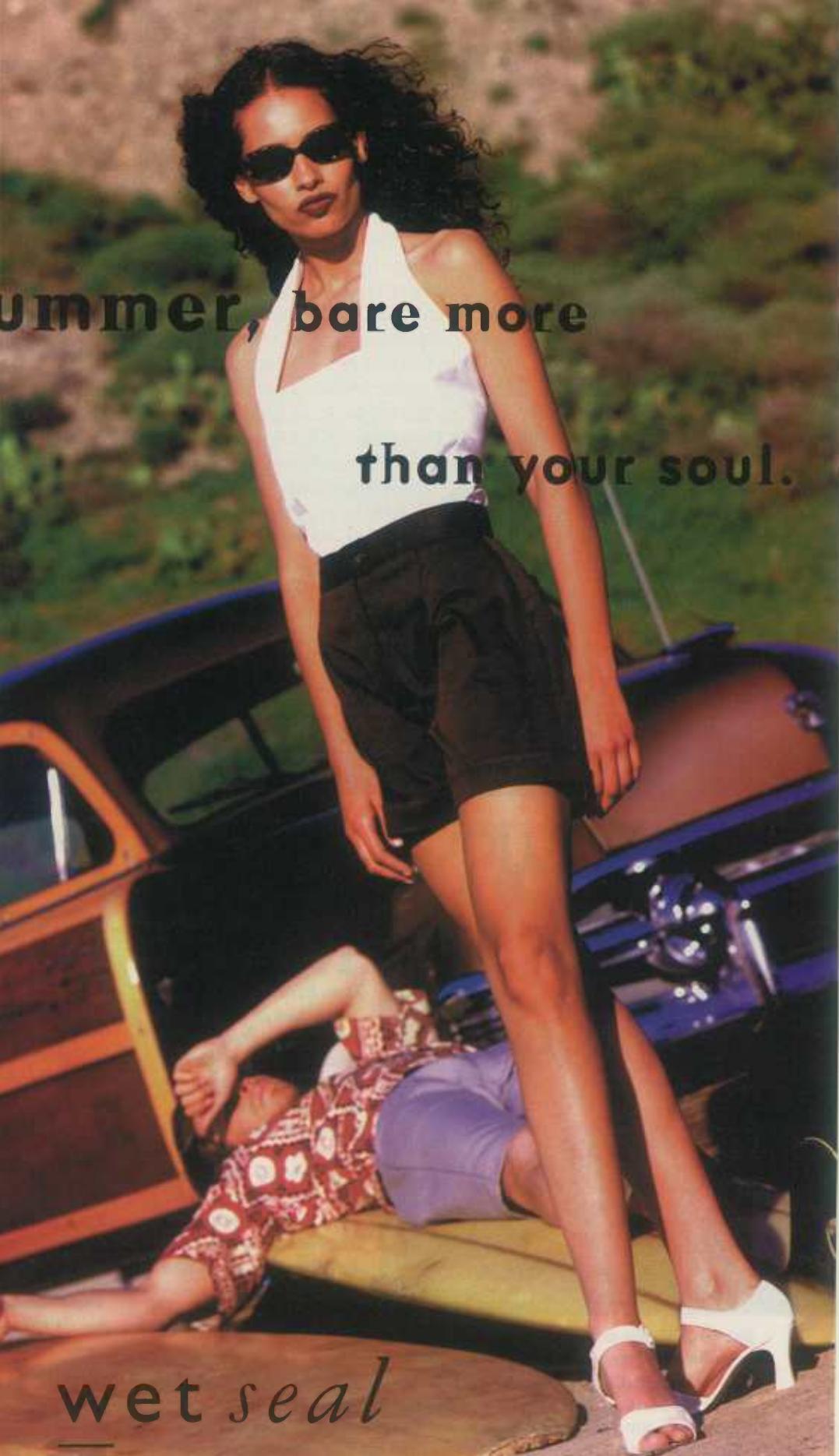
1. establish world peace.
2. end all violence.
3. find a cure for AIDS.



Tom and Brad: They're so vein.

Tom Cruise wants to make you a vampire. You

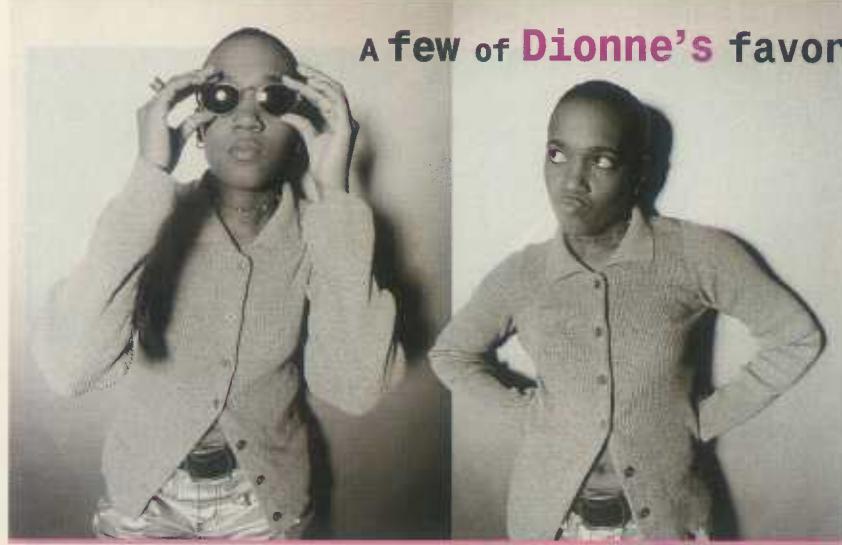
1. go for it.
2. run away.
3. call for Brad!



This summer, bare more
than your soul.

wet seal

South Coast Plaza, Costa Mesa, CA
and other locations



A few of Dionne's favorite things

Name: Dionne Yvette Farris

Born: December 4, Bordentown, New Jersey

Lives: Atlanta

Boyfriend: "No."

New album: *Wild Seed—Wild Flower* (Columbia)

Former band: Arrested Development

Writer: Octavia Butler. She's a black science-fiction writer. Her imagery and her imagination are just wide open—I'm totally in love with her books. She wrote one called *Wild Seed*, and that's kind of where I got the name for my album.

Poet: Amiri Baraka. He was an activist in the '60s for civil rights and

dig this!

the uplifting of black people. He's also written some powerful poetry.

Cartoon character: Casper the Friendly Ghost. Everybody judged him before they got to know him, and it ended up that they were always wrong. It kind of had a moral to it: Don't judge a book by its cover.

Film: *The Shawshank Redemption* was really good. I shouldn't tell the whole story. I'll just say it was very encouraging and hopeful and uplifting.

Actress: Angela Bassett. I loved her

in the Tina Turner movie, *What's Love Got to Do With It*. She is so strong and positive.

Music video: Soundgarden's "Black Hole Sun." It's so unique—very weird and spooky.

Season: Summer. I love the sun!

Ride: Roller coasters. I love the anticipation and the thrill of it—the clicking when you're going up and then trying to hold your food down when you're going down!

Food: I cook a lot of pasta. It's easy, it's quick, and it gives you energy.

Drink: Cranberry juice. It cleans your system and it's very delicious.

Game: Sega's *Mortal Kombat*—it gets all of your frustrations out.

Piece of furniture: I found an old lamp in an antique shop, but it didn't have a shade, so I made one out of a Chinese umbrella. I like it because it's beautiful and no one else has one.

Jewelry: All of my silver bangles. When I'm touring, I try to collect a bracelet from every place I go.

Subject in school: Choir. It was so easy and, of course, I love to sing.

Kind of music: Old R&B and soul. Al Green and early Stevie Wonder.

Musical instrument: Guitar. I'm learning how to play right now.

—Amy Talkington



Batman Forever

This summer, Keanu is cyberized, Hanks is traumatized, Costner is liquidized, and Batman is Carrey-ized.

previews

Batman Forever A kinder, funnier Batman? You bet! Say *buh-bye* to darky-dark director Tim Burton and greedy Michael Keaton (*Boo. Hiss!*) and hello to—*holy sex appeal!*—Val Kilmer and Chris O'Donnell. Did we

mention Jim Carrey, whose turn as The Riddler already has people talking Oscar? Did we mention ordering your tickets, like, now?

Johnny Mnemonic The good news: Keanu's futuristic thriller about a delivery boy with a cybership in his brain is finally out. The bad news: *A Walk in the Clouds*, his first romantic drama (about a traveling salesman who falls for a migrant worker), doesn't come out until mid-August. We were looking forward to Keanu in stereo!

Mad Love Drew Barrymore and Chris O'Donnell are deeply, madly, totally in love. What else do you need to know, besides where it's playing?

Apollo 13 The ubiquitous Tom Hanks stars

in this true story about three astronauts who, in 1970, were trapped inside a disabled spacecraft with little hope of getting back to Earth. Can't wait till the end of the movie to find out if they survived? Look it up in your history book.

Waterworld When phrases like "H₂-uh-O" started surfacing around Kevin Costner's postapocalyptic drama (think *Road Warrior* with fins), we



Wigstock

were convinced the guy was all washed up. But, hey, a movie that costars Dennis Hopper as a nasty pirate trying to steal Kev's potting soil (that's money in *Waterworld*) can't be *all* wet, right? Riiight.

reviews

Wigstock: The Movie After the success of RuPaul and *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*, drag queens are chic. This documentary focuses on the annual New York City event where everyone—boys, girls, even dogs—slips into outrageous wigs and celebrates ab fabness. **Watch for:** Alexis Arquette (Patricia's bro), Crystal Waters, and RuPaul. **Watch out for:** Hairballs. —Claire Connors



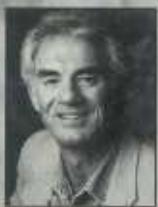
Mad Love

Nature

...it works!

Luscious Wild Cherry

blended with rich Jojoba &
revitalizing Honeysuckle
moisturize and restore
for shiny, beautiful hair.

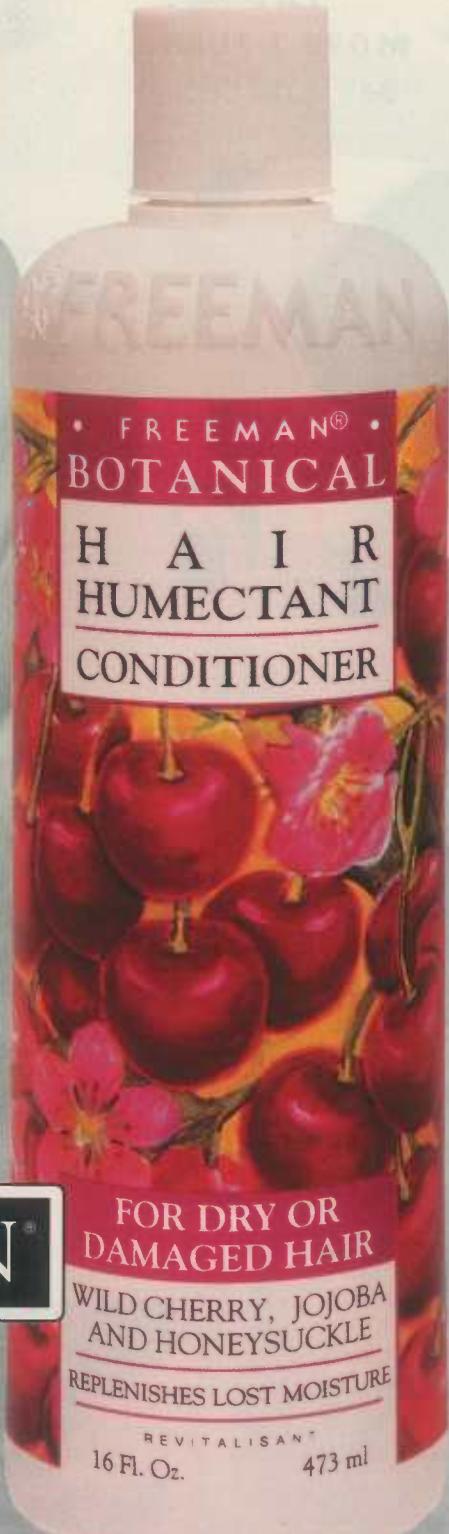


Larry Freeman

A hair conditioner
that works.

It's a Promise!

FREEMAN



The bus pulled away from this diner in the middle of nowhere, and for a moment I stood there alone, trying to get it together. *Oh, right*, I thought, *the phone number*, which I pulled from my shirt pocket as I walked over to an old-fashioned phone booth to call the main office at Kristen's summer camp. This is Kristen's second year as a counselor-in-training, which is this whole other life that's so important to her. Would it be weird to see her here? I had wondered that all the way up on my seven-hour bus ride. I was looking out through the scratched-up glass when suddenly Kristen's head and shoulders came gliding into sight. She was crouching in the back of an ancient red Toyota pickup, her blond hair kicking in the breeze.

We kissed in the hot, dusty parking lot. "I missed you so much," I said, and she said the same thing almost simultaneously. Kris introduced me to Jenna, who looked too young to be driving. On the endless two-lane road back up the mountain, Kris talked

What do you do when all of a sudden you stop feeling as close to the person you're used to feeling really close to? by Robert Love

about her summer so far: about her swimming students, and about this wonderful dance teacher who'd already shown her an amazing breathing trick. She started to ask about Austin and Josh and some other kids back home, but then Jenna reminded her of Malavee, the ceramics teacher who knows the entire Nirvana *Unplugged* album word for word.

As a joke, I said that Austin was dead and Josh had been arrested for murder, but it didn't even seem to register, so I let it go.

At the camp, suddenly everyone needed Kris to solve some crisis or another. Like, one kid's mother was on the phone about an asthma prescription, and the lifeguards needed bug spray. Kristen shrugged at me and looked pleased that all these people depended on her. "What can I do?" I said, as I followed her around, even though I was starting to feel sort of invisible or some-

thing, it was dinnertime and then it was dark. I was so out of it from the bus ride that I fell asleep early.

That night, I bunked in the Power Rangers cabin. I thought about how proud I was of Kris, how this different, powerful side of her came through here. She was clearly a big deal, and suddenly I felt guilty that maybe I didn't appreciate her enough.

The next day, we didn't get up to the falls until after lunch, which left us only about an hour and a half before my bus was leaving (I could only get two days off from work to visit), so the whole thing seemed rushed. Still, the falls turned out to be just as beautiful as Kris had said. We slipped under a huge overhanging rock where a miniature horseshoe falls made a kind of curtain around us. The water was even sort of warm, and for a long time we just floated, touching each other, sticking a leg or an arm through the falling water and into the hot sunlight. Then, cutting through all that peacefulness, came a loud female voice: "Hey, hey, hey, Special K!"

Kris' head snapped up. "Jenna? What's up?"

"Yeah, hey, listen, it's 3:30. You guys better get going. John wants the truck back by five."

"Special K?" I said after Jenna had wandered off. "You have a new nickname? You never told me about it."

"The younger kids made it up," she said, "and I guess it stuck."

Now we were getting dressed in a rush to make it down to the diner to meet the bus. I managed to tell Kris that my job at the office-supply place was a drag, that my parents said hi, and that Austin was alive and well (she didn't get it). And then I said good-bye. Weird.

A seven-hour bus ride is not a good thing if you're thinking about stuff that makes you sad. And that's the way I felt as the exit signs rolled by and I had to wonder if I really knew who Special K was. ■

thing—irrelevant, maybe. What else was I going to do?

"As soon as we collect the badminton nets, I want to show you the falls," she said. "Oh, Bob, it's so peaceful and green, and I know this place back under the overhang where you can swim and no one even knows you're there."

"Awesome," I said, and I meant it.

At that moment a peal of thunder sounded off in the distance, and all the adults looked at each other like, *Oh, no, not again*. Then a man with a gray ponytail came up and spoke sharply: "Kris, please get the kids out of the lake, and, Jenna, you check the trail log. Let's move it."

By the time we took care of every-

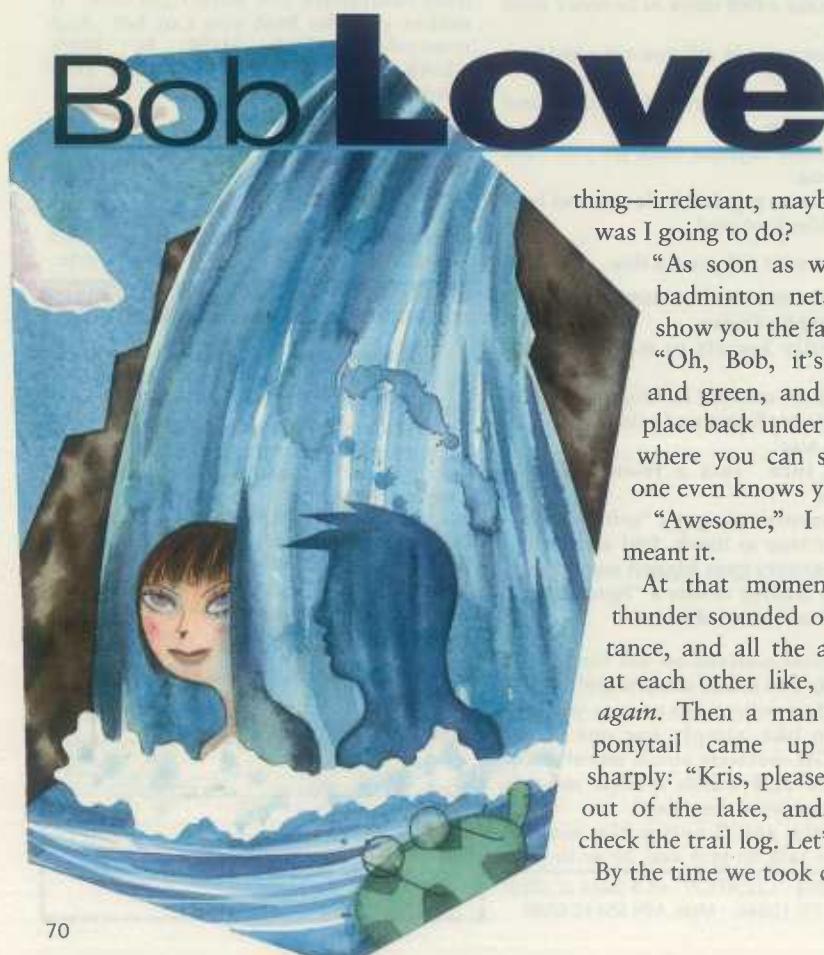


Illustration: Russell O. Jones.

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THE 1995 ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY SEMINAR

Wouldn't FAMOUS Be FuN?

Want It?... DO It!

On Sunday, July 9th, 1995 in Los Angeles, California, Beverly Hills Studios is bringing the Entertainment Industry to you!

- ★ If you'd like to know more about working as an actress or model...
- ★ If you're looking for answers as well as opportunity...

Then follow your dreams to the 1995 Entertainment Industry Seminar.

The Top New Face selected by our panel of Judges based on overall appearance and stage presence, during the July 9th, 1995 Entertainment Industry Seminar will receive our Grand Prize.

- ★ A full Talent Development Scholarship from Beverly Hills Studios.
- ★ A \$500.00 shopping spree provided by RAMPAGE Clothing Company.
- ★ A complete make-over from City Rage Salon, Beverly Hills.
- ★ A gift certificate for 50 music CD's from BLOCKBUSTER MUSIC.

Plus, the four Runner-ups selected by our panel of Judges based on overall appearance and stage presence, during the July 9th, 1995 Entertainment Industry Seminar will each receive the following Prize Package.

- ★ A full Talent Development Scholarship from Beverly Hills Studios.
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Stars Are NOT Born, They're Developed...

OUR PURPOSE: Beverly Hills Studios prepares people to compete for jobs in the acting and modeling industries. Our objective is to help each individual fully realize her/his performance potential. All individuals pursuing careers in the acting and modeling industries need to know that obtaining success is a combination of natural skills, acquired skills, good matches between actor/model and roles, and successful auditions, coupled with training and talent/modeling agent representation. Fees are required to attend Beverly Hills Studios.

The GRAND PRIZE winner and Four Runner-ups will be notified on Monday, July 10th, 1995 via telephone. There are no substitutions of prizes. Prize packages are awarded based on overall appearance and stage presence. All eligible entrants must register and attend this event to be considered for the prize packages. No purchase necessary. Odds on winning a prize package depend on the number of entrants participating, and are estimated to be 1,000 to 1. All federal, state and local taxes will be paid by Beverly Hills Studios.

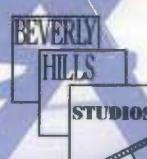
Jayme
Did...

JAYME BETCHER:
Series Regular,
"Superhuman Samurai
Syber-Squad"

How To Register:

1-800-572-7052

To register to attend the July 9th, 1995 Entertainment Industry Seminar, call Beverly Hills Studios at 1-800-572-7052. Tell the operator you want to register for the July 9th, 1995 event, and be prepared to give them your name, address and phone number. Please call Monday through Friday from 10:00am to 8:00pm and Saturday and Sunday from 10:00am to 6:00pm. A complete information package will then be mailed to you outlining all of the details and rules of this event.



232 South Beverly Drive
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Joe Diffie—*Third Rock From The Sun* (Epic) 489•260

Blackstreet—*(Interscope)* 487•389

"The Jerky Boys"—Orig. Sndtrk. Featuring Collective Soul, Coolio, Green Day, House of Pain and more. (Atlantic) 117•093

Heavy D. & The Boyz—*Nuttin' But Love* (Uptown/MCA) 478•354

Sibelius: Violin Conc. Bruch: *Scottish Fantasy*, Midori: Mehta, Israel Ph. (Sony Class.) 102•947

Bonnie Raitt—*Longing In Their Hearts* (Capitol) 477•505

Basia—*The Sweetest Illusion* (Epic) 477•331

Indigo Girls—*Swamp Ophelia* (Epic) 477•323

Chant—Benedictine Monks Of Santo Domingo De Silos (Angel) 477•067

Soundgarden—Super-unknown (A&M) 475•186

Yanni—*Live At The Acropolis* (Private Music) 475•178

Richard Marx—*Paid Vacation* (Capitol) 474•973

Jeff Foxworthy—*You Might Be A Redneck If...* (Warner Bros.) 474•833



Mary Chapin Carpenter—*Stories In The Road* (Columbia) 101•543

Joshua Kadison—*Painted Desert Serenade* (SBK) 474•791

Neal McCoy—*No Doubt About It* (Atlantic) 474•619

Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers—Grt. Hits (MCA) 474•411

The Mavericks—*What A Crying Shame* (MCA Nashville) 474•403

Digable Planets—*Blowout Come (Pendulum)* 110•122

Faith Hill—*Take Me As I Am* (Warner Bros.) 473•728

Sarah McLachlan—*Fumbling Towards Ecstasy* (Arista) 473•389

Aretha Franklin—Grt. Hits (Arista) 473•371

Tori Amos—*Under The Pink* (Atlantic) 473•207

John Michael Montgomery—*Kickin' It Up* (Atlantic) 473•157

Jodeci—*Diary Of A Mad Band* (Uptown/MCA) 473•116

"Philadelphia"—Orig. Sndtrk. Featuring B. Springsteen, N. Young, P. Gabriel, etc. (Epic, Soundtrax) 472•928

Testament—*Low* (Atlantic) 108•647

John Mellencamp—*Dance Naked* (Mercury) 485•755

Candlebox (Maverick/Sire/Warner) 485•185

CLASSIC ROCK

The Best Of Woodstock—Featuring Santana, J. Cocker, The Who, etc. (Atlantic) 486•126

Jimi Hendrix—Blues (MCA) 480•202

Elton John—*Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* (Polydor) 471•060

Elton John—Grt. Hits (Polydor) 471•011

"Dazed And Confused"—Orig. Sndtrk. Featuring ZZ Top, Kiss, etc. (Giant) 468•546

Jimi Hendrix—*The Ultimate Experience* (MCA) 458•034

The Allman Brothers Band—*A Decade Of Hits 1969-79* (Polydor) 430•439

Rod Stewart—*Sing It Again Rod*—Grt. Hits (Mercury) 423•822

The Very Best Of The Righteous Brothers—*Unchained Melody* (Verve) 423•772

The Moody Blues—Grt. Hits (Polydor) 423•756

Eric Clapton—*Time Pieces* (Polydor) 423•467

David Bowie—*Changesbowie* (Rykodisc) 412•247

Lynyrd Skynyrd—*Skynyrd's Innards/Their Grt. Hits* (MCA) 381•129

Bob Dylan's Grt. Hits (Columbia) 138•586

The Best Of Kansas® (CBS Assoc.) 327•742

Dr. Hook's Grt. Hits (Capitol) 317•495

The Who—Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 376•657/396•655

Fleetwood Mac—Grt. Hits (Warner Bros.) 375•782

Journey's Greatest Hits (Columbia) 375•279

Steppenwolf—16 Grt. Hits (MCA) 372•425

Elvin Bishop—*Forrest Gump Soundtrack* (Warner Bros.) 287•003

Eagles—*Hotel California* (Asylum) 286•948

Jackson Browne—*Running On Empty* (Asylum) 286•864

Meat Loaf—*Bat Out Of Hell* (Epic) 279•133

Best Of The Doobies (Capitol) 269•365

Boston (Epic) 269•209

Bruce Springsteen—*Born To Run* (Columbia) 257•279

Van Morrison—*Moondance* (Warner Bros.) 349•803

The Beach Boys—*Made In The U.S.A.* (Capitol) 346•445

Bad Company—10 From 6 (Atlantic) 341•313

Jimmy Buffet—*Songs You Know By Heart* (MCA) 339•911

Anthology Of Bread (Elektra) 337•972

Joe Cocker's Grt. Hits (A&M) 320•911

Creedence Clearwater Revival—*Chronicle 20* Grt. Hits (Fantasy) 308•049

Electric Light Orch.—*ELO's Greatest Hits* (Jet) 300•095

Seals & Crofts' Grt. Hits (Warner Bros.) 291•849

America's Grt. Hits (Warner Bros.) 291•85

James Taylor's Grt. Hits (Warner Bros.) 291•302

Best Of The Doobies (Warner Bros.) 291•278

The Steve Miller Band—Grt. Hits 1974-78 (Capitol) 290•171

Eagles—Grt. Hits, 1975 (Asylum) 287•003

Simon & Garfunkel—*Cheesecake* (Warner Bros.) 286•948

Jackson Browne—*Running On Empty* (Asylum) 286•864

Meat Loaf—*Bat Out Of Hell* (Epic) 279•133

Best Of The Band (Capitol) 269•365

Boston (Epic) 269•209

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Creedence Clearwater Revival—*Chronicle 20* Grt. Hits (Fantasy) 308•049

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Grateful Dead—*Deadletons From The Closet* (Warner Bros.) 378•406

John Lennon Collection (Capitol) 405•308

Frank Sinatra—*Duets* (Capitol) 471•615

Queen Latifah—*Black Reign* (Motown) 471•466

Crash Test Dummies—*God Shuffled His Feet* (Arista) 470•476

Sinead O'Connor—*Universal Mother* (Chrysalis) 103•218

Pretenders—*Last Of The Independents* (Sire/Warner Bros.) 480•285

Michael Bolton—*The One Thing* (Capitol) 470•005

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10,000 Maniacs—*MTV Unplugged* (Elektra) 469•775

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Reba McEntire—*Read My Mind* (MCA Nashville) 479•717

Stone Temple Pilots—*Purple* (Atlantic) 465•963

Counting Crows—*August And Everything After* (DGC) 467•944

Salt-N-Pepa—*Very Necessary* (Next Plateau/London) 467•837

Bryan Adams—*So Far So Good* (A&M) 467•738

Craig Mack—*Project: Funk Da World* (Bad Boy/Arista) 108•050

Tony Bennett—*Steppin' Out* (Columbia) 467•431

Najee—*Share My World* (EMI) 108•290

Stevie Nicks—*Street Angel* (Modern) 466•029

Snoop Doggy Dogg—*Doggystyle* (Interscope/Death Row) 465•955

The Cranberries—*Everybody Else Is Doing It, So Why Can't We?* (Island) 465•559

Mariah Carey—*Music Box* (Columbia) 465•435

Pearl Jam—*Vs.* (Epic) 465•427

Babyface—*For The Cool In You* (Epic) 464•222

Garth Brooks—*In Pieces* (Liberty) 463•745

Gin Blossoms—*New Miserable Experience* (A&M) 463•737

Billy Joel—*River Of Dreams* (Columbia) 463•695

Morrissey—*World Of Morrissey* (Sire/Reprise) 439•933

Peter Gabriel—*So* (Geffen) 345•777

Toni Braxton—*LaFace* (LaFace) 464•362

Alison Krauss—*Now That I've Found You: A Collection* (Rounder) 120•345

Cypress Hill—*Black Sunday* (Ruffhouse/Columbia) 463•596

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Paul McCartney—*All The Best* (Capitol) 459•776

"Sleepless In Seattle"—Orig. Sndtrk. (Epic Soundtrax) 458•430

Meat Loaf—*Bat Out Of Hell II: Back Into Hell* (MCA) 458•232

Aerosmith—*Get A Grip* (Geffen) 458•075

Aaron Neville—*The Grand Tour* (A&M) 457•200

Andrew Lloyd Webber—*The Premiere Collection Encore* (Polydor) 456•533

Duran Duran (Capitol) 455•550

Glady Knight—*Just For You* (MCA) 107•177

John Michael Montgomery—*Life's A Dance* (Atlantic) 453•746

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BeBe & CeCe Winans—*Relationships* (Capitol) 103•150

Rage Against The Machine (Epic/Associated) 451•138

Sade—*Love Deluxe* (Epic) 449•439

Phil Collins—*Serious Hits...Live* (Atlantic) 448•944

Nine Inch Nails—*Broken* (TVT/Interscope) 448•548

Loverboy—*Loverboy Classics* (Columbia/Legacy) 106•666

R.E.M.—*Automatic For The People* (Warner Bros.) 448•522

Gloria Estefan—*Grt. Hits* (Epic) 448•506

"The Bodyguard"—Orig. Sndtrk. (Arista) 448•159

Kenny G—*Breathless* (Arista) 448•142

Eric Clapton—*Unplugged* (Reprise/Duck) 446•187

Michael Bolton—*Timeless* (The Classics) (Columbia) 445•494

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Recordings) 117-010

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2 (EMI) 103-184

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Desert"**—Orig. Sndrk.
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Hammer—The Funky
Headhunter (Giant/
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Bros.) 101-238

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Chuck Berry, and more.
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Creatures (GRP)
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You My Love (Island)
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Love (A&M) 101-667

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**The Billie Holiday
Songbook** (Verve)
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Nat King Cole—The
Greatest Hits (Capitol)
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George Duke—Illusions
(Warner Bros.) 117-085

**Corrosion Of
Conformity**—
Deliverance (Columbia)
106-716



Bon Jovi—Cross Road
(Mercury) 110-395

Billy Ray Cyrus—Storm
In The Heartland
(Mercury/Nashville)
113-852

John Hiatt—Hiatt
Comes Alive At
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Bob Dylan's Grt. Hits
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Boston Pops**—Salute
To Disney (DG) 113-027

George Strait—Lead
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**Pete Rock & C.L.
Smooth**—The Main
Ingredient (Elektra)
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Carly Simon—Letters
Never Sent (Arista)
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Shaquille O'Neal—
Shaq-Fu: Da Return
(Jive) 110-635

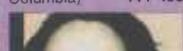
**The Best Of David
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111-369

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(Atlantic) 111-351

**Bob Marley & The
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Billy Joel—Grt. Hits,
Vols. 1 & 2 (Columbia)
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Bryan Adams—Live!
Live! Live! (A&M)
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Unforgettable (Elektra)
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Ozzy Osbourne—No
More Tears (Epic/
Associated) 428-128

Blues Traveler—Four
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Vanessa Williams—The
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The 3 Tenors—In
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Michael Jackson—
Thriller (Epic) 318-089

Paul Simon—Grace-
land (Warner Bros.)
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Anita Baker—Rhythm
Of Love (Elektra)
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**The Manhattan
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Sting—Fields Of Gold
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Carpenter**—
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Madonna—Erotica
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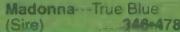
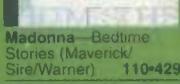
Madonna—The
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Christopher Williams—
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Roberta Flack—
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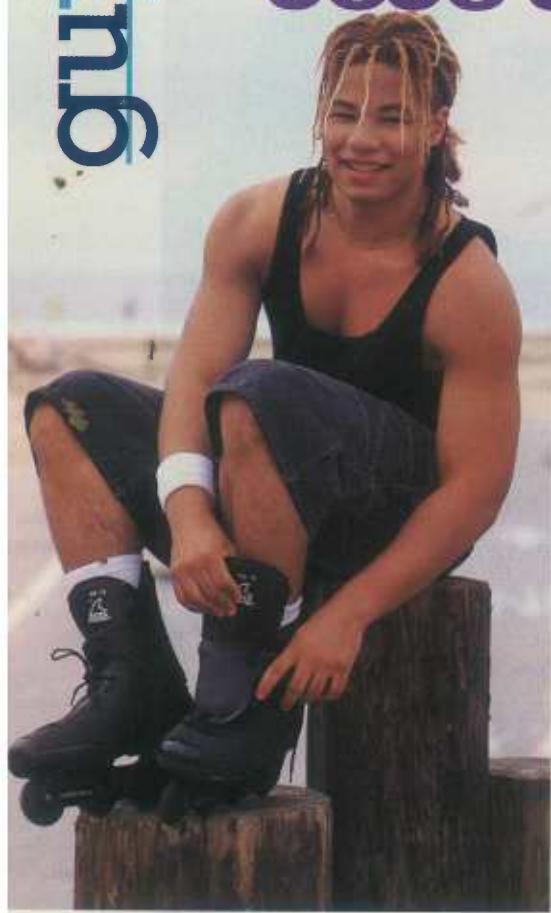
Todd Snider—Songs
For The Daily Planet
(Margaraville/MCA
Nashville) 118-992

Sir Georg Solti—
"Immortal Beloved"—
Orig. Sndrk. (Music of
Beethoven) (Sony
Classical) 114-504

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Lenny Kravitz, more.
(Warner Bros.) 110-874



this boy's life JoJo Smollett



When he's not on the set of the ABC sitcom *On Our Own*, actor JoJo Smollett can usually be found spinning his wheels on the boardwalk in Venice Beach, California. "Rollerblading is one of the coolest ways I've found to work out. I don't do it just to stay in shape—I do it because it adds stability to my life." It helps, too, that sunny Venice Beach is a great place to blade. "It's a lot different from where I come from," says the six-foot-plus 18-year-old, who, along with his family, moved to the West Coast from New York City a year ago. "I started on roller skates when I was about eight or nine. We used to play a lot of street hockey because we couldn't get to an ice rink, living in the city. It was me and a bunch of guys, slamming into each other, no padding, on concrete." He looks almost nostalgic for half a second, then smiles and adds, "But I like it this way, too."

—Malissa Thompson

can you **believe** this guy?

The totally **appalling / appealing** boy report


"I had been seriously and exclusively dating this gorgeous guy, Jeremy, for six months. One day I came home from work to find his car parked in my driveway (no big surprise since my *whole* family adored him and he was over so much he even had his own night to help wash the dishes). I went to my bedroom, and imagine my surprise when I opened the door to find *my* almost-18-year-old boyfriend and *my* 10-year-old sister making out on *my* bed in *my* room. Needless to say, I dumped Jeremy, and I've never again introduced my sister to any of my boyfriends." —Sarah, Oklahoma City, OK

"My boyfriend and I have been together for seven months. I'm 16 and he's 19 and goes to college. He'd been away for a few weeks and then came back on a weekend. We decided to go to a park and walk along the trails and talk. Well, it turned out that while we were walking, we kept finding flowers just lying on the ground, all down the path. When we got to the end, I had about a dozen perfect flowers. I looked at him and said, 'Did you plan this?' All he said was 'I missed you!' He finally admitted he had come to the park before picking me up and put the flowers all down the path. This guy is a definite keeper." —Lindsay, Kingwood, TX

Send your totally **appalling / appealing** boy stories to:

Unbelievable, **seventeen**, 850 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

dear answer boy

My boyfriend is a great guy—cute, funny, loving, and generous. But he always makes mean comments. Like, he says, "Diet, woman" (like I should go on a diet), and he tells me what lipstick to wear. One day I was wearing a sweatshirt and sweatpants, and he said I looked *big* in them. Another day I was humiliated by a teacher in front of my class, and he just sat there, laughing with his friends. Should I break up with him?

—Confused, Coral Springs, FL

Dear Confused,

You may think *you're* confused, but it's your *boyfriend* who's confused. Poor guy, he doesn't know that in 1995, boys—even cute, funny, loving, generous boys—just *cannot* get away with telling their girlfriends how to dress/behave/eat/whatever. So stop putting up with it. Now.

Some girls might cut guys slack when they say rude things by using the excuse that guys are just *like* that, they can't help it. I mean, chances are your boyfriend disses his guy friends a lot, too. (I, for instance, have a friend who always greets me with "Hey, Smelly," and I invariably answer, "What up, Crummy?" What can I say? We share a twisted sense of humor, so name-calling like this is basically a weird form of male bonding where what seems like hostility actually conveys attachment and fondness.) But the stuff your boyfriend is telling you is just unacceptable—it's hostile, it's controlling, and it's sexist.

Next time he disses you, tell him this: "You are totally hurting my feelings." Allow him a moment to attempt to dismiss your pain with some flippant remark, then add, "No, you don't understand—you are *really* hurting my feelings. You constantly offend me with comments like that. I take them seriously, I take them personally, and it's the kind of thing that I would definitely break up with you over." Stand your ground; he's *wrong*. Either he'll see the error of his ways, or he won't. If not, dump him. You definitely deserve better.

Write: Answer Boy, **seventeen**,
850 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022.
Answer Boy gets a ton of mail and regrets
that he can't answer every letter personally.



win a walk on role!

GH

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- Your own limo to and from the GH set
- A goody bag from Seventeen

Go for it! Just match the GH character with his or her notable quote and you could be jetting off to LA!

- 1) I sit in awe of you, Lucy.
- 2) I love you, Brenda. And I'll protect you. I swear it.
- 3) Waking up as Eddie Maine, rock star, has been way more fun.

- a) Ned b) Kevin c) Sonny

How To Enter

Send a postcard with your answers, full name, address, phone number and birthdate to: GH WANTS YOU, P.O. Box 72, Bowling Green Station, New York, NY 10274-0072.

Official Rules. No Purchase Necessary. Open to legal female U.S. residents ages 12-24. One entry per person only, by postcard with legal name, address, city, state, zip and birthdate. Mail to GH WANTS YOU, P.O. Box 72, Bowling Green Station, New York, NY 10274-0072. Entries must be received by 9/15/95. Contest Sponsors not responsible for late/legible mail, loss/damage from use and/or prize acceptance, nor can their employees or families enter. Odds of winning depend on number of entries received. Winner randomly drawn from all eligible postcard entries under supervision of Smiley Promotion Inc., independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Prize trip for two to L.A. plus hotel, transportation and gift bag, estimated value of \$3,000. Winner will be required to provide proof of identification and eligibility. She and her travel companion will be required to execute releases. Minor age winner must have parent/legal guardian accompany her on trip. Trip must be taken on date given by sponsor, who may substitute a like prize or cash if original unavailable due to unforeseen causes. Subject to all federal, local laws and regulations. Void where prohibited. For Winner List mail SASE to Seventeen Marketing Dept., GH Winner, 850 3rd Ave., New York, NY 10022 by 9/15/95. Washington state and Vermont residents may omit return stamp.

guys

day-to-day whereabouts does help in coordinating harmless "collisions." Like, when he's coming out of algebra, you're conveniently nearby at your friend's locker.

2. Casually befriending the important people in his life—the guy on his soccer team, his younger sister (this is key), and his best friend (duh). Also, getting your (nonflirtatious) best friend to befriend him so she can drop hints about you, or at least get the scoop on who he likes so you have a handle on the competition. This doesn't mean hanging out with his core group of friends 24-7 or becoming embarrassingly close to his family members in a fake way. The idea is to know everything there is to know about him without *his* knowing you know.

3. In your head, reliving every moment you've ever had together, then treating your reminiscences like your own personal movie that you can fast-forward or rewind at random moments, like while your sister's babbling at dinner or while listening to your Walkman at the beach. This is the perfect activity for gaining more insight into the complex workings of his inner psyche. Example: When he walked by you in the hallway and his elbow brushed your waist, did it mean: a) he did it on purpose, b) he wanted to talk to you, or c) that you were just in his way?

4. Recounting every moment to your best friends. Example: "Yesterday, when we were next to each other in the lunch line, I dropped a Tater Tot on the floor, and he said, 'Bummer.'" One of the most satisfying parts of having a crush is telling your friends about it—where you last saw him, what ensued, etc. Plus, you need them to help you analyze his behavior. You're not, like, Freud, after all.

5. Dreaming up new scenarios where you and he are together, planning exactly what would be said, and then planting these episodes in your memory bank of films. The trick is to pick a different setting each time: the movies (you share Goobers), the soccer

tournament, in study hall (you pass notes), in the school play (as the leads, you have to smooch five nights in a row), at The Prom. This is also a good activity for when you're on the bus or trapped at some other unfun place. And the best thing about this little mind trip is that if you don't like the way something ends, you can just edit out a scene or switch settings.

6. Scoping (without stalking). Like finding out where he works and creating reasons to shop/eat/hang out there. Obviously, inhabiting the place he works or hangs would be ultra-annoying to him and make you a total reject without a life. But it doesn't hurt to occasionally do a walk-through or drive-by in his after-school life. Sometimes all you need is a quick, endorphin-boosting sighting of him to spice up your day. Hint: Taking note of his car, if he has one, will help you make a quick ID so you can tell if he's at a party or a school event *before* going in. (Obviously, if you spot his vehicle, park next to it.)

7. Calling and hanging up. Classic crush behavior (but probably on its way out, thanks to Caller ID and *69). If you're lucky, you'll get his answering machine and hear his voice. Just remember—this borders on stalking if done too frequently. Like, if you're calling and hanging up more than once a week, you might consider starting a local chapter of PCA (Prank Callers Anonymous).

8. Nicknaming him, since you wouldn't be caught dead talking about him in public. A pseudonym allows you to discuss him anytime, anywhere—even in front of him, if you dare.

9. Learning to speak in code so that you can alert your friends-in-the-know to his presence without looking like you're landing a plane or lip-synching "YMCA." The trick is to make your friends proficient in your native crushspeak: sweeping hand motions, dramatic eyebrow lifts, and don't-look-now-but-he's-right-over-there signals.

10. Moving on to a new crush once you've lost interest. Enough said. ■

Are there ways to actually enjoy **obsessing over a guy**, even if you **never actually end up going out with him?** **DeDe Lahman** definitely thinks so.



crush confessions

When I was a freshman in high school, a senior named Bill was randomly assigned to be my upper-class mentor. His job was to show me around during the first week of orientation and basically make sure I didn't end up in the dishwashing room of the cafeteria instead of biology lab. Bill had thick, wavy brown hair and brown eyes, was really into drama, and always wore a black trench coat with a ratty corduroy patch on one elbow. And he had this crooked grin that made him look like he was up to something mysterious.

At first Bill spent a lot of time with me, and he even let

me hang out in the quad with him and all his senior friends. After I made the varsity softball team, he wrote me a congratulatory note. And one afternoon in the snack bar, he came up behind me and gave me a huge hug. For no reason.

But after the first month of school, Bill sort of dropped me. Sometimes he acted like I was a total stranger. And sometimes not. I couldn't figure out why he got so weird. Occasionally when I passed him in the halls, he'd high-five me or grab my shoulder and smile, but usually he'd just look right through me, as if I didn't even exist. I was devastated every time he blew me off, but it didn't matter—the more he ran (or, in his case, ignored me), the more I chased. I had a *major* crush.

And so for the rest of my freshman year I *worked* that crush. Call it "The Pursuit of Bill." I memorized his schedule, got the scoop on everyone he hung out with, and trailed him like James Bond (covertly, of course). At lunch I was "coincidentally" at the salad bar behind him, in the library I studied near his carrel, and during free periods I crammed "Bill's Greatest Hits" (my daily report of our almost-encounters) down my friends' throats. Naturally, Bill was totally clueless that I secretly lusted after him.

Then one cold Friday night in March, after not having had any real Bill contact in about three months, I bumped into him in line at the movie theater. With the greatest of nonchalance, I pretended not to notice he was there, while in my head I was plotting all the cool things I could say to him if we actually spoke.

After about five minutes of my sending messages telepathically, he came over and said, "Hey—long time no see." I was shaking (he thought it was from the cold), so

he took off his red wool scarf, wrapped it around my neck, and pulled me close enough that I could actually smell him (Irish Spring and Juicy Fruit).

Then—and I swear it happened just like this—he looked into my eyes as if he was going to say something, but then shook his head. Impulsively, he leaned in and kissed me full on the cheek. "See ya later," he whispered, and flashed that crooked smile. And then he walked away. There was a thunderstorm in my stomach. My heart pounded double-time. Bill Thatcher—my total obsession, my idol, the guy who made my cheeks get all red and splotchy when he looked at me—had actually touched my face with his lips. I was in love. I was going to throw up.

My parents didn't need a remote control, an answering machine, a garage-door opener, or any other form of technology. They had me. by Karen Good

I was my father's answer to the remote control. "Karennnnnn!" his bellow would come—loudly, urgently—from the den. I'd run out of my room and see him, just chillin', sprawled out on the couch. "Turn the channel for Daddy, wouldja?" he'd say—softly, sweetly—the television being a full, oh, six feet away. "Go ahead," my mother would tease. "This is what we had children for." I think she meant it.

Despite the fact that the rest of the world had zoomed onto the technological superhighway, my family was

For a while, I didn't know what I was missing. My Winnie the Pooh record player was all I needed to hear Diana Ross scream, "I want MUSCLES!" Heck, out on the street with Grandma's portable (when stuffed with 48 DDD batteries) tape player, I was fierce—until I found out my friends were at home *watching* music, on MTV. When I asked if we could get it, my mother's obvious answer was: "Television you *pay* for?!"

When I wanted a home video game, I argued that the key word was "home": I wouldn't have to be

them how these "newfangled" things—like a stereo with a radio and cassette player—worked. I'd drag them to the discount mart, where they'd finger the electronics merchandise and sometimes go all out and ask for a demo. But, invariably, just when I thought I'd converted them, they'd say something cruel, like "That's really nice, dear. And how will you be paying for it?"

Hint taken, I was forced to work with what I had. And no one can say I didn't try. Large signs that read "QUIET, please!" were plastered on my door while I pushed my cassette recorder beside my radio (which I'd won from the local station via rotary superdial). In my earnest attempts to record my favorite songs, my tape deck also picked up the sounds of the phone ringing down the hall and the occasional car horn from out on the street. I audiotaped movies (when they aired on regular TV) the same way—commercials and all.

Truth be told, sometimes my parents would go a little crazy and rent a VCR. And I suppose I should be grateful for their example of technorestraint; as a result, I'm not what I call a "techno-ho." I can survive—no problem—with no beeper, no cell phone, no laptop with fax/modem. I recently bought my first TV, though I still haven't joined the human race and ordered cable. (Perhaps you can see the peak of my roof antenna from where you live, six states away.) As for my parents, I think they eventually decided to get a dishwasher and garage-door opener when they realized my brother and I were serious about *leaving* for college. And into my first year at college, they broke down and bought a VCR. My mom still hasn't bought a respectable stereo, though: Her clock radio works just fine, thanks. And she fondly remembers my Winnie turntable. "That was a good record player," she says adamantly. "It still works." ■

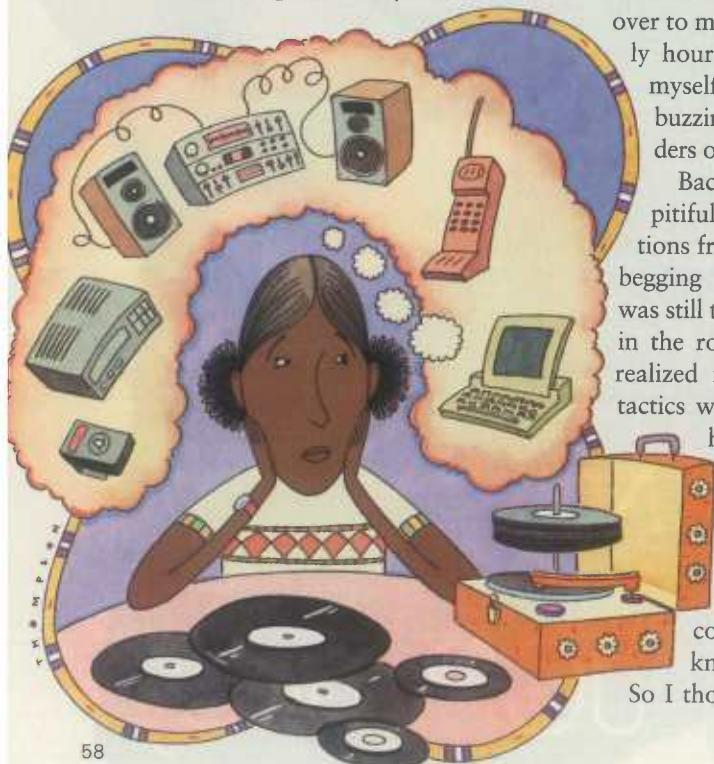
my low-tech life

sputtering along a lonely dirt road in a '71 Buick. When they were growing up, my parents had the no-frills experience: "A refrigerator, lights, and an iron—that's all we needed." And if they wanted something they really didn't *need*, it was save up or shut up. My parents tried to pass these values on to me and my brother. Of course, I wanted everything: electric toothbrush, battery-heated mittens, VCR, cordless phone, Easy-Bake oven.

driven to the arcade. My mother's translation: homework diversion. I kept pushing. It would sharpen my motor skills? *Not*. Desperate, I tried The Last-Ditch Effort: Everyone else has one. "I'm not everyone else's mother," was her response, suggesting that if my current living situation was so bad, I should go live with someone else. She even offered to help me pack.

So I tried. Sort of. I would troop over to my friends' houses at ungodly hours, strategically positioning myself near the television and the buzzing, blinking, addicting wonders of their Sega systems.

Back at home, progress was pitiful. On the telecommunications front, while my friends were begging for private phone lines, I was still trying to get Moms to trade in the rotary for a push-button. I realized more aggressive, guerrilla tactics were in order when I came home one day and found my parents twisting the day away, blasting Chubby Checker on the family "stereo"—a record player so large that a child could play jacks on it. (I know. I was that child.) So I thought it was time to show



Illustration, George Thompson

My brain-injured brother had tons of major problems. And because of that, I felt like I couldn't have any.

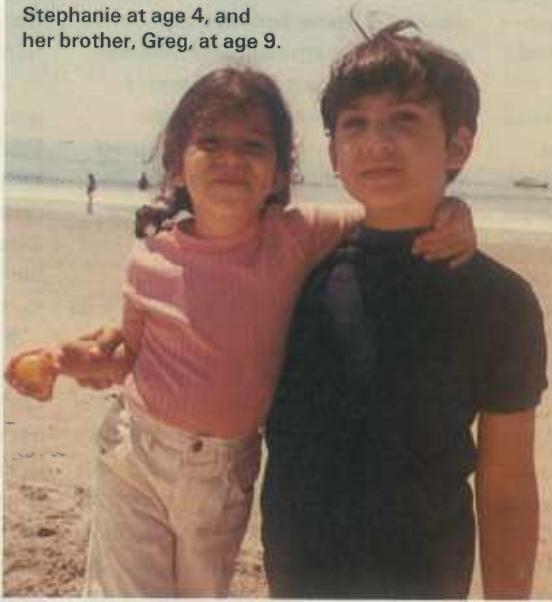
by Stephanie Dolgoff

It's not like I meant to keep my brother, Greg, a secret all through high school, but he didn't exactly come up in casual conversation. When my friend Tina would gripe about her brother hogging the bathroom, what was I going to say? "Yeah, I know what you mean. I hate it when my brother has a schizophrenic nervous breakdown." Not a chance.

So, when anyone asked if I had brothers or sisters, I usually tried to change the subject. It was easier than fielding the inevitable laundry list of follow-up questions: "Yes, I have one brother. Older. He's five years older. But he's brain-injured, so it's not like he *acts* older. No, not like retarded exactly, but he's sort of, like, well, *slow*. No, nothing happened to him. He was born that way. No one knows why...."

It wasn't that I was ashamed. My reason was a lot simpler: Since I felt like everything at home orbited around Greg, when I was with my friends, I didn't want to think about him. My parents' countless arguments

Stephanie at age 4, and her brother, Greg, at age 9.



I guess a lot of people don't realize that being the sister of someone with a disability can be a huge pain in its own right. But for me, anyhow, whining wasn't really an option. I figured that out when I was little and pitched a fit after Greg had trashed a painting of mine. A supersensitive relative said, "If you think life is hard for you, imagine how *he* feels. At least you're normal."

Even then, I felt like she had a point. I was "normal," whatever that meant, so it seemed like I could never have any problems. Everything I worried about registered lower on

the woe-o-meter than any of Greg's troubles. What's a rift between you and your best friend when your brother doesn't have one and probably never will?

So at some point I decided that if I had to be the "normal" kid, I would be *über*-normal. Perfect, actually. I felt like my brother and I had to add up to two, and since he was, in a way, less than one, I somehow had to be more. I was pretty, smart, got great grades, and

rocked my SATs. I was a member of student government, an officer in the National Honor Society, had two jobs, and volunteered as a student tutor. I also had more friends than I could be

real with. Not coincidentally, I wasn't home a lot.

Being perfect actually backfired. Although I didn't want the kind of attention Greg got, I would've liked some sort of acknowledgment. But since I seemed to be doing so well, my parents assumed I could take care of myself. And I could—but not as well as I thought. During most of high school and college, I was bulimic—I felt like I couldn't express my feelings or complaints, so I swallowed them down with everything in the fridge.

Happily, those days are behind me. I'm out of the house, which helps, and I'm much more inclined to speak my mind when something bothers me than to eat an entire aisle of the 7-Eleven. In fact, my whole family is getting better at communicating. I have to admit, though, that when I watched *Forrest Gump*, with its simpleton bumbling through his like-a-box-of-chocolates life and still managing to come out on top, it pissed me off. Greg would do anything just to come out in the middle, or to be normal, like me. And I wish he could—not only because I love him, but also because it would have made things much easier for both of us. ■

oh, brother

usually boiled down to Greg. My mom would chew my dad out because she felt he didn't spend enough time at home, which meant she had to handle my brother solo. My dad would say he was working overtime so he could pay Greg's medical bills. Meanwhile, I would sit in my room and vow never to ask for another dime again.

Our house was such a tense place, it's a wonder anyone came home at all. For me, being at school felt like a vacation. Talking about my family's problems there, I thought, would just pollute that part of my life.

Greg wasn't the easiest secret to keep, though. He's a big guy—six-foot-two, heavy, loud. He's neurologically and emotionally impaired, and has a mental age of between 3 and 10. Greg went to special schools but had few friends, so he was always home in the afternoon. I rarely invited anyone over because although he meant well, I felt like vaporizing when he would grab my guest's hand and enthusiastically shake it. Julie, my best friend—one of the few people who came over regularly—says now that Greg made her a little nervous, but she mostly felt uncomfortable because I seemed so uptight.

Whenever a guy says hi to me, I'll say hi back—but then I get all shy and keep walking because I don't know what else to say. by Cathi Hanauer

Lately, whenever I walk past a guy in the mall and he says hi, I'll say hi back, but then I get all shy and keep walking when I really want to stop and talk. But how do I start a conversation with a new guy? Do I wait for him to do something after I say hi? I'll be changing schools this fall, and I'd like to get over this problem.

First of all, I'm not sure it's a problem that you can't blab to total strangers—more like a defense mechanism (it's not exactly wise to be picking up random guys you know nothing about). But I do understand wanting to be able to talk (or at least mutter five or six intelligible words) when a cool guy appears on the scene. I think you want to get up to speed at school first—where you'll probably have something in common with the guy and be able to find out more about him from other people.

Basically, making conversation will get easier with age and experience—and you'll notice on your first day at

your new school that you're not the only one who seems a little tongue-tied. When you want to talk to someone, try starting with a comment or a question that's not overly personal, like "You have Whitman for chemistry, right? Doesn't he look like something out of *Pulp Fiction*?" Or a compliment: "Loved your papier-mâché of Billie Joe in art class." If you can manage something friendly—or even a smile—lots of times the other person will take it from there. If he doesn't, that might be a sign he's not up for a chat. (Naturally, though, avoid lame lines like "You look familiar!" or "Are you the new foreign-exchange student?" when he obviously isn't. You might look dorky or on the make—which, even if you are, you don't want to reveal.) Worst-case scenario, he answers you or thanks you (or doesn't) and then walks away. Best-case, you just launched a friendship. And in either case, you have nothing to lose.

I can't talk to guys

I cheated on him

I've been going out with this guy Chris for four months now, and we're in love. He's the kind of boyfriend girls would die for: He's fine, has a perfect body, is athletic and caring, and he really loves me. We have a perfect relationship except for one thing: I haven't exactly been faithful. When we first started going out, I scammed with his cousin and his enemy. He found out about both from my (ex) friend, but I denied it and he believed me. I went two months without cheating but then just fooled around again with a boy he doesn't know.

I feel really bad and want to tell Chris, but he told me a while ago if I ever cheated on him again and he found out, he'd dump me in a second. So how can I explain this to him without our breaking up?

I'd worry more about how to explain it to yourself. If your relationship with Chris is so great, why do you keep cheating? It sounds like either you don't really want to be with him (sometimes a relationship

can look more perfect than it feels) or you're a little insecure and hungry for attention from other guys. Or you just want the luxury of a boyfriend without the leash. Whatever it is, though, what you're doing to Chris is pretty harsh. I mean, imagine the situation in reverse. (Or talk to a girlfriend whose boyfriend cheated on her. Not pretty, right?)

Before you confess anything to Chris, you should decide what you truly want. If you really do love Chris (and not just because he loves you), figuring out *why* you cheat and dealing with that might make more sense than filling him in on your latest scam.

And if you come to find you don't love him—or you love having your freedom more—let go of the poor boy while there's still hope of you two being friends. (And spare him all the details of your recent cheat, unless he'd find out anyway.) A relationship that's about cheating and lying is far from perfect—no matter how great the guy is or how much he loves you.

My dad's losing his job

Another company is buying my dad's company, so he'll probably be laid off. If he loses his job, money will be really tight (my mom has a job, but it doesn't pay much), and we'll lose our health insurance. I get allergy shots and wear glasses, so I don't know what I'll do. I'm also nervous that my dad won't find another job. Is there any way I can stop worrying? And if my dad does get laid off, how can I help out? I'm 13 and don't like baby-sitting. How else could I earn money?

Your family's situation sounds pretty tough, and I totally understand why you're slightly freaked about it—and it's excellent you want to help out. But before you lie about your age and apply at Taco Bell, you should talk to your parents about what's going on. For one, things might not be as bad as you think. Your parents might have some money saved or a Plan B in the works. (Also, health insurance can be continued when a job ends, though your parents might have to

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VANILLA
FIELDS

camp fear

Why do lights-out and a full moon at camp freak us out? It's because of those haunting, *Friday the 13th*-like camp legends that are passed around. E-mailers nationwide shared their gory camp lore with us. Of course, we don't believe these ghost stories—but we're still glad we read them while the lights were on.

Camp Kachina, Texas

Nearby, there's a small cave known as Dead Man's Hole. Legend has it that an Indian princess wandered away from home and fell into the cavern. The girl's father tried everything to rescue her, but he could not pull her out. Not wanting his daughter to die, he dropped food into the cave for her every day for the rest of his life. To this day, any animal, twig, or person that falls into Dead Man's Hole becomes nourishment for the princess' spirit.

Camp Hollow, Michigan

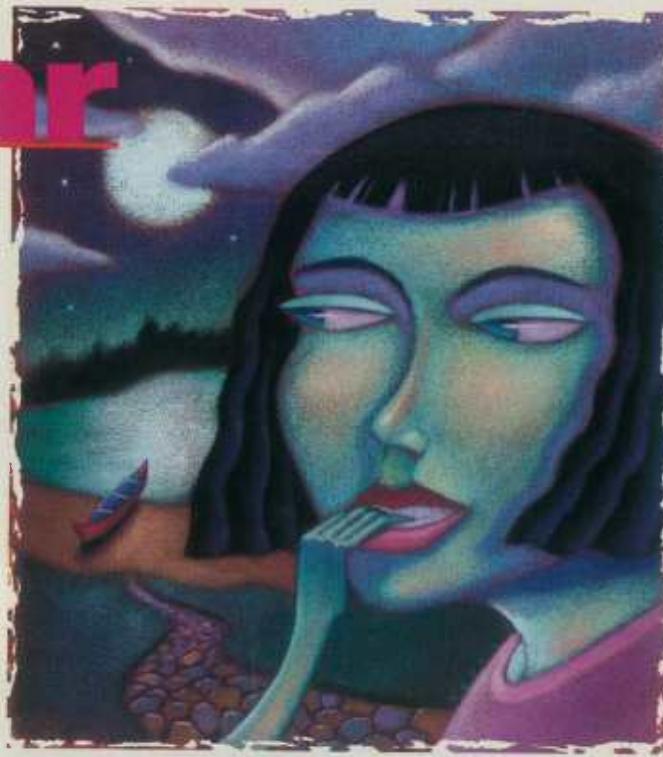
The camp was built on a graveyard where a young girl is buried. They say she died on the Fourth of July. So, every year on that date, she comes back to try to kill a camper so that she can return to the grave with someone. Supposedly, there was a camper who mysteriously disappeared—legend has it the girl from the graveyard finally found a friend.

Camp Echo, Michigan

A long time ago a counselor went crazy because his girlfriend had dumped him. He came back to the camp and slit all of the female campers' wrists. He later died. But at exactly 2:00 AM, you can still hear him laughing maniacally.

Pine Orchards Camp, Maine

A teenage girl was strangled and her body was dumped into the nearby lake. At midnight when there's a full moon, she emerges from the lake to find her killer.



Camp Harrington, Massachusetts

Next door is an old, spooky-looking dorm that's supposedly haunted by a medical student who once lived there. She was so shy that she had no friends. One night, while she was in the library, some other med students cut a hand off a corpse in the morgue. They hung it on the lamp in her room and waited in the closet until she returned. When they didn't hear her scream, they came out of hiding and looked for her. They heard *munch, munch* and found her eating the hand. Her hair had turned white and she had gone completely insane. On a quiet night, you can still hear the sound *munch, munch*.

Camp Berger, Connecticut

A girl was out hiking and this big bear named Ol' Grizzly grabbed her and carried her up to his cave—she was never seen again. Some campers say that you can hear her screaming when there's a full moon.

—compiled by Marljen Rentmeester

Illustration: Will Terry. Photo: Hank deLespinasse/The Image Bank.

4th of July facts

\$40,000: average cost of a 20-minute, electronically fired fireworks display.

10,000: approximate number of reported fireworks-related injuries each year, about 2,500 of which result in some loss of vision. 1,800° F: burning temperature of handheld sparklers—almost hot enough to melt gold! 128,775 square feet: size of the largest American flag ever made, first unfurled in 1992 on Flag Day (June 14). 64:

percentage of Americans who consider themselves extremely or very patriotic, according to a 1994 Gallup poll.

what-EVER!

Dear what-EVER!,

I don't get it: Why does everyone think that if you're good friends with a guy, you two are romantically involved? Guys and girls can be best friends. Grow up, people!

**Sarah
Plainfield, IL**

Ticked off? Vent to: What-EVER!, seventeen, 850 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022, or e-mail us at: TheSpin@aol.com.

News that makes your world go 'round



udder disgrace

So much for sacred cows: The latest trend in factory-style farming is injecting cattle with a synthetic growth hormone that results in up to 25 percent more milk mileage per cow. Posilac (aka rbGH) is an FDA-approved artificial version of the bovine growth hormone that's naturally manufactured in cows' pituitary glands. According to Monsanto, the company that manufactures Posilac, the drug is being used by 11 percent of U.S. dairy farmers—but critics say the cows are *not* sharing in the benefits.

Farmers who've been injecting their cows with Posilac every two weeks say they *are* making more milk. But

Posilac can cause side effects like udder infections, hoof and leg maladies, breeding abnormalities, and even death.

"It creates stress, and that's what causes all these other problems," says Chuck Knight, a farmer in Central Florida. While rbGH works for cows that were underproducing, Knight says, his regular producers, when taken off rbGH, "... quit working completely. It *ruins* them. I wish they'd take it off the market." Monsanto maintains that stress-related ailments are common to a dairy herd, but more than half of the complaints the company receives have been classified by the FDA as "possibly related" to Posilac use.

And compounding the problem: Stressed cows are building a resistance to antibiotics, and stronger, harsher bacterial strains are developing, says Lee Light, a farmer in Marshfield, Vermont. As a result, many farmers are injecting cows with "extra label" drugs—drugs used for something other than their FDA-approved purpose and, hence, sometimes undetected in milk monitoring. *Scary.*

But avoiding milk from Posilac-treated cows is a guessing game since no special labeling is required by the FDA. "Labeling isn't appropriate unless there's a danger to the consumer," says FDA spokesman Brad Stone. "As far as we can see, the milk is safe."

If you're not convinced, or you want to fight cow cruelty, write Congress to show your support for labeling products that come from rbGH-injected cows. Find out whether your school serves rbGH-free dairy products by calling the Pure Food Campaign at 800-253-0681. Call Stonyfield Farms (they're rbGH-free) at 800-PRO-COWS for additional info.

—Karen Good



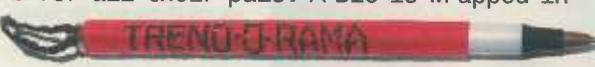
The New Girl Times

Want to make headlines? Then write for *The New Girl Times*, a national newspaper by and for girls. Set to debut by the end of the year, the paper currently **seeks young reporters, critics, poets, artists, and cartoonists.** Contributors will receive a free subscription (12 issues) and a byline. To sign up or inquire about subscriptions, contact the *New Girl Times* publisher, Miriam Hipsh, at 800-560-7525, or e-mail: nugrltim@echonyc.com.

—Marlien Rentmeester

trend-o-rama

Alyson Dean and Nicole Novak, of Cuddebackville, NY, are busy making **friendship pens** for all their pals. A Bic is wrapped in colorful string, then personalized with names or special messages. Wendy Woodward, of Knoxville, TN, says she's **cheesin'**—in the new local lingo, that means she's smiling wide. Evidently there's no shortage of cash in



Brighton, MI, where everyone sports **money rings**, according to Hilary Foy. Whitney Rodgers, of Hot Springs, AR, says all the cool girls are wearing their hair in **dewdrops**. For those not so clued in, a dewdrop is a ponytail pulled halfway through the rubber band.



Tell us what's trendy where you live. Write: Trend-o-rama, **seventeen**, 850 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022, or e-mail: TheSpin@aol.com.

the glory days

sun. fun. more fun.

Oh, it must be those glory days of summer!

To make this sunny season one to really remember, we've compiled a list of slammin' stuff you gotta get!

Plus, find out what makes a great summer for Michael Sutton and Aaron Jackson, two of TV's most glorious hunks.



Wish you could have fragrances to match your moods or customize your own scent? Go for **Les Girls Custom Blending Fragrance Collection** by Perfumer's Workshop. It's an assortment of single-note perfume body sprays that can be used alone or layered together. Choose from Lilac, Citrus, Gardenia, Peach, and Vanilla. At \$5.95 each, you can get 'em all! At fine drugstores nationwide and your local JCPenney store.

Make sure you're totally hot this summer in this Electric Beach bikini (style #IJI42) by Jantzen. This continuous underwire top features the *It Must Be Magic*™ bra. For stores nearest you, call 1-800-238-SWIM.



Make someone smile this summer! Give him or her something better than candy or flowers—a **Rembrandt gift pack!** Includes delicious 8 oz. Mouth Refreshing Rinse that's 100% alcohol-free, 3 oz. Rembrandt Whitening Toothpaste, and 3 oz. Rembrandt Peroxide Brushing Gel. Value-priced at just \$18.50. For stores nearest you, call 1-800-548-3663.



"Fantasize" this summer in a pair of cool new sunglasses by **Fantas-Eyes!** 1) "Wrap-Rap" wraparound metal glasses in black or silver. 2) "Undercover" fold-ups in antique metal, gold, silver, or black. Zipper case and keychain included. 3) Silver "Cool Lazer" cut flip-up glasses in Yin-Yang, geometric, round bubbles, cross, or Blunt patterns. All block UV rays 100% and come with a free gift with purchase. All \$14, plus \$3 s&h. To order, call 1-800-241-9111, ext. 362. Visa, MC, AmEx accepted. (NY State residents include sales tax.)

He's ready, you're not. So he keeps dropping not-so-subtle hints that aren't funny anymore. It's time to tell him **you're not amused.** by Sarah Duncan

Ilove my boyfriend, but lately things have gotten out of control. He wants to have sex, but I don't. I want to have it later, at the right time and place. He's been dropping hints, like leaving condoms taped to my steering wheel and lingerie in my backpack. He's obsessed, and I hate to get him mad. He has a huge temper—one time he slapped me when I wouldn't let him put his hands up my shirt. Please help me. How can I safely say no? Should I just go ahead and do it?

Needless to say, you're completely right to put off having sex until you're ready, and he's absolutely wrong to bully you the way he has. And his "hints" go beyond acceptable behavior. They're actually pretty aggressive. Then there's his out-of-control temper, which is *totally* inexcusable. Any time a guy hits you, he's *way* out of line.

I know you love him, and I know how hard that makes it, but you should break up with him—right away. First, though, get some backup. Tell someone (ideally someone older: a parent, a sister, a teacher, or a coach) who knows how he's treating you and can support you. That way, if your boyfriend gives you a hard

time, you'll have someone on your side who knows exactly what's going on—it won't be just you against him. (If you don't know anyone who can help you with this, look in the phone book under Crisis Intervention or Battered Women, and call one of the groups listed for help and advice.) When you tell him you want to break up, try to have your backup person there with you, or make sure there are other people around.

And if he says something lame like "I was only trying to get you to have sex with me because I love you," don't listen to him. People who love each other do not try to force each other—physically or verbally—to do stuff they don't want to do. No matter what he says to try to make you feel bad, just repeat your position: "I don't want to go out with you." If he harasses you, or tries to hit you, call the police. Seriously.

Please don't think that the way he's acting is your fault or that it's your job to calm him down or try to make him happy. It's not. You're doing the right thing by holding out for what you want—to have sex when the time, place, and person are *absolutely* right.

he keeps pressuring me

Is homosexuality hereditary?

My friends say that my mom is a lesbian. I'm not sure if she is or not. They say I'll be like her when I get older. Is being a lesbian hereditary?

Your friends are giving you a hard time, for some reason. One possibility is that the way your mom looks or acts seems strange to them or doesn't fit their idea of what a mother should be like. The fact is, you can't tell someone's sexual orientation by how she dresses or talks. You can't even tell by whether or not she dates men. Some people just don't want to have romantic relationships at certain points in their lives, and that may apply to your mom right now. Unless she has said something about her sexual orientation or she's involved in an obvious sexual relationship with another woman, no one should assume she's a lesbian. And even if your friends are right about your mom being gay,

that does *not* mean that you'll turn out to be, too—in fact, most people who have a homosexual parent are heterosexual.

It worries me, though, that you haven't asked your mom about any of this. Your mother's sexual orientation is too big an issue to be in the dark about, and it's obviously causing you some grief. It would help a lot, I think, if you told your mother what your friends are saying, and let her know that you're not sure what's going on with her yourself. It might be difficult for you to deal with the idea of her being a lesbian, if that's what she tells you—a lot of people with a homosexual parent have a hard time when they first find out. But talking about it (with both parents, if possible) is the best way to start coming to terms with it.

It's also time to tell your friends to give you a break. People can be really uneasy about their own sexuality at your age, and your friends could

be saying this stuff because they're insecure. But if they're true friends, they should want to support you, not put you down.

Does stress mess with my period?

I've been under a lot of stress lately, and I think it has affected my menstrual cycle. My last two periods were light and only lasted three days. I got my first period when I was 13, and I'm 16 now, so should I still be getting light ones? There's no way I could be pregnant.

After three years, your menstrual cycle should be up and running pretty normally—normal for *you*, that is, since everyone's different. But stress can definitely mess things up.

Whether the pressure you're under is emotional or physical, it can upset not only how heavy your period is, but how often you get it and how long it lasts. If you know what's causing your stress, do ►

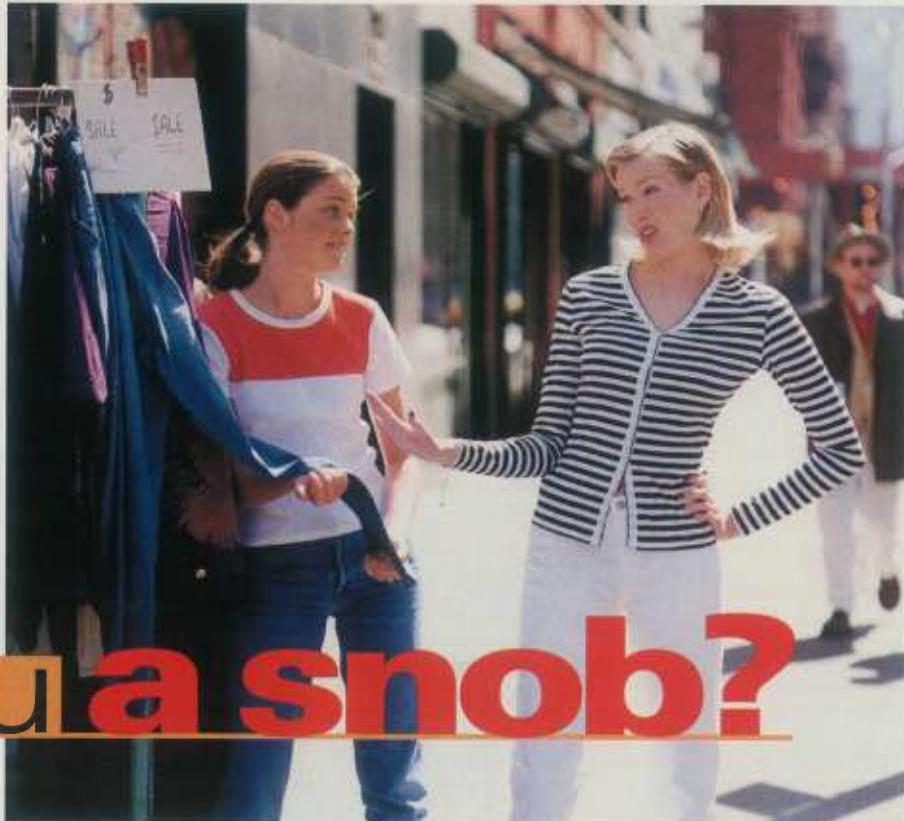
Sometimes being **too cool** can make you a downright **cold girl**. Take this quiz and see if your **better-than-thou** 'tude is **way out of line**. by Marlien Rentmeester

1 You go stag to the fall homecoming dance and spend most of the night

- (a) whispering about and staring down the girls who bought their dresses on special at Shop-n-Save.
- (b) in a tight cluster, hanging with only your select group of friends.
- (c) all over the dance floor.

2 You're plowing through trig homework in study hall when Julie, the girl everyone thinks is a total Satan worshiper, begs for your help. You

- (a) tell her to meet you after school, in the science-building bathroom,



are you a snob?

away from anyone who might see you together.

(b) ask incredulously, "Can you possibly be serious?"

(c) tell her to pull up a chair.

3 The water-polo dude whose pecs you regularly admire asks you to dinner on him at Mickey D's. You reply:

(a) "McDonald's? I don't think so." Doesn't he know that you only dine at Chez Maurice?

(b) "I'd love to."

(c) "Sure, but can we go to Brilliant Burger instead?" If you're going to go out with the demigod Aqua Man, you want to be seen.

4 It's the first day of school, and you get assigned to a homeroom with none of your buds in it. You

- (a) kick it in the back row and mutter, "Here" when your name is called.
- (b) complain to your friends during every class break about how totally unfair it is to be forced to hang with

the "lower social order."

(c) plop down next to a girl you know from last year's bio class and say hi.

5 When your older brother offers to drive you to school in his ancient, two-tone, backfiring Chevy Nova, you say:

(a) "Thanks for the lift."

(b) "Hmm . . . okay, at least I don't have to take the bus with all those carless losers."

(c) "Not. I'd rather walk than be seen in that rusty hunk of junk."

6 The mini polo shirt is this season's must-wear. You buy

(a) the original Ralph Lauren version with the logo showing loud and clear.

(b) the inexpensive knockoff from Express.

(c) a really cool, fully utilitarian backpack that you've had your eye on all summer.

7 You audition for the part of Sandy in the school play, *Grease*. But you end up getting cast as Rizzo instead. You

(a) are psyched that you got one of the leading roles.

(b) refuse to play Rizzo—and get your posse to heckle the girl who won the part of Sandy.

(c) take a part in the chorus—at least you'll get to wear one of those très cool Pink Ladies jackets.

8 The television character you most identify with is

(a) Angela on *My So-Called Life*.

(b) Donna on *90210*.

(c) Hilary on *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*.

9 A friend shows up at school wearing last year's flower-patched bell-bottoms and platforms. You say:

(a) "Want to check out the new stuff

doing white water right

Before you **head downstream**, make sure you're down with all the **safety precautions**—and other general advice on **how to have a good time**.

- Always keep your PFD (personal flotation device) securely fastened, and wear a helmet when recommended. Your outfitter can provide or rent all rafting essentials.
- Always listen to your guide's commands. Rafting is a team effort.
- For balance, always sit on the inside edge of the tube, leaning into the raft—your guide will show you how to tuck your feet under the tubing for stability.
- Keep one hand on the top (called the T-grip) of the paddle to avoid slamming one of your rafting buddies with the handle.
- To lower the risk of flipping, work with your guide to enter all rapids straight on, not sideways.
- If you fall out in moving water,



don't panic. Float—don't try to stand—with your feet up (so they don't get stuck between rocks) and pointing downstream (to avoid hitting rocks with your head) until someone pulls you into the raft or throws you a rope.

- When the temperature is below 80°, don't wear cotton clothing—it absorbs water and doesn't dry quickly, so you'll freeze.
- Slather on sunscreen with an SPF of at least 15 (to protect you from the reflection off the water).
- Wear a reliable bathing suit (i.e., one with straps that won't fall down) and Croakies to hold your shades on.
- Make sure you wear an old pair of sneakers, Teva sandals, or Nike water socks, and bring a windbreaker.

rad river guides

What the pros have to say about running the river for a living.

Stacy Cardin, 20,

McHenry, MD
The Cheat River

"Rafting gives you a lot of self-confidence, and a feeling that you've done something of importance. Plus, the river I run is so beautiful and just so remote. I like giving customers a chance to see that kind of scenery. I feel like I'm providing that experience for them. That—and the adrenaline rush."



Chuckie Morris, 22, Ohiopyle, PA The Youghiogheny River

"White-water rafting is a great workout from head to toe. And it's a mental one, too. You have to think a lot and know what's going on at all times."

Laura Drew, 20, Little Valley, NY The Youghiogheny River

"Girls are sometimes intimidated at first by rafting because of paddling and needing upper-body strength. Anyone can do it, though. It's a great sport. I'm president of an outdoor club at my college—I think that has a lot to do with why rafting appeals to me. The scenery and nature fire me up."

where to get wet

Take a trip down one of these **renowned rivers**, or call

the **American Canoe Association** (703-451-0141) to find the **rafting outfitters nearest you**.

Brown's Canyon Johnson Village, CO

Fun fact: This ride on the Arkansas River will take you through rapids called "Zoom Flume" and "Pinball."

Degree of difficulty: Class III
When to go: May through September

Contact: American Adventure Expeditions, 800-288-0675.

Paddling price: Full-day trips start at \$60.

the cool wildlife, like turkeys, beavers, and deer, in the nearby Mohawk State Forest.

Degree of difficulty: Class II-IV
When to go: April through October

Contact: Zoar Outdoor, 800-532-7483.

Paddling price: \$50 to \$61; \$46 for those 15 and under.

abandoned mines and follow the path of the old Yosemite Valley Railroad.

Degree of difficulty: Class III-IV
When to go: April through September

Contact: Ahwahnee White-water, 800-359-9790.

Paddling price: Prices start at \$95 (\$80 if you're 17 or younger).

The Deschutes (upper) Bend, OR

Fun fact: The killer scenery—desert hills, rocky canyons, and volcanic-rock landscape—is right out of a movie.

Degree of difficulty: Class III-IV
When to go: April through September

Contact: Sun Country Tours, 800-770-2161.

Paddling price: Half-day trips are \$32 (less for those 12 and under).

The Youghiogheny Pennsylvania, Maryland

Fun fact: It's estimated to be the most recreationally rafted river in the world.

Degree of difficulty: Class I-IV, mostly III
When to go: March through October

Contact: Laurel Highlands River Tours, 800-4-RAFTIN.

Paddling price: Deals start at \$28.50 for one-day trips (most include lunch and sometimes dinner, too).

Note: If you go with a posse, you'll get a discounted group rate from most outfitters.

The Chattooga Mountain Rest, SC

Fun fact: This river was the setting for the movie *Deliverance*.

Degree of difficulty: Class III-V

When to go: March through November

Contact: Nantahala Outdoor Center, 800-232-7238.

Paddling price: Full-day trips start at \$52.

The Deerfield

Charlemont, MA

Fun fact: You can scope out

The Merced

Mariposa, CA

Fun fact: You can see

raging on the river

Girls on the go.
From left: Mayme,
Sarah, Amanda,
and Azure.



how to rate the rapids

Class I: Fast-moving water with small waves.

Who can go? Anyone five and older, including the physically challenged.

Class II: Straightforward rapids with wide, clear channels. Rocks and medium-size white-capped waves can be avoided.

Who can go? The same group as Class I.

Class III: Rapids with moderate waves. Large waves can be easily avoided.

Who can go? Age limits vary.

Class IV: Intense, turbulent, but predictable rapids requiring precise boat-handling. River may feature large waves.

Who can go? Anyone 12 and older who's willing to work her body.

Class V: Very violent or rocky rapids. Rapids may continue for a while, so if you fall out, it can be dangerous.

Who can go? Age 16 and up, with rafting experience. Should be a good swimmer and in shape.

Class VI: Extreme rapids. Rescues may be impossible. (Yikes.)

Who can go? Experts only.

What do you get when you combine a **bunch of friends, a raft, and a river?** A total challenge, some serious bonding, and a **rocking good time.**

by Marlien Rentmeester

Amanda Stover, whose father is a white-water-rafting guide, was always telling her three best friends at Calvert High School in Tiffin, Ohio, how great rafting is. So the inseparable foursome, then 13 and 14, decided to take a trip downriver. And then another. Now they plan to ride the rapids together every year.

"It was so much fun going down and being together the whole time," says Amanda about their first trip. "But we messed up a lot."

The friends didn't mess up alone, of course. When you go on a rafting trip, you travel with lots of other boats, each one captained by a certified guide. In the girls' case, a guide wasn't actually in their boat because Amanda was an experienced rafter, but help was nearby to get them out of trouble, if necessary. And the girls, in their extra-big, extra-durable raft provided by the river outfitters—along with life preservers, paddles, and other necessities (like instructions on what to do if they capsized)—got into plenty of trouble.

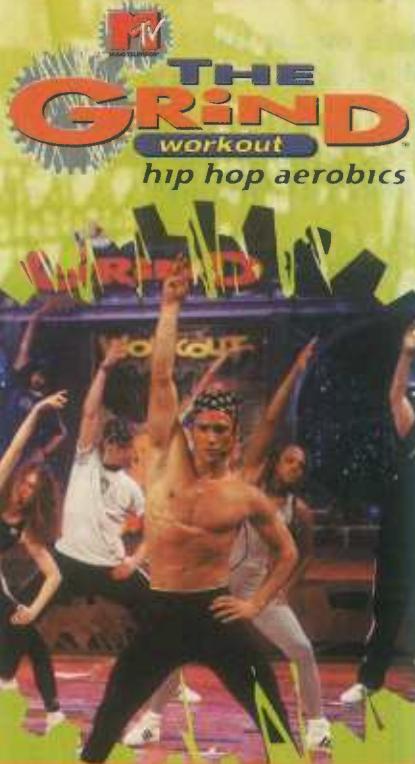
"We were going down the river and we hit the shore and did, like, a three-sixty," explains Sarah Weber. "Then we hit this rock—it was real big—and our boat flipped up, and everyone fell out." That's the thing about white-water rafting—either you work together or you go swimming.

"That first year, we kinda got on each other's nerves because we all wanted to do our own thing," says Azure Logsdon. "Amanda would yell a command and everyone would be asking, 'What did she say?' This year we went again and were more of a team. We had to listen to each other." The fact that Amanda took a training course and got certified as a guide in between the trips definitely helped make the second ride smoother. Adds Mayme Legron: "It's a challenge to make it through the rapids. And it's a really good feeling to do it together."

To take the challenge and get that good feeling, here's everything you need to know to rule the rapids—or just have a great time. Hey, these girls did it—so can you. ▶

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beauty

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picking the right pink.**



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Q Every time I use sunscreen, my face breaks out. What's the deal?

A Many sunscreens are packed with moisturizing ingredients, like mineral oil, to fight the sun's dehydrating effect. But if your skin is oily or acne-prone, heavy hydrators can clog your pores and lead to breakouts. What to do: Look for lightweight sunscreens that say "oil-free" and "noncomedogenic" (Coppertone For Faces Only, Almay Oil Control Lotion SPF 15). Lighter formulas, like lotions and gels, are less likely to contain oils and are absorbed more quickly, so sunscreen spends less time sitting on the surface of your skin.

When your skin is really freaking out, stay in the shade: While sun exposure can have a temporary drying effect on acne, it eventually causes your sebaceous glands to compensate for the dryness by producing even more oil (which can lead to more breakouts). And since some acne medications react negatively with the sun's rays, check with your dermatologist or pharmacist before wearing any zit stuff outdoors.

ask Bobbi

Dear Bobbi,

I keep hearing that pink is the hot makeup color for summer, but when I wear it, I look washed out. Am I doing something wrong?

A Anyone can wear pink—the key is finding a shade that works with your skin tone. For a natural look, avoid shocking hues like fuchsia or bubble gum; instead, work rosy shades into your makeup routine gradually by layering a pink lipstick or gloss over the color you normally wear. Another tip: When wearing pink on your lips and cheeks, stick to neutral eye makeup.

Do you have questions for makeup artist Bobbi Brown or need other beauty answers? Send letters to: Beauty Q&A, **seventeen**, 850 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

Source for sunscreen question: Dr. Stanley Levy, director of medical affairs for Almay. Photo: Bico Stupakoff. Beauty Details, last pages.



conditioning treatment
Ginger starts to resuscitate
Michelle's locks by combing
in a deep conditioner.

hair repair

Struggling with a **damaged 'do?** Maybe it's time to toss your locks a **life preserver.**

Fifteen-year-old Michelle was experiencing major tress distress. After a whole year without a trim, three months of do-it-yourself lightening, and daily straightening with a hot iron, her hair was completely fried.

We called in the rescue squad from Los Angeles' BOBS Salon. Stylist Ginger Boyle started by massaging a deep-conditioning treatment into Michelle's hair and scalp (heat from a dryer helped the conditioner penetrate deeply).

Next, Ginger trimmed off about three inches, cutting some long layers around Michelle's face to "free up her natural curl and add volume."

Afterward, colorist Clay Wilson painted on honey-tinted highlights, and intensified the red by adding a shine-boosting semipermanent dye on top.

To prevent frizz, Ginger worked a squirt of Aveda Deep Penetrating Conditioner through Michelle's damp hair and didn't rinse it out; then she scrunched the curls with her fingers before blow-drying on a low setting. "Working with your natural texture is much better for your hair than fighting it every day," she explains.

Michelle agrees. "If I'd known my hair could look this good curly," she says, "I would have tossed my straightening iron a long time ago." ■

after



the cut
Michelle has to lose three
inches if she wants her
hair to look healthier.



the color
Michelle gets some
honey-toned highlights
to brighten her look.

beauty buzz

dating game

First came milk, then Pepsi . . . now even nail polish comes stamped with a freshness date. Anyone who has ever dipped into a lumpy lacquer will love Cutex Fresh Colors (they come in bottles that tell you when it's time to toss 'em).



shower power

Even if you stand miles from the mosh pit at Lollapalooza, you're bound to come home slime-o-fied. Kiss My Face Peaceful Patchouli Bath & Shower Gel removes everything from mud to hot-dog mustard, leaving you with a peaceful, easy feeling (that you didn't have to sleep through an Eagles concert with your parents to get).

belly laughs

You already own the hip-huggers—now you need some belly-button art that won't get you grounded. Try Temptu's Midriff Madness: tattoos that make your navel the centerpiece (color them yourself with wash-off paints). Since the designs are temporary, they won't make your mom sick to her stomach (each \$3; for info, call 212-675-4000).



editor's pick

We love Sunset Cafe's new Cherry Bombé, a sweet, fizzy fragrance that smells like a fruity seltzer. Plus, the palm-size frosted bottle—complete with key ring—is way portable.



Model Photos, Simko. Makeup, Janice Cavanagh. Still lifes, Miki Duisterhof. Belly photo, Leonardo Casali.

beauty

q **quick dry:** No need to waste time hanging indoors when you've got high-speed helpers around. Our picks: For face and body, Lancôme Clear Fast Dry Self-Tanning Gel; for nails, Barielle Polish Speed Dry; and for hair, an Aquis quick-dry towel.



R

refreshing spritzes: The beach may be miles away, but mineral-water sprays (Evian, H₂O Plus Hydraspa Moisture Mist, and Trucco L'Acqua) will re-dew your skin—just like the ocean's mist.

refrigerate: Keeping your fragrance and body lotion as cool as a cucumber makes pampering an eye-opening experience.



U

undercover: Colourings Emergency Cover by The Body

Shop (left) is a fast fix for

everything from zits to major mosquito bites. (Added bonus: It's made with calming essential oils, so it heals while it hides.)

unisex fragrances: The equal-opportunity scent craze started with CKOne, and now unisplashes (Commes des Garçons Eau de Parfum) and skin products (Polo Sport Skin Fitness) are as mutual as boxer shorts.

V **vanilla:** Want sweet-smelling feet? Sprinkle your Vans with vanilla-scented powder (French Vanilla Perfumed Talc).

vitamins: Forget the Flintstones kind. We're talking about A, B₅, C, and E—megamoisturizers for summer skin and hair (in Elizabeth Arden Spa Skincare products and Pantene Pro-V Shampoos and Conditioners).

S

sheer lips: Lightweight, summer-friendly lipsticks (Almay Demi-Sheer Lipcolor, Prescriptives Fruit Stains, Poppy Sheer Lipsticks, and Clarins Sheer Lipsticks) play peekaboo with your natural lip color.

splinters: It's hard to avoid them when you're barefoot on the boardwalk. To get a grip on the problem, use an angle-tipped tweezer (like Tweezerman) and be sure to sterilize it first (dip the ends in alcohol).



t

tees with SPF: Made by Ozone Aware out of special sun-protective fabric, these T-shirts block out 95 percent of harmful rays.

towelettes: Portable packets (Dickinson's Witch Hazel Towelettes with Aloe, Sea Breeze Breezers) are the perfect way to clean up your act—and your pores—when you're bopping around.



W

wet-look hair: It's completely cool to look like you just got out of the pool—especially on superhumid days. Hairgum is a supreme hair slicker that's no way near as sticky as it sounds.



Y **yellow-based makeup:** Too much sun? Mellow out the lobster look with a yellow-toned powder (Bobbi Brown Essentials Face Powder in Pale Yellow).

Z **zebra stripes:** Artfully applied self-tanners can help make strap marks extinct. For best results, exfoliate in the shower, apply a light moisturizer, then use an eye-shadow brush to fill in the paler areas with self-tanner.

zinc think: Neon shades (like Banana Boat Fashion Zinks SPF 18) provide stellar sun protection, and they're far cooler than the dorky white stuff.

Model photos, Arthur Meehan. Top photo: Shirt, Pixie Yates at TG-170. Beauty Details, last pages.

beauty

inner beauty: Did you know that 70 percent of your body is composed of water? That means the more you sweat, the more H₂O you should drink to flush out toxins and stay hydrated (eight 8-ounce glasses a day will do the job).



kiwi: Smooth on the inside, fuzzy on the outside, this phenomenal fruit gives tropical punch to Bonne Bell Smackers Kiwi/Coconut Shower Gel and new Todd Oldham Perfum.



oil control: Shine is fine when it comes to your silver tank suit—not your T-zone. To zap excess oil, switch to oil-free moisturizers (Lancôme HydraContrôle, Almay Oil Control SPF 15 Lotion, and Origins Zero Oil) and check out oil-absorbing lotions (Physicians Formula Oil Control Shine Away, Bonne Bell No Shine).



peel prevention: Thirst-quenching after-sun products (Hawaiian Tropic After Sun Moisturizer) are like Gatorade for a parched face.

pink makeup: Few shades look better than pink on glowy summer skin (Estée Lauder's Destination Pink collection makes it easy to do the hue).

ponytail: Like hip-hugging skirts, ponytails look totally cool when they're worn low.



P



juicy glosses: Fruit-flavored lip shiners (Natural Glow Very Berry Lip Balm in Strawberry, Apple, Watermelon, and Apricot; Cutex Cherry Color Splash in Cherry) give your mouth a kiss of color and your taste buds a burst of berry.



lather up: Moisturizing shower gels (Dove Moisturizing Body Wash, Oil of Olay 2-in-1 Moisturizing Body Wash) have body lotion built in to soften skin while you suds up, and their neat tubes mean no more soap-dish slime.



light scents: The steamier the weather, the airier your scent should be. Clean-smelling eau de toiles (Revlon Adrift, Giorgio Wings) and allover body mists (Incognito Body Mist, Perfumer's Workshop Les Girls Citrus Perfume Spray) will make guys swoon—not pass out.

M

minis: Hitting the road this summer? Pack your sack with Lilliputian skin products (like those from Neutrogena, Lubriderm, and the Bobbi Brown Essentials Travel Pack), shampoos (Paul Mitchell), scents (Incognito, NaVy), and sun-care products (check out the Clarins counter for free samples of Self Tanning Milk SPF 6).



n
neat nails: Smooth the rough stuff with groovy emery boards (from Sally Beauty Supply) and protect seashell-colored polishes with antiyellowing top coats (Cosmar Pro 10 Quick Dry Top Coat).

no nicks: A hasty shave can leave you with battle scars. To the rescue: Leg Menders stick-on medicated pads (when pressed on skin, they have a bandagelike effect).

nonstick sunscreen: Finally, sunscreens that fend off sand along with harmful rays (Neutrogena No-Stick Sunscreen SPF 30 is so good at keeping skin grit-free, we'd swear it's part Teflon).

beauty

a

alpha hydroxy acids:

Say buh-bye to dry skin with fruit-acid body lotions that moisturize and exfoliate. Two sublime smoothers: Zenue Alpha Hydroxy Body Moisturizer and Lubriderm Moisture Recovery Lotion with AHA.

apple scents: Your skin is golden, so why not make it delicious—with crisp-scented treats like Origins Spring Fever spray and Bath & Body Works Country Apple Body Lotion.



C cool down: Feeling the burn? Soothe sun-fried skin with an aloe vera gel or spray (Aloe Up Sunburn Relief Jelly, The Body Shop Watermelon Aftersun Spray).

B

bright barrettes:

They're still the best way to secure a sweet summer 'do (check out Leilani's luau-inspired clip, right).



bugbusters: State-of-the-art repellents (Avon Skin So Soft Moisturizing Suncare Plus and Aveda Attracts Humans, Not Insects Purifying Mist) don't smell gross, don't feel sticky, and don't make you feel like a walking insect strip.

summer beauty from a to z

You've **ditched the books** and you're ready to **hit the beach**. Before you **park your towel**, take a **crash course** in warm-weather **beauty gear**.

F

flower power: Get a burst of your favorite summer blossom with a floral scent (Caswell-Massey Freesia, Dana Classic Gardenia, and Nature's One Melon Flower).

foot relief: Before you slide those bad boys into your Birks, cool your heels with a minty foot treat (Freeman Bare Foot Cream, Hanes Expert Care Foot Rejuvenating Cream).

freckles: Prevent a hostile takeover by wearing a tinted moisturizer with SPF (Neutrogena Tinted Moisturizer SPF 15, Revlon Tinted Face Creme SPF 8) or by blending a few drops of sheer sunscreen (Origins Silent Treatment SPF 15) with your foundation or moisturizer.



G

grapefruit: Juice up your beauty stash with citrusy scents (O de Lancôme) and hair products (Origins No Deposit Shampoo, White Rain Essentials Pink Grapefruit Essence Shampoo and Conditioner).

greaseless gels: When it comes to saving face, grease *isn't* the word. Check out gel moisturizers (Cover Girl Advanced Clean Moisturizing HydroGel) and self-tanners (Clarins Self Tanning Gel).



H

hair-color savers: Fight fade-out by slathering on tress protectors with UV filters (Phytoplage Sun Protection Oil, Wella System Professional Sun Control, and Rene Furterer Sun Oil for the Hair)—or hide your highlights under a hat.

heavy-metal hues: Metallic makeup doesn't have to be loud; the newest hits (Estée Lauder Soft Metals lipsticks, Jane Eye Lighters Shadows) are a harmonious mix of shimmer and sheer.

d

deep, dark tan: Get one safely with new self-tanning lotions formulated for that "sun worshiper" look (Bain de Soleil Deep Dark Sunless Tanning Creme, Coppertone Moisturizing Self Tanner Dark).

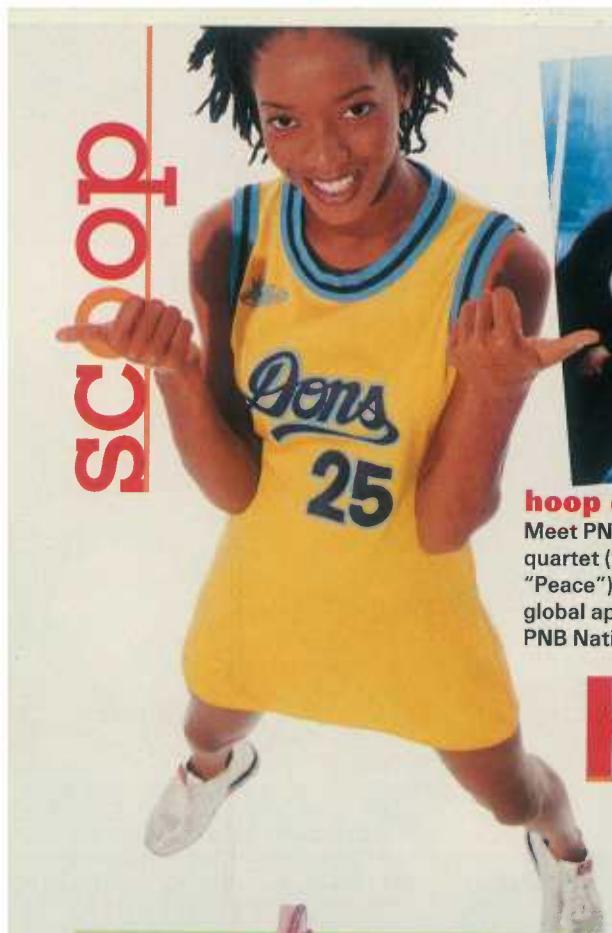
detanglers: Combing through windblown hair can take some muscle, but spray-on conditioners (Freeman Papaya Vitamin Rich Conditioner, Clairol Hair So New) make it a breeze—on or off the beach.

e

eye protection: Your future is too bright *not* to wear shades:

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scoop



hoop dreams

Meet PNB Nation, a cool, culturally diverse quartet (who greet callers with a tranquil "Peace") that specializes in streetwear with global appeal—like this sporty number. Dress, PNB Nation; \$65. Sneakers, Chipie; \$120.

hot stuff

The looks **to look out for**, inspired by **everything from b-ball to the Batcave.**



tote notes

Summer's coolest look: Wearing retro-print rags with little matching bags. Left: Dress (\$48) and bag (\$28), Necessary Objects. Below: Top (\$58), skirt (\$42), and bag (\$34), Sondra D. Definitely. Stores, last pages.



bright answers

Two hot trends—neon and patent leather—take a shine to each other. Belts, Nava Belts; each \$20 to \$24. Backpack, Ian Sane; \$40.

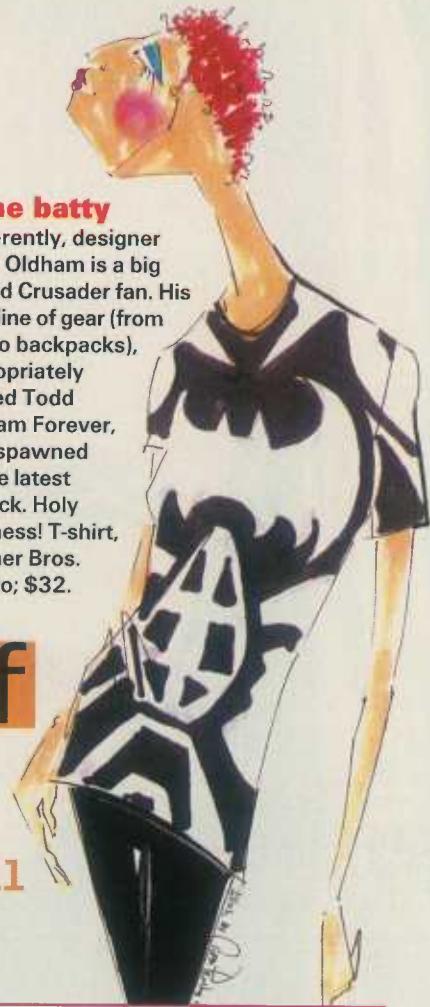


sew what

You don't have to be the next Betsey Johnson to whip up this hot little halter—you don't even need a sewing machine! For easy (and free) step-by-step instructions, write to: Just Do It!, **seventeen**, 850 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

gone batty

Apparently, designer Todd Oldham is a big Caped Crusader fan. His new line of gear (from pj's to backpacks), appropriately named Todd Oldham Forever, was spawned by the latest Batflick. Holy coolness! T-shirt, Warner Bros. Studio; \$32.



Model photos, Leonardo Casali. Hair, Christopher Lockhart. Makeup, Matthew Sky. PNB Nation, Isa Brito. Illustration, Cliff Persches. Still lifes, Miki Duisterhof. Bottom right photo: Earrings, Strands of Time; \$25.

Taking a **trip?** Don't take your whole closet: These **10 basics** cover all the **bases**.

in the bag

Mad about miniature golf? Suit up in numbers 4, 9, and 10. For a sizzling date with the surfer you snagged, try 1, 7, and 9. Beach-bound girls go for 3, 8, and 9. (Hint: You can put together at least a dozen different looks.)

1. Guess?; \$88.
2. Cardigan (\$34) and shell (\$22), Nisha Knits.
3. Planet Claire; \$20.
4. Built by Wendy; \$28.
5. Lee Jeans; \$34.
6. Duo Fashions; \$8.
7. Sabrina Dress Co. by Marcia; \$60.
8. 8.5 Quake; \$52.
9. Sam & Libby; \$20.
10. Moe Clothing Co.; \$28. Clear bag, Creations by Alan Stuart; \$20. Stores, last pages.





Carla and Rachel

considered themselves

open-minded.

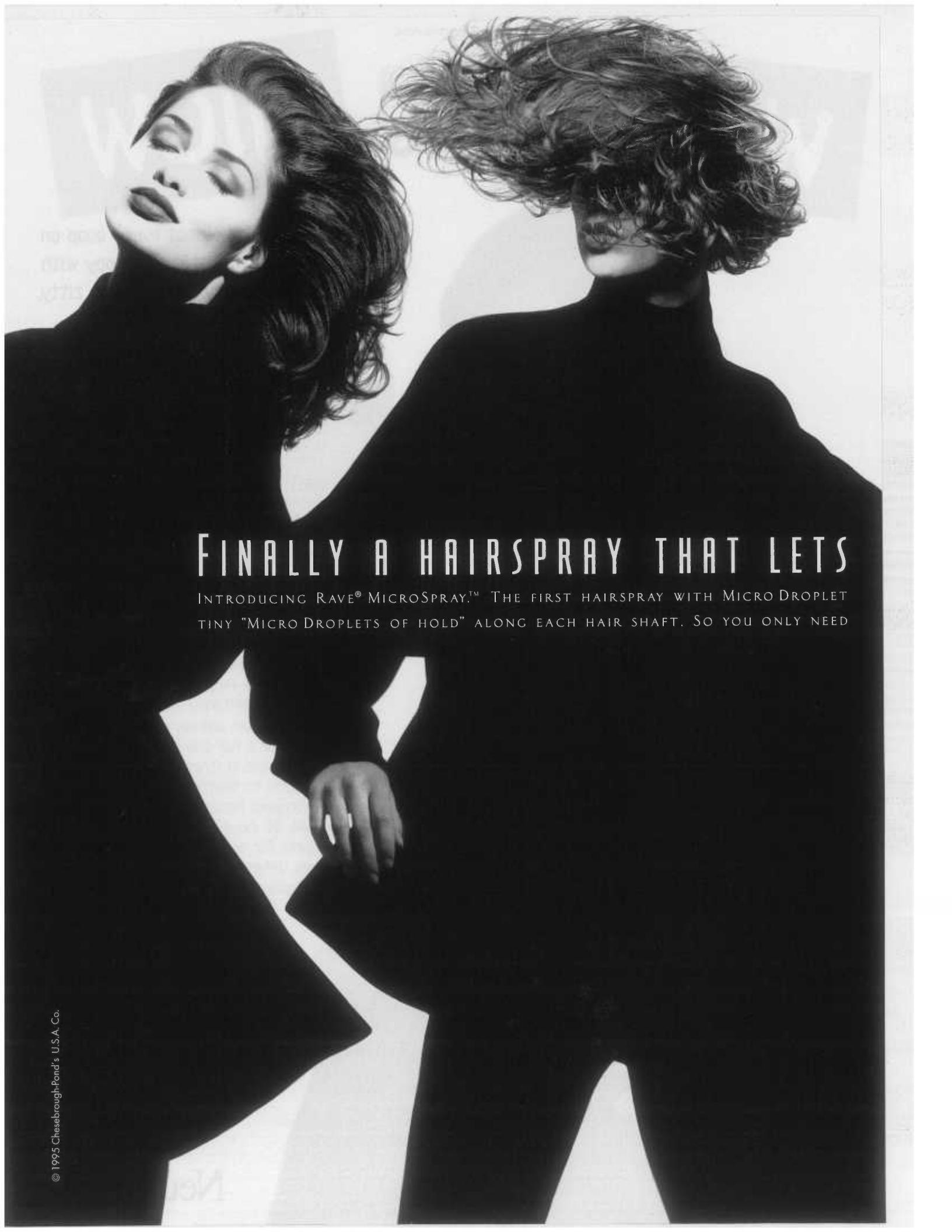
non-judgmental people.

Although they did agree

Brenda was a tramp.



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When you get a **summer job**, the last thing you think about is how **humiliating it may be**. Well, here are **some reminders**.

As I said this, I swung my arm around and knocked two potpourri holders on to the floor. "I hope you realize you're going to have to pay for those!" taunted one brat. How humiliating.

Baby-sitter blunder

Last summer I baby-sat for the children of my parents' friends. The kids had grown up bilingual in Italian and English. I speak a little Italian, but not nearly as much as the little ones. One day the kids tested my skills by asking, "Come stai?" ("How are you?"). I replied, "Pène" without hesitation, thinking I had impressed them. Then I realized that instead of saying "Bène" ("Well"), like I meant to, I had named a part of the male anatomy. The kids ran to tell their mother, who thought I was being gross on purpose!

vator would start slowly moving up and then drop suddenly. Other people were screaming, but John just jerked awake and then nodded off again. When the elevator doors finally opened, John had crease marks and a drool trail on his cheek, and all the other passengers were talking about that sleepy summer hire.

Camp torture

I was a counselor-in-training last summer and was assigned the most mischievous kids in the whole camp. One day I came back to my cabin to find that they had gone through my luggage and created a huge public display out of my tampons, pads, underwear (clean and dirty), and bras (some racy). Instead of reprimanding the torturers, my fellow counselors just about fell over cracking up.

Unclothing at closing

I was closing up the restaurant where I worked, so I called my older brother to pick me up. While waiting for him, I decided to change out of my uniform since I was really perspiring. The women's room was still wet from cleaning, so I used the men's room. I was undressing in there when my bro's three friends came in the restaurant and one headed straight for the men's RR. I was naked and totally freaked out, so I screamed. A police officer heard me and rushed inside. He then escorted my brother's friends out the door. He even took them to the station because he thought they were harassing me! My parents came down and I had to explain everything. It was the talk of the town for days. —compiled by Cintra Scott

Carnivorous carrier

I waitressed for the first time last summer. Every meal I brought out smelled so good I wanted to eat it myself! Well, one night I gave in to my urge and tasted a delicious-looking honey-mustard chicken dish, and then covered up the damage. It looked just like new, but when I arrived at the customer's table, this woman stared at me in disgust. I realized I had a big piece of chicken stuck on my front tooth. I wanted to die.

Can you say "narcoleptic"?

My friend worked in a law firm one summer, and he never got enough sleep. One morning the elevator broke. All the people on board were panicking, except John. He had fallen sound asleep. The ele-

jinxed on the job

Don't get fresh

When I took a job at Super Fresh, I thought a grocery store would be the easiest, most laid-back place to work. One thing I didn't want to do was call for price checks—everyone sounds like an idiot over the PA. I was forced to do it, though, and managed to say, loud and clear, "How the heck does this friggin' thing work?!" which echoed throughout the store.

People in glass houses . . .

I worked last summer at Crabtree & Evelyn, where we sold fragile glass potpourri holders. One day these really loud, obnoxious kids were knocking about the store. I told them, in my most authoritative voice, that if they broke anything, they would have to pay for it.

Ever been scared silly or haunted by humiliation?
Write: Trauma-rama Terrors, seventeen, 850 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022, or e-mail: TheSpin@aol.com.

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mail

loving Lisa

"17 Questions" with Lisa Loeb (Scene, April) inspired me to get her album. She's not just another stuck-up snob who's gotten carried away by success; she's a smart individual who is proud of her intelligence. Those glasses are pretty cool, too.

Lisa Loeb Fan
The Windy City

oh, Zone

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! I'm glad someone finally realized that there are actual teenagers here in the Midwest (School Zone, April). I don't know anyone who hasn't seen it.

K.B.
Lincoln, NE

pregnant pause

"Teen Moms" (April) shows how hard it is to be a mom and a teenager. I got pregnant at 15, but since then I've gotten off public assistance, moved out on my own, graduated from high school, and plan to go to college—all while working full-time! People have to realize we don't want sympathy—we want patience, support, and understanding.

Priscilia Reyes
Chicago

After reading "Teen Moms," I wondered why the adoption option was never mentioned. Adoption combines two separate tragedies—an unplanned pregnancy and an infertile couple—and solves them both.

Kathy
California

I cannot tell you how angry and sad I become when I see promising young women throw their lives away because they do not understand the meaning of abstinence. Why can't some teenagers keep their raging hormones in check?

Teresa Jenkins
Peoria, AZ

"I'm going to college to further my education, not to impress others...."

smart thinking

Like the author of "The Envelope, Please" (College, April), I was rejected by my top college choices. The article reminded me that I'm going to college to further my education, not to impress others with an Ivy League sweatshirt.

Michelle Stratz
West Haven, CT

in the dumps

My boyfriend had been getting on my nerves, so I decided to dump him. I had no idea how to do it without hurting his feelings until I read "How to Dump Him" (Guys, April). He was really cool about it!

Melissa McCorkle
Wake Forest, NC

I was outraged when I read "How to Dump Him." Instead of being selfish and trying to make the breakup easier for you, you should try to make it easier on the other person.

Gina B.
White Plains, NY

rock on

I want to compliment you on "Go Climb a Rock" (Bodyline, April). I've been climbing for a few years and love it. I have only one criticism: You don't mention how gym climbing can be very different from rock climbing. Many people get overconfident in the gym and think they can do just as well on the real thing. This can be very dangerous. Stay safe.

Casey Gallant
Brewster, MA

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"Each day *is a battle*, but I've found the *will to live.*"

band stand

"Not With the Band" (Voice, April) was very true in many ways. At my high school, being in band is definitely not the coolest thing. But we "band geeks" aren't embarrassed about it. Yes, we wear hot uniforms and ugly shoes, and march around at football games. But what would halftime be without the band playing the school song? They would probably play some fuzzy recording over the PA system. Band isn't for everyone, but what other people think of us shouldn't be as important as what we think of ourselves.

Julie Linstruth
Clinton Central High School
Frankfort, IN

the same game

The copycat in "Mirror Image" (April) sounds just like me during my freshman year in high school. I can relate to her need for popularity. I turned away countless caring friends, just as she did, simply be-

cause they weren't hanging out with the "in crowd." Luckily, by sophomore year I found the confidence I was lacking, and now that I am a senior I have a great group of friends. I wish other girls who are as obsessed with popularity as I was would get some confidence and get out of those fake friendships.

Sarah M. Siefert
Lisle, IL

alterna- opinions

Thank you so much for your totally kickin' "Alternahunks" (Scene, April). We were psyched that you featured usually unrecognized babes, such as Ed Kowalczyk, as well as totally famous (but hip) guys, like Beck and Billie Joe. However, we were dismayed to see Eddie Vedder on your "Over Them" list. We still worship Eddie and go head-over-heels for him and his music.

Jenn Jacobs and Nadia Kruller
New York ▶

blue notes

Thank you for "I Did Not Want to Live" (April). I am 20 and currently recovering from depression. Before I got help, everything (like someone looking at me "funny" or hearing the "wrong" song on the radio) set me off. I was having suicidal thoughts that *really* scared me. Like Page, I am taking Prozac and spent some time in a psychiatric hospital. Unlike her, I did not let on that something felt wrong. My parents were surprised when I finally sought help. Recovery is a long road, and I have much work ahead of me. I want to thank you for discussing depression so openly.

Seventeen Reader
Texas

My best friend was depressed a few years ago. I tried to be her friend *and* her therapist because she wouldn't go to a professional. Eventually it took over

my life, and I had to *make* her get help. Take my advice: No matter what anybody says, you're being a good friend by telling your friend's parents or other authorities.

Glad I Said Something
City and State Withheld

As I read Page's story, I couldn't help but cry. I am now 16 and have been severely depressed since I was 12. I was just released from a psychiatric hospital, where I was treated for severe depression and attempting suicide. I was ashamed of myself for no longer having the energy to do things I once found joy in. I hope Page's story makes people suffering from depression get the help they deserve. Each day is a battle, but I've found the will to live.

Brooke
Modesto, CA

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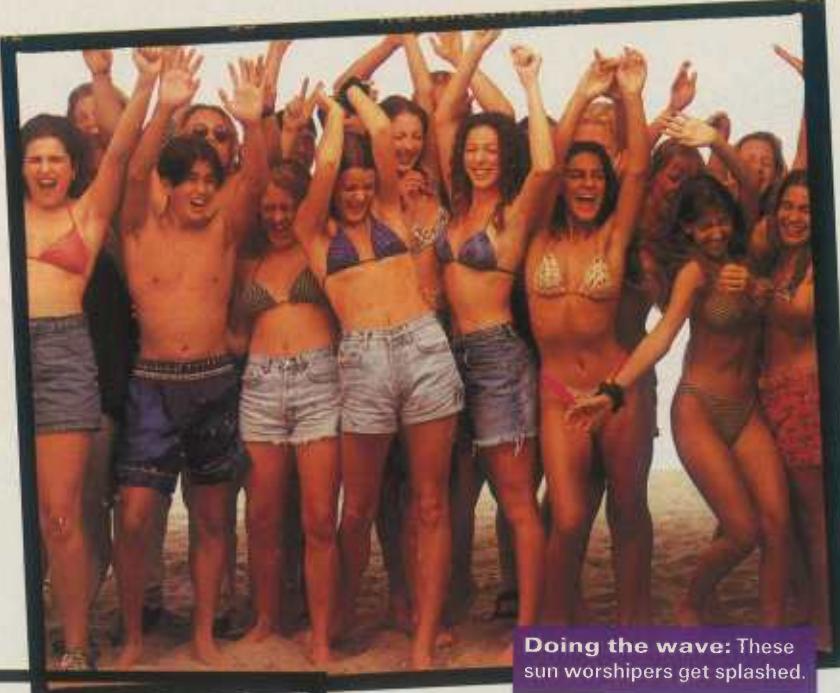
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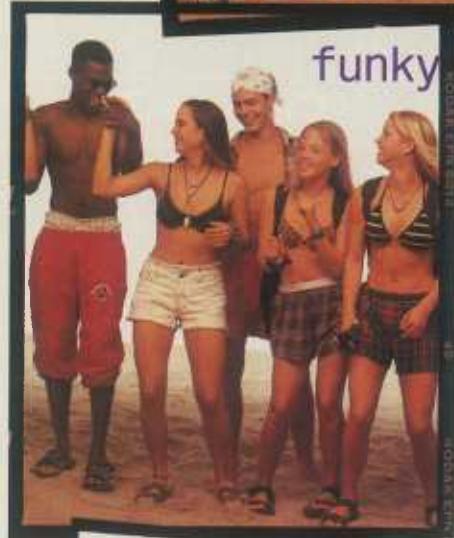
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Doing the wave: These sun worshipers get splashed.

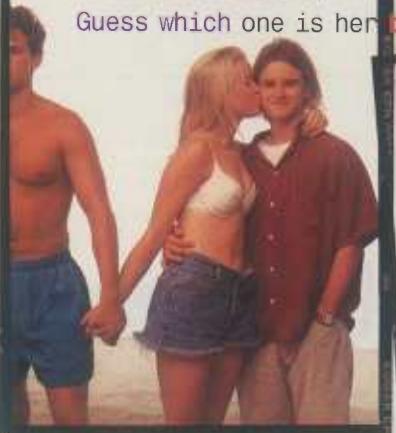


funky bunch

School's **out**—or virtually out, for those of you who are still cramming for **bio finals** and signing **yearbooks**. We figured that if you're not going to be loitering in the halls, why should we? So we packed up **School Zone** and took it to the **beach**. **Destination:** Fort Lauderdale, **Florida**, where we **pitched our tent** right on **the sand** and went cruising for the coolest (**that is, hottest**) looks under the sun. Finding **babes on the beach** was no problem, but halfway into day one we had to fight off a very **stressed-out** crew from Aaron Spelling's new TV pilot, **Pier 66**. Turns out they had a permit for the same **stretch of sand** and weren't in the mood to **share**. But once we reminded them that we were the ones who launched Kelly Taylor's **modeling career**, they let us do our thing. Who knows? Maybe they'll find **the next** Tiffani-Amber Thiessen or Brian Austin Green in our very first **Beach Zone**.

best friends forever

Guess which one is her boyfriend.



beachin' jeans

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Future
Calvin
Klein
poster
boy?

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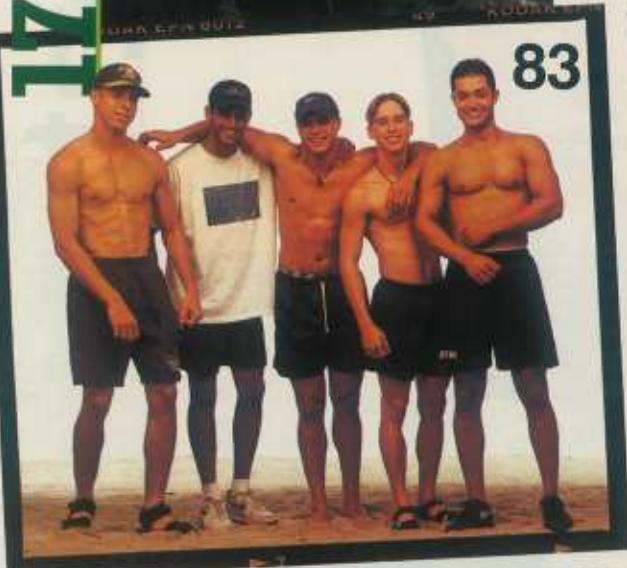
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TV contents



continued from page 5



july 1995

bodyline

36 raging on the river Grab some friends and take a wild ride.
By Marlien Rentmeester

quiz

40 are you a snob? By Marlien Rentmeester

the spin

46 udder disgrace More milk means health risks for cows • *The New Girl Times*: You can make headlines • Trend-o-rama
48 camp fear Legends that haunt summer camps • 4th of July Facts • What-EVER!

voice

56 oh, brother Because I have a brain-injured brother, I've always had to be the "normal" one—and it's not as easy as it sounds. By Stephanie Dolgoff

wired

58 my low-tech life Growing up in the last American household with a rotary telephone, a record player, and no MTV. By Karen Good

guys

60 crush confessions How to work your crush. By DeDe Lahman
64 this boy's life *On Our Own's* JoJo Smollett • *Can You Believe This Guy?* • *Dear Answer Boy*
70 Bob Love My girlfriend has a new life—and I'm not in it. By Robert Love

the scene

73 Irene Bedard Disney's *Pocahontas* has a fairy-tale future
74 dig this! with Dionne Farris • Movie Previews & Reviews • **Boy Watch:** *Dead Presidents* funnyman Chris Tucker • Music Reviews • **Band du Jour:** Better Than Ezra
77 7th annual readers' poll

results You told us who you love and who you loathe

91 17 questions Alicia Silverstone proves she's hardly clueless

features

100 living with dying

Sinead's mom has had AIDS for six years. They know that most of the time they will have together is already gone.

By Roberta Anne Myers

112 body obsessed If you're sick of hating your body, you're not alone. Here are a few suggestions to help you stop. By Rebecca Barry. Plus, how one girl gave up her quest for the "perfect" body. By Katharine Greider

fiction

116 cotillion I was beginning to think my dancing lessons with Eileen were a waste of time. Then I met her brother. By Cammie McGovern

eat

130 mix it up Gaga for gorp • Picnic New Orleans-style • Watermelon facts • Cool sorbet • *What's in That?* Marshmallows

columns

8 notes

10 mail

16 trauma-rama

Jinxed on the Job

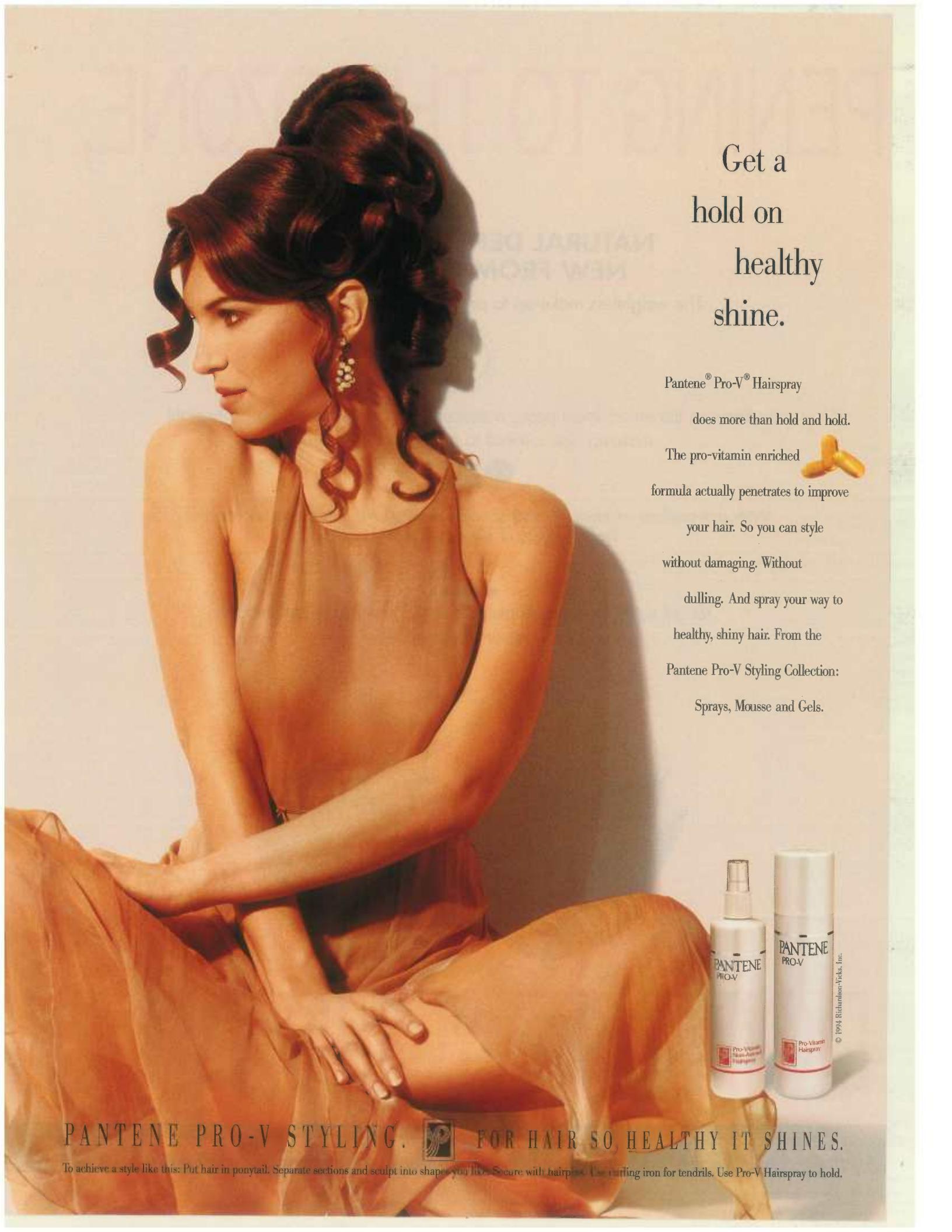
42 sex + body He Keeps Pressuring Me. By Sarah Duncan

54 relating I Can't Talk to Guys. By Cathi Hanauer

128 stars By Annie Zimmerman

on the cover

Sterling Silverstone: Video babe-turned-actress Alicia Silverstone. Shirt, Vivienne Tam; \$138. Pants, Juicy; \$60. Alicia's makeup by Cover Girl: Cheekers Fashion Blush in Rose Silk, Professional Advanced Mascara in Black Brown, Continuous Color Lipstick in In the Nude. Hair, Chris McMillan. Makeup, Jo Strettel. Styling, Jacqueline Azria-Palombo. Photograph by Dewey Nicks.



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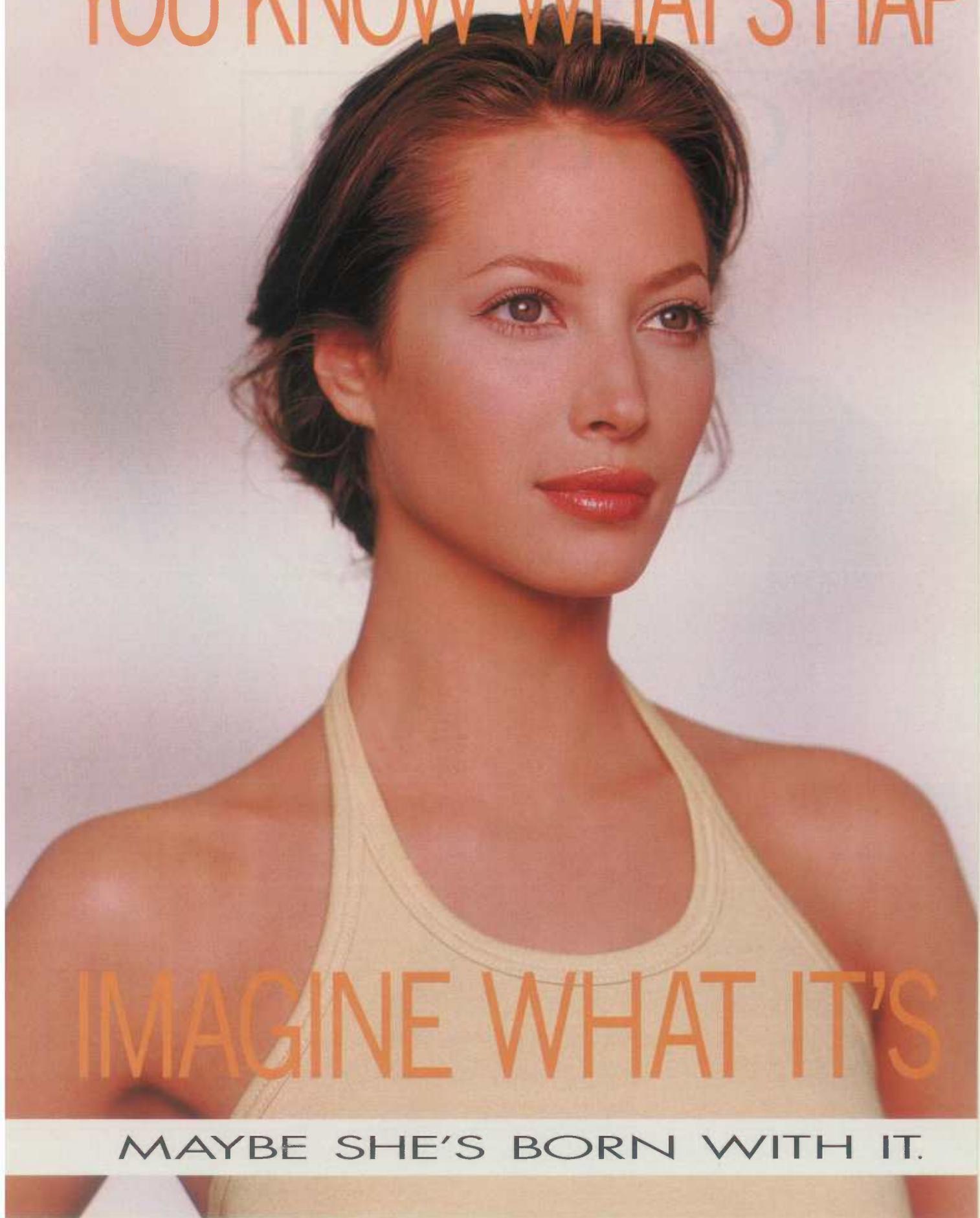


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